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STRETCHING SOUL APART

UK SOUL POWER: A STATE OF THE NATION REPORT: "The music is united by diversity, stretching from Paul Johnson's classic soul voice to the serious buggin' of The Dynamic Three." In between, The Christians, Hothouse and After Tonite provide a five-page glimpse of one nation under a groove. PAGE 9

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PHOTO: A. J. BARRATT

TIMBUK 3: or rather two Texan bozos and The Jambox. As to why the future's so bright, Mat Snow's completely in the dark.

"I'm not going to own up to being *anything* — I don't want to go out of style!" PAGE 19



PHOTO: LAWRENCE WATSON

GAYE BIKERS ON ACID: Swells hails the space rapists. Beam me up, snotty.

"I felt like crying because it was then that I realised that Reagan *is* Kirk — the overpressured leader type, the crap acting." PAGE 8



PHOTO: LISA HAUN

STEINSKI: Double Dee's sidekick comes right back with the monster 'Motorcade' mix. Richard Grabel meets the whizz-kid.

"We entered as Double Dee and Steinski basically because we didn't want anybody to know we were white." PAGE 14

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BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE begin a UK tour on February 20 at Hanley Victoria Hall (February 20). Then follow dates at Sheffield Leadmill (21), Edinburgh Queens Hall (23), Aberdeen Ritz (24), Manchester International (26), Leeds University (27, Norwich University of East Anglia (28), Cardiff Ritz (March 1) and London Astoria (3, 4 and 5). Support acts for the tour are The Chiefs Of Relief, Siphos Josanna and Pocket Rockets. Tickets are available from all the usual agents for £5.00 except in London where they will be £6.00. There will be a 50p refund to anyone holding a UB40 at the door. The band's new single, 'V Thirteen', surfaces on February 9.

CYNDI LAUPER has now confirmed to play Britain for the first time in three years. Dates are: London Hammersmith Odeon (February 24), Birmingham Odeon (25) and Nottingham Royal (26). To coincide with the tour — which will also include a *Tube* appearance on February 27 — WEA are to release a single.

THE STARS OF HEAVEN currently Dublin's brightest hopes, arrive in London this week to record their third Peel session within a space of a year and also to play the following dates: London King's College (January 30), Aylesbury Division 1 (31) and Guildford Surrey University (February 1). Early March sees the release of the Stars' first single for Rough Trade, 'Widows Walk', and they return in mid-March for more English dates.

BOY GEORGE 'RIP-OFF' CLAIM

THE NEWS THAT Boy George was to release a cover version of Ken Boothe's 1971 No.1 'Everything I Own' has caused Coventry band Close To Tears to complain bitterly to *NME*. According to lead guitarist Alex Easton, the four-piece sent their version of the same song to Virgin some five months ago.

"But now we've got a rejection slip telling us that our demo is no good. And it's signed by Ronnie Gurr, who's connected with Boy George. It's too much of a coincidence and we believe our idea has been ripped off."

Close To Tears recorded their version of the song in a local studio, using Roger Lomas as producer, the man who worked on several 2-Tone hits. Their demo cost £1,000.

"If the Boy George version becomes a hit, as it probably will, nobody will want to know about our tape and we'll just have to write that £1,000 off."

Asked about the 'coincidence', a spokesperson for Virgin said: "We get hundreds of tapes in every week and lots of them are cover versions of well known songs. At this moment we don't even know what Boy George's next single is going to be. He does have one scheduled for release but no title is listed. Additionally, Ronnie Gurr has little to do with Boy George, he did once work in the press office handling some of George's press, but these days he's just one of four A&R men we have working for us. Really, nobody has ripped Close To Tears off."



Womacks join the fight.

ARTISTS AGAINST AIDS

WOMACK AND WOMACK, The Blow Monkeys, Hollywood Beyond, Holly Johnson, Julian Cope, The Communards, Balaam And The Angel and Lemmy are among the acts who will appear in various shows in support of the International AIDS Day organisation during the first week of April.

IAD was set up to focus public attention on the current AIDS crisis. All money raised by the April gigs — plus from various fashion and comedy shows scheduled for the same week — will be donated to the AIDS research and towards care and support of those with AIDS, not only in Britain but also in Africa, where the

spread of the disease has been horrific. Asked to comment on reports, in another music newspaper, of a whole host of superstars appearing at a Wembley Arena gig, one of the organisers complained: "It's true that Wembley is booked for a possible show on April 1, but the list of names they've been coming up with is just a load of bollocks. Such reports don't help us at all. Bands don't like to be told that they are definitely playing dates when they haven't even replied to our requests for help. Naturally, we've approached just about everybody, but some journalists have just been making names up in order to fill news space."

TERRY WAITE SEZ: I WANT BEATLES

PAUL McCARTNEY, George Harrison and Ringo Starr could be back together on the same stage this summer — if Terry Waite has his way, according to press reports last weekend. The Archbishop of Canterbury's special envoy is planning a 'One World' concert at Wembley Stadium on July 11, and has approached the three former Beatles to form a supergroup with Keith Richards, Mark Knopfler, Phil Collins and Bryan Ferry (!).

Mr Waite is also trying to set up other concerts around the world on the same day, almost two years to the day since Live Aid, and has pencilled in Queen in Moscow, and Sade or Cliff Richard performing on the Great Wall of China (!). Proceeds will be split between Save The Children, Y-Care International (a YMCA-based charity), and the Big Strawberry Foundation for creative children.

ISLAND RECORDS this week rejected the charge made in *Private Eye* magazine, that they are experiencing troubled times. The article headlined "Desperate Island Discs" claimed the label was in difficulty — following the recent dispute with ZTT, the comparative failure of Frankie's 'Liverpool' album and a general failure to attract new talent.

A spokesperson for Island claimed the charge was completely unsubstantiated, and even untruthful. "*Private Eye*'s article claimed that Courtney Pine is unlikely to sell enough records to cover his marketing expenses. But that's ridiculous, his album has already sold 50,000 copies in the UK alone. As for new signings, we've had a lot of success with Julian Cope, who has another chart single right now. We've gone a long way towards establishing Trouble Funk, and The Christians — who have received a lot of critical acclaim — should provide the first fruits of Clive Banks (Island's current MD) signings. Equally, we've still got The Triffids to come. But why should I have to argue Island's case? We had two No.1's in America last year, we've been nominated for 10 Grammys and, one band that *Private Eye* forgot to mention, we've still got U2, who haven't been doing too badly."

AND NOW: THE C87!

STRANGE FRUIT are to market an indie answer to EMI/Virgin's 'Now' compilations, featuring bands like New Order, Joy Division, Half Man Half Biscuit, Ciccone Youth, Ghost Dance, Into A Circle, Wedding Present, Rose Of Avalance and others. Clive Selwood, boss of Strange Fruit, rang *NME* to announce his coup, claiming: "I'm really excited about this project. We're going to put out the compilation in the form of a Top 20 indie cassette and the aim is to really expand the market, get all the tapes into petrol stations and sell them to the go-faster boys. We also want to get them into other

places, supermarkets and such-like. And the bands are not going to get ripped off either. I've offered each of them a £500 advance and around 25 per cent of dealer price on each record — which is the most I can possibly offer." Meanwhile, Selwood is pushing ahead with plans to release further Peel Session mini-albums. February 5 sees the release of sessions by The Specials, Stump, The Birthday Party, and The Slits, while a session featuring Siouxsie And The Banshees with Spizz Oil is being released as soon as possible.

THE CURE STAND WITH ARABS

THE CURE HAVE offered to stage a major concert in the USA during the summer, the proceeds of which will be divided equally between Americans and Lebanese/Palestinian orphanages. The offer came in the wake of controversy following the US release of The Cure's 'Standing On The Beach' compilation, which includes the band's 1979 indie hit 'Killing An Arab'. Some of America's more gung-ho DJs — in Ramboesque mood since last year's hijacking incidents and the subsequent bombing of Libya — have been utilising the song as a kind of anti-Arab anthem, to the concern of American-Arab Anti-Discrimination Committee, whose West Coast regional director was assassinated in late 1985. The Cure's Robert Smith has since refuted any suggestion that the song is racist in any way, last week stating: "It contains no element of racism whatsoever", but noted that, "the song is being used increasingly by certain reactionary factions of the media, most notably by some particularly brainless DJs as a part of a wave of anti-Arab feeling currently existing in some parts of America." Accordingly, Smith has requested that the song be withdrawn from all radio play, while Elektra Records, who are marketing 'Standing On The Beach' stateside, are fixing a sticker to all future shipments of The Cure album and accompanying video claiming: "The song 'Killing An Arab' has absolutely no racist overtones. It is a song which decries the existence of all prejudice and consequent violence. The Cure condemn its use in furthering anti-Arab feeling". To date, 'Standing On The Beach' has sold over 450,000 copies in America.

ROBBIE COLTRANE, Emma Thompson and Maurice Reeves are to feature in a major BBC-TV series due to start in early March. Titled *Tutti Frutti* the series is based on the fortunes of a 25-years-on-the-road Scottish rock 'n' roll band. An album — also called 'Tutti Frutti', allegedly made from early tapes discovered in a disused biscuit factory in Dundee and remixed for release by Andy Park and Zoot Money! — will be released by BBC Records to coincide with the screening of the series.



Chrissie Hynde

DATES WITH CHRISSIE

THE PRETENDERS have announced a six-date UK tour. The dates, the first by Chrissie Hynde and Co. since the 1984 'Learning To Crawl' tour, are: Glasgow Barrowlands (May 16), Edinburgh Playhouse (17), Manchester Apollo (19), London Wembley Arena (22), Birmingham NEC (23) and Brighton Centre (24). Tickets for Glasgow and Edinburgh are available from both box offices and usual agents, priced £6 (Glasgow) and £7 and £6 (Edinburgh) but postal application, with cheques and PO's made payable to 'Regular Music', should be sent to Regular Music, PO Box 77, Edinburgh, enclosing an SAE and a 50p booking fee for each ticket.

Tickets for Manchester and Brighton are available from the box offices and usual agents, priced £7 and £6 and postal applications should be sent to the respective box offices, with cheques being made payable to 'Outlaw Concerts'. An SAE should be enclosed but no booking fee is required. Tickets for London and Birmingham are available from both box offices and usual agents, priced £8 and £7 (credit card bookings for London can be made on 01 741 8989) and postal applications for these shows should be directed to The Pretenders Box Office, PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ, all cheques being made payable to MCP. Again, an SAE is required plus a 30p booking fee.

COUNCIL: FOURTH TERM

THE STYLE COUNCIL have added a fourth date at London's Royal Albert Hall, on Thursday, February 19, after selling out their other three concerts at the same venue. Tickets, priced £9.50 and £7.50 are available from the RAH box-office and usual agencies.

thrills!

EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

FISTS OF FURY



Fu, what a scorcher? — Jackie Chan in *Police Story*

IF BRUCE Lee was the Clint Eastwood of kung fu movies, *Police Story* star Jackie Chan occupies a role more akin to that of Burt Reynolds. Though widely billed as the pretender to Lee's long held crown, Chan is too smart to ape his predecessor's unique style.

Stockily built and with a relaxed good humour right in the Reynold's tradition, he is physically ill equipped to match the explosive intensity that made Lee so compelling. Chan has nevertheless developed a personal style — self deprecating and playful with just a hint of righteous anger — which, though different to Lee's, goes down almost as well with Western audiences as it does with the Hong Kong faithful.

Like Kwan Tak Hing before him, Chan allies himself with the weak, brings to book the few bad apples who upset the equilibrium of an otherwise benevolent status quo, and appears to have no sex life whatsoever. In the 1950s, Hing described his role as follows: "I always play the good guy, showing the kung fu master as a force for goodness. My audience will want to copy this kind of character: one who knows how to protect himself and others yet is peaceful, respectful and courteous." In 1987, Chan says: "I try to set a good example for the kids in Asia who follow martial arts movies."

Trained as a child in a Hong Kong Peking Opera school (like Kwan Tak Hing and Bruce Lee), Chan made his first movie in 1971, aged 17. His first starring role came five

years later in *New Fist Of Fury*, and his first major success shortly after with *Snake In The Eagle's Shadow*. Superstar status arrived in the wake of 1979's *Drunk Monkey In The Tiger's Eyes*, since when Chan has broken with the Hong Kong production mafia to form his own production company and direct his own movies. Cameo roles in the Hollywood produced *The Big Brawl* (1980) and Burt Reynolds' *Cannonball Run* (1981) have given Chan a limited Western profile, but he continues to be best known in the Orient.

Martial arts movies were first produced in Hong Kong in the early 1930s, simple adaptations of stories from the centuries old Peking Opera folk-theatre tradition which had originally brought together kung fu fighting, acrobatics and drama. By the mid-'30s they'd thrown up their first major star in Kwan Tak Hing, a master of kung fu's White Crane style, who went on to star in some 100 releases and become the biggest celluloid draw of the Chinese speaking Orient in the '40s and '50s.

In his best known (and oft-repeated) role as the 19th Century martial hero Wong Fei Hung, Hing established the basic model for all the martial arts movie stars who have followed him — a selfless, slow to anger and ultimately invincible superhero who repels warlords, defends peasants, executes criminals, obeys his parents and protects the integrity of virgins (especially those of noble birth).

With the release of his new film *Police Story* this week, Bruce Lee successor (and director) JACKIE CHAN brings the kung fu tradition right up to date. CHRIS MAY looks at the history of one of cinema's best-supported sub-cultures.

Today, wherever the martial arts are practised in the East, there are local variants of Kwan Tak Hing's original blueprint. Japan has karate and ninja movies, Korea taekwondo and the Philippines escrima and arnis. Indonesia, Burma and Thailand offer others. In all these societies, the martial arts movie fulfills a similar function — entertainment on a parallel with Western cowboy and detective films, generally with a conservative and moralistic base and almost invariably showing the eventual and inevitable triumph of good over evil.

In the West the genre has been appreciated for a variety of other perspectives. In the late '60s, with Bruce Lee movies coincidentally reaching the USA at the same time as the emergence of Black Power, martial arts movies were embraced by black youth who identified the films' heroes with their own struggles — courageous, righteous freedom fighters who vanquished seemingly more powerful adversaries through strength of will and the power of well trained 'empty hands'. At the same time, thousands of black youth progressed through the front stalls to kung fu and karate clubs to learn the arts themselves. The relationship between martial arts and black street culture continues today, particularly within rap (with the title Grandmaster and other words and phrases drawn from kung fu vocabulary).

On the other side of the Western youth tracks, the Woodstock generation empathised with David Carradine's Kung Fu TV series — which appeared to offer a martial/mystic path to enhanced consciousness which could be followed while stretched out on a mattress in an advanced state of self-induced catatonia.

The most substantial development concerns the portrayal of women: while those in most martial arts movies continue to be there primarily for decorative purposes, a growing number of female superheroes are being cast. A case of fantasy eventually catching up with reality: it is not generally recognised, for instance, that the Wing Chun kung fu style popularised by Bruce Lee was first systemised by the legendary woman martial artist Yim Wing Chun in the 18th century.

Jackie Chan movies particularly worth looking out for on the inner city late night movie circuit include *Snake In The Eagle's Shadow* (1976), *The Fearless Hyena* (1979) and *Project A* (1983) — which last production he is currently completing the sequel to in Hong Kong.

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BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN

"I told him that it might give him some idea of how a goose feels being force fed maize to make pate de fois gras."

Spike Milligan on why he tried to stuff 28lbs of spaghetti down the throat of the Harrods food hall manager

"Not me. I'm thick as a plank."

Princess Diana on being invited by a member of the public to join in on a game of Trivial Pursuits

"If you're a groovy fucker, watch *The Tube*."

Joolz Holland's sales pitch to Tyne Tees teenies

"God works in mysterious ways. Given my love of God and my belief in God and Jesus Christ, I have to accept that I may well be used by God in this way."

Greater Manchester's Chief Constable James Anderton claiming divine backing for his comments on AIDS, child abuse and other social issues

"I get rather disgusted by the old people, sitting in pubs with their corny phrases. 'You're looking well today Mrs Robinson...' Oh God. The old do nothing. They don't read or study. They play bingo, for God's sake. This is horrible. Bingo. Fill in time, wait for death."

Author Anthony Burgess on the senior citizenry

"I can't come to the phone right now. I'm in Georgia drying out... I mean resting up from the strain of trying to match Jimi's 'Voodoo Chile' note for note, night after night. Go ahead and leave a message after the 'hilda, hilda, hilda, whee, whee, whee' and I'll get back to you right after I get back to a few other things."

Message on Stevie Ray Vaughan's answerphone

SOUND CZECK

A BENEFIT night is being held at the ICA for the seven members of the Czech Union of Musicians arrested in Prague in September.

As reported here in November, the seven were arrested on "swindling offences", but their real crime was that they were executive members of the Jazz Section, a voluntary organisation within the Union intended to foster interest in unofficial contemporary music: rock, jazz, experimental.

Loose Tubes, Mike & Kate Westbrook, Chris Biscoe, District 6, Jim Mullen, Kenny Wheeler and John Taylor will come together to play in solidarity with their Czech counterparts: because the Jazz Section is fighting for its life. With guest speakers from Index on Censorship and the International Jazz Federation, and (subject to confirmation) recorded messages from East European novelists Josef Skvorecky and Milan Kundera, Jazz Session for Jazz Section will take place from 7.30 on 2 February, tickets £5.50.

Mark Sinker

On the eve of his comeback SAM MOORE—the man who shook his buttocks at the Queen—avoids the subject of Lou Reed, as he spins yarns for SIMON WITTER

"WE WERE onstage in Manchester one night, and Otis Redding's manager interrupted the show to tell us all that 'Soul Man' had become a million-seller. We immediately broke into the song, and I jumped down and started running around the crowd. I tripped over, ripped my pants, tore a hole in my kneecap, and got back onstage covered in blood. The crowd clapped me for carrying on. What a jerk!"

As the archetypal Soul man, Sam Moore has had more than his share

of sex and drugs, yet his 'on the road' stories are mostly about what a prat he's made of himself.

"I've always been a klutz. On the Stax UK tour in 67 we did a command performance for the Queen, and I blew it as usual. We had protocol, and we weren't meant to be dancing downstairs, wiggling. We'd been warned that it would be inappropriate to sing certain things before the Queen, like 'Hold On, I'm Coming'. I mean, come on?! We started our set, got real excited, and Dave and I turned to the Queen and started shaking our buttocks. The curtain came down very quickly.

"Later at the banquet I used the wrong fork, held my spoon in the wrong hand and, when the Queen came to greet us all, I forgot that you don't speak until she addresses you. I was so nervous, I blurted out 'How ya doin, your

Queenship?', and everyone else had their heads in their hands. She smiled politely and went on to the next guy."

'Soul Man'—a dubious duet with Lou Reed, from a questionable film—is currently reminding people of Sam & Dave, one of soul's most glorious partnerships. Old, wise and resplendent under LA's winter sun, Sam is reminding me that the reality behind their dynamite performances was never too happy.

"Even back in '61, when a club owner suggested that Dave and I work together, I didn't like the idea, and when the Sam & Dave dynasty started on Stax, and the chemistry clicked, I didn't like the songs we were singing... which just goes to show how much I know. I was never into James Brown and Chuck Berry, I liked stuff like Clyde McPhatter, Jackie Wilson, Little Willie John."

Every '60s soul singer seems to have been in The Soul Stirrers at some point. Considering his infatuation with Sam Cooke, why wasn't Mr Moore? "I rehearsed with The Soul Stirrers, but I didn't go back to Chicago with them. I wanted to be a solo star and sleep around a lot, and that's what I did."

Lou Reed is great at what he does, but hardly a great singer. A very odd partner for a man who likes Clyde McPhatter.

"Well Lou wasn't the first person they approached to sing the part, he was about the eighth. Sting was the first, but he couldn't get out of The Police album sessions, then there were problems with Michael McDonald, Kenny Loggins and Joe Cocker. I wanted to do it with Annie Lennox. Lou's not the ideal singer, but I guess it worked. It's selling, that's all I know. I never met him until we made the video, and what a jerk his manager is!"

What singers do you rate?

"I don't like a lot of contemporary singers. My favourite is Steve Perry (from Journey). Annie Lennox is my girlfriend, I love her. Elvis Costello is a jerk, and I love him. He's utterly ridiculous until you get to know him."

In '81 Sam kicked his 15-year-old heroin habit, and finally split with Dave. Since then his dream to make it on his own has been blighted by promoters who wanted him to adopt a new Dave, and by the cutprice antics of the real Dave, who had instantly got himself a Sam.

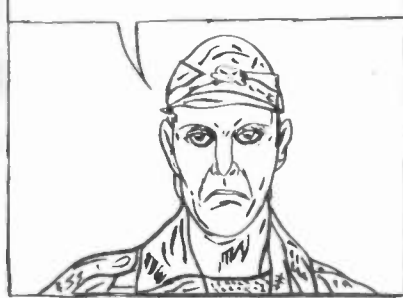
"Club owners won't book Sam Moore if they can get Sam & Dave for half the money. He's finally agreed to use the name The New Sam & Dave, but I still think it should be Dave & His Fake Sam."



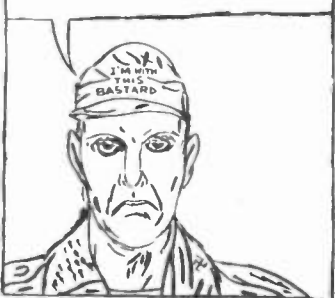
PHOTO: LAWRENCE WATSON

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MUSIC POP THRILL



After Can one of the most-dropped names in German experimentalism, FAUST, has resurfaced with a new album. BIBA KOPF plays devil's advocate on the Trans-European phone line.

MEPHISTO CALLING. Good news—Faust are back. Released from a devil's pact with silence, they're noisily celebrating the repossession of their souls. A new LP 'Return Of A Legend—Munic And Elsewhere' commemorates their comeback.

Featuring material recorded before and after their 10 year disappearance it proves to be as ageless as the Faust legend itself. Their music is as restless as it ever was. Nomadic in their defiance of borders on time and space, their mostly improvised pieces move like sandstorm drifts across the broad span of rock. They occasionally settle on a familiar landmark, only to distort or blanket its shape completely under wave upon wave of crackling electronics and treated guitar.

Their ever shifting moods confirm their nomadic character. Single-mindedly devoted to ruthless rhythm one moment, spacier than the spaciest of their Krautrock contemporaries the next, they cross from serious to light, aggressive to sweet, noise to melody with the nonchalance of non-aligned travellers passing between two hostile states.

So Faust are back and they're on the other end of the phone line to say why they left in the first place. Five Germans from that exemplary generation of '68, they formed Faust in '71 in response to seeing the spirit of freedom's first flush evaporating.

"That was a very good feeling, that sense of freedom you had after '68," recalls Jean-Herve Peron, speaking from Hamburg. "But in a way freedom can be exhausting. It can be very hard to be left alone, making your own decisions. After a while people (in Germany) got tired of this feeling. No one wanted to create their own values anymore. After '73 it was easier to be guided than to think for yourself."

"Something I heard Foreign Minister Genscher say on TV summed it up," adds Hans-Joachim Irmmler. "He said, 'we have got everything in the hand now'. Everything's under control."

Resisting the accelerating middleground spread, Faust pitched tents at the outskirts of rock. Somewhere near Munich they set up a commune, began doing things their way. Their way was *difference*. A first record came out in a transparent sleeve, starkly adorned with an X Ray fist. Contracts with Virgin and Polydor followed. Inevitably they were frozen out by rock's merger with big business.

Herr Irmmler: "It's a big problem making money *and* music. Virgin were interested in making money. On the other side we did not like to be directed. So we decided to quit that job, let things go for a while."

Upon giving notice they threatened to return 10 years hence and they've made good their promise. They re-enter a world further shrunken by small-minded business thinking. Escape it with Faust's nomadic solution.

"Music has to open you, stimulate you. Most modern music likes to bottle or box you. We never like to see people in a box," concludes Herr Irmmler.



PRESSURE GROUPS

NO ONE's going to give Matchless Recordings the Queen's Award for Industry for their risky triple album release—after all, good business sense says don't mix up your markets—but it shouldn't go unnoticed. The risk is the range that these three records take in, and the questions that they raise.

The first, the least surprising for us but the most from them, is The Internationalists' 'Let The Pressure Start'. It's by an agit-rock/reggae collective already mentioned in *Thrills* with relation to the Harlow compilation 'Not Just Mandela'; straightforward, populist, co-opting Joe Strummer's delivery as the king of catalyst that Dylan's was for '60s radicals. It's not at all

the record you'd expect from a label up to now associated with music from a very different kitchen.

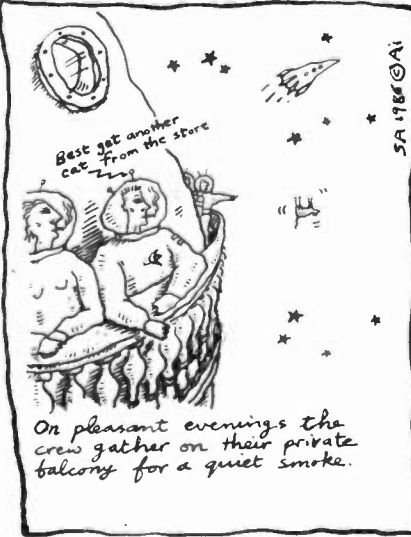
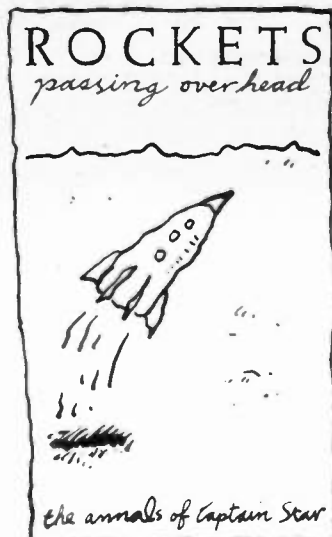
Cornelius Cardwe was a founder member of AMM and the Scratch Orchestra, two outfits committed to a demolition of the mindless worship of art-composition and academic techniques. He spent the '60s as a brilliant young spanner thrower juggling ideas from Cage and Confucius, and charted a course towards more thoughtful political intervention in the '70s, uncovering a love for the rich textures of folk music and the popular voice, intensified or plain melted into directly oppositional contexts. 'Thalman Variations' is a collection of his piano music

MARK SINKER looks at three very different albums released by revolutionary Matchless Recordings—agit-reggae, demolition scratch and knife-edge sax to titillate your eardrums.

recorded before his death (in 1981, in a hit-and-run accident).

Lo! Coxhill's bitter sax smears have always been around, part of the constant background noise to the English Scheme, whether he was providing swirling excitation on The Damned's 'Music For Pleasure' or busking his own theatre queues. 'The Miller's Tale' throws him up against his old adversary Steve Miller to churn up a battleground for two of Britain's most undervalued improvisors, an evolving democracy of hierarchies in flux and knife-edge decision.

Matchless Recordings—and related information—are available from 2 Shetlock's Cottages, Matching Tye, nr Harlow, Essex CM17 0RR.



ART: STEPHEN APPLEBY

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WHO WANTS TO BE A PILLIONAIRE?

Space! The final frontier. These are the voyages of GAYE BIKERS ON ACID – lysergic lovers of all things *Star Trek*, particularly Lieutenant Uhuru. STEVEN WELLS goes boldly where no one else wanted to go. Bykers beamed down by LAWRENCE WATSON.



Captain's log, Stardate '87 . . . down the toilet with (clockwise from left) Robber de Offlicense, Mary De Niro, Flare Sixpack and Sven Eleven.

"Jim, the fruit's full of acid!"
Dr. McCoy, *Star Trek*

MARY HAS not eyes but microdots at the bottom of exclamation mark eyebrows which scream 'look at me, I'm on drugs', which, of course, *he's* not. He has the wide-open face of a shaven lamb – *do not be deceived!* He is Mr Gaye Byker On Acid – a flared O-level Zen philosophy salesman with his foot in the door of the minds of this nation's filth-crazee anti-pop kids.

Most of the time his wobbling gob-flaps are peeled well back to facilitate the non-stop spewing of babbled cak. Now and then – not often, mind – the lad'll spit out a diamond.

THE ANGLE

WHEN they actually unveiled the first space shuttle, the crew of the Enterprise were all stood there. They played the *Star Trek* theme tune and there they all were, y'know – Spock, McCoy, Kirk . . . I felt like crying because it was then that I realised that Reagan *is* Kirk – the overpressured leader type, the crap acting . . .

Which isn't bad for a total bimbo. Of course he's wrong. Kirk is JF Kennedy – the haircut, the multi-ethnic crew, the slight paunch, the hyperactive libido (the different actress every week) – but it is through the *Trek* that I am able to *communicate* with GBOA because *they know* that *the peak* of human achievement to date is *that* episode of *Star Trek* in which the Enterprise beams aboard a gaggle of Space Hippies fond of trotting out such gems as "You've got a hard lip, Herbert!". Anyway, Chekhov gets seduced by this hippy chick whilst Spock 'digs' their 'groove' to the extent that he agrees to 'jam' with them ("How about a session? It will really sound!") And, of course, GBOA are the only combo in the known galaxy with the MEGACOOOL to have actually covered the Spock/Space Hippy crossover.

Which is to say that you have a kitsch parody of a stiff parody of a minority bourgeois yoofkulture that was itself parodied in the poonk deathdance which, of course, is the seedbed for all the reactionary pony-and-trap that passes as 'psychedelic' for a generation too busy stifling on smack and booze to trip. I mean – The Mission! Come on! Po-faced let's-pretend pap. Not

one gramme of wit. The Bykers must be separated in your mind from such necrophilia, from the likes of Mr Mindwarp or, gawdhelphus, Dr And The Medics *if only* for the reason that they are raised above the turgid cak-ophany of their fellow nouveaux long-hairs by the *cutting edge* of their music; which is, like, *up there*, man!

A QUESTION

WHAT IS the song 'Space Rape' from the EP 'Everything's Groovy' about? Answer one: "What Reagan's doing and what they're wasting money on – that's contentious isn't it? It's about the exploitation of space and the waste of money . . ." Which is Mary being sensible.

Answer two: "Really we just can't wait to get between Uhuru's thighs and thrust upwardly. I mean, she's been sat there for what? Fifteen years? Fifteen years on that stool with that thing stuck in her ear. Every time a woman gets beamed aboard, Kirk gets straight in there and what does Uhuru get? Fuck all." Which is the drummer being a prick.

Mary pulls his filthy yellow GBOA baseball cap further back on his head and lets rip. Despite the frequent and bitter interventions into the diatribe by his minions, a crazed logic begins to appear.

" . . . when Aldous Huxley died his wife injected him with 15cc of LSD – talk about a bad trip! He knew he was dying and he wrote on his bit of paper 'Whack me up before I go go . . .', so she whacked him up and he went out tripping . . ."

"So Lenin, right, built this bog in the middle of Red Square out of *solid gold* and it's still there . . ."

"Er, it's, like, the antithesis of style is to, er, get involved. Do you understand what I mean by that? No? Well, if you hate it, get involved with it anyway . . . What am I trying to say? Let me think about it for a second . . . I mean we are to politics what Mae West was to peroxide sales, shit . . . we're an anarcho-syndicalist band. What does that mean? Good question. Well, it's, er, collective thought of, er, is it ummmmmmm? CNT, er, that sort of thing kind off. I mean we're either anarchists or socialists or not . . ."

Which, reader, is exactly the same noise as all pop stars make when faced with an intelligent question. This is because none of them take DRUGS! Be warned.

CONCLUSION

A BUNCH of dirty, foulmouthed, not-drugged-up, nice, lower middle class mummy's boys with their hearts in the right place and their tickle-gizzards in their mouths who – whilst dabbling furiously with the imagery of the libertarian ghetto – manage to produce a music as rump-splittingly H.E.A.V.Y. as it is delightfully naive. Can't be bad.

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THE NEW SOUL FRONTIER

THERE IS *no* movement. There are *no* shared styles, *no* definable attitudes, *no* over-riding political views and *no* contrived name to unite the music. Clothes and creativity are conspicuously different. The groups involved share little in the way of obvious links, yet two facts continually bring them together: they are all British and they all share a detectable relationship to a thing called *soul*.

There is *no* movement. This is a series of *diverse reports* on the art of stretching soul apart. Encouragingly, we are not dealing with some London fabrication, cooked up in elite bars and members-only clubs, on the contrary this a much more extensive phenomenon, visible in every city where soul is played or performed. The Christians from Liverpool hark back to the male harmony traditions of the past – to '50s acappella and the vocal complexity of The Temptations and The O'Jays – and have created a modern blend of British black music. After Tonite are from Coventry and have injected the party funk of Cameo and The Gap Band with a specifically youthful sense of disruption. Hot House are from London and see soul as an extension of the emotional voices of the great female soul stars like Aretha Franklin and Gladys Knight. And hip-hop crews like The Dynamic Three from London are part of a get-fresh philosophy that collides the noise of rap, reggae, beat-breaks, guitar riffs and the machinery of drums.

There is *no* movement. The art of stretching soul apart is based on Britain's persistent fascination with black American music and its rich and tantalising off-shoots. To define soul would be to spend a lifetime in debate, disagreement and pedantry. But the groups who stretch soul apart are typical of Britain's *biggest* musical sub-culture, the massive underground audience that has listened, danced and argued to the sound of soul for over 30 years. It's a sub-culture that has largely been ignored by the duller and more mainstream sectors of the media. Its neglect has given rise to a phenomenally influential pirate-radio network and to a vibrant club scene, both capable of bypassing the pedestrians of Radio One, and creating hits from small independent imports or underground classics. It was the clubs and pirate stations that took Steve 'Silk' Hurley's house record 'Jack Your Body' to the upper echelons of the national charts, whilst national radio was still discussing whether they should play it. It was the clubs and the hip-hop scene's frantic hunger for old beats that has taken The Mohawks' '60s release 'The Champ' into the Top Forty. It is the soul scene, rather than the more 'disruptive' sound of modern rock, that continually shocks Radio One into embarrassing gaffs and omissions.

There is *no* movement. But there is a forceful sense of knowledge and history, a fanaticism that packs out Britain's biggest venues for visiting American acts like Luther Vandross, Midnight Star and Maze. And there's a dedication, a willingness to stay loyal to quality, a sense of commitment to groups like Cameo who were cult stars years before they were finally accepted by the mainstream.

This is *not* a movement nor is it a passing fad. It's a challenging and innovative 'moment' in British music. The music is united by diversity, stretching from Paul Johnson's classic soul voice to the serious buggin' of The Dynamic Three. It's as different as the music of Hindsight, Black Britain and The Three Wise Men: just Britain stretching soul apart.



PHOTO: DEREK RIDGERS

"Today there's dross in every kind of music and the deluge of dance music has crowded the house to the point where it's actually forcing out other legitimate forms of soul."

HOT HOUSE

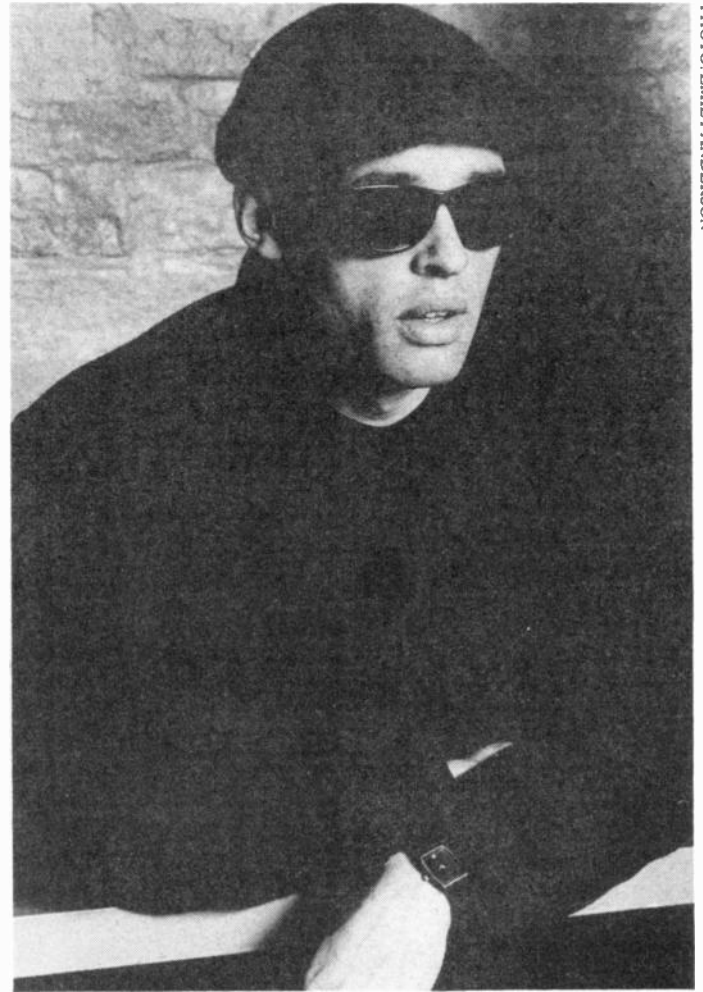


PHOTO: EMILY ANDERSON

"I don't know why we should be called soul just because we're black. I'm into anything that's pleasing to the ear, whether it's Mozart or an Irish jig."

THE CHRISTIANS



PHOTO: A.J. BARRATT

"We never really took much notice of the 2-Tone thing. Though we come from Coventry, we were all still in junior school at the time! We were too young. The first record that really got me interested in music was 'Ain't No Stopping Us Now' by McFadden And Whitehead. I always used to jump about to that at school discos."

BRIAN CLARKE, AFTER TONITE

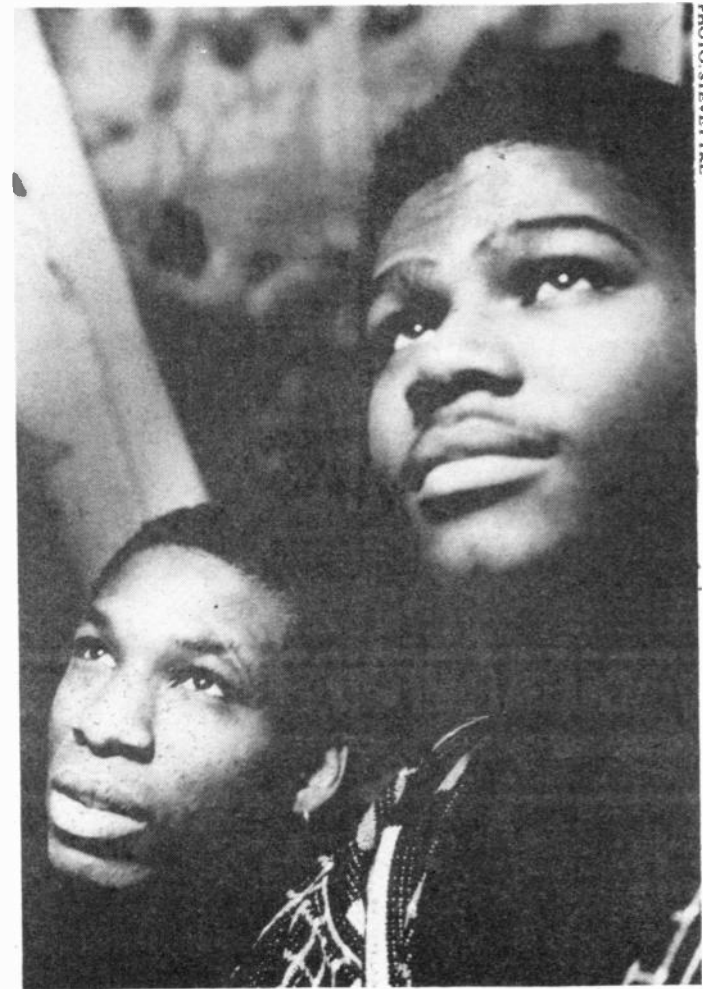


PHOTO: STEVE PYKE

"People criticise us 'cos we can't play any instruments. That doesn't mean we can't make music. I can still make the best music for people to rock to. We steal from everywhere – classical, heavy-metal, soul, punk – The Imperial Mixers are cutting up old punk records and it sounds baad. If it's on vinyl you can nick it . . . you can cut it up."

DYNAMIC THREE

The Boys From The Blackstuff, otherwise known as THE CHRISTIANS, are on the verge of a massive breakthrough with their debut single. LUCY O'BRIEN tracks down the soul rebels looking for a fire in their forgotten town of Liverpool and hears about The Temptations of success. Photo: EMILY ANDERSON.



THE INEQUALITY OF MERSEY

It's a sub-freezing, drab day in Liverpool, and the three Christian brothers are looking for fires. Any fires to warm chapped hands, chilly feet and cold souls. Their answers come short and sharp – clipped discussion with wry humour. We move from a draughty pub (where police walk in and arrest two men, just like that), to a ruined churchyard where a builder's fire smoulders. Despite Gospel overtones, the collective surname, the childhood passion for singing fuelled by a stint in the Sunday School choir, these Christians (three from a family of 12 – "a football team with a reserve") are not religious.

Photographing them outside a church focuses on a corny connection – "We're not the Housemartins!". Comparisons with the neat Fred-Perfumed Hull boys stop at sweet acappella; the latter tailoring their melodies to pop pleasantness, while the Christians open out into blues, rock, soul and punk with a firm sense of 'roots'.

Roger (Big Brother) regularly investigates the basis of their music: "I'm very much into rhythm & blues, even going back to the '50s, and black rock 'n' roll artists who never made it – the originals behind Elvis-type megastardom".

Closer to home: "A lot of why The Beatles got on was 'cos Liverpool was a port, and the first to get imports of black music from America. It's all black when you get back to the roots".

"No time for living/When there's no time for giving/No sign of lovin'/In this age of push and shoving".

Is the current single 'Forgotten Town' – a blend of bittersweet harmonies and percussion – about Liverpool?

"We always stress that it's not about Liverpool," says Henry Priestman, white adopted son, ex-Yachts and the 'post-punk' It's Immaterial influence. "It could equally be about Hull, where I'm from, or Milton Keynes, or Wisconsin in the USA prairie lands. It's basically the feeling of boredom and frustration. We didn't want to be presented against urban deprivation. That's such a cliché, and you could say we're making a career on the back of the misery going on around here."

But also serving an important function in highlighting it. What do the brothers feel about their home town?

"I don't like it," says Garry, the bald, middle one. "Like all big cities, it's founded on racism, the legacy of slavery."

Bang goes the myth of cheeky, wacky Scousery, ferry-over-the-Mersey, lorra laughs etc etc.

"Apartheid is live and well in Liverpool."

But the city has a strong long-standing black community.

"We're strong within ourselves, but it doesn't stretch outside that. In London it seems stronger, there's much more black employment. If you see black people say, serving in shops up here, it's like wow!," says Roger.



Christians – Garry and Henry (right)

"It's strong up here 'cos it's out on its own, like, taking all the knocks," adds Russell, youngest son. "You don't get the fair breaks, any breaks."

"Another boy with a broken heart/Can't you see the place is tearing me apart/Oh there's so much for me to overcome/Should I stay and fight/But where else is there I can run?"

We take a break from the bitterly-cold churchyard to swamp a table in a nearby Chinese restaurant.

"We don't want to be seen as crying in our egg drop soup, but that's the way it is, a fact of British life," says Roger. "My brother's a fuckin' ace footballer, but they don't even bother to come down and look at

him. If they do take black guys from the area, they'll use them, build 'em up, make 'em look good and sell them for thousands of pounds – but they won't use them in their own Liverpool and Everton football teams."

"When people come down to Liverpool and there's a black player in, they get so much stick from the Kop. The best they could do for the guy was 'He's the best little nigger in the land'. The guy's a top player!," Russell says.

"It's rumoured that there was a policy at Everton not to employ a black footballer. So if you ask us if we've got any affiliation with Liverpool, the answer's fuckin' no. How can you have a sense of belonging,

affiliate yourself to that?"

Wary of being steered into a "Toxteth, Liverpool 8 syndrome", they still voice anger and dissatisfaction with a city that actively discriminates. The Toxteth riots were a positive occurrence.

"Look what they brought – the Albert Docks, more employment. . . ?" The Garden Festival?

"A huge goliwog was put up at the festival as a protest. Robinsons were involved in it somehow."

The conversation shifts from Derek Hatton and the City Fathers "who mean nothing to us", to Henry, the group's white 'liberal'.

"I'm just wondering how aware someone like Henry is of racism in

cities," says Russell.

"In Hull there's none 'cos only about three people live there. Here you definitely see it," he offers.

Everything has to be dealt with in a very "roundabout way". "A lot of the time," Roger says, "you can't expect just to walk in and get the rights that everyone else does. You have to go round the back, or prove yourself first."

The music business proves a fickle and problematic area. Although they have been singing for many years, The Christians are *Tube* favourites, 'this year's thing'. With black music breaking boundaries, influencing the commercial mainstream in a way not done before, intermingling with rock, these disaffected Liverpudlians have found a wider voice. The music biz seems "OK". Island, their record company, are "good, pretty cosmopolitan".

"But you give me the head of a musical department who's black," Henry puts in. "You've got a point there," says Russell, "if this band was a totally black band, would we have got all this coverage?"

Or would they have been shunted to the 'Britsoul' category, with all the limitations that definition implies?

"I don't know why we should be called soul just because we're black. I'm into anything that's pleasing to the ear – whether it's Mozart or an Irish jig."

"I've heard that every record company now is supposedly getting their soul band," says Henry, "because there's a revival coming on. I hope nobody thinks we're on that bandwagon."

Roger: "I'm not averse to being called a soul band. It depends how you define it. We're soul in that we sing with feeling. Wilson Pickett. Otis Redding. The Temptations even. That's soul 'cos they sing from the heart, passionately, it's close to blues."

When they express surprise at being singled out I suggest that The Christians are different from what's currently available. They produce the spine-tingling harmonic fullness of acappella, pure vocal mastery, accompanied by "natural" instruments – the inventiveness of punk-influenced arrangements without a synthesised sheen smoothing out roots of imperfection, spontaneity, the unexpected. The advantage of being brothers becomes clear.

"Our family voices blend well. We can ad lib quickly, response becomes automatic. When it comes to recording the process is swifter. . . good considering the price of studio time these days!"

Our meal devoured, the restaurant shut for the afternoon, we walk the streets, shivering, taking photos. The brothers, and adopted son Henry Priestman, slip into an impromptu acappella performance. An old Curtis Mayfield number, it warms them up and attracts a curious crowd. Forget the search for a fire – here we found the spark, the glow; the reason why, in 1987, this will be their year.

"But if you open your eyes/You know there is so much you could do/If you open your eyes/You'd make a thousand wishes come true. . ." (Forgotten Town)

What happens when Art School meets the clubs? Post-Raphaelite soul or the return of the ballad? STUART COS-GROVE meets HOT HOUSE and talks to HEATHER SMALL, "the best female soul singer in Britain"? Photograph by DEREK RIDGERS.



BORN IN FLAMES

PICTURE THIS, A black woman clutches the microphone in a final gasp of emotional anxiety, her head thrown back in a gesture of dramatic delivery. The microphone drips with erotic soul. It could be a Baptist church in the depths of Alabama or another Saturday night at The Apollo. But the microphone smells suspiciously of an anti-perspirant hue and the girl appears to be clutching a Mum Roll-On Deodorant.

PICTURE THIS: a bedroom off Portobello Road, Heather Small — young, black and British — is getting into some serious mirror-phasing. The wardrobe is her audience. She likes to pretend she's Gladys Knight — leaving on the midnight train to Georgia — but Heather lives in North Kensington, and the trains fade out at Paddington.

PICTURE THIS: Heather Small five years on and maybe the best new female soul singer in Britain, the lead vocalist of Hot House, and the emotional voice behind their debut single 'Don't Come To Stay', distributed by RCA on the de Construction label. The comparisons with Anita Baker are inevitable.

Heather is flattered: "I think it's a complement but she's more jazz than soul." Mark Pringle is not so sure: "Comparisons are invidious, Anita Baker has had years of experience, she's been singing since the year zilch." And Martin Colyer is downright relieved: "Thank god it's Anita Baker they're comparing her to and not Sade." Hot House are perched on the edge of pop success after three years of perseverance, a dynamic threesome stretching soul apart.

They are understandably reluctant to be part of the lumpen category of British soul, fearing it might be another media *cul-de-sac*. Remember there is *no* movement and Heather is convinced of that.

"I definitely don't see ourselves as part of a British soul movement. At one end of the spectrum there's Five Star and at the other end there's hip hop and rapping. I don't know what 'British Soul' is."

Mark, the one with the polished accent and a way with words, begs to differ: "Yes I suppose we are part of British Soul, whatever that means... as long as it doesn't mean we're part of the North London jazz-funk scene. At one time there was groups like Light Of The World and Beggar And Company, and you could identify something, even a family tree of musicians, something known disparagingly as 'Brit-Funk', which didn't really encourage people to be much



Mark and Heather On the Midnight Train to Somewhere.

more than Earth, Wind, And Fire clones. Nowadays most British Soul has emerged out of the clubs and that's where we differ. Today's sound is very dance-floor orientated and we see ourselves as the opposite extreme."

Hot House's opposition to the tyranny of dance music is not born out of wilful miserablism, nor because the two male members "can only dance when we're drunk and disorderly",

but because the clubs have silenced Hot House's kind of music: the classic beat-ballads of deep soul. Martin sees the problem as a kind of domestic over-crowding:

"My only animosity is to do with balance. In the '60s there was a balance between dance and ballads. But today there's drop in every kind of music and the deluge of dance music has crowded the house to the point where it's actually forcing out other legitimate forms of soul."

The deluge of club music leaves Hot House with an apparently irreconcilable difficulty, how can their music be promoted? Because soul music has been historically restricted from gaining its rightful access to radio and television, the clubs have established their own peculiar form of promotion — The Soul P.A. — a mimed public appearance usually on the Cortina and Casanovas nightclub circuit. Mark is convinced that Hot House don't quite fit.

"We can't wait to do live shows but we refuse in principle to do PAs, they're like cattle markets. They're indicative of the bad effect dance music has had on the exhibition of soul. They have all the morals of a strip-show, miming to backing tracks whilst the promoter gets a cheap show. It's killed the live soul circuit outside of the big concert-halls. We simply won't do them."

If they were less intelligent about journalists and their obsessive desire to force groups into categories, Hot House would be easy to slot into the dubious parameters of a new sound. The two boys are Art school products, graduates of the Chelsea School of Art, whilst Heather is down-by-law funk, a product of West London and the local mix of dance-hall and soul. Perchance Hot House are *Fauvist Funk* or maybe *Post-Raphaelite Soul*?

They are the first RCA group successfully to insist on an anti-apartheid clause in their contract, thereby refusing to let their records be sold legally in South Africa. Mark is an active member of the Labour Party in East London and the group are adamant that RCA won't force them into the Crunchie Syndrome, the sponsored circuit that took Five Star round the country on hygienic pop with a honeycombed centre. They are wary of pop TV, a network "that exists so groups can make prats of themselves on a national scale". And they refuse to speak to *The Sun*: step forth ye Soule Patrole, the front-line of designer socialism. But Hot House won't hear of that either.

"We see ourselves totally outside the designer socialism thing. It would be ridiculous to restrict our growth to something that really only effects a few hundred people in London. Clearly the media demands that you look adequate but that's it. We've been working on this for three years now, the progress has been painstaking, and we're not about to be rushed into a specific stance."

And socialism itself?

"Political songs have to be good or they're no use politically. Jerry Dammers is the only writer working here today who's written great political songs. Others have tried, like Working Week, but they sound laboured. We consciously sat down to write an anti-apartheid song and failed miserably, it just sounded contrived, and was no use to anyone."

Beyond the current single — the tortured beat ballad 'Don't Come To Stay' which emphasises the massive potential of Heather Small's voice — is a forthcoming album and another stand-out track, the socio-emotive 'Love Rich, Cash Poor'. Within a few weeks they might well be greeted as 'overnight success', when in fact their story is a three year drag from forming "an R&B band that went from The Hope And Anchor to nowhere" to gaining a session on *The Janice Long Show* which made them "a cult for ten days". Whether they like it or not, Hot House's day may have come. Martin might even have to leave his day job as Deputy Art Director of *The Observer Magazine*. The writing is already on the wall.

"Status Quo said they like our record. And we've been tipped as a group to watch in 1987... by *The Sun*. It's distressing, very worrying indeed."

AFTER TONITE have arrived, offering a punky-funky reggae soul party on record, and live. **ADRIAN THRILLS** tips the post-2-Tone teens. **A. J. BAR-RATT** dusks off his camera.



TWILITE ZONE

Back at the roots, something is beginning to stir. Back at the multi-racial roots of working class life in the Motorcity, a new beat is beginning to quiver and quake. Eight years on from the chequered skank explosion that was 2-Tone, a dynamic new dance sensation is threatening to break out of the murky bowels of a forlorn West Midlands music scene.

After Tonite are six Coventry teenagers managed and motivated by former Special and Funboy Lynval Golding. Young, gifted and British, they play an infectious and soulful brand of dance music that fuses funk rhythm with the rawness of early punk and the ebullient bounce of classic bluebeat.

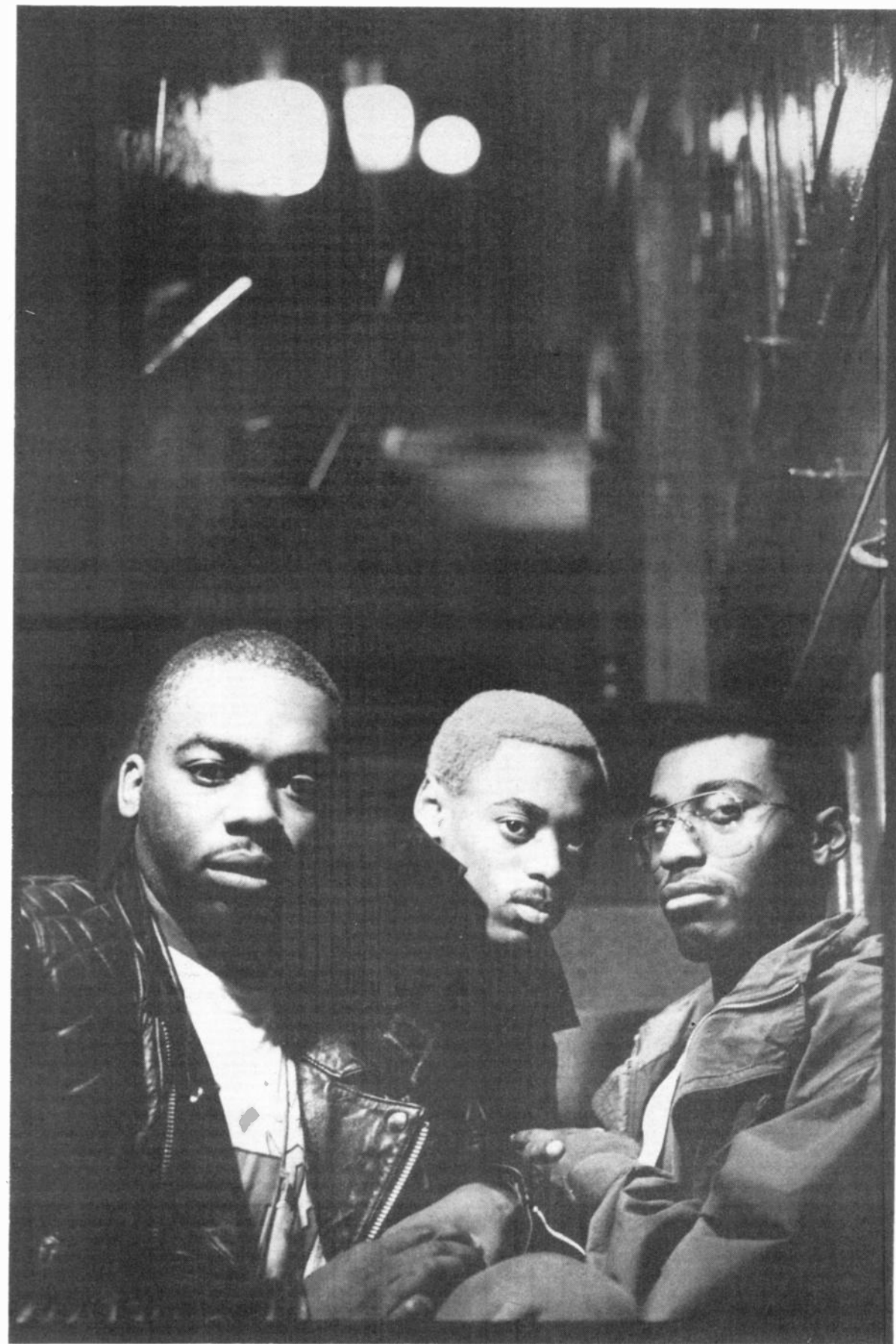
If their embryonic brilliance has yet to be fully captured on record, the organised chaos of their live shows certainly marks them down as another name to note in the rise and rise of a new generation of homegrown soul warriors. Whether in a dank Midlands bar or the tinseltown heart of the capital's clubland, After Tonite are now one of the best bands on a beleaguered live circuit.

Such faith in the stage rather than the studio as a route to soul ascendancy is rare in an age where knob-twiddling trickery, skilful scratching and the art of the re-mix reign supreme, but After Tonite are a moving, grooving testimony to the invigorating power of live music. The guiding hands of one of the former titans of 2-Tone might, of course, having something to do with that. But that's another story...

The roots of the group can be traced back to the split of The Fun Boy Three in 1983. Rather than form another new band himself, Lynval Golding hired a room in Coventry and began devoting his time to helping young musicians. Among the young hopefuls were his teenage cousin Brian Clarke and five friends from the classroom and the church, singer Eli Thompson, bassist Wayne Lothian, drummer Phil Graham, guitarist Griff Griffiths and keyboard player Mark Adams.

Lynval bought Brian a saxophone, donated some old Funboy backing tapes and began 'coaching' his wide-eyed six-a-side team. Taking their name from a classic Matumbi single — British reggae inspiring British soul — After Tonite began rehearsing. Three years later, with the average age of the band still only 18, they made their live debut in Coventry.

Their multi-racial line-up and energetic live show evokes comparisons with the spirit of 2-Tone, an analogy fuelled by the Golding connection. So are After Tonite doing with funk what The Specials did with ska? It is an interesting idea, but one that doesn't really hold up: while



Three nite movers: Brian (left), Eli and Wayne.

2-Tone breathed new vitality into a neglected genre, After Tonite are hugging a groove line that has provided the most pervasive and influential beats of the past five years. They are already part of a tradition that is evolving all the time.

"We never really took much notice of the 2-Tone thing," says Brian. "Though we came from Coventry, we were all still in junior school at the time. We were too young. The first record that really got me interested in music was 'Ain't No Stopping Us Now' by McFadden And Whitehead. I al-

ways used to jump around to that one at school discos."

Pushed to put some sort of label on the group, the singer-saxman will define After Tonite only as a *dance* band.

"I don't think we are really aware of other trends in music," says Eli. "It is dance music, but it is not hip-hop or go-go or house music. We don't just follow the latest thing. Certain songs lead themselves to certain arrangements, but we don't want to be tagged."

"Everyone in the band is into diffe-

rent music. There are deep soul, funk, jazz and rock leanings, but we're all into After Tonite. We've been playing together for three years, so we all know instinctively what the other members are doing. It's taken us three years to develop that kind of understanding."

After Tonite released a three-track single on the independent IDK label last October. Though tame in relation to the mayhem of their live set, it gave an indication both of their musical breadth and the serious lyrical con-

cerns that lie below their sonic storm. From the pop-soul vocal charms of 'Harder And Harder' and their sprightly fatback horns of 'Don't Fall Into That Trap' to the slow, shifting funk of 'Time For A Change', the single showcased two contrasting sides of the band.

"We wanted the single to appeal to a wide range of people," says Wayne. "It was important, however, that we had at least one heavy dance track that would get people tapping their feet in the clubs. But the three tracks on the single are quite different."

While stretching out in any number of directions musically, the sentiments of most After Tonite songs — some written in collaboration with Golding and another former Funboy Neville Staples — are the same.

"A lot of groups with serious lyrics play boring music," says Brian. "We want to say something serious with music that people can dance to. We want to enjoy ourselves and entertain people. We want to attract people by making them laugh, but we have serious things to say as well."

"On the single, we are saying that it is time for a change because things are getting so hard for the people on the dole. And the only way to bring about that change is through the ballot box. The 'trap' that people fall into is apathy. A lot of kids think they are helpless. They think that they cannot do anything about their situation and they end up falling into the trap of drugs, sticking needles in their arms."

"We want the youth to use their right to vote in the election, whether it is this year or next year. We're not necessarily telling people to vote Labour. We're just urging them to check out the various parties and decide which one is going to do the most about their situation."

"We write songs about a lot of the things that young people experience. The way I see it, we're not doing this just for ourselves. We're doing it for our generation and for the generation after us. A lot of people our age have already got kids of their own. What is it going to be like for them in 20 years time? It's going to be really bad unless things change now."

Such idealism, the idealism of punk, might sound naive alongside the inane mouthings of today's designer popsters and video airheads, but their unfashionable commitment to songs that deal in hard social issues is part of the appeal of After Tonite. It sets their dance stance apart from the American funkateers in whose musical steps they follow. But is it realistic, post-punk, to expect music to change people's attitudes?

"I still think music can affect people in that way," says Brian. "The classic example was Live Aid. If there hadn't been a day of live music, ramming the message down people's throats, they would never have put their hands in their pockets and raised all that money."

After Tonite are not operating on such a grand Geldof-like scale just yet. But, as British soul comes increasingly to the fore in 1987, they have a homegrown invite to all tomorrow's parties. The house could soon be jumping.

From a small office in Brixton, The Hip Hop Alliance provide a grass roots H.Q. for a fast growing homegrown rap scene. On their books, and in the frontline of the new Brit B-boy badness, are The Dynamic 3. UK fresh report by Sean O'Hagan. Body popped by Steve Pike.



YOUNG, GIFTED AND BROKE

HUGE BOARDS covered in graffiti, promo shops, makeshift posters and reams of discarded paper make The Hip-Hop Alliance's small office seem positively claustrophobic. This place and its organised chaos is a would-be nerve centre for a scene that defies centralisation, a movement that is both *huge* and *underground*.

Unless you're blind, you'll have seen a freeform example of rap culture, caught a glimpse of a graffitied signature on a station wall, heard the motor-mouth boom of a passing human beat box or done a double take on a Brit B-boy spinning on his head. These signs have been around for years, now the music to match the mischief is arriving . . .

The Hip-Hop Alliance attempt the impossible: as both catalysts and cultural attachés, they aim to galvanise this burgeoning, fractured British rap scene via workshops, roadshows, concerts and recordings – anything that will provide an outlet for all this energy. On their books they have teenage rappers galore but I'm here to check out The Dynamic Three, a London crew at the forefront of British hip hop. Big mouths, sharp threads and confidence to spare, The Dynamic Three move between the lines of rap, talking politics, pressure and self-promotion: they're certain their time will come:

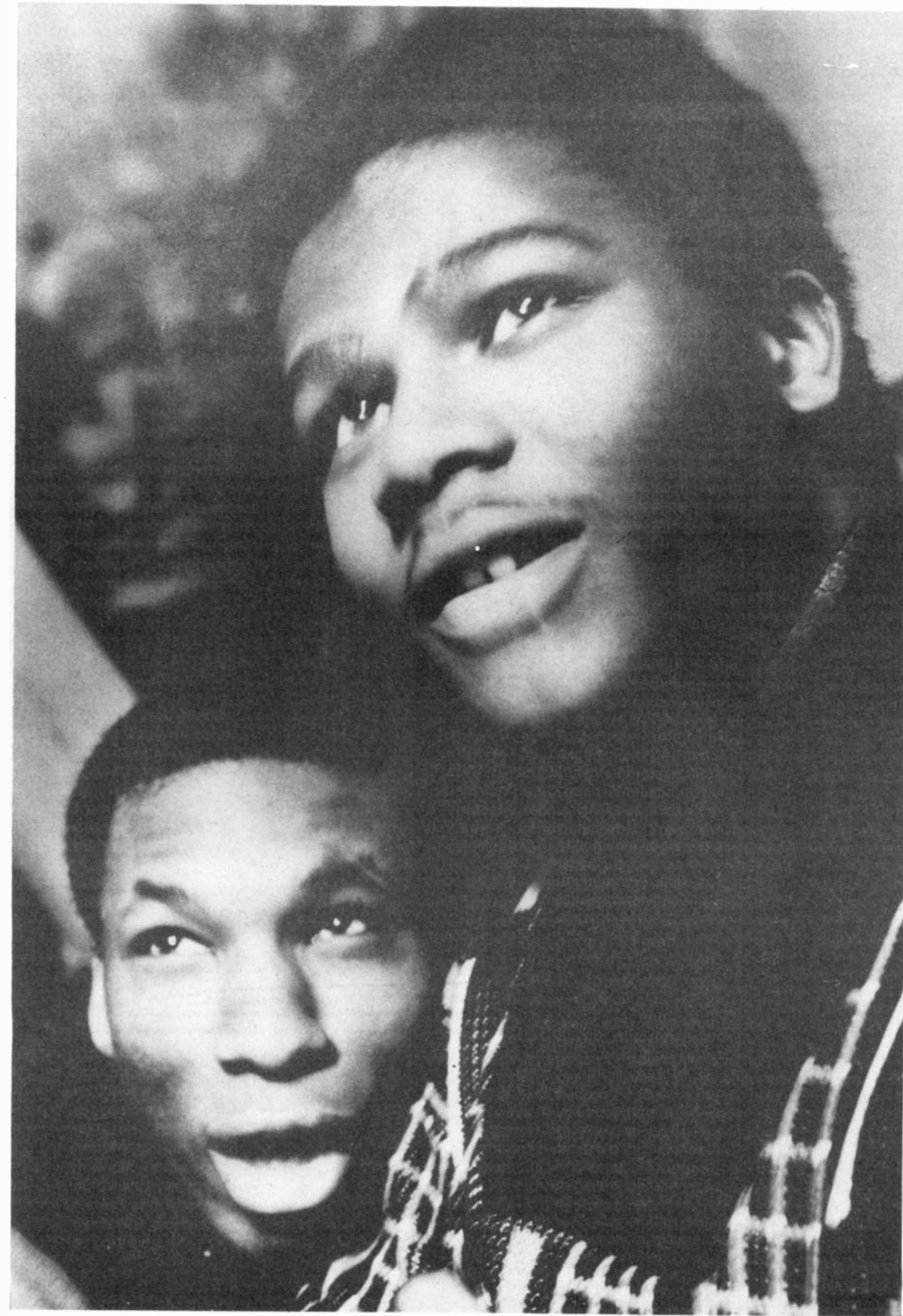
"All you hear right now is New York. I tell you, if I was to walk in a record company and say 'I'm from The Bronx and I want to rap, everything would fall right in my lap!'"

TK's everyday speech is peppered with these unconscious rhyming couplets – "... way it is, man, I'm a natural". He's turned up alongside his buddy, Phibes, but Grandmaster J is nowhere to be found. Two thirds of The Dynamic Three do enough talking to convince all but the terminally cynical.

"I dunno what it is," adds Phibes, "but British producers and radio people are slow to promote home-grown hip-hop. See, a lot of styles have originated over here then filtered back to America. They get them out on record first. That's frustratin'. Like, all this chantin' yard style on hip-hop, The Cookie Crew was doin' that long time gone. Years ago – before Shinehead or Just Ice."

Fact remains, the hip-hop sensibility, sass and street style seems emphatically implanted in The Big Apple. Can the Brit B-boy hope to compete?

"You kiddin'? Listen, we can talk American, rap in Cockney and chat like pure yardie – mix it all up. Right now, Jeff (the absent Grandmaster J, king of the cut up) is selecting mate-



Dynamic 3 minus 1: Phibes and T.K. but no Jazzy J.

rial that is *fresh*. Anything that *don't* sound hip-hop, we'll rap on anything from anywhere. And, what we do in the studio, we'll recreate live. Too many groups sound hollow on stage . . ."

Three years ago, The Dynamic Three began rapping as a means of undercutting the boredom of their day jobs – as McDonalds' crew members. From a laugh, it grew into competition with their bored-stiff workmates only too eager to provide an audience. "We'd rap about three things back then," claims TK, "morts" (girls), "spratting"

(chasing girls) and "how good we were at rappin'". When they came second to The Cookie Crew at a Tim Westwood organised hip-hop convention in London's Wag club, they really started thinking seriously.

Phibes: "Ricky from The Hip-Hop Alliance heard a thing called 'Cockney Rap' and put it down on tape and Tim Westwood played it on his radio show. Then we had a support slot for Kurtis Blow and had to do a short TV promo thing – that was it. We ain't stopped since."

The most controversial move they've made is a video called 'Low Pay No Way', a GLC-funded informa-

tion film aimed at the firms who exploit young workers. A subject close to these McDonalds' boys hearts. Basically the video combines studio footage of their 'Low Pay, No Way' rap interspersed with provocative chunks of heisted TV footage. "Pure illegal," claims TK proudly, "you'll never see that stuff on telly cos it's all been nicked. When they showed it on Channel Four's *Union World*, they could only broadcast our bits."

Since then, The Dynamic Three have held firm with The Hip-Hop Alliance, playing on their 'Young, Gifted And Broke' showcase at Brix-

ton's Fridge and, via their video, caught the attention of Paul Weller. Now they'll have a track – 'The Right Must Go' – on the new Style Council album.

"That's one of our political raps," TK explains, "and we also do one called 'Mr Politician' which is a bit more *nasty* cause we don't really trust them to change anything. Bullshit promises but when they get in, it's the same old story."

What bugs The Dynamic Three is the lack of faith in the young that this country – its parliament and its businessmen – holds. *Young, Gifted And Broke* is not just a catch phrase, more a password for frustration.

"Look around you in London and you'll see ugliness: ugly buildings, run down houses, dirty vandalised train stations. Still, we've applied to London Transport for permission to do organised graffiti art – you see a piece of good graffiti on a wall and you won't see no vandalism or taggin' (sprayed signatures). Kids respect it," says the young Hip-Hop Alliance organiser. "See, the thing that we're saying is that hip-hop is different from any other music 'cos anyone can get involved on some level – mixing, rapping, beat boxing, bombing (graffiti art) or whatever. You don't just *consume* hip-hop, you enter in to it."

And, everywhere you look, hip-hop and rap have "been entered into" – from the selling of Weetabix to the pushing of credit cards, from the diluted beats of a BAD track to the promotion of YTS schemes.

Back on the street, at the very grassroots of British hip-hop, things are moving faster than the speed of light. *Anything* is up for grabs.

TK: "People criticise us cos we can't play any instrument. Always sayin' 'why can't you write something original, but we *can't* play musical instruments. That doesn't mean we can't make music. I can still make the *best* music for people to rock to. OK, we *steal* from everywhere – riffs and cut-ups – it doesn't matter where we take it from long as we can make something *new* from it. Classical, heavy metal, soul, punk – The Imperial Mixers are cutting up old punk records and it sounds *baad*. If it's on vinyl, you can nick it. If it exists, you can cut it up. That's the only rule . . ."

A few weeks ago The Dynamic Three played with That Petrol Emotion and, amidst some raised eyebrows, won out with invention, imagination and sheer nerve. ("When I saw those haircuts, man, I just wanted to chip out and head home"). Next week, The Age Of Chance rang up and offered them 50 quid for a support slot but "those days are over" and they were told, politely, where to go. The Dynamic Three don't need to embrace indiedom to get where they're going but it looks increasingly like the one thing indie pop needs is the kind of shot in the arm these young upstarts deliver. The Class of '87 are ready and waiting. Don't let them pass you by.

THE HIP-HOP ALLIANCE are based at 46 Kepler Rd., London SW4 7PQ (Tel: 01-673 8588 or 737 3237/8)

REMIX THE APOCALYPSE

Turn it up! Crank up the bass! Take a break listening to crazy Cronkite's commentary of president Kennedy's assassination! Whizz-kid ad-man turned master-mixer STEINSKI — past pardner of Double Dee — leads RICHARD GRABEL through the murderous 'Motorcade'. Photograph by LISA HAUN. We'll be right back after this message from our sponsor . . .

STEVE STEIN — aka Steinski — has always been into rearranging bits and pieces of information, trying to make them fit into new contexts.

He did it in his job as an advertising copywriter. He did it at home with his community phone-answering-machine project, known as Ralphie's Bob City. Every few weeks, the recording on Ralphie's asked a very personal question, and people left very personal answers on the tape. Then Stein edited the answers into an incredible multi-person monologue, that callers hear — an urban psychological bulletin board.

Three years ago, Stein saw a chance to apply this skill to his other favorite hobby, his record collection. Tommy Boy Records was running a master-mix contest, inviting all comers to produce their own taped re-mixes of a Tommy Boy single, 'Play That Beat Mr DJ' by G.L.O.B.E. and Whiz Kid. The prize was \$100 plus all the Tommy Boy releases, and a promise that at least ten radio stations would play the winning mix.

"But the real prize," as Stein remembers it, "was that the judges would listen to it. And at the time, these people were it. It was Jellybean Benitez, Arthur Baker, John Robie, Afrika Bambaataa, Shep Pettibone, all the heavies. It was a chance to really show off."

At the time, Stein was working at one of New York's most prestigious advertising agencies by day, and — with Douglas Di Franco, another advertising guy — spending his weekends at the Roxy, New York's premier rap venue.

From the Roxy DJ's like Alert and Grandmixer DST, Stein got the idea of quick-cutting between records to produce an aural collage that could drastically alter the sound, rhythm, and content of a record. And from his own massive record collection, which included lots of spoken word stuff, he got the source material to create a strikingly new take on the quick-cutting method.

"I didn't come up with the idea. What Douglas and I brought to it was, I've got *all kinds* of records. Why does it have to just be old breaks? What we did wasn't so original. All we did was take it to the left a little bit."

But a listen to the mix that Stein and Di Franco entered into that contest (as Double Dee and Steinski), kicking off with a radio announcer saying "*and now we come to the pay off*", reveals a radical and funny sensibility brought to bear on the usual hip hop methodology. The mix combined an ad-man's attention-grabbing skill with a fan's love of rap. Only a warped and brilliant mind would have thought of cutting in Humphrey Bogart's voice, from *Casablanca*, saying "*You played it for her you can play it for me/ play it/ play it/ play it*".

"We entered as Double Dee and Steinski basically because we didn't want anybody to know we were white. We thought we had an unfair advantage because we had an eight track tape recorder. But I gave my

office phone number with the tape.

"So one day I walk in and my secretary yells 'You won the contest! Tom Silverman from Tommy Boy Records just called'. So I call him back and he says, 'Yeah, you won the contest. Now tell me, who are you. You have a secretary. Who ever heard of a mastermixer with a secretary'. So I told him I was a copywriter at an ad agency, and he couldn't believe it. He said, 'you should come down tonight, I want to meet you'."

"It was a kick seeing the expression on everyone's faces when we got introduced to Baker and Robie at the Funhouse. Robie went, 'they're both white!' which was everyone's reaction, but he was the only one to come out and say it. After that we were always 'the guys who did that mix'."

What followed was even more unexpected. Tommy Boy sent tapes of what was then called 'The Payoff Mix' to a few radio stations, who promptly began playing the hell out of it. Other stations began calling to demand copies. Kids were taping it off the radio and selling cassette copies. 'The Payoff Mix' was a monster hit, but the label couldn't release it for sale — it contained too much copyright infringing material.

DDOUBLE DEE and Steinski did two more mixes. The James Brown Mix was a dislocated homage to the James Brown legend, interweaving Brown classics with Sly Stone, Junior, the voices of Clint Eastwood and Bugs Bunny, plus a cha-cha instruction record, into a funny, funky riot of references.

'Lesson 3 — The History Of Hip Hop' is a homage to the classic break records that are the building blocks of hip hop language, street DJ standards like 'Dance To The Drummer's Beat' by Herman Kelly and Life, 'Funky Music Is The Thing' by the Dynamic Corvettes, and 'Apache' by the Incredible Bongo Band.

"The tape goes out," Stein recalls, "and it's on the radio instantly. Another hit. At that point, Tommy Boy put out the promo-only record with all three mixes on it."

"Today you can walk down to Times Square and get all three mixes on a bootleg label, with bad sound quality 'cause they mastered them off the record. But for break DJs it's enough, they turn it up, crank up the bass."

Which brings us to 'The Motorcade Sped On', the first project Stein took on solo.

'The Motorcade Sped On' — featured next week on *NME's* free single — is the most radical and disturbing thing Stein had done. Its source material is drawn from radio and television newscasts of the assassination of John F. Kennedy, cut up and linked together by a beat track. It is, as Tom Silverman said upon hearing it, a bit like dancing to the apocalypse.

"Over here, the reaction to it is that people turn green and puke. In England it's not so bad, they're a little more removed from the feelings of reverence for our great President John F. Kennedy."

"The point of using the recordings of real announcers was that these guys, their mental set was, the president has been shot, the world is ending, the Russians are going



Steinski — "I work for a living. I ain't no pop figure."

to attack and we're all going to be in the toilet. And that really comes across in the samples.

"I didn't add that much, other than saying, let's use this part or that part where they sound really crazed. It makes you feel strange when you hear it. I think it's a bit like David Lynch (director of *Blue Velvet*) who uses those really strange images that are very upsetting."

Again, Tommy Boy wanted to release the record commercially. This time the obstacle was CBS Inc., which owns the rights to the voice of Walter Cronkite, the very famous American television newscaster. One could argue that these recordings, of Cronkite announcing the assassination, are a historical record that no one corporation should control. Unfortunately that's not what the law says.

"I think they were coming both from a legal and an emotional point of view," says Stein. "The legal point of view is, 'we own it, and you can't screw with it'. The emotional point of view is, 'this is very close to the American psyche, and how dare you?'"

"When Joel Webber at Island Records heard it, he called me up and asked if he could put it out. I said, 'no, are you kidding, this is like a lightning rod for the forces of divine retribution'. Then he calls me back two days later and says, 'I played it for Chris Blackwell and he loves it and we want to sign you. Do you have any ideas that don't involve being illegal?' I said, 'sure, I've got

an idea, we'll do commercials'."

And so came about 'We'll Be Right Back', another re-working of found source material, in this case, old radio and TV adverts. Not as radical as 'Motorcade' or the Tommy Boy mixes, 'We'll Be Right Back' still manages to challenge us to hear familiar things in a different way, to re-think our notions of what makes a record.

People from Paul Hardcastle to Rick Rubin have appropriated elements of his technique, but Steve Stein remains the king of post-structuralist record making. But is Steinski a pop figure?

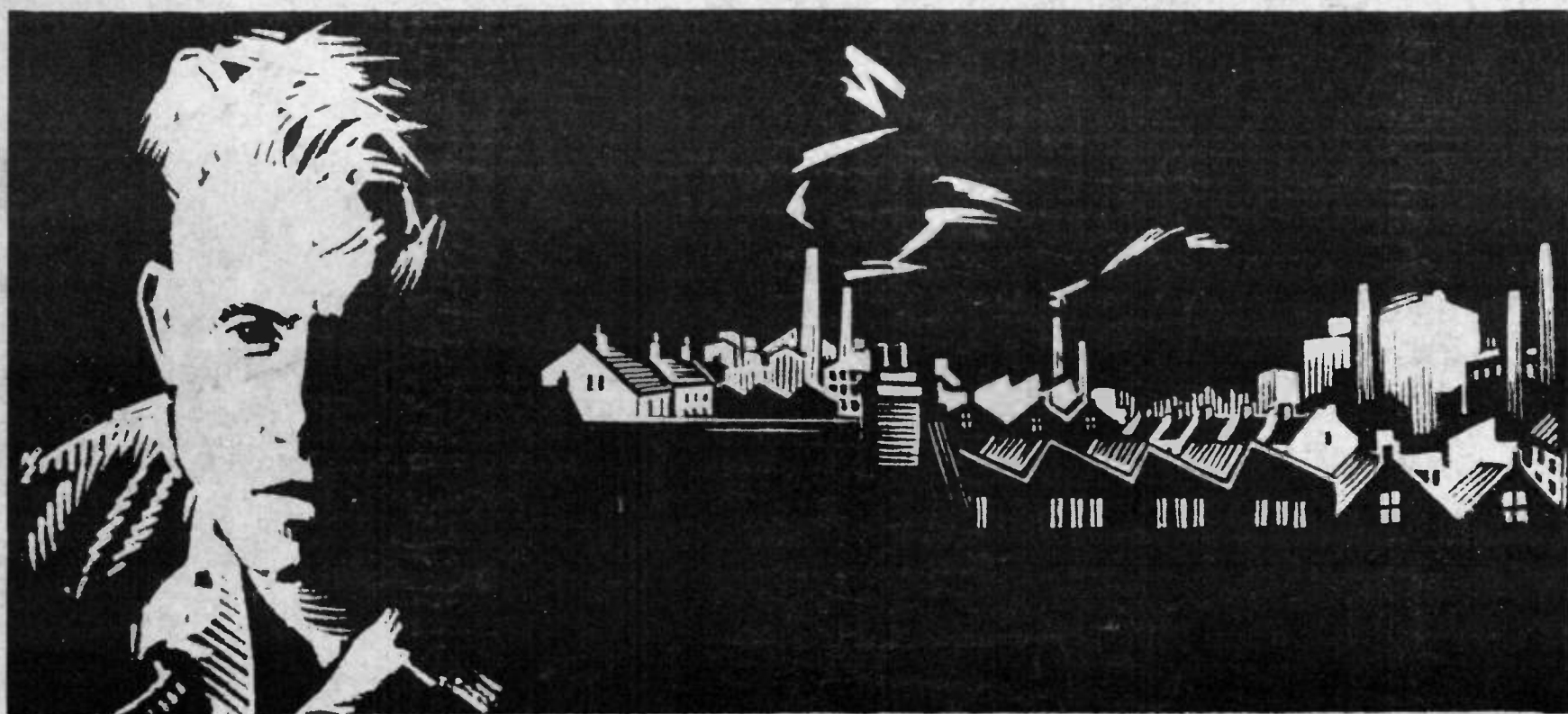
"Mmppff. I work for a living. I ain't no pop figure."

Still, you are going to appear in the video for 'We'll Be Right Back' (an arresting visual quick-mix of old advertising footage).

"I didn't want to be in the video at all. But Island said without me in it, it won't have a context. And I can see their point. If there's some people that look like a group in it, you'll pay attention to it as a video. If it's only found footage, there's no connection between it and the song. And I'm lucky. How many artists get to not only make a record but to make the video as well?"

"But I'm not a performer. I'm a studio rat. I'm not even that. What I do is sit in the back of the room and go, 'what if we did this, what if we did that'. I'm the recording equivalent of a creative director. I produce. I manipulate a lot of different elements that have to do with communication."

SPEAR OF DESTINY



STRANGERS IN OUR TOWN

NEW SINGLE *available on 7" and extended 12"*

(TEN 148)  (TENT 148)



SINGLE OF THE WEAK AND AFFLICTED

PAUL JOHNSON: When Love Comes Calling (CBS)

There is bedroom soul, and there is that sweet inspirational gospel soul, and while decent folk like you and I would never dream of combining the comforts of the pillow and the pulpit, Paul Johnson makes a brilliant single on the strength of that combination.

Standing firmly in the deep pile carpet, he croons like a hearthrob jazz singer who's stumbled into a Gospel choir and decided to stay. This is a rare voice singing a rare song, in which love is anticipated and celebrated in hope (these days love in dread is much more cred) and it's too genuine to be corny. The Voice is too clear and uplifting to bring the song into the tawdry turf of standard background seduction music.

His bio says Johnson found Paradise "rewarding, but not financially." Whether he meant the gospel band or the concept is not entirely clear because his voice has the sound of both.

PAUL YOUNG: Why Does A Man Have To Be Strong? (CBS)

I put it to the boys in the office. I said "Boys, why does a man have to be strong?" And they said, in unison, four-part harmony, S. Wells orchestrating. "Why, we don't know, we're new men. Ask that macho Paul Young."

Oh, these rhetorical questions that should never be rhetorical. That should never be.

"Here I go again, Find words to apologize I've got to get these tears I'm crying, out of my eyes."

No, no, let it all out, Paul. It's good for you. But not for us.

TREVOR WALTERS: Betcha By Golly, Wow (Priority)

He did a stagnant, watery version of Lionel Richie's 'Stuck On You' which still beat the flexi-haired one's sap by 25 places in the charts.

Still, Walters runs deep on The Stylistic's song, which shows you can't judge a singer by his cover. There's got to be more art and less matter on any song ending in 'wow' and Walters has it. His falsetto is sharp, bright, and needs little adornment or cluttering arrangements.

And they're not there.

STACY Q: Two of Hearts (WEA)
MANTRONIX: Who Is It? (Ten)

There are four million Puerto Ricans in the Greater New York area: 3.9 million of them pretend to be Italian, though no one knows why.

Very few pretend to be an offensive sounding button on a budget Casio. So full marks to Stacey Q. for originality, though I have trouble with songs composed on a press-tone phone. I do admire the tribute to that mid-'70s beep beep disco range when 'Bad Girls' sounded so good; but in '87, when so many people work in front of a computer screen, only the most unimaginative drones would want to sing and dance to them as well.

But imaginative droning still has its place on the dance floor. Mix in enough good rapping and noises and there's bound to be a good moment or two.

Mantronix have their moments on 'Who Is It' not by using the computer but by abusing it. This rap is not user-friendly, and while the likes of Stacy Q. sound like they've swallowed a filofax, Mantronix runs the hardware down your throat. It's ballsy, but still too busy. Mantronix push too many buttons here and it detracts from the severe rap.

TONY BRAINSBY: Understanding (Legacy)

His voice has undergone a complete transformation since the last single, the forgettable (but not forgivable) 'Gone With The Wind' Tone is trying out the old falsetto here, in keeping with the new breed of sensitive men who try to relate to women by singing like them.

Mari Wilson is on backing vocals, but she should be singing lead. On an incongruous note, here, this tune is from a forthcoming LP called *Here Come the Jets* which is in keeping with the epic film motif. The Jets were the white trash bad guys in *West Side Story* and hey, the lead Jet was called Tony.

Oh, hang on. This single is by someone called John Wilson. Never mind.

VIEW FROM THE HILL: I'm No Rebel (EMI)

They have their work cut out for them, following up the stellar 'No Conversation.' This one's a bit too easygoing in tempo; if it's meant to lead credibility to the song title, 'nuff said.

The voice is there but the

REVIEWED BY MICHELE KIRSCH
EXTRAORDINARY HANDCUFFS BY ART
WOMAN OF BLOOMSBURY

arrangements are not exactly inspired: lots of monumental chords, lots of repetition, but nothing worth repeating. I feel like a schoolmistress but they are simply not trying hard enough. Goodness knows they're capable.

SPEAR OF DESTINY: Strangers In Our Town (10)

The new, but not improved Spear is dull at the point, and they deserve every bad pun I can heap upon them.

Kirk and crew deliver 20 seconds of dance floor promise – the stuff of 'Liberator' and zap – it's Meat Loaf from the first refrain to the tenth fade-out. The destiny of Heavy Metal-making it tolerable to non metal fans – depends on what mixes with it. Rap

Ken Laszlo had international chart success with 'Hey, Hey Guy' in Italy. But I bet it didn't do a thing in Puerto Rico. 'Tonight' is not the one from *West Side Story* anyway.

Thomas Fehlman is the funny side of Art Of Noise. Lots of film theme hooklines make for welcome comic relief from the wimp Euro backbeat. The theme from *The Godfather* pops up in the most unsavoury places (not like my old neighbourhood in Brooklyn, where they used to blare it from the wedding limosines). Very Dr. Calculus, this. Or is it the other way around?

XMal Deutschland sound like Nico, if she had a modicum of talent. Sicklemoon has more life than the usual robotics, they play their dinky



practically cancels it. Punk turns it into high camp. But angry white boy post — (punk, funk, modern, man) simply rusts it.

If this is going to work, Kirk, try another mixer. I suspect this was a good song before the attack of the wanking solos.

TONY ROME: Rock This Way (Rhythm King)

Is this legal? Can he do this? He's only 18. He's from the Bronx. Maybe he doesn't know about that other song. (The Replacements didn't know The Beatles already had an album called 'Let It Be' but that was centuries ago). More rap than rock, Toney doesn't do much justice to either. Three Bronx cheers.

KEN LASZLO: Tonight (Greyhound)
XMAL DEUTSCHLAND: Sicklemoon (Phonogram)

FEHLMAN: Ready Made (Transglobal)

Bloody foreigners. They seem to understand something about Eurobeat that I don't. Like its gospel.

computers well. I wonder what would happen if the XMals captured the Bronx?

THE HOLLIES: This Is It (Columbia)

They ain't heavy. They're the Hollies. Twenty-eight hits over 24 years, they put the false in falsetto, the bubble in gum. They gave adenoids a bearable reputation, and lied through their teeth with the clothspinned nostrilled 'The I Air That I Breathe'.

Well, these false nasal chaps are telling tall tales again with 'This Is It.' Of course it's not. It's a rocker. It's a stomper. It's a bore. It's a Tony Randall in a cross mood look-a-like. It's a Felix Unger sinus attack sound-a-like. Course, if you like that sort of thing...

FUZZBOX: What's The Point: (WEA) Dunno.

KARL BISCUIT: Secret Love (Rammed Disc)

He's not half the man he used to be. I think he was Falco. Or Falco doing

Bowie falling to earth. Or Bowie doing Falco doing Mozart. Doing Beethoven. Who was deaf. If Karl writes these Euro beat meaning-of-my-sex-life monstrosities in his head, he should keep them there.

5 STAR: Stay Out Of My Life (RCA)

The fifth single from the album 'Silk and Steel'. Two stars for dopey feeling just-fine thanks – delivery of lyrics that need some anger. Could have been an anthem a la 'I Will Survive.' It's like saying "Go to hell, that is, if you wouldn't mind terribly..."

Strictly for 5 Star trainspotters.

EIGHTH WONDER: Will You Remember (CBS)

The Ciccone saga continues. Cousin Patsy Kensit Ciccone, after a short spell in film (cling and otherwise) now reveals herself as the English, inferior representative of Ciccone Youth.

'Will You Remember' is not just another Madonna tribute song. It's less than low rent. It can't even squat. Like her American cousins, Patsy plays 'Into The Groove' and sings along to her heart's content. Trouble is, she's singing a different song. It's disrespectful. Get 'Into the Groove(y)' if you're not going to get the real thing.

THE BOLSHOI: A Way (Beggars Banquet)

Bolshoi plunge the daggers into Bono's back as he cries "U 2, brutes?"

I've come to bury the Bolshoi, not to praise them, but this Trevor Tanner can sing. They thud. They stomp. They pronounce 'A way' to rhyme with 'Bolshoi'. They get heavy rotation on MTV. They do lots of annoying things.

But they do them very well. This is the re-mix, but you get a wacky tune called 'Black Black Black' with some fairly interesting calculated goofing on keyboards.

THE SMITHS: Shoplifters Of The World Unite (Rough Trade)

This record is dedicated to Ruth Polsky, the New York booking agent who was killed by a taxi that drove up onto the kerb where she was standing. The bizarre nature of her death prompted some suppressed titters. This record's cover model is Elvis Presley. Thin Elvis. If you squint, hold the sleeve a few feet away, it looks like Morrissey. (Giggle.)

This record might be the stuff of tragi comedy, but the funeral tone, with cumbersome guitars and world weary singing, kills any irony that may be hidden in the lyrics. Morrissey is a master at cry now, giggle later lyrics, but the humour of the A-side is elusive. You can't suppress a titter that isn't there. It is there on the B-side with the self styled parody 'Half A Person'. If Stephen isn't laughing at his own funeral (ie life) then it's someone who remarkably resembles him. It is dead funny: "If you have five seconds to spare, then I'll tell you the story of my life..."

Or better still: "I booked myself into the Y (pregnant pause) WCA." I don't know how this man's mind works. I don't think I want to know, but I do like anyone who can laugh at himself.

ELVIS COSTELLO: Blue Chair (Demon)

Another better B-side. The "twilight" version of 'America Without Tears' – a gently swaggering, poignant portrait of, er, true Venezuelan love? Elvis always draws tears with his C & W material. 'Blue Chair' is a stripped down version of one of the less memorable tunes from 'Blood And Chocolate'. Mostly bass and keyboards, with a much too long fade out that does the song a great disservice.

There are so many pseudonyms on the record sleeve (T bone Woik, Eamonn Singer, Napoleon Dynamite, Howard Coward) you have to wonder if Elvis is really proud of this. He should be, of 'American Without Tears'.

THE INCREDIBLE BLONDES: Where Do I Stand (No Strings)

Four Glaswegians tread the fine line between tame and tedious. Vocalist strains to reach notes that don't merit the effort. Rhythm section have little to say. Only the mildly lilting guitar of Barry McLeod saves the band from suffocating under one large ill fitting anorak.

THE CROPDUSTERS: Hard Times (P&F)

They are the biggest band in Lymington. They are the only band in Lymington. They won the battle of the Southampton bands, well beating Fester And The Vomits. They take their name from a cropduster that does the Bolivian rain forest.

Don't let the provincial cheek put you off. Pub rock is only a state of mind and The Cropdusters are well out of it. They do some odd bluegrass with a touch of Pogues and plenty of spirited fiddling. Check out the song titles on this EP: 'Goddamn No Good Coyote' 'Hard Times' 'Yesterday's Cakes' and 'Just Popping Out To Fight A War'. It's all dry wit, sawdust and spit. Well worth it.

PINK PEG SLAX: The Sound Of The Meanwood Valley (Half Cut)

Spaghetti Western camp humour potential unravels in the face of Steak and Kidney Pud Westerns (thank you Bid Monochrome for the hilarious 'Cast A Long Shadow'). P.P.S take the Western piss rather too well, mixing in a fair amount of lounge entertainer Elvis impersonator and Johnny Cash on cheap speed on this hilarious four-song EP. At least five belly laughs per track. Meanwood Valley, by the way, is in the general vicinity of Hyde Park Corner.

HOT HOUSE: Don't Come To Stay (De-Construction)

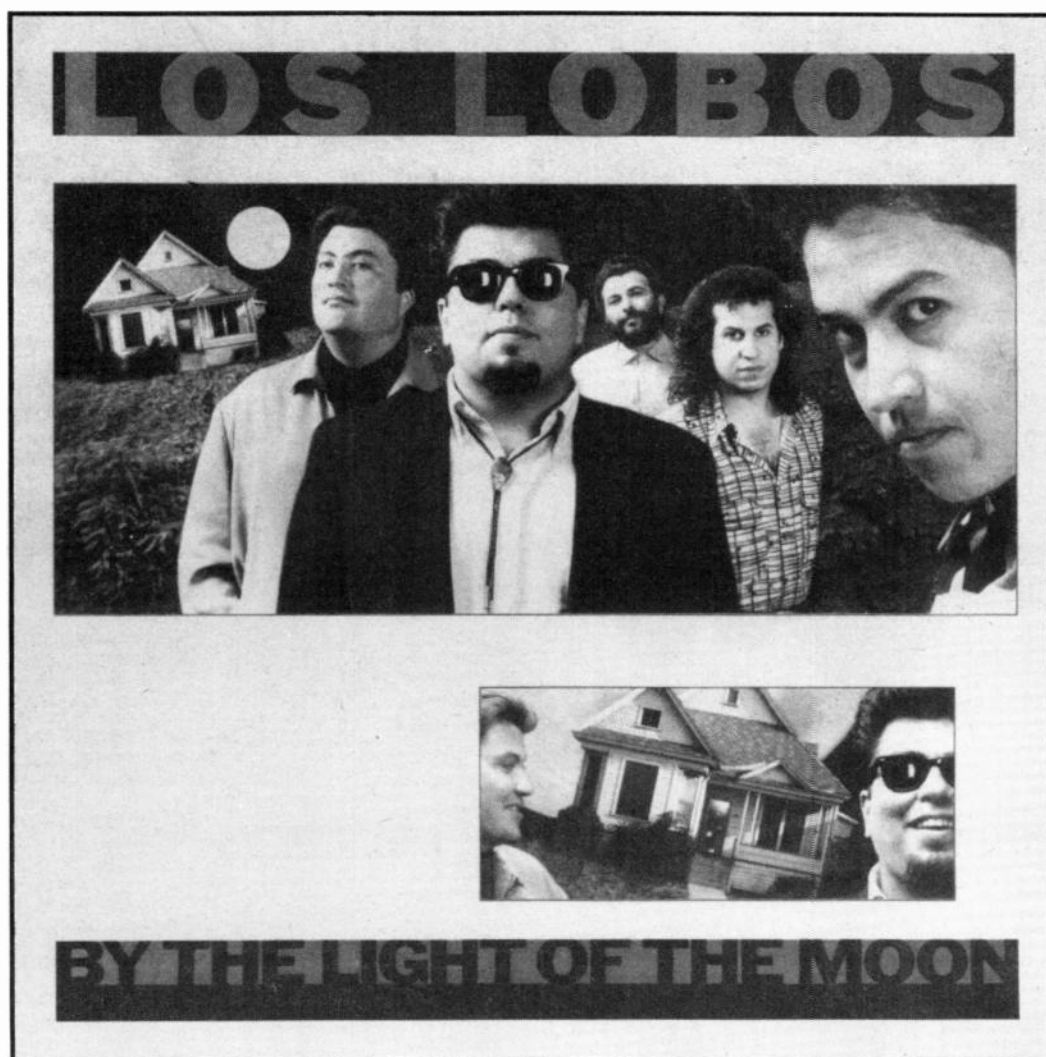
Excuse soul for a moment while it slips into something more comfortable. Hot house are this season's casualwear, easing so gently into this song that the vocals seem almost an afterthought – the final subtle touch to an outfit that makes up for in gentle gesture what it lacks in personal flair.

Heather Small has a sort of teflon-coated voice certain ageing pop stars pay loads of money for to restore in dubious operations. The words flood out in steady succession, accumulating into something substantial only in the last third of the song – when Small steps out of her home on the vocal range and belts some credibility into the lukewarm protest.



VIVA!

LOS LOBOS



BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON IS THE NEW LP/CD/CASSETTE OUT THIS WEEK

“...after a few plays this album becomes every bit the delight its predecessor was.” — *Sounds*

“Los Lobos open ‘By The Light Of The Moon’ with three cracking songs that alone are enough to reassert the Los Angeles, Chicago group’s pre-eminence in the American roots rock circus” — *The Times*

“...a consistently serious record... A masterpiece” — *Melody Maker*

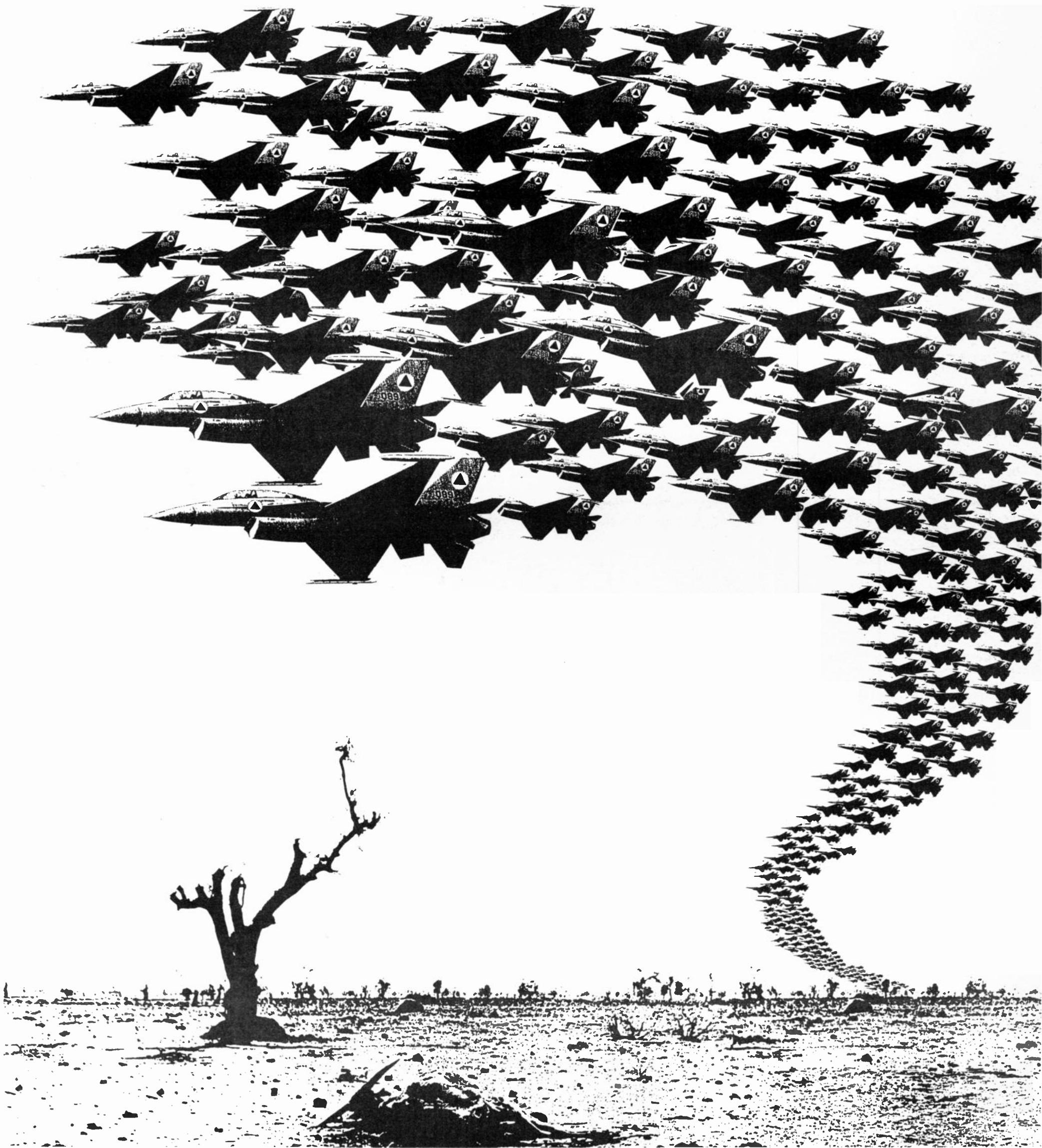
THE WOLF LIVES!

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SLAP



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Having suffered swarms of locusts, Ethiopian farmers are now the innocent victims of a civil war. Forced to work the fields at night while their crops are bombed by day. And while the government spends nearly half of its total budget on arms, the people starve in their millions. At War on Want we're not only trying to relieve the suffering but also to end the fighting. To help us succeed, fill in the coupon. Because the more support we get, the more we can achieve.

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NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

NME 3



IF YOU'RE ON OUR SIDE, SAY SO.

SUNGLASSES AFTER DARK

What's a jambox? And how did it get onto MTV? TIMBUK 3, based in Austin, Texas, have gone from sidewalk to showbiz in the surprise success story of the last year. MAT SNOW picks up where an ex-bar band left off. Photography by A. J. BARRATT.

JUST AS the characters in more realistic soap-operas don't actually watch TV, never mind *soap-operas*, so it is that Pat MacDonald and Barbara Kooley of Timbuk 3 have only nodding acquaintance with the comic-strip they have so obviously just stepped out of.

"*Doonesbury*?" frowns Pat. "Is that a yuppie thing?"

Since Pat is no sports fan, he never manages to struggle right through to the back of the newspaper where the funnies are to be found. Syndicated all over the liberal wing of America's press, Garry Trudeau's strip-saga *Doonesbury* follows the fortunes of a bunch of former hippies now adrift and aghast in a world where Republican big money now wears designer duds. Wry, sly and slow-moving, this stoned but still honourable pen-and-ink *Big Chill* finds its outlet here just above Steve Bell's *If*. . . in *The Guardian*. . .

Recollection slowly crosses Pat's face like a summer breeze rippling the wheat prairies of his home-state Wisconsin.

"We've all read *Doonesbury*, and where that guy Garry Trudeau is coming from is, I think, a good kind of force. . . That comic strip is a good thing to have around. . . though we don't follow it. . ."

If Jimmy Stewart has been reincarnated, it could be as Pat MacDonald. Not that Pat is *slo-o-o-ow*; it's just that his conversation proceeds with all the rapid-fire reflexes of a stunned mullet. No, that drawl of deliberation is the tempo of a laid-back man from a laid-back landscape.

To some, such a head-scratching style denotes dumbness; to others, wisdom. One thing is sure; the brain behind one of America's most freakishly ironic hit singles in years has more paddles in the water than most.

THE FUTURE's So Bright, I Gotta Wear Shades' kick-starts 'Greetings From Timbuk 3', the duo's debut LP released last summer, quite probably the first album since The Rolling Stones' 'Get Yer Ya-Yaas Out' 17 years ago to feature a mule on the sleeve.

Stranger still, attentive listening to the hit 45 'Shades' reveals a lampoon of the amoral, *unintelligent* nuclear industry careerist in particular, and the New Age careerist (read 'yuppie') in general. Rumour has it that yuppies love it, which makes them dumber (or smarter) than I thought.

Timbuk 3 are easy on the ear—tuneful, sportive, rootsy without being rickety. Chicken-scratch guitar melding r'n'b and country, hound-dog harmonica and their plaintive, nasal harmonies evoke a strange American idyll of a flatly-stretching horizon: zero expectations and a philosophy where life's injustices are redeemed by romantic love and a dusty sense of humour.

When they raise their voices in more vehement protest, however, as in 'Just Another Movie', you're shocked. And in 'Life Is Hard' Timbuk 3 successfully pull off the sort of sardonic American parable associated with T-Bone Burnett and Peter Case. Mostly, though, the "assholes" in charge are more pricked than shafted.



Timbuk 3 have been accused of dodging behind a screen of cleverness, whimsicality and sweet sentiment. For the first, Timbuk 3 choose to draw in the listener with a winning groove—and then nudge them in the ribs. For the second, yes, but I find their breed of whimsy rather cute. And thirdly, like Billy Bragg who they greatly admire, Timbuk 3 write love songs that may well endure beyond their social sideswipes. 'I Love You In The Strangest Way', for instance, is as charmingly observed a paean to the other half as I've heard.

A good thing too: Pat and 29-year-old Shelley Duvall-lookalike Barbara have been married for four years. Their small son Devin does not complete the trio, however. That honour belongs to a JVC 'jambox' (their word) which plays prerecorded bass and drum parts. It saves on hotel rooms and bar bills too.

That such a modest unit—one, indeed, whose entire stage gear could be packed into two flight cases and a sponge-bag—should be the toast of MTV in the States and even now be hustling a little action in Europe is one of pop's more heartening stories of late.

They met in 1978 when Barbara, a native Texan, was bartending in Madison, Wisconsin, in order to establish residency for entry to the State University. Pat was a solo folk-singer from nearby Green Bay, home of the Packers football team, and, as their romance bloomed, so she followed his example by setting up as a singer in her own right. Both acts proliferated into short-lived bands, so in 1984 the spouses did the natural thing and teamed up as a duo after auditioning the 'jambox' on Manhattan's sidewalk. Those streets were not paved with gold, however, so the family MacDonald decamped to the thriving musical city of Austin, Texas, hooking into the less dressy end of the bar circuit. It was whilst making a modest living that Timbuk 3 got their lucky break when local talent was showcased on national cable MTV. Miles Copeland's off-kilter record label IRS took an interest, and the rest you can guess.

No, Timbuk 3 very sensibly have no desire to scale up their act for the sake of courting mega-popularity. But they *have* contributed a couple of tunes to the soundtrack of *The Texas chainsaw Massacre 2*. . .

BARBARA AND I are ambitious, but it seems like you can't be personally ambitious *and* care about the world. It's either or. And so the pendulum swings both ways," muses Pat on life's great dilemma

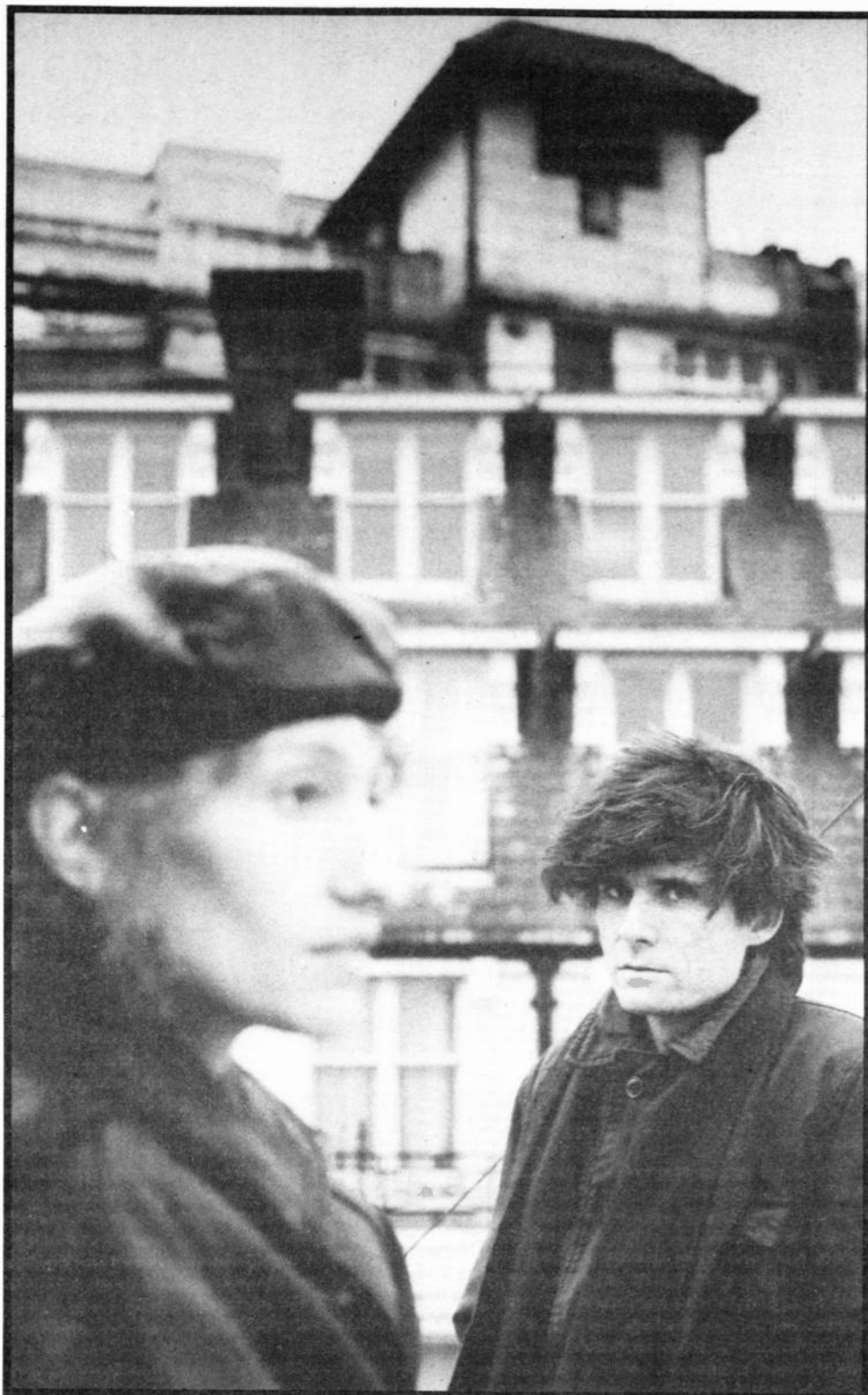
"It seems to me the whole trick of this life is to find out where the two are harmonious, y'know. If that takes consuming less, so be it. If that takes wearing clothes a little bit out of style, so be it. . . I guess that's as far as I've come in figuring it all out!"

So it's hippie versus yuppie?

"I totally object to the categorisation of people!" exclaims—well, *ruminates* Pat—to my utter amazement. "It's fun but it can be dangerous. For example, yuppies like small cars. . . Well, I like small cars; they're much better than huge gas-guzzlers. But what happens when yuppies go out of style? The auto industry uses that to sell us *bigger* cars 'cos yuppies drive small ones. You don't wanna be a yuppie wimp!"

"There are certain things associated with certain kinds of people that are *good*. Yet that positive side goes out of the window along with the negative every time a new category comes along.

"That's why I'm not going to own up to being *anything*—I don't want to go out of style!"



Drop the bomb! Barbara (top) glazes over as she sees the future while Timbuk 3 together just cruise . . .



WORD UP

Scripted by SEAN O'HAGAN

BABY CAKES

Armistead Maupin (*Corgi*, £3.95)

ARMISTEAD MAUPIN's fourth novel, *Baby Cakes*, is a tale of two cities and of the foreign affairs that they are witness to.

An exchange of apartments between a San Franciscan gay and an enigmatic Londoner provides the pivot around which Maupin delicately weighs and balances the cultural landscapes which his characters inhabit. In his attempt to decipher and manipulate the socially mobile and sexually versatile world of the London aristocracy, the American discovers that he has become inscribed into that world; a protagonist in a text of which he was once the reader, a victim of a cultural syntax over

which he has no control. The Londoner, for his part, embarks on a discovery of love and friendship amongst the fragmented fictions of an AIDS neurotic nation. Rings and pendants asking "I'm Safe - Are You?" are advertised as a "great conversation starter for breaking the ice". The novel illustrates how such crass attempts at imposing 'sexual safety' will only succeed in breeding social sterility.

The narrative leaves us with a compassionate look at a liberal heart balanced precariously on a post-modernist sleeve. *Baby Cakes* rescues 'humanism' from the danger of becoming a dirty word.

Graham Caveney

LOW LIGHTS & TRICK SHOTS



POCKET MONEY: Bad-Boys, Business-Heads and Boom-Time Snooker
Gordon Burn (*Heinemann* £9.95)

"MY BOYS are worth millions sponsorship let me tell you the stockmarkets clamouring for a floatation £13 million the potentials massive massive things are going great anyone not with us tough shit if you're not a winner you're nothing snooker what's snooker..." *Great Bores of Today*.

Barry Hearn; manager, entrepreneur, sponsor, wheeler-dealer and guru, is the all-pervading figure behind the most popular armchair sport in Britain. Author Gordon Burn travelled with the snooker circus for a year, scratches its genteel veneer and finds a cut-throat and ruthless world.

The old Pot Black - "for those of you watching in black and white, the pink's behind the blue" - politeness is gone. It is now very big business; backed up by the perpetual motion of TV cameras and the clamour of big name sponsors. Average advertising rates for the 38 hours of the World Championship TV coverage would have cost around £75m, give or take a bob or two. The sponsors, Embassy, shelled out about £1½m - and 18 million viewers spent a fortnight inside a packet of No 1 King Size. Call it the steal of the century.

In the modern world of snooker only the sponsored survive; which is where Hearn and Steve Davis reign supreme. Davis the commodity, the product, being marketed, packaged and sold. Having the practised, well-rehearsed ability to switch gears between the tournament ice-man - cool, detached; Steve "interesting" Davis - aftershave salesman, chat show host and Thatcher camp follower; and the normal man - whoever he might be.

Burn as fly on the wall looks beneath the glossy, sanitised image of the game in general and Hearn's Matchroom team in particular, and finds a world closed to outsiders, inward-looking - hermetically-sealed. Full of rivalries, jealousies and back biters.

Burn catalogues in a graphic way, trips to the Far East, Matchrooms packed with eager disciples; windswept, rain-lashed winter seaside towns back home, where pale and bloodless young men dream of turning pro - of being the next Steve Davis. From there to the tense pot boiler of a World Championship - the Crucible 1986, where the snooker tables are turned and parrots are sick, as the unknown and unglamorous Joe Johnson takes the Crown.

It's a book which mercifully does not salivate over old tabloid scandals, but concentrates on the changing face of a game which was once an indication of a mis-spent youth and is now a multi-million pound industry.

Carol Cooper

JAZZ WEST COAST

Robert Gordon (*Quartet* £12.95)

WEST COAST jazz tumbled from off the bandstands of the big band leaders at the close of the '40s. Musicians who'd once regularly bussed coast to coast with 14-piece aggregations, were forced - either by cost or circumstance - to become Hollywood sessionmen by day and small group free-blowers by night. When Gil Evans and Gerry Mulligan, suppliers of tonally advanced arrangements to Claude Thornhill's dance band, moved on to supply a similar array of charts for Miles Davis' LA-recorded 'Birth Of The Cool',

the situation was set for the West Coast jazz explosion. The final spark came when the Stan Kenton band of that period split, bestowing Art Pepper, Bob Cooper, Shorty Rogers and others on a burgeoning scene.

The pianoless Mulligan Quartet was the first combo to prove that the West Coast sound could be both cool and happily commercial. Other sounds, in the main concocted by white musicians, also began playing all the right sounds on the club and record shop cash registers. Hipness shortly equated to a copy of the latest Lighthouse All-Stars or, maybe, Shorty Rogers' 'Cool or Crazy' LP decorating the newly-acquired, custom-made hi-fi.

If the East Coast handled things more heatedly, proffering hot-spice instead of dry-ice, California remained the supplier of all that was, in terms of jazz, socially desirable to the yuppies of the Eisenhower generation. Bob Gordon's book, a timely addition to the jazz library, covers the first 10 years of this phenomenon with a fair amount of love and affection and no little enthusiasm. But, ultimately, the authors fails to convey the whole feel of the era, because he's basically a vinyl junkie at heart and ever-ready to move on to details of the next record session instead of just spending time providing his cast with heart-beats.

Gordon's ink never translates into blood and his characters remain wan and pallow. Nevertheless, *Jazz West Coast* is worthy of an investment, at least until a Mike Zwerin or Brian Case gets around to providing a definitive volume populated with real live smoke-in-the-guts musicians.

Fred Dellar

THE MONKEES: Monkeemania

Glenn A. Baker (*Plexus* £6.95)

JACK NICHOLSON has seen The Monkees film *Head* 158,000,000 times. Davy Jones was "pissed off" when he recorded 'Daydream Believer'. The other Monkees started writing songs when they saw Mike Nesmith's \$30,000 royalty cheque for one song. *Monkeemania* is a fascinating book. It combines a relentless fascination for trivia - it will tell you which Monkees songs were released on the back of cornflake packets - with a cool objectivity about its protagonists. Mike Nesmith is acknowledged as both a creative type and a pretentious bimbo given to statements like "We had this phenomenal and wonderful opportunity to create something of meaning and lasting value". Even Micky Dolenz offers up, in answer to the question "What are your future plans?", the classic answer "The past and future don't exist. We are primitive emerging forms".

It's crammed with something rare in pop books - Who Got The Money statistics. It cost Peter Tork \$160,000 to buy himself out of his contract - and this *only* left him broke. Mike Nesmith owned seven cars and a mansion with electronic doors that answered to the word "love".

Ironically enough, it's one of the most informative books ever written about the financial and creative side of pop music - ironic because The Monkees weren't supposed to be a group. How they became such a thing, and how they coped in a completely inadequate fashion it makes *Monkeemania* an essential purchase, pop-music book-wise. Plus they're right about 'The Porpoise Song.'

David Quantick

PHIL SAATCHI

WHEEL OF FORTUNE

7" & 3 TRACK 12"



"IF THERE were a literary equivalent to a new Talking Heads album, *Slaves Of New York* would be that book" runs a press blurb for the new TAMA JANOWITZ novel, already a critical success on both sides of the Atlantic. Disbeliever DON WATSON penetrates the hype and uncovers a publishing industry desperate to peddle personality at the expense of quality. Slave to the shutter: NICK WHITE.



Tama Janowitz—bad news for Stilton cheeses

THE CULT OF THE PERSONALITY

DESCRIBED BY *New York* magazine as cursed by "a shyness and a sense of always being out of place", Tama Janowitz is scarcely a perpetrator of retiring prose: "After I became a prostitute", her teasingly titled book *Slaves Of New York* opens, "I had to deal with penises of every imaginable shape and size. Some large, others quite shrivelled and pendulous of testicle. Some blue-veined and reeking of Stilton, some miserly."

Neither has the lady herself been precisely backwards in coming forwards. In the States she's touted her book and tossed her long black curls on every major chat show on the network and peered through her little round glasses from the cover of all the prestigious magazines. Janowitz is the perfect incarnation of the author as personality. Loud, brassy, and self-consciously wacky, she's hung around with some incredibly, endearingly weird artists in hip and groovy New York, she's mildly *risqué* and available for interview.

It seems as if nothing can stop Tama Janowitz becoming a media celebrity in this country too. *Elle* have already tipped her as the name of '87, she's had more than favourable reviews from serious critics in *The Sunday Times* and *The Observer* and in her few days here she's been talking her tousled little head off. I meet her at Heathrow, straight off a plane from Newcastle where she's been interviewed for *The Tube*, she's been up since six in the morning and she's talking at a pitch and a rate that's two tones short of hysteria. At one point during the interview she breaks off, drops her head in her hands and says in an alarmingly chilling tone: "Oh my God, what am I talking about?" And then just as suddenly she clicks back into gear and she's off again.

"I think *The Tube* were mainly interested in my literary video," she confides.

Literary video?

"Yes, it's the first one, strange don't you

think? Publishing has always had this antiquated attitude. Nowadays everything advertises, banks advertise. Of course you can't just sit there for four minutes and say what your book's about, but in my case you could say "Well, here we are in New York" and then there's lots of shots of me sitting around wearing different clothes and sitting at my typewriter and fast cuts of the city, some party at the Milk Bar, then a dinner with Andy Warhol."

Yes, I'd somehow suspected that he'd creep into this somehow, wherever there is success in New York there is always Andy Warhol, stepping up to say something like "Good business is the best art". The Warholian ethic is "Don't just do, be and be famously". In writing terms it's typified by his good friend Truman Capote who spectacularly and self-destructively completed the grub-to-social butterfly metamorphosis from writer to personality, from artist to image.

Slaves Of New York is a perfectly saleable title, its coy S & M symbolism emphasises that, like *9½ Weeks*, it's just a little bit naughty, but tastefully so. The prostitute of the first story may live on junk food and shoot smack but there's nothing sordid about her depiction, she is a saint trapped by circumstances and this is a gentle dream of her life, a pastel portrait of the sleazy life.

Although the writers she admires are from the serious side of literature, (Nabokov, Saul Bellow, Chekhov), Janowitz says she'd rather be considered as a "rock and roll writer" in comparison. Swinging, superficial and very New York, she's precisely what a lot of people wanted Kathy Acker to be. *Slaves Of New York* is the perfect fashion accoutrement for your bookshelf.

"But let's face it," she bales, "90 per cent of what is published in the first place is total crap. You could look back to the ads in the *New York Times* of 1911 and most of the books are garbage, most of what is written is just like most music, it's crap, they're selling a product. That may be something which isn't considered to be a nice thing to do as far as publishing is concerned, but from my point of view it doesn't have anything to do with the work."

"I'm too old to believe in this gay social whirl of being in clubs and saying 'Hello darling' and kissing people on the cheek. It's just... if I was 20 I might think 'The hell with writing, I'll

become a movie actress' but I've been a writer for years, I've payed my dues in that respect and it makes a nice change for people to ask me questions, because five years ago nobody cared what I thought about anything, so I'm ready to make up what I think today, because tomorrow I'm back to typing."

In other words after all those years of just doing it's nice to be and nice to be famous. Interestingly enough Janowitz is a victim of the very world she describes, where success is desperately sought as a relief from the insecurity of worrying about the rent. To the outsider she describes a New York that's a living hell of money struggles and ego battles. By half way through I was in heartfelt agreement with the character who despairs 'I'm sick of everybody being so self-obsessed'. But what sounds like hell to me is life to Janowitz.

"I don't think it seems that bad in the stories," she says. "That certainly wasn't an American response. I was definitely trying to reflect something that I saw going on and I do have a love/hate relationship with the city in that as a writer and somebody who never really goes anywhere I can look out of the window and see a woman in a bathrobe running down the street and a man chasing her shouting 'I'm going to kill you' and half a dozen butchers from the meat market standing round watching and the police pulling up."

THERE'S VERY little invention in what Janowitz does, her intention is to describe, not reinvent the New York world.

"I certainly wanted to reflect the things around me. I didn't want to say 'And that night the young people went to Area, the new club in town' because I knew damn well that six months later people would read it and say 'Area, is she kidding', the idea was not the night club but the feeling of the night club, not a specific couple in New York but the fact that in one week I might speak to three different women friends and they all seemed to be having the same problem with men and the same problem with the balance of power."

"The story of the girl who went out with a guy and didn't know he was gay, it's not just

that I've been through it but that ten women I know have been through it. It's not a matter of this thing happened to me, it's that it seems to be happening to everybody. I even got a letter from Sioux City, Idaho from a girl saying she was really glad when she read the story because it had just happened to her."

It's a literature of recognition — I've seen earrings like that! I've ordered that in a coffee shop! I had a boyfriend like that! In other words it's all intolerably bourgeois and superficial. It's only when Janowitz's characters are at their most irredeemably awful that they're amusing.

"What is it about you I hate the most?" asks one of her egotistical artists of his girlfriend.

"My messiness?" she asks.

"No"

"My personality?"

"No," he says, "your insecurity."

Her one gem of a character is Marley, who regards himself as a genius and cherishes the dream of building the Chapel of Jesus Christ as a Woman, adjacent to the Vatican. He and his friend do things like falling off their chairs in restaurants every time the waitress says the word 'get'. He may be two dimensional but he is funny.

"Oh he's my favourite too," she says, "he is just so awful, he is just like so many men I've gone out with, he's totally wrapped up with himself, his friend is limping in the street with his leg in a cast and he's totally oblivious to it."

Ultimately, though, the problem is that none of her characters or their problems are particularly interesting, it's all so middle class.

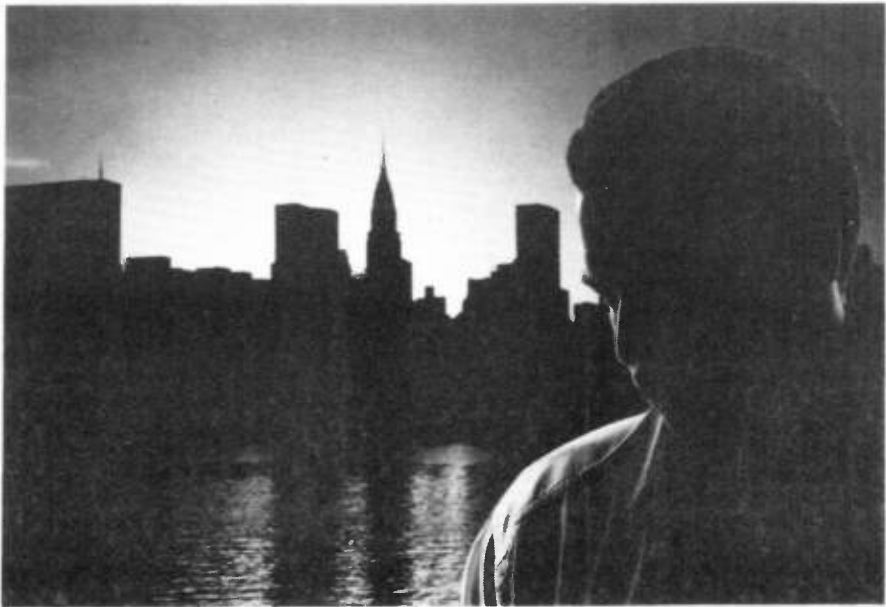
"Well I suppose I could have gone to the Armoury where they put the homeless people, or one of the South Bronx housing projects. But that wasn't what I did."

"Mind you I was in Camden Lock the other day and there were all these people still wearing all these punk clothes and man they were really poor, and they were looking at all these cheap leather jackets and I thought 'Wouldn't it be interesting to move to Camden Lock and pretend I had no money at all and write about these people'."

The problem with Tama Janowitz's writing is that she thinks poverty is a cheap leather jacket.

Don Watson for Delirium Productions

THE BAND IS
View from the hill
THE SINGLE IS
I'm no rebel



OUT NOW
NEW 7" & 3 TRACK 12"
PRODUCED BY STEWART LEVINE



SELLING
PYRAMIDS

UP LINE Wednesday
February 4, 10.00pm (C4)
HOWARD SCHUMAN wrote
Rock Follies ten years ago and if
you remember that you'll
understand why he's been in
hiding. Still, this looks
promising: three alternative
comedians use a pyramid
selling organization to finance
their act only to become
embroiled in a double-dealing
world of political intrigue.
Alongside Schuman, *Fawlty
Towers* director Bob Spiers is at
the helm. Partly set in a
tenement block called *Kafka
Towers*, populated by
characters with names like
John Ford Pasolini and
featuring Alexei Sayle as, guess
what, a "mentally disturbed
neighbour", *Up Line* could
become the comedy cult of '87.
Or not...

WHISTLE TEST Wednesday,
January 28 7.30pm (BBC2)
CHECK THIS; Mark Ellen goes
on the road with Bad Company!
Andy Kershaw meets the
acceptable face of "new
country", Steve Earle who's
Bruce baby's fav American
artist. And there's a hindsight
feature on The Doobie
Brothers. This programme
consistently advances the
boundaries of the ridiculous.

CHATEAUVALLON
Wednesday January 28,
5.00pm (and Monday
February 2, 8.30pm) (C4)
IMPORTED FRENCH soap
already being hyped as "Dallas-
Sur-Loire" and full of the usual

highly improbable drama, love
and lust, high life, lowlife and
larger-than-life soap opera. As
the French do these things so
much better, this one will
probably run and run.

DEATH WISH Thursday
January 29, 11.05pm
(Central)
"THE MOST in-touch with
human feelings film ever
made" according to one NME
writer. Bronson goes on a
rampage of revenge (phew!)
after his wife and daughter are
brutally assaulted by villains.
The self same kill-the-muggers-
policy was later adapted by one
Bernard Goetz with a fair
degree of public success. So
far, they haven't got round to
making a film of ole Bernard's
way with a shooter.

**ARENA: AM I RIGHT OR AM I
RIGHT?** Friday, January 30
(BBC2)
"HUMOUR IS the ultimate
bravery." Who said it? Bernard
Manning? Dick Nietzsche?
Jimmy Cricket? Nah, Dennis
Potter. Well, humour's a funny
thing as Ken Dodd once
remarked on a Michael
Parkinson chat show. "Why's
that?" asked Mike. "Well", says
Ken, "I told a joke in
Manchester and the audience
creased up but in Glasgow — no
reaction at all." "Why was
that?" says Mike. "Well, they
couldn't hear me for a start..."
Bom bom. Anyway Potter talks
about his own wry humour, his
art, life, obsessions and illness.
And *The Singing Detective*.



Targett and Technology

CHEERS Friday, January 30,
10.00pm (C4)
SAM AND DIANE return,
doubtless to tumultuous
applause from the army of
Cheers fans. Opinion is
increasingly polarising: are
imported American shows the
wry cream of the comedy crop
or are they the acceptable face
of the US invasion? Fans will
watch, cynics will switch off in a
ritual rejection of Miller Lite,
and Norm will 'have one for the
road'. And don't forget Vera,
sitting at home watching the
other channel. Unmissable
froth.

**A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SEX
COMEDY** Sunday February 1,
11.00pm (C4)
CHANNEL FOUR begin a series
of films on "various aspects of
sex" without a red triangle!
Woody Allen plays himself
alongside the usual range of
co-star acolytes. Set in a
farmhouse in upstate New York
and described, by one and all,
as an engaging comedy of
manners. Yuppie love.

Sean O'Hagan

CATHODE RAY FORMAT

T' P A U

ON TOUR WITH Nik Kershaw



Brighton 28th DOME

Ipswich 29th GAUMONT

Southend 1st CLIFFS PAVILLION

London 3 / 4 & 5 TOWN & COUNTRY

Leeds 7th UNIVERSITY

Oxford 8th APOLLO

Nottingham 10th ROYAL CENTRE

Sheffield 11th CITY HALL

Newcastle 13th CITY HALL

Preston 14th GUILDHALL

Bradford 15th ST. GEORGES HALL

Aberdeen 17th CAPITOL

Edinburgh 18th PLAYHOUSE

THE DEBUT SINGLE "Heart and Soul" OUT SOON ON 7" AND 12"



RADAR IN THE MONASTERY

FELONIOUS MONKS

THE NAME OF THE ROSE
DIRECTOR: Jean-Jacques Annaud STARRING: Sean Connery, F. Murray Abraham, Christian Slater (*Rank*)

IT'S A MURDER set in an isolated alpine monastery at the cut-off point of the power of the Church in Rome. Umberto Eco's book was centred on complicated liturgical debate, but that would have made rubbish cinema, and Annaud opts to deal with the pulpy melodrama instead. The film's bloated with secrets, torture and bizarre heresies, with Sean Connery playing William of Baskerville, a phlegmatic Briton abroad, called in for a high level conference between Papal emissaries and the Franciscan order.

He finds himself surrounded by violent death in a microcosmos of grotesques with his disciple Adso (Slater). All round them excitable ascetics are beaded with sweat as if they're seething with perverse lusts. An ancient acquaintance of William's looks oddly at Adso and says "Don't stay here! Have you not heard the devil's hurling beautiful boys out of windows?"

The first death looks like suicide, but before long another body appears upended in a vat of pig's blood. All William can deduce is that a certain missing book will explain everything. But he can't get into the library, and if no solution's found the case will be dropped into the sadistic hands of Bernado Gui the Inquisitor, whose will-to-truth spares no one.

From the very beginning the monastery resembles a gargoyle's sanctuary. It's a riot of goggling uglies, with Connery its calm and amused centre. After *The Devils*, *Satyricon*, *Jabberwocky*, it's hard to see the middle-ages as anything but *camp*, and this is no masterpiece. A lot of people — the people who despise Hammer films and regard film as the despoiler of literature — are going to hate it. But it's stunningly shot, pale sun shining through permanent mist on an implausibly magnificent fortified monastery, scenes that could only exist in a crazy man's head, Sean Connery. Very entertaining, but don't expect depth.

Mark Sinker

RAW DEAL

DIRECTOR: John Irvin
STARRING: Arnold Schwarzenegger, Kathryn Harrold, Sam Wanamaker (*UKFD*)

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER'S a homoerotic Bo Derek. Watching him, we're waiting for the moments when he rips his shirt off and flexes those triceps. His body's impossible, as he's standing there in front of us, we laugh and look on.

But this is a film where he keeps his shirt on. And we realise all too soon that he's expected to act: it's set up as an action movie —

Schwarzenegger as Mark Kaminsky, ex-FBI man, sent in undercover to damage or destroy the Patrovita crime family. But the action sequences are all duds, a sure sign that the director had his sights set in the higher realm of serious social comment. There's a rubbish car chase with a stupid climax, and the film opens and closes with clumsy mass gunnings, very badly staged — not least because you couldn't care less how they turn out.

There's no moral tension. Kaminsky's stone incorruptible: the police department's got a rotten apple, and you hope against fruitless hope that it isn't the man who had Kaminsky thrown out of the FBI in the first place. But of course it is. There's no sense of intolerable evil or even maleficent competence in the syndicate boss's *entourage*, you even get to like them —

they're clowns and not sanctimonious creeps or hypocrites.

Kaminsky's the worst hypocrite. He cheats on his wife failing to tell her that he isn't actually killed in the accident that's used to get him undercover, all because she throws a huge chocolate cake at him in the only entertaining scene in the film. Maybe an actor could have made something of the difficult ethics.

He's wasted. After the two *Conan*, films which he carried, and *The Terminator* and *Commando*, which he lit up, well, you'll believe a he-man can flop. Couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

Mark Sinker

HEAVENLY PURSUITS

DIRECTOR: Charles Gormley STARRING: Tom Conti, Helen Mirren, David Hayman (*Recorded Releasing*)

THE WRITER Alasdair Gray once described Glasgow as "the sort of industrial city where most people live nowadays, but nobody imagines living." *Heavenly Pursuits* is the latest film to confront cosmopolitan audiences with the anonymous capital of Northern Britain. The celluloid sell-off of the city has elevated Glasgow to the status of Paris/London/Greenwich Village: fictitious yet familiar places where we can all imagine living.

So far, so good for centrifugal cinema. But regionalism

doesn't always spell radicalism and Gramscian critics will be disappointed to learn that Charlie Gormley has gone the way of his chum Bill Forsyth and made a very entertaining film.

Tom Conti as Vic, is the agnostic blacksheep in the staff-room of the Blessed Edith Semple Comprehensive School. Readers not familiar with the ins and outs of Roman Catholic theology should note that 'blessed' is a title bestowed by the Vatican on dead people who might be saints but have still to prove themselves.

Three miracles and Edith could hit the bullseye. But she's two short of her quota and the school chaplain's getting desperate.

On the surface it is a harmless light comedy in the Ealing mould. But Scottish media critics will despair at the image of their country. The cosy, time warped city, with its hospitality, its innocent men and its fey women suggests that Glaswegians have to be portrayed as childlike characters — as if the real thing is too X-cert for southerners to stomach.

It could have been a hilarious black comedy had Gormley gone all out to ridicule an institution which entrenches sectarianism with denominational schools, opposes women's rights and warps their attitude to their own sexuality. Here Catholicism is a harmless superstition for a harmless, superstitious people.

So my enjoyment of *Heavenly Pursuits* was surreptitious: celtic credibility

depended on it. Charlie Gormley's Glasgow, for all its cosiness, is not a place I can imagine living.

Joan McAlpine

POLICE STORY

DIRECTOR: Jackie Chan STARRING: Jackie Chan, Bridget Lin, Maggie Cheung (*Palace*)

BRUCE LEE was fast, of course, but he was a bit serious about his (martial) art: he scowled a lot, and you had to sit in snug with that scowl, and take him as he was. Millions did, of course. Jackie Chan is as fast, but he thinks of every move in terms of a possible gag. Glass and steel structures tremble before his directorial gaze: they know what's in store, that they'll end the day smashed or bent in ecstatically spectacular fashion.

Chan kids his image perpetually. The characters he plays are only a step above morons. This time he's a police hero, but he's also a clown and a social incompetent. He's only comfortable in full kung fu motion — at speed, he seems to slim down, turns into a possessed fury of style — and his style lends him righteousness.

No one's set up stories with such a pure comic physicality since Hal Roach, Keaton and Chaplin. I guess that's going over the top. But this is the first time I've seen anything like this, body comedy, that isn't totally overshadowed by the silent screen. See it.

Mark Sinker



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19 DERBY BLUENOTE · 20 SCUNTHORPE BATH HALL · 21 LONDON ASTORIA





THE MELLOW ROSE OF TEXAS



Wow! Ex-*Vogue* cover girl makes album with Steely Dan bozos. But is there more to ROSIE VELA than meets the eye? asks ALAN JACKSON. Portrait by DEREK RIDGERS.

IT'S BEST to get the 'gorgeous ex-model' thing out of the way first, I suppose. For anyone like me, whose daily routine does not extend to rubbing shoulder-pads with screen goddesses and cover girls, the simple fact of Rosie Vela's beauty is impossible to ignore.

She isn't pretty, or striking, or interesting-looking, or even overtly sexual, but she *is* extremely beautiful. No qualifications are necessary before that statement stands up to scrutiny, and no degree of approbation is issued or withheld in spelling it out. Fourteen *Vogue* covers say something about a face, and Rosie's face is very beautiful. As I said, a simple fact.

What's more surprising about her when we meet, considering her pre-muso career is the complete lack of art or artifice. None of the conventional *look-at-me* signals employed by record company stylists or ambitious individuals are flashing here—the provocative outfits, the heavy make-up, the *You Tarzan, Me Jane* body language so inappropriate to those of us who fall short of 6ft 4ins. Rosie Vela just sits in an expensively-upholstered corner of this discreet London hotel and hugs her knees to her chest while she talks about her move from modelling into music in a flat, unexcited voice. She doesn't even bother to try and pretend to make friends. You get the feeling that she barely notices if you're even listening.

And so, while my attention is wandering back and forth, taking in the lioness's tangle of auburn curls and the understated black outfit and the short, unpainted nails and even the string-laden muzak playing behind us, she goes earnestly about her business, discussing her album 'Zazu', vocalising little Steely Dan riffs ("Da-doo-bah-da-dah, Da-doo-bah-da-dah, Da-doo-bah-da-dah-

dooba'n'dah"), and explaining how it was to find herself working with Donald Fagen and Walter Becker.

"I mean, those guys are like Vikings, the American Beatles, and I'm just an itty-bitsy Teddy Bear," she is saying to me, shaking her magnificent hair in wonderment.

But a short history lesson would be *à propos* here, I think. Rosie was born in Galveston, Texas, 33 years ago and moved to Little Rock, Arkansas, while in her early teens. There she met and fell in love with a university student called Jimmy Roberts, an aspiring musician and songwriter whom she married, unbeknown to her divorced parents, when she was 18. Their joint attitude to life might aptly have been termed "mellow"—there was a lot of gypsy-esque guitar-strumming around camp fires and the like. But the idyll was to be short-lived, and Roberts died aged 21 of cancer.

Again this is a fact that is best-served by being baldly stated. No rush of purple prose can adequately conjure up the feeling of what it must be like to be a widow at such a ridiculously young age, and as an angle for a story ('Tragic Beauty Launches Pop Career'?) it's beneath contempt, so I don't even ask her about it. But what the biog and the cuttings file tell us is that Jimmy Roberts left his wife a collection of unpublished songs and a desire to create music that has stayed with her during the years.

Rosie picked up the pieces of her life by moving first to Dallas and then to New York, where photographs taken of her came to the attention of master lensman Richard Avedon. Within months she was one of America's most sought-after models, gracing the covers of fashion glossies, appearing in TV commercials around the world, and earning upwards of \$3000 per day for her trouble.

Yet one look at the elegantly boho Rosie Vela of today would be enough to tell you that this wasn't another Cheryl Tiegs or Christie Brinkley in the making, out to launch themselves on the celeb circuit through appearances at all the right places with all the right faces. Clichéd though it might sound, she claims that she always intended modelling to be the means towards her

musical end, and that her very first pay cheque went on beginning the home studio where she demo-ed the songs for 'Zazu'.

There was another type of integrity too. Rosie resisted the financial carrot often enough to win a reputation for being picky about her assignments. Given her close experience of cancer, she refused to do cigarette commercials; she stopped working for *Cosmopolitan* because she found its editorial stance degrading, and she learned to avoid any high-profile campaigns with embarrassing copy-lines.

"Robert De Niro once said to me, 'Aren't you the girl who said, 'Gee Oscar, feel's so great' in a TV commercial', and I thought, 'No more'. Not with people like that watching what I'm doing."

AS TIME went by, Rosie's music—seen as a cute hobby by the few modelling friends who knew about it—began to take up more and more of her schedule, until she was turning down more work than she was accepting.

"In the last three years I hardly did any modelling at all," she says. "I'm not Howard Hughes, and I was offered contracts where I could really have enjoyed the money, especially when it was getting close to rent time, but when there was a choice between money and music I took the music choice."

It was when a friend borrowed a tape of her songs and passed it on to A&M founder Jerry Moss that things really started to move. A deal was signed and Steely Dan producer Gary Katz was drafted in to handle the first album.

Then, during the overdub stage, Becker and Fagen became involved, dropping by the studio individually to see Katz, becoming tempted to add their own personal touches to the recording and, as a result, committing to work on a new album of their own together—the first Steely Dan project since 1979's 'Gaucho'. Their presence on 'Zazu' is a publicist's dream, but Rosie is smart enough to know a double-edged sword when she sees one.

"I'm a new artist—no one knows who I am. They hear Steely Dan are involved in my

album so they think maybe it's Donald and Walter's property, that Rosie Vela has nothing to do with it. There are all sorts of conclusions you can make when you hear of a model who becomes a singer . . . People come at me now with invisible machine guns. 'Let's see what we can nail her on'. But I hope people will realise that Donald and Walter wouldn't become involved unless it was something they liked. I hope the music will speak for itself."

It's current level of air-play, and the success of the single 'Magic Smile', suggest it will. Yet with the exception of that single and its probable follow-up 'Interlude', two impressive, loping mood pieces—ambient music on roller skates almost, I find 'Zazu' oddly disappointing. It has to be either nostalgia for Steely Dan (and just count those fans coming grudgingly out of the woodwork) or collective weakness in the presence of beauty that is responsible for the current hyperbole and a *Joni-Mitchell-for-the-'80s* crap. Tell me which literate American woman artist of the past decade *hasn't* been compared to Joni Mitchell anyway. Sour grapes to me though, because already Rosie has been paired on record with her and my idol.

"Don Henley got in touch through his manager, saying he'd heard the album and really liked it, and that he wanted me to do back-up vocals with Joni on a track he was doing for the Spielberg film *The Colour Of Money*. I mean I was like *stunned*. I said, 'Oh yeah? Fine. When? I'll be right there'."

Rosie recounts her abject surprise in the same flat, unsurprised voice, so that it is hard to tell by how many yards feet or inches she was taken aback. Then, as if aware that I'm looking for value for money, she rocks back in her seat and looks skywards. "Wow," she ventures and grins at me. My facial muscles fall over themselves in the rush to return this, the afternoon's first spontaneous display of humour, and it's all I can do to curtail the odd, nodding-dog motion my head is making. Before I can haul myself back from the brink, I realise that I'm silently mouthing the word 'Wow' back at Rosie Vela. Beauty can make a mug out of any of us, it seems.

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EDITED BY ADRIAN THRILLS



Prairie Gap.

THE GAP BAND 8 (Total Experience)

COURT CASE be damned; it's time the truth was told.

Take a close look at those faces. Imagine them framed by lank, greasy hair. Imagine those superb threads replaced by dirty denim and collarless shirts. The NME can exclusively reveal that The Gap Band are, in fact, Status Quo. Earlier this week lead singer Francis 'Funky' Rossi told me: "It's a fair cop, guv. It was all a plan to get the front cover of NME. You don't think we're still in with a chance do you?"

As Status Quo have progressed from 'Down Down' to 'Dreamin', The Gap Band have gone from 'Burn Rubber' to 'Big Fun' with an equal thirst for innovation, effort and progress. G-funk's eighth wonder is a resistable cocktail of the most familiar elements of LPs one to seven.

But there are moments when the Gap Band have tried to copy the new steps of people like Cameo on songs like 'Get Loose, Get Funky'. Even then, Charlie Wilson ends up sounding like Mike Yarwood doing Stevie Wonder and the uninspired back and forth of standard Gap-style groovin' makes sure things don't get too exciting.

So for the moment, Francis, I'm afraid The Gap Band are more likely to land the cover of *Kerrang*. Perhaps you should call us back in five years time when reformatory funksters Act Your Age Of Chance have torn 'Oops Upside Your Head' to bits. Then, I think, we might be able to talk business...

John McCready

SKINNY PUPPY Mind; the Perpetual Intercourse (Play It Again Sam)

1986 WAS a year when the flow of great records from overseas put the music-makers of our native lands to shame. And this new LP by the Canadian duo Skinny Puppy is a grand start to the new year; with the solid rhythms they dredge great depths of bass-driven electronic sound. It's like New Order with a revitalising imagination or 23 Skidoo with bags more threat and sex.

The sounds are from the heart of a machine; sequencers, digital reverb, drumulators and trig-

gered samples are the tools these musicians choose. It seems we'll have to get used to these new ways of working and sounding; mastery of such equipment isn't confined to a cadre of specialists these days. And it's not a question of displacing the guitar, it's about widening the possibilities of what we call 'pop music'.

With these sounds of science, Skinny Puppy fuse voices, sometimes radio cut-ups but more often half-sung whispers. They include a shortened, reassembled version of their brilliant 'Dig It' single and it's just as loud, though not so spacey. Other tracks which delight are the Coil-like '200 Years', and 'One Time One Place' which thumps to great effect.

More black than bland, and often a bit uncomfortable to live with (you have been warned), Skinny Puppy have a great name and sound that'll bite at your heels for many moons to come.

Dave Haslam

LITTLE MILTON Annie Mae's Cafe (Malaco) VARIOUS The Blues Is Alright Vol. 2 (Malaco)

LITTLE MILTON'S album is a singular pleasure after the disappointment of Bobby Bland's 'After All' (reviewed in *Digging Deep* column 13/12/86). It shows that Malaco can still pull out the stops and deliver superlative Southern soul music.

'At The End Of My Rainbow' is the brooding blues-ballad opener, with Milton in great voice over Harrison Calloway's horn and string arrangements. 'A Real Good Woman' is proof that George Jackson can still write the kind of churchy ballads he was penning at Fame in the late '60s. The swaying, Denise LaSalle-style cheatin' sermon 'Break-away Clean' is the LP's standout track for me — one of those riffs that brings a smile to your lips and a swing to your hips.

There's more predictable blues, if you want 'em, in the title track and Milton's own 'Too Hurt To Cry'; I think I prefer the countrified 'Cheatin' Is A Risky Business', featuring the slithering harmonica of one Greg 'Fingers' Taylor.

If Malaco (now distributed in the UK by Charly) are guilty of anything, it's a rather disingenuous fetishisation of "the blues". 'The Blues Is Alright Vol. 2' is packaged as if it is an old country blues anthology, when half of it isn't blues at all. Anyway you look at it, sings Johnnie Taylor, "it's still called the blues." Not if it's soul music, Johnnie, and there's rather a lot of that here. Bobby Bland's majestic 'Members Only' opens side one and coaxes an immaculate performance from this peerless singer. Hill's 'Cheatin' In the Next Room' is equally brilliant, a salaciously sexy groove underpinning a lyric of pain and heart-break. Then there's Latimore's revisited version of his Miami



Happy Hüskers shop a classic.

THE EARTH MOVES

HÜSKER DÜ Warehouse Songs And Stories (Warner Bros)

THERE ARE several reasons why I'd like to backtrack a decade to my teenage years, but right now I can think of none better than Hüsker Dü's 'Warehouse Songs And Stories'. Even now when my taste in rock inclines increasingly away from the mainstream towards the maverick and retro-rooty margins, this intensely traditional rock record blows my mind. Ten years ago it would have changed my life.

Traditional rock? In what tradition is that? In a tradition of adolescent angst clenching to a tight knot only to burst of its own tension into an incandescent revelation of life's rich possibilities. It's the tension and release embodied in two 20-year-old chestnuts: 'Love Or Confusion' by The Jimi Hendrix Experience, and The Who's 'I Can See For Miles'. Nor does that map-reference reside solely in the sound, a pressurised melodrama of electric savagery and celestial harmony which for want of a better word I'll call zerk-rock. It also preoccupies the voice. Hüsker Dü sing of a breed of frustration so pent-up and refined that it achieves a strange nobility. You applaud a self-control so steeled and lofty that it can forge something positive,

rhapsodic even, from white-hot anger. Anger at what? What is the focus for so much rage?

Hüsker Dü's is an unrequited world, a world without fulfilment; a world of problems but no solutions. The only way out of this head-banging claustrophobia is, as Hüsker Dü sing in their most beautifully uplifting number to date, 'Up In The Air'. Up, away, into the clear blue yonder of ineffably transcendent feeling. Turn on, tune in, bliss out.

An old story, you might think: music for bedroom boys with steam to blow off; about as appetising as a mouthful of smegma for anyone else. Yet there is a quality of honesty in Hüsker Dü that is heroically anti-heroic. Listen to their words: they have no answers, and they suspect no one else does either. Certainly, there's no messiah to follow, no perfect past to be retrieved, no Utopia to aim for. And agitating yourself over such things can only enchain you. Happiness and harmony come through a celebration of the freedom of *disbelieving*. This is, oddly enough, an upbeat album: peace through release.

But do the Hüskers, like Elvis Costello, appeal far more to a rarefied breed of rock intellectual than any other section of the population because they share and so flatter our sense of pop literacy? Is it because I can cross-pollinate Hendrix and The Who — indeed The Byrds and The

Yardbirds, Blue Oyster Cult and Buzzcocks — that I love them? Or because 'Bed Of Nails' is Led Zeppelin's 'Achilles' Last Stand' gone through hardcore's mincer; or because 'Tell You Why Tomorrow' could rock comfortably alongside 'Communication Breakdown' on Zep's first LP? Or indeed because Hüsker Dü's 'She's A Woman' bears absolutely no resemblance whatsoever to The Beatles' song of the same title?

Yes, the Hüskers do tickle the tummies of those of us with an overdeveloped memory of rock's rich heritage. But whilst golden threads may be traced in Hüsker Dü's fabric, so also could you hear Tamla Motown, The Everley Brothers and Buddy Holly in The Beatles. Likewise, Hüsker Dü force you into their own way of listening: they command their own soundscape as authoritatively as did the pioneers who influenced them.

A consistently rich, varied and powerful 70-minutes' worth, 'Warehouse' not only exceeds Hüsker Dü's previous zenith, 'Flip Your Wig', but it sets a new benchmark for rock in general. It is the most exciting zerk-rock (ahem) album since Hendrix's 'Are You Experienced', and that came out before some of us were even born. 'Warehouse' is music of today, music which for once has nothing to fear from comparisons with the past. An absolute masterpiece.

Mat Snow

classic 'Let's Straighten It Out'. As for Denise LaSalle's 'Tu Tu', you tell me if Rockin' Sidney's zydeco song is blues.

If you WANT some blues, there's Denise's 'Don't Mess With My Man' (Millie Jackson without the cabaret glitz), ZZ's grungy, LaSalle-penned 'Somebody Else Is Steppin' In', and Little Milton's 'Nobody Sleepin' In My Bed But Me'. There's even, from out of nowhere, BB King's original RPM hit 'Sweet Sixteen' and McKinley Mitchell's '60s Chicago-recorded 'Trouble Blues'; I guess Malaco have

been snapping up a few more catalogues.

The blues is alright, but Malaco's Southern soul is better.

Barney Hoskyns

PSYCHIC TV Live In Tokyo (Temple)

FIRST WORDS: "More of everything for everybody." Genesis P. and his pet snake (which recently went on an out-of-temple hyperdelic bender along the streets of Hackney) bring to thee psychick types the first of 23 monthly "documents". How much telly can you take?

When Psychic TV changed channels to prove that they could transmit to the mainstream — as on 'Godstar' and the droll but groovy 'Good Vibrations' version — they offered

"more" in six minutes than any number of artefacts such as this will ever do. Prime-time is worth more. I pass on Psychic TV's updated Middle Earth-club commandments — they don't offend here, they just don't stimulate. 'We Love You' would be much improved by recording it at the bottom of the pool.

Last words: "This record may or may not function for you as entertainment... our enemy is dreamless sleep." With 22 to go, here it comes now. The 'Godstar' film will be more fun.

David Swift

VARIOUS Anthems Volume 1 (Street Sounds)

BOB KILLBOURN's sleeve notes, rheumy and rosy with sentiment, reminisce about the high times and togetherness to be had at weekends and all-dayers at Caister, Bognor and anywhere else Steve Walsh and friends hang their hats. For those who lived it, this 10-piece collection of 12" re-mixes will be material evidence that they've spent the last 11 years of their life in a worthy fashion, from getting on the baaad foot to Brass Construction's 'Movin'' to almost nine faaaabulous minutes of Alexander O'Neal's 'What's Missing'.

For others it will be a soundtrack of bittersweet misery. The trumpet-laced jazz-funk of Eddie Henderson's 'Prance On' provided the background groove to the intimidatory tactics of the casual mobs outside the pub-clubs of Rotherhithe and Stratford. Rodney Franklin's 'The Groove' is a premium cut of piano-coasting that comes complete with matching Ford Cortina and uncouth occupants.

Billy Paul sings the robustly insistent 'Bring The Family Back'. Who would not second that emotion, it was a fine TV series.

John Handy's trusty perennial 'Hard Work', a hydraulic pulse that is one of the dancefloor's toughest taskmasters, plus a live version of Donald Byrd's 'Dominoes' make up the 50% quota of instrumentals. Rivalling the compulsive chant of 'What's Missing' is Cheryl Lynn's 'Encore' whose electro-thwack intro sounds at odds with the crusading brass sections that dominate much of the collection. 'Encore' peaks at the point where Lynn delivers a rap that is more of a half-voiced flurry. The last of the ten runners are

McFadden and Whitehead's call-to-arms, 'Ain't No Stopping Us Now' and Fatback's 'I Found Loving'.

Some of the selections are a little soft, the Shakatak side of jazz-funk, but for over 25 minutes of Alexander O'Neal, Cheryl Lynn and Fatback, 'Anthems' is worth the painful memories.

Cath Carroll

ZERRA ONE

The Domino Effect (Mercury)

THIS IS a truly terrible record, there's no other way to describe it, and why Phonogram should waste their time and resources on it is utterly beyond me.

Had it been released in 1979 it might have cut a respectable profile as politely zit-ridden late adolescent pop. But it really doesn't wash in 1987. In these jaded, panic-struck times Zerra One's egotistic mewlings about lost girlfriends, wet dreams and self-pity are nothing short of pathetic. I've never heard such limp-footed, cloth-eared drivel with lyrics that almost groan under the weight of cliché. I'd rather these boys suffered the bind of the dole than produce this variety of floppy whinge par excellence, this gooey, gluey globule of an LP.

Claire Morgan Jones

HOME AND GARDEN

History And Geography
(Dead Man's Curve)

NEW SPICE for underground Americana comes from an old trusted source here as the original bassist and drummer from Pere Ubu bring some of that much vaunted combo's invention if none of its sonic commitment back to vinyl.

Home and Garden play an intriguing mind scramble with

the standard synth pop format but their potential is stymied by frontman lyricist/vocalist, one J. Morrison, who comes on like Jonathan Richman with an honour's degree in intellectual puffery. The group is subjugated by his increasingly absurd, tediously whacky visions and declamations and the whole thing follows a path of ever-decreasing circles.

Too clever-clever by half; which means they're anything but smart.

Gavin Martin

ETON CROP

Yes Please Bob (Ediesta)

BURST PIPES are a subject very close to my heart at the moment because I came home one morning last week to find my front room under two inches of two parts water, one part wallpaper paste. Not nice, I can assure you. This tragedy suddenly sprang to mind as I listened to this record (which itself got a decent dousing) and as Eton Crop's perambulating four-four continuum dropped in to reverse and blurred in to one continuous sub-drone, it began to remind me of the steady trickle of icy water that flowed mockingly from the ceiling.

The unvarying monotone of the guitar yomp reminded me of the squelching of my cut price Axminster beneath my unhappy feet. The hollow wacky-boy vocals brought back a whiff of the shivery damp steam that rose from the weepy upholstery of my poor excuse for a three-piece suite as I dragged it in front of a blazing gas fire and begged it to dry. These are the memories that came flooding back under the influence of Eton Crop, and I can say in all honesty that there is only one word (literally) for this LP: soggy.

Claire Morgan Jones

GORDY GUMDROPS

JACKIE WILSON

15 Classic Tracks (Portrait)

THE IRONY that hallmarked Jackie Wilson's life – an exultant, exuberantly acrobatic soulman never far from tragedy – continues even after his death.

Blind to or unable to gain control over exploitation of his career, Wilson spent his twilight years in the half-death of a coma; recriminations, and prevaricating arguments over money prevented him from receiving full medical attention. Three years after his death Wilson enjoys his greatest success in England but still the business arguments between associates and former wives continue, while Wilson, reportedly the showman of his generation, is reconstituted as a melting plasticine puppet for the video kids' generation.

On the plus side 'Reet Petite' has a winning punch and simplicity which casts a long shadow over the quality of songwriting generally available in the chart and one can't help but be thrilled by the vaulting daring and confidence of the performer – Wilson projects a celebratory lust for life which is also seldom heard these days. Back in the early '50s he was a graduate of Billy Ward's Domino masterclass which also produced the brilliant Clyde McPhatter. Both were borne into the era of doo wop but went beyond the showdowns with divinity that the genre fed on; they added zooming attack to the swooning wanderlust, crazed shrieks and genius jabs of phrasing to keening falsetto. But having developed a style of their own they seldom got the songs or the treatments that



Jackie: a case of Ace, wethinks.

allowed it to take hold.

Many of the tracks gathered here illustrate the problem. Hastily put together following 'Reet Petite's' success (the latter present and correct along with 'Higher And Higher', another JW perennial) this compilation centres on the early stage of his career. 'Reet Petite' with its affectionate Presley mimic proves that the black/white crossover of Jacko/Van Halen, DMC/Aerosmith is not a new thing. However, his subsequent attempts in this area, although they gave Wilson hits, weren't so rewarding.

A superbly bravado balladeer, he strains under the weight of formulaic strings and unsympathetic chorus lines on the likes of 'Your One And Only Love' or the unbridled schmaltz of 'The Greatest Hurt'. His talent may have been working at the behest of questionable taste but it still shines through. However it takes a percolating early Memphis soul stew arrangement of 'For Your Precious Love'

to add a new dimension to Jerry Butler's seemingly definitive original and really allow him to take flight.

Wilson searches many places for his true setting; while the bluesy heartache of 'Doggin' Around' is a real classic, 'Uptight' done with Count Basie Orchestra is a curious mix'n match – a Tamla teeny anthem, a jazz band and the finest vocal gymnast of his generation. The truth is it would take Berry Gordy and the company he formed with his songwriting royalties from 'Reet Petite' to establish a marketplace where Wilson could be accepted on his own terms. This happened in the latter half of the '60s when he left the dregs of NYC's tin pan alley for Chicago's city soul, an era documented on Ace Records' excellent 'Soul Years' collection. It's that, rather than this poorly pressed, scrappy artefact, that demands your attention.

Gavin Martin



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TAKEN FROM THE DAMNED ALBUM
• ANYTHING •

7" COLOURED VINYL IN POSTER BAG • 12" CLEAR VINYL



ONE MAN ON HIS BIKE

VAN DYKE PARKS
Song Cycle
Discover America
'The Clang Of The Yankee
Reaper'
(all Edsel)

'ENIGMATIC'? 'LEGENDARY'? Friends, these are not terms to trifle with, but if anyone deserves the description, it's withdrawn, bespectacled former child prodigy Van Dyke Parks.

To earn such epithets, it helps to have recorded a mere four albums in 20 years, and each one decidedly cockeyed. The story also involves, along the way, the Beach Boys' more-than-legendary 'Smile' LP, Ry Cooder, The Byrds, Kurt Weill, Peter Case, and apparently a forthcoming all-star tribute to Walt Disney. Oh, and Harpers' Bizarre, did I forget to mention Harpers' Bizarre?

'Song Cycle' (1967) with one blow put the slammers on Parks's career as a commercial proposition. It cost a fortune – it credits six balalaika players alone – and sold nil, which is hardly surprising since it disrupts normal listening pleasure something rotten. It's like a particularly hairy ghost-train ride through the history of American music, booby-trapped with puns and surreal juxtapositions – for example, a Randy Newman song signposted with Beethoven, Scott Joplin and The Searchers. Not one of these beautifully constructed, lushly orchestrated songs lasts a minute before it disappears in a



Van Dyke and the keys to your art.

landslide of birdsong, bluegrass ditties, 'authentic folk choirs', and spot-on impersonations of the Andrews Sisters. Undeniably precious, and at times verging on the unlistenable, but beneath its coyness, wildly subversive – without a doubt, the *Heaven's Gate* of pop.

'Discover America' (1972) is Parks' tribute to Caribbean sounds. Blithely playing off American and island songs and myths, Parks ironically undercuts US musical nationalism, and cocks a jibe or two at loved, and unloved, cultural heroes – 'FDR In Trinidad', 'G-Man Hoov-

er'. Strings, steel drums and Parks's rather camp vocal style combine to make a drunkenly balmy ambience, while *Little Feat* Mark 1 offer some characteristically gritty contributions.

'The Clang' ('75) is a more straightforward set of amiable tropical pop, generally inessential apart from a title track of epic proportions. As for the eccentricities of 1984's 'Jump', that's another story. Suffice to say that Parks, in his quirky, mild-mannered way, is a real wild one, and two out of these three are certified classics.

Jonathan Romney

VARIOUS Crucial Hip Hop (Street Sounds)

FUNNY WORD, crucial, especially in this context. I wouldn't consider this record to be crucial to anyone's existence. The world will turn with barely the slightest hiccup at its passing. However, to some, this compilation of the beat that just won't be beaten rings as true as a chorus of a thousand throats crying "YO!", and cuts deeper than the fastest cross fader. The hip-hop hybrid, all cross-fertilized with each other's best rhymes and snatch scratches, in turn filched from another source, and blended in to one continuous mega-mix. What intrigues me is the way that the exponents of the phenomenon we know as rap find ever more ingenious ways to say one, two or all three of the following statements:

(a) They are the best rapper in the universe

(b) They possess great sexual prowess

(c) Other MCs had better not steal their rhymes or else...

It must take a singular lack of imagination to limit yourself to such restrictive and reactionary ideas. Nevertheless, musically speaking, there are tracks on this mish-mash that eventually burrow beneath the skin and make the tootsies twitch such as Mantronix's 'Bassline', 'Hold It Now Hit It' by The Beastie Boys, 'Rock The Bells' by L.L. Cool J and Original Concept's 'Can You Feel It'. Winner of the Walking Penis Award goes to D.J. Jazzy Jeff and Fresh Prince's appalling 'Girls Ain't Nothing But Trouble'. Meanwhile in the place to be we're gonna party party fresh groove – oh you know how it goes...

Claire Morgan Jones

SELECT

NME's instant guide to the important LPs reviewed in recent weeks

FRANK SINATRA

The Columbia Years 1943–1952 (CBS boxed set)
Apart from a couple of show tunes, this is a faultless set. Place it next to your Billie Holiday favourites. (Fred Dellar)

MICHELLE-SHOCKED

The Texas Campfire Tapes (Cooked Vinyl)

A Street wise strummer in a rolling hills setting. The Suzanne Vega comparisons will be the ones most readily grabbed for, but Michelle-Shocked is nothing if not her own person. (Fred Dellar)

CHUMBAWAMBA

Pictures Of Starving Children Sell Records (Agit-Prop)

I recommend this album strictly to the politically hyper-active. If a dogma dictates your life, feed it Chumbawamba. (Len Brown)

VARIOUS

Take The Subway To Your Suburb (Subway)

A compilation still stuck within a small assigned indie space, yet growing to get out, to grow up. (Lucy O'Brien)

TASHAN

Chasing A Dream (Def Jam)

The first soul album that Rick Rubin has released. Downtempo beat ballads and a slow funk groove bind together into a debut that's two memorable songs away from being a truly impressive release. (Stuart Cosgrove)

LOS LOBOS

By The Light Of The Moon (London)

This big Yank bar sound is a harmless diversion, before they hit us with some congo stomp for the late '80s. (Michele Los Kirschol)

SALT 'N' PEPA

Hot, Cool And Vicious (Next Plateau import)

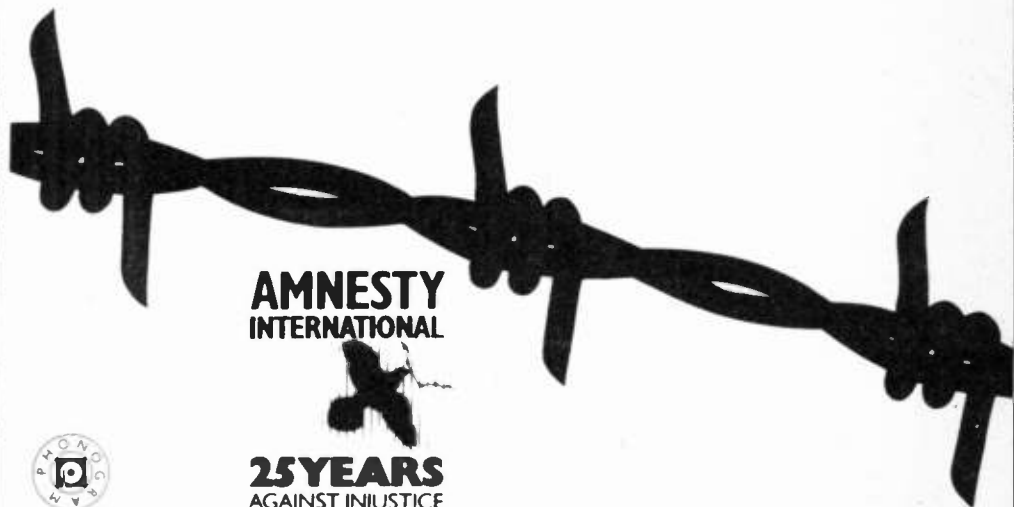
A warning to sucker MCs. Salt 'n' Pepp don't need to make a meal out of being little gurlies on the mike, don't need preferential treatment or lowly condescension. (Dele Fadele)

JOSIE WALES

Ruling (Black Solidarity import)

Since 1981, Josie Wales has produced a string of ruff 'n' tuff messages from the urban heart of Kingston's fickle dancehall regime. (Sean O'Hagan)

AMNESTY INTERNATIONAL PRESENTS A SINGLE BY JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP PINK HOUSES



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BLAME · 12" JCMX 7 · PINK HOUSES
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MANIFESTO

ROTTEN FRUIT OF APARTHEID?

To boycott or not to boycott? As the arguments continue to rage over the moral standpoint of Paul Simon's 'Graceland' STUART COSGROVE puts the case for the complete isolation of South Africa – culturally and economically, white and black. On the facing page DONALD McRAE and LEN BROWN argue against a complete cultural boycott.

THEY ARE 75 years old. They are committed to a life of harassment, imprisonment, institutionalised state violence and possible death in the historical struggle to destroy apartheid in a country that is rightfully their own. As members of the African National Congress (ANC) they face the daily threat of arrest and physical brutality, and in return, they have asked us to stop eating Del Monte Sliced Peaches (In Light Syrup). That's the bottom line. Members of the ANC have pitted themselves against one of the most entrenched and inhuman military powers in the world, and to help them out, they have asked white liberals in Britain to stop eating Libby's Pear Halves (No Sugar Added). It's no big deal, a modest request from the bravest and most morally defensible organization of the century.

As the South African economy lurches further into depression, the ANC has not altered its policy, it is still convinced that a total economic and cultural boycott, irrespective of the hardship that blacks might suffer, is a fundamental strategy in the campaign to end apartheid. There can be no disputing their right to that policy. With the support of 70 per cent of the suppressed blacks in South Africa, they are the undisputed voice of the anti-apartheid movement. Facts: In 1960, 67 unarmed civilians died at Sharpeville; Nelson Mandela has spent most of his adult life in jail; Steve Biko died in police custody; 250,000 blacks in Sebokong were daubed with red paint by the security forces as part of the state's attempt to contain township protest; Soweto's calendar revolves round funerals. The ANC have paid the highest possible price for their right to determine policy, and all they want us to do is stop buying John West's Pineapple Rings (In Heavy Syrup).

Anyone living in Britain who takes issue with the policy of a total boycott – including economic, cultural and sporting sanctions – surrenders their right to be taken seriously as opponents of apartheid simply because the ANC are the primary force opposing the Botha regime. The idea that South Africa will respond to 'critical engagement', and will clean up its act by persuasion, has been shown up as a ludicrous dream. We are dealing with the great Boers of today, and when the minutiae of visiting theatre companies and African compilation albums is blown away, a striking reality rears its head. If South Africa is totally isolated, it will not be able to operate in the international communities of culture and capitalism, and apartheid will be forced to surrender. Therein lies the crux of the cultural boycott. It is simply the cultural arm of an overall policy of isolation that involves economic sanctions, the breaking of diplomatic links and the removal of financial co-operation.

In many ways, the cultural boycott is a simple thing, it means severing all cultural, musical, theatrical and cinematic links with South Africa irrespective of the content and intention of the material in question. It's a simple thing. But strangely Rod Stewart, Kim Wilde and Queen feel that performing in Bophuthatswana and accepting a hefty Sun City cheque, is a greater thrill than supporting the boycott. And strangely, Paul Simon – a songwriter whose career has been built on bridging troubled waters – should feel he has the moral privilege to ignore the wishes of the ANC and establish cultural and economic links with South Africa, by recording part of his 'Graceland' album there.

The act of going to South Africa and performing either on stage or in the studio is unjustifiable. There can be no ideological nor musical contortion that allows us to ridicule Queen and justify Paul Simon.

'Graceland' gets to the broken heart of the boycott issue. It is possibly the most arrogant record made this decade because it assumes that white, liberal-humanism knows better than the ANC. Irrespective of its musical merits, 'Graceland' is a scab album, a Del Monte peach of a record, that should never have been made. It used South African musicians. They were well paid. And if Paul Simon had not employed them they would have been denied a chance to earn money, so to would the entire servicing staff of Sun City if the boycott closed the door to international performance there. The ANC has admitted that financial suffering is a small and necessary price to pay for ultimate victory. They must decide.

Paul Simon could have used musicians who are political exiles and paid them well and he'd never have had to set foot in South Africa. And the Botha government wouldn't have been able to exploit 'Graceland' for their own ends. Posters for the album are visible in record shops in Durban and Johannesburg, and if rumours are true, on the flimsy walls of the townships. Paul Simon's face and the public image of a major pop hit that was 'Born In The RSA' have acted on behalf of the apartheid state. Every poster and every copy sold in South Africa helps to liberalise the image of the government, reminding onlookers that the Botha regime has permitted multi-racial pop music. 'Graceland' colludes in the deception that things are changing, when reality proves that apartheid is very much in tact, and in doing so it offers no significant critique of apartheid. Nor does it explain its behaviour to black workers, the people who work in near slave conditions in the paper-mills that made the poster and the men who are separated from their families and working under unjustifiable conditions in the oil-refineries to produce the oil by-products that made the



Paul Simon – at the centre of the controversy

vinyl. Nor does it explain itself to the cleaners who worked in the hotel Paul Simon stayed in.

Every record made in South Africa – whether it's 'Graceland' or a Rough Trade compilation of Township music – is a product, a meeting of culture and industry, and the idea that music can be separated from the fiscal and industrial processes of South Africa is a dangerous romance. If a record is made, manufactured or permitted by South Africa, we are under a moral mandate to boycott it, unless the ANC give dispensation or decide to alter a policy that has served them well for decades. The events of the last ten years, from the Soweto uprisings to the passage of the new security legislation, have shown that the ANC has more urgent and important business to attend to than inspecting LPs and theatre companies in order to establish their credentials. It is impossible to apply the boycott selectively. No matter how laudable a project might seem, and sadly that sometimes means strong anti-apartheid statements the end objectives is the total isolation of the apartheid regime.

Sanctions are essential if the ANC is to win the struggle for majority rule, but no one is naive enough to think sanctions are easily achieved. The international structure of capitalism, with its tangled forest of holding companies and clearing houses, makes boycotting a confused and

contradictory business. The Communards are currently negotiating with London Records to prevent their records being sold in South Africa, but the label is part of the multi-national Polygram empire, and it would be almost impossible to verify if the group's wishes are likely to be honoured. Many other groups including Elvis Costello, The Style Council, Spandau Ballet and The Mighty Lemon Drops have already 'withdrawn' from the South African market and others, predictably, haven't bothered. For

example, Paul Simon's label WEA has an inclusion clause which permits its artists to individually withdraw from the South African market. Has Paul Simon? It seems not. His records are on open sale and either he doesn't care or he has not applied enough pressure on his label. The relevance becomes immediate when you think where the taxes from record sales go: to the government and then possibly to the military.

Individuals have applied personal sanctions by refusing to buy South African produce and some like the Dunnes Shop workers in Dublin (see below) have made their work-place the site of anti-apartheid activity, which brings us to the NME.

The paper you are holding in your hand is sold in South Africa. The South African authorities regularly censor the NME either in whole or in part, but the main point is the very fact that it is sold there. Despite brickwall disagreements with the paper's owners, IPC, and the parent company Reed International, there is every likelihood that NME will continue to be exported to South Africa. As an advocate of the total boycott, this leaves me in a massive contradiction, berating Paul Simon whilst accepting a good wage from a company with South African links. I am not alone. The entire staff of British Leyland, ICI, Trafalgar House, ICL, GEC, Ferranti, Lonhro, BP and Shell are caught in the same contradiction. And you are too. In a country under the control of corporate capitalism, it is virtually impossible to be pristine clean. Major industrial organizations are probably more culpable than musicians, but that doesn't mean that musicians can opt out of their responsibilities. And sadly there are some levels of muckiness that are patently unacceptable: I was christened Paul, but you can call me Al.

On December 2 1968, the General Assembly of the United Nations adopted Resolution 2396 which requested "all states and organisations to suspend cultural, educational sporting and other exchanges with the racist regime and with other organisations or institutions in South Africa which practice apartheid". Paul Simon somehow believed that his talent and sensitivity exist above and beyond the mere wishes of the UN. The week his album returned to Number One in the NME charts and the ANC were celebrating 75 years of political resistance to apartheid. Over the years they have tried every method of protest, from peaceful resistance to civil disobedience and ultimately armed struggle. In the process they have been incarcerated, maimed and killed. All they asked of us was to stop eating Del Monte Sliced peaches, and Paul Simon's appetite told them to go fuck.

STRIKE POWER

ANTI-APARTHEID boycotts do work, if the inspiring experience of 11 Dublin shopworkers is anything to go by. The Irish Government has banned the import of all South African fruit and vegetables as a direct result of the two-and-a-half-year-long strike by workers at Dunnes Stores. Their refusal to handle produce from Botha-land won public support and international acclaim, and forced the Irish Government to adopt at least partial sanctions.

The strike at Dunnes – Ireland's answer to Marks & Spencer – began in July 1984 when one employee, Mary Manning, refused to check out two Outspan grapefruits. She was

carrying out an official instruction from her union not to handle any South African goods. Management suspended her and many of her colleagues walked out in support.

The brave and principled stand by the strikers – 10 women and one man – has not ended in total success, however. When they returned to work earlier this month, soon after the ban had come into effect, they were told to sign new contracts committing them to handle goods from all countries. They refused, and are now suing Dunnes for constructive dismissal.

Denis Campbell

MANIFESTO!

FORWARD UNITED

WHILE SUPPORT of a complete cultural boycott is an ideal, in reality such a measure is impractical and could potentially hinder the struggle against apartheid.

If you are asked, as has been suggested, to reject all art forms "manufactured and permitted" under apartheid then you must stop listening to South African resistance music, stop consuming theatre and film and literature, even though these products may be critical of the South African regime. And, given the current news-blackout, surely the flow of information concerning events in South Africa will be even more restricted and the great British public will be allowed to forget the injustices of apartheid.

For example, three weeks ago in *NME* you were urged to watch Sharon Sopher's *Witness To Apartheid*, which was filmed in South Africa. If the cultural boycott is taken to a ridiculous extreme this programme would not have been shown on television.

Of course there is a distinction between political art (such as Percy Mtwe's *Bopha!*) and that created by the likes of Ladysmith Black Mambazo (who are featured on Paul Simon's 'Graceland' LP) whose opposition to apartheid is expressed in spiritual rather than polemical terms. But Hugh Masekela — who has been in political exile for 27 years and was campaigning against apartheid long before it became a fashionable ideological bandwagon — emphasizes the common aspirations uniting these disparate types of artists. Masekela also has no qualms about sharing a stage with Paul Simon in April.

"There are a lot of zealous people who are not really in touch with South Africa. For example they stopped the Malopoets from performing here but the Malopoets are heroes in Soweto. As for Paul Simon's songs, although they may not be saying down with South Africa at least they're not supportive of apartheid. And I feel they praise the spirit of the oppressed South African people."

Masekela also affirms his support for the Africa National Congress: he recently shared a stage with ANC President, Oliver Tambo.

"I played with many fellow South African musicians at an event in Zimbabwe. Oliver Tambo attended and spoke in support of all South African artists, calling for us 'To go forward united...'"

Precisely because they will lead South Africa into the post-apartheid state of Azania, the ANC have created an organisational structure which nurtures every facet of opposition to white minority rule.

Culture — whether in the form of song, dance or dramatic gesture — has been at the very root of resistance to racism. The ANC have, therefore, always chosen to encourage and emphasize the significance of indigenous South African art as a way of expressing dissent to apartheid.

This stress of culture's political pertinence continues with the ANC's support for a boycott of all South African-related art which does not make a tangible contribution towards the destruction of apartheid. But as M.D. Naidoo — the ANC's chief press officer — explains, the movement currently rejects the call for a "blanket" cultural boycott.

There is, after all, a cataclysmic difference between a box of Cape apples and the South African play *Bopha!*...

As far as the ANC is concerned, does culture have a significant role to play in the continuing struggle against apartheid?

ANC: "Yes! In fact we are aware that with the intensification of the struggle against the apartheid regime at home there has been a sudden upsurge and blooming of cultural activity by our own people at all levels, throughout all parts of the country. Culture is an integral part of our struggle for liberation and expresses, in a highly emotive and inspiring way, the meaning of that struggle."

Is it therefore possible for an artist living inside South Africa to create work which subverts apartheid and which aligns itself totally with the ANC's political ideals?

ANC: "There are two things that I think I should say about this. First of all, the ANC's ideals, which are contained in The Freedom Charter, are today accepted by the overwhelming majority of people in South Africa. It would be fair to say that they represent the ideals of the democratically-minded people of South Africa."

"Secondly, the struggle against apartheid is carried on in two parts. One part is outside South Africa and the struggle is directed primarily towards depriving the apartheid regime of the kind of sustenance — political, moral, material, military, economic — which it derives from outside the country. And of course artists outside South Africa can play a part in that struggle. But the decisive area of struggle is within South Africa."

"The artists inside South Africa are a part of the people and they have a different kind of role to play compared to the exiled artists. And the artists within South Africa are fulfilling that role. They are!!!... they are amongst the foremost inspirers of the people in South Africa — let us not underestimate their role. The battle cannot be won if it is not won within South Africa."

There seems to be some confusion in the UK surrounding the distinction between a call to isolate "racist South Africa" and a desire to support the country's oppressed majority.

ANC: "I think it is necessary for me to emphasize — with all the weight

that I can bring to bear on the issue — that the ANC does not call for, has never called for and does not wish to be misunderstood as calling for a boycott of South Africa. The ANC is determined that the *apartheid regime* must be boycotted and totally isolated. Side by side with that, the ANC wants to see the *maximum* possible support for and the building of relationships with that part of South Africa which represents the people who are fighting for the overthrow of the apartheid regime and for the subsequent replacement of the apartheid system with a system of non-racial democracy.

Anything that makes a positive contribution towards the exposure and overthrow of apartheid and which expresses support for a non-racial democracy *must* be supported. I hope that this distinction has been clarified because I've read very often the tendency to identify the apartheid system with South Africa as a whole and then move on *mechanically* to a position of boycotting automatically anything from South Africa."

So what is the ANC's exact perspective on the proposed "blanket" cultural boycott?

ANC: "It is clearly not enough for a production to be merely critical of the apartheid system without contributing anything further to its ultimate overthrow. But I'm not prepared to say that there must be a blanket boycott. I am saying that the boycott must be seen in terms of the changing political reality. By that, I'm saying that there might still be artistic productions where we may say 'No! In terms of present-day political reality, we do not want to see that production boycotted'. We dislike the idea of a blanket boycott. We would say that there must be a boycott of anything which does not clearly contribute to the struggle against apartheid."

"They didn't sell records in Europe when the Nazis were there which is why I won't sell my records in South Africa. It's exactly the same thing but people don't think that way because of the propaganda."

Jerry Dammers

"Last year before the release of our last LP, 'Home and Abroad', we negotiated to have our records not sold in South Africa. Hopefully, this is still the case."

Paul Weller

"The solution of giving bands royalties to the ANC while the Record Company rakes in their share from South African sales is no solution at all. The boycott is indivisible and RCA will not be selling any Hot House records in South Africa."

Mark Pringle and Heather Small (Hot House)

— T - H - E ICICLE WORKS

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new single on 7" and four track 12" ☐ 12" includes poster in the first 5000

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february

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sat 14 Cambridge
sun 15 Norwich
mon 16 Nottingham
wed 18 Bristol
thu 19 Manchester
fri 20 Leeds
sat 21 Coventry
sun 22 Sheffield
tue 24 Birmingham
wed 25 Crewe

essex university
guildhall
university of east anglia
rock city
bierkeller
international
polytechnic
polytechnic
polytechnic
powerhouse
victoria centre

thu 26 Edinburgh
fri 27 Aberdeen
sat 28 Glasgow

march

sun 1 Redcar
tue 3 Huddersfield
wed 4 Southampton
thu 5 London
fri 6 Leicester
sat 7 Liverpool

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the bowl
polytechnic
university
town and country club
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university

produced by Ian Broudie **REGGAE BAROQUE**

TOUR NEWS



FELT

FELT, who are currently completing a new mini-album for release by Creation Records, have announced the following dates: Edinburgh Venue (January 28), Glasgow Furay Murrays (29), Greenock Subterranean (30), Aberdeen Venue (31), Dundee Dance Factory (February 1), Newcastle Riverside (2), Sheffield University (5), Coventry Warwick University (6), Bristol University Graduate Club (7), London Ronnie Scott's (8), Brighton Escape Club (10), Huddersfield Polytechnic (11), London Kingston Polytechnic (12) and Manchester University (13). Feet won't fail 'em now! (Although the above photo is an old gag, lads — *The Beatles*).

THE BATFISH BOYS, soon to be heard on the 'Live Bristol Custom Bike Show' various artists album on GWR, appear at Deptford Crypt (January 30), Huddersfield Polytechnic (February 4), Huddersfield Mardi Gras (6), Dudley JB's (20), Liverpool Birkenhead Stairways (21), Wakefield Rooftop Gardens (24) and London Astoria (26).

SCENES OF FIRE, a band featuring Jesse Rae, will be among the 14 bands appearing at the '5th Other Musicians Ball', which is being held at West Lothian's Livingstone Forum-Arena on February 14.

BAD COMPANY, featuring new vocalist Brian Howe, are to support Deep Purple on their four UK dates at London Wembley Arena (March 3 and 4) and Birmingham NEC (7 and 8). Tickets for Wembley are priced £10 and £9.00, while at Birmingham they're £9.00 and £8.00.

GO WEST, whose UK tour starts in Sheffield on March 3, have added a couple of new dates. They are Bristol Colston Hall (March 30 and 31) and Nottingham Royal Centre (April 3). Tickets for both concerts are available now, priced £7.50 and £6.50.

WANG CHUNG, whose 'Everybody Have Fun Tonight' topped the US charts recently, are set to return to the British gig scene in February, playing Peterborough Topicana (February 8) and London The Marquee (10 and 11). Their forthcoming single, 'Let's Go', already on the US *Billboard* charts, is due for early spring release in Britain.

MAGNUM commence a major UK tour at Sheffield City Hall (March 2) and then play Manchester Apollo (3), Hanley Victoria Hall (4), Nottingham Royal Court (5), Bradford St George's Hall (6), Glasgow Barrowlands (7), Edinburgh Playhouse (8), Newcastle City Hall (9), Birmingham Odeon (10), Bristol Colston Hall (11), Oxford Apollo (12) and London Hammersmith Odeon (13). The band's next single, 'Vigilante' gets a February 27 release, timed to coincide with a *Tube* appearance featuring a video shot in Portmerion, once location for the *Prisoner* series.



NEW MODEL ARMY are to undertake a short tour to promote their new EMI single 'Poison Street', which gets a February 9 release. The single has a previously unreleased song, 'Courage', on the B-side, while the 12-inch version comes replete with what EMI term 'a free live bootleg' of 'All Of This', recorded in New York, and 'My Country', recorded in Coventry. Dates for the promotional tour are: Norwich University of East Anglia (February 21), Birmingham Powerhouse (22), Nottingham Rock City (23), Manchester International 2 (25) and Leeds Polytechnic (26).



THE OYSTER BAND promote their recent 'Step Outside' album with the following dates: Leeds Astoria (February 6), Ledbury Community Centre (7), Swansea Pontardawe Leisure Centre (13), Telford Maidley Court Leisure Centre (14), London Albany Empire (15), Kent University (17), Birmingham Red Lion (21), St Helens Eagle And Child (22), Cramlington Concordia Leisure Centre (24), Manchester White Heart (25), West Houghton Folk Club (27) and Godalming Borough.

SIOL PHADRAIG '87, the London-based Irish Festival, will this year be broadened to include a multi-ethnic dimension with the inclusion of Commonwealth artists. Musical acts so far confirmed include blues singer Mary Coughlan, who appears at Brixton's the Ritzy on March 26; jazz guitarist Louis Stewart who plays a gig with the Davy Spillane Band, the band that rose from out of the ashes of Moving Hearts, at the Shaw Theatre on April 3; and legendary fiddler Sean McGuire, who appears at Cecil Sharp House on March 20 and Kilburn's Tricycle Theatre on March 22. Other Irish musicians will be playing a plethora of London-wide gigs and there'll also be a poetry festival, featuring Irish and Commonwealth writers, at the Purcell Room, Festival Hall on March 26. But perhaps the most important event will be the premiere of a play, *No Blacks, No Irish*, penned by Nigerian-Irish writer Gabriel Gbadamsi, which will be seen at Nettleford Hall on March 9, before moving on to Kilburn Trycle Theatre (12) and Chats Palace (13 and 14).

THE MEKONS, **CHUMBAWAMBA** and Creation Roots play a gig at Leeds Trade Club on February 7 as part of Leeds' week of Anti-Fascist Action. The week, which will include a public meeting headed by local Euro MP Michael McTowan (10) and a womens' meeting (11) will close with a special event in the city's Dortmund Square on Saturday (14) where there will be stalls, music and various entertainments.

MIDNIGHT STAR, who were due to have begun a British tour on February 7, at Manchester Apollo, have now cancelled all dates due to "extended work commitments in America". The support band was to have been Klymaxx.

RECORD NEWS

SINGLES

MARC ALMOND: 'Melancholy Rose' (Virgin) the B-side's 'Gyp The Blood' while the 12-inch features two additional tracks, 'A World Full Of People' and 'Black Lullabye' — out February 2 ● **ASWAD**: 'Hooked On You' (Simba) from the 'To The Top' album — out now ● **GEORGE BENSON**: 'Teaser' (Warner Bros) too late, George, Nietzsche's taken over! — out Monday (2) ● **BIFF BANG POW**: 'The World's Turning Brouhard' (Creation) the label boss's band supporting Julian Cope — out this week ● **THE BIG WHEEL**: 'Breathless' (Jive) Jake Burns' debut on Jive — out February 9 ● **CHAKK**: 'Timebomb' (Fon) completed in a studio financed by Chakk's MCA venture — out this week ● **JOHN FURY ELLIS**: 'Microgroove' (Shanghai) a five track 12-inch by a founder member of The Vibrators — out now ● **THE FORCE**: 'Eye To Eye' (Valentino) — out next week ● **THE GODFATHERS**: 'Love Is Dead' (Corporate Image) any copies ordered by the first week of February will include a free Godfathers Valentine card — out February 14 ● **THE HOLLIES**: 'This Is It' (EMI) their first for two years — out now ● **HOT HOUSE**: 'Don't Come To Stay' (de-Construction) soul from Bow — out now ● **MIKI HOWARD**: 'Come Share My Love' (Atlantic) — former Side Effect singer — out next week ● **F. C. PORTO**: 'The Maradona Song' (Virgin) and they're three Germans and three Aussies — out February 2 ● **SIMPLY RED**: 'The Right Thing' (WEA) produced by Alex Sadkin — out Monday (2) ● **SLADE**: 'Still The Same' (RCA) from the band who played their first gig (as The N' Betweens) at the Walsall Town Hall, just 21 years ago — out now ● **SLABI**: 'Parallax Avenue' (Ink) noise funk — out February 9 ● **PERCY SLEDGE**: 'When A Man Loves A Woman' (Atlantic) another classic soul cut revived by a jeans commercial — out Monday (2) ● **STONE ROSES**: 'Sally Cinnamon' (Revolver) — out now ● **CARROLL THOMPSON**: 'Love Without Passion' (Virgin) from a singer who's currently completing her debut album for Virgin — out February 2 ● **T'PAU**: 'Heart And Soul' (Siren) produced by Roy Thomas Baker who first discovered the band at a Hamburg gig — out February 9 ● **RAH BAND**: 'Across The Bay' (RCA) — out now ● **RANDY TRAVIS**: 'On The Other Hand' (Warner Bros) Nashville's boy-most-likely with his debut UK single — out February 2 ● **THREEBOUND STORY**: 'My Life's Example' (FON) the 12-inch version features a 'cement' mix — out this week ● **VIEW FROM THE HILL**: 'I'm No Rebel' (EMI) produced by Stewart Levine — out now ● **WESTWORLD**: 'Sonic Boom Boy' (RCA) — out February 9 ● **XMAL DEUTSCHLAND**: 'Sickle Moon' (X-ile) a new album follows in March — out on Monday (2) ● **PAUL YOUNG**: 'Why Does A Man Have To Be So Strong?' (CBS) — out now



Marc Almond: new 45

(Score'n'Raw) a four-track affair that also includes 'Stewards' Enquiry At Fontwell Park' — out now ● **BEN E KING**: 'Stand By Me' (Atlantic) backed with yet another golden oldie, The Coasters' 'Yakety Yak' — out Monday (2) ● **GRAHAM LARKBEY**: 'Dead Beat Town' (Dollar Gas) reissued maxi-single from 1981 — out now ● **MANTRONIX**: 'Who Is It?' (10) from the 'Music Madness' album — out now ● **THE OTHER ONES**: 'We Are What We Are' (Virgin)

ALBUMS

DAVE BERRY: 'Hostage To The Beat' (Butt) Alvin Stardust's role model with his second album for Butt — out this week ● **BLUE FOR TWO**: 'Blue For Two' (10) — out now ● **TOOTER BOARMAN**: 'Tooter Boatman And Friends' (CSA) Cult rockabilly from Texas — out now ● **PERFECT WORLD**: 'Have A Good Look' (Strike-Back) a 10-inch mini-album from the Canucks — out February 13 ● **ERIC RANDOM AND THE BEDLAMITES**: 'Ishmael' (FON) Manchester meets Marrakesh — out this week ● **JULES SHEAR**: 'Domo-Itis' (Enigma) Ex-Funkys Kings and Jules And The Polar Bears man in demo mode — out now ● **STRAW DOGS**: 'We Are Not Amused' (Enigma) Boston noisemakers — out now ● **TEX AND THE HORSEHEADS**: 'Tot Ziens' (Enigma) a live-in-Holland shot from the US cowpunks — out now ● **TIMEX SOCIAL CLUB**: 'Vicious Rumours' (Cooltempo) debut album — out next week ● **VARIOUS**: 'Smashing Time' (Re-Elect The President) compilation featuring Making Time, The Prisoners, Fast Eddie, Long Tall Shorty and others — out this week ● **VARIOUS**: 'The Roxy London WC2 — Jan-Apr '77' (EMI) pogo like you did last decade. Reissue of a '77 Harvest release featuring Slaughter And The Dogs, Wire, X-Ray Spex, Eater and others — out now ● **VARIOUS**: 'Massive' (HAV) cuts by Herman Herd, The Kaiser's Advisers and Eva Valve —

out this week ● **WEDNESDAY WEEK**: 'What We Had' (Enigma) produced by Don Dixon (REM, Smithereens) — out now ● **VARIOUS**: 'More Rock-A-Billy Rock' (CSA) includes four titles by Bob Luman — out now ● **VARIOUS**: 'The Acetate Sessions' (CSA) rockabilly compilation taken from old 78 rpm acetates by Johnny Carroll, Sonny Burgess, Mac Curtis etc — out now ●



AGE OF CHANCE, whose 'Kiss' single is topping our indie chart, have a multi-track 12-inch out this week. Available on the FON label, it features a new version of 'Kiss', a cover of The Tramps' 'Disco Inferno' and three other new offerings.



ED KEEPER, one-time co-founder of The Saints, and leader of the now-defunct Laughing Clowns, releases his second solo album for Hot Records this week. Titled 'Rooms Of The Magnificent' it features Kepper with musicians from his current band The Yard Goes On Forever. Kepper will be touring the UK with his new band in March and April, his first Brit-jant since the demise of The Laughing Clowns.

LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO who will be touring Europe with Paul Simon, have their three most recent albums, 'Induku Zethu' (1984), 'Ulwandle Olungwele' (1985) and 'Inala' (1986) released in the UK this week. The albums will be released on the Serengeti label, distributed through Greensleeves Records. Ladysmith Black Mambazo were one of the groups that recorded with Simon on the 'Gracelands' album and one of the tracks on that album, 'Joseph' is about Ladysmith's leader, the Rev Josph Shabala.

A black and white portrait of a man with dark, curly hair and a mustache. He is looking slightly to the right of the camera with a neutral expression. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on his face and hair against a dark background.

KlubFoot

GIRLSCHOOL

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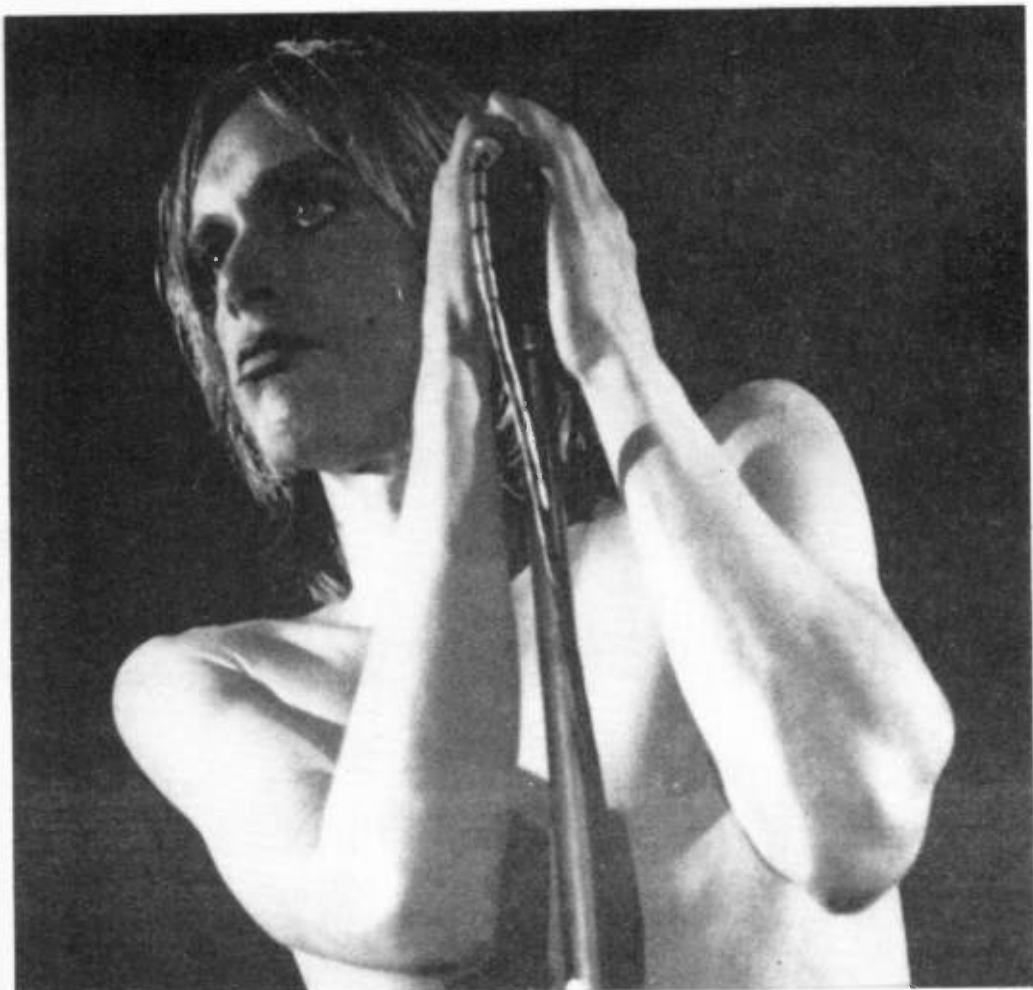
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24th Cyndi Lauper
26th Christian Death
27th Soup Dragons
27th Megadeath
27th/28th Maze
27th Age Of Chance
28th David Sanbourne
28th Bolshoi

MARCH
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3rd/4th Deep Purple and
Bad Company
5th Icicle Works
6th Megadeath
14th/15th The Cult
23rd/26th Simply Red
24th Howard Jones
28th Mission
28th/31st Level 42
29th/30th Strangers

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29th Spear Of Destiny

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

IT'S A something-for-everyone week. A week in which those who prefer things kinda country can perch themselves in the gods at the London Palladium to view the UK debut of THE JUDDS, currently Nashville's most tuneful twosome, while black music aficionados will doubtless be trekking towards the first of LUTHER VANDROSS' string of London Albert Hall gigs. London also hosts more of the controversial 'Dotted Line' shows at the ICA, where a bevy of new rock bands parade their talents. Meanwhile, BILLY BRAGG heads West and ELVIS COSTELLO visits Manchester, Newcastle and Cardiff.

On the jazz front, TEDDY EDWARDS, one of America's hottest tenorists, continues his tour of British clubs, and at yet another ICA event, some of our premier local jazzmen gig in support of their Czech counterparts. Even those who generally gravitate towards the more rural aspect of music are not neglected. For MICHELLE-SHOCKED is playing a further array of compfire song sets, while FAIRPORT CONVENTION are still venturing beyond Banbury to purvey their own particular brand of long-running folk-rock. Send your gigs to *NME* Gig Guide, 4th Floor, Commonwealth House, 1-19 New Oxford Street, London WC1A 1NG.

WEDNESDAY 28

Aberdare Coliseum: Billy Bragg/Attacco Decente
Birmingham University: Misty In Roots/Gabbidon
Brabourne Five Bells: Who's Blues Band
Bradford Venue: The Bhundu Boys
Brentwood The Castle: The Shakers
Brighton Dome: Nik Kershaw
Charing Swan Hotel: Premier Jazz Band
Chatham Churchill's: Justin Case
Colchester The Works: Baby Tuckoo/Chrome Molly
Coventry Warwick University Arts Centre: Shirati Jazz
Croydon The Sussex: Tahn Chi
Doncaster Main Line: Cut The Wire/Boolean Matrix
Greatstone Seahorse: Maroonedogs
Halifax Pot Of Four: The Gardeners/Dooj
Huddersfield Polytechnic Union: The Man Upstairs/The Session
Leeds Colours: Xero Slingsby
Leeds Irish Centre: Robert Fripp And The League Of Crafty Guitarists
Liverpool Finch Lane Yew Tree: Alternative Radio
Liverpool Quarry Theatre: Steve Wicher And The Icons
London Battersea The Latchmere: The Locomotives
London Brentford Red Lion: Secret Society/Sacred Hearts
London Brentford Waterman's Arts Centre: The Holloway All Stars
London Brixton Academy: The Mission
London Brixton The Fridge: A Man Called Adam
London Camberwell Union Tavern: Fairly Perfect People/The Press Gang
London Camden Dingwalls: Characters/Masque/Iron In The Soul
London Camden Dublin Castle: Danger Zone
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Rouen
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: The Eton Crop/Nyah Fearlies/Coming Up Roses
London Fulham Greyhound: Dog's D'Amour/Bazooka Joe
London Fulham Kings Head: From Here On
London Fulham The Swan: Aardvark And No Money
London Hammersmith Clarendon: The Price/1926
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: The Disciples/Rise/Again The Image/Hard Skin Band
London Kennington Cricketers: Michelle-Shocked
London N1 Bass Clef: Clark Tracey Quintet
London N1 Hare And Hounds: The Crayfish Five
London NW1 Dublin Castle: Danger Zone
London NW5 Bull And Gate: Eton Crop/Crash Boy Crash/Brian
London Palmers Green The Fox: The Outlets/Subject To Change
London Putney Half Moon: The Gramophones
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: Mike Daniels Big Band
London Royal Albert Hall: Elvis Costello
London Stratford Theatre Royal: The Broomdusters
London SW1 ICA: The Dave Howard Singers/Blue Aeroplanes/Voice Of The Beehive/The Vakeros
London W1 100 Club: Fineline
London W1 Dover Street Winebar: Chuck Farley

London W1 Marquee: Apple Mosaic
London W1 Wag Club: Heavy Duty
London Walthamstow Royal Standard: John Le Story/Tu Can Dance
Manchester Band On The Wall: Lonesome Penniless Cowboys
Monk's Horton Black Horse: East River
Newcastle-upon-Tyne Riverside: The Skywalkers
Newport (Gwent) E1 Seico's: World Domination Enterprises/The Bugs
Nottingham Old Vic: Jim Mullen's Meantime
Nottingham Rock City: Chat Show/Hunters Club/Crazy Head
Nottingham The Garage: Chumbawamba/Culture Shock
Poole Mr C's: Dancing In English
Portsmouth Basins: Arize
St Edmunds Theatre Royal: West Suffolk Youth Jazz Orchestra
Sheffield Leadmills: Teddy Edwards
Southend Reids: Balance Of Power/20,000 Lemmings Can't Be Wrong
Stockton-on-Tees Dovecot: Cathy Lesurf Band
Telford Barons Club: Girlschool
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: Fairport Convention
Warrington Fiesta Leisure Centre: Thunder Cloud/Aldebaran

THURSDAY 29

Bingley Arts Centre: DRN
Birkenhead Rolling Thunder's Cavern: Erogenous Zones
Bournemouth Cabaret Club: Colbert Hamilton
Brighton Nickleodeon: Flowerpot Men/Meat Injection
Brighton Zap Club: UT/Meat Injection
Bristol Tropic Club: Brilliant Corners
Carlton Tully's: Stump
Cleveland Dovecot Arts Centre: First Chorus
Croydon The Cartoon: Shev And The Brakes
Deal Black Horse: Sanitarium
Derby Blue Note Club: The Boogie Brothers
Dover Louis Armstrong: Barry Cole And John Birch
Dundee University: This Poison
Edinburgh The Cavern: Jassy
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: Baby Tuckoo/Chrome Molly
Glasgow Fury Murrays: Hurrah
Glasgow Rooftops: The Bhundu Boys
Hampton Court Jolly Boatman: Antz Avenue
Harlow The Square: Code 7 Victim 5/The Company/The Popples
Hastings The Crypt: Desperate Dan
Hayes Beck Theatre: Fairport Convention
High Wycombe Nag's Head: I See Silence
Hull Adelphi: Chinese Gangster Element
Ipswich Gaumont: Nik Kershaw
Lancaster Sugarhouse Club: Blitzkrieg Zone 2020
Liverpool University: Chumbawamba/Karma Sutra
London Brentford Red Lion: Papa George Band
London Camberwell Union Tavern: Eton Crop/Tote Kappelle/The Catholic North/The Levellers
London Camden Dingwalls: Deltones/The Go Buggies
London Cricklewood Hog's Grunt: Bell And The Ocean
London Finsbury Library: Leon Cohen and Barry Wallenstein
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: The Purple Things/Nigel Lewis/Lazy Daze



The Judds: straight from Nashville.

London Fulham Greyhound: Broken Bones/The Four Guns
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: Menticide
London Hammersmith Clarendon: No No No Blauereiter/Mystery Guests
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Say What/Touch And Go/First Obsession
London Kentish Town Bull And Gate: Lick The Tins
London N1 Bass Clef: Blind Alley with Ray Russell and Tommy Eyre
London NW1 Dublin Castle: Jivin' Instructors
London NW3 Gypsy Queen: Lloyd Ryan's Jazz 4
London Oval The Cricketers: The Reflection
AOB/The Kick
London Putney Half Moon: Wilko Johnson Band
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: John Rawlings Quartet
London SW1 ICA: Head Of David/Bambi Slam/Crazy/Slab!
London Walthamstow Royal Standard: The Starlighters
London Wandsworth The Two Brewers: Steve Smith
London Wimbledon William Morris Club: Wait And See/The Dark
London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar: The House Party Band
London W1 Gossips: The Rivlas
W1 Marquee: Harmonic 228
London W1 100 Club: The Jestset/Surfing Lungs
London W1 Wag Club: Pride
Manchester Band On The Wall: Human Chain
Manchester RNCM Green Room: Shirati Jazz
Manchester The Boardwalk: Ram Ram Kino
Newcastle University: Girlschool
Newcastle-upon-Tyne Riverside: Twenty Flight Rockers
Nottingham Hearty Goodfellow: The Lynch Brothers
Poole Mr C's: Blind Lemon Davis (lunchtime)/Truffle (evening)
Portsmouth Basins: Blubbery Hellbellies
Rayleigh Pink Tooth Brush: Send For Kelly
Reading Cap And Gap: The Doonicans
Sheffield University: The Christians
Southend Reids: Zoodoll/Armless Teddies
Sundersea Leisure Centre: Billy Bragg/Attacco Decente
Tynemouth Park Hotel: Mick Whitaker Band/After Midnight

FRIDAY 30

Alnwick Playhouse: 21 Strangers
Barry Memorial Hall: Billy Bragg/Attacco Decente
Bedford International: The Queerboys/Cradlesnatchers
Birkenhead Hard Rock Cavern: DRN
Birmingham Harborne The Junction: Dik Bastard/3 Dead Crows/Ritual
Birmingham Mermaid: Huw Lloyd Langton Band/Strychnine Salad
Brentwood Hermit House: Donkey Jive/None The Wiser
Brighton Gardner Centre: Robert Fripp And The League Of Crafty
Brighton Nickleodeon: Jazz Renegades
Bromley Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: Keeping Up With The Reagans/Best Foot Forward
Cardiff New Bogey's: Mad Dogs
Cheltenham The Brewery Tap: Charmed Life
Coventry Warwick University: The Locomotives
Cranbrook School: Taxi Pata Pata
Croydon The Cartoon: Steve Whalley
Darlington Arts Centre: Ray Stubbs R&B All Stars
Dudley JB's: Surf Drums
Edinburgh Clowns Bar: Jassy
Edinburgh Hoochie Coochie: Hue And Cry
Edinburgh University: The Radium Cats
Greenock Subterraneans: Felt
Harlow The Square: Aunt Lucy/Tearaway
Harrow Apollo: Antz Avenue
Hastings The Crypt: Congress
Hornsea (E. Yorks) Theatre Bar: Artisan
Leeds Astoria: The Bhundu Boys
Leicester Princess Charlotte: Band Of Holy Joy/Sons Of Shane
Liverpool Waterloo The Queens: Alternative Radio
London Acton Bumbles Wine Bar: Thirty Lashes
London Brentford Red Lion: Steve Marriott/Official Receiver

London Brixton Old White Horse: Joan Collins Fan Club/Steve Edgar/Barb Jung and Michael Parker
London Brixton The Fridge: Baptist Variety
London Camden Dingwalls: Mekons/Michelle-Shocked
London Catford Green Man: Ricky Cool And The Texas Turkeys
London Charing X Road Astoria: 5th Of Heaven
London Cricklewood Hog's Grunt: No Spring Chicken
London Cricklewood Hotel: Kevin McAlee/Ann Seagrave and Oscar McLennon/John Byrnes
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: Marc Riley and The Creepers/Gay Bykers On Acid/Heart Throb
London Fulham Greyhound: Culture Shock/The Politburo
London Fulham Kings Head: The Panic Brothers/Porky The Poet
London Fulham Palace: The Hairy Marys
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Lick The Tins
London Hammersmith Clarendon: The Surfadelics
London Hounslow Civic Centre: Hard Lines/Second Message
London Kentish Town Bull And Gate: Fabulistics
London Kentish Town Town And Country Club: Wendy May's Locomotion
London Kings Cross Merlin's Cave: Company Of Cowards
London New Cross Goldsmith's College: Microdisney/The Wishing Stones
London N1 Bass Clef: Bolivar
London N1 Dog And Dumplings: Crayfish Five
London NW1 Dublin Castle: Balham Alligators
London Oval Cricketers: Howlin' Wilf and The Vee Jays
London Palmers Green The Fox: John Otway/Boo's Blues Band
London Putney Half Moon: Hank Wangford Band
London Putney Zeeta's: One Way
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: Papa Joe's All-Stars
London Shepherd's Bush The Bush: Popticians/John Sparkler/Jeremy Hardy and Kit Hollerbach
London SW1 ICA: Fun Patrol/The Crows/North Of Cornwall/Pop Icons
London Walthamstow Royal Standard: Tredegar/Parisienne Blonde
London Wandsworth Two Brewers: Chuck Farley
London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar: Mr Clean
London W1 The Marquee: Jail Head Rack/The Cardiacs
London W1 Pizza Express: Pizza Express All-Star Band
London W1 100 Club: Rocket 88
London W1 Rock Garden: Corn Dollies
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: The Heartbeats
London WC1 University of London S.U.: The Smithereens/The Very Things/Doctor's Children
London WC2 Bunjies: James Varda
Malden Jazz 32: Dick Morrissey
Manchester Apollo: Elvis Costello
Manchester Band On The Wall: Progression
Manchester University: Girlschool/Ghostdance
Newcastle-upon-Tyne Riverside: Funhouse
Norwich Scottow Barn: Baby Tuckoo/Chrome Molly
Nottingham Mardi Gras: Ozric Tentacles/Tarragon
Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: Girlschool
Pontypridd Polytechnic: 3 Mustaphas 3
Portsmouth Basins: The Potato Five
Seal (nr Sevenoaks) Crown: Premier Jazz Band
St Albans City Hall: Fairport Convention
Southend Reid's: L.A.2
Tonypandy Library Club: Sons Of Jairus
Uley, Prema: Oyster Band/Rory McLeod
Waterford Bridge Hotel: Stump
West Bromwich Coach And Horses: Psycho Surgeons
Weston-super-Mare Knightsone: Geno Washington And The Ram Jam Band
Weymouth Verdi's: Shoot The Moon
Wirksworth Anthony Gell School: Shirati Jazz

SATURDAY 31

Aberdeen The Venue: Hurrah

Aldershot West End Centre: Mighty Mighty/The Bridge/The Jeremiahs/Jim Miminee
Basilidon Festival Hall: Nik Kershaw
Bedford College of Higher Education: Ghostdance
Birkenhead Rolling Thunder's Cavern: Alternative Radio
Birmingham Mermaid: Cardiacs/Ring/Omnia Opera
Blackburn Top Hat Club: Psycho Surgeons
Brighton Gardner Centre: Robert Fripp And The League Of Crafty Guitarists
Brighton The Ship: Gotham City Wreckers
Bristol Montpelieri Hotel: Dangerous Roundabouts
Cambridge Corn Exchange: Misty In Roots/Hondo/Sky Ray Dummy
Canterbury Kent University: Microdisney
Cardiff New Bogey's: Warfare
Chatham Hotel: Harmonic 228
Croydon The Cartoon: London Apaches (lunchtime)/Chuck Farley (evening)
Darlington Arts Centre: The Gargoyles
Drogheda Boxing Club: Stump
Dundee Grey Lodge Centre: Chumbawamba/Rodney Relax/The Next World
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: Goodbye Mr MacKenzie
Hastings The Carlisle: Traitors
High Wycombe Nags Head: John Otway/Knightshade
Hull Traitors: Surf Drums
Leicester Princess Charlotte: The Christians
Leeds Trades Club: Dave Holland Quintet
London Brentford Red Lion: Root Jackson/Unfinished Business
London Camden Dingwalls: Chevalier Brothers/Avanti
London Clerkenwell The Surprise: UK Subs
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: The Very Things/The Turncoats/Eton Crop/Meat Injection
London Cricklewood Hog's Grunt: Coup D'Etat
London E8 Crown And Castle: Bernard Padden/Lynda Ross/Logan Murray
London EC1 Duke Of York: Peace On The Panhandle
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: Wilko Johnson/Gatecrash Heaven
London Fulham Greyhound: The Neurotics
London Fulham Kings Head: The Boogie Brothers Blues Band
London Greenwich Borough Hall: Fairport Convention
London Greenwich Thames Polytechnic: Gone To Earth/The Tractors/The Magic Carpets
London Hackney Empire: Harvey And The Wallbangers/The Howlers
London Hammersmith Clarendon: Girlschool
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Karen D'Ache
London Hounslow The Lord Palmerston: Legion Of Parasites/Atavistic/The Throbs
London Islington Rosemary Branch: The Panic Brothers/Porky The Poet
London Kentish Town Bull And Gate: Juice On The Loose
London Kentish Town Town and Country Club: Sherati Jazz
London Ladbroke Grove Dance Bass: The Blubbery Hellbellies
London Limehouse Buccaneer: The Surfadelics
London New X Road Royal Albert: Barflies
London N1 Bass Clef: Somo Somo
London NW1 The Black Horse: Anonyma
London NW1 Dublin Castle: Deep Sea Divers
London Putney Half Moon: Geno Washington And The Ram Jam Band
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: Ken Sims Dixie Kings
London Royal Albert Hall: The Hollies
London SW1 ICA: Brilliant Corners/Favorites/We Free Kings/Wonder Stuff
London Tufness Park Tavern: JCM Jazzband
London Walthamstow Royal Standard: Ya Ya's/Danny Hignet
London Wandsworth Two Brewers: Answers On A Postcard
London Woolwich Tramshed: George Melly
London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar: The King Biscuits
London W1 100 Club: Monty Sunshine's Jazz Band
London W1 Pizza Express: Pizza Express All Stars
London Wag Club: Cash
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: Venus Fly Trap
Maidstone Jazz 32: Tony Lee Trio/Litsa Davis
Manchester Band On The Wall: Rock House

CONTINUES PAGE 46

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+ The Wishing Stones
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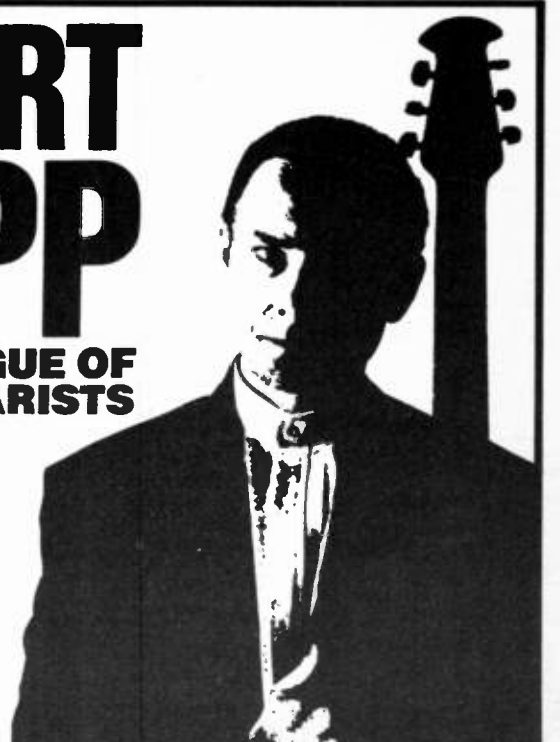
MARCH 23/26

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Friday 30th January
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+ HOWLIN' WILF
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Friday 30th January
HANK WANGFORD BAND

Saturday 31st January
GENO WASHINGTON BAND

Sunday 1st February
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Monday 2nd February
MIGHTY FLYERS (USA)

Tuesday 3rd February
PAZ

Wednesday 4th February
ALBION BAND

Saturday 7th February
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Director Dennis L.J. Hall invites bookings for 1988
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Live theatre all year round



EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

AFTER TONITE LONDON DINGWALLS

SHOCKING THE house most definitely, After Tonite's third London showing did much to establish their UK Soul Power connections but — in terms of their ability to engage an audience with a sparkling display of humour and arrogance that derives solely from sheer youthfulness — the band truly came to the fore.

Customers who stayed away on the strengths of AT's debut single were quite justified in doing so — it's hardly the dazzling display of their skills that was needed. Yet in a live context After Tonite go a long way in burying these doubts. Through their intoxicating energy and almost complete disregard for stage subtlety, they totally redeem themselves, obviously flawed but still snapping at the ankles.

The flaws are there for all to see — they have an obvious penchant for stretching out their grooves over a longish period of time, yet are not good enough to hold them down. Vocalist Eli Thompson has yet to find an individual voice, or to find his depth, and matters are compounded further by other vocal limitations. But this will all come with experience, for it is from their brash approach that AT derive their strengths.

Their closing anthem is 'Ain't No Stopping Us Now' and that gives you the deal on the group's ambitions: tight populist funk/pop stamped with their own mark. To that end, despite these weaknesses, there were snatches of music that bordered on the great, moments when the band really did have the funk.

This musical potential was matched by the antics of the group's two frontmen, Eli and his cohort Brian Clarke, who also doubles on saxophone. For example, Eli is wilfully prone to stopping halfway through a song and asking which of their audience will be at their next show. (He neglects to tell them it's in Scunthorpe).

Brian is similarly inclined. In the middle of a ballad he will pull his shirt over his head and wander aimlessly about the stage, thus deflecting any sentimental elements the band might slip into. Alternatively, the two of them will stage a mock fight so realistic that it had at least half the audience nervously wondering if they should call in the bouncers or not.

Behind them, throughout all these engaging theatrics, was a band pumping out a music that was fast, furious and erratic, and never boring.

After Tonite are not the best group in the land but that's no surprise given the average age of the group — 16 coming on 20. What they are is aggressive entertainment and a group, who given time, will soon be cracking up the house.

PAOLO HEWITT

MAN RAY BELFAST QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY

BELFAST IS buzzing to some not so early Van Morrison on television commercials these days. The shop fitters and theme pub specialists are turning work away whilst more new restaurants are opening than anyone has had hot dinners. A fine example is the acres of imitation red leather and perfectly matching piss-resistant carpet in the revamped Speakeasy bar at the local seat of learning.

The stage may have been moved and Heavenly lighting been installed but behind the mixing desk it's just old arses in new saddles and the same old cack hands twisting the knobs. And the bands?

Man Ray — four flattish tops that won't shake the world and a girl with a flattish voice who shakes a tambourine. They haven't a bad song between them and if 'Shake A Leg' is just the wrong side of goodtime, 'Sam' is the right side of polite. The only outright influences are occasional Style Council vocals and the Feverish 'Stay In Bed' — a song with more detail than an Aran jumper. But such subtlety and restraint is quickly forgotten for some pubbed up Morrison and an extended blues exercise around an old Stray Cats b-side.

These diversions aside Man Ray have a clutch of good songs — 'Max Craniac' blows the trumpet of a local libido, 'Sight For Sore Eyes' showcases main Ray Brendan Morrison's guitar, and 'Just Waiting' teases the only variation from the female vocal.

Where Man Ray suffer most is in this lack of variety and the absence of a strong personality upfront — a hallmark which distinguishes this province's finest. Still the band's front and rear ends are easily session standard and somewhere a fine tunesmith is at work despite the girl trouble.

PETER RODGERS

TIMBUK 3 LONDON MARQUEE

THIS CONFIRMED all the recent hype and speculation that Timbuk 3 are a quality alternative 'pop' sound in the making; post-Talking Heads and Cars genre. It was a performance full of classic American politeness yet oozing genuine coyness. "It's nice to be here," strangely didn't sound as bloody awful and corny as it ought to. Why? Because Pat and Barbara MacDonald appear to be a down-to-earth homely couple, folk-next-door you might say.

Their Marquee set was as classy, in terms of original material, as it was relaxed in execution, and the audience — which began as curious, passive onlookers — by the end had become rapturous admirers. Behind the swish harmonies and dampened r&b guitar styling (not wholly out of place in this venue) there's the much publicised T3 member The Jambox, throwing out intricate bass/drum rhythms. Not without its critics — more of an

THE BHUNDU BOYS LONDON CHELSEA KING'S COLLEGE

LIKE THE best ensemble bands I've seen — Trouble Funk and King Sunny Ade And His African Beats — The Bhundu Boys are a joy to behold over and above the good cheer of their tunes. They do what most other bands merely simulate: they play like a flock of birrds, separate creatures but all flying empathetically as one, right down to the tiniest swerve and flutter. Socialism in action, as it were.

Yet theirs is not the sound of stiff discipline and regimentation. Hippies would call their musical process 'organic'. And just when most of us have had more of the elements than we can handle, The Bhundu Boys make the great outdoors attractive again. Puffball clouds scud across the boundless empyrean; gentle tidal waves of grass ripple in the breeze; brooks

babble; the morning sun kisses your skin. . . All these images are rescued from the bounty hunter's brochures by a music utterly refreshing though in a style no longer dazzling in its novelty to British pop ears.

Jit, as Zimbabwe's leading group style their twin-guitar borne music, is a far cry from the *chimurenga* as played by Thomas Mapfumo. It seems a close cousin of West African highlife in its lilting, trilling fluidity. Yet for all their lack of stomp The Bhundu Boys set this packed and buzzing crowd asway with a delirious stamina not seen since The Pogues last played Kilburn.

And perhaps The Bhundu Boys radical line in seasonal stage kit might just catch on as well. If you have to dress inappropriately for the British winter's onslaught, Hawaiian shirts sure are a stylish way to do it. You won't see — or hear — a more rosy-fingered band 'til Hell itself freezes over.

MAT SNOW

THE CAPITOLS BIRMINGHAM HARE AND HOUNDS

IT'S A shame no vinyl record remains of M's Telegram's frenetic pozzypop, and a minor tragedy that they somehow managed to slip through the fine mesh of John Peel's Punk Rock safety net which has saved so many worthies from a hopelessly obscure demise. Now, after a couple of years on the wing with The Nightingales, Pete Byrchmore has rejoined forces with his old sidekick Simon in a brand new group destined to over-stress the springs of your clapped-out clapometers.

Sue Capitol sings! She prances! She guitars! She will lead her boys to notoriety, fortune and world domination, exposing the likes of Buba and the Shop Assistants and The Primitives as droning woolly weaklings along the way.

Stylene stylee Sue serenades The Tank with a barrage of quaver-

ing puns as he tumbles around the stage spraying semi-automatic covering fire from a chunky Tesco fire-pistol. The drummer dislocates both shoulders in order to clock up a vital extra three beats per second. Simon Capitol melts his keyboard, oscillates frantically, bosses the punters around and . . . wears a tie! Yes!

The last time I saw The Capitols, Andy Gray of Villa and Scotland was lurking on the edge of the six-yard box (the dancefloor). Tonight Pop Will Drink Itself drank themselves under the table as they played Spot The Debut Single with Sue and the Crew: Omnipotent number nines; Sparkbrook MPs; primo Black Country celebs; proud parents and neo-Gramscian clever-dicks all agree — CAPITOLISM IS HERE TO STAY!

D. J. FONTANA

HEAVY PETTING

FREDDIE JACKSON LONDON HAMMERSMITH ODEON

TO BE frank, before the show I'd little relished the prospect of a candlelight 'n' hot-tub merchant crooning sweet nothings into my shell-like. And the opulent spangles of piano which welcomed Freddie Jackson onto the stage dimmed my trepidation not one whit. But, as his Cupid curves clad in baby-blue and his Vegas tinsel stand revealed — gyrating, karate-chopping and heffalump-shuffling with more enthusiasm than feline grace — I realise I'm in for a strangely entertaining night out. And he can sing. Boy, can he sing!

Along with Luther Vandross and Alexander O'Neal the leading revivalist of the uptown male soul ballad since Teddy Prendergrass's debilitating car smash, New York's Freddie Jackson thanks God for his gift, a Voice. As rotund and smooth as baby-oil, it can soar like an angel or bark with gut feeling. So majestic is his control that he will grace a phrase with a frisson deliriously joyous giggles, and there is exemplified his special appeal. Freddie is a jolly man who knows that the way to a woman's heart — and a man's — is more through a shared joke than silky charm. And silky charm is what we laugh at.

Pity poor Helen, for example, plucked from the audience to be mercilessly serenaded by Freddie in tight embrace. Luckily she proves game for a laugh and possibly more, judging by the alacrity with which she starts massaging Freddie's generous midriff. My, how we shriek! Far from chauvinistic condescension, Freddie's hand-kissing and brow-mopping routines tease the gigolo game and so play it at a wittier level. For if Freddie has a twinkle in his eye, he still has a song in his heart.

Have you ever loved

interfering third party than part of the band some say — The Jambox is, in my view, very much integral to the act and one is constantly astonished at how big this mechanical back-line is.

As for the songs themselves, they're cleverly put together both



Fat Freddie's act — just a giggle

somebody? We all know what Freddie's talking about. He takes that heavy, heavy lump and spins it into golden curls, his goofy fastidiousness only enhancing a man no longer at home with himself.

Yet on record Freddie is too easy to ignore. Only live do your ears swell with the generous charisma of a

voice unchained. The songs, though, are merely grooves, hackneyed chords of yearning and balm shuffled at pacemaker beats. Rather than presenting a gallery of messages and moods, his show unrolls as an oratorio of smouldering yet self-aware passion, interrupted only by God-thanking Me-speak (thankfully not with-

out humour).

Best number by far is 'Rock Me Tonight', a seductive ear-nibbler just a kiss away from Marvin Gaye's 'Let's Get It On'. Rapture all round from the first of four full houses (casual-smart courting couples, natch). Just think what he could do with stronger material.

MAT SNOW

lyrically and melodically, but never trivial. They can be endearing as in 'I Love You In The Strangest Way' and also unflinchingly scathing; 'Assholes On Parade' (written '79), an indictment of the Reagan Right ideology, was enthusiastically received.

Come the end of the set T3 are at a loss whether to march off backstage or step down to mingle with us lot. And that's their charm. 'The Future's So Bright' . . . Nice of ya ta be here.

ANDY MARTIN

THE LUNATIC TAKES OVER THE ASYLUM

JULIAN COPE
LONDON WESTMINSTER
CENTRAL HALL

WHY HAS he not been replaced? Why is there a new generation as well as the old devotees turned out to pay homage to the leather-lovely coiled cobra-like around the hobby-horse mike-stand. Well, take a look around, pal... who else will play the great English pop lunatic, an ecstasy-seeking, lust-filled Clown Prince? The Housemartins? The Smiths? The Style Council?

Whatever their merits, no one fits the bill or continues the gauche tradition of thrill and fantasy that thrived through glam and glitter. Hence the return of the Tamworth Titan, St Julian Cope, late of the Hoffman Laroche finishing school (lysergic division). He is a romantic who fuses the flippant with the profound, a star who announces his celebrity by parking his customised mobile home (dig the coat of arms!) at the front door. He breaks the rules to let the world in on the hysterical joke of self-aggrandisement. Every generation should have one.

When last spotted in the Tear-drop twilight days, Cope's theatre of macabre sensuality threatened to collapse around his honey-smearing torso. The problem was that he was internalising rather than sharing his whimsy and mysterious mind wanderings.

But comeback fanfares seldom

have the reach or surety of 'World Shut Your Mouth' and 'Trampoline'. Thus the stage is set for Cope to make a deep and meaningful lunge for the hearts and loins of the nation with this ludicrously exuberant, funny and unashamedly *rocking* show. If he's never been so sorely needed, then it's also some time since he was so well served.

The fanciful setting invited some Bunnymac-style overload; he succumbed once with a mocking melodrama that floated to the outer reaches of cosmic crassness. The rest was immediately intoxicating stuff. His wayward tendencies are held in a firm bind by a garage band *in excelsis*, boosting the pastoral wisps of 'Strasburg' and 'St Julian' or flushing old favourites like 'Non Alignment Pact' and 'Bouncing Babies' with a regenerative urgency.

Juicy hooks, skids of surf organ, spinning flame guitar melodies, bubbling synth figures, irrefutably '80s monstercade beats match his crazed visions all the way. On the home straight Cope and co hit hyperdrive in tandem, turning 'Catherine Wheel' and 'Spacehopper' into a carousel crusade, a wiggled-out, wholly besotted climax, a glorious pop epiphany.

Terminally modest, Cope likened himself to Halley's comet. Fair enough — at times he even convinced those on the outer edges of his diehard cult of his brilliance. A rare gift, and one to be cherished.

GAVIN MARTIN



PHOTO: BLEEDING BUTCHER

Copey — the fine upstanding member for Tamworth Central



Napoleon Dynamite and the whirling wheel of hits

ELVIS COSTELLO AND THE ATTRACTIONS
ROYAL ALBERT HALL

STEVEN THE computer programmer is in his element. In black and white stripes with red kipper tie, he's sweating, shaking and singing all the words to all the songs (even the brand new ones). When he finally gets his "I Spun The Spectacular Spinning Songbook" T-shirt there's no stopping him. It matters not that he's a goon for onstage, at first glance, there appears to be four prime specimens of the species. And the great thing for Steven and his ilk is that the Attractions — crushed red velvet flares, dodgy glasses, Cope mops, epaulettes — have eternally put goons on the map, endowing even computer programmers with the semblance of humanity.

While those with faces to fit

cloth-eared A&R men's schemes increasingly fail to come up with the goods, we're forced to delve deeper into the archives for something touched with sincerity. Obviously honesty alone doesn't pay these days: lyricists are strangled in favour of a beat and celluloid sex. Elvis Costello — who always reminds me of Captain Klutz's arch-enemy Cissyman — remains the rare exception. Had the video age begun 10 years ago one wonders whether The Man With The Musical Glasses would be where he is today — taking over the Albert for two hours. (How the hell did we tolerate those 20 minute JAMC sets?)

Even when the wealth of early hits paraded here — 'Red Shoes', 'Watching The Detectives', 'Pump It Up'... — begins to wash over us and sound similar after instant recognition, the man's gem-packed poetry shines through. Over the

evening he seems to chart every put-down and personal trauma he's experienced and, far from presenting the stock rock face of strength and success, he exposes all his weaknesses (and ours). He gives the new single 'Blue Chair' minimal plugging, putting more emotional power into the likes of 'I Wanna Be Loved' and 'Blood And Chocolate'. And this is really only the beginning.

Too briefly the Attractions quit the stage, leaving Elvis to perform a moving string of acoustic songs; a plaintive 'Shipbuilding', a snatch of 'Reet Petite' and 'Jackie Wilson Said', and a perfect blend of 'New Amsterdam' with 'You've Got To Hide Your Love Away'. Of course, it's precisely because Costello doesn't hide his love away that we're all here tonight.

Then it's the Spinning Songbook and Steve the computer programmer's big chance. He can't believe

it, he's bowled over by it. He shakes the hand of the great man, then — guided by the 'tache and toupee of Mr Saviour Valentine — he climbs the golden staircase of song and gives the big wheel a twirl. Meanwhile Dynamite, with Terry Lawless towel draped over one shoulder, MCs the proceedings like a wrestling ref. It's all so beautifully tacky and self-deprecating and yet the chosen songs — 'Alison', 'Lip Service', 'The Beat', 'Everyday I Write The Book'... — are as crisp and fresh as ever.

It's hard to fathom out exactly how he manages it, how he unites pop, with music hall with ITV game show, and gets away with it. His continued strength depends on other projects, on the ability to explore new areas of music, to make old songs his own, to inspire new material. It'll never be enough for him (or us) to churn out the oldies or simply to go through the

motions; but tonight the spirit of the past and the poetic power of Costello's present made this one of the great goon shows.

LEN BROWN

CRACK
GLASGOW FURY
MURRAY'S

EXCITING TO think that this could be a band with *ideas*: a crack over the head, a slang crack signalling fun, sex, drugs; a wayward, violent, crackling criticism of the cafe-girls, stud-boys, booze-heads, band-babies, lechers and leeches.

In reality — where all is more often boring, inept and mundane — the inexplicable excitement of a band who sing songs called 'Oh Shit!' and 'Suck My Love Pump' to a beatbox flanked by two seemingly enormous black guys (arms olded and eyes probably shut behind mirror glasses) dissipated into disappointment, regret and offence.

Crack are two poke-boys around town — slush kings, pig boys, posing in a bottle of Jack Daniels and a beaver hat. Nigel Hirst (formerly drummer with The Painted Word) and Glen Gibbons (the pale frail boy guitarist with Fruits Of Passion) might promise Crack could be blistering, a shrewd observation and sardonic view of sex in Thatcher's Britain. But on this showing at least (and I doubt if there is more) they prove to be only offensive, sexist, shallow-shocking and AIDS obsessed.

Throwing handfuls of rubbers at the crowd throughout their act (which someone, with bleak predictability, blew up) they use swear words and explicit description to disturb rather than any close stabs into the psyche. That is where the unrepeatability of this lies.

Crack are a cheap thrill. Avoid them at your leisure — unless you're looking for some free johnnies.

ANGRY MILLER

NIKKI SUDDEN AND THE JACOBITES
VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE
LONDON UNIVERSITY

A DRAWL whispers in my ear, louder now and soft. It tells me to watch out for this band. I watch out — two American visions reach out to tempt; I hold aloof. Hard-nosed, snub-eared, sugar-scented (*honey*) voices which intertwine along the coarser boundaries of pop without the distraction of coyness. A *Bangly*, jangly sound, one might say. The voices transmute in a swirl of skirts, the crowd catches its breath. Two ex-Madness mayhem-seekers are there also to add a sense of occasion and a sense of timing, filling without *spilling*, coating without evoking. The Voice Of The Beehive is too smothered in saccharine, too twirling through kaleidoscopic sound and Those Petrol emotions, to succeed tonight, but this Voice could be beguiling in times to come. It's too loud... *too loud*... but the drawl've have the last say.

Nikki Sudden's voice is choked on something, and I'm not sure I approve. Supplemented by Rowland Howard (ex-Birthday Party) on guitar and Lindy Morrison (Go-Betweens) on drums and a sound engineer who seemed to take umbrage at the way he was treating his acoustic guitar, turning the noise off completely, tonight was well disappointing. The tortured hyena guitar of Howard sounded junked out, the crisp drumming of Morrison under-rehearsed. The fine songs were crushed underneath indifferent sound and Nikki's tortured stage presence, rendering the whole ineffectual for inspiration. I went, expecting solace; I departed weeping bitterly. Buy the album, buy the single but for God's sake don't buy these men a drink!

THE LEGEND!

METALLICA
METAL CHURCH
NEW YORK FELT FORUM

NOT EVERYTHING that calls itself speed metal, or thrash, or whatever they're calling it this week, is the real thing. For Metal Church, speed metal is a pose to strike. They hedge their bets. 'Here's a fast one', they say, and now 'Here's a slow one', but there is little to distinguish either approach. The break with metal-as-usual comes in the form of a certain visual simplicity, but the crunching noise is pounded out with little finesse. The crowd thought they were pretty good.

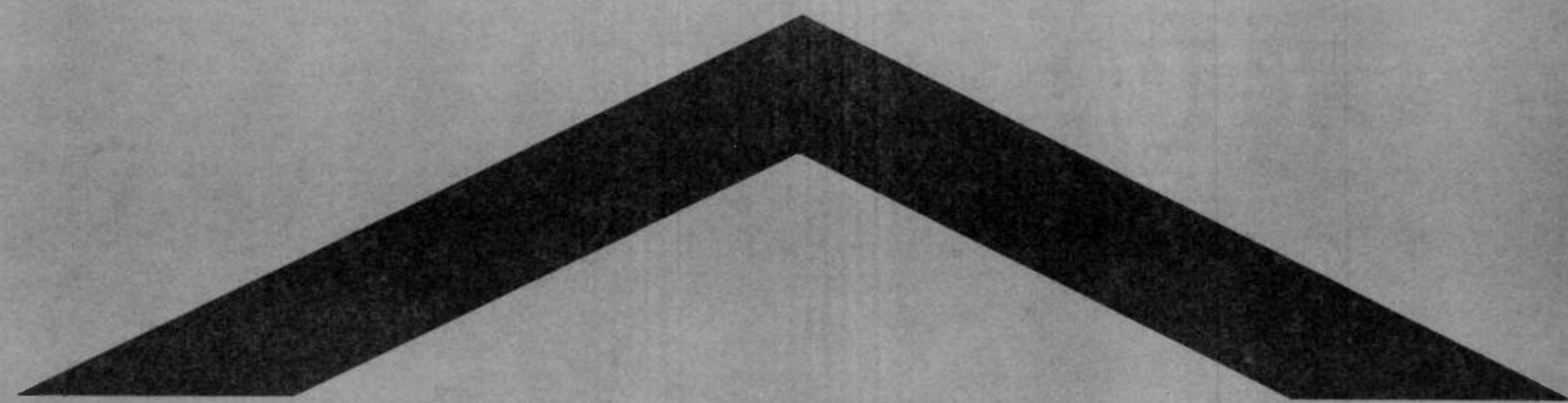
The crowd thought that Metallica were gods descended to earth. Never, even at a Springsteen show, have I seen such intense devotion. Everyone knew every word to every song, and they sang along as if mouthing hymns.

What amazed me most, though, is that this devotion is not misplaced. I'd never fancied their records, and I wasn't expecting to have such a great time. But Metallica knocked me out. They poured out the most savage, furious roar of rock noise I'd heard in ages. The band's songs deal with death, dominance and submission, but they don't seem to take any of this overly seriously. What is important to them is the unrestrained rush of guitar sound in which they wrap those gentle epistles.

Their T-shirts say things like Samhain and The Misfits, and it's obvious that Metallica have learned a lot from punk and hardcore bands of all sorts. The head-banging impetus of traditional metal is there. But the rhythmic sludge is completely exorcised, replaced by a punkish, triple-time explosion.

Only very occasionally do they yield to arena-metal passages of arty, almost progressive rock — Metallica trying to sound like Yes — and there is one useless bass solo. No one is perfect. Mostly there is just an all-enveloping blast hurtling through space at lightning speed. Powerful stuff.

RICHARD GRABEL



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And as if that weren't enough, **NME's HAT-TRICK EP** also boasts a pair of live thrillers. . .



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'The Motorcade Sped On': mixmaster **Steinski** grabs Walter Cronkite's famed commentaries on John F Kennedy's slaying in Dallas and the subsequent icing of Lee Harvey Oswald by Jack Ruby, and shoves 'em through the blender. Perfect pop pulp.

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THRILL! as Stuart Cosgrove relives the day he invented the 12" single. . .

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NME HAT-TRICK

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ADULT BOOKS Magazines, Stamp brings list. Gaylines, Dept. NME, P.O. Box 102, Bristol BS19 7PQ.

BHUNDU BOYS fan (female) from Crouch End, who met West London Male on stairs at Chelsea Gigs. Please write (Sorry about Saturday). Box No. 7548.

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GAYPEN WORLDWIDE. Exclusively Gay "Individual" Penfriend Club, Confidential, S.A.E. to BCM-GLI (N) London WC1N 3XX.

HELPI AMERICAN male, 20 in Europe/UK needs places to stay. In return will share flat in Los Angeles on your holiday. Box No. 7542.

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LONDON LESBIAN and Gay Switchboard. 01-837 7324.

MALE 23 gay straight looking non scene seeks similar 21-25 for friendship. Photo please. Southampton, Portsmouth, Bournemouth area. Box No. 7544.

PENFRIENDS USA, Canada, Europe. Send age and interests for details. Hi-Society Transglobe, PO Box 111, Leicester LE2 6FY.

PENPALS 153 Countries. Free details (S.A.E.) I.P.F. (NM1) P.O. Box 596, London SE25.

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SOUTHERN DEATH Cult/Death Cult/Cult/Getting The Fear/Into A Circle live tapes. Swap or buy, 16 Redruth Road, Walsall, West Midlands.

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DRUMMER AND Bassist required for forming band. Influences, Tear-drops, Love, etc. Female applicants particularly welcome. 485 2547.

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VOCALIST INSPIRED and original for similar band. Neil 01-358 0343.

VOCALIST/LYRICIST (17+) to complete Melodic Guitar Band, Tottenham, N. London. Phone Bernard, 0707 52590.

**MUSICAL SERVICES**

ABSOLUTELY FREE! International Songwriters Association, established 1967 in fifty countries, publishes Songwriter Magazine interviewing songwriters like Chris De-Burgh, Chris Rea, Billy Joel. Write/phone for absolutely free booklet explaining copyright, publishing, recording. International Songwriters Association (NME), 37b New Cavendish Street, London W.1. Phone 01-486 5353 (24-hour).

BADGES WORK. Ring 021 449 7196.

FREE SONGWRITERS News-sheet explains publishing copyright royalties S.A.E. Society International Songwriters Composers 12 Trewartha Road, Penzance TR20 9ST, England (0736) 762826.

POETRY WANTED for free distribution book Get Known '87. Free details S.A.E. Century Press (Sussex), 113 Kipling Avenue, Goring, Sussex.

SONGWRITER DEMOS £30.00 S.A.E. for details. 6 Minfrwd Llan-fairpwll Anglesea, Gwynedd.

GIG GUIDE

FROM PAGE 37

Manchester The Broadwalk: **Happy Mondays/Inspiral Carpets**
Manchester M19 The Midway: **The SA's**
Manchester University: **Fountainhead**
Newcastle City Hall: **Elvis Costello**
Newcastle-upon-Tyne Broken Doll: **Evil Mothers/Oxymorons**
Newcastle-upon-Tyne Riverside: **Crush**
Newport (Gwent) Caerleon Hall: **Billy Bragg/Attacco Decente**
Northampton Old Five Bells: **Into A Circle/Laughing Mothers/The Hunters Club**
Portsmouth Basins: **Howlin' Wilf And The Vee Jays**
Sheffield Leadmill: **The Band Of Holy Joy**
Southend Reids: **Hedgehog**
Swansea Leisure Centre: **Skin Video**
Tredegar The T.A.: **Born Sinners**
Warrington Lion Hotel: **DRN**
Weymouth Verdis: **The Glee Club**
Wolverhampton Scruples: **The Queerboys**

SUNDAY 1

Blythe Buffalo Centre: **Chumbawamba/The Next World/Heavy Discipline**
Bradford Spotted House: **Valerie Bloom/John Row's Sound Proposition**
Brentwood Heermit Club: **Teddy Edwards**
Brighton Old Vic: **Send For Kelly**
Chichester Festival Theatre: **Fairport Convention**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Roy Peters** (lunchtime)
Croydon Underground: **The Christians**
Dundee Fat Sam's: **Hurrah**
Farnham Maltings: **Guo Brothers/Jo-Ann Kelly and Pete Emery**
Glasgow Cotton Club: **The Stamp Collectors**
Harlow The Square: **Humphrey Lyttelton**
Leeds Duchess Of York: **The Dance**
Leicester Phoenix: **The Bhundu Boys**
Limerick Savoy: **Stump**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jail Hed Rack**
London Catford Black Horse: **Premier Jazz Band**
London Finchley Torrington: **Howlin' Wilf And The Vee-Jays**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Iggy Quall** (lunchtime)/**Manic Depressive's** Disco (evening)
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Whiplash Girls/Honeymoon Killers**
London Fulham The Swan: **The Reactors**
London Greenwich Trident Theatre: **Nola Rae and John Mowat**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **The Mighty Flyers**
London Islington Rosemary Branch: **North London Jazz Factory**
London SE8 The Albany Empire: **Cayenne/Bolo Bolo**
London Wood Green Trade Union Centre: **Ann Seagrave and Oscar McLennon/Kevin McAleer/John Byrnes**
London W1 Palladium: **The Judds**
London W1 Portman Inter-Continental Hotel: **Dave Rogers Quartet**
London WC1 The Yorkshire Grey: **Georgia Jazzband**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Leaders**
Peebles Cross Keys: **Chasar**
Sheffield The Leadmill: **5th Of Heaven**
Southampton Nuffield Centre: **Robert Fripp And The League Of Crafty Guitarists**
Southend Cliff Pavilion: **Nik Kershaw**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Joan Collins Fan Club/Steve Edgar/Barb Jung and Michael Parker**
Watford Pumphouse: **Culture Vultures** (lunchtime)

Wells Somerset, Bath And West Showground: **Billy Bragg/Attacco Decente**

MONDAY 2

Barnstaple Queens Hall: **Robert Fripp And The League Of Crafty Guitarists**
Brighton Polytechnic: **The Christians**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Red Gallery**
Edinburgh The Venue: **Hurrah**
Exeter St George's Hall: **Billy Bragg/Attacco Decente**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Fairport Convention**
Harlow The Square: **Michael Melancholy/Beverly Bell/Dreenagh Darrell**
London Camberwell Union Tavern: **Under The Gun/Melitations/The Cement Garden**
London Camden Dingwalls: **The Fortunate Sons/The Silme Tones/Take The Fool**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Desmond Dekker**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Every Second Counts/Timothy London**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Circus Circus/Zimlico**
London Islington Red Bull: **Mississippi Slow Jim**
London NW5 Bull And Gate: **Toussaints/The Chairs/Darling Reg/Clay People**
London Putney Half Moon: **The Mighty Flyers**
London SW1 ICA: **Loose Tubes/District 6/Jim Mullen/John Taylor/Kenny Wheeler/Jazz Section**
London W1 100 Club: **Dog Town Rhythm/Amanaman/Soul Agents**
London W1 Wag Club: **Robin Jones and King Sales**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Leaders**
Northampton Dergate Centre: **Shirazi Jazz**
Southend Reids: **Fragile**

TUESDAY 3

Brighton Royal Escape Club: **The Regular Guys**
Cardiff St David's Hall: **Elvis Costello**
Charing Queen's Head: **Premier Jazz Band**
Cheltenham Town Hall: **Baby Tuckoo/Chrome Molly**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Secret Society**
Dublin Baggott Inn: **Stump**
Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Fairport Convention**
Leeds University: **Microdianey**
Llangollen Maxines: **Humphrey Lyttelton Band**
London Camberwell Union Tavern: **The Love Triangle/Beautiful Strangers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Big Boy's Shorts/Fleurs De Mal/Under Ice**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Jayne County/Stormed**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Herman Herd/Eva Valve**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Luther Vandross**
London Kentish Town Town And Country Club: **Nik Kershaw/T'pau**
London NW5 Bull And Gate: **No Corridor/The Dreams/Altered States**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Mighty Flyers**
Manchester Withington Mulberry's: **5th Of Heaven**
Newcastle-upon-Tyne Riverside: **Hurrah!**
Nottingham Rock City: **FM/White Sister**
Southend Reids: **Chris Black And The Black Cats**

STREET SOUNDS WINNERS

To celebrate last summer's Streets Sounds first UK FRESH jam-down at Wembley, NME and the Street Sounds label joined together for a vinyl throwdown and a chance to win armfuls of Street Sounds compilations.

So who won what?
Who staggers away with a first prize of—
Volumes 1–17 in the Street Sounds series *plus*
Volumes 1–12 in the Hip Hop/Electro series *plus* two volumes of Jazz Juice—in total 31 LPs?

Well, come on down RHOBAT BRYN of Barrhead, Glasgow who answered these three questions correctly:

- 1) Big Hank is a member of The Sugarhill Gang
- 2) The DMX drum machine provided 'One For The Treble' hitmaker Davey with his name.
- 3) Grandmaster Flash delivered 'The Message'.

The second correct entry and the winner of Volumes 1–17 in the Street Sounds series is SANDRA LAWRENCE of Clifton, Nottingham.

The third all correct entry and the winner of 10 LPs of their choice from the Street Sounds/Hip Hop/Electro series is KAPIL BHARGAVA of CAMBRIDGE.

The following 10 runners up will each receive a Street Sounds LP Ben Tidsall (Haringay, London), Gary Rochford (Wythenshawe, Manchester), Namit Kathoria (Reading), Paul Murphy (Victoria, London), Simon Gray (Cambridge), Richard Horsman (Glasgow), Matthew Best (Soho, London), Jonas Hawkins (Tiverton, Devon), Gordon Taylor (Alvaston, Derby), Paul Roberts (Bispham, Blackpool).

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It's only 30p per word to advertise in NME classifieds.

NME CHARTS



Councillors at play. Photo LFI.

45s

INDEPENDENT

LPs

1	1	KISS	Age Of Chance (Fon)
2	2	INTO THE GROOVE(Y)	Ciccone Youth (Blast First)
3	5	STURMO	Wiseblood (Some Bizzare)
4	4	SOMETIMES	Erasure (Mute)
5	3	PEEL SESSION	Joy Division (Strange Fruit)
6	7	POPPYCOCK	Pop Will Eat Itself (Chapter 22)
7	16	CUBIST POP MANIFESTO	Big Flame (Ron Johnson)
8	6	REALLY STUPID	The Primitives (Lazy)
9	12	SERPENT'S KISS	The Mission (Chapter 22)
10	11	STEAMING TRAIN	Talulah Gosh (53rd & 3rd)
11	10	HANG TEN/JUST MIND YOUR STEP	Soup Dragons (Raw)
12	19	BEATNIK BOY	Talulah Gosh (53rd & 3rd)
13	13	LIKE A HURRICANE	The Mission (Chapter 22)
14	24	EVERYTHING'S GROOVY	Gaye Bykers On Acid (In Tape)
15	14	SHAKE DRILL EP	Wire (Mute)
16	9	GOING TO HEAVEN TO SEE IF IT RAINS	Close Lobsters (Fire)
17	15	COMPETELY AND UTTERLY	The Chesterfields (Subway)
18	27	I LOVE MY RADIO	Taffy (Transglobal)
19	8	THROWAWAY	Mighty Mighty (Chapter 22)
20	(-)	WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD	BMX Bandits (53rd & 3rd)
21	23	PEEL SESSION	The Ruts (Strange Fruit)
22	29	A LONELY PLACE	Smithereens (Enigma)
23	21	ASK	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
24	22	BIZARRE LOVE TRIANGLE	New Order (Factory)
25	(-)	SATURDAY NIGHT	Schoolly D (Rhythm King)
26	(-)	SHAKE IT DOWN	Chat Show (Federation)
27	28	PEEL SESSION	The Wedding Present (Strange Fruit)
28	17	ANAL STAIRCASE	Coil (K422)
29	26	PLEASE DON'T SANDBLAST MY HOUSE	1000 Violins (Dreamworld)
30	(-)	WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW	Stitched Back Foot Airman (Eat)

1	1	BEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACY	The Dead Kennedys (Alternative Tentacles)
2	2	PICTURES OF STARVING CHILDREN	Chumbawamba (Agit Prop)
3	4	HIT BY HIT	The Godfathers (Corporate Image)
4	3	QUICK OUT	Stamp (Stuff)
5	5	THE QUEEN IS DEAD	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
6	6	YOUR FUNERAL... MY TRIAL	Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds (Mute)
7	8	COS	Various (NME/Rough Trade)
8	17	TAKE THE SUBWAY	Various (Subway)
9	7	THE MOON AND THE MEMORIES	Cocteau Twins/Budd (4AD)
10	14	WONDERLAND	Erasure (Mute)
11	26	ON THE BOARDWALK	Ted Hawkins (Brave)
12	10	BROTHERHOOD	New Order (Factory)
13	11	WHAT'S IN A WORD	The Brilliant Corners (SS20)
14	9	IN THE PINES	The Triffids (Hot)
15	(-)	SHADON	Bhundu Boys (Disque Afrique)
16	15	MISERABLE SINNERS	The Creepers (In Tape)
17	12	LONE SHARKS	Guana Batz (ID)
18	18	BLOOD AND CHOCOLATE	Elvis Costello (Imp)
19	29	STOMPING AT CLUB FOOT VOL 3 & 4	Various (ABC)
20	23	SUN FAMILY	Balaam And The Angel (Chapter 22)
21	(-)	HAMMER PARTY	Big Black (Homestead)
22	27	WATCH YOUR STEP	Ted Hawkins (Gulf)
23	13	ATOMISER	Big Black (Homestead)
24	22	SNOKE SIGNALS	MDC (Radical)
25	19	BACK IN THE DRSS	Half Man Half Biscuit (Probe Plus)
26	30	IDEAL GUESTHOUSE	Various (Shelter)
27	16	RETARDS PICNIC	The Stupids (Cor)
28	(-)	FORCE	A Certain Ratio (Factory)
29	(-)	THIRD ALBUM	Camper Van Beethoven (Rough Trade)
30	28	FLAIEEE AND SHADOW	This Mortal Coil (4AD)

45s

UK TOP FIFTY

LPs

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK			WEEKS IN	HIGHEST
1	4	C'EST LA VIE	Robbie Nevil (Manhattan/EMI)	4	1
2	2	JACK YOUR BODY	Steve 'Silk' Hurley (London)	3	2
3	1	REET PETITE	Jackie Wilson (SMP)	7	1
4	3	IS THIS LOVE?	Alison Moyet (CBS)	9	2
5	6	SURRENDER	Swing Out Sister (Mercury/Phonogram)	3	5
6	7	NO MORE THE FOOL	Elkie Brooks (Legend)	5	6
7	5	BIG FUN	The Gap Band (Total Experience)	6	5
8	8	HYMN TO HER	The Pretenders (Real)	8	8
9	9	IT DIDN'T MATTER	The Style Council (Polydor)	3	9
10	16	WASTELAND	The Mission (Mercury)	3	10
11	11	REAL WILD CHILD	Iggy Pop (A&M)	6	11
12	24	SOMETHING IN MY HOUSE	Dead Or Alive (Epic)	3	12
13	23	THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE	Siouxsie And The Banshees (Wonderland)	3	13
14	27	WALKING DOWN YOUR STREET	Bangles (CBS)	3	14
15	28	RAT IN MY KITCHEN	UB40 (Dep Int)	3	15
16	40	DOWN TO EARTH	Curiosity Killed The Cat (Mercury)	2	16
17	45	HEARTACHE	Pepsi & Shirie (Polydor)	2	17
18	22	TRAMPOLINE	Julian Cope (Island)	3	18
19	38	ALMAZ	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	4	19
20	(-)	I KNEW YOU WERE WAITING	George Michael & Aretha Franklin (Epic)	1	20
21	30	I LOVE MY RADIO	Taffy (Transglobal)	3	21
22	10	SOMETIMES	Erasure (Mute)	12	2
23	41	L.O.U.	Freeze (City Beat)	2	21
24	14	OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY	Gary Moore (10)	6	14
25	37	JACK THE GROOVE	Raze (Champion)	2	25
26	18	BALLERINA GIRL	Lionel Richie (Motown)	5	18
27	35	YOU SEXY THING	Hot Chocolate (EMI)	2	27
28	12	CARAVAN OF LOVE	The Housemartins (Go! Discs)	8	1
29	31	KISS	Age Of Chance (Fon)	3	29
30	32	LAND OF CONFUSION	Genesis (Virgin)	9	15
31	34	ONCE BITTEN TWICE SHY	Vesta Williams (A&M)	3	31
32	25	THE BOY IN THE BUBBLE	Paul Simon (Warner Bros)	6	19
33	13	CITY WOLF	A Ha (Warner Bros)	8	4
34	46	MAGIC SMILE	Rosie Vela (A&M)	2	34
35	48	SOUL MAN	Sam Moore/Lou Reed (A&M)	2	35
36	(-)	BEST KEPT SECRET	China Crisis (Virgin)	1	36
37	RE	BEHIND THE MASK	Eric Clapton (Duck)	1	37
38	(-)	SLOW TRAIN TO DAWN	The The (Some Bizzare)	1	38
39	29	SO COLD THE NIGHT	The Communards (London)	8	6
40	30	SHAKE YOU DOWN	Gregory Abbott (CBS)	8	6
41	15	THE RAIN	Oran "Juice" Jones (Def Jam)	10	5
42	(-)	BACK IN THE HIGH LIFE AGAIN	Steve Winwood (Island)	1	42
43	36	VICTORY	Kool & the Gang (Club)	2	36
44	19	THE FINAL COUNTDOWN	Europe (Epic)	12	1
45	42	THE MIRACLE OF LOVE	The Eurythmics (RCA)	8	18
46	(-)	TRouble TOWN	Daintees (Kitchenware)	1	46
47	(-)	FACTS AND FIGURES	Hugh Cornwell (Virgin)	1	47
48	RE	MUSIC OF THE NIGHT	Michael Crawford And Sarah Brightman (Polydor)	1	48
49	(-)	CROSS THAT BRIDGE	Ward Bros. (Siren)	1	49
50	17	OPEN YOUR HEART	Madonna (Sire)	7	3

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK			WEEKS IN	HIGHEST
1	1	GRACELAND	Paul Simon (Warner Bros)	8	1
2	2	THE WHOLE STORY	Kate Bush (EMI)	10	2
3	16	THE HOUSE OF BLUE LIGHT	Deep Purple (Polydor)	2	3
4	6	LIVE MAGIC	Queen (EMI)	29	1
5	4	TRUE BLUE	Madonna (Sire)	29	1
6	5	SLIPPERY WHEN WET	Bon Jovi (Vertigo)	19	4
7	9	DIFFERENT LIGHT	The Bangles (CBS)	7	7
8	13	GET CLOSE	The Pretenders (Real/WEA)	4	8
9	3	NOW VIN	Various (EMI/Virgin)	19	1
10	7	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE	The Police (A&M)	12	1
11	11	SWEET FREEDOM	Michael McDonald (Warner Bros)	9	10
12	10	REVENGE	Eurythmics (RCA)	29	2
13	27	THE VERY BEST OF ELKIE BROOKS	Elkie Brooks (Telstar)	2	13
14	30	NO MORE THE FOOL	Elkie Brooks (Legend)	4	14
15	17	AUGUST	Eric Clapton (Duck)	8	14
16	15	FORE!	Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)	7	9
17	14	LONDON 0 HULL 4	The Housemartins (Go! Discs)	6	12
18	22	BROTHERS IN ARMS	Dire Straits (Vertigo)	84	1
19	25	LIVE ALIVE	Stevie Ray Vaughan (Epic)	2	19
20	28	GOD'S OWN MEDICINE	The Mission (Mercury)	2	20
21	8	SILK AND STEEL	Five Star (Tent/RCA)	22	2
22	20	THE COMMUNARDS	The Communards (London)	6	15
23	46	DISCO	Pet Shop Boys (Parlophone)	8	11
24	18	SCOUNDREL DAYS	A Ha (Warner Bros)	14	2
25	RE	INVISIBLE TOUCH	Genesis (Virgin)	1	25
26	31	COUNT THREE AND PRAY	Berlin (Mercury)	2	26
27	40	DANCING ON THE CEILING	Lionel Richie (Motown)	4	27
28	33	RAPTURE	Anita Baker (Elektra)	9	28
29	12	MTS V	Various (CBS/WEA/RCA)	10	1
30	32	SURFACE	Surface (CBS)	2	30
31	19	INFECTED	The The (Some Bizzare)	9	10
32	21	THE FINAL COUNTDOWN	Europe (Epic)	10	16
33	50	BEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACY	The Dead Kennedys (Alternative Tentacles)	2	33
34	39	SUZANNE VEGA	Suzanne Vega (A&M)	3	30
35	29	THE FINAL	Wham! (Epic)	7	18
36	(-)	BLAH BLAH BLAH	Iggy Pop (A&M)	1	36
37	(-)	STARBRIGHT	Womack & Womack (Manhattan)	1	37
38	(-)	HOUSE SOUND OF CHICAGO	Various (D.J. Int)	1	38
39	RE	WHITNEY HOUSTON	Whitney Houston (Arista)	1	39
40	(-)	ZAZU	Rosie Vela (A&M)	1	40
41	49	A KIND OF MAGIC	Queen (EMI)	3	41
42	(-)	A CHANGE OF HEART	David Sanbourn (Warners)	1	42
43	(-)	CRUCIAL ELECTRO 3	Various (Streetsounds)	1	43
44	26	THE SINGING DETECTIVE	Various (BBC)	5	14
45	35	CROOKED MILE	Microdisney (Virgin)	3	35
46	(-)	PLACIDO DOMINGO COLLECTION	Placido Domingo (Stylus)	1	46
47	RE	BACK IN THE HIGH LIFE	Steve Winwood (Island)	1	47
48	RE	RAT IN THE KITCHEN	UB40 (Dep Int)	1	48
49	48	GIVE ME THE REASON	Luther Vandross (Epic)	3	31
50	34	LICENSED TO ILL	The Beastie Boys (Def Jam)	2	34

DANCEFLOOR

20

1	THE CHAMP	The Mohawks (Pama)
2	GOTTA FIND A WAY	Russ Brown (10)
3	C'MON AND SWIM	Bobby Freeman (Autumn)
4	WHAT IT IS	Garrett Mimmis The Trucking Co. (Krista)
5	JACK THE BASS	Jackmaster Dick (Trax)
6	ROCK ME AGAIN (AND AGAIN AND AGAIN)	Lyn Collins (People)
7	PLEASURE CONTROL	On The House (Bright Star)
8	LOVE DON'T COME EASY	The New Jersey Connection (Nitelife)
9	KEEP ON KEEPIN' ON	N. F. Porter (SOS)
10	FEVER	Trini Lopez (Reprise)
11	IF YOU CAN'T BEAT THEM	Jim Bennett And The Right Directions (Future)
12	FUNKY DRUMMER	James Brown (Ling)
13	LET THE MUSIC MOVE U	Raze (Champion)
14	(RETURN TO THE VALLEY OF) BUT COME THE GREATS	Was Not Was (Geffen)
15	THE BEAST	Milt Buckner (Capitol)
16	FUNKY MASSAN	Ray Munnings (Tammi)
17	YOU'VE BEEN CHEATING	The Impressions (ABC)
18	IT'S OK	The Force (Rhythm King)
19	BONGO ROCK	Preston Epps (Joy)
20	MONEY (THAT'S WHAT I WANT)	Barret Strong (Motown)

As played by Michael & Jon Boy at E & W's Ferndale Rd, Clapham, London - the men with the four way Hips!

FUNK

20

1	NO LIES	S.O.S. Band US 12" (Tabu)
2	ONLY IN MY DREAMS	Debbie Gibson US 12" (Atlantic)
3	LOVES TRUCK	Projection UK 12" (Elite)
4	THE CHAMP	Mohawks UK 12" (Pama)
5	I FOUND LOVE	Darlene Davis (Remix) US 12" (Take One)
6	LOOKING FOR A NEW LOVE	Jody Watley US 12" (MCA)
7	NOBODY'S BUSINESS	Billie UK 12" (Club)
8	DEEPER LOVE	Mel'sa Morgan US 12" (Capitol)
9	HEATSTROKE	Janice Christie UK 12" (London)
10	SOMETHING ABOUT YOU	Vesta Williams US 12" (A&M)
11	LOWDOWN SO & SO	Rainy Davis US 12" (Columbia)
12	DELICIOUS	Lisa O US 12" (Blue Heron)
13	SAVE THE BEST FOR ME	Banny Debarge US 12" (Gordy)
14	TURN ME LOOSE	Wally Jump Jnr US 12" (Criminal)
15	LITTLE BIT OF LOVE	Judy La Rose UK 12" (Champion)
16	JACKIN'	HOME WRECKERS (UK 12") (Champion)
17	EVERY LITTLE BIT	Millie Scot US 12" (4th & Broadway)
18	LOVE IS A NATURAL, MAGIC THING	Laurie Miller US (MMIM)
19	HOLDING BACK	Paradise Girls US 12"
20	SATURDAY NIGHT	Schoolly D UK 12" (Flame Records)

Chart courtesy of Record Shack, Berwick St., W1

REGGAE

45s

1	RING UP MY NUMBER	Kenny Knots (Unity)
2	ROCK WITH ME BABY	Winsome And Nerious Joseph (Fine Style)
3	FOOTSTOMPIN MUSIC	Administrators (Groove & 1/4)
4	CRAZY LOVE	Maxi Priest (10)
5	LATELY	The Naturalites (Realistic)
6	AGONY	Pinchers (Live & Love)
7	READY FOR THE DANCE HALL	Peter Bouncer (Unity)
8	KING IN SHINING ARMOUR	Debbie Gee (UK Bubbler)
9	COME FOLLOW ME	Barry Boom (On Top)
10	FALL FOR YOU	Peter Honingale (Streetvibes)
11	PLEASE MR PLEASE	Barbara Jones (Charms)
12	GOLDEN TOUCH	Janet Kenton (High Power)
13	READY AND WAITING	Michael Gordon (Fine Style)
14	DON'T HAVE TO FIGHT	One Blood (Level Vibes)
15	RAMBO	Jr Wilson (Rockers Plantation)
16	BANG A RANG	Horace Andy (Rockers Plantation)
17	I AM YOUR LOVER	Frankie Paul (Fingers)
18	EASTERN PROMISE	Augustus Pablo (Mango)
19	HOOKED ON YOU	Aswad (Simba)
20	DANCE HALL VIBES	Mikey General (Digikid)

Charts by Dub Vendor, 274 Lavender Hill, London SW11

US

45s

- 1 AT THIS MOMENT Billy Vera And The Beaters (Rhino)
- 2 C'EST LA VIE Robbie Nevil (Manhattan)
- 3 SHAKE YOU DOWN Gregory Abbott (Columbia)
- 4 OPEN YOUR HEART Madonna (Sire)
- 5 CONTROL Janet Jackson (A&M)
- 6 LAND OF CONFUSION Genesis (Atlantic)
- 7 SOMEDAY Glass Tiger (Manhattan)
- 8 CHANGE OF HEART Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)
- 9 IS THIS LOVE Survivor (Scotti Bros)
- 10 VICTORY Kool And The Gang (Mercury)
- 11 WALK LIKE AN EGYPTIAN The Bangles (Columbia)
- 12 TOUCH ME Samantha Fox (Jive)
- 13 NOTORIOUS Duran Duran (Capitol)
- 14 KEEP YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELF Georgia Satellites (Elektra)
- 15 LIVIN' ON A PRAYER Bon Jovi (Mercury)

US

LPs

- 1 SLIPPERY WHEN WET Bon Jovi (Mercury)
- 2 LIVE 1975-1985 Bruce Springsteen And The E Street Band (Columbia)
- 3 THIRD STAGE Boston (MCA)
- 4 DIFFERENT LIGHT Bangles (Columbia)
- 5 THE WAY IT IS Bruce Hornsby And The Range (RCA)
- 6 NIGHT SONGS Cinderella (Mercury)
- 7 TRUE BLUE Madonna (Sire)
- 8 FORE! Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)
- 9 DANCING ON THE CEILING Lionel Richie (Motown)
- 10 CONTROL Janet Jackson (A&M)
- 11 LICENCED TO ILL Beastie Boys (Def Jam)
- 12 RAISING HELL Run DMC (Profile)
- 13 NOTORIOUS Duran Duran (Capitol)
- 14 GRACELAND Paul Simon (Warner Bros)
- 15 INVISIBLE TOUCH Genesis (Atlantic)

Charts courtesy Billboard

UK SOUL

10



Eddy Grant (top right) and his unEqualed clowns.
Photo Camera Press.

- 1 BABY COME BACK The Equals (President)
- 2 BREAKING DOWN THE WALLS OF HEARTACHE Johnny Johnson And The Bandwagon (Direction)
- 3 MAMA USED TO SAY Junior (Phonogram)
- 4 IN TENSION Hi Tension (Island)
- 5 CHILDREN OF THE GHETTO Real Thing (Pye)
- 6 NO CONVERSATION View From The Hill (EMI)
- 7 BLACK SKINNED BLUE-EYED BOY The Equals (President)
- 8 BROTHER LOU Hot Chocolate (RAK)
- 9 LONDON TOWN Light Of The World (Phonogram)
- 10 MARBLE AND IRON Jimmy James And The Vagabonds (EMI)

Chart by NME's Vagabonds

GEORGE JONES 10

- 1 TAKE ME TO YOUR WORLD Tammy Wynette (Epic)
- 2 OLD SIDE OF TOWN Tom T Hall (Mercury)
- 3 I LOVE YOU BECAUSE Leon Payne (Capitol)
- 4 YOU WIN AGAIN Hank Williams (MGM)
- 5 HEAVEN'S JUST A SIN AWAY The Kendalls (Ovation)
- 6 ALWAYS LATE Lefty Frizzell (CBS)
- 7 MAKING BELIEVE Emmylou Harris (Warner)
- 8 BLUE MOON OF KENTUCKY Bill Monroe (MCA)
- 9 CRAZY ARMS Ray Price (CBS)
- 10 IT'S SUCH A PRETTY WORLD TODAY Wynn Stewart (Capitol)

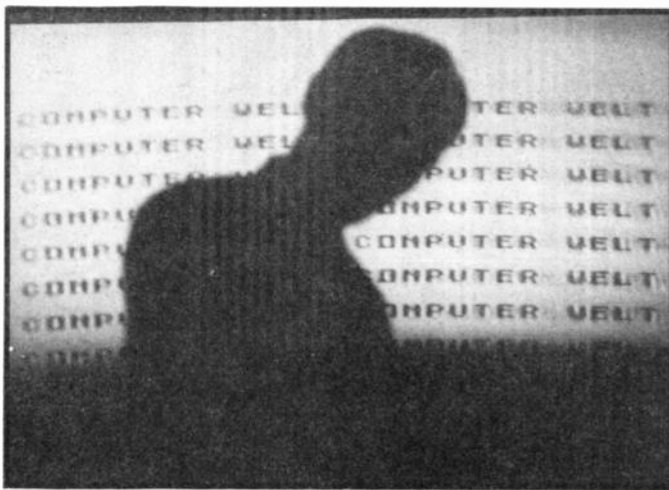
The great man's all-time faves.

DAY IN THE LIFE 10

- 1 THE ALARM Orange Juice (Polydor)
- 2 BREAKFAST TIME The Jazz Butcher (Glass)
- 3 GROOVING IN THE BUS LANE Swans (K422)
- 4 JOB Bogshed (Help Yourself)
- 5 MORNING SIR The Jam (Polydor)
- 6 HERE COMES THE WEEKEND The Mekons (Virgin)
- 7 WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO TONIGHT? The Cure (Fiction)
- 8 SERIOUS DRINKING Dead Kennedys (SST)
- 9 LET'S GO TO BED Dead Kennedys (SST)
- 10 TOO DRUNK TO FUCK Dead Kennedys (SST)

Timetable by Susan Robins, Hollywood, California

LEST WE FORGET



A wrecking computer lover.

5 YEARS AGO

- 1 THE MODEL/COMPUTER LOVE Kraftwerk (EMI)
- 2 THE LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE Bucks Fizz (RCA)
- 3 OH! JULIE Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
- 4 BEING BOILED The Human League (EMI)
- 5 GET DOWN ON IT Kool And The Gang (De-Lite)
- 6 GOLDEN BROWN The Stranglers (Liberty)
- 7 I'LL FIND MY WAY HOME Jon And Vangelis (Polydor)
- 8 DEADRINGER Meatloaf (Epic)
- 9 DON'T YOU WANT ME The Human League (Virgin)
- 10 DROWNING IN BERLIN Mobiles (Rialto)

10 YEARS AGO

- 1 DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA Julie Covington (MCA)
- 2 DON'T GIVE UP ON US David Soul (Private Stock)
- 3 SIDE SHOW Barry Biggs (Dynamic)
- 4 YOU'RE MORE THAN A NUMBER The Drifters (Arista)
- 5 I WISH Stevie Wonder (Motown)
- 6 ISN'T SHE LOVELY David Parton (Pye)
- 7 THINGS WE DO FOR LOVE 10cc (Mercury)
- 8 WILD SIDE OF LIFE Status Quo (Vertigo)
- 9 DADDY COOL Boney M (Atlantic)
- 10 CAR WASH Rose Royce (MCA)

15 YEARS AGO

- 1 I'D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING New Seekers (Polydor)
- 2 MOTHER OF MINE Neil Reid (Decca)
- 3 HORSE WITH NO NAME America (Warner Bros)
- 4 BRAND NEW KEY Melanie (Buddah)
- 5 STAY WITH ME The Faces (Warner Bros)
- 6 I JUST CAN'T HELP BELIEVING Elvis Presley (RCA)
- 7 WHERE DID OUR LOVE GO Donnie Elbert (London)
- 8 MORNING HAS BROKEN Cat Stevens (Island)
- 9 LET'S STAY TOGETHER Al Green (London)
- 10 SLEEPY SHORES Johnny Pearson (Penny Farthing)

20 YEARS AGO

- 1 I'M A BELIEVER The Monkees (RCA)
- 2 MATTHEW AND SON Cat Stevens (Decca)
- 3 GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME Tom Jones (Decca)
- 4 NIGHT OF FEAR The Move (Deram)
- 5 LET'S SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER The Rolling Stones (Decca)
- 6 STANDING IN THE SHADOWS OF LOVE The Four Tops (Tamla-Motown)
- 7 HAPPY JACK The Who (Reaction)
- 8 HEY JOE The Jimi Hendrix Experience (Polydor)
- 9 I'VE BEEN A BAD BAD BOY Paul Jones (HMV)
- 10 MORNINTOWN RIDE Seekers (Columbia)

FRED FACT

OKAY, LET's hear it for your friend, my friend, and Bowie's long-time buddy, Iggy Pop, who, after 19 years of trying, has finally got himself a Top 20 single – his first in either the UK or the States. The story begins further back than that, however. Back in 1935, in fact. In that year, in the Sydney suburb of Waverley, bandleader Ray O'Keefe became the proud dad of a son who was promptly dubbed John Michael. For a while, he and his father ran a furniture store. But in '56 Johnny O'Keefe opted for rockin' wares in place of rocking chairs and became Oz's first distinctive rock singer, a year later cutting 'You Hit The Wrong Note, Billy Goat', a song sent to him by Bill Haley. A poor seller, it was only surpassed in terms of non-sales by his second single, which shifted just 350 copies.

But in 1958 he became the first Aussie rock act to hit the local pop charts when 'Wild One', a cut from his 'Shakin' At The Stadium' EP, suddenly went bigger than Foster's. The song, penned by O'Keefe and a couple of DJs, was heard by Buddy Holly and The Crickets, who were touring down-under. When The Crickets returned to Clovis, New Mexico, they decided they'd like to grab a piece of the action. Accordingly, they recorded O'Keefe's hit under the title 'Real Wild Child', with the lead vocal chores being handled by drummer Jerry Allison, Holly merely providing the back-up vocals along with a group called The Roses. The resulting single wasn't labelled with either Holly's or The Crickets' name but, for some oddball reason, appeared in the catalogues as by 'Ivan', which was Allison's middle name. "I was going to do it like James Cagney," Allison later recalled, "but it just didn't work." Whatever his vocal approach, the record became a minor US hit in the Fall of '58, by which time James Newell Osterberg of Ypsilanti, Michigan, was about 11 years old. Later Osterberg turned up in Detroit as Iggy Stooze, made his debut with The Stooges at an Ann Arbor Halloween concert, rubbing peanut butter and raw meat all over his torso and scraping his skin with broken glass. But by 1970 it was all over and Iggy retired for a year in an attempt to kick his drug habit. It was then that Bowie first attempted to relaunch the Ig's career, producing the crunching 'Raw Power' album, but pausing while Iggy committed himself to an asylum in 1975. Since then, the Pop and Bowie careers have frequently intertwined, the twosome writing 'China Girl', Bowie's 1983 biggie. And now Iggy's got a chart hit of his own. But what of Johnny O'Keefe, the original 'Wild Child'? Well, he died in 1978 from a massive heart-attack, a reported 3,000 people attending a requiem mass held for him.

Fred Dellar

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UTENSIL

EDITED BY JANE SOLANAS. TORPID TONGS BY ANNE RUTH SYMONS.
SEND YOUR LETTERS TO UTENSIL, NME EDITORIAL, COMMONWEALTH
HOUSE, 1-19 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON WC1A 1NG.

SAGES SPEAK

Re. The Pet Shop Boys debate... There is absolutely no 'moral' duty for anybody to declare their sexuality: there is, of course, a very good argument that people in positions of public prominence should where relevant, but in the end it is an individual decision which should be respected. Who are you, and I'm afraid, who is Jimmy Sommerville to judge? I fundamentally mistrust your motives. You attempt to be so right-on but half the time you're just like all other tabloids: over-exercised by gossip, muck-raking and witch hunts.

As a practising journalist, I'm not immune to this but I've learnt from my mistakes. The point is: if someone wants to tell you about their sexuality, then that's fine; if they don't, how dare you insinuate them into it. Alan Jackson's feature was a model of mealy-mouthed closetry on the part of the journalist, not the performers. Its juxtaposition next to the Communards interview was a sleight of hand worthy of the tabloids you so despise...

Jon Savage, Elgin Avenue, London.

Well, one thing's for sure. NOBODY cares if you're a lesbian or not. We don't exist! —J.S.

I was very flattered that Seething Wells thinks your readers would be interested in that old photo of me on a Vespa at the premiere of Quadrophonia. Imagine my delight when he found a use for it in the Fight Against Apartheid.

Unfortunately the problems of South Africa are very serious and Artists Against Apartheid cannot accept money raised in a way that might seem to trivialise the situation. If any readers were really thinking of sending money to the raffle of that photo, the editor has agreed to refund them.

Instead they could send a donation to the ANC or SWAPO or a subscription to the Anti-Apartheid Movement, 13 Mandela St, London, NW1 0DB. For this they will get literature and a copy of *Anti-Apartheid News* every month for a year (£3.50 unwaged, £5.00 students, £9.00 waged, £12.00 couples). Thanks, Jerry Dammers, Artists Against Apartheid

BEASTIE BOYS. REVENGE OF THE PUNTERS!

You may have this trendy new Socialist profile, *NME*, and you may have a few intelligent women journalists, even the odd Gay running amok—but, Christ, when you blow it, you blow it. Putting the Beastie Boys on the cover and devoting a two-page colour spread to their sexist ravings was a real low. Why don't you practice what you preach, *NME*?

Eileen Becher, Seaford, Sussex.

I don't care if the Beastie Boys make the greatest music in the universe, they are the sewage pipes of rock. Just one more symptom of America's reactionary cancer. Right up there with the other hip-hop cavemen *NME* keeps encouraging us to spend our cash on. Shame on you.

Stephen Royffe, Burry Port, Llanelli.

Please don't use Rob Tannenbaum's reviews in your paper anymore. Normally we can cope with your less talented journalists, but this guy seriously upsets us. "The Beastie Boys are the perfect tonic for anyone sick of benefit-minded rock...", he wrote. How could you let that through? It's an insult to all the people who are presently busting their bollocks to raise money for such causes as Anti-Apartheid and AIDS. Is Tannenbaum saying it's 'a tonic'

that all the money from a Beastie Boys concert goes straight into the pockets of the band? Or, as we suspect, that it's 'a tonic' for a self-centred jerk like him not to have to consider politics and other people's suffering? Oh, sweet opium, Mr Tannenbaum... Gill, Sprat, Gaz and Neville, Committed Benefit-Supporters.

Thank you Steven Wells. Your exposé of those gruesome no-brains the Beastie Boys restored my faith in the *NME*—previously shaken by Hewitt and O'Hagan's continual rap arse-licking.

I don't know how you stuck it in the same country as those sick bastards, let alone the same room! More of this kind of journalism please. It's what *NME* does best.

Glen Brostman, Middleton, Manchester.

Re your new editorial policy (hip-hop, etc...); while I feel absolutely certain that you believe that this championing will lead us, the poor orphans of Post-Everything, out of the mire of creative redundancy that drags us all down, I must beg to differ. In a medium that unashamedly steals, mutates, crushes and generally, as Steven Wells correctly states, Mongrelises, there seem to be precious little SELECTIVITY. In possessing the above qualities hip-hop must be the true state of the post-modern art, yet in presenting (in very crude terms) an accurate reflection of our times it seems to suffer the fate of everything else; it eats itself.

In doing this it ceases to function as art. Mere reflection isn't even true culture. We need positive feedback, not a medium that is so intent on capturing the whole picture that it picks up all the outmoded junk that you and I fight against. There must be no excuses for the Beastie Boys. Maybe this is a temporary setback: God knows I'm as

desperate as everyone else, but I still reserve judgement and wait and wait...

Chris Jones, Jesmond, Newcastle Upon Tyne.

The Beastie Boys? To them and every other woman-hating, queer-bashing recording artist, may your fate be a dark alleyway packed with diesel dykes, butch clones, and your ex-girlfriends — J.S.

PAUL WELLER'S DICK

"I think the *NME* is shit. It's too much on Paul Weller's dick for my taste..." (MCA, a Beastie Boy). The *NME*, by my ruler, measures 17" by 11 3/4". I feel for Paul's girlfriend... Joanna, Liverpool.

Wash your mouth out, trollop! — J.S.

PAUL WELLER. NOT THE NEW NIC ROEG AFTER ALL?

As I thought, Paul Weller has tried being Pete Townshend, Steve Marriott, and Ray Davies, but he's finally plumped for the Paul McCartney persona. His TV opus, 'Jerusalem' sounds uncannily like McCartney's Beatles tele project, 'Magical Mystery Tour' (a right embarrassing turd, which all but killed off The Beatles' public credibility. At least Weller doesn't have to worry on that score — The Style Council don't have any to lose. White Levi jackets, my arse. It'll be acid next! Or how about The Style Council in drag? Plagiarists are a bore, not very clever plagiarists are puerile.

An old hippy who has seen it all before and hated it the first time round, Lincoln.

HOUSEMARTINS HAVE NO FEMALE FANS! IT'S OFFICIAL

So poor old Norman has been offended by nothing more than a

letter of constructive criticism written by a fan to the *NME*. Norman calls it 'personal ridicule'. He doesn't know the meaning of the phrase! But he will after he reads this... (I've cut this bit. You were too pre-menstrual — Ed.)

But what offends me most is their attitude to the money they make. I quote from TV's *Mavis Nicholson Chat Show*: "We've got loads of money in the bank and we just don't know what to do with it..." Being broke and hearing that the Housemartins don't even WANT their money pisses me off. I keep thinking what I could be doing with it! So, you bunch of wimpy nerds, I despise you, and I'll even sign my name to that statement.

Jenni Cezie, Romford, Essex

There goes Norman ploughing through the snow drifts of Essex, a bag of moolah clapped to his concave chest... — J.S.

MISSION cont...

While flicking through your worthy paper I noticed 'Bono's Top Ten' along with his photograph. I wonder if any other readers noticed the terrifying resemblance he bears to Wayne Hussey?

Katy, Putney, London.

Yeah, they're both dirty hippies — D.Q.

A DISGRUNTLED MISSION FAN (PART 408)

He's done it again! David — shit for brains — Quantick has slagged off The Mission! What possible pleasure can he get from calling Wayne Hussey "a dirty hippy" or anybody who buys The Mission's records "halfwits"? None of us are running around calling Quantick a fat, four-eyed git (which he is, because we've seen him); so why is he picking on us? Is this a free country or what? You can buy all Abba's old heaps of shit and be called a 'stylist' but choose to buy a Mission record and suddenly you're a mental patient! By the way, it's not very 'right on' to call people educationally sub-normal, is it Quantick?

Frank S., Annfield Plain, Durham.

You might as well know... David Quantick was dropped on his head as a baby. *NME* operates on an Equal Opportunities scheme, and David is just one of many freelancers who otherwise would be unable to find a job — J.S.

GOD TOLD NME FREELANCER TO DO IT

I have been reading *NME* for many years now, and have never been so offended as I was when I read the article on 'God Told Me To Do It'. What a load of rubbish. Whoever wrote this ought to be hanged, drawn and quartered. What a mug! And you printed it... If this is the best you can do, I'll be reading *Smash Hits* from now on.

V. Wren

Richard North, you are a Wally! No wonder you're hardly ever in *NME*, you're brain doesn't work too fast, does it? Can't you spot a put-on, sonny? 'Psychic TV Are Crap' posters hardly constitutes graphics worthy of the great, much-missed Jamie Reid. I bet

God Told Me To Do It are students at a London polytechnic...

Simon Liddel, Torquay, Devon.

God Told James Anderton To Do It too... I think these punk rockers should disband. Bad karma...

A wag, East Ham, London.

There was a particularly vicious bunch of mail on this subject. Every Psychic TV loony from Siberia to Cheedle wrote in requesting acts of torture be performed on Richard North. So much for love and peace in your camp, Genesis, uh? — J.S.

FREE JOOLS HOLLAND!

How can the *Tube* even consider giving Jools the elbow! Jools is the *tube*! Paul Weller may not like it because the Newcastle audience at the *Tube* never claps. The Style Council because they have the taste to tell shit from a shovel, but the *Tube* is the only rock show on TV with any identity whatsoever; the only one with a humour isn't manufactured for MOR farts.

This is all Jools Holland's doing. I cannot imagine a *Tube* left in the hands of bloody Bob Geldof's wife and that Scottish cow Muriel Gray.

Barry, Newcastle.

You sexist fucker — J.S.

TAKE YO NOTES

How long are you going to let this bum mouthed toilet licking asshole, Dick Nietzsche, spread his purile infatuation with dogs, vomit, knobs, and shit across a full *NME* page? It's the same old tongue turding every week. Don't you know that there are glistening greaselined rap units out here that would spit for the space Big Dick smears his arsesnoggling over. And I'm not talking about the delicate Lucy Atwell pissy prissy pop communities the Legend! fawns over. Take off his glasses, force red hot smouldering donkey's... (I thought you said one page of this stuff was enough? — Ed) into each of his film covered eyes and scar the bastard for life. Welcome to rap bag.

Carry Gilder and the boy in Cider, Leeds

I'm used to learning more about the reviewer than the reviewed in *NME* these days, but Donald McRae's bit on the English Roots Against Apartheid gig at the Town & Country Club really does deserve comment.

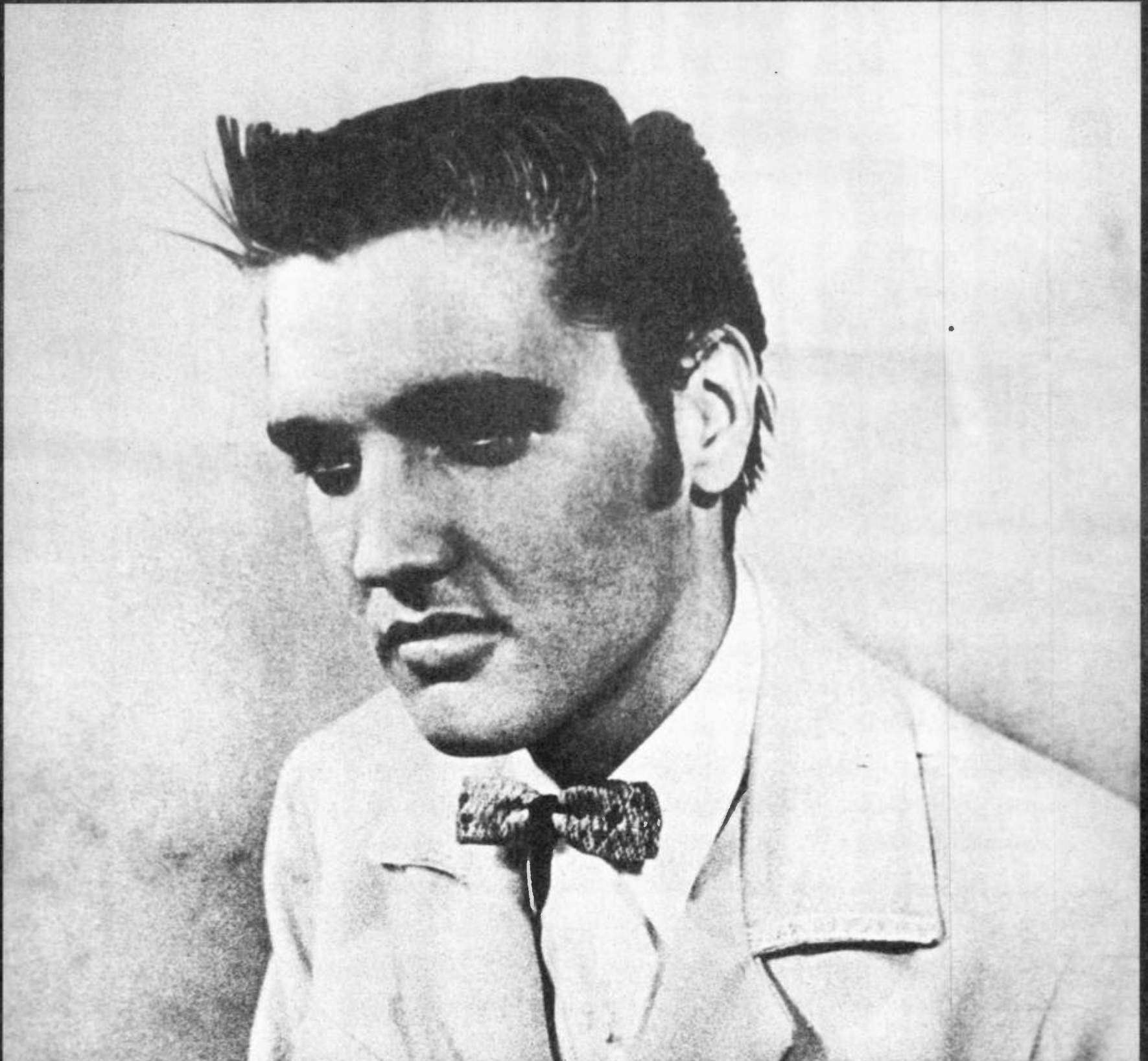
Reading it, do you learn that the night was a giant barn dance? That within five minutes of one of England's best roots dance bands, Tiger Moth, hitting the stage, the floor was heaving with young persons engaged in the unlikely pursuit of country dancing? That the glorious night finished with a massed band of all participants plus musicians from the 3 Mustaphas 3, the Mekons, the Boothill Foot-tappers and more, blazing themselves silly?

No chance. Friend McRae is too busy engaged in O-level political meandering and sticking in the usual *NME* jibes about English traditional song lyrics and "Morris dancing" (there was no Morris dancing). Angie Plummer, Aldershot

The Smiths

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