

NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Jitterbuggin'!

AFRICAN HEAD CHARGE THE BHUNDU BOYS BY DAVID QUANTICK

DEBBIE HARRY HOLGER CZUKAY
THE WEDDING PRESENT CARLY SIMON
TAFFY SYLVESTER CURTIS HAIRSTON

DISC JUNKIES 3:
ELVIS PRESLEY
MARGI CLARKE
THE COLLECTORS

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE HARDLINE ACCORDING TO

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“IF YOU LET ME STAY”

TRENT1
TRENT T1 CBS

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TAX ATTACKS

IN THE wake of last week's *NME* news story about proposed changes in work permit laws restricting British musicians' entry into America, new tax regulations look likely to prevent a number of overseas visitors reaching these shores.

The levy on earnings of foreign entertainers and sportsmen, designed to claw back £75 million into the economy, will bring the UK into line with other European countries. If the Inland Revenue's plans for a new "withholding tax" pass through Parliament unchallenged, cash intended for the performers would be given straight to the Government by venues, concert promoters and record companies.

Industry observers feel the new tax, part of the 1986 Finance Act, could dissuade a number of performers from coming to Britain, and ultimately put smaller venues and recording studios out of business. The industry is likely to lodge strong objections to the proposals this week, claiming that they would lead to the cultural isolation of Britain.

However, the fact that the Inland Revenue plans to set up a 20-strong unit in Birmingham to enforce the new tax is being seen in certain industry circles as too small to be effective, and a number of loopholes and back-door dodges are likely to be explored.

LEW LEWIS, the R & B singer and harmonica player and one of Stiff Records' first signings, is due to appear in court later this year after being charged with holding up a post office. A benefit concert to raise money for his defence fund is being held at London Camden Dingwalls on March 10, and the bill features Wilko Johnson, Bill Hurley, The Kursaal Flyers, Steve Hooker & The Shakers and Blast Furnace.

WILLIE DIXON, the veteran bluesman, has received an out-of-court settlement after filing a lawsuit against Led Zeppelin for stealing his material. Dixon claimed that the Zep anthem 'Whole Lotta Love' was a rip-off of his 1962 composition 'You Need Love'.

BLUE NOTE FOUNDER DIES

ALFRED LION—founder of Blue Note—has died at the age of 78. Born in Berlin, he fled Germany at the outset of Nazism, eventually settling in New York during the mid-'30s. An avid jazz fan, he formed Blue Note in 1939, launching the label with recordings by boogie pianomen Albert Ammons and Meade Lux Lewis. Aided by photographer Francis Wolff, he built the label into a major force during the late '50s and early '60s, recording Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers, Jimmy Smith, Thelonious Monk, Clifford Brown and many other great talents.

NEWS

EASTERHOUSE SPLIT



Easterhouse before the screw turned.

EASTERHOUSE HAVE split into two groups, because brothers Andy and Ivor Perry decided they were "no longer compatible". Guitarist Ivor and drummer Gary Rostock have formed a new band with former Smiths/Aztec Camera/Bluebells guitarist Craig Gannon and Andy Housley on vocals, called The Cradle, and their debut single 'It's Too High' will be released on Rough Trade at the end of March.

Singer Andy Perry, meanwhile, will continue using the Easterhouse name and a new line-up will be announced

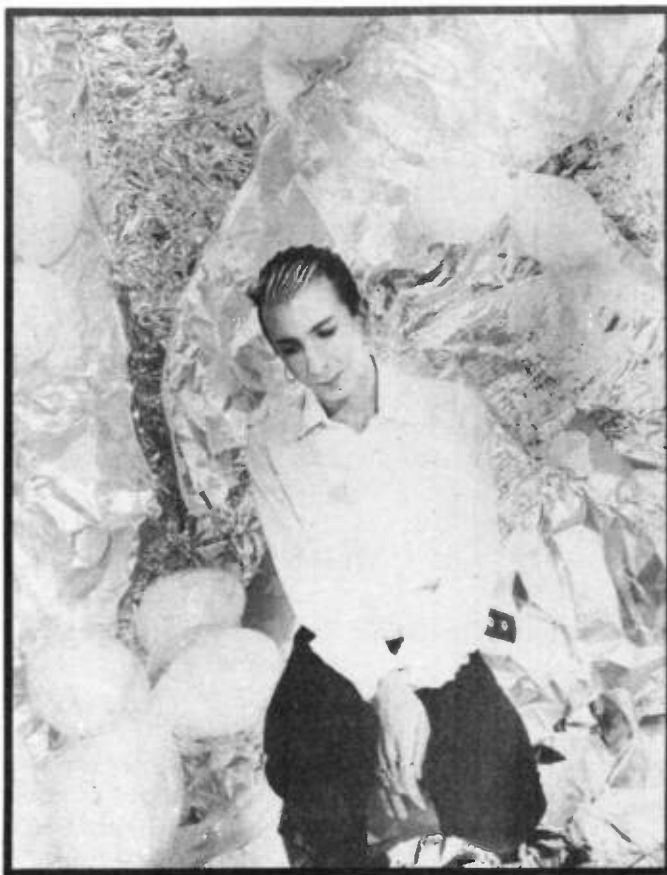
soon. It would appear that Andy was less than happy with the commitment of his brother and Rostock and released this statement announcing the split:

"A number of members have left Easterhouse after being informed that their personal performance and objectives were no longer compatible with the aims of the band. Anyone familiar with the work of Easterhouse will realise that it is impossible for an organisation of this nature to achieve its objective unless those who work within the organisation are prepared to work for the furtherment

of its political ideals and not for personal ambition.

"While I regret that the split had to take place, I recognise that such occurrences are a necessary and essential part of building a band that can make real progress in the sphere of political music."

It now seems unlikely that Easterhouse Mk 1's last recording, 'Turn Of The Screw' will ever see the light of day. The song was due to be the group's next single and a Derek Jarman video had already been produced to accompany it.



Marc comes to the aid of The Party.

PARTY TIME

MARC ALMOND is the latest addition to the all-star line-up taking part in the International Aids Week Benefit in April. Almond will play three nights at the Donmar Warehouse, London on April 2, 3 and 4, and it's likely the shows will be recorded to raise even more money for the cause.

The Wembley Arena concert, featuring George Michael, Holly Johnson, Womack And Womack among others, will take place on April 1 and not 5 as *NME* had earlier been informed, and other London events being finalised include a comedy show at the Piccadilly Theatre (April 5) and an arts review at Sadlers Wells Theatre (12).

"All the events will be going ahead under the banner of 'The Party', designed to dispel the gloom and doom and give people the feeling of optimism that Aids can be overcome with a sense of responsibility," said Gilly Sykes, music co-ordinator for the week. "Events are being held all over the country and our aim is to raise £1 million during the week and £10 million by the end of the year."

'GRACELAND'—DAMMERS SPEAKS

A news item in last week's *NME* reported that Artists Against Apartheid were silent on the Paul Simon controversy. Jerry Dammers provided us with this statement as a personal response.

IN LAST week's *NME* the Anti-Apartheid Movement was accused of a "climb-down" over Paul Simon's tour. The movement had not announced any boycott action, so how can it have climbed down? It seems that the movement is going to take flak from some people no matter what it does on this issue. Paul Simon must have known this tour would be controversial at a time when we need unity to fight apartheid. I can't speak for Artists Against Apartheid, but as an individual, I think it's very irresponsible for a pop star to walk into a country where children are being slaughtered in the streets and make a pop LP, as if nothing is going on, especially without consulting the right people (ie the ANC) first.

Paul Simon has said that he paid the musicians \$400 a day, supposedly three times the going rate. In this country, this is the *minimum* Musicians Union session rate for 15 hours work (£262.50p). He also said he didn't perform in South Africa, but in the Oxford Dictionary to "perform" includes to "sing or play".

At his press conference in London, he claimed that the

ANC had "reversed" its policy and that the President, Oliver Tambo, would make a ruling on his individual case a few days later. No such thing happened, of course.

To get things into perspective, I'd like to quote a statement by the National Executive Committee of the ANC on the occasion of their 75th Anniversary, presented by Oliver Tambo on January 8 1987.

"We can truly say that we have broken through a critical barrier in terms of both world understanding of what is to be done about the apartheid system and the unwillingness of the international community to act. The conditions therefore exist, that in the current period, this community should impose both unilateral and universal comprehensive mandatory sanctions against racist South Africa. Where governments refuse to act, the public at large should respond with people's sanctions. Now is the time for deeds and not words."

It seems that some people, because they quite like 'Graceland' and maybe wouldn't mind buying it themselves, keep trying to find excuses for Simon. I just wish he'd never gone to South Africa in the first place. And I think he may be making the same mistake again by carrying on with this tour.

VOTERS AGAINST TORIES

LABOUR AND Alliance supporters in key seats are being urged to abandon party allegiances and vote tactically at the next election to prevent a third Tory victory.

Organisers of the new Tactical Voting '87 campaign want to avoid a repeat of the 1983 election when the Tories won a big majority in the House of Commons despite gaining less than 50 per cent of the votes cast. TV '87 is the first national attempt to persuade the consistent anti-Conservative majority in Britain to vote tactically in a general election.

"We want a government that will be more responsive to the needs of the unemployed and the disadvantaged, and which is more representative of the electorate than at present," said Paul Elkins, an economist and former secretary of the Green party, who is one of TV '87's founders.

TV '87 has drawn up a hitlist of 100 English seats where the sitting Tory MP could be defeated if Labour and Alliance supporters combine to vote for the opposition candidate best placed to win. If successful, the most likely outcome would be a 'hung' Parliament.

The Tories are visibly worried by the TV '87 campaign as many Tory MPs enjoy only small majorities and would be extremely vulnerable to tactical voting. Tory Chairman Norman Tebbit has already attacked the campaign as "secretly plotting to put Labour into office".

Tim Johnson of TV '87's steering committee denied that the campaign was an undeclared Lib-Lab pact. "That's nonsense. We are just ordinary people who want to see the end of the Thatcher government." The campaign is backed by Labour, Alliance, nationalist and Green supporters, but neither Labour nor the Alliance nationally wants to be associated with the group. Tactical Voting, '87, 51 Sotheby Road, London N5.

DENIS CAMPBELL

ROXANNE RIOT

RAP STARS Roxanne Shante and Eric B were recently arrested in North Carolina, accused of "Incitement to riot" after a confused incident outside their hotel. Apparently, the rappers were upstairs in a hotel bedroom when a man brandishing a knife attacked one of their crew in the street outside. Roxanne and Eric B, whose 'Eric B For President' was one of the underground rap hits of 1986, ran into the streets and were involved in a brawl which resulted in several injuries. Ironically, the rappers were only in the hotel having been snowed in after a show. The money they earned at the show was duly used as bail.

NEWS

TV COUP STUNS AMERIKA

DESPITE CONTINUOUS protest from both left and right-wing political groups (not to mention the United Nations), Sunday night on American television marked the beginning of the end for Ronnie Reagan's America. The defeat takes place ten years hence, in Nebraska, the site for ABC-TV's 14½-hour mini-series *Amerika*.

Created from a column by right-wing *Los Angeles Herald Examiner* writer Ben Stein, *Amerika* covers a "bloodless coup" in which the Soviet Union manages a total takeover of the USA. They are backed by an international peacekeeping force—a thinly-veiled portrait of the UN. (UN objections to the series hinged on their portrayal as

oppressive military police, given to the rape and massacre of Americans.)

Stein wrote his original column—in which he proposed that ABC make a film on the subject of a "Red America"—in protest at the American showing of 1983's anti-nuclear *The Day After*. Objectors to the script and, later, the completed film, have included housewives, churches, peace groups, physicians' groups, and politicians. Publications have speculated that the network's determination to air their project despite widespread opposition indicated unsettling sensitivity to those right-wing media manipulators who now exert control in so much American print and

airtime.

But who saves "Amerika" from the Red Menace? No less than Viet vet and former presidential candidate Kris Kristofferson. Is this the same Kristofferson currently turning up on American chat shows to wax eloquent about the dangers of US policies in Nicaragua? One has to assume it is.

The UN protest was nothing compared to reactions in the real Soviet Union. ABC's Moscow correspondent says he was informed early last year that the series might effect the network's newsgathering routine within the USSR.

The network's concessions to pressure include a disclaimer which will now appear before every

episode. ("This series is fiction. The institutions and organizations depicted are not intended to bear any resemblance to today's counterparts".)

And therein lies the heart of the problem. Scarier than any sort of takeover has to be the mentality which perceives a real nation as the "counterpart" to an invented one. Original \$7 million sponsor Chrysler thought so, too. Worried that the series might affect their current "The pride is back, Born in America" car-sale campaign, they withdrew their sponsorship entirely a fortnight ago. Unfortunately, it was picked up for a bargain rate by the Volkswagen team.

Cynthia Rose



PETER GABRIEL will be playing his first British live shows for four years later this year, in the wake of being voted top male vocalist in the British Phonographic Industry awards last week.

Five dates have been announced: Glasgow Scottish Exhibition Centre (June 23), London Earls Court (25 and 26) and Birmingham NEC (June 30 and July 1).

Tickets for the shows are available by postal application only and should be addressed to Peter Gabriel, RS Tickets, PO Box 4RS, London W1A 1RS, marking your envelope SEC, NEC or Earls Court, depending on which venue you want. Tickets for Glasgow and Birmingham are £13 or £12, London seats are £14 or £13. Add 50p booking fee per ticket, and make cheques payable to Harvey Goldsmith Ents Ltd. Tickets are limited to four per application.



STEVIE WONDER kicks off his European tour with six British dates in May. It will be Wonder's first appearance in this country since 1984. The dates are Birmingham NEC (May 19 and 20), London Wembley Arena (23–26).

Tickets for Birmingham are £15, £12.50 and £10, available from the box office and usual agents or by post, enclosing stamped addressed envelope, from Wonder Concerts, PO Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire WA14 2JQ. They are also available from a credit hotline (021-780 4133), subject to booking fee. London tickets are £16 and £13 plus 50p booking fee, from box office and usual agents or by post from Wonder Concerts, PO Box 141, London SW6 4AJ, or by credit hotline (01-748 1414). All cheques should be made payable to Kennedy Street Entertainments.

HÜSKERS' BOSS DIES

DAVID SAVOY Jr., Hüsker Dü's manager for the last two years, died after jumping from a bridge in Minneapolis last week.

The group have now postponed their American tour, due to start this week, and have set up a memorial fund in Savoy's name at the US Suicide Prevention Centre, which has branches across the States. Savoy, aged 24, from Massachusetts, was a close friend of the group before becoming their manager, and band leader Bob Mould said: "the work David did for us was a genuine labour of love. He was an important part of our lives, personally and professionally, and it will take us some time to recover."



BOY ON HIS OWN

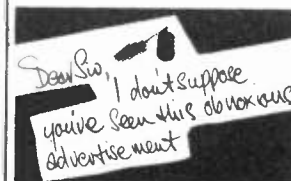
BOY GEORGE (left) returns to the musical spotlight for the first time since his heroin scandal and love/hate relationship with the tabloid press by releasing his debut solo single on Monday.

It's a version of 'Everything I Own', written by David Gates of Bread, but best remembered as a chart-topper for Ken Boothe in 1974. It was recorded last summer in Montserrat with assorted members of new Virgin signing Well Red. It's backed with a new song, 'Use Me', and the 12-inch version features a PW Botha extended mix (?) of the 'A' side complete with rapping by Captain Crucial. The remainder of the Montserrat sessions should surface on a solo album to be released later this year.

GO ON!



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26TH LONDON WOOLWICH FRAMFIELD
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WE COULD WATCH
IT AGAIN..."
THE NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

"RAUNCHY, VULGAR...
FUNNY..."
WOR-TV

"MANIACALLY FARICAL
SENSE OF HUMOUR..."
THE NEW YORK TIMES

"...A MOVIE FOR THOSE
WHOSE SENSE OF HUMOUR
RUNS TO THE SEVERELY
RAUNCHY - AND BEYOND.
MAIDEN AUNTS AND
SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS
SHOULD STAY MILES
AND MILES AWAY."
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thrills!

EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

VICTORIAN HEART-THROBS

THE TOP SELLING RECORD ARTISTS OF 1890-99

- 1 GEORGE J GASKIN - a silver-voiced tenor from Belfast
- 2 LEN SPENCER - he once went Top 10 with the transformation scene from *Dr Jekyll And Mr Hyde*
- 3 DAN QUINN - he recorded some 2,500 records over 20 years
- 4 CAL STEWART - a friend of Mark Twain's, he recorded 30 Top 10 hits with the name Uncle Josh in their title
- 5 RUSSELL HUNTING - he was an executive with Edison Bell

- 6 VESS OSSMAN - a true talent, a great ragtime banjoist
 - 7 THE U.S. MARINE BAND - John Wayne wasn't born until 1907
 - 8 JOHN PORTER - his hits included 'She's More To Be Pitied Than Censured', a No. 1 in 1898
 - 9 ARTHUR COLLINS - his first hit was 'Zizy Ze Zum Zum' (1898)
 - 10 SOUSA'S BAND - not that Sousa was present on many recording dates as he hated 'canned' music
- Chart courtesy of Joel Whitburn's *Pop Memories 1890-1954* published by Record Research



Hackney lads **THE OUTFIELD** were the 19th best-selling rock act in the US last year, but they could be **The Wombles** for all the kids at home know. **MARK SINKER** has the technology (but doesn't know how to use it)...

send out a press-kit that includes a bio with the first line missing. And a xerox of a piece in *Billboard* detailing - applauding - the market strategies that broke them. This enthralls me less than they expect. What I love is just a single sentence from it - "The video was placed in power rotation out of the box". That's what I call writing.

"There's such a restriction on information in the press over here."

This is true, though what The Outfield mean - they're not bitter about it - is a restriction on information about them. It'd be easy - cheap, but easy - to say this is because there isn't very much information about them. In this their first pop-rag interview they do not exactly burst with reasons why their music is hungry to exist.

I should have spent the evening before I met them checking out their record 'Play Deep'. I would have done. My sister was showing me how her tape-recorder worked. But I would have checked it out. Except that CBS sent me a press-kit for 'Play Deep' and a sleeve for 'Play Deep': but a record by Bloodfire Posse.

Nothing's gone right for them over here. When I sit down to transcribe the interview, I find I hadn't been listening to my sister after all. The machine had been on 'Play' throughout. It hasn't recorded a word. If you overstate tragedy, you'll probably only get laughs.

all-nighters and The Legend!, The Outfield are not The Wombles.

For me, it'd be churlish to savage this band's uncanny perfection of US radio-play format. There's a kind of genius somewhere in it. They insist it isn't contrived. "We're not into cosmetics," they say. And you look at their Charlie Nicholas haircuts and you think, Like Punk Never Happened. And Boy George is right up there in the Punk Pantheon while you're thinking this and looking at them. They're not contrived. This is their tragedy.

CBS don't understand. They

SUPERWOMBLES

THERE'S AN atmosphere of tragedy creeping round this claustrophobic studio. The Outfield have shifted *millions* in the States. That's not the tragedy. They're a threesome of childhood friends from London's East End, but no one in Britain knows or cares, before or after this massive success. And that's not the tragedy. In a year or so, everyone will know about them. And even *that's* not the tragedy.

Nothing's gone right for them over here. To date, their press coverage? A feature in the Hackney Gazette. "Say we're confused, not

bitter," Tony Lewis tells me. It's tempting.

CBS are confused, for sure. At the back of the corporate mind, a suspicion. Brit youth - marshalling itself into ranks of pimply anorak collectors, pallid nightclub stop-outs, brainy post-deconstructor art-noise crazies, whatever - is not going to be impressed into following the last AOR radio/stadia Stateside touring mainstream rock & roll band. So CBS have slapped posters up all round town: "The Outfield! The East End's Own! As Seen On TV!" In half a hundred adolescent lives, ravaged by drugs,

all-nighters and The Legend!, The Outfield are not The Wombles.

For me, it'd be churlish to savage this band's uncanny perfection of US radio-play format. There's a kind of genius somewhere in it. They insist it isn't contrived. "We're not into cosmetics," they say. And you look at their Charlie Nicholas haircuts and you think, Like Punk Never Happened. And Boy George is right up there in the Punk Pantheon while you're thinking this and looking at them. They're not contrived. This is their tragedy.

CBS don't understand. They



ART: THE SHAKIN' MAN

BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN

"I think the worst record I've ever made was called *Do They Know It's Christmas*' which - not known to the general public - I sang all the voices on and spent hours and hours in the studio multi-tracking it. It really did upset me that Lord Robert of Ethiopia got all the credit when I did all the work."

Professional bigmouth Jonathan King

"For my next album I'll be writing my own songs. I've also got a couple of Bob Dylan type songs for it. I don't want to be pigeon-holed or a flavour of the month like The Housemartins, who'll only last as long as their politics are fashionable. In the end there's no mileage in slugging off the Royal Family."

Samantha Fox plots her musical future

"Marc Bolan... he had gorgeous hair and I thought he was just wonderful for about 18 months. I went to an all-boy school so I didn't have any girls to have a crush on and he was the nearest thing I suppose."

Dr Robert on his first love

"I'm getting tired of carrying these things around. Someday I'm going to let the air out."

Dolly Parton on the problems of excess baggage

"People in Britain don't have sex and they don't go to the toilet. The two most important parts of life don't exist. You have to keep battering for a more realistic approach..."

Marc Almond on interference from BBC censors

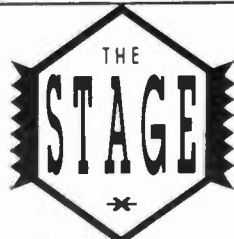
"In the last week they've managed to make Paula actually sexy, for which she is undyingly grateful. And as long as everyone says I've got a big * * * and I'm fine in bed, I'm fine about it."

Bob Geldof on Fleet Street's interest in his love life

"I want the boy to have a pillow fight with the teddy bear" (Paul Heiney).

"The idea is a little bland. What if the boy tore the arm off the bear and all the feathers came out. Maybe the bear picks up the boy and hugs him. And kills him. (Ken Russell).

BBC *Deep End* frontman and a noted film director discuss Bananarama pop video storyboards



THE NEW SINGLE - Nothing - STRANGER - THAN - Today (THE SEVEN, THE TWELVE)

THE TOUR

FEBRUARY 1987

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------|
| 18th WOLVERHAMPTON | POLYTECHNIC |
| 19th MANCHESTER | POLYTECHNIC |
| 20th HUMBERSIDE | COLLEGE |
| 21st EXETER | UNIVERSITY |
| 23rd BATH | MOLES CLUB |
| 24th READING | MAJESTIC |

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| 26th BIRMINGHAM | UNIVERSITY |
| 27th NEWCASTLE | POLYTECHNIC |
| 28th DURHAM | UNIVERSITY |

MARCH 1987

- | | |
|---------------|-------------------|
| 1st GUILDFORD | SURREY UNIVERSITY |
| 2nd SHEFFIELD | UNIVERSITY |



- | | |
|----------------|---------------------------|
| 5th OXFORD | POLYTECHNIC |
| 6th KENT | UNIVERSITY |
| 7th HATFIELD | POLYTECHNIC |
| 9th LONDON | ROYAL HOLLOWAY COLLEGE |
| 10th BANGOR | UNIVERSITY |
| 11th WALES | POLYTECHNIC, (TREFFOREST) |
| 13th LEICESTER | PRINCESS CHARLOTTE'S |



RADIOACTIVITY

Sarf East London meets Milan on Taffy's 'I Love My Radio'. Paolo 'Paninara' Hewitt checks the model turned disco diva.



TRAVEL OUTSIDE of this small island to the bars of Paris or the clubs of Italy and you will undoubtedly chance upon a music that is, by turns, incredibly successful, yet mostly unknown to anyone of a British persuasion.

Eurodisco. A trashy, camp disco style that Taffy's current Top Ten single is totally derived from. Taffy first heard Eurodisco 11 years ago when she moved to Italy to further her budding modelling career. She has been there ever since, in both fashion spreads and on catwalks.

Her real name is Kathleen Quay—Taffy came about after a mix-up over her name, — and she was raised in Sarf East London.

She has little of the obvious clichéd beauty that passes for most men's idea of 'good looks'.

"Italy's a different story," she reveals, "they're more into personality. If you put on a few inches and they like you, they don't care."

Certainly, Taffy spent few sleepless nights worrying about her weight.

"I got out of that sort of thing because you can't go round killing yourself because you can't get a dress on. I know lots of girls who got really carried away and got anorexia. I think that's a bit sad, especially for young girls. A lot of young girls dream about being models and then they start taking all kinds of pills and it's very dangerous."

Taffy's career was relatively successful until she walked into the recording studio where her boyfriend worked as an engineer. Months later, she was making her own records and ditching her appointments with the camera.

"When you first do modelling

you get that funny feeling in your stomach and I had lost that excitement. When I lost that it's like you're not doing your job right."

Her first single was an instant success in Italy as well as Germany. Yet unlike so many records which are a hit here first, then America and then onto Europe, Taffy's Eurodisco reversed the process totally—Britain is the last country to fall at the feet of 'I Love My Radio'.

"It's the Italians' idea of disco music," she explains. "It's a different sound. The Pet Shop Boys, for example, they really go down well. There's a fashion that has been going round for about three years called Paninara and they call it the Paninara music which 'I Love My Radio' is part of."

And already, Taffy's third single is being snapped up on import, dragging Eurodisco into the musical arena.

ROMEO GUTTER

FOLLOWING LAST year's massive success hip hop continues its onslaught on the nation's dancefloors with a whole clutch of excellent new releases. In fact with so many fresh singles and LPs reaching these shores over the last few weeks the problem is not which tracks to mention but which ones to leave out.

In terms of club popularity

Sweet Tee And Jazzy Joyce's 'It's My Beat' (Profile) is already a hit, and, although it's been around for a while now, demand for this grinding slow-burn of a track continues to grow and grow. Taking James Brown's 'Funky Drummer' as it's rhythmic backbone, 'It's My Beat' adds an irresistible walking bassline and Sweet Tee's classy rap to make a killer groove that deserves to crossover to the national charts (whether Radio One like it or not).

Talking of crossovers Cutmaster D.C.'s brilliant 'Brooklyn's In The House' almost managed it this time last year but his new one 'Brooklyn Rocks The Best' (Zakia) doesn't quite have the power or the immediacy of his previous release. The best thing about Double Images' 'The Storm' (NIA) is the way they cut up 'The Monkees Theme' as the song's intro— "Here We, Here We, Here We Come"— before launching into a real heavy Run DMC type rap and rhythm. In fact they sound so much like Run that this would have been pounced on by B-Boys a couple of years ago but now it seems a bit dated compared with the likes of 'It's My Beat' or 'Go See The Doctor'. Worth checking out anyway though as it's a classic of its genre and also boasts a mix by the great Aleems.

Cold Chillin' is yet another one of those hip New York labels that suddenly seem to appear from nowhere and instantly make themselves a good reputation; something that Cold Chillin' have done with two of their first releases. D.J. Polo And Kool G. Rap's 'It's A Demo' is already huge with London's funk crews and its James Brown inspired, dubby groove has the same effect on the flat-top guys and dungaree dolls as L. L. Cool J.'s mega 'Rock The Bells'. 'Jane Stop This Crazy Thing' by M. C. Shan is the label's other major contender in the dancefloor stakes and its massive drum sound

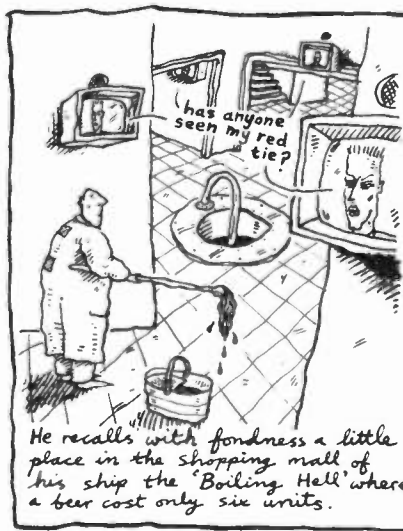
and well-rapped, anti-crack message have guaranteed it a fair amount of attention from both deejays and dancers alike. Definitely a label to watch.

Meanwhile down on the go go front things are hotting up again and there's been a steady flow of new product from Washington over the last month or so. Unfortunately most of them are fairly uninspiring and mediocre but two of them at least are well worth the import price. Mighty T.T.E.D. Records (The Sound Of All Year Round Go Go U.S.A.) spring back to form with Rare Essence's 'Give It Here', a solid hunk of percussive funk in the best Capitol City tradition while the cut that's really kicking it has to be 'Chillin' Out' by Double Agent Rock (Big City). Despite a somewhat dodgy intro this builds into a compulsive tune, the go go percussion being enhanced by a driving accompaniment of drum machine and synth breaks.

Not quite in the same hard-hitting league as the above two but still keeping that Chocolate City beat on the move are E.U.'s 'Doing The Cabbage Patch' (T.T.E.D.) and Paradise's 'Paradise A Go Go' (Big City). Keeping with that rolling, percussive-built D.C. pace brings us to Lola's 'Wax The Van' (Jump Street). A mid-tempo cross between house and go go, this New York production is currently massive in the north of England and it's hypnotic, driving groove should see it ending up on most club's playlists.

Final selection this week is 'Rock The House (Medley)' by Special K (T.D. Records); based on the Magic Disco Machines' mid-70s break-beat 'Scratchin', this mega-mix makes up in energy what it lacks in production. Like 'Set It Off' the cut's hissing hi-hat is the thing that seems to keep the dance beat going as various snatches of other tracks are thrown into the mix. This one will run and run.

Jay Strongman



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CRUISER'S CREED

SYLVESTER—FAIRY godmother of the great disco ball of the '70s—is talking about the God who created her in his own image.

"I don't believe AIDS is the wrath of God. People have a tendency to blame everything on God . . .," she trails off, sounding pretty doubtful for a singing star who once bellowed with unshakeable conviction, "You make me feel mighty real", when all of us knew that bust came from a box.

If he confused us with his gender in the desperately frivolous '70s world of the gay disco, Sylvester is now trying to clear up a greater confusion in the desperate '80s. Within the bat of a false eyelash, quarantine has been put on camp. It was easy enough to stop the spread of a laddered stocking (a drop of clear nail varnish, girls), but the mighty songstress now devotes a lot of his time to stopping the spread of AIDS.

"It makes me feel very angry and so upset that I go out to work for this cause all over the country and Australia, trying to educate these people, and I still see kids out there doing the nasties.

"I do concerts and seminars and I donate money from my tours to AIDS benefits, but in Australia I went to the toilet and saw these people doing nasties. It freaked me out and left a very bad taste in my mouth."

Though he chooses words perhaps less carefully than he chooses his dresses, Sylvester still makes his point well. There is no better spokesperson for AIDS prevention than a man in women's clothing; as a cross-dresser addressing a cross section of society, he appeals to everyone, if not for his powerful voice then at

Disco inferno

SYLVESTER is better equipped than most to speak out for safe sex. **MICHELE KIRSCH** takes a cruise with the svelte gender-blender.



least for his dress sense.

On the jacket of his new album, 'Mutual Attraction', Syl looks suspiciously svelte. When a gay man loses weight nowadays it's more ominous than glamorous . . .

"No, it's a self-improvement programme. I've been going to the gym and I'm getting older and you know it's harder to get rid of it. I've been supported by my lover and cook and I've lost 20 pounds. I'm trying to make myself as gorgeous as I can because I'm going on a cruise . . ."

WHAAAT?????

"A boat cruise on my vacation next week. I'll be wearing a bathing suit and I want to look wonderful."

Sylvester usually does, especially in the photographs he gives out in his public

appearances. Attached to the back of each one is a booklet from the AIDS Foundation on safe sex. If it seems an ill-placed, grim reminder, it was only two years ago that Sylvester had a hit with 'Trouble In Paradise'—a song which has become the metaphor for the crisis.

"People freaked out because they didn't want to be reminded on the dance floor, but that's where you were cruising people in the first place."

It's also where Sylvester's hit songs earned him close to \$5 million. He donates a lot of that money to various foundations for AIDS research. Anyone who would begrudge his success with "Well, there's a fucking irony", should be sure they use a condom.



ART: RAY LOWREY

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Twinning Ways

IF NOVELTY is the spice of pop then Fife's Proclaimers are well placed to be dish of the day at the Restaurant El Charto (bland fare a speciality).

Singing twins are not ten-a-penny, as Paula Yates pointed out on the duo's recent *Tube* performance, and neither is a Scottish accent the lingua franca of the good ship rock & roll. But novelty is nothing without songs, and with 'Letter From America' and 'Misty Blue' the as-yet-unsigned Proclaimers display a precocious talent missing from pop since Roddy Frame first sang 'Just Like Gold'.

A Housemartins support slot behind them, Craig and Charlie Reid envisage an LP release before summer, after which they plan to work until they are considered songwriting world-beaters (the title currently resides with Merle Haggard); The Proclaimers' music does reflect a shared Scottish

childhood listening to "the most unhip music in the world" aka country & western. "It's a more mature sort of music than a lot of the stuff in the charts," Charlie contends, adding that country recording techniques are "miles ahead" of most pop work.

Despite the stirring nationalist sentiment of 'Letter From America' — with its litany of Scottish factory closures — it's their musical ambition, not politics, which fires them.

"We are nationalist only in the sense that we think Scotland should have its own independent Government," Craig explains. Charlie nods agreement, denying any charge that The Proclaimers are cultural missionaries. "If there's a national identity in Scotland it should be used for the economic betterment of the people rather than cultural bullshit."

Alastair McKay

CHIN WAGGING

The Ronettes meet The Clash in Swiss trio CHIN CHIN, who share a Wendyburger with bashful admirer THE LEGEND!



THE NAME Chin Chin had been synonymous with good taste in the circles I frequented long before their music actually filtered through to our ears. *Three girls from Switzerland . . . an independent label . . . rumours of a liaison with the Shop Assistants . . . a poster screaming 'We Don't Wanna' Be Prisoners' advertising a 7" debut . . . half-forgotten memories of a sighting on Peel.*

The sound remained elusive until one evening six months ago when, via a chance meeting with a German fan at a Hobgoblins concert, THE EVIDENCE hit me like a musical sledgehammer.

There's a blister in my heart where I find an album ('Sound Of The Westway') searing white heat onto my mono. There's a lilt in my stride as I devour a 12" gift from Switzerland, 'Stop Your Crying', out here now on Farmer; with a

cover boasting three punkettes and a debt to the Buzzsaw soaraway sound mutated between The Ronettes and The Clash.

There's a telephone ringing in my ears, a letter from across the borders, a shine on my shoes . . . and so here we are. Three of us bedecked in leather and cloth caps, seated sedately in my favourite Oxford Street haunt, Wendy's.

"Sometimes people don't take us seriously because we're girls — they think we don't have to be so good. When boys shout things at us when we play live, we say nothing but just ignore them because they're so stupid. No other girls over here are doing what we do."

Karin — blonde, singer/guitarist, 20 years old (a mere 15 when the group were formed), telephonist in 'real' life and currently part of said Chin Chin rock group — looks

serious for a moment. Apparently attitudes towards women playing instruments in groups are the same the world over. Esther, dark-haired, bassist and other half, nods her head in agreement. They continue.

"Image is important to what we do — it shouldn't be, but it is. Since more people come and see us because we're girls, we deliberately stay an all-girl group. The trouble is that sometimes they think, 'three girls, look good, music not so important.' We don't like that."

Chin Chin supported our own Shop Assistants on a German tour half through last year and nowadays will attract anything up to 800 punters when they headline. Not bad for two self-confessed ('isn't everyone?') middle-class girls who only formed a band in the first place because they wanted some fun.

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Drug-free wee has become a precious and marketable commodity since top US narc Nancy Reagan confirmed that smack is indeed whack. The Reagan administration has been encouraging employees to test their workers and prospective employees for drug abuse — that line of coke you did six years ago could show up in your specimen and get you sacked. You might pass the interview, but pass water and you're in hot water.

Workers have no choice but to fight water with water. So pitch in Britain and send your pristine piss to the White House.

Michele Kirsch



Coming around again

Oscar-nominated for her hit theme from *Heartburn*, CARLY SIMON seeks a telephone consultation with ALAN JACKSON.

AN ANXIOUS mother picks up her phone in New York and places an international call.

"Forgive me, but I hope this won't take too long," she says. "My son's running a temperature and I've got to get him to the doctor's." It takes more than her highest chart profile in years to take Carly Simon's mind off maternal concerns.

The single 'Coming Around Again', written for the Meryl Streep/Jack Nicholson movie *Heartburn*, makes strengths of all the lyrical and personal idiosyncracies that have all-too-often been branded Simon's weaknesses in the past. Possibly its blend of upmarket marital traumas and burnt soufflés springs from

personal experience — if so, it provides the perfect soundtrack to the high intellect indulgence of the characters in director Mike Nichols' film.

Simon's own reputation as a singer and songwriter has suffered of late from the kind of glamorous celebrityhood she has always seemed both to court and to mock with her provocative sleeve covers and on-the-town appeal to copy-hungry gossip columnists. It's a situation she's well aware of.

"I actually lead a very quiet life. If I've got a friend who's in a movie I'll go to an opening, but otherwise I don't make the scene at all. I'm normally at home in the evenings reading to my two children and in bed by 11.30.

"As for the record covers — I'm a kind of ham in front of a camera. No one forces me to project a particular image. Whereas I have a great problem with appearing live — I get a kind of agrophobia on stage — I'm very relaxed in front of a camera. Even so, I don't just offer a photographer one mood, it's just that the sexy one always seems to get chosen."

Although she fights shy of

appearing as "just another liberal giving a cocktail party", Simon is well associated with causes in the US. A long-standing supporter of the anti-nuclear movement, she is currently involved in the formation of a coalition to provide shelters for the homeless in New York City.

"The problem here is reaching incredible levels. There have been entire families freezing on the sidewalks this winter. There's no way you can see it and not try to get something done. People are interested in helping but don't know what to do. I'm trying to introduce all the relevant organisations to each other, form an umbrella type of body to get things done."

In between this and seeing her son gets to the doctors, she's putting the finishing touches to an album that will re-unite her with producers Paul Samwell-Smith and Richard Perry, responsible for some of her biggest hits of the past.

"It's going to be full of me, the essence of Carly. In the past people have tried to make something different out of me to satisfy the market. This is truer to me than anything I've done in years."

OBITUARY

THE WORLD is still open-mouthed at the news of cult-star Julian Pope's bizarre death yesterday. Pope, the man hundreds had learnt to call St Julian (after the shaggy dogs that roam the lower slopes of Kilimanjaro dispensing chemical aid to benighted indie pop fanatics), was a joke to many, but a guru to more. His early career linked him with fellow Liverpudlian self-publicists the Gruesome Twosome — Pete Whiny of Bah! Humbug and Ian McCartney of Echo and the Beatleband — although the careers of these notables started the moment they stopped associating with His Holiness and only ended when they began releasing records.

The Nabob of Cob, however, pursued a different, more devotional quest. Forsaking all Soap (even *Corrie*, his favourite) he created from nothing The Teapot Exploding Headband, and released a series of plainsong gems, of which surely the most secular must have been 'Retard'. His Eminence then embarked on a sacred struggle that led him in the end towards reconciliation, but his flock (the herds of sheepish dogs that roam the lower slopes of Popcatapetl dispensing chemical relief to benighted indie pop fans) revolted.

The Conference for Ecumenical Integration, convened with top Washington Go Go Baptists Bubble Spunk led to the notorious Papal Bull entitled 'World Shut Your Hearts (And Let Our Cry Come Unto Thee)', but this was the last straw and only served to fan the flames. In a blaze of crackling birettas, the Vicar of Cod On Earth was strung up by his own rabid indie-pup lap-dogs. The headlines told the story: "SOAP POPE GETS THE ROPE".

tomorrow

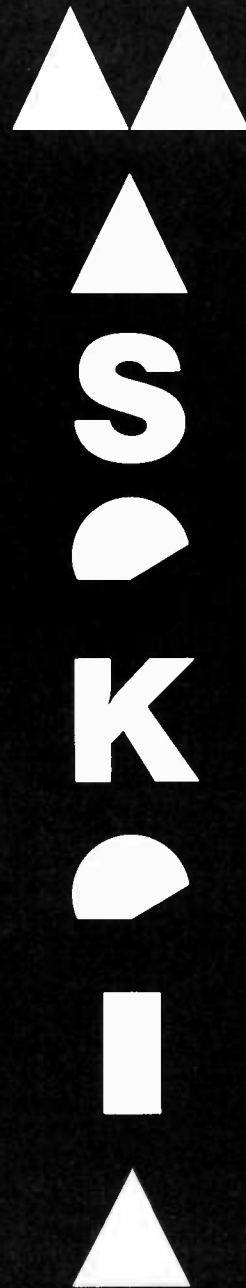
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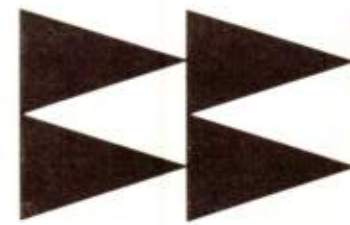
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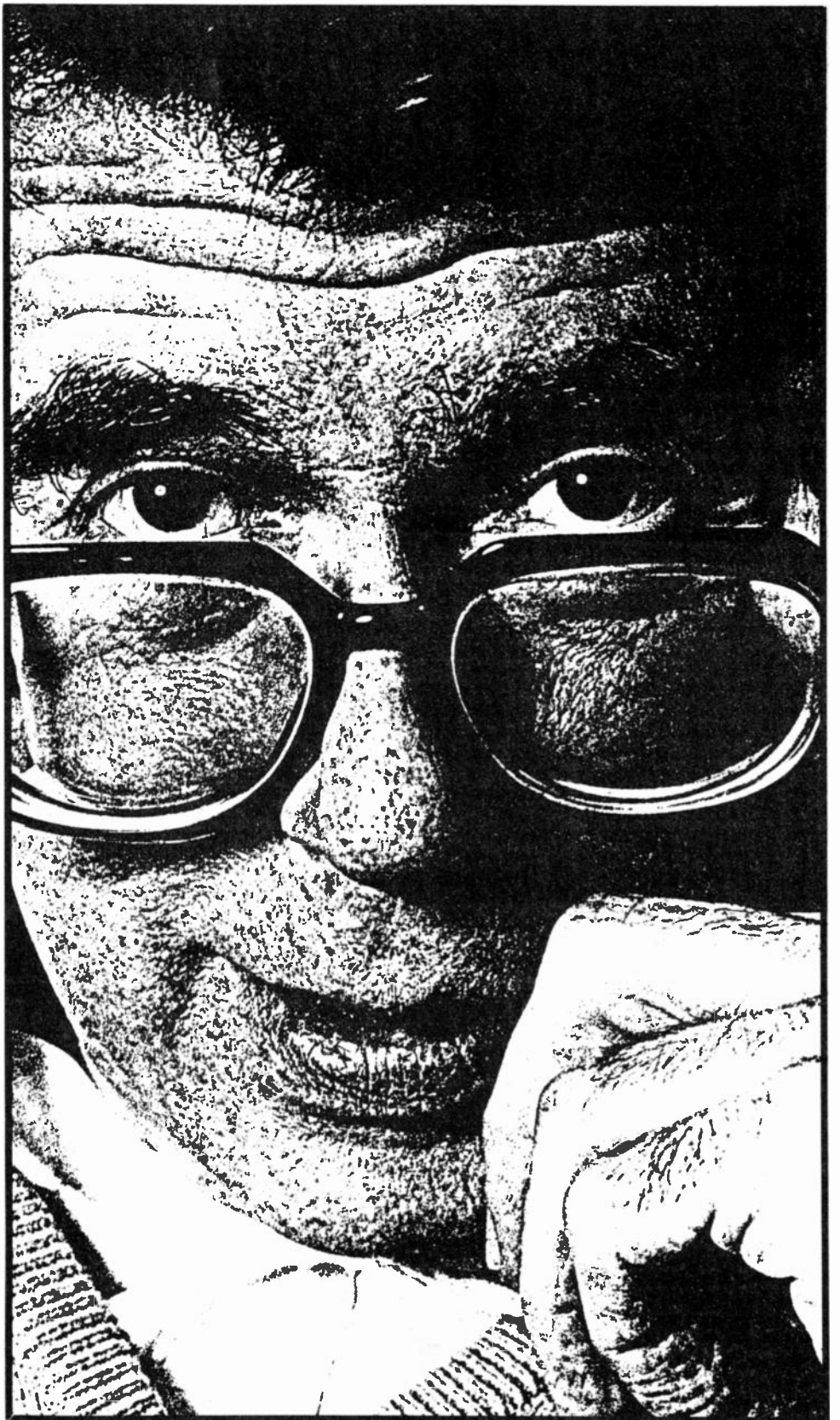
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THE COST OF LAUGHING

What's the price of 26 years in television? **LESLIE CROWTHER** knows, and tells **CAMPBELL STEVENSON**, who is still trying to get onto the much-loved game show after 300 attempts ... Photograph by **ROB SCOTT**



Radio 4's Start The Week is the Monday morning equivalent of two Valium and a quick fix of Nescafé to dull the pain of a brand new day. Recently, the normally sedate mix of book-pluggers, unfunny media personalities and Richard Baker came close to anarchy. The station's phone lines were jammed with complaints ...

Bill Stewart, the producer of *The Price Is Right*, was at the eye of a verbal hurricane as he defended his show from bitter attacks by Spike Milligan and Tom McGurk. If they could have linked him with the Moors Murders and Contragate, they would have. The charge sheet opened with 'immorality', broadened out to 'psychological seduction', 'legalised TV looting' and 'Orwell come true', and was then the subject of an extraordinary claim by an incoherent Milligan.

"I saw this show, and it was like watching ten million people going to their death," spluttered Spike.

And you thought it was just another TV game show ...

Actually the figure is 14.5 million. That's how many people choose to watch a 300-strong audience cheer on nine contestants under the control of Leslie Crowther.

"I'm not the star, it's the people. It's people's television. I'm just the man who gets paid for linking it all together." For Leslie Crowther, the price is absolutely right.

Rob and I chug through the mock Greek pillars, pass the ornamental pond on our right and pull up beside the Roller. Today it's staying put; the BBC are sending a limo down to take Leslie Crowther up to Shepherds Bush for *Wogan*. "Typical BBC. They pay you a pittance for their chat shows, but send a chauffeur all the way down for you."

It makes sense to start with money — it's the name of the game, after all.

"It's important to be secure, if security means something to you, and it does to

me. I'm 54, and I hope I'll continue working till I drop. But as you get older, the chances of that happening — not dropping, because the chances of that increase — but the chances of being in continuous employment are not as great. So it's important to me that *The Price Is Right* continues."

In other words, don't expect Leslie to lay into his own show and cut off his financial drip-feed. Anyway, he's just a TV host, not a concentration camp guard, although Spike Milligan might disagree.

"Yes, I heard that show, and Bill held his own. I'm sorry, but when you get someone like Spike, who's been an entertainer all his life, saying 'I don't like audiences', then who's talking crap? Certainly not Bill Stewart. He's sane, tremendously loyal, scrupulously, mindblowingly fair to the contestants. If there's a hitch, he'll stop the game and give them the prize anyway."

He sits back and lights another Stuyvesant. It's funny, but I always thought he was too squeaky clean to be a smoker. That's the TV image for you.

"I can understand why people don't like the show. They don't like the upfront enjoyment. It's bawdy, brash and bright. *The Price Is Right* is to game shows what Restoration Comedy is to humour. It's got that WAAYYY! rumbustiousness about it."

The defence has just sidestepped an important point. On Channel 4's *Open The Box* Stewart was seen goading the audience to stand up and sing 'Land Of Hope And Glory' while waving paper union jacks. Isn't it the case that the 'rumbustiousness' of the 'people' is contrived by the professionals?

"But they arrive in a state of near hysteria. We've even had to calm them down for making too much noise."

It's a prepared defence, and is used verbatim on *Wogan* that same night ...

I'll come clean. I like the programme, although not for the same reasons as Leslie Crowther. For a start, I don't get paid to watch it. The concept of 'people's TV' is more than a catchphrase, although not a lot more. Yet I've seen a deaf contestant on *The Price Is Right*, which

you don't get on similar shows, and, because there is no formal vetting, the unemployed appear quite often. And each week the winner is given a photo credit just prior to those of the director and producer. *Right To Reply* is the only other programme that credits members of the public over the titles. Sure, it's cosmetic and the people have no direct control, but this is a game show, not *Open Space*. *The Price Is Right* holds a full house because of its populist, non-elitist approach. This is its real strength.

Start The Week listeners, Germaine Greer and, I suppose, Spike Milligan, will claim that *Mastermind* is the only quiz/game show worth watching because it is 'educational'. In fact, *Mastermind* is no more educational than 3-2-1. No-one learns anything from two minutes of questions on the life and works of some obscure Victorian poet. The notion that such a show is somehow good for you is a con, and it's enhanced by the worthlessness of the prize. *The Price Is Right* doesn't pretend, doesn't insult with kindergarten trivial pursuits questions. Thirty six different game formats are used in a series, but each one asks the same question, the only question which bothers most people as they scrape along in mid-'80s Britain: 'HOW MUCH IS IT?'

It's something for nothing, it's vulgar, it's a chance to grab the consumer durables that are spewed out in every ad break. If that makes it 'legalised TV looting', I'm all for it.

But Crowther's performance as host, where charm blurs into smarm, is a problem. "That's totally me," he reckons, but I don't believe it.

An extension of self, perhaps, but he's being far more courteous than his TV doppelganger. "Look, that's what the show demands. You have to be very explicit and commanding, or the contestants will flounder. I can't just say, 'Come On Down'; it has to be "COME ON DOWN!!"

It's this slick, American approach which was crucified by the critics. "I nearly cancelled *The Telegraph*, but then Nina Myskow came down on our side, and the guy in *The Guardian* said that you don't criticise a Mills and Boon, you ask if it is good of its kind. And *The Price Is Right* is the best of its kind. It's the best conceived, fastest moving, most exciting game show on TV. That hour just widdles past."

This show has given an unexpected upturn to a showbiz career that has lasted 40 years, 26 of them on TV, eight of them on *Crackerjack* (CRACKERJACK!). I tell no lies when I say that Peter Glaze and Leslie Crowther used to make me laugh. A lot. An awful lot.

"He's dead now, you know. Peter had a marvellous knowledge of music hall tradition, and by that time I had acquired a certain amount of knowledge, and I think the fusion worked tremendously well.

"I watched the repeat of it recently. I was quite nervous because I sat down and thought 'Christ! Did we really do it the way I thought we did?' And we did. We never talked down to the children: of course we simplified the humour, but there was none of that 'hello children, oh

CONTINUES PAGE 55



SINGLE OF THE WEEK

TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY: If You Let Me Stay (CBS)

Let superlatives pour down: Terry D'Arby has the most exciting soul voice to explode from a hairy chest since . . . well, a gallery of very respected gentlemen indeed. Sam Cooke's delirious joy via Bobby Womack's grit is but one map-reference, and that is no overstatement. The song itself is in the loose-limbed, sexy vein of such mid-'70s dancers as George McRae's 'Rock Your Baby', Marvin Gaye's 'Gotta Give It Up' or Joe Tex's 'Ain't Gonna Bump No More', and should light a big fire under feet and ears everywhere. A Star is Born.

IGGY POP: Shades (A&M)

I'm rooting for the old boy to zoom up the charts with this, the best track on his 'Blah Blah Blah' LP. 'Shades' is a masterfully mysterious and leisurely writhe through one of pop's more interesting byways – the fetishistic significance of sunglasses and how they mediate, reflect and refract the drama of eyes meeting. This is amongst the most elegantly atmospheric and honest songs to come from the Pop-Bowie partnership, as glossily intoxicating as brandy and probably an even better aphrodisiac. A masterpiece.

WALLY 'JUMP' JUNIOR AND THE CRIMINAL ELEMENT: Turn Me Loose (London)

A dancefloor sizzler from the Arthur Baker stable which is transmuted from terpsichorean utility a la D-Train to a wickedly invigorating sound experience where former wrongly-convicted jailbird Wally is wacked through the FX armoury without losing an atom of his natural vocal muscle-tone. This beats any Chicago House record I've heard hands down.

THE CULT: Love Removal Machine (Beggars Banquet)

Not so much the cross-eyed pumpings of a king-size meat injection in the pop chart's zit-free face as the brain-dead thrust of a riveted cold-steel dildo into the very bowels of post-punk taste itself!

Those who read the tea-leaves of contemporary mass-culture have been seeing it coming for years of course, but a clip of Led Zeppelin grinding out 'Dazed And Confused' from 1969 at the tail-end of a recent Tube confirms the way the wind blows. 'Love Removal Machine' kickstarts on a riff that freebases the very essence of clashing pubic bones: the words 'Patented by Keith Richard' are stamped through every molecule of its dark, scything slash. Not content with the best Stones steal since Psychic TV's 'Godstar', Ian Asbury hitches up his velvet loons another notch and howls out an aria of slaveringly moronic, jackal-like libido the like of which I have not heard since 'Percy' Plant shrieked 'Valhalla, I am co-o-o-oming!!!' on Led Zep's 'Immigrant Song'.

All of this is frightfully 1971 of course, which makes it as up-to-date as tomorrow's AIDS pamphlet. We are talking sexual blockage, a terminal damming of the adolescent's output of over 2,000 sperm per second which is now sublimated into the bizarre urge to recreate the trappings of raunchdom past. A peach-perfect mock-up on the sleeve of the sci-fried sword'n'sorcery style of '60s poster artist Rick Griffin! The spaced-out gunslinger gypsy threads exhumed from Jimmy Page's attic! Let's hear it for the return of wasted elegance – nature's way of telling you to bottle it up!!!

THE BEASTIE BOYS: (You Gotta) Fight For Your Right (To Party) (Def Jam/CBS)

Anutha one your mutha wouldn't

REVIEWED BY MAT SNOW
SAFE SEX BY ART WOMAN OF BLOOMSBURY

like, Def Jam supremo Rick Rubin claws the faders up to MAX on this smokin' heap of sonic mischief with as adroit a reconstruction of AC/DC bollock-rock as Their Satanic Majesties' bump'n'grind with The Cult.

Question: are The Beastie Boys for real or is it a wind-up? And is the ambiguity the whole point?

Sophisticates like to think that The Beastie Boys are slick ironists blasting copper-jacketed magnum shells of New York mondo-trash humour up would-be liberals' collective noses. The Beasties have had a far softer ride in Britain than The Macc Lads, who got deservedly short shrift for being rather less funny than their sexist and homophobic 18-pints-of-vindaloo spotty rants would have to be to mock the mentality they ape. Fellow Britons could recognise the dodginess of their caper at once.

The Beasties, on the other hand, are shoved in the same cartoon-parody bag as the Ramones though not half so tuneful, gonzo and gagworthy. That said, 'Party' enjoys only a minor league scumbag sentiment plus a heftier wallop than previous offerings on 45. Hell, I like the fucker.

WAYSTED: Heaven Tonight (Parlophone)

Not the Cheap Trick 'Heaven Tonight', alas, but one of those oh-so-sensitive pulpit-thumpers the HM fraternity intermittently indulge in to save their troubled consciences. After Europe, this could hit, though I can't get too exercised by it myself. Odd how card-carrying metallurgists are cutting their cloth to pop's pattern just at a time when the rubber-room brainstorming of trad HM sound is being picked up on by some of pop's most forward-thinking mavericks.

MEAT LOAF: Blind Before I Stop (Arista)

This man taught me everything I know about personal grooming, so far be it from me to quibble over the latest steaming deposit from his prodigiously talented backside. This, however, is not a patch on his elephantine 'Rock'n'Roll Mercenaries', though it might serve as a timely health warning to some of his more frenzied devotees.

JEAN BEAUVOIR: Missing The Young Days (Virgin)

In which the sometime Ramone producer and mohawk-about-town swells to the size of a whale and noisily gives birth to a mouse. Ludicrous cod-Springsteen where the soundscape is Moroder rather than Spector – a big mistake.

SPARKS: Rosebud (Consolidated Allied)

There's no doubt a twist in here, a quirky tweet of the toothbrush moustache that suddenly capsize your expectations up to that point. Despite every effort to locate that G-spot within this portentous, pallid ballad, so far no dice.

NICK KAMEN: Loving You Is Sweeter Than Ever (WEA)

Back in '73 Bryan Ferry did a dynamite version of this Stevie Wonder-penned Four Tops hit from '66, so it can be done by the most albino of tailor's dummies. Ferry sang, however, whereas Nick Kamen teeters down the catwalk of tune and lyric with a respectful approximation of the soulful manner but not a great deal of the substance. Still a great song, and perhaps a hit.

XTC: The Meeting Place (Virgin)

From their excellent 'Skylarking' album, XTC no longer annoy as once they did with their twiddly grammar-school cleverness, but rather offer a salutary example of expressing what they know best, i.e. a romantically arrested boyhood spiked with self-mockery from behind the bike-shed. 'The Meeting Place' has a wry gracefulness worthy of Ray Davies, and I salute XTC for their commitment to cultivating their small patch of the pop landscape. A gorgeous floral clock amongst records.

DEBBIE HARRY: Free To Fall (Chrysalis)

In which Debbie's gorgeous sincerity is rather fussed up by a production which is grungy where it should be glassy. The song is OK, but no 'French Kissin'.

MIKI HOWARD: Come Share My Love (Atlantic)

Miki evidently stretched her voice in church, and that fervour stands out in the kind of flimsy, formula ballad customarily doled out to pretty former gospel-squadders. Such a waste.

DANNY WILSON: Mary's Prayer (Virgin)

Not so Steely Dan as Mildly Desperate Dan, the buzz is out on these boys, not one of whom is called Dan, never mind Wilson. I am reminded of Prefab Sprout as performed by Fine Young Cannibals, bespeaking a meticulous craftsmanship and audacity to be different. Though lacking in this instance the inspired melody to lift it from the foothills of merely promising, my hunch is that they will deliver a doozie next time.

CURTIS HAIRSTON: The Morning After (Atlantic)

One of those great disco balancing acts between itchy excitement and a smoothly sprung undertow. Curtis Hairston swoons a delicious paean to boudoir fun in the style George Michael has made his own. Hairston's approach is less song-structured: this duet of groove and voice could go on all night, and indeed might advantageously be put on your record-player's repeat mode for that very purpose.

THE POINTER SISTERS: Goldmine (RCA)

As produced by Richard Perry, The Pointer Sisters have been and still could be capable of the biggest dancefloor uplift since platform boots. Though not without foxy humour, 'Goldmine' will not go down in the annals of unforgettable floor-scorchers.

LLWYBR LLAETHOG: di-Dia's (Recordiau Anhrefn)

A slow-burning Welsh language hip-dub terrain of dark deeds in urban spaces, this takes its cue from the mineshaft-to-hell work-outs of Tack Head and the other On-U sound collagists yet still stands up in its own right. Investigate.

TYNAL TYWYLL: '73 Heb Flares (Recordiau Anhrefn)

A weightless space-jangle of the sort done occasionally well by The Church. Here a lovely chorus compensates for no real sense of drama or direction.

DATBLYGU: Hwgrgrawthog (Recordiau Anhrefn)

In which the sneering scuttle of innumerable Fall sessions for John Peel leaves its mark on the budding real-Wales rock scene. Since my Welsh is a touch rusty, the gist of their message passes me by, leaving unfocussed their queasily paranoid atmospheres.

LONE JUSTICE: I Found Love (Geffen)

A big Bruce sound and the thrilling noise of Maria McKee kicking off her shoes and letting rip make 'I Found Love' one of the few of their records to do justice (ahem) to this country-rock outfit's infectious live kick. Tall in the saddle.

'TIL TUESDAY: What About Love (Epic)

I recently had the pleasure of being cloistered in a small room with 'Til Tuesday's Aimee Mann – my report follows next week. Meanwhile, this tune exemplifies how today's moonstruck dreamer floats through a very elegant designerscape indeed. Produced by Rhett Davies of 'Avalon' fame, every texture sighs with synthetic perfection whose heartless sheen is agonised over by the

impeccably mannered Ms Mann. Disturbingly attractive in its very orthodoxy.

THE SYSTEM: Come As You Are (Superstar) (Atlantic)

I've heard this smoothiechops soulman come-hither a squillion times in various guises, and will no doubt hear it again a squillion times more. It slips down a treat without actually touching the sides, which according to the highest critical criteria denotes absolute PAP, but I find a degree of pleasure in the light-fingered craft with which such records are put together. Only a small degree, mind.

SURFACE: Happy (CBS)

See above. Check out Tashan and Oran 'Juice' Jones for the real goods in high-tech medallion balladry.

NITRO DELUXE: The Brutal House (Cooltempo)

A sultry hyperspace electro-hustle with a hint of scratch-sampling to please the likes of me. Not only good for those more low-key interludes in a night's bopping, but a passable way of glamorously soundtracking the household chores.

GREEN ON RED: Clarksville (Mercury)

Hard-boiled country-rock noir from one of America's hottest live bands. Not unlike some of Creedence Clearwater Revival's white-trash swamp-rockers wherein mist floats over the bayou and an escaped psychokiller stalks the everglades. Not quite A-grade stuff, but it sends a shiver down your trouserleg withal.

STEVE EARLE: Some Day (MCA)

Small-town dustbowl blues of cowboy-booted Americana as popularised by Broooooce. Steve is stuck in a job pumping gasoline just like every other frayed-jeans rocker you've heard this last half-decade. Mildly stirring; powerfully derivative.

MELON: Funkasia (Epic)

As soon as Melon's singer starts yodelling on about 'street with TV eyes' you know we're in for six interminable minutes of bleeping hogwash.

ERASURE: It Doesn't Have To Be (Mute)

Vince Clarke has been writing the same song for quite a while now, and Andy Bell's warbling efforts to tug the heartstrings and some experimental pan-African interludes do little to alleviate the tedium.

THE WEDDING PRESENT: My Favourite Dress (Reception)

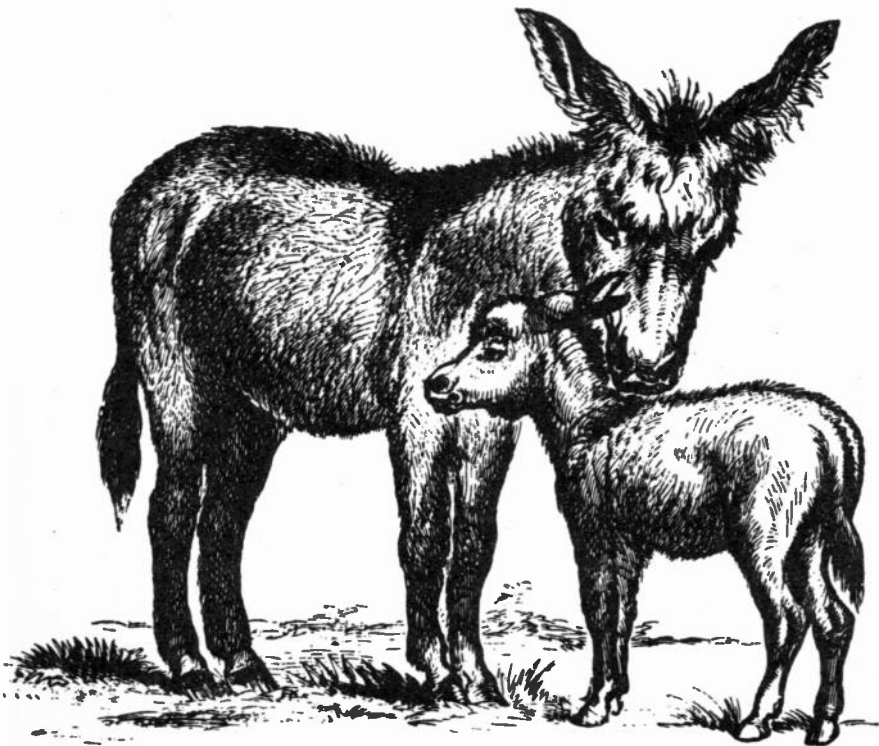
You know those guitar riffs that tense every muscle in your body to a state of screaming alert, ready to pounce like a panther with fangs agleam at the prospect of hot spurting blood? 'My Favourite Dress' trundles along on just such a riff, yet diffuses its feverish anticipation in a sturdy bout of night-bus'n'chips indie-popping. Swipe that riff, Cult – at least you would do it proud.

THE BAMBI SLAM: Bamp-Bamp (Product)

Talking of riffs, The Bambi Slam exhumes Television's 'See No Evil' buzzing double-stab and proceed to stamp all over its still twitching corpse like a gang of Death Valley acid-casualties. 'Bamp-Bamp' rather peters out when it should roar off to headbanging heaven in a fiery chariot but I await their next effort with a modicum of glee.

THE BEATLES: Strawberry Fields Forever/Penny Lane (Parlophone)

A 20th anniversary reissue, this trip back to my childhood still holds me in thrall even though I must have heard it hundreds of times. Indeed, the theme of both sides is nostalgic remembrance of more innocent times, a mistily short-trousered past. Lennon's 'Strawberry Fields Forever' revisits childhood through a haunting lysergic daze whereas McCartney's 'Penny Lane' is a model of evocatively telling detail. Perhaps each man wrote even better songs, but never in such a fascinating diptych. One of the greatest of all seven-inch artefacts, and a fitting grace note to Not A Bad Week At All, Singles-Wise.



THIS COULD BE CHANNEL 4's MOST CELEBRATED FILM SEASON YET.



LETTER TO BREZHNEV

Two Russian sailors (Peter Firth and Alfred Molina) make a one-day pass at a pair of Liver birds on a girls night out. So starts a love story, that overnight, captured film goes hearts everywhere. Social comment and comedy go hand-in-hand while Alexandra Pigg and Margi Clarke became filmstars overnight. No wonder they're celebrating.



CAL

Set in Ulster, this is a love story with a difference. It's between two people preoccupied with sects.

Cal (John Lynch) an unwilling IRA activist finds his salvation in the love of an older woman (Helen Mirren). An award winning film and another success for Film on Four.

MY BEAUTIFUL LAUNDRETTE

An international hit at the box-office and one of the highlights of a season well worth celebrating.

Omar, a London Pakistani boy, is put in a spin when he's given a laundrette to run by his unscrupulous uncle. A love story, a social comedy—this film fairly bubbles over with talent and excitement.

THE COMPANY OF WOLVES

'My what big teeth you have.' Big teeth, a long tail and fur, to be precise. This fantasy film takes your nightmares about wolves and makes them come true.

Directed by Neil Jordan it was hailed, quite agonisingly, as a howling success.

SHE'LL BE WEARING PINK PYJAMAS

Julie Walters stars as the cynical Fran in this comedy about a women only survival course.

From start to finish the dialogue is as taut as a guy-rope. But, after a week of maps and compasses, will they really find what they're looking for? (Co-starring Anthony Higgins).

NO SURRENDER

Two rival groups of geriatrics in fancy dress, a magician's rabbit with one foot in the grave and a band who die a death on stage? Looks like Bernard Hill and Joanne Whalley could definitely use a drink. More black stuff from comedy writer Alan Bleasdale.



FILM ON

The bums rush

They're flocking to see **CURTIS HAIRSTON**; they're growing their locks like him; they're tearing out the arse of their pants! **LUCY O'BRIEN** ponders burps, beards and butts with the soul chameleon. Photograph by **EMILY ANDERSEN**.

"Oops, excuse me, I thought I was gonna burp", says the tall, lithe man, hand over mouth after a pregnant pause. Then he bounds off stage at Ronnie Scott's, and in place of his red jacket he now wears one of glittering blue.

"I had to change. Red's the wrong colour for my next song. It has to be blue 'cos I'm chilling out".

A cheer arises mingled with laughter of disbelief and congratulation. This boy is wild. The crowd love 'im: camp as Christmas, all wide eyed innocence and strange facial hair.

How did you get that beard style? I asked him later at Kensington's Holiday Inn.

"It actually grows like that, with very little trimming. I could never grow a full beard, but I noticed that it grew sorta to the outline of my face, so I just let it grow and shaped it."

Have you encountered clones adopting the same style?

"I've had barbers asking me how I do it. And I've seen some guys who tried to do it, but they haven't done it correctly".

I say he should patent it, invent a trademark. The Curtis Hairstyle. He is very chuffed.

As unique and eccentric as his hairstyle, Curtis respects and enjoys British appreciation of his US soul/funk balladry. A recent appearance at a Caister soul weekender bowled him over.

"That was wild! It was a new experience for me. I went back home telling people in the States, and they didn't believe me. But I *know* it took place. There were so many people who'd rented out these trailers and they'd come to party a *whole weekend!* There was beer all over the floor. I remember I had on a nice pair of shoes I'd bought from Rome and I said that I wasn't walking out on that floor with my shoes. They were going to have to carry me to the stage!"



I noticed some guys had their butts cut out of their jeans. But then I realised people like to party different ways and I'm always open to new adventures, try new things.

"They accepted me with open arms, so after a while I said that I would walk right back through there with my shoes on! It was a lotta fun. If I were called back to do it again I'd be right there. Have the butt cut out of *my* jeans!"

His penchant for Britain extends to plans for recording in London with British producers, British sounds currently being very popular in the States. Hailing from North Carolina, Curtis began singing at three, in his grandfather's church. From leading a rock choir, a twelve-piece jazz band, and winning talent shows, he went to Winston-Salem State University to study voice.

Although he sings in a soul market, arias and operas are more his style.

"I'm a classical guy, I like classical stuff. I first wanted to establish myself in the R&B market. If I get very well known I can

introduce some of the classical things I know as pop tunes".

We've had opera and avant garde (Diamanda Galas), operatics and post punk (Marc Almond), but opera combined with modern synth soul? Would it be difficult to be taken seriously as a classical singer having been involved in pop?

"I know the industry and public want you to stick to what you're best known for. But I'm a rounded singer. I want to get involved in a lotta different music people wouldn't necessarily be familiar with. Classical music has opened doors in finding different ways for using the voice. I take a little of street music, jazz, plus my classical tonations and diction to come up with *my* sound.

"A lot of people tell me they understand what I'm singing. Instead of singing 'yaargheeghyaareigh' I will pronounce all the right vowel sounds, even if it's 'You Will See Soon'."

Curtis started recording when he

was 21 on Pretty Pearl, a small independent New York label handled by the famous basketball player Earl The Pearl Monroe. Having had a UK hit, 'I Want Your Lovin'', with his first contract, the Hairstyle was then snapped up by Atlantic, giving him the resources to experiment and polish his music. Managed by Vicki Wickham, the *Ready Steady Go* supremo who also revolutionised LaBelle in the 1970s, Curtis has been given free reign for his flamboyant edge.

Inspired by a mixture of Elvis Presley and Johnny Mathis, he follows a tradition of strict showbiz, and professional legends like Dionne Warwick, Barbra Streisand and Luther Vandross. He makes a point of working with talented singers such as Barbara Pennington and Nona Hendryx – both of whom feature on his current album 'Curtis Hairston' singing and co-writing material.

"Barbara gives me a doo wop flavour, and hi energy high fashion music, while Nona gives a rock-type influence".

Recording is seen as a creative process, the LP being a concoction of emotive balladry and soul pop. He is also shrewd about his markets, analysing the requirements of each and catering for them . . .

Gay clubs: "Paradise Garage and the black male gay circuit has a large effect because, after all, these are record buyers, frequent club goers, dancers, and you have to give them what they want so they can enjoy your music".

New York: "high energy, frantic stuff".

The American South: "Songs they can relate to, social reality, a heavy funky groove with a nice bottom beat."

US as a whole: "Ballads, like the single '(You're My) Shining Star' I've released over there."

Britain: "A good old R&B soul beat, like the single 'Morning After' I've released over here."

Rome (where he worked for two years): "Very Latinish, with hi energy. In fact, I've got something on that album for everybody."

Responding to the Cool Out crowd, the Adult crowd, and the Kids, Curstyle is an avid music consumer. Sod TV. "I only watch three TV shows a week. That's not a lot. The rest of the time I listen to the radio – to Golden Oldie stations, on down to Joy (Religious) stations, to hip hop and country. You name 'em, I can do 'em!"

Opting for ever-changing scenarios and atmospheres, Hairston has recorded his album in New York and Philadelphia. "This time I'd like to do one half in LA, the other in London. It gives me a chance to think and see changes in life. You can be inspired by surroundings, not stuck in one place".

One thing's certain, this man with the glittering jackets and stray burps will not let grass grow under his Rome shoes.

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- 2 **I DREAMT I WAS ELVIS** (NME 029) The sound of Young America goin' crazy apeshit bonkers attempting to upstage the original Hillbilly Cat. Sonny Burgess, Billy Lee Riley, Carl Perkins and Jerry Lee Lewis amongst the 20 or more on the Highway to Hell!
- 3 **BRIT BOP** (NME 030) The Big Music and The Best Of British from such as Courtney Pine, Loose Tubes, Tommy Chase, The Jazz Renegades, Working Week, Clark Tracy, Stan Tracey, etc, plus a rare bonus track from the

legendary Joe Harriott.

- 4 **BURNING BUSH – TEN YEARS OF GREENSLEEVES** (NME 031) Celebrates a decade of Britain's premier independent reggae label. From its Shepherds Bush HQ come classics from Black Uhuru, Augustus Pablo, Barrington Levy, Johnny Osborne, Frankie Paul, Yellowman, The Heptones, etc.
- 5 **CHARLY POCKET JUKEBOX 2 – ANOTHER COIN IN THE SLOT** (NME 032) By demand, the companion piece to the pop-aimed R&B compilation of all-time. The new bunch of jukebox treasures includes: The Shangri-Las, Earl Bostic, Hank Ballard, Nina Simone, Robert Cray, John Lee Hooker, CL Blast, The Dells, Ann Sexton, Aaron Neville, etc.

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Brett Turnbull

AS FILM gathers speed, accelerating across Time and Space, the 20th century it has simulated and stimulated begins to disappear in its blur of motion. The more images it amasses, the more incomplete the picture, the greater the difficulty in getting a fix on reality.

For film unfixes Time, collapsing yesterday into today in a chaos of spilled reels and events. Film derails the Time continuum. *The socialist trains speeding furiously into the future* rhapsodized by the Soviet newsreel pioneer Dziga Vertov come crashing into NOW, coupling up with the visionary shockworders of *Test Dept* in a pincer movement that squeezes the complacency out of the movie art of the present. And the Parisian Surrealists are there at the scene of the disaster, picking over the carnage for erotic possibilities.

Surrealism, shockworkers and newsreels all in the same breath? If film unsettles Time in its struggle to capture it, it has always been divided as to how the task should be accomplished. The Surrealists decode the world in dreams. Newsreel presents it straight. Narrative makes play of it. The common bond is the claim each makes on representing reality.

Inevitably those areas of film where the imagination reigns supreme recall the thrill of the Soviet pioneers and the Surrealists. This trafficking through times comes clear in an invaluable package touring Britain now. Called *Heroic Times*, it traces the rapid exchanges between '20s Paris and Moscow, charts the mercury years of Soviet cinema and sounds out its reverberations in contemporary British independent filmmaking.

If a common thread emerges from its heady montage of attractions, it is a celebration of the fast cut that severs film's links with theatrical real Time, endowing it with the speed to pace the 20th century. From zero to vertigo at 24 frames a second, *Heroic Times* hurtles the viewer back and forth through Time and Space to that inspired age before the future was shut down for good.

IN THE CENTURY of the guitar and the gun, the man with a movie camera remains the age's most unsung hero.

After all, to recognise his feats is to devalue the objects of his gaze: Who beat the marines onto the sands of Iwo Jima? The cameraman poised to film the raising of the flag.

During the Russian Revolution, however, some gave up their guns—metaphorically speaking—for the camera and were allowed to take their place alongside other worker heroes. And today the most dynamic movement in British filmmaking comes from those who've emerged from that post-industrial fringe of funk and rock.

As an integral member of *Test Dept*, film man Brett Turnbull plays a key part in converting their unconventional arenas into a spectacular fusion of circus and cinema. Working with "found" footage, slides and original material, he turns the surrounding walls into a complex, shifting, visual commentary that at once reinforces and undermines the heroic poses of the group at work onstage.

"The aim has been to amplify the image in the same way that Test Department amplifies sound," explains Brett. "We take the way groups are made into icons that one step further, so it becomes shamelessly and embarrassingly heroic,

MASSIVE, thereby making the whole process blatantly obvious."

His visuals also establish the spectacles' themes. For their coalminers tour, he blew up TV news material in harsh black and white. Underpinned by Test Dept's jarring metal beat, the violent image becomes real again. "These are pictures you saw everyday but suddenly, in this setting, they hit you smack in the face no matter how familiar they might be."

The striking image of Test Dept's hammers rising and falling in time to the agonising industrial clamour echoes scenes from Dziga Vertov's 1931 film *Enthusiasm*, in which "warriors of steel" shockworkers are celebrated for bringing in the five year plan early. Obviously Brett sees the comparison, enjoys the film. But the heavy nature of Test Dept's work quickly exposes the reality of the heroic pose. Brett finds greater affinity with Vertov's contemporaries at FEKS—*The Factory Of Eccentric Actors*—whose reality-estranging comedies were less politically certain.

"We suffer the same confusions as they did," says Brett. "We enjoy the ambiguity. Like in *The Devil's Wheel* (Trauberg and

Heroic Times is a film tour inspired by the cinema of the Soviet Revolution, the music of Test Department, surrealist dreams and the sound of 23 Skidoo. BIBA KOPF reports on Britain's young film underground. Flowing images by EMILY ANDERSEN.

Montage of attractions

Kozintsev 1926) where you see the bourgeois and criminal elements getting down partying in dives and are supposed to revile them. The trouble is they look like they're having such a good time! We're living in a very unclear political period. Things are far too complex to present without conflict."

TO TEST DEPT's credit, they're ever willing to introduce conflict. Feeling their presentation to be too macho, they invited women to participate in their last London spectacular at Bishop's Bridge Depot. The French filmmaker *Martine Thoquenne* contributed a stunning short *Acrobatique*, which proposed the highflying, almost abstract, yet always graceful pyrotechnics of a female trapeze artists as a resolution of conflicts going on below. In the context of the *Heroic Times* season it recalls the circus pictures of the constructivist Rodchenko.

VLADIMIR LENIN straightaway noted film as the most important of arts. Its political usefulness was obvious back then when he was faced with the problem of educating the largely illiterate masses in the spirit of revolution. Crossing Time

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love
money

and Space to the here and Now of Britain, we find those in control of the film industry guarding their interests by curtailing the cine-literacy of the mass audience. While filmmakers can obviously work freer of restrictions in the West, they're rarely accorded the prestige and importance Soviet filmmakers enjoyed in the early years.

"Sure we've been given freedom to do whatever we please, but it's not considered relevant in a wider context," says London based filmmaker *Daniel Landin*. "There is a similarity between then and now, in form, in new ways of approaching things, but the difference between the two eras is there is no gap for new movements to emerge in the institutionalised present. The climate is very repressive. More radical films are immediately isolated. There's obviously a disincentive to work when audiences are immediately limited by the form."

Committed to narrative cinema, he nevertheless refuses to be hindered by the demands of the distributors. As a member of the bafflingly invisible group *Last Few Days*, he would seek out live venues off the rock circuit. He is no less ingenious in getting his films seen.

Given his commitment to narrative cinema, he has formed an unlikely partnership with *Richard Heslop*, whose strobe-like single frame flicker films used to illuminate *23 Skidoo's* shows. His style has become more familiar through his contributions to Jarman's *Queen Is Dead* film for The Smiths.

With an initiative the match of Vertov's propaganda cinema trains, Heslop and Landin took their work to the heart of the mass audience—the drive-in—when they were commissioned by The Car Ensemble Of The Netherlands to make a 17 minute road picture for car horn and destruction accompaniment. Called *Pro-Car* (available through Ikon Video) they programmed it to cut in on Bogdanovich's drive-in killer thriller *Targets*—the latter coincidentally freeze-framing and burning up in the projector just as the assassin surveys the drive-in audience for a victim.

The event's appeal is obvious. "The idea of cinema as mass spectacle," leers Landin, laughing "the bigger the better. The idea of people driving to a large wasteland completely outside their usual environment and each being isolated in his or her car appeals because it leaves them vulnerable of different inputs. . ."

Aside from individual contributions,



Daniel Landin (left) Richard Heslop (right)

Heslop and Landin's modern fairy tale *The Child And The Saw* features in the *Heroic Times* programme, it is also available through Ikon, and will be shown at this month's Berlin Film Festival.

THE AVANT GARDE consummates its courtship of the masses in the ecstasy of revolution. The British filmmakers featured here overcome the absence of revolution in their Time to define their own meaning, staking out their own reasons for existing. But they still might envy the vanguard role played by Bolshevik cinema immediately after victory.

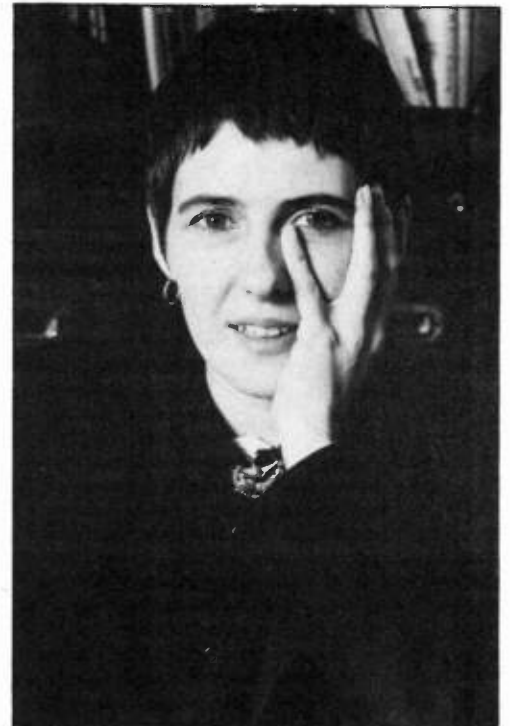
For this short lived period the Man with a Movie Camera was allowed a place alongside other shockworker heroes. *Dziga Vertov*, who had re-named himself so after the cranking sound of a camera, was rewarded for this civil war work with the leadership of the newly formed Soviet Newsreel Unit. Like his contemporaries taking over the country's abandoned features studios, he was barely into his 20s. Stoked up with the tremendous energy of the times, they worked—often at complete odds with each other—at creating a Soviet cinema that not only

served the revolution, but also emulated its radical nature.

Devouring Parisian surrealism and Hollywood slapstick, they formulated endless theories in a race to sever Soviet cinema from its bourgeois theatrical predecessors. *The Factory Of Eccentric Actors (FEKS)* was founded to devise reality-estranging forms. One director *Lev Kuleshov*, claiming to be the first to talk about the montage techniques that so influenced *Eisenstein*, reduced actors to gestures, component blocks to be constructed into film by the editor.

But it was Vertov who most radically altered film history. Along with the pioneering compilation filmmaker *Esther Schub* he laid out the principles for re-working source footage, which are in common use among scratch videomakers today.

A maniac manifesto writer who shared Mayakovsky's bullish belief in extreme yet poetic solutions, he declared fiction movies invalid, in turn asserting the value of documentary for both recording and advancing the revolution. He founded the unit *Kino Eye* on the belief that the camera picked up the "injuries of time" the human eye missed.



Martine Thoquenne

Let images flow faster than roubles

Vertov deployed montage to dissolve barriers of Space and Time, uniting the peoples of the USSR on screen and juxtaposing their past and present realities inside a framework that revealed the way into the future. Montage was his dialectical tool for *decoding the communist meaning of the world*. Claiming it too valuable a tool for fiction, he opposed *Sergei Eisenstein's Montage Of Attractions*—placing actors in contemporary incidents—with his own *Montage Of Facts*.

In the event they both fell foul of the Socialist realist outlines for art concretised by the Stalin regime. Though he lived to 1954 Vertov's camera stopped turning revolutions 20 years earlier. But his legacy lives on, his methods passed down to penniless Super 8 and independent filmmakers the world over. His films still release the imagination. Let the images flow faster than money! *Heroic Times* is on tour through Leicester, Portsmouth, Cardiff, Derby, Bradford and Plymouth, with more dates to be added. Brett Turnbull is currently working on a film with Diamanda Galas and Richard Heslop is working on a video with The Mighty Lemon Drops. Special thanks to Cordelia Swann for her help.

love
money

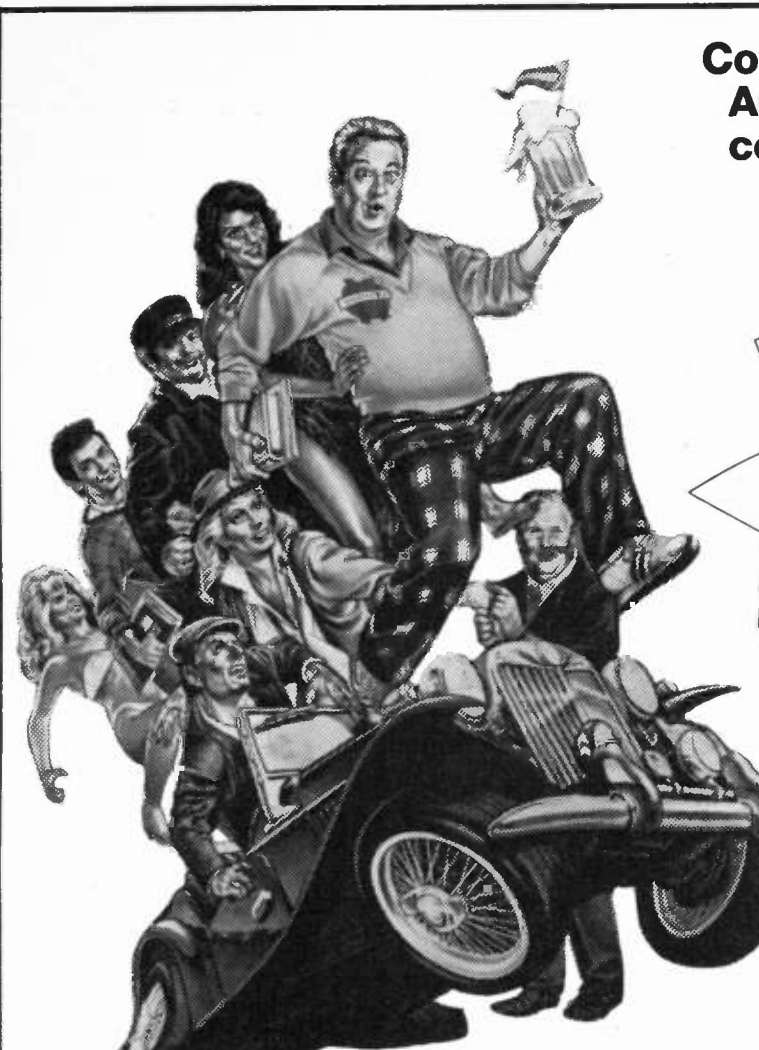
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21ST LEICESTER POLYTECHNIC
23RD LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY
24TH NORTH STAFFS POLYTECHNIC
25TH PORTSMOUTH POLYTECHNIC
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28TH CHELSEA COLLEGE

MARCH

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ADRIENNE BARBEAU ROBERT DOWNEY, JR. SAM KINISON
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Production Designer DAVID L. SNYDER Director of Photography THOMAS E. ACKERMAN
Executive Producers ESTELLE ENDLER MICHAEL ENDLER HAROLD RAMIS
Produced by CHUCK RUSSELL Screenplay by STEVEN KAMPMANN
& WILL PORTER and PETER TOROKVEI & HAROLD RAMIS
Story by RODNEY DANGERFIELD & GREIG FIELDS & DENNIS SNEE
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FERRIS BUELLER'S DAY OFF

DIRECTOR: John Hughes
STARRING: Matthew Broderick, Alan Rush, Mia Sara (UIP)

WITH THE adolescent anguish of *The Breakfast Club*, the inventive wackiness of *Weird Science* and the frothy romanticism of *Pretty In Pink*, John Hughes has already established himself as the most inventive teen comedy director around. With *Ferris Bueller*, though, Hughes makes a quantum leap, creating an extravagant fantasy which then shifts imperceptibly into something more serious and poignant.

Ferris Bueller is the smart-arse teenage we would all like to have been: a smooth-talking, sharp-dressing, universally popular extrovert with the devious imagination to continually outsmart his parents and teachers. Feigning illness to skip an end of term exam, Ferris drags his morose friend Cameron from his legitimate sick bed and borrows his father's prized red Ferrari. Picking up his girlfriend from outside their Chicago high

school, Ferris whisks them off on a high-speed tour of the Windy City, taking in the tallest building in the world, lunch at the exclusive Chez Lui restaurant, a Chicago Cubs baseball game and a huge street parade.

The sheer comic exuberance of these scenes would alone justify the price of admission, but it is when the surprising subtlety of Ferris's truant strategy is revealed that the film's real strength becomes evident. What seemed at first to be an empty exercise in vicarious thrill-seeking, turns out to be a sharply observed study of friendship, as Ferris encourages the self-effacing Cameron to realise his own unfulfilled potential. Matthew Broderick exudes suave charm as the almost unbearably confident Ferris Bueller, even finding the time to address the audience directly, thus providing an ironic commentary on the action. *Ferris Bueller* is the funniest and wisest high school comedy for years, and director Hughes proves once again that he is in a class of his own.

Nigel Floyd

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THE FLY is a thing of beauty
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Gavin Martin NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS



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From sun-worshippers to rain dancers in *Castaway*

CASTAWAY

DIRECTOR: Nicolas Roeg
STARRING: Oliver Reed, Amanda Donohoe, Georgina Hale (*Cannon*)

ROEG'S PREOCCUPATIONS with the theme of strangers in a strange land, and with the dynamics of sexual relationships – already seen in *Walkabout* and *Bad Timing* – surface once more in *Castaway*. City girl Lucy Irvine (Donohoe) answers an advertisement placed by publisher Gerald Kingsland (Reed) seeking a "wife" to live with him on a desert island. They seem peculiarly ill-suited – Lucy is an adventurous *Cosmo* girl, while Gerald is a crude, beer-swilling slob – but together they swap the routine of a metropolitan lifestyle for the utopian ideal of life on a sun-drenched desert island.

Scarcely is the white sand between their toes and the squabbles begin. It soon becomes apparent that the two of them regard the adventure quite differently. Gerald acknowledges the need to build a shelter, learn to fish, and has always dreamed of eating food grown on his own island. He sees no reason to rush things. Lucy, on the other hand, is determined to squeeze every last drop of experience out of each second of her stay on the island. There are emotional tensions, centring mainly on Lucy's refusal to have sex with

Gerald, though she spends much of her time allowing her naked body to be caressed by the scorching sun. But it's not the sun's rays, that peel away Gerald and Lucy's defensive layers, it's intense psychological probing stimulated by their enforced proximity.

Despite the obvious type-casting, Reed gives the performance of his career as the uncouth, lecherous Kingsland. And in an extraordinary screen debut, Amanda Donohoe gives a brilliant, multi-dimensional performance, suggesting through the simplest expressions and gestures, the inner conflicts experienced by a smart city girl forced to face up to more of herself than she ever imagined. The food poisoning and malnutrition take their toll, and a hurricane sweeps away their flimsy shelter, but it's the strain of having to face up to *themselves* that leaves the couple clinging to the wreckage of their shattered dreams.

Roeg's visual style is more restrained than usual, with only occasional hints of the sophisticated visual rhymes and complex time schemes of a film like *Eureka*. Nevertheless, he has created a visually stunning and intellectually engrossing study of two sun-worshippers who peel off their clothes only to find their souls stripped bare.

Nigel Floyd

CACTUS

DIRECTOR: Paul Cox
STARRING: Isabelle Huppert, Robert Menzies (*Blue Dolphin*)

IT SOMETIMES takes just one shot to convince you about a film. The opening sequence of *Cactus*, a long dizzying pan over the treetops, immediately stamps the film with a strong sense of directorial presence.

Paul Cox is shaping up to be an obsessive adventurer into cinematic form, and the sheer inventiveness and dynamism of what he does here more than makes up for a sometimes unconvincing treatment of the subject. *Cactus* has the trademarks of Cox's *Man Of Flowers* – an oblique attitude to the characters, discreetly twisted humour, bizarre insertions of collaged Super-8 material to denote the Inner Eye, and difficult, rather uncomfortable subject matter.

Colo (Huppert), a French woman visiting Australia while in the throes of divorce, is injured in a car accident and

spends the rest of the film reconciling herself to imminent blindness. She gets to know Robert (Menzies), blind from birth and a cactus fancier. It's in exploring their relationship that the film is least convincing. As the two 'enlighten' each other in different ways, Cox's dialogue strays into commonplaces about blindness and insight, and musings about Aborigine ley-lines.

The film works best when it says least, which is why Huppert's blank, recalcitrant acting style somehow communicates more than Menzies' more forcefully neurotic presence. The strength of *Cactus* is the way Cox fleshes out his subject with strictly cinematic metaphors, playing with film stock, lighting, and a soundtrack full of eerie bird calls. If I'm reading his title right, Cox's ideal would be to make a film you could actually *touch*, and this sombre jungle of sound and vision comes impressively close.

Jonathan Romney

MACARONI

DIRECTOR: Ettore Scola
STARRING: Jack Lemmon, Marcello Mastroianni (*Palace*)

SOME MALEVOLENT spirit must have been present at Jack Lemmon's birth, fating him forever to play the long-suffering highly-strung all-American jerk. Even when he's a Paris *gendarme*, he's the all-American jerk – those worry lines, the incredulous jutting jaw, the head swooping in desperation. They're all here, topped with thinning hair, trilby and a spare chin or two – a portrait of the jerk at twilight.

Lemmon plays harassed American businessman Robert Traven. Harassed he might well be, as he's just settling down in his Naples hotel for a quiet Scotch-and-migraine, when in pops Marcello Mastroianni, in his ever-popular role of all-Italian jerk. Marcello, as Jack's long-lost wartime buddy Antonio, is effusive, ebullient, oozing light-hearted charm; sensibly, Jack throws him out.

But it's not long before Marcello is reminding Jack of the good times, and soon the old grouch is learning how to grow old gracefully, Neapolitan-style – stuffing his face with cream cakes, tickling the old ivories, and climbing up scaffolding, scattering American Express cards to the four winds.

There's plenty of harmless fun to be had in what amounts to *The Last Of The Summer Chianti*, but Scola chooses to throw away a promisingly farcical plotline, based on the fanciful yarns Marcello invents to cover up Jack's 40-year silence. Instead, we get a romanticised view of Mediterranean conviviality that's a trifle dubious, not to say patronising, from an Italian director with his eye set firmly on US audiences. There's none of the flair or bite of Scola's *Le Bal*, just over-reliance on the charm of two ageing adolescents acting each other out of the ring. *Macaroni*, underseasoned, but with a plentiful helping of ham.

Jonathan Romney

Guess who's coming to college?

SOUL MAN

A COMEDY WITH HEART AND SOUL.

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'Another week of staying in with..'

Radar Telly



Spin time

MY BEAUTIFUL LAUNDRETTE
Thursday, February 19,
9.00pm (Channel Four)

DANIEL DAY Lewis and Gordon Warnecke star in Hanif Kureishi's sharp and bitter comedy about South East London life. Omar is young, unemployed and tied to an alcoholic father. Johnny is his one-time school chum, a dodgy cockney wide boy fallen among the outer fringes of Brit-fascism. The film attempts to deal with a load of liberal hobby horses—gays, blacks, unemployment, patriarchal values, liberated women—and, through humour and a healthy dose of irony, succeeds. The laundrette—bright, flashy filled with piped music and called *Powders*—is the central symbol of escape through small time capitalism. The boy's love affair grows in accordance with their fiscal success but the film is shot through with the pretty tensions of everyday life on the borderline(s). Provocative and superior entertainment. Watch.

Sean O'Hagan

A-Z OF C&W WITH HANK WANGFORD Sunday,
February 22, 8.15pm
(Channel Four)

HOW MUCH brylcreem, bouffants, rhinestones and pedal steel playing can your TV stand? Cling to your prejudices and you could be missing a treat, whatever reservations you may have about hammy Hank's country style the insights, interviews and archive footage he's amassed for this series shape up to provide a humorous and balanced perspective on country lore and mythology.

Over the next five weeks Wangford travels back and forth between Harlesden's Mean Fiddler and downtown Nashville. There are chats and performances by both fascinated outsiders (Billy Bragg and Jimmy Sommerville) and new insiders (Randy Travis and a superbly belligerent Dwight Yoakam). There's footage to make you melt as a young Dolly Parton takes her tentative step to stardom singing the ironically titled 'Dumb Blonde' on her '67 TV debut.

Gavin Martin

ARENA: SURREALIST FILMS
Friday, February 20,
10.10pm (BBC2)

DAVID LYNCH, the warped brain behind *Eraserhead* and the forthcoming *Blue Velvet* offers a personal perspective on the legacy of surreal cinema. Alongside classics like Bunuel's *L'Age D'Or* and Cocteau's *Le Sang D'un Poete*, this is a chance to see some rare footage from May Ray, Duchamp and Hans Bellmer. Form and technique are remoulded into a series of startling images and non-narrative film making: walls grow hands, man falls off bike, horses sleep on silk sheets and keep your eyes peeled for approaching razor blades. How many surrealists does it take to change a light bulb?

Sean O'Hagan

RAINMAKERS

THE SINGLE LET MY PEOPLE GO-GO

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AS SEEN ON THE TUBE



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single

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LIVING IN TWO NATIONS

HAVE YOU EVER BEEN CAUGHT IN THE POVERTY TRAP
STARTING YOUR LIFE WITH A HANDICAP
IF YOU HAVE IT'S A PRETTY SAFE BET
YOU'LL FALL STRAIGHT THROUGH THE SAFETY NET
WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO OUR VISION
OF A FUTURE WE COULD SHARE
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BORN WITH A SILVER SPOON IN YOUR MOUTH
YOUR UNEARNED INCOME HAS DONE YOU PROUD
IF YOU'VE GOT IT FLAUNT IT NO WONDER YOU'RE LOUD
WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO OUR VISION
OF A FUTURE WE COULD SHARE

TWO NATIONS

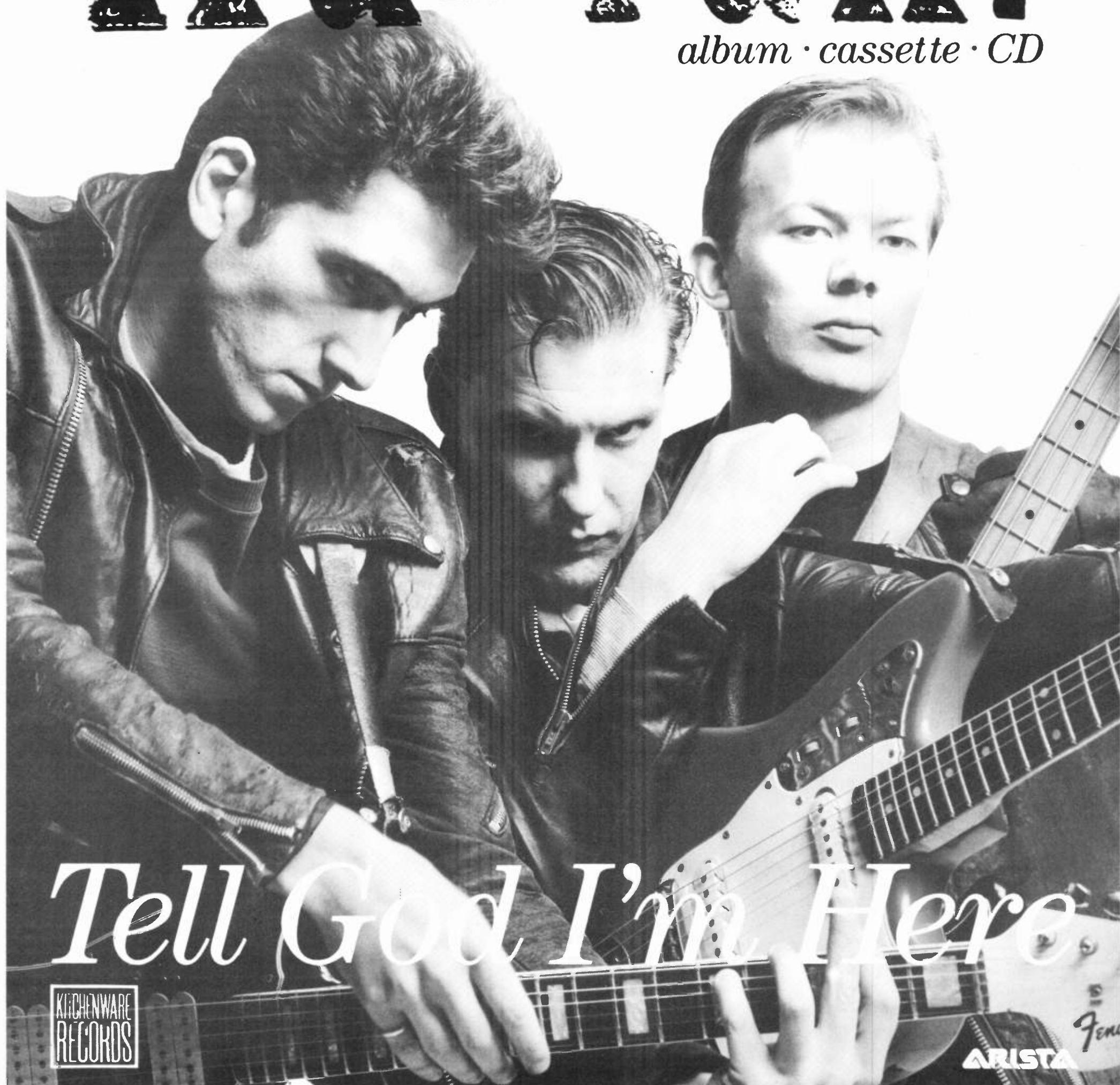


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Hurrah!

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KITCHENWARE
RECORDS

ARISTA

Long ago, when everyone was into pop, HOLGER CZUKAY was in a progressive rock band. Then, when everyone was into progressive rock, he was cutting up tapes. And now, when everyone's cutting up tapes he's recording with the Pope! MARK SINKER wonders if we can look forward next year to the Soup Dragons with the Archbishop of Canterbury and Status Quo with the Ayatollah? Roman pose: ANTON CORBJIN.

Holger Czukay — who invented a future for music years before most of us caught up with his present — tells tall tales. Just now he's telling me about the time he sang with Pope John Paul II:

"The Pope of course gives out the best when he's praying, this is what I found out. When he really means it seriously. That he is a serious person no one will doubt..."

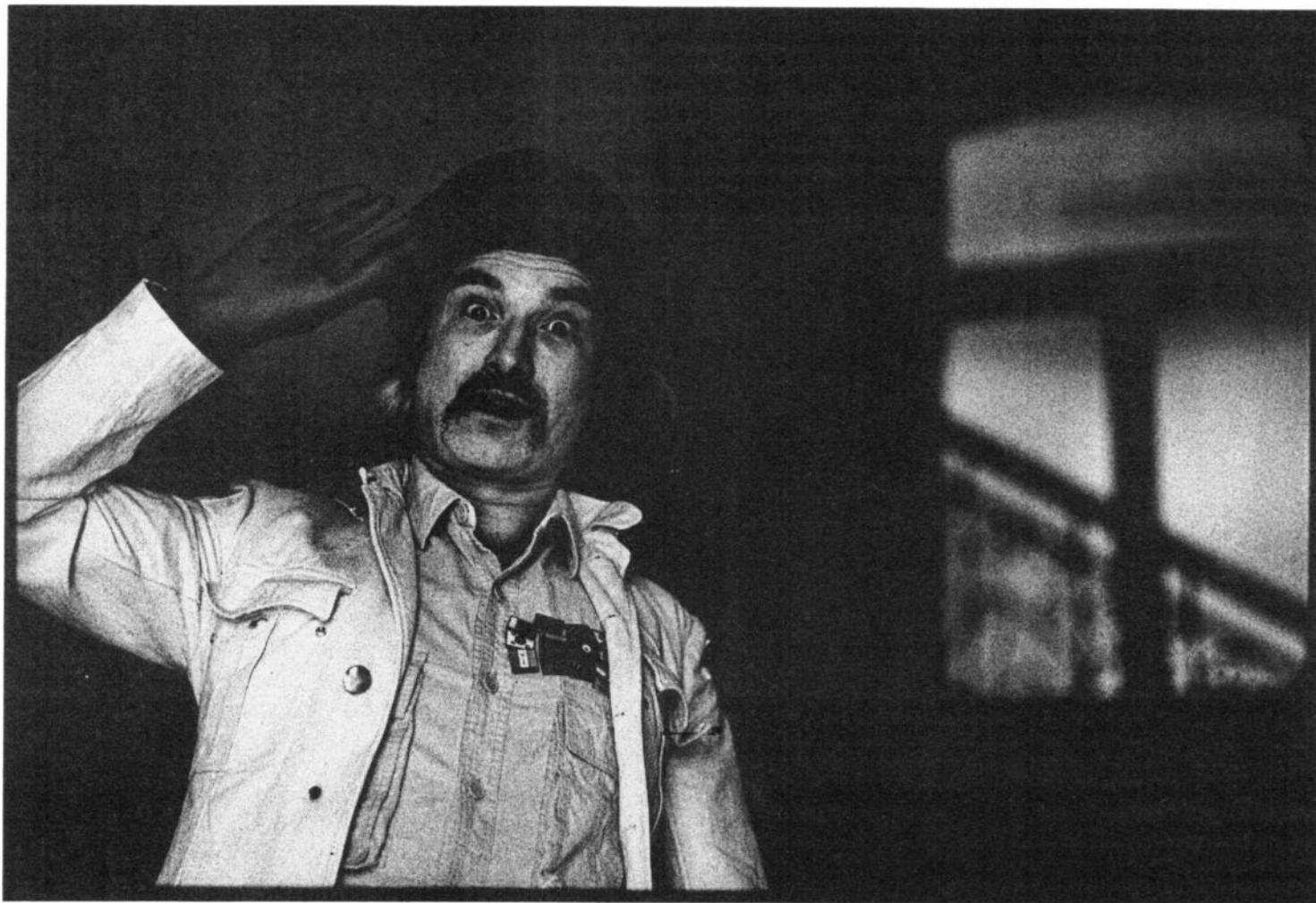
The thing is, how's Karol Wojtyla going to react when he finds Czukay has thieved one of his Easter broadcasts, plainchant and blessing and all, woven his own beat round it, called it 'Blessed Easter' and credited it to "His Holyness Popestar Wojtyla and his Swinging Nuns"? Czukay injects a light daftness into the things he steals. He's no respecter of creeds, no vassal to authenticity.

"I have only tested the piece once, in Brazil. To a Franciscan monk. He listened to it, and said — the man was anyway an incredible person. I came to Brazil in the name of the German government, because they've heard I'm somehow into technology but in such a skill that you don't need a lot of money to be ahead of all these very expensive devices. And in Brazil all the technology is very expensive. The musicians don't have the chance to use it as we have in Europe.

"This man was in the audience, as well as maintenance engineers and so on, and he was about 80 years old, but not in a priest's uniform, just a normal suit. And after the course he came and said that I'd come to explode like a bomb here, which was very necessary. And he listened to the Pope piece, which I'd had already quite a long time, and said to me, You should present it to the Pope personally. And I said, you think he'll like it, he has the sense of humour? Then he laughed and said, don't underestimate him. If he has such a job as he has at the moment, then he has a sense of humour. I'd heard a story that when he was chosen as Pope he disappeared for some days in Rome somewhere, and they found him in a pub drinking a lot of vodka. I asked the Franciscan and he confirmed the story, that it sounded very like the Holy Father."

Have you tried getting an audience with him?

"No. I have now written a letter to the Archbishop of Cologne, because the Pope is coming to Cologne in May. So I've said; here I have two albums made with the Holy Father. I would like to have an autograph from him on this album. And on the other hand, he would be able to sing the song in playback on his many journeys all over the world. And he can dance to it."



Pirate radio, pirate taping — chrome dioxide and transistor technology push us into a speed reading of the world that leaves all the old written storylines and explanations flat, static, linear and inadequate. Flickering image and chance short-wave interjection can be caught just long enough to register, unstable, conflicting, erasable messages. Everything's a message. Everything can be given value and resonance and coherence. But these visual/aural messages are pre-literate, pure affective emotion, temporary social vibrations. And little gods sprout up like mushrooms in their wake, an idol and a congregation for every stray broadcast, every bootlegged fragment.

He's like a favourite uncle who never tires of telling you about the old days, the times he had as a pirate, an explorer, a spaceman. He's half carnival charlatan, half absent-minded monk, somewhere between Einstein and Germany's legendary liar-in-chief Baron Munchausen. He piles things up until they're tottering, but with a grace that gets you in on his side every time. His music is just away from coherence. It hangs together dangerously, god-willing, on a wing and a prayer, every part in trembling relationship to every other, a lucky splash of sound riding in on chance juxtapositions. He bangs something together and takes it into his alchemist's studio for months. So that from 'Movies' onwards everything he's done is all about listening.

"The listening aspect of a human being is a female one. That means to receive something in from outside. And to play the music is actually a male aspect, as you give something out of yourself. And we really are in a state of a male world, you could say. But the development of the technique at the moment, especially the digital technique, requires from people

that they become women. If they don't, they become — how do you say this? — they devalue themselves completely. To nothingness."

Listening, he tells me, fixing me with his inscrutable glare, turns him into a real mother for his music.

Things turn back on themselves. If Czukay's been splicing the fruits of short-wave radio trawling into his "groovy rhythms" ever since his old group Can broke apart, he now has legions of fellow travellers. Holger Hiller, David Sylvian, Jah Wobble, a line of minor sonic sculptors committed to rebuilding sound from the world's broadcasts. Further out Wire and He Said lurk, tinkering. We can stumble off into the parallel jungle of HipHop. Czukay himself doesn't have time to have tuned into all this rewiring activity. For one thing, he's on the point of fulfilling an ambition aside from his music — he's to play the lead role in a film musical based round 'Rome Remains Rome'. Is this the first time he's been in a movie?

"No, the second. The first was with Can once, someone made a movie and he chose me to be in front of the camera. Where I had to beat up a hippy. It fitted perfectly."

Can's violently distorted improvisations, their guesswork, their psychotic exploration cut a groove away from most other '70s music, most of all from their dippy compatriots. Only Kraftwerk have been as influential, and Can's stamp gets itself into the strangest places (Manu Dibango!? Chicago House?!): their drive must have been telepathic. They were crazy. Their intuition took them out ahead of anyone. They came before.

And now they're back. With 23 miles of tape already recorded, with their long-lost Teutonic soul singer Malcolm Mooney returned from Los Angeles, they've once more set to work. When the advance

guard of popular music had finally looked as if it was catching up... word!

Electronics allow cultural colonisation greater speed and greater penetration than ever before. The third world is laid open to capitalist looting, but the wounds are invisible, untraceable. And with pure sight and pure sound as the booty, without agreed translations to neutralise it, we import these wounds into the body of our own culture. Signs of all kinds slip like double agents back along the underground trace routes. And explode like psychic bombs.

Is it bad for musicians to read?

"Yes. Because first their eyes go from the centre to the inside, and then they go blind..."

D'you think writers shouldn't listen to music?

"No, I think if they really listen to music, it unlocks their hearts, opens them up. It can be a real normal pop song, a symphony, it can be a rhythm session of Africans..."

Are there types of music that you don't like at all?

"That is very seldom, I must say. Only political music. This is something I would say I really hate. A horror! It's a cancer, the cancer of the spirit. It's AIDS, actually, for me, musical AIDS. Because it is the only disease that leads without any hope to death, and politics does the same. In terms of music. These are both elements which shouldn't go together."

Once the Empire centralised language it could stabilize meaning and vet ideas. Western metaphysics and Judeo-Christian standards were imported between the lines of political organisation. Revolution contained the seeds of reaction. Grammar

CONTINUES PAGE 55

"THE BEST NEWS
FOR ENGLISH ROCK
SINCE THE CLASH"

THE TIMES

NEW MODEL- ARMY

NEW SINGLE

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REMIX VERSION
PLUS PREVIOUSLY UNRELEASED
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TAKEN FROM THE ALBUM & CASSETTE

THE GHOST
of CAIN



Limited Edition
12"
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PACK

WILLIAM LEITH meets one of the world's great blondes. They touch. They talk ... about fame, punk, tabloids, gambling, and "piston-wristed fantasy". **DEBBIE HARRY** Photographed by **ANTON CORBIJN**.

"Hello William".

Her hand moves towards me. I take it gratefully, perhaps \$10 worth of high-tab nail-tone on each fingertip, marginally moist palm, a demure little grip. The handshake tells me she's a woman of spirit though prone to bouts of self-doubt. For a moment it looks like the person controlling her facial expression has jammed the gears; she is caught in a strange rictus between smile and scowl. She turns, and I see that her hair-bleach strategy is based on the fact that, given the choice, people will always photograph her from the front. The back, therefore, is a tangled foliage of mid-brown and mouse. Clever.

Debbie Harry. Standing there, without benefit of a filter lens or cheekbone-lacerating studio-lights or a comprehensive set of Ardell all-weather lash-grip, she looks fine. Considering that she's about two-thirds of the way through the life of a suburban middle-class woman who moves to New York, becomes a junkie, hangs around clubs until she's in her thirties, tours the world for a decade as a rock'n'roll singer and then spends years trying to break into acting, she looks absolutely marvellous. In the circumstances, not falling to pieces would have been a triumph. But she positively *glows*.

True, she has the benefit of her peculiar cheekbones to stretch the skin tighter around her skull; true, she has her upper-lip overbite to smooth the creases between nose and mouth. And there's also something quite strange about her which I haven't quite worked out yet. Something, that is, beyond the vaguely reptilian cast of her solarium-tan, beyond the baby-blue denim twinset which she wears. I wonder what it is?

She sits down on the sofa. The decor of the hotel-room is restrained to an extent which is almost vicious. The television is on with the volume down.

"What's happening in London?" she asks, as if my opinion might make any difference to her behaviour. "I haven't been on the scene at all. Got here Thursday. Friday I slept. Last night we went for dinner at Langan's. What's on at the moment?"

I tell her to go and see *Salvador*, a film about what happens when Americans go around the world behaving as if they owned it.

"Seen it", she purrs.

Debbie talks to me as if she were a press-officer talking about Debbie Harry. She is brilliant at low-key self-advertisement. It is almost as if she is talking about herself in the third person. This, though, is not what is strange about her; I still can't work that out. When I talk about films she has made, or directors she would like to work with, she is

quite capable of describing every one as if she had just been given an award; Cronenberg is "fantastic", he has a "unique vision", she was "so lucky to work with him", and so forth.

Acting is what she really wants to talk about. At first, leading questions are dismissed swiftly, professionally:

Problems? "No, not really".

Fears? "Nothing much".

New album not exactly a radical departure? "Right".

Clearly she needs some reassurance. "Aha" I say, "you're used to all those nasty tabloids".

"All that SHIT" she says. She's coming alive at last. "The dailies over here are really obscene. We get filth like that in New York, sure. But not *six* of them. My God. HA HA HA. And the way they cover the Royals. If I was a Royal I think I'd go nuts because...well, you'd think they'd get something out of it, having to act like such a...a *pill* all your life. They get nothing. They have no fun. They never get to be sleazy".

At this point Chris Stein, who has knocked on the door and walked across the room towards us, sits down next to Debbie and begins to machine-gun me with words. He is waving a newspaper around. "Guy blows his brains out on TV" he says, excited. "They showed the whole thing. 20 or 30 times. The whole thing 20 or 30 times. In the same day".

Debbie: "Now that's really journalism".

Chris: "I hope that this starts a trend in politics and that more politicians follow the lead."

Debbie: "I think I'd like to see some self-immolation".

Chris: "Gasoline, gun, anything. Any method as long as they do it. I think it's a real good idea. At the moment it's okay if you're Cambodian but if they wanna show a senator from Philadelphia blowing his brains out they have legal problems. And the very next story is like 12 dead Columbians in a riot. And that's okay, they can show the dead on the street but not this guy."

Debbie: "He's a Communist. He doesn't know anything. Don't listen to him".

Chris: "I'm not a Communist, for God's sake. Communism doesn't even exist".

Chris turns on me, reloads, and begins pumping another magazine into me to make sure I'm dead.

"The music business has changed so much, I'm quite amazed the way everything has wound up, I never really thought it could go to quite an extreme, it's sorta like before the Beatles, it reminds me of the, you know, early '60s - Frankie Valli, whatever; the record companies have realised they can sell anything - they weren't quite aware of that, they didn't quite realise their power. The scene we started out with, there was quite a lot of radical, political, I don't know, whatever you fucking wanna call it, a movement towards a pure ideal or whatever. It's so commercial now. I mean, they've stamped out Mohican haircuts".

Debbie: "I told you. He makes no sense. He's a Communist".

Chris: "Everything's gone back to like it was before we started".

Debbie: "There's no clandestine value to rock'n'roll music. No excitement. It's totally unrevolutionary. It's totally accepted and part of everything. It's totally pushed."

Chris: "It's all run by corporate interest. It's so obvious that Reagan's not making any of the decisions, that he's just some kind of...doddering puppet with *barely* a thought in his head; it should be so *obvious* to everybody that he has *nothing* to do with the decision-making in America, it's all the fucking corporate interest, you know, IT&T, AT&T or whatever, TT&T. Tits and ass. They're the ones who are making the decisions".

Debbie: "I should hope so. I should hope it would be tits and ass more than anything else."

After Chris has fired a few more

“I feel like a disposable lighter”

bursts (“Is everybody in this country on *dope*? Or is it just a media thing?”; “That’s just what I was saying! Crack is exactly like an *ad-campaign*”), there is a knock on the door and a young man comes in. He says “I might go to Scotland this afternoon. Or maybe France”. Chris puts his scarf on and kisses Debbie. “See ya, honey”, he says and the two men disappear.

“This movie’s hysterical” Debbie says, “I just love it”. It looks like Kenneth Williams and Charles Hawtree poncing around in Nazi uniform. Debbie laughs and curls up on the sofa.

I saw you on *The Muppet Show*, Debbie.

She is momentarily embarrassed. “Aw, that was ages ago”.

I saw it recently.

“That was fun, though. That was a real good experience, working with those people. You can’t make a fool of yourself. They’re very clever, the way they write things. Henson is a genius”.

Presumably you see your acting career as the main thing from now on.

“I don’t know. . . well, I think at my age it’s more practical to be. . . diversified. I don’t think you can, er, live the strict rock’n’roll life of going out on the road for nine months a year with a band. It’s sorta beyond me. Did I used to enjoy it? Only the performing. The rest is very trying”.

What have you been doing recently?

“I did this show, *Tales From The Dark Side*. It’s a thriller kind of show, like *The Outer Limits*. I play a witch who comes back in another body. It’s called *The Moth*. It’s. . . is it Lorimar? Yeah, I think it’s Lorimar. Oh anyway, it doesn’t matter. I did a crime story thing. It’s a relatively new thing called *Crime Story*. I play a bimette. You know, like a fancy hooker. I’m the comedy relief, so I got to do a bit of comedy, which was nice. And I did a thing called *Forever Lulu*.”

But there are more important things to ask Debbie Harry. I’m sure there are. Here is a woman who has weathered the transition from punk to MOR in ten short years without changing her image. Here is a woman who, miniskirted, claimed she was striking a blow for the liberation of women. And perhaps she was. Here, for instance, is the woman who – with only perhaps one or two exceptions in the whole world – has fuelled more piston-wristed fantasy-sessions than anyone in history. How about that?

I’m beginning to realise why I thought there was something strange about her. What is it? She’s not real, that’s what. Or rather: if she *is* real, then the Debbie Harry I know must be somebody else.

Well Debbie. How do you feel about what you are doing now, this MOR? Surely it must feel quite different from the stuff you were doing ten years ago.

“Yeah, ten years ago the atmosphere was very radical. Much more radical, I would think. But we’ve been changing a little bit all the time. A constant state of flux, and I don’t mind that so much. That’s sort of interesting. It’s better that way”.

And what was your relationship with punk? Were you following something that had happened in England?

“Punk started in New York. I have like proof of that from punk magazines and the whole thing – and it’s really not an argument, I really don’t care where it started – I think things like that are simultaneous, whaddaya call it, spontaneous combustion, it just *happens* and it’s time and that’s what happens. I think that there were certain shared attitudes. I think if we were part of that it was that we were part of the musical ideal that wanted to go back to a more melodic kind of approach to pop music and get away from these long guitar-solos, these riff-things that were really predominant in those days and got to be quite boring and preposterous because some of these guitarists were lousy, you know,



DANG DANG DANG DANG *so what!* An interesting melody would be nice to hear. That was sorta what we were battling against. Also technology changed. We were in the midst of a technological breakthrough with the synthesizer which Blondie was really part of at a very early stage. That was really nice.”

So the ideology of punk was tacit, then, rather than explicit?

“Well, in Blondie’s case I think it was. I don’t think that we were overtly political. Only in the fact that I was part of a minority in that there were not that many girls or women in music at that time. I don’t think it’s much of a statement now but I guess then it was.”

And what is ‘French Kissin’ in The USA’ about? Of course, I don’t dare to ask – I know the answer anyway. It is about people in America putting their tongues into each other’s mouths. Which, when you think about it, is not very much more fatuous than most other things that pop songs are about.

Debbie talks about the glamorous life, different cities she’s been in, how they differ from each other – how Las Vegas, for instance, differs from New York (the gambling, basically) – and she says “gambling is like being a drug-addict. It’s the addict’s mentality. They get this thrill and excitement of being successful and winning and then they throw it all back and they lose it – two steps forward and one step back again and again until they have

nothing left and then it’s like, hhhhuurrhgh aaahuuuhg hhhhhuuuuuh and then another rush of life hhuuuuaah and then down again, permeating failure, it’s disgusting. . .”

Now this is interesting. Are we, in the disguised form of ‘gambling’, really talking about drugs? For about ten minutes I plug her with every theory about gambling I can think of. We talk about ‘gamblers’ she has known. Is ‘gambling’ always addictive?

“I’ve only seen a couple of gamblers that were smart about it and they followed very strict rules. They never deviated. It wasn’t like gambling. They would stop at exactly the right moment.”

And what type of ‘gambling’ was this?

“Blackjack”.

Damn.

She settles more comfortably in the sofa, tucks one of her legs underneath her. So far she has done nothing to suggest she is mentally disturbed. Which is good going considering that for the last ten years or so there hasn’t been a street in the western world she’s been able to walk down unmolested. If I were her I’d be terrified. Just look at all those obscene fantasies about her in Fred and Judy Vermorel’s *Starlust*. And, in terms of fame, she’s got the worst part of it to come –

traditionally, when a female star begins to decay men revel in it because she has been a fantasy, after all, that they have never fulfilled and therefore want to punish; women are glad because the object of their envy is being eroded. Is fame on this scale not vastly unpleasant?

“There are stages to it. The first thing that’s not enjoyable is when you’ve been known for a while and you realise you’ve lost your anonymity. I remember being in that middle stage. But I guess you just have to make your choices.”

But don’t you find that after a while you have less and less control over things?

“You do have a choice. You can get away. You can say: either I’ll stay here in a predictable world with everything controlled for me or I can close myself off from it.”

Do you call that a choice? Being forced to hide? What kind of choice is that?

“These days it’s not so difficult though. Things turn around much more quickly now. It’s amazing how quickly people forget. You can have your anonymity back again. These days you don’t have to wait that long. And anyway, there are ways of walking around the streets so you blend in with the crowd. But you have to try harder to be famous these days”.

And how does that make you feel?

“I feel like a disposable lighter.”

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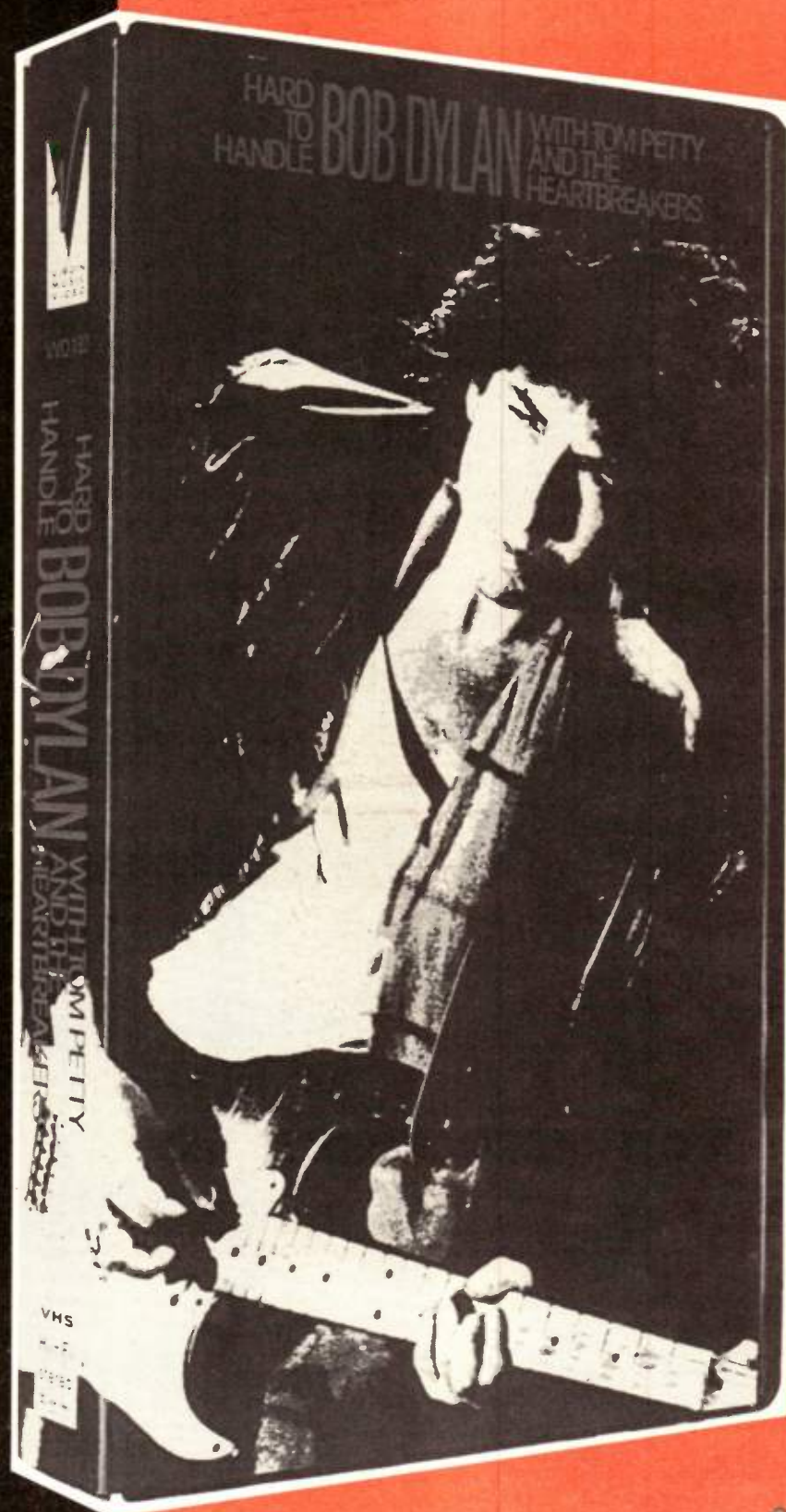
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HI-FI STEREO



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"But I'm not particularly ambitious to be part of a new class – the recording industry" says David, confusingly.

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And these guitars exist in some sort of cultural vacuum?

"We like fast guitars..."

That is irrelevant to the question.

"Yeah, but all pop music is irrelevant."

(See what I mean?) *Why bother then?*

"Because..."

I know, don't tell me! Because-you-enjoy-doing-it yawn yawn yawn. Come on, give me a *single* reason for your continued existence on this planet. So far we've got – we want to make nice records.

"Fucking brilliant records!"

Oh pardon me – Fucking brilliant records! D'you think Michelangelo spent 60 years laid on his back painting the ceiling of the Sistine chapels because he liked painting "fucking brilliant" ceilings and it was better than being on the dole? Is there not a passionate bone in your body?

At last I strike a chord. Up till now they have spoken almost as one. Now the skull-like Shaun exhibits something near-

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Harare to Hawick~Shona bump'n

Having come hot foot from the Zimbabwean capital Harare to humble Hawick in Scotland, THE BHUNDU BOYS travelled the land insisting that we *all* do the Jit! Yes, even DAVID QUANTICK who found Biggie, Shakie and the boys to be creators of the most politically danceable and enjoyable sound since independence. Boys from the bush by STEVE PYKE.

Imagine if the most popular live band in the country had never played anywhere larger than a big pub. Imagine if they had come on tour on the strength of a little-known LP on a very small independent label. Imagine, further, that this band had attracted the sort of audiences that Radio One dream of, from students of the Home Counties to the virulently trendy club-goers of Glasgow, from the inebriate doyens of the media to the very few people who never buy music papers at all.

The scenario becomes even more unlikely when one considers that this band receive no daytime radio play – getting only the obligatory Peel and Kershaw sessions – no press save the odd mention in the tour pages of rock mags, and (since their distribution company, Making Waves, went bust last year) ought to be selling much more than the 10,000 LPs they've already sold.

Were you to have told me all this six months ago, I would have chuckled. Had you added that the band in question were a five-piece dance outfit from Zimbabwe by the name of The Bhundu Boys, I would have surely laughed like a loon. Yet such is the case. The Bhundu Boys, with one album, 'Shabini', and half an EP on Doug Veitch's Discafrique label, have played over 70 – 70! – dates in Scotland and England since the summer of 1986, and now rarely fail to sell out the places they play. Every booking agency in town is screaming for their custom, while major record company

A&R men stand pensively in the corners of nasty pubs, stroking their silver noses and thinking of contracts.

Somehow a band from the other side of the world, from the 'Third World' yet, have managed to infiltrate the hearts of a nation. With no support other than a very hard-working manager and their own music, The Bhundu Boys have succeeded where a thousand pluggers and hypers and press officers have failed.

What is going on here?

"PACHEDU – A PARTY YOU HAVE TO GO TO TO BE NOTICED"

Kensal Rise is a bloody horrible place at the best of times. In this weather it is like a B-road out of hell; on seeing its streets from the tube train, one is sorely tempted to stay on. Yet The Bhundu Boys have travelled thousands of miles to be in Kensal Rise, to be in a small terraced house that seems barely large enough to fit its usual occupant – the band's manager Gordon Muir – let alone the six Bhundus, their friends and loved ones, and passing journalists. We gather in the front room, cramped.

While Gordon occasionally appears to answer increasingly bizarre telephone calls, I look at my hosts. There are two virtually silent Bhundus, too moderately silent Bhundus, and one extremely garrulous Bhundu – the singer, Biggie Tembo. On stage, Biggie is a person who seems glad to merely be at the Cricketer's Arms (no mean feat), introducing songs with wilder and more enthusiastic monologues each time, and on one occasion even telling a student audience to be glad that their lives are starting, which takes nerve. In this front room he is a little more restrained; his desire to explain anything and everything is tempered by the quieter interventions of keyboard player Shakie Kangwena. So – some history.

"The name Bhundu means 'Bush'... since we are just as old as our country, and we started in 1980 when Zimbabwe got its independence, the guerrillas and everyone were just coming out of the bush to start our new country, and we just decided to name ourselves after the bush. We had just emerged from a terrifying long war and we were a bunch of boys who just wanted to get out on the streets. We were trying to project a new image for our country, to do our bit for our nation..."

The Bhundu Boys are extremely successful in Zimbabwe; if they aren't actually the top band, they're one of them, recognised wherever they go. Real pop stars, they're notable at home for two things: one is their longevity – very few bands in Zimbabwe, or indeed anywhere, can keep themselves together for seven years – and the other is *Jit*.

Jit? Can this be the secret ingredient that has put the Bhundu Boys where they are today?

"Jit is really well known in Zimbabwe," explains Shakie. "It is very distinctive... if someone hears the music, they will know it's Jit, and they will know it's us, since we are the ones who really started to play it. Not many bands play Jit."

Biggie describes Jit as the "rich sound", which is as fair a description as any. It's an incredibly accessible music, being full of melody and the lilting rhythm of the Shona language. Perhaps the most appealing part of the music for British ears is the guitar playing, which shines and sparkles like nothing in sluggish old rock, but also contains enough jangly strength and melody to hook the listener's ear. And you can dance to this music,

which helps a great deal.

Nevertheless, merely having good music isn't a guarantee of popularity these days. The bargain racks are littered with the output of intensely talented people who nobody ever heard or had sold to them. And this is still music from Africa. And music from Africa does not sell...

"MANHENGU – GOD GIVE ME WINGS"

Over the years, many record companies have tried to make us buy African music. They have always failed dismally, too. Despite the press coverage given to such giants as Fela Kuti and Sunny Ade, despite endless 'Musique D'Afrique' compilations, and despite several perfectly reasonable British bands like Orchestra Jazira and African Connexion offering up their variants on the continent's musics, the general public has shown a lack of interest in African music that would make shambling pop look like a money-spinner.

Apart from the closet racism of most radio and TV, there's an innate conservatism in the media. People are naturally concerned with promoting the familiar, and there can't be much less familiar than music made in foreign tongues with strange melodies and a beat that sways rather than clomps. And then there's the other side of the coin; your groundwork.

Whatever they tell you at media school these days, many bands still have to rely on things like touring to make their mark. Even a complete bunch of duffers like King finally broke into the singles charts after they had devoted their lives to a marathon trek around the concert halls of Britain. It's still easier to get a live booking than it is to get radio play. And African acts didn't tour. Sunny Ade and Fela might have done a couple of nights at the Brixton Academy or whatever, but that's not what you'd call hard graft.

And, as I say, The Bhundu Boys have played over 70 shows. They've done a tour of Scotland, normally an idea beneath the contempt of most groups, who try to turn back at Leeds if they can help it. They have played every pub, every hall, and every college imaginable and it's paid off.

Shakie Kangwena is a modest man. "To a certain extent, I'm surprised," he admits, but he is interrupted by Biggie.

"I'm not! Something that's been helpful to us is maybe the fact that our music has no competition, that we are so totally different to anything else here, and we are being true to the spirit of presenting our music... I'm not surprised. It has something to do with our being hard-working. We did all the groundwork, and it's all for the taking now."

Being positive never harmed anyone, either.

"HUPENYU HWANGU – THE HAPPY AND ENDURING LIFE OF A MUSICIAN"

The Bhundu Boys' story, like all the best tales of fame and fortune, is a downright peculiar one. Old folks still gather round the fire and whisper of how the band flew from a gunfire-wrecked runway to Glasgow for their first concert in Britain. It was an inauspicious beginning. They anticipated that Gordon Muir would meet them at the airport with a set of limousines. He in turn anticipated that they would have some instruments. Both were wrong... Borderline chuckle when recalling The Bhundu Boys' stay in Gordon's home town, the town of Hawick – a town which expelled C

Doug Veitch yet admitted Biggie Tembo into its church choir. Biggie now says of Hawick that his time there was "very boring"...

From Scotland to Zimbabwe; The Bhundu Boys' home country is very relevant to what they do. While some groups maintain an uneasy relationship with their motherlands, and others merely use it to romanticise their music, The Bhundu Boys are on a mental umbilical cord to Zimbabwe. Biggie is an enthusiastic patriot.

"Living in Rhodesia was terrible. It was a thing which occurred to me when I was nine or ten, that there was something wrong in our society, something which didn't click. The mere fact that at that age I was exposed to *The Bible* and to religion and so on... and I found some of the religious things which were projected to me were very different from what was happening in our society, so it started to make me feel better at that early age. And I always wonder how the rest of my generation who went through that time feel..."

"And then there was Robert Mugabe. We had three warring factions, all aiming for each other's throats, and he moulded a nation out of three different people who had three different ideas in one community. Robert Mugabe, I think, is brilliant, a hero in our land to the present generation... After the Second World War here, I find they still have Rudolf Hess locked up in Spandau prison, and they are still hunting for Nazi war criminals. We are sitting with our own war criminals in the same parliament, sitting with Ian Smith!"

"If what Robert Mugabe did had not worked, I wonder what South Africa would be saying now..."

Ah, South Africa. Those who like ironies will be tickled by the thought that while The Bhundu Boys are returning home at Easter after vast amounts of effort to bring their music to a moderately wide audience, and still being ignored by radio and most national media, thousands of people will be sitting in concert halls listening to a more southerly relation of that music, tidied up for pop consumption, given a big blackbeat and wise guy New York lyrics... While the Bhundu Boys, out of a former racist country, struggle to record a live album in March, Paul Simon will be agonising over a choice of PA.

Biggie adopts an unsympathetic expression. "Paul Simon can't say he was trying to help anyone there. No one! He was trying to fill his own pocket; and those people who helped him make that album, they get something... Yes, he has helped those few musicians, but not every other musician in that terrible state. People should be free to sing whatever they feel like, straight out of their hearts, which black South African musicians can't."

"So Paul Simon," he adds with some understatement, "I don't think is being helpful in a situation where everyone is trying to isolate South Africa, so they're all doing wrong-doing. One of the things that it's the South African government that who's the problem."

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"People always expect you to analyse your life and explain your music. We can't. We never even think about it unless we're doing an interview. We just get up there and do it. I mean what's the point in analysing it? We just want to be in a band and make good records..."

By "good" they mean music that fulfils subjective and individualistic criteria, which they are unable to define or elaborate. I ask Shaun and David and Keith if they would be content merely to lock themselves in some attic playing tapes that nobody else ever heard. They reply Yes and Yes and Maybe. I am shocked. What about the idea that music can be and *should* be used to *communicate*. The idea of the lonely, noble artist went out with flares (and probably crept back in again with the first Phil Collins album). The artist is part of a family, a culture, a sub-culture, an economic class and a social class...



"But I'm not particularly ambitious to be part of a new class — the recording industry" says David, confusingly.

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Harare to Hawick~Shona bump'n

Having come hot foot from the Zimbabwean capital Harare to humble Hawick in Scotland, **THE BHUNDU BOYS** travelled the land insisting that we *all* do the Jit! Yes, even **DAVID QUANTICK** who found Biggie, Shakie and the boys to be creators of the most politically danceable and enjoyable sound since independence. Boys from the bush by **STEVE PYKE**.

Imagine if the most popular live band in the country had never played anywhere larger than a big pub. Imagine if they had come on tour on the strength of a little-known LP on a very small independent label. Imagine, further, that this band had attracted the sort of audiences that Radio One dream of, from students of the Home Counties to the virulently trendy club-goers of Glasgow, from the inebriate doyens of the media to the very few people who never buy music papers at all.

The scenario becomes even more unlikely when one considers that this band receive no daytime radio play – getting only the obligatory Peel and Kershaw sessions – no press save the odd mention in the tour pages of rock mags, and (since their distribution company, Making Waves, went bust last year) ought to be selling much more than the 10,000 LPs they've already sold.

Were you to have told me all this six months ago, I would have chuckled. Had you added that the band in question were a five-piece dance outfit from Zimbabwe by the name of The Bhundu Boys, I would have surely laughed like a loon. Yet such is the case. The Bhundu Boys, with one album, 'Shabini', and half an EP on Doug Veitch's Discafrique label, have played over 70 – 70! – dates in Scotland and England since the summer of 1986, and now rarely fail to sell out the places they play. Every booking agency in town is screaming for their custom, while major record company

A&R men stand pensively in the corners of nasty pubs, stroking their silver noses and thinking of contracts.

Somehow a band from the other side of the world, from the 'Third World' yet, have managed to infiltrate the hearts of a nation. With no support other than a very hard-working manager and their own music, The Bhundu Boys have succeeded where a thousand pluggers and hypers and press officers have failed.

What is going on here?

"PACHEDU – A PARTY YOU HAVE TO GO TO TO BE NOTICED"

Kensal Rise is a bloody horrible place at the best of times. In this weather it is like a B-road out of hell; on seeing its streets from the tube train, one is sorely tempted to stay on. Yet The Bhundu Boys have travelled thousands of miles to be in Kensal Rise, to be in a small terraced house that seems barely large enough to fit its usual occupant – the band's manager Gordon Muir – let alone the six Bhundus, their friends and loved ones, and passing journalists. We gather in the front room, cramped.

While Gordon occasionally appears to answer increasingly bizarre telephone calls, I look at my hosts. There are two virtually silent Bhundus, too moderately silent Bhundus, and one extremely garrulous Bhundu – the singer, Biggie Tembo. On stage, Biggie is a person who seems glad to merely be at the Cricketer's Arms (no mean feat), introducing songs with wilder and more enthusiastic monologues each time, and on one occasion even telling a student audience to be glad that their lives are starting, which takes nerve. In this front room he is a little more restrained; his desire to explain anything and everything is tempered by the quieter interventions of keyboard player Shakie Kangwana. So – some history.

"The name Bhundu means 'Bush'... since we are just as old as our country, and we started in 1980 when Zimbabwe got its independence, the guerrillas and everyone were just coming out of the bush to start our new country, and we just decided to name ourselves after the bush. We had just emerged from a terrifying long war and we were a bunch of boys who just wanted to get out on the streets. We were trying to project a new image for our country, to do our bit for our nation..."

The Bhundu Boys are extremely successful in Zimbabwe; if they aren't actually the top band, they're one of them, recognised wherever they go. Real pop stars, they're notable at home for two things: one is their longevity – very few bands in Zimbabwe, or indeed anywhere, can keep themselves together for seven years – and the other is *Jit*.

Jit? Can this be the secret ingredient that has put the Bhundu Boys where they are today?

"*Jit* is really well known in Zimbabwe," explains Shakie. "It is very distinctive... if someone hears the music, they will know it's *Jit*, and they will know it's us, since we are the ones who really started to play it. Not many bands play *Jit*."

Biggie describes *Jit* as the "rich sound", which is as fair a description as any. It's an incredibly accessible music, being full of melody and the lilting rhythm of the Shona language. Perhaps the most appealing part of the music for British ears is the guitar playing, which shines and sparkles like nothing in sluggish old rock, but also contains enough jangly strength and melody to hook the listener's ear. And you can dance to this music,

which helps a great deal.

Nevertheless, merely having good music isn't a guarantee of popularity these days. The bargain racks are littered with the output of intensely talented people who nobody ever heard or had sold to them. And this is still music from Africa. And music from Africa does not sell...

"MANHENG – GOD GIVE ME WINGS"

Over the years, many record companies have tried to make us buy African music. They have always failed dismally, too. Despite the press coverage given to such giants as Fela Kuti and Sunny Ade, despite endless 'Musique D'Afrique' compilations, and despite several perfectly reasonable British bands like Orchestra Jazira and African Connexion offering up their variants on the continent's musics, the general public has shown a lack of interest in African music that would make shambling pop look like a money-spinner.

Apart from the closet racism of most radio and TV, there's an innate conservatism in the media. People are naturally concerned with promoting the familiar, and there can't be much less familiar than music made in foreign tongues with strange melodies and a beat that sways rather than clomps. And then there's the other side of the coin; your groundwork.

Whatever they tell you at media school these days, many bands still have to rely on things like touring to make their mark. Even a complete bunch of duffers like King finally broke into the singles charts after they had devoted their lives to a marathon trek around the concert halls of Britain. It's still easier to get a live booking than it is to get radio play. And African acts didn't tour. Sunny Ade and Fela might have done a couple of nights at the Brixton Academy or whatever, but that's not what you'd call hard graft.

And, as I say, The Bhundu Boys have played over 70 shows. They've done a tour of Scotland, normally an idea beneath the contempt of most groups, who try to turn back at Leeds if they can help it. They have played every pub, every hall, and every college imaginable and it's paid off.

Shakie Kangwana is a modest man. "To a certain extent, I'm surprised," he admits, but he is interrupted by Biggie.

"I'm not! Something that's been helpful to us is maybe the fact that our music has no competition, that we are so totally different to anything else here, and we are being true to the spirit of presenting our music... I'm not surprised. It has something to do with our being hard-working. We did all the groundwork, and it's all for the taking now."

Being positive never harmed anyone, either.

"HUPENYU HWANGU – THE HAPPY AND ENDURING LIFE OF A MUSICIAN"

The Bhundu Boys' story, like all the best tales of fame and fortune, is a downright peculiar one. Old folks still gather round the fire and whisper of how the band flew from a gunfire-wrecked runway to Glasgow to play their first concert in Britain. It was an inauspicious beginning. They anticipated that Gordon Muir would meet them at the airport with a set of limousines. He in turn assumed that they would have some instruments with them. Both were wrong... Borders still chuckle when recalling The Bhundu Boys' stay in Gordon's home town, the legendary Hawick – a town which expelled Champion

Doug Veitch yet admitted Biggie Tembo into its church choir. Biggie now says of Hawick that his time there was "very boring"...

From Scotland to Zimbabwe; The Bhundu Boys' home country is very relevant to what they do. While some groups maintain an uneasy relationship with their motherlands, and others merely use it to romanticise their music, The Bhundu Boys are on a mental umbilical cord to Zimbabwe. Biggie is an enthusiastic patriot.

"Living in Rhodesia was terrible. It was a thing which occurred to me when I was nine or ten, that there was something wrong in our society, something which didn't click. The mere fact that at that age I was exposed to *The Bible* and to religion and so on... and I found some of the religious things which were projected to me were very different from what was happening in our society, so it started to make me feel better at that early age. And I always wonder how the rest of my generation who went through that time feel..."

"And then there was Robert Mugabe. We had three warring factions, all aiming for each other's throats, and he moulded a nation out of three different people who had three different ideas in one community. Robert Mugabe, I think, is brilliant, a hero in our land to the present generation... After the Second World War here, I find they still have Rudolf Hess locked up in Spandau prison, and they are still hunting for Nazi war criminals. We are sitting with our own war criminals in the same parliament, sitting with Ian Smith!"

"If what Robert Mugabe did had not worked, I wonder what South Africa would be saying now..."

Ah, South Africa. Those who like ironies will be tickled by the thought that while The Bhundu Boys are returning home at Easter after vast amounts of effort to bring their music to a moderately wide audience, and still being ignored by radio and most national media, thousands of people will be sitting in concert halls listening to a more southerly relation of that music, tidied up for pop consumption, given a big blackbeat and wise guy New York lyrics... While the Bhundu Boys, out of a former racist country, struggle to record a live album in March, Paul Simon will be agonising over a choice of PA.

Biggie adopts an unsympathetic expression. "Paul Simon can't say he was trying to help anyone there. No one! He was trying to fill his own pocket; and those people who helped him make that album, they get something... Yes, he has helped those few musicians, but not every other musician in that terrible state. People should be free to sing whatever they feel like, straight out of their hearts, which black South African musicians can't."

"So Paul Simon," he adds with some understatement, "I don't think is being helpful in a situation where everyone is trying to isolate South Africa, so they can see their own wrong-doing. One can even think that maybe it's the South African regime which financed that whole project. It probably cost a lot of millions to promote that project, and if they can give a person a million to do a show in Bophutatswana, why not Paul Simon?"

A few days later, I'm talking to Biggie again and he has just heard that seasoned anti-apartheid campaigners Miriam Makeba and Hugh Masekela have decided to perform with Paul Simon.

"Now I don't know what to think," he says, "but I think that it is still wrong, even if Masekela and Makeba are involved, so don't change what I said. One can also still think that maybe Paul Simon is getting some help from the South African government."



"SHABINI—YOU ONLY HAVE FRIENDS WHEN YOU HAVE MONEY"

Both live and on record, very little of The Bhundu Boys' views on life and politics come across to an English-speaking audience. You won't learn from their records that Biggie puts their extraordinary band community spirit down to the fact that they're "socialists", or that Biggie isn't as keen on freedom of speech and action as we happy Brit liberals are ("you have freedom of speech here — a freedom to do what? Throw an egg at the Prime Minister?"), or even that Shakie feels he may be in the band so he can afford to feed his chickens.

All this, however, is essential to The Bhundu Boys; more than most Western groups, what they do and what they sing is an extension of themselves and what makes them that way. They wouldn't have existed as a group if there was still a Rhodesia, and their music is informed by the spirit of their

hometown, a nation they feel bound to extol in their songs.

More than most, too, they're a *band*. Socialists or not, The Bhundu Boys never allow one person to dominate, not even the loquacious Tembo. Their music comes from the mixture of playing and singing all five generate, whether it's Shakie's bubbling keyboards or guitarist Rise Kagona's glistening chord shapes, Biggie's voice or the rhythm section of David Mankaba and Kenny Chitsvatsa.

"Our music comes from understanding each other," remarks Shakie. And once you know that, you understand the band. They're wary of a deal with a British major, because they know big labels like to bring in name producers and session musicians; Shakie says that this would "kill" their music. They even gave up on translating their songs for greater accessibility when the rhythm of the English words made the songs fall apart and lose their original strength. For a band who set such store on entertainment, The Bhundu Boys are

very serious indeed about what they do.

"Up here it seems you can't understand what we are singing," remarks Biggie, "So it seems that the only way we can communicate is when we are dancing and people are dancing to us. . . unless we start putting translations on our albums, then here there is only dance behind our music."

Anyone with a well-played copy of 'Shabini' or a Bhundus ticket stub would be hard pressed to agree with that one. Perhaps I am overly optimistic or deranged, but it seems to me that the feelings and attitudes behind the Bhundus' music are far more accessible, even *sans* lyric sheet, than, say, Paul Simon's erudite word-play. If there is only dance behind this music for the British listener, then I am Art Garfunkel.

"A DRINKING DEN"

Finally we are at a public house in South London thronged with a veritable cross-section of the community. There are

even a few pop stars shuffling bravely about. Outside, optimists queue in the rain, but too late to get into the already stuffed venue. The Bhundu Boys come on stage, and Biggie Tembo — always ready to exploit human good nature — insists that we dance. Human good nature being what it is, we do dance.

As I stagger about in cheery disarray, I imagine; a band that's travelled thousands of miles without major record company support and virtually no airplay, that's prepared to play every dive in Britain with no chance of that coveted *Superstore* slot. . . a band like *this* trying to make it in today's exciting pop climate?

And I think; seems entirely reasonable to me.

The Bhundu Boys will be recording a live LP at the London Town And Country Club on March 6.

Thanks to Lyn Whiteread for the front cover backdrop



EDITED BY ADRIAN THRILLS



Mick: monster mash-up.

MICK KARN
Dreams Of Reason Produce Monsters (Virgin)

MICK'S HIT upon hard times since the fall of Japan and his forgotten 'Titles'. Perhaps the demise of the miscellaneous/multi-instrumentalist category in the Readers' Poll has reduced his profile; perhaps the news that he's been working with Midge Ure and Pete Murphy has bruised him in the credibility stakes. Whatever the reasons I can't see 'Dreams Of Reason...' reversing the trend.

It's by and large an instrumental work; a neo-classical affair; a movie soundtrack in need of images or at least explanations. While, say, 'First Impression' or 'Language Of Ritual' or 'Dreams Of Reason' are initially intriguing — strange tribal tongues, conversations between fish — they really amount to unaffectionate, repetitive ramblings, lacking focus or real direction. Harmlessly they wash over me and I doubt if even Paul Jones' mouthorgan break on 'The Three Fates' has tampered significantly with my subconscious.

As always, like a lotus flower in a pond of eternally copulating toads, there's one clear moment of beauty. Co-written (with Karn) and sung by David Sylvian, 'Buoy' towers above everything else. Once again the partnership charts oriental waters, but unlike the cool aestheticism of 'Ghosts' or 'Visions Of China', Sylvian's delivery here is warm, moving and addictive: "You're like a map of buried gold/I search for treasures in your soul". Of course it's the single (and well worth having); even Virgin realise that Mick tinkling his way aimlessly through a 45 won't net many kopeks.

But 'Buoy's' presence on — must I repeat it — 'Dreams Of Reason Produce Monsters' just highlights the meandering nature of Karn's vague compositions; even the spiritually cryptic 'Answer' (sung by the Bury Church School Choir with the Keith Williams Music Ensemble?) and the other Karn/Sylvian ditty 'When Love Walks In' drift by unmemorably. In the style of Ralph Halpern, I've approached Mick's creation from all angles; after five outings, and unlike the Burton's boss, I remain far from satisfied.

Len Brown

THE TAILGATORS
Mumbo Jumbo (Zippo)
RUSS TOLMAN
Totem Poles and Glory Holes (Zippo)

MANY MUSIC paper editors wept openly at the prospect of a guitar rock revival; for every stupid and indulgent guitar solo, there was an equally stupid and indulgent adjective to describe it.

Swirling, pulsating, gnashing, and crashing through the '80s, the DRIVING GUITARS of REM, Long Ryders, Rain Parade, Dream Syndicate and Hüsker Dü have run us down. Some of us are more dazed than dazzled.

To get the number of the guitar that hit you, you need to be able to identify a distinct sound, something that stands out in the traffic. The Tailgators have found a whole mess of sounds at the bottom of a swamp.

They've dredged up the sounds of Flaco Jimenez, Creedence Clearwater Revival and Los Lobos, and have filtered the murk through a giant Voodoo sieve.

Every track on 'Mumbo Jumbo' sounds like something you have already heard. Multitalented Don Leady plays guitar, lap steel, accordion and fiddle and sings like a cross between John Fogerty and Dylan after his motorbike accident, but his diction is better than either.

In keeping with the car imagery, the Tailgators follow 'Jeepster' very closely on the winning track 'Thank You Baby' before shifting into blusey gear for 'Allons Rock 'n' Roll'. 'Chase the Devil' is all bayou mythology and tight fiddling, while the gorgeously lazy lap steel instrumental 'Maria Elena' inspires enough energy to swat the flies off the nearest sweet young thing. And if The Cramps got behind the wheel of 'Behind the Wheel', they'd be trashing some of the best riffs this side of 'Goo Goo Muck'.

Tailgating the Dream Syndicate rather too closely is singer-songwriter Russ Tolman. In order to get away with the baring of the soul through the nasal passages the soul better have some spectacular body, not a clone of some much-admired work.

Most of side one is so derivative of the Syndicate's 'Days Of Wind And Roses' LP that fans of that sort of 'angst with an axe' music would do better to play that record. His heart is in the right place — small-town America — but those towns have been played out. Time to drive on, Russ.

Michele Kirsch



Susan Rogers (??): a purple polka-dot reign.

VARIOUS
London Pavillon (Volume One) (Él)

ÉL, THE label that announced itself with the classic 'I, Blood-brother Be' single by the Shock-headed Peters in September 1984, are yet to match the majesty of that release; following that crunching collision of Mel Tormé and Oscar Wilde was always going to be a hard task. And instead, the label has withdrawn into itself, embracing incomparably polite songs and songwriters. And because there's not a single loud-mouth on their roster this collection of tracks by various artists from 1986 isn't going to grab you by the ears and shake you into ecstasies... but maybe that's not the point.

The point, it seems, is that ÉL is home for the eccentric and the light-headed. It's not any common sound, but this spirit of *divertissement* which gives the label its identity. Not being loud-mouths, though, means that most of the musicians chose an acoustic sound; from the overblown operatics of Cagliostro, to Momus (one man and his guitar).

The highlights include Marden Hill's brilliant 'Curtain' (a light '60s jazz soundtrack for a French holiday road-movie), and the McCarthyite 'Dreams of Living' by Always. A further surprise is a heavenly version of the Monkees' tune 'Valleri' by the King of Luxembourg (not his real name).

But elsewhere, 'Montague Terrace' sounds like Spandau Ballet. It's by Mayfair Charm School, a name that shows up the way the ÉL ideal could be mistaken for nothing more than a veneer of sophistication.

The LP reflects a world without conflict, a world of small coffee cups and flat black polished shoes; a weird perspective on the reality of here, now and England. ÉL is certainly a label out of time and out of place. If you plan to escape, take the quickest route to 'London Pavilion'.

Dave Haslam



Audrey: sweets for my sweet.

AUDREY HALL
Just You Just Me (German)

LOVERS' ROCK is a music on the outside, forever shunted out beyond the "taste" of 'serious' pop consumers. It is the "soft" extreme to dancehall 'hardness' yet its consistent popularity is at odds with its (critical) 'invisibility'. Many would argue that lovers is too popular — or, rather, too *mainstream* to be given serious attention. Whilst we celebrate musical ghettoism — from the outer fringes of indie to the cult of old, rediscovered soul/Blues/whatever — a contemporary, populist genre is somehow excluded. Selectivity.

I have another problem with lovers' rock, however — its, for want of a better word, *foreignness*. I can connect with rap, soul, and reggae but, somehow, they're never this sweet, this unrepentantly sugary. Plus, lovers' communicates — or, in my case, fails to — on a shared and formulaic expression of undiluted romance. Love songs, lost love songs, lover's pleas, or, as Audrey Hall puts it "love songs... you never hear enough of". Audrey is a superior singer of lovers' rock, yet, half way through this LP, I feel I'm drowning in saccharine.

Sly and Robbie are present, here, but on half-tilt. It's left to the voice — sweet, high, appealing, pleasant — and the songs (see above). 'The Best Thing For Me', 'Woman In Love', 'Smile' and the uncharacteristically understated 'I Will Think Of You' are the cream. Late-night, low-lights charmers that insinuate by their very *niceness*. To be taken in very small doses by all but the most faithful. Which is where I came in and where I exit, none the wiser.

Sean O'Hagan

MADHOUSE
8 (Paisley Park)

NOW, THIS is something else. Under a shiny techno jazz-funk veneer, Madhouse (de)construct a future-fusion that, is quite startling. Something old made new, something restrictive opened out and reinvented.

That this is a Paisley Park product — perhaps touched by the hand of his majesty (one Susan Rogers at the controls?) — should alert you to its difference. Clothed in a garish, trash-art sleeve like something from the Z Records back catalogue, '8' consists of eight tracks numbered, simply, one to eight.

Whatever the stylistic ironies of this facelessness — and certainly fusion of any kind tends toward the identikit — Madhouse construct a sound that is as taut as it is tricky. A quartet led by Eric Leeds, the saxophonist from The Revolution, Madhouse fashion a hybrid music that borrows and steals from be-bop, techno-pop, jazz ambience and hard-edged funk. The latter presence is the most forceful and the assertive slam-funk finish to 'One' is the first sign of a mischievous musical knowledge at work here.

Cut to 'Three' and the snakey, sinuous sax solo that slips through a beautiful ballad. These

C-CAT TRANCE
Zouave (Ink)

THE MOST authentically oriental-sounding music I've heard lately is Ofra Haza's weird Yemenite hip-hop, and that uses mainly violins and dustbin-lid percussion. C-Cat Trance, on the other hand, have been globetrotting, searching the desert sands from Kashmir to Covent Garden, and brought back all manner of wonders, a talking drum here, a saz (that's saz) there. But they can cloak themselves in flowing robes and mystery for all they like, they still sound like humourless English boys on holiday.

Not that there's anything wrong with cultural tourism and bagging of bric-a-brac, but C-Cat Trance, for all their frenzied style-blending and playfulness, come across as repressed, a little too in awe of their chosen reference points. They aren't really working out a cross-cultural dialogue, but using orientalism to cut themselves off from their peers in the indie mainstream, and simply ghettoising themselves — 'look, we're arcane'. A shame, because 'Zouave' is ripe with some delicious effects but it doesn't come to anything because the scholarly leaden funk weighs it down (the second half of 'Shake the Mind'). They do have some sense of humour, but it misfires on a version of 'You've Lost That Loving Feeling' straight out of 'It Ain't Half Hot Mum'. I can't help suspecting they're wearing overcoats and winter woolies under those djellabas.

Jonathan Romney

VARIOUS
Not Just Mandela (Davy Lamp)

'NOT JUST Mandela', a fundraising album, urges the buyer to delve deep for Anti-Apartheid but returns the favour with more than just rampant ideology. Since when have your senses been so caressed for £3.99?

This is a collection of 10 original tracks produced by the non-profit making Essex indie Davy Lamp.

The Housemartins or Billy Bragg won't do sales any harm. Billy doubles up with old associ-

guys fuse genres, styles and codes: snippets of dislocated noise — conversations, CB radio, orgasmic gasps, stolen riffs — fracture a sturdy, disciplined funk where the crisp, controlled and utterly compelling drum signatures of John Louis are always to the fore. 'Six' sounds like a beefed-up backing track of 'Parade' or one of those long insistent Sheila E work-outs like 'A Love Bizarre'. If this sounds familiar, the techno-dance beat that follows leads us into pastures new. Then a piece like 'Eight' evolves from a long, airy, flute-tinged groove into a slow, elastic ambient fade-out. In the space on one song — which, for good measure, is constructed round a cut-up, human voice coda — they change skin like a musical chameleon until you're left with a set of infinite possibilities forged out of old material. Reconstruction.

Forget the fact that you've always loathed jazz-funk, that the very word "fusion" is loaded with past connotations — from Bob James vacuity to Mahavishnu madness — this is future funk. You'll listen and learn to love a wah-wah guitar. Madhouse are a string of four-letter words — hard, cool, taut, jazz, funk. Mostly funk. This is something else.

Sean O'Hagan

ates The Neurotics for the anthemic and anger-evoking 'Africa', all chiming guitars and vocals. The 'Martins donate 'You', the classic track from the 'Flag Day' 12-inch. Elsewhere, names relatively unknown outside Harlow prepare to turn Household as they parade their wares.

Glistening among the grooves is Paul Howard, a love-torn and socially motivated poet, possessing an enchanting voice and a love of Ireland's Brendan Behan. Some Other Day race ahead with jangling, soaring guitars, while Real By Reel spit out their hate of American hypocrisy.

With debut albums of their own just released, The Sullivans combine rounded indie-pop and precise commercial tones, while The Internationalists trade in jagged reggae-clash and post-punk harshness.

Harlow's bard Attila The Stockbroker turns his hands towards the mandola and violin in 'Sawdust And Empire', and Porky The Poet confines himself to verse and casio keyboard.

Vibrant music for a healthy cause.

Helen Mead

VARIOUS
The Dice Are Rolling (Play It Again Sam)

THIS COMPILATION is a kind of artistic prison. Where the unrelenting electro-beat serves as barbed-wire, the mangy guitars humiliate and depress while emotionally sterile and intellectually vacant lyrics, ideas and attitudes truly oppress. That is not to say that any of these bands — Neon Judgement, Bollock Bros, Legendary Pink Dots — are extreme or dangerous. Simply that the numbing boredom induced through their sheer mediocrity kills.

Buy why are The Weathermen included here? They seem to be the only light. Their vision of inventive beat-box with 'subversive' cut-ups is refreshing. A way out.

Richard North



Sorry David, blame yourself

DAVID THOMAS & THE WOODEN BIRDS

Blame The Messenger (Rough Trade)

SMITING THE post punk fall-out years with their avant-garde rock, Pere Ubu were a worthwhile proposition. Combining cacophony and irrepressible rhythms, their attention-grabbing focus was the large frantic buffoon, David Thomas. Since the band's 1982 demise, he has been releasing a series of daft solo albums, with this latest continuing a line of self-experimentation.

Recorded near Cleveland, Ohio, 'Blame The Messenger' exudes small studiophobia — locked away from the cavernous Mid West prairies and the 'real' outside world. But then, Thomas & Co have a belief in the ludicrous that means cohesive melody, form and musical expectation bear little relevance to their sound. Supreme exerciser or whims, Thomas brutalises and mixes studio gadgetry, sampling and conventional guitar to a presumed Art of Noise.

From the opening track 'My Town' (Cleveland?), a country based knees up incorporating the favoured instruments of the avant-garde — the accordion and the hurdy gurdy — the Wooden Birds are Sending Themselves Up. "This song is not by or for human beings, it's sung by birds". Fine. Their sudden blast of energy and carnival raucousness on 'Friends Of Stone' echoes current funsters, Band Of Holy Joy: only the latter have a searing impact that David Thomas lacks.

These Wooden Birds weld together musical doodles without reason or rhyme. 'King Knut', an offcentred piece of experimentalism, features repetitious riffs, abstract percussion and Thomas's peculiar vocal style that is alternately tremulous and strident, plaintive and pathetic. It does have a resonance, but the effect is drowned out by his wilful vocal affections and the mangled assemblage of Noise.

All this, along with imagery of storms, blood, tears and bleak abandonment was once considered Deep. The more inconclusive the lyrics, the more unlistenable the sound, the more an evangelical punk contingent were prepared to embrace. Now, like Deep Purple drum solos, it can be seen that impenetrable mess does not constitute originality or even endearing eccentricity.

'The Wooden Birds Laugh At The Theory Of Uniformitarianism'. Their strange snufflings conform to a pop art indulgence that is now ... (sorry lads), the norm.

Lucy 'Wooden Bird' O'Brien

DJ JAZZY JEFF AND FRESH PRINCE

Rock The House (Champion)

CRITICISM OF THE hip hop genre can be a dodgy business. Last time anyone here voiced their disapproval, telephones rang and questions were asked in high places. The unfortunate bouncer was hounded out of town by a team of gun-toting yo-yos.

Edwin Pouncey

JJ and FP don't go for songs about guns or techno overload. Their concerns are basically the usual teen rap fodder — school, girls, getting ahead, being the best. But the way they go about putting it over! They have a telepathically tuned partnership, where the effortlessly stylish and seamless thefts of the Jazzman ride with the uncontrollable linguistic brilliance of the Prince. The beats push him ever further in an attempt to capture the frustration, humour and claustrophobia of growing up.

Take the restless wound-up-to-burst 'Just One Of Those Days' where he's like a Fred Flintstone caricature in a modern Kafka nightmare. Through a wry smile he seethes at commercial encroachment: "I put on my Fila underwear and my Fila hat/Went downstairs and kicked the Fila cat." All the while the Jazz DJ goads him with a snap happy refrain and cantankerous fake bassoon groans.

Maybe it's something to do with their Philly creamed origins. It's certainly something to do with the jazzy tang of the sound coordination. The grabbing and improvising ideas out of thin air make this duo hotter than the rest. Compared to the titans of techno bombast, they're like deft artisans using an economy and agility that shows real confidence in their ideas and declarations.

JJ has a knack of choosing the right tune at the right time — a little JB here, a sprinkling of Whistle there — rhapsodising human beat box Freddy C with Diana Ross's 'Do You Know Where You're Going To'. His ability to slide the groove just so, hold the beat and cut in some fusion jazz mooching and wailing is best illustrated on 'A Touch Of Jazz'.

Guns do appear, once. At the end of raptuse artiste Ice Cream T's reply to the single 'Gals Ain't Nothing But Trouble', she produces a Smith and Wesson to see off the smarm feeling her up and trying to become her pimp.

Not only great sounds but unimpeachable morals too. What more could you ask for?

Gavin Martin



PHOTO: A. J. BARRATT

Three O'Clock — road blocked

THREE O'CLOCK

Ever After (IRS)

PAISLEY POWER'S only real survivors so far have been that lovable all girl unit The Bangles, who somehow managed to hang ten on the wave of derision that originally greeted the movement to land high and dry half way up the UK charts. How Three O'Clock, and especially leader Michael Quericco, must long for a similar fate.

This is a third base for Three O'Clock, that's if you don't count the time they were called The Salvation Army on their 'Baroque Hoedown' mini-album under their new moniker. One more strike like this however and I fear they'll be out of the ball-park forever.

'Ever After' is all pop but no fizz, no matter how many exotic ingredients have been poured into it and swished around. Trapped in a time warp of their own making they've yet to find the door to another level for their music and their once new pasture land now stinks like a graveyard.



ILLUSTRATION: JOHN GEERY

DOCTOR KOOL'S TONIC

KOOL MOE DEE

Kool Moe Dee (Jive)

AS THE MAN himself asks, do you know what time it is?

Even if you don't, one thing's for sure: hip hop no longer looks in from the sidelines. It now has to be taken as seriously as any other kind of music. Welcome as this fact is, it has also initiated a stubborn response, mainly from the kind of people who pride themselves in supporting a music that they believe to be on the outside. Their reaction to hip hop — Tory minded, stubborn — reveals a position which is in their worst nightmares, totally under threat.

As the man himself asks, do you know what a crime this is?

Hip hop, in this the holy year of the rapper, is the music that makes all the forward moves, constantly re-inventing itself in a manner that no formal group can. It embraces technology with invention and frivolity and pins it down with the harshest of beats.

It aims at the feet but takes all prisoners. And Kool Moe Dee is no exception. No doubt those opposed to what they know in their heart of hearts is the future will be penning their replies, referring to "the normal misogynist hip hop". This is the usual putdown, a way of disgracing a whole living body of music by elevating its more nastier side. If we reverse the situation does this then leave us free to talk

about "the normal misogynist rock music", using the example of heavy metal?

Of course not: for every dodgy rap there are at least three which outsmart anything on those stakes. Fine for your conscience, too.

As the man himself asks, do you know how fine this is?

Kool Moe Dee, the forgotten rapper, has made a State Of The Art LP that updates the rap story into a scintillating and fascinating collage. Rap's weaknesses are represented — its flirtation with screaming guitars — yet these are easily outdone by three monster tracks — 'Do You Know' 'Rock Steady' and the tightrope balance of 'Go See The Doctor'.

Kool Moe Dee's linguistic skills cover rap's waterfront with a stirring enthusiasm and skill. He is consistent on all levels, berating boys for loose romping habits as much as he does girls on 'Dumb Dick'. Crack comes under the hammer too, revealing the rapper's concern for sex, self esteem and the behaviour of his peers.

The best raps here are either spiced with funky motifs or dramatic splashes of sound, the music always revolving around Kool's distinctive voice and his wide grasp of language and rhyme.

Do you know what a time this is? If you've any interest in contemporary music, you should do.

Paolo Hewitt



Velvets — shades of indulgence

THE VELVET UNDERGROUND

Another View (Polydor)

HOW IRONIC that in this vinyl junkie season Polydor should release as a separate entity the artefact used as a carrot to entice terminal undergroundeers to buy last year's boxed set. This array of previously unavailable material lacks the melodic cuteness of 'V.U.' and mainly goes to prove that the gang can be as self-indulgent as anyone else.

Only the instrumental version of 'Guess I'm Fallin' In Love Again' boasts that ravishing guitar sound, the one where it sounds like someone shouting into a comb and paper. The alternative they offer is their squiggly mega-jam side. The inclusion of the endless jam 'I'm Gonna Move Right In' is a train-spotter concession as is the studio version of 'We're Gonna Have A Good Time Together' — a tidy affair without the live version's sinister distortion. Like its companions, it is high on velocity and low on speed. The problem with this band is that so much has been stolen and grafted onto other bands, breeding rank familiarity. But this familiarity can work in their favour when you consider what rubbishy words our Lou gets away with: "We're gonna have a real good time" indeed ...

Cath Carroll



Hugh — what a scorcher!

HUGH MASEKELA

Tomorrow (Warners)

NO 'GRACELAND' ambiguities to trouble the liberal conscience here. Hugh Masekela makes his intent clear from the very first groove: "Bring back Nelson Mandela/Bring him back home to Soweto/I want to see him walking down/The streets of South Africa", he sings with Sonti Mindebele, vocalist with the seven-member Kalahari, his

backing band for this London-recorded set.

The lyrical themes of 'Tomorrow' are the plight of the black South African, whether oppressed in the townships or in chilly exile in Europe. As articulate as these words of many tongues are, it is still Masekela's musicianship which speaks loudest — on trumpet or flugel horn he coaxes forth sounds that conjure up the swells and lurches of the human heart as accurately as any wordsmith.

Whether proud and politically angry or private and melancholic, the material here is eminently and irresistibly danceable, if not as immediate as the club hit 'Don't Go Lose It Baby' of two years ago. Add to this the least pretentious and most explanatory account of the recording process to be seen on an album sleeve in quite some time, and 'Tomorrow' looks decidedly hopeful.

Alan Jackson



Biff Bang Yuki!

BIFF BANG POW!

The Girl Who Runs The Beat Hotel (Creation)

ALAN McGEE, are you a man or an anorak? Are you quite certain you're vertebrate? From a whimper to a thwame, you have made a snivelling, simpering mess of a record. You are an over excited child before a banquet of paisley neurosis, gobbling up every uncertainty of a riff, every squeezed spot of pubescent lyric, every pseudo soppy sentiment before SPLAT — biff bang puking the lot up onto this vile vinyl.

What a stain upon indie pop's bitch of a tapestry. This paltry pap packs as much wallop as the fake punches pulled on Batman, minus the visual comic relief. Oh lame love child, if you tried to ram these pansy songs into the barrel of a soldier's gun I would order him to fire.

What it does have is ten trembling tracks that trickle down that dirty hippy '60s window pane you press your drippy nose against to gape at The Strawberry Alarm Clock. And it never ticked anyway, brother.

The tuneless warbling of 'Someone Stole My Wheels' ascertains your vocal chords went along for the ride. The insipid boy loses girl (well, deserves to, anyway) medley that completes the A side proves once more that teenage misery loves company, but not mine.

Michele Kirsch

PIANOSAURUS

Groovy Neighbourhood (New Rose)

THEY PLAY toy instruments but have fire in their bowels.

Yes folks this is a whole LP recorded completely on genuine TOY instruments. Y'know, Bontempi, that sort of thing.

As one we stand and applaud the idea. The concept! A return to innocence ... a childlike state of grace. No preconceptions. No hang-ups. No fucking around. Wow. This could, in fact, be the start of a new Primitive movement.

And what a sound. All in the way it's miked up, I suppose.

Thrill to songs like 'A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To The Toystore', 'Barbie' (a paean to that infamous doll's awesome perfection), 'Ready To Rock' (which is truly rockin') and 'The Letter' (a dignified version of The Boxtops' classic).

Toys are cool.

Richard North



EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

BIG BLACK
LONDON ULU

LIKE YOU, I always thought Big Black had several screws loose. What I hadn't bargained for was that they'd be splitting personalities between scrawny whiteboys making a lot of guitar-fuss and confidence tricksters trying to shock and more by bringing the content citizen's worst fantasies to life. Après 'Atomizer', they were at their most explicit yet: incest and cropophilia were delved into with more detail, as if fear wasn't their worst enemy.

Exactly what do the spawn of the mid-American Bible-belt do for kicks? They take fear as the only frontier of reason, add a bit of penis-envy and proclaim themselves cold stars. Which they are. Schizophrenia is diagnosed here due to their disturbing objectivity about fist-fucking, gang-raping and other afflictions of idiots who consider themselves beyond society. Needless to say, Black is the colour to fear here. Search me as to why.

I mean, take Roland as an example. She's the drum machine, who never splutters or seems vulnerable. Her hard graft has nothing to do with 'Kerosene's' slut, the sperm receptacle who lures all the bored boys to an uncertain fate. Ear-splitting harmonics are subjugated to her beat, as it rattled the cage's bars, pleading for a Big Black dancefuck extended re-mix in so-so surroundings.

DELE FADELE

LADY BUNNY
LONDON LIMELIGHT

THE CHOO-choo that's brought Lady Bunny, a lip-synching good southern trash queen, and her brand of country-disco from hometown Chattanooga to London is New York's Down-town Special, and it's met at Limelight by designer station-masters Leigh Bowery, got up in his best Statue of Liberty frock, and Racheal Auburn in a green foam dishmop wig. It's a right bona pancake 'n' peroxide occasion.

Of course, drag is no new art-form, nor a particularly subversive one at that. And as for those who say it's a misogynist aberration, an unacceptable face of gay, I'll reply that the attention of Lady Bunny can only constitute a form of flattery. Her caricatures — exotic hybrids of Scarlett O'Hara, Bette Davis and an unhinged Dusty Springfield — are inoffensive because they've more to do with the land that never was, of romance and roses, a vision that oppresses romantics everywhere, than the real world. The site of Tara is probably being bulldozed at this precise minute by developers, so which is the better fantasy?

Tonight Bunny-time is prime-time and her minutes are precious. Clad only in a flared black one-piece and a platinum wig, Bunny covers her favourite songs, breathy versions of 'Ode To Billie

Jo', 'Pillow Talk' and the little-known 'My Pussy' ("... is hot ... wet ... bad!!"). This gal fills the stage with frenetic activity; tentative robotics to "Popcorn", twirls, a bit of mike-cable bondage and (moment of passion!) 'It Should Have Been Me' climaxes with a display of chair tossing that betrays a strength seldom seen from demure ladies.

A few costume changes would have equalled perfection. If there was justice in the world, everybody would have a bunny in their local. Rapture! And if you're reading this, Lady Bunny, just a tip about that tell-tale girdle-line ... from one woman to another.

LOUISE GRAY

JAMES BROWN
CANNES, FRANCE

NEVER WERE the parallels between Muhammed Ali and James Brown more in evidence than on this night. Knowing precisely how best to utilise their highly-developed personalised skills has always set these two apart from mere mortals. Having a neat line in fast and fancy footwork is also common to both.

This being an international TV gala, Brown — in the bill-topping spot — has but three songs to re-assert what ever grandiose title he currently prefaces his name with. Fifteen minutes into the future and only a fool would dare to question his Black Superman status.

'Living In America' allows Brown and his Maceo-lead men to slip quickly into gear, whilst a second selection contains just about every trick Brown can perform. He whoops, hollers and squeals with the kind of abandon that neither Little Richard or Little Prince can ever hope to emulate.

Time for the final throwdown. Time for 'Sex Machine'.

I can't conceive of any living performer capable of generating such intensity through the medium of a song. Harnessed, such natural energy could illuminate Manhattan.

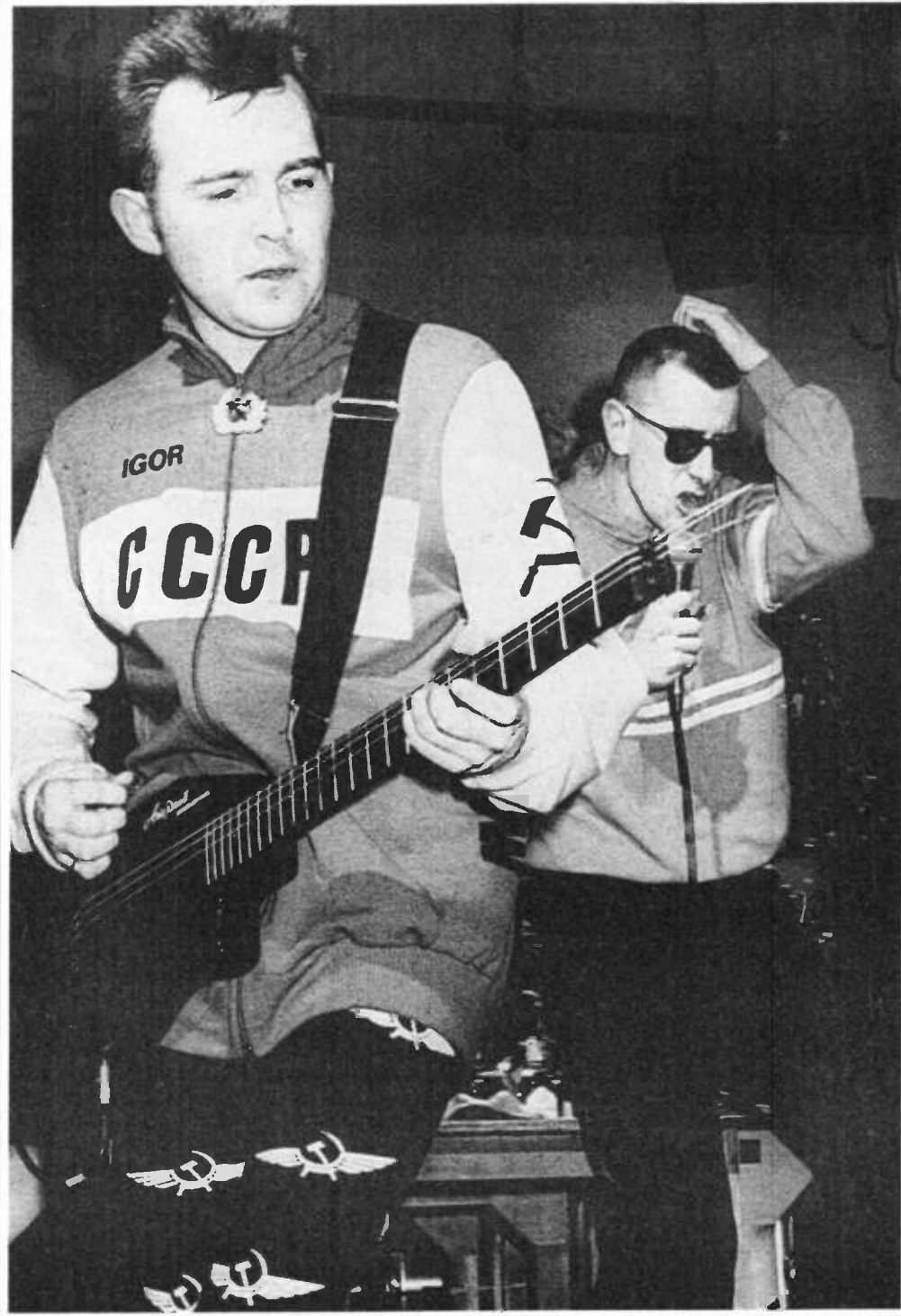
Having witness a lifetime's experience so effectively packed into 15 minutes makes this spectator even more aware of how much rubbish is currently being peddled in the name of entertainment.

ROY CARR

GAYE BYKERS ON ACID
THE STITCHED-BACK
FOOT AIRMAN
BRISTOL WESTERN STAR

MUTANT ROCKERS crowd the stage, waiting for mega mayhem with Gaye Bykers. The crazy combo, a day late for the big show, are playing third support to the groovy Stitched Back '60s sound. Eight big, dirty black boots stomp the stage. Sixty pairs of sensible shoes remain fixed to the floor. They shall not be moved.

"It's like playing the British



AOC: freedom freakout!

BE CLEAN, BE CONSTRUCTIVE!**AGE OF CHANCE**
BIRMINGHAM
UNIVERSITY

ONE! If the Age Of Chance hadn't been less than miraculous tonight then I'd've thrown my cards in and washed my hands of the whole sorry mess. Mediocrity

is nothing, inspiration must prevail.

TWO! The Age Of Chance were less than brilliant (marginally); the rhythm and light paled. No drums apparent for starters (ridiculous!), the singer sounded in the throes of laryngitis, the squawking dancers wouldn't've been out of place at a Spear Of

Density offering, my eyes and limbs were aching to drop, the sound ... the sound came across in a continuous guitar wash, remote figures drawn from nowhere, flailing, caterwauling — those earrings, that poise; melted down in a crash collision course with thunderbird dripping guitars.

THE LEGEND!

TODD RUNDGREN
LOS ANGELES PALACE

"FASHIONABLE TODAY, forgotten tomorrow" is a well-worn music biz maxim that makes Todd Rundgren something of an anomaly. Locked away in his studio in upstate New York, he seems oblivious to the whims of musical taste, crafting his magical melodies until he has enough for a show (perhaps once a year) before descending, like Moses, to dish them out to his faithful followers.

Somehow it doesn't seem to matter that some of the songs are half-performed works-in-progress. His performances are so intimate and relaxed, it's like having someone play demos in your living-room.

And as pop's resident musical scientist, he's always throwing up new ideas, whether it's an 11-piece computer-generated choir of his own voice, some boffo video and laser technowhiz effects, or a rock aria from the score he's writing for a theatrical production of Joe Orton's *Up Against It*.

But he makes sure to strike a balance with a few crowd-pleasing oldies at the piano, trotting out 'Too Far Gone' and 'Can We Still Be Friends?', amongst others from the

seminal 'Hermit Of Mink Hollow'.

One thing you can say about Todd Rundgren is that he's always doing something different. And with heroes so hard to find these days, someone who can flourish outside the strictures of the hit-hungry record business is someone to be treasured.

JANE GARCIA

TIE THE BOY
BELFAST ABERCORN

LATE IN '86 a local promoter had the "revolutionary" idea of plugging support band Tie The Boy on posters to put a few more burns on seats at a Housemartins gig. The compassion was not lost on many but only valid for the multi-influenced 'Now You're Gone' where Humberside's finest rubbed shoulders with everything but the Kitchenware sink and a few power trios.

The Boys haven't played much since; choosing to spend their time cooped up in various radio studios recording sessions for Anglo and Irish (north and south) wavelengths and cocking an ear in the direction of Nashville. This absence lends a palpable sense of expectation and occasion to this comeback gig.

THREE! "So who's afraid of the big bad noise/We gotta sing girls and boys." It didn't take much for the ONLY live band in the world to stay the same; an open eye, a slice of pure spine-shivering guitar, a whisper from the face, 'Shut Up + Listen', the opening climactic phrase to 'Kiss' just before the whole place EXPLODES in a frenzy of exhilaration. Age Of Chance: the only Age where intelligence, NOISE NOISE NOISE, tunes, wit + stylising collide in an override of the sensibilities, the only Age to actually GRASP what playing LIVE entails — the cutting edge. An automatic disruption unit with full power to the throttle.

FOUR! The Janice Long session was namechecked constantly — 'Big Bad Noise', 'Shut Up + Listen', 'Hold On', one in the eye for those who consider them a three-song band. Tonight's showing; the first two brilliant with their yo-boy chorusing and upfront bravado, the last one tracing back the Violent Femmes. They take the attitudes of hip-hop and bring them to a white rock stifled on security. They take the music of the beat to hip hop and challenge its authority.

FIVE! Mixing instinct with knowledge, understanding with abstinence — "haven't you heard that silence is golden" — the Ageists centre everything round the primal drums and a whole slab of style and take it from there. One couldn't help drawing parallels between support band, The Membranes (ah, sweet irony!) and their generic attitudes towards the meshing of pop and noise ... the designer clothes are as tongue in cheek as the chopped guitars, ie: both yes and no! No checking out ghettos here, no sense of failure. "How're YOU loaded for brains?" Oh yes they were dry; they dripped sarcasm, oozed sneerdom, dropped ... the beat stumbled and tore as the singer leaned lank and tawny, letting loose gleeful slices of sardonic arrogance to hurt you — the Age Of Chance are laughing at you, how does it feel, PUNK?

THE LEGEND!

If beat boy Tim Hegarty comes on like someone who swears on ITV, guitarist Pete resembles Charlie Chaplin from a distance. Up close he looks more like Peter Gabriel but all round his fret trickery frays and firms up the indigent Derry double guitar and harmonies line-up. 'All Over Dixie' conjures up the smells and sounds of Tennessee, 'You've Been Talking To That Boy' has power chords brutal enough to tongue — Tie The Beastie Boys and his only vocal, 'Blame It On Me', marries a nerve-wracked guitar quiver and harmonica to a square dance backcloth in a song of rare beauty.

In case you reckon TTB should kit out in spurs and ten gallon hats, other guitarist and head Boy Kevin Williams counters with songs guaranteed more catches than a decent wicket keeper — 'Limbo' is an immeasurable improvement on the debut single version and 'Orgy', well, climaxes the evening nicely.

Towards the end there's a tendency towards an identikit stomp but if this can be kept in check, Tie The Boy's return set of 58 minutes will just be short of the hour on all counts.

PETER RODGERS

THE HOLLIES

LONDON, ALBERT HALL

Twenty-five years together, nigh on 30 hits, wow The Hollies must be 400 years old yet looking down on the stage, guitarist Tony Hicks still looks like he'd have difficulty getting into an over-21 disco.

They are a remarkable concern but because of their very stead-fastness, they tend to get overlooked when the Greats of British Pop are summoned before us. The night at the Albert Hall could have been a gruesome affair but instead of them heaving out a slurred gruel of '60s pastiches puffed up by rock symphonics, they went for minimal amplification and fuss, relying on acoustic renditions and clean-cut three-part harmonies for dramatic effect.

Between Allan Clarke's self-inflicted jibes about have to go and take a lie-down between songs, they grappled with a Bruce Springsteen song ('When I Was A Priest') without the aid of electrical accompaniment and switched painlessly to a chain of their very own cheeky pop hits. Their finest moment 'Can't Let Go', a chiming, insistent trade-off, was relegated, sad to say, to part of a medley... segueing into the ghastly 'Jennifer Eccles'.

There was more ghastliness in the traditional instrumental spot so that the non-singing musicians could parade their charms. Their display was endearingly dated, a rock rendition of part of *Peer Gynt* done in a '75 style, those wah-wah pedals going *wakkachukka-wakka* like nobody's business.

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of the performance was the fact that much of Hick's and Clarke's repartees was peppered with homosexual innuendo. Introducing 'On A Carousel', Clarke said of Hick's banjoed introduction, "This is something he picked up in the middle east - among other things." The Joe Orton tribute album can't be far off.

CATH CARROLL

**D'ARBY DAY**TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY
LONDON RONNIE SCOTTS

TD DAY came to London in the form of a private press viewing of this oddly named, unusual looking lean figure with plait locks, satin box suit and almost androgynous visage. But D'Arby is no trumped up image from a designer nightmare; indeed he proved confident and straightforward enough to take the preciousness out of the prospect of performing for a gaggle of press hounds on the free piss.

For those cynics already doubtful of the ability of every new black British outfit to produce immediate winners, D'Arby's 'If You Let Me Stay' single, eliciting an astonishing response from local radios while still only on pre-release, shows the sort of raw soaring voice which may for once actually justify the fuss.

Hardly surprising some are already reaching for Prince comparisons. That's a little off beam - D'Arby's energies aren't dispersed in other areas like writing/production/guitar playing. In fact he's saddled himself with a perfunctory, at times sadly workmanlike, band. Where the comparison does come into play is the ambition and versatility

he places on his vocals.

D'Arby's something of a soulful sorcerer, steeped in a diversity of styles, drawing on them with a surety and conviction seldom found in singers this side of the big pond. But it's not simply the joy of recognition that makes his Al Green just-short-of-the-mike breathtease, his gruff southern testifying or golden throated angel cries work, but the way he draws the strands together in a style that is indubitably his own.

Several areas were explored in the five songs in the show case most tantalising was the exotic neo voodoo soul of 'Seven More Days'. The material sagged a bit with the ragged reggae rock of 'Wishing Well' and sub Wonder melange of 'I'll Never Turn My Back On You' and TD did tend to over emphasise on 'Who's Lovin' You', an old Smokey song.

Stripped to only a guitar accompaniment the closing 'Wonderful World' ('A Change Is Gonna Come' wouldn't have been as cute but it would have been a lot more poignant) would have even the great Ted Hawkins reaching for his laurels. Plus, as the young lady with me said, Mister D'Arby is a lot better looking. These things can be important, I know, but in this case appearances are just a superfluous extra.

GAVIN MARTIN

WELL REDKENTISH TOWN TOWN
AND COUNTRY CLUB

THE BRITISH soul/funk scene is undergoing one of its periodic revivals. Tonight South London's Well Red add their weight behind the burgeoning group of young contenders by playing a warm-up bout for the homeboys of North London awaiting the main event - Mantronix.

Their set, though, is severely curtailed by a couple of American MCs who come on first for a short stint. This hardly gives the Well Red crew time to win over the beat hungry whistle possee, but they take a fair crack at it considering they only get three numbers.

These are enough to establish their sound, an eclectic but tight blend of soul, funk and reggae beefed up by a horn section, slices of sampled sound and some well-endowed rock guitar. Lorenzo Hall shifts around the stage looking lean and fit like a man who's just hit his fighting weight, but his best move is his sharp, soulful voice.

The ten-strong band barely get a chance to go through more than a few warm-up exercises before it's time to exit, but the way they ease into the current single, a cover of Allen Toussaint's 'Yes We Can' shows them to be as fit and hungry as Lorenzo.

The final number becomes a jammed workout with everyone getting their chance to perform except, noticeably, the female bassist. It's a touch indulgent at such an early stage. Well Red'll need to go a few more rounds before they take on any of the American heavyweights.

MIKE PATTENDEN

THE JAZZ RENEGADES
DERBY BLUE NOTE

THE RAPID word of mouth sur-

rounding The Jazz Renegades is fortunately less insider hype than a reliable approximation of the truth. At least, from where I'm standing. And where you stand, of course, determines the view. If the jazz of your dreams equates excellence with techniques and fun with form then tonight is the nightmare your clinical head will dread.

A young four-piece comprising tenor/alto sax, bass, drums and keyboards, this band champion the no-nonsense approach; sound shaped by a contagious ingenuity with indulgence strictly off-limits. The result is noisy, dynamic and brash. Exhilarating, would you believe?

On sax, Alan Barnes is clearly communicating something heartfelt, hysterical even. 'Caravan' and 'Soul For My Father' see him at his most expressive, the instrument screaming at fever pitch while drums and bass grind the dancefloor to dust. Ever present within this welcome sense of discord are strong, astute tunes. Bloody radicals! In the process the band's more mellow moments (and they do exist) are ably served and never dull. (Be fooled not by Barnes' pacing of the stage as he reads another beer can or checks his watch).

The absence of any interminable, virtuoso doodling is but another joy, as are the short bouts of unaccompanied drumfire that slot brilliantly into this sound. Drummer Steve is equally adept at shooting his mouth off. "No more CRAP!" he shrieks between numbers, "the absolute beginners are back! This is the dance music of the late '80s! If you don't dig this it's Curiosity Killed The Cat for the next five years!" Perish the thought, but if this band chart I'll eat my radio. They finish with Roland Kirk's 'Sackful Of Sorrow'. Dedicated to the South African struggle, it's an emphatic declaration of spirit that renders words useless and blows this boy away.

PATRICK WEIR

Virginia Astley

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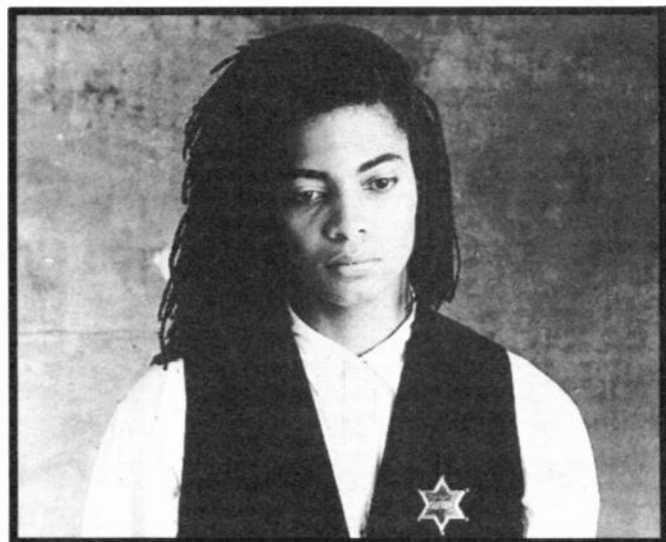
TOUR NEWS

ERASURE capitalize on their top three success with dates at Newcastle City Hall (April 8), London Westminster Central Hall (9), Glasgow Pavilion (12), Nottingham Rock City (13), Birmingham Powerhouse (14), Manchester Ritz (15), Brighton Dome (17), Bristol Colston Hall (18).

DICK GAUGHAN'S British tour takes in Bridgwater Arts Centre (March 5), Frome Merlin Theatre (6), Birmingham Red Lion (7), Wentworth Rockingham FC (April 3), Kinver Community Hall (4), Glasgow Theatre Royal (May 3), Norwich Premises (7), London N1 Cellar (9), Leicester Phoenix (10), Kendal Brewery Arts Centre (15), Southport Arts Centre (22), London Chestnuts (30). Gaughan was recently voted top vocalist in the *Folk Roots* poll.

PETE THOMAS' DEEP SEA JIVERS can be seen at Leicester Poly (February 14), Southampton University (19), Cardiff University (21), Middlesex School of Physiology (28), London Putney Zeeta's (March 6), Brighton Zap Club (13), London Harlesden Mean Fiddler (14), London South Bank Winters End Festival (21).

BROTHER BEYOND, EMI's bight hopes for '87, play London Empire Suite (February 19), Bristol University (25), Poole Institute of Higher Education (27), Teeside Poly (March 2), Leicester Poly (3), Newcastle Poly (4), Manchester Boardwalk (6). A new single, 'How Many Times', is released on Monday.



TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY, who had his debut single 'If You Let Me Stay' released by CBS on Monday, can be seen at three London clubs this week. He plays Heaven (Thursday), Brixton Fridge (Friday) and Charing Cross Delirium (Saturday).

TAXI PATA PATA, the British-based leading purveyors of African music, have lined up a short tour, which takes in London Swiss Cottage Community Centre (February 20), Norwich East Anglia University (25), Sussex University (28), London Limelight (March 11), Aldershot West End Centre (13), Woolwich Cultural Centre (14).

QUICKIES . . . **BERLIN** play a one-off show at the Town And Country Club, Kentish Town, London on March 9 . . . **HOWARD JONES** has added an extra date at the Royal Albert Hall, London on March 25 . . . **DAVID SANBOURN**, the American saxophonist, has added a second show at London Hammersmith Odeon on March 1 . . . **FELT** play London ULU tonight (Wednesday), supported by new Creation signing House Of Love . . . **THE VIBRATORS** play London Kennington Cricketers (March 4) and Southend Regent (5) . . . **LEVEL 42** have added two shows at Wembley Arena (April 8 and 9) and a third show at Manchester Apollo (April 4) . . . **LAIBACH** play London Queen Elizabeth Hall on April 1 . . . **SUPER DIAMONO DE DAKAR**, a ten-piece outfit from Senegal, play Bristol Bierkeller (February 26), London Town And Country Club (27), and Leeds Astoria (28) . . . **SHERRONE** can be seen at London Limelight on February 26.

ATTACCO DECENTE, who recently supported Billy Bragg on a Red Wedge 'Register To Vote' tour, play London Covent Garden Bunjies (February 20), London Islington Red Rose Labour Club (21), Woolwich Tramshed (27), Kingston Poly (28), Farnham Maltings (March 1), Brighton Woodingdean Youth Club (13), Brighton Whitehawk Youth Club (19), Eastbourne Tivoli Arts Centre (20), Lewes All Saints Arts Centre (21).

HAZE, who have a new single out next month, play Sheffield University (March 11), Tonypandy Rock Club (14), West Bromwich Coach And Horses (15), Nottingham Mardi Gras (17), Leicester Princess Charlotte (18), King's Lynn Eagle (19), Kessingland King's Head (20), Southampton Joiner's Arms (25), Poole Mr C's (26), Penzance DiMezza's (27).

THE CARDIACS plug their mini-album 'Big Ship' with dates at London Marquee (February 20 and 21), Birmingham Aston University (25), London Town And Country Club, Kentish Town (March 1), Leeds Irish Centre (3), Blackburn St George's Hall (4), Manchester International (5), Treforest Poly (6), Redcar Bowl (8), Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (9), Birmingham Diamond Suite (10), Nottingham Rock City (11), Hampton Court Jolly Boatman (12), Canterbury Kent University (13), London Herne Hill Half Moon (14), London Walthamstow Royal Standard (17), Greenwich Tunnel Club (19), Horsham Champagne Club (24), London Marquee (26), Scunthorpe Baths Hall (27), Croydon Underground (29), London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63 (April 2).

THE MISSION have added three dates to the start of their English tour, at Sheffield City Hall (March 18), Leeds University (19), and Newcastle City Hall (20).

ZERRA ONE, the Irish rock band who recently toured with Ultravox, headline London Marquee (February 19), Bradford College Queens Hall (20) and Edinburgh The Venue (21).

BLITZ KRIEG ZONE 2020 have a new single out this week. It's called 'Gender Man' and you can hear it, among others, at Dudley JB's (February 27), London Greenwich Tunnel Club (March 10), London Harlesden Mean Fiddler (16), Lanchester Poly (27) and Coventry Busters (April 28).

THE DANNY BOYS, who include a song called 'Roger Whittaker' in their set, are supporting The Railway Children at Manchester University (February 24), Great Yarmouth Rosie O'Grady's (25), Canterbury Kent University (26), London Queen Elizabeth College (27) and London Thames Poly (28).



THE PRIMITIVES promote their new single 'Stop Killing Me' by going out on tour, visiting Chasetown Burntwood Recreation Centre (February 21), Croydon Underground (22), Leeds Warehouse (23), Bangor University (24), Newcastle Poly (25), Sheffield University (26), Manchester University (27), Middlesbrough Teesside Poly (28), Reading University (March 3), Stoke Shelleys (4), Liverpool Poly (5), London Hammersmith Clarendon (6), Brighton Poly (7), Colchester The Works (8), Bedford International Centre (11), Birmingham University (12), Hull Adelphi (13), Glasgow Technical College (14), Dundee Dance Factory (15).

SKINT VIDEO offer a few musical rib-ticklers at London Hackney Empire (February 18), Hammersmith Town Hall (27), London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (March 2), Bristol University (13), Ulster University, Newtownabbey (10), Belfast Queens University (11), Coleraine University (12), Derry University (13), London ULU (21).

PAUL SIMON has announced details of a tenth date on his British tour—and this will definitely be the last addition. The extra show is at the Birmingham NEC on April 20, tickets are £15 or £13 plus 50p booking fee per ticket and are available from the NEC box office (021 780 4133) and usual agents. Simon's three other NEC dates and the six shows at the Royal Albert Hall have sold out, although a special promotion by Inter City means that London punters can fork out a total of £28 for combined rail and concert tickets for the NEC on April 5. Details from Euston station (01-388 6061).

TINA TURNER has added a handful of dates to her British tour, the new shows are at Glasgow SEC (June 1 and 2), Birmingham NEC (7 and 8), London Wembley Arena (16, 17 and 18).

RECORD NEWS

SINGLES

HERB ALPERT: 'Keep Your Eye On Me' (Breakout), Herb the Horn launches his new dance and soul offshoot of A&M—out March 13 ● **ANTHRAX**: 'I Am The Law' (Island)—out soon ● **THE BABYMEN**: 'For King Willy' (One Little Indian)—out soon ● **MAGGIE BELL**: 'Everlasting Love' (President), stone the crows, she's back—out now ● **BIG FLAME**: 'XPZWRTZ' (Ron Johnson)—out soon ● **KARL BISCUIT**: 'Secret Love' (Crammed Discs)—out soon ● **THE BODINES**: 'Therese' (Magnet) a remix of the single earlier released on the band's own Pop label—out next week ● **PATTI BRAAD & EDDIE KENDRICKS**: 'Tender Love' (Spartan) Eddie's found a new truckin' partner—out soon ● **T GRAHAM BROWN**: 'Say When' (Capitol) from the forthcoming album 'I Tell It Like It Used To Be'—out on Monday ● **PRINCE BUSTER**: 'Al Capone'/'One Step Beyond' (Spartan) classic reissue—out soon ● **CINDERELLA**: 'Shake Me' (Vertigo)—out now ● **ROBERT CRAY**: 'Smoking Gun' (Mercury)—out Monday (23) ● **CUTTING CREW**: 'One For The Mockingbird' (Siren) out Monday (23) ● **DANCE LIKE A MOTHER**: 'You Ain't So Tough' (Red Eye) duo formed by Jenny Matthias, formerly of The Belle Stars, and Melissa Ritter, formerly of The Modettes—out next week

● **THE DANNY BOYS**: 'Days Of The Week' (Ugly Man) debut from Manchester beat combo—out soon ● **EL DEBARGE**: 'Who's Johnny' (Motown) reissue—out soon ● **THE DUBIOUS BROTHERS**: 'South America Welcomes The Nazis' (Fend For Yourself)—out soon ● **FELINE JIVE**: 'Kiss 'n' Tell' (Massive)—out soon ● **JAKI GRAHAM**:



AMII STEWART: toy track

'Still In Love' (EMI) Wolverhampton's sweetest songbird—out soon ● **GREEN ON RED**: 'Clarksville' (Mercury)—out now ● **MURRAY HEAD**: 'Sooner Or Later' (Virgin) co-produced by Steve Hillage, news that'll bring new hope to all Gong fans—out Monday (23) ● **HIP SINGLES**: 'Pilgrim' (Decade) from Newcastle, Newcastle, Australia, that is—out now ● **HULA**: 'Poison' (Red Rhino) music to kill your parents to, it says here—out on March 13 ● **THE HUNTER'S CLUB**: 'Ain't Seen Nothin' Yet' (Trashcan) cover of an aged Bachman Turner Overdrive hit—out March 4 ● **STEVE SILK HURLEY**: 'Let The Music Take Control' (RCA) the first for his new label—out now ● **BILLY IDOL**: 'Don't Need A Gun' (Chrysalis)—from the 'Whiplash Smile' album—out next week ● **IMMACULATE FOOLS**: 'Tragic Comedy' (A&M), a limited edition double-pack is also around—out this week ● **JANET JACKSON**: 'Let's Wait Awhile' (Breakout) Michael gets into drag yet again—out March 13 ● **JEANNIE'S BEAU**: 'Haunting My House' (Sedition)—out now ● **KRAFTWERK**: 'The Telephone Call' (EMI) coupled with 'Der Telefon Anruf'—out on Monday ● **LICK THE TINS**: 'Can't Help Falling In Love' (Sedition) reissue for the folkie version of the Elvis hit which just failed to make it big last time round—out soon ● **MAN 2 MAN**: 'Who Knows What Evil' (Nightmare) who indeed—out soon ● **HUGH MASEKELA**: 'Bring Him Back Home' (Atlantic) his Mandela song now with major label backing—out soon ●



TOM VERLAINE: flash platter

FREDDIE MERCURY: 'The Great Pretender' (Parlophone) a cover of The Platters' 1956 hit—out Monday (23) ● **MARILYN MONROE**: 'When I Fall In Love' (Zuma) also available on picture disc, the 12 inch includes 'Diamonds Are A Girl's Best Friend'—out soon ● **GARY MOORE**: 'Wild Frontier' (10)—out now ● **NAZZ NASKO**: 'No More' (EMI)

by a musician who was once a member of the Bulgarian under-21 soccer squad—out Monday (23) ● **JANA POPE**: 'I'm Losing You'/'You Won't Believe It' (Polydor) British debut from East Europe's top pop star, who defected to England from her native Czechoslovakia two years ago—out now ● **SANTANA**: 'Freedom' (CBS) with Buddy Miles on drums—out now ● **SHOKK**: 'Lock Me Out' (Polydor) debut from a duo who've previously worked with Forrest, Gwen Guthrie, Pressure Point and Timex Social Club—out on Monday ● **SIGLO XX**: 'Till The End Of The Night' (Play It Again Sam) the only Belgian band to make a single this week—out now ● **AMII STEWART**: 'Love Ain't No Toy' (RCA), penned by Norman Whitfield—out now ● **SURFACE**: 'Happy' (CBS)—out now ● **T.REX**: 'Children Of The Revolution' (Marc On Wax) a big hit from '72—out soon ● **RUBY TURNER**: 'I'd Rather Go Blind' (Jive) back at the Chicken Shack—out Monday (23) ● **THE UNION**: 'Harrods Don't Sell 'Em' (Academy) don't suppose they would—out on Friday ● **WEBCORE**: 'The Captain's Table' (A Real Kavoom) first 1,500 copies with a free poster—out now ● **VESTA WILLIAMS**: 'Don't Blow A Good Thing' (Breakout)—out March 13 ● **JACKIE WILSON**: 'I Get The Sweetest Feeling'/'Lonely Teardrops' (SMP) will it follow 'Reet Petite' to number one?—out soon ● **WURZEL**: 'Bess' (GWR) debut single from Motorhead's manic axeman—out February 27 ●

ALBUMS

CHET BAKER: 'Witch Doctor' (Boplicty) previously unissued tracks recorded live at a 1953 LA Lighthouse gig—out now ● **PRINCE BUSTER**: 'Fabulous Greatest Hits' (Spartan)—out soon



JANA POPE: Czech it out!

FINA CRISIS have rescheduled almost all of the dates on their UK tour which were cancelled due to family illness. The revised itinerary adds Nottingham Rock City (February 24), Loughborough University (25), Norwich East Anglia University (26), Cambridge Corn Exchange (27), Newcastle Poly (28), Glasgow Pavilion (March 1), Manchester International 2 (2), Carlisle Sands Centre (4), Liverpool Royal Court (6), Edinburgh Queens Hall (7), Redcar Bowl (9), Leeds University (11), Cardiff University (12), Warwick University (13), Oxford Poly (14), Wydon Fairfield Hall (15), London Town And Country Club, Kentish Town (16), Bristol Studio (17). Others are still in the process of being arranged.

FURNITURE have called off their proposed visit to Iraq as part of the British Council's pop culture tour. The decision was based on advice from a Foreign Office, who, in the light of recent developments in the country, couldn't guarantee the band's safety. The remainder of the tour unaffected and Furniture will play in Jordan, Egypt and Cyprus as planned. It is also possible that dates in Turkey will be added to the end of the tour to replace those cancelled.

IE TRUDY set out on their 'Hypnotic Space Ray Tour' to tie in with the release of their single 'Captain Scarlett'. All dates confirmed so far are in or around London and are Camberwell Union Tavern (February 18), Kentish Town Bull And Gate (25), Wimbledon Fanny's (26), Croydon Underground (March 1), Wood Green Club (6), Hampton Court Jolly Boatman (12).

JRIOUSITY KILLED THE CAT, top ten stars at this very moment, play their first dates since supporting Alison Moyet in January. The tour schedule takes in Leeds Mr Craigs (February 24), Liverpool University (25), Norwich East Anglia University (March 3), Leicester Poly (4) and Leeds University (5).

IE LARKS want the world to know about their new single 'A Pain In The Neck', so they're off on tour, calling at Bath Moles (February 26), London Bridge Brunel University (27), Portsmouth Poly (28), London Camden Place (March 5), Poole Institute of Further Education (6), Birmingham Warehouse (10), Scunthorpe Bath Hall (12), Stockton-on-Tees Dovecot Arts Centre (13), Edinburgh The Venue (16), Stirling University (17), York University (18), Warwick University (19), Leicester Princess Charlotte (20), Portsmouth Basins (21), London Marquee (25), Manchester Ardwick (26), Bedford College of Further Education (27), Wendover All Head Inn (28).

JOHNNY CASH, Billie Jo Spears and the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band are among the names so far confirmed for the Peterborough Country Music Festival on August 28-31. The first day will be set aside for the Country Music Round-Up award winners.

HOST DANCE have announced five British dates before leaving for Holland, Germany and Scandinavia. They play Northampton and Five Bells (February 27), London Astoria (February 28 and March 1), Liverpool University (13) and Loughborough University (14).

IE JOHNNY COPELAND BLUES BAND make their British debut at London Brixton Fridge on March 1. The one time boxer from Magnolia, Kansas, has been playing with bands in Houston since the early fifties, but first became an international name after the release of his 1975 album 'Copeland Special'. Tickets for the Fridge show are on sale now, at £5, and Blues 'n' Trouble will be special guests.

LONE JUSTICE have now confirmed two London Shows, in addition to the Manchester date announced last week. The full itinerary reads Manchester International (February 20), London Marquee (22 and 23). The 12-inch of their new single 'I Found Love' contains live versions of 'Don't Toss Us Away' and Lou Reed's 'Sweet Jane', recorded at the Town and Country Club, London, on their visit late last year.



THE BLOW MONKEYS are going out on the road this spring for their first dates in the UK for more than a year. They play Brighton Dome (April 20), Dunstable Queensway Civic Hall (21), Bristol Colston Hall (22), Poole Arts Centre (32), St Austell Coliseum (24), Oxford Apollo (26), Stoke-on-Trent King's Hall (27), Manchester Apollo (28), Liverpool Royal Court (29), Edinburgh Playhouse (May 1), Glasgow Barrowlands (2), Newcastle City Hall (3), Nottingham Royal Concert Centre (4), Sheffield City Hall (6), Birmingham Odeon (7), London Hammersmith Odeon (8), Portsmouth Guildhall (10).

STEVE EARLE, the country guitarist-singer whose debut album 'Guitar Town' has won praise from all quarters, is playing his first series of British dates. So far confirmed are London Harlesden Mean Fiddler (March 24), Manchester International (27), London Camden Dingwalls (28) and London Town and Country Club, Kentish Town (29). At least one more date is likely to be added.

MY BLOODY VALENTINE return to the public eye after a short absence to support The Soup Dragons at Manchester International (February 18), Liverpool University (19), Birmingham University (20), Colchester Essex University (21), Bristol Bierkeller (24), Treforest Poly (25), Coventry Poly (26), London ULU (27), Brighton Poly (28). A new single, 'Sunny Sundae Smile', is due out next month.



BILLY IDOL: with a bullet

PAUL BUTTERFIELD
UES BAND: 'East-West' (Edsel) an Elektra classic reissued out February 27 ● **THOMAS DOLBY:** 'Gothic' (Virgin) Dolby's soundtrack score to the Ken Russell movie — out Monday (23) ● **EARTH OPERA:** 'The Great American Eagle Tragedy' (Edsel) issue of an Elektra release Peter Swan's weird and wonderful folk songs — out now ● **KEITH PEARSON:** 'Harmageddon' (Word) — out soon ● **FRONT 242:** 'Official Version' (Ediesta) includes 'Quite Unusual' — out on March 9 ● **THE FUGS:** 'Golden Path' (Edsel) reissue of the band's debut at the Filmore East set — out February 27 ● **GRATEFUL DEAD:** 'The Greatful Dead' (Edsel) Garcia and Co's debut album for Warner Bros, first released in 1967 — out February 27 ● **AL GREEN:** 'Greatest Hits' (Hi) re-release of the original Hi collection — out now ● **STIGATORS:** 'Phoenix' (Jurg) more than two years since their last release — out now ●

WANDA JACKSON: 'Rave On' (Topline) budget price collection — out soon ● **EVAN JOHNS AND THE H-BOMBS:** 'Evan Johns And The H-Bombs' (Zippo) from Austin — out February 27 ● **FRANKIE JONES:** 'The Best Of Frankie Jones' (Trojan) includes 'Mr Bad Boy' and 'Never Let Go' — out now ● **JERRY LEE LEWIS:** 'Kickin' Up A Storm' (Sun) — out soon ● **LOVE:** 'Love' (Edsel) reissue of Love's first Elektra album — out now ● **BILLY PRESTON:** 'Billy's Bag' (Topline) gosh, do people still have bags? —



D.L.A.M.: tough cookies

out soon ● **PSYCHIC TV:** 'Live In Glasgow' (Temple) from the band who've worked in more locations than Charlie Chan — out Monday (23) ● **QUICKSILVER MESSENGER SERVICE:** 'Shady Grove' (Edsel) reissued replete with the original gatefold sleeve — out February 27 ● **THE ROSE BROTHERS:** 'Everything's Coming Up Roses' (Malaco) the first UK release from brothers Bobby, Greg, Larry and Kenny — out now ● **SAM AND DAVE:** 'Sweet Soul Music' (Topline) — out soon ● **JOHNNIE TAYLOR:** 'Lover Boy' (Malaco) follow-up to last year's 'Wall To Wall' — out now ● **THIN WHITE ROPE:** 'Moonhead' (Zippo) more Californians searching for the heart of the American dream — out February 27 ● **DAVID THOMAS AND THE WOODEN BIRDS:** 'Blame The Messenger' (Rough Trade) includes some fellow Pere Ubuites — out Monday (23) ● **TURNPIKE CRUISERS:** 'Amsterdamaged' (Jettisoundz) cassette-only cut live in Holland — out now ● **VARIOUS:** 'Ska-Ville USA' (Revoluer) collection of cuts by Urban Blight, The Toasters, Beat Bridge and other New York bands — out now ● **VARIOUS:** 'Big City Soul Sound' (Kent), Chuck Jackson, Maxine Brown, Tommy Hunt, Jackie Wilson and other oldies from the Scepter/Wand vaults — out now ● **VARIOUS:** 'Square Roots' (Topic) featuring Billy Bragg, Ted Hawkins, The Oyster Band, June Tabor and others, this LP has been put together by Folk Roots magazine — out soon ● **TOM VERLAINE:** 'Flash Light' (Fontana) his fifth solo



FREDDIE MERCURY: solo platter

album since the demise of Television — out Monday (23) ● **SID VICIOUS AND EDDIE COCHRAN:** 'Sid Versus Eddie' (McDonald) hmm . . . — out soon ● **YOUNG HOLT UNLIMITED:** 'Wack Wack' (Kent) 'Soulful Strut' and all that funky-jazz stuff — out now

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Fri 27th FROM USA
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Thurs 5th, Fri 6th, Sat 7th
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Tues 17th Adm £5.00
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Wed 18th FROM U.S.A. Adm £4.00
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+ SALVATION SUNDAY

Mon 23rd FROM IRELAND Adm £5.00
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Tues 24th FROM U.S.A. Adm £5.00
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Fri 20th, Sat 21st FROM IRELAND
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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

COMPLETE WITH multi-coloured barnet, junk jewellery and tacky taffetas, **CYNDI LAUPER** sets sail on her first, albeit brief, British tour which starts in Hammersmith on Tuesday. **EUROPE** make their first visit to these shores with a number one under their belt and play Manchester (Wednesday) and Birmingham (Thursday) before venturing forth to even more salubrious cities.

Sodom and Gomorrah! It's slick Mick Jones and **BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE** in Hanley (Friday) and Sheffield (Saturday), or maybe you'd rather sign up for **NEW MODEL ARMY** in Norwich (Saturday) and Birmingham (Sunday). Mind you, the smart dudes with definitely plump for **THE DUBLINERS** at the Queen Elizabeth Hall, London (Wednesday) or Croydon (Saturday).

As usual, gig guide blurb will sign off with a list of artists in capital letters: **STYLE COUNCIL**, **CHINA CRISIS**, **ICICLE WORKS**, **PSYCHEDELIC FURS**, **THE OYSTER BAND**, **AGE OF CHANGE** & **THE RAILWAY CHILDREN**.

WEDNESDAY 18

Aberdeen Slean Dhu Hotel: **Danish Radio Big Band**
Birmingham NEC: **Meatloaf**
Bournemouth International Centre: **Chris De Burgh**
Brabourne Five Bells: **Maroon Dogs**
Bristol Bierkeller: **The Icicle Works**
Charing Swan Hotel: **John & Angie**
Coventry Polytechnic: **Microdisney**
Dover Louis Armstrong: **Tim Phillips & His Jumping Jazzmen**
Edinburgh Playhouse: **Nik Kershaw**
Greatstone Seahorse: **Stevdan**
Huddersfield Poly: **The Creepers/The Deadpan Tractors**
Hull Barham: **General Wolf**
Leeds Coconut Grove: **Five Bop**
Leicester Princess Charlotte: **Jade**
London Battersea Show Palace: **Beat Box**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Cry No More**
London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre: **Barb Jungr & Michael Parker**
London Camberwell Union Tavern: **The Black Cillias/The Bugs/The Dreams/Under The Gun**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Rose Of Avalanche/Yeah Jazz**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Discipline**
London Cricklewood Production Village: **Rednite**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **The Mighty Flyers**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Perfect Strangers/Camouflage**
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Radio Satellites**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: **The Galley Slaves/Tot Planet**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **No No Fear**
London Kentish Town Bull and Gate: **Flowers In The Dustbin/Menticide/Eg and Ice Cream Men**
London Kingston Grey Horse: **Out To Lunch**
London N1 Bass Clef: **The Rick Niles Mega Band**
London N16 Chas & Dave's: **Wolfie Witcher**
London Palmers Green The Fox: **DNA**
London Putney Half Moon: **Grahamophones**
London Putney Zeeta's: **Walt & See**
London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **The Dubliners**
London Royal Albert Hall: **The Style Council**
London Thames Poly: **Shark Taboo/Hubert The Tree**
London ULU: **Felt**
London W1 100 Club: **The Don Weller-Bryan Spring Quartet**
London WC1 Logan Hall: **Samul Nori (Korean Master Drummers)**
Loughborough Sammy's: **The Go-Katz/The Coffin Nails**
Manchester Apollo: **Europe**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **The Easy Club**
Manchester International: **The Soup Dragons**
Monks Horton Black Horse: **East River**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **The Bolshoi**
Oxford Hoskins Hotel: **Premier Jazz Band**
Peterborough Tropicana: **Pop Will Eat Itself**
Poole Mr C's: **The Cropdusters**
Rotherham Shipmates: **The Macc Lads**
St Ives Flood's Tavern: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**
Sunderland Royalty: **Mo and Co**
Treforest Polytechnic: **Hurrah!**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: **Phil Cool**
Wallasey Bonkers: **Alternative River**
Warrington Fiesta Leisure Centre: **Hammerflist, Roxanne**
Warwick University: **China Crisis**
West Croydon, Stuart Wilder Amusement: **Bill Posters Will Be Banned**

THURSDAY 19

Birmingham Junction: **The Mighty Flyers**
Birmingham NEC: **Meatloaf**
Birmingham Odeon: **Europe**
Birmingham University: **The Dubious Brothers**
Bolton Institute Of Higher Education: **Zoot & The Roots**
Bournemouth International Centre: **Chris De Burgh**
Bracknell Arts Centre Cellar: **The Sutoway**
Bradford Metropole: **3 Action/The Gargoyles**
Bradford-On-Avon, Riverside Bar: **Eat Carrot**
Bridgwater Chilton Trinity Hall: **Howard & Eberlee**
Brighton Zap Club: **The Flowerpot Men/Idiot Show**
Cardiff Mars Bar: **Sons of Jalrus**
Cardiff University: **Anhrefn/Datblygu**
Deal Black Horse: **Maroon Dogs**
Derby Blue Note: **Microdisney**
Dudley Wheatsheaf: **444**
Dundee Bonar Hall: **Danish Radio Big Band**
Edinburgh University: **The Bolshoi**
Farnham Maltings: **T Model Silm**
Folkestone Pullman Wine Bar: **Gizmo**
Gillingham Southern Belle: **English Rogues**
Godalming Broadwater Main Hall: **Suck**
Ambition/Glasshouse/Jason Cross & His Bullshit Crew/Crippled Man/Wild Willis Spigot/Burt Slog
Harlow The Square: **The Shout/Under The Gun/A Better Mousetrap**
Hastings The Crypt: **Fabulous Mirrors**
Kirby Sports Club: **Alternative Radio**
Leeds Stallones: **The Wedding Present**
Liverpool University: **The Soup Dragons**
London Astoria: **Hurrah!/Mighty Mighty/Razorcuts**
London Balham The Bedford: **Jez Prins**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Lloyd Langton Band**
London Brixton Fridge: **Courtney Pine & The Jazz Warriors**
London Camberwell Union Tavern: **Easter & The Totem/The Chairs/Fra/Bac To Jordan**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Jazzie B & The Rappists/The Cookie Crew**
London Catford Black Horse: **Premier Jazz Band**
London Catford Green Man: **Juice On The Loose**
London Dean Street Gossips: **The Deltones**
London E14 Velvet Goldmine: **Shoot!**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Brendan Croker & The Five & Clock Shadows**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Downbeat/Go 4 Jo**
London Fulham King's Head: **Wild Angels**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: **The Spacemen 3/Margin Of Sanity/Loop**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Psychedelic Furs**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **The Hook 'n' Pull Gang**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **Under Ice**
London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63: **The Brilliant Corners**
London N1 Bass Clef: **Geoff Castle's Star People**
London Putney Half Moon: **Wilko Johnson Band**
London Putney Zeeta's: **Food For The Machine**
London SW9, The Plough: **Brendan Hoban Band**
London W1 100 Club: **The Kick/The Reflection/Way Out**
London W1, Black Horse Rathbone Place: **Cheval**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **Red Hot**



Cyndi: into the groove at last.

London Wandsworth Two Brewers: **Stevie Smith**
London Westbourne Grove Porchester Hall: **The Whiplash Girls**
London Woolwich Framshed: **W.S.S.M & Guests**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Chris Green Quartet/Mervyn Africa**
Manchester International: **The Icicle Works**
Milton Keynes Point: **The Big Supreme**
Newcastle University: **The Age Of Chance**
Newcastle-under-Lyme Bridge Street Arts Centre: **Tower Struck Down**
Nottingham Garage: **Pop Will Eat Itself**
Portsmouth Basins: **John Otway/Dr Brown**
Romford Rezz: **McCarthy/The Steam Kings**
Sheffield University: **Love & Money**
Slough The George: **Clive Product**
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **China Crisis**
Tenderden White Lion Hotel: **Invicta Jazz Band**
Tubridge Wells Assembly Hall: **Phil Cool**
Warwick University: **Samul Nori**
West Croydon, Stuart Wilder Amusement: **Come & Get It**
Westbere Raggs: **Roadrunner**
Westgate Nottingham Castle: **Terry Benson**
Whitstable Harbour Lights: **The Keytones**

FRIDAY 20

Aldershot West End Centre: **John Cooper Clarke**
Bath University: **The Bloody Marys**
Bingham Leisure Centre: **Marty Wilde and Chuck Fowler Band**
Birmingham University: **The Soup Dragons**
Bournemouth International Centre: **The Style Council**
Bracknell Arts Centre Cellar Bar: **Rory McCloud and Tony Allen**
Brentwood Hermit: **Seconds Out/Tokio Rose**
Brighton Zap Club: **Hurrah!**
Bristol Moon Club: **The Dubious Brothers**
Bristol Tropic Club: **Jake The Pilgrim**
Canterbury Kent University: **China Crisis**
Coventry Giraffe House: **Jackdaw With Crowbar**
Dudley J.B's: **The Batfish Boys**
Edinburgh Queens Hall: **Danish Radio Big Band**
Fareham Community Centre: **The Cropdusters**
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: **Age Of Chance**
Glasgow Roof Tops: **The Bolshoi**
Greenock Subterraneans: **Close Lobsters**
Hampton Court Jolly Boatman: **Juice On The Loose**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Big Audio Dynamite**
Harlow The Square: **The Deviant Amps/Pack Of Gerbils**
Hastings The Crypt: **Charmed Life**
Hereford, Market Tavern: **Tabu**
Leeds Polytechnic: **The Icicle Works**
Leicester Princess Charlotte: **The Filberts**
Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: **Gah-Ga**
London Acton George & Dragon: **Saoirse**
London Barnet, The Red Rag Club: **Kokomo & The Boyfriends**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Jackie Lynton**
London Catford Green Man: **The Ya Yas/The Pit Prods**

London Deptford The Crypt: **Stitched-Back**
Foot Airmen/Bad Tune Men
London E5 Duke Of Wellington: **Barb Jungr & Michael Parker**
London East Croydon Railway Shack: **The Jets**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Wilko Johnson/The Heartbeats**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Beki Bondage & The Bombshells/Famous Places**
London Fulham King's Head: **Steve Gibbons Band**
London Fulham Palace: **Tommy McCarthy & Family**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Psychedelic Furs**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **A Bigger Mercedes/Indecision**
London Kingston Grey Horse: **Basil Ballsup Band**
London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63: **African Connection**
London N1 Bass Clef: **The Rose Of London**
London N1 Camden Head: **Barb Jungr & Michael Parker**
London N1 Dog & Dumplings: **The Crayfish Five**
London N16 Chas & Dave's: **Legend**
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **Winston Reedy**
London New Cross Road The Royal Albert: **Barflies**
London Palmers Green The Fox: **The Catatonics/Children Of Cain**
London Putney Half Moon: **Mighty Flyers**
London Putney Zeeta's: **Piccadilly Yellow**
London SW9, The Plough: **Shakey Vic**
London Stoke Newington Golden Lady: **Stick People/The Ogdens**
London Swiss Cottage Community Centre: **Taxi Pata Pata**
London W1 100 Club: **Blues 'n' Trouble/Brendan Croker**
London W11 The Tabernacle: **The Tex Pistols/The Fabulistics**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Motion Pictures**
London Wandsworth Two Brewers: **Answers On A Postcard**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Liz Lockhead/Sensible Footwear/Jackie K/Ann Zlety**
Manchester Apollo: **Chris De Burgh**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Sceptre**
Manchester University: **Love & Money**
Newcastle City Hall: **Europe**
Nottingham Mardi Gras: **Voodoo Child**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **The Hollies**
Oxford Jericho Tavern: **Pop Will Eat Itself**
Peterborough Crown: **Antz Avenue**
Peterborough Stanground Heron: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Phil Cool**
Reading University: **Zoot & The Roots**
Scunthorpe Bath Hall: **Microdisney**
Slough Pied Horse: **Hookline & Silverfish**
Southwell Saracens Head: **Dick Morrissey Quartet**
West Croydon, Stuart Wilder Amusement: **Steve Whalley**

SATURDAY 21

Aberdeen Venue: **The Bolshoi**
Aldershot West End Centre: **The Easy Club**

Birkenhead Cleveland: **Alternative Radio**
Birmingham NEC: **The Style Council**
Birmingham Red Lion: **The Oyster Band**
Blackburn Top Hat: **The Macc Lads**
Bracknell Arts Centre Cellar Bar: **Artisan**
Brentwood Hermit: **Jazz workshop with Gary Boyle, John Etheridge & Ted McKenna**
Brighton Hairy Dog: **Pagan Serenade/The Off Cut**
Brighton Yellow Submarine: **The Shamen/The Purple People**
Cardiff Bogey's: **Cobra**
Chatham St George Hotel: **Beki Bondage & The Bombshells/Venus**
Colchester Essex University: **The Soup Dragons**
Coventry Polytechnic: **The Icicle Works**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **The Dubliners**
Durham Van Mildert College: **Samul Nori**
Edinburgh Playhouse: **Meatloaf**
Edinburgh University: **Age Of Chance**
Essex University: **The Soup Dragons**
Gillingham Southern Belle: **The Group**
Greenhithe British Legion: **Premier Jazz Band**
Harlow The Square: **The Gargols/Pink Noise/Death By Milkfloat**
Hereford, Market Tavern: **Eyes To The Ground**
Huddersfield Poly: **Mud**
Inverness Cummings Hotel: **Danish Radio Big Band**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Love & Money**
Leicester Princess Charlotte: **Hang The Dance**
Lincoln Ritz Theatre: **The Hollies**
Liverpool Birkenhead Stairways: **The Batfish Boys**
Llantwit Major St Donat's Arts Centre: **Roy Harper**
London Acton George & Dragon: **Irish Mist**
London Astoria: **Microdisney**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Juice On The Loose**
London Camden Carnarvon Castle: **Wolfie Witcher (lunchtime)**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Howlin' Will The Vee Jays**
London Catford Green Man: **John Otway**
London Central Poly: **The Brilliant Corners**
London Chiswick Feathers Tavern: **Rednite**
London Clerkenwell The Horseshoe: **Liz Lochhead/Valerie Bloom/Sharon Landau/Patti Webb**
London EC1 Duke Of York: **Peace On The Panhandle**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Geno Washington/Reflection AOB**
London Fulham Greyhound: **A Bigger Splash/The Body Politic**
London Fulham King's Head: **Denny Laine Band**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: **The Dentists/Let's Go Naked**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Psychedelic Furs**
London Islington, Hare & Hounds: **Coming Up Roses**
London Islington, Pied Bull: **Mel Harold's New Jazz Lineup**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **The Fabulistics**
London Kingston Poly: **Folk Devils**
London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63: **Chevalier Brothers**
London N1 Bass Clef: **Fredy Viera & Group**
London N1 Musicians Collective: **Echo City**
London N16 Chas & Dave's: **Soul Commotion**
London NW1 Black Horse: **Dab Hand**
London Putney Half Moon: **Hank Wangford Band**
London SW12 The Bedford: **Barb Jungr & Michael Parker**
London School Of Economics: **The Word Association**
London Thames Poly: **The Guana Batz**
London, Tufnell Park, Tufnell Park Tavern: **JCM Jazzband**
London W1 100 Club: **The Jivin'**
Lindyhoppers/The Sound of 17 Big Band
London Walthamstow Royal Standard: **Swinging The Blues**
London Wandsworth Two Brewers: **Rib Dot Decay**
London Woolwich Tramshed (South Of Deptford Club): **The Vicious Boys/Brighton Bottle Company/Jen'y Eclair/Joan Collins Fan Club**
Luton Switch Club: **Surf Drums**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Red Moon Joe**
Manchester Boardwalk: **The Creepers**
Manchester University: **Razorcuts**
Milton Keynes Danceteria: **Jai Alai**
Newcastle Riverside: **Cry Directory (lunchtime)/Crush (evening)**
Newcastle University: **The Wedding Present**
Norwich University Of East Anglia: **New Model Army**
Oxford Polytechnic: **China Crisis**
Portsmouth Basins: **Brendan Croker & The 5 O'Clock Shadows**
Portsmouth Poly: **Zoot & The Roots**
St Albans City Hall: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
Sheffield Leadmill: **Big Audio Dynamite**
Shrewsbury Derek's Club: **Excalibur**
Southampton London Arms: **Union Street**
Warwick University: **Ruby Turner/Desmond Dekker/The Jazz Defectors/Century Steel Band**
Wendover One Club: **Pop Will Eat Itself**
West Croydon, Stuart Amusement: **London Apaches (lunchtime)/Nashville Teens (evening)**
Weston-super-Mare The Knightstone: **Blue Aeroplanes/Jade**

SUNDAY 22

Bath Pavilion: **Jonah & The Wall/The Choirboys**
Birmingham NEC: **The Style Council**
Birmingham Powerhouse: **New Model Army**
Brighton Zap Club: **Lester Martin Duo (lunchtime)**
Bristol Fleece and Firkin: **Excalibur**
Cheltenham Pump Room: **Blurt**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **China Crisis**
Croydon Underground: **Primitives, Flying Tractor Band**
Dundee Dance Factory: **Age Of Chance**
Edinburgh Playhouse: **Meatloaf**
Edinburgh Queens Hall: **The Chiefs Of Relief**
Glasgow Mitchell Theatre: **Danish Radio Big Band**
Glasgow Rooftops: **The Wedding Present**
Glasgow Scottish Exhibition Centre: **Chris De Burgh**
Guildhall Surrey University: **Pop Will Eat Itself**
Harlow The Square: **Eddie Harvey Quartet**
Ilford The Cranbrook: **Send For Kelly**

CONTINUES PAGE 55

LIVE ADS (01-829 7816)

HARP BEAT 87

THE MISSION

SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
WEDNESDAY 18th MARCH 7.30 pm
Tickets: £5.50
Available from B.O. Tel: 0114 252556 and usual agents

LEEDS UNIVERSITY
THURSDAY 19th MARCH 9.00 pm
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GLASGOW BATHSWILLOWS
SATURDAY 21st MARCH 8.00 pm
Tickets: £3.50

NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY
MONDAY 23rd MARCH 9.00 pm
Tickets: £3.50

BRISTOL STUDIO
TUESDAY 24th MARCH 8.30 pm
Tickets: £4.50 Advance, £3.00 Door
Available from Studio B.O. Tel: 0272 278153, Virgin, Revolver, Ruff Records Bristol & Bath

MANCHESTER APOLLO
THURSDAY 26th MARCH 7.30 pm
Tickets: £4.50 Advance, £3.00 £3.50 Door
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BIRMINGHAM ODEON
FRIDAY 27th MARCH 7.30 pm
Tickets: £3.50 Advance, £1.95 Door

BRIGHTON ACADEMY
SATURDAY 28th MARCH 8.00 pm
Tickets: £3.50 Advance, £1.95 Door
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HARP BEAT
THE HARP LAGER MUSIC PROGRAMME

WAG CLUB
FEBRUARY 1987
35-37 WARDOUR STREET, LONDON W1
TELEPHONE 01-437 5534
THE WAG RESTAURANT OPEN FOR DINNER & BREAKFAST

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	MONDAY
17 GARY CROWLEY - VAUGHN TOULOUSE Present WHISKEY-A-GO-GO	18 "HEAVY DUTY" TO DAMN FUNKY	19 "THE WAYNE SHORTER QUINTET" live on stage	20 Cash with DJ's TONY MAXINE SARAH + LOUISE	21 The Tommy Chase Quartet BOOGALOO
24 GARY CROWLEY - VAUGHN TOULOUSE Present WHISKEY-A-GO-GO	25 "HEAVY DUTY" TO DAMN FUNKY	26 ALL STAR WAG DJ's with a special team of the scene emcees from all top clubs	27 Cash with DJ's TONY MAXINE SARAH + LOUISE	28 Giles Peterson with DJ's Carl & Dennis

Admission: Mon £4; Tues-Wed £3; Thurs £4, Fri/Sat £5
*Subject to change. Open 10.30pm-3.30am.

Sunday Music
8pm

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SPACEMEN 3 + Margin Of Sanity & Loop

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The Garage Present Medways Finest
AUNTIE VEG
THE DAGGERMEN
THE DISCHORDS

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THE DENTIST
& The Lets Go Naked

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WONDERLAND
NAKED IN THE RAIN
THE POORS OF REIGN

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THE K STATE
THE JUNK
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ODEON THEATRE
HAMMERSMITH
SHOW TIME 7.30 PM

BANDS INCLUDE:
TOWN OF THE DEVEL, ECCO BEM
CROSSBONES, FUTURIST, OVERLODS
LIFE KAMQUET, BLACK SHAM, ROSEGAARDEN
PIL IN FEBRO, MYSTIC DESIGN, MICHINO POLITIC

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS
PRESENTS

Cyndi Lauper

PLUS SUPPORT

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
TUESDAY 24th FEBRUARY

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
WEDNESDAY 25th FEBRUARY

NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CENTRE
THURSDAY 26th FEBRUARY

ALL SHOWS START 7.30pm
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01-858 0837/0895

is a club, in a pub. The Mire, 338 TUNNEL AVE, GREENWICH, LONDON SE10 nearest tube, Bromley-by-Bow then catch 106 bus through the Blackwall Tunnel. BR Maze Hill then walk down to Greenwich District hospital and catch a 106 bus. Buses 180, 177 then 106 bus from Hospital. We're open from 8pm-2am Saturdays and 8-12pm Sun to Fri, but do phone up before coming down in case we've had a cancellation.

Fr 20th £2.50, £1.75 concs
WILD PASSION + GRAND CENTRAL
+ **SPLASHBACK** (Heavy Rock)

Wed 25th £2.50, £1.75 concs
WILD CARGO + SOMEWHERE IN BERMUDA
+ **SEND FOR KELLY** RHYTHMIC BREW

Fr 27th £3.00, £2.50 concs
STAN WEBB'S CHICKEN SHACK
+ **FATKATZ + BROADWAYLIGHT** (Blues)

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+ **PURPLE WORM** (Rock)

Wed 11th £2.00, £1.50 concs
ONE WAY + RAD GALLERY
+ **NEW EMOTION + RHYTHMIC BREW** (Pop, Rock)

Thur 19th £3.00, £2.50 concs
CARDIACS
(Band who look like they just had 20000 volts put through them)

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ROCK DISCO 10am-2am
+ **90% PROOF + TOKYO ROSE**

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THIS BARE MENTALITY
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I START COUNTING
+ **INCREDIBLE ZOMBIE ROCKERS**

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26th	Los Lobos
26th	Love & Money
27th	Soup Dragons
27th	Megadeath
27th	Age Of Chance
28th	David Sanbourne
28th	Bolshoi
28th	The Wedding Present

MARCH

1st	It Bites
1st	David Sanborn
1st/2nd	Meatloaf
3rd/4th	Deep Purple and Bad Company
3rd/5th	Big Audio Dynamite
5th	Icele Works
5th/7th	Katrina and the Waves
6th	Megadeath
6th	The Primatives
7th	Resless
9th	Berlin
12th	The Armoury Show
13th	Magnum
13th/14th	Guana Batz
14th/15th/16th	The Cult
17th	Pogues
17th	Wendy O'Williams
18th	World Party
19th	Chills
21st	Burning Spear
22nd	Xmal Deutschland
23rd/26th	Simply Red
24th/25th	Howard Jones
27th	Tim Buck 3
28th	Mission
29th/30th	Strangers

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1st/2nd	Simply Red
3rd	Phyllis Hyman
5/6/8/9th	Go West
8th	Level 42
12th	Erasure
12th	Courtney Pine
12th	Elkie Brooks
12th	Mighty Lemon Drops
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MAY

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13th/14th	Alison Moyet
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FRIDAY 27 LEEDS University
SATURDAY 28 NORWICH University

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SOUP DRAGONS
plus
MY BLOODY VALENTINE
Friday 20th February
Tickets £2.00
NUS members and guests only

THE WEDDING PRESENT FROM PAGE 29

ing a recognisable human emotion.
"I'm not going to tell you what really interests me!" he growls sullenly.
Why not? I ask. You obviously don't give a shit about the band.
"We kill ourselves on stage and in the studio..." I'm not going to tell you what I'm passionate about because it involves other people and they would prefer to keep things quiet."
This is a sexual thing?
"It has nothing to do with sex. It has to do with serious illness..."
And before things get too interesting the other two drag the interview back onto the straight and clichéd.
"Why can't you see how straightforward it is? We just want to make great records."
I say — aaaaaaargh — only I say it for a long time and with lots of exclamation marks after it. I start to shout at them. They smile. I grab Keith by the hair and attempt to ram the tape recorder down his throat. He bites the microphone off and spits it out. This is as exciting as The Wedding Present will ever get in an interview.

WHO IS GRAPPER?
Good question! Grapper is Peter and Peter is the other guitarist. He's also the only person in this pop group who doesn't have to think about guitar strings and sound levels to get a stiffie. He's a qualified teacher and a Leeds United fan (for which may God forgive him) and he goes on picket lines and to football matches and quite possibly is involved in the cultural exercise known as The Wedding Present for reasons other than to make (yawn) "fucking brilliant" records. He's also not present at the interview which is a pity because if he was he might just be capable of saying something just a little less stupid than — "We're just professional musicians."
Like Eric Clapton you mean?
"Yeah, I suppose so, we just want to make good records..."
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARGH!!

CULTURE SCHLOCK
The idea that the only prole culture worth a spit originates from one specific ethnic or national group is moronic. The Wedding Present's conception of themselves as being outside of any cultural perimeters, the idea that the band are serving no other purpose than to make "good records" is equally farcical. They serve as a focal point for a reflection of the aspirations of a progressive minority of working class youth in exactly the same way that the hip-hop bands do in the American context. The major difference being that US black prole culture is experiencing an upturn whilst its British non-black equivalent is rotting in the trough of a massive downturn. A downturn in ideas, in enthusiasm and a willingness to analyse. Groups like The Wedding Present are still maintaining a cutting edge, even if that edge is severely blunted by their naivety. The audience such groups reach will always be in a minority, even when things are swinging their way. The audience that is able to relate to a relevant radical music that is made and shared rather than merely consumed will always be smaller than that for the music of the reactionary mainstream. All this makes The Wedding Present very important. More important than they'll ever know.

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MANIFESTO!

LOOKING LEFT

THE NEWS ON SUNDAY is aimed at those trapped between the Tory-sympathetic broadsheet world of *BMW* futon beds and the Tory sympathetic tabloid *Limelight Zone* where saucy vicars and Dirty Dens conspire to keep you amused.

More importantly, *The News On Sunday* is an independent socialist newspaper which aims to sell – not to 25 scruffy politics students – but to at least 800,000 “ordinary” men and women across Britain.

The paper is financed by money from trade unions, from Left-wing councils in Britain and from a recent share flotation which raised £6.5 million (This is no *Socialist Lavatory Attendant*).

N.O.S. was officially launched at its new-tech Manchester offices last week. And, before a collection of free wine-soaked hacks could put their hands up, editor Keith Sutton – sporting a right-on red tie – made it clear that the paper would not become the mouth piece of any of its investors.

But questions about the antics of ex-editor in chief, John Pilger, were not so neatly deflected. In a recent issue of *The New Statesman*, Pilger – one of the founders of the paper which he said would “revive the lost art of the tabloid” – outlined why he was off.

After disagreements with Keith Sutton, and on the evidence of a dummy edition made last December

– which included ‘stories’ about the Pope’s horoscopes and how Dirty Den was going to get Aids – Pilger concluded that *N.O.S.* was becoming a “left-wing *Sun*” and placed the blame on Sutton’s desk.

Such bitter public criticism does not suit a man of Pilger’s talent and vision. His words could hardly have been more damaging to the paper for he has, perhaps unwittingly, fanned the flames of those Right-wingers who are just aching for *News On Sunday* to fail.

But that will not happen. And last week provided proof that any comparisons with Murdoch’s muck machine are, at least, ill-advised. A copy of the banned Zircon satellite film surfaced in Manchester. After two venues (for different reasons) were unable to show the film, *News On Sunday* cleared away the desks, set up a video screen and organised two showings of the ‘controversial’ programme. As we go to press, there is no news of a screening being held at Fortress Wapping.

Pilger should return and fight his corner. Either that or shut up. For before a single copy’s on the news-stands, *The News On Sunday* already has enough detractors to last it a lifetime.

John McCready

The News On Sunday will be launched on April 26



Two days in the hands of Europe’s second biggest terrorist organisation – nuke armed and willing to use ‘em – sees STEVEN WELLS convinced of the need for Government money spent on NATO propaganda.

BARKING FOR BILKO

THE NME CAN this week reveal that the Government is paying for known subversives to take free holidays on the continent.

Posing as a member of an extreme Left wing party, I joined members of the sinister Quaker ‘Society of Friends’, the free-loading U.N. Youth, the loony moderate Young SDP, the mysterious Youth Club Federation, the pinko infested Church of England and a reporter from the anti-Government *Young Guardian* on a fun-packed beano in Belgium. It made the GLC ‘propaganda on the rates’ scandal look like a perfectly reasonable attempt to introduce people to factually correct, sane and rational arguments for dismantling the military/industrial complex which threatens the existence of all life on this planet except cockroaches. Confused? You will be.

Young Peace Through NATO (YPTN) is part of Peace Through Nato (PTN) which was set up by the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation (NATO) but is directly funded by the Foreign and Commonwealth Office (the taxpayer). Its purpose is “to widen the debate” about NATO and it claims to be an all-party organisation (although no Labour MP will associate him/herself with it) and it is “absolutely nothing” to do with Right wing pressure groups like the neo-Dad’s Army Defence Begins At Home, scab outfit The Freedom Association or Lady Olga Maitland’s wacky Families for Defence, although some members of all these organisations have joint membership with PTN.

The first day saw us whisked from our plush Brussels hotel to the civilian HQ of NATO. We’re shown a short film which portrayed NATO as a rather grittier International Rescue. This is followed by a talk on East/West relations by a nice Frenchman who rapidly degenerated into near hysterics defending his white hat/black hat worldview by chalking up a list of the nations that have suffered under the

fur-lined Soviet jackboot. Unfortunately he ran out of space on the blackboard before he could start listing the likes of Chile, Paraguay, Turkey, El Salvador, South Korea, The Philippines, Haiti, Iran, Palestine, South Africa... but he did tell us some very interesting things about NATO’s “Third Dimension” which is *scientific* and *environmental*. Apparently NATO funds a fair bit of research into projects which aren’t aimed at finding the best way to kill the greatest number of people in the shortest possible time. For instance, they are pioneering the preservation of stained glass windows.

After coffee the opposition trotted out three Brit civil servants. Dear reader, if you are of a delicate disposition then please read no further. It was a bloodbath, a massacre. After we had made them jump through hoops for half an hour, ever so politely we pointed out, that NATO is *not* an alliance of ‘democratic’ states. Turkish military courts recently sentenced over 260 trade union leaders – some of whom had been tortured in custody – to ten years in jail. Both Turkey and Greece have previously enjoyed joint membership of both NATO and The Loony Fascist Dictatorship Club. A sharp young chap from the UN pointed out that the US Government is in direct contravention of the North Atlantic Treaty (on which NATO is based) because of its refusal to recognise The International Court of Justice after the court had condemned Reagan’s mining of Nicaraguan ports.

But the *real* fun was teasing them about the possibility of a unilateralist Government coming to power in the UK. One kept schtumming, one *eventually* admitted that he’d resign and the other... the other expressed the opinion that a Labour Party elected on a unilateralist mandate would be *unable* to implement it. Think about it.

Then it was the turn of an American chap from The Nato Assembly – a

powerless talking shop that makes the European Parliament look like a sound investment. This gentleman’s attempt to contrast the democracies of the alliance with the vile, baby-eating totalitarian dictatorships of the Warsaw Pact was sadly marred by comments from the floor about the dire lack of choice presented to the US electorate by two parties which, from a European perspective (the NATO Assembly frinstance contains COMMUNISTS!!!!!! from Italy and France) offers no choice at all which is perhaps why so few people vote in the US compared to a true democracy like, say, Nicaragua.

We moved on to S.H.A.P.E. – the military HQ of NATO where a chubby Brit officer gives a slide show with asides about “vast sections of the public frightened by Cruise... very understandable... usually young people... a bit naive...” and a screamingly funny little anecdote about Watford being a Nuclear Free Zone when it’s next door to NATO’s UK HQ which means it’s going to be nuked *anyway*. He didn’t tell us if Watford contained many stained glass windows.

And then we get the chance to fire questions at a German, a Brit and an American Ltnt. Col. I ask about the Government’s constant stream of disinformation about the number of US bases and personnel in the UK, about the use of the security forces against the anti-nuclear movement and the validity of using government funds to print and spread anti-unilateralist propaganda. The Brit just waffled, the American told us about abortions and alcoholism in the USSR, and the German was very, very sensible about chemical weapons.

Then we had dinner and I had an interesting chat with the American officer about his experiences in Vietnam. Over the main course I lectured the SDP sprogs on the need for a Marxist Leninist mass party. The Yank, who was listening in, visibly blanched. That was the best bit.

LINKING ARMS

YOUTH CND activists left their annual conference last weekend determined to campaign harder than ever in this election year for a nuclear-free Britain.

“There’s a renewed sense of urgency among YCND members to go out and get the non-nuclear message across,” YCND National Committee member Phil Woodford told *NME*.

Conference agreed to take the anti-nuclear argument directly to young people – into schools, youth clubs and through debates with MPs. Sitting MPs and their opponents will be challenged to state which they consider the more pressing priority – employment, education and housing, or nuclear weapons? This high-profile approach will be backed up by a massive YCND demo in London on May 20.

Conference discussed how to attract members of ethnic minorities to CND; War On Want were on hand to make the connection between Third World poverty and the First World arms race, an ANC spokesman promised YCND activists that they would be welcome guests in a liberated South Africa. And Mgr Bruce Kent told of past victories by the forces of good, and reminded delegates of the struggles ahead.

Justin Leighton

Contact Youth CND, Margo Sweeney, 20–24 Underwood Street, London N1.

ROUGH JUSTICE

EARLY IN 1985 Silentnight Bedding PLC reneged on an agreement with its workforce not to seek any redundancies in return for a wage freeze. When the company demanded 52 redundancies the workforce held a ballot, took official industrial action and were promptly sacked.

Their union, the Furniture, Timber And Allied Trades Union, initially supported the action, and a picket was mounted. After production was disrupted, the company recruited scab labour to break the strike. This action earned Silentnight’s main shareholder, Tom Clarke, a plaudit from Mrs Thatcher as ‘Mr Wonderful’. The country needed more people like him, she said.

In their efforts to raise support, the strikers made a four-track EP with

free studio time donated by Paul Weller. The main tune was, appropriately enough, a re-reading of ‘Silent Night’ (with, er, different words).

But last December the FTATU withdrew its support from the strike; the 18-month dispute had proved too long, difficult and expensive. With over 80 of the sacked workers still jobless and on strike, one told the *NME* that the dispute would go on “because it’s about the justice we’ve been denied. The law is so stacked against you these days”.

Denis Campbell

Contact Anne King, 10 Rainhill Crescent, Barnoldswick, Colne, Lancashire.

Disc Junkies

ELVIS PRESLEY's death in August 1977 served only to intensify the already fanatical devotion of his following, and the intervening decade has done nothing to water it down. Here MAT SNOW talks to the people for whom it's very much a case of 'the King is dead; long live The King!'.

On August 16, the 14,000 hotel rooms of Memphis Tennessee will be booked to overflowing with folks who have come to pay tribute to a man dead exactly ten years. And of those hotel rooms, perhaps one in eight will be occupied by people who have spent at least £700 to be there. They will be from the UK, a country where the object of their devotion spent all of 10 minutes on a flight stopover in his entire 21-year career as a solid gold Superstar.

Superstar? In the world of entertainment, several could count on comparably-sized audiences in their lifetime. Others in death have grown an equivalently powerful iconic status or mystique. But none have retained so actively loyal, so united and durable a following as that of Elvis Presley.

The cultural resonances of his artistry aside, perhaps the essence of the King's appeal echoes in some small way that of the first Superstar — Jesus Christ.

"He was sent to earth for a purpose," insists Nellie, a 58-year-old housewife from Dagenham whose cat is named Elvis.

"He was a decent type of guy," ventures Elvis collector Vince Everett. Perhaps he was both.

He was a man born in poverty who never forgot his roots among the poor: not only a public benefactor but a people's champion. For every well-known gift to a stranger of a car or diamond ring, there were countless donations unsung at the time (he supported more than 50 charities a year in Memphis alone).

He was also the people's Othello — a man who payrolled family, army buddies and Memphis cronies, yet whose poor judgement of character was rewarded by duplicity and betrayal. His wife Priscilla's account of her life with the King is just the latest, most intimate example of what many regard as unforgivable disloyalty.

What is known of the private life of Elvis Presley is an old, old story writ large in neon letters. In the final reckoning, he died a tragic hero — a man whose larger-than-life circumstances, generosity of spirit and instinct for good were flawed by all-too-human weakness.

No wonder people are fascinated. And no wonder people are moved to

pay tribute to the dead King most of them never even saw in the flesh, not only by keeping his memory aglow, but also by showing some of the genuine big-heartedness so often lacking in those he trusted most.

THE FAN CLUBS

In death as in life, charity and profit go hand in hand. Viewers of Cilla Black's Sunday evening show *Surprise, Surprise* will have recently seen a small example of where good business means good works. John Rowan, a Downs' Syndrome sufferer, was surprised — not to mention utterly delighted — to be given an all-found trip to Memphis this August, plus spending money and armfuls of goodies (including Elvis soap "so you remember to wash behind your ears") by Sid Shaw, founder and proprietor of Elvisly Yours.

Mostly a mail-order firm based in London's East End, Elvisly Yours sells such items as the Elvis gilt-framed photo clock (£9.95), the King-size full-colour tapestry (£14.95), the Elvis round pomade filled with pot pourri (£3.50), not to mention a fine array of posters, books, calendars, photos, mugs, T-shirts, records etc etc.

Elvis pomander? T-shirts commemorating the day Sid contended the 1984 Chesterfield by-election (won by Tony Benn) for the Elvis Presley Party? Elvis would have enjoyed the joke, reckons Sid. "People accuse me of morbidity," he sighs, "but all I'm doing is keeping his memory alive."

Formerly a teacher, Sid started off in a small way when Elvis died by selling small plaster busts of the King from his garage. Those were boom times for Presleyana, and Sid sold his house to invest in a greater product range and turnover. 1981 was his peak year, when newly laid-off fans, mostly in the industrial North, spent quite a chunk of their redundancy cheques on Elvisly Yours products. Since then, money has been tighter so Sid has diversified internationally, even doing business in Hungary.

There is another side to Elvisly Yours. In the showroom stands a life-size statue of the jump-suited, Vegas-period Elvis, his bronze flares ankle-deep in floral tributes. And the Elvisly Yours Fan Club's magazine abounds with charity fund-raising schemes as well as notices of conventions and smaller get-togethers.

Observers who have attended even the biggest Elvis conventions (3-

5,000) have noted that at the end of the day the toilets are spotless and the bouncers have gone from beyond boredom to a convivial delight that strong-arm tactics have not been required even once. Elvis fans pride themselves on being orderly, clean-living and one big happy family.

Even in the happiest families, however, there are murky waters. And British libel laws, not to mention the thorny problem of who to believe forbid me from discussing the enmity that exists between the Elvisly Yours set-up and the far larger and older Official Elvis Presley Fan Club of Great Britain, run by Todd Slaughter.

Founded in 1957, Todd took it over ten years to the day before Elvis died, a coincidence not lost in a world charged with almost cosmic significance. Claiming a membership of over 20,000, for some years the OEPFC (Hon. President: Irene Handl) has been able to raise around £30,000 per annum for various charitable causes such as coaches for the elderly, guide dogs, heart disease research, and the Spinal Injuries Unit at Stoke Mandeville Hospital (Jimmy Savile is an Official Fan, guys and gals). Less merchandise-oriented than Elvisly Yours, the Official Fan Club, through its *Elvis Mail* magazine, updates fans

on Elvis activities and publishes reminiscences on his life and work. (For more details, write to: Todd Slaughter, The Official Elvis Presley Fan Club, PO Box 4, Leicester LE3 5HY. Sid Shaw, Elvisly Yours, 107 Shoreditch High Street, London E1)

THE CONNOISSEUR

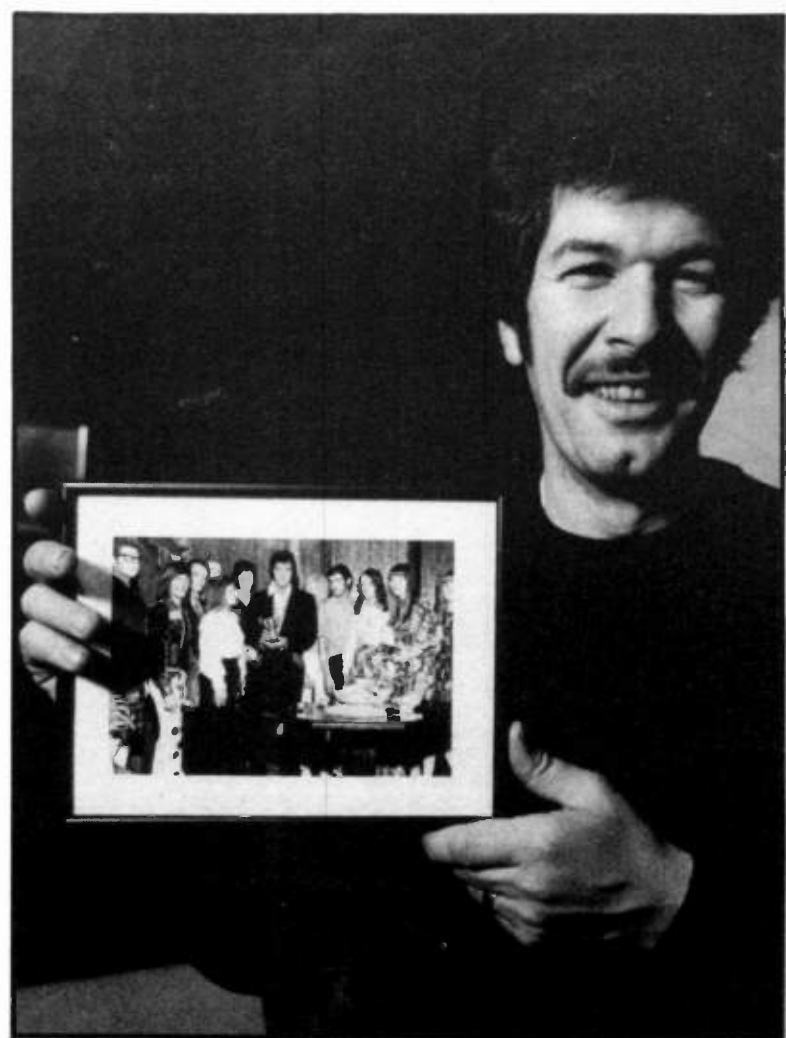
How's this for inflation? An *Elvis Photoplay* magazine which in 1956 cost 2/6d (12½p) will now fetch £45 — 360 times its original price, or an appreciation rate of 1,200% per annum.

Such an item would be at the lower end of Ian Bailie's range, for he is the founder member of the Elvis Collector, a club whose 500 membership has been carefully vetted for its connoisseurship and includes two doctors, a vet, a solicitor and a police inspector from Cleethorpes amongst its mostly middle-aged, surprisingly half-female number.

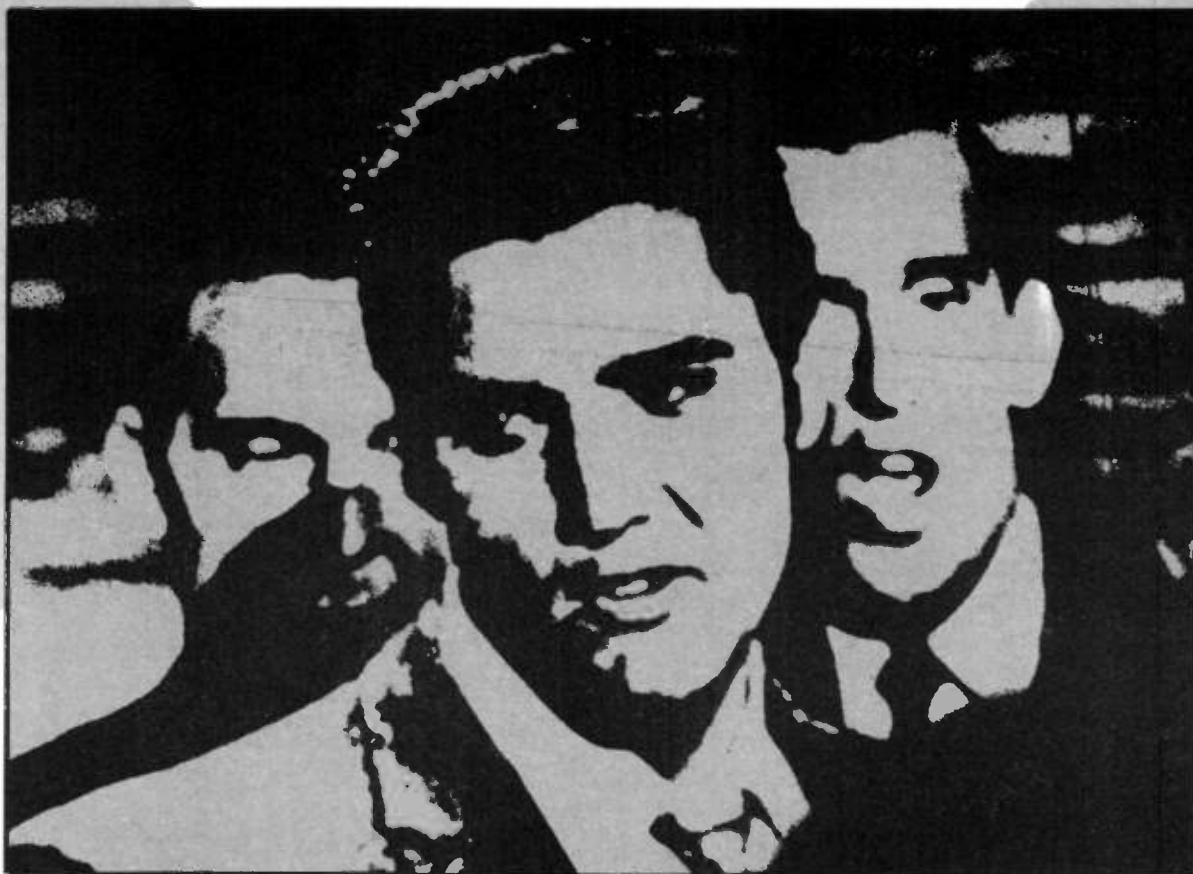
Ian himself is a postal worker in a village just outside Leicester, and he would "really have to be in khazi street" before he'd sell a single item in his collection.

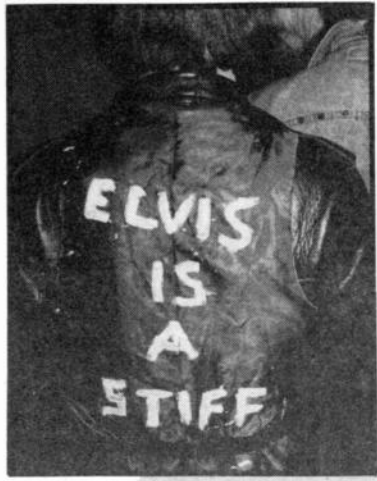
Hypothetically, what kind of prices are we talking about?

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING ELVIS



An audience with the King: Elvis collector Ian Bailie and Exhibit A.





The full set of 13 HMV 78s – £400. 'King Of The Whole Wide World' on Sun would have cost £175 in 1977; now it would be £300.

A mint copy of 'Mystery Train' on Sun would have cost £175 in 1977; now it would be £300.

A set of official Elvis Presley Enterprises 1956 bubblegum cards would set you back £250.

Not that members of the Collector are interested in selling; buying and swapping is their pleasure. Ian's proudest possession has now been handed down as an heirloom to his 14-year-old son Scott (named, oddly enough, not after Elvis's guitarist Scotty Moore, but after Mrs Bailey's hero Scott Walker). It is the tandem Elvis rode around MGM's movie lot in the early '60s. Its value? Six years ago Ian was offered £7,500. No deal, of course.

Ian is no Scrooge, however, but a scholar. The author and photo-compiler of the forthcoming *Elvis: The TV Years*, Ian also organises and DJs a function every three months that attracts about 200 superfans to a feast of rare film footage.

Ian admits that, yes, there is a "nutter fringe" which remains blindly uncritical of the King's life and works. He will admit, for instance, to not greatly caring for 'My Wish Came True' (B-side of 'Big Hunk Of Love') and the movie *Harem Scarem* (his favourites are 'I Can Help', *Flaming Star*, and *Wild In The Country*).

Did he ever meet Elvis? Yes, in 1972, and he was most struck by six-foot of good looks, but testifies also to the King's unaffected friendliness. Fifteen years later and Ian still looks amazed by the memory.

THE CURATOR

Thirty-one years ago a 17-year-old English country singer and veteran of the 2Is coffee-bar called Vince Everett heard 'Heartbreak Hotel' and overnight changed the repertoire of his band The Rockefellers to Elvis covers. So started a career which drew in Vince 'Brand New Cadillac' Taylor, but more importantly began a quest to meet the King in person. Vince took off for Memphis and met Elvis's parents Vernon and Gladys, but didn't track down their son until October 1, 1958, when Private Presley disembarked at Bremerhaven, W Germany, for the troop train to Freiberg.

They met, Elvis encouraged Vince in his act, and spontaneously gave him his first, most valued gift: the 18-carat gold bracelet he'd worn in *Jailhouse Rock*. Other personal effects Vince now owns include a 1973 personalised TCB (Taking Care of Business, Elvis's slogan) wristwatch, and his Honorary Sheriff's badge for Shelby County, Memphis.

After Elvis returned to live performance in 1969, Vince gave up his own act and followed him around the States, picking up items on the way from the proceeds of selling Elvis pix. After five years Vince had enough to return to England and open up three shops dealing in Presleyana.

But in the months after Elvis's death the profiteering of the King's intimates (including an offer to sell a videotape of the autopsy for \$500,000) so appalled Vince that he flew to Memphis to restore some dignity to the bartering.

Sporting a magnificently shellacked DA, Vince now owns some 600 items (even the Colgate toothpaste found in Elvis's bathroom) with a guesstimated worth of £500,000. In August he plans to open a permanent museum adjoining the existing Reflections Of Elvis pub and restaurant

near Wrexham, North Wales (apparently the ancestral patch of one David Pressley, a 19th century forebear of the King). It will offer the best Elvis experience outside Grace-land, and overnight visitors can stay at Heartbreak Hotel.

Vince reflects sadly on the rip-offs, like the rhinestoned jumpsuits for which Elvis paid \$10,000 each, yet are shoddy pieces of work without even double-stitching. Elvis's memory deserves better than the exploitation of his lifetime.

"I've spent the last 30 years of my life with Elvis giving me a good time, so I wanted to do something for him now."

VOX POP

On the first Sunday of every month, Presley's in London's Tottenham Court Road hosts a day-long get-together and drink-up. You won't hear the same tune twice from the disco, and you can admire the Elvis stills, sleeves, picture discs, posters and mirrors that emblazon the walls of this cheerful theme pub. Even the barmen wear US Army style shirts and ties. I talked to a few of the 100-odd punters down for the February meet.

Janice is a rockabilly kitten from Stanmore who works in a stationery factory. Though only eight when he died, she felt "terrible". An Official Fan, her older sister got her into Elvis, and her most prized Elvis possession is a 1959 photobook. Favourite record? 'Baby, Let's Play House'. Least favourite film? *King Creole* – "too much violence."

Geoff, 22, a warehouseman from Hayes is an Official Fan, and couldn't bear to go out with a girl who didn't like Elvis. Keen ever since he was a toddler, at age seven he got to shake hands with Elvis after a Vegas show to which he was taken on a children's home trip. Geoff doesn't believe the drugs stories and considers Priscilla "a dog". His favourite song is 'I'm Not The Marrying Type', and his favourite films are *Kid Galahad*, *Kissing Cousins*, *Double Trouble*. "everything". And when Elvis died? "I felt there was a piece of me dead inside."

This sentiment is echoed by 30-year-old Gary, a hotel chef from Dundee: "Since I was young he's been in the family. When he died I felt it." Unusually, Gary believes Priscilla has been hard done by; people forget how from the age of 14 Elvis was her formative influence. Why was Elvis special? "A sort of magnetism. I think a man could say he loves Elvis, but not homosexually. I don't think there'll be another man like him. Throughout my life he was like a brother."

Nellie, 58, from Dagenham and Gwen, 60s, from Hornsey featured on David Frost's 1980 show *Elvis – He Touched Their Lives*. "What do I think of Priscilla?" says Gwen who's been a fan since she first heard 'Heartbreak Hotel' on Radio Luxembourg over 30 years ago. "Let's face it, she's no angel."

Gwen has twice been to Memphis and can't speak highly enough of the people there. Both ladies insist that Elvis never used drugs for leisure; the ultimate cause of death, they say, was bone cancer which destroyed a constitution already weakened by a twisted colon and glaucoma of the eyes. Indeed, a petition addressed to the BBC is indignantly produced for me to sign which complains of a gag in a recent Jasper Carrott show whose punchline was "the biggest drugs haul since Elvis Presley's autopsy."

Why do you like Elvis, Nellie?

"Because he loved and respected his Mum. He was humble and never forgot his poor origins."

Like ferret-racing and rugby league, Elvis Presley is far bigger in the England's post-industrial North than its wine bar addled South. MAT SNOW asks three Mancunian Preslians MORRISSEY, MARK E SMITH and NME's Elvis cartoonist RAY LOWRY – to account for this difference between the two tribes, and for their own faves.



Why do you like Elvis?

The first cut is the deepest and Elvis was the first living, moving embodiment of modern, white musical sass and style – white and therefore readily identifiable with, even by spotty little English grammar school kids just out of short trousers. As Ian Dury pointed out. Elvis was the first to have the image and the musical chops together in one alarmingly bulging package. His obvious class, risqué image and sexual projection, plus the seemingly limitless promise of one devastating side after another through the run of the legendary early singles – heard by many on this side of the water in shrapnel barrages of two or three at a time in no particular release order – added up to my first experience of total musical culture shock; something I only experienced to a similar degree years later when The Beatles and The Rolling Stones started their similarly delirious hijackings of their generation's musical proclivities.

Priscilla?

I never heard any of Priscilla's records. I remember seeing her interviewed on *O'Wogan* once and she looked a very tasty lady to us of pensionable leanings. Having read the autobiography I know very little of the deep longings and secret currents of the Priscilla psyche. You have to give her full marks for putting up with old El' though, don't you? Could you have dropped uppers and downers, cheeseburgers and popsicles and rode the roller coaster all night long with the King of Rock and Roll? Me neither, mate.

Fave records?

My fave all time single would have to be 'I'm Left, You're Right, She's Gone' from those never-bettered Sun sessions. As well as anything else, this one captures all the vitality and unique freshness of the way in which the man went at his songs in those days. It's not an out-and-out rocker of the type he recorded at RCA, rather one of the mid-tempo, breathy little bouncers that, in retrospect, seem singular to the Presley oeuvre of the time and, more than anything else, seem literally to straddle the country/rock/blues lines.

'Paralysed', 'When My Blue Moon Turns To Gold Again', 'All Shook Up' and 'Don't Be Cruel' are similarly casual, loping performances.

The awesome bass thrum that opens the track immediately identifies 'I'm Left' as prime Sun-era material and the slightly bewildered resignation of the "Well I thought I knew just what she'd do, well I guess I'm not so smart", line typifies the mix of young buck arrogance and dumb vulnerability of the prime time(less) early Elvis stance. "She's gone, I know not where, but now I just don't care, 'cause now I have fallen for you", plink a plong, plink a plong, plink a plong, pling, plunggg! and the song resonates off into the mix and down

the roads of musical history. **Least fave singles?**

Elvis's turkeys are too numerous and many feathered to need chasing round the funny farmyard again. He arrowed straight from poor-white, rural obscurity to the heart of American showbusiness without seeming to pick up much breadth of musical knowledge or vision beyond his natural gifts, and the result, eventually, was a whole heap of ill-conceived musical mush peppered occasionally and increasingly rarely with the odd flash of his old inspiration.

Fave film?

I'm not what you'd call a fan of any of the films really, but of the official releases, I guess I'd go for *Loving You* because it does contain a heavily diluted, Samson-in-chains type approximation of the man's notorious stage demeanour and er, pelvic gyrations, plus I like the cowboy clothes.

More valuable, I feel, are the scraps of film of live shows and the censorship television appearances. It's quite apparent from these that Elvis Presley was having a ball in those days, outrageously sending up both himself and the reactions of his female fans. Perhaps only a handful of good old Southern guys and gals ever saw the early, demonic Elvis we glimpse occasionally in badly lit, jumpy flashes of early live performance. **Least fave films?**

The worst of his cinema films I have never, ever felt the slightest inclination to watch.

North and South?

I would hazard that the reasons for Elvis's pre-eminent Northern popularity are in varying degrees economic, social and psychological ones. The North of Britain has traditionally been, and is currently, of course, poorer and less privileged than the South. A diamond like Elvis blazed all the brighter to deprived kids just shaking off memories of food rationing, living in a poor environment with a fousy climate and very little money to spend. The biggest thing I can remember before Elvis was the death of George VI and the Coronation of our current monarch, and this only second-hand, through the mediums of newsprint and crappy old black-and-white television pictures. A typical Northern, working class kid, undistracted by thoughts of further education or 'proper' culture was wide open to a similarly uncouth and uncultured cry from the heart of poor, working class Southern America as articulated by, and so splendidly represented in, the seemingly dazzling young man with the splendid sneer.

The reason for Elvis's continuing popularity in the North, long after his useful shelf life had, to all extents and purposes expired, was probably due to the greater number of dyed-in-the-wool nostalgia freaks, traditionalists and plain, old-fashioned dickheads per square mile. Elvis's own tastes, remember, stayed essentially provincial and hokey throughout his life. That's all I have to say on the subject.

FROM MANCHESTER TO MEMPHIS



Why do you like Elvis?

Has a greater voice ever been heard? His appeal was so vast and varied, more so than any other known recording artist. Here was a singer who would appeal to policemen of all sexual complexes.

I worship his leatherised look, although personally I could never wear anything that had run in a field! **What do you think of Priscilla?**

Is it possible to marry Elvis Presley and remain mentally vacuous? Priscilla proved that it was. I was ill with laughter while reading her autobiography.

What is your fave Elvis record?

The upsurging passion of 'Don't' is so powerful that surely no one can listen to it without marrying their own mother.

What is your least fave 45?

'Polk Salad Annie' had all the graceful spirit of a dropped prayerbook. The stout, substantial frame did not help.

What is your fave Elvis film?

As an actor Elvis had nothing to convey; but he conveyed it so brilliantly. Sadly, his vast acting career may be summed up in a sentence. I like *Speedway* the best – the slightest excuse for a feature film. The actual plot gets in the way of the songs. The leading women were always miraculously available, miraculously consenting, miraculously physical. Not a repressed brow in sight. Shame really. **Why do you think Elvis is more popular in the North?**

Ashton in Lancashire is the Elvis Presley capital of the world.



Why do you like Elvis?

The King had more royal style than our present penny-pinching lot will have in a million years. His musicians were the greatest except for some of the later drummers.

When I first heard that Elvis was dead I was at the Electric Circus. I mourned while pseudo-Sid Vicious cheered. And on Elvis's 40th birthday I was auditioning for my first group. They were crap.

Priscilla?

A fine actress, a goddess of pure class. (Warning: I'm a Presley bore.) **Favourite records?**

'I Forgot To Remember To Forget' and 'Big Hunk Of Love' and 'Kentucky Rain' and almost everything except for the very slow ballads.

Favourite film?

Speedway, with Nancy Sinatra.

Why is Elvis more popular in the North?

Because he has the same sense of humour. Many American Southerners are emigrants from the North of Britain. And they didn't desert him just because he had been in the Army.

EURHYTHMICS



THE NEW SINGLE

MISSIONARY MAN



RCA

Disc Junkies

JUKE BOX FURY

Along with chewing gum, Coke and the jitterbug, the American Invasion sported the JUKE BOX. STEVE CHIDNALL charts the story of the machine that once corrupted British youth.

Illustration by STEVEN APPLEBY.

Many products are redolent of their age, but only a few manage to epitomise it. The home computer in the '80s, and the Italian scooter in the '60s, are good examples of objects which stand as signs of the times. But perhaps neither has expressed recent cultural change in Britain as strongly as the coin-operated phonograph — known to friends and detractors alike as the juke box. The juke box is the '50s.

In the mid-'50s, in *The Uses Of Literacy*, Richard Hoggart condemned the entertainment in the new juke box cafes as "a sort of spiritual dry-rot amid the odour of boiled milk". To Hoggart and others, the juke box was an agent of despair, imported from across the Atlantic to crenelate the tastes and sensibilities of young Britons. It was the epitome of Yankee cultural malevolence.

But how did this come about?

The origins of the automatic phonograph were embarrassingly humble. Born in the "coloured cafes" and rent parties of America's ghettos in the late '20s, it was an unequivocally "black" box. Worse yet, it was a bootlegger's box, the entertainment of the speakeasy. The term "juke box" reeked of moonshine and funk.

With the repeal of prohibition, manufacturers like Seeburg, Ami, Rock-Ola and Wurlitzer became increasingly worried about the image of their machines. They managed to shake off the connotations of the past, first by a change in the audience — the new punters were white bobby-soxers and jitterbugs — and then by the conversion of their plants to war work. The manufacturers glamorised their product. They put glowing coloured plastics into their new, light-up models, and after the war, in magazines, they showed the box as an up-market family entertainment — a swanky, Stars and Stripes, Park Avenue product. By 1955 it rode the crest of a tidal wave. In America, half a million machines were pervasive symbols of fun and prosperity.

In Britain, however, the juke box was always decidedly marginal. In the '20s Leonard Walton, a Blackpool showman, had taken out a pioneering patent. But he found little interest in the amusements trade. From 1935, Seeburg and Wurlitzer machines were imported, but were largely dismissed as expensive end-of-the-pier novelties suitable only for attracting customers to play more lucrative machines. It was only with the arrival of the luxurious light-up models that enthusiasm began to be awakened. A small invasion force of American boxes began to move inland from their beachhead in the seaside arcades to conquer the cafes. United States export figures for 1940–41 show 190 juke boxes shipped to Britain. But these were to be the last for 15 years, except for those destined for GI bases and clubs.

The idea that race meant crime hadn't yet reached these shores. But the simple association with the American presence in England was enough to stigmatise the juke box. It was the machine that played boogie-woogie and jive, and encouraged hordes of gum-chewing, Coke-swilling, GI-corrupted teenagers to loiter or, horrors, to jitterbug.

Britain's moral guardians tried hard to eradicate any trace of Yankee decadence. Ballrooms banned the jitterbug, pinball saloons were blamed for delinquency, and imported horror comics were prosecuted as the video nasties of their age. And it was not just retired colonels in Frinton writing to *The Times*, the assault was even more vehement on the left, where any hint of American imperialism was denounced. In the bomb-site drabness of the age, young Britons affected a tacky imitation of Hollywood chic. In *Bomb Culture*, Jeff Nuttall angrily described a culture "of the bombshell blonde and the streamlined bust-line of gilded pin-tables and lime green ice-cream, of two-inch crepe soles and black-market nylons, of brashness, raw colours, hard gloss, discord, cold eyes and cruel rouged lips". The plastic cabinet glowed like a godhead, bringer of the word from across the ocean.

In fact, the word was supplied by courtesy of a Lancashire lad, Norman Ditchburn. He franchised the Wurlitzer record-changing mechanism. By 1950 he had 500 of his 16-selection "Music Maker" in cafes and clubs around the north of England — but not without a struggle. Various types of disc were supplied to counter the jitterbug tag; and, vitally, Ditchburn's co-operated closely with local police forces. He removed any offending machines and withdrew from districts where opposition was fierce. Music licences were required in many areas, and magistrates frequently turned down applications.

Ditchburn was joined in his commercial crusade in 1952 by Manchester's Morris Brothers, with their primitive-looking "Minstral", and by Chantal Ltd of Bristol with their "Meteor", a masterpiece of Dan Dare styling, with a mouth-watering 100 selections. "Meteors" invaded southern England like an alien strike force. It was probably one of these exotic machines that the young Frank Norman and the rest of the layabouts in his greasy Soho cafe, close-encountered in the early '50s.

Most of the clientele had never seen a juke box before. Norman reported in his memoirs, *Stand On Me*, that they began "clocking it very closely" as though "it was something that had fallen out of the sky from another planet". Juke box locations increased to around 5,000 in Britain by the mid-'50s. This made them slightly more common than cinemas. Further growth was injected when the Balfour Marine Engineering Company began making American Ami juke boxes under licence at Ilford.

"Drop the coin right into the slot; you want to hear something that's really hot," enthused Chuck Berry — and what was hot, of course, was rock'n'roll. The increasing number of juke boxes and the growing popularity of the new music was far from coincidental. The hostility of radio, television, and many cinema proprietors, to Bill Haley's sound meant that the juke box was the premier medium for its dissemination. At first, this almost cut out the need for indigenous rock'n'roll performers. The fact that Liverpool was a city devoid of juke boxes must be a significant factor in the rise of Mersey Beat.

The musical and ecclesiastical establishments rained denunciation on the new sounds. The liberal churchman, Donald Soper, suggested that "trashy" American songs could

be kept from the ears of our children in the same way that horror comics had been kept out of their hands. Police objections to music licences for juke boxes began to discriminate on the basis of the type of music played. Superintendent Roper told the magistrates at Hatherleigh, in Devon: "If they want rock'n'roll, they cannot have it. But if they play the ordinary kind of music like the palm court orchestras on the wireless or television, that will be all right".

But the new music was bringing prosperity to both the record industry and the music machine business. By

late 1956, disc sales had risen by 50 per cent over the previous two years, and juke boxes were becoming an important consumer. Sixth-former Ray Gosling, languishing in staid Northampton, knew the attraction. In his autobiography, *Sum Total*, the juke box is a continual motif. It stands for the good life, the aspirations of teen: "I hated The School. I hated the district I lived in... I loved the juke box cafe, and pubs. There was a spontaneity and a common equality that didn't extend to The School".

To its critics, the juke box was the devil's box, the brazen representative

of secular values. Much of the opposition to the locating of boxes revolved around proximity to churches and Sunday operation. But by the winter of 1957–58, the power of the automatic Anti-Christ was growing. Its prophet was the newly-formed Phonographic Operators Association, a body dedicated to making their mechanical messiahs respectable. The most important of the 3,000 new boxes the previous year was the one in Woburn Abbey, open home of the hip Duke of Bedford. TV was the prime target of the propaganda war.

CONTINUES PAGE 57



Disc Junkies

C30, C60, C90 GO!

Home taping, the little stickers tell us, is killing music, though the £7 LP, £13 CD and the £25 box set can hardly do to it any favours. Anyway, we here at NME, alarmed at the thought of the executives of our major record companies traipsing the streets of London with mouth organs and begging bowls—present a guide to the things that are well naughty, and to be avoided by all but the most vicious subversives...

BOOTLEGGING is the unauthorised and illegal recording, distribution and sale of LPs and tapes, usually from live or radio performances. In London's Camden Town, for instance, the first bootleg copies tapes of major gigs are on sale 20 minutes before the concert actually ends! Artist response varies—Redskins' drummer Martin Bottomley contents himself with demanding one copy of each new 'skins tape from

shame-faced dealers.

HOME TAPING is me'n'you recording *Sheila Tracey's Trucking Hour* off the radio, or making a copy of your next door neighbour's new Five Star LP. The music biz goes on about this as though it was a capital offence, somewhat worse than treason. In fact, it isn't illegal!!

COUNTERFEITS are exact replicas of commercially available records and tapes, complete down to original trademarks and logos. As these retail for the same price as the real McCoy, they mean Big Money for the enterprising young capitalist. Totally illegal, natch.

IN-STORE TAPING—a very common practice in Africa, Asia and the London reggae scene—involves customers ordering their own selections of tracks from shops with twin-cassette copying facilities. Your friendly retailer, suitably remunerated, whizzes off your cream compilation...



'Live 1985/1985' was issued in response to the likes of this, one of over 300 readily-available Springsteen bootlegs.



Classic example: Little Feat's early reputation relied almost entirely on live bootlegs which easily eclipsed their officially-issued studio counterparts.

ORDER OF THE BOOT

The influence of **BOOTLEGS** was never better illustrated than by the release of Springsteen's phenomenally successful box-set to combat similar, though illicit, projects. But, argues our man, **ROY 'Tape Worm' CARR**, most artists are big bootleg fans and the real enemy is, in fact, **COUNTERFEITS**.

"All them bootleggers out there in radio-land, roll those tapes!"—Bruce Springsteen, The Roxy, Los Angeles, July 7 '78

The more obvious considerations apart, Bruce Springsteen's current five-LP bonanza was released to combat the proliferation of such deluxe boxed bootlegs as 'Happy New Year' and 'Do You Love Me'.

Despite skimping on an integral facet of Springsteen's Last Rock Star allure—cover jobs, judging from the unprecedented worldwide demand (at £25 a bite) for 'Live/1975–85', it doesn't appear as though those 'vinyl naughties' have in any way damaged legitimate sales!

The very existence of 'Live/1975–85', and its noticeable shortfall, has provoked one enterprising buccaneer to trump the official version with 'Rockin' All Over The World'—a 57 song/five LP set comprised entirely of covers.

I'm not about to Bible-thump for or against bootlegs' existence, just to lay a few facts on your shell-likes. Truth is, there are now more 'live' concert bootlegs around than you can wave a writ at. Aside from El Geldof's well-aimed venom over an estimated \$1.5 million trade in Live Aid concert cassettes flowing out of Indonesia (the Indonesian Embassy in Kuwait is listed as the bootlegger's contact address) and Springsteen getting steamed up when rough mixes from one of his albums hit the streets, of all the many artists I've ever collared on the subject, no one has ever really felt the desire to summon up the powers of darkness to seek retribution. A few cost-conscious managers have, however, threatened the old concrete overcoat!

The legend that insists the number of returns for the diabolical 'Sgt. Pepper' all-star soundtrack greatly exceeded the number of copies manufactured is one to be heeded. And, having one's legitimate releases blatantly counterfeited quite rightly raises the hackles together with the number of undercover agents on the case—but concert bootlegs... I don't know of any artist who can't live with it.

Sure, when the industry exerts corporate influence, it's easy to wind up an artist to make an official denouncement, but when—over tea and digestives—they reconsider their stance, most admit to being genuinely flattered by the attention of the more creative bootlegger and the fact that a demand exists for their illicit releases.

If anyone does moan, it's only about poor sound quality (now almost a thing of the past) or the high asking price—roughly equivalent to a CD! One thing is certain, artists are as avid in collecting their own bootlegs as their most obsessive fans.

Examples you shall have: A year before his 'Serious Moonlight' tour, Bowie's office contact this writer because DB was missing a copy of an early '70s Santa Monica concert boot and desperately needed to check it as

it contained the only recorded reference of an arrangement he was attempting to rehearse with a new band.

Even Ol' Blue Eyes allegedly dropped a line to a cat in London requesting a copy of the vinyl souvenir he'd produced of one magical evening at the Royal Festival Hall when Sinatra had swung out with Count Basie. Thoughtful Frank even included air-mail postage with his request!

Fully aware that any upcoming American tour is going to be widely bootlegged one Brit band—who many still consider to be 'the world's greatest rock combo'—decided to tape their unannounced warm-up shows and pass the master onto a 'reputable' bootleg connection with excellent coast-to-coast distribution.

As said stars don't intend to release an official souvenir of their stadium trek, they proffer the theory that not only does a good quality bootleg constitute credible advance publicity, it also renders null and void all low-fi competition.

A scramble for bona bootleg will cause an even bigger scramble for tickets. It's a marketing strategy that makes senses and, indirectly, makes money.

While counterfeiting by organised crime syndicates must not pass unchecked (official estimates claim that for every two legitimate Madonna or Springsteen discs a counterfeit exists) for those snarling little beat combos suddenly awakened to the implications of being shackled to the kind of multi-national consortium that shows concern only for securing the biggest market share, the 'outlaw connotations' of the bootleg gives them some small comfort on a cold and lonely night.

Actually, not being bootlegged has been seen by many artists as being a public slur on the reputation, to the point where managers have been instructed to personally finance a bootleg release. In some instances, there have been no takers.

Such is the interest in bootlegs that a glossy fanzine, *Hot Wacks* has been published to convey the latest illicit information. If your unofficial releases aren't extensively covered within the pages of *Hot Wacks* your career is worth doodly-squat.

Certain events cannot be denied. Little Feat may have been packed to Warners, but the late Lowell George was always first to admit that whereas their first LPs for the Burbank Brothers were slow moving, such now-legendary bootlegs as 'Electric Lycanthrope' and 'Aurora Backseat' were to kick-start their career as one of the greatest-ever 'live' bands with a vengeance.

These spontaneous fine-sounding location recordings invariably possessed a lethal cutting edge their studio sets couldn't quite emulate.

"They should sound good," Lowell George once confided when slipping me a cassette of an upcoming bootleg, "I mix them myself before giving the tapes to the guy that does the pressing. If the company had any sense, they'd put out an official version of 'Electric Lycanthrope'."

His nod was as good as a wink.

Aside from either marrying, or kidnapping, the object of one's admiration, bootlegs (be they now discs, cassettes or videos) constitute

the ultimate fan fetish. The person dropping into Our Price for the latest Level 42 remix isn't in the market for Elvis crooning through two dozen takes of 'Loving You'. Whereas, the nut with 200 Presley boots to his name is likely to also own (and cherish) every vinyl configuration RCA have slung on the market since 1956.

The law of supply and demand dictates that if The Police still haven't released a 'live' LP, the kid who bought every A&M album, shaped picture disc, singles six-pack, video, T-shirt, inflatable Stewart Copeland doll and lunch box, will eventually track down the album they want (official or not) somewhere along the Portobello Road. And feel they've got a bargain when he hands over a tenner.

If the record industry really wanted to flex a collective muscle, they could all but stamp out bootlegging. From time to time, a few minor small-fry are brought to book whilst the big time operators continue to smell of roses. At a time when one leading European importer would regularly stash the latest US-pressed bootlegs in amongst their latest consignment of official purchasers, and some big label pressing plants were knocking out bootlegs either during lunch-breaks or overtime, the industry was seen not to be effectively policing itself!

Can't seem to recall any public floggings or right hands being severed!

Obviously, it's counterfeiting that poses the greatest threat, but with the introduction of the Compact Disc the record industry once again shoots itself in the foot. In practice, the CD supplies the would-be counterfeiter with a state-of-the-art production master.

Perhaps it's something the industry can momentarily live with. Could be that the CD concept is part of a much bigger plan. Ideally, the record industry would like to see the DAT (Digital Audio Tape) threat killed off in the womb while vinyl and then cassettes are phased out as speedily as possible.

As the setting up and running of a CD plant is costly and require hi-tech skills, it could quickly drive most bootleg operations out of business. Theoretically, those countries where counterfeits account for almost 90 per cent of all sales could be sealed off and systematically cleaned up.

In an ideal world, we'll all own a portable CD player and the software retailing at a fiver!

Is it all so cut and dried?

Even if someone isn't already contemplating to bankroll a plant to counterfeit CDs, I'm convinced even more sinister plans are being hatched.

Consider this. Before they were nabbed, employees at one major UK record plant frequently over-pressed all the latest albums, piled them onto a raft and sailed their contraband away on the stream that flowed through the factory grounds.

In the light of the pocket-size dimensions of these little silver beer mats, why bother with counterfeits; remove the filling from a Big Mac and one could quite easily smuggle out vast quantities of over-pressed CDs and filter them onto the market through legitimate outlets.

I wonder if they used to have all these problems with 78s!

Disc Junkies

VINYL TAP

Music hall, socialism and "kinky" Robin Hood appear in the fave aural fodder of Brezhnev star and scallywit MARGI CLARKE. JOHN McCREADY meets the blonde whose dad looks a bit like Gaz Glitter. Photograph by KEVIN DAVIES.

It may surprise you to learn that the star of Britain's finest film since *Carry On Cabby* is not yet a millionaire.

Margi Clarke – the sauciest screen blonde since the real Marilyn – is wary of 'crying poverty'. But she will say this much.

"We were ripped off good-style. *Letter To Brezhnev* was made for buttons and sold for buttons. We got next to fuck-all out of it while it basically paid for *Absolute Beginners* ..."

So while Margi, brother Frank and husband Jamie Reid plan their revenge with a new film called *The Fruit Machine* and the sprawling *Leaving The 20th Century* project, there is time to kill.

Margi loves music but she is not an anal retentive.

"You don't have to own them, do you? That's sick. I'm a famous taper ..."

One of the things she likes to rewind to at home in her London squat ("There's a great little bingo hall over the road. I won a line there last week") is music hall star Marie Lloyd's 'I'm One Of The Things That Cromwell Knocked About A Bit'.

"It's full of innuendo, nudge, nudge and plenty of wink. I'd like to be the Marie Lloyd of the '80s. I just love her because she was a good socialist. In her time, they were trying to ban sex, just like they are now with this AIDS scare. Marie Lloyd knew that sex is politics and this is really fruit."

'Jolene' pops up next, simply because Margi would like "tits the size of Dolly Parton. I like the scallywag feel of country and western. My mam and dad are dead into things like Jimmy Rodgers but I haven't got the patience to listen to it all ..."

Margi assures me that the next choice on her crucial listening list is not autobiographical.

"It's Scally Go-Go Gloria Grahame and 'I'm Just A Girl Who Can't Say No' from *Oklahoma*. She was an American working class actress who never sold out."

A role model?

"Well, I'd like to do it that way, but it's hard, John. I can't get work.

Because there's no real industry here – the BFI is just a sweaty art shop on Wardour Street. Plus I didn't come from a theatre background. And I'm not liggering all over London every night ..."

Margi's next record, 'Robin Of Sherwood' by Clannad is described as "kinky". She illustrates this by singing deeply: "Robin ... the hooded man ...". The point is taken.

"Oh, and I've got to have 'Observatory Crest' by Captain Beefheart because it's intellectual and it's got a big IQ. It's really lovely. It reminds me of Liverpool when we'd go to the top of St George's Hill and listen to it on the car stereo. You can see the whole of the city from there ... nice memories ..."

Billy Idol's 'White Wedding' brings us back down the hill with an FM rockin' bang.

"Jamie keeps playing it to me, dropping hints. We might have a white wedding but we're gonna run up the aisle. I like working out to that at three 'o clock in the morning as well ..."

But there's more than one way of keeping fit. Dancing on a packed floor at Clovers luxury nightspot in Kirkby is a favourite way of working up a sweat.

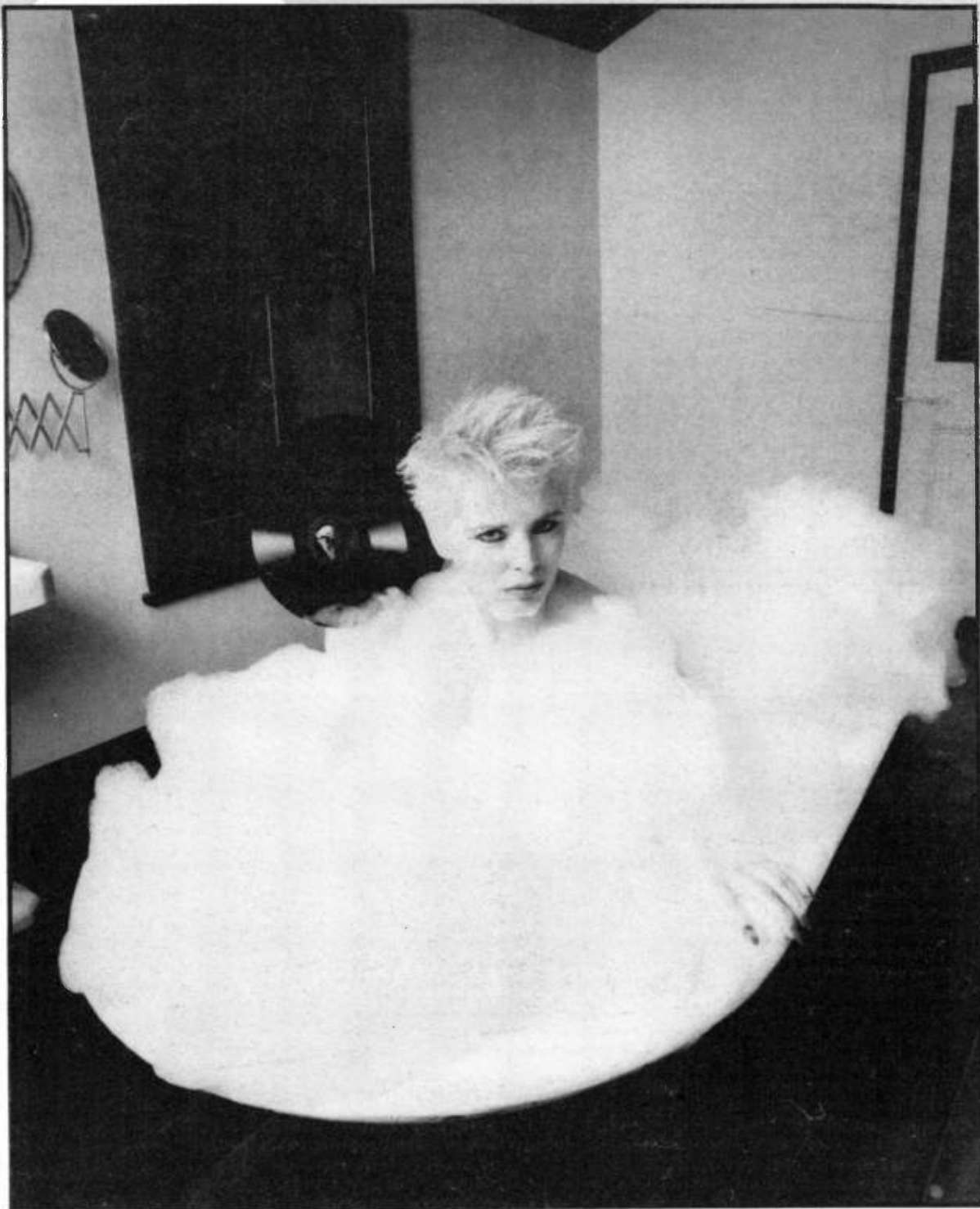
"Ma Burns' 'Brand New Lover' gets them all going ..."

Margi also checks Gary Glitter, "because he's got a look of me dad", 'Call The Fire Brigade' by The Move, "because it's completely off its head", Thin Lizzy's 'Whiskey In The Jar', because it reminds me of when we were all Irish – 500 generations ago", and any Indian music "because it's plenty weird".

"Oh, and I can't forget 'Suburbia' by The Pet Shop Boys, those middle class disco anarchists. It reminds me of Kirkby, a suburbia where we've all got our little bit of grass. I still love the place. I get back whenever I can. If we pull these two films off, then I'd be happy to knock all this on the head and go back there ... open a little scally theatre or something ..."

A nice idea. But a crying shame that a spring chicken of Margi Clarke's energy and commitment should even be considering winding things up.

But then, that entertainment. And the British money men have still to come to terms with a diva who's on the screen when she was born for the seats.



MARGI CLARKE PERFORMS HER PRE-PARTY ABLUTIONS IN THE DEEPLY ARTISTIC BATH OF JOE EWART & JOHN EGAN

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AS SEEN ON THE TUBE THIS WEEK

Disc Junkies

Forget hang-gliding and safe sex; the fastest-growing leisure pursuit in Britain today is RECORD COLLECTING. Forget spy satellites and fast food; our fastest-growing industry is the welter of enterprise (manufacturing, retailing and publishing) that's developed to serve collectors' needs. DAVID SWIFT guides the uninitiated through the pleasures, complexities and absurdities of the plastic passion.

"We could rule the world with a box of Yugoslavian Alice Cooper 45s," says a London record dealer, wistfully.

The world of which he speaks also revolves at 33, and 78, a network of dabblers, enthusiasts, madmen, shops, fairs, markets, buying, selling, trading and bitching — the cosmos of the record collector.

To the collector, Alice's 'School's Out' could present a multitude of delights; it's more than just three minutes of snakey rock. For instance, the collector will be very happy to pay £30 if the song comes wrapped in a Yugoslavian picture sleeve.

A rare Alice single, or any one of thousands of sought-after discs, is the pot at the end of the rainbow for the collector. So, how small are these minds? Are we dealing with the certifiable here? *Are these people mad?*

In the offices of the bible of the beat, *Record Collector*, the editor tape his fingers and deflects the accusation with practised ease.

"Well, I don't see any difference between the collector and someone who will pay big money for a painting, a car, or the right kind of leather jacket."

So, like a Picasso original, a two-door Rolls Camargue, or a piece of dead animal on a Paris catwalk, the Collector's item on record is also a trumpcard in the consumerist age. The record collector is everywhere — and is not a sloth, a mutant, or a dribbling piece of jelly. The madmen are, like the Oakland chapter, the "one percenters", and with prices what they are in this booming trade, they're kept off the streets anyway.

The term 'record collector' is a misnomer, it insists that accumulation comes before appreciation, but rare indeed is the enthusiast who packs the goodies into a security safe and never plays them. There is joy in distraction, finding new versions and variety in content or packaging, but what's in the grooves still counts most of all.

There are indeed a million stories, and sometimes only the collector knows them, and is happy to tell, hopefully without bashing your car to a bloody pulp. The Clash junkie will recall, if pressed, that moment when the group really did go down the toilet. In America, when the 'Combat Rock' LP steamed off the pressing plants, a turd in fatigues, one track, 'Inoculated City', included a cut-up of an advertisement made by the Flush Company of America. A nice lady coos and brags about "2000 clean flushes" halfway through the song. When the Flush Company heard that they were surprise guests on the LP, they lined

the shit up against the fan and threatened to fling it unless the snippet was edited out. So, after 150,000 dirty pressings, the disc had its bottom wiped clean and was sent out again. See — painless trivia! The oddities bird would also want a copy of the edited and unedited versions of the LP.

The artist collector is far more common and, in extreme cases, will snap up everything put before him/her if it is by, or directly connected with, the artist of choice. When *Record Collector* recently commissioned a poll on the most widely collected artists, The Beatles, Elvis, Bowie and the Stones headed the list. But only a fool could claim to have every recording by artists of that calibre. Does your local Beatles bore, for instance, possess their first releases on the Indian 78s? or the 'In Spite Of All The Danger' acetate? Current value — £10,000, and probably only one in existence. Acetates represent the absurdist end of collecting — they are one-sided 'heavy' discs cut straight from the master tape of the recording. Sometimes only one, or five, may be cut, which makes them either ultra-collectable, or one step over the line. That is a "one percent" area again.

The sport does not just concern itself with the dusty '50s or '60s, however, modern artists such as Elvis C, The Jam, The Cure, The Damned, Springsteen, Kate Bush, and Gary Numan are high priorities for dealers and enthusiasts. This is where the

PLASTIC PASSIONS



PHOTO: NICK WHITE

money is still being made out of punk. But again, not everything is within reach. Excluding the multiplicity of promotional artefacts issued by labels, even the genuine on-the-shelf issues can be rare, especially for the Numan fan who must have everything. His only compilation album thus far, 'Photograph', was released in Germany with a gatefold sleeve incorporating some suitably futurist artwork. Gazza was apparently mortified when he opened the gatefold and found that the art 'laser beam' was aimed through his head. He objected and the album was withdrawn. That now fetches about £80.

Bootlegs, live tapes, foreign picture sleeve singles and EPs double the difficulty for the completist. There is also now the memorabilia boom, but that's getting too ridiculous.

In the real world, however, prices are modest and turnover is high when the *music lovers* — those who can't find the music they want in their high street — move amongst the fairs and shops, spending £5–10 at a time.

The earliest record fairs in Britain — in the late '70s — had a heavy accent on rock'n'roll and rockabilly, as there was a disenchanted audience of 35–40 years olds observed scouring the nation looking for relics of their youth. And now the revival angle is well covered, with justly famed labels like Charly, Edsel, Ace, Kent, Big Beat, and Bam Caruso tempting thousands into searching further into rockabilly, doo-wop, soul, country, psychedlia and progressive eras. But the ocean is

deep and sometimes even the best 'music can only be found in the specialist shops and at the fairs. Take Curtis Mayfield; in your megastore you should find the Impressions' re-release LPs on Ace. Maybe you'll uncover a cut-out copy of a recent album like 'Honesty'. But only where the junkies gather might you claim his classic '70s platters like 'Roots', 'Superfly', and 'No Place Like America Today', for about the same price as the Five Star chart-topper. Deletions are the cheap thrill of collecting. Unless, of course, it's the first Kaleidoscope LP...

You can't ring the offices of *Record Collector* easily. The number is not listed in the issues. And the editor, a mild-mannered Byrds enthusiast, Peter Doggett, moves through the scene incognito. His magazine is on the lips of every dealer and collector in Britain, and overseas. The circulation figure is reportedly not far behind that of the *NME's* two main competitors, and it's on the up, 20 per cent in the last twelve months.

Record Collector is the guide to the scene, each month it spotlights artists from the '50s to the '80s, with a rundown on their output, their recording history, the artistic quality of the records, and most controversially, the values of the records. The February issue plays detective with Sinatra, The Jam, Madonna rarities, Status Quo from 1972 on, Bowie in his Ziggy period, and includes a long overdue piece on Captain Beefheart. Plus

there's reviews of albums on the reissue labels, and acres of classified adverts placed by readers.

It was founded in London by Johnny Dean, who now also reissues his original *Beatles Monthly* magazines. The first issue came wrapped with *Beatles Monthly* in 1979, and soon it went on its own.

"We want to be the definitive guide for all kinds of collectors, taking in the whole 35-year history of popular music," says Doggett.

He confirms that collecting is booming, citing the growth of specialist shops in London from two, five years ago, to around 20 now. And as the hobby grows, so the prices go up, which comes to the crux of the matter; is an album really worth, say, £50? Who pays that kind of money? And who sets the prices?

Record Collector's writers have a lot of influence in this field. They compile the discographies and values for their features, based on market research and their knowledge. The magazine's prices are the subject of constant scrutiny and/or argument. If it undervalues a record, the dealers get hassled by customers who believe the magazine's estimate to be the true worth of a collectable record. And if they overprice it, the dealers can push their figure up to match, with no complaints.

"We have no axe to grind, we aren't involved in the buying and selling," says Doggett. "Our prices are a guide — if you're prepared to pay £50 for a record, then that's what it's

worth to you. We research the fairs and shops to see what the records are selling for when we set the prices. The main reason for putting the prices in is to get a fair price people could pay."

He cites CDs and American '60s acid-punk as two big areas of collecting on the rise now. Northern soul is always a major force in the field (to be covered in another article in this series) and punk is holding firm — "that was also the first era when companies went out of their way to make collectable records". Along came Blondie and Generation X in blue, red, or yellow vinyl, and so it grew... now the major labels have gone bonkers, because they've realised that the collectors' market can now help chart a single.

Thus we had ZTT offering seven different versions of 'Relax', and eight of 'Two Tribes' — because Frankie became a phenomenon incredibly quickly, the label was assured that the collectors would pile in, so out came the mixes. Paul McCartney's recent 'Press' 45 came in eight variations, and he has collector-fans stupid enough to want all eight, so RC gave him a slap on the wrist in its January issue and asked him very nicely not to try it on again...

A double-pack 45, a limited twelve-inch mix, or some similar gimmick is guaranteed to have the fan and the dealer scouring the high street shops in that crucial first week of release, resulting in a far greater chance of a brush with Gallup.

"Five years ago the companies started putting in their ads 'unreleased B side!' and things like that, whereas before they never mentioned the flip sides. But of course, now, some are going so over the top they'll do themselves out of business by alienating the buyers," says Doggett.

He affirms that the trend has spread to compact discs, and 'extra' or remixed cuts are commonplace there now.

Thousands of pounds are exchanged monthly through the Buy & Sell notices that comprise one-third of RC's pages. Through them, and his constant forays through fairs and shops, Doggett can spot the collecting trends: the weirdest one must be the vogue for LPs from the Great Ice Age in rock'n'roll, 1968-72.

"It's almost as if those who used to be into beat boom collecting have moved on into the late '60s, early '70s psychedelic-progressive era. Albums on the Vertigo label by Dr Z, Ben, they must have sold five copies when they came out, they're going for £50-£60 now."

But if albums like that did sell minute quantities on release, didn't that mean that they were, simply,



"The reissues have got a lot of young people into it, 18 and 19 year olds, they get hooked and move on to the originals. It's definitely not old hippies who are buying the progressive."

"And the Vertigo label albums, for instance, there were maybe only 500 of each done, they're so elusive that they take on this mystery aspect, people think, 'I've never seen it, it must be brilliant'."

He's honest about this stuff, however: "when you listen to a lot of these records, they're junk. Everybody was so out of it by then, weren't they?" But some, like Kaleidoscope, or July, they are really excellent psychedelic records."

Shops like Zippo and Plastic Passion are reaping the rewards of the collectors' boom. Junkies from all over the world come to London, which most rate as the city on the planet, for records and once here they buy, sell and trade their own country's pressings (with associated picture sleeves — a must for a serious 45 collector). Zippo had just farewelled a Swedish gentleman when I walked in — he had spent over £500 on progressive rock and Texas punk albums. Included were several still-sealed Thirteenth Floor Elevators LPs. Flanagan lucked into a dealer's dream: in Texas he found a stock cupboard of Elevators' albums at the house of an employee of their original Houston label, which issued the discs in the late '60s.

At Plastic Passion in Notting Hill, long-time vinyl junkies Bill Allerton and Bill Forsyth say that collecting can be summed up in three words — Supply And Demand. This controls the trends and the prices.

Says Allerton: "You've got your '60s market full of genuine rarities (PP's wall-to-wall treasure trove of pop-psych picture sleeves from around the world, with associated prices, testify to this), then there's the almost artificial market, things that can be a real problem with prices."

He offers Elvis Costello's famed 2-Tone 45 as an example. 'I Can't Stand Up For Falling Down' was originally to be released on the ska revival label, and they were pressed up, but the deal fell through and f-Beat did the job. Nevertheless, the 2-Tone copies began to slip into dealers' hands...

"People were paying awesome prices for it, £75, £100, it was like a legendary item, then the market flooded — they'd kept a lot back and started giving them out at his gigs." Supply And Demand levelled the price, now it's at £20.

They regard the current glut of manufactured 'items' as "pitiful" and don't deal in them. Meanwhile, there

CONTINUES OVER

THE DEALERS

There are now scores of specialist record collectors' outlets in Britain. The following selection, chosen at random, spotlight some of the areas that the shops deal with and also any particularly interesting items that they have/had on offer. This is not by any means a definitive list, nor is it meant to be — check your own high street!

BEANOS, 27 Surrey Street, Croydon. Deep within the bowels of England's largest second-hand vinyl shop, sit 250,000 45s and 22,000 LPs. Including an acetate of 'Penny Lane' without trumpet solo (transporter special!). Presumed to be a one-off for trumpet students to play along to (?): £150. (No mail order).

PLASTIC PASSION, 2 Blenheim Crescent, W11. Rare '60s picture sleeve 45s stocked, plus old and new rock'n'roll.

VINYL EXPERIENCE, 20 Hanway Street, W1.

Punk/new wave collectables, also '60s, Beatles memorabilia. "We've got the 'Peaches' 'free-4' single by The Stranglers, an edited version given out to DJs, it also had a different sleeve to the proper 'Peaches'. Our copy without the sleeve is £60."

VINYL SOLUTION, 39 Hereford Road, W2. "We specialise in everything" — '50s to '80s.

ZIPPO RECORDS, 39 Clapham Park Road, SW4. Emphasis on '60s-'80s beat/psychedelic/progressive/rock'n'roll.

REDDINGTON'S RARE RECORDS, 17 Cannon Street, Birmingham.

Specialists in all genres, plus CDs. Another major Beatles item — the 'Let It Be' LP, issued in a limited edition drawer format, with a book set into the 'drawer' — and the LP itself slides out! — was sold recently for £150. Found at a jumble market for 25p...

VINYL DEMAND, 46 Sydney Street, Brighton.

Specialists in "everything". They have the Velvet Underground 'Aspen' boxed set, a very rare item. Published by LA's Roaring Fork Press in 1966, it contains commissioned art and writing by the likes of Andy Warhol and Robert Shelton (Dylan biographer). The box is a soap-powder pisstake, and also contains a Velvets flexi, 'Loop' (Cale). No more than 500 made, "we hope to get £250 for it".

PLASTIC WAX RECORDS, 222 Cheltenham Road, Bristol.

45s, and memorabilia. A Rolling Stones American gold disc, awarded to the group for sales of their 1968 classic LP 'Beggars Banquet', is tagged at £1000.

HOT WAX, 60 Dalry Road, Edinburgh.

Modern collectables and '60s originals/reissues.

VINYL VAULTS, 5 State Parade, High Street, Barkingside, Ilford, Essex.

Specialists in collectors' 45s. They offer an acetate of the Larry Lurex 45 — Freddie Mercury in disguise in the early '70s. Expected price: £200-£300. The single *ordinaire* is highly prized by Queen fanatics, and fetches £40 itself.

CANK STREET RECORDS, 48 Cank Street, Leicester.

'70s/'80s 'new music' specialists. Invasion of the picture discs; how about a Spanish promo PD of Bowie's 'Boys Keep Swinging' single? Five hundred made — £100.

WORLD RECORDS, 108 London Road, Leicester.

Dealers in deletions of all musical varieties. Their current top item is 'Visions Of Angels' by Genesis (1), a promotional-only 45 from 1970-71. Priced at £200, it cost the shop 1/3 of a p — "we bought in a lot of 10,000 singles for £300 and found this. Mind you, we chucked out 6,000 of the others."

COLLECTORS RECORDS, Market Centre, Brown Street, Manchester. From oldies through soul, reggae, progressive and punk.

RECORD PEDDLAR, 20A Swan Street, Manchester.

'70s and '80s collectables. A spectacular German picture sleeve of one of the first Bowie 45s, 'Memory Of A Free Festival', is offered for £75!

FUNHOUSE RECORDS, 24 Cecil Square, Margate, Kent.

Punk ('60s-'80s) and psychedelic LP specialists. Mail order only.

SOUL BOWL, P.O. Box 3, King's Lynn, Norfolk.

Top soul specialists — UK and USA. Mail order only — but visits by appointment.

PIED PIPER, 293 Wellingborough Road, Northampton.

Most eras, including country music. "We've got the second Kinks single, 'You Still Want Me' on Pye, which is at £70. They made two before they had a hit, and this one sold only in the hundreds when it came out."

LIZARD RECORDS, 12 Lower Goat Lane, Norwich.

'70s — '80s rarities dealers, rock, punk, heavy metal.

REVOLUTION RECORDS, 15 Manor Square, Otley, Yorkshire.

Prince records are "like a drug" to collect says the manager — this purple shop deals in *everything* that the Minneapolis one has put onto vinyl! Probably the most partisan example of vinylism in Britain!

POP RECORDS, 6 Yield Hall Place, Reading.

Black music and pop/rock collectables "I've got these Cliff Richard 78s, I think it was his old chauffeur who brought them in. I fancy hanging on to them actually, but one is autographed by 'Harry Webb' (Sir Cliff's God-given name), and I'd be looking for at least a couple of hundred quid for that."

ADRIAN'S, 36 High Street, Wickford, Essex.

Bowie specialists, but all eras stocked. "We have a catalogue of 40,000 collectable items."

FURTHER READING

Record Collector, Format (from most major newsagents). There is also a fanzine underground covering many major collectable artists — RC regularly lists the best issues. See both magazines for fair dates, there are fairs every weekend throughout the UK.

THE FLOYD

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PHOTO: NICK WHITE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

are enough real rarities and awesome '60s pic sleeves still coming through to keep them stuck to the scene.

"A non-collector is never gonna make sense of it. The other day we went to see someone and they had a complete hall full of football programmes... it's very easy for non-collectors to think 'brain damage', etc, but on the other hand it gives a lotta satisfaction."

Says Forsyth: "There's certainly an element of madness, no question, and both of us are afflicted as well."

John Wagstaff from south London belies the popular image of the vinyl fiend — he's sold all his records, but is obsessive as a man can be about the music — "it's that I care about, not records. It started on tape, so I keep my music on reel-to-reel, I've got 3000 tapes."

Wagstaff is the editor of *Format* magazines. The sale of his discs financed the magazine, a jungle of information about collectable vinyl, fairs, reissues and artists. You need a machete to get through it all. When he's not editing the occasional issues, he organises record fairs. Organises the organisers, in fact.

Fairs are also booming, but booming a little too much. Although there never seems to be any elbow room at any fair — where dealers and the public scramble around stalls set out like a giant Sunday market, hunting for bargains — there are, by consent, too many fairs in Britain now as more and more would-be entrepreneurs arrive for their slice of the collecting cake.

Wagstaff is trying to compile a possee of dealers behind him to reduce the numbers of fairs and up the quality — "there are too many and this is hurting the public. We're co-operating to stop this, our recent international fair at Westminster was a major success."

Twelve hundred people came through the door for that fair, and Wagstaff plans to repeat the operation next month. The dealers all seemed happy — most of them went home with takings of £300 for seven

hours.

Jeff Finch runs the Brighton record fairs, Britain's biggest.

"When we started in 1979, there were 30 dealers and 400 customers, our last fair of 1986 and 130 dealers and 2500 customers, a UK record. That's because perhaps there is only one fair in Sussex, all the shops in London take up some of the business of fairs there. The London dealers come to Brighton regularly, there's eight shops here. One spent £700 last weekend!"

And in Birmingham, Rob Lythall of VIP Record Fairs reports a similar boom.

"We do a fair a week, there's an international one on May 3 where we'll have 160 dealers. There are a lot of fairs, yes, and a lot are badly organised, that's the problem. It's an industry now."

When fair organisers sometimes discuss other organisers, you can hear the air turn blue. Organisers compete hard to make their fairs the most successful, and dealers, who are wily with their wares, watch hard to see where they'd be best off, stuck in Wigan on a Saturday, or Westminster on a Sunday.

Specialisation is coming to the business too — in April at a London nightclub, there will be successive jazz & blues, Beatles/'60s, and New Wave fairs. Black-music fairs have done reasonable business in 1986, and they'll be repeated too.

Fairs will survive, even if the quality drops as their numbers increase, because collectors and non-junkies alike realise that that's the only time they can find records for sale in awesome variety, and at competing prices. And where else could they hope to lay their hands on William Shatner ('Captain Kirk') warbling through 'Mr Tambourine Man'; a Yellow Submarine in its original box? The Pink Floyd, featuring Syd Barrett, on a picture sleeve 45 (warning: £100)?; double live LPs by The Jesus And Mary Chain? Bob Marley's first single? And so it goes...

With one hand on your wallet and a good pair of ears, recording collecting can be kinda fun.

VINYL VAULTS

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MARC AL MONDO Melancholy Rose 7" d/pk	1.99
THE DAMNED Anything 10" Yellow Blue Vinyl	2.50
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MALE 22 requires friendship, North London. Letter please. Box No. 7572.

MALE 26 Gay Launceston Cornwall would like Penfriends, photo if possible. Box No. 7576.

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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SOUTHAMPTON SATURDAY 28/2/87, Guildhall Solent Suite 12-4pm, 50p. (11am-£1).

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SECTION HEADING:.....

POLGER CZUKAY

FROM PAGE 25

red up oppression. Now communica-
s networks intersect without
ching; the world consists of unrelated
connecting maps, self-contained and
e-defined overlays that refuse mutual
mprehension. The far-flung and the
ek-by-jowl refuse to resolve their dif-
ferences, and define themselves in that
usal. And as they proliferate, they
appear from each others' scheme of
gs. The chance of non-identification is
chance of escape. Or at least room for
oeuvre.

The Czukay underground

ows out feelers, to Japan, Thailand,
sia, North Africa. He sits here and
ckles, tells me tales of Jah Wobble:
it was in the University area, and there
s a man with a mac on his arm, going
a clerk. Let's say he was a student.
ompletely introverted, and suddenly
Wobble got out of the car, went to this
n, and gave him a kiss! Not as erotic as
Honecker and Mr Brezhnev, but he
e him a normal and ordinary kiss, full
respect. But this man got frozen like a
ne, let fall the mac down, looked
bless like I can't tell you. Jah Wobble
getting into the car again, and said to
he will never forget this in the rest of
life. This is something I could really
Jah Wobble for."

isturb, displace, re-align, redefine:
kay laughs as he listens. The frozen
ld shakes at its roots and shivers into
plets.

Listen, I tell you something about the
ntity of the German Soul. Every Ger-
n has a garden dwarf in his heart. And
v he has the Pope in his cupboard."
nd a high and fabulous airwave ghost
s across our conversation, Johnny
re's sweet ache of a voice, the Drif-
'Saturday Night At The Movies':
ne things you can't plan for.

LESLIE CROWTHER

FROM PAGE 13

gosh! what a *super* idea' — I'm relieved to
say we never did any of that."

I get the impression that *Blue Peter* was
never his favourite show. Twenty-six
years on from *Crackerjack* (CRACKER-
JACK!), Leslie Crowther is still with us.
The man is not a subscriber to the 'better
to burn out than to fade away' school.

"If you want to survive in showbiz,
you've got to have an iron discipline. You
can't afford to make too many mistakes,
especially on TV. I did one series, *The
Reluctant Romeo*, in which I was *appal-
lingly* miscast, and was quite rightly
castigated for it. But I made absolutely
sure in all the conferences and prelimi-
nary meetings for my next show, that I
wouldn't revert to slapstick. It's a question
of survival, and I am *absolutely* deter-
mined to survive."

Leslie Crowther's preoccupation with
durability haunts his list of comics that he
rates.

"There's Les Dawson, who's a great
clown, and Tarby is the complete profes-
sional. Jim Davidson, too, he's got that
wonderful music hall bang! bang!"

Tarby and 'Nick Nick' both deserve, of
course, to have their Equity cards ram-
med down their throats, but Crowther is
not thinking of *material*, but of profes-
sionalism and, ultimately, success. He's a
self-made man who prides himself on
never having been out of work.

Along with Brucie, Tarby and Des he's
come up through music hall and *adapted*:
from slapstick to chat show to game
show, all four have attached themselves
to the generous host that is TV. For the last
26 years Leslie Crowther has had a
starring role in *Survival Special*. And he's
not about to walk out on it.

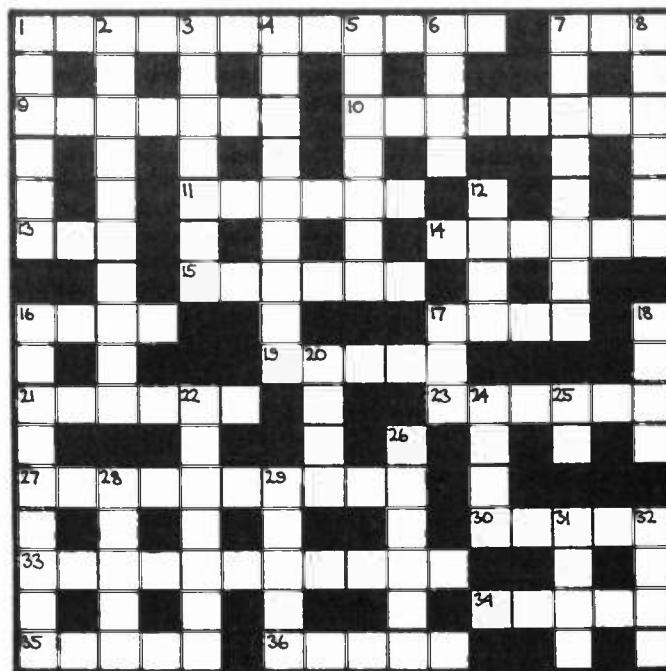
CLUES ACROSS

- 1+3 down Respect! Now to find out
what it means to me, Ms Franklin.
Send in the next applicant to be a
roadie please... ah, do come
in... take a seat Mr Ridgeley...
(1-4-3-4-7)
- 7 Funksters from Aberdeen, their
collectable singles were issued
last year on a compilation LP
'Something To Believe In' (3)
- 9+10 across 'It's noble and it's
brutal, it distorts and deranges,
and it wrenches you up and
you're left like a zombie' (4-2-1-
8)
- 11+12 down Not too many bought
this UB40 single in 1983, but
here's one owner at least (3-3-4)
- 13 (See 36 across)
- 14+27 across 'Lie down on the bed,
lay back your head, we'll smoke
another cigarette and ————'
(6-2-3-5)
- 15 Steve and Cassie, brother and
sister, who perished in the Lynrd
Skynyrd plane crash (6)
- 16 Paul, bass player with Eddie And
The Hot Rods before joining
Damned in 1980 (4)
- 17 'A ——— Of Blues', 1960 Elvis
Presley hit (4)
- 19 Cilla Black sang the theme song
from this '60s movie (5)
- 21+31 down Country singer, a
regular of the Grand Ole Opry, his
best known number was 'Walking
The Floor Over You' (6-4)
- 23 An Eagle that could entice you
into trouble? (6)
- 27 (See 14 across)
- 30 ——— Eaters, they took the 'First
Picture Of You' (5)
- 33 Manager, producer and co-writer
for Buddy Holly, he also
discovered Roy Orbison (6-5)
- 34 (See 7 down)
- 35 '70s popsters, their line-up was
Scott, Priest, Connolly and
Tucker (5)
- 36+13 across From Sheffield, their
singles include '4 Hours',
'Breakdown' and 'Resistance' (5-
3)

CLUES DOWN

- 1 No man could make this record
label for Julian Cope (6)
- 2 Despite the song's title, Pete
Shelley came back once more in
1985 with another classic single
(5-5)
- 3 (See 1 across)
- 4 (See 18 down)
- 5 Ruts found in which postal district

PRESSWORD



Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

- of the city? (4-3)
- 6 Deep Purple had a trilogy of EP's,
released at the end of the '70s
entitled 'New, Live And ———' (4)
- 7+34 across Possibly ——— but USA
plug so a reggae singer will
become known! (8-5)
- 8 A name to be found on most of
Madness' writing credits (6)
- 12 (See 11 across)
- 16 A very warm welcome for a
Half-Pint (9)
- 17+28 down Jazz singer who, with
George Shearing, received two
Grammy awards for LP's
'Champagne Evening' and 'Top
Drawer' (3-5)
- 18+4 down Elvis Costello's 12-inch
- ruler on import? (4-2-7)
- 20 'Lay Of The ———', from 'The
Wonderful And Frightening World
Of The Fall' (4)
- 22 Hil You may have first had
'Bedsitter Images' of me, but you
can call me Al! (7)
- 24+26 down Scab toiler gets
roughed up only to sing the blues
(4-6)
- 25 Peel with a Bowie single? (2)
- 26 (See 24 down)
- 28 (See 17 down)
- 29 'Larks Tongues In ———', King
Crimson LP (5)
- 31 (See 21 across)
- 32 How's a change going to occur for
Doug E. Fresh? (4)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1+4D. Curiosity Killed The Cat 9+8D. On The Boardwalk 10. Beat
11. Radio 12. Karma Chameleon 14. OMD 17+5D. Stiff Kittens 19+33A. My
Perfect Cousin 21. USA 22. Locke 23. Coral 24. Sulk 26. Searchers 30. Jackson
34. Helm 35. Strawbs
DOWN: 1. Crooked Mile 2. Retards Picnic 3. Opera 6. Lurie 7. End 13. No Future
15+32A. Armed Forces 16. Peace 18. Taylor 20+25D. Three Johns 27. Arrow
28. Hush 29. Stump 30. Jack 31. Kiss 32. Far

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cording. International Songwriters
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GIG GUIDE

FROM PAGE 39

Leeds Playhouse: Harvey & The Wallbangers
Liverpool Yew Tree: Alternative Radio
London Acton George & Dragon: Mike O'Connor
(lunchtime)/Schooners Rig (evening)
London Battersea Arts Centre: Howard & Eberlee
London Brentford Red Lion: The Amazing Rhythm
Burglars (lunchtime)/Chris Tompson & Chuck Farley
(evening)
London Charing Cross Road Busby's: Marc Almond
London Dalston Junction Crown & Castle: The
Palukas/Spit Like Paint/The Looking Glass
London Deptford Albany Empire: Wilko Johnson/The
Ya Yas
London Finchley Rims: Joe Louis Blues Band
(lunchtime)
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: Iggy Quail
(lunchtime)/The Shamen (evening)
London Fulham Greyhound: The Purple Things/Bad
Karma Beckons
London Fulham King's Head: Little Sister
London Fulham Swan: The Reactors
London Greek Street Bill Stickers: Mondo Trasho
London Hammersmith Odeon: Europe
London Kennington Cricketers: Barflies (lunchtime)
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Double Helix
London Kingston Grey Horse: Cannon Fodder
(lunchtime)
London N1 Bass Clef: Royal Academy Big Band
(lunchtime)/Norma Winstone (evening)
London N1 Red Rose Labour Club: Barb Jung &
Michael Parker
London N16 Chas & Dave's: Jonah & The Kid
London Portman Hotel: Barbara Jay
London Putney Half Moon: Steve Marriott
London SW9, The Plough: Mr. Clean
London W1 100 Club: Pride Of Passion
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: Caglo Mac
London WC1 The Yorkshire Grey: Georgia Jazzband
Norwich Theatre Royal: The Hollies
Peterborough Key Theatre Glasshouse: Heartland
Poole Arts Centre: The Psychedelic Furs
Portsmouth Milton Barn: Pushing Up Daisies/The
Sheds
St. Helens Eagle And Child: The Oyster Band
Sheffield Leadmill Theatre: Samul Nori
Sheffield Polytechnic: The Icicle Works
West Croydon, Stuart Amusement: Roy Peters
(lunchtime)/Bad Influence (evening)

MONDAY

23

Birmingham NEC: Chris De Burgh
Dudley JB's: The Rain Devils
Edinburgh Onion Cellar: The Wedding Present
Edinburgh Queens Hall: Big Audio Dynamite
Harlow The Square: The Long And The Short Of
It/Porky/Felix/Steve Edgar
Liverpool Cafe Berlin: The Railway Children
Liverpool Oscars: Alternative Radio
Liverpool University: Love & Money
London Acton George & Dragon: Tom Nolans Rockin
Blues Band
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: Jamie
Wednesday/Art Press
London Fulham Greyhound: Joel Blon/Hey Troy
London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: Naked In
The Rain/Wonderland
London Hammersmith Odeon: Europe
London Kennington Cricketers: Crash

London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Clive Pig & Graem
Wall
London Kingston Grey Horse: The Rhubarb Tarts
London N16 Chas & Dave's: Worries Dolls
London Putney Half Moon: The Runriver Showcase
London W1 100 Club: Mervyn Africa's Kaap Finale
London W1, Frith Street, Bride Of Shrew: The Shrew
Kings
London WV1 New Merlin's Cave: The Wigs/Peter
Panic
London Woolwich Tramshed: Dave Wilson with
Greenwich Swing plus Ronnie Ross
Middlesbrough The Albert: Wickerman/
Slaughterhouse Cat
Newcastle Riverside: Bloodfire
Newport Centre: The Psychedelic Furs
Nottingham Rock City: New Model Army
West Croydon, Stuart Amusement: Running
Redice

TUESDAY

24

Aberdeen Ritz: Big Audio Dynamite/Chiefs Of Relief
Birmingham NEC: Chris De Burgh
Birmingham Powerhouse: The Icicle Works
Bootle Fire Station: Excalibur
Brentwood Hermit: Kathryn Tickell
Brighton Centre: The Style Council
Brighton Gardner Arts Centre: Samul Nori (Korean
Master Drummers)
Bristol Bierkeller: The Soup Dragons
Canterbury Kent University: Pop Will Eat Itself
Cramlington Concordia Leisure Centre: The Oyster
Band
Dublin SFX: Simply Red
Harlow The Square: Stewart Moffatt
Leeds University: Age Of Chance
Leicester Princess Charlotte: Rockin' Ronnie & The
Bendy Ruperts
Liverpool Plummers: Alternative Radio
London Brentford Red Lion: Dirty Work
London, Camden Palace: The Highliners
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: The
Locomitives/Dimension Five/The Toucans
London Fulham Greyhound: Say What/In The Flesh
London Hackney Empire: Circus Senso
London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: The
Junk/K-State/Blind Mice
London Hammersmith Odeon: Cyndi Lauper
London Harlesden Mean Flowerpot Men
London Kennington Cricketers: Rhubarb Tarts
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Jih
London Kingston Grey Horse: Incoherents
London Marquee: MGM
London N1 Bass Clef: Spain
London Putney Half Moon: Paz
London Richmond, Zeeta's: Crucial Touch/Trigger
Trigger
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: Lloyd Ryan Jazz
Four
London Woolwich Tramshed: Talk To The World
Manchester Band On The Wall: Earl Okin
Manchester University: The Railway Children
Newcastle City Hall: Meatloaf
Newcastle Riverside: Dr. Krishna's Psychedelic
Surgery
Nottingham Rock City: China Crisis
Portsmouth Basins: Th Flowerpot Men
Southend Reids: Howlin' Wilf & The Vee Jays
Stockton-on Tees Dovecot Arts Centre: Must Walk
Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic: Love & Money
Wakefield Rooftop Gardens: The Batfish Boys
West Croydon, Stuart Amusement: The
Balance

NME CHARTS



Mad bad Pete takes off into the charts. Photo LFI.

45s

INDEPENDENT

LPs

1	3	SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
2	2	KISS	Age Of Chance (Fon)
3	6	SWEET SWEET PIE	Pop Will Eat Itself (Chapter 22)
4	3	HEAD GONE ASTRAY	The Soup Dragons (Raw TV)
5	4	INTO THE GROOVE(Y)	Ciccone Youth (Blast First)
6	7	EVERYTHING'S GROOVY	Gaye Bykers On Acid (In Tape)
7	19	STRIP FOR ME BABE	Man 2 Man (Bolts)
8	5	STUMBO	Wiseblood (Some Bizzare)
9	9	A LONELY PLACE	The Smithereens (Enigma)
10	(—)	LOVE IS DEAD	The Godfathers (Corporate Image)
11	12	LIKE A HURRICANE	The Mission (Chapter 22)
12	(—)	MY FAVOURITE DRESS	The Wedding Present (Reception)
13	14	SOMETIMES	Erasure (Mute)
14	15	BLUE CHAIR	Elvis Costello (Imp/Demon)
15	(—)	PEEL SESSION	Siouxsie And The Banshees (Strange Fruit)
16	8	CUBIST POP MANIFESTO	Big Flame (Ron Johnson)
17	28	I LOVE MY RADIO	Taffy (Transglobal)
18	13	SERPENT'S KISS	The Mission (Chapter 22)
19	23	MAHALIA	The Bible (Backs)
20	(—)	BAMP - BAMP	The Bambi Slam (Product Inc)
21	(—)	GREY SKY BLUE	The Submarines (Red Rhino)
22	21	WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD	BMX Bandits (53rd and 3rd)
23	(—)	TWOED AND TESTED PUBLIC SPEAKER	Bogshed (Shellfish)
24	(—)	PEEL SESSION	New Order (Strange Fruit)
25	(—)	BRIGHTER	The Railway Children (Factory)
26	16	POPPYCOCK	Pop Will Eat Itself (Chapter 22)
27	10	PEEL SESSION	Joy Division (Strange Fruit)
28	(—)	PEEL SESSION	Stump (Strange Fruit)
29	17	SATURDAY NIGHT	Schoolly D (Rhythm King)
30	(—)	PEEL SESSION	The Slits (Strange Fruit)

1	3	THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES	Michelle-Shocked (Cooking Vinyl)
2	4	SHABINI	Bhundu Boys (Disque Afrique)
3	2	DWTDISH	Wiseblood (Some Bizzare)
4	1	PICTURES OF STRAYING CHILDREN	Chumbawamba (Agit Prop)
5	5	QUICK OUT	Stump (Stuff)
6	11	ESPECIALLY FOR YOU	The Smithereens (Enigma)
7	8	CBS	Various (NME/Rough Trade)
8	6	BEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACY	The Dead Kennedys (Alt Tentacles)
9	(—)	UP FOR A BIT WITH	The Pastels (Glass)
10	7	HIT BY HIT	The Godfathers (Corporate Image)
11	9	THE QUEEN IS DEAD	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
12	RE	BACK IN THE DNSS	Half Man Half Biscuit (Probe Plus)
13	20	WHAT'S IN A WORD	The Brilliant Corners (SS20)
14	12	TAKE THE SUBWAY	Various (Subway)
15	10	THE MOON AND THE MEMORIES	Cocoteau Twins/Budd (4AD)
16	14	BROTHERHOOD	New Order (Factory)
17	15	WONDERFUL	Erasure (Mute)
18	17	IN THE PINES	The Triffids (Hot)
19	27	SOBERPHOBIA	Peter And The Test Tube Babies (Dojo)
20	(—)	LIVE IN AMERICA	A Certain Ratio (Dojo)
21	22	BACK AGAIN IN THE DNSS	Half Man Half Biscuit (Probe Plus)
22	19	LOVE SHARKS	Guana Batz (ID)
23	(—)	IDEAL GUESTHOUSE	Various (Shelter)
24	RE	STOMPIN' AT THE KLUB FOOT VOL 3	Various (ABC)
25	21	BLOOD AND CHOCOLATE	Elvis Costello (IMP)
26	16	ATOMIZER	Big Black (Homestead)
27	18	ON THE BROADWALK	Ted Hawkins (Brave)
28	25	SMOKE SIGNALS	MDC (Radical)
29	13	YOUR FUNERAL . . . MY TRIAL	Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds (Mute)
30	RE	RETARDS PICNIC	Stupids (COR)

45s

UK TOP FIFTY

LPs

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST
1	1	I KNEW YOU WERE WAITING George Michael & Aretha Franklin (Epic)	4
2	2	HEARTACHE Pepsi & Shirlee (Polydor)	5
3	4	DOWN TO EARTH Curiosity Killed The Cat (Mercury)	5
4	6	IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THAT WAY Blow Monkeys (RCA)	3
5	3	ALMAZ Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	7
6	17	MALE STRIPPER Man 2 Man (Bolts)	2
7	9	I LOVE MY RADIO Taffy (Transglobal)	6
8	35	STAND BY ME Ben E King (Atlantic)	2
9	12	YOU SEXY THING Hot Chocolate (EMI)	5
10	20	MUSIC OF THE NIGHT Michael Crawford and Sarah Brightman (Polydor)	4
11	18	STAY OUT OF MY LIFE Five Star (Tent)	3
12	8	SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE The Smiths (Rough Trade)	3
13	34	RUNNING IN THE FAMILY Level 42 (Polydor)	2
14	24	BEHIND THE MASK Eric Clapton (Duck)	4
15	5	JACK YOUR BODY Steve 'Silk' Hurley (London)	6
16	(—)	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN Percy Sledge (Atlantic)	1
17	15	ONCE BITTEN TWICE SHY Vesta Williams (A&M)	6
18	10	NO MORE THE FOOL Elkie Brooks (Legend)	8
19	26	THE FUTURE'S SO BRIGHT Timbuk 3 (IRS)	3
20	13	IS THIS LOVE Alison Moyet (CBS)	12
21	29	ROCK THE NIGHT Europe (Epic)	3
22	7	C'EST LA VIE Robbie Nevil (Manhattan/EMI)	7
23	23	MAGIC SMILE Rosie Vela (A&M)	5
24	(—)	THE RIGHT THING Simply Red (WEA)	1
25	42	COMING AROUND AGAIN Carly Simon (Arista)	2
26	21	GIGOLO The Damned (MCA)	3
27	43	FORGOTTEN TOWN The Christians (Island)	3
28	11	SURRENDER Swing Out Sister (Mercury/Phonogram)	6
29	27	SOMETHING IN MY HOUSE Dead Or Alive (Epic)	6
30	(—)	LIVE IT UP Mental As Anything (Epic)	1
31	14	RAT IN MY KITCHEN UB40 (Dep Int)	6
32	32	THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE Siouxsie & The Banshees (Wonderland)	6
33	50	HOW MANY LIES? Spandau Ballet (Reformation)	2
34	16	WASTELAND The Mission (Mercury)	6
35	37	I FOUND LOVE Darlene Davis (Serious)	2
36	38	IT DIDN'T MATTER The Style Council (Polydor)	6
37	(—)	EVANGELINE The Icicle Works (Beggars Banquet)	1
38	(—)	SHIP OF FOOLS World Party (Ensign)	1
39	44	YOU BE ILIN' Run DMC (Profile)	2
40	(—)	YOU ARE MY WORLD The Communards (London)	1
41	19	NEET PETITE Jackie Wilson (SMP)	10
42	22	DIG FUR The Cap Band (Total Experience)	9
43	40	HEAD GONE ASTRAY The Soup Dragons (Raw TV)	2
44	30	HYMNI TO MEN The Pretenders (Real)	11
45	31	REAL WILD CHILD Iggy Pop (A&M)	9
46	45	SOUL MAN Sam Moore/Lou Reed (A&M)	5
47	(—)	GOOD TO GO LOVER Gwen Guthrie (Boiling Point)	1
48	(—)	WHO IS IT? Mantronix (10/Virgin)	1
49	(—)	SKIN TRADE Duran Duran (EMI)	1
50	(—)	WHEN LOVE COMES CALLING Paul Johnson (CBS)	1

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST
1	1	GRACELAND Paul Simon (Warner Bros)	11
2	5	AUGUST Eric Clapton (Duck)	11
3	15	THE COST OF LOVING The Style Council (Polydor)	2
4	2	THE WHOLE STORY Kate Bush (EMI)	13
5	3	DIFFERENT The Bangles (CBS)	10
6	(—)	THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA Original Cast (Polydor)	1
7	20	MIDNIGHT TO MIDNIGHT Psychedelic Furs (CBS)	2
8	7	ZAZU Rosie Vela (A&M)	4
9	12	SILK AND STEEL Five Star (Tent/RCA)	25
10	8	TRUE BLUE Madonna (Sire)	32
11	4	LIVE MAGIC Queen (EMI)	10
12	9	SWEET FREEDOM Michael McDonald (Warner Bros)	12
13	16	GET CLOSE The Pretenders (Real/WEA)	7
14	31	ABSTRACT EMOTIONS Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)	2
15	6	SLIPPER WHEN WET Bon Jovi (Vertigo)	22
16	23	GIVE ME THE REASON Luther Vandross (Epic)	6
17	14	RAPTURE Anita Baker (Elektra)	12
18	17	REVENGE Eurythmics (RCA)	32
19	10	THE VERY BEST OF ELKIE BROOKS Elkie Brooks (Telestar)	5
20	(—)	MAD, BAD AND DANGEROUS TO KNOW Dead Or Alive (Epic)	1
21	11	NO MORE THE FOOL Elkie Brooks (Legend)	7
22	28	DISCO Pet Shop Boys (Parlophone)	11
23	13	THE FINAL COUNTDOWN Europe (Epic)	13
24	22	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE The Police (A&M)	15
25	(—)	STREETSONDS XX Various (Street Sounds)	1
26	21	NOW VIN Various (EMI/Virgin)	22
27	35	SO Peter Gabriel (Virgin)	3
28	24	THE HOUSE OF BLUE LIGHT Deep Purple (Polydor)	5
29	29	BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON Los Lobos (London)	3
30	18	BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits (Vertigo)	87
31	40	PICTURE BOOK Simply Red (Elektra)	2
32	19	UPFRONT IV Various (Serious)	3
33	27	GEORGIA SATELLITES Georgia Satellites (WEA)	3
34	25	DANCING ON THE CEILING Lionel Richie (Motown)	7
35	30	FORE! Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)	10
36	45	INFECTED The The (Some Bizarre)	12
37	(—)	CHASIN' A DREAM Tashan (Def Jam)	1
38	39	LONDON 8 HULL 4 The Housemartins (Go! Discs)	9
39	49	WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston (Arista)	4
40	(—)	SURFACE Surface (CBS)	1
41	38	THE COMMUNARDS The Communards (London)	9
42	RE	BACK IN THE HIGH LIFE Steve Winwood (Island)	1
43	34	GOD'S OWN MEDICINE The Mission (Mercury)	5
44	(—)	BACK AGAIN IN THE DNSS Half Man Half Biscuit (Probe Plus)	1
45	32	MASTER OF PUPPETS Metallica (Music For Nations)	2
46	RE	JUST LIKE THE FIRST TIME Freddie Jackson (Capitol)	1
47	43	LICENSED TO ILL Beastie Boys (Def Jam)	4
48	25	DANCING ON THE CEILING Lionel Richie (Motown)	7
49	26	GAP BAND VIN The Gap Band (Total Experience)	2
50	36	WAREHOUSE: SONGS AND STORIES Husker Du (Warner Bros)	2

DANCEFLOOR

20

1	I'M HOUSE	The Elect (Rhythm King LP)
2	I'LL COME UP WITH SOMETHING	Keith LeBlanc (World LP)
3	STILL SMOKIN'	Trouble Funk (Island TTED 12")
4	MONSTER CRACK	Kool Moe Dee (Jive 12")
5	STREETGANG	Richard H Kirk (Red Rhino LP)
6	MY LOVE	New Age Steppers (On-U 12")
7	I'M CHILLIN'	Kurtis Blow (Club 12")
8	MR BIG STUFF	Heavy D And The Boyz (MCA 12")
9	IT'S YOUR NITE	Homeboyz (Rhythm King LP)
10	DROP THE BOMB (LIVE)	Trouble Funk (NME/Island LP)
11	YOU CAN DANCE	Go-Go Lorenzo (Polydor 12")
12	CLUB UNDERWORLD	Cerrone (Personal 12")
13	STRUNG OUT ON YOU	Tashan (Def Jam LP)
14	YOU'RE THE LADIES	Macka B (Ariwa 12")
15	STARE ME OUT	Chakk (FON LP)
16	OWN THEM CONTROL THEM	Misty In Boots (People Unite 12")
17	RUN	Paul Ashley (FON demo, bloody chic)
18	DEALIN' WITH LIFE	Boogie Boys (Capitol 12")
19	RETURN OF THE PRODIGAL SON	Freddie Hubbard (Street Sounds LP)
20	ROBOT GIRL	Was (Not Was) (Mercury 12")

Chart from Sugar Shack, Thursdays at the Wellington Club, Hull

FUNK

10

1	SHIELDSTONE	Shieldstone (Optimism) US LP
2	CRAZY	Rosie Gaines (Epic) US 7"
3	EN CAVALLE	Isabelle Antenna (Freelance) Euro LP
4	JAZZ POWER	Charly Antolini (Plane) Euro LP
5	SEXY GIRL	Lillo Thomas (EMI America) US 12"
6	U KNOW WHAT TIME	Grandmaster Flash (Elektra) US 12"
7	LOVER BOY	Jonnie Taylor (Malaco) US LP
8	SHOULD HAVE BEEN LOVE	Sandy Toranzo (Atlantic) US 12"
9	CAN U DANCE	Kenny Jammin' Jason (DJ Inter) US 12"
10	GOOD MORNING KISS	Carmen Lundy (Blackhawk) US LP

Chart by Nigel & Dave at City Sounds, 8 Procter Street, London WC1

REGGAE

45s

1	AGONY	Pinchers (Live And Love)
2	RING UP MY NUMBER	Kenny Knots (Unity)
3	LATELY	Naturalites (Realistic)
4	HOMEBREAKER	Winsome (Fine Style)
5	HOOKEO ON YOU/GIMME THE DUB	Aswad (Simba)
6	COME AGAIN	Coco Tea (Live And Love)
7	DON'T HAVE TO FIGHT	One Blood (Level Vibes)
8	READY FOR THE DANCE HALL	Peter Bouncer (Unity)
9	FALL FOR YOU	Peter Honingale (Streetvibes)
10	ROCK WITH ME BABY	Winsome And Nerious Joseph (Fine Style)

AFRICAN

LPs

1	SHABINI	Bhundu Boys (Discafrique) Zimbabwe
2	SPECIAL 30 ANS	Franco/Simaro (Choc Choc) Zaire
3	APARTHEID IS NAZISM	Alpha Blondy (Sterns) Ivory Coast
4	KILIMANDJARO	Tchico (Afrotythe) Zaire
5	HALA	Ladysmith (Shanachie) S Africa
6	SOLITUDE	Guy Lobe (SA) Cameroon
7	L'AMOUR A SENS UNIQUE	Ben Decca (SA) Cameroon
8	O SI LINGA	Joe Mboile (SA) Cameroon
9	AFRICAN ALL STARS 87	Various Artists (Safari AMB)
10	AFRICAN MOVES	Various Artists (Sterns)
11	SIKIY	Nana Tuffour (Black Note) Ghana
12	MAYA	Simaro (REM) Zaire
13	AMIEH BOUGEZ	Diblo Dibala (Kadance) Zaire
14	SERREZ CEINTURE	Bopol (Melodie) Zaire
15	MPOMPON KULELA A PARIS	Mpompon Kulela (Afro) Zaire

Chart by Sterns African Record Centre, 116 Whitfield Street, London W1.

US

45s

- 1 LIVIN' ON A PRAYER.....Bon Jovi (Mercury)
- 2 OPEN YOUR HEART.....Madonna (Sire)
- 3 CHANGE OF HEART.....Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)
- 4 TOUCH ME (I WANT YOUR BODY).....Samantha Fox (Jive)
- 5 KEEP YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELF.....Georgia Satellites (Elektra)
- 6 WILL YOU STILL LOVE ME?.....Chicago (Warner Bros)
- 7 AT THIS MOMENT.....Billy Vera And The Beaters (Rhino)
- 8 JACOB'S LADDER.....Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)
- 9 WE'RE READY.....Boston (MCA)
- 10 BALLERINA GIRL.....Lionel Richie (Motown)
- 11 YOU GOT IT ALL.....The Jets (MCA)
- 12 LOVE YOU DOWN.....Ready For The World (MCA)
- 13 NOBODY'S FOOL.....Cinderella (Mercury)
- 14 SOMEWHERE OUT THERE.....Linda Ronstadt/J. Ingram (MCA)
- 15 STOP TO LOVE.....Luther Vandross (Epic)

US

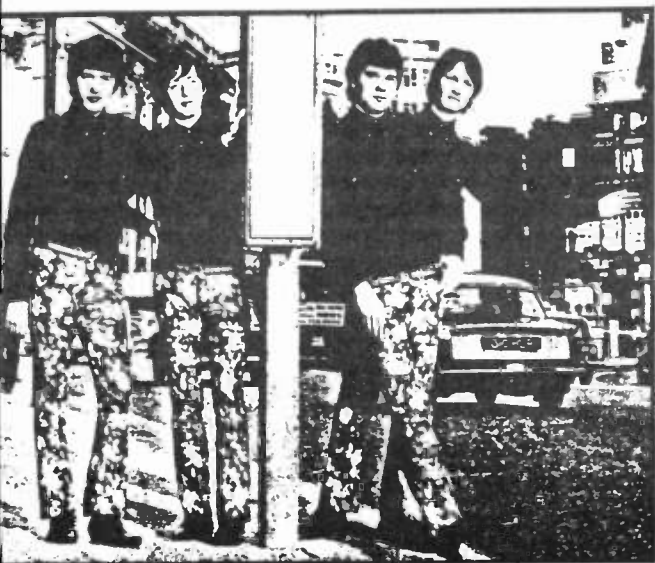
LPs

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

Charts courtesy Billboard

RARE LPs

10



The Koozies prove that bad trousers don't kill your chances.

- 1 FAINTLY BLOWING.....The Kaleidoscope (Fontana 1969) £110
- 2 AN APPLE A DAY.....The Apple (Page One 1968) £100
- 3 THE OPEN MIND.....(Phillips 1969) £95
- 4 THE KOOZIES.....(Columbia 1968) £90
- 5 TANGERINE DREAM.....The Kaleidoscope (Fontana 1967) £85
- 6 WHEN YOU'RE DEAD.....The Ghost (Gemini 1969) £80
- 7 JULY.....(Major Minor 1968) £75
- 8 SALLIES FORTH.....Rainbow Ffolly (Parlophone 1968) £65
- 9 THIS IS.....The Magic Mixture (Saga 1968) £60
- 10 THE FIVE DAY WEEK STRAW PEOPLE.....(Saga 1968) £55

"Ten ultra-rare overpriced British psychedelic brainbenders,"
compiled by Metallica fan Anna Rackhood, Luton

TOP OF THE POPES

- 1 JOHN.....(21)
- 2 GREGORY.....(16)
- 3 BENEDICT.....(15)
- 4 CLEMENT.....(14)
- 5=INNOCENT.....(13)
- 5=LEO.....(13)
- 7 PIUS.....(12)
- 8 BONIFACE.....(9)
- 9=ALEXANDER.....(8)
- 9=URBAN.....(8)

Mark Sinker writes: "Genuine Holy Fathers only. AntiPope need not apply. Pope Joan was actually Pope John VII and fictional anyway. There were two Pope John XXIII's. Don't ask me why"
Thanks to Holger Czukay

JUNKIES'

10

- 1 THE BEATLES
- 2 ELVIS PRESLEY
- 3 DAVID BOWIE
- 4 THE ROLLING STONES
- 5 THE WHO
- 6 MARC BOLAN/T. REX
- 7 BOB DYLAN
- 8 CLIFF RICHARD
- 9 BUDDY HOLLY
- 10 THE BEACH BOYS

The ten most collected artists, from a survey by Record Collector magazine

LEST WE FORGET



Al Green stays together.

5

YEARS AGO

- 1 A TOWN CALLED MALICE.....The Jam (Polydor)
- 2 GOLDEN BROWN.....The Stranglers (Liberty)
- 3 THE MODEL/COMPUTER LOVE.....Kraftwerk (EMI)
- 4 MAID OF ORLEANS.....Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)
- 5 THE LION SLEEPS TONIGHT.....Tight Fit (Jive)
- 6 LOVE PLUS ONE.....Haircut 100 (Arista)
- 7 ARTHUR'S THEME.....Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)
- 8 OHI JULIE.....Shakin' Stevens (Epic)
- 9 DEADRINGER.....Meat Loaf (Epic)
- 10 SENSES WORKING OVERTIME.....XTC (Virgin)

10

YEARS AGO

- 1 DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA.....Julie Covington (MCA)
- 2 WHEN I NEED YOU.....Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
- 3 DON'T GIVE UP ON US.....David Soul (Private Stock)
- 4 DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY.....Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes (CBS)
- 5 SIDE SHOW.....Barry Biggs (Dynamic)
- 6 DADDY COOL.....Boney M (Atlantic)
- 7 ISN'T SHE LOVELY.....David Parton (Pye)
- 8 JACK IN THE BOX.....Moments (All Platinum)
- 9 BOOGIE NIGHTS.....Heatwave (GTO)
- 10 CHANSON D'AMOUR.....Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)

15

YEARS AGO

- 1 SON OF MY FATHER.....Chicory Tip (CBS)
- 2 TELEGRAM SAM.....T. Rex (T. Rex)
- 3 HAVE YOU SEEN HER?.....Chi-Lites (MCA)
- 4 MOTHER OF MINE.....Neil Reid (Decca)
- 5 LOOK WOT YOU DUN.....Slade (Polydor)
- 6 LET'S STAY TOGETHER.....Al Green (London)
- 7 I'D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING.....New Seekers (Polydor)
- 8 AMERICAN PIE.....Don McLean (United Artists)
- 9 HORSE WITH NO NAME.....America (Warner Bros)
- 10 STORM IN A TEACUP.....The Fortunes (Capitol)

20

YEARS AGO

- 1 THIS IS MY SONG.....Petula Clark (Pye)
- 2 RELEASE ME.....Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
- 3 I'M A BELIEVER.....The Monkees (RCA)
- 4 LET'S SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER.....The Rolling Stones (Decca)
- 5 MATTHEW & SON.....Cat Stevens (Deram)
- 6 I'VE BEEN A BAD BAD BOY.....Paul Jones (HMV)
- 7 HERE COMES MY BABY.....The Tremeloes (CBS)
- 8 SNOOPY VS. THE RED BARON.....Royal Guardsmen (Stateside)
- 9 NIGHT OF FEAR.....The Move (Dream)
- 10 SUGAR TOWN.....Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)

FRED FACT

IT'S A sad reflection on the state of play when Aretha Franklin is only able to achieve a UK No.1 by teaming with George Michael. I'm not knocking Michael, he's an able enough singer. But Aretha's something else, the possessor of one of the greatest voices ever to grace this tatty world of pop. To think she could only ever top our chart by becoming part of a Wham! sandwich is depressing. Then, Wham! power remains such that even that once all-conquering duo's girlie back-up squad, Pepsi and Shirlee, have been able to log a No.2 record with their debut single. Thankfully, Andrew Ridgeley didn't choose this precise moment to awe us with his solo vocal prowess otherwise we might well have had a Wham! hat-trick at the top of the charts. Even so, the singles listings hasn't proved too inspiring in recent times. Probably the biggest record of '86 was Jackie Wilson's nearly 30-year old 'Rest Petite', which clobbered all opposition over that all-important (saleswise) Christmas period and is still notching sales. Elsewhere, we've had Free's 'I.O.U.', which Arthur Baker first pushed our way back in '83, and 'You Sexy Thing', a Hot Chocolate special which has been gathering the dust in EMI's vaults since its initial RAK-attack back in 1975. New records? Of course we've had those too. Singles like Siouxsie's 'This Wheel's On Fire', Sam and Lou's 'Soul Man' and Iggy's 'Real Wild Child'. And if The Smiths continually dive in at the deep end by providing original material, Morrissey's heart, if his taste in packaging is proffered as a guide-line, remains forever in the vaults of yesteryear. Pat Phoenix, Terence Stamp in *The Collector*, Viv Nicholson, Joe Dallesandro in *Flesh*, Elvis Presley etc. Each sleeve comes replete with the smell of Manchester bedsit must. Then, many singles buyers, obviously affected by continual Channel 4 black and white re-runs, seemingly refer glimpses of yesterday. So Elkie Brooks, 11 years on since Vinegar Joe's initial release, and Eric Clapton, nearly 23 years after first charting with *The Yardbirds* and 'I Wish You Would', remain front-runners, along with Steely Dan – surely the reason for the interest in Rosie Vela – and Randy Crawford, who first appeared on a Cannonball Adderley album during 1972. Add new chart entries by Percy Sledge ('When A Man Loves A Woman') and Ben E. King ('Stand By Me'), thanks to the latest 501 tie-in, and this edition of *All Our Yesterdays* is complete. Excuse me while I dust my apsidistra.

Fred Dellar

JUKE BOX

FROM PAGE 47

By now, even *The Times* was taking an interest, with a cool-headed survey of the industry, "Juke Box Boom In Britain" (4 January 1958). Respectability could not be far away. It is the same process that saw the smouldering sex bomb that was Cliff Richard, in his 'Move It' days, transformed into the emasculated balladeer of 'Living Doll'. The juke box became the docile creature of David Jacobs and his grinning panel of showbiz celebs on BBC's *Juke Box Jury*.

The old juke box may have been a natural for 'Jailhouse Rock', but it couldn't accommodate Dylan's 'Like A Rolling Stone'. The six minute song just was not economic in the plays-per-hour calculation. Back in 1958 one operator identified the juke box cafe as the ideal location for the "rudderless escapism" of the young, "somewhere where they can express themselves and share the pleasure of mixed company in collective safety". This was no longer true. That venue was now the massive open-air festival, or the rented flat where illegal substances could be consumed to the sound of the stereo with impunity. The juke box – that essential image of the '50s – was now an anachronism, fit only for the nostalgic sleeves of rock'n'roll compilation albums. The juke box division of Wurlitzer finally collapsed in 1973 after frustrating years of designing "consoles" and "music systems" which would not look out of place in a neo-Georgian bar.

[GO BANG!]

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PRESLEY, KENNEDY, WAR ON WANT, AND JESUS!

WE HAVE noticed War On Want's advertisement, about the European Economic Community and Third World hunger, in your magazine, with some puzzlement, and indeed indignation. It seems to have been written by someone totally ignorant of the facts. It does nobody any service to suggest that all we have to do is empty our food stores and nobody will go hungry. It is true that a large part of the European Economic Community budget is spent on market support in agriculture, but ending these measures would merely drastically reduce agricultural production and ruin farmers, without feeding one African.

The European Community has a well-regarded system of food aid for which £500 million was entered in the 1986 budget. This covers regular food aid and emergency food aid, though, in the long term, the Community, partly through the European Development Fund, would prefer to make the former unnecessary by helping local farmers to develop their own food production. We hope that the Community will never lose its present capacity to provide emergency aid, as famine in Africa can be alleviated, but it is certainly not caused by over-production in Europe.

War On Want is well aware of the factors such as war and revolution which help create famines, and the technical difficulties of providing appropriate food in the areas where and when it is needed. Its advertisement was tendentious and bordering on the mendacious.

George Scott, Commission Of The European Communities, 8 Storey's Gate, London SW1P 3AT.

"Tendentious and bordering on the mendacious", at its most concise rendering, means "pretty much true"—DQ

I FEEL I should comment on 'The Motorcade Sped On'. I am not sure whether it is just interesting or despicable as well. What I don't like about it is the sensationalist way it deals with John F. Kennedy. The maker, Steinski—who appears to be a bit of a toerag—claims that he is interested in the hysteria created in America by Kennedy's assassination. I consider this a very negative aspect, of a great man's life story, to concentrate on. I can best illustrate what I mean by contrasting 'Motorcade' with 'No Sell Out' by Keith Le Blanc.

The Malcolm X song was fantastic because it used old radio footage in a positive way, to put over a small part of Malcolm's message. This record has dignity and is thus a celebration of his life and honourable in its intention. It is obvious from 'No Sell Out' that Keith Le Blanc greatly admires Malcolm X and is trying to broaden his audience. I don't believe Steinski admires Kennedy or anyone else for that matter and I can't help feeling that the record, though arresting, is heathen and stupid. I am neither a Christian or an

American. But I am dying to get fresh! Louis J. McCarthy, St Catherine's College, Cambridge. All together now... "RUUUUBY! DON'T TAKE YOUR GUN TO TOWN!" Who started the Viet Nam War, eh? Who tried to top Castro? Who thought he was from Berlin? It wasn't Dave Clarke, was it?—DQ

Housemartins do have female fans actually! Having just read Jenni (what a nauseating name) Cezie's infantile drivel on this page (Jan 31), whingeing on about The Housemartins being a bunch of wimpy nerds. I feel I must make a few points clear. Just because they don't shove socks down their trousers, grow designer stubble and talk about how many "chicks" they've slept with, it doesn't mean they're wimps. At least they're man enough to stand up and face the public without feeling the need to hide behind the glamour most "pop stars" wallow in. I also believe their money will go to a better cause than it would if it were in Jenni's bank account as she is obviously so selfish.

Most people find personal criticism reasonably offensive and as Norman is only an ordinary bloke surely he is allowed to feel put out when he's being got at. When I say to you, Jenni, that you are an ignorant, caustic turd, I'm sure you take it as "personal ridicule". I'm proud liking The Housemartins and I agree with all they stand for... it's about time somebody admits to it, and I'll even sign my name to that statement!

Kay Dowling, Cosham, Wiltshire. Thank you, Kay. I too think The Housemartins are fab boys, even if I do know stories about Norman from his days at Redhill Grammar—DQ

So much has been written about Elvis Presley, a lot of it totally unnecessary, as the millions of Elvis fans certainly don't want to know about all the sordid parts of his personal life. They just want to remember him as the King Of Rock & Roll. Which, of course, he was and will always be.

I enclose a poem-lyric called *Elvis—The Legend*. Being a poet and lyricist, I felt compelled to write these words... Nineteen thirty five the year/ Elvis Presley was born/Nineteen seventy seven the year/ All his fans would mourn.

From such a poor background/He rose to great heights/Soon Elvis was starbound/His name in bright lights. Millions truly loved his sound/ With a voice so tender/The Legend has been found/He was a real sender.

So much has been written/About Elvis the man/Still people are smitten/Each one a real fan. He gave so much pleasure/ Though his time was short/ Filling the fans' leisure/All his music is sought. His memory will live on/In so many hearts/There to thrill the throng/In lots of film parts. Fans just could not believe/When Elvis passed away/Or ever wanted to conceive/Bad stories anyway. The King will live for ever/An image that won't fade/So we know forever/His place in history's made.

Malcolm T Gould, Swindon

Chris Moore was in a Channel Four play last night, I'm damn sure of it. Where are The Redskins now? They were probably the most important political band ever, and they served a function unique in pop music—they were the band who every time some band was asked, "Are you into politics at all?" were always cited. How many times would a band say, "We're not like The Redskins", or "Well, yes, we are political, but we're not a political band like The Redskins are" or even, "I really think The Redskins are the epitome of a political band". But now they are gone and Chris Moore/Dean is a bit part actor on C4. What next? Billy Bragg on *EastEnders*? And who will take the 'skins place? Bananarama? Clannad? Can you imagine a group saying in an interview, "We're not a political group like Bananarama". Good luck with the acting, Chris. Dean Thanet, Pembrokeshire. Pardon?—DQ

Forget politics, find Jesus. Robert J. Laker, Folkestone. I knew Terry Waite was missing, I didn't know Jesus was as well—DQ

Re "Bigmouth", Feb 7... so Elvis Presley has been in contact with you, has he, Doris Stokes? He never came over here while he was alive, why should he now he's dead? I try to keep an open mind on such matters, but quite why such legends as James Dean, Marilyn Monroe, and Tommy Cooper should choose you above anyone else they could contact is a mystery to me. And your kindly-faced granny act doesn't wash either... John Dean, Manchester.

This letter has been edited because it is a trifle rude. If we ran it in full, we would have no one to talk to when we are dead, would we?—DQ

P.S. I'm an old hippy too. Green. Short, I know, but you should have seen the rest of his letter—DQ

ON THE MOVE

WOW! Not only does this week's NME (Feb 7) have a wondrous cover whose colours matched my clothes today, not only do we get a free EP, but also the content is excellent and I've been reading it for hours! I never knew there was so much in it. Keep it up! Hilary C. Chapman, Spalding. Is everyone like this in Spalding?—DQ

Interesting to note the findings of your readers' poll published in this week's NME. Interesting because despite your pathetic attempts over the past months to brainwash your readership into the dubious delights of hip hop, disco and soul, etc., THEY KNOW WHAT THEY LIKE and it sure as shit ain't what you like. The sooner you lot wise up the better for all concerned. D. Roberts, Essex. Previous readers' polls have included votes for The Incredible String Band (1981), The Knack (1983), Led Zeppelin (1985), and last year's winners, Yip Yip Coyote. The readers' poll is partly composed of a certain, er, diehard rocking element—DQ

Where in the NME does it say "the views expressed in NME are those of the respective contributors and are not necessarily those shared by the magazine or its distinguished staff"? It SHOULD! In last week's "Fungus Meets The Bogeyman" edition, we rubbed shoulders three times (not counting the full page ad. for the berk) with Raymond Briggs' *When The Wind Blows*. Each time the attitudes and opinions expressed were different ie. INCONSISTENT. What about editorial policy? Is there one? Gentleman Jim, Greenock. Yes, we have the same views. They only give the singles to different people every week because otherwise one of us would get very tired. I personally have not disagreed with Mark Sinker since 1976, when I elected to give up sugar in tea and he chose to carry on, a decision that nearly killed the paper. It is refreshing to meet someone in these times uncluttered by concepts like opinion, pluralism, thought, and indeed anything.—DQ

I wish NME writers would stop appearing as both Marxist Left-wing revolutionaries and Hitlerite Right wing Fascists at the same time. It is vital that a neutral stance is desirable if difficult to achieve. If you managed this, everyone would be happy, except for the few self-masochists who like to be indoctrinated.

You are now a persecuted journal, currently being described as a horror comic and gaining strong criticism from the SDP (soft, dreary and pedantic) Radio 4.

Even Super Steve (the 12½p Bionic Boy) has been chastising the NME for many years in *Whizzer, Chips and Crazy*. Ken, York. After a straw poll conducted in the office, some people decided they might be Marxist revolutionaries, but there was a marked reluctance to claim the Hitlerite bit. To whom do you refer? Incidentally, the word "self-masochist" opens up whole new vistas of fun—DQ

DIDDLEY DUMB

ROUGH TRADE's "accidental" mispressing of the new Smiths' single with 'You Just Haven't Earned It Yet Baby' on some copies is no mistake but rather a cheap but highly effective marketing ploy which will be more than familiar to all fans of *Charlie And The Chocolate Factory*. Richard Smith, Bucks. These people are our readers—DQ

I'VE A copy of 'You Just Haven't Earned It Yet Baby' and you penny-pinching jerk-offs at NME aren't getting it. I'll sell my copy for a tenner and give the profit to War On Want.

Adam Ant, On A Spaceship Far Away From You Zeros. Hello Adam. I'd keep the money if I were you—DQ

People are trainspotters because either they are insecure and talk about themselves all the time (and no one is going to admit that) or they are secure. If they are secure they like to collect information that nobody else knows (a) to demonstrate superiority and (b) to explore the workings of their own heads. The NME readership collects information on music and then language and then political ideas. This does not make us any more superior to persons who collect information on fishing, football, or trivia. We all have no idea who, what, where, when, how, a human being is. James Anderton, however, claims he knows a "man" who does! Work For Equality, Planet Pardon. Three liberals go into a pub. A big man walks over and rips the first liberal's head off. The second he sets fire to, and the third he kicks into a bloody pulp. Then he burns down the pub and goes home. The latter two surviving liberals wake up in intensive care, and one turns to the other and, through bloodied and charred lips, says, "That man was a bit over the top, wasn't he?" The other liberal moves his broken body and mumbles through shattered teeth, "Well, I don't know. I think he probably had a point..."—DQ

THE TRUE confessions of your vinyl junkies, last week, were fine therapy—but where was the most agonising, the most brutally addicted example of the species? I refer to the white soulboy in his hopeless quest to encompass and know all black music.

As black music begins to sneak into the charts, the white black music buff is assaulted on all sides—garage, hip hop, soca, reggae, deep soul, salsa...—

each wave of music opens up horrifying vistas of songs to be learned, to become expert in.

The strain is too great. He must pay a fiver for 12-inch soul imports, he must suffer the indignity of black musicians for not being as well-informed as he might be. And, at worse, he can listen—knowing the music is unquestionably the best—but he never joins in.

Perhaps you should include the figure of the voyeur alongside the anal retentive in your list of vinyl disorders. So stand up or lie down Stuart, Paolo etc., there's no cure for this. I know. Arnie Saknussan, South London. I find great solace in collecting the singles of The Legend! It's a lot cheaper—DQ

I HAVE a great deal of sympathy for Danny Kelly's vinyl junkie problem as I'm beginning to show signs of addiction myself. But at least he lives in London—out here in the provinces enforced withdrawal can be severe. Record shops don't tend to be numerous or large and, whereas about ten years ago they sold records, now they seem to sell anything but. A quick survey of a branch of a well known chainstore last week revealed a large stock of T-shirts, posters, books, comics, videos, and even (what next?) jigsaws. Then, of course, whereas there used to be 7 inch singles and 12 inch albums, they now stock 7 and 12 inch singles and albums, and cassette and compact disc versions of albums.

The obvious result of all this is that there is no room in the shop for a decent stock of records. If it's never been in the charts you're unlikely to find it and if you want to buy a jazz album, well, you might as well save up the fare to London. Things are bad and getting worse. I may not be responsible for my actions next time I see someone buying an A-Ha jigsaw in a record shop. John Doherty, Sheffield. An A-Ha jigsaw? Send me one—DQ





DICK NIETZSCHE

Tony Blackburn is God

SHOEHORN (for it is she). "What are you doing here with all these cameras at 8.30 in the morning?"

"Actually," says Steve, "I'm shooting a film about an all-singing, all-dancing all-girl pop combo BUT one of the band members is away to her bed with a rare but highly contagious TROPICAL DISEASE. How are you, SOURBORN? I must say you look very well!"

Which just goes to show, kids. Fibbing is a no no! Be straight, be honest and be truthful and NEVER sign to London Records.

AUNTIE SLASHES TAFFY NAFF SINGLE SMUTHORROR SHOCK

FOLLOWING SHOCK revelations that the BBC is to hire a WITCHFINDER GENERAL whose job it will

Stunned, Rythm King Records capitulated and REMIXED the rec. OBLITERATING the offending line with the words "Radio One is fab gear/Especially that sexy Gary Davis/No I mean it/I know he has a face like the back end of a very ugly dog with anal leprosy/But he just drives me crazy/Oooh oooh oooh yeah/inflation". And lo! The remixed version was played and TAFTO is now a megarich POP STAR! Which just goes to show you.

MORAL: Radio One is run by a bunch of senile dorks.

GOTH GOD A GIRL SHOCK!

FAR EAST watchers have been horrified by the decision of the TAIWANESE authorities to allow their young people to GROW THEIR

admission by the bouncer, who, being an NME reader, was well aware that Wayne is a DIRTY HIPPY!

BOY GEORGE LAGER FRENZY TIGHT TROUSER DISCOHORROR SHOCK CLAIM

PANTOMIME dame and witty chat show guest BOY GEORGE O'DOWDY took a crate of LAGER backstage with him at a recent MANTRONIX 'gig'. DAILY MIRROR journos were soon on the track of the BIG G's dealer who turned out to be MR. Dave Harris of Dave's Off Licence on Kilburn High Rd., who admitted that he had sold George the 'Lag' (beer) which has a street price of £4.72.

MEANWHILE, down the

KEREN who were getting drunk and shouting abuse at the waiters BUT WHERE WAS SEERBOON? WAS she turned away? DID Keren and Sarah leave her shivering outside? HAVE they sold her into white slavery? Or DID she merely stay at home because she's got an extremely rare and contagious tropical disease? WHO was babysitting for Keren? And WHO is the father? WHO honestly gives a toss?

PIG FACIST AGGRO BLOOD FURY COMBO SMASHER SQUAD SCHOCK

THE WORLD of POP is awash this week with the innocent blood of poor pop combos who have felt the hyena-held batons of FASCISM smashing their egg like skulls as THE FILTH went on an unrestrained ORGY of SQUARE VIOLENCE.

First to feel the wrath of plod were T-shirt salesmen GOD TOLD ME TO DO IT whose lead singer was prancing slowly down LONDON's Oxford St. in a captured police helmet when he was spotted by the Bill and slung in the back of a van for "impersonating a class traitor".

Next it was the turn of KLAXON 5 type PETER SULLIVAN who was badly savaged by an alsatian dog of the sort used by the police. The dog, who answered to the name FREDDIE has since been put down and police deny that he was a PLAIN CLOTHES pigdog.

THEN the poor old INCA BABIES were slapped in the slammer by MANC BOBBIES when one of them was overheard in a Lancashire pub saying "It was pretty easy to kill the lot of them!" AS IT HAPPENS they were discussing the disposal of KITTENS of which the lead singer's cat PISTOL WHIPPED had just given birth to millions.

MY KIND OF TOWN

WHAT IS GOIN ON IN THE STRIFE TORN FUNKY TOWN of Beirut? What gives with WALLY JACKMASTER JUMBLAT? Has the former BRADFORD BUS CONDUCTOR conceded his HIP HOP CROWN to the Jazz Dance Jihad of the PAOLOSTINE LIBERATION ARMY? What of bear-dy rockist TERRY "Guitar" WAITE? What of the WORLD STYLE COUNCIL OF CHURCHES? GET YOUR KICKS ON BEIRUT 66! scream the style conscious Shit Hot Muslims! YASSER I CAN BOOGIE! replies COLONEL GO-GO GADDAFY, the MAD DOG DANCEFLOOR KING & HIS WRECKING DRUZE There are more questions than answers.



be to listen to every new release checking for RUDE NOISES, half-decent tunes and NAUGHTY WORDS of a sexual or communistic nature, the world of POP has been sledge-hammered by the horrific and shocking shock censorship of the incredibly naff TAFFY's fantastically dull single 'I Love My Radio'.

UPON discovering that the record was not being played on RADIO ONE an irate PLUGGER phoned up and demanded to know the reason why? Had the BEEB discovered the satanic message "Only watch ITV and kill your parents" which was hidden in the grooves and only revealed when the record is played backwards at 78RPM? No. What worried the middle-aged brain cell donors of the NATION'S FAVE RAVE STATION was the bit in the song where old Taffo, daughter of a Welsh joke shop magnate, had sung the lines "I listen to my radio after midnight". BUT, YOU SEE, Radio One stops before midnight! Which means that Toffo was singing about ANOTHER RADIO STATION! I. E. NOT RADIO ONE!!!! Gaspo!

HAIR. For God's sake, NO! The last time such an experiment took place in the West, LONG hair soon led to DRUGS and the streets of our cities were soon chocka with millions of onanists plucking at acoustics and singing soppy, gurdy songs about LURVE. If this new craze for anti-barberism spreads to the mainland we could be faced with a human tidal wave of A THOUSAND MILLION CHINESE HIPPIES!

Isn't it bad enough that we have THE MISH? Taking of which I recieved through the post a crudely FORGED birth certificate which ALLEGEDLY proves that WAYNE HUSSEY was born JAYNE PUSSEY and had a sex change for ARTISTIC REASONS. MR HUSSEY, doubtless in an attempt to force his FILTHY PERSONA even deeper into this column's rigid ID was spotted begging entrance to the EXCLUSIVE nite spotterie LA CAFE DU PAREE wherein members of SOOTY SOOTY SHOCKHORROR were digging the sounds and scoring chick. Alas, Mr. Hussey, unacknowledged love-child of BBC supremo MR DUKE HUSSEY, was refused

megatrendeeeee DELERIUM disco where you either have to be very rich and stupid OR dress as if you are very rich and stupid just to get in! I was lucky enough to overhear a sickening conversation between

EX-DUNCAN DUVET tuba player ANDY TAYLOR and the snake-hipped, chick wowing NEIL X of S-S-SPLUTTERNICK concerning TIGHT TROUSERS AND HOW THEY AFFECT THE SPERM COUNT? Which of the two creepos is considering parenthood? Alas the Donkey chokermegadeath drug cocktail I had consumed earlier in the evening kicked into top gear and I was unconscious for the rest of their conversation although I was lucky enough to awake to the delightful sight of MICK JONES of the world's top hip hop combo THE APTLY MONIKERED B.A.D and a woman called DAISY frugging, jiving, twisting, cutting the rug-ging, tarbying, tomoconnering, parkying and GENERALLY GETTIN ON DOWN to the crazy sound of THE BUSINESS's 'Smash The Disco' 12" mega-dance floor mix. Crazy! ALSO present were SARAH and

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