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TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY

BY PAOLO HEWITT

BEN E. KING

TOM VERLAINE

VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE

SIMPLY RED

THE GO-BETWEENS

NICOLAS ROEG

MEL & KIM

THE PRIMITIVES

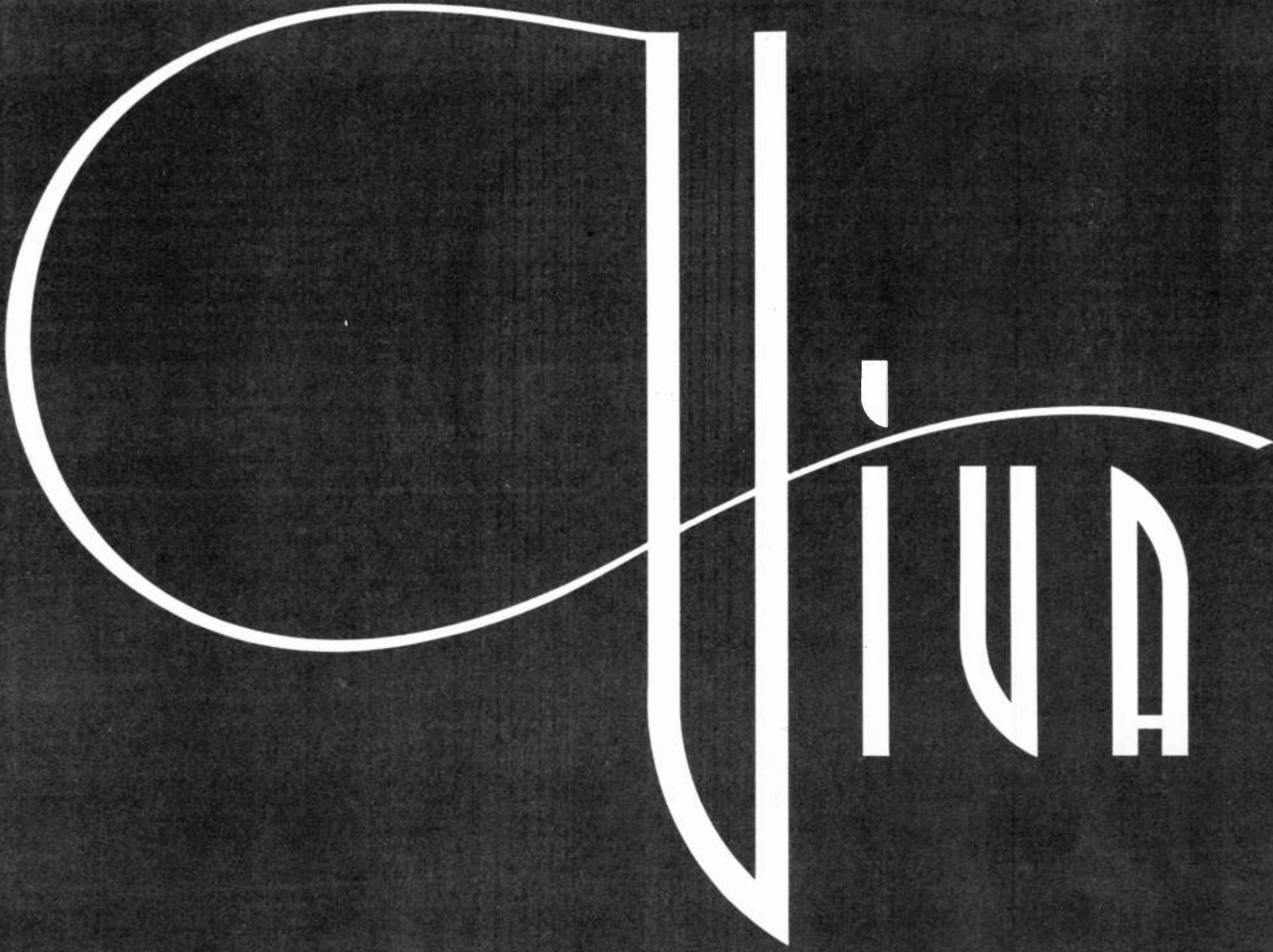
DISC JUNKIES 4:

TOP 150 SINGLES

THE VINYL CONFRONTATION

Terence Trent D'Arby photographed by Derek Ridgers

"MYTHOS UND MASKE"



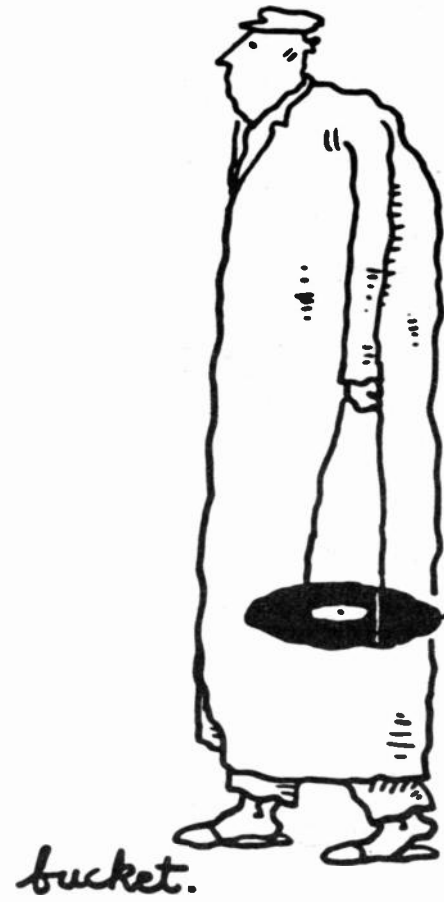
album XMAL P1: cassette XMAMC 1: compact disc 830 862-2



MARCH		
MON	9	OXFORD POLYTECHNIC
TUE	10	HUDDERSFIELD POLYTECHNIC
WED	11	MANCHESTER INTERNATIONAL
THU	12	NEWCASTLE RIVERSIDE
FRI	13	EDINBURGH VENUE
SAT	14	ABERDEEN VENUE
MON	16	NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY
TUE	17	LEEDS UNIVERSITY
WED	18	COVENTRY POLYTECHNIC
FRI	20	BRUNEL UNIVERSITY
SAT	21	ESSEX UNIVERSITY
SUN	22	LONDON TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB
MON	23	BRISTOL BIERKELLER
TUE	24	READING MAJESTIC
WED	25	NORWICH UNIVERSITY OF EAST ANGLIA
FRI	27	NORTHAMPTON FIVE BELLS
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NEWS

ANC ACCUSE SIMON



PHOTO BLEDDYN BUTCHER

TOPPER HEADON was charged with supplying heroin to others when he appeared before Dover and East Kent magistrates last week. Charged under his real name, **Nicholas**, the former Clash drummer was released on bail with conditions and is due to re-appear on April 13.

ELVIS FOR GLASTONBURY

ELVIS COSTELLO and The Communards are the first two names confirmed for this year's Glastonbury CND Festival, which takes place on June 19, 20 and 21. Costello will be playing solo, headlining one of the three nights. Tickets are available now at usual ticket agencies, priced £21. They are also available for £20 direct from CND, 22-24 Underwood Street, London N1 7JG. Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to Glastonbury Festivals Ltd.

WANG CHUNG's promotional video for their last single 'Everybody Have Fun Tonight', which was banned by the BBC because of fears that the editing technique used could cause epilepsy, has been nominated in four categories of the American Video Awards. The Godley-Creme directed video is up for best performance by a band, best director, best editor and best special effects!

STREETSONDS has definitely gone into liquidation, supremo Morgan Khan confirmed last week. Details are still sketchy as Khan has declined to talk to journalists although he has granted an exclusive interview to the BBC programme *Ebony*, which will be shown this Friday at 7.30pm. He discusses the history of Streetsounds and his plans for the future.

PETER GABRIEL, Duran Duran and Joan Armatrading are among the artists taking part in Amnesty International's *Secret Policeman's Third Ball* at the London Palladium next month. Comedy shows will be held on March 26 and 27, and the musicians take over for the shows on March 28 and 29. Also confirmed are Erasure, Mark Knopfler, Nik Kershaw, Cliff Richard, Courtney Pine, Paul Brady and a unique duo appearance by Jools Holland and Robbie Coltrane. Tickets are on sale from the Palladium box office (01-437 7373).

U2 DATES

U2 WILL BE announcing details of live shows in Britain next month to coincide with the release of their first album for two and a half years. 'The Joshua Tree' will be issued by Island on March 9 and was produced by Brian Eno and Daniel Lanois, who were behind 'The Unforgettable Fire', which came out in October 1984. Four tracks have been remixed by Steve Lillywhite, who produced U2's first three albums. U2's tour will start in America at the beginning of April and is expected to reach Britain in the summer.



PHOTO DENNIS W. LEWIS

Sandie at the Shaw

WOMEN IN RED

"DON'T GET MAD get organised" is the motto of the Red Wedge Women's Tour, which kicks off on Saturday with a special night at London's Shaw Theatre headlined by Tracey Thorn, Sandie Shaw and Sarah Jane Morris (for one night only), tickets priced £6, £4 concs. The remaining tour will feature the line-up of the Frank Chickens, Joolz, Coming Up Roses, Sensible Footwear and Hope Augustus, to Norwich UEA (March 2), Leicester Poly (3), Manchester Hacienda (4), Leeds University (5) and York Lyons Club (6). Check individual venues for prices.

In addition to the musical mix of electrobeat, poetry, psychedelia, comedy and soul, a practical women's handbook *Fact Not Fiction II: Ain't No Stopping Us Now* will be available free, linking up with women's cultural, political and social projects.

The tour marks International Women's Week, celebrating the gains that – despite the resurgence of Victorian values and cutbacks in benefits, service and education – women are making worldwide.

Lucy O'Brien

NUMA NO MORE

GARY NUMAN's record label, Numa, has folded after just three years. It was set up by Numan after his contract with Beggar's Banquet expired, but never managed to repeat the success of Numan's early solo career. None of the other acts signed to the label managed major chart placings either. Numan's latest recordings will be released as planned and he will have a single out next month, although his own recording studios may also have to be sold. Numa was very much a family affair, with Numan's parents, brother and uncle all involved at some stage.

VANGELIS has been cleared of stealing his money-spinning movie theme 'Chariots Of Fire' from another Greek musician. Stavros Logarides claimed in the High Court that Vangelis used his tune, 'City Of Violets', as the basis for his theme, but judge Mr Justice Watford cleared Vangelis of even subconsciously copying music.

EMI Music Publishing, who own the rights to Logarides' material, brought the action for breach of copyright and were ordered to pay the court costs of around £200,000. Vangelis and his publishers, Warner Brothers, stood to lose £2 million if the case had gone the other way. Logarides said after the hearing that he intended to appeal.

HOUSEMARTIN Norman Cook has landed himself a part-time job as a disc jockey. He can be heard on Manchester's Piccadilly Radio every Monday to Thursday between 6pm and 8pm from March 2.

HARD LINE ON AIDS VICTIMS

Governments are getting tough with AIDS sufferers, with immigration officers implementing "stop 'em on sight" procedures. CYNTHIA ROSE reports on proposed new DHSS parameters and an AIDS bust in Bavaria.

LAST WEEK's disclosures of Government crackdowns on AIDS sufferers revealed that a 45-year-old former sergeant in the American army was arrested in Nuremberg – and charged with knowingly creating infection in others through his sexual activities.

At the time of his arrest, the ex-sergeant was apparently working as a cook. In the rabidly anti-AIDS climate fostered by Right-wing Bavarian premier Franz Josef Strauss, he is now due to be charged under laws prohibiting the causure of bodily harm "with a weapon or dangerous treatment". According to the Bavarian Interior Minister, a second man is also under investigation, after admitted to his homosexual partners that he suffered from the syndrome. The Bavarian Christian Social Union of Franz Josef Strauss has been pressing Chancellor

Kohl's next government for compulsory registration of those who have AIDS.

The Nuremberg arrest is the second recent incident to involve an American AIDS victim in Europe. Last month, British immigration officers denied a US airline steward entry at Gatwick airport, detained him overnight and then returned him home – when health authorities discovered he had AIDS. The case generated substantial publicity, not least because Reuters carried an allegation that port medical officers would determine on sight and without medical testing whether persons attempting to enter Britain had AIDS. Before denial of entry on medical grounds, immigration officers are required to consult with port medical authorities, who are under the control of the DHSS.

When contacted, the Home Office conceded that "there are powers to exclude people judged a risk to public health. The DHSS is currently considering the application of these powers on those affected by HIV virus. Anyone entering the UK for a stay of over six months is referred to port medical authorities – as can anyone else be referred by immigration officers". But the steward who brought the current orientation of these powers to public attention, say the Home Office, "was probably the first".

With any port health hazard – Lassa fever is the

usual example given – the port medical officer has a choice. He can rush the sufferer to hospital, or return him to the port of origin. AIDS sufferers, said one DHSS spokesperson, "could be sent to hospital as a humanitarian gesture". But AIDS was "a different kettle of fish" to Lassa fever or typhoid.

According to the DHSS, their current debates do concern the application of powers of exclusion to people with the HIV virus. ("What it all boils down to is are people with the HIV virus a particular health risk?")

The Home Office and the DHSS say they are busy working out the parameters of their response to the questions raised by AIDS. And, at this point, both Home Office and DHSS spokespersons categorically deny that anyone would be refused entry on those grounds without medical tests. Yet in practice, it seems this has already happened.

Concern about AIDS among personnel is high at all commercial airlines. But it focuses on pilots (the syndrome can, for example, impair memory). British Airways, who oppose the institution of comprehensive AIDS tests as part of regular medical checks, already require AIDS tests for new pilots. The American carrier Delta has also asked the Home Office for clear guidelines on the admission of AIDS sufferers to the UK.

NEWS

US
TAPE
BAN
MOVE

IN THE AMERICAN Senate a bill calling for legislation requiring digital audiotape recorders to be fitted with coding devices which will prevent them from duplicating pre-recorded music has just been introduced. DAT, which offers CD quality on a mini-tape, has not yet arrived on the market but in heated pre-launch negotiations a refusal by Japanese manufacturers to voluntarily fit the coding device has precipitated a major split between them and the recording industry.

Now Senator Albert Gore has introduced a bill which will make those importing or using machines without a coding device liable to two years imprisonment. Gore's wife Tippi is a leading member of the Parents Music Resource Centre who have successfully lobbied the record industry for categorisation stickers on records. Gore's bill is being regarded as the payback for the industry's willingness to comply with the PMRC's wishes, and has been endorsed by President Reagan.

The bill may only be the tip of the iceberg, wider moves to protect "intellectual property" internationally, requiring the American Government to penalise countries that permit the piracy of films, books and records are also being planned.

The Electronic Industries Association of Japan, a conglomerate representing all the major Japanese hardware companies, will vigorously oppose the bill. A representative of the group in London claimed that the DAT issue was a red herring as the Japanese Government had already passed legislation making it illegal for DAT systems to be compatible with CD, thus preventing the perfect copies the record industry claim will be their downfall.

The controversy and process of lobbying and counter lobbying is expected to reach these shores when the European Commission issue a paper on DAT and "intellectual property" in the near future.

Gavin Martin

CASSETTES easily outsold LP records during 1986, with punters shelling out for 69.6 million tapes compared to 52.3 million albums. The difference of 17 million sales compares with the 1985 figures which put cassettes just 2.4 million ahead of records.

Singles sales dropped from 76 million to 67.4 million over the year, a greater drop than LPs, but it was a good year for the compact disc which achieved sales of 8.4 million, nearly half that total coming in the last quarter.

THE SELF-MADE STAR

ANDY WARHOL, artist extraordinary, died last weekend in New York, aged 55. He suffered a heart attack. Warhol delivered to the world not only the Campbell's soup can as art, but also The Velvet Underground (through his 'Exploding Plastic Inevitable' circus), films (*Heat, Trash*, etc) and static images, from Mao to Marilyn. **DON WATSON** pays tribute.

"ALL OF US who make a style out of *being*," Quentin Crisp once said, "owe it all to Andy Warhol."

It's one of Crisp's on-stage aphorisms that best describes the achievement of Andy Warhol in the '70s and '80s. "If I brought a large and bulbous statue with holes in it on to this stage, you would say 'Oh, it's a Henry Moore'. If I brought Henry Moore on to this stage, *nobody would know who he was*". The moral as far as Crisp was concerned was "Never let the work get bigger than you."

Since the late '60s Warhol had been engaged in the, quite unrepentant, process of developing his own stardom as the work. Nowadays if you brought a broom handle on to a stage with a pair of dark glasses attached you'd be met by the chorus of 'Andy Warhol', although some of his most powerful early work, the plane crash carnage material or the semi-pornography, might draw a blank.

If you'd asked Andy Warhol whether fame corrupts he'd probably have replied with his favourite word — "Ummm" (closely followed by "Gee"), although Morrissey, another of his devotees might answer on his behalf: "I'd rather be famous / Than righteous or holy any day."

The ironies in Warhol were always unstated, the fascination with success always double-edged. By replicating the face of Marilyn Monroe so many times, he could be exposing the mechanics of the business of ikon manufacture. Or he could just be making money.

"Business," he wrote in his engagingly



superficial *From A To B And Back Again*, "is the step that comes after Art. I started as a commercial artist, and I want to finish as a business artist."

That's certainly how he did finish. His last show to be seen in London at the Anthony D'Offay Gallery was a cleverly stage managed joke on the image — Warhol himself being shepherded around the gallery amidst a cluster of photographers while a couple of pretty boys behind him took photographs of them in turn. And on the walls? Nothing but the replicated image of Andy Warhol.

Then there was his appearance in the *Curiosity Killed The Cat* video, the joke of course being, 'Look at these silly pompous pop stars paying me all this money just because I am Andy Warhol'.

Is that how he's to be remembered? Personally I'd prefer to remember the image of the master of the '60s and the ironist of the '70s. I doubt whether he would have cared — Andy Warhol will be remembered, in the end that's probably all he wanted.



BANSHEES COVER-UP

SIUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES have their album of cover versions released on their own Wonderland label, through Polydor, on Monday, their last recordings with guitarist John Valentine Carruthers, who left the group earlier this month.

The ten songs were chosen from an original list of 40 suggestions and is a broad representation of the Banshees' influences over the last ten years. Steve Severin describes the LP as "part homage, part sacrilege" (classic get-out clause, there, Stevie).

The full track listings and their origins are: 'This Town Ain't Big Enough For The Both Of

Us' (Sparks), 'Hall Of Mirrors' (Kraftwerk), 'Trust In Me' (from Walt Disney's *Jungle Book*), 'This Wheel's On Fire' (Julie Driscoll & Brian Auger), 'Strange Fruit' (Billie Holiday), 'You're Lost Little Girl' (The Doors), 'The Passenger' (Iggy Pop), 'Gun' (John Cale), 'Sea Breezes' (Roxby Music), 'Little Johnny Jewel' (Television).

Original material should surface later this year, together with a full UK tour. In the meantime, the group are preparing for a series of outdoor shows, including a major London event in a tent, with an extended line-up in July and August.

MAD
FOR IT

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TTG

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thrills!

EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN

"We don't talk about politics. I just know the basics, and I have my basic beliefs that I had before I met him. I do like Reagan though, I always thought he was pretty cool."

Belinda Carlisle on marriage to former Reagan assistant Morgan Mason

"That poof Sean Penn or whatever his name is—he hasn't fought a fella yet. He keeps going round punching defenceless photographers."

Macho man Oliver Reed on Mr Madonna

"When I was young I used to envy the rich, talking and laughing in lighted restaurants while I was walking by outside, looking in. But now that I'm one of the people in the lighted restaurants, sometimes I envy those outside, the people still struggling, because struggle is romantic."

Actress Jane Seymour parades her social conscience

"We have a four-letter word for people like that where I come from, and it rhymes with wit..."
Germaine Greer discusses Cecil Parkinson with Sara Keays and Terry Wogan

"I feel the same about their failure to limit Asian and Afro-Caribbean immigration, which has been the most significant historical event of my life—and that includes the two world wars and the emergence of the atomic bomb. Try as I have, I can summon up no feeling of kinship with people so different from me and mine."

Veteran journalist Chapman Pincher on the weakness of politicians

"I think the best thing you can give your children is a good education. I can't understand wealthy people who send their children to state schools..."

Scally wag Cilla Black

"Maybe when I'm 60 years old I'll be able to look back from my seat in the House of Lords and understand the socialist ideal more than I do now—bright-eyed and bushy-tailed and believing it's the great cure for our problems, as I once believed love was."

Billy Bragg contemplates the future



PHOTO: STEVE WRIGHT

High priestess of camp and serious actor, GLEN MILSTEAD and his alter-ego DIVINE accept homage from devoted DAVID QUANTICK.

divine mad as hell

I'VE CHANGED the act a lot where sex and things are involved," remarks the man sitting with his legs under the coffee table, his opulent form clad in pyjamas, "I used to make blatant jokes about sex and having sex with everyone. It was part of the character, that she sleeps around. Then I realised with the epidemic and the seriousness of this horrible disease, and I personally have had some very dear friends die... I changed a lot of the act, I stress using a condom. And now I say, 'Remember when I used to say I'll fuck everybody after the show, line up at the door? Now I'll give everybody a wank and the girls can all sit here and spin!' That's all I can do now."

Divine is probably one of the great joys of our lives. Whether as the lurid monster star of a thousand completely revolting

films or as the sweet-tongued pop star who brought us 'Love Reaction', 'So You Think You're A Man' and a hundred more, the erstwhile Glen Milstead is very dear to us all. He is here to promote his new single—no matter that said 45 is not totally fab, one can still go and see the live Divine vent his spleen on the world. It has always amazed me that such a gentle man can be so rude to his fellow humans...

"I think it's my favourite part of the show, actually, 'cos it's fresh. The rest I write... I read the newspapers and things and try to keep up. Here I like to pick on the Royal Family because people seem to like that, as long as you don't pick on the Queen or the Queen Mother too much. You can say anything you want about Margaret or Anne, especially Anne... Princess Michael, she's fair game. But the Queen is very popular. And rightly so."

Divine has branched out of late. No longer for him the shit-eating activities of early John Waters—he's just played his first male screen role, the unpleasant gangster Hilly Blue, in Alan Rudolph's *Trouble In Mind*. His eyes sink into his skull and glow sapphire blue.

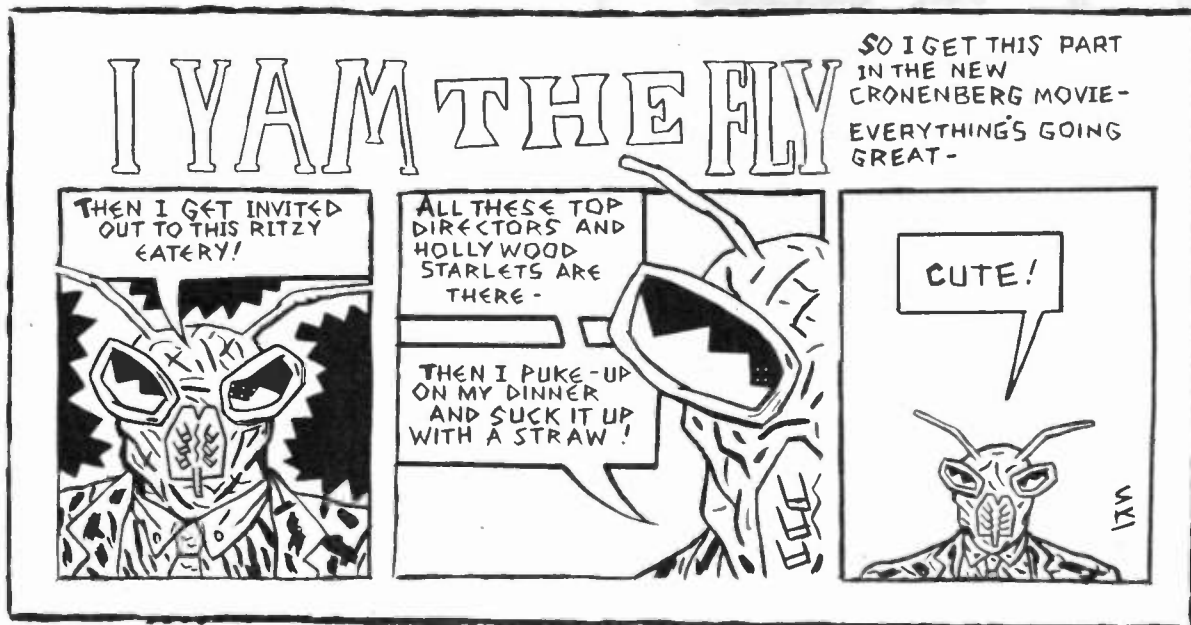
"I used Sidney Greenstreet for my model because he was always very quiet, very evil. Nobody fucked with him... Alan Rudolph said that he always saw that aggressiveness in the character of Divine, and thought that if I could play the female, there's no reason why I couldn't

play the male. I couldn't believe it! For eight years I've looked for a male part to play, but I just wasn't taken seriously, because of the drag thing. I put in a 14-hour day and work as hard as Barbra Streisand...

"In *Trouble In Mind*, it was great to work with Kris Kristofferson and Genevieve Bujold... Genevieve Bujold and I were in the make-up room and she says to me, 'What is this shit? This Divine shit?' She offered to take me to a Neil Diamond concert, she offered me a ride in a limousine. I said, 'Darling, it'll take more than a ride in a limousine to get me to a Neil Diamond concert!' And later that night she turned up on the set and she said, 'You were right, it wasn't worth the ride'."

Ah, the cinema! Divine also likes action movies ("Sylvester Stallone, Chuck Norris, Arnold Schwarzenegger... gets me in the mood for my shows, I watch them while I'm doing my make-up"), Nazi movies ("in the movies they always kill Hitler, so the bad guys always die") and Joan Collins ("She's very nonchalant... but Krystle! Just wimping around all the time like a cocker spaniel, she needs long ears and a wet nose!"). He is perhaps the most charming man I ever had the pleasure of meeting—not only did he autograph my copy of his single, but he gave me a carrier bag. With his name on it! Go and buy all his records.

ART: THE SHAKIN' MAN



Warts have an annoying habit of popping up when least expected, usually on the hands, knees and feet.



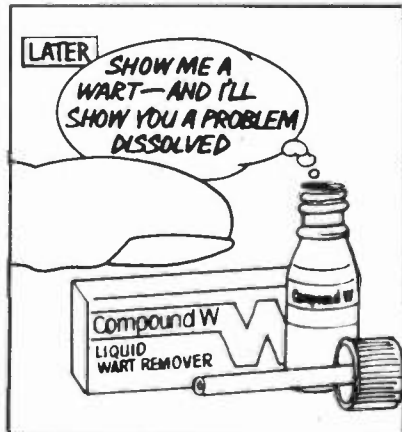
But beware! Warts are very contagious and if you pick, bite or scratch them they may spread.



So, try Compound W. It dissolves warts quickly and painlessly, without cutting or cauterizing. Just apply one drop to the wart each day...



...and after a few days the wart will begin to dissolve. The last few traces will gradually disappear when you wash.



Before long your skin will be soft and smooth again. So, if warts suddenly pay you a visit, call on your chemist for Compound W.

* Trade Mark

NO IT'S not Sir Kenneth Newman or Phil Cool as Brian Walden. It is, honestly, Steve Berkhoff in his offensively brilliant class satire *Decadence*, which is revived at London's Wyndham's Theatre from Wednesday (25) for a limited season. After his successful adaptation of Kafka's *Metamorphosis*, Steve stumbled with the predictable *Sink The Belgrano* and now does sherry ads. "*Decadence* is a study of the ruling classes or upper classes," says Berkhoff, "so called by virtue of strangled vowel tones rather



than any real achievement." A two hander with Berkhoff and Linda Marlowe, *Decadence* is well worth a visit.

DRILLER KILLERS

Well-crucial contenders from the Sheffield underground are DIG VIS DRILL. CLAIRE MORGAN JONES takes the dentist's chair.



PHOTO: NICK ROBINSON

DIG VIS Drill thrive on controversy as a pride of lions do on a plump wildebeest. No word mincers or pussy footers, these men are well known for the uncompromising nature of their material and their flair for press manipulation. Custodian of the micro-circuit John Nicholls takes credit for the sheer breadth of their synthesised hard core and migraine-inducing rhythm, while actor and master of the rubber dance Phil Mavrick toils in the vocal department. A guitarist rejoicing in the name Winston N'Gobola joins up the loose dots. But the total personification of the Dig Vis Drill ethos lies within the skull of their lead vocalist/lyricist Ogy McGrath.

This utterly shameless egomaniac and master self-publicist wears the mantle of budding superstar with the ease of a snappy suit. On the Sheffield underground everything from his hair-cut to his sexual preferences has become the subject of lurid legend, while he also possesses an ability to pop up in the most extraordinary places—from a performance of Carmina Burana at the City Hall to backstage at a Bon Jovi bash reputedly procuring women for the band. Not just a pretty face or a meglo-maniac, he is also a playwright, author of comedy sketches and the brains behind promotional company Outrage Entertainments which can boast the likes of U.V. Pop and the

mighty Pulp as roster members. A charming man this ex-boxer—a sort of cross between Woody Allen and Attila The Hun, and one never loath to blow his own trumpet.

I met him one wet Monday in a West Street gym. "I honestly think that we're the most original, unique and crucial band in England today", he told me whilst relentlessly punching a sandbag, "Bands, bands, bands." I hate the whole concept of 'bands'. Will someone not rid me of 'BANDS'. Anybody who wants to grow up to be a nobody is in a band."

The local publicity storm that Dig Vis Drill churn in their wake occasionally whips up in to a veritable hurricane as it did in 1986 when their first release on Native Records, 'Cranking Up Religion', hit the fan, the pews and the indie charts. The cover conveyed an obvious message: a 'priest' jabbing a needle full of smack in to a tensed forearm with the slogan 'Religion Screws You Up' in bold black and white below. Being generous souls the Drills sent copies of the 12" to notables such as the Archbishop of Canterbury, Mary Whitehouse and Cliff Richard. Not surprisingly all hell broke loose with headlines like "ATHEIST GROUPS STIR UP PROTEST" blustering indignantly from the pages of the local press. The backlash that followed included everything from death threats to the Bishop of Sheffield

resolving to pray for their souls. Yet Ogy is, if he'll pardon the expression, unrepentant:

"We made a valid point. Religion is a crutch, a drug," he said after his 50th sit-up, "It corrupts from the big things like the Lebanese war and Northern Ireland to the little things like my Asian next door neighbours who cover their women from head to toe—a prime example of religious sexism."

Political? Yes. Dogmatic? Certainly not. Mobilisation is the philosophy, whether it be handing out anti-Royalist leaflets during a Royal visit, to atheist marches, benefit gigs for striking miners and picket-line duty. You name it, they're against it. In 1986 they wrestled with God and won, and 1987 looks to be off to an auspicious start with the imminent single 'Spell Survival' tackling the contentious issue of poverty vs. wealth in their familiar boot-to-chin fashion. Who knows what ingenious publicity ruses will be dreamt up to promote it.

Ogy lowers the weights back to floor level. "Let me put it this way," he concludes, "If pop music is toys for kids then Dig Vis Drill is the iron spike inside the cheap Christmas present. The one the kid chokes on..."

Well let me put it this way, if two's company, three's a crowd and four's a riot, then I think I've just named that four.

Blood On The Tracks



"JAZZA WAS unbelievable, probably the all-time British rock'n'roll anti-hero," maintains Bomba McAteer, founder member and drummer of The Majestics, the legendary Scottish band who are the subject of a major six-part BBC documentary beginning Tuesday March 3rd.

Certainly the late Jazza McGlone, whose death shook the Pict ducktail crowd early last year, for many years was the reason why The Majestics were regarded as too hot to handle south of Hadrian's Wall. A vocalist who owed all to Chuck Berry (and refused to pay it back), he was imprisoned on assault charges shortly after the band's notorious

Craigneuk T.A. Drill Hill gig in 1966. Wild both offstage and on, he achieved further notoriety at a Christmas gig in 1976 when the *Scottish Daily Express* reported that he had eaten parts of an alsatian dog onstage. Now the BBC are to release a compilation of McAteer and The Majestics' greatest moments on album which, like the TV documentary, is titled *Tutti Frutti*. "All profits from the album will go to Jazza's widow," says McAteer. Some compensation perhaps, for being married to a man once dubbed "a rock'n'roll Frankenstein".

Tutti Frutti will be screened for the next six weeks on BBC1, Tuesdays from 9.30pm to 10.30pm.

OUT THIS week are two new anthology titles purporting to present the cutting edge of comics. From America we find Fantagraphics Books on the case again with *Prime Cuts*, a magazine which binds together some of the best old and new progressive cartoonists on both sides of the Atlantic. Campbell, Geary, Crumb, Green and Friedman all rub shoulders with the seminal 'Polly And Her Pals' 1927 newspaper strip in an eclectic mix of consumerism. Worth checking out, even at the inhibitive price of £2.60.

An even more reasonable acquisition at 50p is *GAG!*, a new title from Britain's own fast-expanding Harrier Comics which reprints some of the finer moments from the small press flagship, *Fast Fiction*. Simply a must for fans who missed out on the originals, it includes Eddie Campbell's brilliantly sartorial 'Dapper John' and more flawed Ed Pinsent/Chris Flewitt gems.

Both titles are available from Forbidden Planet, 23 Denmark Street, London WC2H 8NN
The Legend!



ART: DREW FRIEDMAN

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DIGGING DEEP



THERE'S A very nice new album from the old Koko star **Luther Ingram**, eponymously titled on the Profile label and mostly in a smooth contempo ballad style. (If Greg Abbott can hit then so should Luther's lovely 'Baby Don't Go Too Far'.) Check also for two vintage-feel Southern cuts produced in Muscle Shoals and a pounding version of Bob Dylan's 'Gotta Serve Somebody' featuring Wayne Jackson's Memphis Horns.

Also from Muscle Shoals Sound, that great songwriter **Prince Philip Mitchell** has the 'Devastation' album on Ichiban. Goofy Phil is not a great singer but his songs generally make up for that. Shame, then, that he seems to be going for the Lionel Richie market here. Ichiban meanwhile have been doing well with 'Dr. C.C.', the self-produced and performed new album by that delightfully jolly man **Clarence Carter**. Despite its synthetic DIY ambience and softcore Blowfly bawdiness, the LP reaches back into Clarence's country-soul roots with a new version of his 1965 Fame ballad 'I Stayed Away Too Long'. Check, too, for the **Sam Dees** song 'Left Over Love'.

Dees, incidentally, has four songs on a Japanese compilation of Chess sides, 'Southern Soul Stock Vol. 2' (P-Vine), all recorded in Memphis in the early '70s. Other artists featured include **The Entertainers**, **Barbara & The Browns**, and a very Otis-y **Billy Young**, most of them produced I would think by the likes of Dan Penn, Spooner Oldham, and Charles Chalmers. (Wish I could read these Japanese liner notes!)

Essential Southern soul, especially the desperate, strangled Barbara & the Browns cuts.

Two more albums in Charly's Sound Stage 7 series: get **Roscoe Shelton's** 'Strain On My Heart' for 'There's A Heartbreak Somewhere' if for nothing else—it's like Jimmy Hughes wailing over a huge Baptist choir, and one of the greatest, most frantic Southern performances ever. Lots of previously unissued material as usual. **Ann Sexton's** 'Love Trials' collects the cream of the material by this South Carolinian gal who sounded like a cross between Bettye Swann and Margie Joseph. Great early '70s ballads ('I Want To Be Loved', 'You're Letting Me Down', Jean Wells' 'Have A Little Mercy') and one absolute classic of the woman-to-woman cheatin' genre, 'I'm His Wife (You're Just A Friend)'.

Recent import goodies on 7": **Lynn White's** funky mid-tempo gem 'Take Your Time', produced by Willie Mitchell for his Waylo label; the similarly-paced, equally infectious 'Show And Tell' (Kirstee) by wonderful **Willie Clayton**; **Marshall & Babb's** very slow, serenely seductive 'Let It Be Me' (Edge); the quaintly-named **Sir Henry Ivy's** 'Ain't It Lots Of Fun', beautiful ballad B-side to 'My Friend Albert' (Excel); **Bobby McClure's** very Womackian 'You Never Miss Your Water', produced on Edge by Womack session drummer James Gadson; **Eddie Cornelius's** feverishly sexy 'That's Love Making In Your Eyes' (GB); and **Marvin Sease's** charming 'Ghetto Man' on US London.

Congratulations to Rod Dearlove in Hull for another great issue of **Voices From The Shadows** (No. 2), one of the best deep soul mags around today. Along with reviews of all deep releases, there's the first part of a good basic introduction to black gospel by Pete Nickols. Available at Record Corner or from Rod (price £1.25 incl. P&P) at 39, Back Lane, Burstwick, Hull, HU12 9EG.

And so farewell, since this is the last of these columns. We shall be covering deep soul elsewhere in the paper but despite the high placing of Anita Baker, our readers' poll shows just where the sympathies still lie.

Barney Hoskyns
(All the above records can be obtained from Record Corner, 27 Bedford Hill, London SW12. Write for mail order list)



"I think it was a big mistake, privatising the art galleries."

I'M STILL STANDING



BEN E's been KING of the cabaret circuit in recent years, but the chart-topping success of 'Stand By Me' has revitalised the career of the former Drifters' front man. GAVIN MARTIN reports.

BEN E King was settling into a domestic obscurity broken only by the occasional tour of the oldies circuit when he found his classic 'Stand By Me' resurrected as the active partner in an ongoing *menage à trois* involving soul classics, denim and celluloid.

"I've always been comfortable in New Jersey—going to the supermarket, doing the everyday bits and pieces. It's strange to go out now and have people looking at me. I don't realise they might have seen me on TV. Getting acquainted with that at my age is odd; in the past few months I've done more TV than in any other part of my career."

In America the song re-entered the Top Ten as the title song of Rob 'Spinal Tap' Reiner's new movie. In this country it has hit the top spot bettering the success of Sam Cooke and Marvin Gaye as a Levi Jeans ad campaign spin-off. Ben's happy with the reciprocal relationship—quite rightly too, as rather than prostituting a noble heritage increased listening only strengthens the song's stirring dignity.

"It's not offensive. When a song is as old as that you tend to think it's run its course. To know that it would be reborn as a commercial and that people listening to the entire song again is a compliment. It doesn't hurt the song at all, we live in an era when any sort of exposure is good. Songwriters want some sort of immortality when they pen a song. By being part of the Levi's campaign and the title of a movie, 'Stand By Me' has been given that."

For King this twilight success is an unexpected bonus, "the icing on the cake" for a career that teamed him with unsurpassed pop craftsmen like Leiber and Stoller and Phil Spector. In an era of dynamic performers, King's rich baritone guided the listener through some of the most beguiling and precious romances ever committed to vinyl—'Spanish Harlem', 'Under The Broadway', 'Dance With Me'...

"The songs have an honesty and simplicity about them which appeals to any ear. I'm proud to have been part of that period. They were some of the best songs ever written and as a performer I got a chance to express myself through my heart and soul. That was enough, none of us, not even the record companies, thought that it would live. We gave it all we had for the time we were there in the studio."

"'Stand By Me' was meant for The Drifters but the manager didn't want it. Later when I had my own session we had 15 or 20 minutes left at the end, Jerry Wexler asked was there anything I'd like to do. I did 'Stand By Me'. I had tears in my eyes when I sang it."

Is the popularity of the past a sad reflection on the present?

"I think it sends out a strong message. Kids are seeing that the stuff they laughed at and thought of as old and silly when their parents played it is actually worth holding onto. I think it shows they need less commerciality, less rhythm, less concentration on keeping them dancing."

Unlike Cooke, Gaye and Jackie Wilson, King is able to enjoy his new popularity. 'Stand By Me' is one of the most covered songs in pop history artists as disparate as Cassius Clay ("he was a great boxer, but not the best singer in the world") and John Lennon ("an excellent version. In Canada recently someone told me they loved my version of John's song!") have recorded it and the tune's history has been documented in its very own fanzine. Happily it's one composition King has kept his copyright on.

"I signed a lot of songs away—everytime I hear 'Dance With Me' I'm saddened because I signed that away. There's nothing I can do to correct that and I try hard not to dwell on it. I've been ripped off in bits and pieces in my career but I fight hard to come above that now. I now see three or four lawyers when I'm not sure of something."

He's been called the black Andy Williams because of his affable, relaxed manner and Ben E's realistic about his second wind, delighted by the recognition but realising in a few months he may be back playing the oldies circuit with his friend and former Drifter Johnny Moore. Perhaps a little extra cash will allow him to expand the studio he's recently opened, do some work with his son, soul brother Don Covay or any of the other prolific talents from the neighbouring East Orange area of New Jersey.

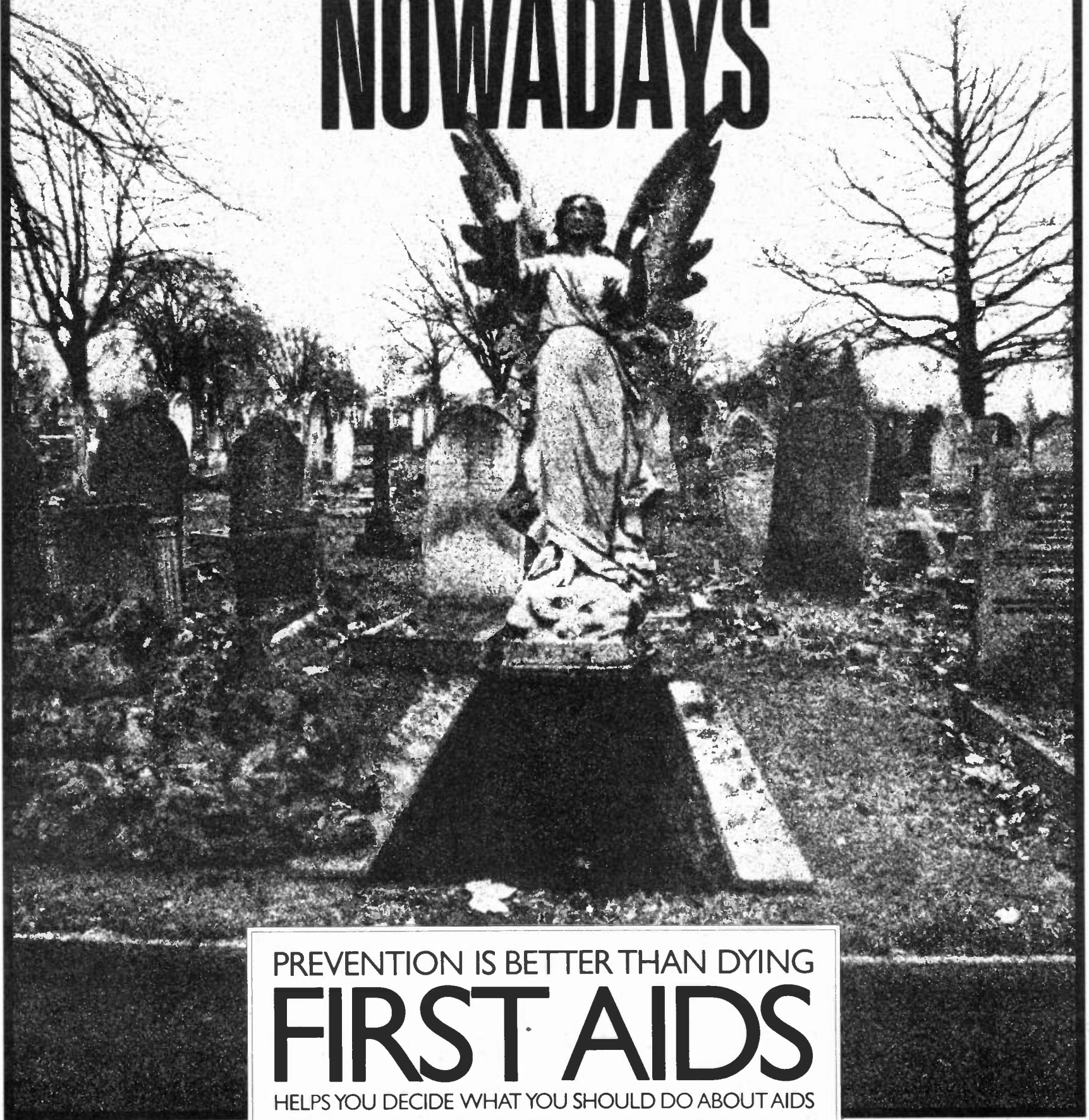
In the soul genre, blighted by tragedy and callousness, Ben E King's story remains one of joyful fulfillment. He'll happily spend his time pottering round the house or garden in his Levi's ("I never really thought of them as a fashion thing") and every so often he'll play for the fans, young and old.

"I have one of the easiest jobs in the world, why should I retire? I just have to go onstage for an hour or so and make people happy. I like to think of myself as someone who has fallen in love with what he does."



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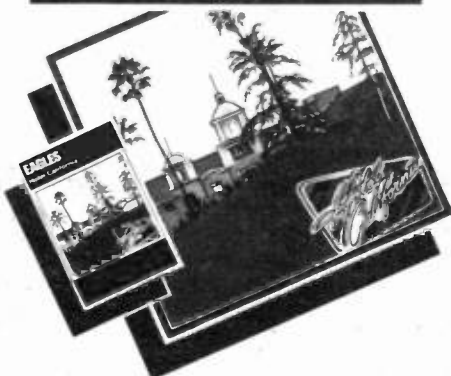
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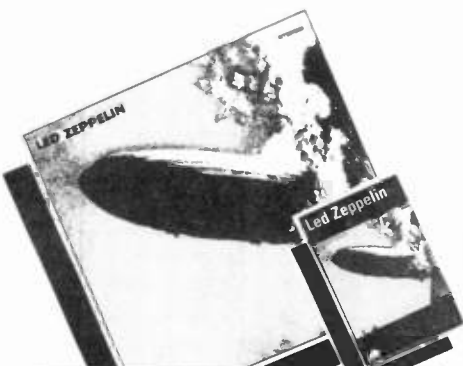
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Words from the front

TOM VERLAINE, the dream's dream for young guitarists, is still making chilling records. **BARNEY HOSKYNS** finds the New York legend in exile, eating . . . Photograph by A J BARRATT.

Tom Verlaine, the blank generation's Neil Young, is sitting on the floor of a Phonogram press suite devouring a croissant. I'd expected someone withdrawn and a little monkish, not this amiably wry character who sees interviews as a chance to perform.

"I like the idea of interviews as performances, maybe because I'm not very good at promoting my career in other ways, maybe also because I'm not sure if I think of myself as a performer at all. I suppose the way most people have careers is by very methodically doing a series of self-advertisements, and I don't know if I can do that."

He talks with an amused smile, moving on to the omlette Phonogram have brought him for this mid-afternoon breakfast. Signed to the company since his post-'Cover' departure from Virgin over two years ago, he has a new album, 'Flashlight', released this month.

It's his best record since 'Dreamtime', as it happens, an LP of considerable bite and beauty and resounding proof that this godfather of alternative guitar heroes is no CBGBs dinosaur. Between the stabbing attack of 'Bomb' and 'Cry Mercy Judge' and the glistening melodies of 'Song' and 'The Scientist', Verlaine has drawn on all his strengths: the tension between the granite rock base of the songs and his hectic, quivering guitar work, the spectral, unearthly intonations of his voice, the sudden eruptions of violence and beauty. If the subjects of his songs are more infuriatingly oblique than ever, there is at least a new sense of real characters inhabiting them.

"There are models for these stories and I could tell you some horrific things about them. There's been a certain measure of violence in my life, not that I ever went looking for it. The other factor in this record seems to be inarticulateness. For instance, the people in 'Song' can't quite say what they

want to say, they always return to just talking about waiting and learning how to wait. And 'The Scientist' is about a man writing to a girl he still loves but can't communicate with. In 'Annie's Telling Me', a girl is talking in clichés and not really saying anything. This vagueness that goes on . . ."

Perhaps vagueness has always been the secret theme of Verlaine's work. His songs are about stilted expression, frustrated communication. Maybe they're just bad poetry.

"Many of my songs seem to be obsessed with defining or expressing a sensibility. People who've stuck with me for a while tend to point to a few songs that somehow define that sensibility - 'Venus', 'The Fire', 'Breakin' In My Heart', 'Penetration', 'Clear It Away'. Again this struggle to articulate, or even to say why one is happily inarticulate. It says a lot about dealing in a non-verbal realm all the time I've found that by practicing some relaxation in the impulse to say something so desperately, you start getting pictures in your mind.

"I generally end up following something in a dreamlike sort of way. It's like watching pictures unfold. I don't really have any ideas, not even about the guitar. A lot of it has to do with developing what the physical sound of that guitar is, coming off the amp. Time and time again the music is about returning to the physicality of the sound, and maybe that in itself generates ideas."

Verlaine the guitar hero is someone slightly out of step with the tyrannical dance beats of 1987, but even he has considered dabbling in them.

"A producer in Brooklyn called me recently and asked if I was interested in doing a dance record. I'd like really to do a post-Run DMC guitar dance record with more complex beats than hip hop. I liked that record 'The Rain', I think basically it pulled in some melody."

What happened to the New York "rock" scene? Was it simply wiped out by drugs?

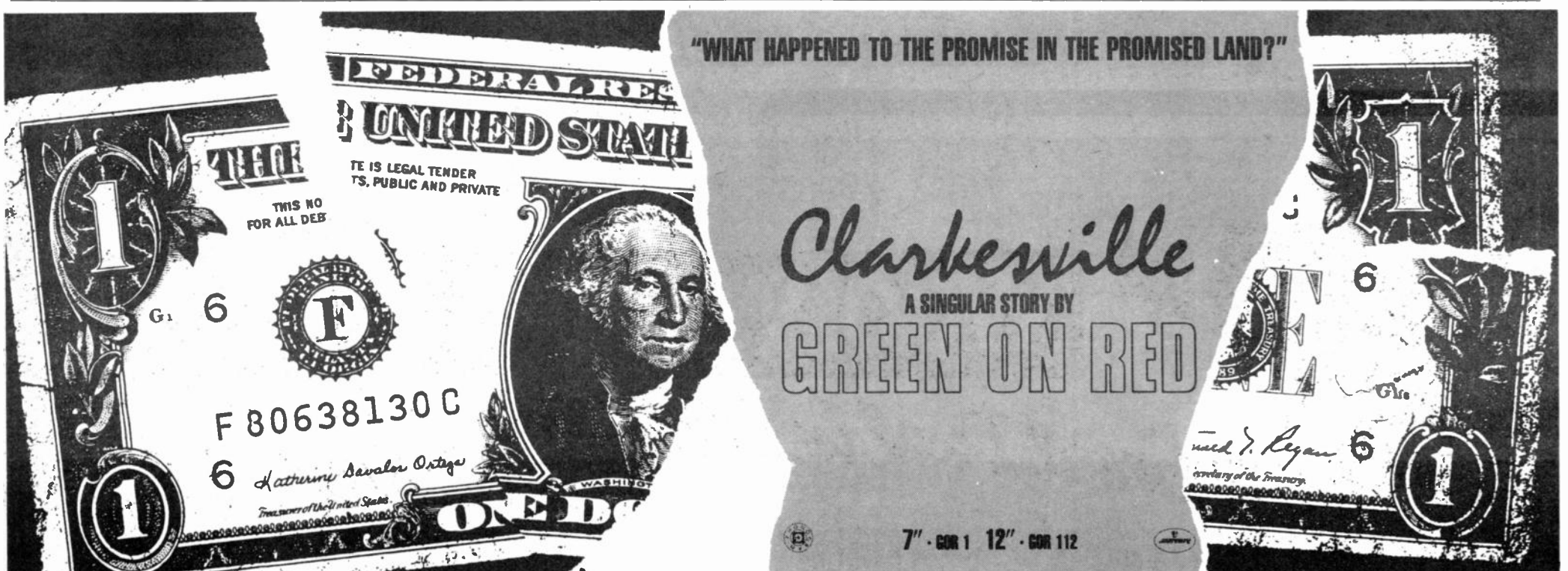


"I never used the stuff, but it is true. Almost everybody I knew, unless they got out of New York . . . certainly an awful lot of people around Television. I didn't even know they were using it. Later I found out that everyone assumed I was a junkie too! Another thing that's profoundly affected the New York scene is the expense of everything, and the impossibility of finding anywhere to live, let alone rehearse."

"Most of my friends are either writers or painters. I know many more people working in those fields than I do musicians, maybe because they're more interested in being articulate than musicians. The downtown art scene, however, which was once a real underground, is now just another social scene, full of cracked actor types playing to the camera. Sometimes I think the word 'artist' is passé."

Tom Verlaine remains a compelling gash in the fabric of rock, a gaunt bohemian prince dwelling in the shadowy outlands of pop culture. He is the last great Nick Kent prototype for the dream of intelligent rock 'n' roll. A little precious, perhaps, a little lost in the haze of his own legend, but an original to the end.

Regarded in New York as a "mad scientist", Verlaine alone among the CBGBs survivors works apart from the MTV circus of pop, he makes records in a manner more like writers or painters, than musicians.



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BEEHIVE Y'SELF!

Take two sun-shy Californians, and team them with two Madness men out of a job and you arrive at VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE. MICHELE KIRSCH takes them on about Heart! Beeseye view by NICK WHITE.

UP AND coming pop goddess

Tracey Byrne is grinning, from tacky earring to tacky earring, while spouting some earnest nonsense about "fun". It's good stuff, she reckons.

Tracey has a sunny disposition. The swinging ponytail that acts as metronome for Voice Of The Beehive is lemon yellow – a colour to complement her orange Top Shop gear, complete with matching fizzy orange drink. The girl is positively citrus, without a trace of acid, lysergic or otherwise.

"I guess you could say this band is about fun," she says sweetly. "Just, you know, fun."

Oh sod fun! I've heard this band of yours was the Yoko Ono of Madness.

Her face falls. Ponytail stops swinging. Fizzy drink goes flat, and bright orange gear takes on the dour rust of a McDonald's uniform. The bee's been stung: "Oh, no, no, no, that's not true at all..."

You could be right. I've heard you're the Linda McCartney of Madness.

"OK, Let's fix this right now. We came way after the break up of Madness. I read in the paper that they had broken up and a month later we hooked up with them for our single. I didn't know they were saying that."

They aren't. I just made it up, although bassist Bedders and drummer Woody are playing with this wacky pop outfit. Voice Of The Beehive are fronted by the kind of Californian girls the Beach Boys sang about, sisters Tracey, 24, and Melissa, 20. Along with Bedders, Woody, and garrulous guitarist Mike, these girls cultivate the calculated cutting up that was Madness, the Rezillos, and The B-52s.

Their own reluctance to categorize themselves is perhaps less infuriating than their reluctance to discuss the Madness connection. It's more than Vaudeville pop meets bouffant buffoonery. Actually, Woody and Bedders were introduced to the girls by a mutual friend; the boys liked what they'd heard of the Beehive – then a small, unsteady, but ultimately promising Voice on the indie band circuit.

If the experienced beat of a different drummer gave the band the bigger following it deserved anyway – on the strength of their Bangles-with brains lyrics and well crafted tunes – more power pop to them.

Not for them the honey-dripping sentiment that is the usual indie pop fodder. Forget the anorak completely.

"Actually, I might be shot for saying this," whispers Tracey, "but Melissa was very influenced by Heart..." You mean the atrocious Canadian stadium band? Is that where you got the idea for the sister act?

"No, we didn't get the idea to be sisters. We just came out that way. But I think Ann Wilson has a fabulous voice, so I have no



California goes dayglo: Tracey and Melissa.

problems with them."

But the elder sister does have problems with America, the country she skipped with her sister to explore and conquer the lively British indie scene. She was also disheartened by the sleazy politics of the American recording industry; the reluctance of the major labels to try new acts.

Did you try, Tracey?

"No, but I have friends. I was exposed a lot to the music scene and it was..." Her eyes roll back into her head, in search of the right word.

Coke City?

"Yeah, it was crazy. That's how you got your foot in the door, with half a gram..." That's all?

"Well, OK, maybe a gram. But we couldn't afford that so we came here."

Why, is coke cheaper here?

"Aw, come on... LA is very money orientated. Tans and Mercedes. I don't like tans or Mercedes."

Beehive lyrics, penned mostly by Tracey, are deceptively straightforward. Or is it straight-forwardly deceptive? Either way, the song you're bopping to – as any self-respecting wackster would to the infectious Beehive beat – might be addressing the ills of society. Then again, you could burst out laughing.

Take 'What You Have Is Enough': "We used to go down to Beverley Hills sometimes / The price of shoes could feed families / We would leave depressed..."

That you couldn't afford the shoes? Or that the families are starving?

The answer might seem fairly obvious to the intelligent NME reader, but VOTB have been misinterpreted in the past. Tracey complains that some fans thought the band was taking a pro-gun stance in 'When You Don't Have Your Gun'.

"It's a joke but it's about hypocrisy. I've always wanted to clear this up. It's about people who say 'Goddamn crime and Goddamn criminals, I'm gonna shoot the hell out of all of them.' It's that hypocrisy of cleaning up the world by blowing away the people you don't like."

If gun control seems like a heavy topic for a band more prone to cry 'make my day glo', it follows that VOTB might be accused of trivialising tragedy.

Aren't you mini-skirting the issues, Tracey?

"Well, we're not all perky and poppy when we do a serious song. We do one about alcoholism."

First-hand experience?

"Oh, I drink like hell and so does Melissa, but it's our only real vice. Other than that, I would say..."

But of course she doesn't. Too predictable, and too Californian; she won't set herself up for a piss-take. But I will. Go on, say you get high on life, man.

"Oh no. I wouldn't go that far. It freaks me out sometimes, but I don't get high on it."

Bummer. Were your parents hippies?

"My dad was a hippy when he was around 35. My mom is a little wild, but I wouldn't call her a hippy."

But most kids of hippies rebel by becoming conservative, not by becoming wacky popsters.

"We rebelled against our parents, but not by becoming conservative. That would have broken their hearts."

She starts to enter the very dodgy turf between psychedelia and psychobabble. There is no place for pop in psychology, despite all this stuff you hear about 'pop psychology'.

But tell me about your father, Trace.

"He's very supportive. When we don't have time to work properly and we don't have money coming in from anywhere, he supports us. He calls sometimes in the middle of the night and says 'don't sign anything!'"

Except autographs, maybe. And a small contract with Food Records for the forthcoming single 'Just A City'.

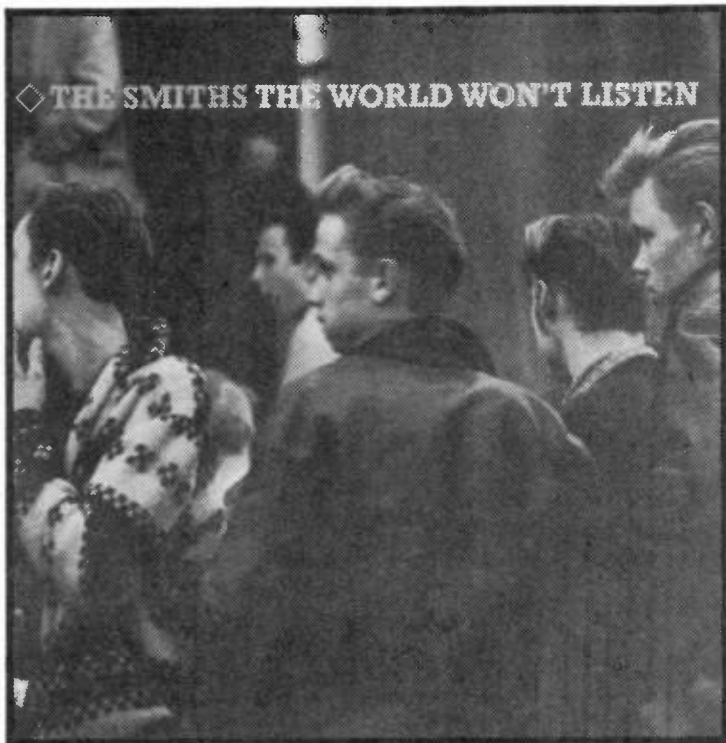
"When it comes to classifying, I have no desire to," says Tracey. "If they tell you you're a pop band you get into that frame of mind and write pop songs. You can really close yourself off that way. I want to be able to compose a classical song."

It's been done. Flight Of The Bumblebee. But the fresh young face of Anglo-American pop remains undaunted. I'd watch for a wacky classic 'Flight Of The Bumble Beehive' coming to an apiary near you.



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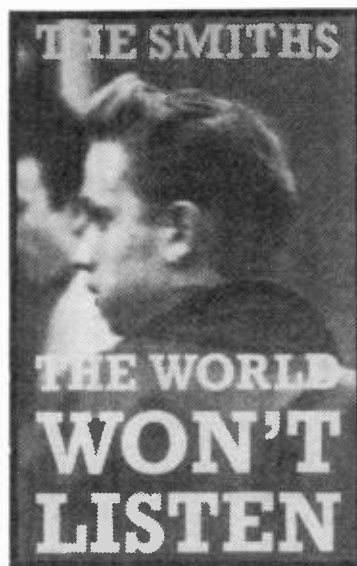
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ABERDEEN ACCRINGTON ALTRINCHAM BARRROW BIRMINGHAM BLACKBURN BLACKPOOL BLYTH BOLTON BIRMINGHAM BRISTOL BROMSGROVE BURANLEY CAMERON TOLL CARLISLE CHESTER CREWE DUBLIN DUNDY DUNFERMLINE DURHAM EAST KILBRIDE EDINBURGH GLASGOW HARROGATE HARROW HUDDERSFIELD KEIGHLEY KIDDERMINSTER LANCASTER LEEDS LIVERPOOL MANCHESTER MILTON KEYNES NELSON NEWCASTLE NOTTINGHAM PETERBOROUGH PLYMOUTH OXFORD PORTSMOUTH PRESTON RAWTENSTALL ROCHESTER SCARBOROUGH SCUNTHORPE SHEFFIELD SOUTHAMPTON SOUTHPORT SOUTHSHIELDS STOCKPORT SUNDERLAND TORQUAY WALSALL WARRINGTON WIGAN WOLVERHAMPTON WREXHAM YORK LONDON STORES MEGASTORE AND AT VIRGIN AT DERBYMANS MARBLE ARCH CARDIFF CHELMSFORD CROYDON DERBY EDINBURGH FOLKESTONE GLOUCESTER GUILDFORD HARROW HULL IPSWICH LONDON MANCHESTER PRESTON ROMFORD SHEFFIELD SOUTHAMPTON STAINES STOCKTON WIGAN

REVIEWED BY BARNEY HOSKYN'S

SAFE SEX BY ART WOMAN OF BLOOMSBURY

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

ANTHRAX: I Am The Law (Island)
The last time I had the pleasure of Anthrax's company on the old turntable was in *NME's* Heavy Metal issue in '84. At that time it seemed improbable that they would ever make it to the palm-tree universe of Island Records—naturally one considered the possibility—but I'm delighted that they did and even more delighted that they sound as awesome now as they did then. Hardcore U.S. punk finally makes it onto a major label via a Judge Dredd-ified HM band from Queens. This is the very best kind of manic speed-change 'core, complete with sub-Beasties scratch-rap B-side and a magnificently deranged sketch entitled 'Bud E. Luvbomb and Satan's Lounge Band'. Bravo.

BOY GEORGE: Everything I Own (Virgin)

It is a little-known fact that the Boy and I once planned to collaborate on an article for the *NME* about the species "New Romantics". At the time he was traipsing about after the Incredible Hunk (Aryan beauty Kirk Brandon) and warbling in a group known as In Praise Of Lemmings.

Having got that out of the way, I should like to state that I personally do not believe George has ever taken a narcotic chemical in his life. Also that he currently has a new single, a version of Ken Boothe's version of Bread's 'Everything I Own'. It is not a particularly good version, I grant you, but it was produced by Stewart Levine, who I once met in a swimming pool in Botswana.

SUDDEN SWAY: Autumn Cutback Job Lot Offer (Rough Trade)

"Eight black tinkly tunes of loathing taken from the pages of an amoral *Exchange & Mart*." The good thing about mildly surreal absurdist S.S. is that they do actually have a way with old tinkly tunes. They sound like James with tinkly Residents synths instead of guitars. This might be their 'Commercial EP', then. Buy it only for the very funny booklets inside.

KRAFTWERK: The Telephone Call (EMI)

The marriage of clinical electro texture and heartbreaking melody is the key to Kraftwerk for me. This is as beautiful and sad as anything they've done. German version on the flipside.

LUTHER VANDROSS: Give Me The Reason (Epic)

This song has grown on me slightly since I saw Luth open his Hammersmith shows with it, but it's not a patch on 'Stop To Love', the obvious single and in the American Top 20 as we speak.

THE ROBERT CRAY BAND: Smoking Gun (Mercury)

One of the best from the 'Strong Persuader' album, this very rockish song of green-eyed jealousy still isn't enough to convince me that Cray ain't stuck in a rut. 'Bad Influence' remains his peak.

TAMMY WYNETTE: Alive And Well (Epic)

I still haven't adjusted to the glam Tammy of the 80s—for me she's always the bedrugged and bedraggled *hausfrau* of those great 70s records. Billy Sherrill's still producing her, of course, but this docile plaint of hopeless lurve ain't a patch on 'Stand By Your Man'.

TREX: Children Of The Revolution (Marc On Wax)

Not for me one of Marc Bolan's great moments, this is a new remix by original producer Tony Visconti. One great line as usual: "I got a *Rolls-Royce* 'Cause it's good for my voice..."

NEW MODEL ARMY: Poison Street (EMI)

These charming oaves (pl. oaf) have actually come up with one of the week's better melodies. About as close as they'll ever come to a hit single.

GEORGE McCRAE: Rock Your Baby (Portrait)

This Paul Hardcastle mix of George's update of his mindless TK disco classic doesn't stand comparison with the K.C.-produced original. So much for the drum machine revolution. Wonder what happened to George's wife Gwen?—now THERE was a singer.

THE PLEASURE HEADS: Holding On (Edeista)

Moderate midwest-style garage EP from Peterborough's finest grunge combo. Pete Elderhead has a great Lou Reed snarl of a voice, so the town can at least boast of something besides its incredible cathedral front. Sometimes pleasure heads must earn.

COREY HEART: Can't Help Falling In Love (EMI America)

Those with fond memories of Da Boss' live rendition of the Pelvis classic may appreciate this real soppy version by Canuck pwetty boy Corey. It's rather sweet.

TAJ MAHAL: Everybody Is Somebody (Sonet)

A West Coast legend for his offbeat blues albums of the '60s and '70s, the giant Taj breaks an eight-year silence with this rather innocuous slice of Hawaiian-flavoured Soca. It has rather the same effect on me as old Ted Hawkins, i.e. negligible.

FREDDIE MERCURY: The Great Pretender (Parlophone)

Mildly camp version of the old Platters classic by newly moustache-less Freddie. Is nothing sacred? (And I don't mean the moustache.)

KING KURT: Zulu Beat (Thin Sliced)

King Kurt fans have more fun. It is only we repressed and stuck-up art-farts who find the Ooh-Wallah-Wallah and all it stands for a sad comment on the state of this nation.

READY FOR THE WORLD: Love You Down (MCA)

Michigan boys who have absolutely NUTTIN to do with P. Rogers Nelson but still sound like Prince in his doe-eyed bashful ballad moods. Already a big hit Stateside.

JESSE JOHNSON: She (I Can't Resist) (A&M)

Jesse *does* have Prince connections, of course, though here he sounds more like the little fella's arch-enemy Rick James.

T'PAU: Heart And Soul (Siren)

They say T'Pau'll be big Big BIG. With Roy Thomas Baker's beefy MTV production behind them, they could easily make it up there with the likes

of Heart. Flame-haired chanteuse Carol Decker is Shrewsbury's answer to Stevie Nicks.

IT'S IMMATERIAL: Rope (Siren)

Whenever one reviews the singles, there are *always* two or three groups that turn up in the bag. It's immaterial are one of mine, and my heart always sinks because there's never anything to say about them.* They are, I suppose, a vaguely rummy pair with a marketable line in sub-T. Heads eccentricity, but they mean precisely nothing to me.

SLAB!: Parallax (Ink)

I must say I thought this kind of industrial art-funk had been flushed out of pop's system with the last Chakk 12". Numbingly tedious stuff from the Dave Kitson stable. (Sorry, Dave.)

CHAKK: Take Your Time (Fon)

And just when you thought it was safe to make a little joke about Chakk, what arrives by bike but a new Chakk 12", now on horribly trendy (thank you Age Of Chance) label Fon (Hi, Amrik). Needless to say it's just an endless pummelling Sheffield drone of drum machines and whiteboy mutterings—Cabaret Voltaire meets Giorgio Moroder. House mix out this week (I'm not joking, sleazeballs).

JANICE CHRISTIE: Heatstroke (London)

Duplication of the Jam/Lewis 'Control' sound by ex-Fatback singer. Quite steamy, I suppose, with Garage and Dub mixes by Larry Levan and Tony Humphries for the mix bores.

CHICAGO: Will You Still Love Me? (Warner Bros)

In the great tradition of 'If You Leave Me Now' and 'Hard For Me To Say I'm Sorry', this track from Chicago's 148th album has the guys dolled up in their best *Miami Vice* threads and sounding like a honky Earth, Wind, And Fire.

KANSAS: All I Wanted (MCA)

Another great rock ballad from the 'Wayward Son' boys. Isn't it nice how that whole Boston/Foreigner/Speedwagon school has survived the ravages of punk, noowave, hip hop etc. and clung to the pure AOR heart of American rock'n'roll? Well, isn't it?

GARY MOORE: Wild Frontier (10)

Over screaming twin leads and headbanger drums, Gaz intones a pretty nebulous lament for the troubles in his emerald homeland. Days of grief and seas of rage abound. Little is really stated.

JANA POPE: I'm Losing You (Polydor)

Czech defektor produced by Martin Rushent on moody, windswept sort of ballad with lots of keyboards and drum splashes. That kind of thing.

MAGGIE BELL: Everlasting Love (President)

A venerable old label reactivated

by the umpteenth version of Robert Knight's 1967 chestnut—a great song poorly served by a dull arrangement. Old Maggie can still sing, in a croaky Kim Carnes/Elkie Brooks style, but t'ain't enough.

ALISON MOYET: Weak In The Presence Of Beauty (CBS)

A hit, a veritable hit, and what else do we expect from the Jimmy Iovine conveyor-belt. *Almost* as bland and obvious as 'Is That Love?' but not quite.

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD: Watching The Wildlife (ZTT)

Shooting stars can only fall, and Frankie have fallen flat on their ugly mugs. This is even worse than the appalling 'Warriors Of The Wasteland'.

COMSAT ANGELS: The Cutting Edge (Island)

Only slightly less bizarre than the appearance of Anthrax on Island is that of dreary old Melody Rock band Comsat Angels. Look, it's perfectly OK—spare production, nice piano part—just supremely unexciting.

THE STRANGLERS: Shakin' Like A Leaf (Epic)

The Status Quo of punk still just kicking/twitching, and a pitiful spectacle it is too.

KLYMAXX: Man-Size Love (MCA)

Yet another song from that *Running Scared* flick, this is one of Rod Temperton's less wonderful moments. Klymaxx are that ex-Solar all-girl troupe who made a couple of halfway-decent records back in 81/2. Remixed by I. Levine for the Boys' market.

CINDERELLA: Shake Me (Vertigo)

The most gruesomely ugly heavy metal band you have ever seen. This neanderthal piece of schlock is already high in the American charts.

How is it that glam-metal can go on endlessly reproducing this formula?

THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG: The Ghosts Of Cable Street (MCA)

Cleanly-produced (Craig Leon) Pogues-ish song of resistance to Oswald Mosley's fascist blackshirts.

ICICLE WORKS: Evangeline (Beggar's Banquet)

Copian scouse rock produced by Ian Broudie. Yes, there's an engaging hook of sorts here.

THE QUICK: I Needed You, You Needed Me (A&M)

This duo always could write good choons. Here they sound like a tolerable Go West.

JAMES (D-TRAIN) WILLIAMS: Misunderstanding (CBS)

Pretty tedious stuff, James. A ragbag of pop-dance cliches going nowhere.

THE BIBLE: Graceland (Chrysalis)

Pleasantly Smithsy acoustic-electric song, but NOT AS GOOD AS PAUL SIMON. So there.

CUTTING CREW: One For The Mockingbird (Siren)

More Melody Rock from the 'Just Died In Your Arms' mob—like a less wasted Psychedelic Furs.

MEL AND KIM: Respectable (Supreme)

Sorry gals, but on this showin' 'Shown' Out' was probably IT. I've been wrong before, of course.

ALIEN SEX FIEND: Hurricane Fighter Plane (Plague)

Interminally monotonous version of the Red Crayola *Classique*.

DANCE LIKE A MUTHA: You Ain't So Tough (Red Eye)

Ex-Belle Star and ex-Modette team up on busy Michael Narada Walden-written dance-pop.

COLIN JAMES HAY: Hold Me (Epic)

You will naturally remember Colin from that vital antipodean combo Men At Work. He sounds like Sting singing Steve Winwood.

SCREAMIN' LORD BYRON: The Devil Is An Englishman (Virgin)

A faintly silly Tom Dolby vehicle from the soundtrack to Ken Russell's dreaded *Gothic*. A robotic beat, a hokey Hammer vocal and Dolby's usual noises.



RADAR THE ROGUE

“It may seem like an obvious thing to say, but I try to portray my characters as having some depth, which is a depth of memory. They don’t just exist for that time on the screen. They are haunted by a past” . DON WATSON talks to NICOLAS ROEG about his new film *Castaway* and its unlikely star Oliver Reed, the character haunted by a paralytic past. Photograph by KEVIN DAVIES.

SINCE THIS is a Nicolas Roeg interview the subject is time and memory.

“We look at life as if it is a series of cards, all in the right order with each card most directly affected by the one in front of it and the one behind it. But of course it isn’t that way – the most obvious example is in old people where they remember the distant past more clearly than the recent past, so obviously their actions now are more affected by a day 20 years ago than they are by yesterday. Neither do our memories begin on the day we were born – we’re born with memory. We inherit colouring and physical appearance through the genes, so why not memory?

“Our memories continue after we’re dead – perhaps that’s what we mean by the spirit, all these mystical things, perhaps they’re just memories. Ghosts aren’t phantoms in white sheets, they’re memories, and we go on as a memory after we die.”

So many things can trigger memory. In *Bad Timing*, Roeg’s chilling evocation of an *amour fou* that consumes its participants, Art Garfunkel, waiting in the hospital while Theresa Russell is treated for an overdose, lights a cigarette. Her memory floods his brain with the nicotine.

There’s a cigarette in her hand, a pocket knife in his. “If we’re going to meet it might as well be now,” she says. “If we never meet, there’s always the chance that it could have been perfect,” he replies. The memory could have been perfect, without any interference from real life.

“So many of us have an image of ourselves,” says Roeg, “but that’s not the way we really are. That’s why personal questions are so difficult. You could ask me a question about my childhood like was I happy? Was I popular? And I could answer it, but I’d have to say afterwards, ‘But it wasn’t like that’ because to answer the question properly would take a lifetime.”

The dream of escape from memory is the subject of Nicolas Roeg’s latest film, *Castaway*, the common fantasy of leaving streets lined with memories, cluttered with sensationally inconsequential headlines for a desert island, a place uninhabited by the ghosts of memory. But this being a Nicolas Roeg film, things aren’t quite that simple – Roeg’s escapees, Lucy and Gerald, discover that they have to contend not only with nature and each other but with the ghosts of themselves.

Like all of Roeg’s films, *Castaway* is haunted by a lingering mystery, there is something not fully resolved, something that plays on the memory.

In 1969, Nicolas Roeg made *Performance*, possibly the best British film ever made, it penetrated the heart of British violence and British decadence. Between its two main characters, James Fox as the headstrong gangster and Mick Jagger as the rock star whose demon had deserted him, you could see the decade of idealism crashing and the decade of nihilism being born.

“There certainly seemed to be a lot of changes happening at that time,” Roeg remembers, “although they were changes that most people weren’t aware of at the time. At the end of the ’60s we were right at the beginning of the huge burst of information that the mass media explosion gave us access to. Now we take those things for granted and things are changing in a different way. It’s hard to

imagine now that when Kennedy was shot I remember the whole pub stopping to watch the film. Now murders, assassinations and disasters happen all the time on television. We relate to it in a totally different way.”

With *Castaway* Roeg returns to filming London for the first time since. Where the city of *Performance* was flaming red, the city of *Castaway* is a sad blue, surviving under a cloud of disillusion. There’s a sense of unease that pervades the ludicrousness of its headlines, mass murderers inhabit its televisions.

“I don’t think you should fall into the trap of trying to film a city too often,” says Roeg, “you can always see a place better when you’re less familiar with it. It’s often only when you’ve been away for a while that you notice the changes. It’s like me with my sons, I’m away quite a lot and suddenly I return and there’s a man facing me where I remember a boy.”

The London of the opening sequences of *Castaway* seems to be drowning in newspapers, suffocating in on-the-spot coverage. “I think that’s very much part of the story. We are surrounded now by news of events that are very ephemeral indeed – certainly they’re very little to do with nature. It was much more interesting to me to examine a human relationship in this timeless place where outside events would not affect the relationship, not social events.”

IN *THE Man Who Fell To Earth*, David Bowie as Roeg’s homesick alien looks at a bank of television sets. “Fascinating,” he says, “they pretend to tell you everything, in fact they tell you nothing.”

Roeg returns to the idea of media saturation. “In the 18th century the amount of information that most people were privy to was fairly minimal altogether. Now we are virtually buried in it. With the universal franchise on literacy there are far more literate people than there ever were before, but their absolute understanding of the world around them has been reduced.

“My sons span a wide age group from one to 30, and it seems to me that the middle ones are apt to be less interested in the media, they don’t respond to the written medium or to the visual one, they’re searching for a new kind of information. We are presented with so much information by the media that it takes a huge amount of time to classify it, but underneath it all there’s still an innate mechanism to discover something oneself or about oneself, to discover something rather than be told it.”

What do you feel the characters in *Castaway* learn?

“Oh I think they learn to forgive one another, that’s Gerald’s last words in the film, ‘Be kind to my mistakes’. They learned that it *didn’t work*, but we can be friends. I think that’s an important thing to learn.”

“The relationship of the two people in *Castaway* begins, as a great deal more than we like to think do, out of a sense of experience and they don’t really know one another. It’s once they get to the island that they find out in a year what it takes most couples ten years to find out which is *what the other person is actually like*.

“So many married people really don’t know one another: ‘You’re not the man I married’ is a common complaint, to which the obvious reply is ‘If you’d known what sort of man I was I’d never have got you to marry me’. If there was a law that a marriage contract had to be drawn up telling the absolute personal truth then it would completely preclude courtship. People tend to act out the role that they

think will impress the would-be partner. It’s only when they get to know one another that the truth is revealed.”

There seems to be a sense of horror in Nicolas Roeg’s films that surrounds this process of getting to know someone. When Chas in *Performance* realises that the rock star Turner knows his real identity, his sense of himself begins to slip. In *The Man Who Fell To Earth* Newton is destroyed when his identity as an alien is discovered.

“Well none of us really like to be found out. That’s what’s really so remarkable about Oliver Reed, apart from the fact that he’s an extraordinary actor, he really does have the courage to live his private life in public, to such an extent, in fact, that it colours the view of his work. People may have seen only a few of the hundreds of films that he’s been in, but they know about ‘Oliver Reed’.”

I remember hearing some extraordinary stories from the magician who taught Reed the tricks for *Castaway*, of being chased round Reed’s country estate by a drunken Reed brandishing a pistol and bellowing ‘Come here, Jew boy magician!’.

“Yes,” says Roeg, “I can just imagine the tales that Simon might tell, but you see it wasn’t like that.”

IN *WALKABOUT* two children are cut loose in the stark open space of the Australian bush, they walk across the landscape but never seem to engage with it. In *Castaway* the characters are reaching out, trying to span the gulf between themselves and their surroundings.

“I think Lucy particularly does try to interact with the Island, but it is within that character to be incapable of understanding that you can love nature but don’t expect it to love you back.”

“I certainly envisaged the island as being a third character in the film, but an unsentimental one. Because nature doesn’t mourn. In the city we may see that a building we once knew has gone, and we might feel sad about it, those standards don’t apply in nature.”

Put simply *Walkabout* is an agrophobic film while *Castaway* is bound by a sense of claustrophobia – two characters plus a swelling libido crammed into a small tent on a small island.

“Well any island is like that. Islands are very much the suburbs of nature, they’re very closed communities, and going up to town is very much a big event. When we were filming we used three islands, and you could see one from the other, but we ran into characters that had been born on one and had never been to the others. They’re places where people stay where they are, because they have everything close to them. Cities are more like deserts, people wander around them, because they don’t have everything.”

CAST my mind back over Nicolas Roeg’s films – the desert scene incongruously placed at the end of *Performance*, the Australian desert in *Walkabout*, the African in *Bad Timing*. Why deserts?

“Well I’d say I was interested in frontiers generally, anywhere where two cultures meet. Say in *Bad Timing* which is set on the Austro-Czechoslovak border and she leaves her husband in Czechoslovakia and goes across the border. There’s a tremendous cultural difference between them but in reality there’s only a few miles. It’s not as if there’s a time difference, which is one of the things that makes you feel most isolated when you’re separated from somebody. But although he knows she’s

in Vienna, he doesn’t know where she is.

“There’s nothing so lonely as having a loved one in a city and not being able to get in touch with her – you might hope to bump into her, but of course you won’t. My films are my way of reaching out, of trying to touch similar emotions in other people.

“It may seem like an obvious thing to say, but I try to portray my characters as having some depth, which is a depth of memory. They don’t just exist for that time on the screen, they have existed before that. They are haunted by a past.”

THINK of the premonitions in *Performance*, in *Don’t Look Now* and the Tarot cards in *Eureka* and wonder whether they’re not also haunted by the future.

“I think a lot of people use the Tarot as a confirmation of something they do know is going to happen. It’s rather like a writer who doesn’t write, he may have the idea of what he wants to write but the confirmation doesn’t occur until he puts pen to paper. The Tarot essentially is an instrument to see yourself, that’s why it has so many meanings, it’s an instrument to help you admit the truth to yourself. It doesn’t carry its own doom. You are responsible for your own doom.”

Sometimes the films of Nicolas Roeg seem like recurring dreams, every one of them touched significantly with the colour of red.

“Oh they’re full of things I never make quite clear. As for the red, it is rather a fascinating colour. You don’t find it too much in nature.”

Blood? I ventured. “Ah, but that’s hidden.”

I remember thinking after *Eureka* that Roeg, like the character of the film had done everything, his films were now the perfect serpent eating its tale. The fact that he chose the adaptation of a stage play, *Insignificance*, for his next project seemed to confirm this.

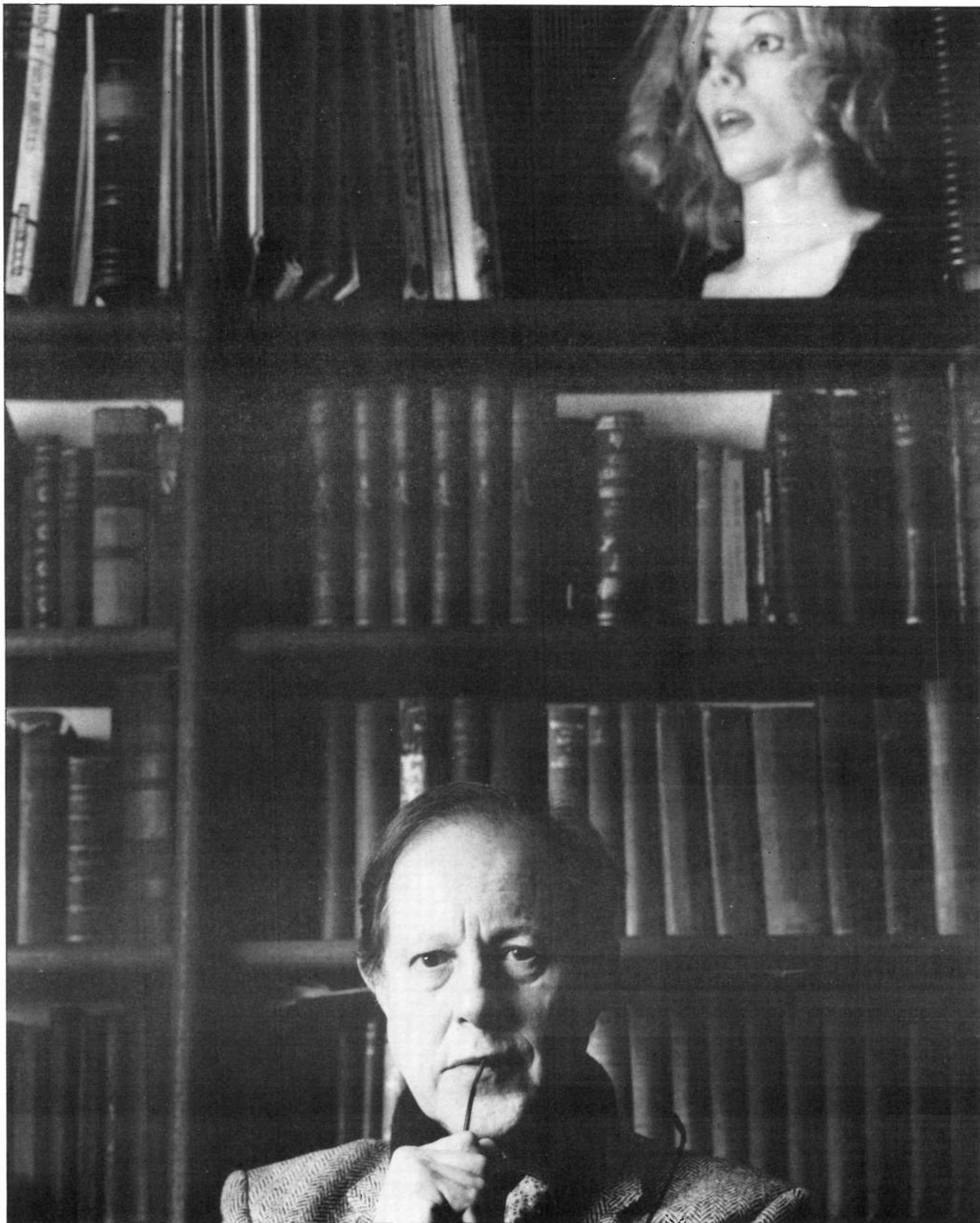
“Well,” he replies, “I think my intentions were very different from those of the original play. There is something quite fascinating in the fact that you can call someone The Actress, and everyone automatically assumes it’s Marilyn Monroe. Why? Because she’s got blonde hair? Marilyn Monroe wasn’t born with blonde hair. People immediately have an image of these people and that image is so different from how things really are. Those people are probably more affected by a private memory than by anything that we might know about them. Like the scene with the ballplayer where you see the flashback to him as a child, playing ball with his father. He hits the ball, his father catches it and throws it back hard at him. The point that scene was supposed to make was ‘Who are these characters? What do we know about them?’”

Roeg is the only person to use the iconic characters of the pop world, Bowie, Jagger, in an effective way.

“But Bowie particularly is so extraordinary. All the characters in *Insignificance* portray a universal idea. Bowie was always changing – just as the audience got ready for a concert by Ziggy Stardust, he turned up in a waist-coat. I have tremendous respect for people who can do that, even in the most run of the mill way.

“That’s frequently when it’s the most difficult. A family with all the financial ties who suddenly get up and leave. ‘Have you seen the Smiths?’ ‘Oh they’ve gone to Australia. People try so hard to put you in a box and it’s so difficult to escape.”

THE SUBURBS OF NATURE



LOST IN SAHARA CITY

AIN'T NO SOUL



Soul Man: motion picture minstrels

SOUL MAN
DIRECTOR: Steve Miner
STARRING: C. Thomas Howell, Rae Dawn Chong
(Entertainment)

THIS IS probably the first college campus movie to be centred around a yuppie awareness of American racism. Of course *Soul Man* is vacuous, tremblingly sensitive and determinedly soft-bellied.

Mark Watson's (Howell) grating euphoria at being accepted into Harvard's seemingly groovy law school is soured suddenly by his father's refusal to supply the necessary \$54,000 financial support. So cheeky Mark gulps down enough tanning pills to darken his skin sufficiently for him to win a Harvard scholarship as a black student. After making out with the campus leftie, Mark falls for

Sarah (Chong), the single parent black mother whom he beat to the scholarship award. Gradually 'Soul Man' skirts furtively towards a bone-deep issue and Mark—accepted by everyone at Harvard as being black—starts bumping into good-natured fascists. As the crunch apparently wears him down, Mark faces up to life as a black yuppie in America. But what nags at him most is the guilt he feels at cheating Sarah out of her rightful award. The inevitable farcical elements of confused identity creak on and the anguished Mark is finally supposed to strip himself (and apparently white middle-class America) to the very core, confronting the reality that he's generally a bit of a louse. But as the pink-skinned and comforting ending confirms, *Soul Man* avoids controversy and pain. Because of its weighty commercial considerations, *Soul Man* tiptoes politely towards, but never over, yuppie's exceedingly low-guilt threshold.

Donald McRae

BACK TO SCHOOL
DIRECTOR: Alan Metter
STARRING: Rodney Dangerfield, Keith Gordon, Sally Kellerman (Orion Pictures)

DURING THE tediously zany *Back To School*, the easiest way of blunting boredom is to hone in on the hope that these "fun at college" movies will finally be swallowed whole by a reactivated wave of horror films.

Surely the spotty, cheeseburger munching buff—who presumably constitutes 99% of America's movie-going public—is beginning to yearn for a return to that "taking the chainsaw to campus" theme? But the US summer success of Alan Metter's *Back to School* is a tired reminder that the buzz of chainsaw is unlikely to replace goofy teen-film inanity for sometime yet.

Metter's adaptation of the desperately dull formula of a token mixed-up nerd struggling against the usual jock for a place in the diving team and the heart of the college beauty is predictable rather than provocative.

Rodney Dangerfield is coerced into playing the role of Thornton Melon, a middle-aged, self-made millionaire, who decides to join his son, Jason, as a college freshman.

Thornton is apparently the hustling, stock-exchange sharp businessman who's looking for a little academic education and loads of romping adolescent fun. Of course dad and son throw out those appalling one-liners (which are considered witty only in MTV videos and American beer commercials), inbetween making the diving team, punching out the jocks and getting into some heavy petting with the English Lit. Professor and the diving captain's gal. The often funny

Rodney Dangerfield is, unfortunately, allowed nowhere near that much-needed chainsaw as this clichéd "college comedy" bounces into deep mediocrity.
Donald McRae.

THE FANTASIST
DIRECTOR: Robin Hardy
STARRING: Moira Harris, Christopher Cazenove, Timothy Bottoms (Blue Dolphin)

ADMIRERS OF Robin Hardy's disturbing 1983 thriller *The Wicker Man* have often lamented his loss to the world of commercials and TV movies. Sadly, 13 years of anticipation are unlikely to be satisfied by this belated follow-up, a shapeless and confusing tale of sexual repression and murder in Southern Ireland.

What is most disturbing about Hardy's film is the suggestion that the central character's girlish flirting with the suspected Danny somehow invites the violent sexual threat which follows. But there's little time to reflect on the characters' dubious motivations, though, as the tortuous plot introduces a veritable shoal of red herrings, and a series of ambiguous clues which point the finger at each of the male characters in turn.

The scene in which the girl turns the tables on her threatening attacker, by seducing him, hints at the eerie and erotic atmosphere which Hardy created in *The Wicker Man*, and the cliff-hanging showdown on a cross-Channel ferry is worthy of Hitchcock. But Hardy has retained too much of the original novel's excess baggage, and the film ends up sinking under the weight of its own narrative density.

Nigel Floyd

BRIEFINGS

TOXIC AVENGER
(Director Michael Herz/Lloyd Kaufman)
THE TOXIC tale of Melvin and his hapless adventure in a polluted small town in mutant America. Melvin's visit to the local health-club is ruined when he ends up in a vat of toxic waste and turns into an extra from *Dawn Of The Living Dead*. More variations on the seemingly inexhaustible theme of celluloid tack.

COMING UP ROSES
(Director Stephen Bayly)
A HIGHLY variable Welsh film which is touching, comic and frustratingly uneventful in equal amounts. A declining picture house acts as a metaphor for the industrial decline of Wales as the projectionist and the ice-cream lady discover that the dank stalls are the ideal place to grow mushrooms. Cottage industry combines with small-town charm but the critical edge of the great Ealing comedies is somehow lacking.

PASSING GLORY
(Director Michael Caton Jones)
THE RIVETER (Director Gillies MacKinnon)
A BOTTLE of Barr's *Irn-Bru* appears in both films, linking them to the shifting images of industrial Scotland. *The Riveter* treads the hard-man pubs of Jimmy Boyle's Glasgow and follows the (mis)fortunes of a no hope unemployed father and his dedicated son. *Passing Glory*, a more complex film, at least in its use of flashback and personal memory, tells the story of two committed women as the streetwise grand-daughter tries to honour her gran's life-long wish to have a communist funeral. Both are graduate student films and welcome additions to the current enthusiasm within Scottish film culture. Currently showing at the ICA, London.

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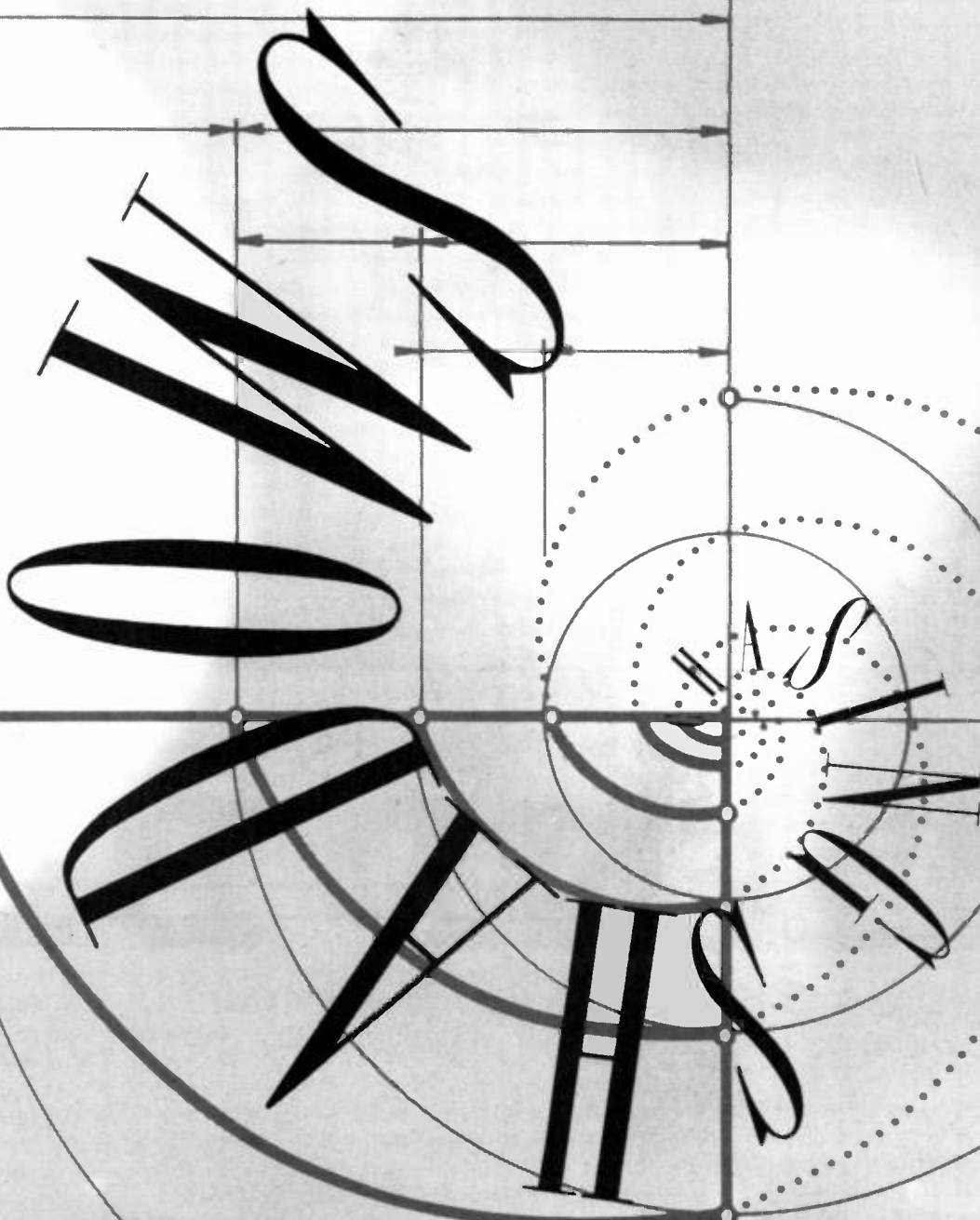
13th BRUNEL UNIVERSITY, UXBRIDGE

14th COVENTRY POLY

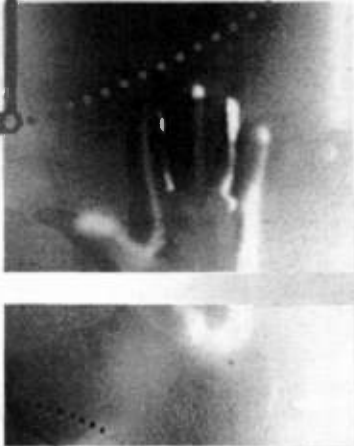
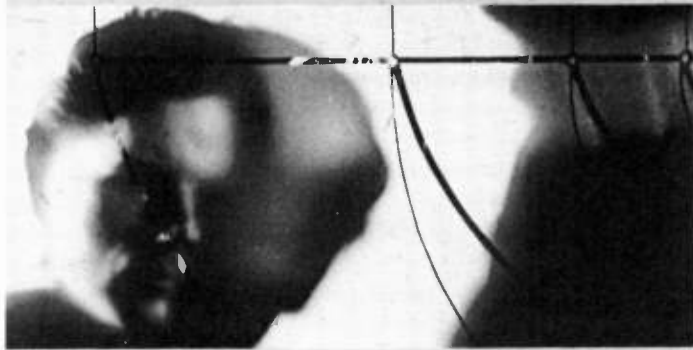
19th EDINBURGH, VENUE

20th GLASGOW, Q.M.U.

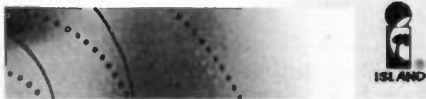
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Executive Producer: Robert Palmer
Post Production & Mix: R. Fraboni



"The Cutting Edge" The Comsat Angels new single taken from their new album "Chasing Shadows" is now available



LAST TRAIN TO CLAPHAM COMMON



A new look Bragg on the South Bank Show this week . . .

CENTRAL JOB FINDER 87 Wednesday February 25, 12.30pm (ITV)

Perfect after-pub entertainment as Governmental mind control moves into media overdrive—check the tabloid's shop-a-pusher specials, BBC's Police Watch and the diversionary Zircon virus for further examples. On offer tonight, Terry Waite watcher's post in Beirut.

HEART OF THE COUNTRY Wednesday February 25, 9.25–10.25pm (BBC2)

Following the widely regarded *Life And Loves Of A She Devil*, Fay Weldon presents her first original TV screenplay. A successful and a struggling housewife, an antique dealer and estate agent find their paths crossing in deepest Somerset.

THE OLD GREY Wednesday February 25, 8–8.30pm (BBC2)

Ain't it baaaad as in awful. Specials on retro from '79 force a tight grimace, Lone Justice Live (ummm . . .) and Simply Red interviewed.

FORTY MINUTES: BAD BLOOD Thursday February 26, 9.30pm (BBC2)

A look at supremacist motorcycle chapter the Sons Of Silence who converge on Sturgis, South Dakota along with 50,000 other hell-cats crazies. The Yo Boys arrive for an end of rally shoot out. Terry Waite tipped to start peace negotiations.

CAL Thursday February 26, 9pm (C4)

Bernard McLaverty's story about a young man and older woman coming together in an Irish border is warmly affecting and pointed, a deft mixture of emotional psychology, moral hypocrisy and the sad futility of sectarian conflict.

EBONY Friday February 27, 7.30pm (BBC2)

Ethnic London, Marcus Garvey, and the excellent Bhundu Boys interviewed and captured live.

ARENA Friday February 27, 9.40pm (BBC2)

A Brother With Perfect Timing is a documentary on jazz pianist

and South African exile Abdullah Ibrahim aka Dollar Brand.

THE TUBE Friday February 27, 5.30pm (C4)

The need to resurrect archive footage of Michael Jackson, Madonna and Bruce Springsteen suggests severe problems with viewing figures.

CHEERS Friday February 27, 10pm (C4)

If all bars were like this I'd be a chronic alco, it's what your TV is for, a perfect cast of characters and a stream of non-stop gags, if you're not watching it you're probably finished. Terry Waite buys the drinks.

THE WORLD AT WAR Sunday March 1, 7.15– 8.15pm (C4)

The taking of Italy tonight. Perhaps a chance to get the magnificent footage of Mussolini's corpse being kicked by a jubilant mass on tape.

SOUTH BANK SHOW Sunday March 1, 10.30pm (ITV)

Last Train To Clapham Common. Apparently old NME fave Billy Bragg does his fair share of train spotting in this programme looking at how television and movies have used the underground as a location. The science fiction puppet heroes from *Thunderbirds* fly through the tube system in spaceships and Doctor Who's tardis lands there by accident. In *Quatermass And The Pit* a martian space probe causes havoc at Hobb's End station. In the *Human Jungle* Joan Collins does a striptease in the tube. Terry Waite collects the tickets.

Gavin Martin

SELECT

FILMS

SALVADOR Oliver Stone's action-packed critique of buddy lifestyle and the US involvement in Central America. James Woods as the failed journalist and Jim Belushi as the repugnant DJ Dr Rock lead us through the death squads.

THE FLY Classic Cronenberg in which Jeff Goldblum stars as the obsessive scientist who transmutes into a grotesque insect, *The Brundle Fly*. Watch with fear.

DOWN BY LAW Jim Jarmusch's beat-noir movie has Tom Waits and John Lurie escaping from the juke joints and jails of low life New Orleans only to be upstaged by the oddball Italian comic Roberto Benigni.

THE GOLDEN CHILD Eddie Murphy returns as wise-guy child-catcher on the hunt for a miraculous kid who's been 'napped by evil forces. The sidewalks of LA and the mountains of Tibet are the backdrop for Eddie's loose lip. Predictable Himalayan humour.

ROCINANTE Ian Dury as The Jester is the unlikely star of this fantasy in which John Hurt searches for an idyllic England with "not a labourer in sight". Try anywhere north of Luton.

BOOKS

POCKET MONEY: Bad Boys, Business Heads And Boom Time Snooker

Gordon Burn (Heinemann £9.95)
"BURN, AS fly on the wall looks beneath the glossy, sanitised image of the game . . . and finds a world closed to outsiders, inward looking—hermetically sealed. Full of rivalries, jealousies and back-biters."
Carol Cooper 31.1.'87

THE FRONT LINE

Nicky Roberts (Grafton £2.95)
"A BLOODY working class female author! Her book is for all the women she left behind and all the women who will follow."
Jane Solanas 10.1.'87

THE HUNGRY MOON

Ramsay Campbell (Century Hutchinson £9.95)
"IF YOU'VE never ridden on Campbell's ghost train before now's the time to climb on board."
Edwin Pouncey 7.2.'87

BANANA BOY

Frank Norman (Hogarth Press £3.95)
"... a valuable addition to working class literature and an inspiration to any person with a typewriter and a story to tell . . ."
Paolo Hewitt 14.2.'87

GRANTA: MORE DIRT – NEW WRITING FROM AMERICA

(Penguin £3.95)
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Callum Murray 10.1.'87

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SNAP!

DENNIS HOPPER is arguably Hollywood's most wayward son: a distinctly out-of-kilter presence firing up films like *Easy Rider*, *Apocalypse Now!*, *The American Friend* and David Lynch's forthcoming *Blue Velvet*. Pre-*Easy Rider*, Hopper hung out on the fringes of the L.A. and Hollywood boho-zone with a camera round his neck and an eye for those passing moments that capture a generation on the edge. The results — some mediocre, others startling — reveal a talent as erratic as the man's filmmaking. Alongside the great Paul Newman shot (left), he records a passing troupe of '60s celebs and forgotten faces. Ike and Tina on the road (him at the piano, her bent over a washboard and tub), the James Brown Revue, black Civil Rights marchers, J.F.K. and Martin Luther King. Elsewhere it's filled with images of the post-beat, pre-psychedelic era, from *The Dead* and Leary to Warhol and *The Factory* floorshow. "I never made a cent from these photos. They cost me money but kept me alive" is Hopper's retrospective verdict. At £35 a throw, albeit for the limited first edition run, 'Out Of The Sixties' is for Hopper fanatics only. (Out Of The Sixties is a Twelve Tree Press book available in this country through GMP Publishing, PO Box 247, London N15 6RW).

Sean O'Hagan

WORD UP

Scripted by SEAN O'HAGAN



REMEMBERING BUDDY
John Goldrosen and John Beecher (GRR/Pavilion £9.95)

BUDDY HOLLY is a ghost whose classically gawky face has always drowned out any impression of the hard and ambitious person he really must have been.

To walk from Lubbock, Texas a rocking Harold Lloyd with only a pair of glasses and a smile, a Stratocaster and a handful of anxious tunes to stand beside Elvis Presley, he must have had the bastard streak of all tunnel-vision careerists.

And yet before John Goldrosen's 1975 biography of which this book is a radically re-worked and enlarged companion, Buddy Holly was simply that — a pair of glasses and a smile, bizarre black and white images and an Ed Sullivan handshake.

Remembering Buddy is historically long overdue for somehow this pallid ghost helped shape the white pop that pours out of your radio 24 hours a day. But Holly was really no genius, though there are queues full of people who would have you believe that. Like Presley, he was nothing more than an acceptable cipher for the harder musics he stole from — the country of Hank Williams and the R&B that was unacceptable to an openly racist south. Holly was a sweet America could swallow.

The authors fill in the space between a middle-class Texan childhood and that mythical 'plane crash with reams and reams of exhaustive information. They have done their job well. Those who want to know more are obsessive and should see a psychiatrist.

John McCready

showcase his acerbic wit, the young Truman made a few enemies amongst his newly-discovered pals (some years later, when asked his opinion of Mailer's writing, he contended that Mailer was not a writer but "a typist"). These few social hiccups aside, Capote was lionised as the peculiarly high-pitched homosexual darling of New York society. Mr Brinnin finds the glittering exploits of his country-bred friend a little too flippant for a supposedly serious writer and he doesn't mind telling us so.

Such piousness aside, this memoir, chiefly culled from the author's journals, displays a good measure of compassion. There is genuine concern as Brinnin charts Capote's decline into a bagatelle of cocaine, booze, indifferent love affairs and despondency. It is *In Cold Blood*, Capote's detached yet wonderfully lyrical study of a real-life murder (introducing a technique in writing which blurred the distinctions between literature and journalism), that lends Truman Capote's legacy such great significance. Read him and weep.

Joe Ewart

TRUMAN CAPOTE, A MEMOIR

John Malcolm Brinnin (*Sidgwick & Jackson*, £9.95)

YOU JUST cannot have everything.

With the publication of *Other Voices*, *Other Rooms*, his first novel, Truman Capote quickly established himself as having startling abilities quite beyond his years. A new role model for American writers had appeared, seemingly overnight. His exquisitely tailored prose went on both to motivate and eternally bother his contemporaries, such writers as Norman Mailer, Tennessee Williams and Gore Vidal. It soon became apparent, however, that the fire Capote had started was to light the fuse leading to his own degenerate downfall.

John Malcolm Brinnin was befriended by Capote in the early days. An occasional companion for many years, he acted as teacher, confessor and, more often than not, chaperone as Truman sashayed giddily through New York's high society, brushing diminutive shoulders with princesses, politicians and fellow pen-pushers. Never one to pass up an opportunity to

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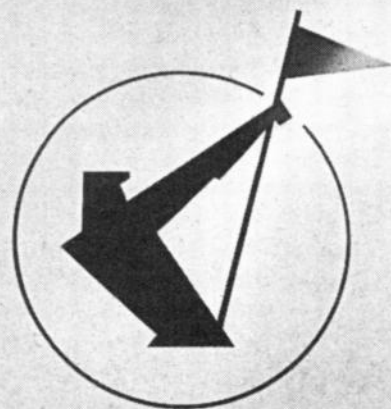
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MANIFESTO!

IN BLACK AND WHITE

OUR NATIONAL tabloid press will get its only black news editor this spring when the heavily publicised left of centre *News On Sunday* goes on sale. Heading its newsdesk will be Kolton Lee. He is 25 and a Mantronix fan. He is not Kelvin MacKenzie.

Make no mistake, *News On Sunday* will be after those stories. Editor in Chief John Pilger's angry resignation, claiming the paper was mutating into something too dangerously close to its popular rivals, gives the lie to sneers from the Fleet Street Right and the Filofax Left alike that the product would be about as lively a read as a set of Labour Party ward meeting minutes. Now, however, the news is out. *NoS* reporters will be scratching around with the best of them for careless whispers on the famous and trying-to-be-famous. It will of course have a pop page.

Kolton Lee was understandably unkeen to elaborate on precisely how much priority would be given to soft stories like pop and soap opera gossip.

"Stories on soap opera stars will be on the TV pages, as opposed to being on the front page," he says at first, but pressed further about the temptation to give the best possible space to that exclusive piece of George Michael trivia, he is less adamant: "We will be covering those sort of stories, but whether we'll put them

on the front page or not, I don't know. You have to take each story on its merits."

Whatever the final look of *NoS*, its appointment of Lee to front its news team is a radical departure from tabloid tradition. At 25, he will be the only black news editor of a mass market tabloid. Which, given tabloid preoccupation with the activities of young black men, makes his appointment a significant one.

Lee on Fleet Street: "I think it's a shame there aren't more black journalists and I think if there were more in Fleet Street, black people in this country wouldn't get such a raw deal from Fleet Street."

"The way black people are represented is usually in the context of conflicts with the police or we're seen in some other negative light. Very few positive aspects of what black people are doing are represented. I mean the Notting Hill Carnival is one of the largest carnival events in Europe and how much coverage does that get unless there's trouble?"

"To be honest I don't think things will change significantly until you get more black people in Fleet Street."

Appointing more black reporters isn't something that Fleet Street editors appear to be doing with any noticeable urgency. Lee is philosophical but not particularly hopeful.

"It's a two-way thing. Because most

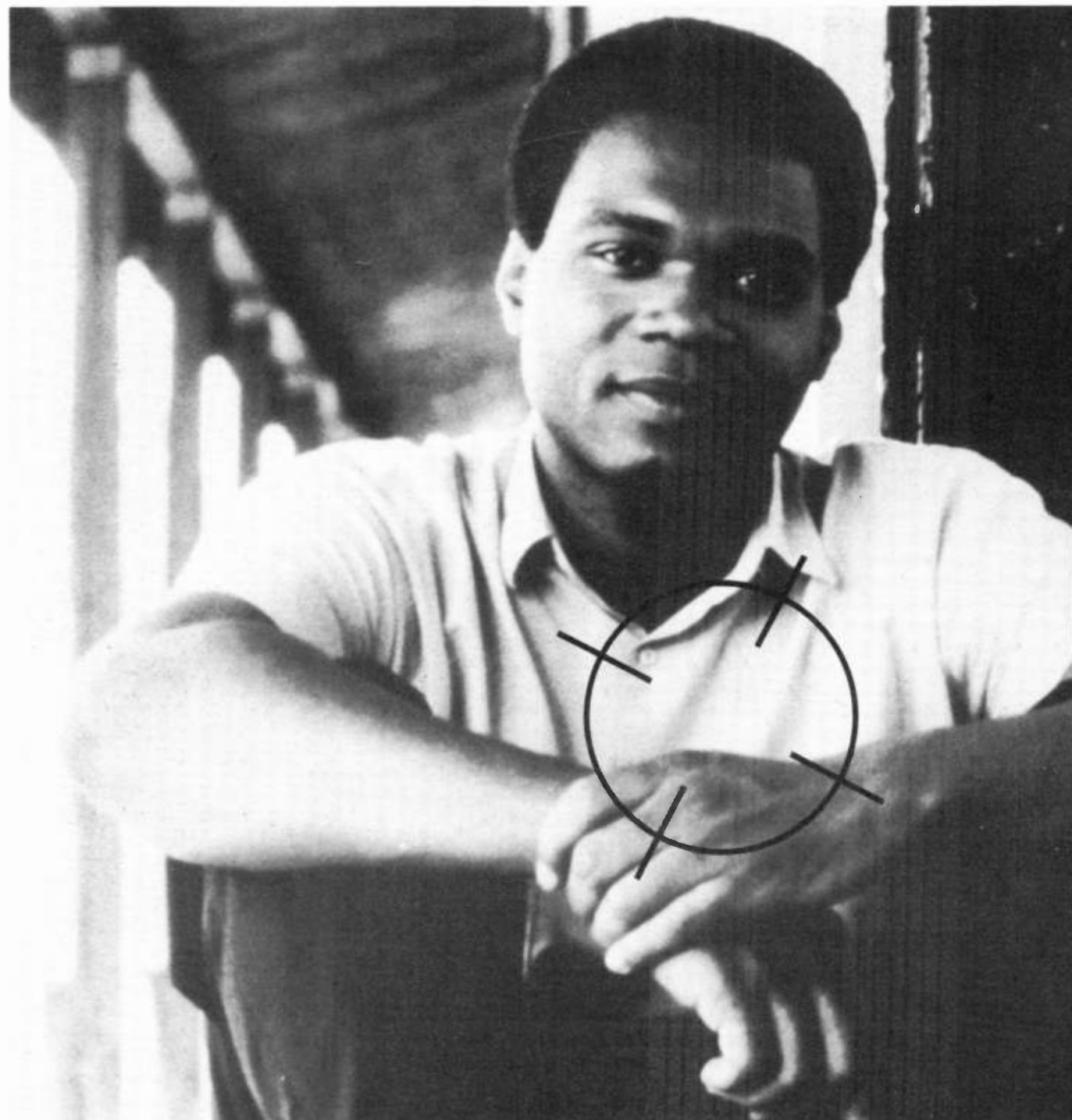
tabloid newspapers are so racist, that deters a lot of black people from joining their staff, but then on the other hand those papers obviously aren't interested in recruiting black staff".

Born in London, Lee spent much of his childhood in a children's home near Croydon, becoming a journalist after injury put paid to a promising career as a professional basketball player. Voted one of the two best players in the country at the age of 19, he recovered from a leg injury a few years later only to discover he would never be as good as before. He quit and joined the sports desk of the London based black weekly tabloid *The Voice*. A year later he was the paper's editor, the job he left to go to *NoS*. His musical tastes embrace both jazz and hip hop and he confesses to being a Mantronix fan.

NoS, says Lee, will be a radical campaigning newspaper — "We will incorporate elements of the other popular papers but we'll be addressing serious issues as well."

News On Sunday expects to build a circulation of one million with its mixture of hard, investigative news stories and softer tabloid tales. It also expects to attract the youngest readership profile of a national tabloid — market research estimates half its readers will be under 35.

Angela Holden



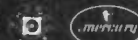
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NIGHTTOWN RECORDS



Glenys Kinnock (left) and Margaret Thatcher—two of the few women in politics.

MS REPRESENTATION

In British politics, women are the silenced majority — comprising more than 50 per cent of the population, yet with less than 4 per cent of parliamentary seats. LUCY O'BRIEN looks at how the major political parties are planning to redress this imbalance.

SHE HOUNDED the Director General of the BBC until the poor sod resigned.

She told the Northern working class to stop eating chips.

She wants to ban Samantha Fox and Page Three porn.

She saved her husband from drowning embarrassment on the beach at Brighton. Margaret Thatcher. Edwina Currie. Claire Short and Glenys Kinnock.

Women have never been more prominent in British politics.

This General Election year the women's vote counts more than ever before. All the main political parties are drawing up policy issues concerning women, appointing women's officers at national and local levels, and more women are standing as Parliamentary candidates.

Recognition of women's real impact on the vote is an impressive result of their development on the job market, their greater decision making power, the proliferation of feminist ideas — and certain crucial factors such as the success of the Green Party women MPs in Germany, the politicisation of wives during the miners' strike.

But women still earn over 25 per cent less than men, are still segregated into a narrow range of un/semi-skilled jobs, have fewer opportunities for higher education, are denied equal rights with men in taxation and social security, and are subject to violence at home and on the streets. It is one thing having women in Parliament, and another concretely affecting the lives of the majority of women. What do the main parties offer? Are they really committed to change, or are these machinations more for vote catching impact?

The Conservatives (hardly surprising) encourage women as achievers, having the supreme careerist individualist model in Margaret — "I dislike strident feminists" — Thatcher. Despite having had a women's section since the early 1920s, and aiming

this year for one-third female on their candidates list, Conservative initiative concentrates on areas such as tax reform, more for the 'high fliers'.

Emma Nicholson, Vice Chairman with responsibility for women, advocates better provision for women as carers, echoing this government's strategy of forcing women back into the 'home', to nurturing roles like childminding, looking after the old and sick, 'caring' jobs which until recently were supplied by the state. Baroness Young and Lynda Chalker, founder members of the 300 Group (a national organisation to help women get into public office) use a Girl Guide motto "Be Prepared". They promote a Women into Public Life Campaign in the vein of Baden-Powell himself, based on stifling values of Queen, country and elitism. Although the Tories have the highest number of actual women MPs — 14, while Labour has 12, the Liberals one, and the SDP none — their policies will only positively affect the few.

The Alliance, with their party policy document drawn up by 18 women — 'Freedom And Choice For Women', are going for major legislative alterations. They intend to replace the Equal Pay Act 1970 and Sex Discrimination Act 1975 with one much stronger, implementing equal pay and opportunities. With 36 Liberal and 44 SDP prospective women candidates, the Alliance places emphasis on women getting involved in government councils on a local as well as national level.

Labour is taking the issue a pragmatic step further, with plans for a Women's Ministry, and Jo Richardson as Britain's first Minister for Women. France (with the Ministry recently closed under Prime Minister Chirac) and Australia have already set the pace, showing how a women's ministry theoretically has the power to intervene in every area of government, to see that women's views are being represented and their needs met. Still with 13 selections to go, Labour has 88 women candidates, all pushing for a "grassroots network",

making public life more accessible to women. Government services, funding and practical provision are ensured: from providing creches at every public event allowing women with children to attend meetings, to developing and co-ordinating policies for sex equality and tackling specific areas of discrimination.

As the urgency increases and promises grow, it will be exciting to see how far the current House of Commons ratio — 621 male MPs, 27 female (two seats vacant) — can be altered. Not only is it time for redressing the balance, but also some radical change. So far Labour have established the largest network and resources to bring that into actuality.

KILLING FIELDS

THE BRITISH-based multinational mining company Gold Fields is 100 years old. Since it began its lucrative operation in South Africa in 1887, over 46,000 gold miners have been killed in its mines and over one million have been seriously injured. While Gold Fields — the biggest single British investor in South Africa — makes £162 million in profits, South African miners are forced to work in dangerous conditions, live in crowded dormitories (2000 — 8000 residents) away from their families, and paid the equivalent of £48 per month. In 1985, when the South African National Union of Mineworkers' four per cent pay claim was rejected, the salary of Gold Fields chairman Sir Rudolph Agnew increased from £147,000 pa to £218,000.

A campaign to publicise the plight of Gold Fields' employees has now been launched by the Labour Party Young Socialists (LPYS). They plan to lobby the Gold Fields HQ in London on March 20, to expose the links between British business and the apartheid regime, and to support demands made by the South African NUM for recognition and eventual nationalisation of the minefields.

"Gold Fields is the worst mining company in South Africa," said Linda Douglas, the LPYS representative on Labour's national executive. "It keeps its workers in the most appalling conditions and refuses to negotiate with the South African NUM. The only negotiations it knows is by the shotgun and the whip!" (Gold Fields imposes these repressive conditions through the use of its own company police force of 6,000 men and 700 dogs.) "We aim to expose British links with South Africa to British workers, and broaden out the campaign for... sanctions in Britain as a whole, so we can all play a part in destroying apartheid."

A spokesman for Gold Fields Ltd England, which has a 48 per cent stake in Gold Fields South Africa, claimed that the company did not support apartheid and questioned the "generalisations" and figures supplied by the LPYS. He argued that Gold Fields had been singled out because it is the biggest mining employer in South Africa.

"It's jolly good that the company gives employment to 80,000 in South Africa, or they'd be unemployed," he said. "Do they want all the mines to close down or do they want the people to work? We believe that it is economic prosperity on behalf of the black man that will destroy apartheid."

The Young Socialists are particularly concerned at the extent of links between Tory and Labour MPs and South Africa, which received most visits last year from British politicians travelling abroad. For example, Jack Cunningham, Labour Shadow Cabinet member, is an adviser to Albright & Wilson who have links with Pretoria.

"No MP should have links period, and no Labour MP should have more than one job," said Dave Nellist (Lab, Coventry South-east). He added that MPs were "giving credence" to the Botha regime and "to the cheap expenditure of human life that is the hallmark of South African mining".

Len Brown



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Ginger snaps back

Over a bridge that broaches the motionless ex-ship canal and past cobbled back streets. Past low-pay sweat shops and big red cars and tall brown buildings still stuffed with textiles. This is Manchester's past.

I'm looking for a building marked 41. I find it, walk inside, and discover the National Westminster Bank. Behind the plate glass a woman with red hair redirects me. I decide this is either a very surreal dream or a manifestation of the famously strange Mancunian sense of humour.

The right place is a little different – black boxes of hi-fi and video stacked on Habitat home girders. A Sony TV sits on a Black And Decker Workmate. The Manchester sense of humour. On the screen, a man in a black hat sings raucously about *"the right thing"*. He removes his hat and a lump of crushed red hair breaks free.

As the image fades, the same man puffs through the door with a bicycle. "Hello," I say, "I'm Alan Jackson". The man with the red hair laughs.

"Where's the black contingent?" he calls. Two black men appear from another room. They'll mill about, messing with the hi-fi and making tea. The three of them are pop musicians and pop is almost all the north has left. They are Manchester's future.

Simply Red have come a long, long way. The strange mess left by the sledgehammer of fame is always fascinating. But in the space of the average rapist's prison sentence, Mick Hucknall, Fritz McIntyre, Sylvan and the rest of them have gone from local so-whats to Manchester's biggest world export since The Hollies. The Smiths and New Order are not fit to flick through their cheque stubs.

Mick Hucknall remembers spending hours sitting in a pub with fellow Frantic Elevators, discussing the ins and outs of 'Let It Be' or 'Sergeant Pepper'. Now he swanks at the BPI Awards and George Martin comes up to him and "may I just say how much I enjoy your music". And Diana Ross says "write us a song, Mick". And Lamont Dozier says "come and work with me". And Tina Turner and Whitney Houston say "gee, I think you're fabulous". And James Brown says, "Man, that boy can sing".

And now Mick Hucknall is singing Barry White and asking if I take sugar. Simply Red have come a long way. Others might have been driven insane by their sudden, swirling ascension. But Mick and Sylvan and Fritz, now settled in their Northern headquarters, have had John Coltrane and James Brown and Lee Perry giving them constant spiritual assistance. They must also have listened to the great John Miles who sang: *"In this world of trouble, my music pulls me through"*.

Sylvan says that music has been "the one constant". Mick nods in sympathy.

"Music helps us to know where we are. When we're travelling, the major priority is how good the sound system is in the car, or on the bus or in the house where we're staying. If you can rely on music, it keeps things in perspective. We were stuck in the middle of Alabama in a fucking bus and . . . just thinking about all that . . . thinking about where we were . . . seeing what was going on around us . . . all the madness of Los Angeles and New York and even Europe . . . I stayed with the music. In a way it's always been a bit of an escape for me."

Does it help you maintain your sanity? There are knowing nods.

"Completely," says a tired looking Mick. "Absolutely," says whispering Sylvan. "It's an escape. But while you're escaping, you're learning as well. About yourself and about music."

It sounds like an obsession, an illness to me.

"No, it's great," says Fritz.

"It's a beauty," says Sylvan.

Don't you sometimes get fed up with it?

Mick's red rises to the surface. He has a short temper and is easily wound up.

"You don't fucking listen to it then . . . you put the tele on . . . play it when you want to hear it. You don't force yourself. I like jazz in the mornings and late at night, it seems to suit my mood then. John Coltrane in the mornings severely sorts me out . . ."

Fritz tells me how bass player, Tony Bowers, likes to listen to Buddhist chants. Fritz falls back and muses: "Imagine sitting on top of a mountain with a portable CD player listening to some chants, breathing in the fresh air . . . great."

Mick enthuses. "You should take as much in as you possibly can . . . Gimme! Gimme! Gimme!" He talks excitedly of the John Coltrane track where there are "three different rhythms going off."

"I would envisage that our third album will be very jazzy. It's what we've all been listening to."

And there's me thinking you're a funk group.

"We're a pop group and we're not ashamed of being a pop group. We're pop in the best sense of the word, like The Beatles or Marvin Gaye was. We're not bloody Bucks Fizz, but the real pop stuff that I've been listening to since I was a kid."

"We're not searching for any credibility in a black music realm. We all like soul and jazz and funk and reggae, but it doesn't mean we have to be those things. That's one of the things that's largely misunderstood about us. Pop leaves us open to be as free as we want to be and as diverse as we want to be."

"We want to diversify, not be a part of any trend, movement or fashion."

Mick talks about melody and rhythm as being the only constants he needs.

"It's one of the reasons I'm not that keen on rap music. It has no melody."

Like somebody's dad, Fritz adds "it's great for dancing to when you don't want to think, but if you want to feel inspired by something, it switches your mind off".

A doctor writes: Mantronik's 'Hard Core Hip Hop' to be taken three times daily. There's more than one way to skin a cat.

Simply Red have come a long, long way. And a new LP called 'Men And Women' is louder, harder and more aggressive than the almost timid 'Picture Book'. 'Picture Book' was a promise and 'Men And Women' fulfills that promise. And Simply Red are no longer Simply Mick, for the music is now just as troublesome as that Ajax gargling voice.

Are you annoyed that Simply Red has so far been seen as The Mick Hucknall Six?

Fritz inhales slowly, collecting his thoughts. Mick swigs on his Marks and Spencer's grapefruit juice and says "we knew it was an inevitability". Meanwhile, Fritz has shuffled his words into some kind of order. If he'd been the shouting kind, his anger would have been more obvious.

"The thing that has been a constant annoyance to me," he says calmly, "has been the white, blue-eyed soul boys reference. Because I've not got blue eyes and I'm not

Death to the "blue-eyed soul boys" slur and an end to those shagging-on-the-road tales, demands SIMPLY RED's Mick Hucknall. With Diana Ross, Lamont Dozier and James Brown name-checking His Curlyness, surely it's time to reappraise Red's maligned morality? But isn't there more to life than music? asks JOHN McCREADY. Photography by MIKE OWEN.

white and I'm just as much a part of this as anyone. I've never felt my contributions have been less than anyone else's . . ."

Mick, fuelled by grapefruit juice, continues:

"The amount of crap that's been written about us from the gutter press to your crew is . . . we've never made a point of this race business . . . but to have constant references to this blue-eyed soul boys bit and to also have three black members working in the group is just downright insulting. But to compensate, we're not saying 'look at this wonderful, multi-racial pop group living in harmony'. We should be taken for what we are – a pop group . . . and we're not brown-eyed soul either".

"IF YOU'RE a music magazine, doing an interview about musicians then it should be based on music. If it's not based on music then it can't be taken seriously." (Fritz McIntyre)

We begin to talk about the things

outside the music because there's more to life than sitting on top of a mountain tripping out to a portable CD soundtrack. For the first time this afternoon, Simply Red don't seem to understand. They don't seem to understand that even the most devoted and fanatical consumer wants more than music. Otherwise, I'd be on the dole again and they wouldn't be making pop videos.

Only other musicians are so easily pleased. And this is not *Plectrum Monthly*. This is *NME* and I am a nosey bastard.

"We're dead boring," says Fritz. "But I'd fight for my privacy. I'd kill for my privacy."

Then, for the first time this afternoon, I don't understand. We talk about the new LP which paints a picture of a man who leads a very active life. He stays out all night long. 'Infidelity' is his second name. And when he's home, the woman who shares his life has to lay back and think of England because this man has to "get on the top more".

Mick is alarmed when I think it's him. "A lot of the material isn't autobiographical."

But people are simple-minded, Mick. They're not as clever as you or I.

"If what you're saying is it's a shagging, on-the-road record then it'd be called 'Mick And Women'. But it's not, it's a very moral album."

Those are a unique set of morals, Mick.

"This is not an album about my sexual conquests. People are trying to make out I'm some sort of womaniser and it's a load of shit. I resent it very much because it makes me look bad. You're the first person in perhaps 40 people who've heard the album to take it that way and I find that very encouraging."

Mick gets up to brew up. Fritz is unhappy at the turn in the conversation. "We're a music-based group. That's what really important". He will get unhappier.

The undercurrent of hard language, the talk of money and Ronnie, of Number 10 and a divided nation, or rich and poor, that made 'Picture Book' – despite its shy production – such an enduring record, has largely disappeared from 'Men And Women'.

Why less and not more when the evil grocer's offspring has yet to be driven out of town?

Simply Red have come a long, long way. Mick Hucknall hasn't forgotten where he came from. The clutter from the gutter are bitter for life. He talks of the "middle-class fuckers" who begrudge him his money.

"They're jealous and they try to take out their middle-class guilt on you. They try to imply that I should be ashamed of the money

I've earned. They can fuck off. I read a thing in the Q magazine about Gary Kemp. Now I probably don't need to say that I've no time for the music of Spandau Ballet, but the way he was dealt with was a fucking outrage. The guy's from a very serious working-class background and he was getting slagged off for it, because he'd made a few bob. I wanted to punch the fucker, who was obviously a middle-class twat. Most working-class people are glad to see you get out and make something of yourself. I've got nothing against middle-class people as long as they own up or shut up. It just makes me sick. I've no dilemmas about money and I don't need to justify my wealth to anyone.

"But those people just makes me sick. They're the worst fucking kind and your paper's full of them . . ."

Mick Hucknall says these things while Sylvan and Fritz look on in semi-horror. And yet he will not throw his very public weight behind the movement to rid this country of its greatest scourge since tuberculosis.

"I will support the Labour party by voting for them. But I see that as my contribution to getting rid of Thatcher. Still, I wouldn't trust them as far as I could throw them."

But you have a platform, you have influence, you have space to use.

Fritz begins to fry: "We have never done that and we never will. It's personal. What we do as a band is a different thing."

Mick sees red.

"Listen, there's no fucking Tories in this group. And we're musicians. It's dangerous. I'm up here to deal with music, not tell a bunch of fucking kids what side they should be on. Politics had very little to offer me when I was a kid. Politicians were just those fuckers on the tele who spoiled the cartoons. Besides, the Labour Party is a fucking mess."

In 1987, an election year, that's beside the point.

"It stinks," says Fritz, almost vehemently. "It's everything we don't stand for, it's a gimmick."

Surprisingly, Mick considers, "what if a bunch of kids came to our concerts and they voted Tory".

You tell them to fuck off.

"I'm not going to say that. I've no right to say that. People are welcome to our concerts if they like the music."

"They're aware that I hate Thatcher and that's enough for me . . . look, we obviously disagree . . . let's change the subject."

We start using up the *Smash Hits* questions. Mick tells me he'd like to make six or seven albums and then retire to have a family. Fritz tells me his ambitions are mostly personal. Mick starts singing Barry White.

It's time to leave.

Mick turns to the window and Sylvan shakes my hand. "The bit about politics was a waste of time," he says, smiling.

I walk over the bridge and back through the busy back streets. This one looks as if a bomb has hit it. An old man sits in the corner. He is dirty and probably drunk. In the foreground is a white *Rolls Royce*. This is Manchester's present. This is 1987.

The time when musicians and pop groups could be just musicians and pop groups is long gone. The trouble with real working-class achievers (not heroes) like Mick Hucknall is that they're so down to earth and so unaffected that they see themselves as ordinary people. They are not. Such people have a responsibility to use their platform well. The immediate enemy resides at Number 10. The Mick Hucknalls of this world should be doing all they can to make sure she gets evicted.





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LIVE ON A DIRTY NEEDLE.**

**DON'T GIVE IT A
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AIDS is incurable and it kills.
Sharing a needle or equipment
with an infected person is the
easiest way to put the AIDS virus straight
into your bloodstream.

So, if you're thinking of injecting drugs
for the first time, don't. And if you can't
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D O N T A I D A I D S

Shop girls of the world unite!

Out of the shops and into the charts come MEL AND KIM – friendly, forthright, but kept strictly *in line* by their manager. PAOLO HEWITT investigates Shopgirl Culture. Photograph by LAWRENCE WATSON.

Mel and Kim are staring directly into the lens of Lawrence Watson's camera.

Just behind Lawrence stands their manager, and head of their record company, Nick. Lawrence asks Kim if she could move round to Mel's right-hand side. The moment he asks, they both automatically look to Nick and ask, "Is that alright?"

Nick's answer is immediate. "No. I'm afraid we can't do that," he says. "See, we've spent a lot of time establishing that it is Mel and Kim. If you shoot them the other way round, people might get confused."

Mel and Kim spend a lot of time looking to Nick for their answers. After all, he's the man who signed them, recorded them, and then enabled them to sell over half a million copies of their first single, 'Showing Out'.

Today is promotion day for the follow up, 'Respectable', an even dancier, poppier record than its predecessor, and Mel and Kim are busy shouting the odds for it in their loud cockney voices, the unmistakable sound of Shopgirl Culture.

Shopgirls are an ignored culture who live within the heart of British working class culture. They leave school early and enter dead-end jobs because, "it's better than being on the dole and you got to get some money in your pocket, haven't you?" They buy their clothes at Chelsea Girl or Top Shop and spend their Friday and Saturday nights (important nights, these) in the local pubs and clubs fretting with their boyfriends who regularly stand them up. They dance to mainstream black music. They thrive on soaps and know their place.

In Mel and Kim's case, the local area is Hackney where they were brought up, educated and first found work in various factories, boutiques and offices. They are loud friendly girls who are totally impervious to any criticism. "We've sold 450,000 records is what I should of told him," Mel says of one rude customer they met.

Similarly, when Mel's past as a nude model was splashed all over the pages of certain men's magazines, she reacted in typical fashion. "To tell the truth, I was a little embarrassed, but I did it because at the time I chose to do it. It's like water under a bridge now."

Shopgirls put a high premium on honesty. It wouldn't bother Mel and Kim, for instance, if you objected to the fact that they are merely puppets at the hands of others or that they couldn't play an instrument to save their lives.

"It doesn't matter," Kim states. "We haven't come out to be musical. We haven't said we can play instruments."

Mel and Kim are currently under the aegis of producers, Stock, Aikman and Waterman, currently the three most commercial producers of the '80s. Their forte is fusing black music with a pop edge that crosses over massively. It is the soundtrack for thousands of young Shopgirls like Mel and Kim.

Kim and Mel, sorry, Nick, *Mel and Kim*, the epitome of the Shopgirl, are flagbearers of a culture that mainly denies its components any real chances. They are, against all odds, having the times of their lives, and earning money they would normally only dream about. They are opportunist, mainly apolitical and always searching for the good time. They also know, deep in their hearts, that the last thing they should do is to question the methods and reasons behind the emergence of the Shopgirl. To do so would threaten too many positions.



Disc Junkies

- 1

I SAY A LITTLE PRAYER

Aretha Franklin (Atlantic)
- 2

TIRED OF BEING ALONE

Al Green (London)
- 3

WALK ON BY

Dionne Warwick (Pye)
- 4

KISS

Prince (Paisley Park)
- 5

THIS OLD HEART OF MINE

The Isley Brothers (Tamla Motown)
- 6

(GET UP I FEEL LIKE BEING A) SEX MACHINE

James Brown (Polydor)
- 7

KING TUBBY MEETS THE ROCKERS UPTOWN

Augustus Pablo (Rockers)
- 8

YOUNG HEARTS RUN FREE

Candi Staton (Warner Bros)
- 9

SEXUAL HEALING

Marvin Gaye (Epic)
- 10

MOVE ON UP

Curtis Mayfield (Buddah)
- 11

MIDNIGHT TRAIN TO GEORGIA

Gladys Knight & The Pips (Buddah)
- 12

SHAME

Evelyn 'Champagne' King (RCA)
- 13

=RUNNING UP THAT HILL

Kate Bush (EMI)
- 13

=LIKE A ROLLING STONE

Bob Dylan (CBS)
- 15

ROCK YOUR BABY

George McCrae (Jayboy)
- 16

MY BABY JUST CARES FOR ME

Nina Simone (Charly)
- 17

THE MESSAGE

Grandmaster Flash And The Furious Five (Sugarhill)
- 18

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN

Sex Pistols (Virgin)
- 19

WHAT'S GOING ON

Marvin Gaye (Tamla Motown)
- 20

SHIPBUILDING

Robert Wyatt (Rough Trade)
- 21

I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE

Marvin Gaye (Tamla Motown)
- 22

THIS CHARMING MAN

The Smiths (Rough Trade)
- 23

TEARS OF A CLOWN

Smokey Robinson And The Miracles (Tamla Motown)
- 24

BILLIE JEAN

Michael Jackson (Epic)
- 25

JUST MY IMAGINATION

The Temptations (Tamla Motown)
- 26

ATMOSPHERE

Joy Division (Factory)
- 27

I CAN'T STAND THE RAIN

Ann Peebles (London)
- 28

GOOD VIBRATIONS

The Beach Boys (Capitol)
- 29

WATERLOO SUNSET

The Kinks (Pye)
- 30

PAPA WAS A ROLLING STONE

The Temptations (Tamla Motown)
- 31

ADVENTURES ON THE WHEELS OF STEEL

Grandmaster Flash And The Furious Five (Sugarhill)
- 32

RIVER DEEP MOUNTAIN HIGH

Ike And Tina Turner (London)
- 33

PEOPLE GET READY

The Impressions (HMV)
- 34

HAVE YOU SEEN HER

The Chi-Lites (MCA)
- 35

GOOD TIMES

Chic (Atlantic)
- 36

GET UP OFFA THAT THING

James Brown (Polydor)
- 37

TRACKS OF MY TEARS

The Miracles (Tamla Motown)
- 38

I WANT YOU BACK

The Jackson Five (Tamla Motown)
- 39

LIGHT MY FIRE

The Doors (Elektra)
- 40

RESPECT

Aretha Franklin (Atlantic)
- 41

PENNY LANE/STRAWBERRY FIELDS

The Beatles (Parlophone)
- 42

WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN

Percy Sledge (Atlantic)
- 43

PAPERBACK WRITER

The Beatles (Parlophone)
- 44

LET'S STAY TOGETHER

Al Green (London)
- 45

REACH OUT

The Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
- 46

I WISH IT WOULD RAIN

The Temptations (Tamla Motown)
- 47

DON'T BE CRUEL/HOUND DOG

Elvis Presley (HMV)
- 48

STAND BY ME

Ben E King (London)
- 49

1999

Prince (Warner Bros)
- 50

COMPLETE CONTROL

The Clash (CBS)
- 51

POLICE AND THIEVES

Junior Murvin (Island)
- 52

WICHITA LINEMAN

Glen Campbell (Ember)
- 53

DANCING IN THE STREET

Martha And The Vandellas (Tamla Motown)
- 54

BAND OF GOLD

Freda Payne (Invictus)
- 55

FAMILY AFFAIR

Sly And The Family Stone (Epic)
- 56

TRANSMISSION

Joy Division (Factory)
- 57

PUBLIC IMAGE

Public Image Ltd (Virgin)
- 58

ONE NATION UNDER A GROOVE

Funkadelic (Warner Bros)
- 59

SUPERSTITION

Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)
- 60

DON'T STOP TILL YOU GET ENOUGH

Michael Jackson (Epic)
- 61

BAD MOON RISING

Creedence Clearwater Rivival (Liberty)
- 62

THAT'LL BE THE DAY

The Crickets (Vogue-Coral)
- 63

FREE NELSON MANDELA

The Special AKA (2 Tone)
- 64

ROCK LOBSTER

The B-52s (Island)
- 65

ANARCHY IN THE UK

Sex Pistols (EMI)
- 66

HOW SOON IS NOW

The Smiths (Rough Trade)
- 67

SPACE ODDITY

David Bowie (Phillips)
- 68

IT'S A MAN'S MAN'S WORLD

James Brown (Polydor)
- 69

ME AND MRS JONES

Billy Paul (Epic)
- 70

EIGHT MILES HIGH

The Byrds (CBS)
- 71

SHE IS BEYOND GOOD AND EVIL

The Pop Group (Radar)
- 72

TURN TURN TURN

The Byrds (CBS)
- 73

I'M A BELIEVER

The Monkees (RCA)
- 74

IF YOU WANT ME TO STAY

Sly And The Family Stone (Epic)
- 75

YOU REALLY GOT ME

The Kinks (Pye)

TOP 150 S

Say it loud, the top dozen singles in our all-time nifty 150 were by black artists. The poll, in which 34 *NME* staffers took part, proved to be an all-embracing affair, encompassing over 1,060 records stemming from virtually every category of popular music. The age span of the selected discs proved no less mind-boggling, ranging from Charles Penrose's kiddywink favourite 'The Laughing Policeman' (1938) right up to Prince's 'Kiss'. Sometimes the credibility of the whole affair seemed in doubt, especially when two scribes elected to vote for the same Val Doonican release!

But the majority of lists came filled with Motown memories, Marvin Gaye leading the charge with a dozen Detroit-born titles, plus 'Sexual Healing', his later, Epic-spawned classic. Diana Ross and The Supremes logged 10 entries between them, a total equalled by The Temptations, while The Four Tops tallied (8), Miracles (8) and Stevie Wonder (6).

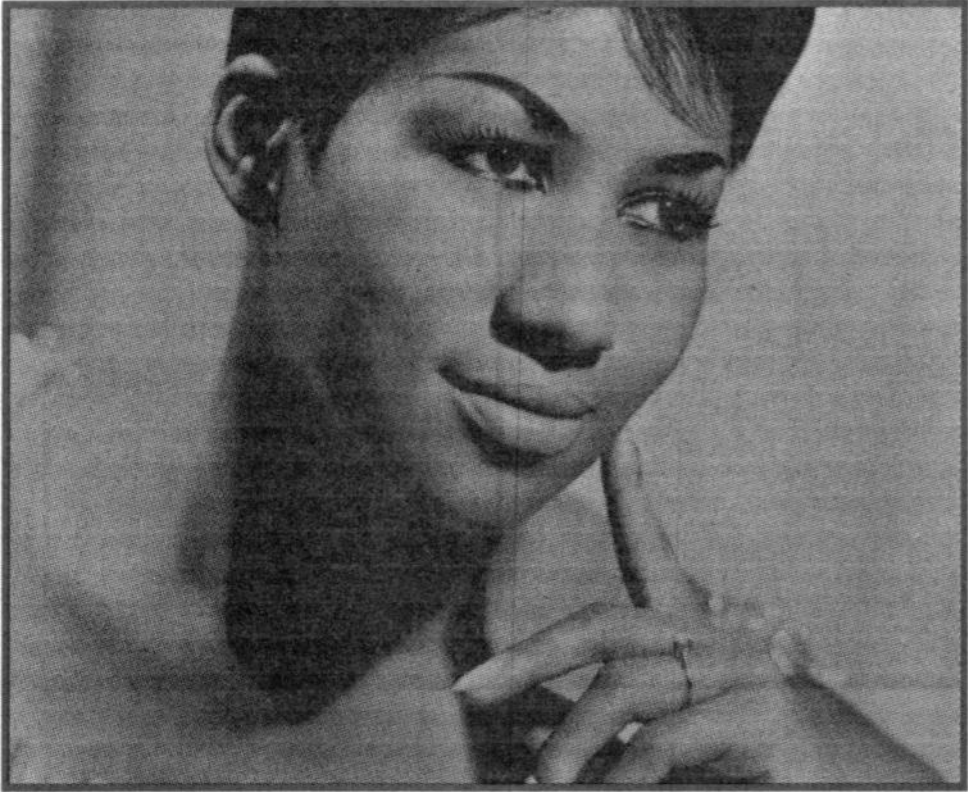
Most of the headline makers of the '60s retained sizeable followings, The Beatles gaining a dozen different nominations, Bob Dylan, The Doors, Everly Brothers, Jimi Hendrix, The

Kinks, and The Rolling Stones all notching impressive scores.

Of those bands that came out of the late '70s punk revolution, the most widely supported proved to be the Buzzcocks, eight of whose singles were nominated, though only 'What Do I Get' made it through to the final 150.

The 2-Toners and associates, once almost considered as family by *NME*'s early '80s pool of pen-pushers, found scant support with the current regime, though The Specials' 'Free Nelson Mandela' logged enough support to bring a smile to Jerry Dammers' phizog. And even current office heroes, The Smiths, didn't prove as all-conquering as some predicted, though seven entries – one of which ('This Charming Man') hauled itself into the best 30 singles ever released category.

Compiled from lists supplied by Len Brown, Roy Carr, Cath Carroll, Stuart Cosgrove, Fred Dellar, Joe Ewart, Fiona Foulgar, Paolo Hewitt, Barney Hoskyns, Jo Isotta, Alan Jackson, Danny Kelly, Michele Kirsch, Graham Lock, Chris Long, Ray Lowry, John McCready, Donald McRae, Gavin Martin, Lucy O'Brien, Sean O'Hagan, Ian Pye, David Quantick, Penny Reel, Derek Ridgers, Mark Sinker, Mat Snow, Terry Staunton, David Swift, Neil Taylor, Adrian Thrills, Steven Wells, Ian Wright, Karen Walter.



Aretha: No 1 with a prayer!



Prince: Paisley wins its place



Gladys Knight: just pipped . . .

NME'S ANGLES



PHOTO: TIM JARVIS

Augustus Pablo: dubmaster drops in



PHOTO: JEAN-MARC BIRBAUX

JB: in on the good foot

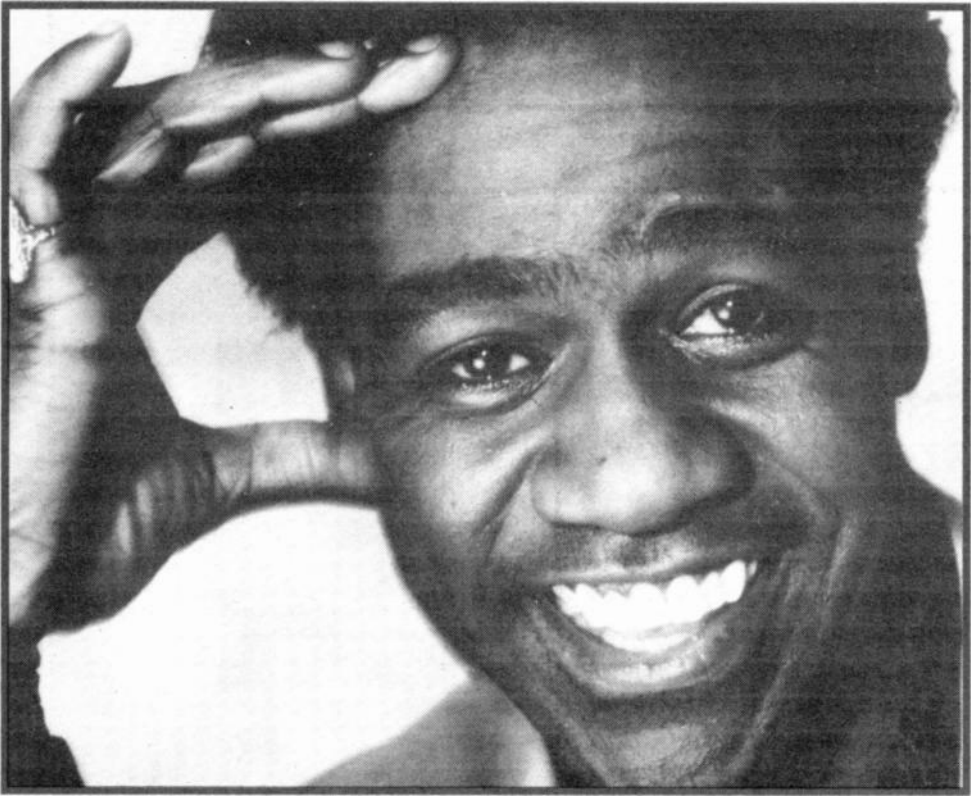


PHOTO: JAMES T. KRIEGSMAN

Isleys: heart and soul



Dionne: a classic walk



Al Green: in good company

- 76 CAN I CHANGE MY MIND Tyrone Davis (Brunswick)
77 YOU DON'T HAVE TO SAY YOU LOVE ME Dusty Springfield (Phillips)
78 PROMISED LAND Johnny Allan (Oval)
79 RIP IT UP Little Richard (London)
80 JUMPIN' JACK FLASH The Rolling Stones (Decca)
81 CRAZY Patsy Cline (Brunswick)
82 SATISFACTION The Rolling Stones (Decca)
83 THEME FROM *SHAFT* Isaac Hayes (Stax)
84 WEDDING BELL BLUES The Fifth Dimension (Liberty)
85 I WANNA HOLD YOUR HAND The Beatles (Parlophone)
86 BACKSTABBERS The O'Jays (CBS)
87 HIGHER AND HIGHER Jackie Wilson (MCA)
88 A HARD DAY'S NIGHT The Beatles (Parlophone)
89 I SECOND THAT EMOTION Smokey Robinson And The Miracles (Tamla Motown)
90 BUFFALO GIRLS Malcolm McLaren (Charisma)
91 RAPPER'S DELIGHT Sugarhill Gang (Sugarhill)
92 THE BOTTLE Gil Scott-Heron (Arista)
93 WHAT DO I GET Buzzcocks (UA)
94 ON BROADWAY The Drifters (London)
95 YOU'VE LOST THAT LOVIN' FEELIN' Righteous Brothers (London)
96 DANCE STANCE Dexys Midnight Runners (Oddball)
97 LOVE LETTERS Ketty Lester (London)
98 LET'S START TO DANCE AGAIN Hamilton Bohannon (London)
99 DO IT AGAIN Steely Dan (ABC)
100 AIN'T THAT PECULIAR Marvin Gaye (Tamla Motown)
101 LOVE DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE Rose Royce (Whitfield)
102 NO WOMAN NO CRY Bob Marley And The Wailers (Island)
103 PURPLE HAZE The Jimi Hendrix Experience (Track)
104 IN THE MIDNIGHT HOUR Wilson Pickett (Atlantic)
105 WHY CAN'T WE LIVE TOGETHER Timmy Thomas (Mojo)
106 PAST PRESENT AND FUTURE The Shangri-Las (Red Bird)
107 TEENAGE KICKS The Undertones (Good Vibrations)
108 I FEEL FREE Cream (Reaction)
109 TWO SEVENS CLASH Culture (Lightning)
110 007 Desmond Dekker (Pyramid)
111 THE SUN AIN'T GONNA SHINE ANYMORE The Walker Brothers (Phillips)
112 HEY JOE The Jimi Hendrix Experience (Polydor)
113 (SITTIN' ON) THE DOCK OF THE BAY Otis Redding (Stax)
114 BE MY BABY The Ronettes (London)
115 SONG TO THE SIREN This Mortal Coil (4AD)
116 BECAUSE THE NIGHT The Patti Smith Group (Arista)
117 HOLD ON I'M COMING Sam And Dave (Atlantic)
118 KEEP ON RUNNING The Spencer Davis Group (Fontana)
119 ALISON Elvis Costello (Stiff)
120 OUR HOUSE Madness (Stiff)
121 BE BOP A LULA Gene Vincent (Capitol)
122 JEEPSTER T Rex (Fly)
123 RELAX Frankie Goes To Hollywood (ZTT)
124 UNCERTAIN SMILE The The (Some Bizzare)
125 TOUR DE FRANCE Kraftwerk (EMI)
126 WHEN WILL I BE LOVED The Everly Brothers (London)
127 JUMP TO THE BEAT Stacy Lattisaw (Atlantic)
128 TIME (CLOCK OF THE HEART) Culture Club (Virgin)
129 TICKET TO RIDE The Beatles (Parlophone)
130 SWEET LITTLE SIXTEEN Chuck Berry (London)
131 DANCING IN THE DARK Bruce Springsteen (CBS)
132 VIRGINIA PLAIN Roxy Music (Island)
133 RELEASE THE BATS The Birthday Party (4AD)
134 HEART OF GLASS Blondie (Chrysalis)
135 AUTOBAHN Kraftwerk (Vertigo)
136 IS THIS LOVE Bob Marley And The Wailers (Island)
137 BROWN EYED GIRL Van Morrison (London)
138 WALK THIS WAY Run DMC (London)
139 THE DAY THE WORLD TURNED DAY-GLO X-Ray Spex (London)
140 AIN'T NO MOUNTAIN HIGH ENOUGH Marvin Gaye And Tammi Terrell (Tamla Motown)
141 LOVESICK BLUES Hank Williams (MGM)
142 COME ROUND HERE (I'M THE ONE THAT YOU NEED) The Miracles (Tamla Motown)
143 GREEN ONIONS Booker T And The MGs (London)
144 (WHITE MAN) IN HAMMERSMITH PALAIS The Clash (CBS)
145 LAYLA Derek And The Dominoes (Polydor)
146 I ONLY HAVE EYES FOR YOU The Flamingos (Top Rank)
147 RUNNING AWAY Roy Ayers (Polydor)
148 THE LAST TIME The Rolling Stones (Decca)
149 HEY JUDE The Beatles (Apple)
150 GYPSY WOMAN The Impressions (HMV)

Disc Junkies



We're headed for a final head-on collision between humanity and pop – the planet isn't big enough for both. Here, CATH CARROLL sees crazed fans sell bodies – their own and others – for Wham! tickets; DANNY KELLY finds pieces of plastic threatening the world's monetary stability; and, in a last ditch attempt to save the species, STEVEN APPLEBY illustrates a few ways that we might regain the upper hand. It's now or never...

Telephone salespeople may have already found that the phrase 'sold out' does not exist in the vocabulary of American Express card holders. It is a phrase which is also battling for recognition in the hearts and minds of terminally devoted disciples of stadium rock. Workers (always temporary) at major ticket agencies will confirm both. In a working day they run the gauntlet of a volley of offers: from intimate moments proffered by nubile from Church Stretton to upfront bribes from a City Boss who sent multiple clothing samples through the morning mail.

Though we found three ex-employees keen to reminisce about promises and perks, they requested false-names status since several of their *telekinsfolk* had also received godfatherly threats from frustrated punters: *we know who you are, and we wouldn't want any harm to come to you...*

Beginning the job as self-determined strangers to corruption, they soon found that working nine hours (non-stop) a day, six days a week for less than £2.50 an hour with dismissal only five minutes notice away, incited them to seek revenge on their sleek and leisurely bosses. A good way of doing this was to say YES... for even if tickets did not appear after a bribe had been received, no legal action could be taken.

Interestingly we noted that CASH was rarely offered in the admissions lottery: well, it is rather vulgar. As always, we found that PERSONAL CHARM is the best weapon; with the highlight being SEX OVER THE PHONE.

● During John's term in office during the WHAM! AT WEMBLEY series, he received THREE separate offers from desperate female fans to fill in VACANT AFTERNOONS – their place or his. These he refused but his heart was melted by the WINSOME PLEADING of a GOOD-NATURED Whamette from Dorking. As a thank-you she sent him lurid polaroids of herself (and her sister!) in minimal swimwear.

● In the meantime, John's partner, Kenny, received an offer of LOVE FOR TENDER from the caring MOTHER of a dejected fan.

Of course, when the artiste(s) at stake is one who promotes a vigorous interplay of youthful hormones, these offers are usually made to males. CHRIS DE BURGH fans, says Kenny, rarely go further than proposing TEA FOR TWO.

● Propositions of a sexual nature are never pitched at female employees, says Karen, since they can often constitute more of a threat than a promise. In these cases, when it isn't the obvious FLOWERS and JANET REGER KNICKERS, bodies of a different kind are bartered...

● A farmer petitioning for DIRE STRAITS tickets biked over TWO GIANT FRESHLY PLUCKED TURKEYS to Karen. It might have been fair exchange, had she not been a vegetarian...

● Another telecom temptress, craving PRINCE seats, promised Karen the FRUIT OF THE WOMB OF HER PREGNANT JACK RUSSELL. She didn't, however, take the chance of being the proud owner of a PEDIGREE MISCARRIAGE.

More popular with staff were the promises of consumer durables...

● Kenny was asked his WAIST-SIZE by the director of an international JEANS company who wanted Queen tickets. Fearing he was being sized-up for a concrete overcoat, he was pleasant but not forthcoming. The next day FOUR PAIRS OF JEANS arrived on the doorstep. He never despatched the Queen tickets...

● Perhaps the saddest bribe came from one hard-pressed RECORD COMPANY JUNIOR who sent 17 assorted albums to John in return for priority booking for SIMPLE MINDS. The gig wasn't even sold-out.

CC

VINYL MELTDOWN

At least they tried... At least the foolish fanatics at *Record Collector* magazine tried to impose some order onto the extremities of the godless netherworld of record collecting. Recklessly oblivious to the very real danger of brain damage, they dared to collate and publish a list, complete with valuations, of the world's 'Top 1000 Rare Records'!!

S'right, one thousand of the bastards – mostly ludicrously elitist acetates and promos – ranging in price from £25 upwards. The whole thing is daft, surreal, immoral and very probably fattening...

Reproducing the effect they've had on every atom of popular culture these last 20 years, The Beatles dominate the proceedings like a water-logged duvet; their rare artefacts occupy no less than 101 of the available slots. Presley, with 91, almost keeps pace with them, and the rest choke on the dust. The chasing pack consists of Bob Dylan (28 hot items), The Beach Boys and a plethora of pubescent Bowie incarnations (23 each), Marc Bolan (18), the various John Lennon Ono bands (14), Abba, Bill Haley and Genesis (13), The Who and The Miracles (12), rockin' Jim Reeves (11), and, bring up the rear, Cliff, with ten.

SO, WHAT'S THE DAMAGE?

The giddiest pinnacle of this vinyl Everest is occupied by three Fab Four acetates, the rarest of which, called 'In Spite Of It All', will set the prospective owner back – waaait for it – £10,000!! By comparison, the No 4 Desirable (an LP and TV script – 'TV Guide To Elvis') is, at £3,500, a snip.

From there down, it's a question of Spot Yer Fave...

● Top of the Jacko range is a 12" megamix of 'Thriller' that'll put a 500-quid-size hole in your plastic surgery fund...

● The Sex Pistols legendary 'God Save The Queen' – made, then withdrawn, by A&M, their feet frostbitten – is, in these surroundings, a relatively painless £120. Real fans, however, will take a paper round and start saving the extra £800 required to ensure ownership of a three-cut demo acetate...

● New fans of Phil Collins need a starting kitty in excess of £500 – that's £200 for the prehistoric Genesis 45 'Watcher Of The Skies', and £300-plus for the lobotomy!

● Dramatic weight loss is also threatened for the wallets of Johnny-come-lately Bowie converts. The 15 Dai discs that preceeded his 'Changes' hit (all uniformly awful) have somehow accumulated a combined value of over £800!...

● Motown completists have first to locate copies of Smokey Robinson And The Miracles' 'I Care About Detroit' – a hastily-recorded attempt to calm the Motor City riots in the late '60s – and then to find the £130 it currently fetches...

● Even your humble NME puts in an appearance in this lunacy, with our freebie Clash EP valued at £37.

And on and on it goes... And the total cost of all 1000 records that made this list, this monument to human folly? The NME's peat-fired computer reckons it's £116,461.

This thing is getting out of hand...

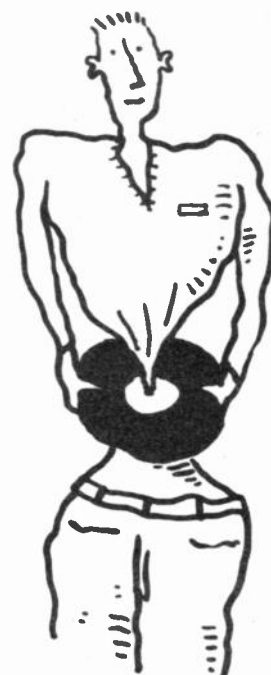
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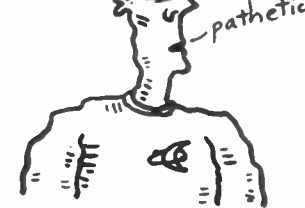
tooth brush.



decapitator.



corset belt



rocket.

NME OVERDRIVE 5

OK, get those tape heads cleaned and those lugs pinned back — here comes the next five-pronged assault in *NME's* continuing war on pap.

This latest fistful of our acclaimed series of exclusive tapes includes music from each of the last five decades and from every nook and cranny of Europe, America and the Caribbean. As always they've been lovingly compiled and decorated in the 'salon' style, and are available to *NME* readers *dirt cheap*.



PHOTO: ADRIAN BOOT

Suicide: scream, baby, scream



Elvis: sweet dreams



Courtney Pine: hep cat



PHOTO: JULIE MADDEN

Eek: it's a mouse!

HI-VOLTAGE (NME 028)

... is the pick of rock's love affair with electronics, men and machines in imperfect harmony. Included are such dynamo ditties as SUICIDE 'Ghost Rider', SOFT CELL 'Memorabilia', MATT JOHNSON 'Red Cinders In The Sand', HOLGER HILLER 'Jonny', ERASURE 'Senseless', THOMAS LEER 'Letter From America', CABARET VOLTAIRE 'Baader Meinhof', HOLGER CZUKAY 'Hey Baba Rebop', DEPECHE MODE 'Black Celebration', NEU 'Hallogallo', CAN 'I Want More', COLOURBOX 'Breakdown', YELLO 'Homer Hossa'.

I DREAMT I WAS ELVIS (NME 029)

... snatched from the treasure-filled vaults of both ACE and CHARLY RECORDS, the rumble of the rockabilly riots precipitated by the world's most famous pelvis. Among the mumblin', whompin', stompin' cast included here is Mr Presley hi'sself plus (from ACE) HAL HARRIS 'Jitterbug Baby', PAT CUPP 'That Girl Of Mine', JOHNNY TODD 'Pink Cadillac', GLENN BARBER 'Atom Bomb', BENNY JOY 'Spin The Bottle', TRUITT FORSE 'Chicken Bop', DICK BUSCH 'Hollywood Party', ROCK ROGERS 'That Ain't It', DANNY REEVES 'I'm A Hobo', DANNY BOY 'Don't Go Pretty Baby'. From CHARLY, BILLY LEE RILEY 'Red Hot', JACK EARLS 'Let's Bop', RAY HARRIS 'Where'd You Stay Last Night?', CARL PERKINS 'Put Your Cat Clothes On', SONNY BURGESS 'We Wanna Boogie', JERRY LEE LEWIS 'Hillbilly Music', RUDY GRAYZELL 'Judy', HAYDEN THOMPSON 'Love My Baby', RAY SMITH 'Break Up', GLENN HONEYCUTT 'All Night Rock'.

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BUSH FIRE — TEN YEARS OF GREEN-SLEEVES RECORDS (NME 031)

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SPECIAL FREE BONUS: ORDER THE OTHER FOUR AND COLLECT THREE VOUCHERS TO GET THIS — THE CASSETTE THAT MONEY CAN'T BUY!!

CHARLY POCKET JUKEBOX 2 — ANOTHER COIN IN THE SLOT (NME 032)

... as its name suggests, POCKET JUKEBOX 2 is the companion piece to the pop-aimed R&B compilation of all time. Here's the more-precious-than-gold line-up: EARL BOSTIC 'Flamingo', HANK BALLARD 'The Twist', CHRISTINE KITTRELL 'I'm A Woman', C. L. BLAST 'Somebody Shot My Eagle', THE IMPRESSIONS 'Talking About My Baby', ANN SEXTON 'I Want To Be Loved', AARON NEVILLE 'Struttin' On Sunday', ROBERT CRAY 'That's What I'll Do', THE SHANGRI-LAS 'Give Him A Great Big Kiss', JOHN LEE HOOKER 'Big Legs, Tight Skirt', JIMMY REED 'Shame Shame Shame', ALBERT KING 'We All Wanna Boogie', WYNONIE HARRIS 'Good Mornin' Judge', NINA SIMONE 'Love Me Or Leave Me', THE DELLS 'Don't Tell Nobody', DON THOMAS 'Come On Train', EARL GAINES 'Turn On Your Lovelight'.

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THREE**

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**Fleeing the screaming meath-
eads of their Coventry base,
THE PRIMITIVES – “four bodies
with one head” – meet
DONALD McRAE in a seamy
London video den. Sewer
shots by LAWRENCE
WATSON.**

In a small flat on the Uxbridge Road, a pop publicist called Wayne has his mouth and a VCR picture search both moving at fast-forward speed. Suddenly, he snaps at a remote control stick and stops talking about his smoothly-etched plan to infiltrate the music business' heavily moneyed ranks with the pop group he manages, The Primitives.

“Take a look at this! This is really filthy! . . .,” whispers Wayne as he points to a far corner of the room. There, a TV screen is filled with the grainy image of Lydia Lunch giving Jim Foetus a blow job.

As the scene crawls slowly across the screen, Lydia 'n' Jim get into ever-deeper mouth and hip movement while Wayne reverts reluctantly to his talk thread of how The Primitives are creeping over naive “indie” fringes and sliding towards the seriously seedy Big Biz record companies.

“And this is the *unbanned* Lydia Lunch video! . . . there's supposedly a much wilder film of hers which you can only get in New York . . . anyway, we're really on the verge of something big here . . . I can feel it! The Primitives are almost ready to sign with a major record company if they want to. And when that time comes we'll only go to a label who won't interfere in the running of the band.

“Being a successful indie band means that when you do sign with a major you can get the terms that you want. And we're now in that position. Morrissey apparently said that, with The Christians, The Primitives are the only beacon of light left in this . . . this sewer of crap that surrounds pop.”

Inevitably, this sewer reference draws Wayne's eyes back towards the seamy Lunch and Foetus *tête-à-tête*.

“Can you believe this scene? Actually this is The Primitives' favourite video. They watch it over and over again . . .”

Like all blooming pop stars The Primitives suck most of their honeyed pleasure from video.

Wayne, of course, knows this and he's got the video pill ready for swallowing as The Primitives finally finish their third photo session of the day and allow themselves to melt seamlessly into their videoed images.

As singer Tracy sheds all vestiges of shyness and modesty, her face opens up with a look of wonder as she watches herself in The Primitives' new ‘Stop Killing Me’ video. Her glee is so real and self-contained that sneering at such narcissism is nothing more than a futile gesture of meaningless defiance. I spoil Tracy's rapture by asking her that vacuous cracker: So what's it like to watch yourself on TV?

The eventual “Uh . . . it's really kinda funny I guess” reply is said in such a bug-eyed, slack-jawed manner that the actual Tracy translation probably reads “Pretty wonderful . . .” But these moments of gratification – which begin in front of the mirror and end up inside pop's videodrome machine – represent the peak of that desire for self-consumption, that craving to feed off your own stardom.



Out to Lunch – Tracy Primitive

T.V. SAVAGES

The Primitives are already pop stars of a sort; the type which top the indie charts and receive hyperbolic music paper features. This inky taste of fame rarely satisfies embryonic star-lust and for The Primitives, as drummer Pete says, “it's not enough . . . a couple of months ago I was dreaming about the position we're now in. I would've been happy then to get to where we are now. But, suddenly, we know that it's not enough . . .”

The Primitives have that impossibly young, throwaway pop smack which is a mix of the zippily derivative and the almost moronically addictive. “Pop” is scratched so deeply into Primitive songs and across their faces that it'll only be a matter of months before they're staring out at us from bus shelters and Thursday night pop screens.

Like all the most successful pop groups, The Primitives career haphazardly between stretches of crushingly irritating inanity and moments of almost careless brilliance.

Their new single, ‘Stop Killing Me’, is so blandly bouncy that it makes The Shop Assistants and Primal Scream sound like heavy-duty funksters and deep soul merchants.

The previous single, ‘Really Stupid’ – a mindless post-JAMC thrash through the teen-love dream – is both an instantly irrelevant and a ridiculously lasting ditty. Compared to ‘I Want You’, ‘P.S.K.’, ‘Into The Groove(y)’, ‘Cold Gettin’ Dumb’, ‘Broadway’, ‘Pain’, ‘Greetings’ and the two ‘Kiss(es)’, ‘Really Stupid’ was a nothing record in '86; a mere moment of sublime snappiness. Yet, six months later, it still spits out that 2:25 minute burst of passing derision.

While the record companies and the Radio One jocks will zoom in on Tracy, it's really Paul – guitarist and songwriter – who separated The Primitives from the remnants of speedy pop dross by uncovering the ‘Really Stupid’ type hooks and B-side ballads like ‘Laughing Up My

Sleeve’ and ‘We Found A Way To The Sun’. Until it's eaten up by post-Creation, ‘Pscocandy’ feedback, ‘Laughing Up My Sleeve’ glides through The Velvet's song-book of bitterly edgy pop.

But despite their pure pop group merging of stodgy crap and occasionally effortless grace, The Primitives might yet spoil their specific star-trip. To my vague despair, as I'd been expecting the usual Ramones and Madonna references, The Primitives actually admit to ambitions of wanting to become contemporaries with the dull likes of The Pretenders and Echo And The Bunnymen . . .

Paul reveals this dubious longing: “Yeah, we were talking about aspirations earlier today and The Pretenders' name came up as a group to aim towards . . . and people like the Bunnymen who've been successful without losing their integrity. We're very wary of being manipulated by record companies in the future. We want to be successful but we don't want to be a pantomime pop group who're forced onto children's TVs.”

With everyone sounding desperately reasonable all of a sudden, there's little option left but to pander to the obvious and get back to the Lunch and Foetus product.

Pete: “We've seen that video, *Right Side Of My Brain*, so many times . . . we must know every single grain of that scene. Oh yeah! Lydia Lunch is sexy alright. I once made out with my girlfriend on this actual bed that we're sitting on while I was watching *Right Side Of My Brain*. I was so inspired that night . . .”

Paul: “She looks like Lydia as well, that girl!”

Tracy: “Nah! She's much better looking than that.”

So do you foresee a time when The Primitives “get on down” with Lydia 'n' Jim?

Steve: “Not really . . . we're just too politely pleasant I suppose.”

Pete: “I'm sure that when it comes to

toilet talk I could give her a run for her money . . .”

Paul: “Actually I've slept in the same bed as Jim Foetus and Lydia Lunch!”

Have you?

Paul: “Well not at the same time . . . it was almost a year afterwards . . .”

Hopefully the sheets had been changed.

Paul: “Not in that hotel! There was a lot of dried blood and stuff on the sheets. But that's how I wanted our video to be like. It would be great to have a video with lots of shots of wrists being tied together and handcuffed and things like that. Lots of bondage connotations . . . y'know ‘Stop Killing Me’. Not quite as hard as the Lydia Lunch scene but something like that . . .”

What do you think of that Tracy?

Tracy: “I suppose something along those lines . . . sort of . . .”

Are you worried that you'll be pushed into the spotlight as a face rather than as a voice in the band?

Tracy: “I don't think I'll really mind it too much . . . as long as the others don't mind.”

Pete: “Well, as a band we've kinda got our heads together. I sometimes think of this band as being four bodies with one head.”

Paul: “Or four heads with one body . . .”

Sounds pretty cosmic man . . .

Pete: “Yeah that came out like something from Timothy Leary's mouth, but what I meant is that we've got an understanding together. We're geared for musical expansion, for pop success. We're a fighting unit!”

The Primitives are from Coventry, a town which – according to bassist Steve – “is almost the most violent city, per head of population, in Britain. You go into a pub in Coventry and you're afraid to look at anybody 'cos there's a strong likelihood that they'll pick up a chair and smash it over your head.”

It's also a town where Pete is “chased down the road by screaming meatheds” everytime he goes to catch a bus.

Perhaps The Primitives are a pop group because of their need to escape Coventry's “badlands” and “screaming meatheds”. So far they've written three good songs which makes them worth a couple of 2:25 minute videos. And as long as they keep on studying those Lydia Lunch movements and falling in love with their own videoed images, the hope remains that The Primitives will burn out before they reach Bunnymen-Pretender drone form.

Before their flesh starts to sag too heavily, it's always best for pop groups to be eaten alive by their own videos . . .

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EDITED BY ADRIAN THRILLS



Tom, saintly also.

TOM VERLAINE
Flash Light (Fontana)

FROM HIS first vinyl immortalisation on Television's 'Little Johnny Jewel' in 1975, Tom Verlaine has enjoyed a schizo reputation. Were he a simple troubadour, a songwriter strummer of sidewalk life, he couldn't get arrested. But as a melodist of fluency and invention and a guitarist of steely romance he can count his rivals on the mercury fingers of one hand. His towers of sound teeter, tense and soar... if only he would shut the fuck up.

But now the hitherto tangential relationship between the two noises he makes has grown closer. Whereas before his singing acted like the rather distracting subtitles to a stunning widescreen spectacular, with his fifth solo album 'Flash Light' the frustrating inarticulacy of his gallery of personas finds ironic yet fitting focus in the dramatic soundscapes he makes them inhabit.

"What's the use a talkin'?" eavesdrops Tom, "Better put your foot down... you know some cars ain't got brakes... You're squirrel-food, baby" ('Say A Prayer'). Rather than fracturing his music to reflect such fragmentary *noir*-speak, Verlaine sets up a spectral night-scape where rivetted cast-iron cathedrals drip lube-oil, high cantilevered arc-lamps batter your peripheral vision with sodium glare, and your rear fender strikes a scree of sparks on the silicate road surface. ('Flash Light' is, incidentally, a brilliant night-driving album.)

This architectural sound evokes not so much the *Bladerunner* clone-zone of pop-video cliché, but a distillation of any decaying urban space — most obviously New York. Suddenly all is light. Tom's people — his lovers, haters, scientists, victims and loners — are New York's transients, loft-dwellers, barflies and bohos just as surely as if they were caught in the cross-hairs of a grainy monochrome photograph.

And just as you find a spectrum of mood encompassing such frozen images, so also does 'Flash Light' lighten up from time to time: shafts of silvery, playful wit pierce the storm-clouds which glower over Verlaine's thrilling city.

'Flash Light' is an album of fascination, intrigue, beauty and thrills, his best record since Television's 'Adventure' nine years ago. I expect to carry these sounds around in my head as fall-out for just as long.

Mat Snow

SHEILAE
Sheila E (Paisley Park)

IN TRUE American style Sheila E releases as a single 'Hold Me', the weakest, most watery, soppy ballad from her album, not taking a chance on the strict, leathery funk rhythms of 'Hon E Man', where Prince makes a guest appearance on drums. A bold, bouncing ode to the perils of love and satin sheets, it would have been a brave, adventurous choice, knocking the innocuous from their pastel pedestals and pushing a sharp edge on the mainstream charts in the way Prince did with his 'Kiss'.

But for now it is sliced into the well-rounded tracks of Sheila E's third album; one which proves her position as an accomplished musician and innovator, twirling round sassy salsa influences, designer soul kinkiness and steamy street verbiage. She elevates sex to physical poetry — mocking Elizabethan love odes in 'Wednesday Like A River' where "the double-edged sword in arsenic and fine lace" only to bring it crashing down to a Jackie Collins-type sizzling sex-press. All aboard the 'Blue Train' where love is simple, direct and on the floor: "Let me take your ticket/I'll show you where to stick it" (I).

It's not all bare legs, brashness and an eye for pretty men. As a sassy lass she's ready to party with the 'Boy's Club', with a cocktail of characteristic E-beat and Saturday Fever, but she also slyly outbeats, outdances and counters their teasing: "They really can't dance and they ain't too bright".

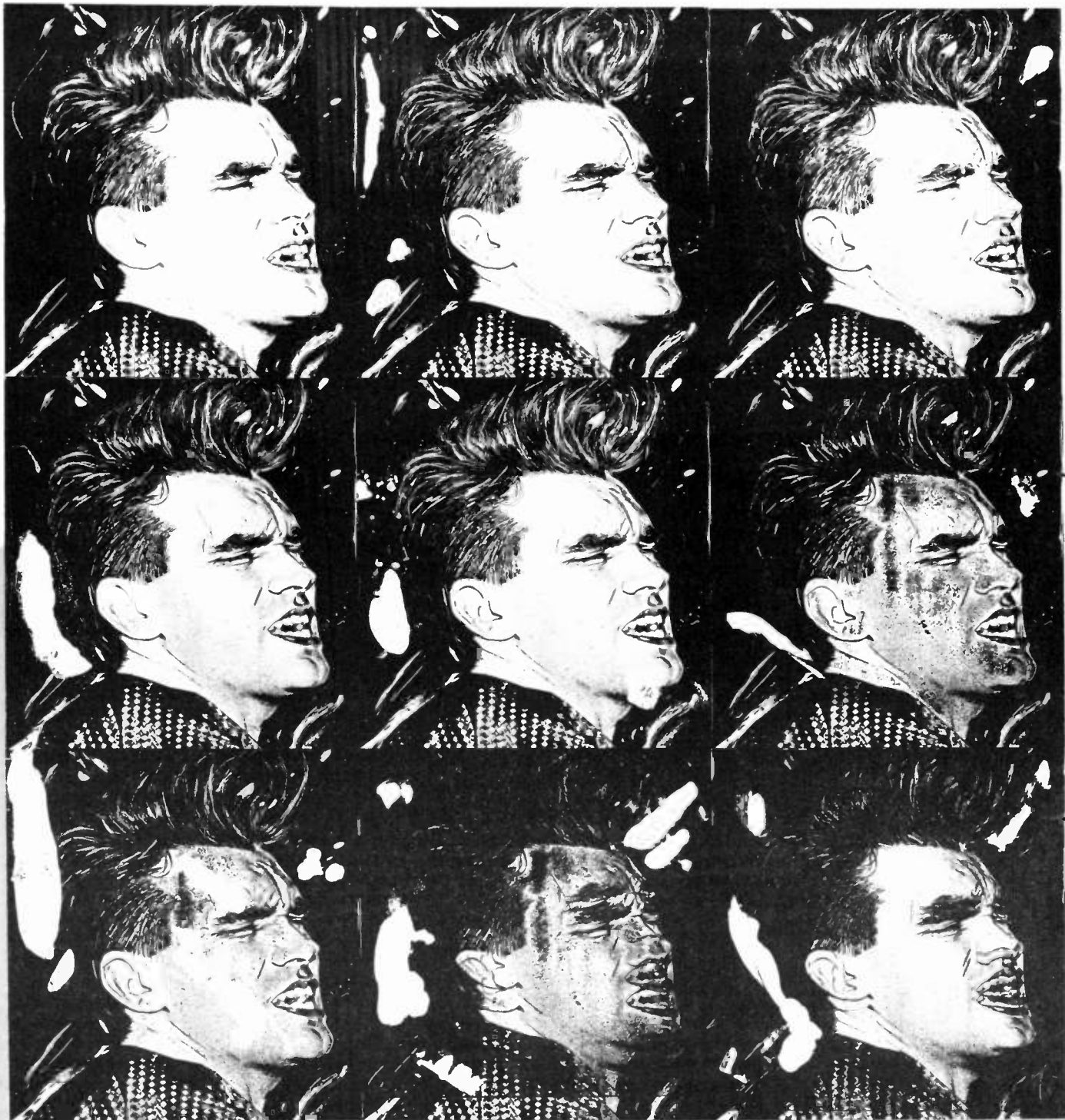
She's the girl everyone wants in their gang, the one to spin you along and set the tune. All the more impact when the beat is pared down, the guitar trembles and she raps a brief anti-Star Wars bleep in 'Koo Koo'. Prince aside, she deserves her own pop place; just one of the trials of being a foxy lady.

Lucy O'Brien

NEW EDITION
Earth Angel (MCA)

THE KIDDIE sensation of yesterday grow up and show they've learnt nothing except how to cloak they're lack of charisma in the ghost of street soul passed. They've been separated from their earnestly ambitious frontman Bobby Brown, who's enjoying success on his own, and are now little more than a drawing board for a very '80s marketing strategy.

An attempt to recreate the mythic past beloved by an American public increasingly given to introspective nostalgia, this covers album is styled as a soft focus homage to the era of bobby soxer hops, moonlight suitors and soda pops. Doo wop '50s covers (The Penguins' title track, The Marceles' 'Blue Moon', Little Anthony's 'Tears On My Pillow') are matched with complementary '60s sides — Eddie Holman's 'Hey There Lonely Girl' and Gene Chandler's 'Duke Of Earl' to invoke the simple



St Stephen's day.

WORLD SHUT YOUR MOUTH

THE SMITHS
The World Won't Listen (Rough Trade)

WE COULD talk for a thousand years, but nothing quite explains why you just want to yell with joy when you hear the opening bars of 'Bigmouth Strikes Again' or why you so warmly purr to maudlin singalongs like 'Asleep'. Hey! Lost in music and lost for words, you'll yell or purr but all you can understand is that The Smiths are special and you'll hug them to your heart.

Take a look out there at those pop charts, those wastelands of irrelevant pap, and it's clear that we wouldn't have much if we didn't have the Smiths. The Smiths are best when they are high in the charts, when their songs are so concise and so POP in their appeal, when the B-sides are slinky, slow numbers.

And they are best up there because then they are fighting back, worrying the tabloids, providing a welcome antidote to the useless placebo of modern pop; that which serves only to decorate this country, this country so cruelly divided into tyrants and paupers. The tyrants despise the unhappy and damn the non-conformist. The Smiths answer back.

The Smiths succeed because they are a singles band and a rock band, with a

weirdly wide audience, half lads and half lasses. And it's in the mix. The singer thinks they are a pop group, the guitarist thinks they are a rock band. When Johnny Marr rocks out Keith Richard grins and passes him a plectrum. And if I picked out some more bits of rock, I'd throw you the 'Metal Guru' influence in 'Panic' and the Thin Lizzy bit in 'Shoplifters Of The World Unite' (it comes just after the music stops a second, a third of the way through).

It's Morrissey, old swivel hips, who makes The Smiths extraordinary. He's widened the vocabulary of pop music, not just by what he sings about, but by the way he phrases it. He's luxuriated in words all the days of his life, and even the bleakest lyric is enlivened by the way he teases the meaning as he sings: *It was dark as I drove the point home/And on cold leather seats/Well, it suddenly struck me/I just might die with a smile on my face/After all.*

There's a rough division on 'The World Won't Listen' between the wholly melancholy songs like 'Unlovable' and 'That Joke Isn't Funny Anymore', which are grouped together on one side, and the singles like 'Panic' and 'Bigmouth Strikes Again' on the other.

'The World Won't Listen' is the natural heir to 'Hatful Of Hollow' except that these

tracks are collected more or less straight and unadulterated from previous vinyl releases, with the exception of a version of 'Stretch Out And Wait' with different lyrics to the track on the B-side of 'Shakespeare's Sister', and a completely new song 'You Just Haven't Earned It Yet, Baby'. There's nothing here to compare with the splendour of 'How Soon Is Now', the storytelling power of 'This Night Has Opened My Eyes' or the wide-eyed desire of 'Please, Please, Please Let Me Get What I Want'; so it's unlikely to win any new recruits to the Smiths' cause. In the context of this compilation, 'Ask' and 'Shakespeare's Sister' seem like the two weakest Smiths singles; 'Shakespeare's Sister' is a great title wasted.

But, in their finest moments, The Smiths make music that tugs on your memory and gives you great hope; the last Romantics, they provoke a more direct emotional response than any other band in the world. And it's fitting that 'Rubber Ring' should come at the end of this LP. It's an elegy for a music-filled past, a look back on the lifelines provided by the "songs that made you smile and the songs that made you cry."

We're halfway to Paradise, here, now, with The Smiths.

Dave Haslam

innocence and cutesy affections ingrained in the collective memory.

The results are irredeemably dire. Couched in neutered session muso-by-numbers balm, the vocals have the sickly endearment and cloying overkill commonly associated with damnable saps like The Osmonds.

By the end of side two of this effortless pabulum, you not only find yourself swimming in an ocean of slop but being pushed ever deeper into the mire as the lads, now in their late teens but making like they've missed a special date at the local creche,

play out their songs with raps of maximum cringo dimensions.

Yeah, go ahead and buy your Ben E King and Percy Sledge reissues this contemptible piffle doesn't even deserve a 'revival' tag — it's pure post-mortem pop, dead on arrival.

Gavin Martin

ERIC RANDOM AND THE BEDLAMITES
Ishmael (Fon)

A TYPHOON not too soon.

Well, what I really mean is that 'Ishmael' is a semi-ambient, often meandering, occasionally forceful, usually pleasant LP. Incorporating Arabian motifs and rhythms, it mixes them with a sort of low-profile funk. The amalgam is, in turn, tricky and flighty enough to induce a mood of, nothing less than, proto-poetry. Which may stimulate listeners to make pseudo-poetical observations themselves. Hmmm, how about

this:—

She wiped her lips with a spoonful of ice cream. I polished her toenails with ear wax. She made rings with her locks and a collar of braid. Our heads bumped in a pillowcase, condemned Siamese twins, and we waltzed over the upholstery, jig-saw puppets. She became the wall clock and I the hands. I wound up her back and she chimed the beats by seconds. She had the pendulum and I had the weights.

Got the idea? Good. Off you go then.

Richard North

ROKY ERICKSON
Gremlins Have Pictures
(Demon)
ROKY ERICKSON AND
THE ALIENS
I Think Of Demons (Edsel)

HOW APPROPRIATE for the Reverend Roky Erickson's latest batch of monster mash to appear on a label called Demon! And what boogymen worth his salt could fail to resist picking up, out of sheer curiosity if nothing else, a record which depicts its creator making the protective sign of the horns on the cover?

Beware those who are faint of heart or sceptical of the powers at work herein. Roky believes in his visions and he'll do his damndest to drag you over to his side of the sulphur pit.

'Gremlins' rewrites part of the Roky Erickson CBS grimoire, now re-released, re-packaged and re-titled 'I Think Of Demons' for those who neglected to pick it up first time around.

Inserted in between polished versions of 'The Interpreter', 'Night Of The Vampire' and 'Cold Night For Alligators', played both live and in the studio by Roky and friends in various unearthly guises, are new songs and a wild, wiry fix of Lou Reed's 'Heroin' done demon style. Hot stuff! Roky Erickson is the dark side of John Fogerty's bad moon. Never waning, always on the rise.

Edwin Pouncey



Bogshed: airfix mix.

TRIED, TESTED, TIRESOME

BOGSHED
Tried and Tested Public Speaker
(Shelfish)
HALF MAN HALF BISCUIT
Back Again In The D.H.S.S. (Probe)

THE CONNECTION between these two records is 1) both bands have really stupid names 2) both records require massive drug ingestion on the part of the listener before they can be truly appreciated.

Bogshed's mini-LP sounds great after a

tin of glue: a glorious mess of three-chord banality and sub-Punk caterwauling, with the lyrics totally indecipherable. Brain in shreds, I donated my copy to the local anarcho-Punk squat where it was gleefully received. . . Half Man Half Biscuit's farewell album is a definite spliff job. Roll a fat joint, inhale and fall helpless on the floor roaring at the Biscuits' schoolboy-cynical wit e.g. 'D'Ye Ken Ted Mould?', 'Rod Hull Is Alive - Why?', 'Trumpton Riots' and, of course, the unforgettable minor hit, 'Dickie Davies'

Eyes'. When the lyrics pall, try in your dope haze to spot the musical references. I got Syd Barrett, Blondie and The Pogues. A mind-boggling feat of eclecticism.

But at least Half Man Half Biscuit had the decency to throw in the towel, recognising that they could stretch their quaint 'British' silliness no further. Bogshed - or some other Bogshed-sounding band - will be with us until the last 10p poncing punk has vanished from society. Pass the glue. . .

Jane Solanas

GERALD LANGLEY AND
IAN KEAREY
Siamese Boyfriends (Fire)

THIS UNION of Blue Aeroplanes wordsmith and Oyster Band bassist is not as unnatural as the title suggests. Ian Kearey contributed a cascade of 12-string guitar to 'Chelsea Wallpaper' on the 'Planes' debut flight 'Bop

Art', and this album extends and invigorates the partnership.

Langley's poems are concentrated and initially unyielding, so the dextrous and confident instrumentation catches the ear first. Kearey is the Bryan Robson of guitars, able to move from one position to another and cope with them all equally well. His wickedly funny slide imper-

sonation of a taproom slur on 'Snow Walking' dissolves into a multi-layered version of 'Auld Lang Syne', yet he's also at home with the aggressive monotonal velvet strumming of 'Good Weather', the closest thing here to rock and roll.

The fractured reading of Auden's 'Dear, Though The Night Is Gone' is irritating, having none

of the inventiveness of the Aeroplanes' version of his 'Journal Of An Airman'. But I'd recommend 'Siamese Boyfriends' as more than a mere flirtation between styles. Even though they're both committed to other partners, they do make a lovely couple.

Campbell Stevenson

JULES SHEAR
Demo-itis (Enigma)

JULES SHEAR is part of that breed in demise, the non-performing song-writer. These days, any jackass with an ear for melody forms a band and makes a fool of themselves croaking away, when they should have been sensible and sold their tunes to people more suited to the act of singing and performing. Jules has tried the performance side, as Jules And The Polar Bears, and on a fairish solo album, but he is known to trillions for writing Cyndi Lauper's 'All Through The Night' and The Bangles' utterly holy and breath-stealing 'If She Knew What She Wants'.

Now he has decided, or has been persuaded to release an LP of his demos. Was this wise? Side one says not, side two says hot; the first side, you see, is recorded with a band who appear to have the imagination of a decaying pangolin and a producer with an aluminium ear. Side two is Jules on his own at home, and it displays a sensitivity or two. His voice comes to life, subtle and warm, and at one point able to do a fair Chi-Lites impression. The arrangements spread out, under his control again, and hey presto! a song-writer is at work. 'All Through The Night' turns into superior late McCartney, 'He Tore My World Apart' is an unmawkish lament, and 'She's In Love Again' is a brain-celled Brian Wilson, while 'I Know You're Not Alive' is just sick. Herein is pop. 'Demo-itis' is a joy to ears of taste.

David Quantick

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25 PORTSMOUTH POLYTECHNIC
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MARCH

1 SURREY UNIVERSITY
5 LANCASTER POLYTECHNIC
6 NEWCASTLE POLYTECHNIC
7 GALASHIELS COLLEGE
8 STIRLING UNIVERSITY
11 EDINBURGH, COASTERS
12 ABERDEEN, THE RITZY
13 DUNDEE UNIVERSITY
14 GLASGOW, BARROWLANDS

SHRIEKBACK

Big Night Music (Island)

NICE BIT of Muzak Rococo this. A colourful tour through Radio 2, from the lift to the waiting room, in a lightly tossed pop style. There are Vaudevillian music hall extremes in the opener 'Black Light Trap', a gentle travelogue calypso in the shape of 'Gunning For The Buddha'. It's derivative but discriminating easy listening, where oddly matched lyrics sometimes spike underfoot. The concept of funk is nicely shrink wrapped in to a more obedient animal on 'The Reptiles And I' while 'Pretty Little Things' squeaks of Play School plus all the gentility of the Trumpton Riots. The LP even concludes with a hungover lullaby 'Cradle Song'.

The allegedly more "serious" tracks — for example 'Underwaterboys' — aren't as successful as their more parodied contemporaries. 'Running On The Rocks' glorifies in a massively inflated arrangement as brash as a tabloid headline. There's also a nice use of brass here but in the tradition of the coal mine oompah as opposed to some smooth warbling sax or cool horn. On this LP Shriekback seem to display an ill-concealed yearning to compose the theme to the next James Bond epic or a soundtrack to a suitably torrid J. Arthur Rank flock wallpaper flick. In some parts silly and over-decorated, in others quirky and curious. To sum up: almost intriguing.

Claire Morgan Jones

JUNIOR BRAMAH

Telephone Line (John Dread)

WAY BACK in the mid-'70s, Virgin Records chanced upon a good idea. They had this Front Line series whose aim was to disperse seeds of reggae to a

wider audience. Naturally, both hucksters and talented hustlers wanted in on the act. One heard tales of master tapes changing hands for twenty quid or less. I exaggerate. One heard tales of tapes being exchanged for ten quid. And once those in the popular slipstream grew weary of what they'd considered novelties anyway, the search for a more receptive audience was on. They didn't have to go far, West Africa was ripe for excess baggage. Perhaps "we wanna be repatriated" entreaties seemed plausible at the time. Seven years passed by. Misused computer skills eventually put a stop to that infatuation, though that isn't the case here. This belongs to the Front Line consignment. Only names have been changed to protect the guilty.

Under a different mantle, Trinity was some fiery DJ. Now he sings. Or tries to. Making do with Frankie Paul's — usual reference point, what — 'Fire De A Mus Mus Tail' and 'Fools Fighting' which, though never palling out, don't quite reach towards attrition — a necessary diversion if this most stabilised of genres wants to keep up with other infusions on the noise-map. Search out the twelve-inchers instead if pyrotechnics are your forte.

Dele Fadele

RAY, GOODMAN & BROWN

Take It To The Limit (EMI America)

HARRY RAY, Al Goodman, and Billy Brown, once '70s naff-ama outfit The Moments, are impeccably-attired seducers. If the incredible sexism of the album cover doesn't put you off, explore within and hear old Temps/Miracles harmonies wafting over meticulous drum programmes, synth bass, and

those endless clucking soul geetars.

"Forget tomorrow, 'cause we've got tonight" is the gist of Ray, Goodman, and Brown's philosophy, and this crisply manufactured course in seduction may win you over. There are gorgeous things going on here, even coated as they are in this sheen of techno-glass sound and candlelight cliché.

Smooch on, guys.

Barney Hoskyns

BIG STAR

Number One Record Radio City (Big Beat)

LIKE MEDIEVAL castles, some singers are more impressive as ruins than they were whole. Alex Chilton is a case in point. These Big Star reissues, showcasing the early '70s group he ran, illustrate it. They have been inexplicably passed down to the present as classic fusions of Chilton's blue-eyed Memphis soul and a '60s British pop sensibility. Listening to them now you hear a laboured harmony group straining to rock out against the limitations of a stiff rhythm section.

As a writer, Chilton was patently unsuited to the starched collar conventions of straight pop. On this evidence he did not produce one totally memorable song until after the group collapsed, leaving him to fall into ruin. At which point he released that pained and stained masterpiece of pop without borders — Big Star's third LP, featuring 'Holocaust' and 'Kanga Roo'. These are the Chilton songs that he will be remembered for, and not only by This Mortal Coil who persist in covering them. Only he can decide if they're worth the reported personal debilitation that was their price.

Biba Kopf



Govt Issue man gets a carry-out.

WHITE (WARE)HOUSE

GOVERNMENT ISSUE

Government Issue (Fountain Of Youth)

D. C. COMES in many colours, and between the White House and Chocolate City you'll find Government Issue, monochrome monsters flinging a firecracker or two and reading about themselves constantly in *Maximum Rock 'n' Roll*, which has made them a Big Deal on the hardcore scene.

A cheap crate-stamp log and grubby one-sided LP insert belie the wisdoms that Govt Issue have soaked up from outside of the moshing circuit, for all offerings herein throb with pop-power (as opposed to power-pop) with none of the associated gross-outs. College radio, here we come... indeed, it sounds as if these Capitol fellows have taken half the time Hüsker Dü did to reach the same point — possession of a heavy armoury of post-hardcore glisteners that would steal your attention whether you're in the jacuzzi, cradling a sherry in the gutter or chained to Mr Reagan's front fence. Govt Issue mix and match their past, present and possibly future by sampling harmony and some lightweight finesse but giving both a hefty bash with their 90mph adolescent-anarchy thrash.

The first ten seconds point the way ahead with stumbling stringplay a la McGuinn wiped out by an incoming wave of riffs, tambourines and pop-art drums. From there they rocket skywards on the likes of 'They Know' and 'Say Something', the sounds buzzing on ahead of John Stabb's occasionally grating coal-hole voice. 'It Begins Now' is definitive pop-core, and the drums just tunnel through my cranium. Someone ties a sitar to their skateboard for the closing 'Last Forever', which, with its spooky psychedelic pokes, waves a finger or two in the direction of Harrison's 'Tomorrow Never Knows' and floats on past...

They played Britain last October, but I missed them. Damn, because this too is good to go.

David Swift

LOVE

Love (Edsel)

EARTH OPERA

The Great American Eagle Tragedy (Edsel)

DEPENDING ON where you prefer to stand, the sike-a-delic '60s were either rock music's finest decade or an age blighted with a generation of blissed out no-hopers who'd later grow up to become millionaire businessmen and roam the skies in hot-air balloons.

From my vantage point, I'm inclined to nod favourably in the direction of the former, especially if Love leader Arthur Lee is involved. Arthur's magnum opus was two albums away, the glorious 'Forever Changes', when 'Love' appeared. But what sputtered out of this primitive beast was enough to be going on with. Lee took the holy, bleeding heart of Hendrix and implanted it in his own heaving breast. He also had one Bryan Maclean at his side. The result still sounds sensational. A solid mass of electric worship that must have transformed many happy head trails into territory snared with threatening barbed swastikas.

Love equalled Hate to many of the Flower kinder, Lee and his cohorts were considered just too far out to be safe. More acceptable, but nearly as reactionary, were Earth Opera whose 'Eagle Tragedy' wears a death's head superimposed over the presidential seal and has songs that firmly graft their anti-'Nam rap to the back of your skull. Dated but far from dull, I enjoyed Earth Opera much more second time round and 18 years later. May the hands of time prise open your ears too.

Edwin Pouncey

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TOUR NEWS

GENESIS will be playing four outdoor shows this summer at the end of their massive world tour. The dates are Glasgow Hampden Park (June 26), Leeds Roundhay Park (28), London Wembley Stadium (July 1 and 2), and there is a possibility of more dates being added soon. Tickets are £15.50 for all shows and booking details are as follows. Glasgow: cheques and postal orders to Genesis Box Office, PO Box 77, London SW4 9LH. Credit card hotlines, subject to booking fee, 031 226 2295 or 01 734 8932. Cheques payable to Genesis Box Office.

Leeds: cheques and postal orders payable to Kennedy Street Enterprises and sent to Genesis Leeds Concert, PO Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire WA14 2JQ. Credit card hotline, subject to booking fee, 01 748 1414. **London:** cheques and postal orders payable to Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Ltd and sent to Genesis Wembley Stadium, RS Tickets, PO Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS. Credit card hotline, subject to booking fee, 01 748 1414. Tickets for all shows are limited to six per application, and don't forget the stamped addressed envelope. A new Genesis single 'Tonight, Tonight, Tonight' is out on Monday in seven inch, 12 inch and compact disc.

STEVIE WONDER has added another four nights at London's Wembley Arena, making a total of eight shows at the venue. The first four dates, announced last week, have already sold out, so he has now added May 28–31 inclusive. Tickets are £16 and £13 plus 50p booking fee from the box office and usual agents, also by post from Wonder Concerts, PO Box 141, London SW6 4AJ, making cheques payable to Kennedy Street Entertainments.

LIONEL RICHIE will be playing three nights at Birmingham NEC next month (16, 17 and 18) – but don't bother applying for tickets because they've already sold out. The independent promoters decided not to release details to the national music press for some strange reason, but *NME* can exclusively reveal that Richie will be back in Britain for more shows in May, details to follow.

SHARK TABOO have a mini-album 'Everyone's A Freak' out now, and are on tour to promote it. See them at London Covent Garden Rock Garden, a 1pm show (February 28), Nottingham Trent Poly (March 2), Cardiff Radcliffe Square Club (5), Leeds Poly (10), Hull Adelphi (11), Plymouth Poly (12), Keele University (13), London City Poly (14), Liverpool Old Fire Station (25), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (26), Twickenham Institute of Higher Education (27).

QUICKIES . . . THEE MIGHTY CAESARS have London dates at Kingston Poly (March 5), Fulham King's Head (11) and Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (26) . . . **THE PINK FAIRIES** have reformed and play London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town on March 15, with guests Voodoo Child, Crazyhead, Flying Tractor Band and Little Feather . . . **GENE CONNORS** flies in to play London Camden Dingwalls on March 14 . . . **LIGHT A BIG FIRE** play a Nicaragua benefit at Dun Laoghaire Top Hat on Friday. Also on the bill are Hallelujah Freedom, Something Happens!, and Stars Of Heaven.

GLORIA GAYNOR has a concert tour planned, kicking off at Bradford St George's Hall (March 20), Cambridge Corn Exchange (21), London Palladium (23 and 24), Usk Savvas (25), Carlisle Pagoda (26), London Royal Albert Hall (27), Folkestone Leas Cliff Pavilion (29), Mansfield Civic Theatre (30), Bournemouth Cocos (31), Eastbourne Congress Theatre (April 1), Frimley Green Lakeside Country Club (3 and 4), London Wimbledon Theatre (5), Barry Memorial Hall (6), Frimley Green Lakeside Country Club (11), Great Yarmouth Neptune's Palace (18).

BLACK ROOTS, the Bristol-based reggae group, set out on a major UK tour, stopping at Canterbury Kent University (March 4), Lampeter St David's University College (6), Bournemouth Coco's (8), Milton Keynes The Point (10), Swansea Marina's (12), London Deptford Albany Empire (13), Birmingham Thashas (14), London Camden Dingwalls (20), Torrington Plough Theatre (21), Newcastle Riverside (26), Penzance Demelza's (April 9), Portsmouth Basin's (10), Weston-super-Mare Knightstone Centre (11).

EXTRAS . . . CHINA CRISIS have rearranged the final two dates of their postponed tour and now play Canterbury Kent University (March 18) and Southend Cliffs Pavilion (19) . . . **CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT** have added Oxford Poly (March 6) and Colchester Essex University (7), The Impossible Dreamers will provide support throughout the tour . . . **THE PRETENDERS** have added another night at London Wembley Arena on May 21 . . . **TED CHIPPINGTON** opens for Fuzzbox at London Camden Palace tomorrow (Thursday) . . . **THE SMITHEREENS** return to these shores next month, a date at London Harlesden Mean Fiddler on March 22 has already been confirmed with more likely soon.



MIAOW, whose debut single for the Factory label 'When It All Comes Down' is out at Friday, are playing a short series of dates. First they support Age Of Chance at Oxford Poly (Thursday) and London Astoria (Friday) and then headline London Kennington Cricketers (March 2) and Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (18).

THE GODFATHERS, back in the indie top ten with 'Love Is Dead', set out on tour, calling at Reading Majestic (March 3), Poole Mr C's (4), Portsmouth Basins (5), Canterbury Christ Church College (6), Bedford Boys Club (7), Bristol Granary (8), Swansea University (9), Leeds University (10), Newcastle University (11), Scunthorpe Baths Hall (12), Glasgow Rooftops (13), Motherwell Civic Concert Hall (14), Leicester Stamford Hall (16), Birkenhead Stairways (17), Sheffield University (19), Nottingham Mardi Gras (20), Stoke Shelley's (24), Colchester Essex University (25), London Camden Palace (26).

BEN E KING celebrates his belated number one success with a special concert at the London Palladium on Monday, March 2. Tickets are on sale now priced £10.50, £9 and £7.50. King is currently recording a new album with Led Zeppelin's John Paul Jones producing, and Atlantic are set to release a new compilation spanning both his solo material and work with The Drifters.

MICHAEL MCDONALD follows his 'Sweet Freedom' success with his first UK dates since his Doobie Brothers days. The full itinerary is Birmingham Odeon (April 9), Liverpool Empire (10), Nottingham Royal Centre (11), Manchester Apollo (12), London Hammersmith Odeon (15 and 16). Tickets are on sale now at box offices and usual agents, £9.50 and £8.50 for London, £8.50 and £7.50 everywhere else.

THE COMSAT ANGELS are heading out on a brief tour to promote their 'Chasing Shadows' album. They visit Salford University (March 6), Leeds Irish Centre (11), Bristol Poly (12), Uxbridge Brunel University (13), Coventry Poly (14), Edinburgh Venue (19), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (20), Aberdeen Venue (21).

TOM VERLAINE is playing a short series of British dates to coincide with the release of his fifth solo album 'Flashlight'. It's his first tour in two and a half years and takes in Leicester University (March 15), Bristol Bierkeller (17), Leeds Irish Club (18), London Town and Country Club, Kentish Town (19), Manchester International (20), Liverpool University (21) and Norwich East Anglia University (22).

THE WEATHER PROPHETS have signed to Elevation Records, a new label set up by Creation boss Alan McGee which is being distributed by WEA. Their first single for the label will be released shortly, in the meantime they have live shows at Guildford Surrey University (March 2), Brighton Poly (3), Nottingham Garage (5) and London King's College (6).

THE CHESTERFIELDS, with their new single 'Ask Johnny Dee' tucked under their arms, play Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (February 26), Greenock Subterraneans (27), Dundee Dance Factory (March 1), Newcastle Riverside (2), Hull Adelphi (3), Preston Rumble Club (4), Leeds Stallones (5), Northampton Nene College (7), Leicester Princess Charlotte (9), Brighton Richmond (10), Bristol Moon Club (11), London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63 (12), Bath University (13), Bath Moles (21), London Hammersmith Clarendon Ballroom (26), Stourbridge Town Hall (27), Weston-super-Mare Knightstone Centre (April 3), Aldershot Buzz Club (4).

MILLIE JACKSON is being lined up for a series of British dates in the spring. Three nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon (April 17, 18 and 19) and promoters Asgard are expected to announce a series of provincial dates this week.

NEIL YOUNG has announced three UK dates this summer, his first for four years. He will be joined by the original Crazy Horse line-up at Birmingham NEC (June 2) and London Wembley Arena (3 and 4). Tickets are on sale now at box offices and usual agents. Birmingham tickets are £10 and £9, also available by post from Neil Young Box Office, PO Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire, W1A4 2JQ, making cheques payable to Kennedy Street Enterprises. London tickets are £11 and £9.50, also available by post from MAC Promotions, PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ, cheques payable to MAC Promotions. All postal applications should include 50p booking fee per ticket.

THE CHIEFS OF RELIEF, currently on tour with Big Audio Dynamite, have announced four headlining dates next month, at Portsmouth Poly (March 14), Manchester Boardwalk (19), Stafford College (20), Bedford Boys Club (21). The group's new single, their first for WEA, 'Weekend', is out on Monday.

THE POTATO 5 & LAUREL AITKEN join forces on the single 'Sahara'/'Sally Brown' and can be seen live at London Brixton Fridge (Thursday), Leicester Poly (Friday) and Newport Harper Adams College (Saturday).

RECORD NEWS

SINGLES

BAD COMPANY: 'Fame And Fortune' (Atlantic) – out now. ● **BEAT RODEO:** 'Everything I'm Not'/'CONCRETE BLONDE' 'True' (IRS) a 12-inch that also includes other tracks by the two bands – out March 2. ● **MATT BELGRANO:** 'In The Night' (Music UK) the debut of the singing hairstyle – out now. ● **BLINDING TEARS:** 'Heaven Only Knows' (Riva) mates of John Cougar Mellencamp – out March 2. ● **BLISS:** 'I Hear You Call' (Survival) Coventry band with a Stax sound – out now. ● **THE CAMBERWELL NOW:** 'Greenfingers' (Ink) a four track EP – out now. ● **THE CHAIN GANG:** 'More Than A Dream' (Troll Kitchen) raw Merseysiders with a four-track release – out now. ● **TOMMY CHASE:** 'Killer Joe' (Stiff) Brit-jazz version of the Benny Golson tune – out now. ● **CHINESE GANGSTER ELEMENT:** 'EP' (Tedrum) Halifax garage-rock – out now. ● **ARETHA FRANKLIN:** 'Jimmy Lee' (Arista) Aretha's personal fave from her 'Aretha' album – out now. ● **FULL CIRCLE:** 'Workin' Up A Sweat' (EMI America) New York outfit produced by Brass Construction's Randy Muller,

album to follow – out now. ● **BRUCE HORNSBY AND THE RANGE:** 'Mandolin Rain' (RCA) his current US hit – out now. ● **HURRAH!** 'Sweet Sanity' (Arista) reissue – out now. ● **AL JARREAU:** 'Moonlighting' (WEA) the theme to the TV series – out now. ● **JESSE JOHNSON:** 'She I Can't Resist' (A&M) – out now. ● **BB KING:** 'Standing On The Edge Of Love' (MCA) from the *Colour Of Money* soundtrack – out now. ● **LUMUMBA:** 'Yellow Mealie Meal' (EMI) from the forthcoming 'Sounds Of Soweto' compilation – out March 2. ● **MAGNUM:** 'When The World Comes Down' (Polydor) – out now. ● **MELAND KIM:** 'Respectable' (Supreme), ● **MIAOW:** 'When It All Comes Down' (Factory) we haven't heard it, but it's got to be purrfect – out



MATT BELGRANO: look, no hat

now. ● **THE MISSION:** 'Severina' (Mercury) great for igloos – out March 2. ● **MOHO PACK:** 'Let Us Touch' (Fun After All) – out now. ● **MOMUS:** 'Murderers, The Hope Of Women' (Creation) a snappy little ditty that comes backed with 'What Will Death Be Like' and 'Eleven Executioners' – out now. ● **THE QUICK:** 'I Needed You' (A&M) – out this week. ● **ROSE OF AVALANCHE:** 'Always Theme' (Fire) an indie chart cert – out March 9. ● **SAD LOVERS AND GIANTS:** 'Seven Kinds Of Sin' (Midnight) their first in quite a while – out now. ● **SECESSION:** 'The Magician' (Siren) – out March 2. ● **SKIN:** '1000 Years' (Product Inc) Swans offshoot – out March 2. ● **THE SMITHEREENS:** 'In A Lonely Place' (Enigma) now a ruddy coloured vinyl plus a 12-inch version, back by three live tracks, are available – out now. ● **STYLE COUNCIL:** 'Waiting' (Polydor) backed by 'Francoise' a vocal version of the theme from the band's movie *JerUSAlem* – out now. ● **THE JAMES TAYLOR QUARTET:** 'Blow Up' (Re-elect The President) not he of 'You've Got A Friend' fame, but a former member of The Prisoners. This debut single is a version of The Yardbirds' instrumental from the sixties film of the same name – out on Monday. ● **THE UNION:** 'Harrods Don't Sell 'Em'

(Academy) a band headed by ex-Slodgeman Nicky Astor – out now. ● **WARD BROTHERS:** 'Why Do You Run?' (Siren) – out March 2. ● **SNOWY WHITE:** 'For You' (Legend) from his forthcoming album 'That Certain Thing' – out now. ● **BRUCE WILLIS:** 'Respect Yourself' (Motown) The *Moonlighting* star tackles a soul classic – out now. ●

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD are giving away condoms with the first few thousand copies of their new single 'Watching The Wildlife', issued by ZTT this week. "Frankie will make it clear that they absolutely recommend the use of condoms throughout all forms of love-play" said a company spokesman. The group are currently on tour in Europe.

THE BEATLES' first four albums are being on compact disc released tomorrow (Thursday) and the remaining eight studio LPs will follow later in the year. The first batch comprises 'Please Please Me', 'With The Beatles', 'A Hard Day's Night' and 'Beatles For Sale'. HMV Records will be marketing a limited edition boxed set of the four CDs. EMI have waited until now to release The Beatles' music on CD because they felt factories would not have been able to cope with the demand in the past.

ALBUMS

AGENT STEEL: 'Unstoppable Force' (Music For Nations) metal, metal, metal – out now. ● **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL:** 'The Very Best Of' (See For Miles) great country-rock in a John Tobler compilation – out now. ● **ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER:** 'Libyan Students From Hell' (Plastic Head) his third album – out March 1. ● **EUGENE CHADBOURNE:** 'There'll Be No Tears Tonight' (Fundamental) country-bopper from North Carolina, with covers of songs by Carl Perkins, Merle Haggard, Willie Nelson and others – out now. ● **JIMMY CLIFF:** 'Fundamental Reggae' (See For Miles) compilation that doesn't include any of Cliff's Island sides – out now. ● **THE CRICKETS:** 'The Crickets File' (See For Miles) The Crickets *without* Buddy Holly – out now. ● **DEI HIM AND HOROWITZ:** 'Made To Measure – Vol.8' (Made To Measure) a singer from Teheran and an electronic music composer from New York – out now. ● **DUST DEVILS:** 'Rhenyards Grin' (Rouska) – soon to be seen on BBC2's *Northern Lights* show – out now. ● **SHEILA E:** 'Sheila E' (Paisley Park) on which Prince turns up as a drummer – out now.



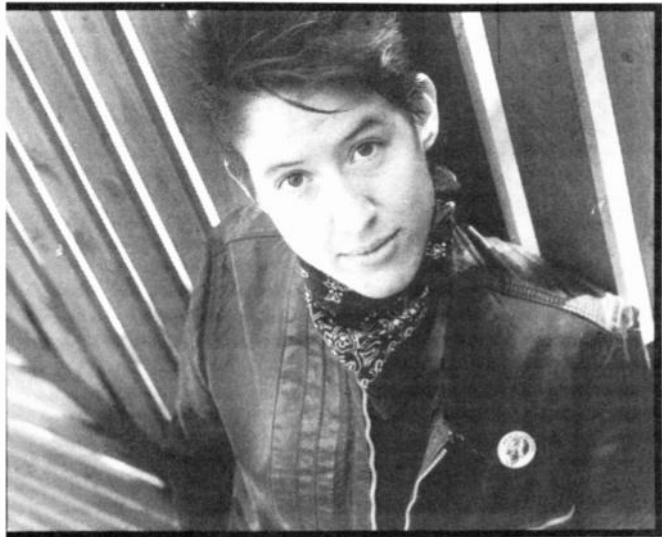
BRUCE WILLIS: respectful cover

● **EARTHWORKS:** 'Earthwork' (Editions EG) the debut from Bill Bruford's latest happy band, which features members of London's

SO WEST have been forced to postpone their UK tour for the second time, this time because Peter Cox is suffering from a severe kidney infection and has been admitted to hospital for tests. The dates were originally put back when a studio fault delayed the recording of their new album. The dates have been rescheduled and, while some tickets are still valid, other venues have decided to give refunds before selling new ones. Check venues for details. The new itinerary reads Liverpool Royal Court (June 15), Manchester (June 16), Edinburgh (18), Newcastle City Hall (19), Bristol Colston Hall (21), Cardiff St David's Hall (22), Nottingham Royal Court (24 and 25), Brighton Centre (27), Birmingham Odeon (June 30, July 1 and 2), London Hammersmith Odeon (4, 5 and 6).

HAZE ONE, HARD ROCK and DJ STREETS AHEAD together with JJ Tim Westwood form the Streetwave UK hip hop package which visits Croydon Underground (Thursday), North London Poly (Friday), Bedford Greyfriars (Saturday), Bournemouth Clouds (March 2), Poole Marines Club (3), Nottingham Rock City (8), Eastleigh Martinnes (9), Kent Station Velling (10). The tour then moves on to the Netherlands.

DIANTANA, who have just released their 16th album 'Freedom', celebrate 20 years in the business with three London concerts at the Hammersmith Odeon on May 16 (two shows, 6pm and 9pm) and 17. Tickets are on sale now from the box office and usual agents priced 10 and £12.50.



MICHELLE-SHOCKED, triumphantly topping the indie charts with her debut album 'The Texas Campfire Tapes' on Cooking Vinyl, has a series of dates through March including a major London show at the Town & Country Club, Kentish Town. The full schedule comprises Aldershot West End Centre (March 7), Town & Country Club (8), Bristol Bierkeller (16), London Astoria, supporting World Party (18), London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (20), Manchester International (21), Glasgow Daddy Warbucks (22), Edinburgh The Venue (23), Newcastle Riverside (24), Brighton Richmond (25), Leicester Poly (26), Birmingham venue to be confirmed (27), Leeds Poly (28). Michelle is currently working on her second album and is scouting out locations around Britain, rather than record the whole aboodle in a studio.

giant jazz outfit Loose Tubes — out on March 16. ● **THE FORCE:** 'The Force' (Valentino) long-playing debut from Glasgow group, includes the single 'Eye To Eye' — out now. ● **BILLY FRANKS:** 'Saint Of Contradiction', one half of the Faith Brothers has his own mini-album, available for £3.50 from the Faith Brothers Fan Club, 128A Dawes Road, London SW6 — out now. ● **HIRAM BULLOCK:** 'From All Sides' (Atlantic) jazzman currently appearing in concert with David Sanborn — out now. ●



BEN E KING: soundtrack song

ALED JONES: 'Aled' (10) Memories of Man, recorded live in Penarth — out now. ● **DEMBO KONTE AND KAUSA KAYATEH:** 'Tanante' (Rogue) master musicians on the kora, the 21-string West African harp-lute — out March 19. ● **MANOWAR:** 'Fighting The World' (Atco) US metal protagonists with special guest narration by the late Orson Welles on one track — out now. ● **MASON:** 'Livin' On The Edge' (Elektra) U.S. funksters — out now. ● **DANNY NOTE:** 'Rockin' It Out' (White) by the one-time Opal and Vee Jay rocker — out this week. ● **NOT FOR SALE:** 'Not For Sale' (Fundamental) American hard core speed merchants — out now. ● **THE OTHER ONES:** 'The Other Ones' (Virgin) a whole albumful from the German/Aussie outfit, including the single 'We Are What We Are' — out on Monday. ● **PJ PROBY:** 'At His Very Best Volume II' (See For Miles) includes some of the stuff he did with members of Led Zep — out now. ● **JOE SATRIANI:** 'Not Of This Earth' (Food For Thought) jazz-rock — out now. ● **DANIEL SCHELL AND KARO:** 'If Windows They Have' (Made To Measure) an eccentric Belgian who plays electric stick — out now. ● **RAY SCOTT:** 'The Real Memphis Sound' (White) by a one-time early rocker who now runs a fleet of taxis! — out this week. ● **STARPOINT:** 'Sensational'

THE CREEPERS are playing three dates on their return from touring West Germany at Preston Warehouse (March 25), Greenock Subterraneans (April 4), Glasgow Rooftops (5).

GREEN ON RED, whose new Mercury single 'Clarksville' has just been released, play a series of UK shows next month. They visit Newcastle Riverside (March 19), Sheffield Leadmill (21), Norwich East Anglia University (22), Leeds Poly (24), Nottingham Rock City (25), Edinburgh Queen's Hall (26), Manchester International (27), London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town (29). Steve Earle will be special guest at Edinburgh, Manchester and London. A new Green On Red album is expected in mid-March.



ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER releases a new album, 'Libyan Students From Hell', next month and has a lengthy tour to tie in with it. He plays Cambridge College Of Art & Technology (March 5), London Woolwich Tramshed (6), Stroud Subscription Rooms (7), Brighton Poly (10), Cheltenham Pump Rooms (12), Poole Bricklayers Arms (13), Harlow The Square (14), Loughborough Pink Room (17), Middlesbrough Teeside Poly (18), York Arts Centre (19), Lancaster Sugar House (20), Canterbury Kent University (25), London Farringdon Horseshoe (28), London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (April 1), Aldershot West End Centre (2), London Fulham Greyhound (6), Birmingham Midlands Arts Centre (9), Northampton Racehorse (10), Saffron Walden Lord Butler Leisure Centre (11), Peterborough Key Theatre (12), Ipswich Caribbean Club (24), Blackburn King George's Hall (29), Newcastle Gulbenkian Studio (30), Hull Adelphi (May 1), Bridlington venue to be confirmed (2), Bradford Spotted House (3), Cardiff Literary Festival (7), Colchester Arts Centre (8), Warwick University (12), Derby The Arch (13), with more being finalised.

INCANTATION can be seen at Northampton Derngate Centre (February 25), Ipswich Corn Exchange (26), Lowestoft Sparrows Nest Theatre (27), Croydon Fairfield Hall (28), Winchester Theatre Royal (March 1), Cambridge Corn Exchange (2), Manchester Free Trade Hall (3), Rickmansworth Watersmeet Centre (6), Cardiff St Davids Hall (7), Chichester Festival Hall (8).

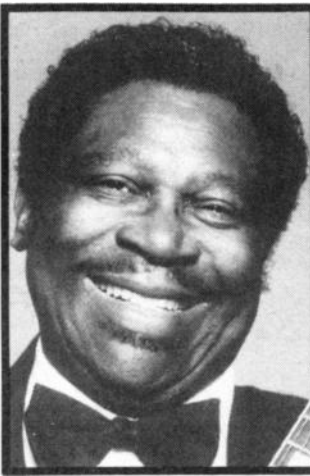
NYAH FEARTIES have lined up three London dates at Elephant & Castle Red Lion (February 25), Brixton Old White Horse (March 2), Chisenhale Dance Space (28).



SNOWY WHITE: legendary single

(Elektra) — out now. ● **TEN YEARS AFTER:** 'Volume One' (See For Miles) the Decca years — out now. ● **THEE MIGHTY CAESARS:** 'Wiseblood' (Ambassador) their fifth, would you believe? — out next week. ● **VARIOUS:** 'Stand By Me' (Atlantic) movie soundtrack that includes classics by Ben E. King, The Coasters, Jerry Lee Lewis etc. — out now. ● **WEDNESDAY WEEK:** 'What We Had' (Enigma) — out now. ● **THE WIPERS:** 'Over The Edge' (Enigma) originally released on Trap Records in '83 — out now. ● **X-MAL DEUTSCHLAND:** 'Viva' (X-ile) their first for their own label — out now. ●

FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS return after a lengthy absence with a new single, it's a cover version of The Buzzcocks classic 'Ever Fallen In Love' and was produced by Jerry Harrison of Talking Heads. Release date is March 9. The single is featured in the forthcoming film *Something Wild*, directed by Jonathan Demme, who also made the Talking Heads' concert movie *Stop Making Sense*. Demme has also put together a video for the single. FYC have just finished a tour of America and also worked on the music score of the Stateside film *The Tin Man*.



B. B. KING: film single

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6th The Primitives

7th Restless

8th Michelle Shocked

9th Berlin

12th The Armory Show

13th Magnum

13th Certain Crisis

13th/14th Guana Batz

15th/16th The Cult

16th China Crisis

17th Pogues

17th Wendy O'Williams

18th World Party

18th Crills

19th/22nd Maze

21st Burning Spear

22nd Xmal Deutschland

23rd/24th Gloria Gaynor

23rd/26th Simply Red

24th/25th Howard Jones

27th Timbuk 3

28th Mission

29th/30th Stranglers

APRIL 1st/2nd Gary Moore

3rd Simply Red

5/6/9/9th Phyllis Hymn

6th/7th Go West

8th Level 42

12th Erasure

12th Courtney Pine

12th Elton Brooks

12th/16th Mighty Lemon Drops

15th/16th Michael McDonald

17th/19th Willie Jackson

25th Barclay James Harvest

29th/30th Spear Of Destiny

29th James Brown

MAY 8th Blow Monkeys

13th Alarm

13th/14th Alison Moyet

16th/18th Santitas

18th/19th Duran Duran

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NEW SINGLE A Way II
GHOST DANCE
ALL ABOUT EVE
Russ Harrison
ASTORIA 157 CHARING CROSS RD

Tickets £4.50 advance, £5.00 doors.
Rock On Records: Rhythm Records: Stargreen 734 8932
Premier: 240 0771 LTB 439 3371 Rough Trade Records: 734 8932
Keith Prowse: 741 8989 Doors 6.30pm.

SAT 28 FEB

FRI. 6TH MARCH

THE PRIMITIVES
TALULAH GOSH
BRILLIANT CORNERS
APPLE MOSAIC

CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
Hammersmith Broadway DRS. 7.30 PM. tickets £3.50 adv. £4.00 d.c.s.
Clarendon (opening hours) Rough Trade Records/Stargreen: 734 8932
L.T.B. 439 3371/Keith Prowse: 741 8989/Premier: 240 0771/Rhythm Records

ENTERTAINMENTS
Doors 7.30pm.
NEAREST TUBE STATION: COVENT GARDEN STATION
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION
MALET STREET WC1

THE SOUP DRAGONS
VOICE of the BEEHIVE
MY BLOODY VALENTINE The HOBGOBLINS
SPONSORED BY NATIONAL WESTMINSTER BANK
Friday 27th February

Limited Season until April 4th

DEE DEE BRIDGEWATER
as **BILLIE HOLIDAY** in

Lady Day
written and directed by **STEPHEN STAHL**

DONMAR WAREHOUSE
THEATRE
COVENT GARDEN WC2
01-240 8230
CC: 01-379 6665/6433

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THE AMERICAN invasion is upon us with the arrival this week of MAZE for two sell-out shows at Wembley (Friday and Saturday), the return of TIMBUK 3 (Harlesden on Friday, Manchester on Saturday) and the start of a ten date tour by TAMMY WYNETTE (Camberley on Saturday, Oxford on Sunday). Add to that, the continuing presence of MEAT LOAT and CYNDI LAUPER, and you have a fairly hefty US contingent.

Luckily we have a bunch of Limeys forming a home guard, namely FUZZBOX, SIMPLY RED, BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE, RUBY TURNER, PSYCHEDELIC FURS, NEW MONDEL ARMY and THE STYLE COUNCIL.

WEDNESDAY 25

Bangor Theater Gwynedd: Howard & Eberlee
Birmingham Odeon: Cyndi Lauper
Birmingham University: It Bites/The Cardiacs
Brabourne Five Bells: Red Hot
Bradford St. George's Hall: The Style Council
Brighton The Richmond: Pop Will Eat Itself
Bristol George & Railway: 14 Iced Bears
Cambridge Corn Exchange: The Hollies
Charing Swan Hotel: Premier Jazz Band
Crawe Victoria Centre: The Icicle Works
Dublin SFX: Simply Red
Edinburgh Playhouse: Europe
Great Yarmouth Rosie O'Grady's: The Railway Children
Greatstone Sea Horse: Driver
Huddersfield Poly: The Jazz Defektors
Keele University: Age Of Chance
Leamington RAOB Club: Jackdaw With Crowbar
Leeds Coconut Grove: Jazz Renegades
Leicester Princes Charlotte: Robert Calvert
Liverpool Cafe Berlin: Thomas Lang
London Brentford Red Lion: Poor Mouth
London Camden Dingwalls: Voodoo Child/Crazyhead/Little Feather
London Camden Dublin Castle: Jivin' Instructors
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Passmore Sisters
London Cricklewood Production Village: The Noknows
London Dover Street Wine Bar: Kit Packham & The Sudden Jump Band
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: John Cooper Clarke/Jerod/The Assassin Bugs
London Fulham Greyhound: Chelsea/Poisoned By Alcohol
London Fulham King's Head: Fire Next Time
London Fulham Swan: Aardvark & No Money
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: Somewhere In Bermuda
London Kennington Cricketers: Honky Tinkers
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Rodney Allen
London Kingston Grey Horse: First Light
London N1 Bass Clef: John Etheridge-Gary Boyle Quartet/Steve Berry Trio
London N16 Chas & Dave's: Juice On The Loose
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: Boogie Brothers Blues Band
London Putney Half Moon: The Grahamophones
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Sax Appeal
London W1 100 Club: Harry Gold's Pieces of Eight/Johnny Barnes' All Star Band
London W1 Burlingtons: Johnathan G
London W1 Gossips (Clash City Club): Namron Transformer
London W1 New Merlins Cave: The Backward Squares
London Walthamstow Royal Standard: The Business
Loughborough University: China Crisis
Manchester Band On The Wall: Jackie McLean
Manchester International 2: New Model Army
Manchester White Heart: The Oyster Band
Monks Horton Black Horse: Now & Then
Newcastle City Hall: Meatloaf
Newcastle Riverside: Lardking
Nottingham Garage: These Vagabond Shoes/The Desert Birds/The Shells
Nottingham University: World Party
Paignton Festival Theatre: Phil Cool
Poole Mr C's: White Lies
Portsmouth Polytechnic: Love & Money
Preston Lamb Hotel: Poisoned Electric Head
Reading Majestic: The Wedding Present/The Close Lobsters
Ripple Plough Inn: Roadrunner
Sheffield City Hall: The Psychedelic Furs
Southampton Concorde Club: Oliver Jones
Southend Reids: Taming The Outback/Innocence/Senzaveil
Stone-in-Oxney Crown: Maroon Dogs
Treforest Wales Polytechnic: The Soup Dragons
Warrington Fiesta Leisure Centre: Nightcrawler
Westbere Rags: Mark Gregory

THURSDAY 26

Bath Hat & Feather: Eat Carrot
Bath Moles: The Larks
Belfast Mayfield Leisure Centre: Simply Red
Birmingham University: The Stage
Bradford St. George's Hall: The Psychedelic Furs
Bristol Bierkeller: Super Diamono De Dakar
Bristol Tropic Club: The Wedding Present/The Close Lobsters
Canterbury College Of Art: Geno Washington
Canterbury Kent University: The Railway Children
Colchester Art Centre: Oliver Jones
Coventry Polytechnic: The Soup Dragons
Croydon Underground: Jim Westwood
Dartford The Orchard: Syd Lawrence Orchestra
Deal Black Horse Hotel: Max Diner
Dudley JB's: Mighty House Rockers
Edinburgh Coasters: The Icicle Works
Edinburgh Queens Hall: Ted Hawkins
Farnham Maltings: Spliff Riff
Folkestone Pullman Wine Bar: Arnold
Gillingham Southern Belle: Vendetta
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: The Clouds/The Chesterfields
Harlow The Square: Headshot/Who Shot Sam?/Poison By Alcohol
Hastings White Rock Theatre: The Hollies
High Wycombe Nag's Head: Aman Aman
Lancaster University: The Bolshoi
Leeds Colours: The Fandangio Brothers
Leeds Polytechnic: New Model Army
Leicester Princess Charlotte: The Lost Preachers
Liverpool Cafe Berlin: Drug!
Liverpool Empire: Europe
Liverpool Unversity: World Party
London Astoria: The Battish Boys
London Brentford Red Lion: Pride Of Passion
London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre: John Hardy
London Brixton Fringe: Potato 5/Forest Hillbillies
London Camberwell Union Tavern: The Snake Corps
London Camden Dingwalls: Zoot & The Roots
London Camden Dublin Castle: Khan
London Camden Electric Ballroom: Jackie McLean
London Camden Palace: Fuzzbox
London Catford Black Horse: Premier Jazz Band
London Catford Green Man: The Panic Brothers/Tony DeMeur
London Colney Watersplash: Rich For A Day
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Dirty Money/Royters
London Cricklewood Production Village: Buster
London Dalston Junction Crown & Castle: Jo Jo Mamosa
London Dover Street Wine Bar: The House Party Band
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: Crash/Clive Pig/Peter Panic
London Fulham Greyhound: The Dubious Brothers/Wait & See
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Mirrors Over Kiev
London Kennington Cricketers: The Rhubarb Tarts/Talking To The World
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: 35th Of May
London N1 Bass Clef: Guildhall Jazz Singers
London North Kensington Station Tavern: Tom Nolan's Rockin' Blues Band
London Putney Half Moon: Robert Joe Vandygriff
London Putney Zeeta's: Save Us
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: Martin Speake/Jim Mullen/Steve Watts/Peter Fairclough
London SW9 The Plough: Flying Pigs
London Shaw Theatre: Ruby Turner
London W1 100 Club: The Addicts
London W1 Burlingtons: John Zaradin
London W1 Gossips: The Questionaires
London WC1 New Merlins Cave: After Hours/Caliban
London Walthamstow Royal Standard: Jaguars
London Wandsworth Two Brewers: Stevie



Frankie Beverley's amazing Wembley sell-out trick rolls round again! Photo: Leon Morris.

Smith
London Woolwich Tramshed: The Flowepot Men/Third Man
Loughborough Charnwood Theatre: Howard & Eberlee
Manchester Boardwalk: Two Thieves & A Liar/Francia Messado & The Maracatu Drummers
Manchester International: BAD
Newcastle City Hall: The Style Council
Newcastle Riverside: The Jaywalkers/State Of Emergency
Northampton Dergate Theatre: Denny Laine
Nottingham Royal: Cyndi Lauper
Oxford Polytechnic: Age Of Chance
Paignton Festival Theatre: Phil Cool
Penzance DiMeza's: One Helluva Buzz/Yellow Van
Plymouth Poly: Rouen
Poole Mr C's: Don't Feed The Animals
Portsmouth Basins: Pop Will Eat Itself
Portsmouth Poly: The Vicious Boys/John Maloney
Reading Cap & Gown: The Pressgang Club
Rochester Abbotsholme Arts Society: Samul Nori
Slough The George: Blues Intrusion
Southend Reids: Stax Century/No Respect
Stockton-on-Tees Dovecot Arts Centre: Full Circle
Telford Barons Club: Excalibur
Tenterden White Lion Hotel: Invicta Jazz Band
Tynemouth Park Hotel: Little Mo/After Midnight
Ulverston Coronation Hall: George Melly & John Chilton's Feetwarmers
Westgate Nottingham Castle: Terry Benson
Whitstable Harbour Lights: Super Heroes
York Spotted Cow: Ecsapes

FRIDAY 27

Alberdeen The Venue: The Icicle Works
Bath Moles: The Flowerpot Men
Bath Pump Rooms: The Glee Club
Bedford Greyfriars: Dogs D'Amour/Straw Dogs/Thunderbird 5
Birmingham Mermaid: Anihilated/Napalm Death/Crow People/Decating Order
Bolton Stag's Head: Niadem's Ghost
Bournemouth 141 Club: Excalibur
Bournemouth Dorset Institute Of Higher Education: Brother Beyond/The Looking Glass
Brentwood Hermit Club: The Reflection AOB
Brighton Corn Exchange: The Happy End
Brighton Richmond: The Wolfhounds/10 Million Quentins/Open Book
Bristol Tropic Club: Pop Will Eat Itself
Cambridge Burleigh Arms: Sardines In Red
Striped Dresses/Don't Call Me Shirley
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: No Corridor
Cardiff St David's Hall: Samul Nori
Croydon Cartoon: Fingertips
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Incantation
Dartford The Orchard: The Hollies
Dublin RDS: Chris De Burgh
Durham University: World Party
Edinburgh Queens Hall: Johnny Copeland
Blues Band
Exeter Arts Centre: The Wishing Stones
Exeter University: Zoot & The Roots
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: Ted Hawkins
Greenock Subterraneans: The Clouds/The Chesterfields
Halesworth Rifle Hall: Lost Garden Band/Palladium
Harlow The Square: Black September/Ten Harrow Apollo: Antz Avenue
Hereford Market Tavern: Preyer
Leeds Colours: Joe Gallagher
Leeds Trades Club: Jackie McLean
Leeds University: B.A.D.

Liverpool Royal Institution: Oceans Eleven/Zak Daniels
London Astoria: Age Of Chance
London Brentford Red Lion: Boogie Brothers Blues Band
London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre: Tim Richards
London Brixton Fringe: Dead Marilyn/Ivan/Tina Benz
London Camden Black Horse: Allan Taylor
London Camden Dingwalls: Denny Laine Band/The Exchange
London Camden Dublin Castle: Red Hot Pokers
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Root Jackson's Unfinished Business
London Cricklewood Production Village: Wish
London Dover Street Wine Bar: Mr Clean
London E9 Chat's Palace: Tapanda Re/Pearl Divers/Mixed Blessings (women only)
London Finchley Torrington: Roberto Campoverdi's Cayenne
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: Hank Wangford/Terry Clarke
London Fulham Greyhound: Paddy Goes To Holyhead/The Rhubarb Tarts
London Fulham Palace: Dave Swarbrick & Beryl Marriott
London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: The Locomotives
London Hammersmith Town Hall: Skint Video
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Timbuk 3
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Beautiful Strangers
London KQC, Strand site: The Weather Prophets/The Word Association
London Kennington Cricketers: Bruce Foxton's 100 Men
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Juice On The Loose
London Kingston Grey Horse: Ruthless Blues
London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63: Bolivar/Backlash
London Lewisham Labour Club: Three Miles Under/Screen Test
London Lewisham Old Tiger's Head: Easter & The Totem
London Marquee: The Chiefs Of Relief
London N1 Bass Clef: Sambatucada
London N16 Chas & Dave's: Better Than Nothing
London NW1 Musicians Collective: Accordions Go Crazy
London North Kensington Station Tavern: Tom Nolan's Rockin' Blues Band
London Palmers Green The Fox: Taming The Outback/The Crayfish Five
London Pizza Express: Oliver Jones
London Putney Half Moon: De Luxe Blues Band
London Putney Whitelands College: Two Nations
London Putney Zeeta's: My Brilliant Career
London Queen Elizabeth College: The Railway Children
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: Bob Docherty Band
London SW9 The Plough: Poorboys
London Shaw Theatre: Sharon Freeman's Gale Force 17/The Guest Stars
London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town: Super Diamono De Dakar
London ULU: The Soup Dragons
London W1 100 Club: Kokomo
London WC1 New Merlins Cave: The Ring/Orange Car Test
London WC2 Bunjies: The Little Darlings
London Walthamstow Royal Standard: Tygers Of Pantang
London Wandsworth Two Brewers: Barliles
London Wembley Arena: Maze
London Woolwich Tramshed: Attacco Decente/Seething Wells/Ian Smith/Mr Nasty
Newcastle City Hall: The Style Council
Newcastle Mayfair: Vow Wow

Newcastle Polytechnic: The Stage
Oxford Jericho Tavern: TV Personalities/Talulah Gosh
Preston LCSC Club: MIA
Runcorn RAOB Club: A Boy Called Mary/Ten Day Trial
St. Austell Coliseum: Phil Cool
Salisbury Arts Centre: The Flying Pickets
Southampton General Hospital: Union Street
Southend Reids: The Pilchards
Stafford College: The Big Supreme
Stafford Gatehouse Theatre: George Melly & John Chilton's Feetwarmers
Sutton Secombe Centre: The Thundering Typhoons/John Hegley/Jenny Eclair/PR Murray (NUJ benefit)
Uxbridge Brunel University: Love & Money
West Houthton Folk Club: The Oyster Band
Weston-super-Mare Knightstone: Steve Marriott
Wolverhampton Polytechnic: It Bites/The Cardiacs
York Winning Post: Drug Free America/Love & Destruction

SATURDAY 28

Aldershot West End Centre: Sonny Black
Blues Band/Blue Murder/Blues Intrusion
Bath Moles: Zubop
Bedford Greyfriars: Faze One
Bedford Midland Hotel: Pink On Pink
Birkenhead Stairways: Vow Wow
Birmingham Mermaid: BGK/Napalm Death/Heresy/Zealot
Blackpool Illusions: MIA
Bournemouth International Centre: Meatloaf
Brighton Cockcroft Hall: The Soup Dragons
Brighton Hairy Dog Club: Discovery
Brighton Poly Basement Club: Candiemalds (lunchtime)
Brighton Pavilion Theatre: Blur/Left Hand Right Hand
Bristol Hope Centre: The Blue Aeroplanes
Bristol Tropic Club: The Flatmates/Bubblegum Splash
Camberley Lakeside: Tammy Wynette
Canterbury Kent University: Zoot & The Roots
Catford Green Man: Howlin' Wilf & The Vee-Jays
Chatham St George's Hotel: Tygers Of Pantang
Chichester Rock Club: Excalibur
Coventry Warwick University: Pop Will Eat Itself
Crawley Leisure Centre: The Hollies
Dartford The Orchard: Johnny McEvoy
Dublin RDS: Chris De Burgh
Dudley JB's: Rouen
Dundee Grey Lodge: Toxik Ephex
Durham University: The Stage
Essex University: Age Of Chance
Gillingham Southern Belle: Geneva
Glasgow Pavilion: Bob Geldof
Glasgow Scottish Exhibition: The Style Council
Glasgow Strathclyde University: The Icicle Works
Harlow The Square: The Approach/The Choice
Hatfield Poly: Otto Prang's Blues Incorporated
Hereford Market Tavern: Section B
Ilfracombe Carousel Bar: The Wishing Stones
Kingston Polytechnic: Two Nations
Kirkcaldy Adam Smith Centre: Howard & Eberlee
Leeds Astoria: Super Diamono De Dakar
Llantwit Major St Donats Arts Centre: The Balham Alligators
London Astoria: Ghost Dance/The Bolshoi
London Brentford Red Lion: Willy Finlayson & The Hurters
London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre: Barb Jung & Michael Parker/Splash Down Jazz
London Camberwell Father Redcap: The Gutter Brothers
London Camden Carnarvon Castle: Wolfie Witcher (lunchtime)
London Camden Dingwalls: Johnny Copeland
Blues Band/The Sunsets
London Camden Dublin Castle: Forest Hillbillies
London Camden Warehouse: Howlin' Wilf & The Vee-Jays
London Catford Green Man: Fingertips
London Central Poly: My Bloody Valentine
London Chelsea College: Love & Money
London Clerkenwell Horseshoe: Bob Cobbings/Zolan Quobble/Dave Hopkins/The Domestic
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Troggs
London Cricklewood Production Village: Baba Koto
London Dover Street Wine Bar: Gentlemen Of Leisure
London E9 Chat's Palace: The Rivals/The Panic Brothers
London EC1 Three Compasses: The Dirty Rats
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: Steve Marriott/Samurai
London Fulham Greyhound: Johnny Pinko
Dog Town Rhythm
London Hammersmith Clarendon: The Wedding Present/Close Lobsters
London Hammersmith Odeon: David Sanborn
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Silent Arcade/The Cats
London Kennington Cricketers: Boogie Brothers Blues Band
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Blubbery Hellbellies
London Kingston Poly: Attacco Decente
London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63: The Jiving Instructors
London N1 Bass Clef: Orchestre Jazira
London N16 Chas & Dave's: King Of Wang
London North Kensington Station Tavern: Tom Nolan's Rockin' Blues Band
London Pizza Express: Oliver Jones
London Putney Half Moon: Steve Gibbons Band
London Putney Zeeta's: 49 Scream
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: Bob Taylor's Jazzmen
London SW9 The Plough: Mario Castronari Group
London Shaw Theatre: Red Wedge Women's Tour featuring Hope Augustus/Coming Up Roses/Frank Chickens/Sarah Jane Morris/Sensible Footwear/Sandle Shaw/Sheila Smith/Tracey Thorn
London Thames Polytechnic: The Railway Children
London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town: Then Jericho

CONTINUES OVER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

London Tufnell Park Tavern: **JCM Jazzband**
 London W1 Club: **Ken Sims' Dixie Kings/Storeyville Tickle**
 London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **GI Orange/Price & Prejudice**
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard: **Juice On The Loose**
 London Wandsworth Two Brewers: **Bad Influence**
 London Wembley Arena: **Maze**
 London Woolwich Tramshed (South of Deptford club): **Hank Wangford Trio/Mark Steele**
 Luton Switch Club: **Shadowlands**
 Manchester Boardwalk: **Mighty Mighty/Benny Profane**
 Manchester International: **Timbuk 3**
 Manchester Poly: **Surfing Lungs**
 Newcastle Riverside: **Screen Idols (lunchtime)/Crux (evening)**
 Norwich University Of East Anglia: **B.A.D.**
 Portsmouth Basins: **Rufus Stone**
 Reading Cap & Gown: **The Gathering/Warhol's Babies**
 Retford Porterhouse: **Into A Circle/Laughing Mother**
 Richmond Theatre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
 Rochford Freighthouse: **Famous Potatoes**
 St Alban's Pineapple: **The Escape Committee**
 Sheffield Leadmill: **Eric Random & The Bedlamites**
 Shoreham Duke of Wellington: **Traitors**
 Southampton Angel: **Cement Garden**
 Southend Reids: **Hedgehog**
 Stevenage Bowes Lyon Hotel: **Rubella Ballet/The Limbhunters**
 Sunderland Poly: **World Party**
 Totteridge Morning Star: **Aman Aman**
 Wickham Boar's Head: **Blues 'n' Trouble/Sonny Black's Blues Band**
 Windsor Arts Centre: **Ozric Tentacles**

SUNDAY

1

Ardrossan Town Hall: **Toxik Ephex/The Clique/Attica Rage/Warzone**
 Bedford Old Ace Studio: **Jai Alai**
 Birmingham Barrell Organ: **The Wedding Present/Close Lobsters**
 Blackpool Grand Theatre: **Phil Cool**
 Cardiff Ritz: **B.A.D.**
 Dublin RDS: **Chris De Burgh**
 Dundee Dance Factory: **The Clouds/The Chesterfields**
 Farnham Maltings: **June Tabor & Martin Simpson/Attacco Decente**
 Hull University: **The Dubious Brothers**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Simply Red**
 London Deptford Albany Empire: **Timbuk 3**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Back To Jordan/Four Guns/Dibbs/Scared Of Heights**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Crayfish Five**
 London Charing Cross Wispers: **Breathless**
 London Finchley Torrington: **Howlin' Wilf & The Vee-Jays**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Iggy Quall (lunchtime)**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Anhrefn/Datblygu**
 London Hackney Empire: **Popticians**
 London Kennington Cricketers: **Alias Ron Kavana (lunchtime) Steve Marriott (evening)**
 London Kentish Town Vulture's Perch: **Dudu Pukwana**
 London Lewisham Labour Club: **Sheila Hyde/Fiona Thurston/Berni Cunnane**
 London Portman Hotel: **Dick Charlesworth Quartet**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Ronnie Bond Band**
 London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange: **Denny Holland (lunchtime)/Jazz Junction (evening)**

London Town & Country Club: **It Bites/The Cardiacs**
 London WC1 Yorkshire Grey: **Georgia Jazzband**
 London Wembley Arena: **Meatloaf**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Elsie & Her Jazzmen (lunchtime)**
 Ludlow Starline: **Rouen**
 Nottingham Russells: **These Vagabond Shoes**
 Oxford Apollo: **Tammy Wynette**
 Peterborough Key Theatre: **Camera Shy (lunchtime)**
 Poole Mr C's: **World War III (lunchtime)/Galahad (evening)**
 Redcar Bowl: **The Icicle Works**
 Stratford-upon-Avon Swan Theatre: **Samul Nori**
 Surrey University: **Love & Money**
 Totnes Darlington Arts Centre: **Oliver Jones**
 Westerham Grasshopper: **Fingertips**

MONDAY

2

Bangor University: **World Party**
 Bath Moles: **Station To Station**
 Birmingham Aston University: **Timbuk 3**
 Brighton Polytechnic: **Love & Money**
 Cardiff Four Bars Inn: **Oliver Jones**
 Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Tammy Wynette**
 Croydon Underground: **My Bloody Valentine**
 Dudley JB's: **Heart Party**
 Dundee University: **Toxik Ephex**
 Edinburgh Union Cellar: **Jesse Garon & The Desperadoes/Meat Whiplash/The Fizzbombs/Baby Lemonade**
 Glasgow University Theatre: **Howard & Eberlee**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **The Gospel/The Fari Daughters & Unity Force/Sunset Band**
 London Dean Street Alice In Wonderland: **Bone Idle & The Layabouts**

London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Skint Video/Five O'Clock Approach**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **The Rhubarb Tarts/Kalhari**
 London Fulham King's Head: **The Stupids/Perfect Daze/Baby's Got A Gun**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Somewhere In Bermuda**
 London Kennington Cricketers: **Salvation Sunday/Loop**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Phil Beer & Steve Knightley**
 London W1 100 Club: **John Otway/Aman Aman**
 London W1 Le Beat Route: **Zoodoll**
 London Wembley Arena: **Meatloaf**
 Loughborough University: **The Dubious Brothers**
 Riverside: **The Clouds/The Chesterfields**
 Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Simply Red**
 Nottingham Trent Poly: **Shark Taboo**
 Poole Mr C's: **Naked Truth**
 Sheffield City Hall: **Magnum**
 Sheffield University: **The Stage**
 Southend Reids: **Tearaway**
 Southport Arts Centre: **Samul Nori**
 Southport Kingsway: **Gone To Earth/The Magic Carpets**
 Sunderland Empire Theatre: **Phil Cool**

TUESDAY

3

Bangor Trax: **Y Cyrrff/The Lungs**
 Basildon Towngate Theatre: **Phil Burdett & Steve Stott/Rick Christian**
 Birmingham Burberries: **Pop Will Eat Will Eat Itself**
 Bracknell Wilde Theatre: **Ronnie Scott Quintet**
 Bristol Hippodrome: **Simply Red**
 Bristol Polytechnic: **Love & Money**
 Dartford The Orchard: **Adrian Snell**
 Derby Confeetti's: **The Egyptian Kings**

Dudley JB's: **Monkey Messiah**
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: **The Icicle Works**
 Hull Adelphi: **The Clouds/Chesterfields**
 Leeds Irish Centre: **It Bites/The Cardiacs**
 Leicester Melton Mowbray College: **Rodney Allen**
 Leicester University: **The Fabulous Dirt Sisters**
 London Astoria: **B.A.D.**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Tav Falco & Panther Bruns**
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Rivals**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Stitched Back Foot Airman/Night Porter/Hysteria Ward**
 London Frith Street 50s: **Nyah Fearties/Anna Palm**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Josi Without Colours**
 London Greenwich Cutty Sark: **The Dirty Rats**
 London Kennington Cricketers: **Demented Are Go/Rochee & The Sarnos**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Paz**
 London Putney Zeeta's: **Belinda Beauty & Ego**
 London W1 100 Club: **Fingertips**
 London Wembley Arena: **Deep Purple/Bad Company**
 London Wembley Arena: **Deep Purple/Bad Company**
 Manchester Apollo: **Magnum**
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **Johnny Copeland**
 Manchester University: **Forest Hillbillies**
 Middlesbrough Town Hall: **4,000,000**
 Telephones/Whirlpool Guest House: **Friends**
 Newcastle City Hall: **Bob Geldof**
 North Staffs Polytechnic: **World Party**
 Nottingham Mardi Gras: **The Dubious Brothers**
 Nottingham Russells: **Jazzmanian Fruit Bats**
 Sheffield City Hall: **Gremilns**
 Southend Reids: **Screaming Lord Sutch/The Black Cats**

HARP BEAT 87

THE MISSION

SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
 WEDNESDAY 18th MARCH 7.30 pm
 Tickets: £3.00
 Available from S.O. Tel: 01474 789564 and usual agents

LEEDS UNIVERSITY
 THURSDAY 19th MARCH 9.00 pm
 Tickets: £3.00
 Available from Students Union, CTS Shop & Jumbo Records

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
 FRIDAY 20th MARCH 7.30 pm
 Tickets: £3.00
 Available from S.O. Tel: 0191 261 2606 and usual agents

GLASGOW BAJO WILANDS
 SATURDAY 21st MARCH 8.00 pm

NOTTINGHAM LOCK CITY
 MONDAY 23rd MARCH 9.00 pm

BRISTOL STUDIO
 TUESDAY 24th MARCH 8.30 pm
 Tickets: £3.00
 Available from S.O. Tel: 0117 214 2141, Virgin, Revolver, Rival Records Bristol & Bath

MANCHESTER APOLLO
 THURSDAY 26th MARCH 7.30 pm
 Tickets: £4.50 Advance, £3.00 £3.50 Door
 Available from S.O. Tel: 0161 275 1775, Recordly Records, Vibes Records Bury and UK Travel Chester

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
 FRIDAY 27th MARCH 7.30 pm

BRIXTON ACADEMY
 SATURDAY 28th MARCH 8.00 pm
 Tickets: £3.00 Advance, £3.00 Door
 Sections from S.O. Tel: 0181 1022 178, Premier, Keith Prowse, Ticket Master & Stargreen
 (Credit Cards 01 81 8989), Ticket Master & Stargreen

HARP BEAT
 THE HARP LAGER MUSIC PROGRAMME

Outlaw Presents

BERLIN

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
MON. 9TH MARCH 7.30
ALL TICKETS £6.00
 box office tel. 267 3334,
 Premier 240 0771,
 LTB 439 3371,
 Stargreen 437 5282,
 Keith Prowse 741 8989.

PHIL GARDNER ASSOCIATES LTD. PRESENTS

POTATO 5

the FOREST HILLBILLIES and MAROON TOWN
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EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

MISTY IN ROOTS LONDON TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB

WHITHER SATURDAY night? Despite the efforts of a comrade, new found at Kentish Town tube, to entice me with a night of disco-dancing and dialectical materialism at *Marxism Today's* do down the road, I decided that Saturday night was best spent in the company of Misty In Roots. Rooted in a different kind of politics, that of Rock Against Racism in the late '70s, they're a band whose time seems to have passed. And considering tonight's two-hour marathon celebration of bass culture, that's more than a shame.

Expanded to a mighty 11-piece sound, the Misties lay down a solid rhythmical base to their set, a base not afraid to let its constituents roam from the home sound reggae beat. It's a freedom that embraces sub-Morricone guitar twangs on 'Showcase', up-tempo soca on 'Wandering Wanderer' and reverb dub on 'Food, Clothes And Shelter'. Their best and chillingest moment's on 'Horizon', the band utilising an orchestrated autonomy that allows rhythms to interweave to devastating effect, falling suddenly into empty dub space. Coupled with the skanks of locksmen Butty and Duxie — who in both voice and antic complement one another like Rorschach twins — the Misties are amphetamine to the shoe-soles.

All in all, it's a good-natured evening. The student union herbsmen chant "Roots! roots!"; skanking stage-invaders are led away by skanking security staff; it's a sell-out that justifies Misty's return. More than this, it's an evening that shows everything's alright at the millennialist dub end of British pop-reggae. After the encores, I found a man clad in socialist severity, sitting on a coal bunker and staring into space. No doubt pondering the relationship of bass to super-structure. He'd obviously missed Misty.

LOUISE GRAY

THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG BELFAST QUEEN'S

STANDING IN one of the few dozen students' union halls named after Nelson Mandela, and surrounded by the intelligensia going "buck mad", arguments in favour of The Men They Couldn't Hang seem pointless. Inevitably The Pogues come to mind — with The Pogues, The Men might seem surplus to requirements yet without MacGowan and company they may never have happened. On this Valentine's Eve "hooley" the connection may be tenuous (the Men are more about rock than folk and not at all Irish by any generation) but it is instructive.

Despite the euphoria of countless beer-sodden live pages, seeing The Pogues in action has normally left this observer unmoved. Yet while their albums approach perfection in places, with

two (very) notable exceptions The Men's recordings have fallen well short. Live they're faster, fiercer than their (tor)mentors, and mercifully less shambolic, but the end result is still the same — hundreds Jack O'Sheaing their bodies in Celtic abandon. Still the boundary between this and pub rock is pretty blurred — almost every number starts slowly but you know the momentum is going to build up. New single 'Ghost Of Cable Street' and old one 'Shirt Of Blue' — are both equally dodgy. 'A Night To Remember' still sounds standard Bluebells, and criminally the mighty 'Ironmasters' is as mediocre as the rest.

The encore, 'The Green Fields Of France', is still the best reading of one of the saddest songs I know but all else is strictly no respite to Hammersmith. 'Rabid Underdog' may be a fine play on words but it's miles from the passion of Brendan Behan or the pain of the metal doors of Vine Street.

PETER RODGERS

TED HAWKINS HARLESDEN MEAN FIDDLER

CAN THIS be the same humble hobo who busked along Venice Beach for a living? Can this man, with a briefcase full of contracts and a string of hotel reservations, be the same dirty bum napping on a beach on the sleeve photo of 'On The Boardwalk'? Indeed it is, but the refreshing sparkle of that album is missing here tonight and Ted is playing the "star".

Completely unsolicited, he reaches out and shakes the hands of those brave few who fought their way to the front, and positively glows in the spotlight. Andy Ker-shaw and Billy Bragg love him, they made him a "star", and he idolises them in return. "They pulled me up from the muck, those guys," he tells us shortly after Bragg's guest duet. But maybe what they saw in the muck merits more praise than this sadly disappointing display.

The husky, strained voice is still the same and is always a pleasure to hear, but Ted's guitar playing leaves a heck of a lot to be desired. For instance, did you realise that 'Dock Of The Bay' doesn't have any minor chords, and uses a three-chord sequence identical to 'Daytime Friends, Night-time Lovers'? Yup, there's a fair few misprints in the Ted Hawkins play-in-a-day songbook.

Hawkins introduces a young band to accompany him after the interval and again basks in his newfound glory: "There was a time when good musicians wouldn't cross the road to spit at me". If his friends could see him now, eh? Hawkins is trying to run before he can walk and with a dozen UK shows ahead of him his ego is in for a few more boosts before he gets back to the beach. I don't want to start the Hawkins backlash, I don't even want to be part of it, but it's coming soon. There is an element of the Emperor's New Clothes about Ted Hawkins live and it's



Watch out Paul . . . the axe man cometh.

IF THAT'S ENTERTAINMENT . . .

THE STYLE COUNCIL LONDON ALBERT HALL

THE LAST TIME I saw Paul Weller on stage, he was still an Angry Young Man with a Rickenbacker. At the Albert Hall he plays most of the show *sans* axe, and if there's anyone who looks lost without the dread rockist phallus-substitute 'tis he.

A big white jacket on thin black legs, Paul Weller is playing the Soul Man, and it's embarrassing. The whole show is embarrassing, come to that. The idea of screening the 20-minute promo film *Jerusalem* before taking the stage is odd enough; that it's dismally unfunny into the bargain is unpardonable. Then there's the sound. Apart from the fact that the sound crew seem to be out to lunch, the band is hopelessly un-tight, the only possible

excuse being the absence of drummer Steve White.

Aside from all this, the crux of The Style Council's problem is that Weller's new songs are really just hollow simulacra of contemporary American soul. He's got the form right — I liked 'It Didn't Matter' a lot — but there's nothing of him in it. It's less that he's such an uninteresting singer than that songs like 'The Cost Of Loving' and 'Walking The Night' are fundamentally NOT SPECIAL. The whole thing is so contrived, still so much the product of in-crowd *Absolute Beginners* culture. It's no wonder they've never cracked it in America.

Things marginally improve on 'With Everything To Lose', if only because it's more honestly Welleresque. 'A Woman's Story' (written by a man) is pretty, though D. C. Lee — looking like

Janet Jackson in her jodphurs — hasn't a special enough voice to use it. The best moments occur when Weller and the be-blazered Mick Talbot are briefly left alone. Talbot duly gets his Jimmy Smith/Booker T. solo spot on the old Hammond, following through with the lead vocal on 'Homebreakers'.

It is not a great show, but then one never feels The Style Council are in the business of show business. Certainly they seldom appear to be enjoying themselves. Sure, there's still a Jam-style crowd surging at Weller's feet, but the air-punching fists look a bit half-hearted tonight. The sad thing is that The Style Council, striving as anxiously as they are to be different from the rest, are far less entertaining than some far less talented groups I could name.

BARNEY HOSKYNs

only a matter of time before people start pointing and laughing. Watch your step, Ted.

TERRY STAUNTON

MICRODISNEY BIRMINGHAM CLICK CLUB

CATHAL COUGHLAN's hairy dumpling face oozes perspiration under the steaming pink and red bubblebath lights. He grimaces; his brain and lungs contort; every inch of his natty crimplene shirt strains with the effort required to rumble around a difficult corner in his amazing vocal/double-think maze.

The Click Club's ridiculous disco fittings were not made to withstand social-surrealist visions of this potency: *Big fat matrons with turquoise hair?; Anglo-Saxons making love in their frogman suits and boxing gloves?; My wife is a . . . horse?*

The still-spinning mirror-ball drips into a pool of molten metal in the middle of the useless miniature dancefloor. . . . The man is clearly a genius.

But hold on! Four similarly suety session-musicians are lurking behind Cathal on stage. Most of the time they just provide an inoffensive soundtracky backing for the twinging baritone of the singer, but every so often this wall of picky,

mutually destructive intro-cleverness shakes down into simple, dreamy pop. (Hear 'Horse Overboard', 'Birthday Girl', 'Harmony Time'). We The People sway happily; Cathal drops in for a sing-song, Microdisney really click as a group.

Cock half an ear to 'Angels' or 'Big Sleeping House' and it could be daytime Huey Lewis, Georgie Fame . . . Who said that? Cock a whole ear to half of Microdisney's backing tracks and they could be out-takes from 'There Goes Rhymin' Simon' or even something off The Daintees' hateful MOR oilslick 'Boat To Bolivia'.

In conclusion: Microdisney's Dream Debased.

Cathal Coughlan's lyrics are in danger of becoming simply *too good to waste* by hanging them on fleetingly fashionable musical notes. They certainly deserve better than to be scrawled on inner-sleeves, where they are 'appreciated' only by hack Freudian over-analysts. I look forward to Cathal's post-Disney emergence as pure poet, pamphleteer or paperback writer.

D. J. FONTANA

COMSAT ANGELS LONDON TUFNELL PARK

EVEN SEVEN years ago, supporting Siouxsie And The Banshees, the Comsats' sound was incongruous among the surge of post-punk rockers. They were rapidly swamped by the likes of the Bun-neymen and U2 and never really recovered. It's not hard to see why they've missed out all this time. Their sound has changed little from the early success of 'Independence Day'. The music has become intelligent, thoughtful, paced and, well, dull. There's little sign of wit, passion or aggression.

Only the strident vocals of Stephen Fellows rescue the songs from total uniformity. You stand there praying for a flash of colour a clanging chord or a drop of sweat, something to get worked up about. The slowest numbers come across as the best when the electric piano dictates the mood, as with the new single 'Cutting Edge'. Only 'Something's Got To Give' late on in the set threatens to spark.

The Comsats are making a comeback but it resembles more the sight of an invalid going in for another serious operation. Let's hope they're with BUPA (*wash your mouth out — Ed*) otherwise the record company might pull the plug on the life support machine.

MIKE PATTENDEN

THE SHREW KINGS LONDON SHREW CLUB

THE SHREW Kings have come across the river and created a little space in Soho that will forever be South London. This, their weekly club in Frith St, will do much to endear and establish them — the scuzzy dive bar is a natural setting for their parade of artistic flair mixed with "show me the way to the next whisky bar" sentiments.

This band are an eclectic bunch, their set is a mash of short, catchy songs out of which certain stylistic traces will develop, shift the pace or mood and disappear again: northern soul, German dancehall, rockabilly, country-swing and punk.

Sensitive hooligans Jeff and Bill lead the group with a perfect vocal double act, countering and complementing each other with a finesse surely born of accident. Humour will joyfully grate with aplomb until both dissolve into full-blooded attack.

A trumpet caresses and at other times distresses. The highpoint is perhaps the first encore. A tender love song mounts from its acoustic base to momentous crescendo and finale. The Shrew Kings are indeed a rich but rootsy feast.

RICHARD NORTH

ALONE AGAIN . . . OR?



PHOTO: TIM JARVIS

LONE JUSTICE LONDON MARQUEE

MARIA McKEE bites yer lugs. Sometimes it's a sensual experience; a shiver in the stirrup, a tickle on the lobe. Sometimes it's excruciating; the yelp of a perfect beast pursued by a four-pack of powerhounds.

For once, I'm unfashionably late and me hair's too short. It's nine o'clock and the tightly-packed chamber is already reeling, nay rocking. "C'mon move," purrs Maria, already perspiring into 'Inspiration': "What was bound in my soul/Has now burst beyond control". Too true, mes amis, for before the night's out McKee's strutted her stuff, strummed her geetar, and sprinkled the juice of her armpits all over the Marquee stage. In terms of energy and visual excitement, it's as impressive as anything I've seen this week. And the voice? Well she's got an astonishing range – of notes if not emotions – and considering the instrumental competition her delivery at speed, in full-flight shaking those unruly curls, is phenomenal.

So where's the rub, you may ask? The fault lies not with her apple pieness but in the very ordinariness of the songs. Plus the fact that most of the audience know the words and insist on singing them. On the unsuitably catchy single 'I Found Love' and the "blood and fog" of 'Belfry' this isn't too serious a problem; the gist of the

lyrics filters through neanderthal drumming and savage guitarwork. But sadly throughout the delicate 'Wheels' – featuring Maria on piano – the rabble chorus of "yeah yeah yeah" shattered a rare moment of lone sensitivity. Too soon they hit us with LP title-track 'Shelter', a drum-driven anthem which again aims for the lowest denominator in audience participation.

It's a hypothetical point, I know, but without McKee's presence, expressing these rocky ideals in those octaves, we wouldn't give these songs the time of day, dismissing the Lone Justice vanguard as two-bit barboys with stadium rock ambitions. Obviously that's where they're going and Maria's looks and larynx should take them all the way; not only can she fill the long-vacant position of rock heroine, but also her country roots – the encored 'Don't Toss Us Away' – and the fine gospel of 'Heaven' show her versatility.

Thus the mob thrustured their arms aloft – clapping, v-signing, playfully hurling skiffs – while Lone Justice rocked out in time-honoured Marquee style. And just when you think the surprises are over, when the spell of her voice begins to wear off, they charge into 'Sweet Jane' – including a snatch of 'Walk On The Wild Side' for good measure – and the balance again shifts from pleasure to pain.

Maria McKee bites yer lugs. Ow!

LEN BROWN

Maria: home with the range.

HURRAH! LONDON ASTORIA

WHO'D HAVE thought they would come this far? Next to the Sprouts, The Dainties and The Kane Gang, Hurrah! always appeared as the boys least likely to when it seemed that everything but the Kitchenware sink could get a hit out of the North East.

Well, the hit has yet to rear its head and although it's not exactly a shoulder-to-shoulder sweatbox in here tonight, there is room to dance to songs from the album of the year so far (all right, I know it's only February). Tell God Hurrah! are here and they're not content knocking on heaven's door, they're gonna kick it down.

From the shambling and unsure set-up I first witnessed three plus years ago, Hurrah! have developed into the most exciting guitar group ever to break a string (and there's a lot of that going on tonight) with a collection of mini-anthems without the arrogance of U2, and three-part harmonies The Hollies would kill a choirboy for.

The stage presentation has changed a fair bit as well. Gone are the grim grey suits and dull pullovers – now it's leather jackets and ripped jeans and there's a little too much jumping off the monitor speakers for my liking. Let's hope the stadium mentality doesn't get too firm a grip on them.

'Sweet Sanity', the second-time-round single (the old 'When Love Breaks Down' marketing approach in operation here), shines head and shoulders above all else, but the bulk of 'Tell God I'm Here' passes the live litmus test with 'How Many Rivers' making a strong bid to be the next 45.

Hurrah! have still to lose their perennial support slot tag and a series of dates next month opening for The Stranglers (strange bedfellows indeed) may be a bad career move at a time when they should be foremost in any discerning pop fan's mind. Hurrah! for '87. Make a date.

TERRY STAUNTON

THE PROCLAIMERS EDINBURGH, THE VENUE

IF THE Costello amoeba had split into twin halves and originated in Auchtermuchtie, if it had sung in a hard, pronounced Scots accent about small, ferocious Scots things, then it would have been The Proclaimers.

Almost-identical twins with fair hair over thick horn-rims and clothes straight out of their mother's catalogue; one plays guitar, the other bongos – Mr Norman Normal times two. The Proclaimers are a bizarre Miners Welfare club act who have escaped and are knocking a lot of unsuspecting people dead with songs full of grating dialect and surprising insights. The

small-town existence, the drink, the football and the leaving of the isles are all here, as lips move in trained unison like a two-man opera.

The faces are all scrunched-up concentration and the songs are strumming, calling work-songs for the new unworking Scotland. 'Letter From America' is the stand out, a strange combination of the rousing, humorous and the depressive with a chorus role-call of all the small places in an irradiated, non-industrial North: *Bathgate no more, Linwood no more, Lewis no more, Methil no more*, they sing, and it actually pierces the heart. A savage goodbye to nowhere-land – the Nebraska of Britain.

The packed Venue shows their popularity and eccentricity value. Shockingly, they are heading for a major signing – I can see them hurling their rolled 'R's through independants but the major machine? The surprise of they year is two singers, two sangs.

BOB FLYNN

PSYCHEDELIC FURS LONDON HAMMERSMITH ODEON

OFTEN HAS chief Fur Richard Butler spoken of himself as an uncompromising participant in the great rock & roll arena. In tonight's context, no compromise means to be impervious to influence, invulnerable to change. To watch the Furs is to peel back the ten-year old curtain and peek at what once was – and still is – power pop, pomp chords and larynxes worn on sleeves.

Starting as they mean to go on, in a pea-souper of dry ice lit blue, the Furs offer 19 variations on a single theme. Heartbeats, shadows, trains and old radios, all the metaphorical furniture of the angst-ridden are referenced in the up-front lyrics. With studied treacly gestures, elfin-like Butler leads the band through all the old faves – 'Sister Europe', 'India' and 'President Gas' (complete with goose-steps), and most of the 'Midnight' collection, as well. The sound is melody, rather than rhythm, orientated – a mesh of sax guitar textures and synth washes. Nor have Butler's raspy vocals lost any edge.

I'm not to old and cynical to be chilled at the points where Mars Williams' (looking like Genesis P. Orridge gone leather) belting sax meets chainsaw guitars and keyboard atmospherics in the mix; nor am I unable to appreciate Butler's self-conscious Iggy-isms. Maybe it's all too much; concentrated monumentalism soon gives way to ponderousness. A night of melancholia, melodrama and not much menace at all.

LOUISE GRAY

IMMACULATE FOOLS TRAGIC COMEDY



7" WITH
DUMB POET (LIVE)

12" WITH
DUMB POET (LIVE)
ALL FALL DOWN
& IMMACULATE FOOLS (LIVE)

7" DOUBLE PACK
PLUS
HEARTS OF FORTUNE (LIVE)
& WHAT ABOUT ME (LIVE)



Tel~star

Most people who knew him as a child had his future well and truly mapped out for him. They figured, in their minds, that once he had grown a few more inches, gained some experience and knowledge, he would automatically walk into his father's shoes as the local preacher.

There was very little to suggest otherwise. From both sides of the family, the church dominated their lives, whether it was on those hot sticky Saturday nights when his mother, with her husband beaming proudly behind her, would stand up in church and sing like an angel to a swaying, excited crowd. Or at home, when his father gathered the family around him and sternly lectured them in the ways of the Lord.

Few could ever suspect that in reality this bright child with the angelic looks had other ideas. That, despite all these preconceptions, he was planning a completely different life, one which would begin with the massed ranks of the United States Army and end here, in Britain, as the most explosive and genuine musical talent to be heard in recent years.

Only Terence Trent D'Arby had that secret. And he was keeping it very close to his chest.

The Voice: is undoubtedly soul, a wicked cross-fertilization of all the greats that have gone before him, yet one that determinedly stakes out its own unique territory. You may recognize certain inflections here, vocal touches which will drag you back to your Michael Jackson records or your Marvin or Stevie collection, but such is its power, its unerring ability to cut straight to the heart of the matter, that it belongs undeniably to Terence Trent D'Arby.

The Music: stretches itself further. It is not tied down to one style or current musical trend. It is a striking sound, a fusion of the most unlikely sources – blues, country, rock and Frank Sinatra are just some of the examples – that beautifully wraps itself around this marvellous voice. D'Arby embraces all forms of music. He is not tied down by musical snobbery. He listens for the good in everything and then takes it four steps further. Most of all, this striking music swaggers with an unbelievable and radiant confidence.

The Man: is perfect for the late '80s. His striking looks transcend normal ideas about beauty and put him up there in the androgynous class of a Prince or Michael Jackson.

He is arrogant and vain, with a total belief in his talent. When he hears an artist that moves him, he will buy up everything in sight – books, videos, records – and immerse himself totally until he has understood the force behind that person.

He leans towards mysticism, a reaction to the black and white of his religious upbringing, yet will unhesitatingly take the piss out of himself for it. On the other hand, he will spend hours berating you for calling him a hippy.

He is an extremist, yet he sees both sides of the argument. Above all he is already so in front of most contemporary music that it's practically a joke. Ladies and gentlemen, Terence Trent D'Arby is about to go and tell it

Plenty of others have made the same journey from gospel to soul, via boxing; rather fewer have taken detours through the Army of the Rhine and Rod Stewart's fan club! But whatever his route, **TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY** has arrived among us as the genuine article, a fully fledged Star. An awestruck **PAOLO HEWITT** leads the welcoming committee. Perfect profile: **DEREK RIDGERS**.

to the world. One way or the other, you are going to have to listen.

Location: an interview room in North London, near to where Terence Trent D'Arby lives.

Time: Friday evening, early, with dusk creeping in. By the time we finish, the world is pitch black.

Terence Trent D'Arby is sitting directly opposite me. I offer him some Perrier water. I heard you didn't drink, so I brought this along.

"Thanks. Actually, I used to not drink at all but it just became an absurd notion that I was so afraid of alcohol that the very thing that could relax me, stop me being so tense, I was staying away from. Then again, when I started taking it, I became afraid of it again. It was so easy to go out, get a couple of drinks, not eat so that it would go to my system faster, and then I'd be calm and relaxed."

That's why so many people do drugs, Terence. It gets rid of their hang-ups for the night.

"I think I'll never have a drug problem because they don't interest me. I think if you have an addictive personality, you'll get addicted to fucking peanuts. But because of the way I am, if I'm not careful a lot of the time I find myself spouting some real hippy shit. I have to be careful here."

That's right. This is the *NME*, after all.

"See, what happens is that all your life you've been preached Heaven and Hell, the evils of mankind and all that kind of shit. Then all of that goes from your mind and suddenly you have a lot of questions that need answers. You have to come to your own conclusions and that never stops."

"If you talk about it on a surface level you can wind up sounding like a real hippy, like a typical sort of artist."

Well, tell us a bit about this religious upbringing and the affect it has on people.

D'Arby, who talks a dozen to the minute, stalls a little.

"I'm somehow hesitant to talk about it. Name me someone black, who sings, and who doesn't have the same story. Except for Chaka Khan, maybe. Especially, my father was a Pentecostal minister which is very, very conservative fundamentalist. My mother's father was a pastor in the same organisation. Her mother was in it too. My father's father was in it. It was something you couldn't escape. The first things I remember being aware of are the church and gospel."

"As a matter of fact, Pye Records were looking at my mum for a long time. My mum was in a gospel group called The Cliff Otherback Singers, or some shit like that, and they were really interested in signing her."

Whereabouts in the States is this?

"Well, I was born in New York and I lived there until I was about six. For some reason my mum went across the river to East

Orange."

That's some town. Loads of great musicians have come out of there. Gwen Guthrie, Dionne Warwick, Surface. . .

"Whitney Houston. . . The funny thing is, I went back home for the first time in five years and I saw these photos of my mum when she was younger. It really surprised me how much she looked then like Whitney Houston looks now. Anyway, after that we moved to Chicago, lived there for a couple of years, then we moved to a suburb of Chicago and then we moved to Florida."

Were you singing in church, by now?

"Yeah. What happened was, churches, especially black churches, are full of women. Basically, they're the ones who are more at risk. They've been ostracised by society, and then again by their men. A lot of women, especially more homely women, will give themselves up to religion."

"Somehow, and I know it's blasphemous, you do feel this sexual thing there. Now, the first thing I remember doing in church is playing drums. I used to be quite a good drummer and I sort of regret giving it up, but I did give it up because drummers got no attention. The next thing I remember is singing, and the old women, they loved that. They loved to see kids doing shit like that so you'd get a pat on the back, a hug and get smothered in massive tits, so that was cool."

"But the feeling I got from singing, the feeling they gave me. . ."

For once, D'Arby dries up. He searches for the adjective to explain the sensation of singing, but can't find it.

"It's just that every time my father went off on a Bible meeting, I had to come up and sing, and they loved it."

Did your father allow you to listen to any other musics?

"He knew that I would go to a friend's house and listen to records. I was 16 or 17 and someone would come back and say, 'your son was dancing at a disco', and we weren't allowed to dance or any of that shit. I don't know why I'm using so many expletives. I must be nervous."

Have another Perrier. Or maybe something stronger.

"My mum will probably read this and say, Oh my God, my son has become a total Satanist! Oh Lord! Please save him!"

I didn't realise your mum was such a big *NME* reader. Tell me anyway about the effect of the music you were sneaking out the back door to find.

"The thing was, my parents said to me there will be no music that we approve of besides gospel music. Anything that wasn't gospel that I was listening to, it was like getting one over. I didn't care what shit was on the radio. It could have been Hank Williams, I loved it. I think that is one of the basic reasons why my music is the way it is. I'm actually proud of that too. For example, my manager's bank manager said, 'I bought the SOS Band album because my son wanted it. I listened to it and it's nice and it's pleasant but it's like the same old routine.'"

"Then he heard this tape of mine – my manager gave it to him because he's trying to sweet talk him out of some more money – and he said, 'the thing that most struck me was that each song was different. You don't get bored listening all the way through because it's so unpredictable.'"

"So I'm glad of that experience because that bastardisation doesn't make it easy to shove it into one rack. See I remember listening to country shit, rock shit, everything, because it wasn't gospel music."

I take it then, Terence, that as your interest

in gospel faded so did your religion?

"Well, I've always had questions, and a lot of that stuff didn't make any sense. I can buy that people have complex personalities but – 'the Lord thy God is a jealous god! Thou shalt have no god before me?' I don't care how much power you have, he sounds like a maniac to me. It didn't make sense."

So what happened?

"I joined the Army."

You did what?

"I joined the Army."

Hang on a sec. Here you are telling me, on the one hand, that you're questioning the meaning of life and so on, the big matters, listening to all kinds of music, despite your parents, and generally acting like an individual. Then suddenly you're queuing up to join a repressive organisation like the Army!

"I was bored. I was boxing at the time and they recruited me. I dedicated myself to that and I stopped singing from the ages of 17 to 21. The Army had heard of me through my amateur fights and they were interested. At one point I thought I would go in as an officer but I didn't want to go through that West Point shit."

"I thought if I was boxing I might be given light sort of duties. It was about being massively bored at the time. The town I was living in couldn't help anyone and it just wasn't conducive to what I was trying to find at the time."

Presumably, Terence, you were also confused by the dropping of your religion.

"Look, you know how older people are when you're a kid. They say, 'what you need is some discipline' and after a while you start to say, 'gee, he's right'. You don't want to be a failure, you want to become a member of society, that's what I was trying to tune into. I also bought that shit, 'well, it'll make a man out of you'. I thought when I came out, if any guy tried to fuck with me, I'd flatten him. It's a combination of those elements. I thought this was the answer, that whatever I'm looking for in life, by the time I come out, I will have found it. Which was true, because basically, by the time I was half way through, the picture cleared up. I came round to my natural ambition which was to make my mark on the world via music."

"It was also my ticket to Europe and that was the final chapter in completely changing the way I think. So the Army did help me but it was a fucking miserable time."

How did the boxing go?

"I got tired and paranoid. I got tired of seeing people bleed. Because of my leg reach, I was very fast. Also, the way I punched, which was to flick my wrists, meant me cutting people badly, and I got tired of seeing that. And I got paranoid: 'What happens when somebody breaks my nose or takes my vision away?' So I lost enthusiasm for it, and by that time I was itching to get back into music."

Who were your musical heroes?

"The first major influence on my musical life was Michael Jackson. I don't give a fuck that people of our age group or people who frequent Soho say he's not trendy. The simple fact of the matter is that there is not a man alive today who can cut Michael Jackson."

"The second person who really touched my life, and the person I sounded like until a few years ago, because I lived and breathed his records, was Stevie Wonder. And although this doesn't sound very credible the third person was actually . . . Rod Stewart."

He visibly cringes. "I can actually see my credibility going down the drain here."

Terence, it's cool. When I was 14 I lived for

the guy.

"How that happened was that I was going out with this girl. She was white so, it was like we had a secret thing going on, because at school we couldn't hang out. So her parents went away and she invited me over. We lolled around and stuff and she suggested after a while, let's go upstairs.

"I'm like, great. Anyway she had a stereo in her room and a stack of records. She said put some music on and I'm yes dear, no dear whatever you want dear. So I put some crap on and she said, no that's not right, take it off. Yes dear. The next thing was Rod Stewart. I hated Rod Stewart. He sounded like a fucking frog to me. If you didn't sound like Stevie Wonder or Michael Jackson, I thought you couldn't sing.

"Anyway, I put it on and the songs are like 'Maggie May', 'First Cut Is The Deepest', and, I guess, just being in that situation, it really hit me hard. So consequently I went back and bought all his early stuff. I didn't go off him until about '82, which was his death knell. Hollywood just got to the guy. In fact, he's a better singer now, but he's not singing anything."

I went off him in 1976. It's nothing to be ashamed of.

"I'm slightly ashamed by some of the stuff I was listening to at the time, but I guess you have a hunger and you eat whatever is there."

D'Arby raises his eyebrows: "Fuck, that sounds naff. Anyway, I went into this music shop. I was stationed in Germany at the time, and I bought a bass. Next time I went there, I met this guy who was leaving his band to start another one. I auditioned for them, hit it off, and in less than a year we were one of the fastest rising groups in Germany. In fact, we were two days away from signing with CBS when the band split up."

So what brought you to Britain?

"Another record contract".

Sounds fair enough to me.

Darkness has now surrounded us.

Terence is on his second bottle of Perrier, his normal quota for the day. As he sips the water, I'm thinking of the first time I saw Terence Trent D'Arby sing. It was last summer at the Shaw Theatre. He was accompanied by a lone piano and for days afterwards people were asking, 'who was that guy who sounds like Stevie Wonder and Michael Jackson but has got such a brilliant voice?'

"What happens is," says Terry, answering my thoughts, "is that if you start to sound like enough people it becomes something else again. I started to sound like so many people that I looked up to, that people didn't have the time to say, 'oh he sounds like so and so and so and so'. It's just you, and as you get more confident it just comes."

Tell me about soul music.

"It's really difficult for me to bow to the fact that because you're black, you have a leg up to what soul is about. I can't say that. I can only say that ethnic musics have tended to be more real and honest than the music of the upper classes, simply because the upper classes have always been *conscious* of class, art and style. There are so many impositions between them and the actual music itself. . .

"All this academic bullshit! Whereas, if you went to the Appalachian mountains or to the ghettos, that music is the extension of a cry. That sort of country music and black music is soulful. Which is why we're in the process of soul becoming synonymous with being black. It's all to do with sincerity."

What makes you so special, Terence? What gives you the cutting edge?

"That's really hard for me to answer. I'd

sound really arrogant."

Alright, I'll put it another way. If you heard Terence Trent D'Arby's music, what would you think?

"If I could be someone else and hear my records, I would hear certain influences. I would hear somebody who's searching for his own identity and who, so far — there's still a long way to go — is finding it. I hear a person who has a lot of things going on in his head and. . ."

For the second time that night, he comes to a standstill.

"This is really difficult, but I see something that is different. I see someone that isn't afraid musically or musically insecure. There is a swagger in that music that I like and, I have to say, somehow I'm proud of. And although it's different, there's a human element there which

ties it all in together."

You know, when people hear 'If You Let Me Stay', your first single, they're going to wonder what all the fuss about your musical diversity is about. They'll say, 'it's great, but it's R&B'.

"The diversity comes when you hear the album. I just felt that the raw energy and excitement of the single, as my first musical statement, would be something that would say, Bang! I don't want to come across as this safe, inoffensive, predictable, radio thing. I do want to be offensive. I don't give a shit if it offends you or your grandmother. Tough shit, this is life.

"Then again, I'm not that much into lyrics. These people piss me off, sometimes. They say, 'oh but have you heard the lyrics?' — fuck that. If I want to just read lyrics I'll get into

Dylan Thomas. I don't care if your lyrics are brilliant, the question is, 'do you have a melody?'

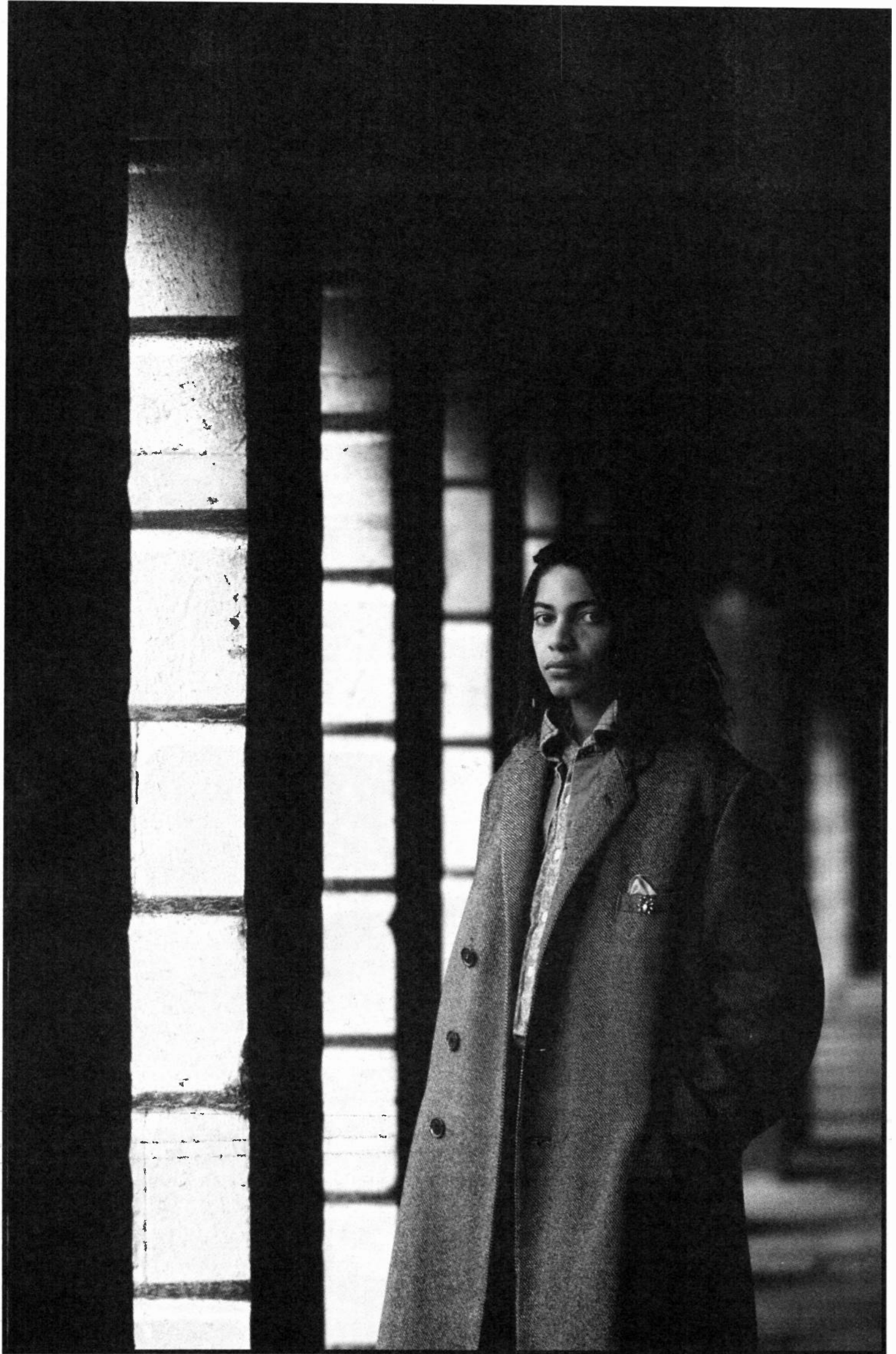
It's getting late. Terry and I have to be up early tomorrow. Give me your favourite song lyrics ever and we'll call it quits.

"The two most profound lyrics ever written are 'It's My Party' and The Isley Brothers' 'It's Your Thing'. Those two are just the best."

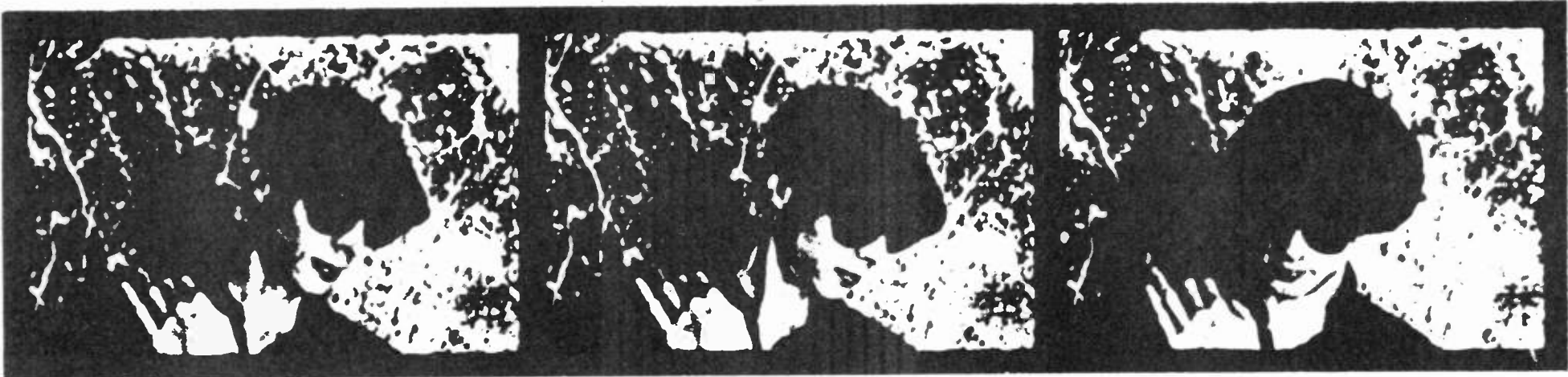
I think we'd better leave it at that.

In the coming months, Terence Trent D'Arby is going to be a massive commercial and artistic triumph. He has rediscovered pop's adventurous nature and welded it onto a peach of a voice.

Terence Trent D'Arby is already working on his second LP.



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A different kind of pension

GLAM-KITTEN GOES GREY SHOCK?

"I walked into the hairdresser's and, very coolly, I said two words... 'Blake Carrington'. Of course everyone looked at me as if I was mad, so I said 'well, it's more the shade than the style of Blake's hair that I'm interested in'... it's that sorta silvery-grey colour y'know..."

Robert Forster, now sporting an unexpected "honey-blond" coloured coiffure, moves towards the crux of his latest dilemma. London hairdressers' stylized ability to dish out streaks of Kinnock-ginger, puke-green and Reagan-black means nothing when a reasonable request for an all-over Blake-like greyness results in a mere variation on the peroxide-blond formula.

"At first they refused to go for grey because they said it couldn't be done, but I knew that it was possible. So I spent seven hours in the hairdresser and it took three bleaches to change the colour 'cos my hair is naturally close to black. But then they put a dye through it which was more ash-blond then grey... and I had definitely wanted to go grey!"

"The reason why I wanted to go grey was so that I could look like a respectable older man. Like I dunno if you've taken much note of Eric Clapton and Iggy Pop's hair colour lately... but these men must have a lot of grey in their hair because they're dyeing it black - so I just thought it was time that a younger man reversed the process..."

"I suppose this all started because, to me, the most amazing thing of the last eight months is the relaunch of Iggy Pop. To see him presented to the British public as a completely new artist at the age of 39 is really astonishing. But, of course, the record industry needs middle-aged, responsible adults to be pop stars.

"Record-making teenagers are not a safe bet - they fall in love, they get acne, they crash cars. The record companies are happier working with guys like Phil Collins who'll go to their ceremonies and shake everybody's hand.

"So with all these old people in pop running around, trying desperately to look young, I think that now's the time for some of us youngsters to look old..."

But Robert, won't this spoil The Go-Betweens' carefully-nurtured "glam-kitten" image?

"Well you need a lot of money to be a glam-kitten these days, and, anyway, we certainly appeal to an older generation - say over the age of 50..."

These oldies are presumably the fans you notice down at the front during your gigs?

"Oh no! These people don't go to our gigs. They just buy our records and write to us. They wouldn't feel at home at the type of venues we play."

But The Go-Betweens have played the odd chic venue in their time.

"Oh, but these people wouldn't even know what 'chic' means..."

Isn't that a bit disappointing to a word-conscious band like yourselves?

"Oh no! I find it quite encouraging! The older person is looking for young people to talk to... y'know bands just appeal to a younger generation whereas we definitely communicate with the older set... Of course there is another type of Go-Betweens fan who is much younger and they make up our live audience."

And is it your 50-year old audience who tend to write those letters which emphasise how much Go-Betweens' songs cut into their

Critics' idols THE GO-BETWEENS continue their reign just outside Radio One's narrow needle-view. DONALD McRAE finds a group growing mature, gracefully! Sexshot: EMILY ANDERSEN.



The foxy silver fox: Robert (left) and Grant.

lives?

"We tend to get those sort of letters from younger people who are as mixed up as we are," murmurs Grant McLennan. "Our older audience are normally too busy digging the flower garden - putting bulbs in the backyard..."

LAUNDROMAT SUCCESS AND COUNTRY SADNESS...

On 'Karen', the 1978 flipside to 'Lee Remick' - The Go-Betweens' brilliant first 7" - Robert expressed a yearning to be transformed into a telephone. So his latest longing to inherit the Blake Carrington silver-fox look perhaps represents an increasing romantic sophistication rather than some crazed stylistic confusion.

And whatever the other personal changes that have come into effect over the last nine years - the most recent example being the inclusion of Amanda Brown as the band's fifth

member and token multi-instrumentalist - The Go-Betweens have created a 'legacy' which has NME crazies and, presumably, the over-50s gardening clubs, reaching for that punchy "greatest pop band in the universe" tag.

Go-Between songs - from 'Lee Remick' to the new 'Right Here' single - stretch pop apart until the usual hollow burble subsides into a lucid, swirling reflection of divergent desires. In those terms - devoid of TOTP confines - 'Right Here' is the most "successful" pop record released, so far, in 1987.

But as Grant points out: "When you speak to most people about pop you realize that, in this country, the notion of success is tied so much to Radio One. It's almost as if people actually believe that you can't be 'successful' if they're not hearing your song being blasted into laundromats across England between the hours of two and five every afternoon..."

And, as always, abysmal and worthless crap like 'Sonic Boom Boy' gets pumped into the public face while the sublime 'Right Here' is allowed to seep past in a neglected world of its

own. What does constitute news, however, is the fact that The Go-Betweens are succeeding commercially almost everywhere else that their records are released.

Robert realizes "the importance of Radio One, but the sole criterion of success does not depend on whether or not your records get played on the afternoon drive show in England. There is a whole world out there hearing the Go-Betweens and that is the success. I know that our records are played on radio stations, all over the world, every single day of the year - and that pleases me no end!"

Yet "financial insecurity" is still the worst facet of being a Go-Between. Grant admits that "seeing the band has been going for ten years now in one form or the other, I think it is important for our piece of mind that The Go-Betweens achieve some sort of British commercial success beyond the critical acclaim. So 'Right Here' is really a different type of release for us because it's the first time we've actually had the facilities and the budget to try and make a radio single, but whether it'll

CONTINUES PAGE 50

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THE GO-BETWEENS

FROM PAGE 47

get the airplay it deserves... well..."

The Go-Betweens might never get as close to Nick Kamen as they are to Nick Cave but this asset does mean that they can deviate from their traditional pop structures. 'Don't Call Me Gone', on the single's b-side, is their most radical departure yet. Grant: "It's firmly placed in the Country'n'Western tradition. It is tongue in cheek but it's done lovingly. I like country music; it's the saddest music ever invented. I don't shit on people like George Jones and Tammy Wynette – they're artists!..."

That sort of country-tinged sadness seems to seep into certain Go-Betweens songs – 'River Of Money' is perhaps one of the more obvious examples. But are you slowly growing tired of being called a "melancholic" band?

"I really don't mind being called a melancholic. But we do have as many "up" songs as "down" songs. I always thought this "melancholia" tag was a bit unfair. But I suppose that if you're striving for something, if you're writing about states of desire – not just for someone, but for material and spiritual things as well – then your music will sound strangely sad to people who're only used to the "up" side of pop.

So, Grant, do you find yourself mostly listening to sad music?

"I do like that essence of the tear... drop, falling from music. But I also like to dance as much as anyone else... when I'm out on the dancefloor I certainly don't think of crying. And I really love Prince and Madonna type pop."

Robert returns wistfully to the original theme. "When you're talking about sadness in pop... I think some of the best Supremes work was melancholic... The Walker Brothers were melancholic..."

TALLULAH LIVES IN ENGLAND NOW...

'Don't Call Me Gone' is, however, just a passing diversion into country and the new LP – tentatively titled 'Tallulah' – will deepen the textures of Go-Between pop songs. The seams of 'Tallulah' sound, which drift in from the recording studio next door to where Robert, Grant and I are sitting, appear even more resonant than usual.

Grant feels that "we can't really talk about this record because we're still recording it but, in purely musical terms, we are trying something which we haven't done much of in the past. We're concentrating on the bass and drums side of the sound. The famous Go-Betweens' guitars won't be heard as much on this record."

There's also been a slight change for Robert. "The lyrics I've written for this record are set far more in England. We've been here five years now. And because we've spent such a long time in this country our reference points are becoming more English and that's happening quite naturally..."

Have you lost that edge of disillusionment with England which dominated your first few years of life here? Are you starting to assume certain traits of the "English personality"?

Grant is disturbed deeply by such a suggestion: "Oh no! No! No! No! No! I would resist that completely. I never want that to happen. I do like living in England now but I couldn't imagine anything more dangerous to my psychological framework than to become almost English."

"I just find that I still get a feeling of being strangled here," groans Robert. "It's never loose enough. And of course there's not

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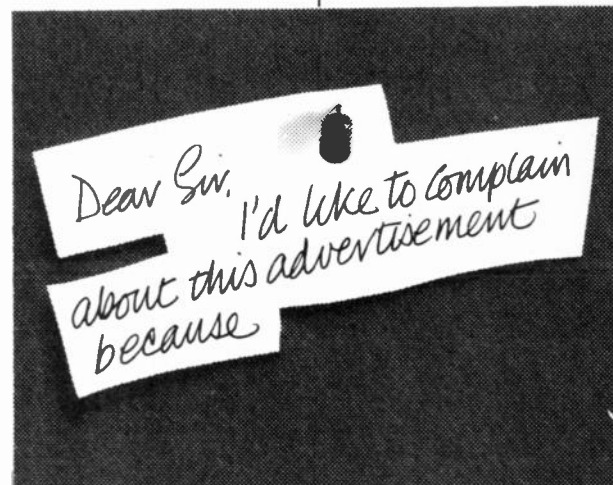
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enough late night places where I can get food and beer. Tragically, my weekly wage would disappear in an hour at The Limelight.

"I'm not really saying that I feel displaced in England or anything... it's just that obviously there are times when I walk to the Arsenal tube and I'd like to turn the corner and see a beach... like I was walking on a golf course down in Richmond the other day and it brought back a lot of memories of Australia... very good memories. I played a lot of golf between the ages of eight and 12 and at one stage I contemplated becoming a professional golfer."

But Robert, as a professional golfer you're obliged to wear those dreaded green, yellow and purple jumpers.

"Obviously I would have brought a very distinctive fashion note to pro. golf... but it is a very lonely game..."

Isn't it also lonely for The Go-Betweens to be squeezed into an isolated slot between - to cite those two icons again - Nick Kamen and Nick Cave?

"There's actually a few bands I do feel affinity with," stresses Grant. "Like The Smiths - I can't believe how good their records have been lately."

Robert?

"I still feel a close affinity with Bob Dylan."

Does Bob know about this?

"He senses it... he's also just died his hair blonde..."

Amidst all this wry Go-Between talk of golf and going grey, of Bob Dylan and an over-50's following, Robert and Grant uncover a mood which suggests that they secretly know that, in Britain, they'll always be a cult, rather than a chart band. They seem fated to be, in Grant's words, the "type of group who major record company A&R people love speaking to socially... because when they're shaking our hands and kissing us it makes them feel that they've got a residue of taste left. Yet we all know that they've got nothing left. Who gives a shit anyway?..."

The Go-Betweens, the oldest young people left in pop, release 'Tallulah' in the spring. Their best work awaits...

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6845	JULIAN EMMERSON - Visions	40p	701	

NME CHARTS



Topping the charts (nearly), the sartorial elegance and well-tailored tonsils of Percy Sledge

45s

1	1	SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
2	4	HEAD GONE ASTRAY	The Soup Dragons (Raw TV)
3	2	KISS	Age Of Chance (Fon)
4	3	SWEET SWEET PIE	Pop Will Eat Itself (Chapter 22)
5	5	INTO THE GROOVE(Y)	Ciccone Youth (Blast First)
6	25	BRIGHTER	The Railway Children (Factory)
7	12	MY FAVOURITE DRESS	The Wedding Present (Reception)
8	10	LOVE IS DEAD	The Godfathers (Corporate Image)
9	(-)	PEEL SESSION	The Birthday Party (Strange Fruit)
10	14	BLUE CHAIR	Elvis Costello (Imp)
11	16	CUBIST POP MANIFESTO	Big Flame (Ron Johnson)
12	20	BAMP - BAMP	The Bambi Slam (Product Inc)
13	23	TRIED AND TESTED PUBLIC SPEAKER	Bogshed (Shellfish)
14	15	PEEL SESSION	Siouxsie And The Banshees (Strange Fruit)
15	8	STUMBO	Wiseblood (Some Bizzare)
16	28	PEEL SESSION	Stump (Strange Ratio)
17	6	EVERYTHING'S GROOVY	Gaye Bykers On Acid (In Tape)
18	18	SERPENT'S KISS	The Mission (Chapter 22)
19	30	PEEL SESSION	The Slits (Strange Fruit)
20	19	MAHALIA	The Bible (Backs)
21	7	STUP FOR ME BABE	Man 2 Man (Bolts)
22	13	SOMETIMES	Erasure (Mute)
23	27	PEEL SESSION	Joy Division (Strange Fruit)
24	9	A LONELY PLACE	The Smithereens (Enigma)
25	21	GREY SKY BLUE	The Submarines (Head Rhino)
26	11	LIKE A HURRICANE	The Mission (Chapter 22)
27	RE	THE GRIP OF LOVE	Ghost Dance (Karbon)
28	RE	THROWAWAY	Mighty Mighty (Chapter 22)
29	(-)	TIMEBOMB	Chakk (Fon)
30	(-)	THE WORLD'S TURNING BROUCHARD	Biff Bang Pow! (Creation)

INDEPENDENT

LPs

1	3	DIRTISH	Wiseblood (Some Bizzare)
2	1	THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES	Michelle-Shocked (Cooking Vinyl)
3	12	BACK AGAIN IN THE DHSS	Half Man Half Biscuit (Probe Plus)
4	2	SHABIM	The Bhundu Boys (Disque Afrique)
5	4	PICTURES OF STRAVING CHILDREN	Chumbawamba (Agit Prop)
6	5	QUARK OUT	Stump (Stuff)
7	9	UP FOR A BIT WITH	The Pastels (Glass)
8	8	BEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACY	The Dead Kennedys (Alternative Tentacles)
9	6	ESPECIALLY FOR YOU	The Smithereens (Enigma)
10	11	THE QUEEN IS DEAD	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
11	7	C86	Various (NME/Rough Trade)
12	14	TAKE THE SUBWAY TO YOUR SUBURB	Various (Subway)
13	10	HIT BY HIT	The Godfathers (Corporate Image)
14	15	THE MOON AND THE MEMORIES	Cocteau Twins/Budd (4AD)
15	(-)	THE GIRL WHO RUMS THE BEAT HOTEL	Biff Bang Pow! (Creation)
16	20	LIVE IN AMERICA	A Certain Ratio (Dojo)
17	25	BLOOD AND CHOCOLATE	Elvis Costello (IMP)
18	19	SOBERPHOBIA	Peter And The Test Tube Babies (Dojo)
19	26	ATOMIZER	Big Black (Homestead)
20	29	YOUR FUNERAL . . . MY TRIAL	Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds (Mute)
21	13	WHAT'S IN A WORD	The Brilliant Corners (SS20)
22	16	BROTHERHOOD	New Order (Factory)
23	(-)	WALKING THE GHOST BACK HOME	The Bible (Backs)
24	(-)	LOME SHARKS	Guana Batz (ID)
25	17	WONDERFUL	Erasure (Mute)
26	27	ON THE BROADWALK	Ted Hawkins (Brave)
27	18	IN THE PINES	The Triffids (Hot)
28	RE	KICKING AGAINST THE PRICKS	Nick Cave (Mute)
29	RE	RETARDS PICNIC	The Stupids (COR)
30	28	SNOKE SIGNALS	MDC (Radical)

45s

UK TOP FIFTY

LPs

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST WEEKS IN
1	8	STAND BY ME	3 1
2	16	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN	2 2
3	1	I KNEW YOU WERE WAITING	5 1
4	3	DOWN TO EARTH	6 3
5	6	MALE STRIPPER	3 5
6	2	HEARTACHE	6 1
7	13	RUNNING IN THE FAMILY	3 7
8	11	STAY OUT OF MY LIFE	4 8
9	4	IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THAT WAY	4 4
10	5	ALMAZ	8 3
11	(-)	SOMEBODY BOY	1 11
12	9	YOU SEXY THING	6 9
13	14	BEHIND THE MASK	5 13
14	30	LIVE IT UP	2 14
15	10	MUSIC OF THE NIGHT	5 10
16	7	I LOVE MY RADIO	7 7
17	25	COMING AROUND AGAIN	3 17
18	(-)	CRUSH ON YOU	1 18
19	(-)	LOVE REMOVAL MACHINE	1 19
20	24	THE RIGHT THING	2 20
21	49	SKIN TRADE	2 21
22	17	ONCE BITTEN TWICE SHY	7 15
23	21	ROCK THE NIGHT	3 21
24	12	SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE	4 8
25	40	YOU ARE MY WORLD	2 25
26	19	THE FUTURE'S SO BRIGHT	4 19
27	(-)	I GET THE SWEETEST FEELING	1 27
28	(-)	STRANGERS IN OUR TOWN	1 28
29	27	FORGOTTEN TOWN	4 27
30	(-)	MAMMATTAN SKYLINE	1 30
31	(-)	I AM THE LAW	1 31
32	15	JACK YOUR BODY	7 2
33	(-)	EV'RY LITTLE BIT	1 33
34	(-)	V THIRTEEN	1 34
35	(-)	IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE	1 35
36	33	HOW MANY LIES?	3 33
37	18	NO MORE THE FOOL	9 6
38	26	GIGOLO	4 21
39	35	I FOUND LOVE	3 35
40	(-)	MISSIONARY MAN	1 40
41	46	SOUL MAN	6 35
42	39	YOU BE ILIN'	3 39
43	36	IT DIDN'T MATTER	7 9
44	45	REAL WILD CHILD	10 11
45	48	WHO IS IT?	2 45
46	(-)	IT'S MY BEAT	1 46
47	(-)	YOU'VE GOTTA FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT	1 47
48	29	SOMETHING IN MY HOUSE	7 12
49	34	WASTELAND	7 10
50	38	SHIP OF FOOLS	2 38

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST WEEKS IN
1	6	THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA	2 1
2	1	GRACELAND	12 1
3	2	AUGUST	12 2
4	9	SILK AND STEEL	26 2
5	27	SO	4 5
6	5	DIFFERENT LIGHT	11 1
7	4	THE WHOLE STORY	14 2
8	16	GIVE ME THE REASON	7 8
9	3	THE COST OF LOVING	3 3
10	31	PICTURE BOOK	3 10
11	(-)	THE VERY BEST OF HOT CHOCOLATE	1 11
12	17	RAPTURE	13 12
13	15	SLIPPERY WHEN WET	23 3
14	8	ZAZU	5 8
15	12	SWEET FREEDOM	13 9
16	30	BROTHERS IN ARMS	88 1
17	14	ABSTRACT EMOTIONS	3 14
18	18	REVENGE	33 2
19	7	MIDNIGHT TO MIDNIGHT	3 7
20	10	TRUE BLUE	33 1
21	11	LIVE MAGIC	11 1
22	23	THE FINAL COUNTDOWN	14 10
23	20	MAD, BAD AND DANGEROUS TO KNOW	2 20
24	47	LICENSED TO ILL	5 24
25	50	WAREHOUSE: SONGS AND STORIES	3 25
26	39	WHITNEY HOUSTON	5 26
27	22	DISCO	12 11
28	19	THE VERY BEST OF ELKIE BROOKS	6 10
29	44	BACK AGAIN IN THE DHSS	2 29
30	13	GET CLOSE	8 8
31	48	DANCING ON THE CEILING	8 25
32	41	THE COMMUNARDS	10 15
33	RE	SCOUNDREL DAYS	1 33
34	33	GEORGIA SATELLITES	4 27
35	37	CHASIN' A DREAM	2 35
36	49	GAP BAND VII	3 26
37	26	NOW VII	23 1
38	29	BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON	4 28
39	46	JUST LIKE THE FIRST TIME	2 39
40	32	UPFRONT IV	4 19
41	21	NO MORE THE FOOL	8 9
42	38	LONDON O HULL 4	10 12
43	25	STREETSONDS XX	2 25
44	RE	ARETHA	1 44
45	(-)	ALIVE AND SCREAMING	1 45
46	24	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE	16 1
47	35	FORE!	11 9
48	42	BACK IN THE HIGH LIFE	2 42
49	43	GOD'S OWN MEDICINE	6 14
50	RE	COUNT THREE AND PRAY	1 50

DANCEFLOOR

20

1	SWEETIE	Chefs (Attrix)
2	KING OF JOY	Bill Drummond (Creation)
3	PINK FROST	The Chills (Flying Nun)
4	AUTOMATICALLY YOURS	The Pastels (Glass)
5	SOMETHING TO DO	Buba/The Shop Assistants (Villa 21)
6	HALF A PERSON	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
7	STRASBOURG	Julian Cope (Mercury)
8	WHEN I'M WITH YOU	The Flatmates (Subway)
9	MEAT WHIPLASH	The Fire Engines (Pop Aural)
10	INTO THE GROOVE(Y)	Ciccone Youth (Blast First)
11	THE MISSIONARY	Josef K (Postcard)
12	SWEET SWEET PIE	Pop Will Eat Itself (Chapter 22)
13	MY LITTLE UNDERGROUND	Jesus And Mary Chain (Blanco Y Negro)
14	PINK WALTER CHRISTO	Eton Crop (Ediesta)
15	SLEEPING GAS	Teardrop Explodes (Zoo)
16	QUITE CONTENT	Soup Dragons (Subway)
17	BLUE BOY	Orange Juice (Postcard)
18	ALL LAID ON	The Verlaines (Flying Nun)
19	IN PURGATORY	McCarthy (Wall Of Salmon)
20	THIS TOWN	The June Brides (In Tape)

Compiled by Gordon & Sean DJs at the "Sunshine Playroom"
Wednesday nights Escape Club Brighton

FUNK

20

1	LET'S WORK IT OUT	Sadie Nine (Record Shack)
2	ENGINE NO 9 (REMIX)	Midnight Star (MCA)
3	EARTH TO MICKY	Chaka Khan (Warner Bros)
4	HAPPY	Surface (CBS)
5	FIGHT FOR OUR RIGHT	Beastie Boys (Def Jam)
6	NO LIES	SOS Band (Tabu)
7	SEXY GIRL	Sexy Girl (Capitol)
8	LOVESTRUCK	Projection (Elite)
9	JUMP ON IT	Clubhouse Orchestra (4th & Broadway)
10	WATCHA GONNA DO	Blaze (Champion)
11	HE WANTS MY BODY	Starpoint (Elektra)
12	BETTER QUIT	One Way (MCA)
13	EVERY LITTLE BIT	Millie Scott (4th & Broadway)
14	ANTHEMS	Various (Streetsounds)
15	WHEN LOVE COMES CALLING	Paul Johnson (CBS)
16	CHICAGO MEGA MIX	Various (DJ International)
17	PAPER LOVE	M'issa Morgan (Capitol)
18	DON'T COME TO STAY	Hot House (Construction)
19	COMPANY B	Jam On Me (Bluebird)
20	ROCK YOUR BABY	George McRae (Portrait)

Chart by Alec, Jason, Record Shack, 12 Berwick Street, London W1

REGGAE

12"

1	LATELY	The Naturalites (Realistic)
2	AGONY	Pinchers (Live And Love)
3	HOMEBREAKER	Winsome (Fine Style)
4	FOOTSTOMPIN' HANDCLAPPIN' MUSIC	Administrators (Groove & 1/2)
5	PLEASE MR PLEASE	Barbara Jones (Charm)
6	ROCK WITH ME BABY	Winsome & Nerious Joseph (Fine Style)
7	HOOKED ON YOU/GIMME THE DUB	Aswad (Simba)
8	IN THE MOOD	Christine Lewin (Hot Vinyl)
9	PROMISE ME	Ernest Wilson (Techniques)
10	I'VE MADE UP MY MIND	Jean Adebambo (Ade J)

REGGAE

LPs

1	INTENTIONS	Maxi Priest (1C)
2	WE READY FOR DEM	Superblack (Live & Love)
3	COUNTRY LIFE	Sandra Cross (Ariwa)
4	SOUND BOY BURIAL	Andrew Paul & Mikey General (Digika)
5	JUST YOU JUST ME	Audrey Hall (Jermaine)
6	TAXI CONNECTION LIVE	Various (Mangc)
7	LAY IT ON THE LINE	Wailing Souls (Live & Learn)
8	BORN TO CHAT	Asher Senator (Fashion)
9	HITS FROM THE HOUSE OF SHAKA	Various (Jah Shaka)
10	HAFE SAY SO	Josey Wales (Jammys)

Charts by Dub Vendor, 274 Lavender Hill, London SW11

US

- 1 **LIVIN' ON A PRAYER** Bon Jovi (Mercury)
- 2 **KEEP YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELF** Georgia Satellites (Elektra)
- 3 **WILL YOU STILL LOVE ME?** Chicago (Warner Bros)
- 4 **JACOB'S LADDER** Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)
- 5 **TOUCH ME (I WANT YOUR BODY)** Samantha Fox (Jive)
- 6 **YOU GOT IT ALL** The Jets (MCA)
- 7 **BALLERINA GIRL** Lionel Richie (Motown)
- 8 **OPEN YOUR HEART** Madonna (Sire)
- 9 **LOVE YOU DOWN** Ready For The World (MCA)
- 10 **CHANGE OF HEART** Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)
- 11 **SOMEWHERE OUT THERE** Linda Ronstadt & James Ingram (MCA)
- 12 **RESPECT YOURSELF** Bruce Willis (Motown)
- 13 **BIG TIME** Peter Gabriel (Geffen)
- 14 **(YOU GOTTA) FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT (TO PARTY)** Beastie Boys (Def Jam)
- 15 **NOBODY'S FOOL** Cinderella (Mercury)

US

- 1 **SLIPPERY WHEN WET** Bon Jovi (Mercury)
- 2 **LICENSED TO ILL** Beastie Boys (Def Jam)
- 3 **NIGHT SONGS** Cinderella (Mercury)
- 4 **THE WAY IT IS** Bruce Hornsby And The Range (RCA)
- 5 **DIFFERENT LIGHT** The Bangles (Columbia)
- 6 **CONTROL** Janet Jackson (A&M)
- 7 **INVISIBLE TOUCH** Genesis (Atlantic)
- 8 **GEORGIA SATELLITES** Georgia Satellites (Elektra)
- 9 **THIRD STAGE** Boston (MCA)
- 10 **FORE!** Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)
- 11 **TRUE BLUE** Madonna (Sire)
- 12 **DANCING ON THE CEILING** Lionel Richie (Motown)
- 13 **GRACELAND** Paul Simon (Warner Bros)
- 14 **GIVE ME THE REASON** Luther Vandross (Epic)
- 15 **NOTORIOUS** Duran Duran (Capitol)

Charts courtesy Billboard

UNEXPECTED 10



A pop tragedy! Hippy crooner Val Doonican has been smoking "pipe tobacco" and now he thinks he can fly.

- 1 **THE LAUGHING POLICEMAN** Charles Penrose (Steven Wells)
- 2 **MY BOOMERANG WON'T COME BACK** Charlie Drake (David Quantick)
- 3 **RING OF BRIGHT WATER** Val Doonican (Len Brown and Terry Staunton)
- 4 **THE KISS** Stephen Tin Tin Duffy (Cath Carroll)
- 5 **AS LONG AS HE NEEDS ME** Judy Garland (Ray Lowry)
- 6 **HOOTS MON** Lord Rockingham's XI (Steven Wells)
- 7 **PERSUADERS THEME** John Barry (David Quantick)
- 8 **VIDEO THEQUE** Dollar (Mark Sinker)
- 9 **I'LL DO THE TALKING** Cruella Da Ville (Neil Taylor)
- 10 **LOVE MISSILE F1-11** Sique Sique Sputnik (Joe Ewart)

Unexpected items found amongst the votes for the NME Top 100 Singles - plus the guilty parties who voted for 'em!

REAGAN

- 1 **KNUTE ROCKNE - ALL AMERICAN** (1940)
- 2 **A TURKEY FOR THE PRESIDENT** (TV Play, 1958)
- 3 **THE HASTY HEART** (1949)
- 4 **STORM WARNING** (1951)
- 5 **PRISONER OF WAR** (1954)
- 6 **THIS IS THE ARMY** (1943)
- 7 **THE KILLERS** (1964)
- 8 **NINE LIVES ARE NOT ENOUGH** (1941)
- 9 **ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN** (1938)
- 10 **DEATH VALLEY DAYS** (TV Series) (1962-64)

Ron Reagan - a movie career to think about. Compiled by Bonzo and The Bloomingdales

SPORTS BOOKS 10

- 1 **POCKET MONEY** Gordon Burn (Heinemann)
- 2 **ANOTHER BLOODY TOUR** Frances Edmonds (Heinemann)
- 3 **THE GLORY GAME** Hunter Davies (Mainstream)
- 4 **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF BODYBUILDING** Arnold Schwarzenegger (Pelham)
- 5 **INTERNATIONAL SPORTING TRIVIA QUIZ BOOK** (Javelin)
- 6 **TO HELL AND BACK** Nikki Lauda (Stanley Paul)
- 7 **ARSENAL CENTENARY HISTORY** Soar And Tyler (Hamlyn)
- 8 **NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE OFFICIAL RECORD AND FACT BOOK** (NFL)
- 9 **THE SPORTING NEWS' TAKE ME TO THE BALL PARK (BASEBALL)** (TSN)
- 10 **STRETCHING** Bob Anderson (Pelham)

Compiled by Sportspages bookshop, Cambridge Circus Shopping Centre, Charing Cross Rd, WC2.

LEST WE FORGET



The Chi-Lites celebrate their success with the hair-raisingly beautiful 'Have You Seen Her?'

5 YEARS AGO

- 1 **A TOWN CALLED MALICE** The Jam (Polydor)
- 2 **THE LION SLEEPS TONIGHT** Tight Fit (Jive)
- 3 **GOLDEN BROWN** The Stranglers (Liberty)
- 4 **SAY HELLO, WAVE GOODBYE** Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)
- 5 **MAID OF ORLEANS** Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)
- 6 **CENTREFOLD** J. Geils Band (EMI)
- 7 **LOVE PLUS ONE** Haircut 100 (Arista)
- 8 **SENSES WORKING OVERTIME** XTC (Virgin)
- 9 **ARTHUR'S THEME** Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)
- 10 **THE MODEL/COMPUTER LOVE** Kraftwerk (EMI)

10 YEARS AGO

- 1 **WHEN I NEED YOU** Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
- 2 **DON'T GIVE UP ON US** David Soul (Private Stock)
- 3 **DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA** Julie Covington (MCA)
- 4 **BOOGIE NIGHTS** Heatwave (GTO)
- 5 **CHANSON D'AMOUR** Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)
- 6 **DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY** Harold Melvin & The Blue Notes (CBS)
- 7 **JACK IN THE BOX** The Moments (All Platinum)
- 8 **SIDE SHOW** Barry Biggs (Dynamic)
- 9 **ROMEO** Mr Big (EMI)
- 10 **SING ME** The Brothers (Bus Stop)

15 YEARS AGO

- 1 **SON OF MY FATHER** Chicory Tip (CBS)
- 2 **LOOK WOT YOU DUN** Slade (Polydor)
- 3 **AMERICAN PIE** Don McLean (United Artists)
- 4 **HAVE YOU SEEN HER?** Chi-Lites (MCA)
- 5 **TELEGRAM SAM** T Rex (T Rex)
- 6 **WITHOUT YOU** Nilsson (RCA)
- 7 **MOTHER OF MINE** Neil Reid (Decca)
- 8 **STORM IN A TEACUP** The Fortunes (Capitol)
- 9 **LET'S STAY TOGETHER** Al Green (London)
- 10 **DAY AFTER DAY** Badfinger (Apple)

20 YEARS AGO

- 1 **THIS IS MY SONG** Petula Clark (Pye)
- 2 **RELEASE ME** Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
- 3 **PENNY LANE/STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVER** Beatles (Parlophone)
- 4 **I'M A BELIEVER** Monkees (RCA)
- 5 **HERE COMES MY BABY** The Tremeloes (CBS)
- 6 **SNOOPY VS THE RED BARON** Royal Guardsmen (Stateside)
- 7 **LET'S SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER** Rolling Stones (Decca)
- 8 **PEEK-A-BOO** New Vaudeville Band (Fontana)
- 9 **MELLOW YELLOW** Donovan (Pye)
- 10 **ON A CAROUSEL** Hollies (Parlophone)

FRED FACT

The 501 soul revival moves on and ever upward despite time discrepancies between the '50s setting of Levi's current Parting and Entrance ads and the '60s sounds of their Atlantic single soundtracks.

The latter commercial, visually featuring Britain's would-be answer to Evel Knievel, Eddie Kidd, was assured of soundtrack success anyway, thanks to the timely adoption of Ben E King's 'Stand By Me' as the title song to a hit teen movie. But Parting, starring model Andrew Castell as an army draftee who bequeaths his jeans to girlfriend Rachel Roberts before catching the Trailways bus, had to make it, musically, off its own starting blocks. On the face of things, Percy Sledge's 'When A Man Loves A Woman' wasn't an ideal choice in terms of bookmakers' odds. True it was a US Number One in 1966, achieving a Top Five spot in Britain, but it was Sledge's only UK Top 30 success, which, when compared to the achievements of such previous 501 club members as Sam Cooke (eight UK Top 30 hits) and Marvin Gaye (a round dozen), didn't exactly put the Alabamian in the voice to remember category.

And the song itself almost came out of nowhere, penned by Sledge when he was a mere orderly at Colbert County Hospital, near his hometown. A member of a group called the Esquires Combo, in his off-duty hours, he usually sang covers of Beatles and Motown hits. But he hit upon an emotional low one night and, or so the story goes, he asked bassist Cameron Lewis and organist Andrew Wright to play something bluesy while he floated out all his thoughts about unrequited love. The result was 'When A Man Loves A Woman', which, when later dusted down, demoed and taken to an Alabama record baron, resulted in a Muscle Shoals session and an eventual Atlantic contract.

In the States, Sledge remained a reasonably hot property through to the end of the '60s, notching over a dozen pop chart singles for Atlantic, for whom he worked until 1973. Then he made the wrong move, signed for Phil Walden's ill-fated Capricorn label and, after one final chart record, 'I'll Be Your Everything', in 1974, faded in the wake of the Capricorn collapse. Now 'When A Man Loves A Woman' is a hit once more. But whether it'll help Sledge as financially as it might is doubtful. All songwriting credits were handed over to back-up men Lewis and Wright way back in '66.

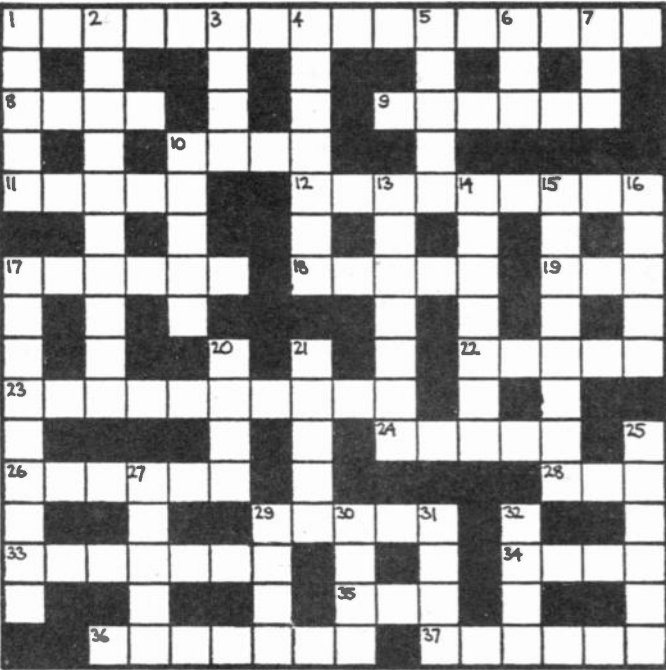
Fred Dellar

XPRESSWORD

CLUES ACROSS

- 1 + 4 down [Dr. Robert] ... well this is the position we always use ... [Dr. Ruth] Oh, come on! *The missionary?* (2-6-4-2-2-4-3)
- 8 'Me And You And A Dog Named Boo' - but who was 'me'? (4)
- 9 + 15 down "Gonna have fun in the city/be with my girl she's so pretty" 1966 (6-2-2-4)
- 10 Mike, U.S. orchestral conductor and composer of TV themes *Hill Street Blues* and *The 'A' Team* (4)
- 11 (see 10 down)
- 12 Some Bizarre act appearing, so I'd elbow around (9)
- 17 In the words of a popular song, they're sweeter than wine (6)
- 18 + 1 down Thanks Run DMC, I thought I am unwellin' (3-2-5)
- 19 U.S. record label, a success in the past with stars like Connie Francis; also a film company (1-1-1)

- 22 "....., I can hardly express, my mixed emotions at my thoughtlessness", a 1981 number one (5)
- 23 Prominent person lacking a certain authority on the Cure's 'Pornography' LP (10)
- 24 Heavy metal band who arrived on these shores many years ago by way of West Germany? (5)
- 26 (see 37 across)
- 28 Do I wonder about Ronnie James? (3)
- 29 (see 21 down)
- 33 Mute? Sometimes they are. (7)
- 34 Top end of a flip-side for The Jesus And Mary Chain (4)
- 35 Thompson Twins debut chart entry album - was it a fix? (3)
- 36 Look back with some honesty also having returned in this Aswad single (4-3)
- 37 + 26 across Accomplished harmonica player, he guested on the Eurythmics 'There Must Be An Angel (Playing With My Heart)' (6-6)



[Compiled by Trevor Hungerford]

CLUES DOWN

- 1 (see 18 across)
- 2 How Pere Ubu accommodated a different sound on an album? (3-7)
- 3 Sal, ex Classix Nouveaux vocalist, now living up to his name (4)
- 4 (see 1 across)
- 5 Record label on which Billie Holiday gave some of her best performances, as showcased on last year's NME tape 'The Years' (5)
- 6 Ernie the milkman's rival who drove the baker's van (3)
- 7 'The Who Came Back', Marc Almond single (3)
- 10 + 11 across He took Bowie's 'Oh You Pretty Thing' into the singles charts, with the man himself playing piano on it (5-5)
- 14 XTC album (released in conjunction with their 'Waxworks' compilation) featuring some of their B-sides (7)
- 15 (see 9 across)

- 16 Do NME changes affect this indie label? (5)
- 17 Rock eccentric, his early writing credits include 'Nutcracker' and 'Alley Oop', later producing for Modern Lovers and Runaways (3-6)
- 20 Reel played back for the benefit of Thomas, who plays the keyboards (4)
- 21 + 29 across A moderate hit maker of the '60s, he featured as one of the characters on the 'Band On The Run' LP cover (5-5)
- 25 Maybe I adore this 1980 film musical featuring Meatloaf, Debbie Harry, Alice Cooper and others (6)
- 27 Where you wouldn't normally hear a PiL record except at the death (5)
- 29 Craig, producer of Ramones debut album (4)
- 30 Johnny or Graham (4)
- 31 Out of respect for Larry, Del Shannon thought they should come off (4)
- 32 Traffic movement restricted by the location of a hole (4)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 + 3D. I Knew You Were Waiting 7. APB 9 + 10A Love Is A Stranger 11 + 12D. I've Got Mine 14 + 27A. Listen To The Radio 15. Gaines 16. Gray 17. Mess 19. Affie 21 + 31D Ernest Tubb 23. Leadon 30. Lotus 33. Norman Petty 35. Sweet 36 + 13A. Clock DVA
DOWN: 1. Island 2. Never Again 5. West One 6. Rare 7 + 34A. Augustus Pablo 8. Barson 16. Greetings 17 + 28D. Mel Torme 18 + 4D. King Of America 20. Land 22. Stewart 24 + 26D. Earl Bostic 25. DJ 29. Aspic 32. Show

[GO BANG!]
SELECTION
COLOUR PROMOTIONAL POSTERS BY MAIL
£3 EACH 4 FOR £10
THE BLUES BROTHERS - Made In America/Briefcase
DAMNED - Phantasmagoria/Eclipse
NEW ORDER - Low Life
THE SMITHS - The Queen Is Dead + Shoplifters
THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS - Pretty In Pink/Midnight
1st LP
JESUS AND MARY CHAIN - Psycho Candy/Some Candy Talking
BURNING BISHOP - Ocean Rain/Sing And Learn
PETER DINKLAGE - So
HUMAN LEAGUE - Tour 86-87
ICQY POP - Bash
ROLLING STONES - December Children
RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS - New Mind Boogies
SIMPLY RED - Picture Book
JOY DIVISION - Unknown Pleasures
THE WHO - Quadrophenia
U2 - Rattle And Burn
CURE - Boys Don't Cry/Pornography/Bed Head on Door/Beach
CULT - Love/She Sells Sanctuary
CRAMPS - On The Bone/Dave With Elvis
CLASH - London Calling
BAUHAUS - Bela Lugosi
TALKING HEADS - Stop Making Sense/Lifetime
True Stories
JIM MORRISON - An American Poet
PINK FLOYD - The Wall/Dark Side of The Moon
SIMPLE MINDS - Once Upon A Time/Alive & Kicking/Sandwich/Super
WOODEN TOPPS - Giant
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Why does Johnny Marr condemn The Housemartins for ripping off 'I Want The One I Can't Have'? Whatever happened to 'Shoplifters Of The World Unite'?

Pattenden, Twickenham.

Johnny Marr cites Radio One's playing of Wham! records immediately after news reports on Chernobyl as justification to "hang the DJ". I wonder if he noticed that in the same issue, the fans that voted The Smiths top in five sections of the Readers' Poll rated Chernobyl second to The World Cup as Event of the Year. Since Johnny also mentions how he is "impressed to hell" with The Smiths' audience it must be especially galling to him that they must now meet a grisly death on the gallows.

Phil Roberts

More to the point what should the DJ have played - 'Every Cloud Has A Silver Lining'? - DW

Re: Tim The Tower Block (NME, Feb 14). I'd like to reply to the points he made about Weller. Weller is not "fast turning" into a "boring old fart". Weller is a boring old fart. Compare any of The Jam's records to The Style Council's attempts and it's pretty obvious that Weller has become staid and boring. I recommend everyone to listen very carefully to 'In The City'. Jacqui, Telford.

Which will confirm he's been staid and boring all along. - DW

It was nice to see you chose to print my letter in your Feb 14 issue. Boosted the ego no end and made me a positive celeb around the local job centre this week. Sadly I think you misinterpreted my subtle irony in calling Bruce Foxton "the god of cool". I was of course taking the piss, please do not let it happen again in future. Timothy The Towerblock, Newcastle Upon Tyne.

The moral of this is: if you will go around calling yourself Timothy The Towerblock, don't expect people to credit you with a subtle sense of irony. - DW

A Doctor writes:

I read with interest your case study of a self-confessed vinyl addict in last week's issue. Similar patients often visit my own Harley Street practice, often still bearing the signs of a recent attack of the plastic passions; a bag from Reckless records, obscure B-sides stuck

to the inside of the nose, and that tell-tale glazed expression on the face.

The other day was particularly harrowing, as a refugee from a screening of *Down By Law* stumbled in, shattered by the sight of Tom Waits' records being thrown out into the street, and all he's worried about is a pair of poxy suburban cowboy boots. "For God's sake!" cried the patient, "doesn't he realise he had a first pressing of the first single on the Baja label from 1961?"

Prescribing an annual subscription to *Record Collector*, I showed the poor fellow out of the surgery, and noted in my records another case of "VD", or Vinyl Depression.

Another poor deluded soul believed that Echo And The Bunnymen had made a record last year and a good one at that. *Enema MD*, London.

Sir! I would like to contribute to the Madonna/Sean Penn debate in your paper. The world does not take kindly to a successful collaboration between a married couple. When John Lennon insisted on making records with Yoko Ono, he was accused of deifying an inferior artist and she was accused of destroying a great artistic unit. Alice Rossi's feminist explanation of the hostility Harriet Taylor evoked might account for some of the passion aroused by Yoko Ono, too. But cases exist in which men are resentful for intruding on women's careers.

Opera lovers will perhaps recall the initial resistance to Joan Sutherland's demand that her husband, Richard Bonynge, conduct whenever she sang, and - at the other end of the cultural spectrum - the resistance to Barbara Streisand's elevation of her lover from hairdresser to producer.

What is at work here seems to be a collective jealousy. The public, whose relationship with any celebrity (writer, philosopher, or film star) is partly erotic, resents another person's coming between it and the object of its attention, and any artist who insists on giving more credit to a loved one than the public thinks is appropriate risks bringing down upon him or her the public's wrath. This is why no one gives a toss what Art Garfunkel is up to these days. J. S. Mill, Herne Hill.

Quite a point I believe I made in *Shanghai Express: A Narrative Structural Analysis*! 50p from your local newsagent and you get the

fold-out poster for nothing - DW

Regarding Jim Allen's play *Perdition* and your report: if you describe the liberation movements of black South Africans (or Phillipinos, or Biafrans, or Northern Irish, or ...) as "merely a political nationalist movement, nothing more than that" you would quite rightly hear from a number of people. Zionism is the national liberation struggle of the Jews, not a "public relations job" of the last 40 years - for THOUSANDS OF YEARS Jews around the world have been praying for a return to their Holy Land.

Such prayers are in every single religious service and observance of the people. If you oppose Jewish self-determination, aren't you opposing Jews? Unfortunately, the current state of Israel had so many problems, and has made such murderous mistakes against their own and other local peoples, it has become fashionable to bash Zionism as the cause. Please give some coverage to the "Peace Now" movement in Israel and the USA, a movement dedicated to restoring the rights of Palestinians alongside those of Jews in an area with conflicting legitimate territorial claims.

Jews can certainly exist without a state of their own, but that's a long way from saying Jews need to be "saved from Zionism." What we need is a Zionism that does not depend on the strong arm alone. Mark Leviton, Claremont, CA 91711 USA.

If you think that I can't do the things I say. My Energy is power. Big Power. 1) The sun 2) Me and my friend between my legs. I WANT THE FREE NME SINGLES I know you send them to Dutch shops too! Get Fresh! Get it!

Right is terrible. Left is horrible. Because you can't trust them, in their clean and holy way they stab you with a sorry smile in the back. All gone in the same machine. NME! Love you. No sex machine - lucky because I shouldn't like to have Aids. T. Fabian, Amsterdam.

This has been the monthly 'Just think what would happen if they legalised dope here too' letter - DW

Jane Solanas' review of EMI's LP, 'The Roxy London WC2' by Various Artists brought back the memories, but will Jane Solanas now face reality? The final surrender of the punk revolution came with the release of Siouxsie And The Banshees 'Wheels On Fire', a cover version of a '60s song far worse than The Damned's rendition of the Ryans 'Eloise'.

Yes, we were all fooled by the "this is real music" and "we'll melt Led Zep" sayings of the punk era. The truth is the bands wanted the glory and the Malcolm McLaren wanted easy money.

I now look forward to the forthcoming Siouxsie And The

EDITED BY DON WATSON. ROBOTS IN THE AIRWAVES BY MX. SEND YOUR LETTERS TO APPLIANCE, NME EDITORIAL, COMMONWEALTH HOUSE, 1-19 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON WC1A 1NG

Banshees album which must feature Siouxsie's versions of: 'Yellow River', 'Viva España', 'I Just Called To Say I Love You', 'Don't Give Up On Us', 'Don't Cry For Me Argentina' and 'The Skye Boat Song'. Brian Chance, Nottingham.

And that was our weekly 'Like Punk Never Happened' memorial letter. I don't know what you lot are yawning about out there, you should see the ones I didn't print - DW

So Patrick Weir doesn't think The Boogie Brothers Blues Band are en route to the killer sound?

Mick Shaw, Derby.

And that's just to give you an idea, it goes on for two pages! They're out there I tell you, bug-eyed, blood shot monsters with Boogie Brothers Blues Band sweat shirts, roaming the shopping malls and playing Dumpy's Rusty Nuts on their Walkmans. I tell you it's not safe! - DW

'Shoplifters Of The World Unite':

Five Reasons why it doesn't mean anything:

- 1) Morrissey has never shoplifted.
- 2) Morrissey can afford not to steal things.
- 3) If Morrissey got caught shoplifting he would benefit from the publicity.
- 4) What is "cultural shoplifting"?
- 5) What is "spiritual shoplifting"?
- 6) If we all stole a copy of the single each, do you think The Smiths would approve really? A Bastard, A Bedroom, Manchester.

Answers: 4) Stealing from Asian supermarkets. 5) Mugging Hare Krishnas. -DW

Thanks for printing my statement last week but one point was left out which I still think might interest some readers. This was the quote from Paul Simon about why he didn't offer recording royalties to the musicians he worked with in South Africa. In *Hot Press* on the January 29 he said "To say I'd pay them a royalty was meaningless because they had no idea who I was or if I sold any records". My comment was that he could have offered them a small advance if this was a problem. Jerry Dammers.

Dear Mr Staunton. Quite what criteria you employed to come to the conclusion that Los Lobos

have "plundered their own roots to pander to a yuppie audience" I don't know. And since when does being on the dole and not being able to afford 501s or beer act as the hallmarks of a yuppie. In short you are a cliched, ignorant person - your ignorance being reflected in the fact that you wander tediously through your review of the Los Lobos gig, casting doubt about the band and their "dilution of their culture", a culture which you obviously know little about when you inform me that Mexicans speak a language called Mexican!

Interesting. Whatever happened to Spanish?

Finally, you were right, it was a cheap joke to make about the portliness of the gentleman in question. What has a person's physique to do with the performance they give?

The music press are nothing more than vultures preying on the very people who keep them in business - musicians (Really, I thought it was the readership who kept us in business - Ed) You are no better or no worse than you peers. You are all fifth rate correspondents with mammoth egos. The sooner rock journalism as we know it goes the same way as the mammoth, the better for all concerned. John Hill, Tooting.

If I went that way I wouldn't need the talcum powder. -DW

Tusk, Tusk. - A mammoth.

So once again the NME's resident oracle has spoken. Following his recent hypocritical pronouncements on the cultural boycott of South Africa (why was there no mention of 'Bloodsport', an anti-apartheid record by a white SA band, Swan Hunters?) Dr Cosgrove now seems to be telling me that music to which I cannot dance is, in some way, inferior. Only the most blinkered cannot see that most genres of music have both good and bad examples, and although I find the music of Trouble Funk, Mantronix, Cameo and On-U Sound exciting, no amount of critical hyperbole can convince me that vacuous dross such as The Style Council and Curiosity Killed The Cat and safe, boring artists like Jaki Graham, Simply Red and Anita Baker have as much power and emotion as say Nick Cave, Laibach, The Smiths, REM and Neubauten, or many classical works. I'm thankful that artists of such vision and diversity exist in the face of the apparent scorn and neglect these and other mavericks receive from an increasingly large section of the 'music press'.

Having said all this, the C86 (Age Of Change excepted) and, especially, the Readers' Poll help to reinforce the prejudices of

many people against independent music. Let's have less from the trainspotter-fanzine and trendy soulboy crews and more from the few NME writers still interested in music that isn't solely for dancing to - namely Kopf, Watson and Fadele. Also, would it be too much to ask for more coverage of European music? Greater opportunities to explore music of other cultures were wasted when journalists were sent to Hungary, to cover Queen of all people, and to Poland. Considering the NME's supposedly radical outlook, the current scope of musical coverage seems to be extremely narrow. In contrast recent coverage of the other arts and politics has been generally excellent, despite the fawning articles on Red Wedge. Gjergji Sheku, Sheffield.

The Swan Hunter's record is irrelevant. Against the wishes of the apartheid regime, some vocal bits were smuggled out of South Africa, it was recorded in Sheffield, pressed somewhere in England and its proceeds are to be donated to Artists Against Apartheid. It breaks no boycott and was therefore irrelevant to my attack on Paul Simon. As for my polemic on the suppressed history of 12" dance music, why should I refer to music you can't dance to, it's like criticizing an article on The Beatles for not being about ice-hockey. You are from Sheffield and I deeply suspect you're a friend of Don Watson, Dele Fadele, Age Of Chance and probably Chakk, who as you know provided the music for The Swan Hunters. Do you run an agency in Steeltown? I saw that Amrik Rai in a pub once, seemed like a nice boy. - S.C.

Still a good point about the suppressed currency of European and experimental music. - DW (a friend of the entire population of Sheffield).

Living in New Zealand means that things take a while to reach you, including NME. Having just read your special issues on sex and violence I feel compelled to offer my congratulations, albeit three months late (This is more like it. Constructive criticism - Ed). Your correspondents who complain about your "non-musical" coverage are missing the boat - it's these features that keep the "New" in *New Musical Express*. Keep up the good work in '87. Steve Johnson, Christchurch, New Zealand.



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