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TV times

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GROOVING ON THE TUBE

ANDY KERSHAW
WHISTLING IN THE DARK

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CONTENTS

THRILLS

"We worked with Mick Jagger for a day, wrote and arranged a song for the new album. That was amazing, cos when we were ten that wasn't *music*, having a Rolling Stone album was *life*."
Gushing stuff from electro-soul duo THE SYSTEM: **PAGE 6**

"Folk should be made by people who face up to reality, but some of the folk clubs we've been to are full of computer programmers earning a colossal amount. They ain't going to write songs about Thatcher's Britain because they're bloody comfortable in it."
ATTACCO DECENTE interview: **PAGE 7**

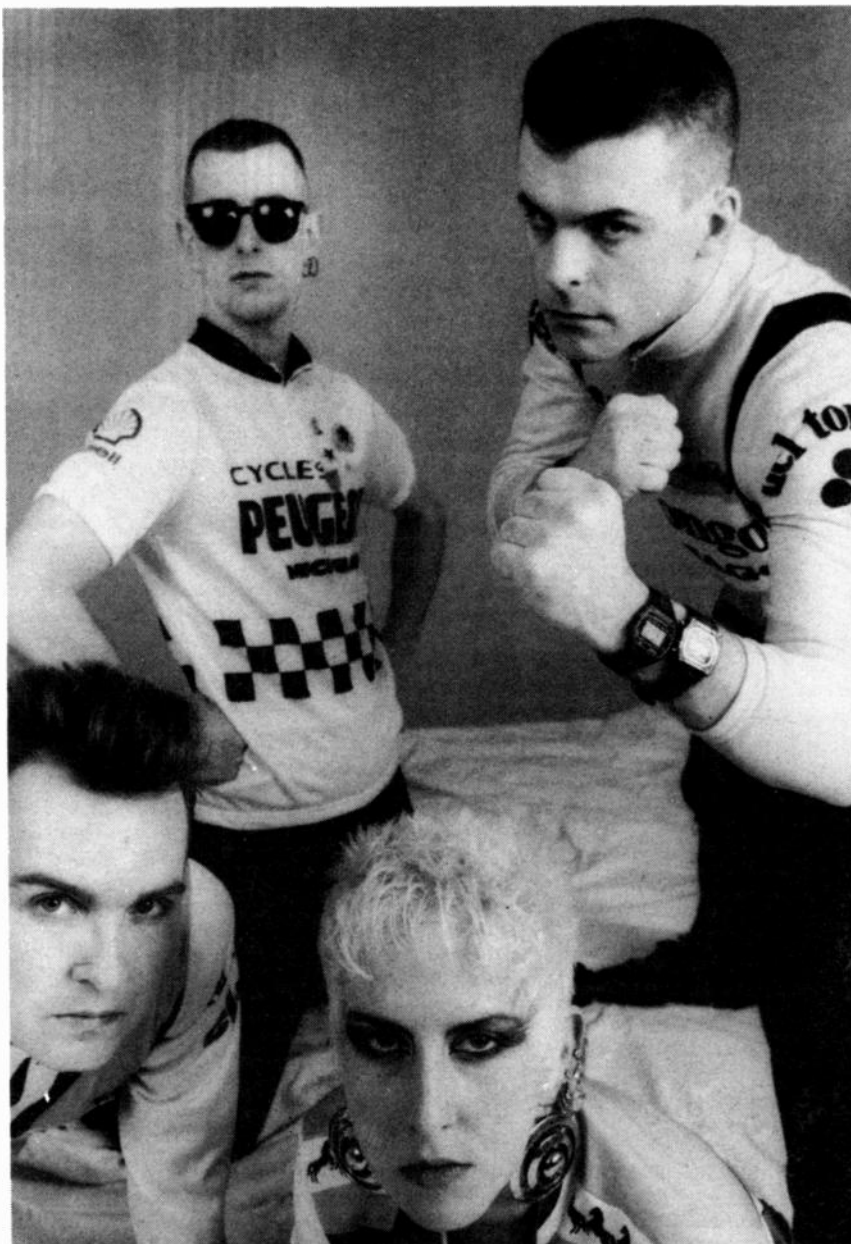
"Pop Will Eat Itself are an outpost of The Lads tradition . . . with their horrible hair and their beer, fags 'n' birds attitudes, they are a completely conservative rock band who have been taken up by the kids solely as a relief from trying to like Fuzzbox."
POP WILL EAT ITSELF christened by David Quantick: **PAGE 8**

FEATURES

"I realised everyone was looking at me. I was to be carpeted. Axminstered. Well and truly Wiltoned . . ."
JOOLS HOLLAND and *The Tube* disaster: **PAGE 14**

"You're from the *NME*. What the fuck's all that about? Why do you write those things? You think you're better than *The Sun*. You're worse. At least they admit they're seedy."
Paula Yates: **PAGE 15**

"Pop is the polite three minutes that makes Terry Wogan seem on the case. It's the severed seconds that get in the way of Max Headroom's train of thought. It's the soulful sound that helps sell overpriced denim . . . It will be the star that was, lucky to get a bit part."
John McCready on the future of TV POP: **PAGE 17**



AGE OF CHANCE PHOTOGRAPHED BY LAWRENCE WATSON: SEE **PAGE 24**

"Being misunderstood isn't something that keeps me awake at night. As long as the picture's good. As long as I haven't got a spot on the end of my nose in the photo . . ."
FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS contemplate the ends of their noses: **PAGE 18**

"That's how we met, talking about drumming. Like the old joke—how many session drummers does it take to change a light bulb? Four. One to change the bulb, the other three to discuss how Steve Gadd would have done it."
Mark King of LEVEL 42: **PAGE 22**

"We see our peers as being the Frankie of 'Two Tribes', the Van Halens, the Janet Jacksons . . ."
Chance talk from Leeds cyclists AGE OF CHANCE: **PAGE 24**

REVIEWS

"Cope's turned rough and rocking as if he's running out of time."
'SAINT JULIAN' lords it over the LPs: **PAGE 27**

"She played the all-American dumb blonde to perfection."
CYNDI LAUPER in *Live*: **PAGE 28**

RADAR

"I seem to be a whole superstructure with no foundation" was Monroe's verdict on herself.
Word Up dissects the latest MONROE post mortem: **PAGE 19**

"I thought it would be really funny to have Iggy Pop and Paul Newman in the same scene. Paul didn't have any idea who he was. He said to me 'Who is that guy over there?' I said don't worry, it'll be alright, you know . . ."
MARTIN SCORSESE on *The Colour Of Money*: **PAGE 37**

NEWS: **PAGE 4** SINGLES: **PAGE 11**
GIG GUIDE: **PAGE 33** TAPES OFFER: **PAGE 39**

NEWS



Michael and his Pepsi-flavoured suck-mask

PEPSI-JACKO LP DUE

MICHAEL JACKSON'S long awaited follow-up LP to 'Thriller' should now be with us sometime in April. Epic still haven't named a release date or even an album title but two tracks, 'Bad' and 'Pyramid Girl', were recently previewed at a music industry shindig and it's thought that Jacko will want the album out before his brace of Pepsi commercials hit America's TV screens.

Jackson filmed both ads in Los Angeles with the aid of director Joe Pytko, one featuring a Jackson song called 'The Price Of Fame', which is not on the new album, while the other revolves around the already

previewed 'Bad'.

The promotion afforded 'Bad' suggests this could be the lead single or even the album's title track. Conversely, the dull-eyed llama lover could hold back the release of this particular single till after the ads have made impact, preferring instead to aim for a cert hit with a single reportedly made in the company of Barbra Streisand. Recording duets with Streisand has proved a profitable activity for other singers in the past, Neil Diamond, Barry Gibb and Donna Summer all gaining major hits after forming such an alliance.

LEVI ROOTS JAILED

LEVI ROOTS, a reggae musician from Brixton, was jailed for nine years last week when he was convicted on a charge of possessing £42,000 worth of heroin.

Southwark Crown Court heard that Keith Graham, alias Levi Roots, and a second man, Kwaku Boateng, were arrested when they were about to complete a heroin deal. Graham was searched by police who found 325 grams of heroin, £350 in cash and a gun. Graham told officers, "You

can't be too careful in this game. I've got to look after my business."

Graham and Boateng claimed that they'd been set up by the police and denied the charge of conspiracy to supply heroin. However, after the three-week trial, the jury returned a guilty verdict.

Graham is a long-serving associate of the Coxson sound system, and has produced and recorded several reggae-charting singles.

THE COMIC STRIP team is making its second venture into cinema with the shooting of a new full-length feature film, *Eat The Rich*. The film re-unites the team responsible for *The Supergrass*, which took more than £1 million at the UK box office alone, and is being written and directed by Peter Richardson.

Starring Adrian Edmondson, Rik Mayall, Nigel Planer, Robbie Coltrane, Dawn French and Jennifer Saunders, revolves round revolutionaries, politicians and double agents (Whoops! Another apocalyptic comedy), using a restaurant as its centrepiece – with a rather special menu.

The film also marks the acting debut of Motorhead's Lemmy and further music guest include Jools

Holland, Angie Bowie, Miles Copeland, Hugh Cornwall and The Pogues. Other members of the cast include Fiona Richmond, Ronald Allen, Miranda Richardson, Ruby Wax and Koo Stark. *Eat The Rich* will be filmed in London over six weeks.

Writer and director Richardson has worked with producer Michael White for eight years, starting with the birth of the Comic Strip club in London's Soho.

The Comic Strip crew also turn up in Adrian Edmondson's *More Bad News*, a heavy metal comedy documentary which will be playing with the full length feature *Trick Or Treat*, a heavy metal horror film featuring Ozzy Osbourne and Gene Simmons of Kiss, which opens nationwide on March 13.

GOVT INVADES PIRATE STATIONS

LONDON'S PIRATE radio stations have recently faced the heaviest action yet from the Department Of Trade And Industry's radio investigation service. In one recent week over 18 separate raids were carried out on stations, with one station being raided twice. And the raiders were not content merely to confiscate transmitting equipment on this occasion – a crane was also brought into operation to remove aerial masts from several stations.

Speaking about these raids, Steve Hamley

(editor of *TX*, a magazine which lists the activities of over 40 pirate stations in the London area) said: "They're thought to be the start of a new campaign by the Government to rid the airwaves of the pirates. This is borne out by recent recruitment of new members for the tracking crews and comments made by current members of recent raids."

In the interim, virtually all the radio station on the receiving end of the DTI's raids have managed to get back in business again.

ANTI-APARTHEID STUDENTS FACE INJUNCTION

STUDENTS OCCUPYING the London School of Economics were stunned last week to learn that the school was seeking an injunction against Peter Wilcock, their union's General Secretary, plus their Anti-Apartheid Forum.

A spokesperson for the students told *NME*: "I expect they'll get the police in and we'll all be thrown out by the time your paper is published. Currently we're contacting other branches of the

Students' Union in London and seeing how much support we can get for our stand. After that we'll be able to ascertain what we can do next."

The occupation, which began almost two weeks ago, came in response to the college's Court of Governors' continued refusal to sell an estimated £1.7 million in shares held in companies with significant South African holdings.

Claimed the anti-apartheid

group's chairman Phil Evans: "After years of collecting signatures on petitions, countless successful motions at union meetings, winning support of the Academic Board, and candlelight vigils the Court Of Governors left with no option but to take action to express our anger and disgust and place meaningful pressure on them to stop buttressing the system or racial capitalism in South Africa."

THE ALARM play their first British dates since appearing with Queen at Wembley last year, when they set out on their 'Electric Folklore Tour' from April 24.

Tour dates are: Manchester International (April 24), Liverpool Royal Court (25), Cardiff Ritz (26), Bristol Studio (28), Brighton Rank (29), Portsmouth Guildhall (30), Leicester University (May 2), Birmingham Powerhouse (3), Nottingham Rock City (4), Leeds University (5), Aberdeen Ritz (7), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (8), Kilmarnock Palace (9), Newcastle Mayfair (10), Sheffield University (12), London Kilburn National (13). Ticket prices for all venues are £5 except for Kilburn, where they're £6.

'HISTOR OF PUNK': ONE MORE DATE!

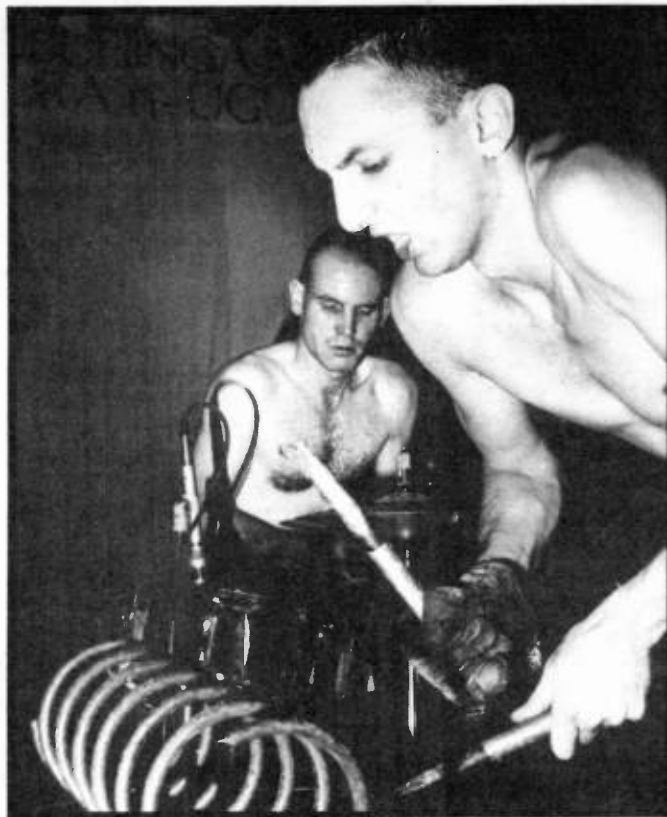
ANARCHIST PUNK band Conflict are joined by Steve Ignorant from Crass for a "mega-benefit bonanza" at Brixton Academy on Saturday April 18.

Conflict, who claim to be "unofficially banned" from performing in London, will perform a two-hour set, featuring a selection of Crass material. Apart from support groups, Conflict will also be presenting scenes from the film as well as a number of Crass videos.

A spokesman for Conflict claimed that their decision to play the Academy was prompted by a belief that "it's time to stick our necks out, play 'them' at their own game." Steve Ignorant added that banning of bands such as Conflict is a subtle form of racism which should be stopped. This event is an important landmark in the history of punk.

The concert will be both filmed and recorded.

Tickets will be £2.50, compared with the normal Academy price of £6.50, available from the Academy and the Rough Trade shop.



TESTIES RETURN

TEST DEPT play their first 'solo' concert in over two years when they appear at London's Town And Country Club on March 12. Also appearing at the gig will be Sarah-Jane Morris, ex-Communards, while the sounds of bagpipes, bombarde, didgeridoo and a brass section masterminded by Loose Tubes' John Eacott, will also be in evidence.

BRAZIL JAZZ HERO DIES

BOLA SETE, the guitarist whose work spanned Brazilian folk music, bossa nova, jazz and other music forms, has died from pneumonia, aged 63.

Sete was born Djalma de Andrade. A Brazilian, he moved to the States in 1959 and began performing with Dizzy Gillespie, who presented him at the Monterey Jazz Festival in 1962. A yogi who learned to play guitar in the full lotus position, Sete recorded several albums, including 'Jungle Suite', which he recorded for Dancing Cat Records in just an hour and a half. In his last few years, Sete tended to regard himself more a composer than a performer. He primarily recorded in his own home and also taught himself to play piano.

Sete's body was cremated as part of a yogi fire ceremony.

NEWS

WELCOME TO THE HOUSE OF FUN

CHICAGO HOUSE returns to London in jacking style. Frankie Knuckles, Marshall Jefferson, Kevin Irving (aka Jack In House), Adonis and Rogers Inc are among the Chicago Party artists lined up to play a number of UK dates. The tour is headlined by legendary Chicago based DJ Frankie Knuckles, featured in *ME*'s recent Chicago special, Rose Warehouse Club provided House music with its name. Marshall Jefferson was a provider of the House national Anthem 'Move Your Body', which was a huge club record on import and a *board* chart incumbent for nine weeks. The tour, mounted by Chicago's Trax label, currently the second largest indie dance music label in the States, commences at London's nightclub Club this Thursday (March 5) and then plays Plymouth Tiffany's (7), Nottingham Rock City's popular all-day (8), Manchester Hacienda (9) and Hothouse 5th Avenue (10). A number of other shows, including some major London venues, are still to be announced.



Adonis



Jack The House



Nico

PHOTO: EMILY ANDERSEN

ALMOND'S AIDS DATES CANCELLED

MARC ALMOND'S three International Aids concerts at London's Donmar Warehouse, originally planned for April 2, 3 and 4, have all been cancelled. A spokesperson for the singer claimed that the cancellation was "due to a misunderstanding of the technical requirements needed for Marc's performance, which the Donmar cannot satisfy."

Almond later commented: "I regret and am very upset, disappointed and angry that this has happened. I will be organising something of my own for the cause in the near future."

NICO'S TRIBUTE TO ANDY

NICO WILL be playing a special tribute to Andy Warhol's concert at The Fridge, London on Thursday March 12, as well as support artist Richard Strange and her backing group The Diamantes, there will be slides of Andy Warhol's *The Story* featuring Nico in her 'fly days' with The Velvet Underground. A selection of Warhol videos will also be screened. The following evening, Friday 13 March, Nico plays Manchester Town Hall. Tickets for the two shows will be £5 (£4 for unemployed).



Warhol

PHOTO: ADRIAN BOOT

CANNIBAL IN CAR ACCIDENT

DAVID STEEL, guitarist with the Fine Young Cannibals, was knocked down by a car in London's St George's Street, last Friday. Steel, who had just left the London Records office, was taken to hospital suffering from a broken arm and concussion.

A friend told *NME*: "It looked pretty bad, David was thrown right up in the air. He's been kept in hospital for observation now but, thankfully, it's not as serious as it might have been."

The Fine Young Cannibals have no plans to tour in the immediate future but Steel's accident will interrupt the band's plans to promote their new single 'Ever Fallen In Love', a cover version of the



PHOTO: KEVIN DAVIES

Steel: broken arm

Buzzcocks' classic record. FYC recently finished recording the incidental music to the movie *The Tin Man*, a Barry Levinson film.

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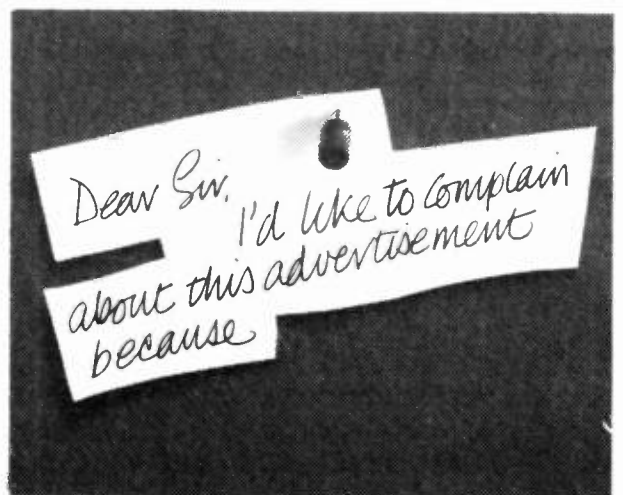
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2nd Aldershot, West End Centre
6th London, Fulham, Greyhound
9th Birmingham, Midlands Arts Centre
10th Northampton, Racehorse
11th Saffron Walden, Lord Butler Leisure Centre
12th Peterborough, Key Theatre,
24th Ipswich, Caribbean Club
29th Blackburn, King George's Hall
30th Newcastle, Gulbenkian Studio

1st Hull, Adelphi
2nd Bridlington, (venue T.B.A.)
3rd Bradford, Spotted House
7th Cardiff Literary Festival
8th Colchester, Arts Centre
12th Warwick University
13th Derby, The Arch

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thrills!

EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN

"We've had a couple of Mary Whitehouse clones phoning in to complain about the show. This is PG radio—I do the show in stockings and suspenders. Remember, if you don't like the sex in my show, grab your knob and tune in to Radio One. They need some listeners."

Radio London's crazy funkier Tony Blackburn

"Sometimes I look out of the window and think we're dead already, that the bomb has already dropped in our minds."

Film director Derek Jarman paints it black

"My dog Pal, a doberman, used to test my music for me. If he put his paws over his ears I knew it was no good. He was a very dependable judge but he suddenly developed this mania for chasing everything that flew into the back yard. He was always eating bees and his mouth got so swollen that finally his face exploded."

Gore-hound Curtis Hairston

"I'm a very temperamental person. When I walk around my house I see kick marks in the door and punch marks in the walls."

Psychedelic Fur Richard Butler

"Oh gee, I feel sorry for those two guys that have committed such an abhorrent, dreadful act. Boy, what a terrible thing to have to live with."

Dallas star Patrick Duffy on the men who murdered his parents

"They'd look brilliant on Emmerdale Farm wouldn't they? So cute. They're like cartoon people, aren't they—really funny"

Holly Johnson passes judgement on The Housemartins

Electro-soulboys THE SYSTEM (Mic Murphy and David Frank), sought after as producers and stars-to-be in their own right, entertain SIMON WITTER.

ELECTRO-SOUL—the juxtaposition of a raw, soulful voice with totally synthesised electronic instrumentation—first reared its generic head about five years ago. Yazoo's quirky minimalism conquered the British charts whilst the dancefloor charge was lead by the irresistible rhythmic stampede that was D Train. But it was The System, New Yorkers Mic Murphy and David Frank, who were destined to surf the pop wave long after the others had sunk from memory.

After the impetus of their classic debut 'You Are In My System' was stifled by record company politics (Robert Palmer was allowed to cover/copy and simultaneously release their song), they've never had another pop hit but have maintained a serious dancefloor profile. The Michael Brauer remix of 'I Wanna Make You Feel Good' was one of THE sounds of '84 and now, with the D Train partnership slushed-out beyond redemption, The



THE HOUSE OF RHYTHM

System are back (on a new label—Atlantic) with their fourth and best album to date, 'Don't Disturb This Groove'. How did it all start?

"We didn't have a blueprint or model at all," says Mic, "cos when we recorded our first record 'In Times Of Passion', D Train and Soft Cell and all that weren't yet out."

"Often when there's a combination of elements," Dave adds. "People assume it has been verbally planned, but it's usually a matter of coincidence, pressing the wrong button at the right time."

"Because of the way we grew up, there was always a combination of influences," continues Mic. "Dave may have been into Funkadelic but, because Funkadelic were so available to me, I was listening to Led Zeppelin. We play funk with a rock approach."

Your music sounds unique. I'd never have spotted Funkadelic or Led Zep roots.

"The reason you can usually identify influences is that most people copy—there's a lot of money to be made from that. We influence each other so strongly that most of our influences do come out completely changed."

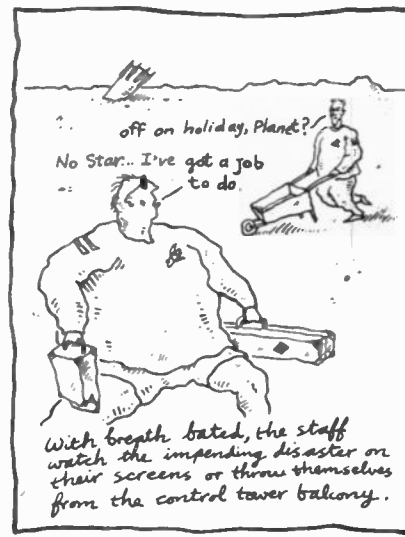
The System have always been sought-after producers but they've

tended to be too autocratic, making Jeff Lorber, Pauli Carmen, and even Chaka Khan sound like The System. Now they're trying to be less careful, work with less appropriate people—The Chiefs Of Relief, Mick Jagger and Nona Hendryx.

"Work isn't fun when you have to pull teeth, so if we're gonna be stuck in the studio with them for two months we go for someone we're gonna have a few laughs with. The Chiefs are a lot of fun, and Nona is very rewarding. We worked with Mick Jagger for a day, wrote and arranged a song for his new album. That was amazing, cos when we were ten that wasn't music, having a Rolling Stones album was life."

So The System are taking up the production challenge, and look set to hit the big time themselves. Whilst most good ideas get weaker with time, they've stayed fresh by writing diamond tunes and ingenious arrangements. 'Don't Disturb This Groove' is a timeless dance-pop album, a tune-packed, moody electronic soundscape.

"On our first album we had no idea how to use the studio. But in time we've improved, like the fine wine that we are."



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Leftfield in motion



Shortly to be big in Crawley, agit-folkies **ATTACCO DECENTE** prove their worth to liberal (small 'L') **LEN BROWN**.

"DON'T LET anyone kid you about a 'folk revival'—this band are as contemporary and important as any group making music for the late '80s" (Billy Bragg). Of course, Bragg's influence, Bragg's endorsement, has given Attacco Decente (meaning 'attack by the decent people') a healthy shove in the right direction. Furthermore, the presence of this Brighton trio—Mark Allen, Graham Barlow and Geoff Smith—on the Red Wedge tour of Wales, supporting the mighty minstrel, pushed their unique music into the limelight.

It's not just the political content of their songs, or the aggression with which they deliver their beliefs. It's the setting they provide for these sentiments; a strange brew of cosmopolitan folk in which flamenco guitars meet zitherharps, Appalachian dulcimers, tongue drums and a Colombian tiple mandolin). Thus Attacco Decente can be described as radical in both their aims and their rejection of the usual rock/pop career routes. For by adopting instruments that are effective in venues both large and small, electric and acoustic, they've stepped out of the restrictive pub/club circuit and boldly go where few have gone before. Like Crawley.

"It's not just using these instruments, or that you're necessarily singing political or personal songs, it's who you're playing to," explains frontman Geoff. "It means taking the initiative to get to as many people as possible. Going across the barriers from youth clubs to folk clubs to dance clubs to Swansea Leisure Centre."

Inevitably, given their acoustic strengths and the great British penchant for categorisation, Attacco find themselves lumped together with Shocked, Hawkins,

Bragg, even Vega, in a 'folk revival'; a convenient title for all the odds and sods who won't slot into the conventional pigeonholes. Yet the nature of their concerns, the priority which they give their Keep Left politics, seems at loggerheads with the ideas usually expressed in the nation's nostalgic folk clubs.

"Folk should be made by people who face up to reality," argues Mark, "but some of the folk clubs we've been to are full of computer programmers earning a colossal amount. They ain't gonna write songs about Thatcher's Britain cos they're bloody comfortable in it."

"Hip-hop is the folk music of England now," chips in Graham, profoundly.

"If there is such a thing as real folk music then we're doing it," says Geoff.

It's taken Attacco Decente five years to evolve their music, master these strange instruments, and set their radical beliefs against an intriguing Latin/Celtic sound. There's still some way to go, as their debut mini-album 'United Kingdom Of America' reveals. It's as if they've crammed their multifarious instruments and talents, plus their polemic, into every song; there's a danger of it all becoming too complicated, too worthy, too humourless. Live too, Geoff has the tendency to use the stage as a soapbox, as if the songs alone aren't clear enough vehicles for their ideals.

"We all vote Labour and support Red Wedge, not because we want our work to be a musical voice for the Labour Party, but because we wanted to have direct communication with young people," he explains. "Our basic commitment is to people struggling in grass roots situations."

But what about a single? Will DJs in their Right minds play songs that attack America, are anti-militarism ('Don't Join Their Army'), deal with domestic violence ('Dad Hits Mum'), or are promasturbation ('Touch Yourself')? Perhaps the less confrontational opinions

expressed in 'The Law Above The Law'—theme music to Chris Stagg and Paul Hodson's play about the Diggers, *The World Turned Upside Down*—or the positively strong 'Natural Anger', would be more acceptable. Typically Attacco's most commercially attractive tune, 'The Rosegrower', deals with MI5's alleged murder of peace campaigner Hilda Murrell. It'd be a cracking video but couldn't you lighten up the songs with a bit of humour, make them more palatable?

"This is the only way we can voice our grievances and frustrations," replies Mark, "by saying what we want to say in songs. The more we get out and play places that nobody else plays the more people will see that we are different."

"In the end it all comes down to the songs," adds Geoff. "People have a good time when we play live, people are dancing and getting into it, having a laugh."

The 'folk revival'. Starring odds and sods and Attacco Decente.

The World Turned Upside Down is at Glasgow's Tron Theatre from March 24–29.

UNCLE DAVID'S IDIOT DANCING PUPPET

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PISSTAKE

DRUG-FREE urine specimens have been pouring into the White House in the wake of the "Insuline" scam, reported in *Thrills* last week. Thousands of unemployed Britons have come to the aid of Americans who are waging war against the mandatory drug testing endorsed by Nancy Reagan.

Those trying to elude the national piss-take by submitting "Insuline", the alleged lab tested drug-free pee, have found that though the specimens are drug free, they test positive for pregnancy—as a result thousands have been pushed out of their jobs for enforced maternity leave...

Moreover, the 'hot' urine being piddled on the streets has been cut so heavily with Kia Ora that dealers in Black Market wee have

to supplement their income by selling drugs.

"The situation is very bad," said one US dealer sporting a 'Pissa Job' badge. "We've been in touch with Midge Urine, who's putting together a 'Wee Are The World' single. The proceeds will go to the unemployed."

Meanwhile the specimen cups runneth over at the White House as unemployed Britons—themselves without a pot to piss in—have been generously contributing their clean wee.

White House spokesman Larry Leaks is calling it "The Yellow Menace".

The Editorial Wee here at *NME* prefer to call it the Trickle-Down Theory.

Michele Kirsch

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thrills!

FEAST FOR FOOLS

POP WILL EAT ITSELF could have been the Barron Knights of the C86 scene, opines DAVID QUANTICK. Instead they're stroke mag fans with a Nick Kamen complex. Visual analysis: A. J. Barratt.

FOUR MEN with hair sit round a table, deep in thought. The second hairiest, Richard, is evolving a theory.

"The reason I've got long hair is 'cos I wanna look different, I s'pose. I had spikey hair when I was a punk 'cos I wanted to look different."

The hairiest man, Clinton, gazed into space. "That was a very profound comment, Rich."

These hirsute fellows are Pop Will Eat Itself, and they are what the kids are into. They come from somewhere formless in the Midlands, a place called Stourbridge, and they talk as though their voices have been left out in the cold all night and have congealed. Richard and Clinton look like your friend at school who had 49 Jimi Hendrix albums and became a bin-man. Graham the drummer looks quite cute, while Adam, the weird one, looks exactly like Richard Beckinsale. And this, as I said, is what the kids are into.

Pop Will Eat Itself have released two EP records, 'Poppies Say Grrrrr!' and 'Poppiedick', and a single called 'Sweet Sweet Pie'. Their work also appears on a few indie compilation albums, most notable Pop Will track being a very, very straight version of The Mighty Lemon Drops' 'Like An Angel'.

Musically, they are a smidgeon conventional. Chugging guitars and pleasant enough singing enliven acceptable melodies, and from time to time a "sense of humour" pervades their work. 'What's So Good About Candy?' they inquired; hardly fortuitously, since The Jesus And Mary Chain were currently writing a *lot* of songs about candy.

Indie kids latched on to this as a sign of wit. Pop Will Eat Itself could have become the Barron Knights of the C86 scene. Instead they threw that chance away. Well, almost...

The, er, Poppies are on Birmingham's Chapter 22 label, which they once shared with The Mission. They have supported millions of other independent bands and are more qualified even than I to opine on Britain's independent scene. Opine, Poppies!

"This indie scene's like a bag of liquorice allsorts," muses Richard, "and we're like a pink one."

Pop Will Eat Itself are that most usual combination in comedians, irreverence mixed in with conservatism. While somewhat scathing about, er, everybody—including The Smiths who Richard dismisses as both unoriginal and "The Byrds fronted by a manic Leonard Cohen"—they seem to have a deep respect for the past. They like Jimi Hendrix ("I think he's rubbish, mind," warns Adam), Hawkwind, The Cure, Pink Floyd, Wire, and The Mighty Lemon Drops. They like their pint (Clinton: "Anyone who gets their round in is all right with us"). And they have a fondness for pornographic literature...

"We're fond of stroke mags, they're all right!" cries Clinton, "I mean, The Shop Assistants reckon that they make you view women in

a certain way, but... I like to look at a bird with her clothes off, but it doesn't really make me look at me mum or me sister any different. And they reckon it was tantamount to making every man want to go out and rape a woman, which I think is... I mean, I can understand why a woman might feel threatened, but it's only in the same way as I could cause a stink by complaining about Nick Kamen walking into a laundrette and taking all his clothes off and he shouldn't be allowed to do that."

My old granny taught me three things; never play cards with a man called Doc, never eat at a place called Mom's and never rely on a pop singer for ideologies. I had possibly expected some dialectical laxness from these people, but never an argument that posited potential Nick Kamen envy as a reason for having porno mags.

"Women will expect me to be like him!" wails Clinton. "He hasn't got zits on his back like I have!..."

I have tried. Like many, I assumed that a band with a totally brilliant and ace-tastic theoretical name like Pop Will Eat Itself might have a grasp of something interesting. I have asked them questions designed subtly to elicit the very essence of their work, and all I get for my troubles is splashed by their deep-rooted fear of Nick Kamen. I have tried.

Now all I can do is put it to them straight; Pop Will Eat Itself are an outpost of the Lads Tradition, one normally rooted in other parts of

rock—in the Rod Stewart end, in the grungy old punk end, and in the HM end, but now lodged in trendy old indie pop. With their horrible hair and their beer, fags 'n' birds attitudes, they are a completely conservative rock band who have been taken up by the kids solely as a relief from trying to like Fuzzbox.

"Seriously," smiles Clinton, "we're traditional rockers."

"We could have existed at any time in the past 20 years!" ponders Adam, "we're the traditional thing of blokes in a band..."



minutes or so (hence b-boys from break boys) was an act of genius in the best punk tradition. Make your own music by using someone else's. Take a '70s funk tune, add a beatbox drum track, rap over the top of it and you've got your own song. Instant music, recycle the past to create the future, the old limitations of the music business were well and truly kicked into touch. Why spend time and money on years of practice on drums and guitars when with a couple of turntables you could cut something fresh in just a couple of hours?

Grandmaster Flash's 'Adventures On The Wheels Of Steel' and Double Dee and Steinski's 'Lessons One, Two And Three' showed what could be done when the mix and match approach was recorded on vinyl, snatches of dozens of songs blended into a new original whole; Clint Eastwood seemingly rapping over a JB's funk track, Lauren Bacall meets the human beatbox, anything is possible and yet that all-important dance beat is always there.

Latest in this hip-hop tradition of mega-mixes is DJ Coldcut's 'Say Kids, What Time Is It?'; discovered by London DJ Johnathan More, this 12" white label release is currently rocking clubs right across the capital. Taking a basic Trouble Funk/Kurtis Blow go-go backing this monster manages to mix 'Party Time' with 'The Good, The Bad And The Ugly', 'Jungle Book' with 'Funky Drummer' and Brother D's 'How We Gonna Make The Black Nation Rise' with 'Adventures On The Wheels Of Steel', all without missing single beat. Beg, borrow or tape a copy as soon as possible!

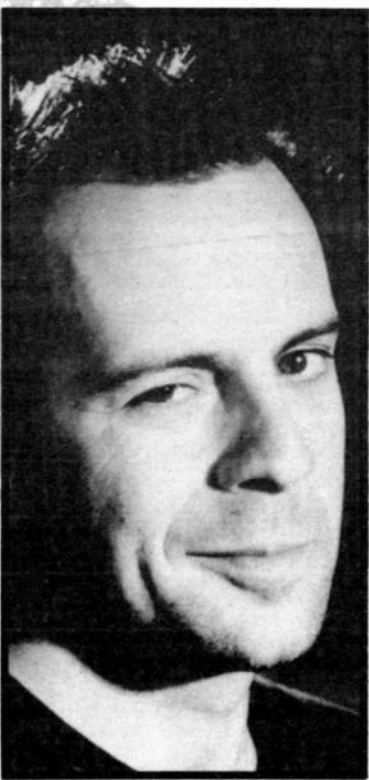
The vinyl culture shock continues this week with Sly & Robbie's excellent 'Boops' (Fourth and Broadway), wherein Jamaica's top rhythm section collide with New York rap to produce one of the most powerful hunks of P-Funk since George Clinton's 'Atomic Dog'. A chugging, mid-tempo rhythm builds and builds until it becomes irresistible while the vocals are as weird and wacky as they come. Surrealist funk? Hear it once and you'll like it, twice and you'll be hooked.

Worst title of the week but continuing in the culture clash theme is 'Rock 'n' Roll Dude' by the aptly named (at least judging from his sleeve photo) Chubb Rock (Select Records). Knowing a good, or rather profitable, thing when they see one, dozens of hip-hop bands are jumping on the Rap 'n' Roll bandwagon started by Run DMC and The Beastie Boys. Of the genre this isn't too bad, a mean, moody electro drum track is punctuated by snatches of squealing guitar and topped off by a rap which name-checks everyone from Chuck Berry to Bananarama in a history of rock 'n' roll that sounds dodgy to say the least. Not a classic by any means it's still a worthy addition to a night's aural entertainment especially for any crowd that's partial to the Def Jam style.

Final cross-fertilization worth checking is CJ's Uptown Crew's 'It's Good To Go Drug Free' (Gotta Go Go) which has some of DC's finest, including CJ of Redds and The Boys, Little Benny, and JuJu of EU, combining to produce this well-tough anti-drugs number. A wicked, pounding go-go percussion rhythm mixes with a NY style rap and human beat-box effects thus creating a rolling, infectious beat that proves that message music can be fun. First spotted on tape months ago by our very own Dr Cosgrove, this vinyl version is even better than the intital demo-tapes. At an import store near you now! Over and out...

Jay Strongman

MOTOWN MOONLIGHT



"BRUNO WAS the reason that The Beatles got together," admits Ringo Starr. "It was Bruno who suggested that we stop using accordions and start using make-up," confides Paul Stanley of Kiss. Elton John relates that he nearly called one hit 'Bruno And The Jets' in his honour, while Michael J Fox owns up to being an avid collector of Bruno memorabilia.

Such on-screen tributes form part of *The Return Of Bruno*, an hilarious 40-minute spoof rockumentary dedicated to Bruno Radolini, alter ego of Moonlighting TV star Bruce Willis. The film, recently screened on TV in the States in order to promote Willis' debut album for Motown, takes the form of a Dick Clark-hosted *Rock Legends* show and describes how the multi-talented, harmonica-playing Bruce/Bruno played *American Bandstand* back in '68; slayed 'em at Woodstock in '69 but saw his split-screen footage cut from the finished movie; and how, after becoming Howard Hughes' gay lover, a choreographer at Motown, and

Jimmy Swaggart's main speech writer, became leader of Crayon Jungle, the initial psychedelic band, and Flack, the first costume rock outfit. An all-star affair that also includes contributions from The Temptations, Bobby Colomby, Grace Slick, The Bee Gees, Graham Nash, Steve Stills ("he was so good we were scared shitless"), Joan Baez, Bill Graham and others, *The Return Of Bruno* makes a potent sales pitch on behalf of Willis' Motown *meisterwerk* (opinion—fair vocals, good mouth harp, excellent choice of mainly well-tried R&B material and great back-ups) and also proves to be the best thing of its kind since *Spinal Tap* hit our screens. It's to be hoped that one of our own fun-loving TV channels picks it up for screening shortly. In the meantime, did I mention about how Bruno became a film star under the name of Bruce Lee before he tired of acting and decided to kill the character off? No, I thought not.

Fred Dellar/Blind Boy Grunt

BOMBER CULTURE

WELL NOW dig this! With the predictable backlash against hip-hop well and truly underway perhaps it's worth pointing out one of the many reasons for its spectacular success, not only on the dancefloor but also on the wider world of 'pop' in general.

The original concept of DJs like Grandmaster Flash and Afrika Bambaataa taking the ten-second percussion break from songs as varied as 'Johnny The Fox' by Thin Lizzy, Bob James' 'Mardi Gras' or James Brown's 'Funky Drummer' and mixing two copies together to make the ten seconds last for five

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SINGLE OF THE WEEK

PRINCE: Sign Of The Times (WEA)
There's no one operating anywhere who can contrive a similar atmosphere of excitement, of a definite 'event' by merely releasing a record. Prince's genius and understanding of pop's ability to capture the moment, to flood the mainstream with outrageous, subliminal messages is unparalleled by any artist in his position. He clocks all the subcultural signs, the brags and the boasts of the rappers, the new shapes being carved out of old rock but he keeps a verve and an adventure that will rarely see him usurped.

'Sign Of The Times' is a stunning re-entry after the tomfoolery of his recent celluloid fling. In every way — mood, melody, vision — it is the black downside of 'Kiss's brilliant open-ended sensuous flurry. The former was playful and suggestive, 'Times' nails its mood with the same pared down minimalist funk but it bubbles to a dark anguished spooky spell of a record; matching Marvin's inner city sermons to Sly's anguished 'Riot' comedown. He hasn't been watching *Dynasty* to get his attitude either, this is a big chill paranoia polaroid. Kids of 17 high on crack toting machine guns, rocket ships exploding, news broadcasts filled with death, the old swinging party of '1999' stopped in its tracks by the fear of "a big disease with a little name".

He's swapped a lush sensuality for psychological tremors, chiselled his new tight-coiled guitar sound (compare with the axe heroics of 'Purple Rain') to a lean, lethal edge. It's intense, scary, claustrophobic and you can still dance to it! Compared to this, most records just fade into sad insignificance.

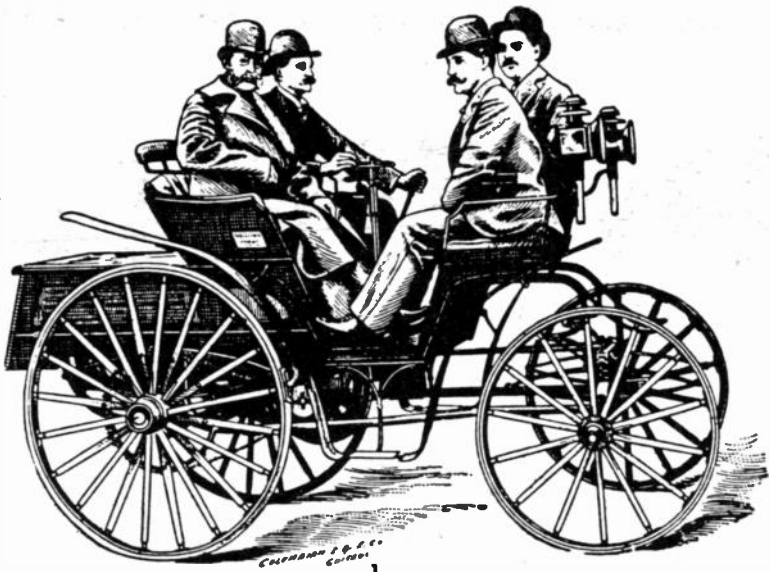
SCOTT AND RAVEN: My Ride (Columbia Import)
KING SUN-D MOET: Hey Love (Zakia Import)
MR K AND SPECIAL G: Rock The House (TD Records Import)
BLAZE: Whatcha Gonna Do (Champion)
LOLA: Wax The Van (Jump Street Import)

Not quite everything though . . . in New York the sounds from the futuristic funk school keep moving outwards and onwards, avoiding predictable dance roles and hip-hop traps. Scott and Raven blast into the rambunctious Clinton style at its Gap Band appropriated scorching best. Not an original pleasure, but an irrefutable one when executed with such bristling confidence.

King Sun is something else again, a big lunking, lecherous cat with a detached, lugubrious style that matches panther stealth with feline playfulness. The music mixes ciphers from planet rock with a techno-skank that whispers dark mystery and weird fun.

You'd really need to borrow a dancefloor to benefit from K and G's hip-hop symphony which naturally combines much of Godfather JB's highs — lots of Afro bustle, pained shrieks and sizzling hi-hats strung together for maximum impact. A skillfully manipulated non-stop workout.

Blaze should be massive — a rotorvating passion-basher that works by building the heat all around, cutting every which way, the synth armoury never losing melodic acuity to tedious FX. Imagine the syncopated brilliance of Gwen Guthrie's 'Rent' matched to the shimmering, tropical steam of Rockers Revenge's 'Walking On Sunshine' and you're getting close.



REVIEWED BY GAVIN MARTIN
SAFE SEX BY
ART WOMAN OF BLOOMSBURY

Arthur Russell, who caused a minor ripple with 'Swimming To France' last year, is the mastermind behind Lola's sparkler. Not sure what 'Wax The Van' means but the tone suggests smart spidery pride; the voice is rounded and lissom enriched by Russell's rich nectar of jazzy tingles and provocative percussion mix. Luscious.

THE MEMBRANES: Spike Milligan's Tape Recorder (Constrictor)
Allegedly one of a thousand only copies this is the B side of the unastonishing 'Kennedy '63' and is probably the Blackpool retrobates' finest hour. It comes at you raging and flailing, reeking carnage in an atomically propulsive style. It gets bigger, more threatening, more crazed as it builds into something unthinkable, a barbaric mad-dog terrorist rampage on the ramps of good taste, an interstellar orgasm, a clash of Thunder Gods on heat. I thought, going by the title, it must be a sub Half Man Half Biscuit sort of thing. Completely different — this is mega, primed and deadly, sealing their self proclaimed tag (or rather, the one they stole from Kevin Rowland) as "the wild hearted outsiders of the independent scene".

THE STARS OF HEAVEN: Holyhead (Rough Trade)
The radiance and freshness this lot displayed on an early Peel outing but which seemed to dry up on the 'Sacred Heart Hotel' debut is here reborn. Straddling an area between Byrdian euphoria, Van Morrison's Celtic soul, useful tangs of country steel and traits of folksy narrative, Stars Of Heaven, along with That Petrol Emotion and Microdisney, are proving Irish originated music has a lot more to offer than U2. Which is something to be thankful for — since they were elevated to international success the Irish Sea has been clogged with surrogates. Here the sumptuous lustre and carefully picked guitars of 'Widow's Walk' lead into dark corners; there's an intensity built out of deft plectrum strokes on 'Someone Is Getting Tired Of You', the breathtaking beauty of Buffalo Springfield's ghost emerges on 'Never Saw You' and the superb instrumental 'Before Holyhead' is a fine testimony to their implicit understanding of each other's

strengths. A guitar band with a difference, this is really quite marvellous.

CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN: Take The Skinheads Bowling (Rough Trade)
While it's not the magnificent quixotic blend they arrived at on last year's third album, this is a must, an endearing cult classic from a fine bunch of inspired Californian crazies. They hit the jangleometer for all it's got but their gift is to get the chords that matter, offset it with careening fiddle and clever harmonies and for all their wry nonchalance there's a warm heart beating at the centre of their music. Besides, the line "I had a dream last night I want to lick your knees" will stick with me to the grave, if not beyond.

HURRAH: Sweet Sanity (Kitchenware)
They've yet to write a great song, though even I warm to parts of their universally acclaimed 'Tell God I'm Here' album. Because of a spirited approach and their simple faith I really want to like Hurrah! Yet seeing them recently the strongest feeling I had was not one of inherent success — there they were, given the big record company push, playing like their lives depended on it and the audience was paltry, the ensuing atmosphere negligible. Perhaps the U2 comparisons have put some off, unfair because they have a spangled swagger and abrasion at odds with the former's liturgical pomp. 'Sweet Sanity' however — for all its earnest, crashing purity — isn't half as monumental as the lads would like to think.

SHEILA E: Hold Me (Paisley Park)
She pokes her small, perfectly formed body through the fringed curtains of her boudoir and . . . what's this? Where is the luscious mix of Latino bop, melodic razzle and rueful slip and tease? This is deadly dull, a nondescript ballad drowning in its own ineptitude. Prince was probably out of town when this was recorded. Hell, Prince was probably on another planet.

ROBBIE NEVIL: Dominoes (Manhattan)
TINA TURNER: What You Get Is What You See (Capitol)
Quintessential '80s stars so carefully contrived and marketed that autonomy is a foreign concept. They live on their cliches, rather than their wits, that all important video leer or pout needs as many takes as the right vocal inflection. Burning the rubber on his soul, charging through the deafening sounds of a city rush hour, heading into the endless night: Arthur Baker has styled Robbie's record like an archetypal chase sequence featuring A Man With A Mission. The mission here is to get some lithe, foxy thang into the boiling, thrusting heat of his jacuzzi. Resistible.

Tina is still the maneater, the constipated cortisone vocal, the same overstressed meanness beloved of Mick Hucknall, still getting down with the worst ugly guitar thrash she can find. I have been sickened by her ongoing decline since the career relaunch — hers is such a worn, unfunny, unadventurous, jungle woman image. So why is there something about this gloriously dumb piece of aggrandisement that has me hooked, right up to the big pucker-up kiss off? I don't know, but I'm sure going to hate myself in the morning.

THE MISSION: Severina (Mercury)
Frankly, I'm disappointed. This is the first time I've heard The Mission, and though I didn't expect to like them I didn't expect them to be this puny, this measly, this tame. I guess that's how all the girls you get back to the hotel feel, eh Wayne? Still they've cleaned up their goth metal biker chic enough to get whatever success, drugs, money and drink they crave and I can't find any reason to object too strongly. They are well-mannered rebels, the mad metal dogs who came to heel.

SKIN: 1000 Years (Product Inc)
A far cry from his day job as commandant at the Swans' aural torture chamber, Michael Gira has here fashioned a record that sounds like he actually wants people to enjoy it. The same criticism of Swans type stasis applies however, it has the same immobile clunk of Wagnerian cell doors slamming. But, with layer upon layer of angelic sweetness piled on, it sounds more like an outtake from 'Phantom Of The Opera' than one of Mike's gnarled, anguished studies of a soul in torment. I guess this is what some would call erotic.

THE PEEL SESSIONS
THE BIRTHDAY PARTY
THE SPECIALS
THE SLITS (all Strange Fruit)
These three must present some of the best music and most powerful moments yet in this exceptional collectors' series. I missed out on the seething, scathing glory of The Birthday Party first time round, but six years has not diminished their venom. 'Release The Bats' shows Cave's persona was as much tempestuous wag as all-purpose sleazeball, while the band broke old rock apart and rerouted it through primal lunges and rigorous physicality. It was a sound loaded with all sorts of danger and impetuosity, each member outgunning the other; the whole reaching an eloquent derangement seldom heard outside of Beefheart and enough to make the likes of Stump sound meek and shabby by comparison. Also included: 'Sometimes Pleasure Heads Must Burn' played like a jazz train leaving hell, and a cover of The Stooges' 'Loose' — a firedance with pestilent demons from the past, Cave determined to lose his influences and find his own wayward muse. Cracking stuff.

The Specials were great because they were big, broad and warm enough to include all the cultural quirks of turn-of-the-decade Britain — punks, mods, blacks, whites, headbangers. In the days before dreaded style barons there was no exclusionary codes of cool to bypass; everyone was welcome. The amazing thing comparing today's chart with then is that 'Too Much Too Young' ever got to number one. Today it would be unthinkable for a pop group to release a raging diatribe against promiscuity and bad family planning — 2-Tone was the last great Britpop movement to roar with the unity and righteousness of youth. That the sentiments sound a little embarrassing now isn't really the point. Also included: a version of 'Gangsters' superior to the original debut, a slightly inept 'Concrete Jungle' and a version of Toots And The Maytals' 'Monkey Man' which confirms the adroit cunning and comical sense of timing that made them a great dance fun band. Christ, I almost feel nostalgic.

The Slits' disc is really welcome. Peelophiles of the time will recall the chasm between this stuff and what finally ended up as their debut album, 'Cut'. Like the other discs this catches the group with just the right measure of energy and expertise, like a meteor at its brightest pitch. Too radical and individual to be fems, too cool to pose in the trusted girlie style, The Slits were an all-female configuration possessed of a truly exciting and liberating sexuality the like of which has seldom been seen or heard before or since. To tell the truth, back then they scared the shit out of a lot of guys.

'Love And Romance' bursts open the myth of girl romances — buzzsaw guitars, a riot of gasps, sighs, shrieks and faster pussycat, faster — "going to get you naked when I get home" as much a threat as a treat for the boys. 'Vindictive' just leaves Fuzzbox withered in the sidings, and if 'Newtown's slumbering muted roar doesn't quite get it then 'Shoplifting' is contrived as an analogy to a sexual experience, a furtive approach, a mix of fear and excitement and the hurtling rush to escape. And to think one of them now has John Lydon as a stepfather.

THE CHILLS: The Great Escape/I Love My Leather Jacket (Flying Nun)
A cut above the usual Paisley mob

these Kiwis add a lot more colour to their psychedelia than most. There's a stirring loneliness, a hunger at the heart of the band that emerges even on the Tex aracana of 'Leather Jacket'. 'The Great Escape' plays tender assertiveness off against winsome astral gazing and just wins, the lyric is shamelessly simplistic and insubstantial. Not their best, but engaging enough.

PHIL WILSON: Waiting For A Change (Creation)
BIFF BANG POW! : The Whole World's Turning Brouhard (Creation)
Phil Wilson is the thin serious type spicing his reflective, sloppy sub-Buzzcocks oeuvre, nurtured in the over-rated June Brides, with a little skiffle and a sprinkling of country mountain steel. But the format change and help from a Petrol Emotion, a June Bride and a 70-year-old country sessionman can't disguise the facts — the boy's a drip and the record is forgettable. BBP, label boss McGee's own vehicle, have made some appallingly whimsical mushroom rot but this rollercoaster mayhem covers the '60s fascinations much better. A boisterous organ, the dervishes of many a beat group, a veritable pile-up of TV action serial themes. Not essential but good fun while it lasts.

BILLY IDOL: Don't Need A Gun (Chrysalis)
The most amazing thing about Billy Idol isn't just that by taking the leather billy mantle from Brian Setzer and mixing in Keith Forsey's designer punk pummelling that he's been resurrected from third division punky waver into international superstar. No, the really funny thing is that the original, swan diving blitzkreig street vermin Iggy Pop is ripping him off. This is the extra in a hi-tech ad as big-screen attraction, the soundtrack to a night at The Hippodrome or some equally horrendous London niterie. I hate it.

THE STYLE COUNCIL: Waiting (Polydor)
Paul Weller enters a confession box. "Forgive me father, for I have sinned." "What have you done, my son?" asks the priest. "I rocked, father. I grimaced. Late at night in sweaty pubs I let my voice rise in anger. I played loud guitar, loads of feedback, I . . ." "Yes, go on son." "Father, I got so lost in the excitement I couldn't contain myself. Not so long ago I actually made records without indulgent, unfunny sleeve notes, records that weren't pretentious attempts to cloak my past in the all-purpose anonymity of 'white soul', records that were actually saying something, that challenged the listener." "Be at peace, my son. Your wet, sickly 'Cost Of Living' LP shows you are capable of doing penance. Release 'Waiting' accompanied by the yucky string quartet on 'Francoise' and your past will be purged forever." "Thank you father, no sooner said than done."

JUNIOR G AND THE A TEAM: The Terminator Killer Rap (4th And Broadway)
PUBLIC ENEMY: Timebomb (Def Jam Import)
Expanding the vulgar amorality of Schoolly D to incorporate a facile fascination with crap celluloid action heroes, and pandering to the vicarious thrill seekers who harbour wet dreams of inner city snipers without ever breaking the bounds of absurdity, these two are loitering without much intent. A huffing, puffing rap scramble, Junior G doesn't stop long enough to collar your attention. That a snatch of Heatwave's 'Mind Blowing Decisions' is that sticks says nowt for his loquacity. The Def Jam sound has been stretched to startling effect on Tashan's classy 'Chasin' A Dream' but Public Enemy take a trip to the outer limits of hardcore rap, past the infantile gymnastics of the Beasties, past DMC, past Cool J. So far that they sacrifice any notion of musicality and lose me somewhere between the searing signal pitch (maintained all the way through the record; thought I was a Met Police interrogation room, I did) and jabbering jaw chomping.

CRAZY-BACKWARDS ALPHABET: La Grange (SST)
The idea of taking ZZ Top's deep fried Southern boogie classic and transforming it into Russian has to have something going for it. It's certainly a rude, blubbery swamp monster of sorts but the idea proves more successful than the execution.



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tv pop in crisis

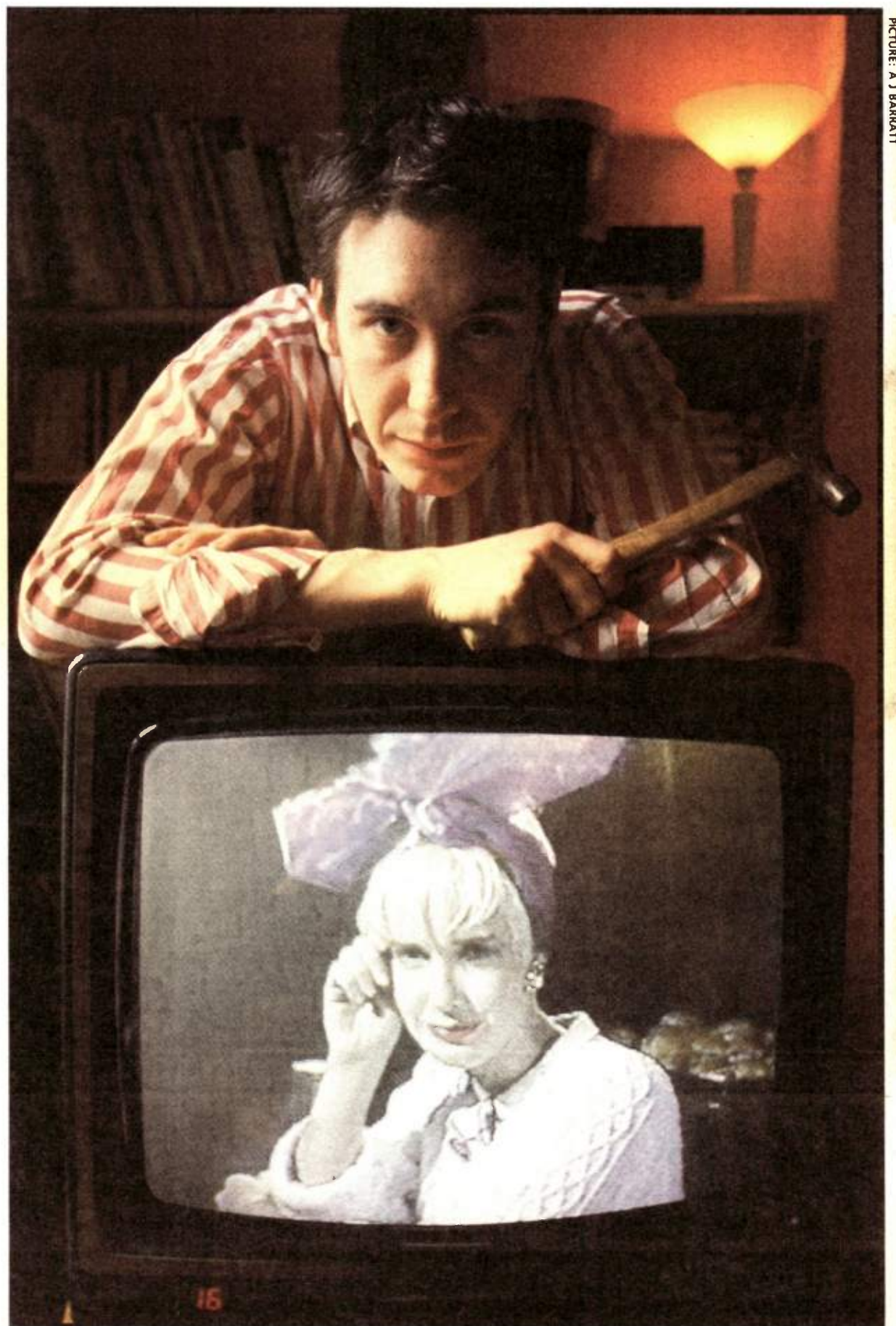
TV POP flows everywhere, saturating the small screen and leaking out of our sets into newspapers, everyday conversation and even into the inner sanctums of the Cabinet. From the guest spot on *Wogan* to a video competition on *Saturday Superstore*, TV Pop has reached the stage of ubiquity and there's more to come. As the modern mass media multiply into new forms of communication, particularly cable TV and satellite broadcasting, many areas of Britain face the prospect of a 24 hour-a-day diet of pop videos and music chat shows, and the American MTV format is set to invade Europe armed with yet more pop for the television consumer. As you prepare to tape your favourite video, press the pause button and think it through, TV Pop is in a crisis of *saturation*.

In 1987, Pop TV is also confronting a crisis of *form*, a problem that is most readily visible in the smug presentation of adult derived 'couch' shows like *Whistle Test*. Despite the removal of the self-deprecating words 'old' and 'grey', *Whistle Test* still seems more at home with history than with the present. It deals confidently with the rock giants of the past but is virtually incapable of dealing with new and contemporary music, whether it's the exciting disruptiveness of hip-hop or the creative disparity of post-punk. *Whistle Test* seems incapable of shaking modern music into TV life, as it lumbers on apparently restricted by financial cut-backs, corporate bureaucracy, the institutional stasis of the BBC and the dull conservatism of its own form.

Pop TV is also confronting a crisis of *morality and politics* as television companies are forced to bow down to the organised pressure of Thatcherism and the new conservative morality. When *The Tube*'s presenter Jools Holland mistakenly used the term "groovy fuckers" on a live trailer for the programme it set off alarm bells within Tyne Tees Television. The programme and its presenters have become embroiled in an endless controversy in which heads have rolled and apologies have been sent. At the time of writing, there is now every likelihood that *The Tube* will be discontinued, and its many ancillary workers in Newcastle threatened with unemployment.

As *The Tube*'s disaster gathers daily momentum, TV Pop is also confronting a crisis of *popularity*. Viewing figures for the vast majority of pop shows are poor in comparison with other programmes. As they decline even further, the cult of the individual pop presenter has in some ways become more important than the music they present. The collective audience watching at home appears to be bored or disenchanted with TV Pop, but Fleet Street's tabloid press has embarked on a fanatic campaign of personality journalism, turning Paula Yates into the new elixir of shock, horror and probe. In the week one TV executive has threatened us with "more Madonna videos than you ever thought possible", the *NME* investigates the roots of crisis time. Groovy fuckers: read on.

Stuart Cosgrove



PICTURE: A J BARRATT

tv pop in crisis

TUBE DISASTER

Turmoil at *The Tube*, sparked by Jools Holland's on-screen "groovy fucker" remark, increased this week with the news that *Tube* producer Malcolm Gerrie had followed Tyne Tees Director of Programmes Andrea Wonfor and resigned amidst complaints of stifling bureaucracy and heavy-handed puritan moralism. SEAN O'HAGAN details the Tory-inspired pressure drop on TV pop.

Back in 1982, when *The Tube* kicked off, producer Malcolm Gerrie remembers a chat he had with Channel Four supremo Jeremy Isaacs: "You've got the freedom to fail — just make sure you make it lively and give it some balls" is the brief that sticks in Gerrie's mind.

Five series later and *The Tube*'s "lively and ballsy" approach has led to an impasse between the programme makers and Tyne Tees Television's controllers. Last week, Malcolm Gerrie leaked the news of his resignation to *NME*. He will fulfil his contract for this present series but his departure then casts serious doubts over *The Tube*'s future. More than one inside source has spoken of "the writing on the wall" for pop's most controversial TV programme.

Just how and why things have come to a head at *The Tube* is a long and involved story: internal bickering, political pressure and censorship, various "incidents" — the most recent being Jools Holland's onscreen "groovy fucker" faux pas — accusations of unprofessionalism and, according to Malcolm Gerrie, a general atmosphere of "stifling bureaucracy and heavy handed moralism".

When I visited *The Tube* on the Friday before last — ostensibly to do a straightforward pop TV interview with Gerrie — the backroom atmosphere was edgy and not a little ominous. Gerrie himself was unavailable, tied up with various meetings that went on until 8.30pm that night and ended with his resignation.

Since then, I have tried to piece together the chain of events and internal politics that have precipitated the impending disaster. Several conflicting views emerge but one thing is clear: as Gerrie put it, "the chill winds of puritanism are blowing through the industry". It looks like post-Tebbit television will have to cope with constant calls for stricter regulation whilst the industry as a whole — and Channel Four in particular — may be forced to sacrifice quality for programming-by-figures commercialism.

As Jools Holland will readily attest, *The Tube* has always walked a tight-rope. That's the nature of live television. But, a "youth orientated" pop programme going out at five o'clock in a prime "kids' TV" slot is, many would argue, asking for trouble. The IBA — which, let's be straight about this, is a necessary, and, on the whole, positive body with a necessary Code Of Practice — had their work cut out for them from *The Tube*'s inception.

In the past they've had to cope with the ridiculous — viewers calling the police to complain about paraffin being poured over Robbie Coltrane — and the mildly offensive (but genuinely funny) — Rick Mayall puking over the camera. We've also had — Shock! Horror! — groups singing songs containing sex and drugs' references. As Jools Holland says: "If you're a regular *Tube* watcher you'll understand these things and not bat an eyelid." If you're a casual watcher,

however, well . . .

In the present right-wing climate, saying "fuck" on the TV at any time, in any context, is out. It's as if Kenneth Tynan never existed.

Jools became this season's "foul-mouthed git". First up there was the New Year's Eve show *Come Dancing With Jools Holland* including the distinctly unfunny *Who Dares Wins* team: a woman who spoils her Chinese meal by pissing in the wok; a sketch about Alistair Burnet and Prince Charles undergoing an intimate operation, and a barrage of "offensive words and scenes". The invited audience included the dear departed Tory minister Leon Brittan who apparently fumed through the show and stormed out at the end. Natch, he was offended. He had to be. As a senior Tory, as a licence holder and, more pertinently, as an old fogey forced to watch TV's 'alternative culture', he neither understood nor was amused by what he saw. Leon complained about the "shoddy" show and the Tories' complaining ball started to roll . . .

Over to Malcolm Gerrie: "Nothing happened until Geoffrey Howe wrote to the IBA in a personal capacity as a complaining viewer. He later admitted in the *Newcastle Journal* that he'd been behind the whole furore". Tyne Tees were not amused. David Reay, the Managing Director, wanted something done. What happened was the sacking, on the spot, of *Come Dancing*'s . . . producers, Roy Mayoh and Peter McHugh, for "gross misconduct". Scapegoats. Since then the "gross misconduct" charges have been rescinded and the Union has negotiated a "hefty payout" to the two producers from Tyne Tees — a less than public admission of wrongful dismissal.

Jools Holland's connection with the programme, naturally, raised his TV profile. Then, some weeks later, he let slip the dread words:

"It was a 5.15 promo slot and I was previewing *The Tube*'s line-up. I ended the spot with 'Be there . . . then I thought I'm not going to say 'or be square' so I said 'or be a completely ungroovy fucker!' It just slipped out. I nearly said 'Oh shit' directly afterwards which would really have clinched it. Anyway, the complaints came pouring in, the IBA responded by saying 'this guy's done enough damage, he'll have to leave the programme'."

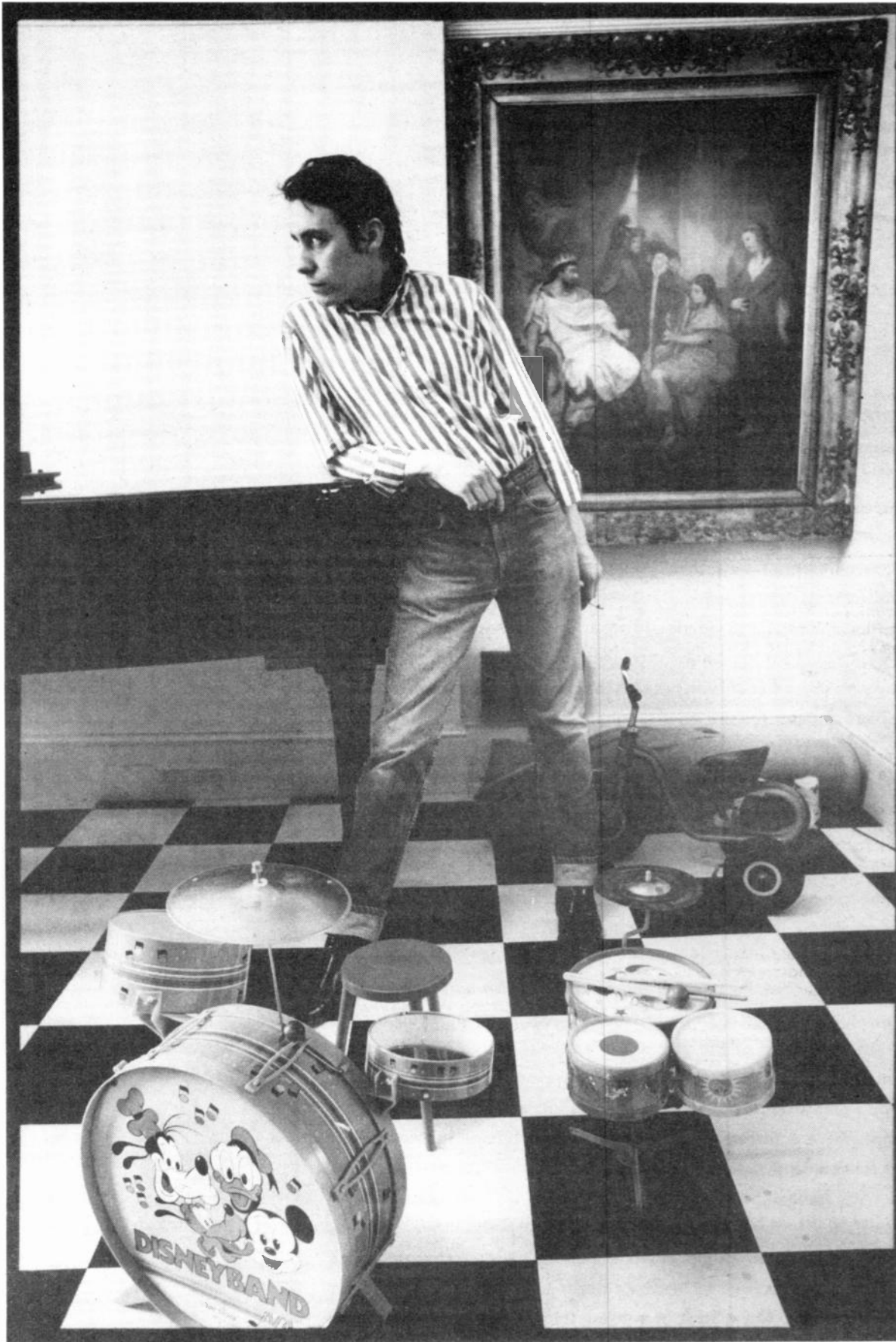
Jools goes into a long, hilarious description of his "carpeting" which mixes the surreal with the deadly serious:

"I walked through *The Tube* offices and everybody was looking at the floor, all eyes averted. The controller (Andrea Wonfor) and the producer (Gerrie) were standing there and I said 'sorry, my fault, slip of the tongue . . .'. Andrea said: 'Well, no, actually. Someone's in really big trouble.' I looked at Malcolm and said: 'Bad luck, old chap.' Then I realised everyone was looking at me. I was to be carpeted. Axminstered. Well and truly Wiltoned . . ."

The result was six weeks suspension for Jools, and a second IBA reprimand for Tyne Tees; one more and they lose their broadcasting licence. The ball continues to roll. Inexorably.

After the four letter word furore, the Tyne Tees clampdown gathered momentum. Amidst public complaints and internal accusations of amateurishness and unprofessionalism, new presenters Wendy May and the precocious Felix were put on hold, restricted to pre-recorded items only. Paula was left to carry the live side of the presentation.

At Tyne Tees, meanwhile, Andrea Wonfor — the Director Of Program-



PICTURE: A J BARRATT

mes and a pioneer of youth TV — handed in her resignation. At that time, according to Channel Four's John Cummins, Wonfor was "the top woman in independent TV and very much Malcolm Gerrie's mentor". Andrea herself is guarded and circumspect: "I had decided to leave before all the rumpus — in early December, in fact. I felt the company was changing. There's always a tension between the managers, the accountants and the creative people. That's normal. It's when the pendulum swings too far in the other direction and you're forced to spend too much time on petty arguments."

With Wonfor gone, Jools on suspension, two presenters on hold and a hard line policy of self-regulation and burgeoning bureaucracy from his Tyne Tees chiefs, Malcolm Gerrie was a man under pressure.

What different factions expected of *The Tube* was increasingly a matter of confrontation. At home, on suspension, Jools Holland refused to watch the programme in personal protest. He missed the pre-programme paranoia over the appearance of indie-pop pranksters Stump a few weeks back, and missed Stump's live performance of two songs, both containing hastily altered lyrics. They were prevented from singing 'Tupperware Stripper' because it mentioned a brandname; they weren't allowed to say "gonads" nor the phrase "yellowing y-fronts" lest they offend. Mary Whitehouse would have been pleased. Malcolm Gerrie wasn't, nor were Stump. Nor, when we told him, was Jools:

"That's when it gets mad, really ridiculous. And patronising to the audience. Like, we had Kenneth Ken-

dall, the newsreader, on once reading a hilarious news spoof about Reg Varney and *On The Buses* but it wasn't allowed. It's as if you can't take the piss unless you spell it out. *Mad*. They should have a huge flashing sign before all those over-the-top audience participation quiz shows — THIS PROGRAMME ENCOURAGES OUTRAGEOUS GREED AND AVARICE! BEWARE."

"Stump were professionals," says Gerrie, "they changed the words and got on with it cos they knew what was going down."

According to Channel Four's John Cummins, Malcolm Gerrie had rung them for guidance on Stump and been given clearance: "No TV channel or programme maker should regulate on behalf of the IBA nor even

CONTINUES PAGE 39

tv pop in crisis

THE HOUNDING OF PAULA

As the running dogs of the gutter press snarl and slaver through the pop landscape, PAULA YATES is the latest victim of their rabid muck-raking. But is she entirely innocent? And didn't the *NME* stir it all up to begin with? STUART COSGROVE faces the fury of a woman maligned.

Paula Yates hates the *NME* and with just cause. On a weekly basis, this paper has chosen to rubbish her husband, sneer at her flirtatious TV style and speculate about the extent of her love life. Paula Yates is a public personality, probably the most famous presenter TV pop has ever produced, and the *NME* has decided this means she's public property, someone stripped of the right to privacy, just another object of spite to be wheeled out every Wednesday and put on public trial in your sexy, soaraway *NME*.

Total confusion reigns in the production office at *The Tube* in Newcastle. Heads are rolling like a guillotine on time-and-a-half and the union are meeting to protect their members. Paula Yates has refused to be interviewed, but never short of a word, she doesn't waste a golden opportunity to answer back.

"You're from the *NME*. What the fuck's all that about? Why do you write those things? You think you're better than *The Sun*. You're worse. At least they admit they're seedy."

I've never written about Paula Yates in my life so I try out a smart-ass one liner in my defence. She appears on Channel Four — does that mean she's responsible for Harry Cross being an old shit? The comparison is singularly unconvincing and Paula goes for the jugular, like one tough lady.

"The *NME* doesn't matter. Not really compared to Fleet Street, but that doesn't give you the right to be seedy. What's all that shit on your back page about me having two of Curiosity Killed The Cat and when I do the other two they'll be back on *The Tube*? Do me a favour? And Dr Robert. I mean seriously, please?"

She has a point. The *NME* still has some growing up to do. It still believes in the innocence of gossip, it still thinks that printing rumours has the same frivolous status as it did before Murdoch, before *The Sun* turned Fleet Street into the thoroughfare that peddles lies, prejudice and Page Three news. Gossip has changed radically over the last few years, it's gone beyond throwaway stories about the lives of the rich and famous and become *The Sun*'s royal hunt in which individuals, some famous and some unknown, some powerful and some unprotected, have become victims of an unregulated press. Gossip is national visitation in which lives are torn apart.

A TV star in her own right and the wife of Bob Geldof, Paula Yates is Fleet Street's perfect game, a blonde well worth hunting when stories of real national interest are thin on the ground. Ironically, the *NME* has played the hound to Murdoch's whip, providing the gutter press with the story they desperately wanted. Paula had allegedly slept with a couple of pop stars — a pretty dull story when you think about it — but as if on cue, the tabloids reacted to the information, a one time *NME* writer came out

of the cupboard playing the woman scorned, and *The Sun* had a pathetic front cover crammed full of love-nests and kiss-and-tell confessions, undoubtedly inspired by the usual brown envelope crushed full of fivers.

Paula didn't need to be reminded, the story is etched on her mind, and understandably, the *NME* is not the flavour of her month. The office is crowded with television staff. She has an audience of over 20 and boy does Paula love an audience:

"The rumours are crazy. If you believe them I didn't just sleep with two pop stars, I slept with The Gallup Top Forty. You can't take rumours seriously. You can't print stuff like that." And with a triumphant exit, Paula storms into a nearby room. "Has anyone got the charts, I want to know who I'm sleeping with next week."

There's another Paula Yates, the one that doesn't really bear a grudge. The one that returned a couple of minutes later, still refusing to be interviewed, still turning down an un-edited right-to-reply, but genuinely friendly and willing to continue a conversation about the tabloids and the way they invaded her life.

"I've replaced Boy George. They hounded him into the ground, got bored with heroin and decided it was my turn. They were hanging round my house like vultures leaning on the fence, photographers everywhere with their noses pressed up at windows, desperate to get the next story. It was revolting. I just wanted to go to the front door and scream at them, 'I've fucked Ian Botham and Bob's fucked Princess Michael. Now piss off and ruin all our lives'."

Paula Yates seems genuinely frustrated by Fleet Street, not even pop personalities have recourse to dignified press coverage, unless they can come up with enough money to financially threaten the press. And even then...

"What's the point in suing them? They can slag you off for a whole week. They can accuse you of being a whore. They can put you on every front page. If you do get an apology, it's two lines tucked away underneath Glenn Hoddle's balls on the second back page."

She has another, less reputable, method of revenge. Dressed in a green combat jacket and a pair of biker boots Paula chased one sleazy individual into the gents toilets of a well known London hostelry and grounded him with a severe blow to the scrotum. Paula won't name names but hope runs high that the poor soul works for Murdoch.

The tabloids have turned television and its personalities into their personal hunting ground. Jools Holland tells of a reporter from *The Sun* pretending to be from another more pardonable paper asking him for his Top Ten records then casually pushing the conversation towards Paula and her private life. Does he feel like a pawn in the hounding of Paula?

"Well she is my on-screen wife and I do get henpecked by her, so people think I have a lot to say about her. She's a difficult one. She's a bit love her or hate her. Some people love her and others can't stand her, but basically she's a really good person. She's articulate and works very hard. She's firm. She won't take nonsense and she genuinely lives the life she portrays. Paula is dizzy and glamorous, but she's genuinely dizzy and glamorous. It's not faked. And she's completely honest. If she thinks a group are a bunch of wankers she'll tell



them. It's take your choice: hate her or love her. Some people change their opinion from week to week."

Paula Yates wilfully invites the opposing reactions of love and hate, and therein lies the televisual perils of Paula. Her outrageous flirting with nubile TV rhetoric includes pouts to the camera, leg-over interview techniques, 'Sex With Paula' T Shirts and centre-fold posing. They make her a difficult figure to justify in an era of modern 'feminist' attitudes. She can never claim total innocence in the construction of her image or in the hounding that has followed. Her serialised love stories and her media wedding colluded with Fleet Street,

as if Paula — a child of a famous TV star who fell from grace — was incapable of doing anything outside the media's gaze. Can she blame Fleet Street for wanting the final say? Can she demand privacy when she craves for publicity? And can she deny, in these days of safe sex, the Government's public warning: 'Don't Die Of Ignorance'. The hounding of Paula confirms something we should already know — if you kiss *The Sun* you're sure to get infected.

Paula Yates has incredible resilience, an admirable ability to keep bouncing whilst those around flounder and fall. Every other presenter at

The Tube has bitten the dust or moved sideways, but Paula soldiers on, sometimes managing to cover the cracks and revitalise the programme's more embarrassing moments. Every now and then she puts a lechering pop star in his place: thanks buddy but no thanks.

As Joey Tempest of the Swedish rock group Europe tried to cuddle up to her recently, she recoiled with barely disguised loathing: "Don't do that, *The Sunday Mirror* might be watching". We got the joke, a quick bitch back at the press, and an unstated put-down for a heavily permed metal rocker. "I wouldn't be caught in

CONTINUES PAGE 35

tv pop in crisis

WHISTLE PEST

SEAN O'HAGAN argues that the BBC's lack of faith (and money) in *Whistle Test* has presented the programme with an impossible task and rendered it old, grey and redundant. Its producers, TREVOR DANN and JOHN BURROWES, beg to differ; its presenter, ANDY KERSHAW, argues the case for Joe Strummer as Soul Brother Number One.

Tuesday afternoon and *Whistle Test* rehearsals are underway. It is not an inspiring sight. This tacky *Top Of The Pops* studio kitted out with cheapo *Whistle Test* props, that polystyrene logo, the comfy couch, the host of cameramen and stage hands caught between workmanlike endeavour and sheer boredom. Everything reeks of that peculiar BBC air of *getting on with the job*.

The Communards run through another take. Jimmy Somerville looks bored to distraction. Andy Kershaw rehearses his stark, motormouth links and a serious and worried Mark Ellen silently mouths his intros and outros. They sit side by side on that couch and — week in, week out — attempt an impossible task.

Outside, in the corridors that lead to the BBC canteen where they serve BBC tea and buns, I conjure up the ghost of Whispering Bob Harris. He's still here, haunting the hope of present and future TV pop. Is this how far we've come? Is it possible to get it so wrong?

Whistle Test is the granddaddy of pop TV. It looks aged and gaunt, pared down to the bare bones. Very little money, very little time, and very little imagination.

Andy Kershaw will talk to the *NME* about these things. Aggressively, opinionatedly, accusingly. He's proud to be part of this and he wants you to know he's doing the best he can in impossible circumstances. Mark Ellen declines to speak — a gruff "I'm not interested" and a neat body swerve. Producers Trevor Dann and John Burrowes are more forthcoming.

First up, the *Whistle Test* is very staid in presentation and format. . .

Kershaw: "I don't think so. I think it looks good. Compared to *The Tube* we're much more watchable because we don't make assumptions about our viewers. We're more journalistic and I personally prefer that any day to Paula and her clipboard and everything's terribly droll and wacky. We do proper interviews instead of reducing everything to *what are you wearing under your jeans?* I find all that insulting and smug and, frankly, I prefer our so-called staidness."

A little mischief wouldn't go amiss. You treat almost everything with equal reverence — profoundly BBC. . .

Kershaw: "It is mischievous." You honestly think *Whistle Test* is mischievous? Truthfully?

"At times. When it needs to be. There isn't much out there to be mischievous about."

You've criticised *The Tube* for being too contrivedly "wacky" but you lot are the polar extreme. And, if they pay too much attention to style, you don't seem to pay any.

Burrowes: "I think we'd agree on that."

Dann: "I don't pay the slightest

attention. The music's the style. The personalities you see on the screen — Andy, Mark and David (Hepworth) when he's here — are exactly the same as the offscreen personalities. These guys are completely real."

You're assuming that's a good thing. I don't see any point in being dead dull on screen just 'cos that's the way you are the rest of the time.

Dann: "Are they dull, then? Is that what you're saying?"

Well. . . Andy isn't. . . Mark doesn't exactly come across as Mr Excitement:

"He might sound a bit intellectual, but it's as much as I can do to get him to follow basic directions. If anything, he's a little unprofessional. He's not Desmond Lynam."

True, but he's not Gus McDonald either.

"No. I would like him to understand the grammar of television more."

Kershaw: "There's always been a profoundly *NME* assumption that to have an entertaining interview on telly you have to have a bleedin' row, a punch up!"

It wouldn't go amiss, occasionally.

Dann: "Next time you do an *NME* interview, set your watch and see how much info you can cram into a three minute conversation. You guys can do two pages of print but even a half-hour TV interview is stretching people's attention span."

Obviously, they are two different mediums and someone who regularly buys *NME* will expect to have in-depth features. And, anyway, you have devoted whole programmes and long, tedious interviews to the likes of Mick Jagger. Last series, if I'm not mistaken?

"Well. . . (silence). . . pass!"

Do you think Pop TV has ever got it right? Maybe pop music isn't suited to the medium?

Dann: "I actually think there's a lot of truth in that, really. We are public service programming and have to be all things to all men. The brief's far too wide plus our budget's far too low and we only have a half hour programme."

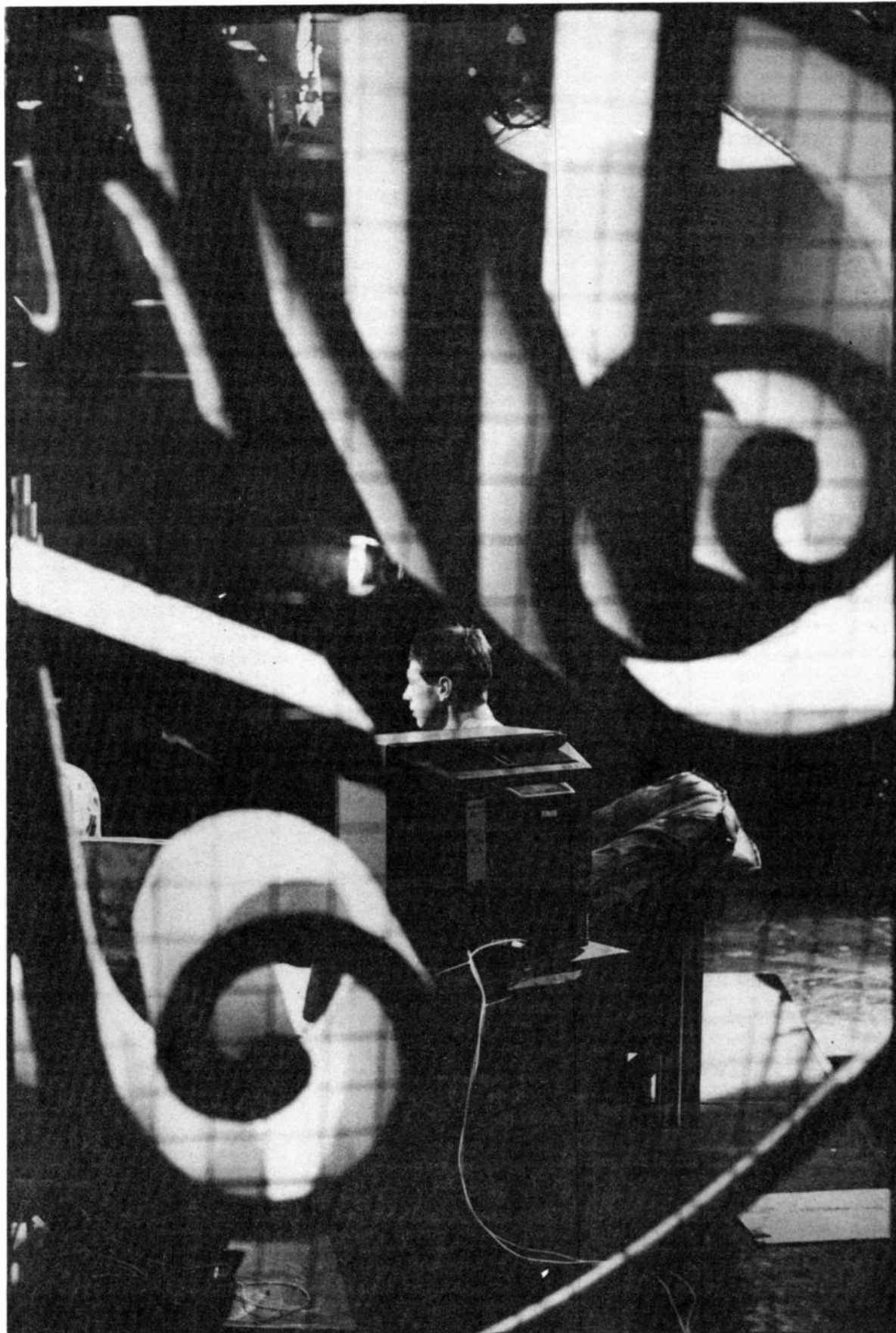
An impossible task?

Dann: "Yes but we do try hard. God, we try hard."

We argue about a host of other things from hip-hop to heavy metal and Andy Kershaw never surrenders his aggression or his suspicion towards the *NME*. Today I am the *NME*, he is *Whistle Test*. At one point, he whips out some photocopied TV previews I'd written a while back, dismissing my throwaway put-downs as another example of ill-researched and spiteful journalism. If I don't regularly watch *Whistle Test*, I shouldn't criticise. This, however, clouds the fundamental issue — *why* I don't watch *Whistle Test*? It means nothing to me, nothing to how I live my (pop) life or consume my pop music. The more it stretches itself out to cover the spectrum, the more it fails miserably to take on pop.

Whistle Test is TV Pop in stasis. Caught between the need to be seen to be across the board and the failure — through BBC lack of faith — to have the means to even attempt this wide-scale brief. *Whistle Test* treats hip-hop, for example, as a cult and soft soul, as *invisible*. Yet Kershaw rubbishes *Solid Soul* — a programme, incidentally, with three or four times the viewing figures of *Whistle Test*. From a rock-fans' perspective, he wants soul to be old, distant, Tamla.

"Do you equate *Solid Soul* — the music they have on — with Otis Redding singing 'Respect'? That's soul. The greatest fucking soul singer in the last two years has never



Mr Kershaw whistles behind the backdrop barricade. . .

appeared on *Solid Soul*, he's been on *Whistle Test*. Ted Hawkins! He sings soul 'cos he sings from his heart and he's lived it. When he sings 'Watch Your Step', that man is being pursued by a fuckin' hellhound! *Feeling* — that's what soul's about, not some routine dance music constructed in a studio with formula beats and the same old platitudes."

My dear boy, Joe Strummer sang with "feeling". I suppose he was up there with Otis and Ted?

"Joe Strummer was a soul singer!"

We could go on like this: Jimmy bloody Pursey sang with "feeling" on 'Borstal Breakout' and, for all I know, lived it. That, categorically, doesn't make Sham 69 a "soul" group. Sorry.

Never mind, let's all hold hands with Ted Hawkins and stroll back to the days when you had to have

suffered to make good music. More to the point, Ted Hawkins should be elected as the honorary leader of Andy's Campaign For Real Music. Am I the only one who finds ole Ted a mite over-rated? Pleasant singer, few nice songs and a nice line in strumming. Fine. Let's keep this in perspective.

What TV Pop should be more interested in — even on *Whistle Test*'s limited budget and half hour programme — is finding a direction where it can do something right, consistently. Personally, I think it should grow old gracefully and admit to being an adult rock programme. Upfront and unapologetic. I suspect the producers agree:

Dann: "I don't define *Whistle Test* as a youth programme, we're a music programme. I'm not particularly worried if we don't challenge or lead the

way, or are accused of being old fashioned. There is a huge disenfranchised audience out there who've grown up with pop this last 30 years. They aren't teenage, they're a hell of a lot older — up to 50 — and buying things like Dire Straits. I don't think they should be denied a programme they can easily watch."

No. And *Whistle Test* should be that programme. Instead, they exist on a meagre budget — Kershaw takes home one tenth of the wage of Jools Holland and, seven *Whistle Tests* could be made on the money *The Tube* spent on their title sequence. The obvious thing to do is specialise and hope to do it right. Unfortunately, it'll never happen. *Stasis* is built into the very foundations of Broadcasting House. For now, *Whistle Test* will continue *getting on with the job*.

tv pop in crisis

SATURATION POP

Remember when? The Rolling Stones refused to wave bye-bye on *Live At The London Palladium*? The Sex Pistols dared you to keep the telly on during *So It Goes*? When Pop on the goggle-box meant youth and fire and something more than dry-iced waffle? JOHN MCCREADY laments the cloth-eared, partisan transmissions of today.

Who needs TV talking down to you?

Mavis may have her doubts but Alan Bradley knows that when it comes to putting brass int' till, pop is a dead duck.

Weatherfield's top record department is to close for, despite the recent sale of a Howard Jones LP to Alan's less than loveable daughter, Jenny and despite Curly Watt's predilection for US 12" imports, recent takings have been less than impressive.

"Have you got any Sleeping Bag, Mrs Fairclough?"

"Try the camping shop in the precinct, love".

Alan Bradley, like any corner shop entrepreneur, knows that today's pop records make smashing ashtrays. And pop is now all around us, as common as muck. The Kabin is to devote its space to a video library. Maybe four years to late, but never mind.

Still, *Coronation Street* is smarter than owt else on British television; quicker off the mark than most of the men and women who pull the goggle box's many purse strings.

Pop as the shocking bare bottom of British television has had its day. It no longer upsets or annoys, it just irritates. It no longer signifies revolution, social collapse or the teen-time lapse between smoking behind the bike sheds and walking up the aisle of adulthood. Pop is now Dire Straits and greatest hits, laser beams in your living room and sound scraped clean with a digital Derbac comb. In 1987, pop is Ford Escort shaped and approaching middle-age with a face full of designer stubble.

Pop has a legion of Next-clad followers who remember 1963 like it was yesterday, big spenders who recall Cathy McGowan giving it foive, The Beatles drugged stupid, a paisley travesty singing 'All You Need Is Love', and the shocking pink start of a dayglow dream called *Top Of The Pops*. The first pop-literate g-g-generation wants a soundtrack to its middle age and television obliges over and over again.

But that isn't why it all began.

Television is a leech and during the '60s and '70s it was the best source of nourishment available. And the young consumers who'd jumped off the *Magic Roundabout*, too fast to



live, too young to watch *Songs Of Praise*, were conveniently catered for. Pop was boxed, parcelled and packaged in bite sized 30-minute chunks. The teens would sit before the screen apeing Keith Moon's manic thrash whilst Dad would ask if they called this music, point out that it wasn't possible to hear the words or enquire about the gender of the greasy-headed offender.

But things have changed a little.

Now we have *The Tube* and nobody watches. Now we have *Whistle Test* bristling with plastic cowboys, still very old and very grey. Now we have concentrated packs of pure pop which nobody wants. Alan Bradley knows this but Jeremy Issacs does not.

TV pop has suffocated its audience in an orgy of light and laser, dry ice and pharmaceutical arrogance. And the hands on the pillow are those of people like John Peel and Janice Long, Paula Yates and Jools Holland, Andy Kershaw and Dickie Skinner talking and talking and talking the form to death. Only Mike Mansfield — 'cue getaway car' — had the good sense to leave with his pockets full.

And in the late '70s and the early '80s, the clipboard-clutching producers still saw pop as the militant troublemaker at the small screen

party. Then, as now, pop had its quota of pampered fools, its *Holiday Inn* hell raisers who kicked up a nursery school-sized fuss. John Lydon came on down like Mick Jagger and Marc Bolan before him and the greater part of the nation yawned. Pop remained in the hutch that television had made for it.

It was put together in studios where the spittle could be mopped up before the Pringle-clad pros tramped in for a seaside special or a chat show where the presenter picked his nose better than he picked his guests. With all the perceptiveness of a *Sun* scribe, television still believed that half a dozen bar chords and a howl stolen from Little Richard, a predilection for mascara and a clenched fist borne of 15 minutes on the tour bus toilet with Mao's *Little Red Book* were a threat to the social order.

It took a decade of progressive rock (the age-old values of musicianship and introspection), the fact that some of those who had swallowed 'Sgt Pepper' were now sitting behind the desks that mattered and Live Aid (homogenous western rock music — caring, sharing and dead from the balls up) to convince television that the poodle could be let out of its basket and off its lead. Alan Bradley has it just about right.

Pop music as a symbol of youth is almost over. Television now accelerates its death by treating pop as a component of the entertainment formula. It will no longer exist in its own right. And where it survives uncut, it now cowers in the knowledge that its days are numbered. The proliferation of chat shows and children's programmes and pick and mix its videoed remains point to the future.

Now pop is the polite three minutes that makes Terry Wogan seem unbelievably on the case. It's the severed seconds that get in the way of Max Headroom's runaway train of thought. It's the background for *East-end* tittle-tattle and the soulful sound that helps sell over-priced denim. It's the lip-synch link between a frostbitten Cheggers in Torquay or Tunbridge Wells and Mike and Sarah in the studio. Pop will soon exist only as a painless injection of the modern world. It will be the star that was, lucky to get a walk-on part.

So Alan Bradley swaps ABC for *Rocky III* and Sique Sique Sputnik for *The Terminator* and television pop considers its future.

It must change before the lid is nailed down permanently. The solution is in the hands of the pop shows that still survive. Television pop has dissolved and is dying because of its

unrelenting allegiance to white rock music, come rain or shine. For the past ten years, guitars and drums and the pieces stolen and stapled together by Elvis, The Beatles and The Rolling Stones have not been doing their job. For every one record worth taping there are warehouses full of black plastic ashtrays. Yet television pop programmes like *The Tube* and *Whistle Test* insist on filming the funeral whilst, at worst ignoring and at best patronising other musics that have never stopped evolving. Reggae, jazz, African sounds and hip-hop should be the rule and not the token exception. There can be no argument about this. The endless vitality and inventiveness of such musics cannot be denied.

The vapid independents and the boil-in-the-bag variants offered via the cosy expense account lunch relationship of television researchers and record co errand boys should have to fight and fight again for space. Just as Mantronix and Sly and Robbie and Wynton Marsalis and Fela Kuti do now.

Any other course of events will ensure that television pop becomes nothing more than the tooth-rotting snack you can eat before Wogan speaks to Terry and Aspel speaks to June. And Weatherfield won't be the only place without a record shop.

Ever fallen asleep?

Whatever happened to those FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS? Since '85 we haven't heard an original tummy rumble from them, and now they've gone and covered a Buzzcocks' classic. Have they really been playing 20,000 seater amphitheatres in Antarctica? ALAN JACKSON enters their land of nod to find out. Photograph by KEVIN DAVIES.

IT'S A bit like being a chat show host and having all three guests fall asleep on you. Do you wade in with an off-camera kick and hope they'll spring back to life? Do you supply the answers to your own questions using a different voice and pray that no one will notice the difference? Or do you just grab your clipboard and run?

There's no set etiquette for the occasion so, faced with three Fine (but reluctant) Young Cannibals, I delve deep into the rag-bag of my resources and settle for babbling like a prat.

Interesting to watch this particular specimen over-compensate when stonewalled on a scale of one to ten. A medium-to-cold shoulder produces an average response – the hint of a sniff here, the suspicion of a sulk there. But increase that wind chill factor and he's off into overdrive, grinning his way through the subordinate clauses of ever-longer questions while his eyes go double-glazed. Test him out in a mortuary and the lack of dialogue will have him launching into some slab-bound song and dance routine.

And so it is that I'm sitting at a round table in a basement office with Roland Gift, David Steele and Andy Cox, the cogs of communication crashing and gnashing and nothing but a bottle of Perrier to lubricate this unpromising lunch hour. And while they lounge, somnambulist, exchanging glances and pulling faces, I swivel this way and that in my chair, ever more bright, ever more fatuous in my questioning, while my alter ego pads around lifting eyelids, checking pulses. Oh God...

"I think you've probably got quite a hard job," allows Roland generously, excusing himself to slip out of the room for a moment.

But why are FYC such uncooperative, such unwilling interviewees?

"In every interview we've ever done, the journalist has twisted things around to their own point of view," says David. "Whatever they want to say, that's what you end up saying."

But what if the journalist has no point of view to put across, no theory about or stance on the Cannibals' music?

"So you don't give a fuck either," he laughs.

I can almost hear Roland and Andy thinking 'Well that makes four of us...'

1985 was the Fine Young Cannibals' year. 'Johnny Come Home'

and 'Blue', both from the self-titled debut album, were critically salivated over and shifted units, while Roland was taken up as a discovery in his own right, a potential male model said to have a soul voice that bore comparisons with the all-time American greats. Even American journalists said so.

1986 was, well, something of a disappointment. Apart from an early hit with the album's Elvis tribute 'Suspicious Minds'... nothing.

"You're right. '85 was our year. We did fuck all in '86," says David. "That was a big mistake really but we've made it now. What can you do?"

"What's this?" asks Roland sharply, re-entering the room. "Yeah, well we shouldn't have toured so much..."

The Fine Young Cannibals have been touring extensively while we at home have been wondering what they're up to.

"We've done too much touring," says Andy, smiling to himself.

"Everybody thinks you're not doing anything, that you're being very lazy," offers David.

"It's the hardest work of all," says Roland, completing the trio of verdicts.

So where have you toured?

"Everywhere."

But where exactly?

"The southern hemisphere mainly."

Right. And what sort of venues?

"Amphitheatres."

Holding how many people?

"Fifteen to twenty thousand."

So you must be pretty popular internationally?

"That's why we were touring."

And now the Fine Young Cannibals are back, cannibalising a fine old song in the Buzzcocks' 'Ever Fallen In Love'. Released next week, it seems tailor-made for airplay and hence chart success. Yet even though it's been a staple of the Cannibals' live set since way back when ("We started doing it because we didn't have enough songs of our own"), it seems a disappointingly easy option to take...

"We didn't want to put out stuff that was crap – there's no point," says David.

"We could easily have cobbled something together so that people wouldn't forget us," says Roland.

But isn't that what you're doing now, and in the finest tradition of your record company, London? (Consider 'Venus' or 'Don't Leave Me This Way' by respective label mates Bananarama and The Communards).

The suggestion is met by collective indifference. Prime mover in the commitment of the song to vinyl was film director Jonathan Demme (Talking Heads' *Stop Making Sense*), it transpires. He pinpointed the track for use on his new movie *Something Wild*, starring Jeff Daniels.

"In the end they didn't use it... anyway, we shouldn't give the guy publicity because it's a real shit film," says David.

I offer the humble opinion that it's the best thing they've done so far. As someone who has previously found Roland's much-hailed voice too stylised to enjoy, the single's natural, rhythmic and less self-conscious approach marks a welcome development from the material on the first album.

"Wouldn't you be better off interviewing Pete Shelley then?" suggests Roland tartly.

"We'll only release old Buzzcocks



Men of words... well, one or two anyway (left to right) David, Andy and Roland.

material from now on," promises David.

Andy merely smiles to himself.

The Demme connection, isn't FYC's only foray into the world of celluloid, it transpires. They've recently scored the latest project for *Diner* director Barry Levinson, a film called *Tin Men*. What's it about?

"It's about aluminium salesmen in Baltimore in 1963," says Roland, adding, "that's Baltimore, America."

Sponsored by the newly-hip Disney organisation, it stars Richard Dreyfuss, Danny DeVito and Barbara Hershey and is, by FYC consent, "just brilliant". Is *Tin Men* a comedy though? A drama?

"It's a life film," Roland judges. "It's very funny in parts, very sad in others. Just like life. It reminds me a lot of those '60s English films, like *The Loneliness Of The Long Distance Runner*. It's truthful, which is nice."

The three-and-a-bit original songs which appear on the soundtrack will be included on the FYC's second album, slated for a September re-

lease. While David and Andy work on additional music for the set, Roland is beginning work on his first professional acting role, a performance in the latest film by Stephen Frears, director of *My Beautiful Laundrette* and the yet-to-be-released *Prick Up Your Ears*.

"I've been ringing up Robert De Niro for a few chats," he confides.

Any Cannibals' music in the film?

"Doubt it," says Roland.

"He might hum a bit," ventures David.

"While I'm doing the dishes," completes Roland and laughs to himself.

Any hints as to what direction the Fine Young Cannibals intend to take in future then? I'm told not. There are definite plans, but it's too early to risk leaking them.

"We'll confuse everybody, there'll be a few different sounds," says Roland.

"Like, worrafucksgoinon," slurs David, who's eating a sandwich now. "We'll be sticking out another single after this anyway – maybe even an original song."

Steady on lads.

"Yeah, a big step, eh? A dangerous move."

It might possibly be. But before I stop prattling and give up the ghost, wouldn't you like to steer the interview in any useful direction?

"I don't want to come over as too serious, like some Billy Bragg character," David says categorically.

"Journalists' pet," says Roland, meaning Billy.

But if you feel you're always misrepresented or misunderstood by interviewers, why don't you participate a little more in the process instead of being so passive?

"Being misunderstood or whatever isn't something that keeps me awake at night," shrugs David. "As long as the picture's good. As long as I haven't got a spot on the end of my nose in the photo... it's not a real tragedy, like dying of cancer or something."

"Excuse me," says Roland. "I've got a phone call to make."

"Hrummmpphhh," says Andy into his shirt front. It could be the afternoon's most telling remark, but unfortunately he says it too faintly for me to hear.



WORD UP

Scripted by SEAN O'HAGAN



MARILYN
Gloria Steinem
(Gollancz, £12.95)

THE DEATH of the film star is the birth of the icon, and no-one has been the subject of such passionate and contentious iconographic interrogation as Marilyn Monroe. The discovery of her body on August 5th, 1962 brought into being a cultural industry which has constructed a Monroe legacy so divorced from the textuality of her films as to render them irrelevant.

Monroe was not so much an actress as an allegory, her mar-

riages more metaphorical than literal, her life a cultural battlefield upon which the biographers have fought for the territory of her reality, the essence beneath the enigma. The more complex her image becomes, the easier it is for that image to be appropriated. The illnesses and illegitimacy which characterised her childhood have sent many a Freudian scuttling for their note-book, whilst the mystery surrounding her death has provided ample conspiratorial fodder for a host of post-war paranoics. The contradictions of her sexuality (innocence hinting at experience, voluptuous yet vulnerable, the castrating Goddess) have kindled the patriarchal passions of Norman Mailer for over a decade, whereas her child-like magnetism captured the heart of that most savage of observers, Truman Capote. Warhol's playful reproductions of the 'actress as artifice' illus-

trate how Monroe's 'reality' lies not beneath the surface but in the interaction of the images within that surface for, as she says in her unfinished autobiography *My Story*, "I seem to be a whole superstructure with no foundation."

Into this discursive arena steps Gloria Steinem whose latest book, *Marilyn*, carves out a much-needed sisterly signature upon this predominately phallocentric icon. Although it contains no new information, the book is illuminating in its choice of emphasis. Whereas writers like Fred Lawrence Guiles (author of *Norma Jean*) have discarded Monroe's claims to have been sexually abused as a child, Steinem affords to them the gravity they demand. We are forced to dwell upon the physical and emotional damage which resulted from the star's 12 or 13 abortions, forcing us into a recognition that Monroe's body should be seen as a prison rather than a temple. The anecdotes may be familiar but the analysis is incisive. The suicide/murder debate is treated with a deftness which will not allow the charges of conspiracy to be limited to the confines of her death: "most tragic of all, all the time, effort and obsession that has gone into explaining Marilyn's death has done little to explain her life."

It would take more than the good intentions of an American feminist to reclaim Marilyn Monroe from the pedestal under which she lies buried, but given the dark necromantic world which her biographer must inhabit, Norma Jean Baker could do worse than choose Gloria Steinem as her bed-fellow.

Graham Caveney

THE POSTMAN David Brin (Bantam £2.95)

A SURVIVALIST *Watership Down* in which the recovery of a lightly grilled USA is hampered by barbaric hordes of *Soldier of Fortune* readers.

Like Richard Adams' bunny epic, *The Postman* is essentially a vehicle for its author's politics, but whereas Dick pushed Responsible Conservatism, Brin doles out great bleeding dollops of stinking liberalism. The same sort of gutless cack that permeates the mainstream of American culture like a cancer—*Roots*, *Amerika*, *Salvador*, *The Waltons*, *The John F. Kennedy Being Nice To Little Furry Animals And Black People Pop-Up Picture Book*—festers here in the shape of the Alan Alda-type liberal wimp hero who trots around various communities spreading 'democracy' along with the post. Along the way he bumps into Radical Feminism, Isolationism, neo-Hippysm, Mysticism—and, like the Pilgrim, he is tempted but never bends.

For all that it's a ripping yarn, and doesn't degenerate into a wishy-washy copout à la Robert Heinlen. But, like most American SF of a political bent, the analysis is far too leaky to stretch over a whole novel.

The use of 'the bomb' as a device for simplifying society leads Brin to some weird conclusions. In his continental bomb-site both the ruling and the working classes seem to have evaporated, leaving muppets and New Men to wear the white hat against the sweaty, beer-swilling Y chromosomes.

Writers like William Gibson having upped the ante in techno-fear SF, Brin will probably get away this kind of sloppy fakery for a long time yet.

Steven Wells

Of human blondage

Waiting
the new 45 by
THE STYLE
COUNCIL
from the LP
THE COST
OF LOVING



Radar

SHE'S GOTTA HAVE IT
STARRING: Tracy Camila Johns, Redmond Hicks, Spike Lee.
DIRECTOR: Spike Lee (*RRC*)

IN TERMS of stylistic innovation and subversive subject matter *She's Gotta Have It* wipes the floor with all the feeble post-*Repo Man* weirdness that passes for modern celluloid invention. It was shot in 12 days on an impossible budget making mainman Spike Lee a *wunderkind* with the kind of imagination only a Brooklyn B-boy could turn to gold.

She's Gotta Have It is very much a jazz-rap film – but *solely* in terms of its pacing, its freeform improvisation and its wall-to-wall wit. What Lee has done is crafted a black urban comedy of attitudes using the brains and beauty of Nola Darling (Tracy Camila Johns) as the lynchpin for some beautifully observed male ego-deflation. Her three suitors – Jamie, the sensitive type, Greer, the ultimate narcissist and Mars Blackmon (played by Lee himself), the stupid fresh street dude – swarm round Nola like b(ee)-boys round a honey pot.

But this girl is nobody's soulmate, conquest or alter-ego. "I consider myself normal, whatever that means, some people call me a freak" is Nola's first straight-to-camera encapsulation of her magnetic sexuality. In counter-point a succession of wise guys – or, as Spike Lee numbers them, "dogs" – form a rampant, male and, in this context, utterly ridiculous litany of bravado.

Throughout the film, Lee contrasts the heroine's frank, assured outlook with the possessiveness or insecurity of her three companions. The film operates on the very edge of realism, at once revealing and distinctly other-worldly.

In stunning black and white, beautifully observed vignettes of love and lust flit by to a slow and sonorous jazz accompaniment. Spike Lee breaks all the rules, casting himself as Mars and creating a wacko, nervous avant-rapper who talks in repeated, stop-start repartee straight out of the dictionary of cool. Characters turn and talk to the audience fracturing the narrative and allowing us another surreal glimpse at their on-screen egos. Somewhere in here is an art-house movie redefined by wit and street wisdom; a new hybrid emerges, a film that is profoundly black and unafraid of telling it like it is.

In the midst of all this invention, Lee has forged a celluloid world of dreams and longings. Indeed the film's open and stirring sexuality will, no doubt, cause a few raised eyebrows (and more besides) in these paranoid times...

She's Gotta Have It is a different kind of film possessed of an *otherness* that Hollywood has little knowledge of nor time for. Yet, with a tiny budget and a two week shoot, Spike Lee has rammed home the message that the mainstream has forsaken: wit and imagination will out. Especially when there's a fly-boy about. *She's Gotta Have It* – you gotta see it!

Sean O'Hagan



She's had it . . .

GOTHIC
DIRECTOR: Ken Russell
STARRING: Gabriel Byrne, Julian Sands, Natasha Richardson (*Virgin*)

OF ALL the films that sum up the follies of the '70s it would be difficult to better Ken Russell's *Tommy*. With the prevailing aesthetics of bad taste, it's surprising it hasn't made a cult comeback. It had everything – rock opera, Eric Clapton, Elton John's glasses, naff drug and religious references, Roger Daltry, and bombast by the bucketload.

Despite the affliction of being the only person in the world to believe that Rick Wakeman is a witty and subversive composer, Russell has managed so far to salvage his reputation quite effectively for the '80s. Who could dislike the man who gave us the giant tricycle and canon sequence in *the Music Lovers* or the sight of Robert Powell eating pork for the benefit of a goose-stepping Cosima Wagner in *Mahler*?

Perhaps the news of his return to the bio-pic should have set the alarm bells ringing and indeed *Gothic*, the tale of a night on the opiates *chez* rocking Lord Byron, sees Russell returning to excess.

Supposedly the story is of the night on which the fictions of

Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* and Doctor Polidori's *Vampyr* were born, symbols of mankind's fear in an increasingly godless society.

Because the imagery of various types of horror is so pervasive and because we are so distanced from the moral questions that brought about their genesis, *Gothic* would need to be a finely tuned work to make its point effectively, it would also need to be handled with a certain sense of restraint. In other words the *last* person who should be directing it is Ken Russell.

The result is an unwieldy and unbelievably *outré* explosion of supposedly obsessive, but actually rather trite, imagery. Timothy Spall, of *Auf Wiedersehen Pet*, is perfect as the campy slug-like Polidori, Gabriel Byrne at least looks genuinely debauched enough to pass for Byron and Julian Sands, who struck such a perfect note of awkward charisma in *Room With A View*, is a walking disaster as Shelley, provoking much unintended laughter with his 'God is dead!' proclamation.

All in all it comes over as pompous and pointless. And the end is inexcusable. Hopefully just a brief foray back into folly for Russell.

Don Watson

THE HOLY INNOCENTS
DIRECTOR: Mario Camus
STARRING: Alfredo Landa, Francisco Rabal, Terele Pavez (*Blue Dolphin*)

IN THE stunted and claustrophobic reaches of rural Spain under Franco, a peasant family force themselves through their daily services – they're little more than work-animals on a rich man's farm. If this is a film about past oppressions, it also has a texture of blindness and vision.

Paco and Regula, with two maturing healthy children and a little idiot girl who has to be carried everywhere, limp as a sack, are hoping that their children will use their natural intelligence and education to escape their life of sevility.

Paco breaks his leg climbing trees for the landowner and because he needs a man as a gun-dog for a forthcoming shoot, he's forced to choose between the sullen son Quirce and Regula's crazy brother who shits where he pleases and talks to the birds.


With the rubbishy grain of the land and the almost wilful lack of good qualities in this peasant idyll, there's a spirit of Bunuel to this film. But the director is less quixotic in his plot-running and he hasn't Bunuel's wickedness. He turns the screw on the situation until it explodes under its own pressures, without a trace of political sentiment or cynicism. He takes a palpable realism as his style and almost forces you to choke on it. A broody exhausting, magnificent film.

Mark Sinker

All the ladies, mercedes

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Radar Telly

"Packed with things to talk about in the pub."

TUTTI FRUTTI Tuesday March 3 and 10, 9.30pm (BBC 1)
NOTHING CAN stop Scotland's beast of rock as The Majestics led by the spirit of their dead leader Big Jazza McGlone survive on the fish-supper circuit with the big-yin's twin brother Danny (Robbie Coltrane) on lead vocals. Paisley born John Byrne's socio-comic script and a supporting cast drawn from the best of theatrical Scotland make this homage to third rate revivalism the pick of the month. The spirit of Showaddywaddy is hardened by savage humour: so don't step on my blue-suede baffies.



The Majestic's Vince Diver

THE COMPANY OF WOLVES Thursday, March 5, 9.00pm (Channel 4)
SELF CONSCIOUS Neil Jordan reworking of a provocative fairy tale myth that, for my money, fails to convince. Jordan messes around with narrative and multi-layered meaning but this dream fantasy is grounded by an excess of form. Brilliant imagery, some powerful cinematic flights of fancy and a surfeit of proto-feminist storytelling courtesy of Angela Carter's screenplay. Unfortunately, the whole doesn't measure up to the sum of the parts. A long, long way from *Mona Lisa*.

THE TUBE Friday March 6, 5.30pm, Sunday March 8 12.30 (Channel 4)
RETURN OF the foul mouthed groover, himself. Channel 4's grooviest f**ker, Jools Holland, helps Paula cope with Robert Cray, Shelleyan Orphan and some "surprise guests". The IBA, per chance...

EBONY Friday March 6, 7.30pm (BBC 2)
 A WELL-TIMED report on the

degenerate Hollywood lifestyles. The plot revolves around a middle-aged couple who want to open a restaurant. To fund this venture, they lure people to their home via a dominatrix advert, kill them, rob them and, in at least one case, eat them. That's it. It's not sick, it's not funny and it's not really worth watching if you ask us *Radar* bods.

A-Z OF C&W WITH HANK WANGFORD Sunday March 8, 8.15pm (Channel 4)
 SO FAR so good with Hank's lexicon of love, though I could do without him and his pals who, on the whole, detract from the excellent documentary footage. Tonight it's F for Fiddlin', Food Blues, and Farms; G for Gram (Parsons) and God, H for Hank 'Hey Good Lookin'', Homes and Honky Tonk Blues. With footage of Bobby Bare, Chet Atkins and Loretta Lynn, George Strait and Nashville's kitchiest C&W pleasure dome, Twitty City—home of Conway Twitty.

WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP BOXING Sunday March 8, 9.30am (ITV)
 WBC CHAMP Mike Tyson meets WBA champ James 'Bonecrusher' Smith. The winner goes on to meet Michael Spinks for THE Undisputed Heavyweight Championship Of The World. Late news: Spinks has just been stripped of his title for refusing to fight No 1 contender, Tony Tucker. However, the UNdisputed Title fight will still go on as both WBC and WBA will sanction it. Confusing, eh? Whatever happened to Barry McGuigan?

Sean O Hagan

Civil Rights movement in America in the wake of the recent inner city violence and gang murders. Plus Spike Lee on his debut film, *She's Gotta Have It*.

THE ELEPHANT MAN Friday March 6, 10.25pm (BBC 1)
 DAVID LYNCH'S evocative dramatisation of the life of John Merrick, the Victorian "elephant man" of the title. John Hurt portrays Merrick, whose hideous deformities mass an intelligent, self aware human being. Moving between sentiment, understanding and graphic freak-show cruelty, *The Elephant Man* is Lynch treading carefully and is almost devoid of his darker, surreal edges that heightened the startling *Eraserhead*.

EATING RAOUL Saturday, March 7, 11.25pm (LWT)
 BIZARRE, BLACK would-be comedy about disgusting,

The guitar that grew in Govan

SEAN CONNERY · F. MURRAY ABRAHAM

THE NAME OF THE ROSE

Produced by Bernd Eichinger A Jean-Jacques Annaud Film

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Colin Booth — RECORD MIRROR

"POWERFUL"

Ian Christie — DAILY EXPRESS

"NAIL-BITING"

Angela Brooks — TODAY

"GRIPPING"

Alan Frank — DAILY STAR

"MARVELLOUS"

William Green — TODAY, SUNDAY

"EXCITING"

Neil Norman — BIZZ (MAIL ON SUNDAY)

They believed in God but traded with the Devil

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Level best

Why are LEVEL 42 popular but not fashionable? Are they really faceless Brit-funk furry-dicemen or have the rock-crits failed to get into their groove? MARK SINKER reckons Mark King is the greatest bass player in the world. Level-headed, or what? Picture by A J BARRATT.

"I pre-empted the Doctor Martens thing, you know."

Level 42 have never been fashionable. And they've always been popular. And everybody knows that and nobody knows why. All around there are people who won't admit to liking them, and when they concede that yes, they have made some brilliant singles, it's strictly on deep background, not to be quoted and with full deniability.

So here we are in Mark King's huge warm house trying to talk out some ideas about all this. Actually we've finished. King's fooling around with AJ, working to pin down that revealing spark in his eye — or at least not catch him scowling again. And out of the blue the Doctor Martens story comes to him, sums up all of his striving and maybe all of his failures. If failures is what they are.

"No, y'see, I heard about them, and I thought, 'something's going to happen there'. I was about 11. And I persuaded my mum to get me some, I said, in a few months everybody'll be wearing them. And she went out and got some. But unfortunately what she didn't know and I didn't know was that Doctor Martens don't just make the Air-Wear we all know and love. So there I was at school, in a suit three sizes too big, with these bright yellow climbing boots, with soles on them you wouldn't believe. You could walk up mountains unaided in those soles."

Fashion is not something that worries him. Cool is not an ideal for Mark King.

The Greatest Bass Player In The World has relaxed since I came in. Here's a

pop-pressman in his house, but the pressman isn't intent on swinging hammers at the work he loves, his music, his performance. So when I ask him about (long forgotten) one-time press darlings Leisure Process and the time he played on their second single, and turned a good song into a marvellous song, he laughs:

"You know that? 'A Way You'll Never Be'? That was a good track."

So it was. Or I wouldn't have remembered it. Because good as it was, it didn't seem to do anything for the group that made it. So what happened to Ross Middleton, the man most likely to back in 1981?

And King tells a tale of long ago when Level 42 were young and up-coming, and influential critics sometimes checked them. He tells the tale of the time producer-of-the-moment Martin Rushent tried to poach him, along with 42's drummer Phil Gould, for this band-of-the-future-that-never-was, The Leisure Process. And how they were intrigued and how they were cautious, and how things went from there.

"Ross Middleton, he clobbered his first advance, Gary Barnacle and him, and Ross took his half of the dosh and fucking legged it. And Gary said to us, I don't know what's happening. It's like three months, we haven't been near a studio, nothing's been written, nothing's going on. And then Gary's brothers Pete and Steve, they were playing in a band in France, and they were going through a little park in the middle of Paris, and there was a tramp on the park bench, and they were going along saying, look at the state of that! And it looked up and said, Pete, How're ye? And it was Ross Middleton! And they said, Christ, Ross, what're you doing? And he said, Hch, Ah'm in a helluva state. Gie's five quid t'get home. So they paid for him to get home. He said, Thanks a lot, got home, saw Gary, picked up the other half of his advance. And fucking legged it again! That's it. History. Great voice though."

Mark King's play is a texture in thousands of lives, unchallenged. His line on rhythm makes for a beat, unchallenged, in minds all over the world. Which is strange, isn't it? Level 42, this faceless operation, working at a level of populism and connecting with a popular mass ear in ways that *no*

press-toy pop group has ever achieved. (But how? And what for?)

"I've always thought it must be really nice for Paul Weller, with writers trying to get inside him, asking, What's he *really* like? And no one seems to want to do that with me." He's grinning as he says this. "I'm not surprised. I don't even want to know what I'm like myself. So why the hell anyone else should want to bother . . ."

Here's a man who's worked with Earth Wind and Fire — bits of them — and whose best records ("True Colours" and "World Machine") are much better than EWF's run-of-the-mill stuff. Here's a band whose part-time collaborator Wally Badarou is in demand for projects with Sly and Robbie and Bill Laswell. But still they make records that refuse to fit in with the things people find time to write about. People with heads on them and ears blanch at the idea of Level 42 and start muttering . . . *Dire Straits*, *Chris Rea*, *Chris de Burgh*, *CD*, *Q* . . . as if it was obvious that that kind of flight from reality is what Level 42 are about. You bring in the Brit-funk connection, and the mumbling twists abruptly in another direction . . . *Cortinas*, *furry dice*, *filofax casuals* . . . There's a kind of evasive desperation here, in the failure to come to grips with this group, that seems to run deeper than mere dislike or disinterest. As if something about the way they present themselves runs deep into a writer's fear of music as words, ideologies, articulated value judgements. An order of priorities that upsets everything a rock critic still takes for granted.

"The Jam had that 'Eton Rifles', I thought that song was a great idea. I don't know what the sentiment of the song was about, but I thought the melody was striking enough." He sings it. This is a song, don't forget, the message of which you really have to work hard *not* to pick up. But then again, The Jam always oriented themselves towards a climate where their words would be checked, recorded, decoded and discussed. A Rock Climate. "Yes, I remember 'Eton Rifles', but I didn't connect with the lyrics. And I don't think, much as writers assume that people do, people always understand what's being sung. I make mistakes in live shows and it doesn't matter a toss."

He jumps up again — he's been doing it every



SIMPLY RED MEN AND WOMEN

Includes the HIT SINGLE "The Right Thing"



CD, ALBUM AND CLEAR COMPACT CASSETTE

RELEASED 9th MARCH

five minutes – to show me something else about Level 42 music. He plugs in his hitech digital system to prove to me how he only hums nonsense syllables when he starts a song, and how Boon or Phil then build their songs round these intuitive improvisations. Which undermines the idea of intended message, and the ideals of rational response. We respond to the sounds before the logic. So I ask him about the increased politicization in their songs since 'Kansas City Milkman'.

"Did you get the drift of 'Kansas City Milkman'?"

I kind of assumed it was about that film *The Day After*. (Wherein unannounced thermonuclear war caused the evaporation of a clutch of Kansas City milkbottles, dear reader.)

"It wasn't actually."

There you go. I mean, I know that I never listen to words in songs. It's just that I thought I was the only one.

"It was talking about the way journalists have to write for the Kansas City milkman, which is another way of saying Joe Blow, the man in the street. And they put it into things like Suicide Plunge Woman Lands On Man, making it tabloid. Like, do you really want to know the truth, or just hear something that's nice to read? So in the tabloids, it's Madame Sin Lives In Streatham, while Gorbachev is actually going round laying down olive branches, and saying for Christ's sake let's sort all this mess out. It's something that I think is far more important, and he doesn't get a fucking look in in the papers. That's important and we sang about that. But maybe I didn't sing it very well, or it wasn't lyrically very clear – I mean, that's another thing. It's hard. Obviously in a million years you wouldn't have guessed what the song was about."

Well, that's just me. I'm a Level 42 fan. So I don't tune in to words. Just sounds, me.

We could talk about 'Slipstream' (a Brit-funk compilation LP from the early '80s) as capturing and defining something about the UK scheme of things – but it still seems weird if we try. As weird as if I compared 'Running In The Family' to the Madness song-catalogue of bittersweet little vignettes of life as she's lived, or whatever. History – written history – has built up round a particular strand of popular music. And Level 42's commitment to The Groove and their silky sophisticated aural

strategies seem tailored to disbar them, forever, from history as it could be written. Because it would need words to write them in, and they elude words. Bob Dylan – a no-account folkie with a buzzard's voice and a penchant for amphetamine garbage poetry – accumulates interpreters and commentators to this day. And Smokey Robinson – who Dylan himself once described as America's leading poet – gets nothing. History – written history – builds itself from there. A whole rock stratum grows up in hope of its own interpreters and commentators, grows up with an eye to history past, the canon, and history future, their place in it. Even down to the trad-jazz conclave symbiosis with the rock press – jangly beat-groupies deaf to the real and changing world? (I know, I like some of them too . . .)

But the fluid aural history of Afro-American soul and its multiform descendents? Pieces might be broken off and fall into rock-writing's domain, getting themselves broken or bent in rocky shapes in the transcriptions. But back of it, the limit of the written, there's always a sea of "bland" or "faceless" music, disco or pop or whatever, that can't and won't be sanctioned or properly dealt with. So that Level 42, with their learnt heart in despised jazz-funk – King still talks about Stanley Clarke and Roy Ayers and all with a lot too much respect, given that he's made records now that far outstrip theirs – catch the flak from this head on. There is still no real articulation of the disco aesthetic that doesn't seem to be trying to jam it back into old boxes. History – written history – is hard to dispel.

"There's an extra track on the CD and cassette called 'Freedom Some Day' which is our stand, our flag about apartheid, because we felt we wanted to do something. It was so embarrassing. 'Lessons In Love' was number one in South Africa longer than any bloody record last year. Which was like real – I can't tell you what everyone felt. Holy shit! It left a really nasty taste in our mouths, because we didn't want to have anything to do with that regime down there. We don't take any money from South Africa anyway, that's all put into Artists Against Apartheid. So we said, fine, we'll do a single. This one called 'Freedom Some Day', which is sufficiently a nice enough tune. And perhaps it'll come out in about four singles time as a single."

They undervalue themselves, of course. They read the pop papers, absorb the same prejudices, and keep themselves from their full potential. They believe – just a bit – in their own facelessness. They don't hear beyond the jackhammer power of their groove, or the machine-age intricacy of their arrangements. Which is OK. But then they think that their strengths here still imply a lack of substance elsewhere.

"We've learnt the craft of writing good pop songs. And 'Running In the Family' isn't just a case of I love you and you love me and this that and the other. And I *really don't know* what that Style Council song was about. All I know is he keeps singing, it doesn't matter. So take from that what you will!"

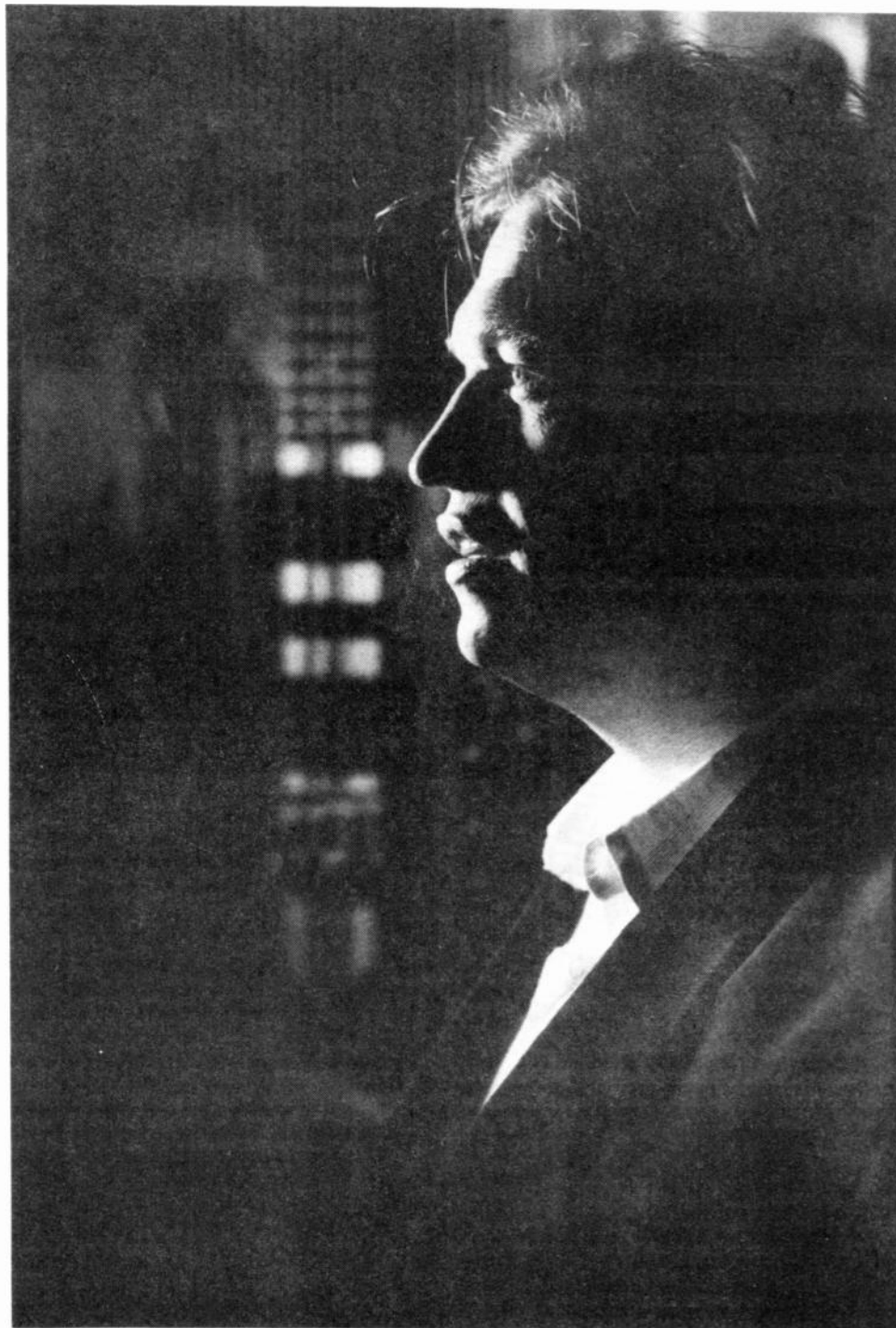
The bass-player who loves playing bass is enjoying himself now. He's not accustomed to being taken seriously, maybe, and so he's stopped taking himself seriously. He doesn't take his uncanny rhythm sense seriously.

"There's three drummers in the band. Mike was studying drums at the Guildhall. That's how we met, talking about drumming. Like the old joke – how many session drummers does it take to change a light bulb? Four. One to change the bulb, the other three to discuss how Steve Gadd would have done it."

It's a fairly feeble joke.

"It's a very feeble joke."

And the hypnotic clatter starts over. The Chant Has Begun . . .



TOUR DATES

MARCH

4th GALWAY Leisureland
5th/6th DUBLIN SFX
7th BELFAST Kings Hall
9th GLASGOW SECC
10th EDINBURGH Playhouse
11th NEWCASTLE City Hall
13th/14th MANCHESTER Apollo
15th BRADFORD St. Georges Hall
17th BRIGHTON Centre
18th PORTSMOUTH Guild Hall
19th CARDIFF St. Davids Hall
21st SWINDON Oasis Centre

23rd-26th LONDON Hammersmith Odeon
28th BIRMINGHAM Odeon
29th LIVERPOOL Empire
30th NOTTINGHAM Royal Concert Hall

APRIL

1st/2nd KILBURN National
4th BIRMINGHAM Odeon
5th LEICESTER De Montfort Hall
6th SHEFFIELD City Hall
8th BOURNEMOUTH International Centre
9th ST. AUSTELL Coliseum
10th BRISTOL Hippodrome



wea

AGENTS OF FORTUNE

'Be Fast, Be Clean, Be Cheap!' AGE OF CHANCE always had a decent line in slogans but ... what *then?* After the arrival of the perfect 'Kiss', and with it the band's triumphal splashdown in the mill-pond mediocrity of Pop, DONALD McRAE climbs aboard the monster and heralds the new age of dance. LAWRENCE WATSON takes a few Chances.

DREAMING IN THE AGE OF CHANCE...

New Year's Eve 1987, New York: With just a few minutes remaining before 1988 begins, Madonna and Janet Jackson occupy opposite ends of the Madison Square Garden stage.

At stage centre are a jitterbugging Prince and a whining Michael Jackson who make up the small male half of this four-sided superstar sector.

Madonna's video-clip exterior of cool beauty is threatened only by the sneering derision that crosses her face whenever she sees Janet Jackson who, somehow, maintains a mask of controlled contempt for such rivalry. Their chilled confrontation emphasises the shrill hysteria of the Prince-Michael Jackson sanity clash which is being camped out between the two women, beneath the arena's main spotlight.

World Domination in '88 is about to be divided amongst these four Star-People with the prime fame cut being given to the winner of tonight's 'Ron And Nancy Reagan Show-Biz Personality Of The Year' award – sponsored jointly by MTV, the White House, Rupert Murdoch and the late Ayatollah Khomeini.

With Bruce Springsteen refusing to participate in this celebration of celebrity because of "blue collar principles", Van Halen being a victim of the Washington Wives' bloc voting against "sex and drug-crazed rock filth" and RUN DMC being forced out in deference to the Ayatollah's claim to be the King Of Rap, these are the late '80s' last four gilt-edged and guilt-free, "mega-to-the-max" pop icons.

As the manically grinning, hand-holding and arm-waving Ron and Nancy skip onto stage to announce their top celestial showbiz choice, the four stars melt into two distinct groups. While Michael and Janet Jackson act out some family ritual of apparent unity, Prince and Madonna feign a "hey there funky fox!" eyeball rolling admiration for each other.

Ron's hand gets a squeeze from Nancy and when that fails to jog him into verbal action, her elbow smilingly sinks its way into his ribs. At last, Ron remembers his lines and moves towards the climax of yet another Presidential routine.

Nancy leaves his "and the winner is..." come-on hanging heavily in the air and slides her hand into an envelope and draws out a slip of paper. "And the winner is... Age Of Chance!?"

In a matter of seconds, Age Of Chance weld their way through a two-metre thick metal box at the rear of the stage and, dressed in those familiar cycling outfits, kickstart their way into a colliding,

crushing cut-up of their competitors' grooviest hits of '87, just as the old year fades into the new.

And as their "Age Of Chance! Age Of Chance!" cry carries over into the living rooms of every home in the Western world, the group's four members each acquire a shadow. Prince, Madonna, Michael and Janet Jackson begin a mantra-like singing and dancing backing; over the blocks of AOC beat they too pick up the chant... "Age Of Chance! Age Of Chance!..."

FROM BOROUGH TO NEW CROSS...

While that type of AOC dream-machine steamrollers its way through the imagination, a big black car carrying the present-day, real-life version of the group merely crunches gravel as it pulls into a warehouse zone in Borough, south-east London.

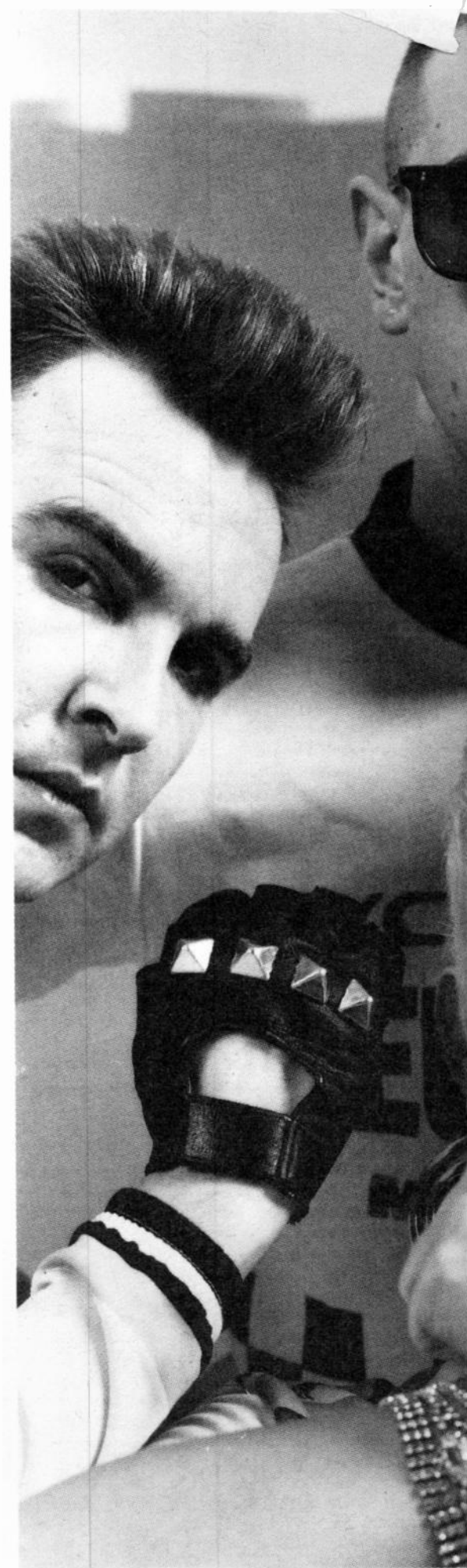
The Age Of Chance are nearly two hours late and, because such a wait for a pop group who've just signed a breakthrough contract with Virgin America is neither that surprising nor disappointing, I've already given into the suspicion that this could be just another beat-combo on the make for the fast and fawning buck.

Two hours late... if this was A-Ha! maybe such a delay would signify snub-nosed smugness; in this Age Of Chance case could it imply instead a new meanness and hard-headed arrogance? With their pop noise lumbered with those much abused "hard-edged post-industrial dance beat" type tags, it seemed that a brush with the AOC might be as welcoming an event as cracking your head against a cold paving slab in Leeds.

But with their faces smudging into some sort of focus as the car draws up alongside their London rehearsal studio, I recall the reasons why I'm here. I remember their 'Kiss' – the fractured, splintering reshaping of Prince's sharpest, slinkiest moment in years which made AOC the boldest and the hippest white band in Britain in '86. Now there's 'Crush Collision', a six track record uncovering the AOC's immersion in the most addictive beats of black America as well as underlining their commitment to the crashing dischords of the displaced white hardcore faction. And still to come is the emphatic confirmation of AOC's monumental 'Kiss Power'.

However, wary feelings about their unknown personalities are heightened by the presence of that car, which is only a short way off the models favoured by the Mafia, Hollywood's glitter gang and affluent undertakers.

Then suddenly Age Of Chance are out of their black box of a car in a blur of wry grins and babbling apologies which are



The initial Age Of C

so bumblingly ordinary that doubts seep away with the first questioning glance. The AOC are disarmingly likeable...

Attention soon shifts towards Steve-E, vocalist and general mob-orator, who's suffering from slightly scorched hands – resulting from a particularly demanding and over-long photo session tangle with a pile of burning paper.

While such exuberance suggests a Foetus-like tendency to burn for art's sake, I'm still vaguely dubious about the exact AOC Virgin ethic and wonder if my two-hour wait stems more from the band's embrace of a pop star love for exceedingly indulgent camera posing.

That theory is mangled while the five of us are driven from Borough to New Cross. Hoping to clinch conclusive evidence of AOC's total fascination with the sheen of stardom – which would also make for some nifty symbolism of newly-found money gliding through decaying council estates – I ask Jan-P, the band's charming drum machine, if they've been on *The Tube* yet?

"Oh yeah! Of course... loads of times! Actually this is the first day we've had this car y'know. And I think we're paying for it



nce, clockwise from left: Neil-H, Steve-E, Geoff-T, Jan-P.

—it's probably coming off our advance. So we've been catching the tube constantly. It's our only way round London. It's really exhausting tho', travelling on tubes all day . . ."

With the trying vagaries of London transport being more real, to the current AOC lives, than cloying chit chat with the dreaded Paula 'n' Felix on TV's *Tube*, it's obvious that we're not talking with spoilt pop-star rabble here. Although the AOC are "aiming high, far higher than a pop group like ours usually does", they're still stalking that same stretch of Leeds as they did when releasing 'Motor City', their first indie crackle of a single.

"I really like Leeds," murmurs Neil-H, jackhammer-wielding, noise-making guitarist, "but the commonest thing said to us these past few weeks, ever since we signed to Virgin, is 'when are you going to move to London?'"

"And the answer to that is, next week . . ." says bass-cranker Geoff-T with a sense of irony so thick that it virtually swallows up his Scouse and leaves a mock South London inflection.

"Yeah, you're right it would be a mistake to move down here . . . it inevit-

ably means that you're just sucked dry and absorbed into the London machinery."

Round this part of London that machinery has been made virtually redundant. Much to Neil's increasing enthusiasm, because "with Five Star, Test Dept are my favourite British group", we move deeper into New Cross, into Band Of Holy Joy and Test Dept territory. Everything seems to be broken down, on the point of collapse. Houses are derelict, shops are empty and every cafe and coffee-bar we pass is shut. The Fab Fish Bar, Bert's Pie Shack, Monty's Kebab Joint . . . all closed.

The road from Borough to New Cross is not the cafe hunter's paradise; nor is the final reward of sausages, beans, bacon butties and pots of tea the definitively glitzy pop star cuisine. But, more than anything else, the Age Of Chance are here, in New Cross, to talk about pop.

POP TALK! — THE AOC WAY

Neil: We see our peers as being the Frankie of 'Two Tribes', the Van Halens, the Janet Jacksons, the . . .

Steve: Those aren't really our peers yet!

Neil: No, not yet, but we want to make records that sound as good as theirs' . . . we wanna compete with them. And that's what this deal with Virgin has meant to us. We can now actually afford to buy instruments that work properly, we can afford not to worry about constrictions on studio time. We're not frightened of technology, we'll use anything we can to make great records.

Jan: It's like when we recorded our first two singles, 'Motor City' and 'Bible Of The Beats', we knew nothing at all about recording in a studio. We knew quite a bit more when we recorded 'Kiss' with a really good engineer. So we're learning all the time how to use technology. For all of us, this is our first band . . . like I only started to learn to play when I joined Age Of Chance. And anybody can think 'oh I'll be in a pop band forever' . . . but you've got to slog away, otherwise it's just a daydream.

Geoff: That's why we emphasise that what we're doing *is* a job — it's *work*!

Neil: But it's *great work* . . .! It's so important that we gear ourselves up properly for the next step. And I can't see any reason why we can't go to America and make records which will sell loads there but still be Age Of Chance records. That's where our sights are. We want to make great dance-powered pop records that'll get played on the black stations over there as well as be seen on MTV and *Top Of The Pops*.

There's little point in questioning the ideological purity of the Age Of Chance's move from the Fuck Off Nazis indie to the fat cat Virgin major owned by that disgustingly smarmy boat-crasher, rubbish collector and SDP advertiser, Dick Branson. Of more immediate interest is the fact that AOC are out of the grubby independent ghetto and with a record as great as 'Crush Collision' — which includes 'Kiss', a scorching rewiring of The Trammies' 'Disco Inferno' and four other AOC sonic metal ditties — it would be sickeningly futile for them to be stuck away forever with faded memories of Bogshed and Pigbros EPs.

But what is especially significant about AOC is the sort of "pop" they (and presumably Virgin) are now using to assault a mass audience. This AOC sound is not in the Scritti Politti jelly mould of innocuous subversion. Green may have read more Barthes and heard almost as much hip-hop but his Scritti hits were weakly limp-wristed. In contrast, the Age Of Chance are hard and frenzied. Quite what Simon Bates makes of 'Kiss's' scraping noise and hip-hop steals whenever he has to play the record is open to absurd debate.

USING HIP-HOP AND NOISE TO INVADE BILLY IDOL-INFESTED MINDS . . .

It's prime time MTV and following 1986's smash matching of RUN DMC and Aerosmith, Age Of Chance are rocking out in a videoed fight to the finish with the Def Jam crew. LL Cool J and The Beastie Boys are cranking up both the volume and the obscenities . . . the AOC — cycling gear on, hair cropped short, noise levels up and post-industrial scratching techniques intact — are looking leaner and meaner.

They rework 'Rock The Bells' and 'I Can't Live Without My Radio' into their own 'Be Fast, Be Clean, Be Cheap' rap rant. Def Jam totter, the MTV switchboard jams and Billy Idol evaporates in a cloud of hair gel.

Like their big-beat bolstered pop, AOC conversation is pulled magnetically towards hip-hop. The Age Of Chance shred that foppish "head in an anorak" fear of hip-hop; they, instead, revel in the manic irreverence of a sound which steals to recreate at such a staggering pace that beats are stretched to splintering points. Then at the very point of explosion, hip-hop implodes again to reinvent itself in fresher forms.

With 'Kiss', AOC bolt down pop hooks with hugh blocks of hip-hop. Big Audio Dynamite pretend to pull off the same stunt but their electro beats are so mildly mannered that they do as little to hip-hop as The Police did to reggae. But AOC — like

Mantronix, Schoolly D, Just-Ice and Shinehead — know that the beat is there for the taking. They use and abuse scratching rhythms and deep bass booms whenever and however they like, knowing that "purist" and "hip-hop" are three words that can *never* merge into one meaning.

Another hip-hop ethic — *take from everything* — strips away the remaining relevance from indie-pop's coy penchant for cosy categorisation. Even a random and minimal sample of AOC taste bursts upon the diverse layers surrounding the 'Crush Collision' record — Madonna, UTFO, Sonic Youth, 'Two Sevens Clash', Swans, Beastie Boys, Janet Jackson, Test Dept, Five Star, Twang, The Hip Hop Alliance, Motown, George McRae, Neubauten, T. Rex, Trouble Funk, Prince . . .

Steve: "So the basic challenge of what we're trying to do is to get all these different influences enmeshed into a new type of sound without saying 'hey kids! this is the hip-hop element, this is the heavy metal beat, this is the soulful part . . .'"

Neil's phraseology is more punchy, describing this AOC sound as late '80s "fusion music — it's dynamic! it's forceful! it's catchy! it's exciting! . . ."

And whether or not this makes for the world-dominating pop envisaged by the most imaginative AOC dreaming, their sharp taste makes them at least as interesting as the hipper and larger likes of RUN DMC. In place of HM bluster, the AOC weld hardcore onto their black beat. This clash is at its clearest and most cutting on 'Kiss' and 'Disco Inferno'. On the Trammies thrashing, a Sonic Youth guitar line of noise leads into camp, but steely, disco with the monster "burn baby burn" chorus finally being swallowed up by a Swansong sound. Somewhere in-between everything else, T. Rex and Trouble Funk also get down on AOC vinyl. That beats mixing with Aerosmith.

This fusing of disparate rhythms and riffs means that the AOC might even move otherwise terminal Billy Idol type fans who normally shun dancing for simultaneous hummin' an' sneerin'.

As Neil stresses: "We're a pop band but we always try to work with a dance beat, any dance beat. The beats to 'Motor City' and 'Bible' are pure kind of Martha Reeves and Four Tops stuff — 'Motor City' especially. We're not a dance band like The Gap Band or Bootsy or Parliament. We're making dance music on our own terms."

But not many people actually seem to dance at AOC gigs . . .

Jan: But do you see dancing at any type of gig?

Neil: Well we've always got lots of slam dancers, lots of spinners . . .

Geoff: You basically get people at any sort of gig who want to throw themselves around as a release of energy even if it's to someone like Sonic Youth who don't actually play what you'd call slam dancing music. But people still slam to them somehow. And I remember at some of our gigs last year, people were hurling themselves around but there were also people dancing like they would in a club. That's rare . . .

Neil: Aren't Sonic Youth great? I still think that we rap better tho' . . .

Geoff: They sent us a Valentine Card! I suppose Madonna's card hasn't arrived yet?

Geoff: Well . . . we live in hope . . .

KISS POWER DREAMING . . .

It's winter in Sheffield and the Age Of Chance can hardly believe the sound that is coming out at them in the Chakk studio. That it's their own sound — a concrete-cracking 'Kiss Power' remix of snippets and slices of anything and everything from 'Work That Sucker To Death' to 'Born In The USA', from Def Jam to DMC, from Janet Jackson to Prince and back to the AOC again — is the prime source of disbelief. But as the cuts and scratches bounce against their "Age Of Chance, Age Of Chance" linking chant, and then off against the studio wall, their wonder slips towards conviction.

They wind the tape back to its start and, half-trembling, half-dreaming, wait to hear the sound again — their proof that this really is the Age Of Chance.



EDITED BY ADRIAN THRILLS

SELECT

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

JOHN ZORN
The Big Gundown (Nonesuch)

A tremendous LP tribute to Ennio Morricone. It's a brave man who takes on such a fast and tricky tuneslinger as the Italian, but the New York improviser has developed the playful spirit to match Morricone's every move. (Biba Kopf)

THE JUDDS
Give A Little Love (RCA)

A mother and daughter who are in love with country music and use their strong, loving voices to restore its past glories as part of an act of faith. (The Legend!)

BAD BRAINS
I Against I (SST)

Four Rastafarians who clashed with what used to be hardcore terrain... emphasis is placed on an intelligent series of parries between patois and slowed-down speedcore strained through pop FM rock. (Dele Fadele)

THE PASTELS
Up For A Bit With The Pastels (Glass)

This is no wimp-out. This is a strong-willed, witty, inventive record, abundantly wide-ranging in its appeal. (Dave Haslam)

HURRAH!
Tell God I'm Here (Kitchenware)

A star-bright beacon of truth, beauty and six-stringed excitement worthy of its divinely mocking title. (Mat Snow)

ALPHA BLONDY AND THE SOLAR SYSTEM
Apartheid Is Nazism (Sterns)

From the Ivory Coast and massive in West Africa, The Solar System rock, drop and thunder with an upright posture, just like reggae played in Africa should be. (Nick Coleman)

MADHOUSE
8 (Paisley Park)

A string of four-letter words – hard, cool, taut, jazz, funk. This is something else. (Sean O'Hagan)

KOOL MOE DEE
Kool Moe Dee (Jive)

The forgotten rapper has made a State Of The Art LP that updates the rap story into a scintillating and fascinating collage. (Paolo Hewitt)

DJ JAZZY JEFF AND FRESH PRINCE
Rock The House (Champion)

The grabbing and improvising of ideas out of thin air make this duo hotter than the rest. Compared to the titans of techno bombast, they're like deft artisans. (Gavin Martin)

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

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. (Dave Haslam)



Siouxsie, in best 'pin-ups' style.

SAFE SMASH HITS

SHOXSIE AND THE BANSHEES
Through The Looking Glass (Polydor)

LOOK DEEP into my eyes little one... trussssssst me! Yesss, trusst me when I say – this is OK, actually.

Who wouldn't love that sssublime sssnake from *The Jungle Book*? Even he gets a chance on this, the Banshees' 'Pin Ups' style collection of favourites from Ten Years In A Tour Bus. Siouxsie croons 'Trust In Me' from the Disney soundtrack but fares badly when compared with that python's creepy delivery. In the film, Snakey sings it while the camera closes-up to his eyeballs and they start spinning and spinning and... ZONK, you're out!

It's been a long time since the Banshees have been hypnotic, but this has its moments. Unluckily, it's not half the LP that Nick Cave produced with 'Kicking Against The Pricks', because there Cave climbed right into his choices intent on doing damage, but here the Banshees are mostly too respectful. Except on 'Strange Fruit', which is a wobbling, image-less disaster – the "part sacrilege" that Severin was talking about, I think.

Major monuments on the rock 'n' roll landscape have been scaled: The Doors, Iggy, Roxy Music, John Cale, Television. All ghosts of the present, and if disturbed in this manner, likely to provoke a good thrashing. But the Banshees have escaped unscathed at several points.

ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER
Libyan Students From Hell! (Plastic Head)

DISASTER! Is this ranting poet Attila's "grown up" album? A whole side is taken up with adulthood and restraint. His two best "songs" are wasted. 'Air-strip One' sounds as if the backing track is provided by Depeche Mode in their death throes. The brilliant lyrics of 'Sawdust and Empire' are grunted in German over what sounds suspiciously like the Crystal Palace theme tune. What a tragic waste.

The sleeve notes give us a clue: "I hope this album scotches once and for all the idea of me as a one-dimensional paralytic shouter". Pillock! You, John, are the world's greatest one-dimensional paralytic shouter. That is your purpose on this planet, your gift. At least the flipside kicks some serious bottom: "If the dog runs off with your copy of The Sun/And it brings it back with the crossword done/It's THE LIBYAN STUDENTS FROM HELL!" On the epic 'Radio Rap' he has the delightful idea of terminating Steve Wright via a machine gun sound effect. Now this is what I call satire!

Attila is half a genius. Fifty per-cent of what he does is megafantast and the rest sounds like John Denver on a strict Watneys diet. It's worth the wade.

Steven Wells

AL GREEN
Greatest Hits (Hi)

NO WAY IS this a definitive Al Green collection, but it's a judicious selection of many of the man's finest moments. His sweet, strong voice remains one of the most affecting in the soul catalogue – one listen to his impassioned reading of the heart-rending 'How Can You Mend A Broken Heart' proves that. Equally distinctive, though, is the 'Al Green sound' created by producer Willie Mitchell.

Strong melodies, strategic bursts of organ and purposeful use of brass and strings add sophistication to deceptively restrained arrangements. But always that clear voice, full of feeling, cuts through, lending itself perfectly to singing of the joy and pain of love. On the sublime 'Still In Love With You' we find out that Al's a helpless, unashamed romantic. This man is badly in love and he's letting the whole world know. But on 'Let's Get Married' he's changed from the faithful lover to the repentant playboy, showing off the other side of the macho soul superstar stereotype.

Now Al's tired of playing around and wants to settle down – an apt sentiment for the age of Aids.

Denis Campbell



Jamaaladeen.

JAMAALADEEN TACUMA
World Music (Gramavision import)

OF ALL THE players who've made a career from adopting Ornette Coleman's harmolodic strategies, Jamaaladeen's got to be the most bizarre. His other records 'Show Stopper' and 'Renaissance Man' have played up to this, mixing heart-stopping bass guitar play with a worldfull of ideas and steals – small wonder that people like Bill Laswell have relentlessly checked him.

'World Music' trawls through Japan, Turkey and an old Pharaoh Sanders soul chant. It's a bit stereotyped, definitely not worth the ten notes plus import price. But those earlier records definitely are, and Tacuma is coming over in late March with Ornette's free metal jazz monster group Prime Time.

Track down and check out. But give this a miss.

Mark Sinker

TERESA STRATAS
Stratas Sings Weill (Nonesuch)
STEVE REICH
Sextet/Six Marimbas (Nonesuch)
CASSIBER
Perfect Worlds (Re)

THESE THREE corners form a Bermuda Triangle where disappears most of all 20th Century music that resists the Anglo-American tyranny of dance rhythm. But this time down only Cassiber ought to survive.

Sinking NY Diva Stratas first her record is that one Weill L too many in a period saturated with such tributes. Her summary of his career is weighed against the Weimar years and his Brecht collaborations. She claims his music to be the essential soul foil to the writer's cold analytical words. Nonsense. Why assume intellect denies emotion? Thought doesn't shrivel the soul. Brecht was moved to think out the causes of the misery around him. Admitting to following the score closer than his script, Stratas sings Brecht like she sings the composer's more urbane Broadway lyricists. Here is Brecht-Weill sung as light opera.

Steve Reich leaves even less ripples. His mathematical rhythm modulations resemble a snake shifting back and forth across the sand like it was trying to erase its own tracks. Reich himself is not that self-effacing. The proliferation of possessive pronouns claiming his music measures his self-regard. He does produce some diverting moments, like when the keening sound of bowed vibraphone hangglides across insect whirl of percussion. But these aren't enough to cover time lost counting out his pieces' mundane changes.

So to the final corner. The sea shall not have Cassiber, for the summon elemental force powerful enough to keep it divided. Accessing electronic samples to conventional instruments, they play the post-holocaust clean-up squad scouring the scorched cultures of Europe for unassimilated noises. These they compress into densely imbedded songs that trigger a range of conflicting responses. In the process drummer Chris Cutler quips with a savager worthy of Brecht: "...Where meat is better treated than the poor who can't afford to eat it..."

If Stratas ever sings Cassiber she'll accuse Cutler of being cold cut.

Biba Kopf

X-MAL DEUTSCHLAND
Viva (Phonogram)

THEY REALLY don't know what they're doing. There is a plethora of guitars, many of which will be familiar to devotees of Siouxsie And The Banshees, and the drums and keyboards crash mightily.

But for what? I haven't the faintest idea; what I have heard of earlier X-Mal Deutschland records suggests that they wanted to do something with sound. But here we have some really dull music which strikes as being the same song played with merely regional variation: and a set of lyrics that suggest little inspiration. 'Will There Really Be A Morning?' takes its cue from an Emily Dickinson poem and 'Eisengrau' contains the killer line "iron-grey like lead", while 'Sickle Moon' contains black gondolas and some ravens.

This album is a mess; X-Mal Deutschland seem tired and spent of inspiration. No good can come of it.

David Quantick

PERCY SLEDGE
The Ultimate Collection
 (Atlantic)

VARIOUS
Stand By Me (Atlantic)

THE CURRENT top two single sellers in Britain – denim-clad, deep-soul smoothies Percy Sledge and Ben E. King – will shift even more chart units for Atlantic with the release of these two conveyor-belt compilations. There's nothing mechanical about the tortuously honeyed Sledge vocals as he aches and glides through 16 songs. However, the cover shot is given over to a still from the 501 video where nubile youngster searches for her burgeoning sexuality in a pair of jeans, which does emphasise the absurdity of late '80s designer nostalgia coupling with pure '60s Southern Soul. Despite the crap cover, there is a small picture of Percy on the back and even if you already know these songs backwards his voice still sounds remarkable. And of course there's still the hope that Levi's ad men may yet discover Tyrone Davis.

Ben E. King's title track is still the best song on 'Stand By Me' which is a soundtrack for another of those movies about pre-adolescent awakening in America. Ditties like Buddy Holly's 'Everyday', The Del Vikings' 'Come Go With Me', The Chordettes' 'Lollipop' and Jerry Lee Lewis' 'Great Balls Of Fire' are so worn with familiarity that only the teeny set will be able to find a fresh sound in these songs.

Donald McRae



Icicle Worker

THE ICICLE WORKS
If You Want To Defeat
Your Enemy Sing His Song
 (Beggars Banquet)

WELL, HERE I was on the point of throwing this down the ever-open maw of worthless stadium pop, all huge noise and no poise ("It's the Walker Brothers. Only no good," opines my sister, passing, contemptuous). Until somewhere across 'Evangeline' – which is the single, sensibly – they pull something out of themselves that goes further and demands closer attention.

Icicle suffer from a classic complaint. Scouser's lively irony drowned in scouser's overripe hardman schmaltz: if that comes up like clichés, well, pop groups operate in too easy reach of clichés. And these three are expending their energies trying to shore up a grandeur of expression that's long died in its trampling shoes. After 'Word On A Wing' Bowie and 'Tell Me Easter's On Friday' Associates, there's no way to spike up arena pub-songs like 'Truck Driver Lament', no way to see a glint in the eye of 'Hope Springs Eternal' – they take their chest-beating all the way, and at the end anything useable slides down the vast slopes and out of mind. "You've got to get high to understand the Blues", Ian McNabb's grand-statement hello to an unlamented Wah!: how're we going to take that, except by laughing at it? They need a subtler, smaller sarcasm to offset their saphead romanticism, an off-Nashville rural sound to wipe out the Big Country in them.

If they can't lose their narcotic romanticism, they should go join a revolutionary splinter group, work it off on soap-

boxes. If they want to see their sarcasm through and still point up Liverpool's closing-time nostalgia with justice and with unappropriate sadness for their unhappy wounded city, they'll have to take cold hard stock of the Royal slush they're presently laying down. And 'Evangeline' is the way out – somewhere between a Triffid's antipodean C&W dream-dirt, and the tumbling choruses of 'Paperback Writer': not as tough as either yet. Because they haven't thrown off their professional home-towner blubbing. They still think they owe a debt to poor old Pete Wylie.

Mark Sinker

VARIOUS
Oye Listen (Globestyle)

ADDICTION TO the clave beat, the sweet rippling percussion and the soaring horns and harmonies of modern age salsa can be a frustrating and expensive business. With the hottest vinyl from New York and Miami at around nine quid an album, the advent of Globestyle could prove to be a godsend.

Homing in on the excellent Caiman label, 'Oye Listen' is compiled by muso and "Muscapha" Ben Mandelson and reveals nine blissful cuts that will wind up your waist and inevitably induce bouts of swift slick footwork.

Hailing from Cuba, Puerto Rico, Colombia and Panama, some of these swingers have musical credentials that began with radio hits in the mid '40s, and they still cut it four decades later. Take time out and bathe in the airy irrepressible rhythms of 'La Mulata Cubana' from that dapper OAP and sonero supreme, Alfredo Valdes; marvel at the collective spirit of Los Guaracheros De Oriente – vocals, guitars and timbales combined with the genius of Pacheco, Paquito Pastor and Chocolate – while Tex Mex fans can ponder Le Sonaru De Barú's offbeat shotguns and accordion style cumbia.

The perfect antidote to these interminably grey days... Vámonos a Bailar!

Paul Bradshaw

THE COMSAT ANGELS
Chasing Shadows (Island)

A NEW RECORD company, Robert Palmer on production credit, and a golden future glows on the horizon. Or so it seems. It's been six years since the Oldsats spiny, clipped first LP. In those days the Boomsats had an extraordinary ability to stretch the beatings of mere guitar and drum in to acre-wide chasms of noise.

The Newsats, however, seem to be a ghostly reflection of their former selves. It's all excellently honed and precise. But equally predictable is the glassy, brittle surface perfection, planed and silvered to a lumpless, splinterless sheet. Echoes of the Growlsats whisper from tracks such as 'Carried Away', or slide slightly towards a thick, dough-heavy Thrashsats in 'You'll Never Know'. All in all, it's lush, freshly laundered, mid-Atlantic guitar mesh preoccupied – like many of its contemporaries – with the upholding of tradition. The only thing I could add to this record is a date stamp on the cover: best before 1982.

Claire Morgan Jones

COIL
Horse Rotorvator
 (Force & Form/K422)

COIL ARE inescapable and Coil are immense. The two-year wait since the last LP ('Scatology') is ended with the pounding, mould-breaking, heart-breaking 'Horse Rotorvator'. It's not as stern and clotted as 'Scatology'; it's restless. Playful, even. The elaborate, dizzying music which



The rock-solid St. Julian.

SAINT OR SINNER?

JULIAN COPE
Saint Julian (Island)

THERE HAVE been four Saint Julians. One, Julian of Toledo, persecuted the Jews; Julian the Hospitaller murdered his mum and dad by mistake; and three, Julian of Antioch, was tied in a sack and drowned at sea. Strangely, and despite equal rectitude, the fourth – Julian of Tamworth – has yet to grace the pages of *The Penguin Dictionary Of Saints*. But God knows why. You see, according to this gospel of 'Saint Julian' – the title track, not the universal whole – Copey rubbed Him/Her/It up the wrong way: "I met God in a car at a dream-in/ And I was very unkind/ I said you locked us out of the forest/ Gave us a mind". Now I'm not telling you this just to illustrate what contrary bastards saints can be, but because God and Paradise are very important to Julian IV. In fact, on the evidence of 'Saint Julian' – the divine concept not the spiritual song – they're almost as important as sex and rock 'n' roll.

Take sex, the favourite pastime of latter-day saints. It's confession time in the honey-pot of 'Eve's Volcano' with Julian admitting, behind a cherubic choir, that

he's "covered in sin". In 'Planet Ride' he sees himself as the starship. She climbs aboard – "and I feel my girl inside/ Cos she's my girl and I'm her planet ride" – and also claims to be "a big gas turbine". Equally 'Spacehopper' should come as no surprise from someone who once tried to release an LP called 'Everybody Wants To Shag The Teardrop Explodes'. It would take much persuasion, despite Cope's famous toy fetish, to convince me that the lyric "go down, go down, go down on you" refers to the deflationary tendencies of those bouncy rubber playthings with ears.

Take rock'n'roll. Even the "flying in the face of fashion" pounding pop of 'World Shut Your Mouth' and 'Trampoline' couldn't prepare me for these rowdy guitar and drum attacks. 'Spacehopper' comes on like 'Truck On Tyke' before buzzsawing off into 'Planet Ride', and 'Pulsar' powers violently into the old Explosive 'Screaming Secrets', despite Julian's calm assurance that he is "awaiting a loving command". In the same vein, 'Shot Down' is a Doors parody with Double De Harrison's organ pumping away while the saint postures weirdly inside the lizard kingdom. If Weller's gone soft and soulful, then Cope's turned rough and rocking as if he's running

out of time.

But at what price? "Would they rather he struggle with the baggage of a bygone era or cut loose for chartland proper?" asked Copious colleague Swift. Well, I can accept Julian's skilful seduction of our kiddies with his leathers and loud music and silly scaffolding, but did he have to omit delicious oddities of the 'Sunspots'/'Ouch! Monkeys' variety? Did he have to kiss goodbye to the beauty of, say, an 'Elegant Chaos' or the heavenly melancholy of a 'Head Hang Low' (a moment of chamber pop surpassed only by Saint Nick Drake of Tamworth's 'Cello Song'). And Cope's one true concession to former wackiness is the mad-jazz of 'Crack In The Clouds' which sadly aspires no higher than 'Great Gig In The Sky'.

In the past Cope the songwriter lost out to the legend of Cope the speed-walking loony. Here it's under threat from something more sinister; from the sounds of the scrap metal that he stands amongst on the album's cover. Come official canonisation – aside from the clavinet-charged title-track – I fear it will be recorded that 'Saint Julian' built his house too solidly on rock.

Len Brown

swings among the heavy rhythms and perfect voices makes the songs lighter than Wiseblood and like muzak for shocking dreams.

Unmistakeable and seductive, John Balance's voice is half psalm and half sneer, and the way he curls the words from his tongue is one of the smartest things about this record. In fact, 'Circles Of Mania' – a licky little number – has more tongue noises than words.

Throughout the LP the lyrics

and the music relate closely; in 'Slur' lines take elements from preceding lines, the phrases linked like chains, and the swirling, echoing music works to complement this.

Among the other tracks is a cover version of a classic Leonard Cohen song 'Who By Fire', with backing vocals by Raoul Revere who sounds pretty much like Marc Almond to me. 'Penetralia' could be a John Lurie sax serenade being ignored by a banging Swans

rhythm. Coil are constantly pointing to a world beyond pop music, whether it's the inclusion of sounds like barking dogs, marching bands, or the sounds of the classical past.

And the ideas on the record aren't often expressed on vinyl either; it's a world of chains and mania, and throughout there's a chilling connection of sex with death, made most explicitly in the narrative part of 'The Golden Section'. I'll smile now, but I can sense a threat. As a fairground

has the potential for fun or danger, so the nursery becomes the battlefield.

'Horse Rotorvator' is a marvelously expressive LP made by a band who dig deep and seek far. The sound they make is in many ways closer to classical music than pop music; though not so much chamber music as chamber-pot music. And if you're going to spend a penny in one unexpected place this week spend it here.

Dave Haslam



EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN NEW YORK CAT CLUB

WHAT A strange juxtaposition. On a night as cold as bones, and a school night to boot, the Cat Club was jammed with a posse of pony-tails and enough musical hip-huggers (including parts of Cheap Trick and The Bongos) to certify the show as an Event. And up on stage were the evening's laureates, Camper Van Beethoven, as determined as ever to make it a Non-Event.

With the Stones and Randy Newman spending a lot of time by the pool, some thorny ambivalence would represent a welcome challenge to Reagan's vision of crisp moral dichotomies (Are you a freedom fighter or a Commie? Are you a saint or a junkie?). CVB delight in irony, but by elevating it from a sub-textual means to a textual end, they merely celebrate superficiality. And by eschewing the conventions of song-writing substance and thinking it rebellious, they glorify impassivity. Sworn only to their own non-alignment pact, Camper Van Beethoven are an indolent anomaly, the Switzerland of indie rock.

A producer friend's first-listen description of the Campers as a cross between Appalachian music and Big Country was off the mark, but does the band's apathy deserve anything more intelligent? Consider the insularity of 'Where The Hell Is Bill' and 'We Saw Jerry's Daughter'. The half-hearted musical day-tripping. The studied nonchalance of 'Take The Skinheads Bowling', the obscured politics of 'Jo Stalin's Cadillac', the illogical covers of Pink Floyd and Ringo, the notice on their current LP that the music "is not particularly sincere". The Campers are very careful to demonstrate how little they care about rock music, and band leader David Lowery thinks this makes them the alternative to crappy music (see 'No More Bullshit' and 'Shut Us Down'). The half dozen NME sourpusses who declare at the least opportunity that rock and roll has been dead for years will think this band is really subversive. Maybe they'll even decide that lyrics like "Just get high while the radio's on/Just relax and sing a song/And drive your car up on the lawn" burlesque the indigenous disinterest of the Camper's Southern California home and reveal the smug narcissism of Reaganism. Yeah, and maybe that's what Rod Stewart's been up to since 'You Wear It Well'.

ROB TANNENBAUM

EUROPE BIRMINGHAM ODEON

IN THE aisle next to me a grown man punches the air and prepares to ROCK with his leather-trussed fiancée. They have matching spangly head-squares tied around their knees. "Joey," he roars. "Joey! Joey Tempest!" Ridiculous,

yes, but it does have more of a ring to it than Ars Blagström . . .

Tonight the Odeon is chock-full of Proper HM tufts carrying around a small fortune in souvenir patches on their backs, wine-bar absurdists like our two friends, plus the 50 or so fanzine editors queueing to hand John Peel a copy of their band's demo-tape.

"I like the 1973-75 period of melodic hard rock," Ars told me ominously, backstage. "I also like Beethoven and Schubert. My all-time favourites are Deep Purple's 'Smoke On The Water' and Led Zeppelin's 'Stairway To Heaven'."

It was on precisely such a staircase (to Saturn actually) that Ars later came to twirl his mikestand during Europe's first number, 'The Final Countdown': was this perhaps the legendary Swedish sense of humour bubbling through? Could that have been an ironic smile on Ars' face when guitarists Ulf and Erik Bloodaxe entwined themselves around his thighs during 'Cherokee'? I think not.

Europe play the Chart HM game straight.

Pouchy bottoms, immaculately plucked chests, plenty of major-chord anthems, guitar solos played bending over backwards and a spontaneous bout of lace pantie-sniffing provide few enough surprises to satisfy the Rockers, while some well-rehearsed cabaret touches prevent things getting too serious: the 'comedy' singalong drum solo and a 'surprise' acappella slot weren't as embarrassing as they sound, and I must say how much I enjoyed Tempest's sneaky costume-changes.

Young William Ravenscroft/Peel was clearly delighted by the acrobatic, camp performance of his heroes, a latter-day Glitter Band, whose live show I would recommend to any 11-year-old.

DJ FONTANTA

THE SEERS BRISTOL LA CAV

THE SHOW's in a cramped basement, the band's somewhere up on the 13th floor. The guitarist dares to use a wah-wah pedal almost all the time, and doesn't sound hopelessly out of date. At various points, The Seers sound like Crazy Horse, Husker Du and The Rezillos which makes them noisy, hefty and stupidly pop.

The cover versions tell the story, or part of it. There goes The Chocolate Watch Band's 'Good Guys Don't Wear White' and bang! that was 'Magic Potion' as once done by The Open Minds. On close inspection, none of the group seem to be Lenny Kaye.

But the best is, promisingly enough, their own. 'Fly Away', the set closer, hints at 'Some Candy Talkin' in its speedy, tuneful and all too brief life and must be made into a 7" black vinyl only single as soon as possible. For tonight The Seers are the nazz, but as for tomorrow . . . well, tomorrow might never come.

CAMPBELL STEVENSON



Ms Lauper does the She Bop!

CYN-CERELY YOURS . . .

CYNDI LAUPER LONDON HAMMERSMITH ODEON

I THOUGHT she was hopeless. Another tarted-up straw-haired Fuzzbox with a twee grating voice and minimal talent. Those bright teeny rebel-gets-a-bank-account videos, supporting naughty little girl lyrics, tugged not an A-string in my heart. She played the all-American dumb blonde to perfection; when they remake the remake of *Guys And Dolls* she's gotta be "ever-loving" Adelaide.

And here she is, playing in London England for the first time, with a *Jungle Book* backdrop and Rick 'look, no machine-heads, ma' Derringer on guitar. She's straight in with the catchy 'Change Of Heart' and already convincingly emotional for 'Boy Blue' — "for one of my dearest friends". It seems really incongruous, her dressed like *that* and singing like she means it. How does she get away with 'What's Going On?' (with gunfire intro and blitz lighting). Even the dreadful wine bottle percussion of 'Iko Iko' is tolerable. Hell, I'm impressed.

Ah-ha, you're thinking. He's fallen for it. For the way her lampshade skirt and dress jacket are cast aside revealing the lurex, er, girdle and the stockings and suspenders and . . . Well, it'd be dishonest if I denied this (worra liberal) but Cyn doesn't really need any of this skimpy stuff. OK so it's part of the act, but the content of her lyrics, the infectious songs, the Bananarama bounce in her dancing, and the self-deprecating references to her voice and "horror show" create spectacle enough.

She may struggle against the Derringer overdrive of 'Calm Inside The Storm' or 'One Track Mind', she may cruise effortlessly through the *Happy Days* doo-wop of 'Maybe He'll Know', but it's still some performance. I think of Bonnie Tyler and

Patsy Kensit and Mandy Smith, and then I place Cyndi alongside Debbie Harry and Madonna. Blimey, Britain hasn't produced an *original* female pop star since Dusty Springfield (maybe Kate Bush at a push). It probably still involves playing dirty to get along, selling sexual fantasy, giving the Business what it wants. But there's a strong element of courage in Ms Lauper's music; escaping the plastic passion stereotype and stretching herself — her intelligence, her emotions — into her songs.

"This next number I took a lot of grief for . . ." goes the Bronx whine through pink lips, "because it made me filthy." (Cheers of approval from she-boppers everywhere.) "Y'see, I came to this conclusion that a bop a day keeps the doctor away." In 'She Bop', 'The Faraway Nearby', 'True Colours', and 'Time After Time' she slows it down and wraps us round her finger, before the heavy finale of 'Money Changes Everything' (or is it 'The Draise Train'?). Inevitably there's a crass "get your gear off for the boys" chant from a few Old Men punters when Cyn returns for 'Girls Just Want To Have Fun', but I'm already shuffling. Soon I'm singing along with Rick on 'Hang On Snoopy' and when they return again with Jackie Wilson's 'Baby Workout' — "this is one of the best songs he does"! — I'm applauding the bass solo!

She can't leave us like this. There's something genuine about her, there's something optimistic, there's something sad, there's . . . something in my eye. She sings a bitter-sweet snatch of 'True Colours' unaccompanied: "it's hard to take courage in a world full of people/you can lose sight of it all . . ." Call me a snivelling wretch. Call me a sucker for stockings and suspenders. Call me a Smiths-crazed old sentimentalist. I thought she was brilliant!

LEN BROWN

FELT LONDON UNIVERSITY

FROM A distance, everything seems clearer. From a distance, all the lines, all the sounds blur and sink back into the wistful abandon that follows love. The personality no longer matters, the whole is all — the sign on the door reads 'disturb at risk'. Felt were tumbling on magical tonight, that much I remember and that much I can't believe. But how else can one explain a sound where barely the slightest breeze held sway over a trance-like crowd, or the plush sweeping organ drone which hypnotised the senses, or Lawrence's voice; that arrogantly sensual mix of the fringe and the fragile? Distance makes clear . . . that much is clear.

Felt at ULU: the time, the place, the mood were wrong and yet . . . despite the 15-minute tea-break separating set from encore . . . despite the brevity of the set . . . despite Lawrence's predilection for all things Reed and psychedelic (or maybe, *because of*) . . . despite the precious *precious* feeling . . . despite the lack of variance between different songs . . . Felt shone. Not the slightest of a sneer, not the hint of a tantrum to mar the occasion, but a rich lush flowing pop which carried all before it.

THE LEGEND!

ZEKE MANYIKA PHASE ONE NEW YORK PIG FUNKERS EDINBURGH TEVIOT ROW UNION

AN ABYSMAL turn out at Teviot's celebratory dance-night meant that Phase One, a huge steel band from Coventry, rattled their cans to an audience smaller in number than themselves and the frigid emptiness of the hall did nothing for a big sound that needs heat and motion. Some great, happy playing only made it worse and they dismantled their oil drums to the sound of ten hands clapping.

The New York Pig Funkers somehow made a crowd of people appear and managed to whip them up to a fast frenzy with their usual funk aplomb and set the scene for Zeke Manyika and his black and white band. They played a blend of rhythms, a cross-fertilisation of hi-life, soul and funk, Manyika roaming through an audience now dancing into drunkenness. But there was a spark missing from the set, the approach to the music too determined and flash when it really needed more space and traces of chaos to make it work. The Bhundu Boys, having captured all hearts before them, have provided the high water mark. Zeke's African sounds are diluted and weak within his collection of songs.

"We're playing shite tonight, but thanks anyway," cries the pale girl backing vocalist after the crowd clap them back for an encore. I wouldn't go as far as that, but I would say that Zeke should watch his laurels as British ears increasingly tune in to the happy twirlings of the Sounds of Africa.

BOB FLYNN

THE SOUP DRAGONS BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY

FED UP with reading about the Buzzcocks in Soup Dragon reviews? You can bet the Soup Dragons are; but may the grisly fate of The Chords befall them if they are ever so presumptuous as to complain.

The Soupie scrapbook is crammed with hundreds of 'leave your brain at home and dance' notices. Why? And why should we? The group has nothing to offer beyond the basic ability to chug out a monotonous up-tempo rhythm and some familiar one-string guitar solos: they are quite faceless and utterly predictable.

DJ FONTANA

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY

FIRST THERE was ignorance. Then there was impudence.

A full house. There are more boys than girls. The screaming is interesting. Ignorance. Curiosity Killed The Cat make a hall full of hot consumers wait and wait. While they spray *Pomagne* over each other. While they inhale the sycophantic backstage air. While they tune their instruments. Two goes on *Top Of The Pops* buys you the world and all the praise you can eat. Curiosity Killed The Cat are making a meal of it. A man asks us all to take two steps back. Nobody moves an inch. Pop is choc-a-bloc with bad manners as style. Ignorance is par for the course. So we wait.

Impudence. Curiosity Killed The Cat have more cheek than a naturalists' convention. They've cajoled a cross-section of Liverpool's youth to give them their money.

They sit them down to a table full of cod-funk, shady grooves and sky-grey half-melodies. Ben Volpierre, a ringer for Frank Spencer, does not sing, he whispers. Two thousand Bettys scream back. Some of them are boys. He keeps dropping down to the floor like he just fell through a trap door. He is one of the many pupils at the Jim Kerr School Of Stagecraft.

The songs have no dynamics. They are valium calm. Curiosity Killed The Cat are the new pop sensation. I can tell because people are screaming. But at least with Duran Duran you get a tune to hang your awkward lust on.

Ben and his happy mates are clean and male. They smile and lend themselves to post-pubescent sexual fantasy. Their music is neither here nor there. They will go a long way.

JOHN MCCREADY

WAYNE SHORTER LONDON WAG CLUB

PASS UP the opportunity to hear saxophone supremo Wayne Shorter in a London club session? No chance. The buzz around this one off session, prior to his Euro tour, had been gathering momentum for weeks, and while a queue of hopefuls braved an icy wind outside the Wag, inside it resembled the Northern Line at rush hour.

Shorter's strong tunes and rich harmonies swept aside the clichés that are often associated with "fusion". Drawing on material from his forthcoming 'Phantom Navigator' album and last year's 'Atlantis' set, the man is heading towards the year 2000 with a vengeance and is in at the deep end on the new technology front. Jim Beard's synthesisers created a mesmerising collage of sounds and textures, and through this enticing web, Shorter's soprano sax bobbed and weaved with a fiery intensity. Propelled along by a funky backbeat that would have made Sly Stone envious, soprano and synthesisers inevitably blurred into one almighty sound, and you were assaulted by a wave of echoes that hollered, "Miles Davis!" But Shorter is his own man — his lyrical but complex compositions reflect a distinctive individual spirit at work.

PAUL BRADSHAW

MEATLOAF SHEFFIELD CITY HALL

MEATLOAF IS the picture of cool dignity as he enters stage right. Not a hair out of place, not a wrinkle on brow or shirt. Within a minute his forehead starts to bead with perspiration, within two his shirt is damply pleated across his back, and within three his hair is clumped together in moistened locks. Make no mistake, this man gives his all.

He cuts a figure of 18th century decadence, a mad poet in black, who stomps and shuffles about but maintains an utterly magnetic stage presence. He personifies the Hollywood musical tradition from his bellowing to the little dramas that he acts out on stage with two svelte, blonde, fantasy women. The American dream unfolds before us, dished out in a multi-flavoured pizza faceted with snippings of pornography, television advertisements and 1950s cliché. "It was a hot summer night and the beach was burning," pants 'loaf, while the two women swoon, goggle-eyed, into his arms.

Take note also, of the sheer power of his voice which is as mighty as a Wagnerian baritone and snugly suited to the epic, histrionic heights of his music.

So why has this talent, this true performer never received the acclaim he deserves? Is it size prejudice? Was he born too early or too late, with the wrong coloured skin or in the wrong town? I looked around at the audience to seek some answers, an audience so sedate and hushed you'd think they'd come to see Pavarotti. Mr Big Stuff is not that far behind.

CLAIRE MORGAN JONES

RED WEDGE WOMEN'S NIGHT LONDON SHAW THEATRE

It was Gala night, a Royal Red Wedge Variety Performance, a Battle of the Bands. The emphasis was on the tried and tested; an airing of familiar British women's talent, easy ebullience, and a collection of celebratory pieces.

Dubbed a "psychedelic Fuzz-box", the first group *Coming Up Roses* were indeed a motley crew, of ex-Shillelagh Sisters, Dolly Mixtures, Amazulu and every British women's band that's gone near to making it. The Sisterhood circuit — a system of swapping, changing, co-operating — has here come up

MAZE FEATURING FRANKIE BEVERLEY LONDON WEMBLEY ARENA

In this hype-hungry, commodity conscious world it's impossible to avoid soul. Look at any structure of mass communication and you'll find Levi's Soul, a self-reverential reference point for mythologised youth. For insular purism and Punishing Soul go North where, only last week, punters came from miles around to rekindle the lights of Wigan Casino. Maze Soul, on the other hand, is invisible until Frankie Beverley and the boys hit town. Maze is a vast, unsung cult and it's more about revivalism than Billy Graham Soul ever was.

It's a melting pot of every

sharp voice strong emotive confident, and before you could say 'Puppet On A String' she was replaced by the 'wacky' Jap duo *Frank Chickens* — now surprisingly *not* singing about canaries, cartoons and Milton Keynes. They still use slides, striking visuals and backing tapes, though their former post-punk angularity has given way to a curious mixture of Japanese MOR and Eurobeat.

Minus Ben Tracey Thorn proved strong as a performer in her own right. Paying tribute to heroines Patsy Cline and Frances Farmer, she belted out country touched numbers, including the excellent 'Love Not Money' track 'Ugly Little Dreams'. Tracey was

soul boy and soul brother from Streatham to Southend that fills Wembley with a single intention: uncompromising, non-stop *boooooogie*. And from the first orchestral brass blast that signals 'Twilight Town (South Africa)', they're on the chairs, they're in the aisles, they're whistling and singing and chanting. Turn around and there's the irresistible sight of surging bodies.

Frankie is Maze's Chrisma Factor. Alternating between keyboards and upfront centre stage, he's like a preacher leading his congregation through a service. He sings to bodies; his voice is a moody richness that spans everything from scat snatches on 'Why You?', to screeches from deep within the soul. He also sings for bodies; numbers like 'I Want

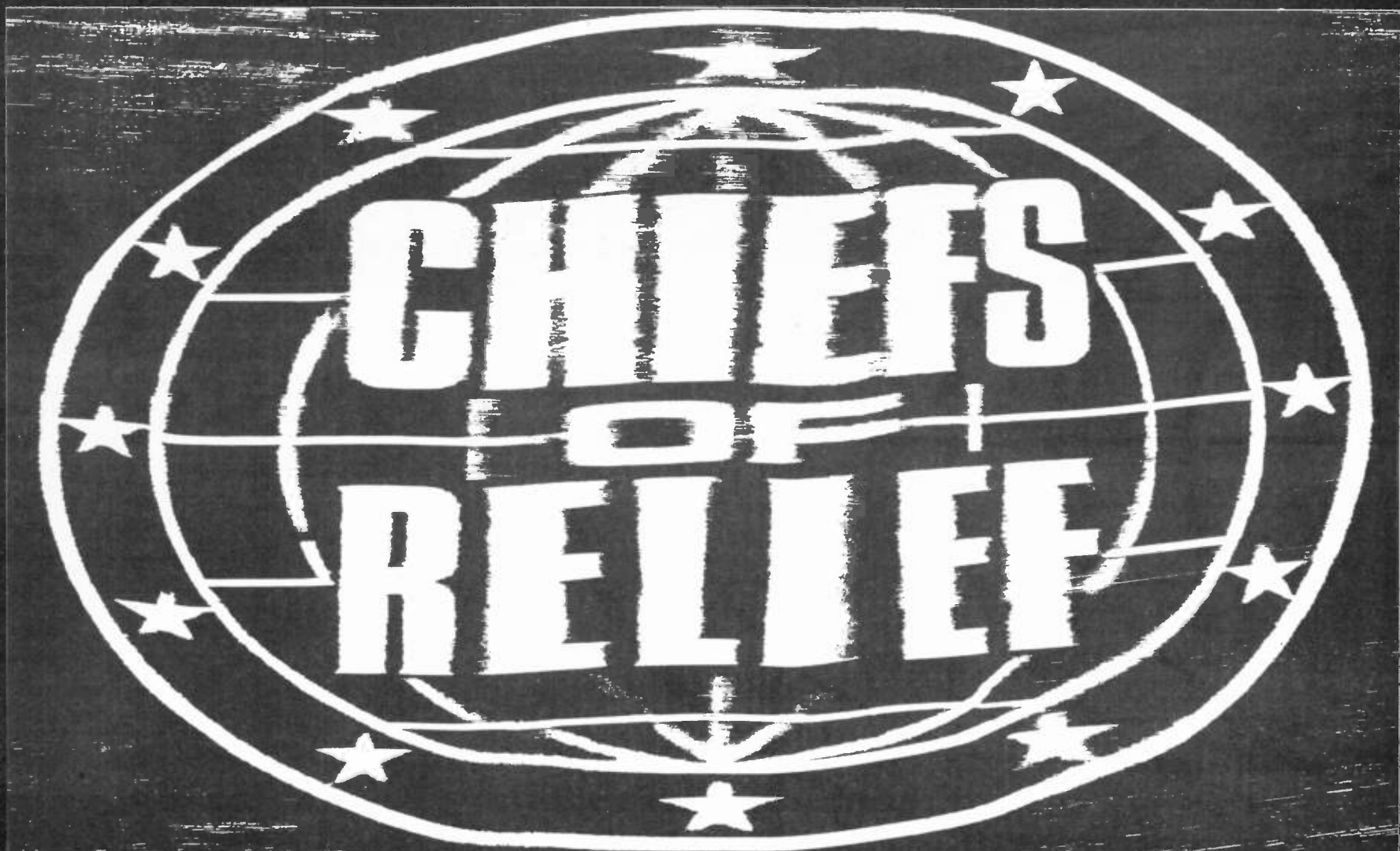
To Feel Wanted' and the Stax-ish 'Be With You' address love and loneliness, perennial body problems. Nowhere is the honeyed emotion more explosive than in a rapturous reception for 'Joy And Pain'. The choppy synth soon gives way to an unaccompanied chorus of "Joy and pain/ That's the way it is/ Like sunshine and rain..." "Sing with all your heart," says Frankie and the keepers of the faith never stop.

Well, I admit it. Short of old Godfather Brown himself, I never thought I'd see a band turn the cavernous Arena into an intimate nightclub. Maze do just that, and considering their sell-out string of London nights, how can 25,000 people be wrong? Funk at its most fundamental.

LOUISE GRAY

followed by a honey voiced *Shella Smith*, winding her jazz inflections round Gershwin's 'Summertime', paving the way for *Sara Jane Communnard*, shock-headed and a star, with the biggest voice of them all. Her rendition of 'Me And Mrs Jones' had 1000 knees trembling. On stage the numbers swelled for the finale as every act swung along to MacFadden & Whitehead's disco hit 'Ain't No Stoppin' Us Now'. It was Live Aid for Labour — no surprises but an affirmation of (mainly white) faces who've punctuated the last decade of 'Women in Music'. Celebration, but time to keep moving...

LUCY O'BRIEN



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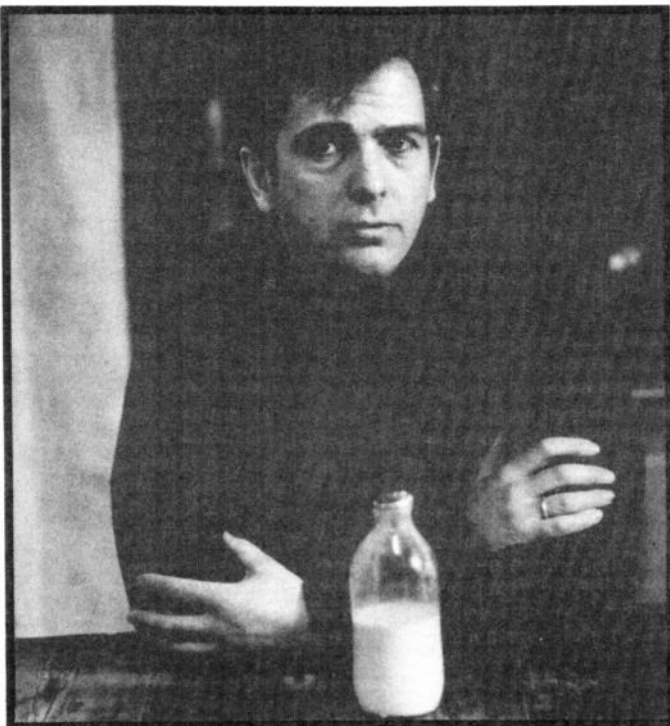
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TOUR NEWS



PETER GABRIEL announces three extra summer dates: London Earls Court (June 27 and 28), Birmingham NEC (July 2). Tickets for the shows are available only in London. Cheques made payable to Harvey Goldsmith Ents Ltd should be addressed to: Peter Gabriel Earls Court, RS Tickets, PO Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS. Tickets for London are priced £14 + 50p booking fee price ticket and £13 + 50p booking fee per ticket.

In Birmingham tickets are available also by post with cheques and postal orders made payable to Harvey Goldsmith Ents Ltd and addressed to: Peter Gabriel NEC, RS Tickets, PO Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS. Tickets for Birmingham are priced at £13+50p booking fee per ticket and £12+50p booking fee per ticket. The Credit Card Hot-line for all dates is 01-741 8999.

Tickets are limited to four per application.

BLACK ROOTS, the Bristol-based reggae group, are about to embark on a major tour of the UK to coincide with the release of their third album, 'Allday Allnight'. Produced by the Mad Professor, 'Allday Allnight' is available both on vinyl and cassette on the band's own label Nubian Records. The UK dates are as follows: Canterbury University Of Kent (March 4), Lampeter St David's University College (March 6), Bournemouth Coco's (8), Milton Keynes The Point (10), Swansea Marina's Nitespot (12), Deptford Albany Empire (13), Birmingham Thashas (14), Camden Dingwalls (20), Torrington Plough Theatre (21), Newcastle Riverside (26), Penzance Demelzas (April 9), Portsmouth Basins (10), Weston-Super-Mare Knightstone Centre (11).

ALISON MOYET has announced additional dates for her tour, later this year. They are: Cork City Hall (April 6), Limerick Savoy (7), Dublin Stadium (8), Glasgow SEC (May 8) and Brighton Conference Centre (10). Tickets are £8.50 and £7.50.

CLUB SANDINO, a new nightclub set up by the Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign will open in March under the banner 'Clubs Against the Contras'. The music will range from jazz, Latin, soul and funk to hip-hop and house with guest DJs including Working Week's Simon Booth and Jerry Dammers of Special AKA (March 5). Radio DJs Wendy May and Giles Petterson will also be appearing at the club which will be housed at 114 Upper Street, London N1. *NME's* soul patrol will be well represented with Lucy O'Brien joining Wendy May on the evening of women DJs (March 12) and on the following week (March 19) a special *NME* For Nicaragua night will feature Paolo Hewitt, Stuart Cosgrove and Steve Ceasar on the wheels as three go mad in Managua. Full details and donations ring Amanda Goodall 01-608 0686.

JOHNNY CASH, The Nitty Gritty Dirtband, Ed Bruce, Lacy J Dalton, The Whites, Michael Murphy, Billie Jo Spears, Southern Pacific, Dan Seals, Ray Price, Jimmy C Newman and Steve Wariner are among the acts now confirmed to play the Peterborough Country Music Festival which runs from August 28–31. Lonnie Donegan will not now be appearing but it seems likely that Hoyt Axton may soon be added to the bill. Four-day tickets for the event are already available, priced £28.00, £38.00 or £50.50.

AFTER TONITE, the Coventry band headed by Lynval Golding, play a number of headline gigs before supporting The Pogues on their 'Round St Pat's Night' tour. The dates, all in London are at Woolwich Tramshed (March 19), Camden Palace (24) and Soho Wag Club (26). Additionally, After Tonite are supporting Burning Spear at their Norwich UEA gig this Friday (6).



THE CULT have added yet another four dates to their ever-expanding tour and now play Poole Arts Centre (March 27), Ipswich Gaumont (28), Oxford Apollo (29) and Leicester DeMontfort Hall (30). Tickets are already on sale, priced £6.00.

RECORD NEWS

SINGLES

● **THE BELOVED:** 'Happy Now' (Flim Flam) actually a three-track 12-inch — out March 13. ● **BOSTON:** 'Amanda' (MCA) re-released already? — out this week. ● **ELKIE BROOKS:** 'Break The Chain' (Legend) penned and produced by Russ Ballard ● out March 9. ● **ANNE CLARK:** 'Hope Road' (10) — out now. ● **PATSY CLINE:** 'Crazy' (MCA) the Willie Nelson song in the version that recently became the top country entrant in *NME's* All-Time 150 singles list — out now. ● **CLUB NOUVEAU:** 'Lean On Me' (Warner Bros) US funk squad with a cover of the Bill Withers winner — out now. ● **CRAZYHEAD:** 'What Gives You The Idea That You're So Amazing, Baby?' (Food Ltd) long title louts from Leicester — out now. ● **CARLENE DAVIS:** 'Winnie Mandela' (Greensleeves) ● out March 9. ● **XIKI DEE:** 'Falling In Love Again' (EMI) from a forthcoming album, 'Angel Eyes' — out now. ● **DURAN DURAN:** 'Skin Trade' (EMI) you can now take your pick from a poster-pack single or a cassette single with a special Stretch mix — out now. ● **EXPOSE:** 'Come Go With Me' (Arista) Miami based female trio — out March 9. ● **JOHN FARNHAM:** 'You're The Voice' (RCA) after all these years, the biggest name in Oz-rock once

more — out March 9. ●

DEBORAH GLASGOW: 'Don't Stay Away' (UK Bubbler) the backing 's supplied by Studio One musicians — out now. ●

GOATS DON'T SHAVE: 'Omar Sharif's Moustache' (Go Go Goat) — is there a Dr (Zhivago) in the house? — out March 9. ●

THE INCREDIBLE BLONDES: 'Where Do I Stand' (No Strings) debut single from a Glasgow four-piece — out now. ●

JOHNNY HATES JAZZ: 'Shattered Dreams' (Virgin) — out March 9. ●

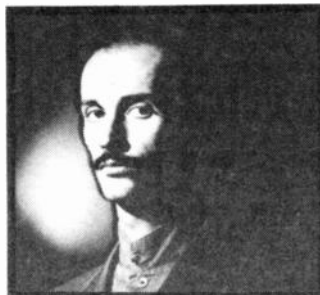
GRACE JONES: 'Party Girl' (Manhattan) produced by Nile Rogers — out March 9. ●

HOWARD JONES: 'Little Bit Of Snow' (WEA) Howie Haircut's anti-drug song — out now. ●

LAIBACH: 'Geburt Einer Nation' (Mute) would you believe, a cover version of Queen's 'One Vision'? — out March 9. ●

MAGNUM: 'When The World Comes Down' (Polydor) — out now. ●

PAULINE MURRAY AND THE SAINT: 'Hong Kong' (Polestar) a four-



Laibach's Freddie Mercury

track 12-inch produced by Robert Blamire — out March 9. ● **ROBBIE NEVIL:** 'Dominoes' (Manhattan) from his forthcoming album — out March 9. ● **NOTHING BUT HAPPINESS:** 'Detour' (Remorse) New York band — out now. ● **RIKKI PATRICK:** 'Night Moves' (DRC) — out this week. ● **PRINCE:** 'Sign Of The Times' (Warner Bros) his first of '87, backed by a song co-written with Sheena Easton — out now. ● **RIKKI PATRICK:** 'Night Moves' (DRC) — out this week. ● **JENNIFER RUSH:** 'I Come Undone' (CBS) from the forthcoming album 'Heart Over Mind' — out now. ● **DAVIS SANBORN:** 'The Dream' (Warner Bros) — out now. ● **SHOKK:** 'Lock Me Out' (Polydor) Brit-soul — out March 9. ● **SHY:** 'Break Down The Walls' (RCA) they were support band on the recent Meatloaf tour — out now. ● **SWIMMING IN SAND:** 'Happy Sad' (Strand) — out this week. ● **TENDER LUGERS:** 'Enjoy Yourself' (Kick) yet another four track 12-inch — out March 13. ● **THOMPSON TWINS:** 'Get That Love' (Arista) from the twins who are, at last, two. From a forthcoming album 'Close To The Bone' — out March 9. ● **VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE:** 'Just A City' (Food Ltd) — out now. ● **WET WET WET:** 'Wishing I Was Lucky' (Precious) soul-pop band from Edinburgh — out this week. ● **WHITES LIES:** 'Walk On The Wild Side' (WEA) an ex-Matt Bianco with a Lou Reed classic? — out now.

ALBUMS



Mekons: honky tonkin'

● **DENNIS BROWN:** 'Wolves And Leopards' (Blue Moon) re-release of a classic reggae album – out March 27. ● **T. GRAHAM BROWN:** 'Tell It Like It Used To Be' (Capitol) a US country-chart hit-maker who works at Muscle Shoals – out now. ● **CARDIAC:** 'Big Ship' (Alphabet) London-based manic rockers – out now. ● **ANNE CLARK:** 'Hopeless Cases' (10) Croydon poetess – out now. ● **CRASH:** 'I Feel Fine' (Remorse) New York band currently touring here – out now. ● **THE DELTAS:** 'Mad For It' (ID) psychotic blues – out now. ● **ERIC DOLPHY:** 'Other Aspects' (Blue Note) previously unreleased material by an under-recovered jazz genius ● out March 9. ● **GREEN ON RED:** 'The Killer Inside Me' (Mercury)



THE STARS OF HEAVEN follow up their acclaimed 'Sacred Heart Hotel' mini-LP with a new single 'Holyhead' which is available on both 7" and 12". An LP is scheduled for early summer release and the band begin a UK tour in mid-March. They play Bristol Western Star Domino Club (March 13), Polytechnic of Central London (14), Manchester Boardwalk (15), Nottingham Trent Poly (16), Liverpool Poly (17), Hull Adelphi Club (18), London Bay 63 (19), Bath Moles Club (20).

TINA TURNER is planning a massive open-air concert in Britain later this year. Her 14 concerts at Glasgow, Birmingham and Wembley have already proved sell-outs and now a new super-venue is being sought, possibly Milton Keynes Bowl. Support during Turner's UK tour is Robert Cray, the bluesman she met while filming her TV special, *Breaking All The Rules*, during 1985.

MISTY IN ROOTS, Zeke Manyika and Lorna Gee play a 'Nicaragua Must Survive' benefit gig at London's Hammersmith Town Hall on March 26. Tickets for the show are priced £5.00 and £4.00 (UB40).

THE WOLFGANG PRESS play their first gig of the year at Chelmsford Chancellor Hall on Thursday March 12. Another gig has been fixed for March 23 when the Press play London's Player's Theatre in Villiers Street. A new Wolfgang Press EP is expected in April, at which point the band will be heading up to the Midlands and the North before making their American debut in May.

THE GORDON GILTRAP BAND, Dave Swarbrick's Whippersnapper, Dick Gaughan and The Oyster Band are among the huge number of acts playing Bognor Regis' South Downs Folk Festival, which takes place July 3-5.

BRUCE COCKBURN is confirmed to play the Greenbelt '87 Festival at Castle Ashby Park, Northants over the August Bank Holiday (28-31) . . . **PHYLLIS HYMAN** has added an extra date for her London stage debut and now plays the Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday, April 4 . . . **PAUL YOUNG** has been confirmed as special guest on Genesis' UK tour . . . **TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY**, likely to be one of the soulboys of '87, will support Simply Red on their forthcoming UK tour.

recorded in Memphis — out March 9. ● **JOHN HARTFORD**: 'Gum Tree Canoe' (Sundown) a recent recording released in the States on Flying Fish — out March 27. ● **JOE HENDERSON**: 'The State Of The Tenor' (Blue Note) live at the Village Vanguard — out March 9. ● **THE ICICLE WORKS**: 'If You Want To Defeat Your Enemy Sing His Song' (Beggars Banquet), there are also cassette and CD versions both with different, extra tracks — out March 9. ● **CHRIS ISAAK**: 'Chris Isaak' (Warners) Californian singer-songwriter — out now. ● **BEN E. KING**: 'Stand By Me' (Atlantic) 16 goodies — out now. ● **LA MUERTE**: 'Every Soul By Sin Oppressed' (Big Disk) Basques, Belgians and a hardcore female drummer from San Francisco! — out now. ● **LA MUERTE**: 'Every Soul By Sin Oppressed (Big Disk) Basques, Belgians and a hardcore female drummer from San Francisco — out now ● **LANG AND THE RECLINES**: 'Angel With A Lariat' (Sire) produced by Dave Edmunds — out now. ● **THE MEKONS**: 'The Mekons Honky Tonkin' (1) lariat looping, Leeds style — out March 19. ● **GARY MOORE**: 'Wild Frontier' (10) — out now. ● **JAMES NEWTON**: 'Romance And Revolution' (Blue Note) jazz flautist — out March 9. ● **DOLLY PARTON, LINDA RONSTADT and EMMYLOU HARRIS**: 'Trio' (Warner Bros) finally — the album they've been trying to make since 1977! — out now. ● **MICHEL**



Dolly, Emmy and Linda: together at last

PETRUCCIANI: 'Power Of Three' (Blue Note) recorded live at the 1986 Montreux Jazz Festival — out March 9. ● **THE PLATTERS**: 'The Great Pretender' (Magnum Force) reissue that includes version of 'The Great Pretender' and 'Money Money' — out March 27. ● **ROOT BOY SLIM**: 'Don't Let This Happen To You' (Bedrock) from the one-time leader of the Sex Change Band — out now. ● **RUBELLA BALLET**: 'The Cocktail Mix' (Ubiquitous) includes the tracks from the 'Ballet Bag' nine-track tape plus the now deleted 'Ballet Dance' single. From a band who, rumour has it, will split on New Year's Day 1988 — out now. ● **KLAUS SCHULZE**: 'Dreams'

THE ARMOURY SHOW, Ice Babies plus another, as yet unnamed band, are offering their services free in order to aid Students Against Drugs, an organisation set up by three undergrads at London's King's College. The bands will be playing a special gig at the Chelsea based college on Wednesday, March 11, and all profits will be donated to SAD. Tickets cost £4.50 in advance (from the King's College Students Union office in The Strand) or £5.00 on the door The Armoury Show, currently finishing a new single, play a one-off at London's Astoria Theatre on March 12. The nucleus of Richard Jobson (vocals) and Russell Webb (bass) will be joined by guest musicians for the show. Tickets are now on sale, priced £4.00 in advance or £4.50 on the night.

ROBYN HITCHCOCK has lined up four dates for March. He plays Bedford International Club (March 5), Bristol Tropic (6), Northampton Old Five Bells (7) and Croydon Underground Club (8).

LAIBACH, the Yugoslavian band last seen in Britain performing at Sadler's Wells with Michael Clark last autumn, are to play London's Queen Elizabeth Hall on Wednesday, April 1. Laibach also play Liverpool State Cinema (2), Manchester Boardwalk Club (5), and Brighton Zap Club (9). Mute Records are to release the band's 'Opus Dei' album on March 16.

GREEN ON RED, from LA, play a series of UK shows next month, starting at Newcastle Riverside (19), Sheffield Leadmill (21), Norwich University Of East Anglia (22), Leeds Polytechnic (24), Nottingham Rock City (25), Edinburgh Queen's Hall (26), Manchester International (27), London Town & Country Club (29). Special guest at Edinburgh, Manchester and London will be Steve Earle.

Green On Red have just released a new single, 'Clarksville', and will follow this with a LP on the Mercury Label in mid-March.

THE STRANGLERS play an extra show at London's Hammersmith Odeon on March 31. Tickets for the show, which is to be recorded by Capitol Radio, are priced £7.50 and £6.50.

DEACON BLUE, the Scottish band now signed to CBS, are touring to promote their debut single, 'Dignity', due out on March 16. Dates are: London Goldsmiths College (March 13), Bath Moles Club (14), London Marquee (16), Manchester University (18), Warwick University (19), Edinburgh The Venue (25), Galashiels Scottish Textile College (26), Dundee Dance Factory (29), Newcastle Riverside (30), Leicester Polytechnic (April 1) and London Harlesden Mean Fiddler (3). A few more dates are still to be confirmed.



MY BLOODY VALENTINE, recently support band on the Soup Dragon's tour, are to headline their own tour, playing North London Polytechnic on March 3 and then moving on to gigs at Hull Adelphi (4), Leicester Princess Charlotte (5), Nottingham Mardi Gras (6), Portsmouth Basin (10), Reading Majestic (11), Manchester Boardwalk (12), Bristol Tropic Club (13), and Basingstoke Caribbean Club (14).

release — out now. ● **SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE**: 'Dance To The Music' (Thunderbolt) early days from the Family album — out March 27. ● **SOUNDTRACK**: 'The Fly' (TER) well, it's better than having Lionel Richie on your ceiling — out this week. ● **CHUCK STANLEY**: 'The Finer Things In Life' (Def Jam) he sang back-ups on Oran 'Juice' Jones' album — out this week. ● **SURFADELICS**: 'Run Chicken Run' (Hit) — out this week. ● **THE DAMNED**: 'Damned, Damned, Damned' (Demon) reissue of The Damned's debut album, originally on Stiff in 1977 — out April 3. ● **JAMES 'BLOOD' ULMER**: 'America — Do You Remember?' (Blue Note) his Blue Note debut — out March 9. ● **VARIOUS**: 'Nothing In Common' (Arista) soundtrack that includes contributions from The Kinks, Thompson Twins, Nick Heywood, Aretha Franklin and others — out March 9. ● **VARIOUS**: 'Beauty' (Pink) tracks by The Wolfhounds, McCarthy, Rumblefish, June Brides etc. — out now. ● **VARIOUS**: 'Beyond Tomorrow' (Unicorn) tracks by Sharp, a group that includes former Jamsters Rick Buckler and Bruce Foxton, plus The Gents, The Times, The Purple Hearts and others — out now. ● **VARIOUS**: 'The Magnificent Seven' (ABC) compilation featuring The Meteors, Guana Batz, Demented Are Go, Sting Rays and various rocka/psychobillies — out March 13. ●

(Thunderbolt) the sound of synths — out March 27. ● **DAN SEALS**: 'On The Frontline' (Capitol) once the front half of England Dan and John Ford Coley, he's now a star in Nashville — out now. ● **SIMPLY RED**: 'Men And Women' (Elektra) includes songs composed by the would-be legendary songwriting team Hucknall-Dozier-Hucknall — out now. ● **FRANK SINATRA**: 'This Is Sinatra Vol One' and 'This Is Sinatra Vol Two' (Capitol) Vol One is a hits compilation while Vol Two was planned, in part, as a true album. All classic stuff — out March 9. ● **PERCY SLEDGE**: 'When A Man Loves A Woman' (Atlantic) another 16 track compilation that acts as a companion to the Ben E. King

KlubFoot
CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM CLARENDON HOTEL (MAINBAR OPENING HOURS), LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, KEITH PROWSE, STARGREEN, ALBEMARLE, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, ROCK ON RECORDS OR ON THE NIGHT! *BAR OPEN TILL 12 PM*

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JOHN COOPER CLARKE

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TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

8-17 HIGHGATE ROAD, LONDON NW5
TICKETS £5.00 ADVANCE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 245 3134. CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3171. PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 0771. KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 8989. STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932. ALBEMARLE, TEL: 580 3141. ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, OR ON THE NIGHT.

BLIND MAN ON A FLYING HORSE LICK THE TINS

March 5th SHEBEEN, George & Dragon, Acton
8th MAYFAIR, Swansea
9th CRICKETERS, Kennington
13th ROCK GARDEN, Covent Garden
17th MEAN FIDDLER, Harlesden
St Patricks Night!
23rd GEORGE ROBEY, Finsbury Park
26th BULL & GATE, Kentish Town
30th HALF MOON, Putney

New Single IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT and New Album BLIND MAN ON A FLYING HORSE out soon!

Dear Sir,
I think this advertisement
breaks some rules

The Advertising Standards Authority.
We're here to put it right.

ASA Ltd., Dept. Y, Brook House, Torrington Place, London WC1E 7HN.

LIVE ADS (01-829 7816)

OPEN EVERY NIGHT 7-11pm

marquee

LICENSED BARS 90 WARDOUR ST W1
01 437 6603

ADVANCED TICKETS ARE ON SALE FOR CERTAIN SHOWS TO MEMBERS ONLY

<p>Thursday 5th March Shamie & Shake COLBERT HAMILTON Known as Black Elvis 2000 Plus Jim Jimmes</p> <p>Friday 6th & Saturday 7th March Japan's Premier Rock Band VOW WOW Plus Wild Passion (8th) Plus The 410 (7th)</p> <p>Sunday 8th March Howard Hughes and THE WESTERN APPROACHES Plus Support</p>	<p>Monday 9th March Pop Rock G.I. ORANGE Plus Rouen</p> <p>Tuesday 10th March TO BE ANNOUNCED</p> <p>Wednesday 11th March Hard Rock CHARIOT Plus Electric</p> <p>Thursday 12th March One Night Only I.Q. Plus Support</p>
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REDUCED ADMISSION FOR MEMBERS, STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARDHOLDERS

DINGWALLS

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

<p>Thursday 5th March Benefit for Double O THE BOOGIE BROTHERS THE YAYAS + HACKNEY FIVE - O Plus Super star Jam Session!!!! Entry by donation on night</p> <p>Friday 6th March Rock n' Roll from USA SLEEPY LA BEEF and Special Guests LUDDY SAMS & THE DELIVERERS Rock n' Soul Music £3.50</p> <p>Saturday 7th March CHEVALIER BROS LINO & THE YOW CITY EXPEDITION £4</p> <p>Sunday 8th March Sunday Showcases (7pm - 11.30pm) 2ND SEMI FINAL TALENT CONTEST Only £2. See 5 new bands!</p> <p>Monday 9th March THE WALLFLOWERS SAY YOU (Ex Skatell Family) and introducing from USA GREG TROOPER BAND Only £3 (£2 Concessions)</p>	<p>Tuesday 10th March Benefit for LEW LEWIS WILKO JOHNSON BAND KURSAAL FLYERS BILL MURLEY BAND THE SHAKERS BLAST FURNACE LITTLE ROOSTERS</p> <p>Wednesday 11th March Proceeds to Lew Lewis who he gets out of jail! Only £3 SCREAMING MARIONETTES ANNO LUCIS SHREW KINGS DJ Krys & His Scratch Video Shows £3.50 (£2.50 Concessions)</p> <p>Thursday 12th March TWO NATIONS (Featuring Ex members of THE BEAT) 3 MILES UNDER BACKLASH Soul Review £3.50 (£2.50 Concessions) Fri 13 JOHNNY POWERS (Rock n' Roll from USA) Sat 14 GENE MIGHTY FLEA CONNORS (Jazz n' Blues from USA) Mon 16 TAY FALCO & PANTHER BURNS Tues 17 CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN Wed 18 FIELDS OF NEPHILIM</p>
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CREDIT CARD HOTLINE (01) 741 8989 OR ANY BRANCH KEITH PROWSE FOR ADVANCE BOOKINGS

BAY 63

12 Acklam Road, Ladbroke Grove London W10. Tel: 960 4590

Thursday 5th March

POP WILL EAT ITSELF

+ THE BAMBI SLAM
+ LOOP
+ YEAH GOD

Adm £3.50/£3.00 8pm-12pm.

BAY 63

12 Acklam Road, Ladbroke Grove, London W10. Tel: 960 4590

Thursday 12th March

MIGHTY MIGHTY

+ THE CHESTERFIELDS
+ VITAL VOICE
+ THE CLAY PEOPLE

Admission £3.00/£2.50 8pm-12pm

MCP, by arrangement with VAT, Presents

erasure

Plus Special Guests

I START COUNTING

<p>NEWCASTLE CITY HALL WEDNESDAY 8th APRIL 8.00 pm Tickets: £5.00 Available from B/O Tel: 091-261 2606</p> <p>WESTMINSTER CENTRAL HALL THURSDAY 9th APRIL 8.00 pm Tickets: £6.00 Available from B/O Tel: 01-222 8010, LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01741 8989), Ticket Master & Stargreen</p> <p>BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE TUESDAY 14th APRIL 8.00 pm Tickets: £5.00 Available from Venue Tel: 021-643 4715, Odeon Theatre and Ticket Shop</p> <p>MANCHESTER RITZ WEDNESDAY 15th APRIL 8.00 pm Tickets: £5.00 Available from Ritz B/O, Piccadilly Records, Apollo Theatre, HMV</p> <p>BRIGHTON DOME FRIDAY 17th APRIL 7.30 pm Tickets: £5.00 Available from B/O Tel: 0273 674357 and usual agents</p> <p>BRISTOL COLSTON HALL SATURDAY 18th APRIL 7.30 pm Tickets: £5.00 Available from B/O Tel: 0272 22957 and usual agents</p>	<p>Discount of £1.00 to UB40 Card Holders Only Available from Venue</p>
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WAG CLUB

35 37 WARDOUR STREET, LONDON W1
TELEPHONE: 01-437 5534

THE WAG RESTAURANT OPEN FOR DINNER & BREAKFAST

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	SATURDAY	MONDAY
<p>3 GARY CROWLEY + VAUGHN TOULOUSE Present WHISKEY-A-GO-GO</p>	<p>4 HOT SWEAT presents "GIANT" in association with RIVINGTONS DJ HEAVY DUTY & 2 DAM FUNKY</p>	<p>5 The Wag Presents ex. Savajazz vocalist "SHERRONE" Live at the Wag DJ Steve Hollaway Upstairs RICO & ZANE</p>	<p>7 Cash with D.J. S TONY MAXINE + SARAH</p>	<p>8 "LIVE JAZZ" with D.J. S TONY MAXINE + SARAH</p>
<p>10 GARY CROWLEY + VAUGHN TOULOUSE Present WHISKEY-A-GO-GO</p>	<p>11 HOT SWEAT FUNKY UNDERGROUND DJ HEAVY DUTY & 2 DAM FUNKY</p>	<p>12 RAID AT THE WAG with Paul + Gary House, Go-Go, Chicago</p>	<p>14 Cash with D.J. S TONY MAXINE + SARAH</p>	<p>15 "LIVE JAZZ" with D.J. S TONY MAXINE + SARAH</p>

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

Michelle Shocked

+ SUPPORT

SUNDAY MARCH 8TH
TICKETS £5.50 ADV.
DOORS 7.30pm

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9-17 HIGHGATE ROAD NW5
KENTISH TOWN

From: T&C Box Office 267 3334
plus all usual agents.

MCP & Camouflage Presents

THE PRETENDERS

Plus Special Guests

WEMBLEY ARENA LONDON

SOLD OUT FRIDAY 22nd MAY SOLD OUT

THURS 21st MAY 7.30 pm

Tickets: £8.00 £7.00

Available by postal application from Pretenders B/O, P.O. Box 2, London W6
OLQ enclosing SAE, cheques made payable to MCP Limited and enclosing a 30p booking fee per ticket or by personal application to LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Ticket Master & Stargreen
All subject to a booking fee

mal

DEUTSCHLAND

ALL ABOUT EVE
CRAZY HEAD

SUN. 22nd MARCH

Plus Special Guests

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9-17 Highgate Road, Kentish Town, NW5
Tickets £4.50 advance, £5.00 doors. Doors 7.30pm.
Box Office: 267 3334. Stargreen 734 8932. Rough Trade Records. Rock On Records.
Keith Prowse 741 8989. Premier 240 0771. Rhythm Records

FRI. 6TH MARCH

THE PRIMITIVES

TALULAH GOSH
THE WIGS
APPLE MOSAIC

CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
Hammersmith Broadway DRS 7.30 PM. tickets £3.50 adv. £4 drs.
Clarendon (opening hours) Rough Trade Records/Stargreen: 734 8932
L.T.B. 439 3371/Keith Prowse: 741 8989/Premier: 240 0771/Rhythm Records

THE CHILLIS

ED KUPPER RAZORCUTS
& The Yard Goes On Forever

THURS 19TH MARCH

Tickets: £4 advance, £4.50 doors

AT THE BOSTON

ROUGH TRADE RECORDS L.T.B. 439 3371. PREMIER: 240 0771.
ROCK ON RECORDS STARGREEN 734 8932. KEITH PROWSE 741 8989
(opposite Tufnell Park Tube Station)

Mean Fiddler

LIVE MUSIC

28a HIGH STREET HARLESDEN NW10 Tel 01 961 5490

Wed 4th NOVA EXPRESS + MOOD INDEX + BEAUTIFUL STRANGERS + THE BODY POLLITIC

Thurs 5th, Fri 6th, Sat 7th

KATRINA AND THE WAVES

Sun 8th THE BLUES COLLECTIVE + THE CONTENTERS

Tues 10th THE GOSPEL PERFECT STRANGERS THE FUNNIEST JOKE IN THE WORLD

Fri 13th HARVEY AND THE WALLBANGERS

Wed 18th FROM USA CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN SALVATION SUNDAY

Sun 22nd FROM USA

THE SMITHEREENS

Mon 23rd FROM IRELAND MARY BLACK AND FREDDIE WHITE

Wed 25th THE BHUNDU BOYS

Fri 27th and Sat 28th FROM IRELAND MARY COUGHLAN AND HER BAND

Sun 29th and Mon 30th

TOM ROBINSON

BOOKINGS NOW BEING TAKEN IN NEW RESTAURANT ON: 01-965 2487 - EXCELLENT FRENCH MENU IN NEW EXCITING SURROUNDINGS - FREE ADM. TO LIVE MUSIC VENUE ANY NIGHT INCLUDING THESE MAIN ATTRACTIONS: KATRINA AND THE WAVES, THE SMITHEREENS, BHUNDU BOYS, TOM ROBINSON. OFFER APPLIES TO 3 COURSE MEALS ONLY.

THE MEAN FIDDLER IS A LIVE MUSIC VENUE WITH A RESTAURANT, 4 BARS, A DINER AND DANCEFLOOR. OPEN 7 NIGHTS A WEEK 8PM-2AM. FIRST ACT ON 9PM NIGHT BUS N18 - TUBE WILLESDEEN JUNCTION

THE HALF MOON

93 Lower Richmond Road, Putney SW15 Tel: 01-788 2387

Thursday 5th March

BILL CLIFTON - RED RECTOR

Friday 6th March

STEVE MARRIOTT'S OFFICIAL RECEIVER

Saturday 7th March

KOKOMO (Reunion)

Sunday 8th March

THE NEW SYNCOPATORS

Even: BIG JOE DUSKIN AND DAVE PEABODY

AMERICA'S TOP BOOGIE

WOOGIE PIANO PLAYER

Monday 9th March

LOWELL FULSON (USA)

Tuesday 10th March

PAZ

Wednesday 11th March

GRAMAPHONES

Thursday 12th March

CHEVALIER BROTHERS

HARP BEAT 87

SPEAR OF DESTINY

Plus Special Guests

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
THURSDAY 30th APRIL 7.30 pm

Tickets: £6.00 Available from B/O

Tel: 01-748 4081/2, LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Ticket Master & Stargreen.

HARP BEAT

THE HARP LAGER MUSIC PROGRAMME

LEAS CLIFF HALL, Folkestone

BOX OFFICE - TELEPHONE FOLKESTONE 0303 53193

Tuesday 10th March - 7.30pm
No.1 IN THE REGGAE CHARTS

MAXI PRIEST

PLUS SUPPORT
Tickets £4 Advance £4.50 Doors

Monday 16th March - 7.30pm
SPECIAL ST. PATRICK'S EVE CONCERT

THE POGUES

PLUS SUPPORT - AFTER TONITE
Tickets: £5.50 Advance £6 Door

Sunday 22nd March 7.30pm
THE BEST IN JAMAICAN REGGAE

BURNING SPEAR

PLUS SUPPORT
Tickets: £4.50 Advance £5 Door

Friday 27th March 7.30pm

THE STRANGLERS

PLUS SUPPORT All tickets £6.00

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

IT'S A real mixed-bag week, with reggae star **BURNING SPEAR** (Norwich, Friday), German Goths **X-MAL DEUTSCHLAND** (Oxford, Monday) and Scottish folkie **DICK GAUGHAN** (Bridgewater, Thursday) all starting UK jaunts, plus one-off London shows from metal maniacs **MEGADETH** (Hammersmith, Friday) and AOR rockers **BERLIN** (Kentish Town, Monday)

If there's nothing there to please you, then **THE CULT**, **BOB GELDOF**, **BAD**, **SIMPLY RED**, **DEEP PURPLE**, **BAD COMPANY**, **SPANDAU BALLET** and **PHIL COOL** are doing the rounds, while C & W fans disappointed by the cancellation of **TAMMY WYNETTE**'S dates can still catch **CHARLEY PRIDE** and **SLEEPY LABEEL**.

WEDNESDAY 4

Aldershot West End Centre: **The Chesterfields**
Birmingham Rowley Regis College: **Goats Don't Shave**
Blackburn St. George's Hall: **The Cardiacs**
Blackburn King George's Hall: **Ginger John**
Bootle Old Fire Station: **The Dubious Brothers**
Brabourne Five Bells: **Gary Dean Band**
Brentford Red Lion: **Monday Band**
Bristol Hippodrome: **The Hollies**
Canterbury University Of Kent: **Black Roots**
Cardiff Sams: **The Co-Stars**
Carlisle Sands Centre: **China Crisis**
Cheltenham: **The Works: Long Tall Texans**
Croydon Cartoon: **Out to Lunch**
Darlington Arts Centre: **Gene 'Mighty Flea' Connors**
Dover Louis Armstrong: **Catch 22**
Exeter Timepiece Wine Bar: **Precious Stone Thieves**
Farnham Ferneham Hall: **Flying Pickets**
Galway Leisureland: **Simply Red**
Glasgow Fixx Bar: **Stern Gang**
Glossop Trap Inn: **The Z-Birds**
Hanley Victoria Hall: **Magnum**
Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **The Beautiful Strangers**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **Rouen**
Hull Adelphi: **My Bloody Valentine**
Leeds Adam and Eves: **Discharge**
Leeds Coconut Grove: **Richard Isles Sextet**
Leeds Irish Centre: **Ted Hawkins/Swampgators**
Leeds Warehouse: **World Party, The Word**
Leicester Polytechnic: **Curiosity Killed The Cat**
Liverpool Cafe Berlin: **Alternative Comedy, Kevin Day, Mark Thomas, Johnny Imitrial**
London Astoria: **B.A.D.**
London Astoria: **The Chiefs Of Relief**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Monday Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Voice of the Beehive**
London Camberwell Union Tavern: **Mehead/Creed**
London Dean Street Gossips: **The Screaming Marionettes**
London E17 Royal Standard: **Camouflage, Flaming Orange, Tu Kan Dance, Honest Bros.**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Kilgore Trout, AC Temple, The Hobgoblins**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Phantasm/Josi Without Colours**
London Fulham Kings Head: **Ironhead, Double Vision**
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **That Riviera Touch, Boys Own, Word For Word**
London Greenwich Mitre Tunnel: **Danger Zone**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **The Body Politic**
London Hoxton Bass Clef: **Pat Crumly Quartet**
London Kennington Cricketers: **The Vibrators, Black Cillas**
London Mile End Road Half Moon: **Gail Thompson's Gailforce**
London Mile End Road Half Moon: **Steve Williamson Quintet**
London NW1 Dublin Castle: **27 Mattoids**
London Oval The Cricketers: **The Vibrators/Black Cillas**
London Palmers Green The Fox: **Exit 13/Moon Struck Two Children Of Cain**
London Putney Half Moon: **Grahamophones**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Les Simons Big Band**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Bop Brothers Blues Band**
London Stratford Polytechnic: **Urban Warriors**
London S.W. 15 Zeetas: **Jesters Foo**
London Walthamstow Royal Standard: **1987 Walthamstow Guardian Music Festival**
London Walthamstow Royal Standard: **Tu Kan Dance/Honest Brothers**
London WC1 London University Union: **Chatslow**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **K-State**
London WC2 City Lit: **Phillip Wachsmann, David Tucker and dancers from The London Dance Project**

London Wembley Arena: **Deep Purple/Bad Company**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Aptos**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Cult**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Brother Beyond**
Northampton Old Five Bells: **Pop Will Eat Itself**
Nottingham The Hippo: **Shave Teal**
Nottingham: **Temptation**
Nottingham Royal Centre: **Bob Geldof**
Oxford Bakery & Breshouse: **Oliver Jones**
Poole Mr C's: **The Godfathers/Five Next Time**
Preston Rumble Club: **The Clouds**
Reading The Cap & Gown: **The Walter Swinburne Story**
Romford The Rezz: **My Bloody Valentine**
Sheffield City Hall: **Gremilns**
Southampton London Arms: **Union Street**
Southampton University Student Union: **The Icicle Works/The Croppers**
Southend Reids: **The Poppies, Do Ya!, Idle Vice**
Stoke Shelley's: **The Primitives**
Teesside Polytechnic: **Vital Spark**
Telford Iron Master: **Billy Holton Bannister and the Soul Searchers**
Warrington The Barley Mow: **T-Dive**
York Lyons Concert Hall: **Samul Nori**

THURSDAY 5

Bath Moles Club: **People Like Us**
Bedford Greyfriars International Centre: **Yeah Jazz/Actors And Famous People**
Birmingham Odeon: **Simply Red**
Birkenhead Stairways: **The Fifteenth**
Brentford Red Lion: **Mick Clarke Band**
Bridgewater Arts Centre: **Dick Gaughan**
Brighton The Richmond: **The Long Tall Texans**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Phil Cool**
Bristol Tropic: **Crazyhead**
Bromborough Arches: **The Pictures**
Cambridge C.C.A.T. (Batman): **Attila The Stockbroker**
Canterbury College of Art: **The Ram Jam Band, 4,000,000 Telephones**
Cardiff Radcliffe Square Club: **Shark Taboo**
Carlisle Front Page: **Alice House**
Chesham Revolution at Stages: **The Heathcliffs, The Low Gods**
Croydon Cartoon: **Steve Whalley**
Deal Black Horse Hotel: **Sleazybeats**
Derby Blue Note Club: **G.I. Orange**
Dudley J.B.'s: **Karrier**
Dublin SFX: **Simply Red**
Edinburgh Playhouse: **The Cult**
Farnham Mallings: **Hard Lines**
Folkestone Pullman Wine Bar: **Traf Blues Band**
Gateshead Riverside: **Discharge**
Glasgow Cumbernauld Club King Size: **The Hanging Shed, Book of Skulls, Pain Killers, The Throat Pamphlet**
Harlow The Square, Fourth Avenue: **Pure Pressure, Jayne and David**
Hartlepool Labour Club: **Taste of Freshness/Shrug**
Hastings Crypt: **Architext**
High Wycombe The Nags Head: **The Walter Swinburne Story**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Hey Troy**
Ilkley Rose & Crown: **T-Dive**
Keele University: **Curiosity Killed The Cat**
Lancaster University: **Love & Money**
Leeds Colours (City Square): **Ada Wilson and That Uncertain Feeling**
Leeds Kaleidoscope Pop: **The Clouds**
Leeds Stallions: **The Chesterfields, The Clouds**
Leicester Princess Charlotte: **My Bloody Valentine**
Liverpool Polytechnic: **The Primitives**
London Astoria: **B.A.D.**
London Astoria: **The Chiefs Of Relief**
London Battersea The Latchmere: **Barflies**
London Bay 63: **Pop Will Eat Itself, Loop, Rose Hips, The Flatmates**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Mick Clarke Band**
London Brixton The Fridge: **Dance Like A Mother**
London Camberwell Union Tavern: **The Ring/Orange Car Test**



Burning Spear ready to set the land alight. Picture: Scott Lindgren.

London Camden Dingwalls: **Boogie Brothers/The Ya Ya's/Hackney Five O**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Questionaires**
London Camden Palace: **The Larks**
London Catford The Green Man: **Diz and the Doormen**
London Charing Cross Road Heaven: **Scarlet Fantastic**
London Dalston Junction The Craff: **The Favourite Game**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Doonicans, Ian McPherson, Don Carroll**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Keven Small And The Trousers/English Electric**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Wild Angels, R'n'R Disco**
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **I Start Counting, Incredible String Zombies**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **Famous Places**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Katrina & The Waves**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Lassoo The Moon/Gas Boys/Mad Hatter**
London Hoxton Bass Clef: **Jim Mullen Quartet**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Miaow, Sunday School**
London Kentish Town Town And Country Club: **Icicle Works**
London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63: **Pop Will Eat Itself, Bambi Slam, Yeah! God**
London Marquee: **Colbert Hamilton, Jim Jiminee**
London North Kensington Station Tavern: **Tom Nolan's Rockin' Blues Band**
London NW1 Dublin Castle: **Questionaires**
London NW5 Gypsy Queen: **Dangerous Music**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **The Way Out/The Picture/New Breed**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **New Era Dixieland**
London Stockwell The Plough: **London Apaches**
London SW15 Zeetas: **The Pictures**
London Walthamstow Royal Standard: **Vince And The Velocettes/Steve's Halloween Hop**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **John Otway/Big Jim And The Figaro Club**
London W1 Black Horse: **Jung and Parker**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **Word For Word**
London WC1 University Of London Union: **Slug The Nightwatchman**
London W1 Gossips: **The Trojans**
London W12 Bay 63: **Pop Will Eat Itself, Bambi Slam, Loop, Yeah! God!**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Charlie Rouse**
Manchester Boardwalk Club: **Inca Babies/Slim Turkeys**
Manchester International: **The Cardiacs**
Manchester International: **It Bites**
Newcastle Riverside: **Discharge, Oi Polloi, Hellbastard**
Newcastle University: **Ted Hawkins**
Northampton Criterion: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Dave Swarbrick's Whippersnapper**
Nottingham Royal Court: **Magnum**
Oxford Polytechnic: **The Stage**
Poole Mr C's: **Blue Cadillac**
Portsmouth Basin Club: **The Godfathers, Jake The Pilgrim**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Urban Warriors**
Reading Cap & Gown: **Clive Pig & G. J. Wall**
Southend Reids: **The Vibrators, Armless Teddies**
Stoke Hole In The Wall: **Billy Holton Bannister and the Soul Searchers**
Whitley Bay Ice Rink: **Spandau Ballet**

FRIDAY 6

Bath Moles Club: **Howard Hughes & The Western Approaches**
Bedford Greyfriars International Centre: **A Better Mousetrap**
Birmingham Mermaid: **Sceptre, One Love, Adagio**
Birmingham Polytechnic: **Zoot and the Roots**
Birmingham, Triangle Arts Centre, Ashton University: **Urban Warriors**
Bradford Queen's Hall: **Instigators, Annihilated, Civilised Society?/Deviated Instinct/Disturbed Autonomy**
Bradford St. George's Hall: **Magnum**
Brentford Red Lion: **Balham Alligators**
Bristol Colston Hall: **Bob Geldof**
Brighton The Richmond: **A Subway Package with The Flatmates, The Chesterfields, The Rosehips**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Phil Cool**
Bristol Tropic Club: **The Artisans**
Cardiff's St. David's Hall: **Charley Pride**
Carlisle The Front Page: **Hang The Dance**
Carlisle Stars & Stripes: **Discharge**
Cheriton White Lion: **Uncle Lumpy And The Fish Doctors**

Croydon Cartoon: **Bad Influence**
Croydon Fairfield Hall: **John McLaughlin**
Dublin SFX: **Simply Red**
Dudley J.B.'s: **Chat Show**
Dudley J.B.'s: **Pop Will Eat Itself**
Edinburgh Hoochie Coochie Club: **World Party**
Edinburgh Playhouse: **Deep Purple**
Edinburgh Queens Hall: **Charlie Rouse**
Edinburgh The Venue: **The Crows**
From Merlin Theatre: **Dick Gaughan**
Glasgow Barrowlands: **The Cult**
Harrow On The Hill Roxborough: **Roma**
Hastings Crypt: **Skin Games**
Henley The Five Horse Shoes: **The Walter Swinburne Story**
Hereford Market Tavern: **Tokyo**
Husbands Bosworth Cherry Tree: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**
Kent University: **The Stage**
Ladbroke Grove Bay 63: **Yeah God**
Lampeter St David's University College: **Black Roots**
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Icicle Works**
Leicester Polytechnic: **The Wild Flowers**
Leigh-on-Sea Grand Hotel: **The People**
Liverpool Mount Pleasant Cricketers: **The Lawnmower**
Liverpool Royal Court: **China Crisis**
London Bracknell The Friday Alternative: **Jez Prins**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Balham Alligators**
London Brentford Waterman Arms: **Rob Karol And Sue Hawker**
London Brixton Fridge: **You, You, You**
London Brixton Old White Horse: **The Howlers/Norman Lovett**
London Camden Black Horse: **Razorcuts/Jesse Garon And The Desperadoes/Bone People**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Sleepy LaBeef, Luddy Sams and the Deliverers**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **Juice On The Loose**
London Camden Town Macarno Club: **Kevin Selsay**
London Catford The Green Man: **Steve Gibbons Band**
London Cricklewood Hotel: **Brighton Bottle Orchestra/Jenny Eclair**
London East Ham Town Hall Lister Room: **An Evening with the Music of Sammy Cahn**
London EC1 City University Students Union: **The Mint Juleps**
London Finchley Torrington: **Little Sister**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Howlin' Wilf And The Vee-Jays**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Shadowland/Kazan**
London Fulham Kings Head: **The Pirates**
London Fulham Palace: **Women's Night with Peta Webb**
London Goldsmiths College: **Wet Wet Wet/Goodbye Mr MacKenzie/The Scott Foundation**
London Hackney Empire: **Gaye Bykers On Acid/Webb Core and Another Green World/Spaceman 3/The Real Macabre**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **The Brilliant Corners**
London Hammersmith Clarendon: **The Primitives**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Megadeth**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Katrina & The Waves**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Double Zero/A Shade Too Far/Idle Hands**
London Hornsey Granville Court Theatre Bar: **Jump The Gun, Dayone**
London Hoxton Bass Clef: **Cayenne**
London Imperial College: **Pink Peg Slax**
London Kennington Cricketers: **John Otway**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: **South End Showcase**
London Kentish Town Town And Country Club: **Wendy May's Locomotion**
London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63: **Native Spirit**
London Marquee: **Vow Wow**
London North Kensington Station Tavern: **Tom Nolan's Rockin' Blues Band**
London NW1 Dublin Castle: **Juice On The Loose**
London Oval The Cricketers: **John Otway**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Big Chief/Orchestra Jazira**
London Palmers Green The Fox: **The Splendid Boats/The Cats/Company She Keeps**
London Putney Half Moon: **Steve Marriott's Official Receiver**
London Putney Zeeta's: **Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Divers**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: **Al Wynette Quintet, Maxine Daniels**
London Southgate Dog & Dimples: **The Crayfish Five**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Ya Ya's**
London Walthamstow Royal Standard: **Desolation Angels/Cartoon**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **Dirty Talk/The Emotioneers**
London WC2 Bunjies: **John Maloney**
London W10 Bay 63: **Native Spirit**

London Whitechapel Medical School: **Howlin' Wilf & The Vee-Jays**
London Wood Green Club Dog: **Bad Tune Men**
London Wood Green The Fox: **The Company She Keeps**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Attila The Stockbroker**
Manchester Apollo: **The Hollies**
Manchester Band On The Wall: **Salem Foundation**
Manchester Boardwalk: **Brother Beyond**
Newcastle City Hall: **Gremilns**
Newcastle Polytechnic: **Love & Money**
Newcastle University: **Rouen**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Burning Spear**
Norwich Premises: **Big Joe Duskin/Dave Peabody**
Nosterfield The Freemasons: **T-Dive**
Nottingham Mardi Gras: **My Bloody Valentine**
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: **Dave Swarbrick's Whippersnapper**
Pontypridd Polytechnic Of Wales: **It Bites/The Cardiacs**
Poole Institute Of Further Education: **The Larks**
Reading University St Davids Hall: **The Gathering**
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Rugby Blitz Club: **Strawberry Thieves**
Sheffield City Hall: **Spandau Ballet**
Southend Reids: **Robbie Gladwell Band**
Swindon Stratton St Margaret Community Centre: **Tommy Bruce/Mike Berry/Graham Fenton**
Treforest Polytechnic: **It Bites**
Treforest Polytechnic: **The Cardiacs**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Rooms: **George Melly & The John Chilton Feetwarmers**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **Brighton Bottle Orchestra**
Wakefield Vine Tree: **Ada Wilson and That Uncertain Feeling**
West Bromwich Coach and Horses: **The Dubious Brothers**
Weston-Super-Mare Knightsone Centre: **Desmond Dekker, Ayto**
Wood Green Club Dog: **The Trudy**
Worcester Albion Inn: **Spiny D.ish**

SATURDAY 7

Aberdeen Capitol: **The Cult**
Aldershot West End Centre: **Michelle Shocked, Maggie Holland**
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Aylesbury (Wendover) Wellhead Inn: **Mighty Mighty**
Basingstoke Caribbean Club: **The Gathering, The Jeremiahs**
Bath Moles: **The Brilliant Corners**
Bedford Boys Club: **The Godfathers/Fire Next Time**
Belfast Kings Hall: **Simply Red**
Birmingham Mermaid: **HDQ, Hex, Anorexia**
Birmingham Mermaid: **Kara, Wolfbane**
Birmingham NEC: **Deep Purple/Bad Company**
Birmingham Red Lion: **Dick Gaughan**
Brentford Red Lion: **Steve Marriott/Official Receivers**
Brighton The Hairy Dog: (lunchtime) **Five Star Rock'n'Roll Petrol**
Brighton Polytechnic: **The Primitives**
Brighton Zap Club: **Ginger John, Kevin Selsay, Nick Toczek, Seething Wells**
Bristol Hippodrome: **Phil Cool**
Bristol Tropic Club: **The Beloved**
Bristol Tropic Club: **Claytown Troupe**
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Cardiff New Bogey's: **Black Rose**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Incantation**
Carlisle The Front Page: **Batfish Boys**
Cheltenham Copperfield's: **Gunsby**
Cheltenham Arts Centre: **Big Joe Duskin/Dave Peabody**
Coventry Polytechnic: **Crazyhead**
Croydon Cartoon: **Auditions - Lunchtime Dave Markee Band - Evening**
Dudley J.B.'s: **Howard Hughes and the Western Approaches**
Eastbourne Golden Lion: **Antz Avenue**
East Retford Porterhouse: **The Stingrays**
Edinburgh Queens Hall: **China Crisis**
Gala Shields College: **Love & Money**
Glasgow Barrowlands: **Magnum**
Harlow The Square Fourth Avenue: **The Sullivans**
Hatfield Polytechnic: **The Stage**
Hereford Tavern: **Shapiros**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Nashville Teens/Culture Vultures**
Liverpool Empire: **Simply Red**
Liverpool University: **The Icicle Works**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Steve Marriott And The Official Receivers**
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London Camden Dingwalls: **Chevalier Brothers, Lino and the Yow City Expedition**
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London Catford The Green Man: **Balham Alligators**
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London Fulham Kings Head: **The Boogie Brothers**
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London Hammersmith Clarendon: **Long Tall Texans**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Katrina & The Waves**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Shattered Hearts/Tough Guys Don't Dance/Body Politic**
London Hornsey Granville Court Theatre Bar: **New Direction**
London Hoxton Bass Clef: **Zila**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Howlin' Wilf and the Vee-Jays**
London Kentish Town Town And Country Club: **Radio London Reggae Awards**
London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63: **Gail Force**
London Marquee: **Vow Wow**
London North Kensington Station Tavern: **Tom Nolan's Rockin' Blues Band**
London North Wembley The Flag: **Paper Toys**
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CONTINUES PAGE 42

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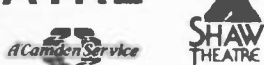
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PAULA YATES

FROM PAGE 15

bed with you, not with that haircut
mate."

For those who missed the joke,
because they were too busy drinking
in *The Tube's* hospitality bar, Paula
paraded in with another punch-line:
"Who does he think I am, Britt
Eckland?" Game, set and match.

Events of the last week give the
impression that the hounding of
Paula has at last come to a temporary
end. The Fleet Street vultures have
moved on chasing any two-bit rent
boy that claims he's slept with Elton
John. Has she survived?

"Of course, but they don't care.
What does it matter what I think? I'm
supposed to be this total dumb-fuck
who's just there to flirt."

On the contrary, Fleet Street has
taken Paula further than that and
placed her centre stage in pop music's
tempestuous soap-opera: *The Gel-
dofs*. As her husband Bob allegedly
told *The Star*, his life is just like *Dirty
Den's* and "more episodic than *East-
Enders*". It was time for Paula to stop
playing the blonde dumb-fuck and
become the forgiving wife. Fleet
Street had decided the hounding was
over:

"Famous heads turned as Bob and
Paula kissed and made up in style
following claims that Bob had a
steamy affair with a 21-year-old wait-
ress. Paula was the vamp of the ball
as she arrived in a clinging black-lace
dress that showed her sensational
figure but seemed to hide nothing
underneath. 'Is she wearing knick-
ers?' gasped the guests at London's
Grosvenor House Hotel."

Thank god the British press is vigi-
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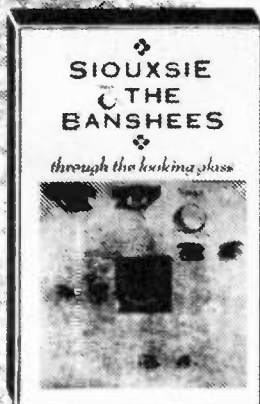
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through the looking glass

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MARTIN SCORSESE, director of urban classics *Taxi Driver* and *Mean Streets*, has teamed up with Michael Jackson and turned his hand to pop video. ADRIAN WOOTTON talks to him on the eve of the release of his new film *The Colour Of Money*, a modern continuation of *The Hustler*.

Radar joins the cue

JOHNNY BOY in *Mean Streets* strolling into Tony's Bar, a girl on each arm, a broad grin on his face, while the Stones' 'Jumping Jack Flash' blares out of the jukebox. Travis Bickle in *Taxi Driver*, his body encased in weaponry, standing in front of a mirror, gun in hand, smiling as he says "You Talking To Me?" Rupert Pupkin's bizarre monologues to cardboard cutouts of celebrities in *King Of Comedy*. And now Vincent, the young pool shark, using his pool cue like a samurai sword stick, swinging it around his body as he builds up to his next shot in *The Colour Of Money*. All these scenes are from Martin Scorsese's films, films full of poignant images, of performance and self-definition.

Catching up with Martin Scorsese in the unlikely environment of a hotel room in Bradford I met a very relaxed, fast talking man — totally different from the reportedly wired up individual of a few years ago, and very much in keeping with his profile as a director who, having overcome numerous trials and tribulations, is a 'bankable' name once again. After all, *The Colour Of Money*, Scorsese's very latest movie, is his most commercially successful work ever — grossing over \$40 million in the USA alone last year, and it seems set to repeat its success when released here next month.

Although not exactly a sequel to Robert Rossen's classic pool room melodrama *The Hustler*, *The Colour Of Money* does have Paul Newman recreating his previous role as Fast Eddie Felson. Scorsese, minimising the connection between the two films, says: "It features Fast Eddie Felson who 25 years ago just happened to be a character in a movie, and we are checking into him again to see if he's learned anything". In the event, Fast Eddie learns quite a bit. Jolted out of mid-life complacency by the appearance of Vincent, a young pool whizz kid (played by Tom Cruise with a subtlety and panache few would believe him capable of), and is reminded of the hustler he used to be. Eventually, following a brief period managing Vincent, with the help of the latter's girlfriend Carmen, Fast Eddie regains his desire to play again. The simplicity of this plot Scorsese freely acknowledges: "very simple, it's just a little medieval morality play, perhaps it's so simple it's a problem, I don't know." In fact, it's easy to see *The Colour Of Money's* straightforwardness as a problem because the narrative undoubtedly lacks some of the depth, resonance and sheer intensity one normally associates with his films. Yet a Scorsese film this still is and one clearly stamped by a whole host of his most recognisable trademarks.

SCORSESE HAS often been described as an 'interior' director; one not particularly interested in daytime exteriors or outside location shooting, and *The Colour Of Money* is no exception to that tradition. Set in the pool rooms of Chicago and Atlanta, all the major action of the film takes place inside dimly lit, smoke-filled places where men talk, drink and play. They are not so tainted as the clubs and boxing halls in *Raging Bull*, nor so dingy and volatile as those in *Mean Streets*, but they nonetheless belong to the atmospheric milieu particular to Scorsese's cinema. How does Scorsese himself feel about this concentration on closed, interior worlds?

"I love exteriors in films, in Westerns, in David Lean's work, and one day I'd like to try and do one. The problem is that I feel more comfortable in interiors, I've been an interior person all my life, bars, pool rooms, churches, apartments and so on."

Scorsese's cinema is always urban, violent, dirty, low rent, poetic and religious — a world of inferences, rather than statements of lost opportunities and guilt. His musical equivalents are Tom Waits and Rickie Lee Jones, an unmistakably male environment peopled by street characters, guys trying to get ahead, opportunists and displaced city dwellers. Into this framework Fast Eddie's character shift from disinterested businessman to re-born hungry pool player fits perfectly. Like all of Scorsese's male protagonists, Fast Eddie's actions are motivated by a striving for salvation; even if it's a specific, limited redemption applicable only to the immediate condition of this small world. Scorsese outlines this development:

"Eddie learns that he's back where he's supposed to be, he has a way, his way back is through a cue stick and cue balls."

And of the characters as a whole?

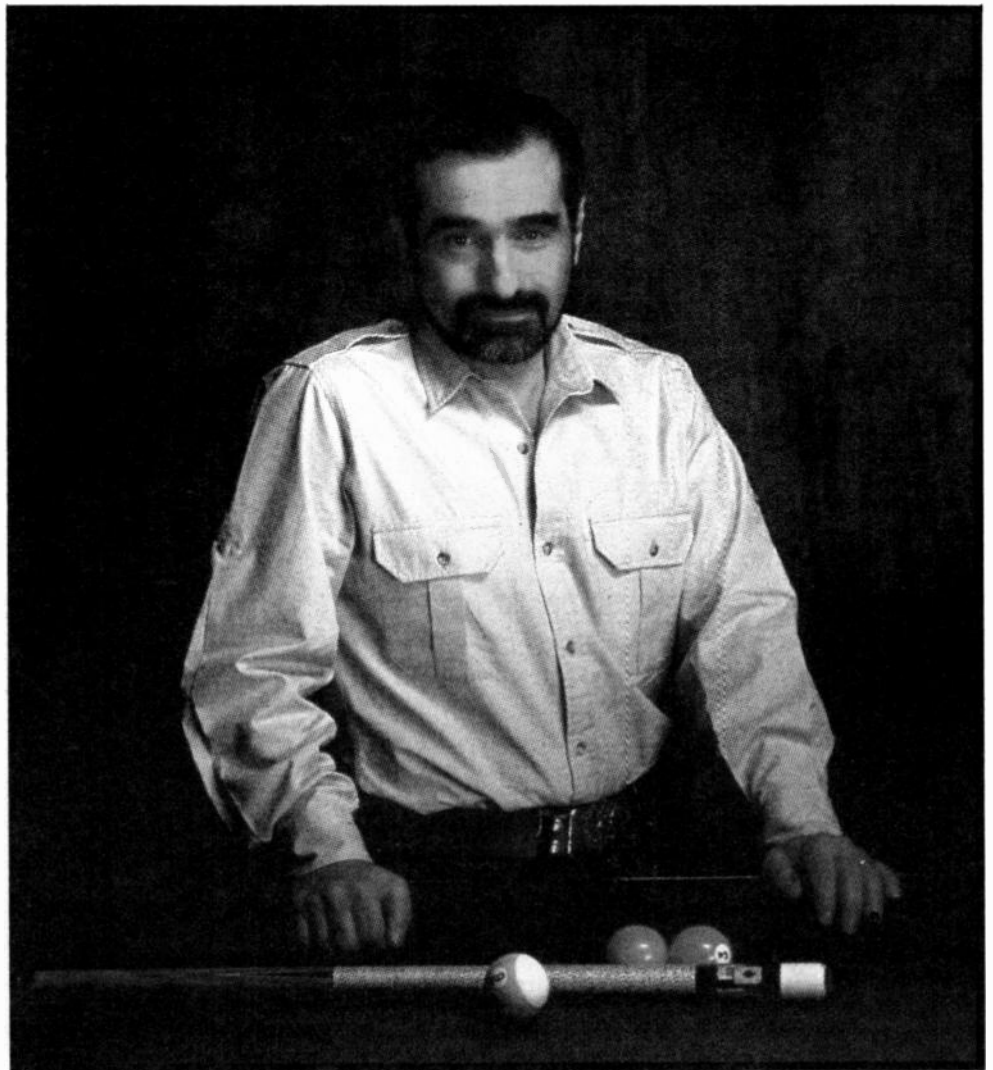
"At the end their own morality is shifted all over the place . . . they have some values, even though these values only exist within the hustler world. They are still hustlers, still low lives and it's wonderful that they are!"

Scorsese's blend of music, restless camerawork and razor-sharp editing made him the most self-consciously cinematic stylist of American filmmakers in the late '70s. Unfortunately from 1980 up until very recently, Scorsese did not exercise those peculiarly individual skills to their fullest advantage. Now everything has changed or so it seems. He talks with real enthusiasm of total artistic control and the pleasure of selecting his own camera movements once more.

"The trick is to do everything you can, people say to me you can't have your cake and eat it — I say you can, you want to look at the cake and be able to eat it."

This recently recovered freedom is self-evident in his new film, where the prowling, fluid camerawork and beautifully controlled editing manage to make a large number of pool games wholeheartedly enjoyable. Thus, while *The Colour Of Money* may well be "a detour, off somewhere" in terms of what kind of film he actually wants to make, visually it is the most exhilarating and

Hustling in hollywood



purely visceral Scorsese work for a number of years.

Scorsese has long been regarded as one of the first directors who properly understood and utilised the potential effectiveness of music — rock'n'roll, soul, pop and opera — on film and became arguably its most successful exponent. In this respect, *The Colour Of Money* can again be said to represent a return to home ground. The loud eclectic soundtrack mixes blues, rock'n'roll, Motown and recent pop songs, filling every spare second of sound space and comes particularly into its own in the key pool room scenes. So who selects the music for his films?

"I do all of it, nobody else goes near it. That's one of the fun parts of making a film, the selection of a piece or even working with a composer. Although very few of my films have a composer."

How did he choose the music in *The Colour Of Money*?

"On that I used my old friend Robbie Robertson. Robbie hired Gil Evans for us, he gets Willie Dixon, which is like fantastic, and because Touchstone said "we're going to do a record album using MCA artists" I wanted to use Eric Clapton and Phil Collins for new songs. But Collins' manager said no."

Why the refusal?

"His manager said . . . he would be over-exposed on this picture . . . the guy was very abusive to my people on the phone, although I understand Mr Collins was very nice himself, so we ended up using a piece off a Collins record." Scorsese then enthusiastically detailed how Eric Clapton was persuaded to write 'It's In The Way You Use It' for the movie.

CONTINUES OVER

Save the last waltz for me

Radar joins the cue

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

"We talked about what kind of song it should be and where, I showed him exactly... it's almost like tailormaking music for the people I adore for my picture and tailor-made for the words too."

Considering that Martin Scorsese refers to Clapton as one of the "Great Gods of rock'n'roll", is the music for his films still coming from the experiences of '60s rock culture that he finally celebrated in *The Last Waltz*?

"A little bit, but don't forget when I first used music that way in *Who's That Knocking At My Door?* (his first completed feature film), I was given the sense of freedom to do it through having watched Kenneth Anger's *Scorpio Rising*, the underground film made in the 1960s, and I said sure, of course use the music I love, that I grew up with. Then it came into full play in *Mean Streets*. I said that's it, I'm just doing it because that's the way I live, this is the music I listen to, rock'n'roll, opera, everything. But by the time we did *Raging Bull* every picture being made in the world was using every great rock'n'roll song, so I thought what's the next step? I thought let's make some new ones and maybe use the old one, like *'Werewolves Of London'* for example — the whole idea being to have some fun with *The Colour Of Money*. So in that sense it's from my experience, but it was also designed by me and Robbie Robertson."

If humour and fun seems to be two of the main motivating factors behind the

blend of music and image in the film, do they also provide a reason for the curious appearance of Iggy Pop in a non-speaking cameo role as a pool hustler?

"Yes, well a lot of people don't know who it is and that's nice, and he has a great looking face. I thought it would be really funny to have Iggy Pop and Paul Newman in the same scene. Paul didn't have any idea who he was. He said to me "Who is that guy over there?" I said don't worry, it'll be alright, you know (laughter) — a little bit of a joke and for those who realise who it is, it's hilarious — to have all those guys together, just crazy!"

Bearing in mind Scorsese's own influence upon rock films and his modern variation on a classical Hollywood musical, 1978's *New York New York*, what is his attitude to other films that synthesise musicals and rock videos? Like *Absolute Beginners* for example?

"I like a lot of that film. But it bothered me a lot — it was overdone, heavy-handed, too much of a rock video style, but I certainly won't forget it, and I certainly look back at it with fondness. Best use of colour and widescreen I've seen in a long time. Perhaps it was too broad and I would have liked a bit of subtlety in it, but I really think Julien Temple's very good."

What about the booming development of rock videos?

"Well, God knows where rock video will go next, but eventually it ought to be distilled into particular moments, concentrated rather than blasting it out for two hours. The idea of rock video is

that it's got to come across real fast, it's beyond commercials, it's even faster than them, but I think it's too fast. Maybe for a younger generation or for a generation that's being born it's not, but I have a feeling it is — maybe that's what's wrong with *Absolute Beginners*."

Considering his reservations about the form of rock video, it might be regarded as something of a surprise that Scorsese's most recently completed project has been an 18-minute video of Michael Jackson's new song 'Bad'.

"Well, other people have asked me a number of times to do rock videos and I haven't been able to. David Bowie has asked me a number of times and I would really like to do something with him, but it's always been the wrong schedule. Michael Jackson just hit at the right time."

But wasn't he rather an unlikely collaborator for America's most reclusive megastar?

"I was a little sceptical myself, I mean Michael Jackson and my kind of movies, what's he talking about!! But the song is tough, it's a good idea, he went for the story..."

Remarkably Jackson 'went' for practically every idea Scorsese suggested, and 'Bad' was finally made in black and white in Harlem, using black actors. Although refusing to give much information about the story, Scorsese admits: " 'Bad' took a long time and cost a lot of money, two million dollars and we shot it like a feature... the song is in colour and I shot it like I would shoot

anyone singing and dancing to say 'Dancing In The Dark', a number of fast cuts, a few close-ups to Michael's face, that's all, so that's my impression of rock video."

The obvious question was how did Scorsese get on with Jackson?

"It's a little hard you know... he is a remarkable guy but I don't know, it's like dealing with one of those Hollywood child stars like Mickey Rooney, people who grew up in the business and have been on stage since they were five years old — he has his own reality and you have to provide something to it — to connect into it."

How did this work out on the shooting of the video?

"We were in this apartment in Harlem, ready to shoot and Michael, sitting down, said 'Is this real? Is this where people live?' and I said 'Oh yeah, and this is one of the better ones!' (laughter). The poor guy doesn't go out of his house, he just didn't know..."

Nevertheless, Scorsese has nothing but praise for Jackson as a performer, and he is going on to do a full length video called *The Making Of Bad* which will be "a very big commercial" for the star. Will it be the end of his association with the pop?

"I don't know, this one with Michael is the first thing I've done for ten years, since *The Last Waltz*. I was getting that bug to move the camera with dancers and express that again. I had a chance with Jackson but there is also going to be an Anti-Crack song with him and Run DMC and it looks like I'm going to do that."



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THE TUBE

FROM PAGE 14

anticipate the IBA's potential response. If you want to be ballsy, then get on with it. Make the regulators regulate, don't do their job for them, don't whinge endlessly about the ogres at the IBA because it's absolutely wrong to suggest they are these toothless watchdogs at the top."

However, the IBA had been leaning on Tyne Tees. Most senior staff were issued with a confidential circular from the IBA's Programme Policy Committee which the NME managed to get from a source at another TV company. Besides spelling out various points on 'Family Viewing Policy', it contained some friendly advice:

"Bad language (on all channels) comes ahead of violence or sex as the principal cause of offence... In terms of Family Viewing Policy the need remains for companies to ensure the policy is observed both in their own

productions, in programme trails and in the use of acquired material. There have been examples of lapses in recent months. It is neither the wish nor should it be the function of the IBA's Television Division to act as nannies or pooper scoopers in this matter. It is for the company managements, their editors and producers to see that Family Viewing Policy is properly maintained."

So wherefore Tyne Tees? A paranoid TV company desperate not to offend the political powers that be and lose their broadcasting licence? Or protagonists in the post-Tebbit war on adventurous broadcasting? Whichever, one way out lies in sidestepping both right-wing moralistic wrath and tightrope TV. The American way: an MTV style Tube which caters to the mindless, the ultra-commercial and the unadventurous. Malcolm Gerrie is certain that's what Tyne Tees — and Managing Director David Reay — wants:

"As well as the uneasy atmosphere over the sackings, there was a real push towards high ratings — more videos of Madonna and Springsteen than you'd ever have thought possible. Basically Tyne Tees' stance is why should we even have groups like Stump on *The Tube* giving us problems with their silly lyrics. That was the sort of thing I was fighting. I think the writing's on the wall for new young bands. Plus, from day one, I was constantly being asked to bring on 'real' presenters like Mark Ellen or Mike Smith. There was always a basic lack of understanding about *The Tube*'s function and its direction."

A spokesman for Tyne Tees — Peter Moth, Controller Of Public Affairs — was surprised that we'd heard of Malcolm Gerrie's resignation but insisted that it was because "he'd had another offer which was impossible to refuse".

"If Malcolm Gerrie was disaffected," claims Peter Moth, "he did a pretty good job of hiding it. It's a

fairly straightforward matter and, sooner or later, he was going to leave anyway."

At the end of this series, *The Tube*'s future will be decided. There are those who share Malcolm Gerrie's pessimism. "Being a chauvinistic Geordie," Gerrie continues, "I thought it was great that *The Tube* wasn't coming out of London. It was great for the North East. Now, with all that's happened, I think we'll lose *The Tube* and a new proposed chart show. That's terrible, for this area and for all the people who worked their guts out for the last few years."

Privately, his colleagues at Tyne Tees are saying the company is "bowing to the chill winds of right-wing puritanism". Gerrie blames them "for the constant barriers" they put in his way. "It's no secret that we haven't had any overseas shoots this series. That's one extreme of the cost-cutting. The other is when you have to attempt a major, high profile programme and you have to constantly

fight ridiculous restrictions like researchers having to fight for overtime. The bureaucracy was too much to handle and I have no intention of becoming a bureaucrat."

At present, Channel Four aren't commenting on Malcolm Gerrie's resignation nor the future of the programme's tender to Tyne Tees. Within the next few weeks, some kind of decision will probably be made. John Cummins of Channel Four admitted they were "in the process of reviewing *The Tube*'s policy as a whole — maybe it's not the right time spot for a programme of this type."

The fate of *The Tube* has serious implications for the future of pop TV and Channel Four's role as an alternative to mainstream programming. Media reputations are at stake and a minor job-creating industry at risk. Politics and commerce, censorship and right wing intervention are all in play and it would take a "groovier f**ker" than me to predict the outcome...

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SPRINGSTEEN AUCTION S.A.E. Ronnie, 21 Hawthorne Avenue, Cotgrave, Nottingham.

SPRINGSTEEN LIST S.A.E. 225 North Rd West, Plymouth, Devon.

STRANGLERS RARITIES list, John, 6 Tomlinson House, Islington Estate, Salford M3 5HY.

YOUNG ONES Two hour video outakes. 0752 229588.

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BELFAST STUDENTS Union Building. Queen's University, Belfast N. Ireland. Saturday 7th March. Open 10-4pm. Admission £1. "We're Back Folks" with lots of rare CASSETTES-VIDEOS-RECORDS, Rock, Pop, Country & Western, Heavy Metal pictures disc's & lots more.

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HARTLEPOOL 7th March. Blind workshop, Avenue Road, 10am-4.30pm, 30p. Enquiries 091-281 1469.

KINGSTON, SATURDAY, 7th March. Richard Mayo Hall, Eden Street. Admission £1 11am, 50p 12-4pm.

LIVERPOOL SUNDAY, 8th March, Crest Hotel. 10.30am-4pm. Don't miss the big one. Trans-Pennine 0532 892087.

NORWICH 7th March, Chantry Hall, City Centre.

PORTSMOUTH SATURDAY 7/3/87, Wesley Hall, Fratton Road, 12-4pm, 50p, (11am-£1).

SLOUGH, SATURDAY, 14/3/87, St. Mary's, Herschel Street, near the Market, 12-4pm, 50p (11am-£1).

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GIGGUIDE

FROM PAGE 33

London Putney Half Moon: Kokomo
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Brian Priestley/Paxet
 London SE14 The Royal Albert: Juice On The Loose
 London Shepherd's Bush Charlotte's: Word For Word
 London Stoke Newington Golden Lady: Elephant
 London SW15 Zeeta's: Ha Ha Bonk
 London SW4 Surrey Hall: Alerce/Qilombo Expataneo
 London Stockwell Old Queens Head: "Grand New Opree" night with The Dental Mechanic's Daughter
 London Tufnell Park Tavern: JCM Jazzband
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard: Little Sister/Steve Bowditch
 London W1 London Poly Students Union: Bambi Siam
 London Woolwich Coronet: Burning Spear
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Simon Fanshawe/Jeremy Hardy/Phil Cornwell Parker and Kline
 London W10 Bay 63: Aja Jazz
 Luton Switch Club: Perfect Disaster
 Manchester Apollo: Bob Geldof
 Manchester Band On The Wall: Ricky Cool And The Texas Turkeys
 Manchester Boardwalk Club: Band Of Holy Joy/Burke And Hodge
 Newcastle City Hall: Gremlins
 Northampton Nene College: The Clouds
 Oldham Bridgewater Hotel: The Z-Birds
 Oxford St. Edwards School: Harvey & The Wallbangers
 Paisley Stringfellows: Nervous Choir
 Poole Mr C's: Resister
 Puckeridge (Herts) Bay Horse: Aardvark & No Money
 Richmond Surrey Parkshot Centre: Steve Williamson Quintet
 St Albans Sketch Pad: Clive Pig and G. J. Watt
 Sheffield Leadmill: The Mint Juleps
 Sheffield Rammoor House: The Slaughterhouse Five
 Southall Tudor Rose Nightclub: Natural Ites
 Southend Reids: The Honky Tinklers
 Southport Theatre: The Hollies
 Strathclyde University: World Party
 Stroud Subscription Rooms: Jung and Parker
 St. Austell Coliseum: Charley Pride
 Sunderland Polytechnic: Rouen
 Woolwich Coronet: Burning Spear

SUNDAY

8

Barrow-in-Furness Football Club: Strange Folk/Peter Kadelback
 Birmingham Barrel Organ: All Fall Down
 Birmingham NEC: Deep Purple/Bed Company
 Birmingham Odeon: Bob Geldof

Bournemouth's Coco's: Black Roots
 Bradford Spotted House: The Mighty Flea/
 Little Brother/Julian Gregory Quintet
 Brentford Red Lion: Lunchtime: The Amazing Rhythm Burglars Evening: Micky Moody Band
 Bristol Hippodrome: Charley Pride
 Cardiff New Ocean Club: Burning Spear
 Cardiff St. David's Hall: Phil Cool
 Colchester The Works: The Primitives
 Croydon Cartoon: T. J. & the Dukes - lunchtime, The Monday Band - evening
 Croydon Underground: Robyn Hitchcock & The Egyptians/Crazyhead
 Dudley JB's: Red Lemon Electrica Blues Band
 Dundee Fat Sams: World Party
 Edinburgh Playhouse: Magnum
 Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: Flying Pickets
 Harlow The Square: Cy Laurie/Steve Nice
 High Wycombe The Garage Bar: Aman Aman
 Kingston, The Swan: Send For Kelly
 Leeds University Union Bar: Vital Spark
 London Albany Empire: Urban Warriors/Mint Juleps
 London Brentford Red Lion: Amazing Rhythm Burglars (lunchtime)/Micky Moody Band (evening)
 London Camberley Buzz Club: The Brilliant Corners, Bluetrain, New Tennessee Waltz
 London Camden Black Horse: Talulah Gosh/
 The Rosehips/The Siddleys
 London Camden Dublin Castle: Dangerzone
 London Catford The Green Man: Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Divers
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Swimming In Sand
 London Dalston Crown And Castle: Riot Of Colour/Blue Train
 London Camden Dingwalls: Second Semi-Final Of The Talent Contest
 London Finchley Tormington: Balham Alligators
 London Fulham Broadway The Swan: The Reactors
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Macc Lads/Platt
 London Fulham Kings Head: Little Sister
 London Hackney Empire: Carol Grimes/Frank Chickens/Deltone/Sensible Footwear/Shiksha and others.
 London Hackney Empire: The International Womens Day Show with Carol Grimes and the Iguanas/The Deltone/Frank Chickens/Sensible Footwear/Jenny Elclair/Sheila Hyde/Patti Webb/Shiksha/Patti Bee/Shree Natarajah/Patricia Romero/Mothers Ruin/The Women's Street Band
 London Hammersmith Odeon: The Italian Rock Invasion (eleven Italian Rock Groups)
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Steve Waller & Guests/Steve Smith & Friends
 London Hoxton Bass Clef: Trinity College Big Band (lunch) Flight To LA (evening)
 London Kennington Cricketers: (lunchtime) Hershey and the 12-Bars
 London Kennington Cricketers: Juice On The Loose

London Kentish Town Bull And Gate: Word For Word
 London Kentish Town Town And Country Club: Michelle-Shocked/Howlin' Wilf
 London Kentish Town Vultures Perch: Louis Moholo Group
 London Portman Inter-Continental Hotel: Sweet Chorus
 London Putney Half Moon: Big Joe Duskin/Dave Peabody
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Bracc Impact Big Band, Trevor Whiting Jazz Band
 London SE8 Albany Empire: Mint Juleps/Urban Warriors
 London Stockwell The Plough: Out To Lunch
 London Theobalds Road Yorkshire Grey: Georgia Jazzband
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard: Long Tall Shorty/The Outlets/Twilight Zone
 London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: Focus/The Black Cillas/Gay Marines/Light Brigade
 London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: Tough Guys Don't Dance/Pink Noise
 London W1 Ronnie Scotts: Bill Bruford's Earthworks
 London Wood Green T. U. Centre: John Hegley And The Fictions
 Manchester The Boardwalk: BGK/Feed Your Head/Electro Hippies
 Nottingham Russells: Working Party
 Nottingham Mardi Gras: John Otway/The Amazing Wilf
 Peterborough Key Theatre Glasshouse (lunchtime): John Otway
 Poole Mr C's: Line Of Fine (lunch) Fester And The Vomits (evening)
 Redcar Bowl: It Bites
 Redcar Bowl: The Cardiacs
 Stirling University: Love & Money
 Swansea The Mayfair: Zoot & the Roots
 Wellingborough Bozeat Red Lion: Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers
 Wolverhampton Grand Theatre: The Hollies

MONDAY

9

Belfast King's Hall: Spandau Ballet
 Birmingham Kaleidoscope: Highway/Russia
 Cheltenham Everyman: Flying Pickets
 Cleethorpes Winter Gardens: The Cardiacs
 Croydon Cartoon: The Gas Boys
 Dudley JB's: Tour De Force
 Glasgow SEC: Simply Red
 Halesowen Arians: Strawberry Thieves
 Harlow The Square: Ginger John/Kevin Selsay/Nick Revell
 Huddersfield Castle Tavern: Ada Wilson, That Uncertain Feeling
 Kent University: Living In Texas, The Bugs
 Leeds Warehouse: The Brilliant Corners
 Leicester Prince Charlotte: The Clouds
 London Camden Dingwalls: The Wallflowers/Say You/Greg Trooper Band
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Swimming In Sand
 London Dean Street W1 Alice in Wonderland: Incredible Zombic Rockers

London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: The Rivals/Panic Brothers
 London Frith Street Bride of Shrew: Shrew Kings/Ian Nixon the Human Jokebox
 London Fulham Greyhound: S.F.Go/Chris Ford
 London Fulham Kings Head: Life After
 London Hammersmith Clarendon: The Polturo
 London Hammersmith Clarendon: A Tune A Day
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Nightshade/
 Zero Pilot/The Madding Crowd
 London Kennington Cricketers: Lick The Tins, John Moloney
 London Kentish Town Bull And Gate: The Clay People
 London Kentish Town Town And Country Club: Berlin
 London Oxford Street 100 Club: Dudu Pukwana
 London Putney Half Moon: Lowell Fulson
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Kit Packham Jump Live Band
 London Royal Albert Hall: Tahn Chi
 London SW15 Zeetas: C.S.C.
 London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town: Berlin
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard: Parisienne Blonde/Paul Howard
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Patsy Mays' Greenwich Swing
 London W1 Le Beat Route: Talking To The World/Taming The Outback/A Month Of Sundays
 Manchester Apollo: Gremlins
 Manchester Band On The Wall: R'n'B Workshop
 Manchester International: Burning Spear
 Middlesbrough Empire: The Thin Men/Free Beer Tonite/Bill
 Nettleford Hall: Siol Phadraig '87
 Newcastle City Hall: Magnum
 Nottingham Royal Centre: The Cult
 Oxford Apollo: Phil Cool
 Oxford Polytechnic: Xmal Deutschland
 Poole Mr C's: Jayne County/Thrash
 Redcar Bowl: China Crisis
 Royal Holloway: The Stage
 Southend Reids: Protokol

TUESDAY

10

Asheridge Blue Ball: Clive Product, Arms & Legs
 Bangor University: The Stage
 Bath Moles Club: I.Q.
 Bedford Greyfriars International Centre: Zodiac Mindwarp
 Birmingham Diamond Suite: The Cardiacs
 Birmingham Odeon: Magnum
 Birmingham Powerhouse: The Larks
 Bradford St. George's Hall: The Cult
 Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre Cellar Bar: Lennie Best Quartet with Kathy Stobart
 Brentford Red Lion: Fast Buck
 Brighton The Richmond: The Chesterfields, The Clouds, The Friendly Fires

Bristol Studio: Burning Spear
 Burnham Beeches Henry's Bluc: Aman Aman
 Cardiff St. David's Hall: Time Out
 Croydon Cartoon: Winter Garden
 Dublin RDS: Spandau Ballet
 Dudley JB's: Patriot
 Edinburgh Playhouse: Simply Red
 Epsom Playhouse: Big Joe Duskin/Dave Peabody
 Harlow The Square: Bullen Bush
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: Xmal Deutschland, All About Eve
 Leeds Polytechnic: Shark Taboo
 Leeds Warehouse: Crazyhead
 Leeds Warehouse: Folk Devils, The Crows
 London Brentford Red Lion: Fast Buck
 London Camberwell Union Tavern: The Backward Squares
 London Camden Dingwalls: Lew Lewis Benefit
 London Camden Dublin Castle: Maroon Town
 London Camden Palace: The Whiplash Girls
 London Finsbury Park George Robey: John Otway, Jim Jimine
 London Fulham Greyhound: Discharge/Riotous Assembly
 London Fulham Kings Head: Richie Blackmore with The Jackie Lynton Band
 London Greenwith Tunnel Club: Blitz Krieg Zone 2020
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Bob Geldof
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Men Who Couldn't Eat Their Breakfast
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: Strange & The Brothers/Cats In Exile
 London Hoxton Bass Clef: Mood Index
 London Islington Pied Bull: The Company She Keeps
 London Kennington Cricketers: Vono/The Escape
 London Kentish town Bull And Gate: Goats Don't Shave
 London Oxford Street 100 Club: The Jets/Pharaohs
 London Putney Half Moon: Paz
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange: Evidence
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard: Beat The Retreat/Spirit Of Aluvium
 London Woolwich Tramshed: The Beautiful Strangers
 Manchester Apollo: Gremlins
 Manchester Band On The Wall: Martin Simpson/Jane Tabor
 Mansfield Horse And Jockey: The Hungers Club
 Milton Keynes The Point: Black Roots
 Newcastle City Hall: Charley Pride
 Newcastle Riverside: World Party
 Nottingham Russells: Uneven Planet
 Oxford City FC Supporters Club: Whippersnapper with Dave Swarbrick
 Sheffield Limit Club: Mr Morality
 Southend Reids: The Primitives, Taming The Outback
 Stockton-on-Tees Dovecot Arts Centre: Glass Echo
 Ulster University, Newtownabbey: Skint Video
 Worthing Pavilion: West Virginia



PERSONAL

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

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FEMALE 22 London area. Seeks male/female friends. Likes Smiths, Cocteau's, Siouxsie. Box No. 7604.

FRIENDS/MARRIAGE Postal Intros All Areas/Ages. Write Orion, P12, Waltham, Grimsby.

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PERSONAL

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LONDON LESBIAN and Gay Switchboard. 01-837 7324.

MALE 17 reliable honest attractive seeks romantic girlfriend Belfast area. Box No. 7602.

MALE 21 attractive seeks friendship in Wolverhampton area. If you are about 21 attractive and male, please write enclosing photo. All letters answered. Box No. 7601.

PATRICK - IF you are out there please contact. We last met at an 'Advertising' party. Anne.

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

PENPAL MAG for lonely people. Approval copy from MATCHMAKER, (A.25), CHORLEY, LANCS.

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

SEEKING SINCERE Gay New Friends etc? Male or Female, all areas and worldwide. Stamp to Secretary, The Golden Wheel, Liverpool L15 3HT.

WRITE SOON, penpals S.A.E. free details, W.S.C.N. 25 Shepherds Hill, Reading RG6 1BB.

YOUNG MAN (21+) needed. Live in companion to Guy 43. A.L.A. with photographs returned. Box No. 7592.



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THE STUDIO - 68 require organist, to augment the total sound! Attitude essential. Influences The Small Faces, The Jam age 19-22 Paul 01-449 8921.

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3½ MINS Norm (cassette) "Words, weird noises "needed", background music, musicians, arrange sounds, produce 45 RPM. Method (Norm) cassette to chrome. (Unable to attend rec sess due to heavy workload. Dun 601955 Mr. Bates.



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SPECIAL NOTICES

DEBATE THE General Election - What are the choices for a real change? Speakers! K. Veness (Labour & Co-Operative) S. Coleman (Socialist Party) Thursday 12th March 8pm Duke of York Pub, York Way (Beside King's Cross Station). All welcome. For free literature write Socialist Party, (NME) Freeport, London SW4 7BR.

NEARLY BAND Are desperate for contract. Phone 0742 586849 for details. Garage Guitars!

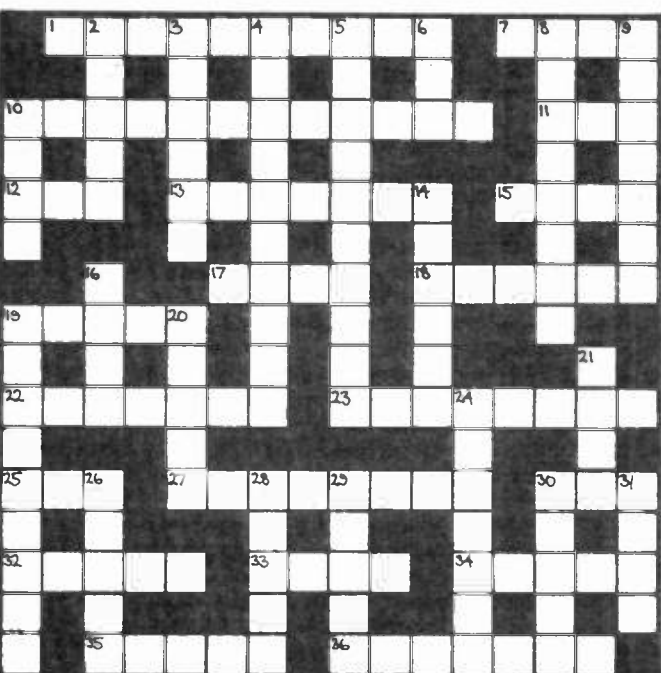
THE WAKE, Glasgow, require a manager to help promote April release of EP on Factory Records. Contact Gerard 041-637 0148.

T-SHIRTS PRINTED 0827 50812.

PRESSWORD

ACROSS

- 1+27 across Not a forecast we're likely to hear from Ian McCaskill - but then he's not really your shady sort (3-7-2-6)
 7 (see 13 across)
 10 A piece of Dave Edmunds' Rockpile - he's the namesake of one of the managers to take his team into the FA Cup 6th round (5-7)
 11+35 across "Father wears his Sunday best/Mother's tired she needs her rest/the kids are playing up downstairs" 1982 (3-5)
 12+19 across The management and production of Adam Faith together with a clown's suit aided his rise to success in 1972 (3-5)
 13+7 across With whom Stephen Mallinder has shared many a 'Nag Nag Nag' with over the years in Cabaret Voltaire (7-4)



Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

DOWN

- 2+8 Four years after The Kinks had a hit with 'All Day And All Of The Night' they sued for plagiarism when they heard which new song? (5-1-4-3)
 3 (see 9 down)
 4 A political accusation of some magnitude by a Clash member? (4-6)
 5 Backing group for Geno Washington (3-3-4)
 6 Johnny Cash found his early years difficult through being called this (3)
 8 (see 2 down)
 9+3 down Formed in Southern in 1974, they took their name from a ride at a local attraction (7-6)
 10 "Somebody told me that his name was", from The Crystals 'Da Doo Ron Ron' (4)
 14 I'd rest a lot easier if I could remember the keyboard player from Blondie (6)
 16 — Paris, Frenchman who had a huge European hit with 'La Dolce Vita' in 1983 (4)
 19+36 across "And I talk to the fifth, and I walk to the door/I'm knee deep in myself but I want to get more of that stuff, 1986 (4-5-7)
 20 Tapes of an Australian band? (5)
 21 Riot torn German outfit (4)
 24+31 down Dance group, their hits include 'Do The Bus Stop' and 'Spanish Hustle' (7-4)
 26 Joe, once a member of the James Gang; also an Eagle (5)
 28 "Mama take this — off of me, I can't use it any more", from Bob Dylan's 'Knocking On Heaven's Door' (5)
 29 — Dancer, name given to the loony rock fan commonly seen cavorting at '60s/'70s rock festivals (5)
 30 'Rebel Without A Cause', in the cause of Theatre of Hate (5)
 31 (see 24 down)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1+4D. It Doesn't Have To Be That Way 8. Lobo 9+15D. Friday On My Mind 10. Post 12. Wiseblood 17. Kisses 18+1D. You Be Illin' 19. MGM 22. Woman 23. Figurehead 24. Saxton 28. Dio 33. Erasure 34. Head 35. Set 36. Koolhaas 37+26A. Stevie Wonder

DOWN: 2. Dub Housing 3. Solo 5. Verve 6. Ted 7. Boy 10+11A. Peter Noone 13. Stupids 14. Beeswax 16. Demon 17. Kim Fowley 20. Leer 21+29A. Kenny Lynch 25. Roadie 27. Disco 29. Leon 30. Nash 31. Hats 32. Shoe

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3271 BONEY M - Going home	40p	7943 ACDC - Back in Black	£1.70
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3271 BONEY M - Going home	40p	7946 ACDC - Back in Black	£1.70
3271 BONEY M - Going home	40p	7947 ACDC - Back in Black	£1.70
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3271 BONEY M - Going home	40p	7949 ACDC - Back in Black	£1.70
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3271 BONEY M - Going home	40p	7964 ACDC - Back in Black	£1.70
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3271 BONEY M - Going home	40p	7971 ACDC - Back in Black	£1.70
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3271 BONEY M - Going home	40p	7973 ACDC - Back in Black	£1.70
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3271 BONEY M - Going home	40p	7992 ACDC - Back in Black	£1.70
3271 BONEY M - Going home	40p	7993 ACDC - Back in Black	£1.70
3271 BONEY M - Going home	40p	7994 ACDC - Back in Black	£1.70
3271 BONEY M - Going home	40p	7995 ACDC - Back in Black	£1.70
3271 BONEY M - Going home	40p	7996 ACDC - Back in Black	£1.70
3271 BONEY M - Going home	40p	7997 ACDC - Back in Black	£1.70
3271 BONEY M - Going home	40p	7998 ACDC - Back in Black	£1.70
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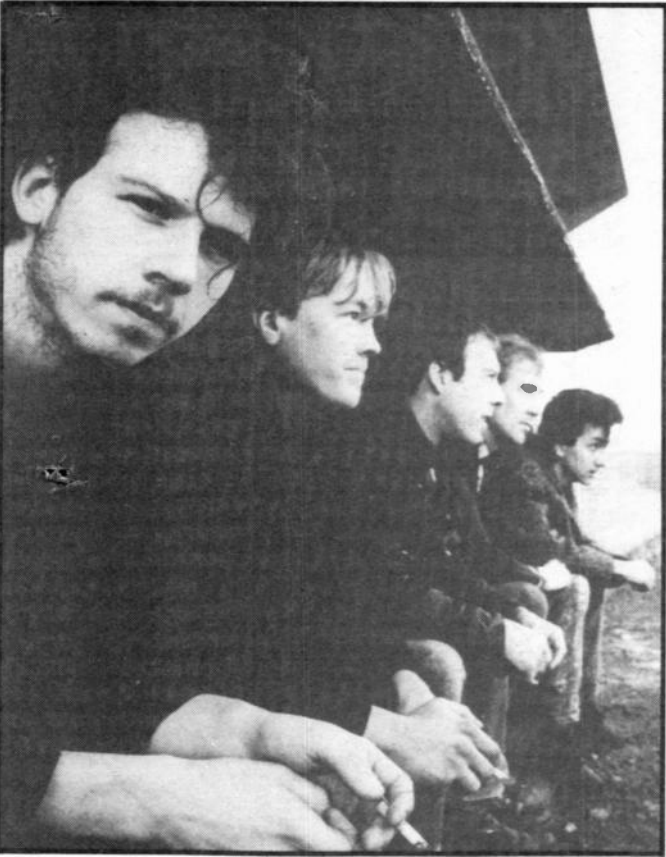
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BUZZCOCKS Spiral Scratch	3.50
68 COUNTRY One Great Thing d.p.	2.50
DEAD KENNEDYS Kill The Poor	2.50
KLARK KENT 100 Top LPs	8.00
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JAM Beat Surrender d.p.	4.00
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INDEPENDENT

LPs

1	1	SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
2	4	SWEET SWEET PIE	Pop Will Eat Itself (Chapter 22)
3	7	MY FAVOURITE DRESS	The Wedding Present (Reception)
4	2	HEAD GONE ASTRAY	The Soup Dragons (Raw TV)
5	8	LOVE IS DEAD	The Godfathers (Corporate Image)
6	3	KISS	Age Of Chance (Fon)
7	22	SOMETIMES	Erasure (Mute)
8	6	BRIGHTER	The Railway Children (Factory)
9	5	INTO THE GROOVE(Y)	Ciccione Youth (Blast First)
10	14	PEEL SESSION	Siouxsie And The Banshees (Strange Fruit)
11	(—)	STOP KILLING ME	The Primitives (Lazy)
12	13	TRIED AND TESTED PUBLIC SPEAKER	Bogshed (Shellfish)
13	12	BAMP - BAMP	The Bambi Siam (Product Inc)
14	16	PEEL SESSION	Stump (Strange Fruit)
15	9	PEEL SESSION	The Birthday Party (Strange Fruit)
16	10	BLUE CHAIR	Elvis Costello (Imp)
17	18	SERPENT'S KISS	The Mission (Chapter 22)
18	17	EVERYTHING'S GROOVY	Gaye Bykers On Acid (In Tape)
19	20	MAHALIA	The Bible (Backs)
20	24	A LONELY PLACE	The Smithereens (Enigma)
21	21	STRIP FOR ME BABE	Man 2 Man (Bolts)
22	19	PEEL SESSION	The Slits (Strange Fruit)
23	15	STUMP	Wiseblood (Some Bizzare)
24	(—)	PEEL SESSION	New Order (Strange Fruit)
25	25	GREY SKY BLUE	The Submarines (Head Rhino)
26	(—)	ENGINE	This Poison (Reception)
27	(—)	WHEN IT ALL COMES DOWN	Miaow (Factory)
28	(—)	HEAVEN SENT	Josef K (Supreme)
29	(—)	PARALLAX AVENUE	Slab (Ink)
30	(—)	HURRICANE FIGHTER PLANE	Alien Sex Fiend (Plague)

1	3	BACK AGAIN IN THE DNSS	Half Man Half Biscuit (Probe Plus)
2	7	UP FOR A BIT WITH . . .	The Pastels (Glass)
3	4	SHABINI	Bhundu Boys (Disque Afrique)
4	(—)	THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
5	1	DIRTDOGS	Wiseblood (Some Bizzare)
6	2	THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES	Michelle-Shocked (Cooking Vinyl)
7	6	QUICK OUT	Stump (Stuff)
8	9	ESPECIALLY FOR YOU	The Smithereens (Enigma)
9	5	PICTURES OF STARRYING CHILDREN	Chumbawamba (Agit Prop)
10	10	THE QUEEN IS DEAD	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
11	8	BEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACY	The Dead Kennedys (Alternative Tentacles)
12	13	HIT BY HIT	The Godfathers (Corporate Image)
13	(—)	HORSE ROTOVATOR	Coil (Force And Form)
14	22	BROTHERHOOD	New Order (Factory)
15	12	TAKE THE SUBWAY	Various (Subway)
16	18	SUPERPHOBA	Peter And The Test Tube Babies (Dojo)
17	21	WHAT'S IN A WORD	The Brilliant Corners (SS20)
18	11	CBS	Various (NME/Rough Trade)
19	19	ATOMIZER	Big Black (Homestead)
20	16	LIVE IN AMERICA	A Certain Ratio (Dojo)
21	23	WALKING THE GHOST BACK HOME	The Bible (Blacks)
22	25	WONDERLAND	Erasure (Mute)
23	17	BLOOD AND CHOCOLATE	Elvis Costello (Imp)
24	26	ON THE BOARDWALK	Ted Hawkins (Brave)
25	15	THE GIRL WHO RUNS THE BEAT HOTEL	Biff Bang Pow! (Creation)
26	RE	LOVE SHARKS	Guana Batz (ID)
27	27	IN THE PINES	The Triffids (Hot)
28	14	THE MOON AND THE MEMORIES	Cocteau Twins/Budd (4AD)
29	30	SNOKE SIGNALS	WDC (Radical)
30	20	YOUR FUNERAL . . . MY TRIAL	Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds (Mute)

45s

UK TOP FIFTY

LPs

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST WEEKS IN
1	1	STAND BY ME	4 1
2	2	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN	3 2
3	5	MALE STRIPPER	4 3
4	7	RUNNING IN THE FAMILY	4 4
5	4	DOWN TO EARTH	7 3
6	14	LIVE IT UP	3 6
7	18	CROSER ON YOU	2 7
8	6	HEARTACHE	7 1
9	11	SOMIC BOOM BOY	2 9
10	3	I KNEW YOU WERE WAITING	6 1
11	19	LOVE REMOVAL MACHINE	2 11
12	30	MANHATTAN SKYLINE	2 12
13	20	THE RIGHT THING	3 13
14	17	COMING AROUND AGAIN	4 14
15	23	ROCK THE NIGHT	4 15
16	27	I GET THE SWEETEST FEELING	2 16
17	(—)	THE GREAT PRETENDER	1 17
18	(—)	EVERYTHING I OWN	1 18
19	13	BEHIND THE MASK	6 13
20	9	STAY OUT OF MY LIFE	5 8
21	9	IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THAT WAY	5 4
22	25	YOU ARE MY WORLD	3 22
23	47	(YOU'VE GOTTA) FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT	2 23
24	35	IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE	2 14
25	31	I AM THE LAW	2 25
26	21	SKIN TRADE	3 21
27	(—)	WILD FRONTIER	1 27
28	(—)	PENNY LANE STRAWBERRY FIELDS	1 28
29	(—)	WATCHING THE WILDLIFE	1 29
30	16	I LOVE MY RAIN	8 7
31	10	ALMAZ	9 3
32	12	YOU SEXY THING	7 9
33	26	THE FUTURE'S SO BRIGHT	5 19
34	33	EV'RY LITTLE BIT	2 33
35	29	FORGOTTEN TOWN	5 27
36	41	SOUL MAN	7 35
37	(—)	DON'T NEED A GUN	1 37
38	15	MUSIC OF THE NIGHT	6 10
39	(—)	SHADES	1 39
40	(—)	WEAK IN THE PRESENCE OF BEAUTY	1 40
41	22	ONCE BITTEN TWICE SHY	8 15
42	36	HOW MANY LIES?	4 33
43	(—)	TOWN TO TOWN	1 43
44	(—)	WHEN LOVE COMES CALLING	1 44
45	24	SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE	5 8
46	39	I FOUND LOVE	4 35
47	40	MISSIONARY MAN	2 40
48	(—)	POISON STREET	1 48
49	(—)	TRUCK OF THE NIGHT	1 49
50	(—)	IF YOU LET ME STAY	1 50

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST WEEKS IN
1	1	THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA	3 1
2	2	GRACELAND	18 1
3	3	AUGUST	13 2
4	11	THE VERY BEST OF HOT CHOCOLATE	2 4
5	10	PICTURE BOOK	4 5
6	4	SILK AND STEEL	27 2
7	8	GIVE ME THE REASON	8 7
8	22	THE FINAL COUNTDOWN	15 8
9	21	LIVE MAGIC	12 1
10	5	SO	5 5
11	(—)	THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN	1 11
12	6	DIFFERENT LIGHT	12 1
13	18	REVENGE	34 2
14	12	RAPTURE	14 12
15	20	TRUE BLUE	34 1
16	7	THE WHOLE STORY	15 2
17	16	BROTHERS IN ARMS	89 1
18	13	SLIPPERY WHEN WET	24 3
19	24	LICENSED TO ILL	6 19
20	9	THE COST OF LOVING	4 3
21	27	DISCO	13 11
22	26	WHITNEY HOUSTON	6 22
23	29	BACK AGAIN IN THE DNSS	3 23
24	17	ABSTRACT EMOTIONS	4 14
25	32	THE COMMUNARDS	11 15
26	34	GEORGIA SATELLITES	5 26
27	(—)	HAPPY	1 27
28	37	NOW VIN	24 1
29	15	SWEET FREEDOM	14 9
30	(—)	SHABINI	1 30
31	14	ZAZU	6 8
32	39	JUST LIKE THE FIRST TIME	3 32
33	(—)	THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES	1 33
34	28	THE VERY BEST OF ELKIE BROOKS	7 10
35	41	NO MORE THE FOOL	9 9
36	35	CHASIN' A DREAM	3 35
37	38	BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON	5 28
38	19	MIDNIGHT TO MIDNIGHT	4 7
39	(—)	MECHANICAL RESONANCE	1 39
40	(—)	A CHANGE OF HEART	1 40
41	RE	THROUGH THE BARRICADES	1 41
42	(—)	VIVA	1 42
43	(—)	FLASH LIGHT	1 43
44	(—)	IMPRESSIONS	1 44
45	(—)	ULTIMATE TRACKS VOL 2	1 45
46	46	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE	17 1
47	49	GOD'S OWN MEDICINE	7 14
48	(—)	ROCK THE HOUSE	1 48
49	(—)	MAJEE'S THEME	1 49
50	(—)	THE HOUSE OF BLUE LIGHT	1 50

DANCEFLOOR 20

1	CAN YOU DANCE	Kenny 'Jammin' Jason with 'Fast' Eddie Smith (DJ Int) US 12"
2	WAX THE VAN	Lola (Jump Street) US 12"
3	WORKIN' UP A SWEAT	Full Circle (EMI) US 12"
4	IT'S MY BEAT	Sweet Tee And Jazzy Joyce (Champion) 12"
5	JACKIN' ME AROUND	Farm Boy (Tranz) US 12"
6	TIME TO GET ILL/NO SLEEP 'TIL BROOKLYN/FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT	Beastie Boys (Def Jam) 12"
7	I WANT IT TO BE REAL	John Rocca (City Beat) 12"
8	WHO IS IT (REMIX)	Mantronix (Ten) 12"
9	FASCINATION	Company B (The Summer) US 12"
10	YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS	Grandmaster Flash (Elektra) US 12"
11	EGG MAMAC	Jocelyn Brown (Warner Bros/Jellybean) US 12"
12	THE BRUTAL HOUSE	Nitro Deluxe (Cooltemp) 12"
13	MY MIKE SOUNDS NICE/IT'S ALRIGHT	Salt 'n' Pepa (Next Plateau) US 12"
14	PAY BACK	Roxanne (Fly) Shanté (Pop Art) US 12"
15	THE MAGNIFICENT JAZZY JEFF	Jazzy Jeff & Fresh Prince (Champion) 12"
16	TOUGH OF JAZZ	Jazzy Jeff & Fresh Prince (Champion) LP
17	COUNT BASEY	'Captain' Grandmaster Caz (Tuff City) US 12"
18	DO YOU KNOW WHAT TIME IT IS?	Kool Moe Dee (Jive) 12"
19	FUNK BOX PARTY	Masterdon Committee (Champion) 12"
20	TERMINATOR	Junior Gee & The A Team (Fourth & Broadway) Promo 12"

Most requested tracks currently being spun upstairs at the Garage in Nottingham by DJ Graeme Park every Tue, Fri and Sat.

FUNK 20

1	MANHATTAN BURN	Paquito D'Rivera (Columbia) US LP
2	GONNA PUT UP A FIGHT	Barbara Roy (RCA) US 12"
3	NIGHT MOOD	Mark Murphy (Milestone) US LP
4	MONKEY PAW	Scott And Raven (Columbia) US 12"
5	FINER THINGS IN LIFE	Chuck Stanley (Columbia) US LP
6	HEY LOVE	King Sun - D Moet (Zakia) US 12"
7	I CAN'T FIGHT	Conway Brothers (Ichiban) US 12"
8	JODY	Jody Whatley (MCA) US LP
9	NEW GIRL IN TOWN	Sugar Sugar (1800) US 12"
10	KINDNESS FOR WEAKNESS	The Cut (Supertronesics) US 12"
11	WATCH OUT	Patrice Rushen (Arista)
12	WORKIN' UP A SWEAT	Full Circle (EMI) UK 12"
13	DON'T MAKE ME WAIT	Ken Thomas (Society) US 12"
14	TURN ME LOOSE	Wally Jump Jr (London) UK 12"
15	PRIMAVERA	Tullio De Piscopo (RCA) UK 12"
16	MAINSQUEEZE	General Crook (PRT) UK 12"
17	SPREAD THE LOVE	Juicy (CBS) US LP
18	WHATCHA GONNA DO	Blaze (Champion) UK 12"
19	HOUSE ON FIRE	Turntable Terrors (Basement) US 12"
20	SENSATIONAL	Starpoint (WEA) Euro LP

Chart by Nigel & Dave at City Sounds, 8 Procter Street, London WC1.

REGGAE 45s

1	SEVEN GOLD	U Roy (Ujama)
2	PROPHECY A GO HOLD THEM	Leroy Smart (WWS)
3	TIGER MEETS YELLOWMAN	(Kangol)
4	SETTLE YOU FE SETTLE	Michael Prophet (Live & Love)
5	SOUND BOY BURIAL	Andrew Paul & Mikey General (Digikal)
6	BIG BAD MAN	Horace Andy (Rockers Forever)
7	CROSSFIRE	Chalice (CTS)
8	BORN TO CHAT	Asher Senator (Fashion)
9	STRANGER	Junior Delgado (Skeng Don)
10	DREAMS	Owen Gray (Blue Mountain)

REGGAE LPs

1	AGONY	Pinchers (Live and Love)
2	HOMEBREAKER	Winsome (Fine Style)
3	HOOKED ON YOU/GIVE ME THE DUB	Aswad (Simba)
4	NO WANGA CUT	Tiger (Tiger)
5	READY FOR THE DANCEHALL	Peter Bouncer (Unity)
6	FALL FOR YOU	Peter Hoiningale (Street Vibes)
7	IN THE MOOD	Christine Lewin (Hot Vinyl)
8	ROCK WITH ME BABY	Christine & Nerious Joseph (Fine Style)
9	DON'T BEND DOWN	Lovindeer (TSDJ)
10	YES MAMA	Little John (Live & Love)

Charts by Dub Vendor, 274 Lavender Hill, London SW11

appliance

THEE YOUTH

NME shit
Richard North is scum
Psychic TV are God
Whip him now
Vengeance
We ritualise for it
Ha Ha Ha Ha Ha
King
Why use such major talent to
abuse and titillate in this
superficial manner? Why not
try saving the world?—WL.

Ladysmith Black Mambazo,
Hugh Masekela and various
other black musicians played on
Paul Simon's 'Graceland' LP. "So
I assume they are not 'against
Apartheid'"—get your facts right
you fucking idiots, you are
making a lot of people very, very
tired.
"Big" "Art" "Fan", London.
Again, an instance where
someone attempts to
overcome an infinite recess of
subtleties and nuances simply
by trying to be rude. No, this
simply won't do, either of you
—WL.

Dear Jerry Dammers and all at
NME, I know that this is another
comment on the Paul Simon/
Graceland controversy, but this
is a valid point for your
consideration: Aren't you
wasting your time?

Mr Simon has made a fool of
himself, letting his "spiritual"
and musical attitudes blinker his
common sense. The S.A.
Government has seized on his
actions and dented the Cultural
Boycott. This is all proven by
you.

What does *not* follow is that
you should encourage a boycott of
Simon's tour. This musician is
not the enemy, nor are the
Azanian musicians and vocalists
who worked on that LP. Your
over-reaction will get publicity,
of the wrong kind. You will be
depicted as single-issue fanatics,
bone-headed head-down-to-but-
the-gate opponents of Apartheid,
and fools. Who in their right
minds would picket Miriam
Makeba or Hugh Masekela?????

You and the Anti-Apartheid
people should use your resources
and ability to agitate public
opposition to the system and
isolate and expose S.A.'s friends
in Britain. You should educate of
the true nature of the window-
dressing, PR "reforms" of
Apartheid, making it more
"acceptable" to the West. You
should organise all good people to
get Britain to follow its
responsibilities to aid a rapid
transition to majority rule.

Don't provide ammunition for
racist vermin like Thatcher,
Carlisle and their ilk.

DON'T ATTACK
IRRELEVANT TARGETS LIKE
SIMON.

Jerry, Edinburgh.

An interesting and highly
relevant point endorsed,
incidentally, by the *Socialist
Worker*—WL.

FUR POINT?

Most newspapers had a field-day
reporting the extremely long jail
sentences given to animal rights
activists with their usual
descriptions of 'fanatics,
lunatics, thugs' etc. Yet no
animal liberationist has ever
harmed any human being or
intended to. Their aim has been
solely to damage property and
equipment that abuses animals.

Newspapers rarely report the
daily terror and violence
inflicted on our fellow creatures
for profit, vanity and scientific
curiosity. It is no wonder that
animal activists feel despair and
desperation at society's apathy,
and governments that fail to ban
invalid scientific research on
animals. Surely all decent
human beings in a civilised
society should fight to get these
innocent, defenceless creatures
the legal protection they deserve.
Carole Hayman, Wembley Park.
Yes Carole, they should. But
not, for instance, by
threatening people or
destroying their property.
And what do you mean by 'no
animal liberationist has ever
harmed any human being or
intended to'? This is absurd.
I've seen them on the telly
going on about how they're
going to bomb people. Of
course newspapers are
biased. But so are you.—WL.

JAG SLAG

Your review of Salman Rushdie's
Jaguar Smile (NME 21/2/87)
was a crassly personal attack on
the writer and no more. Okay,
Callous, that's your opinion, but
you didn't have to insult us with
that last line—'if you really want
to know about revolution in
Central America, go and see
Salvador.'

Come on, Callous! Ha ha ha,
you're joking? You're not joking?
Salvador, however right its
sympathies, is a flashy boys' own
yarn about two drug-and-booze-
addled reporters who need to get
near the edge.

Leave it out Callous, it's
unconvincing comic-book crap,
and let's face it, those Yankee
dead-heads would have been shot
straight away in a 'real'
revolution and good riddance.
Give me *The Jaguar Smile* any
day!

Bob Shithead, *Contras, Central
America*.
Callous's attack, though
personal, was anything but
crass; on the other hand, you
are quite clearly being crass
for locating the sympathies of
Salvador entirely in its anti-
Heroes. Also, it was a real
revolution, and Richard
Boyle *did* really go there
without being shot. QED—
WL.

STEVE'S SPOT

Steven Wells is an Asshole, what
a lot of shit. Instead of an
interview with The Wedding
Present we get that shit talking
farts the whole time. It took me
10 minutes to read your rag last
week, I think I'll start buying
something else.

Martin
"Asshole," "shit", "shite",
"farts", "Up yours". What we
have here is an anal obsessive
—but a witty one—SW.

Dear Steven Wells,
May I be the first to congratulate
you on your most convoluted
piece of intellectual
masturbation to date?

Val Ansell
'Congratulate'? 'Intellectual'?
'Masturbation'? Certainly—
SW.

PLEASE REVIEW US . . .

This week you have no less than
six (six!) live reviews from
outside the London area—may
we remind you that your quota is
one Scottish review per week and
one from 'somewhere else' every

three weeks.

The Sinister Cleaners, Sheffield.
This is the fault of the some of
the potential reviewers from
outside London, who are not
such good writers as the ones
in the capital; when they
become good writers, all they
want to do is move down here
—WL.

FOOT-FIRST

Stuart Cosgrove's article on the
12" single seemed to reach new
depths of stupidity. The poor man
must have some kind of fetish for
this particular form of recording
medium. The idea of
championing the 12" single
format over a movement like the
punk new wave explosion does
not make sense.

Yes, 'Blue Monday' would have
been inconceivable on 7" format,
but surely if it wasn't for the Sex
Pistols there would have been no
Joy Division and thus no New
Order. If in 1976 punk had not
occurred but only the 12" single
format had, what type of stuff
does Mr Cosgrove think would be
on these discs now? One thing's
for sure—Stuart wouldn't have
his 12" Soft Cell records. Stuart,
Why don't you apply for a job at
Smash Hits?

R. Walker, Cumbria.

Yes, I can see your line of
thought here—how, for
instance, could you sell a book
called *Like 12" Singles Never
Happened?*—but there is a
great deal of value
nevertheless in Stuart's
approach: *The Medium Is The
Message*, and so forth—WL.

TEL-STAR 2

So Terry Wogan earns over
£350,000 a year and thinks it
isn't enough, does he? And have
you ever noticed that sneer on his
face whenever he introduces a
band on the show? For his money,
you'd think he'd be grateful to see
Julian Cope, The Communards,
etc, but he isn't. My Dad tells me
that Wogan had a hit in the
1970s with a song called 'The
Floral Dance' which I bet wasn't
exactly Def Jam. If I was Terry
Wogan, I'd keep my gob shut.
The Flying Nun, Fleet.

LIKE INTELLIGENT READERS NEVER HAPPENED

So we've all got to 'come round' to
hip-hop, eh? Come on—black
music is in just as bad a state as
everything else. Hip-hop is just a
last-gasp permutation of all the
'I'm a funky jive-assed pimp'
ghetto shit that the white rock
establishment have condemned
black musicians into for decades.
Has it ever occurred to you that
we DON'T NEED a bunch of
wet-behind-the-ears trendies
from the NME or a geriatric
trend-hopper like Peel to point us
in the right direction?

The last ten years:

1. Punk—the re-invention of the
Stones' stance—achievements:
turning Paul Weller into a
clothes-horse and Julie Burchill
into a yuppie.
2. Post-punk—the last
knockings of punk re-hashed into
trad-rock.
3. New Romantics—the re-
invention of glam-rock by people
claiming to have been the first
people ever to have thought of
dressing up.
4. New Pop—a lot of pretty boys
who can't blow their noses
without a big-name producer.
5. The Thriving Indie Scene—a
thousand and one spotty oiks

EDITED BY WILLIAM LEITH. ROBOTS IN THE
AIRWAVES BY MX. SEND YOUR LETTERS TO
APPLIANCE, NME EDITORIAL,
COMMONWEALTH HOUSE, 1-19 NEW OXFORD
STREET LONDON WC1A 1NG

playing Velvet Underground
licks to each other, who are so
scared of the mainstream that
they have to have their own
chart!

Face it—it's knackered. All of
it—by years of dishonest stances
and people copying each other. So
don't give me hip-hop.
Sus, Birmingham.

Are you trying to say
something along the lines of
'pop music is much more fun
to theorise about than to listen
to'? I'll give you my home
address, Sus. Only joking—
WL.

PSEUD'S CORNER

How may people on the NME
have pseudonyms? I can't believe
that people like Adrian Thrills,
Biba Kopf, Mark Sinker, Jane
Solanas, and David Quantick are
really called that! So how about
it, own up to your real names!
And is Alan Jackson really called
that? My friend says she saw his
library ticket and his real name
is Alan God Of Love Nuclear
Bomb! And what about Fred
Dellar, eh? How come he doesn't
use his real name of Laser Planet
Gold Powered Chasin Wheel
Daisy King Dellar? And another
thing: why are there no writers
on your paper called Mary? P.S.
As for Dele Fadele! Knob off!
Mary Huggett (real name!),
Broadstairs.
We all write under our real
names, Mary, except for John
Thrills, who changed his
name to Adrian Thrills for his
new Post-Modern readership
—WL.

JOHNNY IS

Danny Kelly's Johnny Marr
interview was very interesting.
However, I was incredibly
surprised at the conclusions he
came to. 'Committed muso'?
Utter crap! Johnny, in my view,
said nothing within the
interview to render him a 'muso'.
Where's the evidence? 'The
Queen Is Dead' was totally
devoid of over-indulgence on
Johnny's part, as were both
'Panic' and 'Ask'. OK, during the
Craig Gannon phase onstage, he
showed off somewhat. After this
temporary lapse, however, at the
recent totally brilliant Brixton
gig, the Smiths delivered a very
fresh set in which Marr played
brilliantly (probably because he
was forced to play rhythm rather
than lead).

Very little has changed in the

Smiths' camp.
Emma, Oxford.
Mr Marr admitted said charge
—DK.

BULLSHIT

I bought the NME in good faith,
hoping to read good decent
language. Is there any need to
use disgusting four-letter words?
Quite frankly the world is full
enough already with foul-
mouthed yobs so why add to the
rubbish-tip? Yours in command
of decent language.
Rosemary Prince, Basingstoke.
If you look at it rationally,
Rosemary, four-letter words
really aren't all that
disgusting. Listen: fuck. Now
that wasn't so painful after all,
was it? If you feel one coming
on, just lie back and think of
England.—WL.

A PATIENT WRITES

The politics of Ecstasy re-
defined. Everything that you
search for in certain 'drugs' can
be cultivated naturally if you are
prepared to work for it. There are
enough planets to go round in the
universe for everyone to have
their own individual one, if they
wish it.

Thatcher is the willing Whore
of Babylon and Rupe Murdoch is
the Beast. The Thing. The wizard
of designer madness. Once more
we are witnessing the re-
emergence of everything that is
anathema to the Spirit Of Holy
Joy. Parodies of good taste and
well-being. The numbers of the
beast houses are 10 and 11
Downing Street. He keeps his
kennels down at Wapping where
his bloodhounds bay constantly
for the blood of his now rebellious
slaves . . .

The young don't have to be
corrupted, polluted. They who
wish it should be allowed a
constructive alternative to
Thatcher's greed-crazed society.
It could happen and oh boy would
they be sick, sick, SICK! Check
out the Rainbow Alliance Party.
I am a Rainbow Warrior. The pen
and the sword are my chief
weapons.
Philip Louis Fletcher (address
withheld)
What was that about not
taking drugs, Philip?—WL.

HALITOSIS

What have the BPI awards and a
dog-turd got in common? That's
right—they are both shit and

stink from the very core.
Norry Wilson, Glasgow
Not a particularly witty way
of putting it though, Mr
Wilson. Clues—the link
between 'shit' and 'stink' is
too readily made to have any
kind of comic tension, and the
use of the word 'very' actually
weakens through attempted
intensification—WL.

While cleaning my son's room
the other day, I came upon a back
issue of your paper, and having
once been "up with the trends"
myself, I sat down to read it. It
only took me about five minutes
from front to back I can tell you (I
gave up in your
incomprehensible 'Small Ads'
section) (yes, well, we don't get
paid for those—ed), but one thing
in particular aroused my anger,
and caused me to pick up my long
dormant pen.

Being a fulltime housewife
may draw sneers of derision from
some of your readers, but I
certainly do *not* have the time to
sit down and write stupid letters
all day. I have allowed five
minutes only for this, so if my
writing deteriorates toward the
end of this letter, it is because I
am battling to beat the egg-
timer.

Scan-reading one page of this
back issue, I noticed that magical
phrase Steely Dan, and as illicit
memories of my courtship nights
with my husband Frank came
flooding back, I read the whole
article. To my disappointment,
the revelation that this clever
'band' had reformed was totally
ignored (surely front-page news!)
in favour of an interview with
some sleazy two-bit ex-model—
who apparently has "made" a
"record" with their assistance.

Luckily, my suspicion was
confirmed when my son bought
the record—Rosie Vela does not
sing, indeed probably cannot
sing; play 'Zazu' at 16 rpm (you
can't catch those of us with old
record players out, A&M and
NME!), and it's that genius
Donald Fagen, singing over one
of those moody soundscapes 'The
Dan' (as I think you call them)
used to make.

Yours in disbelief, Edna
Welthorpe (Mrs)
P.S. Four minutes, 48
seconds (funny, it only took me
three minutes seven to type—
harassed ed.)

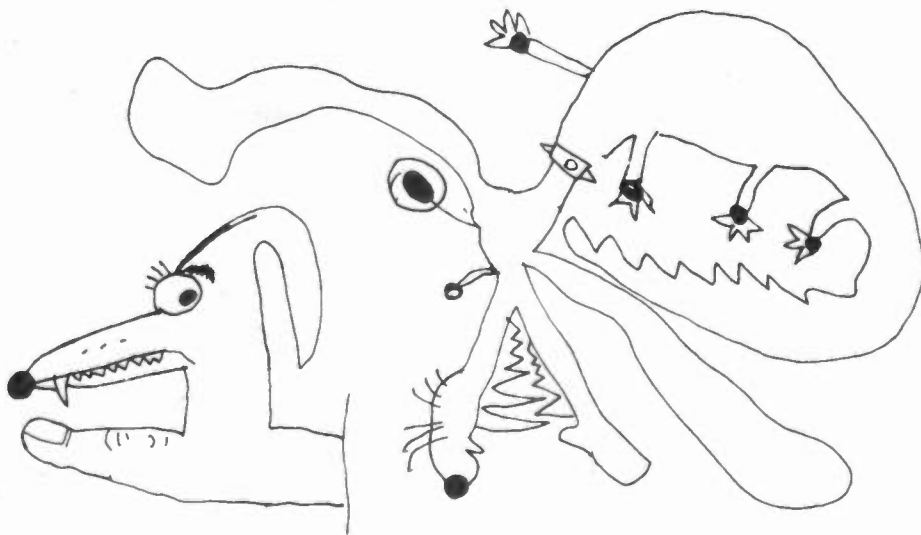
He was a slight man who
wore a white wig.





DICK NIETZSCHE

Like a jackass chewing bumblebees



It also seems that the incredibly aptly-monikered **TREE BOUND STORY** are more than just a little bit pissed off at the amount of attention that the totally brilliant megafantastic and stupendously talented **AGE OF CHANCE** are forever getting at their expense. Well, it could be something to do with 'Kiss' being the greatest single ever recorded by a bunch of poseurs in tacky cycling gear...

DIGGING down deep into the depths of the Dick file we find a rather curious story about a band far too revolutionary and interesting to have anything to do with FON. No, I'm not talking about **THE BARRON KNIGHTS** but the rather similar **MEMBRANES** whose incredibly zarjaz 'SPIKE MILLIGAN'S TAPE RECORDER' single was blasting from OI the skinheads ghetto blaster on the nationally screened kid's TV prog **BONZER, DODGER** and **CO!**

TO CELEBRATE

the unveiling of **THOSE WESTERN APPROACHES'** cover version of **SCHOOLLY D's** 'Suck My Barrel' lead singer **HOWARD HUGHES** thought it would be a jolly wheeze to pull out a replica Colt 45 and fire blanks into the audience at the University of London Union. So he did.

Unfortunately, not everybody in the audience was aware of the pistol's non-lethal potential and one scaredy-cat even went to the extremes of running from the hall screaming "Murder! Murder!" and called the police.

Mr Plod was not disposed to see the funny side and Hughes, poor soul, was grilled dahn the nick for several hours. He also had his pistol confiscated. Good show.

AND STILL

in the area of hippety-hop-pity is there any truth that daddy of ace DJ **MANTRONIK** owns lots and lots of oil refineries and if he does – so what? He probably had to work very hard for them. That's the trouble with you middle class **NME** twats – always trying to impose your guilt on us rough, tough, jolly working class types. Talking of which...

WHO SAID

"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... most working class people are glad to see you make something of yourself."

A) Gary Bushell (about Rupert Murdoch)?

B) A working class person who is very poor but knows his place?

C) A very rich pop star talking about another rich popstar?

the air.

"Here, take it! Take it all!" he whined, removing a thick wad of rhino and thrusting it at the irate manager.

Turned out the unlucky BB ended up paying \$80 for a \$40 bill. That'll teach him.

WUFF TWADE...

the infamous Moscow funded pinko cultural front organisation who have done more damage to the fabric of Western civilisation than anything since the first series of *The Paul Daniels Magic Show* are in cahoots with **NORMAN TEBBIT!**

Mr Munster sent the hippy rocksters a solicitation for funds which Rough Trade are unwilling to deny that they have agreed to. It is expected that this will spark off a mass demonstration at Rough Trade HQ by millions of militant trade unionist Smiths fans disgusted that their hard earned pennies will be going to swell the belly of **THE BEAST OF BABYLON!**

GRACE JONES

The square-headed Bond girl with the wicked smile and the Russian boxer boyfriend has opened a French restaurant in her home manor of New York. Called 'La Vie' its menu features such culinary delights as "La Salade Victor", "Slave To



AND NOW

An exciting look at London's nitelife! Would you believe **JOHNNY ROTTEN, RUPERT EVERETT, BOY GEORGE AND MARTIN DEGVILLE** were all seen engaged in a mega-hokey cokey dahn some new 'nite club' (as they call discos down here) called Go Global. Apparently a distinctly worse for the odd dozen cans of Red Stripe **ROTTEN** started callin' **BOY GEORGE** a "gurdy punk traitor" and other nasty things. I bet you're miffed you missed that!

QUOTE OF THE WEEK!

"And I've just heard that the ANC have officially condemned **Paul Simon**. What a disgrace! Paul Simon is a man who's probably done more than anybody else for black musicians."

Johnny Walker, Radio One
Stereo Sequence

BEASTIE BATTERED!

Crazy hip-hopping wag funsters the cRaZy mega-ace **BEASTIE BOYZ** thought it would be a real laff to do a runner after stuffing their faces at un-exclusive New York eaterie 103.

It just so happens that this stunt had been pulled by naughty customers on both the previous two nights and the staff were well prepared. Over the counter leapt the manager resplendent in his shiny noo **ADEEDASS** kanga-skin specials. Two of the Beasties showed showed pairs of very clean heels but the third, alas, was tackled to the ground and given a severe ear-clipping.

"Ouch," he said.

The wee terror was dragged back to the restaurant squealing and waving his wallet in

DEAR READER...

No **HEADBANGING** Dick this week but a Dick faced with a dilemma. Following the sordid *Sun's* sickly "Elton's Night Of Coke-Crazed Lust With 2000 Cockney Type Rent Boys" just how would you – as gossip columnist for the bleeding heart pinko pantywaist **NME** – handle the following facts?

A singer with a high gay profile confesses that he has had a sexual encounter with another singer, equally well known but with a mega hetro/macho image. Neither singer would suffer any 'image damage' from you printing the story, in fact *both* would probably benefit. But given that both singers are male and that the revealing of their names would be immediately used by the gutter press to smear both the acts and the gay community in general – do you print?

FOR INSTANCE...

Would you be able to resist using the "Probing Dick Ruined My Life" headline so blatantly suggested by **PAULA YATES'** pathetic whining about my revelations concerning her 'personal life'. Would you respond to such criticism by claiming that Ms Yates – who peppers her TV interviews with mock coy innuendo and sniggerhumour – is being a tad hypocritical? Or is any gossip concerning the sexual activities of female celebs inherently sexist? Oh rip out all my fingernails and pull out all my hair? It is perhaps a shame that ole Yatesy had the **SCUM** of the national press camping out on her front porch as a result of this column, though the thousand quid per prog. (plus first-class hotel accommodation and free plane travel from London) that she receives *should* enable her to be above such minor irritations, surely.

OK, get this – any overpaid 'personality' is a legitimate target for a 'gossip column'. The morals of the gutter press are a reflection of the stinking system that spawns them and any 'pop star' shocked at having her or his legs slapped should maybe be doing less drugs and more picket lines.

SO...

In a shock confession warbling wimp **MARC ALMOND** claims to have engaged in oral sex with macho real man **ZODIAC MINDWARP**. The alleged act of passion took place amongst the steaming kilns and cracked tiling of the Ceramics Department at Leeds University – scene of 1985's "Degrees For Sex" scandal.

Both the lovers were to go on to become very famous popstars and yet, strangely, neither has mentioned their ill-fated tryst until now.

EDITORIAL

4th Floor
Commonwealth House
1-19 New Oxford Street
London WC1A 1NG
Phone: 01-404 0700

EDITOR
Ian Pye

DEPUTY EDITOR (features)
Danny Kelly

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Adrian Thrills

NEWS EDITOR
Terry Staunton

PRODUCTION EDITOR
Jo Isotta

MEDIA EDITOR
Stuart Cosgrove

SPECIAL
PROJECTS EDITOR
Roy Carr

ART EDITOR
Joe Ewart

THRILLS & LIVE EDITOR
Alan Jackson

STAFF
Gavin Martin
Paolo Hewitt
David Swift
Mat Snow

PHOTOGRAPHY
Pennie Smith
Anton Corbijn
Lawrence Watson
Derek Ridgers
Bleddyn Butcher
Cindy Palmano

CONTRIBUTORS

Fred Dellar
Barney Hoskyns
Penny Reel
Cynthia Rose
Ian Wright
Biba Kopf
Graham Lock
Len Brown
Cath Carroll
Don Watson
Sean O'Hagan
David Quantick
Andrea Miller
Dessa Fox
Steven Wells
Neil Taylor
William Leith
Simon Witter
John McCready
Mark Sinker
Jane Solanas
The Legend!
Lucy O'Brien
Donald McRae
Michele Kirsch
Dele Fadele

CARTOONS

Ray Lowry
Chris Long

U.S.

Richard Grabel
Rob Tannenbaum
Kristine McKenna

RESEARCH

Fiona Foulgar

EDITOR'S SECRETARY
Karen Walter

ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT

Room 329
Commonwealth House
1-19 New Oxford Street
London WC1A

AD MANAGER

David Flavell
(01) 829 7825

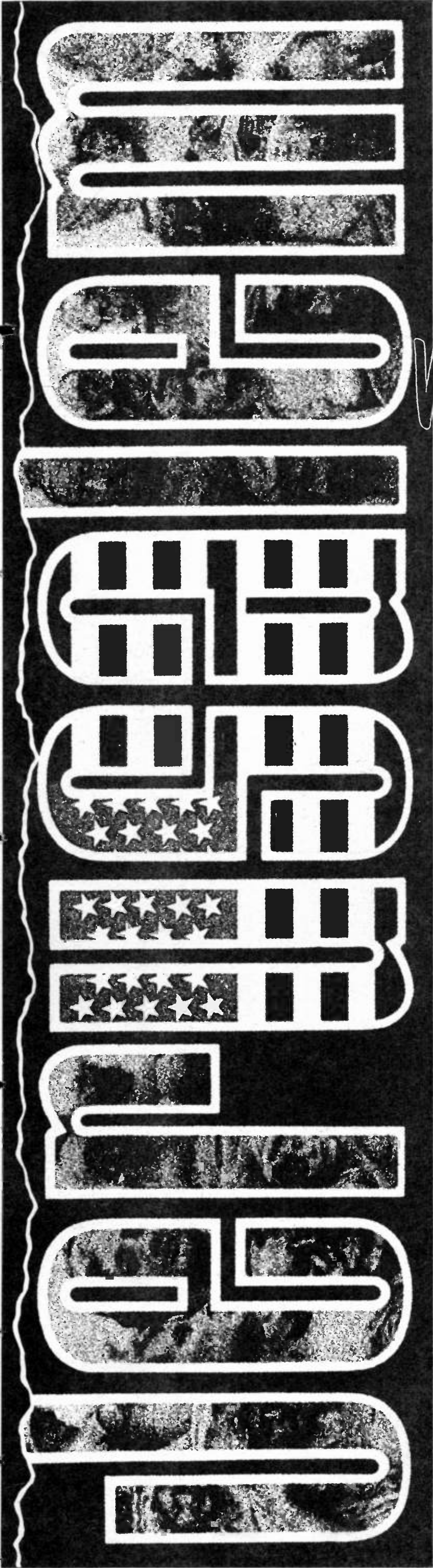
CLASSIFIED ADS
(01) 829 7797

LIVE ADS
(01) 829 7816

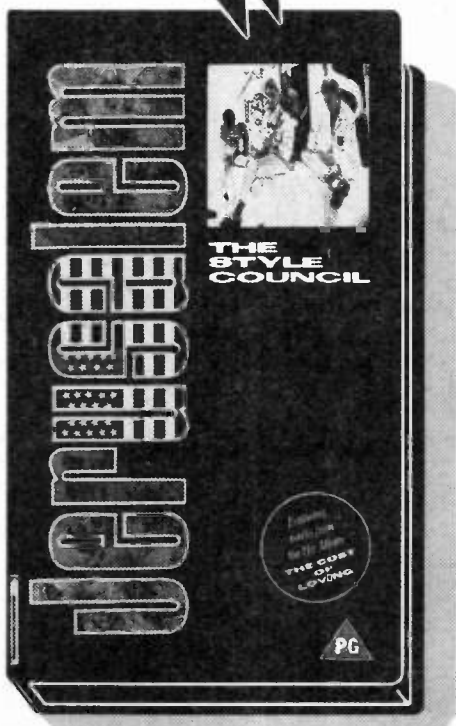
AD PRODUCTION

Pete Christopher
Barry Cooper
Lee McDonald
(01) 829 7759

Publisher David Curtis
Holborn Publishing Group
IPC Magazines Ltd
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