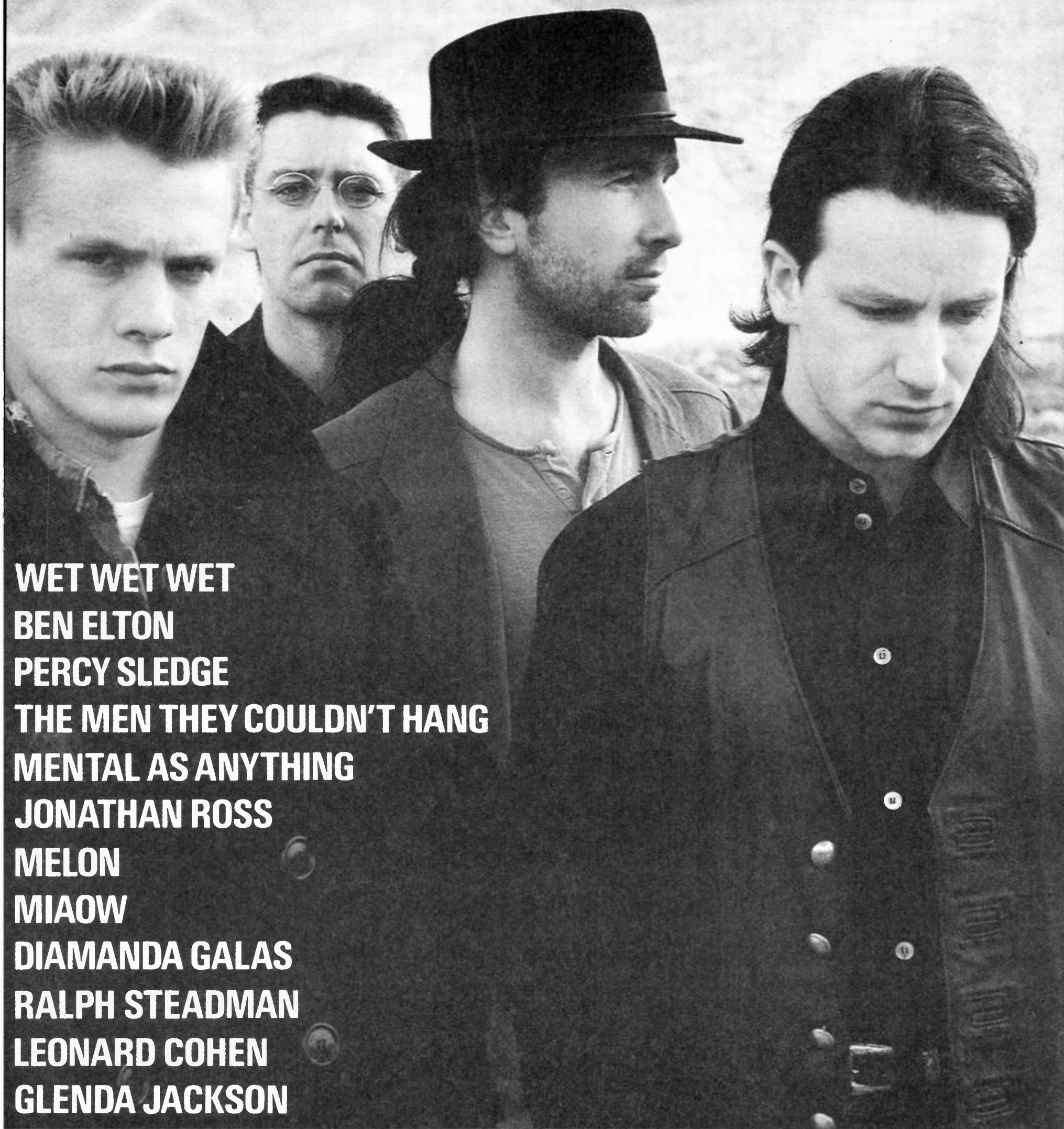


NEW **NME** MUSICAL EXPRESS

Out of our tree

U2 AFTER THE FIRE BY ADRIAN THRILLS



U2 pictured by Anton Corbijn

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BEGGARS BANQUET



BEN ELTON PICTURED BY BLEDDYN BUTCHER: SEE PAGE 18

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“With someone like Boy George, I know he’s going to give as good as he gets so we can play around a bit more. But before we had George on, Jon Moss phoned up and offered to be a surprise guest. We said no way, we can do without that”.
JONATHAN ROSS of *The Last Resort*: PAGE 7

“It’s important to me not to become pathetic about it. I don’t want to become weepy, especially with him, because he would have *despised* cheap sentiments – he was still shaking his fists at the gods when he died.”
DIAMANDA GALAS on her AIDS-victim brother: PAGE 14

“To sing a good love song you have to be like Michael Jackson – he loves his snake so much that when he sings a love song he must think about his snake!”
Marti Pellow, *WET WET WET*: PAGE 21

“There’s no point pretending that television is just some aspect of our wonderful human life that we’ve invented to amuse ourselves, it’s not something that the human race chooses to do in a positive way to occupy itself. It’s an all pervading passive force, it fills in gaps”.
BEN ELTON of *Saturday Night Live*: PAGE 18

“Larry was too embarrassed to tell his girlfriend that we were going to call the LP after this clump of prickles in the desert. The thought of the world waiting for ‘The Joshua Tree’ is a bit ridiculous. It sounds as if it will sell about three copies . . .”
Bono, U2: PAGE 24

“It’s about God. It has to be. I, basically am God. My book is about Man creating God in his own image. I’m sure if he’s up there he’s giving me writer’s block. But playing God has its problems – how will I publicise the book? I won’t be able to turn up at the signings.”
Ralph Steadman on his masterwork: PAGE 44

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NEWS



Will Simon go cap in hand to the UN?

U.N. PRESSURE SIMON TO CANCEL CONCERTS

THE UNITED NATIONS have entered the Paul Simon debate by asking the singer to confirm his intentions not to break the cultural boycott, as he stated in a European press conference recently.

But if Simon were to abide by the boycott it would mean he would have to *cancel* all the remaining dates of his controversial 'Graceland' tour.

A special meeting of the UN's Special Committee was held last week to approach Simon so that he could clarify his situation. They are still waiting for a reply, although it is unlikely they will get the answer they want, considering the scale and expense involved in the forthcoming concerts. Could Simon afford to drop the lot?

The British wing of the Anti-Apartheid Movement was represented at the UN meeting and a spokesman said they welcomed the decision.

"Simon will have to come clean. If he does not abide by the boycott he will be put on the cultural register, the UN's list of artists who have broken the boycott," said the spokesman.

"If he says yes to the boycott he will have to call off his concerts, because the boycott involves performing and recording with South African musicians both inside and outside of South Africa."

TWO PEOPLE were gaoled last week for supplying Boy George with heroin. Stephen Lubin and Diane Finer each received four year sentences.

THE COMMUNARDS and The Waterboys have been confirmed for a concert at the Edinburgh Usher Hall on April 2 as part of International AIDS Week. Tickets are £10 and £8 and are on sale now. Billy Mackenzie is likely to put in an appearance and the show will be hosted by Claire Grogan. Ticket details and the final running order of the AIDS concert at London Wembley Arena on April 1 should be announced in the next few days.

HIPPIES, PUNKS, breakdancers and rockers in Moscow have met with Government officials to try and help stamp out the violent activities of Lubers, the Soviet Union's nearest thing to trendy bashers.

They met with officials of the USSR Ministry Of The Interior criminal department to claim that the Moscow militia had not made any serious effort to combat Luber bullies.

Lubers come to Moscow in the evenings to bully heavy metal fans, punks and the like as part of their campaign to "defend the Soviet youth's moral purity from advancing mass culture".

RCA TO REVIVE STREETWAVE?

FAST-GROWING rumours that RCA will soon be providing a new home for Streetwave and certain Arista acts have been nipped in the bud by record company officials. Firstly there have been whispers about a takeover bid for Morgan Khan's dance music empire, which went bust last month. In theory RCA would inject lots of lolly and leave supremo Khan in charge for a second bite of the cherry. "It's news to us," said an RCA spokesman.

Secondly there is a very strong suggestion that Arista are set to close down their UK operation because of the lack of success of homegrown acts, with moneyspinners Aretha Franklin and Whitney Houston being handled by RCA in this country. The two labels already have a joint distribution deal. "It's news to us," said a spokesman at RCA.

"It's news to us," said an Arista spokesman, who added, "the rumours are completely and utterly crap."

However, the rumours have been circulating for a good six months with many people in the industry claiming that Arista UK were given a deadline to achieve some commercial success with acts like Hurrah!, Helena and 5TA.



Secret Policeman Lou

B.A.D. IN VIDEO NASTY SHOCK

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE have been labelled "sick" after showing violent videos during their concerts at the London Astoria. Angry punters rang the *NME* to try and reach the band's record company and management to complain about the bloodthirsty clips from *Taxi Driver* and *The Deerhunter*, not to mention other unidentified celluloid classics.

One fan, Alan Walker, of Acton, London, said he would never go to another B.A.D. concert or buy any of their records after what he saw at the show.

"There were scenes of people getting shot and beaten up, but what really turned my stomach was when we saw a woman cut off a bloke's penis with a pair of scissors," he said. "There were kids there who were visibly upset and members of the audience kept groaning. It was really sick."

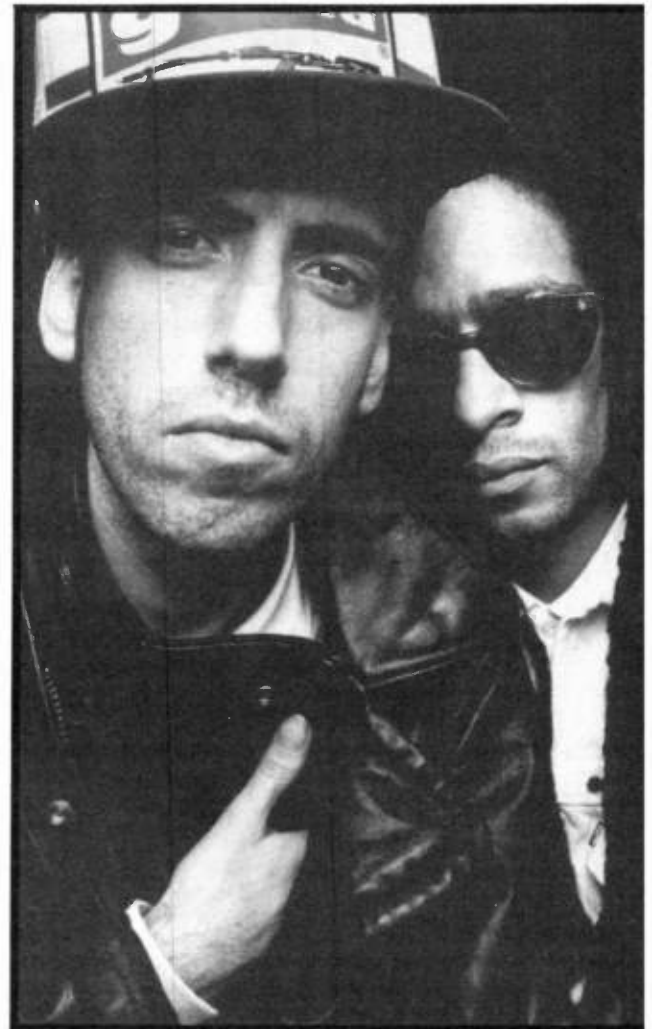
A spokesman for CBS said the label had no control over the group's stage shows and that no official complaints had been received.

"Obviously if someone does get in touch with us we shall give it some serious consideration."

LOU REED will be coming to London later this month for Amnesty International's *Secret Policeman's Third Ball* on March 28 and 29.

He has written a song especially for the shows, which is unlikely to surface on any of his own albums, although the possibility of it appearing on an LP recorded at the concerts can't be ruled out. Jackson Browne and Chet Atkins will also be flying in for the shows, with Atkins playing a guitar duel with Mark Knopfler. The latest British names confirmed are Aswad, Bob Geldof, Peter Gabriel, Duran Duran, Joan Armatrading, Nik Kershaw and Erasure.

THE BHUNDU BOYS, *NME* cover stars and all-round good guys, have added even more dates to their never ending tour. They now play Leicester Poly (March 16), Newca University (17), Sheffield Poly (19), Leeds Poly (21), London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town (21), Manchester Free Trade Hall (22), Nottingham venue to be confirmed (2), Stirling University (24), London Harlesden Mear Fiddler (25), Luton Colle (26), Norwich East Angli University (27).



BAD: "Who you calling video nasties?"

TRENDY BASHING SOVIET STYLE

The trendy victims claim every teenager has a right to follow the culture or fashion they want, and matters came to a head when a young journalist was set upon for wearing a button badge he bought at a rock festival.

Moscow youth group leaders' proposals to curb the crimewave include holding a series of meetings organised by the Young Communist League, who can also act as arbitrators. The YCL was the first to propose reconciliation moves to try and bridge the gap created by "older and some young people's intolerance of many adolescents' manners, tastes and clothes."

THE BEATLES are back in the album charts, hogging the top four positions with their first four albums. No it's not a re-run of the Merseybeat days, just the latest development in the CD 1980s.

'Please Please Me', 'With The Beatles', 'A Hard Day's Night' and 'Beatles For Sale' are now dominating the CD chart. The CDs—remastered by original producer George Martin—have also pushed all four LPs into the official Gallup charts.

ALISON MOYET, Curiosity Killed The Cat and Bryan Adams will be appearing at London's Wembley Arena in June for this year's rock gala in aid of The Prince's Trust.

Midge Ure is also putting together a "supergroup" to close both of the shows. More acts for the concerts, on June 5 and 6, will be announced soon.

RETURN OF THE ANIMAL

PHIL 'PHILTHY ANIMAL' TAYLOR has rejoined top heavy rock combo Motorhead after three years in self-imposed exile. Lead singer 'Lemmy' Kilminster is over the moon!

"Now he has rejoined it's Motorhead back into total overdrive. We now have four people who live, breathe, eat, drink and throw up Motorhead 24 hours a day."

Philthy replaces drummer Pete Gill in time to debut in the *Comic Strip* film 'Eat The Rich' and to join Motorhead's new tour of European food mountains which commences on March 5.

NEWS

U2 AT WEMBLEY

U2 WILL be playing two shows at Wembley Stadium in June as part of a major British tour which also takes in Scotland, Wales, the Midlands and the north of England. The full itinerary will be announced next week, although tickets for the Wembley dates, on June 12 and 13, go on sale this Sunday.

More than 40 ticket outlets all over the country will open specially at 10.30am on Sunday to sell the £14 tickets, which are also available by postal application including a 30p booking fee per ticket. Applications should be sent to U2 Box Office, PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ and cheques and postal orders should be made payable to MCP Ltd. Allow 28 days for delivery and state preferred date.

A special phone line for credit card bookings has been set up. Calls will be accepted on 01 748 1414 from 10.30am on Sunday.

Three support acts have yet to be confirmed for the Wembley dates. The rest of the tour will be a mixture of indoor and outdoor shows. U2 release a single from 'The Joshua Tree' LP on Monday, it's called 'With Or Without You' and the B side features two brand new tracks 'Luminous Times (Hold On To Love)' and 'Walk To The Water'.

JACKO
MADE TO
REWRITE
BAD LP

MICHAEL JACKSON has been told to go back to the drawing board and make major alterations to his new album, if the whispers round Epic Records' American HQ are to be believed.

Release of the album has now been put back to August and the word is that Quincy Jones suggested a new approach and rewrites for a couple of songs after hearing the finished tapes. Jones took a similar stance over 'Thriller' and sent Jackson back into the studio to write two new tunes — 'Billie Jean' and 'Beat It'.

Jackson is still set on starting his world tour in the UK shortly after the album's release which would rule out a show at Wembley Stadium or other outdoor venues. Earls Court is being mentioned as the venue for his London shows.

Meanwhile, Jackson is also working on a video for the track 'Smooth Criminal' which is turning into a 15 minute epic along the lines of 'Thriller'. He already has one video in the can — *Bad* by Martin Scorsese.



Cope

TWO TEENAGE girls from Derbyshire could become the first pop stars to find fame and fortune via the Youth Training Scheme.

Sarah Rickard and Sue Smith, both 17, are the first youngsters to be taken on a two-year YTS scheme as "singers performers". Over the next 24 months they will be working as part of the Chesterfield-based group Gah-ga and will be given dance lessons, guitar tuition, and voice classes as well as getting advice on how the music industry operates.

The two other members of the group, Owen Downey and Keith Bell, set the band up in November as a business and received a Government grant as part of the Enterprise Allowance Scheme. They then dreamed up the idea of bringing the two girls in on a YTS scheme.

THE RETURN OF
ST JULIAN

JULIAN COPE sets out on his biggest solo tour for three years next month, playing a total of 15 venues. He can be seen at Guildford Civic Hall (April 7), Brighton Top Rank (8), Cambridge Corn Exchange (9), Portsmouth Guildhall (11), Bristol Studio (12), Manchester International (14), Newcastle Mayfair (15), London Town & Country Club, (22), Cardiff University (25), Exeter University (26), Nottingham Rock City (27), Birmingham Powerhouse (28), Liverpool Royal Court (30), Leeds University (May 1), Edinburgh Queens Hall (2) and Glasgow Barrowlands (3).

COMIC SUPERMEN SPLIT
OVER CENSORSHIP ROW

FOUR OF the leading talents in English language comics have threatened to resign if DC — the home of *Superman* — goes ahead with a new 'ratings system'.

DC executives, in the UK on a 'talent trawling' exercise, hastily called a press conference after the publication of a letter signed by Alan Moore (*Swamp Thing*), Frank Miller (*Dark Knight*, *Elektra Warrior*), Howard Chaykin (*The Shadow*) and Marv Wolfman (*The Adventures Of Superman*, *Teen Titans*) caused much gnashing of teeth and pulling out of hair amongst comics fans.

DC Executive Editor Dick Giordano — a man whose hearing problem worsens in direct relation to the awkwardness of the questions he is asked — denied that DC was imposing self-censorship.

DC runs a very poor second place in the comics industry to Marvel. After a couple of decades of trying to "out-Marvel Marvel" in the "kerpow-splat" department (and failing miserably) DC finally hit paydirt with more sophisticated titles like *Swamp Thing* and *Dark Knight* which have thrilled comics readers with their realistic and gritty treatment of sex, violence and The American Way Of Life. As a result the Comics Code (the little stamp in the top right hand corner of most comics) has bitten the dust. The Code — which was imposed in the 1950s after a hysterical moralistic witch hunt left the industry in tatters — was described by Giordano as an "unusable tool — if we were to use it to its full extent it would prohibit everything we've done in the last 12 months".

In response to grumblings — about the way comics are shaping up without the Code — from "ultra conservative" retailers, DC have decided to "rewrite the Code" themselves and slap a "Suggested For Mature Readers" label on some comics. Giordano denied that this is a "ratings system". He also denied that further labels — "Universal", "Mature" and "Adult" are also in the pipeline.

"You don't need a witch for a witch hunt," said Giordano. "We regret the stand that Alan has taken but I don't think Howard or Frank's stand is half as strong".

"Bollocks," says Alan Moore, who claims that it was Howard Chaykin who drafted the letter in the first place. He claims that DC are over-reacting to the complaints of a few comics distributors, one of whom he says has started a campaign to "clean up" comics using fundamentalist preachers like Jerry Falwell to put the pressure on.

"They want us to portray Superheroes as boy scouts — they say we should be 'mature' enough to portray authority figures in a positive light."

Moore and the other writers — whose defection would leave a gaping hole in DC's ranks — are pissed off at what they see as a lack of consultation with them by DC. Moore also regards the ratings (or 'labelling' — according to DC) as capitulation in the face of reactionary pressure that has seen *The Wizard Of Oz* and *Anne Frank* banned in some States, and pictures of dinosaurs removed to appease Creationists.

Steven Wells

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thrills!

EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

GONE FISHIN'

The only definite sighting of PERCY SLEDGE in recent weeks has been in the UK Top Ten. BARNEY HOSKYNs reviews the career of the elusive soul giant from the Southern swamps.

BASIE MAN DIES

FREDDIE GREEN, who played guitar in the Count Basie band for nearly half a century, died in Las Vegas on March 1, at the age of 75. A rhythm guitarist who rarely took more than a few bars out for a solo, Green's playing formed an essential part of the Basie sound.

Irving Ashby, guitarist with Lionel Hampton, Jazz At The Phil and the Nat Cole Trio, once said: "Rhythm guitar is like vanilla extract in a cake. You can't taste it when it's there; but you know when it's left out."

Now Freddie Green has gone, and something subtle is missing from the rich cake mixture which is jazz.



Percy - gone fishing?

IT WOULD not be altogether surprising if Percy Tyrone Sledge were blissfully unaware that the immortal 'When A Man Loves A Woman' is a hit record all over again. He is probably out fishing or hunting in the swamps around Baton Rouge, Louisiana, his home for several years. Ask him what 501s are and he'll probably say a type of fishing line.

Fishing and hunting is Percy down to a T. He was the definitive country-soul singer, the rural flipside to the urban braggadocio of gents like Wilson Pickett. "I would certainly describe myself as a soul singer rather than a Funk man", he said in a 1970 interview. "I find it much harder to whoop it up, because that's not my way."

Twenty years on and 'When A Man Loves A Woman' remains a perfect fusion of country and backwoods church emotion, with the rich nasal resonance of Percy's voice as affecting as it ever was. The biggest hit to come out of Southern soul oasis Muscle Shoals, Alabama, it was written by two members of Percy's band The Esquires but performed in the studio by the white country boys who made up the town's legendary Fame rhythm section.

While he never came close to

repeating the record's success - it was an R&B and pop Number One in April 1966 - Percy was by no means a one-hit wonder. You only have to hear the excellent Charly collection 'Any Day Now' to discover that the man was cutting immaculate sides for Atlantic right up to 1973. Check the exquisite Dan Penn/Spooner Oldham ballads 'It Tears Me Up' and 'Out Of Left Field', or the beautiful 'Cover Me', or the ultimate deep soul cautionary tale 'Take Time To Know Her', his last Top 20 hit. This is some of the most beautiful music ever recorded.

Aside from a brief visit to Philadelphia in 1973 - yielding the gorgeous 'Sunshine' - Percy has rarely left the South, nor the country-soul style he defined on those Atlantic sides. "The interesting thing about Percy", says his old mentor and producer Quin Ivy, "is that not many black people bought his records after 'When A Man Loves A Woman'. I used to tell Atlantic, you should see the people who come to his shows - they're white country people, almost exclusively". David Johnson, Percy's current manager, confirms this - he even cut tracks for a Percy Sledge country album a couple of years ago. "For the last two

years", he says, "I've been bookin' Percy into Texas beer joints and honky-tonks, real redneck dives, and we've been sellin' out, the people have been goin' NUTS."

Percy has only recorded two albums in the last 12 years, and on both occasions he's been the victim of serious bad luck. Shortly after the fine 'I'll Be Your Everything' LP was released on Capricorn in 1974, Phil Walden's label dropped the few soul acts on its roster to concentrate on the likes of The Allman Brothers. Then, in 1983, Nashville's Monument collapsed with the marvellous 'Percy!' album barely out on the streets. Once again it was the best kind of country-flavoured soul, recorded in Muscle Shoals with the town's best musicians.

Let's hope that the bedemimed return of 'When A Man Loves A Woman' will do more than simply point up the absence of great songs and emotional sincerity in contemporary pop. Maybe it'll bring that lovable, gap-toothed country boy out of the swamps and give him another stab at the charts.

Barney Hoskyns' *Say It One Time For The Brokenhearted: The Country Side Of Southern Soul* will be published by Fontana later this year.



WU Wire Train



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Members of the WATERBOYS appear courtesy of Ensign Records

BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN

"Talent scouts and A&R people should stop just looking for new bands who reflect the current sounds. They must remember the lasting stars are bright, intelligent and talented — look for singers with personality, humour and acceptability to all the family. Managers are also so important. If you look at the lasting big superstars of the last 20 years, they all have astute, caring, and thinking managers."

Michael Hurll, executive producer of *Top Of The Pops*

"I don't know about mystique. When I first went to *NME* I thought everyone would be dead cool, sitting on syringes in sunglasses, but actually people come in with their shopping."

Cath Carroll revealing the private thoughts of Miaow to a rival mag

"He smart-mouthed his teachers, streaked naked through town, had food fights, got his ear pierced and got suspended during his senior year for fighting in the school cafeteria."

A boyhood chum of Bruce Willis' spilling the beans on the *Moonlighting* matinee idol

"I've made two model kits. One is a fish kit that I made here in London right after *The Elephant Man*. I bought a mackerel. And then I did a chicken kit in Mexico but it didn't come with feathers, you had to purchase them extra. So it's a naked chicken. I was all set to do a mouse kit in *Blue Velvet* but you've just reminded me. I had about 12 mice in my freezer and I never did the kit."

David Lynch, director of *Blue Velvet*, *Eraserhead*, etc

"I'd love to wear lots of make-up and outrageous clothes but, unfortunately, Boy George has made it acceptable — even to Grannies. It's really 'in' to be normal now. And with my short hair I look more like a bank clerk than a pop star."

Phil Oakey

"I've got 16 pairs of Levis and I am a total shoe fetishist. I've just come out of my cowboy boots phase because I bought a new pair which crippled me. I had to wear plastic bags on my feet."

Paul Medford of *EastEnders*

"I suppose I looked like a hippie in the '70s, with the long hair and the guitar. I used to wear these sandals which had these long bits of leather twine that wrapped up around your legs and cut off your circulation and made your legs blue. They were the most unattractive things I've ever worn."

Confessions of fashion victim Carly Simon



Chat show *The Last Resort* is a totally trivial TV pursuit and its host — self confessed yuppie — JONATHAN ROSS is trained to cut to the core of frivolity in everything. DAVID QUANTICK beats him to it.

YUPPIE LOVE

unashamedly frivolous."

Too right, cocker. Any other show, dragging on the multi-Adam's apple Hank Wangford and his Tammy Wynette partner Billy Bragg, would have allowed the duo to ramble on hideously about folk, country and western music, Hank's new record, and then follow it with another duet between the pair. *The Last Resort* got this nonsense swiftly out the way, and then ended the show with Bragg and Wangford singing backing vocals behind Donny Osmond on an impromptu(?) 'Puppy Love'. Other shows would not deign to interview new Page Three person Maria Whittaker; Ross subjected her to some crap with an ice-cream, which, if uncogent, was certainly friv.

The Last Resort is a fine show. It has a heart of balsa wood, having taken over the idiot joy that was the infant Max Headroom's attitude to TV presenting and added to it a complete refusal to come to terms with life's problems. It lacks the cynical self-hatred of nouveau Max — there was happiness in everyone's voice as they joined an overwhelmed Donny in song. And Ross is, unique amongst those who ask questions for money,

moderately principled.

"They're always in seats. . . I can't do that, I sit behind a desk to talk to people. . . I do try to keep my opinions to myself, keeping politics and things out largely, but there are things we won't do. We won't humiliate people. We had an old guy on with an electric suit, and before he went on I said, 'You realise that people are going to laugh at you for being eccentric', but he said that was fine. . . People like that I won't try and be hard on, but with someone like Boy George, I know he's going to give as good as he gets so we can play around a bit more. But before we had George on, Jon Moss phoned up and offered to be a surprise guest. We said no way, we can do without that."

On the other side of the coin looms Oliver Reed; the large one rather notably appeared on *Aspel*, blind drunk, and *Aspel* and co. decided to humiliate him. Jonathan is unimpressed.

"I might have asked him why he drank. . . but certainly not the way Clive James did it, going, 'I'd like to ask you something', and leaving this great big significant pause before the question. We were after Oliver Reed, actually, but we were

going to do the interview at the bar, get the Barman of the Year on, and have me and Oliver Reed testing cocktails together. The reason for Oliver Reed being on a show is because everyone knows he's a drinker, or just acknowledge that as a starting point."

Drink has been a factor in the show's success, half the audience at home being naturally half-cut, as it went out late, and Ross liked it that way.

"I think it's a pity they've brought the show forward to 10.30. There should be something to watch at half 12 at night. . . I think the new time is going to change the make-up of the viewers significantly."

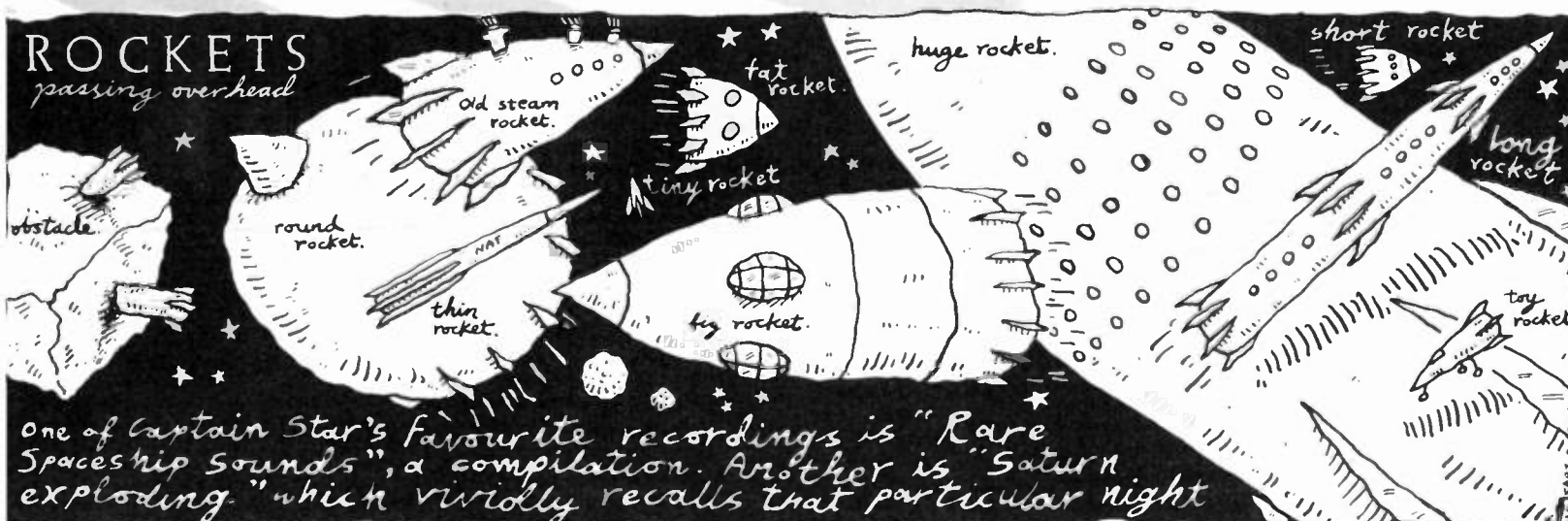
What, more yuppies, you mean?

"Yeah. . . what is a yuppie, anyway? I'm not really sure."

It's an apolitical person who embodies the attitudes of an ambitious earner, but, having been a '70s or '60s teenager, tends to retain rather than reject the tastes and habits of their teens.

"Oh, right. . . well, I suppose I'm a yuppie then."

The Last Resort goes out on Channel Four, every Friday at half past ten at night. Watch it with an upwardly mobile friend and all the whiskey you can lay your hands on.



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JENNY SINGS LENNY

sets and, when her career hit a turbulent patch in the Pat Benatar era of women singers, she entered the world of film scores, earning three Oscar nominations (and one actual gold statuette) and a Grammy for her work on 'Ragtime', 'Norma Rae' and 'An Officer And A Gentleman'.

"Although Leonard's songs have always been available in Europe, they've been hidden out of sight of most Americans in recent years. I've always found his material to have a certain transformational effect on me, and it's something I wanted other people to feel too. I hoped that if an American pop voice, which is what I am, recorded the songs, more people might find them accessible. It was a way of bringing his magic to a wider audience."

The result is the album 'Famous Blue Raincoat', produced by Warnes with Roscoe Beck, and of necessity put out as the first release on a new American independent label, Cypress. It is the singer's first album in seven years yet is currently climbing the US charts with speed — a deserved (if surprising) reward for her perseverance.

The nine songs therein mix familiar Cohen material with new or less well-known songs. Lyrically they cover emotional territory rarely explored by mainstream artists — sexual and emotional obsession, frustration, jealousy, pain...

"I've been made to realise just how much resistance Americans have to the full expression of sorrow in their music," says Warnes. "Writers are encouraged to deal with sex and happiness, but nothing more complex emotionally."

While 'Famous Blue Raincoat' renews interest in Warnes' own earlier recordings, it is also achieving what she most wanted and what American record companies thought was impossible — US stores are now bowing to a new demand for the Leonard Cohen back catalogue.

'Famous Blue Raincoat' by Jennifer Warnes (Cypress) is available on import in Virgin, Tower and other record stores. (A UK release is currently being negotiated.)

'Famous Blue Raincoat' is the album no major label would back. ALAN JACKSON talks to JENNIFER WARNES about her surprise US hit (left), while BIBA KOPF tracks down its inspiration, LEONARD COHEN (right).

A LEONARD COHEN song is the dark disaster that brings on the light. A slow and irresistible force, the rich laval flow of his voice burns onto the listener's own experiences, illuminating them with the recognition that he or she is not alone.

With Cohen, song and voice seem inseparable. Not only are writer and subject matter intimately entwined — the musicality of his language rhymes perfectly with the undervalued musicality of his vocal's blackened volcanic power. These songs of his cut deep, and the intricacies of their composition, mapping rivulets of love, hurt and hate, present a challenge only taken up by more adventurous singers. Cohen has been covered by saints and sinners. He has been soiled by Coil ('Who By Fire'), hauled over by Nick Cave ('Avalanche') and sanctified by Judy Collins and Buffy Saint-Marie. But Jenny singing Lenny is the first fullscale LP interpretation of Cohen. Its surprise partly lies in the fact nobody's done it before.

"Well about a century ago Frank Sinatra talked about doing something like that," draws Leonard Cohen, speaking out of LA. "But it never happened. And between Frank Sinatra and Jennifer Warnes there hasn't been a murmur."

Ambitious to be sure, Warnes' collection is perhaps too LA-ed to be a totally successful translation of Cohen. But, with her more extensive range, she can take these songs to places where the Cohen monotone is denied entry. And the fact of a woman singing songs ridden with male romanticism affords an intriguing shift in perspective. Cohen's work addresses women in the highest terms. Even the most fallen is accorded the reverence of a Madonna. While this partly accounts for his large female following, other women dismiss his beat venerations as a variant of woman-as-object, a more literate come-on. Warnes' versions usefully render gender secondary to the songs' expressions of feelings.

"You know it's hard to keep up with your position in the stock market," sighs Cohen. "I've been attacked by Maoists, supported by Maoists, attacked by Freudians, supported by Freudians, attacked by feminists, supported by feminists. I think it's because what they call poetry, that has harmonics and the necessity of paradox and ambiguity, that it's pretty hard to get a take on what I'm actually singing."

"Because it comes from a deep place where these paradoxes and ambiguities are resolved and I think that's why these songs are effective when they are. Of course, I sometimes blow it, but when they do work it's because they track a lot of resonances, even if it's hard to associate them with a hard and fast social and political position."

Is the poet absolved from responsibility towards clarity?

"No, I think he's consecrated and dedicated to that position. But there's clarity that is perceived by the heart and clarity that is perceived by the mind. You know, clarity's not a fixed idea. Sometimes something that is clear to the heart demands quite a complex expression. You just let the words or tune speak to you and it's very clear. You give yourself to the kiss or embrace and while it's going on there's not any need to know what is going on. You just dissolve into it..."

Hal The poet's get-out clause?



PICTURE: ANTON CORBIJN

"Yeah, well, you know, I've heard that stuff. Maybe some of it is true. But if there's an obscurity in my work, it's something no one can penetrate, not even me. . . You just try to be faithful to that interior landscape that has its own rules, its own mechanisms, and it's important to be faithful to them. If someone says, 'I love the song, what the fuck does it mean?', the question is not as important as the declaration."

And the popularity of Warnes' LP is more important than any minor quibbles about its LAmbience. It re-introduces to American radio the idea that listeners can cope with expressions more complex than moon and June schemes. Perhaps it's also preparing the way for a greater acceptance of this enduring Montreal-born poet, singer and songwriter, whose heavy-lidded Beat-God-on-100-Gauloises-a-day charms have worked across decades and generations. Currently recording a new LP — his first since 'Various Positions' three years ago — its late Spring release will test Cohen's present marketability. He promises a Lorca cover and a stronger dance influence.

"I always thought I was doing them dancy and rhythmical but it turns out they weren't."

It depends how you dance.

"Right. Ha ha. You hear a different drum. . . Probably by the time I get my record out everything will switch back to the dismal tunes of the singer songwriter. And I won't coincide with the market place once more."

© Biba Kopf for Nada Ltd 1987

CRAZY OLD CROCS

Australian rockers MENTAL AS ANYTHING, high in the charts with the help of Crocodile Dundee, are planning their next project — painting a tram! DAVID SWIFT gets on the hot line to Down Under.

GREEDY SMITH, ten years a Mental, laughs down the long-distance line:

"Yeah, it's very funny, heh heh..."

What's so funny? Well, premier Australian pub-rockers Mental As Anything toured Britain last year to

promote a single, 'Live It Up', the then latest in their long line of 45s. Seeing as it went Top Ten in Australia and New Zealand, they were hopeful . . . but it stiffed. But that was BCD — Before Crocodile Dundee. Now, the same artefact is almost top of the heap in the UK charts, thanks to a nation of cinema-goers digging Paul Hogan's soundtrack as much as his charm.

"Hogan really liked the song, and asked for it to go in the film, and we did another track for it as well," reported a well-chuffed Greedy. Seeing as Crocodile Dundee was the box-office smash of '86 in America,

the Mentals are having it re-released there too.

The Mentals have been successful enough in their own right. Never a particularly inventive group, their personable brand of bar-beat has been going down a storm for years in Australia.

"Recently, we beat Sherbert's record for the most Top 40 entries by an Australian group . . . we've had about 15, I think. We work pretty hard round the circuit still, we've had the same line-up for nine or ten years. We've always thought of it as a hobby though."

The Mentals' generous sense of

humour has propelled them through the peaks and troughs of Australian musical landmarks. When Men At Work were all over American radio publicly standing up for the "Vegemite sandwich", the Mentals ploughed on at home and abroad — they have mustered several overseas tours in the '80s, but they don't seem overly bothered by success outside of the Sydney-Melbourne scene.

"We've had a bit of success here. It'd be really funny if the record was a hit in America. There is a horrible nationalism about Australian music now. When Men At Work came home after making it in the US,

nobody seemed to want to know, but those times have changed," says Greedy.

With the famous dictum 'a guitar's all right John, but you'll never make a living out of it' ringing in their ears, Mental As Anything have kept their art school roots to the fore. Right now they're painting a Melbourne tram — part of a city beautifying campaign.

And they've held art exhibitions. Good grief — with the painting and the pub-rock scene, you guys could go on for another 40 years . . .

"Oh, at least!"

Mental As Anything will show their age in Britain next month.



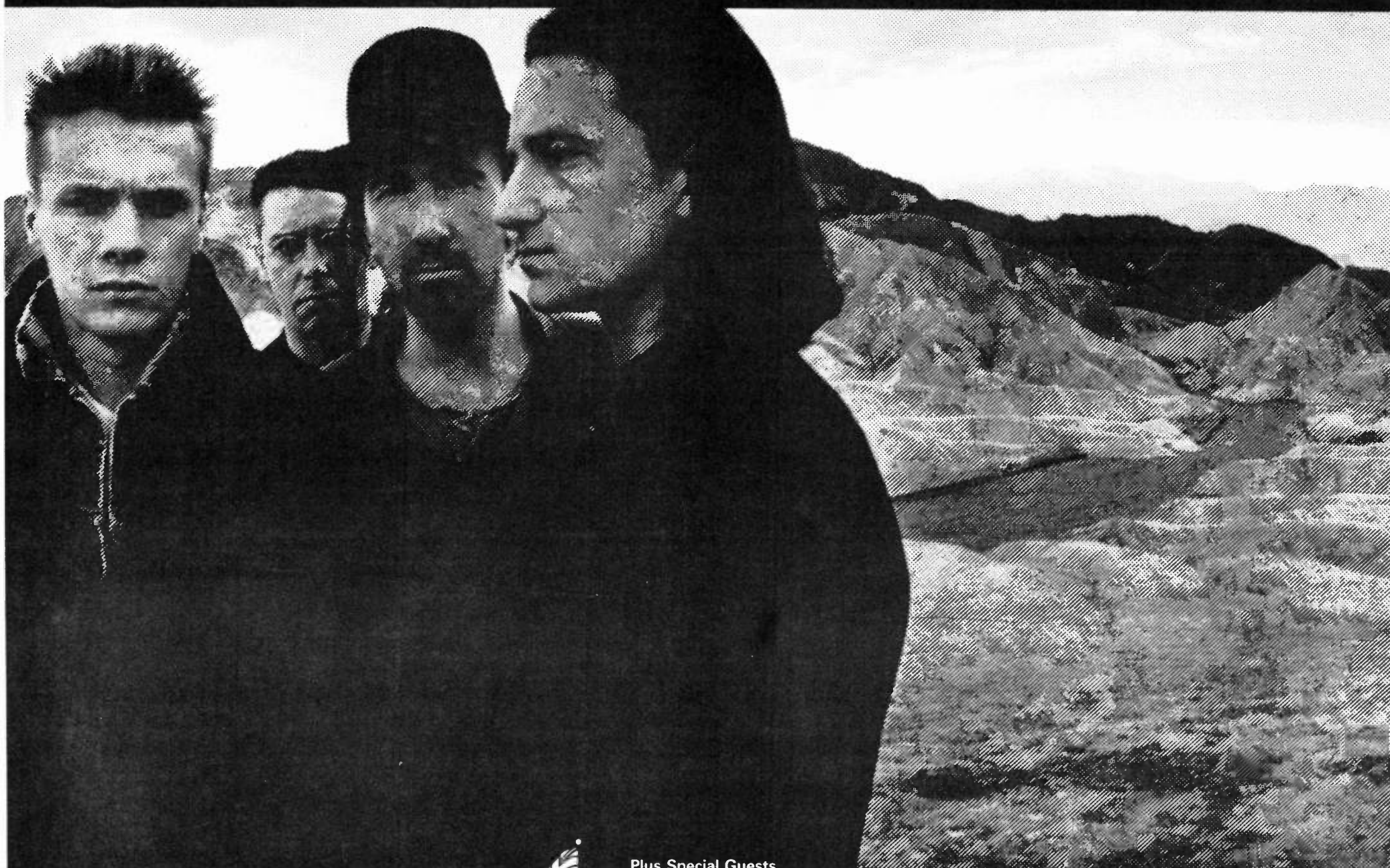
GREEDY SMITH

PICTURE: TERRY LOTT

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CD, ALBUM AND CLEAR COMPACT CASSETTE



wea

A CLASS OF HER OWN

MEET FREE

IN THE same week as the tabloid press got in a self-righteous froth over news that AIDS carriers were advertising for similarly-afflicted partners in the freesheet *Capital Gay*, there comes news of a new "introduction service" guaranteed AIDS-free. Life Chain claims it will help combat the spread of the disease by confining membership to those who have been tested and found to be antibody-free. Due to the dormancy factor associated with AIDS there is no conclusive test that can declare an individual to be clear of the virus. Tests can establish that antibodies are not present however. "An antibody-free person is eligible for provisional membership into Life Chain," says the press release. "Upon successful completion of a second test after three months, full membership will be available. Members will then be obliged to be retested every six months. Even this fairly complicated procedure does not, of course, safeguard everyone. It does however give a greater degree of security than the current system of 'Russian Roulette'." Altruism or opportunism? *Thrills* knows. We'll stick with condoms.



Britain's greatest living actress, perhaps. But not even GLENDA JACKSON could help Deidre Woods home in Greenwich. SARAH KILBY meets Labour's lady in the greenhouse.

WELL, DAMN the Labour Party. Just as I'm about to launch into all that superbly evocative stuff about *The House Of Bernada Alba* (all mourning, menace and sexual frustration) there's our Glenda, bless her, doing the party political in a dinky red smock and matching watering can.

Speaking very slowly and clearly, this Oscar-winning actress dispenses horticultural analogy while the camera wobbles over sickly seedlings to the right of the greenhouse and healthy, well-tended blooms to the left. Geddit? It was bloody embarrassing and certainly didn't help Labour in the polling booths of Greenwich.

It's not Glenda's fault. At least she's making an effort, out on the streets, too, campaigning for the party she joined as a teenager on Merseyside. She worked for Labour at the last General Election, and she's not afraid to tell you why she'll be happy to do it again.

"It's hard to let it out in terms of vituperative abuse. . . well, maybe it's not. This is the worst Government we've had since the

war. They have created a climate in which you just don't count unless you are thrusting, 18-35, upwardly mobile and well-off. I find that monstrous. All their policies stem from the basic belief 'if you don't have and you can't do then serve you right'. They use the powers of a democratic government to stifle not just opposition but even criticism."

We are speaking in her dressing room at the Globe Theatre before the Saturday night performance of *The House Of Bernada Alba*. A sell-out at The Lyric, Hammersmith, this all-woman production of Federico Garcia Lorca's famous tragedy is now packing 'em in on Shaftesbury Avenue. Although set in '30s Spain before the civil war, the play's central theme of oppression seems to have struck a contemporary chord. Performances from all the cast—especially Joan Plowright—are exemplary, and Jackson is absolutely terrifying.

I wish I'd seen the greenhouse caper before the interview—it wasn't easy to dislodge the image of Jackson as Bernada, a gaunt, hooded figure in black, lashing out at an unfortunate daughter. I needn't have worried. She is wearing Bernada's ominous grey wig and harsh, ageing make-up but the smile is hers.

"I don't know whether I can say I've enjoyed this role," she finally answered, having dismissed my complimentary preamble with a brisk wave. "Working with a cast of women has certainly been

enjoyable, however. That's a very rare event for an actress, because if there is one good part and you've got it, that's it. Also we had time to rehearse very thoroughly, and to talk through things. This was a situation which had to be created, because the bulk of the company are very young and unused to have responsibility for the whole play thrust upon them. Women just aren't used to doing this in the theatre, but we made it very clear to them it was vital in this case to proffer opinions, to make 'the family' work. Once they realised this they leapt at it."

While Glenda Jackson may dislike flattery, she deserves a tribute for what has been a major effect of her forthright, uncompromising stand on good roles for women. She acted as catalyst, stretching the accepted limits and paving the way for the Streeps and the Turners to come. Leaving RADA in 1956 as a rather plump and spotty 21-year-old, she entered an era of blonde and busty leading ladies. "You're a character actress, dear," she was warned. "Don't expect to work until you're 40."

Glenda was rescued in 1964 from this dreary round of rep, unemployment and, often, poverty by innovative directors Charles Marowitz and Peter Brooke. She won a part in their experimental Theatre of Cruelty after giving a "mesmeric" audition, and in her five-minute appearance established a trend which would last over the next two decades. She was unforgettable.

Over the next 20 years she tackled some of the most difficult and challenging roles written. Her compelling stage presence, commanding voice and mannish stride forced a redefinition of the conventional female lead. She's been described both as a mould-breaker and a ball-breaker; the latter is usually heard as a commiseratory yelp from her leading men. While they've admired her professionalism and acting ability, they have found her unwilling to play nurse to a bruised ego.

But this woman sticks to her guns. Fantastic fees will not tempt her to accept a role she doesn't find interesting. After the success of the film *A Touch Of Class* she is said to have turned down £1.5m to star with George Segal in a sequel. But she was happy to have been teamed with him in the recent Hanson Trust ad, "purely for the money", which she promptly gave away to charities "of my choice".

She seems genuinely unconcerned by material wealth (her Blackheath home was burgled several years ago and nothing was taken—"what an insult," fumes Glenda); she accepted a role in Karl Francis' low-budget thriller *Giro*

City (1982) because she "liked the ideas". Her latest project, *Business As Usual*, was undertaken for similar reasons.

"I became involved, quite simply, when the girl who wrote it sent me a script. I do get hundreds, yes, and as always, 99.9 per cent of them are rubbish. But this was one of the few films presented to me with a clear political message. And it does deal with a problem experienced by thousands of women."

Business As Usual re-enacts a real-life incident which took place on Merseyside three years ago. A boutique manageress (played by Glenda) is sacked after protesting at the sexual harassment of a member of her staff (Cathy Tyson) by the shop owner. The union takes up her case, and finally wins her reinstatement.

For years Glenda Jackson has been threatening to leave acting and go into politics. She now feels she's "left it a bit late" to nurse a constituency. Perhaps she might do something in local government?

"But I can't go altering my life at the moment—my son (Danny, born '69) is still at school, and hopefully going to university soon," she says, suddenly sounding like a guilty mum deciding to go out to work after years of child-raising. I ask about her opinions of some recent headline stories—mentioning Cynthia Payne provokes a gratifying guffaw.

"What a joke. I really can't understand why the police got led into that when there are so many other things they should be doing. It's quite ludicrous. If you want to remove prostitution from this country, which I personally feel would be a bad thing anyway, then you should prosecute the client, not the girl."

"A girl was murdered round here a few days ago. She and her friend were playing the trick 'money in the hand first', and then they ran. This guy happened to have a gun—and he shot her dead. Now I don't think anyone should have to earn their living taking those risks. Prostitutes should be licensed and controlled like in France or Holland. I suppose the main concern now is the spread of AIDS, and in that case it should be openly acknowledged that there will always be a need for prostitutes, and the government should do their best to protect the girls who provide the service."

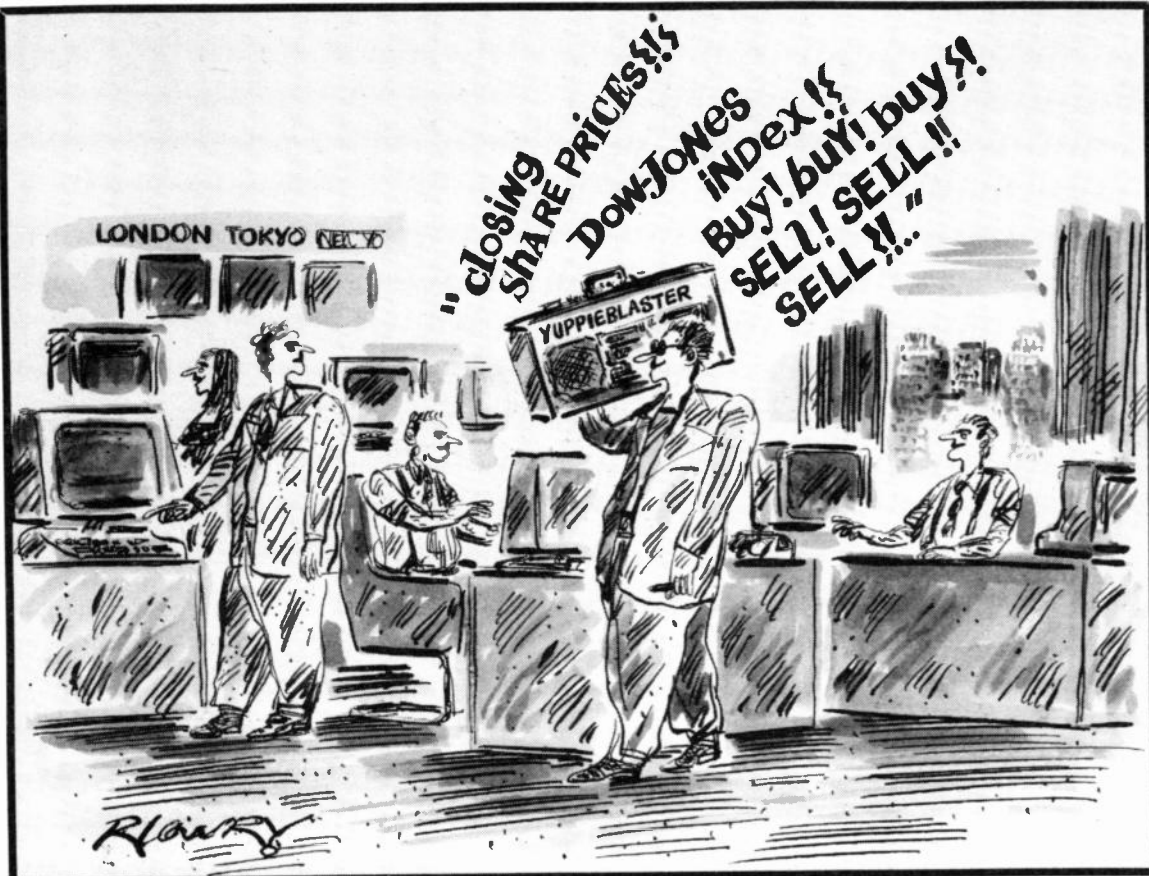
Does she think the Government are allocating enough money to combat AIDS?

"This Government doesn't give enough money to anything, dammit," she bellows in Jackson Force 10. "AIDS is frightening, but it doesn't worry me nearly as much as the attitudes of people to it. I thought we'd grown out of our gay-bashing phase. I'm appalled by the current wave of sanctimonious, holier-than-thou. . . how can that idiot Edwina Currie say Christians have nothing to fear from AIDS? I find it monstrous to suggest that AIDS is a kind of punishment. How can you believe in the kind of god who would send down something like that. . . ?"

We wind up talking about gardening, funnily enough. She does it not for relaxation, but to grow vegetables. I hear myself asking for the secret.

"You buy the seeds and feed the ground. . . and increase public spending, cut unemployment and pull out of the Common Market too, I'll bet. That's the thing about these gardening types. They don't give up easy."

(*The House Of Bernada Alba* plays at the Globe Theatre, Shaftesbury Avenue until April 18)



ART: RAY LOWRY

COME ON DOWN

The time is right for MIAOW to pounce. They're name-checking St Jude on their first Factory single, they're reluctant to be labelled a 'feminist band', and they're determined to stop feeling guilty. Interview by DAVE HASLAM. Picture by KEVIN DAVIES.

"He's a great saint and he's quite humble."

The new Miaow single, 'When It All Comes Down', features a standard portrait of St. Jude on the cover. Catholic Cath Carroll — Miaow's singer-songwriter and guitarist — explains why:

"He's the patron saint of hopeless cases. He's the one you pray to for a miracle, and then, if he does something for you, you publish a 'Thanks to St. Jude' in the classified columns of your local paper. He did something for me once, so I've put him on the cover."

She wouldn't tell me what he'd done: "I can't tell you. It was something that I didn't think would happen, but it did."

It was one of the more bizarre situations of my year so far. There I was sitting in a pub, with the landlady asking me if I'd be good enough to reach up and turn the TV over to *The Price Is Right*; the boys in the band enthusing over the taste of the (Boddington's) bitter, and this winsome, smiling *NME* free-lancer Cath Carroll (yes, the very same!) unashamedly admitting to a frequent prayer.

"I do often pray, but I don't think you should pray in times of trouble unless you're really desperate. It's better to pray in gratitude; that you're not crippled, that you can walk upstairs. And it's good to pray to help you forgive people."

Do you go to church then?

"No, people have lots of different ways of praying; you don't have to go to church necessarily."

Chris Fenner, the drummer, is an equally philosophical, quietly determined person. He's known Cath a long time, and he's a bit suspicious of religions.

"The worrying thing about most religions is that they over-stress what you should do for other people; all that kind of thing should come naturally. Religions just make you feel guilty for enjoying yourself. I'm sure God didn't make us so we'd spend our whole lives chastising ourselves. We must stop feeling guilty. One of my biggest sins is feeling guilty all the time."

The first Miaow single, 'Belle Vue', dribbled out years ago. The original line-up split, leaving Chris and Cath. After several months fending off apathy and desperation with vodka, the two met bass-player Ron Caine. And it was time to make another record.

As Cath explains, 'When It All Comes Down' is about understanding sins like hypocrisy and pride, and about learning forgiveness. It adds an unselfconsciously POP sound to the Factory Records catalogue. There's a lot of the '60s there, the '60s made slightly modern. It could be one of those New Wave records (remember New Wave?). You could be the new Debbie Harry, couldn't you Cath?

"That would be good. I think she's brilliant, but she's never been one of the people I wanted to sound like. I aim at someone like Gene Pitney; but then I always wanted to play for Manchester United. You just realise that your biology doesn't stretch that far!"



Miaow: (clockwise from left) Ron, Chris and Cath — "I always wanted to play for Manchester United".

That she's so quiet, and the music so lightweight, goes against my received idea of Cath Carroll as angry woman. It's all very soft on the ear. Chris defends their position.

"Unless a band attacks their instruments and plays as loudly as possible they're not considered an angry or passionate band. It doesn't have to be that way. You should see me when I get cross! It just isn't necessary that Cath and I have to channel our anger through the music in that direct, aggressive way."

"We all get worked up about lots of injustices and pressures," continues Cath, "but it's hard for me to put that into words. Some of the songs are about the patronising way homosexuals are considered to be less than fulfilled, but I just can't bring myself to bellow 'It's not fair!', like Tom Robinson or someone."

Their desire to be a band not wedded to high-minded political causes springs from a variety of experiences. Ron is a

cynic.

"I've come across many people who say 'this should be different, and that should be different', and they've never felt anything! They just go on telling other people what they should think."

Cath, instead, finds it easier and more natural to write about the political processes inherent in the intimate world of the personal everyday, rather than the big wide world of current affairs. Does this reflect the basic feminist motto 'The personal is the political'?

"Yes, but I don't think it's confined to feminism, that way of looking at things. It could be a Christian motto; it's certainly a moral one. And, after all, if we didn't all drop litter the world would be a much better place."

Meanwhile Cath is all set to become a heroine.

"There's nothing I'd like more than to guide young women and give them advice. I'd take a sisterly approach. I'm

quite serious about this; when I was at school I felt quite helpless. All the women, even at that time — and it wasn't *that* long ago — just got bullied into all sorts of things, like wearing high heels and dresses, and going out looking like a drag queen!"

Do you think people will compare you to the Au Pairs or The Raincoats?

"I thought Lesley Woods was a great singer, but they were both really taken up as a 'Feminist Band' and that's the last thing we want to be."

The last thing?

"Well, not the last thing; it's just not very appropriate."

How would they like to be described? Chris says it doesn't matter.

"But I expressly forbid you to use anything like 'Miaow are the cat's whiskers' — we've had enough of those."

I just can't help it (and I don't feel guilty); Miaow are the cat's whiskers, St Jude's favourite hopeless cases.

これじゃ ウオーク・オマンだ

Take a slice of hip-hop, rap and Hawaiian, flavour with easy listening and decorate with a Japanese meltdown and we have MELON. JOE EWART claims to have the stomach for a music that's so wrong it's almost right. Picture by EDDIE

n the fine tradition of Devo, now Wow Wow and ABC, Tokyo-based Melon are fundamentally *wrong*. Their recipe includes the Japanese predilection for new technology, a surmise understanding of American rap, a questionable love of Hawaiian easy listening and an English eccentrics attitude to fashion.

Taking time out from the exhausting business of renewing their visas, their debut album, 'Deep Cut tereo', is to be released in April. Although the bulk of the record is merely dreadful, the first four tracks are worthy of your attention. Let's start with 'Hardcore Hawaiian':

"One two three four hardcore beat / I am Mad Max on the surfboard / I'm gonna wipe off those musical waves / Hard beauty starts lookin' at me / Cause I am the one gonna make your body rock."

When they played a recent show at London's Astoria, it was no surprise to find Malcolm McLaren amongst the expectant crowd. Melon, you see, have taken to hip-hop beats in much the same brattish way that Bow Wow Wow plundered urundi rhythms. To some this is tantamount to high-risk sex with unborn babies. How dare they dabble in a black American street culture built on the Psycho dust of poverty and aggression? While Schoolly D was paying his dues working in a shoe shop, Toshi (Melon vocalist and possibly the sloppiest rapper under the rising sun) was on vacation in tourist-crazy Hawaii.

"What's wrong with holidays in the sun? ... Suckers get jealous 'cause I can afford it."

With the no-nonsense reference-heavy Sigue Sigue Sputnik now neatly filed under Failure, the path is alarmingly clear for the smart ideas which constitute Melon and — as much of the group are a meltdown of techno-tricksters The Plastics — it's to be hoped that they've learned from their own mistakes as well as those of so many others. Two wrongs rarely make a right, but Melon look to be dealing with a full pack.

Their jamboree bag of culture flashes extends even as far as the clothes on their backs. With all the wit and wisdom of a post-pirate Vivienne Westwood, Chica, Toshi and friends mix Michiko inflatable jackets with Kangol hats, striped spartan shirts with yang/yang symbols, a puff-ball skirt with a baseball cap. As a total look, it's designer madness. Fundamentally *wrong*. This same criteria is applied to the rest of their songs. Content is collateral, but their currency is style.

"Did you like my Hardcore Hawaiian? / So hard and smooth like a surfin' board / Get ill with funky Hawaiian / So def and chill you'll never be bored / Check it out all the girls on the Waikiki beach / Coppertone and sexwax smellin' hot / Listen to my Hardcore Hawaiian / My name is Tosh I'm gonna make your body rock." stupid fresh!



LIVING DEATH

While her brother was dying of AIDS, DIAMANDA GALAS created "the sound of the plague" — genuinely trying to see the disease from behind a victim's eyes. "After 15 years of decadent worship of the idea of sickness we now face a veritable barrage of genuine diseases," writes DON WATSON, in praise of Galas' 'The Divine Punishment' Picture by EMILY ANDERSEN.

'Gimme danger little stranger And I'll feel your disease ...
Iggy Pop

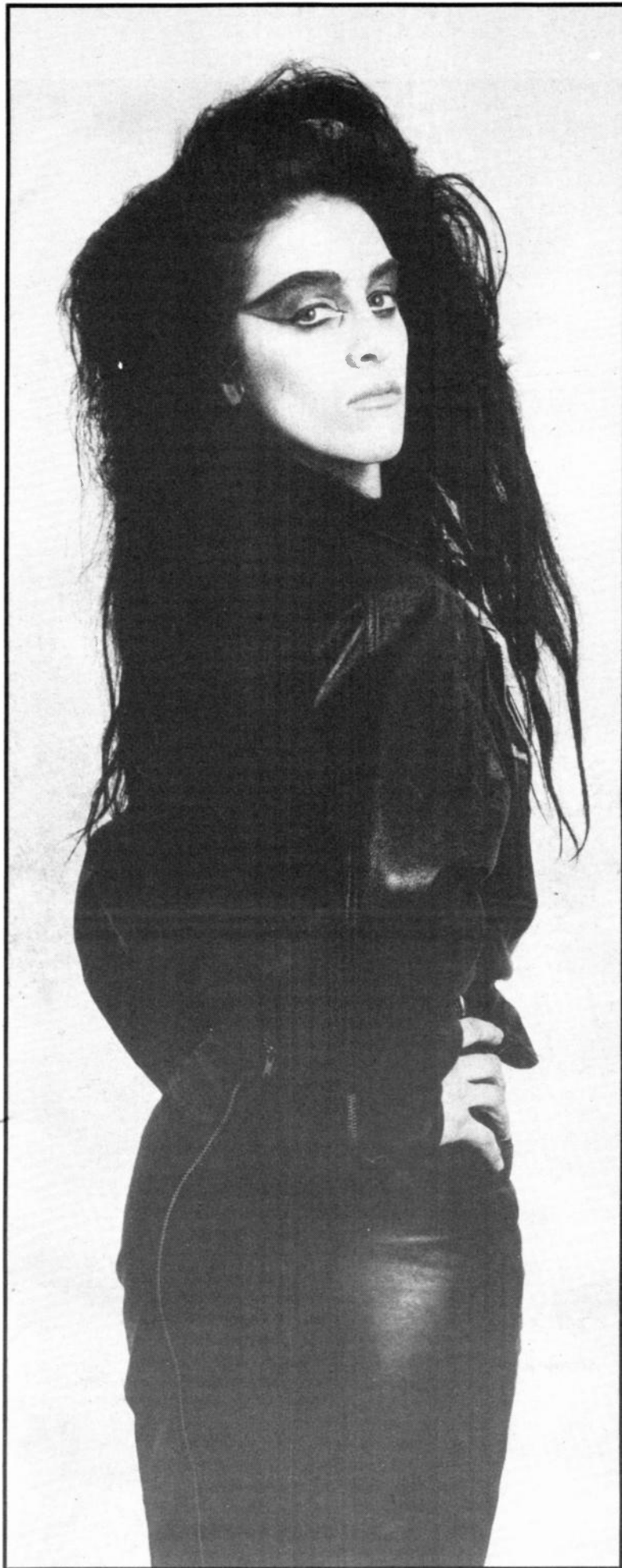
From the blinding insight of the epileptic through the pale suffering of the tubercular poet, the ravings of the prophetic madman to the hollow stare of the rock & roll muse consumed by junk, the last two centuries of Western culture have been riddled with the romanticism of disease. Only the diseased, runs the myth, can understand our diseased world.

But since the turn of the century and the defeat of the oh-so romantic tuberculosis — the last disease to be mythologised by its sufferers — what we have canonised is not the disease itself but the idea of the disease. The poeticising of cancer, until recently the disease of the modern ages, has never been broached. As Susan Sontag, in her 1977 book *Illness As A Metaphor*, pointed out, it's difficult to forge a myth from a disease that insists on attacking the most unromantic sections of the body — the colon, rectum, etc.

What Sontag missed was the existence of a synthetic and self-induced alternative to consumption as the acid and dope dominated drug culture of the '60s settled into the coke and heroin culture of the '70s. David Bowie's Thin White Duke, singing about the "sad effects of the cocaine" was raising the ghost of the pale romantic. Heroin was even closer in effect to the romantic sickness; dark circles, pale features, prominent cheekbones.

Of course heroin is not a disease; it is a symptom of the romanticism of a disease that no longer exists. There is no disease more romantic than an extinct one.

Throughout the '60s, the aura of the forbidden that accompanied the sex act had dissipated; the emergence of effective antibiotics put the more dangerous strands of venereal disease into abeyance and ushered in a period of free love. Yet by the '70s, the sense of danger had been dreamt back to life. David Bowie covered Jacques Brel's 'Amsterdam' — a song swimming in nostalgia for the bacteriological seediness of 19th century sea-ports — while Iggy



Diamanda: "I was genuinely beginning to believe that I was taking on the identity of the disease, as if everything I touched was infected by it".

Pop, Patti Smith and Richard Hell re-sanctified the French Romantic poet Baudelaire, who died from a crippling venereal disease and who lyricised the fatal charms of a syphilitic siren in his poem *Beauty*.

The problem is that before we've even finished romanticising it (count the references to illness in Morrissey's songs for a start) sickness is on its way back for real. Iggy Pop's 'Gimme Danger', a thinly veiled tribute to Baudelaire, has, in the days of AIDS, a chilling tone that it could only pretend to in the times when the worst consequence of a

shady sexual encounter was a couple of weeks on orange juice.

After 15 years of decadent worship of the idea of sickness, we now face a veritable barrage of genuine diseases. Not only is there herpes and AIDS to contend with, but syphilis and gonorrhoea are on their way back in antibiotic-resistant form.

After years of maintaining the pretence that there is actually anything dangerous about sex, we are poised to return to the moral climes that bound the era of Baudelaire when *femme* (or indeed *homme*) *fatale* could be *femme* (or *homme*) fatal. It's not

so much a matter of our mentality catching up with our biology, more a matter of reality turning back on our mythology.

Matt Johnson's 'Infected' has already tapped the explosive potential of the collision in a song that once might have been a simple 'Love is such sweet sickness' metaphor, but which assumes an altogether more sinister tone in the current climate: "When desire becomes an illness instead of a joy/ & Guilt a necessity that's got to be destroyed ... Infect me with your love".

But if the flickering imagery of the pop song can capture some of the surface eruptions caused by the virus, it takes a work beyond the scope of pop music to penetrate the storm of emotions that lie at the heart of the Gothic horrorshow that the AIDS phenomenon has become; it takes someone capable of truly reactivating the violence and the terror in Baudelaire's words, someone with a barrage of voices like the trumpets of Jericho. It takes Diamanda Galas.

Anyone who has heard

Diamanda's Y Records debut LP 'Litanies Of Satan' will know the fire and blood that Galas can wring from Baudelaire, her multi-tracked voice creating a cataclysm of spitting, searing and soaring. Those who have listened to the 'Panoptikon' piece on the Metalanguage follow up 'Diamanda Galas' will have been chilled by her ability to create human horror through sound. None of this can truly prepare anyone for the two records that have so far appeared in the 'Masque Of The Red Death' trilogy, 'The Divine Punishment' and 'The Saint Of The Pit' — in comparison with which, for depth of emotion, all other modern music simply wilts and dies.

The first part, 'The Divine Punishment' begins with 'The Law Of The Plague' from Leviticus: "And the priest shall look upon the plague for a rising and for a scab, and for a bright spot". The power and melodrama of the Biblical language is all the more chilling when you reflect that the plague metaphor is currently being preached from pulpits all over Europe and the States; the soundtrack in the background is like the echo of a torchlit rally.

The central section, also Biblical, is the cry of the victim: "I am poured out like water, and all my bones are out of joint: My heart is like wax; it is melted in the midst of my bowels." 'Sono L'Antichristo', sung in Italian, translates: "I am the token/ I am the salvation/ I am the butcher's meat/ I am the sanction/ I am the sacrifice/ I am the Black Spider/ I am the scourge/ I am the Holy Fool/ I am the shit of God/ I am the sign/ I am the plague/ I am the Antichrist".

"When I was working on that section," she comments, "I was living in San Francisco, and the woman that I was living with was diagnosed positive. I was saying 'I am the sound of the plague' and there it was, happening all around me. I was working on it constantly, and the way that I work is to become the incarnation of something. I know it sounds ridiculous, but I was ge-

nuinely beginning to believe that I was taking on the identity of the disease, as if everything I touched was infected by it.

"But the idea of 'Sono L'Antichristo' is the person being crucified by society saying, 'Ok you say this about me, so it's true'," her voice descends to forceful, spitting whisper, "No, what? It's like taking the victim as the shaman or the only person who is telling the truth about the situation."

If the first record is marrow chilling, even its power is belittled by the second and most recent part of the trilogy, 'The Saint Of The Pit', which is at once wracked and tormented, but touched with a strange and mournful beauty. A much more direct and personal record than the first, its root lies in the new that Diamanda received while completing 'The Divine Punishment'; her brother was dying of the virus.

"He died in my arms," she says, "so extrapolate from there — it was horrible, utterly horrible."

"When I was working on the first record I heard that he was sick, then I saw him and started putting two and two together. While I was finishing the record was making calls home and when I was through I went back and the transformation was incredible. It was a terrible shock. But this is a person who didn't even want me to know, he wanted me to continue my work, he wanted me to do the premiere performance."

What Diamanda has done is to put herself at the very centre of the AIDS whirlpool, to imagine the position, which she can clearly empathise with, of someone dying of the disease, an undertaking which others have shied away from.

"Why?" she asks with a shriek of manic laughter, "to them I ask why? For me to do anything peripheral doesn't make sense, couldn't even conceive of doing anything that wasn't exactly central in that way."

"I had enough stick for doing this work in San Francisco, but when I said I was going to do it here, boy, did I get blank expressions! People just went 'What?!' The term 'death' and the associated imagery gets bandied around quite a lot in a so-called provocative sense, but as soon as it gets a bit closer to reality the 'celestial poet' slinks off with his tail between his legs — celestial poet being the term that Artaud used to refer to himself, and we have all these pansy Artaud derivatives around nowadays who would just love to come up with something provocative, but only if it doesn't involve any risk."

Such words might sound like so much self-aggrandisement if it wasn't for the sound that backs them up. To listen to 'The Saint Of The Pit' is genuinely to see the disease from behind the victim's eyes.

"The second record is actually inside the disease. When I was doing 'Crie D'Aveugle' on that record, I was using a low singing voice which I've never used before on record, which reminded me a great deal of my brother's singing voice; also, the poems that I used came out of his book

CONTINUES PAGE 50



REVIEWED BY LEN BROWN LOW-RISK SEX BY ART WOMAN OF BLOOMSBURY

JEAN ADEMBAMBO: I've Made Up My Mind (*Ade J*)
DEBORAHE GLASGOW: Don't Stay Away (*Greensleeves*)

Light as a bird, Adembambo's slow lovers rock washes too sweetly over me; compared with Deborahe Glasgow her voices seems negatively lightweight. 'Don't Stay Away' has its supporters at *NME* but there's nothing stunningly different about it. The beat's pleasant enough but, like Adembambo, the words are a load of romantic rhubarb. There's even echoes of 'My Boy Lollipop' in here: "You are my one desire/ You set my soul on fire".

ANDREW POPPY: The Amusement (*ZTT*)

What have a cross-section of the inner-ear, a two-headed angel, Henry VIII and lots of letters and numbers got to do with Andrew? Beats me, pal, yet they're all over the sleeve along with helpful insights such as "I've been intercepting your desires and intentions and your view of the past". Admittedly, these inaccessible ponderings on the nature of man in society are light years more interesting than 'The Amusement', which is clearly music for Old Spice ads. Mind you, Udo Scheuerpflug is playing the saxophone – cracking name, that.

HORACE ANDY: Bangarang (*Hawkeye*)
HALF PINT & JUNIOR DELGADO: I Want Your Love (*Power House*)
TIGER: Nah Wanna Gut (*G&E*)

This ode from Horace is a cheery celebration of dancehall, warts and all – "Them basslines is flappy flappy/ And them records is scratchy scratchy" – which out, er, skanks the meeting of Raggamuffin and Reggae Ambassador on 'I Want Your Love'. But neither burns as bright as Tiger's 'Nah Wanna Gut'. To be frank, I hadn't heard of Tiger before this week but this is well worth digging out. I could well be totally obscene – there's a lot of "licky licky" and "yummy yummy" going on – but still it's a relief to discover that not every reggae artist is reworking old hits.

WHIRLPOOL GUEST HOUSE: The Changing Face (*Summerhouse*)
4,000,000 TELEPHONES: French Girls (*Summerhouse*)

Two distinctly unfashionable sounds from Stockton-On-Tees' new label. First release Friends' 'It's Getting Louder' was a stiff slab of rock, but Whirlpool's acoustic pop is refreshingly edgy. I've fought the Telephone's corner before, against early Talking Heads/Fall put-downs. But I must say that 'French Girls' is a lovable brew of weird jazz with wacky lyrics. Good show, those chaps.

SHREW KINGS: Green Eyed Kid (*Thin Sliced*)

I caught the Kings in the disorganised early days when there seemed to be 13 vocalists and 31 different directions. Thus they were branded "Brechtian" by reviewers who couldn't make head nor tail of them. Although elsewhere on this EP they sound like second-hand Pogues or Men They Couldn't Hang, 'Green Eyed Kid' is a lusty, seductive bar ballad about turning heads and the look of love (which incidentally is an anagram of 'vole').

GRACE JONES: Party Girl (*Capitol*)

It takes forever to get going and then old chilly chops takes over with the complex emotions of a hermaphrodite dalek. "Party girl/ Energy like the sun", is clearly the worst track on 'Inside Story', and not a patch on the U2 song even. N-N-N-

Nile R-R-R-Rodgers has m-m-m-much to answer f-f-f-for.

JANET JACKSON: Let's Wait A While (*A&M*)

Another cut from 'Control' – that's 34 by my counting – in which Jam & Lewis are re-mixed by Spurs midfielder Steve Hodge. Thus it's a wimpy, plinky-plonky affair, lacking bite or bottle. Little Michael might have made such a record in his pet rat days. Still the flipside's 'Cool Summermix' of 'Nasty' is worth another spin, and there's also a "special thanks to Herb Alpert". What's he done for us lately?

HERB ALPERT: Keep Your Eye On Me (*A&M*)

Herbie rides again, clearly short of tijuana brass and trying to get hip with Jam & Lewis on the knobs. It's a classic case of over-production fouling up some reasonable trumpet breaks. There's dogs barking, people rattling teacups, lots of whistling, and much rustling in biscuit tins. The title is repeated ad nauseum.

HUGH MASKELA: Bring Him Back Home (*WEA*)

Unlike Alpert, Hugh's made sure his musicianship, his distinct brand of township jazz, hasn't been lost in the determination to dance. "Bring back home Nelson Mandela/ Bring him back home to Soweto/ I want to see him walking hand in hand/ With Winni Mandela". Catchy, uplifting and with its heart in the right place, this is a return to form for the South African exile. If Paul Simon's lyrically ambiguous about apartheid on his coming tour, then at least we can count on Masekela's forthrightness. But that's another can of worms and another batch of Jerry Dammers letters. Only joking.

JM SILK: Let The Music Take Control (*RCA*)

Strong follow-up to 'Jack Your Body' from the 'Silk' Hurley house; lean on lyrics but perfectly designed to make you, er, shake. Slam it out with speeded up footage of old geezers doing impossible dance routines and you're in clover. Wish I'd thought of it.

ARETHA FRANKLIN: Jimmy Lee (*Arista*)

Strangely, and sadly, not a tribute to the Slade bassist, but doubtless a charter in the wake of 'I Knew You Were Waiting For Me' with old Stubblehead. Predictably it combines crap lyrics with great vocals, and the timely, financially viable attraction of the tacky, purple-rinsed Andy Warhol cover. I hope you sent him a wreath, Franklin. (Couldn't resist it.)

VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE: Just A City (*Food*)

I'd expected something wackier, more-off-beam, more B-52s. But 'Just A City' is an unsensational dirge hardly in keeping with the advance "pop goddesses" buzz. Ex-Madmen Woody and Bedders may well be in here, but the overall effect is just McGarrigles with guitars. Classic hippy cover, mind, with Tracey and Melissa Beehive in Dick Dastardly moustaches.

THE THOMPSON TWINS: Get That Love (*Arista*)

Come the revolution, artists who run out of ideas will be sent to the knacker's yard. Their bones will be sold for glue, their flesh devoured by crows, and their back catalogues pulped and recycled to help press new bands. Here the Twins (now they are two) Tom and Alannah – who

interestingly has been made an honorary "Cultural Ambassador for New Zealand" and had tea with Sir Edmund Hilary – return to their comparatively more appealing 'Love On Your Side'/'In The Name Of Love' tempo. It's still the same song – described in the press release as a "distinct departure for them" – and thus certainly a hit. But there's always Joe Leeway's solo project to look forward to.

PSYCHIC TV: Magick Defends Itself (*Temple*)

Not quite 'Godstar' standards but still worth possessing. Not so much for the tedious TV back-tracks, but because of Pope Johannes Paull II's vocals on 'Papal Breakdance'. JFK chips in with "united there is nothing we cannot do", while Gen cries "Have mercy." If they'd done it for a laugh I'd have raved about this, but all this obvious pretentious crap about Magick and the use and abuse of religions leaves me cold.

MOONTWIST: Talking About The Weather (*London*)

High time they had a hit on the strength of Ruth Rogers-Wright's larynx. But I can't get near this. It's a strong song, spoiled by technological indigestion and featuring a particularly naff 'rain' effect.

THE PRIMITIVES: Stop Killing Me (*Lazy*)

I was waiting for something harder, sleazier, seedier, inspired by the Foetus/Lunch hip-to-head gyrations. But this tiptoes with fizzy orange and chocolate digestives. Offensively harmless, it's The Monkees 'A Little Bit Me, A Little Bit-You' "ooh", tweely disguised by Tracey Primitive. What's all the fuss about?

GOATS DON'T SHAVE: Omar Sharif's Moustach (*Go-Go-Goat*)

Great name, great title. "He calls Bruce Springsteen Boss/He's got Omar Sharif's Moustache." The Grumbleweeds on '78; like punk never stopped happening.

GENESIS: Tonight Tonight Tonight (*Virgin*)
KOOL AND THE GANG: Stone Love (*De-Lite*)
PRETENDERS: My Baby (*WEA*)

'Tonight Tonight Tonight' "I'm gonna make it right", oh yeah, it's real tight, and I'll have a pint of light, no doubt. It grows on you though.

Couple of chaps, a quick twirl from whatsisname, a wink at the camera and Koof've done it again. Another soppy hit from the wet-look wonders: "Will we ever change the way we are?" I live in hope.

As for Chrissi-wissie, one wonders if this is for baby-waby or Jimmy-wimmy. "If there's a method to write a song/ How come I'm getting it wrong," she sings, giving me obvious fodder for a cynical dig. Trouble is this is a bloody good song, typically Hynde. Foiled again.

HULA: Poison (*Red Rhino*)

Predictable Northern industrial funk with loose political overtones: "Let's tear the walls down." The clenched fist and no future.

CONCRETE BLONDE: True (*IRS*)

Named by REM's Michael Stipe and possessing a hard LA rock quality, Concrete Blonde are blessed with the low (Mc)Kee vocals of Johnette Napolitano. 'True' is as vulnerable as Velvet, and the 'Still In Hollywood' flip is as tough as a Tonka truck. Available on the IRS 'Sampler 12' release with the forgettable Beat Rodeo.

THE WEATHER PROPHETS: She Comes From The Rain (*Elevation/WEA*)

Beware the ideas of March: when the skies are grim and portentous; when the future's so dark you gotta wear galoshes; when seers and sages rent their clothes ("Five quid an hour for toga and sandals!"). When thunderclouds loom overhead, out come The Weather Prophets and spring has never been sweeter. 'She Comes From The Rain' is a ridiculously beautiful piece of pop music; if guitars have ever really chimed, they do so here. Simply created and sung by Pete Astor, it's a celebration of the pitter-patter of love, flushed with English innocence and awash with natural imagery. "I've got a friend/ She's in my dreams/ She comes from the rain/ And the rain makes green." Vastly superior to 'Naked As The Day You Were Born', in fact, I think I'll become a hippy.

MIAOW: When It All Comes Down (*Factory*)

THE DANNY BOYS: Days Of The Week (*Ugly Man*)

Fast-flowing, flighty guitar-driven pop with strong harmonies and great yodelling from Cath Carroll, 'When It All Comes Down' is both clever and exhilarating. Inevitably the Blondie/Raincoats comparisons come to mind, but more in terms of structure than the catch-all "indie-girls" category. One thing worries me though. If cover star/pop icon St Jude is the patron saint of hopeless cases, why does he carry an axe?

The Danny Boys lack Miaow's originality and, no doubt, Factory cash. Nevertheless this is raw and busy, with Karen Hall's voice wavering towards Marlene Dietrich. I also like the way Michael Burton's guitar slashes in as if he's playing a different song, plus 'Roger Whittaker' is still whistling in my ears.

LAIBACH: Geburt Einer Nation (*Mute*)

I was tempted to avoid this like the plague. But thank Tito I didn't. This cover of Queen's 'One Vision' is remarkable; Yugoslavian pomp rock of the finest order. The heavy press guff about "the revolutionary mining village of Irbovlje in Northern Yugoslavia" and their "our freedom is the freedom of those who think alike" quote, made me expect something much more impenetrable and mentally taxing. But, hell, this has brilliant beer commercial vocals, lots of "Yah!"s, and the organic power of a Slavic Reginald Dixon. Great stuff.

MOMUS: Murderers, The Hope Of Women (*Creation*)

See the miserable liberal wriggling

on a hook. Alas it's me, not Momus. Now I sympathise with those addicted to rap but dubious about the verbal intentions; for here Prefab Sprout meet Doctor Crippen in a macabre stroll through The Chamber Of Horrors. I don't believe, after many outings, that this is misogynistic or violently offensive but it could be construed as a celebration of past murder most foul: "In my pipe and slippers/ Do I look like Jack The Ripper?" It's meant to be a gross attack on the living death, routine boredom of marriage, fuelled by Victorian melodrama and as chilling as *Gaslight*. It's beautifully constructed by Nick Currie, clearly the fulfilment of his Brel obsession. I'll stake my life on it until convinced otherwise; then I'll cowardly retreat like the clappers.

FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS: Ever Fallen In Love (*London*)

Yes, they've done the impossible. They've taken one of the most simple, direct pop songs of all time and re-modelled it into an astonishingly poor, cluttered, dancefloor dirge. It's so cut up and hideously altered that even the Cannibals' selling point – Roland Gift with his Ray Reardon/ Baby Munster widow's peak – can't get his Dekker gob into gear. Naturally, it's from a "motion picture" and no doubt perfectly captures the bit when the hero gets his big toe caught up a tap. I liked 'Johnny', I liked 'Blue', I even like 'Couldn't Love More' on the B-side here (steady on lads, an original song), but the "natural emotions" of 'Ever Fallen In Love' are completely eaten by the beat. Pete Shelley will be turning in his jacuzzi.

BRUCE WILLIS: Respect Yourself (*Motown*)
CYNDI LAUPER: What's Goin' On (*Portrait*)

Or great songs you can't go wrong with. Bruce Mr *Moonlighting* Willis is clearly a hot selling point in the States at the moment, riding high on his *Portrait Of A Legend* spoof, *The Return Of Bruno*. But this isn't even as strong as The Kane Gang's version and I'm astonished that the female vocalist – who seemingly takes more of the 'chores' than Mr Willis – remains uncredited.

In an ideal world, there would be a law preventing people from tackling 'What's Goin' On'; lacking that, I suppose I'd settle for Cyndi Lauper reworking Marv's classic. 'Change Of Heart', her US single, would've been a much stronger choice though, for here – despite Cyn's acceptably wavering emotions – there's heavy-handed drumming and a crippling lack of "right on brother"s (or sisters for that matter).



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MANIFESTO!

LIB SPROG FEST!

The Liberal Party, flushed with their Alliance success at Greenwich, strike out for the teeny voters – STEVEN WELLS steals a ride on their post-pubescent gravy train and listens in ...

AT THE base of a mighty organ stands a man who speaks in the nicest of nice Scottish accents. It is wee David Steel, cocka-hoop over the Greenwich by-election result but deliberately being predictably boring because the TV cameras are watching and waiting. I say "wee" because the smug public schoolboys who dictate what's what in British satire decided a long time ago that the fuddy duddy Left(ish) Liberals are led by a fawning dwarf squeaking insignificantly from Dr Death's pocket.

His audience is supposed to be a couple of thousand young (as opposed to 'Young') Liberals. Steel comes across like John Craven, stern and sensible but without Craven's knack for the occasional witty turn of phrase.

"We're not giving you Red Wedge. We're not giving free pop concerts." And the word "pop" is spat. "We won't give you the Ku Klux Klan atmosphere of the Conservative Students with their cries of 'String 'em up! String 'em up!'" The applause is sparse and splattery, the audience too young to have been trained in the ways of Conference Hysteria. Those who have can be identified by their red and swollen hands but they are too disorganised to steamroll the bored sprogs into demanding an encore.

This is nothing to do with the Young Liberals who are well to the

Left of the grown-up party and hence something of an embarrassment. This is a stunt by the grown-up party to show how in touch they are with "youth".

"Faced with the choice between Liberal Youth Day and a holiday in Beirut, nine out of ten Prime Ministers took the first plane to Beirut!" cringes the tacky 'hack pack' I'm handed in the foyer. The Young Liberals are an organisation that have wrestled with anti-apartheid, squatting, legalising cannabis and anarcho-syndicalism but with the big E looming it's brush-the-loonies-under-the-carpet time, sensible jumper and nice smile time, let's not upset Mr and Mrs Reactionary Voter time and it's pillow-bitingly boring ...

The climax is when The 'Alliance Charter For Youth' is unfurled. It is an exciting and radical document which calls for the seizure of workplaces by the proletariat, the excommunication of Chief Constables, the nuking of Washington and the setting up of a workers' state under the Premiership of Deirdre Wood. Or rather it doesn't. It isn't quite that interesting. In fact it's so predictable and sensible that it's crocheted out of lamb's wool rather than printed on paper. I managed to blag a copy as a duvet cover and this is what it says:

"The Alliance recognises that Young People have a right to be treated as individuals without pressures of conformity and that they

should be given the opportunity to participate at all levels of society.

"Young people should be treated as independent individuals and should have a right to make the decisions which affect their own lives. They should be provided withzz zzz zzzzz zzz zzzz ..."

Ho Hum. And now David and Shirley are going to show us how to create the image of an ideology by cobbling together monetarist and Keynesist chewed up leftovers and shuffling to the Right. The ex-Labour blue stocking and The Boy Wonder hold up the bedspread version of the Charter between them and smile at the camera. And then – oh my goodness! There are no Young People in this picture! A truly ridiculous attempt is made to shove a couple of Young People in front of the bedspread until it is realised that they are in the way of the camera and before a shutter can click they are shoved away again.

A Q&A sesh with the panel of MPs is the next spectacular attraction and that's pretty boring too until a spotty, scruffy chappy who lives in Kensington but goes to public school in Surrey and who wants to be an NME writer (and let's face it, he's got all the right qualifications) asks the panel why the Liberal Party has backed away from a principled stand in favour of Unilateral Disarmament? The fat and balding politicians laugh that special laugh that politicians laugh when they've

just been kicked in the balls. One of them stands up and says – "That's a very interesting question" waffle-wankdrone ...

Workshops! This is more like it! Lady Olga Maitland versus a CND bod in front of lots of Liberal Young People discussing 'The Bomb'. Recently a similar audience chewed Her Ladyship up and spat her back out again. Ex-SBS action man Paddy Ashdown pleads with his audience to be civilised, to give her a fair hearing. No problems, this lot are eating out of her manicured hands. A large section of the crowd cheers her every pronoun word. One chap murmurs approval of the sentiment that Moscow should be flattened (*jokingly* of course). The Liberals are recruiting Left, Right and Centre – but mostly, it seems, from the Right.

And then it's down the Hippodrome to be entertained by a jazz band featuring Michael Meadowcroft MP but I'm not that much of a groovy fucker so I gave it a miss.

This is the Liberal Party that has got its act together. They are out to convince the electorate that they and the SDP will manage capitalism better than either the Labour Party or the party of the ruling class.

If Owen, Steel and Kinnock all jumped off the top of the Eiffel Tower at the same time, who'd hit the ground first? It's hard to say but one thing is for certain – as he hit he'd be smiling for the cameras ...



PICTURE: PENNIE SMITH

"Yes, this land is your land – but no nasty pop music pleasee ..."

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Smug git in a shiny suit

"My name's BEN ELTON..." – the stand-up motor-mouth MC of *Saturday Live*, the comic craftsman behind *The Young Ones* and *Filthy Rich And Catflap*. LEN BROWN gets an earful. Picture: BLEDDYN BUTCHER.

Here he is. In his spangly-tied, Huey-Lewis-hairdoed role as the sweaty stand-up host of *Saturday Live*. He's sharper than the rest. Too sharp even for the Powers On Four; why else would they stick him on at peak pub time? Even if you swiftly down your last Campari and leg it back at last orders, you'll only catch the rolling credits. Could it possibly be because he's shocking? Because he talks about tampons and Tamils and condoms and Conservatives? Is it because he's more dangerous than the rest, more daring?

"People say that stuff I did about tampons was rude," says the bespectacled, beleathered Ben Elton, high in the Legoland of London Weekend Television. "They say 'Oh, come on, you must have been trying to shock with that?' I mean! Shock? I'd like to punch those people in the face. It was a perfectly legitimate observation about a perfectly ordinary thing. 'There is a brand of tampons called Secrets. Half the population of the world does it every month, what's so secret about that?' When cricketers talk about 'Oh God, I was having a shit the other day, real Gandhi's revenge, fugged out the entire toilet' it's a laugh. But if a woman came in and said 'I must just pop out to the loo my period's started' everyone goes 'Bad taste'. That's the world we've gotta change."

It's the attitude behind Elton's humour that raises him above the safety-first, inoffensive/ineffective quagmire of British comedy. Stand-up comedians telling stereotyped gags are ten-a-penny, but comics who write their own *original* material are as rare as proverbial rocking horse droppings. It's not just a question of being a Lefty, of thoughtlessly hitting the soft targets for easy laughs; his comedy's more informed, more developed than that. Some inevitably see it as force-feeding of the 'moaning minnie' variety – knocking Thatcher, the Falklands War, the Royal Family, blah, blah, blah – but they're usually the folk who laugh at Irish/Paki/Jewish jokes with an "it's alright, they don't mind". Style of delivery aside, Ben Elton has a *purpose* to his humour.

"I do a lot of what I do for political reasons, because I feel strongly about the world we live in. I wouldn't just get up for the sake of it. An element of truth, an element of commitment is essential to good comedy. If someone's written you this joke based on the outrageous lie/prejudice that Irish people are stupid, for instance, there's no joke, no truth, no commitment and, believe me, no laugh."

But surely it's easier to get a laugh if you've got no principles, if you don't care who you offend, particularly if you're making fun of minorities to entertain the majority?

"If you're trying to pluck a joke from nowhere, if you've got no principles, no politics, no soul, then you end up trying to dredge up some old stereotype. You've got no basis for your humour and the only reason for writing it is because you've been asked to supply a joke for Tarby or some sit-com. I believe you should write about what matters personally to you, or matters politically, or that which you experience. People say 'Urgh, you're a bit of a Lefty aren't you?', but I just do stuff that I find funny. It might be about treading in dog shit or sitting on a train not wanting anyone to come near you, listening to some fuckhead's Sony Walkman tinkling in your ears."

A trusim. After years of being told by critics to "Grow Up!" Ben Elton is doing just that. He was 22 when *The Young Ones* started to happen, now he's 27. He's been writing

CONTINUES OVER



"I know half the public are out there thinking 'Who's he think he is, fucking big head...'"

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FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

comedy since he was 10, at 16 he left school and joined amateur drama productions "playing The Artful Dodger all over Surrey". Then he did a drama A level course in Stratford-On-Avon: "I lived in a caravan, great experience. Everyone always says 'God, 17, living in a caravan, I bet you had a great time' nudge nudge wink wink. In fact, not once in the entire year did I score". Finally it was three years at Manchester University where he wrote and put on 12 comedy plays – "all shit". But were they, in the traditional vein of British student theatre, Footlights revues? "Oh fuck off! We were really punky, we had short hair and swore".

Since university – "I was a prat at 18 but I think slightly less of a prat at 21" – it's been uphill all the way. But, he assures me (don't they all), it's not been easy. He's done nearly 100 "gigs" a year as a stand-up comic, and written, amongst a host of other work, *The Young Ones*, *Black Adder 2* (he's working on 3), and *Filthy Rich & Catflap*.

The latter – again starring Mayall, Edmondson and Planer, this time as media addicts – was initially hammered by TV critics (how old are these people?). They found it too rude, too full of "farty gags".

"I know *Filthy* was patchy," says Ben, grimacing at Tarbuck's mug "By Snowdon"

on the LWT wall, "but one thing is undeniable: it has an enormous amount of jokes in it. It was funnier than anything else that was on. I know it's naughty of me to say that because I wrote it, but when we got this horrified reaction from critics on Left and Right – trendy press and non-trendy press – all saying 'What a load of juvenile bollocks' I couldn't believe it."

"Maybe there were too many fart gags. I put in some, then the boys put in some in rehearsal, and then another one seems funny on the night, but I resented strongly people saying that *Filthy* was nothing but fart gags. I counted them up. There was six in the first episode and two in the second. To say that's nothing but fart gags is plainly unfair; like saying *NME* is nothing but dismissive comments about huge rock stars."

It is, of course, the traditional jibe against New/Youth/Alternative comedy; stereotyping it as "toilet humour" because it doesn't fit safely into the Family Entertainment slot. Every 'radical' comedy programme since *Python* has failed the morality test, which means after-nine other channel viewing. And all the recent shows, such as *Filthy*, *Who Dares Wins* and *Saturday Live*, have received the usual put-down for being "television feeding off television".

"Life feeds off television, life imitates

television, television is the communion," says Ben, philosophically. "There's no point pretending that it's just some other aspect of our wonderful human life that we've invented to amuse ourselves, it's not something that the human race chooses to do in a positive way to occupy itself. It's an all-pervading passive force, it fills in gaps."

"The intention of *Filthy* was to talk about the nature of celebrity; being famous for no other reason than you are famous, the idea of doing an advert and suddenly you're a panelist on *Blankety Blank*, presenting a game show and suddenly your opinions on the Conservative Party are important. Hence Richie Rich, the man whose ultimate ambition is to read the gossip on TV-am, to meet the Green Goddess, to read the continuity links between *The Six O'Clock Show* and the next programme."

Television may be a passive force, but when Ben Elton's on it you can't be a passive viewer. It's partly the aggressive unpunctuated observations, partly the visual parody of slaving dodgy comedians, partly the wealth of material that's topical and fresh. The golden rule still applies to most comics – those who can, do, those who can't, write and perform their own material, a class topped by the Lenny Bruces and Woody Allens of the world.

"The reason I think I'm good on *Saturday Live* is that I concentrate on the material. It's all original stuff. But it always amazes me that they pay me much more as performer than as a writer because I think my contribution is infinitely greater in what I write."

With the alternative comedy backlash well under way – as if non-sexist non-racist humour can't be funny – it's too easy to forget the desperately laughless mainstream; the world that Elton satirizes in *Filthy* and which clearly irritates him.

"Watch the telly, watch the game shows, they're all liars, they don't mean it. Morecambe and Wise meant it, Laurel and Hardy meant it, Tommy Cooper meant it. From Lenny Bruce to Eric Morecambe you can see fabulous talent there. The point is there's no hypocrisy or cant; you can tell when comedians are lying. It's fucking obvious who's good and who's not, the genuine article and the game shows. A few people have made the transition, Bruce Forsyth is actually a talented comedian. I thought *The Generation Game* was good in its day. I'm not a snob, it's no good me going 'Oh-ho-ho look at me, I'm rather well educated and I can sneer at everything that gets 10 million viewers a week.' I don't think the fact that they get 10 million viewers a week means they're necessarily good because an immense amount of passive viewing goes on. Nobody watches *Saturday Live* or *The Young Ones* passively. That's what being on BBC2 or Channel 4 means – you have to turn over to watch it."

But it's not the lack of original material that annoys Ben, it's the way comedians who have nothing to say, no jokes, resort to patriotism.

"They start talking about the Falklands and how wonderful it is to be British and suddenly morals come out. 'Don't forget, drive safely, look after mum'. And they sing songs like 'Happiness' and 'You Need Hands' and 'What A Wonderful World'. A comedian shouldn't be talking about what a wonderful world we live in – that's not the nature of *The Fool* in society, he says in the most pretentious possible way."

And it's not just what he touches that makes Ben Elton different. It's what he doesn't touch, the attitude that kept him away from the AIDS ads while everyone from Tarby to Carrott looked for a laugh: "I didn't think the AIDS ads were very funny really. I have to have a solution if I'm gonna knock something, it's all very well saying the AIDS ads are crap but what would you do?" Alternatively, when Jan Leeming got 'mugged' at the Beeb, Elton didn't side-step the issue or go for a cheap laugh. Instead, he had a point to make.

"I wanted to touch it because I thought it was scurrilous the way the press kept telling us that wonderful white Jan Leeming had been mugged by three black people. Y'know they're fucking trying to start a race war here. It was incredibly important to say that – although you can't condone the attack like that – you have to note that there's precious little for young people to do, particularly young black people. And that the BBC does not have many black employees."

But what about your Tamils set? What's so funny about persecuted people, facing deportation, undressing in desperate protest?

"Obviously it was a comical scene, as a comedian you cannot deny it. To see people suddenly stripping off in front of police officers in an airport departure lounge is comedy. But it was also a brilliant idea, so I took the comic line – supposing people start doing this to avoid getting a parking ticket or to prove they wrote 'Chariots of Fire'? On the other hand I was aware of what sparked off the Tamils' protest; a bollock-crunching fear of getting on that plane. So I tried to say that I was very glad that their actions had led to them getting a court hearing, an appeal. I wanted to say that was an important thing, not just make a joke about skid marks on your shreddies."

It's this combination of sensitivity and observation that permeates all his humour. *The Young Ones* – right-on pathetic Rik, nihilistic Viv, suicidal Neil – cut deep behind the humour with its wasted youth stereotypes; *Filthy* too took the piss while poking the finger – Elton considers episode six, when Richie and Eddie became journalists, amongst his finest work, "really radical stuff about Murdoch and Wapping"; and on *Saturday Live*, he's capable of taking an issue, turning it on its head, and exposing the hypocrisy.

"That extraordinary thing with the papers trying to make us so pleased about the success of British Airways share values. I didn't notice any single parents or victimised miners queuing for British Airways certificates. No it

CONTINUED PAGE 33

ROSIE VELA



THE NEW 7" & 12" SINGLE

Interlude

TAKEN FROM HER DEBUT ALBUM

"ZAZU"



I can stand the rain



"Hi! We're the Wets!" From the top, clockwise; Graeme, Tom, Marti and Neil.

Mining soul-gold from the muck of Glasgow's industrial decay, WET WET WET retrace the footsteps of the legendary Al Green. MAT SNOW sings their praises; LAWRENCE WATSON takes the picture.

What what what?

The clue is to be found in 'Getting, Having And Holding' by Scritti Politti from their 1982 post-modernist blue-eyed soul album 'Songs To Remember'. The relevant line goes: "his face is wet, wet with tears."

"At the time it was Duran Duran, Talk Talk – double-barrelled names," recalls bassman Graeme Clark; "we just added on another to confuse people."

"And we could look outside and see the rain coming down. It *did* seem quite relevant to Glasgow."

I can't stand the rain, right?

"Ho ho, aye, very good . . ."

Be it Eurythmics, Billy MacKenzie or Orange Juice covering Al Green's 'LOVE', right up to Hipsway's hi-tech gyrations and Hue & Cry's vocal aerobatics, the '80s sound of young Scotland has one foot on the other side of the ocean, drawing nourishment from the rich soil of American soul past and present. And today's renewed popularity of the great soul Voice as manifest in Messrs King, Sledge and Wilson (not to mention D'Arby) doing the business with a little help from the clothing industry makes Wet Wet Wet even likelier lads for 1987.

"I think it's got a lot to do with circumstances," ruminates Graeme, the serious Wet. "Where soul comes from is deprived. This is going to sound bad, but it is the same over here – there isn't anything for anybody and our escape was to start a band. And soul seemed to be the natural thing because that's what we listened to."

Graeme rather forgets his band's early past in 1981 when, as a bunch of 17-year-olds, they reportedly sounded like a cross between Magazine and Squeeze. But post-punk miserablism got them down, and it was the Wets' pubescent affection for the Philly sound and the Scots tradition of Saturday night fever that swung them back to the hardy perennials of STRUCTURE! TUNES! A VOICE!

Which is where Marti Pellow came in. After leaving school he'd been employed as a terracer, painter and decorator in the

band's native Clydebank, a decaying industrial satellite of Glasgow where the clock-on hooters of the John Brown shipyard and the Singer sewing-machine factory had long ceased piercing the early morning calm. "Life," he sighs, "sucked in general."

From a Yugoslavian family who emigrated to Scotland in the boom years at the turn of the century, Marti's winsome Tom Cruise features and irrepressibly roguish enthusiasm mark him out as Wet Wet Wet's ace in the hole. It should also be noted that Marti has what is unmistakably a Voice. There he is on stage, prancing around in shirt and jeans so anti-glam that even Morrissey would blush, his melon-slice mouth stretched into what he bashfully admits is his "perma-grin" . . . and then out flies this bold confident yet sweetly soaring sound. The boy is a natural. And he's only 21.

It is no wonder that Phonogram records have invested so heavily in the group. Yet, through the canny manoeuvring of the Wets' Glasgow label, The Precious Organisation, the usual pop-biz manicurists, stylists and homogenisers have been kept at bay. Wet Wet Wet have had time to write good songs and to mature both as musicians and as negotiators in a notoriously booby-trapped industry. The first fruits of this rare artistic freedom come out next week, a single titled 'Wishing I Was Lucky.' Though songwriter Graeme admits the English influences of Squeeze, Costello and The Beatles, 'Lucky' springs cheerfully from the American end of his spectrum. For me, however, it is more of a taster for Wet music produced in sessions last summer, the offspring of a sentimental and perverse journey.

"The whole Memphis trip was . . . a trip!"

Most new British record company signings in search of their first hit find themselves in the studio with the producer judged by the record company as most likely to clone the sound of the daytime playlist. Not so the Wets. Though Burt Bacharach and Philadelphia's Thom Bell and Gamble & Huff would also have suited them fine, it was eventually to the Southern

soul well-spring of Memphis's Willie Mitchell that they turned. A former trumpeter, it was Willie who groomed the fledgling Albert Greene and, in his antiquated studio located in the former Royal cinema, cut a sequence of records in the early '70s that made the rechristened Al Green one of soul's most popular and revered chrooners. 'I Can't Stand The Rain' by Ann Peebles comes from the same stable, as does the suffering sound of the late-lamented OV Wright. Though Willie Mitchell had produced no bigger than regional hits in the last decade, the Wets prevailed over record company wisdom, and last summer flew out for the time of their lives.

"It's full of deprived black people starving in shacks," reminisces the still wide-eyed Marti about Memphis's run-down South Lauderdale neighbourhood where the Royal studio is located. "Old guys in shacks chewing tobacco! God damn! Willie Mitchell had to go out and say, 'These white boys are working with me, and that's cool!' You'd go out of the studio to buy some tamales and a black woman would come up and say, 'Wanna go with a black woman, boy?' 'Scuse me!"

"Things like that are inspirational in a way, yet at the same time freaky cos it's such a culture shock after Clydebank!"

Wet Wet Wet found recording with Papa Wullie, as they came to call him, a very different process after the clinical studios to which they'd been used.


"Willie Mitchell suffers from technofear. He uses a 16-track machine and a desk that's so old it runs on coal. Steam-operated!" chortles Marti.

Graeme: "It was quite eccentric the way he'd vibe you up. If it wasn't in the pocket he'd light up one of his More cigarettes and go out for five minutes and come back muttering 'God damn, God damn! Give it big balls!"


Not only did the simple technology bring out the virtues of a song rather than over-fussing them, but Willie Mitchell's vodka-lubricated open house policy enhanced his personal rapport with the band

CONTINUES OVER

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WET WET WET

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

and presented a warm, ready-made audience for them to perform to even whilst recording – “When you work in the studio, there’s all these people in there for some reason: children bringing in pop-corn, women feeding you spaghetti – Southern hospitality and all that.”

Oddly enough, Willie had been initially as nervous of working with the first white European group he’d ever produced as they were of him. Marti believes they clicked, and has learned a lot about how to sing soulfully.

“We did a song by Willie and Ed Adams Junior called ‘This Time’. It’s a mature song, a *seasoned* song, so to speak, and I was a 20-year-old, pie-in-the-sky, and I had to put myself in the *pocket* of that song. Willie taught me how to do that – to be a good liar, to be a good actor! Having never been in love, just been all around the edges, to sing a good love song you have to be like Michael Jackson – he loves his snake so much that when he sings a love song he must think about his snake!”

The crowning glory of the Wets’ summer in Memphis though, better even than meeting the beatific, “happy-go-lucky” Al Green, was recording Stevie Wonder’s anthemic ‘Heaven Help Us All’ with Stax star Carla Thomas (Rufus Thomas’s daughter and renowned in her own right for many ’60s hits including duets with Otis Redding), and Ann Peebles herself.

“Ann talks just like, as they say, a ‘river nigger’ ‘Ahs wants to be wis choo’ – from the Mississippi. They’re very warm, but will cut your throat at the same time,” recalls Marti, careful to explain how ‘river nigger’ is a Memphian term, not his own.

“Memphis has the highest rape rate in America. All the ladies carry hand-guns. Us being obnoxious Scotsmen, on our first

night we were down the disco and we’d met a couples of lassies. Maybe we’d had a wee bit too much to drink and our spirits were high so I put my arm round this lassie in the car-park and she pulls a gun on me! ‘Don’t come any closer!’

“And when we walked into this all-black club called the No Name the music stopped. I’m not kidding you, the *music stopped!* It was like the movies!”

“Then we’d be sitting down and women would come up to us and dance on the table totally naked! Showing their best bits, so to speak, shaking pussy in your face and getting down on you! Oh God, culture shock! You’d see a dozen pimps lined up at the back of the club with their pimpmobiles and big floppy hats waiting for you to go up and square it with them!”

How unlike the home life of our own dear Queen . . .

And finally, the vital statistics.

Wet Wet Wet are: singer Marti Pellow, 21; bassist Graeme Clark, 21; drummer Tom Cunningham, 22; keyboardist Neil Mitchell, 21; and non-member guitarist Graeme Duffy.

They are “not breadheads when it comes to gigs”, preferring to get live experience by playing benefits for CND, Greenpeace and Red Wedge (though they regard Paul Weller as counterproductively crude and dogmatic) as well as various local causes.

They want to be “comfortable – a car, a house and a telly.”

They probably have the talent, faith and resilience to achieve these things. But perhaps counting for even more is their trust in the Scots tradition of constant learning. Hard knocks and redemption is the spirit of their music but time alone will tell how deep is their soul. Until then, Wet Wet Wet are excellent pop. Hear them.

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FOLKED FOR AN ANSWER

THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG get bashed about the ears by the long, lashing tongue of **STEVEN WELLS**, who asks: are anti-fascist 45s really the sort of super stuff Radio One wants right now, guys? Picture: **EMILY ANDERSEN**.

White-knuckled with rage, Cush angrily gobs a mouthful of well chewed lager back into his glass.

"We're not attacking democracy! You keep spouting off this, right, you're just trying to provoke us into giving you an interesting answer. Look, we never had a fridge 'till 1975. Hit 'im, Paul!"

Rumpy Pump thug frenzy! Fear not, readers, I am not slapped by the yokel Cush nor by the sickeningly pretty Paul nor even by Private Dobermann lookalike, Swill. But why, you are asking, are they so angry? Well it's something to do with them being the Angry Young Men of The New Wave of Hey Nonny Ho, but it's mostly to do with them being pissed out of their skulls.

DRUGS

The Nouveau Folkies do like their booze. The Pogues use alcohol the way Sputnik use hair spray. The Mekons drink as part of a carefully considered artistic statement. The Men drink because drink is their drug and when The Men drink they get **ANGRY!** and they must have been well pissed the day they decided to release 'Ghosts of Cable Street' as their new single.

It is a very angry song, a celebration of the events of October 4th, 1936, when thousands of working class men and women took to the streets to stop the march of Moseley's Blackshirts through London's East End. It's hardly the subject matter to endear itself to the monstrous regiment of prematurely middle-aged golems whose death grip throttles public taste. I mean, how many DJs will willingly disturb the walking brain-death of their listeners by playing a song which advocates the smashing in of fascist skulls with lumps of lead?

"We know that but we ain't gonna write songs that Peter Powell and Simon fucking Bates are gonna like," says the handsome one. "Once you do that you're dead as a band."

"You can plot a path for a band from the offset, right, you're going to make music that appeals to these bastards—you might make it or you might not but there's a hundred thousand million other people out there with exactly the same idea," says the yokel.

And he's right. The Men have carved themselves a cosy little niche in the belly of the beast — £80 a week *each* and a mortgage on an off licence and the chance to stick out the hardest Rumpy Pump since Woody Guthrie last kicked scab.

"A song like 'Cable Street' is not just about that particular incident, there are lots of parallels with the present — the right wing, y'know, are on the increase like with James Anderton and his calls for a national police force . . ." says handsome.

"The police at Cable Street, they never attacked the Fascists, they were there to protect them . . . and it's like, y'know, if the National Front could have a march in Newham whenever they like . . ." says the yokel and they go on to claim that "it's a



Hang 'em low: the men go headfirst into the future, from left; Cush, Swill, John, Ricky the male model, Paul.

basic lesson — every generation has to stand up to fascism."

Fascism?

"I suppose we're using 'fascism' as a sort of catch-all . . ." admits Paul.

"Like Rik Mayall . . ." says Cush.

"And I suppose the word's been devalued but I still believe that each generation has to stand up, y'know? I mean it's not just fascism, there's been a whole way of life that's been destroyed gradually since 1979 . . ."

You're talking about the working class way of life?

"Well, yeah, a good way of life . . ."

In their songs The Men present a much more warts'n'all view of the toiling classes but they're right again in that there is *nothing* as disgusting as a yuppie with a sense of 'style' (ha!). The Men are an antidote to the tedious apolitical brown-tongued 'post-modernism' (ha! again) that puts "young entrepreneurs" on the front page of 'hip' magazines (written by illiterates and consumed by junkies), that celebrates narcissism as a *philosophy*, that has bent over backward to accommodate the Sod You Jack consensus (and watch you don't break the credit cards).

"If the other side isn't recorded," says Paul, "if the *truth* isn't recorded then you've got a 1984 situation, y'know? We're trying to record events from the past and the present and put them into song 'cos they'll last like that. We could go out and beat up a National Fronter or something but if you record a song it lasts longer and is ultimately more effective."

BUT . . .

. . . **Political pop**, how thou hast withered! X. Moore was fond of trotting out the example of the Red Army's cultural troupes — sort of a Bolshevik ENSA — as an analogy for how political culture *follows* the struggle but is seldom in the front line.

As the Left has run higgledy piggledy to the Right after the defeat of the miners' strike, so the political poppers have retreated also.

ated also.

Shortly after the strike had finished, Paul Weller said on *TV Eye* that the only way he saw change coming in Britain was through "armed revolution". On his last album the most radical statement he made was to remind people to vote in the next election ('Right to Go'). Red Wedge has not mobilised around any struggle but around a retreat and the result is ever feeble politics as everything is forgotten, all is forgiven, just so long as Kinnock gets into No. 10.

The Men blast everything from war toys to Fascism; the anger and the energy has only a loose Leftish thread. Cush is a lapsed Labour Party member whilst Paul wants to vote for the Greens at the next election. This confusion, in terms of how the band relates to its audience, is not necessarily A Bad Thing.

One of the most consistent criticisms made of the Redskins was that they preached political certainties to a politically confused audience, that a political band, in confused times, should *reflect* its audience's doubts and confusions.

The Men They Couldn't Hang certainly do that.

AND TALKING OF VIOLENCE . . .

"Fists, stones, batons and the gun/With courage we shall beat those blackshirts down/ . . . Jack Spot crept through with a chair leg made of lead/Brought down a crashing blow on Mosely's head . . ."

'Ghosts of Cable Street'

Such explicit violence, all this talk of casually wandering out the pub and beating up a Nazi! Are the Men the macho, swaggering cockbeasts they appear? Well, not really. One of them, Shanne, was a woman but she left to be replaced by a Scottish male model, the drummer is *too shy* to face the interview and whereas Cush and Paul may well be firmhanded diamond geezers, Swill is very definitely a New Man. I mean, who else but a NM could write something as beautiful as:

"Every imaginable fighting force/Can be found in most little boy's rooms/Moulding their minds for the future/And the action men they can become . . ."

'Tiny Soldiers'

Swill says he's a pacifist which makes you wonder how he's able to sing anything as bloodthirsty as 'Cable Street' . . .

"Because I agree with the idea . . . I mean, y'know, in that situation, I mean in *that* situation there are times when violence seems to be the only answer but the point I was making is that violence is the way that you're brought up — I mean, alright it's about roles . . . about giving little boys guns and Action Men and them growing up violent people . . ."

Which is the biggest load of wank I've heard in a long time.

A MEANINGFUL QUOTE . . .

"Will you love me mary-oh/when my grussets be bended low/When my orbs grow dim and my splod grows white/And my cordwangle makes an ugly sight/And my grussets be bended low — oh!/My grussets be bended low."

Old English Folk Song written by Barry Took and Marty Feldman, 1966

They be country boys drawn to the bright lights by the chance to trot out Lager Top Folk subsidised by the only record company that would possibly understand their artistic relationship to the bottle. In their own words "we had straw in our teeth, cowshit on our shoes and hoofprints on our back . . .". They believe that Folk is "the genuine voice of the working people . . .". Folk is many things. It is the European peasant culture that was ripped off by the 'classical' composers for all their best melodies, that was castrated, stuffed and sanitised by middle class Victorian stiffies to be picked up by HIPPIES . . .

"English Folk is sitting around this table. We're trying to reclaim it, to kick away some of the rubbish that's accumulated."

CACTUS WORLD VIEWS

The Joshua Tree is a giant cactus that grows in the deserts of southern California. It's also the title of U2's latest LP – a record that tackles issues like Central America, the miners' strike and heroin addiction with a new, prickly realism. ADRIAN THRILLS talks to the boys with the thorns in their songs. Pictures by ANTON CORBIJN.

In a cramped Dublin bedroom, four musicians hover nervously over a modest set of drums and guitars. In one corner stands a small amplifier, in another a cassette recorder. The bedroom is that of the band's drummer, a country & western fan, who is impressing on his colleagues the importance of that sometimes magical form of vocal composition, *the song*.

Heeding his pleas, a stubbled singer is poring over a set of scribbled lyrics while the guitarist and bassman tread tentatively through a fresh chord sequence. A song is starting to take shape.

It could be a young group almost anywhere in the world, rehearsing for a prestigious local pub date or perhaps a first demo tape. It could be. But it is something rather more than that.

It is a group called U2; a group from Dublin who are now one of the biggest groups in the world; a group who are right up there with Prince And The New Power Generation and Bruce And The E-Street Band; a group whose next tour will take in 'local pubs' like Wembley Stadium; a group whose records sell in millions.

Yet they still gather in their drummer's bedroom, planting the seeds of "their simple songs about everyday lives" as the bass player calls them. This is rock 'n' roll at base camp, a world away from the wall of sound that fills American stadiums. But the musicians behind it are the same. As the saying goes, a band that plays together, stays together . . .

A year later, with their fifth studio album on the horizon, the band are rehearsing in Dublin again. This time they are in the spacier, more sophisticated environment of Windmill Lane Studios. Surrounded by banks of modern equipment and the pinpricks of oscillating light that decorate a mixing desk, they are preparing for a tour that will take them through to the end of the year.

The group are in fine fettle and are itching to play in front of an audience again. They run through an album track called 'I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For', a song that was probably written back in that bedroom.

They crank up an awesome sound, singer Bono's voice soaring with superb control as guitarist The Edge stokes the rhythmic fires of drummer Larry Mullen and bassist Adam Clayton with his precision-timed slabs of simmering, shimmering six-stringed splendour. Though they limit themselves to the three 'primary colours' of bass, guitar and drums, U2 still action-paint a wonderfully vivid musical landscape.

It is a scene perfect for the band's renewed belief in the power of *the song*. And that fact is pretty important, as an unusually clean-shaven Bono iterates

during an extended break from the rehearsal.

"In the past, U2 tended never to write songs. We worked within a sound and just manipulated that – improvising and jamming, working with textures and tones and sketching some words around them. I used to think of lyrics as being old-fashioned with the result that U2 would produce pieces of music rather than songs.

"Then we heard about this thing called the song, and we thought it would be nice to have a few of them. So Larry, who is probably the most song-orientated member of U2, nudged us in that direction. We'd just come back from an extremely long and exhausting tour and all the routine involved in that. Larry wanted to just get the guys together in his room and simply play music. So we started writing songs. We sat down and wrote the chords and the words. After all these years, we decided to come clean . . ."

A pair of Irish eyes twinkle as the singer warms to his topic, his boundless enthusiasm looming almost larger than life. He emphasises that U2 are *a band* in the truest sense of the word. All four members are equal and have been so since their debut in Dublin nine years ago, a spirit of harmony that is a clue to their longevity. Bono, too, is now far more relaxed about his role in the quartet.

"Around the time of 'October' and 'War', we weren't even sure if we wanted to be in a band. I thought rock 'n' roll was really just vanity and there didn't seem to be a place in it for some of the spiritual concerns in my writing. I felt like a fish out of water, the square peg in the round hole.

"But I've since realised that a lot of the artists who have inspired me – Bob Dylan, Van Morrison, Patti Smith, Al Green and Marvin Gaye – were in a similar position. They all had three sides to their writing – sexual, the spiritual and the political. In our own way, U2 have that same three-dimensional thing. That's why I'm more at ease."

The new U2 album is called 'The Joshua Tree', so named after a giant cactus that grows in the otherwise-barren and inhospitable deserts of southern California. The band are pictured in front of one such bush of the badlands on the gatefold sleeve of the LP. As for the record itself, it is the strongest and most complete they have ever released. The 'Boy' of their debut has now surely emerged from the shadows as a man.

Produced, like 'The Unforgettable Fire', by the Brian Eno and Daniel Lanois partnership, with a few notable re-mixes by former knob-twiddler Steve Lillywhite, it throws up some stark contrasts with its predecessor. A much more *direct* record, both musically and emotionally, its 11 songs work within defined limitations – those 'primary colours' again – rather than attempting to push back the frontiers. 'The Joshua Tree' contains nothing quite as anthemic as 'Pride' or as ambient as 'Fourth Of July'. Within its walls, however, there is still a remarkably accomplished and inventive record. Almost a full decade into their career, U2

are producing their finest and most consistent work.

One crucial change was their attitude to the studio. Forsaking the usual 'layering' approach where each instrument would be recorded separately, all but two of the songs were recorded 'live', the emphasis on *interaction* rather than *definition*. Harking back to the chemistry of Larry's house, U2 tried to capture the intimacy of a band playing in a room. And they found a willing partner in their producer.

"We wanted to try and capture a place as well as a mood," says Larry. "We wanted to give each song a sense of location. That's something that Eno is very good at, getting into the ideas behind a song. Most producers are less inclined to get involved in that side of things. They're keener on simply getting the record to *sound* right."

"Sometimes Brian gets a little *too* heady, a little *too* conceptual. But, at the same time, he is heavily into gospel and traditional Irish music, both of which are more direct. He can balance his intellectual side with a sense of directness. He can get into music on a gut level as well as a conceptual level."

The coupling of a rock band like U2 with a master of meditative ambient music like Eno remains slightly incongruous. The band first approached The High-Browed One in 1983 and were turned down flat. But they persisted, nagging and sending him tapes until a meeting was arranged. And, as Eno himself explained in the official U2 fan magazine, *Propaganda**, it was Bono's "intelligent and inspiring attitude to the studio" that finally convinced him. The relationship, however, is not the traditional band-producer one.

"There's no strict demarcation," explains The Edge. "Obviously, Larry will play drums and Adam will play bass, but both Eno and Daniel Lanois might also play keyboards or guitar. Everybody performs and then everybody sits back and discusses what we hear. During recording, they become almost part of the band."

And the Steve Lillywhite re-mixes? "They were basically pretty small changes," says Adam. "We'd given ourselves a deadline, because we wanted to release the LP as early in the year as was possible. It was really just a fresh pair of ears coming in and adding the finishing touches. A mix is essentially a pretty simple thing."

In keeping with the live feel of the new LP, The Edge again concentrates his creative energies on the guitar, abandoning the occasional keyboards he contributed in the past. One of the few truly inventive rock guitarists still active, he feels his playing has recently acquired a greater rhythmic thrust, a dexterity he puts down partly to the influence of Daniel Lanois and partly to his rediscovery of the classic soul beat.

"None of us really grew up with dance music," he explains. "And, in the past, U2 were always thought of as the band with the anti-dance stance. But that is something we're discovering far more now. I'm really into Jimmy Nolan, the guy that used to play guitar with James Brown. That's something that has really changed over the past couple of years."



Are there any other contemporary guitarists that he admires?

"I listen to anything from the old blues guys to Johnny Marr. I'm into the highlife thing in Johnny Marr's playing. It's very light and rhythmic, which is good. Tom Verlaine used to be an influence, not so much for his technical ability, but for the fact that he would try things that no one else was doing.

"I worked on a lot of different sounds and ideas before I found something that seemed to suit my style. Now a lot of people seem to be copying that, The Famous Edge Guitar Style, which misses the point altogether. I never wanted to create a new standard. We wanted to do something new."

Just as the sounds of 'The Joshua Tree' are harder-edged than those of 'The Unforgettable Fire', so the words contain a raw, gritty streak that was far less conspicuous on the previous album. Bono is a great admirer of the mood of 'dirty realism' that has crept into modern American literature and writers like Walker Percy, the black poet Robert Hayden and a Red Indian by the name of Jim House have certainly had an influence on his own words, as have the rough and violent portrayals of the Deep South in Flannery O'Connor's *Wiseblood*, a book recommended to the U2 man by Bruce Springsteen. Most of the songs on 'The Joshua Tree' burn with a similar restless, obsessive spirit.

"The new LP is probably the most literate U2 record yet," stresses Bono. "But it is literate in a basic way, not in any poker-up-the-arse sense. The new American writers, particularly the southern ones, tend to write in a very direct way. They also use a lot of Biblical imagery and, as someone who has read The Bible, I can see a lot of power in that elemental imagery.

"Everyone can relate to those simple, powerful images. They are helpful when you want to convey just what a wasteland last year was politically, especially in America."

Hence the cover image and album title? The tree growing in the desert to offer some kind of hope, a way out, in true U2 tradition?

"Like 'The Unforgettable Fire', the image of a desert can also be quite positive. Even though the mood of a lot of the songs is very bleak, there is also a feeling of pure joy in there. I was worried that it might all seem too arid, but there is still a feeling of coming up for air.

"There's a funny side to it too. I find it almost embarrassing talking about this thing called 'The Joshua Tree'! Larry was too embarrassed to tell his girlfriend that we were going to call the LP after this clump of prickles in the desert. The thought of the world waiting for 'The Joshua Tree' is a bit ridiculous. It sounds as if it will sell about three copies . . ."

More so than any other U2 record, 'The Joshua Tree' is about The United States Of America. The Promised Land has been a fascination of this Dublin band ever since the 'October' album, not least because they spend so much of their time touring it. Their observations, however, have never been as clearly-focused as they are now.

"Your perspective on America changes the more time you spend there," reflects The Edge. "The first time, all you notice is the terrible television, the awful radio and the fast food shops. But America has dozens of different faces. I can understand why David Byrne was fascinated enough by Texas to write *True Stories*. And the music that comes out of somewhere like that or the Midwest is the real music of America."

The guitarist – in tones far milder and more measured than those of Bono – sees no contradictions in the band's infatuation with such an expansive foreign country.

"It's the sort of thing that has been happening for years. European groups and white groups generally have been getting into roots musics for ages. Also, coming from Ireland, we're that much closer, traditionally and geographically,

to America. A lot of Irish people have moved over to America and there are a lot of musical links. Irish traditional music has been a huge influence on a lot of American folk."

But the American connection is not one of total admiration. There are songs on the new LP that stand as stark indictments of America today. 'In God's Country' cleverly uses the Statue Of Liberty – her dress torn in ribbons – as a metaphor for America.

'Bullet The Blue Sky', meanwhile, is an anguished howl of protest at the Reagan regime's activities in Central America. A line about "the arms of America" provides a typically bleak pun that is all the more pertinent in the wake of the Iran arms-Contra aid scandal currently shaking The White House.

"I love America and I hate it," says Bono. "I'm torn between the two. Last year I spent some time in El Salvador and Nicaragua and saw the other side of America – Amerika, with a 'k'. I saw American foreign policy affecting the everyday lives of farmers and children.

"I'd gone to America and embraced America and America had embraced U2. But now I had to re-think and a song like 'Bullet The Blue Sky' is a result of that. I have two conflicting visions of America. One is a kind of dream landscape and the other is a kind of black comedy."

Another song to come out of Bono's travels in El Salvador is 'Mothers Of The Disappeared', the last track on the LP and a simple, plaintive lament of stunning beauty and sadness. It concerns the thousands of young men and women who 'disappear' every year in many Central and South American states, to be tortured and ultimately murdered by the death squads of the military dictators. The song ties in with U2 involvement in Amnesty International. Along with Sting, Lou Reed, Peter Gabriel, Bob Dylan, Joan Baez, Bob Geldof and Dave Stewart, the band played six major Amnesty International concerts in the USA last year.

"The aim of the tour was to make Amnesty a bit clearer in the minds of the American public," says Adam. "A lot of

Americans see Amnesty as a communist organisation. But they don't just strive to free people being imprisoned by pro-American regimes. They are active all over the world and the tour tried to emphasise that."

Bono continues.

"Something like Amnesty International isn't really about Left and Right, or the light and shade of political philosophy. It is about truth on a higher level. The notion that there are people in the world still being tortured on the scale of Nazi Germany is a truth that is still being generally resisted in 1987."

Contact addresses for the Irish, British and American sections of Amnesty are given on a lyric sheet that comes with 'The Joshua Tree'.

Despite its American-sounding title, the track 'Red Hill Mining Town' moves the focus of the LP at least slightly closer to home. Inspired by the 1984 miners' strike led by Arthur Scargill, it would seem to allude to coal board chairman Ian MacGregor as the villain of the piece: "Through hands of steel/And a heart of stone/Our labour day has come and gone . . ."

As Bono explains, however, the song – which takes the name Red Hill from a mythical doomed pit village in a book written about the 1984 dispute – is actually about the break-up of a relationship under the strains of the strike.

"I was interested in the miners' strike politically, but I wanted to write about it on a more personal level. A cold statistic about a pit closure and the redundancies that follow is drastic enough on one level, but it never tells the full human story. I wanted to follow the miner home and write about that situation in the song.

"The untold story of the coal strike is the number of family relationships that either broke down or were put under great strain. That was the final blow. Men would lose their pride in themselves and wouldn't be able to face their children or sleep with their wives.

CONTINUES OVER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

"And these were all good people who had been sold the work ethic over generations. They had embraced that ethic, but now they were suddenly told that it was bargain basement time."

The emotional conflicts in a song like 'Red Hill Mining Town' are typical of many a U2 tale; a story of love set against a backdrop of struggle. It has been a recognisable trait in Bono's writing since songs like 'New Year's Day' and 'Two Hearts Beat As One'. Less talked about are the unashamedly sexual images that often permeate U2 songwords.

"Rock 'n' roll is obsessed with sex in the back seat of a Chevrolet," proffers Bono. "Now I'm sure sex in the back seat of a Chevrolet is pretty good for those involved, but I'm more interested in writing about relationships past that point. I'm interested in the mental conflict of a relationship."

"A lot of my songs are rooted in that. People have said that I'm obsessed with borders and I suppose I am, although it has never been something conscious. But there can be a lot of different kinds of borders — physical, national, sexual or spiritual — and there are elements of them all in U2 songs."

A human problem on their own doorstep, the heroin epidemic in Dublin, is the subject of the song 'Running To Stand Still'. Another poignant lament, with musical echoes of Lou Reed's 'Berlin' and Bruce Springsteen's 'Nebraska', it is — like 'Red Hill Mining Town' — written in the third person. Bono places himself in the position of an addict who turns to drug-trafficking in order to feed the habit. The overwhelming impression is one of sheer futility, the protagonist literally 'running' to stand still.

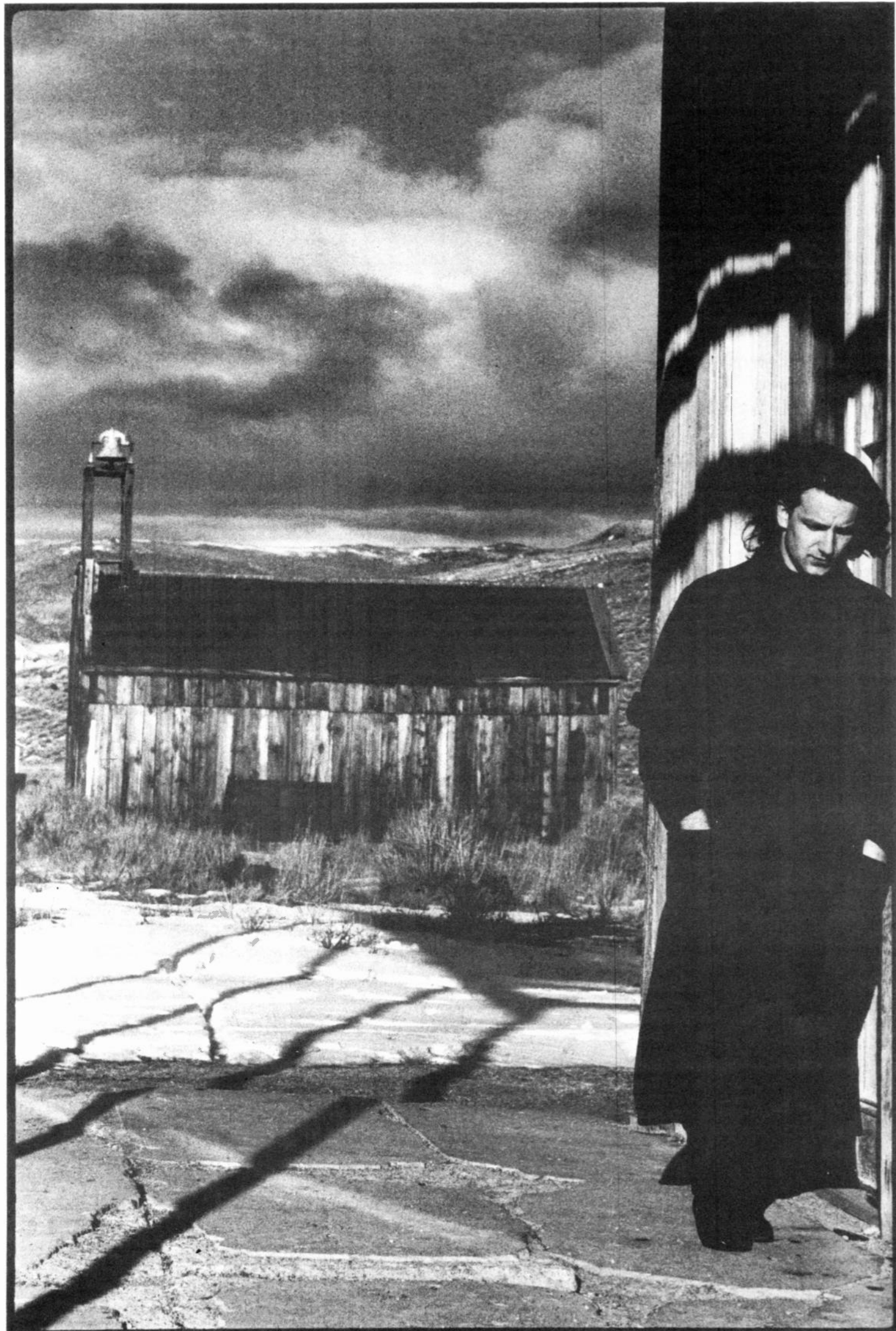
The placing of a 'general' issue in such a 'personal', human context is a hallmark of 'The Joshua Tree' and one of the record's great successes.

Other songs on the record are of a more directly personal nature. The serene 'One Tree Hill' commemorates Greg Carroll, a member of the U2 road crew who died tragically in a motorcycle accident last year. A further dedication of the LP to his memory is an indication of just how deeply the band still feel the loss.

For a band of such immense international standing, U2 are still refreshingly idealistic. They are remarkably free of the cynicism that riddles so much rock music. Bono — some might say naively — still believes in the power of music to act as a catalyst for social change.

He views Live Aid and Artists United Against Apartheid as examples of pop's potential in that respect, and he was, unsurprisingly, heavily involved in both projects.

As a consequence of Live Aid, he and his wife Alison also spent six weeks as helping hands in a camp in Ethiopia, cleaning up and helping to educate people on health and hygiene through a series of songs and short plays. Wary of



any unwanted 'pop star saves world' publicity, Bono attempted to keep the visit as low-key as possible. He saw it as a personal commitment that he and Alison wished to see through. His conclusion on returning was that he had gained from Africa far more than he had given.

And yet he still sees Band and Live Aid as watershed projects in '80s pop, ones that still have important ramifications for U2.

"For Bob Geldof, the sight of little bits of black plastic actually saving lives was something of a shock. He had always thought of pop music as something wonderful in itself, but nothing more than that. But I wasn't quite as taken aback by the success of it all. The '60s music that inspired me was part of a movement that eventually helped to stop the Vietnam war, and there is no reason why contem-

porary music cannot have a similar importance."

"I've always believed that music could help to change things, not in any melodramatic way, but certainly as part of a movement of positive protest. Sometimes we need to look beyond shades of Left and Right, because sometimes the political ideologies developed at the turn of the century are no longer applicable. There are new problems and we need new solutions."

And a restless desire continues to burn: "But I still haven't found what I'm looking for..."

* *Propaganda*, the U2 World Service Magazine, is available quarterly from PO Box 48, London N6 5RU, England. One year's subscription (four issues) in Ireland and UK costs £6.00 Sterling.

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NEW CROSS. 3 males/females for 3 own rooms in house. Rent £470 p.w. Deposit £470. Phone 852 5506 except between 3–4.30pm. Whole house available.

HACKNEY E5. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £45 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 352 3735. 22 plus. All amenities.

ST JOHN'S WOOD. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £17 p.w. incl. Deposit £125. Phone 328 3035. home. Available March 19.

WAINSTEAD E11. Female for own room in house. Rent £150 p.w. incl. Deposit £75. Phone 969 9530. home. 3 mins Central Line. 4-bed Edwardian house. Non-smoker.

PUTNEY SW15. 3 single and 3 double rooms in flat. Rent £40–£60 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 809 5608 between 6–10pm. Plus bills. Over-seas students welcomed.

STREATHAM SW16. Female for own room in flat. Rent £170 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 769 8200 eves. home. Use of all mod cons including washing machine. Near Tube.

WALTHAMSTOW E17. 1 or 2 females for own room in house. Rent £25 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 520 3745 after 12pm. home. Near Tube.

CROUCH END N8. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £170 p.w. incl. Deposit £200. Phone 221 9454 office hours but not Tues. work. Near bus routes and shops. Share all facilities.

SWISS COTTAGE NW3. Female for own room in flat. Rent £36 p.w. incl. Deposit £36. Phone 722 0431 12.30pm or 6–8pm. home.

STREATHAM SW16. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £150 p.w. incl. Deposit £50. Phone 637 9181 9.30am–7pm. home.

CROYDON. Female for own large room in house. Rent £35 p.w. incl. Phone 684 8100 eves. home. Blant. ref needed.

BUSH HILL PARK. Male/female for own room and own lounge in house. Rent £150 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 360 1658. home. Refs needed.

FOREST GATE E7. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £30 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 555 8114 6–8pm. home. Non-smoker. Prof. over 25.

TURNPICK LANE N15. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £38 p.w. incl. Deposit £167. Phone 869 1799 eves. home.

NEWINGTON N16. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £200 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 241 5544 after 4.30pm. home. Use of kitchen. C.H. Washing machine.

LEYTON E10. 3 females for own rooms in house. Rent £40 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 986 1631. home.

NORWICH. 3 people for 1 shared and 1 own room in house. Rent £40 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 671 1560 eves. home.

BRIXTON HILL. Couple or 1 person for shared own room in house. Rent £40 p.w. incl. Deposit £40. Phone 671 1560 eves. home.

CLAPTON E5. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £35–£40 p.w. incl. Deposit £200. Phone 806 4632. home.

UPMINSTER. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £35 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 86 50956 eves. home. Non-smoker.

BATTERSEA SW11. Female for own room in flat. Rent £40 p.w. incl. Deposit £200. Phone 369 2699. prof. eves. home. Refs required. 5 mins Clapham Junction Station.

STREATHAM HILL. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £165 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 671 9263 eves. home. Near BR. Use all facilities including washing machine.

TOTTENHAM BROADWAY. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £40 p.w. incl. Deposit £200. Phone 767 5613. home. Spacious flat with garden. Very close Tube. Available from April.

EARLSFIELD SW18. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £130 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 947 4809 after 6pm. home. Prof. non-smoker. 4 mins BR. Share 2 others.

HARROW ON THE HILL. Female for own room in house. Rent £170 p.w. incl. Deposit £170. Phone 863 8933 eves. home. Washing machine. Car parking. Non-smoker.

BROMLEY. 2 females for own rooms in house. Rent £30 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 0959 73984 eves. home. Non-smokers pref.

FELTHAM MIDLESEX. Female for own room in flat. Rent £140 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 980 6071. home.

WEST HAMPTSTEAD. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £45 p.w. incl. Deposit £400. Phone 435 1258. home. Non-smoker.

WINTHAM. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £150 p.w. incl. Deposit £75. Phone 894 1646. home. 30 mins to Waterloo BR.

SOUTHFIELDS SW19. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £140 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 0734 853024 eves. home. Under 30.

CATFORD SE6. Pref. male/female for own room in house. Rent £35 p.w. incl. Deposit £300. Phone 698 590 eves. home. Washing machine etc.

HIGHBURY PARK N5. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £36 p.w. incl. Deposit £150. Phone 226 4493 after 6pm. home. Students welcomed.

HIGHGATE. Male/female for own studio room in house. Rent £55 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 348 2674 eves. home. Modern. Newly decorated. All mod cons.

BRIXTON SW2. Couple or 1 person for room in flat. Rent £40–£55 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 674 0255 eves. home. C.H. Washing machine.

FRIERN BARNET N11. Female for own room in flat. Rent £35 p.w. incl. Deposit £70. Phone 361 4862. Plus bills.

GOLDERS GREEN. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £140 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 455 7473 after 6pm. Plus bills.

POPLAR E14. Female for own room in flat. Rent £120 p.w. plus bills. Deposit £100. Phone 515 6476 after 6pm.

SUNBURY-ON-THAMES. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £40 p.w. incl. Deposit £200. Phone 734 84290. home. Non-smoker. All mod cons.

PALMERS GREEN N13. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £35 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 882 8261. home. Share facilities. Near all amenities.

SOUTH HARROW. Males/females for 2 rooms in house. Rent £130 p.w. each. Deposit £130 each. Phone 964 8487. home. Share with 3 others.

TUPPEL PARK. Male/female for own 2 rooms in house. Rent £45 and £50 p.w. incl. of all bills. Deposit £200. Phone 609 3482. home. C.H. New kitchen and bathroom. Near station.

EDMONTON. Males/females for 2 rooms in converted church apartment. Rent £70 for large. £50 for small. Deposit £100. Phone Moss. 803 4275. home. Near shops. stations.

NEW CROSS GATE. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £35 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 1636 358 0904. home. Share kitchen and bathroom. C.H. Garden. Near station. Large lounge.

BRIXTON SW2. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £120 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 733 1386. home. Near Tube.

BRIXTON HILL SW2. Female for own spacious room in house. Rent £45 p.w. incl. Deposit £400. Phone 671 3982. home. Non-smoker. Use of shower. Share kitchen with 1 other. Mid 20s. Employed.

STREATHAM HILL SW16. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £160 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 677 9664. home. Prof. vegetarian. Near buses and BR.

SUTTON. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £30 p.w. incl. Deposit neg. Phone 643 3643. home. All mod cons.

BETHNAL GREEN. 2 females for own rooms in flat. Rent £25 p.w. and £20 p.w. Deposit £50 and £40. Phone Alan. 961 3729. home. German speaking girls preferred.

HERNE HILL SE24. Female for own room in flat. Rent £35 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone Des. 674 9207. home. Non-smoker preferred.

PARK ROYAL NW10. Couple. 2 males/2 females. for own double room in house. Rent £130 p.w. each. Deposit £130. Phone 961 5633. home. Near Central and Piccadilly Line. All mod cons. Garden. Non-smoker. Must be in work.

STREATHAM SW2. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £25 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone Patricia. 326 0290 after 7pm. home. All mod cons. Col TV.

SE5. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £10 p.w. incl. Deposit £50. Phone 703 4518. home. Use of lounge, kitchen, bathroom and garden. To share with 3 others.

SOUTH TOTTENHAM N15. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £40 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone Evan. 802 3933. home. Beautiful house — we love it!

WEST KENSINGTON. Female for shared double room in flat. Rent £30 p.w. incl. Deposit £120. Phone 602 3126 after 6pm. home. All mod cons. Col TV.

HIGGINS PARK. 2 females for 2 own rooms in house. Rent £160 p.w. plus bills. Phone Mrs Brennan. 524 6547 after 7pm. home. 5 mins from BR station. Good shopping facilities.

TOTTENHAM. 2 males/females for 2 own rooms in house. Rent £167 p.w. incl. Deposit £152. Phone 778 2999. home. Mod. house. C.H. Double glazing. Large kitchen and living room. Washing machine.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH (ASKEW ROAD AREA). Couple. 2 males, for own double room in flat. Rent £27.50 p.w. plus bills. Deposit £100. Phone Mr Smith. 773 6515. home. Clean and warm.

WINTHAM. Male/female for own room in maisonette. Rent £30 p.w. incl. Deposit £300. Phone Nizar. 361 2630 between 6 and 7pm. home. Non-smoker.

CRICKLEWOOD NW2. Female for own room in house. Rent £108 p.w. incl. Deposit £96. Phone 450 1757. home.

HARLINGTON (HEATHROW AIRPORT). Female for own room in flat. Rent £40 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone Andy. 897 1395. home. Comfortable accommodation.

RAYNES LANE. Female for own room in house. Rent £50 p.w. incl. Deposit £50. Phone Chris. 866 2671 after 6pm. home.

WINTHAM. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £29 p.w. plus bills. Deposit £100. Phone Dave. 764 0562 after 5pm. home.

LEYTON. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £80 p.w. for 4 weeks incl. Deposit £4 weeks. Phone 558 7938. home. Close to Tube. C.H.

EDMONTON. 2 males/females for 2 own rooms in house. Rent £40/£35 p.w. incl. Deposit £200. Phone 367 1478. home.

BARKING. Female for own double room in house. Rent £35 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone Noreen. 354 5089. home. Share kitchen with 2 others.

BARKING. Female for own room in house. Rent £30 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone Noreen. 354 5089. home. Share kitchen, etc with 2 others.

BALHAM. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £140 p.w. Phone 673 1170. home. Share with 4 others. Lively and friendly person essential.

RICHMOND. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £180 p.w. incl. Deposit £150. Phone 948 2797. home. Professional person over 23 years.

STAMFORD HILL. Female for very large own room in flat. Rent £30 p.w. incl. heating. Deposit £100. Phone Danusia. 631 4142 3.30pm. home. Non-smoker. Share kitchen, lounge etc. Share with 1 other. 21+ years.

ISLINGTON N1. Male for own room in house. Rent £151.20 p.w. incl. Deposit £130. Phone Edwina. 226 4602. home. Victorian house with communal rooms.

NW9. Female for own room in house. Rent £35 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone Lesley. 358 1029. home. Fridge-freezer. Washing machine. Very near Tube.

TOTTENHAM. Couple. 2 males/females, for own double room in house. Rent £152 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone Pam. 543 1763. home. Non-smoker. Must be in work.

GOLDERS GREEN. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £65 p.w. incl. Deposit £200. Phone Tim. 458 4776. home. Own lounge and kitchen. Share bathroom with 1 other.

STREATHAM COMMON. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £35 p.w. incl. Deposit £50. Phone Barbara. 764 1209. home. Garden. Two bathrooms.

WAINSTEAD E11. Female for own room in flat. Rent £175 p.w. incl. Deposit £60. Phone 580 3060 2519. work. C.H. Washing machine. All mod cons. Near to Central Line Tube.

TOTTENHAM. For 1 or 2 males/females for own double room in maisonette (flat). Rent £80 p.w. incl. (neg). Deposit £100. Phone 767 8717. home. Garden. Washing machine. Gas fire in each room. Near Tube (3 mins).

KENSINGTON W14. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £50 p.w. plus week in advance. Phone John. 602 3078. home. For 6 to 8 weeks. Inclusive of bills.

STREATHAM VALE. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £173 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 679 8020. home. 3 bedroom house for 2 people. Prof. person.

TOTTENHAM SW17. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £35 p.w. plus bills. Deposit £100. Phone 767 3671 7pm onwards. home. Share with one. C.H. Gardens. Fully furnished. 5 mins to Tube.

HERNE HILL SE24. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £30 p.w. plus bills. Deposit £50. Phone 733 8801. home. Near station. Garden. Share all facilities.

WESTBOURNE PARK. Female for shared room in flat. Rent £117 p.w. incl. Deposit £107. Phone 243 0512. home. Available now.

HERNE HILL. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £101 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone David. 274 0732 eves. home. Lounge. TV. Phone. C.H. Washing machine. Tumble dryer. Freezer. Share with 3 others. Available now.

RAYNES PARK SW20. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £50 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone Monica. 330 6951. home. Non-smoker. Mid-20s. Available April 1.

PLUMSTEAD COMMON. 2 males/females for own 2 rooms in house. Share shower. Rent £150 p.w. plus bills. Deposit £100. Phone 854 5043. home. Share kitchen.

FOREST GATE E7. Female for own room in house. Rent £35 p.w. or £140 p.w. Deposit £100. Phone 767 8822 eves. home. Prof. single. Near Tube (Upton Park District Line). Available now.

CATFORD. Prof. male/female for own room in flat to share with 2 girls. Rent £120 p.w. Deposit £150. Phone Karen. 690 2919 after 6pm. home. Use of lounge, kitchen and bathroom. Furnished room. Near transport. Exclusive.

STREATHAM. Female for shared own 2 rooms in flat for 2 girls or 1 in each. Rent £56 p.w. and £50 p.w. Deposit £100. Phone Selwyn. 677 6142. home. Outstanding. C.H. Double glazing. Near transport. Share all facilities.

EAST DULWICH. Female for own room in flat. Rent £103 p.w. plus bills. Deposit £116. Phone 693 9917 eves. home. Prof. 25. Non-smoker. Quiet type.

N22. Male/female for own room in large house. Rent £175. Phone John or Karen. 888 6064 after 6pm. home. C.H. Washing machine. Near BR and Tube.

BLACKHEATH. Male/female for own large room in house. Rent £40 p.w. plus share of bills. Deposit £100. Phone 852 1994 eves and weekends only. Prof. mid 2



EDITED BY ADRIAN THRILLS

SIMPLY RED Men And Women (WEA)

OR THE things we do for love. Simply Red's second album patrols nature's longest Roman road, the eternal straight line of heterosexual intercourse, with the diligence of the AA's keenest recruit. There's little cheer here for those media analysts who would have the band enlarge on the political statement of 'Money's Too Tight', defining its name in terms of Socialist responsibility. Sexual and emotional policies are the issues under debate on 'Men And Women': its lyrical concerns suggest you'll find Reds circa '87 anywhere but *under the bed*...

In the little under two years since 'Picture Book' was released, Simply Red have grown

together to become on the chart mainstream's most convincing and accomplished bands — recent live performances of that album's material make the recorded originals sound one-dimensional in comparison. So the striking thing about 'Men And Women' is how well producer Alex Sadkin captures that new confidence. With the basic six-man band now regularly augmented by vocalist Janette Sewell and saxist Ian Kirkman, Simply Red has a sound as energetic and muscular as any pop band around.

And, of course, it has Mick Hucknall's voice. As a vehicle for a song, it's technically impressive but, more importantly, emotionally expressive. What determines its strength in practice is the material it is asked to carry, and as writer or co-writer of

most of the tracks here the responsibility falls on Hucknall to exploit his own gift. His judgement is good, but not infallible. On 'Men And Women' he chooses to court the kind of image he has been at pains to dissociate himself from in recent interviews — OK, so self-written material need not necessarily be autobiographical, but there's certainly plenty of titillate upholders of the dog-with-two-dicks school of character appreciation.

Most affecting are those songs which put libido on hold and wear their heart on their pyjama sleeves instead. 'Suffer', one of two tracks written in collaboration with Lamont Dozier and cheekily credited to Hucknall-Dozier-Hucknall, proves the point. 'Holding Back The Years' suggested the colour

range Mick Hucknall is capable of — here his high register work conjures up an infinite tenderness and vulnerability, that provides a welcome counterpoint to the cocky gait of the first single lift, 'The Right Thing'.

A reverent but sufficiently personal cover of Bunny Wailer's 'Love Fire' gives him similar room to stretch out, but it's on the self-written 'Shine' that he relaxes enough to blend in with his musicians and produce a true ensemble sound. Punchy and precise, it's the best dance music Simply Red have presented on record so far and successfully scuppers the widely-cherished theory that Simply Hucknall would be a more accurate moniker: here the voice is one more element roped in to serve the song but's none the less effective for that.

Less winning are the two songs which Hucknall uses as a soapbox to bait journalists and other detractors who would have him agonize in public about the perils of getting rich and famous. 'I Won't Feel Bad' is strong musically, but lines like "You'll never see me walking / Down a guilty middle-class street / I'm frequently appalled / By them pretending to be poor men..." step out clumsily over the beat and seem a gratuitous expression of sentiments made forcibly in just about every Simply Red interview so far. And council flat references in 'Move On Out' sound suspiciously like a calculated attempt to prolong the debate, however legitimate they might be to the song's scenario.

These idiosyncrasies aside, 'Men And Women' is a likeable summation of Simply Red's progress over the past two years, and one that justifies the bravura of the rogue male Hucknall. It's probably a safe bet that, live, the band can already blow Sadkin's cleanly-recorded studio versions away, so future developments have a strong foundation in the ten tracks here. Emotional politics, the politics of dancing... Simply Red's manifesto is strong enough to prove a tactical vote-winner.

Alan Jackson

TRASH GROOVE GIRLS Arbeit, Sport And Spiel (What's So Funny About)

REASONABLY good LP from these three Düsseldorf denizens. You might be able to hear yourself shit for all the fuss that's been spread about them on the continent, but they're worth it. These three 'girls' are worth it 'cos despite their self-styled media terrorist turned back-room Svengali, Chris Garland, they never stay put. In truth all his scheming amounts to is a kind of upturn in which he becomes the wallpaper around their nursery rhymes for a plutonium age. Where did our puppeteer go wrong?

Well, by retreating to that last refuge and asking you to admire scams, moves and concepts. By asking you to admire manipulation for itself. Scorn is what he gets, especially when his external grip tightens: when phrases like "suck me!... give me what I adore" are placed in compliant mouths and hackles rise like they were intended to. But, the context in which they call the physical shots leads us to pleasure for its own sake.

Among their attempts at mutated hip-hop that strangles — which invariably hit a low on an opener that's still more Suicide than SSS — you'll find a kind of speed/electricity generated when strident howls disturb an elasticity previously set up by electro-motion. This is fully realized on spaghetti Western scenario adapted for an ultraviolent neon-lit near future, the bracing 'Zero'.

Bubblegum returns: don't sweep aside sticky sweets and froth like this.

Dele Fadele



Great plainmen

ILLUSTRATION: JOHN GEARY

OUT OF LITTLE ACORNS...

U2 The Joshua Tree (Island)

TWO YEARS have passed since U2 delivered 'The Unforgettable Fire' — a holy history book read under a storm cloud of world tension; borne of a burning, biblical and intensely *personal* faith.

'The Unforgettable Fire' was also a record about America. 'The Joshua Tree' is another record about America — a wide open space stretched by Anton Corbijn's camera where power and money hide in the city while the wide open spaces of red rock and heat and dust push you back inside yourself. U2 are travelling through a godless land, as old as the hills, always outsiders trapped by fame and wealth, always on a road or a rail to somewhere else.

'The Joshua Tree' is shot though with yearning and despair. U2 arrived long ago. Their success makes them nationless, despite their Irish roots. And America is big. Big enough to make even U2 seem insignificant. It's a vastness that fascinates them...

The record floats to the foreground on a wave of digital holiness which turns out to be the only real intrusion

by producer Brian Eno. Like 'The Unforgettable Fire', 'The Joshua Tree' starts by spitting furiously. Bono cries without weeping, breathing and bleeding himself into 'Where The Streets Have No Name'. The guitar becomes something more than an endlessly abused piece of wood. The last ten seconds are breathtakingly beautiful.

'I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For' is less frenzied. It revolves slowly. The words are simple. Yet the sense that U2 *care*, that they are not fucking around, makes them special. Bono sings: "I believe in the Kingdom Come/Then all the colours will bleed into one/But, yes, I'm still running".

'With Or Without You' is both musically and lyrically more familiar. The tune harks back to 'October'. A cumulative roar brings things to a close. 'With You Or Without You' is some kind of love song.

'Bullet The Blue Sky' faces an America of destruction and hatred. It is as black as hell might be. There are images of burning crosses, dollar bills and fighter planes over mud huts where children sleep. The music swells. Restlessly. Angrily. The guitar

is compressed, held back and then unleashed. At exactly the right moment. The drums are loud and rough, like they were recorded in your bathroom. U2 fear America. They are angry with a country gun-happy at home and abroad, a country riddled with corruption. And yet they are fascinated. They can't turn their eyes away from it.

'Running To Stand Still' completes the first side like a gradual cooling of the previous song. It refers back to what's gone before and forewarns of what will come. It's this sense of integration that makes the record so complete. 'The Joshua Tree' is not something which can be easily pulled apart.

'Red Hill Mining Town' is about Britain's coal strike. It's about how people draw together, look to their families to survive in a careless and heartless state. I know this because I was told. But still it evokes America — "A Red Hill town where the lights go down".

From here on, there is no relief. The America of 'The Joshua Tree' gets bigger and emptier. Bono seems on the verge of some visionary breakdown. And yet there is always that sense of strength which, time after

time, helps U2 turn despair into a positive force. The words draw on the elements. Fire and rain and desert. The sounds that rise and fall around them seem reluctant to roar.

Bullets fly though Bono's blue sky. On 'Exit' he sings of someone at the end of his tether; "He used to stay awake to drive the dreams he had away". 'Exit' walks into the black: "He saw that the hands that build could also pull down..."

'Mothers Of The Disappeared' closes the record — a bleakly supportive note to those whose sons and daughters get taken away in the night. The last line printed on the sleeve is not sung: 'Join Amnesty International'. Silence follows.

'The Joshua Tree' will prove a better and braver record than anything else that's likely to appear in 1987. It's the sound of people confronting their own ghosts in a country where they can if they wish become a dusty speck on the landscape. It's the sound of people still trying, still looking, when all the world wants from them is volume and fireworks. U2 have long since dispensed with such things.

John McCready

TASTY EARFU'

NYAH FEARTIES A Tasty Heidfu' (LYT)

NYAH FEARTIES play post-punk homages to Caledonia turning country and western, mutant folk and drunken community songs into national invective. 'A Tasty Heidfu' was recorded in a barn near Lugton in Ayrshire, where the brothers Feartie filled the farmyard with all manner of musical objects: cages, banjos, dustbins, semi-acoustic guitars and an Agnews carrier-bag containing the obligatory tasty heidfu'. You could say they exist somewhere between The Pogues and Test Dept. But the Fearties are more critical than The Pogues, their Scotland is not a place to be eulogised or sung about, it's a home whose myths are savagely demolished, albeit with a similar sense of dipso abandon. They use found percussion but stripped of Test Dept's artiness: the only thing these guys can draw is the dole.

Nyah Fearties are from Ayrshire, a county with its own specific history, usually told through the poems and ballads of Robbie Burns and traditional Scottish folk songs like 'Rantin' Robin'. The Fearties invade this history by turning Robin into a modern day hardman, Rantin' Robbie, the kind of crazed psycho who stares you out in a chip-shop in Kilwinning. And they take him away from the primary school choir into another more dangerous sense of Scotland: "Robbie wiz a madman he'd kill ye in the pub".

The song 'Hallelujah' rages against the religious bigots who divide and rule Scotland with their protestant motto of 'aye ready fir nae fun'. It includes a



MAYHEM!!! Audience goes wild after Fearties debut at Old MacDonald's...

moving image of local miners - "in his hand was a shovel, at his head was a gun" - and ends with a call to military attention. Simple Minds, Orange Juice and The Jesus And Mary Chain were from Scotland but Nyah Fearties are about Scotland, turning national identity into a savagely humorous theme. This is a significant debut in which a place and its images are throttled by two of its bastard sons.

Stuart Cosgrove

HOT CHOCOLATE The Very Best Of (EMI)

I'VE ALWAYS regarded Hot Chocolate as a group solely belonging to that ethereal period of my growing up, otherwise defined as the '70s. They produced a stream of disco-soul curios - all here - custom-built for the wedge-topped Ford Capri driver.

The real attraction of Hot Chocolate (apart from the fact that Errol could never mime in time on *Top Of The Pops*) was their slightly seedy smooch appeal. Smooch fired Errol's capable and assured voice as clearly as it fuelled the band's rapid-fire tunes, and in post-punk times it has been the flirty attraction that had the Sisters Of Mercy queueing up to record Hot Chocolate songs.

But what exactly were those songs? From the grating blueprint soul of 'Brother Louie' through to the flaunting 'You Sexy Thing', we've all heard and loved them. There was a rawness that ran through a Hot Chocolate song - the pleading 'Emma', the desperate 'So You Win Again' - that will never be matched in this modern, alternative-mix age.

Everyone's a winner baby, that's for sure.

Neil Taylor

A CERTAIN RATIO Live In America (Dojo)

LIVE ALBUMS should be strictly for those who are either bootlegged unmercifully or who fail to deliver the goods in the studio. ACR haven't fallen into either of these categories and their 'Old & New 78-85' greatest hits package really makes this release

redundant. Live versions of seven of those tracks appear here, neither drastically destroyed or livened up. Sure, there's a few screams from the audience, the odd "thank you" and a "thank you good night", but nothing's really added to the original formula.

There's a crap cluttered version of 'Shack Up', there's moody bass fillers and synthesised voiceovers left in to create a live atmosphere, and there seems to be someone eating a large apple in 'Flight'. Of the fresher fruit - and this was recorded in 1985! - 'Touch' and the interminable, tin-can bashing samba of 'Si Fermir O Grido' are the weakest numbers here.

Maybe I'm lacking in imagination, but without the visuals, without witnessing the versatility and presence of Donald Johnson, 'Live In America' seems pretty dead and a poor reflection of an ACR's performance. It's all been downhill since Santana's 'Lotus'.

Len Brown

THE CLAIM This Pencil Was Obviously Sharpened By A Left Handed Indian Knife Thrower (Trick Bag)

IF ONE IS aiming to carve out a fresh notch in the door of garage rock then one should be upfront and blatant about it. The Claim (whose album title is their only claim to individuality) succeed admirably, if rather arrogantly, in this regard with their *Boys Own* pop sound consisting of military-style drumming, brash chiming guitars and strident vocals. A dash of pure rum across the bows, The Claim capitulate under unoriginality. File under powderpop.

The Legend!

BIM SHERMAN Haunting Ground (RDL)

IF ADRIAN Sherwood is the joker gone wild, and Roots Radics and the Dub Syndicate are explorers of the dub, then on an album where all three feature, surely Bim Sherman is the perfect vocal point to build around. When such talents as Deadley Headley, Bonjo I, Style Scott, Lizard, Doctor Pablo, Adrian Sherwood and of course Bim himself come together one would expect something special. 'Haunting Ground' though, is a largely conventional, and in some parts even dull, record that verges repeatedly on lovers' despite the hard words.

The one song which wasn't written by Sherman, or Vincent, to give his true surname, is 'Life'. An Annie Anxiety composition, it's the high point of both sides. Using space to the full it isn't traditionally constrained, as are the other songs. Deadley's horns, Bonjo's percussion, and Bim Sherman's smooth-as-syrup voice are rolled into a ball of spitting, scratching fur.

Although all tracks are engineered by Sherwood, the distinction between his four-song production credit and those produced by Sherman is much finer. His usually blatant trademarks have been so muted in 'Haunting Ground' that it's a non sequiter to express performance for the Sherwood credits.

However much you like Bim Sherman et al, there are far better places than 'Haunting Ground' to hear what they can do.

Stan Barton

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CRASH

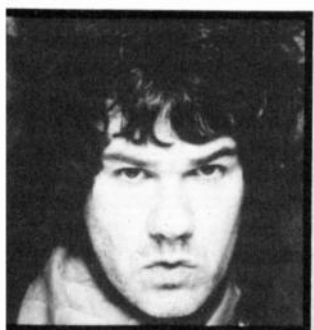
Feel Fine (Remorse)

DESPITE ITS Beatle-ish title (deliberately taken from the Fab Four's finest single?) this album is a product bang up to date: scratching guitars, mellow vocals and a post-Velvets production destined to be derided in his age of hi-tech G-Go Go.

Crash—from New York—have already graced us with two excellent singles, 'Almost' and 'International Velvet', both of which are included here. But it's the fresh new tracks that make his album such a fine debut. 'I So Round' swirls about in a psychedelic '60s style, 'My Machine' speeds up the tempo with a mesh of deadpan vocals and buzzed guitars. It's only on the lead-y 'Superfly' and the Mary 'Chained 'I Feel Fine' that Crash wear their influences in and out of their sleeve.

Certainly side two has more than its fair share of 'Psychocanly'ish songs, but is that necessarily a bad thing? Crash write some startlingly original material and are still growing. Wait for the second LP. In the meantime, get the idea from this one.

Neil Taylor



GARY MOORE
Wild Frontiers (10 Records)

MANY HACKS are exasperated by the silly Teenys who, ten

years after the punk "revolution", are today using their pocket money to put the likes of Europe, Bon Jovi, It Bites and Gary Moore in the singles charts. But, as this predictably naïf offering from superhero axeman Moore (ex-Lizzy, ex-Colliseum) demonstrates, 1987 metal-pop represents not so much a return from the grave of the much-loathed HM muso phenomenon as the logical extension of the success of so many Boring Young Farts since 1976.

Here, rockin' Gaz tries his calloused hand at a bit of the ol' Celtic myth-rock vibe, dusted off and tarted up for the CD generation. Just close your eyes and listen to 'Strangers In The Darkness' (a straight lift of U2's 'New Years Day'), 'Johnny Boy' (Knopfler's 'Cal'), and 'Over The Hills And Far Away' (any Big Country anthem). He even draws a deep breath and has a half-credible bash at The Easybeats' 'Friday On My Mind'.

'Wild Frontier' is, of course, choc-a-block with pompous singing and very silly lyrics, but to be fair to the lad, he done his best. He had a good listen to the children of the revolution which was supposed to have made him redundant, and quite reasonably concluded, Yosser-like, 'I can do that'.

Nick Kelly

WENDY O. WILLIAMS/ PLASMATICS

Maggots: The Record (WOW/GWR)

NATURALLY, IT'S in poor taste, this miniature rock-opera which has been recorded to mark The Plasmatics' ninth anniversary. More than that—it's outrageous-

ly ugly and crass. Split between tired shock-rock and tacky pornographic dialogue scenes, it tells the story of Los Angeles being invaded, taken over, and finally eaten by killer maggots. The story is mostly like this: unhooking their bras to reveal ample though pert bosoms, peeling off tight stretch-jeans and tiny cotton panties in one movement and sliding their creamy buttocks under the duvet, young girls unknowingly await slime-covered death as their bodies are penetrated by maggot after maggot. And after every scene in which downy-thighed nubility is reduced to piles of steaming putridity, there is an accompanying guitar-trash in which Wendy O Williams intones several stanzas of ritualistic nonsense over a drum-packed atonal mess: "Synaptic reflexes / We're coded in your genes / We make you self-destruct / To satisfy our needs / Synthetic nightmare / We crush the slow and weak / Slave monsters of the future / Domination geek".

But wait a minute. Is there a hidden sub-text buried deep inside this rubbish-tip? Yes, I think there is. Careful students of this artefact will note the many references to the government and its poor record in times of crisis. You may also notice the constant lyrical appearance of viral metaphor: molecules, synapses, DNA. There is an announcement telling you to use condoms. Are 'maggots' really 'faggots' in Wendy's crazed and vindictive mind? An interesting cultural artefact then, but a crap record.

William Leith



Dexter bides his time

DEXY'S BEST

VARIOUS Round Midnight—Original Motion Picture Soundtrack (CBS)

DEXTER GORDON The Other Side Of Round Midnight (Blue Note)

WHAT MADE *Round Midnight* such a hip and evocative journey into the heartland of jazz? Firstly, Dexter Gordon in the lead role, and secondly, the music. Both these albums are living proof of that. When you see long tall Dexter up on that big screen, laying down a mellow 'Body And Soul', or jousting with Wayne Shorter on 'Una Nocha Con Francis', it's live and direct.

The choice of Herbie Hancock as composer / arranger was a masterstroke. Shunning a slavish, academic adherence to the music of the late '50s, he brought together players from different generations — Pierre Michelot, Bud Powell, to innovative '80s vocalist Bobby McFerrin. And the result throughout is a sparkling spontaneity and modernism.

Hancock's relationship with Dexter Gordon goes back over 25 years to the — then young contender's first Blue Note LP,

'Taking Off', and re-uniting with his honchos from Miles Davis' late '60s combos and a host of Blue Note luminaries, sparked off an on-set chemistry.

The sheer range of music on the CBS 'Round Midnight' is stunning. You're whisked through rapid shifts of mood and atmosphere from the opening bars of 'Round Midnight', with McFerrin sounding like a cross between Miles' muted trumpet and Robert Wyatt, to Chet Baker crooning the mysteriously offbeat 'Fair Weather'.

The CBS soundtrack encompasses textures and a vibrancy lacking in the Blue Note LP. 'The Other Side ...' is, however, far more than a set of out-takes. In addition to six full-length pieces from the movie there are three tunes not included in the film. 'Call Sheet Blues' is a sexy improvised blues born of on-set boredom. 'Society Red' oozes the nicotine stained atmosphere of Birdland, and finally there's Hancock's solo rendition of Monk's title track.

Round Midnight, the film, was a labour of love, the CBS album a jazz gem, and 'The Other Side ...' gives the avaricious a few more joyful moments.

Paul Bradshaw

SUPER DIAMONO DE DAKAR

People (Encore)

THE STRENGTH of 'People' is space: rarely will you find a ten-piece band whose members are so keen to underplay each other.

Super Diamono are bluesier, slinkier and more restrained than Senegal's other big stars, Super Etoile, and perhaps because they're less brash, their appeal is less immediate. There's no pulse of percussion at the core, and the highspots come when the heart of the music fades to leave space surrounded by gentle proddings from horns and keyboards. The best tracks uncoil slowly and sensually, none better than 'Lou Bax' where sliding bass underpins Mamadou Maiga's pleading vocal and other instruments drift in and out at will.

A remix of 'Mam' from last year's live album is also included, featuring what used to be termed 'a blistering guitar solo'. One of the chief pleasures of 'People' is the chance to hear classy, non-masturbatory playing of that order.

On the downside, the super smooth production emasculates upbeat numbers like 'Souboba', which comes too close to the comfort of the supper club, and the mild reggae beats of Soweto are only enlivened by another crackling guitar solo.

'People' is full of low-key emotional charges, which makes the presence of a couple of damp squibs all the more frustrating.

Campbell Stevenson

ELTON

ROM PAGE 20

as a bunch of fucking City rokers and people with pension funds to spend. This great 'peoples' Capitalism, this idea that there's millworkers buying a car. That's why I said that if the rare prices have doubled in value since privatisation then we were ripped off."

Now that he's established, now that he's become part of the "mocking mainstream" (as the critic put it) the knives are out for Elton, from both Right and Left. It's inevitable, part of the fame game. The Right hate his ideals, hate his hatred of their moneyed ideology, hate the way his work commands TV time. And the Left think he's sold out, think he's a token liberal on late-night telly. Thus the tedious "You're middle-class, you went to university, you make lots of money, so now can you be a Letty" jibes.

"That's all bollocks. You are what you are, not what you are. I admit what I am, where I came from, where I'm going. 'people don't like it at least I'm not being a liar about it. I don't want *The Sun* to do what they did to The Housemartins — publish a picture of my parent's house and say 'Oh look, he used to live in a detached house and now he says vote Labour so he must be a hypocrite'."

His critics have been quick to attack any chink in his "alternative" armour. When, for example, he introduced a carping mother-in-law into the first episode of *Filthy Rich and Fatflap* — under the premise that to lampoon a stereotype you've got to create the stereotype — the armchair hacks missed the point.

"Deliberately we got Barbara Windsor to do it because it was meant to be ironic. To Richie Rich a mother-in-law is a mother-in-law joke because that's the only root he's got to mother-in-laws. It's possible that the joke misfired because irony must always sail close to the wind and you can end up exalting that which you seek to parody. Maybe we did, maybe I was being too bloody clever, but I certainly resented trendies turning round and saying 'Ha ha, so you're a sexist after all, are you?'"

Comedy always has been, always will be, a matter of taste; everyone raves about Lenny Bruce, Tommy Cooper, Eric Morecambe, because the only great comedians are dead ones and you're only as good as your last gag. Living comics can either safely shuffle through sit-coms and game shows, wise-cracking without putting anything of themselves into their humour. Or, like Ben Elton, they can be more daring, more provocative; they can elevate their personal problems, their day-to-day concerns into a humorous and cutting commentary on the world we live in. It's not always thigh-slappingly funny, but at least there's an element of truth.

"That stuff I did about Fergie, when I debunked myself by saying I'm a smug git on Channel 4 in a shiny suit ... That's what I am and I know half the public are sitting out there thinking 'Who's he think he is, fucking big head, mouthing off, calling Thatcher a cow?' I can see their problem. I can understand that I might irritate people so I try and say 'I'm never gonna make you like me but at least don't do me the dis-service of thinking I think I'm great!'"

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TOUR NEWS

THE GAP BAND, who have just released a new single 'How Music Came About', return to the UK next month to play Manchester Apollo (April 29), Birmingham Odeon (30), London Hammersmith Odeon (May 1 and 2). Tickets are £9.50, £8.50 and £7.50 (London) and £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50 (Manchester and Birmingham), on sale now.

MILLIE JACKSON, whose London shows were revealed exclusively in the *NME* two weeks ago, has confirmed a series of provincial dates. The full itinerary reads Bournemouth International Centre (April 14), London Hammersmith Odeon (April 17, 18 and 19), Cardiff St David's Hall (21), Ipswich Gaumont (23), Cambridge Corn Exchange (25), Croydon Fairfield Hall (26), Windsor Blazers (April 27–May 2), Manchester Apollo (8), Westcliff Cliffs Pavilion (10).



QUICKIES . . . THE CLAY PEOPLE (above), *NME* office favourites and a hot tip for '87 have London shows at Ladbroke Grove Bay 63 tomorrow (Thursday) supporting Mighty Mighty, and headlining at Covent Garden Rock Garden (March 24) . . . **HURRAH!** will be supporting The Stranglers on their tour which starts next week . . . **THE ARMOURY SHOW** play London Astoria tomorrow (Thursday) . . . **ROBERT CRAW** will open for Tina Turner on her British dates in June and July . . . **SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY & THE JUKES** return to the UK to play London Hammersmith Odeon on April 13 . . . **THE DAVE HOWARD SINGERS** will not be supporting Tom Verlaine at the Town & Country Club, Kentish Town, next week. That honour now goes to **THE BODINES**.

DEACON BLUE, whose debut single 'Dignity' is out now on CBS next week, have added more dates to their tour and the full schedule looks a little like this; London Goldsmiths College (March 13), Bath Moles Club (14), London Marquee (16), Manchester University (18), Warwick University (19), Nottingham Trent Poly (20), Leicester Poly (21), Edinburgh The Venue (25), Galashiels Textile College (26), Glasgow Technical College (27), Dundee Dance Factory (29), Newcastle Riverside (30), Sheffield Poly (April 2), London Harlesden Mean Fiddler (3).

KING KURT have set up a tour under the banner of 'A Fistful Of Thr pennies'. Hmm, anyway, make sure you don't get short-changed at **Stoke Shelleys (March 18)**, **Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush (19)**, **Treforest Poly (20)**, **Dunstable Queensway Hall (22)**, **Sheffield Poly (23)**.

IT BITES extend their tour by another ten dates and now play Cleethorpes Winter Gardens (March 12), Retford Porterhouse (14), Sheffield Poly (15), Hampton Court Jolly Boatman (20), London Walthamstow Royal Standard (21), Portsmouth Basins (22), Hatfield Poly (25), Bristol Bierkeller (26), Blackburn St George's Hall (27), Leicester Poly (29).

TWO NATIONS have a busy week ahead with live shows at **London ULU (Wednesday)**, **London Camden Dingwalls (Thursday)**, **Birmingham Poly (Friday)** **London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town (Saturday)**.

BIFF BANG POW!, the Creation house bnd featuring Alan McGee, promote their album 'The Girl Who Runs The Beat Hotel' at Aylesbury Division One Club (March 14), Bristol EEC Punk Rock Mountain (18), Brighton Escape Club (19), London Camden Black Horse (20), Greenock Subterraneans (27), Glasgow venue to be confirmed (29), Edinburgh Onion Cellar (30).

AFTER TONITE support **The Pogues** at **Leicester University (March 14)**, **Southampton Mayflower (15)**, **Folkestone Lees Cliff Hall (16)** and **Brixton Academy (17)**, and then headline **London shows at Woolwich Tramshed (19)**, **Camden Palace (24)** and **the Wag Club (26)**. They also support **The Bhundu Boys** at the **Town & Country Club, Kentish Town** on March 21.

GAYE BIKERS ON ACID, currently on tour with **The Cult**, also have headlining dates at **Nottingham Garage (March 11)**, **London Leicester Square Comedy Store (18)**, **Bristol Tropic Club (19)**, **Loughborough University (21)**, **Leeds Warehouse (25)**, **Manchester Hacienda (26)** and **Birmingham Mermaid (27)**.

SLAYER, the Satanist thrash metal experts who played on the Beastie Boys' 'Licensed To Ill' album and have had their own controversial records banned all over the United States, are coming to Britain for half a dozen live shows. They play **Newcastle Mayfair (April 17)**, **Edinburgh Playhouse (18)**, **Birmingham Odeon (19)**, **Manchester Apollo (20)**, **Nottingham Rock City (21)** and **London Hammersmith Odeon (22)**.

PERCY SLEDGE, who has scored his biggest-ever hit with the re-issue of 'When A Man Loves A Woman' arrives in the UK next month for two London shows, at the **Town & Country Club, Kentish Town (April 17 and 18)**. Sledge will be appearing with a six piece band and special guests will be announced shortly. Tickets are on sale now, price £7.50, from the box office (01-267 3334) and usual agents. WEA have just released a new Sledge compilation album.



STUMP whose debut album has spent a lengthy residency in the indie charts, embark on what they term as their 'first fully fledged' UK tour this week. Dates so far confirmed are: **Kingston Poly (March 12)**, **Leeds Warehouse (15)**, **Swansea University (16)**, **Cardiff Mont Mercene (17)**, **Exeter Boxes (18)**, **Liverpool University (26)**, **Birmingham Burberries (April 7)**, **Norwich Arts Centre (8)**, **Leicester Princess Charlotte (9)**, **Manchester International (10)**, **Bath Moles (11)**, **London Deptford Albany Empire (12)**, **Poole Mr C's (13)**, **Southend Reids (14)**.

MORE QUICKIES . . . A CERTAIN RATIO play a one-off at the **Town & Country Club, Kentish Town, on Friday . . . PETER GABRIEL** has added a show at **Glasgow Scottish Exhibition Centre** on **June 22**. Tickets are £13 or £15, plus 50p booking fee per ticket, by post only to **Peter Gabriel SEC, RS Tickets, PO Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS**, cheques and postal orders payable to **Harvey Goldsmith Ents Ltd. Credit card hotline: 01-741 8999 . . . PHIL COOL** has added **Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (March 19)** and **Portsmouth Guildhall (31)** . . . **LEVEL 42** have added **Poole Arts Centre (March 26)** . . . **THE GODFATHERS** have added **Carlisle Stars & Stripes (March 18)** . . . **THE BOLSHOI** support **SPEAR OF DESTINY** on their April dates . . . **BLACK ROOTS** have cancelled **Birmingham Thashas (March 14)** and have added **Glasgow Lewis's (March 27)** . . . **MIDNIGHT** play **London Delirium (March 21)** . . . **THE PRETENDERS** have added another show at **London Wembley Arena (May 21)** . . . **CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN** play **London shows at Camden Dingwalls (March 17)** and **Harlesden Mean Fiddler (18)** . . . **THE SMITHEREENS** return to the UK to play **Harlesden Mean Fiddler (March 22)**.

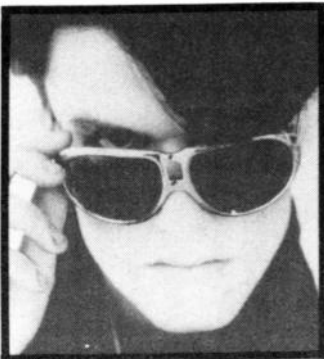
THE BEST WAY TO WALK travel over from Dublin to play **Sunderland Poly (March 13)**, **Bradford University Union (14)**, **Bath Moles Club (17)**, **Bedford Holloway College (18)**, **London Harlesden Mean Fiddler (19)**, **Wolverhampton Poly (20)**, **Leeds Poly (25)**.

RECORD NEWS

SINGLES

THE BELOVED: 'Righteous Me' (Flim Flam) a live favourite apparently – out on Friday. ● **THE BEST WAY TO WALK**: 'Unbelievable' (Two Bad) EP from a Dublin quintet – out next week. ● **BLOW MONKEYS**: 'Out With Her' (RCA) the 12-inch gatefold double pack also features 'It Doesn't Have To Be This Way' and 'Digging Your Scene' – out on Monday. ● **THE BODINES**: 'Therese' (Pop) reissue of a former indie success – out now. ● **ELKIE BROOKS**: 'Break The Chain' (Legend) no more the fool, now she's a reborn chart star – out now. ● **JOCELYN BROWN**: 'Ego Maniac' (Warners) from her forthcoming debut album – out now. ● **CHAKK**: 'Timebomb' (Fon) not a newby but merely a remix plus a bonus track – out March 16. ● **THE CLEANERS FROM VENUS**: 'Ilya Kuryakin' (Ammunition Communications) with guest guitar by Captain Sensible – out now. ● **CLIMIE FISHER**: 'Keeping The Mystery Alive' (EMI) half of this duo is also half of the duo who wrote 'I Knew You Were Waiting For Me' for Aretha and George – out on Monday. ● **CLUB NOUVEAU**: 'Lean On Me' (Warners) from the US funksters' debut album 'Life, Love and Pain' – out now. ● **RANDY CRAWFORD**: 'Higher Than Anyone Can Count' (Warner) – out now. ● **DAY FOR NIGHT**: 'This Magnificent Obsession' (La Grande Illusion) – out now. ● **DRUM THEATRE**: 'Moving

Targets' (Epic) from the LP 'Everyman' – out now. ● **BILL DRUMMOND**: 'The King Of Joy' (Creation) the man who gave us Julian Cope (for better or for worse) releases his debut 45. The B side features 'The Manager', a spoken rant giving Drummond's outspoken opinions on the music industry – out soon. ● **FATAL CHARM**: 'Summer Spies' (Carrere) released just three weeks after 'Lucille', their last single – out now. ● **FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM**: 'Preacher Man' (Situation Two). – out March 23. ● **FRIENDS OF THE FAMILY**: 'Rotten To The Core' (Ediesta) from glorious downtown Kings Norton – out now. ● **THE GARGOYLES**: 'Madmen From The Planet Sex' (Reasonable) – out March 20. ● **JAKI GRAHAM**: 'Still In Love' (EMI) the 2,014th track taken from the 'Breaking Away', although this is a remixed version. British dates are promised before the end of the year – out on Monday. ● **GRANDMASTER FLASH**: 'U Know What Time It Is' (Elektra) album to follow – out now. ● **DAVID GRANT**: 'Take



DR ROBERT: out with a single

Us Back' (Polydor) his first for Polydor – out now. ● **HAYWOODE**: 'I'm Your Puppet' (CBS) yet another cover, this one a version of the James and Bobby Purify hit – out now. ● **GRACE JONES**: 'Party Girl' (Capitol) – out now. ● **TOM JONES**: 'A Boy From Nowhere' (Epic) backed by the utterly essential 'I'll Dress You In Mourning, To Be A Matador, Dance With Death' – out March 16. ● **JUICY**: 'After Loving You' (Epic) from the forthcoming album 'Spread The Love' – out now. ● **KOOL AND THE GANG**: 'Stone Love' (Club) – out now. ● **THOMAS LANG**: 'The Happy Man' (Epic) – out March 16. ● **HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS**: 'Simple As That' (Chrysalis) – out now. ● **LOLA**: 'Wax The Van' (Syncope) I met her in a club down in old Soho . . . first release on a new label, already a biggie on the dancefloors – out now. ● **THE LOST BOYS**: 'You Never Love Me' (MCA) – out now. ● **MCCARTHY**: 'Frans Hals' (Pink) the follow-up to 'Red Sleeping Beauty' – out now. ● **HUGH MASEKELA**: 'Bring Him Back Home' (WEA) with his band Kalahari – out now. ● **MY BLOODY VALENTINE**: 'Sunny Sundae Smile' (Lazy), a four-track EP – out March 16. ● **ROBBIE NEVIL**: 'Dominoes' (Capitol) the follow-up to 'C'est La Vie' – out now. ● **THE NEW CHRISTS**: 'Detritus' (What Goes On) they probably claim to be bigger than Lennon back in their native Oz – out now. ● **NICE & WILD**: 'Diamond Girl' (Atlantic) teenage R&B duo – out now. ● **O'CHI**: 'Rock Your Baby' (Magnet) cover of the George McCrae hit – out now. ● **THE PASTELS**: 'Crawl Babies' (Glass) new version of the

track from their 'Up For A Bit' album – out next week. ● **SU POLLARD**: 'Come To Me (I Am Woman)' (Rainbow) not for me (I am tone deaf). – out now. ● **ANDREW POPPY**: 'The Amusement' (ZTT) released instead of Poppy's theme for *The Tube*, 'Inside The Wolf', which was thought a little too brief for the singles market at 29 seconds – out now. ● **MAXI PRIEST**: 'Let Me Know' (10) from the 'Intentions' album – out now. ● **RUMBLEFISH**: 'Tug Boat Line' (Pink) Brummies featuring Jeremy Paige, formerly with Terry & Gerry – out now. ● **MILLIE SCOTT**: 'Ev'ry Little Bit' (Fourth & Broadway) the follow-up to 'Automatic' – out now. ● **SIUXSIE & THE BANSHEES**: 'The Passenger' (Wonderland) could Iggy get another song into the charts? Where will it end? From the covers album 'Through The Looking Glass', although there are new originals on the flip side: She's Cuckoo' on the seven inch, plys 'Something Blue' as an extra track on the 12 inch – out on Monday. ● **THE SMITHEREENS**: 'Behind The Wall Of Sleep' (Enigma) from the fab platter 'Especially For You' – out on March 23. ● **SUPERENIGMATIX**: 'Touch The Beat' (10) silliest name of the week, a duo from Ayr – out now. ● **LILLO THOMAS**: 'Sexy Girl' (Capitol) there's that adjective again – out now. ● **THROWING MUSES**: 'Chains Changed' (4AD) a four track 12 inch EP recorded during the recent visit to London – out on March 23. ● **LUTHER VANDROSS**: 'See Me' (CBS) a world exclusive remix (ie only us Brits will get it) from the 'Give Me The Reason' album – out on

klubbfoot TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM CLARENDON HOTEL (MAIN BAR, OPENING HOURS) LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS PREMIER BOX OFFICE KEITH PROWSE STARGREEN, ALBEMARLE, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, ROCK ON RECORDS, OR AT THE DOOR NEAR OPEN TILL 12 PM

WRATHCHILD guests **DOGS D'AMOUR** **DEATHWISH** Tickets £4 in advance, £4.50 on the night. **Saturday 21st March. 7-30pm.**

RONNIE SCOTT'S Sun Mar 15 8pm £6

ANNE PIGALLE Sun Mar 22 8pm £5

CHEVALIER BROTHERS Sun Mar 29 8pm £5

HARVEY & THE WALLBANGERS Sun June 7 8pm £6.50

CARMEL

BOX OFFICE 439 0747 AND USUAL AGENTS

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THE BHUNDU BOYS

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The Rose of Avalanche *new single* ALWAYS THERE C/W WAITING FOR THE SUN Available from 9th March 12" Blaze 18T 7" Blaze 18 on Fire Records Distributed by Nine Mile./Cartel.

THE NEUROTICS, who have just completed an 18-day trip to East Germany, play Harlow Square (March 14), Reading University (15), London Thames Poly (24), London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (April 1), Saffron Walden Leisure Centre (11), Peterborough Glasshouse (26).

WIRE TRAIN leave their native San Francisco to support The Alarm on their UK tour in April and May, at Manchester International (April 24), Liverpool Royal Court (25), Cardiff Ritz (26), Bristol Studio (28), Brighton Top 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 Theatre (9), Newcastle Mayfair (10), Sheffield University (12), London Kilburn National Ballroom (13).

THE DOCTOR'S CHILDREN have a mini-album called 'King Buffalo' in the shops on Monday, and they can be seen playing bits of it at Bristol Moons Club (March 14), and in Hull at a venue to be confirmed (18). They then support Green On Red at Newcastle Riverside (19), Birmingham Aston University (20), Sheffield Leadmill (21), Norwich East Anglia University (22), Leeds Poly (24), Nottingham Rock City (25), Edinburgh Queens Hall (26), Manchester Institute (27), London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town (29).



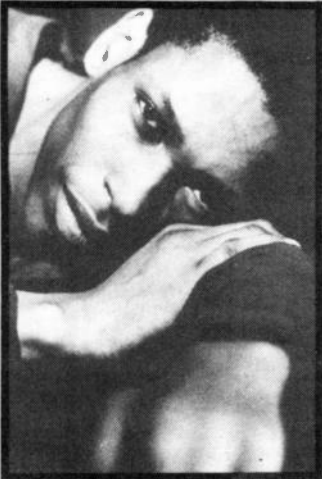
HANK WANGFORD, host of TV's *A-Z Of C&W*, sets out on his 'Talking Turkey' tour this week. Dates are: Leeds Poly (March 13), Colchester Essex University (14), Sheffield University (16), Birmingham University (17), Manchester International (18), Newcastle University (19), Leicester Poly (20), Portsmouth Poly (21), Norwich UEA (22), Milton Keynes Woughton Centre (27), Coventry Poly (28). Support on the tour is Arkansas man-mountain Sleepy LaBeef.

KOOL MOE DEE, whose single 'Go See The Doctor' is now a top ten hit on the Continent, is scheduled to visit the UK later this month for a series of live shows. Details to follow . . .

Monday. ● **VOICE OF AMERICA**: 'I Will Tell' (Ammunitions Communications) naturally, they're British – out now. ● **HANK WANGFORD**: 'Cowboys Stay On Longer' (Sincere Sound) a stage favourite, plus three other tracks including Cissy Footwear's version of Loretta Lynn's 'Don't Come Home A-Drinking (With Loving On Your Mind)' – out now. ● **THE WEATHER PROPHETS**: 'She Comes From The Rain' (Elevation) released on Alan McGee's new label, through WEA, debut LP to follow in April – out on Monday. ● **THE WHISPERS**: 'And The Beat Goes On' (MCA) release of a former hit – out March 16. ● **WHITESNAKE**: 'Still Of The Night' (EMI) limited edition 7 inch white vinyl and 12 inch with sheet of metallic Whitesnake stickers. The LP it is taken from is out at the end of the month – single out on Monday. ● **KIM WILDE AND JUNIOR**: 'Another Step' (MCA), a duet that's the title track to the Wilde one's latest album – out now. ● **WIRE**: 'Ahead' (Mute the 12 inch includes two live tracks, 'Ambulance Chasers' and 'Vivid Riot Of Red' – out on Monday. ● **YO LA TENGO**: 'Ride The Tiger' (Coyote) New Jerseyites – out now. ●

THE ISLEY BROTHERS, Ike & Tina Turner, Bobby Womack and Aaron Neville are all featured on 'What's Happening Stateside', originally on NME tape, but now available on vinyl on Stateside Records, would you believe? Also putting in an appearance on the album are Little Anthony & The Imperials, Irma Thomas, The O'Jays, Lou Rawls, Charlie & Inez Fox, Homer Banks and ZZ Hill.

THE DUBLINERS and **THE POGUES** have joined forces on a new version of 'The Irish Rover', released by Stiff on March 17 – St Patrick's Day. The seven inch is backed by 'The Rare Auld Mountain Dew' and the 12-inch has an extra track, 'The Dubliners Reels'. The Dubliners are celebrating their silver jubilee this year and The Pogues have a handful of concerts over the next week.



STAN CAMPBELL, who provided the lead vocal on The Special AKA's 'Free Nelson Mandela' back in 1984, is back on vinyl for the first time in three years. He has signed a deal with WEA who release his debut solo single 'Crawfish' on Monday. The song was originally recorded by Elvis Presley and featured in the movie *King Creole*. The B side is the self-penned 'Til We Meet Again' and both songs feature on the debut album to be released next month.



BLACK BRITAIN plug their 'Night People' single at Brighton Poly (March 16), Manchester Unifers (18), London Wag Club (19), Nottingham Trent Poly (20), Coventry Poly (21), Leicester Poly (24), Middlesex Poly (25), Brixton Fridge (April 3).

CHUCK BROWN & THE SOUL SEARCHERS will now be playing two London shows this month as part of the Camden Festival. They can be seen at the Town & Country Club, Kentish Town, on March 26 and 28. Tickets are £7 on sale now.

SLAB! have lined up three northern dates to promote their 'Parallax Avenue' single at Manchester Boardwalk (March 21), Manchester Zapp Club (26) and Sheffield Leadmill (28). More shows will be announced soon.

TAMMY WYNETTE, who was forced to call off her March UK dates because of illness, has rescheduled her tour for May. The revised schedule is Lakeside Country Club (16), Oxford Apollo (17), Cardiff St David's Hall (24), Bridlington Royal Spa Hall (26), Birmingham Odeon (27), Folkestone Leas Cliffs Hall (29), London Royal Festival Hall (30), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (31).

MAXI PRIEST is set to play a number of UK dates with his new band, The Select Committee. A 10-piece outfit that includes Carroll Thompson and Raymond Simpson on back-up vocals, The Select Committee can be seen and heard at Manchester International Club (18), North London Poly (21) and London Astoria (23). Tickets for Manchester are set at £5.00 in advance and £5.50 on the door, while those for London Poly are £4.50 and the Astoria £5.00.

ALBUMS

COMMANDER CODY AND HIS LOST PLANET AIRMEN: 'Cody Returns From Outer Space' (Edsel) the return of George Frayne from Boise, Idaho – out now ● **THE CREEPS**: 'Enjoy' (Re-Elect The President) from Sweden – out now ● **JOHN FAHEY**: 'Of Rivers And Religion' (Edsel) eccentric guitarist who once lived in a shack surrounded by turtle dung – out now ● **COLIN JAMES HAY**: 'Looking For Jack' (Epic) ex-Men At Work singer, aided by Herbie Hancock and The Pretenders Robbie MacIntosh – out now ● **THE INCREDIBLE CASUALS**: 'That's That' (Demon) – out now ● **INSTIGATORS**: 'Phoenix' (Bluurg) their second – out now ● **WAYLON JENNINGS**: 'Hangin' Tough' (MCA) a sure sign that the Wembley country festival is almost with us – out March 16 ● **LEVEL 42**: 'Running In The Family' (Polydor) includes the single of the same name, last year's biggie 'Lessons In Love' and six others – out on Monday ● **LYLE LOVETT**: 'Lyle Lovett' (MCA) Texan who's helped on his way by Rosanne Cash and Vince Gill – out March 16 ● **PATTY LOVELESS**: 'Patty Loveless' (MCA) debut album by a Nashville-based singer – out March 16 ● **MALICE**: 'License To Kill' (Atlantic) LA band that claim to play in 'classic European tradition' – out now ● **WYNTON MARSALIS**: 'The First Recordings' (Kingdom) digitally remastered tracks from

the jazzman's early years – out now ● **NOTHING BUT HAPPINESS**: 'Detour' (Remorse) ten songs from the New York band fronted by vocalist/songwriter David Maready – out next week ● **PENGUIN CAFE ORCHESTRA**: 'Signs Of Life' (EG) fourth album from Simon Jeffes' ever expanding orchestras – out on Monday ● **PSYCHE**: 'Unveiling The Secret' (New Rose) – 12-inch EP by a Canuck Electro-Dirty ● **ROLLIN THUNDER**: 'Howl' (Flicknife) follow-up to last year's mini-album 'Lonesome . . .' – out soon ● **OTIS RUSH**: 'Right Place, Wrong Time' (Edsel) de blooze and nuthin' but de blooze – out now ● **SCIENTIST**: 'King Of Dub' (Kingdom) 16 tracks, recorded at Channel One studios – out now ● **SIRENS OF 7th AVENUE**: 'Shine On' (New Rose) – out now ● **SOUNDTRACK**: 'The Trip' (Edsel) The Electric Flag wop out psychedelic dib-dabs for Peter Fonda to gaze at washing machines by – out now ● **GEORGE STRAIT**: 'Ocean Front Property' (MCA) this one entered the US country charts at No.1 recently – out March 16 ● **THEN JERICHO**: 'First (The Sound Of Music)' (London) debut long player including the singles 'Musceldeep' and 'Let Her Fall' – out on Monday ● **VARIOUS**: 'Castaway' (EMI) soundtrack to the new Nicholas Roeg film, scored by Stanley Myers, also including a pieve by Brian Eno and a new song by Kate Bush, 'Be King To My Mistakes' out on Monday ● **VARIOUS**: 'Little Shop Of Horrors' (Geffen) soundtrack to a remake of a movie that originally starred Jack Nicholson in one of his earliest roles – out now

Camouflage Presents

ACERTAIN RATIO

with special guests

BOSS

BOYS WONDER

+Free admission to Wendy Mays Locomotion!

FRIDAY 13th MARCH at 7-30pm

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

8-17 HIGHGATE ROAD, LONDON NW5

TICKETS £5.00 ADVANCE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 267 3334. CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371. PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 0771. KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 0989. STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932. ALBEMARLE, TEL: 580 3141. ROCK ON RECORDS. ROUGH TRADE RECORDS. OR ON THE NIGHT.

CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

klubfoot

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

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RESTLESS

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SKITZO

Fri/Sat, 13/14th March, 7-30pm. £4

CAMOUFLAGE & CAPITAL RADIO PRESENT

TIMBUK3

with guests

JOHN COOPER CLARKE

Voice Of The Beehive

+Free admission to Wendy Mays Locomotion!

FRIDAY 27th MARCH at 7-30pm

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

8-17 HIGHGATE ROAD, LONDON NW5

TICKETS £5.00 ADVANCE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 267 3334. CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371. PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 0771. KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 0989. STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932. ALBEMARLE, TEL: 580 3141. ROCK ON RECORDS. ROUGH TRADE RECORDS. OR ON THE NIGHT.

CAMOUFLAGE PRESENT

THE GIG

Tuesday 31st March at 7-30pm

THE BRIXTON ACADEMY

211 STOCKWELL ROAD, S.W.6.

Tickets £6-50 are available in advance from the Academy box office, tel: 274 1525, or from: CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371. PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 0771. KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 0989. STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932. ALBEMARLE, TEL: 580 3141. ROCK ON RECORDS. ROUGH TRADE RECORDS. TICKET MASTER TEL: 3794433. OR ON THE NIGHT. (ON BY POST: 12 MONTH LEASAGE LONDON SW10 0UL, CHEQUE PAYABLE TO CATYULFAGE CONCERT PRODUCTIONS LTD. TO INCLUDE 50p BOOKING FEE PER TICKET)

Camouflage & World Service Present

the COURTNEY PINE quartet

Sunday 12th April at 7-30pm

PICCADILLY THEATRE

Denham Street, London W1

TICKET £6.50 IN ADVANCE FROM: THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 4376065. CREDIT CARD SALES, 9AM-8PM, TEL: 379 8565 OR: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371. PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 0771, STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932, ALBEMARLE 580 3141 OR ON THE NIGHT

SAT 14 MARCH 8-LATE

POTATO 5

TWO NATIONS

JAZZ DEFEKTORS

NIGHT TRAINS

D.J. ASH TU

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

9-17 HIGHGATE RD NW5

£4-50 ADV £5.00 ON DOOR. BOX OFFICE 267-3334. PINK CITY 223 KINGS RD. KEITH PROWSE 741 0989. PREMIER 240 2245. STARGREEN 734 8932. LTB 439 3371. RHYTHM RECORDS. ROCK ON. CREDIT CARD HOTLINE 734 8932

GIG GUIDE

WITH THE news that Tammy Wynette's UK visit has been cancelled, what can we offer as an alternative to those poor folk clutching their tickets to see the queen of Nashville?

No doubt TOM VERLAINE (Leicester, Sunday; Bristol, Tuesday) will be just as sincere, though songs about four year old kids who can't spell will probably be a bit thin on the ground. You can stand by your man Mick Hucknall and SIMPLY RED in Newcastle (Wednesday) and Manchester (Friday) or pack up your pin stripes and concrete overcoats to join THE GODFATHERS, also in Newcastle on Wednesday but moving on to Scunthorpe on Thursday. Apart from that, take your pick from MICHELLE-SHOCKED, CHINA CRISIS, THE COMSAT ANGELS, THE CULT, THE PRIMITIVES and BURNING SPEAR.

The Gig Guide now wants to include phone numbers of venues in the listing, so take note contributors, divulge those digits wherever possible and send all the usual gen to Gig Guide, NME, 4th Floor, Commonwealth House, New Oxford Street, London WC1A 1NG.

WEDNESDAY 11

Aberdeen Capitol: Charley Pride
Bedford Greyfriars (0234 214376): The Primitives
Belfast Queens University: Skint Video
Bristol Colston Hall: Magnum
Bristol EEC Punk Rock Mountain: Jesse Garon & the Desperadoes
Bristol Moon Club: The Chesterfields
Croydon Cartoon: Bill Posters Will Be Banned
Croydon Underground (01 760 0833): Zodiac Mindwarp
Darlington (0325 483168): Andy Watson's First Chorus
Edinburgh Coasters: Love & Money
Edinburgh The Venue: The X Family
Exeter Timepiece (0392 38478): Grimpen Mire
Huddersfield Coach House: Ice Box Julian
Hull Adelphi: Shark Taboo
Ipswich Gaumont: Phil Cool
Leeds Duchess Of York: No Man's Land
Leeds Irish Centre: Out Of The Blue
Leeds Polytechnic: Comsat Angels
Leeds University: China Crisis
Liverpool Empire: Alison Moyet
London Brentford Red Lion (01 571 6878): Life Sentence
London Camden Dingwalls (01 278 0450): Screaming Marionettes, Ammo Lucis, Shrew Kings
London Camden Dublin Castle (01 485 1773): Poormouth
London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 240 3961): Chris Ford
London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): Jim Jiminee/The Jeremiahs/Big Bad Wolf
London Fulham King's Head: Thee Mighty Caesars
London Greenwich Tunnel Club (01 858 0895): One Way/Red Gallery/New Emotion/Rhythmic Brew
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Kalahari
London Islington Hare & Hounds (01 226 2992): The Crayfish Five
London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): The Doctor's Children
London Kentish Town Bull & Crate: The Rover Girls/Ricky Selmar/Eleventynine/The Grin Blossoms/The Radiators
London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63: 3 Mustaphas
London Leicester Square 'Pigeon Toed Orange Peel' Comedy Store: Living In Texas
London Limelight: Taxi Pata Pata
London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): Blind Alley
London New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern: Word For Word
London SW1 Dolphin Brasserie (01 828 3207): Itchy Fingers
London Soho Pizza Express (01 437 6437): Tommy Whittle Quartet
London ULU (01 580 9551): Two Nations
London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): The Andy Sheppard Quintet
London WC1 New Merlins Cave (01 837 2097): Fairly Perfect People
London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): John Altmans Jazz Orchestra
London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: Idiots In Paris/If Looks Could Kill/The Sticklebacks/The Jaws of the Bearded Clam/Ryvita Centaur & Skinned Milkmen
Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): The Lonesome and Penniless Cowboys
Manchester International: Xmal Deutschland
Newcastle City Hall: Simply Red
Newcastle University: The Godfathers
Nottingham Garage: Crazyhead
Nottingham Rock City: The Cardiacs
Pontypridd Polytechnic of Wales (0443 408227): The Stage
Poole Mr C's (0202 631912): The Meteors/Eddie Vortex
Sheffield University: Haze/Reg Patterson/Niadems Ghost
Washall Pelsall Free Trade Inn: Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers
Wolverhampton Grand Theatre: The Flying Pickets

THURSDAY 12

Aberdeen Ritzy: Love And Money
Bath Moles: The Jazz Fools

Birkenhead Stairways: Hunters Club
Birmingham Odeon: The Cult
Birmingham University: The Primitives
Bradford Metropole: Dog Faced Hermans
Brighton Basement: Slaughter Of The Innocent/The Crack
Brighton Zap Club: The Margin Of Sanity
Bristol Polytechnic: The Comsat Angels
Cardiff University: China Crisis
Carlisle The Front Page (0228 34168): The Dining Club
Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: The Wolfgang Press/A Primary Industry/Catapult
Cheltenham Pump Rooms: Attila The Stockbroker
Chislehurst Ravensbourne Art College: Union Of Fear/Flowers In The Dustbin
Colchester The Works: The Hiding Place
Coleraine University: Skint Video
Croydon Cartoon: Come & Get It
Dudley JB's (0384 53597): Tiger Province
Edinburgh Moray House: Jalan 545
Hampton Court Jolly Boatman (01 940 9915): The Cardiacs/The Trudy
Harlow The Square (0279 25594): Smokestack/Echo Limb Hunters
High Wycombe Nag's Head: I See Silence
Ipswich Gaumont: Phil Cool
Lancaster University: World Party
Leeds Colours: The Blue Room Chauffeurs
Leicester University: Burning Spear
Liverpool Cafe Berlin: Benny Profane
Liverpool Royal Court: Gremlins
London Astoria: The Armoury Show/Ghost Dance
London Blackfriars Paper Moon (01 928 4078): Tee Pee Ay Band
London Brentford Red Lion (01 571 6878): A Bigger Splash
London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (01 400 8400): Paul Brennan
London Brixton Fringe (01 326 5100): Nico/Richard Strange
London Camberwell Union Tavern: Red Hot/Dolls House
London Camden Dingwalls (01 278 0450): Bolo Bolo/Two Nations
London Camden Dublin Castle (01 485 1773): Hackney Five 'O'
London Camden Palace: Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction
London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 240 3961): Johnny Pinko
London Deptford Albany Empire (01 691 3333): Barb Junger & Michael Parker
London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): The Boss/Major Flood
London Greenwich Tunnel Club (01 858 0895): Crazy Head/Go Hole
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Word for Word
London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): The Panic Brothers/Timothy London
London Kentish Town Town & Country Club (01 485 5256): Test Dept
London Kilburn Tricycle Theatre: Siol Phadraig Festival
London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63: The Chesterfields/The Brilliant Corners
London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): Guildhall Small Jazz Band
London NW5 Gypsy Queen: Ajao Jazz
London SW 6 King's Head: John Otway
London Soho Pizza Express (01 437 6437): Henry McKenzie Quartet/Sir Charles Thompson Quartet
London ULU (01 580 9551): Living In Texas
London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): Howlin' Wilf & The Vee Jays
London W1 Gossips: 27 Mattoids
London WC1 New Merlins Cave (01 837 2097): The Anykind
London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): The Avengers/Steve's Halloween Hop
London Woolwich Tramshed (01 855 3371): Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): Lowell Fulson/Norman Beaker Band
Manchester Boardwalk: My Bloody Valentine/Vee VV
Newcastle Riverside: Xmal Deutschland
Newtown Powys Theatre Hefren: The Flying Pickets
Oswestry Victoria's: The Bhundu Boys
Oxford Apollo: Magnum
Plymouth Poly: Shark Taboo
Poole Mr C's (0202 631912): Monsoon Scruffs
Portsmouth Basins (0705 824728): Colbert
Ripon Royal Oak: T-Dive
Rugby The Wheeltappers: Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers
Scunthorpe Baths Hall: The Godfathers
Swansea Marina's: Black Roots
Tynemouth Park Hotel: After Midnight

FRIDAY 13

Aldershot West End Centre: Taxi Pata Pata
Bath Moles: Big Moments
Bath University: The Chesterfields
Birmingham Odeon: The Cult
Brighton The Richmond: The Spoons
Brighton Woodington Youth Club: Attacco Decente
Brighton Zap Club: Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Jivers
Canterbury Kent University: The Cardiacs
Carlisle The Front Page (0228 34168): The Stevie Lee Band
Clyde Boulevard Hotel: Victorian Kitchen
Croydon Cartoon: The Fingertips
Derry University: Skint Video
Dundee University: Love And Money
Dover St John's Hall: Uncle Lumpy & The Fish Doctors
Dudley JB's (0384 53597): Pop Will Eat Itself
Edinburgh The Venue: Xmal Deutschland
Glasgow Rooftops: The Godfathers
Hampton Court Jolly Boatman (01 940 9915): Wasteland/The Rave
Harlow The Square (0279 25594): Steve Drewett/Time Out
High Wycombe Nag's Head: Blues 'n' Trouble
Hitchin Angel's Reply: The Deltones
Hounslow Civic Centre (01 570 7510): Mick Green's Pirates/Micky Moody
Hull Adelphi: The Primitives
Hull Unity Club: Close Lobsters
Keele University: Shark Taboo
Kendall Leisure Centre: The Flying Fickets
Leicester Princess Charlotte: The Stage
Leigh-On-Sea (Essex) Grand Hotel: The People
Liverpool Krackers (051 708 8815): The Lawnmower
Liverpool University: Ghost Dance
London Battersea Arts Centre (01 223 8143): Steve Williamson Quintet/IDJ Dancers
London Brentford Red Lion (01 571 6878): Chuck Farley
London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (01 400 8400): Michael O'Connell & Sean O'Shea
London Brixton Fringe (01 326 5100): Happy End
London Camden Dingwalls (01 278 0450): Johnny Powers
London Camden Dublin Castle (01 485 1773): Jivin' Instructors
London Camden The Front Door To Babylon: Loop/Blow Up/Holler
London City University (01 250 0955): Traitors Gait
London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 240 3961): Lick The Tins
London Crouch End King's Head: Make Shift
London Deptford Albany Empire: Black Roots
London Euston Shaw Theatre (01 388 1394): The Jazz Warriors with Courtney Pine
London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): The Assassins
London Hammersmith Odeon: Magnum
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Harvey And The Wallbangers
London Herne Hill Half Moon: Word For Word
London Hounslow Civic Centre (01 577 6969): The War Babies/Mick Moody Band
London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): Wilko Johnson
London Kentish Town Town & Country Club (01 485 5256): ACR
London Lewisham Labour Club (01 852 3921): Laverne Brown
London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): Steel 'n' Skin
London N1 Duke Of Wellington (01 3269): Barb Junger & Michael Parker
London Palmers Green The Fox (01 886 9674): Absolute/Escape Committee
London Soho Pizza Express (01 437 6437): Johnny Parker Quartet/Pizza Express All Stars
London Thames Poly: The Dispossessed/Tell Tale Hearts/The Passengers
London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): The Boogie Brothers
London WC1 New Merlins Cave (01 837 2097): Face To Face
London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): Kooga/Cry Wolf
London Wimbledon Southlands College: The Hunny Monsturs
London Woolwich Tramshed (01 855 3371): Joolz/Oku Onuru/Zolan Quobble/Lynford French
Manchester Apollo: Simply Red



Tom Verlain: first dates for two and a half years

Manchester Band On The Wall (01 832 6625): Azzeta
Manchester University: World Party
Norwich UEA: Underground Zero/Streetlife/Eva-Valve
Nottingham Mardi Gras: Magic Mushroom Band
Pontypridd Polytechnic Of Wales (0443 408 227): John Otway
Poole Bricklayers Arms: Attila The Stockbroker
Preston Guildhall: The Hollies
Salford University: The Young Mark Twains
Southport Theatre: Charley Pride
Stirling Albert Hall: Jalan 545
Stockton-On-Tees Dovecot Art Centre: The Larks
Uxbridge Brunel University: The Comsat Angels
Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre (091 262 4276): Departure Party
Warwick University: China Crisis
Weston-Super-Mare The Knightstone Centre: Misty In Roots/Kurt Leacock
Windsor Arts Centre: Thirty Lashes/The Purple Things

SATURDAY 14

Aberdeen The Venue: Xmal Deutschland
Banbury Football Club: Stan Webb/Wolfie Witcher Band
Bath Moles: The Beloved
Birmingham Thasas: Black Roots
Bromley Churchill Theatre (01 460 6677): The Ya Yas
Carlisle The Front Page (0228 34168): The Bare Wires
Cheltenham Copperfields Club: Luther and his Amazing Team of Electrical Contractors
Coventry Polytechnic: The Comsat Angels
Croydon Cartoon: London Apaches (lunchtime)/Chuck Farley (evening)
Derby Bluenote: T-Dive
Dustable Queensway Hall: Burning Spear
Egham Compasses: Antz Avenue
Glasgow Barrowlands: Love & Money

Glasgow Technical College: The Primitives
Harlow The Square (0279 25594): Attila The Stockbroker/Foster Pilkington
Harrogate Centre: The Hollies
High Wycombe Nag's Head: Pride Of Passion/Knightshade
Ipswich Gaumont: Charly Pride
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre (0539 25133): Roy Harper
Kington (Surrey) The Swan (01 549 8998): Shrine
Kingston-Upon-Thames Dolphin (01 940 9915): What The Butler Saw
Leicester University (0533 556282): The Pogues
London Brentford Red Lion (01 571 6878): Kokomo
London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (01 400 8400): The Guest Stars
London Bromley Churchill Theatre (01 460 6677): The Ya Yas
London Camden Dingwalls (01 278 0450): Gene "The Mighty Flea" Connors/The DT's
London Camden Dublin Castle (01 485 1773): Balham Alligators
London Central Polytechnic, Bolsover Street (01 636 6271): The Doonicans
London Charing Cross Delirium: Scarlet Fantastic
London City Poly: Shark Taboo
London Clerkenwell Horseshoe (01 690 9368): Shakra Dedi/Anum Iyapo/Fred D'Aguiar/Cynthia Roomes
London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 240 3961): Unfinished Business
London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): Girlschool/Isabella
London Greenwich Tunnel Club (01 858 0895): Kim Lesley/Company of Cowards/2 Cold 4 Hands
London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: The Margin Of Sanity
London Hammersmith Odeon: The Cult
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Jivers
London Herne Hill Half Moon: The Cardiacs
London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): Forest Hillbillies
London Kentish Town Town & Country Club (01 485 5256): Potato 5/Rent Party
London Kings Cross Culross Hall: The Savage Bees

London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63 (01 960 4590): Steve Williamson Quintet/IDJ Dancers
 London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): Native Spirit
 London NW5 Town & Country Club (01 267 3334): Potato 5/Jazz Defektors/Two Nations/Night Train
 London New Cross Rd The Royal Albert: Barflies
 London Palmers Green Fox (01 886 9674): Wilko Johnson/Ken Wood & The Mixers/Boo's Blues Band
 London Putney Zeeta's: Word For Word
 London Royal Holloway College: Crazyhead
 London Soho Pizza Express (01 437 6437): Sir Charles Thompson Quartet
 London Tufnell Park Tavern: JCM Jazzband
 London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): Monty Sunshine's Jazz Band
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): John Otway/Robin/JJ Waller/Danger Zone
 London Wembley The Flag (01 450 4506): Jonestown/1926
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Denise Black/The Kray Sisters/Bob Boyton/Felix/The Panic Brothers/Ronnie Golden/DJ Wendy May
 Loughborough University: Ghost Dance
 Luton Switch Club (0582 699217): All Fall Down
 Manchester Apollo: Simply Red
 Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): Gags
 Manchester Boardwalk: Nikki Sudden & The Jacobites/The Donnybrook Affair
 Manchester International: Ted Hawkins
 Motherwell Civic Concert Hall: The Godfathers
 Northampton Nene College: No Mans Land
 Oxford Polytechnic: China Crisis
 Portsmouth Basins (0705 824728): Blues 'n' Trouble
 Portsmouth Polytechnic: The Chiefs Of Relief
 Retford Porterhouse (0777 704981): It Bites
 Sheffield Leadmill: World Party
 Tonypandy Rock Club: Haze
 Whitley Bay Playhouse Theatre: The Flying Pickets
 Wellington Spectrum Leisure Centre: Warfare/Black Rose
 Woolwich Cultural Centre: Taxi Pata Pata



PICTURE: STEVE PYKE

Mick Hucknall: doing it right in Newcastle and Manchester.

SUNDAY 15

Birmingham Erdington Queen's Head: Subtonics
 Bradford St Georges Hall: Simply Red
 Croydon Cartoon: Roy Peters (lunchtime)/Laverne Brown Band (evening)
 Croydon Fairfield Hall: China Crisis
 Croydon Underground (01 760 0833): Fields Of The Nephilim
 Dudley JB's (0384 53597): D.T's
 Dundee Dance Factory: The Primitives
 Edinburgh Playhouse: Gremlins
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: Phil Cool
 Leicester University: Tom Verlaine
 Llandudno Arcadia Theatre: The Hollies
 London Barbican Centre (01 638 4141): The Hot Club Of London Quartet (lunchtime)
 London Barnet Old Bull Arts Centre (01 449 0048): Lol Coxhill & Vervan Weston
 London Blackfriars Paper Moon (01 928 4078): Tee Pee Ay Band (lunchtime)
 London Brentford Red Lion (01 571 6878): Hollywood (lunchtime)/John Otway (evening)
 London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (01 400 8400): Carrig
 London Camden Dublin Castle (01 485 1773): Panic Brothers
 London Camden The Front Door To Babylon: The Submarines/Sea Urchins/Reserve
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 240 3961): Rad Gallery/The Cats
 London Dalston Crown and Castle: TV Personalities/The Looking Glass
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): The Crack
 London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): The President's Men/The Loveless
 London Hammersmith Odeon: The Cult
 London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): The Zodiacs (lunchtime)/Carey & Lurrie Bell and The Junkyard Angels (evening)
 London Kentish Town, Town and Country Club: Pink Fairies/Crazyhead
 London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): Royal Academy Big Band (lunchtime)/Spirit Level (evening)
 London N1 Rosemary Branch (01 226 6110): Barb Jung & Michael Parker
 London Soho Pizza Express (01 437 6437): Trevor Whiting Quintet
 London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): Littlejohn's Jazzers
 London W1 Ronnie Scott's: Anne Pigalle
 London WC1 New Merlins Cave (01 837 2097): The Beautiful Mad
 London WC1 Yorkshire Grey (01 405 2519): Georgia Jazzband
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): Little Sister
 London Woolwich Tramshed (01 855 3371): Newsreue
 Manchester Boardwalk: Stars Of Heaven/The Razorcuts
 Norwich Theatre Royal: Charley Pride
 Nottingham Mardi Gras: Gordon Giltrap
 Poole Mr C's (0202 631912): Blind Lemon Davis & Whistling Willy Smith (lunchtime)/Mission Impossible (evening)
 Sheffield Crucible Theatre: The Flying Pickets

Southampton Mayflower Theatre: The Pogues
 Southampton Top Rank: Burning Spear
 West Bromwich Coach And Horses: Haze

MONDAY 16

Birmingham NEC: Lionel Richie
 Brighton Art College Basement: The Rhythm Method
 Brighton Top Rank: Burning Spear
 Bristol Bierkeller: Michelle Shocked
 Cardiff St David's Hall (0222 371236): Courtney Pine
 Dudley JB's (0384 53597): Ritual
 Edinburgh The Venue: The Larks
 Folkestone Lees Cliff Hall: The Pogues
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: World Party
 Hull Spring Street Theatre: The Flying Pickets
 Leeds Duchess Of York: Rosegarden Funeral
 Leicester Poly: The Bhundu Boys
 Leicester Stamford Hall: The Godfathers
 Lincoln Ritz: Charley Pride
 London Camden Dingwalls (01 278 0450): Word For Word
 London Camden Dublin Castle (01 485 1773): Emperor Of The Rhythm
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 240 3961): Peru/The Repo Men
 London Frith Street Fifties: Best Foot Forward/Coming Up Roses
 London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): Coupdetat/The Miracle Man
 London Hammersmith Odeon: The Cult
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Blitz Krieg Zone
 London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): Crazyhead/The Perfect Disaster
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Lost Opera/Romeo Streetgang/The Boycotts/Open Book/By Appointment
 London Kentish Town Town & Country Club (01 485 5256): China Crisis
 London Mile End Half Moon Theatre (01 790 4000): John Bennett Band/Alumni
 London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): Mervyn Africa's Kapp Finale
 London New Cross Goldsmiths Tavern: Cidilla Daze
 London Putney Zeetas (01 785 2101): Day For Night
 London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town: China Crisis
 London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): Big Joe Duskin
 London W1 Beat Route (01 734 6308): Kim Lesley/Shush/Sign Language/Dimension Of Miracles/Isabella
 London WC1 New Merlins Cave (01 837 2097): Focus/The Passengers/Mensa
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): Terminal Twist/Passion Tied/Flight
 London Woolwich Tramshed (01 855 3371): Patsy May's Blues Night
 Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): Latin Workshop Featuring Aphos
 Nottingham Rock City: Xmal Deutschland
 Poole Mr C's (0202 631912): Raindogs/Blood Wedding

TUESDAY 17

Birkenhead Stairways: The Godfathers
 Birmingham Burberry's: World Party
 Birmingham NEC: Lionel Richie
 Brighton Centre: Simply Red
 Brighton Dome: The Cult
 Bristol Bierkeller: Tom Verlaine
 Bristol Studio: China Crisis
 Croydon Cartoon: The Hybrids
 Dudley JB's (0384 53597): Mondo Carne
 Exeter University: Burning Spear
 High Wycombe Ponton's: Host Of Angels/Candyfloss TV
 London Brentford Red Lion (01 571 6878): Papa George Band
 London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (01 400 8400): St Patrick's Night/Laura Caffrey with Jim Spillane and the McCarthy Family
 London Brixton Academy: The Pogues
 London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): Camper Van Beethoven
 London Camden Dublin Castle (01 485 1773): Blue Note
 London Camden Palace: Then Jericho
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 240 3961): St Patrick's Night Special with One Deaf Ear/Fat Lady Sings
 London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): Paddy Goes To Holyhead
 London Greenwch Tunnel Club (01 858 0895): 13th Reunion/30 Lashes
 London Islington King's Head: Barb Jung & Michael Parker
 London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): Bad Karma Beckons/Mirrors Over Kiev
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Elastic Hair/Hangman's Beautiful Daughters/The Parachute Men/Court Jesters/The Jilted Brides
 London Soho Pizza Express (01 437 6437): Pizza Express All Stars
 London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): The Stingrays
 London WC1 New Merlins Cave (01 837 2097): Send For Kelly
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard: The Cardiacs/Unity Station
 London Woolwich Tramshed (01 855 3371): Somewhere In Bermuda/Before The War
 Loughborough Pink Room: Attila The Stockbroker
 Manchester Apollo: Maze
 Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): Chris Williams QT
 Newcastle University: The Bhundu Boys
 Norwich Henry's: Cary Grant's Wedding
 Nottingham Mardi Gras: Haze/Rog Patterson
 Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: Phil Cool
 Oldham The Castle (Grey Horse): The Z-Birds
 Poole Mr C's (0202 631912): The Persuaders
 Portsmouth Basins (0705 824728): The Meteors/The Caravans
 Sheffield City Hall: Howard Jones
 Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: Fuck City
 Shooters/Hoover On Demand/Rough Mix
 Stirling University: The Larks

WENDY O. WILLIAMS

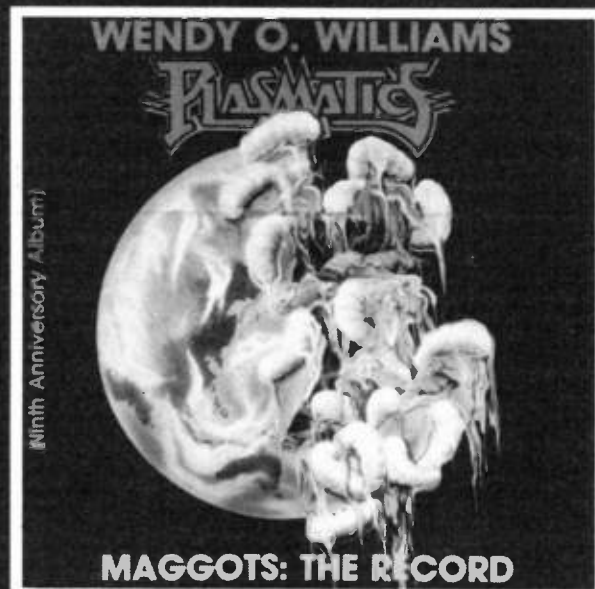
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Sunday 15th March Rock Night PHANTASM Plus Scoundrel	Wednesday 18th March SKIN GAMES Plus The Characters
	Thursday 19th March Return By Public Demand BLUES 'N' TROUBLE Plus Support

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23RD MARCH GLASGOW BARROWLANDS TICKETS £6, £5 (SUBJECT TO BOOKING FEE) FROM BOX OFFICE (041) 248 7636 AND USUAL AGENTS	28TH MARCH PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL TICKETS £6, £5, FROM BOX OFFICE (0705) 824355 AND USUAL AGENTS
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Box Office: 267 3334, Stargreen 734 8832, Rough Trade Records, Rock On Records,
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Box Office: 267 3334, Stargreen 734 8832, Rough Trade Records, Rock On Records,
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NEWCASTLE CITY HALL FRIDAY 20th MARCH 7.30 pm Tickets: £3.00 Available from B/O Tel: 091 461 2606 and usual agents	BIRMINGHAM ODEON FRIDAY 27th MARCH 7.30 pm
GLASGOW BARROWLANDS SATURDAY 21st MARCH 8.00 pm	BRIGHTON ACADEMY SATURDAY 28th MARCH 8.00 pm Tickets: £5.00 advance, £5.00 door Available from B/O Tel: 01273 1022 173, Premier, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01 741 8989), Ticket Master & Stargreen
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Odeon Theatre & Cyclops Birmingham, Goulds T.V. Wolverhampton,
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MORE LIVE ADS ON PAGE 33

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NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
WEDNESDAY 11th MARCH 7.30 pm

MANCHESTER APOLLO THEATRE
FRI/SAT 13th/14th MARCH 7.30 pm

BRADFORD ST. GEORGES HALL
SUNDAY 15th MARCH 7.30 pm

BRIGHTON CENTRE
TUESDAY 17th MARCH 7.30 pm

PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
WEDNESDAY 18th MARCH 7.30 pm

CARDIFF ST. DAVID'S HALL
THURSDAY 19th MARCH 7.30 pm

SWINDON OASIS CENTRE
SATURDAY 21st MARCH 7.30 pm

HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE
MON - THURS 23rd - 26th MARCH 7.30 pm

BIRMINGHAM ODEON THEATRE
SATURDAY 28th MARCH 7.30 pm

LIVERPOOL EMPIRE THEATRE
SUNDAY 29th MARCH 7.30 pm

NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CONCERT HALL
MONDAY 30th MARCH 7.30 pm

KILBURN NATIONAL
WED/THURS 1st/2nd APRIL 7.30 pm

BIRMINGHAM ODEON THEATRE
SATURDAY 4th APRIL 7.30 pm

LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
SUNDAY 5th APRIL 7.30 pm

SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
MONDAY 6th APRIL 7.30 pm

BOURNEMOUTH INTERNATIONAL CENTRE
WEDNESDAY 8th APRIL 7.30 pm

ST. AUSTELL COLISEUM
THURSDAY 9th APRIL 7.30 pm

BRISTOL HIPPODROME THEATRE
FRIDAY 10th APRIL 7.30 pm

Levi's
PRESENT
IN CONCERT

LEVEL 42

With special guest
PHIL SAATCHI

Tickets for Wembley and Birmingham available from box offices and usual agents or by post: LEVEL 42 Box Office, P.O. Box 77, London SW4 9LH enclose s.a.e. and make cheques/P.O.'s to LEVEL 42 BOX OFFICE

WAYNE SHORTER
+ **TOMMY CHASE QUARTET**
+ **BOLO BOLO**
DJ Giles Peterson

Sat April 4 8pm—Late
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9-17 HIGHGATE RD NW5
£6 Adv £7 Door • Box Office 267 3334
OR USUAL AGENTS • C.C. 734 8932

LONDON BOOKINGS
439 3371

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

MARCH

12th The Armoury Show
12th Test Department
12th Nico
13th Magnum
13th Certain Ratio
13th/14th Guana Batz
14th Potato Five
15th/16th The Cult
16th China Crisis
17th Pogues
18th World Party
19th Chills
19th Tom Verlaine
19th Maze
19th/22nd Burning Spear
21st Bhundu Boys
21st Xmal Deutschland
22nd Gloria Gaynor
23rd/24th Howard Jones
24th/25th Alien Sex Fiend
26th Timbuk 3
27th Mission
28th Stranglers

APRIL

1st/2nd Gary Moore
3rd Phyllis Hyman
5/6/8/9th Go West
8th Level 42
8th Erasure
12th Courtney Pine
12th Elkie Brooks
12th Mighty Lemon Drops
12th Hank Wingford
12th Michael McDonald
15th/16th Percy Sledge
17th/18th Millie Jackson
17th/19th The Gathering Of the 5000
18th Barclay James Harvest
25th James Brown
29th/30th Spear Of Destiny

MAY

1st/2nd The Gap Band
8th Blow Monkeys
13th Alcam
13th Alison Moyet
13th Santana
16th/18th Duran Duran
18th/20th Pretenders
23rd Run DMC
23rd/26th Stevie Wonder
26th/31st Stevie Wonder

JUNE

16th/18th Tina Turner
17th Carmel
23rd/24th Iggy Pop

JULY

4th/6th Go West

LONDON BOOKINGS
439 3371

96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON W1

N.E.C. BIRMINGHAM
24/25 March £8.50/£7.50

WEMBLEY ARENA
27/29 March ~~SOLD OUT~~
30/31 March £8.50 ~~SOLD OUT~~
£7.50 Only
6/7 April £8.50, £7.50
Extra Show 8/9 April £8.50, £7.50

MANCHESTER APOLLO
2/3 April £8.50, £7.50
061 273 3775
Extra Show 4 April £8.50, £7.50

EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
11/12 April £8.50, £7.50
031 557 2590

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
14 April £8.50, £7.50
091 261 2606

BRIGHTON CENTRE
15 April £8.50, £7.50
0273 202881

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'A performance unlike anything you've ever experienced before' Time Out

KOOL HAUNTS

JAPANESE DRUMMERS

March 16-28 at 7.30
March 21 & 28 also at 2.30
Tickets from £3.50

BOX OFFICE 01-278 8916

First Call CC bookings with bkg fee 240 7200

SW Sadler's Wells Theatre
Rosebery Avenue
London EC1
(Nearest Tube The Angel)
Presented in association with Tigerwise

JLP CONCERTS PRESENTS

TOM VERLAINE

MARCH plus SUPPORT

15th **LEICESTER POLY**
TICKETS £4 IN ADVANCE TEL 0533 555576 & USUAL AGENTS

plus GREEN ON RED

17th **BRISTOL BIERKELLER**
TICKETS £4 IN ADVANCE TEL 0272 28514 & USUAL AGENTS

plus THE BODINES plus CRAZY HEAD

19th **TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB**
TICKETS £5 IN ADVANCE TEL 01-267 3334 & USUAL AGENTS

ALL SHOWS START 8.00pm

THE INVISIBLE TOUCH TOUR 1987

GENESIS

IN CONCERT

Special Guest

PAUL YOUNG

HAMPDEN PARK GLASGOW
FRI 26th JUNE

gates open 4.00pm
Tickets £15.50 (inc. booking fee) available by post from:
GENESIS BOX OFFICE, P.O. BOX 77, LONDON SW4 9LH allow 28 days delivery Please make cheques and postal orders payable to GENESIS BOX OFFICE and enclose a S.A.E. Tickets limited to six per application

CREDIT CARD HOT LINE
031 226 2295 / 01 734 8932
subject to agency booking fee

An Outlaw Presentation

ROUNHAY PARK LEEDS
SUN 28th JUNE

gates open 3.00pm
Tickets £15.50 (inc. booking fee) available by post from:
GENESIS LEEDS, P.O. BOX 4, ALTRINCHAM, CHESHIRE, WA14 2JQ Please make cheques and postal orders payable to KENNEDY STREET ENTERPRISES Please include a S.A.E. Tickets limited to six per application, allow 28 days for delivery

CREDIT CARD HOT LINE
01 748 1414
subject to agency booking fee

A Danny Betesh for Kennedy Street Enterprises Presentation

WEMBLEY STADIUM
WED 1st JULY
THUR 2nd JULY

gates open 4.30pm
Tickets £15.50 (inc. booking fee) available by post from:
GENESIS WEMBLEY STADIUM R.S. TICKETS, P.O. BOX 4 RS, LONDON W1A 4RS, allow five weeks delivery Make cheques and postal orders payable to HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENT'S LTD and enclose S.A.E. Tickets limited to six per application The promoter reserves the right to send alternative date subject to availability

CREDIT CARD HOT LINE
01 748 1414
subject to agency booking fee

A Harvey Goldsmith Entertainment Presentation

in association with Hit and Run Music and The Station Agency

SUBJECT TO LOCAL LICENCE APPROVAL

Genesis new single Tonight, Tonight, Tonight on 7", 12" and low price CD single

TOM VERLAINE

NO T.V. ... NO COMMENT

MARCH 15 LEICESTER
17 BRISTOL
18 LEEDS
19 LONDON
20 MANCHESTER
21 LIVERPOOL
22 NORWICH



BAY 63

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

Thursday 12th March
MIGHTY MIGHTY
+ THE CHESTERFIELDS
+ VITAL VOICE
+ THE CLAY PEOPLE
8pm-12pm £3.00/£2.50

Thursday 19th March
STARS OF HEAVEN
+ THE SUBMARINES
+ BENNY PROFANE
8pm-12pm £3.00/£2.50

THE MEAN FIDDLER PRESENTS

TOM ROBINSON

Adm £5.00

SUN 29th and MON 30th MARCH
THE MEAN FIDDLER · 28a HIGH ST · HARLES DEN · NW10
01-961 5490
(CREDIT CARD HOTLINE 01-734 8932)

WILF A WALKER & LAWS STYLE PROUDLY PRESENTS



Maxi Priest
AT THE
ASTORIA THEATRE
23RD MARCH
DJ: DADDIE ERNIE OF L.W.R.

TICKETS £5.00 FROM ADVANCE BOX OFFICE: ASTORIA 01 434 0403
PREMIER BOX OFFICE (240 2245) / LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS (439 3371) / STARGREEN (437 5282)
/ ROUGH TRADE RECORDS (229 8541) / RHYTHM RECORDS (267 0123) / KEITH PROWSE
/ OUR VENDOR RECORDS / DADDY COOL RECORDS / HAWKEYE RECORDS

KAMIKAZI PRESENTS
OLD FIVE BELLS
HARBOROUGH ROAD
NORTHAMPTON
Telephone 0604 711099

Friday 13th March
METEORS
+ Support

Saturday 21st March
TOM VERLAINE
+ Support

Sunday 22nd March
FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM
+ Spaceman 3

Tuesday 31st March
X-MAL DEUTSCHLAND
+ All About Eve

Tickets Advance Spinadisc, Northampton.
Discovery, Corby, L.N.A., Rushton
or on the door on the night.

CHAS + DAVE
109 GREEN LANES, LONDON N16
Tel: 226-5930
(171a, 141, 73 Buses)
Monday 16th March

THE NAME
Tuesday 17th March

OFFICER DIBBLE AND THE TOP CATS
Wednesday 18th March

THE EMOTIONEERS
Saturday 21st March

SOUL COMMOTION
Monday 23rd March

FORCE MAGEURE
Tuesday 24th March

RADIO SATELLITE
Wednesday 25th March

JUICE ON THE LOOSE

Division One
Saturday 14th March £2.75

BIFF BANG POW!
THE WELLHEAD INN
WENDOVER, BUCKS
Tel: (0296) 622733
8.30pm-1am

THE SIR GEORGE ROBEY
240 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD
LONDON N4
(opp. Finsbury Park Tube)
Tel: 01-263 4581

Wednesday 11th March
CASSANDRA COMPLEX
MDMA

Thursday 12th March
THE PURPLE THINGS
+ THE GRISELDA

Friday 13th March
EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
+ Miki & Knives + The Actors

Saturday 14th March
Scorpio
Sunday 15th March
lunchtime jazz with Iggy Quail

Monday 16th March
+ Manic Depressive Disco
Africa Aid Folk Night

Tuesday 17th March
+ Peace On The Parthol + The Porcupines
+ The Hairy Marys
all proceeds to charity

Wednesday 18th March
IRISH MIST
+ Jimmy Finnegan (Scottish bagpipes)
+ Crusteen

Thursday 19th March
LIAM O'FLYNN
(ex Planxty Uilleann pipes)
+ Jimmy Finnegan (Scottish bagpipes)
+ Crusteen

Friday 20th March
MIAOW
+ And So To Bed + The Artisans
The Robey is now licensed till 2.00am every night
(except Sunday) Gigs start approx 9.00pm, with
headline bands on stage approx 10.30pm

NORTHERN CARNIVAL
AGAINST APARTHEID



MATINEE 1-5PM - £2 (£1 ub40)

POTATO 5 & LAUREL AITKEN

RAILWAY CHILDREN

FRANK CHICKENS

SIMON FANSHAW

EVENING 8-11PM - £4 (£3 ub40)

MICRODISNEY
BHUNDU BOYS
TIPPA IRIE
DISTANT COUSINS
SUNDAY 22 MARCH
Tickets from Free Trade Hall, Cross-Roads, Piccadilly, London
MARCH TO CONCERT: 11.30am
All proceeds to Anti-Apartheid/ANC/SWAP

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE
GREENWICH LEISURE

The Boogie Brothers

The Ya Yas

Sat 28 March Doors open 8pm
Thames Polytechnic,
Calderwood Street SE18
£3.50 (Concessions £2.50)

Xmal Deutschland

Sun 29 March Doors open 7.30pm.
Woolwich Coronet (By Woolwich Ferry) SE18
£3 (Concessions £2)

ADVANCE BOOKINGS 01-317 8687 CREDIT CARDS 01-855 5900
Greenwich Entertainment Service 25 Woolwich New Road, SE18.
Greenwich Theatre Box Office: Crooms Hill, SE10 (callers only).

London's first free winter festival
Special appearance
GARY GLITTER

Wellfare State
Dance Effect
The Happy End Big Band
Spectacular Fireworks
Fire Eaters
Tumbler
Fire Sculptures
Flag dancers and
all the fun
of the fair

Information
01-928 3002

WINTER END
WHEN THE FUN BEGINS

SATURDAY 21 MARCH · 3.30PM-7.30PM
JUBILEE GARDENS · SOUTH BANK SE1

Friday 13 March 7.30pm
A DANCE NIGHT SPECIAL with
BLACK ROOTS and SWIMMING IN SAND
+ DJs and FREE ENTRIES TO MEMBERS CLUB 11pm-2am

Saturday 14 March 7.30pm
PURE JAZZ IN CONCERT
From the USA Craig Harris's
TAILGATORS TALES
Plus HUMAN CHAIN featuring
Django Bates (keyboards) and Steve
Arguillas (percussion).
Plus STAN SULZMAN and JOHN
TAYLOR
Plus DJ BOB JONES

Sunday 29 March 8.00pm
FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY
From Mississippi
TED HAWKINS

THE ALBANY DOUGLAS WAY
EMPIRE LONDON SE8
01-691 3333

THE HALF MOON

93 Lower Richmond Road,
Putney SW15 Tel: 01-788 2387
Thursday 12th March
CHEVALIER BROTHERS
Friday 13th March
BALHAM ALIGATORS
Saturday 14th March
BOOGIE BROTHERS
BLUES BAND
Sunday 15th March
Lunch: **THE NEW SYNCOPATORS**
Eve: **HOME SERVICE**
Monday 16th March
MR B PLAYS BASIE
Wednesday 18th March
THE GRAMAPHONES
Thursday 19th March
ROSIE MADDOX
AND HER BAND (USA)
Saturday 21st March
CAREY AND LAURIE BELL
(ex Muddy Waters Band)
Friday 27th March
THE BHUNDU BOYS

Wednesday 11th March
RUBEN KINCADE
+ Support
Thursday 12th March
NONO NO
+ Mistry Guest
+ Blauvelt
Friday 13th March
THE WIGS
+ Man Chelou
Saturday 14th March
MARGIN OF SANITY
+ The Shrew Kings
Monday 16th March
THE ONAN BROTHERS
+ COMBATEE
+ ADADA
Tuesday 17th March
THE FLOOR WALKERS
+ The Clam
+ Magnifico
Real Ale Served 7.30-11.00pm.

SÍOL PHÁDRAIG

FEBRUARY 19th — APRIL 6th 1987

IRISH ARTS FESTIVAL IN LONDON

SEAN MAGUIRE, LIAM ÓG Ó FLOINN

& ROGER SHERLOCK
■ THURSDAY 19 MARCH 8.00 pm
THE GALTMOORE
CRICKLEWOOD BROADWAY, NW2 (WILLES DEN GREEN TUBE)
TICKETS £3.00 (CONCESSIONS £1.50)

■ FRIDAY 20 MARCH 8.00 pm
CECIL SHARP HOUSE
2 REGENTS PARK ROAD, ANN1 (CAMDEN TOWN TUBE, 74 BUS)
TICKETS £4.00 (CONCESSIONS £2.50)
BOX OFFICE 024 9990, 485 2206

■ SUNDAY 22 MARCH 8.00 pm
TRICYCLE THEATRE
289 MILBURN HIGH ROAD, NW6 (KILBURN TUBE, 8-ONDSEBURY BR)
TICKETS £4.00 (CONCESSIONS £2.50)
BOX OFFICE 024 9990, 485 2206

SEAN MAGUIRE & ROGER SHERLOCK
■ THURSDAY 26 MARCH 8.00 pm
THE HALF MOON
53 LITTON RICHMOND ROAD, SW15 (PUTNEY BRIDGE TUBE)
TICKETS £3.00 (CONCESSIONS £1.50)
TICKETS (AT DOOR) £4.50 (CONCESSIONS £2.00)

LOUIS STEWART QUINTET
FEATURING
STEPHEN KEOGH: DRUMS
DAVE GAUSDEN: BASS
JIM DOHERTY: PIANO
LEN MCCARTHY: TENOR SAXOPHONE/FLUTE/CLARINET
LOUIS STEWART: GUITAR
■ THURSDAY 2 APRIL 8.30 pm
BASS CLEF
35 CORNHILL STREET, HOXTON SQUARE, N1 (OLD STREET TUBE)
TICKETS £3.00
BOX OFFICE 029 2476

■ SATURDAY 4 and SUNDAY 5 APRIL 8.00 pm
BULL'S HEAD
LONSDALE ROAD, BARNES, SW13 (BARNES BRIDGE BR)
TICKETS (AT DOOR) £3.00



GREAT DOUBLE BILL:
LOUIS STEWART QUINTET
DAVY SPILLANE & FRIENDS
■ FRIDAY 3 APRIL 7.30 pm
SHAW THEATRE
100 EUSTON ROAD, NW1 (EUSTON SQ. & EUSTON TUBES & BR)
TICKETS £5.00 (CONCESSIONS £4.00)
BOX OFFICE 024 388 1394

■ TUESDAY 30 MARCH 8.30 pm
SIR GEORGE ROBEY
240 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD, N4 (FINSBURY PARK TUBE & BR)
TICKETS £5.00
BOX OFFICE 024 263 4581

■ THURSDAY 2 APRIL 8.00 pm
THE HALF MOON
53 LOWER RICHMOND ROAD, SW15 (PUTNEY BRIDGE TUBE)
TICKETS (AT DOOR) £3.00

■ TUESDAY 30 MARCH 8.30 pm
SIR GEORGE ROBEY
240 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD, N4 (FINSBURY PARK TUBE & BR)
TICKETS £5.00
BOX OFFICE 024 263 4581

■ THURSDAY 2 APRIL 8.00 pm
THE HALF MOON
53 LOWER RICHMOND ROAD, SW15 (PUTNEY BRIDGE TUBE)
TICKETS (AT DOOR) £3.00

MARY COUGHLAN & HER BAND

with ANDY WHITE
■ THURSDAY 26 MARCH 8.00 pm
RITZY CINEMA
BRUXTON OVAL, SW2 (BRIXTON TUBE)
TICKETS £5.00 (CONCESSIONS £3.00)
BOX OFFICE 027 737 2121

■ FRIDAY 20 MARCH 8.00 pm
CECIL SHARP HOUSE
2 REGENTS PARK ROAD, ANN1 (CAMDEN TOWN TUBE, 74 BUS)
TICKETS £4.00 (CONCESSIONS £2.50)
BOX OFFICE 024 9990, 485 2206

■ SUNDAY 22 MARCH 8.00 pm
TRICYCLE THEATRE
289 MILBURN HIGH ROAD, NW6 (KILBURN TUBE, 8-ONDSEBURY BR)
TICKETS £4.00 (CONCESSIONS £2.50)
BOX OFFICE 024 9990, 485 2206

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TICKETS £3.00 (CONCESSIONS £1.50)
TICKETS (AT DOOR) £4.50 (CONCESSIONS £2.00)

LOUIS STEWART QUINTET
FEATURING
STEPHEN KEOGH: DRUMS
DAVE GAUSDEN: BASS
JIM DOHERTY: PIANO
LEN MCCARTHY: TENOR SAXOPHONE/FLUTE/CLARINET
LOUIS STEWART: GUITAR
■ THURSDAY 2 APRIL 8.30 pm
BASS CLEF
35 CORNHILL STREET, HOXTON SQUARE, N1 (OLD STREET TUBE)
TICKETS £3.00
BOX OFFICE 029 2476

■ SATURDAY 4 and SUNDAY 5 APRIL 8.00 pm
BULL'S HEAD
LONSDALE ROAD, BARNES, SW13 (BARNES BRIDGE BR)
TICKETS (AT DOOR) £3.00



GREAT DOUBLE BILL:
LOUIS STEWART QUINTET
DAVY SPILLANE & FRIENDS
■ FRIDAY 3 APRIL 7.30 pm
SHAW THEATRE
100 EUSTON ROAD, NW1 (EUSTON SQ. & EUSTON TUBES & BR)
TICKETS £5.00 (CONCESSIONS £4.00)
BOX OFFICE 024 388 1394

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TICKETS £5.00
BOX OFFICE 024 263 4581

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THE HALF MOON
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TICKETS (AT DOOR) £3.00

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BOX OFFICE 024 263 4581

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THE HALF MOON
53 LOWER RICHMOND ROAD, SW15 (PUTNEY BRIDGE TUBE)
TICKETS (AT DOOR) £3.00

DAVY SPILLANE & FRIENDS
FEATURING
EOGHAN O'NEILL: BASSES & GUITAR (MOVING HEARTS)
NOEL ECCLES: PERCUSSION (MOVING HEARTS)
GREG BOLAND: GUITAR (ex SCULLION)
DAVY SPILLANE: UILLEANN PIPES & LOW FLUTE (MOVING HEARTS)

ALSO AT
ALBANY EMPIRE with DAVY SPILLANE & FRIENDS
SEE GREAT DOUBLE BILL, BELOW

GREAT DOUBLE BILL:
MARY COUGHLAN & HER BAND
DAVY SPILLANE & FRIENDS
■ MONDAY 30 MARCH 7.30 pm
ALBANY EMPIRE
DOUGLAS WAY, SE8 (NEW CROSS TUBE & BR)
TICKETS £5.00 (CONCESSIONS £4.00)
BOX OFFICE 024 691 3333

Grant Assisted By
London Boroughs: Brent, Camden, Lewisham, Hammersmith & Fulham; GLA (Greater London Arts);
Newham Arts Council; London Boroughs Grants Unit; The Department of Foreign Affairs (Ireland);
Aer Lingus; Inner London Education Authority.

JLP CONCERTS PRESENTS

TOM VERLAINE **TUESDAY 17th MARCH**

Xmal **MONDAY 23rd MARCH**
DEUTSCHLAND

IT BITES **THURSDAY 26th MARCH**

the mighty lemon drops **FRIDAY 17th APRIL**

ALL SHOWS START 8.00pm
TICKETS £4 IN ADVANCE TEL 0272 28514 & USUAL AGENTS

BRISTOL BIERKELLER

Phil McIntyre by arrangement with Outlaw Management presents



PLUS THE FAITH BROTHERS AND CRAZYHEAD

GUILDFORD CIVIC HALL
TUESDAY 7th APRIL 7.30 pm
Tickets £5.00 available from B.O. Tel: (0483) 67314 and A. & N. Stores Guildford

BRIGHTON TOP RANK
WEDNESDAY 8th APRIL 7.30 pm
Tickets £5.00 available from B.O. Tel: (0273) 732627, Virgin & Rounder Records

CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE
THURSDAY 9th APRIL 8.00 pm
Tickets £5.00 available from B.O. Tel: (0223) 357851

PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
SATURDAY 11th APRIL 7.30 pm
Tickets £5.00 available from B.O. Tel: 0705 824 355 & Usual Agents

BRISTOL STUDIO
SUNDAY 12th APRIL 7.30 pm
Tickets £5.00 available from B.O. Tel: (0272) 276193, Revolver, Virgin, Rival Bath & Bristol, Rockaway Newport

NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR
WEDNESDAY 15th APRIL 7.30 pm
Tickets £5.00 available from B.O. Tel: 091 232 3109, Newcastle City Hall B.O. Volume, Old Hit, Other Records Hartlepool, Virgin Sunderland & Durham, Newhouse Music Middlesbrough, Williams Darlington

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB, Kentish Town
WEDNESDAY 22nd APRIL 7.30 pm
Tickets £6.00 available from B.O. Tel: 01 267 3334, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01 741 8989), Premier, Stargreen, Abernethy, L.T.B., Rock On Records, Rhythm Records, Rough Trade Records

UNIVERSITY UNION CARDIFF
SATURDAY 25th APRIL 8.30 pm
Tickets £5.00 available from HMV, Spillers, Hippo, Union Shop & Ticket Office

EXETER UNIVERSITY
SUNDAY 26th APRIL 7.30 pm
Tickets £5.00 available from Students Union Tel: (0392) 263538, Pitts Exeter, Virgin Torquay & Plymouth & Usual Agents

NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY
MONDAY 27th APRIL 8.00 pm
Tickets £5.00 available from B.O. Tel: (0602) 412544 & Usual Agents

BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE
TUESDAY 28th APRIL 7.30 pm
Tickets £5.00 available from B.O. Tel: 021 643 4715, Birmingham Odeon & Ticket Shop

LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT
THURSDAY 30th APRIL 7.30 pm
Tickets £5.00 available from B.O. Tel: 051 709 4321, & Usual Agents

LEEDS UNIVERSITY UNION
FRIDAY 1st MAY - DOORS 8.30 pm
Tickets £5.00 available from Students Union Tel: (0532) 439071, CTS Shop Leeds University Students' Union, P.O. Box 157, Leeds, LS1 1UH & Jumbo Records Merton Centre

EDINBURGH QUEENS HALL
SATURDAY 2nd MAY 7.30 pm
Tickets £5.00 available from Virgin Records, Ripping Records & Show Ticket Agents

GLASGOW BARROWLAND
SUNDAY 3rd MAY 7.30 pm
Tickets £5.00 available from The Other Record Shop & Show Ticket Agents

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Wednesday 11th March £2.00
JIM JIMINEE
+ The Jeremiahs + Big Bad Wolf

Thursday 12th March £2.00
THE BOSS/MAJOR FLOOD

Friday 13th March £2.00
THE ASSASSINS PARTY

Saturday 14th March £2.50/£2.00 UB40
HARMONIC 228
featuring Jackie Bodimeads from GIRLSCHOOL + Isabella

Sunday 15th March £2.00
THE PRESIDENTS MEN
+ The Lovelace

Monday 16th March £2.00
COUPDETAT
+ The Miracle Mile

Tuesday 17th March £2.00
St Patrick's Day
PADDY GOES TO HOLYHEAD
Featuring Andy Scott & Malcolm McNulty from SWEET + Support
Special Guest DJ every Lunchtime & Evening. Hot & Cold Food Always Available

PAUL SIMON
= THE GRACELAND CONCERT =
WITH HUGH MASEKELA, LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO
AND SPECIAL GUEST MIRIAM MAKEBA
BIRMINGHAM N.E.C.
APRIL 20TH 1987 - 8PM

ONLY REMAINING TICKETS FOR BIRMINGHAM N.E.C.
APRIL 5th 1987 SPECIAL ALL INCLUSIVE RETURN RAIL AND
CONCERT TICKET PACKAGE AVAILABLE FOR £28.00 FROM
EUSTON CALL BRITISH RAIL CREDIT CARD HOTLINE 01-388 6061

TICKETS £15.50/£13.50 (includes 50p booking fee)
Available from N.E.C. box office credit card hotline
021 780 4133 and Local Agents
London credit card hotline 01 741 8989 (subject to booking fee)

Outlaw Presents

BERLIN

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

THIS WEEK

folk
GARDEN

WEDNESDAY MARCH 11 - 87
chris ford

THURSDAY MARCH 12 - 87
johnny pinto

FRIDAY MARCH 13 - 87
lick the tins

CAFE & VENUE
COVENT GARDEN
01 240 3961

SIDMOUTH FESTIVAL
33rd International Folklore
31st July-7th August 1987
Only £48 (discount price
until March 31st) buys you a week
of live music from the likes of,
INCANTATION, 3 MUSTAPHAS 3,
ROY BAILEY, CHRISTINE COLLISTER
& CLIVE GREGSON, HOME SERVICE,
R. CAYUN, THE OYSTER BAND,
and lots more in Devon's most
laid-back seaside town.
Tent space included.
Further £5 Students discount!

Book Now!
Details -
FESTIVAL OFFICE,
97 THE KNOWLE, SIDMOUTH
EX10 8HL
Tel (039 55) 5134

TICKETS
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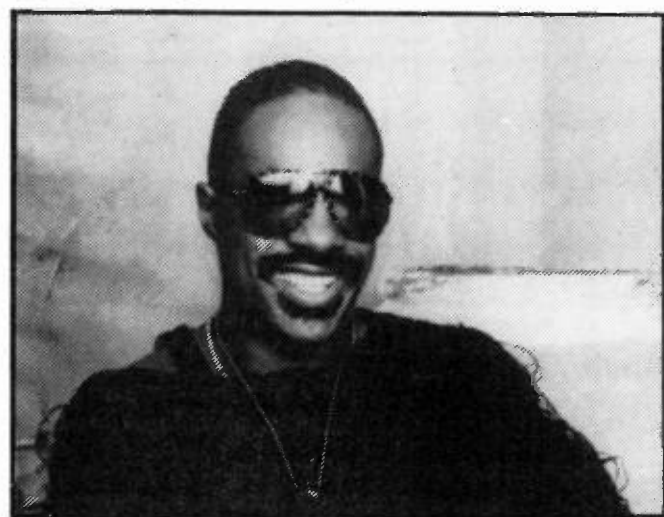
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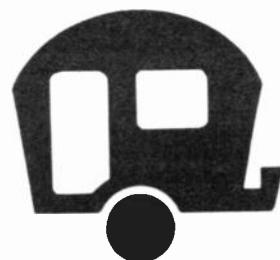
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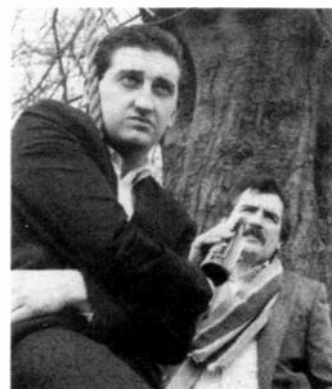
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SIT DOWN, SHUT UP & WATCH



RADAR TELLY

AUF WIEDERSEHEN, JOCK



SHOOT FOR THE SUN
Monday, March 16th,
10.10pm BBC1

Set in Edinburgh (home of Director Ian Knox) and Glasgow (stamping ground and inspiration of writer Peter McDougall), this is a passionate and totally tragic story of people who sell and use the ultimate killing drug, heroin. McDougall, writer of such crushing film dramas as *Just A Boys Game*; *Just Another Saturday* and *A Sense Of Freedom*, has brought the same atmospheric thread of backland extortion and tense confrontation to *Shoot For The Sun*, all captured with the unerring lens of Knox's camera.

Jimmy Nail stars, almost built for the part of Geordie, the failed robber turned to the “easy money” of drug dealing. His big, slouching face over a powerful body wrapped in a Crombie coat stalks from the scheme pubs to the playgrounds to the embattled multis where his mum waits up all night for the return of her death-dealing son and his wads of “brown drinking vouchers” (£10 notes).

Brian Cox plays Nail's partner, a character being torn apart by his new line of work; the bairns with the packets of white, the piss-filled toilet meetings, the wrecked lives. His feelings are expressed in a brilliant drunken graveyard scene which he steals from under Nail's considerable nose.

Almost overshadowing those performances are Sara Clee and Billy McColl as married addict/victims. How Sara Clee makes a kind of dignity out of life on the edge of drugged death has to be seen to be believed. Without being boringly bleak or exploitative the film looks at the drug existence with a unique eye. There is much humour, used as both shield and weapon by the inhabitants of a ruined landscape, like a verbal chib. Bill Simpson (his last film appearance) and Billy McElhaney play the ‘big boys’, the next level of violence, who watch and exchange jokes in a cold car before coming down hard on the two petty dealers.

There are no safe areas of black and white, the line between ‘them’ and ‘us’ is blurred, Geordie is a completely displaced person looking for the money of a lifetime, vicious and kind, funny and frightening, drug-dealing scum with a strange morality. He is ‘us’. Rarely has a home grown Scottish product been filled with such dark power.

Bob Flynn

The Whistle Test
Wednesday, March 11,
8.00pm, BBC2

Highlight of this week's show is U2 live playing two tracks from their forthcoming album ‘The Joshua Tree’.

“Fancy getting out of your tree, Oz?”

SHE'LL BE WEARING PINK PYJAMAS Thursday, March 12, 9-10.45pm, Channel 4

General opinion around these waters is less than favourable as Julie Waters takes to the mountains with 11 other women to discover themselves. Cliched, predictable and tedious were just three of the adjectives that various *Radantes* were throwing around.

PASSAGE TO BRITAIN, Friday, March 13, 2.30-3pm, Channel 4

Repeat examination of the treatment dished out to West Indians arriving in this country during the 1940's. Amongst the guests looking at this sore point in British social history, is famed writer C. L. R. James, who maps out the bitter disappointment felt by many of the arrivals eagerly looking forward to life in their motherland...

THE LAST RESORT Friday, March 13, 10.30-11.15pm, Channel 4

An earlier slot and an extended series pays testimony to the increasing success of this ‘alternative’ (ugh!) chat show.

ARENA Friday, March 13, 9.30pm, BBC2

Profile of the much-acclaimed but little seen film director, Andrei Tarkovsky. Includes a recent interview, conducted in Russia, just prior to his sudden and unexpected death, where the lad himself explains how it's “possible through the cinema to come in touch with spiritual essence”. You risk missing *Cheers* for this.

THE WORLD AT WAR Sunday, March 15, 7.15-8.15pm, Channel 4

You can't take the glamour out of war says Timbo Page. Hmm. All us guilt-riddled lefties who *know* that war is wrong. (What is it good for? Well, the economy for starters) are stacked in bog-eyed ranks in front of the box on a Sunday to get our cheap thrills *legit* as, in the mahogany tones of Sir Ol, a voice over-verging on the Marxist tops fab ace gear piccies of Action Men stomping each other in the name of democracy, fascism or the Emperor Hirohito. This week it's the grim but cheerful Chindits slitting the throats of the feindish Japanese. Remember, kids, the only good war is a class war so do it to them before they do it to us.

Paolo Hewitt

RADAR DOES THE HUSTLE

THE COLOR OF MONEY
DIRECTOR: Martin Scorsese
STARRING: Paul Newman, Tom Cruise (*Touchstone*)

WITH THE *Color Of Money*, Martin Scorsese takes on the Hollywood mainstream on his own terms. Moving away from the cinematic intensity of his finest work—*Taxi Driver*, *Raging Bull* and the commercially neglected *King Of Comedy*—Scorsese has fashioned a sequel to Robert Rossen's *The Hustler* that has already grossed millions Stateside. Alongside the original hustler, Paul Newman, one Tom Cruise—hot from the jingoistic mega-moneyspinner, *Top Gun*,—makes *The Color Of Money* a highly bankable follow-up.

Superstar casting aside, *The Color Of Money* is rooted in familiar Scorsese territory—moral conflict and personal salvation through revelation.

The film opens with Fast Eddie Felson, the broken pool shark of 25 years ago who now passes his days as a well off, if somewhat bored, whiskey salesman. From here, the plot is quite straightforward: galvanised by the younger man's astonishing pool playing, Fast Eddie takes him under his wing. "It's like watching a home movie", Newman tells his girlfriend before going on the road with his catch. Their goal is a major

pool championship in Atlantic City and, half way there, when Cruise's young sharp shooter has finally understood the art of hustling, Newman splits to take up his cue again. Three weeks later they meet up in Atlantic City...

Through a series of brilliantly framed shots and a razor sharp imagination that makes every pool game in the film an event, Scorsese tracks the getting of wisdom and its enormous cost.

The tension between the two main characters is heightened by Newman and Cruise's disparate acting styles: the former—incidentally in his 45th starring role—faces off against the Brat Pack flash-and-front of the young upstart. Against this youthful sass and exuberance, Newman turns in a performance that is a model of subtlety and conviction. Both Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio and Helen Shaver are excellent foils to the male bonding and sense of struggle that pervades every Scorsese masterpiece.

The Color Of Money, then, is a contender, a gripping illumination of poolhall lowlife where every smokey nuance is captured by a combination of deft camerawork, sharp editing and powerful acting. Initially, the ending may seem disappointing but, in retrospect, it reveals a further layer of meaning and is further evidence of Scorsese's multi-textured craft.

Paul O'Hewitt

WHOOPS APOCALYPSE
DIRECTOR: Tom Bussmann
STARRING: Peter Cook, Loretta Swit, Ian Richardson, Alexei Sayle, Rik Mayall (*Virgin*)

OR CARRY On Doctor *Strangelove*. . . I think this is an All right Movie. Written by Andrew Marshall and David Renwick, who did the TV version and *Hot Metal*, *Whoops Apocalypse* is a rare example of a TV spin-off that doesn't make a crap film. Semi-satirical, it posits a world where the Prime Minister (Peter Cook being very Harold MacMillan) goes completely expresso bongo—"Now we're told what causes unemployment; social conditions, economics, all that. . . but we know what really causes it, don't we gentlemen? Pixies!"—and the Princess Royal is kidnapped while stationed with the Navy in a small south American country recently liberated from its right wing neighbour, thus causing the PM to threaten use of the bomb, and the Soviet Union to retaliate.

This is of course the cue for Alexei Sayle to pretend, once more, to be a Russian in a Hawaiian shirt and Rik Mayall to be an SAS captain who says "fuck" a great deal. Ian Richardson seems uncertain whether to play his admiral as a tragic figure or an unfunny homosexual joke, while Herbert Lom is, as ever, Herbert Lom.

Whoops Apocalypse is pretty daft, but this doesn't detract from its qualities. The cast list credits someone as playing "cute little girl who gets socked in the face ha ha." Such is the warp and woof of comedy.

David Quantick

CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD
DIRECTOR: Randa Haines
STARRING: William Hurt, Marlee Matlin, (*UIP*)

ONE OF the major strengths of Mark Medoff's original stage play about the prickly relationships between an unorthodox but inspired teacher of deaf children, and a deaf young woman, was that it dealt not only with deafness but with those areas of silence, vulnerability and self-protectiveness which are common to all relationships.

This seamlessly directed adaptation retains all of the strengths of the original, and benefits in addition from two extraordinary performances by William Hurt and newcomer Marlee Matlin. Sarah Norman is a beautiful and profoundly deaf young woman who works as a skivvy at the school for deaf children where she was once a pupil. As well as encouraging his pupils to speak by playing them daft, catchy pop records at maximum volume, new teacher James Leeds (Hurt) tries to break into Sarah's world of silence, but Sarah has built up a hard protective shell.

James experiences something of her isolation when, at a party for deaf people, he finds himself alone in a world of silence and signs. The impossibility of their relationship finally finds expression in Sarah's single vocal utterance—a strangulated, heart-tearing screech. Speaking his own dialogue, and also translating Sarah's lightning sign language, Hurt appears to carry much of the film single-handed. Yet Marlee Matlin's silent, physical expressiveness communicates just as much as the torrent of words which Hurt

produces. Far more than the film's ludicrous "kiss and make-up" ending, it is this sense of the profound communication between the two characters which tempers sadness with residual hope.

Nigel Hope

NANOU
DIRECTOR: Conny Templeman
STARRING: Imogen Stubbs, Jean-Philippe Ecoffey (*Curzon*)

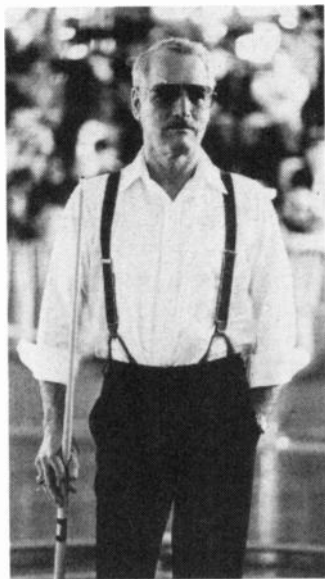
NANOU IS a nice middle-class English girl who follows the promotings of fate one day on a French train, and subsequently loses her heart—and her passport—to brooding working-class activist Luc. *Nanou* is one part true romance, one part comedy of manners.

Templeman's script and direction are sharp and sensitive enough to maintain an assured balance between dialectic and kitchen sink drama, but the film lacks a harder edge. Unfortunately, because he channels our view of the French industrial provinces through the eyes of sensitive, sensible Nanou, it makes for a rather easy ride.

The acting's virtually flawless. Imogen Stubbs holds the whole film together, moving skilfully from tentative gawkiness to self-knowing resilience, and Ecoffey makes the most out of an uncommunicative part. But Daniel Day-Lewis is completely misplaced though, in his usual Lord Smoothiechops persona.

Templeman's flair for the well-placed twist and for the uncomfortable comic moment make *Nanou* well worth seeing.

Jonathan Romney



The Hustler isn't what he used to be.
But he has the next best thing.
A kid who is.

A MARTIN SCORSESE PICTURE
the Color of Money 15

CRUISE

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PAUL NEWMAN TOM CRUISE
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"THE COLOR OF MONEY" MARY ELIZABETH MASTRANTONIO HELEN SHAVER Production Designed by BORIS LEVEN Director of Photography MICHAEL BALLHAUS Based upon the novel by WALTER TEVIS Screenplay by RICHARD PRICE Produced by IRVING AXELRAD and BARBARA DE FINA Directed by MARTIN SCORSESE
DOLBY STEREO Original Motion Picture Soundtrack Album on MCA Records and Cassettes Prints by DE LUXE Distributed by W. D. P. Ltd. through UK Film Distributors Ltd. © 1986 Touchstone Pictures YOUR JUSTICE PR. TUBES

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ALL PROGS BOOKABLE IN ADVANCE 930 7615 (24 hr Access/Visa/Amex Bookings) Check daily press for details.
and at selected cinemas throughout the country from March 13th.

After Freud and Leonardo, there was nowhere else to go but up. . . RALPH STEADMAN, Britain's greatest, weirdest, wired cartoonist talks to disciple WILLIAM LEITH about paranoia, pills, pent-up frustration and confesses; "God told me to do it".

"THERE WAS nothing particularly odd about him. No facial veins or clumps of bristly warts".
(Hunter Thompson on first seeing Ralph Steadman.)

SUDDENLY he is upon me: yelling, shrieking, spluttering. Somehow I hadn't imagined him to be a particular noisy man. He comes at me, whirling his body about, fingers clutching savagely at his throat. His eyes snap open mad-dog style: they look like concentric circles. "GET ME WATER" he screams wildly.

At this point I have to ask myself: would Ralph Steadman, *might* Ralph Steadman be doing this as a joke? Is there a chance he's putting me on?

This, after all, is the man who accompanied Hunter Thompson on his hilariously base and depraved travels, the man whose cartoons are an effort to mug you with the essential indignities of being human. He draws dogs spraying people with diarrhoea; he makes his characters bleed by flicking ink all over them. Certainly, in artistic terms, he likes being seen as the wild man, the rogue element, the missing link. Red-faced, he howls and twists in front of me. It occurs to me he might be practising some personal artistic routine, or perhaps, like so many celebrities, he has an unnatural fear of seeming reserved. But it turns out the emergency is genuine: something has lodged in this throat.

A woman brings water. Steadman stands for a time, hawking and spluttering, and shortly he is quiet. "That" he wheezes "is my Queen Mother fishbone routine".

STEADMAN, WHO tells me that on the one hand he's terrified of the Establishment and on the other he's terrified of becoming part of the Establishment, has been raising his public profile; he's just published two minor works, an illustrated *Alice in Wonderland*, and *Paranoids*, a book of doctored Polaroids of politicians and Royalty. But what he really wants to do is hide away and complete the book which might turn out to be his masterwork.

"It's about God," he tells me. "It has to be. I, basically, am God. It's one of those

things; having started I can't stop. My book is about Man creating God in his own image. But it takes time — also, I'm sure if he's up there he's giving me writer's block. But playing God has its problems — how will I publicise the book? I won't be able to turn up at the signings."

Steadman's basic twist is that he's an ordinary, quiet, meticulously decent man who's been ravaged by the modern world and his endeavours to record it. He remains split by the central dichotomy which has ruled his working life: whether to plod about the home counties, quietly cooking up his concept-books (*Freud*, *God*, *Leonardo*), or whether to hurtle round the world on drug-fuelled, ink-flicking missions of vengeance and retribution.

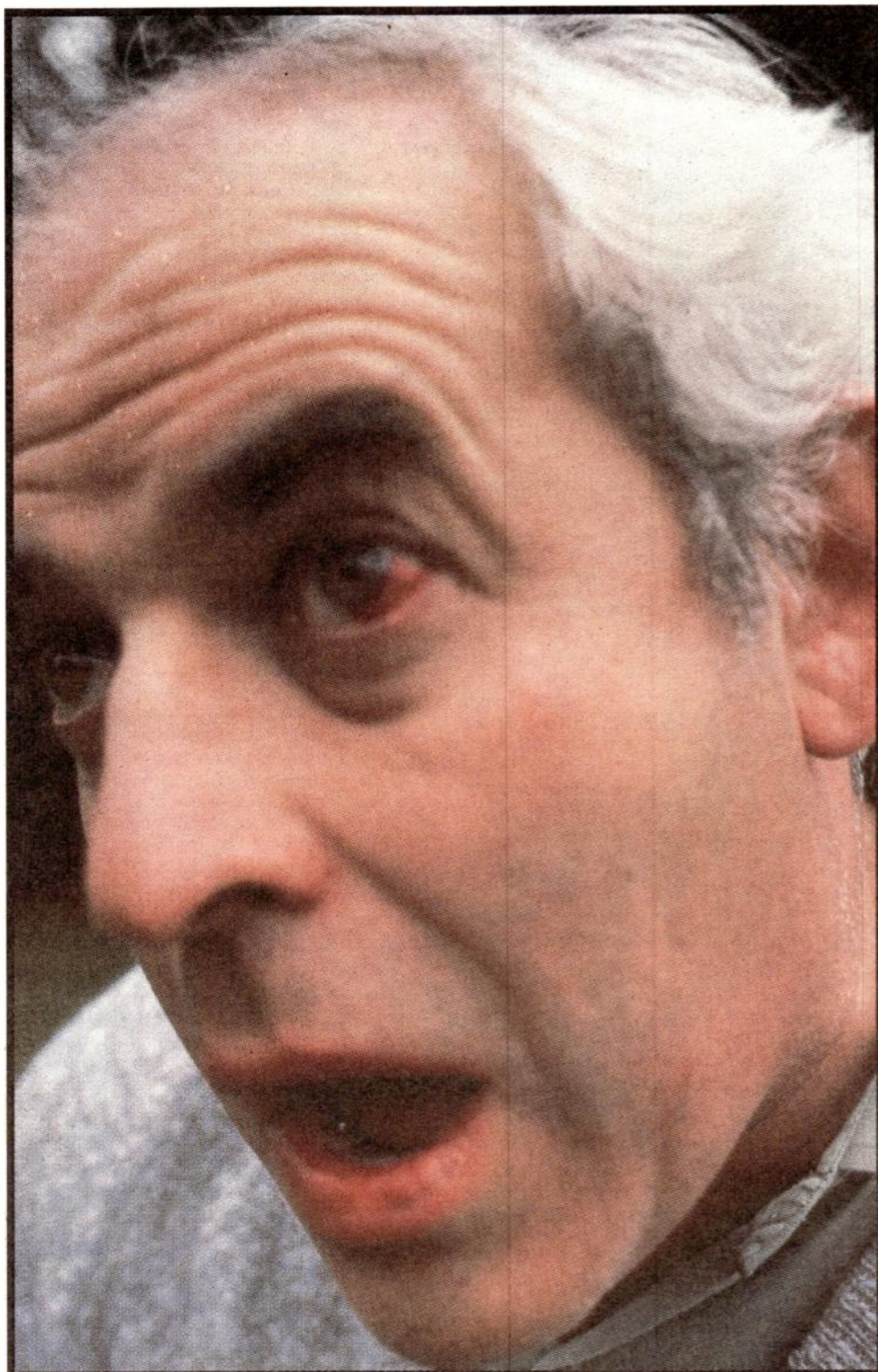
"I think: that's crazy. Absolutely crazy. One of these days I won't be coming back. The degradation sickens me. But my vision is tempered by my anger about it. It sharpens my perceptions. My drawing got so angry and vital. I began to draw so fast I'd spill ink all over my work. At first it was 'oh shit' but then it became part of it. The urgency of the drawing was part of the drawing."

"And these ugly situations become intensely *personal* — when I went to cover the Kentucky Derby with Hunter I spent a week searching for the face which would sum it all up, the ultimate face of ignorance and depravity. And then I looked in the mirror and realised: there it was."

STEADMAN BEGAN working as a cartoonist at a time when the function and consumption of cartoons was radically changing. The TV image, which is similarly part of low-information/high-participation medium, was beginning to take over the way people looked at the world. In response to this, the cartoon shifted gear: it needed to become an iconic mode rather than a predominantly pictorial one. But in the early '60s cartoonists like Steadman and Gerald Scarfe (who had picked up a few ideas about the essential *purity* and political effectiveness of ephemeral art-forms from Grosz, Bunuel and Duchamp) found themselves largely unrecognised.

Steadman's early working life was spent doing one-off gags for the *Daily Sketch* and the *Manchester Evening Chronicle*. Cartoons were a stabilising format: they provided the reader with a sense of continuity. Nobody realised that they could be made to be *demanding*.

"I felt out of sorts with the parochialism of it all. I would go to cartoonists' meetings at *Private Eye* and we would all sit round looking like insurance salesmen.



And worse, there wasn't room for both me and Gerald Scarfe. So what was I going to do?" What Steadman needed, of course, was a few deranged acid experiences, a chance to lock himself in combat with the world that had begun to disgust him. He needed a fight.

"So I went to America. This was '69. Before that, in the '60s, I had been naive, full of enthusiasm for the world, full of anticipation. I had really believed we could change things. Now things were different. I could see that. I was staying at a friend's house on Long Island. I got a call — somebody I'd never heard of said 'I like your stuff, Mr Steadman. How would you like to go to Kentucky and work with an ex-Hell's Angel?' I said I'd love to. I was still pretty trusting. Of course, what happened was that my naivety reacted amazingly with the decadence I saw. I simply drew things as my naive self saw them."

And so Steadman's cartoons began to look like hallucinations and pretty soon they began to be pictures of hallucinations. The things he drew best were those things he feared and loathed the most: Nixon with his senators crawling out of his eyes and into his mouth; Ted Kennedy drowning a woman by driving into a fishtank; the disgusting hordes at the Americas Cup in Rhode Island. There was something savage and pained about these drawings, the cartoonist acknowledging the damage his characters were doing to him.

"For the Americas Cup we had to go out to sea. It was a rough day. There was a loud rock band playing on board and they'd had to strap their speakers to the mast. I was being sick over the side most of the time. Hunter gave me some pills —

'Here, Ralph, take some of these' he said. They were psilocybin. It really sent me on the most ghastly trip. God, I don't care to remember that.

"You see, it's the unnameable fear — that's what a lot of my drawings are about, the sense of something ominous, the fear you can't rationalise. You can't say what it is, or why. All you know is — there is one."

"I wake up in the middle of the night with night-horrors. Possibly it's things that I'm drawing that I'm dreaming about. I think that a lot of that started when I started taking these hallucinogenic drugs — it scarred my mind. My drawings are kind of therapy."

STEADMAN IS obviously getting to the point where he needs another shot of craziness, another self-scathing binge through the dustbins of the world. Something to steady his nerves a little. Is he slipping into the Establishment? When he bought his big house, he tells me, the Conservative Club came to call. They wanted to use his lawn for tea-parties. "Madam" he said, "I'm terribly sorry to disappoint you but I'm only here to prove that Socialism works". He tells me that Thompson is worried about his new staidness. "Why don't you get back into the business, Ralph?" he keeps saying. "You need someone who will treat your work like offal again".

"I'm not going to be a pessimist anymore. Because you'll only make yourself ill. There will, of course, be a resurgence of common decency. There are people who've got it, you know. They've just been brainwashed into believing you have to be nasty to get on. So there we are. I have to get off now."



GLUEY ARMSTRONG

RHYTHM-A-NING—JAZZ TRADITION AND INNOVATION IN THE '80s

Gary Giddins (*Oxford University Press £6.95*)

THE DREAM of any journalist is to have all his past glories resurrected and printed in paperback form. The point is that said scribe then doesn't have to go to the trouble of writing a book though the obligatory advance is still available to boost any ailing bank balance. Giddins, the jazz critic for *Village Voice*, is now presumably a happy man, having already been paid by the *Voice* when the pieces that form this collection of essays originally appeared. Good for him. Good too that he had the nous to name his tome after something once dreamt up by Thelonius Monk. It's the sort of thing that makes you instantly warm to the man.

A flip through the essay titles is equally re-assuring. Would a piece christened *Jolson's Greatest Heir* be a tribute to Jackie Wilson? It proved so. A chapter notched as *Shining Trumpet* also indicated that Giddins was a critic not stuck in any particular vinyl groove or age, and able to kick out the jams in a whole plethora of loosely connected musical subjects. He'd read Rudi Blesh, he knew that Jolson was the Reet Petite one's favourite knee-bender. And the

inclusion of chapters relating to Teddy Wilson, Bereli Lagrene, Joe Turner, Carmen Lundy, Tony Bennett, Jack DeJohnette, Wynton Marsalis, Bill Harris, Ronald Shannon Jackson, Tommy Flanagan and Stan Getz augered well. No frontiers. It's an approach which I've always hailed. I sense an affinity, predominantly in a review of an album by singer Lauren Newton, which utilises the whole history of scat as a preamble, Giddins nailing every variation pinning the main badges to the chests of Slim Gaillard ("his send-ups of Latin crooners and his pig-Chinese were devastating") and Leo Watson ("he must have seemed completely unhinged, singing whatever phrases that came to his mind, as though a musical work were really a Rorschach test"). Pinned to chart facts, Giddins isn't always so accurate, while his opinions sometimes prove eye-openers — was Sinatra's 'New York, New York' "probably the most intelligent non-rock recording to hit the charts since Louis Armstrong's 'Hello Dolly'?" I think not.

Nevertheless, Giddins is always readable, thoroughly entertaining, sometimes deliciously dotty (who else would take time out to compare 32 different versions of 'Body And Soul'?) and does well to cover to cover a lot of space historically. I repeat, I sense an affinity.

Fred Dellar

fondness for rock music as opposed to weaving chamber music more usually associated with antiquarian booksellers. His 'Epilogue' opens with a Tom Waits quote and goes on to describe an out-of-the-body experience, where the author's spirit had to get back to his flat to hear the Stones's 'Aftermath' LP, plus meeting three of the Fab Four at an exhibition of witchcraft books at the shop where he was working... "Lennon was in abrasive mood, George Harrison silent, McCartney disarming, talkative, enthusiastic", he reveals.

Then there's the story of how he first met Jimmy Page, some thoughts on Jim Morrison and how the Crowley hippies and their dedication for bootlegging have nixed any attempt at an accurate bibliography of the beast from ever being published.

OK! *Hammer Of The Gods* or *Heroes And Villains* it isn't, but then it never pretends to be. But if your taste is for the unusual, and occasionally the slightly perverse, then *The Books Of The Beast* will fit very snugly between those two classic volumes.

Edwin Pouncey

JAZZ SANS FRONTIERES

JUMPING THE CRACKS
Rebecca O'Rourke (*Virago, £3.95*)

NO WORD FROM WINIFRED
Amanda Cross (*Virago, £3.95*)

WALKING OUT one rainy night in Hackney, Rats sees a dead body slumped in a Rolls. With no phone boxes working and no other witnesses, she goes home, terrified and telling no one.

Unemployed, a northerner and a lesbian, Rats exists on 'the margins', vulnerable to the threat of fraud and murder, yet determined to fight for herself. She lands a job in a dubious

accommodation agency and is drawn further into urban corruption, and an obsessive search for the killer.

Writing with down-to-earth realism and controlled suspense, Rebecca O'Rourke portrays in Rats a character of stubborn self-reliance quietly building up her life and defences amidst a Bob Hoskins world of shady deals, organised crime, housing, homelessness and seedy landlords, the vulgar face of London capitalism. It is also an account of a relationship surviving, how Rats and her girlfriend negotiate their way around personal as well as exterior minefields.

Offering a new slant on the traditional thriller, *Jumping The Cracks* penetrates the man's eye view of crime, showing the depth of its impact on an 'ordinary' life.

Amanda Cross also reinvents the detective story in *No Word From Winifred*, though her heroine is a successful married college professor in America with a very understanding husband and comfortable hearth and home to return to after her investigations. Taking on her role as a female Sherlock Holmes, with the mystery of intriguing and missing Winifred, Kate Fansler determinedly pursues a meagre path from New York to

Oxford and back again. In a lighthearted literary style reminiscent of Jane Austen, Ms Cross presents a conundrum infuriatingly self-possessed and cerebral. That is, until halfway through when an actual villain turns up with a vital clue and the action starts.

Playing with the lives of three literary women — Dorothy L. Sayers, Mary Renault and Muriel St Clare Byrne — this novel charts a network of women's friendship, inheritance, illegitimacy, and obsession. It warmly sends up the detective mould which Rebecca O'Rourke grippingly subverts.

Lucy O'Brien



WORD UP

Scripted by SEAN O'HAGAN

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THE BOOKS OF THE BEAST

Timothy d'Arch Smith (*Crucible £6.99*)

THE BEATLES featured the 'Beast' under discussion here as a part of their 'Sgt. Pepper's' front cover crowd scene. Led Zeppelin guitarist Jimmy Page once hired the author of this book to catalogue his collection of the Beast's works. Here is a volume that's full of surprises and eccentricities as odd and suprising as the Beast himself, one Edward Alexander Aleister Crowley, once condemned as being "The most evil man in the world".

Writer, essayist, bibliographer and bookseller to the stars, Timothy d'Arch Smith has dusted off the accepted image of Crowley as crank to discover that the books he left behind are in their design, construction (and occasionally price!!!) Talismanic. No full ranting about toad crucifixion or opium intake here, what d'Arch Smith uncovers in his opening essay is a fascinating piece of bibliographical detective work, cross-indexed with notes and totally absorbing.

As is his 'eminently skippable', as he describes it, 'Epilogue' which shows a distinct



EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE LONDON ASTORIA

I SUPPOSE it's conceivable that Mick Jones was turfed out of The Clash by his mate Joe for losing his revolutionary vision. But I like the theory that punk's first guitar hero left the archetype Lads band because he simply couldn't keep a straight face any longer.

Although the Astoria, inevitably, has its share of drunken, brawling lads tonight, it's clear that BAD have successfully consolidated their position on the fringes of modern pop, and the culture-crossing dance experimentalist cycle-caps well outnumber the rusty anarchy-voice-of-radical-youf badges.

With many a nod and a wink, Mick's men launch the kind of all-out party assault that poor old Pete Burns can only dream about, considerably harder than the vinyl experience, Don Letts cracks out an impressive barrage of percussive doodles over the Loctite rhythm section. But even in the most frantic moments, there's always a space, a *breathing* space in songs like 'V Thirteen', 'E=MC2', 'Limbo The Law' and — particularly breathtaking tonight — the stunning 'Medicine Show', which draws you in.

Where The Clash, from their ghetto, professed themselves bored with the USA, Jones is clearly fascinated (or obsessed) with that great red-white-and-blue yonder: the slick stage-side video screens images mirror BAD-music, the claustrophobic scratch-mantras of the South Bronx tempered by traditional rock'n'roll and country influences.

Letts pirouettes about the stage, dreadlocks flailing, Jones attempts gentle Eddie Cochran poses and smiles somewhat sheepishly, a benevolent Clint Eastwood or, if you prefer, a slightly mean Bing Crosby. Certainly no teenager, still less a Ché Guevara, he looks a lot more comfortable in brown corduroy than in black leather.

Not selling out, but growing up and, as BAD encore to an ecstatic audience with a fairly faithful reading of that hymn to fatalistic partying, '1999', one is bound to admit that Mick Jones has done it more gracefully, and tastefully, than most.

NICK KELLY

SUPER DIAMONO DE DAKAR LONDON TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

AFRICA, IN a drunken dream, hugs its roots to its heart and plays for us bursting with darkness and lively noise. And what we have to learn, and never learn, is that good things can come of the worst things. Super Diamono, with their high skitter of brass and cruel net of bony rhythm, their iron compress of latin metal, behave as birthed directly from exploitation's muddy bloody rivers — take things they're forced to hear and turn them inside out, take the inescapable penetration of Cuban song-in-exile broadcast in on desert

radios, and shred it to their own Parisian agitprop melancholy.

So where's Babylon, with a viral cha-cha cracking in from over the ocean on a whining wind of guitars and voices? Pink-cheeked purists, new-born, furious, yammer "foul" and cite recent anti-rock legislation (as if the Bhundus success was somehow divorced from their sweet 'n' jangly indiepop psychedelia of expression): older hands are corrupted, and chuckle at the nerve of their new-found invader heroes. And in Senegal, where their politics rules them off-limits to TV, and only tape piracy slips them successfully under legal safeguards, and off away from Dele's dour prediction, that all they were up for was some superclub heaven.

In the beginning — as at the end — there's only rhythm, the Big Bang. Somewhere between a beginning and an end, Super Diamono crumple a hard rock noise and a skipping bass abrasion into brutal throwback crackle. And then they sing. It's something else again.

MARK SINKER

HAPPY MONDAYS THE MCTELLS LONDON CAMDEN BLACK HORSE

WHETHER YOU like it or not, I'm gonna flood your fucking market place with THESE. Aw listen: the alternatives are pitiful, music is a slur on common sense. Happy Mondays and The McTells: they incorporate despair, swallow it wholesale and spit up multi-hued flames of life. When the feeling's right, the apathy surrounding you swells into dull indifference and you figured things would ne'er get any better, up pops a Back Door To Babylon. The Black Horse in Camden.

The McTells are in town: four boys all gawky and awkward in their beauty, their music all loose ends and turmoil. Guitar and bass switch over, the small and the lean stop to argue in the middle of a song, the introductions are more muttered apologies. Snatches of a small, caring sound — community rock with more than a trace of *Englishness* — a nasal, chugging, gangling jangling in and out of tune guitar pop. If I could make you understand, I'd TRY honestly — songs which send your backbone a-shaking; the demi-Velvetish cacophony of 'Jesse Manray' ('Sister Ray') or the angular poignant premier guitar-lines on 'Sometimes'.

And you get the impression the last place the Happy Mondays with their AWESOME grunge-ridden funk should be is in a pub dining room. There's a singer struggling manfully to pin down a tune, a demonic dance beat which so singularly affects his right-hand man that his body is snapping back and forth in tandem, maracas, half a tambourine and a guitar which does nothing but *grit*. What we have here is a noise-ridiculed den of energy, dub (live?) and a cracking *version* of the greatest's 'She's Crafty'... and let's not forget that keyboard. Or the stuffed

BEN E KING LONDON PALLADIUM

"I DO some rock clubs. A few oldies gigs. Hotels. And, when I can handle it, supper clubs... People still come up to me and say, 'Hey, aren't you B B King? Maybe I'm just a victim of being around too long...' " (Ben E King talking to Gerri Hershey in 1983).

Four years on from defining that "nowhere to run" stasis of the forgotten soul singer, Ben E King drifts onto the Palladium stage, looking cool in a white suit, exuding a dignified delight in the rapturous acclaim that wraps itself around him. The applause that heaves towards him is not only swollen with the studious respect that is

usually reserved for the old blues and soul stayer whose protracted gig-trudging preserves a link with otherwise faded memories of a past, almost forgotten, sound — Ben E King is No 1 in the British pop charts and the welcome he receives has surges of that heady ephemerality which only accompanies a current STAR appearance.

That tonight isn't merely another Holiday Inn or supper-club rent-paying gig cause hints of faint bemusement to occasionally seep through Ben's pleasure, but he mostly adapts smoothly to this different task of flipping through a "star showcase concert" routine.

However, this is still primarily a story of reshaped soul, of how denim and Atlantic records have

been thrown together in a designer time-warp by some sharp ad agency until people have finally been allowed to realise that (compared to Sam Cooke, Marvin Gaye, Percy Sledge and Ben E King) '80s pop is bereft of great songs and singers.

What matters more tonight is the chance to hear Ben E sing those soothingly familiar Drifters and solo songs — 'Save The Last Dance For Me', 'On Broadway', 'Under The Boardwalk', 'Up On The Roof', 'Spanish Harlem' and 'Stand By Me' (twice) — in a way which allows nostalgia to be hardened by close proximity to a real soul voice. King might not be as influential or sublime a singer as original Drifter Clyde McPhatter

but, even when he's singing something as gauche as Lennon's 'Imagine', he covers sentimentality with soul.

His set is relaxed, and relatively pleasing — he even takes on 'When A Man Loves A Woman' because everybody in London keeps saying: "Hey Ben, have you seen Percy lately?..."

Finally, there's a second 'Stand By Me' plea during which he's joined by "brothers" like Mick 'Interesting' Hucknell and Ron 'Rolling Stone' Wood — a gesture of "unity" which is both an absurd and an emphatic endorsement of Ben E King's, and soul's, rediscovered pop success.

DONALD McRAE

STEPFORD WIVES ON SPEED



Dave Mustaine rock-bitch seductress

MEGADETH HAMMERSMITH ODEON

IN THOSE far-off days, in a slothful agricultural backwater of the West Midlands, a denim jacket was a biro-scrawled medieval map of the world, a feast of mystical words promising untold possibilities, a boast of how far you'd gone, how much you knew. So that when the vicar's lad came in with RUSH stencilled in over MOUNTAIN, he was worshipped for weeks.

And it's a funny kind of return this, back into metal territory after years abroad, appraised of recent fabulous development, massive surface upheaval. Following rumours of ANTHRAX and METALLICA, consider the physical presence of "The World's State-Of-The-Art Speed-Metal Band". MEGADETH...

(Fact: Ozzy Osbourne invented the Yo-Boy's sign, first clenched, pinkie and index extended like horns. Fact: the term *Heavy Metal* was first used by Erik M Snark to describe the playing tone of John Coltrane. Fact: Speed-Metal is no longer an adolescent degenerate stadium-reading of B B King's or Robert Johnson's hell-whipped braggart blues. Fact: MEGADETH's bass-player and drummer once held down the same jobs in Al DiMeola's sickly fleet-fingered fusion outfit.)

In the old days the bass-player and drummer would have been the dullards of a

rock group, the ones who couldn't cut it on guitar. This stuff goes past so fast that it's all weird cross-rhythms, the four-beat melted down towards a 115bpm blur. In the old days, what passed for muso quality took precedence over the body beautiful, but MEGADETH are an all-male fourpiece coming on like the Stepford Wives as gravel-voiced rock-bitch seductresses, an admirable sexual confusion. Audience-performer S/M routines dissolve and reform in the face of this sinewy androgyny. MEGADETH bad-mouth their audience unmercifully. Wayne County's punk-sneer blown up into wide-screen spitting irony.

The old metal never acknowledged its narrowness or its repetition — it never worked its flourishes of incantatory power for more than cheap gratification. MEGADETH set their faces in a wicked scowl, crush the boogie into a hardcore intensity — which makes them very funny, and there's a charge in their sound. But they're yokel purists at heart, not city-boys. City sounds, hip-hop or punk or jazz, all survive off compromise and betrayal, the rotten small-change of life cheek-by-jowl. Speed-metal is still bound in by its own house-rules of entertainment and of morality. It never leaves its own neighbourhood. Which is OK for an *Awayday*, but you wouldn't want to *live* there.

MARK SINKER

heron behind him! White boys making good, I dare say, to judge by the faces in the audience. There shouldn't be all these lights about either... from a blister to a scream. Insistent and compelling.

THE LEGEND!

LEE PERRY AND THE UP-SETTERS LONDON DINGWALLS

BLINK BLINK. What's that on Lee 'Scratch' Perry's head? Why of course — it's a tin foil flowerpot, complete with foliage attached to its upturned base. Greenery which flaps in time to his every move. So Scratch, legendary producer, self-immolating studio owner, and the man who put the mad into hatter, appeared fronting the Upsetters tonight as a space age Bill or Ben.

Scratch's mike, dressed up like a chicken drumstick, regularly gave room at his mouth to a smoking source of inspiration. He takes a long drag, cackles and moves right on. Without Perry the Upsetters are a good and hard reggae group, but watching

Scratch is like *almost* being on the inside of the funniest joke ever. He takes another drag, his lids get heavier, and his eyes survey the front row with a bottomless gaze, causing those further back to laugh at the discomfort of those under his stony glare.

For a man whose extra-musical reputation rests heavily on tales of extreme idiosyncrasy, Perry's on stage behaviour tonight wasn't particularly violent. He shambled about like a drunk cat, feeding line after line of rhyme and rhythm into the PA. The Upsetters miraculously kept straight faces throughout and maintained a steady backdrop for Perry's inimitable cawing, maniacal laughter, and oblique wisdom. For those who could see or could be bothered to fight their way in, Lee Perry provided entertainment, over and above the quality of his music, that made it worth sweating enough to need salt tablets; that made it worth staring all night into a maddening strobe, in rush hour tube comfort, just to see what he did next.

STAN BARTON

CHINA CRISIS THE BIBLE MANCHESTER INTERNATIONAL

WIMPS IN baggy trousers or wolves in sheeps' clothing? Whatever they are, this occasion brings the public out in large numbers, for China Crisis (non-sexist, non-violent, but thoroughly non-radical) present a neglected alternative to teenie chart values, yuppie LP values, and independent label values, too.

Which is where The Bible come in. Besides the fact that this is their point of transition (from Backs to Chysalis and not back again) and the future's so bright they've got to wear national health specs, they also write excellent, vague songs, put across by lead singer Boo Hewardine in his first starring role as Sensitive Young Man.

They're best on things like 'Coming Of Age' or 'New Shoes', which sum up the buzz of awakening adolescence rather effectively. Elsewhere, however, to a relaxing and purring bassline, they fre-

quently resemble the sound of EEC autobahn cruising music — mid-tempo, pulsating and moping, but with a perfect sound balance. 'Walking The Ghost Back Home' and 'Graceland' succeed in tugging the old heartstrings, albeit in a finely drawn, ascetic way.

China Crisis utilise a well-tailored bass and drum sound to match slim-fit guitar and roomy vocal harmonies. This is sartorial strumming, the mode being casual. The amazing thing about China Crisis is their idealism, not merely in view of the fact that as a Liverpool group from up here in the north (west) of England they play perfect West Coast (USA) music but also because they're getting better at it as time goes on.

Three years ago they were static, glib and bland. In 1987 we find them moving about! Enthusiastic and even less fashionable. The texture's smooth, but the pattern — far from West Coast paisley or yuppie tweed, is a bright contrasting check. Their best kept secret has been in the way they've cultivated all this elegance.

BOB DICKINSON



NEW MODEL ARMY NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY

FOR ALL their sins, (and boy, are this band sinners) the one thing you can't accuse New Model Army of is inconsistency. For the third time in as many years their crude, unrequited fury has me whipped, has me staring madness full in the face and despising them for it. That they can still discern value through such uncompromising belligerence is astonishing. How on earth do they manage it? Creative bankruptcy must help, plus foolish pride in three (make that two) unambiguous, ugly chords. In cranked up guitars slamming vulgar nothings deep into the bones of my ears.

You wish to know about the songs. Forget the songs? Discrimination is a rare critical luxury NMA just do not cater for. 'Poison Street' is the new single but within this aural brawl disclosure is irrelevant. As are Slade The Leveler's vocal ravings, which indicate little but a propensity for producing streams of flying spittle that shower the front lines. Yummy. New Model Army should seriously consider calling it a day. They are a grotesque caricature of non-talent, providers of turgid post-punk crud

so mind-blowingly inane, so inept, that I'm actually beginning to feel sorry for them. Someone at *The Times* reckons they're 'the best news for English rock since The Clash'. This person must be found, made fun of, and shot.

PATRICK WEIR

THE HOOK AND PULL GANG AND SO TO BED LONDON MEAN FIDDLER

WAILING, GNASHING his teeth, gently flapping his arms, eyes screwed tightly and politely shut, And So To Bed's singer delivers a cringe-perfect Blessed Stephen Patrick M. impersonation with only a trace of embarrassment. When not mesmerised by their leader's collapsing windmill poses, the brace of guitar-players do strike a few pleasantly grating chords, but one still fears that And So To Bed are aptly named.

Nobody, on the other hand, could fairly accuse The Hook And Pull Gang of wimpiness. "Ye were dancing to the last band," thunders lead vocalist Eileen to the recently

departed's assembled next-door-neighbours, now cowering at the bar, "will ye no' dance to us?"

A good question. A young Goth-Scot trio—goddess-like Rita Bazyc on hardcore guitar and backing vocals, token male Alan McDaid on bass and farmer's hat, and the aforementioned Eileen doubling on drums (move over, Don Henley, or be run over)—THAPG glower, thump and shriek in a manner not calculated to ease small-ish, nervous London audiences onto the dance floor on a first listen, and predictably they don't entirely succeed tonight. But those few who do take the plunge and immerse themselves in this noise broth are pleasantly surprised. Add to this the additional attractions of seriously gory lyrics (see 'Pour It Down Your Throat', 'Walking With Burke And Hare'), good looks and acidic between-song repartee, and you will see that The Hook And Pull Gang have hit upon a great theory. Putting it into practice is going to take a little more patience and half-filled halls. But have you any better suggestions, schlock-heads?

NICK KELLY

THE STUPIDS LONDON KING'S HEAD

A YOUTH modelling C&A anarcho squat waves an empty glass towards my half-full pint. On your way... he lobs a couple of fingers at me and tries it on the next drinker. But this is not the grubby post-Flux spit-smeared end of punk, this is Skate Rock, and it's stupid-fresh. Beasties shirts, boards and baseball caps abound, and everyone down the front is visually right-on in terms of the ranking skate-read *Thrasher*.

A rag-taggle of Stupids take the stage for the second time, but unfortunately they've been told to turn the bloody racket down after a furious first set, so this time through it's unbelievably limp. This runthrough could use a few cans of hairspray to stiffen the sound. Nevertheless, Peel, Walters, and a few score skaters flail on obliviously. The drummer's great, Keith Moon with sawn-off arms and concrete stix, and only he kicks out tonight. At the end the skaters mount the stage and try laying boards end-to-end for a ramp ride out into the Fulham Road. We almost got run down by one on the way home. We'll be back—expecting noise.

DAVID SWIFT

Marshall art

BLOOD ON THE TRAX

CHICAGO HOUSE PARTY LONDON LIMELIGHT

IN MANY ways House is the perfect microcosm of a socialist utopian state. Riches are evenly distributed. All its individual facets bow to the common good and the label itself becomes a kind of governing body with world domination as its main priority.

Which is what saddled us with body-fascism last Thursday. Top sinister DJ Frankie Knuckles and his opposite numbers in London waged war on the empire of the senses and bruised us into submission. (And that was just the warm-up). This genre—and it demands to be taken as such—used sign-language to keep us tongue-tied. There was more to it than inane 'Jack The Groove' catch phrases, anonymity and synthesised handclaps. 'Twas the perfect machine—something you can't but reason with. Safe for bedsits too; for that lethargic state that comes with being punished.

On this business showcase for Trax Records the first cut deepest: Keving Irving were the very definition of *jouissance*; what they connoted and denoted went beyond sucking up the pleasure-cells. Arms outstretched, Danny Wilson and his well trained tonsils just let go. Crushing semi-quavers like they were camp policemen. "Roll the tapes, Mr DJ," he called, while savouring their reconstruction of the PA showbiz ethic. The laugh was on the curious devotees who'd never get within four miles of the source intact and who didn't realise they were to be brainwashed. House is subtle: scribbled not written.

And it doesn't quit.

There was a certain dis-logic about **Fingers Inc** and their de-rigueur haircuts, more brutal than those pioneered by ACR. It didn't matter if they were or weren't miming, glitzy luminous blue outfits seemed enough to feast on while the beat went on, unhindered. 'Bring Down The Walls' had an intriguing ambiguity about it. An arctic lovesong that chiselled away at the boundaries of articulacy, at those perils brought on by communication breakdown. Perils that have striven to keep House as the elitist preserve of import buyers. Perils that made **Marshall Jefferson** look retrograde held up against the rest. Thursday's sole nod at the group myth tried too hard to intimidate. There's no other word for it. **Adonis**—their screwfaced guest voice—convinced no one other than himself as to his assertiveness. He forgot what it was: the triumph of the collective will. Its message reads: don't stop, roll the tapes, tyranny is a rhythm too.

DELE FADELE

LEAN ON ME

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PULP SHEFFIELD LIMIT CLUB

JARVIS COCKER peers out of a jungle of perspex and tin foil. He looks nervous. "This is the new Pulp," he mumbles.

The Pulp structure may have been reshuffled but the flat, dead-pan irony of their delivery has lost none of its weight, the consciously bland flavour of their melody none of its soft punches. Creeping in however is a gradual sense of retreat. Cocker, Senior and co. seem to be withdrawing in to themselves, tossing aside any vestiges of compromise on the way. Their humour is darkening and becoming more incisive — take for example song titles such as 'They Suffocate At Night' or 'Dogs Are Everywhere' — and their newer material totters dangerously on the edge of total self-parody.

As usual, the notorious Limit P.A., which could make Chopin himself sound like Mrs Mills, did a fine job of putting the sound through a mangle of pips and distortion. Nevertheless Pulp soldiered on, perhaps on the way to creating a whole new genre of intelligent pop or (though I sincerely hope not), down a cul-de-sac of self indulgence.

CLAIRE MORGAN JONES

THE SANDS OF TIME

PHILLIP GLASS' AKHNATEN
LONDON ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

GOD KNOWS, the Minimalist Tendency is not without its critics. To read much of their anti-systems guff, you'd imagine that Glass and fellow-travellers like Steve Reich were erasing the frontiers of music by bouncing dried peas on a snare-drum, producing catatonic tones that go twiddle-twiddle plunk, and being so modern it hurts. So, before these same scribes reel off the anecdotes of symphonias who down trombones rather than play systems, let me tell you straight: *minimalist music need not be boring*. Especially when there's so much of it in something like *Akhnaten*.

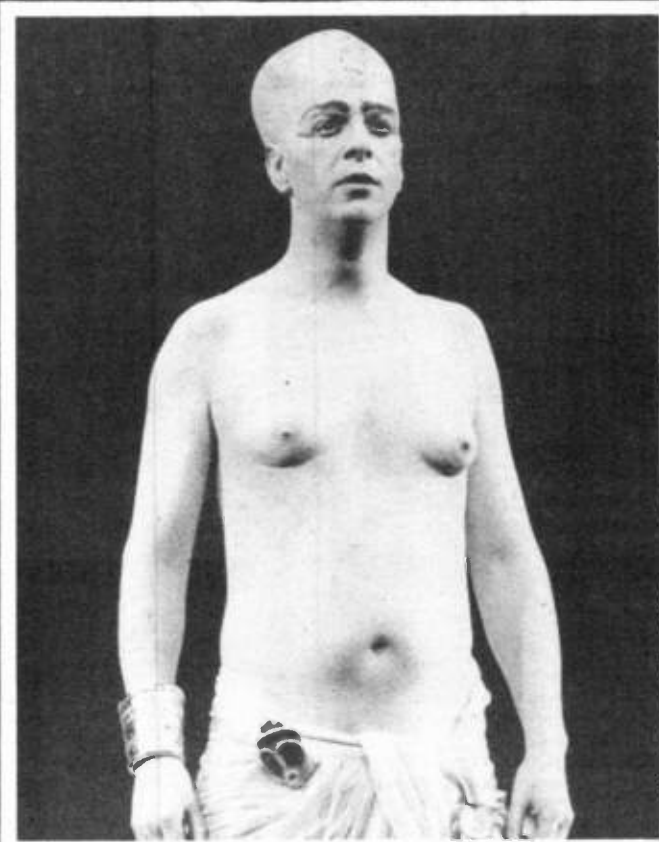
Akhnaten is Glass' third portrait opera, an episodic life of the heretic pharaoh. The constant, pulsing, repetitive rhythms found in *Einstein* and *Satyagraha* are present still — they're the backbones of chords laid bare, contracting and expanding around one another in what Glass terms 'additive process'. The melodies, carried only on vocals, are similarly minimal, and what could be more so than

the stage itself, one large sandpit that serves as tomb, palace and tourist trap, depending on how people play in it?

As far as operas go, this one's minimal on words, too. Any hermeneutical types out there will swoon at the swathes of ancient lost languages in the text, but it's no coincidence that *Akhnaten*'s most moving and awe-inspiring moments occur when words are dispensed with completely; witness the final haunting of the Twentieth Century by Mr and Mrs A and all the little A's. It's as if the tenuous dynamic that links language to meaning has been lost in the opera's 3,000-year time span, and is removed accordingly.

Sandwich all these minimalists together, then garnish with the extraordinary sight (clad in hermaphrodite body-stocking and Tefal head) and ethereal sound of counter-tenor, Christopher Robson (J. Somerville, please note), and a fabric that's both hypnotic and compelling emerges. It's a richness made of economy; it's a richness that deserves to bridge the pop/art divide. Systems are go and I hope they never stop.

LOUISE GRAY



Akhnaten, the original Tefalhead

What ever happened
to our vision of a
future we could share

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the single from

TWO

NATIONS



LIVE DATES MARCH '87

11 UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION

12 DINGWALLS

13 BIRMINGHAM POLYTECHNIC

14 TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

10 TEN 139
12 TENT 139

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BLURT BRISTOL MOON CLUB

BLURT INCLUDE only one old number, the grating 'La Domaine Du Reve' from last week's 'Poppycock' album. As the Blurt trio are cartographers of that part of the land of dreams which turns sour, it's an appropriate opening 'song' (I use the term loosely).

Ted Milton, main manic, blah, blah, demented sax man, blah, blah, operates like Philip Dick's Palmer Eldritch, infecting tranquil landscapes with his own private obsessions. "Redneck spittle" he wails, giving the phrase the voodoo power of repetition. What he means we don't know, but it's threatening and coming soon.

Barring a few chicken dancers, the audience ignores all this unpleasantness and waits to consume Grolsch to the hip hop beat, the uncompromising force of which Blurt shares, although it is wielded in a more abstract way. For the first three numbers the guitar bucks convention, droning and humming and then bursting into the sound of a Keef (remember him?) riff being played in a Magimix.

The years of plenty will not arrive for Blurt (and they've already had seven long years of lean), but their descent into nightmare should be caught — as long as you can wake up afterwards.

CAMPBELL STEVENSON

APPLE MOSAIC MANCHESTER INTERNATIONAL

IT'S NOT difficult to see why it happens, but the stereotype of a young pop group is taking over increasingly from the genuine article. Gloucester-based Apple Mosaic bear that necessary shiny and colourful outer skin, but inside there's an interesting bruised core.

They've been conscientiously cultivating a climactic if rather bashful live act around two notable strongpoints: Ian Dench's intense, fretful guitar playing and the disarmingly adolescent lead vocals of one Lawrence Carrington-Windo. But in between the tempestuous and changeable nature of numbers like 'Lost In The Fog', there are several unusual songs which could well bear a lot of listening.

'Honey If', for instance, bounces along on a simple but reflective repeated guitar pattern, with demanding and dream-like lyrics that are in all honesty teenage but never dumb; 'Call Me Up' exemplifies Apple Mosaic's ability to make a good thing by condensing the fruit of various labours; 'Velvet Avenue' is an anti-nostalgic, clanging piece of suburban pop — an allergic reaction against guitar

group anthems dedicated to the past. In short, this all represents discerning burst of early and luck unlatched songwriting.

Apple Mosaic are still fresh and impressionable. It would be unfortunate to see them develop the traits of full-time formula club filler or college circuit music supplier. Pick up on them, but don't let them.

BOB DICKINSON

THE RAILWAY CHILDREN THE DANNY BOYS LONDON KINGS COLLEGE

THE MISPLACED image of do Mancunian rock took another hammering tonight with the pairing of the enthusiastic Danny Boys and Factory's Railway Children. The thing was, there weren't enough people here to witness the trash of the misery myth.

Undeterred The Danny Boys arrive, say hello to the audience individually, and play a jolly set of well-observed pop songs. Cris Ferguson's humming acoustic guitar combines well with folk songwriter Michael Burton's economic lead melodies. Singer Karen Hall adds a countryesque tinge with her sweet (though thankfully untwangy) voice. She dances a little, occasionally reaches for some maracas and even whistles during the aptly-titled 'Roger Whistler'. What else can you do with a song named after the great warbler?

The whole impression of The Danny Boys is cute without being twee — their arrangements are daring for that — personal without being *shambolic*. Besides, a band that whistles is fine by me.

The Railway Children are a different proposition. The easy dismissive will write them off as Smiths clones and they'll be wrong. They don't have the vaudeville strain or Johnny Marice cream van guitar. The sound of the Wigan-based children is '60s jangling pop re-routed through the '80s.

Attention focuses automatically on singer, songsmith and guitarist Gary Newby who is clearly the engine driver. His Rickenbacker propels the band's ringing melodies, of which the two singles (almost rushed out of the world tonight) 'Brighter' and 'A Gentle Sound' are a fair representation. Smooth humming pop.

Almost too slick in fact. They're so assured that they don't take chances that, say, The Danny Boys do with their songs. That's not to say there's anything bad about The Railway Children. I like them a lot but they definitely aren't for trainspotters.

MIKE PATTENDEN



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ABSOLUTELY ALL your LPs singles & cassettes (pre-recorded or used blanks) bought or exchanged 1p-£1.50 each paid. **NONE REFUSED!** Bring ANY condition to Record Tape & Video Exchange, 38 Notting Hill Gate, London W11 (shop open 7 days 10am-8pm - 01-243 8573) or **SEND** any quantity by post with S.A.E. for cash - none returned once sent. We decide fair price.

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SIMPLY RED 'Inside The Red Box' £3 for four Issues. 16 Norman Avenue, Sanderstead, Surrey CR2 0QE.

DIAMANDA GALAS

FROM PAGE 14

of French poets."

Despite the obvious emotional content of the music, Diamanda is insistent that emotion should be restrained in discussing it.

"It's important to me not to become pathetic about it," she says, "to keep it in objective terms. The music is not objective, but my discussion of it is. I don't want to become weepy, especially with him, because he would have *de-spised* cheap sentiments - he was still shaking his fists at the gods when he died."

From its initial conception, the trilogy has formed itself around the personal and impersonal aspects of the disease as it has progressed.

"In fact I'm not sure whether it might end up being four records in the end. It's like walking through the subject and being affected by it

as you go along, not just by the development of the disease, but in terms of how it is being perceived as God's judgement. I mean, personally I see it in terms of chance elements, germ warfare, or a combination between the two, but I was staying recently with Jello Biafra, and you know the shit that he's been going through recently with censorship, and he's been collecting these moral majority leaflets which are just incredible - things like these homosexuals should die and anybody who doesn't see that is a sinner along with them".

What much of 'The Divine Punishment' does is to subvert the notion of the Biblical plague, replacing the Sodom and Gomorrah imagery of the sinners swept forth by the righteous anger of God with the Job-like image of the suffering saint.

"Exactly. My father and I had



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PUBLICATIONS

JETHRO TULL 'A New Day' 9 Out March 16th (At Last!) £1 - D. Rees, 37 Chaucer Road, Cove, Farnborough, Hants.

A Rough idea of what to expect in 87

SIDE 1

- 1 **PRIMAL SCREAM** Velocity Girl (1.22)
- 2 **THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS** Happy Head (2.42)
- 3 **THE SOUP DRAGONS** Pleasantly Surprised (2.05)
- 4 **THE WOLFHOOUNDS** Feeling So Strange Again (1.41)
- 5 **THE BODINES** Therese (3.09)
- 6 **MIGHTY MIGHTY** Law (3.40)
- 7 **STUMP** Buffalo (4.30)
- 8 **BOGSHED** Run To The Temple (3.28)
- 9 **A WITNESS** Sharpened Sticks (2.30)
- 10 **THE PASTELS** Breaking Lines (2.59)
- 11 **THE AGE OF CHANCE** From Now On, This Will Be Your God (3.12)

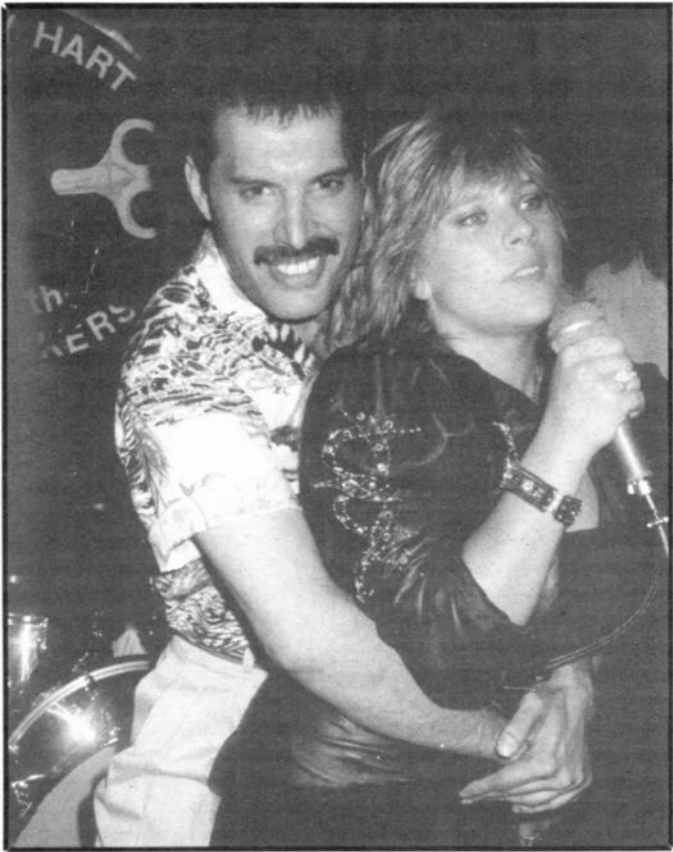
SIDE 2

- 1 **SHOP ASSISTANTS** It's Up To You (2.38)
- 2 **THE CLOSE LOBSTERS** Firestation Towers (1.48)
- 3 **MIAOW** Sport Most Royal (2.54)
- 4 **HALF MAN HALF BISCUIT** I Hate Nerys Hughes (From The Heart) (3.46)
- 5 **THE SERVANTS** Transparent (2.36)
- 6 **MacKENZIES** Big Jim (There's No Pubs In Heaven) (2.34)
- 7 **BIG FLAME** New Way (Quick Wash And Brush Up With Liberation Theology) (1.37)
- 8 **WE'VE GOT A FUZZBOX AND WE'RE GONNA USE IT** Console Me (1.24)
- 9 **McCARTHY** Celestial City (2.59)
- 10 **THE SHRUBS** Bullfighter's Bones (3.48)
- 11 **THE WEDDING PRESENT** This Boy Can Wait (A Bit Longer!) (4.00)



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Freddie Pretending

45s INDEPENDENT LPs

1	3	MY FAVOURITE DRESS	The Wedding Present (Reception)
2	11	STOP KILLING ME	The Primitives (Lazy)
3	2	SWEET SWEET PIE	Pop Will Eat Itself (Chapter 22)
4	8	BRIGHTER	The Railway Children (Factory)
5	(—)	IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE	Erasure (Mute)
6	1	SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
7	5	LOVE IS DEAD	The Godfathers (Corporate Image)
8	4	HEAD GONE ASTRAY	The Soup Dragons (Raw TV Products)
9	6	KISS	Age Of Chance (Fon)
10	10	PEEL SESSION	Siouxsie And The Banshees (Strange Fruit)
11	13	BAMP-BAMP	The Bambi Slam (Product Inc)
12	22	PEEL SESSION	The Slits (Strange Fruit)
13	27	WHEN IT ALL COMES DOWN	Miaow (Factory)
14	9	INTO THE GROOVE(Y)	Ciccone Youth (Blast First)
15	15	PEEL SESSION	The Birthday Party (Strange Fruit)
16	18	EVERYTHING'S GROOVY	Gaye Bykers On Acid (In Tape)
17	21	STRIP FOR ME BADE	Man 2 Man (Bolts)
18	26	ENGINE	This Poison (Reception)
19	30	HURRICANE FIGHTER PLANE	Alien Sex Fiend (Plague)
20	12	TRIED AND TESTED PUBLIC SPEAKER	Bogshed (Shellfish)
21	(—)	SIXTEEN DREAMS	Loop (Head)
22	20	A LONELY PLACE	The Smithereens (Enigma)
23	28	HEAVEN SENT	Josef K (Supreme)
24	29	PARALLAX AVENUE	Slab! (Ink)
25	(—)	THE WORLD'S TURNING BROUCHARD	Biff Bang Pow! (Creation)
26	25	GREY SKY BLUE	The Submarines (Red Rhino)
27	(—)	FRANKS HALLS	McCarthy (Pink)
28	24	PEEL SESSION	New Order (Strange Fruit)
29	14	PEEL SESSION	Stump (Strange Fruit)
30	(—)	REALLY STUPID	The Primitives (Lazy)

1	4	THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
2	1	BACK AGAIN IN THE DISS	Half Man Half Biscuit (Probe Plus)
3	2	UP FOR A BIT WITH	The Pastels (Glass)
4	3	SHABBI	Bhundu Boys (Disque Afrique)
5	6	THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES	Michelle-Shocked (Cooking Vinyl)
6	7	QUINQ OUT	Stump (Stuff)
7	13	HORSE NOTORYATOR	Coil (Force And Form)
8	5	DIRTDOSH	Wiseblood (Some Bizzare)
9	8	ESPECIALLY FOR YOU	The Smithereens (Enigma)
10	9	PICTURES OF STARVING CHILDREN	Chumbawamba (Agit Prop)
11	11	BEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACY	The Dead Kennedys (Alternative Tentacles)
12	12	HIT BY HIT	The Godfathers (Corporate Image)
13	22	WONDERLAND	Erasure (Mute)
14	10	THE QUEEN IS DEAD	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
15	17	WHAT'S IN A WORD	The Brilliant Corners (SS20)
16	15	TAKE THE SUBWAY TO YOUR SUBURB	Various (Subway)
17	(—)	BERSEKER	Scratch Acid (Fundamental)
18	19	ATOMIZER	Big Black (Homestead)
19	(—)	SCAG HEAVEN	Squirrel Bait (Homestead)
20	16	SOBERPHOBIA	Peter And The Test Tube Babies (Dojo)
21	21	WALKING THE GHOST BACK HOME	The Bible (Blacks)
22	(—)	BLAME THE MESSENGER	David Thomas (Rough Trade)
23	18	COS	Various (NME/Rough Trade)
24	(—)	LIVE IN PARIS 1986	Psychic TV (Temple)
25	23	BLOOD AND CHOCOLATE	Elvis Costello (Imp)
26	24	ON THE BOARDWALK	Ted Hawkins (Brave)
27	30	YOUR FUNERAL . . . MY TRIAL	Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds (Mute)
28	(—)	A PICTURE OF YOU	TV Personalities (El)
29	14	BROTHERHOOD	New Order (Factory)
30	20	LIVE IN AMERICA	A Certain Ratio (Dojo)

45s UK TOP FIFTY LPs

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST
1	1	STAND BY ME	Ben E King (Atlantic)
2	2	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN	Percy Sledge (Atlantic)
3	6	LIVE IT UP	Mental As Anything (Epic)
4	17	THE GREAT PRETENDER	Freddie Mercury (Parlophone)
5	18	EVERYTHING I OWN	Boy George (Virgin)
6	16	I GET THE SWEETEST FEELING	Jackie Wilson (SMP)
7	7	CRUSH ON YOU	The Jets (MCA)
8	3	MALE STRIPPER	Man 2 Man (Bolts)
9	4	RUNNING IN THE FAMILY	Level 42 (Polydor)
10	13	THE RIGHT THING	Simply Red (WEA)
11	11	LOVE REMOVAL MACHINE	The Cult (Beggars Banquet)
12	12	MANHATTAN SKYLINE	A-Ha (Warner Bros)
13	9	SONIC BOOM BOY	Westworld (RCA)
14	5	DOWN TO EARTH	Curiosity Killed The Cat (Mercury)
15	14	COMING AROUND AGAIN	Carly Simon (Arista)
16	(—)	MOONLIGHTING THEME	Al Jarreau (WEA)
17	23	(YOU'VE GOTTA) FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT	Beastie Boys (Def Jam)
18	(—)	RESPECTABLE	Mel & Kim (Supreme)
19	25	I AM THE LAW	Anthrax (Island)
20	24	IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE	Erasure (Mute)
21	15	ROCK THE NIGHT	Europe (Epic)
22	26	SKIN TRADE	Duran Duran (EMI)
23	8	HEARTACHE	Pepsi & Shirlee (Polydor)
24	27	WILD FRONTIER	Gary Moore (10/Virgin)
25	29	WATCHING THE WILDLIFE	Frankie Goes To Hollywood (ZTT)
26	40	WEAK IN THE PRESENCE OF BEAUTY	Alison Moyet (CBS)
27	10	I KNEW YOU WERE WAITING	George Michael & Aretha Franklin (Epic)
28	(—)	RESPECT YOURSELF	Bruce Willis (Motown)
29	(—)	SEVERINE	The Mission (Mercury)
30	22	YOU ARE MY WORLD	The Communards (London)
31	20	STAY OUT OF MY LIFE	Five Star (Tent)
32	37	DON'T NEED A GUN	Billy Idol (Chrysalis)
33	21	IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE THAT WAY	Blow Monkeys (RCA)
34	47	MISSIONARY MAN	Eurythmics (RCA)
35	19	BEHIND THE MASK	Eric Clapton (Duck)
36	35	FORGOTTEN TOWN	The Christians (Island)
37	45	SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
38	30	I LOVE MY RADIO	Taffy (Transglobal)
39	(—)	SIGN OF THE TIMES	Prince (Paisley Park)
40	36	SOUL MAN	Sam Moore/Lou Reed (A&M)
41	(—)	WAITING	The Style Council (Polydor)
42	(—)	LOVING YOU IS SWEETER THAN EVER	Nick Kamen (WEA)
43	(—)	WORKING UP A SWEAT	Full Circle (EMI America)
44	(—)	LET THE MUSIC TAKE CONTROL	J. M. Silk (RCA)
45	(—)	TONIGHT TONIGHT TONIGHT	Genesis (Virgin)
46	31	ALMAZ	Randy Crawford (Warner Bros)
47	(—)	HAPPY	Surface (CBS)
48	38	MUSIC OF THE NIGHT	Michael Crawford and Sarah Brightman (Polydor)
49	(—)	LET THE MUSIC MOVE U	Raze (Champion)
50	(—)	JIMMY LEE	Aretha Franklin (Arista)

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST
1	1	THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA	Original Cast (Polydor)
2	2	GRACELAND	Paul Simon (Warner Bros)
3	11	THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
4	3	AUGUST	Eric Clapton (Duck)
5	5	PICTURE BOOK	Simply Red (Elektra)
6	4	THE VERY BEST OF HOT CHOCOLATE	Hot Chocolate (Rak)
7	6	SILK AND STEEL	Five Star (Tent/RCA)
8	8	THE FINAL COUNTDOWN	Europe (Epic)
9	9	LIVE MAGIC	Queen (EMI)
10	7	GIVE ME THE REASON	Luther Vandross (Epic)
11	10	SO	Peter Gabriel (Virgin)
12	18	SLIPPERY WHEN WET	Bon Jovi (Vertigo)
13	(—)	SAINT JULIAN	Julian Cope (Island)
14	12	DIFFERENT LIGHT	The Bangles (CBS)
15	13	REVENGE	Eurythmics (RCA)
16	(—)	WILD FRONTIER	Gary Moore (10)
17	25	THE COMMUNARDS	The Communards (London)
18	16	THE WHOLE STORY	Kate Bush (EMI)
19	15	TRUE BLUE	Madonna (Sire)
20	19	LICENSED TO ILL	Beastie Boys (Def Jam)
21	17	BROTHERS IN ARMS	Dire Straits (Vertigo)
22	(—)	THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS	Siouxsie And The Banshees (Wonderland)
23	14	RAPTURE	Anita Baker (Elektra)
24	RE	SCOUNDREL DAYS	A-Ha (Warner Bros)
25	24	ABSTRACT EMOTIONS	Randy Crawford (Warner Brothers)
26	29	SWEET FREEDOM	Michael McDonald (Warner Brothers)
27	RE	PLEASE PLEASE ME	The Beatles (Parlophone)
28	47	GOD'S OWN MEDICINE	The Mission (Mercury)
29	(—)	FIGHTING THE WORLD	Manowar (Atco)
30	(—)	STAND BY ME	Ben E King (Atlantic)
31	44	IMPRESSIONS	Various (K-Tel)
32	21	DISCO	Pet Shop Boys (Parlophone)
33	22	WHITNEY HOUSTON	Whitney Houston (Arista)
34	34	THE VERY BEST OF ELJIE BROOKS	Elkie Brooks (Telestar)
35	32	JUST LIKE THE FIRST TIME	Freddie Jackson (Capitol)
36	RE	WITH THE BEATLES	The Beatles (Parlophone)
37	26	GEORGIA SATELLITES	Georgia Satellites (WEA)
38	RE	WAREHOUSE: SONGS AND STORIES	Hüsker Dü (Warner Bros)
39	20	THE COST OF LOVING	The Style Council (Polydor)
40	38	MIDNIGHT TO MIDNIGHT	Psychedelic Furs (CBS)
41	35	NO MORE THE FOOL	Elkie Brooks (Legend)
42	RE	A HARD DAY'S NIGHT	The Beatles (Parlophone)
43	RE	BEATLES FOR SALE	The Beatles (Parlophone)
44	RE	BACK IN THE HIGH LIFE	Stevie Winwood (Island)
45	23	BACK AGAIN IN THE DISS	Half Man Half Biscuit (Probe Plus)
46	(—)	VIVA	X-Mal Deutschland (X-Ile)
47	(—)	FLASH LIGHT	Tom Verlaine (Fontana)
48	(—)	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN	Percy Sledge (Atlantic)
49	28	NOW VH1	Various (EMI/Virgin)
50	41	THROUGH THE BARRICADES	Spandau Ballet (Reformation)

DANCEFLOOR 20

1	WORKING UP A SWEAT	Full Circle (EMI America)
2	SO EARLY IN THE MORNING	Trouble Funk (TTED)
3	MIND AT THE END OF A LETTER	Tockhead (On U-Sand)
4	HAPPY FEET	Mass Extension (TTED)
5	I WANT YOU	Cabaret Voltaire (Some Bizzare/Virgin)
6	TIME TO GET ILL	Beastie Boys (Def Jam)
7	PLAY THAT BEAT MR D. J.	GLOBE and Whizz Kid (Tommy Boy)
8	OFFICER COLOURBOX WORLD CUP THEME	Colourbox (4 AD)
9	MR BIG STUFF	Heavy D the Boyz (MCA)
10	OUT OF THE FUNK	Dennis Brown (A&M)
11	WALK AND SKANK	Jah Screechy (Blocker Dread)
12	MR PHARMACIST	The Fall (Beggars Banquet)
13	FUNK BOX PARTY	Masterdon Committee (White Label)
14	TRAVELLING MAN	The Woodentops (Rough Trade)
15	ME AND BABY BROTHER	War (Island)
16	ATOM ROCK	Quando Quango (Factory)
17	WHO THE CAP FIT	Shinehead (Virgin)
18	TELL ME THAT I'M DREAMING	Was (Not Was) (Ze)
19	BREAKOUT	Swing Out Sister (Mercury)
20	UNITY	Afrika Bambaataa and James Brown (Tommy Boy)

Top 20 from DJs Kate and Donian at the Depot on Thursdays in Sheffield.

FUNK 20

1	LET'S WORK IT OUT	Sadie Nine (Record Shack) UK 12"
2	LAST CHANCE	Crye (2) US 12"
3	SEXY GIRL	Lillo Thomas (Capitol) US 12"
4	FUNKY THINGS	Chuck Stanley (Def Jam) US LF
5	FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT	Beastie Boys (Def Jam) UK 12"
6	ENGINE NO 9 REMIX	Midnight Stasr (MCA) UK 12"
7	AFTER LOVING YOU	Juicy (Columbia) US LF
8	JANUARY-FEBRUARY	Tina-B (Criminal) US 12"
9	KEEP YOUR EYE ON ME	Herb Alpert (A&M) US LF
10	WORKING UP A SWEAT	Full Circle (EMI) UK 12"
11	THE MORNING AFTER	Curtis Hairston (Atlantic) UK 12"
12	CAN YOU FEEL MY HEARTBEAT	Claudia Barry (Epic) US 12"
13	SWEET HEART	Raing Davis (Columbia) US LF
14	MY MIKE SOUNDS NICE	Salt 'n' Pepper (Next Plateau) US LF
15	FUNKY THING IN LIFE	Chuck Stanley (Def Jam) US 12"
16	JUST TO HEAR HER	Smokey Robinson (Motown) UK 12"
17	WAX THE VAN	Lola (Jump Street) US 12"
18	HOLD ME	Sheila E (Paisley Park) UK LF
19	SENSATIONAL	Star Point (Elektra) UK LF
20	EASTENDER	Micron (White Label) UK 12"

Chart by Alec & Jason, Record Shack, 12 Berwick Street, London W1.

REGGAE 45s

1	AGONY	Pinchers (Live and Love)
2	HOMEBREAKER	Winsome (Fine Style)
3	YES MAMA	Little John (Live and Love)
4	LATELY	Naturalites (Realistic)
5	HOOKED ON YOU/GIMME THE DUB	Aswad (Simba)
6	PROMISE ME/WE ARE NOT STRANGERS	Ernest Wilson (Techniques)
7	NO ONE NIGHT STAND/JEALOUSY	Nerious Joseph (Fine Style)
8	RING UP MY NUMBER	Kenny Notts (Unity)
9	FOOTSTOMPIN' 'HANDCLAPPING' MUSIC	Administrators (Groove and 1/4)
10	ROCK WITH ME BABY	Winsome and Nerious Joseph (Fine Style)

REGGAE LPs

1	VICTIM	Gregory Isaacs (C & E)
2	THEM A WOLF	Sugar Minott (C&E)
3	INTENTION	Maxi Priest (10)
4	ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE	Undivided Roots (Entente)
5	SOUND BOY BURIAL	Mikey General & Andrew Paul (Digikal)
6	MOVING DOWN THE ROAD	Junior Delgado (Live & Love)
7	JUST YOU JUST ME	Audrey Hall (Germaine)
8	ORIGINAL HT SOUND	Ethiopian (Trojan)
9	FIRST CASE	Investigators (Private Eye)
10	CAN'T BE WITH YOU TONIGHT	Judy Boucher (Orbitones)

Charts by Dub Vendor, 274 Lavender Hill, London SW11

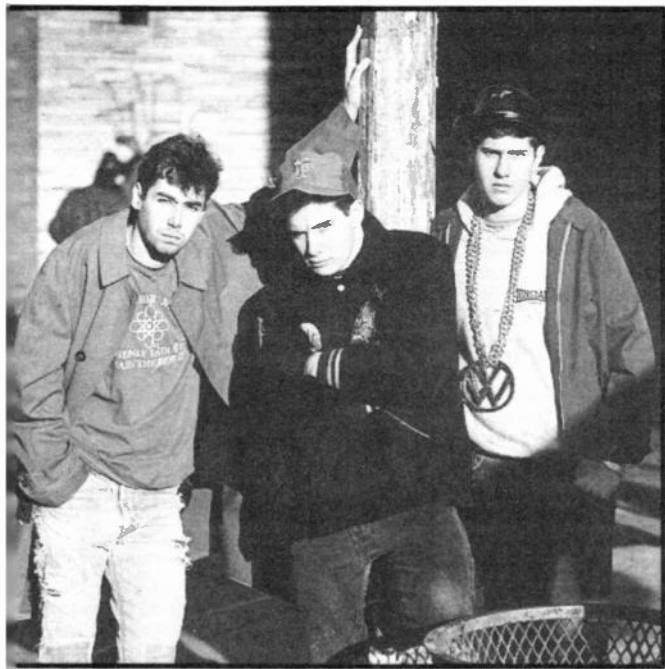
US

45s

- 1 **LIVIN' ON A PRAYER** Bon Jovi (Mercury)
- 2 **JACOB'S LADDER** Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)
- 3 **YOU KEEP IT ALL** The Jets (MCA)
- 4 **SOMEWHERE OUT THERE** Linda Ronstadt/James Ingram (MCA)
- 5 **RESPECT YOURSELF** Bruce Willis (Motown)
- 6 **KEEP YOUR HANDS TO YOURSELF** Georgia Satellites (Elektra)
- 7 **YOU GOTTA FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT** Beastie Boys (Def Jam)
- 8 **BIG TIME** Peter Gabriel (Geffen)
- 9 **MANDOLIN RAIN** Bruce Hornsby And The Range (RCA)
- 10 **LETS WAIT AWHILE** Janet Jackson (A&M)
- 11 **WILL YOU STILL LOVE ME?** Chicago (Warner Bros)
- 12 **LEAN ON ME** Club Nouveau (Warner Bros)
- 13 **NOTHING'S GONNA STOP US NOW** Starship (Grunt)
- 14 **I'LL BE ALRIGHT WITHOUT YOU** Journey (Columbia)
- 15 **I WANNA GO BACK** Eddie Money (Columbia)

US

LPs



Beasties: top of the heap at last? Photo Derek Ridgers.

- 1 **LICENSED TO ILL** Beastie Boys (Def Jam)
- 2 **SLIPPERY WHEN WET** Bon Jovi (Mercury)
- 3 **THE WAY IT IS** Bruce Hornsby And The Range (RCA)
- 4 **INVISIBLE TOUCH** Genesis (Atlantic)
- 5 **CONTROL** Janet Jackson (A&M)
- 6 **GEORGIA SATELLITES** Georgia Satellites (Elektra)
- 7 **NIGHT SONGS** Cinderella (Mercury)
- 8 **THIRD STAGE** Boston (MCA)
- 9 **FORE!** Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)
- 10 **DIFFERENT LIGHT** The Bangles (Columbia)
- 11 **GRACELAND** Paul Simon (Warner Bros)
- 12 **THE FINAL COUNTDOWN** Europe (Epic)
- 13 **TRUE BLUE** Madonna (Sire)
- 14 **THE RETURN OF BRUNO** Bruce Willis (Motown)
- 15 **DANCING ON THE CEILING** Lionel Richie (Motown)

Charts courtesy Billboard.

FINLAND

10



Kate: not as big as the Purple, but here's hoping. Photo LFI.

- 1 **THE HOUSE OF BLUE LIGHT** Deep Purple (Polydor)
- 2 **VALKOMEN KUPLA** Eppu Normaali (Poko)
- 3 **SLIPPERY WHEN WET** Bon Jovi (Mercury)
- 4 **KÄY TETTYÄ RAKKAUTTA** Tuomari Nurmio (Megamania)
- 5 **THE FINAL COUNTDOWN** Europe (CBS)
- 6 **GRACELAND** Paul Simon (Warner Bros)
- 7 **YÖLENTÖ** Juice Leskinen Grand Slam (Megamania)
- 8 **GET CLOSE** The Pretenders (WEA)
- 9 **LIVE 1975-85** Bruce Springsteen And The E Street Band (CBS)
- 10 **THE WHOLE STORY** Kate Bush (EMI)

The Finnish LPs Top Ten, from Soundi magazine

FOLK & ROOTS 10

- 1 **GRACELAND** Paul Simon (Warner Bros)
- 2 **SHADIN** The Bhundu Boys (Discatone)
- 3 **THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES** Michelle Shocked (Cooking Vinyl)
- 4 **STRONG PERSUADER** Robert Cray (Mercury)
- 5 **BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON** Los Lobos (London/Slash)
- 6 **STEP OUTSIDE** The Oyster Band (Cooking Vinyl)
- 7 **SUZANNE VEGA** Suzanne Vega (A&M)
- 8 **DARK ADVENTURES** Richard Thompson (Polydor)
- 9 **HOMER AND AWAY** Clive Gregson And Christine Collister (Cooking Vinyl)
- 10 **GLINT OF SILVER** Silly Wizard (Green Lint)

February's bestsellers, chart compiled by Folk Roots magazine.

LEST WE FORGET



King-size prats, Chicory Tip. Photo SKR.

5

YEARS AGO

- 1 **THE LION SLEEPS TONIGHT** Tight Fit (Jive)
- 2 **MICKEY** Toni Basil (Radial Choice)
- 3 **LOVE PLUS ONE** Haircut 100 (Arista)
- 4 **CENTERFOLD** J. Geils Band (EMI)
- 5 **AIN'T WHAT YOU DO (IT'S THE WAY THAT YOU DO IT)** Fun Boy 3 & Bananarama (Chrysalis)
- 6 **TOWN CALLED MALICE** The Jam (Polydor)
- 7 **SEE YOU** Depeche Mode (Mute)
- 8 **DEUTSCHER GIRLS** Adam And The Ants (EG)
- 9 **SAY HELLO, WAVE GOODBYE** Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)
- 10 **CARDIAC ARREST** Madness (Stiff)

10

YEARS AGO

- 1 **CHANSON D'AMOUR** Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)
- 2 **WHEN I NEED YOU** Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
- 3 **BOOGIE NIGHTS** Heatwave (GTO)
- 4 **ROMEO** Mr Big (EMI)
- 5 **TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS** Mary McGregor (Ariola)
- 6 **SOUND AND VISION** David Bowie (RCA)
- 7 **DON'T CRY FOR ME ARGENTINA** Julie Covington (MCA)
- 8 **KNOWING ME KNOWING YOU** Abba (Epic)
- 9 **DON'T LEAVE ME THIS WAY** Harold Melvin And The Blue Notes (CBS)
- 10 **SING ME** The Brothers (Bus Stop)

15

YEARS AGO

- 1 **WITHOUT YOU** Nilsson (RCA)
- 2 **AMERICAN PIE** Don McLean (United Artists)
- 3 **SON OF MY FATHER** Chicory Tip (CBS)
- 4 **GOT TO BE THERE** Michael Jackson (Tamla Motown)
- 5 **MOTHER AND CHILD REUNION** Paul Simon (CBS)
- 6 **LOOK WOT YOU DUN** Slade (Polydor)
- 7 **STORM IN A TEACUP** The Fortunes (Capitol)
- 8 **BLUE IS THE COLOUR** Chelsea FC (Penny Farthing)
- 9 **BEG, STEAL, OR BORROW** The New Seekers (Polydor)
- 10 **POPPA JOE** The Sweet (RCA)

20

YEARS AGO

- 1 **RELEASE ME** Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
- 2 **PENNY LANE/STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVER** The Beatles (Parlophone)
- 3 **THIS IS MY SONG** Petula Clark (Pye)
- 4 **HERE COMES MY BABY** The Tremeloes (CBS)
- 5 **EDELWEISS** Vince Hill (Columbia)
- 6 **ON A CAROUSEL** The Hollies (Parlophone)
- 7 **DETROIT CITY** Tom Jones (Decca)
- 8 **SNOOPY VS. THE RED BARON** Royal Guardsmen (Stateside)
- 9 **THERE'S A KIND OF HUSH** Herman's Hermits (Columbia)
- 10 **GREGORY GIRL** Seekers (Columbia)

FRED FACT

ART SCHOOL rock goes on forever. At least it does as far as East Sydney's Mental As Anything are concerned. They finally put down their palettes in that area's Tech sometime in '76, and are still ahead in their personal game of two-up with the music industry thanks to 'Live It Up', one of the two Mentals tracks included in the movie *Crocodyl Dundee*.

It's the first Mentals single ever to grace the UK charts, despite having releases in this country since 1979, when Virgin released the band's first records here. Signed to an Oz indie label, they'd initially started out with a 1978 EP 'Mental As Anything Play At Your Party', a release which included the band's classic 'The Nips Are Getting Bigger', penned by singer-guitarist Martin Plaza. As big as Fosters on the pub rock circuit, the band achieved the ultimate accolade afforded all Oz pub rockers - they were permitted to support Dave Edmunds and Nick Lowe on a national tour. Also around that time, they'd released their debut album for Regular, 'Get Wet', and had immediately held a launch at a swimming pool, thus ensuring that no Mental fan stayed dry. True greatness was indicated not only by the monikers of the band's members - Reg Mombasa, Peter 'Yoga Dog' O'Doherty, Wayne De Lisle, Martin Plaza, and Greedy Smith - but also by the titles of such ensuing singles as 'Possible Theme For A Future TV Drama Series', 'Pork Is Not A Gift', 'If You Leave Me Can I Come Too?', 'Assault And Flattery' and 'Yoga Dog Sunset' - thus ensuring a spot in Fred Fact at some point or another. A Smith attempt to attain the Colonel Sanders Cup by devouring 15 pieces of fried chicken did nothing to mar the Mentals' bid for immortality. Unfortunately, despite national tours, trips around the States, Canada and the UK and countless wins in Oz plaudits handouts (scooping four categories in the all-important 1986 *Countdown* Awards), they've never really ditched the pub-band image. In an Aussie *Smash Hits* interview, only a few months ago, Martin Plaza admitted "The Awards don't effect our drawing power in Australia all that radically. I don't know that we could fill, say the Sydney Entertainment Centre five nights straight." And to prove the point, The Mentals recently toured in the company of The Saints, INXS, The Triffids and four other major Oz bands, the whole shebang losing the promoter a hefty \$600,000. Now their slice of Croc-rock might, at last, get them into the big-time. Roll over Dave Edmunds and tell Nick Lowe the news!

Fred Dellar

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TOOL

EDITED BY LUCY O'BRIEN. GLAMOUR HAMMER
BY CHRIS LONG. SEND YOUR LETTER TO TOOL,
NME EDITORIAL, COMMONWEALTH HOUSE,
1-19 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON WC1A 1NG

LETTER OF THE WEEK

That flippin' arsehole Paula Yates really bugs the shit out of me. Just who the frig does she think she is? With the exception of Jim Kerr (who has gone rapidly downhill since yon auld bag Chrissie Hynde married him, convinced him to grow his hair, and gave him a home perm), just exactly what does she mean by saying that nearly all Scottish singers sing with an American accent? At least us Scots can stand still when we're talking! If Andrex wasn't so hard I'd send her a roll to wipe her mouth with after she's finished presenting *The Tube*! Come back Muriel, all is forgiven.

An irate Scottish female.

PAULABAG

In your recent 'TV Pop In Crisis' issue Stuart Cosgrove referred to Paula Yates as "probably the most famous presenter TV pop has ever produced".

I'm not a man to use two words when one will do so I'll get straight to the point; this is just not good enough, it won't do; I think this untrue and do not agree in the tiniest weeniest bit.

What about John Peel? What about Janice Long? What about Jimmy Saville and KEITH CHEGWIN, and as for DAVID JACOBS, if he was alive today such a statement would make him turn in his grave.

Bernie 'Catalogue Trousers' Winston. Maybe it's a question of charisma. Janice and John are dull hip fuddie duddies. Cheggers' best claim to fame was his walk-on "cream-faced loon" part in Polanski's *Macbeth*, while Dave Jacobs always had one foot in his grave. As for Jim'll Fix It...

... Paula Y's an annoying pre-feminist Barbara Cartland acolyte—but she sure grabs the headlines—L O'B

BLACKTRACK

I read your 150 Best Singles with despair. You have done nothing more in the '80s than swap the gormless adulation of British working class values (which are not the values of choice, but self-delusion and justification) for a blank and fawning embrace not of values of Black Culture but of Black-orientated, sentimentalized, babyishly accepted dance and romance music.

I am Black. Whites and Asians I know do not have romanticised notions about me and are probably left speechless by the Manifesto minds who appreciate the black-skinned Yuppies (real Yuppies with designer styles and Thatcherite morals. Yes! Thatcherite blacks drive a bulldozer through your silly, contrived-to-the-point-of-contradiction stance, eg Morgan Khan) with slavish discrimination. JUNK THE PATRONISATION! WHITES DON'T ACT DUMB! BLACKS DON'T ACCEPT FAINT PRAISE.

I don't believe Aretha or Dionne or Al or even James Brown would be topping your poll if they were not black. Imagine they are white and tell me that MOR tameness like the DISCO produce of 'Shame' or 'Band Of Gold' is not represented because of distorting patronisation. If Duran Duran were black you'd dig 'em.

The Greatest Record ever made was 'Don't They Know It's Christmas?'. Because if you really believe in what you push, you'd know when to drop the cool and when to participate. Only a person far removed from reality is never speechless. I would like



to see this printed as I mean all from my heart. But my soul is probably seen as nothing more than a 12" import.

JN Woodman. Many of us cringed at the 'Say It Loud' blurb—a seeming advertisement of liberal conscience. I get your point, but it is simplistic. Promoting black music, soul, funk, reggae etc, in the chart comes from a genuine love or allegiance to it, acknowledging its historical importance where previously it has been ignored or trivialised by the white rock-orientated music press.

NME's voting for top Motown/Stax soul singles is not patronisation, but a belief in their worth, their power, their endurability, that they're GOOD DANCE records. Duran Duran represent right wing MOR tameness. If they were black their music would still be trashed—L O'B

150 REPLIES

The top 12 singles in the NME's poll were all by black artists. Say it loud, but careful not to patronise. Championing the cause of black music, good black music, is admirable. But please, the vagaries of fashion and causes being what they are, don't ever have a backlash. Pat Snaie, Newcastle.

... Oh aren't we trendy then, not only putting black artists in the top 12 but bloody well stating it to us as if we are deaf... Charlie, Northants.

... I've got a bootleg single of Marvin Gaye farting and would be interested to know just why it didn't feature in your Top 150. Paolo Hewitt makes me reek!... The Beast, Saffron Walden.

... to my shock and disgust there was not a Yardbird in sight... Chris Lawrence, Uckfield.

... WHAT A JOKE! Seen any good jeans commercials lately? PS Why no Boogie Brothers Blues Band?... Stewart Emmens, Archway N19.

... who gives a fuck what your scribes favourite tracks are? Come to that, who gives a fuck about anyone's fave tracks. Cut the crap and forget the Readers' Poll. Let people think for themselves!... John (Not A Bogshed) Ross, Hebden Bridge.

... I looked. I checked... but to no avail. How a song can decline in popularity in such a short space of time, I'll Never Understand... M. Gillies, Northants.

... In the accompanying commentary to your recent top 150 Singles chart you neglected to mention that there was not one genuine blues record included therein. John Lee Hooker, Muddy Waters and Howlin' Wolf to name but three might possibly have been a little mocking of your attitude towards the amount of black music included in the chart... Jacket Xerophon, London W2.

... no criticism implied, but fucking 'Layla'... John Freer, Tavistock, Devon.

THIS IS NOT A SOUL MOVEMENT

OK, admit it folks: the great experiment has failed. Eagerly you awaited the shift in readers' tastes. Would Alex O'Neal be up there? No. How about Trouble Funk? Number 17. Female singers? Well Anita did well to

get to Number Three and Janet managed Number Eight. A disappointment to you all, I'm sure. How can your staff's taste be so different to your readers?

I'm as perturbed as you lot, being in a minority group, ie Soul Fan, but you shouldn't be surprised. Just look at your classifieds: Violent Femmes fan... Neubauten-type band requiring... Wanted JAMC, J Division, Fuzzbox etc etc. You keep telling them that "black" music's potent and contemporary and challenging but they just don't want to know. They still think the Velvets are worth emulating, that guitar bands are radical and Dylan and Morrissey are lyrical geniuses. They still consider hip-hop juvenile, soul terminally retrospective (ha!) and lyrically banal: See Clinton, Heron, Jam and Lewis and even Bootee, dickheads.

Black music has broken through nationally as the first three number ones of '87 testify, but in America it is not in a healthy state. The prospect of MTV corporate acceptance and the accompanying moolah has compromised so many artists' integrity. That's why Funkadelic's Bernie Worrell now plods out AOR with the Pretenders, why duets-made-in-hell such as George Michael and Reefer, Sam Moore and Lou Reed, and anyone black and Paul McCartney, occur. That's why the Beasties kick the wind out of Run DMC, and The Temptations, Percy Sledge, Otis Redding and others will no doubt queue up for the chance to appear as a jeans ad soundtrack.

Things are getting better here in the UK and with any luck we'll be wiping the floor with the arse-licking smug-as-a-bug-in-a-porsch Yanky beige boys in a few years.

Captain NoBeard, Runcorn. It's proven that 50 per cent of NME readers share our joy at stretching soul apart—only they're too busy getting on down in clubs to answer poxy end-of-term polls.—L NoBeard PS. Otis Redding died in 1967 —A Passing Soul Train-Spotter.

MS-OGYNY

It's always been a constant source of fascination to my friends and I how Claire Morgan-Jones writes her live reviews but now we know—divine guidance! Yes, Claire managed to write a review of Mantronix in Nottingham on Sunday and have it published a mere two days later on Tuesday 10. She certainly works hard.

However, it was a different gig to the one we went to. "The audience shuffles and looks elsewhere": where I was standing the atmosphere was electric and the club packed out. "Gaining a foothold in the mainstream, judging by the ratio of white to black at this all-dayer": again, the gig I went to was primarily a black audience.

But our Claire goes on to air her views on "weekend homeboys". There's good and bad in all types of music and the misogyny plaguing hip-hop is in no way "inherent". James Anderton eat your heart out, Claire Morgan-Jones makes moralistic, bigoted statements and can prophesy the quality of a gig in advance.

John Pool. The review was finished at four am on Monday morning and phoned over at nine am —(such commitment, Ed!).

NICE LETTER

Every so often, someone writes in complaining that as a music paper, you shouldn't write about politics. The most recent occasion has been over "Manifesto". As a lot of the writers seem to fall into the "I've been reading NME for 20 years" category, this is an attempt to redress the balance.

I started buying NME in 1972 (aged 14), when most of the music had little political content. (I was into progressive (?) rock). We had low unemployment, detente and the US finally leaving Indo-China. Alas, no politics in the NME.

That's all changed in the last ten years or so and, praise Lord, NME has changed with it. People have become more political—they've had no choice since May '79. Music (some of it anyway) has too. It's logical that you should too.

NME stimulates, that's why I buy it. You also anger me sometimes and surely that's what any decent paper of any sort should do. It's only right that writers disagree. That is what keeps a paper alive. There are enough publications dealing with music these days. If they don't agree with your content they can always piss off elsewhere!

Stay political, (but please bring back The Dots). Terence the Toucan, Stow Market, Suffolk.

WACKO JACK

Being an ardent Michael Jackson fan, I would like to take this opportunity to inform other fans not to join the so-called 'official' club in the US called The World Of Michael Jackson.

Last year I sent almost £20.00 for a year's membership. Along with becoming an official member, I was promised four newsletters plus 'other surprises'. I did not receive these

items and sent many letters telling them so.

One year later I still hadn't heard from them. However, recently I have received a letter which is asking me to join again!

I was very disappointed. This club is not only ripping-off loyal fans but also giving Michael a bad name.

Denise Pfeiffer, Leicestershire.

COME ON DA-A-AN

I was not surprised that Spike Milligan (tedious twat though he is) should be described as "incoherent" and "spluttering" an "extraordinary" claim against *The Price Is Right* despite the fact that his choice of image—"it was like watching ten million people put to their death"—is arguably par for the course.

I expect 'lazy journalism' or should I say 'leaving sections which don't fit into your argument, out of the overall puzzle'. Despite the strong possibility that the NME would lambast 'the Tabloids' (rightly so) for such practices, I was not astonished.

What I did find nauseating was that the programme was not roundly condemned for not only featuring consumer goods as prizes, but for concentrating TOTALLY on consumerism and consumer goods as the basic structure of the game. Still, the NME is a product and relies on the same consumer mentality in order to exist.

Who gives a hoot if the show's "the best of its kind"? It is crud and a rotten celebration of obedience. "300 attempts", eh Campbell? You bloody liar! Three cheers for "caring capitalism"! The NME is now a tabloid and an imitator of their worst aspects.

The Watchdoggy. The argument for *The Price Is Right*, I believe, populism. Accessibility and immediacy is fine and good, but the line's got to be drawn somewhere. In sympathy—L O'B

OVERKILL

Dear (Liberal) Appliance, The accusation that Mrs Thatcher is, if not encouraging AIDS, at least deliberately taking no effective steps to deal with it, with the motive of ridding Britain of its subversive Left-wing scum, is not as absurd as it sounds. Certainly in Edinburgh, the Government has been noticeably reluctant to implement the free distribution of needles to drug addicts, and even now this measure is only regarded as 'an experiment'—the effectiveness of which will take months if not years to discern, by which time it will be too late for regrets.

The Government's TV adverts have practically romanticised AIDS—witness the stagey "they came from somewhere else" voice-over as a pristine bunch of lilies thuds gracefully onto a matt-black coffin. The "cesspool of their own making" attitude seems predominant amongst Conservatives—publicly expressed or not, it ties in neatly with their restrictive Victorian moral codes. What, after all, have these monogamous, heterosexual, privileged individuals to fear? Invective and criticism from the NME? Prove it. An AIDS issue should be a priority. Yours, CH, Edinburgh. Tories: privileged, yes. Homosexual... maybe. Monogamous... hmmm, well when it suits them eh, Cecil?—L O'B PS. See Sean O'Hagan's 'Year Of Fear' article in the Xmas issue.

**POST
MODERNISM
IS CRAP!
—OFFICIAL!**

A hand-drawn cartoon of a man on a bicycle. The man has a large head, a wide smile, and is wearing a suit and tie. He is riding a bicycle with large spoked wheels. A speech bubble from his mouth contains the text: "56 bottles of champagne". On his chest, there is a target symbol and the text "SEX". To his left, a sign reads "Post Bag". Above him, a sign reads "700AL BOY CURIOSITY EDDIE KID SUE POLLARD". To the left of the man, a sign reads "drank them dry". Above the man's head, a sign reads "Dick NEER 40 NME 4th FLOOR COMMON MEALS". The drawing is done in a simple, sketchy style with bold lines.

Love Dick (ooh err)

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