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SHANE MACGOWAN PICTURED BY STEVE PYKE: SEE PAGE 24

"I had a lot of fun that first time in Tokyo. Got ripped every night on sake and suchi. Went out to the clubs; just wrecking shit, pissing in girls' drinks and stuff. All fun stuff."

Jim, METALLICA: PAGE 11

"There's not a thing I haven't done. But drugs are for doctors."

Dave Mustaine, MEGADETH: PAGE 12

"Awwllriddee Hammersmith!!! We gonna burn this baby down tooniittee y'aaawwwlll!!!!"

Joey Belladonna, ANTHRAX: PAGE 13

"It provides such extreme lyrics, all that anarchic violence, ripping people apart. We were kinda serious about it when we started, but now it's old hat."

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"There is a spiritual bond, I guess, but it's more an attitude that we have in common, the way they approach certain songs, give them a good shaking by the scruff of the neck. It's a method we definitely subscribe to."

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"It used to be a retirement town, and then they brought in this university, and all the acid heads decided they'd move down to Santa Cruz . . . We feel perfectly at home there."

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NEWS

BRONSKIS BACK IN AIDS FIGHT

BRONSKI BEAT are reforming for one night only as part of the flurry of fund-raising activities for International Aids Week. Jimmy Somerville will join Larry Steinbachek and Steve Bronski on stage at the Brixton Academy on April 4 in a bill which also features New Order, Sandie Shaw and The Grasshoppers, plus surprise guests. Tickets are £10 on sale now from the venue and London Theatre Bookings in Cranbourne Street, London W1. There is a credit card hotline (01 439 3371).

The Wembley Arena concert on April 1 will be full of surprises, say the organisers, but those names already confirmed are George Michael, Holly Johnson, Womack & Womack, Bob Geldof, The Communards and Aswad. Tickets are on sale now from all Keith Prowse outlets and Tower Records. There is also a credit card hotline (01 741 8999). They are priced £25 each, including a £15 voluntary contribution for the cause.

The diary of major London events to raise funds include: March 31: Harlesden Mean Fiddler (Zoot & The Roots, Terry & Gerry, Andy White,



The original Bronskis: "OK, who said 'CONDOM'??!!"

Tom Watt and Ted Chippington).

April 1: Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (Miaow, The Wolfhounds, Nyah Fearties).

April 2: Hackney Empire (Marc Almond).

April 3: Aldwych Royalty Theatre (Marc Almond). Town & Country Club, Kentish Town (Hurrah!, The Daintees, Brendan Croker & The Five O'Clock Shadows).

Charing Cross Astoria (Hollywood Beyond).

April 4: Camden Dingwalls

(Microdisney, Bill Hurley & The Inmates, Steve Marriott, The Potato Five, The Deltones).

April 5: The Marquee (Blow Monkeys, Three Wise Men).

April 15: Euston Shaw Theatre (Poison Girls, The Fuss Pots, Sax Machine, Sussey Gilmore).

Regional shows include:

April 2: Edinburgh Usher Hall (The Communards, The Waterboys, Love & Money, Paul Haig, Billy Mackenzie).

April 5: Newcastle City Hall

(The Daintees, Hurrah!).

April 7: Manchester Hacienda (The Go-Betweens, Ben Watt & Tracey Thorn).

Other fund-raising events include a comedy revue *Safe Sex, Please, We're British*, Ned Sherrin's Shakespearian evening *Will Aid*, and other contributions from cinemas, pubs and nightclubs.

The London Rubber Company has also donated more than 100,000 condoms to be given out free at events.

ANTI-TAX MOVE BY BRANSON

RICHARD BRANSON and George Martin are spearheading a music industry campaign for changes in the proposed new "withholding tax" on overseas performers visiting the UK. The industry fears that it will create a drought as far as big name American acts appearing on these shores. Branson and Martin have held meetings with Treasury officials to see if a compromise can be worked out — although with the tax due to become law in April, it looks like the opposition has been formed too late.

A spokesman at Martin's office said: "The financial directors of most major record companies are behind us, but we're keeping our cards close to our chests at this stage. We are making progress but it's too early to say how successful we will be. We'll just have to wait and see."

The new tax will mean visiting performers paying a levy to the Government when they use British recording studios or perform in British venues. The tax is designed to bring in an extra £75 million a year.

Martin estimates that it will lead to an overall loss of £5.5 million a year for studios and that many may be forced to close. The crux of his argument that music, being an expanding industry already bringing a lot of money into the country, should be exempt from the new laws.

PRINCE LP: U GOT IT

PRINCE releases his new album on Monday, his first since disbanding *The Revolution*. It's a 13-track double called 'Sign Of The Times', the title track is already a Top 20 hit. Recorded late last year at Paisley Park in Minneapolis, it was produced, arranged, written and performed almost solely by Prince, with a few notable exceptions.

Two former *Revolution* members, **Dr Fink** and **Eric Leeds** (the latter now with the new Paisley Park outfit *Madhouse*) have performing and songwriting credits and **Sheena Easton** contributes vocals on one track.

Titles include 'Starfish & Coffee', 'Slow Love', 'It's Gonna Be A Beautiful Night' and 'U Got The Look'.

TERENCE TRENT D'ARBY has been added to the bill of the *News On Sunday* sponsored concert at London's Royal Albert Hall on April 15. The show will be headlined by The Communards and Ruby Turner and all proceeds will go to the Anti-Apartheid Movement. Tickets will be on sale soon.

News On Sunday are planning another anti-apartheid benefit at the Manchester Free Trade Hall on April 24, and the bill should be announced in the next couple of weeks.



Hüsker Dü

BIG GUNS FOR CND!

HÜSKER DÜ, **TROUBLE FUNK** and **LOS LOBOS** are among the latest batch of names to be confirmed for this year's Glastonbury CND Festival on June 19–21.

Robert Cray, last week confirmed as special guest on Tina Turner's UK tour, and the **Richard Thompson Band** will also be playing. The **Communards** and **Elvis Costello** were confirmed last month.

It is understood that

Costello will, in addition to his solo set, be performing with **Los Lobos**. Tickets are available now from outlets all over the country for £21 or direct from CND for £20.

Postal applications should include a stamped addressed envelope and be sent to CND, 22–24 Underwood Street, London N1 7JG. Make cheques and postal orders payable to Glastonbury Festivals Ltd.



Trouble Funkers

CIA COMES TO BOOGIE

NEWS HAS reached the NME of a secret CIA plot to overthrow disco. As London's radical glitterati downed Nicaraguan cocktails and danced to the revolutionary sounds of ska, northern soul and hip-hop, the eyes of Reagan's AmeriKa were on them. **CLUB SANDINO**, a pro-Sandinista nightclub organized by the Nicaraguan Solidarity Campaign, has become the talk of London nightlife and, it seems, the inner sanctums of the CIA. Last Thursday, Sandino clubgoers were filmed by an American TV News Company for a nationwide news item on British reactions to the US involvement in Central America. Unknown to most of the dancers, the blindingly bright TV lights concealed a more sinister plot. Two mysterious Americans, one carrying a hi-tech mini-camera, were seen taking mugshots of known subversives as they sipped Sandino Slings and Contra Killers, the rum-based cocktails sold militantly in the downstairs bar.

A representative of the Nicaraguan Solidary

Campaign and a Club Sandino organiser told *NME*, "Two men were asked to leave the club after several people complained about their behaviour. We have no hard evidence that they were connected with the American Embassy or the CIA. They were definitely not with the TV crew who were filming with our full consent for a national news broadcast in America." Despite several phone calls and much bluster, the American Embassy refused to comment.

Club Sandino, a designer socialist dream, continues unabated this Thursday (March 19) with an *NME* night. DJs will include Paolo 'Mafia' Hewitt, Stuart 'Hey Jimmy' Cosgrove and Steve 'Leroy' Caesar. A Club Sandino spokesperson Martin Pople jokingly commented, "We're expecting the CID next time. The DJs have known criminal connections. This week the revolution will not be televised." **CLUB SANDINO** is live at 144 Upper Street, Islington, London N1 every Thursday.

Nick Managua

NEWS



Frankie – live now, play later.

FRANKIE – SPLIT NOW, REFORM IN '88!

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD have split – but they are planning a reunion for early next year. After months of speculation Zang Tuum Tumb have laid all rumours to rest by issuing this official statement:

"Frankie Goes To Hollywood have had enough of each other, at least for now. They can't stand the sight of each other, but can't stand to be apart. Members of the group will each spend nine months preparing individual projects, from drummer Ped Gill's duet with Frank Bruno through to Paul Rutherford's 'Love Affair With A Camera' single."

According to ZTT, 1988 will herald the rebirth of Frankie for the

recording of their third album, 'Family Tension'. Frankie have been at the centre of various whispers in recent months. Holly Johnson's contribution to the Anti-Heroine Campaign fuelled reports that he was off to start a solo career – and he will be making his first live appearance without the group at the International Aids Day concert at Wembley Arena on April 1. He is also reported to have said he was sick of the Bash Street Kids antics of Mark, Nash and Ped (known collectively as "The Lads") and whether he will actually go back into the playground with them next year is still a matter of debate.

RUCTIONS AT THE ROUNDHOUSE

THE FUTURE of the Roundhouse, the planned National Black Arts complex in Camden, London, has been thrown into jeopardy following the sacking of nearly half the staff. Now black groups say they have lost confidence in the £1.3 million centre, which was designed to be a symbol of black achievement and a venue to rank alongside the finest in Europe.

The Roundhouse board of directors, chaired by BBC governor Jocelyn Barrow, say the dumping of four staff was due to financial pressures. Just five staff are left.

But the sacked workers want to know why the only employees dismissed were those making official complaints about sexual harassment, bullying, victimisation and mismanagement against

another staff member. One of the four, researcher Natasha Insanally, said five other staff members had left over the previous nine months because of the hostile environment.

"The decision to terminate our contracts took effect from the very day we had completed lengthy submissions to the board".

The four also said they had been told not to work over Christmas and when two returned they found the locks changed and were ordered to leave. Backed by 32 black community and arts groups, they have demanded reinstatement and an Arts Council/Camden Council investigation into their dismissal and claims of mismanagement.

Talk of an occupation and boycott has been circulating, and on Saturday a picket was

due to be held to make sure the furore does not die down. The Camden Black Workers Group is heading the campaign. Convenor Azim Hajee said it was a fight "not to slam the Roundhouse but to save it".

Camden councillor Richard Sumray (Labour), a member of the board, said it was a coincidence that the four sacked were those complaining. He said the two matters were treated separately. "The staff have known for some time that there needed to be restructuring. There was not enough work for nine people to do and the financial situation that exists made nonsense of that."

"Our endeavour is to get the building up and running. Once that happens it will be a very successful project. While it is happening it is bound to create tension, but I am convinced it

will be a tremendous project."

The row is the latest in a series of blows the ambitious project has suffered. It has met with fierce Tory opposition and the House of Lords nearly extinguished the scheme when it banned the GLC from handing over a deathbed grant of £8 million. The former Victorian engine shed was bought by Camden Council in 1983. Although presently a shell, some events have already been held there, such as a six-night calypso festival.

The centre aims to promote the best of British and overseas black talent and there will be training schools in dance, drama, visual arts and music, as well as an exhibition and library. Ironically, supporters saw it as proof that white politicians could do something positive for black people.

Drew Black

"DISGRACEFUL" SENTENCES FOR JAZZ SECTION REBELS

FIVE MEMBERS of the Jazz Section, Czechoslovakia's independent cultural organisation were sentenced to terms of imprisonment, three of them suspended, in Prague last week, having been accused of "illegal economic activity". The charges were remarkable for having nothing to do with the real issue at stake – the Czech Government's attempt to smash the engine room of the country's cultural underground.

During an unprecedented show of popular feeling in one of Eastern Europe's most repressive states, about 250 supporters of the Jazz Section crowded outside the courtroom cheering and applauding every time the defendants left or entered. After the sentences were passed they broke into a chorus of 'Give Peace A Chance' while policemen looked on, bemused for the first time in their

careers.

The Section's charismatic chairperson, 50-year-old Karel Srp, received a 16-month sentence while Vladimir Kouril got ten months. Both men have already served five months in custody. The State Prosecutor, Petr Snajder, claimed that after a decision by the Ministry of the Interior to dissolve the Section in October 1984, the Section's continued publication, distribution and sales of books and cassettes constituted "illegal economic activity". The Jazz Section, which will carry on its fight for legal recognition, claims that the dissolution was carried out with complete disregard for the legal code.

Two representatives of the British Musicians' Union, Michael Berkeley and Nigel Osborne, travelled to Prague to lend the support of the MU. At an improvised

press conference held in a Prague flat after the trial, Osborne denounced the sentences as "disgraceful". Charles Alexander, the president of UNESCO's International Federation of Jazz said that the section had been a valid member of the IFJ and as far as UNESCO was concerned it still is.

The Jazz Section has been organising concerts, publishing magazines and books and operating as a general umbrella for independent artistic activity in Czechoslovakia since it was founded in 1971. One of the imprisoned members, Kouril, appealed in a letter; "The greatest encouragement in prison is from letters which we have received from all over the world". Those who want to cheer up him or Karel Srp should write to them at Ruzyně Prison, Prague, Czechoslovakia.

Misha Glenn

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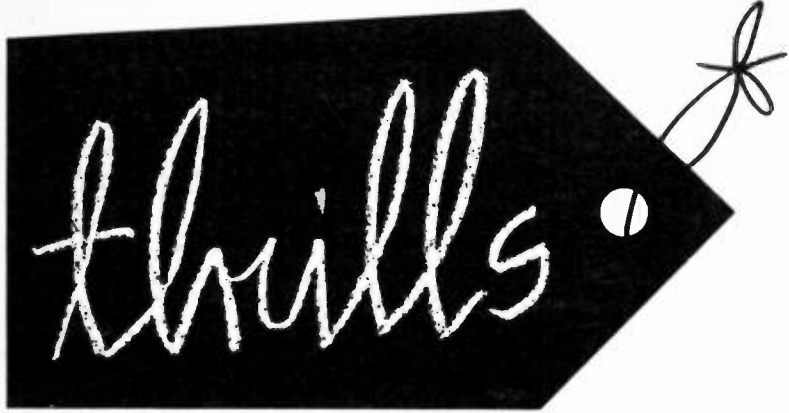
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PICTURE: ANTON CORBIJN

NEIL JORDAN, currently a big name in Awardsville for directing *Mona Lisa*, the film that made Bob Hoskins big among the King's Cross minder fraternity, has now moved on to provide similar status for Bono and Co in the video stakes.

The director of U2's 'Red Hill Mining Town' promo vid, he's the first of the 'name' directors to be employed by Promo Palace, the new video-making offshoot formed by Palace Pictures. The still opposite, by the way, comes from the lens of photographer Anton Corbijn, long since famous for his own video-making spree with Echo And The Bunnymen. These days, everybody wants to get into the act!

ZOUK ALORS?

CAMDEN CAN congratulate themselves for netting Chuck Brown, the godfather of go go, and Ornette Coleman, the founder of free jazz and harmolodics, but their biggest, riskiest coup has been to bring Kassav' in and have them open the festival. Kassav' — the Antilles' answer to Earth Wind & Fire — are a hi-tech firestorm of Afro-Caribbean funk, a huge and pumping 25-piece from the tiny island of Guadeloupe who've initiated a huge trans-Atlantic music craze, by taking their local groove *cadence* and turning it into *zouk*.

They pull massive crowds in Africa,

in Paris, as well as all round the Caribbean and Latin America, and their sound is already influencing a whole generation of bands in Central and West Africa. They sing in Creole, but the blaring and ridiculous brilliance of their horn arrangements and their surging 3-D funk make them an essential proposition nonetheless — expect their import releases to bleach to insignificance in the blaze of live appearance!

(Kassav' play London Town & Country Club as part of the Camden Festival on 24 March — tickets £6, £4 concessions.)

MS

CHER BON JOVI



GYPSY, TRAMP, or thief? Only her current boyfriend knows for sure, but Cher, as in Sonny and, Greg and, and Gene Simmons and, has been in the studio with Bon Jovi.

Rumours that the raven-haired songstress is re-working her '60s hit into a metal rap called 'I Got Who, Babe?' are largely unfounded, though the official report that the song is called 'We All Sleep Alone,' seems just as unlikely.

Reports of a romantic liaison between Cher and Jon Bon Jovi have appeared in a scandal sheet under the predictable title of 'The Lady And The Tramp,' though *Thrills* is still trying to figure out which is which.

MK

TOMMY CHASE is the hard-bopper whose drum rolls peel out like a pneumatic drill. PAUL BRADSHAW hears about his new single 'Killer Joe' and his preaching of the Baptist Beat

preachin' the beat



"SOMEONE PLAYED 'Killer Joe' on Radio Two at seven o'clock this morning. Who could that have been?" muses Tommy Chase. Hard bop at breakfast is hardly typical Radio Two fare, but Tommy's infectious platter of '80s jazz has sent a few ripples of excitement through the corridors of the Beeb. His first ever single, released through Stiff, is an appetiser for the forthcoming 'Groove Merchant' album, and signals better days ahead.

Chase's volatile temper, which periodically led him to do "a bit of fighting", has earned him a reputation for being difficult and unruly. It's now five years since alcohol last passed his lips, and while he's upfront with his opinions and unlikely to shy away from argument, his energies are singularly channelled into his drumming and his band.

Sharply attired and sporting a close cropped barnet, he's a ringer for a villain, especially when he drops that "know what I mean?" stare on you. But life as a jazz drummer in this town has been no picnic. Tommy Chase has paid his dues, working long residencies in London's jazz pubs. He respects many of the old school of jazzers but derides anyone who sneeringly says of his music that "It's all been done before".

"I've been against this purist elitist attitude all my life," he insists. "I wear all my influences on my sleeve and believe what Sonny Rollins said, 'Nobody is original, every player is derivative of every great player that's ever preceded them. I never went into jazz

thinking I've got something to say that nobody's ever fuckin' heard before. I'm not in this game to be a great innovator."

That Chase empathises with the attitudes of fellow drummer, Art Blakey is no great surprise. He has long championed a driving straight ahead style, loathes musicians who go onstage looking shambolic and scruffy, and enjoys working with young up'n'coming musicians. With the arrival of DJ Paul Murphy and the jazz dance scene he discovered a new audience. Initially renowned for their uncompromising hard bop, taken at breakneck speed, Chase's current outfit leans more on the preachy soulful groove popularised by Horace Silver and Cannonball Adderley — the Baptist Beat.

"I'd like to include a few more Baptist numbers and a blues march, I want to retain that rock steady beat and still play great jazz," intones Tommy in a northern drawl. "I feel very natural playing the way I do. It's like selecting your own clothes or having the haircut the way you like. I'm not forcing anything or being pretentious. I've simplified the beats in the music so that the kids can get off on it... I give them what they want and I'll take some of what I want."

Chase raps incessantly about solos, tunes and obscure LPs, and never misses the opportunity to discuss the merits of his favourite drummers. As a jazz survivor, he can readily list a host of casualties and maintains that jazz has to have a higher profile if it is to survive.

"There's a thing in jazz that it's a

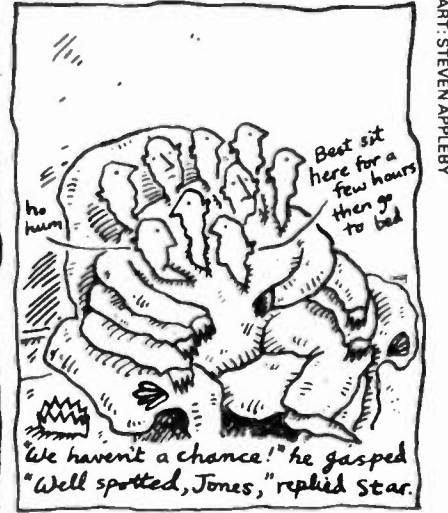
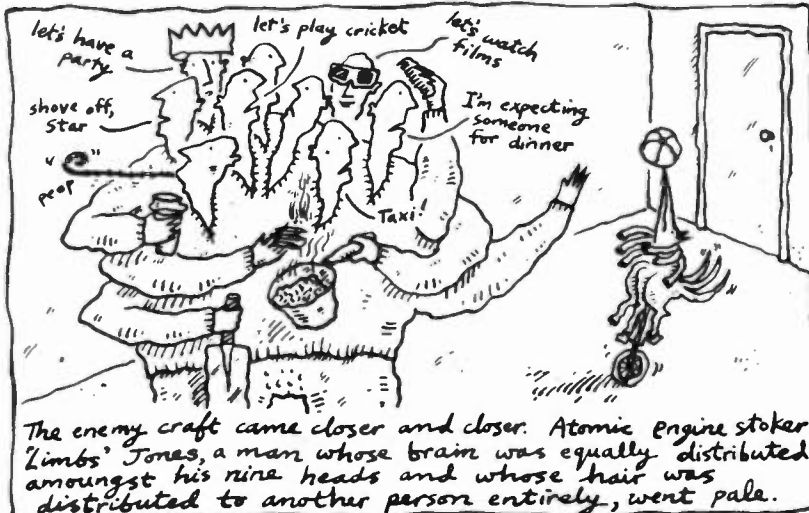
crime to make money and be popular. Well, if anyone wants to scorn me because there's a thousand kids at the Scala who've come to hear me play then that's tough luck!... The discos I've played have had good PAs, good lights and they treat you like a pop star, it's great. They're giving jazz a break, the same way that Stiff are giving the music a higher profile. That's a good thing."

'Groove Merchant' is his third LP, an accessible soulful package that will wig out club goers and boost his reputation. On it Chase plays tribute to his favourite musicians by including Bobby Timmons' 'So Tired', Dizzy's 'Night In Tunisia' and Sonny Criss' 'Blue Sunset'. It's a crisp, big sounding production and features Chase's initial experiments with synthesiser.

"I think we should recycle music. Listen to Dizzy's big band playing 'Manteca', I'm going to take some things from that and use the ideas through the synthesiser. Listen to Bird with strings..."

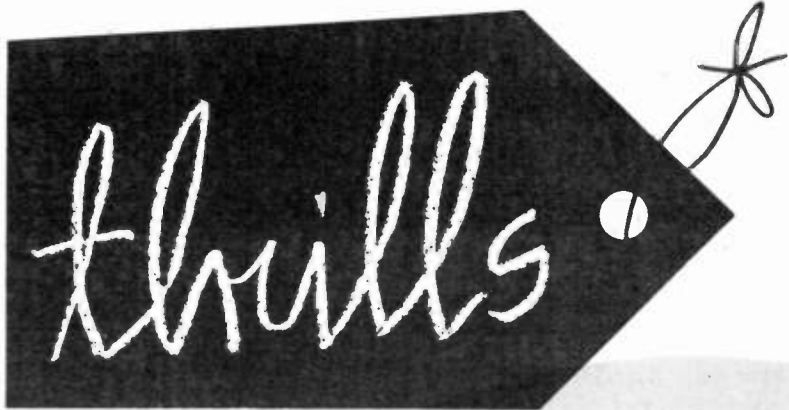
Tommy Chase is of a different generation to the majority of young bucks forging their reputations. Though he's coming from another perspective from, say, those involved in The Jazz Warriors, he's definitely a cornerstone of the '80s jazz scene.

"I'm not interested in being underground. If the jazz scene remains esoteric, jazz fans are just gonna get older and die. If we bring in the younger fans through the discos and the recordings then we will glean a new percentage of fans for the future."



ART: STEVEN APPLEBY

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METAL FATIGUE

Remember *Bad News*, the *Comic Strip* spoof of pre-speed heavy metal? Well, now there's *More Bad News*, filmed before 70,000 denim'n'leather casualties at last August's annual Castle Donington festival. Starring Messrs. Planer, Richardson, Edmondson, and Mayall, along with Jennifer Saunders as "rock journalist" Sally Friedman, it's set to tour Britain as support act to Palace Pictures' own metal spoof *Trick Or Treat*. Headbangers of the world unite!



ARY-UPPIE

THEY ARE young, urban, professional, and depressed. ARY-UPPIES; no, not an acronym for upwardly mobile ex-members of mud rockers The Slits, though goodness knows there are thousands of us – but a medical term for angst-ridden, young urban professionals.

Materially wealthy but emotionally unhealthy, thousands of these incurable depressed bastards suffer from "severe depression, including bouts of crying, muscle aches, headaches, dizziness and light headedness," according to a top doctor quoted in a leading US national weekly.

Three fourths of the maudlin materialists are women, which leads *Thrills* to believe that the ailment called 'The Yuppie Plague' might be the latest in the psychobabble lexicon for PMT. If your mood swings as readily as your designer handbag you might want to check our reference list for those of you cursed with affluence, or just plain cursed:

	YUPPIES	ARY-UPPIES
USE:	Filofax	Feminax
SAY:	Time is money	Time of month
EAT:	Sushi	Salt, sugar, grease
LISTEN TO:	Dire Straits	The Cramps
LIFE STORY:	Rags to riches	On the rag

Michele Kirsch

SLOW AND LOW, hard and fast, the dancefloor sound seems to be a tale of two extremes at the moment. On the one hand we have hip hop slowing down to a grinding, heartbeat speed, while on the other we have House Music pounding away at a frenzied pace more associated with northern soul or late '70s disco. Happily both tempos seem to be equally acceptable to the nation's nightowls, most dancers at home with a mix of the two sounds during the course of a night's music.

Latest in the hip-hop slow-jam style are King Sun D Moet's 'Hey Love' (*Zakia*) and Sugar Sugar's 'New Girl In Town' (*1800*); King Sun D proceeds at a compelling walking pace, a streetwise love song, articulate but tough with a hook-line cunningly lifted from The Art Of Noise's 'Moments In Love'. 'New Girl In Town' has a spacy, sparse production that turns an average female rap into something special. The club mix is minimalism itself, the rap underpinned only by the occasional throb on the beatbox and a haunting wail on the synth, simple but well effective.

Continuing at a stepping pace is

'My Mic Sounds Nice' by Salt 'n' Pepa (*Champion*), another girl rap this one has an almost reggae feel; what sounds like live percussion mixed with snatches of Grover Washington's 'Mr Magic' and the result is another dancefloor hit for what must be Rap's Number One girl outfit.

Talking of reggae, the rap/reggae crossover looks like it's finally happening in a big way and with tunes as safe as DJ Scott La Rock's 'The Bridge Is Over' (*B-Boy*) currently being produced in New York, it's just a question of time before we have a West Indian/Afro-American music explosion down in clubland (the sound of '87?). Meanwhile back here in London the slower hip-hop beats have brought about a revival in compatible down-tempo funk classics like Cameo's 'Funk, Funk' (*Casablanca*), Chocolate Milk's 'Action Speaks Louder Than Words' (*RCA*) and Cymande's British-produced 'The Message'. Add to that the dozens of other '70s street-funk tracks hitting the decks at the moment and it looks like being a hot, heavy summer out there on the floor.

Before moving on to the latest House releases a quick mention for Club Nouveau's reworking of Bill Withers's 'Lean On Me' (*WEA*) and Rare Essence's 'Live At Breeze's Metro Club' (*Kolossal*). Club Nouveau's track is a brilliant go go reworking of Bill Withers's classic original while the Rare Essence album contains two sides of the DC giants playing live, not a club record as such but well worth a listen anyway especially if go go is your thing.

Well, here we are at the opposite end of the vari-speed slider from hip-hop, and the House releases, whether from New York or Chicago, are still pouring out as though there was no tomorrow. As usual there's a fair amount of rubbish amongst the new cuts, although what may sound dodgy on a home hi-fi often sounds completely different booming out over a dancehall sound-system. However, the cream of the crop this week is 'Hey Rockyl' by Boris Badenough (*Trax*) which takes its title from some cartoon character or other. Using cut-ups of the cartoon voices this powers along with as much excitement and energy as the best of them. A great bass-line, some wicked percussion and, of course, those voices have already made this a massive hit in the clubs. Other fresh trax in the House groove include Liz Torre's 'Can't Get Enough' (*State Street*), 'My House Is Bigger Than Your House' (no, I'm not kidding) by MG 2 (*Hot Mix Five*), Kenny 'Jammin' Jason's 'Can U Dance' (*Champion*) and 'Let's Play House' by The Gangsters Of House (*Obscure*).

Jay Strongman

Bowie Fright Teeth!

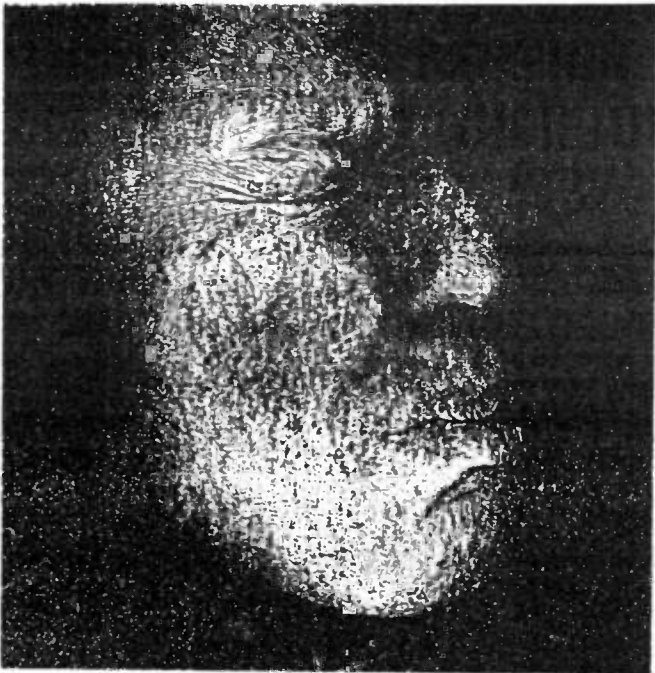
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BFT3

GLOW in The Dark!

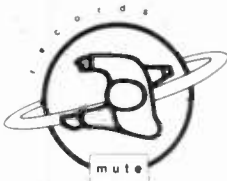
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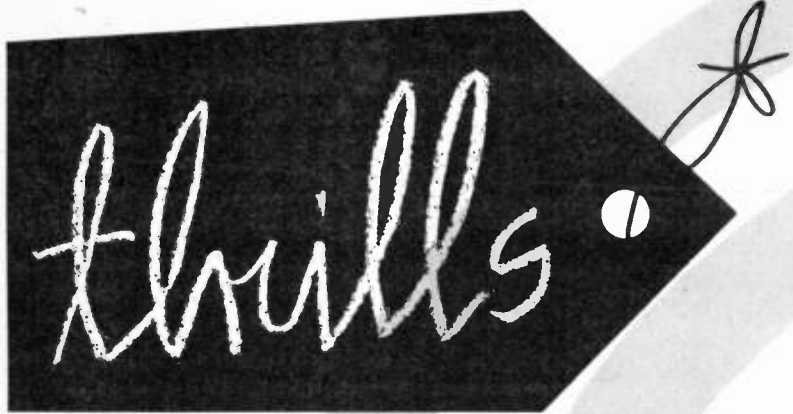


WIRE

SINGLE 7" & 12"

MUTE 57





Through a glass, tunelessly

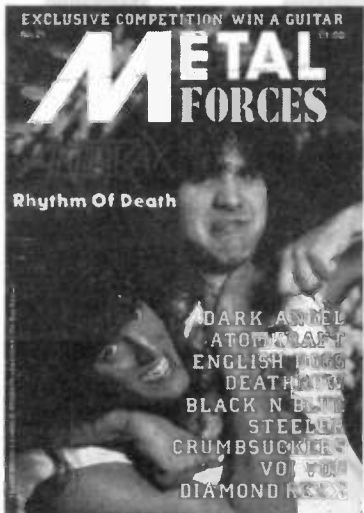
PHIL WILSON's upbringing was a typical c&w sob story of alcohol and violence. CATH CARROLL hears what the ex-June Bride did after the D.I.V.O.R.C.E.

speed lives

SPEED-METAL is rising — as this week's *NME* proves. Speed-metal journalism is similarly booming. *Kerrang!* now issues the occasional *Mega-Metal Kerrang!* for the more furious headbangers. And *Metal Hammer* is a new German rock mag now with an English edition. But the little one that's been ahead of them all in spotlighting the new names in crap-free HM is *Metal Forces*, a colour glossy from Herts, run part-time by father-of-four Bernard Doe. Issue 22 is almost out, and circulation is booming, with No 21 reaching a print run of 20,000.

"We haven't got the time to print any more, but we could certainly sell them," says Doe, who incidentally dislikes Led Zeppelin!

Metal Forces is big in America, and chock-full of the best (or worst, your view) in speed-metal. It's clearly laid-out and printed, and intelligently written, although the bane of the readership is the staffman who insists on including every glummy sub-Motley Crue lookalike he can dig



up round the world. The correspondence pages — *Penbangers!* — are unmissable. It's monthly, more or less: £1.50 including post from 17 Livingstone Link, Chells, Stevenage, Herts SG2 0EP.

DS

KISS AWAY!

HIPPER THAN Rick Rubin's Philishave is seven minutes of broadcast-only brain-storming bootleg bop from *The Age Of Chance*. Available only from noise fetishists with late-night taping habits, their 'Kiss Power' megadeth mix, recorded for a John Peel session combines their own 'Kiss'! Prince's 'Kiss'! John Sinclair's impassioned intro to 'Kick Out The Jams'! Run DMC's

'Walk This Way'! Bruce Springsteen's 'Born In The USA'! *West Side Story*'s 'There's A Place For Us'! and a host of other very loud songs! in a DJ mix that makes Steinski look like George Formby... You don't have to be rich to get down with *The Age Of Chance*, you just have to tape the John Peel show! Say it LOUD.

DQ

"I FOUND out last night that I have all the classic symptoms of ACAP — adult child of alcoholic parent..."

Phil Wilson's real father is a country & western singer who left the family home when Phil was two. His stepfather was a violent alcoholic. By the time Phil was 15, the domestic crisis was such that he had to be farmed off to foster parents. When he was 18, they stopped getting paid for him and the pressure was on to leave again. A classic c&w sob story, indeed. Wilson even has the looks for it: fragile-featured, wide-eyed. The word waif doesn't do him justice.

It's rather fitting that now, nine months after the end of the spiky experience that was *The June Brides*, their ex-lead singer should seek solace in the c&w sound.

"Even when *The June Brides* were still going, I had a c&w band called *The Spotted Cowboys* — we just used to play quietly in South London. It's a bit embarrassing doing this kind of music now because it's sort of trendy. Another reason is that I had to get a band together quick and country is one of the easiest formats to learn!"

Creation have just released his first solo work. The A-side, 'Waiting For A Change', even features a 67-year-old steel guitarist and it's a rattling affair possessing a warm, chugging locomotion and those cheeky, twiddly guitar lines that were the Brides' trademark. But it's the flip side's 'Even Now', a song with an uncharacteristic sophisticated lilt, which better displays Wilson's songwriting ability.

"It's a pathetic statement I know, but music is the only thing I want to do; I didn't know what to do with myself when the band split up."

"Splitting up was the best thing that could have happened to the band because in the last two months together, there was a lot of tension; it made us become friends again."

Did he feel any frustration about having been in the most popular indie band not to have had any commercial success?

"Well, six months ago I was steaming jealous of bands that were getting major deals, you bastards, how many thousands are



PICTURE: BLEDDYN BUTCHER

you getting? etc." He smiles sweetly. "Now I realise that I'm in a better position, a sort of middle ground where I can develop more quietly, because it takes years to get it right."

"I guess I'm a bit bitter that after four singles and an LP that sold 12,000 copies, I left Pink, the Brides' record label, with only £400. It's all very well to release a record and claw back the costs from a smallish pressing, but things like expansion, licensing deals, have to be done a lot better than most people imagine. The money we made from the LP was ploughed back into recording bands like Jamie Wednesday, McCarthy and The Wolfhounds. We couldn't get the money because it was all tied up. People think of indie labels as bastions of honesty, which doesn't necessarily mean they're also efficient. At least the EMIs of this world pay you mechanical royalties — and so does Creation!"

We all have our pet daydreams. Phil's is to have a nice house out of London with a studio in the back garden where he can "potter" around.

"I'll get told off for saying this, but I want eventually to be able to afford to stay on the sidelines of pop, find a niche where you don't have to correspond with fashion so much. Towards the end with *The June Brides*, we realised we were playing to people who weren't so much interested in the actuality of

the band, it was the *idea*. If there wasn't us, there'd be *The Soup Dragons*. But I do have a happy memory of *The June Brides*, they were simple, honest and tuneful, not obscured by pretension. But the records do sound dated now. I'd like to do something that has more longevity."

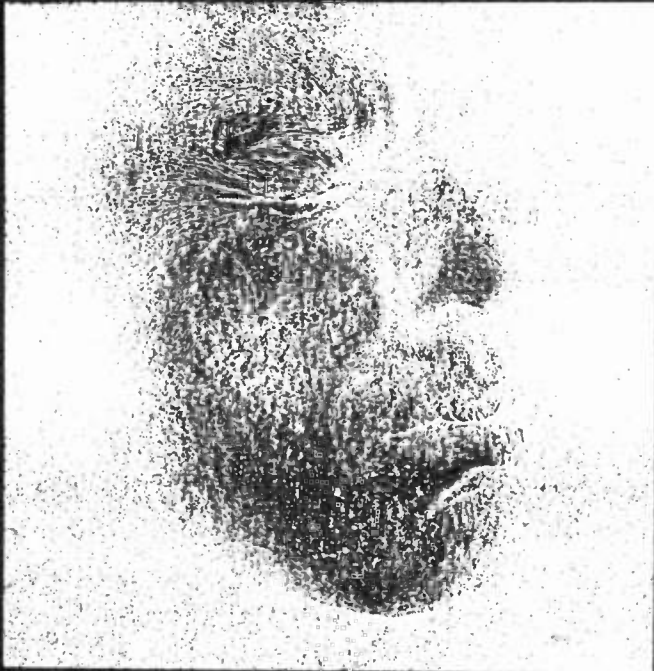
Simple, honest and tuneful is a most just description of the current state of Phil's art. His outlook is optimistic, only occasionally tempered by melancholy. Considering his background, how does he feel about alcohol abuse, that most popular c&w theme?

"I hate the idea of using alcohol to excess, but then again, I'm guilty of using it as a social prop. I have to have a few drinks before I go out and talk to people — I even brought some cans here! You should have come at half one, I was drunk then and much more fun!"

Unforgivably, I was two hours late and Phil is sober again. What has he learned from the experience of the Brides?

"I realise now that you have to accept the fact that you've got to pay accountants and lawyers vast sums of money! Also I've proved to myself that I can be a success within the restrictive framework of the cosy indie scene. Now it's time to move on."

That sounds a little scathing... "Oh, it's not s'posed to be. Some of my favourite people are in indie bands!"



WIRE-A HEAD

SINGLE 7" & 12"

MUTE 57



Speed Metal

This is speed. This is metal. *This* is speed-metal, and it has dynamited the slumbering sloth of HM in the way punk did rock 'n' roll and hip-hop has urban dance.

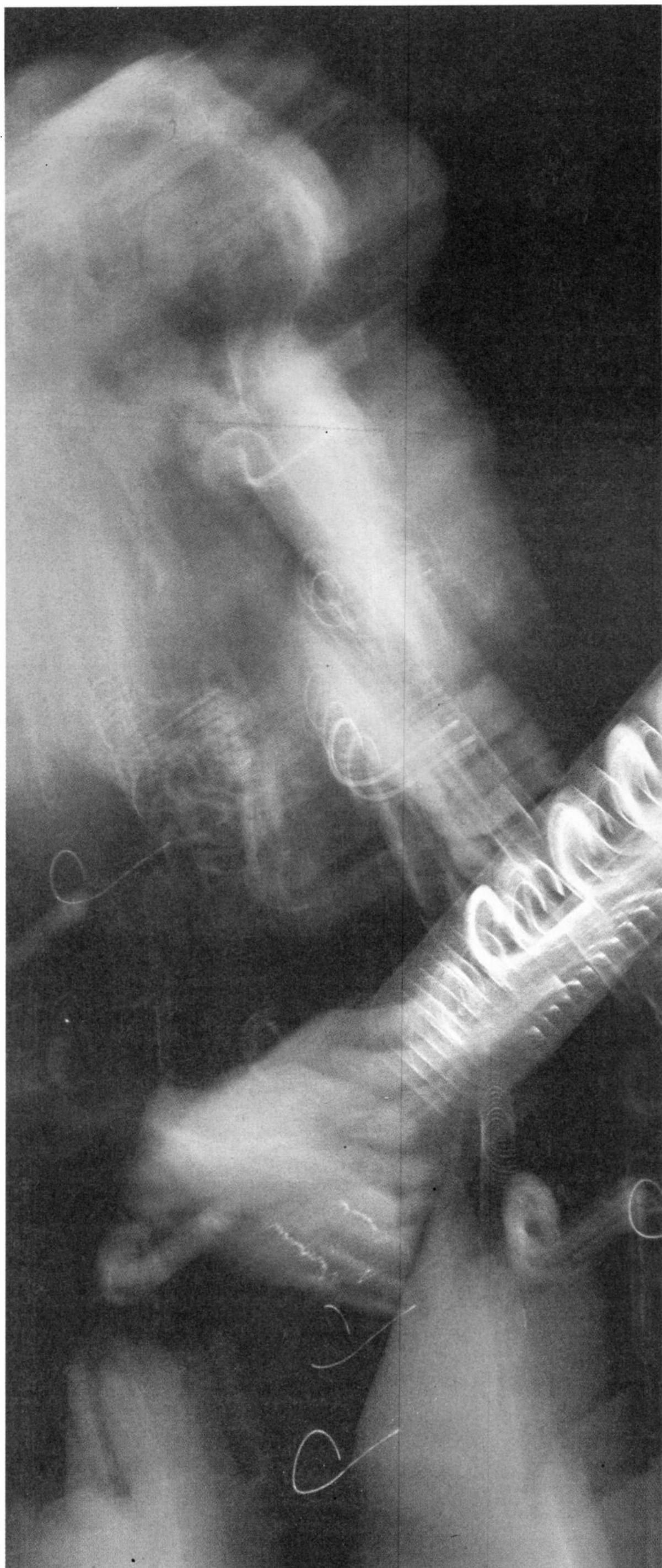
While crotch-bulge MOR rock/metal pussies like Mötley Crüe, Ratt and Twisted Sister have perpetuated the hamfisted kerranging, the new strain of crazies have leapt from the underground into the international mainstream – Metallica are stadia huge, Anthrax have just crashed the UK charts and the majors are tripping over their newly acquired waist length hair-pieces in the rush to sign up dozens of others. The new breed found their inspiration in the sheer teeth-clenched velocity of the hardcore squads of the UK and California, and their motivation in the demands of hordes of dissatisfied young metal freaks – less bullshit, more ear-war!

'Course, this is *still* HM, not Red Wedge. Egos, cocktails, coke and screeching tight trousers remain, but if that solo still stinks, at least these days it doesn't last long because the emphasis is on unadulterated *speed* – this is the three minute warning from the last, and biggest, ghetto in rock.

And the lyrics? Does the 'five chicks a night' mayhem sluggard still rule the roost? Hardly! If you can still hear after the amplified thunderbolt has passed through, then you'll detect a different vocabulary at play. It still ain't Alfred Lord Tennyson, but in interviewing the biggest metal forces on the planet, *NME* heard the phrase "kick ass" only once. The Parents' Music Resource Centre and Reagan's other watchdogs are trying to pound metal to a god-fearing pulp but the best nuclear-age speed bands are too busy talking Cruise and US foreign policy to be bothering with the technicalities of impaling virgins . . .

And even those who *are* still out for the bloodfeast – Slayer and the Satanist strain in particular – are loosing brownie points with each passing day. The last thing speed-metal needs, the bands themselves say, is a bunch of loony cross-burners giving the rest of 'em a bad name. Cute, eh?

One more thing. The great musics of the late-'80s live off one another. Rap and hip-hop have appropriated rock and made it new – now rock is stealing back its beats. Anthrax, indeed, are the comic-book pioneers of speed-metal rap – all the time-honoured, signed-in-blood, rules of metal are up for re-negotiation. There's still an ocean of crap out there, but now might be the time to unload just a few of those preconceptions . . .



MEGADETH'S DAVE MUSTAINE PICTURED BY CHRIS CLUNN

Speed Metal

MASTERS OF WHAT?

Paris is reputed for its fine architecture. The only daylight sight we're allowed by tight security does not dispute this. The world's first 7,000-seater, 360-degree screen cinema looks like a giant crystal ball. It also looks a mite lonely, still under construction, all fenced off and waiting to feel the mega wrath of Metallica, leaders of the new improved metal pack, who aren't to blame for thinking we're here to stitch 'em up. I get the full treatment, get to wait four hours in the press room for defensive hard heads and disclaimers.

"Now don't get me wrong. I appreciate and understand a lot of the things you're talking about and the question you've asked, but, for me and this band my interest is just music. The history of cities and what rappers get up to really takes a fifth fiddle to what we do."

That was Lars, the drummer. His mouth doesn't need no petrol to run. Soon we'll be meeting Jim, the singer, who's even less inclined to be tactful or careful. They are from San Francisco. And their first, self-titled LP was about death. The second one also dealt with death. As did 'Master Of Puppets', which brought in other topics like indirect rule, the military and TV-as-religion.

The room we're in right now is quite ordinary, but not without character. Let's say it measures 24 feet by 12 feet by 12 feet. There's an oak table, two white doors and one half-open window to this prefab cubicle. And while I wait, etchings on the wall keep whispering to each other. Until Jim swaggers in with anecdotes from their pilgrimage to HM Nirvana:

"I had a lot of fun that first time in Tokyo", he says, clenching and unclenching a fist to show off five shrunken skulls on his rings. "Got ripped every night on sake and sushi. Went out to the clubs; just wrecking shit, pissing in girls' drinks and stuff. All fun stuff."

I will print that.

"I don't care."

Yes you do.

Who's the lucky punk, then? Who's the ballbusting iron-willed dickhead? As an extract from *On The Road: A Continuous Saga* out to rile God-fearing liberals, that was poor. Even less people will now be convinced you're not the same old shit. George Orwell also had a hard time in winter-time Paris. At least he was down and out; he could wander around.

"Between gigs we took the bullet-train around. People are so polite there. They have to be, I think, 'cos they're so jammed into that country. They get along well though. Really together. Very well organised."

But are there any traits peculiar to Metallica that single you out from the morass? Be reasonable, Lars.

"We don't paint this huge rosy-red portrait of the world as being six women in the backseat of your Porsche, and you drive down Californian highways doing lots of cocaine."

You just exclude them, right. Someone's got a long way to go. But wait, wait, we seem to have found out why you're all being so petulant, so sour.

"Yeah, that trendier than thou attitude is what scares me about appealing to *Village Voice*, *Rolling Stone*, *Spin*, *NME*," continues Lars

through a brow so knotted one could pawn off the engravings, "Why do they rate what we do? If it's because we're the new different thing, what's next year's one?"

Not so sure about the 'different' bit, old chap. Metallica are subversive only within those netherlands inhabited by headbangers and neanderthals alike. More important, pertinent, whatever, have been their effects on an ailing 'hardcore' genre and their business workings — how these parallel the DIY ethics of the most deformed anarchists — (think kindly of that word for a second) let loose in the USA. At the end of the day all those stone-age rituals that keep Metal a hairy male domain are still in place: bang your head, turn it up, feed off some mythical energy and camaraderie.

It's a question of speed. In the four years since their inception we've watched, some of us in distress, groups like Black Flag and Die Kreuzen check out these wayward wayfarers whose lists of influences also acknowledge a kind of two-way traffic/exchange: The '79-81 New Wave Of British Heavy Metal, Discharge, GBH, Cro-Mags, 'Babylon By Bus', REM, Crumbsuckers, Hendrix, Angelwitch, Trespass, ZZ Top. We can all compile lists. *The difference between speedcore and speed-metal is thematic.* The former apes the latter but sticks a spanner in by aligning itself with political causes and never shying away from disgusting, depraved, offensive subject matter. Speed-metal — which is where my captors started out from — springs from a semi-political do-your-own-thing stance with only riffs as common ground. It still values 'the street' 'the kids' who've been drawn up into a nihilistic vortex and are actually confronted by Bad Brains and their ilk.

A small mosquito-like insect slowly crawls up the right hand corner of the oak table, its progress hampered by the fact that it's been feeding on the room's occupants for a while now. An easy kill for Lars before he starts to extol the virtues of their first guitarist, one Jamaican "who could play any white guy out there to shame, especially in the solo department".

I appear to be suitably interested in this, so he throws me another bone.

"Heavy Metal is the most conservative and locked-in form of music. It's so easy to write a four-minute song. I'm not saying we're God's gift to originality but the first step is to be aware of how clichéd it all is."

"A lot of people say we've been influenced by punk, but it's just its attitudes. That's it. Back in '85 we were into Motorhead. Chris, our late bass player, was the one who brought competence into the group. We were a lot more close-minded in '83".

Well, you certainly didn't err on the business side — as the first independent (in the real sense of that much abused term, both in packaging and in management) group in corporate-infested waters.

"What you see up there is us. It's not some fucker on the 27th floor going 'well, I think this will fit in well with them'. In that sense we do everything for ourselves, by ourselves."

Those days are over, though. You've switched labels and have since wooed pissheads at Castle Donnington. The big league doesn't look too far off, if a bit further than the floor-to-ceiling span of this cavernous arena: 100 feet by my reckoning. And you, Jim, you've finally admitted

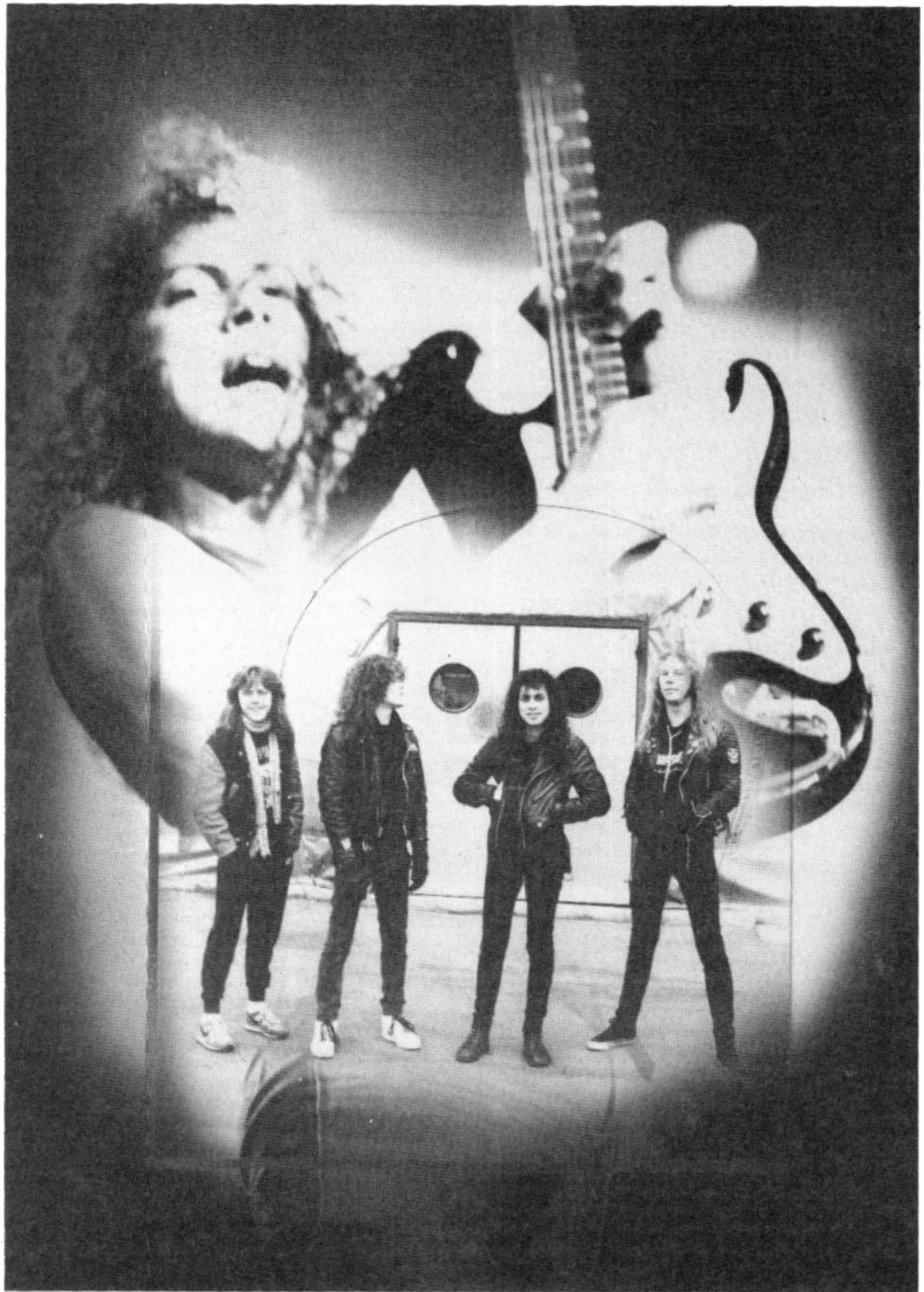
these prying eyes to some remote dressing room to explain away your dissatisfaction. How come?

"Every little garage band got signed up for like eight-album deals with indie labels, didn't even know what the hell they were getting into. They do one album, the label sucks 'em dry and all this shit, then they're left with no tour-support, no nothing. Can't get off. Now the majors are picking on them for this 'new phenomenon'. To clutter up the whole scene. It's aggravating."

Yeah, I can understand how disturbing that must be for someone who's just purchased a big truck, for someone who was recently injured in a skating accident. And that's another link: to the death-head *Repo Man* type punks lost in copies of *Trasher* (the skate mag) trying to get the Horse monkey off their backs. D'you still skate?

"Not as much as I did before my wrist was snapped. I've got all the gear, all the protection now, so it's safer. There are ramps near my home, so I go down and watch them skate, hurt themselves. They get wild, man. Little kids too, man. Doing backflips

First and biggest! METALLICA stumbled across the secret of speed-metal and threw open the door for the hairy hordes that followed. In the process, they've become effortless fillers of stadia and shifters of vinyl. DELE FADELE goes to Paris to witness their latest triumphs and to ask them if anything has *really* changed in the world of HM.



Lars (left) and Jim (right) — Metallica's motormouths

onto pipes and feeling reckless."

Just before Metallica, a lifeform, trample onstage to get 'blown away' by Anthrax, Lars tells of how bothered he is by all the stuttering on hip-hop twelve-inchers and then grabs his crotch, just like Run DMC, when asked where all that energy stems from.

Primitive cultures brand the flesh of their tribespeople to remind them where home is. But it's so simple and so obvious: you never learn until you leave. From where I'm thinking this Metallica are a step forward, but not far enough. It's *still* about feeding and feasting on egos. There's male bonding and then there's metallic bonding. The warp factor (as in sensitivity in any form — even the ballads are glorious epics) is missing. Speed-metal needs to fall apart before coming together again and it's some wonder that velocity here becomes a sort of static blur. If we examine the slime spewed forth from the beast's mouth, we'd *still* detect an adamant conservatism that leaks through into daily life. What year is this anyway?

What frightens you most about San Francisco. Lars?

"Are you trying to ask about the homosexual thing?"

Read my lips: HM is rivalled only by Hi-NRG as a manifest form of gay-pop. That's inherent.

"Every city has its subdivisions, suburbs and areas outside where you have 400 similar houses. And if you come home drunk some night, you can't remember which one you live in. San Francisco, to me, seems the most open-minded despite all the nastiness. A lot of racial stuff goes on too, but you can't lose sleep over it."

Oh yes you can.

"It's a bit scary sometimes, driving down those hills."

Put it this way: racial intolerance is so inbred and so well stamped onto the American psyche that it takes more than negative-learning, unlearning, to wash it all off. Have we come so far that divide-and-rule tactics *still* alienate the dispossessed on both sides from each other and from each other's contribution to world musics? Who's naive? Hip-hop's appropriation of metal and vice-versa is just the start.

PICTURE: PAMMI CHARRINGTON

Speed Metal

RICHARD GRABEL reports from New York City, crossing point of hardcore and metal – birth place of speed-metal . . .

BASE METAL THE BRAT PACK

● Speed-metal is the largest, most vital cult in American rock.

Metallica are the reigning gods, easily selling out large arenas, and on the next rung down, the speed-metal/thrashcore shows promoted at New York's Ritz by the Rock Hotel organisation are also regular sell-outs.

The headliners might be Slayer, Megadeth, the Bad Brains or D.O.A.; the support might be Flotsam and Jetsam, Gang Green, or The Crumb-suckers; the audience is *always* as much of a show as what's going on onstage.

Upfront, there is the usual but still-incredible spectacle of the hardcore fanatics thrashing, dive-bombing off the stage, writhing ('moshing') in an uninhibited physical mania. And everywhere there is an air of cross-cultural carnival, metal kids and hardcore kids aggressively strutting the stuff of their chosen cult.

● The rising popularity of this punk-metal hybrid has brought together two very distinct groups that until recently were completely mutually exclusive. These groups are commonly defined through a series of clichés, but several visits to the Rock Hotel speed-metal extravaganzas confirm that those clichés are born out of practice.

The metal kids have long hair, wear denim and leather and T-shirts extolling Iron Maiden, Motorhead or Metallica. They headbang. The hardcore kids have short hair, wear denim and leather and T-shirts in praise of Suicidal Tendencies, Millions Of Dead Cops and the Cro-Mags. They throw their bodies around wildly, slam dancing, thrashing, moshing.

The lines between these two groups are beginning to blur. But it would be a mistake to believe that speed-metal is a cultural blender. The metal kids and the hardcore kids now go to some of the same shows, and agree on the greatness of some of the

same bands. But the way they celebrate their heroes, and the things they say they care about, remain quite different. Thrashmetal gigs are meeting grounds, but they are not melting pots.

● Talking to kids at the Rock Hotel shows their different concerns emerge. For the metalists, the band is the thing. They come because Slayer or Megadeth are, like, awesome. For the hardcore kids, the physical exhilaration of thrashing is the thing.

Martin, a 17-year-old hardcore follower from the Bronx, told me he likes Megadeth "because they're really trying to say something. You have to check out their lyrics to understand them."

"But I mainly came here to thrash. That's the main purpose. Not really to see a band."

● Why does he think that all these metal bands are getting over with the hardcore kids?

"Basically", Martin says, "what happened was, a few years ago metal was, like, slower. But when Metallica came out, and they played fast, everybody got into it. And it reminded me of hardcore. I knew sooner or later heavy metal was gonna get into hardcore, evolve. And it's turning out that way, both of them mixing, playing the same clubs, and some of the bands, you can't really judge if they are metal or hardcore, because they do both."

The two friends, like the rest of their two tribes packing the steamy concert hall, agree to disagree. Martin follows Antidote, MDC and the Bad Brains. He likes his bands to be "saying something". Peter favours Iron Maiden, Metallica and Motorhead. Neither has any time for the prettified pop metal of the likes of Bon Jovi.

And on one statement at least they are in complete accord. "Megadeth are cool."

Dave Mustaine is The Brat of speed-metal. He's just admitted it, loudly, in this Hammersmith pub packed with after-show free-riders like myself. This is the Megadeth 'Wake Up Dead Black Friday Drinks' session, except that it started at 12.15am on a Saturday.

Mustaine and his Megadeth have just played at the Odeon, 'round the corner. It was their British debut, but not a wholly successful one, despite what a succession of ass-lickers are now telling The Brat.

No, the forces of gloom triumphed – there was a Customs holdup with their equipment from Europe, their soundcheck was cursory, if that, and the whole show was an hour late, which meant that by the time The Brat hit the stage he was floating on a combination of nerves and alcohol. At least, Megadeth are the speed-scene commanders worthy of their reputation – this is no bunch of dumb dicks in any sense – but tonight didn't happen.

They received a seismic reception, but they're gonna have to return and do the job properly. But tonight is not over yet, for The Brat is still enjoying himself. He's sailing into the cognac before a semi-circle of (ever-changing) admirers, occasionally interrupting himself to grab a beer bottle, whack it down *hard* on the table and scream: "I'm a fuckin' BRAT!!"

Everyone grins, including He. He's sharp, funny, and self-important. He was kicked around at home by a succession of Mom's friends when he was a kid, his parents divorcing early in his life. Later he admits he was the "worst punk in the world". He sheared his hair off at 16, became a surf-bum and then a few years later found himself in Metallica. He was kicked out of that group for "bad attitude" – don't ask what. Now he's kicking back with Megadeth.

We first met in the EMI/Capitol conference room. Jet-lagged hungry and interview-weary, Megadeth are hanging off the edges of the huge circular tables. Dave Ellefson, affable bassist, is considering the previous evening's Deep Purple show, at Wembley. But I expected the likes of Megadeth to want nothing to do with such a possee of 40s-ish armchair sludgers!

Dave Mustaine – self-proclaimed brat – could be mistaken for yer average HM gonzo, yet his band, MEGADETH, features noted jazz fusion players and asks their fellow Americans to consider the alternatives to nuclear gunship diplomacy. DAVID SWIFT negotiates the minefield of contradiction.

"Well, their lights were real good . . ." says Ellefson, carefully.

The Brat takes his feet off the table and climbs in: "Notice he didn't say anything about the music. I heard Bitchie Blackmore walked off. I have respect for 'em, but I mean, we're the new blood and they're the old warriors."

'Peace Sells . . . But Who's Buying?' is Megadeth's hot-shot debut LP. The cover updates the horror-schlock bullshit we're all tired of by placing the United Nations building under missile attack. A skull-and-bones real-estate salescorpse (conceptually known as 'Vic Rattlehead') leans on a 'For Sale' sign in front of the blitzreigned UN. So, uh, this is fatalism in the nuclear age?

"It is, it says the world is too hard on people growin' up in it. But I'm an optimist, OK?" says The Brat. "That's why is says in the chorus, 'if there's a new way I'll be the first in line'. But if it doesn't work this time, forget it baby, I'm off to Skylab."

A new way? Do you really think that the power-play games are going to change? And you're the guy that said this LP is for 'every red-blooded American'?

"When you cut, you bleed red. And every American should know that it's our fuckin' Government, it's We The People, we're the ones who make the decisions in our environment, and we're surrounded by these manipulator Senators and congressmen, these people treat you like cattle. You wanna contribute and you start sayin' I wanna be political, I'm gonna express my viewpoints. I don't think we're functionally illiterate. We're for people who wanna *listen* to their music, not just hear it. We get a lot of backing on college radio 'cos we're an intellectual thrash band."

So are Megadeth also rejecting traditional playgrounds of metal, sex and drugs and . . . ?

Ellefson waves an arm, dismissively: "Oh man, I listened to that when I was 12, this bank has a lot more to offer than that."

Musically, Megadeth are already a step or three ahead, *technically*, for drummer Gar Samuelson and guitarist Chris Poland played jazz-fusion (yes!) for five years. With no one famous, they claim, although I've read of Al DiMeola. . .

Samuelson: "A lot of early fusion was basically speed-metal anyway, a very high energy music."

'Peace Sells. . .' is mostly a great LP,

it fuses melody, flexi-rhythms and totally uninhibited, boulder-breaking riffs into the sort of listenable hardcore/metal crossover point that everyone's talking about but few are reaching.

And, crucially, Mustaine's vocal is neither the caveman grunt of the born-from-hardcore end of the scene, or the pitched squeal of the ancient metal men. Try it.

Is there pressure to out-run all others to be hardest, fastest, loudest, after an LP like this?

"That's the lamest attitude you can have. Too many bands in the thrash genre have concentrated on being too heavy, they forget there's supposed to be music there," says Ellefson.

And Satanism holds no appeal to you?

The Brat: "Some of us have hearts and minds, we don't want to negatively influence people, and Satanism is a triple negative."

How about a song like 'Black Friday', then, that's hardly positive. It's *Texas Chainsaw Massacre*!

"Exactly, a horror movie theme, like *Freddie's Revenge*, or *Friday The 13th*. There's no reality, it's not like a joke, but it's not serious."

The Washington Wives loved Megadeth, because the band chose to rate the LP themselves, rather than have the Senators' wives give it an 'X' and have it under-counter across the USA.

Ellefson: "Tipper Gore went on TV and held up our record and was so happy because we rated it. But we wrote the rating in black ink on such a dark spot nobody could see it anyway."

Oh, you wags!

I ask The Brat if it's true he has spoken out against drug abuse at some of Megadeth's shows, but does *everything* himself.

"There's not a thing I haven't done. But drugs are for doctors. Sure I've made mistakes. It's not cool for people to use drugs to excess, moderation is the key. I don't shoot up and I'm not dependent on anything."

He finishes politely: "I'd like to thank you for your concern, the *NME* is a breakthrough for us."

Seriously?

"Hey, I just said it, I'm not kissin' your ass, man. . ."

OK, OK. I back out, offering thanks, fearing the Kiss of 'Deth.

NEW SINGLE • NIGHT PEOPLE



BLACK

10

LIVE DATES – MARCH • 18th. MANCHESTER UNIVERSITY / 19th. THE WAG CLUB, LONDON / 20th. TRENT POLY / 21st. COVENTRY POLY / 24th. LEICESTER POLY / 25th. MIDDLESEX POLY / APRIL • 3rd. THE FRIDGE, Brixton

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Speed Metal

WE ARE THE LAW

Here in the Hammersmith Odeon, 3000 rubber-necked, head-smashing furiously happy speed-metal freaks are going bananas (it's called 'moshing', their 'dance') and screaming at the stage: NOOOO FUUUU-CHAAA, NOOO FUUUU-CHAAA FOR YOUUUUUUU!!!

Anthrax – crossover masters of the new rock'n' roll – are beaming. This is 'God Save The Queen' gone mental, and the band always let the UK fans sing the chorus to them. Of course, Anthrax don't need to do a lot to the Pistols' original to make it metal, and Anthrax and the New York hardcore scene are close companions, so it's no major style shift for them to pull out a punk classic from any era. But they still have a 'first' up their sleeve. Anthrax are the first metal band to rap...

"We're Anthrax and we take no shit / and we don't care for writing hits / this song you hear is what we like / and I'll steal your Filas like I'll steal your... sox!"

'I'm The Man'

It was rap that united with rock – Mantronik, Rick Rubin and his Def Jam charges pulled back the beats that they'd loved in adolescence, and now the Beastie Boys have put what is essentially a metal LP at Number One in the US. Anthrax reversed the robbery, cutting up their own rock to rap over, and 'I'm The Man' is more than the flip side to their current 'I Am The Law'; it shows that metal can update (eat?) itself. It goes down a treat.

Scott Ian, Def Jam fanatic and guitarist with Anthrax, says they did it to introduce their audience to another, equally potent, current music.

"And also because we just like to do different things, that's our attitude. The rap tells about each member of the group."

And it slaughters the charge that metal can't laugh at itself.

"Every metal band rocks a different way / we like to be different, not cliché / they say rock and rap can never mix / well all of them can suck our..."

"Genital organ located in the lower abdominal region..."

"No man, the word is 'dick'..."
This hip novelty can't be performed live because Anthrax don't have their

own Jam-master to cut up a dub disc while the New York five testify over it. Trying to play it would be tricky, and it'd be miles behind the rest of their set, speedwise. Anthrax live do justice to the hip metal/skatecore term 'full-on'. When the curtain went up at the Odeon, beneath their Judge Dredd badge-logo stood 24 giant amps. And presumably all switched on, for the evening's ear-blast was judged to be the third-loudest gig ever at the venue, 119 constant decibels, just below history levels reached by Whitesnake and Krokus. All components – hi-revving twin guitars, thunderbolt bass, and a drum sound that could invade Poland solo – were welded behind Joey Belladonna's fire-engine screech. It was a real ear-opener, but light-hearted too, as Anthrax's four-on-the-floor sprinted circles round each other for 90 minutes.

The knockout was 'I Am The Law', the ode to the hero of 2000AD, which has made their "no hits" rap eat sonic death because it's in the UK Top 20. A flawlessly basic rifferama, it couldn't fail to win even non-metal audiences over by virtue of its simplicity, its real raw power, and its cover star – a Judge Dredd lookalike. Yes, lookalike, for it is not exactly he. IPC Magazines Ltd, owners of your caring NME, would only give Anthrax limited reproduction rights on the Judge Dredd image, thus blowing out the possibility of a classic animated video for the single and – if MTV followed – across-America promotion for the comic, of which Anthrax are enthusiasts. As it is the record isn't being aired on wonderful Radio One because of the "you won't fuck around no more" line.

After the hit, and the rap, the third Anthrax surprise is that they are on Island, whose last 'rock' signing were probably Free. Anthrax's manager, Johnny Z, tells how.

"Chris Blackwell was one of the first people to understand that heavy metal was gonna happen. He didn't particularly care for the music, but he knew it'd happen. When the Anthrax LP 'Spreading The Disease' (1985) was finished, I told him, 'you didn't get Metallica, but this thing is tremendous, and it's too heavy for any major label. Only a rebel like you...'"

So bullshit and flattery got them the contract. But now all the labels are running for a speed-metal group. Elektra picked up Metallica first, then

Metal Church; Island have Anthrax; Capitol won Megadeth; and Def Jam/WEA, Slayer. Slayer are now licensed to London in Britain, and the other UK companies are sensing profit. Thus, Bernard Doe of Metal Forces speed-metal magazine was rung by A Major two weeks ago and told to get scouting – "we want five bands like Anthrax".

With Metallica's 'Master Of Puppets' LP having gone well over the million mark, the speed-metal market is expanding, and Anthrax are next on the platinum rung.

They want to go global, and perhaps their rap flip is warming them up to the possibility of a 'Walk This Way'. After all, Scott Ian lives virtually next door to Rick Rubin.

"We'd love something like that to happen, we'd open up a whole new black audience. That'd be great, getting black American teenagers into HM – Oh God!"

Anthrax must be heartened by the success of the Beasties, because theirs is a core metal sound just like yours...

"Are you kiddin' me? – I'm shocked to shit! It's totally encouraging to see three schmucks from Brooklyn have a hit LP in two months, totally heavy metal. And I know that the Beasties are really popular with the hardcore metal audience. All this stuff can be a revolving door," says Scott Ian.

The other meeting point is the thrash hardcore scene, which is several steps beyond what even Big Black are doing – perhaps they're too inventive to be compared to basic, non-stop thrash/punk/skin aggregates from New York like The Crumb-suckers, Agnostic Front, the Cro-Mags, bands that Anthrax often play with.

"Whenever we play there we have those bands with us 'cos we like them so much. They're considered crossover metal/hardcore, it's great when you get a band like that onstage with Anthrax, it's just the most intense night you've ever experienced. Totally heavy. We come from the metal school – Sabbath, etc, and they came from the Pistols and the Ramones and Black Flag. The two have evolved into almost the same thing."

The new school of metal continues its outrageous flirtation with (gasp!) reality with Anthrax's forthcoming LP, 'Among The Living'. Perhaps the current emphasis on the nuclear apocalypse just allows speed-metal lyricists to appear socially conscious, but lets the boys play with the same

Sheep diseases in your living room! ANTHRAX are the mob that have dragged rap into metal – returning the hip-hop compliment – and put speed thrash into Britain's charts. DAVID SWIFT – DDT spray-can at the ready – investigates.



Scott 'Not' Ian and Frank Bello

blood-filled word toys...

"Yeah, a lot of bands have taken that up, it's like Satan used to be the thing, but now it's nuclear war. We have a song called 'One World' that says politicians should be thinking about peace rather than Star Wars defence programmes. Why can't we have a policy that says in 12 years, instead of a Star Wars defence, we'll have peace? That's the view I take," says Scott, who is often misnamed in print. So it's Scott 'Not' Ian, on his clothes, his guitar and his shoes.

The rest of the group join 'Not' in

denouncing right-wing America, and, in succession, the Parents' Music Resource Centre. 'Not' causes some embarrassed guffawing in front of The NME Right-On Post-Feminist tape recorder with his suggestion of what the senators' wives really need.

Onstage, Belladonna adopts a similarly retro rock'n'roll terminology. "Awwllriddee Hammersmith!!! We gonna burn this baby down tooniit-tee y'aaawwwlllllll!"

Anthrax are the most self-deprecating group in the history of metal. This disease is worth catching.

PICTURE: CHRIS CLUNN

WHITESNAKE

NEW SINGLE

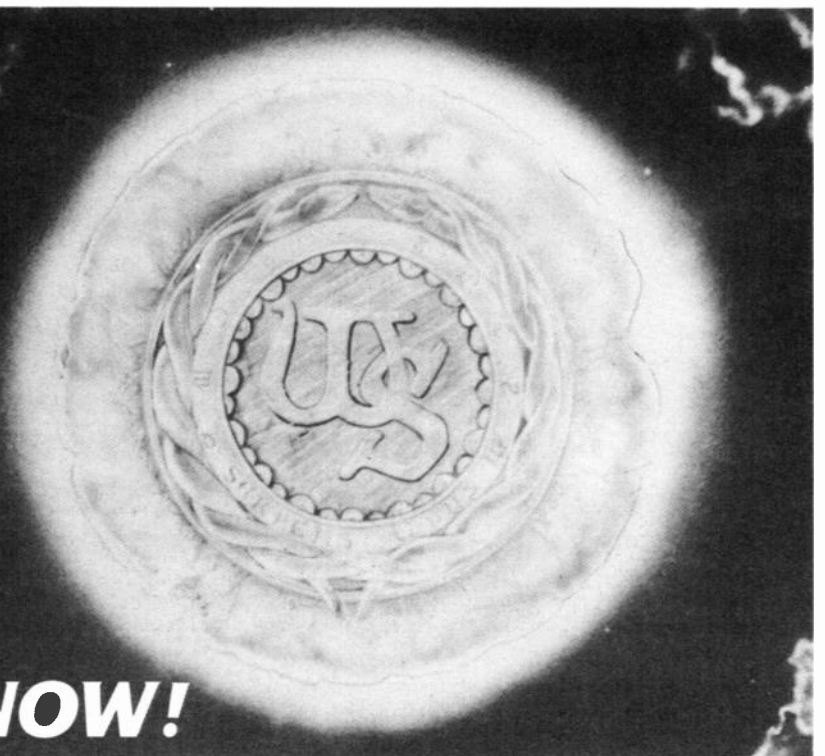
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Speed Metal

TO HELL AND BACK

The best part of interviewing known Satanists is that you can dispense with pop frivolities — What's your favourite colour? Who do you fancy?, etc. — and get down to the real issues of modern-day existence, like... do you really rape virgins and sacrifice goats on altars?

Disappointingly, the answer is "Of course we bloody don't."

Worse still, Slayer — thrash metal's most musically extreme and professionally offensive exponents — are in an almost apologetic mood. Via phone from his LA base, Jeff Hanneman is telling me things like "Now you see punks and longhairs getting together in harmony, which is cool."

Does he really expect me to believe that he's the guitar-wielding maniac who composed and wrote a current single that goes a little something like this?...

"Surgery, with no anaesthesia / Feel the knife pierce you intensely / Inferior, no use to mankind / Strapped down screaming out to die".

The bastard's probably knitting woolly booties for the baby as we speak!

There's nothing quite as bad as a boring HM band, and Slayer are nothing like a boring HM band. Their latest album 'Reign In Blood' (Def Jam) is hilariously OTT blitzkrieg bop, the real jabbering, puking McCoy. Like Judas Priest meeting The Circle Jerks on an old 78rpm gramophone, their bending, howling guitar noise is truly enjoyable — and the whole ten-track shazam is over before you've finished side one of a Dire Straits album. Neeeyarskreecrunch! What was that? That was a Slayer album, mate.

Slayer's frenzy is the last stop on the musical railway before you reach Shapeless Noiseville. After the 28 minutes of possessed berserkoid grunge that is 'Reign In Blood', a stiff dose of Paul Johnson is not only desirable, it's a highly recommended way of ensuring you don't go out and strangle a few innocent passers by.

But the dementia displayed in the music seems irrelevant next to the evil supposedly provoked by Slayer's lyrics. If an album of viciously anti-God songs is unlikely to please the Washington wives, the single 'Angel Of Death' — an ambiguous tale of

Auschwitz butcher Josef Mengele — is guaranteed to offend everyone. CBS, who paid a million dollars for the rights to distribute Def Jam, refused to touch the album and even now, despite being reviewed as speed-metal's finest album (ie in the last four years of metal), a major UK label (London) is only *probably* going to release it.

Given that the Americans take Ozzy Osbourne — long regarded here as an old panto dame, like Gary Glitter without the songs — seriously it's a wonder Slayer haven't yet been stamped out.

SATAN'S RISE

HM sold its soul to the devil for the very tacky reason that it would look mean. Under all the leather and acne, metal mutants are almost invariably the tenderest, straightest folks in town, desperately looking for a convincing attitude problem. The heaviest occultist in British metal was Jimmy Page, yet there was no reflection of his interests in Led Zep's music, whilst the first bands to thrust 666 down people's throats, Black Sabbath and (later) Venom, knew nothing about black magic.

Did anyone mention poseurs? "Most of the people," according to Mark Palmer at Music For Nations, "who have 666 and pentagrams on the back of their jackets have never heard of Anton Levey or Aleister Crowley. They're attracted by it, but they don't understand it. Satanism's on the way out 'cos it's too negative. Bands like Bathory and Slayer won't ever be able to totally renounce it, it's too big a part of their appeal, but other metal bands are becoming worldly wise, putting more social comment in their lyrics."

The bands still riding the Satanist sinking ship include Dark Angel, Possessed, and Britain's vile and pimply Onslaught. According to Mark Palmer, the band that really believes in it as a 'long-term concept' are Bathory. "They insist that if they can't call the sides of their albums Evil and Darkness (as opposed to One and Two), there's no point in releasing albums."

So Jeff, what attracts Slayer to Satanism?

"It provides such extreme lyrics, all that anarchic violence, ripping people apart. We were kinda serious about it when we started, but now it's old hat."

What were you serious about? "We read a lot from the Satanic bible. It's not quite the opposite of the normal bible — a lot of its principles are just about being yourself, if



Slayer's canned laughter

you want to do something do it, if you wanna have affairs you can. But we never hold daily rituals or anything."

"You go to church, you kiss the cross / You will be saved at any cost / You have your own reality / Christianity / You spend your life just kissing ass" ('Jesus Saved').

Slayer are not into Christianity in a big way, but all that talk of 'red books' and worshipping Satana sounds pretty religious to me. Isn't Satanism the same old crap in reverse?

"Yes, it's the same thing, you can get caught up in it just like any religion. What we're attacking, in a roundabout way, is the Christian TV conmen. It's unbelievable, the amount of money stolen in the name of Jesus."

There are good commercial reasons why the media and the metal industry stay clear of Satanism, but bands like Metallica, Megadeth and Anthrax just think it's ridiculous.

"Well a lot of it is quite ridiculous, but you don't think of it as a pose, it's just something to write about which is way over the top, and is an easy way of offending people."

Is offending people good? What about 'Angel Of Death'?

"I feel you should be able to write about whatever you want. 'Angel Of Death' is like a history lesson (what school did you go to?), but as soon as we released it everybody was calling

us Nazis. Our singer's a dark-skinned Chilean, there's no way we're fascists. I'd read a lot about the Third Reich and was absolutely fascinated by the extremity of it all, the way Hitler had been able to hypnotise a nation and do whatever he wanted, a situation where Mengele could evolve from being a doctor to being a butcher."

Slayer are skating on thin ice with this kind of libertarian 'do what you feel' attitude. 'AOD' doesn't condone Mengele's activities, but it doesn't condemn them either, and that could well be over-estimating their audience's judgement. Strangely, WEA have refused to distribute 'Reign In Blood' in the UK, but are doing so in Germany.

"That's REALLY strange, but I guess we're kinda huge there. We've been told that we can't play there, but we're going there anyway."

BEASTLY BOP

Heavy Metal grew out of distorted, over-amplified blues and now, 15 years later, is — in some parts — threatening to dovetail back into black music through rap. Whilst bands like Anthrax are gushing rap freaks, Metallica hate the stuff and admit no link whatsoever with black music. How do Slayer feel about one of their guitarists (Kerry King) playing on the Beastie Boys' album?

"We all think it's great. The Beas-

ties' music is very much like ours in that it's real extreme. I don't listen to much rap outside of Run DMC and the Beasties, but then I'm pretty burned-out on most new music."

Speed-crazed animals onstage, laid-back Californians off, Slayer are a group of passionate musicians, ex-punks, skateboarders and snake-collectors. They'll be touring Europe in a month's time, then Japan. Punk realism may(!) supercede their Satanic lyrics, and they have the dynamic know-how to make their next LP both slower and heavier. And they love Rick Rubin and will be forever Def Jammers.

What I want to know is why they've just toured as support to Metal's megaturkeys WASP. Weren't they too exciting for that pantomime?

"We found that out on the road, when we had most of the fans."

Why did WASP take you along, if you just showed them up?

"I don't understand it," Jeff laughs, "We couldn't believe it either, 'cos they took Metallica as support a couple of years back, and the same thing happened. They got spat at and had things thrown at them after Metallica had played. You'd think they'd learn from that, but next thing you know they wanna take us out on tour. It's ridiculous!"

At the moment, Slayer are reigning in blood.

SKATE TOUGH OR GO HOME!

As if one re-born youth mania isn't enough, speed-metal is intimately connected with another — the new wave of hardcore skateboarding! Forget grazed knees in your local park; the new sidewalk surfers are metal-crazed muthas who speak a jive of their own, scan mags with names like *Thrasher* and live by the motto — 'Skate tough, or go home'... The teenage British stars are being abducted to the States and forced to accept piles of money for advertising customised blood 'n' guts skate gear.

Next week, CYNTHIA ROSE dons the studded elbow pads and goes in search of the ultimate concrete wave.

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We're in heaven when you smile

... as DANNY WILSON said, following the favourable reactions to their 'Mary's Prayer' debut. ADRIAN THRILLS reports on the greatest Dundonian happening since the Tay Bridge fell down. Picture: A. J. BARRATT.



Kit, Ged and Gary – in grannie's hieland hame

Between the conurbations of Glasgow and Edinburgh to the south and the oil riches of Aberdeen to the north, the city of Dundee nestles on Scotland's east coast.

Once the traditional home of jute, jam and journalism, the region now nurses the social and economic wounds inflicted by a government that it did not even vote for, a recession that has now hit even modern industries like the massive Timex electronics company, the city's most important source of employment.

For a place that one native writer once described as "lonely, neglected and almost beleaguered", however, Scotland's fourth city retains its passionate local character, a strong cultural identity and a striking sense of its own uniqueness. A few years ago, for example, the local Left-wing council raised more than a few eyebrows when they flew the flag of the Palestinian Liberation Organisation from the city chambers.

And, from the past month, two more events have stood out. Firstly, the footballing sons of Dundee United have taken on the might of Barcelona as the last British soccer club left in European competition. And, secondly, the debut single by Danny Wilson has been released on Virgin Records.

Danny Wilson is not a person, but a band. Two brothers, Gary and Kit Clark, and an old schoolfriend, Ged Grimes, they are set to follow the Tayside trail to pop success walked a few years ago by such notables as Billy MacKenzie and Paul Quinn.

Gary, the elder brother, sings and writes songs. The younger Kit contributes saxophone and accordion, with Ged chipping in on upright bass and plenty of keyboard wizardry. They got together in 1985 and initially went by the name of Spencer Tracey before changing the moniker last year in honour of the Frank Sinatra film *Meet Danny Wilson*. Gary and Ged had returned home after two abortive years in London, while Kit chose the band in preference to embarking on an acting career by taking his prestigious place at RADA in London.

They started as a busking trio, taking their favourite Hollywood musical classics into the cinema queues of Dundee and even adopting the one-off guise of Scotch Porridge Notes to enable them to fleece rich American tourists when the Open golf championship visited nearby St Andrews. Some predictable hassle from the local *polis* notwithstanding, a Satur-

day or Sunday spent busking on Tayside would usually earn the three Danny boys upwards of £80.

"We were at a bit of a loose end when we started," says Gary. "We had written some songs and we were talking about doing demos, but we didn't have any kind of permanent live set up. So we started busking just as a way of playing live. We eventually became local celebrities of a sort. Old ladies would write into the local paper complaining about the way the police were always moving us on when we began playing in town."

With the hiring of a part-time drummer, some club appearances and more original songs ensued. Though the band are pretty adept at genre-hopping in the way they arrange their material – skipping from classic balladry to country, Latin pop to cool bop – there is an unorthodox, inventive *quality* in their songwriting that remains constant. It is a sophistication that marks them down as distant cousins of the likes of Stephen Sondheim, Burt Bacharach, Cole Porter and Guy Mitchell rather than the direct descendants of what Paddy McAloon once termed "30 years of Chuck Berry riffs".

"It's all about songs," continues Gary. "I always like to finish a song before we start working on it in the studio. Once it is written, then you can talk about how you are going to arrange it. Once it is written, you can rip it to shreds in the studio. Once it is written, you can play it in any number of different styles."

A small club tour in Scotland brought the band their first live reviews, one of which – by Bob Flynn in *NME* – attracted the attention of Virgin, who eventually offered the band an albums deal. The group signed and spent the latter part of last year in studios in Denmark and New York recording with UB40 producer Howard Gray. Their debut single 'Mary's Prayer' is the first fruit of the liaison. A light, evocative pop single, it is coupled with a country version of the same song, retitled 'Mary's Prairie', emphasising the flexibility that an open-minded band can enjoy.

"We were really into the idea of creating a big mish-mash of sounds and ideas," says Kit. "That was one of the good things about working with Howard Gray. He was as into taking influences from anywhere as we were. When we were in the studio, we used to visualise how a song would sound before we recorded it, saying things like 'this one should sound like The Carpenters on speed'."

"We didn't want a record that sounded clinical," adds Gary. "We use synthesisers and Fairlights here and there, but we wanted the

drums to *sound* as natural as possible. Almost every record in the chart at the moment has the same drum sound, so we wanted to sound as different as we could.

"I'm sure Virgin might have a few problems with the sheer diversity of the songs on the LP, but it was important to us that we didn't go too strongly in one direction on our first record. If we'd gone down just one alley, we might find ourselves restricted in the future. It's important to keep your options open."

Gary's lead vocal lines are one of the most distinctive things about Danny Wilson. Rather than follow the dominant melody faithfully, he will skirt off at tangents way above it, giving the band a flighty feel reminiscent of some of Steely Dan's finer moments. It is an influence that Gary readily acknowledges.

"I really like Steely Dan, not so much for their more recent stuff, but for things like 'Countdown To Ecstasy'. People always used to think of them as a really laid-back group, but some of their stuff was really wild and off-the-wall."

A bright, wistful sense of yearning is also found in Gary's words. A common theme is the value of family, community and tradition acting as a bulwark against both the drabness and the harshness of contemporary living. His songs are rooted in the personal rather than the directly political and – when they avoid occasional flights of complete fantasy – stand as moving affirmations of the power of *faith*.

"That's probably there," he concedes. "But it is nothing conscious. It's just something that must be in me. I tend to write about people and their experiences. A lot of them are real people, too, so I have to be a bit careful when I talk about them."

Religious imagery crops up on a lot of songs, from the single to tracks like 'You Remain An Angel' on the forthcoming LP.

"That's probably the Catholic upbringing. It stems from the kind of images that you used to get in a lot of the old hymns. It's just useful for the feeling that it generates."

Of the songs on the LP, two are of particular personal interest. 'Davy' is the story of their ill-fated move to London – familiar to many young Scots – and 'Ruby's Golden Wedding' is based on the genuine anniversary of Gary and Kit's grannie!

"A lot of people have said that the lyrics of 'Davy' are very naive," says Gary. "But that is missing the point altogether. The song is not

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DANNY WILSON

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

supposed to be the views of the guys who move away from home and are now learning from their experiences down in London. It's from the viewpoint of the people still up in Scotland. It's *deliberately* naive in a way . . .

"The way that Lester Bowie looked at it was simple. He said that we played *avant pop*, which was exactly what he was trying to do with Brass Fantasy. It was just that he was coming into it from the jazz side and we were coming into it from the pop side."

It is the kind of partnership that is bound to get up the noses of the jazz purists.

"But, if you listen to the way that Lester Bowie plays, you will see immediately that he is not into any of that snobbish elitism of jazz critics. He's into breaking down all those barriers. He wants to sell records, after all. He's not afraid to do covers of Michael Jackson or Whitney Houston songs. He could do a cover of almost any popular tune, but impose his own timing, his own sound and his own arrangement. His sound is unique anyway, because the band use tuba, trumpet and trombone rather than saxophone, giving the overall sound a real softness. There is also a real humour about what they do, and that helped relax us at the prospect of working with them."

With their LP due out in the spring, Danny Wilson are currently putting together a band that will be able to tour. Lester Bowie will not be with them, but the band that do play will be a far cry from the trio so beloved of Dundonian shoppers over a year ago. Their adventurous spirit should make them well worth your ears of an evening.

"We love playing live," concludes Gary. "The best thing about gigs is the sheer thrill of performance, the fun of playing and watching people's reactions. A lot the groups that I've watched recently don't seem to have that. They are touring to promote a record, so they just impersonate that record."

And 'Ruby'?

"That song is genuinely about our grandma," says Kit. "She is from an Irish background and we were all at her golden wedding anniversary, which turned out to be a really good traditional singing session. The song is about the way that all the old songs and customs that she represents are not really being kept alive. In about 20 years, hardly any of those songs are going to be with us, unless they are passed on through the generations."

Some of the most striking features about 'Ruby's Golden Wedding' are the horn parts, supplied by Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy. The ensemble lend themselves perfectly to the song, coming over like a cross between a New Orleans street group and a northern colliery brass section. The link-up between a jazz giant and three lads from Tayside, however, remains an unlikely one. Ged explains that it came about after the band went to watch a Brass Fantasy concert while they were recording in Copenhagen.

"We asked them, but we never thought that they would agree to do it. At first, Lester Bowie seemed really sceptical, but we gave him a tape of a few songs and by the next day he had agreed to play on them. And once we were in the studio, things really started to come together."

"The other thing about playing live is that it gives you the chance to completely re-arrange your songs. It's completely different to working in the studio. You have to have a few things up your sleeve, maybe drop in a few unexpected cover versions. As long as you can say all you need to say in the allotted space. If you can't say it in three minutes . . ."

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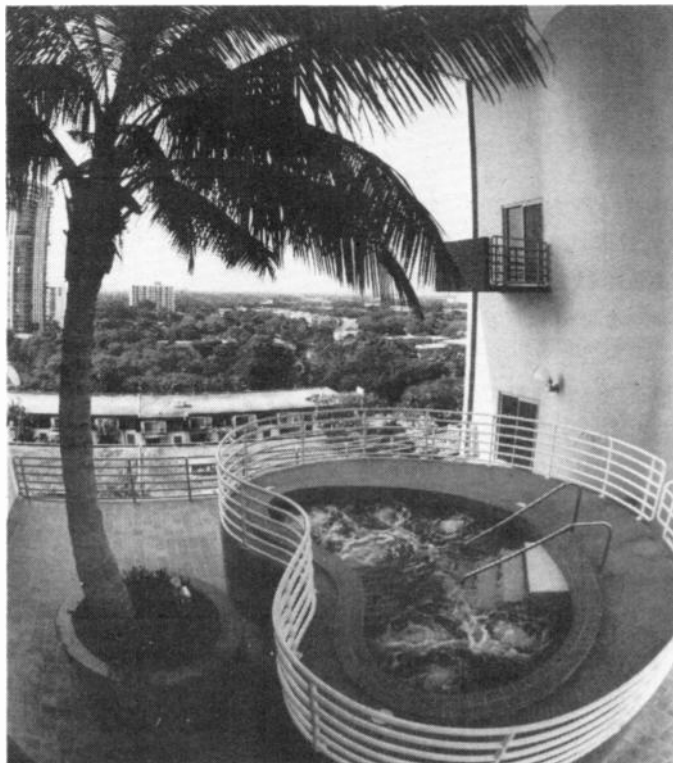


A SINGLE



WORD UP

SCRIPTED BY SEAN O'HAGAN



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MANHATTAN TRANSFER
John Dos Passos (*Penguin £4.95*)
CARPENTER'S GOTHIC
William Gaddis (*Picador £3.95*)
SPANKING THE MAID
Robert Coover (*Heinemann £8.95*)

IN THE introduction to Penguin's reissue of John Dos Passos' *Manhattan Transfer*, Jay McInerney quite rightly refers to the book as a work of genius, somehow marginalised in, if not excluded from, the canon of American Literature. Unlike F Scott Fitzgerald, McInerney argues, Dos Passos focused on the American city, not the American individual, so writing himself out of the lineage of the Great American Novel.

Of course the very existence of this introduction by the author of the glossy, superficial *Bright Lights Big City* (or *Big Sales Big Yuppy*), keyed so prominently on the cover is another attempt to rewrite the past in terms of what is currently acceptable. As McInerney writes the city today, so Dos Passos wrote it then — just another great strand in the Tradition.

Dos Passos, like McInerney, set out to write a time as well as a city, but he also set out to construct a mode of expression that could truly write that time with all its rush of momentum, its splintered glory and its underpinning sense of tragedy. The New York of the '20s was the Futurist fantasy of the new city; where the lingering sense of past drifts through the streets of Döblin's *Berlin Alexanderplatz* or the Dublin of Joyce's *Ulysses*, Dos Passos's *Manhattan* is a place without a past, the glittering edifice of modernity in concrete and glass. Where the Futurists saw only the ideal of the electric city, Dos Passos, in a vision every bit as dynamic, also sees the human casualties:

"The old man in the checked cap sits on the brownstone stoop with his face in his hands. With the glare of Broadway in their backs there is a continual flickering of people past him towards the theatres down the street. The old man is sobbing through his fingers in a sour reek of gin. Once in a while he raises his head and shouts hoarsely, 'I can't, don't you see I can't?' The voice is inhuman like the splintering of a plank."

He writes everything that was new to the time — the way that light filters through the window of a skyscraper, the sounds and especially the smells of the new city. Inevitably the linear narrative of the traditional novel is swept away in favour of a style that echoes the flickering visions from a streetcar. Time no longer unwinds at a leisurely pace, it sweeps past at a rush like a carpet pulled from beneath your feet.

New York at the time was, in McInerney's words "the stage of the American dream of success, the brain of the body economic". If you were going to write America in the '20s, you had to write New York. Now that the age of Dos Passos's giddy whirl has been replaced with the flatter world of the age of mass communication, New York is more like a computer graphics hologram of a Big Apple, a myth without the substance. The visions that really

touch the nerve endings of the imagination of America — now that we've had the Great American Dream, the Great American Nightmare and are well into the Great American Hallucination — are not the surface cityscapes of Jay McInerney or Brett Easton Ellis, or indeed Tama Janowitz. The heart of modern America (a heart of pure silicon) is glimpsed amidst the static interference that crackles through William Gaddis's *Carpenter's Gothic*.

Gaddis takes the uncertainty of the modern age even further, making it a part of the structure of the novel itself. No one in *Carpenter's Gothic* is ever quite sure what is going on, least of all the reader. We are flung headlong into a frantic and infuriating ping pong game of conversation that exists at first in a vacuum. Only as the novel progresses does the setting seep through.

The locus of the novel is an American myth, a rotting old wooden house whose architectural style forms the title its claustrophobia could have leaked through from Poe, its decay from Faulkner. People drift in and out, usually uninvited, telephone messages are received and often misinterpreted, the stories of the characters conflict with one another and often contradict themselves, but through it all the mood of modern America emerges — fear, corruption, image-manipulation and corporate Christianity. Gaddis is lyrical, comical and compelling, above all he is adventurous, not afraid to strive for a literary form which matches the modern day.

Where McInerney or Tama Janowitz rely on a system of recognisable signs to gain the reader's sympathy, "Yes I've been to that club" or "I've seen earrings like that", Gaddis wants to take us into a world parallel to our own, show us our world re-dreamt, its horror standing starker — a deeper shock of recognition.

Taking the American novel even deeper into the counter-reality of dreams is the work of Robert Coover. His recently released *Spanking The Maid* is a foray away from the breakneck pace of American farce and into the more leisurely time zone of the European *nouveau roman*, building a fractured image of the bizarre relationship between two people — a man and his maid through the repetition of a single event, her entering his room in the morning.

As usual, Coover's manipulation of the form is a far from dry delight, his word play is cruelly funny and his imaginative eye for the more bizarre side of sexual fantasy is acute, in this case using an S & M relationship as a slapstick (sorry) undercurrent.

What Coover proves is that, contrary to the recent assertions of Raymond Carver, the American experimental novel is not a blind alley, rather an intriguing corridor with door awaiting to be opened. Alongside Gaddis, he also proves there's more to modern American fiction than McInerney and Janowitz and their nightclubs, haircuts and sushi earrings.

Don Watson

RED LIGHT RADAR

"The two things I love most in life are sex and money. I just never knew until much later they were connected." Thus spoke Lucy, the grand *Madame* in *Working Girls*, a new film about the pain and power of prostitution. JANE MERKIN meets director LIZZIE BORDEN in a boudoir near you.

LIKE NUCLEAR weapons, the NHS, and licensing laws, prostitution is something on which everyone has an opinion. Most people still view it as the unmentionable occupation, in which prostitutes are a breed apart, just one step up from the gutter. The sleazy, sex-ridden hooker or the tart with a golden heart make dramatic cinema characters, the first permitting the unleashing of extreme violence: bad girls can't be allowed to screw around for money and survive. While the second allows the love of a good man to save the fallen women who, underneath it all, is just as sweet as the girl next door.

Working Girls, the new film from New York director Lizzie Borden, has neither of these traditional images: "Every film I've seen romanticises prostitution tremendously, romanticises the degradation, the dirt, the violence. Every time there's a prostitute on the screen you know something horrible is going to happen to her, from *Klute* to *Crimes Of Passion* to *Belle De Jour* to *Angel*, because in any of these films the prostitute is a signal of sexual transgression who must therefore be destroyed."

For Molly, the central character in *Working Girls*, prostitution is simply a job like any other. For Lizzie Borden that's the only way to look at prostitution, separating the knee-jerk emotional and moral responses from the partialities of having to work in order to eat.

"In the last few years, and while I was actually doing research for the film, what was happening was the Women Against Pornography movement and a lot of feminists were saying 'prostitution is wrong, it should be abolished'. The point is we all agree with that, but what do you do about all the women in the sex industry, not just prostitution, but women who work in pornography, who work as strippers? For them it is a viable economic alternative, much more so than working as a waitress or a secretary. One of the things a lot of prostitutes I talked to felt was 'Hey, I made 200 in an hour. I don't care what I had to do, I could distance myself from it, it wasn't all so bad, and I don't have to sit there and wash dishes for two weeks to get the same money.'

"The feminists make them feel wrong, evil, degraded, more so than the men who rapidly exploit them, because the women are robbing them of any choice."

Lizzie's view of prostitution relates to a Marxist analysis of the world's oldest profession, explaining its existence

through the economic and sexual oppression of the women involved. In one way or another, we all sell our physical and intellectual ability to perform a job. Prostitution is only seen as something other than that since it threatens traditional social norms and because it challenges the notion that sex can only ever be the ultimate expression of romantic love.

Feminists have developed a two-way split in their ranks between those who argue against prostitution, believing it maintains women's oppression, and those, like Lizzie Borden who believe that prostitution changes the relationship between the dominant male and subordinate female.

"The point is a lot of women experience a lot of control in it, more control sometimes than in other work, and that is what's really interested me. The assumption is that the man has the money, he buys the woman and that gives him the power. It's not. It's an even exchange. There's a sense of men having to go there and being controlled and manipulated."

"There is a degrading aspect to it, but my argument in the whole film is that there is a degrading aspect to so many other types of work. What makes a woman so good and virtuous if she takes a horrible, junky job where she's paid so little? That in itself is a form of degradation, to have your time valued so little."

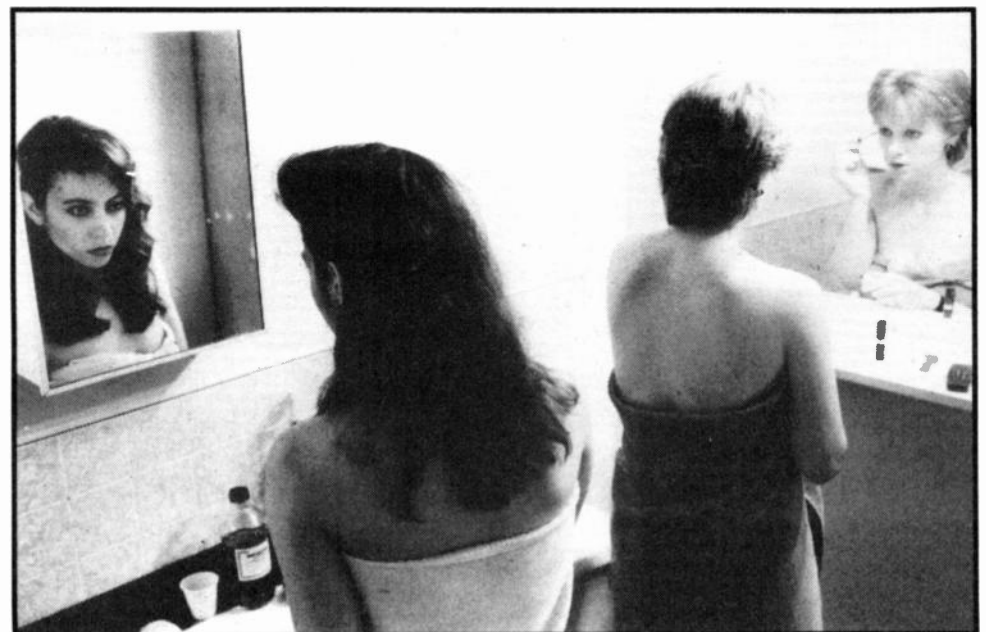
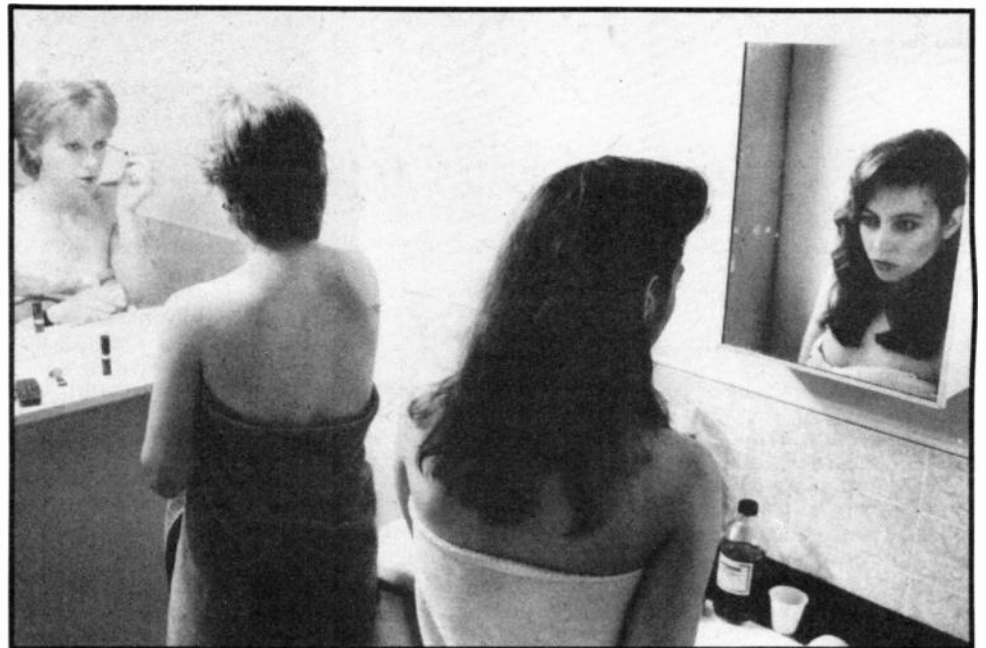
Working Girls is structured around a day in the life of a middle-class brothel. It follows the working life of Molly, a college graduate who lives with her black lover and her daughter. Molly's part-time job in a brothel situated in a duplex apartment in Manhattan allows Borden to explore her relationships with two other hookers and their exploitative employer, Lucy. For Lizzie, the comradeship which exists between the prostitutes and their humour is what makes their job bearable:

"I wanted desperately to show the humour that exists in that world and that's why I made it funny. When people always talk about prostitution it's always the dregs of it, the sad, horrible, lonely, violent, ugly, nasty parts of it, but the fact is that in so much of women's being able to deal with men there's a sense of humour, because once men are demystified, and tricks are just demystified men, there is a real sense of humour about the whole thing."

For a film so essentially centred around sex, there is remarkably little explicit detail and certainly no eroticism in the bedroom scenes. Despite this, the censor's scissors removed the only 'offensive' shot when the film was shown in Toronto, earlier this year.

"They censored it because it wasn't erotic" — it was treating sex as a job and human organs as machinery to be clinically manipulated.

TRADING IN TRICKS



Working Girls: "It was a job."

A man on the receiving end, like the other clients, is portrayed as an almost pathetic character who deserves the audience's pity. For once, there is not a single sympathetic male character with whom the male audience can identify. Just as women have had to do throughout much of film history, men are forced to identify with a figure of the opposite gender.

"It makes some men uncomfortable because it treats them as the object, not the subject. I thought there was going to be a tendency for men to come just for voyeuristic reasons, but then I realised that there's nothing to be a voyeur about, so the ones who come with that expectation will walk out without being satisfied, or leave after half an hour."

"The men who stay to the end will have to see Molly the prostitute as a real person. At least it'll be an occurrence in their lives where their expectations have been undercut. A lot of women relate to the film from their own sexual

experiences that are not formally prostitution, so it's not that alien to them. They've slept with men they haven't wanted to and it's true that in marriage they have serviced their husbands."

Anyone who goes to see *Working Girls* hoping for a repeat performance in both style and content of Lizzie's first feature, *Born In Flames*, will be disappointed. It's not a rousing, radical feminist anthem, all rough-cut action and no question asked, snatched in five second shots with the camera pointed vaguely at the subject matter. This is a carefully constructed movie, filmed in the classical Hollywood style. But in its content, it's just as subversive as *Born In Flames*.

Ironically, as the Wapping dispute was coming to its violent anniversary, Lizzie left the interview to publicise her film to a journalist from *The Sunday Times*. She said her distributors had arranged the meeting. *Working Girls* is about consciously selling out before someone sells you out behind your back.

WORKING IN THE SOUP FACTORY

never turn your back on...



RADAR TELLY

THE MEDIA SHOW

Wednesday, March 18
9.00pm (Channel Four)
THE MEDIA Show is much more than an idiot's guide through the thatched imagery of the global village. A popular look at the entire spectrum of media affairs from film and television to scratch video and the printed word, it has set itself the challenging task of "pricking the hype balloon of popular media". The first prick begins this week, when the fortnightly show leads with an 18 minute feature on the military and its complicated role in the making and managing of war movies.

From the flat-top, clean shaven patriotism of *Top Gun* to the tousled stubble and bleak self-criticism of the latest Vietnam film *Platoon*, *The Media Show*, pits its critical wit against the barrack-rooms of L. A. Boulevard. A commander in the US Navy, rents aircraft carriers to movie producers and acts as the nautical liaison officer for Hollywood, joins two politicised Vietnam Vets, the smug producers of *Top Gun* and *Platoon*'s outspoken

director Oliver Stone. Although *The Media Show* wants to project intelligent balance you can almost hear the programme cheering as Stone accuses *Top Gun* of "lame brain" war mongering.

According to one of its producers, Jane Root, *The Media Show* "is definitely not an arts programme. We don't do reviews or solemn histories of the great film directors. The programme asks questions of a different kind. For example, how do you market a film like *Prick Up Your Ears*? It's the life story of Joe Orton, a gleefully promiscuous homosexual. How do you promote a film like that during the current AIDS crisis."

A future highlight has *Blue Velvet* director David Lynch, Reagan's presidential campaign film and Jimmy Stewart running scared through Frank Capra's *It's A Wonderful Life*. All three are faced off in an investigative celebration of the dark innocence of the American small-town.

Tonight's programme also includes a feature on *LA Law*

and the triumph of the cathode-ray yuppies, a humorous report on the hidden international secrets of a deodorant advert and a scratch video slot. The ubiquitous Muriel Gray fronts it up. Recommended viewing.

Stuart Cosgrove

DIVERSE REPORTS

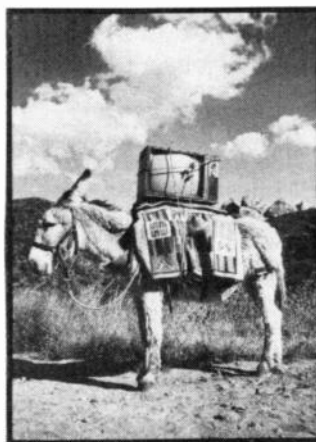
Wednesday March 18,
8.30pm (Channel Four)
JIM ALLEN's play *Perdition* caused a huge stir when it was withdrawn from London's Royal Court at the eleventh hour. Here, the original cast perform scenes from the play and Allen talks about his belief that Zionists collaborated with the Nazis during the Hungarian holocaust. Alongside producer, Ken Loach, he then faces an audience of historians and Jewish community leaders. Heated stuff.

NO SURRENDER Thursday
March 19, 9.00pm (Channel Four)

BLEASDALE's black comedy of bad manners set in The

JACKING THE BOX

Charleston, a Liverpool nightclub where anything goes. On this particular night, the manager catalogues the possibilities: "A group that can't play music, a comedian plus boyfriend, a nervous breakdown calling himself a musician, and two coachloads of religious maniacs..." Into this surreal setting comes an Ulster terrorist on the lam, his two-timing accomplice. And the club is double booked. Bernard Hill as the bouncer,



Joanne Whalley as the singing waitress and Elvis Costello as the magician. Magic.

SHARPEVILLE SPIRIT

Thursday March 19,
10.55pm (Channel Four)
FROM SOUTH AFRICA, a film made under the State Of Emergency and smuggled out. With the full cooperation of the young Comrades, Sharpeville spirit captures a fractured glimpse of life under Botha. Unlike 'Graceland' this one didn't enjoy the co-operation of the racist regime.

MISTER ED Friday March 20,
5.00pm (Channel Four)
ALL TOGETHER NOW - "A horse is a horse, of course, of course/ And no-one can talk to a horse, of course/ Unless, of course, the horse is - the wonderful Mister Ed." The original Big Mouth rides again.

SATURDAY LIVE Saturday
March 21, 10.00pm
(Channel Four)
THE STYLE Council and The

Smithereens join big mouth Ben Elton and his wacky, alternative chums. Plus Bing Hitler. Laugh, well... almost.

THE LONG GOOD FRIDAY

March 21, 10.50pm (ITV)
BOB HOSKINS as Harold Shand, the gangland boss who watches helplessly as his London underworld empire crosses the path of the IRA and crumbles to dust. Tense and well-crafted thriller with some brilliantly filmed explosions. Helen Mirren in support.

THE SOUTH BANK SHOW

Sunday March 22, 10.30pm (ITV)
THE PENGUIN Cafe Orchestra are tonight's subjects. Over to Art Woman Of Bloomsbury: "An eclectic and eccentric mish mash of ethnic, classical and popular music forms. Their first LP, 'Music From The Penguin Cafe' (Obscure) is still their best". Tonight, the Penguins perform and speak. A nation holds its breath.

Sean O'Hagan

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The Axeman Cometh

TRICK OR TREAT

DIRECTOR: Charles Martin Smith **STARRING:** Gene Simmons, Marc Price, Ozzy Osbourne, Lisa Orgolini. (Palace)

IT HAS all the ingredients of a great film – teen sex, drills going into eyeballs, a psychopathic music-centre and guitar solos!

It walks like a dagger, like a red rock monster. But it kicks-ass like an amputee turkey slipping and sliding in a vaselined wok.

The teen sex is the usual malarkey, the drill stops short of the eyeball and whilst the psychopathic music-centre is a mutha, the guitar solos are bummers – tight-trousered librarian poop rawk – *quiche* metal. There's one good bit

where the demon rips the face off an anti-rock preacher played with a lovely lack of subtlety by Ozzie Osbourne. Now if the film had continued down these lines we would have had an epic on our hands. They could have teamed up with the great names of rock and launched a crusade against the Christian scourge. The Mormon Tabernacle Choir drowned in used condoms, Cliff Richard ripped apart by a rampant dalmation in a Lenin T-shirt. BUT to expect such feats of imagination from people inspired by Heavy Metal is perhaps a little naive.

Trick Or Treat contrives to reach such depths of banality and cliché that surely even the thickest HM addict would be dissatisfied to the point of irritation. Dull dull dull. **Steven Wells**

METAL QUICHE

STAND BY ME

DIRECTOR: Rob Reiner **STARRING:** Wil Wheaton, River Phoenix, Corey Feldman, Jerry O'Connell, Richard Dreyfus, (Columbia)

JUST WHEN you thought you'd OD'd on teen rites-of-passage pictures, along comes *Stand By Me*, an immaculately scripted and subtly directed tale of lost childhood. Set in the scorching summer of 1959, this is strictly a pre-teen movie. The main characters – would-be writer Gordie, tough guy Chris, weirdo Teddy and fat kid Vern – are a bunch of twelve-year-olds who have yet to discover girls.

The kids learn from an overheard conversation that the body of a missing teenager is laying beside the railway tracks some miles off, so they trek across country to find it. These are only the bare bones of the Stephen King novella, *The Body*, on which the film is based, but the storyline is fleshed with some incidental action and perceptive observations on the vulnerability which lays behind the boys' endless joking and displays of bravado. The journey, is a pretext for slang-ridden dialogue and the relationship between the four boys as their imminent move up to high school looms large.

Like most intelligent teen movies, *Stand By Me* offers an adult's eye view of adolescence. The story is told in voice-over by the mature Gordie – now a successful, middle-aged writer – and there are times when this lends a rose-tinted air of nostalgia to the film. "I never had any friends later like the ones I had when I was twelve. Jesus, does anyone?", are the last words the older Gordie (Dreyfuss) punches into his word processor. The nostalgia is reinforced by The Del Vikings, The Chordettes and, of course, Ben E. King.

Some of the sharper edges of King's story have been rounded off, but despite a tendency to emphasise the humour at the expense of the darker undercurrents, director Rob Reiner coaxes excellent performances from the superb young cast. The irresponsible fun and the painful uncertainty of these transitional years are sensitively portrayed, as is the double-edged quality of the kids' sometimes supportive, sometimes oppressive friendships. With its sharp humour and keen observations, *Stand By Me* is the funniest and most intelligent teen picture for adults in years.

Nigel Floyd

84 CHARING CROSS ROAD

DIRECTOR: David Jones **STARRING:** Anthony Hopkins, Judi Dench, Anne Bancroft (Columbia)

84 CHARING Cross Road is the film of the play of the much-loved book *Q's Legacy* by Helene Hanff. A gentle slice of autobiography, it details the 20 year correspondence between a struggling New York dramatist and the staff of Marks & Co, that antiquarian booksellers in London who supply her with out-of-print classics.

The business letters between these two flower into a singular relationship (thanks to economics and circumstances, they never meet) – one with something to say about the hearts and minds of 1940–69.

From clips of *Brief Encounter* and vintage Checker cabs on side to the cuisine of post-War rationing and the Festival of Britain here, the film's visceral evocation of period is powerful stuff. The cast who command this (real) story flesh out its period discretions and hesitations with gratifying skill, until it succeeds in making us question the attractions of nostalgia even as we wallow in its teary catharsis.

These finer tunings are possible largely because of the brilliance supplied by supporting players – and by Anthony Hopkins and Judi Dench. As chief correspondent Frank Doel, Hopkins offers the sort of emotional intelligence that's missing from his overwrought reign onstage in *Pravda*. And, as his nearly-silent wife, Judi Dench ends up stealing the final moment of the movie.

Sadly, the same cannot be

said of Anne Bancroft who, through hubby Mel Brooks' production company, launched the project. Her older face may appear enticingly redolent of "character" – but her Ms Hanff remains one-dimensional, if stagily so. After riffling through twenty years of her life and correspondence, we know as little about her as when this admirable film begins.

Cynthia Rose

ALWAYS

DIRECTOR: Henry Jaglom **STARRING:** Henry Jaglom, Patrice Townsend, Melissa Leo (Mainline)

JAGLOM'S QUIRKY, improvisational humour, familiar from films like *Sitting Ducks* slices a more serious vein in this miserabilist marital breakdown movie. With Jaglom in the lead role and his own ex-wife playing opposite him, *Always* presents a candid (some might say neurotically self-obsessed) reflection on the aftermath of his failed marriage.

David explains to Judy that what he needs most of all is someone who remains loyal even if he were to get up on the table in the poshest restaurant in town and take a shit. As a passing remark in a rambling conversation about relationships this might be mildly interesting. But it doesn't make for visually-arresting cinema. If you like films in which affluent middle-class people make a show of revealing their emotional, sexual and psychological hang-ups, then *Always* is the film for you. For my money, though, this is confession cinematic at its most tiresome.

Nigel Floyd

THE WEATHER PROPHETS



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ON 7" AND
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WILD ROVERS' RETURN



"HAIL GLORIOUS Saint Patrick, dear saint of our isle..." From Luton Airport to the Liffey waters, SEAN O'HAGAN follows THE POGUES for a date with history as Ireland celebrates the 25th birthday of their prodigal sons, The Dubliners. Pictures by STEVE PYKE.

On the sixth of March, nineteen hundred and eighty seven, we set off from The Boot in King's Cross. Destination Dublin and as Pogue's manager, Frank Murray put it, "a date with history".

The Pogues are bound for an Irish TV studio where, amongst a host of local luminaries, they will celebrate the 25th birthday of The Dubliners in a special edition of *The Late Late Show*.

Shane MacGowan's breakfast on-board the minibus consists of cheese slices and orange juice, lining his stomach for the bottle of dry white wine in his carrier bag. A hat hides his recent self-inflicted razor crop which accentuates further that pallid urchin visage. He's in good form, talking jazz with Phil, James and Jem whilst new boy Daryl sits silent upfront.

At Finchley Road, we pick up Spider, Andrew and Frank as the first flakes of snow signal a slight return to real winter-time. By the time we've reached Luton Airport, there's a blizzard blowing round our heads and all flights have been diverted. We board a coach for Birmingham...

Five hours later, we arrive, dazed and travel-lagged, in Dublin and the real celebrating begins.

"We'd have swam the Irish Sea to get here," Manager Frank tells me. In retrospect, so would I. The cream of Irish music is here and those that aren't are present in spirit. Christy Moore, U2 and sundry folk compatriots from The Fureys and Stockton's Wing join The Pogues in paying tribute to The Dubliners past and present. To the uninitiated, it's difficult to communicate the exalted place The Dubliners command but, without them, it is difficult to imagine The Pogues existing.

GODFATHERS AND BASTARD SONS

"There is a spiritual bond, I guess, but it's more an attitude that we have in common," says Andrew Pogue, "the way they approach certain songs, give them a good shaking by the scruff of the neck. It's a method we definitely subscribe to."

In a recent *Hot Press* interview, Dubliner Ronnie Drew pinpointed the affinity: "Here was a group of young fellows giving the kind of thing we'd been doing a different treatment. In the same way as we'd been giving it a different treatment when we started."

There's more, of course. Today's bastard sons tread a slippery path twixt the

bottle and the boards in much the same way as The Dubliners did back in the '60s. Then, it was long hair, beards and booze and a welcome antidote to an insular music scene that was choking on its parochial passivity. The Dubliners went on the road, from Cork to Chicago and all points inbetween, earning themselves quite a reputation as the wild men of folk. They even had a classic *Top Of The Pops* appearance with the top five hit, 'Seven Drunken Nights' – albeit a censored version. Beneath the boozing and the bawdiness, it was easy to overlook the quality, craft, inspiration and spirit of the music.

To this day, there are those who would rather overlook the same and dismiss The Pogues as nothing more than a bunch of stereotypical second generation Paddies. Some things never change.

"I looked at him, he looked at me, all I could do was hate him / While Ray and Philomena sang of my elusive dreams / I saw the streams, the rolling hills where his brown eyes were waiting / And I thought about a pair of brown eyes that waited once for me"

'A Pair Of Brown Eyes'

"What they were saying to me, is that they were more or less singing an emigrant's memory of what Irish music is like. To me it's quite valid"

Ronnie Drew on The Pogues (*Hot Press*, January)

That last quote says a lot about why a group like The Pogues never happened in Ireland and about the strange vein of cultural estrangement that runs through Shane MacGowan's songs from the *"streams and rolling hills"* to the *"metal doors of Vine Street"*. Like The Dubliners, The Pogues are an urban folk group, their songs speaking to – and for – a whole subculture that history and culture ignores. Compare 'Navigator' off 'Rum, Sodomy And The Lash' to The Dubliners singing 'Now I'm Easy': twin homages to the men who literally built Britain – the invisible hordes of immigrant navvies and labourers.

If you're familiar with vintage Dubliners' songs like 'Peggy Gordon' or 'Scorn Not His Simplicity', you'll not need me to tell you how the ghost of the late Luke Kelly invades a Pogue's song like 'A Pair Of Brown Eyes'. Close your eyes and you can hear him sing it.

Now, with the St Patrick's Day release of 'The Irish Rover' 45, The Dubliners and The Pogues come together on vinyl, the Godfathers team up with their bastard offspring.

MEANWHILE...

On stage, before the *Late Late Show* TV audience, The Pogues, Dubliners and Christy Moore attack 'The Irish Rover' and fire up an already emotional atmosphere.

"I've never had to sing so bloody fast in me life" laughs Ronnie Drew afterwards. Christy Moore sings his 'Tribute To Luke' and various old friends pass through and tell tall stories about days gone by. Guinness is flowing freely from an adjacent studio bar and U2's The Edge is trying to tune his guitar under the glare of the TV lights.

All and sundry gather round the video screen in the hospitality room and I tiptoe silently outfront to see U2 deliver a haunting version of Peggy Seeger's 'Springhill Mine Disaster', The Edge's slow guitar blues offsetting Bono's impassioned vocals. It's a song Luke Kelly sang and made his own and Bono tells of

the deep regret he has for not having shook the great man's hand – "I saw him once, striding down Grafton Street, great mane of red hair. Didn't have the nerve to go up to him, though..."

That U2 chose to sing 'Springhill Mine Disaster' is interpreted by Frank Murray as "deeply significant. You had Charlie Haughey (now, Ireland's new Prime Minister) sitting there and them singing a song about exploitation of the land. You had three Right-wing parties standing in the last Irish election and it's almost impossible for Labour to exist because of the way the people on the land have been poisoned against them. That song is about basic exploitation – it was a good one to sing in front of Haughey."

A RAKE AT THE GATES OF HELL

Between last year's excellent 'Poguetry In Motion' EP and now, The Pogues have, one way or another, been very busy. Daryl Hunt, an erstwhile roadie and football-quizz brain of Britain, slipped behind the bass and assumed fully-fledged Poguedom following the departure of Cait Costello. They've toured, written new songs and starred as the gun-toting, homicidal, coffee-addicted McMahon family in Alex Cox's forthcoming *Straight To Hell* spaghetti opus. (Various nudge-nudge, wink-wink inferences are made about a certain Pogue's romantic liaison with one Grace Jones but no-one will come clean.) Following the demise of Stiff Records, The Pogues recording future is shady too and they aren't too pleased about the EMI rumours.

"It's a grey area," mutters Frank, "but we're going in the studio, new contract or not." It seems as good a time as any to unveil some new songs for discussion:

"The biggest step forward, I suppose, is 'Turkish Song Of The Damned' – The Pogues go modal. Single notation music, very eastern. The narrator is a bag lady and there's lots of ships," says the laconic James.

"Nautical, like," Andrew elaborates.

"We were in Germany," continues Phil Chevron, "and this magazine had an article about The Damned – the b-side of one of their singles is called 'The Turkey Song' but the mag called it the 'Turkish Song of the Damned' – it was too good a title to overlook."

What's it about?

"Oh, you'll have to ask Shane. If you find out, give us a ring."

Back in London, over Rigatoni Fiorentino in Soho's Pollo Bar, Shane is startlingly articulate but less than convincing:

"It's about a guy on a Turkish Island who deserted a sinking ship with all the money and all his mates went down – I'm not totally sure about this – he's haunted and he's dancing around with all this Turkish music playing endlessly in his brain – NYEAHH NYE NYE NEE NEE HYEAAH NYEAHHH NIN NIN NYIN NEAAH – like that, right? He just spends his time, haunted – dancing, drinking and fucking. Then his best mate comes back, and all the crew, to drag him back down to hell or wherever they are. The thing is, he knew it was gonna happen, right. So he's been waiting. Haunted, it's definitely about being haunted."

A metaphor, perchance, for yourself?

"Fuck that. I don't live on a Turkish Island. I'm not haunted either."

Some of your songs suggest otherwise. It's been noted by more than one eminent critic that...

"You're gonna start about death again. Like bleedin' Danny Kelly – he's haunted

by death. THCHisssssss, tch tchhisssss." The glass goes to the lips and that alsation laugh is momentarily stifled. "Naw, everybody's haunted by death, I've a certain respect for death. Redemption and that. It all happens when you die – Tchisssss, tch tchisssss..."

"At the sick bed of Cuchulainn we'll kneel and say a prayer / For the ghosts are rattling at the door and the devil's in the chair."

'Rum, Sodomy And The Lash' opened with two startling songs: 'The Sick Bed Of Cuchulainn' spoke of a spooked-out, Irish landscape filled with old ghosts and new obsessions whilst 'The Old Main Drag' catalogued the debris of an estranged culture adrift in the Dilly and Leicester Square – "a song", as Shane puts it, "for any rent boy on the meat rack in any big city". If the harshest Pogue songs map out the urban path to destruction, another part of Shane MacGowan is back in the wilds of Tipperary where he lived his early years "amidst the old folk out in the real country."

With real ghosts and spirits?

"Yeah! There's bits of it around now – ghosts and shit. You can definitely feel it sometimes. Even here, floating about. There's places in Ireland where you can bloody feel it, in the country, in the wild places round famine graves. You can hear it in the wind and stuff... Now, you really think I'm into death, heh, heh, Tchisssssss, tchisssssssss..."

If the new material they've played live is anything to go by, the next Pogues album continues the tradition of urban folk songs and takes in strains of European and Eastern musics to boot. 'Fiesta' is a homage to the festival that kept them awake during the filming of *Straight To Hell*. Alongside 'Turkish Song Of The Damned' there's another pair of death songs (only joking, Shane) called 'The Rake At The Gates Of Hell' and 'If I Should Fall From Grace With God' ("It's about Grace Jones"). Plus 'Lullaby Of London' – "May the wind that blows from haunted graves never bring you misery/May the angels bright watch you tonight and keep you while you sleep" – which is about...

I've heard you've written a song about Birmingham and Guildford, the people who've been in jail for supposedly planting the bombs in those pubs...?

"Yeah... it's about those people, basically. It's about anybody in that situation, getting locked away without any real evidence. It goes on everywhere but it seems to be innocent Irish people who get done over here. Basically, it's a prison song about someone pacing round his cell or round the yard wondering what the fuck it's all about. Like, your whole life's fucked cause of a huge mistake or whatever... It's a depressing song – it's not a song that I enjoyed writing or find much pleasure in singing..."

And 'The Broad Majestic Shannon'?

"That's about a bloke going back – he's lived in London for years – and everything's changed, everything's gone. It was written for Liam Clancy and Tommy Makem, hopefully they'll record it. It's a sentimental song, really."

And Christy Moore's recorded 'A Pair Of Brown Eyes'...

"Aye, I've heard him do it live, it's a brilliant version."

MEANWHILE...

A quick flashback to Dublin and *The Late Late Show* reveals Christy wrapping



his tonsils round 'The Black Velvet Band'. The emotion reaches breaking point when former Dubliner, Ciaran Burke – now partially paralysed through a long illness – recites a tribute to Brendan Behan. "That was the real highlight", Shane confesses, "really got me, that did".

Charles Haughey appears and surrealism beckons. When he joins in on a massed finale – 'The Old Triangle' – it's a moment to treasure. The camera pans across a veritable parcel of rogues (and Pogues) – Spider, Shane, Bono, Christy, Ronnie Drew and there, the guy who doesn't know the words and is hoping nobody'll notice: that's our Charlie.

Afterwards, there's a session in the heart of Dublin at Bloom's Hotel, a kitsch and chintzy homage to Joyce's Nighttown. Assorted Pogues and Dubliners tear through Buddy Holly songs and everyone covets their signed copy of The 25th Anniversary Album.

The Guinness and Irish coffees are taking their toll and I crawl to bed with fleeting memories of a ghostly Shane MacGowan stalking the corridors in search of the spirit of Buck Mulligan.

St Patrick's Day approaches and a Pogues ritual of orchestrated and wilful abandon will take place in Brixton's Academy. Recently, I answered a letter in the *NME* that accused The Pogues of "encouraging sectarianism" and had five or six hate mail letters in reply. They mainly took the form of unmitigated vitriol – one insisting I was a "Catholic, anti-Christ, homosexual scumbag" and an illiterate to boot. ('Illiterate' was spelt wrongly).

"That was a funny letter you got," nods James "but it's something I'm aware of. Like, I've met people who feel a bit alienated when they walk into Barrowlands and there's a huge sea of Celtic scarves and Irish flags. They think, like, what place have I got in this lot? We never set out to attract a particular fashion and I think there's an element of real partisanship that does deter some people from coming to Pogues' gigs."

"I know, for a fact, that some Rangers' fans travel to Newcastle to see us cos they know Glasgow'll be full of Celtic lads in full battle dress," continues Darryl.

"When we're on this tack," Phil takes over, "can we just point out that we don't exclude anyone from coming. Don't know

what we can do, though..."

James: "I don't think we try hard enough ourselves. Like, we've worn green and white scarves on stage!"

I wouldn't get too worried about it lads, your audience has a positive side as well, all that abandonment...

Andrew: "Yeah, I think it can be really healthy, seeing this strong assertion of Irish identity which is so obviously suppressed most of the time. Irish people living in Scotland or England don't get that much chance to assert their cultural identity. Last St Patrick's Night at Hammersmith, there was a real feeling of people wanting to get rid of all their inhibitions, this great outpouring – great stuff."

I saw a guy come out of the crowd with one trouser leg missing, torn off...

"Oh yeah, that's our one Freemason fan!"

If all goes to plan the next Pogues album will be produced by Steve Lillywhite. David Byrne was up for it but he works straight nine to five and, as Frank puts it, this "would be a little restrictive for the lads." Not to mention the culture shock involved; I can't imagine Byrne grooving in his loft to lines like these:

"In the Euston Tavern, you screamed it was your shout / But they wouldn't give you service so you kicked the windows out / They took you out into the street and kicked you in the brains / So you walked back in through a bolted door and did it all again"

Ronnie Drew would love it, though.

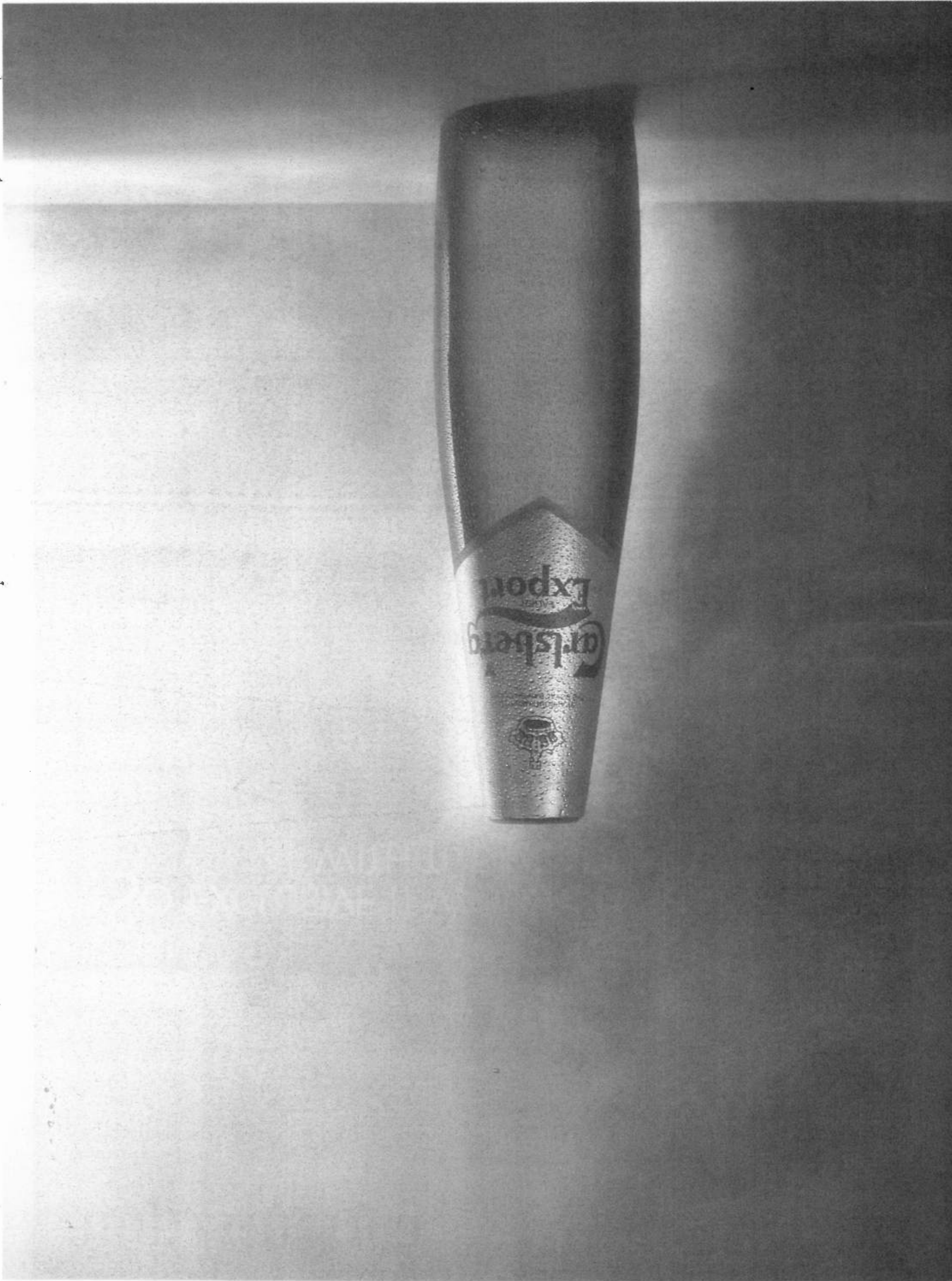
Shane: "If you think of how all those straight Irish ballad groups play – we're not really doing that much different. We just speed it up a bit. Give it a bit more bollocks. Tchisssssss, tch tchisssssss."

Sunday morning, on the minibus back from Luton. We've just hit London and Shane's been hitting a bottle of Frank Murray's *poteen* – a particularly potent bootleg Irish whiskey which was smuggled through customs – "I told them it was holy water from Knock." The Walkman is playing Tom Waits' 'Swordfishtrombones' and Shane's dragging out the words to 'Jonesburg, Illinois' – "the fuckin' greatest love song ever written."

The music's still going round and round in his head as we part in King's Cross. "Don't bloody stitch us up, right?" *Right.* Tchisssss, tchissssssstch tchisssssss. The laughing boy is off down the street. Poguey in motion.

SO EXCLUSIVE IT WOULDN'T SHARE A PAGE
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Camp America

There's good guys and bad guys, and there's totally mad guys like CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN. They've taken skinheads bowling, sent a famous doggie to the moon, and turned Mao into a nostalgic Balkan. Now DAVID QUANTICK reckons heaven's in the backseat of 'Joe Stalin's Cadillac'. Picture: CHRIS CLUNN

"Had a dream last night, but I forgot what it was" ('Take The Skinheads Bowling')

America! It has colonised our subconscious! No longer do we just take our jeans from Levi and our sexy pop from Prince and Madonna, we now also take our Goth-gone-biker rock from Woodstock and Altamont, and our Sincere Rock & Roll from Bruce Springsteen or – if God has seen fit to make us Andy Kershaw – the Georgia Satellites and The Long Ryders.

American rock and pop seek the comfort of the half-remembered and the familiar; and, while we are at least spared the born-again r&b of Huey Lewis and John Mellencamp, our pop kids cry for Ben E. King and Percy Sledge, and our rock kids grip valiantly on to any band – from The Icicle Works to REM – who root themselves in some spurious '60s rock & roll heaven.

At a time when popular music should be reflecting the glorious fraud that is 1980s! Consumer! Society! it is instead reassuring itself with lying old memories provided by a crooked old nanny. There are of course exceptions, people who refuse to leave this decade; some of them choose acid comment on the times, whether by deeds or words, and some of them just go mad.

Somewhere between the acidity and the insanity we find Camper Van Beethoven.

David Lowery is the Camper Van Beethoven singer. He sits there in his ridiculous round hat de-jetlagged from his California home and rails against a bad review in this

very paper.

"The writer said that we exist on the surface of music. I'd like to know what's surface and what's substance . . . We get called wacky: I don't understand this whole thing about wacky. You know, it's like you don't take music seriously, you don't believe in rock & roll . . ." He screams. "THESE GUYS DO NOT BELIEVE IN ROCK & ROLL! So therefore we cannot be making real music! There's no desire these days to seek out new sounds and as soon as somebody does, they're either written off as an esoteric art band, or a novelty band."

Wackiness is a great moot point in pop: some people will come down like an avalanche of pomp on the tiniest glimmering of humour in music. And yet they'll happily swallow the warblings of Morrissey and treat as tablets from the mount the elephant gibberings of Wayne Hussey and Bono. The Campers are perhaps more prone than many to the wacky accusation: their holy (and reissued) single 'Take The Skinheads Bowling' is nothing more or less than complete nonsense from start to finish, and there are few who could defend their 'Lassie Goes To The Moon' as an apt comment on our times.

This was early product, however, often redeemed by quite gloriously odd music, such as the wild Modern Lovers/ Velvet Underground thud of 'Skinheads' and the curious Balkan ska of (ahem) 'Mao Reminisces About His Days In Southern China' off the not-at-all wackily named 'Telephone Free Landslide Victory' album. Their third LP (there is a second, but no one over on these shores has heard it), filters the strangeness through reasoning brains. Camper Van Beethoven's dexterity with a mangled musical style – ska, Russian folk, country or punk – is given greater consideration. Their music is like everyone else's leftovers.

"It's not consciously that way," Dave assures me, "when we started playing country music, I said 'Yeah, OK, but let's not do it like everybody else, like The Long Ryders, or The Beat Farmers, 'cos they're just signifying country music'. That's why we do country waltzes! And I like to take on a lot of the old production values as well. The Long Ryders have Rock Of The '80s style production . . ."

"Sharp drum sounds!" adds bass playing Michael Nesmith-lookalike Victor Krummenacher, "current technology!"

David shrugs: "It's like . . . why?"

Camper Van Beethoven do not share many of their musical compatriots' passion for the New Authenticity Cowboy Culture, well-produced or not.

Victor: "Real Cowboy culture's actually kinda scary and narrow-minded . . ."

David: "Like, the guy who loaned us the money for the second record, his family owns this huge cattle ranch in California, but this guy's twisted, man . . . He went to school to be an opera singer, he was in the Tucson



Camper Van Beethoven – seriously declaring war on the stupid

Opera, but he's a cowboy, man, and he's got some serious addiction problems, he goes up to Wyoming to dry out. And he hangs out with The Neville Brothers, and he hangs out with rich country singers, then the next night you see him at a Butthole Surfers gig. These people are pretty twisted."

In this way too, you see, Camper Van Beethoven provide an accurate reflection of the weird world we live in. They reflect what they see . . . and what they see is rather odd.

"We live in this place in California called Santa Cruz," says David "which is fairly isolated. This weird town, which isn't anything to do with California, it used to be a retirement town, and then they brought in this university, and all the acidheads decided they'd move down to Santa Cruz . . . There's a lot of high-tech establishments down there, too . . . We feel perfectly at home there."

On the front of the current Camper Van Beethoven LP, it says of itself, "It's not particularly sincere (though that opinion is being expressed by those who would lead us to believe it doesn't sound particularly American)". Sincerity is a bugbear of the Campers. They take pride in their forged ethnic rhythms, they get upset when accused of wackiness during serious moments, and, when they get petulant, they refuse to connect sincerity with rock bands at all.

David: "I just don't understand how you can be a rock band and be sincere . . . or why you could be in a rock band and want to be normal. Because as musicians, you don't lead normal lives."

"Yeah! Celebration of the normal man and

you're staying up till four am unloading the van . . . A great procession of assholes," adds Victor, enigmatically.

"There's this sense of pride in America", David continues, disgusted, "which a lot of bands pick up on, but they commercialise it . . . The Del Fuegos and The Long Ryders doing Miller Beer commercials . . . 'Rock music is American folk music!'"

A line from the new album's 'Good Guys And Bad Guys' . . . "Just get high while the radio's on/ Just relax and sing a song/ Drive your car up on the lawn/ Lemme play your guitar", a song that's, according to David, "anti all those bands who go on about waving the flag and supporting America".

It's also a mutant nightmare of a song, sounding half country, half cajun and half psychedelic, the words ringing out in a whine of sarcasm over some brilly cheesy organ. For me it's the grooviest thing on the record, a statement of intent and a war on stupid. While all around them grope wildly at the flag seeking some truth in sincerity when, just like the White House in 1972, everybody's lying, Camper Van Beethoven mirror the chaos that is with us both in pop and in attitudes.

And while pop music desperately races back in time, looking for a decade when everything might have been all right, as even the past gets formularised for safety, the controlled chaos of Camper Van Beethoven is, for all its rants against sincerity, one of the few accurate reflections we have of these times.

Like another pop star said – when he could no longer cope with his times, and decided to comment on them in a record sprawling with disorder – there's a riot going on.



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A Mekon garage folkie

THE MEKONS
Honky Tonkin' (Sin)

HANK WILLIAMS, Charlotte Brontë, Angela Carter, Dashiell Hammett, E. P. Thompson and the London A-Z all get a mention on the sleeve. Boy, these Mekons drop more names than notes. Whether these illustrious names are checked as influences for the various lyrics they accompany is debatable, perhaps The Mekons are just trying to broaden the minds of their listeners.

Now expanded to a nine-piece, with a quartet of special guests, the ever-increasing Mekons are the vanguard of "garage folk", playing roots music with equal measures of respect and irreverence and producing very positive results. It's ironic that this shambling, directionless posse who are less than masterful musicians have come up with a collection more refreshing, listenable and pertinent to roots music than the so-called Godfather of folk Richard Thompson.

Ultimately, there is the occasional moment across these 13 tracks which doesn't quite hit the spot and 'The Trimdon Grange Explosion' falls completely flat. The song was written in the 1890s by the miners' poet Tommy Armstrong to raise money for the widows and orphans of the 300 men who died in the disaster at the Northumberland pit, and the sheet music went on to sell in excess of two million copies. The problem here is that The Mekons overload the song with instruments, bury the tune and top it off with a dull and flat vocal which kills the lyric stone dead. The song should be performed a *capella* by one lonely plaintive voice. Alan Price, of all people, has recorded the definitive 1980s version.

However, they prove they are capable of jerking a tear or two out of us, particularly on the closing track 'Gin Palace', an anthem for down and outs of all ages and fashionable persuasion — dandys, fops, goths and garrulous old men.

Less clumsy than The Pogues, but nowhere near as indispensable as Hank Williams (the bloody nerve of naming their album after one of his songs!), but as long as the invitation is from The Mekons, I'll go honky tonkin'.

Terry Staunton

THE LONG TALL TEXANS
Sodbusters (Razor Records)

ROCKABILLY, DON'T be a hero. Don't be a fool with your stand up bass, unless you have something different to say. Fortunately, The Long Tall Texans do.

If you are unfortunate enough to remember Levi And The Rockats — the Curiosity Killed The Cat of credibly — forget them, and every Stray Pole Cat with more quiffs than riffs. The new reference point of pseudobilly (not as nasty as it sounds) is The Long Tall Texans, who pay and play a fresh tribute to Gene Vincent, with some original touches.

Opening track 'Poison' hints at geek type vocal strains mixed with popably strumming — Rock this Housemartin! 'My Babe' fares better than most covers of covers, and the B-side's 'My Idea Of Heaven' is an hilarious revival mix-up — combining the most tired and tortured riffs of ska and rockabilly to come up with an extremely silly spaghetti Westernism; that's original enough for me. The same mix and match principle (with different ingredients) leaves the soppy airport lounge music sentiments of 'Wreckin' Me'. At worst, this is six years too late. At best — a crackerjack novelty record.

Michele Kirsch



Dan: not such old hat

GREEN ON RED
The Killer Inside Me (Mercury)

BOY! IS my face red. I'd just about given up this band for dead, lost souls to the big, heartless record company devil that demands all and gives virtually nothing. Once Dan Stuart had signed on the dotted I felt that it would only be a matter of time before one of my favourite bunch of young hopefuls would slip out of sight under life's big bar stool.

Their first product for the big time confirmed my worst fears. 'No Free Lunch' was running on a nearly empty tank compared to the big boozy juggernaut beat of their previous immaculate conception 'Gas Food Lodging'. Sadly I filed them away under 'G' thinking, at the time, how astonishing they had been at that 'legendary' Alice In Wonderland gig way back in '84, an experience akin to seeing The Sex Pistols at their mightiest I might add, and just where had all that energy evaporated?

By the sound of 'The Killer Inside Me' Dan Stuart too has



Biz Markie: lots of mouth and short trousers

GET PAID, NOT LAID

Tomorrow's hits today? **STUART COSGROVE** returns from the middle of next week with the new school of long-playing — and materialist — hip-hop.

DON'T SLAY me with that metal axe: this is the era of casio talk. The year of Biz Markie And The Inhuman Orchestra, hip hop's moment of renewal and the triumphant arrival of the new school. Biz Markie's album 'Make The Music With Your Mouth' (Prism) and his forthcoming single 'Nobody Beats The Biz' is stupid fresh extended into raving insanity. Listen to 'They're Comin' To Take Me Away, Ha Ha' and you get a sense of rap's self-mocking comedy, then there's message rap, sexual swagger, and reggae-rap — too much for 12" discs: the new school want to play

with albums. Forget Fila, and Gold Chains, the current status symbol comes shrink wrapped. If you don't get an album deal in '87 say hello then wave goodbye, sucker MC.

The Audio 2 versus The Alliance is shared status symbolism. Two minor league crews, who want that cover so bad they'll even sleep in the same bed, have released 'Priority' (Priority Records). As a throwdown it tends to drone, a bit like a local derby without the added bite of religious bigotry, and is only momentarily saved by the ultra-surreal 'I Like Cherries' by DJ Gizmo, a relocated rapper more in touch with Sugar Hill than Grange Hill.

For an immediate rush, it's back to basics, and this year's finest, Salt 'N' Pepa's debut album on Next Plateau records, reviewed favourably on these pages weeks ago and still the best selling import album

around. Here is effervescence and the rap payback in which Salt, Pepa and DJ Spinderella splice up '70s fusion, old funk, DC go-go and true-grit soul like Otis and Carla's 'Tramp', in order to prove that girls are best. Gone are the unchallenged days of the smug home-boy and the semi-permanent erection, this is the year of sass and Kangol feminism.

Welcome to the new school. Led by Run DMC and partnered by Stetsasonic, a fresh flood of hip hop sounds has rushed into other territories using reggae and go go in ways the old school just couldn't busk. Exit the stay-at-home-boy. Enter the new school tourists invading the capital of their nation with fresh beats and irritation.

Stetsasonic's 'On Fire' (Tommy Boy) is new school brilliance: post-metallic, minimal, lyrically creative and right out there throwing punches in the

been doing some serious thinking on how to get his band back on the tracks. Holed up in some motel with a stack of Jim Thompson Black Lizard paperbacks for inspiration, something inside that brain of his has suddenly snapped back into place. Once again Green On Red are ready to slip between ribs and pound hearts. Here for all to hear is their city of Los Angeles, a smog ball of corruption and romance, portrayed so finely that you can almost feel the swimming stink of the place invading your nostrils as the record plays. A neat illusion that is made possible by the handful of grit that's been flung into the works this time. Where a hint of gospel acts as the chrome trim for an elegantly cast lump of heavy metal and the ghosts of ignored genius are allowed to push spectral fingers into the land of the living once again.

'The Killer Inside Me' is happily not the tombstone I was expecting to be erected in memory of Green On Red. Rather it's a fresh start where I can feel that old sense of wonder bubbling back into their veins. And it's infectious.

Edwin Pouncey



Tracey, ex-Marine

VARIOUS
Seeds One: Pop (Cherry Red)

CHERRY RED'S Seeds series claims to highlight "great lost records from 1977-1984". But this first volume — a motley collection of indie pop — contains few neglected musical gems. Most of the tracks here are stunningly ordinary.

Maybe there's meant to be some charm or virtue in the rawness and lack of musical sophistication of so many of these groups. But since when have horrible whiney singing (The Pastels' 'Heavens Above') and a glaring lack of production (The Television Personalities' atrocious, unlistenable 'Three Wishes') been appealing?

Hurrah! contribute their 1982 single 'The Sun Shines Here', the very dullness of which shows exactly why they have failed to make it after five years trying. And several tracks demonstrate their author's embarrassing fascination with the worst of the 1960s, eg Fantastic Something's sub-Simon and Garfunkel dross.

The inclusion of The Distractions' 'Time Goes By So Slow' and Belfast popsters Protex's 'Don't Ring Me Up' relieves the overall boredom. But the best moments here come from the girls, whose no-nonsense-from-boys realism pervades both Girls At Our Best's wonderful 'Fast Boyfriends' and The Marine Girls' bitter 'Don't Come Back'.

Denis Campbell

THE POTATO 5
The Potato 5 Meet Laurel Aitken (Gaz's Rockin' Records)

THE RUDE boy connection continues with the release of this Potato 5 disc: a clash across two generations of that rock-steady beat. The original Godfather, Laurel Aitken takes up side two

fight for the right to party. It's little surprise that the new school bastards are already slandering their parents. Bam-baataa rarely gets a name check these days, he's positively 4th Street, a BOF, a past gasp of boring old flash.

Stetsasonic have gone a stage further. They recently rechristened the godmother of rap. You'll remember Sylvia Robinson, the owner of Sugar Hill Records. Well, now it's Sylvia Rob-A-Nigger, a savage Stetsasonic piss-take, which criticises her greed and the stupidity of these old school rappers who were conned by her in the original days of hip-hop. The day of the dumb home-boy who was happy to get his Addidas on the cover of a warped single are over: new school theory is about getting paid.

The contributors to 'Fast Money' (Star Maker) probably got paid in cents, most of them barely deserved it. Led by Positive K's 'Getting Paid' it says a lot but in a pretty mundane way. Disco Dave's 'Yum, Yum, Eat 'Em Up' is also about payment, rap's comic book payment, the cartoon land where pizzas, Big Macs and Root Beer, act as fast-food currency. The Fat Boys and Chubb Rock were well fed. But this year rap counts calories. The Skinny Boys' 'Weightless' (Warlock), an exoric hip-hop stripped to the beat box bone, has added a new motto: stay thin, just grin, be weightless in the place to be.

MC Shan's 'Down By Law' (Cold Chillin'), currently a street best seller, adds fuel to further wars on the home-boy front. Beyond the rival schools there's 'The Bridge', MC Shan's 12" story about the bridge that links the Bronx to Manhattan and the subject of DJ Scott La Rock's answer record, 'The Bridge Is Over'. The bridge saga cuts across an inter-borough war between the Bronx (home of the old school legends) and Queen (home of the Hollis crew). The rivalry has predictably been played out on the mike and in the street, escalating from casual exchanges of bad talk and bile and then turning intense and psychotic when the guns were drawn. But MC Shan should be thanked not spanked. He represents new school humour. 'Jane Stop That Crazy Thing', an anti-crack rap, dispenses with the just-say-no solemnity and turns up the free-base humour, realising that his audience are more likely to listen to wit and wisdom than to the official voice of welfare workers. It seems even the social realism of 'The Message' has been usurped. Nobody needs old soil in the new school garden: so don't push me 'cos I'm close to the hedge.

revisiting, and revitalising the sounds of his youth whilst Floyd Lloyd Seivright leads The Potatos through a brace of 45s.

The Potato 5 have managed to combine an authentic ska feel with some seriously charged-up subject matter. 'Tear Up' has become something of a ska-against-South Africa anthem and should have been a hit single. 'Spin On Your Head' and 'Western Special' skank along in true Blue Beat style with some inspired soloing from the boys on brass. The first side is a relentless incitement to dance.

When Laurel Aitken steps forward on side two, there's a more relaxed approach as befits an old campaigner. 'Sally Brown' is a modestly stated rude-boy brag that immediately proves none of Laurel's original fire has been doused by the passing years. 'Sahara' revisits prime-time Ska Beat badness and 'Long Time' is a slow peach, more in the real reggae vein, that smoky voice spreading out over the stepping rhythm.

All in all, it's a fine reminder of the beat that started it all and another chance to catch that train to Skaville. All aboard!

Sean O'Hagan

VARIOUS
Rockin' '50s (Magnum
Force)

I MUST admit that I'm rather a late starter when it comes to the joys of western swing and c&w based r'n'r. But lately I've been finding it compulsive listening. This compilation LP is a fine introduction. It misses out on a lot of obvious choices (although Gene Vincent and Tommy Sands are included) but still strikes a rich vein of pure gold—Skeets McDonald, Del Reeves, Bob Luman. An incentive to explore for more.

In these anaemic, passionless times it's a shock to tap into something as dizzy, spontaneous and sexy as this music. I could elaborate on the theme, but it worries me that many writers/musicians/people who use extensive sexual reference and imagery are in reality as sexual/sensual as a potato.

Suffice to say then that this music rumbles, then slinks, then blinks, then does it all over again clapping its hands... in an extremely hot yet very cool kind of way.

Richard North

JOHNNY KIDD AND THE
PIRATES
The Best Of Johnny Kidd And
The Pirates (EMI)

JOHNNY KIDD stands amongst the rigging. A semi-earnest stare, a plastic eye-patch, an extravagantly frilly shirt. And bloody great thigh length boots into which are tucked school trousers. How impossible it must have been to take him seriously with people like Vincent and Presley around.

Although perhaps I'm missing the point. The first side of this LP is so enjoyable that I'd recommend purchase. 'Shakin' All Over' kicks things off. And how. It's one of only a handful of original British rock 'n' roll songs from that era. It certainly does shake as does the remainder of his early material: 'Restless', 'Growl', 'Longin' Lips' and a hammy cover of Hank Williams' 'Your Cheatin' Heart'. Tense, broken-hearted stuff.

Side two features songs from '62-'64. Weak r&b style tunes. A genre more ably covered by young upstarts like The Beatles. Forgettable. Remember him shakin'.

Richard North

GUITAR SLIM & EARL
KING
Battle Of The Blues (Ace)

TWO OF the great characters in New Orleans rhythm'n'blues, both signed to Art Rupe's Specialty label in the early '50s.

Slim was a wildly flamboyant and self-destructive singer who dyed his hair purple, crashed Cadillacs, and anticipated every black superstar from Jimi Hendrix to Prince. Influenced by the Texas blues of T-Bone Walker and Gatemouth Brown, he had a huge hit in 1953 with 'The Things I Used To Do', featuring pianist/arranger Ray Charles (bailed out of jail) and available on a previous Ace collection of the same title.

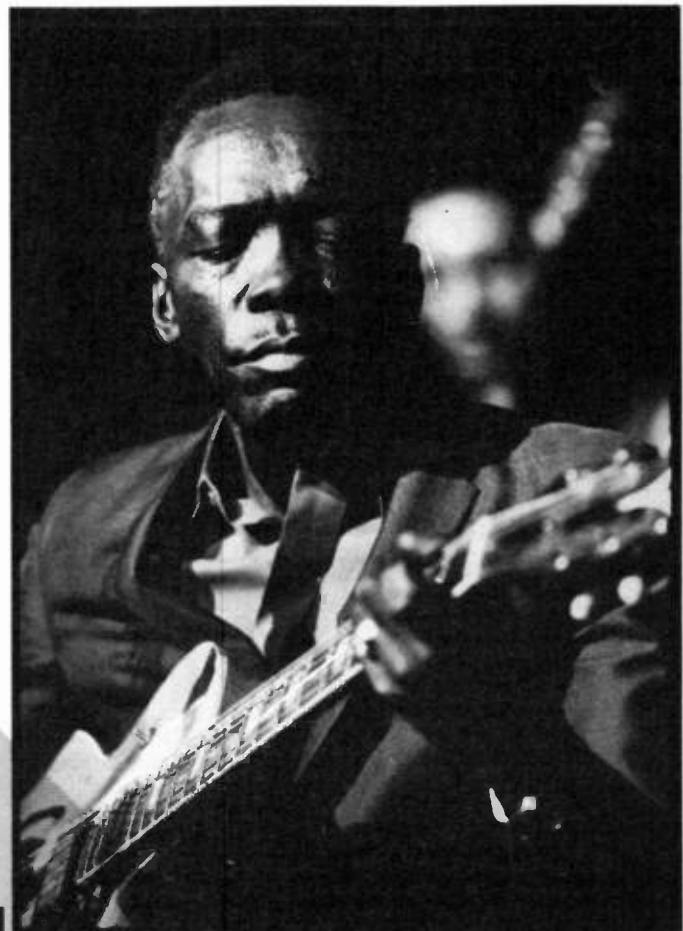
Here Slim is represented by some unreleased Specialty masters discovered by compiler Ray Topping. The songs aren't great but they're pretty good. 'Certainly All' sounds like 'See You Later Alligator' sung by an inebriated Tom Waits, and there's a splendidly snarled version of that haunting song 'Going Down Slow'. 'You're Gonna Miss Me' and 'Reap What You Sow' are slow, crawling blues featuring

irresistibly greasy New Orleans horns, while 'I Got Sumpin' For You' goes through a series of hilarious false starts with Slim nattering away like some deranged Eddie Murphy character. All the while his inimitably trebly, curling guitar phrases wind round his wild bark of a voice.

Earl King, one of New Orleans' most enduring legends, was perhaps Slim's foremost disciple. He bought his first guitar from him and even impersonated him on some live dates. Signed to Specialty in 1954, he quickly hit with 'A Mother's Love', the first of several bare-faced Slim imitations on Earl's side of this record. It's not much of a battle, if truth be told, and only the mardi gras mambo of 'Till I Say Well Done' stands out as something original.

Slim himself wasn't too chuffed by his protégé's plagiarism, and Earl subsequently went on to Specialty scout Johnny Vincent's original Ace label, where he began writing the kind of proto-swamp-pop, Fats Domino-inspired songs you'll find on yet another Ace collection, 'Let The Good Times Roll'.

Barney Hoskyns



PICTURE: VAL WILMER

John Lee Hooker — pure gold

SEA OF HEARTBREAK

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Atlantic Blues (Atlantic
boxed set)

ATLANTIC WAS never really a blues label. RHYTHM and blues, of course (Jerry Wexler actually coined the term), but straight 12-bar blues of the Mississippi-Chicago variety? Hardly. And yet... here we have a huge eight-LP boxed set of blues recordings by artists as various as Blind Willie McTell (1949), Professor Longhair (1953), Aretha Franklin (1969), and Stevie Ray Vaughan (1982), some of them Atlantic artists proper, others simply picked up for the odd single or recorded on one of the label's live blues albums.

As a moneyspinner, 'Atlantic Blues' is quite a shrewd scam—there are just enough rarities and curios here to appeal to seasoned blues buffs. As evidence that Atlantic was a major contributor to the blues tradition it's a less convincing proposition. Too many of the artists featured were way past their prime when they recorded for the New York label. Too many were recorded in inappropriate rock contexts in the '70s. But...

The set comes in four double albums, devoted respectively to blues piano, blues guitar, blues vocalists, and Chicago blues. Thus John Lee Hooker is on the 'Guitar' album where Aretha is on the 'Vocalists' album. Each of them is nicely presented, with copious notes and session details where available.

The piano albums commence with early '50s dates by veteran boogie-woogie men like Jimmy Yancey and Meade Lux Lewis, taking in Professor Longhair's classic, Caribbean-tinged 'Tipitina' and some Ray Charles instrumentals before winding up in the '70s with Dr John's 'Junco Partner' and a Willie Mabon session produced in Chicago by Ahmet Ertegun and one Michael Philip Jagger.

'Guitar' starts with a 48-year-old Willie McTell recorded in Atlanta in 1949 and includes '50s sessions from T-Bone Walker and Mississippi Fred McDowell. My favourites here are two typically raw, primal offerings from John Lee Hooker and two great sides cut in New York by that glam New Orleans superstar Guitar Slim. From the '70s you've got soul session wizard Cornell Dupree's version of the Gatemouth Brown showpiece 'Okie Dokie Stomp', Ike & Tina live in Ghana and BB King in Puerto Rico, plus two Memphis classics from the stinging guitar

of Albert King—'Born Under A Bad Sign' and 'Crosscut Saw'. Whites John Hammond Jr and Stevie Ray Vaughan round it all off, Vaughan with a ten-and-a-half minutes Montreux version of Larry Davis' 'Texas Flood'. (Yep, the man can play geetar.) An 85-year-old Sippie Wallace opens the 'Vocalists' album with 'You Got To Know How', a 1983 recording which could almost date from the era of classic Ma Rainey blues. From there it's Jimmy Witherspoon singing Leroy Carr (1956), LaVern Baker singing Bessie Smith (1958), and Joe Turner with WC Handy's 'St Louis Blues' (1956). The second LP spills over into Atlantic's soul era with blues outings by gospel-based singers like Johnnie Taylor (the Stax side 'I Had A Dream'), Otis Clay (the immortal 'Pouring Water On A Drowning Man', not really a blues at all), and ZZ Hill. Aretha's previously unreleased reading of Mable John's 'Taking Up Another Man's Place' is pretty magnificent, as is the voice of Bobby Blue Bland recorded live at Ann Arbor in 1972.

The latter festival is the source of almost a third of the Chicago albums. Recorded only as "an occasional change of pace" by Atlantic, Chicago blues were scarcely covered at all before the '70s. Even then they had to make their home in Muscle Shoals (Otis Rush) or in Miami with Eric Clapton (Buddy Guy & Junior Wells). With Chess dominant in the city, the Erteguns and Wexler only journeyed there for a couple of '50s sessions—one on Johnny Jones (featuring Elmore James) and one on T-Bone Walker, neither especially enthralling. From there it's a leap forward to the late '60s, with Freddie King produced by King Curtis in New York and Otis Rush in fairly intense form at Muscle Shoals Sound.

Those arch-rivals Howlin' Wolf and Muddy Waters seldom did wrong, and their live sets at the Ann Arbor festival were no exception. Wolf growls viciously on 'Highway 49', Muddy chills out on 'Honey Bee'. Unfortunately, the remainder of the live material here—by Koko Taylor, Johnny Shines, and others—tends to bear out my usual feeling that live blues recordings are inherently tedious.

So that's it, eight platters of odds'n'sods from the greatest record company of them all and probably just enough nuggets of gold to warrant mining the seam.

Barney Hoskyns

THE SIOUXSIE

THE BANSHEES

new 7" and 3-track 12"

Will-o'-kō-mō'-shun mix

THE CHALLENGER

featured on the album 'through the looking glass'

12" features two new songs:

'she's cuckoo'

and

'something blue'

(unavailable elsewhere)

shex 12 she 12

MICHAEL NYMAN And Do They Do/Zoo Caprices (TER)

PLAY IT at any speed you want just as long as you play it all back.

This prolific composer's sketch for *A Zed And Two Noughts* now re-scored for solo violin is well tasty. Unless you're some sort of dance buff (and we won't have those in the house) The London Contemporary Theatre's snoozetrack on the first side will leave you reaching for smelling salts. Even taken as a whole 'Zoo Caprices' still has a way with aggravation. It harkens back to days when men were men and sheep were frightened. You'll come face to face with all your past misdeeds when it gets going. You will even understand why the writing is on the wall for any semblance of structure, resonance or melody. Most of all it will scare you. And we know you like to be horrified. Own up, you enjoy being affected somehow. Anyhow. Playback.

Oh yeah, I forgot, there's two naked gymnasts on the cover for all voyeurs out there. Don't be shy, go on, go ahead. This is real virtuoso stuff, transcribed into sweat, healthy sweat.

Dele Fadele

THE BLAMMERS Hammer Blues (Big Ten Inch Records)

IF YOU thought 'Honky Tonk' was a racist term for drunken white trash plonking away on out-of-tune bar room pianos and sucking on neck strap mouth organs you could be right.

This is a live honky tonk album, and the drunken camaraderie that went into it turns into a major aural hangover. I'm sure The Blammers had loads of fun making it, but eavesdropping on this clatter is like listening to the sort of joke where 'you had to be there.'

The Blammers were there, live at the Taverna Mikis - sucking up the booze and spewing out the blues, or was it the other way around?

With instruments like jug and kazoo, The Blammers bastardise an already dodgy honky tonk into more of a 'hokey tink'.

The grooves are loitered with good intentions - Big Joe Turner, Washboard Sam, and Muddy Waters - but the inebriate tribute is as criminal as littering with intent.

Michele Kirsch



Big boy, bad record.

THE MAJESTICS Tutti Frutti (BBC Records)

OK, THE TV series is almost good enough to wipe out all memories of such previous rocky horror shows as *Rock Follies*. And Robbie Coltrane as Big Jazza/Danny McGlone is equally as endearing as he was as Thomas, the collector of fantastic plastic, in *Mona Lisa*. However, not even Thomas would consider this soundtrack as a chuck of vital vinyl.

Only a final reprise of Chuck Berry's 'Almost Grown' that comes sliced with dollops of ceilidh and unison bebop sax provides a wry smile. The advice then is, don't spend up on this send up. Deliberately tatty tartan rock is unlikely to replace Chicago House as this year's thing.

Fred Dellar



Their Satanic majesties

DEATH RATTLE 'N' ROLL

BUTTONHOLE SURFERS
Locust Abortion Technician (Blast First)

DAVID CRONENBERG'S cinematic nightmare of the 'new flesh' may well have a death rattle to accompany it here. This record is the most visceral beat I've squirmed to so far this year, a big bad dino egg that's been fried in axle grease and served sunny side down by Gibby and his joyously blasphemous Buttonholes. Have a nice day ... in puking Hell!

Enter ... You're immediately flushed into a womb-like dream state, a fluffy bunny paradise that's floating up to heaven in a big bubble ... Until Gibby punctures the pretty picture with a wild invocation of "SATAN!" Now you know who these guys are in gear with there's no turning back, mommy's a charred corpse and Amerika's happy clown face turns inside out on itself to reveal a sweating skull. Primal and ugly.

But funny too, hilariously so. Like when they find some ethnic chant recording while rummaging through some crazy person's car boot sale. Gleefully they set about to twist it into their own shape, into a joke that is both stupid and mind blowing in its strangeness. Something only the Buttonholes could claw out of such Silly Putty.

From their own culture they hack off a lump of prime time radio and tune into the innocents confessing their all to the masses. Where dark secrets become public entertainment, pushed through the same meat grinder that turns dairy herds into hamburger. On '22 Going On 23' the Butts cleverly use the totally unemotional confession of an insomniac rape victim as a platform to illustrate the real, perhaps forgotten, creepy-crawly switch blade sharp emotions desperately trying to slit their way out into the open. It would be almost too easy, and rightly so, to hang this onslaught of outrage next to some of the best ever and leave it at that. Except that already the Buttonhole's have probably got another, even stranger animal than this tied up and waiting, ready to pull the wings off this locust.

For now ... If your taste is for the unusual, the exciting and the dangerous then come on down! It's feeding time.

Edwin Pouncey

VARIOUS Angels In The Architecture (Editions EG)

"MOZART WOULD have understood", claim the sleeve notes, without a hint of irony. They also claim that "this material demands a little more from the listener than the music which preceded it" (what, than Mozart?), which puzzles me somewhat, after ten years of Eno rambling on about ambient music being designed as barely perceptible background drone. As for the claim this music "is simply here," that's a myth. There's nothing neutral about this music at all; in fact, it's laden with ideology, the same ideology that goes, as the cliché has it, with CDs, Perrier and drippy New Age solipsism.

In the '70s, part of the appeal of Eno's original *Obscure* series was the uniform, academically dry packaging. Compare a typical EG release these days, a glimmering 'quality art' sleeve, evocative titles - 'Plateaux of Mirror', 'Delta Rain Dream'. All tied up with Eno's merciless stripping away of all remaining vestiges of his own sense of

humour, this wholesale Selling of the Sublime reeks of Good Taste.

Inhabiting the crackle-free world of CD probably helps, although living opposite a fire station, I barely have time to immerse myself in the velveteen opalescence, before a siren pierces brutally through the reverberated reverie. Images of glassy rippling pools make this suitable Walkman music for potholers, but the interesting stuff here is the stuff recorded 'dry' - even the obligatory selection of Frippertronics stands out like a dentist's drill starting up in the middle of an opium dream. Likewise, the Hassell/Eno track appeals because the rhythm sounds like the Burundi drummers shifting furniture in the next room. There's also a long, lissom item from the Penguin Cafe Orchestra (before they advertised *Hobnobs*), which is sheer bliss.

But why so many angels, when we could have done with some of the bats in the EG belfry? Michael Nyman? Arto Lindsay? Now that would have raised the rafters.

Jonathan Romney

SOUNDS OF Soweto

THE "ESSENTIAL" AFRICAN MUSIC ALBUM



DOUBLE ALBUM
& CASSETTE

OUT NOW

featuring the real stars from graceland

EMI

TOUR NEWS

THE BHUNDU BOYS' next batch of live dates have been changed considerably and the new itinerary reads Stirling University (March 18), Sheffield Poly (19), Leeds Poly (20), London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town (21), Manchester Free Trade Hall (22), Nottingham Old Vic (23), Rochdale venue to be confirmed (24), London Harlesden Mean Fiddler (25), Norwich Lads Club (26), Luton St George's Hall (28).

DEMBO KONTE & KAUSU KUYATEH, from Gambia and Senegal respectively, will be touring the UK in April for the first time since they performed here with the Gambian National Troupe at the 1986 WOMAD Festival. Their full schedule takes in London Walthamstow Chestnuts (April 10), Edinburgh Folk Festival (12), Manchester Band On The Wall (15), Leicester Phoenix Arts Centre (16), London South Bank Purcell Rooms (18), St Donat's Arts Centre (23), Dursley Prema Arts Centre (24), Bristol Top Spot Theatre (25), Farnham Maltings Folk Day (26), London Covent Garden Africa Centre (29), Leeds Coconut Grove (May 1), Exeter Arts Centre (2), Farnham Maltings (3), Oxford Music Room (4).

COURTNEY PINE and his quartet go out on the road later this month and visit Sheffield Octagon Centre (March 31), Reading Hexagon (April 1) Birmingham Town Hall (3), Manchester Palace (5), Edinburgh Queens Hall (6), Southport Theatre (7), Hatfield Forum (8), Cambridge Corn Exchange (10), London Piccadilly Theatre (12), Bristol Colston Hall (13), Bournemouth Tregonwyl Theatre (14), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (15), Croydon Fairfields Hall (16), Chatham Central Hall (18) and Nottingham Theatre Royal (19). Further dates will be announced shortly.



BOYS WONDER have three dates in and around London this week, at Oxford Street Wrong Club (Thursday), Central London Poly (Saturday) and Croydon Underground (Sunday).

THE OYSTER BAND, DICK GAUGHAN and **ANDY WHITE** are among the names confirmed for Farnham Folk Day on Sunday, April 26. The festival, which takes place at The Maltings in Farnham, also features **Brendan Croker & The Five O'Clock Shadows**, **Rory McLeod**, **Crazy Hearts**, **Pete Morton**, **John Kirkpatrick & Sue Harris**, **Dembo Konte & Kausu Kuyateh**, **The Copper Family** and **The Easy Club**. **Andy Kershaw** will be the master of ceremonies for the day and advance tickets are £8 from FMS, PO Box 73, Farnham, Surrey GU9 7UN. Include a stamped addressed envelope and make cheques and postal orders payable to FMS. The price goes up to £9 after March 31.

MENTAL AS ANYTHING, top five stars with their single 'Live It Up' from the *Crocodile Dundee* movie, are playing a British tour which takes them to Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (April 29), Bristol Bierkeller (30), Manchester University (May 1), Newcastle Poly (2), Redcar Bowl (3), Coventry Poly (5), Birmingham Aston University (6), London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town (7), Uxbridge Brunel University (9) and Norwich East Anglia University (10). The Larks will provide support at all dates. Already a big hit in their native Australia, the new album, 'Fundamental', released next month, includes the antipodean top twenty singles 'You're So Strong' and 'Let's Go To Paradise'.

MIAOW have added more dates to their UK tour and can be seen at London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (Thursday), Aylesbury Wellhead Inn (March 21), Nottingham Garage (26), London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (April 1) and Brighton Zap Club (10).

BON JOVI will be headlining this year's Monsters Of Rock festival at Castle Donington, which takes place on August 22. It will be the band's only appearance in the UK this year and their first since the sell-out tour of late 1986. Special guests at the festival will be Dio, making their first appearance in Britain for more than two years. Tickets for the festival are available now by post from Aimcarve Ltd, PO Box 123, Aldridge, Walsall W29 8XY. They are priced £15 each and applicants should make cheques or postal orders payable to Aimcarve Ltd, enclose a stamped addressed envelope and allow six weeks for delivery. A credit card hotline is also in operation (01-741 8989), tickets subject to booking fee. All tickets on the day will be £16.

MANGUARE, the Cuban calypso and salsa group, are playing their first British concerts at London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town (March 18), Oxford Town Hall (20), Newcastle upon Tyne St Thomas' Church (21). The Happy End, featuring Sarah Jane Morris, will be special guests at the Town & Country show.

FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM have cancelled their Reading Paradise Club show on March 20, rescheduled another date and added another 12. The revised itinerary reads Middlesex Poly (March 13), Croydon Underground (15), London Thames Poly (16), Peterborough Tropicana (17), London Camden Dingwalls (18), Swindon Brunel Rooms (20), Retford Porterhouse (21), Northampton Old Five Bells (22), Bristol Tropic Club (24), Leeds Warehouse (25), Leicester Princess Charlotte (26), Dudley JB's (27), Birkenhead Hard Rock Cafe (28), Manchester Boardwalk (29), Stoke Shelley's (31), Poole Mr C's (April 1), London Marquee (3 and 4). The group's new single, 'Preacher Man', is released on Monday.

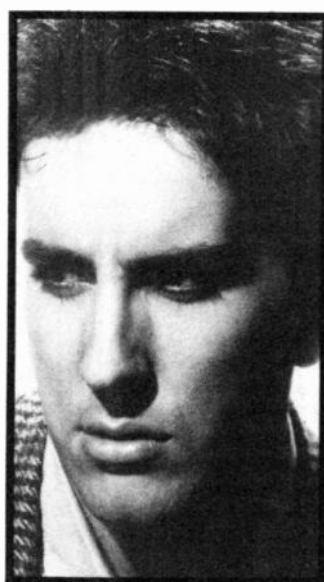
RECORD NEWS

SINGLES

A HOUSE: 'Kick Me Again Jesus' (Rip) from Eire — out March 23. ● **BRYAN ADAMS:** 'Heat Of The Night' (A&M) his first single for more than two years, notable if only for the complete absence of Tina Turner — out on Friday. ● **MARC ALMOND:** 'Mother Fist And Her Five Daughters' (Some Bizzare) the title track from an

up-coming album — out March 23. ● **ALWAYS:** 'Metroland' (el) more daftness — out March 27. ● **BARRY BIGGS:** 'If You Wanna Make Love' (Revue/Creole) wear a condom — out soon. ● **BLACK BRITAIN:** 'Night People' (10) — out this week. ● **BLYTH POWER:** 'Ixon' (All The Madmen/Rough Trade) both three track seven inch and six track 12 inch feature a version of the Johnny Cash classic 'Folsom Prison Blues' — out now. ● **BRENDA & THE BIG DUDES:** 'Amalahle' (EMI) anyone for

Eurobeat? — out soon. ● **CCP:** 'Solution' (Rhythm King) a sweaty club dub mix of East and West influences, it says here — out now. ● **CAMEO:** 'Back And Forth' (Club) the third single from that 'Word Up' album — out March 23. ● **ERIC CLAPTON:** 'It's In The Way That You Use It' (Duck) from the 'August' album — out on Monday. ● **CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT:** 'Ordinary Day' (Mercury) Ben and the boys' follow-up to 'Down To Earth', meanwhile they're in the studio putting the finishing touches to their first album — out soon. ● **DEAD OR ALIVE:** 'Hooked On Look' (Epic) backed with a live-at-Hammersmith version of 'You Spin Me Round (Like A Record)' — out now. ● **FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM:** 'Preacher Man' (Beggars Banquet) — out March 23. ● **FLEETWOOD MAC:** 'Big Love' (Warners) from the forthcoming album 'Tango In The Night' — out on Monday. ● **FLESH FOR LULU:** 'Siamese Twist' (Beggars Banquet) — out March 30. ● **THE FLORENTINES:** 'Man Of Mine' (el) produced by Derek Wadsworth, the man who was responsible for the music to *Space 1999* — out March 27. ● **4,000,000 TELEPHONES:** 'French Girls' (Summerhouse) — out now. ● **PETER GABRIEL:** 'Big Time' (Virgin) from the album 'So' which is much more than just so-so — out now. ● **MARK GERMINO:** 'Political' (RCA) produced by Paul Samwell-Smith, once of The Yardbirds — out now. ● **KIM GOODY:** 'Don't Turn Around' (Polydor) — out March 23. ● **HAPPY MONDAYS:** 'Tart Tart' (Factory) produced by John Cale — out March 23. ● **HOLGER**



THE COLOURFIELD: deceptive Terry

HILLER: 'Whippets' (Mute) complete with the voice of Billy McKenzie — out on Monday. ● **THE HOLLIES:** 'Reunion Of The Heart' (EMI) — out now. ● **HOT CHOCOLATE:** 'Every 1's A Winner' (EMI) remix of that 1978 hit — out March 23. ● **PHYLLIS HYMAN:** 'Screamin' At The Moon' (Philadelphia International) taken from her debut album 'Living All Alone' — out on Monday. ● **IN TUA NUA:** 'Heaven Can Wait' (Virgin) Dubliners who opened for Simple Minds last year — out March 23. ● **THE KING OF LUXEMBOURG:** 'A Picture Of Dorian Gray' (el) comes coupled with versions of the Go-Betweens' 'Lee Remick' and Robin Hitchcock's 'Where Are The Prawns?' — out March 27. ●



U2 have announced details of a further six British concerts in addition to the two Wembley Stadium shows confirmed last week — and there are still more shows being set up. The new dates start with an indoor show at Wembley Arena (June 2) and then the group move on to Birmingham National Exhibition Centre (3), Glasgow Scottish Exhibition Centre (July 29 and 30), and then back to the NEC (August 3 and 4).

Tickets for Wembley Arena are available by post only, price £10 and £9 (no booking fee), limited to two per application, from U2 Concert, Wembley Arena Box Office, Wembley, Middlesex HA9 0DW. Cheques and postal orders payable to Wembley Stadium Limited, include a stamped addressed envelope and allow 21 days for delivery.

NEC tickets are by post only, £10 and £9 (no booking fee), limited to four per application, from U2 NEC Shows, PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ. Cheques and postal orders payable to MCP Ltd, include a stamped addressed envelope and allow 21 days for delivery. Glasgow tickets are by post only, £10 and £9 (no booking fee), limited to four per application, from U2, PO Box 77, GPO Edinburgh. Cheques and postal orders payable to Regular Music Festivals Limited, include a stamped addressed envelope and allow 28 days for delivery.

State preferred date when applying for Birmingham or Glasgow tickets.

ALIEN SEX FIEND have lined up a brief tour which takes them to Birmingham Diamond Suite (March 24), Nottingham Zhivago's (25), London Astoria (26), Bournemouth Badlands (29), Plymouth Academy (30), Edinburgh Venue (April 2), Glasgow Rooftops (3), Aberdeen Victoria Hotel (4).

MILLIE JACKSON has switched her Cambridge Corn Exchange date from April 23 to April 25. She has also added two more shows, at Oxford Apollo (April 15) and Ipswich Odeon (23).

MARY COUGHLAN returns to the UK later this month to play four London shows in support of her debut album 'Tired And Emotional'. She plays Brixton Ritzy (March 26), Harlesden Mean Fiddler (27 and 28) and Deptford Albany Empire (30).

BARRINGTON LEVY: 'I'm A Struggler' (Time) produced by Jah Screw — out now. ● **MADONNA:** 'La Isla Bonita' (Warners) the fifth single from 'True Blue' — out on Monday. ● **MEL & KIM:** 'Respectable' (Supreme) now available as a 'Tabloid' remix — out now. ● **STEVE MILLER:** 'I Want To Make The World Turn Around' (Capitol) from the album 'Living In The 20th Century' — out now. ● **MOONTWIST:** 'Talking About The Weather' (London) — out now. ● **KENNY MORRIS:** 'La Main Mort' (Temple) solo debut from a former Banshee — out soon. ● **SHIRLEY MURDOCK:** 'As We Lay' (Elektra) — out now. ● **JOHN OTWAY:** 'Whoops Apocalypse' (WEA) theme from the new comedy movie — out now. ● **THE PARACHUTE CLUB:** 'Love Is Fire' (RCA) Toronto seven-piece — out March 23. ● **LOUIS PHILIPPE:** 'You Mary You' (el) includes Brian Wilson's 'Little Pad' — out March 27. ● **PICNIC AT THE WHITEHOUSE:** 'Success' (Portrait) band comprised totally of Liverpoolian Eddie Hind, album to follow — out now. ● **THE PRETENDERS:** 'My Baby' (WEA) from the 'Get Close' album — out now. ● **THE RAJ QUARTET:** 'Whoops! What A Palaver' (el) actually it's old Bid from the Monochromes — out March 27. ● **LES RITA MITSOUKO:** 'C'est Comme Ca' (Virgin) one half of the band is called Fred — out March 23. ● **SMOKEY ROBINSON:** 'Just To See Her' (Motown) from a forthcoming album, 'One Heartbeat' — out now. ● **JOHN ROCCA:** 'I Want It To Be Real' (Beggars Banquet) mixed by

Farley 'Jackmaster' Funk and Arthur Baker — out March 23. ● **SHY:** 'Break Down The Walls' (RCA) from the album 'Excess All Areas' — out next week. ● **SON OF SAM:** '1,000 Beats Per Minute' (Rouska), their first for the Leeds label — out now. ● **STARSHIP:** 'Nothing's Gonna Stop Us Now' (RCA) produced by Narada Michael Walden — out now. ● **STRANGER THAN FICTION:** 'Is She In Love With Love' (Constitution) the first 2,000 copies will appear with a special picture sleeve based on the 1916 collage by Henri Laurens called 'The Guitarist' — out soon. ● **THE STRANGLERS:** 'Shakin' Like A Leaf' (Epic) live 'official bootleg' version of the band's current single that comes backed with an 18-minute track titled 'An Evening With Hugh Cornwall' — out now. ● **SURF DRUMS:** 'Walk Away' (Kaleidoscope Sounds) Birmingham's finest, well, nearly — out soon. ● **THEM PHILISTINES:** 'Tales From The Stagnant Pond' (Lowther Street Runner) a four-track EP actually — out now. ● **THIRD CIRCLE:** 'Goodbye To Yesterday' (Rouska) on 12-inch only — out now. ● **CAMY TODOROW:** 'Chain Of Fools' (Virgin) a singer from Sofia with a re-run of the Don Covay classic — out March 21. ● **TWO PEOPLE:** 'Heaven' (Polydor) — out March 23. ● **ROSIE VELA:** 'Interlude' (A&M) from the 'Zazu' album — out now. ● **TOM VERLAINE:** 'Cry Mercy Judge' (Fontana) — released March 23. ● **WALKING SEEDS:** 'Marque Chapman' / 'Blathering Out' (Moral Burro) 12 inch only from a Liverpool band. ● **KEVIN WHITE & THE YELLOW PARADE:**

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THE SURF DRUMS support their new single 'Walk Away' with a tour which takes them to Bath Moles Club (Thursday), Dudley JB's (March 20), Greenock Subterraneans (27), Glasgow venue to be confirmed (29), Edinburgh venue to be confirmed (30), Coventry Giraffe Club (April 3), Luton Switch Club (4), Birmingham Crack House (11), Nottingham Garage (23), London UCL (24).

QUICKIES . . . THE GO-BETWEENS are being lined up for a major London show in May to coincide with the release of their new album, details to follow . . . **CARMEL** returns to London Ronnie Scott's on June 7, the scene of her sell-out show last month . . . **HUE & CRY**, plus **RHODA DAKAR** play London ULU on April 11 in a gig organised by *Marxism Today* . . . **MIDNIGHT** have cancelled their show at London Astoria's Delirium on Saturday, a new date will be announced soon . . . **SHEILA WALSH** and **BRUCE COCKBURN** are among the first artists confirmed for this year's Greenbelt Arts Festival, the four day Christian festival which takes place in the grounds of Castle Ashby Stately Home over the August Bank Holiday.



THE CHIEFS OF RELIEF, who have just finished a support stint with Big Audio Dynamite, have headlining dates at Manchester Boardwalk (Thursday), Stafford College of Further Education (March 20), Bedford Boys Club (21), Bristol Tropic Club (25), Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush (26), London Camden Palace (April 3), London Marquee (9), Reading Paradise (10), Dudley JB's (11). Previously announced dates at Glasgow Rooftops (March 27) and Edinburgh Venue (26) have been cancelled.



BY POPULAR DEMAND, MORE QUICKIES . . . XMAL DEUTSCHLAND now play Portsmouth Poly on March 27 and the Northampton Five Bells show has been changed to March 31 . . . **DURAN DURAN** have added extra shows at Brighton Conference Centre (May 16) and London Wembley Arena (May 20) . . . **LEVEL 42** have added Brighton Conference Centre (April 16) . . . **THREE COLOURS** play London Camden Dingwalls on March 24, the Boston band are being lined up for a nationwide club tour in the near future.

MARC ALMOND'S benefit concerts for Action Against Aids, which were cancelled last week, have been rescheduled at new venues. He now plays London Hackney Empire (April 2), tickets £5.50 and £6.50, and London Aldwych Royalty Theatre (3), tickets £6.50 and £7.50. His new album, 'Mother Fist & Her Five Daughters', is issued on March 23.

LATIN QUARTER headline a Nicaraguan Health Fund benefit show at the Triangle Arts Centre in Birmingham on Friday. The concert is being sponsored by Oxfam and War On Want, and the bill is completed by two Birmingham-based reggae groups Israel Movement and General Information. Tickets are £4, or £3 for unwaged.

HARVEY & THE WALLBANGERS are calling it a day after their spring tour. Their farewell itinerary takes in London Bloomsbury Theatre (April 14-16), Snape Maltings (18), Southampton Nuffield Theatre (19), Southport Arts Centre (20), York Theatre Royal (21), Stirling MacRobert Arts Centre (22), Edinburgh Queen's Hall (23-24), Glasgow Tron Theatre (25), Dundee Rep (26), Manchester Library Theatre (27), Coventry Warwick Arts Centre (28), Winchester Theatre Royal (30), Cambridge Arts Theatre (May 1), Oxford College of Further Education (2), London Duke Of York's Theatre (3).

'Commuters Dance' (Primitive) on a label based deep in the heart of Commuterland, the Surrey stockbroker belt. — out now. ● **VESTA WILLIAMS**: 'Don't Blow A Good Thing' (Breakout) the third release on the A&M spinoff label headed by Herb Alpert — out soon. ● **WIN**: 'Super Popoid Groove' (London) from the forthcoming album 'You've Got The Power' — out March 27. ● **TAMMY WYNETTE**: 'Alive And Well' (Epic) from the woman who postponed her tour because of illness — out now. ● **WARREN ZEVON**: 'Werewolves Of London' (Elektra) classic reissue, the 12 inch includes 'Poor Poor Pitiful Me' — out soon. ● **ZODIAC MOTEL**: 'The Sunshine Miner' (Swordfish) a four-track EP — out March 23. ●

'**PEBBLES**', the 20-volume album series covering the entire spectrum of sixties US garage bands, is being officially released in Britain by the London-based indie label Hit Records — and there is also a chance of them being issued on cassette and compact disc for the first time. The series is launched with the release of a "best of" compilation under the title of 'Get Primitive' at a budget price of £3.99.

MIKE READ has written music for a selection of John Betjeman poems which should surface on an Arista album later in the year. A first single, 'Myfanwy', sung by David Essex, is released on Monday and other tracks feature vocal contributions from Captain Sensible, David Grant, Donovan and Justin Hayward. The album is being produced by George Martin.

ALBUMS

BOURNESE QUALK: 'Bourne Qualk' (NIR) their fifth album — out March 23. ● **THE COLOURFIELD**: 'Deception' (Chrysalis) eight Hall/Lyons originals, plus the single version of Sly Stone's 'Running Away' and The Monkees' 'She' — out on Monday. ● **DAN**: 'Where Have All The Children Gone?' (Meantime/Red Rhino) — out now. ● **THE DOCTOR'S CHILDREN**: 'King Buffalo' (Upright) six-track mini-album — out now. ● **DUST DEVILS**: 'Rhenyard's Grin' (Rouska) their debut album — out now. ● **EYELESS IN GAZA**: 'Kodak Ghosts Run Amok' (Cherry Red) all the singles 1980-86 in chronological order — out March 27. ● **BRUCE GILBERT**: 'The Shivering Man' (Mute) seven tracks from the Wire man — out on Monday. ● **JEREMY GLUCK & NIKKI SUDDEN**: 'I Knew Buffalo Bill' (Flicknife) also featuring contributions from Jeffrey Lee Pierce and Roland S



MARC ALMOND: fisticuffs

Howard — out next week. ● **GRANDMASTER FLASH**: 'Badop-boom-bang' (Elektra) — out now. ● **TED HAWKINS**: 'Happy Hour' (Windows Of The World) it's buskalonga-Ted on his third British release in the last 12 months — out soon. ● **HELLION**: 'Screams In The Night' (Music For Nations) — out March 27. ● **STEVE HOOKER AND THE SHAKERS**: 'This Stuff's Gonna Bust Your Brains Out' (Arela) — out now. ● **THE KALAHARI**: 'Sleep Armed' (Recommended) — out now. ● **LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO**: 'Shaka Zulu' (Warners) the men who sang on Paul Simon's 'Graceland' and who will be on stage with him in Britain next month — out on Monday. ● **LAIBACH**: 'Opus Dei' (Mute) recorded in Ljubljana — out March 23. ● **RORY MCLEOD**: 'Kicking The Sawdust' (Forward Sounds) folk roots favourite — out soon. ● **MAD DOG**: 'Mad Dog' (Stud) Welsh heavy metal — out March 23. ● **ONSLAUGHT**: 'Power From Hell' (Under One Flag) re-release of the album originally out on Bristol's Children Of The Revolution label — out March 27. ● **ROCK AND HYDE**: 'Under The Volcano' (EMI) Canadian band formed by two ex-Payolas — out now. ● **SAFFRON DREAMSHADOW**: 'The Dance Of Chaos' (Saffron) on cassette only from 31 Warnborough Road, Oxford OX2 6JA, price £2.50 — out now. ● **SEDUCER**: 'Eads Down, See You At The End' (Stud) three piece thrash outfit — out March 23. ● **SHY**: 'Excess All Areas' (RCA) includes a version of Cliff Richard's 'Devil Woman', no doubt destined to become a metal anthem — out soon. ● **IAN**

SMITH, THE VAGABOND KING: 'Golden Grates' (Cold Harbour) from the former frontman of Birds With Ears — out now. ● **STRAWBERRY ALARM CLOCK**: 'Strawberries Mean Love' (Big Beat) from the band who brought you 'Incense And Peppermints' and 'Sit With The Guru' back in the days of flower-power — out now. ● **THE SYSTEM**: 'Don't Disturb This Groove' (Atlantic) — out now. ● **JAMES TAYLOR**: 'Classic Songs' (CBS/WEA) compilation rescheduled from the end of last year — out now. ● **THREE COLOURS**: 'This Is Norwood' (Soul Selects) a homage to the much-maligned London suburb the Boston five-piece stayed in on their first visit to the UK — out now. ● **VARIOUS**: 'First Things First . . . It's A Strange Kettle Of Fish' (10) compilation of tracks by various Irish bands — out now. ● **VARIOUS**: 'Kent Stop Dancing — The Sequel' (Kent) Northern soul specials — out now. ● **VARIOUS**: 'Now 9' (EMI-Virgin) Jackie Wilson, Freddie Mercury, Simply Red and hits by a zillion others. Possibly a chart album — out March 23. ● **VARIOUS**: 'Serious Hip Hop' (Serious) featuring Schoolly D, Sugar Sugar and Chris Mackintosh — out now. ● **VARIOUS**: 'Where The Fence Ends Begins The Sky' (Plastic Head) The Jeremiahs, Butch Minds, The Complaints etc — out now. ● **JOHNNIE GUITAR WATSON**: 'Three Hours Past Midnight' (Ace) — out now. ● **TAMMY WYNETTE**: 'Anniversary: 20 Years Of Hits' (Epic) includes 'Stand By Your Man', 'D.I.V.O.R.C.E.' and others — out on April 6.

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MANIFESTO!

A DEAFENING SILENCE



ILLUSTRATION: BILL SANDERSON

BRITISH 'POLITICAL' groups and singers are rightly respected for their courage and integrity in tackling head-on in their work many of the day's Big Issues — apartheid, famine, nuclear war, the miners' strike and the Falklands conflict, to name just a few. But on the subject of Northern Ireland — the persistent thorn in the side of British politics — most are strangely silent.

This deafening silence over what's happening across the Irish Sea isn't confined to the musical Left, however. For most British politicians Northern Ireland isn't on the political agenda; "there's no votes in it, so why bother?" And for the British media Northern Ireland has long ceased to be a 'sexy' news subject. What little Press coverage there is is uniquely poor, even by the low standards of so much of what passes for 'journalism' in this country. Some Press coverage is deliberately misleading, little of it does anything to encourage further understanding of the situation, and most reflects the British government's view of an 'insoluble religious conflict' perpetuated needlessly by 'extremists on both sides'.

British broadcasting — despite its legal obligation to inform — has a singularly appalling record on covering Northern Ireland. Literally dozens of programmes dealing directly or indirectly with 'the Troubles' have been banned, censored or delayed since 1970. In 1968 TV footage of RUC officers brutally beating up peaceful

civil rights demonstrators helped wake the world up to the existence of a rotten, neo-fascist state on Britain's doorstep. Westminster and Whitehall reacted by letting it be known that such politically embarrassing reporting should not happen again. The truth hurt.

In 1978 film-director Roland Joffé found out just how little artistic freedom programme-makers could have in relation to Northern Ireland when his scheduled Play For Today, *The Legion Hall Bombing*, was repeatedly postponed by the BBC. Based on the trial transcripts of the case of Willie Gallagher, who got 12 years for bombing a British Legion hall, the play showed the operation of the Diplock courts, the system of no-jury trials used in the north of Ireland. After extensive changes and pre-variation by the BBC, the play was finally transmitted six months late. Appalled at this, director Joffé and writer Caryl Churchill asked for their names to be removed from the final version.

Countless current affairs documentaries have fallen foul of the broadcasting authorities, especially those which have sought to expose the dirty deeds of the security forces. In June 1978 Thames TV planned to transmit a programme about the Amnesty International report on the ill-treatment of suspects by the RUC. Although much of the contents were already public knowledge, the IBA banned the programme.

The British media's coverage of Northern Ireland has been hounded into virtual non-existence by a long history of government pressure and craven self-censorship. DENIS CAMPBELL reports.

The other minefield for journalists is interviews with members of illegal organisations, especially the IRA. In 1979 the IRA staged the takeover of a border village for the benefit of a *Panorama* crew, leading Attorney General Sir Michael Havers to threaten to prosecute those journalists involved under the Prevention of Terrorism Act. Since then appearances by spokesmen for the republican movement have been rare. Many of those that have taken place have induced apoplexy in the British political and military establishment, hence Home Secretary Leon Brittan's leaning on the BBC not to show the *Real Lives* interview with Sinn Féin leader Martin McGuinness because it showed him as too 'human', and not the mindless 'terrorist' of popular British depiction.

Most of the British media's censorship over Ireland is self-imposed, however, rather than dictated by government, law or other institutional forces. The BBC, for example, has a system of special rules governing coverage of Northern Ireland whereby any programme proposing even to touch on the situation has to go through the unique 'reference up' process. Continual higher approval is needed, sometimes all the way up to the Director-General. Journalistic freedom over Ireland does not exist.

The problem for programme-makers is, as seasoned producer David Elstein has pointed out, that "to question the basis of British policy in

Northern Ireland is... equated with treachery, with undermining the security forces, with endangering lives, with encouraging rebels" (*The British Media And Ireland*, published by Information on Ireland). The result of self-censorship, he says, is that "the public is left bewildered and ignorant, knowing only that they do not know... and increasingly blaming the Irish themselves... for irrational and incomprehensible behaviour".

With the recent furore over secrecy in Britain, the words of Liz Curtis, author of *Ireland: The Propaganda War*, acquire an ironic significance. She told *NME*: "Politicians in general only want us to hear their version of events. So when they're pursuing policies which they don't want the public to know about, such as torture in Ireland, they pressurise the broadcasting companies not to report that type of event or anything that brings British policy into question. Broadcasters have become very timid. As a result information about Ireland is very limited, very constrained."

Ireland remains the British media's enduring blind spot, its raw nerve. Maybe the last word on the subject should go to Paul McCartney. In his number 16 hit in 1972, 'Give Ireland Back To The Irish', he asked: "Great Britain you are tremendous, nobody knows like me, But really what are you doing in the land across the sea? The BBC banned the single."

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<p>Thurs 19 ABANDANCE THE PANIC BROTHERS WILLIE SMITH BEANFIELD Local Dance Music £3.50 (£2.50 Concessions) Fri 20 BLACK ROOTS Plus exciting new Ska Band MARON TOWN Reggae and Ska £3.50 Sat 21 RENT PARTY COOL DIZZY'S PLAYHOUSE Jump Jive £4 Sun 22 Sunday Showcase (7pm-11.30pm) 5 NEW BANDS Only £2</p>	<p>Tues 24 From Boston USA THREE COLORS S.F. GO FUEL TO THE FIRE £3.50 (£2.50 Concessions) Wed 25 ATOMAGE PARTISAN HERMIT CRABS DJ Krays & His Scratch Video Show £3.50 (£2.50 Concessions) Thurs 26 BLAST 1ST ART COUNTINGS + Guests £3.50 (£2.50 Concessions)</p>
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STUDENTS UNION

SATURDAY 28TH MARCH
LEEDS POLYTECHNIC
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WITH HUGH MASEKELA / LADYSMITH
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ALL 6 LONDON SHOWS SOLD OUT

THE MEAN FIDDLER
AIDS BENEFIT
TUES 31st MARCH 1987

ZOOT AND THE ROOTS
TERRY AND GERRY
ANDY WHITE
TED CHIPPINGTON

COMPERE - TOM WATT
D.J. - WENDY MAY

ADM £5.00 (ALL PROCEEDS TO INTERNATIONAL AIDS DAY)
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DOORS OPEN 7.30pm CLOSE 2.00am

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TUESDAY 2nd JUNE 7.30 pm
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Available by post only from:
U2 Concert, Wembley Arena B/O, Wembley, Middlesex HA9 0DW applications accepted from Monday 23rd March. Tickets limited to 2 per application. Please send cheques/PO's made payable to Wembley Stadium Ltd enclose stamped addressed envelope and allow 21 days delivery. (No booking fee).

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Available by post only from:
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Fri 20th and Sat 21st FROM IRELAND **THE SMITHEREENS** Adm £5.00
+ SALVATION SUNDAY

Sun 22nd FROM U.S.A. **MARY BLACK AND FREDDIE WHITE** Adm £5.00

Mon 23rd FROM IRELAND **STEVE EARLE AND THE DUKES** Adm £5.00

Tues 24th FROM U.S.A. **THE BHUNDU BOYS** Adm £5.00

Wed 25th FROM IRELAND **MARY COUGHLAN AND HER BAND** Adm £5.00

Fri 27th and Sat 28th FROM IRELAND **TOM ROBINSON** Adm £5.00

Sun 29th and Mon 30th

Tues 31st THE MEAN FIDDLER A.I.D.S. BENEFIT (All proceeds to International A.I.D.S. Day) Adm £5.00
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Wednesday 18th March **THE TASTE** In The Flesh £2.00

Thursday 19th March **SAY WHAT** Perfect Gentlemen £2.00

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Sunday 22nd March **SCARED OF THE DARK** + 2 Cold 4 Hens £2.00

Monday 23rd March **THE FAT LADY SINGS** + The Chase £2.00

Tuesday 24th March **VOICE & THE BEEHIVE** Timothy London £2.50
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JUBILEE GARDENS - SOUTH BANK SE1

DAVID THOMAS
AND THE WOODEN BIRDS
FEATURING, ALLEN RAVENSTINE, TONY MAIMONE, CHRIS CUTLER, TIM JONES
★ plus Special Guests: **THE BLUE AEROPLANES**
MONDAY MARCH 30th
THE PLAYERS THEATRE Villiers Street, London WC2
Doors 7.30 Tickets £5
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WAG CLUB
MARCH 1987
35-37 WARDOUR STREET, LONDON W1
TELEPHONE 01-437 5534
THE WAG RESTAURANT OPEN FOR DINNER & BREAKFAST

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	MONDAY
GARY CROWLEY + VAUGHN TOULOUSE Present WHISKEY-A-GO-GO	PRIVATE PARTY Closed to the Public	BLACK BRITAIN presented by SPUNKY'S with NICO & ZANE	Cash with D.J. 5 TONY MAXINE SARAH + LOUISE	LES-SIX RODOLPHO
GARY CROWLEY + VAUGHN TOULOUSE Present WHISKEY-A-GO-GO	HOT SWEAT FUNKY UNDERGROUND DJ's HEAVY DUTY (DJ's) 2 DAM FUNK	RHYTHM & BAZ presented by AFTER TONITE LIVE-LIVE-LIVE	Cash with D.J. 5 TONY MAXINE SARAH + LOUISE	new FM Jazz Reggae RADIO LONDON RTE FM presents MARK MURPHY with ROBIN JONES & HIS BRAZZ LION COMBO DJ'S GILES PETERSON

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*Subject to change. Open 10.30pm-3.30am.

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ZOUK - MASTERS SUPREME
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Direct from Guadeloupe
+ DJ Charlie Gillet
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TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB,
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Doors 8pm
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MCP Presents
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LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT
SATURDAY 25th APRIL 7.30 pm
Tickets: £5.00 Available from B/O Tel: 051-709 4321
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BRISTOL STUDIO BALLROOM*
TUESDAY 28th APRIL 7.30 pm
Tickets: £5.00 Available from Venue B/O Tel: 0272 276193,
Virgin Records, Revolver Records and Rival Records Bristol
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BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE
SUNDAY 3rd MAY 7.30 pm
Tickets: £5.00 Available from Venue B/O Tel: 021-643 4715,
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LEEDS UNIVERSITY
TUESDAY 5th MAY 8.30 pm
Tickets: £5.00 Available from CTS Shop, Students Union
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NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR SUITE
SUNDAY 10th MAY 7.30 pm
Tickets: £5.00 Available from Mayfair B/O,
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Friday 20th March
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Saturday 21st March
CAREY & LAURIE BELL
(EX MUDDY WATERS BAND)
Sunday 22nd March
Lunch: **THE NEW DIXIE SYNCOPATORS**
Eve: **RICHARD THOMPSON**
Monday 23rd March
SIMON NICOLL & RIC SAUNDERS
(From FAIRPORT CONVENTION)
Tuesday 24th March
PAZ
Wednesday 25th March
GRAMAPHONES
Thursday 26th March
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stepping razor
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Junior & Reaction
ASSEMBLY ROOMS, DERBY
SATURDAY 4th APRIL 1987
at 7.30 pm
Tickets: £3.00 in advance, £4.00 on the door
The Terry Christian Show
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21st Maze
21st Burning Spear
21st Bhundi Boys
21st Wrathchild
22nd Chevalier Brothers
22nd Xmal Deutschland
23rd Maxi Priest
23rd/24th Gloria Gaynor
24th/25th Howard Jones
26th Alien Sex Fiend
26th Misty
27th Timbuk 3
28th Mission
29th/30th Strangers
31st The Cult

APRIL 1st/2nd
2nd/3rd Gary Moore
3rd Marc Almond
3rd Phyllis Hyman
3rd Rose of Avalanche
4th Wayne Shorter
4th Bronski Beat with Jimmy
Somerville and New Order
4th Meteora
8th/9th Level 42
12th Courtney Pine
12th Elkie Brooks
12th Mighty Lemon Drops
12th Hank Wagoner
13th Southside Johnny and The Dukers
14th/16th Michael McDonald
17th/18th Percy Sledge
17th/19th Millie Jackson
18th Conflict
18th The Gathering Of The 5000
22nd Julian Cope
24th Field Of The Nephilim
25th Barclay James Harvest
27th John Mayall
29th James Brown
29th/30th Spear Of Destiny

MAY 1st/2nd
8th Blow Monkeys
13th Gall Evans 75th Birthday
13th Alarm
13th/14th Alison Moyet
14th Abdullah Ibrahim
14th Santana
18th/20th Duran Duran
21st Pretenders
23rd Run DMC
24th Gary Glitter
24th/26th Stevie Wonder
28th/31st Stevie Wonder

JUNE 3rd/4th
10th/11th Neil Young
12th/13th Cameo
12th/13th Fatback
15th/18th U2
17th Tina Turner
23rd/24th Iggy Pop
JULY 1st
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*** LONDON BOOKINGS**
439 3371
96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE,
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Bradgate Road, Bedford
Saturday 21st March
THE CHIEFS OF RELIEF
+ Support
£3.00 in Advance, £3.50 Door.
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Wednesday	15th Margate	Winter Gardens	0843 292795
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Sunday	19th Hanley	Theatre Royal	0782 266301 or 262526
Thursday	23rd Northampton	Derngate Theatre	0604 24811
Saturday	25th Bournemouth	Pavilion	0202 297297
Sunday	26th Nottingham	Royal Concert Hall	0602 472328
Wednesday	29th Preston	Lockley Grand Hall	0772 21721
Thursday	30th Douglas	Royal Hall Theatre	0624 28855

MAY		BOX OFFICE NUMBERS	
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Thursday	7th Manchester	Apollo	061 273 3775
Sunday	10th Southsea	Kings Theatre	0705 828282 or 811411
Saturday	16th Edinburgh	Playhouse	031 557 2590
Thursday	21st Halifax	Civic Theatre	0422 51156
Friday	22nd Doncaster	Odeon Theatre	0302 62523
Saturday	23rd Oxford	(Formerly Gaumont)	0865 244544
Sunday	24th Glasgow	Apollo	041 332 1846
Wednesday	27th Ipswich	Pavilion	0473 53641
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SUN. 22nd MARCH

Nearest Tube: Kentish Town
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9/17 Highgate Rd., Kentish Town, NW5
Tickets £4.50 advance, £5.00 doors. Doors 7.30pm.
Box Office 267 3334. Stargreen 734 8932. Rough Trade Records. Rock On Records.
Keith Prowse 741 8968. Premier 240 0771. Rhythm Records.

SUNDAY 29th MARCH
GREEN ON RED
SPECIAL GUEST
STEVE EARLE
DR'S CHILDREN

Nearest Tube: Kentish Town
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9/17 Highgate Rd., Kentish Town, NW5
Tickets £4.50 advance, £5.00 doors. Doors 7.30pm.
Box Office 267 3334. Stargreen 734 8932. Rough Trade Records. Rock On Records.
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(KENTISH TOWN)
FRI 17th / SAT 18th APRIL 7.30pm

Tickets £7.50 in advance
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PLUS SUPPORT + LATE DISCO
ON SATURDAY MARCH 28TH
DOORS OPEN 8.30-2.00
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BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
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APRIL 21 EDINBURGH Playhouse
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APRIL 24 BIRMINGHAM Odeon
APRIL 25 HAMMERSMITH Odeon
APRIL 27 PORTSMOUTH Guildhall
APRIL 28 LEICESTER De Montfort Hall

All concerts start 7.30pm
All tickets £7.50, £6.50, £5.50
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The Boogie Brothers
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Sat 28 March Doors open 8pm
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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)

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HAVER
plus Special Guests
MALICE

NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR
FRIDAY 17 APRIL 7.30 p.m.
Tickets from Box Office
Tel: 091 232 3109 and usual agents
EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
SATURDAY 18 APRIL 7.30 p.m.
Tickets from Box Office
Tel: 031 557 2590 and usual agents
BIRMINGHAM ODEON
SUNDAY 19 APRIL 7.30 p.m.
Tickets from Box Office
Tel: 021 643 6101 and usual agents
£5.50 EVERYWHERE EXCEPT
HAMMERSMITH £6.00 AND £5.00

MANCHESTER APOLLO
MONDAY 20 APRIL 7.30 p.m.
Tickets from Box Office
Tel: 061 273 3775, Piccadilly Records,
Vibes Records, Bury & UK Travel, Chester
NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY
TUESDAY 21 APRIL 8.00 p.m.
Tickets from Box Office
Tel: 0602 412544 and usual agents
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
WEDNESDAY 22 APRIL 7.30 p.m.
Tickets from Box Office
Tel: 01 748 4081/2, LTB, Premier,
Keith Prowse, Credit Cards 01-741 8989
Ticket Master and Stargreen

Division One
Saturday 21st March £2.75
MIAOW
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 18th March
LIAM OG O'FLYNN
+ Crusheen
+ Jimmy Finnegan
Thursday 19th March
MIAOW
+ And So To Bed
+ The Artisans
Friday 20th March
MICHELLE SHOCKED
+ The Corn Dollies + Ticked Pink
Saturday 21st March
WILKO JOHNSON
+ Steve Hooker's Shakers
+ Erik Alore
Sunday 22nd March
(Lunch) IGGY QUAIL & FRIENDS
(Evening) PHIL SAATCHI
+ The Lettuces + Manic Depressives + Disco
Monday 23rd March
LICK THE TINS
+ CRANNOG
+ The Gift Horses
Tuesday 24th March
JOHN B. SPENCER BAND
+ John Maloney
Wednesday 25th March
CRAZYHEAD
KILL UGLY POP
+ Meat Injection + The Rovers Girls
Thursday 26th March
THE MIGHTY CAESARS
+ The Deggermen

ALIEN SEX FIEND
ON TOUR

MAR 24 BIRMINGHAM
Tue Diamond Suite
25 NOTTINGHAM
Wed Zhivago's
26 LONDON
Thu Astoria
29 BOURNEMOUTH
Sun Badlands
at Co-Co's
30 PLYMOUTH
Mon The Academy

APR 2 EDINBURGH
Thu The Venue
3 GLASGOW
Fri Rooftops
4 ABERDEEN
Sat Victoria Hotel

NEW SINGLE OUT NOW
HURRICANE FIGHTER PLANE
CAT NO ANA 33/12 ANA 33

WEST LONDON NICARAGUA SOLIDARITY CAMPAIGN present
MISTY IN ROOTS
ZEKE MANYIKA
and **DR LOVE**
Compere LORNA G + Guest DJ SEAN O'HAGAN
HAMMERSMITH TOWN HALL,
KING ST, LONDON W6
Thursday 26th March 7.30pm
Tickets £5.00/£4.00 UB40's
Available from Hammersmith and Fulham Recreation Dept.,
181 King St, W6. Tel: 01-741 3696
Premier Box Office 01-240 0771, Orbiton 01-965 8292,
Carla 01-359 2270, Sterns 01-387 5550

STOP REAGAN'S CONTRA FUNDING
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BROADWAY
Clarendon Hotel,
Hammersmith Broadway W6

Wednesday 18th March £1.50
SOLDIER BIKE
+ Purple Gang
Thursday 19th March £1.50
GO FOR JO
+ Support
Friday 20th March £1.50
THE PURPLE THINGS
+ The Grizzlies
+ The Bird House
Saturday 21st March £1.50
THE THREE HUNDREDS
+ The Company of Cowards
Monday 23rd March £1.50
LOST BOYS
+ RUNNING RED ICE
+ THE FEELINGS
Tuesday 24th March £1.50
THE DARCH
+ Blue Illusion
Real Ale Served 7.30-11.00pm.

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ALIEN SEX FIEND
Plus B&R PUPPETS
• BIRMINGHAM •
DIGBETH IRISH CENTRE
TUESDAY 24 MARCH
TICKETS £3.50 ADV. DOORS 8PM
• NOTTINGHAM •
ZHIVAGOS-VICTORIA CTR.
WEDNESDAY 25 MARCH
TICKETS £3.00 ADV. DOORS 8 PM

Tickets from usual agents or by post from
DNA Entertainments P.O. Box HP2 Leeds
LS6 1LN (Enc. S.A.E.)

THE PAVILION, North Parade Road, Bath
THE FLATMATES
WILSON AND THE AMERICANS
JONAH AND THE WAIL
THURSDAY 26th MARCH 1987
Tickets: £3 Doors open 7.30 pm
+ Tickets: Pierpoint St, Tel: 0225 66541
Bath Sports & Leisure Centre, North Parade, (no phone enquiries)
Rival Records, Bath, Tel: 0225 60945.
Further details from Claire Jenkins,
Tel: 0225 61111 ext 339

Bath
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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 27
LONDON SW4 4LH 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

ROUNDHAY PARK
LEEDS
SUN 28th JUNE
gates open 3.00pm
Tickets — by post £15.50 (inc. booking
fee) from GENESIS LEEDS P.O. BOX 4
ALTRINCHAM, CHESHIRE, WA14 2JQ.
Please make cheques and postal orders
payable to KENNEDY STREET
ENTERTAINMENTS. Please include a S.A.E.
Tickets limited to six per application. allow
28 days delivery. Or £15+ booking fee
from Cavendish Travel, Leeds, Piccadilly
Records, Manchester, City Hall, Newcastle,
Way Ahead, Nottingham and Derby, TLCA,
Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, Cavendish
Travel, Sheffield, Mike Lloyd Records,
Hanley, Stoke.

CREDIT CARD HOT LINE
01 748 1414

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 W14
3RS 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 LOCAL LICENCE APPROVAL
Genesis will single Tonight, Tonight, Tonight on 17th and 18th June CD single

GIG GUIDE

MAKE SURE you get to the venue early if you're going to see **THE STRANGLERS** (Wolverhampton on Wednesday and Bradford on Thursday) because there's the added bonus of **HURRAH!** opening the shows throughout the tour. **THE SMITHEREENS** return to Britain for just one date at the Mean Fiddler in Harlesden, London on Sunday, although they are booked for *Saturday Live* the night before to give the rest of the country a chance to see them. **ALISON MOYET** is touring again and starts off in Edinburgh on Friday before moving on to Birmingham on Sunday.

Sheffield, Wednesday? That's where you'll find **THE MISSION** at the start of another series of dates. They've got a hometown gig in Leeds on Thursday. **THE COMSAT ANGELS** kick off their tour in Scotland with shows in Edinburgh on Thursday and Glasgow on Friday.

Elsewhere it's the usual bunch who've been on the road for a week or two; **SIMPLY RED**, **THE CULT**, **MAZE**, **HOWARD JONES**, **TOM VERLAINE**, **LIONEL RICHIE**, **THE GODFATHERS** and **MICHELLE-SHOCKED**.

Send your gigs (name of act, venue and telephone number) to Gig Guide, *NME*, 4th Floor, Commonwealth House, 1-19 New Oxford Street, London WC1A 1NG.

WEDNESDAY 18

Bath The Ram. Digby Fairweather & The Bath City Jazzmen
Birmingham NEC: Lionel Richie
Birmingham Odeon: Gremlins
Brighton Zap Club (0273 775987): How Many Beans Make Five/Sweet Dragon/Cement Garden
Bristol La Cav: The Food
Canterbury Kent University: China Crisis
Croydon Cartoon: Cutting Crew/The Fingertips
Edinburgh Playhouse: Howard Jones
Exeter Boxes: Stump
Gillingham AEC: On Margate Sands
Huddersfield Poly (0484 538156): Terry & Gerry/Mighty Mighty
Leeds Coconut Grove (0532 455718): Will Gaines/Tommy Owen Trio
Leeds Irish Club: Tom Verlaine
Leicester Princess Charlotte: Haze
London Astoria: World Party/Michelle-Shocked
London Camberwell Union Tavern: Every Mother's Son
London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 240 3961): Jim Jiminee
London Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): Chuck Farley
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): Liam Og O'Flynn/Crusheen/Jimmy Finnegan
London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): The Taste/In The Flesh
London Fulham King's Head: Heyday
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: Josie Without Colours/The 300/Out of Bounds
London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): Jeggy Dodd & The Sons Of Harry Cross
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 485 5358): The Wigs/Shoot/Lapsed Catholics/We Are Going To Eat You
London Labroke Grove Bay 63 (01 960 4590): Crannog/John Maloney
London Palmers Green Fox (01 886 9674): Annex
London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): Grahamophones
London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): 2 Cold 4 Hans
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange (01 239 9181): Sax Appeal
London Shepherd's Bush Wellington: Marino and the After-Forever
London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): Cayenne/The Breeze
London W1 Gossips: Real Macabre
London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): The Searchers
London Waterloo Young Vic (01 928 6363): Poetry Olympics; John Agard/Valerie Bloom/Mahmood Jama/Ian McMillan/Oku Onuora/Benjamin Zephaniah/Brian Patten/Flona Pitt-Kethley/Michael Horovitz
London Wimbledon William Morris Club: Indecent/Vicious Rumours/Skin Deep
Manchester Apollo: Maze
Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): Big Joe Duskin/Dave Peabody
Manchester International: Pink Peg Slax
Manchester UMIST: The Beloved
Manchester University (061 273 5111): Bob, Bob, Bob & Bob
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: Attila the Stockbroker
Nottingham Garage: Band Of Holy Joy
Nottingham Royal Concert Hall: Phil Cool
Portsmouth Guildhall: Simply Red
Reading Ninos Wine Bar: Robbed In Rome/Airdance
Romford Rezz: The Hiding Place
Sheffield City Hall: The Mission
Southampton, The Joiners Arm (0703 225612): Haze
Southend Reids: Babakoto/One Fret Down/Irregulars
Wellington Shepherd's Bush: Marino/The After Forever Band/The Hellfire Club/General Wolf/Artisan/Lisa Dominique
Wolverhampton Civic Hall: The Stranglers
York University: The Larks/The Confident Tricksters

THURSDAY 19

Bath Chemies: Mike Carr Quartet/Andy Sheppard Quartet
Birmingham Junction Club: Big Joe Duskin
Birmingham Odeon: Gremlins
Boote Old Fire Station: De Zootman Band
Bradford St. George's Hall: The Stranglers



Hip hip for a Stranglers support group!

Brighton Richmond (0273 603974): Biff Bang Pow/The House Of Love/Holler
Brighton Whitehawk Youth Club: Attacco Decente/Timbat/Ian Smith
Bristol Polytechnic: World Party
Bromley Ravensbourne College Of Art: 1926/The Price
Canterbury Arts College: Pop Icons
Cardiff Rogues Club: Mark T. & The Brickbats
Cardiff St. Davids Hall: Simply Red
Chester College: The Highliners
Chesterfield, Deincourt: Gah-Ga
Edinburgh Venue: The Comsat Angels
Greenwich Tunnel Club: The Cardiacs
Hampton Court Jolly Boatman: The Monday Band
Harlow The Square: Mayfair 101/The Cobras/Hard Touch
Hastings Crypt: The Ya Ya's/Tich Turner
Hertford Corn Exchange: Hellum Brothers
High Wycombe The Nag's Head: The Gathering
Hull Adelphi: Tough Guys Don't Dance
King's Lynn The Eagle: Haze
Leeds Stallones: Mighty Mighty
Leeds University: The Mission
Leicester Princess Charlotte: The Penny Chews
Liverpool Cafe Berlin (051709 3588): Happy Mondays/Niadem's Ghost
Liverpool University: Band Of Holy Joy
London Bracknell Undercover Club: 30 Lashes/Boxing Stouts
London Camberwell Union Tavern: Dirty Talk
London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): Abundance/The Panic Brothers
London Carlford The Green Man (01 698 3746): The Ya Ya's
London Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): The House Party Band
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): Mlaow/And So To Bed/The Artisans
London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): Say What/Perfect Gentlemen
London Fulham King's Head: The Wild Angels
London Greenwich Tunnel Club: The Cardiacs/Real Macabre
London Hammersmith Odeon: Maze
London Herne Hill Half Moon (01 274 2733): Cut Out/Double Helix
London Imperial College: The Sacred Hearts
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 485 5358): Shokolokobangoshay/Impromptu
London Labroke Grove 63 (01 960 4590): Stars Of Heaven/Benny Profane
London N1 Rosemary Branch (01 226 6110): Jung & Parker
London North Kensington Station Tavern (01 727 4053): Tom Nolan's Rockin' Blues Band
London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): Rose Maddox
London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): Johnny Pinko

London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange (01 239 9181): Straight Ahead
London SW9 The Plough: Mr Clean
London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town (01 267 3334): Tom Verlaine/The Bodines
London Tufnell Park Boston: The Chills/Razorcuts
London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): The Times/The Moment
London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): The Jets
London Wilkin Mews, Interchange: Edmundo And Friends '87
London Woolwich Tramshed (01 855 3371): After Tonight
Loughborough University: Rouen
Manchester Apollo: Howard Jones
Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): Free Parking
Manchester The Boardwalk: Chiefs Of Relief/Shout Bamalam
Newcastle Riverside: Green On Red
Newcastle University: Pink Peg Slax
Poole, Mr. C's: Haze
Port Talbot Raffles: Heartland
Sheffield City Hall: The Cult
Sheffield University: The Godfathers
Southend Cliffs Pavilion: China Crisis
Southend Reids: SF Go/Dreamtime
Stockton-on-Tees Dovecot Arts Centre (0642 611625): Masqualero
Warwick University: Deacon Blue
Wellington Barons Club: Mad Hatter
York Arts Centre: Attila The Stockbroker

FRIDAY 20

Bath Moles Club: The Stars Of Heaven
Birmingham Mermaid: Big Ed & His Rockin' Rattlesnakes
Birmingham Triangle (021 359 4192): Latin Quarter
Bradford The Royal Standard: Poisoned Electric Head
Bradford St. George's Hall: Gloria Gaynor
Brighton Zap: World Party
Bristol Tropic Club (0272 49875): Voodoo Child
Brownhills Mayflower Centre (0543 376068): The Ben Okafor
Bunthorpe Youth Wing: The Ring
Cardiff Big Windsor: The Co-Stars
Cardiff St. David's Hall: Howard Jones
Edinburgh Playhouse: Alison Moyet
Edinburgh Queens Hall: Masqualero/Sheila Jordan & Harvie Swartz

Folkestone Bottoms: Uncle Lumpy & The Fish Doctors
Glasgow College Of Technology: The Incredible Blondes/The Kevin McDermott Orchestra
Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: The Comsat Angels
Hampton Court Jolly Boatman: It Bites
Hanley Victoria Hall: Phil Cool
Harlow The Square: Lunatic Soup/Poor Relations
Hastings Crypt (0424 444675): Charmed Life
Hereford Market Tavern (0432 56325): Bitch's Brue
High Wycombe Lady Vernon High School: George Melly
High Wycombe Town Hall: Burning Spear
Hornsea Theatre Bar: The Gargoyles
Kessingland King's Head: Haze
Lancaster Sugar House: Attila The Stockbroker
Leicester Poly: Pink Peg Slax
Leicester Princess Charlotte: The Larks
Liverpool Royal Court: The Cult
London Brentford Red Lion (01 560 6181): Juice On The Loose
London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (01 400 8400): Paul Boyle
London Brixton Fringe (01 326 5100): Yes No People
London Brixton Loughborough Hotel: My White Bedroom/Happy Ever After
London Brixton Old White Horse: John Hegley & The Fictions/Terri Carol/John Moloney/Otiz Cannelloni
London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): Black Rods/Maroon Town
London Clapham Railway Tavern: Midnight Radio
London Covent Garden, Rock Garden: Who
The Hell Does Jane Smith Think She Is?
London Crickelewood Hotel: Dross Bros/Nickelodeon/Mark Westwood
London Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): Mr Clean
London E2 Taylors Freehouse (01 7392808): The Crayfish Five
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): Michelle-Shocked/The Corn Dollies/Tickled Pink
London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): Hoorah Boys Hoorah!/Far Cry
London Fulham Palace: Brendan Croker & Steve Phillips
London Greenwich, Tunnel Club: Vic Reeves
London Hammersmith Odeon: Maze
London Herne Hill Half Moon (01 274 2733): Talking To The World/The Network/The Reaction Club
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 485 5358): Breeze
London Labroke Grove Bay 63 (01 960 4590): Sonido Des Londres
London N1 Duke Of Wellington: Jung & Parker

London North East London Polytechnic: Zoot And The Roots
London North Kensington Station Tavern (01 727 4053): Tom Nolan's Rockin' Blues Band
London Palmers Green Fox (01 886 9674): Enigma
London Peckham Civic Centre (01 639 2347): Apples and Snakes (poetry and drama evening)
London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): Wilko Johnson Band
London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): S F Go
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange (01 239 9181): Bob Taylor Jazz Band
London SW9 The Plough: The Purple Gang
London W1 100 Club (01 646 0933): Bolo
Bolo/The Ruthless Blues Band
London WC2 Bunjies (01 586 3285): Paul Browse
London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): Man
London Wembley Conference Centre: Charley Pride
London Wilkin Mews Interchange: Edmundo And Friends '87
London Wimbledon Whitelands College: The Company She Keeps
London Wood Green Club Dog: The Cardiacs
London Woolwich Tramshed (01 855 3371): Moonlighter's Music/Ian Shaw/Mike Hobert/Barry Wallenstein
Mahock Pavilion: Gah-Ga
Madstone, London Tavern: Terminal Twist
Manchester Band On The Wall (061 6625): Black Symbol
Manchester International: Tom Verlaine
Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: The Highliners
Newcastle City Hall: The Mission
Newport (Gwent) The Centre: The Mekons/Gaye Bykers On Acid/The Sect/Classified Protest
Nottingham Clarendon College: Keith Tippett & Stan Tracey
Nottingham Mardi Gras: The Godfathers
Nottingham Prince Albert: The Legendary Dolphins
Passfield Royal Oak: Union Street
Penzance Demelzas (07366 2475): Haze
Preston Guildhall: The Stranglers
Reading Paradise Club: Fields Of The Nephilim/The Gathering
Rugby Blitz Club: Tell Tale Hearts
Rugby Tanners: Caddyshack
Southampton Mayflower Theatre (0703 229771): Watch That Man/Blood Wedding/The Choice/Innervision/DG & The Degenerates/Rufus Stone
Southend Reids: Seconds Out
Stratford College: The Chiefs Of Relief
Wallasey The Leasowe Hotel: De Zootman Band
Weston-Super-Mare Knightstone Centre: Eddie & The Hot Rods/Rhythm Party
Worcester Albion Inn: Any Second Now

SATURDAY 21

Aberdeen Imperial Hotel: Masqualero
Aberdeen The Venue: Comsat Angels
Aldershot West End Centre: Mark T. & The Brickbats
Ayr The Way Inn: The Cateran/Strip/The Legion
Bath Moles: The Chesterfields
Bedford Boys Club: The Chiefs Of Relief
Birmingham Mermaid: Ol Pollo/HDQ/Stone The Crows
Birmingham Odeon: Gremlins
Brighton Hairy Dog Club (0273 775987): The Public Heirs/Moloko Plus (luchtime)
Bristol Tropic Club (0272 49875): Dada/Gl Orange
Cambridge Corn Exchange: Gloria Gaynor
Colchester Essex University: X-Mal
Deutschland/All About Eve
Colchester St Mary's Arts Centre: Lord Lucan & The Lookalikes/Absent Strangers
Croydon Cartoon: Jimmy Classic & The Sidekicks (luchtime)/Little Sister (evening)
Galashiels Scottish College Of Textiles: The Highliners
Glasgow Barrowlands: The Mission
Harlow The Square: The Internationalists
Hereford Market Tavern (0432 56325): Walk A Thin Line
Hornsea Theatre Bar: The Vice
Leeds University: Kmal Deutschland
Leicester Polytechnic: World Party
Leicester Princess Charlotte: The Bashful Boys

CONTINUES OVER

Lewes All Saints Centre: **Attacco Decente/Tim Bat/Ian Smith**
 Liverpool University: **Tom Verlaine**
 London Barbet Old Bull Arts Centre (01 449 5189): **Crazy Head/Heads Together**
 London Brentford Watermans Centre (01 400 8400): **The McCarthy Sisters**
 London Brixton Academy: **Burning Spear**
 London Camden Camarvon Castle: **Wolfe Witcher (lunchtime)**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Rent Party/Cool Dizzy's Playhouse**
 London Catford Green Man (01698 3746): **The Forest Hillbillies**
 London Dalston Junction Pyramid Arts: **Donkey Jive/Orchestra Jazira**
 London Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): **Triple Vision**
 London EC1 Duke Of York: **Peace On The Handle**
 London Farringdon Horseshoe (01 690 9368): **Apples & Snakes with Carol Crimes, Ian McMillan, Ken Worpole, Curtis and Ishmael**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4583): **Wilko Johnson/Steve Hooker's Shakers/Erk Alora**
 London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): **Dogs D'Amour/The Four Guns**
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Wilco Johnson & Fatkatz & Caruthers Brothers**
 London Hackney Empire (01 985 2424): **The Jazz Warriors/Tommy Chase Quartet/El Sonido De Londres (Anti Apartheid Benefit)**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: **Company Of Cowards**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Maze**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon (01 274 4733): **Last Taxi Home/Charmed Life/Bash The Bishop**
 London Islington Red Bull (01 837 3218): **Juice On The Loose**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 785 5338): **Juice On The Loose**
 London Ladbroke Grove 63 (01 960 4590): **The Questionaires**
 London N1 Dog & Dimples (01 359 6596): **The Crayfish Five**
 London North Kensington Station Tavern (01 727 4053): **Tom Nolan's Rockin' Blues Band**
 London North London Poly: **Maxi Priest**
 London Palmers Green Fox (01 886 9674): **The Avengers**
 London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Carey & Lurrie Bell**
 London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **The Miller Family**
 London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange (01 239 9181): **Cy Laurie Jazz Band**
 London SW9 The Plough: **Jazz Witness**
 London South Bank Winters End Festival: **Pete Thomas 'Deep Sea Divers**
 London Stockwell The Old Queen's Head: **Radio Satellites**
 London Swiss Cottage Community Centre: **The Howlers/Steve Edgar/Kevin McAleer/Hope Augustus**
 London Tufnell Park Tavern: **JCM Jazzband**
 London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): **Avon Cities Jazz**
 London Wembley The Flag: **A Better Mousetrap**
 Luton Switch Club (0582 699217): **Perfect Disaster**
 Manchester Apollo: **The Cult**
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **R. Cajun And The Zydeco Bros**
 Manchester Boardwalk: **World Domination Enterprises/Slab!**
 Manchester International: **Michelle-Shocked**
 Newcastle Polytechnic: **The Stranglers**
 Norwich East Anglia University: **The Dubious Brothers**
 Perth Riverside Inn: **The Poison/Rattlesnake Happening/Gav's Band**
 Portsmouth Basins Dance Hall: **Radical Dance/The Larks**
 Retford Porterhouse (0777 704981): **Fields Of The Nephilim**
 Sheffield Leadmill: **Green On Red**
 Southampton Waterloo Arms: **Union Street**
 Southend Reids: **Captain Flack**
 Stanford The Gateway: **1926/The Price**
 Swindon Oasis Centre: **Simply Red**
 Torrington Plough Theatre: **Rodney Allen**
 Weston-Super-Mare Knightsone Centre: **Restriction/People To People/Crucial Selector**
 Windsor Old Trout: **Caddyshack**

SUNDAY 22

Bath Theatre Royal: **Loose Tubes**
 Birmingham NEC: **Allison Moyet**
 Bradford The Spotted House: **(Mencap Benefit) Spiral Ensemble/Struggling Juggling/Linda Smith**
 Brighton Richmond (0273 603974): **Antisect/The Johnny Death Head Formation**
 Bristol Colston Hall: **The Cult**
 Cheltenham Victory Club: **Mark T. & The Brickbats**
 Croydon Cartoon: **Answers On A Postcard (lunchtime)/Bad Influence (evening)**
 Croydon Underground (01 760 0833): **Boys Wonder**
 Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Burning Spear**
 Glasgow Barrowlands: **The Stranglers**
 Glasgow Daddy Warbucks: **Michelle-Shocked**
 Harlow The Square (0279 25594): **Allstair Allen/Paul Lacey/Codfingers/Martin Lilton**
 Kilburn Tricycle Theatre: **Siol Phadraig Festival**
 Leicester De Montfort: **Howard Jones**
 Leicester Princess Charlotte: **Maurice Coleman (lunchtime)**
 London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (01 400 8400): **The O'Sullivan Family**
 London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **The Pleasure Garden/Hang The Dance/2 TV/Letmote/Isabella**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **Phil Satchel/The Lettuces**
 London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): **Scared Of The Dark/2 Cold 4 Huns**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Maze**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **The Smithereens**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon (01 274 2733): **Steve Waller & Guests/Steve Smith & Guests**
 London Kennington Cricketers (01 736 3059): **Juice On The Loose**
 London Kentish Town, Bull And Gate (01 485 5358): **Goats Don't Shave**
 London Kentish Town Vulture's Perch: **Adam Glasser Quartet**
 London Portman Hotel (01 486 5844): **John Etheridge Quartet**
 London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387):

Richard Thompson
 London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange (01 239 9181): **Tony Douglas Big Band/Harry Gold**
 London SW9 The Plough: **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
 London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town (01 267 3334): **Xmal Deutschland**
 London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): **Carey & Lurrie Bell**
 London W1 Ronnie Scott's: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
 London WC1 Yorkshire Grey (01 405 2519): **Georgia Jazzband**
 London WC2 Reptile House: **Sparks Fly**
 London Wood Green T.U. Centre: **Jenny Eclair/Punt & Dennis/Owen O'Neil/Ishmael & Curtis**
 London Woolwich Tramshed (01 855 3371): **Newsrevue**
 Manchester The Boardwalk: **Money Jungle/The Sandalwoods/Room At The Top**
 Manchester Free Trade Hall: **Northern Carnival Against Apartheid; Frank Chickens/The Railway Children/Potato 5/Microdisney/Bhundu Boys/Distant Cousins/Tippa Irie**
 Milton Keynes The Point (0908 660090): **Norma Lewis/Pete's Posse**
 Norwich East Anglia University: **Tom Verlaine**
 Nottingham Russels (0602 473239): **The Lynch Brothers**
 Peterborough Key Theatre: **Reel By Reel**
 Sheffield Polytechnic: **The Confident Tricksters**

MONDAY 23

Bristol Bierkeller: **Xmal Deutschland**
 Bedford The Bear: **Play For Today**
 Croydon Cartoon: **Rad Gallery**
 Edinburgh The Venue: **Michelle-Shocked**
 Glasgow Barrowlands: **The Stranglers**
 Halesowen Arians: **Mental Radio**
 Harlow The Square (0279 25594): **Mr Nasty (Mark Kelly)/The Burning Pestles/Guy Jackson/Weird And Wonderful**
 Leicester Princess Charlotte: **Brother Brother**
 London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **Who The Hell Does Jane Smith Think She Is?/Company Of Cowards/Royters**
 London Charing Cross Break For The Border (01 437 8595): **Peace On The Panhandle**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 326 5100): **Last Party**
 London Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): **The Breeze**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **Lick The Tins/Crannog/The Gift Horses**
 London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): **The Fat Lady Sings/The Chase**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Simply Red**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 485 5358): **The Last Salute/The Levellers/The Anykind/Pop Stacey/Matthew Crumble**
 London N1 The Pied Bull: **Perfect Filth**
 London Palladium: **Gloria Gaynor**
 London Players Theatre: **The Wolfgang Press**
 London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Simon Nicol & Ric Saunders**
 London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **Mae Culpa**
 London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange (01 239 9181): **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
 London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): **Kundalin/Willie Smith**
 London W10 Planet Alice (01 968 0646): **Flying Tractor Band**
 London Woolwich Tramshed (01 317 1495): **Patsy May's Greenwich Swing**
 Newport Centre: **The Cult**
 Nottingham Rock City: **The Mission**
 Nottingham Trent Polytechnic: **The Brilliant Corners**
 Oxford Corn Dolly: **The Grip**
 Portsmouth Guildhall: **Howard Jones**
 St. Austell Coliseum: **Elkie Brooks**
 Southend Reids: **Duce/Pariah**

TUESDAY 24

Birmingham Nec: **Level 42**
 Brighton Centre: **Gremlins**
 Bristol Studio: **The Mission**
 Bristol Tropic Club (0272 49875): **Fields Of Nephilim/Claytown Troupe/Temple**
 Corby Festival Theatre: **Phil Cool**
 Croydon Cartoon: **Eavesdropper**
 Harlow The Square (0279 25594): **Peter Buckley Hill**
 Horsham Champagne Club: **The Cardiacs**
 Leeds Polytechnic: **Green On Red**
 Leicester De Montfort Hall: **The Stranglers**
 London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **Three Colours/S.F. Go/Fuel To The Fire**
 London Camden Palace: **After Tonite**
 London Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): **Kit Packham & The Sudden Jump Band**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **John B Spencer Band/John Moloney**
 London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): **Voice Of The Beehive/Timothy London**
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Flying Tractor Band & Total Strangers**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Simply Red**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Steve Earle**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 485 5358): **Slamsa/Only Connect/Billy Basic/Jerod/The Passenger**
 London N1 King's Head: **Jungr & Parker**
 North London Poly: **The Brilliant Corners**
 London Palladium: **Gloria Gaynor**
 London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Paz**
 London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **Fairly Perfect People**
 London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange (01 239 9181): **Les Simon's Jazz Merchants**
 London Royal Albert Hall: **Howard Jones**
 London Thames Poly Cellar Bar (01 855 0618): **Newtown Neurotics**
 London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town (01 267 3334): **Kassav**
 London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): **UK Subs**
 London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **Basement Attic**
 London Woolwich Tramshed (01 855 3371): **Point Three/Send For Kelly/Chinese Whisper**
 Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): **Isaac Guillory**
 Newcastle Riverside: **Michelle-Shocked**
 Nottingham Russels (0602 473239): **Head Over Heels**
 Oxford Acoustic Music Club: **Session Night**
 Portsmouth Basins (0705 824728): **The Crows**
 Portsmouth Portland Hotel: **Union Street**
 Reading Majestic: **Xmal Deutschland**
 Southend Reids: **Wendy Roberts**
 Stockton-on-Tees Dovecot Arts Centre (0642 611625): **Ric Adamson**
 Stoke Shellys: **The Godfathers**
 Worthing Pavilion: **Rose Marie**

The POGUES &



The DUBLINERS

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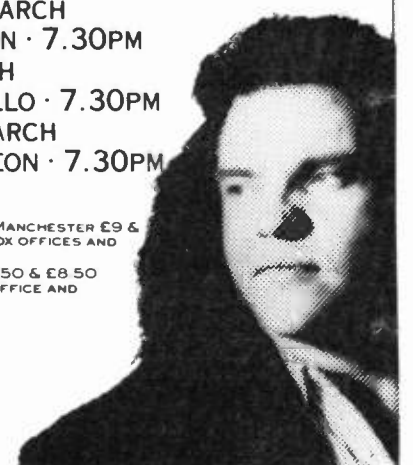
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EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

LADY DAY LONDON DONMAR

LADY SINGS the blues, she's got it bad. But why? Hollywood's Diana Ross vehicle cum bio-pic related the story and covered the tracks, but there was little real attempt to understand the pressures that drove Billie Holiday to drugs, drink and, finally, death. *Lady Day* is less ambitious in terms of chronological detail and, of course, on the small stage you lose the locations, the glam also-stars and the soft-focus smoky club shots. Instead, Dee Dee Bridgewater's Billie stands alone — except for brief back-chat with a real live jazz quartet (Tony Coe on tenor sax and clarinet) — to

tell her own story and reveal the sufferings that simmered in every song.

Lady Day's emotional strength is founded on exploratory flashbacks to Holiday's formative years; from her adolescent joy at hearing recordings of Bessie Smith and Louis Armstrong outside Alice's whorehouse, to her brutal rape at 12 and the subsequent accusations that she was a "nigger whore". The drama stays admirably true to *Lady Day*'s autobiography with Bridgewater equally convincing in sad youth and disillusioned maturity, particularly at the death of her mother aged 38. "Why does everybody leave me," weeps Billie.

Stephen Stahl's script balances the harrowing aspects of her life with humour, and without wallowing in the familiar sordid prostitution/drugs scenario. "They all look alike," Billie says of the Fed officers waiting to arrest her for drugs possession. And, when charged with pushing heroin, adds "I ain't sold a drug in my life. Hell, if I had 'em I'd do 'em."

But it's the prominence given Bridgewater's renditions of songs such as 'All Of Me' and 'God Bless The Child' that separates *Lady Day* from previous attempts to dramatise this story. Her emotions range from the tearful racial mourning of 'Strange Fruit' and the

loneliness of 'Lady Sings The Blues' to the inescapable sadness of 'Good Morning Heartache' and a drink-slurred 'Foggy Day'. It's more moving than a Robyn Archer-style impression of Holiday — Bridgewater's voice is less vulnerable than the recorded Billie — and more than just a sympathetic and passionate tribute. It's an honest attempt to bring the legend back to life. Through the songs, through the drama, Holiday's tragic but comic resilience emerges. "There's no damn business like show business, I gotta smile to keep from throwing up."

LEN BROWN



PHOTO: CHRIS CLUNN

RING OF FIRE

TEST DEPT LONDON TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

TEST DEPT now easily over-tower their main influence Laibach in range and reach and worth. But you sense they'll never realise it — that whatever they'll be doing long into the future, they'll still be feeling under pressure from the narrow and brutal spectacle they got such a charge from the first time they saw the Slovenes. And here they are bursting into — of all things — 'Ball Of Confusion'. And with Sarah Jane curling in with her man's woman's voice...

...no, but they say, This is us provoking conflict, letting a woman in on the act. They want it all ways, like a Marxist-Leninist Gossip Column: they want to have their masculinity and eat it. This POWER, this array of hard glistening bodies, makes its appeal to men because men submit to it more easily — submission is a perverse pleasure not a daily requirement for the mass of men. And Test Dept know the politics of this, the lessons Laibach have taught, about ambivalence, about strength, about fear broadcast over Tannoys... and still they want it all ways.

But there's more to them than this. They seem to be pulling things in from everywhere, from Psychic TV and The Burundi Drummers and Hans Werne Henze (who writes radical classical operas) — sometimes they're impacting them into metal-

beaten workshops like Einsturzende, sometimes they're weaving drones, bagpipes and ouds and didgereedoes like wind-only night at the London Musicians' Collective. Sometimes they're outstanding. Sometimes they barely fulfil the promise of the idea they've happened on. An avant-garde is ahead of the rest, but blind and deaf — it travels by touch, its experiments mostly fail... but if it has something, then what it's found will be rediscovered again and again until its time comes, and Test Dept have happened on their shapes of thought to come at just the moment that they seem to have come.

That's how it was with 'Ball Of Confusion': in the blissful moment of revolution, we all enter The Zone, and right and wrong fuse, genders blur, values go fluid and dangerous. Test Dept have to recreate that moment every time they play, and sometimes they can and sometimes they can't. Sometimes the unravelling semiotics of colonial-capital power stutter and halt. Not tonight. Even if Sarah Jane only operates as an invert-Thatcher symbol, the lefties' pin-up. Even if their obsessive shouted hagiography of the NUM turns more towards homerotics in this context. I hate them for their self-limitation, but they're still the most important art-operation in the world. On and off, they were magnificent.

MARK SINKER

LAUGH CRASH LONDON BLACK HORSE

THE DOVE plummets yet the eagle soars. Somehow it's kinda reassuring to know that all this fertile seed's gonna fall on barren ground. CRASH! The singer: what's he got? Turned-up jeans, mouth-organ, a half-pint glass in his hand, sideways glances through slitted eyes, a broad reed of a voice and a tambourine to occupy idling hands. The band: what've they got? 'Everything Under The Sun!' Three guitars — from America and sounding like a three-way split between NZ, Beat Happening and the Velvets with their climactic rock structures and oscillating guitars.

You've gotta be even stupider than you look not to come down here on a Sunday night. LAUGH! Well, we did. Perhaps a shade too one-track to bite any deeper, the Mancunian quartet still breathe flame. The singer wore red and struck the guitar with furious downstrokes; the band acquiesced. The appropriately-titled 'Take Your Time Yeah' lingered; no time to slow, no time for stoppages. Laugh tread a precarious middle ground between intensity and boredom — when I yawned, the second guitar cut out!

THE LEGEND!

GHOST OF AN AMERICAN AIRMAN BELFAST QUEEN'S

THERE IS no sight or sound quite so depressing as an Irish showband in full flow and Ghost Of An American Airmen were once a showband. The knack to being a showband is playing everything from Abba to ZZ Top note perfect and this side of the Airmen ranges from a brilliant overhaul of Roy Orbison's 'Pretty Woman' to a diabolical 'Dock Of The Bay'.

The Ghosts are no longer only a showband and also play oceans of their own U2/Cactus World News type material. Despite a series of sauced up intros promising songs about Marilyn Monroe, dirty pictures and sex, what they serve up is a forceful if resistable blend of "black night turns blue" rent-a-lyrics and stadia bound backing. They only bend the rules of 'Precious' — sadly more pretence than Pretenders with dollops of Cure and Bunnymen thrown in — and both sides of their recent (overproduced) single 'I Hear Voices/Dance On It'. If these two (saved boldly to the end) hadn't been preceded by so much nothingness I might even have enjoyed them.

PETER RODGERS

SPEAR OF DESTINY



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14 NOTTINGHAM Rock City
15 NOTTINGHAM Rock City
17 BIRMINGHAM Odeon
18 HANLEY Vic Hall
20 SHEFFIELD City Hall
21 BRADFORD St. Georges Hall

22 PRESTON Guildhall
24 NEWCASTLE City Hall
25 MANCHESTER Apollo
26 LIVERPOOL Royal Court
28 PORTSMOUTH Guildhall
29 LONDON National Ballroom
30 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon

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U2 SINEAD O'CONNOR BELFAST KING'S HALL

SINEAD O'CONNOR, a small girl with no hair and a big voice, was chosen to open the proceedings at this secret gig, portions of which were shown on *Whistle Test*. Her songs are moody and atmospheric and her voice near-Islamic at times. Backed by guitar and bass, she built the rest of her sound from carefully-orchestrated backing tapes. Numbers like 'Never Get Old' and 'Just Like You Said It Would Be' definitely demand more than one listen. She finished her short set with 'Drink Before The War' and had barely vacated the stage before screams for Bono and Co. erupted around the hall.

When they finally appeared near pandemonium ensued, with Larry registering as firm favourite on the screamometer. Bono joked with the small crowd, strapped on an acoustic guitar and led the band straight into Curtis Mayfield's 'People Get Ready'. Earlier on, himself, BP Fallon and presenter Andy

Kershaw had pieced the words together in the dressing room. Stripped of all the usual stadium hysterics and tomfoolery, U2 were refreshingly ordinary: there wasn't a white flag in sight.

Bono tried to tune his guitar but seemed to change his mind and replaced it with the harmonica, an instrument he's currently learning to play. Adam Clayton picked out a bass line that brought the rest into a slow improvisational blues song. In it Bono traced the band's roots back to Dublin's Dandelion Market and berated the *Whistle Team* crew for keeping them waiting.

Then, before you could say Amnesty International, they were into a harsh, biting version of Neil Young's 'Southern Man'. Edge hacked out the guitar riff while Bono strummed his acoustic and included new lines such as "I've seen those bad men coming round".

A taut version of 'Trip Through Your Wires' from the new album, followed. "Anyone down there play the guitar?" enquired Bono. A solitary figure responded. Three

others were recruited to sing and play the drums and bass. "We'll be back in ten minutes, play something creative," he instructed them. A disjointed 'Teenage Kicks' was then produced by the haphazard four piece.

They returned for 'Exit', also from 'The Joshua Tree': "This is a song about a religious man, a fanatic". Another new number called 'In God's Country' followed, with Bono back on rhythm guitar. The new material is more refined, with a definite sense of structure and purpose to the songs. But for the finale it was 'Pride', with Bono visibly annoyed at a false start. The song has virtually become their anthem, and at one point he stopped to let the crowd carry the chorus. It was impassioned, rough and ready, and left everyone frustrated and begging for more.

This was possibly the world's biggest band warming up for their year long tour. Bono the icon was scarcely visible tonight, but you know that's all going to change.

RICHELIE TAYLOR



Bono chats up a cactus

PHOTO: HUI THOMAS

Pop Will Eat Itself may be more... satisfying than a chat with them about historical materialism and the death of Lorca over a beer and a balti-meat (see interview *NME* 7/3/87). While they're smiling and plonking away up on stage it's easier to forget their crackpot Wogan-brain views on porn, pop, practically everything... and concentrate on their steadily swelling catalogue of cracking tunes.

The addition of a *Sooty Show* keyboard has boosted Popple Appeal no end by breaking up their once-Ramonic moronic attack. Of course they still whip through the infantile one-minute-wonders of the twin five-track EP's but tonight they also showcase material that hints at a new confidence and maturity in their songwriting.

'Inside You' sees the three front-Peewees, all clad in virginal black black, shyly parade their first ballad before a confused Toby Jug crowd.

'Evelyn' would be a daring choice of single, but could easily take Pop Will Eat Itself to the brink of the Big Boys' chart: it's a glorious camp-out in waltz time complete with Dutch-cheesy organ parts, authentic Val Doonican vocals and a little mouse with clogs on. Well I declare!

How come the pinheads have all the best tunes?

DJ FONTANA

**PAUL SIMON
HUGH MASEKELA
MIRIAM MAKEBA
LADYSMITH BLACK
MAMBAZO**

**LOS ANGELES UNIVERSAL
AMPHITHEATRE**

THE ARRIVAL of the 'Graceland' tour has forced the unwelcome political controversy surrounding Paul Simon into the shadows here, with local newspaper coverage preferring to concentrate on the singer's recent Grammy for Best Album. Simon himself carefully avoided any mention of his recent troubles, leaving any political comments to his guests, South African exiles Hugh Masekela and Miriam Makeba, and the Ladysmith Black Mambazo singing troupe.

Right or wrong, it seems that now the circus has rolled into town, this is as good a time as any to just listen, and look at what's on display. The show, which runs 2½ hours without a break, is structured so the 'Graceland' songs frame segments by African performers, who, not surprisingly, waltzed off with it, with the apparent consent and considerable assistance of the diminutive Simon.

Of course, it's not hard to upstage the uncharismatic centre of all this controversy. Music that should be listened to alone in a bedsit, preferably with a bowl of soup and a box of tissues handy, gains nothing from live performance. Even this latest collection, stretched to allow the musicians to flex some musical muscle, was mostly better on vinyl. 'Diamonds On The Soles Of Her Shoes', and the haunting 'Homeless' were the only exceptions, thanks to the African singers' dazzling display of vocal prowess and fancy footwork.

Only two pre-'Graceland' songs were featured - 'The Boxer' and 'Mother And Child Reunion' - so someone (probably the soup and tissue set) must have been disappointed. Certainly, there tended to be an exodus every time anyone who wasn't Paul Simon was on-stage.

But, to be honest, this wasn't even really a Paul Simon concert. It was a showcase of the kind of talent that most Western audiences wouldn't usually bother to see, let alone pay £15 for the privilege. So when Miriam Makeba - 'Mama Africa' - expressed the hope that she could soon give Paul Simon "the chance he gave us - to come and perform with us in a free South Africa", it made you wonder about priorities in a case where South African performers seem to be the only winners. Until you remember Paul Simon's bank account.

JANE GARCIA



PHOTO: CHRIS CLUNN

DEF CULT!

**THE CULT
HAMMERSMITH ODEON**

"BOOGIE TIL YOU BLOW CHUNKS", it said over the Odeon's doors. Inside we were soothed by an AC/DC compilation tape, while outside they were selling Cult flags. *Flags!* A brilliantly conceptual idea, except the audience hadn't cottoned on, metal-wise. The sight of Ian Astbury on *TOTP*, hairy and leathery like one of Bad News, screaming "Boogie!", might have altered even the dimmest Cult fan to the fact that their Gothing days are over. But no, the crowd was full of vague Siouxsies and near-punks; not a biker in sight.

The Cult carried on regardless. We had a drum solo! With a strobe light! This was OK, but received by the audiences as though it were an innovation in rock. Billy Duffy did a solo guitar spot! It was hilarious! There weren't any difficult bits! Then he played a bit of Led Zeppelin (I am told) and some of the crowd got the joke. Next Cult tour will see the fans dolled up like Lemmy: The Cult, meanwhile, will be dressed as goatherds.

This time round, though, we have something glorious. HM is ruined, its "excitement" taken by speed-metal groups, and its historic romance nicked by ex-Goths and loons. Thus The Cult record their new LP ('Electric', ho ho) at Jimi Hendrix's Electric Ladyland studios, using every rock

reference they could get. 'Love Removal Machine' is the 1970s on one song, and, of course, it is better. Exciting! Loud and grungy! But without the boring bits! And squeaky clean to boot, dressed for the best company... tonight they did a wowthonic 'Born To Be Wild', but they could have equally as aptly done 'Crazy Horses'. The Cult's lovely new songs all have very basic slabs of riffs, are enjoyable fast and loud, and are sexily pop plasticky. They have ludicrous titles ('She's A Peace Dog?'), and are loads better than the crappy dirges The Cult used to do (though we do get a few oldies, best being a 'Something In The Air'-type stroll through 'Revolution'). And they are all produced by Rick Rubin, which should annoy the person next door to me, proving that some things about production values don't change. Yeah!

God, I used to loathe The Cult. They managed to embody both the horrors of serious rock and the po-faced blimping of U2, not to mention burbling on about Red Indians all the time. It was hard enough taking their precursors seriously, let alone the copying Cult. But now Ian and Billy et al have seen that Vile Old Rock is not best expressed by Bono, but by the halfwit Zodiac Mindwarp. When their audience starts laughing during the drum solo, we will have perfection.

DAVID QUANTICK

THE WEATHER PROPHETS LONDON KINGS COLLEGE

THE TRIUMPH of the black pudding that dared to dream...

Stuffed tightly into his shiny skins, Pete Astor always knew how he wanted The Weather Prophets to be and talked about them in ways that left rock-suckers drooling. The disappointment only set in when you saw them. Until, that is, now because this was a realisation, a vindication, a (gulp) revelation...

So what's happened? What's transformed a none-too-brilliant idea (rock born again) into a flesh

and blood wonderment? Well, for one thing, they've lightened up: less leather squeaks around the stage (even Astor's in canvas); a streak of red or blue gashes through the previously compulsory swamp-midnight black; the pantheon of rock romantics to which they aspire are kept at arms length, inspiration rather than obsession.

So, they lightened up. And *tightened* up: the experience of recording their soon-come LP has arc-welded them so that, whatever the reality, they now look, and sound, like a band rather than Heavenly Pete And His Terribly Efficient Side-Guys.

So, they've lightened up, tight-

ened up, and speeded up. 'Til now the Prophets have insisted on handicapping their sets with a sludgy, slack-jawed nouveau blues that staggered drunkenly around like The Faces after watching a documentary on Robert Johnson. This certainly unravelled the flossipop expectations of their audience, but it was gruesome, glutinous stuff as well. Now, however, each of Astor's fine songs is attacked with fingerpop gusto and a subtlety that reminds of jazz-tinged '60s Brits like Traffic.

The overall effect is to turn their agreeably succinct set into a pin-ball-ricochet from one spangly classic to another. From the open-

ing solitary peal of 'Why Does The Rain' to the final clang of 'Naked As The Day You Were Born' (once a slug, now a ladybird) the difficult mix of grace and power - a ballerina with a machete - never falters. Even the web-fine beauty of 'Almost Prayed's guitar line becomes a riffola fuzzblitz and nobody slits their wrists because it's deafeningly obvious that they've got it right.

Pete Astor has always been a cock-sure arrogant bastard. Now he's got plenty to be arrogant about. The Weather Prophets' hour is at hand.

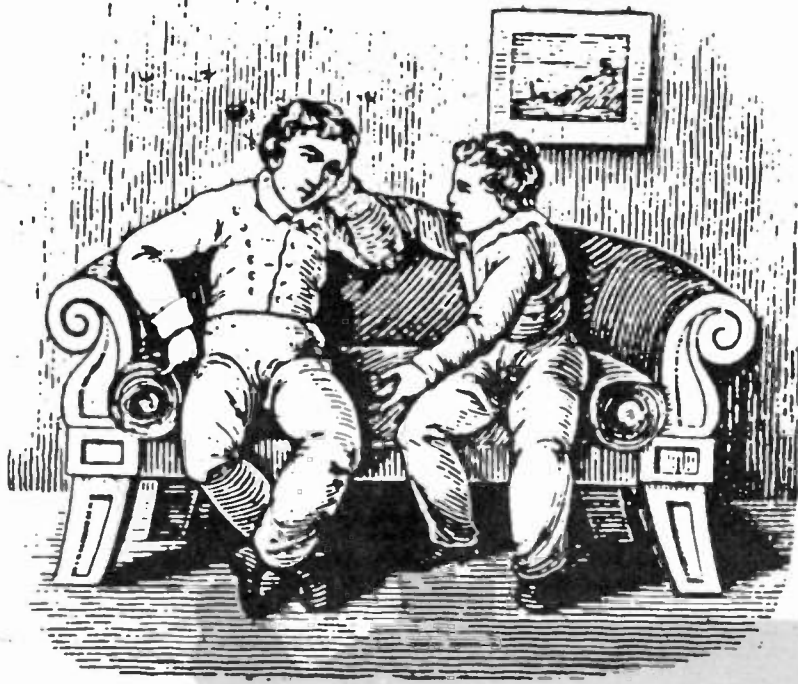
DANNY KELLY

POP WILL EAT ITSELF YEAH GOD

BIRMINGHAM CLICK CLUB

YEAH GOD crank out an overlong, underpractised set of timewarped pub-rock. Not a single person applauds their rendition of 'Halitosis', but one spotty wit does manage a half-hearted heckle. The only advantage of being in a band this *bad* is the number of audience put-downs you can collect and re-use: "Do you watch Play School, mate?" the singer demands of Spotty. "Well which fooking window do yow want to go through?"

I suspect a live encounter with



THE POGUES AND THE DUBLINERS: The Irish Rover (Stiff)

Scarcely a surprise but then novelty is not their business. The Pogues have placed themselves in the older tradition of the wandering Celt. The Dubliners for their part, the source of many of The Pogues cover versions, are the old masters, singing the songs of abandon and regret the way they were meant to be sung, with a throat full of gravel and a breath that reeks of whiskey.

While both Pogues and Dubliners have looked back to Celtic roots for inspiration and emotion, neither have seen the form as a closed musical style, one mixing it with Ennio Morricone, the other with Chinese folk music in the recent past. Here, though, innovation has slumped under the table, leaving the musical accomplishment of The Dubliners to battle it out against the breakneck pace of The Pogues on the traditional song of wrecks on the deck of the good ship Irish Rover. The result is a ramshackle rabble-rouser poised perfectly on the point of collapse.

The Pogues are one of the very few bands in the country who will continue to be brilliant if they just continue to be themselves. And when MacGowan finally does get round to writing a new song, I'll be the first to drink up and listen.

Just one thing, if Shane thinks, as I've heard suggested, that the pairing with The Dubliners might elicit the support of the Radio 2 brigade in the search for the elusive chart-placing, he's got an Orangeman's chance in Buddy Mulligan's on this one. Too wild by half.

WIRE: Ahead (Mute)

Produced by Gareth Jones, who was responsible for the Depeche Mode special mixes, 'Ahead' is rhythm most mesmerising with the disjunctive Wire effect lurking deep. The lyrics as ever are from a nightmarish parallel world, alternately ridiculous and terrifying.

'Ahead' shows a Wire more conscious of their position in the music world of the late '80s, ie satirists, absurdities and rogues. One of the most contemporary records of the week.

PUBLIC ENEMY: Public Enemy No 1 (Def Jam)

I've voiced my reservations already about Def Jam boss Rick Rubin and his highly dubious campaign to flog AC/DC and Aerosmith back to the world, there's always been a rap in crap but it still don't smell too good. This is a different matter, though, definitely the most belligerent rap record ever—Chuck E. D. hammers his boasts over a skull drill synthesiser with force enough to persuade brag weary ears that he really might be as mean a mother as he'd like to think he is. The hardest sound of the week.

GRANDMASTER FLASH: U Know What Time It Is (Elektra)

Flash is purring like a pussy cat. A masterful slow rap intercut with orchestral snatches, dropping the big me for the big you: "It doesn't hurt to flirt / Just go 'head and chase the skirt / You can't help it it's your line of work / To get the women on the floor / It's you they adore / Might as well give them what they came here for / U know what time it is." Sounds like a recipe for dancehall chaos and a big problem for anyone who marries a rap predilection to a post-feminist consciousness. For the rest of us it just sounds like a rare commodity—a seductive rap.

JOSEF K: Heaven Sent (Supreme International Editions)

Only a stubbornly anti-nostalgic streak prevents this vintage burst of white light from Josef K being Single Of The Week. All the same I'm in favour of ten minutes or so of noise as a testament to the times when records could be this provocative, bursting with irony, shadowed by an unspoken threat. Brittle brilliance.

U2: With Or Without You (Island)

A band with whom, I'm afraid, I parted company a long time ago, some time after '11 O'Clock Tick Tock' when the romance got swallowed up by bombast. Since then U2 seem to have been so doggedly worthy, so bound up by the trad-rock dynamic of 'the sincerity is directly proportional to the effort'. The methods they employ to lift their audience don't differ too much from any evangelist preacher.

The choice of Brian Eno as producer indicates at least an inclination to take a detour from the rock highway, although the name of the leading light of nouveau stadium rock, producer Steve Lillywhite, still appears as mixer. Given this combination the record is the bizarre hybrid you might expect. It all begins very quietly with lots of Eno tiddly-bonks bouncing up and down in the background, which is all very pleasant and isn't a bad song and all that, but then what I believe is called an 'insistent bass riff' begins to build and before you know it there's a 'crashing guitar' and Bono's off on his impression of an impaled whale. Call me Ishmael.

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD: Watching The Wildlife (ZTT)

So Frankie complete the journey to pompdom. Stadium scenes on the cover, air punching and big grins. Yes I know it's supposed to be a joke on the title but that's no excuse, especially with a record as dire as this one. Pseudo-classical opening, big chords, the lot and there still isn't a song behind it all.

Not so much the second movement as the bowel movement.

PETER GABRIEL: Big Time (Charisma)

Nowhere near as pompous as Frankie and a great deal better constructed but somehow Gabriel's songs always sound like computer generated replications, neither honest enough to be real nor different enough to be interesting for their artificiality.

REM: Superman (IRS)

Of the new American guitar bands of a couple of years ago, REM and Hüsker Dü were the only two I'd have given the time of the century to. At the time they seemed to be going backwards for a purpose, as if to pick up on something lost rather than just to recreate. Both have since given me reason to reconsider, Hüsker Dü metamorphosing double-quick into a typical bunch of rock endomorphs (ie fat bores), and REM, well listen to this, a testament if there was one to their decision to be America's Dr & The Medics rather than a Stateside Smiths. 'Superman' reminds you of any number of bits of psychedelic garbage, the sort of thing accompanied by film clips of people falling over. Taking psychedelic drugs is not a spectator sport.

B. B. KING: Standing On The Edge Of Love (MCA)

PATSY CLINE: Crazy (MCA)
The release of B. B. King's track from the *Color Of Money* soundtrack

gives me the excuse to say in public that the film stinks, that it's a testament to nothing more than Scorsese's cynicism and that the sooner somebody gives him the money to restart *The Last Temptations Of Christ* so that he can go back to a decent bit of Catholic guilt the better. Sermon over.

That said, the B. B. King track, and the Willie Dixon one with which it is paired, is on the rocky R&B side of blues which you either like or feel indifferent to. Personally I'll stick with my Robert Johnson LP's but then I like being scared shitless.

The Patsy Cline song comes from the *Sweet Dreams* soundtrack. Love or leave depending on how you feel about heartbroken women with blue silk vocals and skeletal piano accompaniment. Excuse me as I lapse into lovesick sighs.

FEHLMANN'S READY MADE: Ready Made (Trans Global)

Plagiarism is one of my favourite pastimes, but really there's more to it than this. My idea of plagiarism is mutation, adaptation and from there inspiration, Fehlmann's Ready Made seem to think it's just a matter of slapping down a rent-a-backing track and then throwing in everything but the kitchen sink. Yup the James Bond theme, a pinch of Morricone, the soundtrack to *Dr Zhivago*, I mean, what is this, some sort of guessing game? No, no don't tell me, I know what that bit's from. Stars On 45 for hipsters.

SLY & ROBBIE: Boops (Here To Go) (Island)

Sly & Robbie on the other hand understand plagiarism implicitly, the same sort of elements drift in an out of 'Boops (Here To Go)', TV themes, classical bursts etc together with traces of dissonant jazz shadowing the background. But here there sounds to be some sort of sense to the theft, whether textual or comical—a different league in terms of IQ (Invention Quotient).

LOUIS PHILIPPE: You Mary You (EI)

And so to the first of a veritable wodge of records from EI, whose perverse policy seems to be to release approximately 30 singles all at once twice a week and a compilation set complete with luggage wheels once a month.

El Records is the personal vision (perhaps a little too personal) of one Michael Alway, possibly the only man in the entire world to remember Freddie And The Dreamers with affection. He has good taste in cinema, note his liberal plagiarisation of Anglo-Hungarian film making team Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger. Unfortunately his taste in music veers a little too stickily into the realms of English whimsy, with the result that the sole truly essential EI disc is still the Brel EP by the now departed Momus.

Louis Philippe is now EI's only contribution to the continuation of the great European songwriting tradition. I'd hoped for the incisiveness and the gutter poetry of the two great Jacques, Prevert and Brel, instead I get café muzak and bumfluff barbershop harmonies. C'est la vie.

THE KING OF LUXEMBOURG: A Picture Of Dorian Gray (EI)

You are Simon Fisher Turner, composer (or compiler) of the music for Jarman's *Caravaggio*—I don't expect financial reward for this revelation but kindly take off that stupid costume and drop the Anthony

Newleyisms.

"When I buy my mansion," sings Turner, his vowel sounds inteeeeerminaaaable, "I'll invite the world to staaaay / So everyone can see / A picture of Dorian Graaaaay."

Yup, this is what I mean by English whimsy, and jolly unappealing it is too, old chap. Not so much a walk on the Wilde side, more a trip through Herman's Hermitsville.

THE RAJ QUARTET: Whoops! What A Palaver! (EI)

And you are Bid, once of The Monochrome Set and similarly afflicted by misplaced conviction in the comic effects to be achieved by singing in an exaggerated English accent. Doesn't the word 'dick' (vernacular for yer thingy doncha know?) sound hilarious pronounced in pure Oxbridge? Well no, not really. Witty wordplay. Pretty worthless.

THE FLORENTINES: Man Of Mine (EI)

And you are Deirdre and Louise Rutkowski who used to be Sunset Gun and who were responsible for the murder of Tim Buckley's beautiful 'Song To A Siren' on a recent TV ad. Press releases are wonderful inventions.

Unfortunately this one doesn't say who wrote the damn song thus destroying my aura of erudition straight off. Anyway it's a very nice song and it's very sweetly sung and it's precisely the sort of thing that would wash on Radio 2. I was tempted to say wish wash, but didn't.

ALWAYS: Metroland (EI)

Rather fey little pop paen to the underground life, marked by strangely fussy arrangement. What this and the rest of the EI batch lack is sense of shadow. None of them in the end live up to the promises made by their exquisitely tasteful sleeves.

EEK-A-MOUSE: De-Di-Doo (Original International)

Wasn't that the catch phrase of a TV star much liked by the mook factor in *Sgt Bilko*—"Indee dee de di doo". Weak lovers' groove from Eek-A-Mouse lacking the cod sincerity that might have made it work. Incidentally, he is currently dressing up like Ali Baba and is calling his new LP, 'King And I'—dub mixes of Yul Brynner anyone?

WORKING THE CLASS: I'm Going Nowhere (President)

Oh dear, this is going to be worth a giggle just for being the most tasteless joke of the year. Just the name of the band would be enough to send Seething Wells into a frothing fit, let alone the conception of the record. A quaint carousel of fairground melody provides the backing for the aimless confessions of a happily drifting deb, something like a cross between Christina's 'Is That All There Is' and one of the regatta choruses from 'Half A Sixpence'.

If The Smiths see fairgrounds as the nimblesteps of a tattooed waltzer jockey and The Band Of Holy Joy as strange scenes behind the shooting range, Working The Class see them as pure pale pink candy floss and matching ribbons on the roundabout horses. Worth a giggle... if not much else.

IMMACULATE FOOLS: Tragic Comedy (A&M)

The cover is based on a painting by Spanish poet of violence Federico Garcia Lorca, so full marks for reference points; unfortunately the record sounds like the more pompous side of the Psychedelic Furs. Quite an

achievement that, sounding like a band who were a composite at best. Neither tragic nor comic.

ROY GALE: Up All Night (Doing It) (Music UK)

And he looks thoroughly bugged for it and all. I speak figuratively of course, although I don't know— "Some people like to take it easy / Me I like to take it fast". Anyway whatever it is he's been doing it's left him too washed out to put his shirt back on and too weak to pull his leather jacket over his shoulders. So that's why all those people in the Soho Brasserie wear their jackets half way down their backs, trying to coyly intimate that they too have been up all night 'doing it'—or 'virus fishing', as it's known nowadays.

As with the real thing, in singing about sex if you're going to be blatant, you've got to do it with a paradoxical sense of mystery.

CHER PERRIER: I Wanna Dance (Music UK)

Eau christ, what a name!

An unapologetic remake of Madonna's wonderful 'Into The Groove', without the intoxicating properties. Not so much mineral water as alcohol free lager.

GAP BAND: How Music Came About (Bop B Da B Da Da) (Total Experience)

The Gap Band stoop to bland celebrations of the wonderful world of music, playing tribute to, amongst other people, Elton John. 'Burn Rubber On Me' seems like a long time ago.

BLACK BRITAIN: Night People (10 Records)

The idea of Black Britain is fine—a UK soul crew whose influence supposedly casts beyond the obvious, but the only time I've seen them live, supporting Mantronix at Heaven, they were dragging a rhythm section of inexcusable sloppiness. On record it's better, but still lacks that certain edge to distinguish it from the generic dance beat.

BLOW MONKEYS: Out With Her (RCA)

Another band who somehow just seem to lack definition; the aura of glamour and sophistication is all very well but there's something just not there about the records. This '70s soul pastiche is faultlessly paced and reasonably well sung and I can see no reason whatsoever to play it again when I could be playing Z. Z. Hill or Betty Lavette.

BROTHER BEYOND: How Many Times (EMI)

Only once and that was quite enough thank you very much. More pretty boys on major record labels insistent on telling us about their tedious love lives. The vocal sounds as if it's speeded up, which at least means it's over quicker, if not quite quickly enough.

MADONNA: La Isla Bonita (WEA)

That said, La Ciccone isn't quite what she once was these days, this paen to the Spanish Isles from 'True Blue' always was a bit on the Club 18–30 side. Nevertheless it will resound from discos all over Benidorm this season and will be in the charts until next September. Hope the video's better than the sleeve.

RUBY TURNER: I'd Rather Go Blind (Jive)

Described on the sleeve as 'the show-stopping track', which highlights the problem. This version expunges all the desperation in which the lyric should be drenched, allowing the showbiz timing and the West Coast instrumentation to take over. Caressed by Etta James' tonsils, this was a heartbreaker, not a showstopper. Should have been retitled 'I'd Rather Lose My Gold Lamé Stage Jacket'.

STAN CAMPBELL: Crawfish (WEA)

Slinky version of the old standard from 'Free Nelson Mandela' man Stan Campbell. Pleasant enough, but you can't help wondering what the point is exactly. Neither as sexual nor as funny as the Johnny Thunders/Patti Pallidin version of last year.

BILL DRUMMOND: King Of Joy (Creation)

This is the sort of thing you end up liking at the end of lagging through the slew of uninspired dross simply because it sounds different and as if it was actually a bit of fun to make. Bill Drummond's got a bloody awful voice but it doesn't sound like it bothers him too much. The song itself is the gospel according to some bloke in a Glasgow pub. Oddity of the week.



Cover aversion

DONALD McRAE takes us through the Banshees' latest pop exercise and questions **STEVE SEVERIN** on the use of cover versions. Soft option? Money for old rope? Picture by **STEVE PYKE**.

Ten years ago, Siouxsie And The Banshees' first performance consisted of one song; a funereal version of 'The Lord's Prayer' was shredded alive by the Banshees' disembowelment of religion and rock.

'The Lord's Prayer' allowed Siouxsie to spew scorn over something traditionally sacred while enticing her to parody equally worn rock cliches. The mangling of 'Twist And Shout' and 'Knockin' On Heaven's Door', in the middle of a regurgitated religious dirge, still smacks of the hopelessly romantic nihilism which was used to turn punk into myth.

A decade later, the Banshees' fascination with "the cover" finally comes full circle with the release of their tenth LP, 'Through The Looking Glass'.

The mythical glamour of that edgy opening cover now recedes into bleakly double-edged irony. That badly-executed, jarring 'Lord's Prayer' purgation has been replaced forever by a competent Banshees' concept album of cover versions – released in the week that 25% of *TOTP* is given over to old songs and reinterpretations of classic ditties, with the top four slots being held down by covers and re-releases.

Siouxsie And The Banshees – for so long at spikey odds with contemporary revivalism – are at last reduced to the stasis of being firmly in step with conventional pop scheming.

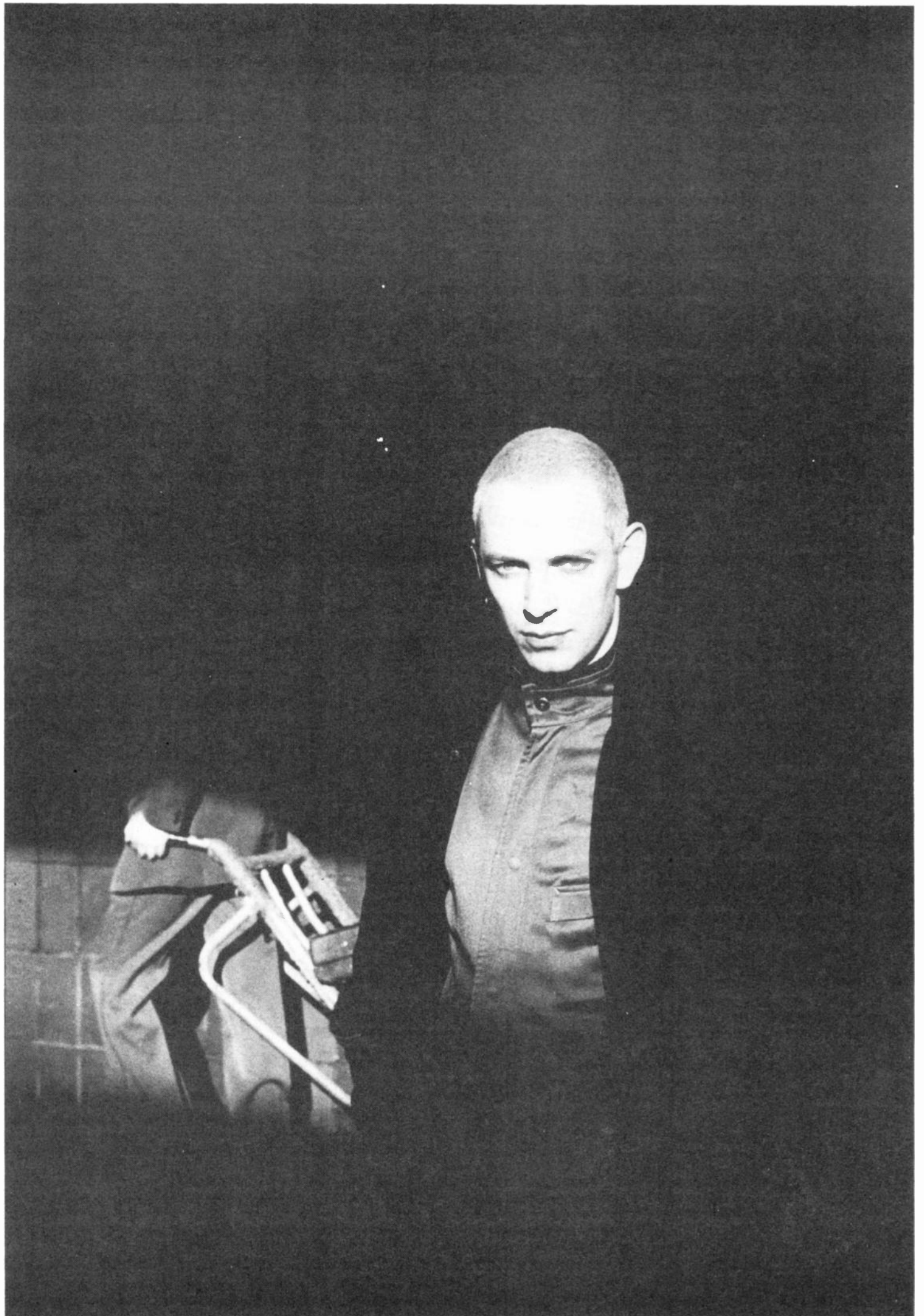
In a pop time so desperately bereft of inspiration, so infected with plagiarism and nostalgia, 'Through The Looking Glass' is merely adequate and mildly interesting when the Banshees really needed to release a record with the impact – if not the sound – of 'The Scream'. And that this LP of covers is actually an improvement on their more recent "original" offerings is an even more cutting indictment of the Banshees' inability to restore the faded pertinence of their pop subversion.

Tired of such carping and doubting, Siouxsie chooses to avoid our mild-mannered encounter and it's Steve Severin alone who's confronted with the tedious task of trying to justify the release of a covers LP in a copyist-infested pop climate. With seemingly unconscious irony, Steve sports a blonde crop which is not dissimilar to that favoured by the current top-selling cover artist, Boy George. However, we decide to ignore this irony and Steve begins the defence.

"I know that people have been saying that we lost our spark of inspiration during the last few albums, but it's almost inevitable that things change over the years. The most important thing about our decision to do this record of covers was that it allowed us to work at a very fast pace again – that really was therapeutic.

"The last couple of albums have been a case of us going into the studio without enough material to record or else that we've gone into the studio too soon after writing so that we haven't been able to look at the songs with any real detachment. Obviously with this record all the material was already written and we just had to rethink and rearrange the songs. We became especially interested in the exercise of delving into other people's songs and seeing

CONTINUES OVER



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STREATHAM SW2. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £35 pw. Deposit £100. Phone Des, 674 9207, home. Prof. Non-smoker.

WILLESDEAN. Male/female for own room in large house. Rent £37.50. Deposit £3 weeks. Phone Denny or Tony, 968 6656, home. Kitchen, living room. Washing machine. CH. Garden. Friendly people.

HIGHGATE. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £40 pw plus bills (1/2rd). Deposit £100 plus 1 month in advance. Phone Patrick, 267 0643, home. Washing machine. Luxury. CH. Double glazing. Nr Tubes. Small garden. References required.

WEST CROYDON. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £20. Deposit £100. Phone Jim, 764 0562, home. Call after 5pm.

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EDMONTON. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £30 plus bills. Deposit £2 weeks. Phone Roy, 804 3635, home. Usual amenities.

RAYNES PARK SW20. Male/female for own room in maisonette. Rent £180 pw. Deposit £100. Phone 330 6951, home. Non-smoker pref. Mid 20s. Available 1st April.

PLAISTOW E13. Prof. Male/female for own room in small house. Rent £40 plus all bills. Deposit £75. Phone 476 1619. Non-smoker. Nr. all amenities. Small garden. CH. Use of phone.

SOUTH RUISLIP. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £32. Deposit £2 weeks. Phone 422 4877, home. Nr Tube.

PURNEY. Prof. female for own double sized room in flat. Rent £40 pw plus bills. Deposit £100. Phone Nadya, 788 9326, home. 20 plus. CH.

CAMBERWELL. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £32 incl. Deposit £100. Phone 703 9606, home. CH. Washing machine. Bus routes 12, 171, 36. Use of telephone (half bills). Share with one guy.

WHITECHAPEL E1. Male/female for own 2 rooms in house. Rent £42 pw plus £43 pw (own phone). Deposit £100. Phone Mr. Carl, 981 2144, home. Must be working. No couples. Call anytime.

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SOUTH NORWOOD. Male/female for own room in maisonette. Rent £40 pw. Deposit req. Phone 764 1501, home.

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STOCKWELL. Male for own room in house. Rent £140 pw plus bills. Deposit £140. Phone Steven, 274 7993, home. Near tube.

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LANGLEY (SLOUGH). Male/female for own room in house. Rent £35 pw. Deposit £100. Phone Ian, Slough 40542, home. Share bills.

HEATHROW. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £38 pw plus bills. Deposit £2 weeks. Phone Julian, 0753 685771, home. All modern cons.

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WALTON ON THAMES. Female for own room in house. Rent £38 pw plus bills. Deposit req. Phone Lesley, 0932 227976, home. Near station. All mod cons.

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KENNINGTON. Male for own room in flat. Rent £30 + Bills. Deposit £60. Phone 582 2957, Carlos, 10 mins from West End. Nr Tube.

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GOLDERS GREEN. Female for own room in flat. Rent £45pw. Deposit £100. Phone 455 0197, home.

HEATHROW AIRPORT. Female for own room in house. Rent £40pw inclusive. Deposit £100. Phone 890 3657, home. All facilities.

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SW18. Male/female for own box room in house. Rent £90 pw. Deposit £100. Phone 870 1043, home. CH, garden, nr BR and buses. Share kitchen and living room, two bathrooms.

SW18 WANDSWORTH. Suit couple, 2 adjoining rooms in house. Rent £135 pcm each. Deposit £100. Phone 870 1043, home. CH, garden, nr BR and buses. Share kitchen and living room, two bathrooms.

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HARLESDEN NW10. Female for own room in flat. Rent £35 pw. Deposit £140. Phone 965 9943, after 4pm. Nr BR, all mod cons, prof. person 18–28.

CHADWELL HEATH. 3 males/females for own rooms. Rent £138 pw. Deposit £2 weeks. Phone 367 6706, F1, ch, + bills. Nr BR 5 mins.

STREATHAM SW16. Male/female for own 2 rooms. Rent £120 or £140. Deposit £100. Phone 769 5343, + Bills. CH. Nr Stn.

FINCHLEY PARK. Female for own room in flat. Rent £35 pw + bills. Deposit £100. Phone 352 9701, Phone after 5.30pm.

LEYTON. Males for own rooms in house. Rent £35 pw each incl. Deposit £70 each. Phone 556 9806, Two mins Leyton Tube, w.m. facilities g/ch.

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STREATHAM SW16. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £25 pw. Deposit £110. Phone 764 4141, 15 mins Victoria. Age 20–25.

LEYTONSTONE E11. 2 males/females for shared room. Rent £46 pw. Phone 556 5299.

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WALTHAMSTOW E17. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £38 incl. Deposit £100. Phone 521 7456.

STREATHAM. 2 females for shared room in flat. Rent £48 pw. Deposit req. Phone 677 6142, CH, double glazed, w.m. phone, etc.

WEST HAMPSTEAD. Two people for own rooms in large flat. Rent £55 pw. + bills. Deposit £100. Phone 431 2740. Phone evenings. References required. Garden.

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This week's Live in London concert hour kicks off with the Communards, recorded in December. They're supported by former Style Council backing singer D. C. Lee and Ted Hawkins, the ex-busker who shot to relative stardom at the tail end of last year and who rounds off 60 minutes of live concert action.

Alan Freeman returns to the chart of three years ago for Saturday morning's Pick of the Pops. Take Two. Frankie Goes To Hollywood was moving down with the then notorious "Relax", Lionel

Richie's "Hello" was at the top, and the Weather Girls were moving up with the wishful "It's Raining Men".

Charlie Gillett's special guest on The City Beats is Trevor Herman, who looks at recently surfaced compilations of South African music. That's music from around the world on CFM from 7pm.

Daytime music on Capital plays all over London on 1548 AM and 95.8 FM in stereo. Weekday programmes include: 6.30am – Chris Tarrant; 9am – David Jensen; 11am – Graham Dene; 1pm – Roger Scott; 3pm – John Sachs; 5pm – Peter Young. And each Sunday Capital boasts twice the music power as it splits its 95.8 FM and 1548 AM frequencies between 10am and 10pm to give London twice the choice, twice the music.

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(OTHER INFORMATION)

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how simple a song can be again. Maybe we also realized that we were putting too many elements in our songs and making them over-complex."

Contrary to cliché, Steve Severin is not the "arrogant and difficult bastard" he's made out to be by pop writers who mistake an initial reticence for surly conceit. Severin does open himself up tentatively to criticism and, in a similar way, the Banshees almost willingly set themselves up for their critics by accepting the easy option in 'Through The Looking Glass'.

"Yeah, of course we knew that people would criticise us. But we've been thinking about this project for a long time... ever since we did 'Dear Prudence'. What a lot of people seem to have missed is the point that most of the cover exercises before have been done by solo artists. It's unusual for a band who've got a very distinctive sound to attempt an album of covers. We aren't compared to many people. It's usually the other way round, the people are compared to us."

The most immediate comparison that has to be made now is between 'Through The Looking Glass' and Nick Cave's 'Kicking Against The Pricks', a far superior record of covers. Whereas the Banshees rework other singers' songs with polite restraint, Cave strips his covers of their original identity so that they become easily controlled vehicles for his own obsessions. Cave can make songs as diverse as 'By The Time I Get To Phoenix' and 'The Carnival Is Over' sound like they were written especially to exorcise his own personal trauma. In contrast, The Banshees treat the cover version as a pop "exercise" and, consequently, their record lacks the wit and substance of 'Pricks'.

Steve is, naturally, more reticent about Nick Cave. "Well, quite a few others have mentioned the Nick Cave record to us in passing. I haven't heard it but, just by looking at the choice of songs, it seems to be merely an exercise in ego. And I don't think Nick Cave will ever turn into Johnny Cash... he does seem to be trying hard, though."

'Through The Looking Glass' is less a warped glance into the prism of past pop than a strangely unsatisfactory mix of the soothingly familiar and the unexpectedly bizarre. Iggy Pop's 'Passenger', an obvious Banshees choice, mingles awkwardly with something like their 'Strange Fruit' which is a weak and absurd interpretation of Billie Holiday's version.

The Banshees' scheme is clear enough - inclusion of songs by Iggy Pop, Roxy Music, Television, The Doors and John Cale allows the group to remember their own favourite influences while the insertion of 'Strange Fruit' and 'The Jungle Book's' 'Trust In Me' possesses a twist of surprise.

As Steve stresses: "Something like 'The Passenger' is an obvious favourite and we really wanted to do a Roxy song; we've been playing 'Little Johnny Jewel' at soundchecks for years - basically because we've always liked it. But we also wanted an element of surprise on the record, we wanted to do songs which people wouldn't expect us to cover."

This willingness to stretch Banshee pop apart to accommodate a song as different as 'Strange Fruit' is admirable; the execution, however, is infinitely less desirable with Siouxsie getting nowhere near the stark sorrow that swelled Billie Holiday's singing.

Steve attempts a struggling explanation of the 'Strange Fruit' choice: "When we

decided to formulate a list of possible songs we could cover, a big stumbling block was the lyrics. You just couldn't imagine Siouxsie singing any Tamla song because they all seem to be about rejection and pitiful lovers."

The reality of Siouxsie singing 'Strange Fruit' - in a way which suggests that the song might actually be about eating unusually large apples in a Holland Park back garden - is admittedly less absurd than the idea of her tripping through 'Baby Love'. But did Siouxsie experience any qualms about singing such a harrowing Billie Holiday song about the Deep South?

"Not at all. I don't think Siouxsie had heard Billie Holiday before we listened to 'Strange Fruit'. And I think that anyone can sing a protest song. But what interested us most about 'Strange Fruit' was the fact that originally there was no set music, what with it being based on an old poem."

It still doesn't work and the Banshees are much more at ease working with familiar loves like 'The Passenger' and 'Little Johnny Jewel'. But even here they encountered difficulties: "We tried a few early Stooges songs but it just sounded wrong... we felt just stupid trying to play 'Gimme Danger'... and then we thought for about a week that we couldn't possibly get away with covering 'Passenger'. Eventually we said, 'let's just do it and see what it sounds like...'"

"And the Roxy Music choice was really hard. We tried 'Pyjamarama' and 'Street Life' but we just decided that there wasn't much point. It was difficult to find a Roxy song which we could change for the better. So we eventually chose 'Sea Breeze' which is not a particular favourite of anyone... but at least we could add something to the original."

'The Passenger', 'Little Johnny Jewel' and a slinky reworking of 'Trust In Me' are the exceptions on an otherwise bland workout of old songs. With such a low return of inspiration it makes one wonder what still motivates the Banshees.

Inevitably the answers creep around slowly. Money and travel - from Hungary to Argentina - would appear to be the most tangible reasons but Steve chooses instead to emphasise a more abstract argument for the Banshees' continued existence.

"Like most people we probably don't live up to our ideals... like everybody else we have to adapt and to compromise. But we do have a very firm base which means that the compromises that we do concede are insignificant. My own idea of what a Banshee will probably go to my grave. Even if the group ended today my whole 'Banshee' vision would remain. And we will continue for some time because that vision motivates us to do things with a certain amount of dignity... it makes us spiritually motivated to do things properly, to be moral..."

There is still an undeniable "dignity" and "morality" about Siouxsie And The Banshees - even when they're reduced to covering an album of old songs in a pop world bent on destroying anything deeper than shallow conceit and slaving money-lust.

For that alone, they "matter" - but after ten years of post-punk Banshees pop it's clear that creativity and inspiration have been devoured by competence and efficiency.

As for radical reworkings of old songs and standards, who really needs the Banshees when we've already heard the same idea opened up more scathingly, more searchingly, by John Coltrane, Sonny Rollins, Youssou N'Dour and hip-hop?

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RECORD FAIRS

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BRISTOL SATURDAY March 28th - Transport House, Victoria Street. 11am-5pm 50p. (10am-£1).

LEEDS CITY Centre Record Fair. Grand Theatre, Briggate Saturday March 21st. 10.30-4pm (0532) 687572.

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ROCHDALE SATURDAY 21st March Champness Hall. Drake Street. 10.30am-4pm. Trans-Pennine.

SATURDAY 21ST MARCH - LONDON (Royal Horticultural Society's Old Hall, Vincent Square, SW1) 10am-6pm. Massive International Record/C.D. Fair (152 Tables). Lots of records (40s-80s), CDs Videos, Posters, Mags, etc at bargain prices. Pre-Admission £1.50 (10-12am). £1 (12-6pm). US/European Dealers/Collectors booked! New issue of FORMAT (No 13) also on sale on day. Organised by the Record Fair Organisers Association - WORKING for the Collector/Dealer! Info Ring 01-299 0326.

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ATTRACTIVE, SHY male (23) into Indie, hip-hop books, cinema seeks sincere Groovy Girl (17-22), for friendship fun. Birmingham area. Photo appreciated. Box No. 7621.

BRISTOLIAN BOY, 21, Currently Exiled at University faced with the prospect of a boring time at home, would like to hear from others (Especially Non Dancing Small Girls!) faced with a similar prospect. Likes include Arnolfini, Moon Club, Clifton Pubs, Tropic Club etc. Box No. 7616.

CABARET VOLTAIRE Fan (Male 18) wants to contact anyone else obsessed with 'The Cabs' anywhere. Also interested in Travel and Gigs. Box No. 7618.

COME WITH Me to the Kingston Gay Group Disco, March 21st Hampton Wick. Phone Krags 837 7324 or Write to Box No. 7608.

FAMILY AND friends of Deafra. The band taking to the road for extensive European tour, re-direct all mail for guys to Box No. 7603.

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

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GLASGOW MALE (21), depressed and lonely seeks girl for friendship and romance. Must be understanding. Attitude is everything. Box No. 7628.

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KENT MALE 26 seeks caring honest female, possible lasting relationship. Box No. 7620.

LAD 21 Blond attractive seeks similar London/anywhere. Box No. 7624.

LONDON COMPANY Director (40s) seeks gay guy (21-23), under 9½ stone for friendship. I can offer you a job, and an honest loving live-in relationship. If you are genuinely looking for an older man, please write. All letters answered. Distance no object. Box No. 7583.

LONDON LESBIAN and Gay Switchboard. 01-837 7324.

LONELY BOY (24) seeks female for gigs etc. Into X-Mal, most Indie New Wave music, preferably in Bath, Bristol area. All replies answered. Box No. 7627.

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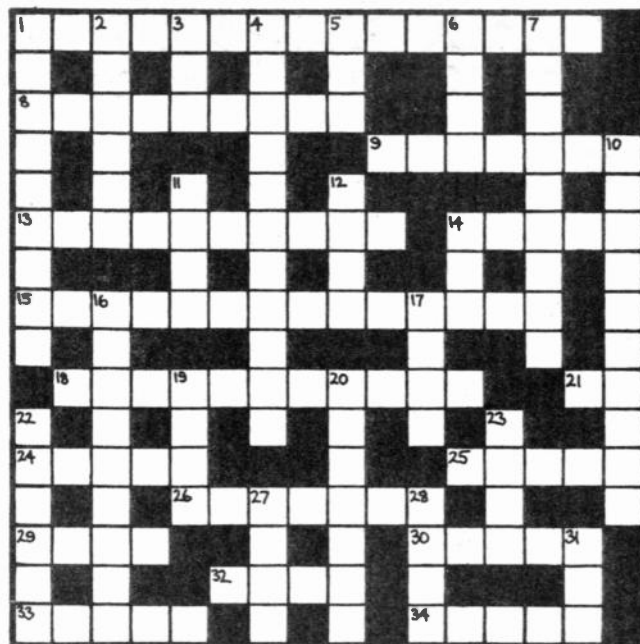
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CROSSWORD**CLUES ACROSS**

- 1 + 9 across Sugar cane me . . . walnut whip me . . . and then hit me with your lolly stick! (1-3-3-8-7)
- 8 One of the other rock and roll stars to die in the plane crash which killed Buddy Holly (3-6)
- 9 (see 1 across)
- 13 (see 33 across)
- 14 (see 21 across)
- 15 Ugly red one seen to disturb one of The Revillos (6-8)
- 18 "This is my country, young and growing, free and flowing, see the sea, yes this is my country", 1971 (7-4)
- 21 + 14 across Rotten British punk band (2-5)
- 24 + 34 across Classic Bob Marley LP which established him in Britain (5-5)
- 25 + 32 across It was Stephen Stills who recommended that he should be a Monkee (5-4)
- 26 (see 14 down)
- 29 The one who rid the Sex Pistols of their rawness . . . (4)
- 30 . . . and their not so well-known contemporaries who were more suited to the consumer (5)
- 32 (see 25 across)
- 33 + 13 across Born Ruth Jones, she became one of the greatest blues/jazz singers before her untimely death in 1963 at the age of 39 (5-10)
- 34 (see 24 across)

CLUES DOWN

- 1 + 19 down "Yesterday I got so old I felt like I could die" 1985 (2-7-4)
- 2 Originally they had all been one-time members of Linda Ronstadt's backing band (6)
- 3 + 6 down A pair of shades at this record label's inception in 1979? Well why not? Its future was so bright (3-4)
- 4 Nothing out the front or back door



Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

for Elton John, although ten years before he had sat on the roof and kicked off the moss! (5-6)
5 Bruce Springsteen's recording in a new arrangement (3)
6 (see 3 down)
7 Car seats I arrange for Siouxsie (9)
10 + 22 down 'Everythang's Groovy' for them just now on In Tape (4-6-2-4)
11 Micky, who was slipped into the T Rex line-up (4)
12 'Houses Of The ———', Led Zeppelin LP (4)
14 + 26 across American who was a 'Runaway' success with his first UK hit (3-7)

16 "Bands won't play no more, too much fighting on the dancefloor, do you remember the good old days before the ———" (5-4)
17 Soup stirrer who proclaimed 'Live Is Life' (4)
19 (see 1 down)
20 + 23 down Steve's pulsating rhythm, with the aid of Larry and John (7-4)
22 (see 10 down)
23 (see 20 down)
27 '——— Heart Mother', Pink Floyd LP (4)
28 'Feel The ——— In Me', Detroit Emeralds (4)
31 The kind of noise Bill Nelson makes with his group (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. Down To Earth 6. Dusk 8. Roxy Club 9 + 17A. Madame George 10. Dreams 13. Flxx 14. Lydon 15. Hope 19. The The 20. Nolans 23 + 11A. Joey Ramone 25 + 12A. Phil Ochs 27. Clash 29. Lesley Woods 31. Me 32 + 33A. Cyril Davies
DOWN: 1. Dirdish 2. Wexler 3. Only Sixteen 4 + 5D. Albert Hammond 7 + 16A. Something Else 13. Felt 14. Lee 17 + 6D. Gus Dugden 18. Rhoda 19. Tupelo 21. O'Dowd 22. Almond 24. Yeh Yeh 26 + 28D. It's My Life 30. EMI

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Door/Beach/Robert Smith Pic
CULT - Love/She Sells Sanctuary
CRAMPS - Off The Bone/Date With Elvis
CLASH - London Calling
BAUHAUS - Bela Lugosi
TALKING HEADS - Stop Making Sense/Lifetime
True Stories
JIMI MORRISON - An American Poet
PINK FLOYD - The Wall/Dark Side of the Moon
SIMPLY RED - Once Upon A Time/Alive +
Kicking Sanctuary/Sparkle
WOODEN TOPS - Giant
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CHARTS

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UK TOP FIFTY

LPs

LAST WEEK	THIS WEEK		HIGHEST WEEKS IN
1	5	EVERYTHING I OWN..... Boy George (Virgin)	3 1
2	4	THE GREAT PRETENDER..... Freddie Mercury (Parlophone)	3 2
3	1	STAND BY ME..... Ben E King (Atlantic)	6 1
4	6	I GET THE SWEETEST FEELING..... Jackie Wilson (SMP)	4 4
5	2	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN..... Percy Sledge (Atlantic)	5 2
6	18	RESPECTABLE..... Mel & Kim (Supreme)	2 6
7	3	LIVE IT UP..... Mental As Anything (Epic)	5 3
8	16	MOONLIGHTING THEME..... Al Jarreau (WEA)	2 8
9	7	CRUSH ON YOU..... The Jets (MCA)	4 7
10	39	SIGN OF THE TIMES..... Prince (Paisley Park)	2 10
11	8	MALE STRIPPER..... Man 2 Man (Bolts)	6 3
12	9	RUNNING IN THE FAMILY..... Level 42 (Polydor)	6 4
13	26	WEAK IN THE PRESENCE OF BEAUTY..... Alison Moyet (CBS)	3 13
14	20	IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE..... Erasure (Mute)	4 14
15	10	THE RIGHT THING..... Simply Red (WEA)	5 10
16	11	LOVE REMOVAL MACHINE..... The Cult (Beggars Banquet)	4 11
17	45	TONIGHT TONIGHT TONIGHT..... Genesis (Virgin)	2 17
18	15	COMING AROUND AGAIN..... Carly Simon (Arista)	6 14
19	29	SEVERINE..... The Mission (Mercury)	2 19
20	12	MANHATTAN SKYLINE..... A-Ha (Warner Bros)	4 12
21	17	(YOU'VE GOTTA) FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT..... Beastie Boys (Def Jam)	4 17
22	13	SONIC BOOM BOY..... Westworld (RCA)	4 9
23	28	RESPECT YOURSELF..... Bruce Willis (Motown)	2 23
24	14	DOWN TO EARTH..... Curiosity Killed The Cat (Mercury)	9 3
25	25	WATCHING THE WILDLIFE..... Frankie Goes To Hollywood (ZTT)	3 25
26	42	LOVING YOU IS SWEETER THAN EVER..... Nick Kamen (WEA)	2 26
27	36	FORGOTTEN TOWN..... The Christians (Island)	7 27
28	24	WILD FRONTIER..... Gary Moore (10/Virgin)	3 24
29	22	SKIN TRADE..... Duran Duran (EMI)	5 21
30	32	DON'T NEED A GUN..... Billy Idol (Chrysalis)	3 30
31	43	WORKING UP A SWEAT..... Full Circle (EMI America)	2 31
32	21	ROCK THE NIGHT..... Europe (Epic)	6 15
33	34	MISSIONARY MAN..... Eurythmics (RCA)	4 33
34	(—)	I FOUND LOVE..... Lone Justice (Geffen)	9 35
35	40	SOUL MAN..... Sam Moore/Lou Reed (A&M)	9 35
36	30	YOU ARE MY WORLD..... The Communards (London)	5 22
37	(—)	SHAKIN' LIKE A LEAF..... The Stranglers (Epic)	1 37
38	(—)	LIKE FLAMES..... Berlin (Mercury)	1 38
39	(—)	LET MY PEOPLE GO GO..... The Rainmakers (Mercury)	1 39
40	47	HAPPY..... Surface (CBS)	2 40
41	(—)	GET THAT LOVE..... Thompson Twins (Arista)	1 41
42	(—)	WAITING..... Style Council (Polydor)	2 42
43	50	JIMMY LEE..... Aretha Franklin (Arista)	2 43
44	(—)	THIS BRUTAL HOUSE..... Nitro Delux (Cooltempo)	1 44
45	(—)	WHAT YOU GET IS WHAT YOU SEE..... Tina Turner (Capitol)	1 45
46	(—)	STOP BAJON..... Tullio De Piscopo (Greyhound)	1 46
47	(—)	IF YOU LET ME STAY..... Terence Trent D'Arby (CBS)	2 47
48	(—)	I'D RATHER GO BLIND..... Ruby Turner (Jive)	1 48
49	(—)	THERESE..... The Bodines (Pop/Magnet)	1 49
50	44	LET THE MUSIC TAKE CONTROL..... J M Silk (RCA)	2 44

LAST WEEK	THIS WEEK		HIGHEST WEEKS IN
1	(—)	THE JOSHUA TREE..... U2 (Island)	1 1
2	1	THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA..... Original Cast (Polydor)	5 1
3	3	THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN..... The Smiths (Rough Trade)	3 2
4	2	GRACELAND..... Paul Simon (Warner Bros)	20 1
5	4	AUGUST..... Eric Clapton (Duck)	15 2
6	6	THE VERY BEST OF HOT CHOCOLATE..... Hot Chocolate (Rak)	4 4
7	13	SAINT JULIAN..... Julian Cope (Island)	2 7
8	16	WILD FRONTIER..... Gary Moore (10)	2 8
9	22	THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS..... Siouxsie And The Banshees (Wonderland)	2 9
10	8	THE FINAL COUNTDOWN..... Europe (Epic)	17 8
11	21	BROTHERS IN ARMS..... Dire Straits (Vertigo)	91 1
12	10	GIVE ME THE REASON..... Luther Vandross (Epic)	10 7
13	7	SILK AND STEEL..... Five Star (Tent/RCA)	29 2
14	30	STAND BY ME..... Ben E King (Atlantic)	2 14
15	20	LICENSED TO ILL..... Beastie Boys (Def Jam)	8 15
16	9	LIVE MAGIC..... Queen (EMI)	14 1
17	15	REVENGE..... Eurythmics (RCA)	36 2
18	18	THE WHOLE STORY..... Kate Bush (EMI)	17 2
19	5	PICTURE BOOK..... Simply Red (Elektra)	6 5
20	12	SLIPPERY WHEN WET..... Bon Jovi (Vertigo)	26 3
21	14	DIFFERENT LIGHT..... The Bangles (CBS)	14 1
22	11	SO..... Peter Dinklage (Virgin)	7 5
23	19	TRUE BLUE..... Madonna (Sire)	36 1
24	(—)	MOVE CLOSER..... Various (CBS)	1 24
25	17	THE COMMUNARDS..... The Communards (London)	13 15
26	48	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN..... Percy Sledge (Atlantic)	2 26
27	31	IMPRESSIONS..... Lionel Richie (K-Tel)	3 27
28	24	SCOUNDREL DAYS..... A-Ha (Warner Bros)	2 24
29	28	GOD'S OWN MEDICINE..... The Mission (Mercury)	9 14
30	(—)	IF YOU WANT TO DEFEAT YOUR ENEMY..... Icicle Works (Beggars Banquet)	1 30
31	(—)	MEN AND WOMEN..... Simply Red (WEA)	1 31
32	26	SWEET FREEDOM..... Michael McDonald (Warner Brothers)	16 9
33	23	RAPTURE..... Anita Baker (Elektra)	16 12
34	34	THE VERY BEST OF ELKIE BROOKS..... Elkie Brooks (Telstar)	8 10
35	42	A HARD DAY'S NIGHT..... The Beatles (Parlophone)	2 35
36	RE	WORLD MACHINE..... Level 42 (Polydor)	1 36
37	(—)	ALED..... Aled Jones (10)	1 37
38	(—)	SHEILA E..... Sheila E (Paisley Park)	1 38
39	(—)	NAJEE'S THEME..... Najee (Capitol)	1 39
40	RE	A CHANGE OF HEART..... David Sanborn (Warner Brothers)	1 40
41	45	BACK AGAIN IN THE DHSS..... Half Man Half Biscuit (Probe Plus)	6 41
42	RE	SURFACE..... Surface (CBS)	1 42
43	27	PLEASE PLEASE ME..... The Beatles (Parlophone)	2 27
44	44	BACK IN THE HIGH LIFE..... Stevie Winwood (Island)	2 44
45	RE	DANCING ON THE CEILING..... Lionel Richie (Motown)	1 45
46	32	DISCO..... Pet Shop Boys (Parlophone)	15 11
47	32	JUST LIKE THE FIRST TIME..... Freddie Jackson (Capitol)	1 32
48	33	WHITNEY HOUSTON..... Whitney Houston (Arista)	8 22
49	RE	THE COST OF LOVING..... Style Council (Polydor)	1 49
50	49	NOW VIII..... Various (EMI/Virgin)	26 1

45s

INDEPENDENT

LPs

1	2	STOP KILLING ME..... The Primitives (Lazy)
2	5	IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE..... Erasure (Mute)
3	3	SWEET SWEET PIE..... Pop Will Eat Itself (Chapter 22)
4	1	MY FAVOURITE DRESS..... The Wedding Present (Reception)
5	4	BRIGHTER..... The Railway Children (Factory)
6	6	SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE..... The Smiths (Rough Trade)
7	8	HEAD GONE ASTRAY..... The Soup Dragons (Raw TV Products)
8	7	LOVE IS DEAD..... The Godfathers (Corporate Image)
9	10	PEEL SESSION..... Siouxsie And The Banshees (Strange Fruit)
10	9	KISS..... Age Of Chance (Fon)
11	16	EVERYTHING'S GROOVY..... Gaye Bykers On Acid (In Tape)
12	(—)	WHAT GIVES YOU THE IDEA..... Crazyhead (Food)
13	(—)	1,000 YEARS..... Skin (Product Inc)
14	27	FRANS HALS..... McCarthy (Pink)
15	11	BAMP-BAMP..... The Bambi Slam (Product Inc)
16	(—)	ONE VISION..... Laibach (Mute)
17	12	PEEL SESSION..... The Slits (Strange Fruit)
18	14	INTO THE GROOVE(Y)..... Ciccone Youth (Blast First)
19	13	WHEN IT ALL COMES DOWN..... Miaow (Factory)
20	20	TRIED & TESTED PUBLIC SPEAKER..... Bogshed (Shellfish)
21	(—)	THE RAIN FELL DOWN..... Jesse Garon & The Desperadoes (Narodnik)
22	(—)	ALWAYS THERE..... Rose Of Avalanche (Fire)
23	15	PEEL SESSION..... The Birthday Party (Strange Fruit)
24	23	HEAVEN SENT..... Josef K (Supreme)
25	26	GREY SKY BLUE..... The Submarines (Red Rhino)
26	(—)	HOLYHEAD..... Stars Of Heaven (Rough Trade)
27	19	HURRICANE FIGHTER PLANE..... Alien Sex Fiend (Plague)
28	(—)	SERPENT'S KISS..... The Mission (Chapter 22)
29	(—)	TUG BOAT LINE..... Rumblefish (Pink)
30	(—)	HAPPY NOW EP..... Beloved (Film Flam)

1	1	THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN..... The Smiths (Rough Trade)
2	2	BACK AGAIN IN THE DHSS..... Half Man Half Biscuit (Probe Plus)
3	4	SHABINI..... Bhundu Boys (Disque Afrique)
4	3	UP FOR A BIT WITH..... The Pastels (Glass)
5	5	THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES..... Michelle Shocked (Cooking Vinyl)
6	8	DIRTY DISH..... Wiseblood (Some Bizzare)
7	6	QUIRK OUT..... Stump (Stuff)
8	7	HORSE ROTAVATOR..... Coil (Force And Form)
9	9	ESPECIALLY FOR YOU..... The Smithereens (Enigma)
10	12	HIT BY HIT..... The Godfathers (Corporate Image)
11	11	BEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACY..... The Dead Kennedys (Alternative Tentacles)
12	21	WALKING THE GHOST BACK HOME..... The Bible (Bucks)
13	13	WONDERLAND..... Erasure (Mute)
14	17	BERSERKER..... Scratch Acid (Fundamental)
15	26	ON THE BOARDWALK..... Ted Hawkins (Brave)
16	18	ATOMIZER..... Big Black (Homestead)
17	24	LIVE IN PARIS 1986..... Psychic TV (Temple)
18	23	C86..... Various (NME/Rough Trade)
19	16	TAKE THE SUBWAY..... Various (Subway)
20	15	WHAT'S IN A WORD..... The Brilliant Corners (SS20)
21	27	YOUR FUNERAL . . MY TRIAL..... Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds (Mute)
22	29	BROTHERHOOD..... New Order (Factory)
23	(—)	HYSTERIE..... Lydia Lunch (Widowspeak)
24	19	SCAG HEAVEN..... Squirrel Bait (Homestead)
25	14	THE QUEEN IS DEAD..... The Smiths (Rough Trade)
26	30	LIVE IN AMERICA..... A Certain Ratio (Dojo)
27	(—)	CRUSH COLLISION..... Age Of Chance (Fon)
28	(—)	THE GIRL WHO RUNS THE BEAT HOTEL..... Biff Bang Pow (Creation)
29	(—)	BACK IN THE DHSS..... Half Man Half Biscuit (Probe Plus)
30	(—)	BLOOD & CHOCOLATE..... Elvis Costello (Demon)



Prince makes his sign of the times.

DANCEFLOOR

20

1	WANTED IN THREE STATES..... Larry Clinton (Grapevine 45)
2	PARADISE..... Buzzcocks (LP track United Artists)
3	HEAVEN SENT..... Josef K (SIE 12")
4	FRAGILE..... Wire (LP track Harvest)
5	TIGHTEN UP..... Archie Bell & The Drells (B-side Atlantic 45)
6	YOU OLD ECCENTRIC..... Orange Juice (Polydor Postcard 12")
7	ME AND BABY BROTHER..... War (United Artists 45)
8	FUNKY KINGSTON..... The Maytals (Trojan 12")
9	RADIO FREE EUROPE..... REM (IRS 45)
10	BRING IT ON BRING IT ON..... James Brown (Sonet 45)
11	BACK TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME..... Incredible Mr Freeze (London 12")
12	LET'S START THE DANCE AGAIN..... Hamilton Bohannon (Mercury 45)
13	HEAD GONE ASTRAY..... The Soup Dragons (Raw TV Products 12")
14	I WONDER WHY..... The Pastels (Rough Trade 45)
15	GOING BACK TO MY ROOTS..... Lamont Dozier (Warner Bros. 45)
16	SOMEONE STOLE MY WHEELS..... Biff Bang Pow! (Creation 12")
17	TELL ME IT'S JUST A RUMOUR BABY..... Isley Brothers (Tama Motown 45)
18	BALLAD OF THE BAND..... Felt (Creation 45)
19	UP THE HILL AND DOWN THE SLOPE..... The Loft (Creation 12")
20	I'LL BE YOUR SURPRISE..... Hurrah! (LP track Kitchenware)

John & Andy, DJs at The Academy, Brunel University, Uxbridge, Middlesex.

US BLACK

20

1	LET'S WAIT AWHILE..... Janet Jackson (A&M)
2	YOU GOT IT ALL..... The Jets (MCA)
3	LOOKING FOR A NEW LOVE..... Jodecy Watley (MCA)
4	LEAN ON ME..... Club Nouveau (Warner Bros)
5	SLOW DOWN..... Loose Ends (MCA)
6	LOVE IS A DANGEROUS GAME..... Millie Jackson (Jive)
7	HOLD ME..... Sheila E (Paisley Park)
8	HAVE YOU EVER LOVED SOMEBODY..... Freddie Jackson (Capitol)
9	6..... Madhouse (Paisley Park)
10	HOW DO YOU STOP..... James Brown (Scotti Bros)
11	STONE LOVE..... Kool And The Gang (Mercury)
12	LIVING ALL ALONE..... Phyllis Hyman (PIR)
13	YOU BETTER QUIT..... One Way (MCA)
14	COME GO WITH ME..... Expose (Arista)
15	THINKIN' ABOUT YA..... Timex Social Club (Danya)
16	JUMP INTO MY LIFE..... Stacy Lattislaw (Motown)
17	HOLD ON..... R's Latest Arrival (Manhattan)
18	STAY..... Howard Hewitt (Elektra)
19	KEEP YOUR EYES ON ME..... Herb Alpert (A&M)
20	LOWDOWN SO AND SO..... Rainy Davis (Columbia)

Courtesy: Billboard

REGGAE

20

1	AGONY..... The Pinchers (Live and Love)
2	HOMEBREAKER..... Winsome (Fine Style)
3	HOOED ON YOU..... Aswad (Simba)
4	LATELY..... The Naturalites (Realistic)
5	PROMISE ME..... Earnest Wilson (Techniques)
6	NO ONE NIGHT STAND..... Nervious Joseph (Fine Style)
7	YES MAMA..... Little John (Live and Love)
8	NOTHING DON'T COME EASY..... Cornel Campbell (Live and Love)
9	I'VE MADE UP MY MIND..... Jean Adebambo (Ade J)
10	NO WANGA GUT..... Tiger (Tiger)
11	IN THE MOOD..... Christine Lewin (Hot Vinyl)
12	I NEED YOU..... Chuck Turner (Live and Love)
13	TAKE IT DOWN LOW..... Axe Man and Dixie Peach (Fashion)
14	DON'T HURT MY FEELINGS..... Freddie McGregor (Powerhouse)
15	ROCK WITH ME BABY..... Nervious Joseph and Winsome (Fine Style)
16	PUNANY/HEALTHY BODY..... Admiral Bailey (Live and Love)
17	DON'T STAY AWAY..... Janet Kenton (High Power)
18	RICH GIRL..... Glen Brown (Ariwa)
19	EVERYTHING I OWN..... Ken Boothe (Trojan)
20	DIGITAL..... King Kong (Fashion)

Chart by Dub Vendor, 274 Lavender Hill, London SW11.

US

45s

- 1 JACOB'S LADDER..... Huey Lewis & the News (Chrysalis)
- 2 SOMEWHERE OUT THERE..... Linda Ronstadt and James Ingram (MCA)
- 3 LET'S WAIT AWHILE..... Janet Jackson (A&M)
- 4 LIVIN' ON A PRAYER..... Bon Jovi (Mercury)
- 5 LEAN ON ME..... Club Nouveau (Warner Bros)
- 6 MANDOLIN RAIN..... Bruce Hornsby & the Range (RCA)
- 7 RESPECT YOURSELF..... Bruce Willis (Motown)
- 8 BIG TIME..... Peter Gabriel (Geffen)
- 9 YOU GOT IT ALL..... The Jets (MCA)
- 10 NOTHING'S GONNA STOP US NOW..... Starship (Grunst)
- 11 (YOU GOTTA) FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT..... Beastie Boys (Def Jam)
- 12 TONIGHT, TONIGHT, TONIGHT..... Genesis (Atlantic)
- 13 COME GO WITH ME..... Expose (Arista)
- 14 I WANNA GO BACK..... Eddie Money (Columbia)
- 15 BRAND NEW LOVER..... Dead or Alive (Epic)

US

LPs

- 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 GRACELAND..... Paul Simon (Warner Bros)
- 8 NIGHT SONGS..... Cinderella (Mercury)
- 9 THE FINAL COUNTDOWN..... Europe (Epic)
- 10 FORE!..... Huey Lewis & the News (Chrysalis)
- 11 LIFE LOVE AND PAIN..... Club Nouveau (Warner Bros)
- 12 RAPTURE..... Anita Baker (Elektra)
- 13 THIRD STAGE..... Boston (MCA)
- 14 THE RETURN OF BRUNO..... Bruce Willis (Motown)
- 15 DIFFERENT LIGHT..... The Bangles (Columbia)

Charts courtesy Billboard.

SPEED METAL

20



We've heard of hairy arms, but . . ! Slayer pic courtesy Metal Forces.

- 1 REIGN IN BLOOD..... Slayer (Def Jam/Geffen)
- 2 KILL 'EM ALL..... Metallica (Music For Nations)
- 3 DARKNESS DESCENDS..... Dark Angel (Under One Flag)
- 4 PEACE SELLS . . . BUT WHO'S BUYING..... Megadeth (Capitol)
- 5 AMONG THE LIVING..... Anthrax (Island/Megaforce)
- 6 WALLS OF JERICHO..... Helloween (Noise)
- 7 MAYHEMIC DESTRUCTION..... Mortal Sin (Mega Metal Productions)
- 8 EVIL INVADERS..... Razor (Roadrunner)
- 9 TERROR SQUAD..... Artillery (Neat)
- 10 RIDERS OF DOOM..... Deathrow (Noise)
- 11 GAME OVER..... Nuclear Assault (Under One Flag)
- 12 MAXIMUM DESTRUCTION..... Destructor (Roadrunner)
- 13 BONDED BY BLOOD..... Exodus (Music For Nations)
- 14 THE RETURN OF MARTHA SPLATTERHEAD..... Accused (Earache/COR)
- 15 ETERNAL DEVASTATION..... Destruction (Steamhammer)
- 16 HEAVY METAL MANIAC..... Exciter (Shrapnel)
- 17 THE FORCE..... Onslaught (Under One Flag)
- 18 THE LEGACY..... Testament (Atlantic/Megaforce)
- 19 SPEAK ENGLISH OR DIE..... S.O.D. (Roadrunner)
- 20 SCREAM BLOODY GORE..... Death (Under One Flag)

Compiled by Bernard Doe, editor of Metal Forces.

TROPICAL

15



Anti-Apartheid DJs head off a surprise request for Paul Simon's 'Graceland'.

- 1 UN DIA BONITO (DANCE VERSION)..... Eddie Palmieri (Coco Records)
- 2 JIVE SOWETO..... Spho Mabuse (Important Records)
- 3 MASSU..... Franco et Jolie Detta (Disque Esperance)
- 4 PAROL LA PALÉ..... Les As De Pentonville (Guadeloupe Production)
- 5 BIZNESS..... Jean Philippe Marthely/Patrick Saint-Eloi With Kassav (GD)
- 6 QUE BUENO BAILA USTED..... Beny Moré (Aireito)
- 7 ESTA CHINA..... Étoile De Dakar (PAM)
- 8 SOLITUDE..... Guy Lobe (Safari Ambiance)
- 9 TIERRA COLORA..... Orchestra Afro-Charanga (Jolis Records)
- 10 CHORINHO PRA VOCÊ..... Paulo Moura (Sigla)
- 11 MARIE JOSIE..... Lokassa Ya Mbongo (Styllart)
- 12 MAMBO..... La Manigua (Blue Silver)
- 13 OYEME ANTONIA..... Pierre Blain (Celluloid)
- 14 KYRE..... Patrick Saint-Eloi And Kassav (2M Productions)
- 15 ESW YO WAP..... Rochereau And M'Bilia Bel (Shanachie)

Chart (and caption) by Bongo Go, The Triangle, Gosta Green, Birmingham (Tel 021 328 4184)

LEST WE FORGET



The Pet Liberation Front on song in '67.

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 T'AIN'T WHAT YOU DO (IT'S THE WAY THAT YOU DO IT)..... Fun Boy 3 with Bananarama (Chrysalis)
- 5 SEVEN TEARS..... Goombay Dance Band (Epic)
- 6 CENTREFOLD..... J Geils Band (EMI)
- 7 SEE YOU..... Depeche Mode (Mute)
- 8 GO WILD IN THE COUNTRY..... Bow Wow Wow (RCA)
- 9 RUN TO THE HILLS..... Iron Maiden (EMI)
- 10 POISON ARROW..... ABC (Neutron)

10

YEARS AGO

- 1 CHANSON D'AMOUR..... Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)
- 2 BOOGIE NIGHTS..... Heatwave (GTO)
- 3 KNOWING ME KNOWING YOU..... Abba (Epic)
- 4 TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS..... Mary MacGregor (Ariola)
- 5 WHEN I NEED YOU..... Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
- 6 SOUND AND VISION..... David Bowie (RCA)
- 7 ROMEO..... Mr Big (EMI)
- 8 WHEN..... Showaddywaddy (Arista)
- 9 THIS IS TOMORROW..... Bryan Ferry (Polydor)
- 10 BABY I KNOW..... Rubettes (State)

15

YEARS AGO

- 1 SON OF MY FATHER..... Chicory Tip (CES)
- 2 TELEGRAM SAM..... T Rex (T Rex)
- 3 HAVE YOU SEEN HER..... The Chi-Lites (MCA)
- 4 MOTHER OF MINE..... Neil Reid (Decca)
- 5 LOOK WHAT YOU DUN..... Slade (Polydor)
- 6 LET'S STAY TOGETHER..... Al Green (London)
- 7 I'D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING..... The New Seekers (Polydor)
- 8 AMERICAN PIE..... Don McLean (United Artists)
- 9 HORSE WITH NO NAME..... America (Warner Bros)
- 10 STORM IN A TEACUP..... The Fortunes (Capitol)

20

YEARS AGO

- 1 THIS IS MY SONG..... Petula Clark (Pye)
- 2 RELEASE ME..... Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
- 3 I'M A BELIEVER..... The Monkees (RCA)
- 4 LET'S SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER..... The Rolling Stones (Decca)
- 5 MATTHEW AND SON..... Cat Stevens (Deram)
- 6 I'VE BEEN A BAD BOY..... Paul Jones (HMV)
- 7 HERE COMES MY BABY..... The Tremeloes (CBS)
- 8 SNOOPY VS. THE RED BARON..... Royal Guardsmen (Stateside)
- 9 NIGHT OF FEAR..... The Move (Deram)
- 10 SUGAR TOWN..... Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)

FRED FACT

So the man who would be Larry Lurex has finally owned up to being The Great Pretender, logging yet another major hit for Parlophone, a label near left for dead by EMI but one now ruling the roost at Manchester Square, thanks to the Pet Shop Boys' flurry of winners plus The Beatles' current CD bonanza.

The oddball thing about 'The Great Pretender' is that it existed before it had even been written. Confused? I'll explain. The Platters, a vocal group signed, oddly enough, to the Mercury label, gained a Top Ten US hit in 1955 when they released a remake of 'Only You', a song they had earlier cut for Federal with no success. Anxious for a follow-up, Mercury contacted Buck Ram, The Platters' manager-producer-songwriter and asked if he had a successor to 'Only You', a ditty that claimed joint French and British parentage. Ram is reputed to have claimed: "I've got just the tune - it's called 'The Great Pretender'". It was pure spur-of-the-moment stuff, Ram had no such song readied. But, or so the legend goes, he went back to his hotel and spent 30 minutes in the washroom fashioning a song of that title.

Even then, Ram's problems weren't over. When he played it to The Platters, the group's lead singer, Tony Williams, gave the song the thumbs down, claiming that it was pure 'hillbilly'. However, cajoled by Ram, the group recorded the song and gained their second million seller. Mercury, at that time, was released in Britain through Pye who in their wisdom decided that The Platters would make their UK debut via a single that linked 'The Great Pretender' and 'Only You', thus ensuring that the release would go Top Five in Britain. Which it did.

It's something of a coincidence that the revival of The Platters' hit should have come at the very time that CD has made its breakthrough onto a mass market heralding, perhaps, the beginning of the end of the vinyl microgroove album. For it was The Platters who, in 1958, recorded Buck Ram's poem 'Twilight Time' and, with a million-and-a-half copies sold, enabled Mercury to announce that 98.2 per cent of the single's sales were on 45 rpm, an event that spelt the kiss of death for the old 78 rpm single, Mercury ceasing production of all such discs soon after.

Additionally, that same year, Mercury rushed out a three-minute promo film of The Platters to nearly 200 TV DJs. And so was born the music video, a medium which as acted as a considerable step-ladder to success for the singer who changed his name from Bulsara to Mercury.

Fred 'The Great Informer' Dellar

ROD STEWART

SAILING

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TOOL

EDITED BY MICHELE KIRSCH. ILL DRILL BY CHRIS LONG. SEND YOUR LETTERS TO TOOL, NME EDITORIAL, COMMONWEALTH HOUSE, 1-19 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON WC1A 1NG.

HIPPY HEAD

About 15 years ago, when Paolo Hewitt was still at infants' school, not learning how to spell, and Cosgrove was in Central Scotland, learning all his expletives, and never dreaming that he'd end up as a failed academic, the very wise Richard Williams, then of *Melody Maker* (last spotted as *Malady Maker*) wrote that good music had to cater for the head, heart and feet. Classical music, for example, often lets down the feet, and laddish rock usually does little for the heart. But would Dr Cosgrove explain to us what hip-hop does for his head?

And what happened to Neil Spencer? Dr Smug, East of Sweden. The spinning motion of the scalp against the dance floor is meant to stimulate hair growth—thus Cosser's long locks. Speaking of which, Neil is writing his memoirs, though he's having a hard time remembering anything. —MK

TUBE SPOTTERS

Just thought I'd drop you a line and let you know how much I sympathized with your 'TV Pop In Crisis' feature. Might I also add, as one of the "legion of Next clad followers who remember 1963 like it was yesterday..." that Cathy McGowan never gave it a "foive". The "I'll give it a foive" wench was *Thank Your Lucky Stars* personality Janice, whose other name escapes me. No doubt 2,000 other smart asses will write in with it. Dave Juson, Southampton.

SEX WITH DICK AND PAULA

As a schoolboy I recall devouring *Teasers* for snippets of musical gossip. Since the advent of the Three Dots, it had become virtually unreadable, which was presumably the reason for their replacement with 'Dick Nietzsche'. However, by pitching its appeal halfway between *Private Eye* and *The Sun*, it now means that one finishes reading the *NME* with a bad taste in the mouth.

Making Dr Cosgrove's apologetic Paula Yates' article the cover feature doesn't excuse your anonymous columnist's attacks on Ms Yates. Nor does the drivel in last week's *Nietzsche* column. I don't disagree with the statement that "any overpaid 'personality' is a legitimate target for a 'gossip column'." with or without the oh-so-credible inverted commas. I don't object to using Paula Yates on the cover to sell papers. I just feel that printing malicious gossip about her sells out your readers.

If you really want to have your cake and eat it, why not use your back pages to print Fleet Street gossip which readers like myself would never stoop to read elsewhere?

One final point. I assume that most of your letters are edited, but it would be courteous to your readers if you indicated which ones were. Richard Head, London. That letter was edited. Good points, Richard, but we don't know any Fleet Street gossip. —MK

How very tiresome Paula Yates is.

May I remind her that it is not that long ago that she wrote her own tacky gossip column for the seediest of seedies *The News Of the World*. She has a bare-arsed cheek to complain about unfair treatment from the very people she used to share the gutter with. May I also take this

opportunity to congratulate the *NME* on producing such a fine magazine, which seems to be improving all the time. Jim English, Colchester.

Have you ever considered the true nature of newspapers? (Not really—MK). They are not there to shed light on the meaning of life, they are not there to explain why dinosaurs died out, they aren't even there to tell us the news. They are there to entertain.

By and large this consists of juggling around a set of cardboard soap characters—the Royals, various pop stars, media floozies (ie Paula)—and playing with them. In return, these characters get momentary immortality, temporal importance, and lots of money.

What is the difference between *The Sun* and the *NME*? Both exist to entertain their readers in order to encourage those readers to encourage others to become readers. So they play the tried and tested games—gossip, innuendo, snide remarks, compromising pictures. Both pretend to give news. But really, what has honesty got to do with either?

There is very little difference between yourselves and Fleet Street. I accept that you espouse the philosophies and ideologies that you do because it's what your readers expect and want—just like *The Sun*. But to go on about freedom and democracy... what have those two nebulous concepts ever had to do with the real world?

Stuart Cosgrove, I admire you. Really. You're obviously a good journalist—you give your employers what they want and you give the readers what they want, too. You play the game and laugh at everyone. And you provoke reader response. Great. I like that. Like I said, I admire that. Keep up the good work. Jeremy Novick, Pimlico. Good newspapers are informative and entertaining, but not always at the same time.

Dick is entertaining but never informative. Stuart 'Good Work' Cosgrove is informative and entertaining, though his jibes at Dick in his Paula Yates interview were ill-placed. Dick is still lacking definition, but he's funny. Cosgrove's sense of humour is perhaps not as defined as his sense of wrong and right.

Cosser goes for the punch, and Dick goes for the punchline. I just wish they would kiss and make up. —MK

I do believe I have twigged something. Dick Nietzsche is Stuart Cosgrove. His roughish Celtic humour is the most revealing piece of evidence. Who else but the cheeky Scots Prof would be devious enough to attack and defend himself in the same issue of the *NME* over the disgusting Paula Yates issue?

Now I see why the gossip column is so full of reference to Sheena Easton, The Skids, Big Country, The Shop Assistants and other Jocks. Weel, awa wi' ye beeg la dee ana boyl yer heed! Alan Papperzcliro, Harrogate.

CHANCE RANTS

Your piece on AOC was so naive; the best thing to do with groups like that is ignore them.

The piece reminded me of the things you did on Spandau Ballet—look what cash turned them into—or Frankie, before all the media overkill finished them off. That's precisely the way AOC will go if they get anywhere. Why

not come straight out and admit they want to screw the industry (and us) for everything they can get.

The Kisspower remix is just like those obnoxious 'Stars On 45's'. The Mud Axe, London.

Great dance music = good songs, great irresistible rhythms. Age Of Chance = stumbling, amateurish rhythms and cover versions—surely exactly what we need in the charts (where they profess they want to be). When will AOC release a K-Telesque album 'Great Dance Tracks We Have Rubbished'? LG Spanker, Nottingham.

A CONCERNED MOTHER ADDS...

I'm sure that your endless coverage of a band called Age Of Chance has seriously influenced my daughter's musical perception. I, for one, find it characterless and noisy.

Had my daughter not pointed out to me that one of their records was that catchy song that Prince had made, I would not have been able to tell.

Please deter them from producing a Led Zeppelin cover—or the memories of my courtship will be ruined. Helen Root, London. Sounds like you've suffered enough, Helen. —MK

SINGLED OUT

It's official. The entire staff of the *NME* hates The Style Council,

with the exception of the wonderful Paolo Hewitt, of course.

This wise wondering occurred to me whilst reading the "review" of TSC's latest offering, 'Waiting'.

Criticism Number One: Gavin Martin fails to mention anything about the track concerned.

Criticism Number Two: Does any 45 stand a chance of being reviewed 'sensibly' whilst the predictable Prince is having his arse licked? CA Yaxley, Norfolk. You're disgusting! —MK

Pull the other one, Gavin.

When you reviewed the new single by The Mission, 'Severina', you claimed it was the first time you'd heard The Mission. I can't believe that. Wherever I go, to shops, etc, they play the bloody Mission. Where have you been, seeing as you've been able to avoid the sound of their terrible records?

Have you been in outer space? Please let me know, so I can follow your example.

Helen, North London. Gavin has been to America. But don't follow him there. —MK

MEAT IS MURDER

I feel sorry for your reviewer, Claire Morgan Jones, who gave such a boring review of Meat Loaf in Sheffield City Hall.

I do not wish to dispute the impressions given, for obviously in the hall with a "twisted and sedate audience", one could not appreciate what Meat Loaf truly

is (be still, my heart—MK)—and that is a truly professional performer who gives all, and expects his audience to do likewise.

Isabel Tomlin, Leicester. Claire was not boring, she was bored. Mr Loaf is not available for comment. —MK

CHART LOGIC

It may have escaped your attention that the whole Top Five singles in the UK are in a sense 'ancient'. Do we all realize that they all have one thing in common? Yes, I think we do. The groovy f*****s who are buying these obsolete bits of shit are stopping the likes of The Wedding Present, Age Of Chance, The Primitives, The Railway Children, Bogshed, Fuzzbox, etc from reaching the respectable ends of the Top 100 charts. Ben E King, Percy Sledge and co are taking up valuable record shop space, TV space, radio space and music paper space and it's quite simply killing music. Andreas Knight, High Wycombe.

BOTHA SIDES NOW

In your item 'Banking On Botha', you report that Anti-Apartheid groups are to continue their boycott campaign against Barclays. This is totally unfair and we feel we are being unjustly treated. Barclays sold its remaining shares in its South African associate last November and no longer has any involvement in any South African banking business.

Our situation is now so different to that of the other major high street banks.

There is a reference to "correspondent banking". Barclays has over 4000 of these arrangements worldwide, of which our former associate is just one. All major high street banks have these relationships with thousands of banks around the world, including the major South African banks to provide everyday banking services to their individual and company customers alike. There is nothing unique about Barclays in this respect.

In March 1986, Barclays declared it would commit no new money to South Africa and this policy still applies. But, like all the major high street banks, Barclays does have outstanding loans to South Africa which have been "frozen" by the South African authorities. We did not agree to this. We want the money back. We are in precisely the same situation as Lloyds, Midland, National Westminster and Standard Chartered and 25 other banks.

The action of Barclays Bank in withdrawing from South Africa is emphatically not a cosmetic one. The sale of the bank's investment in South Africa removes the reason for Barclays to be singled out for criticism. Andrew MacThomas, Barclays Bank London.

PLEA FOR POP

Don't you think your paper is being just a bit too much of a maverick? Nearly every other music publication I can think of gives more coverage than you do to groups like Dire Straits, Queen, Europe and Five Star.

Wouldn't it be a refreshing change if you would give more coverage to these wonderful artists? Don't you think that your lack of coverage of these groups makes people like me think that *NME* has missed the boat?

Neal Allen, Kingston Upon Thames.

No, not really. Yes, it would. Yes, I do. —MK

RED GRUDGE

An open letter to Red Wedge and Tony Wilson:

I went to see the Red Wedge disco at the Hacienda. On entering the club, I was informed that I could pay a reduced admission fee if I was a student and had an NUS card, or unemployed and had a UB40. When I asked if this concession extended to those receiving sickness/invalidity benefit, I was firmly informed by a doorman several times my own size that it certainly did not.

Evidently, it's currently right-on to give subsidies to medical and dental students from the local university and to unemployed computer programmers, but not to those suffering from chronic illnesses which prevent them from working.

Or maybe it's just that these people shouldn't be doing things like going out to clubs and enjoying themselves. So this is what socialism is all about, then? It's funny. I thought it was about equality and the redistribution of wealth, and the protection of discriminated-against minorities.

Wake up, Red Wedge—politics (and not charity) begins at home. There's a lot more to it than giving out leaflets and making rhetorical speeches.

Wearing badges is definitely not enough.

S L Alher, Salford.





DICK NIETZSCHE

hosted this week by Jill Pingle

"Dick Nietzsche is having an out-of-body experience" Yo, ya muthafing slow-worms. We gonna cut sum bastid carpet or what wid the HARDEST HAIRIEST SEXIEST gossip this side of Saturn. Yeah. Go for it. Hot doff.

And talking of the sexiest poodlefaking punk traitor ever to wiggle a skintight denim-clad hip, the saga of BILLY IDOL, the TOP MODEL (yawn yawn yawn) and the DRUGS that were not DRUGS, winds its way to a sordid end this week.

THE STORY SO FAR. Blonde BILL (31) was nicked by New York pigs in possession of socialite model GRACE HATTERSLY (21) and a Safeways carrier bag full of a strange substance.

"Bill Idol is innocent!" claimed Grace. "It was me that is to blame. Alright, Guv, I'll come quietly. It's a fair cop. Punk is the future."

Being a total gentleman Bill promptly let the wonderful young lady take the rap and buggered off.

However, it seems the bag did not contain the illegal cocaine based DRUG Crack but TALCUM POWDER. Talcum Powder is a chalk based substance (street name "talc") which is normally absorbed through the armpits and the feet giving the user the temporary feeling of "dryness". It is often "cut" with scent and long term users often complain of "smelling nice" for months after they kick the habit. Unbelievably, "talc" is easily obtained from "drug stores" without a prescription.

NY chemist CHUCK E EGG admits that he shifts several kilos of talcum powder every week, much of it to people in popular music.

Assistant DA LEWIS CHIMES is reportedly frustrated that he cannot prosecute Ms Hattersly because analysis at a police lab revealed that "the bag contained no controlled substances".

Known for his sneering expressions, spikey white hair and leather outfits, Idol, real name WILLIAM BROAD, was formerly with the Brit punk band GENERATION X (now Seig Heil Sputnik) which he left to open his own chain of toy dog manicure parlours.

Answers on a postcard please and we're sorry but we cannot return any pictures or paintings. And it does not stop there. Oh no. It just gets better and better.

It seems that BILL 'Good Bloke' IDOL, the warbling cockney songbird with a heart of gold, has become an enthusiastic STAR TREK fan after reading about the cult TV prog in a recent NME interview with THE GAYE BYKERS ON ACID whom Bill is

apparently desperate to interview.

Whilst in LA to ponce about in the video for his new single – the rhumba rap classic 'Don't Need A Gun' – Bill was poleaxed to discover that CAPTAIN KIRK aka WILLIAM 'BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY' SHATNER was appearing LIVE on the TV prog Saturday Night Live.

Well blow me, thought Bilbo Baggy Trousers, this I would not miss for all the dilithium cystals in the Federation of Planets. Throwing down his lipstick, Billious set out to jog the entire nine blocks to the studios where his idol was to appear.

Look! shouted the kids. It is famous new waver and punk traitor Bill Idol! Soon, in a scene reminiscent of Rocky II, thousands of pimps, pickpockets, prostitutes, plain clothes police, raggamuffins and street urchins were jogging in a wildly screaming pack be-

ALL GOSSIP IS REACTIONARY

How DICK Changed My Life...



BEFORE

"I was a flaming liberal; a supporter of Nuclear Disarmament, Gay Rights and Gun Control. I even voted for Carter in 1980. I was a complete slob..."



AFTER

DICK set me straight! Now, I support the Contras, read National Review and New Guard, voted for Reagan in '84, and think Jane Fonda should be tried for treason!"

hind Bilge who is, of course, used to this kind of thing. Anyway the scruffy crowd were dispersed by the burly security guards at the studio and Billykins was whisked off to meet his hero.

"Bill who," asked a delighted Shatner. "Warp factor 5, Mr Scott..."

DIRTY HIPPIY SKATEBOARD AUTOBAHN SMASH

Desperately trying to vault aboard a Skateboard Revival are top longhair combo THE MISSION are spending every spare second practising on their special 'Deathshead' boards. So tight is their European touring schedule that the only time they have to practice is 'on the road' tied to the rear fender of their transit by lengths of rope.

So stunned were the two members of the Traffic Gestapo at the sight of the battered white Ford pulling four pissed and dirty hippies dahn the Autobahn that they radioed HQ for instructions.

After a brief 120mph chase the van was flagged down with disastrous results. Three of the unwashed musos SPLATTERED into the back of the van but Craig was quicker. Crouching low he executed a triple somersault over the central reservation, landed with one wheel touching and kept on going, dodging in and out of the oncoming Daimlers and Volkswagens, screaming "Look, Fritz! No Hans!" and taking great gulps from his Merrydown cider bottle.

Craig was last seen in Belgium picking up speed.

WHACKO JACKO CHOCO FISHO SHOKO!

MICHAEL 'ROCKING ROBIN TWEET TWEET' JACKSON, the worlds biggest rock star is giving people chocolate fish.

Guests at recent MENTAL MICKLEY parteees were shocked and horrified to discover, upon returning to their llama skin covered boudoirs, a CHOCOLATE FISH Nestleing (geddit?) amongst the pillows. WHAT does this mean for the world of Pop?

And on the Fashion Front NOSEJOB is rocking the scene in his noo megacool black blazer with the heraldic symbol of the 5th Dragoon Guards. Apparently clothes shops all over the USA are chocka with dreadlocked sprogs seeking simi-

lar clobber. ON THE BALL as usual is the last bastion of Brit Brilliance – the megacomic 2000 AD – which featured the rock artist JAXON PRINCE who was whipped out of the deep freeze to do his smasheroonie hit 'Riller' for the audience of sociopathic juves in downtown MEGA CITY 1 in the year 2109. Freaky squeaky and dippity doo.

SEXY!

ALEX ex-SHOP ASSISTANT has co-written and sings on the noo snigle by MR SO CALLED CELIBATE THE LEGEND! Aha! I hear you cry, your dirty minds humming with filth and innuendo! Is he sleeping with her? "What sort of question is that!?", snarled The Leg, angrily kicking his Harley Tourmaster and spitting.

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBB!

Top kings of Strut Rock BON JOVI were all set to sell out the venue for their gig in their hometown of Breath New Jersey when disaster struck! Eager fans were queued 14 times round the block to get tickets when they were hit by a cold snap of bluebollocked proportions and the whole lot had to be carted off to intensive care with frostbitten extremities and hyperthermia. Doctors reckon that things wouldn't have been so bad if most of the fans hadn't only been wearing leather T-shirts and nylon boxer shorts.

FOX HOLE FOX HOLE

Exclusive! It can now be revealed – for the first time ever – that boring guitarist TOM VERLAINE was one of the 50 yanks holed up in Tehran during the Iranian Hostage crisis!

DROWN YOU BASTARD!

MARTIN SWING OUT SISTER of top wimp combo SWING OUT SISTER was rescued from a murky grave in Manchester Ship Canal by an 11-year-old lad and his dog, Terry. The young hero's dad is now giving Martin swimming lessons at the local baths. The dog has been shot.

GREAT MOMENTS FROM POP TELEVISION No 1

MARK ELLEN: Well, Lou, I see you are still sticking to the old drums, bass and guitar line-up then? LOU REED: (Answering the first question of his first TV interview for nine years) Yes.

MARK: Why?

LOU: Pardon?

MARK: Any particular reason for sticking with the traditional drums, bass, guitar line up?

LOU: Er... well, no, I guess it works, y'know?

NME

EDITORIAL

4th Floor
Commonwealth House
1-19 New Oxford Street
London WC1A 1NG
Phone: 01-404 0700

EDITOR
Ian Pye

DEPUTY EDITOR (features)
Danny Kelly

ASSISTANT EDITOR
Adrian Thrills

NEWS EDITOR
Terry Staunton

PRODUCTION EDITOR
Jo Isotta

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Cindy Palmano
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CONTRIBUTORS
Fred Dellar
Barney Hoskyns
Cynthia Rose
Ian Wright
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Steven Appleby
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Kristine McKenna

RESEARCH
Fiona Foulgar

EDITOR'S SECRETARY
Karen Walter

ADVERTISEMENT DEPARTMENT

Room 329
Commonwealth House
1-19 New Oxford Street
London WC1A

AD MANAGER
David Flavell
(01) 829 7825

CLASSIFIED ADS
(01) 829 7797

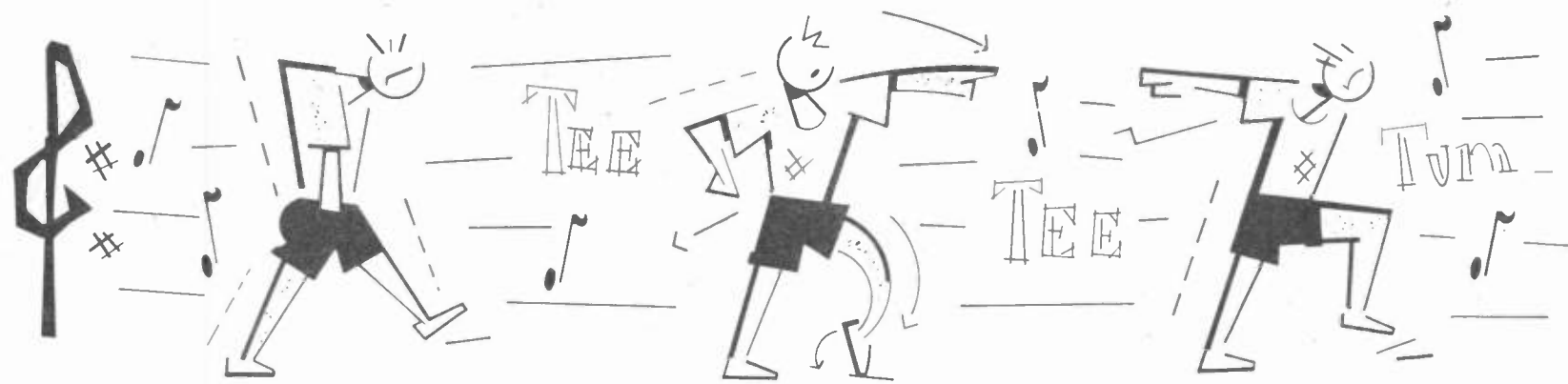
LIVE ADS
(01) 829 7816

AD PRODUCTION
Pete Christopher
Barry Cooper
Lee McDonald
(01) 829 7759

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