

NEW NME EXPRESS

The sun

SOMEWHERE OVER THE RAINBOW

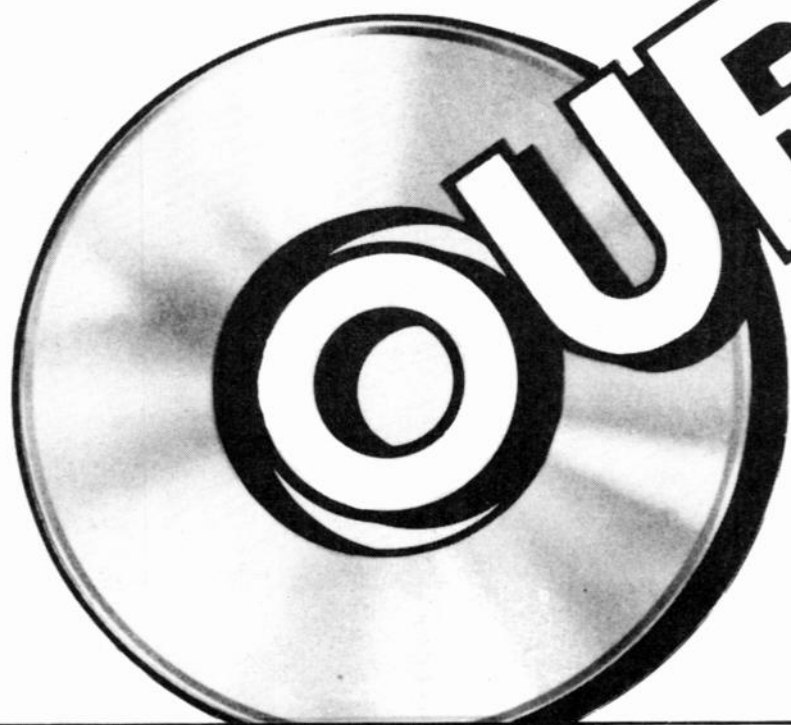
THE WEATHER PROPHETS
BY LEN BROWN

BOWIE: NEW LP AND LIVE DATES

ERASURE
SKATEBOARDING
STEVE EARLE
MAJESTICS
RUBY TURNER
MASTERS OF CEREMONY

The Weather Prophets pictured by Nick White

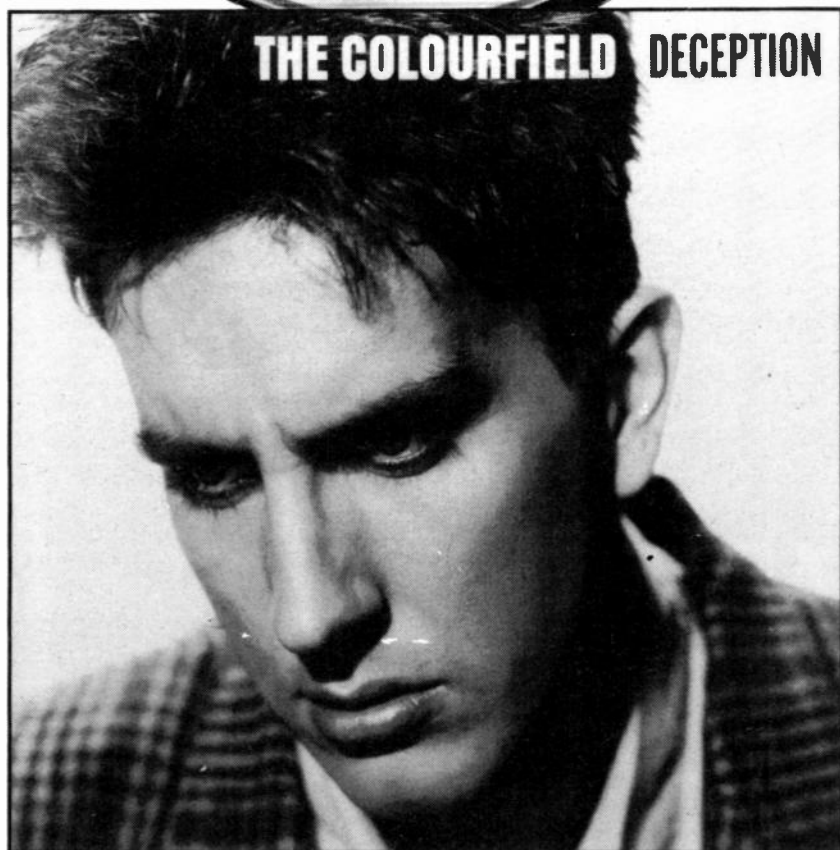
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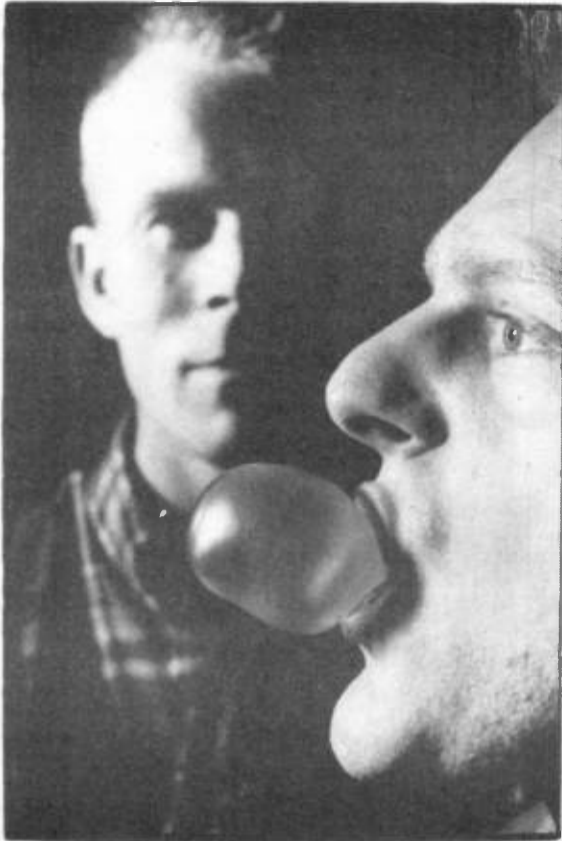
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**THE COLOURFIELD
'DECEPTION'**

**OUT NOW ON ALBUM AND CASSETTE
OUT SOON ON CD**

CONTENTS



ERASURE PICTURED BY LAWRENCE WATSON SEE PAGE 24

"We had to ring up the programme director of KISS-FM – 'play that mother or we start bombing in three minutes'."

Bronx reggae-rappers **THE MASTERS OF CEREMONY: PAGE 11**

"They have carved a special niche in the hearts of all of us to whom rock 'n' roll is not some leaky catch-all for the soggy independents and wimps of pop but hard, fast R&B played more with the balls than the brain."

S. Wells on Scots legends **THE MAJESTICS: PAGE 12**

"The excitement in the Age Of Chance lies in their not being able to express themselves. It's a complete premature ejaculation all over the place; no tension, no timing, no *nothing*."

Pete Astor of **THE WEATHER PROPHETS: PAGE 14**

"I ran away from home but only got 200 miles away. I didn't know you couldn't really get there on a Vespa and 14 dollars."

Digital age country-billy **STEVE EARLE: PAGE 19**

"You hear stories about *The Sun* having a £30,000 contract out on The Communards and anything connected with an AIDS story. One of Jimmy's good friends died and he wouldn't go to the funeral 'cos he didn't want to attract that publicity."

Andy Bell, **ERASURE: PAGE 24**

"By 1979, skating was considered a thing of the past – a victim of the BMX biking fad. In fact, it just went underground."

Skateboards: **PAGE 26**

SIOUXSIE: PAGE 7 RUBY TURNER: PAGE 8

BEATLE MANIA: PAGE 9 SINGLES: PAGE 16

MANIFESTO!: PAGE 18 WORD UP: PAGE 20

RADAR: PAGE 21 LPs – LEVEL 42, THE COLOURFIELD: PAGE 27

RECORD AND TOUR NEWS: PAGE 32 GIG GUIDE: PAGE 36

LIVE – LIONEL RICHIE, THE POGUES, BURNING SPEAR: PAGE 39

CROSSWORD: PAGE 47 CHARTS: PAGE 48 GASBAG: PAGE 50

DICK NIETZSCHE: PAGE 51

NEWS

BORN TO RUN

AS RONALD Reagan's White House reign becomes shakier by the week, news comes from an unexpected quarter of an injection of honesty and integrity into American politics. Ladies and gentlemen — it's Governor Bruce Springsteen of New Jersey!

Springsteen was quoted on the international airwaves at the weekend as saying he wanted to spend his life "doing good work" and he was interested in running for the governorship of his home state, so often the feature of his songs.

NME attempted to confirm further this startling move, but neither CBS UK or CBS in New York claimed to know anything about the great man's political intentions. And as the wheels in music biz PR grind even more slowly than they do in politics, further details could not be obtained.

However a snap poll at the NME indicated a clear preference for Springsteen over Mayor Clint Eastwood as the successor to President Reagan. More news on this one as it comes to hand, as they say on election night.



Smiley Culture.

SMILEY IN THE NEWS

NEWS ON SUNDAY, the forthcoming left-wing tabloid newspaper, has organised a further series of gigs in aid of Anti-Apartheid to coincide with its April 26 launch.

Smiley Culture is the latest addition to the NOS Albert Hall concert on April 15 which already features The Communards, Ruby Turner and Terence Trent D'Arby. Tickets for the show are now on sale from the Albert Hall box-office 01-589 8212 and from leading London agencies.

Elsewhere in the country, John Martyn is to play a NOS/AA gig in Newcastle with support from Dust In The Needle, but a date has yet to be arranged. Two Nations, End Of Chat and Bongo Go are to play Birmingham dates. The Chuffinellas, Hope Augustus and Odienne play a series of gigs in the Barnsley-Doncaster-Rotherham area on April 10/11/12. And Chakk headline at Sheffield's Leadmill on April 25.

ROYAL RUMOUR

PRINCE for UK dates later this year? Rumour has it that moves are afoot to bring the mighty atom to London within the next few months. However, a WEA spokesman said there were no definite plans yet and that UK dates before the end of the year were a possibility.



HERBIE HANCOCK (above) and Sandie Shaw are among the most recent additions to the International Aids Day concert at Wembley Stadium on April 1. Also added to the bill are Tom Robinson, Steve Nieve and Andy Summers.

It's now been confirmed that George Michael will be playing a 25-minute set with his new band, previewing new material. Compere for the event will be *Another Country* star Rupert Everett.

TONY STRATTON SMITH, former head of Charisma Records and one of British pop's original entrepreneurs, died of cancer last week, aged 53. He was a contemporary of Brian Epstein and Kit Lambert, but only came into the music industry after a successful career in Fleet Street, most notably as sports editor of the *Daily Sketch*.

He set up Charisma in 1969, after previously managing The Nice and the Bonzo Dog Doodah Band, and went on to sign Genesis, Lindisfarne, the Monty Python team, John Betjeman and Julian Lennon. He sold the label to Virgin last year.

Close friend Gail Colson, Peter Gabriel's manager, said: "He always signed the acts himself and never employed A&R men. He wanted to be involved with music at grass roots level and I think as the years went on he became more disillusioned with the industry when the accountants and lawyers took over."

'NEW IDEA' TO REPLACE THE TUBE

HOT ON the heels of the NME's TV POP IN CRISIS investigation (7.3.'87), Channel Four have come clean and admitted that the April 24 edition of *The Tube* will be the last. At the time of going to press, both Malcolm Gerrie and director Gavin Taylor were unavailable for comment and a spokesman from the Press Office claimed that "because Malcolm was upset by the NME story, he isn't interested in talking to the press again", unaware that Gerrie had already reacted positively to the NME's recent exposé on the trouble at Tyne Tees.

John Cummins from Channel Four was more forthcoming if decidedly diplomatic: "Five years is a long time for any pop programme. Basically, we are going to reappraise the state of music in this country and act accordingly. We're not going to change our objectives, we're starting with a blank piece of paper. *Solid Souls* is going to run until October and, in the meantime, we'll be looking at what slots are available. Then we'll put a tender out for ideas. At the moment we have Friday, October 30 pencilled in for a new show but that might well change. Nothing is definite."

BOOTLEGGERS RAIDED

MUSIC INDUSTRY plans for a major offensive against record pirates and bootleggers during 1987 have already resulted in the raiding of two illegal pressing plants in London.

Agents working on behalf of the British Phonographic Industry and the Mechanical Copyright Protection Society seized machinery, vinyl and labels from the two plants after a series of test purchases of illegal records from several specialist black music and soul record stores.

The agents discovered both pirate records (unauthorised copies of legally issued albums) and bootlegs

(unauthorised recordings of live performances).

A spokesman for the BPI said: "Investigations against the people responsible for the manufacture and distribution are continuing. Further test purchases are planned from the stores that appear to support this illegal trade. Legal proceedings are being considered."

The spokesman said most of the product found carried white labels with no details of the records' content or publishing credits, a fairly amateurish style of pirating which has resurfaced after an absence of about five years.

GOODBYE MR MACKENZIE and their record label The Precious Organisation have parted company after the Glasgow-based indie discovered that the group had found new management and were possibly negotiating with a major company.

A spokesman for Precious said: "This decision was forced upon us when we accidentally discovered that the band had gained alternative management without our knowledge or consent. We hardly need to emphasise that a small independent works almost exclusively on trust, commitment and honesty on both sides."

Efforts to contact the group themselves were fruitless, although Precious understand that Goodbye Mr Mackenzie will be taking a short break before announcing their future plans.

The spokesman added: "Greed, insecurity, dishonesty and fear are, and probably always will be, major ingredients in the music business. But it is sad that the small guys are the fall guys."



Mega-Luther.

LUTHER: NOW IT'S WEMBLEY

LUTHER VANDROSS is returning to London to play four shows at Wembley Arena, less than six months after his eight sell-out shows at the Hammersmith Odeon. The dates are July 1, 2, 4 and 5, and they are preceded by a concert at Birmingham NEC on June 28.

Tickets are £15.50, £13 and £10.50 for both venues and are available by post from LV Tickets, PO Box 77, London SW4 9LH. The price includes a booking fee, enclose a stamped addressed envelope and allow four weeks for delivery. Make cheques and postal orders payable to LV Tickets. Tickets are also available from the box offices and usual agents and a credit card hotline (01-741 8989) priced £15, £12.50 and £10, subject to booking fee.

Denis Campbell

NETWORK 21: ON AIR, NO FEAR

ONE OF Britain's leading pirate radio stations will be back on the air this weekend undeterred by a recent raid by Department of Trade and Industry officials.

Network 21, the influential London-based station, was busted just hours short of its first anniversary of broadcasting. A cassette machine and transmitter worth £750 were taken away.

Network 21 DJs are keen to get back on air as soon as possible in order to fulfil their promise of giving free advertising for International Aids Day (April 3) fund-raising events. Nearly a third of the station's air-time will be devoted to free plugs for the cause, and on April 3 Network 21 will transmit a programme specially-produced by leading Aids charity the Terrence Higgins Trust.

A station spokesman said he was concerned that the raid took place so soon after publication of the Government's Green Paper on the future of broadcasting in the UK, which came out in favour of the development of independent commercial stations.

Network 21, which started life as a pirate TV station, claims to have 40,000 listeners and to be one of the country's most innovative and influential pirate stations. DJs are setting up a legal fund and are considering taking legal action against the DTI. Donations and letters of support should be sent to Network 21, Chesham House, 136 Regent Street, London W1R 5FA.



Hugh (front) barely restrained.

HOUSEMARTIN 'TO LEARN MUSIC'

HOUSEMARTIN Hugh Whitaker has left the band to study music (*surely not?* — Ed). Go! Discs announced last last week. Label boss Andy McDonald said the split was completely amicable and the rest of the group understood Hugh's need to vacate the drummer's stool to

realise his ambition to go to music college.

He has been replaced by Dave Hemingway who is currently rehearsing with the group in Hull before going into the studio next month to record new material. The fruits of these labours, a new single, will be heard in May.

NEWS



Thinning White Dook considers 'smallest-ever' audience: "121, 122, 123 . . . oh well, that's more than saw *Absolute Beginners*."

PICTURE: CHRIS CLUNN

THE TOUR

DAVID BOWIE'S world tour, billed as his most theatrical in years, will take in more than 100 cities on six continents and the man himself has confirmed that there will be other UK dates in addition to the Wembley Stadium show announced last week.

Tickets for the June 20 Wembley concert are available by post from David Bowie Box Office, PO Box 77, London SW4 9LH, priced £16.50 (inclusive of 50p booking fee). Cheques and postal orders should be made payable to David Bowie Box Office. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope and allow 28 days for delivery. They are also available from a credit card hotline (01 748 1414), priced £16 and subject to booking fee.

Bowie has signed a new worldwide deal with EMI America and his third album for the label, 'Never Let Me Down', is out on April 20. The single 'Day In, Day Out' was released last week. Musicians include Carlos Alomar and Peter Frampton on guitar, Richard Cottle on keyboards and Carmine Rojas on bass. They will also play on the world tour. Actor Mickey Rourke joins Bowie to rap on one track, 'Shining Star'.

RETURN OF THE SPIDERMAN

Ch-ch-changes? Well, not many. With a new LP and a world tour to plug, DAVID BOWIE goes into his press conference routine and rocks out at London's Players Theatre. Fleet Street's there, Peter Frampton's there and TERRY STAUNTON is too.

THIRTEEN YEARS ago he changed his persona more often than his pants. Since that time David Bowie has transformed from a Diamond Dog into a diamond geezer, and meeting the press in London last week he came across as the head boy from the Tommy Steele School of Charm.

His answers to the flood of banal and predictable questions from Fleet Street were punctuated with "love", "pal", "mate" and "chum". He told us everything we knew already. It's great to be back in England, he exercises regularly to keep his looks and he's happy about touring and his new album. Oh yes, and he's had an AIDS test, will have another if he changes partners and he wants everyone to wear condoms.

The album is called 'Never Let Me Down', his old school "chum" Peter Frampton plays guitar on it, and judging by our sneak live preview in the Players Theatre (performing '87 And Cry' and the single 'Day In, Day Out') he is still stuck in the non-creative rut that was so evident on 'Tonight'. Frampton comes alive and

kills the melodies stone dead with his heavy-handed '70s guitar wailing.

It was probably the smallest audience Bowie or Frampton had faced since their days of sharing a school hall stage in Bromley back in the early '60s, and the elite press posse audience were blasted to the back of the tiny theatre as the curtain drew back to reveal 1,000-watt PA speakers and half-a-dozen of the highest paid musicians in the world drowning out the sound of the trains which rattled overhead as they left Charing Cross station. Suddenly one of the most untouchable music figures for more than 15 years was within spitting distance. The tour will put him back in the distance — it is going under the banner of 'The Glass Spider Concerts' named after one of the tracks on the LP.

"It's the pivotal song on the album. Glass spiders I see as some kind of mother figure. It's the idea of children who eventually realise their parents are not really something they can depend upon for everything. They are on their own. It's that kind of feeling I want to put across in the show."

What about his relationship with his own offspring Zowie?

"We get along famously, we have a wonderful relationship and I'm very proud to have him as my son. I would like to leave it at that on that particular subject, thank you very much."

Before we can delve further into his sibling psyche, the line of questioning is broken by more Fleet Street frivolity. How do you keep going David? Have you ever thought of quitting?

"I've got no intentions of stopping. I'm in that luxurious position where I'm doing

something that I absolutely and thoroughly enjoy."

But commercial success has eluded you of late. Like the disappointing sales for 'Tonight'.

"You ought to see the figures for 'Low' and we followed that one up. If I sell more than three albums I'm happy."

"As far as *Absolute Beginners* goes, I thought it was a very interesting movie and I enjoyed it a lot. I like the way Julien (Temple) works with the cinema, I think he's got some interesting things to say. I made *The Hunger* with Tony Scott and it wasn't a great success commercially, but then he went on to make *Top Gun*. I think the same thing will happen to Julien."

What about directing yourself?

"I would love to, as often as possible I have collaborated on my videos but it's kind of a quantum leap to go from four minutes to 90."

Yes, that's something Julien has found out himself.

From then on it's all denials and corrections to previous press reports ("No, I'm not playing Frank Sinatra in a film. No, Mick Jagger and I are not remaking *Some Like It Hot*. No, I never said 'lights, costumes and sex'. I said 'lights, costumes and theatrical sets'"), except for a few words on image. Ziggy Stardust revisited?

"I'm really proud of all that. I think I started something that was really quite interesting and also very amusing. I've never seen it as image, it's creating characters. Take a good character actor like Robert De Niro for instance, in *Taxi Driver* you know he's not Travis. It is Robert De Niro playing Travis. It's just as simple and naive as that with me."

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EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON



'IF CHAIRS COULD FLY..'

RUBY TURNER may be holding up half the sky, but she's still strong enough to fling furniture at Paul Simon's critics. **LUCY O'BRIEN** bobs to meet Brum's hitbound soulstress.

RUBY WANTS to crack a chair over my head. "Excuse me while I wreck this joint," she says, laughing and looking round for something to throw.

We had been discussing such innocent subjects as voice training and Stevie Winwood, sessions she'd done with UB40 and Culture Club, and Cork, a county tranquil and serene, when she added "I'd also like to work with Paul Simon".

Paul Simon, I queried. Isn't he a bit dodgy? Although delivered in dulcet tones, my question came like a thunderbolt.

"Talking about this really pisses me off! I don't think we should talk, we should do. Paul Simon's done it. He's been brave, using black South African musicians who're great players but who don't get an opportunity to be seen and heard and be free. They're suffering, tied up, with murderation and battering going on, and we should all know about it."

I wonder whether the Boy in the Bubble's motives come from the goodness of his heart, or a blundering attempt at fame and profit through breaking a boycott?

"He did it 'cos he genuinely wants these people to express themselves in music, he's taken the risk. We don't say boycott the Russians—they have people, family and feelings like we do. The governments are to blame... politicians protecting their millions of acres of land. We should be sorting out the ones really in control, charge in there and root it all up!"

I can just spy that chair flying over my head...

"It's like saying why do I have an all-white band when I sing soul music? It's like segregation."

The ebony/ivory tower is a strong symbol in showbiz, a non-specific message of peace and harmony that travels easily and

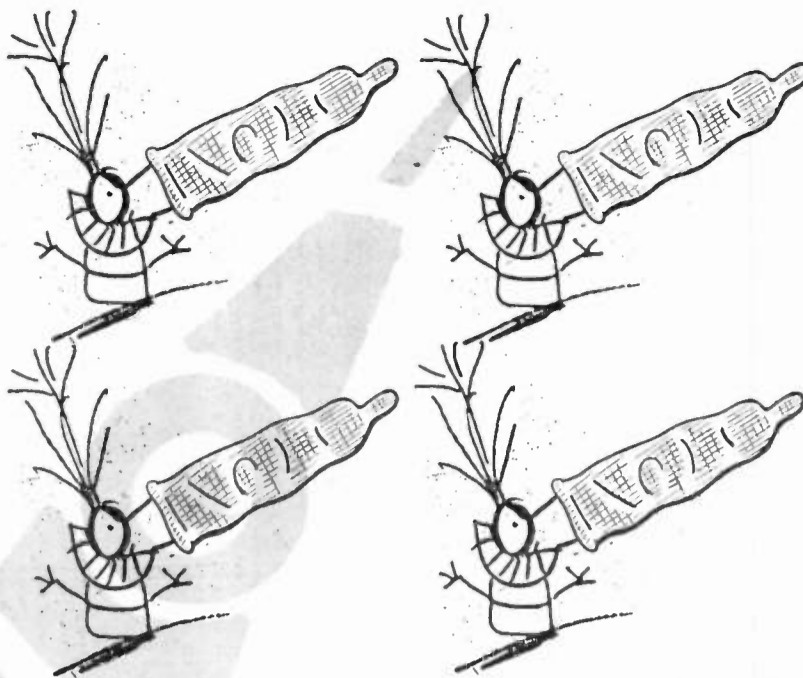
widely, from Band Aid through to Stevie Wonder. Although Ruby sees this message as important, she bypasses its blandness with forthrightness and a wicked sense of humour.

Determined to challenge as well as entertain, this Birmingham singer with jazz/theatrical roots, recorded her first album 'Women Hold Up Half The Sky' with the intention of truth-telling and touching a few nerves. Given the soul treatment, 'Only Women Bleed' is a track wrenched from its Julie Covington *Rock Follies* slant to be reinterpreted with greater pain, greater depth. The new single 'I'd Rather Go Blind' also displays her vocal skills, drawing out, contemplating and sustaining emotion. So far she has reworked covers or offered slow-paced ballads, but current plans include a second more uptempo, uplifting album, plus her own writing.

"I've co-written a song recently called 'Free The Dove', about world peace and projects like Band Aid, reaching out to other people. I pray things like that never dwindle, that we're always conscious of others' suffering."

She thinks about what's happening at home, the prospects for her brothers in Handsworth, where the new buildings recently sprung up "haven't made people any richer, haven't given them any jobs," and being young is a liability: "My brother's a gentle giant, but it's so easy to get involved in trouble." Ruby's motto, whether it's South Africa or British soul, is to stand firm. "If you throw enough mud at the wall gradually something'll stick." Sounds pretty sensible to me.

More work from the tastelessly talented **SHAKY KANE** can be seen at London's Limelight Club on March 24 accompanying the aural angst of new pop outfit **GIANT** (two of whom wrote the theme to Channel 4's *Right To Reply*, trivia tramps). Other artists featured include **SAVAGE PENCIL** and our own dear **CHRIS LONG**.



RUBBER FRENZY

SQUIRM ON! AIDS has gone mass-media, and how we love to watch terribly sensible panellists on BBC-1 blanch as they discuss risks like "fist inserted into rectum". The virus floods the screen, and feet leap into mouths.

Meanwhile, the planet's rockin' muthas party on, but safely. Backstage, The Beastie Boys insist on a 12-condom (black) rider. And the speed-metal thrusters are doubly cautious. Fresh from splashing them on our cover, *NME* asked the new HM heathens— are y'all sexy enough to risk death?

Dave Mustaine (Megadeth): "I have enough smarts not to get myself in trouble. You just gotta get rubbers. I have impeccable taste" (yeuucchh— Ed.)

Dave Ellefson (Megadeth):

"Anyone who has any concern for their wife should definitely take precautions."

Scott 'Not' Ian (Anthrax): "It doesn't worry me cos I'm gettin' married in November. But it's scary, though."

Frank Bello (Anthrax): "Put it this way, nobody's gay in this group."

Whaaaaattttt????!!!!

"OK, I'm just sayin'..."

David Wayne (Metal Church): "It's really being underplayed in the States, they're trying not to make anyone panic. But nowadays in metal, you gotta look like a girl to get a girl."

Next week: Play Safe! Give Your Fender SG A Condom!

DS

BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN

"John Lydon was cool, man, but everywhere we meet he outdoes us... like in Washington DC we were throwin' the cold-cut platter around and he did somethin' like piss on the wall. He's a cool guy." The Beastie Boys on supporting PIL

"The mad games they play on *Superstore* are nothing compared with the weird antics he gets up to at home. He once asked me to tie his manhood to a bedpost with a nylon stocking. It didn't do anything for him—it was really just a laugh—but I must admit it worried me." Cindy Milo on her relationship with Mike Read

"... I've always loved the idea of being f... as a female. You know, to know what it would be like, 'cos I'm sure that it must be incredible. I've always loved the idea of that, to see a man the way a female sees him." Saint Julian on role reversal

"Her profile is like a dolphin. Her neck is like a gazelle's. Her legs are an inch short of a giraffe's. She's almost six foot four inches tall—it's like eagles should be perching on her shoulders." Sylvester Stallone admires his wife Brigitte

"Speaking on TV and radio is a piece of cake for me. I can talk crap for hours. If it's crap you want, it's no problem... I love our Maggie and I hate the Labour Party. They're nearly all loonies. I'm sick of hearing all those moaning lefties whining about our great country."

Emlyn Hughes proves his point

"Jerry Hall publicly called me a "fat ugly drag queen" and said I was disgusting and that I was corrupting the youth of Britain, then in the next video Mick Jagger does he's got a dress on..."

Boy George on the unfairness of life

"I polish my toenails. I shave my legs. I like perfume. I am a real conventional chick."

Chrissie Hynde sums herself up

"Actually, it's very, very small. Two peas and a chipolata, they used to call me."

Gary Crowley on his more private parts.

THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW

HE'S A rich white lawyer and he's madder than hell...

New Yorker Richard Golub, who represents mega-millionaire property developer Donald Trump, is not content to tell it to the judge. Golub is gabbing to the world through his rap act, 'Power Of Attorney'.

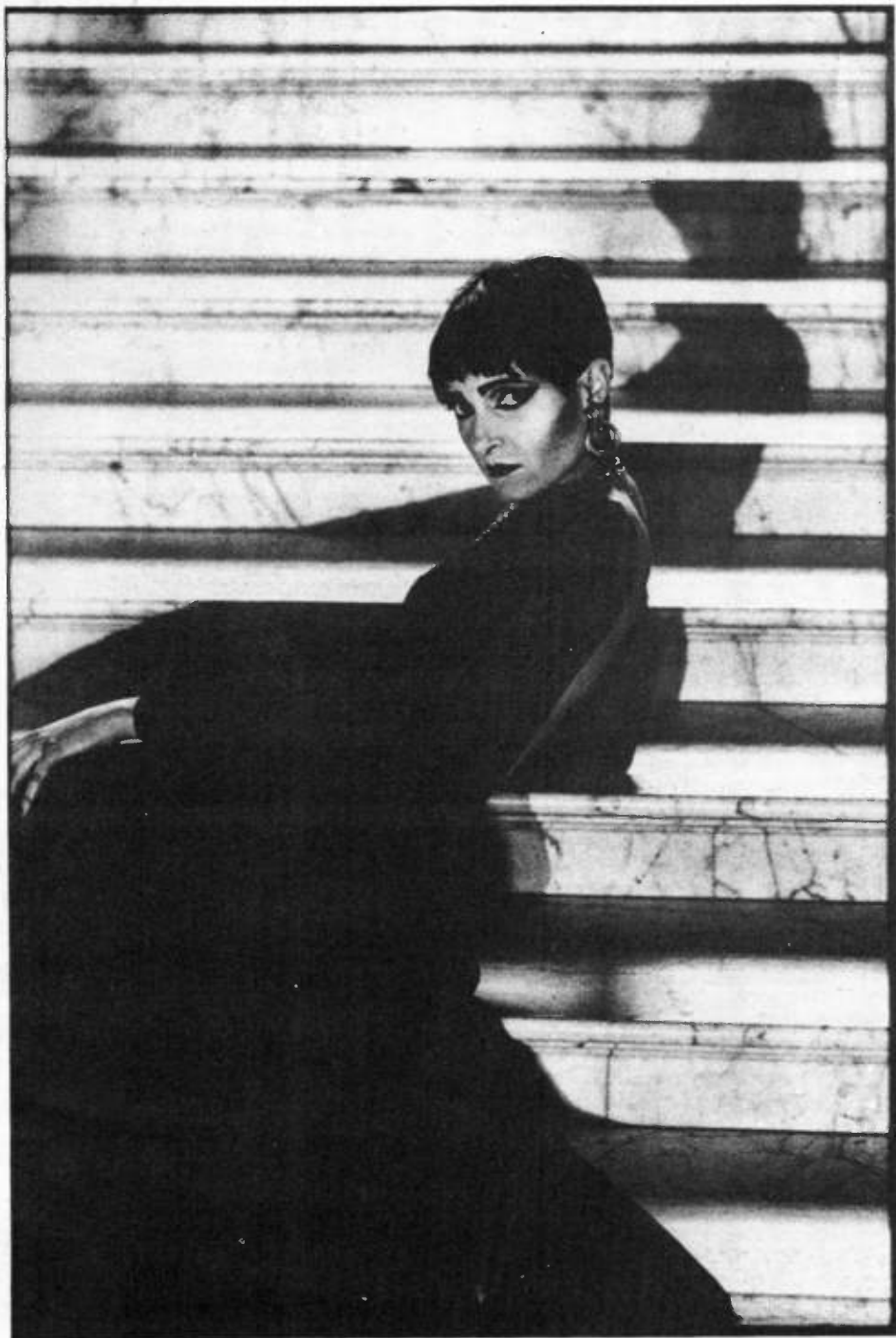
The legal rep started mouthing off in a move against the controversial rocker Jackson Browne, who recorded the slanderous song 'Lawyers In Love.' Golub feels that Browne has given lawyers a bum rap, and the legal lad is rapping in retribution.

Thrills imagines the not so hip-hop hypster is serving up such criminal sentences as:

I'm def, you're dumb
I'll rob you blind
Buying New York City's on my gentrifying mind
You know, I'm fly, I lie,
I gentrify,
Know of any buildings Mr Trump could buy?
Extorting and Bribing
You know I'm just jiving
My fees are going up and I'm
...
Oh, cut it out, Grabel. We know it's you...



ART: THE SHAKIN' MAN



HI-DI-HAIRCUT! Wailing Banshee fans were being treated for shock this week after spiky-haired songstress Siouxsie Sioux revealed her true identity during a dramatic tumble down the highly-polished steps of Port Talbot Public Library. The sultry chanteuse was rushing to return her overdue books when a small dog hurled itself at the hem of her backless evening gown. In the ensuing chaos, a shaken Siouxsie slipped, literally flipping her wig for the benefit of *Thrills* lensman Anton Corbijn. Now showbiz's

best-kept secret is out... Siouxsie is, in fact, Gladys Pugh, Vamp of the Valleys, alias actress Ruth Madoc.

"It's a fair cop, luv," purred the Welsh wonder as aides rubbed butter into her bruises. Now Polydor is denying rumours that it is to cash in on the controversy by releasing an album of cover versions of Siouxsie classics under the band name Gladys Pugh And The Banshees. "There'll be hell toupée if this gets out," snapped a company spokesperson.

odourama



IN THE grand tradition of pop stars endorsing consumer goods, singer Dionne Warwick has just introduced a new pop perfume, which bears the bewildering title of 'Dionne'. The scent is now flooding the market, causing *Thrills* to ponder the commercial viability of other high-profile pongs...

Reports have reached us of a controversial video made by a well-known art rock band who

deplore this commercialisation of pop music. Their wacky *smell-o-vision* film *Stop Making Scents* consists of clips of rockers and rappers who might follow their noses into the lucrative world of perfume with a tune.

Audiences are supplied with a nauseating scratch 'n' sniff record — a clever marketing device used by lazy rap master MCs who can't be bothered to scratch the records themselves.

The film is surpassed in bad taste only by bad smell, as we see Lou Reed touting his aftershave 'Lou's Face'. And while the coloured girls go 'Pew, pew, pew, pew...' the film segues into the offensive olfactory department of Yo boy Schoolly D, whose intriguing aftershave, 'P.S.K.' (What does it mean?) smells like a combination of sneakers and gunsmoke. A convincing salesman, Schoolly kills you if you don't buy it and tell all your friends. Fair enough, but the macho man in my life wears 'Meat Loaf' — or nothing at all.

Michele Kirsch

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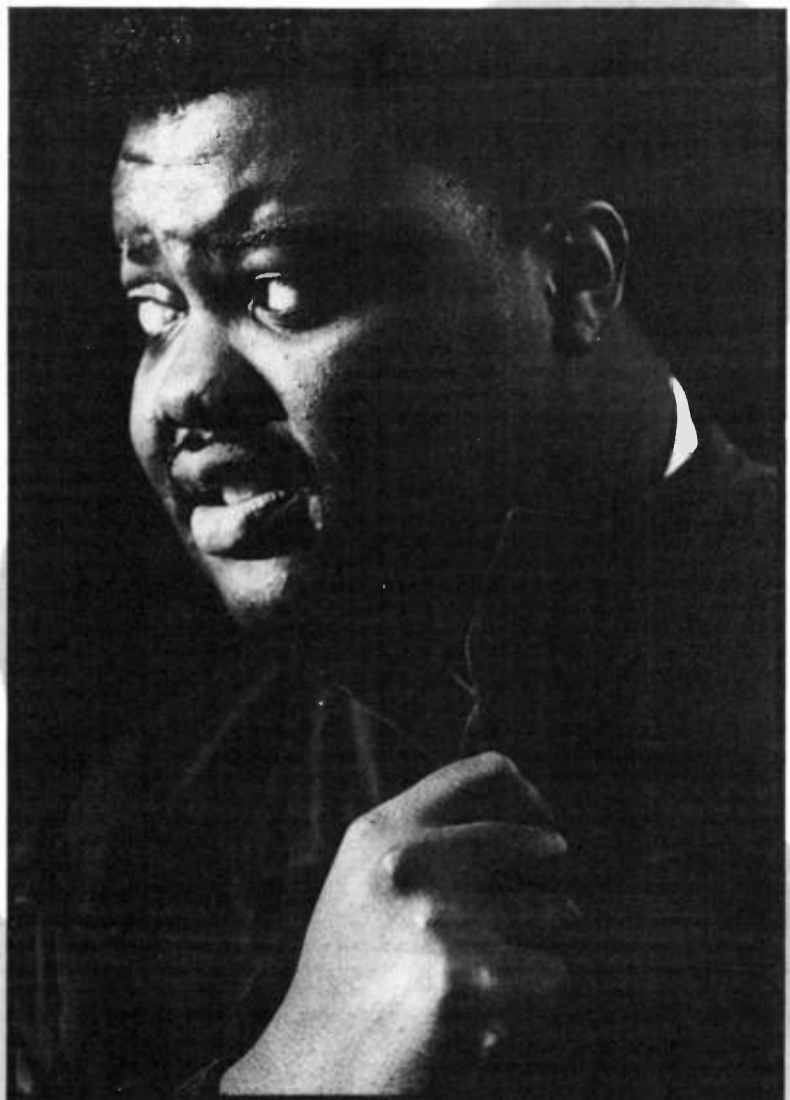
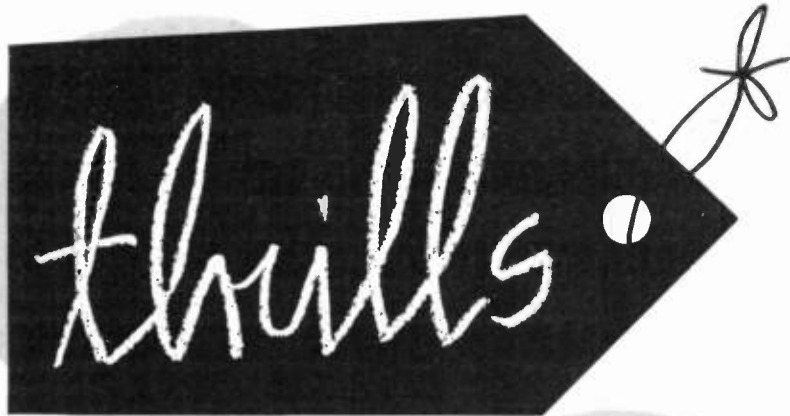
WIN

★ SUPER POPOID GROOVE

From the forthcoming album

...UH! TEARS BABY
(A TRASH ICON)





PICTURE: LAWRENCE WATSON

J'ACCUSE

Taurus Boy DANNY D reckons the native soul scene is guilty of a blatant anti-British bias. PAOLO HEWITT hears the case for the prosecution.

ANSWER THIS: in what other scene would an artist feel obliged to take the extraordinary steps of making a record, issuing it, and then doing everything possible to cover up his identity to the point of total anonymity?

According to Danny D of The Taurus Boyz, in none other than the

British soul scene. Dominated by a small elite of DJs and totally infatuated with all things American, the British soulsters have, Danny D feels, a notorious tendency of turning up their noses at music made on their own doorsteps.

"For instance," Danny points out, "if it's a British act, unless they (The DJs) don't have an interest financially or in a managerial status, then it's no good. But if they do have an interest then it's the best thing in the world."

"They dismiss hip-hop to a certain degree too—they don't see hip-hop as a form of music but it is, that's what the kids like."

To put this angry theory to test,

Danny D along with partner Gary Bell, wrote, recorded and produced 'Looking For A Love' (*Cool Tempo*), a smart credible House record, and then, on its release, deliberately kept everyone's identity and involvement a secret. By doing so, he hoped no one would be blinded to its merits on a nationalistic basis.

"I found that after doing it," says Danny, "even at a demo stage, people were asking me whether it was British or American. They wouldn't make up their own minds. I thought it was a good thing to play on. I thought it would be good to do a record in Britain, not let anyone know, and if they accept it, which they have done up to date, then it proves the whole thing wrong in the sense that if it's American it's good, if it's British it's not."

Danny D feels that one of our most successful exports, Loose Ends, has suffered neglect by the British media due to this attitude.

"In a severe way," he castigates. "I don't say that because I've been involved in their music in the sense of mixing it, but there's something about that group which the British public do like and the Americans like even better. They've sold numerous albums but still don't have the acclaim they should have over here. There's also Total Contrast. They're good British producers too, but aren't hailed in the same esteem as Randy Muller. I use Muller (Brass Construction) because he's the flavour of the moment with this Full Circle record. We have Steve Harvey, a talented man, but he suffers from it as well."

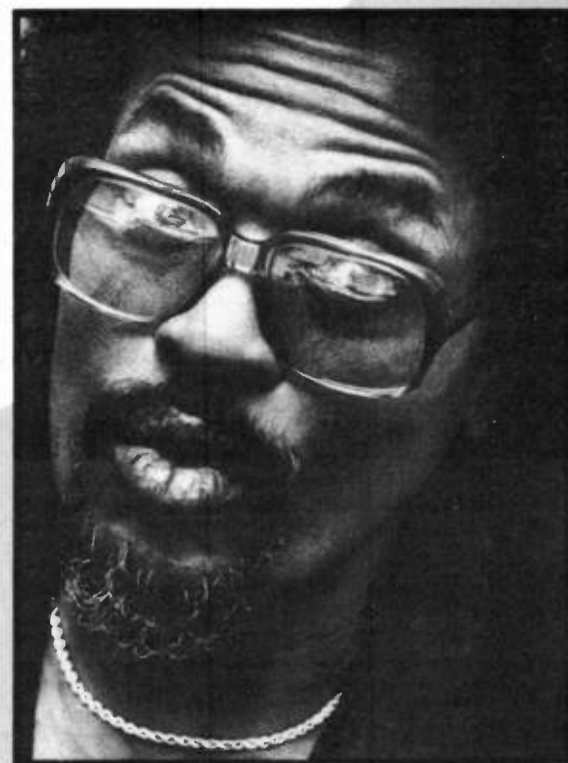
One person who disagrees with Danny D is Jeff Young, one of the leading DJ's on the scene. He argues that although there might be a slight bias against British-made soul, it's the quality of the music that counts, not its place of birth.

"I'd agree that there is a slight bias," Young says, "but that's because we've been treated to so many dodgy British soul records. The thing about the soul scene is that if it's a good record then it will sell. I heard The Taurus Boyz record and didn't think it was that special. That's why I don't play it."

Even so, Danny D remains optimistic about the future. He sees the openmindedness of DJs like Jay Strongman or Gary Crowley, coupled with the young musical talent that is emerging, as the key to the future.

"There are some brilliant hip-hop artists going round in the UK at the moment," he enthuses, "like your Hardrocks and Faze Ones who have more to come. It's not even a London thing anymore. You're getting it from Birmingham, Manchester, Glasgow, it's coming out all over the place. It's only a matter of time before the bubble bursts and there is a massive explosion of British talent."

But whether Mr DJ will be there on the night might well be another matter.



PICTURE: ADRIAN BOOT

Be bump 'n' fresh! Godfather of go-go, Chuck Brown, is coming to Britain for the first time. The man who made dance anthems 'Bustin' Loose' and 'We Need Some Money' plays the Camden Jazz Festival at The Town And Country Club on March 26 and 28. Chuck's non stop go-go is a sensual blend of pop, funk, rap and jazz. A mix honed through years on the Washington club scene and as riotous as his life. Marine, boxer, stick-up artist, convict and itinerant guitarist — Chuck Brown

is a walking movie. After playing his way out of an 11 year sentence for armed robbery he forged the go-go beat back in the '70s when the dish of the day was a marathon of top 40 hits. Refusing to break he linked each piece with heavy percussion and the art of drums became the sound of Chocolate City. While most of his records are strictly import only, Rhythm King are releasing a live double album of prime time soul searching. See the show, hear the record and get those feet happy!

STRANGER IN THE HOUSE

CLINT EASTWOOD was the man with no name, but **Elvis Costello** must have a fistful of passports judging by the pseudonyms he has accumulated over the years. Nearly 18 years after his first live performance Elvis has finally found himself.

For the first time, he is playing under his real name, **Declan McManus**, at Brentford Watermans Arts Centre on Sunday (March 29). We now take you on a magical metamorphosis tour from moniker to moniker.

He first emerged as **DP Costello**, the name he used in his faltering folk days, introducing the **Elvis** first name for his debut Stiff single just a few months before the death of the other Elvis (the fat one from Memphis). There were plans at the time to launch him as The King of Belgium because of his striking resemblance to the European monarch.

It wasn't until the end of 1978 that the next Costello moniker turned up. His version of 'Peace, Love And

Understanding' is credited to **Nick Lowe And His Sound** on the 'B' side of Basher's 'American Squirrm' single. Then it's on to 1982 and that's when things get really weird. The flips of the two singles from 'Imperial Bedroom' are credited to **The Emotional Toothpaste** and **Napoleon Dynamite!**

Oddly enough, his next guise provided him with his biggest self-penned hit for four years. It was May 1983 and Costello was anxious to get 'Pills & Soap' into the shops in time for the June general election, but a wrangle over F-Beat's distribution deal with WEA prevented him releasing records under his own name — enter **The Imposter**.

Coinciding with The Everly Brothers reunion tour in 1984, along came **Howard Coward** who, with his brother Henry (T-Bone Burnette), gave us close-knit country harmonies, twanging guitars and tongues firmly in cheek. Next came delusions of grandeur with solo shows by **The Pope Of Pop**. Then Costello stepped into the magic circle as **Rosco De Ville**, the bungling conjurer who was last seen blowing out a gig at Liverpool's Charleston Club after his rabbit crapped on his head.

'King Of America' was the first LP with songs written by McManus rather than Costello, and El takes the piss out of his own guitar playing, calling himself **Little Hands Of Concrete**.

Soon Declan will ditch music for a life below stairs when he appears as the grubby butler **Hives** in the Alex Cox movie *Straight To Hell*. That makes 12 in all but no doubt the coming years will throw up many more noms de plumes from a man seemingly desperate to shake off the Elvis tag.

Teflon McStautus



ART: STEVEN APPLEBY

For a badge of CAPTAIN STAR (purple) or JONES, send one loose 18p stamp (per badge) plus a stamped SAE to: CAPTAIN STAR, %124 Curtain Rd, London EC2.

20 years on from 'Sergeant Whassisname' and The Beatles still haunt pop. This, a typical week, finds them hogging the charts with their hoary old back catalogue, getting a face-lift to tug at the public heart and purse strings, and being mangled at the hip-hop hands of some scurrilous Scots.

WORLD DOMINATION PART 458

WHEN *THE Sun* hit on the idea of a Ferry Aid as a promotional lifebelt, post Zeebrugge, they reached straight for the Lennon and McCartney songbook. 'Let It Be', fatalism-a-go-go, seems an odd response to a maritime disaster in which nearly 200 people lost their lives, but as an all-star anthem it's effective enough.

Murdochville seized the main chance with a vengeance. Many of the ferry passengers on the fatal voyage were *Sun* readers, tempted onto the waters by the paper's £1 cross-Channel voucher scheme—but let's not make a drama out of a crisis. Why not make a publicity campaign out of it instead?

So, with typical *Sun* hypocrisy, tabloid scourge Boy George (transvestite junkie and walking disaster) was rehabilitated overnight into national hero Buoy George (chart-topper with a heart of gold) and Ferry Aid was afloat.

"Boy George Sings For *The Sun* Fund Victims", blazed the first of three successive front page leads given over to hyping the story. A glittering range of super celebrities were following in his wake to aid the families of disaster victims, the story read. "Even TV golden girl Anne Diamond has agreed to do her bit—by playing the flute!" God bless you, Anne.

"The venture—the biggest charity effort since Live Aid—could raise hundreds of thousands of pounds to ease the agony of relatives grieving..." declared the paper proudly. Would it be churlish to point out the hundreds of thousands of pounds worth of free publicity *The Sun* was hoping to make from the venture too?

The following day saw Ferry Aid moving full steam ahead. Not only had "sexy all-girl group Bananarama" and "Page 3 beauty Suzanne Mizzi" thrown their weight behind the project, but "megastar Michael Jackson", owner of the copyright to all The Beatles' songs, telexed the paper from Los Angeles to say: "Go ahead and make a fortune".

And then, after the weekend recording session attended by genuine celebrities, fringe celebrities and would-be celebrities, George was back on the front cover again, grinning widely and leaning on the shoulder of Levi-ad star Nick Kamen.

"Chart-topping Boy George led the chorus of more than 100 celebrities cutting a moving version of The Beatles classic 'Let It Be'. And as he finished his dazzling

contribution, George declared: "I hope it knocks me off Number One".

Nobody, least of all the *NME*, will mind if it does, considering that it will bring much-needed aid to victims of what was undoubtedly a tragedy of enormous proportions. What a shame that it also happens to provide Britain's most loathsome national newspaper with a buckshee PR campaign...

AND THE Beatles—"four deprived herberts from the council estates of Liverpool who stormed the world to become four filthy rich herberts from the..."—are also unwitting pawns in the web of international intrigue spun round Britain's most talked-about current 45.

Because when the Justified Ancients Of Mu Mu (JAMs), makers of the hot biscuit in question, decided to use the new international language of cut up, hip-hop, sound collage, of sonic theft, to say a few things about both AIDS and, erm, the copyright laws, what better raw material to start with than the stuff we've all had rammed down our throats since the day we were born—the work of Ye Fab Four?

And so it comes to pass that on 'All You Need Is Love' ('yeah, might as well filch the title too, they love covers on *Top Of The Pops*') we find the hallowed noise of the old income tax avoiders competing for time and space with the rantings of the MC5, the come-to-bed-and-bring-your-publicity-agent cooings of Samantha Fox, a BBC voice wittering on about sex with safes, and someone bellowing "shag! shag! shag!". There's plenty of other stuff in there too but that's enough to be getting on with, enough for a column or two of purple-faced outrage in the *Liverpool Echo*.

No, the important thing now is getting answers to questions—Who is the shadowy JAM ringleader who hides behind white label anonymity and the spurious King Boy D alias? Why has he perpetrated this heinous affront to our national heritage? And what (pleeease) does it all mean?

Breaking the indie brotherhood's code of silence didn't come cheap but it proved worth the outlay. In exchange for two almost usable photos of Wayne Hussey, our supergrass has revealed that far from being a one-off, 'All You Need...' is a taster for an LP with the tentative title of '1987—What The Fuck's Going On?'. Also that,



The Sun to the rescue: crossing Mersey sound with Ferry fund

hordes of screaming lawyers and Beatles fans notwithstanding, the record will be on the Copyright Liberation Front label.

And the name of the Mr Big behind the whole scam? Oh, all right, we'll throw in The Legend! for the weekend as well: just give us the name...

Bill Drummond? Bill ex-Bunnymanager-failed-Creation-Records-star Drummond?!! Bit of a disappointment this. Been better if it'd been Macca, wiggled out on home-grown mushrooms, or Jacko making maximum use of his expensively acquired publishing rights. Oh well, better get on with the old investigative journalism...

"Bill Drummond," begins a spokesman for Bill Drummond, "totally denies being King Boy D And King Boy D," continues the spokesman for Bill Drummond, who also happens to know King Boy D, "also totally denies being Bill Drummond."

And that, as denials go, is emphatic enough to confirm the truth of everything that's being denied. Which clears the decks for a piece of heartfelt advice; if you can possibly get your hands on 'All You Need...', then do so... it'll make you feel better about all those times you've had your day ruined by piped muzak versions of 'The Long And Winding Road'.



Jacko: Beatles copyright owner

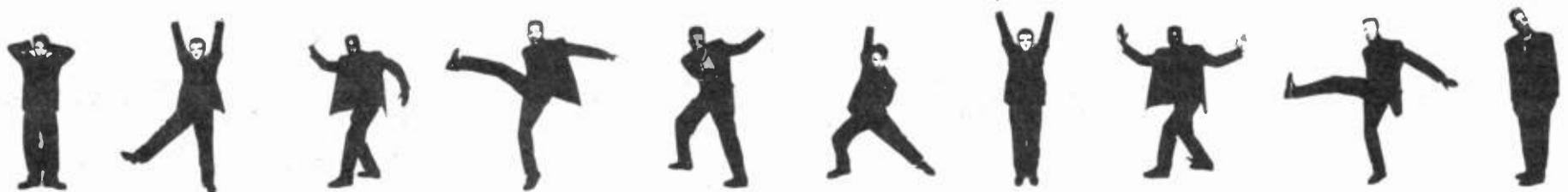


The inflated Paul McCartney



The Justified Ancients of Mu Mu

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BREWED IN GERMANY. DRUNK ALL OVER THE WORLD

Dalek dub

Back-a-yard in the Bronx. STUART COSGROVE meets THE MASTERS OF CEREMONY, whose new single, 'Sexy' is the latest collision of reggae and rap. In the heart of Strong City, how many 12-inchers make a yardie? Picture by EMILY ANDERSEN.

"I'm helping these niggers make big bucks. Believe the Busy Bee, this tongue never lies".

The tongue in question is lodged firmly in the irrepressible mouth of the diminutive Busy Bee, one of the most influential DJs from the South Bronx old school. He is buzzing around Jazzy Jay's studio talking the hind legs off a homeboy. The studio is packed to the walls with virtually the entire population of the Bronx.

They have come to kneel at the feet of Jazzy Jay an original leader of The Zulu Nation, member of Bambaataa's Soul Sonic Force, the man responsible for the first recording on Def Jam Records, and the force behind the old hip-hop hymn 'Jazzy Sensation'. His studio is currently the GCHQ for Strong City Records and a new school rap trio called Masters Of Ceremony, whose third single 'Sexy' is the city's hottest 12.

'Sexy' is the logical outcome of the rap-reggae collision, a toaster's tribute to *scoophilia*, the well-known art of casting eyes on passing flesh. The Masters Of Ceremony from New Rochelle have the kind of names you never hear at a christening. I baptise you Grand Poobah Maxwell, Prime Minister Dr Who aka TLD, and in historic pursuit of the Dalek Dub, skank forth the man called Don Barron.

"My family's West Indian. My mother talks patois and we regularly to to Jamaica. I learn't the techniques of toasting in America from a close friend called Carl Foster whose sadly passed away. He was a young man of 23 who got shot in the head in Texas. It was all a bit of a mystery. I was up here in New York waiting for him to come back so we could work together as reggae DJs. He never came back so I hooked up with The Masters Of Ceremony."

The hook-up took place in Lincoln Park where Don Barron still delivers pieces of Jamaica to the residents of New Rochelle. Grand Poobah Maxwell, hair by Philishave, was already working on a new single.

"We tried different basslines and the best sound we could get sounded like reggae. I tried to toast over it but it sounded wrong. I got a friend to try. He was worse. So I thought, I've got this homeboy in the park. I saw Barron in the street one day and told him to get busy."

Don Barron's Trenchtown touch seems to have reorientated The Masters Of Ceremony. After two unsuccessful raps, 'Crime' (M-Low) and an anti-crack record which got buried in the deluge of 'say no' overall, 'Sexy' has given them an identity. It will be taken to its ultimate dub conclusion on their forthcoming LP, a killer that features two monster tracks, 'Studa Stylee', a case of Johnny Ringo toasting at the MC Corral, and 'The Masters' which gets deeper into the past by scratching the eyes out of some old BB King classics.

Don Barron is still working at his day job as a hospital porter and by night he joins the other masters to work their record the hard way. With low budgets and no friends in high places, they have toured every hip-hop club in New York and bent the ear off every DJ from Busy Bee to Fresh Gordon. Once 'Sexy' had charmed the clubs they turned their attention to the Radio rap shows hosted by influential mandarins like Mr Magic, Chuck Chillout and The Awesome 2. When things got desperate they turned to their mentor Jazzy Jay.

"To begin with Kiss-FM didn't want to play the record. We kept ringing them to tell them how big it was in the Bronx. In the end we had to ring up their Programme Director and cuss him out. Play that mother or we start bombing in three minutes." He did.

'Sexy' by The Masters Of Ceremony is released on London Records this week.



The Masters—L to R: Prime Minister Dr Who, Grand Poobah Maxwell, Don Barron.

TART 'N' TRASHY

After 25 years, **THE MAJESTICS** – made in Scotland, from girders – remain the wildest Brit-pop trash merchants in the business. **STEVEN WELLS** gets his head kicked in by the ir'n bruisers turned TV stars.

The brick shithouse of Brit-bop, his gob fulla' chewed kebab, his head and torso stiff wi' bits of Glasgow bus shelter, has popped his dayglo socks.

Big Jazza McGlone – 'McElvis' as he was only half jokingly known – has quit The Majestics to strut a bigger, brighter stage alongside Bill, Eddie, Gene and Buddy. Cosmic justice or what?

With the possible exception of Johnny Kidd And The Pirates, The Majestics were the only gutscrewingly great British rock 'n' roll band. As such they have carved a special niche in the hearts of all of us to whom Rock and Roll is not some leaky catch-all for the soggy inadequates and wimps of pop but *hard, fast* R&B played more with the balls than the brain.

And now we've got that straight, let it be said that Big Jazza was a rock 'n' roll LEGEND. Which makes The Majestics ... what? A redundant backing band? Can you imagine The Kings of Scottish Rock without the Big J? *The kebab minus the meat?*

"No!" spits balding skin-basher Bomba Macateer, pounding the wine bar table with a mighty purple fist.

"No way!" he roars, setting the Banana Daiquaris adance like jaundiced gnomes on pogo sticks.

"The idea that the big guy was The Majestics is what we call a common misconception."

"We're thinking of getting a chick in to handle the vocal choras," says Vincent Diver, flinty-eyed and hard as granite, the man once described as John The Baptist to Hendrix's Jesus Christ.

"T'hell!" screams Bomba, the veins in his bulldog neck bulging.

"All the modern groups've got chick singers!"

"Aye, like Boy George! Say no more!" Vince bridles but bites back the bile. Study this face, watch the nasty sideburns melt into poncy points. See the riff, chick'n'whisky battered complexion smooth out and pale. It's ... David Steel! Yes, like the Liberals, The Majestics are on the verge of yet another comeback. It may seem that The Majestics are *always* on the verge of making a comeback. This time, though, the wind is in their favour.

Jock Rock is hot to trot. Tart an' trashy Tartan Thrash has stormed the Hadrian's Wall of Anglocentrism. And who do the young spunkers quote as their seminal influence?

Ask The Pastels. Ask the Shop Assistants. Ask The Close Lobsters. The Majes-

tics perform the same function with regards to the Scots indie scene that the revolutionary party does the revolution. They are its memory, its leadership and its catalyst.

"The Close Lobsters?" asks Bomba, disingeniously. "Who? They don't play our circuit, that's for sure. They'll be off playing shite like universities. We used to, once, but we had this spot o'bother at St. Andrews once ..."

"Aye, because you cannae keep your trouser zipper up ..." interjects Vincent, mysteriously.

"They're all run by a bunch o'trendy haircuts. They willnae book a band whose last hit was in 1962."

Well, given the consistent quality of the live act, why has it been so long since you've had a hit?

"I don't think we've had our finger on the popular pulse the way we did with 'Almost Grown' ..."

Vincent pricks his ears and guffaws. "The popular pulse?! What the fuck are you talking about?"

"The popular pulse of popular music, doug-heed!"

"Shit!" barks Vincent. "Look at Marmalade, look at Nazareth! Where are they now? Nowhere! 25 years in the business and we're still going strong!"

And the secret of that success is ...?

"Alcohol ..."

"Fags ..."

"Chicks ..."

"And no drugs!" says Vincent with his usual emphatic exclamation mark.

"Mind-expanding drugs would be wasted on us. Apart from the odd dram we don't drink 'till after the show. We're role models for the kids. It wasnae like that always. When you're young you have to experiment – you'd get no experience if y'didnae experiment."

"Aye but no wi' drugs," adds Bomba, sagely.

"There's no end of the experimenting you can do wi' different sorts of alcohol," says Vince, jabbing at a Harvey Wallbanger with a hairy Scotchfinger.

Is it not as plain as the boils on a B-boy's beak that the secret of the longevity of The Majestics is their primal instinct for the bare necessities of naked, thrashing Beat Frenzy?

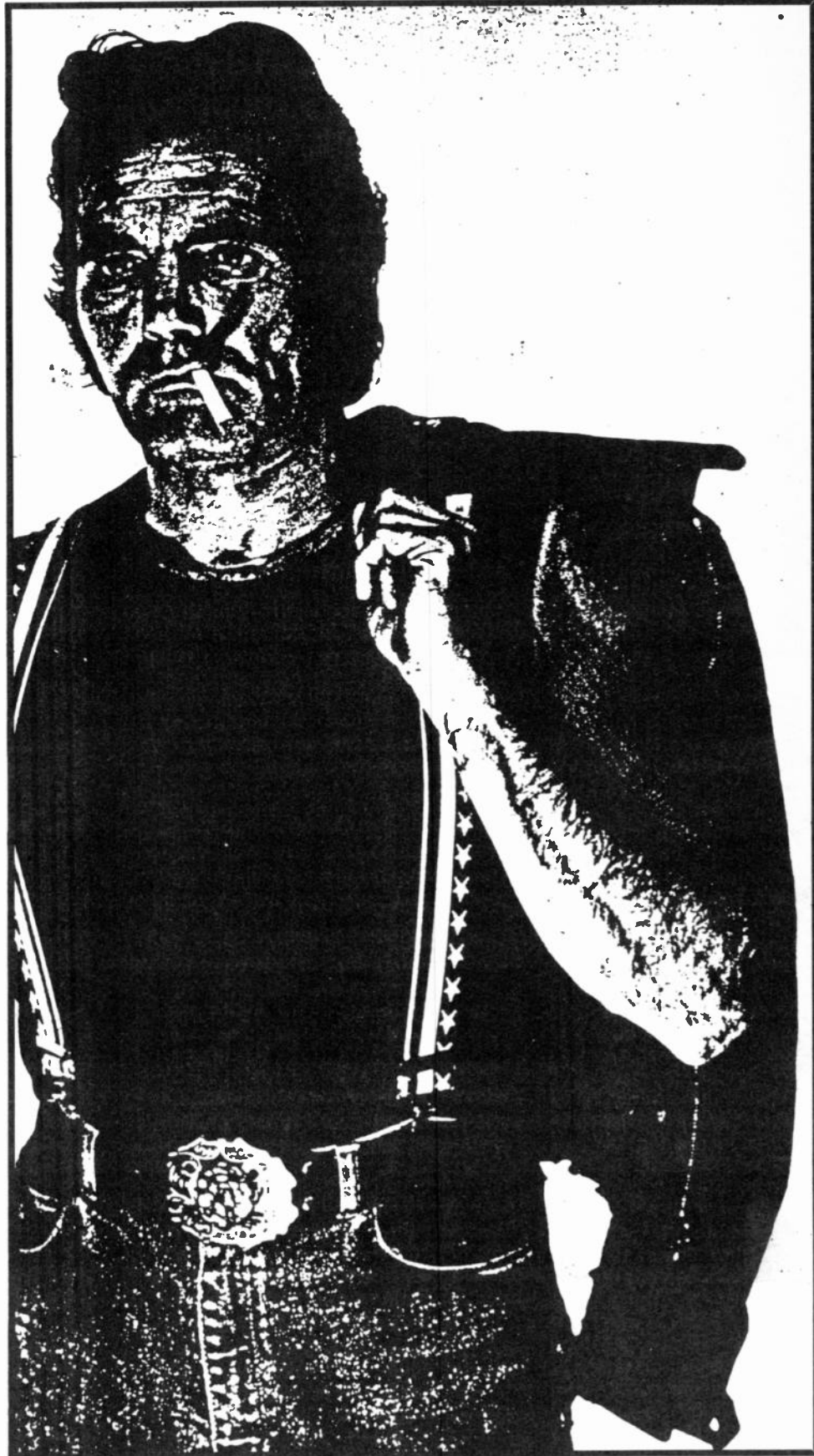
"Aye!" says Bomba. "I couldnae have put it better myself. I think that just about sums it up."

"Personally," says Dennis, their cynical pork slab of a roadie, "I think you should have gone country 'n' western years ago. That's where the money is."

"It's to do with standards and ethics!" growls Bomba, savagely, "if you want to play country 'n' western then form another group ..."

"Standards? Ethics? Pulse?" sneers Vincent. "Have you been eating a dictionary?"

"Is Boy George the one with the coloured hair?" asks Fud.



The iron man of Scottish rock

The last time so much was heard from and written about The Majestics was the brief summer of '77 when their snorting, down-the-line directness and honesty made them temporarily fashionable. Vincent is not convinced.

"I mean punk. That's why it's called punk. It's rubbish. Don't try to stick us in wi' that shite. Let's face it, those kids have got no artistic bent. I mean – we play our instruments – we dinnae just bang them."

This retro streak aside, The Majestics have to be regarded as a *radical* force. Not in any overtly political sense – although they did play their guts out in the Scottish Miners' Welfare Clubs doing benefits during the strike – but due to the fact that they have remained *hard* whilst those around them have drifted into drugged dreams of omnipotence, flopped, and gone flaccid under the stroking fingers of fickle fad and fashion.

"Scottish Rock is known for its hard men," says Vincent, a chap who could eat wimps like Anthrax for breakfast and still have room left for a 'tattie scone. "Alex Harvey, Frankie Miller ... All very hard men. It's the cold and the potatoes. It

makes you masculine. England represents the soft underbelly of the rock industry and we are like the iron fist of Scottish Rock."

So you're going to rip into the soft underbelly, pull the intestines out and vomit in the gaping wound?

"I would nae say that!" says Vincent, visibly shocked. "That's a wee bit punky. They do call me the Iron Man of Scottish Rock, though ..."

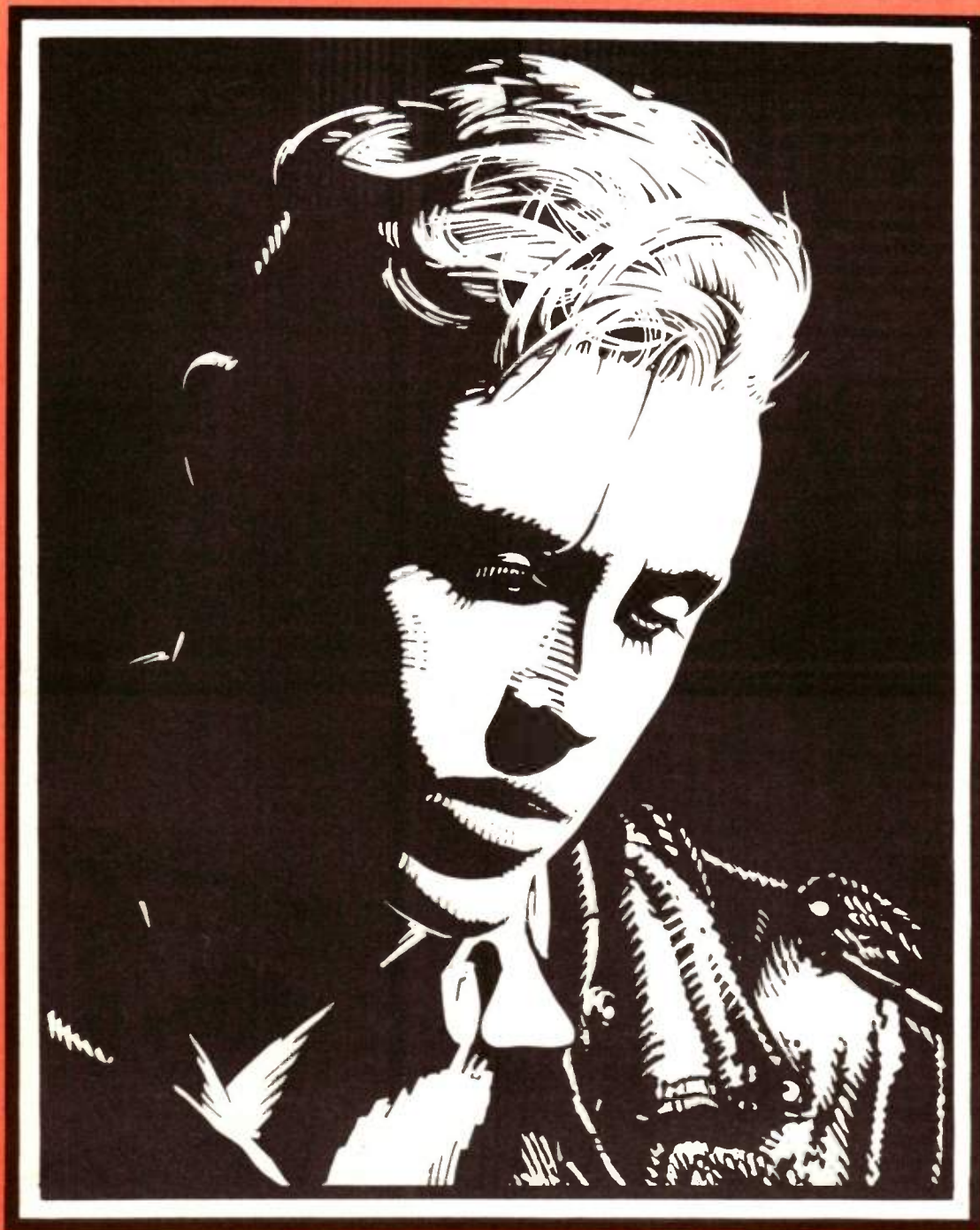
"That's because of all the rust!" jibes Bomba.

Vincent strikes Bomba a blow with the forehead. Bomba pokes Vincent in the eye. Dennis leaps in between them. Fud finally figures out who Boy George is. I pay the bill. What is going on? This is rock 'n' roll.

There is a certain brutal beauty to non-verbal communication. Can one imagine Mozzer twotting Marr? One cannot. Roll over New Man, your time has come. You're going home in a namby-pambulance.

The Majestics, Tuesdays 9.00pm, Channel 4.

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10 EDINBURGH *Playhouse*
11 ABERDEEN *Capitol*

12 GLASGOW *Barrowlands*
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*

WITH GUESTS (ON ALL DATES EXCEPT LONDON) THE BOLSHOI

Singing in the rain

Songs?! Poetry?! Something's very wrong here; THE WEATHER PROPHETS are making a splash as a high profile rock band, but there's *no mention* of metal mayhem, or even Led Zep. It's nothing short of deviancy! LEN BROWN's in on it too. Weathered features: NICK WHITE

I'm devastated. Midway through chatting about the way of the world, the price of frozen peas and The Weather Prophets new album – as you do – the motorcycle boy with the boots of once shiny shiny leather drives an express train into my erogenous zones.

"In a way we're much more in step with Malcolm Morley and figurative art. Our music's gone back to being song-based in the same way that painting's gone back to more traditional themes. It's such a poncey word but our music is . . . gasp . . . post-modernist."

It is indeed a poncey word, one that initially slaps you round the face like a wet kipper. And yet, beneath the artists-living-on-the-edge-again-yawn connotations, there's some truth in Pete Astor's assertion. You see, for all their black-leathered Americana visuals and their Lenny Kaye produced sound, The Weather Prophets operate in the British pop mainstream and seek to be unpretentiously acceptable.

While their axe-wielding contemporaries (the Cults and Missions) inflict their regurgitated '72 riffs on an aurally inexperienced audience, The Weather Prophets breathe new life into original rock formations in true post-modernist fashion. For in Astor – singer, guitar soloist, and the Prophets' top gob – we have a songwriter who can counterpoint the great spirit of the music's past with a refreshingly late '80s English present.

And it's commercial too. With the speed metal hordes (Anthrax, Metallica . . .) temporarily reviving the boring black-hatted thrashers (Nephelim, Avalancha . . .), and with the eternal Heavies (Ozzy, Jovi . . .) blood-curdling all the way to the bank, it's clear that Anyone Making A Noise With Guitars is a sound investment. Why else would WEA sign The Weather Prophets to their subsidiary Elevation?

Well, I'd like to think it's partly because Pete Astor is the inspiration and creator behind an après-minimalist masterpiece – The Weather Prophets' debut album 'Mayflower' including its offspring single 'She Comes From The Rain'.

The world will listen to The Weather Prophets if only because 'She Comes From The Rain' is the purest sweetest sound to precipitate from your tranny this spring; it stands out from the cerebral-crushing chart-beats, that waft from bars and boutiques, like a lovebird amongst turkeys. Its simple, warming, love-in-the-rain imagery is typical of Pete Astor's lyricism – dream-like and positive without keeping too painful a grip on reality. And it's one of the reasons why I'm talking to the leading Prophet in a broom-cupboard at Creation Records, London EC1.

All in black with a leathery cap and an Adolf-lick curl poking out, at a pinch Astor could've stepped out of a heroin ad or a Victorian chimney. But with those dark-ringed eyes and consumptive good looks he could also pass as the Head Boy of any unrespectable public school. But it's the succession of cigarettes smouldering in his fret-sweaty hands that most surprises me; completing a picture of contrived decadence that jars with the idealistic and innocent vision that inspires 'Mayflower' and makes it extraordinary.

With last year's unpolluted summer single 'Almost Prayed', and now 'She Comes From The Rain' and its long-playing parent, Prophet pop has well and truly arrived. But what makes 'Mayflower' superior to its contemporaries?

"We haven't gone in there and churned out the live set," explains Astor, honestly. "A lot of bands' first albums just end up being a bunch of songs on a record whereas I think ours succeeds in being an album, a world, all human life being there, a complete range of emotions. With bands like The Mighty Lemon Drops and the Shop Assistants it was just a flat collection of songs. Our goes somewhere, it's a world you go into and walk around in."

From the opening, re-worked Lofty heights of 'Why Does The Rain?', through 'Almost Prayed' and 'She Comes . . .', to the closing lullaby of 'Sleep', 'Mayflower' presents a simple, almost childish, reflection on the brighter sides of life.

"My emotions are straightforward, that's something I've got to offer. Morrissey's emotions are very camp; they're twisted, which makes them very strong, but that's not the way I see the world. Some people make their emotions seem more complex than they actually are, whereas I think there's enough difficulty communicating without putting up barriers in terms of meaning."

Between 'Prayed' and 'Mayflower', the means of communication collapsed with the failure of the much-touted Lenny Kaye-produced 'Naked As The Day You Were Born'. It's uncommercially ponderous Reed-like delivery proved too much of a contrast for the almost addicted Prophet consumers and, as a result, fuelled a 'love the first single, hate the band' cliché. Loyally, Astor stands by 'Naked . . .'

"I think 'Naked's brilliant," Astor puffs on his king-size, defensively, "very unhumble as well. I feel a bit sorry for it, like a poor child that's been rejected, I feel like taking it away and not letting anybody hear it again. It was kind of pushed out into the world having to be one thing and it wasn't, it was the wrong thing in that particular race. It's horses for courses and that was definitely the wrong horse."

He means of course that the slow, laid-back sentiments of 'Naked . . .' stumbled horribly in the Club Med sweepstakes of Radio One. It was clearly a banal choice for a single.

"It wasn't a completely stupid decision, there were plenty of poppy things we could've released. But, because we weren't releasing an album then, I thought the single should be more representative of the band as a whole, something to say 'look, we are of substance'. I think it's a very strong song and I think that it followed 'Almost Prayed' in that sense, but it's not very catchy. . . in fact it's almost unhumable."

If 'She Comes From The Rain' goes the same way I'll eat my brolly.

Deliberately, in 'Mayflower's title track, Pete Astor looks at America in the way a small boy looks at a large ice cream. While every other Tom, Matt and Bono experience mean streets, cactus canyons and subconscious colonisation, Astor's wide open eyes gaze greedily across the pond.

"'Mayflower' came from talking to this guy from Colchester in a club. He was telling me about America saying 'You wanna eat pussy the size of this table? That's the place!' It stuck in my head, seemed very Clint Ruin and was going to be the first line in the song but never quite got in. But it's that image, that it's all one big hamburger."

Damn shame, but it's hard to imagine the word 'pussy', even 'post-modernist pussy', slotting neatly into a Weather Prophets' song. For if one thing marks out Astor from his peers it's the direct innocence of his lyrics. In 'Mayflower' he dreams of "Buildings bigger than dinosaurs/Seven locks on every door/Prairies where the Greyhound rolls/Pilgrims in the land of gold", and "dollars swirling down on me". He's never been there, but that's the whole point. It's the myth that lures him.



Pete Astor (top) and his minor Prophets: bassist Greenwood Goulding . . .



... drummer Dave Morgan and (right) rhythm guitarist Oisín Little

"English songs never talk about going up the M62 but America is like its own myth. The Americans draw on Route 66 the way the English draw on Greek myth. In America the myth is America, they mythologise themselves. America's also a metaphor for corruption of an appealing sort."

But should we read more into the album's title? Can we make comparisons between The Weather Prophets and the Pilgrim Fathers searching for a pure New World?

"I suppose it is a maiden voyage for us but I know nothing about The Mayflower. It just seemed like a good idea. Ironically it does fit, there's a certain puritanism about the way we approach music, we are quite fundamentalist. ... right in there with Jimmy Swaggart."

The rain falls hard in Astor's world but not in the melancholic way it washes Morrissey's Manchester. From 'Why Does The Rain?' to 'She Comes From The Rain' – past 'Can't Keep My Mind Of You' and the "*feet in the rain in the gutter/eyes in the sky above*" of 'Head Over Heels', it's largely a positive force and not a symbol of English repression.

"I like classic metaphors, simple metaphors, and rain seems completely timeless. Maybe I should be hypnotised and psycho-analysed, but I suppose when things get really intense I go for the 'here comes the rain' idea, like it has some key meaning. So in 'Why Does The Rain?' it's rotten, whereas the answer to that question, 'She Comes From The Rain' is the opposite – '*I curse the rain/Run from it too/But I know the good things it can do*'."

"Why does anybody write about natural phenomena? Somehow the world becomes a metaphor for how you're feeling. When you externalise your emotions you pass them through the world you live in."

But it's not the Romantic rushing torrents and awesome landscapes of Wordsworthian youth that inspire the leading Prophet to natural reflection. Astor was brought up, unnaturally, in Colchester – "on one of those terrible housing estates with all those coloured garages, totally dull, they ripped down all the trees" – and his habitat remains predominantly urban. And, contrary to the impression often given in his songs, he retains greater affection for the parks and gardens of the city than for rural England.

"Woody Allen once said 'I'm alright in the country for about 10 minutes then I start to feel uneasy'. That's how I feel. Somebody was telling me they'd stayed on a farm and kept pigs and I thought to myself, 'I've only seen a pig once in my life'. When I think of the countryside it's people in Range Rovers, people shooting pheasants."

"One of my favourite poems is *The Garden* by Andrew Marvell – I sound a right fart talking about poetry – but his "*a green Thought in a green Shade*" is important to me. I like natural colours but it's the *kind* of green, the *kind* of trees, the *kind* of rain that happens in the park. That's where I feel at home and that's the nature of Marvell's poem."

Written at Lauderdale House, near Astor's current North London home, Marvell's poem celebrates the tamed greenery of *urban* England; the wild open spaces were not for Marvell, and are not for the Weather Prophet – with one weird exception.

"We went to Barrow-in-Furness and drove out onto the headland. That was brilliant, marshes and the nuclear plant or whatever it is. I wouldn't wish anyone to live there but that's the kind of scenery I find romantic. There's something forgotten about it, really William Burroughs, 'paper curling down an empty street 1929'."

I move on swiftly before the post-modernist Prophet can romanticise the aesthetic attraction of Sizewell B.

the guitar as an antique, will have already noted the presence as producer of Patti Smith guitarist Lenny Kaye and made the negative regressive leather-Yankee connection. Astor is adamant that Kaye's hiring wasn't just the result of youthful hero worship.

"There's been too much Rock music made with the idea that nobody should interfere with what the artist thinks. As a result, a lot of post '60s products are very unfocused, very self-indulgent, whereas Motown, The Beatles... that's music that was acted upon strongly by a producer. Lenny Kaye seemed to understand exactly what I was going for."

"I think it's a real red herring this state of the art technology. The fact that we make records with guitars, when we could be making them with synthesisers, puts us in 'the '60s', while electronically-generated sounds are 'the '80s'. I don't think that's true."

As for the U.S. grunginess criticism, should you line up any seedy New York or L.A. composition against the tracks on 'Mayflower', the very Englishness of Astor's singing and songwriting shines through. His pop is closer to Lennon & McCartney than Iggy, Reed or Patti.

"The kind of singing I like is where there's a sense of melody being dictated by the words. It's that way in Dylan, even The Lovin' Spoonful. And I was also therefore drawn to people who didn't sing in an overblown way, people like Nick Drake, Lou Reed and Syd Barrett. Especially Barrett because he was one of the few who actually sang in an English accent."

Even the parallels with Barrett – the psychedelic, surrealist speed-freak of early early Floyd – and Drake – the tragic, depressed English perfectionist – are misleading. Certainly the former's semi-detached soft phrasing and the latter's naive use of natural imagery strike similar chords. But Pete Astor's individual expression of his worldview and the musical context within which he presents it are, to me, unique.

"I'm a simple person, I have simple desires and simple fears. The songs are not emotionally complex, I like very straightforward songs like Tim Hardin – he's someone that's totally brilliant. It's ironic because it becomes embarrassing to say you like Nick Drake. I don't think he wrote any good lyrics apart from 'Black-Eyed Dog', maybe the last four songs, but I think his music's brilliant too. The lyrics are very immature, he's not a man of the world, but that's what made the music very beautiful and very sad. You don't get a sense of the guy having lived at all, his images of women are completely unreal ... there's much more fucking in what I do than there is in Nick Drake."

Astor has clearly decided to omit his darker, more despairing, Prophets' songs – such as the paranoid 'Worm In My Brain', or the covers of Tim Hardin's 'You Upset The Grace Of Living When You Lie' and Leonard Cohen's grave-chilling 'Who By Fire?' on the current 12-inch – from 'Mayflower'. In fact, the optimism that runs through the album will surprise many; for all its up-tempo elation I'd expected at least some raging against failing light or falling sky. To misquote the Shakespearean Pope of Pop, I thought that if you had a guitar it meant you were a protest singer?

"There's loads of things I want to protest about, but whenever the impulse comes I think 'who the fuck am I to tell anybody what's right or wrong?' I don't feel comfortable telling people my considered opinion, and also you hear so many foolish protest songs. I hate that 'we're right, you're wrong' position, that unspoken taking of sides before the song's even started. It's ugly. 'What's Going On?' is a great protest song, it comes from within."

CONTINUES PAGE 49

Those who regard Rock as dead, and

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES: *The Passenger* (Wonderful)

It's hard to believe it, but Siouxsie Sioux will be 40 years old this summer. . . what a trooper! From their humble origin as the punk band nobody wanted to touch with a barge pole, Sioux and Steve Severin have consistently steered the Banshees up the wrong side of the motorway, ignored road signs, crashed through red lights, and run over countless hapless pedestrians. They, of course, love a good car crash. . .

Nearly written off in a terrible acid casualty, when a truckload of Indian carpets, paisley shirts and Jefferson Airplane albums collided with the Banshee Batmobile, Sioux and Steve hobbled out of the incense fumes—giddy with *life* and humour. During their convalescence, feet up and

fright wig off, they whiled away the hours twittering and rediscovering their record collections. The result: a truly daft album. One of the beneficiaries of 'Through The Looking Glass' is Iggy Pop, who has never held a music industry driver's licence in his life but has instead surfboarded blindfold through the rush-hour traffic, frequently ending in a bruised and bloodied heap outside various corporations' doors. However, the Banshees' affectionate (just get a load of the horn section!), highly commercial rendition of Iggy's 'The Passenger' is a wonderful tribute to his considerable songwriting talents; and for the Banshees, it's a sharp, surprising slap in the face to critics who saw their fate as only spontaneous combustion in a fire of their own morbidity and re-hashed hippy mysticism.

MARC ALMOND: *Mother Fist* (Some Bizarre)

Now, here's another crazed old trooper, the much maligned Marc Almond, 42 and still tottering around on his spindly legs. Marc was once the angelic boy star of pre-Pet Shop Boy homo-erotic/family gullible disco duo, Soft Cell. Perversely, after making a killing on the charts, Marc threw it all away to become the underground High Priest of Camp. Revelling in the post-Punk climate of morality, Marc sank willingly into turpitude and carved himself a cultish niche as a decadent torch/cabaret singer. The music industry barfed as Marc churned out a succession of high quality un-airable and un-showable smut.

Ironically, this, Marc's paen to masturbation, released in AIDS-torn Britain, now crosses over from 'filth' to 'sensible filth'. "Use your hand. . . it's safer", quips a *Some Bizarre* spokesperson in the press release. As in every war, taboos, for a short while, crumble, obsolete when faced with death and only death. This record won't get played on

familiar airwaves because a) it doesn't incorporate any double-standard recognisable to a radio programme producer b) heaven forbid we all join hands and admit we like masturbation c) Marc Almond isn't a po-faced careerist like Neil Tennant. . .

SPEAR OF DESTINY: *Never Take Me Alive* (10 Records)

And another old trooper back on form. Kirk Brandon, now 35, who despite looking like a desirable choirboy, still managed to be an obnoxious anti-establishment runt with Theatre of Hate. He rose phoenix-like from the ashes of his own rebellion to front the all-night-Reggae-party sounding Spear of Destiny, whose latest single is uncannily like late '70s gin-sodden Neil Young. . . Nothing wrong with that. Neil Young at the bottom of a bottle was as good as any carefully shrift-shop suited and well-read trendy wino such as Tom Waits or Shane MacGowan. This is an impassioned dirge from Brandon, which I hope will win him new support, though I doubt any airplay. Obstreperous gits are a dying breed.

DEAD OR ALIVE: *Hooked On Love* (Epic)

But then of course there is the old trooper, the obstreperous git of the decade—Ms white bitch of the music industry, Pete (largest ego in the universe) Burns!

When I recently attended a performance of David Cronenberg's *The Fly*, Pete Burns immediately came to mind. There he was—convincingly played by Jeff Goldblum—descending through skylights, all rotting flesh and mind, acid vomit dripping from his fly lips, to scoop up yet another besotted teenage groupie and incarcerate her in his lair of—AD NAUSEAM POP. What Frankie Goes To Hollywood employed an army of scriptwriters to create, Pete Burns produces with a flip of a 2" finger nail: total confusion and fear.

KIM WILDE AND JUNIOR: *Another Step* (MCA)

Fear seizes like a cold fist around my heart whenever that old trooper Kim Wilde's larynx get exercised. There she is, with the perfect post-Spector voice of bubblegum sin, looking like 85% of the average female clientele of a Gay Club. . . But you KNOW her Dad is failed rock n' roller turned successful businessman, Marty Wilde, and her brother is Ricky Wilde, failed teenybop star turned successful record producer, and her mum is her best friend and they never have flaming rows and even The News of the World couldn't invent a sex and drugs scandal about Kim. Yes, waiting all these years for Kim to do a Patti Hearst number has done me in. . . Meanwhile, her sadistically cold seductive voice continues to echo, forever the indifferent whine of a 16-year-old. There is, needless to say, not enough of Kim on this extremely marketable commodity duet with Junior. It's a hit. But not with me. I loathe duets, they reek of insincerity (even Marvin Gaye and Tammi whasit couldn't convince me that the world was just a great big onion. . .).

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT: *Ordinary Day* (Mercury)

I shall now perform my famous Julie Burchill impression. From the moment Paula (is innocent) Yates

45

REVIEWED BY JANE SOLANAS

SLY AND

Sly and Robbie step out on the urban beat



began plugging the brats on 'The Tube', and I caught my first sight of Ben Posh-name's inverted cap and smarmy grin, I hated them. When Posh-name started citing Steely Dan as an influence and 12-year-old girls still had an orgasm over him, I knew I was witnessing the death of pop. Their half-arsed muzak is cat's piss, a lingering annoyance that is only temporary. Their indifferent pin-up image however, pin-points all that is rotten in the state of a 12-year-old's dream.

FLEETWOOD MAC: Big Love (Warner Bros)

ERIC CLAPTON: It's In The Way That You Use It (Warner Bros)
HOT CHOCOLATE: Every 1's A Winner (EMI)

'87 is definitely the revenge of the rich old farts. Staggering like zombies, some with walking frames and pacemakers, they stare into the bright sun of the Compact Disc. Mortgages, alimony and other bills fade away like the memory of their youthfulness and relevance in that bright gleam. Never has their audience been less discerning. The '60s generation who, after establishing careers, capitalising on home building, and littering the place with kids with pretentious names, now has the leisure to relive their '60s; and what they want are their '60s idols aging comfortably along with them. Fleetwood Mac and Eric Clapton go with the pine and the pastel paintwork.

Hot Chocolate are, of course, a '70s product for middle-aged middle-class consumption; so dire it has to be souped up to sound like '80 chart fodder. That's the way the CDs like it.

THE MASTERS OF CEREMONY: Sexy (London)

I am pig-ignorant of this new urban music—hip-hop, rap, NME, Rambo, or whatever it's called. The bad breath of Schoolly D and The Beastie Boys opening their mouths left me in fear of rape and/or a good kicking if I ever unclapped my ears and actually listened to the stuff. But I've discovered via journalistic curiosity and closet listening to Mantronix, that the majority of Rambo isn't poison at all, and that the lyrics are no worse than the rest of rock n roll (which remain a scandalous outrage

from Elvis on, etc, etc). The Masters of Ceremony, with their bizarre amalgamation of rap and dub, have made an excellent and challenging record.

VICIOUS RUMOUR CLUB: Whole Lotta Love (Music Of Life)

It had to happen. The rediscovery of Led Zeppelin. In their time, merchants of the mega-riff and mega-sex lyric, with a phenomenal public and critical acceptance value, they are now—a few years of obligatory uncoolness under the bridge—ripe for plundering by Rambo plagiarists. Vicious Rumour Club have, surprisingly, come up with an irreverent version of the Zeppelin anthem to wanton screwing and trite chord bashing, which I appreciated and actually came to admire the more I played it. However, I was well pissed off with the Club's British distributors, who re-inforced rap's neanderthal image by making jibes in the press release at "poofs" and women who still have "The GLC Works For Women. Save It" stickers stuck to their cars. Who ever wrote it is a repressed twat. . .

A HOUSE: Kick Me Again Jesus (Rip)
An excellent debut single from this Dublin band. The Jesus And Mary Chain will probably hit each other for not thinking of the title which, in my opinion, should go instantly into the annals of all time great song titles. A House sound like a blind drunk Lloyd Cole And The Commotions.

TWO PEOPLE: This Is The Shirt (Polydor)

I do so enjoy absurd love songs. This was originally released in '85 and flopped. However, it has never been far from the turntable of a Gay Club I know. I thought it was because it was arch-pop and dancable, but now I discover it is in fact about two men and a shirt. Its very sweet and deserves chart success, though I think they made a mistake re-mixing it.

JOCELYN BROWN: Ego Maniac (Warner Bros)

And here it is, that precious article, a disco single in which a woman tells a man to go stuff himself. Loved it.

BABY AMPHETAMINE: I'm A Chernobyl Baby (Pow, Pow, Pow) (Creation)

Ah, the latest singing on whacky Creation Records, the label that likes to make you puke. . . Baby Amphetamine are "three girls plucked from the twilight world of the Virgin Megastore", and I'm sure the Virgin chain were glad to be shot of them. They are an utter disgrace to civilisation, clearly finding the Chernobyl disaster a source of amusement. However, they are in their lyrics decidedly uncomplimentary about Bananarama. For this act alone, the 'girls' score 1 star. I don't see any point in treating the name Chernobyl flippantly.

THE PASTELS: Crawl Babies (Glass)
MY BLOODY VALENTINE: Sunny Sundae Smile (Lazy)

As a young teenager, I was a member of The Syd Barrett Fan Club. I had my own little purple Syd Barrett badge, and received regular copies of the club fanzine, 'Terrapin'. I think I was member number 168. I often used to wonder who the other 167 were. Now I realise they must have been evil agents of musical horribleness, hellbent on corrupting youth with the myth of Syd Barrett's status as a solo artist. Syd was indeed some sort of genius when he formed Pink Floyd, but when he left the band his talent was all but acid-fried, and the two solo albums he strummed and jibbered his way through were diabolical and acutely embarrassing. I never dreamt I would hear the likes of these and Syd efforts again until I heard The Pastels and My Bloody Valentine (both of whom have come up with unnervingly accurate Syd song titles!). I had to hide under the bed and pray for deliverance, as the strains of raving mad whimsy and tunelessness attacked me. It used to be a common question: where is Syd Barrett? Nowadays, people don't bother asking, they just decide to go ahead and be him. Ghastly. . .

HANGMANS BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTERS: And Love Is Blue (Dreamworld)

I was honestly fooled by this bunch of neo-flower children. I thought

they were the real trip—a long lost psychedelic band. Those drippy vocals, the sitar (!), the stoned ambience, those excruciating clothes, haircuts and the classic bad photography of the cover. It takes a real timewarp victim to get music and image that convincing. I don't know whether to congratulate the band or recommend they seek psychiatric help.

DEACON BLUE: Dignity (CBS)

This took repeated plays before I realised just what a strong song it is. It reminds me of Pre-Fab Sprout. It's definitely 'a Janice Long record' i.e. it has lots of pertinent narrative.

THROWING MUSES: Chains Changed (4AD)

Boston-based cult band for Janice Long egg-heads. They do have a certain undefinable 'charm', but their lead singer sounds like a chipmunk crossed with that hippy out of Lone Justice.

HANK WANGFORD BAND: Cowboys Stay On Longer (Sincere)

Believe it or not, Hank Wangford is only 42. The unlikely star of TV's 'A-Z of C&W' releases, in 12" form only, some sadly perfunctory C&W. The band makes a pig's ear out of Loretta Lynn's sublime, 'Don't Come Home A Drinkin' (With Lovin' On Your Mind'). Mind you, after witnessing what a reactionary hussy Loretta really is on Hank's programme, perhaps she deserves it. "Away I ain't one o' those femmynistes, no sah. . .". I guess, in Nashville, feminists = communist.

GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS: Send It To Me (MCA)

How long before 'Midnight Train To Georgia' turns up as a piece of denim? This is far better than I expected it to be. Dame Gladys still has a voice of blue fire.

LUTHER VANDROSS: See Me (Epic)

I believe I am supposed to swoon, hurl me knickers on the ceiling, and generally act like I'm in the presence of the divine when Vandross' voice comes into the room. Alas, I have heard Terence Trent D'Arby, and this kind of lipgloss is passe.

TOM VERLAINE: Cry Mercy Judge (Fontana)

Yet another old trooper still treading the boards, but with that practically unheard of attribute, dignity. Verlaaine has the spectre of that astonishing Television debut album to haunt him, and now renewed interest in 'Little Johnny Jewel' (someone should re-release it quick. There is an innocent nation out there under the delusion that The Banshees have made a cover version of it. . .); but this comes very close to that original inspiration. Meticulous quality. Verlaaine is well overdue major attention and reward.

CONGRESS: Contract Of Faith (EMI)

I suspect EMI are hoping that they've signed themselves their very own Cat's Piss. Certainly, Congress are wan enough (two out of three look like Daniel Day Lewis), and their music is vapid enough to appeal to both teenies and trainee yuppies. Congress seem to know it too. On the sleeve they are playing with wads of crisp dollar bills. How vulgar.

CAMY TODOROW: Chain Of Fools (Virgin)

LES RITA MITSOUKO: C'est Comme Ca (Virgin)

IN TUA NUA: Heaven Can Wait (Virgin)

Meanwhile, strange goings on in the A&R department of Virgin Records. They don't care about Cat's Piss. They've combed the world to bring you: Camy Todorow from the Eastern Bloc, who has a frightful Aretha Franklin complex and looks like Anne Pigalle; Les Rita Mitsouko, who in three minutes of unbelievable sub-standard Eurovision Song Contest 'noise' put the French music scene back years; and In Tua Nua from Dublin, who are deeply meaningful Lone Justice clones.

WINSTON REEDY AND TIM HAIN: Reggae Man (Priority)

Pleasant if quickly forgettable tribute to Jah Marley. I was sorry to see only one Reggae record in the review cupboard. Has it turned invisible?



The new
sound
from the
Rhythm Twins
on 7" & 12"
featuring
Jamdown's
hottest new
wordster
Shinehead

ROOM 21

BOOPS
(HERE TO GO)



MANIFESTO!

BLACK AND BLUE

With the General Election imminent, the Conservative Party are desperate to woo black voters — many of whom are seen as 'natural Tories' by Mrs Thatcher. **RAJAN DATAR** looks at the party-in-power's attitude to race relations and meets London's sole black Conservative parliamentary candidate.

"People are really rather afraid that this country might be swamped by people with a rather different culture . . . The British character has done so much for democracy, for law, and done so much throughout the world, that if there is any fear that it might be swamped, people are going to react and be rather hostile to those coming in."

With these few well-chosen words of populist bile, during the election campaign of '79, Margaret Thatcher opened her arms to a disgruntled mass of Tory supporters and clinched a decade of power. Aided by a fawning press whipping up hate campaigns against 'lazy rioting blacks', 'lying sneaky immigrants' and 'barmy black council leaders', the strategy has been a clear tactical success.

But in this crucial election year, it seems the Tories may have been forced to change their tune.

Not surprisingly black voters in this country have reacted rather negatively to Tory policies on race relations. In 1983 the not-so-pure Labour party had the black community to thank as its most loyal support base; two thirds of the ethnic vote went to a Foot-in-mouth party facing crumbling sup-

port from its traditional mainstays.

As election punditry reaches fever pitch, it's reckoned that in up to 85 parliamentary constituencies, black voters may well play a decisive role. That is if they have any faith left in an electoral system that has used them ruthlessly as campaign fodder and left many virtually disenfranchised.

By the 1990's the make-up of the black electorate will have drastically changed. Over half will have been born in this country. Black Youth, already increasingly militant and detached, will have greater bargaining strength . . . if they want it.

Conservative HQ, ever-aware of changes in public opinion, has made a furtive step toward attracting the support of Britain's ethnic communities. Ministers are making noises about the need for more black faces in Council chambers and Constituency Party meetings. Thatcher has always believed many black people, particularly in the Asian community, are 'natural Tories'.

Black Conservatives are still a tiny minority, usually cropping up where their business interests outweigh any antipathy to right-wing racism. The hip-hop merchant himself, Morgan Khan — boss of the now bankrupt Streetsounds — has already proclaimed his support for the party, sometimes to embarrassing effect. And the Party clearly hopes more young Afro-Caribbean and Asian entrepreneurs will offer their backing.

Nirj Deva is London's sole black Tory prospective parliamentary candidate. He's standing in Hammersmith (18 per cent black electorate, cosmopolitan and Yuppified) against Labour Home Affairs spokesman, Clive Soley.

Like many prominent Tory politicians, Deva has his fingers in many pies — he's director of a few com-

panies, chairman of two National Consumer Council Commissions, even Deputy Lord Lieutenant of London.

Deva admits there is a great deal of ignorance and prejudice within the Conservative Party, but claims that he and others are changing things . . . and in any case the Opposition are worse.

"The Labour Party wants to divide us, in a very subtle way. When you're told you're deprived and you're unable to look after yourself . . . they give you their grants, their money, their patronage . . . what sort of ethos are you generating? One of dependency. And the Labour Party is cultivating this. It's a white supremacy idea that's absolutely insidious and I'm not going to have it!"

So you're not in favour of positive discrimination?

"The sentiments are laudable. But what possible advantage is there in teaching a Bengali child Bengali in an area of high unemployment? They should be teaching them English to get a job."

But it's a multi-cultural society.

"We don't want a multi-cultural society. People didn't come from India, Pakistan and Bangladesh, and East Africa to set up a multi-cultural society. They came here to be part of the British way of life, part of the British Institution, to eat the British cake if you like, and make the British cake grow . . . but not to set up their own little bakeries."

I look up from my notebook to check I'm not talking to Norman Tebbit here.

"Look at this Black Sections thing . . . what is it about? It's about apartheid. Remember that nearly 12 years ago we set up an Anglo-Asian Conservative Society (open to all) and that's sailing through with no prob-

lem. We are one nation. Either we're one equal nation or we're nothing!"

Nirj Deva's logic begins to escape me, but at least it's consistent with Party policy. What about the Tory line on sanctions against South Africa?

"I'm rather concerned about not using black people as cannon fodder and I think there's an attempt on the extreme Left to sit here in relative comfort and say, Oh yes let them be shot at."

In the US the Black Caucus in Washington has been particularly effective in lobbying for more action against South Africa.

Would Deva work with Labour's black candidates — such as Profitt, Abbott and Grant — if they were all elected on these sorts of issues?

"No. They're members of the Labour Party and I'm a member of the Conservative Party. I'm a Conservative Party Member first."

The Tory drive to attract black voters seems to me to be doomed to the same failure as their disastrous efforts to appeal to young voters. Nirj Deva, as the face of the Black Tory, is rather akin to Bev Bevan of ELO being wheeled out to win over all those hip young Conservatives out there.

In a strange way this is a pity. The sooner black people in this country are allowed to make a free political choice in this country, the better, a choice that isn't based on the negative premise that one Party is less racist than the other; a choice that isn't tied to the colour of one's skin. An all-white all-male Labour Party struggles clumsily on to fit black oppression into its list of good causes, but it really isn't very convincing.

The 'most civilised democracy in the world' can't even solve this kind of basic political division and it isn't mature enough to.



PICTURE: UNIVERSAL PICTORIAL PRESS

Nirj Deva: "The Labour Party wants to divide us in a very subtle way".

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Just enough for the city

STEVE EARLE doesn't do drugs – “can't afford 'em”. Instead he counts the cost of trying to break down the barriers of Nashville as second stringer on the Dwight Yoakam trail of new country realists. Interview by **GAVIN MARTIN**. Picture: **DEREK RIDGERS**

Tramping the streets of New York's Alphabet City in search of a photo location, Steve Earle, Texan troubadour turned post-Springsteen Nashville tornado, is giving us a brief lesson in natural history and geography.

“I love to come here. If I was single and I had enough money I'd definitely consider living here. If I get a bit of money next year I probably will buy somewhere here but only for the purpose of writing. I wouldn't know how to bring my kids up in the city.

“Sure there's differences in people in the north and people in the south, that's one of the things that's good about this country. Mostly it's friendly rivalry when they talk of hicks and hillbillies, but back in 1958 a Grand Old Opry Showcase came to the Carnegie Hall. Halfway through the run there was this really insulting review printed in a New York paper. Ernest Tubbs was a real gentleman performer but the night after the review was in the paper, he came onstage, looked around the big hall, and said, ‘you sure could fit a lot of hay in here’.”

If the legacy of insensitive misunderstanding by slick New York critics is anything to go by then America's north versus south divide still continues. It was just a few months ago *The New York Times* ran a front page story declaring country music as good as dead. To you and I the NYT may mean doodley-squat, but prominent column inches in an influential journal dealt America's most consistently marginalised music a bad body blow right at the time it was starting to get vital again.

“Maybe a lot of things he said were true or had been true but to go away and declare there was no hope of change, that everything was beyond hope, well . . . I haven't seen that guy come too near any of my shows.”

Of course things are happening in Nashville – the fresh input from traditionalists like The Judds, Randy Travis and George Strait is challenging the crippling hold of Nashville's dire country radio. And as New York and Los Angeles become too expensive for many aspiring musicians, every week brings a new influx of hopefuls who play a variety of music which challenges worn preconceptions about Nashville being synonymous with bland, gutless country. Things are changing, slowly.

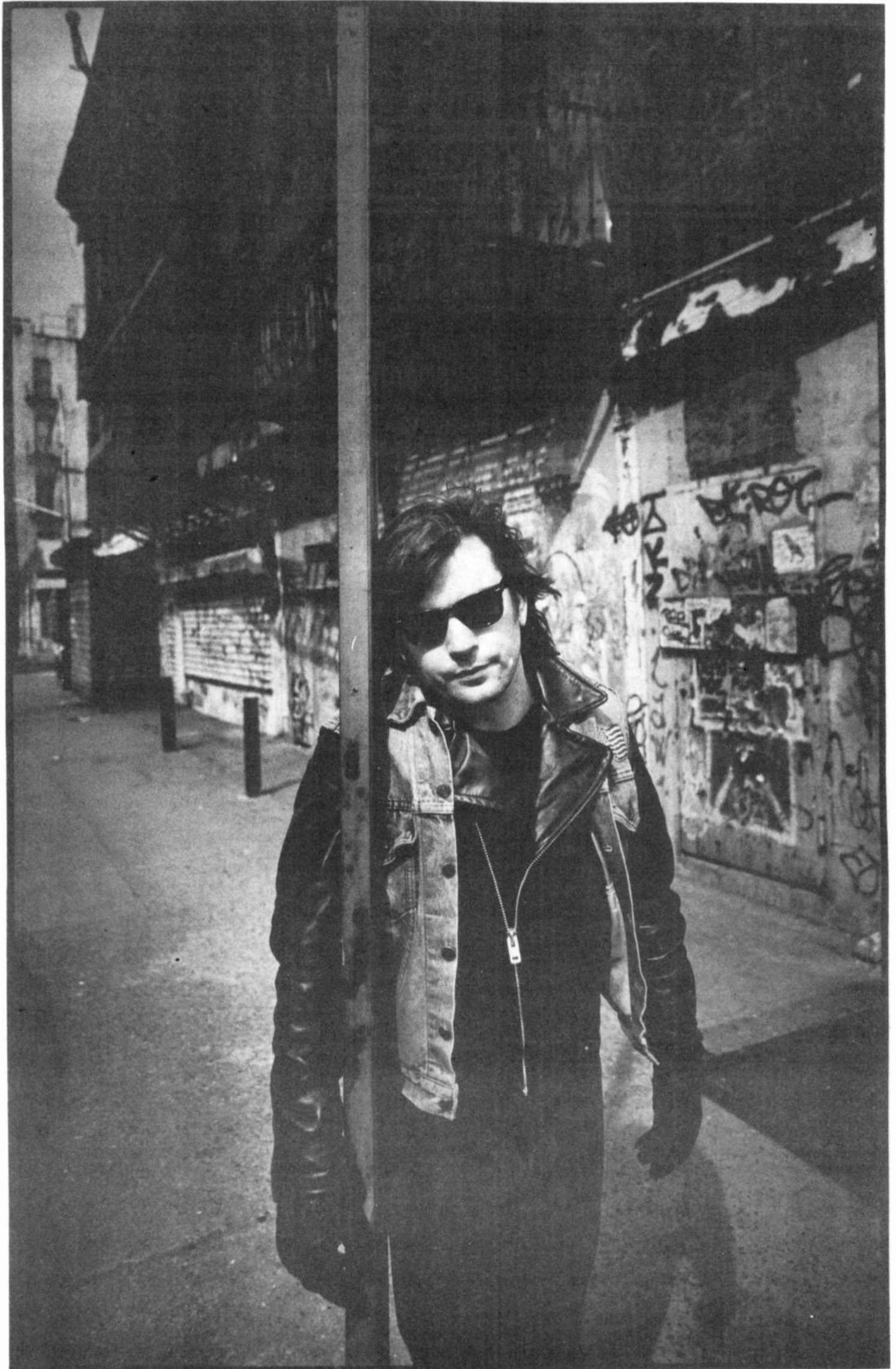
Perhaps Earle's emergence at 32 with the superbly resonant digital age country-billy of his ‘Guitar Town’ album is the most exciting and heartening event. Where many of the traditionalists rework and romance the past, Earle writes his own material making claims on the sort of character that marked the work of such greats as Merle Haggard, Johnny Cash and Willie Nelson.

His first attempt to reach his Guitar Town from San Antonio at 14 years of age wasn't too successful.

“I ran away from home but only got 200 miles away. I didn't know you couldn't really get there on a Vespa and 14 dollars.”

He finally made the journey from Texan juke joints to Nashville in the mid '70s when the outlaw scene was in full swing. Earle fell in with fellow Texans Guy Clark and Townes Van Zandt (“probably the greatest songwriter in the world, his words fall on the page like poetry.”) For a while it looked like the establishment was about to be overturned.

CONTINUES PAGE 47



Just another country boy

WORD UP

SCRIPTED BY SEAN O'HAGAN

BOND AND BEYOND
Tony Bennett & Janet Woollacott (MacMillan, £6.95)
CONSUMING PASSIONS
Judith Williamson (Marion Boyars, £6.99)

"MY NAME is Bond, James Bond." With this simple introduction and a vodka-martini (shaken not stirred) Britain's most famous popular hero stalks the world of cold wars, espionage, exploding cigar-cases and bikini diplomacy. Bennett and Woollacott's *Bond And Beyond* follows the fictional career of James Bond, from his birth in the '50s on the pages of Ian Fleming's *Casino Royale* to the cinema of the '60s and Bond's transformation into the nation's most seductive spy. Then beyond.

Drawing on Marxist, psychoanalytical and semiotic theory, the authors see Bond as "a moving sign of the times", a suave fictional agent who acts as a cypher for Britain's changing fortunes and national aspirations in the post-imperial world. The book is at its most convincing and popular when it manages to balance interpretation with trivia. President Kennedy's favourite bedtime reading was apparently *From Russia With Love*, and Arthur Scargill once took time off from the 1983 TUC conference to catch the ideologically unsound *Octopussy*.

Bond And Beyond is too long and too dense. It commits the

cardinal sin of cultural studies, disrupting the flow of fascinating ideas in a suicidal bid to overdose on the semi-idiotic art of continually defining its own terms of reference. In a war between Sean Connery's wardrobe and the language of Jacques Lacan, the book turns victim then self-destructs. Big words win out. If you are doing a Masters Degree in Communication Theory it comes highly recommended, otherwise *Bond And Beyond* is a DR NO-NO.

Judith Williamson seems more able to glide between academics and critical journalism. In essays entitled 'The Leg Warmer Syndrome', 'Sex By Numbers' and 'Miss Piggy's Guide To Life', she casts an invective eye over popular products and the media and cultivates a feminist reading of Cindy Sherman, Doris Day and even Robert De Niro in *Raging Bull*. Williamson almost comes close to answering an old *Daily Mirror* teaser: Why mustn't Lady Di bite her nails?

Consuming Passions is fortified by the kind of progressive ideas that are absent from the work of Peter York and his *Tatler* school of applied social elitism, and is yet another by-product of the great critical industry inspired by *Mythologies*. Forget the meaning of life. We don't even know the meaning of Fry's chocolate cream. My name is Barthes, Roland Barthes.

Stuart Cosgrove



THE ENIGMA OF ARRIVAL
V S Naipaul (Viking/ Penguin £10.95)

THE FOREIGNER enters society as a kind of cripple. And in the wake of Empire, Naipaul – born in exile in Trinidad – enters under double bind. He can't use things correctly – partly because he's an outsider, partly because the insiders pay no attention even when he learns. And the strange thing is, he learns until he's better, far better, than the best inside the crumbling remains of greatness. He swings into mandarin dialect with a colder clarity than anyone else writing in English.

The Enigma Of Arrival is a middle-aged exile-intruder's tale of himself in the heart of England, coming to terms with a nation's reality apart from his illusions and its own illusions of what it is. Naipaul's natural dislike of politics, and his unvarnished hostile portraits of Third

World possibilities have often angered in the past: with a leaning towards the intensity of a personal story, rather than a generalising of social context, he's been labelled Conservative.

He is a Conservative. But his cold eye is on himself and the order he idealised here – the decency and care of British culture as it saw itself. And on the rich sadness of a fading countryside – his central character lives near Stonehenge, at the centre of fictional Albion. And all he sees is the collapse of the social, married to his own ageing, and carried along only by his perfect burnished style. If he isn't about to tear prejudice and exploitation apart, or allow room for deliberated structural change, his honesty, and the grim exactness of his observation pull in round the same things. Which is how writing works, anyway – but Naipaul's is the best.

Mark Sinker

BRUTE!
Malcolm Bennett & Aidan Hughes (Sphere £1.95)

SUCK BOOK! I'm no poncy book reviewer, I SPAT! Don't lip me! roared O'Hagan. It's sexy, it's brutal, it's minimalist and you're gonna review it OFFICIAL!

I blasted into his neck THUD! CRUNCH! SMACK! I was hard and firm and full of meat. SPLAT! He hit the deck.

NO WAY! I screamed. **BRUTE!** is VILE and MACHO and a parody of everything from Sven Hassel to Richard Allen and that's a FACT! It's the sort of CRAP that Keith Waterhouse slags 'cos it's not Noddy nor Biggles but NOW fiction for MEN! It's as HARD as a bull's prick in a freezer. It's as sweaty as Sly Stallone's buttock fluff but twice as sexy.

O'Hagan bellowed to his feet. Review it or you're DEAD! I want 200 words by noon or I'll suck your bones!

Try it! I sneered. The only words worth a SHIT are THUNK!, GET NAKED!, SQUIRT!, COMBAT!, LUNG! and THUG! And that's OFFICIAL!

This book is BRILL! It is to lit what Anthrax and The Age Of Chance are to POP. SAVAGE, TASTELESS, STUPID and MEAN. What does BIG SETH NIHILIST do after a hard days' Nihilism? He curls up with THIS BOOK and a cup of cocoa in front of a roaring fire of JESSIE books like *Bond And Beyond*, *Consuming Passions* and *The Enigma Of Arrival*.

There are no long words in this book but there are lots of PIGS, BREASTS, TONKIES and PINTS. This ain't literature, it's PESTICIDE. It's PUNK. It's BAD. SO BUY IT!!!!

Dick Nietzsche



sock it to 'em j.b.!



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RADAR TELLY

ANOTHER COUNTRY Thursday March 26, 9.00pm (C4)
IN A TV week dominated by the appearance of a parcel of contemporary chancers—mainly of the steal 'n plunder musical variety—it is only fitting that Albion '87 should look back to those sylvan days of Burgess and Maclean. And who better to star in the leading role than ace chancer, Rupert Everett who captures the part of Guy Bennet in a "dashing well acted" (© *The New Statesman*) performance. Flitting back and forth between contemporary Moscow and '30s public schools, this film attempts to capture the peculiarly English melting pot of hypocrisy, sexual repression, snobbery, guilt and unbridled ambition. *Another Country* is a well-dressed film that never quite overcomes a mannered, and less than convincing, series of set pieces.

THE TUBE Friday March 27, 5.30pm (C4)
NOW THAT *The Tube*'s end is imminent, they start chancing their arm! Tonight, That Petrol Emotion emerge from the recording studio to unleash some new material forged with the help of Roli Mosimann, the musician/producer who's previous credits include Wiseblood and The Swans. If recent live shows are anything to go by it could be a visceral experience—expect some cross-cultural mischief in the form of deconstruction of War's 'Me And Baby Brother'. Then, Chuck Brown, Washington's go-go godfather makes a long-overdue British debut and—if Stateside reports are to be believed—brings us the toughest sound this side of Rare Essence and Trouble Funk. Colbert Hamilton otherwise Known as Black Elvis 2000 also appears, and if things weren't crazy enough there's the TV debut of Lugton's Number One sons, Nyah Fearties. The mad, mad, rantin', raving, wreckin' crew from Ayrshire. "MY GOD! IT'S BRILLIANT". An unmissable *Tube*, would you believe?

EBONY Friday March 27, 7.25pm (BBC2)
BRITAIN A country of two nations? Well here's proof. Two highly recommended music programmes seem to be on a collision course. If you live in the deep south, in the land of plenty the word is *soul*. And if you live in the devastated industrial north it's *indie rock*. If you live in Ireland or Scotland, the BBC has refused to send us any information on what's on, so you'll have to go to the pub again and stagger around like

cultural stereotypes. This week's *Ebony* is a special evening with the king of soul Bobby Womack, the outspoken vocal stylist who celebrated his first royalty cheque by heading for a local brothel and an unexpected dose of syphilis. The Poet of pox sings. Recommended. Unless you live north of Derby...

NORTHERN LIGHTS Friday March 27, 8.00pm (BBC2)
... AND IF you do live north of Derby, *Northern Lights* celebrates the Leeds' indie scene with the Steptoe And Sons of plunder-rock, The Age Of Chance. These scrap metal merchants dress like Eddie Merckx, dance like Eddie Grundy and sound like Eddie Waring and somehow have managed to unite Don Watson and Dick Nietzsche in throes of post-modern hero worship. Mind you, compared to their fellow compatriots—The Wedding Present, Rose Of Avalanche (honestly?) and The Mission, The Chancers sound positively inspired. Janice Long and John Walters comper this auspicious event and introduce The Dust Devils in an attempt to explore the business end of indie culture. Worth taping on your half-inched JVC, cutting up, reassembling and flogging to LWT as an avante-garde look at Leeds.

ARENA: HOW DO YOU SOLVE A PROBLEM LIKE MARIA? Friday March 27, 9.30 (BBC2)
FORGET THE age of chancers, this one's about a whole theology of chancers. What's the only religion in the world that bans divorce, punctures condoms, hangs out with the Mafia, colluded with the Nazis and keeps half the world in poverty on the off-chance that Celtic might win the Premier League? In nomini patri, this week's *Arena* looks at Catholicism and the relationship between vocational calling and the world of entertainment. The programme makes the outrageous claim that Maria Von Trapp, *Penthouse* boss Bob Guccione, film director Martin Scorsese and singer Mary O'Hara all trained to be either priests or nuns. Maybe? But then they try the ultimate scam. Tony Monopoly wanted to be a monk!

The critical strength of the programme congregates



Northern Lights: Age Of Chance

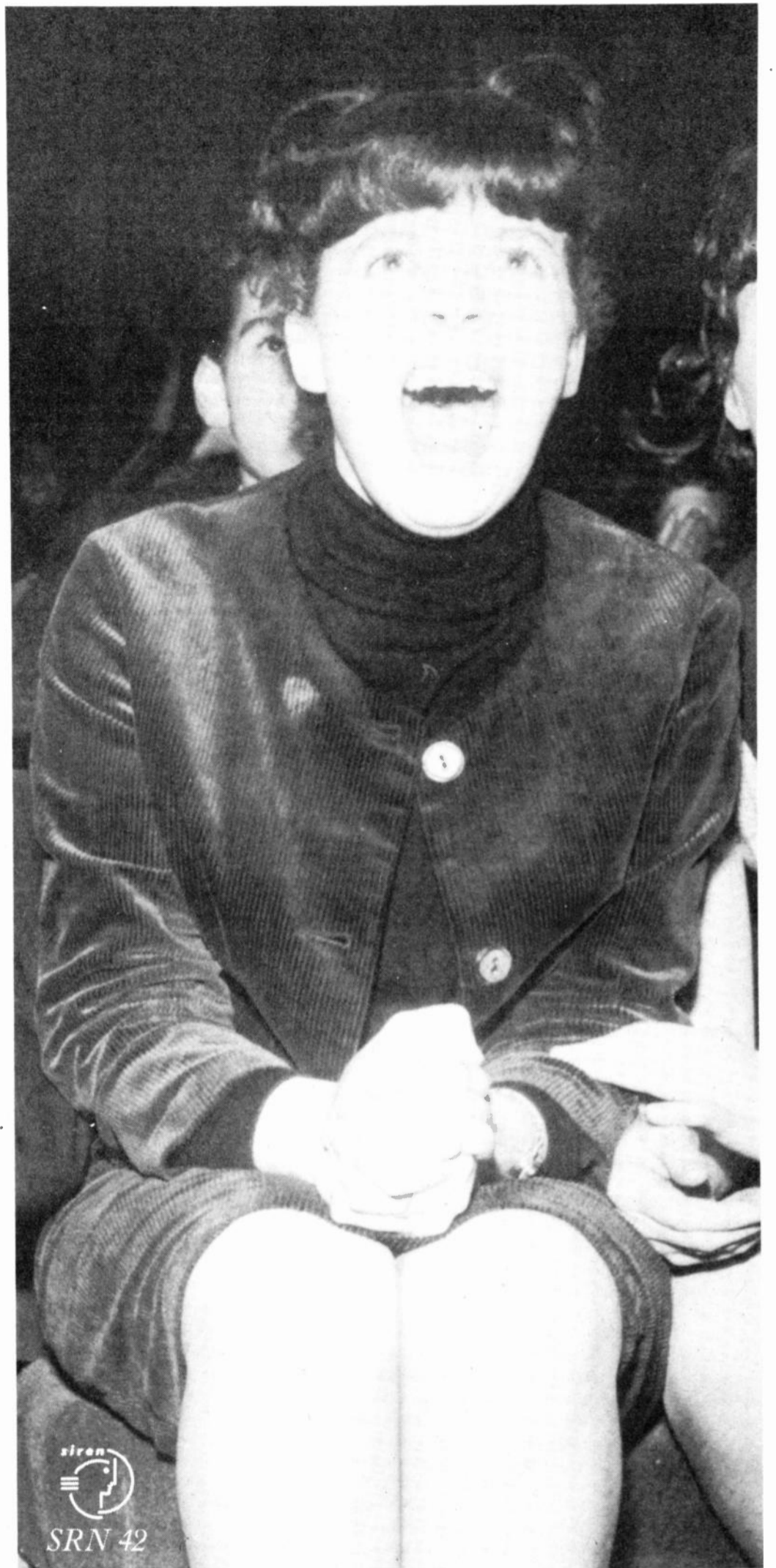
PICTURE: STEVE PYKE

the age of chancers

around the Nicaraguan Minister of Culture, Father Ernesto Cardenal, a major Latin American poet who encapsulates the modern catholic dilemma about religion and liberation. The programme's weakness lies in its failure to include The Pogues and a missed opportunity to crack a joke. Did you hear the one about the burglary at Boots the Chemist? The thief stole everything in sight but left a shelf full of Durex and jars of Brylcreem. Police are looking for a bald Catholic. Oh God, I wish I'd never told that joke, I feel really guilty...

HOUSEHOLD HEROES Wednesday April 1, 5.30pm (BBC2)
LUDICROUSLY EARLY timespot for what promises to be one of the most inspired pop-culture programmes this year. From the same people that produce *Arena*, *Household Heroes* brings various pop stars to the houses of their (most literary) heroes. An inspired first choice is Morrissey who has allowed the cameras into his recently purchased abode—a house that once belonged to—(you guessed it)—Oscar Wilde. Videos at the ready for the final five minutes where Marr strums his acoustic and Morrissey half-sings, half-recites sections of Wilde's 'The Ballad Of Reading Gaol'—wild! In the weeks to come, Kate Bush visits chez Bronte, and Shane MacGowan travels to Dublin in search of the spirit of Brendan Behan. Unmissable. The Celtic Soul Brothers

FAITH BROTHERS



**THAT'S JUST THE WAY
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radar in exile

All in all it's just another brick in Berlin's wall. KEN LOACH and TREVOR GRIFFITHS' new film *Fatherland* tells the real story of an East German musician who discovers the high price of freedom on both sides of the Iron Curtain. CHRISTINE AZIZ talks to political emigre GERULF PANNACH.

GERULF PANNACH wrote his first song as an East German guard in a watchtower overlooking the Berlin wall. He can't remember what he wrote about, but it certainly wasn't romantic. As a young Grepo he was trained to not only kill escaping patriots, but to maintain a constant vigil over a bleak and deadly terrain.

The wall runs like a scar through the heart of Berlin. Thirty miles of concrete graffiti the height of a double-decker bus with hinterland forming a grim death zone as wide as the M4. The wall buffers two warring ideologies.

"How could anyone working in a machine gun tower write anything than their own political truth?" Pannach asks. "There's no room for anything else in such a place." By the '70s, Pannach was out of the army playing his guitar and singing his songs to wrapt audiences. He was as famous as anyone can be in a system that resists personality cults. "Wasn't I," he asks, desperately trying to recall the correct English phrase, "a big fish in a small pond?" But the political truths remained, and as Pannach's fame rose so did the concern of the East German authorities. Pannach's protest songs criticised its Stalinist brand of socialism, and unknown to him forces were gathering within the Party to silence both him and his partner, Christian Kunnert.

They were arrested for "state hostile agitation" at a time when both East and West were expanding their propaganda machinery. Fellow musician Rolf Beirman was giving a concert in Cologne when he was dramatically told by the East German

government that he could not return home. Beirman was to be a warning for other artists and intellectuals still at home. But the West seized on the opportunity to market its own corporate image of 'freedom', and the two ideologies thundered at each other across the wall.

Pannach was caught in the cross fire. After nine months in prison without trial he was unexpectedly released along with several other singers and artists and told to leave immediately for West Berlin. Pannach later found out that West Germany had paid 100,000 deutschmarks for their release. Amrei his wife followed three days later, but his parents remain in East Berlin.

Playwright Trevor Griffiths swears it is no more than an ironic coincidence that Pannach's life so closely parallels the life of the main character in *Fatherland*, Griffith's first feature film since *Reds*. Directed by Ken Loach, the story line is based on the life of an exiled East European socialist, who Griffiths met at a film festival in Toronto.

Like Pannach, Dritteman is an East Berlin liedermacher whose songs offend the authorities. He is sent on a one way visa to the west where he meets the ugly face of capitalism represented by a pushy American recording company. Less concerned with newfound fame, Dritteman is more interested in finding his father, who left East Germany to fight in the Spanish Civil War. A series of clues and an encounter with a journalist leads him to Cambridge where he learns the chilling truth of his ailing father's past.

It is Pannach's first attempt at acting, and he concedes that "I am Gerrulf being Gerrulf. I enjoyed the experience. I had to be very disciplined in a way that I am not usually. It was hard to go to work every day and only have Sunday off. Before I am a person of the night and for the film I was



Gerulf Pannach as Klaus Dritteman faces the running dogs of the western pop press.

a person of the day."

Reliving his part through Dritteman has not been easy. "I had strange feelings at times." When asked to explain further there's a sense of someone lost for words. Not just because he isn't at home with English but because of a wariness that could easily be taken for shyness and an unfaltering suspicion of people in the West, a feeling he has learnt from experience.

Pannach has few friends by choice. "When I came here, people welcomed me as a hero. I was exotic and everyone invited me everywhere. But I didn't enjoy it. People used me, and I learnt to be careful. There's a lot of enemies. Here people work against each other. When a factory closes in the East the collective waits for you outside the gates, in the West nobody waits for you unless you have a family."

The pressures of adapting to the West broke his marriage, and he now lives

alone. "Most of the time I work so I am not lonely. It is important not to feel lonely with oneself."

Coming through the wall meant rebirth at the age of 29. His music has changed from a lyrical style to electronic experimentation.

"The film should expose more people to my music," he says with a rare smile. It will also expose audiences to the "unfreedoms of both the East and the West". Pannach himself, remains a committed socialist, although he would not want to go back to East Berlin. He seems to be struggling for another apt English saying. "Home is where your heart is?" "No, no. Your main country is inside yourself. It is nothing to do with your heart, only the soul. That's what a lot of East Germans lose when they come to the West".

Fatherland opens at the ICA cinema, London on March 27. A retrospective on Ken Loach's career begins at the ICA on April 6.

iron curtain calls



THE NEW SINGLE

curiosity

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the cat

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Watch for the Album out end of April KEEP YOUR DISTANCE

radar in the greenhouse

PRUNED BY DOCTOR COSGROVE

THE GREEN RAY
DIRECTOR: Eric Rohmer
STARRING: Marie Rivière
(*Artificial Eye*)

ACCORDING to the Gene Hackman character in *Night Moves*, Eric Rohmer's films are like watching paint dry. This is patently untrue. Rohmer has spent 28 years working out variations on the same theme, with variable results. Sometimes his films are extremely boring, sometimes inconsequential, sometimes totally rivetting, and with the best ones, it's often hard to tell one way or the other. I like Rohmer, partly because he takes utterly banal characters in unlimited resources, somehow gets you totally involved. And partly because he handles embarrassment like no other director.

The Green Ray is at one quintessential Rohmer and mould-breaking. As the logical outcome of his interest in detached character observation, here he's let the characters write the film themselves. In the interminable scenes of French bourgeois windbags mouthing off inarticulately, it's the actors improvising, making complete fools of themselves. There's always been a patronising edge to Rohmer's interest in self-obsessed neurotics who don't know the first thing about their own vapidity.

This time, his close-up of workaday folly and insecurity is framed in context of that rabid obsession that Parisians have with summer hols. A couple of abortive Awadays into the film, we realise that Delphine's (Marie Rivière) real problem is with herself, and the story unfurls to a strange fairy-tale ending that looked to me worryingly like a cop-out. The title is to do with the theme of happiness and self-knowledge, and Rohmer conveniently has a group of geriatric holidaymakers explain it for us at length.

The film works because its heroine is thoroughly ordinary and almost completely unsympathetic, which makes her altogether more interesting than the self-absorbed and unpalatably glamorous yuppies of *Full Moon in Paris*. In any case, it's Rohmer's most engaging and least complacent film for a long while, and it beats *Dulux Plus* any day.

Jonathan Romney

DUET FOR ONE
DIRECTOR: Andrei Konchalovsky
STARRING: Julie Andrews, Alan Bates, Max Von Sydow, Rupert Everett
(*Columbia Cannon Warner*)

COME ON. You knew this was going to be an odd one when you found out our Julie was in it. You knew she'd be cussing just like she's done in every film since *The Sound of Music*. And you knew she'd be taking all her clothes off.

In *Duet For One* she's a World Class Classical Violinist who's just learnt she's got multiple sclerosis. It's a Made-For-TV movie subject, the kind of thing that opens muted and serious, shifts through angst and weighty responsibility into humanist resignation, and all-round tearful gladness. Konchalovsky can no more void these than any other

director stuck with a 'real problem' subject, but he isn't really up for such a hack approach. So he throws in a whole ragbag of peculiar misdirections. For example Rupert Everett appears as A.N. Other Word Class Classical Violinist cum Foul Mouthed Barra Boy. He's part of a weird subtext—something to do with the rich depth of working-class sensibility set against the cold emptiness of artistic life.

The film opens so slowly that you aren't offended by its worthiness nor convulsed by Konchalovsky's dinky symbolism. There's a TREE that everyone keeps coming back to look at but what you pick up on is the maid, Sonia's little red socks, the way she kicks off her shoes and lights up a fag when the dinner party guests have left. It's a spark of real life.

It's not that there isn't a film here, and it's not even that Julie's unworldly uncarnality can't be in a film. But somehow a study of failing flesh begs more body. You can't hold back rot with simp philosophy.

Mark Sinker

WORKING GIRLS
DIRECTOR: Lizzie Borden
STARRING: Louise Smith, Ellen McElduff, Amanda Godwin (*Electric*)

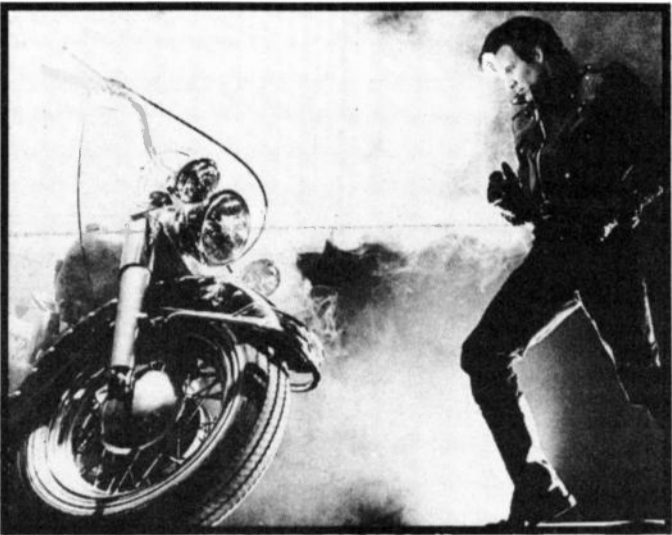
SET WITHIN a claustrophobic Manhattan apartment, an organised 'house' masquerading as an escort agency, *Working Girls* revolves around Molly, a college graduate financing her photographic work through prostitution; and her relationships with the other girls, her clients and her insufferable Madame, Lucy. Her role is calm, detached, almost passive, and though a lesbian she seems to have relatively little conflict about firstly, not telling her lover, and secondly, having sex with creeps.

That discrepancy aside, the focus is on realism. Rather than going for the jugular in the relentless vein of *Prostitute*, *Broken Mirror*, etc, Lizzie Borden has treated the subject with deliberate emphasis on the mundane, the 'everyday', a perception of prostitutes not as whores, but 'working girls'. It is a Day in the Life of women 'entertaining' clients, bolstering each other with bursts of light relief and conversation, playing tricks on their 'tricks'. The sex scenes, frank and explicit but as stimulating as National Health condoms, are juxtaposed with the recording of dollars and tips, accentuating the economic transaction, the view that this is a job servicing men—like barmaids, secretaries, cleaners—only better paid. With the women exercising most control, no sense of physical danger intrudes, though there is an underlying theme of psychological violence and manipulation.

As evening draws near, Lucy pressurises Molly to stay for the nightshift. It is then that the strain begins to show, the cracks in the armour-plated notion of prostitution being 'just another job'.

In her desire to depict the 'ordinariness' of prostitution, Borden plays down the oppression that makes it necessary. But she has eliminated stereotypes—the tart with a heart, the bruised victim, the stilletteoed tough cookie—and there's a start.

Lucy O'Brien



"The Leader of the Plaque": Steve Martin as The Horror Shop's Deranged Dentist

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS
DIRECTOR: Frank Oz
STARRING: Steve Martin, Rick Moranis, Ellen Greene, Vincent Gardenia (CCW)

IF THE acid test of the classic musical is the number of hot toons you can hum at the after viewing bevvvy then this is *not* a classic musical. The music is good. We're talking Levi blooming Stubbs doing the voice of a giant killer plant—can't be bad. But there's no 'Food Glorious Food' or 'It's a happy holiday with Mary' to set the toes a'curling.

As a comedy it's got a chortle or two. The two stars of the film are the brilliant but sadly overrated Steve Martin and Audrey II—a mutated Venus Fly

Trap who plays the part of the aforementioned giant killer plant.

It's a cross between HP Lovecraft's dank Amerigoth horror schlock and the look-at-the-nutters-singing-in-the-street *West Side Story*. It could have been a contender. It was probably a great stage play. It's an OK film.

The only bit that has you whooping and hollering and punching the head of the person in the row in front is the entrance of Martin as the greased back sadistic dentist who beats up on the hero's girlfriend (but don't worry, readers, he gets his just desserts—and so does the giant killer plant).

Hopefully the sequel will be co-written with Lionel Bart.

Steven Wells

THE KILLING FLOOR
(Director Bill Duke)

A POWERFUL and dramatic film about the struggle against racism on the killing floors in the slaughterhouses of urban America. The drama centres on

a conflict of interests between two friends, Frank Custer, the first man to fight for integrated unions and Heavy Williams, another black stock-yard worker who believes the unions are just another branch of institutionalised racism.

THE FOURTH PROTOCOL
DIRECTOR: John Mackenzie
STARRING: Michael Caine, Pierce Brosnan (*Rank*)

THE RUSSIAN agent sweats as she delicately slides her fingers up the shaft, and onto the tip, of the rigid instrument of destruction she is building in the attic. The sweat prickles out of her face and the droplets form runnels which stream down between her breasts.

The Fourth Protocol is the latest adaptation of a Frederick Forsyth novel. The plot is, therefore, straightforwardly set in international-conspiracy-land: high-ranking Cold Warriors pace up and down between their wire-tapped log cabins, or else burst into London offices and bark orders through tight lips. Michael Caine, on the whole, knows a little more than anybody else, and is the only one on either side who isn't corrupt. And the scam, basically, is that the Russians want to blow up an American nuclear base in England thus breaking the Fourth Protocol.

But it's sexual not political frustration which catalyses the narrative tension. We move towards the inevitable time when Caine bursts in and averts catastrophe with seconds remaining on the clock. As the moment approaches when the film's centrepiece, a silver cock-like bomb makes the earth move for everybody, we also move towards narrative carnal knowledge in a series of unconsummated sexual encounters. The two Russian agents get it on in bed, and all hell breaks loose. A lot of fun, this silly game.

William Leith

PARTING GLANCES

THE GOLDEN EIGHTIES
(Director Chantal Akerman)

CHANTAL AKERMAN, darling of the film avant-garde directs her first 'popular' film, a comic drama set in the shopping malls of Brussels. It undercuts the (non)sense and sensibilities

of romantic fantasy. Akerman describes her film as a cross between women's cinema, Jewish literature and the musical. Desire and sexuality find their most obvious expression in Lili, manageress of a hairdressing salon.

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DEREK MALCOLM - COSMOPOLITAN

And Peter Raine, A Siskel & Ebert

music: R. Lee, photography: Ernest Dickerson, production supervisor: Marly Ross, production design: Wayne Turner...

executive producers: Roman Jackson, produced by Stephen J. Lee, written, edited and directed by Spike Lee

distributed by Recorded Pictures

Southwest and West Coast Release: 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 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2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 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2977, 2978, 2979, 2980, 2981, 2982, 2983, 2984, 2985, 2986, 2987, 2988, 2989, 2990, 2991, 2992, 2993, 2994, 2995, 2996, 2997, 2998, 2999, 3000, 3001, 3002, 3003, 3004, 3005, 3006, 3007, 3008, 3009, 3010, 3011, 3012, 3013, 3014, 3015, 3016, 3017, 3018, 3019, 3020, 3021, 3022, 3023, 3024, 3025, 3026, 3027, 3028, 3029, 3030, 3031, 3032, 3033, 3034, 3035, 3036, 3037, 3038, 3039, 3040, 3041, 3042, 3043, 3044, 3045, 3046, 3047, 3048, 3049, 3050, 3051, 3052, 3053, 3054, 3055, 3056, 3057, 3058, 3059, 3060, 3061, 3062, 3063, 3064, 3065, 3066, 3067, 3068, 3069, 3070, 3071, 3072, 3073, 3074, 3075, 3076, 3077, 3078, 3079, 3080, 3081, 3082, 3083, 3084, 3085, 3086, 3087, 3088, 3089, 3090, 3091, 3092, 3093, 3094, 3095, 3096, 3097, 3098, 3099, 3100, 3101, 3102, 3103, 3104, 3105, 3106, 3107, 3108, 3109, 3110, 3111, 3112, 3113, 3114, 3115, 3116, 3117, 3118, 3119, 3120, 3121, 3122, 3123, 3124, 3125, 3126, 3127, 3128, 3129, 3130, 3131, 3132, 3133, 3134, 3135, 3136, 3137, 3138, 3139, 3140, 3141, 3142, 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Circus boys

Having rocked the very foundations of the pop world by singing for *The Sun* Ferry Aid appeal, extra-sensitive ERASURE assure us that the fight against AIDS is still their fund-raising priority. LUCY O'BRIEN finds out how Andy and Vince are enjoying life in the Big Top. Picture: LAWR-ENCE WATSON.

In response to the Zeebrugge disaster, and in the wake of its Townsend Thoresen sightseeing trips, *The Sun* set up Ferry Aid to make amends. It had gone too far with its insensitive coverage—see the dead bodies, watch the tears on bereaved faces—so hundreds of pop stars were enlisted, by hook or by crook, to sing 'Let It Be', including a scratch-mixed Paul McCartney and our boys Andy and Vince, trying to make themselves invisible within a celebrity crowd containing everyone from Bonnie Tyler to Boy George.

Although the cause is an important one, there have been rumours of moral coercion. It's surprising that a politically conscious pop duo like Erasure took part in a *Sun* recording, Page Three girls 'n' all, but, as singer Andy says, "they'd only stitch you up if you didn't—like 'ANDY DOESN'T WANT TO DO FERRY ACT 'COS HE'D GIVE EVERYBODY AIDS'."

With two hit singles and their second album 'The Circus' just released, Erasure have already whiffed the putrid aroma of success, with *The Sun* lifting and mangling the meaning of a *Smash Hits* interview, playing up Andy's remark that he fancied Vince with the headline 'WHAT MADE VINCE WINCE'.

"They made out that Vince was happily straight living at home with his girlfriend, often seen wearing an apron for cooking, but *not because he was perverted*. Making out that I was," Andy says.

Tabloid pop gossip has gained an inordinate amount of control, from smear pieces on The Housemartins to Elton John's rent boys, proving that *no one* is sacred. Like a process of Chinese Whispers, interviews are ripped off and recycled, bands consistently misquoted until the final result is ridiculous, or downright lies.

Having skimmed through the pop business for over 10 years, Vince Clarke shows more detached cynicism than his musical partner, seeing pop and the press in an unholy marriage: "they're both cheap and tacky, both made for each other, both really two-faced. That's why it's dangerous to preach: you've got to be really committed to what you say."

His careful reserve breaks down on the issue of AIDS, one with which they're actively involved—performing AIDS benefits, and having AIDS information stalls at their gigs. To Andy it is important "because it's close to home. My boy

friend's mate died of it. I cried and I didn't even know him—you know it's affecting the whole community.

"Then you hear stories about *The Sun* having a £30,000 contract out on The Communards and anything connected with an AIDS story. One of Jimmy's good friends died and he wouldn't go to the funeral 'cos he didn't want to attract that publicity. That's awful. There's still a gay stigma attached to AIDS that needs to be sorted out. We'd do anything to help."

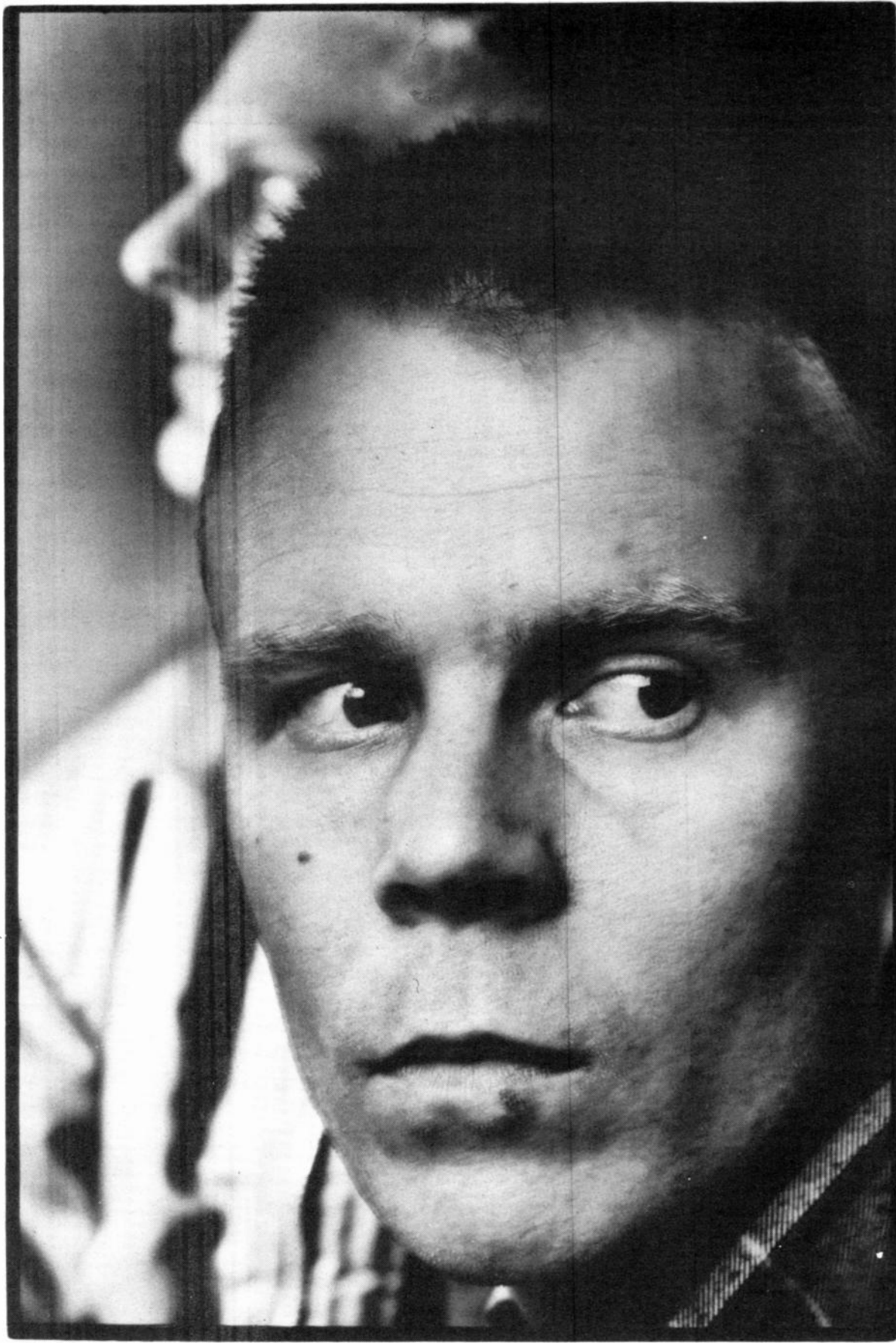
Vince's girlfriend is a nurse aiming to specialise in sexually transmitted diseases, so they find most of their sweet pillow talk taken up with AIDS. The Government campaign, however clumsy, has alerted people and made them more aware, though Andy doubts the effect of "frightening the life out of people. Besides Norman Fowler thinks straight people have been educated enough, and *now* he wants to redirect the campaign to those most at risk, gay men and intravenous drug users—diverting the blame yet again." It is the "cesspool of their own making" stance that obscures responsibility and conveniently attacks minorities.

For Vince emphasis is placed on a need to inject more money into research and resources: "That won't happen until a lot of people start dying. People die of leukaemia every day but the Government don't plough loads of money into it. I'm sure they allow for a certain quota to die before they pay up. They don't say anything about building more hospitals or raising nurses wages".

The boys laugh at a *Daily Express* 'Nurse Of The Year' feature where a ward sister praises the Budget, saying that on £150 a week she manages to look after herself by living at her parents' house and being fed. "She's got a free holiday in Florida—as if that's the consolation prize!"

All this is a far cry from the ebullient pair who, over a year ago launched new Boystown pop with 'Who Needs Love Like That'. Back then, it was a fresh challenge to Vince, the underrated synth genius who, from Depeche Mode to Yazoo to Erasure, has consistently come up with winning combinations, and Andy, just out of provincial Peterborough with ideals intact. They still have energy, belief and some powerful pop songs, but after negotiating with the mainstream 'biz', a certain loss of scruples becomes inevitable.

There's no question of dragging anyone screaming from the closet—Andy is confident and openly gay, though "you can't keep going on



Andy (rear) and Vince—stitched up on *The Sun*.

about it because people get fed up hearing it. You have to give variety". Vince's support for 'minority' causes is publicity shy rather than publicity seeking, placing more value on quietly giving money than what he sees as the self-promotional bluster of the live benefit circuit. Even if signing names to a given cause does provide bands with free publicity and a particular image, where help is needed it should be promoted and supported. It's a celebration, a fine balance between self-aggrandisement and conscious effort.

"Incidentally, there's only been one person in the charts with a wheelchair," says Vince. "You don't see disabled people anywhere, let alone on *Top Of The Pops*," Andy continues, "I'm gay but I'm also a white male, a blue-eyed blond with two legs and two arms..."

Whereas 'Wonderland' was an album of the moment, of

transient, simple, digestible dance music; 'The Circus' explores deeper layers. 'Wonderland' was "a bit of a laugh", but recording the second LP alongside a chart profile made them career conscious, careful to refurbish, build and perfect—if need be to discard songs at the last minutes which didn't wholly work.

Moving away from Hi-energy and bpm infatuation (last year's thing), they've adopted more of a sloping funk rhythm—as on the track 'Sexuality' which ironically advocates "Do It. Anyway you like it. Give it. Everything you got". But, as Vince says, "there's still a lot of people being promiscuous anyway". People still experience desire, pain, lust; still need a focus for fantasy. Pop provides immediate identification for emotion, like the guilt of 'Sometimes', the brooding jealousy of 'Leave Me To Bleed'. In this new serious vein, I wonder what happened to the Andy Bell who dabbled in drag, corsetry and Judy Garland-

type showbiz?

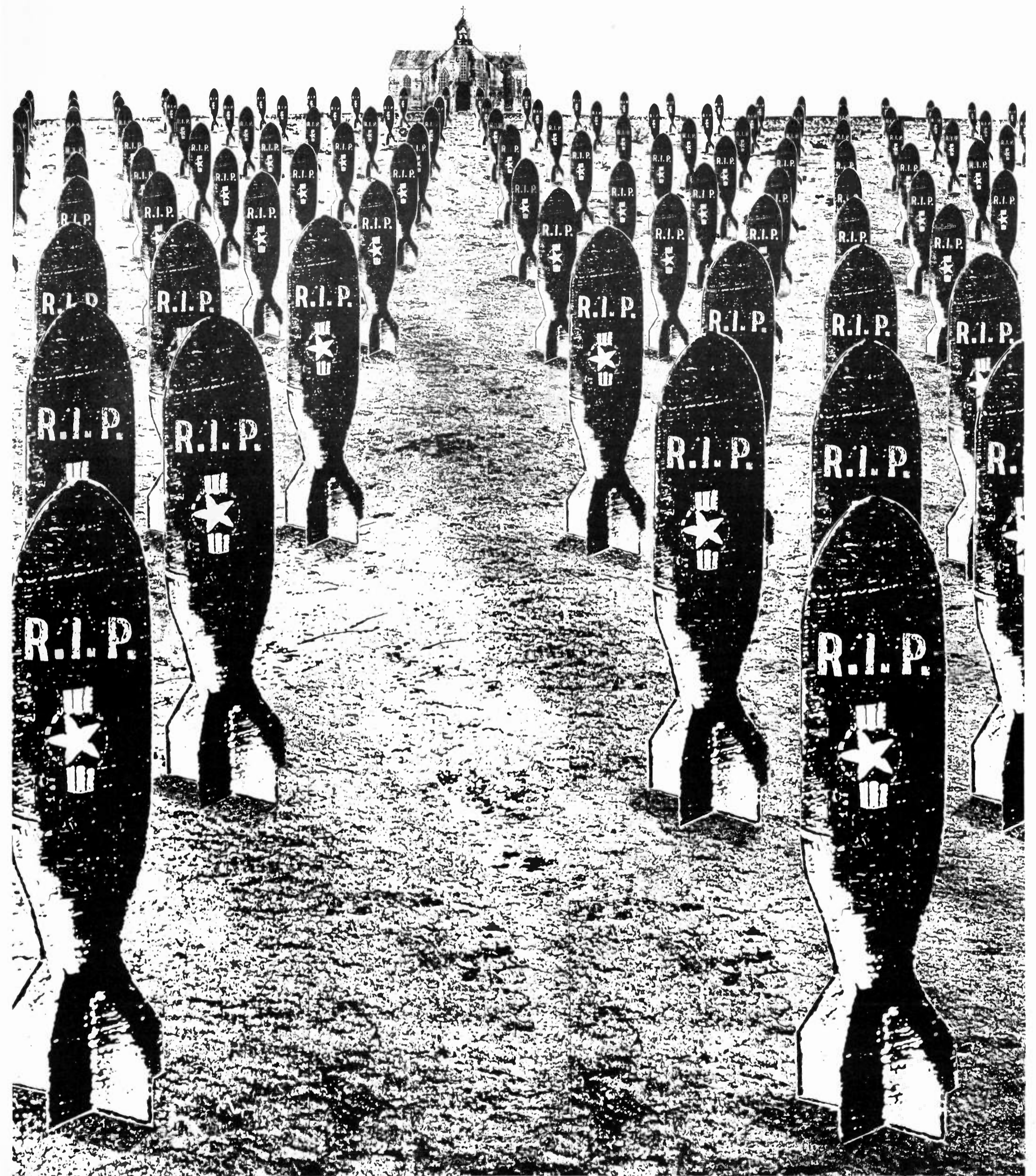
"I still like dressing up, and I know you can use comedy to get serious points across, but if onstage you look a complete tit, people are just going to spend the rest of the concert taking the piss out of you!"

TOTP appearances have him opting for the more recognisable 'trendy' image of black 501s, white socks and loafers. Cool detachment is something Andy has had to learn.

"When I was at Ferry Aid I admired Boy George's controversial image; him being able to get it together, bathed in flashlights, in the same category as Madonna. But then if you get that much involved you have to eat everything, live the whole shit trip."

Wide popularity is a glitzy circus parade that gets in the way of being comfortable at night: Andy Bell and Vince Clarke intend to *enjoy* their success, before it enjoys them. After all, each and every one of us deserves more than the consolation prize.

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BARE BOARDS & SHREDDED SKIN

It was born in '76, underground by '78. It has created radical changes in international music, style, journalism and slang. But its events are still publicised by flyers and word-of-mouth. And its bands remain outside the charts. You think this sounds like punk? Read on, chump! Story: CYNTHIA ROSE.

"Lance doesn't just rip for someone with no legs . . . he just plain rips. About two years ago he started shredding on ramps. Now, he has his own half-pipe with nine-foot transitions and a foot of vert and he's planning an even larger one for his family's new home."

I'm languishing on an Underground platform at midnight, glued to my favourite read of the past four months, *Thrasher* magazine, when I pick up the voices of two Camden homeboys standing opposite. "Look," says the taller one, pointing, "The February *Thrasher*." His pal sees me looking up and extends a leather-gloved paw. "Give us a look, willya?" he pleads. "It's the one with the Jeff Phillips interview, right?"

Wrong. The Jeff Phillips piece is in *Thrasher's* greatest rival. But I only know that because two weeks ago I was told about it by Phillips' longtime friend and team-mate — as I watched my tape recorder spin on a coffee table four thousand miles away.

If the kids on the platform had appeared in its pages when I re-opened *Thrasher* on the train, I wouldn't have been surprised. A few months have taught me that much about the trans-mondo culture of skating. In most of its orbits, the term of approval is *radical* (often abbreviated as *rad*). And it's really little wonder. In years of covering youth cults, this is the most independent one I've seen since punk: young, proud, rad.

THE HISTORY: HANDS ON DECKS

Skating is short for skateboarding: you know, boards on wheels. Like punk, it became a full-blown craze in both the US and UK around 1976. Street lore holds that boards were derived from roller skates split in half and bolted to planks, then people began searching for stability — cutting up skis and experimenting with different woods.

Those were early days. Later enthusiasts found something as wide as the foot minimised the need for superhuman balance. Then came today's skateboard wheel base — with the differing angles of kingpins in the "trucks" which attach wheels to boards (now known as "decks" or "sticks"). But back to the '60s, the era of metal wheels. Out in California, where surf culture gave the new sport much of its lingo and clout, 'pool skating' was the '60s thing. You'd sneak round scouting rich folks' deserted backyard pools (Shar-on Tate's house, anyone?). Then, once you found one, the race was on. Who could chip the blue — carve round and

round the bottom on a board, until you gained the momentum to hit the slick blue tile which skirted every pool's top lip. Pool skaters soon found you could go from this tile to the coping. And then . . . into the air.

In 1972, a chap named Frank Naysworthy invented urethane and applied it to skateboard wheels symbolically and real skateboarding culture was born.

The year of Britain's great skate boom was 1977: *Nationwide* promotions, skate parks springing up across the land, and in '78, the Skateboard Association (now the English Skateboard Association). But insurance, bad skate park design and cheap, unsatisfactory boards disillusioned the crowds. By 1979, skating was considered a thing of the past — a victim of the BMX biking fad. In fact, it just went underground.

"The mainstream skate scene had stagnated anyway," sniffs British skater Billy Smith. "But the subculture went underground. The best times I had, I think, were right before it re-emerged."

Billy is a Scot who has lived in England 14 years. A decade ago, he started to skate at a local park in Gillingham. Billy has "sessioned" all the top sites in Britain — Crystal Palace, Chingford, Farnborough and the Warrington ramp near Liverpool. There's another in Aberdeen, he informs me; it's supposed to be the best yet. All the skaters I meet have similar hot tips or legends: the "Dust Bowl", the site near a pig farm in Oxfordshire, the old Rolling Thunder, the two half-pipes which used to be in Delirium at the Astoria. The heart of skate culture, whose "comps" (competitions) and demos are publicised by terse flyers, lies in such word-of-mouth.

This isn't function of fantasy: news and gossip like Billy supplies are likely to originate abroad. Billy has been to the States three times — he rides for America's Zorlac, who manufacture decks and shirts. Last year he visited them in Dallas, "skating, partying, hanging out." He really wanted to skate the Blue Ramp — a Dallas site open 24 hours a day.

America beefed up Billy's skatespeak and changed his musical taste. "Through American skating, we've gotten into Slayer, Metallica, Beastie Boys — all them people. A 14 year old British kid who skates, now he'll listen to the Dead Kennedys, the Red Hot Chili Peppers: it opens you up to rest of the world." Billy likes to skate to them, too, but at home he listens to dub and Jimi Hendrix. British star Danny Webster, he tells me, is quite "a disco fiend." And skaters in Gillingham these days? The younger ones are psychobillies.

Like most emergent British stars, Billy skates ramps in competition and streets in his spare time. "I like skating streets by myself," he says, "Or with Mark Abrook from Hampshire, Gary Lee from Basingstoke, Neil Danz from Liverpool. Those guys are my bros, full-on." The combo of surf-boy slang and neo-Caledonian accent inspires me to have Billy clarify a few terms.

"What is slamming the ramp?" He seems aghast at my ignorance. "That's when you fall. That's when you hang and say *hello Mister Wilson!*"

THE RAMP: MACHISMO AND MASONITE

"I'm willing to admit," says Dan Adams over the phone, "That to watch a

bad skater is boring. But to see a good one — it's on a par with any international sport. No one realises how hard you have to go at it to get *any* good. Or how attractive it can be to an audience."

Dan Adams is right. Star skaters on a ramp are breathtaking, a zillion style miles away from some goofy kid flailing his way down a hill. They fly back and forth through the air: wheeling and spinning, yet rarely losing a board. Off the ramp, there are streetstyle and freestyle. The latter — solo performance of self-versus-board — yields weird mesmeric grace from the likes of a Rodney Mullen. But it's the ramp tramps, daredevils trussed into carelessly stylish safety gear, who brought skating serious machismo. Ramps made the big personalities: in America, Rob Roskopp, Neil Blender, Steve Caballero, Craig Johnson, John Gibson, Jeff Phillips, Mike McGill, Tony Hawk, Lance Mountain and Tommy Guererro. In Britain, Sean Goff, Hugh 'Bod' Boyle, Barry and Mark Abrook, Phil Burgoyne, Lucian Hendricks, Danny Webster, Dave Phillips, Neil Dant and Billy Smith.

The ramp also goosed skatespeak into overdrive, yielding 'tricks' with bizarre and amusing names: lien-airs, layback rollouts, body-jars, Madonnas, eggs, jump-jumps, sads, Sean Penns, the Frankie goes to Fakie, method-leans, inverts, grinds, ollie-channels, McTwists, invert-variables, slobos and the "360-ollie-channel-rock-and-roll". In every issue of *Thrasher* or *Transworld Skateboarding*, ramps are ridden by "biostylists", "plywood pilots", and "stratospheric showmen". Rarely, if ever, are they female.

Ramp culture came from America — so the structure itself retains a certain mystery and allure. Paul Sunman, who founded London's Slam City Skates, has skated for eleven years. A visit to California's desert-based Palmdale ramp exposed him to the hazards of cross-cultural crossed wires.

"Yeah — everybody here had been going on about ramps for over four years: going what *is* this secret thing they put on ramps in America, this 'masonite'? We thought it might be some special pool covering. Then, I got to America and rode Palmdale, and I thought, Christ!, this is *hardboard!* And that's as cheap as *dirt!*"

Paul feels that skating's chief problem here — a lack of "forward thinking" — has kept it out-of-touch. "Even when the facilities *are* made available, they're out of date. Transitions — the space between the horizontal and the vertical on a ramp — should be ten foot wide now. There's not a ten-foot transition in England. Even Warrington's only eight, maybe eight and a half."

But at least Warrington (a ramp in a roller disco) is still around. On the 23rd of December, Bromley Council's committee for recreation dismantled the famous Crystal Palace ramp. As head of the Crystal Palace Skateboard Association, Dan Adams oversaw the chequered career of this well-loved structure.

"No one's entirely clear about the specific reasons. But, really, its fate was sealed when the GLC handed over to Bromley council last spring. After the Bradford City fire, the Sports Centre has been feeling a lot of pressure regarding health and safety. So they passed off

CONTINUES OVER





SKATE READS

Thrasher, Transworld Skateboarding, The Edge
 Vintage: *Sketchy, Whiplash, Gutter Slut*
 Zines: *Go For It, The Daily Grind, Skate City Tribune*

SKATE SLOGANS

Skate To Create
 Skate Tough Or Go Home
 Stay Out And Skate
 Shut Up And Skate
 Stay Out, Skate Hard
 Thrash Or Be Thrashed
 Skate And Destroy

SKATE APPROBATION

That really . . . shreds, bitches, blazes,
 rips, pumps, thrashes, tears
 They were really . . . intense, wicked,
 radical, rad, stoked
 It was . . . gnarly, aggressive

SKATE DEPRESSION

bummers, bursts, burns, bills
 slamming the ramp
 Hello Mister Wilson

SKATE
 AND
 DESTROY



FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

responsibility for the ramp – onto this apprehensive Council."

Thanks to persistence, letters and calls, Dan has gotten the council to promise his ramp an alternative site. But this, too, will be subject to agreement about the liabilities. "That is what's slightly bugging us," Dan's Mum tells me at one point in cultured tones. "What will happen when all the policies about insurance come up?"

THE SCHTICK: THRASHING OUT A WAY OF LIFE

The word for skate culture has got to be gonzo. Its psychology is individualistic and anarchic, its graphic expressions dark and convoluted, its real styles defined by DIY. Music beats close to the heart of the beast (kids bearing boards are a constant site at gigs in the States). And there are skate gangs (like California's terroristic Jaks), revered skate artists (like Pushead, John Grigley, big Daddy Roth), favoured skate accessories (tattoos, earrings, dreadlocks, shades).

Stars get married on skateboards ("ramp master Jay B Moore cut a clean nose wheelie in tux and tails"), grace pseudo-serious gossip columns ("more commie skate propaganda: Doug Biggert recently completed phase two of the skate slam by acid-dropping off Lenin's tomb"), and facilitate a whole new genre of sports photography.

Whether you're in Birmingham, England or Birmingham, Alabama, however, a real ramp can be hard to find. So skate schtick has created a media grapevine of its own, through print and video. Its chief organs are the American magazines *Thrasher* and *Transworld Skateboarding* ("TWS"). Their imagery is poles apart, partly due to the fact they are backed by rival companies. Tracker Wheels give TWS a glossy, clean-cut, upmarket sporting image: the skater as post-surfing, all-American hero. And *Thrasher*—run by Independent Trucks—is the hottest hipster mag in years, bursting at the seams with teen aggression, smarts and suss.

Video is a clearer brief, an obvious way to convey the skills and excitement of top-line skating. It also serves to inflate the personalities of those stars who endorse the goods. *Thrasher's* vid is mostly fringe-rock, starring their roster of skaters (the "Bones Brigade"), *Bones Brigade I* and *Future-Primitive: Bones Brigade II* are the classics of this genre.

Off the ramps and concrete, fashion is of course skate culture's most colourful arena – and the source of mucho big bucks for those with the nose for capitalism. From jams to deck design, skate style changes fast: spurred by teen peer pressures and, to a degree, by designer desires. But, whether it's language or labels, nuances spread by word-of-mouth. Try to interview any skater and wait for three more to appear; talk to any fan on the phone – and wait for his pals to ring, too. Skaters know what's up before it can surface in print.

"Skaters have their own language," notes Joe Evans of Slam City Skates. "It's like a freemason's. We also know skaters in most other countries. We could turn up anywhere in the world and someone we know could put us up." If you doubt this claim, you should be standing around the

South Bank some day when American pros turn up – bringing bags and expectant looks.

What else? The list is endless! There are "skateboard graveyards", conceptual collections of defunct boards which resemble the Cadillac Ranch. Skaters in desert climes started the "waffle-weave" haircut last summer, but then they switched to a quarter-inch "burr", with your choice of symbols shaved in.

Skaters are notoriously stingy ("Those kids can really budget five bucks!", the manager of a Keller's drive-in told me one evening on American Highway 35). Some skaters are into demonology. (What does Natas Kaupas' name spelled backwards read?) All skaters love their aphorisms ("asphalt never forgets"). And the time is right for a *real* skateboarding flick: maybe something produced by Roger Corman and co-directed by Alex Cox and Penelope Spheeris. Mostly and most grandly of all, however, skaters are in the groove and on the GO.

"Skating and fashion, they're two different things. You don't run out and get a pair of flowery pants and learn how to skate. I saw this one thing on skater fashion in a magazine and I burned the mag! I burned it!"

Billy Smith

CRAIG JOHNSON: LONE STAR, BAD BOY

Craig Johnson was 11 when he first saw a skateboard. He picked it up because "team sports just didn't cut it for me", and because he hated America's love of the patriarchal Coach. Ten years later, he sits in his funky apartment in Dallas, Texas – its parlour well papered in flyers from outré bands. Well over six feet tall – and sporting a bush of dreadlocks he pokes through a hole in his skateboarding helmet – Johnson takes up most of his sofa as he talks about life as a star.

"I moved out when I was 17," he says. "And I'm 21 now. Everything in here I've bought through skating. People don't understand there's a whole formal circuit to ride. And pros come to town to do demos wherever kids skate. I do demos now: to promote Zorlac and my board."

Individual companies compete with numerous rivals for the skateboarder's pound or dollar ... not to mention the manufacturers of skate fashions, safety gear, footwear, sunglasses, magazines, ramp plans, skateboard stickers, grip tape, 'skate rock' records and cassettes, skate videos, – even collections of recipes named after skating moves ("Boneless Spaghetti Fakie").

Craig Johnson skates for five firms: Zorlac boards, Converse tennis shoes, Independent trucks, OJ Wheels, and Skate Rags threads. These endorsements supply him with skate-of-the-art equipment – and Zorlac picks up the tab for all his entry fees, travels, and expenses. They also manufacture Johnson's personal board: and every time they sell one anywhere in the world, Zorlac pay him a royalty. For American skate stars, this is standard practice.

Serious skating is rough, physical and macho – Zorlac has milked the outlaw image for most of its business success. The result? It has become a cult – and made Craig Johnson a star.

Not that his standing is undeserved, either. "I've gotta say, he's the one skater I rated in the States last time I was over there," says Joe Evans of London's Slam City – who stock Johnson's Zorlac board.

Johnson's commitment to his sport was forged during the "dry period" of '79-'83, after skate parks faded in both the US and UK. "If you skated then," he notes, "You really were a diehard."

"This sort of went with punk, actually," he continues. "Skateboarding's had close ties with stuff like that, 'cause skating has this outsider image. You know, 'Aren't you a little OLD for that?' I get that a lot. It's not a recognised sport at all."

Except, of course, to an exponential underground of skate-style capitalists. Guys like Zorlac's founder Jeff Newton: who formerly managed a skate park where the youthful Johnson hung out.

"There's no guidelines," says the tanned goateed Newton. "There's no governing body like in football or basketball, who says OK, you are now a pro cause you just did this and this. There are no regulations."

"That's another reason we like it," grins Johnson. "Like the old punk music deal, there's no manager pounding his fist, saying, 'Look, we really can't deal with that haircut'."

Newton started Zorlac in 1979 – when someone stole his board and he made another. Craig was one of the kids whose enthusiasm persuaded him to go into real production. "It really became skateboards rather than hand-whittled wood when I got connected to these people in Colorado. They made wine crates and chairs. I was interested in a deck made of laminated wood, with a kick tail and a concave – and to do that you have to have some pretty heavy machinery."

"Especially when you're talking throwing a board 15 or 20 feet onto concrete," offers Johnson.

"But a good skater can ride anything," says Jeff Newton. "It could be completely square. It's the difference between buying a Chevy and buying a Corvette; the business is largely image."

"And Zorlac is definitely an image within the skateboard industry. We try somehow to tie together all the stuff kids are into – music and sleeve art and comics and comic art. Our image is the whole creepshow thing." Newton points to a spot on the crowded wall. "That's our logo there – the shrunken head."

The connection between music and skateboarding has to do with timing – the timing of punk. Punk hit America in the late '70s, when skaters were feeling particularly defiant. "It affected everything then," says Craig Johnson with awe. "Clothes, attitude, socialising. The skaters saw this and we went, 'Wow! Check this out.' Cause it was like what we'd already been experiencing. You know, you want to be different, you don't want just what they're dishing out to you. Otherwise, you'd be on the football team."

"Also, you have music and jamboxes in any skate park, at any ramp. And so-called punk stuff, it's the best to skate to. It motivates you and gets your adrenaline going."

Hardcore enjoys the tightest bond with skating and skate culture: and most US skate shops stock the Butthole Surfers, Jodie Foster's Army, the Bad Brains, and

Hüsker Dü, plus whatever locals thrive and thrash. "A lot of skaters will be together," says Craig Johnson, "And someone will say, 'Hey does anybody play an instrument?'. Somebody goes, 'Well I play bass'. So they get together to jam and then it's, 'Let's cut a record and sell it to everyone down at the ramp'. And pretty soon there will be gigs and compilations and so on. Skate rock."

"But," says Jeff Newton, "It's derogatory to call someone a skate punk. Our skaters don't call themselves that. It's a label put onto them by other people – who assume that hardcore is all they're into."

Zorlac were the first company to offer a board to a band – the now-defunct Big Boys. ("They were a big skateboard band for a long time," says Johnson. "Basically that's how they got together.") And this year, Zorlac debuted Model Metallica – Pushead's pirate-from-Hell homage to another big skate fave.

Nor do the company's innovations stop with the one-dimensional – a couple of years ago, Zorlac began to recruit British skaters, too. Today Team Zorlac sponsors four: London-based Billy Smith, Scot Dave Phillips and Alton brothers Barry and Mark Abrook. Their ages range from 20–23. Barry Abrook (who last year placed 5th in American amateur competitions) is visiting Zorlac HQ at the moment.

Craig Johnson says he has learned a lot from the Limeys. "In England, it seems like the pressure is less to behave a certain way. Like guys in Echo And The Bunnymen – in all these bands that are nice – they skate. In America, that's not the sort of music which has been associated with skating. No one even talks about it."

Strong images generate strong reactions, too, as the Zorlac team have to admit. "Sure, our stuff has been banned; sometimes we get a lot of flak about the graphics. But people associate a certain look with skating. The fashion angle is there because people associate skaters with anti-social ideas."

So what does the serious skater wear? Johnson takes a deep breath. "Well – you want a tennis shoe with no heel, a flatbottomed tennis shoe with a small arch support so you can feel your board. Kids mostly wear Vans – which are made for skateboarding – or Converse. Besides shoes, your kneepads are the most important thing. Because you're gonna fall on your knees and hands a LOT while you're learning. You go through a long period of learning to fall as much as you learn how to skate."

"Bermuda shorts are the basic pants, right above the knee. They make skateboard shorts which have pads built in for your hips – like on your bones. And I wear those when I skate."

"What's happening now," says Jeff Newton, "Is the surfwear people are starting to sponsor skaters – to get 'em into something of theirs. They just bullshit their way in and people start buying the stuff."

At 21, Johnson is one of skateboarding's Grand Old Men. But he isn't afraid of the competition and he welcomes growing interest in the sport. As long, that is, as skating can stay outside the establishment. "Now there's a big surge of skaters who are real young ... Sometimes I go

CONTINUES PAGE 37



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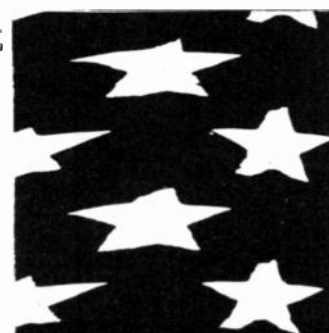
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Tav—cat scratch fever!

TAV FALCO'S PANTHER BURNS**The World We Knew (New Rose)**

"I'VE ALWAYS wanted to make an album of songs I love," says Falco, the long-time rockin' magpie based in Memphis. And this is it—Panther man's tribute to a thousand bar-dance nights beneath the Macon-Dixon line.

Falco fled Philadelphia when he was a toddler, and has been whistling Dixie ever since, a fact made clear on his previous uneven records. But on 'The World We Knew' the guy comes clean, and strips down, then rebuilds, a mighty jukebox of forgotten sounds, the kind of tunes you might hear one night on the car radio deep in Mississippi or somewhere, if you're really lucky. Benny Joy, Carl Mann, Bobby Lee Trammel, Alan Page—these are the stomping hoodoo prowlers of that era, and Falco is giving them back their place in history, before they slip away unnoticed. At the same time laying himself open for a bootleg entitled 'Songs The Panther Burns Taught Us'.

No doubt we will find the originals soon, but in the meantime the Panther Burns evoke heartily the tumbleweed connections of Stax-vault dancers ('Do The Robot'), drive-in kitsch ('She's A Bad Motorcycle' and tear-sodden blues ('I'm Doubtful Of Your Love'). Alex Chilton has produced these raw and alive.

Even better is the bark-rubbing rockabilly funk of 'Pass The Hatchet', where Falco stalks the dancefloor with an axe behind his back. Or the tremendous schmaltz of 'The World We Knew', a song Falco heard Frank Sinatra treat, and then spent a year or two trying to perfect its himself. The vocals wail at the moon and surmise the lost-era feel of the album, which may well lament the '80s too, it's timeless.

This is miles before and ahead of The Cramps' 'A Date With Elvis', and the Panther Burns' best since 'Behind The Magnolia Curtain', all those years ago...

David Swift**LAIBACH**
Opus Dei (Mute)

WORKING ON the fringes of the pop industry as the lone purveyors of totalitarian marching music, Laibach inevitably create a sound which is ludicrously strange when it's set against the bounce'n'bump of every other contemporary record.

Laibach are untouched by denim-rolled soul and speed-metal; and their thudding, droning dirges are wrapped in the Slavic truth that "it's like hardcore and rap never happened" in the mining villages of Northern Yugoslavia. Like no other group, Laibach have a sound that is theirs alone. No one else could have dreamed of (let alone dared) taking over Opus' 'Live Is Life' and Queen's 'One Vision' so that these definitively banal ditties could be turned into bristling, monstrous slabs of "revolutionary" song.

The "Ja! Ja! Ja! Ja! Ja! ... Jawohl!" chants in the middle of 'Geburt Einer Nation' ('One Vision') are presumably meant to send every music capitalist junta tottering biliously towards self-destruction while 'Opus Dei' ('Live Is Life') is remarkably addictive, considering the song's anthemic overtones.

These two songs transform stadium-rock and Euro-holiday disco hits into anthems of a different sort—where pomprock posturing and footstomping fervour are embraced with a degree of political seriousness. And Laibach are—according to their haircuts, uniforms and press handouts—in deadly earnest as they use Opus and Queen to pay tribute to the "free and strong men of the nation". This fusion of hollow pop dress with ponderous totalitarian scheming allows Laibach's gloriously heavy-handed march music to be swollen with absurdity.

While failing to equal the consistent brilliance of last year's 'Nova Akropolis' set, 'Opus Dei' is further proof that Laibach are as distinctive as they are ridiculously overbearing.

Donald McRae**THE RAILWAY CHILDREN**
Reunion Wilderness (Factory)

YOU REMEMBER the north? Pie shops, dirty canals, good football teams and no jobs? It's where whippets dominate smoke room debates and social status is determined by fertility of your allotment.

It's that area of England that everyone knows so much about, particularly those who have never ventured beyond Worcester. The Railway Children are from the north and you could be forgiven for thinking that their geographical origins are more important than their music. They are destined to suffer at the pens of lazy journalists who revert to references to "bleak landscapes" or "rain-soaked cobbles". What is it about the north, and Manchester in par-



El Tel—self-deception.

THE COLOURFIELD
Deception (Chrysalis)

GOD I really went for Terry Hall, the smirk, the snigger, and the nasty streak he never tried to hide. I thought I'd never tire of that voice, toneless with a dead-pan despair, spitting out slightly sour-tasting love songs; Terry

Hall coming on like some cross between Billy Fury and Barry Grant, and taking the stage to the strains of "glory, glory Man United".

But Terry Hall looks utterly bemused on the cover of 'Deception'; The Colourfield have released a weirdly dull record and I guess he knows it.

The single, their version of Sly Stone's 'Running Away', is a fair guide to the new Colourfield sound; the good things about the better songs are crushed between the marching feet of the *boum-crack boum-crack* drum track production. The Colourfield as we've known them—Terry, Toby, Carl, Gary Dwyer—are hardly present (no Carl or Gary at all). Instead there's the artificial characterless sound of percussive beats and keyboard pulses. After this plastic production has gone to town we're just

left with Terry's voice ploughing a wobbly line through a field of emulators.

With 'Confession' you find yourself trying to forgive the excesses of Richard Gottehrer's production and dig out the gems in this downbeat song about the manacled power of desire and religion. With 'Goodbye Sun Valley' you wonder just how brilliantly Tom Waits would have delivered this mix of true-life seediness and blurred surrealism, but it's an impression of ordinariness that you take from 'Digging It Deep', from 'Dawn To Distraction' and from 'Badlands'.

'Badlands' opens the LP, and although there's a lovely percussive break near the end, and a backing vocal out of nowhere, there's no touch of genius in the song, no sparkle of emotion. It's one of those Terry Hall songs

about how things that used to be so good have been destroyed.

He's got a fine ability both to dig himself out of despair and to drag himself out of cheerfulness; at once hard-done-by and happy. And for years I've considered it a bargain even when he was doing nothing more than trading off his past and his personality. But there's no glory, glory here.

Dave Haslam

Circus clown.

BREAKING CIRCUS
The Ice Machine (Homestead)

MORE TOOLS you can trust, originating from the same city that brought you Big Black. Breaking Circus ring master Steve Bjorklund has since ripped up his roots and re-planted himself in the more fertile soil of Minneapolis, stomping ground for, among others, Hüsker Dü and The Replacements.

What kind of stage presence Bjorklund has is anybody's guess as, so far, Breaking Circus have yet to play any one of this capital city's numerous paddling pools. If he puts on as fine a show as the one that is currently battering its bleeding head out of my speakers then we're in for a treat.

Folks who put their necks out of joint when Big Black visited these shores will be back in traction when they get an earful of 'The Ice Machine', an album that's as solid, clean and lethal as the rubber handled claw hammer branded on the cover.

Don't get the impression that sheet metal shock tactics are the only game that BC can play, they're much more learned and subtle than that. There is stuff entwined in this mesh that coaxes a smile to flicker, riffs which convince that flesh and blood, toil and sweat are the gears responsible for this thunderous brewing on your turntable. All hail to this latest muscle in the arm of the new flesh, because this ice burns.

Edwin Pouncey**VARIOUS**
Beauty—The Pink Compilation (Pink)

A STUDIEDLY beautiful sleeve, a singles-sized price tag, six bands, ten tracks, and a question—what exactly does Pink Records think it's done to merit the Story-So-Far, 'Hatful Of Stock-Taking', vibe this record exudes? Have I missed something?

Pink haven't even copped one of the 'New British Motown' hats we regularly award. Their two-year existence seems to have been spent squatting on the fence that divides Creation from Ron Johnson, watching everything but learning rather less.

None of which, however, is meant to condemn the thing; for those who don't already own the tastier moments of the Pink output, this LP—particularly side two—will justify its board and lodge, no problem. For their £3.29 investment, rampant consumers get a track each from Rumblefish, McCarthy, the Ringing and That Petrol Emotion ('Keen? Again?'), Jamie Wednesday (crap, still around, no bloody justice) and The Wolfhounds, whose 'Anti-Midas Touch' is worth the three quid on its own, and may one day serve as an epitaph for indie pop!

Danny Kelly**SMOKELESS FUEL****LEVEL 42**
Running In The Family (Polydor)

THIS IS the sound of the suburbs, nine years on. All over Britain, all over everywhere after the success of 'World Machine', life is played out to a Level 42 soundtrack. What Madness were to inner London, Mark King and Co. are to the neat streets and grey tower blocks at the further ends of this and every other town and city's clogged arteries. What have they done to the Nutty slack though? They've extracted the wit and replaced it with a sense of familial responsibility, added a discreet dusting of late 20th century angst, and processed the mixture into a clean, smokeless fuel that can heat up Wembley Arena's chilly wastes for weeks on end.

Public perceptions of the band have shifted noticeably since the days when they were written off as Shakatak Mark II (as in Ford Cortina Mark II, III or IV). That's because Level 42 are now so much better than when they first stepped off the Isle Of Wight ferry. From their blandly-efficient beginnings, they have fashioned a sound as idiosyncratic even as Camden's finest—freed from the pressure of proving he's the fastest thumb in the West, Mark King is relaxing into an excellent pop singer, while the Gould brothers' songs are pushing out beyond their early funk-chant boundaries. Another couple of years and they could even be

hip (among those who care about such things).

This set starts out with the hint, the threat of pomp rock, stadium spectres rising from the floor in what sounds like a dead-ringer for Queen's 'I Want To Break Free'. But then that familiar, agitated bassline jitters through the mix and we're off into 'Lesson In Love', first track on a surprisingly strong first side. 'Running In The Family', the current hit, is here of course—it's unusually personal, domestic setting seems a measure of Level 42's new confidence. And there's pathos too, to scupper critics who see the band as permanently grinning/grimacing idiots: 'It's Over', flatly expressed, shows the family unit disintegrating—it moves you because everything else on the horizon impresses on you just how important this bonding is to the band.

Things drift a little on the second side, blurring into a pattern of comfortable rhythms and reassuring vocals. But still, 'Running In The Family' marks another step in Level 42's self-improvement plan. They used to make OK (if you liked that sort of thing) singles and dreary albums, then they started making better singles that livened up slightly less-than-dreary albums. Now they're right on form as masters of the pop 45 format and the 33 rpm outlook is brighter too. There's one side of New Look Level 42 and one side of your old brand here. Next year's bigger, better package could be really worth its weight.

Alan Jackson

ticular, that triggers it off? For God's sake, who ever asked Nik Kershaw about Ipswich?

'Reunion Wilderness' is seven songs born and bred in the north and whether they would have turned out so beautifully crafted or seductive to the ears written and recorded elsewhere is debatable. Gary Newby has a great ear for a pop song, whether it's

the frail cry of innocence of 'The First Notebook', the plaintive whistle of 'Railroad Side' or the joyous anthem of 'Brighter'—one of the singles of 1987.

In Newby The Railway Children have a gifted songwriter who arranges the perfect marriage between melody and lyric and doesn't look for escape routes in banality.

The Railway Children are from the north. That's a fact and you won't be allowed to forget it. But never let a compass rule your record player, 'Reunion Wilderness' is alas a fine pop postcard from the heart. Wish you were here?

Terry Staunton

TROJAN HORSE ROMPS HOME

THE ETHIOPIANS
The Original Reggae
Hitsound Of The Ethiopians
(Trojan)
VARIOUS
Trojan Explosion (Trojan)
PRINCE BUSTER
Fabulous Greatest Hits
(Spartan)
BOB ANDY
Retrospective (I-Anka)
JIMMY CLIFF
Fundamental Reggay (See
For Miles)

OF THESE five retrospectives, the ska blue beat axis of The Ethiopians and Prince Buster collections take the 22 carat honours. As an introduction to The Ethiopians or simply a reggae archivist's delight, the Trojan compilation is exemplary. Excellent, informative and concise sleeve notes from Steve Barrow set the tone for the 21 gems within. From the first groove of the Coxson Dodd produced 'Free Man' from 1966, to '72's 'The Word Is Love' for Harry J, the original Jamaican hit machine sets a rock-steady pace. 'Train To Skaville', 'The Whip' and the offhand genius of 'Engine 54'; 'Hong Kong Flu', 'Well Red' and the scathing social observation of 'Everything Crash' - the sound of a group perfectly in tune with the moment. Seminal.

Prince Buster's rude boy brass occupies an altogether more abrasive soapbox - the street corner sass to The Ethiopians more trenchant worldview. This is the self proclaimed 'King Of The Blue Beat', holding forth on the topical themes of the day from 'Free Love' to Muhammad Ali. Legend has it that Buster would roam the streets of Kingston with a pick up band beating out a rhythm on tin



The Prince: first-class.

cans, frying pans and anything they could coax a beat from. Alongside his local fame as a pro boxer, these sessions laid the ground rules for the music that was to follow. From the big-mouth brag of 'Earthquake' to the cod-macho mischief of 'Ten Commandments', Prince Buster covered the rude boy waterfront like no-one before or since.

The aptly named 'Trojan Explosion' celebrates the 10th anniversary of the 12-inch retrospective singles unleashed in the mid-'70s. Most of these songs have appeared on various Trojan compilations but, for the first-time curious, the selection is a perfect point of entry into reggae's back pages. Desmond Dekker ('007' and 'You Can Get It...'), The Pioneers ('Mama Look and 'Let Your Yeah Be Yeah') and The Maytals ('Pomps And Pride', '54-46...') are probably the best known Trojan stalwarts but everything else from Bob And Marcia to Dandy Livingstone is - as the sleeve notes attest - "pure dynamite". Bob Andy's 'Retrospective'

covers the years '70 to '75 and offers a fine profile of one of reggae's more under-rated vocalists. In the company of the Kingston session mafia, Bob takes a leisurely approach to consistent subject matter - personal and social tribulation, rasta consciousness and politricks.

Finally, 'Fundamental Reggay' - a breeze through the EMI years, '73 to '75 - wherein, Jimmy Cliff attempted to stretch out beyond his 'Harder They Come' reputation. It's an uneven collection, pleasant and unaffectionate, and evinces a feeling of a loss of direction. Roger Murdoch's contentious sleeve notes claim that the early '70s were a time when "reggae music finally achieved acceptance as being a serious, bona fide limb of Rock Music". If Jimmy Cliff believed that, it would go some way to explaining his stasis of late. I don't think he did which makes the claim something of an insult to the man and a patronisation of reggae. Fundamental, this isn't.

Sean O'Hagan



Alice: tell it to the Marines.

MARINE GIRLS
Beach Party (Cherry Red)

ORIGINALLY RECORDED in a garden shed somewhere in Hatfield early 1981, 'Beach Party' is somewhat a seminal record on the minimal pop side of things. Finally Cherry Red have made the album available to the public once more; love hath no greater friend... The Marine Girls, of course, went on to spawn Everything But The Girl and Grab Grab The Haddock, but neither act have ever come close to touching the pure undistilled rapturous feeling that characterised this, the trio's initial excursion into the world of pop.

Stark simplicity itself - three voices in harmony, acoustic guitar, bass and home-made percussion with just a fraction of seagull effects - this album I have lived with, and loved, for over five years now; the 500th play sounding as fresh as the first. The perfect female counterpart to 'Singles Going Steady' with its bittersweet, frail songs of love and rejection, I defy anyone to listen to the yearning 'In Love' (surely the greatest, simplest end-of-affair song ever penned?) or 'Fridays' or the soaring harmony on 'Tutti Lo Sanno' or the mournful 'Dishonesty' or the sweet 'Honey' or the... and remain unaffected. This record probably had more

unacknowledged influence on the terribly-named 'anorak' bands of last year than any other, and beats them all hollow with its direct honesty. I can't recommend 'Beach Party' enough.

The Legend!

DOLLY PARTON, LINDA RONSTADT, EMMYLOU HARRIS

Trio (Warner Brothers)

ALMOST A decade in the planning, almost a year in the making, 'Trio' looks on paper like the record equivalent of some glossy, gotta-be-a-winner TV sitcom: it's a more youthful version of *The Golden Girls*, but with Grandma locked out of the condominium to fend for herself among the other bag ladies.

Country music has long been hot on these superstar collaborations, with Waylon and Willie and chums appearing and reappearing together in endless permutations, but this is the most marketable, collective assault on the mainstream yet. As well as being icons on the broad spectrum of late 20th century country music, Dolly, Linda and Emmylou are very definitely voices, each different but each as capable as the other of pinging heartstrings and sending you off sobbing into your milkshake. So, together, they should prove a killer combination. That they don't seems to result directly from the vocal perfection they jointly achieve.

The most obvious case in point is the album's first single, an inappropriately worthy rendition of Phil Spector's late '50s trash classic, 'To Know Him Is To Love Him'. The Teddy Bears' hit original may have been short of vocal prowess but it dripped with silly, spotty, teenage kitsch - for all their pristine perfection, our three heroines sound like

Sunday school teachers turning the pages of their hymnals. Similarly Ronstadt's lead vocal on Kate McGarrigle's 'I've Had Enough' is toe-curlingly awful so earnest that it's painful to hear.

Picking on this often-dismis sed singer is unfair though, because she also provides the album with its best moments. Her old chart career, her three Nelson Riddle collaborations her recent work with Paul Simon and Phillip Glass, her current US chart-topper with James Ingram - Linda Ronstadt's versatility cannot be questioned, but *never* has she sang as well as on Linda Thompson's 'Telling Me Lies' the least country but the most affecting song on 'Trio'. It's almost as if, by forgetting the pressure to sing as well as he two friends and instead giving it to the pathos of the lyric, she achieves all the impact that technical perfection denies.

Other highpoints are impressive but never quite so rarified. Dolly Parton turns in her least crossover performances in years on the Jimmie Rodgers classic 'Hobo's Meditation' and on her own 'Wildflowers', while Emmylou Harris' work on the traditional songs 'Rosewood Casket' and 'Farther Along' will have purists in transports of delight. 'Trio' is a success then but not the success it should have been. It boasts some exquisite singing and one all-out heart-lurchingly beautiful track but given the ingredients the isn't quite enough.

Alan Jackson

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FRONT 242
Official Version (Red Rhino Europe)
DUM DUM SCORE
Audio Sheep (NMW)
T.A.G.C.
ShT (Sweetbox)

IN A POLITICAL climate where everyone has to state name and place of birth and class allegiance and purpose before being allowed into the discussion, I guess I'm up for a little dark anonymity coupled with obscurity of plan, exploration before strict determination. I warm to all three before I play them, just because they don't map out all that's on offer in the pre-match talk.

It's the groove that Cabaret Voltaire cut deepest – it was around before, but not facing the audience. It's not exactly mainstream yet, but it isn't exclusive club either. And there's a lot of it, opening things up, drawing them out, cracking them up. So what goes down?

The Anti-Group (T.A.G.C.) wrap their layered compress in elaborate notes – Aleister Crowley, Hassan-i-Sabbah, Kabbalism, Egyptian Gods – beyond a joke, though. It's INFORMATION, shapes of thought to come. Or something. Adi Newton, formerly a hunkered voice with (long defunct) Clock DVA, is their recognisable signature, but it's not that important. They are neither the best (93 Current 93) nor the worst (who can say?) of their many-faced kind, ritual soundtracers, tape splicers, noise thieves. Their design sense is suspiciously slick – Throbbing Gristle reborn as yuppies? Wait and see...

Dum Dum Score pick up lower down the presentation scale, neatly. They nick an LP sleeve (Kraftwerk, to target the NME) and slip in an old cover (31.1.87: *Soul Britannia* issue) and plaster their transparent logo onto both. Neat but unrepeatable. Where

FEAST IN THE DORM



Lydia: in New York, everyone can hear you scream...

do they go from here? Well, they should use their echo chamber a bit less. They should focus more. They shouldn't take their value for granted. Wait and see...

Front 242 come out hardest, riding on a crest of a Europelectro rhythm that leans to take corners and boings along cartoon fashion. It's Yello with a cancerous revenge-complex, but they only pick up slowly – as if *motorik* won't display an adequate head of threat immediately. Either way, by side two, electro-disco as hell-hound

has been clankily unleashed and the beat hunts, overhauls, engulfs, re-animates. A robot-shove into rapture – the found voices thrown over the top just so much pleasure-noise. As if they too shunned themselves up this way: wait and see, wait and see, wait and see... because a politics that isn't three ways open-ended is worthless and clueless and hopeless.

Mark Sinker

LYDIA LUNCH
Hysterie (Widowspeak)

ONE LAST chance to catch up. A time to look back in hunger at the Queen Of Siam in all her glory.

Way back at punk's peak, long before Lydia Lunch started heckling her audience for a living, she was one of the screams of indignation and anger behind New York's, Brian Eno-invented, 'No Wave' movement. A two fingered jab in the eye holes of the punk exploiters, whose safety pin chic product was even garnishing the store windows uptown. Punk had grown itself a flabby asshole and now was the time to kick it... hard. Explode its guts all over the ceiling of Max's Kansas City with one well-placed stiletto heel.

Lydia stepped into the spotlight as Teenage Jesus with her Jerks in tow who swung back and gave it their best shot with a Robert Quine-produced 45 entitled 'Orphans', a howl for blood which delighted the few and outraged the many. Lydia's die had been well and truly cast.

When Teenage Jesus And The Jerks had outlived their usefulness, Lydia went on to metamorphose into Beirut Slump, again with Robert Quine at the controls. Later came 8 Eyed Spy, where a more orthodox rock formula was tinkered with before the set out on her own. Running, like the orphan she had created in her guise as Teenage Jesus, through the bloody snow. Snuggling next to her brothers and sisters in noise to keep both warm and alive before the next phase of her mission began.

'Hysterie' tells Lydia's story better than I can in the space given. Unless you've been paying attention right from the start you'll find yourself being pleasantly astonished at the power, depth and variation of this music which leisurely stretches its previously cramped form out in your living room. The myth that Lydia Lunch is merely a siren howling in the dark is gleefully and intelligently shot down in flames at last. Here's the ammo.

Edwin Pouncey

EVAN JOHNS AND THE H-BOMBS
Same (Zippo)

"FOR T-SHIRTS, info, or just to say hi, you can write to Evan Johns via Austin, Texas". Hi, Evan!

This record was recorded between '83 and '85 and gets better the more you listen to it. Fluctuating from a sort of swamp-rock sound to a bash-out Stones-style (check 'Moonlight Cryin') the central core of this album is the guitar: raunchy,

twanging, and generally echoing all over the place.

There is too much grit and dirt and not enough nugget on this platter but when you dig out the nuggets they're well worth cherishing. 'Moonshine Runner' could have been recorded in a box, probably was, but it belts out a splendid country rock tune in a way that is alluringly sloppy. Conversely, 'Day Go By' goes to the other extreme and has an almost flamenco sound with some tight steel guitar work and organ.

Variety is the spice of this

album but sometimes the sweetness of the sound is overspiced. You can't help thinking how great it would be to see Evan Johns live, but you also can't help thinking how difficult it is to get this sort of thing in the can smartly.

Neil Taylor

VARIOUS
Kent Stop Dancing: The Sequel (Kent)

KENT'S LATEST collection of rare soul stompers and smoochers is strictly for dancers. Side one is uneven, with the surprise unclusion of several unspectacular tracks of dubious 'soul' pedigree. The proceedings only start hotting up with Ike And Tina Turner's real belter 'Shake A Tail Feather', on which young Tina turns in a typically gritty, fevered performance. Plus there's the mighty Jackie Wilson's 1967 single 'Baby Workout', another superb cut from this belatedly-recognised genius (check out Kent's 'The Soul Years' and 'The Soul Years Volume Two' for the evidence).

Side two is consistent top-quality slick soul, opening with the album's stand-out track, The Platters' wonderful 'With This Ring'. Another cracker comes from the Duke of Soul, Gene Chandler, whose singing on 'Nothing Can Stop Me' is almost too reminiscent of the song's author, Curtis Mayfield. Towards the close of the album the girls grab a piece of the action too. But, while both strong tracks, neither Erma Franklin's version of 'Higher And Higher' nor Nella Dodds' Philly update of The Supremes' 'Come See About Me' add anything to the originals.

Denis Campbell

COURTNEY PINE



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MARCH-APRIL 1987

- 31ST MARCH - OCTAGON CENTRE, SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY.
- 1ST APRIL - HEXAGON, READING.
- 3RD APRIL - TOWN HALL, BIRMINGHAM.
- 5TH APRIL - PALACE, MANCHESTER.
- 6TH APRIL - QUEENS HALL, EDINBURGH.
- 7TH APRIL - THEATRE, SOUTHPORT.
- 8TH APRIL - FORUM, HATFIELD.
- 10TH APRIL - CORN EXCHANGE, CAMBRIDGE.
- 12TH APRIL - PICCADILLY THEATRE, LONDON.
- 13TH APRIL - COLSTON HALL, BRISTOL.
- 14TH APRIL - BOURNEMOUTH INTERNATIONAL CENTRE.
- 15TH APRIL - CLIFFS PAVILLION, SOUTHEND.
- 16TH APRIL - FAIRFIELDS HALL, CROYDON.
- 18TH APRIL - CENTRAL HALL, CHATHAM.
- 19TH APRIL - THEATRE ROYAL, NOTTINGHAM.

CONGRATULATIONS
On your debut album going silver

TOUR NEWS

THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS commence their 'Out Of Hand' Tour at Bristol Bierkeller on April 7, then play Stoke Shelley's (8), Northampton Five Bells (11), London Town And Country Club (12), Edinburgh Coasters (23), Glasgow QMC (24), Dundee University (25), Sheffield University (27), Manchester Hacienda (29), Leeds Poly (30), Leicester Poly (May 1), Coventry Poly (2), Norwich UEA (3), Nottingham Rock City (5), Brighton Sussex University (8), Guildford Surrey University (9) and Birmingham Powerhouse (10). Support on the first three dates is Benny Profane. Pale Fountains plus And Also The Trees are on the London date while Stars Of Heaven support on all dates from April 23 through to May 3.

THE THOMPSON TWINS, now just Tom Bailey and Alannah Currie supported by a new band that includes Sarah Lee on bass and Geoff Dugmore (ex-Art Of Noise) on drums, have lined-up the following tour: Liverpool Empire (May 14), Birmingham Odeon (15), Manchester Apollo (16), Newcastle City Hall (18), Edinburgh Playhouse (19), Sheffield City Hall (20), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (21), Bradford St Georges Hall (23), Bristol Hippodrome (24), Southampton Mayflower (26), London Hammersmith Odeon (27). A new album, 'Close To The Bone', gets an April 6 release.



Short sharp Shocked

MICHELLE SHOCKED heads a five night stint at London's Drill Hall Art Centre between April 14-18. Each night will have a different theme and most are expected to feature guest musicians. Themes are 'Short Sharp Shocked' kinda folksy but with several new songs (14), 'Musicians Night', country, bluegrass and cajun (15), 'Multi Media Night', (16), 'Bohemian Snap Cafe' (17) and 'The Swing Vote', featuring swing based material (18). For ticket enquiries phone 01-873 8270.



THAT PETROL EMOTION, who release their debut Polydor single 'Big Decision' on Monday, have decided to tour this spring. Their itinerary reads Brighton Poly (May 2), Birmingham University (5), Liverpool Mardi Gras (6), Edinburgh The Venue (8), Aberdeen The Venue (9), Dundee Dance Factory (10), Newcastle Riverside (11), Nottingham Rock City (13), Leeds Warehouse (14), Manchester International (15), Norwich East Anglia University (16), Bristol Bierkeller (18), London Town And Country Club, Kentish Town (19), Portsmouth Basins (21), Northampton venue to be confirmed (22), Sheffield Limit Club (23).

STEELEYE SPAN return from Abu Dhabi in April to play English gigs at Nottingham Royal Centre (April 1), Ipswich Corn Exchange (2), Lincoln Ritz (3), Hereford Leisure Centre (4), Swindon Wyverton Theatre (5), Northampton Deragate (7), Bristol Hippodrome (9), Worthing Assembly Rooms (10), London Lewisham Theatre (11), Hayes Beck Theatre (12), Oakengates Town Hall (13), Cardiff St David's Hall (14), Cheltenham Town Hall (16). More dates are planned for Autumn, when a new album will be released.

RICHARD THOMPSON goes solo for a tour that takes in 26 cities during May and June. Dates are: Birmingham Red Lion Club (May 9), Bristol Bierkeller (11), Oxford Newman Rooms (12), Newark Palace (14), Shrewsbury Music Hall (15), Hereford Leisure Centre (16), Leeds Irish Centre (19), London Bloomsbury Theatre (20 and 21), Dublin Tara Club (22), Brighton Festival (24), Canterbury Marlow Theatre (26), Bognor Regis Centre (27), Southport Arts Centre (28), Manchester International Club (29), Exeter St George's Hall (31), Swindon Wyvern Theatre (June 1), Nottingham Old Vic (2), Kinver Community Centre (3), Redhill Harlequin Centre (4), Milton Keynes Woughton Centre (5), Farnham Maltins (7), Aberdeen Metro Hotel (10), Glasgow Daddy Warbucks (11), Chester Gateway Theatre (13), Hull Spring Street Theatre (15), Sheffield Leadmill and London Hackney Empire (19). Thompson is currently in the States recording with guitarists Fred Frith and Henry Kaiser plus ex-Beefheart drummer Drumbo.

CHUCK STANLEY, ORAN 'JUICE' JONES and **TASHAN** headline the Def Jam US Soul Attack Tour, which plays the UK in April. Dates now set are: Manchester International II (April 18), Nottingham Rock City (19) and London Camden Palace (April 20 and 21). All three acts play three full sets within the show, while on backups is newest Def Jam signing Alyson Williams.



Oran 'Juice'

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY And **The Dukes** have now confirmed their one-off date at London's Hammersmith Odeon on April 13. Tickets are priced £7.50 and £6.50, available from the usual agencies.

RECORD NEWS

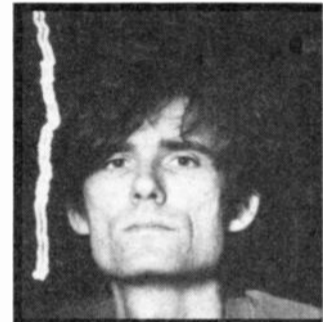
SINGLES



A live and well - SOD

LEE AARON: 'Only Human' (10) news is that there's an album and Euro-tour on the way - out now ● **ALL ABOUT EVE:** 'Our Summer' (Eden) currently they're touring with The Mission - out April 13 ● **BABY AMPHETAMINE:** 'I'm A Chernobyl Baby' (Creation), three girls who probably should know better - out April 30 ● **BATFISH BOYS:** 'The Bomb Song' (Batfish Incorporated) produced by Vic Maile - out now ● **BLYTH POWER:** 'Ixion' (All The Madmen) includes a version of 'Folsom Prison Blues' - out now ● **BON JOVI:** Wanted Dead Or Alive' (Vertigo) the 12-inch version contains tracks cut live in Japan - out March 30 ● **BRENDA AND THE BIG DUDES:** 'Amalahle' (EMI) from the 'Sounds Of Soweto' album - out March 30 ● **BOBBY BROWN:** 'Girl Friend' (MGA) ex-New Edition leadman - out March 30 ● **THE**

CAPITOLS: 'Every-Time' (Cake) ex-Nightingales - out March 30 ● **COMPANY B:** 'Jam On Me' (Bluebird) - out this week ● **CONGRESS:** 'Contract Of Faith' (EMI) a debut single - out now ● **STEVE EARLE:** 'Fearless Heart' (MCA) - out March 30 ● **THE FAITH BROTHERS:** 'That's Just The Way That It Is With Me' (Siren) from the guests on the Julian Cope tour - out now ● **LOU GRAMM:** 'Midnight Blue' (Atlantic) - out now ● **THE HONEYMOONERS:** (Another Fit Of Laughter' (Mr Ridiculous) debut single from a Glasgow quintet - out April 3 ● **CAROL**



A Timbuk hairdo

JIANI: 'Such A Joy Honey' (MCA) previously a hit-maker with 'Hit And Run Lover' and 'Mercy' - out March 30 ● **PATTI LABELLE:** 'Kiss Away The Pain' (MCA) - out March 30 ● **LATIN QUARTER:** 'Nomzamo' (Arista) a song about the life of Nomzamo Winifred Mandela - out March 30 ● **MICHAEL McDONALD:** 'Out Love' (Warners) the theme to the upcoming Richard Gere movie *No Mercy* - out now ● **THE MAN FROM DELMONTE:** 'Drive, Drive, Driver' (Ugly Man) Manchester band - out April 1 ● **MEAT LOAF:** 'Special Girl' (Arista) the 12-inch contains two tracks cut live at St Austell Coliseum in February - out April 6 ● **MIGHTY LEMON DROPS:** 'Out Of Hand' (Blue Guitar) produced by Joe Brown's son Pete (honest!) - out April 6 ● **MODERN ROCKETRY:** 'I Feel Love Coming' (Greyhound) - out April 6 ● **OF CABBAGES AND KINGS:** 'Bud' (Puge) a four-track 12-inch featuring the bassist and drummer from The Swans - out April 1 ● **REM:** 'Superman' (IRS) - out now ● **PATRICE RUSHEN:** 'Watch



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THE GO-BETWEENS are ready to tour in support of their new Beggar's Banquet album 'Talulah' and kick off at Edinburgh's Hoochie Coochie Club on April 24. After which they visit Strathclyde University (25), Dundee Dance Factory (26), Newcastle Riverside (28), Leeds Warehouse (29), Liverpool University (30), Manchester International (May 1), Sheffield Leadmill (2), Swansea University (3), Bristol Bierkeller (5), Wolverhampton Poly (6), Birmingham University (7), Leicester Princess Charlotte (8), Coventry Warwick University (9), London Town And Country Club (10). The Go-Betweens will *not* appear at Manchester Hacienda's Aids Benefit on April 7, as previously announced. The group claim that the event was never a confirmed booking and that, in any case, they already had a prior booking for that day. The Woodentops replace them.

JACKIE ROBINSON of Pioneers fame, plus Winston Reedy, one time lead singer of The Cimarons, provide 'An Evening Of Reggae Nostalgia' at London's Hackney Empire this Friday (27). They will be supported by local Hackney band One Style.

Out' (Arista) — out March 30 ● **THE SHADES:** 'Running Wild' (Sierra) the theme from the Ray Brooks TV series— out now ● **THE SAINTS:** 'Just Like Fire Would' (Polydor) — out March 30 ● **SPEAR OF DESTINY:** 'Never Take Me Alive' (10) their first since Mick Procter replaced Stevie B on guitar— out now ● **CHRIS THOMPSON:** 'It's Not Over' (Parlophone) from the soundtrack of the movie *Playing For Keeps* — out March 30 ● **THE THREADS:** 'Hey Little Lady' (Prism) — out now ● **TIMBUK 3:** 'Hairstyles And Attitudes' (IRS) — out March 30 ● **VICIOUS RUMOUR CLUB:** 'Whole Lotta Love' (Music Of Life) Led Zed get the rap treatment — out now ● **ZOSKIA:** 'Be Like Me' (Temple) Psychic TV spin-off — out now ●



Culture on Strange Fruit

MORE OF those ever-wonderful Peel Sessions head our way this week with the release of **THE PREFECTS'** session from 1979, a **CULTURE** set from 1983, plus recent offerings from **JUNE BRIDES** and **YEAH YEAH NOH**.

THE ICICLE WORKS have lined-up a few dates to promote their 'If You Want To Defeat Your Enemy' album and play the following: Huddersfield Poly (May 5), Newcastle Mayfair (6), Cardiff University (8), Hanley Victoria Hall (9), London Astoria Theatre (10 and 11), Southampton University (13) and Manchester International II (14).

SUZANNE VEGA returns to the UK in May for a 13 date concert tour which co-incides with the release of a new album, 'Solitude Standing'. Dates are: Brighton Centre (May 17), London Hammersmith Odeon (18 and 19), Guildford Civic Hall (25), Bristol Colston Hall (26), Sheffield City Hall (28), 29 Birmingham Odeon (29), Manchester Apollo (30), Newcastle City Hall (June 1), Glasgow Pavilion (2), Aberdeen Capitol Theatre (3), Cardiff St David's Hall (5), Poole Arts Centre (6). Tickets are priced £8.50 and £7.50 in London and £7.00 and £6.00 elsewhere.

TIMBUK 3 are to return to the UK, later in the year, for an extensive tour. In the meantime, there's a one-off gig at London's Town And Country Club this Friday (27).

PAUL BRADY undertakes a May tour in support of his 'Primitive Dance' album. Dates are: Edinburgh Queens Hall (May 7), Sheffield Limit Club (9), Southport Arts Centre (11), Kendal Brewery Arts Centre (12), Leeds Irish Club (13), Newcastle Riverside (14), Manchester International (16), Bristol Hippodrome (17), Exeter Barnfield Theatre (18), London Hammersmith Odeon (20) and Birmingham Odeon (23). Brady is also one of the artists playing the Secret Policeman's Ball at the London Palladium on March 28 and 29.

MICHAEL McDONALD has added an extra London date to his UK tour and now plays Hammersmith Odeon on Tuesday, April 14.

THE BODINES have lined-up the following dates in April — Weston-Super-Mare Knightstone Centre (April 3), Bath Moles (4), Leicester Princess Charlotte (10), Sheffield Leadmill (11) and London Marquee (26).

HANK WANGFORD headlines the 'City Limites Alternative Music Festival' at London's Town And Country Club (April 10). Support includes Sleepy La Beef and cowpunk band The Rivals.

HURRAH! now play on the U2 dates at Wembley (June 2) and Birmingham NEC (3). Arista's greatest new hopes also are booked for the AIDS Benefits at London's Town And Country Club (April 3) and Newcastle City Hall (April 5) before setting out on their own headline tour in May.

ALBUMS



A Butthole

BLYTH POWER: 'Wicked Women, Wicked Men And Wicket Keepers' (All The Madmen) they like puff-puffs and silly-mid-offs so they can't be all bad — out April 6 ● **CHUCK BROWN AND THE SOUL SEARCHERS:** 'Live '87' (Rhythm King) a double-helping from an ace Washington DC band — out now ● **BUTTHOLE SURFERS:** 'Locust Abortion Technician' (Blast First) — out now ● **CHILDREN'S DAY:** 'A Message To Pretty' (Vodka) Californians who remember Love of the Arthur Lee type — out April 3 ● **TAMMY CLINE:** 'Tammy Sings The Country Greats' (MFP) British singer not to be confused with Dolly Lynn — out now ● **DIZZY**

SATELLITES: 'Crisis In Utopia' (Music Maniac) German psychedelics — out now ● **THE DROOGS:** 'Anthology' (Music Manic) compilation of tracks from ye olde American garage band — out now ● **ERASURE:** 'Circus' (Mute) their second album — out March 30 ● **ESQUIRE:** 'Esquire' (Geffen) produced by Yesmen Chris Squire and Alan White — out now ● **JOHN FARNHAM:** 'Whispering Jack' (RCA), No. 1 album Down Under recently — out April 6 ● **THE FUZZTONES:** 'Live In Europe' (Music Maniac) from the 1985 tour — out now ● **HAZE:** 'Stoat And Bottle' (Gabadon) — out April 6 ● **HYSTERIA WARD:** 'From Breakfast To Madness' — a cassette only release — out April 1 ● **THE KEY:** 'The Golden Age' (Unicorn) — out now ● **HENRY NORMAL:** 'Ostrich Man' (Native) — out now ● **ALISON MOYET:** 'Raindancing' (CBS) — out April 6



Alf



Henry The Normal

● **PARANOID VISIONS:** 'Schizophrenia' (All The Madmen) Dublin punks — out April 6 ● **THE RAILWAY CHILDREN:** 'Reunion Wilderness' (Factory) either a seven-song mini-album, an eight-song cassette or a nine song CD, depending upon which you can afford — out March 30 ● **RECKLESS:** 'No Thrills' (Valentino) produced by Twisted Sisterites — out now ● **ARTHUR RUSSELL:** 'The World Of Echo' (Rough Trade) rock, dance and experimental fusion stuff by a kid from Oskaloosa, Iowa — out March 30 ● **THATCHER ON ACID:** 'Curdled' (All The Madmen) — out April 6 ● **VARIOUS:** 'The James Deans Of The Dole Queue' (ID) Inspector Tuppence, The Wiggsville Spliffs and others you haven't heard of — out now ●

klubFoot
CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

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

THE HIGHLINERS
rochee and the sarnos
Wiggsville Spliffs
Saturday 28th March at 7-30pm

BLUBBERRY
HELL BELLIES
Rockatones
£4

CAMOUFLAGE PRESENT

THE GALT
EXTRA SHOW
END OF TOUR
LIVE FILMING
for Whistle Test

with guests
CHIEFS of RELIEF
CRAZYHEAD

Tuesday 31st March at 7-30pm
BRIXTON ACADEMY
211 STOCKWELL ROAD, SW.6

Tickets £6-50 are available in advance from the Academy box office, tel: 274 1525, or from:
CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 0771, KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 8989, STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932, ALBEMARLE, TEL: 580 3141
ROCK ON RECORDS, ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, OR ON THE NIGHT
OR BY POST: 1-2 WINDMILL TERRACE, LONDON SW10 0UL, CHEQUE PAYABLE TO CAMOUFLAGE CONCERT PRODUCTIONS LTD. TO INCLUDE 50p BOOKING FEE PER TICKET

klubFoot
CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

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

THE METEORS
Long Tall Texans
FRACURED
emptifish
Saturday 4th April at 7-30pm

£4

Camouflage & World Service Present

the COURTNEY PINE quartet

Sunday 12th April at 7-30pm
PICCADILLY THEATRE
Drum Street, London W1

Ticket £8.50 in advance from: THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 437 6005 CREDIT CARD SALES, 9AM-8PM, TEL: 379 6505 OR: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 0771, STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932, ALBEMARLE 580 3141 OPEN ALL BOOKS TEL: 779 6433 OR ON THE NIGHT

CAMOUFLAGE & KENNEDY STREET PRESENT:

THE JAMES BROWN SHOW
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
Well Red

WEMBLEY ARENA, WEDNESDAY 29th APRIL, AT 7pm
TICKETS £12 & £10

AVAILABLE FROM THE WEMBLEY BOX OFFICE, TEL: 962 1234, OR KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 8989, STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932
PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 0771, ALBEMARLE, TEL: 580 3141, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371
OPEN ALL HOURS TEL: 379 6433 OR BY POST (PLUS 50p BOOKING FEE) WITH CHEQUE OR
PORTAL ORDER, MADE PAYABLE TO JAMES BROWN BOX OFFICE, P.O. BOX 2, LONDON W.6 A.L.Q. AND ENCLOSE A S.A.E.

CAMOUFLAGE PRESENT

CAP BAND

HAMMERSMITH ODEON, Fri-Sat 1/2 May at 7-30pm

TICKETS £9.50, £8.50 £7.50, IN ADVANCE FROM: THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 4081, CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371 PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 0771, KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 8989, STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932, ALSO ALBEMARLE, OR ON THE NIGHT
OR BY POST: 1-2 WINDMILL TERRACE, LONDON SW10 0UL, CHEQUE PAYABLE TO CAMOUFLAGE CONCERT PRODUCTIONS LTD. TO INCLUDE 50p BOOKING FEE PER TICKET

LIVE ADS (01-829 7816)

marquee
OPEN EVERY NIGHT 7-11pm
ADVANCED TICKETS ARE ON SALE FOR CERTAIN SHOWS TO MEMBERS ONLY
LICENSED BARS
90 WARDOUR ST. W1
01-437 6603

Thursday 26th March One Night Only CARDIACS Plus Support (Adm £4.00)	Monday 30th March (Adm £3.00) NIADEN'S GHOST Plus Rog Patterson
Friday 27th & Saturday 28th March Rock & Roll (Adm £3.50)	Tuesday 31st March Hard Rock (Adm £3.50) LISA DOMINIQUE Plus Hellfire Club
THE BABYSITTERS Plus Jaws (27th) Plus Fridayz Angelz (28th) (Adm £3.00)	Wednesday 1st April Winners of The Rock The World Contest (Adm £3.00) GLORY Plus One Big Day
Sunday 29th March (Adm £3.00) ONE NATION Plus Support	Thursday 2nd April One Night Only (Adm £4.00) THE TRUTH Plus Support

REDUCED ADMISSION FOR MEMBERS, STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARDHOLDERS
READING FESTIVAL '87
AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

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

Thur 26 BLAST 1st START COUNTING + Support: £3.50 (2.50 Concessions) Fri 27 THE PINK FAIRIES TIN GODS "Do it" £3.50. Book now! Sat 28 Hard New Country Rock from USA STEVE EARLE & THE DUKES SUNDAY SCHOOL £5 Sun 29 Sunday Showcase (7pm-11.30pm) NEW ACTS ONLY £2	Tues 31 The Hellfire Club LEGACY OF LIES Jnr MANSON'S SLAYS RED HAYES BLACK SAB & THE TEENAGE FUDGE PACKERS (£2 Concessions) Wed 1 Host & DJ Krys Presents CHARACTERS FLEURS DE MAL ADADA (From USA) + Scratch Video Show (£3.50 (£2.50 Concessions)) Thurs 2 "ACROSS THE TRACKS" Starts here Weekly "Hard Dance" Music Club Your host, DJ & Mentor SIMON GOFFE The week's Guest DJ NORMAN 'RARE GROOVE' JAY £4 gets you membership. £3 from there on in. Fri 3 BAD MANNERS Set 4: AIDS ALL - DAYER BENEFIT MICRODORNEY, RESTLESS, HOWLING WILF ETC. Fri 10 JAZZ DEFECTORS Fri 17 BOOGIE BROS BLUES BAND
--	--

CREDIT CARD HOTLINE (01) 741 8888 OR ANY BRANCH KEITH PROWSE FOR ADVANCE BOOKINGS

LONDON BOOKINGS
439 3371

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

MARCH	Glenn Gaynor
24th	Howard Jones
24th/25th	Allen Sex Friend
26th	Milly
27th	Timbuk 3
28th	Meatloaf
28th	Mission
29th	Grown on Red
31st	Stranglers
31st	The Cult
APRIL	
2nd/3rd	Marc Almond
3rd	Rose of Avalanche
3rd	Wedding Present
4th	Bohemi
4th	Quartet with Tommy Chase
4th	Bronski Beat with Jimmy Somerville and New Order
4th	Melrose
5th	Rent Party
8th/9th	Level 42
12th	Courtney Pine
12th	Elbow Brookes
12th	Mighty Lemon Drops
12th	Hank Wangford
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
19th	King Kurt
22nd	Slayer
22nd	Julian Cope
24th	Field Of The Nephilim
25th	Barclay James Harvest
27th	John Mayall
27th	James Brown
29th/30th	Spear Of Destiny
MAY	
1st	Immortal
1st	Crazy Pink Revolvers
1st/2nd	The Gap Band
8th	Blow Monkeys
10th	Go Between
10th	Gill Evans 75th Birthday
13th	Alarm
13th/14th	Alison Moyet
14th	Abdullah Ibrahim
16th/18th	Santana
18th/20th	Duran Duran
20th	Paul Brady
21st	Pretenders
23rd	Run DMC
24th	Gary Glitter
24th/26th	Steve Wonder
26th/31st	Christians
31st	
JUNE	
3rd/4th	Neil Young
7th	Camel
10th/11th	Carmel
12th/13th	Fatback
17th	Camel
21st	Husker Du
23rd/24th	Iggy Pop
JULY	
1st	Trouble Funk
4th/5th	Luther Vandross
4th/6th	Go West

LONDON BOOKINGS
439 3371
96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON W1.

Division One
Saturday 28th March £3.00

JAZZ BUTCHER
THE WELLHEAD INN
WENDOVER, BUCKS
Tel: (0296) 622733
8.30pm - 1am

VICTOR JARA FESTIVAL
WEDNESDAY 25th MARCH 7-11pm
TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB

HAPPY END OSVALDO TORRES BAND
INCANTATION
SPECIAL GUESTS: BOLIVIA MANTA
COMPLETELY ORIGINAL AND FULLY THE PART

THIS WEEK GARDEN

WEDNESDAY	end of chat
THURSDAY	shark taboo
FRIDAY	THE FABULOUS GORRIS SISTERS LUNCHEON

CLUB
Noon-3pm

CAFE & VENUE
COVENT GARDEN
01 240 3961

JLP CONCERTS PRESENTS
KING KURT
FEATURING THE WHEEL OF MISFORTUNE

BRISTOL BIERKELLER WEDS 15th APRIL 8pm
Tickets £3.50 in advance Tel 0272 28514 and usual agents

ASTORIA THEATRE SUN 19th APRIL 7.30pm
CHARING CROSS ROAD
Tickets £4.50 in advance Tel 01 434 0401 (London Theatre Bookings, Premier, Star Green 01 734 8932) Rough Trade, Revlon

LEEDS POLY TUES 28th APRIL 8pm
Tickets £3.50 in advance Tel 0532 450173

FINAL SOLUTION PRESENTS
TWO BENEFIT CONCERTS FOR
INTERNATIONAL AIDS DAY
M A R C A L M O N D
2ND APRIL 1987 - HACKNEY EMPIRE,
291 MARE ST. HACKNEY E8

TICKETS £5.50 & £6.50

3RD APRIL 1987 - THE ROYALTY THEATRE,
PORTUGAL ST. WC2

TICKETS £6.50 & £7.50

DOORS OPEN 7.30 PM AT BOTH VENUES

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM PREMIERE,
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, KEITH PROWSE,
HACKNEY EMPIRE AND THE ROYALTY

Camden festival
presents
the Godfather of Go-Go, direct from Washington DC

CHUCK BROWN and the SOUL SEARCHERS

Thursday 26 March & Saturday 28 March
Town & Country Club
9-17 Highgate Road NW5

Doors 8pm
Tickets £7/£5 concessions

Camden Festival Box Office
01-388 1394 01-387 6293 (CC)
Town & Country Club 01-267 3334

PRESENTED BY ASSOCIATION WITH
CITY LIMITS

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

From: The Players Theatre 839 1134, Rough Trade 229 8541, Rhythm Records 267 0123, Premier 240 0771.

The LARKS

New 7 & extended 12 inch single
PAIN IN THE NECK

LARK 3 12 LARK 3

BILLY GRAHAM'S GOING TO HEAVEN
I AM A CLEAN BOY
MAGGIE MAGGIE OUTTOUT

distributed by Pinnacle

LAI BACH

NEW LP "OPUS DEI" OUT NOW ON MUTE RECORDS

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL Waterloo · WED APRIL 1st
Doors 7.30 · Performance begins 8pm · 01-928 3191/8800

MEAN FIDDLER
LIVE MUSIC
28a HIGH STREET HARLESDEN NW10 Tel 01 961 5490

Wed 25th
THE BHUNDU BOYS
Adm £5.00

Fri 27th and Sat 28th
MARY COUGHLAN AND HER BAND
Adm £5.00

Sun 29th and Mon 30th
TOM ROBINSON
Adm £5.00

Tues 31st
THE MEAN FIDDLER A.I.D.S. BENEFIT (All proceeds to International A.I.D.S. Day)
ZOOT AND THE ROOTS **TERRY AND GERRY** **ANDY WHITE**
TED CHIPPINGTON Compere **TOM WATT** D.J. **WENDY MAY**

Wed 1st April
DIMENSION OF MIRACLES + ZIMICO
+ LIFE AFTER + KINGFISHERS CATCHFIRE
Adm £3.00

Thurs 2nd
FROM USA
THE DEL FUEGOS
Adm £4.00

Fri 3rd
DEACON BLUE
Adm £4.00

Sat 4th and Sun 5th April
FROM U.S.A.
TED HAWKINS
with special Guest **GILLIE McPHERSON**
Adm £5.00

Sun 12th
FROM USA
TAV FALCO AND PANTHER BURNS
Adm £4.00

Thurs 23rd
FROM USA
TOM VERLAINE
Adm £5.00

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

THE MEAN FIDDLER IS A LIVE MUSIC VENUE WITH A RESTAURANT, 4 BARS, A DINER AND DANCEFLOOR. OPEN 7 NIGHTS A WEEK 8PM-2AM. FIRST ACT ON 9PM
NIGHT BUS N10 - TUBE WILLESDEN JUNCTION

Phil McIntyre by arrangement with Outlaw Management presents

Julian Cope

PLUS FAITH BROTHERS AND CRAZYHEAD

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

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

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

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

BRISTOL STUDIO
SUNDAY 12th APRIL 7.30 pm
Tickets £5.00 available from B.O. Tel: (0271) 276193.
Revolver, Virgin, Rival Bath & Bristol, Rockaway Newport.
TICKETS BATH CREDIT CARD 0225 60249

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

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB, Kentish Town
WEDNESDAY 22nd APRIL 7.30 pm
Tickets £5.00 available from B.O. Tel: 01 267 3334.
Kerth Prowse (Credit Cards 01 741-8888), Premier, Stargreen.
Albion, L.T.B., Rock On Records, Rhythm Records.
Rough Trade Records in Association with Sound Asylum.
Ticketmaster

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

EXETER UNIVERSITY
SUNDAY 26th APRIL 7.30 pm
Tickets £5.00 available from Students Union Tel: (0392) 283538.
Pits Exeter, Virgin Torquay & Plymouth & Usual Agents

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

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

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

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

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

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

NEW ALBUM SAINT JULIAN OUT NOW

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS BY ARRANGEMENT WITH WORLD SERVICE PRESENTS

An Evening With The
COURTNEY PINE
Quartet

APRIL 10th **CAMBRIDGE CORN EXCHANGE**
13th **BRISTOL COLSTON HALL**
15th **SOUTHEAST CLIFFS PAVILION**
16th **CROYDON FAIRFIELD HALL**
18th **CHATHAM CENTRAL HALL**
19th **NOTTINGHAM THEATRE ROYAL**

TICKETS £5.50 £4.50 (CROYDON £6.50 £5.50)
AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICES AND LOCAL AGENTS

LIVE ADS (01-829 7816)

OUTLAW PRESENTS

THE DEL FUEGOS

special guests THE CRADLE
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
SUNDAY, 26th APRIL 7.30

All tickets £5 from box office 01 267 3334 and
Premier 01 240 0771, Stargreen 01 734 8932, LTB 01 439 3371
Keith Prowse 01 741 8989

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

GREENWICH LEISURE

THE BOOGIE BROTHERS THE YA YAS

Sat 28 March. Doors open 7.30pm
Thames Polytechnic,
Calderwood St. Woolwich SE18
£3.50 (Concessions £2.50)

XMAL DEUTSCHLAND

Sun 29 March. Doors Open 7.30pm
Woolwich Coronet
John Wilson Street (opposite Woolwich Ferry)
Woolwich SE18
£3 (Concessions £2)

THE FOREST HILLBILLIES

Plus Support
Fri 3rd April. Doors open 8pm.
Thames Polytechnic
Calderwood Street SE18.
£3.50 (Concessions £2.50)

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

ATT ROCK FANS

IF YOU WANT TO SEE
ONE OF THE GREATEST
ROCK BANDS LIVE,
IF YOU WANT TO SEE
ONE OF THE GREATEST
ROCK GUITARIST LIVE,
IF YOU LIKE
HENDRIX, CLAPTON OR BECK,
YOU'VE GOT TO SEE

JOHN MIZAROLLI ROCK.

LIVE AT CAMDEN PALACE
MONDAY 27th APRIL.

Tickets £5 Make cheques p/o to
D & L PROMOTIONS,
22 BAKER STREET,
LONDON W1M 1DF.
01-206 1966.

TICKETS AVAILABLE GENESIS

GLASGOW June 26th
LEEDS June 28th

STEVIE WONDER

MAY 23rd/26th
MAY 28th/31st
Credit Card Hotline
01-734 8932

STARGREEN 20 ARGYLE ST, LONDON W1.

PROMOTE YOUR BUSINESS AT THE BLACK MUSIC FAIR '87

The ideal situation has arrived for every business, company, organisation and individual, established or otherwise in the music industry, to display their goods at the prestigious Black Music Fair event to be held at the Royal Festival Hall, South Bank Centre, London SE1.

We are offering attractive quality stall showrooms at prices everyone can afford. Put your business on display by contacting us.

LIVE FAIR

The Black Music Fair is offering talented new or undiscovered groups, the opportunity of presenting their work in front of an audience of the people who matter in the music industry. In order to be considered for inclusion in the programme, please forward demo tapes, pictures and biography summaries to:

Black Music Fair, Brixton Enterprise Centre, Unit 221, 444 Brixton Road,
London SW9 8EJ. Tel: 01-274 4000. Ext. 361.

All submissions must be received no later than 8th May '87.
There will be a small entry fee which will entitle each group to a free VHS promotional video of their performance.



JLP CONCERTS PRESENTS

BLOW MONKEYS

PLUS SUPPORT

BRIGHTON DOME
MONDAY 20th APRIL TEL: 0273 674357

BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
WEDNESDAY 22nd APRIL TEL: 0272 22957

OXFORD APOLLO
SUNDAY 26th APRIL TEL: 0865 244544

VICTORIA HALL, HANLEY
MONDAY 27th APRIL TEL: MIKE LLOYD MUSIC

MANCHESTER APOLLO
TUESDAY 28th APRIL TEL: 061 273 3775

LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT
WEDNESDAY 29th APRIL TEL: 051 709 4321

NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CENTRE
MONDAY 4th MAY TEL: 0602 472328

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
THURSDAY 7th MAY TEL: 021 643 6101

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
FRIDAY 8th MAY TEL: 01748 4081

ALL SHOWS START 7.30pm TICKETS £5.00 & £4.50
EXCEPT LONDON £6.00 & £5.50 FROM BOX OFFICES & USUAL AGENTS

SUN 12th APRIL

the mighty lemon drops

THE PALE FOUNTAINS
AND ALSO THE TREES

Nearest Tube: Kentish Town
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
8/17 Highgate Rd, Kentish Town, N.W.5
Tickets £4.50 advance, £5.00 doors. Doors 7.30pm.
Box Office: 267 3334 Stargreen 734 8932 Rough Trade Records / Rock On Records
Keith Prowse 741 8989 Premier 240 0771 Rhythm Records

SUNDAY 29th MARCH

GREEN ON RED

SPECIAL GUEST
STEVE EARLE
DR'S CHILDREN

Nearest Tube: Kentish Town
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
8/17 Highgate Rd, Kentish Town, N.W.5
Tickets £4.50 advance, £5.00 doors. Doors 7.30pm.
Box Office: 267 3334 Stargreen 734 8932 Rough Trade Records / Rock On Records
Keith Prowse 741 8989 Premier 240 0771 Rhythm Records

FRI. 3rd APRIL

ROSE OF AVALANCHE

ALL ABOUT EVE
BOMB PARTY
The Hunters Club

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

ASCARD PRESENTS

PAUL BRADY

Primitive • Dance • Tour

Bristol Hippodrome
Sun 17th May 8pm

Tickets £5 from Box Office and Usual Agents

Hammersmith Odeon
Weds 20th May 8pm

Tickets: £6 & £5 from Box Office & Usual Agents
Credit Card Hotline: 01-734 8932 (subject to booking fee)

Birmingham Odeon
Sat 23rd May 8pm

Tickets £5 from Box Office and Usual Agents

JLP CONCERTS PRESENTS

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY and the JUKES

PLUS **The LARKS**

MONDAY 13th
APRIL
7.30pm
HAMMERSMITH
ODEON

TICKETS £7.50 & £5.50 FROM BOX OFFICE & USUAL AGENTS

BAY 63
12 Achlam Road, Ledbrooke Grove
London W10. Tel 960 4590

Wednesday 25th March
THE DUBIOUS BROTHERS
8-12pm £3/£2.50

Thursday 26th March
**TIN GODS ACT
+ DAY FOR NIGHT**
8-12pm £2.00

Friday 27th March
LONDON SCHOOL OF SAMBA
(Brazilian Dance)
9-2am £3.50/£2.50 before 10.30

Saturday 28th March
BUSHFIRE (Reggae)
9-2am £3.50/£2.50 before 10.30

Wednesday 1st April
**THE DOONICANS
+ NORMAN LOVETT
+ THE CRISIS BROTHERS**
8-12pm £3.00/£2.00

Thursday 2nd April
**THE CARDIACS
+ FLOWERS IN THE DUSTBIN
+ THE BAD TUNE MEN**
8-12pm £3.50/£3.00

SUNDAY 29TH MARCH

THE BELOVED + THE WALTONES

BLACK HORSE CAMDEN,
313 ROYAL COLLEGE ST,
LONDON NW1
Tickets £2.50/£2.00 Concession

Johnny Lovemuscle

Sat. 28/3/87
Redhill Centre

Mon. 30/3/87
Zeeta's, Putney

Thurs. 2/4/87
Hippodrome, WC2

Mon. 6/4/87
Dingwalls.

THE MEAN FIDDLER PRESENTS

TOM ROBINSON

Adm £5.00
SUN 29th and MON 30th MARCH
THE MEAN FIDDLER · 28a HIGH ST · HARLESSEN · NW10
01-961 5490
(CREDIT CARD HOTLINE 01-734 8932)

THE GREYHOUND
175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6

Wednesday 25th March £2.00
BLITZ KREIG ZONE 2020 - No Corridor

Thursday 26th March £2.50
Only London Appearance
TIGERTAILZ - Thin Ice

Friday 27th March £2.00
JOHNNY PINKO - Sunday School

Saturday 28th March £2.50
THE NEUROTICS - Paul Howard & Jo Black

Sunday 29th March £2.00
THE REACTION CLUB - Ian Fox

Monday 30th March £2.00
THE GATHERING - Killing The Rose

Tuesday 31st March £2.00
ICE COLD & ALICE - The Corn Dollies
Special Guest DJ every Lunchtime & Evening. Hot & Cold Food Always Available.

WENDY MAY'S
LOCOMOTION!
AIDS PARTY

on
APRIL 3rd
with
HURRAH!



THE DAINTIES
BRENDAN CROKER
&
THE 5 O'CLOCK SHADOWS

with surprise guest D.J.'s and artists
8.30pm till late £5.00 ADV.

TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB
8-17 HIGHGATE ROAD NW5
Tel 267 3334 KENTISH TOWN

Ticket price includes a voluntary contribution to
International Aids Day of £2 (Adv) and £3 (on door)

GIG GUIDE

THE FUTURE's so bright, we gotta play Kentish Town. Yup, wacky husband and wife team TIMBUK 3 return to the capital this Friday for a headlining show at the Town & Country Club, an impressive bill which also features JOHN COOPER CLARKE and VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE. The Town & Country Club is also the venue for the UK debut (two shows) by CHUCK BROWN & THE SOUL SEARCHERS (Thursday and Saturday) as part of the Camden Festival. The most interesting one-off in London this week (well, only just in London) is the solo performance by a certain DECLAN MCMANUS at Brentford Watermans Arts Centre on Sunday. Sold out already, I'm afraid. In the provinces there's not much in the way of new tours starting, although there is TV star HANK WANGFORD (Milton Keynes on Friday, Coventry on Saturday) and metal man GARY MOORE (Ipswich on Thursday, Birmingham on Saturday).

Cast your eyes across the list and locate the low-down on LEVEL 42, SIMPLY RED, THE MISSION, THE CULT, STEVE EARLE, THE STRANGERS & HURRAH! and MICHELLE-SHOCKED.

Gig Guide entries should reach the NME at least two weeks before the date of issue. Send 'em in to Gig Guide, NME, 4th Floor, Commonwealth House, 1-19 New Oxford Street, London WC1A 1NG.

WEDNESDAY 25

Bath College: The Spoons
Birmingham NEC: Level 42
Brabourne Five Bells: Maroondogs
Bretton Hall College: Ada Wilson & That Uncertain Feeling
Brighton The Richmond: The Mekons/
Michelle-Shocked
Bristol Colston Hall: Elkie Brooks
Cambridge Corn Exchange: Phil Cool
Canterbury Kent University: Attila The Stockbroker
Cardiff St. David's Hall: Go West
Charing Swan Hotel: Three Dimensions
Chatham Churchills: The Shy Tots/Golden Down
Chesterfield Moulin Rouge: Gah-Ga
Colchester Essex University: The Godfathers
Colchester The Works (0206 570934): Bruce Foxton's 100 Men/Solid State
Croydon Cartoon: Mandrake
Edinburgh The Venue: Deacon Blue
Exeter Timepiece: Roots Logic Blues
Greatstone Seahorse: Hamlyn
Hatfield Polytechnic: It Bites
Inverness Cummings Hotel: Kenny Davern & Stan Greig
Leeds Coconut Grove (0532 455718): Kevin McMillen Trio
Leeds Irish Centre: The Albion Band
Leeds Polytechnic: The Rent Party/Beat Crazy
Leeds Warehouse: Gaye Bykers On Acid
Leicester Princess Charlotte: That Perfect Pink/Walking Under Ladders
Liverpool Old Fire Station: Shark Taboo
London Brentford Red Lion (01 571 6878): Palm Of Ecstasy
London Camberwell Union Tavern: Oco
London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): Atomage/Partisan/Hermit Crabs
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: End Of Chat
London Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): Chuck Farley
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): Meat Injection/The Rover Girls
London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 9787): Blitz Krieg Zone 2020/No Corridor
London Fulham King's Head (01 736 1413): Instant Reactor/Apex Beat/Little Willy & The Alien
London Fulham Swan: Aardvark & No Money
London Hammersmith Odeon: Simply Red/
Terence Trent D'Arby
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: The Bhundu Boys
London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): Yeah Jazz/Killer B's
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 485 5358): The Dentists/Hangman's Beautiful Daughter/The Parachute Men/Perfect Disaster
London Lee Green Old Tiger's Head: Buick Circus Hour/The Love Act/Tracie Carter's Stabbing List
London Marquee (01 437 6603): The Larks
London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): Alfredo Rodriguez
London Palmers Green Fox (01 886 9674): Storm Warning
London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): Grahamophones
London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2102): The Discipline
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange (01 239 9181): White Heat
London Royal Albert Hall: Howard Jones
London Royal Festival Hall: Zubop (lunchtime)
London SW1 Dolphin Brasserie (01 828 3207): Ebony Quartet
London South Bank Archduke (01 928 9370): Martin Blackwell/Ian Ballantine
London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): Ken Colyer's All Star Jazzmen
London W1 Gossips: Faster Pussycat Kill Kill
London W1 Pizza Express (01 439 8722): Lingomania
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01 837 2097): The Emotioneers
London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): John Le Story/The Company She Keeps
London Wembley Arena: Alison Moyet
Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): Mark T & The Brickbats
Middlesex Polytechnic: Black Britain
Monks Horton Black Horse: Driver
Norwich East Anglia University: Xmal Deutschland
Nottingham Rock City: Green On Red
Nottingham Venue 53: The Paraffin Men
Nottingham Zhivagos: Allen Sex Fiend
Oswaldtwistle Golden Cross: Maxwell Street Blues Band

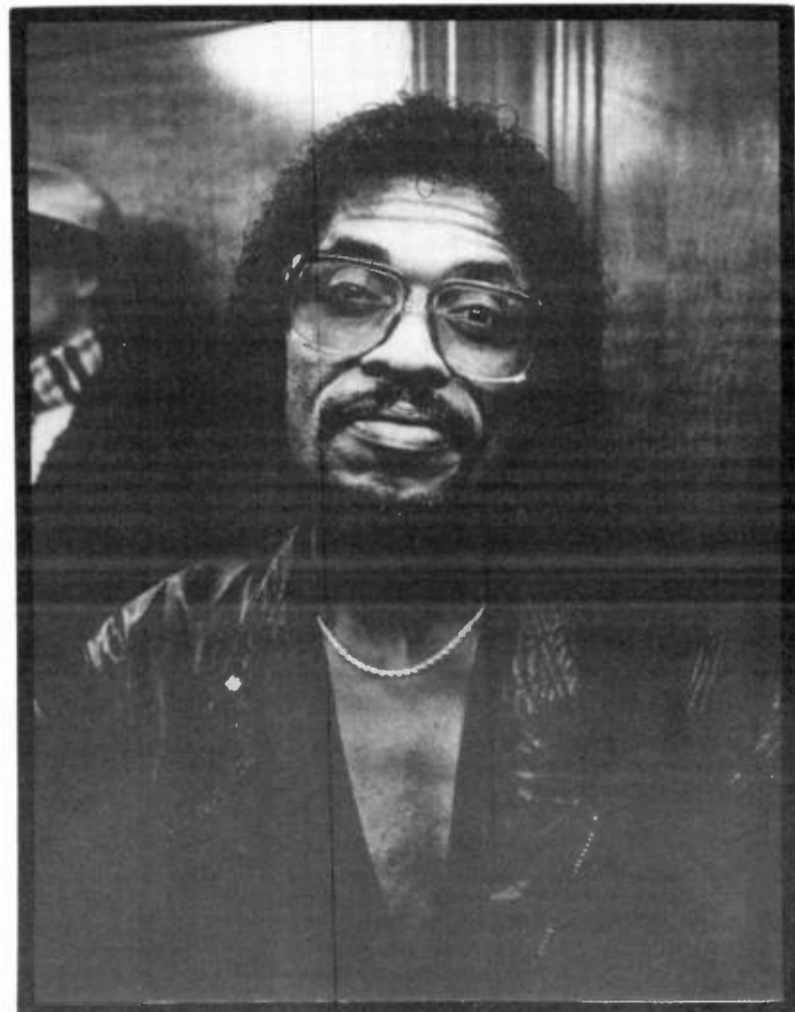
Peterborough Arena: The Stranglers/Hurrah!
Poole Mr C's (0202 631912): Truffle
Portsmouth Guildhall: The Cult
Reading Nino's: International Rescue/La Tariffe
Slough Pied Horse: Caddyshack
Southampton Joiner's Arms: Haze/Rog Patterson
Southend Reid's (0702 343235): Blue Water/The Shakers/A Sort Of Innocence
Sunderland Royalty: Hans Theesink
Usk Savvas: Gloria Gaynor
Westbere Raggs: Johnny Shoshine

THURSDAY 26

Barnsley Old Pavilion: Ada Wilson & That Uncertain Feeling
Bath Moles: Johnny G
Bath Pavilion: The Flatmates/Wilson & The Americans/Jonah & The Wall
Batley Xclusiv: Drug Free America/Love and Destruction
Bethersden The Bull: Matthew Warwick
Birkenhead Stairways (051 647 6544): Stepping Razor
Bradford Metropole: Political Asylum, Incest Brothers
Bridlington Royal Spa Hall: Tammy Wynette
Bristol Bierkeller: It Bites
Bristol Tropic Club: The Mekons
Carlisle Pagoda: Gloria Gaynor
Chesterfield Deiquin Court: Gah-Ga
Crawley Leisure Centre: Charley Pride
Croydon Cartoon: Dumpty's Rusty Nuts
Deal Black Horse Hotel: Max Diner
Derby Blue Note: Laugh
Dover Louis Armstrong: Maroondogs
Dudley JB's (0384 53597): Ice Cold In Alex's
Edinburgh Playhouse: Gary Moore
Edinburgh Queens Hall: Green On Red
Exeter Boxes: Sirens
Farnborough Technical College: Jim Jiminee (lunchtime)
Folkestone Pullman Wine Bar: Arnold
Galashiels Scottish Textile College: Deacon Blue
Gloucester Leisure Centre: Elkie Brooks
Halifax Old Woodcock: Tough Guys Don't Dance
Harlow Playhouse: George Melly
Harlow The Square (0279 25594): Jon's Flared Collar/Burn All Churches
Ipswich Gaumont: The Stranglers/Hurrah!
Lancaster Sugarhouse: The Crows
Leamington Spa Royal Spa Centre: Flying Pickets
Leicester Polytechnic: Michelle-Shocked
Leigh Grand Hotel: John B Spencer/Brendan Croker/Steve Phillips
Liverpool Cafe Berlin (051 709 3588): Laugh
Liverpool University: Stump
London Astoria: Alien Sex Fiend
London Brentford Waterman's: Palm Court
Teas with Waterman's Gaslight Trio
London Brixton The Ritz: Siol Phadraig '87 Festival
London Camberwell Union Tavern: Line Of Fire
London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): The Pink Fairies/Tin Gods
London Camden Palace (01 387 0428): The Godfathers
London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 240 3961): Shark Taboo/Kalahart
London Crouchend King's Head: Silent Music
London Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): Bolivar
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): Three Mighty Caesars/The Daggers
London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): Tigertailz/Thin Ice
London Fulham King's Head: Mercenary/Touché
London Hammersmith Clarendon Ballroom (01 748 1454): One Thousand Violins/The Chesterfields/A Riot Of Colour/Escape From Burma/The Catholic North
London Hammersmith Odeon: Simply Red
London Hammersmith Town Hall: Misty In Roots/Zeke Manyika/Lorna Gee
London Herne Hill Half Moon (01 274 2733): The One Pacific/Trixta/The Last Party
London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): Pete Brown Band
London Marquee (01 437 6603): The Cardiacs
London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): Alfredo Rodriguez
London N1 Club Sandino: Simon Booth/Gilles Peterson
London NW5 Gypsy Queen: Evidence
London North Kensington Station Tavern (01 727 4053): Tom Nolan's Rockin' Blues Band
London Oxford Street Wrong Club: The Sing Market
London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): Sean Maguire and Roger Sherlock
London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): Design
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange (01 239 9181): Terry Shannon
London SW9 The Plough: Radio 5
London Shepherds Bush The Wellington: The Grip
London South Bank Archduke (01 928 9370): Brian Leake Duo
London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town: Chuck Brown & The Soul Searchers
London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): Jasmine Minks/The Claim
London W10 Bay 63 (01 960 4590): Tin Gods, Act, Day for Night
London W1 Gossips: Night Shift/The Night Trains
London W1 Pizza Express (01 439 8722): Lingomania/Bobby Wellins
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01 837 2097): Red Hot/The Sex Artists
London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): The Jive Five
London Woolwich Tramshed (01 855 3371): Bruce Foxton's 100 Men/Ian Fox
Luton College: The Bhundu Boys
Luton HGPC: Trial/Dream Cellar
Manchester Apollo: The Mission
Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): Masquerade
Manchester Boardwalk: The Larks/Feast Of Friends
Manchester Boardwalk: The Lardiks
Manchester Hacienda: Gaye Bykers On Acid
Manchester Zapp Club: Slab!
Middlesbrough Empire: Hagar The Womb/Dan/Incest Brothers
Milton Keynes The Point (0908 660090): Weather Girls
Newcastle-upon-Tyne The Galleries: Laverne & Shirley
Newcastle Riverside: Black Roots
Northampton Arts Centre (0604 407544): Eduardo Nlebia & Antonio Forleone
Northampton Black Lion: Pursuit
Nottingham Mardi Gras: Antisect/Concrete Sox/Deviated Instinct
Petham Chequers: Jo Scott
Poole Arts Centre: Level 42
Poole Mr C's (0202 631912): Haze/Galahad
Portsmouth Basins (0705 824728): Mighty Mighty/Brilliant Corners
St. Austell Coliseum: The Cult
Southend Reid's (0702 343235): Taming The Outback
Swindon Brunel Rooms: Heartland
Tenterden White Lion Hotel: Invicta Jazz Band
Tynemouth Park Hotel: The Cadillac
Walsall Five Star Club: Bandyt
Wellington Barons Club: Crisis
Westgate Nottingham Castle: Terry Benson
Whitstable Harbour Lights: English Rogues

FRIDAY 27

Ammanford Betws Soccer Club: Tra Mad
Bath Longacre Hall: Culture Shock, Amebix, Smart Pills, Rhythmites, Wartogs
Bedford College of Further Education: The Larks
Birmingham Mermaid (021 550 8601): Gaye Bykers On Acid/Mental Radio/Uneven Planet
Birmingham Odeon: The Mission
Blackburn St. George's Hall: It Bites
Box Hill Boxes: Midnight Radio
Brighton Conference Centre: Elkie Brooks
Bristol Tropic Club (0272 49875): Unity Station
Bristol Western Star: The Chills
Bury Theatre Royal: Harvey & The Wallbangers
Carlisle Front Page (0228 34168): Brendan Croker/Steve Phillips
Chesterfield Moulin Rouge: Gah-Ga
Colchester Essex University (0206 863211): Edwin Starr
Coventry Rose & Crown Giraffe House: Surf Drums
Croydon Cartoon: Steve Whalley
Croydon Fairfield Hall: Flying Pickets
Darlington Arts Centre: Hagar The Womb/Dan
Edinburgh Queen's Hall: Carol Kidd
Essex Institute of Higher Education (0245 58178): Wilko Johnson
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: The Stranglers
Glasgow Lewis's: Black Roots
Glasgow College of Technology: Deacon Blue/Incredible Blondes Kevin McDermott Orchestra
Greenock Subterraneans: Biff Bang Pow/Surf Drums
Hampton Court Jolly Boatman: The Cardiacs/Wasteland
Harlow The Square (0279 25594): Clampdown/Hellum Brothers
Harrow Apollo: Antz Avenue
Hastings The Crypt: Chinese Whisper
Hereford Market Tavern (0432 56325): Mad Dog
Hornsea Theatre Bar: Adam's Eaten Eve/The Girlfriends
Hull Humber College: Tough Guys Don't Dance
Ipswich Gaumont: Gremlins
Ipswich The Old Times: The Thinifers/The Rest Is Silence/Loose In Benous
Lancaster Polytechnic: Blitz Krieg Zone 2020
Leeds Astoria Ballroom: Beat Crazy
Leicester Princess Charlotte: Terry & Gerry
Liverpool CF Mott College: The Young Mark Twains
Liverpool Krackers (051 708 8815): The Lawnmower
Liverpool Cavern: Silent Passion
Liverpool Planet: Antisect/Napalm Death/Cyclic Amp
London Brentford Red Lion (01 571 6878): Jackie Lynton
London Brentford Watermans (01 400 8400): Michael O'Connell and Sean O'Shea
London Brixton Fringe (01 326 5100): You You You/A Class Girls
London Brixton Old White Horse: Dross Brothers/Linda Smith/Mark Steel/Dave Benson-Phillips
London Camden Black Horse: The 14 Iced Bears/The McTells
London Catford Green Man (01 698 3746): Howlin' Wilf & The Vee Jays
London Cricklewood Hotel: The Howlers/Steve Edgar/Norman Lovette/Mike Mulkerin
London Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): Mr Clean
London E2 Taylors Freehouse (01 739 2808): The Crayfish Five
London E9 Chats Palace (01 986 6714): The Cropdusters/The Doonicans
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): The Mekons/Press Gang/The



Chuck Brown: welcome, Searcher?

Gutter Brothers
London Fulham Greyhound (01 253 0787): Johnny Pinko/Sunday School
London Fulham King's Head: Denny Laine/Mad Jocks & Englishmen
London Hackney Empire (01 985 2424): Winston Reedy/Jackie Robinson
London Herne Hill Half Moon (01 274 2733): Fairly Perfect People/Boys Own/The Boss
London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): Boogie Brothers
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 485 5358): Ricky Cool & The Texas Turkeys
London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63 (01 960 4590): London School Of Samba
London Lewisham Labour Club: The Forest Hill Billies
London Marquee (01 437 6603): The Babysitters
London Mile End Road Half Moon Theatre (01 790 4000): Koush/Dade Krama/Taxi Pata Pata/Ibille/African Dawn
London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): Alfredo Rodriguez
London North Kensington Station Tavern (01 727 4053): Tom Nolan's Rockin' Blues Band
London Palmers Green Fox (01 886 9674): Steve Marriott/The B Team/The Outlets
London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): Bhundu Boys
London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): The Stage
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange (01 239 9181): Fads Army
London Royal Albert Hall: Gloria Gaynor
London SW9 The Plough: Steve Waller Band
London South Bank Archduke (01 928 9370): Richard Busiakiewicz/Martin Klute
London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town: Timbuk 3/John Cooper Clarke/Voice Of The Beehive
London Twickenham West London Institute of Higher Education (01 892 6085): Shark Taboo
London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): Chris Barber's Jazz & Blues Band

CONTINUES OVER

FROM PAGE 28

SKATING

out to the ramp and I feel like a real old man. But, there's a whole other group of guys I skate with who are all my age or older. And they've been through the whole thing – they're diehards that are gonna be skating whether or not skating is big.

"Ten years from now, there will be 40-year-old skaters," he contends. "But parents still regard it as a kids' fad. And they wig out when they see a graphic like the one on my board. It's all 'Whoa! Look at this! What is this stuff Junior's getting into? Is he gonna look like this guy Johnson in five or six years?'" Johnson grins and rumples his shaggy dreads. "This movement is just like every other youth movement. No one cares till money's being made. Then it becomes, 'Hey – what is this little group all about?' And we've been here all the time, just doing our own thing."

SLAM CITY SKATE: THE BRITISH BIZ

Paul Sunman started Slam City Skates in late '86 – as a Saturday stint behind the counter at Rough Trade Records. "We had just a few things, hanging on a wall. And I stood there like a lemon, waiting for someone in these hundreds of record buyers to point up there." Once the word spread, however, skateboard freaks began to crowd the Rough Trade record fans. And Paul engineered a move to the derelict basement downstairs.

Sunman recruited Joe Evans – stranded behind the rolls of grip tape at Surrey Skateboards in Woking. "We knew he was this well-hip guy fully into the music," says Paul. "So we nabbed him." Married to an American, Joe was also well-travelled on the US skating scene.

Joe has skated for almost 20 years, Paul for over a decade. "So we know what skaters want. We work it exactly the way they do with records upstairs: we stick to the specialist market and bother with stuff no one else will get." Slam City's line of important fashions is as popular with image-mad rockers as it is with the eight-wheel community. And their record with skate gear is well-nigh impeccable.

"There has to be a shop," says Joe, "Which becomes a place where kids can come and communicate. Kids can call in, hang around, watch videos no one else has. Saturday nights you get a host of people coming in from Meanwhile after a session. You stick the video on, stick *Flipside* on the turntable – it's great."

Meanwhile 2 is a skating precinct by Royal Oak tube; like Edgware Road, Kennington Park, Fleet in Hampshire or Wandsworth Road, it's a site constructed from pre-shaped concrete "radical banking units". Joe skates there – or on London's South Bank.

"You can skate the South Bank 24 hours a day, seven days a week," he says. "People have since 1975. But the dossers and bums have changed things: now, it's cardboard city. I feel very guilty that we're making fun out of the place, while they're trying to use it as their home. I can never handle that."

Another topic which fires both Joe and Paul is the under-developed potential they see in British skate culture. Britain won't even offer its skate stars a ramp. Slam City's doing their bit: proposing to match any funds donated, pound for pound, towards a good half-pipe. If, that is, someone can locate a viable site. "I want to go ahead and build bigger transitions," says Paul. "Cause once you get the facility, wherever you are, there are always enough local kids who improve rapidly. That's where the future really lies."

SKATE — OFFICIAL: Memberships, monthly newsletters, ramp plans: Derry Thompson, Chairman, English Skateboard Association, 2, Northcliffe Heights, Marlpool Lane, Kidderminster, Worcs.

London W1 Pizza Express (01 439 8722): **Lingomania/Bobby Wellins**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01 837 2097): **Miracle Mile**
London WC2 Bunjies: **Mark T & The Brickbats**
London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): **Vardis/Charlie Mouse**
London Wandsworth Fishmongers Arms: **Peace On The Panhandle**
London West London Institute of Higher Education: **Shark Taboo**
London Wimbledon William Morris Club: **Cheval**
London Woolwich Tramshed (01 855 3371): **Nick Toczek/Jez Prins/Peter Campbell/David Coulter/Guy Evans/David Jackson**
Maidstone Jazz 32 (0622 674838): **Coup D'Etat**
Maidstone London Tavern: **Terminal Twist**
Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): **Divine Inspiration**
Manchester The Bank: **The Pleasure Babies**
Manchester Institute: **The Doctor's Children**
Manchester International: **Green On Red/Steve Earle**
Milton Keynes Woughton Centre: **Hank Wangford**
Northampton Five Bells: **Xmal Deutschland**
Norwich Premises Arts Centre: **The Wolfhounds/McCarthy**
Penzance DeMelza's: **Haze/Rog Patterson**
Poole Arts Centre: **The Cult**
Portsmouth Basins (0705 824728): **Desmond Dekker & The Aces**
Reading Paradise Club: **the Gathering**
Rotherham Arts Centre: **T-Dive**
Salisbury Fishermans Arms: **Union Street**
Scunthorpe Baths Hall: **The Cardiacs**
Southend Reid's (0702 343235): **The Pitchards**
Stourbridge Town Hall: **Chesterfields/Screen Heroes/Boys Next Door**
Tipton Galaxy: **Goats Don't Shave**
Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall: **The Hollies**
Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre (091 262 4276): **Blues Burglars**
Weston-Super-Mare Knightstone Centre: **Mighty Mighty/The Bloody Mary's**

SATURDAY 28

Aberdeen The Venue: **Blues Burglars**
Aylesbury (Wendover) The Wellhead Inn: **The Jazz Butcher Conspiracy**
Bath Moles: **Salvation Sunday**
Bedford Boys Club: **Das Pech-on Rangers/Welred Things/Cradlesnatchers**
Bedford Midland Hotel: **Pink On Pink**
Birmingham Mermald (021 550 8601): **Antisect/Hangar the Womb/Dan/Incest Brothers**
Birmingham NEC: **Gary Moore**
Birmingham Odeon: **Simply Red**
Birmingham Powerhouse: **Sommerville**
Bridgewater Arts Centre: **The Mekons**
Bristol Tropic Club (9272 49875): **The Royal Assassins**
Bromley Churchill Theatre (01 460 6677): **TJ Johnson**
Burton-On-Trent Central Park (0283 63265): **FM/Kooga**
Cambridge Alma: **The Pleasureheads**
Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **No Corridor**
Cardiff New Bogey's: **Crisis**
Cheltenham Axiom Centre: **The Mexican Embassy**
Chrsenhale Dance Space: **Nyah Fearties**
Colchester The Works (0206 570934): **Jah Quadro**
Coventry Polytechnic: **Hank Wangford**
Croydon Cartoon: **Mungo Jerry**
Dartford Orchard Theatre: **Flying Pickets**
Glasgow Third Eye Centre: **Nightshift/Eileen Harlow Playhouse: Harvey & The Wallbangers**
Hastings Mr Cherry's: **Antz Avenue**
Hereford Market Tavern (0432 56325): **Shaper**
High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Caddyshack**
Hornsea Theatre Bar: **US Magachicks**
Huddersfield Poly (0484 538156): **The Bootleg Beatles**
Ipswich Gaumont: **The Cult**
Kingston Dolphin: **Chuck Farley**
Kingston The Swan (01 549 8998): **Shrine**
Leeds Polytechnic: **Michelle-Shocked**
Leicester Princess Charlotte: **GI Orange**
London Brentford Red Lion (01 571 6878): **Little Sister**
London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre (01 867 5651): **CPJK Quartet**
London Brixton Academy: **The Mission**
London Camden Black Horse (Front Door To Babylon): **The Beloved/The Waltones**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Steve Earle**
London Carnarvon Castle: **Woffie Witcher (lunchtime)**
London Central Poly (01 636 6271): **Mighty Mighty**
London Clerkenwell Horseshoe: **Attila The Stockbroker/Allison Goldie/Ghandi V The Daleks/Henry Normal**
London Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): **Swinging The Blues**
London ECT Duke Of York: **Peace On The Panhandle**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **Steve Marriott/Not The Hollies**
London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): **The Neurotics/Paul Howard & Jo Klack**
London Fulham King's Head: **Stan Webb's Chicken Shack**
London Herne Hill Half Moon (01 274 2733): **Pop Icons/Walt & See/Epitath**
London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): **Denny Laine**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 485 5358): **Juice On The Loose**
London Ladbroke Grove Bay (01 960 4590): **Bushfire**
London Marquee (01 437 6603): **The Babysitters**
London Monarch: **Rubella Ballet**
London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): **Alfredo Rodriguez**
London North Kensington Station Tavern (01 727 4053): **Tom Nolan's Rockin' Blues Band**
London Putney Half Moon (01 799 2387): **Man**
London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **Will Diale**
London Rotherhith Prince Of Orange (01 239 9181): **Harry Pitch**
London Royal Festival Hall: **Itchy Fingers (lunchtime)**
London SW9 The Plough: **Zubop**
London South Bank Archduke (01 928 9370): **Dave Gelly & Nigel Bennett**
London Swiss Cottage Community Centre: **Mularkey & Hancock/Kit Hollerbach/Steve Rawlings**

London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town: **Chuck Brown & The Soul Searchers**
London Tufnell Park Tavern: **JCM Jazzband**
London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): **Ken Sims' Dixie Kings/Dave Barret's Cambridge Jass Band**
London W1 Pizza Express (01 439 8722): **Lingomania**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01 837 2097): **The X Men/The Toucans/The Auctioneers**
London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): **Jackie Lynton Band/Killer B's**
London Wembley Arena: **Level 42**
London Woolwich Tramshed (South Of Deptford Club) (01 855 3371): **John Sparks/Tony Allen/Kevin McAleer/Sharon Landau/Terry Morrison**
Luton Switch Club (0582 699217): **The Last Salute**
Maidstone Maplesden Noakes School Hall: **Bad Dress Sense/Flashpoint**
Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): **R Cajun & The Zydeco Bros**
Manchester Boardwalk: **Brilliant Corners/The Waitones**
Otley Westbourne Hotel: **T-Dive**
Paisley Stringfellows (041 887 6422): **Plastic Surgery/The Couch**
Passfield Royal Oak: **Blues Intrusion**
Poole Mr C's (0202 631 912): **Eddie & The Hot Rods**
Portsmouth Basins (0705 824728): **Bruce Foxton's 100 Men**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Stranglers**
Portsmouth Polytechnic: **Xmal Deutschland**
Reading Hexagon: **The Hollies**
Retford Porterhouse (0777 704981): **Pete Shelley**
Sheffield Leadmill (0742 454500): **Slab/No Man's Land**
Southend Reid's (0702 343235): **Hedgehog**
Stevanage Bowes Lyon House: **Blyth Power/Culture Shock/Scum Of Toytown**
Stockton-on-Tees Dovecot Arts Centre: **The Gargoyles**
Weston-Super-Mare Knightstone Centre: **Georgie Fame & The Blue Flames**
Windsor Arts Centre: **Hot Stuff**

SUNDAY 29

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **The Grip**
Bournemouth Badlads at Co-Co's: **Allen Sex Fiend**
Bradford Spotted House: **Elsie & The Ordinaires/Le Blonde/Wanderin Artur**
Brighton Centre: **Allison Moyet**
Croydon Cartoon: **TJ & The Dukes (lunchtime)/The Monday Band (evening)**
Croydon Underground: **The Cardiacs**
Dudley JB's (0384 53597): **Trevor Burton**
Dundee Dance Factory: **Deacon Blue**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Pavilion: **Gloria Gaynor**
Greenwich Coronet: **Xmal Deutschland**
Harlow The Square (0279 25594): **Roger Nobes/Geoff Carter/Brian Leake/Martin Hart/Codifiers**
Leicester Polytechnic: **It Bites**
Leicester Princess Charlotte: **Maurice Coleman (lunchtime)**
Liverpool Empire: **Simply Red**
Liverpool Everyman: **Crikey/It's The Comptons/The Da Vincis**
London Barbican Centre (01 638 4141): **Pete Allen Band (lunchtime)**
London Brentford Red Lion (01 571 6878): **The Amazing Rhythm Burglars (lunch)/Chuck Farley (evening)**
London Brentford Waterman's (01 400 8400): **Declan McManus/McCarthy Family**
London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **SNAKE CORPS/Slurpy Gloop/Rubber Yahoo/Dancing Bears/Three Little Demons**
London Camden Dublin Castle (01 485 1773): **Woffie Witcher**
London Catford Green Man (01 698 3746): **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Charing Cross Break For the Border (01 437 8595): **Peace On The Panhandle**
London Dalston Crown & Castle: **Riot Of Colour/The Looking Glass**
London Deptford Albany Empire: **Ted Hawkins**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **Iggy Quail (lunchtime)/Sleepy Labee (evening)**
London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): **The Reaction Club/Ian Fox**
London Fulham King's Head: **The Giant**
London Fulham Swan (01 385 1840): **The Reactors**
London Hackney Empire (01 985 2424): **Peters & Lee/Brian Poole**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Strangers/Hurrah!**
London Herne Hill Half Moon (01 274 2733): **Steve Waller (lunchtime)/Stevie Smith (evening)**
London Marquee (01 437 6603): **One Nation**
London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): **Bryan Spring Quartet with Art Thomen**
London Portman Hotel (01 486 5844): **Eggy Ley's Hot Shots**
London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Boogie Brothers**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange (01 239 9181): **Len Phillips/Mike Smith & Terry Smith's Big Band**
London SW9 The Plough: **Rhythm Principle**
London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town: **Green On Red/Steve Earle**
London Vultures Perch: **Brian Abrahams Group**
London W1 Pizza Express (01 439 8722): **Larry Adler**
London W1 Ronnie Scott's: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
London W1 Seven Dials: **Silent Music**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01 837 2097): **The V2's/Dirty Talk**
London WC1 Yorkshire Grey (01 405 2519): **Georgia Jazzband**
London W.C.2 Reptile House: **Strange Ways**
London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): **Little Sister**
London Wembley Arena: **Level 42**
London Wood Green TU Centre: **Rory McLeod/Dross Brothers/Linda Smith**
London Woolwich Tramshed (01 855 3371): **Newsrevue**
Manchester Apollo: **Elkie Brooks**
Norwich East Anglia University: **Antisect**
Nottingham Old Vic: **Moving Into Towns**
Nottingham Russells (0602 473239): **Clint Bestwood & The Mescal Marauders**
Oxford Apollo: **The Cult**
Peterborough Key Theatre: **Nutmeg/Indiscipline (lunchtime)**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Hollies**
Sheffield City Hall: **Gary Moore**

Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Flying Pickets**
Sutton Seacombe Centre: **George Melly**
West Bromwich Coach & Horses: **Goats Don't Shave**

MONDAY 30

Birmingham Diamond Suite: **Xmal Deutschland**
Birmingham Kaleidoscope: **Surface**
Brighton Old Vic: **GI Orange**
Bury St Edmunds Theatre Royal: **Flying Pickets**
Cardiff St. David's Hall: **Phil Cool**
Coventry Rose & Crown Melodies: **Kevin Dempsey & Martin Jenkins**
Croydon Cartoon: **The Choice**
Dudley JB's (0384 53597): **Dawn After Dark/Violet Shoes**
Edinburgh Onion Cellar: **Biff Bang Pow!**
Halesowen Arians: **Spiny Dogfish**
Harlow The Square (0279 25594): **Henry Normal/Jim & Tonic/Micky Hutton/The Girl Friends/Igor Thompson**
Leicester Demonfort Hall: **The Cult**
London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 7967): **Peter Haycock's Climax/Otis Gran & The Dance Kings/Michigan Avenue/Swinging the Blues**
London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Cropdusters**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Soul Agents**
London Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): **Straight Ahead**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **The Astronauts/Clive Pig/Dancing On Stumps**
London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): **The Gathering/Killing The Rose**
London Fulham King's Head (Igloo Club) (01 736 1413): **The Stupid/The Perfect Daze/Space Maggots**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Strangers/Hurrah!**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 485 5358): **Spit Like Paint/The Black Cillas/Up/ The Committee**
London Marquee (01 437 6603): **Nladem's Ghost**
London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **John B Spencer/Lick The Tins**
London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **City Line/Johnny Lovemuscle**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange (01 239 9181): **Tony Lee Trio**
London South Bank Archduke (01 928 9370): **Martin Blackwell**
London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): **Julian Bahula's Electric Dream/Native Spirit**
London W1 Le Beat Route (01 734 6308): **Act/Stay Brave/The Wendy House/Nova Express/The Repo Men**
London W10 Planet Alice (01 968 9646): **Willie Smith's Beanfield**
London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): **Jokers Wild/Out Of Eden**
London Wembley Arena: **Level 42**
Mansfield Civic Theatre: **Gloria Gaynor**
Middlesbrough Empire: **Windmill Show/Shrug**
Newcastle City Hall: **Gary Moore**
Newcastle Riverside: **Deacon Blue**
Northampton Demgate Centre: **The Hollies**
Nottingham Concert Hall: **Simply Red**
Nottingham Russells (0602 473239): **Rhythm Section**
Plymouth The Academy: **Allen Sex Fiend**
Portsmouth Galety: **Radical Dance**
Southern Reid's (0702 343235): **Alex Club**
Whitley Bay Parkes: **Vital Spark**
Yockleton Pink Elephant: **So What**


TUESDAY 31

Bournemouth Cocos: **Gloria Gaynor**
Croydon Cartoon: **Franchise**
Dudley JB's (0384 53597): **Dirty Road Blues Band/Tempe Tempa**
Edinburgh Playhouse: **Elkie Brooks**
London Brentford Red Lion (01 571 6878): **Dirty Work**
London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **Legacy Of Lies/Jur Manson's Slags/Red Harvest/Black Sab & The Teenage Fudge Packers**
London Camden Palace: **The Blubbery Hellbellies**
London Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): **Hershey & The 12 Bars**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **The Davy Spillane Band**
London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): **The Farkle Family/Ice Cold & Alice**
London Fulham King's Head: **Smokestack**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Strangers/Hurrah!**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01 961 5490): **Zoot & The Roots/Andy White/Terry & Gerry/Tom Watt/Wendy May (AIDS benefit)**
London Herne Hill Half Moon (01 274 2733): **Who'd A Thought It/The Deadly Serious**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 485 5358): **The Bible For Dogs/Goats Don't Shave/Yeah God/The Passenger**
London Marquee (01 437 6603): **Lisa Dominique**
London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): **Slap Jazz**
London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Paz**
London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **Atomage/Siam**
London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange (01 239 9181): **John Rawlings Band**
London South Bank Archduke (01 928 9370): **Jeremy Westwood**
London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): **Peter Of The Test Tube Babies/4 Guns**
London W1 Pizza Express (01 439 8722): **Pizza Express All Stars**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01 837 2097): **Hagar The Womb**
London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): **Innocence/The Assassins/Tickled Pink**
London Wembley Arena: **Level 42**
London Woolwich Tramshed (01 855 3371): **The Godolphins/Chinese Whisper**
Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): **Dance Like This**
Nottingham Russells (0602 473239): **Flood The Ark**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **Phil Cool**
Southampton Angel: **The Spoon**
Southend Reid's (0702 343235): **Wendy Roberts**
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LIVE

EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

JOHN HIATT NEW YORK BOTTOM LINE

HIATT'S RECENT solo shows are better than any album he's ever made. This may not be surprising, since songwriters' craft is often better represented without distracting arrangements, and Hiatt's certainly never found a reliable producer. But John Hiatt is hardly the kind of guitar-shy, word-pink pen-pusher who looks at a show as lyrical recitations. The improvement over vinyl, instead, results from the elucidation of his own calmly nutty personality. When Hiatt explained his uncharacteristically natty attire by referring to his lack of image, the audience applauded merrily; though self-congratulatory gestures of anti-hipness such as this are offensive, his comments begin to establish the kind of personality missing from his records. In the last months, Hiatt's songs have been covered by a strange range of artists — New Orleans soul singer Johnny Adams, country-rock radical Rodney Crowell, and the Choir, the first country band ever lead by a woman — flattering testimony to this talent which also illustrates the versatility he has in use of a video-age identity. Performed with just a piano, when *We Ran* matches any late night tale of regret in the opening alone ("Coulda been the kiss of my life..."), and the pith of a line like "It was champagne parties and sweet love scenes/Now it's warmer at midnight and girlie magazines," demonstrates why Hiatt's life in Nashville, the lyrical economy capital of the music world. But over the course of the evening, Hiatt emerged out of type as a slanted-and-tilted-white-guy who'd-like-to-sing-like-Ray-charles-but-knows-he-can't) and to a master of the tragicomic. The best example is 'She Loves Me Jerk'. There may not be any older lyric than "You married the wrong guy is all I ever say", but the song also provokes laughter from an audience, partly from Hiatt's loopy smile, and partly from his recognition of revelling in one's own misery. But unlike supposedly realistic dirteaters like Nick Cave or Metallica or Swans (especially Swans), Hiatt doesn't romanticise pain as evidence of genius, and unlike Howard Jones, he doesn't dismiss unhappiness as proof of an unhealthy diet. He's got a new song called 'Memphis In The Heartland' (to be released on an upcoming LP recorded with Nick Lowe, Ry Cooder, and Jim Keltner) which is not only a freeway song worthy of Chuck Berry but also — the 'Graceland' — an appropriation of rock's historical symbols which honours the music's power. Hiatt flows for misery, then reminds us that a durable cure music and laughter can be.

ROB TANNENBAUM

BURNING SPEAR BRISTOL THE STUDIO

THE FIRST off-stage wrinkle of Winston Rodney's voice confirms at its potency remains undiminished. He strolls on in yellow trousers and sweat shirt with a white flecked grey jacket, clutching his radio mic. Tasteful, low key and ready to go. Spear is the archivist of reggae, creating a past from fragments of myth and history. He's better served by a roots sound and a night that's what he gives. Gone is the rinky-dink instrumentation of

YOU'LL BELIEVE A LOVE CAN FLY



Mr Richie — the one man you can really flip over.

LIONEL RICHIE BIRMINGHAM NEC

HE'S CLEAN cut and filthy rich. He calls his group "The Outrageous Band" when they're as safe as reinforced condoms. And he is massive, he is a superstar. It comes as a surprise that eight of the first nine numbers are Top Ten hits and that he still has a clutch of big-selling gems to liberally sprinkle throughout the rest of the set. Cast your eyes across the stalls and you will see literally thousands of cuddling couples listening to the soundtrack of their courtship — thousands of young men and women who met, fell in love, fell out of love, made up again and lost their virginity listening to Lionel and The Commodores. God knows I did. The most "outrageous" sight of the night is one over-emotional

girl being forcibly removed by a quartet of security men after trying to rush the stage with an armful of red roses. They take their Richie seriously, these people.

Inevitably there is a strong glitzy showbiz element to the show; a piano that plays itself, a string of well-rehearsed song intros, and a hydraulic stage which elevates Richie even higher than the pedestal his fans put him on. Mercifully, 'Hello' is reduced to a 45-second introduction at the start of the set but then he reaches the other extreme by stretching 'All Night Long' (the Motown classic of the last ten years) into a 15 minute free-for-all jam totally devoid of the dazzle of the disc.

Ballads dominate the proceedings, bouts of screaming punctuate the piano passages and Lionel thanks God when he makes it through the

song. Richie is the musical equivalent of safe sex; he's true to one love, he never takes risks and wouldn't dream of having a furtive "quickie" when nobody's looking. The only time he looks capable of stepping over the line and dropping the Mr Clean mantle is on 'Brick House' (a real dirty mutha in which Richie gets his funky thang out of mothballs) and 'Dancing On The Ceiling' — yes the band does dance on the ceiling with the aid of giant Gerry Anderson puppet strings.

For the most part it's slick and smooth, which is a shame when we know he's capable cutting a rug with the best of them. One last smooch and he thanks us for coming and God for the gift of music. Hey, I feel sanctified.

TERRY STAUNTON

performance was inspiring, but the bulk of the audience had to remain on the outside looking in.

CAMPBELL STEVENSON

WIND & SURF '87 SKATEBOARDING DEMOS LONDON ALEXANDRA PALACE

PUBLIC DAY at Wind & Surf '87 cost half the price of a concert ticket, as long as you queued for an hour in freezing rain. Once inside, a forest of nylon sails in pink and turquoise loomed up, with hundreds of cotton jams in eye-scalding shades on the racks below. But for most attendees over 16 or under 25, all of this was dwarfed by The Ramp.

Built by skater Monbarbour for co-sponsors Ocean Pacific and the English Skateboard Association, this was hardly the biggest or widest England has seen. But, there it was; and so, for demos at three and five pm, there was a mob which made most concert crowds look lean and silent. Forced to

check their boards at the gate ("I'd no idea so many skateboarders would come," groaned one exhibition supremo, "they aren't half obnoxious!"), they were still easily recognisable. In contrast to the slick goods on sale, most skaters dressed like desert war survivors: flannel shirts and faded T's, battered leather jackets, well-worn sneakers and do-rags tied about close-cropped skulls. Skaters don't care for style sheets and design glossies; their knock-down drag-out mode is directly related to that mojo which shreds a ramp.

Three pm: Metallica thundering out of the speakers (for the Exhibition's bimbotic 'surf-fashion show', it had been Timbuk 3) and first in is Gary Lee. Lee's pink shoes and helmet are followed by Scot Dave Phillips — a rider for Team Zorlac — and visiting star Eric Dressen, American Dogtown pro. Sailing, smashing and diving from the lip came the cream of Britain's biostylists — Mark Abrook, Danny Webster, and Brand X star Sean Goff — giving the blond, flushed Dressen a hearty competitive vibe.

The three o'clock demo went well enough, but five pm were yet

truly rad, Brixton's Lucien Hendricks and Toxteth star Neil Danz. Danz had the punters gasping with dextrous layback-airs, and every inch of ether scaled by Hendricks (famed for flying eight feet above the roll-out deck) elicited roars from the crowd. Zorlac riders Phillips and Abrook (the latter's board stencilled with "Use A Condom — or Die") also boasted a clearly audible following. Screams of "GOOOOOOOO Zorlac!" and DaaaaaaAVEEEEEEEEE!" soared above the wall of abrasive guitar and the crash of wheel against wood.

The economical half-pipe cramped tricks and the time was too short. But these demos (which ended with Hendricks and Goff in doubles) blasted home the real beauty of British skating. One: for real individualists, it's the ultimate punk sport. And two: however patronised it becomes by the likes of me courting lineage or air-time, skating remains the exclusive, intricate property of those who make it great. The plywood pilots from the street.

CYNTHIA ROSE

ST PATRICK'S DAY WITH THE POGUES LONDON, BRIXTON ACADEMY

WHAT IS it that The Pogues represent to the thousands? Who, on this most Irish of nights, are blown along the wind-tunnel of Stockwell Road to the Academy, together with the beer cans and the hand-bills, the tumble-weeds of inner-city night-life?

Could it be a gritty social realism, evidenced in songs like 'Sick Bed of Cuchulainn' or Ewan MacColl's 'Dirty Old Town'? Maybe it's the melancholic minor-key tunes that tell of displacement, from one poverty to another, London now providing the material for latter-day folk? No. The Pogues may lace the present means of pop production (electric guitars and sound desks) with the traditional instruments of Ireland (zithers, banjos and tin whistles) to create a thrashing speed-folk effect, but it's a sleight of hand, or in MacGowan terms, "a swift one off the wrist". Reliant on an industry to give them meaning. The Pogues play to an audience, not a community. Given this fact, attempts to re-assemble the sound of authenticity are invariably at the price of contents.

Perhaps, then, Pogue attraction lies in the endless paeans to the hard stuff? The demon drink seems to form the motivation for damn nearly every song, from 'Streams Of Whiskey' onwards. And the audience, bold-hearted boozers who know what the right arm's for, drink, swig and burp again at every note. But if one Irish caricature isn't enough, here's another. To a man, the band are dressed in New York cop drag, cavorting against a Fritz Lang-inspired backdrop of wrinkly skyscrapers. It's all to do with *Once Upon A Time In America* being Pogues' preference at the pictures. I think it was Serpico who remembered a time when all the NYC cops had uncircumcised shamrocks between their legs, but really! The boys look more like unhealthy village people. Ironic, considering that tonight the real cops are operating a shuttle-service between the Academy and the nick.

Then it's dancing the punters have come for! Untrained in the rigours of Irish dancing, thousands reel about in some post-industrial barn-dance. Yours truly is only rescued from death by stomping, after an ungainly thud to the floor, thanks to the noble efforts of nearby Elvis Costello and Cait O'Riordan.

True weirdness was closer than the stage. A woman whose eyes revolved slowly enough to take in my note-book approached: "Come to the Limelight! I want all the press there! I'll have a condom inside a hazelnut!" I fled. St Jude's blessed intercession took the form of a 2b bus, thank God.

LOUISE GRAY

TOM VERLAINE LONDON TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

THIS IS extraordinary — 1000 people have arrived. Verlaine has reached the luckiest end of the 'survivor' spectrum, where he suffers no appreciable lack of popularity — indeed he gains, while only having to 'work' whenever he chooses. Or that's just what it looks like from here... maybe he's on Marmite and eggs in a Maida Vale squat!

Whatever, the four — men and group — levitate onstage and look heavyweight instantly. Pass the time counting the wrinkles on Fred Smith's face, tally up session-style ponytails, then we're off, propelled into a taut, fierce web.

Verlaine's previous chilly persona has mellowed into a subtle gratitude — thanks for the status. He leans into the material, fixing properly on the 'Flashlight' extracts — 'A Town Called Walker' and 'Cry Mercy Judge' shower over the balconies, crisp and acidic, the centre-star watching

and interweaving with his chosen sideman Jimmy Ripp. Playing second guitar to Verlaine requires a special kind of decorum, and he's got it, although observe the difference in their flourishes off the strings — Verlaine is still the 'artist', Ripp veers towards Thin Lizzy's 'Live And Dangerous'.

'Kingdom Come' is awesome, a full sense of dynamics, beautifully chorused, Jay Dee Daugherty (ex-Patti Smith) climbing into the beat. And then there's the inevitable encores. 'Marquee Moon' exists outside 'pop music' for me — a piece to live by, and Verlaine never attempts it the same way twice. 'Glory' thrills similarly, and it's twisted into a new shape, while the fun-time 'Psychotic Reaction' blazes the group back to their collective roots, and sets fire to them again.

Tom Verlaine is still here. Long may he, etc.

DAVID SWIFT

THE CHILLS **ED KUEPPER** LONDON BOSTON ARMS

IN ONE way, it was the perfect billing — stern Old Testament prophet Ed Kuepper followed by The Chills, gleeful cherubs tugging mischievously at his coat-tails. Rather like following a Bergman film with *Fantasia*.

It's hard to know what to expect from a man who names his band after a Richard Harris LP. Contrary to expectation, Kuepper's austere scrubland gospel sounded less like Dylan and more like Neil Young in his barbed-wire moments, complete with eloquently sour guitar solos. Kuepper sings like a man permanently about to render his last gasp of disgust, while the band alternately breathed fire into the sort of high-metabolism '70s rock formula I'd thought long dead (Green on Red, hear this and weep) and tilted away at nightmare carnival songs with 12-string acoustic, like The Laughing Clowns' 'New Bully In The Town', and generally sounded like the Devil's jugband. The intensity was on too much of an even keel throughout though, and I'd

concede the whole was short on charm. Intermittently ferocious, definitely.

The Chills are impersonal in a different way, tons of fun, but rather like finding an anaemic monkey grinding away at the jolly barrel organ. Their day-glo kaleidoscope world lacks focus, the songs are hardly distinctive, and there are too many bewildering sounds floating about — I heard Syd Barrett singing with the Albion Band, I heard a lot of The Stranglers. They plug away like good 'uns at the atmospherics (oohs and aahs and angels drowning in a haze of fluorescent fairy dust) and then, when they have a really good song, toss it blithely aside after the first chorus. The single 'Leather Jacket' sounded fine, so I suspect familiarity is of the essence with material of this slender fabric. Martin Phillips relies too much on diffident charm — a coy cross between Jonathan Richman and Dudley Moore. The Chills' lack of stance, ironic or otherwise, meant that their highly delightful 'Matthew And Son' somewhat lacked point. They were passably charming, though, so maybe that's their forte, pointless fun.

JONATHAN ROMNEY



Medium-wave Ms Stokes

HOW MUCH IN TOUCH?

DORIS STOKES
SHEFFIELD CITY HALL

"ONE DAY at a time, Sweet Jesus," floats over a bingo and Billy Graham audience. Mostly female, mostly middle-aged, mostly grieving, who erupt politely into a spattering of applause as Doris totters out swathed in a pink gown like a High Priestess of Tupperware. As an introduction, heads are bent in prayer. It's interesting to note Doris' pro-religious stance which is so furiously disputed by steely-eyed emissaries of the Lord, who distribute leaflets outside claiming spiritualism to be the tool of the devil. Her flock are, nevertheless, undaunted.

She sits back. "Oh yes, the voices are coming now. Yes, what's that dear? Does the name Mary mean anything to anyone here?" One by one a gentle trickle of people approach the stage to link up with dead relatives. But if Doris is on such a hotline to the other side, why doesn't she get the names and dates correct the first time? The fact is she gleans the information from the participants by means of a process of elimination using simple names and re-iterating already established facts

when she comes to a dead end.

"Oh yes, I can see him lovey. He's a beautiful baby isn't he love? He's very happy now." The woman in front of Doris starts to cry. I feel uncomfortable.

During the interval I talk to two women about Doris' apparent powers. "A lot of people thinks it's coincidence," said one, "but now I've seen it I'm convinced. It's the names she knows that convinced me. Who else but the people who come up would know them?"

Meanwhile back in the super-seance, subdued gasps greet another name that connects another tearful man or woman to their object of grief. Even though the participants are fully cooperative, the exploitation of anguish that Doris practises sends a sticky shiver down the spine. She played the benevolent mother figure while her punters struggled desperately to come to terms with the grim finality of death. Needless to say, she never came up with the names of my three deceased grandparents. Is there anybody out there? Most likely not, but there's a lot of money to be made by saying there is.

CLAIRE MORGAN JONES

AS SEEN ON THE TUBE

Maxi Priest

LET ME KNOW



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(ECHOES READERS POLL 1986)



TEN 156 TENT 156

GO BUGGY BABIES
LONDON DUBLIN CASTLE

CUTTING THE rug with '60s blues and soul standards, the Go Buggy Babies are no run-of-the-mill all-girl band. There's not one Toyah Wilcox haircut in sight, no wacky frocks or post-Slits rhythm, but strict timing, severe shades and strong instrumentation. Beginning with 'Beat The Gun' and snatches of TV theme tunes, their element is cheekiness — sending up the Burger King with a throaty version of 'Heartbreak Hotel', mashing up The Kingsmen with a hideous rendition of 'Louie Louie', and taking a classic 'There's A Riot Goin' On' the special Go Buggy carpet-beat way.

Borrowing a Deltone or two, their flagrant use of trumpet and sax propels each number forward, along with a '60s Shadow guitar which is threatening to become their trademark. It's a pick 'n' mix selection, a mine of golden oldies rescued from pub rock oblivion by the very freshness and verve with which they're delivered. At times a little squawky, but mostly soulful, the two lead singers hold and project the entire caboodle, making even the skinheads dance. I dare you to heckle!

LUCY O'BRIEN

RADIO SATELLITES
LONDON DINGWALLS

I CAN see the video now: it'll be 'Girl Like You' with the lads walking round the streets and falling about laughing in close-up; after that they'll move on to their louder, more poignant songs and do them in snow and mountain landscapes. For the moment Phil slings his guitar really low and Jimmy doesn't mind making faces for the solos.

Although I can sense the presence of Mike Read and Sarah Greene just around the corner, although it's difficult to believe that some of these songs haven't already been written before, the response at Dingwalls is pathetic: 14 of us stand mesmerised as these four Glaswegian boys hurtle out their songs. This is pop-rock with a lot of high-register guitar-work and a fine touch of cinematic sentimentality. The stage-postures are reminiscent of The Clash and the songs have a stadium-clause written into the contract.

Two things mark this band — they're producing facsimiles of rock, rather than soul songs to mix in with their pop. And they play with a lot of desire, a lot of hunger, which makes me think of The Godfathers. A futures market, definitely.

WILLIAM LEITH

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HUE AND CRY GLASGOW BARROWLANDS

THE NEW Year resolution of Pat Kane, the Coatbridge Crooner at the creative helm of Hue And Cry, was to inject a nugget of integrity and a whiff of subversion into the glossy pop mainstream. Hue And Cry, so the story went, were to be the year's prime structuralist popsters, jamming all the codes with their sexually-liberated and politically-aware shuggie 'n' shout. Their debut single 'I Refuse', which resisted institutionalised sexual stereotyping, both macho and nouveau wimp, seemed to be the perfect start.

But even the most articulate Designer Socialist manifesto needs a platform of major-league pop success to sustain any real

credibility: a Saturday night set supporting Love And Money in front of 3000 frenzied Glaswegians indicate that Hue And Cry are certainly well on course.

With the basic axis of vocalist Pat and keyboard-playing brother Greg now augmented by a drummer, bassman and guitarist, the band go down a storm and suggest that they have the capacity both to launch a legion of teen dreams and maintain more than an iota of ideological credibility.

The post-industrial theory, however, is best left to Kane Gang interviews. Onstage Hue And Cry are primarily an excellent live pop band. Or, at least, an excellent cross-fertilization of balladic crooning and Latinesque dance rhythms. As a natural singer, Pat Kane is competent rather than spectacular, but it is the way he uses his voice — scattin', ad-

libbing and improvising with an impeccable sense of timing — that gives Hue And Cry their distinctive vocal tone.

Behind the swarthy singer, the instrumental foursome translate studio slickness rousingly into an organic, uptempo groove that is throttled down only for the one obligatory ballad. The single is given a syncopated, funkier live airing while newer numbers like 'History City', 'Multinational War' and 'Strength To Strength' successfully tread the political pop trapeze wire, revealing an unexpected depth of songwriting talent. A honky-tonk jaunt through the Squeeze standard 'Tempted' puts a suitably jazz-tinged pause on the party button before a rapturously-received encore.

Their groove is going from strength to strength.

ADRIAN THRILLS

PRIEST IN SEX ROMP!

MAXI PRIEST MANCHESTER INTERNATIONAL

THERE ARE some things you have to adjust to at a Maxi Priest gig. The fact, for instance, that his is sticky pop as much as it is sinewy reggae, and the two elements are mixed in equally strong proportions; sensible if the serious intention is to sell records to as wide an audience as possible (and the 'Intentions' LP is as attractive a summation of all that as Maxi could wish for). On stage, too, The Select Committee clarify that mix of serious and commercial sound, notably through Carroll Thompson and Ray Simpson's decidedly smooth and soulful vocal work, Maxi's massively reliable mate Paul Robinson on



The hip Priest

drums, and the stylish bass playing of Leroy Heywood. Items like 'Festival Time' and 'Let Me Know' seem to confirm that ambitious and contemporary pop reggae is a viable proposition and not a flabby compromise.

But Maxi, like the Cheeky Chappie of the 1940s, is also something more — a veritable sex symbol, in fact. Built into the stage show there's the Maxi Priest strip show: the jacket comes off during 'Crazy Love' to a din of female screams, and the cap which only just fits is removed a little latter to re-

lease a four foot curtain of locks, to even greater screaming. He's down to his airtex vest, various tight trousered hip movements, and the "Uh-uh-uh" grunting he adds to a few numbers.

Maxi puts himself in a more identifiably middle-of-the-road bracket as a result; the association between bland musical movements and faceless-but-safe sex is difficult to avoid. The idea of diverse and adventurous music convinces more than the performance of it. It's crazy, love.

BOB DICKINSON

TWO NATIONS UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION

THIS STORY-LINE is getting familiar: "Ex-Beat members form a new band". Their musical brew is varied, though potent — pop, soul, gospel and a few remnants of ska. They write catchy songs. They are successful (trans-Atlantically so for the Fine Young Cannibals, but only in America for General Public).

Two Nations, the latest Beat offshoot, fit the description. The question now is, will keyboardsmen Dave Wright's new outfit emulate the success of his former colleagues?

The answer, on the strength of tonight's showing, is probably not. It's not that Two Nations don't have strong, dancable songs. They do. But if last year's debut 'Any Luck' — tonight's opener, and as infectious a number as they've got — didn't make it, it's hard to see which song will.

The impression is that, though these boys may have one hit — the irresistible African pop of 'Independence' being the most likely contender — they're destined to remain strictly second division, Brian.

Maybe if Fine Young Cannibals weren't around Two Nations would clean up. Comparisons between the two are sadly inevitable and FYC remain the better. Two Nations simply sound too often like an imitation; 'Don't Say You're Leaving' could easily be lifted from the Cannibals' first album.

Besides this lack of musical distinctiveness there's singer Allan

Watson's voice. While strong and clear it doesn't have the widest range-of-expression-ever, and his tackling of Marvin Gaye's 'How Sweet It Is' wasn't a good idea.

Despite these limitations, Two Nations still make an interesting sound and have obvious potential. They just aren't special... yet.

DENIS CAMPBELL

THE SIDDELEYS LONDON BLACK HORSE

THE HOMAGE an acolyte pays to a king; the roots lie with the blonde and are there to be built upon. Tiny fists clench tightly in mid-air as if to ward off wanton spirits. The night air is clammy, but the atmosphere fragile. A self-conscious band of friends and the odd stranger have surrounded a winsome pop group on stage, the type which needfully purchase Smiths records, to see what they might get out of them. The generous tenderness of a small band taking the waters for the first time is a joy to behold — The Siddeleys crystallise the structure with a flowing, quirky sound. The fists beat the air some more; futile and touching. So what do they get out of all this?

Well, a standard enough backing beat (two guitars, a female voice, soaring tunes, *et al*) but with enough input of character to make it their own. Songs which lift then linger then drift away gently down rolling slopes of blue. And a warm, warm feeling — as if, by witnessing this, the world's troubles are soothed away. Pure.

THE LEGEND!

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I CANNOT help but be deeply suspicious of any cool English dude with longish hair, smoked-pebble glasses, a nasal-spray voice, strumming a big acoustic and singing a Lennon song.

Well, the ex-Waterboy did just that with 'Nobody Told Me!' — a robust, fragmented, shivery hair of The Beatles dog days — and did it as a carbon copy, even down to the rebound echoes on the voice. Despite the aforementioned doubts, it's a great number and sounded superb, however the mistake was to play it near the beginning of the set. It cast a big comparative shadow over the rest of the other, self-penned songs. An artic lorry-load of equipment and people make up the World Party stage tour and the music is equally big and heavy, with long Waterboyish swathes of songs that stretch forever.

In this land of re-re-re-cycled pop 'n' rock, it's strumalong, sing-along, hi-tech keyboards with traces of folk; 'Ship Of Fools', the single, was as smoothly sure of itself as the rest. If you want folky, soul-mixed visionaries, then see Van Morrison. From this ship, I see no surprises.

BOB FLYNN

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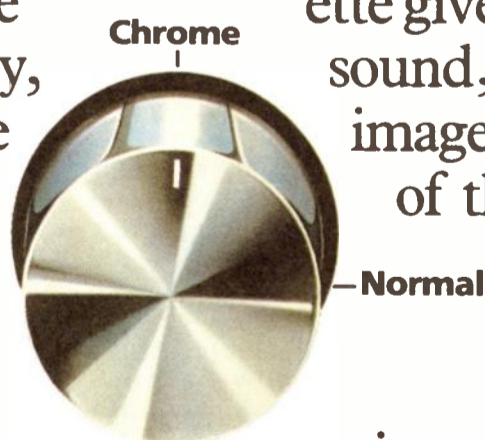
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BRISTOL SATURDAY March 28th — Transport House, Victoria Street. 11am-5pm 50p. (10am-£1).

BURNLEY SUNDAY 29th March. Keirby Hotel (Town Centre). 10.30am-4pm. Trans-Pennine. 0532 892087.

IPSWICH, MARCH 28th, Manor Ballroom, St. Margaret's Green.

LONDON'S NUMBER ONE FAIR — Electric Ballroom, Camden High Street, Saturday 4th April. Stalls 0533 548821 (Day).

POOLE, SATURDAY 28/3/87, at The Arts Centre, 1.30-4.30pm, 50p. (12.30-£1).

REDHILL, SATURDAY 28th March. Lakers Hotel, Redstone Hill. 10am-3pm. Admission 50p.

SWINDON SATURDAY 4/4/87, St. John's Hall, Corporation Street. 12-4pm. 50p. 11am-£1.

VISIT THE ORIGINAL COLLECTORS RECORD FAIRS for Rare Records, Videos, Cassettes, Imports, picture discs, Pop, Rock, Country New Wave, Blues & Soul, Jazz and lots more. Sunday, 29th March, at the **NEW AMBASSADOR HOTEL**, Upper Woburn Place, London WC1. Open 10-4pm. Admission £1. Near Tube Stations Euston or Russell Square.

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WORTHING, SATURDAY March 28th, Richmond Room Assembly Halls, Worthing. Admission £1 11am, 50p 12-4pm.

YORK, SATURDAY March 28th, Assembly Rooms, Blake Street. 10.30am-4pm. Trans-Pennine 0532 892087.

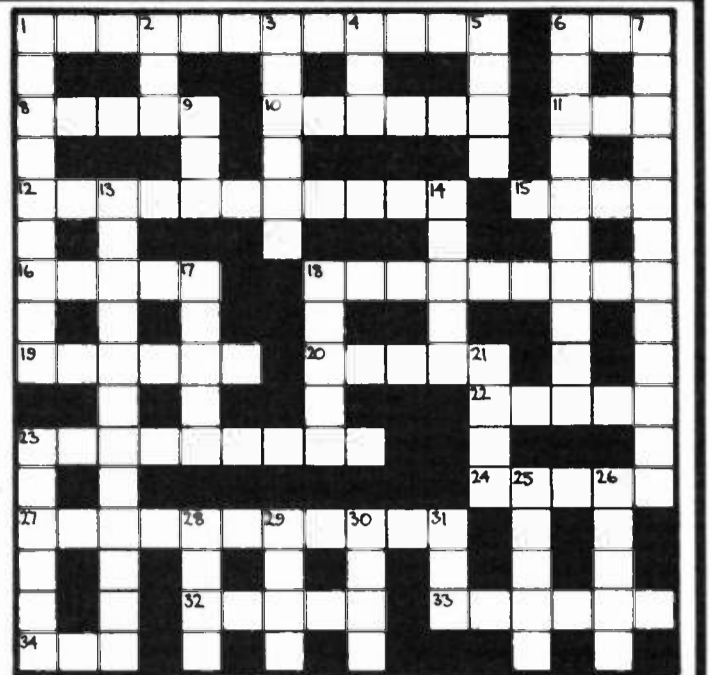
CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- 1+3 down Look, I'm Julian Cope and I'm saying shut your mouth and... oh yeah, you're saying what, Morrissey? (3-5-4-6)
- 6+19 across Country singer who died in 1964, yet has had over 30 posthumous hits in America, and 16 in Britain (3-6)
- 8 New band already familiar with receiving cat-calls (5)
- 10 The first and last letters to be delivered in a fraud involving Duane Eddy (6)
- 11 A school dance of the late '50s, a forerunner of today's disco (3)
- 12 "I burned Cupid's arrow, and here's the short and narrow/I've nothing left to offer you, I'm —" 1984 (3-5-3)
- 15 Ari Up and Kate Korus were one each (4)
- 16 Strut around with and Elvis Costello album (5)
- 18 Used by the Shop Assistants to catch the shoplifters? (6-3)
- 19 (See 6 across)
- 20 (See 28 down)
- 22 "Get Your Gun", Squeeze single (5)
- 23 Matt Johnson moves later with a hand-out (9)
- 24 Their albums include 'Not Satisfied' and 'Rebel Souls' (5)
- 27 Now, in all honesty, does this album from the Sinatras bear any comparison to one from Ol' Blue Eyes? (4-2-5)
- 32 (See 14 down)
- 33 (See 17 down)
- 34 'Walk In The —', March Violets single (3)

DOWN

- 1+5 down "After my picture fades and darkness has turned to grey/watching through windows you're wondering if it's okay" 1984 (4-5-4)
- 2 During their formative years they were known as the High Numbers (3)
- 3 (See 1 across)
- 4 Warner Brothers, Elektra



Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

- 5 (See 1 down)
- 6 But for St Winifred's School Choir, this artist would have had three successive number one hits around Christmas 1980 (4-6)
- 7 In Billy Bragg's version of 'Walk Away Renée', he lost his idolised girl to this character in the car park (2-6-4)
- 13 Reggae singer, lately appearing with the Potato Five, he announced back in 1980 that 'Rudi Got Married' (6-6)
- 14+32 across Bryan Ferry's album of cover versions 'Another Time Another Place' included this Dobie Gray number (3-2-5)
- 17+33 across Elvis Presley number from 'Jailhouse Rock' — also appears as a line in a later hit 'Wooden Heart' (5-2-4)
- 18 Now so different for Prefab Sprout (5)
- 21 Beat member worth his salt (4)
- 25 A 'Cop' came between 'Filth' and 'Greed' for their first three albums (5)
- 26 This girl once lived next door to '70s popsters Smokie (5)
- 28+20 across Country singer whose hits include 'I've Got A Tiger By The Tail' and 'Act Naturally', the latter covered by the Beatles on 'Help' (4-5)
- 29 Elkie Brooks first met him in 1982 and, if he thinks it's over, well he's no more now (4)
- 30+31 down Canadian who had one huge success here in 1974 with 'Rock Me Gently' (4-3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1+9 across I Get The Sweetest Feeling. 8 Big Bopper. 15 Eugene Reynolds. 18 Soldier Blue. 21+14 across UK Decay. 24+24 across Natty Dread. 25+32 across Peter Tork. 29 Cook. 30 Eater. 33+13 across Dinah Washington.
DOWN: 1+19 down In Between Days. 2 Eagles. 3+6 down Two Tone. 4 Empty Garden. 5 War. 7 Staircase. 10+22 down Gaye Bykers On Acid. 11 Finn. 12 Holy. 14+26 across Del Shannon. 16 Ghost Town. 17 Opus. 20+23 down Bronski Beat. 27 Atom. 28 Need. 31 Red.

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This week's Live in London features China Crisis and The Bible, recorded just over a week ago at the Town and Country Club in Kentish Town. That's live concert action at 4pm on Sunday CFM.

Charlie Gillett's special guest in this week's City Beats at 7pm on Sunday is Joe Boyd. Involved in the music business for almost 25 years and a central figure in the folk and underground scene in the 60s, Joe is now recording music from Hungary, Spain and South Africa.

Alan Freeman is back on the air on Monday at 8pm for two hours of hard rock heavy metal and classical snippets in The Roc Show. And for aspirant rock stars, there's the Capital Classifieds which bring together rock musicians from across London

Daytime music on Capital plays all over London on 1548 AM and 95.8 FM i stereo. Weekday programmes include: 6.30am - Chris Tarrant; 9am - David Jensen; 11am - Graham Dene; 1pm - Roger Scott; 3pm - John Sachs; 5pm - Pete 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)

STEVE EARLE

FROM PAGE 19

The outlaw scene meandered and dissipated, however, and Earle drifted from folksy singer songwriting to rockabilly band leader and writer, negotiating the strict formats of Music City. The frustration he felt artistically was mirrored by his private life and habits. His manager of the time, John Lomax III, describes him as being like "a rubber ball, bouncing from wall to wall." He's still prone to wayward bouts (who isn't, for chrissake?) but now feels a sense of responsibility and competitiveness that doesn't allow too many public lapses. Besides, when you're up against a tough talking displaced Okie from LA called Dwight Yoakam you have to be sharp.

"The bitching between me and Dwight is mostly over now, we've both got a lot of good publicity out of it. It started when we were playing together and he came on with the line, 'these people from Nashville can't play shit'. Naturally that didn't go down too well.

"I honestly like his music, what I can't take is his arrogant theory that to listen to real country music you've got to be listening to him. Dwight thinks country music is an artform with its own specific parameters. That's patently bullshit; if you look at the history of country there's been so many diverse subcultures from hillbilly boogie to western swing to honky tonk and so on that any rigid definition is meaningless."

When the chance came to sign with MCA and record with producers Emory Gordy and Tony Brown (formerly of Emmylou's Hot Band, more sideline outlaws recently rising to prominence), Earle made a clean break with his past manager and 200-song repertoire to write and record 'Guitar Town'. The record's themes of adolescent longing matched with a hard-won maturity give fine voice to the immutable truths of life in smalltown middle America. The songs wind together from the title track's irrevocable twanging flourish to 'Hillbilly Highway's' historical echoes while 'My Old Friend The Blues' plays a whole new angle on the honky tonk blues. There are those who call it derivative, but enriched by the experience of Earle's colourful life of bar fights, tequila drenched slumps, and numerous marriages it is the emergence of a unique American voice.

"There is nothing fundamentally new that can be written about, people experience the same things now as they did when Jimmie Rodgers or whoever was singing. You can't change that. The job of the writer is just to explain experiences as clearly and sympathetically as possible."

Political allegiances were forged some time ago. He saw a highschool friend die at 22 because the money couldn't be raised for a simple heart operation ("the equipment was there in the hospital but they just let him die"), and around the same time he was barred from going within a 10-mile radius of US military bases when an anti-war demo got out of hand. He now plays numerous benefits, champions

the cause of factory workers facing shutdowns and downtrodden farmers. But above all he's a craftsman of the popular song; he's not in the business of ramming polemic or opinions down his audience's throat but aims for the compassion, and reach of Springsteen.

"No question, that's who I'm competing with. This new socially conscious period we're going through is a lot different to the one we went through in the '60s. It's less naive. Then we thought we could make a difference to whether the world was blown up, now most people realise they have no control over that."

Some have declared his tune 'Good Old Boy (Getting Tough)' jingoistic, which is as silly as blaming 'Okie From Muskogee' for an outbreak of God-fearing patriotism.

"There is a lot of similarity between those two songs, they're both folk songs whether you agree with the attitude of the person in the song or not. In the new album (all pressed and ready for release) I've written songs that are less autobiographical, songs where you assume a character. I might not agree with the opinions some people hold but lots of people don't have time to sit around writing or talking about politics."

"I can understand why the common man likes Reagan - he's tough, he presents a good image. But that's slipping now. When I met up with Mick Hucknall recently we ended up deciding Reagan and Thatcher should fuck each other rather than each other's countries."

The 'Guitar Town' year-long tour comes to a close about now in Britain. A month's rest and Earle and his band, The Dukes, start promoting the follow up. He's already had a degree of success but it's not enough. He wants equal recognition in rock and country without making any compromises to either; his continued success and growth is important if country is to continue its generic resurgence.

"It feels a little strange having people talk to you who used to ignore you, but I can live with it. I haven't actually compromised but I've reached an understanding of how the business works. You don't just get a hit record by accident or being good, it takes a lot of different people a lot of work to make it a hit. Momentarily in the past I may have thought that there was no way the Nashville stranglehold could be broken. But if you think like that, it's pointless continuing. So I just got rid of the attitude."

Sometimes at nights he has to get the tour manager to rev up the coach and he leaves the hotel to go and kip. Such has been his impact and rather fanciful street tough image. There have been offers of TV, movies, and advertising. But such offers are met with refusal; Earle's on the brink of something big, there's no time for media diversions.

"I don't see why I should use what notoriety I've achieved to stop someone who's worked hard out in Hollywood from getting a film role. By the same token I don't think Don Johnson or Bruce Willis should be making fucking records either."

Bang goes his part in *Miami Vice*.

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CHARTS

45s

UK TOP FIFTY

LPs

LAST WEEK	THIS WEEK		HIGHEST
		WEEKS IN	
1	6	RESPECTABLE..... Mel And Kim (Supreme)	3 1
2	1	EVERYTHING I OWN..... Boy George (Virgin)	4 1
3	4	I GET THE SWEETEST FEELING..... Jackie Wilson (SMP)	5 3
4	2	THE GREAT PRETENDER..... Freddie Mercury (Parlophone)	4 2
5	8	MOONLIGHTING THEME..... Al Jarreau (WEA)	3 5
6	13	WEAK IN THE PRESENCE OF BEAUTY..... Alison Moyet (CBS)	4 6
7	23	RESPECT YOURSELF..... Bruce Willis (Motown)	3 7
8	3	STAND BY ME..... Ben E King (Atlantic)	7 1
9	7	LIVE IT UP..... Mental As Anything (Epic)	6 3
10	21	(YOU'VE GOTTA) FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT..... Beastie Boys (Def Jam)	5 10
11	10	SIGN @ THE TIMES..... Prince (Paisley Park)	3 10
12	14	IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE..... Erasure (Mute)	5 10
13	12	RUNNING IN THE FAMILY..... Level 42 (Polydor)	7 4
14	(—)	WITH OR WITHOUT YOU..... U2 (Island)	1 14
15	5	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN..... Percy Sledge (Atlantic)	6 2
16	19	SEVERINE..... The Mission (Mercury)	3 16
17	9	CRUSH ON YOU..... The Jets (MCA)	5 7
18	17	TONIGHT TONIGHT TONIGHT..... Genesis (Virgin)	3 17
19	(—)	LETS WAIT AWHILE..... Janet Jackson (Breakout)	1 19
20	(—)	SEXY GIRL..... Lilo Thomas (Capitol)	1 20
21	26	LOVING YOU IS SWEETER THAN EVER..... Nick Kamen (WEA)	3 21
22	11	MALE STRIPPER..... Man 2 Man (Bolts)	7 3
23	15	THE RIGHT THING..... Simply Red (WEA)	6 10
24	47	IF YOU LET ME STAY..... Terence Trent D'Arby (CBS)	3 24
25	16	LOVE REMOVEAL MACHINE..... The Cult (Beggars Banquet)	5 11
26	(—)	BIG TIME..... Peter Gabriel (Virgin)	1 27
27	(—)	EVER FALLEN IN LOVE..... Fine Young Cannibals (London)	1 27
28	30	DON'T NEED A GUN..... Billy Idol (Chrysalis)	4 28
29	43	JIMMY LEE..... Aretha Franklin (Arista)	3 29
30	34	I FOUND LOVE..... Lone Justice (Geffen)	2 30
31	31	WORKING UP A SWEAT..... Full Circle (EMI America)	3 31
32	45	WHAT YOU GET IS WHAT YOU SEE..... Tina Turner (Capitol)	2 32
33	20	MANHATTAN SKYLINE..... A-Ha (Warner Bros)	5 12
34	(—)	KEEP YOUR EYE ON ME - SPECIAL MIX..... Herb Alpert (Breakout)	1 34
35	25	WATCHING THE WILDLIFE..... Frankie Goes To Hollywood (ZTT)	4 25
36	(—)	STILL OF THE NIGHT..... Whitesnake (EMI)	1 36
37	27	FORGOTTEN TOWN..... The Christians (Island)	8 27
38	39	LET MY PEOPLE GO..... The Rainmakers (Mercury)	2 38
39	40	HAPPY..... Surface (CBS)	3 39
40	18	COMING AROUND AGAIN..... Carly Simon (Arista)	7 14
41	(—)	STONE LOVE..... Kool And The Gang (Club)	1 41
42	22	SONIC BOOM BOY..... Westworld (RCA)	5 9
43	49	THERESE..... The Bodines (Pop/Magnet)	2 43
44	38	LIKE FLAMES..... Berlin (Mercury)	2 38
45	48	I'D RATHER GO BLIND..... Ruby Turner (Jive)	2 45
46	24	DOWN TO EARTH..... Curiosity Killed The Cat (Mercury)	10 3
47	(—)	HOW MUSIC CAME ABOUT..... Gap Band (Total Experience)	1 47
48	(—)	LEAN ON ME..... Club Nouveau (King Jay)	1 48
49	50	LET THE MUSIC TAKE CONTROL..... J M Silk (RCA)	3 44
50	33	MISSIONARY MAN..... Eurythmics (RCA)	5 33

LAST WEEK	THIS WEEK		HIGHEST
		WEEKS IN	
1	1	THE JOSHUA TREE..... U2 (Island)	2 1
2	31	MEN AND WOMEN..... Simply Red (WEA)	2 2
3	3	THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN..... The Smiths (Rough Trade)	4 2
4	4	GRACELAND..... Paul Simon (Warner Bros)	21 1
5	6	THE VERY BEST OF HOT CHOCOLATE..... Hot Chocolate (Rak)	5 4
6	36	WORLD MACHINE..... Level 42 (Polydor)	2 6
7	19	PICTURE BOOK..... Simply Red (Elektra)	7 5
8	2	THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA..... Original Cast (Polydor)	6 1
9	8	WILD FRONTIER..... Gary Moore (10)	3 8
10	24	MOVE CLOSER..... Various (CBS)	2 10
11	13	SILK AND STEEL..... Five Star (Tent/RCA)	30 2
12	5	AUGUST..... Eric Clapton (Duck)	16 2
13	14	STAND BY ME..... Ben E King (Atlantic)	3 13
14	30	IF YOU WANT TO DEFEAT YOUR ENEMY..... Icicle Works (Beggars Banquet)	2 14
15	10	THE FINAL COUNTDOWN..... Europe (Epic)	18 8
16	15	LICENSED TO ILL..... Beastie Boys (Def Jam)	9 15
17	16	LIVE MAGIC..... Queen (EMI)	15 1
18	12	GIVE ME THE REASON..... Luther Vandross (Epic)	11 7
19	25	THE COMMUNARDS..... The Communards (London)	14 15
20	7	SAINT JULIAN..... Julian Cope (Island)	3 7
21	9	THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS..... Siouxsie And The Banshees (Wonderland)	3 9
22	21	DIFFERENT LIGHT..... The Bangles (CBS)	15 1
23	27	IMPRESSIONS..... Various (K-Tel)	4 23
24	22	SO..... Peter Gabriel (Virgin)	8 5
25	11	BROTHERS IN ARMS..... Dire Straits (Vertigo)	92 1
26	23	TRUE BLUE..... Madonna (Sire)	37 1
27	26	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMAN..... Percy Sledge (Atlantic)	3 26
28	38	SHEILA E..... Sheila E (Paisley Park)	2 28
29	RE	CONTROL..... Janet Jackson (A&M)	1 29
30	(—)	UPFRONT 5..... Various (Serious)	1 30
31	47	JUST LIKE THE FIRST TIME..... Freddie Jackson (Capitol)	2 31
32	(—)	LICENSED TO KILL..... Malice (Atlantic)	1 32
33	(—)	STRONG PERSUADER..... Robert Cray Band (Mercury)	1 33
34	18	THE WHOLE STORY..... Kate Bush (EMI)	18 2
35	(—)	THE FINER THINGS IN LIFE..... Chuck Stanley (Def Jam)	1 35
36	20	SLIPPERY WHEN WET..... Bon Jovi (Vertigo)	27 3
37	RE	GET CLOSE..... Pretenders (Real)	1 37
38	(—)	ULTIMATE TRAX VOL 2..... Various (Champion)	1 38
39	(—)	LOVE ME RIGHT..... Millie Scott (4th & Broadway)	1 39
40	(—)	TRIO..... Parton/Ronstadt/Harris (Warner Bros)	1 40
41	(—)	RHYTHM OF THE NIGHT..... Various (K-Tel)	1 41
42	RE	INVISIBLE TOUCH..... Genesis (Virgin)	1 42
43	(—)	THE DANCE CHART..... Various (Telstar)	1 43
44	40	A CHANGE OF HEART..... David Sanborn (Warner Bros)	2 40
45	(—)	THE BEST OF..... James Taylor (CBS/WEA)	1 45
46	(—)	PRIVATE REVOLUTION..... World Party (Chrysalis)	1 46
47	28	SCOUNDREL DAYS..... A-Ha (Warner Bros)	3 24
48	45	DANCING ON THE CEILING..... Lionel Richie (Motown)	2 45
49	49	THE COST OF LOVING..... Style Council (Polydor)	2 49
50	33	RAPTURE..... Anita Baker (Elektra)	17 12

45s

INDEPENDENT

LPs

1	1	STOP KILLING ME..... The Primitives (Lazy)	
2	4	MY FAVOURITE DRESS..... The Wedding Present (Reception)	
3	2	IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE..... Erasure (Mute)	
4	3	SWEET SWEET PIE..... Pop Will Eat Itself (Chapter 22)	
5	5	BRIGHTER..... The Railway Children (Factory)	
6	8	LOVE IS DEAD..... The Godfathers (Corporate Image)	
7	22	ALWAYS THERE..... Rose Of Avalanche (Fire)	
8	12	WHAT GIVES YOU THE IDEA..... Crazyhead (Food)	
9	6	SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITE..... The Smiths (Rough Trade)	
10	9	PEEL SESSION..... Siouxsie And The Banshees (Strange Fruit)	
11	(—)	TAKE THE SKINHEADS BOWLING..... Camper Van Beethoven (Rough Trade)	
12	11	EVERYTHING'S GROOVY..... Gaye Bykers On Acid (In Tape)	
13	24	HEAVEN SENT..... Josef K (Supreme)	
14	7	HEAD GONE ASTRAY..... The Soup Dragons (Raw TV Products)	
15	10	KISS..... The Age Of Chance (Fon)	
16	15	BAMP - BAMP..... Bambi Slam (Product Inc)	
17	16	ONE VISION..... Laibach (Mute)	
18	26	HOLYHEAD..... Stars Of Heaven (Rough Trade)	
19	21	THE RAIN FELL DOWN..... Jesse Garon And The Desperadoes (Narodnik)	
20	(—)	POISON..... Hula (Red Rhino)	
21	(—)	POPIECOCK..... Pop Will Eat Itself (Chapter 22)	
22	20	TRIED AND TESTED PUBLIC SPEAKER..... Bogshed (Shellfish)	
23	(—)	AHEAD..... Wire (Mute)	
24	18	INTO THE GROOVE(Y)..... Ciccone Youth (Blast First)	
25	14	FRANS HALS..... McCarthy (Pinky)	
26	(—)	PEEL SESSION..... Stump (Strange Fruit)	
27	(—)	MAGICK DEFENDS ITSELF..... Psychic TV (Temple)	
28	23	PEEL SESSION..... The Birthday Party (Strange Fruit)	
29	(—)	I LOVE MY LEATHER JACKET..... The Chills (Flying Nun)	
30	13	1,000 YEARS..... Skin (Product Inc)	

1	1	THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN..... The Smiths (Rough Trade)	
2	3	SHABINI..... Bhundu Boys (Disque Afrique)	
3	5	THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES..... Michelle Shocked (Cooking Vinyl)	
4	4	UP FOR A BIT WITH..... The Pastels (Glass)	
5	2	BACK AGAIN IN THE DHSS..... Half Man Half Biscuit (Probe Plus)	
6	7	QUIRK OUT..... Stump (Stuff)	
7	8	HORSE ROTAVATOR..... Coil (Force And Form)	
8	6	DIRTSDISH..... Wise Blood (Some Bizzare)	
9	9	ESPECIALLY FOR YOU..... The Smithereens (Enigma)	
10	10	HIT BY HIT..... The Godfathers (Corporate Image)	
11	11	BEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACY..... The Dead Kennedys (Alternative Tentacles)	
12	13	WONDERLAND..... Erasure (Mute)	
13	23	HYSTERIE..... Lydia Lunch (Widowspeak)	
14	12	WALKING THE GHOST BACK HOME..... The Bible (Backs)	
15	27	CRUSH COLLISION..... The Age Of Chance (Fon)	
16	16	ATOMIZER..... Big Black (Homestead)	
17	19	TAKE THE SUBWAY..... Various (Subway)	
18	25	THE QUEEN IS DEAD..... The Smiths (Rough Trade)	
19	(—)	PICTURES OF STARVING CHILDREN..... Chumbawumba (Agit Prop)	
20	15	ON THE BROADWALK..... Ted Hawkins (Brave)	
21	20	WHAT'S IN A WORD..... Brilliant Corners (SS20)	
22	14	BERSERKER..... Scratch Acid (Fundamental)	
23	18	C86..... Various (NME/Rough Trade)	
24	(—)	IN THE PINES..... The Triffids (Hot)	
25	(—)	CONCRETE SOCKS/HERESY..... Various (Earache)	
26	21	YOUR FUNERAL... MY TRIAL..... Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds (Mute)	
27	30	BLOOD AND CHOCOLATE..... Elvis Costello (Demon)	
28	24	SCAG HEAVEN..... Squirrel Bait (Homestead)	
29	17	LIVE IN PARIS 1986..... Psychic TV (Temple)	
30	(—)	A TASTY HEIFU..... Nyah Fearties (LYE DOP)	



Full Circle - hot 'n' sweaty.

DANCEFLOOR

20

1	HEAVEN IN THE AFTERNOON..... Lew Kirton (TK)	1
2	ROCK THE HOUSE MIXER..... TD (TD)	1
3	YOU AIN'T REALLY DOWN..... Status IV (Radar)	1
4	I WANT YOUR GUY..... Tye Soul Club (Cooltempo)	1
5	ONCE YOU GOT ME GOING..... Debbie Blackwell (10)	1
6	IF YOU LET ME STAY..... Terence Trent D'Arby (Epic)	1
7	SIGN OF THE TIMES..... Prince (Paisley Park)	1
8	LIVING IN A BOX..... Living In A Box (Cooltempo)	1
9	SAY KIDS WHAT TIME IS IT?..... DJ Coolcuts (J M)	1
10	MISUNDERSTANDING..... James D-Train Williams (CBS)	1
11	SHE'S SO GOOD TO ME..... Luther Vandross (Epic)	1
12	LOVE SUSPECT..... Ronnie McNeir (Setting Sun)	1
13	LESSON #2..... Double Dee And Steinski (DDS)	1
14	I'LL TAKE YOU ON..... Hanson And Davis (Fresh)	1
15	SWEETHEART..... Rainy Davis (Supertronic)	1
16	WORKING UP A SWEAT..... Full Circle (EMI America)	1
17	DON'T MAKE ME WAIT..... Peech Boys (West End)	1
18	I'M ALWAYS IN THE MOOD..... Randy Brown (Parachute)	1
19	LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER..... First Choice (Salsoul)	1
20	THE BEST OF YOU..... Booker T Jones (A&M)	1

Courtesy DJ Pete, The Club, Fridays, Talbot Square, Blackpool - casual, smart attire hipsters

FUNK

20

1	LIVE AT VINE STREET..... Marlena Shaw (Verve)	US 1
2	TENDER MOMENTS..... Peggi Blue (EMI America)	US 1
3	ME EARS..... Kenneth Nash (Music West)	US 1
4	LET YOURSELF GO..... Sybil (Next Plateau)	US 1
5	PURE IMAGINATION..... Richie Cole (Concord)	US 1
6	NOBODY BEATS THE BIZ..... Biz Markie (Prism)	US 1
7	RIDE THE GROOVE..... Richard Payton (Studio)	US 1
8	AS WE LAY..... Shirley Murdock (Warner Bros)	UK 1
9	WATCH OUT..... Patrice Rushen (Arista)	US 1
10	BUMP AND ROLL..... Jim Bennett (Studio)	US 1
11	LOVE ME RIGHT..... Millie Scott (EMI)	UK 1
12	HONEY..... Double U-R (Indie)	UK 1
13	DON'T PUT ME IN THAT POSITION..... Adrina (Macalo)	US 1
14	FLY STYLE..... Fly Boys (Beastie Rec)	US 1
15	LIVING ON THE EDGE..... Mason (Warner Bros)	UK 1
16	LIVING MY LIFE..... Jason (Easy Street)	US 1
17	KEEP YOUR EYE ON ME..... Herb Alpert (A&M)	US 1
18	GLUED TO THE SPOT..... Cheryl Glasgow (PRT)	UK 1
19	SOFT AND WARM..... Frank Potenza (TBA)	US 1
20	BETCHA..... Sandra Feva (Hot Vinyl)	UK 1

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

REGGAE

45s

1	HOOKED ON YOU/GIVE ME THE DUB..... Aswad (Simba)	
2	HOMEBREAKER..... Winsome (Fine Style)	
3	AGONY..... Pinchers (Live And Low)	
4	YES MAMMA..... Little John (Live And Low)	
5	IN THE MOOD..... Christine Lewin (Hot Vinyl)	
6	I'VE MADE UP MY MIND..... Jean Adebambo (Ade)	
7	NO ONE NIGHT STAND..... Nerious Joseph (Fine Style)	
8	KUFF 'N' DEM..... Mikey General (Digik)	
9	EMMANUEL ROAD..... Echo Minott (Live And Low)	
10	DIGITAL WE DIGITAL/RAMBO..... King Kong And Frankie Paul (Fashion)	

REGGAE

LPs

1	THEM A WOLF..... Sugar Minott (C)	
2	VICTIM..... Gregory Isaacs (C)	
3	ULTIMATE EXPERIENCES..... Undivided Roots (Enten)	
4	SEVEN GOLD..... U Roy (Ujam)	
5	HEY WORLD..... Ziggy Marley And The Melody Makers (Tuff Gor)	
6	KICK BOY FACE..... Prince Jazzbo (Third Wor)	
7	RESPECT AND HONOUR..... Twinkle Brothers (Twinkl)	
8	TIME FOR LOVE..... Rudi Thomas (C)	
9	HANDCART MAN..... Frankie Paul (C)	
10	MOVING DOWN THE ROAD..... Junior Delgado (Live And Low)	

Chart by Dub Vendor, 274 Lavender Hill, London SW11.

US45s

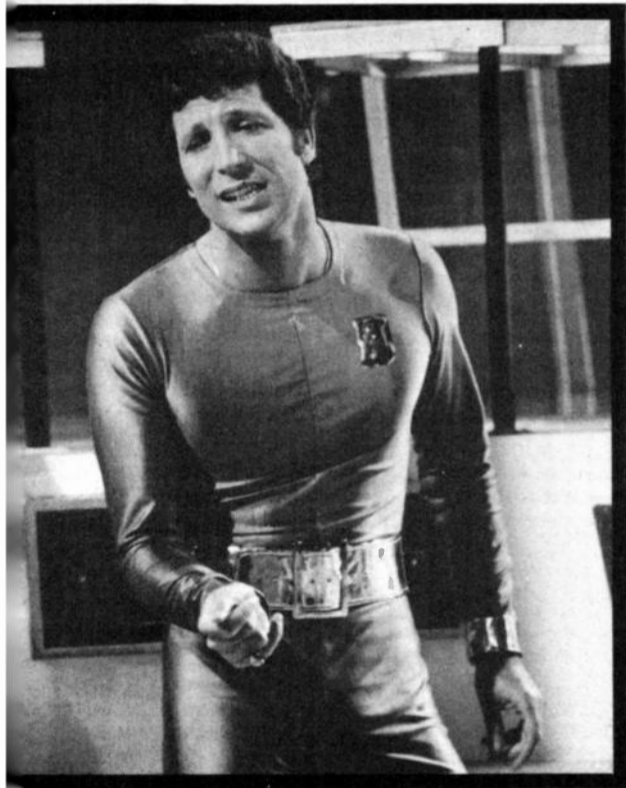
LEAN ON ME.....Club Nouveau (Warner Bros)
LET'S WAIT AWHILE.....Janet Jackson (A&M)
NOTHING'S GONNA STOP US NOW.....Starship (Grunt)
MANDOLIN RAIN.....Bruce Hornsby And The Range (RCA)
SOMEWHERE OUT THERE.....Linda Ronstadt & James Ingram (MCA)
TONIGHT, TONIGHT, TONIGHT.....Genesis (Atlantic)
JACOB'S LADDER.....Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)
RESPECT YOURSELF.....Bruce Willis (Motown)
COME GO WITH ME.....Expose (Arista)
BIG TIME.....Peter Gabriel (Geffen)
THE FINAL COUNTDOWN.....Europe (Epic)
LIVIN' ON A PRAYER.....Bon Jovi (Mercury)
YOU GOT IT ALL.....The Jets (MCA)
DON'T DREAM IT'S OVER.....Crowded House (Capitol)
(YOU GOTTA) FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT.....Beastie Boys (Def Jam)

USLPs

LICENSED TO ILL.....Beastie Boys (Def Jam)
SLIPPERY WHEN WET.....Bon Jovi (Mercury)
THE WAY IT IS.....Bruce Hornsby And The Range (RCA)
GRACELAND.....Paul Simon (Warner Bros)
CONTROL.....Janet Jackson (A&M)
INVISIBLE TOUCH.....Genesis (Atlantic)
LIFE LOVE AND PAIN.....Club Nouveau (Warner Bros)
NIGHT SONGS.....Cinderella (Mercury)
THE FINAL COUNTDOWN.....Europe (Epic)
GEORGIA SATELLITES.....Georgia Satellites (Elektra)
RAPTURE.....Anita Baker (Elektra)
BACK IN THE HIGHLIFE.....Steve Winwood (Island)
FORE!.....Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)
THE RETURN OF BRUNO.....Bruce Willis (Motown)
STRONG PERSUADER.....Robert Cray (Mercury)

Courtesy Billboard.

TOM JONES10



Uncle Tom tries out for Star Trek back in the '60s.

GREAT BALLS OF FIRE.....Jerry Lee Lewis (Sun)
BE BOP A LULA.....Gene Vincent (Capitol)
HEARTBREAK HOTEL.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
SWEET LITTLE SIXTEEN.....Chuck Berry (Chess)
CONCERTO DE ARANJUEZ.....Rodriguez (Columbia)
ENDLESS SLEEP.....Marty Wilde (Philips)
ONLY THE LONELY.....Roy Orbison (Monument)
GOOD GOLLY MISS MOLLY.....Little Richard (Specialty)
I'M HANGING UP MY HEART FOR YOU.....Solomon Burke (Atlantic)
LUNDA LU.....Ray Sharpe (London)

The old warbler's all-time ravers

SKATE-ROCK10

PERUVIAN VACATION.....The Stupids (COR)
I'M WEIRD.....Guana Batz (ID)
SKATE FOR THE DEVIL.....The Boneless Ones (Boner)
HEY! MUSCLES.....Surfin' Lungs (Big Beat)
HOUSE OF SUFFERING.....Bad Brains (SST)
IT'S ALRIGHT.....Surfadelics (MediaBurn)
WHIPLASH.....Metallica (Music For Nations)
O-DAY.....Condemned To Death (CTD)
WHAT?.....Corrosion Of Conformity (Roadrunner)
WHO NEEDS PSYCHO-THERAPY?.....Nice Strong Arm (unsigned, from Austin!)

Charts page boarded by the crew at Slam City Skates, London

ANZINES10

THE PIE.....
OFF THE BALL.....
THRASHER.....
MAXIMUM ROCK 'N' ROLL.....
THE CATALOGUE.....
THE ABSOLUTE GAME.....
BUCKETFULL OF BRAINS.....
METAL FORCES.....
JITY GENT.....
WHEN SATURDAY COMES.....

Best-sellers' chart from Moshin' Dick, Bazil and Jim at Selectadisc, Nottingham

LEST WE FORGET



Strangers: go directly to jail

5YEARS AGO

1 A TOWN CALLED MALICE.....The Jam (Polydor)
2 THE LION SLEEPS TONIGHT.....Tight Fit (Jive)
3 GOLDEN BROWN.....The Stranglers (Liberty)
4 SAY HELLO, WAVE GOODBYE.....Soft Cell (Some Bizzare)
5 MAID OF ORLEANS.....Orchestral Manoeuvres In The Dark (Dindisc)
6 CENTREFOLD.....J Geils Band (EMI)
7 LOVE PLUS ONE.....Haircut 100 (Arista)
8 SENSE WORKING OVERTIME.....XTC (Virgin)
9 ARTHUR'S THEME.....Christopher Cross (Warner Bros)
10 THE MODEL/COMPUTER LOVE.....Kraftwerk (EMI)

10YEARS AGO

1 KNOWING ME KNOWING YOU.....Abba (Epic)
2 CHANSON D'AMOUR.....Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)
3 WHEN.....Showaddywaddy (Arista)
4 SOUND AND VISION.....David Bowie (RCA)
5 MOODY BLUE.....Elvis Presley (RCA)
6 BOOGIE NIGHTS.....Heatwave (GTO)
7 TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS.....Mary MacGregor (Ariola)
8 GOING IN WITH MY EYES OPEN.....David Soul (Private Stock)
9 ROCKARIA.....Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
10 ROMEO.....Mr Big (EMI)

15YEARS AGO

1 SON OF MY FATHER.....Chicory Tip (CES)
2 LOOK WOT YOU DUN.....Slade (Polydor)
3 AMERICAN PIE.....Don McLean (United Artists)
4 HAVE YOU SEEN HER.....The Chi-Lites (MCA)
5 TELEGRAM SAM.....T Rex (T Rex)
6 WITHOUT YOU.....Nilsson (RCS)
7 MOTHER OF MINE.....Neil Reid (Decca)
8 STORM IN A TEACUP.....The Fortunes (Capitol)
9 LET'S STAY TOGETHER.....Al Green (London)
10 DAY AFTER DAY.....Badfinger (Apple)

20YEARS AGO

1 THIS IS MY SONG.....Petula Clark (Pye)
2 RELEASE ME.....Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
3 PENNY LANE/STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVER.....The Beatles (Parlophone)
4 I'M A BELIEVER.....The Monkees (RCA)
5 HERE COMES MY BABY.....The Tremeloes (CBS)
6 SNOOPY VS. THE RED BARON.....Royal Guardsmen (Stateside)
7 LET'S SPEND THE NIGHT TOGETHER.....The Rolling Stones (Decca)
8 PEEK-A-BOO.....New Vaudeville Band (Fontana)
9 MELLOW YELLOW.....Donovan (Pye)
10 ON A CAROUSEL.....The Hollies (Parlophone)

FRED FACT

Sales of singles continue to plummet. Boy George's comeback single, for instance, only sold between 70,000 and 80,000 during its first week at No.1, according to Gallup's Godfrey Rust. "And it's blockbuster hits that bring people into record shops and get them into the habit of buying again." He points to 1984 being a prime example of hits perpetuating other hits. "There were five million-selling singles in Britain that year, two by the Frankies ('Relax' and 'Two Tribes'), one by Stevie Wonder ('I Just Called To Say I Love You'), plus one from George Michael ('Careless Whisper') and, of course, the Band Aid hit ('Do They Know It's Christmas?'), the last named selling three-quarters of a million copies in one week alone - about as much as The Communards' 'Don't Leave Me This Way' (the biggest hit of 1986) sold during its lifetime." Last year brought an all-time low. Apart from The Communards' rehash of the Harold Melvin / Thelma Houston hit, only three other singles sold around the 700,000 mark - Cliff Richard and The Young Ones' 'Living Doll', Nick Berry's 'Every Loser Wins' and Boris Gardner's 'I Wanna Wake Up With You'. But, for the first time since 1978, not one single passed the magic million post.

In the States, things have been little better during recent years. According to the Recording Industry Association of America, singles sales dipped from 228 million in 1973 to approximately 122 million in 1985. Additionally, while there were 61 gold and 10 platinum singles in 1978, 1985 saw the release of only one platinum and 14 gold 45s, while in 1986 not even one went platinum, only seven hitting the gold standard. The record industry claims that the decline in singles sales, plus the fall in sales of vinyl albums, is partly due to changes in buying habits, one A&M exec blaming the whole deal on a generation that has grown up with cassette players rather than record decks. Some even perceive the future of the record industry in terms of cassette singles. But Godfrey Rust sees things differently. "CD singles are more likely to take over. Eight were issued in the UK last month, though, at present, their release is seen as just a marketing gimmick. However, in Germany, CD maxi-singles in the medium price range are already taking off and it can't be too long before they catch on over here. Vinyl is already a thing of the past in classical music, where two-thirds of all sales are now on CD and cassette. And even in pop, vinyl sales of some albums are weak compared to their CD counterparts."

Meanwhile, sales of the homely 45 continue to dive and those who once dubbed the Beeb's favourite pop knees-up *Top Of The Flops* might well claim that such a name is now nothing but the truth.

Fred Dellar

THE WEATHER PROPHETS

FROM PAGE 15

There is a social awareness in his songs but it has to compete with the natural metaphors and the love poetry. Astor can't stomach the clenched-fist approach to song-writing.

"That fascistic edge in The Redskins, that gang element. . . no matter how hard they try to escape it, that's the way they look. I'm talking out my arse a bit here, I don't want to put it down totally. But there's a quote from Yeats - "The best lack all conviction/The worst are full of a passionate intensity". The worse music gets, the more that seems to be the case. You see all those people with complete and utter belief in what they do and they're complete and utter shit."

Like who? Pop Will Eat Itself? The Age Of Chance? . . .

"The excitement in The Age Of Chance lies in their not being able to express themselves, in seeing somebody who can't do fuck all trying to say something. Like The Mekons - they couldn't play, they couldn't sing, but it was that tension. That's what made punk rock good. That's the only interest I have in The Age Of Chance, seeing people unable to express themselves. It's a complete premature ejaculation all over the place, no tension, no timing, no *nothing*. The way Prince did it 'Kiss' was a very radical song, and The Age Of Chance totally de-radicalised it. So bankrupt, utter crap, as Lenny Kaye would say. . . 'dishwash'."

Whatever the weather, 'Mayflower' certainly does not fall into the dickwash category. *Au contraire*, I forecast that, when the books of Prophets are written, it will stand as tall, if not as prickly, as 'The Joshua Tree'.

Thus we shake hands, Astor and I, clumsily, old-fashionedly, and then - as if by magic or crass literary device - the rain sounds sweetly on the broom-cupboard window. I pause on the steps of Creation hoping the shower will soon stop. But not Pete Astor, not The Weather Prophet. With his eyes to the skies and his guitar in hand, the Michael Fish of post-modernist pop shuffles off into a bright future.



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TOOL

HA HA, HO HO, HEE HEE

Glenda Jackson . . . Wow!!! What a woman . . . "Britain's greatest living actress" . . . Bollocks, I say the world's greatest George Segal's cigar. Anon, Carlisle I say that too, sometimes. This letter has *not* been edited – SW.

I was amused to read your article about this year's Liberal Youth Day which appeared in last week's issue.

I was equally amused when I met your reporter, Steven Wells, as he appeared to be the personification of your rag; a rapidly ageing, overweight, middle-class skinhead who made rather sad attempts at being 'working class'.

For what it's worth, I'll put the record straight about Youth Day: *Carina Trimmingham, London. (Organiser of Liberal Youth Day and founder member of 'Youth Against Bragg')* Oh no you won't, you cheeky monkey! If an Anarchist is a liberal with a bomb then a Liberal's got to be a Tory with a credit account at Chelsea Girl. *What? You are wasting your life on probably the most boring political party in the history of the world. Toss aside the noxious open-toed sandals and we shall trip naked through the billowing green fields of Marxist Lenninism. Cue the old joke about Mickey Mouse wearing a David Steel watch. This letter has been edited – SW.*

What is this crap about the Liberals being boring? I suppose that the Conservatives come off well because spanking is exciting? Grow up. *The Middle, Leeds*

BIGGER DICK NOW!

All HAIL the light at the end of the tunnel! Take a bow Dick Neech, positively the only thing in the *NME* worth reading, the only thing that still reminds the New Breed of how good the *NME* once was, the only thing that Stuart Cosgrove will never get his hands on (hopefully). Dick, baby, we love you! *Paul Whicker, London*

In a recent issue of your paper my son was accused of being the gossip columnist Dick Nietzsche. This is not true. He may be a criminally insane big-mouth with a sad appetite for any crass hip-hop record he stumbles on, but he is *never* cruel. My son would never call Hank Marvin a wanker. *Mrs Alice Cosgrove, Perth, Scotland* OK. The debate reaches fever pitch. Who is the incredibly sexeeeeee Neecher! A clue: Myth, fable, saga *and* lots and lots of exclamation marx!!!! (3 and 6) – SW

OOH, ERR, SOUNDS A BIT RUDE!

If it's true what Sean "Soupie Dragonie" was saying about Pop Will Eat Itself sending fellow "Soupie Dragonie" Sushil a Xmas card with "Pakis Out" scrawled inside it, then I am deeply shocked.

What I propose is that the Soupies, Shoppies, Droppies, Flatmates, Pastilies and Screemies should collectively gather all their indie teddies and surround the Poppies' house and chant slogans like "you are hippies".

Indie kids being racist is just not funny. *Peter Rhodes, Kilmarnock* Two points raised here. The first is that irony – defined simply as saying one thing to communicate the opposite – fails if the bombast of the message fails to tip the wink to the audience.

The second is Peter's succinct and witty use of the language of the stupendously trouserwetting *Filthy, Rich And Catflap*. Well done, Peter. A John Craven wig is in the post. (*Call this endless stream of knob and bottom gags a letters page? – ED.*) Yes – SW

BANG SOME HEED

I have long been an admirer of your excellent paper, its coverage of rock'n'soul being, ahem, music to my ears. But I feel that I must take you to task for your lack of coverage of what is now a major youth interest, skateboarding. I am a teacher (only 25, though!) and many of the teenagers I teach are big "board buffs". Skateboarding is a fascinating topic, with its own language of "topspins", "offwheelies", and "backboarding". No longer the teeny craze of the late '70s, many kids spend up to £100 on a board alone, many of them decorated with crazy "customised" designs! The recreation park near our school is crammed full of kids in their colourful fluorescent helmets and kneepads, "Bar-rolling" and "double-backing" and performing remarkable stunts. So come on *NME*, get your skates on (sorry)! Let's see you paying more than lip service to the youth culture you so aggressively claim to promote! *Gordon Olsen, London* Yes! Your *N(naughty)M(m-mental)E(bah goom)* is on the BALL! – SW

IN DEFENCE OF A SCAB ALBUM

Paul Simon came to South Africa and together with the Azanian people created 'Graceland' which put the Azanian people on an international platform (*Too right! I meself had never heard of South Africa before I heard 'Graceland', good on yer, Paul! – SW*). And this handful of Azanian people who have lived under appalling conditions for most of their lives are now given the chance of a lifetime opportunity to tour the world, make themselves known and possibly enjoy themselves for five minutes. *Graham Clifford, Leeds* Whoah! Stop right there, Gray. Although your additional point about the United Nations being as bad as Botha is interesting, you've made enough boo-boos in the first para to keep us going. 'Graceland' is the worst example of liberal arrogance pulled by a 'pop star' since the sickening Live Aid scam. The idea that the black working class of South Africa need some big-mouthed bleeding heart folk singer to liberate them is patronising in the extreme. Simon wants to apologise and then keep his mouth shut – SW.

I don't want to be seen as no wind-up merchant, but if you're so keen on culturally boycotting Paul Simon's 'Graceland' tour then why did you accept an advert for it on page 41 of your 14.3.87 issue? Hypocrite? The *NME*? Never . . . *Tim The Towerblock, Newcastle*

Yesterday in the kitchen of my abode I switched on the radio. A split-second tremor of excitement spread through me. Hearing dulcet cavernous tones I knew it *had* to be the nation's hero, Morrissey . . . but it was Barry Manilow. *Shocked, Birmingham* Fifty pee winner – SW.

Music journalists make me puke. To be in the position to be able to speak to people and report their, and the journalist's, views, is such a privilege. Sadly, the privilege is all too often abused by rubbishing artists' personalities – anything less than a perfect answer and it's "off with their heads"!

I refer in particular to Steven Wells' ridiculing of The Men They Couldn't Hang (*NME*, 14.3.87). Unlike most of your readers, I have met and talked with The Men on several occasions (Whoops! Name-dropping!). Steven Wells made them out to be a load of prancing ninnies. I assure your readers they are not. "Handsome" Paul may be conceited, but almost gets away with it because he's moderately intelligent. "Yokel" Cush is, there's no denying it, a conceited bigot. "Private Dobermann" lookalike Swill is simply, 'a chap'. A more splendid person I have yet to meet. "Too shy" Jon presumably knew Steven Wells wasn't worth his time. Clever boy Wells succeeded in making one of the more interesting bands a laughing stock. Wells, I can honestly say your article was the biggest load of wank I've read in a long time. Please, if you don't like what you see/hear, report it. Don't take the piss out of people more worthy than yourself. You stand accused – condemned by your own writing. May you hang by the rope. *Mark "self-abuse" Rowland, Warlingham* I quite like them, actually – SW.

It seems to me that the history of popular music is a condensed version of the history of English Literature.

In the formative years, groups were of a very conventional nature, just as in the 17th, 18th and even 19th centuries, poets felt obliged to conform to the conventions of rhythm, rhyme and structure. The Beatles we can compare to Shakespeare. Both worked within the framework of conventionality to produce work of consistently high artistic merit. *Dr Steven Taylor, Manchester University* I'm afraid we've had to cut Dr. Steven's very interesting letter. He goes on to compare Alexander Pope to Hermans Hermits, Ezra Pound to The Velvet Underground, the Sex Pistols to T. S. Eliot, The Mish to James Herbert and Five Star to Jeffrey Archer. This last is especially interesting as both Five Star and Jeffo have been made pregnant by aliens in the last few months – SW.

MORE WHIMPERING

So they've done it. O'Hagan, Hewitt and Cosgrove – the original Gang Of Three – have managed to submerge whatever independent identity this paper once had under their messianic fervour to off-load mindless disco-pop and yelping Yo-boy braggadacio upon the hapless readership, and all in the name of black music.

The contempt for the majority shown by these minority

EDITED BY STEVEN WELLS. PIOUS PLIERS BY CHRIS LONG. SEND YOUR LETTERS TO TOOL, NME EDITORIAL, COMMONWEALTH HOUSE, 1–19 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON WC1A 1NG.

fetishists is evident. Their utter distaste for the indie scene and its stereotypical (theirs not ours) white boy in a black polo neck Velvets adherent has culminated in the boastful phraseology of "Saying it loud!". What do they think they have proved? Do they really believe that exultations and cajoling threats will bend us to their will?

Increasingly the *NME* is becoming a marginal, Stalinist publication. It has had a version of truth thrust upon it seems that you either comply or they do a Trotsky on you.

Who now is the *NME* aimed at? Wag Club flunkies? It is unlikely those who buy all the crap now peddled within this organ, the Ford Capri morons resplendent in chunky trainers, perms and rejoicing in names like Darren and Sharon are likely to understand tortuous prose of Dele Fadele.

NME can be rescued before it becomes a minority paper with a self-deluding staff and readership engaged in fruitless mutual masturbation over 'musical purity'. However, I feel it's probably all ready too late. *Mike Connor, Liverpool* Hooooo-eeeeey! What a tonka!

1) "disco pop" is megababbl but to lump it in with Rap is crap. Rap is well wicked, John, Disco (often rather stupidly confused with Soul) is bad as in bad, but some of it is fun – bit like Heavy Metal really.

2) As long as 'indie pop' consists in the main of wishy washy '60s pop bands with the political acument of the SDP Youth and the musical tension of Donovan they can all go suck. This paper is not and never has been dominated by Black music (as opposed to Pink music). We just happen to be the only mainstream music paper that covers it *at all*. This has to be the most exciting time in pop music for eons. The HM/Rap crossover, the brilliant Beastie Boys album, the epically cheeky Age of Chance, the two-fisted, sheath-busting Chuck E D Brit skate punk, the trash revival and even, gawd 'elp us, a half-mega single from The Primitives! And you and the Black Music Jihad are squealing away in your self-imposed cultural ghettoes.

3) Dele's real name is Sharon – SW.

AIDS is a gift to the right. By pure accident – apparently – a disease turns up that mainly affects gays, junkies and Africans. No right-wing government in their senses could fail to see the possibilities in it – to give it maximum publicity, digging up fears and prejudices that have been quiet (if not laid to rest) for 20 years.

For years the Tories have been pilloried as the party that didn't care: suddenly, handed AIDS on a plate, they care. Suddenly Norman Fowler's never off the TV screen playing the caring liberal and the man with the rotten job of dealing with the nation's pervers and dope fiends. Suddenly we get bombarded with those pathetic adverts that are no doubt a nice little earner for the company that produced them.

It's completely unnecessary to have this blitz of publicity fired at us – unless, of course, those doing the firing have their own reasons for doing it – reasons that have nothing to do with health education. *Les Raphael, Strathclyde*





PERNOD

*Free the Spirit**

