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DAVID LYNCH'S BLUE VELVET

Salt and Spinderella pictured by Emily Andersen

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DAVID LYNCH PICTURED BY NICK WHITE: SEE PAGE 12

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"You are definitely treading a fine line in a film like *Blue Velvet* . . . I think that the audience should be aware that the film is a hard one to watch. If they're prepared in that way, I think most people can take it."

DAVID LYNCH on his new film: **PAGE 12**

"I really think that if we were at rehearsal and we said, look, we've got to have a hit, let's make something they're going to love, we'd be pissing ourselves. We couldn't do a Five Star record."

BLACK BRITAIN and the CRED factor: **PAGE 17**

"Hell, I'd be dead by now 'cept for the old guitar. See, I was a street kid: hustler, crap shooter, gambler. Serious stick-up artist, one of the best . . ."

CHUCK BROWN: **PAGE 19**

"Laughter is, according to Darwin, an expression mostly common to idiots. It is well known that the word humour springs from England and that the English are proud of it. However, it is also well known that England has nothing left to laugh at."

LAIBACH: **PAGE 24**

"Most men look at your physical composition and make their judgements on that. They want to get into your pants never your mind. They say they want to get to know the real *you* but their hands are already half-way up your sweater."

Pepa of tramp-trashing rap MCs SALT 'N' PEPA: **PAGE 28**

"She is looking to weave in Irish, folk and country traditions, scatter the soporific 'English' image, and collaborate with less contemplative musicians like Feargal Sharkey."

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NEWS

LABOUR SHELVES £27 PROMISE

THE LABOUR Party has abandoned its main policy designed to win the youth vote — a planned £27-a-week grant for all 16 to 18-year-olds in full-time education.

The proposed 'stay at school' payment pledge formed the central plank of Labour's 1985 Charter for Young People. It promised a mandatory £27 a week grant for everyone who stayed in full-time study after the age of 16, regardless of family income.

But now the plan has been quietly shelved and Labour is considering introducing a means-tested 'education maintenance allowance' instead.

The change in policy has been criticised by the Labour Party's youth sections as a vote-loser, and the National Union of Students has called for the plan to be retained in Labour's party programme.

Labour leader Neil Kinnock defended the decision to scrap the scheme at last week's meeting of the party's ruling National Executive Committee. He told Linda Douglas of the Labour Party's Young Socialist that the plan was too expensive and that it would give the Tories ammunition to accuse Labour of spending wildly.

She told *NME*: "It's a big disappointment. The policy would have been a great potential vote-winner among young people and their families. We will continue to fight for the policy."

The first indication that the policy had been dropped came several weeks ago with the publication of Labour's 'New Skills For Britain' document on education and training. It said that 'for reasons of cost, consideration will have to be given to relating the payment of education maintenance allowances to parental income'.

A party spokesman told *NME* that the £27 a week commitment had been abandoned "very reluctantly", but added that the new policy was "more realistic".

Labour's change in policy emerged in the same week that Tory Employment Secretary Lord Young persistently refused to deny reports that the Conservatives are planning to "conscript" school-leavers on to training schemes if they gain a third term of office. Labour employment spokesman John Prescott denounced the Tories' plans for "forced labour gangs reminiscent of Eastern Europe".

Denis Campbell



SALT & PEPPA, premier girl rappers and *NME* feature stars, are coming to Britain later this month to make their live debut here. They play London's Delirium Club at the Astoria on April 14, and are also scheduled to make an appearance on *The Tube*. They're pictured above with DJ Spinderella.



Mr Morrison.

VAN, N.O., FOR CND FEST

VAN MORRISON and New Order have been added to the line-up of the Glastonbury CND Festival on June 19-21. Already confirmed to play are Elvis Costello, The Communards, Trouble Funk, Hüsker Dü, Robert Cray, Los Lobos and Richard Thompson, making it one of the strongest line-ups in years — and organisers say they still have a major headlining act up their sleeve, with details to be announced soon.

Tickets are £21 from various outlets around the country, or £20 direct from CND, 22-24 Underwood Street, London N1 7JG. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope and make cheques or postal orders payable to Glastonbury Festivals Ltd.

● New Order have also announced a date at the Woolwich Coronet, London, tomorrow night (Thursday). Tickets are £6 each and available from the box office (01-854 2255). The concert is a warm-up before their AIDS benefit show with the reformed Bronski Beat and Sandie Shaw at Brixton Academy on Saturday.

HÜSKERS TWICE

HÜSKER DÜ will be playing two shows in England in June, in addition to their appearance at the Glastonbury CND Festival. They appear on the first night's bill at Glastonbury (June 19) and then move on to play Manchester International (20) and London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town (21). World Domination Enterprises will provide support in Manchester and London.

A SECOND full-length cartoon feature based on Beatles songs is currently in pre-production in America. *Strawberry Fields Forever* is being directed by Al Brodax, the man responsible for the 1968 offering *Yellow Submarine*, and he is currently auditioning actors to provide the voices of John, Paul, George and Ringo.

THE BHUNDU BOYS are planning another series of English dates in May, details to be announced shortly. The group flew back to Zimbabwe on Sunday after a seven week stay in the UK. Their latest album, 'Shabini', has just been released on cassette by Disc Afrique.

WORKERS AT a Japanese compact disc factory were responsible for the first major polka-punk crossover when they put wrong labels on 10,000 of the little silver discs. Fans of accordion master Lawrence Welk were expecting the latest pop polka sounds when they bought copies of his latest collection 'Polka Party', but instead were treated to the strains of Joe Strummer and The Pogues on the soundtrack to Alex Cox movie *Sid & Nancy*. More than 2,000 copies have been returned to the factory.



The Glass Spider: camera-crushed!

BBC 'NEW PURITANS' AXE BOWIE VIDEO

DAVID BOWIE's triumphant return to the public eye suffered a setback last week when BBC bosses banned the promotional video for his new single 'Day In, Day Out'.

The ban follows in the wake of *Top Of The Pops* producer Michael Hurl warning TV colleagues of a "new puritanism" sweeping the BBC, not unlike the cloud of morality hanging over Tyne Tees which has led to *The Tube* being axed.

Produced by Julian Temple, of *Absolute Beginners* infamy, the video was turned down by the corporation for its "explicit" sexual and violent content. A BBC spokesman said: "This video, although not a 'nasty' in the recognised sense, was considered unsuitable for screening anywhere in BBC schedules."

It is understood TV chiefs

were particularly unhappy about a scene in which a woman is sexually assaulted in the back of a car and then chased down a dark alley minus most of her clothes. Bowie last ran into trouble with the BBC with the video for his 'China Girl' single. Scenes of him making love with an Oriental model on a beach, a la *From Here To Eternity*, were heavily edited.

Hurl's comments on the Beeb's new puritanical stance comes as the corporation is viewing videos as part of the Montreux Rock Festival to be held in May. He warns that certain graphic content accepted in the past was likely to be turned down this year.

● Bowie is expected to announce details of additional UK concerts soon. So far the only date confirmed is at Wembley Stadium on June 20.

BOY'S £1M AIDS CASH PLEDGE

BOY GEORGE is hoping to raise more than £1 million for AIDS research with the release of a benefit record later this year, magistrates in Highbury were told last week.

George's barrister Raymond Sturgess told the court that the record was the latest chapter in the singer's bids to rebuild his career after heroin addiction. George pleaded guilty to possessing 2.44 grammes of cannabis resin at a house in Kentish Town shortly before Christmas last year. He was given a conditional discharge, but warned by chairman of the bench Lady Moorea Black: "You are not getting away with it — don't commit any other offences."

Mr Sturgess told the court that George's revived career and his fund-raising efforts for AIDS research were an example to other addicts.

"You only have to open a newspaper to see that he has re-established himself in the world," said Mr Sturgess. "There is no question of him doing the record for publicity. He was asked even before he had been charged."

Mr Sturgess assured the bench: "There is no prospect of any further breach of drug regulations."



"Lick my tatts, scum."

ZODIAC SEX VID 'ON HEAT' HORROR

"THIS VIDEO is designed to warp the mind of your neighbour's children", says Ade Edmonson, bastard son of *The Comic Strip*. The video in question is Edmonson's pop promo debut as a director, and perhaps predictably, he's working with psycho-warts Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction on the visuals for their new single 'Prime Mover'. The video is being made under the auspices of Palace's new video offshoot Palace promo and according to sources deep in the subconscious of the Zodiac people it will be based on a raid on a public school dormitory in which the daughters of Albion are turned into 'sex-bitch goddesses'. Sounds tasteful.

NEWS

U WON'T BELIEVE THIS

PRINCE isn't a star, he's an event. And so is the release of his new double LP. PAOLO HEWITT is led to the subterranean bunker at WEA Records, and gets first listen.

PRIOR TO the release of the new Prince LP 'Sign "O" The Times', WEA Records decided to place a worldwide embargo on this new offering from the Minneapolis Maverick.

This meant, in effect, that advance copies were withheld from both radio and press until its worldwide release (Monday morning), with WEA London informing all enquirers that tapes of the LP were safely stashed away in a safe, with a round-the-clock bodyguard standing by.

This decision can be interpreted in two ways. A genuine concern by WEA not to offend anyone by granting an exclusive to any one paper or radio station and thereby placing future WEA releases by other artists in jeopardy. Or a clever way of gaining maximum worldwide exposure to a duff LP, culminating in a massive hype.

In the end, *NME* were summoned to WEA and placed in a room with the tape of the LP and granted a hearing. Given the ability of Prince's music to grow in stature on each hearing, what follows must only be a cursory reading of what is easily his most off-beat statement to date.

'Sign "O" The Times' contains 16 new songs and, quality aside, once again pays testimony to the man's musical unpredictability and insatiable appetite for new styles and moods.

Three of the songs, 'Starfish And Coffee', 'Slow Love' and 'It's Gonna Be A Beautiful Night' are co-written, the latter by Dr Fink and Eric Leeds, the man behind Madhouse, whose LP was recently released on Paisley Park to critical acclaim.

Sheena Easton and a new singer by the name of Camille (who sounds suspiciously like Prince) also make guest appearances. Otherwise, the whole project has been written, composed, arranged and produced by Prince.

The first thing that has to be said is that this would be a stunning single LP. And if anyone knows that, it's Prince himself, the clue being the way he has arranged the running order of the LP.

Apart from the title track, and two other songs, sides one and two contain some of the weakest material Prince has ever committed to vinyl. Most of the songs here sound like demos, and are vapid and totally underdeveloped. As a reaction to the '80s emphasis on over-production, it's a brilliant statement. In reality, it simply doesn't work.

Sides three and four act in total contrast to this self-indulgence. Songs such as 'U Got The Look', 'Strange Relationship', 'If I Was Your Girlfriend' and 'Adore' all

compare favourably with the best of his work and remind us in no uncertain terms of his unique talent.

One can only assume that by balancing the LP between songs of such varying and extreme quality, Prince is not only asserting his *total* artistic control but publicly displaying his inability to resist throwing a very heavy spanner into his works.

On 'Sign "O" The Times' Prince arrogantly flaunts his talent for writing unsurpassable contemporary music, the title track for one, and then laying himself wide open, warts and all. As with any artist of his calibre, his success rests not only with the music but the way in which that music is presented, the way in which it takes chances to further cement his self-made image as unique individual, answerable to no-one. For any other artist to put out an LP which contains demos would mean end of a career. For Prince, it only enhances a career he has so far brilliantly stage-managed.

The music itself runs something like this:

'Sign "O" The Times'

Already the year's best single. A totally inventive and different musical collage bringing in elements of rap and funk over a harsh lyrical catalogue of modern ills. It also signals a change in Prince's stance. On '1999', Prince said, sod it, let's dance all night. Now he wants to settle down and have a child. A recurring theme throughout.

'Play In The Sunshine'

A throwback to the '50s, days of innocence (another recurring theme) with an early rough rock'n'roll feel spiced with a heavy lead guitar.

'Housequake'

Prince does his James Brown routine. "Shut up already, damn!" he barks as an opener before launching into a classic JB-meets-Clinton-meets-Prince dancefloor-style funk. One of the only songs from this side worth keeping.

'Ballad Of Dorothy Parker'

Weak Steely Dannish (really) soft funk that goes absolutely nowhere. One has to wonder about a mind that would want *anyone* to hear this.

'It'

Another rough sounding song, more Prince-like with a relentless beat, that keeps threatening to take off but never does. A homage to someone's sexual charms, this is dark and threatening stuff but somewhat off the mark.

'Starfish and Coffee'

Memorable to *NME* readers for its assessment of our very own contributor, one Cynthia Rose. "All of us were ordinary



The '87 one.

compared to Cynthia Rose" Prince croons over this straight '60s pop pastiche. Lyrics co-written with Susannah, ex-of The Revolution, even The Bangles would have second thoughts about this one.

'Slow Love'

A relaxed blues with lush orchestration interspersed with a big-band, '40s style arrangement. Prince goes to Frankie Sinatra and loses hands down.

'Hot Thing'

The title alone will tell you that this is the kind of sassy funk that Prince is so adept at. Similar in places to the monstrous 'Sign "O" The Times' but without the exhilarating twists, this is still one of the few tunes that deserved to avoid the chop.

'Forever In My Life'

A plea for fidelity and love forever reveals the changing face of Prince but the minimal music neither keeps the pace or lodges in the memory. End of demos. Now for the LP.

'U Got The Look'

Classic Prince with its strident mixture of rock and funk. Here he duets with Sheena Easton and the mysterious Camille with the kind of contagious song that just screams, 'Single!' Archetypal Prince and just one of the things he does best.

'If I Was Your Girlfriend'

Opens up with an orchestra tuning up, the wedding march theme, and a strange voice that shouts, "look at the bargains on offer here, ladies". Adapting to his falsetto voice over an hypnotic, brooding groove, Prince switches genders to detail his romantic notions ending with the immortal line, "we'll try to imagine what silence looks like". A total charmer.

'Strange Relationship'

Harks back in tiny ways to his earlier sexual obsessions, yet this is to do with mental cruelty and classic love/hate relationships. Prince seems genuinely bewildered that he "can't stand to see U happy, more than that I hate to see U sad". Another up tempo tune, bolstered by a thumping back beat and simple yet contagious melody.

'I Could Never Take The Place Of Your Man'

One of the few weak links over these two sides. Prince

takes on The Cars and the sound of current American MTV pop and beats them. But then there's not much competition to begin with — this song shows that.

'Cross'

Prince as a Catholic priest. Over a gentle guitar melody, he forsees the coming of God and urges us that despite all our problems, not to cry because, "He is coming, don't die without knowing the cross . . ." Just as he's about to take confessions, a horrendous army of rock guitars flood in and wash away all our sins. He's not parodying The Mission for nothing, you know.

'It's Gonna Be A Beautiful Night'

Recorded live in front of "6,000 adoring Parisians", this is an unfussy display of the kind of music similar to Kid Creole four years ago. Immaculately right, this is partytime Prince at its flashiest.

'Adore'

Two years ago, Prince gave Melissa Morgan a song entitled 'Do Me Baby', a slow burning ballad that proved to be one of the highlights of her career. 'Adore' is in a similar vein, a sugar ballad that harks back to The Stylistics but is indelibly Prince's, a lush yet remarkable piece of music, and a fitting climax to the story so far.



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Phone or write for details of other tour options: Flight destinations and local departure points.

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Live in Dublin, Saturday 27th June

£89 includes: Concert Ticket, Return Coach from London, hotel accommodation and ferry. Depart London 25th June, return 28th June

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Paris, June 6th

£85 includes: Concert Ticket, luxury Coach from London, 1st Class Hotel, Cross Channel ferry. Plenty of free time. Depart Eve June 4th, return June 7th

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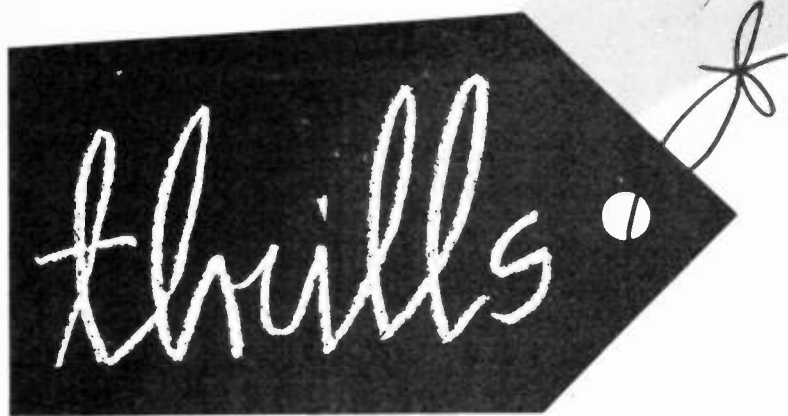
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EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

RIVE GAUCHE

RITA MITSOUKO's split personality is intriguing the continent. Channel-hopping JONATHAN ROMNEY takes a lesson from her inner egos Catherine and Fred – the only subversive role models in French pop.

BY NIGHT, Rita Mitsouko wears a top-knot and a pencil moustache. She walks like Prince, talks like Jeanne Moreau, and reigns supreme as French pop's vamp of the lurid and bizarre. That's Rita as in Hayworth and Mitsouko after the Guerlain perfume.

By day, Rita reverts to her two halves, Catherine Ringer and Fred Chichin. Since summer '84, when

the slinky Latin electronics of their 'Marcia Baila' single burst like a wilful splash of dayglo into the grey French pop scene, the two have basked in a relentless media glare.

Catherine, whose public persona is a grotesque, Tibetan parody of Louise Brooks is the hard-edged professional talker of the two; Fred grins absently, offers the occasional reticent remark, and generally resembles Michael Crawford playing lead in *The Little Richard Story*. Halfway through the interview he reaches down into a carrier bag and produces a glass of scotch, which they proceed to work their way through.

Briskly fending off questions, Catherine makes it clear that self-promotion isn't her favourite occupation, and turns decidedly chilly when I ask about the hazards of living and working together. "We never answer personal questions. Once *The Face* came



Gallic pop thrillers – Fred et Catherine

and took some photos at our flat." Fred shakes his head: "It was a mistake. . ."

The Paris flat has acquired a mythical status as Rita's birth-place. The pair stayed in for a year, learning to play their instruments, venturing out for their explosive debut dressed in Felix Potin carrier bags – roughly equivalent to Safeways, as supermarkets go. Another performance quickly passed into legend.

"I was having my period that day, and I was singing a song about lying in bed feeling sexy, and I was feeling myself all over, miming the words. Then I realised I had my tampon in, so I pulled it out and started swinging it around, like they do with feathers at the Lido, and threw it into the audience. All the girls were delighted, because the boys were disgusted."

The gesture was immediately interpreted as a feminist statement, but Catherine is loath to comment on this. In fact, the duo are generally averse to theorising about the implications of their role, surprisingly since they represent something of a breakthrough as the only subversive role models in French pop. The anarchic potential of their visual style, aired in some lavishly off-the-wall videos, attracted Jean-Luc Godard to film them at work in the studio.

After last year's disastrous re-recording of 'Marcia Baila' in

graceless English translation, Virgin have just released the manic 45 'C'est Comme Ça' over here, from the group's Tony Visconti-produced second album. Both Rita albums are a delirious brew of camp wit and inventive electronics – sordid, sentimental, seductive and highly adept at ripping the piss out of a million clashing styles. They've been compared to Eurythmics ad nauseam, but I'm reminded more of Sparks – with wan, goofy Fred in the Ron Mael role – or Eno's early dabbings.

The worldview presented in Catherine's lyrics mixes lust, disgust, absurdity, and downright cynicism. She writes in English as well as French, although her relationship to the latter language is, well, tangential. A packet of 'full fat soft cheese' and a bottle of Bull's Blood provide the description of one song's chubby object of desire: *A full fat bloody bull*. The English would never have thought of putting that together."

Their idols?

"Green Lampton."

Er... Green Lantern?

"C'est ça, Green Lampton. A friend said, when they ask you about your idols, always mention someone who doesn't exist. So Green Lampton and Roberto Maté, he's a guy who designs stage sets, and is also a big singing star in the People's Republic of China."

She shrugs. *C'est comme ça*.

BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN

"Somebody gave me a pair of crushed velvet boxer shorts for Christmas. It was a sweet gesture. Still, I've worn them on my head once or twice – as a nightcap!"
Wayne Hussey

"I remember one time throwing a whole roll of toilet tissue out of a hotel window – just like that – letting it go and throwing the whole thing down. Hee hee hee. To think that we were brought up so well."

Janet Jackson on her wild days

"My mum gets lots of attitude from people at work. You know the sort of thing: 'Your son's a millionaire, why are you working?' But I'm not a millionaire. I wish I was. I'm not exactly poor but I've got to keep on working – I've got a mortgage to pay."

Holly on keeping out of the red after lashing out well over a million on recording fees

"Beauty? Are you kidding? My husband turns over in the morning and says 'God, look at the state of you!'"

Jaki Graham

"I would like to have a CBS Sunday night show from eight to nine, in the Ed Sullivan hour. It'd be *James Brown Does The Ed Sullivan Hour* or *The Godfather Of Soul Does The Ed Sullivan Show*. And then we'd do about 10 minutes of Ed Sullivan and the other 50 minutes of James Brown. Everybody says that's a very ingenious idea."

James Brown talking about his visionary TV ideas

"Why do Smiths fans think OMD are uncool? I like The Smiths, I think they're great – so why can't other people who like The Smiths are great also think OMD are great?"

Andy McCluskey of OMD

"Having a major deal is by no means the keys to the kingdom. But it does make a number of things easier. Like we can order pizza now with all five toppings. And two packs of Bud."

Bob Mould of Hüsker Dü

"Comparing Madonna with Marilyn Monroe is like comparing Raquel Welch with the back of a bus."

Boy George

"Burt Reynolds is giving up his career to become an actor."

Mickey Rooney



ART: THE SHAKIN' MAN

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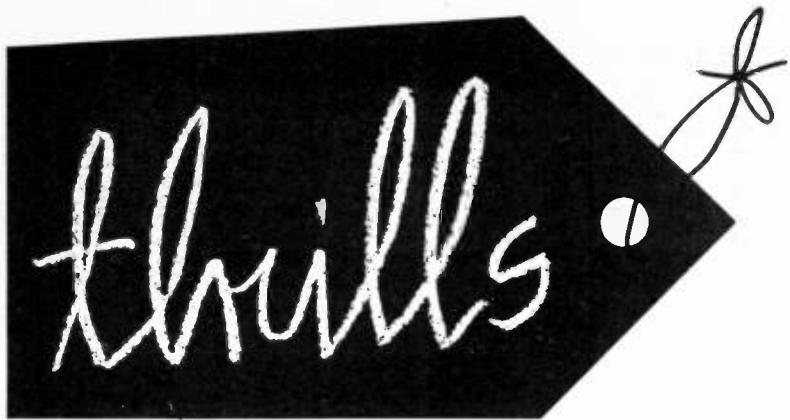
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SUPERMAN

SUPERMAN IS THE NEW R.E.M. SINGLE, BACKED WITH 'WHITE TORNADO'. TAKEN FROM THEIR ALBUM 'LIFE'S RICH PAGEANT'. THE TWELVE INCH ALSO INCLUDES THE LIVE VERSION OF 'FEMME FATALE'.





SUN CITY'S DISCO DIVA



THIS WEEK *Thrills* is pleased to award the Paul Simon Trophy For Political Awareness to disco star Gloria Gaynor, in Britain for a series of concert dates culminating in an appearance at the Royal Albert Hall.

A press release for the tour starts off in gushing fashion, referring to Gaynor as "the industry's lady, the world's lady of ladies", then catalogues her globetrotting appearances in some of the world's most politically sensitive areas...

"While filming the war in Lebanon, the famed (US) television show *Sixty Minutes* was shocked by her presence in war-torn Beirut. She was gratified by her reception in the over-capacitated, multi-million dollar hotel complex frequented by only the elite and most powerful families in the country," it reads guilelessly.

With her down-to-earth, innocent expression, she replied to the news media's questions regarding politics by saying: "I sing to help people forget their problems no matter what they are."

Particularly the elite and most

powerful, it would seem. Meanwhile Ms Gaynor's innocence undoubtedly came in useful during another jaunt, described through the eyes of an apocryphal member of her entourage.

"Now she was to experience a completely self-contained hotel with water falls, glass elevators, and all the modern conveniences... Just outside awaited 300,000 acres of wild safari land and two private jets to whisk you away to Zululand and such places."

Where was Gloria? Why, Sun City, of course. *Thrills'* copy of the press release came from Cambridge's Labour-controlled City Council, who'd booked Gaynor to play the town's Corn Exchange. Yes, said a spokesman, the Council does have a policy of not booking artists who support apartheid—but as a black artist, and one who, as the release points out, has been made an honorary Zulu, surely Ms Gaynor wasn't in that category?

Even so, the booking is a trifle ironic, since the Council has elected to name its recently-opened office Mandela House.

IF YOU'VE been attracted to the music on Hank Wangford's recent *A-Z Of Country*, record distributors Topic may be able to help you further. Taking the place of the recently-demised Making Waves, Topic have secured releases from adventurous American independent labels like Rounder and Flying Fish. Among them is The Louvin Brothers' 'Songs That Tell A Story' and 'The Nairobi Sound', a collection which includes the legendary ode to Jimmy Rodgers by the Kipsigi tribe. There's also a superb collection of early Wanda Jackson, 'Rock'n'Roll Away Your Blues'. She's the lady of whom it was once said: "she sounds like she could fry an egg on her G-spot". Topic distributors, cooking at a record shop near you.

MATT BLACK

ONCE AGAIN, those two 'diamond geezers' Ronnie and Reggie are about to re-enter the musical arena via an imminent release by the new British group, Renegade Sound Wave.

The three-member group's debut single, logically entitled, 'The Kray Twins', is a tough, somewhat bizarre number which according to one of their members, Gary, is "a general reflection of what people think about them and also what people close to them think. Some people think they were alright, others think they were real criminals..."

As a friend of two of the Kray's cousins, Gary was suitably inspired to pen the lyrics for the song. Of the rest of Renegade's material, Gary says it's an eclectic mixture influenced by anybody from Matt Monroe to rap.

"I really like Matt," he enthuses, "and Karl, one of the other members, loves rap as it's the only music to have really happened over the last few years. But we're not a rap group at all. We're definitely not that."

Crooner meets rap meets the Krays. It's a sign of the times.

DJ Biggsy

Just back from the Special Branch Soul Weekender in Dorset, an event which shows that British soul fans must be amongst the most broad-minded in the world. The Special Branch organisation have been running various successful soul nights in the capital for the past couple of years now and the 700 or so enthusiasts who decamped to Poole for a weekend of non-stop music represented a fair cross-section of the tastes and styles the black music scene in London now encompasses. Top DJs ensured that a healthy mixture of hip-hop, house, jazz and soul hit the decks in rapid succession to equally positive reactions from the dancefloor. Those who never venture into clubs and condemn all black dance music as 'sounding the same' would have had a musical education, as bossa nova rubbed shoulders with the Beastie Boys and go-go cranked it up alongside '60s R&B. The warm reception given to the several brand-new hip-hop tracks played over the weekend was ample proof both of hip-hop's strength in the clubs and the cosmopolitan tastes of the new breed of soul fans.

Two of the toughest tunes aired over the two days were 'After Dark' by True Mathematics (*Select*) and 'New Generation' by the Classical Two (*Rooftop*) both of which look

like being well popular over the next couple of months. 'After Dark' takes a vibrant drum beat and adds a remixed, remodelled, slowed down version of Trouble Funk's 'Still Smokin' to create a powerful, atmospheric cut that takes the hip-hop/go-go crossover to a new dynamic level. Meanwhile the Classical Two perform one of the most energetic raps committed to vinyl for quite a while; the way they spit out the words 'Rap's New Generation' is reminiscent of Daltrey's stuttering emotion on The Who's 'My Generation'. The rhythm track itself has a jerky energy that drives it along while it utilises James Brown 'Get On Up' chant to keep the beat pumping, heady stuff!

Other upfront hip-hop tunes currently causing a stir include Biz Markie's 'Nobody Beats The Biz' (*Prism*), 'Timebomb' by Public Enemy (*Def Jam*) and the short but sweet 'We Will Rock You' off Grandmaster Flash's excellent new album 'Ba Dop Boom Bang' (*Elektra*). The Biz Markie cut is probably the most interesting of the three combining as it does a vocal style that sounds like Eric B and a chorus that comes across like the Jackson Five. Throw in a real catchy dance beat and, of course, a few JB-type squeals and you see why this is one of the best selling imports around.

On the go-go front things are starting to hot up again with Jim Bennett And Him Bumpin' Crew's 'Bump 'N Roll' (Give Up The Funk)' (*Studio*) easily leading the pack. A surging, brassy rhythm moves and grooves in all the right places as Mr Bennett and his Crew provide the usual call-and-response chanted vocals, this is Washington sound at its vibrant best. The other D.C. tune worth checking this week is 'Top, Bottom, Side & Rear' by Go Go Lorenzo And The Davis Pinkney Project (*Polydor*). These guys made arguably the best go-go record of last year with 'You Can Dance If You Want To' and on their latest release they return to almost exactly the same formula. If you've already got 'You Can Dance' you'll be disappointed, if not you should definitely get this, it's a 100% guaranteed floor filler.

Meanwhile up in Scotland we have one of the most interesting British hip-hop releases yet, called 'All You Need Is Love' by The Justified Ancients Of MuMu this grows on you with every listen. Kicking off with The Beatles' song, the track hits a stark drum machine beat over which are cut snatches of Samantha Fox's 'Touch Me' and a well catchy melodic chorus that really sticks in your consciousness. With an angry rap, some nifty scratching and an energy that builds and builds as the track progresses this deserves to be massive!

Jay Strongman



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

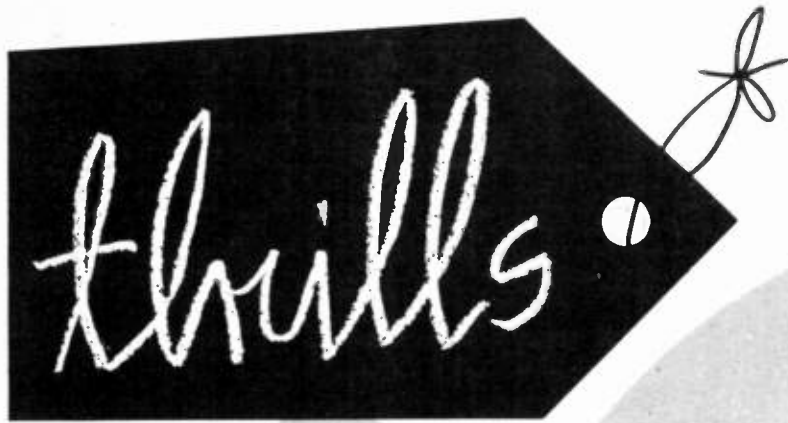
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Blast From The Past

Head Blaster PHIL ALVIN tapped his jazz roots on the solo project 'Unsung Stories'. **GAVIN MARTIN** met the man who's mining American music's richest seams.

HE TALKS fast and knowledgeably. Barely containing his excitement, Phil Alvin punctuates his speech with imitations of suitably furious horn blasts, wild scat and big fat slapping basses. The boy's in love. "The hot jazz of the '20s and '30s started rock'n'roll. You say that to kids nowadays and they don't see it. They think of swing music because the distribution of jazz played to people—jazz that makes people dance—has been very low. You get great players like Wynton Marsalis who talk about the importance of Louis Armstrong but he himself never lets go and plays it—BABA BABAP BAAP! You feel like saying, 'Just once Wynton, please'..."

Alvin took a sojourn from his band The Blasters last year to join with Sun Ra's Arkestra and New Orleans Dirty Dozen Brass Band for the superb 'Unsung Stories' collection of dope songs and death ballads from the last depression. The LP was both a return to an era when jazz was a vital populist form and to Alvin's own musical beginning in Downey, LA.

"A lot of southern and New Orleans musicians moved out there in the '60s when the industry polarised between New York and LA. I grew up playing in bars with people like Al Morgan who started on a New Orleans steamboat in 1914 and played with Fats Waller and Cab Calloway. Big Joe Turner, T Bone Walker and Lowell Fulson would all be there, and you'd get up to 20 horn orchestras playing behind Big Joe on jam sessions. I was his little boy, I guess and it was through those guys that I learned all the old songs and the stories that came with them."

Overshadowed by David Byrne's mediated images from 'True Stories', 'Unsung Stories' tapped an oral tradition of hard truths and



PICTURE: TIM JARVIS

Phil Alvin: "In the States we don't have elevator musik—we just have our local radio stations".

pertinent observations as relevant today as they were in the '30s. "The neo-patriotism in the states is an abomination to me. If there's anything I could do to vent my anger against it I would, though I shy away from direct political statements. I tried to pick songs that show that the greatest failing of Ronald Reagan and his ilk is over-confidence. I'd been dedicating 'Titanic Blues' to Reagan before the Iran thing. When I recorded it they not only found the Titanic but the Space Shuttle crashed. It's a song that can easily be mapped onto what's happening today."

With anything up to 20 horns and Alvin flexing his wry vocals around the roving narratives, this was no cheap, agit-prop sloganeering, but

a method more detailed and lasting in impact.

"I dislike a lot of hooks, they take a lot of responsibility away from the singer. With the radio wanting to keep people in the mood to buy advertising, hooks are used to keep people lulled. In the States now we don't have elevator musik—we just have our local radio station."

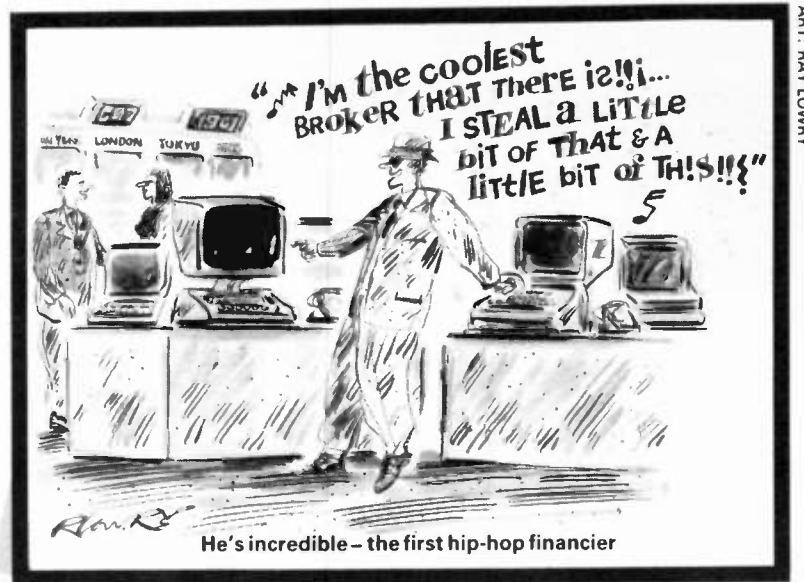
There were several reasons why 'Unsung Stories' shaped up the way it did—horns had been withdrawn from The Blasters' last album (because, according to their record company, "horns weren't happening on the radio just then"), and Alvin was also anxious to give The Dirty Dozen Brass Band a platform. Like Dwight Yoakam in country and Robert Cray in the blues field, The Dirty Dozen were third generation proponents of their craft not afraid to reinvoke their roots but not getting the exposure he felt they deserved.

Sun Ra, of course, is irrepressible, a man who combines the early, spurring splendour of jazz with the third-stream, outer-consciousness jive. But, having been ripped off so many times, he was understandably wary of "White men bearing gifts".

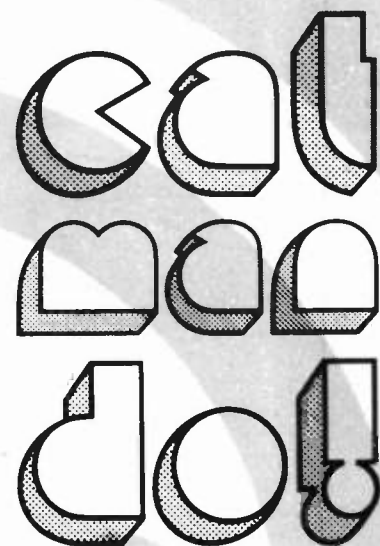
"Man, I didn't know if I was going to meet God or the devil," recalls Alvin. "When I went there and he was in all his regalia I wondered if I should bow. I checked the names I knew would impress him and did a straight upfront deal with him which was cool."

Essentially a side project, 'Unsung Stories' has whetted Phil Alvin's appetite for future excursions, though right now his priority is a new Blasters album (with horns!) This will obviously be enriched by the further understanding of Americana he's gained through his solo project.

"We play American music. Jazz is the most potent force in 20th Century American music, but it's affected by the interface of so many different kinds of white, black and Mexican cultures. There's more than enough there for me to work with. I'd be hard pressed to find a music, labelled with whatever temporal, racist or elitist tag that The Blasters don't play."



ART: RAY LOWRY



WELL, LOOK who just crawled in from Memphis—Tav Falco's Panther Burns.

The PBs have tore it up for some eight years, yet still scorch a clearer path in just one song, live, than all the 'Stompin' At The Klub Foot' quiffies will do in their miserable lives. Mr Falco is a dapper gentleman, well-dressed and possessed of a pencil moustache and kiss-curl. He sentenced himself to 'life' in that ole jailhouse of rock'n'roll, and when he gets up in front of his panthers, the sparks fly.

Raised in Arkansas, Falco only discovered the devil's music in the late '70s—Alex (Chilton) showed us the missing link between the old blues and a contemporary treatment. Until then, I never considered playin' rock'n'roll, I was listening to blues. I guess I'm a fundamental blues noisemaker."

Chilton hitched up with Falco after producing the earliest Cramps records. He became a fulltime member of The Panther Burns, and has played on most of their records, including that essential debut, 'Behind The Magnolia Curtain' (1981). He also produced the latest New Rose Set, 'The World We Knew'. It's Falco's tribute to the South's musical heritage, which he fears is being paved over. Soul, hillbilly and swampbeat obscurities from the '50s are Panthered, respectfully.



Tav Falco—life sentence in the 'jailhouse'.

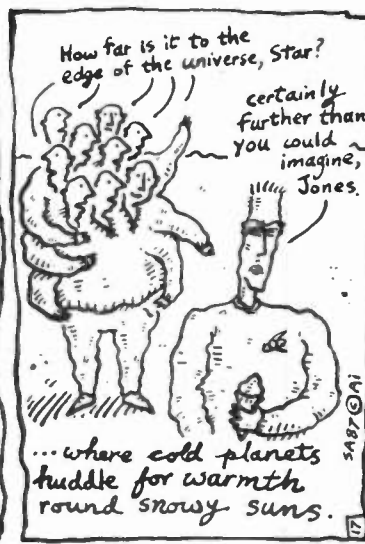
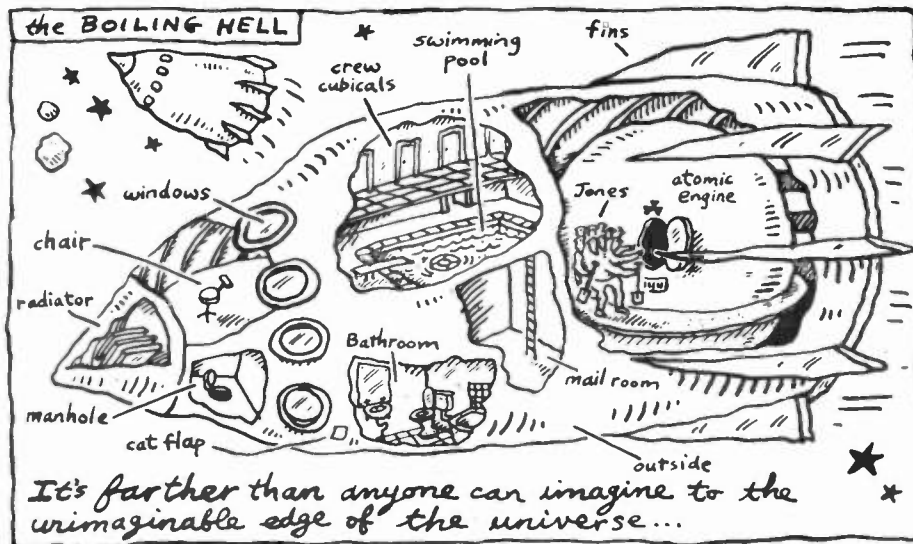
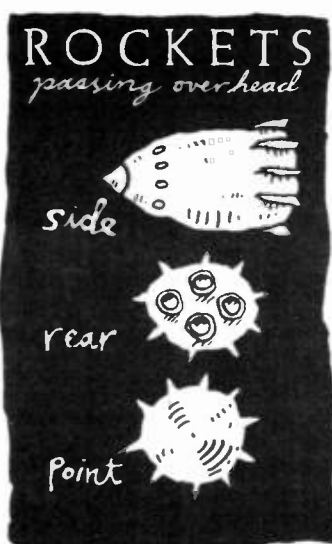
"We love the sound of that era, but not in a bourgeois way. We just do the songs, interpret them ourselves, it's music we have been interested in for a very long time. We always wanted to make an LP like this."

And few would do it better. But this isn't too retro, is it?

"These musics are still viable, they will continue with us. We retrieve from the past before it slips away."

The hollerin' stomp of The Panther Burns eats the clock. This is not a timewarp in a uniform, Falco is believable as Rockabilly Guy. And whatever the uneven quality of past LPs—although the new one is very good—the Panther Burns in the flesh are as tough as old gator. Right now they're on their first European tour, and a return to Britain is likely, next week. Keep your cat clothes at the ready.

David Swift



ART: STEVEN APPLEBY

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Thrills

CAMDEN BLOWS

THE MISCONCEPTION that jazz is all about improvisation will be sorely tested by the Camden Festival's Jazz Week, which—boasting its most exciting line-up for years—has taken *composition* as its theme. The highlight for many people will be the first London gig in seven years by **Ornette Coleman** and his Prime Time band (Sunday, April 5). Coleman, probably the most influential musician of the last 25 years even before he developed his enigmatic Harmolodic Theory, is one of the chief architects of modern improvised music and an innovative composer: his latest recording, 'Prime Design/Time Design' (*Caravan Of Dreams*), is a

"harmolodic composition for four string instruments and percussion in honour of Buckminster Fuller". Don't be surprised if it's played at the Monday (April 6) concert when Coleman's long-time associate, bassist **Charlie Haden**, joins forces with British bassist/composer **Gavin Bryars** to play some of Coleman's string compositions, together with a new Bryars' piece written especially for Haden.

Tuesday (7) sees the return of the thin, white, Duke-inspired **Carla Bley**, one of the most popular of current jazz composers, with her new sextet; while on Wednesday (8) The Monk Project celebrates the music of two brilliant pianist/composers, Thelonious Monk and

Herbie Nichols. Leading this tribute will be soprano sax virtuoso **Steve Lacy**, extraordinary AACM trombonist **George Lewis** and the droll Dutch trio of **Han Bennink**, **Misha Mengelberg** and **Ernst Reyseger**.

Going Dutch becomes inescapable on Thursday (9), when the **Willem Breuker Kollektief** are in concert. One of Holland's outstanding composers, Breuker mixes Left-wing politics with a bizarre sense of humour—tangos, marches, Kurt Weil songs and dramatic improvisations lace his sets in witty profusion. Friday's concert (10), now that the Mike Gibbs' band has cancelled, is likely to be a solo performance by multi-

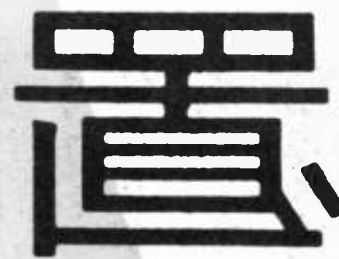
instrumentalist **Nana Vasconcelos**; while the two Saturday concerts that open and close the Jazz Week both feature musicians very much in vogue on the London scene. **Wayne Shorter**, fresh from his success at the Wag Club, is the tenor of the times at the first concert (April 4); and the fast-rising talents of **Philip Bent**, **Gail Thompson** and **Steve Williamson** provide the grand finale on April 11.

(Many of the musicians, including Bley, Breuker, Coleman and Haden, will also be giving workshops and master-classes during the Jazz Week. Details from 01-439-0807 or 01-439-4967.)

Graham Lock



Wayne Shorter



S.W.A.L.K. THIS WAY

"...speaking of which, I was awakened yesterday morning by the gentle pitter-patter of tiny postmen on my front path. He (postman) held up a fistful of letters, provocatively, then proceeded to extract a particularly blatant example: across the envelope, in bright purple felt-tip, were the words 'ARE YOU SCARED TO GET HAPPY?'"

JOY UNCONFINED!!!! I am being SPOKEN ABOUT in Clifton Road Sorting Office!!! ..."

YES, THE new issue of *Are You Scared To Get Happy?* and it's accompanying *Sha La La flexi-disc* (this month: *Baby Lemonade And The Bachelor Pad*) is with us (so soon!) and, with further lashings of vitriol, wit, LOVEHATELOVE, colour and inspirational single-minded purity, it's a MUST for any recumbent blank-eyed pop kid. Taking anger to the extremes of self-parody and beyond, this is a fine example of the small press media at its most cutting.

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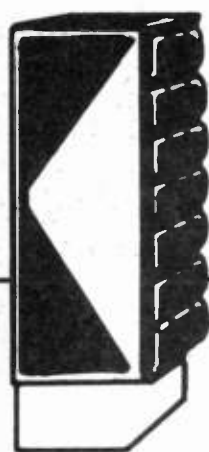
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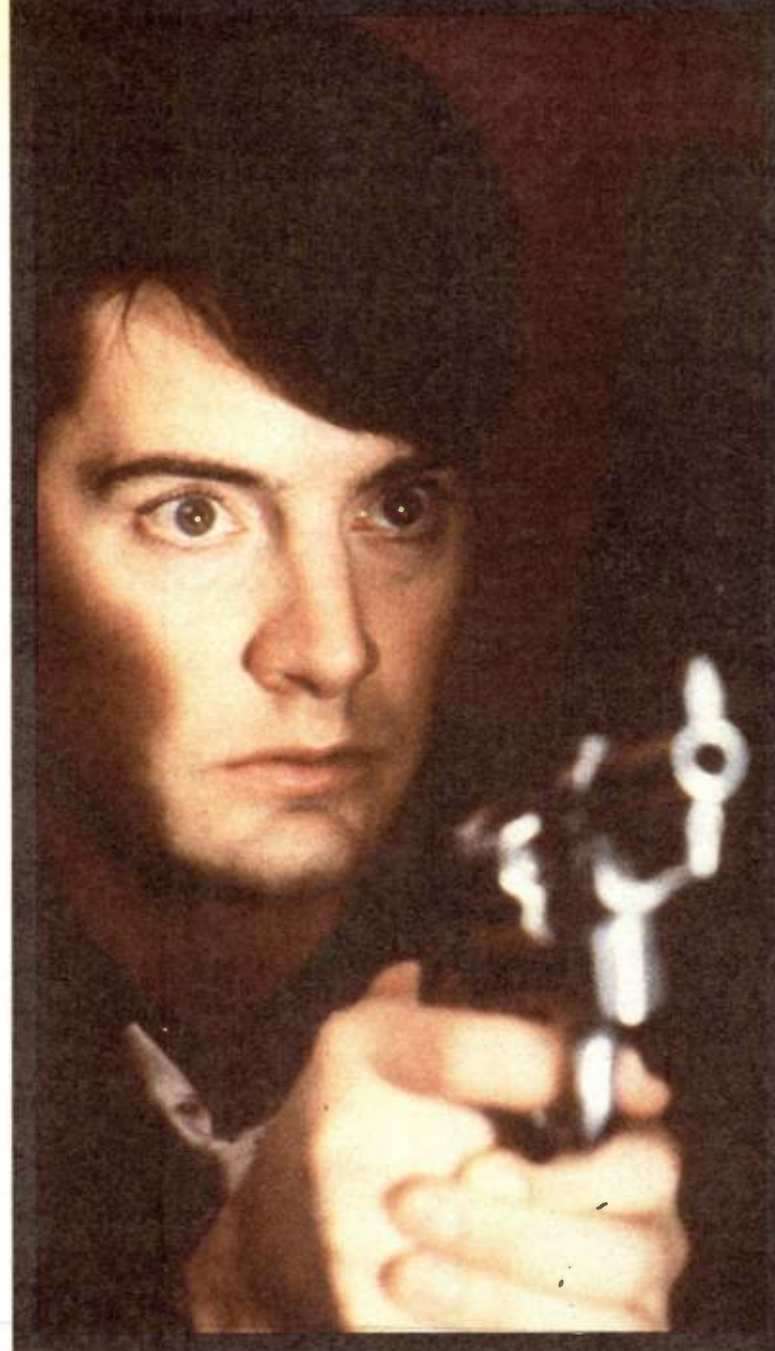
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"It will make you feel sick," said *Betty Blue* director Jean Jacques Beineix, "but it's a film that will obsess you. You will not be able to look away, no matter how much you want to, and afterwards you will not be able to forget it".

The film he was talking about was David Lynch's *Blue Velvet*, the latest product of the disturbed but fertile imagination from which crawled the mishapen creations of *Eraserhead* and *The Elephant Man*. Already, before its British release, *Blue Velvet*, with its explicit and profoundly disturbing scenes of sexual violence has created a critical furore. *Time Out's* Richard Rayner castigated what he calls the "cinophillia" which allows us even to watch such scenes.

What has caused the controversy is the suggestion that Lynch's female character is complicit in the violence directed towards her. To the film's critics such a relationship should simply not be shown on screen. An important point to make in defence of Lynch is that, while his nightclub singer displays masochistic strains of personality, she is also the victim of coercion and emotional blackmail. Her masochism, in other words, is not shown in an emotional vacuum, as simply a woman enjoying male brutality, it's displayed more as a symptom of her internal capitulation.

It is disturbing to watch, but then Lynch's cinema is beyond the comfortable boundaries imposed by Hollywood or by the conventional moralities of generic leftist cinema. The function of cinema, according to Luis Bunuel was to "disturb our peace of mind" and so to "enlarge (our) view of things and of people, and open (us) to the marvellous world of the unknown."

Through the marvellous window of *Blue Velvet* we see small town America in all its surreal suburban strangeness. On the surface there's not too much happening at all, everything is silent apart from the purr of a passing car and the echoes of machinery from the depths of the mysterious industrial buildings. Boy Geoffrey meets girl Sandy, who already has a chuckleheaded football player for a boyfriend. So far so ... normal.

"It is all very normal," says Lynch, "and the town of Lumberton is a fairly normal place, it only becomes strange when you start getting to know the people and seeing their fixations. I suppose that's what I'm interested in, really, is getting underneath the surface and seeing what's happening there."

"Most people appear at first glance to be normal, unless they look like *The Elephant Man*, in which case the surprise is how

radar wrapped in velvet

STITCHED UP BY DOCTOR COSGROVE

DAVID LYNCH, director of *Eraserhead* and *The Elephant Man*, talks to DON WATSON about his controversial new release *Blue Velvet*, in which Isabella Rossellini plays a masochistic nightclub singer and Dennis Hopper is sadistic gangster Frank. You'll never listen to Bobby Vinton again. Picture: NICK WHITE

magnificent obsessions

normal and good he is inside. But mostly, the more you know somebody, the more strange they become. Of course if you get beyond that then everybody becomes the same again."

In a world where people try so frequently to impress you by their *apart-ness*, David Lynch immediately strikes you as strange, mainly because he seems to apply some effort to being normal.

He opens the door to his hotel suite, wearing a dark suit, his collar is buttoned up to the top, no tie. His left collar wing is curling slightly outwards, combining with the effect of his irregularly sprouting hair to produce the impression of a slightly batty scientist. He pronounces the normal greetings with careful precision, as if they were an incantation preventing him from levitating six feet off the ground in front of strangers.

No matter how hard he tried this man could not be normal. He's scarcely the most forthcoming of interviewees, but in everything he does say there's a hint of a highly individual view on life. It's easy to believe that this was the man who created the nightmare of the urban twilight *Eraserhead*, complete with its man-made chickens, the malformed girl in the radiator and the horrendous great cankerous creatures she steps on so gleefully. The man who conjured up a peerless vision of the Victorian shadow-world for *The Elephant Man*. The man who now gives us Isabella Rossellini's night club singer, caught in the web of vicious small-town gangsters, yearning for a departed husband, worrying about a child held hostage but appearing every night in a club to sing Bobby Vinton's seductive and mournful 'Blue Velvet'.

Time-wise *Blue Velvet* is set in the modern day, but it's suffused with memories of the '50s, in the music and in the architecture of the town.

"There's always a strong feeling of the past in small towns, often if you look around you can't tell what time you're in until you see a car going by. I got quite excited about that, because I wanted to have a feel of '50s innocence meeting the present. I liked the idea of forgetting about having to say what time it is."

In his most successful films Lynch seems to deal with the past or what remains of it. *Eraserhead* may take place in a nether world of dreams, but it's one dominated by the ghostly clanking of old machinery, lit by gloomy old-style lights. *The Elephant Man* hisses with the sound of gas-lamps and the singer's apartment in *Blue Velvet* is a dingy replication of period Art Deco.

"I like things to be more organic," he says, bizarrely, "it's not that I love the past so much that it doesn't really call attention to itself so much, you can pick various things and use them and make a mood. If you did everything in the future it would always be calling attention to itself, the audience would spend most of the film getting into this new thing, it's a situation I don't feel comfortable with."

Perhaps that's why Lynch's one failure was the science fiction film *Dune*, the one film he has put his name to that is not identifiably his vision. He seems to work better creating his

own world out of familiar elements than starting from scratch.

"My ultimate love," he says, "is industrial landscapes, and that's definitely a thing of the past, I suppose. Modern factories are very boring to me, but there's a great sense of mystery about the old ones, that sense of power of everything moving together, like a symphony."

What Lynch evokes so powerfully, particularly in *Eraserhead*, are the ghosts of an industry long decayed.

"*Eraserhead* was inspired by the city of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and the things that happened there, and mainly the feeling of the place. I had a lot of experiences there, most of which had nothing to do with the film. But I'd see things and feel things in the air, like fear, and things that were unsettling, because Philadelphia at that time was, and possibly still is, an extremely sick city. It was decaying, it was corrupt, it was violent, it was fear-ridden. It was not a pleasant place."

All of these memories, apart from the last one, could apply to the town in *Blue Velvet*, which is almost suffocatingly pleasant.

"Right, it's covered with a facade of beauty, the sickness in the place lies hidden."

So much of Lynch's cinema seems to have the feeling of being set among the scuffling creatures underneath the rock. I wonder how much his motivation in making a film is to discover the hidden sickness.

"Not necessarily sickness," he replies, "but in finding something that's hidden. It could be very good what you find. So far I've been interested in the sicker things."

"It's not particularly interesting to experience good things all the time, it's much more interesting to go into darkness and come back out of it."

How much does *Blue Velvet* come out of the darkness? There is this tremendously optimistic, to the point of ludicrous, ending, which I for one was very suspicious of. How intentional is the unease of the ending?

"That's very intentional, and you're right to be suspicious. At the beginning you see many of the same images as you do at the end... but now when you look at the surface of things you know what lies behind them. The last shot you see is of Dorothy, when the music comes back in and you hear the line 'I still can see Blue Velvet through my tears', and her eyes are filled with a totally fearful and unsettling look."

One of the most impressive things about the film is the way it uncovers the haunting elements of the period music, not only the title track, but Roy Orbison's 'In Dreams', which is the theme song of the psychopathic gangster Frank.

"What I got so excited by was the way that the songs were interacting with the story and with the characters in the film. It became a major part of the project, each song means something to the people and it says something about what's going on."

"The Roy Orbison song is just such a great song and it develops the character of Frank to a huge extent."

Most of Lynch's films, even *Blue Velvet* seem to be bound much more by the logic of dreams than of reality. I wonder has he ever used a genuine dream image?

"Only once, in a sequence in *Eraserhead* which was actually cut out in the end. I used to dream I found money, I'd see something shiny in the dirt and scratch and find a row of dimes."

"But there is something about a dream, a certain reality that we all understand, and I'm interested in that, but not consciously. I work on a film until it comes out a certain way and looking at the process afterwards, it is very much like sinking into another kind of reality. I don't know why I like that, but intuitively it feels right."

Is it a process of writing late at night and just allowing the images to take on their own momentum?

"Yes, it doesn't have to be late at night, but it is a matter of being very quiet and in a certain state where you're settled into a certain area and your mind is searching. It's so much like fishing, your bait is your desire to catch an idea."

"Say by now I know Henry and I know his room, which was one of the first sequences I ever came up with, but I don't know the way he fits into the whole thing. In a strange way it doesn't make any sense, and yet it does. Sometimes I've thought about the actual eraser sequence in that film and how it works, I've almost driven myself crazy, getting migraine headaches and everything. Suddenly it hit me how erasing something worked, what it meant in his world, but even then I couldn't articulate it. I doubt very much if I even got there myself and I nearly drove myself crazy doing it."

By now I trust, you are beginning to realise what I mean when I describe David Lynch as *strange*, even *obsessive*. Does he feel that cinema's capacity to disturb is underused?

"Well it might be an interesting exercise to disturb people, but as far as setting out with that as your single goal? It wouldn't be too hard to bring up things that would disturb people. I certainly think the power of the cinema is underused, it's not been fully discovered what it is. It's a magical medium that can really take people somewhere else."

"Nowadays it tends to be used in a superficial way, to take people to outer space or wherever, but it can be used to take them deeper, into some sort of new emotions. There is something new that cinema can do, perhaps it's done every once in a while, maybe almost by accident, there's a point where all the elements are in synch, and it can thrill you in a way that no other medium can do."

Such is certainly the case with *Blue Velvet*, Lynch's sense of mood interacting in sombre blues and purples with Isabella Rossellini's mournful beauty. Dennis Hopper brings a genuine streak of random violence to the role of Frank — rather disturbingly he insisted to Lynch that he had to have the part because he was Frank.

The violence certainly disturbs our peace

of mind, but is that not the point? Surely better than a latter day morality tale in which all the situations are tidy, where the good are good and the bad bad.

"You are definitely treading a fine line in a film like *Blue Velvet*," says Lynch, "and you have to be your own judge as to how far you can go. I think the audience should be aware that the film is a hard one to watch. If they're prepared in that way, I think most people can take it."

Much of the time the film is shot subjectively from the viewpoint of Geoffrey, the clean cut kid wandering wide-eyed through an alien world of corruption and vice. The main violent scene between Frank and the night club singer is seen from his standpoint, hiding in the wardrobe of the singer's apartment. This distancing effect, in which the camera is not engaged in the proceedings, creates the response in the audience that we assume they create in Geoffrey — revulsion and helplessness.

The erotic sequences come later, as Geoffrey is drawn into a bizarre affair with the *fatale* singer. "Are you a bed boy?" she asks him in a piece of typically strange Lynchian dialogue, "Do you want to do bed things?"

"What do you want?" he asks. "I want you to hurt me," she replies. Once again, as an audience, we experience Geoffrey's shock, his sense of being adrift in something he doesn't understand.

"Certainly S & M is a sensitive area, but it exists," explains Lynch. "That's not to say that every phenomenon that exists should be investigated. I just found as I was writing it that the characters started doing these things, and I saw something about sexual violence that I've never seen before, and how exciting it was. I wondered what sort of thing existed inside of people that one day could be triggered, or one day would have to be dealt with."

I can see the word 'excited' in this context provoking a torrent of abusive letters. It is important to stress, though, that the sexual violence in *Blue Velvet* is in no way prurient. What Lynch means by 'exciting' is the repercussions and possible explanations of a sexuality that is bound by pain. Since these things exist, does their investigation not tell us more about people?

What explanation, I ask Lynch, did you make to yourself for the singer's masochism?

"Well not explain it so much, it's more that it was emotionally shown to me. I felt the honesty of it, as strange as it seems, I felt it to be a true thing."

As strange as Lynch's films seem, there is always a human sympathy extended to the oddities he portrays. Perhaps somehow this strange man feels an affinity with them.

"My next project? Well it's called *Ronnie Rocket* and it's an absurd comedy taking place between these two industrial worlds, and Ronnie Rocket is this little guy who's three and a half feet tall and has these physical problems, and along with that he's bald and wears a red wig. The film concerns electricity."

It sounds, once again, like a film that only this particular, strange, man could make.

roy orbison: musician or masochist?

Blue Velvet opens in London on April 10. David Lynch is featured on *The Media Show* tonight (Channel Four, 9.00pm, Wednesday April 1).

OVER THE TOP
DIRECTOR: Menahem Golan
STARRING: Sylvester Stallone, Robert Loggia, Susan Blakely (CCW)

JOHN RAMBO was a one-man Rourke's Drift thrashing impossible odds, an exact reversal of the historical truth because Stallone knows that the underdog sells. Lincoln Hawk is a nobody. He's a chewed-up and spat-out truck driver who's lost his wife (who's just about to cancer-croak anyway) and his son to his scheming father-in-law. As the press release put it "though his life started out on a full-tank — now the needle's on empty".

Hot dang and pass the kleenex. But hold still, Lincoln Hawk is SS and no bugger played by the Stallion is going to strut off into the sunset anything other than At King of the Universe.

At first glance *Over The Top* is a \$25 million Brut advert. At a second it's a promo for the artificially boosted 'sport' of arm-wrestling, the merits of self-reliance, massive biceps, washing in cold water and the stiff upper lip. WHAT?

That's right. There but for the lack of two feet in height, a

cleft palate and a public school education stands Bulldog Drummond.

Lincoln Hawk never whines or cheats or signs on Welfare — he kicks ass. Of course he is also a *rebel*. 'The system' this time 'round takes the shape of his rich bastard father-in-law whom Hawk defeats by becoming just as rich, just as powerful (but not quite as much of a bastard).

Hawk is a member of the Independent Truckers Association, so it is no coincidence that one of the dudes he trashes on the way to becoming Arm Wrestling Champen of The Galaxy is a Teamster (who whines when whipped).

Over The Top is another chapter in Stallone's stale and repetitive defence of the American Nightmare. Hardly as objectionable as *Rambo*, as crass as *Cobra*, or as nauseating as *Rocky IV*, it's still a long way from the collective, nay, *socialistic* lessons of *F.I.S.T.*

In the near future a Chicano Lesbian Communist with thin arms will become President of the United Socialist Soviets of America. The same year will see Stallone scoop for his lead in *Death of a Salesman IV*.

Steven Wells



PERSONAL SERVICES
DIRECTOR: Terry Jones
STARRING: Julie Walters (Zenith)

IN THE respectable confines of English suburbia, a homely cup of tea is always welcome — especially when it's offered after a hearty burst of "bot-bot spanking" and transvestite cross-dressing.

In one particular home in Streatham, tea and poached-egg-on-toast provides the quickest way of replenishing the flagging strength of inland revenue officers, lawyers and ex-Wing Commanders after they've been whipped, dressed as lesbian schoolgirls and subjected to bondage sessions behind the closed doors of a wooden cabinet.

The home belongs to Christine Painter (Julie Walters), a generous madam who realizes that many of her brothel clients look forward to a cheering cup of tea and a chat almost as much as being thrashed by a cruel leather-clad bondage bitch. Based on the life of Cynthia

Payne, *Personal Services* is an often hilarious expose of the perversity and hypocrisy that stains the "average English gentleman's" sexual attitudes. Director Terry Jones stresses that *Personal Services* is *not* a comedy, but absurd streaks of humour keep creeping into the film. As a novice prostitute, Christine is puzzled by demands that men can only think straight when they're being "regularly despunked". Like Cynthia Payne, Christine eventually decides to open her own strictly kinks 'n' costumes suburban brothel.

Julie Walters' comic tendencies are well-accommodated in these bizarre sex encounters where laughter, rather than eroticism, dominates. Less convincing are the scenes where Christine's uneasy relationship with her family are outlined, but it's those ridiculous sexual quirks (peculiar to certain English suburbanites) which are central to David Leland's script — making *Personal Services* one of this year's funniest films.

Kate Meadows

whipped cream and tea

COME AND SEE
DIRECTOR: Elem Klimov
STARRING: Alexei Kravchenko, Olga Mironova, (Canon)

AT THE end of Klimov's film the viewer is left staggered by the dark expressionism with which the film is executed, horrified and sickened by the Nazi atrocities during the invasion of Russia, but ultimately has to wonder just what its function is.

Certainly this Soviet production — the winner of the Gold Prize at the 14th Moscow International Film Festival — is a beautifully made, often breathtaking, and frequently moving film. But what is the point in watching further gruesome representations of Nazi crimes? The fact that the particular atrocities that are the subject of the film were part of one of the lesser known holocausts is neither here nor there; they involve the same elements — rape, pillage, and the murder of a largely docile, unresistant population.

The early part of the film pursues a young boy taken from his family to join the Russian army, then left behind by his unit. As he joins up with a young girl there's a great sense of innocence lost amidst danger. But this and everything else is washed away in a river of blood and

burning petrol as the film turns into an unremitting recreation of a drunken Nazi orgy of brutality.

Watching these images does not add to our understanding. It tells us nothing that we do not already know, that thousands of people died horribly. It seems a shame that a director of Klimov's obvious talent is restricted to such truism.

Don Watson

FATHERLAND
DIRECTOR: Ken Loach
STARRING: Gerulf Pannach, Cristine Rose, (Palace)

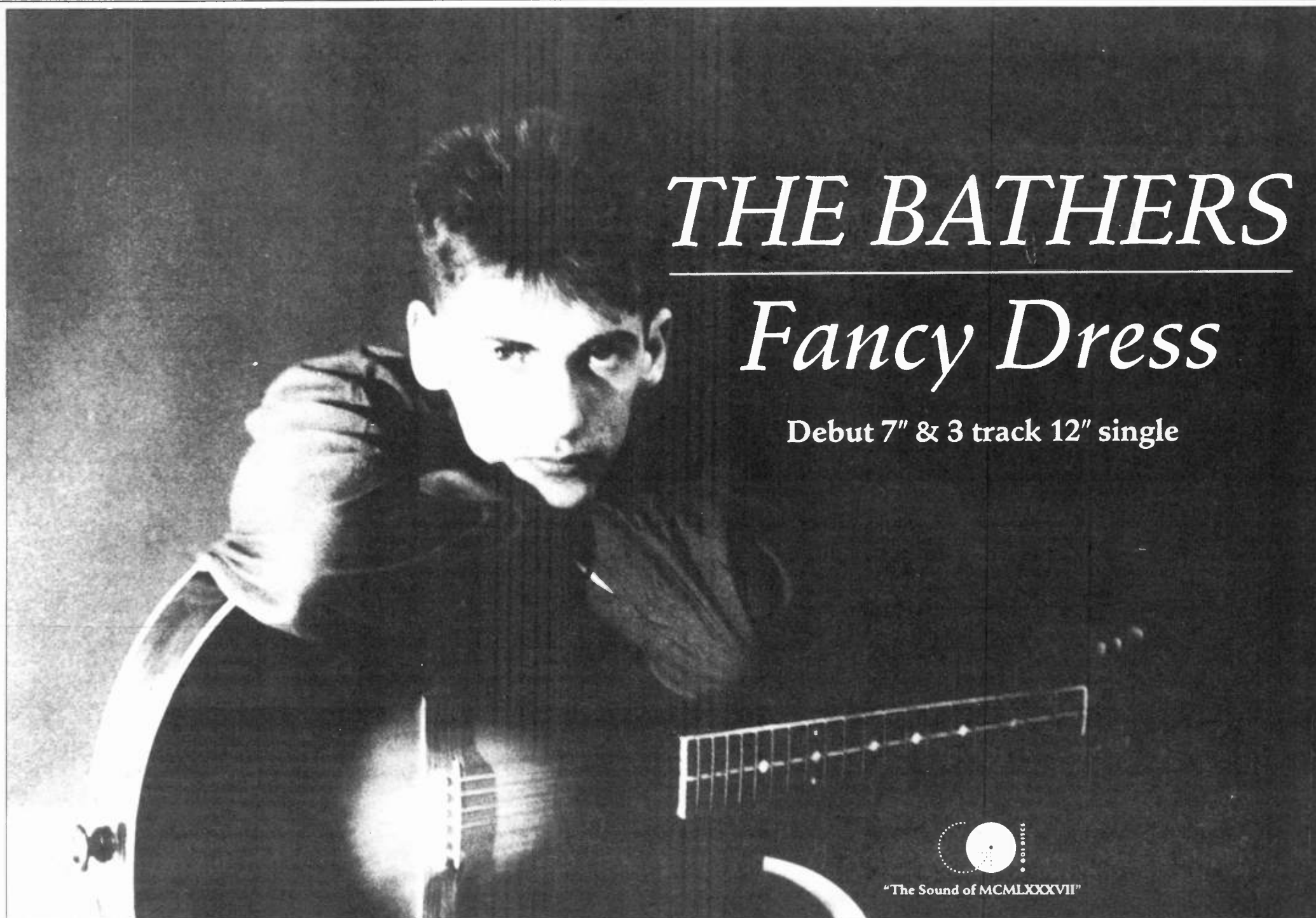
IT'S LIVING death for Dittmann. As a political singer he's been a thorn in the East German government's side since he penned 'Hands Off Red Prague' in '68. He was harassed, arrested and prevented from performing. Now it's '85 and Klaus is given the final option — either shut up or get out. He accepts the one-way visa to the West — severing himself from his family, his country — so that he can sing his songs and also search for his father, who defected from East Berlin 30 years before. "You put personal problems before the struggles of the people," says his mother, "leave and you spit in their

radar wrapped in leather

THE BATHERS

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blue velvet underground

THE MEDIA SHOW Wednesday April 1 (9.00 C4)

AFTER A pretty dull start, the much hyped media showcase is beginning to gel into an authoritative and blissfully non-highbrow look behind the camera. This one is willing to take on such loaded topics as "political advertising". Why do British Nuclear Fuels have "image enhancing" ads whilst the likes of Greenpeace and CND are refused TV space on the grounds of issue-based bias? No answers here, but a provocative question or two... Plus *Blue Velvet*, this year's most-hyped movie — the *Paris, Texas* (yawn) of '87. Here, the context is "small town movies" from Capra to David Lynch — an angle that hopefully won't prevent *The Media Show* from taking on director, Lynch, about the glamorisation of violence against Lancombe models.

WHISTLE TEST Wednesday April 1 (8.00 BBC2)

PAUL SIMON — a name to strike fear and loathing into the heart of all radical fence-sitters. I mean the guy's an *artist* and nobody has the right to tell an *artist* how to behave, *right*. Tonight he talks about "township jive and its effect on his songwriting". In one *yuppiespeak* like 'The Boy In The Bubble' and 'You Can Call Me Al' prove his point. How the *Whistle Test* will attempt to bridge the troubled waters of the cultural boycott is anyone's guess. No doubt it'll be subsumed into

the more important subject of *songwriting* and billion dollar album sales. Mind you, he did pay those guys *bonus* session fees... Diamond geezer that Paul Simon.

FULL MOON IN PARIS

Wednesday April 1 (10.00 C4)

THE LATE Pascale Ogier shines a light on Eric Rohmer's fourth *Comedies And Proverbs* exploration. Profoundly Gallic fable concerning a young girl who objects to being "loved too much, preferring (it says here) to preserve a certain independence so that she can love and desire the other person all the more". Natch, she wants to have her *croissant* and eat it too. In the form of another man. The eternal triangle proceeds through a "light and airy" series of romantic vignettes revolving around the angelic Ogier. Minus her luminous presence, the film would collapse in on its own soft centre. Something of a soufflé, then. Oui?

RIGHT TO REPLY SPECIAL

Saturday April 4 (6.00 C4)

FIRST OF a series of extended specials looks at two problematic subjects: the infamous Channel Four Red Triangle for late night, special discretion progs and the advertising of — wait for it — sanitary products. Channel Four are "considering the experiment" of the old triangle before deciding whether to ditch or continue. Viewers argue with programmer, Paul Bonner. More provocative by half is the debate around



Lynch on *The Media Show*

"Sanpro advertising" which, this being the land of the neurotic, repressed and conservative, is a regular affront to public taste. We'll probably get round to rubber johnnies about the year 2000.

THE SOUTH BANK SHOW

Sunday April 5 (10.30 ITV)

GEORGE V. HIGGINS is tonight's Bragg profile. The best selling crime writer who brings Boston to life on the printed page (no mean feat). Alongside the usual mean streets' demi-monde, Higgins inhabits his novels with all manner of misplaced fly-movers from IRA gun runners to bent politicians. Since the

success of *The Friends Of Eddie Coyle*, Higgins has created an ongoing underworld of rich, local authenticity. To coincide with his new book, *Outlaws*, Melvyn tours Boston with Higgins in tow whilst actors recreate scenes from classics like *The Patriot Game*. A hard boiled South Bank Show, would you believe.

THE GODS OF WAR Saturday

April 4 (7.00 C4)

FIRST OF a 12 part series on Holy War — Protestants and Catholics in Northern Ireland, Christians, Jews and Muslims in Lebanon, Sikhs and Hindus in India. Although the causes of these conflicts are

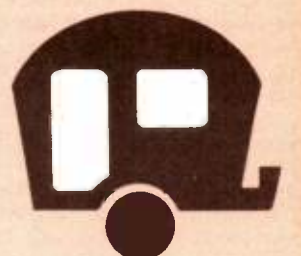
often not religious but territorial or post-colonial, it is difficult to track down a religion that does not condone war. God is put on the line here as priests, rabbis, Unionist MPs and christian feminists debate the Holy War dynamics.

MIDWEEK SPORTS SPECIAL

Wednesday April 1 (10.40 C4)

EUROPEAN CHAMPIONSHIP matches featuring the home teams. Northern Ireland take on the Fanny Dancers First Eleven at Windsor Park, Belfast. Wales tackle Finland, Scotland travel to Belgium without the Tartan Army — banished from Brussels by the Belgian authorities who seem incapable of distinguishing the Gaelic wanderers from English barbarians. Eire, meanwhile, are forced across the Iron Curtain to clash with Bulgaria. With Wacko Jack O'Charlton at the helm, a bite-their-legs policy should be well to the fore.

Sean O'Hagan



everybody reads

RADAR TELLY

(don't they?)

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WORD UP

SCRIPTED BY SEAN O'HAGAN

THE SOUL BROTHERS AND SISTER LOU
Kristin Hunter (*Livewire* £3.50)

"Losing your 'cool' could be fatal. It could lead to all sorts of dangerous habits, like trust and faith and hope. Louretta wanted nothing to do with any of those square feelings again".

SET IN black urban America, this cult '68 novel (republished as one of the new 'teen' list from the Women's Press) follows the story of Lou Hawkins and her gang — from her idealistic search for truth, beauty and a clubhouse for her friends, to police harassment, brutality and the getting of an Attitude, when one of their gang is killed. She flees the Black Power

meeting that looks askance on her mini skirt and non-African hairstyle, to discover unexpected deliverance in... soul music. With the help of a Screamin' Jay Hawkins-like tramp-figure, Lou and the Soul brothers form a band, release a record and become the Five Star of their day, finding a way of defeating the newly-acquired cynicism that annihilates hope.

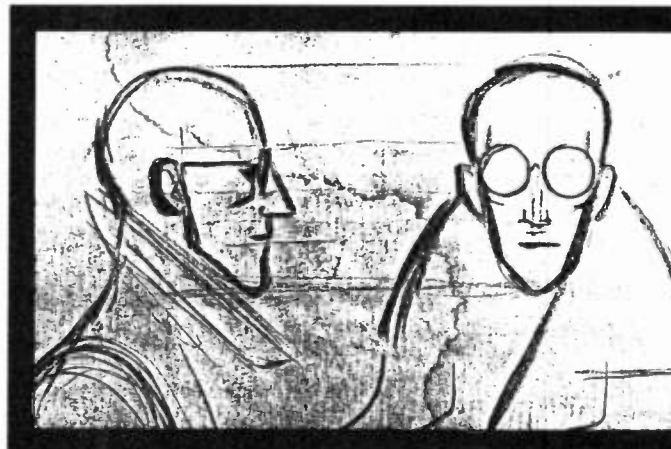
"Hip folks know the new sound is called 'soul', and it comes straight from the church". Forget *Nowhere To Run*, this novel, with its odd mixture of homespun philosophy and team rap talk, offers simply and clearly the definition of '60s soul.

Lucy O'Brien

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS
The Doctor Stories (Faber £3.95)

WILLIAM CARLOS Williams was a doctor who tended the sick and poor of New Jersey. He has been described as "one of the pioneers of Modernism in America" (ie he sometimes forgets to use commas and capital letters) but in truth his style reflects more the urgency with which he conducted his life. His marvellous short stories were often written deep in the night, hours before Williams would have to begin his 14-plus hour day as a doctor.

A varied stylist, the doc experimented with prose, poetry, and autobiography, and all three forms are included here. Of the stories, which are terse and slightly disjointed, 'Old Doc Rivers' stands out. Williams chronicles the Doc's career from excellent physician to drug addict. The story is cold and comfortless and ends with



X dimensions

Rivers disgraced and, eventually, dead.

These pieces are all worked around the doctor theme, and heavily autobiographical, they always concern the treatment of the poor and often immigrant. This book is more a curio than a great literary work: a fascinating insight into the life of a doctor who practised at a time when medical science was, to say the least, crude.

Neil Taylor

THE RETURN OF MISTER X
Hernandez/Motter (Titan Books, £6.95)

THE STORY so far... Mister X is a doomed architect and junkie superhero who suffers from varying neuroses and sleepless nights whilst desperately trying to put right the 'psychitecture' (the psychology of architecture) of Radiant City, the place which he helped design and which is now driving its inhabitants insane. Various multi-conglomerates try to stop him. Titan Books have taken the first four issues of his title (back when it had the vastly superior Hernandez Brothers *Love And Rockets* team working on it) and repackaged them into one volume. I advise you to take a closer look. The Equinox Express stops at Somnopolis... (available from Forbidden Planet, 23 Denmark St., London WC2H 8NN)

The Legend!

LAKE WOBEGON DAYS
HAPPY TO BE HERE
Garrison Keillor (both Faber, £3.95)

WHAT GARRISON Keillor actually achieves in these two marvellous books is to establish himself as a contemporary "humourist" in the classic mould of James Thurber.

Born in the Mid-West in '42, Keillor was bred on a diet of *The New Yorker*, began writing a "shelved" novel in the '60s, and finally found the right creative impetus through his Minnesota radio show *A Prairie Home Companion*. Indeed, the novel *Lake Wobegon Days* developed out of Keillor's show, where, once a week, he would describe life in the small town of the title. The novel details the town's history from its first explorers right up to present day, and, early on, we are told that Lake Wobegon means either 'Here We Are' or 'We sat all day in the rain waiting for you', there being some dispute between the characters as to the etymological derivation of the place's name.

Keillor writes in a very low-key style and in 'Happy To Be Here', the short stories, he comments that "it is more worthy... if a writer make three pages sharp and funny about the lives of geese than to make three hundred flat and flabby about God and the American people." Actually, the author does write about American people

Neil Taylor

STRAIGHT CUT
Madison Smart Bell (*Chatto & Windus, £10.95*)

HE KILLS his own dog, which endears me to him; he also reads Kierkegaard in his spare time, which doesn't.

There's nothing quite like a love-hate relationship with the hero of an international crime ring to turn a slow starting novel into a page-turner.

Madison Smart Bell masters the endearing slob hero in Tracy — a vaguely alcoholic film editor with a sick Doberman on his hands. He injects the dog with some mercy killer muscle relaxant — could be a metaphor for the smack that later falls into Tracy's unwilling hands — but Bell lets that sleeping dog lie, leaving the half-arsed profundities to Tracy himself. He does doggie in, buries her, cooks up a pan of aubergines, watches the TV news, ignores his answering machine, and scans Kierkegaard's *The Aesthetic Validity of Marriage*. Just as you would do, under similar circumstances.

Bell intrigues with Tracy's forced casualness, but bores as soon as the maverick film editor waxes philosophical; he cuts the film but not the crap. The magic is, he bores himself without boring the reader; anyone who gets willingly caught up in an international heroin smuggling ring and takes the time to smell the poppies, deserves the existential ennui he gets.

Tracy as narrator tells more through his dry observational humour than he does through his conversations:

"Ever since airline pilots started to resemble careless teenage drivers," he observes, "I have been slightly nervous of flying in airplanes. But what really makes me nervous is the guards in the Rome airport, who really are teenagers who carry teeny submachine guns."

Cue for confrontation with machine gun toting teens, which is more comedic than cliff hanging, as Tracy helplessly imitates "the anglicised formality of the Inspector's speech": "I have come to edit a film which was made in New York."

As Tracy progresses in his misadventures — alternately cutting a film about drug rehabilitation and (oh, obvious irony!) smuggling a case of heroin across several international boundaries, he turns more to the bottle than Kierkegaard, and a good thing, too. I prefer the heroic slob who drinks too much rather than thinks too much; the staggering fog of a hangover makes a good clumsy calm before a smuggling storm.

The course of action runs like smack through a vein on the verge of total collapse — a rush, a nod, another hit, etc, until the plot collapses into a finale of melodrama and mawkish sentiment. There's some improbable deep sea diving in the solid sludge of Brooklyn harbour, and a final resolution of... aw, I won't ruin it for you.

Michele Kirsch

"Brilliant... a tension-packed film."

David Hancock — THE SUN

"Ingenious... keeps you in suspense."

Ian Christie — DAILY EXPRESS

If the Fourth Protocol is ever breached,
there would be no warning,
just a nuclear explosion from a bedsitter...

The unthinkable has
just begun...

MICHAEL CAINE PIERCE BROSNAN

FREDERICK FORSYTH'S
THE FOURTH
PROTOCOL

MICHAEL CAINE PIERCE BROSNAN in JOHN MACKENZIE'S FILM OF FREDERICK FORSYTH'S 'THE FOURTH PROTOCOL'
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(DETAILS CORRECT AT TIME OF GOING TO PRESS)

How far can you funk?

BLACK BRITAIN rummage through old Vienna and then consider their place in Britain: how can a polit-funk group make headway in the pea-soup of chartland? **PAOLO HEWITT** hears 'em out. Picture: **KEVIN DAVIES**.

It was obviously Franz and Anna's first date.

You could tell this just by the way they were dancing. They moved awkwardly to the music, very unsure of each other. Especially Franz, who, by the intensity of his eyes, seemed totally infatuated by his partner.

Staring maniacally into Anna's eyes, every five minutes or so he would tentatively take hold of her hand. Anna would smile graciously and then, just as graciously, quietly remove it.

It didn't look as though it would be Franz's night. It didn't look as if it would be Black Britain's night, either. Cramped into a small unsteady stage, they were, by simply moving two inches either way, in danger of inflicting grievous wounds upon each other.

Coupled with the ragged sound system they'd been lumbered with, this was a group, like Franz, fighting against the odds.

In the same building, about 20 yards off the left of the stage, is another hall. Reeking of history, grandeur and the Vienna of by-gone days, it was also the place, so one local informed us, where the Nazis used to hold their rallies in the '30s.

This is something, a dark slice of history, that constantly aggravates the more sensible members of the Viennese population. Especially as it has this disturbing habit of popping up at awkward intervals.

For instance, in last year's elections, when it was revealed that one of the candidates for the Presidency, Kurt Waldheim, had a Nazi past, his popularity count actually rose and he romped home.

After 17 years of a socialist government, there is now no ruling party but an uneasy coalition of the Left and Right. Meanwhile, the Freedom Party, who are strongly suspected of providing a political shelter for old Nazis, increased their presence in parliament to 14 seats.

This is the arena that Black Britain strolled into to perform for a music-starved audience. For their manager, Julian Henry, the chance to present a multi-racial group in this prevailing climate was simply too good to miss.

Alternatively, a Jewish friend of mine was offended that any group would even *consider* playing there. He views Austria in the same way others view South Africa. *That* seriously.

THIS is a strange band for Virgin Records to be pumping so much money into. Black Britain, by any stretch of the imagination, are hardly the definitive commercial proposition.

They are a multi-racial group who are purveyors of a harsh dynamic British funk which, amongst other things, addresses itself directly to the problems of immigration and South Africa.

They are also a product of British club culture. Either together or separately, most of their youth was spent in various clubs in and out of London. Although Mick, their guitarist, was not an avid enthusiast for funk music, he was still a regular at clubs such as the Lacey Lady because it was simply the place to be.

Such an upbringing meant that the group's natural inclinations should be towards funk. Certainly, that was the idea Ron had when he formed the group.

"When I first seriously started thinking about what I wanted to do, and it sounds funny now, I wanted to capture the old '70s



State of the nation (left to right): Kevin Elliston, Ron Elliston, Roderick Hart, Michael Jones, Mick A-Court.

spirit with modern technology. But when the band first started going I thought, no we can't imitate that. We weren't in a position to imitate that '70s thing because those guys could play and at that time we couldn't match them. It's all played with feeling and sparkle and you can't do that just by following the lines."

The one area of music which they all felt could act as a springboard was provided by the ZE/Mutant disco records that appeared in the early '80s, mixing up funk with a certain rock sensibility.

"That was one of the reasons why I joined the band," Mick confirms. "I was into funk but not that into it, nothing like the rest of the band. But when I heard that, it was the first time I had heard crossover."

It has taken three years, at least, for Black Britain to get to the point of releasing their debut LP. In that time, as their reputation has grown, they have been assigned the label 'political'. Bring up the subject in front of Ron or Mick and the ensuing groans resound

across the room.

"The band is made up of complete individuals," Ron points out. "Some of us swing to the left, some of us swing even more to the left, and some swing to the middle. No one swings to the right. Now, I didn't realise that a record like 'Rockin' would be so controversial. So many people have been busted like that, it's nothing really rare. To me, it's just telling stories."

"Like 'Black Britain Man'," says Ron, "that song's a story too. It's just telling people the reasons why the West Indians came over here. My father and his generation were offered big rewards. As kids in the Caribbean they got indoctrinated about England and they basically thought the streets were paved with gold. Most of the people who did come from the Caribbean were soon disillusioned. People were saying, you come over here and take our jobs and money and so on. So the song is just saying what happened. Now, is that political with a small 'p' or a big 'p'? I don't know. To me it's just telling a story."

Such assertions may well be true but it is also a fact that their record company are keen to move Black Britain away from the image. The new single, 'Nightpeople', was chosen for exactly those reasons. The art work depicts all five members in 'wacky' poses. Before the album is released, Black Britain's cover version of 'Funky Nassau' will be issued as a second trailer 45, the safest and most commercial choice possible.

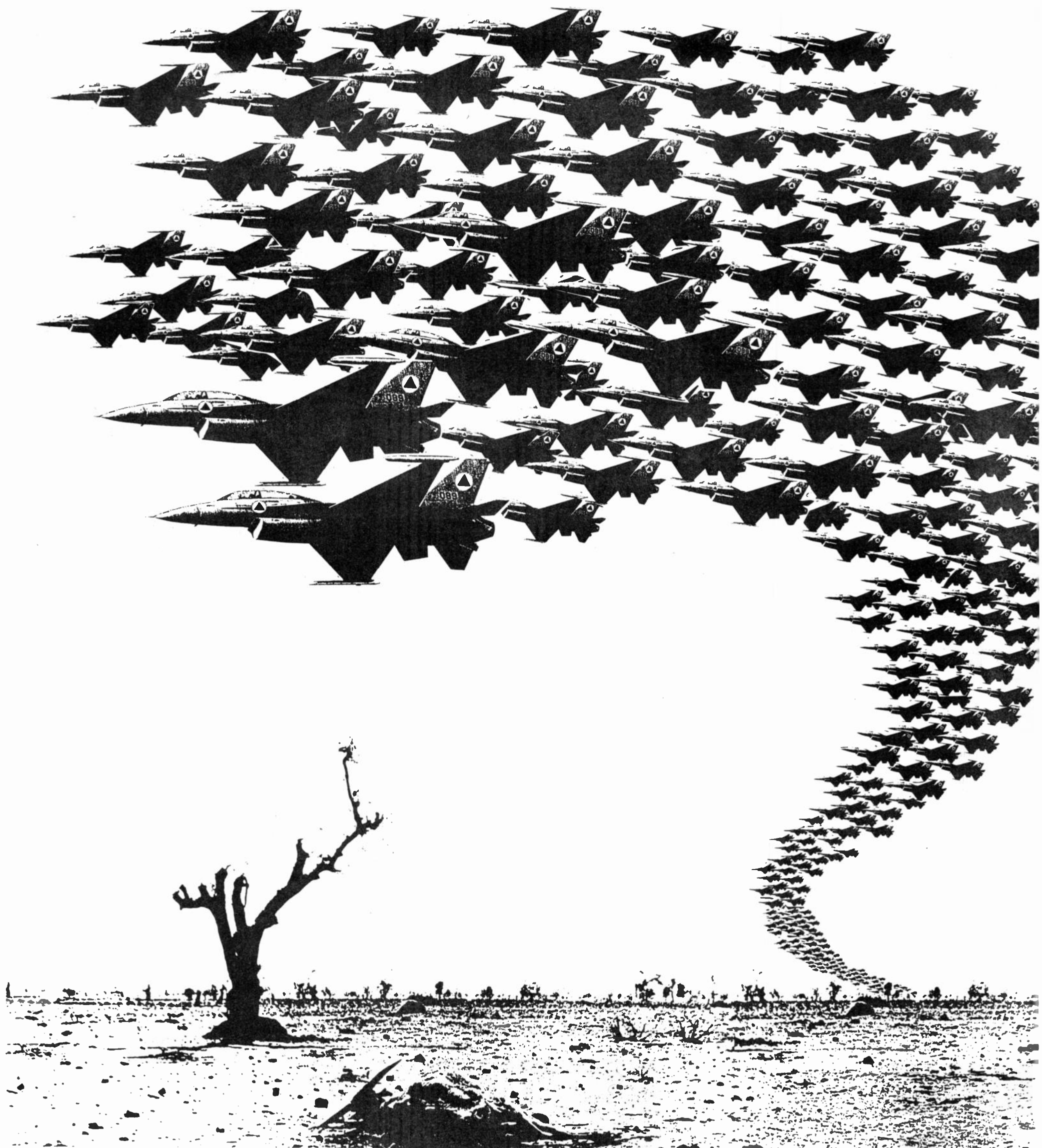
It begs the question — how far the group, in the light of the obstacles in front of them, will go to achieve success?

"There's loads of things we just wouldn't do," asserts Mick. "I really think that if we were at rehearsal and we said, look we've got to have a hit, let's make something they're all going to love, we'd be pissing ourselves. We couldn't do a Five Star record. Who would believe it?"

But sooner or later, Virgin Records are going to want to see a return on their investment.

CONTINUES PAGE 53

THE CROPS IN ETHIOPIA ARE BEING DESTROYED BY ANOTHER PLAGUE.



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(NM2)

TAKE THE MONEY AND GO-GO

CHUCK BROWN's in Britain to stick up the go-go scene with his pioneering blast of bum-pin'. But as SEAN O'HAGAN finds out, he didn't get where he is today just by standin' on stage. All-night picture show: DEREK RIDGERS.

Black suit, white tie, gold teeth and suede, zip-up winklepicker boots. A bruised Panama sits askance on a corkscrew wetlook and tired eyes peer out over impenetrable shades. As befits a Godfather, Chuck Brown corners the market in superb, pimp-style threads. If the get-up hints at a man out of time, the music Chuck Brown invented has finally come home to roost. After 25 years on the boards, he's arrived and success tastes sweeter for all that dedication.

"They bin tryin' to rip me off for years and when they're not rippin' me off, they writin' me off. 'Let's take the cat's money, he's too old, he ain't gonna have no more hits'. But I'm still out *here*, you dig? Comin' back and back and back – hell, now I'm in London! Sittin' pretty. Those rip-off merchants back home'll be saying 'What's old Chuck doin' in London, huh?' Let me jus' tell 'em something' – I'm in London ENJOYIN' MYSELF – **SUCKERS!** Whoaahh! Heh heh."

He's up off the hotel room bed, animated. The lean frame snatches up a guitar from the corner.

"Sometimes I'd get bitter but this kept me going. *Belief*. Twenty-one years of struggle but *enjoyable* struggle. When the music didn't feed me, I'd do somethin' else. I bin a bricklayer and a damn good one. I bin a pro boxer. Hell, yea. Spurred with some of the greatest – Floyd Patterson, Bobby Foster, ex light heavyweight champion of the world, Charlie 'King' Cotton. I couldn't whup nobody now, mind. Still a fanatic though. I gotta get back in time to get down to Vegas for the Sugar Ray/Hagler fight. Sugar Ray's a homeboy, from my old neighbourhood. Palmer Park. He used come round to hear us practice – damn fine kid."

I've interviewed a few *dudes* in my time, but Chuck Brown is the original, bona fide, 22-carat Real McCoy. At 51 years old, he's been there and back, done it all and lived to tell the tale. Growing up in DC's worst neighbourhoods, he hit the road at 13, progressed to armed robbery and ended up in four different penitentiaries. His last spell of bird ended when he was 24 and music took over.

"I hadn't nuthin' to do in there cept *time* so I took up the guitar. Paid five cartons of cigarettes to a guy in the foundry to make me one. Six months later I was the best guitar picker in the pen. Found myself, right. Hell, I'd be dead by now 'cept for the old guitar. See, I was a street kid; hustler, crap shooter, gambler. Serious stick-up artist, one of the best. But I was flyin' close to the wind. Lucky to be a'ive – that's all I'm sayin' bout it. They're gonna make a film biography so you'll have to wait till then for the full Chuck Brown story."

From the pen to the local club circuit,



Chuck keeps stirrin . . .

Chuck started paying his musical dues back in the early '60s. Fired up on James Brown – "top of the line in the inspiration stakes" – Chuck started his own band after various stints with the likes of Jerry Butler and Lloyd Price. Los Latinos, his first group, lasted for a few years and planted the seeds for the original "Latin go-go thing". He started out on his own, hiring and firing musicians and stretching a non-stop set out over two hours of intermittent percussion breaks. Go-go was born and, according to Chuck, the world is divided into two kinds of people – "them that admits I was the go-go originator and them that don't". He reckons an old album called 'We, The People' was his first big success. That's all of 17 years ago. Then it was his solid funk, JB revue style. Later it developed into that tell-tale percussive groove – ". . . jus' keep playing and BAM! Up pops another song. We do old ones, new ones, classics and forgotten hits. Recycling."

For the first-time curious, his newest LP – 'Live '87' on Rhythm King – is as good a place as any to start. 'Bustin' Loose' – the LP and 45 – and 'We Need Some Money' were the more recent testifiers to The Godfather's *thang*. Yet, in his quarter-century of dues-paying, he's only made a handful of discs.

"Man, I've had it up to here with record companies and managers. Crooks! *Snakes* – I call 'em. Tell the truth, I bin ripped off so much it stopped botherin' me. An everyday ritual – time was, we'd make a record and sit back and wait for the rip-off. We'd *expect* it. Wild, huh? Now, we got *Future*, our own small label, taking care of business. Money up front and in the pocket."

So, live and direct – for two to three hours solid groovin' – is The Soul Searchers' element. Takes some stamina and the leader's no spring chicken.

"Long as there's breath in my body, I'll be doin' it. Hell, I do 70 to 100 press-ups when I need to. Can't remember a time when I did less than 30. Walk a lot, too, out

in the country. Onstage, I might shimmy down all night, other times I'm into standin' still – depends on the mood. And the audience – that's go-go, the rapport with the crowd. See, if they wasn't to respond, then you see old Chuck gettin' *sick*. Heart attack! If they just stand there that's . . . wow . . . I ain't been *there* in years!"

A go-go becomes a no-no?

"WhoaaaH! You got it. A no-no – I like that. Hell, I wouldn't know how to accept that no-no thing. It just don't feature in my vocabulary. Tell you what, though, I still play sippin' 'n' talkin' clubs with my little jazz group. Polite applause joints, we call 'em. That's where we know all the standards from . . ."

Chuck Brown's go-gofied "*standards*" take in all points on music's global wavelength. From the jazz ambience of Ellington to the rap declamations of the Bronx. Sly Stone's mordant 'Family Affair' is liable to fuse into Grandmaster Flash's 'The Message' whilst the stately swing of 'Harlem Nocturne' gives way to 'Woody Woodpecker'!

The new urban bratpack – from Doug E. Fresh to Timex Social Club – are still grist to Chuck's go-go recycling plant but he has little time for the Big Apple's attitudes.

"One thing I don't like and I ain't gonna forget is the fact that they never touched 'Bustin' Loose' for *two solid months* – till it was No. 1 across the board. That only proves one thing – we don't *need* New York. In the end they had to play it, right?"

"New York can't tell Chuck Brown nuthin', dig? They can't tell me nuthin' bout nuthin'. I don't care if they *never* play my records. That's how I feel about New York! I love *London!* Yeah!"

Another thing Chuck Brown isn't too keen on is the recent *Good To Go* movie debacle, a project that he once had nothing but praise for. Alongside one Max Kidd – Washington's premier go-go mogul and current pariah to all the main acts – *Good To Go* is one of Chuck's pet hates. "False. That whole concept of

go-go was false. Nuthin' bout my music or Trouble or Redds And The Boys. Just a bunch of lamebrain actors driving fast cars and shooting and killin'. One big mess. Best forgotten."

For the first time in the interview, he seems tetchy, falling into a brooding silence and muttering about jet lag. He peers over the shades and fronts me up about his UK profile: record availability, audience, his status. I assure him his reputation's at a premium and ask him about the current Soul Searchers' line-up. Saxophonist Leroy Fleming – another frontrunner in the superfly sartorial stakes – has been around for 12 years. The exception.

"Yup, but he's a great man. I don't like to hold on to 'em till they start catching up to me in the age stakes. No sir! They get older and they gets *big headed* – you understand what I'm sayin'? Can't tell the cats what to do – they's too far out or too (holds an imaginary spoon to his nose and sniffs) . . . you dig. Got to go. Young cats take over. I can tell em: play *this* and *this* and play it 'zactly like *this*. No problem. See, the name *Chuck Brown* and The Soul Searchers – that came from the fans. I named us The Soul Searchers but the audience singled me out. I can't object to that – heh heh, whoahh!"

The post-flight tiredness is starting to show as I wind down the interview, but Chuck's still got plenty to say:

"I gotta tell you one thing. I'm one of the few ex cons who can, truthfully and honestly say, I'm *glad* I went to prison. I *found* myself in there. Took a negative situation and turned it into a positive one. I bin a hobo, rode boxcars, stuck up stores and I bin for dinner with The President. Ole Jimmy Carter, yessir. They had an awards' ceremony in The Kennedy Centre and I was up for six awards but I done won seven! The last award was for winning the most awards! Yessir. History – from the penitentiary to the White House. That's the Chuck Brown story!"

And it isn't over yet.

YOU'VE GOTTA HAVE EM

OK, CONSUMERS! We are going to have fun! None of your whiney whiney isn't-modern-pop-music-a-frightful-bore angst-sesses *this* week. No way! We're going to snuffle through the teetering stacks of black plastic crap with a song in our hearts, a smile on our lips and dead people running around our brain. We're going to snuffle out those little nuggets of beat frenzy that make us pop kids go HUBBA-HUBBA!

Let's face it, those of you outside the coke-soaked playpen of the BIZ actually pay real money for the records here recommended. What a responsibility! We all know that Home Taping Is Killing Music—so that's a no-no. I mean there's a lot of execs, stars and shareholders out there really flogging their padded guts out to keep our culture

alive. So you have to buy *something* but you also have to be *very choosey*. With this in mind I've taken more than usual care over the selection of this week's slick discs—guaranteed NO CRAP! After a strict four-hour fast I downed at one gulp a particularly potent drug cocktail, sat at the centre of a pentangle drawn in the crushed bones of Jim Morrison and summoned forth the spirits of: ROCKY MAYAKOVSKY (bald Bolshevik ranting poet), JESUS CHRIST (Pinocchio impersonator), MR SPOCK (Jim's right hand alien) and FANGORE (a large, flesh-eating dinosaur)... COME ON DOWN! (canned hysteria) Even as I write, these four fun spirits jostle and bicker in my cramped cranium. You are in six safe hands and a couple of dodgy claws, readers. So let's take a look at the old score board:

45

REVIEWED BY STEVEN WELLS

SINGLES OF THE WEEK

THAT PETROL EMOTION: Big Decision (Polydor)

FIVE YOUNG CANNIBALS: Kings Of Trash (London's Hit Records)

Two prime slices of creamed teen jean screamerama but so different in many ways. For instance...

CREDIBILITY RATING:

The Petrols are so hip it stinks. The Cannibals, a grotty 'trash' outfit that nobody likes (for it is they) just stink. The Petrols are redder than The Wedge and prove it by blasting the Northern Irish Diplock courts on the sleeve. The Cannibals are ricket stricken rock'n'roll hedonists with a brain-cell between them. Rock Mayakovsky voted for both. He was attracted by the hooliganistic naughtiness of the Cannibals and regards the Petrol sleeve as a brilliant piece of socialist art. Fangore thinks the Petrols are a bunch of wimps. Mr Spock and Jesus

Christ have both figured out that they are fictional characters and as a result are in a deep coma.

LYRICAL CONTENT:

Not strong on either count. 'Big Decision' is obviously meaningful but all that really comes across is something about taking a trip across the ocean and "agitate, educate, organise". 'Kings of Trash' is a disgustingly self-referential yob anthem about how brilliant The Cannibals are—which makes one wonder why they've only ever sold four records.

GROWTH POTENTIAL:

The Cannibals steam in like a drug-fiend piloted Tiger Tank which grinds the finer sensibilities to a bloody pulp. After 40 listens this record sickens. Not that that means anything in the context of a pop single, of course. It's a bit like saying that eating a ton of carrots gives you cancer. 'Big Decision' strikes deepest with one of That Petrol's massive army of killer riffs. Steve Mack skips along the top in that

oh-so-listenable voice of his. Extremely addictive consumer durable situation indeed.

FUN:

Why else would I pick something by The Cannibals whose lead singer is notorious for breathing petrol fumes and platitudes over sympathetic journals? The fact is that The Cannibals spend so long trying to ape the acid rockers of the Spring of Love that they forget their own, true, roots. Forsooth, this is nearer the Pistols in spirit and aggression than any of that old Paisley crap.

The Petrols are fun. Anybody who tells you that all Leftie rockers are a bunch of lemon suckers is probably trying to sell you some dodgy art school shite on the quiet. Rock Mayakovsky is doing his famous 'Lenin on Magic Mushrooms' Dance to prove the point and Fangore is just pissing himself.

DANCEABILITY:

As far as I'm concerned—the more a record makes you want to scream and run around waving your arms about the better. *Dancing* is so '70s! On this scale the trashmongers get a mouth-frothingly sexy 8 out of 10 and the commies get a sensible 6.

SEXINESS:

Mr M and the reptile bonked frenziedly to 'Big Decision' until Jesus came out of his coma to give them an AIDS lecture. Fangore pointed out that they were using condoms and bit the boring bastard's head off. Anyone who tries to bash the bishop to the beat of 'Kings of Trash' is asking for trouble.

THE REST IN NO PARTICULAR ORDER

JOHN OTWAY 'Whoops Apocalypse' (WEA). Punk novelty act leaves mothball situation to sing sick ditty concerning total annihilation of world. Starts with tweeting birds and ends with rock monsters. Rather effective but too subtle for the

In Tua Nua



Heaven Can Wait

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dinosaur. **TIMOTHY LONDON & THE SOHO SISTERS** 'Spend Some Time (Flexi). Gear pop/soul band fronted by persistent self-publicist makes sexy single. Our two beasts were at it like Tory backbenchers on sulphate to this one. "Sweet" is the word but hard enough to avoid a binning. Ask Timothy about the lyrics and he'll chew your ears off. How dare you assume that he—the white male singer, does all the writing and not them—the black female backing singers. And quite right too.

DOG FACED HERMANS 'Unbend' EP (Demon Radge). Yow! Bite this suckers! I mean, have you ever seen a Russian Futurist do the metalkank with a giant lizard? This is sooooo good as in baaaaad as in very good indeed. Take a pinch of classic Gang Of Four, wrap it up in a throbbing Membrane and thrust it up the jumper of some horribly screaming ninnie and you've got a killer on your hands. This has a picture in the middle of the HMV dog being roasted by the flames erupting from the horn of the record player. Tasty. Mayakovsky was very impressed but Fangore said he'd heard it all before in the early Pleistocene era. It always puzzles me that the bookbores who drone about Noise take as their heroes the arty fannydancers rather than bands like this who twist the nodding dog of pop into something truly wonderful and cathartic. Mayakovsky knows that 'art' is dragged forward by the nose from the shared experience of the majority and that the 'avant garde'—in its modern form—does nothing but chase its own tail. Subvert and build, don't trot off into the middle distance, safe from any meaningful comparisons and pose like ponce. Seek this cachophony out and blast it at your least favourite Shop Assistants fan, man.

Meanwhile, back in the 'clubs', **CCP** 'A Solution' (Rhythm King). Pre-1986, the singles cupboard groaned with really naff plodding synth 'dance' records. Now, I learn, we are to call this guff 'House'. What has the world come to when quite sensible ex-punk music journalists tell you that this

dross—which sounds like the deadly dull outpourings of a lobotomised bank clerk playing a Cassio with his thumbs—is greeeeat if heard half pissed in a dark nightclub at megadecibel level. I'd rather eat my own feet, thank you very much. What would be funny would be if some bugger with a wicked sense of humour would release a 'House' version of The Business's 'Smash the Discos'. Arf, Arf, Arf. Come on, who are we kidding? Even **WHITESNAKE** 'Still Of The Night', (EMI) sounds groovy at 497dB and that's really saying something. **HOUSE SUCKS!**

WE FREE KINGS 'The Wild Ocean' EP (DDT). Oh Yes! At last, music worthy of the title Punkfolk. Not the gottleofgeer pratterwailing of the abysmal Pogues but a healthy and youthful dynamism. Taking their name from the bigotry of Scots Presbyterianism and their politics from Greenpeace, this lot live up to Cozzer's promise. Disappointing, however, is **THE BATHERS** 'Fancy Dress' (Go!). Sounds like the Billious Braggart gargling vomit over the Monty Python Mouse Organ. **GRANDMASTER FLASH** 'U Know What Time It Is' (Elektra). Yes, of course we do—(all together now) It's time to get ILL (get your Beastie tickets now)!!!! A luvverly growly rap with a rubber snake of a bass line. And from the sublime to the shite with **THE FLY BOYS** 'The New Style' (Beastie Records). What we have here is a total lack of subtlety in the shape of some 'lads' who've taken the Beastie Bastards' fourth-best single and made the lyrics even ruder (yes, I know that's hard to believe). A cynical piece of woman-hating trash or a brilliant piss-take? These are dark and dangerous corridors down which to prowl. File next to the Macc Lads and Ivor Biggun. A parody of a parody of a parody of a... get the fugg out of here, muthafuggers! **THE BUGS** 'Leavin' Here' (Wild Turkey). That label says it all. **THE BATFISH BOYS** 'The Bomb Song' (Batfish). "A Brilliant cover!" says Mr M "Aaarfgoorahgh!" says Fangore. And they're both right. It says "State Of

The Art Screaming Metal" but we're going to have to wait for the new Gaye Bykers On Acid single (out in four weeks!) to hear the proof of that pudding. What we do get is a groovy and well def rocker about Man's inhumanity to Spaceship Earth. Are these guys trying to make Ecology fashionable or something? Highly recommended is **FORETHOUGHT** 'Déjenos Civzar Los Frontiers', (Let In) which is Spanish for "Let them cross the Borders" an anti-racist immigration laws song by a cool Californian folk/punk band. Available from PO Box 880312 San Francisco, Calif. USA for \$3 inc p&p.

It's clobbering time!! **THE FLATMATES** 'Happy All Time' (Subway). Readers of delicate disposition are advised to avoid this section. They look at you, these indie mewlers, with big bright eyes. "We're so cutesy fugging wootsy!" ("Raaaaaaarf!" Down, Fangore!). These people are so happy! In their own way these bands are as pretentious as their opposites—the Goth doommongers. Look at those grins! Why are they happy? Because they are in love. Speweeeee! Sex in the Rock lyric underwent a massive rehaul in the late '70s: "Love will get you like a case of Anthrax", "My love lies limp", Buzzcocks, the Pistols and especially the brilliant Au Pairs. These gooey fixed-grin schmaltz spreaders simply rake up all the old cliches. There is no subversion here. Mega Retro. **THE ROSEHIPS** 'Room In My Heart' (Subway). Ditto. **MY BLOODY VALENTINE** 'Sunday Sundae Smile' (Lazy). "Debbie, Kevin, Colin and David." What? Debbie Deranged? Kevin Chaos? Colin Catkiller? David Devildong? No, justa buncha wimps. Like clubbing baby seals with rolled up copies of Kerrang!

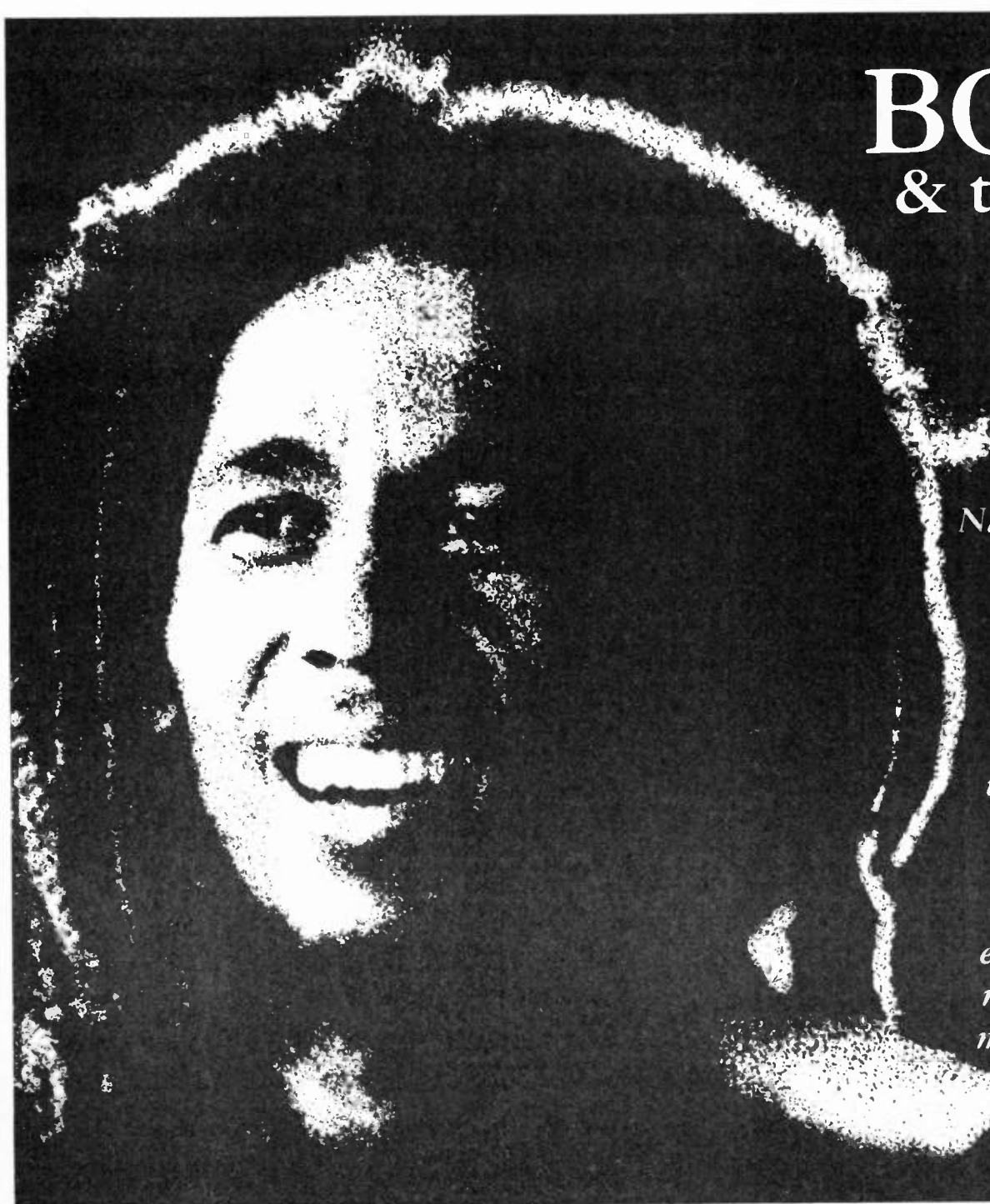
What say we turn our attention to the real men of rock? "Naughty!" says Rock M. "Raaaaa!" says Fangore. **THE STRANGLERS** 'Official Bootleg—Shakin' Like A Leaf'—live version. Yes. A must for all real Strangers fans but then again so is a bad complexion and brain damage. More curiously gentle pop from the dirty old sociology

lecturers of Rock. Flip it over and there's a ten-minute episode in the life of Hubert Cornwall's frontal lobes. Much more interesting. Real Men like **BON JOVI** 'Wanted Dead or Alive' (Vertigo). Gav's fave soft rockers do a silly Ravioli Western number. "I'm a cowboy, on a steel horse I ride...". Could this be a witty assault on double glazing salesman? Remember, you only fit once so fit the best. And talking of Everest BANG! (whoops, sorry Ted) here's a little joke. "I'll get you to the top of the mountain Uuuuung! I'll get you to the top of the mountain UUUUUngh!" Sherpa Tensing. Oh never mind, missus, settle down. Real men like **NEW MODEL ARMY** 'Poison Street' (EMI). The Bradford lads with their clogs and straightforward remedy for the drug problem (shoot everyone) have suffered in these pages from incomprehension and false comparison. They have always had a mean lyrical bent which has often been obscured by their cultish trappings. This is probably their best single yet. I have to say that or they'll hit me. All of my best friends are junkies and none of them take drugs.

MAXI PRIEST 'Let Me Know' (10). Sexy, wriggling Reginald and a possible smasher. **ROSE OF AVALANCHE** 'Always There' (Fire) are a Leeds group and they're not The Three Johns or The Age Of Chance. That's all you need to know. Do other cities suffer from this plague? **KRAFTWERK** 'The Telephone Call' (EMI). Basically a snappy little number based on the clever interplay of various phone beeps. The Penguin Cafe Orchestra do something similar but none of them are a patch on my sexy bootleg of Alan Jackson's answering machine. **SHERIFF JACK** 'Everybody Twist' (Midnight). A brilliant idea! A reggae song sung in cockney about twisting! It's dreadful. **JUNIOR GEE & THE A TEAM** 'The Terminator' (Fourth & Broadway). As I had hoped! A rap record about Arnie Schwassyswatsit's indestructible super android who wastes about a million pigs in the film of the same name. Should be a great record. It isn't. I've

heard better raps in Bradford's Arndale Mall. Mayakovsky and Fangore have fallen asleep in each other's arms—so much for drugs.

DAVID BOWIE 'Day In—Day Out' (EMI Amerika). When I was a small boy my father took me to see a mime artist. He was miming a protest against the Chinese invasion of Tibet. A little later I heard him miming the fascist takeover of Britain on the radio. Now I get to review one of his "songs". Dross. **HAPPY MONDAYS** 'Tart Tart' (Factory). The press release that accompanies the rather striking vinyl artefact we have here says that Happy Mondays are "the most exciting group in Britain today". This, as you well know, is Rockbiz shorthand for "someone shouting in a Manchester accent over weak and watery foonk like nearly everything else on Factory." Isn't it time we stopped the hype? Good rude lyrics though, far too rude to be printed in your new FAMILY NME. **CONGRESS** 'Contract Of Faith' (EMI). Imagine The Style Council if everybody in it looked like Mick Talbot. I wonder if you can. **WET WET WET** 'Wishing I Was Lucky' (The Precious Organisation). Imagine The Style Council if they played Salsa. **HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS** 'Simple As That' (Chrysalis). Not a patch on 'Hip to be Square'. There is a story to be told here of how a ropery old pub band sell 10 million of anything they do. Weird. **BLITZKREIG ZONE** 'Gender Man' (Rose Records). Would you believe "Hair Creation by Tracy". Dig this, pop kids—"You talk to your mirror / You wear your hair long / Blow kisses to your brother / Steal make-up from your mum...". They are sexier than SSS. If EMI don't give them £4,000,000 pronto then they'll be missing out. So there you have it. Mr. Spock shows signs of arousal so I'll just quickly say that the singles to get this week ARE: That Petrol Emotion, Five Young Cannibals, Timothy London, Dog Faced Hermans, We Free Kings, Grandmaster Flash, The Batfish Boys and Maxi Priest. Consume and be happy and remember—if you must take condoms—use a drug!




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THE BOY IN THE BOYCOTT



Paul Simon: "I didn't ask for permission to do the project nor did I want any restriction on what I might think or say or write".

The Album has sold more than four million copies worldwide and earned him a new legion of fans. It has topped numerous critics' polls, won him a Grammy, and in February the British Phonographic Industry named him their International Solo Artist of the Year.

This time last year Paul Simon was considered a has-been, a run-of-the-mill singer-songwriter who had a few great moments in the hazy, halcyon days of Greenwich Village and 'Scarborough Fair'. There goes Rhymin' Simon — who cares?

Eight months ago he released 'Graceland', an album of ten songs which was different from anything that had gone before in mainstream pop, let alone Simon's back catalogue. He had received new inspiration, new motivation — a creative kiss of life and a cultural kick up the ass.

But the laurels of 'Graceland' were laced with thorns, because Simon's inspiration came from the black townships of South Africa and he had travelled to Johannesburg to record his new songs. After continually refusing to play Sun City in the South African homeland of Bophuthatswana, Simon blotted his own copybook. He found another way to break the United Nations' Cultural Boycott.

United Nations policy calls for "a complete Cultural Boycott... of any artists from South Africa coming to this country on a temporary basis as well as artists from other countries working from time to time over there". It says nothing explicit about making records in the country, so that Simon's action effectively exploits a loophole in the boycott ruling, although few are prepared to accept Simon's idiosyncratic reading of it.

Opinions have been divided, especially in the States where one New York critic labelled Simon "a genius and a loathsome coward". Reports have reflected a widespread confusion about the nature and purpose of the Cultural Boycott, and how it affects not just Simon, but artists within South Africa itself.

The 'Graceland' affair started in the summer of 1984 when Simon was sent 'Gumboots Accordion Jive Vol. Two', a tape of township music. After brief discussions with a handful of musicians including Quincy Jones and Harry Belafonte — a leading anti-apartheid spokesman in the United States — Simon booked several weeks of studio time in South Africa, where five of the 'Graceland' tracks took shape. The recording sessions coincided with the second Sharpeville massacre and several South African musicians were flown to New York for more recording. (Simon claimed to have paid them three

Is PAUL SIMON "a genius and a loathsome coward"? Does the lack of anti-apartheid statements on 'Graceland' amount to condonation of Botha's regime? Or has Simon given black South African music an important platform?

On the eve of the 'Graceland' World Tour's arrival in Birmingham (this Saturday) and London (next week), MARK SINKER and TERRY STAUNTON investigate the still-burning issues surrounding Simon's visit to Jo'burg and whether or not he flouted the United Nations' CULTURAL BOYCOTT.

times the union rate for work both in South Africa and the States.) On the album's release in August last year, he was criticised for not attacking the apartheid system when he had such a perfect opportunity; nothing in the lyrics or extensive sleeve notes could be interpreted as an anti-apartheid stance.

The 'Graceland' world tour, announced last December, includes not only Simon, but also Ladysmith Black Mambazo, and prominent anti-apartheid musicians Hugh Masekela and Miriam Makeba, both South African exiles.

Unofficial pickets (student groups and "concerned individuals", but nothing from recognised anti-apartheid organisations) were posted outside recent American shows, but official pickets are likely in London and Birmingham this month. Are they right to picket? Is Simon wrong to play?

Answers from the man himself are hard to come by as he has had very little of substance to say about apartheid. At the time of writing he was "on holiday, somewhere in the sun and totally uncontactable". The few words available are littered with contradictions. In an interview earlier this year, Simon said: "In a way I had to be a spokesman for the South African musical community. That's why I was allowed to go there. After I got there I found out the musicians had voted to let me come... So now I'm out there saying 'take a listen to this music, world'. That's what they wanted me to say. That's why they voted for me. I feel I owe that to them in exchange for giving me access to the musical community".

Yet, less than a month later, at a hastily convened press conference in London, he told the world: "I don't feel as an artist that I have to consult with anyone. I didn't ask for permission to do the project, nor did I want any restriction on what I might think or say or write".

Simon claimed that his original visit to Johannesburg enjoyed the blessing of the African National Congress, but he has never named the people he consulted and the ANC deny any such consultation took place. More plausibly, he has claimed to have discussed his planned trip with his friend Harry Belafonte, a prominent member of the New York Anti-Apartheid Coordinating Council. Reports of Belafonte's response differ.

Dali Tambo, founder of Artists Against Apartheid and a member of the ANC (his father, Oliver, is its president), told NME: "Harry says Simon came to him, explained his position, and Harry said 'go and talk to the ANC'. But in seeing Harry he didn't go far enough, he should have taken his advice, which was very solid advice. I think he regrets to this day not taking that advice".

And Sipho Mabuse, a leading South African musician who met Simon in Johannesburg, argues that Simon knew of Belafonte's doubts: "He indicated to me that Belafonte said it wasn't right for him to go there but the ultimate choice was his".

Simon has also argued that he had the approval of the South African musical community: "I don't know the circumstances of their vote, only that they voted whether to do this or not. Once I found out there was a vote, I didn't ask questions. I just accepted that I was in".

But Mabuse disputes this: "It's not true to say that Simon really had the go-ahead from musicians, because he was never really with many musicians in South Africa. He met very few people. I was one of the people he met. I remember precisely the scene. We sat down and had a discussion. And the question of his coming to South Africa as being *opposed* by anti-apartheid movements was not raised".

Mabuse goes on to point out that any collective body of musicians speaking for the SA musical community would almost certainly have included him, and that he heard of no such decision.

"I'm quite sure I would have known if there was any meetings that were held to discuss it. Not that we had the right to *decide* who can come to South Africa, but if there was any decision taken I'm quite sure I would probably have been one of the people who would have known."

By January of this year, substantial criticisms had been levelled at Simon: that apart from breaking the Cultural Boycott, he had failed to consult with the ANC; that he had misrepresented the attitudes of the South African people; and that he had acted arrogantly towards the anti-apartheid struggle, both in his initial behaviour and by failing to broach the subject of apartheid on 'Graceland'.

There was speculation in anti-apartheid circles that the world tour had been planned — perhaps on Hugh Masekela's advice — as a kind of atonement for Simon's original action. By the tour's inclusion of exiles Masekela and Miriam Makeba (veterans of the anti-apartheid struggle), Ladysmith Black Mambazo and other black South Africans with strong anti-apartheid credentials, and by taking a back seat himself to this live explicit celebration of black South African culture, Simon perhaps hoped to clear the air and satisfy his critics.

But if taking musicians out of South Africa was seen as a way of resolving the problems, it only served to compound it. A telex sent from the ANC headquarters in Lusaka, Zambia stated: "The ANC fully support a boycott action against a Paul Simon European and American tour... he has singularly done more harm in flouting the Cultural Boycott against the racist regime".

Soon afterwards Simon called the London press conference and read the contents of a letter he had sent to the UN in response to their request for clarification of his position. The letter stated he was working to achieve "the end of the apartheid system" and that he intended to maintain this position "in the context of the UN cultural boycott". He went on to say that he had heard — through Belafonte

— that the ANC had reversed its position and withdrawn criticism of the LP and that this would be confirmed by Oliver Tambo at a press conference in Los Angeles two days later.

But when Tambo made no mention of Simon at his conference, the ANC insisted there had been no reversal of policy, and the UN requested further clarification from Simon in the light of his world tour, a further violation of the cultural boycott.

However, reaction to his tour in America has been almost entirely positive, with no organised opposition. His letter to the UN seems to have defused criticisms before they arose from the loose coalition of small groups that make up the (large) US anti-apartheid movement. Although he faced barracking at a press conference at Howard University in Washington and small picket action from student groups in Atlanta and Los Angeles, the overall American picture seems to have been one of forgiveness for Simon's apparent naivety. The concert's finale every night was a mass rendition of 'N'Kosi Sikeleli', the anthem of the ANC.

The different stances taken by anti-apartheid groups in America and Britain reveal confusion as to the exact interpretation of the Cultural Boycott, all sides agreeing on the need for urgent clarification.

The use of economic and cultural sanctions as weapons against apartheid was first developed in appeals by Father Trevor Huddleston, the founder of the Anti-Apartheid Movement (AAM) and in calls for a general boycott by Chief Luthuli of the ANC.

The ANC are the instigators of the boycott but — for practical and political purposes — the exact ruling is contained in a resolution voted for by the United Nations in 1980 and monitored by the UN Special Committee On Apartheid.

"We've put ourselves in a situation where really the authority is the UN," says Dali Tambo, explaining the ANC position. "It's preferable for us, because as a movement we can say to people what we require because we have the moral authority as the representatives of the people of South Africa, but we can't always rely on their acquiescence."

In each country boycott actions are co-ordinated by the relevant anti-apartheid groups. As Alan Brooks, assistant secretary of the Anti-Apartheid Movement in Britain, points out: "The UN boycott is a marker from which to work, but there's no ten commandments, no single formula which represents the letter of the law".

In the past, this disparity has occasionally led to odd situations. In 1985, the Malopoets, a black Sowetan group of considerable standing in the townships, found themselves in direct conflict with the British Musicians' Union, who argued that they should not be playing at a GLC Festival, and banned their video from TV showing. Yet this came immediately after



The Graceland tourists with South African exiles Masekela and Makeba flanking Art's other half

a show the Malopoets played at the newly opened Theatre of Human Rights in Paris before an audience that included French President Mitterand and Bishop Desmond Tutu.

Likewise, Simon's show in Harare was reportedly a celebration of solidarity between the front line states and the people of South Africa. Although Zimbabwe has in the past taken a tough line on sanctions, questions about Simon's actions were not raised publicly.

Alan Brooks says of the Harare show: "The front line states like Zimbabwe serve as a meeting ground for South Africans at home and in exile to promote the solidarity between them. Therefore it would be odd to protest against the concerts there, but here it is another matter. We are a country, like the United States, which must clearly stand for effective international sanctions against South Africa".

Although there is a range of possible interpretations of the terms of the boycott, there are attendant difficulties in all. One position is that the Cultural Boycott should be seen as part of the Economic Boycott — that records, books and films, even those with explicit anti-apartheid content, are actually commodities, and that industry can use them as a cover for breaking the Economic Boycott. So where should the line be drawn?

"For us it's clearly unmanageable to get into the whole business of assessing each and every record that comes out," says Alan Brooks.

"It's not the content that's really decisive. I think it's only a matter of time before it re-asserts itself. At the end of the day I think performers in South Africa will recognise that the struggle is best served by not opening the doors to a flood of cultural exports from the country. Once

you move in that direction you simply cannot sustain a credible boycott policy.

"The problem is that we can be seen as insensitive to the aspirations of South African artists, but the simple truth is that the majority do not get the chance to be exported, they have to make their lives in South Africa. We have had to live with these dilemmas, it's part of the cruelty of apartheid. The cost involved in implementing a boycott is bearable because it is less than the cost of living under the system." The same dilemma faces the ANC and Artists Against Apartheid according to Dali Tambo.

"Inside the country over the last couple of years there has been a swelling of expression through culture because there has been a stamping out of any other form of expression. Of course a lot of it is very radical cultural activity and it cannot be contained within the country. It's a matter of how we react to it coming out."

At present the ANC is debating its own policy, not with a view to reversing their position, but to meet the need for clarification and flexibility in response to the changing situation within South Africa.

"It is a matter we have been discussing, especially since the development with Paul Simon and the crowd that's round him," says Tom Sebina, ANC information officer in Lusaka. "We are discussing the situation regarding musicians and other entertainers coming out of South Africa and performing elsewhere in the world and whether it is wise for them to do so."

In the meantime, the rule of thumb is the need for consultation. Dali Tambo says: "If you're going into the country, then you must consult with the ANC. Because we're saying that we *presume* that whatever cultural field you're involved in, you do not want it to be used to

further the aims of apartheid and the racist regime. Therefore you consult with us so that we can put you wise about whether or not we think you will be used by apartheid, and about the effect of your cultural activities.

"It's *not* to say 'right, show us your scripts, take out that and that', it's simply to say 'look, we think you're moving into dangerous territory'.

"If Paul Simon had come to us first and discussed this, none of this shit would have happened."

Wally Serote, cultural worker for the ANC in Britain says there should be double consultation: "People inviting cultural workers out of the country must consult with the ANC — cultural workers coming out must consult with the Mass Democratic Movement".

In the wake of Simon's LP and tour, the music industry has been galvanised into unprecedented interest in South African artists. EMI has cobbled together 'Sounds Of Soweto', a compilation of township pop, which has been criticised for its poor selections and the dubious motives behind its release; major South African investor Shell are rumoured to be putting together a tour of young black South African musicians; WEA are releasing Ladysmith Black Mambazo's 'Shaka Zulu', a new collection produced by Paul Simon; and Green-sleeves have licensed a further three albums from Ladysmith's back catalogue. Meanwhile, Sipho Mabuse has signed to Virgin, and Johnny Clegg, formerly of Juluka, who is featured on the EMI album with his new group Savuka, is planning UK dates.

Mabuse and Clegg have exemplary anti-apartheid histories in South Africa, but it remains to be seen whether Simon's indiscretions will affect their reception in this country.

In the next year it is likely that cultural activity will intensify; a number of plays and films are currently in the planning stages. How they will be received depends on the outcome of the ANC discussions. But the signs are that there will be a small move towards consideration of each production on its own merits, although the basic position will remain unchanged.

Meanwhile the UN await further clarification from Paul Simon on his attitude to the Cultural Boycott and the struggle of the South African people, because none of his statements to date have contained anything but vague platitudes and misleading claims.

As Dali Tambo stresses: "He had a golden opportunity there, if he was going to break the Cultural Boycott, to have so much *credibility*, to really hit out and to do his own reputation a hell of a lot of good. And to make a hell of a lot of money anyway.

"But what troubles me about Paul Simon is — who did he consult with when he went there? He didn't consult with us."

Laibach and think of England

The wrath of their government couldn't stop them, nor the obvious limitations of their hair-dresser. LAIBACH are the first group to invade the ultra-posh Queen Elizabeth Hall with a backdrop of hammers, sickles and swastikas, and the first Yugoslavians to impersonate Freddie Mercury. They harangue Cabaret Voltaire for being pathetically frivolous and hold Britain in thinly-veiled contempt. BIBA KOPF isn't about to argue.



Funsters beware – the thought police are coming.

Utopia in crisis? Crikey. Better bring on the dancing girls. Across the playgrounds of Britain the twin evils of economic doubt and political despair drive men and women to distraction. But, so long as they can muster the price of a ticket, legs and smiles assure them that the state's box office democracy is in working order. The crisis is temporarily postponed and all is well inside the culture of fun.

Britain has always been proud of its fun culture, its ability to laugh under duress. Smile and the whole world smiles with you, goes the song, and the lesson of British pop colonisation of the West seemingly bears this out. Abroad, the British pop industry presents a glowing mask of youthful vitality, behind which scowls the wizened hag of a morally bankrupt state. And, as the most dynamic force within its fun culture, the industry easily continues the deception at home.

Never short of role models, it helps mould youthful aspiration. Never short of cash, it quickly co-opts willing collaborators from the pop intelligentsia, like Scritti Politti, ABC, ZTT and the Pet Shop Boys, whose "cleverly ironic" marketing ploys render the idea of opposition outdated. And in a way they're right. Such is the industry's increased sophistication, those who can't be bought are simply bound up in opposition, their dissenting voices made part of the show. Be it U2's mystical belief in goodness or Test Dept's raging dissonance, the industry easily diverts difference into easily governed patterns of resistance, even cynically citing them as novelty, as signs of Britain's continuing creativity. In short, it's become impossible to move. Here, Utopia equals stasis. The smile is fixed, happiness is forced.

Britain: A moribund utopia ripe for the taking.

Into this lapsed cultural climate march Laibach, a colossus of determination and clear intentions. Motored by a strength of purpose

that died in Britain with Ian Curtis's suicide, Laibach are set to make massive strides into an uncertain national consciousness weakened by a decade's consumption of vanities and conceits.

Alien though they may be, Laibach torchlight the way forward. They represent stability in an era that has surrendered itself to the rapid turnover of novelty. However grim and unsmiling, their severely short uniformity of appearance stands them head and shoulders above pop's panorama of dandies clamouring for attention, their common denominator smiles erasing their claims to individuality. If at first threatening, Laibach's aura of authority soon turns seductive when contrasted to the shabbiness of the alternatives.

From Slovenia, the westernmost province of Yugoslavia, Laibach have had plenty of practise at imposing their influence in a state torn apart by inter-nationalist rivalries. Since the death of Tito they have witnessed their homeland's slide into economic chaos.

Rather than opting for the Western luxury of opposition, they instead establish themselves as a model of community organisation. Laibach are a microcosm of the total state machine, inside which each man has a fixed role and willingly offers up his gifts for the greater good of the whole.

They describe themselves as totalitarian, though they might just as well say utopian, such is the lofty ambition of their art. Termed *Laibach Kunst*, it montages tyrannous disco-martial rhythms with brute exhortations, political source recordings and – most controversially – peasant images of sacrifice and resistance with symbols appropriated from Hitler and Stalin. Those terrible twins left scars on Yugoslav culture that have to be dealt with, argue Laibach, who resolve the contradiction of "painting the star over the swastika" within their Kunst. Their stance is not so much ambivalent as sovereign. They're happy to assert their authority through the deployment of these historical symbols of terror.

Not unnaturally, Laibach have run into immense difficulties over their use of totalitarian signs. In Yugoslavia they were for a time

branded as Nazis and were banned from playing Ljubljana – the Slovenian capital rebaptised Laibach by German oppressors. But the Yugoslavs have risen to the formidable challenge of Laibach's robust Kunst.

Perhaps admiring the group's persistence through difficult, dangerous periods, the populace has afforded them a proper hearing. On closer inspection Laibach's ethos unfolds in a series of paradoxes that unsettles the certainty of one's first impressions. Though hardly sight gags, their visuals playfully keep up a constant shift of position. For instance, the savage swastika constructed from dripping axes displayed on the inner sleeve of their latest LP 'Opus Dei' (on Mute) is lifted from a work by the German anti-Nazi montage artist John Heartfield. It is left open as to whether Laibach use it out of homage or because they believe Heartfield's satirical impression to be an improvement on the original.

Whatever, Laibach are achieving a remarkable interpenetration of art, culture, politics and economics back home, where they also operate as a limb of *Neue Slowenische Kunst*, an umbrella grouping involving theatre, architecture, design, printing, and film branches. And now as part of *Neue Slowenische Kunst* they're participating in the official state youth day in May which, if it comes off, will not only confirm their depth of influence, but also affirm, in the form of the monumental art presentation of the state, their affinity with rule.

For now, though, controversy over NSK's poster for the event has jeopardised their participation. It takes as its base a work by the Nazi artist Richard Klein. Though the NSK adaptation was officially endorsed, the authorities withdrew it once the source became known to them.)

Given their immense influence in Yugoslavia, it's difficult to imagine them being satisfied by their reception in the West; or, indeed, how they might fit in this side of the border in the first place. For one, the West is no longer used to dealing with an art of Laibach's complexity. But ignorance, ritual denunciation or blind hope that they might

simply get lost in the general blitz of information will not hinder Laibach's impervious progress a jot.

They have planned their cultural invasion like a military campaign. Noting the West's weaknesses, its general weakmindedness after decades of pop culture, they have adapted themselves accordingly. The Mute LP 'Opus Dei', their first high profile western record, includes covers of Queen's 'One Vision' – translated into Wagnerian German for maximum guttural impact – and the Austrian group Opus's daft opus 'Life Is Life'.

Their trick is to take the weary language of Western pop at face value and treat it with absolute straightlaced seriousness. They instil hollow phrases with an extraordinary power, daring you to laugh at their audacity. At the same time they open up the text of the originals, making transparent the true position of the likes of Queen in the scheme of things.

"They represent a very clear idea of what the pop industry is today and what the pop group is," asserts a Laibach mouthpiece.

"Queen's concerts reveal how every rock event is a kind of political meeting. You have 100,000 people in a room, standing together and conforming to the group's single vision. Laibach advance this political meeting element to an extreme."

Observing such behaviour, Laibach sneer at the West's superior claims to individualism. They see rock as a microcosm of control, the pop industry, with its sophisticated media and marketing divisions, as a totalitarian structure similar to their own.

"The British pop industry is a very serious thing here. It makes millions of people do something different with their lives somehow. A serious thing, the British pop industry. The other question is, do Laibach take British pop music very seriously and the answer is not very much. We're more interested in the rest of Europe, but to get there we have to appeal in Britain, because most people take their products directly from here."

CONTINUES PAGE 51

Julian Cope

evening's volcano



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In with the inn crowd

Pass the Shake 'n' Vac! Milk and sarnie frenzy ruins hotel Axminster as the strain of touring with China Crisis gets to THE BIBLE. ALAN JACKSON wants to know 'bout their classically crafted pop, their famous folkie parents and the mysterious disappearing exclamation mark but ends up wearing the rubber gloves. Biblical scene: A J BAR-RATT.



Front: Tony Shepherd (left) and Bob Hewerdine (right) rear: assorted Bible-bashers.

"*There are three steps to Limbo . . .*" ('Mahalia').

Step one, you dial room service and ask for more beer and cigarettes. In best, adolescent-at-the-chemist's-counter fashion, these grown-up items are sneaked into an order red with such herrings as coffee, sandwiches and milk.

But in two hours' time, when the last Saturday night reveller has turned in off Edinburgh's draughty streets, caffeine traces and crumbs will be all that remains of the more innocent items on our list and the stage will be set for *Junior Showtime's* remake of *Spinal Tap*. And as the McVice squad rap on the door, it'll be me, red-faced and in my underpants, who's down on the deep pile scraping up fag ash and broken glass. Rock 'n' roll or what?

Right now all is sweetness and light though, as befits a four-man Bible-reading class. Chief apostles Boo Hewerdine and Tony Shepherd, plus band member Neill MacColl, have forsaken the earthly temptations of a soon-to-close downstairs bar for heaven on the sixth floor – a cosy chat, some carry-outs and the Mogadon effect on the hotel's cable movie selection, an adult travelogue with spare tyres entitled *Secrets Of A Superstud*.

The Bible find themselves mid-way through a tour as support to China Crisis, a band most of us would find it impossible to get excited about, yet which has been pulling crowds as large and avid as any awaiting Trouble Funk.

"You're probably going to chin me for this . . .", says Tony, who's half-sprawled across the bed with his bum pressed up against a radiator, "but I think they're really good."

I have to laugh, mainly at the idea that I'm likely to chin anyone, least of all in an ideological argument over China Crisis.

"They can be really insidious," proffers Boo. "I've got a lot of respect for anyone who can sneak a song like 'King In A Catholic

Style' into the Top Twenty."

Before we can analyse their achievements any further, there is a slow squeak of wheels from the corridor outside. Neill springs to his feet. "It's probably Room Service," he says. "I'll go let them in."

Room 641 falls silent in anticipation of tuck shop treats, but all that can be heard is the sound of embarrassed apologies. Neill returns sheepishly to his seat. "It was somebody going past in a wheelchair."

When The Bible's first album, 'Walking The Ghost Back Home' was released early last year by the Norwich-based independent label Backs, the band's name was tailed by an exclamation mark, as in Wow! Gosh! or even Wham! Somehow this seemed an appropriate conceit for a collection of songs so shamelessly melodic and so confidently performed. The trade paper *Music Week* responded to the release in its own exclamatory fashion, hailing it as a modern masterpiece in the tradition of 'Horses' or 'Marquee Moon'.

Shy at such attention, the exclamation mark hid when the cover for the first single, the glorious 'Mahalia', was designed, but was lured back when Chrysalis signed the band and released (and more lately re-released) the should-have-been-a-hit 'Graceland'. Its presence would suggest that, if The Bible does carry any religious connotations, it's in a Gospels Gone Tabloid sense . . .

"I'm a fallen Catholic, as I was telling you before," begins Tony, somewhat mysteriously.

Boo smiles kindly on this aside but stems it at its source. He lights a cigarette from the now-arrived tray of Room Service goodies and explains that the name, with or without its exclamation mark, shouldn't be interpreted in its purest religious sense.

"It was chosen more for its collective meaning, that spurious authority it can carry. 'The Bible Of Pot Plants.' 'The Bible Of Vitamins.' It suggests a collective wisdom, which seemed appropriate because we nicked a lot of styles."

"We get letters from angry, born-again Christians," boasts Tony.

"No we don't," hoots Neill.

"Well, we got *one*," Tony maintains defensively, "from that loony in Cambridge who tears all our posters down."

"And then there were the Jehovas Witnesses who came to our gig in Oxford and sat at the back with their arms folded, waiting," adds Boo.

Waiting for what?

"The end of the world, I suppose," he says. "But it didn't happen because we play such nice tunes . . ."

"Go on, tell Alan about your Mum and Dad," Boo is coaxing a reluctant Neill. "I know you don't like talking about them, but they're brilliant."

Eventually, very eventually, he does. He and brother Callum, also a Bible man and both former members of the furiously-hyped Roaring Boys, are sons of the folk legends Peggy Seeger and Ewan MacColl. With a mixture of pride and embarrassment he is then manoeuvred into telling the assembled gathering how his father came to write 'The First Time Ever I Saw Your Face', probably his best-known song.

"It was in the late '50s, just after he'd met my mother. She'd come over from America but was refused entry to this country and was living in Paris. One night she was doing a concert there and she rang him up. He wrote it over the phone to her in about ten minutes. Just like that, there it was – a song. And then it appeared again about 15 years later when Roberta Flack recorded it."

"It's a really moving story," says Boo, shaking his head in wonderment. "And the song is so good too, so simply perfect."

The inevitable common room debate on the respective merits of songwriters ensues, with Morrissey and Costello, Becker and Fagin and fellow Cambridge-ite Nick Drake emerging house favourites.

"Who wrote 'Streets Of London'?" asks Tony from behind his beer can.

"Tony Shepherd likes 'Streets Of London'!", Tony Shepherd likes 'Streets Of London'! his partners chant in gleeful unison.

"Yeah, well I *do*," he retorts defiantly. "We used to sing it at school. Anyway, I'm going to divide this last sandwich up into four."

"Mr Fair," says Boo indulgently, accepting his ration.

"There's something very depressing about being Mr Fair," says Tony, "especially when you want to eat it all yourself."

Anyone who ran the gauntlet of crazed China Crisis fans to see The Bible play will have noticed, behind the various influences on parade, a particularly promising pop group. Boo Hewerdine, with his Mozzeresque stage movements and thick-rimmed glasses, is an engaging front man blessed with a good voice and a quirky songwriting talent too. Perhaps these ingredients doom The Bible to failure, but hopefully not. What are they hoping to achieve?

"Well we'd all been in various bands before this one, and when I got together with Tony I'd really accepted that I wasn't ever going to crack the big time," says Boo. "We just wanted to record some real honest-to-goodness songs that pleased us rather than any record company or our friends or whatever. I just want us to do something *good* – write songs that people will hear at home and go, 'Strewth, that was really something'. I suppose that's a bit of a lowly ambition nowadays, when you're supposed to want to change the world, but that's it . . ."

"We're Ye Olde Group, really," says Tony. "As opposed to Ye Newe Band," completes Neill.

And so it is that they put down their empties and wander off back to their rooms, leaving me, the one non-smoker, in a purple haze of fag. I've gathered the debris onto a tray the size of a snooker table and am inching it out into the corridor when the door snaps back and I drop the lot. Minutes later, as I'm kneeling among the wreckage, there's a knock at the door.

"Excuse me sir, but guests reported hearing a crashing noise. Is everything all right?"

The night porter is trying to peer past me into the room for signs of carnage. Disappointed, he bids me goodnight and I retire to a bed that has a Gideon Bible placed thoughtfully within arm's reach.

Rock'n' roll, phew!

SCRAPING FELLAS

Scumbag rap is under attack as a new generation of girl DJs answer back. This week STUART COSGROVE meets SALT 'N' PEPA, DJ SPINDERELLA, and SWEET T AND JAZZY JOYCE. Next week the rap payback comes to Britain as NME checks out the COOKIE CREW. Pictures: EMILY ANDERSEN

"Time to get mine while you try to get yours / I'll get my paws in those silky drawers / Try to take me to the cleaners, but I got the trick / 'Cos all you're gonna get is a piece of my dick"
Kool Moe Dee, 'Do You Know What Time It Is' (Jiva)

"Homegirls attention you must pay / So listen close to what I say / Don't take this as a simple rhyme / 'Cos this sort of thing happens all the time / What would you do if a stranger says, 'Hi' / Would you dis him? Or would you reply? / If you answer there is a chance / That he might think you want what's in his pants"
Salt 'N' Pepa, 'Tramp' (Next Plateau)

There's a distinct tremor in the underpants of rap, as a new generation of girl rappers has risen to challenge the old image of the homeboy with the swollen ego. With reggae, metal rock and hip-hop perpetually colliding in an uncontrollable shock of new pop forms, rap has been pushed outwards to new extremes. On the one hand nasty crews try to outdo the pathological violence of Schoolly D and the six-pack diplomacy of The Beastie Boys.

This week's leaders in the scumbag rap stakes are The Fly Boys whose metal rap 'The New Style' (Beastie Records) takes hip-hop to new and more depraved depths in a tale of forced anal intercourse, shooting AIDS victims and "pussies that flow like molasses". On the other hand there's Salt 'N' Pepa, Roxanne Fly Shante, Sweet T and Jazzy Joyce and Sugar Sugar whose records disturb the sleazy checklist and send up the scumbags on the mike.

Hip-hop's abrasive futurism has forced its critics into all sorts of desperate positions. The most common criticism concerns the sexism of rap, stated as some kind of discovery, as if previous forms of pop — from the blues to rock then to funk, punk and beyond — were pure and untainted. On the face of things, the evidence is damning. There's Kool Moe Dee, the old school dick-master, whose recent hit 'Go See The Doctor' blamed women for the spread of venereal disease — "no wonder her ex-boyfriend Dave called her Mrs Microwave" — before it was taken up by the West German Government as part of its AIDS campaign. Then there's Doug E. Fresh's album track 'Abortion' which weighs in with all the subtlety of a born-again bigot — "You must be crazy to kill a new born baby, sitting on your ass, all day, so lazy".

But what about Fly Shante's 'Payback', Sweet T and Jazzy Joyce's 'It's My Beat' and Salt 'N' Pepa's critically acclaimed debut album 'Hot, Cool And Vicious'. Those people who are running scared of hip-hop and the unprecedented effect it's having on modern pop will have to think beyond the automatic cry of sexism. For every scumbag on the mike there's another chorus of Salt 'N' Pepa's 'Tramp' and the indestructible beat of the rap payback.

"On the first date he thought I was a dummy / He had the nerve to tell me he loved me / But, of course, I knew it was a lie y'all / He undressed me with his eyeball / So I dissed him. I said 'You're a sucker / Get your dirty mind out of the

gutter'."

Salt 'N' Pepa, 'Tramp' (Next Plateau)

'Tramp' has been a long time coming. Every time LL Cool J thinks the shimmer of his Fila suit and the shudder inside his trousers is the kind of chemistry that reduces girls to helpless lust, there will always be the chant of 'Tramp'. By rapping against a back-cloth woven from the threads of Otis Reading and Carla Thomas's Stax hit 'Tramp', Salt 'N' Pepa are an irritating buzz in the collective ear of the homeboys. For Salt, 20 year old Cheryl James from Queens, 'Tramp' sums up her attitude to all the Mr Big Stuffs who cruise the burger-bars on Hollis Boulevard.

"'Tramp' is about guys who try to get over on girls. The majority of men do, so whether they like it or not, the majority of men are tramps. Almost every girl has experienced a tramp. One time is enough, if you're attracted to them over and over again, you deserve all you get. The really insecure guys hate the record, but you get others that love it.

For her friend and fellow rapper, Pepa, the record "is just a street truth". Pepa, 22 year old Sandra Denton, "lovable and huggable like Yogi The Bear", moved to Queens from her native Jamaica at the age of eight. Apart from her own boyfriend Markie D of the Fat Boys, who it seems is above crimes of a carnal kind, Pepa has a low opinion of the male libido.

"Most men look at your physical composition and make their judgements on that. They want to get into your pants never your mind. They say they want to get to know the real you but their hands are already half-way up your sweater."

It would seem that the Tramp factor is an American way of life. From the loose-lipped dudes who "treat all women like prostitutes" to the smooth operators who can undo a bra-strap at 40 yards, the streets of New York are apparently swarming with chancers, romancers and bad boys on the Fallopian make. But is it always one way sexual traffic? What about the notorious fly-girls of hip-hop legend? Sweet T and Jazzy Joyce butt in, speaking special delivery, "We're not fly girls, flies are attracted to shit."

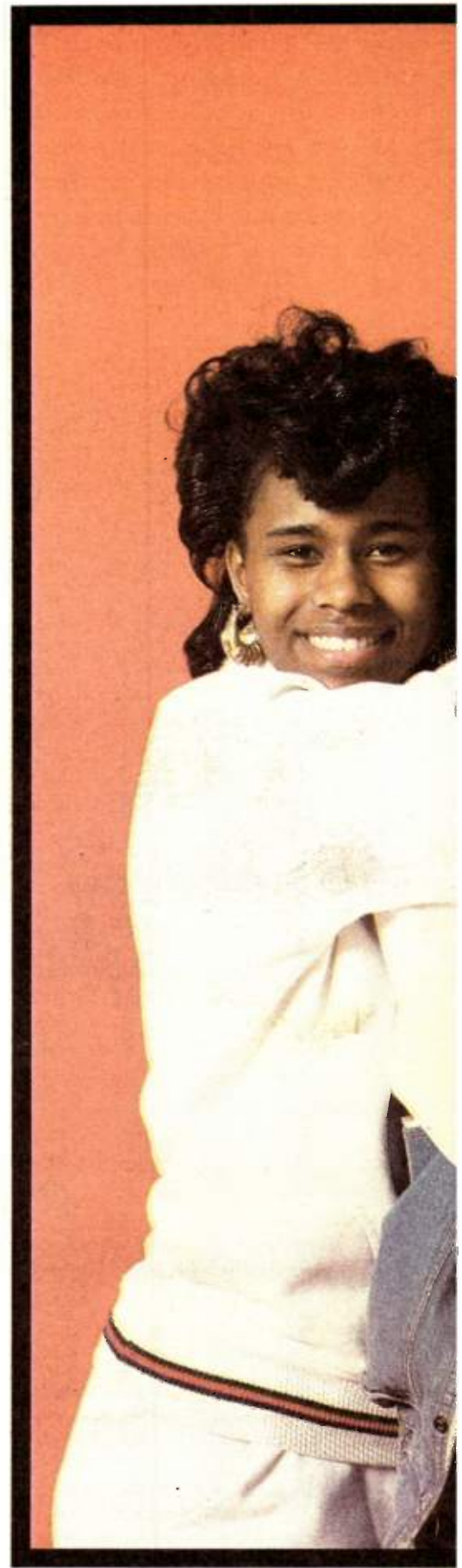
These ladies annihilate tramps, nobody gets the better of girl rappers unless he happens to be their producer.

SPECTRE OF RAP

"It's rocker's time in the place tonight / Salt 'N' Pepa's just commandeered the mike / Hurly the producer: ain't no joke / He'll always make sure the beats are dope / On stage, I'm a terror, mascara don't smear / Stockings don't run and men don't dare."
Salt 'N' Pepa, 'It's All Right' (Next Plateau)

If pop music continually re-invents itself, then the emergence of Salt 'N' Pepa and Sweet T and Jazzy Joyce harks back to the girl groups of the early '60s and to the triumph of quality froth. DJ Spinderella — "I'm a real corny person. My dreams are simple, the average American dream" — even sounds like on the The Crystals. The comparison between girl rappers and the be-my-babies of the early '60s not only hinges on an upbeat girl sound and first (c)lass lyricism but on the controlling influence of an omniscient producer.

Hurby 'Love Bug' Azor is the Phil Spector of hip-hop. He's a razor sharp musical manipulator with a finely tuned ear for the disposability of pop, the only producer who could invent Dah-Doo-Rap-Rap and get away with it. His trademark could never be called a wall of sound,



Dumping the cl

there are too many gaps, spaces and hip-hop hold-ups. This time pop has been re-invented in a dislocated form as a grill of sound: the use of found music, re-activated beats and studio tape-loops acting as a recurring pattern, and a way through the rhymes.

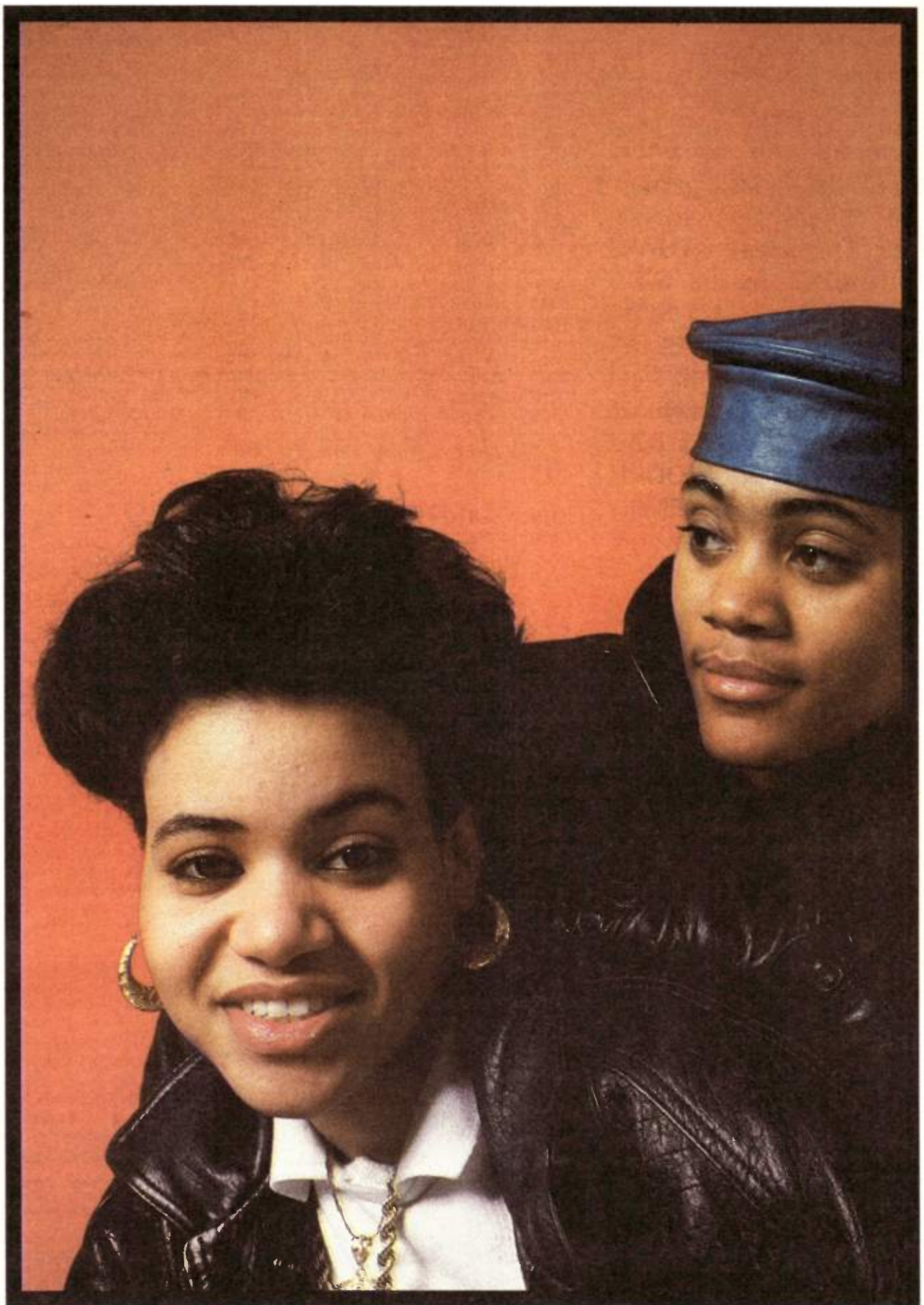
From the vantage point of the present, the connections between Phil Spector's girl groups and Hurby Love Bug's girl rappers are blurred by hip-hop's controversial underground image. The sound of scratch still jams too many public codes to have the universality of real pop, but in 20 years time, when the dust has settled, and time heals wounded careers, Darlene Love will sound suspiciously like The Real Roxanne and Salt 'N' Pepa will rival The Ronnettes.

Salt 'N' Pepa's image as the positive role models of rap, the ladies who stamp on tramps, is obscured by their producer. He discovered their potential when all

OFF THE WHEELS



ps — Sweet T and Jazzy Joyce



Stamping the tramps — Salt with Spinderella

three were working part-time in the Sears-Roebuck Department Stores. He managed to convince them to help him with a project on his degree course in Media and Communications. The result was the record 'Showstopper', an answer to the Doug E. Fresh hit 'The Show', which they recorded under the pseudonym Supernature and busked on to the independent Pop Art label — "Everybody got 'A's and it ended up going Top 20 in the Billboard Charts". From there, Hurby gave Salt 'N' Pepa their name, he arranges their music, he comes up with most of their ideas and he even choreographs their show.

In the case of Sweet T and Jazzy Joyce, neither knew the other prior to recording 'It's My Beat'. Hurby brought them together. He probably promised to make them stars. What space is left for girl control when Hurby's rocking the house? Is he a producer of another paragraph in the history of the musical svengali?

According to Salt, "he does do a lot but we wouldn't have it any other way. He's good, very good. He always has the final say but we trust him because none of his ideas have turned bad on us. Always remember he took us from boring jobs and made us into performers. The more we go forward the less control he puts on us. We're beginning to choreograph our own shows now, we're writing a lot of rhymes, there's much more freedom now."

As DJ Spinderella openly admits, Hurby even chose her name, and this girl, baptized by a boy, hated the name.

"We didn't like it at first, we thought nobody would pick up on it because it was too close to Cinderella. I hated saying the name because I thought people would laugh at me. But it's amazing how people cling to it: it's so popular."

Spinderella, a former teaching assistant who studies dance at the famous Alvin

Ailey Academy, was vociferously supported by Salt.

"I told him outright it was a corny name. 'Let her be Latoya, her name's Latoya, it's a lovely name'. But Hurby insisted and he was probably right. I think I've been brainwashed by it. I hated it at first, now I think it's one of the cleverest names you could have."

Hurby Love Bug's creative acumen and uncanny sense of what will become familiar and pop is at the basis of their success. As a producer he has stamped an identity, a kind of stupid fresh *auterism*, that's relatively rare in hip-hop. In an inordinately short time, he has masterminded 'Hot, Cool And Vicious', Salt 'N' Pepa's debut album — currently the fastest selling import on sale in Britain — and possibly the best debut in the entire 10 years of hip-hop. It may not rival Phil Spector's 'Christmas Album' — there are no sleigh bells, yuletide sentiments and

instrumental unisons — but 'Hot, Cool And Vicious' has a similar pop aggression and the same instant love of hook-lines. From the go-go back seat of 'I'll Take Your Man' to the soft-reggae tempo of 'It's All Right' and the '60s R&B texture of 'Tramp', there is an identifiable craving for the 'hook' and the 'hit', those metaphors that turn pop into *narcomania* and the addictive beat.

US GIRLS CAN BOOGIE TOO

"Here we gonna rock like you like / Spinderella's on the mix, Salt 'N' Pepa's on the mike / And we can satisfy your desires / We can make your body perspire / Make the men all want to get with it / Then take them down to the ultimate / Spinderella's not a fella, she's a girl DJ." Salt 'N' Pepa 'Beauty And The Beat'

(Next Plateau)

CONTINUES OVER

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

Girl rappers have had a quiet and partially suppressed role within the overpoweringly male history of hip-hop. Since the scene's early days, when Cheryl The Pearl led Sequence into the machiavellian clutches of Sylvia Robinson's SugarHill Records and recorded 'Funky Sound' – the disorientating rap version of Parliament's 'Give Up The Funk (Tear The Roof Off The Sucker)' – girl rappers have come and gone. They never stayed the course, drifting in and out of a scene that seems to thrive on maleness. There was Lisa Lee, Sha Rock, Sparky Dee, US Girls and the Almighty Pebbly Poo. But it's only with the advent of the new school and the more open access afforded by hip-hop's second generation that girls have come to the fore and hung around.

For Toi Jackson (Sweet T), a 22 year old from the new school heartlands in Queens, rap has been an obsession since her teenage days at Bayside High School. She sees her performance with DJ Jazzy Joyce as a statement in itself.

"Having a girl rapper and another girl on the wheels is a much stronger statement. It's expected that the DJ will be a guy, so it had to be a girl and nobody was going to talk me out of it."

When they teamed up as Sweet T and

Jazzy Joyce, both had worked with legendary male mixers, Davy DMX and The Whiz Kid respectively, but Joyce has broken out of those shadows to excel in a skill that's jealously guarded by its male emperors. Her favourite pastime is scraping fellas off the wheels.

"DJs doubt your ability and your credibility when you're a girl. I've proved them wrong 99 per cent of the time and the other one per cent were mistakes I made in front of people who already respected me anyway. There's no point in sulking or wasting time with verbal arguments, just go out there in front of an audience of guys and prove you can mix it."

Jazzy Joyce has developed her mixing skills through constant practice in her bedroom in Burke Avenue in the Bronx, graduating through the ranks to a famous victory at a 1985 New Music Seminar against Wanda Dee and a visit to England where she appeared on stage with Whiz Kid and Afrika Bambaataa at The Shaw Theatre. Joyce can confidently claim to be at the forefront of mixing, able to compete on equal terms with the first division male DJs and capable of displaying the latest DJ skills such as transformer mixing and muppet scratching. She even ridicules the narcissism that lies behind the most

flamboyant gimmicks loathing the male DJs who have resorted to using everything, including the kitchen sink, in an effort to wrench mixing from artistry to freak-show.

"Mixing with kitchen-sinks, sneakers and chair legs: What's that all about? That's just trick-show stuff, it doesn't reflect any real skill, it's just another way of getting noticed. Anyone can pick up a chair put it on the turntables and go wuga-wuga. It looks good to outsiders and probably helps the mixer's ego but it's just a cheap gimmick it lowers that status of real DJ skills."

The rise of a powerful generation of girl rappers has predictably damaged egos and left some very famous hip-hop stars grasping at the past and searching for an explanation. When the future is scratched up, it's usually the dead ideologies of the past that get swept aside. Salt sees hip-hop as a scene littered with memory of defeated males, men whose self-image has been burnt to a cinder by the heat of the girl MCs. And when "Salt's in the house: hell's in session".

"With female rappers you have a really hard time establishing yourself. Most people hate female rappers. They have high pitched voices and irritates men's

ears. But we've worked hard to build our own style. We're accepted now. But that was a hard struggle. Our manager, our record label and other male rappers used to say, 'Oh they're cute. Watch them make one record and disappear'. And the old school rappers have really resented our success. They feel passed over, like time's against them. They can't work out why girls are doing it better."

THE CAGED BIRD SINGS

It would be premature to claim that the rise of a new generation of girl rappers is the dawn of kangol liberation, hip-hop feminism and the advent of *fresh crèche* values. Most of the girls are motivated by personal determination rather than consciousness, if girl rap has an ideology it's the *politics of sass*; the same impudent wit and no-bullshit attitude that made Janet Jackson's 'Control' such a forceful statement of modern femininity.

Salt 'N' Pepa's 'Hot, Cool And Vicious' contains two tracks – 'Chick On The Side' and 'I'll Take Your Man' – which fly in the face of conventional feminism. 'Chick On The Side' is a rap in the bitch tradition of Millie Jackson, a rude girl wind-up in which a man is taunted about his girlfriend's bit on the side. As the title implies, 'I'll Take Your Man' is a love-bandit rap which steals from Parliament's funk hit 'Flashlight (Neon Light)' as Salt 'N' Pepa plan to cheat on some sucker gals and rob them of their sexual property. Even although it's the man who's reduced to a sensual carcass, a bit of flesh to be felt up then ditched, 'I'll Take Your Man' is hardly the stuff of right-on sisterhood. Salt claims full responsibility.

"'I'll Take Your Man' was my idea, I came up with the concept. It turned out to be a bit controversial. Some black women's associations didn't want it played on prime-time radio. It was only played for a week and was taken off the air. They phoned our record company and said they felt it discriminated against women and was a negative record for black women to be singing. It didn't bother me. The rhymes were good and every rhyme explained why I'm gonna take your man."

Black women's groups have been more supportive of 'Tramp' and another new school rap release, 'Evolution' by The Juice Crew All Stars (*Cold Chillin'*) which has MC Debby Dee rapping in the persona of Harriet Tubman, the black cotton-picker turned railway worker and black activist, and MC Glamorous rapping in the persona of the singer, novelist and black feminist Maya Angelou, author of the autobiographical novel *I Know Why The Caged Bird Sings*.

MC Glamorous tells the story of Angelou from her birth in St. Louis to the traumatic nights when she was raped by her step-father, then her journey from job to job leading eventually to a career as a singer and a black radical in the '60s. The rap is an archaeology of black history which ends: "Judging by the book or what you know / Or what you heard from Maya Angelou / Now I've told you all these things / You should know why the caged bird sings".

Most girl rappers occupy a different space, one step removed from the more respectful roots of feminism and black history. Politics are bypassed in favour of hip-hop's sidewalk *attitude*, the art of survival and smart talk in a land where the tongue has turned terrorist. Girl rap offers no coherent view of women or their social role, just a dancehall tremor with Salt 'N' Pepa on the mike and DJ Spinderella scraping fellas off the wheels of steel. Their greatest achievement is a vinyl declaration, a stone-hard album which works as an impudent revenge on tramp rappers. Somewhere in the middle of their song 'I Desire' is the official statement of all girl DJs. No longer content to be objects on the starry-eyed end of romance you can almost see the lips of manhood coming to a stuttering stop: "We're on a mission: dissing opposition / Sucker MCs it's my butt your kissing".

'Women Writin' Rappin' Breakin' by Nancy Guevara will be published in *The Year Left 2* by Verso Paperbacks on April 3. Salt 'N' Pepa's 'My Mike Sounds Nice' and Sweet T and Jazzy Joyce's 'It's My Beat' are available in Britain on Champion Records.

TO-NIGHT AT
NINE ON CHANNEL
FOUR A MUS-I-CAL
ABOUT SNOO-KER

Goodness gracious great balls of
ivory! Billy the Kid is only 17, but
he might just be the best snooker
player the world has ever seen.

Maxwell Randall

is seven times World Champion and
is dying to get his teeth into him.
What will happen when the Cham-
pion Vampire meets the Cowboy
Challenger?

FILM ON 4 BILLY THE KID AND THE GREEN BAIZE VAMPIRE

Staying out after dark

Easy-listening English Rose VIRGINIA ASTLEY has been exploring darker avenues of late, as LUCY O'BRIEN discovered. Picture: A J BARRATT

It's never easy when you're left holding the baby. Especially (as is usually the case) if you're a woman. It was two months into her pregnancy, just as Virginia Astley began recording an album with Riuichi Sakamoto, a long term admirer of her Rough Trade creations, when her lover, an orchestral pianist, left. She nearly gave up, intending to shelve recording until after the baby was born, yet somehow carried on.

'Hope In A Darkened Heart' is a testament to that time, an accompaniment to problems and pain (the birth of her baby coinciding with the release of the LP). Resounding with bitterness, the sharp pang of loss, grief and fresh understanding, 'Hope...' is no mere schoolgirl wander through a summer meadow. She sings sweetly, and *Merry Christmas* 'muzak' master Sakamoto arranges beautifully, but the complexities of sadness and longing give weight to an album too easily written off as melodic meandering.

'Hope...' expresses the flicker left in the aftermath of a broken relationship, when the blackness begins to clear. The songs emphasise certain facets of love, from expectation to disappointment: 'A Father', for instance, "says that it's not a blood thing, a relationship isn't automatically there just because you're the father; relationships have to grow and develop". There's the condemnation of deceitful blue eyes on 'So Like Dorian', the percussive bite and tinkle of 'Charm', self-criticism and compromise in "the pure indulgent fantasy" of 'Tree-Top Club', and a final recognition that 'Darkness Has Reached It's End'.

Virginia has always used her emotional strength. From 'Gardens Where We Feel Secure', an exploration of English childhood nostalgia, to the eccentric classically-orientated female trio Ravishing Beauties, to poetic collaborations with Anne Clark and Richard Jobson, to this latest album, she has worked primarily with the piano to transfer intuitive feeling into music.

Difficulties, when Florence was born last November, did not come to an end. "After I had her, everything paled in comparison. I felt in a daze, couldn't concentrate, couldn't write, couldn't adjust to my old life. My equilibrium was up and down, I was overtired – it's torture going to sleep and being woken up for nights on end. You never catch up".

The baby books didn't tell her that labour would be so painful (Virginia eventually gave birth by Caesarean-section), she'd warn her friends never to have children, that she'd be continually exhausted, that her hands would ache from continually carrying around 15 pounds.

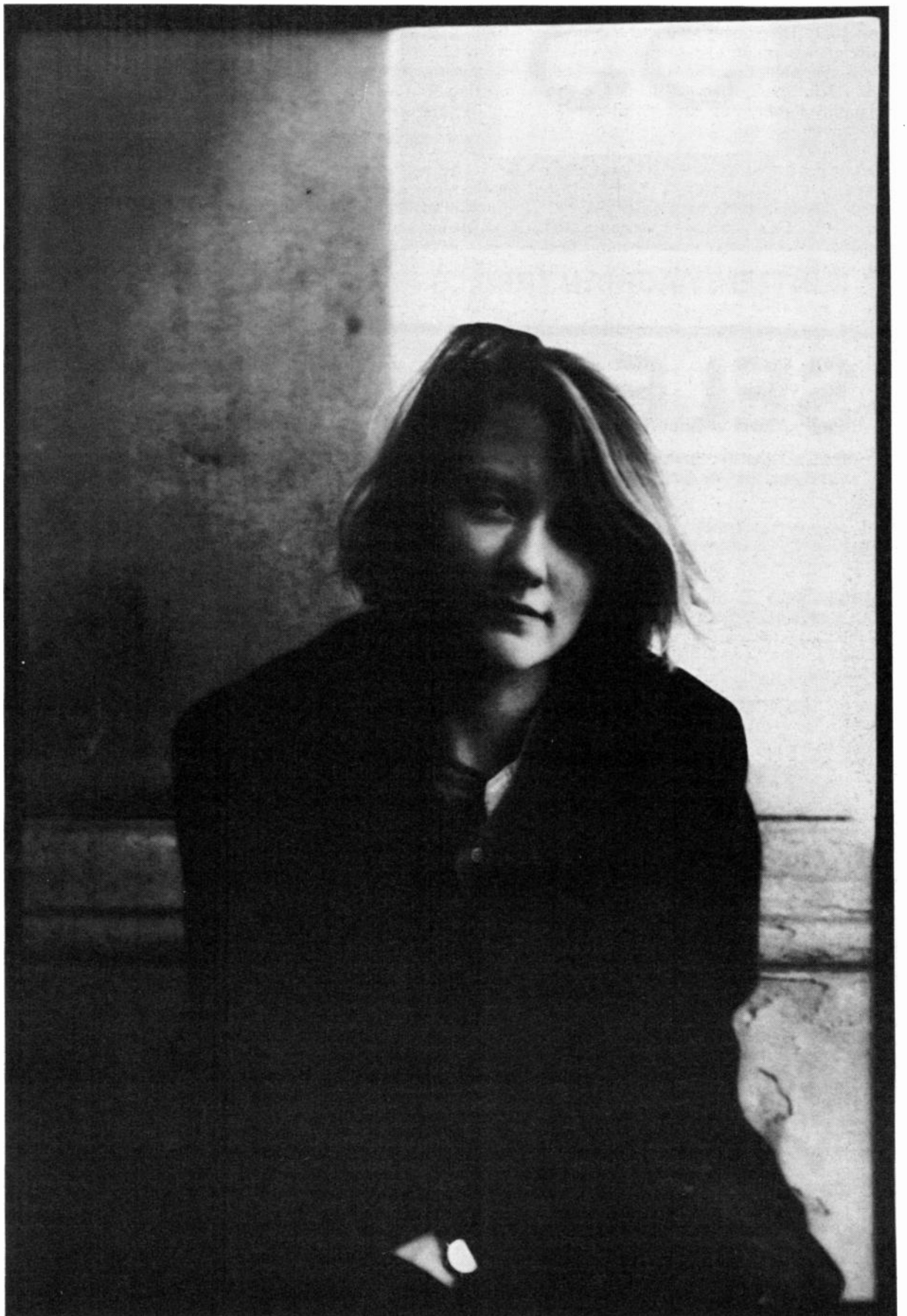
"It's like women want to forget, and don't pass information on, don't say 'it's awful'. The physical aspect is glossed over in myths like 'nature will take care of itself', 'love and bonding will flow instantaneously'. I think nature's really hopeless, 'cos the progesterone that gives you a sense of well-being during pregnancy drains away straight after the birth and you feel like shit". The baby is, of course, worth it.

It's taken guts for Virginia to go through the Caesarean, encounter the first months of panic on her own, and produce a record – considerations that peel away the long encrusted image of a twee, precious, giggly girl.

Always having to deflect her critics, Virginia has still to some extent played into their hands, relying on easily flowing melodic pieces to convey lyrics that, however bitter, have, to an inattentive listener, no greater impact than a sepia wash. 'Hope...' though, shows stonier glints, suggestions of her resolve to investigate harder, faster, more complicated rhythms, to sample fairground or barrel organ music, to record people telling stories, to document legends that, in the late 20th century, are dying out. She is looking to weave in Irish, folk and country traditions, scatter the soporific 'English' image, and collaborate with less contemplative musicians like Feargal Sharkey.

Her former 'muzak' smoothness was at times difficult to stomach. Though vilified by a generation accustomed to direct thrash and declarative rock 'n' roll surges, 'muzak' itself still operates at a powerful subliminal level. 'Muzak's' force is in its ability to infiltrate, to slide in and out of pockets, to fill vacuums – to sometimes be oddly threatening.

Philip Glass, Brian Eno, Vini Reilly, Sakamoto and Sylvian (singing on Virginia's current single 'Some Small Hope') are names linked with that expansive category of 'aural wallpaper'; music well-suited to film soundtracks, setting the scene, invading a room, an atmosphere. Each has been accorded his due, musicians of experimentation, cultivating classical influences within a modern style. Each that is, apart from Virginia Astley. Now emerging as a foremost female composer, it is unfair that her writing has been



Virginia leaves behind the 'schoolgirlisms' to emerge as a leading female composer

relegated to Guildhall "schoolgirlisms", trivialised as doodles. The male towers of New Age Music have not been so easily dismissed.

Maybe Virginia's wistful edge was a deliberate attempt to distance herself from her father, Ted Astley, a jazz musician who composed such TV thriller theme greats as *The Prisoner*, *Randall And Hopkirk* and *The Saint*. His compulsive action soundtracks could not be further from her reflective compositions. But, acknowledging a fascination with film soundtracking, Virginia's now developing into the visual medium on her own terms and has several Channel 4 films already under her belt.

"I'd like to soundtrack a major atmospheric film, so you can sit in a

cinema and become completely engrossed; the music should be loud, a focal point of the film rather than just background – like in *Room With A View*, *Merry Christmas* *Mr Lawrence*, or the frantic speeding up in *Koyannisquatsi*". She is also interested in music therapy, seeing (in therapy classes) how responsive children are to music, how it surrounds them, calms or excites them, how it dictates a mood.

It's hard being left holding the baby, hard when it's gone to sleep at night and there's no adult person to talk to. Is it true that a baby can replace a lover?

"In a way, yes. Often a husband or

boyfriend feels very left out after a baby's born, because the relationship between mother and child is so intense there isn't room for anyone else. I realised I was lucky being on my own when a mother said to me 'I pretty much look after my baby myself, but my husband does try to help – he'll hold it while I make myself a cup of tea'. I thought, my god, she's grateful for it. That's sad. It'd be infinitely harder having a relationship with someone demanding like a child himself, a man who expects everything including a meal on the table at six and sex every night".

Maybe aloneness isn't so bad. It fuels the thoughts and activates inspiration; the hope in a growing heart.

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EDITED BY ADRIAN THRILLS

SELECT

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

U2

The Joshua Tree (Island)

THE JOSHUA Tree will prove a better and braver record than anything else likely to appear in 1987. (John McCready)

SIMPLY RED

Men And Women (WEA)

SIMPLY RED have grown together to become one of the mainstream's most convincing and accomplished bands. (Alan Jackson)

NYAH FEARTIES

A Tasty Heidfu' (LYT)

NYAH FEARTIES are about as well as being from Scotland, turning national identity into a savagely humorous theme. (Stuart Cosgrove)

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

Through The Looking Glass (Polydor)

WITH THIS 'Pin Ups' style collection of tour bus faves, the Banshees have made their first good LP in five years. (David Swift)

THE MEKONS

Honky Tonkin' (Sin)

NOW A NINE-piece, The Mekons are the vanguard of "garage folk", playing roots music with respect and irreverence in equal measures. (Terry Staunton)

BIZ MARKIE AND THE INHUMAN ORCHESTRA

Make The Music With Your Mouth (Prism import)

THIS IS stupid fresh extended into raving insanity. You get a sense of rap's self-mocking comedy. (Stuart Cosgrove)

BUTTHOLE SURFERS

Locust Abortion Technician (Blast First)

IF YOUR taste is for the unusual, the exciting and the dangerous, then come on down! (Edwin Pouncey)

VARIOUS

Atlantic Blues (Atlantic boxed set)

EIGHT PLATTERS of odds 'n' sods from the greatest record company of them all and probably just enough nuggets of gold to warrant mining the seam. (Barney Hoskyns)

THE RAILWAY CHILDREN

Reunion Wilderness (Factory)

SEVEN SONGS born and bred in the north. A fine pop postcard from the heart. (Terry Staunton)

THE MARINE GIRLS

Beach Party (Cherry Red re-issue)

THE PERFECT female counterpart to the Buzzcocks' 'Singles Going Steady', with its bittersweet songs of love and rejection. (The Legend!)

ARTHUR RUSSELL

World Of Echo (Rough Trade)

ARTHUR RUSSELL is the elusive New York dance boffin behind Dinosaur L's 'Go Bang', and who's turning up left, right and way-off-centre on tracks like Indian Ocean's 'Schoolbells Treehouse' and Lola's 'Wax the Van'. He surfaced (if that's the word) on Rough Trade last year with the thoroughly disorientating 'Let's Go Swimming', a dizzying maelstrom of organ, percussion, whispy vocals and the very soupiest of Can.

'World Of Echo' contains versions of some of Russell's golden greats, but the catch is that they're virtually unrecognisable (and since my copy's a white label, unidentifiable too, there no being no apparent relation

between the record and the running order listed on the sleeve). All 14 tracks (or 13? or 17? or just one?) feature the boy and his cello, occasional splashes of tabla percussion, and plenty echo.

The cello is sometimes black-board-scraping harsh, but mostly pops, buzzes and bounces off the echo, while Russell's airy, slurry vocals make it well nigh impossible to make any shape out of his lyrics. The effect is almost like a chilly version of John Martyn at his spiciest. At times, 'World Of Echo' is more alienating than seductive; it's fun watching the patterns change, but you sometimes get tired waiting for something to happen.

Jonathan Romney

ALISON MOYET
Raindancing (CBS)WE'RE ALL fools for it, to a greater or lesser extent, but old Alf seems particularly prone to excesses of *amour*. If rain is the love force, the waters of renewal and growth, she's not just splashing around in it – she's doing the full-scale Gene Kelly number, minus the brolly. And therein lies the problem. Some of the abundant bounty of the heavens seems to have settled on her brain temporarily: 'Raindancing' has its moments, but it's also got a bad case of rising damp.

The special quality in Moyet's voice is a natural expression of sensuality. She's wrapped up in it, held rapt by it. It's almost as if she doesn't connect with the wider world – her concerns are all inter-personal, inward-looking. And this can be both a strength and a weakness. When she's let loose on good material, she achieves a directness, an intensity, that most other women pop singers can only ape through the tricks of the trade.

This is the element in her singing that makes you feel the pain of rejection on 'Invisible' and which highlights the addictive power of sex as a distraction from a dull routine on 'Love Resurrection'. It's also the element that lets her down when she records one too many sub-standard love/sex/relationship songs – you wish she'd leave the house and discover the outside world.

And so, when she rescues Floy Joy's 'Weak In The Presence Of Beauty' from its nearly-a-hit status, she's on firm ground because it's a song worth singing – its pop format and lyrical terrain are exactly right for her. You can hear why she chose it – Alf's entirely believable fancying the guy so much that her legs are in danger of giving way beneath her. The album's first single lift, 'Is This Love', works for the same reasons – she's on her favourite territory, and her voice is loaded with knowledge and anticipation. And 'Stay', which should be the next single, completes a strong trio of victim-of-love songs.

But what's disappointing about 'Raindancing' is how often the material falls below the standard of the 45s. There's a dull and dated, oddly *English* sound to too many of the other songs, most of which Moyet has had a hand in writing. 'When I Say No' comes over like Kirsty MacColl on helium, its chirpy, High Street sensibility grafted on to the kind of roller disco production Richard Perry gives The Pointer Sisters when he's running out of time and enthusiasm. Similarly 'Blow Wind Blow' and 'Sleep Like Breathing' (one she's not responsible for penning), both from the tortoise end of the speed spectrum, are too slight to bear the heavy, reverential readings they're given here.

'Raindancing' disappoints – maybe it's that difficult-third-album scenario come one set too soon, or maybe it's that Alf needs to become a sharper critic of her own songwriting powers. Ian MacAskill might even blather about troughs of depression following on from ridges of high pressure.

Whatever the explanation, 'Raindancing' highlights the need for a change of strategy in the Moyet camp. Three fully-successful songs out of ten aren't all Alf's capable of, but you definitely need your wellies if you're intending to join her on this dancefloor.

Alan Jackson

SQUIRREL BAIT
Skag Heaven (Homestead)

AW . . . NUTS! Just as this particular branch of youth of America were getting warmed up they've turned the heat off for keeps. Squirrel Bait have reportedly split asunder, internal squabbling being the rumoured reason for tearing apart.

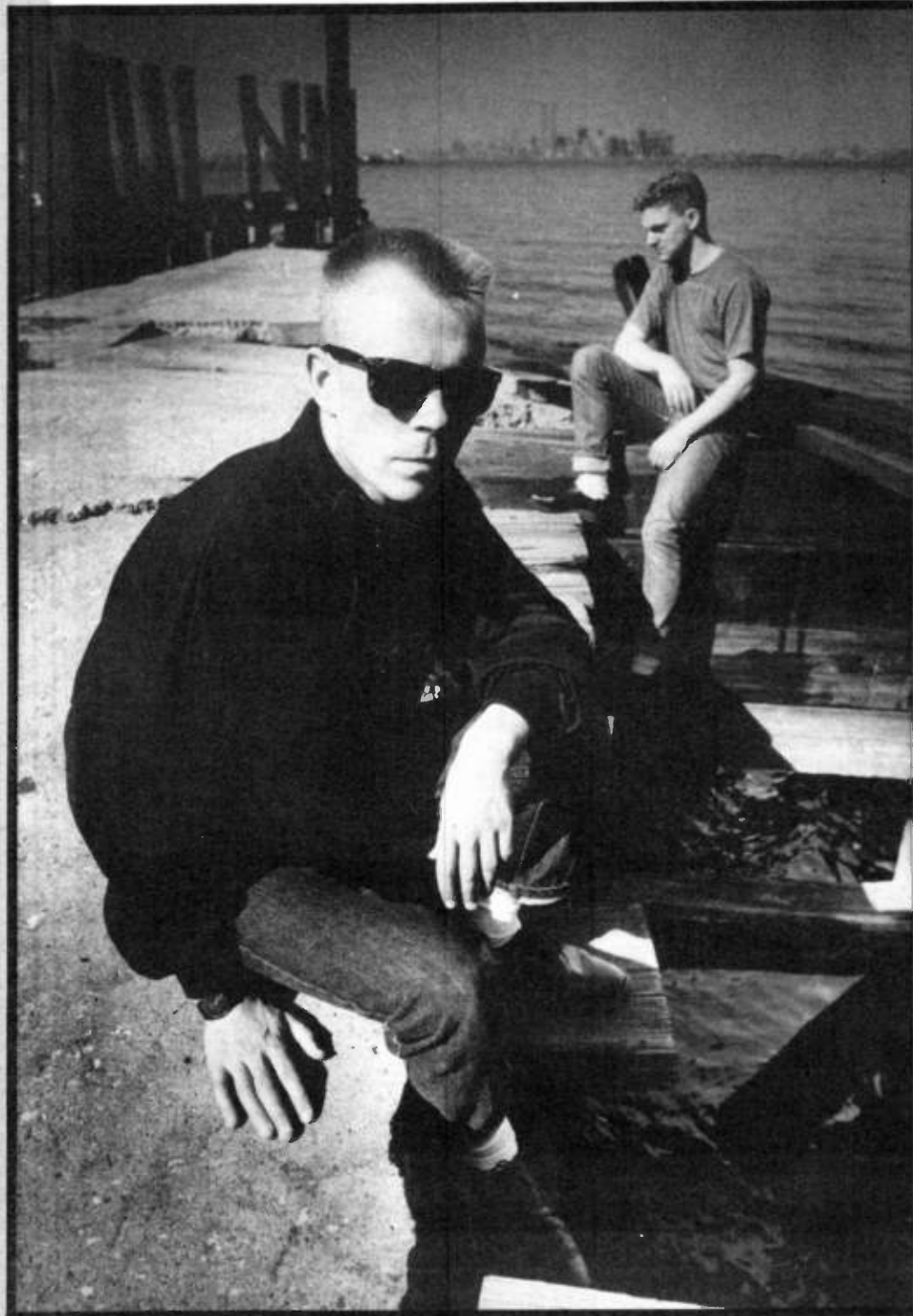
Kentucky's youngest bolt out of the blue first struck in 1982. Five years on and they're still crackling with enough power to send you either reeling or squealing. First temptation is to

shoo Squirrel Bait up the same tree as Husker Dü. Stuff like 'Kick The Kat' and 'Kid Dynamite' certainly sound like early SST styled Husker power drive. . . Plus, Bob Mould had a hand in producing their first effort, a chore he apparently looks back on with a certain pride.

On 'Skag Heaven' the screwy Squirrels are left to their own devices, preaching what they practised with Brother Bob as well as carving a few notches of their own into what sound more like the recoil of a primitive weapon than a mere record.

My main moan is that there just not enough of this racket. No sooner are they coming in the boil when the record's over and the needle is nudging into the label. Its grooves are also cursed with a sense of unfulfilled promise. They deliver, but maybe only half the dream they started out with originally. The enthusiasm that did get recorded however is a joy to listen to and here's hoping that the separated Squirrels will have more treats in store. Come out of hibernation soon fellas!

Edwin Pouncey



Send in the clowns – Vince and Andy

MEN MACHINE

ERASURE

The Circus (Mute)

IF THERE was such a thing as a perfect pop formula for the late 1980s then Vince Clarke and Andy Bell would own the copyright.

Erasure is a balance of two; of voice and instruments, of tune and torment (so many departing lovers), of sugar and spite and all things currently acceptable. Erasure know their way around the familiar radio-friendly structures. They are sweet, without sounding like Nick Kamen and spiteful without spitting like the Redskins.

They speak of AIDS and sing of factory shut-downs and shame-free sexuality with unquestionable conviction. Vince Clarke has now perfected his pin-sharp sequenced music-box melodies so that only the dirty needle on your record player can spoil things. Andy Bell has a voice which, apart from the understandable Moyet comparisons, is a sturdy and reliable if a little inflexible.

'The Circus' is full of these things. It's also full of songs about bathrooms and doors and floors and callous bedmates who leave to the tune of 500 tinkling toys topped up with fresh batteries. There are dance beats and ballads. There is honesty, application and a simple desire to please.

But there is precious little warmth. 'The Circus' is admirable. It is commendable. It has its

heart in the right place and yet its emotional needles never stray into the red. When pop becomes part of the future curriculum, as surely must, teachers will bid their student study the sound of Erasure making textbook pop which, despite lines which are muckily human and often embarrassingly adolescent, is clean as a whistle; a lump-free custard of old values and new techniques which *Top Of The Pops* can and will swallow on a regular basis.

Not that there's anything wrong with being pop group or appearing on television (because there isn't), but Erasure need to roughen up touch. The reliance on well-behaved synthetic sounds which ricochet from speaker to speaker seems to be the greatest problem, though that's never stopped Kraftwerk from making me cry. Perhaps Clarke needs to get out a bit more. Maybe he should hit the town with Andy on night. For too much time in darkened, windowless rooms with only little red lights and dials and switches for company makes Vince a dull and obsessive boy.

Still, 'The Circus' is some kind of achievement. For him, it's the clearest realisation of a personal pop vision in which humans sing and he just presses buttons. Erasure add this to all the other things we've talked about and come up with something which, on paper, sounds as if it might work. On record it doesn't.

John McCready

THE SYSTEM

Don't Disturb This Groove (Atlantic)

NEW YORK studio-soul duo The System may well wish that their stunning 1982 debut, the seminal 'You Are In My System', hadn't created such a stir. Despite serving up several dance-floor-filling platters of reliable quality, their subsequent output hasn't quite fulfilled that substantial early promise. Until now, that is. 'Don't Disturb This Groove' is as powerful and insistent a dance track as you'll hear all year. The instrumental version is even better, thanks to the absence of the unbelievably banal lyrics ("You'll realize a book's more than the cover" — deep stuff, eh?).

The System aim for the feet, however, not the head. Every track conforms to a fairly predictable electro-soul dance formula — big swathes of keyboard, that hypnotic ever-present beat, and occasional additions of funky guitar and horns. Mic Murphy and David Frank are much more than modern rhythm-masters, though. Tracks like the infectious 'Soul Boy' show that they've also got a good ear for a catchy tune, and this album could easily make the crossover into the pop charts.

Denis Campbell



Rev Al.

AL GREEN

Soul Survivor (A&M)

THE LORD works in mysterious ways, and so, it seems, does his faithful servant the very Reverend Al Green. One of the best pieces on this record is 'So Real To Me', which wumps along drunken and flirtatious, very much in the spirit of Green's vintage Hi recordings. And then it fades out after a mere 50 seconds. Stranger still, it's followed by 28 seconds of the title track, before your stylus shimmies onto the lead-out groove and you flip over to find that the full 'Soul Survivor' is the sort of rapid battery-farmed production that Al Green, of all people, should be having no truck with (and the same goes for its mildewed chestnut of a title).

It's one of two tracks written and produced by Eban Kelly and Jimi Randolph, along with the opening 'Everything's Gonna Be Alright'. The electronic arrangements on the latter are bland enough for Al Jarreau, totally diluting the song's message of deliverance, and Green accordingly gives an uncharacteristically muted performance.

It's a comedown after the reunion with Willie Mitchell on 1985's 'Going Away', and although the Rev isn't by any means dependent on Mitchell to make fine records (the triumphant self-produced 'Belle Album' is proof of that), he should either take the reins himself (he's credited here as 'Executive Producer') or practice what he preaches on one of the songs: "shun evil companions". It's not all bad — Green is well on form on the robust 'Jesus Will Fix It' (beats Jimmy Saville any day), and on two tracks with the choir of his Full Gospel Tabernacle. There's a somewhat precious, but effective, 'Yield Not To Temptation' (the way his voice drops on the word 'reverence' is alone worth the price of admission), and a delirious arrangement of the 23rd Psalm, sounding indecently sinuous — Green is surely the most laid-



Yo! Hippest 50 year-old in DC!

CHUCK BE BUMPIN' FRESH

CHUCK BROWN AND THE SOUL SEARCHERS

Live '87 (Rhythm King)

BOOM! THAT elastic bass-drop kicks off side one and Chuck and the boys are off and running. Or maybe that should be jogging. Chuck Brown is 51 years young and two and a half hours on stage pumping out that relentless go-go groove takes stamina, so Chuck paces himself. The percussion takes the weight. Everything flows along, pitched somewhere between Trouble's super-powered thunder and Clinton's stretched-out space-funk. And then some...

For the past 25 years, Chuck Brown has stalked the board waiting this moment. Now that it's here, those years of listening, playing, absorbing are turned into a musical melting-pot that becomes a moveable feast of influences, half-re-

membered fragments and go-gofied reinvention. Chuck Brown recycles the beast. Takes it from the bridge to the Bronx and back. This record is four sides of sweat-stained alchemy as go-go's Godfather — Washington's stay-at-home journeyman — crosses the borders of taste, genre and history.

It's all here. From the laid back brass of Ellington's 'It Don't Mean A Thing' to the harsh urban slap of Grandmaster Flash's 'The Message'. That's the width of his broad canvas but the finished product is stamped with the personality of Chuck Brown alone — he invented all those signatures, from the clattering, non-stop percussive waves to the sweeping brass undertows. Everything falls under the thunder of that non-stop percussion; for four sides it propels the passing parade, sometimes *thwacking* down a stoked-up rhythm, sometimes ticking away like a

time bomb.

Before a hometown crew, who whoop and holler and answer every onstage chant, Chuck leads the band through his back pages. Not until 'We Need Some Money' at the end of side one does the brass come in — the rest is drums, bass and the man's gravel-throated vocals. The blues of 'Stormy Monday' melt into a jazzed-up interlude before that recurring *Boom!* bass signature signals a change of gear. A formula, sure, but by the time you're into the heart of this endless incitement, your ear starts picking out those little details, the twists and turns and sheer hypnotic power of this big band's interlocking groove.

Each side begins — and is fractured by — Chuck's constant call and-response audience dedications. 'Love Boat' tackles the demon dust — a drug that seems, somewhat unfairly, to be associated with

Washington's ghettos. 'Rumours' slips in and out of Timex Social Club territory and, somewhere in there, Doug E. Fresh gets his 'Show' stolen.

Sides three and four are, for me, the cream. Chuck dons his jazz-swing beret and the Leroy Fleming-led brass section move with consummate ease from Ellington to Woody Woodpecker via the goofed-up romance of 'Moody's Mood'. Finally, 'Harlem Nocturne' takes the swing to the limit before settling down into 'The Message'. On these last two sides, the beat fattens up into a heavy, heavy monster meltdown. Leroy finds space for a few soaring sax solos and the beefy jazz axis makes for some of the fiercest and finest music you'll hear from any cross-cultural exchange. Chuck Brown '87 — live and extremely dangerous!

Sean O'Hagan

back, most sensual preacher ever to warn against the primrose path.

Jonathan Romney



Anne Clark.

ANNE CLARK

Hopeless Cases (10)

WHATEVER HAPPENED to spoken word albums? Those lovely days when Johnny Gielgud would declaim away on sable vinyl about nothing very much and John Betjeman would witter on about even less. Now we have a youth inspired by the often delightful doodlings of The Invisible Girls and the frequently ace tinklybongs of old Patrick Fitzgerald, a young generation who cannot look at a sentence without rhyming it and setting it to music. Today's post-punk poets are frequently the equivalent of those vicars who could not see a Bible story without turning it into a Lionel Bart-styled calypso musical.

Anne Clark's record is no exception; electronic weirdies splunge and whoosh at every turn, pianos give it major Erik Satie, and you can even dance to bits of it. Anne herself chooses to declaim like mad; she never follows the rhythm of the language when she can chant the line, and she never says anything original when two words have been strung together by time's over-use for her. Her musical arrangement for Philip Larkin's 'This Be The Verse' (the one we all know because it starts "They fuck you up, your Mum and Dad") is sprightly and humorous, but her recital is flat, dull and insistently po-faced. They should only let Johnny Gielgud and Johnny Betjeman read out loud on records.

David Quantick

KALEIDOSCOPE

Tangerine Dream Faintly Blowing (5 Hours Back)

PSYCHEDELIC CLASSICS, and not hype this time. Yet few have even heard of, never mind heard, these records. The curse of the early '70's 'vinyl shortage' scam might account for that. A theory runs that, after a miniscule pressing, remaining copies of 'Tangerine Dream' and 'Faintly Blowing' were either lost in the bargain bins or melted down to become T. Rex wafer thin biscuits.

Only the loyal and the loony

regarded Kaleidoscope as worth keeping at the time until eventually, they slipped outta sight and finally out of mind. However, the collector's market saved Kaleidoscope from total oblivion. Both of these records in their original format are clocking up prices of £100, or more! Is this because of their supposed rarity or because they have something to offer musically? As all can now hear, the music is much more than an added bonus.

Kaleidoscope emerged from Harrow in a mist of hallucination, at a time when the world, and particularly England, was ripe for change. All eyes were on The Beatles or The Stones, every action was mimicked. Kaleidoscope took 'Strawberry Fields Forever' to heart, and then to art, to create two examples of pure Pre-Raphaelite rock. A brotherhood which would ultimately spill over into a further incarnation called Fairfield Parlour who produced only one available album during their limited time span.

'Faintly Blowing' is the one to really go for here if funds are low. It features 'Music', possibly the ultimate example of phased guitar crescendo yet recorded, where the zenith of Englishness runs smack into a melting concrete wall of sound. The kind of titbit that collectors of the curious would happily give their right arm for.

Thanks to this release a simi-

lar mutilation is called for, demanding only your ears as a suitable sacrifice.

Edwin Pouncey

THE HOLLOW MEN

Tales Of The Riverbank (Dead Man's Curve)

NESTLING GENTLY by the reeds at the side of the Riverbank there are two terrains, the countryside and the waterside; one is reflected in the other. The Hollow Men take from both. The flowering cyclic guitar turns shimmering in the heat, the lacklustre languid vocals melt softly in the haze. 'Tales Of The Riverbank' could loosely be termed 'countryside surfing punk' with its resonating guitars and tantalising traces of melody through endlessly repeated riffs. The Hollow Men are not relentless enough to completely succeed in the repetition they choose, however, except on a few isolated occasions.

The fuzzy Mary Chain-ish 'Jigsaw Man' and the acoustically ambient 'Phillip' and 'Waterfall' are superb, but too often it seems that The Hollow Men are too concerned with trying to achieve as many different sounds as cheaply as possible at the expense of the music. 'Tales Of The Riverbank' is a promising opening; pleasantly ordinary songs suffering from too polite a production.

The Legend!

PENGUIN CAFE ORCHESTRA

Signs Of Life (EG Editions)

ART-WOMAN says: their best was their first. I think I'd say: wait till you hear their fourth before you decide. A declining spiral, from First Up Brilliant Idea jumped on by brainy cash-in artist Brian Eno, down towards more of the same and more of the same and finally ambient classical pop, or some such mildly attractive dull idea. But Simon Jeffes' elaborate avoidance of sense of outer purpose, motion or direction builds towards a sudden gulping drop into a realm of pure sensual pleasure, and the kind of heightened listening where you lose yourself in a wash of small intricate noise. Bit by bit, there's a power to the sound that you find yourself first relaxing into, then caught and pulled around by an intensity that's nothing to do with volume or else with prettiness: year by year, the PCO have put together a bunch of pierced sweetness, and if it's never going to drive people out into the streets with torches and revolution on their minds, or inspire them to other valuable craziness, it's still there, tough and composed, to colour the days of a life. It's a matter of craft. And sometimes there's a hint more, a touch of perfection.

Mark Sinker

TIMBUK 3



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HAIRSTYLES AND ATTITUDES IS THE NEW TIMBUK 3 SINGLE, AVAILABLE NOW ON 7" AND 12".

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Three Stets do the lip jive.

EAT TO THE BEAT, DADDY—O

STETSASONIC

On Fire (Tommy Boy import)

"My rhyme only dresses in the freshest gear/ And it never wears words that it wore last year". So say Daddy-O, Delite and Fruittkwan, the vocal trio fronting the latest line in Brooklyn hip-hop. With "ladies, mercedes" out, and "hazardous devastation" in, this self-proclaimed crack-free crew set about reinventing and rhyming rap language, intent on staying one step ahead of the SugarHill gang.

Their rhymes are heady, their beats heavy, and in love with the sound of the new school, they deliver verbal grenades, vowels that lunge and collide. It's a sophistication that wrests elderly rap clichés and pops them on their head: "The name of the game is rap-ture". Marking the split between old masters like Bambaattaa and Flash, Stetsasonic are outspoken in their defiance, diligent in moulding together current hip-hop trends.

'Faye' celebrates the reggae/rap alliance with

a narrative featuring male motel-sex fantasy—a scenario potentially sexist but wryly defused by the boys' self-deprecating humour, the wacky Shineheadisms, and some Human Mix Machine intervention by a character called Wise. The latter also stars on 'Just Say Stet', practically swallowing the beat whole, stuttering through a conglomeration of sci-fi themes, squeaky toys and a garage-raw bass drum.

They also take on the rock/rap connection, appropriating fuzzbox guitar on 'Rock De La Stet'. It's a twisting of MTV mainstream formulas that surprisingly works, as the force of the guitar is brought out, yet subsumed and made fluid by the backing percussion.

This release has a friction, an atmosphere created by one unified clique adhering to their strict internal rules. No sucker MCs here. No naff lines, no words fluffed. Leaning backwards to pilfer and forwards to project, this tight sixsome 'bust that groove' in a way that demands others to follow.

Lucy O'Brien

VARIOUS

Sounds Of Soweto (EMI)

INEVITABLE, REALLY, that a company like EMI should muscle in on the Soweto hype at this late, safe stage in the game. A typically EMI job they've done on it, too. Everything clean and harmlessly glossy, jolly darkies singing their good-humoured songs of violence and starvation...

Two executive producers have supervised the sessions, and if this is the sound of Soweto the streets must be lined with drum machines and Yamaha DX7s. Anyone who's heard the superb mbaqanga compilations on Earthworks and Audiobox will wonder what happened to those raw, rootsy acoustic sounds. The odd track—Condry Ziqubu's 'Confusion'—has a vague mbaqanga-ish feel, but other selections—Thetha's 'Dark Street, Bad Night'—wouldn't be out of place on the Robbie Vincent show. Supa Frika sounds like South Africa's own Gregory Abbott.

I'm not saying that the only black South African music we should hear is the authentic ghetto stuff, but let's not call an album of slick, Johannesburg-recorded pop 'Sounds Of Soweto'.

Barney Hoskyns

BRUCE GILBERT

The Shivering Man (Mute)

BRUCE GILBERT is always the sternest frowner of the Wire fab four, and 'The Shivering Man' is rebarbative indeed. I find it more challenging than the recent 'He Said' album by his partner-in-Dome Graham Lewis; where Lewis goes for song-shapes, however disfigured, and the lure of the human voice, Gilbert is totally impersonal and wilfully mechanical. Whether it's built mainly out of tape, synthesiser, sampling or simply the detritus

of the airwaves, this stern concrete music is more compelling the less 'seductive' it is. Over metronomic beats, Gilbert builds up layer on layer of discarded noise. And 'industrial' is the word here; you hear the cranking of gears, the grinding of satanic mills. But it's not the coy fascination with machine-age glamour, rather a recycling of sound like unusable waste material. There are snatches of recitation too, but Gilbert has no more respect for the human voice than he does for 'music'—hence, the chorused, mutilated female voice of 'Angel Food', which seems to be a suite of sorts.

You could conceivably use this as background music, since it defies listening-as-consumption. 'Ambient' music? Possibly, but its extremity, its violence make in something else. *Ambi-violence* would be nearer the mark.

Jonathan Romney

THE DEL FUEGOS

Stand Up (London)

AND SO we continue along that line of kerb-crawlers, bowling alley merchants and billiard hall sharks that stretches from Green On Red through Long Ryders to The Smithereens: Bar bands; bar bands who've reached back to reach even further backwards.

If "the song" has indeed made a comeback then it has passed these Boston trad-rockers by. Theirs are shells of what red alert rock should be: contrived searches for that perfect one. When the singer isn't braying like a rhino on heat, sweet soulful backups are detrimentally employed. The wah-wah pedal is to this what garlic is to vampires. A cheap similitude, but an apt one. Considering all the other badly constructed sentences, that particular bane of the '70s is the lowest irritant on today's list. After all, 'A Town Called Love' is

a good "song". These cats, however, can't even send themselves up properly. Enough.

Dele Fadele



Ballet brave.

RUBELLA BALLET

Cocktail Mix (Ubiquitous Records)

NOW, ISN'T nostalgia a wonderful thing? This record certainly takes you back. As we all slide degenerately back towards concept albums, flailing about in a sea of musical slime, the Rubellas' rude little tunes have the kind of refreshing quality of a favourite Hollywood musical from the 1940s; déjà vu, but comfortable in its familiarity. There are the classic two minute blasts of songs with a guitar that makes you wince like toothache, a bass just in tune and drums just in time with plenty of Pogo rolls.

On the 1978 revival side, one song grinds out an introduction before leaping into a mad Olympic sprint for the line as if a high voltage cattle prod had been applied to its person. Another sounds like a note-perfect match to Hawkwind's 'Silver Machine'. Side two is more progressive. Still the same rattling format, but with added keyboards, tapes and whooping Fuzzbox vocals. A scratchy, elementary record. So rough it positively smells of naivety. Who knows, it could be the next big thing.

Claire Morgan Jones

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TOUR NEWS



QUICKIES . . . IMMACULATE FOOLS, whose new album 'Dumb Fools' is released by A&M on Friday, will be headlining at London Astoria on April 21 . . . **THE GODFATHERS** return from a continental tour to play London ULU on April 24, supported by The Crows . . . **THE POP ICONS**, who release their debut single next month, play London 100 Club on April 16 . . . **CHRIS ISAAK**, accompanied by his band Silvertone, leaves his native San Francisco to play London Marquee on April 21.

U2 have added another open-air date to their tour schedule. It's at Elland Road, Leeds United's football ground on July 1. Tickets go on sale on Saturday from more than 30 tickets outlets in the north of England, priced £14 and subject to a booking fee. They are also available by post for £14 plus 30p booking fee from U2 Leeds Box Office, PO Box 124, Aldridge, Walsall WS9 8XX, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope. Four tickets per application. They are also available from a credit card hotline, 01-741 8989. All previous U2 concerts announced have now sold out.

BEN E KING is being lined up for a UK tour in June taking in more than a dozen dates. The only show confirmed at the time of going to press was at the London Palladium on June 26 and tickets are on sale now. King has recently signed to Manhattan Records and new product is expected to be issued to coincide with the tour.

THE BIG SURPREME, Polydor recording stars fronted by the enigmatic Barry Flynn (no, we haven't seen him either), are out on the road and visit London Limelight (April 8), London Astoria (18), Liverpool Walston Astoria (30), Kingston Poly (May 8), Retford Porterhouse (9) and Bournemouth Badlands (10).



THE WOODENTOPS, who are pretty active on the vinyl front at the moment (see Record News) play two benefit concerts this spring, at Manchester Hacienda (April 7) as part of International AIDS Week, and London Town And Country Club, Kentish Town (May 29), a Red Wedge event.

MAXI PRIEST headlines a benefit concert at Northampton Deragate Centre on April 9. It is in aid of National Link-up Against Unemployment, the Hands Across Britain campaign to demonstrate dissatisfaction at the jobless total. Organisers stress it is a non-party political event.

GENESIS have added a third show at Wembley Stadium, on July 4. Tickets are £15.50 including a booking fee and are available now from various ticket outlets and by post from Genesis 4th July, RS Tickets, PO Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS. Cheques should be made payable to Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Ltd and tickets are limited to six per application. Credit card hotlines are 01-738 1414 and 01-379 6433.

BOY GEORGE, Bobby Womack and Kim Wilde have now been added to the line-up for 'The Party', the International Aids Day charity concert at Wembley Arena on April 1. The full list of participants now reads: Aswad, Bob Geldof, Communards, Holly Johnson, George Michael, Womack And Womack, Herbie Hancock, Ozzy Osbourne, Steve Nieve, Sandy Shaw, Tom Robinson, Andy Summers, Boy George, Bobby Womack and Kim Wilde. Tickets are still available from the Wembley Box Office, Tower Records and all Keith Prowse outlets, plus the Credit card hotline (01-741 8999).

BLYTH POWER play dates to support their recent album 'Wicked Women, Wicked Men And Wicket Keepers'. Dates are: Stevenage Bowes Lyon House (March 28), Brighton The Richmond (April 5), Weymouth Verdies (9) and Bournemouth The Rooftops (11).

JOHN MAYALL celebrates twenty years in the music business with a one-off show at the Town And Country Club, Kentish Town, London on April 27. It is the only British date on his European tour which showcases the latest line-up of his band The Bluesbreakers. Support is provided by Sussex soul boys Fingertips, and tickets are on sale now, prices £6.50.

MISTY IN ROOTS, currently planning their follow-up single to 'Own Them, Control Them', have live shows at Brighton Top Rank (April 1) and Derby Assembly Rooms (4). The Derby show is being promoted by the city's BBC radio station and will be recorded for broadcast at a later date. Support is provided by Derby's top reggae band Junior C Reaction.

SIRENS OF SEVENTH AVENUE, whose New Rose single 'Shine On' is out soon, play a trio of London dates, at Dean Street Gossips (April 15), New Merlins's Cave (16) and Walthamstow Royal Standard (21).

FIRE NEXT TIME have recently signed to Polydor and will soon be releasing their first single for the label. In the meantime they play London shows at the Marquee (April 7), Harlesden Mean Fiddler (21), the Marquee (20) and Kennington Cricketers (30). Then they move out of the capital to play Loughborough University (May 2) and Nottingham Trent Poly (11).

RECORD NEWS

SINGLES

AUTOMATIC DLAMINI: 'I Don't Know You, But . . .' (D For Drum) second release from a Somerset trio — out now ● **THE BANGLES**: 'Following' (CBS) sung by bassist Michael Steele — out April 6 ● **BON JOVI**:



ALICE COOPER: Frankie 45

'Wanted Dead Or Alive' (Vertigo) the 12-inch features two tracks recorded live in Japan — out now ● **BRYAN ADAMS**: 'Heat Of The Night' (A&M) his first in over two years — out now ● **THE BATHERS**: 'Fancy Dress' (Go! Discs) — out now ● **BLACK**:

'Everything's Coming Up Roses' (A&M) once a duo on Eternal Records, now a lonesome solo act — out now ● **BLUE TRAIN**: 'Land Of Gold' (Dreamworld) — out now ● **CCP**: 'Solution' (Rhythm King) — out now ● **THE CHORDETTES**: 'Lollipop' (Atlantic) a reissue of the 1958 hit, now featured on the soundtrack of 'Stand By Me' — out now ● **CONROD CRYSTAL**: 'True Love' (Legal Light) new reggae singer — out now ● **ALICE COOPER**: 'Teenage Frankenstein' (MCA) this one's backed with a live version of 'School's Out' — out now ● **THE CURE**: 'Why Can't I Be You?' (Polydor) from the band who are currently hotter than Maradona in Argentina — out April 6 ● **ALAN DARBY**: 'Charge You Up' (Siren) recorded with members of Eric Clapton's group — out on Monday ● **5TA**: 'Low Rider' (Arista) revival of a War hit — out April 13 ● **EUROPE**: 'Carrie' (Epic) — out April 6 ● **FIVE STAR**: 'The Slightest Touch' (RCA) their sixth from the 'Silk And Steel' album! — out April 13 ● **GLORIA GAYNOR**: 'Be Soft With Me Tonight' (Fanfare) — out April 6 ● **PAUL GROOVY AND THE POP ART EXPERIENCE**: 'Andy Watch Out' (Bit Back) — out now ● **HANGMAN'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER**: 'Love Is Blue' (Dreamworld) out now ● **H2O**: 'Blue Diamond' (Legend) — out now ● **PAUL KING**: 'I Know' (CBS) produced by Dan Hartman — out April 6 ● **LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO**: 'Hello My Baby' (Warner Brothers) produced by



TOYAH: echoes of Martha

Roy Halee, who's produced stuff for Paul Simon — out this week ● **JULIAN LENNON**: 'Midnight Smoke' (Virgin) a track taken from the musical 'Hunting Of The Snark' by the second division Andrew Lloyd Webber, Mike Batt — out on Monday ● **MENTAL AS ANYTHING**: 'You're So Strong' (Epic) the Oz-rockers follow-up to 'Live It Up' — out April 6 ● **MILLIE JACKSON**: 'Love Is A Dangerous Game' (Jive) — out April 10 ● **OWEN PAUL**: 'Bring Me Back That Spark' (Epic) this time he's working with a 30-piece string section — out now ● **PICNIC AT THE WHITEHOUSE**: 'Success'

(Portrait) — out now ● **PATTY SMYTH**: 'Never Enough' (CBS) the one from Scandal and not the one-time Julie Burchill fave — out April 6 ● **PUBLIC HEIRS**: 'Run Foxy Run' (Quiet) — they split last week but reformed as The Crown Princes Of Scum — out now ● **REO SPEEDWAGON**: 'That Ain't Love' (Epic) they'll be touring here later in the year — out now ● **ELEANOR RIGBY**: 'Over And Over' (Waterloo Sunset) — out now ● **RIOT OF COLOUR**: 'Skink' (Dreamworld) — out now ● **ROUEN**: 'Young For A Day' (EG) young pop hopes from the Midlands issue a song originally released on the independent Kick label last year — out on Monday ● **SOS BAND**: 'No Lies' (Epic) produced by Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis — out now ● **STETASONIC**: 'Go Stetsa 1' (Tommy Boy) New York rappers — out now ● **SUGAR MINOTT**: 'Seven Times Rise And Fall' (Legal Light) — out now ● **SWING OUT SISTER**: 'Twilight World' (Mercury) — out April 6 ● **TANYA**: 'Waiting To Be Found' (Rhythm King) ex-Change singer — out now ● **JOHNNY THUNDERS AND PATTI PALADIN**: 'Crawfish' (Jungle) a re-release — out now ● **TOYAH**: 'Echo Beach' (EG) a reworking of the Martha And The Muffins hit from the lady currently starring in *Cabaret* in the West End — out on Monday ● **THE TRIO**: 'To Know Him Is To Love Him' (Warners) Dolly Parton, Linda Ronstadt and Emmylou Harris give their reading of The Teddy Bears' biggie, from the disappointing album released last

month — out on Monday ● **TRISOMIE 21**: 'Shift Away' (Play It Again Sam) — out now ● **PIERCE TURNER**: 'Orange Coloured Sun' (Beggars Banquet) — out April 6 ● **TWELVE 88 CARTEL**: 'Sweating Furore' (Bite Back) — out now ● **ELLIE WARREN**: 'On A Night Like This' (EMI) — out now ● **WESTWORLD**: 'Ba-Na-Na-Bam-Boom' (RCA) the 12-inch has an extra track, 'Ba-Na-Na-Bam-Boomerang' — out on April 13 ● **VESTA WILLIAMS**: 'Don't Blow A Good Thing' (A&M) — out now ● **WORLD DOMINATION ENTERPRISES**: 'Hotsy Girl' (Product Inc) — out April 13 ●



THE SMITHS: bowing out

WOODENTOPS: 'Live Hypnobeat Live' (Rough Trade) recorded at an LA gig in November last year — out April 13 ● **WOLFGANG PRESS**: 'Big Sex' (4AD) a four-track 12-incher — out April 13 ● **YOUNG GODS**: 'Did You Miss Me?' (Product Inc) cover of a Gary Glitter song — out April 6

THE SMITHS release a new Rough Trade single on April 13. Titled 'Sheila Take A Bow' it was recorded earlier this year and features 'Is It Really So Strange?' on the B side, with an extra track, 'Sweet And Tender Hooligan' on the 12-inch version. Both the B side tracks stem from a Peel session, recorded last November and were produced by John Porter, while the main track was produced by Morrissey, Johnny Marr and Stephen Street. This time around, the sleeve portrait features Candy Darling in a shot that comes courtesy of the Andy Warhol Studios. Currently, The Smiths are working on their next Rough Trade album, which already has a title — 'Strangeways, Here We Come'.

CULTURE CLUB have a compilation album issued by Virgin on Monday. 'This Time: The First Four Years' includes 12 tracks including most of the hits, and selected album tracks. 'Time (Clock Of The Heart)' appears on LP for the first time and the ballad from the *Electric Dreams* soundtrack, 'Love Is Love', is also included. A 55 minute video will also be available to coincide with the album's release.

klubFoot
CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

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(MAIN BAR, OPENING HOURS) LONDON THEATRE
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STARGREEN, ALBEMARLE, ROUGH TRADE,
RECORDS, ROCK ON RECORDS, OR ON THE NIGHT!
BAR OPEN TILL 12 PM

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The Whiplash Girls **Stitched Back Foot Airmen**
SATURDAY 11TH APRIL AT 7.30 PM **94**

CAMOUFLAGE PRESENT

John MAYALL'S BLUES BREAKERS

with guests
Fingertips

MONDAY 27TH APRIL AT 7.30 PM
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

8-17 HIGHGATE ROAD, LONDON N.W.5.
TICKETS £6.50, AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM THE COUNTRY CLUB BOX OFFICE, TEL 267 3334, 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,
OR ON THE NIGHT.

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APOLLO THEATRE
ARDWICK GREEN, MANCHESTER

£8.50, £7.50, £6.50,

TICKETS. ARE AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM THE BOX OFFICE, TEL 061-273-3775

THURSDAY 30TH APRIL AT 7 PM

ODEON THEATRE
NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM

£8.50, £7.50, £6.50,

TICKETS. ARE AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM THE BOX OFFICE, TEL 021-643-6101.

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,
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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, OPEN ALL HOURS, TEL: 734 8932, OR ON THE NIGHT.

WEDNESDAY 27th MAY

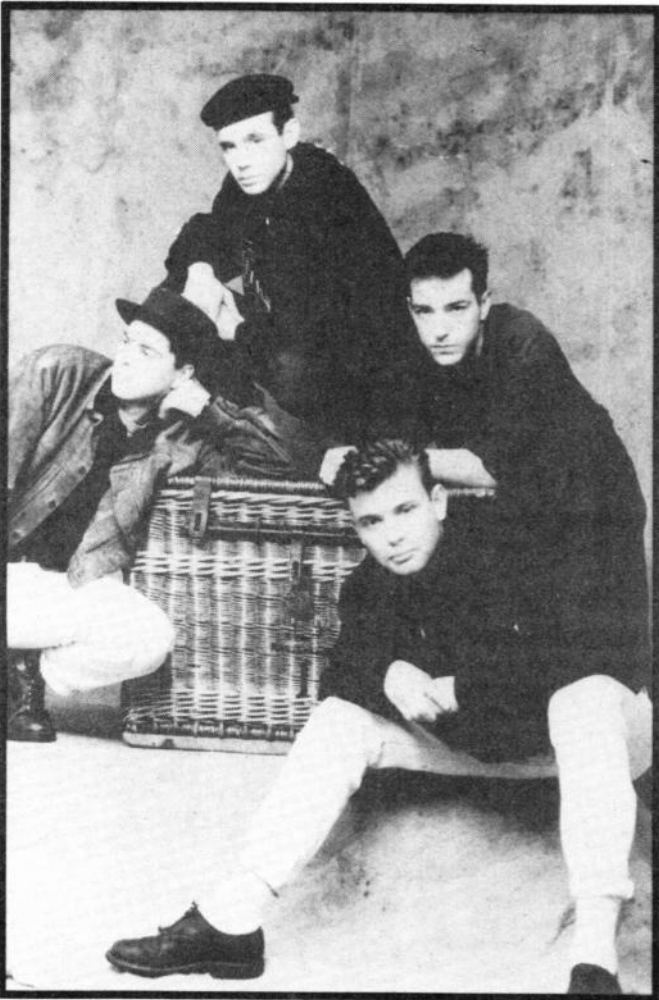
TICKETS £6-50.

CENTRE

WEST STREET, BRIGHTON

TICKETS. ARE AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM THE BOX OFFICE TEL 0273 203 131

WORLD DOMINATION ENTERPRISES have a new single, 'Hotsy Girl', out soon and play live shows at Bristol Tropic Club (April 3), Birmingham Mermaid (4), Croydon Underground (12), Glasgow Rooftops (19), Leicester Princess Charlotte (22), Manchester International (June 20) and London Town And Country Club, Kentish Town (21). The last two dates are as support to Husker Du.



CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT, having only just finished a tour of colleges and universities, have lined up another series of dates for April and May. The full itinerary reads Southampton Mayfair (April 26), Bristol Studio (27), Cardiff University (28), Liverpool Royal Court (May 1), Sheffield University (2), Manchester Ritz (3), Glasgow Barrowlands (5), Edinburgh Coasters (6), Newcastle Mayfair (7), Leeds University (9), Northampton Derngate Centre (10), Brighton Top Rank (11) and London Town And Country Club, Kentish Town (17 and 18). Tickets are on sale now, £5 for all shows. Their debut album should be out soon.

(Music Maniac/Rough Trade) recorded on tour in 1985 – out now ● **NICK KAMEN**: 'Nick Kamen' (WEA) includes his versions of Sam Cooke and Bob Dylan songs – out April 6 ● **MAD DADDYS**: 'Apes Go Wild' (New Rose) guitars with feedback – out now ● **MELON**: 'Deep Cut' (Epic) first Epic album from the Jap techno-poppers – out April 6 ● **METALLICA**: 'Kill 'Em All' (Music For Nations) the first album now available on compact disc – out next week ● **ST VITUS DANCE**: 'Love Me Love My Dogma' (Probe Plus) up and coming Irish band – out mid-April



TOM ROBINSON: fringe benefits

ALBUMS

HERB ALPERT: 'Keep Your Eye On Me' (A&M) one track features Janet Jackson, four are produced by Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis – out now ● **ATLANTIC STARR**: 'All In The Name Of Love' (Warner Brothers) their first album for Warners – out now ● **STEVE AUSTIN**: 'Music From The Withered Orange Tree' (Bite Back) and we were hoping it'd be called 'Bostin' Fuzzbox'. On cassette only – out now ● **BATHORY**: 'Bathroy'/'The Return' (Under One Flag) reissue of the first two albums, new material expected soon – out now ● **JOHNNY CASH**: 'The CBS Years 1958-86' a 'Best Of' that includes Cash's 'Highway Patrolman' duet with Springsteen – out April 6 ● **CROWDED HOUSE**: 'Don't Dream It's Over' (Capitol) band headed by ex-Split Enz man Neil Finn – out now ● **THE CULT**: 'Electric' (Beggars Banquet) their third album, including the single 'Live Removal Machine' and a version of Steppenwolf's 'Born To Be Wild', produced by Rick Rubin – out on Monday ● **DIVINE HORSEMEN**: 'Middle Of The Night' (New Rose) led by former Flesheater Crisis D – out now ● **DIZZY SATELLITES**: 'Crisis In Utopia' (Music Maniac/Rough Trade) German psychedelia – out now ● **THE DROOGS**: 'Anthology' (Music Maniac/Rough Trade) all the singles and 'B' sides – out now ● **THE FUZZTONES**: 'Live In Europe'



JOHNNY CASH: compilation

● **CERTAIN RATIO**'s 'Mickey Vay', Half Man Half Biscuit's 'Dickie Davies Eyes', Joy Division's 'Transmission', New Order's 'Turn The Heater On', icone Youth's 'Into The Groovy', rasure's 'Sometimes' and tracks y the Soup Dragons, One housand Violins, Guana Batz, Pop ill Eat Itself, Razorcuts, Wedding resent, Blue Aeroplanes, Ghost 'ance, Talulah Gosh and others rrm 'Now This Is What We Call 'usic – Indie Top 20 Vol 1', the rst of Clive Selwood's tape mpilations. Available on Indie op 20, rather than Selwood's trange Fruit lable, the cassette ould be in the shops on April 10.

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FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM
Plus Yeah Jazz (3rd)
Plus Spacemen 3 (4th)

Sunday 5th April (Adm £5.00)
THE BLOW MONKEYS
Plus 3 Wise Men

Monday 6th April (Adm £3.50)
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Featuring Bruce Foxton
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Tuesday 7th April (Adm £3.50)
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Wednesday 8th April (Adm £3.50)
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OPENING NIGHT FOR ACROSS THE TRACKS
A NEW WEEKLY CLUB CATERING FOR HARD
CORE DANCE RADICALS
DJ Simon Goffe £4 Membership £3 Thereafter

Fri 3
They're Back!
BAD MANNERS
THE TROJANS 27 MATOIDS
A Blue Beat & Scar Special £4

Sat 4
ALL DAY BENEFIT FOR INTERNATIONAL AIDS DAY
AFTERNOON SESSION: Features among others
RESTLESS THE JETS
FINGERTIPS JOHNNY PINKO
£3 suggested donation (Sponsored by Jiffy Condoms)
EVENING SESSION: Featuring among others
MICRODISNEY
HOWLING WILF & THE VEE JAYS
KOKOMO
THE INMATES
STEVE MARRIOTT & THE OFFICIAL RECEIVERS
DIRTY MONEY THE DELTONES
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WIRE FOUR GUNS
CUBIC WISE

Mon 6
Reggae Soul Dance Music...
THE SYNDICATE
JOHNNY LOVEMUSCLE SOUL COMMOTION
£3 50 £2 50 Conc.

Tues 7
DIRTY MONEY
CLICKING THE MOUSE PREMIAH
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Wed 8
Guitar Rock
BAD KHARMA BECKONS
CLOCKWORK ORANGE
THE PHANTOM GUEST
DJ Krys & his amazing scratch videos £3 50 £2 50 conc

Thurs 9
"ACROSS THE TRACKS"
Featuring DJ Nicky Holroyd £4 Membership £3 Thereafter
Coming Soon
Sat 11 THE JAZZ DEFECTORS
Mon 13 THE INMATES
Tues 14 THE BATFISH BOYS
Wed 15 THE CARDIACS
Fri 17 THE BOOGIE BROTHERS

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THE BOLSHOI **Red FLESH FURLULU**




BRIGHTON TOP RANK
MONDAY 6th APRIL 7.30 pm
Available from B/O Tel: 0273-732267, Virgin Records and usual agents

BRISTOL STUDIO
TUESDAY 7th APRIL 7.30 pm
Available from B/O Tel: 0272-276193
Revolver, Rival, Virgin Bristol & Bath, Rockaway Newport

CARDIFF RITZY
WEDNESDAY 8th APRIL 7.30 pm
Available from Ritz, Spillers, Hippo & HHV
and Rockaway Newport, Demica Swansea

EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
FRIDAY 10th APRIL 7.30 pm
Available from B/O Tel: 031-557 2590 and usual agents

ABERDEEN CAPITOL
SATURDAY 11th APRIL 7.30 pm
Available from B/O Tel: 0224-588345 and usual agents

GLASGOW BARROWLANDS
SUNDAY 12th APRIL 7.30 pm
Available from Barrowlands B/O, Other Record Shop and usual agents

NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY
TUES/WED 14th/15th APRIL 7.30 pm
Available from B/O Tel: 0692-412544, Selectrad, Way Ahead,
Revolver Mansfield, Lincoln B/O, Victoria B/O

BIRMINGHAM ODEON
FRIDAY 17th APRIL 7.30 pm
Available from B/O Tel: 021-643 6101 (Credit Cards accepted)

HANLEY VICTORIA HALL
SATURDAY 18th APRIL 7.30 pm
Available from Mike Lloyd Megastores and Lotus Records Stafford

Tickets are £5.00 for all dates except London where they are £6.00
* Except Hammersmith Odeon and Kilburn National

SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
MONDAY 20th APRIL 7.30 pm
Available from B/O Tel: 0742-7352956 and usual agents

BRADFORD ST. GEORGES HALL
TUESDAY 21st APRIL 7.30 pm
Available from B/O Tel: 0274-752000 and usual agents

PRESTON GUILDHALL
WEDNESDAY 22nd APRIL 7.30 pm
Available from B/O Tel: 0772-217721 and usual agents

NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
FRIDAY 24th APRIL 7.30 pm
Available from B/O Tel: 091-261 2506 and usual agents

MANCHESTER APOLLO
SATURDAY 25th APRIL 7.30 pm
Available from B/O Tel: 061-273 3775, Piccadilly Records,
Vibes Records Bury and UK Travel Chester

LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT
SUNDAY 26th APRIL 7.30 pm
Available from B/O Tel: 051-709 4321 and usual agents

PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL
TUESDAY 28th APRIL 7.30 pm
Available from B/O Tel: 0705-824253 and usual agents

KILBURN NATIONAL
WEDNESDAY 29th APRIL 7.30 pm
Available from B/O Tel: 01-328 3141, LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse
(Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Ticket Master & Stargreen

HAMMERSMITH ODEON
THURSDAY 30th APRIL 7.30 pm
Available from B/O Tel: 01-748 40812, LTB Premier, Keith Prowse
(Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Ticket Master & Stargreen

THE HARP LAGER MUSIC PROGRAMME

SUN 12th APRIL

the mighty lemon drops

THE PALE FOUNTAINS
AND ALSO THE TREES



Nearest Tube: Kentish Town
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9/17 Highgate Rd, Kentish Town, NW5
Tickets: £4.50 advance, £5 doors. Doors 7.30pm.
Box Office: 247 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

FRIDAY 10th APRIL

SGD

GHOST DANCE

VOODOO CHILD

Salvation \ Wonder Stuff



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

Sunday 19th April

MAN JUMPING

THE FRANK CHICKENS
Peter Hope & Jonathan / Podmore
Doors 7.30pm



Nearest Tube: Kentish Town
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9/17 Highgate Rd, Kentish Town, NW5
Tickets/Advance £6 doors £4 concession
Box Office: 247 3334 Stargreen 734 8932 Rough Trade Records Rock On Records
Keith Prowse: 741 8989 Premier: 240 0771 Rhythm Records L.T.B. 439 3371

RONNIE SCOTT'S

Sun April 5 at 8pm £5

RENT PARTY

+ NIGHT TRAINS
Sun April 12 at 8pm £5

BOLO-BOLO

+ GUESTS
Sun June 14 at 8pm £6.50

CARMEL

BOX OFFICE 439 0747
AND USUAL AGENTS

NEW ORDER

THUR APRIL 2 7.30

WOOLWICH CORONET
JOHN WILSON ST, S.E. 18
opposite Woolwich Ferry
B.R. Woolwich Arsenal

Tickets £6 From Box Office
854 2255 or usual agents.
Credit Cards 439 3371 or 734 8932.

THURSDAY APRIL 9th

MAXI PRIEST

And The Select Committee

COMPERE: RADIO 1 DJ RANKIN' MISS P
Plus Roots Tech

7.30pm DERNGATE CENTRE, NORTHAMPTON
Tickets: £5 plus one third all tickets at £2.50 for UB40 callers to
Derngate Box Office, Guildhall Road, Northampton (0604-24811)



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Thur 2nd
FROM U.S.A.
THE DEL FUEGOS
Adm £4.00

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DEACON BLUE + WALK THE CIRCLE
Adm £4.00

Sat 4th and Sun 5th
TED HAWKINS
WITH SPECIAL GUEST GILLIE MCPHEARSON
Adm £5.00

Mon 6th
THE GREAT GARDEN
YELLOW LIFETIME
DIBBS
PETER PANIC
Adm £3.00

Tues 7th
PAUL HOWARD + JOE CLACK
DOT DOT DASH
PINK ON PINK
Adm £4.00

Fri 10th
PRIDE OF PASSION
ALL GROWN UP
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Sat 11th
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Sunday 5th April
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Monday 6th April
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Tuesday 7th April
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Wednesday 8th April
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+ NYAH FEARTIES
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Thursday 2nd April
MARGIN OF SANITY
+ BAD KARMA BECKONS
+ Nigel Lewis
Friday 3rd April
THE THREE JOHNS

Saturday 4th April
THE THREE JOHNS
(Lunchtime) IGGY QUAIL & FRIENDS
(Evening) 32/20 + Manic Depressives' Disco

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Animal Rights Benefit featuring:
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+ CRAYFISH FIVE
+ JIM JIMINEE
+ Crazy Hearts + James Litherland

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FLOWERS IN THE DUSTBIN
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Wednesday 8th April
SLAB
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- 10 Friday - MANCHESTER.....INTERNATIONAL
- 11 Saturday - BATH.....MOLES
- 12 Sunday - DEPTFORD.....ALBANY EMPIRE
- 13 Monday - POOLE.....MR C's
- 14 Tuesday - SOUTHEND.....REIDS

MAY

- 7 Thursday - EDINBURGH.....THE VENUE
- 8 Friday - ABERDEEN.....THE VENUE
- 9 Saturday - INVERNESS.....PHARAOHS
- 10 Sunday - GLASGOW.....DADDY WARBUCK'S
- 12 Tuesday - PETERBOROUGH.....TROPICANA
- 13 Wednesday - NOTTINGHAM.....BARRACUDA
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- 16 Saturday - WESTON SUPER MARE.....NIGHT STONE CTRE

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GIG GUIDE

AIDS BENEFIT concerts dominate the guide this week, starting off with 'The Party' at Wembley Arena on Wednesday, which features, among others, GEORGE MICHAEL unveiling a new band and fresh material, HOLLY JOHNSON minus the other four from Frankie, and WOMACK AND WOMACK. Elsewhere in the capital there are charity shows from MARC ALMOND (Hackney on Thursday, Aldwych on Friday), THE BLOW MONKEYS (Marquee on Sunday) and HOLLYWOOD BEYOND (Astoria on Friday). Outside of London we have THE COMMUNARDS, THE WATERBOYS and BILLY MACKENZIE in Edinburgh (Thursday), and BEN WATT, TRACEY THORN and THE WOODENTOPS in Manchester (Tuesday).

The pick of the rest includes JULIAN COPE, SIMPLY RED, COURTNEY PINE and THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS.

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 1

Bedford Boys Club (Bradgate Rd.): **Eddie & The Hot Rods/Thunderbird 5/The Backroom Boyz**
 Birmingham The Cave: **Kibosh**
 Brighton Yellow Submarine: **Crazyhead/The Fence/No Geraniums**
 Croydon Cartoon: **Bill Posters Will Be Banned**
 Eastbourne Congress Theatre: **Gloria Gaynor**
 Eastbourne Tivoli: **Graphix/Sprayman/The Teenage Idols**
 Exeter Timepiece (0392 78070): **Rat Patrol**
 Leicester Polytechnic: **Deacon Blue**
 Leicester Princess Charlotte: **The Crows**
 London Brentford, Red Lion: **Tim Cody**
 London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **Characters/Fleur De Mal/Adada**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **Miaow/The Wolfhounds/Nyah Fearties (AIDS benefit)**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Ho Ho Kam/Three Stations East**
 London Fulham King's Head (01 636 1413): **Ironhead**
 London Hackney Empire (01 985 2424): **Joan Turner/Nuts & Bolts/Tim Batt/Maxine Daniels/Paul Monroe/Stewart Calvert/Brian Walker/Tony Locantro & His Band**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: **Bone Idle and The Layabouts/Crikey It's The Cromptons**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Gary Moore**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Kingfishers Catch Fire**
 London Kennington Cricketers: **Aids Benefit**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 485 5358): **Attila The Stockbroker/The Neurotics/Trespassers W**
 London Kilburn National: **Simply Red**
 London Kilburn National: **The Pogues with Everything But The Girl**
 London N1 Bass Ciel: **Gene Calderazzo Qnt**
 London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **Trigger Trigger**
 London Queen Elizabeth Hall: **Laibach**
 London Thames Polytechnic: **Hjackney 5-0**
 London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): **Acker Bilk**
 London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097): **The Radio Satellites/The Octopus**
 London Wembley Arena: **'The Party'**, International AIDS day benefit featuring George Michael, Bob Geldof, Womack & Womack, etc
 Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): **Apitos**
 Manchester Corbieres: **The Parade**
 Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic: **Friends Poole Mr C's/Fields Of The Nephilim**
 Portsmouth Basins (0705 824728): **Soho Sloux**
 Portsmouth Portland Hotel: **No Peace For The Wicked**
 Reading Hexagon: **Courtney Pine**
 Reading Nino's Wine Bar: **Killing The Rose/Romany**
 London Romford The Rezz: **Real Macabre**
 London Southend Reids (0702 343235): **Allegiance To No-one/The Ocean/No Respect**
 Stanley Castles Club: **The Flying Pickets**
 Warkworth Anthony Gels: **Gah-Ga**
 Wolverhampton Art Gallery: **Ian Smith**

THURSDAY 2

Aldershot West End Centre: **Attila The Stockbroker/Hackney Five O'Jim Jimineez**
 Birkenhead, Starways: **Gaye Bykers On Acid**
 Birmingham NEC: **Elkie Brooks**
 Birmingham Twilight Zone: **The Bounty Hunters**
 Bracknell South Hill Park: **Thirty Lashes/The Boxing Stouts**
 Bradford Metropole: **Bill Presley Coat/T-Drive**
 Bradford St Georges Hall: **The Flying Pickets**
 Brighton Gossips: **The Grip**
 Brighton Zap Club: **The Inca Babies**
 Bristol Granary: **Head**
 Cardiff Philharmonic: **Kingfishers Catch Fire**
 Cardiff St David's Hall (0222 371236): **BBC Welsh Symphony Orchestra**
 Chesham Revolution: **The Conspirators/Uglere Than Frank**
 Colchester The Works (570934): **John Coughlan's Diesel**
 Croydon Cartoon: **Come & Get It**
 Eastbourne Tuxedo Junction: **A Tune A Day**
 Edinburgh Usher Hall: **The Communards/The Waterboys/Love & Money/Paul Haig/Billy Mackenzie**
 Edinburgh The Venue: **Alien Sex Fiend**
 Exeter, Barts Tavern: **No Apology**
 Falkirk Burns Bar: **Plastic Surgery**
 Glasgow Bath Street Shadows Diner: **Zero**

Hastings The Crypt: **Bobs Band**
 Liverpool The State: **Laibach**
 Liverpool The Wilsons: **The Davincis**
 London Brentford, Red Lion: **Poor Mouth**
 London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **Across The Tracks**
 London Crouch End King's Head: **Silent Music**
 London EC1 Empress Of Russia: **Rory McLeod**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **Margin Of Sanity/Bad Karma Beckons/Nigel Lewis**
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Stranger Than Fiction/The Jackals/The Way Out**
 London Green Lanes The Fox: **Jung & Parker**
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Stan Webb's Chicken Shack/Double Zero**
 London Hackney Empire: **Marc Almond (AIDS benefit)**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: **The Cropdusters/The Claypeople**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Gary Moore**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **The Snake Corps**
 London Herne Hill (01 274 2733): **Rad Gallery/Yellow Pages/Spy**
 London Kennington Cricketers: **Crazyhead**
 London Kilburn National: **Simply Red**
 London Ladbroke Grove, Bay 63: **the Cardiacs/Flowers In The Dustbln/Bad Tune Men**
 London N1 Bass Ciel: **Louis Stewart Quintet**
 London N1 Club Sandino: **Jay Strongman/Mark Moore**
 London North Kensington Station Tavern (01 727 4053): **Tom Nolan's Rockin' Blues Band**
 London Oxford Street The Wrong Club: **Hellum Brothers**
 London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **Six Said Red**
 London W1 Wag Club (01-437 5534): **Disco Tex & The Sexolets**
 London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): **The Highliners/The Vulcans**
 London W1 Dean Street Gossips: **Laurel Aitken**
 London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097): **Beeline/Giant Steps**
 London Wimbledon William Morris Club: **Midnight Radio The Darc**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Terminal Twist**
 Manchester Apollo: **Level 42**
 Manchester Boardwalk: **Antisect/Civilised Society/Feed Your Head/Dan**
 Manchester Jilly's: **The Macc Lads**
 Manchester Moonraker Club (061 832 8948): **King Of The Slums**
 Northampton Arts Centre (0604 407544): **John Betts Big Band**
 Northampton The Old Five Bells: **Rose of Avalanche**
 Nottingham Royal Centre: **Gremilins**
 Portsmouth Basins (0705 824728): **Batfish Boys/Voodoo Child**
 Sheffield Polytechnic: **Deacon Blue**
 Southend Reids (0702 343235): **Taming The Outback**
 Stevenage Gordon Craig Theatre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
 Tynemouth Park Hotel: **The Skywalkers**
 Walsall Wheatseaf: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**
 Worthing Wine Lodge: **Send For Kelly**

FRIDAY 3

Aberdeen Capitol Theatre: **The Hollies**
 Ayr Darlington Hotel: **Prows Children/The Maitland Boys**
 Belfast Kings Hall: **James Last**
 Bicester Ex-Servicemen's Club: **The Grip**
 Birmingham Mermaid (021 550 8601): **Penelope's Web/If Not The Snare**
 Birmingham Town Hall: **Courtney Pine**
 Cardiff New Bogey's (0222 26168): **Tiger Tails**
 Carlisle The Front Page (0228 34168): **Daisy Chain Connection**
 Chatham Churchills: **The Hyacinth Girls**
 Chesterfield Arts Centre: **Departure Lounge**
 Coventry Giraffe Club: **Surf Drums**
 Coventry Hand & Heart: **Antisect**
 Croydon Cartoon: **Bad Influence**
 Dudley JB's (0384 53597): **Pink Fairies**
 Dunfermline Woodmill Club: **Plastic Surgery**
 Edinburgh Calton Studios: **Rote Kapelle**
 Exeter, Barts Tavern: **Redd Holt And The Sunspots/The Red Hot Knives**
 Frimley Green Lakeside Country Club: **Gloria Gaynor**
 Glasgow Rooftops: **Alien Sex Fiend**
 Harlow The Square: **The Tender Trap/Crystal Clear**
 Hornsea Theatre Bar: **Vicious Circle**
 Leicester Princess Charlotte: **Built For Comfort**
 London Astoria: **Hollywood Beyond/Chiefs Of Relief (AIDS benefit)**

London Brentford, Red Lion: **Cry No More**
 London Brixton Old White Horse: **Tony Allen/Bob Boyton/Jenny Eclair/Donna McPhale**
 London Camden The Black Horse: **The Flatmates/The Rose Hips/The Bawdy Paupers**
 London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **Bad Manners/The Trojans/27 Matoids**
 London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Geno Washington and The Ram Jam Band**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Hackney 5-0**
 London Cricklewood Hotel: **Rory McLeod/Porky The Poet/Steve Murray/Austin Lawler**
 London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Kosh present The Edge**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **The Three Johns/Gatecrash Heaven**
 London Fulham The Greyhound: **Culture Shock**
 London Fulham King's Head (01 736 1413): **John Otway**
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Vic Reeves**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: **The Bugs/Harold Beaver/The Frantix**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Phyllis Hyman**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Deacon Blue**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon (01 274 2733): **The Rapiers/Say/Taming The Outback**
 London Kennington Oval, The Cricketers: **Wilko Johnson**
 London Kings Cross New Merlin's Cave: **Company of Cowards/Pride & Prejudice**
 London Ladbroke Grove, Bay 63: **Matracca**
 London Marquee: **Fields Of The Nephilim**
 London N1 Bass Ciel: **Steel 'n' Skin**
 London N1 Dog & Dumpling: **Peace On The Panhandle**
 London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **The Wedding Present/The Primitives/Slab! Gaye Bykers On Acid/The Chesterfields**
 London North Kensington Station Tavern (01 727 4053): **Tom Nolan's Rockin' Blues Band**
 London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **Blue Illusion**
 London Royalty Theatre: **Marc Almond (AIDS benefit)**
 London Shaw Theatre: **Siol Phadraig '87 Festival**
 London Stockwell The Plough: **Wolfe Witcher**
 London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town: **Hurrah!/The Daintees/Brendan Croker (AIDS benefit)**
 London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): **Geno Washington**
 London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097): **Pride & Prejudice/Company Of Cowards**
 London WC2 Bunjies: **Barb Jung & And Michael Parker**
 London Wood Green Club Dog: **Voodoo Child/Bone Idle and The Layabouts**
 London Woolwich Thames Polytechnic: **Rad Gallery**
 Manchester Apollo: **Level 42**
 Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): **Bandyt**
 Manchester Seftons Bar (061 834 1888): **King of the Slums**
 Norwich Premises Arts Centre: **Brilliant Corners/Mighty Mighty/Cary Grant's Wedding**
 Oxford Jericho Tavern: **The Heart Throbs/Shake Appeal**
 Portsmouth Basins (0705 824728): **Section B**
 Reading Cap & Gown: **La Tariffe**
 Reading Paradise Club: **The Magic Mushroom Band**
 Rugby Blitz Club: **Any Second Now**
 Salford Carlton: **The Parade/CC Davies**
 Salisbury Arts Centre: **After Tonight/Don't Feed The Animals**
 Sevenoaks The Cavern: **The Orange World**
 Southend Reids (0702 343235): **Seconds Out**
 Southport Arts Centre: **The Flying Pickets**
 Stourbridge Town Hall: **Hell Fire Club/Marino and the After Forever Band**
 Swindon Stratton Community Centre: (0793 825525): **Modern Romance/Ebony Eyes/Greatest Show On Earth Band**
 Westworth Rockingham FC: **Dick Gaughan**
 Weston-super-Mare Knightstone Centre: **The Chesterfields**

SATURDAY 4

Aberdeen The Venue (0224 641931): **Allen Sex Fiend**
 Aldershot Buzz Club: **The Chesterfields/Bluetrain/The Rain/Rodney Allen**
 Arrochar The Cave (03012 573): **Prows Children/The Lynne Boys**
 Baths Moles Club: **The Bodlines**
 Belfast Kings Hall: **James Last**
 Birmingham Mermaid (021 550 8601): **World Domination Enterprises/The Beautiful Mad/Rite**



George: return of the platinum kid.

Birmingham NEC: **Paul Simon**
 Birmingham Odeon: **Simply Red**
 Blisworth Royal Lak: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**
 Brighton Hairy Dog: **Bad Tune Men/The Friendly Fires/Drive**
 Bromley Churchill Theatre (01 460 6677): **Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band**
 Burton-on-Trent Central Park (0283 63265): **Vow Wow**
 Cardiff Channel View Centre: **Heartland**
 Cardiff New Bogey's (0222 26168): **Tilt**
 Carlisle The Front Page (0228 34168): **The Marauders**
 Colchester The Works (570934): **Choy Joy**
 Coventry General Wolfe: **Steve Gibbons Band**
 Croydon Cartoon: **London Apaches (lunchtime)/Gerry McAvoy (evening)**
 Derby Assembly Rooms: **Misty In Roots/Junior C Reaction**
 Derby Pride: **Antisect/Omnia Opera/Pro Patri Mori**
 Edinburgh Playhouse: **The Hollies**
 Exeter & Devon Arts Centre: **Jazz Workshop/Right Writing**
 Frimley Green Lakeside Country Club: **Gloria Gaynor**
 Gosport Labour Club: **The Sky Gods**
 Greenock Subterranean: **The Creepers**
 Harlow The Square: **The Boss/Deadly Serious**
 Hornsea, The Theatre Bar: **Moses Smith Blues Band**
 Kinver Community Hall: **Dick Gaughan**
 Leicester Dixie Arms: **Mental Radio/Any Second Now**
 Leicester Princess Charlotte: **The Artisans**
 London Balham Banana Cabaret: **Jez Prins**
 London Brentford, Red Lion: **Rot Jackson**
 London Brentford Watermans Arts Centre: **Jung & Parker**
 London Brixton Academy: **Bronski Beat/New Order/Sandie Shaw/Aids Benefit**
 London Camden Carnarvon Castle: **(lunchtime) Wolfe Witcher**

London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **AIDS all-dayer; Restless/Fingertips/Oakfield Tune Wranglers/Ha Ha Herman/Jonny Pinko/M25s/Howlin' Wilf & The Vee Jays/Microdisney/The Inmates with Bill Hurley/Steve Marriott/Kokomo/Potato 5/The Deltones/Abundance/Dirty Money/Panic Brothers**
 London Clerkenwell Horseshoe: **Pat Condell/Claire Dowle/Lynford French/Audi Maserati**
 London Commonwealth Institute: **Merle Collins/Jeni Couzeyn/Elaine Feinstein/Ruth Jones/Jill Neville/Grace Nichols/Michele Roberts/Mean Fiddler**
 London Deptford Albany Empire: **The Kosn Present The Edge**
 London EC1, Duke Of York: **Peace On The Panhandle**
 London Euston Road Shaw Theatre (01 388 1394): **Irie Dance Company**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **The Three Johns/Gatecrash Heaven**
 London Fulham The Greyhound: **A Bigger Splash**
 London Fulham King's Head (01 736 1413): **The Boogie Brothers**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: **The Dentists & Gus Bus**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Phyllis Hyman**
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Ted Hawkins/Gillie McPherson**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon (01 274 2733): **Silent Arcade/Veni Vidi Vici/Ozzie & The B's**
 London Islington Duke of Wellington: **Make Shift**
 London Kennington Cricketers: **Steve Marriott & The Official Receivers**
 London King's Cross Scala: **Mark Murphy with the Robin Jones Band (all niter including jazz movies)**

CONTINUES OVER

London Marquee: **Fields Of The Nephilim**
London N1 Bass Ciel: **Hi-Life International**
London New Cross Goldsmiths College: **The Bolshoi/The Cradle/Voice of the Beehive/Deacon Blue/The Wild Flowers**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Barflies**
London North Kensington Station Tavern (01 727 4053): **Tom Nolans Rockin' Blues Band**
London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **The Killer B's**
London Swiss Cottage Community Centre: **Brown Paper Bag Brothers/John Lenahan/Georgina Lock**
London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town (01 267 3334): **Wayne Shorter**
London Tufnell Park Tavern: **JCM Jazzband**
London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): **The Max Collie Rhythm Aces**
London Walthamstow Royal Standard: **Chevalier Brothers**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2079): **After Touch/Magnifico**
London Wembley The Flag: **Snake Corps/Radio Moscow**
Luton Switch Club (0582 699217): **The Surf Drums**
Manchester Apollo: **Level 42**
Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): **Brendan Croker & The 5 O'Clock Shadows**
Manchester Boardwalk: **Talulah Grosh, Spacemen 3**
Northampton Old Five Bells: **Rose Of Avalanche**
Nuneaton The Crown: **The Pink Tomatoes**
Portsmouth Basins (0705 824728): **DRN**
Southend Reids (0702 343235): **Honky Tinkers**
Stockton-on-Tees Dovecot Arts Centre (0642 611625): **Rumblefish**
Sutton Sydney Arms: **Antz Avenue**
Swindon Toothill Community Centre: **Colston County**
Uxbridge Brunel University: **The Neurotics/The Price/In Session**
Wavendon Stables Theatre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
Westward Hoe Anchor: **Culture Shock/Jive Turkey/Mousetrap Conspiracy**
Windsor Arts Centre (859336): **Lazy/Zane Grey**

SUNDAY 5

Ardencaple Hotel (0436 6088): **Prows Children/Spot On My Nose**
Bradford Spotted House (0274 721867): **Levi Tafari & Eugene Lange**
Brighton Richmond: **Blyth Power/Vulcan Death Group**
Colchester The Works (570934): **John John & John John**
Croydon Cartoon: **Roy Peters (lunchtime)/Hollywood (evening)**
Dudley JB's (0384 53597): **Billy Bowell**
Dundee Dance Factory: **The Crows**
Farnham Maiting's Roots & Hops: **Red Shift**
Glasgow Pavilion Theatre: **The Hollies**
Glasgow Rooftops: **Creepers/Exploding Hamster Molesters**
Harlow The Square (0279 25594): **Keith Nichols/Steve Niece/Codfingers**
Leicester De Montfort Hall: **Simply Red**
Leicester Princess Charlotte: **Maurice Coleman (lunchtime)**
Liverpool Empire: **Elkie Brooks**
London Brentford, Red Lion: **(lunch) Out to Lunch, (evening) Fat Profit**
London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 7967): **Drive/Wired/The Four Guns/HQ/Cubic Wise**
London Crouch End King's Head: **Jungr & Parker**
London Deptford Albany Empire (01 691 3333): **Dudu Pukwana's Zila/Jeff Gordon Associates**
London Finsbury Park Red Rose Club (01 263 7265): **The Screaming Abdabs/Gas Mark 5**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **Iggy Quail**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Delicious Poison**
London Fulham Swan: **The Reactors**
London Hackney Empire (01 985 2424): **The Doonicans/Norman Lovett/Felix/Captain JJ Waller/John Moloney/Phil Cornwell/Gary Howard**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Gremilins**
London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: **Ted Hawkins/Gillie McPherson**
London Herne Hill Half Moon (01 274 2733): **Steve Waller (lunchtime)/Stevie Smith (evening)**
London Kennington Cricketers: **(lunchtime) The Barflies/(evening) Juice On The Loose**
London Lewisham Theatre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
London Marquee: **The Blow Monkeys/Three Wise Men (AIDS benefit)**
London N1 Bass Ciel: **(lunchtime) Steve Rubie Big Band/(evening) Jo Ann Kelly's Ladies & The Blues**
London Piccadilly Theatre: **Aids Benefit (Comedy Show)**
London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town (01 267 3334): **Ornette Coleman/Primitime**
London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): **Ray Foxley's Levee Ramblers**
London W1 Ronnie Scotts: **Mark Murphy**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097): **V2s/Dirty Talk**
London WC1 Yorkshire Grey: **Georgia Jazzband**
London Wimbledon Theatre: **Gloria Gaynor**
London Wood Green Trade Union Centre: **The Dialectones**
Manchester Boardwalk: **Laibach**
Manchester Palace: **Courtney Pine**
Newcastle City Hall: **The Daintees/Hurrah!**
Nottingham Russells (0602 473239): **The Coathangers**
Nutley Shelley Arms: **Chinese Whisper**

Oxford The Dolly: **The Gathering**
Peterborough, Key Theatre Glasshouse: **(lunchtime) The Frantix**
Preston Charter Theatre: **Phil Cool**
Sheffield George IV: **Antisect/Pro Patri Mori/Acrasy**
Southampton Mayfair Suite: **White Lies, Dub-allup/Chris Shakespeare's Soul Survivors (benefit for AIDS)**
Stony Stratford Vaults Bar: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**

MONDAY 6

Barry Memorial Hall: **Gloria Gaynor**
Birmingham Kaleidoscope (021 643 7019): **Wolfsbane/The Dangerous Sisters**
Bournemouth International Centre: **James Last**
Brighton Top Rank: **Spear Of Destiny**
Bristol Arncliffe (0272 299194): **Startled Insects (AIDS benefit)**
Cardiff St David's Hall (0222 371236): **Mike Harding**
Cork City Hall: **Alison Moyet**
Croydon Cartoon: **Big Hand**
Edinburgh Queens Hall: **Courtney Pine**
Exeter, Barts Tavern: **Women's Music/Cabaret Night**
Harlow The Square (0279 25594): **Bob Mills/Jim Taverre/Tony Morewood/Andy Greenhalgh/Logan Murray**
Helesburgh The Gallery: **Prows Children/Bertie S.**
London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **The Syndicate/Johnny Lovemuscle/Soul Commotion**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **Hackney Five-O/Crayfish Five/Jim Jiminee/Crazy Hearts/Jimmy Litherland**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Austin's Shirts/Trespassers W.**
London Fulham King's Head (01 736 1413): **Crucial Touch**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: **Rhythm Collision/Urge/The Irregulars**
London Islington Chas & Daves: **Silent Passion**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Bushfire Round**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 485 5358): **And So To Bed/The Ogdens/The Fat Lady Sings/The Anykind/Rote Kappelle**
London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **Apop**
London W1 100 Club (01 636 0933): **Caddyshack**
London W1 Wag Club (01-437 5534): **Plan B**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097): **Jake The Pilgrim/USUK/Mecca**
London WC2 Break For The Border Cafe: **Peace On The Panhandle**
London WC2 Players Theatre: **Heavenly Bodies**
London Wembley Arena: **Level 42**
Newcastle City Hall: **Elkie Brooks**
Newcastle Riverside: **Antisect**
Nottingham Russells (0602 473239): **Rhythm Section**
Preston Charter Theatre: **Phil Cool**
Southend Reids (0702 343235): **Gizmo**

TUESDAY 7

Birmingham Burberries: **Stump**
Brighton Old Vic: **A Tune A Day**
Brighton Richmond: **Listen With Mother**
Bristol Moon Club: **Ayto**
Bristol The Studio: **Spear Of Destiny**
Croydon Cartoon: **No Comment**
Dumbarton The Rock: **Prows Children/Titch Claws & Cowan**
Guildford Civic Hall: **Julian Cope**
Harlow The Square (0279 25594): **Chris Wagner**
Leeds Warehouse: **McCarthy/Dust Devils**
Limerick Savoy: **Alison Moyet**
London Brentford, Red Lion: **Fast Buck**
London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **Dirty Money/Clicking The Mouth/Premjah**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **Flowers In The Dustbin/The Company She Keeps/The Triads**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Perfect Strangers**
London Fulham King's Head (01 736 1413): **Wasteland**
London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: **Send For Kelly And Better Mousetrap & Adada**
London Kennington Cricketers: **Cricketers Cabaret**
London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 485 5358): **Escape From Burma/Rote Kappelle/Some Other Day/Fairly Perfect People**
London N1, Bass Ciel: **Cayenne**
London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **The Sound Service**
London Royal Albert Hall: **Paul Simon**
London Wembley Arena: **Level 42**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097): **Sex Artists/Simon's Really Fast/Orange Car Test**
London West End Railway: **Frederick Benson/Podomofski**
Manchester Hacienda: **Ben Watt & Tracey Thorn/The Woodentops (AIDS benefit)**
Northampton King Billy: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**
Nottingham Russells (0602 473239): **Climb Mountains**
Preston Charter Theatre: **Phil Cool**
Southend Reids (0702 343235): **Wendy Roberts**
Southport Theatre: **Courtney Pine**
Stockton-on-Tees Dovecot Arts Centre (0642 611625): **August Avenue**
Worthing Pavilion: **Ken and Billie Ford/Bill Hurren**

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6th Southside Johnny and The Dukes
6th Michael McDonald
6th Percy Sledge
6th Millie Jackson
6th Conflict
6th The Gathering Of the 5000
6th 999
6th King Kurt
6th Man Jumping
6th Immaculate Fools
6th Slayer
6th Julian Cope
6th Field Of The Nephilim
6th Barclay James Harvest
6th Karat Soul
6th Del Fuegos
6th John Mayall
6th James Brown
6th Spear Of Destiny
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1st Crazy Pink Revolvers
1st The Gap Band
2nd Gun Club
3rd The Lounge Lizards
3rd Blow Monkeys
3rd Zodiac Windwarp
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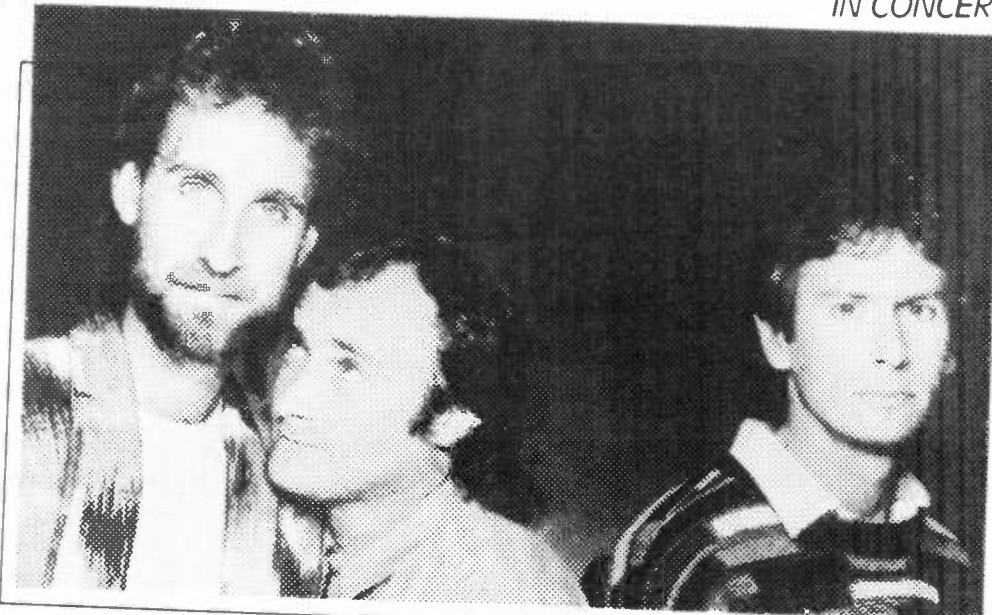
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Thurs 16 CORNFLOWER Swindon, Wiltshire
Fri 17 COMPASSES Egham, Surrey
Sat 18 THE ROYAL STANDARD Walthamstow, London
Fri 24 BRINKWORTH GOLF CLUB Chippenham, Wiltshire

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

LIVE

EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

GOD TO GO!

**AMNESTY
INTERNATIONAL'S
SECRET POLICEMAN'S
THIRD BALL**
LONDON PALLADIUM

WHEEL OUT the dinosaurs and the fat cats will follow. Gabriel, Knopfler, Gilmour, Reed... obviously when you're fund-raising the aim's to attract Big Names rather than original talent; the older the special guest stars the older and better-off the audience, the more cash generated for Amnesty. As a result the "great artists of the '80s", to quote compere Paul Gambaccini, were a wee bit thin on the ground.

Unless, that is, you count the axe-solid, double-decker keyboard sound of **World Party** — desperate Dixie Britons making it in the States with 'Ship Of Fools'. Or Irish singer-songwriter **Paul Brady**, who knocked out 'The Island' for us with vague, calculated allusions to "freedom". Or **Bob Geldof**: arguably a great man, but a great artist? Painfully flat on 'Redemption Song' and 'This Is The World Calling', his second attempt at becoming Marley's ghost — 'Get Up Stand Up' — was barely salvaged by three wailing rastamen on backing vocals. If you caught Geldof busking in a tube station you'd complain to the management.

In total contrast, the dreadlocks that aided Sir Bob came from "One Love One God One Aim One Destiny" merchants **Aswad** — great performers of the '80s, Babylon-burning and white-suits-a-spinning through Toots' '54-56' and 'I'm Hooked On You'. Even the geriatric teeny pop of **Nik Kershaw**, thumping out 'Wide Boy' and 'Wouldn't It Be Good', topped the Billy Smart's 'Circus' pop of "great artists" **Erasure**. With an "alright my babies?" from Andy, in rubber leotard and tights, the tape looped through 'Who Needs Love Like That' and the remarkably similar 'It Doesn't Have To Be'; meanwhile Vince stood alone, trapped in his own machinery, like a prisoner of conscience.

And, as always, real desires remain unsatisfied. First the acoustic **Joan Armatrading** disappears after only one song ('I Love You When You Call Me Names'), and then **Kate Bush** — after 'Running Up That Hill' with **Dave Gilmour** — metaMORphoses into embarrassing, Elkie-style for the *Sun*-debased, 'Let It Be'.

I don't want to sound cynical about The Secret Policeman's Third Ball; it's packed with names raising pounds for an 'independent', 'non-partisan' organisation that's campaigned since 1961 for over 30,000 political prisoners (26,320 of who are now free). What concerns me is the question of balance, between emotional cause and cocky celebrity. **Lou Reed** got it completely wrong, typically stressing the wrong words, on the dreadful 'Tell It To Your Heart' and the painfully rockist 'Voices Of Freedom' ("this is a song I wrote for Amnesty"); **Yousou N'Dour** might have got it right had his mike been plugged in; **Jackson Brown** nearly got it right on 'Waiting For Everyman', the anti-Republican 'Lives In The Balance' and Little Steven's well-liberal 'I Am A Patriot' "and the river opens for the righteous". Yet only **Peter Gabriel** — movingly, chillingly with 'Biko'-emotions — managed to get inside a political

**CHUCK BROWN AND THE
SOUL SEARCHERS**
LONDON TOWN AND
COUNTRY CLUB

ORIGINALITY IS dead. Let's thank the good god Go-Go that another romantic old cliché has been blown apart. Prince, hip-hop, British scratch-beat, in fact the only modern music worth a friar tuck, is steeped in other music. This is the moment of *kaleidoscopic funk*. Borrowing from everywhere, refusing to abide by the laws of property, Washington's **Chuck Brown And The Soul Searchers** proved beyond reasonable doubt that the whole of history is up for grabs.

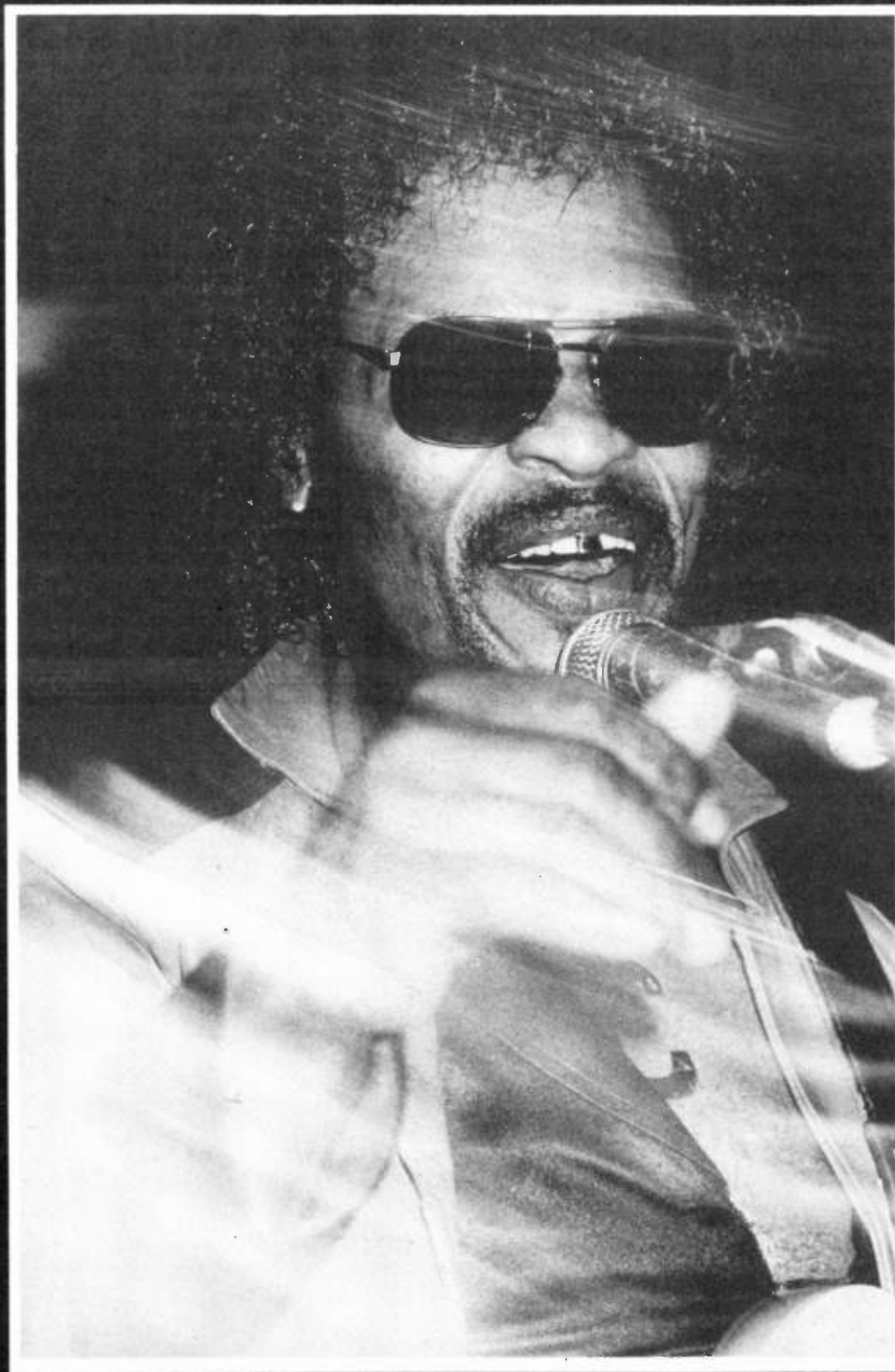
The nine piece band strolled on stage led by gold fillings and the Godfather of go-go. He was followed by his illustrious saxophonist **Leroy Fleming**, replete in zoot-suit and homburg as if the sidewalk pimp was the only character who could link the rhythms of jazz and funk. And the band followed on — there was **Woody Woodpecker**, **Phil Collins**, **Bill Withers**, a couple from **Trouble Funk**, **Jesse Jackson** and maybe **Bugs Bunny**, but I couldn't be sure.

The Town And Country Club was swarming with **Beastie Boy** caps, whistles and rousing chants of "Are you tired yet, are you ready to quit?". Chuck charmed them with go-go swing, fresh bumpin' and roto-tom percussio all wrapped up in one. He'd already won the war before the inevitable sax strains of 'We Need Money' cut through the crowd. This is Chuck's *forte* and his financial security. Other musicians, with less awareness of the capriciousness of the live circuit, would have played their big hit as an encore. Chuck plays it as an excuse for an interval: "We'll be right back when we've counted the money".

He wasn't joking. **Chuck** and **Leroy** shimmied straight into the dressing room to open the envelope and count the readies, before they dutifully returned for more of the remarkable

prisoner's head and unite the event and the cause in 'Wall-flower'.

But for the arrival of **Low-Down Left-Handed Dirty Hound-Dog** — a loud-suited blind lemon of a man who bore little resemblance to **Lenny Henry** — **Gabriel** might have stolen the show. First **Low-Down** defined the blues: "you meet a beautiful woman, in a shimmering white dress, and you take her



Chuck up, baby

same. There was the **Woody Woodpecker** theme; a **Phil Collins** cover which terminal hipness will not allow me to remember; a series of party chants incorporating the **Rainbow Coalition** motto 'I Am Somebody', and a go-go version of **Bill Withers**' 'Lean On Me'. Then there was a

side swipe at **Doug E. Fresh**'s 'The Show/LaDi-DaDi' and another inevitable peak with Chuck's other funk classic 'Bustin' Loose'.

It left **Trouble Funk** looking pedestrian, because old **Chuck**, forever the trouper, knew his audience. He'd come to party and didn't

have to bother with the exhortations. It was sponsored by **Camden Council** and weighed in as the biggest advert yet for the creative sense of municipal socialism. **Ken Livingstone** your time is up: the godfather came to party.

STUART COSGROVE

GLORIA GAYNOR
CAMBRIDGE CORN
EXCHANGE

I EXPECTED tack, but at least Las Vegas tack. The fabulous diva herself came on in sequinned apparel to proclaim 'I Am What I Am' ("what I am needs no excuses") through a mist of dry ice. That's what she says. Her voice is

powerful enough, but too rounded and polished to convey any emotional charge, so her bizarre asides to the audience have to carry more than their share of sincerity.

Apparently clean out of breath after the very first song, she sashayed gingerly to and fro, grinning tirelessly, and inviting us to share those intimate moments: "We're gonna take a trot down memory lane, to 1975, when we

first met on radio..." The audience (furry dice bracket, upper end) whooped and clapped approvingly through a disastrous choice of material, including a lumpy 'Never Can Say Goodbye' and even 'Everybody Wants to Rule the World'.

There was the schmaltz medley ('Shadow of Your Smile' and 'The Way We Were') and the gospel medley ('Amen' and 'He's Got the Whole World in His Hands') and **Ms Gaynor** confided that she'd become a born-again Christian "and I'm very pleased about that".

Naturally, 'I Will Survive' was reserved for the show-stopper, slowly and portentously unveiled like the grand prize in a quiz show. Building up to a full-scale clapping, it threatened to turn at any minute into 'Hava Nagila'. "Will you survive? Will you survive?" **Gloria** scanned the audience accusingly. "If there is one tiny person out there who has the unmitigated gall to stop me surviving..." I heard no more, but speaking as one who barely survived, that one tiny person has my every sympathy.

JONATHAN ROMNEY

THE MISSION
LONDON BRIXTON
ACADEMY

THE STEPS outside are cluttered with empty cider bottles. Inside you are faced with ranks of black haired goth "chicks" doing a snakey hand-jive — as if their wrists had been mass slashed in some freaky suicide ritual. Disgusting dirtbags slobber in the corners and smell. The bogs are full of big lads in T-shirts, leather trousers and pointed boots. A fun place.

Wayne, onstage, says: "This one was written by an old hippy for all us young hippies and it's called 'Like A Hurricane'". A women ten years my junior rattles her beads and says: "Yay!". It is not the wit and wisdom of **Wayne** she celebrates. It is not the imminence of only the second decent tune she'll hear all night — the first being the 'Dambusters' intro tape — that she anticipates. It is having been described as a "hippy" that has so delighted her. **National Service now!**

The **Mish** deal in solid slabs of bleak, unyielding "rock". 'Sacrilege' sounds like 'Wasteland' sounds like 'Let Sleeping Dogs Die' sounds like... and nothing in this grey wedge of a set sounds remotely inspiring, amusing or even irritating. It's not Metal — it's not that much fun. It's just "rock". Burns on seats, punter/gig/cashtill "rock".

What is celebrated tonight is not the '60s. Nor is it, despite the trappings of 1985-style Aussie gloomthunder, a renaissance of subversion through sacrilege — look to **The Cult** for that. This is a blind retreat into 1972 — the year the ideas ran out but the drugs kept coming. The **Smackheadroom Show**.

The term 'Goth' — in its colloquial usage — is fitting. Beneath the contrived and appalling poetry (like **Ranting Never Happened**), beneath the stench of patchouli, you can hear the scratch, scratch, scratching of a conscious cadaver clawing at a coffin lid.

A great gig.

STEVEN WELLS

THE GODFATHERS

SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY
DEPOT CLUB

WHAT A disaster. It's the end of term and I'm lost in a sea of student euphoria. The bar is five deep, full of six foot rugger boys with not a gap in sight. The air is thick with cigarette fumes and I keep getting jabbed in the ribs by stray elbows. Indeed, what a mission of purgatory.

Such is the pre-Easter holiday *joi de vivre* that Val Doonican himself could stand on stage and gob at the audience and they'd still love it. Perhaps The Godfathers are a fitting end to it all. The theme from *The Persuaders* swells in a magnificently sinister rumble from the PA — now this is more like it. The Godfathers pick up their instruments in their very fetching mode of Kray Twins mouth and trousers, eyes glazed over with a wafer-thin veneer of violence, short back and sides arrogantly standing to attention. Then they start to play. This is where they lose me I'm afraid.

Blam, blam, blam it all goes. Guitar, bass, drums and voice all packed into a small, aural, airborne incendiary device which is shot with great velocity from somewhere to the side of the stage, whistling over my head and exploding with great force a little way behind my heels. Now that really isn't funny. That hurt. Is this what the code of Cosa Nostra truly means? To make the audience wince from barely a pause between the assaults of this trousers pressed heavy metal. There is not a perm or an ostrich feather in sight but plenty of phallogentric, guitar-orientated sentiment. 12:15am and the queue for the bar is in an advanced state of Rigor Mortis so there's no solace even in alcohol.

CLAIRE MORGAN JONES

NEW
GUITAR
IN TOWNSTEVE EARLE & THE DUKES
HARLESDEN MEAN FIDDLER

THERE'S SOMETHING slightly evil about Steve Earle. He smiles and plays happy tunes on his guitar but he gives the impression he could turn nasty at any moment. He bears more than a passing resemblance to Tommy Lee Jones in *The Executioner's Song*, walking a thin line between good and bad. He could cradle you in his arms and then cut your throat the second you close your eyes.

Happily any aggression he may project from his surly frame is channelled into his music; twanging country guitars liberally laced with a beat group organ, topped with a rasping but clear vocal. Earle is country music's nearest equivalent to Bruce Springsteen, swapping the New Jersey Turnpike for a Tennessee dirt track.

As the world awaits his second album, this British audience is more than happy to stamp their feet and slap their thighs to the ten songs on 'Guitar Town'. They can forgive Earle for playing the title song at both the beginning and end of the lengthy set, because it is already a minor classic and one of the best country songs you're likely to hear for years. We jump and frug to the Sun rockabilly of 'Think It Over' as Earle pays homage to his Memphis heroes, making a slight detour through John Fogerty's solo catalogue.

'Goodbye's All We Got Left' is a great crossover number which should have been a massive hit all over the world. It sounds like Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers at their best, but if all this seems derivative you be wrong.

It's difficult to assess Earle's new material on just one hearing, but one particular song stands out as a gem for 1987. 'The Rain Came Down' is almost a ballad, a sad and reflective lament which builds a picture of Earle's history and cultural background, a scene from the story of his life. Get yourself a ticket, hop on a Greyhound and don't get off 'til you reach 'Guitar Town'.

TERRY STAUNTON



The mightily impressive Mr Hucknall

SIMPLY RED
LONDON HAMMERSMITH
ODEON

SIMPLY RED don't have appreciably more to say than their '70s counterparts, but they say it with all the flair that modern designer consciousness has to offer. Here's the set, for example — a backdrop spiked with strange protruding tubes, and startling lighting, tastefully lurid royal blues and infernal tangerine, nicely off-setting the band's pastel executive look. A sober team of efficient operators — is that strap-on mike broadcasting the closing pork-belly prices?

I came expecting just this sort of 'Soul by Next', but I'm mightily impressed. The blandness of the records is redeemed by an absolute mastery of the live punch, and the sort of pacing that would reek of calculation, if it weren't for Hucknall's voice and cheek. He stomps about, looking like a cross between Joe Cocker and Edward G. Robinson, winding up the punters in a Clitheroe Kid whine: "Are yer nervous? We're not. Dead confident we are". The only time he turns on his notorious Casanova act is when he takes the backing singer for a coy waltz through the middle of a dainty 'Sad Old Red'.

It's only the killer punch that salvages some of the more faceless material, through. 'Shine' is

typical, built round a punchy keyboard part and an artfully teased-out vocal line, and 'Infidelity' still sounds like the archetypal middlin forgery of the Great Soul song (yes, I know, Lamont Dozier, but still...). Some of it's way off course: Bunny Wailer's 'Love Fire' lumbars, and doing Talking Heads' 'Heaven' as a full-blown gospel adds nothing, except a run through of Hucknall's catalogue of choicest mannerisms. Sly's 'Let Me Have It All' was great, though; could have been cheekier, but nice snappy horns.

The grand emotion is plotted to the last detail, of course. The click of the drums and change of lights at the end of the trumpet solo gives the game away. The whole affair is so well timed that it doesn't seem that much of an intrusion when Mick dives down to the lowest, most intimate note in his lovely Cole Porter number and the audience suddenly starts whooping and hailing (most singers would be bloody annoyed, but then, you have to have them eating out of your hand in the first place).

But it's a cracking band, too; Tony Bowers' bass was riveting all evening, and Tim Kelle's odd trumpet intervention gets the Miles-with-mute sound down to a tee. I was sitting there thinking, well, not obnoxious at all, really, and by the time they'd chalked up 'I Won't Feel Bad', 'The Right Thing', 'Money's Too Tight' and 'Years', I was (say it again) mightily impressed. Dead confident they are.

JONATHAN ROMNEY

THE STRANGLERS
GLASGOW
BARROWLANDS

NOSTALGIA. GREAT, isn't it? The Banshees sang Walt Disney, The Beasties out-def-ed the Pistols, Peggy Sue got married, and if you

go back to the future you can coin mint on yesterday's idea package with tomorrow's technology and soundtrack from 20 years ago.

Sounds like just the right time release yer new CD and call it 'T Collection', which is just what T Stranglers have done — and w not, 'cos everybody else is doing the same thing.

The flashback is complete, sa Carol, because she's in a huff the foyer after some prat spat her. And Hugh says from the sta that "Some people think they watching a punk band in here". plays 'Get A Grip On Yourse which sounds exactly like it did 1977.

But then, this is The Majesty Silver Jubilee tour... no, sorry, The Stranglers celebrating t long, hard and successful years The Biz and the audience re-liv its punk childhood. Ten years a being soaked in beer, spit a having elbows wedged in ye lug-holes and rib-cage was inel able — now it's a pathetic ind ment of the state of pop. Strange no-one seems suprised that T Stranglers and the 2,000 stro audience are still doing this, bu am. I'm also surprised that they not serving soup-in-the-basket accompany the pure cabaret me lays that they churn out relentle ly. But I'm not surprised that the is a complete rendition (just abo of The Golden Oldies.

The Stranglers will probab continue to play 'Peaches' a 'Hanging Around' until they're t (another couple of years to t lads). They are not 'Aural Scu tors'. They are not dream men this 'Dreamtime' tour. They s simply past it. And that, plus t ability to play so mechanically v that we know that they mean it, t they are doing it solely for t money, is all you need to sell a f thousand CDs these days. A why not? Everyone else is do it.....

ANDREA MILL

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LIVE AND MONEY
UNDEE UNIVERSITY

HEESEBURGER NIGHT, pop- from a Glaswegian band made immediate consumption, teen- ueals and major signings. L&M ve immersed themselves in ick musical shades of America, e sense of place and lyrics ash with Chevys and Baptist urches that spark the imaginan of their vocalist. Replicant ul, perfect in every circuited ail but heartless in nearly all the ortant areas. Glasgow just ain't roit, no matter what they say. Love And Money are the aven's Gate of the new pop ys — money was poured in, a iran-produced, Mojave desert leo made, every last selling point own to man employed and . . . it n't work. All was lost in the face vast public apathy. On stage ight I can see all the built-in redients: Glasgow, quiffs, ericana, singlets, tight playing, eeching guitars and a sallow, eam-making front man in mes Grant. But this Scottish b-soul stuff still doesn't move t, although their live show is a ndred times better than any of e records, and Grant's rap-cum- oning style is much better than vious shows. There is some gle of emotion but most of it is re artifice.

'Candy Bar Express' is a tight, ing crunch of a number though, ain Is A Gun' is anthemic and werful, and 'River Of People' is tchy. They seem to want to ke statements about money d corruption, excess and attrac- n, while wowing the teeny-bop- rs who lick their lollipops. They n't decide whether to be hard or ft, Costello or Wham! Neither is ry convincing.

BOB FLYNN

JITTERBUG LOVE

THE BHUNDU BOYS
LONDON, TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB

WHILE PAUL Simon took his plundered pop — a pop that pretends a distance from politics — to Zimbabwe, Harare's finest sons returned triumphantly to yet another London sell-out, to revel in a dance-music unashamedly defined by its proximity to politics. Even the accompanying Afro-disco of BBC hipster Andy Kershaw (who sounds like John Noakes on safari) can't dampen tonight's atmosphere of celebration.

Hard-working soulsters After Tonite provided the appetiser. Looking more like trouble-funkers than their Redding-rooted music might suggest, they're a band unafraid of guitar-solos and with a tendency towards freeze-frame endings. It shows that the six-piece line-up have studied well the history of soulmanship; the whole band dance with a synchronised vigour, while frontman Eli Thompson and Brian Clarke deliver vocal effects ranging from basso profundo voice-overs to Mayfield to sugary soul solution. Encoring with 'Ain't No Stopping Us Now' ("... to the bridge!"), After Tonite were great, not least because their soul is the muscle of the heart, and they're big-hearted.

No less high-spirited, The Bhundu Boys are disarmingly humble. Announcing themselves simply as "a dance-band from Zimbabwe", they launch headfirst into *jit* style; a music of relationships — you bring the feet, the boys'll move them! What's *jit*? A sonic infection striking at the speed of sound, its metamorphosing rhythms are musical lines of understatement, turning inside and out. It makes the floor glow hot beneath you.

Jit's lightness of sound and motion has much to do with the absence of a bassline tyranny in the band. Drums too are marginalised in favour of a more trebly weave in



Biggie time for the Bhundus

which all Bhundus take an almost percussive part. The fabric's strong enough to cope with the venue's PA problems and not miss a beat.

The Bhundus' set illustrated the point that music contains meaning beyond language — just as well, my Shona's not up to much. Looking rakish in a fishing cap, Biggie Tembo's excursions into English are limited but make their mark: "Support the people of South Africa. Britain, lead your Commonwealth!" Bhundu politics are evident in the communal effort of their music; watching them, you just know there's a use-value in there somewhere.

And the audience? *Jittering* all over the joint.

LOUISE GRAY

R CAJUN AND THE ZYDECO BROS
DERBY FRIARY HOTEL

EXPONENTS OF modern cajun music that both respects roots and burns toes are hardly the norm this side of Louisiana. If your list of home-grown greats exhausts a postage stamp (both sides), drop

me a line. If R Cajun And The Zydeco Bros don't feature, don't bother. This lot claim to be one of the most authentic, vital cajun outfits for miles. And what's more, they can prove it.

A diet of French-Louisiana folk and southern state rhythms, (rich enough, say I) is only half the story. For on another, almost legendary, gumbo night these are being taken and shaken, stirred and generally

skewered with (almost) anything your drunken heart desires. As a random taster, 'Hard To Believe' is the rockabilly-flavoured gem that transforms drowned alcoholics into furious two-steppers.

Utterly blameworthy are an accordion and fiddle. Throttled in tandem, they simply react like you'd never imagine. And if 'Alligator Girl' does commit a rare sin and paddle in the odd backwater

cliché, the feverish rush of 'Mardi Gras' (insane harmonica) more than makes amends. Whether we're talking bluey ballads, country blessed waltzes or more swampy rhythms, this band are sounding true. True to a past never bastardized by a modern, interpretative touch. A case of Bon Ton Roulet if ever I heard one.

PATRICK WEIR

THE SMITHEREENS
SALVATION SUNDAY
HARLESDEN MEAN FIDDLER

THERE I WAS, leaning over a balcony and staring glassy-eyed at gigantic videos of Kevin Rowland when this couple walk on stage with only a guitar between them. Salvation Sunday: let's rock! The opening chords ricocheted as I leant back and sighed, for two more had joined them. The new breed of musicians — blow-fried freeze-dyed torch-dried chords and vocals — playing to the new, upwardly-mobile generation of pub rockers in a stark, traditional West Coast style, in a full, traditional video cafe, that I HATED and yet which made me tingle; as if, through over-familiarity, they had found a way to my heart . . . but, really, there was no difference 'twixt Salvation Sunday and The Smithereens except the voice. Now, the voice I liked.

Salvation Sunday held back, struck suitably sincere pained expressions sounded '60s and looked from Brighton. The Smithereens were much the same. But whereas the support held some of the trumps — the harmonies, the steady guitar and tingling female Harry-esque voice — The Smithereens' hand was bare; the excessive guitars, all that energy laid to waste. The second coming completely washed over these ears. The crowd loved both, the sounds were hardly dissimilar, but whereas I DETESTED The Smithereens, Salvation Sunday got away with it; tunes not lost in pose and songs not swamped in gristle and voice which can touch stones. They'll go far.

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MANIFESTO!

DON'T DIE OF PREJUDICE



APART FROM several hastily hushed *faux pas* – the Tory backbencher who extolled the virtues of the gas chamber for gays and Edwina Currie's 'good Christians won't get infected' statement – the Government appears ostensibly to have made generous gestures in the fight against AIDS.

But looking deeper, their efforts prove to be less than magnanimous. The special Health Education Authority – which will, from April 1, spearhead the campaign to control the spread of AIDS – is a statutory arm of the health service and will be fully under the control of the Government in a way its predecessor, the Health Education Council, never was. This body's impending loss of independence has been publicly acknowledged by Tory MPs who have welcomed the fact that the new Authority will be accountable to ministers,

and that the Government will have the power to elect and sack the members.

Last November the Government bequeathed £20 million for the anti-AIDS publicity drive and promised that the resultant leaflets and newspaper, TV and radio adverts would be explicit enough to drive the message home to the most naive and oblivious souls. Mrs Thatcher is reputed to have thrown her hands up in horror and condemned the publicity campaign as being "more suitable for lavatory walls". If that was her reaction to aesthetic shots of lilies and tombstones, then the next line of advertising (over which her Government will have total control) is likely to be even less explicit.

Until now, contraception has been a taboo topic on TV, with the Independent Broadcasting Authority declaring that the advertising of contraceptives offends "Public taste and decency". But the IBA's own consumer research shows that 74 per cent of the public deny that contraceptive adverts would make them feel uneasy, so British sensitivity cannot be cited as an argument for coy and evasive advertising. In the case of the squeamish minority, what price a few sharp intakes of breath compared to the risk of death through ignorance? If the rest of Europe can stomach capital letters spelling AIDS bonking in condomed bliss, or rubber-clad bees buzzing around on their screens, then why not us?

The problem is that the few shock

tactics ventured so far have been harmful in another direction. One poster depicts a bed with a tombstone above it, and "Sex Kills" ominously written beneath. But sex doesn't kill. Ignorance kills, and by equating sex with death, the only reaction will be a mass defensive psychological blockade.

A survey done by the Scottish Health Education Group last summer showed that misconceptions and prejudices were rife, with a large proportion mistakenly believing that transmission of the virus was possible through social contact such as kissing and sharing facilities like crockery or toilets. Most of the respondents also associated the disease exclusively with gay men and junkies. Obviously education is needed to challenge prejudices, outline the risks to *heterosexuals*, and dispel paranoia. The current campaign has failed to present such constructive, accessible information.

IT'S TAKEN the Government too long to pump resources into the campaign. Already 731 cases of AIDS have been recorded in the UK and 377 people have died, and over 40,000 are suspected of being asymptomatic carriers, most of whom will eventually develop the disease. By 1990, the total number of cases in the UK will be up to 18,000, and the carrier rate will then be phenomenal. With current hospital treatment costing about £15,000 per patient, earlier effective advertising would have been easier

To date 377 people in the United Kingdom have died of AIDS and there are 354 more confirmed cases. With fears that over 40,000 more men and women may be infected, and with the British Medical Association estimating that the cost of treatment by 1990 will exceed £51 million, why has the Government responded with a measly £7 million? LEYLA SANAI looks at the official lack of real concern.

on the Government's pockets as well as their minds. With Labour's health spokesman Michael Meacher estimating that every £1 million spent on prevention would save £10 million on later treatment, it's alarming that only now – with the problem beginning to threaten 'normal' heterosexual lifestyles – has the Government been jolted into action.

The impact of the disease on the heterosexual population also means that judgemental moralism is now truly irrelevant. AIDS spreads as easily among heteros as it does among gay men – acts of God and cesspools have nothing to do with it. There are no culprits, only victims. Would you slag off someone for cancer?

Having defined high risk activities and outlined prophylactic measures, the powers that be have resorted to useless floundering instead of positive action. It's been proved, for instance, that over 50 per cent of Edinburgh's injecting drug abusers are HIV positive, a situation caused by needle sharing due to a reticence on the part of the Health Service to provide sterile needles in exchange for used ones. The excuse was that admitting to the problem would make it less taboo, even condone it, and thousands of youngsters would start jacking up. Apart from being insulting this patronising attitude was also a highly irresponsible one. In Amsterdam, speedier action in an identical situation had beneficial results. Why do we have to learn the hard way?

LAST MONTH the Government announced that it was allocating only £7 million for the treatment, care and counselling of victims and carriers of AIDS – £3 million of this for '86-'87. This figure has been criticised as being pitifully inadequate by health authorities and experts. The British Medical Association estimate the real cost as being £9.5 million this year, rising to over £51 million in two years time. Whether the deficit will be compensated for by cuts elsewhere in the health service or by inadequate care for AIDS victims is unclear.

So is the Government doing its best or is it just a show of concern to meet public demands and to distract attention from other issues? After all, if Social Services Secretary Norman Fowler is really so concerned about the nation's health, then why have 40,000 NHS beds been cut in six years? Or why the tenfold increase in childhood leukaemias around nuclear powerstations has not been publicised with as much glee as has the high incidence of AIDS in society's 'deviants', the gays and the junkies.

Does the AIDS campaign seek to encourage paranoia as much as to pacify it? – when times are hard, it's always handy to have some focus for mass hysteria. Undoubtedly the Government do want to educate the public about the disease – as much for their own sake as for ours – but isn't it convenient that it's one field in which they can't be seen as villains? As a pop star once said, "I'm only concerned with looking concerned".

STRIPPED



PHIL SAATCHI

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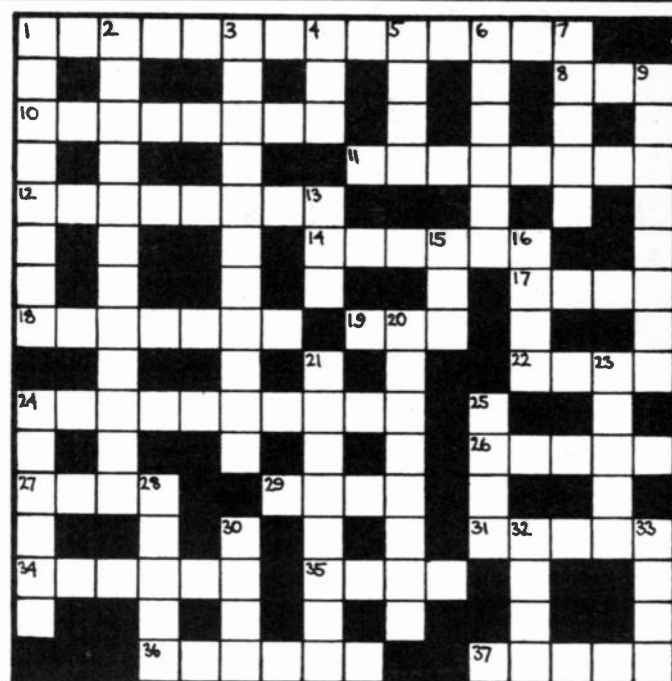
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ACROSS

- 1 X. . . . no, not another 'Kiss' from His Excellency, but an indication of multiplication (4-2-3-5)
- 8 Smiths doing a form of ska? (3)
- 10 Formed by Richard Hell on his departure from Television (8)
- 11 Chico, legendary jazz drummer (8)
- 12 An immediate hit for Creatures (5-3)
- 14 (See 4 down)
- 17 (See 15 down)
- 18 Time to make certain of this group? (7)
- 19 Their singles include 'Palace filled With Love' and 'Rainy Day', both from 1982 (1-1-1)
- 22 Born in Berlin, 1940, she was an actress and model before associating with 'Chelsea Girls' (4)
- 24 + 26 across. From 'Machine Head', one of the Deep Purple classics (5-2-3-5)
- 27 + 25 down. Something that should be heard, but not seen, from the Big Country (4-4)
- 29 Sex Gang, having had his children taken away (4)
- 31 + 33 down. Undo soggy knots for a Geneva trio (5-4)
- 34 She was described as "like the stars that please the night, the sun that makes the day, but lights the way" (6)
- 35 Spandau Ballet's only single to make number one (4)
- 36 German make of guitar, the violin bass was much used by Paul McCartney when with the Beatles (6)
- 37 (See 21 down)

DOWN

- 1 Perhaps even rise up the current singles chart? (8)
- 2 Smokey Robinson's first UK hit was covered by the Stones to give them their 29th (5-2-1-2-2)
- 3 Adam And The Ants wondered which side he was on. . . . (6-2-3)
- 4 + 6 across. The Crystals saw him as anti-government (3-1-5)
- 5 Ain't somehow part of fuzzbox (4)
- 6 During their Sgt. Pepper days, the



Compiled by Trevor Hungerford

- Beatles staged a Benefit for him (2-4)
- 7 'A Dog', Procol Harum album and single (5)
- 9 "I first saw you you had on blue jeans/your eyes couldn't hide anything" a mortal cover version (8)
- 13 'The Way We', which included 'The 7,000 Names of' (3)
- 15 + 17 across. Does he move up and down repeatedly in the water before the river dam takes him to The Grateful Dead? (3-4)
- 16 Malcom McLaren protege who left before a success (4)
- 20 The Jam's 'Gift' containing something to be cherished (8)

- 21 + 37 across. Early 70s soul based outfit from Glasgow fronted by Maggie Bell (5-3-5)
- 23 How to 'do it' on the other side of the killing moon. . . (5)
- 24 . . . and this was of some value to Mac as he "walked on a tidal wave, laughed in the face of a brand new day" (6)
- 25 (See 27 across)
- 28 Boy from Philadelphia who, 20 years ago, sang at the body temperature of 98.6 (5)
- 30 'Going' - For A Living', Fischer Z album (4)
- 32 Familiar forename of one of the stars from the film musical *Dr Zhivago* (4)
- 33 (See 31 across)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 + 3D The World Won't Listen. 6 + 19A Jim Reeves. 8 Maiow. 10 Shazam. 11 Hop. 12 All Cried Out. 15 Silt. 16 Trust. 18 Safety Net. 22 Annie. 23 Heartland. 24 Aswad. 27 Let's Be Frank. 34 Sun. **DOWN:** 1 + 5D Time After Time. 2 Who. 4 WEA. 6 John Lennon. 7 Mr Potato Head. 13 Laurel Aitken. 14 + 32A The In Crowd. 17 + 33A Treat Me Nice. 18 Swoon. 21 Saxa. 25 Swans. 26 Alice. 28 + 20A Buck Owens. 29 Fool. 30 + 31D Andy Kim.

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WALTHAMSTOW. Female for own room in house. Rent £35 p.w. Deposit £100. Phone Rachel, 521 2589. Home. Near Tube and shops. C.H.

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POPLAR E14. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £14 p.w. plus bills. Phone 515 6204. After 7pm. Aged 24-35.

N15. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £33.33 plus bills. Deposit £130. Phone 889 4018. After 4pm. Gay/straight. 2 mins from Tube buses.

MERTON SW19. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £40 p.w. plus bills. Deposit £160. Phone 543 6851. After 7pm. Near Tubes.

HAMMERSMITH. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £50 p.w. incl. Deposit 4 weeks. Phone 0732 456151. After 7pm. C.H. Near Tubes.

CLAPHAM COMMON. Female for own room in flat. Rent £40 p.w. plus bills. Deposit 1 month. Phone 223 4700. Home.

SW14. 2 females for shared double room in flat. Rent £40 p.w. each. Deposit 1 month. Phone 878 8823. Home. Plus bills. Prof. persons.

CROYDON. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £45 p.w. incl. Deposit 1 month. Phone 684 7389. Home. C.H. Near BR. All mod cons.

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HINCHLEY WOOD SW. Female for own room in flat. Rent £40 p.w. plus bills. Phone 398 9553. After 4pm. Plus bills. 20 mins Waterloo. Near BR. Share with 1 other.

CHELSEA. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £220 p.w. incl. Deposit 2 weeks. Phone 351 0676. Home.

FULHAM. Female for shared room in flat. Rent £173 p.w. plus bills. Deposit £150. Phone 736 6865. After 6pm.

CLAPHAM. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £35 p.w. incl. Deposit £100. Phone 801 3401. Between 6.30 and 9.30pm. C.H.

N4. Female for own room in house. Rent £35 p.w. incl. Deposit 3 weeks. Phone 341 0248. Home. C.H. Telephone.

SOUTHGATE. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £40 p.w. plus bills. Deposit 2 weeks. Phone 882 8393. After 6pm.

SOUTHGATE. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £50 p.w. plus bills. Deposit 2 weeks. Phone 882 8393. After 6pm. Plus bills.

BECKENHAM. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £20 p.w. plus bills. Phone 659 7557. Between 6.30 and 7pm.

SW9. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £130 p.w. plus bills. Phone 733 1855. Daytime. Includes gas and electric.

STREATHAM HILL. Couple, male/female for double room in flat. Rent £173 p.w. each. Deposit 4 weeks. Phone 937 1555. Plus bills.

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STOKE NEWINGTON. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £28 p.w. Deposit 1 month. Phone Carlos, 806 9555. Work. Student or young person under 30.

WOOD GREEN. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £40 p.w. plus bills. Deposit £100. Phone Lynn, 727 3932. Work. Large room.

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WEMBLEY PARK. Female for own room in maisonette. Rent £130 p.w. plus bills. Deposit £50. Phone Beverly, 726 3456. Work. Mid 20s. Non-smoker. Near Tube.

STANWELL MOOR. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £170 p.w. Phone Sharon, 0784 65968. Work. 22 plus. Near Heathrow and shops.

CLAPHAM SOUTH. 2 people or one male/female for own room in flat. Rent £60 p.w. excl. Deposit TBA. Phone Jackie, 629 4343. Work. 20 plus. Near Tube and buses. Garden flat.

EAST DULWICH. Female for own room in flat. Rent £130 p.w. plus bills. Deposit £60. Phone Bruce, 839 8022. Work. 20-30. Prof. person. Non-smoker. Bus stop very near. Modern luxury flat.

N22. Professional male/female for own room in house. Rent £175 p.w. incl. Deposit neg. Phone Jonathan or Karen, 888 6064. Home. Washing machine. C.H. Near BR and Tube. Garden.

GANTS HILL. Female for own room in flat. Rent £35 p.w. Phone 551 6837. Home. Newly decorated. Own fridge, cooker, kettle. Near station/buses. Shared bathroom. Washing machine.

RAYNERS LANE. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £150 incl. Deposit £75. Phone Renne, 429 3485. Home. Near Tube. Non-smoker. Gas C.H.

BEFORD, MIDOX. Male/female for own bedroom in large house. Rent £35 p.w. Deposit £100. Phone Mr Butler and Mr Temperley, 844 1208. Home. Share gas and electric bills. Full use of facilities. Use of lounge/kitchen. Available from 22nd May.

EAST FINCHLEY. Female for own room in flat. Rent £195 p.w. incl. Phone 444 5854. Home. C.H. Near Tube (10 mins). Non-smoker.

CRICKLEWOOD. 2 females for own 2 rooms in luxury maisonette. Rent £40 p.w. and £35 p.w. incl. Deposit 1 month and 1 month in advance. Phone Monam, 208 1193. Home.

CRICKLEWOOD NW2. Male/female or couple for shared room in house. Rent £35 p.w. each. Deposit £150 each. Phone 208 3315. Home. Large lounge, kitchen, bathroom, loo, shower room.

WESTBORNE PARK. Female for shared room in flat. Rent £117 p.w. Deposit £108. Phone 243 0512. Home. C.H. Friendly. Near Tube and buses.

WEMBLEY. Male/female for own large room in flat. Rent £40 p.w. excl. Deposit £200. Phone Gareth, 902 1258. Home. Home.

W6. Prof. male for own room in house. Rent £40 p.w. Deposit 1 month. Phone Lawrence, 741 4426. Home. Non-smoker.

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CHARTS

45s

UK TOP FIFTY

LPs

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST
1	1	RESPECTABLEMel & Kim (Supreme)	4
2	14	WITH OR WITHOUT YOUU2 (Island)	2
3	2	EVERYTHING I OWNBoy George (Virgin)	5
4	19	LETS WAIT AWHILEJanet Jackson (Breakout)	2
5	7	RESPECT YOURSELFBruce Willis (Motown)	4
6	3	I GET THE SWEETEST FEELINGJackie Wilson (SMP)	6
7	(-)	LET IT BEFerry Aid (The Sun)	1
8	6	WEAK IN THE PRESENCE OF BEAUTYAlison Moyet (CBS)	5
9	11	SIGN O THE TIMESPrince (Paisley Park)	4
10	4	THE GREAT PRETENDERFreddie Mercury (Parlophone)	5
11	26	BIG TIMEPeter Gabriel (Virgin)	2
12	10	(YOU'VE GOTTA) FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHTBeastie Boys (Def Jam)	6
13	5	MOONLIGHTING THEMEAl Jarreau (WEA)	4
14	9	LIVE IT UPMental As Anything (Epic)	7
15	12	IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BEErasure (Mute)	6
16	24	IF YOU LET ME STAYTerence Trent D'Arby (CBS)	4
17	48	LEAN ON MEClub Nouveau (King Jay)	2
18	20	SEXY GIRLLillo Thomas (Capitol)	2
19	27	EVER FALLEN IN LOVEFine Young Cannibals (London)	2
20	21	LOVING YOU IS SWEETER THAN EVERNick Kamen (WEA)	4
21	8	STAND BY MEBen E King (Atlantic)	8
22	(-)	LA ISLA BONITAMadonna (Sire)	1
23	(-)	THE IRISH ROVERThe Pogues & The Dubliners (Stiff)	1
24	15	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMANPercy Sledge (Atlantic)	7
25	18	TONIGHT TONIGHT TONIGHTGenesis (Virgin)	4
26	34	KEEP YOUR EYE ON MEHerb Alpert (Breakout)	2
27	36	STILL OF THE NIGHTWhitesnake (EMI)	2
28	16	SEVERINEThe Mission (Mercury)	4
29	13	RUNNING IN THE FAMILYLevel 42 (Polydor)	8
30	35	WATCHING THE WILDLIFEFrankie Goes To Hollywood (ZTT)	5
31	32	WHAT YOU GET IS WHAT YOU SEETina Turner (Capitol)	3
32	23	THE RIGHT THINGSimply Red (WEA)	7
33	25	LOVE REMOVAL MACHINEThe Cult (Beggars Banquet)	6
34	43	THERESEThe Bodines (Pop/Magnet)	3
35	17	CRUSH ON YOUThe Jets (MCA)	6
36	22	MALE STRIPPERMan 2 Man (Bolts)	8
37	46	DOWN TO EARTHCuriosity Killed The Cat (Mercury)	11
38	(-)	THE PASSENGERSiouxsie And The Banshees (Wonderland)	1
39	(-)	HEAT OF THE NIGHTBryan Adams (A&M)	1
40	(-)	OUT WITH HERThe Blow Monkeys (RCA)	1
41	(-)	SIMPLE AS THATHuey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)	1
42	(-)	CAN'T BE WITH YOU TONIGHTJudy Boucher (Orbitone)	1
43	(-)	DAY IN DAY OUTDavid Bowie (EMI/America)	1
44	28	DON'T NEED A GUNBilly Idol (Chrysalis)	5
45	33	MANHATTAN SKYLINEA-Ha (Warner Bros)	6
46	45	I'D RATHER GO BLINDRuby Turner (Jive)	3
47	31	WORKING UP A SWEATFull Circle (EMI America)	4
48	40	COMING AROUND AGAINCarly Simon (Arista)	8
49	(-)	AND THE BEAT GOES ONThe Whispers (Solar)	1
50	(-)	SHE COMES FROM THE RAINThe Weather Prophets (Elevation)	1

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST
1	1	THE JOSHUA TREEU2 (Island)	3
2	2	MEN AND WOMENSimply Red (WEA)	3
3	6	RUNNING IN THE FAMILYLevel 42 (Polydor)	3
4	4	GRACELANDPaul Simon (Warner Bros)	22
5	8	THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERAOriginal Cast (Polydor)	7
6	5	THE VERY BEST OF HOT CHOCOLATEHot Chocolate (Rak)	6
7	(-)	NOW 9Various (EMI-Virgin)	1
8	12	AUGUSTEric Clapton (Duck)	17
9	11	SILK AND STEELFive Star (Tent/RCA)	31
10	42	INVISIBLE TOUCHGenesis (Virgin)	2
11	9	WILD FRONTIERGary Moore (10)	4
12	10	MOVE CLOSERVarious (CBS)	3
13	24	SOPeter Gabriel (Virgin)	9
14	16	LICENSED TO ILLBeastie Boys (Def Jam)	9
15	3	THE WORLD WON'T LISTENThe Smiths (Rough Trade)	4
16	18	GIVE ME THE REASONLuther Vandross (Epic)	12
17	7	PICTURE BOOKSimply Red (Elektra)	8
18	17	LIVE MAGICQueen (EMI)	16
19	23	IMPRESSIONSVarious (K-Tel)	5
20	29	CONTROLJanet Jackson (A&M)	2
21	26	TRUE BLUEMadonna (Sire)	38
22	19	THE COMMUNARDSThe Communards (London)	15
23	3	STAND BY MEBen E King (Atlantic)	4
24	14	IF YOU WANT TO DEFEAT YOUR ENEMYIcicle Works (Beggars Banquet)	3
25	RE	REVENGEEurythmics (RCA)	1
26	15	THE FINAL COUNTDOWNEurope (Epic)	19
27	48	DANCING ON THE CEILINGLionel Richie (Motown)	3
28	21	THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASSSiouxsie And The Banshees (Polydor)	4
29	20	SAINT JULIANJulian Cope (Island)	4
30	30	UPFRONT 5Various (Serious)	2
31	25	BROTHERS IN ARMSDire Straits (Vertigo)	93
32	22	DIFFERENT LIGHTThe Bangles (CBS)	16
33	46	PRIVATE REVOLUTIONWorld Party (Chrysalis)	2
34	32	LICENSED TO KILLMalice (Atlantic)	2
35	35	FINER THINGS IN LIFEChuck Stanley (Def Jam)	2
36	(-)	THE DANCE CHARTVarious (Telstar)	1
37	50	RAPTUREAnita Baker (Elektra)	18
38	36	SLIPPERY WHEN WETBon Jovi (Vertigo)	27
39	33	THE WHOLE STORYKate Bush (EMI)	19
40	47	SCOUNDREL DAYSA-Ha (Warner Bros)	4
41	27	WHEN A MAN LOVES A WOMANPercy Sledge (Atlantic)	4
42	37	GET CLOSEPretenders (Real)	2
43	39	LOVE ME RIGHTMillie Scott (4th & Broadway)	2
44	(-)	THE KILLER INSIDE MEGreen On Red (Mercury)	1
45	RE	GOD'S OWN MEDICINEThe Mission (Mercury)	1
46	45	THE BEST OFJames Taylor (CBS/WEA)	2
47	RE	A HARD DAY'S NIGHTThe Beatles (Parlophone)	1
48	(-)	OPUS DEILaibach (Mute)	1
49	RE	DISCOPet Shop Boys (EMI)	1
50	RE	SWEET FREEDOMMichael McDonald (Warner Bros)	1

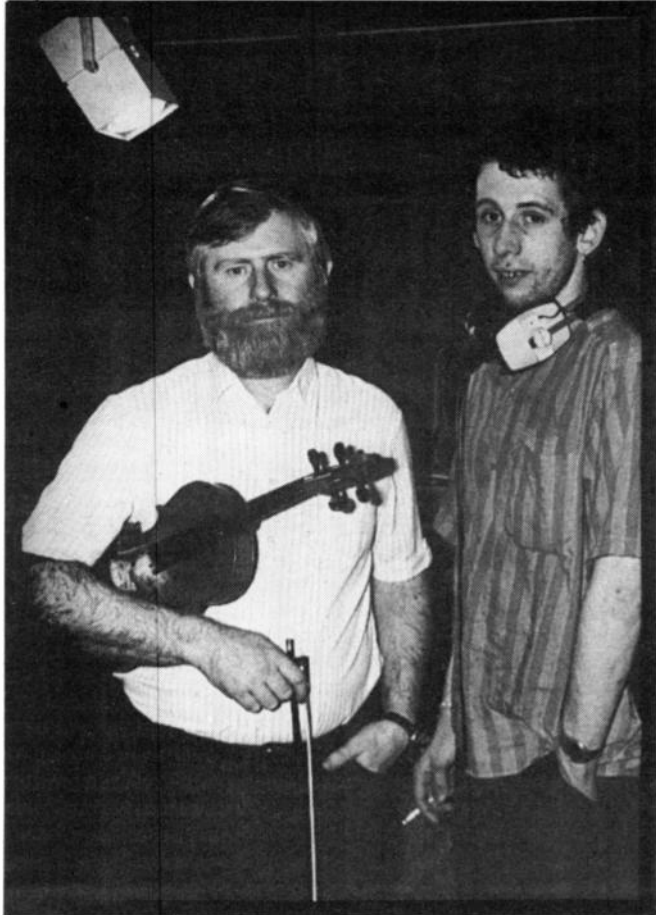
45s

INDEPENDENT

LPs

1	1	STOP KILLING METhe Primitives (Lazy)
2	3	IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BEErasure (Mute)
3	2	MY FAVOURITE DRESSThe Wedding Present (Reception)
4	8	WHAT GIVES YOU THE IDEACrazyhead (Food)
5	4	SWEET SWEET PIEPop Will Eat Itself (Chapter 22)
6	5	BRIGHTERThe Railway Children (Factory)
7	7	ALWAYS THERERose Of Avalanche (Fire)
8	6	LOVE IS DEADThe Godfathers (Corporate Image)
9	23	AHEADWire (Mute)
10	12	EVERYTHING'S GROOVYGaye Bykers On Acid (In Tape)
11	(-)	SUNNY SUNDAY SMILEMy Bloody Valentine (Lazy)
12	9	SHOPLIFTERS OF THE WORLD UNITEThe Smiths (Rough Trade)
13	17	ONE VISIONLaibach (Mute)
14	(-)	ASK JOHNNY DThe Chesterfields (Subway)
15	11	TAKE THE SKINHEADS BOWLINGCamper Van Beethoven (Rough Trade)
16	13	HEAVEN SENTJosef K (Supreme)
17	28	PEEL SESSIONThe Birthday Party (Strange Fruit)
18	15	KISSThe Age Of Chance (Fon)
19	(-)	JUST A CITYVoice Of The Beehive (Food)
20	25	FRANS HALSMcCarthy (Pinky)
21	16	BAMP - BAMPBambi Slam (Product Inc)
22	10	PEEL SESSIONSiouxsie And The Banshees (Strange Fruit)
23	(-)	TART TARTHappy Mondays (Factory)
24	(-)	CRAWL BABIESThe Pastels (Glass)
25	18	HOLYHEADThe Stars Of Heaven (Rough Trade)
26	19	THE RAIN FELL DOWNJesse Garon And The Desperadoes (Narodnik)
27	14	HEAD GONE ASTRAYThe Soup Dragons (Raw TV Products)
28	27	MAGICK DEFENDS ITSELFPsychic TV (Temple)
29	24	INTO THE GROOVE(Y)Ciccone Youth (Blast First)
30	(-)	1000 YEARSSkin (Product Inc)

1	1	THE WORLD WON'T LISTENThe Smiths (Rough Trade)
2	5	BACK AGAIN IN THE DHSSHalf Man Half Biscuit (Probe Plus)
3	2	SHABINIThe Bhundu Boys (Disque Afrique)
4	3	THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPESMichelle Shocked (Cooking Vinyl)
5	4	UP FOR A BIT WITHThe Pastels (Glass)
6	7	HORSE ROTORVATORCoil (Force And Form)
7	12	WONDERLANDErasure (Mute)
8	6	QUIRK OUTStump (Stuff)
9	13	HYSTERIELydia Lunch (Widowspeak)
10	22	BERSERKERScratch Acid (Fundamental)
11	14	WALKING THE GHOST BACK HOMEThe Bible (Backs)
12	10	HIT BY HITThe Godfathers (Corporate Image)
13	(-)	REUNION WILDERNESSThe Railway Children (Factory)
14	8	DIRTDISHWiseblood (Some Bizzare)
15	16	ATOMIZERBig Black (Homestead)
16	9	ESPECIALLY FOR YOUThe Smithereens (Enigma)
17	(-)	OPUS DEILaibach (Mute)
18	(-)	BEAUTYVarious (Pink)
19	15	CRUSH COLLISIONAge Of Chance (Fon)
20	(-)	HONY TONKIN'The Mekons (Sin)
21	20	ON THE BROADWALKTed Hawkins (Brave)
22	19	PICTURES OF STARVING CHILDRENChumbawamba (Agit Prop)
23	(-)	OFFICIAL VERSIONFront 242 (Red Rhino)
24	(-)	THE GIRL WHO RUNS THE BEAT HOTELBiff Bang Pow (Creation)
25	23	C86Various (NME/Rough Trade)
26	11	BEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACYThe Dead Kennedys (Alt Tentacles)
27	25	CONCRETE SOCKS/HERESYVarious (Earache)
28	(-)	LOCUST ABORTION TECHNICIANButthole Surfers (Blast First)
29	18	THE QUEEN IS DEADThe Smiths (Rough Trade)
30	29	LIVE IN PARIS 1986Psychic TV (Temple)



The handsome one and fiddling friend: in at No. 23

DANCEFLOOR

20

1	ROCKCHESTERFats Comet (On-U Sound 12")
2	AGGRESSIVAFront 242 (RRE 12")
3	DE TESTIMONYFini Tribe (Cathexis 12")
4	SEXUALITYErasure (Mute 12" B-side)
5	BRAIN SCRAPERPortion Control (Deadman's Curve LP)
6	OFF THE BEATEN TRACKAfrican Head Charge (On-U Sound LP)
7	HYPNOTISEDMark Stewart And The Maffia (Mute 12")
8	MEDUSAClan Of Xymox (4AD LP)
9	TIMEBOMBChakk (FON 12")
10	SHOTGUNColourbox (4AD 12")
11	BLOODSPORTSwanhunters (FON 12")
12	THE GREAT DIVIDEPortion Control (Deadman's Curve 12")
13	OVER THE SHOULDERMinistry (Sire LP)
14	KLOEBERDANZBel Canto (local demo)
15	WHAT'S MY MISSION NOW?Tackhead (On-U Sound 12")
16	RICKY'S HANDFad Gadget (Mute 7")
17	WASH IT ALL OFFFoetus (Self-Immolation 12")
18	ATTACK SHIPSRevolting Cocks (Wax Trax 12")
19	WE BELIEVEMinistry (Sire LP)
20	ELECTRO MOTIVECabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade 12")

Chart by the Lamebrain Corporation, filling the floor every weekend at the Lamebrain Unlimited Warehouse, Tromsdaalen, Norway.

FUNK

20

1	KEEP YOUR EYE ON MEHerb Alpert (A&M) UK LP
2	LET'S WAIT A WHILEJanet Jackson (A&M) UK 12"
3	AFTER LOVING YOUJuicy (CBS) US LP
4	SERIOUSDonna Allen (Portrait) UK 12"
5	STILL IN LOVEJaki Graham (EMI) UK 12"
6	RESPECTABLEMel & Kim (Supreme) UK 12"
7	AND THE BEAT GOES ONThe Whispers (Solar) UK 12"
8	COOLIN' OUTPrivate Joy (Evejim) US 12"
9	LET YOURSELF GOSybil (Next Plateau) US 12"
10	BOYS NIGHT OUTFull Circle (EMI) UK LP
11	AS WE LAYShirley Muldock (WEA)
12	ONE FROM THE HEARTJocelyn Brown (Warner Bros) LP
13	SCREAMING AT THE MOONPhyllis Hyman (Philly) UK 12"
14	DON'T BLOW A GOOD THINGVesta Williams (A&M) UK 12"
15	CRUSH ON YOUJets (MCA) UK 12"
16	KEEP IT WARMVoices In The Dark (Next Plateau)
17	SWEETHEARTRainy Davis US LP
18	WHEN LOVE GOES WRONGCarol Douglas (New Image) UK 12"
19	EVERY 1'S A WINNERHot Chocolate (EMI) UK 12"
20	SEXYMasters Of Ceremony (London) UK 12"

Chart by Jason & Alec at Record Shack, 12 Berwick Street, London WC1

REGGAE DISCO

12"

1	AGONYPinchers (Live and Love)
2	GIVE ME THE DUB/HOOKED ON YOUAswad (Simba)
3	HOMEBREAKERWinsome (Fine Style)
4	NOTHING DON'T COME EASYCornel Campbell (Live And Love)
5	IN THE MOODChristine Lewin (Hot Vinyl)
6	I'VE MADE UP MY MINDJean Adebambo (Ade J)
7	NO ONE NIGHT STANDNerious Joseph (Fine Style)
8	DON'T HURT MY FEELINGSFreddie McGregor (Powerhouse)
9	TRUE LOVEConrad Crystal (Legal Life)
10	PUNANY/HEALTHY BODYAdmiral Bailey (Live And Love)
11	EVERYTHING I OWNKen Boothe (Trojan)
12	KUFF 'N' DEM VERSION 1 & 2Mikey General (Digikal)
13	DIGITAL/RAMBOKing Kong/Frankie Paul (Digikal)
14	DON'T STAY AWAYJanet Kenton (High Power)
15	TAKE IT DOWN LOWAxeman & Dixie Peach (Fashion)
16	LET ME KNOWMaxi Priest (10)
17	HANDCLAPPING FOOTSTOMPINGAdministrators (Groove & 1/4)
18	BAD MINDED PEOPLEAdmiral Tibbet (Techniques)
19	IT ONLY TAKES A MINUTEToyin (Criminal)
20	WINNIE MANDELACarlene Davis (Greensleeves)

Chart by Dub Vendor, 274 Lavender Hill, London SW11.

US

45s

- 1 LEAN ON ME..... Club Nouveau (Warner Bros)
- 2 NOTHING'S GONNA STOP US NOW..... Starship (Grunut)
- 3 LET'S WAIT AWHILE..... Janet Jackson (A&M)
- 4 TONIGHT, TONIGHT, TONIGHT..... Genesis (Atlantic)
- 5 MANDOLIN RAIN..... Bruce Hornsby And The Range (RCA)
- 6 SOMEWHERE OUT THERE..... Ronstadt/Ingram (MCA)
- 7 COME GO WITH ME..... Expose (Arista)
- 8 THE FINAL COUNTDOWN..... Europe (Epic)
- 8 RESPECT YOURSELF..... Bruce Willis (Motown)
- 9 DON'T DREAM IT'S OVER..... Crowded House (Capitol)
- 10 I KNEW YOU WERE WAITING FOR ME..... Franklin/Michael (Arista)
- 11 LET'S GO..... Wang Chung (Geffen)
- 12 MIDNIGHT BLUE..... Lou Gramm (Atlantic)
- 13 JACOB'S LADDER..... Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)
- 14 SIGN @ THE TIMES..... Prince (Paisley Park)
- 15 WHAT YOU GET IS WHAT YOU SEE..... Tina Turner (Capitol)

US

LPs

- 1 LICENSED TO ILL..... Beastie Boys (Def Jam)
- 2 SLIPPERY WHEN WET..... Bon Jovi (Mercury)
- 3 THE WAY IT IS..... Bruce Hornsby And The Range (RCA)
- 4 GRACELAND..... Paul Simon (Warner Bros)
- 5 INVISIBLE TOUCH..... Genesis (Atlantic)
- 6 CONTROL..... Janet Jackson (A&M)
- 7 LIFE LOVE AND PAIN..... Club Nouveau (Warner Bros)
- 8 THE FINAL COUNTDOWN..... Europe (Epic)
- 9 NIGHT SONGS..... Cinderella (Mercury)
- 10 BACK IN THE HIGHLIFE..... Steve Winwood (Island)
- 11 RAPTURE..... Anita Baker (Elektra)
- 12 GEORGIA SATELLITES..... Georgia Satellites (Elektra)
- 13 LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN..... Poison (Enigma)
- 14 STRONG PERSUADER..... Robert Cray (Mercury)
- 15 FORE!..... Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)

Charts by Billboard

B-GIRLS

10



PICTURE: EMILY ANDERSEN

Sweet T and Jazzy Joyce.

- 1 BANG ZOOM (LET'S GO-GO).... The Real Roxanne + Hit Man Howie T. (Cooltempo)
- 2 TRAMP..... Salt 'N' Pepa (Next Plateau)
- 3 FUNKY SOUND (TEAR THE ROOF OFF)..... Sequence (SugarHill)
- 4 SUCKER DJS (I WILL SURVIVE)..... Debby D. (Partytime)
- 5 IT'S MY BEAT..... Sweet T & Jazzy Joyce (Champion)
- 6 PAYBACK..... Roxanne Fly Shante (Pop Art)
- 7 BEAUTY AND THE BEAT..... Salt 'N' Pepa (Next Plateau)
- 8 QUEEN OF ROX..... Roxanne Shante (Pop Art)
- 9 SHOWSTOPPA..... Supernature (Pop Art)
- 10 LOVER BOY G..... Fly Girl Kate (Chart Act)

Wrapped up by Dr Cosgrove

COUNTRY

LPs



The Famous Three hit No. 1.

- 1 TRIO..... Parton-Ronstadt-Harris (Warner Bros)
- 2 GIVE A LITTLE LOVE..... The Judds (RCA)
- 3 SWEET DREAMS..... Patsy Cline (MCA)
- 4 GUITAR TOWN..... Steve Earle (MCA)
- 5 STORMS OF LIFE..... Randy Travis (Warner Bros)
- 6 THEY DON'T MAKE THEM LIKE THEY USED TO..... Kenny Rogers (RCA)
- 7 GUTARS, CADILLACS, ETC, ETC..... Dwight Yoakam (Reprise)
- 8 ROCKIN' WITH THE RHYTHM..... The Judds (RCA)
- 9 NEW MOVES..... Don Williams (Capitol)
- 10 I NEED YOU..... Daniel O'Donnell (Ritz)

Courtesy: Gallup for The Country Music Association

LEST WE FORGET



Associates in social lig horror.

5

YEARS AGO

- 1 SEVEN TEARS..... Goombay Dance Band (Epic)
- 2 JUST AN ILLUSION..... Imagination (R&B)
- 3 QUIEREME MUCHO (YOURS)..... Julio Iglesias (CBS)
- 4 THE LION SLEEPS TONIGHT..... Tight Fit (Jive)
- 5 POISON ARROW..... ABC (Neutron)
- 6 LAYLA..... Derek And The Dominoes (RSO)
- 7 MICKEY..... Toni Basil (Radial Choice/Virgin)
- 8 AIN'T NO PLEASING YOU..... Chas & Dave (Rockney)
- 9 PARTY FEARS TWO..... The Associates (Situation 2)
- 10 CLASSIC..... Adrian Gurvitz (RAK)

10

YEARS AGO

- 1 KNOWING ME KNOWING YOU..... Abba (Epic)
- 2 GOING IN WITH MY EYES OPEN..... David Soul (Private Stock)
- 3 CHANSON D'AMOUR..... Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)
- 4 WHEN..... Showaddywaddy (Arista)
- 5 SOUND AND VISION..... David Bowie (RCA)
- 6 I DON'T WANT TO PUT A HOLD ON YOU..... Bernie Flint (EMI)
- 7 TORN BETWEEN TWO LOVERS..... Mary MacGregor (Ariola)
- 8 MOODY BLUE..... Elvis Presley (RCA)
- 9 SUNNY..... Boney M (Atlantic)
- 10 OH BOY..... Brotherhood Of Man (Pye)

15

YEARS AGO

- 1 WITHOUT YOU..... Nilsson (RCA)
- 2 BEG, STEAL OR BORROW..... New Seekers (Polydor)
- 3 ALONE AGAIN (NATURALLY)..... Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
- 4 AMERICAN PIE..... Don McLean (United Artists)
- 5 MEET ME ON THE CORNER..... Lindisfarne (Charisma)
- 6 HOLD YOUR HEAD UP..... Argent (Epic)
- 7 MOTHER AND CHILD REUNION..... Paul Simon (CBS)
- 8 FLOY JOY..... The Supremes (Tamla Motown)
- 9 DESIDERATA..... Les Crane (Warner Bros)
- 10 IT'S ONE OF THOSE NIGHTS..... The Partridge Family (Bell)

20

YEARS AGO

- 1 RELEASE ME..... Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
- 2 THIS IS MY SONG..... Harry Secombe (Philips)
- 3 PUPPET ON A STRING..... Sandie Shaw (Pye)
- 4 EDELWEISS..... Vince Hill (Columbia)
- 5 I WAS KAISER BILL'S BATMAN..... Whistling Jack Smith (Deram)
- 6 SIMON SMITH AND HIS AMAZING DANCING BEAR..... Alan Price Set (Decca)
- 7 SOMETHIN' STUPID..... Frank & Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
- 8 THIS IS MY SONG..... Petula Clark (Pye)
- 9 GEORGY GIRL..... The Seekers (Columbia)
- 10 PENNY LANE/STRAWBERRY FIELDS FOREVER..... The Beatles (Parlophone)

FRED FACT

THE RECENT soccer club merger buzz certainly provides food for thought. As pop music is also afflicted with the same sort of malaise that affects the world of the offside trap and the blindside trip, it seems possible that various bands and solo acts could equally benefit by getting together in suggested Fulham Park Rangers manner, linking both names and aims.

For instance, Simon LeBon's once fully international squad haven't been raking in quite so many ackers of late. So maybe they could enhance their fortunes by connecting with an artist who's had a major hit in recent weeks, say Randy Crawford? A pairing guaranteed to tote more appeal than a cocker-spaniel in begging pose, they could then go out on the collective guise of Duran Durandy Crawford.

Similarly, if George Michael, now lacking someone to whom he can play straight man, was to team up with Princess, they could tour as Princess Michael, thus ensuring a huge crowd of Nigel Dempster lookalikes (not to mention some dodgy looking ancestors) at every venue at which they appeared. The idea has intriguing possibilities. Some acts could almost end up being football teams. For instance, if Jayne County and Terence Trent A'Arby worked as a duo, they could gain billing as D'Arby-County.

Other combinations might finally have more in common with soccer stadiums. Imagine Barry White, Corey Hart and Cleo Laine linking their surnames to form a group identity! Others perhaps might skip using individual names and, instead, formulate an appellation that would suit the collective monikers of those involved.

Theoretically then, Johnny Winter, Donna Summer, jazz pianist Keith Spring and The Fall could package themselves as The Four Seasons. But this is pure speculation, of course. I mean, no group of people named The Four Seasons could ever really make it in the music business, could they?

Better that the Nolans, Europe, Rush, Divine and Saxon join forces and conquer the world under an acronym formed by the first letters of their current names. At least nobody would be disappointed about what such a collective delivered!

Fred Dellar-Fadele

BLACK BRITAIN

FROM PAGE 27

"It does worry me", says Ron Elliston, their vocalist and founder member, "but not that much. What's going to happen is going to happen. There's not a lot that we can do about it. If we start worrying about it you just start mucking everything else up."

On their debut LP, Black Britain do a lot of things very well. Songs such as 'Freetown Boy' and 'Real Life' are prime examples of the group's talent. Yet this is by no means a classic album. Strong, but not a stunner. It includes songs that were written, in some cases, over four years ago; material that pales in comparison to their later work. Black Britain argue that it was all a case of timing. Yet the undoubted potential of the group who are genuinely moving towards creating a new sense of funk is, in parts, held back.

The question is whether they will be afforded the time and space to get to a point where their full abilities are maximised.

One idea for the group last year was that Larry Blackmon of Cameo should produce them. Indeed, Blackmon, at the group's expense, was flown over to London to explore the idea.

It never happened. Blackmon felt that by writing such uncompromising lyrics, they were committing career suicide before they had even started.

Mick remains unruffled by this judgement. "I think all American producers think in that way. I think most British producers are starting to think that way. It's a business. All these people are on royalties and if the records sell they make money. It's not a question of them thinking, oh it's not right to sing about that. It's a question of thinking, it's not going to sell."

And in the late '80s, if you don't sell, you don't mean shit.

Viennese nightlife seemed to leave Ron a bit cold. This is not surprising when you consider his life outside the group. He DJs at fetish clubs in London where it is the norm for men to crawl around on all fours with a girl dragging them along on a leash.

Alternatively, you might enter the gents' toilet to find a leather-clad woman whipping someone into pain and pleasure. Ron has no trouble admitting his voyeuristic tendencies.

And DJing also confirms his growing belief that music should not be judged by a narrow mind.

"When I DJ at this fetish club, *Der Putsch*, I really mix it up. I play The Doors, The Velvet Underground, Beastie Boys, James Brown, '60s stuff, everything. I think if everyone is into dancing, if you've got a record that is totally the wrong style but maintains that beat, you can get away with it. People don't even realise they're into it and as long as they don't it's great."

Obviously, Black Britain are going to be up against the same prejudices, especially in this country where music has never been more splintered, nor, in its polarised state, more reflective of Britain, the poverty of the North contrasted against the tax gains of the South.

Perhaps the six policemen who were waiting for the group and its entourage at Gatwick when we touched down would agree. But I doubt it. They had other things on their mind. Like a distress call from the plane we were returning on for instance.

Out of a simple misunderstanding about drinks being served on the plane, a situation of which I was blissfully unaware, the police decide to question myself, Paul Waller and Olly, two musicians who were augmenting Black Britain's live line-up.

"So Paolo," asks one PC studying my *British* passport closely, "what country are you from ..."

Holding back my laughter, I suddenly noticed that Black Britain have whipped out their instruments, set up their equipment and launched into a furious version of their debut single, 'Ain't No Rockin' In A Police State'. Immediately, the airport is transformed.

Tired travellers drop their baggage and start dancing on the spot. Lionel Richie, passing through for a connecting flight, dances on the ceiling. The frosty stewardess's suddenly have large smiles on their faces as the music fills the airport.

Even the policemen can't help throwing their helmets up in the air with a shout of joy and joining in. All except for one. He is busy phoning our names through to the computer.

TOOL

EDITED BY THE LEGEND! VILE BY CHRIS LONG, SEND YOUR LETTERS TO TOOL, NME EDITORIAL, COMMONWEALTH HOUSE, 1 - 19 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON WC1A 1NG.

PRAISE

May I say how talented you all are. I wish I was half as talented as you, then I would be a mega space God. I love the *NME*, like I love my own children. I buy it every week because it embodies what's totally birrillianttttt in music! Wow! God, I've always been into *NME* ever since the halcyon days of Morley and Penman, but your new batch of writers make them look like Noddy and Big-Ears! All power to you *NME*! You are holy geniuses!
Big Bill Condom (real name!), Camden Town

SLOBBER, SLOBBER

Why has Jane Solanas stopped writing for the *NME*? She hasn't written anything for about three weeks, and even then it was only one teeny-weensy record review. Is it true that she had a row with someone, so she isn't being given any more things to write? This is censorship in its worst form. *The Tube* was never better off without Jools Holland. Come on *NME*, pull your socks up. Sack that wally Dele Fadele and let Jane take over. In fact you could let Jane write the whole *NME*, I'm sure many of us would appreciate that. She is funny, brill, mental and deranged. The *NME* is getting really boring these days and we need Jane to liven it up a bit.

Also, I note that someone called Kate from Liverpool wrote in once and asked if you could print a 'nice big piccy' of Jane as she thought she was in love with her. Well I am definitely in love with this gorgeous, horny and sexy creature so please print a picture of the lovely Jane for me, Kate, Jane and all her other fans to drool over. Thanks a lot!
Jane S. lover, Barnet, Herts.
How come all the letters I get like this turn out to be from spotty anorexic 16 year old anorak-lovers? (Only a joke kids, honest!) - L!

SIGH

Dear Tool, if no one else is going to say it then I will: why the hell did you devote eight whole pages of the *NME* (March 14) to such a worthless group as U2. Are you becoming their fanzine? Are U2 mystical or just the victims of mescaline frenzy? At least it explains why they named their album after a cactus. More gun-toting yo-boys, down-by-law rappers and pirate DJs please!
Clint Detroit, Ex-Quest FM 89.9 FM, Surrey.
Just be thankful you don't buy *Sounds*, *Babycakes*, that's all I'm gonna say - L!

METAL MANIA

Your 'speed-metal' feature was a complete joke! For a start Metallica AREN'T 'Speedmetal'. If you think songs like 'The Thing That Should Not Be' and 'Fade To Black' are FAST then you've got a lot to learn. Don't get me wrong - I think Metallica are one of the finest bands ever, but how come they're suddenly hip enough to be in the *NME*? Is it because you think Thrash/Speed/Black/Death Metal has something to do with Hip-Hop?? Cos you kept mentioning it all through the feature.

Metallica's first album was NOT 'self-titled'. It was called 'Kill 'em All' (it's like thinking that the Sex Pistols' album was 'Pretty Vacant'). And why was the front cover photo of 'Metallica' actually three pictures of James Hetfield cut up and stuck together (badly) to look like a band?

How dare you stereotype us into 'metal kids' and 'hardcore kids'? And, NO, you're wrong. The way we celebrate our heroes and the things we care about are NOT 'quite different'. I was buying *Metal Forces* before YOU told me to, and I listen to MDC, 7 Seconds, Nuclear Assault, Black Sabbath, Motorhead, Articles Of Faith, The Dubliners, The Pogues and Dominic Behan, so what stereotype do I fit into??

Why do you always mystify everything with arty-farty metaphors and obscure references? So how about you go back to your jazz, Afro, jeans adverts, whatever and I'll go back to my hardcore metal thrash and folk music, OK?
Rob, Camberwell, London.

I think Judge Dredd is a limp-wristed knee-jerk liberal wimp. How Anthrax can be so feeble as to associate themselves with him, I'll never understand. Why don't they get heeaaavyy??! D.R. and Quinch, or nothing!
Thrasher, Romford.

Slayer sing about 'Devil rock', your writer tells us. They sing about occult deaths and Satan and horrible mutilation. Yet your paper sees fit to give them only the tiniest slap on the wrist for these attitudes, and seem to find the group very amusing. Oh yes, very clever. Do you know (no, you probably don't do, you sitting round drinking cocktails and listening to salsa) how many people Satanist devotee Jimmy Page was responsible for the deaths of? How heavy metal has caused the suicides and strange deaths of hundreds of innocent youngsters?

I am not a Christian, but I find it disturbing that you give so much space to such desperately sick people who, not content with holding the views they do, seek to drag others down with them into the mire. Rock music must allow a variety of opinions to flourish, of course, but surely enough is enough of this rubbish? Bands like Slayer, Megadeth, The Cult, Anthrax and others merely pander to what T. S. Eliot so aptly called 'the dark night of the soul', and I for one am heartily sick that such a respectable and intellectual paper as yours is giving them coverage. Wise up!
Andy Fortier, Blackheath.

Just a quickie letter about *NME* (Kerrang, 21st March '87). It made me vomit (I didn't think it was particularly good) and I couldn't read much of it, I was in tears. The vast majority of your readers don't give a toss about 'speed-metal'. Macho long-haired twats who probably thought it was real heavy man, to switch their turntables to '45' when playing an old Saxon LP or some other dated crap.

Brian Clough, Nottingham.
Metallica have released three albums, with perhaps a 'slow' track on each. Congratulations at spotting two of them Rob.

So what've you got against revitalising homogenised crap- then Cloughie? Surely it's better than puking up on an overdose of gristle and Cult singles any day? The Beastie Boys are currently the best METAL group in the history of rock'n'roll. No messin'! - L!

A VICAR WRITES . . .

Heck, SWells, if you think for one minute that we're gonna believe that the bloody Legend(!) is BIG DICK then you need another haircut, pronto! How the hell could a twisted emotional midget wimp like the L! ever scale the

heights of genius needed to produce this paragon of post *Viz*, post *BRUTE*/toilet literature?! The only mutha who could possibly be the godlike DICK is . . . Alan Jackson!

This wag continues to fool most people with his wicked parodies of the worthy sterile *MM*-style review but there's a line in the Dolly Parton and pals LP review which is a DEAD GIVEAWAY. Alan, you KILL me! Keep it UP (and I'm not talking typewriters here!!!)
Paul Whicker, no fixed abode
The train leaves in five minutes. Be under it - L!

GODSLOT

I must say it was very heartening to read the account of Ed Kuepper's latest effort written by The Legend! Ed is without doubt the most unsung musical maestro of modern times. How well I related to The Legend's admission of spending hours singing and dancing in 'blissful abandon' to the virtuosity of the much better half of The Saints' famous songwriting duo. Shame oh shame though, dear Legend! - at least you could spell his name correctly!
Roy Dunn, Harrow, Middlesex.

I must say, it is very heartening to read letters from people who obviously appreciate my fine work as

much as Mr. Dunn does. Keep it up Roy! - L!

APOLOGY

An apology regarding S L Alker's letter (*NME* March 21st) in connection with Red Wedge at the Hacienda.

We wholeheartedly regret that no concession was made to someone who clearly had every reason to expect a cut-price rate on the door. We will now, as a matter of some priority, ensure that people receiving invalidity/sickness benefit should not be discriminated against and will be assured a calm, cut-price cross through the door of all future Red Wedge events. Needless to say we will continue to want to work with the Hacienda in future.

Red Wedge would like all our events to be free but due to the self-funding nature of the organisations this is simply not possible.

Yes, socialism is about equality - it's also about listening to people's needs and acting on those needs.

Andrew Chapman, Red Wedge.

TENUOUS 'JOKE'

After the remarks by Phil Wilson in his interview in your paper, I

feel compelled to set the record straight. The article was riddled with inaccuracies, particularly regarding the royalties he has received.

The LP in question, 'There Are Eight Million Stories', in fact sold over 12,000 copies in South London alone (total sales worldwide currently approaching 500,000) with Phil receiving royalties of 400 PENCE so far. The cheque for £400 was written in error by our accounts department and a cheque for £396 would be appreciated by return of post. Phil. And may I remind Phil that he still owes us for the pot of hair gel we purchased for him to help keep him at the forefront of fashion.

The Pink Label didn't spend any money on other bands, in fact I now own a house out of London with a studio in the back garden where I 'potter' around.

Paul Sutton, Pink Label.
Sarcasm, Paul - defined as 'the use of caustic and often ironic language to express contempt or bitterness' - is only effective when not laboured - L

TRANSPOTTER

Have any of your readers noticed the similarity between the bass line of U2's 'With Or Without You' and the Dead Boys' 'Sonic

Reducer' circa 1977? I think we should be told.
Graeme McAnan, Edinburgh.

PROBLEM

Dear Tool, I am an unemployed person with no hope of a job, rapidly losing my self-respect. I have no money and see no prospect of receiving any, seeing as my rent and dole cheques have been suspended indefinitely. My gas and electricity have been switched off, which doesn't really matter, seeing as I am threatened with eviction almost immediately. *NME* really brightens up my week.
H.P. Lovecraft, Kingbury
An expert writes . . . "In fact this is a very common problem for young people today. As you can only make love occasionally at present, you are obviously going to be easily aroused when the opportunity arises. Rapid ejaculation in such circumstances is normal, but whatever the cause, stress and anxiety only make the matter worse. I've sent you a list of books that'll outline helpful techniques". - L!

DEF, DUM

Yo Ledge! My main man, this missive is from one crucial crew to another. What's happening? Where's the free Beastie Boys/Talulah Gosh flexi then? How can us cool pop kids get on down to the funkadelic sounds when our eyes are chilled out by total uncool and megapuka U2 adverts in the *NME*. So, get wise you know where it's at, so KICK IT!
The Crucial Crew London NW
Come again? - L!

LOONY TUNES

ALIEN SPACE SHIT (THAT'S YOU), sometime ago I sent you some treasured 'possessions' as part of a proposition. You chose to ignore my idea but to keep the items. That was your big mistake, for that you will pay dearly. No physical damage will be done to you, it won't be necessary, you will destroy yourselves. Because of your actions an ancient curse has been pointed at you. A curse what tool thousands of years to develop an whose potency cannot be challenged. Already you are being watched and the magic is working out its methods by which it will make you destroy yourselves. You made the mistake of stealing from a genuinely needy individual, you who are so fat and sleek and smug. You have angered the GODS.

You will scoff in . . . (oh, for God's sake, shut up. Sleek and smug I may be, but fat?? Never!! - L!)
Anon (but he's actually) Mr P L Fletcher, West Yorks.

C60 - Go!

I'd like to announce the founding of Red Aid to help feed the starving Paul Weller. It seems Mr Weller is so skint that he's been reduced to flogging Maxell tape on TV here in Japan. Obviously the poor destitute lad is so ashamed of his condition that he must come to the other side of the world to put his mug out. We must all pull together to remedy this grave social injustice. Please give generously
RedAid c/o St. Eric (not a Rat), Tokyo.



[illegible]

SCAB AID!

THOSE NAUGHTY BEASTIES!

This was not the end of their wheeze, oh no. They thought it would be a bit of a lark to return to the room after unfortunate hotel staff had cleaned up the mess, and repeat their turning on the taps and bunging up the plugholes antic. Wicked, *nasty*, little Beastie Boys! The victim of this evilness just happened to be a very famous Rock 'n' Roller with a cockney accent and a Scotland scarf who sings a song about boats and has got a big beak. "What's that noise?" said Rod. Creak! went the bathroom door. Whoosh! went the water. "Crikey!" spat Rodders . . .

Who is the incredibly handsome hard man who has got his boxing shorts in a twist over stunningly

DADDY WAS A PREACHER MAN

MEGA MISH MASH!

MORE BEASTS!

MORE MISH!


Look closely at your vid of

Why oh why are LONDON RECORDS (the people's friend and home of the cover version) not releasing the SOUL FUNK SEX AND THE P-MODETTES' version of BARRY WHITE's 'See The Trouble in Me' which is

AND THE REST!

NEW MODEL ARMY nearly had their tight leather keks ripped off them by a pack of slaving frauleins at a gig in West Germany where the lads apparently enjoy C**T status. Singer **JUSTIN** is said to be a little worried about the combo's "Yuppie Appeal" on the continent. **OICONTSTANDNOISY-BARSTARDS** – the boring but photogenic arty Krauts who bash metal together and call it music – have smashed up their tour van, **ON PURPOSE!!** The entire population of a Chelmsford convent has rushed out and bought **DANNY WILSON's** 'Mary's Prayer' because Danny Boy is the Mother Superior's son (?). **VIRGIN RECORDS** are having a massive clamp-down on litter in line with trick **DICKY's** new 'clean' image. Mrs. **THATCH** claims to be a "mega C**T fan" in the latest copy of **SMATH HITH**. Whatever next? **NORMAN 'I spit on your grave' TEBBIT** to appear in the **EVERYTHING AND THE GIRL** vid? Stranger things have happened. Right! That's me gone and don another brill column. I'm going to trot off and have lots of drugs and chicks in me jaccuzzi. See you in seven. Take care, Ciao and don't do anything I couldn't do. Have a nice week. Seeya. TTFN.

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