

# NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

# 1987

## INDIE GOES FUNK

Bang zoom let's go go

## RHYTHM KINGDOM

### THE NEW INDEPENDENTS CUT BRITAIN TO SHREDS

## THE CULT EAT LED ZEP!

STATUS QUO  
THE CHESTERFIELDS KASSAV'  
JUDY BOUCHER WIRE



# THE SMITHS

THE NEW RELEASE

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"I used to think it was uncool to be a breadhead. Then suddenly I woke up and thought, 'No one I know would get out of bed if it wasn't for money'."

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"There's a lot of hope in our songs. Rather than being downtrodden by machines, we just go out and play our guitars. I don't know if people can get off on that again, whether they've been washed over by the programmers."

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"I mean, when Keith Moon stuck dynamite down the bog it was just his way of letting off steam. I think there's other ways of dealing with pressure—like playing Scalectrix."

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"I want to turn West Indian sound into a value. A goal I want to get to in the future is one where people *know* about Gaudeloupe and the French West Indies—because a lot of people really don't" Jacob Desvarieux of *zouk* masters KASSAV': PAGE 21

As British independent music collides through its most important 'flashpoint' for over ten years, and the old gives way to the shock of the new, *NME* continues its investigation into the state of independence.

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"Good pop art, it's using vulgar forms and exposing the beauty that may lurk there, or exposing the vulgarity that may lurk in the beauty."

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## NEWS

**LONDON'S FIRST** multi-purpose sports and entertainment complex, the £20 million Docklands Arena, will not take trade away from other major music venues in the capital, promoter Harvey Goldsmith said last week.

Goldsmith is involved in the new project, which should be completed by September next year, but has stressed that he will continue to stage shows at Wembley Arena and Stadium.

The arena is being built in the Docklands Enterprise Zone, next to Millwall Docks, on the Isle of Dogs.

There are plans to stage about 35 concerts a year at the new Arena which has a seating capacity of 12,000 and Goldsmith is currently negotiating to bring a major name in for the official opening.

The Arena will also stage world-class athletics events and will cater for more than 40 different sports.

**THE HOUSEMARTINS** do their bit to bridge the cultural gap when they don football boots to come to the aid of Joe Sugden and Seth Armstrong. Hull's favourite sons are swelling the ranks of the *Emmerdale Farm* soccer team in the Soap Cup, a hotly contested battle of the TV stars in aid of the NSPCC.

The tournament, which has also attracted wayward geniuses from *Brookside*, *EastEnders*, *Coronation Street*, and *Grange Hill*, takes place at Goodison Park, home of Everton, on Sunday, April 26. First kick-off is at 12 noon.

## MINISTRY OF WOMEN

**LABOUR LEADER** Neil Kinnock nearly lost his rag last Tuesday during the launch of 'Labour's Agenda For Women' at London's Millbank Tower. A gentleman of the press with customary tack dangled the question of black sections, and "where are the black women candidates today?", in the midst of a conference about Labour's radical proposals for a Ministry for Women.

"Black sections are not what's at issue today. We're discussing *productive policies*—go somewhere else with your sensationalism, we've had enough of the prejudice and discrimination of the British media!"

Visibly irate with press provocation, Mr Kinnock added that a March Mori Poll had revealed 70 per cent of women and 47 per cent of men in favour of a Ministry for Women. With Neil's new Ministry, 18–23-year-olds may be released from the jobs-for-the-boys syndrome. Reform of education and job opportunities means that life need not end with housewifery, or service work at secretarial level.

Jo Richardson MP, who



Jerry puts his foot in it again!

## KILLER BATTLES PIANO

**JERRY LEE** Lewis proved to be at his most destructive at a Northampton Derngate Centre gig last week, ruining a £300 piano stool and damaging a Steinway Grand valued at £19,000. Jerry Lee was initially angered when stewards and minders physically removed fans who had jumped onstage, one particular target of attention being a ponytailed girl who'd sat admiringly at her hero's feet.

Soon after, The Killer leapt on top of the Steinway, stomping up and down on the keyboard in his cowboy boots during a rendition of 'Great Balls Of Fire', after which he attempted to smash the stool by throwing it around the stage. Never one to give up once he'd got a good thing going, he then poured a flask of water into the grand piano while snarling 'I Am What I Am' at the audience.

Assessing the damage next day, the venue's general manager, Robert Moore, angrily told the press: "He's banned. Unless he brings his own piano next time, Jerry Lee Lewis isn't welcome here anymore. Now we have the task of finding a suitable replacement stool for our next classical concert." Nearly 30 years after creating a furore on his first British tour, Jerry Lee remains the kind of entertainer that his cousin, Jimmy Swaggart, has nightmares about.

## — AND HEADLINES AT THREATENED WEMBLEY

**WEMBLEY'S COUNTRY** Music Festival, which has been going strong for 19 years, could be seriously hit in 1988 by the government's proposed new "withholding tax", which will cream off about 30 per cent of the earnings of overseas performers visiting Britain.

Mervyn Conn, who originally dreamed up the idea of the festival and has promoted it every year, said it would be more difficult to bring more than 30 American acts into Britain because the tax would make it hardly worth their while.

"It's all right for the Bruce Springsteens and Lionel Richies of this world who can well afford to give back 30 per cent of the cash they earn, but when you're talking about up-and-coming acts who are trying to get a foothold into the British market and are not making an awful lot of money, 30 per cent is huge," he said.

"The tax is ill-conceived and badly thought out. For many of the performers at the Wembley festival it is the only chance of reaching a much wider audience. If they can't afford to

make it to the festival, they may never have any success in this country."

Conn suggested that the tax should only apply to artists demanding major fees, and that earnings less than a certain sum should be exempt. "It's very difficult to work, but I'm sure some kind of restructuring is possible. As it stands, it will affect a lot of the acts for whom Wembley is a platform, particularly with the TV spin-off and press coverage that goes with it."

Conn says the Wembley festival has kept country music in the spotlight in Britain and is indirectly responsible for breaking new country acts like Randy Travis, Steve Earle and Dwight Yoakam, although none of those mentioned have ever performed there.

This year's festival, which starts on Saturday, features headliners Boxcar Willie, Jerry Lee Lewis and Emmylou Harris. "We try to appeal to everyone by mixing old established favourites with up-and-coming new country, such as New Grass Revival and The Forester Sisters this year."



later outlined the new policies, calmly pointed out that while Margaret Thatcher has been able to rise to Prime Ministerial level with all her options open, "she has systematically closed those doors to every woman in the country by cutting back existing rights, forcing women to stay at home and pick up the tab for what government and local authorities should be providing".

She emphasised the serious under-use of women's resources and skills, the strain of their 'double shift' at home and work. Women's average full-time pay is still only three-quarters of men's and childcare costs can eat into

half of their earnings. "It is time to stop men settling the agenda," declared Ms Richardson, "to set up regional women's units as well as a minister in the Cabinet to monitor government policy".

Precedents for a Women's Ministry have been set in France, Australia, New Zealand and Sweden.

Despite the disruptions, despite the press bias, this could prove to be Labour's biggest vote winner yet. Fifty-two per cent potential, to be precise.

*Labour Listening To Women* booklet is available from 150 Walworth Road, London SE17.

Lucy O'Brien



Bob—Petty-minded?

## DYLAN—FALL GUY?

**BOB DYLAN** looks set to visit the UK later this year with Tom Petty And The Heartbreakers in tow. The tour has already taken in the Far East, Japan, Australasia

and America, but there is no official confirmation of British dates yet.

Petty's record company MCA, announcing the release of his new LP 'Let Me Up (I've Had Enough)', say they expect him to arrive in the UK with Dylan in the autumn, although Dylan's label CBS have yet to hear anything from headquarters in the States.

## DEF JAM SHOWS ITS SOUL SIDE

THIS EASTER weekend see the Def Jam Soul Songs Tour hit London for a spot of chilling as only Def Jam know best. F Oran 'Juice' Jones, Tashan, Chuck Stanley and newcomer Alyson Williams, their two Camden Palace dates will be their first UK appearances outside of TV shows.

Although Juice and Tashan have successfully turned heads with hits 'The Rain' and 'Chasin' A Dream' respectively, they represent a side of Def Jam that's received relatively little publicity compared to homeboy stable mates Run DMC and The Beastie Boys. Juice is hoping that their London shows will redress the balance.

One reason that the Def Jam brand of soul's so fresh lies in company co-president, Russell Simmons', approach to his medium. While modern soul giants like Teddy Pendergrass and Luther Vandross pick up an older, more affluent audience, Def Jam's reputation as US major hip-hop label has opened up a teen market for his soulsters. Says Juice:

"In New York, our audience are 19 to 45! a teen and adult audience come to hear street soul. We don't do that 'old' soul stuff, like Ben E. King. He's original and that's taken care of. There's nobody on the Soul Tour trying to do what he does".

Above all, Juice's street soul ("Out of Chuck Stanley and Tashan, I'm most rough around the edges") aims to re-introduce what he terms as "the manly black image" into music. Hip-hop machismo once removed? no:

"That's not being wide-eyed, that's not wearing women's clothing or too much make-up. Something like John Wayne... or Humphrey Bogart. Bogie's cool—he's more like a gangster".

Don't be deceived, between them, Juice and crew manage a soul that's slick and sophisticated, savage and smooth.

The Soul Tour plays London's Camden Palace on April 20 and 21 and Run DMC and The Beasties return for a spell of hell raisin' mid May. Alyson Williams' first album follows early summer.



## NEWS

# PICKETS FOR SIMON AT ALBERT HALL

### ANTI-APARTHEID

protesters picketed Paul Simon's London concerts at the Royal Albert Hall last week. They handed out leaflets urging fans to boycott the shows and the 'Graceland' album because of the singer's "deliberate and unrepented breach of the cultural boycott".

As expected, Jerry Dammers handed in a letter from Artists Against Apartheid asking Simon to give a "complete and heartfelt" apology to the United Nations for his action. The letter—which was also signed by Paul Weller, Billy Bragg, Steel Pulse, Dave Wakeling and Benjamin Zephaniah—also called on the singer to honour the UN request not to breach the boycott again.

Alan Brooks of the Anti-Apartheid movement told NME: "That means he wouldn't go back to South Africa and he wouldn't have his records sold there. Other musicians have fallen for the lure of big money trips to South Africa and then come round to renounce such visits and support the boycott. If Paul Simon did that, it would be significant".

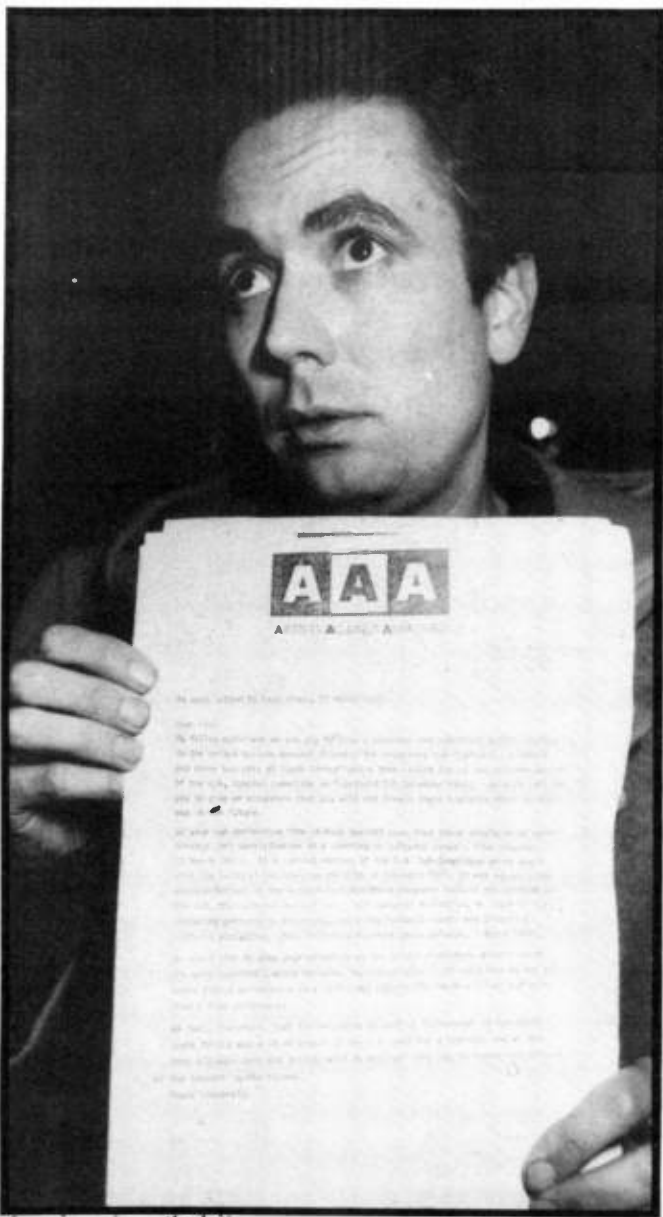
Brooks claimed that AA had received letters from fans with tickets saying they had been persuaded by AA's arguments not to attend the concerts.

Jerry Dammers said that "to say that you like Paul Simon's music is irrelevant. That's like saying we shouldn't boycott South African fruit because it tastes nice. The boycott has to be total and consistent if it's to be effective".

In a separate development, NME has learned that the South African regime has offered about £30,000 to help cultural groups from the country to tour abroad in further breach of the cultural boycott. The Department of National Education has offered 80,000 rand to bands, choirs and theatrical groups in order to "make cultural contacts and strengthen bonds of friendship" abroad.

Karen Talbot, AA campaign organiser, denounced the plans as further evidence of the South African regime's desire to use culture to try to break out of its international isolation. "This shows the need for a strong boycott policy with no exceptions".

Denis Campbell



Jerry lays down the letter.

**BLUESMEN BUDDY** Guy, Junior Wells and Taj Mahal are now confirmed to play Edinburgh as part of that city's International Jazz Season. Bill Bruford's Earthworks appear at Edinburgh Queen's Hall this Friday (17), while Guy and Wells appear at the same venue on May 8, Taj Mahal appearing there on July 3. Other names playing Queen's Hall as part of the season

include The Gil Evans Orchestra (May 15), ace tenor sax man Al Cohn (22), pianist David Newton (29), one-time Blue Note Kenny Burrell (June 12), and the Gary Burton Quintet with Edinburgh saxophonist Tommy Smith (July 24). The Gil Evans Orchestra, plus other major guests, will also be playing a concert at Nottingham's Royal Concert Hall on May 14.

## SOUL NIGHT STABBING

**POLICE ARE appealing for witnesses to come forward following the death of a teenager at Tony Blackburn's Soul Night Out radio roadshow two weeks ago. Richard Henvey, 19, of Barking, was stabbed to death at the Radio London promotion night at the Empire Ballroom, Leicester**

Square on Thursday, March 26. The roadshow was extended on the night of the stabbing to give police a chance to question the 2,000 soul fans present. Anyone with information about the stabbing should ring the incident room on 01 434 5175/6/7.



UB40 in Russia

## GLASNOT POP

**RUSSIA IS cool and that's official.** In the wake of her majesty's electoral tour of Moscow came the news of pop glasnost as Russia opens its arms to the decadent noise of western pop music. Last week we sabotaged one piece of counter-information by denying the rumours that Virgin acts Phil Collins, Genesis and Julian Lennon were scheduled to take part in

a Tory inspired "Hands Across The Iron Curtain" concert. This week we bring you the truth. UB40 will be releasing a video of their Tour of Russia in a couple of weeks and it's directed by saxophonist Brian Travis. Moscow Premier Gorbachev told the NME, "I was a big fan of ska in the Krushchev era and really dig the UB40 sound. At only 16 roubles it's a snip."

**STEVIE WONDER** has postponed his UK dates, which were due to take place next month. The shows, eight at London Wembley Arena and three at Birmingham NEC, have been put back until August and September. Refunds are available from the point of purchase, but all May tickets will be valid for the new dates. Full details of the

rescheduled concerts will appear next week. **JAMES BROWN** will bring down the curtain when *The Tube* goes off the air on April 24. He will be the special guest on the last show which marks the end of a once-innovative and refreshing pop programme after five long years. Brown goes on to headline at London Wembley Arena on April 29.

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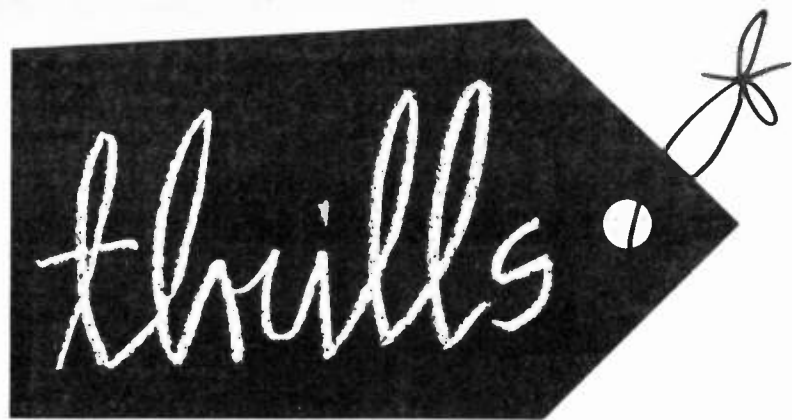
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EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

## DOLLY MIXTURES

I, TOO, learned the truth at 17—when I cut all the hair off my Cher doll, it didn't grow back. So I stuck her head in a bottle of liquid bleach to effect that punky, blonde look, but her face burned off and I came to the depressing conclusion that they don't make rock dollies like they used to.

Or do they?

The Thrills team has been privileged to test market the new breed of indestructible rock dollies—remarkably lifelike, though, much to A Jackson's dismay, not anatomically correct. All are made of fine porcelain and stand 18 inches high, so only the purple Prince doll can qualify as truly life-like.

While the Thrills bunch was happily bickering about dress swaps for the Beastie Boy dolls (I secured a classic little black number for Ad-Roc by swapping MCA's gaudy polka dot party frock with matching accessories) we heard a sudden woosh of air from the sub editors' room, followed by the short flight of a rapidly-deflating Madonna doll. We just love those personal touches.

The Billy Idol doll provides hours of safe fun with a cord at the back which pulls the lips into a vertical sneer—though a sudden tug takes the lips right off. The pasty-complexioned Mick Hucknall model comes with a long red quiff—complete with life-like flecks of dandruff, while the Bodine dolls have reversible anoraks.

Our favourite is the Ben Voulez Vous Couchez avec mon ami Pierrot doll, which comes with a glued on cap and removable spots.

Be the first on your block, kids!

Michele Kirsch



JUDY BOUCHER has climbed the beanstalk to chart success despite hard-of-hearing radio bosses. LUCY O'BRIEN meets the part-time lovers' rocker.

ONCE AGAIN Radio One doesn't recognise a hit reggae/soul single until it stares it in the face. Now moving stealthily up the charts with 'Can't Be With You Tonight', Judy Boucher points out the difficulty of achieving national airplay: "At first they wouldn't play it, their excuse being that it was 'too slow'. 'When A Man Loves A Woman' and 'Stand By Me' are also slow, but shot up the charts. Programme controllers should take time to listen to a record rather than look at the name—then they'd realise a song's potential."

This blinkered attitude means that many excellent lovers' rock or soul singles sell vast quantities without having their impact registered on daytime radio. What happened to Barbara Jones' 'Please Mister Please' or Debrah Glasgow's 'Knight In Shining

Armour'?

"I don't think national stations have the right to choose for the public, or decide what the public wants," Judy maintains.

'Can't Be With You Tonight' is a soulful ballad with a sly groove that gradually builds, lodging itself indelibly on the memory. No wonder Phil Allen of Capitol Radio was inundated with requests when he first played it; no wonder the popular pirate station LWR featured it as a powerplay; no wonder 'Mad Lizzie' from TV AM used it as part of her exercise spot every morning for two weeks. Recently equipped with tracksuit and trainers, Judy Boucher has joined her warm up!

Originally from St Vincent, Ms Boucher moved to Britain in 1966 at the age of 15, having grown up to a musical background of calypso

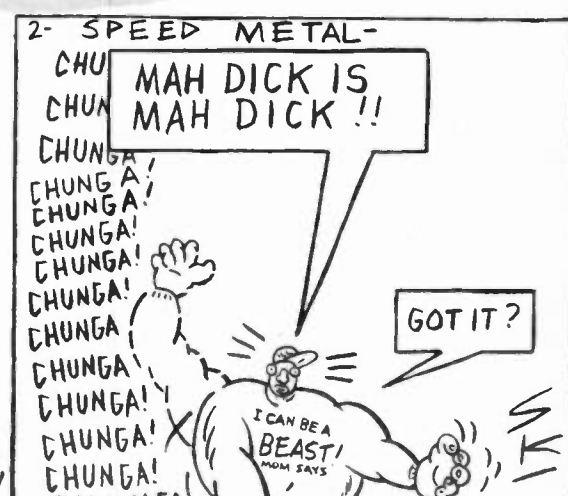
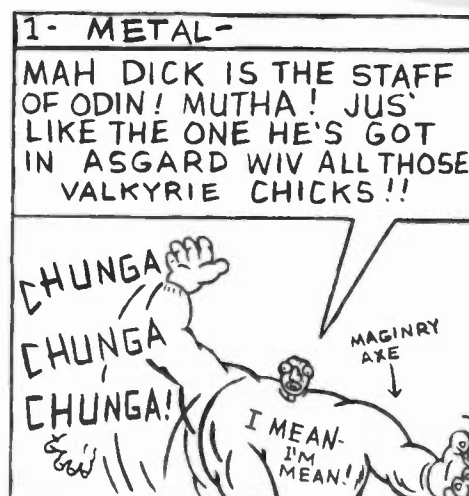
and steel bands. Her main interest though has always been with reggae and soul, and until 1974 she toured as Judy Jack with her band The Beanstalks, covering soul classics. Two years ago she got her 'big break', meeting Sonny Roberts of the Kilburn label 'Orbitone', famed for its soca, calypso and lovers releases. Sonny took a chance on a new direction, producing Judy's soul album 'Can't Be With You Tonight' last November.

Soon Ms Boucher may have to leave the production line of the High Wycombe factory where she works: "Having a hit record is better than assembling medical probes and connectors any day. At work they're all rooting for me."

A rags-to-riches story? Ms Boucher says calmly: "It's just my time".



PICTURE: NEWTON MAXWELL HARRIS



ART: THE SHAKIN' MAN

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## WHEELS OF STEEL

NESTLING IN the heart of Sheffield's vacant warehouse district, within spitting distance of the Leadmill, there's an ex-car showroom that houses the studio complex Red Tape.

Yet another recording facility in such an already well-dubbed town may seem unremarkable, if not superfluous. But Red Tape has something of a pioneer sheen to its expansive front windows—it's the first municipally-funded studio in Britain and could promote an entirely different approach to music within the community.

At its opening last December, Neil Kinnock himself played producer and twiddled a few dials for the cameras whilst Phil Oakey and Cabaret Voltaire (both named in the publicity blurb as well-noted Sheffield musical ambassadors) stood around grinning, sipping wine and pledging support. An auspicious start to a project that was first conceived during the band boom of the early '80s when every Tom, Dick and Adi in Sheffield was "doing summat in a group".

At that dizzy time several interested parties approached the Council seeking funding for music projects. After a four year agenda of meetings, hindered by internal opposition (some Councillors regarding it as a waste of public money) and the dampening force

of rate capping, Red Tape was born.

A particular emphasis on unemployed musicians is one of the founding principles of the project—a response to the obvious surfeit of rockin' claimants resident in the city. However, Red Tape also hope to attract interest from the local private music industry.

"We're looking to work with already established bands and make the studio into a centre for the commercial music industry and all its inherent trappings", says project co-ordinator Tim Strickland. "Red Tape recognises the potential of the existing music scene and seeks to expand it on every level by tapping into talent that would otherwise go completely to waste."

With only one four-track portastudio and two rehearsal rooms in operation at the moment, Red Tape is undoubtedly at the embryonic stage, but the potential (taking into account Sheffield's busy media obsession/love affair) is elephantine.

"All we have at the moment really is a bloody big building," is Tim's wry lament. However, the success of Red Tape as a municipal enterprise could bode well for many budding musicians from Sheffield to Sunderland.

Claire Morgan Jones



## Ignorance is bliss

"DON'T LIE in ignorance," pleads an ad by the Elvis Presley Fan Club in the latest issue of the NUJ Trade paper *The Journalist*.

Anticipating a rout of gory revelations on the imminent tenth anniversary of the singer's death, the Fan Club attempt to nail a few popular misconceptions and prove that Presley was more Teddy Bear than Hound Dog.

Elvis did *not* die of a drugs overdose, was *not* a junkie, did *not* use illegal substances, was *not* a recluse, did *not* talk to his still born

twin brother, was *not* obsessive over his late mother and was *not*, repeat NOT, a pervert.

And before *NME* readers with suspicious minds rush for a copy of Goldman's biography of the big hunk o' love, remember, Elvis sold over a billion records, gave away a billion dollars, and died of a massive heart attack on August 16, 1977. An autopsy revealed "no illegal substances were present in the dead singer's body".

A prescription for a whitewash? Don't be cruel!

Alastair McKay



"IN JUNE, 1975, I was working in the Post Office and one day some guy played a tape with some brilliant music on it..." And the rest is history, according to Mike. That's from his memoirs as a T Rex fan, the poignant yet compelling story of one boy who found Marc, as reported in a magazine called *Convention 87*.

The magazine serves as a prelude to a T Rex convention (called "The Convention" much to our bewilderment), which will convene at The Royal Clifton Hotel



in Southport on Saturday May 30 from 7pm to 1am.

Hundreds, nay, thousands of fans whose lives have been changed by the music of Marc Bolan will be able to exchange their stories and purchase such goods as pens, combs and even key rings.

But if you can't wait until May to bang your gong, you can get a copy of the magazine, or back issues, by writing to Adrian and Mike (he of the memoirs): *Convention '87*, 741 Liverpool Road, Ainsdale, Southport, Merseyside PR8 3NS



## SHEENA TAKE A BOW

**MOST PLAYED** album track on American radio this week is Prince's 'U Got The Look', a likely candidate as the next single from his 'Sign Of The Times' double-pack. His partner-in-crime in this tale of singles bar sex is Sheena Easton, who builds on the X-rated reputation she courted with the Purple One's 'Sugar Walls' by strutting through the following chorus: "You've got the Look, You've got the Hook / U Sho'Nuf Do Be Cookin' in My Book / Your Face is Jammin', Your Body's Heck-A-Slammin' / If Love is Good, Let's Get 2 Rammin'..." Can *Thrills* expect a similar direction on the forthcoming Easton album, currently nearing completion in Los Angeles?

"Absolutely the opposite," the singer tells *NME* emphatically, much to the Washington Wives' relief. "You can expect lots of ballads. But the first song to be released in Britain, 'Eternity', has been written by Prince."

# 'SLUM'

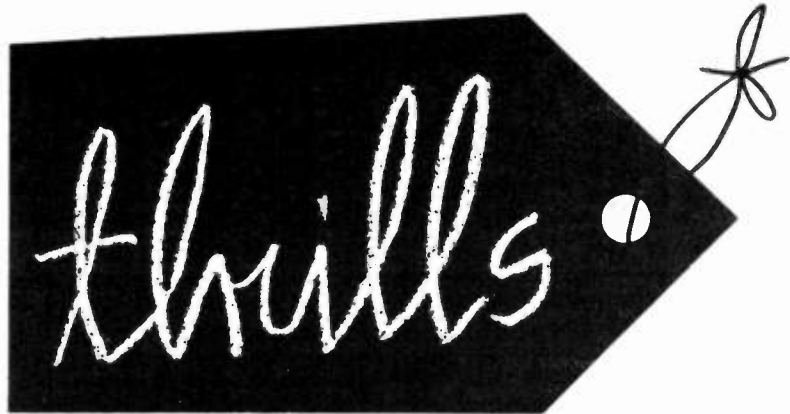
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## BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN

"If I get into *Elle* or *Vogue* because of my suits then that's fine because it's introducing me and jazz to a totally different audience."

Snazz jazzman Courtney Pine on the Burton connection

"In all honesty I feel like Bing Crosby on those dates. If you put two singers together—one who is black and a great vocalist, and one who is white and sings kinda black—then the differences are very apparent."

Modest Mike McDonald on his sessions with James Ingram and Patti LaBelle

## SOD'S LAW

"A LOT of journalists have made their name on me," spurs Kirk Brandon, adding sagely, "there's a lot of water under the bridge since the *NME* last touched me, but the past is the past."

Brandon is currently experiencing yet another profound burst of energy. The re-incarnated Spear Of Destiny (nicknamed SOD III) has retained all its anguish and brooding emotion throughout a series of drastic line-up changes and are currently in the throes of a major UK tour. A new album 'Outland', featuring the current single 'Never Take Me Alive', has been released to coincide.

"It's guitar based again, as it used to be years ago," says Kirk, sounding a mite non-committal. "It's pretty streamlined—let's call it *modern*. It's most definitely a new band. In the old days with SOD II it was very much like me, my manager, and the band. That was basically because they chose it that way. But that's history... These days I don't even see my management, and it's a 'band' not KB and 'his' band. It'd be easy to get a load of session musicians but stuff it, why should I? I want a *band*, not a bunch of faceless 45-year-olds." Protected by the eyes and ears of bassist Mick Proctor and keyboardist Volker

Janssen, Kirk sits and smiles sweetly. A clear and sharp vision of his own (and the band's) worth in the laughable existence of the pop world permanently imprinted on his brain, he shrugs, pauses thoughtfully and gushes like the best of them...

"Normally, we're guaranteed, oh I don't know how many sales it is, not many... I've no illusions about that. We sell a few singles and that's it. But this last one ('Strangers In Our Town') sold twice as many... I'd put that down to our changed sound. You get philosophical after a while. If people don't want to play your music they won't, it's as simple as that."

Having touched on the subject of SOD's latest album, Brandon's self-protective barrier is let down a touch. My expectations of him are almost fulfilled.

"All the past is just a blur," he

concedes. "It really bothers me that I can't remember anything. There's millions of incidents that should stick in your mind—the OK gigs and the great ones—but like I say, it's a blur. Over the years I've been trying to find out what it was that I did or am doing."

"I think if I really thought about it I'd go to guitar school and learn to play guitar! You just get older, I suppose. You're no longer a teenager with a teenager mentality. You're a man..."

"With a teenage mentality," interrupts Mick swiftly.

"I'm 30 now..." Kirk ponders.

"Uncle Kirk! He's reached the uncle age," says Volker, laughing uncontrollably.

"Outside the band I'm not trendy, not fashionable... we're not a bright young band that play jazz. Straight off, I'm not in there with the current people. Which is OK. I like where I am—outside it all."

"I'm not a particularly good communicator on the air but I love radio. I am the guy on the Queen record 'Radio Ga-Ga': *somebody still loves you*. I am that bloke, I am that person."

Berk influenced by Merc, Steve Wright

"Paul Young may have a brilliant voice but he looks like an idiot. He's always going on about how many Jean Paul Gaultier suits he's got."

Ex-Q Tips fan Paul Rutherford

"We've got a new album coming out. It's called 'You Boize Make Big Noize'. The title came about in the studio when the tea lady came in with a tray of tea at the end of the day and screamed, 'You boys are still making a big noise', and we thought what a *great* name for an album."

Slade revealing the mastermind behind their success

"In Italy, the Press were saying 'We understand that you really like Italian Girls'. I said, 'of course I like Italian girls. I love girls but that doesn't mean I go around sleeping with them all'. Now I just tell the Italian Press that I'm gay'."

Macho Mick Hucknall

"Reincarnation? Utter nonsense, though I do agree with Borges that we may be in a dog's dream."

Diane Keaton who's big among Cruft's patrons

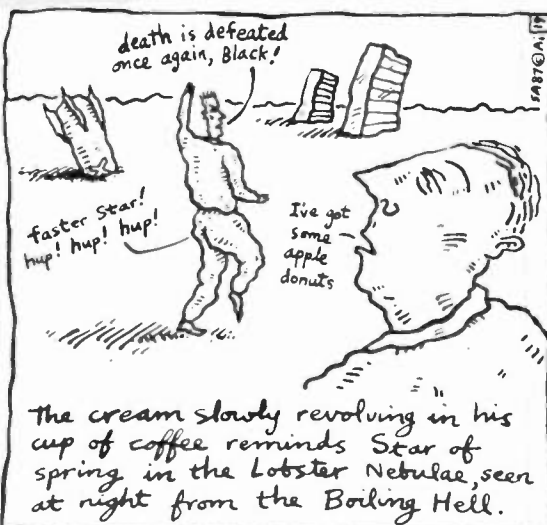
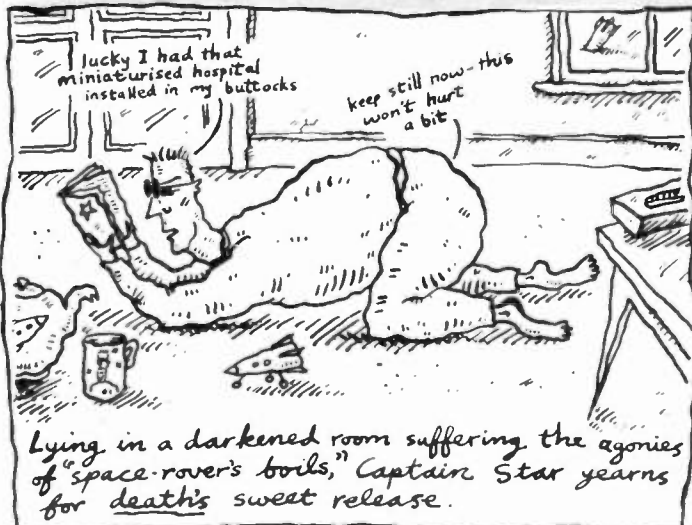
"I never had any problems until I was about 28. Then I got successful and I got lazy and turned into a lard ass."

Dolly Parton on the problems of weight and how to lose it


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**BOXING CLEVER . . . the JAZZ RENEGADES aim is to bring quality music to the masses. PAUL BRADSHAW climbs into the ring, with mainmen Steve and Alan.**



## PACKING PUNCHES

"IT'S LIKE being a boxer, like being in training. Your mind and everything has to be geared towards a positive attitude and spirit."

So says Alan Barnes, saxman with that spunky, high energy combo, the Jazz Renegades. Both he and the group's founder, Style Councillor Steve White, are backstage between sets. A few minutes earlier they'd been struggling against the

unacceptable face of yuppiedom in a hall with all the ambience of your local gymnasium.

These boys are serious, believing in giving 100 per cent or not at all. If you're living in London you'll have had ample opportunity to catch them live, if not you'll have their version of Dizzy Gillespie's 'Manteca' on the NME's 'Latin Kick' cassette.

First coming together last September to perform at Paul

Weller's *Soul On Sunday* sessions, Steve, Alan and bassist Patrick Bettison have remained the core of the Renegades. It's been an intensive education, with Steve maintaining that he's learnt more in the last three months — support slots with Art Blakey plus appearances in Japan — than in the previous 20 years.

Their instrumental line-up and choice of material — a mix of self-penned compositions and hard bop/latin jazz standards — has led to them being dismissed in some quarters as '60s Blue Note revivalists. Steve and Alan reject the criticism — they're working towards being a completely contemporary jazz group. The Renegades aim to produce accessible, entertaining music; the response of their audiences has confirmed their commitment to a raw, no-nonsense approach.

"The people who come to Renegades gigs are like the people I grew up with, the soul patrol in South London," claims Steve. "There's nothing else happening, there's no good funk bands knocking about so they've gone back to the roots. Some of the guys I've met at the Do At The Zoo and The Wag are completely into jazz.

"We want the same reaction in Glasgow as we get in London, that's why we make a point of playing out of town."

"It doesn't seem to matter whether it's the old, boring jazz audience in Brighton or the in-crowd in Tokyo, it goes down just the same," adds Alan. "We played a discoteque in Derby where nobody had heard jazz before and the reaction was incredible. They wouldn't let us off the stage. Before that gig I thought we'd get destroyed. Seeing something like that gives you faith."

Both believe there is an incredible array of young British talent emerging and recognise that jazz needs greater popularity and therefore more financial viability in order to let these players — themselves included — develop. Alan Barnes seizes the last word.

"I don't want to be 50, pissed and doing guest spots. I'm not interested in the guys with elastoplast on their glasses down the Bull's Head. This music used to be popular music and that's the direction we've got to go in."

Once a Renegade always a renegade.

HIP-HOP's plundering of the past to create the sound of the future continues apace, and latest of rock'n'roll's sacred cows to get the cut-up treatment is The Kingsmen's version of 'Louie, Louie'. **The Ultra Magnetic M.C.'s** 'Travelling At The Speed Of Thought' (*Citybeat*) takes the 'Louie, Louie' drum beat and chorus vocal and turns them into one of the best rap attacks around at the moment; that familiar chugging rhythm and percussion track making the perfect backing for the M.C.'s rapping and scratching. Nostalgia can be fun and the whole thing works brilliantly.

From a cut-up classic to a beefed-up classic and **Betty Wright's** excellent live version of 'Clean Up Woman' (*Vista Sounds International*). Taken from her live album, this eight minute medley has been remixed to boost the drum sound making it a perfect dance track and a timely reminder of one of soul music's great performers. Using her own 'Clean

Up Woman' as a framework she in turn namechecks and then imitates the vocal style of Chaka Khan. Natalie Cole, Billy Paul, Al Green and The O'Jays. Essential listening for both stay-at-home soul fans and nite-owls alike.

Keeping things in a more soulful groove is 'Sometimes Love' by **In-Sync** (Easy Street). A typically New York 'garage' style tune, this boasts some neat melodic vocals over a pounding, percussive dance beat. Easy Street is the label responsible for past hits such as Cultural Vibe's 'Ma Foom Bey' and Clausel's 'Don't Let It Be Crack'. It's developed an identifiable sound that's made it massive in Big Apple Clubs like the infamous Paradise Garage; a more soulful approach than 'house' music but just as popular with dancers.

Good house tunes are in fact few and far between this week, the best easily being **Benetta And Kevin's** 'Jack Your Body Up Now' (*Grove St*) which is very similar to Raze, their label mates, but original enough to make it compelling in its own right.

Other house tunes include the somewhat bland **Farley Jackmaster Funk** remix of R.T. And The Rockmen's 'I Want To Go To Chicago' (*Club*) and the much more interesting, completely instrumental, **Latin-House** mix of T-Coy's 'Carino' (*de/Construction*), a tune that grows on you with each listen.

Final vinyl of the week is 'Kicking It Live' by **Witchdoctor And The Dominating Three M.C.'s** (Timberwolfe). Not quite as good as expected, this four track EP is a left-field, hip-hop experiment that has some interesting ideas that aren't too fully developed. Best track is the title tune which uses some strange 'industrial' noises, an incessant hi-hat sound and an unusual rap style to create a bizarre, almost surreal atmosphere. With better production, these guys' hard drum and percussion sounds could put them right up there with the other hip-hop innovators.

Jay Strongman

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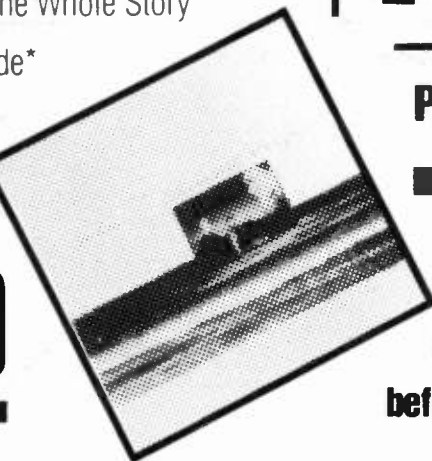
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# “My nose is wrecked!”

After 25 years of headbanging all over the world, those gods of soiled denims – STATUS QUO – are still alive and riffin'. NEIL TAYLOR meets up with the jet-settin' FRANCIS ROSSI, a man who's survived an eternity of sex, coke and fireworks.

Picture: A J BARRATT.

Er, Ron, can you come up please? Mr Brown's just thrown the TV set out of the window . . .

The man coming towards me in the car coat and dripping jewellery is either the manager of Status Quo or he's going to sell me a video . . . Or he's the manager of Status Quo and he's going to sell me a video . . .

Affable Alan Crux – boss of the Quo – won't mind if I refer to him as Big Ron. After all, he booked the *NME* team into the Republic's Holiday Inn under the strange monikers of Mr Brown and Mr Brown, thus forcing us to adopt these names throughout the visit. He also forced us to travel on a coach with Rick Parfitt and listen to his appalling jokes (yeah, 25 years of rockin' all over the world and you'd be bored too). But Ron did come good in the end and managed to lay on a sizzler with Francis Rossi just prior to the final whistle.

I've come not to bury Status Quo but to appraise them, and in particular to appraise Francis Rossi, a man currently enjoying a new lease of life.

"Somebody asked me the other day what it is like being a mid-40s guy playing with a band in their mid-20s. I said where's this guy in his mid-40s, I'm 38. I called in the two new band members and demanded to see their passports. Both of them were 30."

Francis Rossi can look a long way back. With Alan Lancaster, he formed (The) Status Quo back in 1962. In 1967 Rick Parfitt joined and after a few unsuccessful attempts at chart success, in 1968 "Matchstick Men" entered the UK Top Twenty. Since then, on average, Quo have had a Top Twenty hit every year since. In 1984 they stopped performing and in 1986 reformed, with Lancaster out and new band members in.

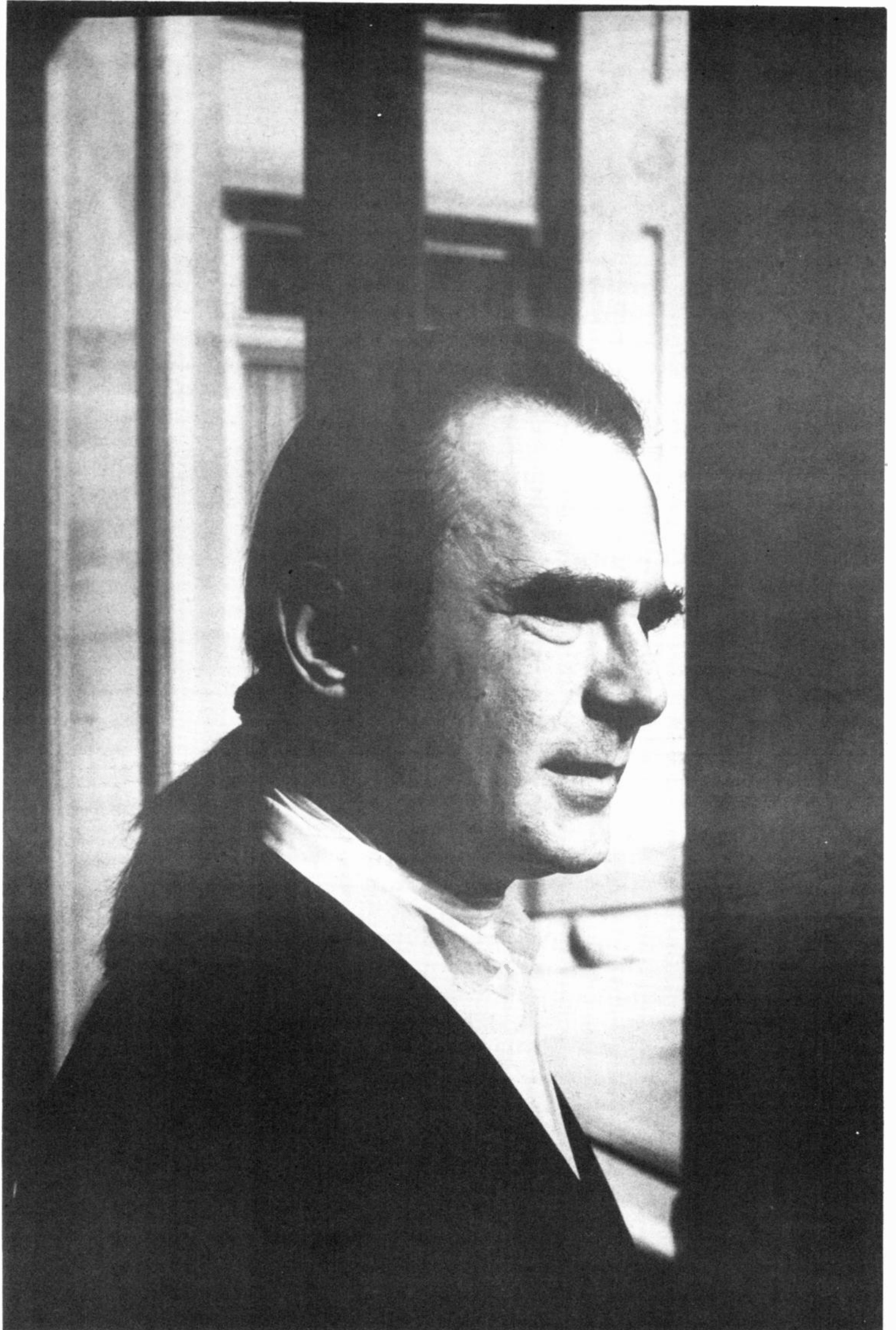
"There were internal problems in the old Status Quo since 1969. It took us 17 years to sack Alan Lancaster and I suppose the main reasons why we didn't do it earlier were success and money. The whole thing had gone rotten, albums were getting worse, yet we carried on. Everyone had 2.2 tracks on each album and all of us wanted our song to be the single. But the new band is different. Everyone's keen, everyone's enthusiastic. For me this has become a breeze, a doddle . . . it's great."

It may well be a doddle but Rossi takes his work seriously. He's tense and nervous before a concert and never leaves a venue between the soundcheck and performance. Instead, he'll spend hours tuning and retuning his instruments, ensuring that everything's perfect for the show. He most definitely sees a Quo performance as a "show". I put it to him that Quo could be seen as the result of 25 years of headbanging.

"I resent that. We're not into headbanging. A few years back it was hip to be cool and scarcely move on stage – now everyone's headbanging and doing it seriously too. We take all that side a bit more lightheartedly these days."

Rossi may not have been headbanging for the last quarter of a century but he certainly gives the impression that he's been Jack-The-Lad-ing it. But there's a nervousness beneath his jocularly and, as he puffs on yet another Number 6 ("Well you didn't think I'd smoke Marlboro did you?"), his cockiness seems a trifle fragile.

"People think I'm cocky but that's just a defence mechanism for my shyness. When I grew up I was spotty, skinny, and four-eyed –



"At the turn of the '80s I was doing £200 worth of cocaine a day."

CONTINUES PAGE 53



# BEAT ROUTE~WESTWARD HO!

West Country pop groovers THE CHESTERFIELDS lose their innocence on a weekend with CAMPBELL STEVENSON. So, are they really just a wimpy indie group, or what?  
Picture: ROB SCOTT.



The gravy train has just gone, so The Chesties try for the slow one on the siding . . .

**We're on the road again.** Traditionally this is the time to lig it up after hours in the swish hotel bar, cruise along in the air-conditioned bus and indulge in all varieties of mayhem, sex and drugs. But in keeping with the new age of austerity and social responsibility, all that jazz is strictly *out*, daddio.

Tonight I'm hanging out in deepest Devon with top independent chart funsters, Janice Long favourites, and all round men in white hats, The Chesterfields. Tonight someone may scream 'Westward Ho! — rock and roll capital of the universe!'

Come again?

Simon Chesterfield, who looks like Lloyd Cole would if he knew how to pull a smile, bounces enthusiastically in the back of the van.

"Westward Ho! is the only place in the country with an exclamation mark as part of its name — except for Chesterfield, of course." Seaside resorts out of season are very uninspiring places, and this is *absolutely* out of season. On a Saturday night, we check the pulsebeat of the town and send it off to the morgue. The solitary open shop sells veg and calls itself The Garden Of Eden. Opposite lies the bizarrely named hairdresser, Lucifer. No band with career moves in mind could even find this place on the map, let alone play here. But The Chesterfields are a West Country band and like these 'adventures'. What they don't like is the yokel image

that their point of origin inspires.

Danny Kelly, reviewing their first single, quipped 'Yeovil, I ask you!', thereby earning himself a (temporary) place of dishonour on my death list just above the cheery cockney bastard bus driver who insists on calling the London-Bristol service 'The Wurzel Express'.

"Everybody on TV puts on that *ooh arr* accent as soon as they mention the West", moans Simon. "What the hell, we'll sort them out just as soon as I've pushed the straw back into my pillow."

**"When I was buying** lots of Fast and Postcard singles, I always wanted those bands to play down here," says singer Davey. "We're getting out and playing these places, even if it is to minimal audiences. But I think people appreciate that, and it builds up a band loyalty."

Davey's no shrewd pop businessman, he's an idealist. He loves the music of Gene Vincent and Edwyn Collins and the 'no-sell-out, no-seated-venues-ever' attitude of all those bands who nonetheless rushed to play seated halls as soon as it made economic sense. His tousled hair and slight frame knock ten years off his actual 24, and his battered guitar case is scrawled with the motto 'F-U-N'. That word, in a nutshell, is The Chesterfields. Davey's politics don't permeate his words or the music which is bright, sharp and, it must be said, similar to The Housemartins.

We're strolling along a beach when he

crashes over a slippery rock and falls flat on his back. So I'll put the boot in. While you're in agony, Davey, tell me; why anyone should give a monkey's for another happy pop group?

He grimaces, picks himself up and dusts down his leather jacket. "It's the hope, I suppose. There's a lot of hope in our songs. Rather than being downtrodden by machines, we just go out and play our guitars. I don't know if people can get off on that again, whether they've been washed over by the programmers." He doesn't mean the few thousand who buy small-time singles, he means *lots* of people.

He sighs. "I dunno, maybe we are naive. . ."

We've touched on the kernel here. Naivety and a whisp of *essence de wimp* are two of the chief complaints against this band. Their records (with the exception of their 'Pop Anarchy' b-side) have so far failed to rush into the lion's mouth in the style of their brash live show. "We always try to make our songs melodic, so maybe that wimps them out a bit."

And where they end up on the friction graph between melody (factor x) and raw exuberance (factor y) will determine whether they remain indie faves or move on out and up.

**Their debut album** is a polished affair that shouts for more recognition than nighttime Radio One, that will indeed disappoint some of the indie coterie. And

our old chum naivety appears in the title. "We're going to call it 'Kettle'", smiles Simon. "In *Coronation Street*, Rita always asks Mavis to 'go put kettle on', so we thought it would be nice to be on TV every week."

Can they really expect a quote on the Unlisted Securities Market with such an attitude? On with the show. . .

Night, in Exeter, the full house was in tune with every nuance of the metropolitan definition of 'the scene', taking their cues from Peel and *NME*, but with very little *experience* of any of it.

And tonight, the boys with electric guitars in their hearts are playing to a full house in The Anchor Bar and Disco, Westward Ho! The Youth of North Devon are, by large, Mission groupies with a smattering of rockpsycho-sillybillies. Without being a patronising bastard, I'd say their idea of The Weather Prophets is Michael Fish and Francis Wilson.

Faced with such a resolutely antipathetic audience as this, many bands would get off fast, count the cash and head for home. After all, in business terms, this gig doesn't *matter*. But The Chesterfields have a driving mission to *entertain*, and they succeed in provoking a response. The Beatlesque 'Tell Me It's Over' and a biting 'Sweet Revenge' show off their improving use of harmonies, and Davey proves that he's an incipient star. Screwed up face and frantic leaps, he looks to be in pain as he stretches for those top notes, and I swear he grows two inches when he's on stage. The boy's got presence, and the band are Big Fun.

Next stop, seated venues.



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# KICK~STARTING A RETROSAUR

**Boogie! Till you blow chunks, baby! Former festering gothic monster THE CULT come clean – Rick Rubin wiped their bottoms and has given them a full-blown monster HM album. And crit acclaim! STEVEN WELLS kneels at their altar and screams: "I believe!" Led-lens picture: DEREK RIDGERS.**

**Listen up.** Do something *really* disgusting, just for me. Stick AC/DC's 'Whole Lotta Rosie' through the bins. Turn it up LOUD.

Forget for now that you are listening to a bunch of sick, sexist scumbags. Are your teeth gritted? Is your backbone rigid? Do you shake and shout? No? Then stop reading now. Go off into a corner somewhere, curl up with your miserably wrinkled bigotries, and just DIE.

It's time to face a few FACTS. It's time that the Pop zombie that bleats from a million mealy mouths was stripped of its Soul clobber, marched naked to the market place and stoned to shreds. The dominant consensus of chiming, *soulless* muzak is about as far from the blistering glory of Stax or Atlantic as Kinnock is from Lenin. 'Soul' has devolved into a shambling retrosaur, a clichéd bore. There is once again a need for, and please don't cringe, a *rock* music. If that word brings to mind concept albums, flares, and drug stupidity, then excuse me, but it's *you* who's showing your age. It's time to kickstart a retrosaur of our own and *this* time try to stop it whacking its head up its own arse.

## CULT 'GOOD' SHOCK!

**The Cult**, spotty oiks half blindly squeaking into their early 20s, have stumbled upon a precision and a power that has been locked away in rock's filthiest and most despised closet for over a decade. I mean heavy metal, no caps. The festering ideological baggage, the piggery, the pomposity and the pretentiousness, if not yet jettisoned, is halfway out the cargo-hold doors.

It is no coincidence that rap and metal have collided, it's a desperate marriage of convenience. A bulwark against the preponderance of glucky ersatz SouLOP! Whereas The Cult kick no ass in the beat box department, it was through the epic metal/rap classic 'Rock Hard' by the Beastie Boys that they were blinded by the genius of Rick Rubin.

"We were given this tape by a DJ in Toronto," says Ian. "It was just so *heavy* and ... and *bkkkkkkk*!"

## THERE IS BUT ONE GOD AND HIS NAME IS RICK

**The Cult were in a rut.** They had an album to get out and they had a stack of songs that sounded like their last stack of songs. They plodded through the process of producing-the-product.

Warners, their US label, pressured them to use Ted Templeman but the lads feared that he'd "fiddle about" with them and give them an "airbrushed American sound".

They ended up back with Brit Steve Brown but ... "he didn't know how to interpret where our heads were" at, he hadn't grown with the band". The poor little lambs had lost their way.

Sad and miserable, Ian and Bill sloped off to America to pick up an award from some deaf students for "best single of 1986". They said thank you, swapped fashion tips with compere Yoko Ono and sat back down at their table. Then Billy prodded Ian.

IAN: (miserably) What?

BILL: It's him!

IAN: Who?

BILL: Him!

Ian turned and stared where Bill was pointing. Behind a massive pile of junk food, lit brighter than a thousand suns, sat the Buddha of the Beatbox. They raced from their seats to kneel at his baseball boots. ("I mean, how *do* you go about approaching Rick Rubin?" asks Ian. "He's like the NY Rap King and we're like this northern cult band pootering around doing our own thing ...")

IAN: Hello Sir, we're The Cult and we'd like you to remix our new single 'Love Removal Machine'.

RICK: Huh? D'ya like the Zep?

IAN & BILL: Aye!

RICK: Hmm. D'ya like AC/DC?

IAN & BILL: Sure do!

RICK: Well, d'ya like cheeseburger?

IAN & BILL: Yummy!

RICK: OK, how about I produce your entire album?

IAN & BILL: Crikey!

## IAN ASTBURY—MY PART IN HIS VICTORY

**Ian lay in front** of me, his white, hairless body naked apart from a pair of baggy, yellowing underpants. Those underpants! I still have nightmares. He rattled on about Indians, his Mum, and the evils of meat. I just wanted to sleep, but he burnt with the intensity of youth that is a boon to its host and a curse to all around him. It was 1981. Little did I know that this pasty-faced Crass fan that I had saved from a night on a park bench along with his mate, Peter, the Buddhist skinhead who lay snoring on the other spare mattress, was an embryonic Rock God.

I have a confession to make. It was I who saved Wolfchild Astbury from anarcho oblivion. It was I that put into motion the chain of events that would lead to Southern Death Cult, Death Cult, The Cult and now, Def Cult. He liked our Bradford terrace house, with its extended family of middle class drop-outs, ranting bus conductors and millions of punk rockers, so much that he stayed. Flame haired punk poetess Joolz and New Model Army's Justin became his surrogate parents. From this base he met Barry – a closet Northern Soulie, Acky – brother of Bradford's first Pakistani punk rocker – and Baz – a dickhead. Bradford had a cult band all

of its own. Ian flew the nest, there was some unpleasantness. For years all we ever saw of him was the endless acres of adolescent platitude that he vomited forth in his music press interviews.

"Well, I kind of felt that I had to be this spokesman for my generation, like Kirk Brandon was a spokesman, like Jaz Coleman was a spokesman. I was just a young, naive kid and these were my examples. I was thinking, I *must* get my opinions across, I mean – you know what I was like, a *very intense* young man. The world was teetering on the brink of annihilation and I had to fight tooth and nail to save it. Then one morning I woke up and thought – f\*\*k it!"

If The Cult have slimmed down their music then their verbals have also undergone a streamlining. If they've burst out of the cosy cocoon of culthood then they've also learnt to stop waffling like a cult band. The plastic guru is dead. The Cult have grown up.

## MEANWHILE, BACK IN NEW YORK ...

**Ian Astbury looks** at the camera.

"No, look, we're only going to re-record the single ... and a few backing tracks ..."

Scene two. Astbury is looking spotty. His clothes are dishevelled and his hair unwashed.

"Yeah, OK, so we're using Rick to re-record a few songs. So? I can handle it ..."

Scene three. He crouches in the corner of the studio. He is obviously and irredeemably hooked on 'Rick'. Weeks of re-recording have taken a savage toll. He is dressed in rags, dribbles and slurs his words.

"So what if we've re-recorded the entire album? So what if we've thrown £200,000 down the drain ...?"

"It just *happened*! Two weeks later the management phoned up and said – what the f\*\*k's going on? – and we said, er, erm, well, you know, we've re-recorded the entire album and they said F\*\*KING WHAT!?"

"So they came over, had a listen and liked it. So there it was, after thousands of pounds and six months of insanity, I mean, these are the sort of things you always hear about happening to other people, you never expect it to happen to you ..."

'Electric' is a rock album. Every drum beat sounds as if a tea chest is being thumped with a soup ladle. The guitars are not forced, there is plenty of passion but little frenzy. This will upset a lot of those expecting a speedcore classic.

"Well, we like Metallica and Anthrax but they're just built for speed those bands, they go *bkkkkkkkkkkrrrrr*! It's pretty one-dimensional ..."

"I mean," says Billy Duffy, "Metallica are probably into bands like Deep Purple and Black Sabbath – the heavy stuff. I just sort of like Free and Thin Lizzy and Bad Company, slower stuff, Zeppelin ... anything with a bluesy feel."

"More of a boogie than a thrash," says Ian.

"... and to be honest, I can't play that fast anyway," says Bill.

## RICK RUBIN IS 23

**After nine years** in power, the Conservatives are 12 points ahead in the

opinion polls. Leslie Crowther is a media king, Ronald Reagan is a president of a Superpower and The Cult are hip. We live in strange times.

"The situation with Rubin," diagnoses Bill, "is that his reputation has gone through the roof and so almost everything he gets involved in is given an instant credibility. Particularly in Britain where he's some sort of demi-god."

"The thing is," says Ian, "that if you look at most producers these days, they're all over 30. Most of them have done their big albums and are really out to pasture, they're just raking in the cash. They just carry on doing it as a functional thing. Rick Rubin is a young guy, he's on the way up and he's just going to keep going and going. He's the only young producer with any balls who's still got a go-out-there-and-get-it attitude. All the Def Jam people are really young."

"When we were there he was working on the Run DMC film, the Beasties video and the Slayer album. He just cruises through everything with a grapefruit and tuna fish sandwich in his hand, peddling away on his exercise bike, listening to AC/DC and saying – 'This is incredible!' You never see him smoke, never drinks, doesn't do any drugs. I was sort of looking behind him and saying – where's the f\*\*king wires? Y'know it's like – this has got to be artificial! Where does he get it from?"

"Another thing about American producers," says Bill, "is that we were scared shitless of them because they have this reputation for not turning up ..."

"Mixing the album from the hotel," sneers Ian. "Phoning up and saying – How's the mix going? Yeah? A little more reverb, OK? Phone you back – they have this habit of promising you everything and giving you nothing. Rick just promised to work sixteen hours a day and that's what he did ... we even worked Christmas Day, we were the only band in the studio. His way of doing things is to give you less and make you think you're getting more – you don't *need* all these effects, just give it to me straight, it's enough ..."

## COMPLETE F\*\*KING ROCK AND ROLL ANIMALS

**Quantick staggered in**, his eyes glazed. You look happy, David. "HAPPY?" he roared, "Ha! I'm ecstatic! I have just been to the The Cult at Hammersmith Odeon and it was the best heavy metal gig, *ever*! All these Cult fans freaking out to *heavy rock music*! It was *hilarious*! Not a Motorhead T-shirt in sight, just all these little hippies!"

"I think," says Bill, thereby breaking one of the golden rules for guitar heroes, "that your rock fan is a very conservative animal. He finds it very hard to accept that we, The Cult, could actually be playing rock music. We did five dates at the end of the tour though, and we started to get them then. They'd probably seen the photos, read the reviews and stuff ..."

But surely the rock audience, brought up on the likes of Hendrix and Page and the other wanking wizards of the fretboard, are hardly going to go apeshit over Billy Duffy's solos which are, to be polite, just a tad on the primitive side?

Billy sticks his chin out.

CONTINUES OVER











# WORD UP

SCRIPTED BY SEAN O'HAGAN

**THE NAMES**  
Don DeLillo (Picador  
£3.95)

"I knew our marriage was shot to hell when we started watching TV in different rooms," he said. "If her sound was up loud enough, I could hear her change channels in there. When she went to the same channel I was watching, I switched channels myself. I couldn't bear watching the same stuff she was watching. I believe this is called estrangement."

The DeLillo team gathers once again for a new adventure, a new bout of mooching and self-analysis. They are, without really knowing why, stuck in the eastern Mediterranean — a clutch of despondent Americans who have become too accomplished at seeing the world for their own good. Here they are, among the heat and dust and Greeks and Turks: overseas risk-analysts, security-inspectors, rogue archaeologists. And what do they do? They talk. They ponder. Louchely they patrol the insides of each other's minds. Strange and brilliant patterns begin to emerge...

Like DeLillo's earlier *White Noise* — and perhaps even more like Pynchon's *Gravity's Rainbow*, *V*, and *The Crying of Lot 49* — *The Names* is all about discovering and decoding patterns which the normal course of life endeavours to cover up; it's also about how enlightenment is something that can damage you twice over — once for seeing the ghastly truth and once for being unable to cope with the phoney old world afterwards.

Whereas *White Noise* featured Jack Gladney, a Hitler specialist who was terrified of being more frightened of death than anyone else, *The Names* centres on Jim, a freelance pamphlet-writer turned risk-analyst who is chasing his broken marriage across the globe. Arriving in the Cyclades, he finds his nine-year-old son writing a novel about a mad archaeologist, and his boss, a large-scale disaster expert, wired too tight and beginning to allow his paranoid disaster-fantasies to inhabit him. And then, slowly at first, the corpses start to appear. It looks like someone has been hammering them to death...

Both *The Names* and *White Noise* are not only hysterically funny books but consummately modern ones. Nowhere in contemporary literature is our global viewfinder examined so meticulously or so touchingly — *True Stories* might be a note in one of the margins. *The Names* is also a superbly-rendered portrait of how the world sees Americans and how they see themselves as they travel outwards — leading expeditions not toward other countries, but, as it turns out, towards American brand-names.

William Leith

**PUTTING THE BOOT IN**  
Dan Kavanagh  
(Penguin, £3.95)

DOWN MEAN streets, through a sea of soiled jock-straps, a man must walk. He's a bisexual, private dick, goal-keeping kinda guy, hired by struggling Athletic boss Jimmy Lister to find out who's trying to nobbie the side's star players. Could it be the extreme Right-wing pimply-grey skins of the Red White And Blue Movement? Or a rival Third Division side also struggling against relegation?

Kavanagh's *Putting The Boot In* is a topical state-of-the-game trash novel, giant steps ahead of traditional girls-goals-and-goals strains soccer fact/fiction (see Dougan, Derek). Ex-copper, AIDS-fearing Duffy operates at the arse-end of football, where trophy-room fantasy cloaks grim-reality; on the beat Duffy thinks he's Sam Spade, between the sticks for the Reliablies he thinks he's bloody Shilton.

If the crime plot — who deliberately stamped on Danny Matson's achilles tendon at The Knight Spot? — doesn't sustain interest throughout, Kavanagh's coarse football observations are keen enough to make any Sunday leaguer grin in recognition. Rumour has it that Kavanagh could well be TV critic/ill. figure Julian Barnes; if that's true, then all I can say Brian is that, while I'm not totally over the moon about *Putting The Boot In*, at least I'm not as sick as Flaubert's Parrot.

Len Brown

**WORDS IN COMMOTION**  
Tommaso Landolfi  
(Viking, £10.95)

SELECTED AND introduced by Italo Calvino, *Words In Commotion* presents us with a generous helping of short stories drawn from the 40 year career of Tommaso Landolfi. From the fear of insects in *The Labrenas* and *The Gnat* through to the deranged obsessiveness of *The Kiss*, Landolfi is clearly a writer who wears his heritage heavily on his sleeve. The ghosts of Poe, Gogol and Kafka all haunt the pages of his work, occasionally with a subtlety bordering on the sinister, often with a domineering presence which verges on the pedantic.

If Landolfi's attempts at defamiliarisation fall on familiar ground, he seems at his most original when wrestling with the very medium by which he is imprisoned. *Dialogue Of The Greater System* relates a poet's anguish upon discovering that he has been composing in a non-existent language, allowing the writer to investigate self-consciously the deceptive and dangerous delights of the lexical playground.

When frankly engaged with the forms and functions of writing, *Words In Commotion* is both a courtship of and a challenge to the preconceptions of the reader. Yet a commitment to literary heroes often reduces Landolfi to the status of an artistic acolyte paying heavy-handed homage to the altar of tradition.

Graham Caveney



"We have become fatal enemies in each other's eyes. We feel the irritating deadly rays come out of our bodies, stinging each other's skin. We scheme, we plot and who will win?"

**THE SILENT TWINS**  
Marjorie Wallace  
(Penguin, £2.95)

AFTER REPORTING the trial for *The Sunday Times* in 1982, Marjorie Wallace's investigative nose took her further into the bizarre case of the Gibbons twins. Convicted of petty theft and arson, and judged to be psychopathic, June and Jennifer were sentenced to life in Broadmoor. Their close, contained world

of synchronised movements and private language unnerved those around them; they would not speak to their family and manipulated with a vicious silence. Through a series of visits and interviews, and taking an active interest in their writing, Marjorie Wallace has been one of the few to break through this non-communication.

She gives a compelling account of the Gibbons' lives. Born in 1963 in an Aden RAF

hospital, shunted around various British bases with the family until they settled in Haverfordwest, Jennifer and June shut themselves away from outsiders, writing profusely, completing correspondence courses and acquiring pen pals — "men by mail order".

Jennifer had *The Pepsi-Cola Addict* printed by a vanity publishing house in Sussex, a novel showing the creative potential and stark originality of their talent. By 1979 they had left school and, frustrated with a solitary life together on the dole, the twins began a destructive course of drugs, crime and sexual diversion, culminating in their arrest and conviction. Now often under sedation in Broadmoor, they no longer write.

This is as much the story of West Indian culture isolated and restrained in a draughty part of Wales as it is about two sisters "vulnerable as flowers in hell". Bleak, macabre and rivetting, it's a story that has resonance long after the last page.

Lucy O'Brien

flowers in hell

"DROP THAT HOT DOG SUCK ON THIS INSTEAD..."



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



The new album including  
★ SUPER POPOID GROOVE ★ YOU'VE GOT THE POWER  
★ SHAMPOO TEARS ★ UN-AMERICAN BROADCASTING  
★ HOLLYWOOD BABY TOO

2 SLEEVES ★ LIMITED EDITION POSTER  
QUALITY POP ★ LP ★ CD ★ CASSETTE

"DROP THAT HOT DOG SUCK ON THIS INSTEAD..."



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This week RADAR asks, would you buy a used T-shirt off Marlon Brando? Worse still, would you pay over two grand for John Travolta's old white flares? If the answer is yes then you're the sort of craze head who should be a TV announcer. We'll be right back after the break ...

radar

ROASTED BY DR COSGROVE

## severed heads

In a media-related age, so much of television is discussed and argued that little is left for examination. A Monday morning conversation will frequently turn upon the previous night's late movie; soap opera is eagerly dissected and every second show is about somebody's right to reply.

Even Jim Bowen and Bob Holness have their place in the intellectual pantheon, so stripped is the body of television. As for the adverts ... one can only await the rediscovery of the directorial talents of the people behind the mid-'70s *Ariel Takes It On* campaign. And having said that, it'll probably turn out that these evil men went on to direct *Top Gun*.

The only area left free of media vultures is the continuity announcer. Those infinite 30-second bursts of heads talking are yet to be the plaything of the Glasgow Media Group; we ignore them, waiting for the words "after the break" to bring us back into TV reality. Yet the continuity announcement is probably the core of television, its uncensored, off-guard heart.

Come the end of the day, what happens on television? After the last chords of the insidious imperialism of the National Anthem have faded, some bloke comes on and tells us to switch our television sets off. Why? Do the hissing airwaves spread the common cold into our darkened living rooms? Will the feedback of a whining TV cause the house to collapse? Or is it just the secret authoritarianism of the BBC trying to reduce our freedoms? I mean, no-one can gain inner happiness from leaving their telly on all night and you'll get a complete bastard of an electric bill the next quarter if you do, so why are we told? The answer is that we are not to be trusted; for all the libertarianism of Dennis Potter plays and Red Triangle movies, the TV companies still don't think we're responsible enough to switch off our television sets at night.

It doesn't end there, either. With a twist of the voice, the continuity announcer can signify approbation — "And now, *EastEnders*!" Or disapproval — "Well! That was a new angle on an old subject, wasn't it! Phew!" And, in the case of Channel Four, spurious intimacy — "Blimey! Well, I shall certainly be watching *that* next week!"

Minority shows, particularly those broadcast in tongues other than English, don't stand a chance with the announcer's bored voice. "And now here's something for our Welsh viewers", as though they were going to show some turds in a wicker-basket or something that only a bunch of

weirdos who can't speak the white man's lingo might appreciate. One recalls Victoria Wood's announcer Susie Blake — "We'd like to apologise to viewers in the North. It must be awful for you."

And where do we find solace and light? Only on regional TV where the characters of the announcers are not yet moulded into authoritarian fear. Take TSW's *Gus Honeybun Show*. For nearly 20 years, anarchy has ruled a tiny corner of kid's TV; and the world is better for it. Gus is a puppet and a rabbit of hideous visage. Children would write in and announce their birthdays. Gus would then wiggle his ears to a juvenile *diktat*. Sometimes he would press the Magic Button and the screen would go psychedelic. It was bloody boring.

As the years went on, and the intelligent adult announcers grew tired of being fronts for a rabbit, the world went mad. Gus himself began to rebel. He would refuse to do bunnyhops. He spumed the Magic Button. And at this, the continuity woman would beat him round the head. And what did TSW do? They did not dismiss her. They did not give her the weather to do. They gave her her own chat show.

And therein lies the future of broadcasting.

David Quantick



These teeth were made for talking



This tie will cost you a decade's dole money

If you've ever wished you were in Michael Jackson's shoes, or want to get your hands down John Travolta's trousers, now's your chance. Thanks to "A Star Is Wom", a secondhand clothes shop on Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, you can now buy your favourite stars' used threads, tagged with the donor's name, and hope that a bit of star quality rubs off.

Wardrobes tend to get a bit full in Hollywood (it's all those premieres, darling!), and actresses Edie Mirman and Susie Coelho, an ex-wife of 60's popstar Sonny Bono (now a restaurateur in Palm Springs), got the idea to open a shop selling celebrity cast-offs after holding a string of successful jumble sales amongst showbiz cronies.

"To begin with, I looked in my phone book and just called my friends," says Susie, who has sold several racks of her own discarded duds in the store.

"I said, 'I'm starting this business with my friend, and I know you have a ton of clothes, so don't tell me you don't. Clean out your wardrobe and I'll have somebody pick them up. And John Travolta was the first one.'"

The former king of the disco floor was apparently so keen on the idea that he couldn't wait for the girls to go round to collect his gear, and sent his chauffeur with it the next day. Judging by his outfits for sale, including a particularly hideous deep turquoise suit worn to the premiere of *Urban Cowboy* (a snip at £1,800), Travolta, chest 38", must have hoarded every item of clothing he'd owned in the past 10 years, and unloaded them all on "A Star Is Wom".

His famous white suit from *Saturday Night Fever* and Joni Mitchell's fur wrap, worn on her "Hejira" album cover, are the most expensive items in the store, each selling for £2,500.

Another fetching Joni Mitchell piece (size 10), a beige suede jacket hand-painted by the singer-cum-artist herself, was going for £140 the day I dropped by.

But some of the most popular items for sale come from another former Mrs Bono, Cher, a miniscule size 6. Susie is friendly with her predecessor, and is keen to get hold of as many Cher cast-offs as possible.

"Cher's clothing sells very, very well," she notes, "and so does Farrah Fawcett's". I

wonder if perhaps Kate Jackson buys them so she can play *Charlie's Angels* in the privacy of her own home?

Other big sellers include Alana Stewart (size 10) and Britt Ekland (size 8), two of Rod Stewart's exes who are well represented.

And when the pregnant Priscilla Presley (another size 8) grew too large to fit into her clothes, she sent most of them to the shop, including two fur jackets: a fox at £2,300, and a mink at £1,100.

Not all the clothes are so expensive. There's a large selection of shirts, jumpers, and belts that go from £7 up, but the really good gear is quite pricey. The collector's items are the most expensive: Jack Nicholson's navy pinstripe suit worn in *Chinatown* (38" chest — Jack was thinner then) goes for £850, a pair of Cher's studded black leather flares, signed in silver paint, are £450, and Spencer Tracy's favourite jacket (40" chest), worn in many of his films is priced at £1,100.

Most of the proceeds from sales go to charity, with a different organization benefiting each month, although some stars do see a return on expensive items, like fur coats or designer dresses.

Susie and Edie try to accommodate special requests from fans, although it's not something they make a habit of.

"Sometimes a fan will call up and ask for a specific item," explains Susie.

"Maybe they'll ask if we have the blue dress with black sequins that so-and-so wore to an awards ceremony. If we don't have it, we find out their price range, and we'll call the star to see if they still have it, but only if we deal with them a lot.

Susie and Edie's future plans include "A Star Is Bome", selling used clothes of stars' children. In the town where mothers dress their babies in fur nappies, it should be a huge success. After that will be "A Star Is Driven", a catalogue of stars' customized secondhand cars, many of which are rarely used since their owners are often away on tour or shooting films.

And since they ship gear all over the U.S., as well as to Australia, England and Canada, Susie and Edie hope to eventually bring "A Star Is Wom" to other cities.

In the meantime, if you really feel your life won't be complete without that red velvet jacket that once draped Anjelica Huston's shoulders (size 10, £55), contact "A Star Is Wom", 7303 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, CA 90046 USA (Tel. 0101 213 939-4922).

Jane Garcia

## Shelleyan Orphan

New single

## 'Anatomy of Love'

released 13 April



25 April: Chelsea College, Manresa Rd, SW10 (Sloane Square ⊕) (supporting The Band Of Holy Joy)

27 April: Players Theatre, Villiers St, Strand, WC2 (Embankment ⊕)

18 May: Players Theatre, Villiers St, Strand, WC2 (Embankment ⊕)

RT(T) 207

7"/12" with extra track

ROUGH TRADE



## SELECT

## BLUE VELVET

Featuring Dennis Hopper as the unhinged psycho Frank, David Lynch's film is an investigative journey into the dark centre of the American small-town and his own deep obsessions. When Frank beats the chanteuse Dorothy Vallens and a local teenager Jeffrey looks on, the dark centre reveals itself as violent and coercive sexuality.

## SHE'S GOTTA HAVE IT

Spike Lee's low budget comedy offers a totally different image of sexuality in which the irrepressible Nola Darling destroys the various egos of black American manhood. As

GQ smoothies and wise-talking homeboys bite the dust, Spike Lee delivers that rare cinematic treat, an 'avant-garde' film that's humorous and genuinely popular.

(Opens at Manchester Cornerhouse, Derby Metro and The Anvil Cinema in Sheffield this month.)

## LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS

A skid-row setting and a local flower shop provide the background for Frank Oz's story of Audrey II, a plant with a strange taste for human blood. Starring Steve Martin as a blithering dentist ("leader of the plaque"), Levi Stubbs as the voice and the mean green mutha from outer space, *Little Shop Of Horrors* takes the musical and shakes its tailfeather.

## STAND BY ME

It's Castle Rock in 1959 and the mysterious discovery of a dead body sends a motley group of local kids in search of the body and the headlines. Rob Reiner's film, a high quality 'teen' movie, stars Will Wheaton and River Phoenix in a trip from innocence to experience. Ben E. King sings.

## WORKING GIRLS

Lizzie Borden's latest film is set in an upmarket New York brothel and cuts against the grain of the normal prostitute film by ignoring the psychopathic pimps and strung out hookers in favour of a more controlled and intelligent look at 'working girls'. The men, particularly 'Fantasy Fred' are shown up as victims of their own desires.

## FREEZE FRAME

SYLVESTER STALLONE, the well known diplomat, has issued another statement about world affairs: "I think the intelligentsia should understand that the USA is functioning on emotional energy more than intellectual energy." Sly say: War go hide yourself.

HANIF KUREISHI is currently threatening a sequel to his award winning film *My Beautiful Laundrette* in which the two leading characters open an upmarket underground toilet. His next film, *Sammy And Rosie Get Laid*, has Fine Young Cannibal Roland Gift in an acting role. Cinephiles will know that his debut as a film actor was as a voodoo chief in a student film directed by Radar overlord Stuart Cosgrove.

WOODY ALLEN has sued a New York advertising agency for using a lookalike actor in TV commercials. There is a strong chance he will win his case, throwing the lookalike business into chaos. Enter the ghost of Groucho Marx.

JAMES BROWN'S hairstyles have allegedly acted as a metaphor for the changes in black American history. Well this week sees the feminist answer, her story told through curls. *Hair Piece*, a short animated film directed by Ayoka Chenzira and back-combed by The Supremes, is a critical comedy that draws on the afro and *geni curls* to illustrate the way black women have changed their hair to accommodate other people's concepts of beauty. *Hair Piece* is one of four short films currently showing in Manchester, Edinburgh, Bradford and Leicester as part of the package *Black Women And Invisibility*, distributed by the feminist group Circles.

HARVEY KEITEL has abandoned the mean streets of Little Italy for the hard-man heartlands of Greenock, where he's currently filming a BBC Scotland drama *Down Where The Buffalo Go*. Rumour has it that the godfather of hard-boiled cinema has been trawling the pubs of Gourock and Port Glasgow. See you Giovanni.

PAUL SIMON is back. The guy who thinks rebel cricket teams are okay as long as they don't open their innings at Sun City returns as a cinema star. His film *One Trick Pony* gets its British debut at Watermans Arts Centre in West London. His record company wouldn't release the film when it was completed in 1980 but now the time is apparently ripe. Ironically, Simon plays a '60s singer who can't quite cut it in the modern era. Hugh Masekela stars as his butler!



Jessica Lange: reflective sister.

## twisted sisters

## CRIMES OF THE HEART

Director: Bruce Beresford  
STARRING: Diane Keaton,  
Jessica Lange, Sissy  
Spacek (UKFD)

THREE SISTERS in a tizzy over attempted murder, but you'd never think it. Lennie, Meg and Babe McGrath live in the same bitchy sister's world as they always have. Babe (Spacek) stands accused of shooting to kill her husband and Meg (Lange) stands accused of bringing down the tone of the neighbourhood. Lennie (Keaton) is just a sad old maid who never married because of her shrunken ovary. The three of them unite in complicit family backchat against all the things in the world that threaten them. Their father left them as kids ("with his white teeth - that bastard"). Their mother hung herself and finally their grandfather is dying but still has a hold over their lives.

This is almost a perfect film - right down to its closing moments, when it teeters on the edge of sentimentality and

skips away as the three of them freeze into irrepressible maenads, stuffing wads of birthday cake into their mouths. The three actresses love it. They're seconds away from crumpling into helpless laughter or else they're signalling little conspiracies with mad little face-pulling. And little things like murder take on the same importance as Meg taking a bite out of every one of Lennie's birthday chocolates. "Here I am, practically on the brink of utter doom" says Babe. She loves the way she can fold her voice round the southern syllables of the corny phrase and still be true.

You don't get the feeling that things will work any better for them after their reunion, but Bruce Beresford catches exactly the scatty irresponsibility of the moment, and the tough resilience and dancing elaborations of in-family life. I came out ready to plant a kiss on the miserable foreheads of an office-full of colleagues. It's that kind of a film.

Mark Sinker

## MY LIFE AS A DOG

DIRECTOR: Lasse (arf! arf!)  
Hallström  
STARRING: Anton  
Glanzelius, Tomas von  
Brömssen (Artificial Eye)

THERE'S ONLY one combination in the movies that's worse than children and dogs, and that's children, dogs and glassblowing. *My Life As A Dog* has all three, not to mention quaint old steam trains, tons of snow, and plenty of dewy-eyed Nordic jollity.

Young Ingemar is parted from his cur. His Mamma starts coughing up blood, as well she might, seeing she has to tolerate Ingemar's cutely maladjusted antics day in day out. Subsequent events prove a great disappointment for those of us who tolerate films about adolescence only on condition that they're chock full of angst and torment. No, instead, Ingemar is shipped off to the country to stay with jolly pipe-sucking Uncle Morbror, which is presumably Swedish for 'man with a pipe stuck in his mouth'.

The boy soon takes an interest in what appear to be the two main Swedish hobbies, boxing and breasts. There's a strange mammary fixation here, the local glass factory makes milk-jugs with large blue teats, Uncle reminisces fondly about Oriental cleavage while listening to what sounds like 'I've Got a Lovely Bunch of Coconuts' on his wind-up Victoria, while big-hearted Beir from the factory poses obligingly for the local artists.

This is all recounted in stolid fashion, and suffused with a constant golden glow.

The village youth are treated disgustingly. Indulged with boxing matches, flying saucers, summerhouses and all manner of tomfoolery to nurse them through their growing pains. No-one has anything whatsoever to moan about, which reduces the film's narrative interest.

Jönathan Römney

## HALF MOON STREET

DIRECTOR: Bob Swaim  
STARRING: Sigourney  
Weaver, Michael Caine,  
Patrick Kavanagh, Ram  
John Holder (Rank)

AFTER THE stylish toughness of *La Balance*, there is something curiously old-fashioned about Bob Swaim's adaptation of the Paul Theroux novel, *Dr. Slaughter*. Being another variation on the politician who breaches security through sexual indiscretion doesn't help. The problem is compounded by the atavistic, almost '60s feel, and by Caine's familiar, job-of-work performance as the compromised politician, Lord Bulbeck.

As an actor who has always earned his bread and butter in routine thrillers, Caine should be in his element. Yet he seems ill-at-ease as a former socialist radical now firmly ensconced in the higher echelons of the political establishment. Sigourney Weaver, as the beautiful researcher who supplements her meagre academic grant by moonlighting as an escort girl makes a good deal more of her role. Her intelligent and self-assured decision to sleep with men for money is motivated not by any schizophrenic self-loathing but by a pragmatic need to make money, an awareness of her own ability to control the situation, and a desire for uncomplicated sex.

It's the men, not her, who are unable to handle the situation. Even the powerful Lord Bulbeck, who derives a perverse, vicarious pleasure from his jealous interest in Lauren's other clients can't handle it.

Unfortunately, the emphasis shifts in the later scenes in a predictable direction. Enter the Arab terrorists as Bulbeck's relationship with Lauren becomes entangled in his Middle East peace initiative. By this time, a plot already frayed at the edges has been worn so thin that it's virtually see-through, and the intriguing sexual undercurrents lose out to a routine thriller shoot-out.

Nigel Floyd

# • ALL ABOUT EVE •

## Our Summer

EXTRA TRACK ON 12"

## Shelter from the Rain

All tracks produced by Simon Hinkler  
and Wayne Hussey

DISTRIBUTED BY NINE MILE/CARTEL



## Lady Moonlight

AVAILABLE ON 12" AND 7"  
ON EDEN RECORDS.

CATALOGUE NO  
EVEN X3 - EVEN 3  
SINGLE OUT NOW



TRY TO FORGET ABOUT...

## RADAR TELLY

This Friday *The Tube* prepares for death with a compilation special including RUN DMC, The Mission, Simply Red, Mantronix, Erasure, Bobby Womack, Luther Vandross, Stump, The Christians, etc. Then on Friday April 24 *The Godfather*, James Brown presides over *The Tube's* victory funeral.



### THE TUBE R.I.P.

#### A Personal Testimony

THE PARTY'S over. We bid a fond farewell to what was probably the greatest rock programme since *Lift-Off With Ayshea*, the show that brought us Muriel Gray hanging off scaffolding, the investigative journalism of Leslie Ash, and the only chance Jools Holland will ever get to play his piano on live television. *The Tube* is dead. In its few short years, it brought us a wealth of pop, rock and new CBS signings.

Axed because Tyne Tees TV could no longer tolerate Paula Yates going on and on about being married to Bob Geldof, the show will be sorely missed by thousands of publicists and hundreds of young Newcastle pop fans who weekly were given the chance to look baffled while standing behind Jools Holland. We will remember their searing report on Northern Ireland, which took TV to the barricades and back again, their exclusive forty-nine hour interview with David Bowie, their selfless promotion of Paul Young, and their decision to give airtime to Mark Miwardz and Dream Academy singer Nick Laird-Clowes. Now all we have is *Top Of The Pops* and *The Old Country And Western Test*. Farewell, *Tube*. Age cannot wither you now, nor custom stale your infinite variety. Rest in peace.

David Quantick



What do we do with a problem like *Radar*?

#### TAGGART

Wednesday, April 15, 9.00pm (ITV)

GOD GLARES down on Glasgow — the city that makes Sodom and Gomorrah look like dullsville.

Scottish detective Jim Taggart and his sidekick Peter Livingstone take on at least four of the seven deadly sins in the first episode, in which unsuspecting Glaswegians are plagued by a series of attacks.

#### THE MEDIA SHOW

Wednesday, April 15, 9.00pm (C4)

A HARD look at 'Prick Up Your Ears', the Stephen Frears film based on the Joe Orton autobiography — a sordid and depressing tome which some sick puppies find wildly funny. Marketing problems abound, ie: to go for the dead '60s writer angle or the homosexual dead '60s writer angle? God knows, but does he care? A safer bet is the segment on the *News on Sunday*, the left

wing tabloid which is committed to anti sexist and anti-racist policy. But will it sell?

#### BIG IN JAPAN: WHISTLE TEST SPECIAL

Tuesday April 21, 8.00 pm (BBC2)

IN WHICH David Hepworth discovers that a. Japanese teenagers — some of them — are obsessed with western pop and consume it in enormous quantities, and that b. this does not stop them being very Japanese, respectable, responsible, sweet and dinky, etc. At first, he plunges into Tokyo's state-of-the-art marketing culture, interviews Takako & The Crazy Boys and a few artfully open business-folk, who tell him exactly what he wants to hear.

Later, he adopts the sneery tone of a pub-rocker who can't find that healthy rebelliousness that makes today's British youth so different, so appealing. And goes on to conclude that Japan's flirtation with post-Beatles pop is actually only very shallow, that

Japanese kids are actually very conformist, that Japan is in the midst of an awesome economic boom, but underneath it all...? There's NO SOUL.

The Frank Chicken viewing this programme with me is intrigued, and then irritated, and then resigned. It's very watchable, of course, even if it's the same programme about Japanese pop that everyone else keeps making. Watch it. Don't expect it to challenge your pre-conceptions. Don't expect it to tell you, for example, that in the last year Japanese pop has discovered the rest of Eastern Asia, that after long years of prejudice, well-known ballad-singers are coming clean and telling Japan that they're Korean.

Mark Sinker and Kazuko Hohki

#### VIEWPOINT 87: THY WILL BE DONE

Tuesday, April 21, 10.30pm (ITV)

OR, THE second coming of the BAFTA award winning

documentary on the American Christian Fundamentalist movement. Truth is stranger than fiction, but America is stranger than both, as the religion that swears on the Bible and at homosexuals, liberals and women — the usual host of sinners — gains momentum. Last week you met Grace, the anti-abortion doll who says 'He made me just like him so I could know and love him better' sounds like pederasty to us, but we're sure she chats up a storm with the Christian teddybear that quotes from the Old Testament.

Watch for the segment on the 150 million dollar Christian fantasy park, complete within a hermetically sealed blue sky and with religious fairytale themes like 'Goldilocks gets saved and filled with the Holy Spirit'. Is nothing sacred? Time to undo the buckle on the Bible belt and reveal the dickheads of Dallas in all their right wing splendour. This will make you bite the heads off your chocolate bunnies.

They would use her mind, her body and sacrifice her life to kill him.

SIGOURNEY WEAVER and MICHAEL CAINE

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## AN ALIEN AFFAIR

by L. Ron Hubbard



# A little Latin Guadeloupe

Zoot alors! Are you ready for zouk? MARK SINKER searches the back-streets of music lore to discover the roots of zouk, a whirling sound carnival from the French Antilles. On the way, he meets KASSAV', top stars of the genre. Kassav' picture: CHRIS CLUNN.

"The Kassav' rhythms had the familiar-but-new excitement of a music you think you've heard before, maybe in a dream..."

Vivien Goldman, NME 2.7.83

Chasing a dream in a city I don't know, I arrive outside Debs Music, a record shop in Rue de Rocroy near Barbe Rochecouart. It's shut, and there's a slick steel shutter drawn down and bolted. By now such a thing comes as no surprise. If there's a thread runs through this whole story, the tale of the rise of *zouk*, it's that it's been hard to get to the centre of it.

A massive musical explosion, with hundreds of thousands of fanatics here in Paris, or else in Senegal, the Ivory Coast, Burkina Fasso, Angola, Gabon, Brazil, Haiti and Haitian districts in Miami, New York, Atlanta, and of course in the French Antilles where it all started, in Guadeloupe and Martinique, it's all grown up away from the old grids of attention, information, communication.

For all that, the music's rise and rise – paralleled by that of Kassav', who started it, still call the shots, invent the rules and contrive the future – has been cunningly and meticulously planned and brought off. There's never been a moment when it's been easy for Anglo journalists. Some days it's seemed as if I'd never track it down, that I'd always have to drift round the periphery pointing.

But even as I turn tail and stump off, I can't help noticing how *chic* that slick steel security shutter is. High class elegance is also a thread in this tale...

"When you try to sing in your mother tongue, it's easier to convince people to feel the song than if you try to speak to them in French or English, because you don't understand the words, and you can't convey things or convince an audience. The rhythm's important as well – when I speak in Creole, I have a feeling for it, the rhythm of a speech that I'm used to; it's easy for me."

Admirable stubbornness. Jacob Desvarieux is one of the three main-men of Kassav'. A colossus, bearded and wise, he wears white overalls on-stage: he's the artisan who fleshes out the fantastic vision of the other two, the Decimus brothers, Pierre-Edouard and Georges. These aren't the only reasons that Kassav' sing in Creole though; the whole Kassav' project comes together in the brothers' hope to make a music, bursting out of nowhere, that reflects Antilles pride in its own heritage and *still* competes – in terms of hi-tech production and state-of-the-art studio intelligence on disco floors everywhere.

The chic slick steel genius of the *zouk* groove has built itself into a part of Guadeloupe's drive to self-determination and independent pride. The three Ds want to prove that Antilles imagination can match Europe's anytime, and Kassav' are their custom-built power-vehicle, a monster of driving energy and brilliant dance-motion. Once upon a time the Caribbean was a cultural and trade cross-roads, a slave-ship stopover – these days it's a fierce focus of modern technology and



Kassav' come to boogie: top right is spokesman Jacob Desvarieux.

resurgent African sensibility.

"I wanted to turn West Indian sound into a value. A goal I want to get to in the future is one where people *know* about Guadeloupe and the French West Indies – because a lot of people really don't. You could take Bob Marley as a model. Maybe he didn't start reggae, but now everyone knows about Marley and Jamaica. I want people to know about the West Indies, West Indian music, that the West Indies is a place that great musicians come from."

**The Town & Country Club** is packed. Maybe a third of the audience are sleekly elegant Antilles people – who proceed to yell and jump around and all scream at once after the first few notes of every song. Another third are the people who always turn out to check Afro-Caribbean music. And the rest are chancing it, maybe encouraged to experiment by enthusiasts invading radio these last few weeks. After years when you could twirl a dial forever without finding *zouk*, it wriggles its butt and looks our way, and sullenly it's everywhere.

Most of them love it. Kassav's rhythmic kick is close to irresistible. These long silky lines – *too* smooth, *too* smoochy – break up into crazed horn charts, writhing curlicue blasts that elaborate as much on old-time dances like mazurkas and quadrilles as they do on music from anywhere you could presently pin down. The Antilles stock-in-trade for tourists and other imperialists – in hotels, clubs and bars – used to be a kind of hot-jazz distortion of ancient European ballroom styles, flavoured with *cadence*, *beguine*, ten mild shades of latin. Kassav' turned that on its head. With a Latin-Caribbean-African rhythm crew who can stand beside Earth Wind & Fire, they set their face to driving out the pervasive sounds from nearby Haiti that swamped Antilles radio and dancefloors. It was a local battle – American dance-sounds weren't a threat, African ones still in their infancy. Now, Desvarieux tells me, Kassav' have to keep up with the world's pop (he mentions Duran Duran and The Police) but their first rivals were probably the toughest. Then, no one had heard a modern Antilles sound, and it was a matter of proving that production values could work in their favour, rather than just lay them open to the pre-fab

US disco invasion that often seems to be the norm in the Third World.

Actually, not *everyone* at the Town & Country Club is happy. A grumpy body of roots-bores are moaning that Kassav' are contrived and glitzy and inauthentic. When the group played at a free concert in Basse Terre in Guadeloupe recently, they drew in a crowd of 80,000, a quarter of the island's population, but roots-bores aren't swayed by that kind of argument. They think of discos as some kind of ultimate sin-sink, the disco aesthetic as a route to all evil.

What the disco-phobes can't take is the Latin Tinge itself. Latin's weird. It works in ways rock-heads find hard to face up to. Too simple to be satisfying, too diffuse to be useful. It's inextricably associated with the MOR they want to be seen despising – it isn't foursquare and it isn't in English and it won't go away. A third of the world organise themselves round some kind of Latin beat, but radio programmers and professional punk rockers alike affect to turn up their noses, all because the pitches and peaks and glide are a little out of the order they're used to.

Latin is written out of Rock history, even though it birthed every popular dance-craze from tango to disco. Roots-bores and disco-phobes want third-world music to know its place.

Desvarieux and the Decimus brothers do too – but only while it builds into something huge and unstoppable, into a sweeping tide of glam mobility and slippery techno-funk. They half-turn their back on anything the Anglo mass-media might get their teeth into and face Africa and Latin America instead. They're determined, above all else, to make *zouk* work on its own terms.

**Kassav' aren't all** there is to *zouk* – Gazoline, Batako, Lazair, Experience 7, Max & Henri all contribute to the sound – but Kassav' have broken the first ground and made all the running. *Zouk* was once a Creole word for "party" – until someone realised that whenever anyone went to a party in the Antilles, all they heard was Kassav' – *every single record*. The brothers and Desvarieux have made solo LPs and collaboration LPs, and invented an off-shoot group called Soukoue Ko Ou. Kassav's two world-class singers Patrick Saint-Eloi and Jocelyne Be-

rouard have made LPs (Berouard has a tiger-growling Eartha Kitt voice that half the male population of the French West Indies swoon to). They have their audience in the palms of their hands.

I ask Desvarieux who he feels affinity with. He says Youssou N'Dour. Hardly surprising. Like him, Kassav' are, in the absence of helpful rivals, mapping out a whole culture by themselves, at lightning speed. And if some of the ideas with which every new Kassav' record bristles clinkers, others are daft and brilliant. Some are *perfect*.

"We try to look for new forms and new formulas, because there are always new things being done in rock or reggae. So at the moment, with this possibility of a new audience, we've got to let people know there's something new going down."

**Persistence pays off.** I arrive at Debs Music next day and it's open for business. I'm not here to buy records, I'm here to make contact with Kassav' without swimming to Guadeloupe, to hook into this explosive sound I've been hearing so much about. He looks at me sourly and shakes his head. He doesn't think I'm ready for *zouk* – or it's not ready for me.

New patterns are forming, new ways to order and explain what there is to hear. Kassav' have absorbed influences – but then they *transmute* them. Like EWF, they've impacted Latin and Rock, as well as Soca, Parisian Afro, Reggae, whatever, into their sound, but they aren't tied to any of the old categories and they're bursting off in their own direction – "Free the ass and the mind will follow!"

*Zouk* isn't fusion, it's transformation, for the moment. All politics for the future is going to have to tackle the world's polyglot transmissions – *zouk* is one of the ways into that. But it's no good you seeking it out with that tired old Eurocentric frame of spirit. If you're going to be like that, you'll have to wait till it finds you.

'Dance! Cadence!' is a *zouk* compilation on Globestyle which includes a song by Georges Decimus. Otherwise all records are on import at present – most African import stockists will be able to direct you to the right places. Sterns, 116 Whitfield Street, London, usually have a good selection. And there's always Debs Music!



## SINGLE OF THE WEEK

**KING SUN-D MOET: Hey Love**  
(Rhythm King)

The shadow of King Sun-D Moet's 'Hey Love' stretches across this week's 45 page, dwarfing every other record in comparison. That this should happen in a remarkably good week for the single deepens the impact of a track which uncovers yet another layer of hip-hop.

Rather than imploding into insularity, a new rush of hip-hop has exploded the remaining myths suggesting that rap is governed by uniform B-boy bragging and predictably scratchy edges. '87 has already unleashed Public Enemy, Salt 'N' Pepa, The Masters Of Ceremony and DJ Jazzy Jeff & Fresh Prince as the latest cutting examples of hip-hop's seemingly endless ability to reshape itself. The girls especially have added a different dimension to a beat which worried liberals had dismissed as being irreversibly

reactionary.

Empty of boasts and scratches, 'Hey Love' is hip hop's most quietly obsessive love song. King Sun-D Moet broods and aches over a girl to whom he claims: "I fear for you, so I revere for you, if you were my queen I'd kneel to you." The delivery of such a strange sounding, almost painfully introverted, rap festers with Sun's "hidden hurt"; but the distant threat of controlled rage breaking loose remains beneath the lush surface of a sublime hook — lifted from Art Of Noise's 'Moments In Love' — which drifts over and around 'Hey Love's' skeletal rhythm.

The best pop feeds off "the moment" — that snatch of sound or break in a voice which reveals an otherwise concealed emotion. King Sun-D Moet sustains that moment over a 12" track. Only Prince, with 'Sign Of The Times' has released a better single in '87.

# 45

## REVIEWED BY DONALD McRAE

**TACKHEAD: The Game (You'll Never Walk Alone — Featuring Brian Moore)**  
(Fourth & Broadway)

Ace mike chanter Brian Moore clashes with Tackhead and The Kop on this oddly affecting mish-mash of 'Big Match' platitudes and an electro loop of rhythm. Saint 'n' Greavsie, who were the first hip-hop crew to play 'The Game', apparently think that "Tophead" is responsible for the cut-master mix. And they've been bamboozled further by MC Moore's def "Tackhead in the central position" reference — an anxious Saint is probably still trying desperately to find out if "Tackhead" is Jan Molby's Danish pseudonym. We can but hope that there is a video of Brian rapping in the On-U Sound studio. Brian next rocks the mike on Cup Final day — watch out for him, he'll be the one wearing the Schoolly D T-shirt and the "Tackhead" cap. The long instrumental flipside relies on a relentless rhythm to compensate for the missing Moore slur-raap.

**HALF PINT: She Is Mine (Mass Hugh)**  
**FRANKIE PAUL: Kick Up Rumpus**  
(Power House)

While 'She Is Mine' can't match last year's 'Greetings' 12", this is one of the most addictive melodies to have wrapped itself around a Half Pint song. Still the singer most likely to force reggae out of the dancehall's rigid confines and into wider territories, he rolls words around his mouth in a way which transforms the most banal love line into that now patented Half Pint sound.

Harder, but easily as infectious as 'She Is Mine', 'Kick Up Rumpus' catches the constantly captivating Frankie Paul working over a dancehall rhythm with his customary vigour. Sharing Shinehead's rough 'n' rugged bravado, if not his manic inventiveness, Frankie Paul is as sharp as ever. . .

**LADYSMITH BLACK MAMBAZO: Hello My Baby (WEA)**

Anyone who's seen Ladysmith perform live will already know that their *mbube* opens up a staggering range of emotions and responses. Their voices can swoop low with

sorrow as easily as they can lift a simple vocal line towards warmer heights, but it's their easy touches of humour which emerge most strikingly during live performances. UK stardom, and almost everywhere else, is surely imminent. And liberal fears that Ladysmith are in danger of being consumed as a group of novelty darkies by yuppies who only stumbled across their *mbube* on a 'Graceland' compact disc are stripped of relevance by the group's rendition of 'Unomathemba'. While 'Hello My Baby' — ironically one of their oldest songs — is a competent stepping stone from 'Graceland', it's 'Unomathemba', the wonderfully resonant, clicking B-side which provides the more incisive revelation of Ladysmith's ceaseless source of quality.

**STEVE EARLE: Fearless Heart (MCA)**

By any standards — country, rock, soul, whatever — this is a superb song and another reminder that Steve Earle is currently Nashville's most compelling performer. The guitar that breaks out on 'Fearless Heart' with such ringing appeal keeps slashing attention away from the actual song; but the hooks and Earle's slurred voice are always there, waiting for your return. The resurgence of the great country/rock song continues here. . .

**THE SMITHS: Sheila Take A Bow**  
(Rough Trade)

An adequate, rather than particularly inspired, Smiths single still shreds the rest of the week's pop dross with Morrissey, in a 2:40 burst, urging Sheila to "boot the grime of this world in the crotch, dear". Glints of Smiths sparkle shine most clearly through the "Sheila take a, Sheila take a bow" chorus while the rest of the song cruises through typical ponderings about living alone, melancholia, homework and sad songs. With Candy Darling on the

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cover, this is, as always, the sleeve of the week.

On the B-side's 'Is It Really So Strange?', Morrissey's extraordinary interest in ludicrous misfortune swells with crazed absurdity as he careers between the North and the South, sighing all the while that "oh yes you can kick me, and you can punch me and you can break my face". Inevitably, he can't "help the way I feel" and so he lapses into confusion before killing a horse, murdering a man and losing his bag in Newport Pagnell. This, of course, is a perfectly reasonable lifestyle for a Morrissey character to follow and the song chugs along familiar Smiths lines.

'Sweet & Tender Hooligan' is far more frenetic—a thrashing shuffle of a Marr tune. Like the two other tracks it improves with repetition and Morrissey does squeeze in a brief rolling, muted moan, two-thirds of the way through, which is as distinctive as his "hooligan" phrasing.

**CARLENE DAVIS: Winnie Mandela (Greensleeves)**  
**LATIN QUARTER: Nomzamo (One People One Cause) (Arista)**

Carlene Davis' past crooning has usually melted into placid pleasantries, but her 'Winnie Mandela' tribute is in stark contrast to those earlier songs. Here the reggae rhythms provide a coolly understated backdrop to Carlene's chanting of "rise up sister, rise to your call, any day now apartheid's got to fall" tape lyrics.

As subtle as Carlene Davis' 'Winnie Mandela' is successful, the deeply-layered, well-informed 'Nomzamo' approaches South Africa from an intricate variety of angles. Latin Quarter's lyricist is so far ahead of every other UK pop writer composing Anti-Apartheid songs that his understanding of South Africa will be lost on most people. Wary of cheap slogans, Latin Quarter don't even inform their audience that Nomzamo is Winnie Mandela's real name. Strands of narrative about Nomzamo's life merge with an

emphasis of the UDF's significance in the struggle against apartheid. However the cogent lyrics are, as always with Latin Quarter, softened by the surrounding steam of muzak. Worst of all, the vocalist is so swamped by liberal compassion that 'Nomzamo' ends up being a mournfully worthy dirge which has absolutely nothing to do with the spirit of the ANC, Winnie Mandela or the UDF.

**THE CURE: Why Can't I Be You? (Fiction)**

Still sounding like a haunted hippie singing through a helium bubble, Robert Smith's voice is the only facet of The Cure which doesn't shout "Teen FUN." Of course Robert's trying determinedly to sound skittish and frivolous but, because he can't even cut it as a bathroom singer, his voice is still little more than a reedy, angst-ridden whine. Otherwise, The Cure are as frothy as white pop gets these days. Shameless and cheap enough to steal Wham's 'Young Guns' riff, this ditty will soon be another TOTP cracker.

**SUGAR MINOTT: Seven Times Rise & Fall (Legal Light)**

**KING KONG: Time Is The Master (Sunset)**

**WAILING SOULS: Full Moon (Greensleeves)**

**CONROD CRYSTAL: True Love (Legal Light)**

Since he released the peerless 'Herbman Hustling' three years ago, Sugar Minott's output has been consistently acceptable without rekindling the deep-set qualities of that LP. 'Seven Times Rise & Fall' is still some way off his peak but it does demand repeated listening as Sugar invests trad Babylonian destruction lyrics with a tangible edge of impassioned urgency.

Having some unexplained weakness for all but the most leaden of King Kong releases, I've fallen for this 'Time Is The Master' pre which

flips through an admittedly thin rhythm. A measure of serious intent does emerge readily enough and even though this is not quite 'Trouble Again', 'Time Is The Master' trashes anything you're likely to hear on daytime radio.

Meanwhile, under a 'Full Moon', the perpetually underrated Wailing Souls "get ready to play hide and seek... and ring a ring a rosies...". But this dope-driven lunacy is just the incidental fluff embellishing a brilliantly rounded, flowing song.

Conrad Crystal's similarly warm 'True Love' assertion is less convincing but its bubbling skank gurgles on regardless and will probably drift from open front room windows all through the summer.

**PAUL SIMON: Graceland (Warner Brothers)**

Nifty song, but it's an obviously cynical record company cash-in on the 'Graceland' tour—'tho it's hard to imagine that anyone who'd normally buy this single doesn't already have the song on record or tape. As Simon's lone claim has been that he's bolstered the flagging fortunes of township musicians, one wonders if he's made available, overtly or otherwise, a slice of 'Graceland' money to bolster the formation of SAMA—South Africa's crucial musician's union which will be confronted constantly by the threat of a conclusive government clampdown.

**JOHNNY CLEGG & SAVUKA: Scatterlings Of Africa (EMI)**

Once you've seen a Savuka video or gig, the seeds of promise on this debut single will be reflected in sharper focus. Johnny Clegg's tribal dancing with Dudu Zulu, in a South African mix of black and white, supplies the most graphic insight into what Savuka might yet mean to the country's music. On vinyl, 'Scatterlings Of Africa' is more interesting than 80% of British and American pop but the Savuka studio sounds still need a harder mix.

**THE HIT PARADE: I Get So Sentimental (JSH Records)**

This is an almost impossibly airy pop piece, filled with lyrical chestnuts like "there's my favourite piece of grass where I first held hands with you, ooooooh, I'm looking down the railway tracks where I fell in love with you". As spring approaches, sensitive trainspotters will be dusting off their picnic hampers and taping homemade compilations to serenade those dreamy Sunday afternoon excursions to the local woods. Alongside their Baby Lemonade and Talullah Gosh flexis they'll certainly include 'Sentimental'—however don't let that twee link put you off because, with Cath Carroll lending her increasingly assured pop touch, this is pretty groovy.

**GLEN & CHRIS: Diamond Lights (Record Shack)**

According to Danny Kelly and Adrian Thrills, 'Diamond Lights' is a haunting exploration of rock's darkest recesses, an anthemic dance stance influenced by Depeche Mode, David Pleat and Laibach. 'Diamond Lights' is, of course, astonishing. Glenn whips himself into a startlingly histrionic frenzy as he screams "Darling I love you, I'll always need you" with rabid-dog mania while Chris moans movingly about "the diamond lights". Even with the video, the designer axework and the line about standing in the rain, this is still hipper than 'Ossie's Dream'. But with Arsenal's Paul Davis and David Rocastle about to collaborate on a Salt 'N' Pepa monster electro workout called 'Midfield Mastery (Littlewoods Cup Mix)', 'Diamond Lights' is already being forgotten in discerning circles.

**JAMES LAST: The Lonely Bull (Polydor)**

Alone, anguished but still smouldering with brooding desire, Jimbo's cover pose is scorched by a silent scream—"I am ze bull who rides without ze condom." An outrageous

evocation of the dilemmas confronted by the ostracised macho man in an age riddled with safe sex sloganeering and New Man posturing, 'The Lonely Bull' is as gross as anything on 'Licensed To Ill'—which lends credibility to the rumour that a "hunky, honky bull" reworking of the track, featuring the Beastie Boys with cut master conductor Jimmy Last, is about to be released on green Def Jam vinyl.

**CAMEO: Back & Forth (Club)**

An extended remix of another 'Word Up' cut is not this week's most staggering release but 'Back & Forth' enables Larry Blackmon to flick through his rhythmic back-catalogue with ridiculous style.

**WORLD DOMINATION ENTERPRISES: Hotsy Girl (Product Inc)**

'Hotsy Girl' is stop-start mutant rock which mingles early Birthday Party vocal allusions with the type of surly mood that is more readily associated with a pissed-off pack of demented hedgehogs. The intended "sexy but spikily suicidal" effect is only hinted at and 'Hotsy Girl' just sounds quaintly bad-tempered when it's set against the darker textures of the King Sun-D Moet record.

**STETSASONIC: Go Stetsa 1 (Tommy Boy)**

In Stetsasonic's hip-hop, the scratching and the beat box booms bust 'Go' wide open until the "awesome barricades" Brooklyn brag is the only accurate description; running for so much longer than 'Go', the Stetsasonic 'On Fire' LP is even better.

**TAV FALCO'S PANTHER BURNS: Drop Your Mask (New Rose)**

Thankfully Tav Falco awaits at the end. 'Drop Your Mask' is an enticing taster from the latest, brilliant, Panther Burns LP; and, on that subject, Tav would settle for one final word—buy!



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# RHYTHM KINGDOM

In the rhythm kingdom, time is measured in beats-per-second and the only songs worth singing are the songs that get *dismembered*. As British independent music collides through its most important 'flashpoint' for over ten years, and the old gives way to the shock of the new, *NME* continues its investigation into the state of independence by visiting four labels which are so far from the traditional values of indiepop and so ahead of the majors, that they could be from another planet-rock.

The Sheffield based post-industrial label FON; the Wapping noise implosion On-U-SOUND and the dance-floor labels CHAMPION and RHYTHM KING stand at the cutting edge of contemporary music. And CUT is both an approach and an attitude. All four labels release cut-up funk, diverse kinds of power music that range from Tack-Head's slash noise to Schoolly D's intense rap, from AGE OF CHANCE to JAZZY JEFF, from CHUCK BROWN to SALT 'N' PEPA, and from the voice of KENNY DALGLISH to the venom of THE THREE WISE MEN.

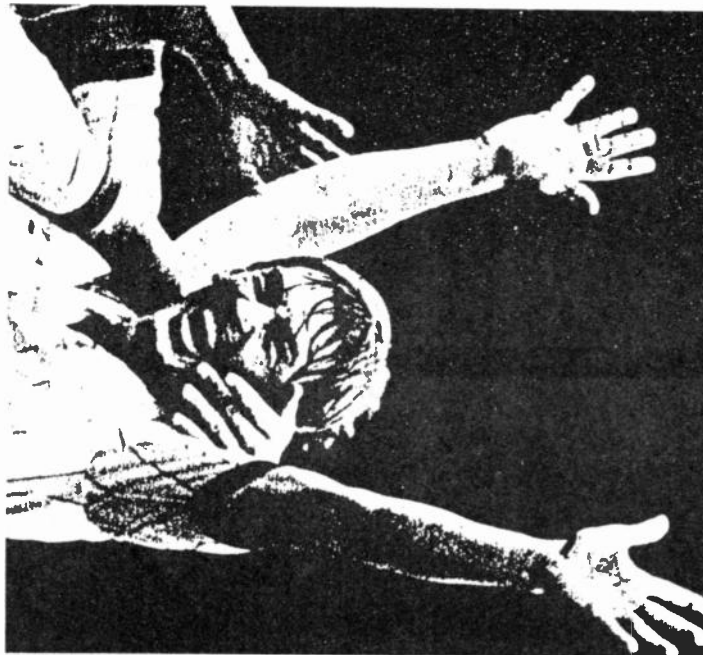
In the rhythm kingdom cut-up music leads to savage pop but never the *avant-garde*. There's none of the lingering relics of Burroughs, Breton or Brecht: this kingdom is the land of Brian Moore, Scratch Of The Day and Just Buggin'. Cut-up funk goes miles beyond the *avant-garde*. It goes outside private hobbies and moody bedrooms to embrace the most public and popular space available to modern music: the dancefloor.

In the rhythm kingdom speed is essential chemistry. These amphetamine babies, these greyhounds on the sulphate trail, borrow every second glance from hip-hop. Their music is nowhere near The Smiths nor Brian Eno, in most cases it's the freaked out opposite of reflective art. The first rule of the rhythm kingdom is the *aesthetics of fresh*: being first, and new, and exciting is more important than being coherent, or being artistic.

In the rhythm kingdom the notion of independence has been re-written. This is not alternative music nor is it marginal — 90 per cent of the records released on Champion make the national charts — but a form of music that thrives on the incompetence of the majors. As long as mainstream labels are in the hands of the unknowing and as long as a creative demand goes undetected by the commercial geiger-counters of multi-national corporations, there will be a party in the rhythm kingdom.

It's a form of music that also thrives on the incompetence of other notions of independence. As long as the conventional indie-scene is in the hands of shambling management and innocents abroad, it will continue to get mugged. Wherever there's a gap, the gap-band will rise and fill it. Welcome to the rhythm kingdom, standing on the verge of getting it on.

Stuart Cosgrove



# CUT

# FUNK



PICTURE: TIM JARVIS

# GETS

# FRESH





# SHEFFIELD STEAL

**Fear Of Nothing? Maybe that's what FON also stands for. DELE FADELE travels to Sheffield to lose the "industrial" tag with one of Britain's most ear-searching labels, home once to Age Of Chance, now Chakk, Eric Random, and others... Picture: CHRIS CLUNN.**

**F\*\*k Off Nazis** are at present producing some of the most meaty beats British Soul has to offer. They brought you Age Of Chance's whiplash 'Kiss'. And from their compact studio hideaway, kindly donated by MCA Records, they've since pieced together jacktracks that stand side by side with the illest Chicago House.

Blame Chakk for all this. After surviving the gale force storm that followed their inability to shift units on said helpless monster label, they retreated to said studio and have now bounced back with their most contrary single since 'Out Of The Flesh', the severe 'Timebomb'. Not to forget the dapper hands they've shown at a cluster of side-projects and remixes which form the basis of FON's renewed assault.

NME took the northbound train to bend their ears, as well as those of other hopeful cases on the trendiest indie going, on small matters of compromise, manipulation, the demise of the industrial aesthetic and egghead whiteboys gone meta-funky. Chakk's John and Sim, still pained and scarred by last year's events, found time to plug an ambient collaboration with Phoenix Dance Company before venting spleen against the crony who produced their risible first LP.

"Richard Burgess said something — the only decent thing he said — maybe it wasn't him..." ponders Sim, on our way to the Leadmill danceclub. "Anyway, someone criticised us for getting bored too quickly with doing things from a commercial point of view. We were supposedly stupid to have a good idea two years ahead of its time and not bother to stick with it. Boring! Maybe that's why we're destined to be backstreets, up north doing our own thing."

"We've got so many different frameworks", adds John, "there was this original notion, to put funk brackets around everything, that's now outmoded. Chakk come out of the dance thing from a different angle; a kind of deviant assault on the perfect machine it's become."

For sure they don't look up to the Cabs, ACR et alia anymore. Perhaps they never did. All romance has now been sapped out of grey, cold factory floors and warehouses. Bleakness is a thing of the past. All that remains is a workout on audience preconceptions of what Popular should mean. And while the charts get more and more retreché, unbelievable and supra-surreal, one is only heartened by the incorporation of found-voices, cut-ups and fold-ins into popular language. They beg to differ.

"It's misused now, 'cos it's used in a much less effective way to appeal to the masses," counters John.

Sim: "Not so long ago you could only cut-up by pissing around with

bits of tape, an unglamorous and difficult and physical process. These days every moronic producer says 'do a little of that, lads, so you sound 'with it'."

Beyond all this, outside pressures are starting to take their toll. With the aid of DJ Chakk, one Alan Cross, and a whizzkid West Indian engineer, Robert Gordon, they've transmuted far-fetched ideas and left-field aspirations to the loss of conscience that is dancefloor fodder. A confluence has been reached: all for them or them for all.

**Like any wiggly mammal**, FON refuses to be pinned down. It's not only about jacking your body; under-world connections and aggressive marketing strategies are also held dear. Which brings us to Eric Random, a former reclusive introvert who's broadened his horizons by travel. No longer for him the private wanderlust doodles of abrasive noise squalls. He smokes the best brands and shares a barber with that well-known psychopath, James Anderton. His Bedlamites are from Manchester and their 'Ishmael' is a veritable potpourri of international musics heard from communities long settled in that area. Or:

"... seeing countries, meeting people and studying those musics. Travel to India can be anything you want or dream about, but there's also the shitty side. Corrupted by the West, people losing their identities. It's important that old cultures are kept alive."

"There's different approaches to dance music that still have the same effect. You should be open-minded. We try to create a trance-like state. We don't have any fixed ideas about the connotations of that state. It's therapy for our psychosis."

All of which is delivered with barely a raised haunch, while the Bedlamites add lumps of trivia and try to fend off accusations of ethnic pilferage. One thing we agree on is their safe distance from the FON unit identity.

**We interrupt** this programme for a monologue from our sponsor: it needs some juice, doesn't it? And who better to provide such than the post-structuralist Amrik Rai; ex of this parish and FON's London Connection? And, if rumours are to be trusted, its main wheeler, dealer and schemer. He tells a thousand truths and lives a thousand lives by picture. Heeeeeeere's...

"Everything that's ever come from Sheffield has always been seen as sincere and earnest; there's nothing like that about us. We're brash, rude. Because we do things so immaculately. Like the Age Of Chance campaign with those Trouble Funk design connotations. Nothing is sacred. We can do anything they can."

"... I don't know where the hangover's from, maybe it's just the colonial shit. They don't like vulgarity in this country. I think poverty is vulgar, y'know. Everyone sits around, moralising, and this country's going down the drain. I don't know London that well, but it's like, where I live, just past Harlesden... it's a timebomb out there, it is. It's ticking away. They've got Franco Rosso doing films on TV about that area and why there haven't been riots there; he reckons it's down to some bus shelter community school centre. I'm sure he knows a bit more about it; he just doesn't give a shit as long as Channel 4 commission his pissing film. It's worse than Brixton, or any of those areas 'cos it's shit conditions. Yet so many people live in those. And they get: total oblivion: let's play cricket or write about pop music."

At which point we must wonder why the music business in general is so wary of this affable, sharp, well-smooth chap. Might be they're jealous. Or even intimidated by his deluge of plans and knowledge of dirty tricks. Then there's the intellectual villain angle. He's got a few



Underworld FON dandies Dave (left) and Amrik.

theories concerning the 'nouveau poor' plus some radical views on plagues. Not to mention a secret weapon, Paul Ashley, ex-Workforce, who's currently being groomed for pop-soul stardom.

"Home is an easy place to forget and Sheffield's history has been one of industrial mysticism and *hardness*. How long though, can you sit in a dimly-lit bedroom and keep going 'yeah, that's hard. I like it. It's very hard'? I prefer to insinuate myself into the public consciousness with simple love songs. I just want to touch some nerves."

We wander around this former greytown and take in abandoned buildings, and garish newlook ones, only to find all our former haunts all boarded up or torn down.

Paul's slick, devious 'Run' gnaws at this in a way, blaring from our friendly ghettoblaster as we spy tower blocks turned no-go zones on the hills, on the horizon. Nothing industrial, just more symptoms of the general malaise. That same one that's pushed him to aspire to Major label status: the soulboy's bane.

**If all of this** sounds like some corny commercial, go back and do your research. Jack it up, selector. Roll over and tell Stalin the bad news. We've got the trump card in the shape of the next Chakk outing — 'Years I Worked' — smashed glass that will surprise the media Tower Of Babble for its deviation from their prejudices. There's more musing to be done.

Sim: "Time and space are quite important in pop-lore. Times are changing. Time also tells you that 'Baby I Love You' and 'I'm Gonna Kick Your Head In' are the same song. WE make our own time, out of clichés. Not having a hangover helps in the morning."

But John, we're oh-so worried about Mr Rai, your puppet-master.

"This is confidential: Amrik has an imaginary leash on us, made from MCA businessmen."

Red Herrings!, you cry, Red Herrings! As far as adverts go one must save the dodgy bits for last. Consider Treebound Story. On second thoughts, don't. What they've got going for them is ample proof that you can deface a standard '80s jangle

to better ends. It's called dub-mixing. They're less grating once passed through the blender. And did we hear you moan 'What about the Swanhunters?' Did we? Copious sleeve notes won't save that white South African combo even if all their profits do go to Artists Against Apartheid when they're so ineffectual, so harmless.

Still, FON are beyond any basic delusions of persecution. As a whole, they refresh themselves on the premise that style is the best anti-style. And theirs are 'sexy' remixes, except when on some 'sexy' topic like South Africa. The time hasn't come yet when everything has been seen. Another monologue from our sponsor to end? Why not?

"It's an area I know something about. I was a good writer. When I enter a corporation for the first time, I don't know shit about it. Within three months I know exactly how it works, and I think I never wanna have anything to do with these people. Their imagination level is less than zero. Deadheads doing jobs. That's why they're so desperate for people like me."



# CHAMPIONING AT THE HITS

There's only a few able labels with hot feet and good taste—and CHAMPION is one of them. PAOLO HEWITT goes out on the floor with label boss Paul Oakenfold. Picture: CHRIS CLUNN.

Consider this. True Mathematics, Sybil, Kenny 'Jammin' Jason and King Kenya. Or translated into music that's hip-hop, soul, Chicago house and rare groove. This is the musical brief of Champion Records, a small independent black music label based in Harlesden and fast approaching its fiftieth release.

Champion can boast that 90% of its releases, the majority of which are picked up as red hot imports, have found their way into the national charts. In some cases, like Whistle's 'Just Buggin' and Raze's 'Jack The Groove', they have stormed to the upper echelons of the charts without waiting for Radio One to give them the nod.

If personal credit is due, it must lie with 24-year-old Paul Oakenfold, a one-time employee with the London based clothing shop Woodhouse. His enthusiasm for the music is total. He works as a one man A&R department at Champion, represents Profile and Def Jam Records in Britain, DJs at the Wag Club and at The Project, and in his spare time writes a regular hip-hop column called 'Wotupski' in the black music magazine *Blues And Soul*.

Hip-hop haste is the Champion policy. Get there first, sign the record, and leave the others choking in the dust. "We're more street than the rest", says Oakenfold reaching for the phone, "we can spot records that are happening before most of the majors even know they exist. So we sign the licensing rights and leave them to their own devices. We picked up a record by True Mathematics last week, it cost us a couple of thousand dollars. A week later the majors were chasing the guy but the deal was over."

Champion have sustained their reputation by spotting the right records then moving like a greyhound on speed. As competition furiously intensifies, outbidding and skullduggery comes into play. Over the last

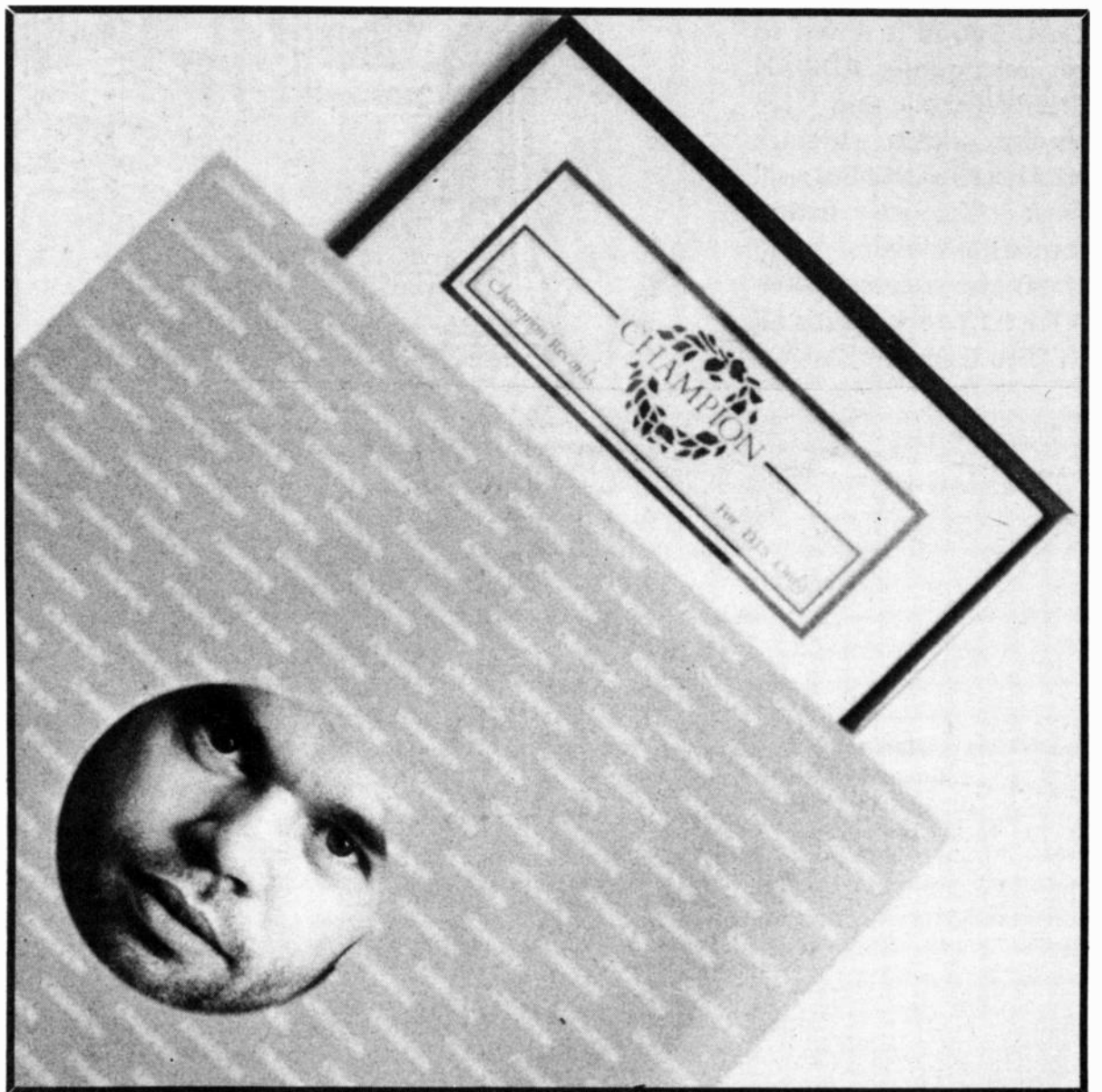
year or so major companies like CBS and Chrysalis have employed bright young guns to do their trouble-shooting, with Champion unable to compete when the cheque-books are drawn, the onus is on Oakenfold to bid fast. "If it comes to the crunch, I'll hear a record in a club, rip it off the decks and license it before the bouncers come."

As other labels choke on the dust, Oakenfold is running round Britain with Salt 'N' Pepa, the wisetalking girl rappers who fronted a *NME* cover only two weeks ago. Since then they have guested on the Janice Long Show, filmed for Channel Four, appeared on *The Tube* and done the round of London clubs. Their 12" single 'My Mike Sounds Nice' is already released on Champion and their killer album is still selling by the crate load on import. Oakenfold barely stops for breath: "This is what the business is really about. Salt 'N' Pepa are the most exciting independent sound around, everybody wants them. Show me another independent act that's in-demand like them and I'll show you a bunch of liars."

Mel Medalie, the founder of Champion Records, has spent his adult life in the music business. By all accounts he has a sensible head; no visible signs of Berry Gordy or a runaway ego. His ambitions for Champion are realistic:

"The whole policy of the company is to break even. If we can get an album out and sell enough not to lose money we're well happy. The company is very small, besides myself, there are three people working for Champion. We do everything from packing to promoting, no boardroom just cardboard sleeves."

Profits may be the bottom line in the land of the majors, but for Champion the letter 'P' means prudence. The move fast and bid quick policy means that Champion don't have to shell out mad sums of moolah to get the record they want. They refuse to go above a fixed price and are careful not to bid themselves out of business. "Take Lola's 'Wax The Van' for instance," says Mel, "EMI paid 15,000 bucks for it. They must be crazy." Maybe crazy is the wrong word, let's try desperate. From the Sex Pistols to Sigue Sigue Sputnik, the corpse of EMI always lumbers into over-reaction when they think they're off the case. "We had another record", adds Mel, "The Real Roxanne's 'Bang Zoom Let's Go-Go', it was all sewn up until Chrysalis moved in and trebled our offer. The American



Mr Oakenfold is available on 12", 7", and desk-top cigar-case ...

company told us we could still have the record if we matched their offer. We just said no. The profit margin becomes too low and the risks too high."

Ironically, the pendulum has swung in favour of the new breed of funk independents, Champion are convinced that the demand for the music they specialise in is growing dramatically. As the *NME* has been saying for over two years now, the explosion in new funk and the demand for hip-hop has now broken out of the underground. Records by Jazzy Jeff, Sweet T. and Jazzy Joyce and, of course, Salt 'N' Pepa are selling in their thousands, ludicrous amounts

compared to their grassroots beginnings. "We have an audience that grows by the week," says Oakenfold, "a hungry audience, ravenous".

Old habits die hard. In the past, some independent record companies, like Factory in Manchester, have cultivated their own mystique, using design and cultivated depression to promote an image. Others like Rough Trade have vigorously promoted an attitude or even a system of values. But in the new phase of independent British funk labels, self-consciousness is less important, servicing the dancefloor is the objective, and when it comes to mystique or attitude, Champion has neither.

No amount of argument can suppress the facts. Although its name never appears in the highly selective Independent Charts of your weekly *NME*, Champion is one of the biggest selling indie labels in Britain. Impact and importance has already secured a place for hip-hop, acceptance is another matter. For Champion's Paul Oakenfold, it all boils down to personal taste and musical instinct. "I just go for what I think is the best music available and put out what feels right. If people don't like it, or refuse to accept it, we don't care, our only attitude is we believe in what we're doing. We break dance music in this country."

In the beginning there was Morgan Khan and Streetsounds. Now, there's the future and it is called Champion.

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# SONIC BOOM BOYS

The lacerating chaos of On-U Sound is down to resident genius ADRIAN SHERWOOD and his rhythm-master sidekick KEITH LEBLANC. But will their "science fiction dance hall classics" bring them pop success? DANNY KELLY reckons it's all in 'The Game'.

## A blizzard of sound...

Reagan oozing confidence in NASA, blissfully oblivious to the final countdown of the doomed Challenger... the throat-lump perfection of 100,000 voices united for 'Abide With Me', desecrated as Margaret Thatcher invades the hallowed Wembley turf... Rambo's sister breathlessly reassuring us that America retains its capacity for global destruction, while a TV commentator wets himself over Kenny Dalglish...

A cascade of rhythm... driving and shaping the sonic action painting, pulse after pulse, some relentlessly inventive, others just awesomely brutal...

This is the world that harbours the volatile likes of Tackhead, African Head Charge, Lee Perry, the Barmy Army and Fats Comet; this is the world glued, cut, stuck, razored, riveted and welded together by Adrian Sherwood; this is the wonderful and frightening world of On-U Sound.

"Yeah, yeah, but we've put out records in the past which cause journalists to go into complete fits of grovelling — 'love your record, man' — but they still haven't sold..."

For years people have been telling Adrian Sherwood that he's a genius; now others have started saying he's going to sell records too. And though his East Ham front room is swaying with the sound of those 100,000 voices celebrating the news, he himself remains unconvinced. He's been down this road before...

Or so he thinks; even the most familiar of roads get re-surfaced. Two years ago not a note of music remotely akin to Sherwood's would've got daytime radio play, but the continued colonization of the charts by wave after wave of dance beats (and the familiarity of stuff like Steinski's 'We'll Be Right Back') have altered all that.

And I wasn't dreaming, I did see the latest On-U wonderment previewed on TV. 'The Game' — the controlled



ART BY JILL MUMFORD

hysteria of Brian Moore braying over a Wembley full house — didn't make *Saturday Superstore*, but *Saint And Greavsie's* a start! And its the adoption by 4th & Broadway's hit conveyor means that its television career may not be over...

"Alright," he grins, "so Tackhead'll make the charts, and I, having made something like 50 LPs, will be written off as a one-hit wonder!!..."

**Sherwood's suspicion** of becoming suddenly fashionable, and his polite denial (echoed from across the room by On-U's resident rhythm master Keith LeBlanc) of any involvement in hip-hop alliances (indie, major, British or American) is understandable; he's used to working in isolation.

Four years ago, when the motiveless slaying of Prince Far I prompted him to abandon his niche in the reggae scene, he was largely flying blind. His decisions — to let On-U be an oasis of the then-emergent new funk, and to import talent (LeBlanc and Sugarhill vets Skip McDonald and Duggie Wimbish rather than records) — weren't taken in today's cosy climate of public demand and media support. At best you might call them acts of faith.

And, as a reward for his bravery and foresight, the world has made a pretty good job of not making Adrian Sherwood rich and famous. He's got

mountains of kudos (other cult figures hold meetings to talk about him!) but that cuts no ice in Sainsburys. But don't let the fact that he drives last year's Bentley blind you: if On-U Sounds never sold a solitary record, it wouldn't be the fault of the music...

Most discs sporting the On-U livery (or that of its sister label, World) reward unearthing, and the best of them are a threat to your central nervous system. 'Mind At The End Of The Tether' (another Tackhead opus), 'Stormy Weather' by Fats Comet, and Gary Clail's 'Hard Left' are rhythmically armour-plated hip-hop, comparable with any.

The house speciality is lacerating the familiar (voices, noises, songs) and spreading the resultant chaos over one of LeBlanc's numbing percussion charts. When this stuff's really working, and your senses are starting to unravel, it seems the most natural thing in the world when Thatcher's World-War-III-Now! tones comes knifing out of the mix — "who or what are this Tackhead trash?"

If I'd been Sherwood or LeBlanc — whipping up five-minute fantasies ("science fiction dance hall classics, actually") that get blanked in favour of bland-outs and reproductions — I'd want blood. It's nothing personal, but top of my list, when his record went to

number one, would've been Paul Hardcastle.

"At Tommy Boy in New York," LeBlanc shrugs, "they always said that someone'd take all our ideas and make a lot of money, but hell, I wish I'd thought of '19'..."

"Actually," Sherwood giggles, "you did. Hardcastle said it was based on one of our ideas..."

I could get upset," LeBlanc pleads, "but I see it all as opening doors for us."

"I dunno about this. Keith and Adrian seem unwilling to snarl against obvious injustice, like it's cissy or something. They've forgotten, or failed to grasp, that you've got to fight for your right and all that. What they do is too damn valuable to be left hanging on for the vultures' leftovers. If nothing else, they'd free themselves of the necessity of doing production work to which they're not passionately committed, what they call "plumbing jobs". Lecture ends.

**Sherwood's been working** (without a plunger) on new stuff with The Three Johns and Cabaret Voltaire ("it takes EMI three bloody months to pay you — they're like snails on mandrax!"), but for this week at least his mission is to get Brian Moore off *The Big Match*, and onto *Razzmatazz*.

'The Game' is one of a range of football mash-ups with which he's

currently juggling — Peel's listeners will be familiar with the Dalglish-inspired 'Sharp As A Needle'. Persuading Brian Moore to co-operate proved no problem (he fancied the Tackhead hat); LeBlanc, Wimbish and McDonald (who already had their own) were tougher nuts to cracks.

"Hey, now look here," LeBlanc laughs, "it took him a year to convince us about 'Stormy Weather'; what chance for something I know nothing about?"

"I did try to remedy that problem," Sherwood remembers. "I went out and paid over the odds for tickets to the West Ham and United cup tie. Four seats, they were like bloody gold. What a mug! These bastards stayed in bed, leaving me surrounded by ticketless yobbos..."

"Football is just like anything else, a good source, something to cannibalise, something to bastardise... the new technologies are pushing music too, but not 'til we've learned to abuse them — y'know, like when people learned how to make guitars feed back. We'll mess up all the new gear, get two or three inputs mangled together, clashing head on, then we'll catch the sparks as they fly off..."

"We need music that shimmers and shines, music with energy and extremity — triumphant victory horn music!"



# YO BUM LISTEN PUNK

**RHYTHM KING** Records draw on the scene where the DJ is dictated to – and they're outselling many other indies in the process with their hard funk/hip-hop catalogue. **SEAN O'HAGAN** goes where the dancers make the hits. Picture: **STEVE PYKE**.

In the Rhythm Kingdom, time is measured in beats per second: *dancefloor moments*. The time it takes to fill the floor with dancing feet is the instant in which a new groove is born.

Out on the clubland dancefloor the life of a record is measured in weeks – here and gone. Between the needle hitting the import groove and the clubber spreading the word on this hot new thing, is the space in which Rhythm King operate.

Hustling the beat, chasing up the info, inking the deal and releasing the hottest, hardest floor-fillers. From Schoolly D to Chuck Brown, Taffy to The Three Wise Men, Rhythm King are at the forefront of the new independent dancefloor network. Fired on one-off licensing deals from the States, the aim to create a rostrum of home grown talent that will challenge all comers.

**Rhythm King began in June '86** when James and Martin lost faith in their bosses on the Baad and Be Bop And Fresh labels. They recruited Jay Strongman, a clubland DJ renowned for mixing it up at the harder end of the market, and went to Mute chiefs, Daniel Miller, with a briefcase full of ideas.

Rhythm King was born and has since flourished with Miller being the most unobtrusive boss, content to let his associated company have full artistic freedom. Another DJ, Mark Moore, and press officer, Adele, complete the crew and attest to the claim that, in business terms, small is not only beautiful but effective.

"Small equals more work but means more freedom," explains Martin. "We're not really here to compete with the majors, we budget on what we realistically expect a record to sell. One of the reasons we exist is because the majors are hopelessly out of touch with club culture. Their machinery can't deal with simple things like letting DJs have advance copies. They take up to ten weeks to release an import. Ridiculous!"

At the forefront of the club scene, Jay Strongman sees dancefloor culture at the alternative to corporate pop/rock stasis: "If a record takes off in the clubs, there's nothing the majors can do to interfere with natural demand. Usually they artificially hype a record or employ a strike force to get it in the charts. Radio One plays it and that's that..."

Martin: "Journalists are always on the lookout for a new movement – a new Factory or Mute, but it'll never happen because of the huge promo money involved in getting a hit. If we wanted to chart a record it'd take a pay-out of four to six thousand pounds to a strike force to start off our record. If that sort of practice was abolished overnight, you'd have a natural movement of records. Or, the minute they stop radio play tyrannically reflecting the charts is the

minute you'll have a lot more interesting music about. Right now, the majors just block up the chart with junk."

Outside of the domain of hype, commodity and cynical business (mal)practice, the Rhythm Kingdom operates on its own rules of supply and demand. With two DJs at the frontline of dance-culture, they can spot a record's potential a mile off and act swiftly. Whether hip-hop, house, old soul or hard-edged funk, Rhythm King was attuned to the nightlife underground and their back catalogue reads like a series of dislocated reference points on a hedonist's guide to after-hours entertainment.

Under the Rhythm King umbrella nestle three separate labels, each linked to a particular aesthetic and potential market. Rhythm King itself deals with dance music with a crossover selling potential; Trans Global takes in the left-field, post Kraftwerk, Euro-pop experimentalism, whilst Flame is Jay's baby and deals in the hardcore club records and older re-released classics.

"Basically, the ideal situation we're aiming for," Jay predicts, "is if you hit five different clubs in one night – say, an alternative dance club, a hard funk warehouse, a mainstream soul club, a hip-hop night and maybe a gay club – you'd hear our records at every one."

So far, in the selling stakes, Rhythm King's two front runners couldn't be further apart in attitude, form or subject matter. Taffy's 'I Love My Radio' was itchy, nagging Italian

disco pop with a throwaway heart and not a great deal of soul. Naturally, it provided them with their first Top Ten placing. At the other end of the spectrum, Schoolly D unleashed his debut album amidst Yo-boy hysteria and the toughest *braggadacio* this side of a Sugar Ray fight. Schoolly also illustrated another ongoing chart problem, the thorny definition of what makes an *independent* record.

James: "Schoolly doesn't really fit anywhere. He doesn't sell enough to be in the major charts, he's not particularly 'dance' music and, for some reason he didn't get into the *Music Week* indie charts. They simply said 'black music isn't featured'."

Martin: "Pathetic! I think the indie charts are an example of racism. Schoolly D's LP is exactly like any other indie record in terms of its effect on the people who buy it. The only difference it has over most white indie rock groups is that it outsold them about three to one. Easily. It's ridiculous that the only way someone like Schoolly would get in the *Music Week* indie charts is if he made a punk record with guitars."

James: "The only criteria should be how much an independent record actually sells. Simple."

Martin: "Yeah, but when Taffy was in the pop charts, according to *Music Week*'s independent charts she was being outsold by Gaye Bykers On Acid! Ridiculous."

**Rhythm King are perhaps the**

prime example of a label that is there to fill the demand of a truly alternative culture – outside of the popular charts and outside of the slothful, incompetent and painfully unexciting terrain of Brit indieland. In many ways Rhythm King are more true to the original illuminating spirit of punk entrepreneurship – reflecting a culture that is alive and overflowing with ideas and inspiration.

The Three Wise Men dished out 'Urban Hell', a profoundly English rap record full of inner city bile and frustration. They'll follow it with the optimism of 'Refresh Yourself' – an anti-racist ode to mixed marriage and inter-cultural exchange. The Cookie Crew, two South London girl rappers, have a debut single that forges hard rap with a high energy house beat to devastating effect.

Chuck Brown's 'Live '87' catches the go-go Godfather stretched out over his 25 years of recycling, reinventing, and reconstructing. A young English group called Hotline, will – alongside The Cookie Crew – release their debut single in America, via Trax, the Chicago house label. Then there's Taffy, CCP, Sugar Ray Dinke, Dr. Fresh, Bailey And Bridges, Tanya, King Sun D Moet...

"What I like about some of our young artists," delcards Jay, "is that they're at the forefront of British rap culture. They dress differently to the Americans, rap differently. I think this American cultural imperialism was going too far with everyone aping the Beasties and Run DMC. The Cookie Crew and The Three Wise Men are profoundly British in what

they rap about and how they rap."

On the reggae rap front, one Pablo Gad – responsible for the mega 'Hard Times' tune from the early '80s – has resurfaced with a heavy dread polemic entitled 'Who's The Terrorist?'. Further grist to Rhythm King's fast-forward motion.

In the Rhythm Kingdom, potential is measured in feet on the floor: *dancefloor response*. A different place with a different set of rules. The DJ in the club is answerable to his audience. The DJ on the radio is a slave to the record company. Rhythm King, by tuning into and reflecting the healthiest alternative musical culture, operate on the frontline of the new thing. The difference between them and the media/business that they drag along in their wake is a difference in lifestyle. Check this:

James: "When I rang *Melody Maker* to do a Chuck Brown interview, Frank Owen said 'No, we don't want to touch him, he only appeals to Essex wallies now'. I mean, *what!?*"

Jay: "Cos they never go out to clubs, they don't understand how big go-go is. Chuck or Trouble fill the floor every time. It's a different lifestyle. Like, when Radio One said they wouldn't play Schoolly D's record cos it said *mother \*\*\*\*er* at the end. I'd honestly never heard that. All I heard was the beat, that *intense* beat. Never heard anything like it!"

Between the beat and the business is the distance between the old and the new, the reactionary and the torch bearer. Time to wake up and tune in to the new Rhythm Kingdom. I'm talking to you, punk!



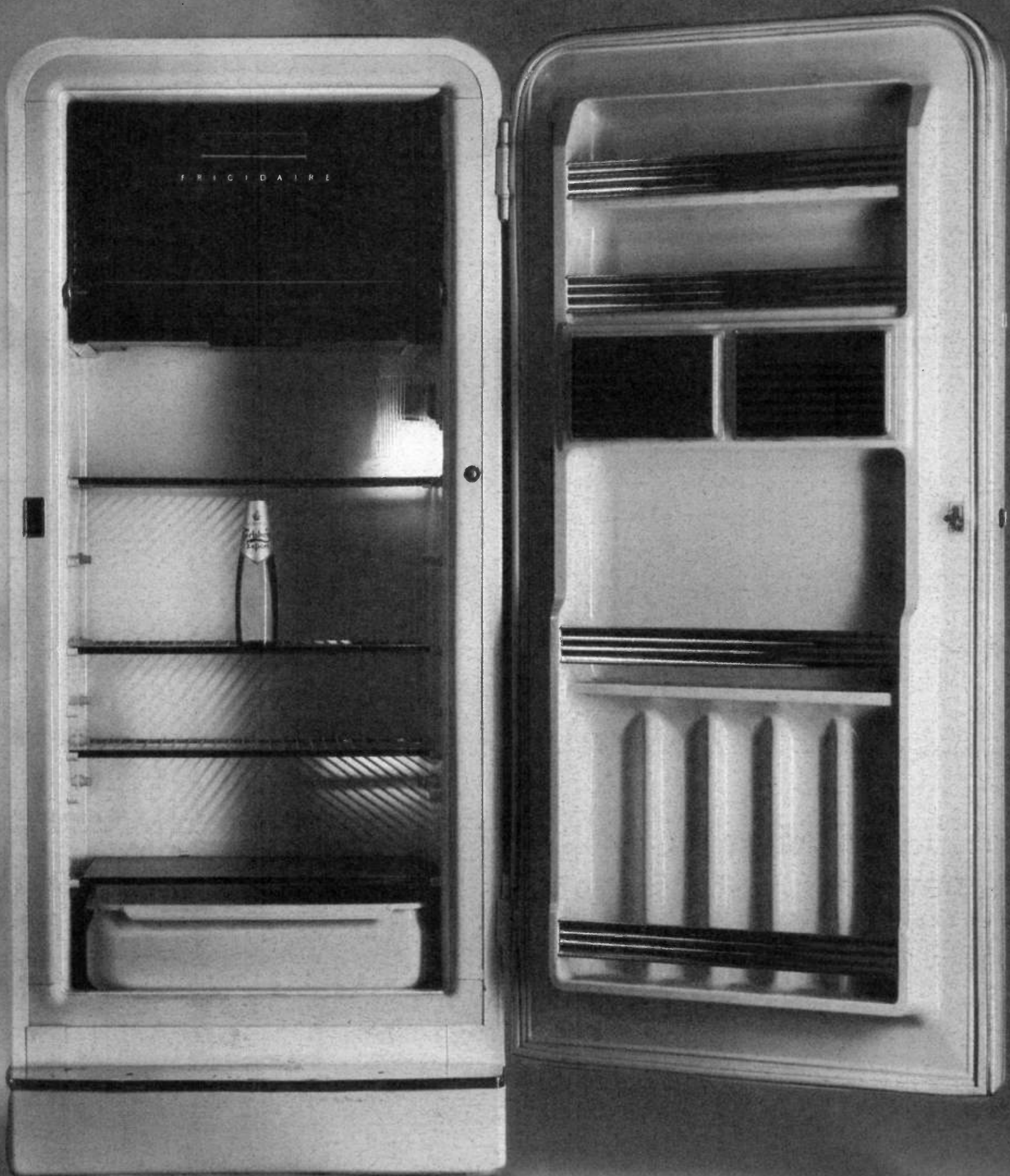
Kingdom trio Martin (left), Jay and James.



CARLSBERG EXPORT. SO EXCLUSIVE IT WOULDN'T EVEN  
SHARE THE FRIDGE WITH THE ICE CUBES.

Probably the best lager in the world.

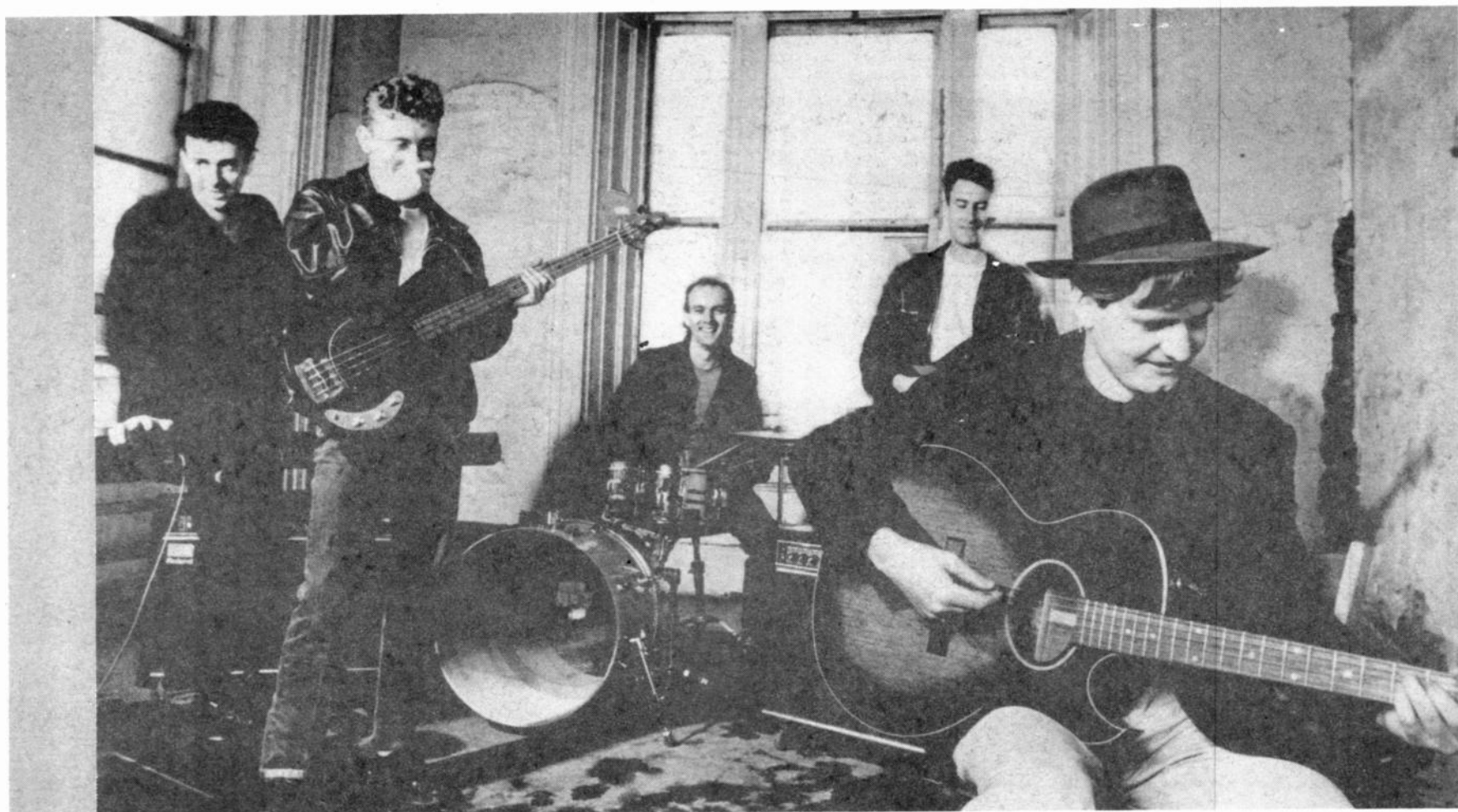






# *The Big Dish* *slide*

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ITV Thursday 23rd April*

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*Richard Cook*  
**SOUNDS**



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# FILE / RADIOACTIVE

**Readout:** are the reformed **WIRE** constructive cells? Or is extinction required for tired circuits? **Document:** DON WATSON. **Eye-witness:** BLED-DYN BUTCHER.

**ITEM:** Report on Case No. 154, the autonomous cell given the code name Wire, placed in suspended animation by its four constituent members some time around the dawn of the '80s.

At the point at which the unit was frozen it was known to have certain similarities in terms of structure and aims with contemporary organisations known as Throbbing Gristle, Cabaret Voltaire and Clock DVA. All of these cells have either been broken or rendered ineffective by New Age forces. Cause for concern surround recent indications of a regrouping of forces, symbolised by the thawing of Wire as a frozen cell.

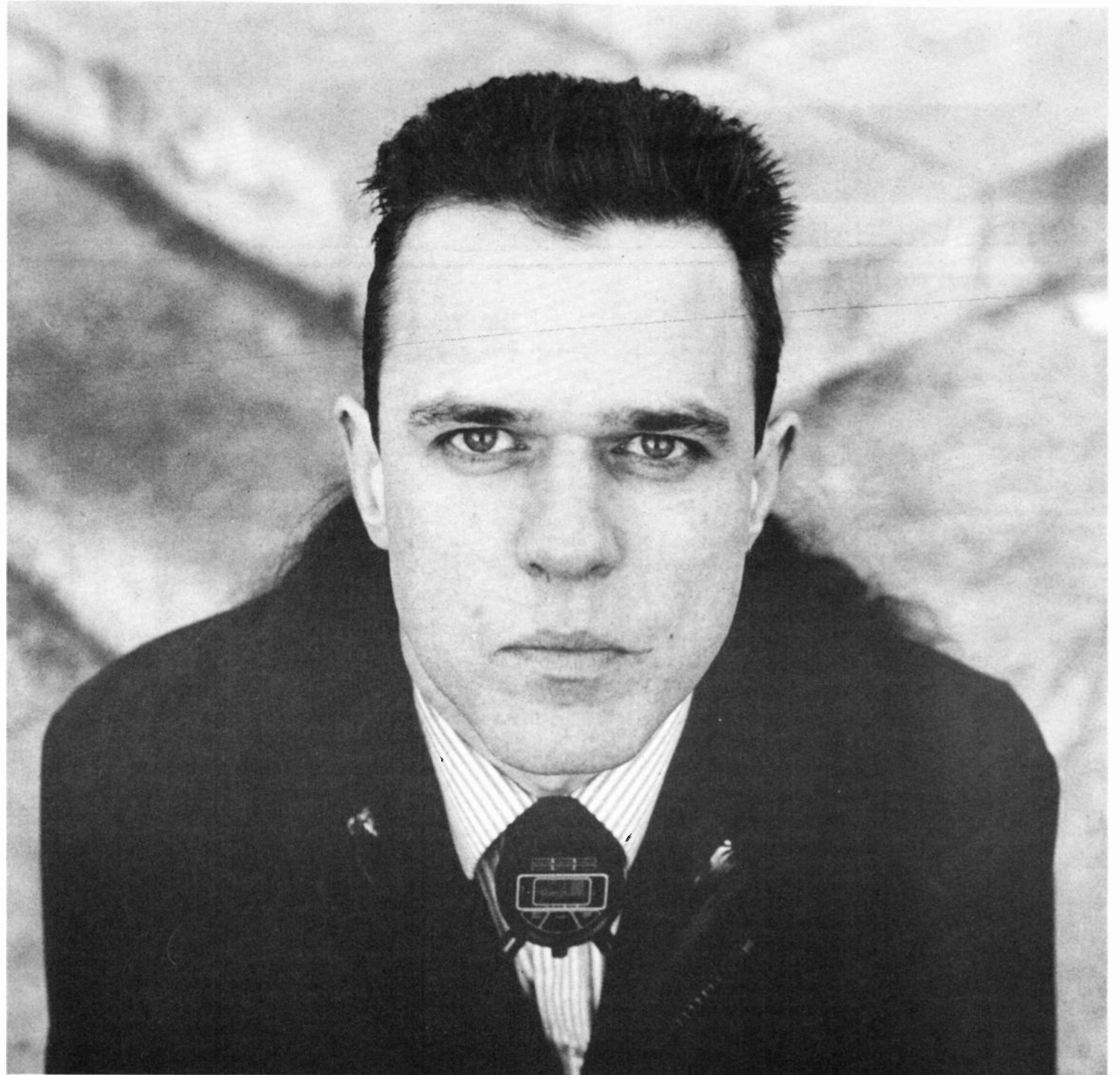
**AIM:** To discern whether Wire is an anachronism in the modern age which may be left to its inevitable extinction or whether it is capable of addressing itself to the current climate, thus posing a threat to Operation Pleasure Drone.

**DURATION OF STUDY:** six months, over which Wire have filed an initial report, codename 'Snakedrill', have prepared a more extensive survey, named 'The Ideal Copy' (classified as imminent). They were pursued to Berlin and observed in the compilation of the latter document, during which time their organisation appeared to be in a state of barely controlled chaos. Guitarist Colin Newman had fled to the neutral state of Belgium, bassist and vocalist Graham Lewis had sought the sanctuary of two barmaids in an all-night club while guitarist Bruce Gilbert sat in the bar of the studio, admiring the design of the concrete stanchions that held up the flyover opposite and saying things like "creative explosion – exciting". Drummer Robert Gotobed looked on with long-suffering gaze. Threat at this stage was regarded as minimal.

Even a cursory glance over 'The Ideal Copy' proves this conclusion to be premature, displaying a Wire with a disturbing grasp over new technology. Gilbert and Lewis were traced in London and subjected to a more detailed interrogation.

"When we started," Gilbert admits, "we didn't really have much of an idea about what it was that we were doing; it was only really about half-way through that possibilities started to emerge and we became aware of what the thing was. That's the point at which you have to give it some autonomy in order that it lives."

Given that the stated aim of the current incarnation of Wire was to take on the form of the beat group, the LP is a surprise in terms of its sophistication. It has the



**Molecule:** Mr Lewis of the Wire cell.

same sense of timing and tension as the old Wire but created with a sinister synthetic texture. Wire have never sounded less like a guitar group.

"It became clear very quickly," says Lewis, "that we had to separate the two processes of playing live and making a record. Live the idea is still very much that of the guitar-based beat group; on record we found it was necessary to embrace current technology."

This seemed like the first hopeful sign as far as the agents of the Pleasure Drone were concerned. We have watched with delight as technology has swallowed many.

Unfortunately, Wire appear resilient on the subject.

"You are swallowed by it if you're frightened of it," says Lewis, "and perhaps if you allow it to become an end in itself, rather than using it as a tool."

"We started by constructing the pieces in the familiar way but then as we got more familiar with the technology, we got excited by the possibility of fusing the two. If it sounds technological then good, but behind it all the playing is still there. What it allows you to do is to take the best part of performances and utilise those to build up the ideal copy."

We are disturbed by this concept of the 'Ideal Copy'; it crops up once again on the record on the track 'Ambition', a chilling scenario of the technological takeover, a

concern which has often been central to Wire.

"The ideal copy," says Lewis, "in terms of a pop model is DNA, something that is mutating all the time; it is something that produces the ideal copy for every circumstance. Within that song there are the technology, the state of things at the moment, which is 'pop', and the song is monitoring and reporting that. At the same time there are descriptions of what the DNA does, a description of what humans do, and whether they do it from free will: *'When you won't it makes you will/When you aren't it makes you am'*."

The song also demonstrates that Wire maintain their skeletal approach to songwriting, the list of initials that climaxes the song and the implied link between them is terrifyingly suggestive: "IBM, BBC, IRA."

"They're all ideal copies aren't they?" asks Lewis, "Mutations of ideal copies, the large organisations that humans construct to deal with things for them."

"They're also ideal copies in journalistic terms," adds Gilbert.

When Wire first existed, our agent suggested hopefully, they seemed to be reacting against a status quo. Does it not appear that they are now trying to find a place within the current schemes of things?

"It's the same as it ever was," Lewis states with conviction, "it's mutating and changing, but Wire and its attitude to-

wards what is *out there* I don't think is reactionary. We have always looked to what was going on outside, and I think that's obvious on all the records."

Another point which should be noted is that Wire's sense of humour has not diminished, they still play darkly amusing games with ambiguity and inappropriate melody, irony is still heavy. Is it possible, our agent asked, to be too ironic?

"It depends whether it's good irony or bad irony," answers Lewis.

What would they consider good irony?

"Good pop art," continues Gilbert, "it's using vulgar forms and exposing the beauty that may lurk there, or exposing the vulgarity that may lurk in the beauty."

"By exaggeration it shows both sides," adds Lewis, "it exposes the more absurd aspects of what is being celebrated."

**CONCLUSION:** The Wire cell shows a remarkable ability to adapt to modern circumstances while remaining electrically charged. It also seems fully aware of its role in this setting. The destruction of the Pleasure Drone lies well beyond its current powers but 'The Ideal Copy' is an indication of ground reclaimed by the resistance.

**RECOMMENDATION:** Termination with extreme prejudice.

**WARNING:** It may already be too late.



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EDITED BY ADRIAN THRILLS



"Hi, I'm Johnny Cash"

#### JOHNNY CASH 1958 To 1986—The CBS Years (CBS)

A GOOD, if predictable, double-album compilation culled from the 1,450-odd sides Cash made for CBS during his years with the label. His first CBS recording, 'Oh, What A Dream' is included, along with such great expecteds as 'A Boy Named Sue', 'Ring Of Fire' and 'Man In Black'. There are reminders of the San Quentin and Folsom prison gigs, a live-at-the-Opry cut, a made-in-England 'Without Love' featuring Nick Lowe and Dave Edmunds and two great saga songs, 'Five Feet High And Rising', the story of a Mississippi flood, plus 'The Ballad Of Ira Hayes', Pete LaFarge's tribute to the American marine (a Red Indian) who first raised Old Glory on Iwo Jima but was later reviled by those who had originally proclaimed him a national hero.

An acceptable collection then, though it would have taken a Springsteen-styled boxed set to really do justice to the talent of a man who's always stayed ahead of trends by walking his own particular, rootsy, line.

Fred Dollar

#### FLAMIN' GROOVIES One Night Stand (ABC)

CYRIL JORDAN has been keeper of the Groovy Flame for 22 years now. Every groovy f-er who has an amp, an axe, and a garage to play them in will swear the Flamin' Groovies are the world's

greatest garage band.

We've had eight years of un-groovy silence, shattered by the old bootleg atrocity of Garagerama Verite; so to 'counter the constant stream' of said vinyl, the FG's offer this aptly titled collection of oldies but groovies.

The one-night-stand at a chance reunion often prompts a loud, uneasy "How the hell are you?" when the flustered parties are actually thinking "Who the hell are you?" The songs on this LP conjure up that same sort of awkwardness; it's nice to hear 'Kicks' again but you can't help thinking about all the bands who've played the same song and done something more interesting with it. Ditto for 'Money' and 'Slow Down'.

Far groovier is the Flamin' tribute to the HooDoo tribute to them — 'Bittersweet'. Another surprise is a mega-fuzz version of The Who's 'Call Me Lightning' which will make your stylus sneeze.

The classics 'Shake Some Action' and 'Teenage Head' sound slightly more sober and neater than earlier versions, but you have to have a keen sense of loyalty and depravity to appreciate the garage-landed geriatrics of 'She's A Teenage Love Machine'. Completely silly, but then, that's all they ever were.

Michele Kirsch

#### BLURT Smoke Time (Toeblock)

BEAUTIFULLY PACKAGED, 'Smoke Time's nine slices of pointless whimsy perfectly illustrate that old saw, "there's nowt so dull as art-school wit".

Like the dismal Virgin Prunes, Ted Milton conceivably does have something to say, but he's damned if he's going to be all passionate about it to someone as ordinary as you. No, he'd much rather act coy and eccentric, and hold out for posterity's Face-style dénouement when the politely squawking saxophone, the listlessly meandering half-melodies, and the selfconsciously afterthought speaking-singing will all be placed in their true content, officially con-



PF: "If I were you, Dave, I'd whack out a live double in a hurry..."

#### DAVID BOWIE Never Let Me Down (EMI America)

What does the original multi-media kid do when all the personal tension and commitment has deserted his music and image games? He goes to live in hyper-clean, desensitised Switzerland and plots marketing strategies like an old general mapping out battle plans.

Knowing that in the age of intensely marketed superficial art the machinery of pre-production is all important he plays his favourite game — stirring up the hype. He returns as a millionaire who won't pay for a decent haircut and holds his treads up with a piece of rope. He fuels rumours that this really will be the last time, makes a boringly contentious video and has the critics round for a beer and two-hour LP preview.

If anybody should be able to hit against the prevailing stasis, offer some touching eccentricity, puckish wit or a deprecating commentary on the times Bowie should. But no, 'Never Let Me Down' is all about playing the game; a pieced together product that tries to hit all the correct mass response buttons. It's cold, conniving and calculated. Bowie's not involved in his music the way he was in his mid '70s meditations on plastic soul, the final smashing of his myth that came on 'Sound And Vision' or 'Ashes To Ashes' or the masterful groove Nile Rodgers gave him on 'Let's Dance' his last great song.

A riot of overproduction — battalions of slasharama guitar, bonehead drum beats, banks of keyboards, gnarled and knotted horns signifying the same bloated travesty of 'soul' as Tina Turner — the record is not so much a collection of

songs as feeble gestures and half-baked themes. There's street gangs, crack, Tolkien style hippy-shit storytelling, nuclear nightmares, image Goddesses, street tramps, Sinn Fein.

Bowie flits in and out in many guises — overwrought opera diva, smooching crooner, whining winsome playfulness. On 'Shinin' Star' which mentions Chernobyl, crack and Trotsky over a cloyingly flimsy melody, he duets with actor Mickey Rourke and rises like some fairy pumpkin on a lush studio sheen, a knight in shining armour, to save us from the turmoil.

It may be the straightforward love song where Bowle's heart really lies, 'Too Dizzy' and 'Never Let Me Down' show some calming of the over-orchestrated frenzy, but he's too interested in leeching on his past enigma and New Pop Laws to rewrite or relearn any moves of his own. He's a consumer deity, an omniscient Melvyn Bragg of mediated street culture. No matter what scene he inhabits or whatever he tries to say he can't help but succumb to a rousing, glassy-eyed emptyheaded blowout and finale.

Most sickening of all is the egotistic, superstar preening on 'Zeroes' and 'Bang Bang'. Laugh? I nearly made a record with Mick Jagger.

If this is Bowie in his true, natural colours the suspicion that all along he had a warped artschool idea about pop music, an avant-garde superciliousness and the sort of talent more suited to real estate, advertising, or full time loafing is now confirmed. Or maybe he should just start taking drugs again.

Gavin Martin

#### HONOLULU MOUNTAIN DAFFODILS Guitars Of The Oceanic Undergrowth (Hybrid)

THE COVER: a guitar washed up on Brighton beach. Innocents could easily get the wrong idea. They could, (the Daffodils being a well-known indie band in disguise), take it literally and dismiss the jape as a scrap of flotsam, easily discarded.

Such was my first impression until I began to pick my way through the Daffodils' twisted path, a trail which I found more enjoyable than I was expecting. The air here is hardly fresh but it

is invigorating.

There's a lot of Fuzz, weird effect and guitar grunge cranked out full blast. A few half ideas which slip out for an eccentric touch and a desperate longing to be considered psychedelically sound. Are those trumpet trills on 'El Muerto' a labour of Love lads?

Still, I stayed to the bitter end of their version of Ubu's 'Final Solution' — which fades into insignificance and a pattering out of originality. I've thrown away the cover but I'm keeping the record.

Edwin Pouncey



Mr Watt: speak no evil

#### FIREHOSE Ragin' Full-On (SST import)

WHEN D. BOON died in an auto smash 16 months ago, the Minutemen — America's most free-ranging avant-rock outfit — could now also have been no more than a memory.

Some gloomy months later, however, the ex-Minutemen's answerphone was blitzed by one Ed, "from Ohio", who phoned 'em then flew to them, demanding an audition on their California doorstep. He insisted that they re-enter the fray — "Boon left something and it's in him," said Mike Watt and George Hurley. He is now officially EdfromOhio, collectively they are Firehose.

And 'Firehose' is remarkable, busting all cells with ideas, energy, and an incredible life-lust. Love its uniqueness! Try it against the Minutemen's 45-song watermark, 'Double Nickels On The Dime' (SST, 1984) and confirm that Firehose have upped the craziness, stepped boldly into new sounds.

What has carried through is incredible flexibility of Watt (bass) and Hurley (drums), who fling the weirdest shapes around on this record, free-riding more than in the past. "Confusion as an intoxicant," they say, quoting Ornette Coleman in the next breath and lifting with glee from all available acoustic musics. These shards shouldn't lock-in, and if it were any other 'rock' rhythm section, they wouldn't.

Sampling freely, there's irresistible beat-bop on 'Caroma', the hi-NRG motion of 'Mutiny', three beautiful and opposite tempos on 'Perfect Pairs', or more tempered squalls amongst 'Chemical Wires' and 'Choose Any Memory'. How can you not love the group that performs 'Relating Dudes To Jazz' "a drum and a sax... two dudes talking about everything/ ain't just two dudes talking..." Then there's their still-present fears: "the future holds mystery/we hope but can't tell... we care enough to try".

Great songs, amazing playing. D. Boon rests easy as Firehose take over: the world's best trio.

David Swift



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



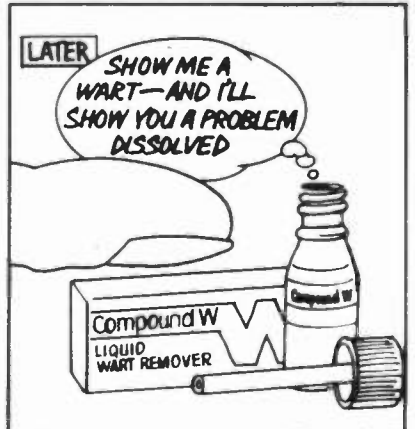
But beware! Warts are very contagious and if you pick, bite or scratch them they may spread.



So, try Compound W. It dissolves warts quickly and painlessly, without cutting or cauterizing. Just apply one drop to the wart each day...



...and after a few days the wart will begin to dissolve. The last few traces will gradually disappear when you wash.



Before long your skin will be soft and smooth again. So, if warts suddenly pay you a visit, call on your chemist for Compound W.

\*Trade Mark



# THE ANTI GROUP Sh T (Sweatbox) Digitaria (Sweatbox)

WHEN THE original Clock DVA, the noirish jazz/noise combo whose 'Thirst' was a landmark of romantic industrialism, split up, vocalist Adi Newton's approach to music split in two. The first and most commercial part was the second Clock DVA, who flirted with dark pop and floundered around in the shadows on their 'Advantage' LP before finding their voice on the sweeping 'Breakdown' 12" and promptly splitting up. The second was The Anti-Group, the total inversion of the pop group, in which the ego and personality of the component members is sublimated entirely to the sound.

After hovering around the fringes of European festivals for a couple of years The Anti-Group are now overcharging the system with vinyl reports – a mini-LP 'Sh T' and a full-length album 'Digitaria' here, with a separate single to follow.

The initial reaction is that it all looks rather dated – sleeves bedecked in magickal symbols and lined with Crowleyan dogma, media cut-ups and musical anthropology, all fascinations that have ground their way well into the realms of cliché by now.

Of course a precondition of the progress into cliché is that something has an initial and powerful resonance. There would seem to be work left undone by the initial crop of the industrialists and we might have hoped The Anti-Group were the ones to break through the cliché and reactivate the power. Unfortunately on the 'Sh T' 12", despite its moments of sheer noise exhilaration, they seem intent on sticking to familiar forms. Unlike Coil, who have used the techniques of industrialism to form a personal aesthetic which recreates and romanticises the modern age, there is little sense of direction to TAGC. Just creating a random collage of media atrocities and tribal piercings is no longer enough.

The 'Digitaria' LP seems to have a sharper focus, with side one creating a gritty jazz that echoes the terrain of 'Thirst', while side two opts for the ambient electronic approach as pioneered by Throbbing Gristle on 'Twenty Jazz Funk Greats'. What's wrong here is, leaving aside the entirely pointless torture sequence on side one, that neither side seems to advance any further into the territory it identifies, its theme of so-called 'primitive' societies is once again undeveloped.

There are brave motivations at work here, but the results could blend all too easily into the last five years of sub-Industrial effluence. Newton should be smarter than that.

Don Watson

# DIGGING UP 100 SCENES

## THE BLOW MONKEYS She Was Only A Grocer's Daughter (RCA)

I MET Dr Robert slumped against the bar, peering into his looking glass and remembering the old days.

"The days," I asked "when you would write songs and then half-way through smash them up with whatever instrument came to hand?"

He sighed at the waste of it all. "I suppose so, but back then we were lauded by the public school brigade and it gave me a false confidence. They gave me a chance to mouth off my obsessions, although I suspect they must hate me now."

"My learned profession," I informed him, "has always had a difficulty with anyone that has records in the charts, loud clothes on display and a belief in the Left-wing."

Dr Robert poured another brandy down his throat and passed over a cassette. "What," he asked, smugly, "will they think of this, then?"

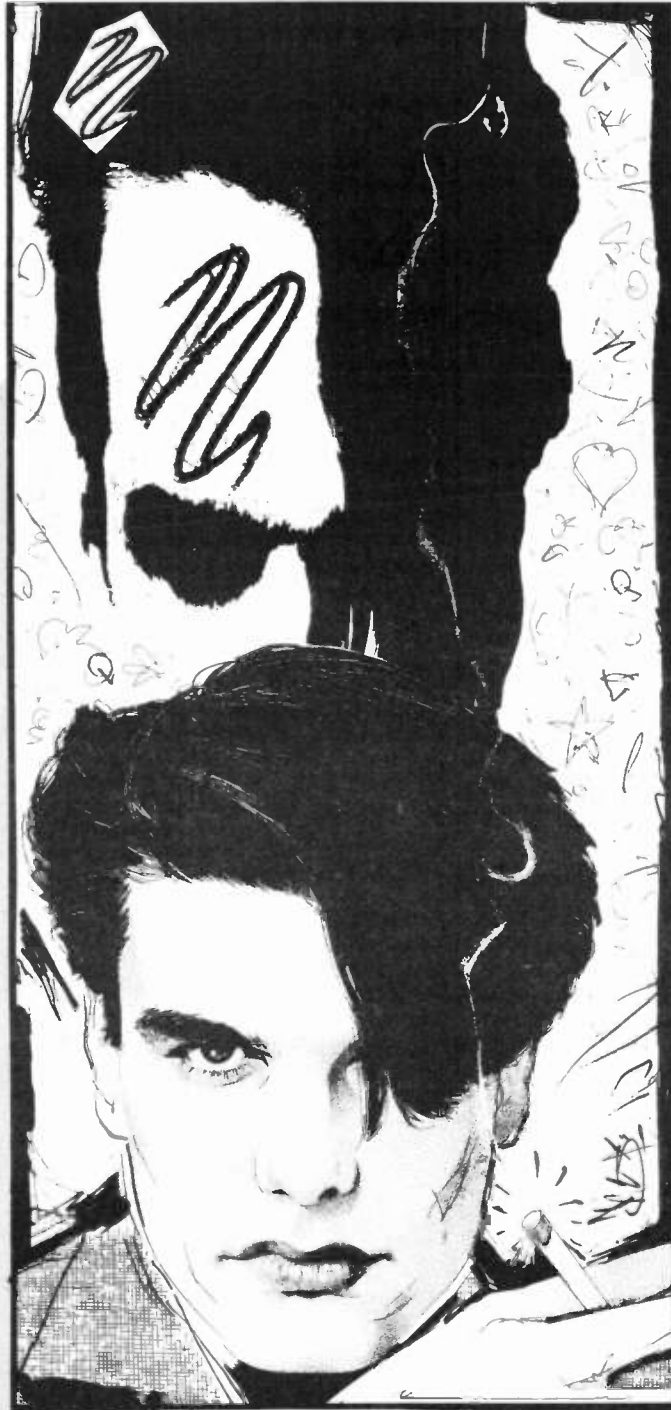
"They will say that you are a man at the end of his tether," I swiftly replied.

I met Dr Robert the next day on a street corner. He had a bullet in his brain, a hole in his forehead and his blood was gushing out onto the pavement. He had five minutes to live.

This is appropriate, I thought, because The Blow Monkeys have themselves murdered a certain strain of British pop. They have killed off, once and for all, the pop-group-on-soul syndrome. After this LP, it can go no further.

'She Was Only A Grocer's Daughter' is the culmination of it all, a wild, over-ambitious work that grabs all the popular elements – (deep breath) Motown, Philadelphia, '70s funk, clavinetts, Stevie Wonder, Sly Stone, go-go, '80s funk, Kool and his gang – and then splashes it all over a massive landscape.

Its main focus is Dr Robert's voice which sings, sighs, caresses and breathes hard into all the spaces. It is a noisy, open, self-reverential music, a perfect summary of Britain's infatuation with dance music, past and present. It purports to be about Thatcher as much as it is about love but the Doctor lacks the necessary anger to be convincing. He also lacks the suss to distance himself from his Paul Weller infatuation. But that is just part of the story.



People will say that. They will see the good Doctor as a sex man, languidly sighing into the microphone, detailing his insecurities over a lush backing. Yet that side hardly surfaces on this LP, Dr Robert plumping for an exhaustive, energetic production filled to the brim with slight melodies, sighs and technique.

His voice, like Terry Hall's on 'Running Away', is not suited or strong enough to carry off the surrogate soul man picture, although in his duet with Curtis Mayfield he emerges unscathed.

It will be said that Dr Robert

has one musical idea and has written ten songs around it. This has some truth, but ignores the fact that he is skilful enough to turn it into a noisy, chattering LP, that is inspired, embarrassing, ambitious, determined, arrogant, stupid, delightful and, with looks like that, dreamy. It is also the full stop on a section of contemporary music.

I went to Dr Robert's funeral. The priest said, as he closed Robert's eyes for the very last time, "it must never be this way again."

"Amen," we replied.

Paolo Hewitt

## FLIPPER Public Flipper Ltd 1980–1985 (Fundamental) THATCHER ON ACID Curdled (All The Madmen) PARANOID VISIONS Schizophrenia (All The Madmen) VARIOUS Get Primitive! The Best of Pebbles Volume One (UbiK)

'PUBLIC FLIPPER LTD' is a scattershot splattering of 15 rough and ready live recordings from US punk's most inventive and stubbornly primitive band, sadly now defunct.

This is music made by people with stiff fingers and hyperactive brains. On the evidence of this record, consisting of songs from 1980 to 1985, Flipper never learnt to play their instruments properly, praise the Lord. The sleeve folds out into what looks like a stupendously boring board game. The cards with which the game is played are laddishly crass. But there is imagination, inspiration, innovation and barefaced cheek in the music. The earlier tracks show the same minimalist wit as The Mekons' 'Never Been In a Riot' or UK Subs' 'Live In a Car' whilst songs like 'The Wheel' and 'Flipper Blues' are comparable to Pil's better moments (Rip off! they shout – hence the album title). 'Sex Bomb' sounds like an asthmatic giraffe having an orgasm. 'Southern California' is a semi-improvised whine knocked up at rehearsal the day before the recording – and it works.

Somerset's Thatcher On Acid have an appalling ability to stick a riff nicked from Black Flag next to one stolen from The Merton Parkas. Their lyrics are a seamless whirlpool of bald anarchist polemic and slightly mad poetry. You're never quite sure whether you're listening to yet another slab of sub-Crass platitude or something genuinely radical. I don't think they know either. As their name suggests, they uneasily combine the conservative and the surreal. The next album by Thatcher On Acid will burn.

"Everybody's talking about 'The Joshua Tree'! Have you heard the new U2 LP? ... Boring music!" is a line that proves that Ireland's Paranoid Visions are perceptive critics, even if their album isn't quite the stormer they claim it to be.

'Schizophrenia' lashes out at institutionalised religion and the Tweedleliberal Tweedletoe Irish political system. Forget The Dubliners and please, please forget The Pogues, this is the current state of Irish folk music.

The Pebbles' bands have been mythologised as the first wave of punk. What in fact they were was white American kids copying white English kids copying black American kids in the mid-'60s. Almost all the songs here are sung in a fake cockney accent over the 'Steppin' Stone' riff. A more complete recipe for perfect music I cannot imagine.

Steven Wells



Rolo 'Top

## THE WOODENTOPS Live Hypno Beat Live (Rough Trade)

JUST WHAT I always wanted. The Woodentops without the sugar-coated studio mix, without the recording restrictions, without the semblance of sanity. 'Giant', for all its spring-heeled inspiration, saw the Tops boxed and with an eye on mainstream pop; only the Sherwood-remixed 'Everyday Living' approached the true manic quality of their live shows.

'Live Hypno Beat Live' is like a runaway train. It seems frighteningly out of control and then, just as complete destruction's spitting in your ears, the hot'n-'sweaty mouthed McGinty pulls it altogether again for another chorus, or Alice bungs in a calming wave of organ. Benny's the source of the mayhem, whip-cracking away on drums like a whirling dervish, driving every song to the point of imminent collapse.

It's a meeting of past and present – recorded at Los Angeles Palace Theatre last November – which firmly convinces me that the lovable former-wimps have been hard at the steroids. 'Love Train' is now a 125 express, and madness reigns supreme in the combination of 'Travelling Man' with 'Get It On': "get up fall down mess around". And here the gentle calypso of 'Good Thing' cuts harder while 'Why', is furious about 'Sign O The Times', super-power paranoia.

'Live Hypno Beat Live' is wild, too wild at times. I seriously expected 'Well Well Well' to knacker the stylus, and Moses knows what 'Do It Anyway' would sound like if they'd recorded it on this form. The price paid for all this raving and pillaging of their own back-catalogue is that Rolo's lyrics, particularly on 'Everything Breaks', are lost either in his own auctioneer babble or buried in the general rough and tumble.

Live albums, of course, don't net new fans, and this, for all its strengths, is really just another step in the right direction. Nevertheless, every single time it's twice as nice, and – despite Rolo's "really really cool" thank you in the middle of the finale 'Move Me' – it's far from being an embarrassing backdoor 'Best Of ...' compilation.

Certainly plenty smiles ... falalalalalala.

Len Brown

# THE WOODENTOPS

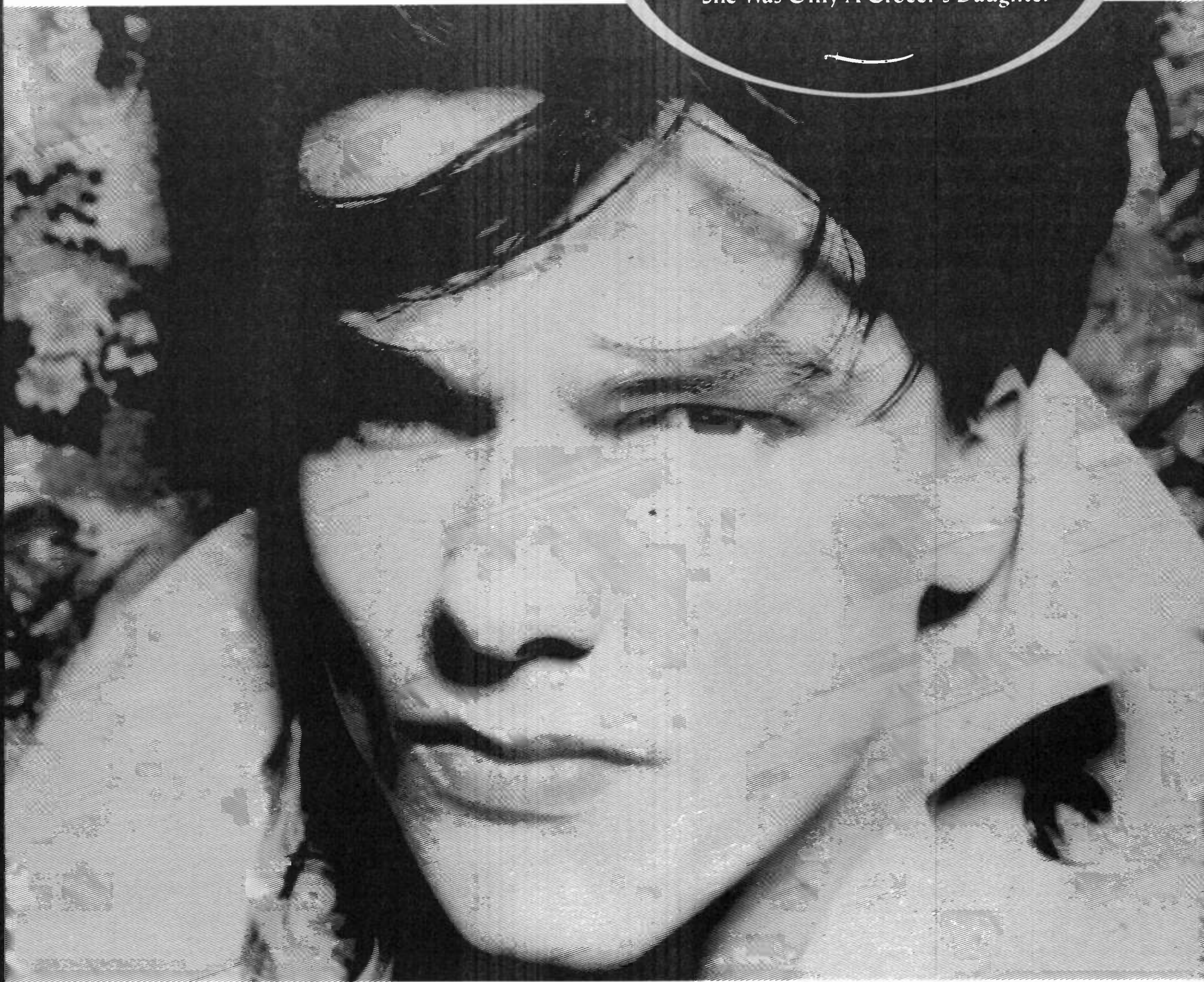
# LIVE HYPNO BEAT LIVE

A MID-PRICE LP-ROUGH 117+CASSETTE WITH 2 BONUS TRACKS-ROUGH C117+ALSO AVAILABLE AS LIMITED EDITION CD WITH BONUS STUDIO TRACKS-ROUGH CD117. UK DISTRIBUTION BY THE CARTEL.



# THE BLOW MONKEYS

She Was Only A Grocer's Daughter



Compact Disc · Album · Cassette

RCA



# THE ROCKY ROAD

**VARIOUS**  
The House Sound Of  
Chicago, Volume Two  
(Chicago Trax) (London)  
Def Beats 1 (Music Of Life)

**SAMPLERS BEWARE.** The legal limit on stolen time from any copyrighted source is eight seconds. Chicago's Fresh will probably settle out of court with Funkadelic for 'Dum Dum's' three-minute trespass. But that's pedantic. What you crave are those social ramifications of house and hip-hop, two uneasy bedfellows, who've thrown down these *faultless* compilations. You're not getting them.

Rhythm is never anyone's birthright, more something you either learn or have thrust upon you. It's not dis-appointing to note the interchange between these **BLACK MUSIC** sub-genres. NY's Father MC slows down an abducted 'Jack The Groove' bassline while the other side take on human beatboxes and scratch techniques. Can't wait for the remixes.

Space does not permit me the liberty of discussing pop-art themes as taken over by 'Def Beats'. Suffice to claim that raps here patter around going to the shower, bits of conversation, drinking water, and arguments in a psychedelic swirl — best noticed on some megamix LP



Men about the House Fingers, Inc

sum-up which slips in and out of Led Zeppelin. The Impressions, and old classroom queen Sparky D amongst others.

Space doesn't permit us to investigate the conjunctions and disjunctions of house, mirrored by the (superlative) Vol 2's double LP tribute to Chicago Trax. Rumours have it that 'Rocky' is now an uptown novelty: from Southside to anglophiles weaned on the music press. And it's about time, given the label's fascination with *community* as well as giving drama queens an overdue chance to soar. Idiosyncrasy and effeminacy are the key words to jack-ing. Marshall Jef-

erson express themselves, they disorientate you. Would one be a trainspotter to elucidate on the final orchestral three minutes of their 'Move Your Body' remix?

You can cook or tend plants to House; New Age with a bolt up its ass; that's now come out of the wilderness with instructions that you only remember the point of intrusion, le nothing afterwards. It's an exhibition of atrocities, smoothed over, calmed down, reluctant to give anything away. Bet you never knew being innocuous and self-effacing could be this gut-wrenching.

**Dele Fadele**

**ELLA WASHINGTON**  
Nobody But Me (Charly)  
**CHARLES SMITH, CHUCK ARMSTRONG, TED FORD**  
Testifyin' (Charly)

TWO MORE albums in Charly's estimable Sound Stage 7 series, both replete with sublime Southern soul waxings.

Ella was probably the best female singer on John Richbourg's Nashville label, a girl equally at home in the throws of heartache and ecstasy but at her sensuous best on the dreamy country song 'He Called Me Baby'. Besides one early Miami recording ('The Grass Is Always Greener'), everything on 'Nobody But Me' hails from her 1967-72 period on SS7. Personal favourites include her debut 'Starving For Love', the stark, gospelly 'Doin' The Best I Can' and a version of Johnny Adams' 'I Want To Talk Through This Life With You'. "It was good to me", says born-again Ella of her soul period, "but it was all 'my baby left me' and 'another man's wife' ..."

Three of Richbourg's lesser-known soulmen make up the 'Testifyin'' collection, none of them outstanding but each with the odd fine side to his credit. Smith's 'I'm Useless' is a beautiful Chicago-style ballad with some intense falsetto vocals, while 'The Only Time You Say You Love Me' is vintage Phillip Mitchell balladry from Muscle Shoals. Chuck Armstrong had a rich Tommy Tate/Kip Anderson-style voice, heard to good effect on 'How Sweet It Is' and the gritty 'Keep Your Mind On Me'. Finally, Ted Ford, another strong voice, has two good ballads in 'She's Gonna Come Back' and 'Please Give Me Another Chance'. Testifyin' indeed.

**Barney Hoskyns**

**THEN JERICO**  
First (The Sound Of Music)  
(London)

YOU CAN just picture the video for this one. All shot in sumptuous 35mm monochrome atop a windswept moor. The camera pans left to linger on finely chiseled faces, bursting with youth, tilted at Strength Through Joy angles and contorted in sincerity, occasionally throwing some moody glances at ice-perfect, flower-faced

women. The tunes remind you of other tunes, with a meaty rhythm section, rocketing ascendant chords. Pop in the epic strain, all silvery and shimmering in the distance. Crank up the reverb, John, this is M.O.R!

This LP rushes headlong into the squeaking purity of the compact disc, the state-of-the-art hi-fi, the up-to-scratch Walkerson. Tailormade for the guzzlers of Perrier and fibre fetishists. Music for those who don't KNOW BETTER, the immaculate unconscious. Stadium staples linger in the swirls of top hiss, spike of keyboards, bubble of guitars and gush of voice. However, on the sleeve it clearly states that Then Jerico are A.A.A. supporters so I can't totally cast them down into the quicksand. Still, fancy calling your LP 'The Sound Of Music', I mean, what would the Mother Superior make of it all?

**Claire Morgan Jones**

**EYELESS IN GAZA**  
Kodak Ghosts Run Amok  
(Cherry Red)

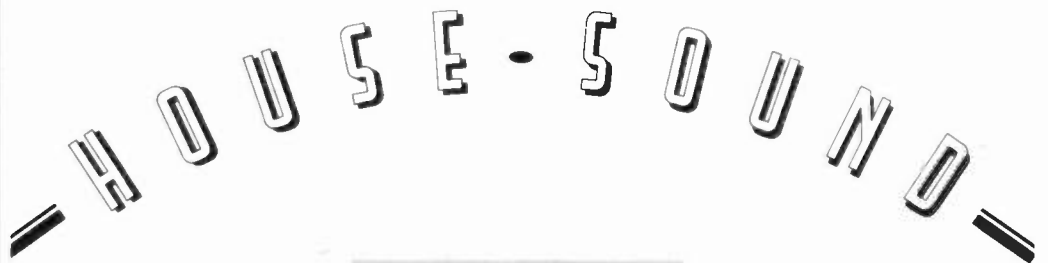
THERE WAS something about Eyeless In Gaza which always annoyed me. Self-conscious artiness? The vaguely Gothic image? The overblown pomposity of the voice? I don't know, but they always jarred. One of the original backing tape duos who were continually overlooked for one reason or another in favour of inferiors and imitators until they too became but a pale copy of themselves. It certainly wasn't that they were lacking in tunes or ideas to cloak their air of mysticism in. They annoyed me, but at the same time ... listen to that wailing hunting horn on 'Others' or the brittle repetition of 'No Noise' and remember just what they *could* do.

This is a collection of 13 of their 'finest', but the second side, especially towards the end, pales into grey. It's as good a place as any to go if you wish to divine their attraction, but it's a patchy network at best — the overblown rubbing uneasy shoulders with the genuine. The names all seem ridiculously familiar, from the beautiful 'New Risen' with its winding keyboards right through to the sad 'New Love Here' where the end is obviously in sight, the gloss replaced with dross.

**The Legend!**



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# GIG GUIDE

## WEDNESDAY 15

Blackpool Opera House: **James Last**  
 Brabourne Five Bells: **Sleazybeats**  
 Brighton Centre: **Level 42**  
 Brighton Seafront, Yellow Sub at Zap Club:  
**Haze/How Many Beans/Secrets In Whispers**  
 Bristol Bridge Inn: **Dangerous Roundabouts**  
 Bristol Moon Club (0272 47147): **Nyah Fearties**  
 Carlou Seven Oaks Hotel: **A House**  
 Croydon Cartoon: **Dirty Strangers**  
 Croydon Underground (01 760 0833): **Alan Darby**  
 Dagenham Robin Hood: **The Threads**  
 Exeter Paradise Alley: **Johnnie Smeg & The Blues Bums**  
 Greatstone Seahorse: **Maroondogs**  
 Leeds Irish Centre: **Mike Heron**  
 Liverpool Cafe Berlin: **Jung & Parker**  
 London Bloomsbury Theatre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**  
 London Brentford Red Lion (01 571 6878): **Tim Cody**  
 London Camden Dingwalls: **The Cardiacs/Flowers In The Dust In**  
 London Dean Street Gossips: **Sirens of 7th Avenue**  
 London Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): **Chuck Farley**  
 London Drill Hall Arts Centre: **Michelle-Shocked**  
 London Euston Shaw Theatre (01 388 1394): **Poison Girls/The Fusspots/Sax Machine (AIDS benefit)**  
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **Tallulah Gosh/Bam Bam and the Calling/The Passmore Sisters**  
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Fortunate Sons/Psalm**  
 London Fulham King's Head (01 736 1413): **Senseless Things/Twini**  
 London Fulham Swan (01 385 1840): **Stallion**  
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club (01 858 1895): **Rhythm Collision/The Irregulars/The Urge**  
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Michael McDonald**  
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01 961 5490): **Veni Vidi Vici/Crystal Invasion**  
 London Kennington Cricketers: (01 735 3059): **Kieran Halpin**  
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 485 5358): **The Dentists**  
 London Marquee (01 437 6603): **Jonas Hellborg**  
 London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): **Jerome Richardson**  
 London N1 Hare & Hounds (01 226 2992): **The Crayfish Five**  
 London N16 Chas & Dave's (01 226 5930): **Nancy Hunter & The Whole Story**  
 London Oxford Street Wrong Club: **Piccadilly Yellow**  
 London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Grahamophones**  
 London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **Under The Influence**  
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange (01 237 9181): **Sax Appeal**  
 London Royal Albert Hall: **News On Sunday Anti-Apartheid Benefit**  
 London Royalty Theatre: **Phil Cool**  
 London W1 100 Club: **Harry Strutters' Hot Rhythm Orchestra**  
 London W1 Comedy Store: **The Society**  
 London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01 837 2097): **27 Mattoids/The Chillun**  
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): **Elusive Curios/Ransom/Phantom Guest**  
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **Dembo Konte & Kausu Kuyateh**  
 Manchester Ritz: **Erasure**  
 Monks Horton Black Horse: **3AM**  
 Newcastle Mayfair: **Julian Cope**  
 Newcastle upon Tyne Riverside: **The Peter Greenaway Quartet**  
 Nottingham Co-op Arts Theatre: **Bill Bruford's Earthworks**  
 Nottingham The Garage (0602 501251): **Voice Of The Beehive/Frantic Flintstones**  
 Nottingham Rock City: **Spear Of Destiny**  
 Oxford Apollo: **Millie Jackson**  
 Poole Mr C's (0202 631912): **Cartoons**  
 Preston Raiders: **The Macc Lads**  
 Reading Majestic: **Pink Fairies/Magic Mushroom Band**  
 Southend Cliffs Pavilion: **Courtney Pine**  
 Southend Janet's (0702 331220): **The Swamp Band**  
 Southend Reids: **Psycho Surgeons**  
 Stockton-on-Tees Dovecot Arts Centre (0642 611625): **Isaac Gullory**  
 Thatcham Silks: **The Complaints/Zeltgeist**  
 Westbury Raggs: **Mac & White**  
 Winslow Nag's Head: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**

## THURSDAY 16

Aldershot West End Centre (0252 21158): **Crusheen**  
 Ashton Game Cock: **The Z Birds**  
 Bath Nightingales: **Camouflage**  
 Bethersden The Bull: **Gary Dean**  
 Birkenhead Stairways (051 647 6544): **Psycho Surgeons**  
 Brighton Conference Centre: **Duran Duran**  
 Brighton Heretics: **Dust Devils/Dub Sex**  
 Brighton Old Vic: **The Heads Of State**  
 Brighton The Richmond: **999/Walnut & The Wankers**  
 Brighton Zap Club: **Slaughter of the Innocent/Bogshed**  
 Burton-on-Trent Central Park (0283 63265): **Climax Blues Band**  
 Carlisle Front Page (0228 34168): **Mike Whellans**  
 Chelmsford Chancellor Hall: **Fields of the**

COUNTRY, SOUL, pop, folk and metal. Yes, this week's gig guide is the proverbial mixed bag. The Silk Cut Country Festival hits Wembley at the weekend with headliners **BOXCAR WILLIE** (Saturday), **JERRY LEE LEWIS** (Sunday) and **EMMYLOU HARRIS** (Monday). **DURAN DURAN** are back after a long lay-off (Brighton on Thursday, Dublin on Tuesday) and **PERCY SLEDGE** returns after an even longer lay-off (Kentish Town on Friday and Saturday).

No lay-off for **MICHELLE-SHOCKED**, who has been gigging consistently since the beginning of the year. Her week of shows at London's Drill Hall ends on Saturday. Metal mayhem reaches Newcastle (Friday) and Edinburgh (Saturday) in the shape of shock rockers **SLAYER**, the most banned band in America, but no doubt we Brits will welcome them to our head-banging bosom.

Now, the regular roll call; **PAUL SIMON**, **SPEAR OF DESTINY**, **MILLIE JACKSON**, **GREEN ON RED**, **ERASURE**, **COURTNEY PINE**.

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.

**Nephilim/Blue Water/Brother Sister/The Hiding Place**  
 Cheltenham Town Hall: **Steeleye Span**  
 Cheriton White Lion Hotel: **Maroondogs**  
 Chertsey Cricketers: **Antz Avenue**  
 Chester High Society: **Pleasure Babies**  
 Colchester The Works (0206 570934): **Automatic Slim/Rhythm Factor**  
 Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **The Pink Tomatoes**  
 Croydon Cartoon: **Hot Club**  
 Croydon Fairfields Hall: **Courtney Pine**  
 Deal Black Horse Hotel: **Sleazybeats**  
 Derby Blue Note: **Pauline Murray And The Storm**  
 Doncaster Corporation Taps: **No Man's Land**  
 Dover Louis Armstrong: **Mirkwood**  
 Dudley JB's: **Engine**  
 Exeter Bar's (0392 75623): **Rodney Allen**  
 Folkestone Pullman Wine Bar: **Traf Blues Band**  
 Harlow The Square (0279 25594): **The Cavemen/The Bardots/Alan Andrews**  
 Harlow The Square (0279 25594): **The Cavemen/The Bardots/Alan Andrews**  
 Harrow The Barrow: **The Threads**  
 Hatherley Manor Function Rooms (0452 730217): **Kiss The Blade/Shake/Roadrunners**  
 High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Culture Vultures**  
 High Wycombe Turnpike (0494 29419): **Big Scream**  
 Leicester Phoenix Arts Centre: **Dembo Konte & Kausu Kuyateh**  
 Leigh Grand Hotel: **Rhubarb Tarts**  
 Lofus Town Hall: **Hope Street/Rebel Radio**  
 London Bloomsbury Theatre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**  
 London Brentford Red Lion (01 571 5878): **Soul Commotion**  
 Brentford Watermans (01 568 1176): **Watermans Gaslight Trio**  
 London Brixton Canterbury Arms: **The Evil Smirking Hyenas**  
 London Brixton Old White Horse: **Antisept**  
 London Camden Carnarvon Castle: **The Company of Cowards**  
 London Camden Dublin Castle: **The Black Anglias/The Fabulistics**  
 London Dean Street Gossips: **Sleepy La Beef**  
 London Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9833): **Lindsay Holiday & The Oysters**  
 London Drill Hall Arts Centre: **Michelle-Shocked**  
 London East Ham Ruskin Arms: **Haze**  
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **John Cooper Clark/Juice On The Loose/The Yes Men**  
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Yahoo Trumpets/The Galley Slaves**  
 London Fulham King's Head (01 736 1413): **Ice Cold In Alice**  
 London Fulham Swan (01 385 1840): **Mick Clark Band**  
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club (01 858 0895): **Salvation Sunday/Broadway Light/Press**  
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Michael McDonald**  
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01 961 5490): **Poor Mouth/Ben MacGuire**  
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **But/Instant Reactor/Government Property**  
 London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): **Three Colors**  
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 485 5358): **Kundali**  
 London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63: **Tallulah Gosh/TV Personalities**  
 London Marquee (01 437 6603): **The Grip/Legacy Of Lies**  
 London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): **Jerome Richardson**  
 London N8 Queens Head: **The Crayfish Five**  
 London North Kensington Station Tavern (01 727 4053): **Tom Nolan**  
 London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Joe Lee Wilson Band**  
 London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **City Line**  
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange (01 237 9181): **Tony Lee Trio**  
 London Royalty Theatre: **Phil Cool**  
 London W1 100 Club: **Pop Icons/The Way Out**  
 London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01 837 2097): **Sirens of 7th Avenue/One Fell Swoop**  
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): **Red Hot**  
 London Woolwich Tramshed (01 855 3371): **The Reaction Club/Night At The Opera**  
 Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): **Itchy Fingers**  
 Manchester The Boardwalk: **Voice Of The Beehive**  
 Melton Mowbray Noels Arms: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**  
 Newcastle upon Tyne Riverside (0632 614 386): **The Honest Johns/Hang The Dance**  
 Northampton Arts Centre (0604 407544): **Geoff Castle's Star People**  
 Nottingham The Garage: **Attila The**

**Stockbroker/The Dinosaurs**  
 Petham Chequers Inn: **The Dude**  
 Poole Mr C's (0202 631912): **Restless/Eddie Vortex**  
 Port Talbot Raffles (0639 897968): **The Brilliant Corners**  
 Preston Guildhall: **James Last**  
 Salisbury City Hall: **Bubblegum Splash!/The Prophecy/The Hunnymonsters**  
 Southend Reids (0702 343235): **A Mouthful of Ashtrays/Obeanmen**  
 Stafford Borough Hall: **Mike Heron**  
 Swindon Cornflower: **Rednite**  
 Tenterden White Lion Hotel: **Invicta Jazz Band**  
 Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre: **Mick Whittaker Band/After Midnight**  
 Westgate Nottingham Castle: **Terry Benson**  
 Whitstable Harbour Lights: **Deadline**

## FRIDAY 17

Birmingham Mermaid (021 550 8601): **Oi Polli/HQ**  
 Birmingham Odeon: **Spear Of Destiny**  
 Bishop Stortford Rose & Crown: **The Gutter Brothers**  
 Blackpool North Promenade Down The Hatch: **Oxfam Benefit with Vee VV/Lyric Suite/Duces Wild/Sign Language/Pip**  
 Bracknell Park Arts Centre: **Jung & Parker**  
 Brighton Dome: **Erasure**  
 Bristol Tropic Club (0272 49875): **Ben Baddo and the Alaha Band**  
 Buckle Cluny Hotel: **Trident**  
 Cardiff Maesteg Rock Club: **The Toltets/Peruvian Hipsters**  
 Cardiff New Bogey's (0222 26168): **Under Cover**  
 Chatham Churchills: **Crystal Tips and Alastair/Uninvited Guests**  
 Croydon Cartoon: **Bad Influence**  
 Croydon Railway Shack: **Crazy Cavan**  
 Dudley Hen & Chickens: **200Q + Heros**  
 Dundee Bonar Hall: **Lxxx**  
 Egham Compasses: **Rednite**  
 Exeter Crown & Sceptre: **Dangerous Roundabouts**  
 Gillingham Southern Belle: **Monterrez**  
 Glasgow Scottish Exhibition Centre: **James Last**  
 Gloucester Coalfield Community Centre: **Rodney Allen**  
 Harlow The Square (0279 25594): **Innocence/Out Of Bounds**  
 Hornsea Theatre Bar: **The Velvetones**  
 Huddersfield Sports Centre: **George Melly and the John Chilton Feetwarmers**  
 London Brentford Red Lion (01 571 6878): **Micky Moody Band**  
 London Brentford Watermans: **the Wardrobe**  
 London Brixton Frigate: **H20**  
 London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **The Boogie Brothers/The Honky Tinkers**  
 London Cricklewood Production Village: **The Reactors**  
 London Deptford Albany Empire (01 691 3333): **Shikisha/Gilles Petit/Frankie Armstrong/John Stevens**  
 London Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): **Mister Clean**  
 London Drill Hall Art Centre: **Michelle-Shocked**  
 London Finchley Torrington: **Chuck Farley**  
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **The Brilliant Corners/The Psycho Surgeons**  
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Fat Profit/The Rage**  
 London Fulham King's Head (01 736 1413): **Stan Webb's Chicken Shack**  
 London Fulham Swan (01 385 1840): **Ivor Jivros**  
 London Hackney Empire: **Zila Dudu Pukwana/Orchestra Jazira/One Style/RVR Radio**  
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Millie Jackson**  
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01 961 5490): **Peter Rowan/Colorado**  
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **D414**  
 London Islington The Belvedere (01 837 2409): **Crusheen**  
 London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): **The Innates**  
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 485 5358): **Dirty Money/Peter Panic**  
 London Lewisham Labour Club (01 852 3921): **Goat/Bulck Circus Hour/Pride & Prejudice**  
 London Marquee (01 437 6603): **Eddy Armani/Jim Jimine**  
 London Mile End Benjies: **The Threads**  
 London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): **Bolivar**  
 London N1 Dog and Dumpling (01 359 6596): **Peace on the Panhandle**  
 London North Kensington Station Tavern (01 727 4053): **The Trojans**  
 London Palmers Green The Fox: **Thursday's Child/Dimension Of Miracles/Salvation**

**Airforce**  
 London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Bad Manners/Balham Alligators**  
 London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **Silent Arcade**  
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange (01 237 9181): **Fads Army**  
 London Royalty Theatre: **Phil Cool**  
 London SES Father Red Cap: **Antz Avenue**  
 London Town & Country Club Kentish Town: **Percy Sledge**  
 London W1 100 Club: **New Orleans Special: The Louisiana Joymakers**  
 London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01 837 2097): **Big Boy Shorts**  
 London WC2 Bunjies: **Roddie Harris with Harvey**  
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): **Mad Dog/Tearaway**  
 London Wood Green Dog Club: **Zoo Doll**  
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Screaming Abdabs/John Hegley/Pat Condell/Logan Murray**  
 Malvern Herefordshire House: **Antisept**  
 Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): **Basil Gabbidon's Bass Dance**  
 Manchester International: **Mike Heron**  
 Newcastle Mayfair: **Slayer**  
 Northampton Old Five Bells: **King Kurt's Madhouse**  
 Northampton Racehorse: **Haze**  
 Nottingham Mardi Gras (0602 862368): **Ozric Tentacles/Poisoned Electric Head**  
 Paisley Stringfellows: **The Instigators**  
 Southend Reids (0702 343235): **The All Stars/Rhythm Badgers**

## SATURDAY 18

Aberdeen Capitol Cinema: **James Last**  
 Aldershot West End Centre: **Denise Black and the Kray Sisters**  
 Birmingham Mermaid (021 550 8601): **A Witness/The Great Leap Forward/Atom Spies/The Davidsons**  
 Brighton Seafront, The Hairy Dog Club: **Four Came Home/The Park**  
 Bristol Colston Hall: **Erasure**  
 Bromley Churchill Theatre (01 460 6677): **John Petters and the Worlds Greatest Dixieband with guest Beryl Bryden**  
 Burton Latimer Football Club: **Haze**  
 Burton-on-Trent Central Park (0283 63265): **The Green Three**  
 Cardiff New Bogey's (0222 26168): **XFX**  
 Chatham Central Hall: **Courtney Pine**  
 Croydon Cartoon: **The Glitter Band**  
 Croydon The Star: **Apex Beat/Little Whily and the Alien/Instant Reactor**  
 Cuckfield King's Head: **Monterrez**  
 Dublin Underground: **A House**  
 Dudley JB's: **Three Colors**  
 Dundee Gray Lodge: **The Instigators**  
 Eastbourne Golden Lion: **Antz Avenue**  
 Edinburgh Playhouse: **Slayer**  
 Edinburgh Queens Hall: **Mike Heron**  
 Glasgow Barrhead Community Centre: **Chumbawamba/Maximum Security/State Of Decay**  
 Glasgow Half Bar: **Janet Pulls It Off**  
 Great Yarmouth Neptune's Palace: **Gloria Gaynor**  
 Hanley Victoria Hall: **Spear Of Destiny**  
 Harlow The Square (0279 25594): **Arnold/So Was The Titanic**  
 Hereford, Market Tavern: **Cowboy Outfit**  
 Hornsea Theatre Bar: **August**  
 High Wycombe Nag's Head: **Magic Mushroom Band/My Finest Hour**  
 Hull Adelphi Club: **The Gargoyles**  
 Kettering Shire Horse: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**  
 Leicester Helsink Bar (0533 29604): **Maurice Coleman (lunchtime)**  
 Littlehampton The Unknown Venue: **I.W.D., Total Hate**  
 London Astoria: **The Big Supreme**  
 London Bethnal Green Oxford House: **Dignity of Labour/Major Flood**  
 London Brentford Red Lion (01 571 6878): **Chuck Farley**  
 London Brentford Watermans: **Dutch Kitchen Bounce**  
 London Camden Carnarvon Castle: **Wolfie Witcher (lunchtime)**  
 London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **Rent Party/Jump Jive Jazz**  
 London Camden Mecanno: **Tony Allen**  
 London Catford Black Horse: **Beep Beep & The Giants**  
 London Clapham Railway Tavern: **Midnight Radio**  
 London Crouch End King's Head (01 340 1028): **The Screaming Abdabs/Kevin McAleer/Porky The Poet**  
 London Deptford Albany Empire (01 691 3333): **Geetanjali & GS Sabri/Gilles Petit**



Jerry Lee: the devil's music gone country.

London Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): **Soul Commotion**  
 London Drill Hall Arts Centre: **Michelle-Shocked**  
 London E9 Chats Palace (01 986 6714): **Timothy London & The Soho Sisters**  
 London EC1 Duke of York (01 539 7088): **Peace On The Panhandle**  
 London Finsbury Par Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **The Mekons/Poormouth**  
 London Fulham Greyhound: **Stan Webb's Chicken Shack/Haywine**  
 London Fulham King's Head (01 736 1413): **The Pirates**  
 London Fulham Swan (01 385 1840): **Charmed Life**  
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Ballroom: **999**  
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway (01 748 1454): **Blubbery Hellbells**  
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Millie Jackson**  
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01 5490): **Leon Everette**  
 London Herne Hill, Half Moon: **Keren D'Ache/Strangers In Paradise/Challenge**  
 London Islington The Belvedere (01 837 2409): **Mike Jingle & Emilio Maya**  
 London Islington Duke of Wellington: **Sue Ferrar/John Fussell, Paul Rutherford/Peter Urpeth/Mike Smith**  
 London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): **Doug Sahm & The Texas Mavericks**  
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 485 5358): **The Fabulistics**  
 London Marquee (01 437 6603): **Voodoo Child**  
 London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): **Shokolokobangoshay**  
 London North Kensington Station Tavern (01 727 4053): **Joe Louis Blues Band**  
 London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Juice On The Loose**  
 London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **Lace Up**  
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange (01 237 9181): **Louisiana Joy Makers**  
 London Royalty Theatre: **Phil Cool**  
 London South Bank Purcell Rooms: **Dembo Konte & Kausu Kuyateh**  
 London Stockwell The Swan (01 274 1526): **Crusheen**  
 London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town: **Percy Sledge**  
 London Tufnell Park Tavern: **JCM Jazzband**  
 London W1 100 Club: **Terry Lightfoot's Jazzmen/White Hot Alrmen**  
 London WC1 New Merlins Cave (01 837 2097): **Rad Gallery/Shout Girl Shout**  
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): **Wilko Johnson/Rednite**  
 London Wembley Arena: **Silk Cut Country Festival/Boxcar Willie/Tanya Tucker/Moe Bandy/Patty Loveless/Rex Allen Jnr/Tokio Matsu/Jodie Birge/Pinkertons Colours**  
 London Wembley The Flag: **Dot Dot Dash/Manchacou**  
 Luton Tyrrell's: **The Threads**  
 Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): **Soul Finger**  
 Manchester The Boardwalk: **The Pastels/14 Iced Bears/The Vaseline**  
 Manchester International: **Def Jam US Soul Attic Tour**  
 Newcastle Riverside: **Tyger Tyger**  
 Poole Mr C's (0202 631912): **Climax Blues Band**  
 Prestatyn Pontings: **The Googie Brothers**  
 Reading Cap & Gown: **Walter Swinbyrne Story**  
 Retford Porterhouse (0777 704981): **Restless**  
 Sheffield Leadmill (0742 754500): **The Mysterons**  
 Snape Maltings: **Harvey & the Wallbangers**  
 Southport Arts Centre: **Home Service**  
 Southend Reids (0702 343235): **Captain Flack**  
 St Helen's Turks Head: **Pleasure Babies**  
 Stowbridge Town Hall: **Radio Moscow**  
 Trowbridge Crown: **Antisept**  
 Weston-super-Mare Knightstone: **The Janitors/The Psycho Surgeons**  
 Worcester Royal Exchange: **The Angels In Marble/Reuters**



**SUNDAY****19**

Bexhill on Sea De La Warr Pavilion: **George Melly and the John Chilton Feetwarmers**  
 Birmingham Odeon: **Slayer**  
 Bradford Spotted House: **Huw Lloyd Langton/Outer Zeds**  
 Brighton Richmond: **Nagazione/Deviated Instinct**  
 Bristol Fleece & Firkin: **Haze**  
 Chiswick Barley Mow: **Antz Avenue**  
 Colchester The Works: **Tyger Tyger**  
 Croydon Cartoon: **Hollywood**  
 Croydon Underground (01 760 0833): **H20/Jim Jiminee**  
 Dagenham The Plough: **The Threads**  
 Edinburgh Playhouse: **James Last**  
 Glasgow Rooftops: **World Domination Enterprises/Mighty Mighty/The Submarines/Repulsion (all-nighter)**  
 Harlow The Square (0279 25594): **Alan Wyckham/ David Dennis/Julian Stringle/Codflingers/ Steve Niece/Martin Litton**  
 Hull Spring Street Theatre: **Marino & The After Forever Band/Artisan/The Hellfire Club/Lisa Dominique**  
 Littlehampton The Unknown Venue: **The Metaphors of Evil/I.W.D.**  
 Liverpool Everyman Bistro: **The La's**  
 London Brentford Red Lion (01 571 6878): **Living Daylights (lunchtime)/The Miller Family (evening)**  
 London Brentford, Watermans: **Baisakhi Festival**  
 London Camden Black Horse: **Rodney Allen**  
 London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **The Company She Keeps/Onan Brothers/Tiny Town/The Ogdens/Arnold**  
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Famous Places**  
 London Deptford Albany Empire (01 691 3333): **Sons Of Arqa/John Cooper Clarke**  
 London Finchley Torrington: **Root Jackson's Unfinished Business**  
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **Sleepy Laboe/Pink Peg Slax**  
 London Fulham King's Head (01 736 1413): **Wait And See**  
 London Fulham Swan (01 385 1840): **No Problem**  
 London Hackney Empire (01 985 2424): **Ruby Murray/John Evans/Thunderclap Jones**  
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **Millie Jackson**  
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01 961 5490): **Riders In The Sky**  
 London Herne Hill, Half Moon: **Steve Walker (a.m.)/Steve Smith Jam Session**  
 London Holloway The Victoria (01 607 1952): **Crusheen**  
 London Islington Hare and Hounds (01 226 2992): **Peace on the Panhandle**  
 London Islington Pied Bull: **Six K**  
 London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): **The Strawbs (evening)**  
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 485 5358): **Balance**  
 London Kentish Town Vultures Perch: **Eric Richards and Dudu Pukwana**  
 London Marquee (01 437 6603): **Verity**  
 London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): **Bone Structure (lunchtime)/Pip Pyle's L'Equipot (evening)**  
 London N1 Hare & Hounds: **Peace On The Panhandle**  
 London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Wilko Johnson Band**  
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange (01 237 9181): **Mike Smith & Terry Seymour Big Band**  
 London Royalty Theatre: **Phil Cool**  
 London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town: **Man Jumping/Frank Chickens/Peter Hope & Jonathan S Podmore**  
 London W1 100 Club: **Ken Colyer's All Star Jazzmen**  
 London W1 Wisper's: **The Blood Brothers**  
 London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01 837 2097): **Press Gang**  
 London WC1 The Yorkshire Grey: **Georgia Jazzband**  
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): **Chck Farley**  
 London Wembley Arena: **Silk Cut Country Festival/Jerry Lee Lewis/Bobby Bare/Connie Smith/Leon Everette/Johnny Russell/Little Jimmy Dickens/Wanda Jackson/Tommy Collins/Gerry Ford**  
 London Whetstone All Saints: **Dust Devils/The Singing Fish**  
 Lowestoft South Pier: **The James Taylor Quartet**  
 Manchester Apollo: **Barclay James Harvest**  
 Manchester The Boardwalk: **The Pastels/The Vaselines/Magic Roundabout**  
 Newcastle Riverside: **Green On Red**  
 Nottingham The Garage: **Jilted Brides**  
 Nottingham Rock City: **Def Jam US Soul Attack Tour**  
 Nottingham Russells (0602 473239): **Lipstick Killers**  
 Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Courtney Pine**  
 Peterborough Key Theatre Glasshouse (0733 52439): **Big T. Total and the Halcuts**  
 Poole Mr C's (0202 631912): **World War III/Mafia Star Car (lunchtime)/Raw Deal (evening)**  
 Southampton Nuffield Theatre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**

**MONDAY****20**

Birmingham Kaleidoscope (021 643 7019): **The Red Beards From Texas/Fayre Warning**  
 Birmingham NEC: **Paul Simon**  
 Brighton Dome: **The Blow Monkeys**  
 Chesham Stages: **Culture Vultures/The Bastian/The Spies**  
 Croydon Cartoon: **Wait And See**  
 Derby Confettis: **Egyptian Kings & Bill Redhead**  
 Dudley JB: **White Village/Lost Cause**  
 Edinburgh Preservation Hall: **Lixx**  
 Exeter Bart's Tavern (0392 75623): **The Sicilians/A Charmed Life**  
 Harlow The Square (0279 25594): **Mark Westwood/The House Of Loaves/Two Fingers/Tim Clark**  
 Leeds Adam & Eves: **Instigators/Death Warmed Up**  
 London Brentford, Watermans: **Easter Mas with El Sonido De Londres and Mervyn Afrika's Kaap Finale, Featuring Dudu Pukwana**  
 London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **Hayden Thompson/The Playboys/The Jumpin' Jacks**  
 London Camden Palace: **Def Jam US Soul Attack Tour**  
 London Chalk Farm Carnarvon Castle: **Wolfie Witheher Band**  
 London Covent Garden, Rock Garden: **Taming The Outback**  
 London Dean Street Alice In Wonderland: **Underground Zero**  
 London Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): **Woman On The Loose**  
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **The Crayfish Five**

London Fulham Greyhound: **Fat & Frantic/The Famous Potatoes**  
 London Fulham Swan (01 385 1840): **Krian/The Architects**  
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01 961 5490): **Moe Bandy**  
 London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): **The Rapiers/The Rhubarb Tarts**  
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 485 5358): **Fe Fi Fo/Out Of Its/Muhammed Gary Cooper/Unity Station/New Breed Now**  
 London Marquee (01 437 6603): **Mournblade**  
 London N16 Chas & Dave's (01 226 5930): **Big Boys' Shorts**  
 London North Kensington Station Tavern (01 727 4053): **Gordon Smith**  
 London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Groundhogs**  
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange (01 237 9181): **Ajao Jazz**  
 London Royalty Theatre: **Phil Cool**  
 London W1 100 Club: **School For Scandal/Succuba**  
 London W1 Le Beat Route: **The Adventures of Johnny Lovemuscle**  
 London W1 The Green Man: **The Threads**  
 London W1 Wag Club (01 437 5534): **Robin Jones and King Salsa**  
 London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01 837 2097): **My Pet Rat/The Boycotts/Distinction**  
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): **The Tally Man/Unity Station/Terminal Twist**  
 London Wembley Arena: **Silk Cut Country Festival/Emmylou Harris/Bellamy Brothers/David Allan Coe/Peter Rowan/New Grass Revival/The Forester Sisters/George Hamilton IV/Colorado/Kenny Johnson Band**  
 London Woolwich Tramshed (01 855 3371): **Patsy May's Greenwich Swing**  
 Manchester Apollo: **Slayer**  
 Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): **African Drumming Workshop**  
 Manchester International 2: **The Fall/The Bodines/Happy Mondays/The Man From Del Monte/Scream/Little Martin's House Party/Andrew Berry Throws Love Around The Decks/Joe Strong's Alternative**  
 Newcastle City Hall: **Barclay James Harvest**  
 Newcastle upon Tyne Riverside (0632 614386): **Women Only Night with Special events**  
 Nottingham Barracuda (0692 476888): **Clint Bestwood (evening)**  
 Nottingham Jaceys (0602 417888): **Clint Bestwood (lunchtime)**  
 Nottingham Mardi Gras: **Tyger Tyger/Vengeance**  
 Nottingham Rock City: **New Model Army/Crazyhead**  
 Nottingham Russells (0602 473239): **Rhythm Section**  
 Plymouth Fiesta: **Pauline Murray And The Storm**  
 Poole Mr C's (0202 631912): **Ringo Chubb/Screaming Toilet Fish From Mars**  
 Sheffield City Hall: **Spear Of Destiny**  
 Southend Reids (0702 343235): **Dreamtime Union Jackals**  
 Southport Arts Centre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**  
 Tynemouth Park Hotel: **Big Town Playboys/After Midnight**

**TUESDAY****21**

Aberdeen University: **Plastic Surgery**  
 Birmingham NEC: **Paul Simon**  
 Bradford St Georges Hall: **Spear Of Destiny**  
 Brentwood Hermit House: **Steve Turner**  
 Brighton Old Vic (0273 24744): **Boxing Clever**  
 Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre: **Goats Don't Shave**  
 Cardiff St. Davids Hall: **Millie Jackson**  
 Cheam Clouseau's: **Jung and Parker**  
 Croydon Cartoon: **The Balance**  
 Dublin RDS: **Duran Duran**  
 Dudley JB's: **Russia & Zebra**  
 Dunstable Queensway Civic Hall: **The Blow Monkeys**  
 Edinburgh Playhouse: **Barclay James Harvest**  
 Glasgow Shadows: **Haze**  
 London Astoria: **Immaculate Fools**  
 London Brentford Red Lion (01 571 6878): **Fast Buck**  
 London Camden Dingwalls (01 267 4967): **Bolo Bolo/3 Miles Under/Backlash**  
 London Camden Palace: **Def Jam US Soul Attack Tour**  
 London Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): **Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Divers**  
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **Mabsant/Kieran Halpin/Jimmy Faulkner & Martin Allcock**  
 London Fulham Greyhound: **I Can Crow/Face To Face**  
 London Fulham King's Head (01 736 1413): **The Blues Bunch**  
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club (01 858 0895): **Dogs D'Amour**  
 London Hackney Empire (01 985 2424): **The Rocky Horror Show**  
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway (01 748 1454): **Mental Heat/A Tune A Day/The Repo Men**  
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01 961 5490): **Wyoming**  
 London Islington Pied Bull: **Pride Of Passion**  
 London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): **The True & Blue Escape/The Smash**  
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate (01 485 5358): **Flowers In The Dustbin/Josli Without Colours/Siamsa/Hope Street**  
 London The Mall ICA: **The Startled Insects**  
 London Marquee (01 437 6603): **Chris Isaak**  
 London N1 Bass Clef: **01 729 2476: Geno Washington**  
 London N16 Chas & Dave's (01 226 5930): **Fingertips**  
 London NW1 Cool Trout (01 556 1557): **The Chesterfields/Jesse Garon and the Desperadoes/The Siddleys**  
 London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Paz**  
 London Putney Zeeta's: **Aqua Bongo**  
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange (01 237 9181): **Evidence**  
 London Royalty Theatre: **Phil Cool**  
 London Tottenham The Swan: **The Threads**  
 London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01 837 2097): **Elastic Hair/Light Brigade/Artisan**  
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard (01 527 1966): **No Hiding Place/Sirens Of Seventh Avenue**  
 London Woolwich Thames Poly: **Amebix/Nagazione/Deviated Instinct**  
 London Woolwich Tramshed (01 317 1495): **Goon Squad/The Undesided Drive**  
 Manchester Band On The Wall (061 832 6625): **Peter Rowan**  
 Newcastle City Hall: **James Last**  
 Newcastle upon Tyne Riverside (0632 614386): **Dr Krishna's Psychedelic Surgery**  
 Nottingham Rock City: **Slayer**  
 Nottingham Russells (0602 473239): **The Chimneys**  
 Oxford Corn Dolly: **Monterrez**  
 Poole Mr C's (0202 631912): **QED**  
 Sheffield Leadmill: **Green On Red**  
 Southend Reids (0702 343235): **Wendy Roberts**  
 York Theatre Royal: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**

# JOHNNY CLEGG & SAVUKA



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**24th April:  
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Plus Legacy Of Lies and Martin Ball  
Friday 17th April (Adm £3.00)

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Plus Jim Jimenez and Martin Ball  
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Plus Sean Keenan and The Band and Monty Zero

**MOURNBLADE**  
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AUGUST BANK HOLIDAY WEEKEND

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Sat 25 **WILKO JOHNSON**  
Tues 26 **CELEBRATE RIFLES** (Both From Wed 29 ED KUEPPER Aussie)  
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**Fri. 24th April**

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Batfish Boys Webcore Spacemen 3

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Hammersmith Broadway DRS. 7.30PM. Tickets £4  
Clarendon (opening hours) Rough Trade Records/Stargreen: 734 8932  
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**PAUL BRADY**  
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13th May **LEEDS**, Irish Club  
14th May **NEWCASTLE**, Riverside  
16th May **MANCHESTER**, The International  
17th May **BRISTOL**, The Hippodrome  
18th May **EXETER**, Barnfield Theatre  
20th May **LONDON**, Hammersmith Odeon  
23rd May **BIRMINGHAM**, Odeon

Credit Card Hotline for London  
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01-741 8989, 01-734 8932

CANOUAL AG PRESENTS

**HELLOWEEN**  
**OVER KILL**

**SUNDAY 10TH MAY AT 7.30 PM**  
**HAMMERSMITH ODEON**

TICKETS £6.00, £5.00, IN ADVANCE FROM: THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 4881.  
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KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 8989. STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932. ALSO ALBENHALL, OR ON THE NIGHT

**SATURDAY 9TH MAY AT 7.30 PM**  
**APOLLO THEATRE**  
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TICKETS, PRICED £6.00 & £5.00, ARE AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM THE BOX OFFICE.  
TEL 061-273-3775 PICCADILLY RECORDS, MIKE LLOYD RECORDS (HARLEY)  
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**Man Jumping**  
THE FRANK CHICKENS  
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Sunday 19th April  
Doors 7.30pm.

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9/17 Highgate Rd, Kentish Town, NW5  
Tickets/Advance £4.00. £4.00 concession  
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Keith Prowse 741 8989 Premier 240 0771 Rhythm Records LTB 439 3371

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ALL ABOUT EVE  
The VAYNES  
THURS 30th APRIL

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**BAND of HOLY JOY**  
Shellyan Orphan  
MOMUS

**Sat 25th April**

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Keith Prowse 741 8989 Premier 240 0771 LTB 439 3371 Rough Trade Records Rock On Records

Doors 7.30pm. Tickets: £4  
NEAREST TUBE: LARGO STREET  
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION  
MALET STREET WC1  
RUSSELL SQUARE & KENTON SQUARE  
**GODFATHERS**  
LIVING IN TEXAS  
THE CROWS  
Fri 24th April

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**SUN 3RD MAY**

**FELT**

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+HOUSE OF LOVE  
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Mon 20th **MOE BANDY** Adm £5.00

Tues 21st **FIRE NEXT TIME + WYOMING** Adm £5.00  
From USA

Wed 22nd **TOM VERLAINE** Adm £5.00

Fri 24th **THE BOOGIE BROTHERS** Adm £5.00

Sat 25th **BRENDAN CROKER AND THE 5 O'CLOCK SHADOWS** Adm £5.00  
- THE AGENCY

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Wed 29th **THE SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS** Adm £4.00

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Thur 16th (Indie)  
**SALVATION SUNDAY**  
+ BROADWAYLIGHT  
+ PRESS + TEMPEST  
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Sat 18th (pop rock)  
**H2O**  
+ SECRETARY BAILEY  
+ SHOOT THE MOON  
+ DEFECTED DANCER  
£3.00, £2.00 members  
Wed 22nd (Rock)  
**COMPANY SHE KEEPS**  
+ PAUL HOWARD AND JOE CLACK  
£2.00, £1.00 mems

Thur 23rd **REACTION CLUB + SEND FOR KELLY** £2.00, £1.00 mems (pop)  
Tues 28th **REBEL WITHOUT APPLAUSE**  
+ GOODNIGHT VIENNA  
+ ADADA + 3D ECHO  
Rock Show Case £1.50, £1.00 mems

Sat 25th (Pop)  
**FRANK CHICKENS**  
+ BUZZ THE JOINT  
+ ARNOLD  
£3.50, £2.50 mems  
Thur 30th (Rock)  
**FAT LADY SINGS**  
+ CUT THE WIRE  
Wed 6th May  
**TREDEGAR**  
+ STREETLEGAL  
+ TOKYO ROSE  
Heavy Rock £2.50, £1.50 mems  
Sat 9th  
**JACKIE LYNTON BAND**  
+ 90% PROOF  
Blues Rock £3.00, £2.00 mems  
Thurs 14th  
**HOWLIN' WILF AND THE VEEJAYS**  
+ FATKATZ  
£3.00, £2.00 mems



**SAT 25 APRIL 8 'TIL LATE**

Phil Gardner Associate

**14 KARAT SOUL**

**THE DEXTER + JIVIN' BROTHERS INSTRUCTORS**

**NIGHT TRAINS**

**TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB**

9-17 HIGHGATE RD. NW5

TICKETS £5 ADVANCE FROM BOX OFF. 267-3334

**THIS WEEK**

**Rock GARDEN**

**the crows**

Gloucestershire 5-piece all set to take over from the STONES with their powerfully live Rock'n'Roll.

**CAFE & VENUE**

**COVENT GARDEN**

01 240 3961

**RONNIE SCOTT'S**

Sun April 26 at 8pm £5

**WELL RED**

Sun May 3 at 8pm £6

**AN EVENING OF NEW AGE MUSIC**

Sun May 10 at 8pm £5

**ROBYN HITCHCOCK**

BOX OFFICE 439 0747 AND USUAL AGENTS

**THE HALF MOON**

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

Thursday 16th April  
**JOE LEE WILSON BAND (USA)**

Friday 17th April  
**BAD MANNERS**

Saturday 18th April  
**BALHAM ALIGATORS**

Sunday 19th April  
**JUICE ON THE LOOSE**

Monday 20th April  
**WILKO JOHNSON BAND**

Tuesday 21st April  
**GROUNDHOGS (Feat TONY McPHEE)**

Wednesday 22nd April  
**PAZ**

Thursday 23rd April  
**FOURTEEN KARAT SOUL (USA)**

Friday 24th April  
**CIRAN HALPID - JIMMY FAULKNER - MARTIN ALLCOCK**

**THE STRAWBS - IN CONCERT**

**SPEAR OF DESTINY**

**FLESHFORLULU Fed**

**WEDNESDAY 29th APRIL 7.30pm**

**NATIONAL BALLROOM**

324 BURNING HIGH ROAD NW6

TICKETS £6.00. ARE AVAILABLE FROM CLARE'S (ESTATE AGENT, NEXT TO BALLROOM) BOX OFFICE, TEL: 328 3141

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS TEL: 439 3371 PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL: 248 0771

NEITH PROMISE TEL: 41 8989 STARGREEN TEL: 734 8932 ALBEMARLE TEL: 248 3141 OR ON THE NIGHT

**THE BQLSHØI Fed**

**Tuesday 28th April at 7.30pm**

**GUILDHALL**

GUILDHALL WALK, PORTSMOUTH

TICKETS £5.00. ARE AVAILABLE FROM THE BOX OFFICE (TEL: 44355) AND USUAL AGENTS OR ON THE DOOR ON THE NIGHT

**HE'S COMING!**

THE WILD MAN OF GERMAN POP... LIVE...!

**PHILLIP BOA AND THE VOODOO CLUB**

**First British Dates:**

**APRIL 23rd BRIGHTON ZAP CLUB**

**APRIL 24th LONDON ROCK GARDEN**

**APRIL 25th MANCHESTER BOARDWALK**

NEW SINGLE: Double A-Side Remixes 'FOR WHAT BASTARDS/BOY SCOUT'

Taken from the LP 'ARISTOCRACIE'

**Out on RED FLAME April 27th**

**THE GARAGE GOODIES RADIO SHOW BENEFIT GIG**

**THURSDAY APRIL 30th 7.30-12.30**

AT THE TRASH CAN... CLARENDON HOTEL HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY

**THE PURPLE THINGS** **MILK MANNERS** **CANNIBALS** **X-MEN**

**BAD KARMA BEACONS** **GRIZZELERS** **BUGS**

**SURFADOLIES** **MICKY BARON** **THE DOUNT**

RADIO SHOW EVERY WED. at MIDNIGHT - 1 AM LASER RADIO 576.3

EVERY TICKET BUYS 24 SECONDS OF THE RADIO SHOW

**DJ SOUL SONGS TOUR**

**ORANGE JUICE**

**TASHAN** **CRUNCH STARLEY**

**ALISON WILLIAMS**

**8.30PM-2.00AM MONDAY 20th & TUES 21st APRIL**

ADVANCE TICKETS £1.00 FROM THE CAMDEN PALACE 100 HIGH STREET CAMDEN N1 1AA TEL: 248 0771

**OUTLAW PRESENTS**

**THE DEL FUEGOS**

special guests **THE CRADLE TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB**

**SUNDAY, 26th APRIL 7.30**

All tickets £5 From box office 01 267 3334 and Premier 01 240 0771, Stargreen 01 734 8932, LTB 01 439 3371, Keith Prowse 01 741 8999

**KING KURT**

FEATURING THE WHEEL OF MISFORTUNE

**BRISTOL BIERKELLER WEDS 15th APRIL 8pm**

**ASTORIA THEATRE SUN 19th APRIL 7.30pm**

CHARING CROSS ROAD + LIVING IN TEXAS

**LEEDS POLY TUES 28th APRIL 8pm**

Tickets £5.50 in advance Tel: 01-437 1801 London Theatre Bookings Premier, Star Green 01-734 8932 Rough Trade, Rhythm

Phil McIntyre by arrangement with Outlaw Management presents

**COCO**

**PLUS FAITH BROTHERS**

**NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR**

WEDNESDAY 15th APRIL 7.30 pm

Tickets £5.00 available from 8.0. Tel: 081 232 3109.

Newcastle City Hall 8.0. Volume, Old Hitz, Other Records Hartlepool, Virgin Sunderland & Durham, Newhouse Music Middlesbrough, Williams Darlington

**TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB, Kentish Town**

WEDNESDAY 22nd APRIL 7.30 pm

Tickets £6.00. Tel: 01 267 3334, Vt. Premier, Stargreen, Albemarle, Rhythm Records, Rough Trade

**UNIVERSITY UNION CARDIFF**

SATURDAY 25th APRIL 8.30 pm

Tickets £5.00 available from HMV, Spillers, Hippo, Union Shop & Ticket Office

**EXETER UNIVERSITY**

SUNDAY 26th APRIL 7.30 pm

Tickets £5.00 available from Students Union Tel: (0392) 26355 Pits Exeter, Virgin Torquay & Plymouth & Usual Agents

**NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY**

MONDAY 27th APRIL 8.00 pm

Tickets £5.00 available from 8.0. Tel: (0502) 412544 & Usual Agents

**NEW ALBUM EVE'S VOLCANO OUT NOW**

**CRAZYHEAD**

**BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE**

TUESDAY 28th APRIL 7.30 pm

Tickets £5.00 available from 8.0. Tel: 021 643 4715, Birmingham Odeon & Ticket Shop

**LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT**

THURSDAY 30th APRIL 7.30 pm

Tickets £5.00 available from 8.0. Tel: 051 709 4321, & Usual Agents

**LEEDS UNIVERSITY UNION**

FRIDAY 1st MAY - DOORS 8.30 pm

Tickets £5.00 available from Students Union Tel: (0532) 439071 CTS Shop Leeds University Students' Union, P.O. Box 157, Leeds, LS1 1UH & Jumbo Records Merion Centre

**EDINBURGH QUEENS HALL**

SATURDAY 2nd MAY 7.30 pm

Tickets £5.00 available from Virgin Records, Ripping Records & Show Ticket Agents

**GLASGOW BARROWLAND**

SUNDAY 3rd MAY 7.30 pm

Tickets £5.00 available from The Other Record Shop & Show Ticket Agents

**BROADWAY**

Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith Broadway W6

Wednesday 15th April

**TILLAKE** - Rictious Assembly £1.50

Thursday 16th April

**AUNTIE AND THE MEN FROM UNCLE** - Go On Stage £1.50

Friday 17th April

**BIRDHOUSE** - A10 & The Boycotts £1.50

Saturday 18th April

**BLUBBERY HELLBELLIES** - Support £2.00

Monday 20th April

**CLOSED** (Bank Holiday)

Tuesday 21st April

**MENTAL HEAT** - A TUNE A DAY £1.50

**THE REPRO MAN**

Real Ale Served 7.30-11.00pm.

**FOR DETAILS OF ADVERTISING ON THE LIVE PAGE RING 01-829 7816**

ASCARD PRESENTS

**"Live and Outrageous"**

**Millie Jackson**

APRIL

Tues 14th

Weds 15th

Fri 17th, Sat 18th, Sun 19th, Mon 20th

Tues 21st

Thurs 23rd

Sat 25th

Sun 26th

Mon 27th, Sat 2nd MAY

MAY

May 4th

Tues 5th MAY

May 7th

Fri 8th

Sun 10th

**BOURNEMOUTH International Centre**

**OXFORD Apollo**

**LONDON Hammersmith Odeon**

**CARDIFF St. David's Hall**

**IPSWICH Odeon**

**CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange**

**CROYDON Fairfield Hall**

**WINDSOR Blazers**

**WORTHING Assembly Hall**

**BRISTOL Colston Hall**

**SOUTHPORT Theatre**

**MANCHESTER Apollo**

**WESTCLIFF Cliffs Pavilion**

A JIVE RECORDING ARTIST

JLP CONCERTS PRESENTS

**BLOW MONKEYS**

PLUS SUPPORT

**BRIGHTON DOME**

MONDAY 20th APRIL TEL: 0273 674357

**BRISTOL COLSTON HALL**

WEDNESDAY 22nd APRIL TEL: 0272 22957

**OXFORD APOLLO**

SUNDAY 26th APRIL TEL: 0865 244544

**VICTORIA HALL, HANLEY**

MONDAY 27th APRIL TEL: MIKE LLOYD MUSIC

**MANCHESTER APOLLO**

TUESDAY 28th APRIL TEL: 061 273 3775

**LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT**

WEDNESDAY 29th APRIL TEL: 051 709 4321

**NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CENTRE**

MONDAY 4th MAY TEL: 0602 472328

**BIRMINGHAM ODEON**

THURSDAY 7th MAY TEL: 021 643 6101

**WITH ODEON**

TEL: 01748 4081

SOLD OUT Extra date Saturday 9th May

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

**THE SIR GEORGE ROBEY**

240 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD LONDON N4 (opp. Finsbury Park Tube)

Tel: 01-263 4581.

Wednesday 15th April

**TALLULLAH GOSH** + BAMBAM AND THE CALLING + The Passmore Sisters

Thursday 16th April

**JOHN COOPER CLARKE** + JUICE ON THE LOOSE + The Yes Men

Friday 17th April

**THE BRILLIANT CORNERS** + THE PSYCHOSURGEONS

Saturday 18th April

**THE MEKONS** + POORMOUTH (Lunchtime) IGGY QUAIL & FRIENDS (Evening) SLEEPY LABEER + PINK PEG SLAX

Monday 20th April (Lunchtime) Bank Holiday Afternoon Festival

**THE DELTONES** COMING UP ROSES + THE TRIADS + THE PASSMORE SISTERS

Monday 20th April

**JOHN COOPER CLARKE + JAYNE COUNTRY & THE BEACH BLANKET PYJAMA PARTY**

Tuesday 21st April

**MABSANT** + KIERAN HALPIN, JIMMY FAULKNER & MARTIN ALLCOCK

Wednesday 22nd April

**ETON CROP**

Thursday 23rd April

**ANHREFN + CYRSS** - Serious Ears

**UNIVERSITY OF KEELE STUDENTS UNION STOKES ON TR.**

Presents

**THE FALL**

+ SUPPORT

**WEDNESDAY 6TH MAY**

Tickets £3.50/£4.00 On The Door Available From Mike Lloyd Music Newcastle And Hanley.

Or By Writing Direct To: THE ENTERTAINMENTS OFFICER STUDENTS UNION UNIVERSITY OF KEELE KEELE STAFFORDSHIRE ST5 5BJ (0782 711411)

**'A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC'**

**KISS THE BLADE ROADRUNNERS SHAKE**

**HATHERLY MANOR GLOUCESTERSHIRE, THURSDAY 16th APRIL**

Gloucestershire Concord Promotions ADM £3.00



# LIVE ADS (01-829 7816)

JLP CONCERTS PRESENTS

## then FIRST JERICO

*The sound of music*

APRIL SPRING TOUR '87

TUES 21st BRISTOL	BIERKELLER + BIG SQUARE	8pm	£3.50 ADV
WEDS 22nd LEICESTER	POLYTECHNIC + WILD FLOWERS	8pm	£3.50 ADV
THURS 23rd LEEDS	POLYTECHNIC + OUT OF THE BLUE	8pm	£3.50 ADV
THURS 30th MANCHESTER	INTERNATIONAL CHAIN GANG	8pm	£3.50 ADV

SATURDAY 2nd MAY DOORS OPEN 7.30pm ADV TICKETS £4.00

**ASTORIA THEATRE**  
CHARGING CROSS RD. WC2 01-437 1801

**DEACON BLUE + TEN TEN**

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM VENUE BOX OFFICES & USUAL AGENTS  
HEAR THE ALBUM 'FIRST (THE SOUND OF MUSIC)' ON LONDON RECORDS

## THE HEXAGON

Queens Walk, Reading RG1 7OA

Tuesday 9 June 8pm

# THE ROBERT CRAY BAND

with special guest  
**DAVE KELLY (Blues Band)**  
£8.50 seated £6.90 standing

Tuesday 21 April 8pm <b>MISTY IN ROOTS</b> plus DADE KRAMA All seats £5.00	Sunday 10 May 8pm <b>THE HANK WANGFORD BAND</b> plus support £5.00 £4.00
Thursday 30 April 8pm <b>THE DRIFTERS</b> plus support Concert presented in association with Radio 210 £6.00 £5.00	Sunday 14 June 8pm <b>BEN E KING</b> plus support Concert presented in association with Radio 210 £8.50 £7.50

Sunday 28 June 8pm  
**TOM ROBINSON**  
All seats £4.00

**BOX OFFICE: READING (0734) 591 591**

**THE GET FRESH CREW**

AT THE **ASTORIA**

4th MAY 8pm SHOW £6  
3pm SHOW under 18 ONLY £4

ADVANCE BOX OFFICE: ASTORIA 01 434 0403  
PREMIER BOX OFFICE: 0240 2245 LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS (439 3371) STARGREEN (437 5282)  
ROUGH TRADE RECORDS (229 8541) RHYTHM RECORDS (267 0123) KEITH PROWSE

SOUND ASYLUM & DNA ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS

# the mighty lemon drops

plus Special Guests  
**STARS OF HEAVEN**  
MONDAY 27TH APRIL  
**SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY UNION**  
THURSDAY 30TH APRIL  
**LEEDS POLYTECHNIC S.U.**  
FRIDAY 8TH MAY  
**UNIVERSITY OF SUSSEX STUDENTS UNION—BRIGHTON**  
SATURDAY 9TH MAY  
**UNIVERSITY OF SURREY S.U.**  
GUILDFORD (DNA & SOUND ASYLUM IN ASSOC. WITH U.S.S.U.)  
SUNDAY 10TH MAY  
**BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE**

TICKETS FOR ALL DATES £4.00 ADV. AVAILABLE FROM USUAL AGENTS, OR BY POST FROM DNA ENTERTAINMENTS P.O. BOX HP2 LEEDS LS6 1LN. (PLEASE ENC. S.A.E.)

CAMOUFLAGE PRESENT

# ALARM

with **WIRE TRAIN**

SUNDAY 26TH APRIL AT 7.30 PM  
RITZY  
QUEEN STREET, CARDIFF

TICKETS: £5.00 ARE AVAILABLE FROM THE BOX OFFICE (TEL 31362)  
SPILLERS RECORDS, ROCKAWAY RECORDS (NEWPORT),  
DEERX RECORDS (PORT TALBOT) OR ON THE DOOR ON THE NIGHT.

WEDNESDAY 29TH APRIL AT 7.30 PM  
TOP RANK SUITE  
WEST STREET, BRIGHTON

TICKETS: PRICED £5 ARE AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM THE BOX OFFICE TEL 732627  
VIRGIN RECORDS OR ON THE DOOR ON THE NIGHT.

THURSDAY 30TH APRIL AT 7PM  
GUILDHALL  
GUILDHALL WALK, PORTSMOUTH

TICKETS: £5.00 ARE AVAILABLE FROM THE BOX OFFICE (TEL 80455) AND USUAL AGENTS  
OR ON THE DOOR ON THE NIGHT.

WEDNESDAY 13TH MAY AT 7.30 PM  
**NATIONAL BALLROOM**  
324 BALFOUR STREET, BIRMINGHAM B1 1BA

TICKETS: £6.00 ARE AVAILABLE FROM CAREY'S ESTATE AGENT, NEXT TO BALLROOM BOX OFFICE, TEL: 328 3141  
(LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS TEL 439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE TEL 740 0771)  
NORTH PROWSE TEL 741 0809, STARGREEN TEL 742 0912, MISERABLE TEL 700 1341 (ON THE NIGHT)

## MARK STEWART AND THE MAFFIA

+  
1st EVER LIVE APPEARANCE OF  
**TACK HEAD.**

+ TACKHEAD SOUND SYSTEM  
+ LIVE MIX BY ADRIAN SHERWOOD

Thursday April 30th  
ASTORIA Theatre, Charing Cross Rd, London W1  
Doors 7.30 Tickets £5

Tickets from: ASTORIA Theatre: 434 0403, LTB (439 3371), PREMIER (240 2245),  
RHYTHM RECORDS (267 0123), ROUGH TRADE (229 8541), STARGREEN (734 8953)

**NEWS ON SUNDAY**

PRESENTS IN AID OF ANTI-APARTHEID

APRIL 21: Biko Bar, Lanchester Poly, Coventry  
**WHIPPERSNAPPER**  
7.30 p.m. Tickets £5.00, £3.00 (UB40) on the door

APRIL 21: International 2, Manchester  
**HEERA**  
8.00 p.m. Tickets £5.00, £3.00 (UB40) In advance 061 224 2655  
On the door £6.00, £4.00 (UB40)

APRIL 23: Philharmonic, Liverpool  
**ASWAD**  
**AMIR**  
**ESSP (EBONY)**  
**DISTANT COUSINS**  
**BLOOD GROUP**  
**CRYATION**  
7.30 p.m. Tickets £3.00, £2.50 (UB40) 051 709 2895

APRIL 24: International 1, Manchester  
**NEWS ON SUNDAY CLUB NIGHT**  
**TOP DJs + SPECIAL GUESTS**  
8.00 p.m. Tickets £2.00, £1.50 (UB40)  
In advance or on the door 061 224 2655

APRIL 25: International 2, Manchester  
**SANDRA CROSS**  
**ARIWA POSSE**  
**LORNA G**  
**SPECIAL GUEST: JUDY BUCHER**  
8.00 p.m. Tickets £4.00, £3.00 (UB40) 061 224 2655  
On the door £5.00, £4.00 (UB40)

MAY 2: University, Birmingham  
**END OF CHAT**  
**TWO NATIONS**  
7.30 p.m. Tickets £2.50, £1.50 (UB40)  
In advance from Odeon, New Street

APRIL 25: Leadmill, Sheffield  
**MEOW**  
**DON VALLEY & THE ROTHERHITES**  
**NEWS ON SUNDAY SHEFFIELD CELEBRATIONS**  
8.00 p.m. Tickets £2.00 in advance or on the door

NEWS ON SUNDAY HATES RACISM, LOVES GOOD MUSIC. OUT ON APRIL 26TH

Pride of Place

Above the WHITE LION PUTNEY HIGH ST.

April 16th  
**THE JACK RUBIES**  
+ QUICKFIRE ROUND

April 23rd  
**THE DOCTORS CHILDREN**  
+ THE GIFT HORSES

BARTILL 11pm

BUSES 14, 22, 30, 39, 74  
80, 85, 93, 220  
PUTNEY BRIDGE

BOOKING ENQUIRIES  
01-326 0318

# MICHELLE SHOCKED

★ IN CONCERT ★

APRIL 14-18 8PM

## THE DRILL HALL ARTS CENTRE

16 CHENIES STREET  
LONDON WC1  
BOX OFFICE 637 8270

\* LONDON BOOKINGS \*  
**439 3371**

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

APRIL 15th	Communards
17th 19th	Millie Jackson
18th	Conflict
18th	The Gathering Of the 5000
18th	999
19th	King Kurt
19th	Man Jumping
20th/21st	Def Jam
21st	Immaculate Fools
22nd	Slayer
22nd	Julian Cope
24th	Field Of The Nephilim
24th	The Godfathers
25th	Band of Holy Joy
25th	Barclay James Harvest
25th	14 Karat Soul
26th	Del Fuegos
27th	John Mayall
29th	James Brown
29th/30th	Spear Of Destiny
30th	Red Lorry Yellow Lorry
MAY 1st	Immatenial
1st	Crazy Pink Revolvers
1st/2nd	The Gas Band
2nd	Then Jericho
2nd, 3rd, 4th, 7th	Lionel Richie
3rd	Gun Club
8th	Chiefs of Relief
8th	The Lounge Lizards
8th	Blow Monkeys
8th	Bad Brains
9th	Zodiac Mindwarp
9th	Bolshoi
10th	Go Between
10th/11th	Ice Works
13th	Gill Evans 75th Birthday
13th	Alarm
13th/14th	Alison Moyet
13th/14th	The Fall
14th	Abdullah Ibrahim
15th	Wedding Present
15th	Zoot and The Roots
15th	The Bible
16th	16th Dr & The Medics
16th	Boogie Brothers
16th/18th	Santana
17th/18th	Curiosity Killed The Cat
18th/19th	Suzanne Vega
18th/20th	Duran Duran
19th	Petrol Emotion
20th	Paul Brady
21st	Pretenders
22nd	Georgia Satellites
22nd	Stump
24th	Run DMC
24th	Gary Glitter
24th/26th	Stevie Wonder
26th	Gary Moore
27th	Thompson Twins
28th/31st	Stevie Wonder
31st	Christians
JUNE 3rd-4th	Neri Young
5th	Pop Will Eat Itself
5th/6th	Rosie Vela
7th	Carmel
7th	Soup Dragon
10th/11th	Cameo
12th	Dr Feelgood
12th/13th	Fatback
14th	Carmel
15th	Martin Stephenson
21st	Husker Du
23rd/24th	Iggy Pop
24th/25th	Curtis Mayfield
24th/25th	Trouble Funk
3rd-5th	Silly Connelly
4th/6th	Go West
16th	Tina Turner
19th	The Beach Boys

\* LONDON BOOKINGS \*  
**439 3371**

96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON W1.

JLP CONCERTS PRESENTS

# T.H.E. ICICLE WORKS

DEFEAT YOUR ENEMY

ALBUM TOUR (PART II)

MAY

WEDS 6th	NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR
TICKETS £4.50 adv	+ CHAIN GANG + PLAYING AT TRAINS
FRI 8th	CARDIFF UNIVERSITY
TICKETS £4.00 adv	+ CHAIN GANG + PLAYING AT TRAINS
SAT 9th	HANLEY VICTORIA HALL
TICKETS £4.50 adv	+ CHAIN GANG + PLAYING AT TRAINS
SUN 10th & MON 11th	ASTORIA THEATRE LONDON WC2
TICKETS £5.00 adv	WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
Tel 01-437 1801 and usual agents	SUN 10th MON 11th
	CHAIN GANG PLAYING AT TRAINS
THURS 14th	MANCHESTER INTERNATIONAL 2
TICKETS £4.50 adv	+ STONE ROSES + PLAYING AT TRAINS

ALL SHOWS START 7.30 pm

Desert Island Holiday  
An Aural Holiday

21-26 April 1987

# The Startled Insects

Tuesday 21, Wednesday 22  
8.00, £4.00

Like a collision between a drag ball and a SF movie Time Out

# Hula

Thursday 23, Friday 24  
8.00, £4.00

This Hula thing is a collision of noises, ideas and people that becomes a single minded assault Melody Maker

# The Triffids

Saturday 25, Sunday 26  
8.00 £4.50

Let's burn their passports and keep them here NME



# Glastonbury

## 1987

CND FESTIVAL 19-20-21 June 1987 — Worthy Farm, Pilton, Somerset —

### MAIN STAGE

ELVIS COSTELLO ▲ VAN MORRISON ▲ THE COMMUNARDS  
 NEW ORDER ▲ ROBERT CRAY BAND ▲ LOS LOBOS  
 BEN E. KING ▲ TAJ MAHAL ▲ TROUBLE FUNK  
 THE RICHARD THOMPSON BAND ▲ COURTNEY PINE  
 HÜSKER DÜ ▲ PAUL BRADY ▲ MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG  
 THE WOODENTOPS ▲ THE MIGHTY LEMONDROPS  
 MICHELLE SHOCKED ▲ MISTY IN ROOTS ▲ WORLD PARTY  
 RODNEY ALLEN ▲ & SPECIAL GUESTS

### STAGE TWO

EL SONIDA DE LONDRES CHORCAZADE GAYE BYKERS ON ACID  
 JAZZ DEFEKTORS BRILLIANT CORNERS THE BLUE AEROPLANES  
 MEKONS THE CHILLS ROBYN HITCHCOCK & THE EGYPTIANS  
 ANDY SHEPHERD QUARTET STUMP TOMMY CHASE QUARTET  
 THE OYSTER BAND THE CHESTERFIELDS

### ACOUSTIC STAGE

DE DANAAN RICHARD THOMPSON ARNOLD BOLT THE THREE CABALLEROS  
 PRIOR STRING QUARTET SCREAMING ABDABS NICK PICKET JOHN KIRKPATRICK  
 CHARLIE HERNSHAW QUINTET JACKIE EVANS ANDY WHITE FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS  
 THE GLEE CLUB DENISE BLACK AND THE CRAY SISTERS Also late comedy and guests.

### THEATRE:

SKINT VIDEO ATTIC THEATRE THEATRE ROTTO RICHARD CUMING BEAVERS  
 CENTRE OCEAN STREAM JIVING LINDY HOPPERS SHIKISHA UNITED MATRONS  
 DAVID MICHELSEN & MANNA MALCOLM HARDEE & THE GREATEST SHOW ON LEGS  
 PANIC PUPPETS DOCTOR FOSTER'S TRAVELLING THEATRE The best of straight and alternative theatre,  
 cabaret, stand up comedy, mime, dance, drumming, harmonica-virtuosi, clowns, stilt walkers, jugglers, special effects and many participation workshops.

### WOMAD FIELD

CIEGO DE NAGUA (DOMINICAN REPUBLIC) FRANCO & T.P. OK JAZZ (ZAIRE) USTAD SALAMAT ALI KHAN (PAKISTAN)  
 GWERZ (FRANCE) BRIJ NARAYAN (INDIA) FARAFINA (BURKINA FASO) ASAAH PAPA & GRAFFI JAZZ (CAMEROON/UK)  
 ALAAP (INDIA/UK) KRISHNA MURTI SRIDHAR (INDIA) FATALA (GUINEA) THE REAL SOUNDS OF AFRICA (ZIMBABWE)  
 TOUMANI DIABATE (MALI) GASPER LAVAL (NIGERIA/UK) ZINICA (NICARAGUA) HASAN L'AJAMI (S. YEMEN)  
 ABDEL AZIZ EL MOBARAK & ENSEMBLE (SUDAN) JON HASSELL (USA) SELDA (TURKEY) THE INSPIRATIONAL CHOIR (UK)

THEATRE ▲ FILMS ▲ CHILDREN'S WORLD ▲ GREENFIELD ▲ CABARET  
 COMEDY ▲ CAMPING ▲ CLOWNS ▲ CEILIDH ▲ VIDEO  
 WORKSHOPS ▲ LASERS ▲ FOOD ▲ STALLS ▲ FOLK MUSIC

**This Event is the most effective Anti-Nuclear Fund Raiser in Europe**

**TICKETS** Important Notice:  
 Admission to the festival is again by advance ticket only. Three-day advance tickets are available from the following outlets at £21 each. Camping, Car Parking, V.A.T. and all On-Site events are included in the ticket price. Children under 14 are admitted free.  
 Please Note: Some outlets may add a small handling charge to the published ticket price. This charge has been previously agreed between the organisers and the point of sale.

#### By Post:

Please use the application form below.

#### By Phone:

These outlets are for Credit Card bookings only.  
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# TOUR NEWS

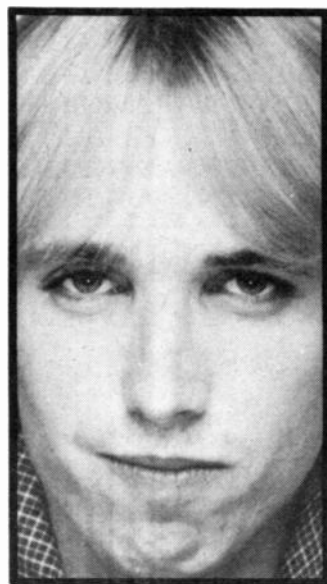
**14 KARAT SOUL**, who were last seen in this country supporting Whitney Houston at the Wembley Arena last autumn, return for some television appearances and live shows in London at the Half Moon, Putney (April 22) and the Town And Country Club, Kentish Town (25).

**THE SEARCHERS** are celebrating 25 years in showbiz Majestics style and set out on a jubilee tour which takes them to London Palladium (May 31), Folkestone Leascliffe (June 2), Ipswich Corn Exchange (3), Swansea Brangwyn (4), Newport Leisure Centre (5), Gloucester Leisure Centre (6), Bristol Colston Hall (7), Halifax Civic Hall (9), Manchester Free Trade Hall (10), Hull City Hall (11), Lincoln Ritz (12), Norwich Theatre Royal (13), Glasgow Pavilion (15), Aberdeen Music Hall (16), Edinburgh Usher Hall (17), Newcastle City Hall (18), Liverpool Empire (19), Peterborough Wirrina (20), Birmingham Hippodrome (21), Nottingham Royal Hall (23), Bournemouth Pavilion (24), Guildford Civic Hall (26), Brighton Dome (27) and Portsmouth Kinos Theatre (28).

# RECORD NEWS

## SINGLES

Never Come' (Valentino) currently on tour in Scotland – out now ● **GAP BAND:** 'Going In Circles' (RCA) – out April 27 ● **GO GO LORENZO AND THE DAVIE PINCKNEY PROJECT:** 'Top, Bottom, Side And Rear' (Polydor) Washington sound stuff – out April

**TOM PETTY: new album**

**21 ● GO WEST:** 'I Want To Hear It From You' (Chrysalis) from the forthcoming album 'Dancing On The Couch' – out on April 27 ● **THE GOREHOUNDS:** 'Ruby' (Idol Records) – out now ● **BILLY GRIFFIN:** 'The Girl Is Fine' (Atlantic) the man who replaced Smokey Robinson in The Miracles back in 1971 has another stab at solo success – out now ● **THE**

Day' (Def Jam) – out now ● **TASHAN:** 'Thank You Father' (Def Jam) – out now ● **THREE O'CLOCK:** 'Warm Aspirations' (IRS) latest from a Los Angeles four-piece – out next week ● **THE WALTONES:** 'Downhill' (Medium Cool) debut single from Mancunian favourites – out April 27

**TIMELESS** is a new label dedicated to unearthing the best in black music which has previously been unavailable in this country. The first five albums on the label, released this week, are by Ike Noble, Barrett Strong, The Controllers, Frederick Knight and Tyrone Davis. Coming up in the next few months are offerings from Anita Ward, Tommy Tate, Lynn White, CL Blast and others.



**SLEEPY LABEER: live LP**



**THE TURNPIKE CRUISERS** plug their 'Amsterdamaged' cassette with live shows at Leeds Astoria (April 17), London Hammersmith Klub Foot (18) and Chester Poly (May 1).

**WIN**, out to plug their debut album, 'Uhl Tears Baby', are to follow the trailblazing Majestics and play a series of Scottish dates before heading for London. Dates are: Paisley College of Technology (April 24), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (25), Aberdeen The Venue (26), Edinburgh Coasters (27) and London Camden Palace (30).

**THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG** will be trying to avoid the lynch mob at Peterborough Werrina Stadium (May 2), Southampton Mayfair Suite (3) and Glastonbury Festival (June 19). Their new single, 'Ghosts Of Cable Street', is out now.

**MORE QUICKIES . . . THE PASTELS** play Glasgow Fury Murray's (April 16) and Manchester Boardwalk (18 and 19) . . . **FELT** play London King's College on April 24, with The Wishing Stones and House Of Love . . . **BLOW UP**, new Creation signings play London Camden Black Horse (April 17).

**THE CROWS**, who have only just come off the road, have lined up a handful of London dates, at Covent Garden Rock Garden (April 22), the Marquee (23), and the University of London Union, with The Godfathers (24).

**ART BLAKEY** and his Jazz Messengers return to the UK for a one-off show at London Camden Electric Ballroom on April 21, supported by the Steve Williamson Quintet.

**HAPPY MONDAYS** promote their new album with an incredibly long title at Blackburn Top Hat (Saturday), Manchester International 2 (April 20), London Covent Garden Rock Garden (23), Liverpool Merseyside Trade Union And Unemployment Resource Centre (24), London Camden Black Horse (May 3), Stoke Shelley's (12), Brighton Zap Club (15), Cardiff Poly (16), Cheltenham Humphreys (17), Liverpool University (18), Bristol Bierkeller (19), Leeds Warehouse (20), London Astoria (21), Wolverhampton Poly (22), Hull University (23), Manchester Hacienda (28) and Middleton Civic Hall (29).

**SLEEPY LABEEF** has lined up a series of headlining dates around London at Dean Street Gossip's tomorrow (Thursday), Lee Green Old Tiger's Head (April 17), Redhill Laker's Hotel (18), Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (19) and London Wembley Arena Country Festival (20).

**THE JACK RUBIES** are the first headliners at a new London venue, The Pride Of Place at the White Lion in Putney High Street, tomorrow night (Thursday). They will be followed by The Doctor's Children and The Gift Horses on April 23, and other big indie names are being lined up for May.

**WELL RED** support James Brown at London Wembley Arena (April 29), open for The Gap at Birmingham Odeon (April 30) and London Hammersmith Odeon (May 1 and 2), and headline London Ronnie Scott's (April 26), Manchester International (May 5), London Wag Club (7), Chippenham Goldiggers (8) and London Deptford Albany Empire (10).

**LUTHER VANDROSS** has added another two nights at London Wembley Arena, on July 7 and 8. Tickets are on sale now from various outlets and by post from LV Tickets, PO Box 77, London SW4 9LH, priced £15.50, £13 and £10.50 (including a 50p booking fee). They are also available from a credit card hotline (01-741 8989).

## ALBUMS

**ALL FIXED UP:** 'Vital Hours' (ID) French hardcore — out next week

● **BLUE YONDER:** 'Blue Yonder' (Atlantic) — out now

● **JOE KING CARRASCO:**

'Bandido Rock' (New Rose) more Tequila music from the man who once recorded with Michael Jackson — out now

● **TC CURTIS:** 'Step By Step' (Hot Metal) his first — out now

● **DANIELLE DAX:** 'Inky Bloaters' (Awesome) . . . in which Ms Dax continues her quest in blending different musics from around the world from Bali to Bolan and Beefheart to Burundi (it says here) — out soon

● **FORTUNE TELLERS:** 'Musick Without Tears' (New Rose) guitar-based boogie from Oklahoma City — out now

● **THE FUGS:** 'Star Pease — A Musical Drama In Three Acts' (New Rose) — the return of Ed Sanders in two roles, as US President and as a right wing TV evangelist. A double-album set — out now

● **BENE GESSERIT:** 'Fashion Is A Dirty Word' (Dead Man's Curve) Belgian rockers — out now

● **JOHN HARTFORD:** 'Annual Waltz' (MCA) these days, one of the finest providers of American downhome music — out now

● **HEAVY TRAFFIC:** 'Heavy Traffic' (Atlantic) US funksters — out now

● **ORAN 'JUICE' JONES:** 'Juice' (Def Jam) — out now

● **KAREN KAMON:** 'Voices' (Atco) produced by her hubby, Phil



PAUL CARRACK: searching

Ramone — out now

● **SLEEPY LABEEF:** 'Nothin' But The Truth' (Rounder Europa) live album from the man who has been opening for Hank Wangford of late — out now

● **MEL LEWIS AND THE JAZZ ORCHESTRA:** 'Twenty Years At The Village Vanguard' (Atlantic) released to celebrate more than two decades at the forefront of the New York jazz scene, eight big band standards written by the likes of Duke Ellington and Jerome Kern — out now

● **LIVE SKULL:** 'Don't Get Any On You' (Homestead) recorded live in Boston, New York and Providence — out next month

● **MAN JUMPING:** 'World Service' (Virgin) — out now

● **THE MILKSHAKES/THE PRISONERS:** 'The Milkshakes v. The Prisoners' (Media Burn) recorded live in the studio, each band taking over one side — out now

● **MONRO:** 'Monro' (Spellbound) Government-funded rock — out on Monday

● **A NEON ROME:** 'New Heroin' (New Rose) a Canadian group who wish you to



**THE CHRISTIANS**, whose follow-up to their top thirty single 'Forgotten Town' should be out soon, head out on a major tour next month. They play Nottingham Rock City (May 12), Newcastle University (13), Edinburgh Queens Hall (14), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (15), Redcar Coatham Bowl (17), Leeds Poly (18), Birmingham Powerhouse (19), Manchester International 2 (21), Liverpool Royal Court (22), Leicester Poly (23), Bristol Studio (25), Dunstable Queensway Hall (26), Peterborough Werrina (27), Norwich East Anglia University (29), Guildford University (30) and London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town (31).

**ED KUEPPER** and his band The Yard Goes On Forever, currently on tour in Europe, return to the UK to play London Hippodrome (April 22), Manchester International (23), London Fulham King's Head (26), London Camden Dingwalls (29) and Brighton Zap Club (30).

**THE FORCE** have a new single out this week called 'Tomorrow May Never Come', and they can be seen live at Dundee University (April 15), Aberdeen Sinatra's (17), Ullapool Far Isles Hotel (24), Edinburgh Herriot-Watt University (29), Elgin Bishop Mill Hotel (May 1), Glasgow Fury Murray's (7), Aberdeen The Venue (11), East Kilbride Bruce Hotel (22). Where's the English dates, lads?

**FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM** are playing a series of dates with Zodiac Mindwarp, and have also managed to slot in a couple of headliners and guest spot with New Model Army. They top the bill at Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (April 16) and London Hammersmith Clarendon Ballroom (24); join "The Army" on April 20, and open for "Zode" at Reading Majestic (April 21), Birmingham Powerhouse (22), Peterborough Tropicana (23), Manchester International (25), Sheffield Leadmill (26), Leeds University (28), Newcastle Riverside (May 5), Bristol Bierkeller (7).

**THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN** release their first single of the year on Monday, and their second album is expected in late summer. The single is called 'April Skies' and backed with 'Kill Surf City'. The 12 inch has a longer version of the 'A' side plus an extra track, Bo Diddley's 'Who Do You Love'. There is also a double pack which features 'Mushroom (Live In Nuremberg)' and 'Bo Diddley Is Jesus'.

**T.REX** are the subject of three compilations to be released in the next few months to commemorate the tenth anniversary of Marc Bolan's death. Volume one of 'The History of T.Rex 1967-1977' is out this week on the Marc On Wax label as a double album or cassette and on compact disc — the first time the bulk of the group's material has been available on CD. The albums have been put together by the T.Rex fan club and include every single and 'B' side, many of them rare tracks which haven't been available for years.



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# MANIFESTO!

## COMING UP ROSES?

With the British economy still in deep recession, surely the **LABOUR PARTY** should be heading for victory in the forthcoming Election? **TERRY STAUNTON** looks at the socialist slump in opinion polls and talks to political commentator **PETER KELLNER** about the crisis under Kinnock.

"THE MOST exciting redhead since Rita Hayworth," was how the *NME* described Neil Kinnock when he became Labour leader at the party conference in 1983. There was an air of optimism among Labour supporters as Kinnock and his new deputy Roy Hattersley, dribbling with excitement, formed a dynamic duo – the "dream ticket".

Was it just a dream? Now, with the Tories passing the 40 per cent mark in the opinion polls, Labour struggling against the Alliance for second place, and another General Election just around the corner, can Kinnock deliver and live up to the great expectations of four years ago?

The party led by Michael Foot in 1983 was in disarray and the General Election was a disaster. Things couldn't get worse so the untried and untested Kinnock was welcomed with open arms.

Peter Kellner, political commentator for *The Independent* and *The New Statesman* says: "After the '83 election Kinnock had to pick the party right up off the floor. The magnitude of Labour's trauma helped him because, for quite a long time, he could do what he wanted. No one was in the mood to make a fuss.

"As a personality he did, and still does, go down quite well, but his main drawback is that he is regarded as inexperienced."

Despite his lack of a track record, Kinnock managed to win the confidence of both the electorate and



PICTURE: PENNIE SMITH

Kinnock: is he moulding Labour into the SDP Mk II?

party members.

"The most important thing is that he managed to take control of the party," says Kellner. "Foot, Callaghan or Wilson were never really masters of the party's national structure. Foot had no control over the shadow cabinet and it was always touch and go with the national executive. He had an awkward nature at national conference.

"Callaghan never really controlled the NEC, but Kinnock has control of all three. The shadow cabinet is his sole difficulty because it has a right wing majority, but when it matters he gets his own way. He has a solid majority at NEC."

In terms of party structure, it could be said that Kinnock has the greatest control since the early Wilson days. He has his own loyalists around him at

party HQ (such as Larry Whitley, Peter Mendelson), and it is Hattersley who is regarded as the weakest link. The word around Walworth Road is that he is now resigned to the fact that he will never lead the party and that he is just going through the motions, his heart is not in it. Most criticisms are of his effectiveness as a shadow Chancellor against Nigel Lawson.

In 1987, election year, Kinnock is having perhaps a tougher ride than in the previous three-and-a-half years. He has had to cope with embarrassments like his personal secretary Patricia Hewitt's leaked letter criticising gays and the "loony left", and the squabble between Mortimer and Callaghan in the Commons tea rooms about defence policy.

Today it is hard to find someone within the Labour movement who

will publicly criticise Kinnock the moderate for gradually moving the party to the right since taking over at the helm, but it is quietly felt that he was given too much of a free reign at the outset and is moulding Labour into the SDP Mk II. The silence betrays a disillusionment among the hard left and a feeling that Labour doesn't have enough clout to challenge the Tories in the next election.

Kinnock has not been effective in Commons debates and on occasions has been reduced to Thatcher-esque name-calling (his "ranting right" response to the Tories' "loony left" label), which grabs headlines, but is less likely to grab voters.

More specifically, Labour's apparent abandonment of an important youth issue and the disaster of the Greenwich by-election do not bode well for Kinnock getting into Downing Street. Labour have been wooing the youth vote for some time, especially through the high-profile Red Wedge, but a scheme to give all 16 to 18-year-olds a £27-a-week grant was scrapped last month, on the grounds that Labour would be accused by Tories of spending wildly.

Rosie Barnes' Alliance victory at Greenwich seemingly shook Labour to its foundations, as if it was a trailer for a bigger disaster to come. Peter Kellner says: "Greenwich was very bad for morale. It was dangerously near the General Election and there is already a feeling within the party that they are going to lose. Already they

are trying to figure out what went wrong, they're having a pre-mortem".

But what knocked Labour back in the opinion polls and sent the Tories over 40 per cent was Kinnock's talks with Reagan, coinciding with the Thatcher circus setting up tent in Moscow. After constantly vowing to rid Britain of Cruise, Polaris and Trident bases, Kinnock reneged when he saw Reagan.

He now says Cruise can stay as long as America and the Soviet Union get back to the arms talks table. Is history repeating itself? How many recall Wilson's similar about-face over Polaris at the 1964 election? Perhaps Kinnock hopes to lure potential voters who were unhappy about unilateralism, but at what cost? How many votes could the climbdown lose him?

The party machinery must now gear itself for a General Election with Kinnock as the figurehead, but where will he be if Labour lose again?

"The feeling now is that if Labour were to do disastrously, and if Kinnock was pushed, John Smith, shadow Trade and Industry spokesman, is the most likely successor," says Kellner. "The impetus would come from the trade unions and Kinnock may have difficulty holding on."

Kinnock appears to have one bite at the cherry. Unless he leads Labour into power in 1987, it's unlikely that his own party, let alone the electorate, will give him another chance.

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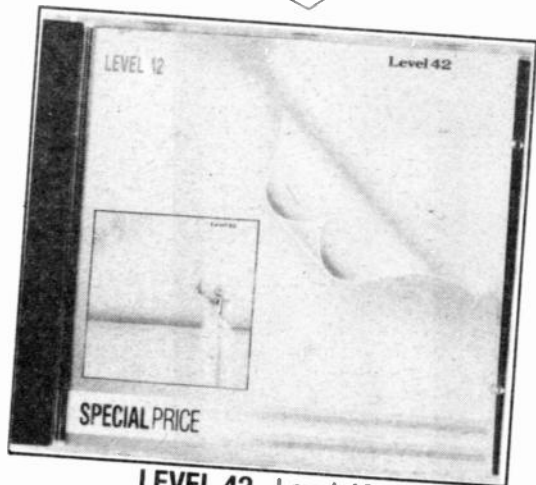
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# LIVE

EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

## KASSAV' LONDON TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

THE ARRIVAL in London of Guadeloupe's premier dance outfit, Kassav', generated a near euphoric carnival fever. Fresh from conquering the Ivory Coast and Zaire, the 15-piece ensemble with its phalanx of horns, trio of vocalists, dance duo and powerhouse rhythm section, wooed a cosmopolitan crowd with their hi-energy, uplifting brand of 'Zouk' — the French Caribbean's seductive fusion of cadence, soca and salsa.

The dancefloor was rapidly transformed into a swaying sea of raised arms and surprisingly offbeat hits like 'My Doudou', 'Business' and 'Zouk Is The Medicine' met with instant recognition and a barrage of whistles and applause.

Kassav' are more than a group, they are mostly supa-stars in their own right. Virtually everyone in the band has cut solo albums and onstage the vocalists Patrick Saint Eloi, Jean Phillip Mathely and Jocelyn Beroard were given space to flaunt their individual talents.

From pile-driving rhythms that wouldn't have been out of place at any House session, Kassav's rhythm section led by bassist George Decimus moved slickly through successive shifts of mood, mixing tough ricocheting linn drums with sweet Zairean guitar, swirling synthesizers to the obligatory heavy metal guitar solo.

Like go-go the beat just kept on coming, allowing you to dip in and out of the music, but cuts like Beroard's 'Siwo' and the encore 'Zioum' go straight to the feet and demand attention. Kassav' may not possess the same spirit as Youssou N'Dour nor the politics of Black Stalin but when it comes to ambience these cats carried the swing. Zouk is the medicine, say what!

PAUL BRADSHAW

## JOHNNY CLEGG & SAVUKA MAHLATHINI PARIS GYMNASSE JESSE OWENS

IN THE wake of the Paul Simon backwash, Johnny Clegg and Mahlathini are two South African names which will flow towards the edges of international pop familiarity this year. The confused controversy surrounding the boycotted and bebubbed Simon will gradually subside into a deeper awareness of township music and its random success in resisting apartheid.

In their different ways, Johnny Clegg and Mahlathini puncture Simon's simple bubble of pop with a far sharper incisiveness than will be achieved by the bloated platitudes shaping British picketing of the 'Graceland' tour.

Although dogged purists have long berated Clegg's fusion of mbaqanga and rural Zulu guitar picking with Western pop tunes and politico-folkie trappings, his embrace of disparate cultures is exactly the type of eclecticism which is currently being developed by key political movements like the UDF to create a new South Africa.

Born in Rochdale, but having lived all his life in South Africa, Clegg is the country's only white musician to have immersed himself in black culture and accepted the fundamental political responsi-

## POWER OF TEN

### ORNETTE COLEMAN & THE PRIME TIME BAND LONDON TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

THE SOUND he hears in his head is no longer just *his* head. Ornette has cultivated six like minds, and six is the beginning of a conquering army. Prime Time is two bands set up for collision. Prime Time is ten bands set up for collision. Everyone plays, everyone hears everyone else, everyone supports everyone else. No sound so mean that it mightn't be the key to the whole.

From the beginning, he didn't seem to have a problem with furious noise. He heard organisation where others heard none. Howled protest insisted it was ANTI-JAZZ. Antagonist supporters counterclaimed: FREE JAZZ. Ornette only found a word for it ten years ago. Harmelodics. Savour it. You're going to be hearing a lot of it.

It isn't jazz, it never has been. In wake of the careers of his sideman, it trails maybe a small flavour of blues-funk. Jamaaladeen Tacuma is without doubt the slinkiest run-around bass-player of all, free or contained. And Charlie Ellerbe is the meanest street-tough guitarist stood opposite Bern Nix, tall and stooping, egg-headed and owlish, chunky, funky, fabulous. What it *is* is more explosive SOUND than you can handle, and all coming at once.

First off, a huge racket, with Ornette's sweet-sharp alto cry to the fore, threading it into sense. But not com-

plete sense. It's music without centre, without time, without monolithic form. The sound begins to separate out — you understand you're to listen to every part at once, that everything's equal. It's a charge, it's hard, it's breathlessly frightening, out beyond the old and fast rules. Watch Denardo, Ornette Jr, who's grown up in this sound, drumming up a strange kids-storm: no shapes you've ever heard, as if beat or pulse or rhythm had started meaning *something else*. And then listen to Calvin Weston, the *other* drummer, to Al MacDowell, the *other* bass player. Two bands, colliding.

It won't come clear, not if you struggle for it. What you hear is what it is, scarily simple, cruelly complicated, the ancestor and descendant of every music there might ever be.

All round the margins of music, people who hear some fragment of what Ornette hears are beginning to mobilise. It'll take time, there'll be massive misunderstandings and confusions to sort out. Half this slaving crowd only catch a quarter of what's going on. The other half catch less. They feel as if they've woken up for the first time. And even this broken, muted response is ecstatic. Ornette's Prime Time are the most important band in the world, and most of the people who know that and are working on it haven't even heard them yet. Prime Time is 10,000 voices all talking at once. And all being heard.

MARK SINKER



Ornette: blows against the empire

bilities that he has to confront as a white African pursuing the destruction of apartheid. Instead of perpetuating wan liberal guilt and alienated Anglophilia, Clegg has chosen a far more pertinent and radical approach. A completely fluent "Zulu", in both language and custom, Clegg is devoid of cultural uncertainty and trendy ethnicity — he and his group Savuka are soaked in Zulu words, rhythms and tribal dances, covered with western pop-folk hooks.

There are still as many unconvincing songs as inspired moments but it's Clegg's political lucidity (endorsed by the ANC in case you're worrying) which mostly hardens Savuka's weaker fusions. Tonight's jet-lagged, flu-ridden set still suggests that Savuka — especially during the constantly stunning Zulu dance routines — are capable of using township music to burst the 'Graceland' bubble.

Mahlantini sings guttural, unrefined Soweto mbaqanga and, with The Mahotella Queens, he has been ripped off by Malcolm McLaren's pre-boycott 'Duck Rock'. In Paris, Mahlathini still

except flaunt it?

Lawd, bless my soul! is this anyway for a pop group to behave? "Of course it is!" chorus the Tarts "We are all pop tarts! You know it in your heart!". Only realise that your desires are as much for the thing itself as in the series of mythologies that orbit it. Wrap world-weary worries up in something exotic and the world is your oyster (or your truffle).

Gone are the trappings and traipsing of rock 'n' roll; there's no super badness here. The Tarts have journeyed to England, one of the *rudest* countries, to launch 'Rock Against The Beastie Boys' (and The Smiths); a small diversion from their pursuit of "MONEY! SUCCESS! FAME! GLAMOUR!" Their message? That the superficial can provide a wonderful fall-out shelter from our doghouse lives. Their slogans? Be a Hollywood wife! Watch MTV! Drink Coca-Cola! must phase their cola-owning record company, Columbia, some.

Their musical madelines are

tremeloed-up guitar chords, rockist language ("Baby, baby, ooohh") and Latin frills, all reminiscent of a point in camp situated somewhere between Disco Tex and Doris Day. All in red, the colour of coke, the Tarts syncopate theatrical rag gestures, croon, rap and altogether flaunt it.

LOUISE GRAY

### SQUEEZE GREENWICH TUNNEL CLUB

CHRIS DIFFORD was never the most relaxed person on stage. Tonight he is more uncomfortable than ever, after an 18-month lay-off Squeeze are trying to convince the discerning popsters that they've still got something to offer. But first, they have to convince themselves...

Squeeze have been plugging away in the middle ground for ages. It comes as a bit of a surprise to learn that it's six years since they had a record in the Top 40, despite producing pop gems like 'Temp-

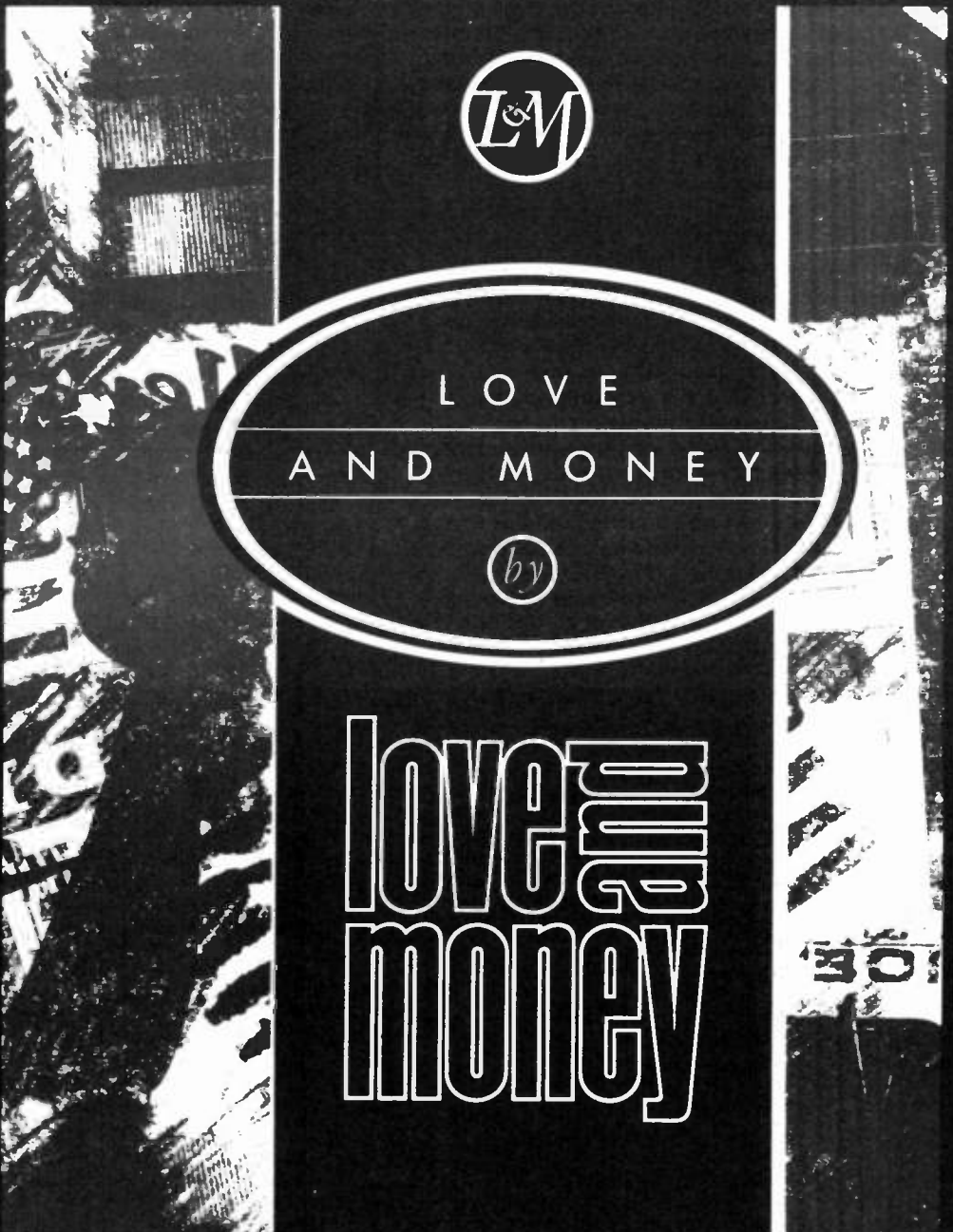
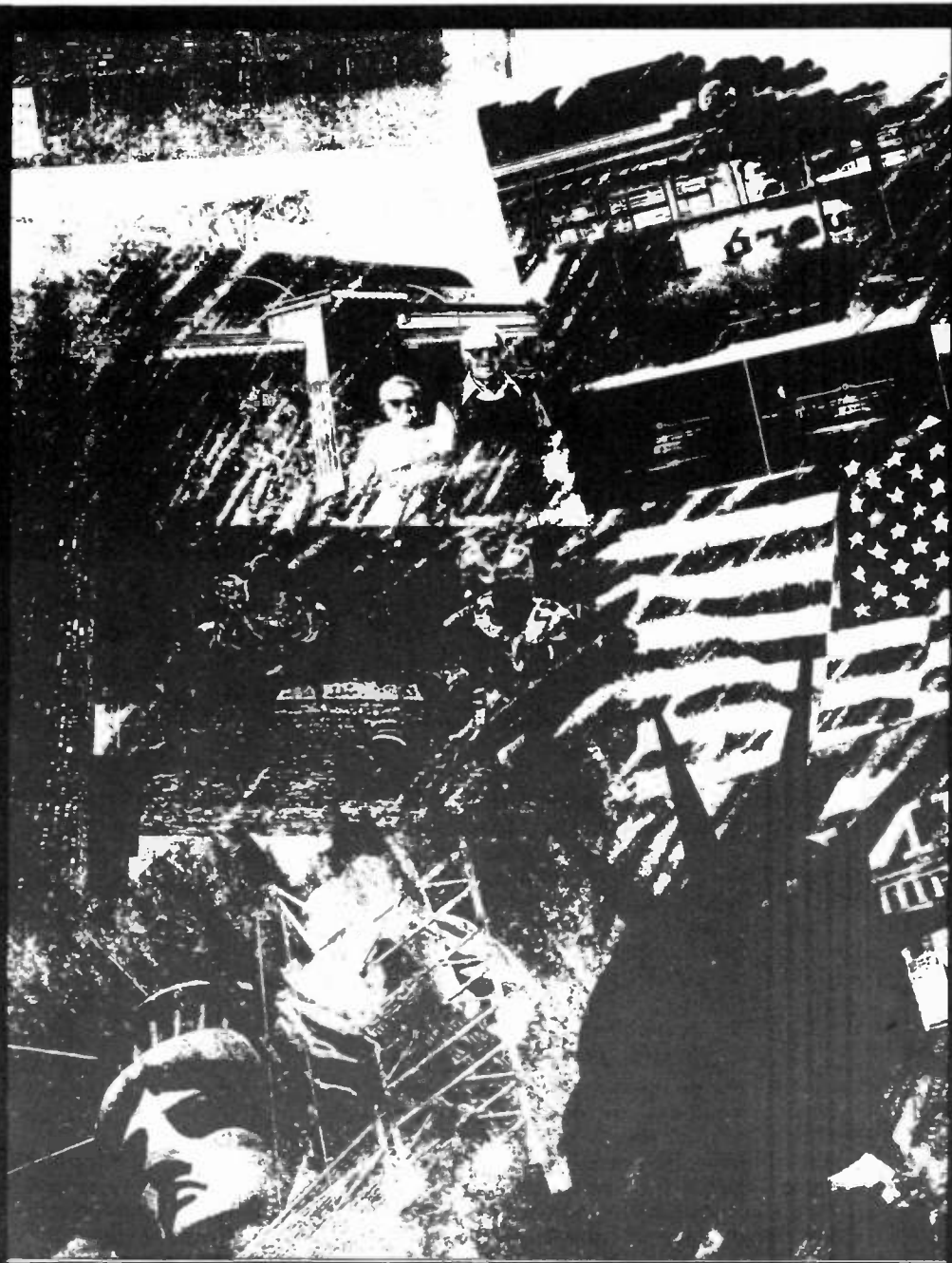
ted', 'Black Coffee In Bed' and 'Last Time Forever'.

Tonight's low-key warm-up before the major US tour introduces a batch of new songs which are typically Squeeze — destined to become singalong favourites with the faithful, but unlikely to set the rest of the world on fire. For anyone who's interested the new LP looks like being their most accomplished since 'East Side Story', with a couple of real stand-out numbers like the jealous-tinged ballad 'The Waiting Game' and, best of all, 'Trust Me To Open My Mouth' — a built-in apology and olive branch set to a Booker T backbeat.

With the unfamiliar stuff out of the way, Squeeze relax and give us a greatest hits show (pity half these songs were never hits) and we realise just how good a band they could be if they only had a bit more confidence. They've still got a few tricks up their sleeves and it's encouraging to know they haven't given up the ghost, even if the record-buying public has.

TERRY STAUNTON





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## LIVE

### BLACK BRITAIN LONDON BRIXTON FRIDGE

IT'S PARADOXICAL that soul and funk's unprecedented influence could also prove to be their downfall. With a dilution of these forms increasingly the safest bet for chart success — Curiosity, Kamen, Five Star — their credibility and continued vitality are threatened.

Black Britain, however, refuse the easy option. They offer a polished funk that is dynamic, distinctive and very danceable. No sell-out here. They also make a lazy hack's life difficult by refusing to fit into neat categories or offer any easy comparisons.

Live, Black Britain exude a deserved confidence in their new-found musical sophistication and maturity. A nine-piece line-up ensures a far fuller, funkier sound than on vinyl and helps to show off the depth of songwriting talent in the band.

Their distinctive brand of melodic yet muscular funk leaves few feet unmoved; given a lucky break these boys could be as big as Cameo. Turning the superb

'Freetown Boy' into a 45 would be a good move, for starters, especially given the current success of dance records with added sing-along potential. The strongest song in the Black Britain set, it exemplifies their appeal to the head and heart as well as the feet.

Black Britain's relentless rhythmic onslaught does give way, once, to the gorgeous slow-burning 'Minus Conversation'. This could be the 'True' of the late '80s, courtesy of five black and white boys who really cut the crap.

DENIS CAMPBELL

# GRACE AND

### THE GRACELAND TOUR LONDON ROYAL ALBERT HALL

LET'S NOT beat about the bush. This is a celebration of black South African music with an anti-apartheid spirit mixed into its magic. And it has reached the parts that other blends of African music haven't reached. OK, so there were incidents and accidents and hints and allegations along the way but it's here now and, cultural boycott confusion aside, the Albert's bursting with enthusiasm.

Remember that it's the South African beat — the sounds of Soweto and Sotho — that rejuvenated Paul Simon and not the other way round. Perhaps tonight his past's sold as many seats as his 'Graceland' present — it's certainly true that he's offered these musicians an international platform — but surely the role that these rhythms of resistance have played in his revival should merit equal appreciation.

Initially I'm relieved, at the opening bursts of 'Township Jazz', to see there's no pecking order, even a mutual recognition of their combined and complimentary talents. The way that Simon's boyish voice balances perfectly against Ladysmith Black Mambazo's spiritual sighs and "ih hih ih hih ih" harmonies; the way the peerless Baghiti Khumalo's bass churns and chuckles and makes extraordinary 'The Boy In The Bubble' and 'You Can Call Me Al' (but where's the penny whistle and do stop calling me Betty); the way Chikapa 'Ray' Phiri's mbaqanga guitar enlightens 'I Know What I Know'.

Only the extraordinarily naive would pretend that presentation of this predominantly Azanian music on world stages can contribute as much to the fall of apartheid as it has to Paul Simon's and

WEA's bank balances. But truly, people are less moved, less affected by pamphlets and proclamations than they are by art forms, and — as the Africa National Congress's cultural ensemble Amandla can't continually be here to inspire us or reach wider audiences — surely there's no harm in Hugh Masekela's 'Bring Him Back Home' (Nelson Mandela) or Miriam Makeba's moving rendition of ex-husband Hugh's 'Soweto Blues'?

Once Simon had restricted himself to only two of his pre-punk classics — 'Mother And Child Reunion' and ever-green 'The Boxer' (in township tempo) — Makeba returned, in Linda Ronstadt's absence, to add exiled vocals and Xhosa clicks to Paul's dreamy 'Under African Skies'. It was one of the night's highlights, surpassed only by the visual and aural perfection of Ladysmith Black Mambazo. On top of their memorable swing-low sweet a cappella, they give us flash Zulu kicks, choreographed turns and, in Joseph Shabalala, a great front man who can both croon like a lovebird and cackle like a jackal. It's these IO voices that steal the show and steer the tourists into 'Amazing Grace' and finally 'N'Kosi Sikeleli', the ANC's anthem.

As for the boy in trouble, it wasn't so much his reluctance to stand up and say "Botha's a piggin' bastard" that irritated me, as the way the spotlight focused increasingly on his Persil-white blouse and machine-washed toupé; the way he adopted the missionary position and ever so 'umbly took the final curtain alone. The Graceland Tour rolls on, and the indestructible beat of these black South Africans has secured a place in my heart, but as for Paul Simon... well, tonight you could call him Smug.

LEN BROWN

### 14 ICED BEARS THE CLOUDS LONDON CAMDEN BLACK HORSE

FOR MUSIC to use consultation to this degree the competence of the insurgents must be a marked degree past literacy. The Clouds check out all the right moves — young, catchy, fast, derivative — and exploit them for all their worth. The tunes are familiar and annoying — two years ago, perhaps, but the homage is painfully clear; no radicalism here. But Legend! the kids only want to have some fun; they don't NEED jarring, they don't WANT to think! Fine... the kids ARE having fun. The Clouds understand instinct and that's about all they understand — so who do we like today kids? The Undertones, Subway and Soup Dragons. Hmmm.

One could level similar accusations at the 14 Iced Bears and they'd only have themselves to blame. I'm surrounded by sots! That name! Those songtitles!! ('Balloon Song?', 'Train Song?', 'Like A Dolphin'???) That POISE!!!

My mind's a mess and their damn guitars are dressing me down. Hungrily I devour (too quiet) abrasive guitars, scouring tunes and a Brighton supporters club badge. And so where's the excitement? Why, inside your mind, of course, inside my mind! Scraping underneath, however, one discovers an active core of imagination, overcoming any defects and scratching up against suspicion. 14 Iced Bears: not just sugar-coating!

#### THE LEGEND!

### KEVIN McDERMOTT AND ORCHESTRA GLASGOW COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

KEVIN McDERMOTT used to be a bit of a weed. He wore tartan shirts, thick-brimmed National Health glasses and struck a solitary pose as a singer songwriter; a man and his guitar touring America gathering such slights from critics as being described as a new Dylan, the next Neil Diamond or Garfunkel without the Simon.

In fact Kevin is closer to Joni Mitchell than Billy Bragg. With a

black broad-brimmed hat framing his adolescent features and now proudly towing A Rock Band, his delicate, introspective folk takes on a pop edge boosted by an electric guitar sound more reminiscent of Mike Scott than Roddy McKuen.

This is no sell-out on the baring of souls for a living stakes, just our Kev dragging himself into the '80s, and, if in doing so he sounds more like Stealer's Wheel than Pet Shop Boys, that isn't necessarily a bad thing. The plaintive acoustic guitar and lone vocals of his EP, 'Suffocation Blues', emerge occasionally on 'Statue To A Stone' and 'Independence Day' but it is the new songs that change a set of murmured pleasantries into pure excitement.

Our Kev had always been one to wear his influences the way a biker wears badges so it's no surprise that the band are so enthusiastically '60s; loud thrashy pop catching a whiff of the Stones in 'Walking In The Light' and a long hard stare at pure pop in an outstanding song called 'Diamonds'.

Kevin McDermott has gone from weed to winsome as easily as changing a shirt. This is the best



## JEZ PRINS NICK TOCZEK WOOLWICH TRAMSHED

NICK TOCZEK is the nicest person ever.

Tonight he actually helped hecklers take the piss out of him and then curtailed his set of well-meaning, rhythmical poetry in order to keep a date with a coach back to Bradford for his daughter's christening. He's that kind of guy.

Nick, please don't think badly of me for letting on that your horrified powwows about nasty people stealing from Oxfam aren't worth tuppence.

As a sideline to his thoroughly satisfactory no-frills sulkogram service, Jez Prins occasionally

hires himself out on the 'alternative cabaret' circuit where he specializes in *loathing* audiences, getting *very pissed off* with Jesus Christ and Dawn French and, annoyingly, stealing the show with his Amazing Psychedelic Jackanory.

He stares fixedly at an EXIT sign at the back of the auditorium, withdraws into his imaginary lavender kiosk and begins to recite his Word. Prins invites us all to treat his set as one big one-sided blind date: "If you can't overcome your disappointment at how I turned out," he whinges, "maybe you could just keep your eyes shut till I've finished, then we can all escape with a quick peck on the cheek and forget it ever happened."

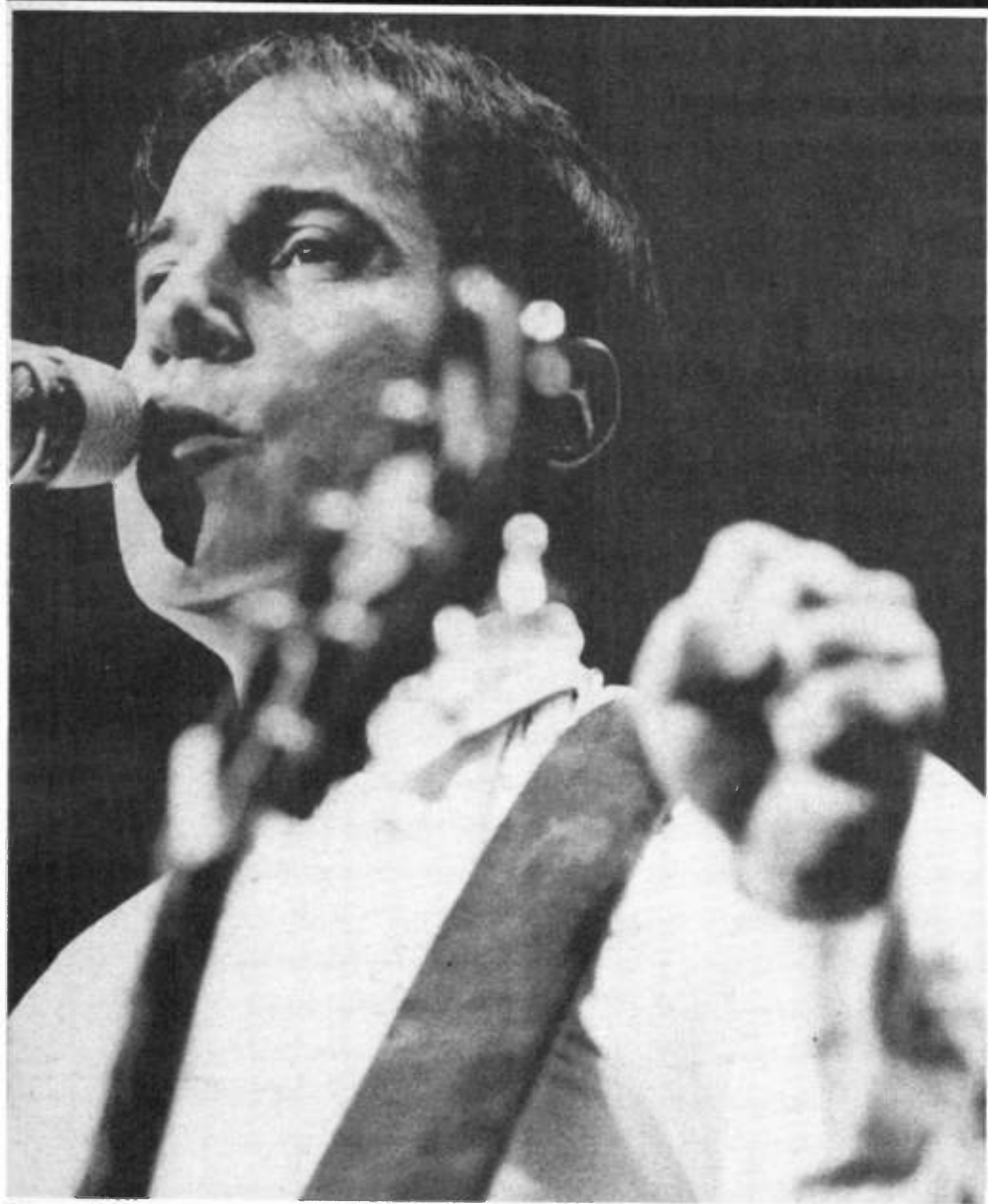
Inside five minutes he has sum-

med up the history of the world and has metamorphosed into a human satsuma via a laboratory rat and a syphilitic brontosaurus. This man wastes no time bullshitting between punchlines and casual off-the-ball offences — eg "... that maliciously naive faith-healer who had a good agent, and claimed to be King of the Jews despite having a Mexican first-name". Prins claims the Romans may have been "a bit petty" but were justified in doing in ol' Jesus, "after all, nobody likes a smartarse". Wrong! I do ...

He may not be the future of British comedy, but if another *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* or *Fun In Acapulco* is ever to be written, it will probably be by Jez Prins.

DJ FONTANA

# FAVOUR



PICTURES: TIM JARVIS

Pers'l washes whiter

gig I've seen for ages so, be warned, don't let Kevin play in your front room again. Your mum won't like it.

ANDREA MILLER

## SHEILA JORDAN WITH HARVIE SWARTZ EDINBURGH QUEEN'S HALL

FROM NOTE one, this was pure class. The woman who sang with Bird' Parker and was the only singer (never mind white and female) to record an album on Blue Note, sounds like another type of bird — one that has deep-blue tones but is also melodic and oycous as she flies a startling path from scat to bop to aching, near-Eastern wails. This bird can fly, soar and hover like few others.

Supported only by Harvie Swartz on double bass, Sheila Jordan uses this skeletal framework to make the songs as effective as possible. It is a brilliant chemistry with Swartz's playing a wonder in itself; long sliding flutters, blazing breaks, deep chords, are all part of the elegant, earthy

cool. They move from Cole Porter standards to new originals to long suites of music which revalue and celebrate the work of everyone from Lester Young to Billie Holiday. Sheila uses tones, bends notes and sends them flying and makes blue/be-bop odes sound as fresh as the day they were created.

This is true jazz singing, something difficult to get down in words but you know when it's at its best; jazz as an exploration and explanation of the soul. This duo's performance is an example of what makes jazz the truest form of musical expression — music being created right in front of you. She sang and left, dancing and dreaming us home.

BOB FLYNN

## VOW WOW BRISTOL GRANARY

"A NEW top of the range metal machine, sir? Try this, the Japanese VW. Built to last, sir."

The components are boringly familiar, but they've been assembled with care. This VW is a '70s model with a touch of added

throttle power for the speed obsessed '80s. The engine is based on the old warhorse blues/rock design with a high pitched Gillan / Plant screech. The bodywork is covered by waterproof pomp.

It's got eight cymbals, six keyboards and lots of hair. Extras include the obligatory classically-trained keyboard player, the frenzied Bach-based guitar solo taken from the ever popular Blackmore model, and lurex trousers.

"A test drive, sir? Take it for a spin down the Granary."

This is a tough road, the heavy version of Sunderland Empire, graveyard to so many comics. But here they hurl more than insults if they don't like you. The VW passes with top marks and two encores. Even the horrible Who — style trashing of 'Summertime Blues' had them air-punching.

"Are you psycho?" screamed Genki Hitomi. The language barrier made me look at my watch. Not a Seiko, but a Swatch. Time to go. Over in the corner, they're queuing for the keys to what will be a successful model.

CAMPBELL STEVENSON



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# STATUS QUO

## FROM PAGE 11

I couldn't get arrested by women. I also spoke quite poshly but soon learnt to swear and picked up a nice cockney accent in Catford."

Despite his accent I do believe our Francis is soft. Soft living, soft touring, and the result of hit after hit after hit.

"I washed all the bleedin' walls down and painted the lot white. I came back after the week-end and that Debbie had only started going out with Rick Parfitt. Only stuck all his bleedin' gold discs on all the walls I'd decorated, hadn't he? There was bleedin' millions of 'em!"

Clapham decorator to the Ash family

## Fifteen minutes through Paris

rush hour and the Venice theatre looms, an illuminated dome of delights. Rick has furnished his stand-up comic routine and the Incredible (by now alcoholic) Brown brothers leave the tour bus.

Tonight is not quite K-Tel night but there are enough hits to keep everyone happy. Clad for the main part in denim, Francis and the boys are looking good. The lads are rockin' up and down in a circle; the make-up's starting to flow and so is the adrenalin. To my immense disappointment Francis does not go up to the mike and say, "Any of you girls out there called Caroline, this one's for you".

It doesn't matter though. Quo have had 20 Top Twenty hits in 20 years. That's some going for a band which has scarcely altered its musical formula throughout its career. Quo have had hits and hits have meant fame (Francis rarely leaves his hotel rooms except to play). The band have also generated Big Bucks. So where has it all gone?

"I've kept mine," says Francis. Maybe this is a subtle dig at Rick. Quo are rumoured to be paid twice a year. It is said that Parfitt receives a cheque for about a trillion pounds and then blows it in about a week. He's then near bankrupt for five months. Then he receives another cheque, etc . . .

"I used to think it was uncool to be a breadhead then suddenly I woke up and thought, 'No one I know would get out of bed if it wasn't for money'. If you're in a supergroup, when you split up, people judge you by what you make. They have a habit of saying things like, 'He earned all that money and now he's broke. What an arsehole!'"

Quo rose during the purple period of the pop manager-cum-fleecer - the days of Top Ten acts on 40 quid a week wages. Rossi was shrewd: he may have gone in search of that great rock mansion set in its own grounds but unlike your Gary Glitters, Rossi still owns his. "I went through all that looking at properties - you know 15 bedrooms, staff accommodation, stables, etc. Mine's not that large but it's the private side of me. I've got large grounds and I enjoy my gardens. My mum and my aunt live in an annex and look after my kids. My mum can be a vicious git but she's straight and tells me what she thinks. If it wasn't for my family I'd be Jack the Lad. I'd be Jack all over the world. What's the point in

coming home?"

There's something slightly sad about Francis Rossi. Something about spending 25 years on a pedestal. There's nothing Rossi can't have, nothing he can't give to others. I bet you spoil your kids, Franny?

"I've been through all that. I ruined my eldest son like that, showering him with gifts, blowing lots of dough on him."

These days the closest to being a family man Rossi comes is on bonfire night. He'll blow five grand a night each bonfire night ("This year I only spent £3,500 - I was being sensible!"). But in a history lit up with success there have been other diversions. Francis likes a drink and when he boozes he boozes to get out of it. Last tour he discovered Tequila and hasn't looked back since. And prior to that, of course, there was cocaine.

"My nose is wrecked," he says. "If I had a piece of cotton wool I could show you a trick. At the turn of the '80s I was doing £200 worth of cocaine a day. The money itself was no problem but getting it in cash all the time was. I used to worry that I wouldn't be able to get enough cash each day."

In rock 'n' rock there's drink and drugs but there's also that other great bastion of success, sex. And guess what, Francis has been through that too.

"I remember pulling birds and acting dead macho. You get in a room with a woman, get peeled off . . . and then get severely embarrassed. I used to think I was on stage again, trying to give a performance, trying to live up to the last fella that had been there."

For a man so obviously soft-hearted the rock'n'roll lifestyle can have disastrous effects. Rossi is now through his second marriage. He's got everything money can buy but he can only windowshop the things it can't buy. There's a sad irony in the fact that the man who'll spend "a grand or whatever it costs" on a decent whistle now derives most of his pleasure from jigsaws and crossword puzzles. He likes Pavarotti and Placido Domingo and will push on 'til he's 42 "because everybody else has . . . I still believe in marriage. I'd like to share all this with somebody. I don't see the point in me having all this and no one to share it with. But it's really difficult finding somebody. I miss being married but I don't think I'll chance it again."

**At Paris' Charly de Gaulle airport** it's almost time to run the clock backwards but there's a slight delay on take-off. Maybe Ron is still in Duty Free picking up his Eiffel Tower-shaped bottle of liquor.

Eventually the plane takes off and banks over Paris. Next time you hear "Rockin' All Over The World" or "Paper Plane" or "In The Army", think of Francis Rossi - the lonely firework man - sitting doing a jigsaw in a tea room in some Holiday Inn, wondering when that nice interviewer is going to come back.

"I could sit and do this forever," he told me.

I fear you will Francis, you will, you will, you will . . .



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**WEMBLEY.** 2 males/females for own room in house. Rent £270 p/m each. Deposit 1 month. Phone John, 904 5828 home.

**WHITECHAPEL.** Male/female for own room in house. Rent £43 p/w plus bills. Deposit £100. Phone Carl, 981 2144 home. Share facilities.

**SUDBURY.** Male for own room in house. Rent £148 p/m plus bills. Deposit 1 month plus 2 refs. Phone Kath, 459 8398 home.

**MERTON PARK.** Male for own room in house. Rent £35 p/w incl eve meal. Deposit 1 month. Phone Mrs Henning, 542 5373 home.

**BETHNAL GREEN.** Male/female for own room in house. Rent £40 p/w plus bills. Deposit neg. Phone Mrs Talerman, 458 7496 home. Non-smoker.

**NORTH ACTON.** 2–3 males/females for own room in house. Rent £400 p/m. Deposit neg. Phone Francis, 0895 833470 home. Available immediately.

**N17 (TOTTENHAM).** Female for own room in house. Rent £35 p/w. Deposit £70. Phone 808 8825 home.

**HIGHGATE.** Male/female for 2 own rooms in house. Rent £55 p/w and £45 p/w. Deposit 1 month. Phone Jean, 340 6984.

**CROYDON.** Male for own room in house. Rent £35 p/w incl bills. Deposit 2 weeks. Phone Chris, 656 5164.

**SWISS COTTAGE.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £31 p/w. Deposit £100. Phone Mel, 624 6997 home.

**DULWICH.** 3 males for own rooms in flat. Rent £35 p/w per person plus bills. Deposit neg. Phone 299 0871 home. Near public transport.

**TOTTENHAM.** 2 males/females for bedsit in house. Rent £35 p/w each. Deposit £70. Phone 888 7505. Near Turnpike Lane Tube.

**CAMBERWELL.** Male/female for own room in house. Rent £150 pcm excl. Deposit 1 month. Phone Richard, 733 6617 evenings, home. Non-smoker. Near transport.

**SUTTON.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £30 p/w. Phone Andy, 643 3643 home.

**HENDON.** Female for own room in flat. Rent £45 p/w incl. Deposit £100. Phone Jackie, 203 5033 home.

**STAMFORD HILL.** 2 males/females for own room in flat. Rent £30 p/w excl. Deposit 1 month. Phone 800 4472 home.

**STOKE NEWINGTON.** Female for own room in flat. Rent £60 p/w incl. Deposit 1 month. Phone 809 2606 home. Prof person. 2 refs req.

**BOUNDS GREEN.** Male/female for own room in house. Rent £60 p/w. Deposit 1 month. Phone 809 2606 home. 2 refs req.

**BRIXTON HILL.** Female for own room in house. Rent £42.50 p/w incl. Deposit 4 weeks. Phone Jane, 671 3982 home. Non-smoker. Employed person, 20+.

**STREATHAM HILL.** Female for own room in flat. Rent £35 p/w. Deposit £140. Phone Karen, 671 9375 after 7pm, home.

**HARROW.** Male/female for own room in house. Rent £45 p/w incl. Deposit £60. Phone Cindy/Jean, 907 4328 home. Large room.

**KILBURN.** Female for own room in house. Rent £40 p/w incl. Deposit 4 weeks, neg. Phone Diana, 328 0075. Quiet person please.

**WILLESDEN GREEN.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £50 p/w. Deposit 1 month. Phone Thomas, 637 5431 home. Nice garden. Near Tube.

**SIDCUP.** 2 males/females for own room in flat. Rent £450 p/m. Deposit 2 months. Phone Mr Daniels, 309 0703 home. Near BR station. Non-smoker pref.

**STREATHAM.** Couple for own room in house. Rent £70 p/w approx. Deposit 2 weeks. Phone 237 8606 home. Lux flat.

**TOOTING BEC.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £110 p/m. Deposit £110. Phone 672 3129 home. Share facilities. Someone in employment please.

**STREATHAM.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £157 p/m plus bills. Deposit £150. Phone Alison, 671 6851 home. C/H.

**HARLES DEN.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £25 p/w. Deposit £50. Phone Miss Dickin, 402 5227 home. Share bills.

**BRIXTON.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £150 p/m. Deposit £150. Phone Hardeep/Bo, 274 6151 after 6.30pm, home. Easy access to local transport. Lux flat, fun flat. Non-smoker.

**EAST FINCHLEY N2.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £45 p/w incl. Deposit £2 weeks. Phone 346 8967 after 4pm, home.

**WILLES DEN GREEN NW2.** Female for own room in maisonette. Rent £112 per 4 weeks, incl. Deposit £80.00. Phone Martin/Steve, 450 2083 after 5pm, home. Very near Tube. All bills incl (except phone). Share with three others.

**TWICKENHAM.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £230 pcm, plus bills and phone. Deposit 1 month. Phone 892 3221 after 7pm.

**SE22.** Female for own room in flat. Rent £103 p/m plus bills. Deposit £125. Phone 693 9917 eves.

**CATFORD.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £180 p/m incl. Deposit £100. Phone 461 4591 after 2pm.

**PUTNEY.** Male/female for shared room in house. Rent £150 pcm. Deposit £300. Phone 789 9167 after 7pm.

**FOREST HILL/DULWICH.** Males/females for own rooms (1 double, 1 single) in flat. Rent £50 p/w double, £40 p/w single. Deposit 1 month. Phone 699 6652. All mod cons. C/H. London Bridge 10 mins. Recently decorated. Lovely large flat.

**NR TOWER HILL.** Female for own room in flat. Rent £150 plus bills. Deposit £150. Phone 480 5711. Non-smoker.

**TULSE HILL SW2.** Female for own room in flat. Rent £25 p/w. Deposit £100. Phone 671 1016. Non-smoker.

**PLAISTOW.** 2 females for own rooms in house. Rent £45 and £35 p/w, incl. Deposit 2 weeks. Phone 470 9899. 2 mins Tube. TV.

**CLAPHAM SW11.** Male/female for own room in house. Rent £240 p/m. Deposit £186. Phone 671 5976. Large double room. Share with 2 others.

**ST MARGARETS, TWICKENHAM.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £45 p/w incl. Phone 892 6909. Very large flat. Nr BR.

**SE15.** Female for own room in flat. Rent £121.33 pcm plus bills. Deposit £50. Phone 635 8400 after 4pm. Non-smoker.

**WANDSWORTH COMMON.** Male/female for own room in house. Rent £40 p/w plus bills. Deposit £175. Phone 870 2298.

**CHARLTON VILLAGE.** Male/female for own room in house. Rent £30 p/w. Deposit £50. Phone 858 0546 after 8pm. Nr BR. Very nice area.

**WEST CROYDON.** Couple for flat. Rent £85 p/w plus bills. Deposit £200. Phone 684 6333 after 5pm.

**SYDENHAM SE26.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £35 p/w plus bills. Phone 051 653 6816 evenings. Garden flat.

**CROYDON.** Female for own room in house. Rent £35 p/w plus bills. Phone 684 8100 after 6pm.

**TOOTING BEC.** Couple for own double room in house. Rent £70 p/w plus bills. Deposit 1 month. Phone 672 6431 after 6pm. C/H.

**WANSTEAD E11.** Male/female for own double room in house. Rent £60 p/w plus bills. Deposit 1 month. Phone 530 7123 eves and w/e.

**SHEPPERTON.** Male/female for own room in house. Rent £180 p/m plus bills. Deposit £90. Phone 0932 243192.

**SE4.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £35 p/w plus bills. Deposit 2 weeks. Phone 732 5119 after 6.30pm.

**WAPPING E1.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £150 pcm excl. Deposit negotiable. Phone Sandra Thornton 629 7666 x 2020. 4 month let only (end April–end Aug). 2 mins from Wapping Tube.

**NW6.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £45 p/w plus bills. Deposit £65. Phone 435 1467 after noon. Prof persons over 25.

**KENSAL RISE.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £50 p/w incl. Deposit 1 month. Phone 968 4806 eves. Nr Tube and buses.

**TOOTING BROADWAY.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £40 p/w plus bills. Phone 672 5387 after 6.30pm. Prof person. Nr Tube and shops.

**CLAPHAM SOUTH.** 2 males/females for own rooms in house. Rent £40 each p/w plus bills. Deposit £160 each. Phone 736 9965 after 5.30pm.

**SE17.** Male/female for own room in house. Rent £21.50 p/w plus bills. Phone 701 6568 after 7pm.

**NEW CROSS GATE.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £83 pcm. Deposit 1 month. Phone John Statton, 374 8565 work. Next to Tube. Large flat.

**KENTON.** Female for own room in flat. Rent £200 pcm incl. Phone A. K. Richie, 907 7939. Near Northwick Park Tube.

**NEW ELTHAM SE9.** Male/female for own room in house. Rent £40 p/w. Deposit 1 month. Phone Linsey Hague, 851 1754. All mod cons. Garden. Near BR.

**WEMBLEY.** 2 males/females for double room in house. Rent £220 pcm incl. Deposit £241. Phone Audrey, 902 4039 daytime. Near Tube and BR.

**NORBURY.** Males/females for 3 double rooms and 1 single in house. Rent £225 pcm incl. Deposit £225. Phone Paul Carmichael, 840 7377. Refs required.

**CAMBERWELL SE5.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £35 p/w plus 1/2 bills. Phone Julia Strong, 628 4030 x 3316 work. Non-smoker. Easy transport.

**MANOR PARK E12.** Female for own room in flat. Rent £32 p/w excl. Deposit £50. Phone Brian, 203 6469 x 5955 work. 20's. Non-smoker. Near BR.

**WALTHAMSTOW.** Male/female for own room in garden flat. Rent £35 p/w excl. Deposit TBA. Phone Richard, 247 6500 work. 20's. Non-smoker. 5 mins from Tube and BR.

**HARLES DEN NW10.** Male for own room in flat. Rent £40 p/w incl (phone extra). Deposit 1 month. Phone Rupert, 579 5197 work. 20–30. Near transport.

**WILLES DEN GREEN.** Male/female for own double room in flat. Rent £55 p/w. Deposit 2 wks plus 1 wk in advance. Phone Brian, 203 6469 work. Any age. Near Tube.

**HARLES DEN.** 2 males/females for own room in house. Rent £70 p/w incl. Deposit 1 month. Phone Emma 961 6093 home. 20+. Very near Tube.

**N7.** 4 male/females for own 2 rooms in flat. Rent £35 p/w each. Deposit 1 month. Phone 341 5895 daytime.

**SE22.** Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £40 p/w incl. Deposit £100. Phone 693 8006 after 6pm.

**CAMBERWELL.** 2 males/females for own room in house. Rent £70 p/w incl. Deposit 1 month. Phone Emma, 961 6093 home. Luxury house. 20+. Near Tube.

**SHEPHERDS BUSH W12.** Female for own room in flat. Rent £130 pcm. Deposit £130. Phone Barry, 749 7069 after 6pm, home. Non-smoker, 25+. Refs required. Mixed flat. Near Tube.

**WOODFORD GREEN, ESSEX.** Female for own room in flat. Rent £40 p/w excl. Deposit £177 TBA. Phone Clare, 504 2424 after 7pm. 20's. Very near Tube.

**N8.** Male/female for bedsit. Rent £45 p/w single or £50 couple p/m. Deposit 1 month. Phone 341 5895 daytime.

**TOTTENHAM.** Male/female for own room in house. Rent £130 pcm plus bills. Deposit £130. Phone 885 3331. C/H. Garden flat.

**LOWER EDMONTON.** Male/female for own room in house. Rent £115 pcm. Deposit £50. Phone 724 0088 x247. 5 mins station.

**TOOTING BROADWAY.** Male/female for own room in house. Rent £85 p/m incl. Deposit £100. Phone 677 5827 after 6pm.

**SEVEN SISTERS.** Male/female for own large room in house. Rent £130 pcm plus bills. Deposit £130. Phone 809 2840.

**LEYTONSTONE E11.** Male/female for own room in house. Rent £60 p/w incl. Phone Patrick Campbell, 377 3103 work. Big room. Big garden. 5 mins from Tube.

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THE CAPITAL/NME  
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SEND IT TO NME, BUT  
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## CAPITAL PROGRAMMES

Ben E. King is Live in London on Good Friday. Highlights of his recent concert at the London Palladium and Rod Stewart's July visit to Wembley can be heard at 7pm.

On Saturday nights David Rodigan plays two hours of the best reggae on record. The latest dub plates from Jamacia and the UK are mixed with vintage ska, classic oldies and London's most comprehensive reggae What's On listings. Plus there's the reggae quiz and "Out The Light" – music for lovers played back to back. That's Roots Rockers with Rodigan from 10 to midnight.

Starting at 9am on Easter Sunday, Capital swings into a 48 hour fund-raising marathon for Help a London Child. On-air auctions include such exotic prizes as holidays in The Gambia, Greece, Cannes and Copenhagen, a trip in a balloon, piloted by

Richard Branson, a photographic session with Lord Litchfield and lunch with either Frank Bruno or Samantha Fox.

From 10pm to midnight, Capital comes live from The Mad Hatters Party at the Hippodrome. Special guests include The Blow Monkeys, Eddie Kidd, The Joan Collins Fan Club, and It Bites. A £10 donation to Help a London Child will secure your ticket.

Daytime music on Capital plays all over London on 1548 AM and 95.8 FM in stereo. Weekday programmes include: 6.30am – Chris Tarrant; 9am (Tues) Richard Skinner, 9am Wed–Fri, David Jensen; 11am – Mick Brown with The Wall of Sound Show; 1pm – Roger Scott; 3pm – John Sachs; 5pm – Peter Young. 9am Easter Sunday – 6pm Bank Holiday Monday – Capital Radio's Help A London Child Appeal.

## CAPITAL RADIO/NME FLATSHARE LIST ORDER FORM

Post to: CAPITAL/NME FLATSHARE LIST, ROOM 329, COMMONWEALTH HOUSE, 1–19 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON WC1A 1NG.

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Section Heading (Please tick)  
Accommodation Available in London ☐  
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Please write in the space provided, and delete alternatives where not applicable.

(AREA) .....  
MALE/FEMALE FOR SHARED/OWN ROOM IN FLAT/HOUSE  
RENT £..... Deposit £.....  
PHONE (NAME AND NUMBER)..... Home/Work  
(OTHER INFORMATION).....  
.....







# CHARTS

## 45s UK TOP FIFTY LPs

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST
1	1	LET IT BE..... Ferry Aid (The Sun)	3 1
2	5	LA ISLA BONITA (REMIX)..... Madonna (Sire)	3 2
3	3	LET'S WAIT AWHILE..... Janet Jackson (Breakout)	4 3
4	2	RESPECTABLE..... Mel & Kim (Supreme)	6 1
5	4	WITH OR WITHOUT YOU..... U2 (Island)	4 2
6	6	LEAN ON ME..... Club Nouveau (King Jay)	4 6
7	10	IF YOU LET ME STAY..... Terence Trent D'Arby (CBS)	6 7
8	12	THE IRISH ROVER..... Pogues & Dubliners (Stiff)	3 8
9	15	ORDINARY DAY..... Curiosity Killed The Cat (Mercury)	2 9
10	17	EVER FALLEN IN LOVE..... Fine Young Cannibals (London)	4 10
11	22	WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE..... Bon Jovi (Mercury)	2 11
12	28	CAN'T BE WITH YOU TONIGHT..... Judy Boucher (Orbitone)	3 12
13	11	WEAK IN THE PRESENCE OF BEAUTY..... Alison Moyet (CBS)	7 6
14	18	DAY IN DAY OUT..... David Bowie (EMI/America)	3 14
15	20	STILL OF THE NIGHT..... Whitesnake (EMI)	4 15
16	7	BIG TIME..... Peter Gabriel (Virgin)	4 7
17	23	LIVING IN A BOX..... Living In A Box (Cooltempo)	3 17
18	9	SIGN 'O' THE TIMES..... Prince (Paisley Park)	6 9
19	8	EVERYTHING I OWN..... Boy George (Virgin)	7 1
20	13	I GET THE SWEETEST FEELING..... Jackie Wilson (SMP)	8 3
21	19	(YOU'VE GOTTA) FIGHT FOR YOUR RIGHT..... Beastie Boys (Def Jam)	8 10
22	14	RESPECT YOURSELF..... Bruce Willis (Motown)	6 5
23	32	KEEP YOUR EYE ON ME - Special Mix..... Herb Alpert (Breakout)	4 23
24	16	THE GREATEST PRETENDER..... Freddie Mercury (Parlophone)	7 2
25	31	OUT WITH HER..... The Blow Monkeys (RCA)	3 25
26	36	LET MY PEOPLE GO GO..... The Rainmakers (Mercury)	2 26
27	38	ANOTHER STEP..... Kim Wilde & Junior (MCA)	2 27
28	(-)	WHY CAN'T I BE YOU..... The Cure (Fiction)	1 28
29	21	LIVE IT UP..... Mental As Anything (Epic)	9 3
30	(-)	BIG DECISION..... That Petrol Emotion (Polydor)	1 30
31	47	NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE..... Spear Of Destiny (10/Virgin)	2 31
32	29	I'D RATHER GO BLIND..... Ruby Turner (Jive)	5 29
33	30	EVE'S VOLCANO..... Julian Cope (Island)	2 30
34	46	BOOPS (HERE TO GO)..... Sly & Robbie (Fourth & Broadway)	2 34
35	(-)	RADIO HEART..... Gary Numan/Radio Heart (GFM)	1 35
36	(-)	NOTHING'S GONNA STOP US NOW..... Starship (Grunut)	1 36
37	25	LOVING YOU IS SWEETER THAN EVER..... Nick Kamen (WEA)	6 20
38	(-)	BIG LOVE..... Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	1 38
39	(-)	FOLLOWING..... Bangles (CBS)	1 39
40	40	SHE COMES FROM THE RAIN..... The Weather Prophets (Elevation)	3 40
41	(-)	THE SLIGHTEST TOUCH..... Five Star (Tent)	1 41
42	45	SOMETHING INSIDE (SO STRANGE)..... Labi Siffre (China)	2 42
43	(-)	IT'S THE WAY YOU USE IT..... Eric Clapton (Duck)	1 43
44	(-)	HOOKED ON LOVE..... Dead Or Alive (Epic)	1 44
45	50	THE RIGHT THING..... Simply Red (WEA)	9 10
46	34	HEAT OF THE NIGHT..... Bryan Jones (A&M)	3 14
47	27	SEXY GIRL..... Lillo Thomas (Capitol)	4 18
48	35	WHAT YOU GET IS WHAT YOU SEE..... Tina Turner (Capitol)	5 31
49	(-)	TWILIGHT WORLD..... Swing Out Sister (Mercury)	1 49
50	24	IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE..... Erasure (Mute)	8 12

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST
1	1	THE JOSHUA TREE..... U2 (Island)	5 1
2	4	NOW 9..... Various (EMI/Virgin)	3 2
3	2	RUNNING IN THE FAMILY..... Level 42 (Polydor)	5 3
4	3	MEN AND WOMEN..... Simply Red (WEA)	5 2
5	10	SIGN 'O' THE TIMES..... Prince (Paisley Park)	2 5
6	18	INTO THE FIRE..... Bryan Adams (A&M)	2 6
7	12	1987..... Whitesnake (EMI)	2 7
8	(-)	RAINDANCING..... Alison Moyet (CBS)	1 8
9	15	THE CIRCUS..... Erasure (Mute)	2 9
10	5	GRACELAND..... Paul Simon (Warner Bros)	24 1
11	(-)	ELECTRIC..... The Cult (Beggars Banquet)	1 11
12	6	PHANTOM OF THE OPERA..... Original Cast (Polydor)	9 1
13	13	CONTROL..... Janet Jackson (A&M)	4 13
14	7	SO..... Peter Gabriel (Virgin)	11 5
15	8	MOVE CLOSER..... Various (CBS)	5 8
16	11	AUGUST..... Eric Clapton (Duck)	19 2
17	9	THE VERY BEST OF HOT CHOCOLATE..... Hot Chocolate (Rak)	8 4
18	14	LICENSED TO ILL..... Beastie Boys (Def Jam)	11 14
19	(-)	AMONG THE LIVING..... Anthrax (Island)	1 19
20	(-)	THIS TIME..... Culture Club (Virgin)	1 20
21	16	PICTURE BOOK..... Simply Red (Elektra)	10 5
22	21	MADONNA..... Madonna (Sire)	40 1
23	23	SILK AND STEEL..... Five Star (Tent/RCA)	33 2
24	25	GIVE ME A REASON..... Luther Vandross (Epic)	14 7
25	17	THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN..... The Smiths (Rough Trade)	6 2
26	27	THE DANCE CHART..... Various (Telestar)	3 26
27	20	INVISIBLE TOUCH..... Genesis (Rough Trade)	4 10
28	48	SLIPPERY WHEN WET..... Bon Jovi (Vertigo)	29 3
29	22	WILD FRONTIER..... Gary Moore (10)	6 8
30	19	LIVE MAGIC..... Queen (EMI)	18 1
31	26	BROTHERS IN ARMS..... Dire Straits (Vertigo)	95 1
32	24	IMPRESSIONS..... Various (K-Tel)	7 19
33	38	SAINT JULIAN..... Julian Cope (Island)	6 7
34	(-)	CLASSIC SONGS..... James Taylor (CBS/WEA)	1 34
35	28	THE COMMUNARDS..... The Communards (London)	17 15
36	45	THE WHOLE STORY..... Kate Bush (EMI)	21 2
37	(-)	THE COLLECTION..... Engelbert Humperdinck (Telstar)	1 37
38	29	UPFRONT 5..... Various (Serious)	4 29
39	34	THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS..... Siouxsie And The Banshees (Polydor)	6 9
40	(-)	HOUSE SOUND OF CHICAGO 2..... Various (London)	1 40
41	RE	STORNG PERSUADER..... Robert Cray Band (Mercury)	1 41
42	41	DIFFERENT LIGHT..... The Bangles (CBS)	18 1
43	42	LIS FOR LOVER..... Al Jarreau (WEA)	2 42
44	39	REUNION WILDERNESS..... The Railway Children (Rough Trade)	2 39
45	(-)	CRUSH ON YOU..... The Jets (MCA)	1 45
46	31	THE FINAL COUNTDOWN..... Europe (Epic)	21 8
47	32	DANCING ON THE CEILING..... Lionel Richie (Motown)	5 27
48	(-)	SHAKA ZULU..... Ladysmith Black Mambazo (Warner)	1 48
49	33	REVENGE..... Eurythmics (RCA)	3 25
50	36	THE PAVAROTTI COLLECTION..... Luciano Pavarotti (Stylus)	2 36

## 45s INDEPENDENT LPs

1	2	AHEAD..... Wire (Mute)
2	1	ALWAYS THERE..... Rose Of Avalanche (Fire)
3	9	TAKE THE SKINHEADS BOWLING..... Camper Van Beethoven (Rough Trade)
4	11	PREACHER MAN..... Fields Of The Nephelim (Situation Two)
5	3	WHAT GIVES YOU THE IDEA..... Crazyhead (Food)
6	8	IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE..... Erasure (Mute)
7	10	STOP KILLING ME..... The Primitives (Lazy)
8	5	ASK JOHNNY DEE..... The Chesterfields (Subway)
9	4	SUNNY SUNDAE SMILE..... My Bloody Valentine (Lazy)
10	6	CHAINS CHANGED..... Throwing Muses (4 AD)
11	12	BRIGHTER..... The Railway Children (Factory)
12	15	EVERYTHING'S GROOVY..... Gaye Bykers On Acid (In Tape)
13	7	CRAWL BABIES..... The Pastels (Glass)
14	22	SWEET SWEET PIE..... Pop Will Eat Itself (Chapter 22)
15	(-)	CRUELTY..... The Wolfhounds (Pink)
16	25	IXION..... Blyth Power (All The Madmen)
17	(-)	CHERNOBYL BABY..... Baby Amphetamine (Creation)
18	14	ONE VISION..... Laibach (Mute)
19	20	WHEN IT ALL COMES DOWN..... Miaow (Factory)
20	18	HEAVEN SENT..... Josef K (Supreme)
21	26	KISS..... Age Of Chance (FON)
22	16	JUST A CITY..... Voice Of The Beehive (Food)
23	(-)	WHOLE LOTTA LOVE..... Vicious Rumour Club (Music Of Life)
24	RE	I LOVE MY LEATHER JACKET..... The Chills (Flying Nun)
25	(-)	DID YOU MISS ME?..... Young Gods (Product Inc)
26	19	MY FAVOURITE DRESS..... The Wedding Present (Reception)
27	23	LOVE IS DEAD..... The Godfathers (Corporate Image)
28	28	THE RAIN FELL DOWN..... Jesse Garon & The Desperadoes (Narodnik)
29	27	FRANS HALS..... McCarthy (Pink)
30	13	BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP..... The Smithereens (Enigma)

1	1	THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN..... The Smiths (Rough Trade)
2	2	SHABINI..... The Bhundu Boys (Disque Afrique)
3	5	THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES..... Michelle Shocked (Cooking Vinyl)
4	6	REUNION WILDERNESS..... The Railway Children (Factory)
5	(-)	CIRCUS..... Erasure (Mute)
6	10	OPUS DEI..... Laibach (Mute)
7	8	LOCUST ABORTION TECHNICIAN..... The Butthole Surfers (Blast First)
8	3	BACK AGAIN IN THE DHSS..... Half Man Half Biscuit (Probe Plus)
9	7	UP FOR A BIT WITH THE..... The Pastels (Glass)
10	9	CRUSH COLLISION..... Age Of Chance (Fon)
11	4	WONDERLAND..... Erasure (Mute)
12	12	HONKY TONKIN'..... The Mekons (Sin)
13	(-)	HAPPY HOUR..... Ted Hawkins (Windows On The World)
14	11	ESPECIALLY FOR YOU..... The Smithereens (Enigma)
15	17	WALKING THE GHOST BACK HOME..... The Bible (Backs)
16	20	QUIRK OUT..... Stump (Stuff)
17	(-)	CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN..... Camper Van Beethoven (Rough Trade)
18	13	BERSERKER..... Scratch Acid (Fundamental)
19	23	LIVE: DC BUMPIN' Y'ALL..... Chuck Brown (Rhythm King)
20	15	HORSE ROTORVATOR..... Coil (Force And Form)
21	14	OFFICIAL VERSION..... Front 242 (Red Rhino)
22	RE	CONCRETE SOCKS/HERESY..... Various (Earache)
23	21	DIRTDISH..... Wiseblood (Some Bizarre)
24	(-)	WICKED MEN, WICKED WOMEN AND WICKED KEEPERS..... Blyth Power (All The Madmen)
25	18	HYSTERIE..... Lydia Lunch (Widowspeak)
26	28	ATOMIZER..... Big Black (Homestead)
27	26	CB6..... Various (NME/Rough Trade)
28	19	HIT BY HIT..... The Godfathers (Corporate Image)
29	27	BEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACY..... The Dead Kennedys (Alt Tentacles)
30	22	BEAUTY..... Various (Pink)



Ordinary boys steaming in at No. 9...

## DANCEFLOOR 20

1	MAMBO RICCI..... Eric Dolphy (Prestige)
2	FREEDOM JAZZ DANCE..... Charles Earland (Prestige)
3	CIGARETTES AND SPIRITS..... Big Moments (Triangle)
4	THEME FOR SCO..... Art Ensemble of Chicago (ECM)
5	NEW YORK IS A JUNGLE FESTIVAL..... Herbie Mann (Atlantic)
6	WOODYN' YOU..... Yusef Lateef (Cadet)
7	THE MEGA MINIMALIST AGE..... George Russell (Blue Note)
8	TU VERAS..... Etoile de Dakar (Pam)
9	BEI MIR BIST DU SUCHON..... Ramsey Lewis Trio (Cadet)
10	LITTLE WILLIE LEAPS..... Sheila Jordan (Black Hawk)
11	DON'T YOU WORRY 'BOUT A THING..... Stevie Wonder (Motown)
12	HE AIN'T GOT RHYTHM..... Lester Young/Billie Holiday (Columbia)
13	JUBILEE SHOUT..... Stanley Turrentine (Blue Note)
14	SOUL SAUCE (LIVE '76)..... Cal Tjader (Fantasy)
15	JUMPY CHA CHA..... Orquesta Nuevo Ritmo de Cuba (GNP)
16	BACHANALLE..... Jack Costanzo (Fontana)
17	MACHO..... Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy (ECM)
18	RIGHT NOW..... Mel Torme (Atlantic)
19	ARCADES..... Stan Tracey's Hexad (Steam)
20	OL' MAN MOSE..... Ella Fitzgerald (Verve)

From The Jazz Tinge, The Pen And Wig, Dale End, Birmingham.

## FUNK 20

1	LET'S WAIT A WHILE (UK 12')..... Janet Jackson (A&M)
2	KEEP YOUR EYE ON ME (UK 12')..... Herb Alpert (A&M)
3	ONE FROM THE HEART (EURO LP)..... Jocelyn Brown (EMI)
4	AND THE BEAT GOES ON (UK 12')..... Whispers (MCA)
5	BOYS NIGHT OUT (UK LP)..... First Circle (EMI)
6	LIVING IN A BOX (UK 12')..... Living In A Box (CHR)
7	BLUE MOODS (UK LP)..... Keni Stevens (Jam Today)
8	SIGN 'O' THE TIMES (UK LP)..... Prince (Paisley Park)
9	LET YOURSELF GO (US 12')..... Sybil (Next Plateau)
10	WHY SHOULD I CRY (US 12')..... Nona Hendryx (EMI)
11	SCREAMING AT THE MOON (UK 12')..... Phyllis Hyman (Philly Int)
12	DON'T BLOW A GOOD THING (UK 12')..... Vesta Williams (A&M)
13	LOVE IS A DANGEROUS GAME (UK 12')..... Millie Jackson (Jive)
14	FEELIN' GUILTY (UK 12')..... W. Bell & J. Bullock (Etc)
15	WHEN LOVE GOES WRONG (US 12')..... Carol Douglas (New Image)
16	ALL IN THE NAME OF LOVE (UK 12')..... Atlantic Starr (Wam Bro)
17	CURIOSITY (UK 12')..... The Jets (MCA)
18	COOLIN OUT (US 12')..... Private Joy (Evejim)
19	CRUSH ON YOU (UK LP)..... The Jets (MCA)
20	SWEETHEART (US LP)..... Rainy Davis (Columbia)

Compiled by Alec & Jason at Record Shack, 12 Berwick Street, London W1

## REGGAE 45s

1	LET ME KNOW/I DREAM..... Maxi Priest (10)
2	HOOKED ON YOU/GIMME THE DUB..... Aswad (Simba)
3	NO ONE NIGHT STAND..... Nerious Joseph (Fine Style)
4	YES MAMA..... Little John (Live and Love)
5	HOMEBREAKER..... Winsome (Fine Style)
6	AGONY..... Pinchers (Live & Love)
7	PROMISE ME/WE ARE NO STRANGERS..... Ernest Wilson (Techniques)
8	CUFF 'N' DEM..... Mikey General (Digikal)
9	DON'T HURT MY FEELINGS..... Freddie McGregor (Power House)
10	DANCE CAANT NICE WITHOUT ME..... Frankie Paul and Joe Licksot (Otteys)

Charts by Dub Vendor, 274 Lavender Hill, London SW11.

## REGGAE LPs

1	SUPERSTAR HIT PARADE Volume 3..... Various (Live and Love)
2	ME NAME TIGER..... Tiger (Island)
3	VICTIM..... Gregory Isaacs (C and E)
4	THEM A WOLF..... Sugar Minott (C and E)
5	SEVEN GOLD..... U Roy (Ujama)
6	ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE..... Undivided Roots (Entemp)
7	DOUBLE TWIN SPIN VOL 1..... Various (Jammys)
8	HEART OF THE CONGOS..... Congos (Jah Live)
9	HAFE SAY SO..... Josey Wales (Jammys)
10	KICK BOY FACE..... Prince Jazzbo (Third World)



US

45s

- 1 NOTHING'S GONNA STOP US NOW ..... Starship (Grunt)
- 2 LEAN ON ME ..... Club Nouveau (Warner Bros)
- 3 I KNEW YOU WERE WAITING (FOR ME) ..... Aretha Franklin & George Michael (Arista)
- 4 TONIGHT TONIGHT TONIGHT ..... Genesis (Atlantic)
- 5 DON'T DREAM IT'S OVER ..... Crowded House (Capitol)
- 6 COME GO WITH ME ..... Expose (Arista)
- 7 SIGN 'O' THE TIMES ..... Prince (Paisley Park)
- 8 MIDNIGHT BLUE ..... Lou Gramm (Atlantic)
- 9 LET'S GO ..... Wang Chung (Geffen)
- 10 THE FINER THINGS ..... Steve Winwood (Island)
- 11 THE FINAL COUNTDOWN ..... Europe (Epic)
- 12 LOOKING FOR A NEW LOVE ..... Jody Watley (MCA)
- 13 LET WAIT A WHILE ..... Janet Jackson (A&M)
- 14 WALKING DOWN YOUR STREET ..... The Bangles (Columbia)
- 15 WHAT YOU GET IS WHAT YOU SEE ..... Tina Turner (Capitol)

US

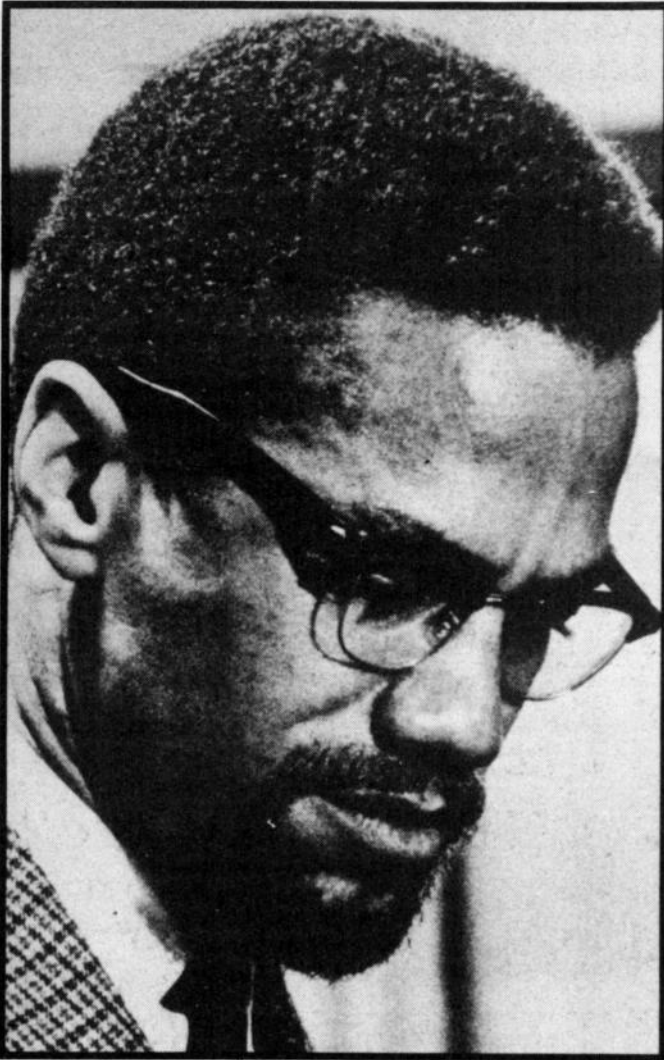
LPS

- 1 LICENSED TO ILL ..... Beastie Boys (Def Jam)
- 2 SLIPPERY WHEN WET ..... Bon Jovi (Mercury)
- 3 THE JOSHUA TREE ..... U2 (Island)
- 4 GRACELAND ..... Paul Simon (Warner Bros)
- 5 THE WAY IT IS ..... Bruce Hornsby And The Range (RCA)
- 6 INVISIBLE TOUCH ..... Genesis (Atlantic)
- 7 LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN ..... Poison (Enigma)
- 8 CONTROL ..... Janet Jackson (A&M)
- 9 THE FINAL COUNTDOWN ..... Europe (Epic)
- 10 LIFE LOVE AND PAIN ..... Club Nouveau (Warner Bros)
- 11 BACK IN THE HIGHLIFE ..... Steve Winwood (Island)
- 12 NIGHT SONGS ..... Cinderella (Mecury)
- 13 STRONG PERSUADER ..... Robert Cray (Mercury)
- 14 TRIO ..... Parton/Ronstadt/Harris (Warner Bros)
- 15 FORE! ..... Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)

Courtesy Billboard magazine

CUT-UPS

10



Malcom X: sold to the masses

- 1 NO SELL-OUT (featuring Malcolm X) ..... Malcolm X & Keith LeBlanc (Tommy Boy)
- 2 WHAT'S MY MISSION NOW? (John Wayne) ..... Tack-Head (On-U Sound)
- 3 I AM SOMEBODY (Jesse Jackson) ..... Glenn Jones (RCA)
- 4 THE MOTORCADE SPED ON (Walter Cronkite) ..... Double Dee & Steinski (NME freebie)
- 5 AMERICAN DREAM (Martin Luther King) ..... Bobby Womack (Beverly Glen)
- 6 STRIKE (Arthur Scargill) ..... The Enemy Within (Rough Trade)
- 7 WARDANCE (Adolf Hitler & Lord Haw Haw) ..... Funkmeister (Ryker)
- 8 ABRAHAM, MARTIN AND JOHN (Robert Kennedy) ..... Tom Clay (MoWest)
- 9 THE TERMINATOR (Dr Who & The Daleks!) ..... Junior Gee (Island)
- 10 THE PAY-OFF MIX (Humphrey Bogart) ..... Double Dee & Steinski (Payoff)

Chart voices checked in by the staff

WAUG-FM

10

- 1 INFECTED ..... The The (Epic)
- 2 TAKE IT ..... The Wallets (Twin-Tone)
- 3 SKYLARKING ..... XTC (Geffen)
- 4 WITH OR WITHOUT YOU ..... U2 (Island)
- 5 THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS ..... Siouxsie And The Banshees (Geffen)
- 6 WORLD SHUT YOUR MOUTH ..... Julian Cope (Island)
- 7 BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON ..... Los Lobos (Slash)
- 8 CROWDED HOUSE ..... Crowded House (Capitol)
- 9 RAGIN' FULL ON ..... Firehose (SST)
- 10 MIDNIGHT TO MIDNIGHT ..... Psychedelic Furs (Columbia)

Play chart from WAUG radio, Rock Island, Illinois

LEST WE FORGET



Nancy: nothin' stoopid . . . 20 years back

5

YEARS AGO

- 1 MY CAMERA NEVER LIES ..... Bucks Fizz (RCA)
- 2 AIN'T NO PLEASING YOU ..... Chas And Dave (Rockney)
- 3 SEVEN TEARS ..... Goombay Dance Band (Epic)
- 4 MORE THAN THIS ..... Roxy Music (EG/Polydor)
- 5 GHOSTS ..... Japan (Virgin)
- 6 JUST AN ILLUSION ..... Imagination (R&B)
- 7 GIVE ME BACK MY HEART ..... Dollar (WEA)
- 8 HAVE YOU EVER BEEN IN LOVE ..... Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)
- 9 EBONY AND IVORY ..... Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Parlophone)
- 10 DEAR JOHN ..... Status Quo (Vertigo)

10

YEARS AGO

- 1 KNOWING ME KNOWING YOU ..... Abba (Epic)
- 2 GOING IN WITH MY EYES OPEN ..... David Soul (Private Stock)
- 3 WHEN ..... Showaddywaddy (Arista)
- 4 RED SPELLS DANGER ..... Billy Ocean (GTO)
- 5 SOUND AND VISION ..... David Bowie (RCA)
- 6 I DON'T WANT TO PUT A HOLD ON YOU ..... Bernie Flint (EMI)
- 7 FREE ..... Deniece Williams (CBS)
- 8 YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE A STAR ..... Marliyn McCoo/Billy Davis Jr (ABC)
- 9 SUNNY ..... Boney M (Atlantic)
- 10 CHANSON D'ARMOUR ..... Manhattan Transfer (Atlantic)

15

YEARS AGO

- 1 WITHOUT YOU ..... Nilsson (RCA)
- 2 AMAZING GRACE ..... Royal Scots Dragoon Guards (RCA)
- 3 SWEET TALKIN' GUY ..... The Chiffons (London)
- 4 HOLD YOUR HEAD UP ..... Argent (Epic)
- 5 BEG, STEAL OR BORROW ..... New Seekers (Polydor)
- 6 ALONE AGAIN (NATURALLY) ..... Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
- 7 MEET ME ON THE CORNER ..... Lindisfarne (Charisma)
- 8 DESIDERATA ..... Les Crane (Warner Bros)
- 9 HEART OF GOLD ..... Neil Young (Reprise)
- 10 BACK OFF BOOGALOO ..... Ringo Starr (Apple)

'20

YEARS AGO

- 1 SOMETHIN' STUPID ..... Frank & Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
- 2 PUPPET ON A STRING ..... Sandie Shaw (Pye)
- 3 RELEASE ME ..... Engelbert Humberdinck (Pye)
- 4 A LITTLE BIT ME, A LITTLE BIT YOU ..... The Monkees (RCA)
- 5 THIS IS MY SONG ..... Harry Secombe (Phillips)
- 6 HAI HAI SAID THE CLOWN ..... Manfred Mann (Fontana)
- 7 SIMON SMITH AND HIS AMAZING DANCING BEAR ..... Alan Price Set (Decca)
- 8 IT'S ALL OVER ..... Cliff Richard (Columbia)
- 9 I WAS KAISER BILL'S BATMAN ..... Whistling Jack Smith (Deram)
- 10 EDELWEISS ..... Vince Hill (Columbia)

FRED FACT

Well, well, well. Though Genesis' 'Tonight, Tonight, Tonight' is now fading from sight in the UK charts, it's gone hurtle, hurtle, hurtle, Stateside, where it's now Top Five and likely to make it to No 1, that is, if Madonna's equally zoom-happy 'La Isla Bonita' doesn't beat it to the hallowed top spot. Continuing all this blah, blah, blah, if the British threesome, currently in third place, do reach No.1, then they'll be the third act since the advent of rock to make it to the top with a triple-repeated word for a title, former successful advocates in the art of repetitiveness being The Byrds, with 'Turn, Turn, Turn' (1965) and Jacko and Macca, with 'Say, Say, Say' (1983). Perhaps such a display of lyrical triple-play might have been expected from Collins & Co. though. After all, the first album by the current line-up was 'And Then There Were Three', later to be followed by 'Three Sides Live' and an EP known as '3 x 3'. Equally it was to be expected that their current single would be better received in the States than it was in Britain. For no similar three-for-the-price-of-one title has ever topped the UK charts. Even the Jackson-McCartney side flunked out, reaching No. 2 but failing to displace Billy Joel's 'Uptown Girl' from the premier position. America, however, has always been kind to the triple-decker title. The Beach Boys' 'Fun, Fun, Fun' went to No. 5 there in 1964 but failed to chart in Britain, while four versions of 'Mercy, Mercy, Mercy' (by The Buckinghams, Cannonball Adderley, Marlena Shaw, and Larry Williams with Johnny Watson) plastered the Billboard Hot 100 during 1967 without finding a single taker on this side of the Atlantic. True, Ohio Express' bubblegum anthem 'Yummy, Yummy' did well among the British intelligentsia, reaching No. 5. But in America it did even better, dambering to No. 4, a similar fate befalling Andrea True Connection's 1976 hit, 'More, More, More'.

And while on the subject of threesomes, it's worth devoting a line or three to 'Trio', the 10 years-in-the-making album put together by Dolly Parton, Emmylou Harris and Linda Ronstadt, whose combined age now totals 122 years. Again, in the States it's done its weight in cowpats, providing Emmylou with her first-ever Top 20 album. But, in Britain, while it's proved the biggest selling country album of recent weeks, it only made a brief appearance in the NME chart and still hasn't figured much in the Gallup Top 100. My, my, my.

Fred Dollar III

PRINCE  
UK DISCOGRAPHY

Born Prince Rogers Nelson, June 7, 1960, Minneapolis, Minnesota. A multi-instrumentalist/vocalist, he joined a band, Grand Central (later known as Champagne) in 1972, signed to Warners as a solo act during '78, and has since worked not only under his own name but also under such pseudonyms as Alexander Nevermind (producing for Sheena Easton), Christopher (working with The Bangles) and Jamie Starr (working with The Time, Sheila E etc). In more recent years his records have appeared on the Paisley Park label, released through WEA.

SINGLES

- 1979 I Wanna Be Your Lover/Just As Long As We're Together ..... (WEA K17537)#
- 1980 Sexy Dancer/Bambi ..... (WEA K17590)#
- 1981 Do It All Night/Head ..... (WEA K17768)#
- 1981 Gotta Stop (Messin' About)/Uptown ..... (WEA K17819)
- 1981 Gotta Stop (Messin' About)/I Wanna Be Your Lover ..... (WEA K17819)
- 1981 Controversy/When You Were Mine ..... (WEA K17866)#
- 1982 Let's Work/Ronnie Talk To Russia ..... (WEA K17922)#
- 1983 1999/How Come U Don't Call Me Anymore? ..... (WEA W9896)#
- 1983 Little Red Corvette/Lady Cab Driver ..... (WEA W9688)
- 1983 Little Red Corvette/Lady Cab Driver/Automatic/International Lover ..... (WEA W9688T)

- 1983 Little Red Corvette/Horny Toad ..... (WEA W9436)
- 1983 Little Red Corvette/Horny Toad/DMSR ..... (WEA W9436T)
- 1983 Let's Pretend We're Married/All The Critics Love U In New York ..... (WEA W9613)#
- 1984 When Doves Cry/17 Days ..... (WEA W9286)
- 1984 When Doves Cry/17 Days/1999 ..... (WEA 9286T)
- 1984 When Doves Cry/17 Days/1999/DMSR ..... (WEA W9286T double-pack)
- 1984 When Doves Cry/17 Days/1999/DMSR ..... (WEA W9286C cassette-single)
- 1984 Purple Rain/God ..... (WEA W9174)#
- 1984 Purple Rain/God ..... (WEA W9174P picture disc)
- 1984 I Would Die 4 U/Another Lonely Christmas ..... (WEA W9121)
- 1984 I Would Die 4 U/Another Lonely Christmas/Free ..... (WEA W9121T)
- 1984 1999/Little Red Corvette ..... (WEA W1999)#
- 1984 1999/Uptown/Controversy/DMSR/Sexy Dancer ..... (WEA W1999C cassette/single)
- 1985 Let's Go Crazy/Take Me With U ..... (WEA W2000)
- 1985 Let's Go Crazy/Take Me With U/Erotic City ..... (WEA W2000T)
- 1985 Paisley Park/She's Always In My Hair ..... (WEA W9052)
- 1985 Paisley Park/She's Always In My Hair/Paisley Park ..... (WEA W9052T)
- 1985 Paisley Park/She's Always In My Hair/Paisley Park/She's Always In My Hair ..... (WEA W9052T)

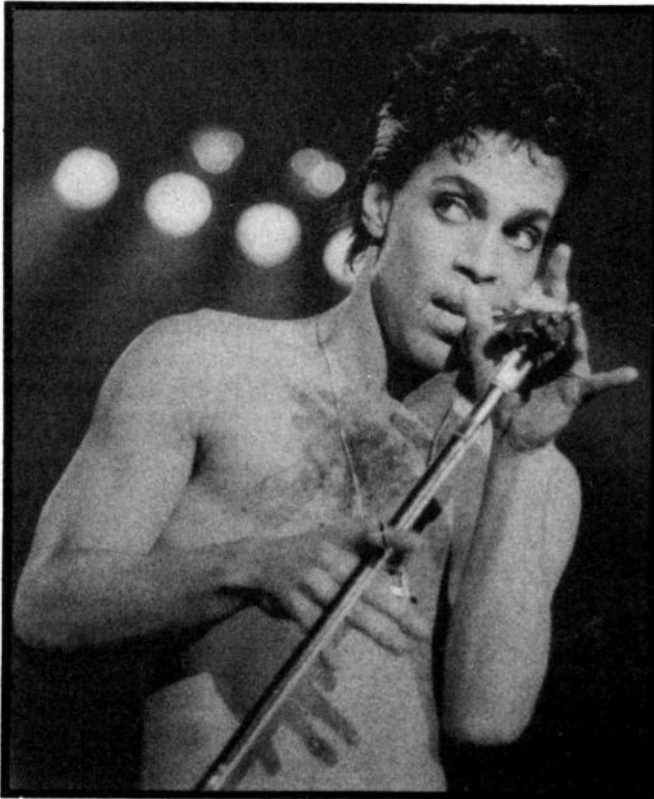
- 1985 Paisley Park/She's Always In My Hair ..... (WEA W9052P picture disc)
- 1985 Raspberry Beret/Hello ..... (WEA W8929)#
- 1985 Pop Life/Girl ..... (WEA W8858)#
- 1986 Kiss/Love Or Money ..... (WEA W8751)#
- 1986 Kiss/Love Or Money ..... (WEA W8751P picture disc)
- 1986 Mountains/Alexa De Paris ..... (WEA W8711)#
- 1986 Mountains/Alexa De Paris ..... (WEA W8711TW white vinyl 10")
- 1987 Girls And Boys/Under The Cherry Moon ..... (WEA W8586)
- 1987 Girls And Boys/Under The Cherry Moon/Erotic City ..... (WEA W8586T)
- 1987 Girls And Boys/Under The Cherry Moon/She's Always In My Hair/17 Days ..... (WEA W8586F double-pack)

- 1987 Anotherloveholenyohead/I Wanna Be Your Lover ..... (WEA W8521)#
  - 1987 Sign @ The Times/La La La He He He He ..... (WEA W8399)#
- (# indicates that the same titles also appeared on a 12" version with the catalogue number bearing an additional T)

ALBUMS

- 1980 Prince ..... (WEA K56772)
- 1980 Dirty Mind ..... (WEA K56862) re-released
- 1981 Controversy ..... (WEA K56950)
- 1983 1999 ..... (WEA 92 3809-1 single album)
- 1983 1999 ..... (WEA 92 3720-1 double album)
- 1984 Purple Rain ..... (WEA 925 110-1) available also in purple vinyl
- 1985 Around The World In A Day ..... (WEA 925 286-1)
- 1986 Parade ..... (WEA 925 395-1)
- 1986 Dirty Mind ..... (WEA K39393) budget release
- 1987 Sign @ The Times ..... (WEA WX 88)

In the States, a 1978 album 'For You' is available on WEA BSK 3150, while some early demos appeared on a 1986 release titled 'The Minneapolis Genius' (HPL 3223), though this album has been disowned by his royal purpleness.



PICTURE: LFI



# ANGST

## SAD AFRIKA

The 'Gracelands' record is doing as well as ever and I note in a recent *NME* that Mr Tambo has confirmed once and for all the continued cultural boycott of South African Artists/Merchandise.

Please, can anyone answer me this? If a white South African had written the song 'Free Nelson Mandela' and not a white British man, would the ANC have boycotted the record because of its origin?

What I mean to say is that there are white South Africans who sing/write against the system. Their work is all boycotted. Why?  
*Susan Fleck, London.*

Jerry Dammers is correct in condemning Paul Simon for his exploitation of South African musicians and any damage that may have occurred to the Anti-Apartheid movement as a result of 'Graceland'. A total boycott, cultural and economic, must be employed against South Africa.

Dammers' heart is certainly in the right place; however, it is disturbing to read statements like "especially without consulting the ANC first." Is Dammers willing to make exceptions to the boycott? To be effective a boycott must be complete; exceptions make it a hypocrisy. If the ANC allows an outside group to perform in South Africa, it is just as wrong as an American government that pretends to apply sanctions but continues to trade for reasons of "National Security." No artist should be allowed to play in South Africa.  
*Chris Larsen, Wading River, USA.*

With regard to *Manifesto* of 31.1.87, to call the ANC "the bravest and most morally defensible organisation of the century" is the biggest load of shit I've ever read in *NME*. That type of logic gives credibility to the PLO, IRA, Red Brigade and every other terrorist group.

Any organisation who specialise in making human bonfires (the necklace method) of the very same suppressed blacks they are trying, can definitely not be called brave or moral.

I don't think you people have a goddam clue what is actually going on in SA. I do not vote for our Mr P. W. Botha but there is also no way I will be part of voting in a group of murdering bastards like the ANC.  
*M. Chapman, Klerksdorp, South Africa.*

The multitude of moral and political censure aimed at Paul Simon's 'Graceland' LP by several of your paper's contributors is ill-conceived and fundamentally unjust. It denies your paper's role as both a pertinent commentator on popular music and a publication of political responsibility.

The artist in the context of popular music is bound by simply creating to make a

political statement in aesthetic terms. Only then can the work in question be fully understood through an appreciation of the synthesis of the chosen form with the subject matter and its intentions. In these terms, 'Graceland' is a small masterpiece, its successful evisceration of Southern African musical genres (admirably outlined by Mark Sinker in *Wire*, March '87) and their tinging with North African forms creating a music both forward-looking and original, and rooted in traditional forms.

Paul Simon is criticised for breaking a "cultural boycott". There is, it seems, an intrinsic difference between the collaboration of a Western artist with the neglected musicians of South Africa and the parading, in the cause of swift profit, of one's bombastic drivel on the stage of a financially-inspired obscenity in the centre of Bophuthatswana. Simon's involvement with South African musicians is not patronising, but aesthetically and culturally progressive. If the boycott precludes such a united artistic venture, then Simon's attitude would appear the more unifying and internationalist. His action as artist and politically-aware representative of western culture, a role he took on in making 'Graceland', seems to me irreproachable.  
*Matt Byrne, Stevenage.*

We do not need sanctions, however limited. We need help. South Africa is a country in deep trouble. We know that, but what you don't know is that you're trying to make things worse. The fall of the NP Government is inevitable. The end of apartheid is in sight, though the end of racial discrimination isn't.

The state of our economy is bad. Very few people can find jobs these days. Sanctions take away those jobs that untrained people can do, first. This means that the poor people, usually black and coloured people, suffer first, while people who could afford better education still have jobs. This makes the hatred of white people even worse. (*Don't follow that - MS*).

I know that black and white South Africans can work together. At my school, a private school, people of all races are accepted. I have friends of all colours and we have organisations, inside and outside school that are multi-racial. No one involved finds it at all strange or uncomfortable.

We think the rest of our country - i.e. those who still support 'separate development' - will soon discover how pathetic the Government's policies are, but you need to give us a chance. We need an atmosphere of optimism in which to work. Peaceful change is not a myth, but it can't happen while hate and discontent are being encouraged. Instead of helping us, sanctions could very easily kill our country completely. Despite all that's wrong with it,

we'd rather than didn't happen, because this is our home and (although this sounds corny) we love it.

Maybe you could defend and justify sanctions. We would be interested.  
*Nomsa Noqwanda, Grahamstown, South Africa.*

1. If a white South African had written 'Free Nelson Mandela', it's quite inconceivable that he'd have done so in isolation from the UDF or the Mass Democratic Forces, who would then consult on details of boycott or - occasionally - exceptions to the boycott. It isn't a cast-iron thing, or a blanket ban. And it isn't arranged on colour lines, either. The Mass Democratic Movement, and the ANC, represent the only constitutionally multi-racial organisation in South Africa. If the boycott appears to block off protesting voices, it isn't to be seen as a condemnation of their content, but a necessary evil dependent on a practical political decision to isolate the Apartheid Regime. It's complicated, Susan.
2. And over-zealous supporters don't help, Chris. The boycott isn't a matter of moral or self-righteous posture. Look, Ma, It's Nothing To Do With Me. It's a political action decided on by the ANC and implemented by national anti-apartheid movements in line with a UN ruling. If you try and turn it into an absolutist moral thing, you let Simon in by the back door - he's been telling himself and the world all along that what he did was OK - praise-worthy, in fact - because his motives were good, and his conscience is clean. Which is not the point at all. Ignoring the ANC is. That goes for all of us.
3. Because it all adds weight to the blinkered views of gentlemen like M. Chapman. The ANC is not a terrorist organisation. Letters like this have been known to emanate from the vile bowels of South Africa House, of course. If it's genuine, he has even less excuse - at least BOSS operatives would be doing their jobs.
4. Matt, I did briefly mention some of the artists Simon worked with in my *Wire* article, because no one else had, at that time. I didn't outline a "successful evisceration of Southern African musical genres" (d'you know what 'evisceration' means?), admirably, or any other way. (Take the compliment in the spirit meant, well, thanks but no thanks, y'know?). If Simon had consulted with the ANC initially, or if he'd subsequently come clean, then it would be very much easier to argue that the way he'd tackled the music in his project was "aesthetically and culturally progressive" -

but he's been arrogant, dishonest and stupid, both before and since. It's a pity. I like the record. I wish he'd tackled the project in a way that didn't so nakedly ignore the aspirations of the South African people, at all levels apart from the purely musical.

5. If sanctions had been decided far away in the UN building, or in London, or in Moscow, or even in Lusaka, then you might have a point. But they weren't. They've been agreed to by the UDF, by COSATU, by every organisation that can reasonably claim to represent the masses in South Africa. You find yourself in agreement with Margaret Thatcher and Chief Buthelezi, who represent no one, and a reactionary tribal faction, respectively. That's it - MS.

## LYNCH MOB

Re Don Watson's piece on David Lynch: How would all you male trendies at the *NME* react to a film which shows blacks in South Africa enjoying - sorry, as "complicit" in - apartheid? Or showing miners enjoying being beaten by police on picket lines - perhaps with a Yorkshire miner murmuring "Hit me, hit me" as the truncheon came down? What if the director announced that apartheid or police violence was "exciting"? That the blacks' or miners' masochism was "a true thing"? Would you run a feature defending him because this masochism is "displayed more as a symptom of . . . internal capitulation"? I suspect not.

When will you start to take women's oppression - of which sexual violence is an integral part - as seriously as that of other groups? Male violence against women, "sexual" or otherwise, is horrific, terrifying and deeply oppressive; women do NOT enjoy it. It is not something to be fashionably toyed around with by male directors. Like apartheid, a clear commitment against the oppression is vital from any member of the non-oppressed group thinking of dabbling in it for the sake of his Art, and from which he will benefit financially.

So next time you criticise Paul Simon's activities, perhaps you could also demand of David Lynch that he should have consulted with the authentic representatives of the victims of male violence (such as Rape Crisis Centres/Battered Womens' Refuges) before making the film; that he should donate the film's profits to these organisations; and that a statement clearly condemning male violence should be screened before every showing of *Blue Velvet*.  
*Zoe Herdman, Longbenton, Newcastle Upon Tyne.*

"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 a vacuum . . . " Don wrote that, just before the bit you did quote. I'm not that good at detailed criticism of films I haven't seen, but *Blue Velvet* arrives with the qualified approval of Saskia Baron and Lizzie Borden (director of *Working Girls* and *Born In Flames*) and the unqualified approval of Pauline Kael - none of these women have been noted for their hostility to feminist positions. I agree with everything in your second paragraph, and I think your first makes a sloppy rhetorical connection between class violence, racial violence, and sexual violence, which does nothing to face up to the fact of masochism in the make-up of certain personalities. Lynch has not - anywhere - claimed to be speaking for all women, or indeed any women. Simon has claimed to be representing the oppressed people of South Africa - MS.

## LAIBACH/LUNCH MOB

Slaves, slavs and stupidities: Don Watson on *Blue Velvet*'s S&M. "Since these things exist, does their investigation not tell us more about people?" A bit pompous, perhaps, but fair enough. Don Watson, one page later, on Nazi atrocities in Russia (*Come And See*): "But what is the point in watching further gruesome representations of Nazi crimes?" In other words, according to this logic, *The Night Porter* is revealing, provocative, disturbing, etc. while *Shoah* is obsessive, pointless, dated. I mean who needs boring old history when we have a simplistic (taken from surrealism not from psychoanalysis) notion of the unconscious. Sexual violence is so much more postmodern than, say, Nazi war criminals living in Britain. But let's turn to another dumb Kopf: Laibach receive yet another rave for their flirtation with fascism - their "aura of authority soon turns seductive" and so on.

Meanwhile *NME* still agonises over whether Paul Simon is the prince of darkness. Obviously, he should just shed his wanky old liberal notions, record 'You Love The Kiss Of My Sjambok' with Lydia Lunch and wait for the nada/Delirium crew to be

seduced. Could somebody hit these boys with a rolled-up copy of *Searchlight*?

*The ghost of Walter Benjamin, N10.* Who exactly are you hunting here? Don't take on so much at once. Biba and Don and Lydia would all make rotten Nazis. In a Yugoslav context - where the bureaucracy still hides many unreconstructed Stalinists, a deliberated association between Stalin and Hitler has a charge that's far deeper than simply "flirtation" - if that's how you read it, then you're trapped at the level of surface manifestations. You'll miss the real thing, pointing and shouting like that. Laibach are humourless bastards. They also gave the most physical challenging show I've ever seen - more violently seductive than 23 Skidoo or Throbbing Gristle because more disciplined (I didn't see the same show Barney saw). I have to come to terms with the fact that something inside me likes this stuff - that the raw impact of sound that rock and hip-hop also ride in on is far from innocent, that The Beastie Boys and The Membranes derive their value from dangerous energies - MS.

## SCRIBBLY WIBBLY WOW!

Apropos urban blues/hip-hop/hardcorps/'Age Of Chance' interview; the AOC appear as no more than a very English (c)hip(s)hop band whose 'Disco Inferno' is more akin to a (c)hip-pan fire than a nightclub conflagration - and which is most quickly dealt with by a damp tea-towel.

What we need now is more frontier jazz and renegade funk.  
*S. C. R. Kent, Sheffield.*

I do find it quite annoying when a title is given to a song when that title has already been used before. It happens so often.

Take The Style Council, for instance. They've just released a record containing a song entitled 'Fairy Tales', the same title as The Stockholm Monsters' excellent record of some years ago.

There ought to be a law against stealing titles, especially off songs as immortal as this. *The Soft Babies, West Mids.*

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