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GAEL FORCE

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A CHANCER'S GUIDE TO GAELIC POP

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SLAYER

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“Slayer are the acme of rock as aural acne. Like lobotomised dogs they snuffle along life’s crap plastered pavements, swallowing down the more slimy specimens to be regurgitated on demand for the audience of under-educated hop heads brought up on a diet of shag’n’slash movies and shit drugs.”

Steven Wells meets SLAYER: PAGE 10

“We want to promote them purely on their music and not their looks. We don’t want them to be Curiosity or one hit wonders. We want the music to do all the work.”

Their record company on why LIVING IN A BOX have been hiding in it: PAGE 14

“Pop critics have spent wasted lives trying to make sense of GAEL FORCE anti-heroes. They traced the authentic roots of The Jesus And Mary Chain back to New York garage punk, not realising that their anti-heroic ancestry ties at the feet of the great Slim Jim Baxter, a legendary Scottish footballer who

shared their anti-authoritarian coolness and the same petulant virtuosity.”

Sean O’Hagan and Stuart Cosgrove get in the GAEL FORCE: PAGE 28

“There’s always someone down there being shat on. And someone up there who’s making £100,000 a year, who’s got the car, who’s riding the wave of Thatcher’s new Britain. But: there’s also someone using *him*. There’s someone bigger than him who’s making real power out of his mere greed.”

GARY OLDMAN is Joe Orton in RADAR: PAGE 18

“So just who is this enemy? Is it Paul Weller and his red wedge of guilty success? Or Margaret Thatcher and The Bastards of Westminster? Wrong and wrong again. The enemy is Mel And Kim. ‘That music is *disgusting*’.”

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U2 OFFER GAEL-FORCE SHOW!

U2 HAVE announced details of an outdoor show in Edinburgh, which promoters Regular Music are claiming to be the biggest ever concert in Scotland. The venue is Edinburgh Murrayfield Stadium (capacity 45,000) and the show takes place on August 1. U2's other Scottish shows, at the Glasgow Exhibition Centre on July 29 and 30, sold out within hours of being announced.

Tickets for Edinburgh are £14, plus 30p booking fee, and are available now by post from U2 Murrayfield, PO Box 77, GPO Edinburgh. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope, make cheques or postal orders payable to Regular Music Festivals Ltd, and allow 28 days for delivery.

A credit card hotline has also been set up (031 226 2295) and local outlets will be selling tickets soon.



Johnny Clegg (front and centre) and his band, Savuka.



JB: baaad teeth!

JB's DECAY DELAY

JAMES BROWN is still scheduled to play London's Wembley Arena tonight (Wednesday) despite cancelling an appearance on *The Tube* and two French shows last week after emergency dental surgery.

Brown had to have 140 stitches in his mouth because of an abscess. The official word from the States is that treatment to replace

crowns went wrong and the Godfather of Soul was in severe pain for several days.

"He's only just come out of hospital and needs to rest," said a spokesman for Wembley promoters Kennedy Street Enterprises. "The show must go on is the way we are thinking at the moment and we have had no indication that the London show will be called off."

PICTURE: CHARLES PINDER

M.U. IN APARTHEID TWIST

One law for the rich (Paul Simon) and one for the poor (Johnny Clegg)? TERRY STAUNTON asks Musicians' Union assistant general secretary STAN HIBBERT to explain the MU's position on South Africa.

SOUTH AFRICAN pop star Johnny Clegg's two UK shows went ahead last week, despite opposition from the Musicians' Union.

The MU objected to Clegg being given a work permit by the Department of Employment, but stress it was not directly because of apartheid reasons.

Assistant general secretary Stan Hibbert said: "We do not object to work permits for overseas performers if we feel there are no British workers available to do that work, and in the case of Johnny Clegg we felt there were British musicians who could have done the show."

What, you feel there are homegrown musicians who can deliver the same authentic South African pop?

"Why is South African pop different from British pop?"

So, would the MU object to Bruce Springsteen or Lionel Richie coming over because there are Brits who can play the same material?

"We're not talking about Springsteen or Richie, we're talking about Johnny Clegg."

What's the difference? "I'm not going to enter into a debate on this, you are not going to insinuate that we are taking an anti-apartheid stance. It was a completely non-political objection we made."

So why not try to stop Springsteen or Richie?

"Well, we have a reciprocal arrangement with the States, where if an American performer comes over here we get a guarantee that British musicians can go over there. We have no such exchange arrangement with South Africa and that was why we objected."

We can't send musicians to South Africa. If we couldn't send people to America, we would fight tooth and nail to keep Springsteen out of Britain."

Did the union fight tooth and nail to keep Ladysmith Black Mambazo and other South African musicians who recently played with Paul Simon out of the country?

"I don't think this conversation is leading anywhere, that's another matter entirely and you are talking to the wrong person about that. The official involvement is on holiday."

No objections to Paul Simon's entourage were made and it's difficult to tell exactly what the MU are up to, and it's time they clarified their position and explained their practice of selective opposition.



DAVID BOWIE will be taking his Glass Spider tour to Manchester, in addition to dates previously announced for Wembley, Cardiff and Sunderland.

He plays Maine Road, home of Manchester City Football Club, on July 14. Tickets are priced £15.50 (including booking fee) and available by post from David Bowie Manchester, PO Box 4, Altrincham, Cheshire WA14 2JQ. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope, make cheques or postal orders payable to Kennedy Street Enterprises, and allow five weeks for delivery. Alternatively, ring the credit card hotline (01 748 1414).

● Demand for tickets for Bowie's two shows in Rotterdam, the first dates of the tour, was so great that police asked promoters to open the box offices at one in the morning so as not to jam the streets during the day. All 100,000 tickets were gone within an hour.

MADONNA? MAYBE...

MADONNA seems likely to play live shows in Britain later this year, although reports in the national press that she has confirmed two concerts at Wembley Stadium in July are a little far-fetched.

The official word from WEA is: "I don't know where the press got that idea from, but it's fairly likely Madonna

will be here in the near future. It's imminent, but we don't know when."

A spokesman at Harvey Goldsmith's office said: "It's quite possible we will be promoting Madonna concerts later this year, but absolutely nothing has been confirmed. The suggestion of shows at Wembley in July is premature to say the least."

RYDERS TOUR

THE LONG RYDERS will be back in Britain next month for an eight-date tour. It will be their first live shows in the UK for nearly two years, when they scored a minor hit with 'Looking For Lewis And Clark'.

The shows are part of a European tour to coincide with the release of a new album, 'Two Fisted Tales', out the first week in June. The Long Ryders can be seen at Birmingham Powerhouse (May 31), Manchester International (June 1), Sheffield Poly (2), Newcastle

Mayfair (3), Leeds Poly (4), Leicester Poly (5), Bristol Studio (7) and London Town And Country Club, Kentish Town (8).

● R.E.M. have an album and video out next month and true to form they're doing their best to confuse us. The LP is called 'Dead Letter Office' and is a compilation of out-takes, cover versions and B-sides designed to tie up any loose ends in every complete LP's collection. The LP is being issued by A&M.

JOB-SHOPS MUSCLE IN ON HMV

A NATIONAL initiative to help relieve youth unemployment was launched in Newcastle-Upon-Tyne last week. The HMV Jobmaker scheme — a "long term project" involving local HMV stores and the charity Instant Muscle — aims to "help young people start their own businesses".

Since 1983, Instant Muscle has helped establish 299 businesses with 313 more planned; they claim that 80 per cent of the companies set up are still trading. Using the HMV record stores as a contact point for unemployed people

under 25 — particularly the disabled, the unqualified and the most disadvantaged in the labour market — Jobmaker seeks to "encourage groups of young people to form businesses, owned and managed by themselves, to supply customers in their neighbourhood".

The theory, according to Instant Muscle chief executive Peter Raynes, is "to find out what their skills and attributes are and to discover ways of turning these skills into income generating activities, enabling

people to make a living from what already interests them".

With unemployment at over three million, and with this weekend's Hands Across Britain protest demanding effective Government policies to provide youth employment with living wages, the HMV Jobmaker scheme may seem like a small-scale attempt to reduce the dole queue. But over the next two years, Jobmaker aims to reach the young unemployed nationally offering help and business advice and, in some cases, "free short-term loans".

WYMAN'S AIM

BILL WYMAN is taking an active interest in youthful talent with the launch last week of a project to help new groups and artists reach a wider audience.

AIMS (Ambition, Ideas, Motivation, Success) will be centred around The Rolling Stones' mobile recording studio, which will tour the country stopping off in various towns for fledgling music-makers to put their work onto tape.

Wyman stresses that AIMS is a non-profit making venture and has been given the backing of local councils, TV and radio stations. A provisional list of towns has been drawn up and, over the next 12 months, the mobile will be visiting Portsmouth, Norwich, Cardiff, Nottingham, Exeter, Liverpool, Durham, Edinburgh and either Belfast or Dublin, staying for about seven to ten days in each.

TONY FISHER, the big, bold bass player with Trouble Funk, is rumoured to be leaving the band, although Island records say they are still expecting him to be in the line-up when the 'Funkers arrive in the UK in June.

Whispers around Washington suggest that Fisher wants out because the band have become "too rocky" for his liking, and he is due to release a solo single on T.T.E.D. Records in the near future, called 'This Is What We're Good At'!

WAILERS DRUMMER MURDERED

CARLTON BARRETT, drummer with The Wailers, was murdered in Kingston on Friday, April 17. News of the circumstances of his death are sketchy, but it seems an unknown gunman struck as the legendary drummer was parking his car outside his home. He was shot twice in the head and died instantly.

Alongside his brother, Aston 'Family Man' Barrett, Carlton propelled The Wailers from their Lee Perry days to the present. A former welder, he moved with his older brother into the rhythm seat for Lee Perry's Upsetters in 1967, playing on various 45s and moonlighting as a member of The Soul Mates and Rhythm Force. As The Hippy Boys, they had a huge Jamaican hit, 'Dr. No Go' featuring Max Romeo on vocals.

Through Perry, the Barretts united with Bob Marley, Peter Tosh and Bunny Wailer and when these original Wailers split, they remained with Marley. From then until Marley's death, the Barrett brothers carried the beat for all Bob Marley's recorded work and toured the world with the Tuff Gong. Later, the Wailers toured in their own right and visited Britain last year for Sunsplash.

At the time of going to press, no one had been arrested for the shooting nor has a motive been uncovered. It looks like Carlton 'Carly' Barrett is the latest victim of the random killings that fracture Jamaican streetlife and have previously accounted for the deaths of General Echo, Hugh Mundell, Michael Smith and Prince Far I.

Sean O'Hagan



Shot dead: Barrett pictured in the Bob era

SIMPLE MINDS have been credited with prompting the release of a political prisoner, following an Amnesty International postcard campaign at one of their American shows last year.

The group distributed Amnesty postcards calling for the release of P. Udayarahan, who had spent three years in a Sri Lankan jail, to every member of the audience at a concert in San Diego last April. Udayarahan was imprisoned by the Sri Lankan government without trial because he was part of a religious minority group at odds with the authorities.

Simple Minds' Jim Kerr has received a letter from Amnesty in San Diego claiming that the prisoner's release was a direct result of the group's campaign.

The band urged every member of the audience to fill in the the card and send it to Sri Lanka urging the government to release Udayarahan. They used the same campaign at every US concert, and also donated the entire proceeds of one American and one British show to Amnesty.

MAXINE SULLIVAN, one of the great jazz vocalists, died on April 6, weeks before her 76th birthday. Born Marietta Williams, she made her way out of Homestead, Pennsylvania to become a major attraction on the club circuit.

A singer who never over-embellished her material and opted more for a whole-hearted interpretation rather than scat-beset powerhouse swing, she had considerable on-record success in the company of Claude Thornhill, the bandleader who introduced such arrangers as Gil Evans and Gerry Mulligan.

She played one sell-out date in Britain last year and doubtless could have filled the venue for several weeks. But, after the one gig, she returned home explaining that her friends in the States were throwing a 75th birthday party for her and she didn't want to miss it. Unfortunately it was to be her last.

Fred Dellar

80,000 TURN OUT AGAINST FALL-OUT

BILLY BRAGG and The Style Council commemorated the first anniversary of the Chernobyl nuclear disaster in London's Hyde Park last Saturday. Between 80,000 and 100,000 demonstrators (police estimate: three green dwarves and a bull terrier) participated in the joint Friends Of The Earth/Campaign For Nuclear Disarmament march for a nuke free Britain.

The plutonium-blond Weller overcame "technological problems" to deliver a brief set of 'Lodgers', 'Heaven's Above', and 'The Cost Of Loving'; leaving us with a call for "Love and Peace and Unity". Then the ideologically cuddly Bragg — whose sister-in-law Marion reminded us that "the only way to disarm is to disarm" —

churned out a well relevant series of songs, including 'Think Again', 'God Save The Youth Of America' and the fresh 'Valentine's Day Is Over'.

"Mass demonstrations over the last five years have made Gorbachev realise that not everyone in Western Europe wants to destroy the Soviet Union," argued the marching minstrel between songs. "I don't care if Ronald Reagan goes down in history as the man who got rid of our Cruise missiles, as long as they go."

There were Friends Of The Earth, staggering about in the sun, proclaiming "Viva Geneva", "God Bless Gorbachev", even "Speech Therapists Against The Bomb"; CND-ers wore paper bags over their heads marked "Govt Issue Fall-Out Shelter";

plus there was a posse of skeletons and apocalyptic horsemen.

Paul Johns, CND chairman, said of the Gorbachev offer and the British Government's lukewarm response to it, "we are not going to settle for partial disarmament, we will not accept designer disarmament, we'll only settle for total nuclear disarmament... I believe Rambo will join the Quakers before Mrs Thatcher ends her love affair with nuclear weapons".

But quote of the day, in the heat of no-nukes sloganeering, came in the queue for a choc ice. As the wisecracking Caledonian said to the ice-cream man, "Yous mussbe makin' a bomb!"

Len Brown



Pogues — ready to ride

SPOKES PERSONS

THE POGUES and John Peel are among the many celebs cycling from London to Oxford on Bank Holiday Monday to raise cash for the Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign.

More than 2,000 people will be lining up for the ride,

including Julie Christie, Tom 'Lofty' Watt, Fine Young Cannibals, Joanne Whalley and *The Guardian's* Steve Bell.

Last year's sponsored ride raised more than £41,000 for the campaign.

MICK JAGGER is getting ready to go out on the road sans Stones. He is currently rehearsing with new musicians for a world solo tour and has enlisted the services of designer John Napier (*Time*, *Les Misérables*, *Starlight Express*) to come up with a set for him.

Whether this finally means the end of the Stones is a matter of conjecture. The band's press officers deny any break-up but various newspaper reports suggest that Jagger and Richards have irreconcilable differences to say the least.

TOMMOROW'S technology today? Well, maybe by Christmas when Polygram and Philips hope to have compact disc video players in our shops.

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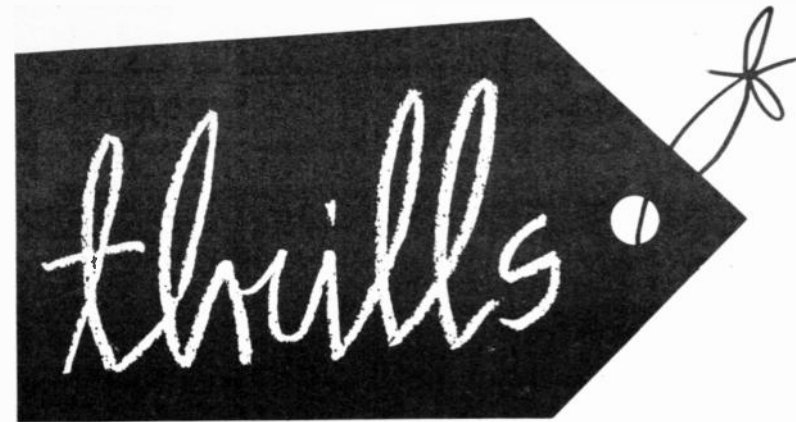
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EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

THE HOUSE THAT ROARED

Sex! Violence! Blasphemy! Phew . . . no wonder A HOUSE are Dublin's next big thing. SEAN O'HAGAN checks the foundations.



A House that (left to right) Martin, Dermott, Dave and Ferg built.

THREE THINGS guaranteed to get you noticed — sex, violence and blasphemy. Combining all three takes you into the over-the-top stakes, so two is the optimum mix. How could I *not* notice a record called 'Kick Me Again Jesus' — an Irish record called 'Kick Me Again Jesus'. Hooked, lined, and sinkered, I lifted the phone and dialled Dublin. Half of A House were at home — Dave Course and Martin Healy. Dave, are you responsible for a heinous slur on the Lord God Almighty? Or are you just taking the mick?

"Neither," says a mouth that butter wouldn't melt in. "It's just a song about being down, getting continually kicked in the teeth. Y'know how it is, it could be your girlfriend leaving, or getting pissed off about nuclear arms. One thing after another and you end up thinking — Kick me again, Jesus!"

What a difference a comma makes — so much for the blasphemy angle. Still, it's a fine debut single for a group hot-tipped to be the next big thing in a city full to bursting with next big things. A House were initially noticed for the

semi-legendary 'Freak Out' demo tapes, championed by Dublin's John Peel, one Dave Fanning — an independent pop outpost on the national airwaves. Live shows in and around Dublin and a support slot on The Waterboys tour last year primed A House for their first stint in the recording studios and 'Kick Me Again Jesus'.

What next? "That's a difficult one, Dublin's still quite isolated and a bit insular — everybody knows everybody else in the pop scene and, to tell the truth, we've had a lot more praise from England than here. There's a few people we're not too friendly with over here, a few journalists".

A forthcoming song, 'That's Not The Truth' — for inclusion on Dave Haslam's 'Debris' compilation — points the finger at the hacks in question. "It's a bitchy old scene," adds Martin, "and we're probably as bitchy as anyone".

'Kick Me Again Jesus' may not kick over any moving statues but it's noisy enough to wake the dead. June sees the release of A House's second 45, 'Snowball Down', again on RIP records — the sound of a band literally letting rip.

BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN

"I don't want to be predictable and star in *Nightmare On Elm Street Part 25*. You should see some of the scripts they send me. It's hysterical. I was just sent one called *Beast Of The Shopping Mall* where I would leap out from an air duct and shoppers go off screaming." Ozzy Osbourne on type-casting

"I hate meeting famous people. It's always a let-down. They're a lot shorter than they look on TV." Man Mountain David Bowie

"Jimmy Jam always looks as though he's just come out of the tailor's. The coolest. Terry Lewis looks great as well. In the studio I normally wear a T-shirt and jeans, but I had to change my clothing habits while I was working with them. I started wearing suits. I had to. People would say: 'Where's the singer?'"

Sartorially elegant vocalist Philip Oakey

"I love feeling sweaty and sticky. That's because it usually means you're either screwing or working — and what else is there?"

The true meaning of life according to Debra Winger

"This boycott in South Africa. . . I thought the only way men are going to stop killing each other is when they learn it's okay to start kissing each other. And they're not gonna start kissing each other if I'm around to kiss instead."

Michelle-Shocked, explaining the roots of all Cape Town's problems

"If only somebody like me could have got to Boy George and said: 'Don't do it, man.' Now that cat is washed up."

All-knowing do-gooder Gregg Allman

"I thought that maybe if I did say anything again it would be 'yummy, yummy, yummy, I've got love in my tummy. . .'. Then, even if I did sing that song, people would think it was about starvation."

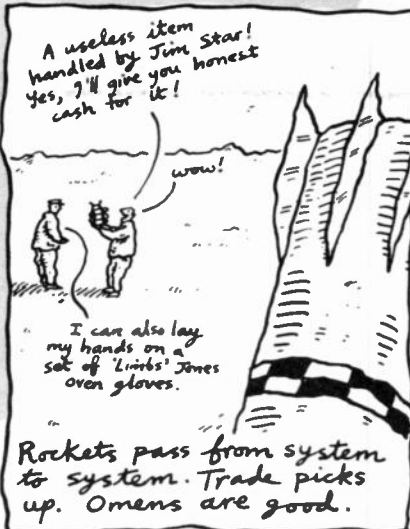
Bob Geldof on the implications of bubblegum

"Springsteen? Ugh. The worst. I listen to his lyrics and think, God, if I'd known this was coming I'd never have been so hard on Dylan."

One-time teenage prodigy Nik Cohn

"I caught up with Jackie Wilson real quick. I knew more about music than he did, I had more of a gospel music background than he did, and I wrote all my own material. It intimidated him when I came around. He got shaky and couldn't perform. What got Jackie through was his complexion. During that time, if you were light complexioned, you had it. I was the one who made the dark-complexioned people popular."

Pop Black compere James Brown in modest mood



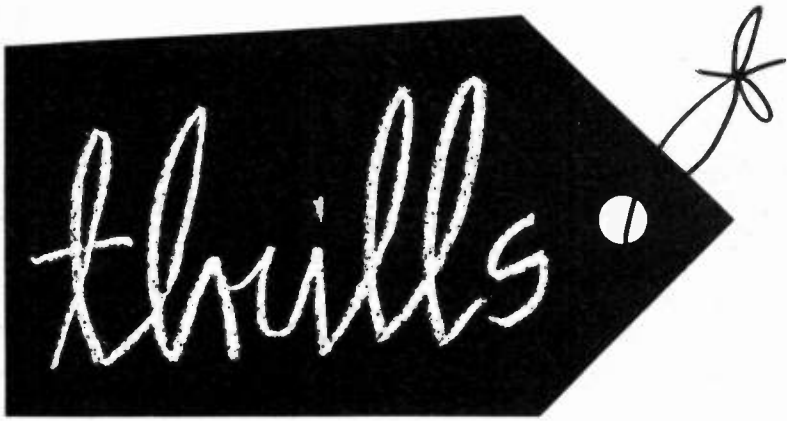
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NO STOOL PIDGEON

LABI SIFFRE is off his stool and back on the charts, singing against apartheid. LUCY O'BRIEN joins him on the fence.

ONCE HE sat on a stool on the *Cliff Richard Show* singing 'It Must Be Love', or 'Crying Laughing Loving Lying' or 'Watch Me'. All hits. Now ten years later Labi Siffre is back minus acoustic guitar – "it took me a long time to get off that bloody stool and there's no way they'll get me back on it!" – with the classic anti-apartheid song 'Something Inside (So Strong)', that along with Dammers 'Free Nelson Mandela' and Carlene Wilson's 'Winnie Mandela' deserves to be sung proud in the townships.

It was a fit of anger that stirred him to write the song, now moving up the charts. "I saw a news item showing a lorry load of white South African soldiers shooting blacks, and one of the soldiers was laughing. I think most white South Africans don't consider the black people to be human."

Rather than just reacting to the situation, Siffre researched concrete facts and figures as pointed ammunition: that the infant mortality rate for white people is seven per cent, whilst for blacks it is 55 per cent; that there is one doctor for 300 whites and one per 12,000 blacks. The 1985 mining death figures (for the gold mines alone) showed that 500 black workers died.

"Over here people say the ANC must renounce violence before talks," says Labi. "By their policies the South African government kill

more people in one year than the ANC has killed in its entire 30-odd year existence. If you kill ten people a year by shooting them, but I kill a thousand by starving them, denying them medical attention, who's the more guilty? I am."

He has little faith in the intentions of the 'civilised' West. "We don't intend to do anything. Although Thatcher got Botha into 10 Downing Street and gave him a slap on the wrist, he still went home a hero, because he's been seen shaking hands with international leaders. History shows that repressive regimes do not become nice people. Either someone hits 'em in the pocket, or you start shooting. Wouldn't it be a good time to effect change before the bullets start flying?"

Not affiliated to the ANC or the Anti-Apartheid Movement, Labi refuses to be nailed to a political position, seeing less value in unity than making an independent stand. "Brave people are those who sit on the fence". Along the lines of there's right and left and 'truth' in the middle?

Ironically, and thankfully, I don't see any fence-sitter here.



ANIMAL RITES



FORGET THE celebration of the mainstream that is the Grammys and behold our glittering prizes. At least, that's the premise behind the New York Awards: four trophies (four) to Gregory Abbott – oh, and to Run DMC and Cameo too; three to The Smithereens, two to Whitney Houston, Billy Joel and Paul Simon. Very alternative. But all hail retro-leather and sunglasses at night. The Ramones' 'Animal Boy' scooped Best Rock Album by a Group. "I thought it was between Run DMC and Talking Heads," mumbled Joey Ramone, a vision of co-ordinated lips, leather and rubber. "I thought we'd maybe get best video." But no, Godley and Cream helped Lou Reed to that one for *No Money Down*.

PICTURE: KATE SIMON

Joey – rubber lips rubber soul

Claudia Jannone

BOMBERS
GUTTER
BOMBERS

A BIT of everything in the mix this week with new releases from Chicago, New York, Washington and London Town funk up the turntables. London's contribution is 'Rock The Beat' by **Derek B** (*Music Of Life*) wherein a sparse but catchy drum track is cleverly spliced in with James Brown's 'Don't Tell It' while Eastender Derek B raps the mic to good effect. Although unlikely to cross-over in a big way, this is already hitting home down in the clubs and goes to further demonstrate the narrowing gap between home-grown and Stateside hip-hop.

Another specialist club record is **Numarx's** 'Rhymes So Def' (*Bluebird*), which gets a deserved British release after being heavily in demand whilst on import. Starting off with the break from 'Funky Drummer' (yeah, James Brown again) 'Rhymes' drops into a lurching drum and rhythm track that rises and falls in all the right places before finishing on that same infectious 'Funky Drummer' break. Keeping things strictly

dancewise brings us to **MC Shan's** 'Down By Law' (*Cold Chillin'*), an intense, hard-hitting mix of bass-heavy drums and well tough vocals along the usual lines... "All across the country I know I'm hated not only by the crews I've devastated, don't ask me how I know I just can tell by the tone of your voice as you wish me well..." All-in-all not exactly easy-listening but sure to move feet and bodies in all but the most conservative of dance dives.

From the sound of New York City to the sound of all year round and a couple of fresh tunes from Washington DC's TTED label. 'Back Doing What We Do Best Live' is by **Big Tony And The TF Crew** and is 12 non-stop minutes of Trouble Funk's percussion section cranking it up live with all the trademarks you'd expect from the giants of go-go – the rolling thunder of drums, bongos and congas, the pulsating synth noises and, of course, plenty of audience participation. Second TTED release is 'Knock 'Em Out Sugar Ray '87' by **The TTED All Stars** comprising Sugar Bear from EU, TF's Big Tony Fisher and J-Rard Butler from AM/FM. Basically a remix of EU's original version of the song, this tribute to boxer Sugar Ray Leonard steams along with the power of an old one-two from the man himself while a jaunty melody (played on what sounds like some kind of xylophone) makes the whole thing one of the most distinctive go-go releases for a long time.

Meanwhile up there in Chicago they're still turning out that driving House Music beat and with new tunes as danceable as **Professor Funk's** 'Work Your Body Rap' (*Underground*) they look set to carry on doing it for quite a while yet. 'Work Your Body' slightly remixes Steve 'Silk' Hurley's mega-hit 'Jack Your Body' and then puts an up-beat rap over the top of it, an idea as simple as it is effective. Staying on the remix groove we have a house version of Hamilton Bohannon's disco classic 'Let's Start The Dance Again' on a four track EP called 'Turntable Terror Trax Vol 2' (*Bassment*). The cut in question is 'Let's Begin' and its over-the-top bass drum sound and cowbell breaks are fast becoming familiar features of a night's aural entertainment.

Final selection in the fast and furious style is **Cultural Vibe's** 'Power' (*Easy St*) which comes in no less than six different versions. Reminiscent of their 'Ma Foom Bey' hit of last summer, this carries on in much the same way with a galloping drum track, throbbing bass-line and plenty of jungle noises – perfect dance fodder for those hot summer nights.

Jay Strongman

the **BAMBI SLAM**

7"

Don't it make you feel ...

12"



89.6 FM

IN THESE last few days we're faced with that recurring worry about increases in decreases in attention spans. Radio is the medium worst hit by this mass outbreak of ennui. Even the pirates offer little solace, being more concerned with getting one up on their competitors; ie who's got the latest unattainable vinyl or who's pedantic enough to recall the heyday of production-line dance-fodder.

Fresh from the first foray into English pirate TV, Network 21 has now branched out into pirate radio, seizing back airwaves rightfully up for grabs to anyone industrious enough to take them on, using a non-playlist that trips from Stockhausen to Pia Zadora to Hüsker Dü to anything. Two shady characters by names of Hegel and Kant had some fighting talk.

"John Peel is dead, so we've got no competition whatsoever. We have never, in this new media

enterprise, patronised our audience by assuming in advance what they might like. Any 'sound' belied by a certain amount of professionalism gets played."

They've dabbled in designer guerilla tactics in the past, building video installations at the Fridge, promoting video scratch to the next step: modern media for the '90s. Theirs is a fairly sophisticated attitude towards images and sound, not programmes or records. The Law clamped down recently, but to no avail...

"There's hardly any harassment. That's a fallacy that stops prospective pirates in their tracks. We weren't even done in for our TV station. The most anyone can take from us are our transmitters, and those are like ministers: replaceable."

(Network 21 can be heard all over London on 89.6 FM, 8pm-5am every Friday and Saturday.)

Dele Fadele

LA NORVÈGE, NULLE POINTS

Oh good. It's Eurovision Song Contest time again. And as British entrant Rikki prepares to do battle in Brussels, our cloth-eared correspondent SHAUN THORPE celebrates 32 glorious years.

LAST MONTH, *The Times* took space on its front page to report the "shame and anguish of Israel's song for Europe".

Mr Gideon Patt, Minister of Science and Technology, violently objects to 'The Idler's Song', chosen overwhelmingly in the country's selection contest, because it will "besmirch the name of Israel before 200 million viewers and cause shame and anguish to the three or four million Jews living in those countries where the contest will be televised".

To hard-core fans of the contest, the fact that someone could take the whole thing quite so seriously comes as the biggest surprise since German presenter Marlene Charelle ripped off her skirt in 1983, performed a complete dance routine while the juries added up their votes, velcroed it back on and apologised in three languages for being out of breath. Katie Boyle never did that.

But perhaps it shouldn't come as such a surprise. For a start, Mr Patt grossly underestimates the audience for the Eurovision Song Contest. This year, the 32nd songfest can be expected to attract around 500 million viewers, not only in participating countries, but as far afield as Australia and New Zealand.

Failure in front of such an audience can actually traumatise some countries. Norway, for years branded as the nation which regularly received no votes at all, finally won in 1985 with the rock 'n' roll number 'La Det Swinge'. The following year, as host country, Norway celebrated for a week and the entire Royal Family attended the competition held in Bergen.

Success, on the other hand, will usually guarantee the winners a musical career at least in their home countries, if not on the scale of Abba, who remained leaders in the field of Europop (or Europap) for years after gaining the grand prix for Sweden in 1974 with 'Waterloo'.

If it could be entered again, another winner, Lulu's 'Boom Bang A Bang', could probably still sweep the board today. Part of the joy of the contest is seeing the lengths to which desperate songwriters will go to produce something sufficiently "international" to appeal to juries

in perhaps twenty countries. The most popular technique, of which 'Boom Bang A Bang' is a fine example, is to provide a totally meaningless title. Other examples include 'Ding Ding A Dong' (Netherlands, 1975), 'Diggi-Loo, Diggi-Ley' (Sweden, 1984), 'Didai Didai Dai' (Turkey, 1985) and, perhaps the ultimate, 'La La La', which won for Spain in the '60s.

Another technique is to sing about a subject everyone must have heard of, even if it is in a funny accent. For example 'Opéra, Opéra' (lyrics: "Carmen, Bizet, Beethoven"), or 'Cinéma' (lyrics: "Hollywood, Marilyn Monroe, Charlie Chaplin").

The real joy of the contest is not (heaven forbid) the music but the stately predictability of the proceedings. You just know that the 1987 *Concours De La Chanson* will open with the Eurovision anthem (played twice to allow backward countries to link in), followed by aerial shots of Belgian countryside. A charming hostess will introduce each artist and conductor. Ossi Runne will conduct for Finland for the 21st year in succession. A naff entertainment (perhaps the String Theatre of Prague, as in 1984) will hide the gap while the juries do their sums. Frank Naef (no relation), scrutineer of the voting for the EBU, will frighten the life out of the presenter by pointing out that the voting has gone wrong. The winning entry will be reprised, probably with the catchy chorus miraculously translated into English because the performers are such show-offs. And the whole, gloriously kitsch enterprise will be over for another year...



Britain's Euro-suckcess, Lulu.



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QUEER FISH

D. J. FONTANA leafs through the catalogue of **Leicester's wierd and wonderful CORDELIA Records.**

MOST DAYS Alan Jenkins gets up around 11, performs his ablutions, makes a pot of tea and checks his mailbox. After testing for stable psycho-cardiac readings, he then takes a preparatory exultation transference capsule and begins work . . .

Daily tasks may include decoding new Deep Freeze Mice songs from high-frequency interplanetary messages, thinking up LP titles, listening to wildly (but not irredeemably) obscure taped music and communicating with its perpetrators . . . for Alan is MD, artistic consultant and tea boy at the Leicester HQ of the multinational phonographic consortium known as Cordelia Records.

As such he spends his time tracing the definitive pop outpourings of Europe and America's less-celebrated queer fish. Over the last few years his

labours have been repaid by the swelling of Cordelia's catalogue with the fragile New Age/Systems sounds of C W Vrtacek, Leven Signs and Rimarimba, three volumes of 'Obscure Independent Classics' and the token mainstream frolics of The Dolly Mixtures and ex-Freshie Chris Sievey.

Also, Alan has picked up some of the other amazing dropped stitches in rock's rich tapestry — spazzy heroes like The Jung Analysts ('Jackie Charlton Said' choruses "Jackie the sportsman's never missed/ Jack the existentialist/ Says 'Everything has to die/ So Why not kill . . ."), Yuko Yung (Wierdass covers of 'Fireball XL5' and 'Blitzkrieg Bop'), the zappier-than-Zappa Zoogz Rift, oh and many more . . . motto: If it's worth doing, it's worth over doing.

The Sinatras, The Disco Zombies and Alvaro make Volume One of the 'OI Classics' an ideal gift for the person who thought they had everything (and all Cordelia LPs will set you back a tiddling £3.50 each). For a Cordelia sampler tape and a full mail-order catalogue, send 50 new pennies to Allan at 8, Denis Close, Leicester LE3 6DQ.

ERECTED in 1908, the Electric Cinema on Portobello Road is London's oldest purpose-built movie house.

But after its sale last week by Romaine Hart Mainline Pictures, the fate of this Grade Two listed building looks dubious. It can't be torn down but new owners Central Properties Securities plan to make it an antiques arcade. Local residents quickly organised a Save The Electric campaign — which with equal speed received a visit from CPS director Ruth Mellor. Mellor stressed that the cinema would continue screenings, "with 17mm projection".

"It's not alright and it hasn't been saved," campaigner Tom Heslop told a packed public meeting on April 24. He noted that Romaine Hart had neglected to keep her appointment as a speaker because she was weekendending in Sussex. Mellor also failed to show at the meeting. Heslop said the estate agents handling the sale were told the purchaser wanted the building first as a dancehall, then a retail arcade, then "a wine bar with back projection".

The meeting included a broad range of ages, views and credentials but all expressed deep anger at what one called "the ultimate yuppiefication".

The campaign has received support from several famous folk: Jamie Reid, Malcolm McLaren, Julie Christie, Nick Roeg and Elvis Costello have been mentioned. More are likely, since for 80 years the Electric has served movie-lovers. Don't let another British cinema die when you can help. Write to Campaign To Save The Electric Cinema, Basement, 92 Ladbroke Grove, London W11. Cheques can be made out to the campaign.

Cynthia Rose



OOH LA LA

HAS THE *entente cordiale* ever been more *cordiale*? Cool jazz person Carmel, from oh-so-English Scunthorpe, is the rage of France (and the rest of Europe) *maintenant*. So much so that mature French crooner Johnny Halliday — once dubbed the French Elvis for his appalling dress sense and lip-curling stage presence — pleaded with Ms McCourt and her band to join him on a track for his latest LP. The resulting duet, 'J'oublierai Ton Nom', has been issued as a single thanks to public demand and rocketed into the charts à l'autre côté de la manche this week at No 20, hot on the heels of Carmel's own single 'Sally', only a minor success here but a Top Five hit in France with sales in excess of 300,000. Now Carmel's off to Japan and Australia, where her talents are equally in demand. British fans can see her at London's Ronnie Scotts, on Sunday nights throughout June.



SLY+ROBBIE

RHYTHM KILLER

A new album featuring the Rhythm Twins in the company of Bootsy Collins, Herbie Hancock, Shinehead, Grand-mixer D. St., Fred Beinhorn, Bernard Fowler, Bernie Worrell and Bill Laswell

Produced by Bill Laswell/Material

BRLP 512

CASH FROM GENOCIDE

OK, SLAYER. So you're the world's top death-metal thrash outfit, and you're playing to thousands all over Britain. But now you must justify your appalling lyrical content to the force of freedom, **STEVEN WELLS.** Picture: **CHRIS CLUNN.**

As Tory bankbench rentagobs go predictably apeshit over The Beastie Boys' phallic puerility, a far fouler threat to The British Way of Life has snuck in through the back door.

Slayer are a New York metal band with a fascination for the degrading and painful. If I told you that their album, 'Reign In Blood' contains tracks titled 'Necrophobic', 'Altar Of Sacrifice', 'Criminally Insane', 'Epidemic' and 'Post Mortem', then you might dismiss them as (ho-hum) just another tired bunch of schlock horror merchants, red rages to be waved in the purple faces of our moral guardians.

Slayer don't object to being described as "the garbage-removal men of rock" and a scan through their lyric sheet is like a trip to a sick Disneyland designed by a lunatic adolescent on bad acid.

"Strangulation, mutilation, cancer of the brain/limb dissection, amputation from a mind deranged... ripping apart/severing flesh/gouging eyes/tearing limb from limb..." etc. Self confessed members of "The Obnoxious Asshole Club", Slayer are the acme of rock as aural acne. Like lobotomised dogs they snuffle along life's crap-plastered pavements, swallowing down the more slimy specimens to be regurgitated on demand for their audience of under-educated hop heads brought up on a diet of shag'n'-slash movies and shit drugs.

Slayer are rock's equivalent of *Puke On Your Grave Part 9*; quick, slick, bloody and stupid — crap for crap's sake — without a single redeeming feature. So why waste the space that could be filled with the fresh faced blabberings of some neo-Bragg Hope, Light 'n' New Jerusalem merchant? Because it's not enough to dismiss Slayer as WASP's harder, faster city cousins, as the skeleton in speed-metal's closet. Outside in the real world the grown ups are using the likes of Slayer as an excuse to tighten up the grip that Mr and Mrs Bourgeoisist already have on 'youth culture' — except that it's never the shithheads who suffer — ask The Dead Kennedys, ask Mordam Records, ask Gay's the Word, ask the NME!

These moralistic attacks have to be put in a political perspective. To talk morals with the true blue prudes is to play their game — to concede the agenda. To ignore Slayer for moral reasons — because we - shouldn't - give -

these - nasty - people - the - publicity — is to set ourselves up as moral guardians — and you can stuff that for a game of soldiers.

WHO HANDLES THE VOCAL CHORES?

I'm sat on a hotel bed. To my left is guitarist Kerry King. He grunts occasionally but is more interested in the TV antics of Fred Flintstone — whom he closely resembles.

To my right is singer Tom Araya. He's handsome, scar-faced and he makes my skin crawl.

I tease them about the massive bag of poncey male toiletries that lies open on the floor. They scratch their heads. I trot out a few *Kerrang!* type questions (Would you mind if I licked your arse?) and they give me some suitably boring answers. I ask them if they'd try and stop me if I pulled a kitten out of my pocket and started to torture it.

"No," says King, "It's your cat."

"Why should we?" says Araya. "It's your cat not our cat."

"If you took one of my snakes," says King, watching Fred Flintstone get mashed by a dinosaur, "and you cut its head off, then you'd have me to naughty word around with!"

OK, I say, if I produced three kittens and three pairs of pliers and asked you to join in, would you?

"No, it's your cat though, we're not going to stop you."

It'd make an awful mess on your duvet.

"It's not our bed, it's the hotel's bed."

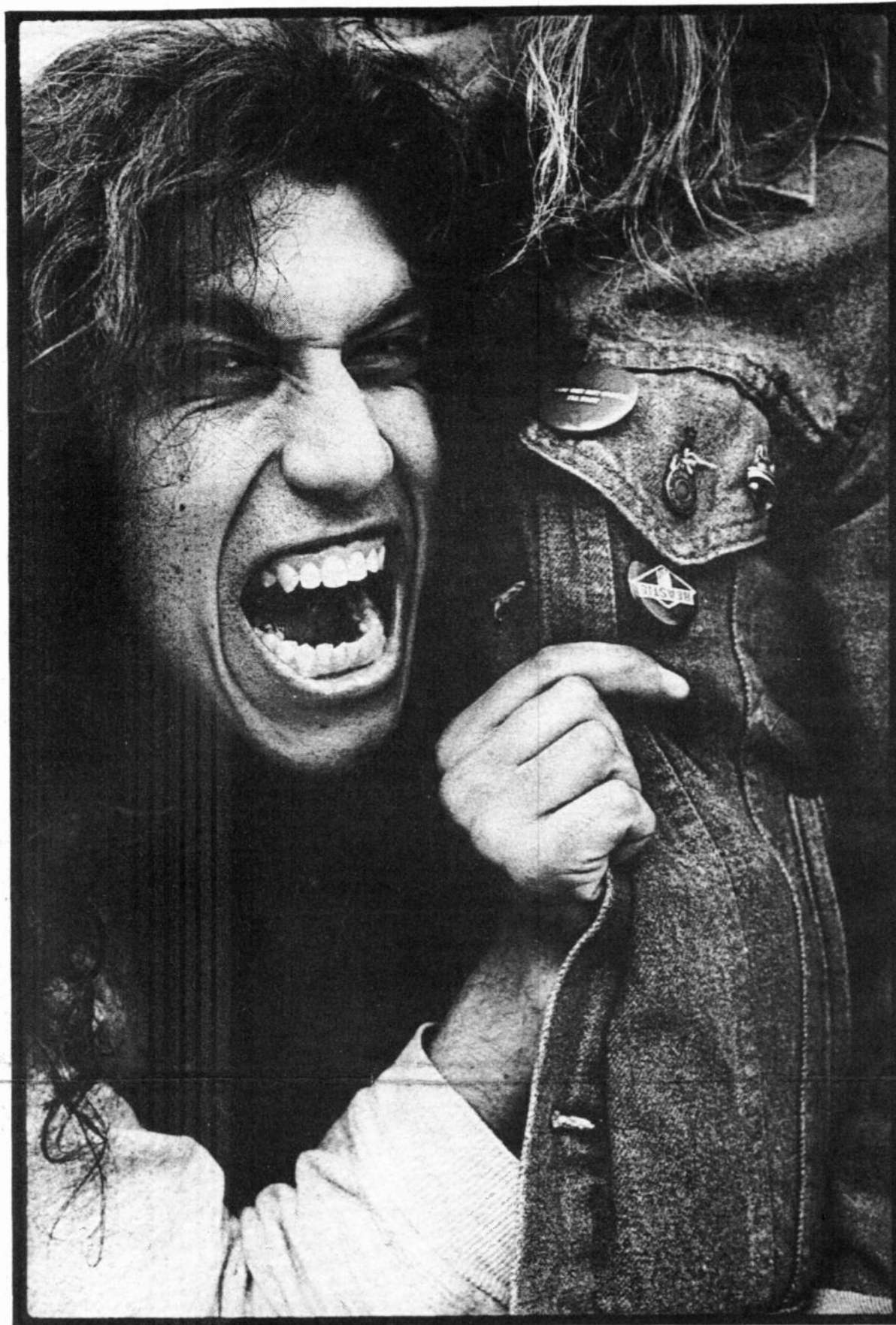
Slayer are a true product of the free enterprise system.

NO SLEEP TILL AUSCHWITZ

Slayer have a song about the Holocaust. 'Angels Of Death' concerns Dr Josef Mengele, the doctor guilty of horrendous experiments on human subjects at the Auschwitz death camp. It has probably the most stupid lyrics this side of Skrewdriver.

"Auschwitz, the meaning of pain... Slow death, immense decay/Showers that cleanse you of life/Forced in like Cattle/You run stripped of your lives worth/Human mice for the Angel of Death/Monarch to the kingdom of the dead/Sadistic surgeon of demise/Sadist of the noblest blood/Surgery with no anaesthesia Feel the knife pierce you intensely/Inferior, no use to mankind... Destroying without mercy/To benefit the Aryan race..."

How can you sing those words with such a total lack of emotion?



Update: Mr Araya ate Mr Wells after this interview. Only the jacket remains...

Araya: What? Have you heard the song? How is it sung? Is it sung without emotion?

I think so, yes.

Araya: I know the words themselves contain no emotion, but the way it's sung?

There is absolutely no condemnation in the tone of voice being used.

Araya: Then I guess I'm just fooling myself...

Have you ever considered how a death camp survivor would react upon hearing that song?

King: If a survivor read them lyrics and said — these guys are assholes — then he's fooling himself because they just say what happened. They don't say we're glad he killed all you assholes or anything like that, it just says — Hey, this is what happened...

But that's just the point. You make no comment.

Araya: What do you mean, no comment? The song is a comment itself...

You're talking about the systematic industrial murder of six million human beings on the grounds of their race. You deal with it in a totally cold blooded manner.

Araya: You don't think we've made a comment?

All you've done is cull a series of images for their shock effect...

Araya: Everything that is stated in that song is what happened in the holocaust itself, don't you think we've made a statement as to what went on at that time?

If you filmed a woman being murdered in a sexually sadistic manner and then released the video as an aid to masturbation, would that be some kind of statement?

Araya: C'mon, that song is true to the facts...

You've got a lot of flak for this?

Araya: We have...

So basically the rest of the world is wrong and Slayer are right?

Araya: I'm not saying that we're right or wrong I'm just saying that we're stating the facts and the fact of the matter is that everything we say in that song is true and once people learn to accept the fact that it really happened then people will stop saying that the Jews are a bunch of liars. Is that what you're saying?

You've selected certain images and just stuck them together for effect...

Araya: It's a very descriptive view as to what people went through in the holocaust. What more do you need to know?

King: It's just a documentary about Nazi Germany...

Araya: I sing it with conviction. I sing as if I was the one doing the items...

As if you were Mengele?

Araya: As if I was Mengele and voicing his opinions...

CONTINUES PAGE 32

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They came from nowhere to take the Top Ten by storm. But who were the mystery men of LIVING IN A BOX? Were they black? White? US soul stars? Or a bunch of publicity-shy Sheffield popsters? They fooled Bobby Womack, but they couldn't fool super-sleuth PAOLO HEWITT

1. WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?

Six weeks ago I sat in a cafe talking with Simon Goffe.

Amongst other things – writer, DJ, club entrepreneur – Goffe has a massive interest and influence on the current soul scene. What was troubling him that day was a record entitled 'Living In A Box'. He was positive that the record contained a mystery vocalist and he couldn't work out who it was.

Suitably intrigued, I phoned the record company that afternoon and asked them who the singer was. "Richard Darbyshire," they replied. That was that.

Next week, Tony Blackburn's listeners, by an embarrassing majority, made it their single of the week. This meant that three times a day for five days, 'Living In A Box' by Living In A Box was dutifully exposed to one of the largest morning audiences in Britain today.

The following Tuesday the record entered the charts at 42. So I phoned the record company again. "That single I was asking about, any chance of an interview with the group?"

"No".

"I'm sorry?"

"No chance of an interview with the group. Thank you."

Believe me, the sound of a record company turning down exposure for a brand new act is the sound of one hand clapping – fine in theory but you never hear it. It just doesn't happen. For example, Terence Trent d'Arby. Ever since our cover piece on the lad, and the subsequent chart success of his debut single, it is impossible to move without bumping into a Terence Trent d'Arby interview.

Any paper you pick up from dusk to dawn will be carrying a piece on young Terence. You get out of bed and ten minutes later I guarantee you will either be reading or listening, through no choice of your own, to Terence Trent d'Arby.

This is standard procedure for any new act. Maximum exposure at all costs. Not this time, however. Not for Living In A Box.

"We want," said the record company, "to promote them purely on their music and not their looks. We don't want them to be Curiosity or one hit wonders. We want the music to do all the work."

Seven days later Living In A Box were Top Ten.

And no one had the slightest idea who the hell they were.

2. THE SINGLE

"A friend of mine and Titch's was living in a council house in the middle of Sheffield. He was in a situation where his house needed refurbishment. So the council put one of their building consortiums in his house and literally told him that they didn't think his refurbishment situation was valid enough for him to have to move out of his house, that he'd be able to stay in while they go in and do all the work, and it would be a liveable situation."

"It turned out that they did it in the winter, they took the roof off, left it off, soaked everything, ruined his house, took the floorboards up, ran up a huge electricity bill of their own because they were coming in and using all his electrics, left him with a huge bill and left him with a house that was practically delapidated."

"I went down to see him one day and he said, look at this, I'm literally living in a box. When he said that, I thought yeah, that's it, a

great title for the song. I talked to him about it and he said, yeah, go for it, and that was the basic idea for the song."

A year later, after spending five months recording in Los Angeles with the pick of America's finest session men and women, and having Arthur Baker re-mix, re-model and re-structure their work, Marcus Vere's "basic idea" was finally issued.

Everyone assumed the group was black. Even Bobby Womack. On the day that Mark Le Bon shot their video, he took the three boys down to Radio London to shoot some footage of Tony Blackburn.

It was the group's way of acknowledging his support for the record.

On their arrival, it was decided to film Blackburn dancing out in the street. As they were doing so, a familiar figure walked up to them. It was Bobby Womack. Two days earlier, Blackburn had given him a copy of the record. Womack loved it.

He loved it so much that the following week he apparently jumped on a plane to LA and recorded his own version of the song for imminent release in America. Living In A Box were completely dumbfounded. Here was one of their idols and influences – "that's my tune," Womack had informed them good humouredly – about to jeopardise their chances in the States.

For now, they're taking a pragmatic view of the issue.

"If Bobby wants to do a version of 'Living In A Box' then I'm sure he'll do a version of it," says Marcus, "and that's the end of it."

The delicious irony of it all is that Womack was currently recording a whole new batch of songs. One of them, 'Put Your Foot Down', was written by Richard Darbyshire, vocalist for Living In A Box.

"It was funny," he recalls, "because Bobby asked me who I listened to. I said, really embarrassed like, Well, I've got some of your records actually."

3. WHERE YOU BOYS ALL FROM?

There is a small warehouse in Manchester where you can record on an eight track for £2 an hour. Apparently, given current prices and taking into account inflation, this is daylight robbery.

Marcus and Titch would board a train at Sheffield and go and record their own material there. Richard would catch a bus from his home and also record his songs there. Both parties were unaware of each other although they shared the same engineer.

One day, that engineer played Richard a song by Marcus and Titch called 'Living In A Box'. Richard instantly fell for it.

"I really liked it because it had those Bobby Womack type chords and that really insistent groove. It didn't sound like a lot of the stuff you'd heard recently which was that wimpy, really indecisive twaddle. This was really, yeah, go for it! So I thought this will be ideal. It was also in the right key."

Richard joined the group. Fine. Only problem was, they had both separately arranged for two A&R men from the same record company to come and hear their respective music.

"We were in one room playing 'Living In A Box' to one A&R guy," Marcus recalls, "and Richard's playing his solo stuff in the other room and he can hear 'Living In A Box', with his voice on it, blasting through."

"And I'm," says Richard, "talking in between all the gaps. I thought that by talking through the gaps they wouldn't suss out what was going on next door. Then he said, let's go for lunch, I'll just go and get so-and-so next door."

"I said, no, no, please, I don't want you to do that. He said, well you must be going to see another record company. I said, no I'm not, I'm just going home."

Boxing clever



L-R Marcus Vere, Antony 'Titch' Critchcow, Richard Darbyshire

In the end, Richard's tape was knocked back for sounding too black. Apparently, most companies were looking for a new Foreigner. They weren't looking for The Young Sound Of Sheffield.

Then again, Marcus and Titch never felt part of that whole Human League/ABC/Chakk thing anyway:

"We didn't have any profile at all," Titch says, "because we didn't feel that coming from Sheffield meant we had anything to offer that was necessarily different from any other part of Britain. I don't think our music is indigenous to Sheffield. I mean, why didn't we sign with FON Records? Why didn't they pick up on us? That's the traditional route that most Sheffield bands take."

"It's going to seem strange to Sheffield people," Marcus observes, "because they'll think who the hell are Living In A Box."

They won't be the only ones.

4. A VERY LOW PROFILE

"The idea of the pop star, in 1987," Richard believes, "is a really tedious one. That kind of jumped-up guy who turns up in a sequin suit throwing himself around the stage on *Top Of The Pops*—hi, I'm the Chief Whip now, lads. I just thought, Oh no. It's like a really vulgar, outmoded way of doing things."

So they decided to play it low.

"We haven't got enough of a history," Marcus says, "in terms of what people might call paying dues. The record has come straight in and what are we going to tell them? Here we come?"

"We just thought the record was strong enough to take the weight of people going out

to buy it. Just putting their money on the table and saying, I like that record. They don't need any bullshit from anybody, just go out and buy it if they like it. This record can stand that weight, which is great. I hope the stuff in the future will because I don't think it's necessary to come out with all the flannel that often surrounds other groups. It clouds the issue of what we're actually doing here, which is making music."

But it has its perks.

"I think," Titch says, "we mischievously relished the fact that no one knew what we looked like. We were perceived as being a black band because of no press from the beginning, which was a great compliment."

5. TOO FUNKY IN HERE

Any pop group worth its salt now uses black music as its source, be it soul, funk, whatever. It has now become part of the mainstream. The trouble is, with so many popsters running around saying, "We're funky!" "We're soulful!" and "We're chillin'!", the terms have become severely abused. In reality these groups are the sound of contemporary British pop. Nothing more, nothing less.

Thankfully, Living In A Box understand this. They know exactly where they stand.

Says Richard, "I wouldn't call what we do on the album particularly soul music, that would be ridiculous. Bobby Womack, Marvin Gaye, or any of those people can sing embarrassingly better than myself."

"There's loads of silly influences on that record. Probably, we once all heard a Steely Dan record, so there's some of that in there. I don't know. There's some Beatles in it, there's all kinds of weird records. You know how The

Beatles borrowed from The Everly Brothers and didn't do it quite right? Then they borrowed a bit of Tamla and that became a form of music which became The Beatles."

"I thought, if we can do that, and even if we don't use all those influences quite right, maybe we can come up with something which is a bit different. At least, at the end of it, I've made a record that I like and it's good that other people like it."

"See, the British are very good at coming out with ideas that always don't quite work but because they don't quite work, they sound more attractive. Again, it goes back to The Beatles and the way they did their thing—using minor chords next to major chords. That wasn't quite right but who cares at the end of the day? People said, well fine, the last person to do it was Beethoven."

"It's that freshness," Marcus puts in, "which always smacks the world around the face."

Marcus is mainly responsible for the music and words of Living In A Box. The music we know about. Smart, even calculated, British pop state-of-the-art music. The words, however, are far more oblique.

"That's because a lot of popular music is often in the sloganeering, optimistic, let's all cheer—that kind of thing. It's very boring and doesn't sit very well. The soul aspect, what the soul singers were singing about back in the '60s, was more of a realistic looking-in-on-the-situation, and I think we use that nowadays."

Strongly in agreement, Richard adds, "I don't see how you can sit in Britain in 1987 and say, right here we go—Summertime! Hip chicks! Disco dancing! Party! Pop music! It's like really naff. I just do not see how you can provide a solution to the nation's problems in

the format of a three minute, ten second pop song. I'd rather say, this is a realistic appraisal of the situation, if you don't like it then piss off."

6. THE VIDEO

"It's the bastard word of the arts, video making," Titch states to a round of applause from his peers, their thoughts rushing back to the storyboards that various video companies had offered them, once it was known that they were up for grabs.

"Obviously," Richard recalls, "a lot were about . . . jumping out of a box. One was in a Turkish jail, *Midnight Express*, ideas of confinement, that kind of thing. Industrial wastelands—they loved that one. Wind machines, with me testifying on my knees. I mean, I'd rather not bother."

"See, you don't really need a video for a song, the lyrics shouldn't have to be interpreted, but you've got to have it as a sodding marketing tool, one of those gorgeous expressions that come up."

Living In A Box have bumped into a lot of expressions like that. Since the LP was recorded, all they seem to have done is go from one meeting to another, and talked about product, style, image, design, videos and sleeve covers.

This involvement in every aspect of a group's total being is now standard procedure. Pop musicians are no longer content just to be that, pop musicians. They want to be sleeve designers, video makers and marketing geniuses.

They want to be the lot.

"I think the amount of involvement we've

CONTINUES PAGE 53

Radar

TEASED BY DR COSGROVE



Hammer Party Oldman as Orton

Halliwell's hammer

PRICK UP YOUR EARS

DIRECTOR: Stephen Frears

STARRING: Gary Oldman, Alfred Molina, Vanessa Redgrave (Curzon)

THERE WAS once a pub in Islington, frequented by local homosexuals, which called its first floor lounge 'Ortons' and which served a particularly powerful cocktail called a 'Halliwell's Hammer'. Comedy as black as pitch.

It must be taken as read that you're by now familiar with Joe Orton's brief history as the *enfant terrible* of '60s farce, his self-appointed biographer John Lahr having snoopied, pried and exhaustively traced each step. It's no surprise, then, to

find that Stephen Frears and Alan Bennett have hung their film on Lahr's investigations. Well-hung it is too; almost to the point of being wrapped up as tidily as an Edgar Lustgarten inquiry.

To be palatable to a cinema audience, or maybe for the more heinous crime of sensationalism, *Prick Up Your Ears* centres not on the art of a talented playwright, but on the doomed relationship of two misfits. Their love affair is charted relentlessly; beginning at RADA with a young and impressionable Orton in awe of the prematurely-balding Halliwell as they embark on their ill-fated literary collaborations. After RADA, and having learned much from the bickeringly nauseous Halliwell, Orton writes alone and it is only

then that his work is accepted by an agent, Peggy Ramsay – (played svelte and suave by Vanessa Redgrave).

With dashing Joe now spear-headed for success, the film begins proper. Orton (given a convincing and uncannily lookalike portrayal by Gary Oldman) and Halliwell (Alfred Molina as a bewigged cartoon of hopelessness and despair) chart their own decline as a ridiculously ill-suited Mr and Mrs.

Aside from professional jealousy, Halliwell is seen to resent Orton's success as a promiscuous sexual athlete, one scene in *Prick Up Your Ears* stands tall as an evocation of the heady days of pre-AIDS toilet sex. Men gather in an artfully lit and tiled temple to indulge

in fantasies beyond micturition, the escapist joy of anonymous naughtiness glowing sublimely in Orton's eyes.

Frears has drawn together the current cream of British TV actors, chiefly culled from the richly populated streams of Victoria Wood and Mike Leigh, and directs his cast effortlessly. In its build-up to Orton's ghastly murder (Halliwell battered him to death with a hammer before committing suicide) *Prick Up Your Ears* works well as a mutant thriller or cautionary tale. The shame is all the greater that so little analysis and exposure of Orton's craft is given. It is his work, and not his tragically short life, for which he should be remembered.

Joe Ewart

DANCING IN THE DARK

DIRECTOR: Leon Marr

STARRING: Martha Henry, Neil Munro (Entertainment)

LEON MARR could have made a film entirely out of objects. Corridors, hoovers glimpsed through doorways, close-ups of hairpins on grey carpets, and maybe in every other scene a shot of Martha Henry's weary, bewildered face, or a snatch of dialogue just to jog the attention. *Dancing in the Dark* might then have been extraordinary, but as it stands it's impressive, serious and a little leaden.

Based on a novel by Joan Barfoot, it doesn't so much betray its literary origin as drag it round like a millstone, in the form of an earnest first-person narrative voice-over. This detracts from what could have been a really challenging foray, not just into a sternly controlled visual language, but also into the art of telling stories about people and feelings without having recourse to the commonplace of depth psychology.

This tale of everyday madness concerns Edna, a placid suburban housewife, who dotes on her businessman husband, helps him entertain

the boss, and happily devotes her days to household chores and the meticulous pursuit of domestic perfection. The film cuts artfully between the home, shot mainly in a golden glow, and the chilly blue hard-focus world of the mental hospital where Edna winds up after she encounters the fatal flaw that blows her world to pieces.

The voice-over narrates the journal that Edna keeps. In the hospital, she learns to turn her silence to use as a weapon, but the film doesn't go far enough in exploiting this silence. The spoken confession destroys Edna's mystery right from the start, not only making the audience comfortably complicit in her drama, but also making its course thoroughly predictable. It also detracts from Martha Henry's extraordinary performance, an unnerving study in blankness, and carried almost entirely through facial expression.

Brilliantly constructed, the film falls short of a startling austerity. Instead, it ends up selling out old home truths about domesticity and repression and the old Freudian chestnut about cleanliness being next to flakiness. A feather duster has never looked so menacing, though.

Jonathan Romney

LITTLE STEVEN

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Monkey time



Ms Kirsch (left) and fiancée check for their best side

FILM ON FOUR: A ZED AND TWO NOUGHTS

Thursday April 30, 9.00 PM (C4)

BABY IT'S a jungle out there, but life at the zoo is positively wild. Two zoologist brothers, Oswald and Oliver Deuce, lose their wives in a car crash involving an escaped swan, and the freak accident prompts the Deuce duo to search for the Meaning Of Life. I'd look for the swan, myself, but Ollie and Os' bereavement goes deeper than revenge; they study decay in the animal kingdom, and perpetuate it by sleeping with a cripple who looks like

a character in a Vermeer painting.

Film maker Peter Greenway crosses the fine line between visual art and Darwin's eight Evolutionary Stages of Natural Selection, as this bizarre tribute to Vermeer evolves into a surreal biology lesson.

Not just another boring animal flick, and full of so many obscene (read: post-modern) suggestions, it's not suitable for the kids.

PETS IN PARTICULAR

Saturday May 2, 9.25 AM (C4)

NOT JUST another dumb animal show, but an educated, informative advice programme on 'how to do the best for your budgie' — and lots more.

Presenters James Allock and Lesley Judd take a good look at Britain's five and a half million dogs, five million cats, two million budgies and more exotic domesticated critters like ferocious fish and tree frogs. Not to mention their pets!

If early morning rising is a pet peeve of yours, just set Fido and Rover in front of the box with a six pack of Chum and a wide ruled steno pad.

THE PARTY — CHAPTER 2

Saturday May 2, 1.20 AM (LWT)

LATE NIGHT party animals and other groovy Insomniacs can catch the second half of the Wembley Arena charity concert.

This chapter of AIDS Aid features Bobby Womack, Kim Wilde, Aswad, Sandle Shaw, The Communards, Holly Johnson, Georges of the Boy and Michael persuasions, and the modestly named Supergroup.

THE LAST WAVE

Saturday May 2, 12.50 AM (C4)

PETER WEIR'S Aussie epic with Richard Chamberlain as a Sydney lawyer defending a group of Aborigines accused of murder. Scenic, eerie and mystical, the cinematography highlights the contrast of primitive and modern Australia, and the storyline is not the noble savage preachiness you might suspect.

Chamberlain expects heavy rains, and the great flood as final judgement theme proves that Weir noahs a good story when he sees one. Only two kangaroos, please.

NETWORK 7

Sunday May 3, 12.00 PM (C4)

THE PRINT MEDIA takes another step into oblivion

with this Sunday paper style 'electronic tabloid' which is aimed at the 16-25 year old market.

We're promised apolitical presentation of current affairs, fashion, music, star interviews and gossip. Series co-editor Janet Street-Porter asserts that 90 per cent of young people don't care about politics anyway, so the focus will be on big names and trends. At least the upstart channel within a channel promises to look good, with flash graphics and squat chic sets of caravans and trucks and portakabins in the predictable but geographically correct Docklands.

If you're looking for volume, contrast and brilliance, you're two thirds of the way there, as the series opens with The Beastie Boys, Julie Walters, Steven Berkoff and Bananarama. It's also two thirds live, which can only add to the snappy style and up-to-the-minute tone which is so essential, but often lacking, in magazine style programmes.

There's a cartoon, 'Dick Spanner', created by *Thunderbirds* people Anderson-Burr, and intriguing 'style commercials' (?) (two jars of style — only 99p).

It all sounds very with it, happening, etc — almost too much so to be taken seriously, but we could be pleasantly surprised.

Michele Kirsch

BORN FREE

Wednesday April 29, 5.00 PM (C4)

OR, IN the jungle the mighty lion, the lion eats tonight. Two man eating lions contend with a severe case of the munchies, as bleeding heart whitey bush-people George and Joy Adamson practically pass the salt.

Meanwhile, back in the jungle, Boran chief Mwanga calls in a holy man to cast a curse on the fat cats. Tastefully done, which is more than we can say for RADAR TELLY.

written by a princess, designed by a queen

RADAR TELLY

WELL RED

Well Red on tour

April	26th	London Ronnie Scotts
	29th	London Wembley Arena (with James Brown)
	30th	Birmingham Odeon (with the Gap Band)
May	1st	London Odeon Hammersmith (with the Gap Band)
	2nd	London Odeon Hammersmith (with the Gap Band)
	5th	Manchester International
	7th	London WAG Club
	8th	Derby College of Higher Education
	10th	London Deptford Albany Empire



honey 4



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Up against it

GARY OLDMAN is used to playing outsiders – Sid Vicious in *Sid And Nancy*, Joe Orton in *Prick Up Your Ears* – parts for which he drew on his own "dreadful" childhood in New Cross. CYNTHIA ROSE meets him as he prepares for his most challenging role yet – starring in the new Nic Roeg film, with a script by Dennis Potter

In the art of Gary Oldman, three concerns surface again and again: class, success, and unnatural death. But Oldman, an actor of quietly astonishing virtuosity, does not work by contemplating such things. And his characters are remarkable partly because their creator can show us how much they fail to see.

Like all great actors, he does it with specifics, making his own choices about what each man would and would not do. For Oldman, real action and improvisation take precedence over theory.

He keeps moving, too. Currently, he's onstage in Caryl Churchill's new play *Se-*

rious Money – a post-Big Bang dissection of new money shaking the City, helping greed corrupt the perceptions of our age. (In a plot catalysed by a suicide, Oldman plays Grimes, a gilts dealer, and Billy Corman – a corporate takeover man). This week, he opens onscreen as murdered playwright Joe Orton in the long-awaited film version of John Lahr's *Prick Up Your Ears*. But Oldman will be in North Carolina, USA: to star in a new Nic Roeg film, *Track Twenty-Nine*. This project, which has been scripted by Dennis Potter, is clearly uppermost in his mind.

Hunched opposite me in a borrowed dressing-room at London's Royal Court Theatre, he proves thoughtful, careful – and down-to-earth. "All my films," he says, "have got their faults. But I rather like that in a way, that something is like a work-in-progress, definitely not perfect. That you're always gonna keep working for something with a little bit more actual truth."

"I'm glad we made *Sid And Nancy*, for instance, because you don't want to stick a needle in your arm after watching it; I think kids should see it for that reason. But how those two people dress and what they call themselves, I don't really mind. Equally, in *Prick Up Your Ears*, they may be called Joe Orton and Ken, but they're just two guys – and one's successful and one's not. It's a relationship between two gay men: that's the bare bones of it. So I don't really keep in touch with the 'Sid and Nancy Nights' in clubs, or the nouveau punks. And, as yet, I don't know whether gay activists think I've done a good job or a bad one with Joe."

But Oldman's credentials for playing such social outsiders come naturally. Born 28 years ago in New Cross, he describes his childhood and education as "dreadful". His family never bought a book or a cinema ticket and, at 15, Gary left school to work in a Peckham sports shop. But, watching Lindsay Anderson's *If* on TV one night, he felt a longing to voice anger on his own. So – never having seen a play – he became determined to act.

"I knew you had to audition to get into drama school," he notes. "So I went into a bookshop and bought this acting text off the shelf. And I opened it at random to a speech. The speech won him a place at Rose Bruford College, which he left with a degree in theatre arts. And the script from which it came was Joe Orton's *Entertaining Mr Sloane*."

In an era of highly impressive young British actors – Tim Roth, Clarke Peters, Daniel Day Lewis – broadcast to the wider world via film, Oldman inhabits the fast lane. Does he feel lucky to have had such showy parts so early in his career?

"No," he answers firmly, "because I chose 'em. I've always been very picky about my work. I'd rather be out of work – I'd rather go back to work in the sports shop – than do some of the rubbish that's around. And I've felt that way since I started to act."

Currently, he says, there is talk of *Serious Money* going to Broadway. And plenty of "friends" keep telling him why he shouldn't go with it. After all, they say, America already knows you as a star.

"People forget about contributing," Oldman leans forward, cream-coloured jacket flopping against his limp black T-shirt. "If you keep playing leading roles, staring stuff, I think you could possibly dry up completely as an actor. All those vehicles take you away from the truth of how people really behave."

Researching *Serious Money*, he says, "I met a boy who works on the futures market in the City – and he didn't know what futures were. He trades millions of Euro-dollars every day, and he doesn't even know what he's selling."

Oldman's eyes glitter. "But he can DO it – because he's got the facility for it. And so, he affects places like the Third World."

He drops his cigarette on the floor and grinds it out under a shoe. "There's always someone down there being shat on. And someone up there who's making £100,000 a year, who's got the car, who's got £50,000 in his hand to play with. Who's riding the wave of Thatcher's new Britain. But: there's also someone using him. There's someone bigger than him who's making real power out of his mere greed."

Like success and death, greed has definitely figured large in Oldman's artistic life. Orton, he notes, "loved and adored – and wanted – money".

"Money's always been sexy and attractive," he says. "I think that's part of the tremendous response we're seeing with Caryl's play. But also: something like chastity, say, has become a concept now. It's not an old-y world-y Shakespearean thing you discover reading *Measure For Measure*. It has become a concept – because of AIDS. And money has also become a concept, almost an abstract. But not 'I need £200 so I will work every day and save in order to buy a stereo'. It's not that concept of money; it's just 'I will HAVE'."

In the story of Orton and Ken Halliwell, the partner who loved, taught and murdered him, Orton of course symbolises will: will and the determination to seize life's available pleasures. Halliwell demonstrates something else – the fellow human wrestling with questions all of us fear. How do we cope,

how do we endure, when love and recognition and even our hair desert us?

Oldman sweeps a hand through his own long, lank red hair and sighs. "Why those two people stayed together for that length of time I can only imagine was because he loved Ken. I mean, you have to make very simple choices as an actor. And mine was that he really, actually deep down inside loved him – and it just drifted, like things do. Like marriages do."

"You know, when you say 'Do you love me?' and you reply 'Of course I love you!' But it has kind of – moved on. It's not a physical, passionate love. It's the love of convenience and companionship. I have this theory that the film actually cheats a little, too. That the murder itself didn't come out of a neurotic, tense moment."

"I don't think it was quite like that," says Oldman. "I don't think Ken even knew it was coming. I think he could hear Joe breathing." His voice drops confidentially. "Can you imagine lying awake at night, wracked with envy and jealousy and knowing that you're no one. And you hear this other person in the same tiny room as you, just breathing. Breathing really deeply and easily, [Oldman begins to inhale and exhale with chillingly regular calm]... without a care in the world."

It's obvious that such histories become very vivid to Oldman. "I just remember things from my childhood and my education which were – not particularly pleasant. I hold that still in me. And, I can use it in what I do. I've discovered theatre and I can shout and scream and it's OK. 'Cause it's all pretend and make-believe – but not in a void. It lets me address real problems; it lets me share real life."

"But what if I'm that angry and I don't have Billy Corman or Joe Orton to work it through – I go and what? Beat up a load of black people?" Twilight from the room's one window begins to darken Oldman's face.

"Why do people go onto a football terrace and kill each other?" he asks rhetorically. "Thatcher doesn't know. But she should. It's cause they've got no jobs. What else are they gonna do? You know? YTS basket-weaving?"

Oldman links his anger to the rages felt by those men he's played. ("It's something about – whether you die of a drug overdose or get murdered – it always beats you, doesn't it?") But he's meticulous with what he calls "research" for every part. "I have my own references, I find my own. Like, for the Roeg film – where the guy is a real psychotic – I'm using a particular Victorian painter. His name was Richard Dadd, and he slit his father's throat. But," he breaks off, "you can't really talk about acting, it's a much more elusive thing. Like, how do I play Joe Orton like I've written all those plays?"

Oldman grins. "The answer to that one is 'I don't know you can do it.' You do get a little idea about that (he laughs) but then I become, 'Joe Orton, successful playwright' – and you've hardly ever seen me writing!"

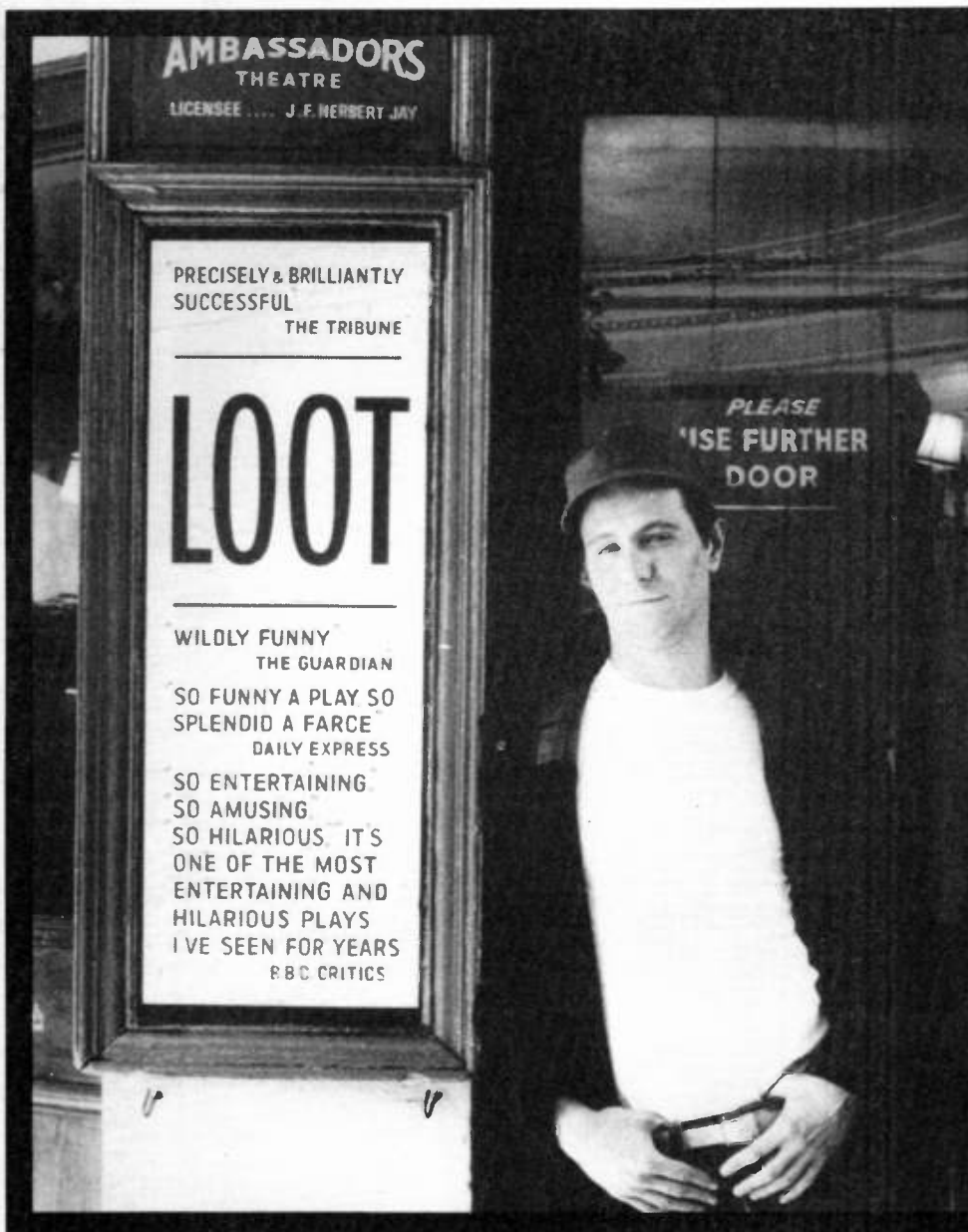
Sometimes, however, he too passes on reality. "Joe did have a slight lisp, you know. It was ever so slight but you can hear it in the one interview he did. I tried that, but I didn't want to use it. You lisp like that and you're playing a homosexual and then it sounds like you're playing some sort of queen. It looks like you're making some sort of comment."

"You work all this out for yourself, 'cause nobody pays you to do it properly; no one helps you along. It's just me in my bedroom, learning to play the bass guitar, trying to get Sid Vicious."

Oldman strives to get his "weirdoes and desperadoes" right. ("Because film is very truthful – it photographs what you think.") But he'd like, he says, to try someone a little more normal. "I mean," he contends, "I'm sure if something were really tasty and interesting enough, I'd like to play an upper-class figure. You know, I'm not averse to it. It's just that with Grimes or Corman or Joe, I can invest it with a certain history."

"Plus, they're more interesting – these characters who are always a bit outside, attacking the system. They're always more interesting. I'm not saying upper-class people aren't complex and fascinating individuals." Gary Oldman grins. "I'm just saying it's relative."

Cynthia Rose Copyright 1987



Gary Oldman – no ordinary Joe

Beat surrender

A policeman's lot is not a happy one. On the week that his Uncle Jimmy has burgled his mum's house, RADAR interviews *Brookside's* Rod Corkhill, Britain's infant cop. But why is Thatcher sneaking in to these hallowed pages, disguised as a skull? And what happens after dark?

Cut me down

It may be now, it may take time, but a montage always gets its man. Or woman, as the case may be.

Though his most famous work was done over 50 years ago, and his particular style of caricature has been much copied since, the past-master of political photomontage is still the German artist John Heartfield, who, during the Nazi era, almost single-handedly transformed the art of juxtaposing photographic images from playful Dada *schwärmerei* into powerful, didactic satire.

In his montages in the German workers' paper AIZ, Heartfield had Hitler down to a Gothic t; often graphically turning the force of Nazi bombast back against itself. When Hitler, for instance, went on record as claiming Millions are Behind Me, Heartfield instantly, and memorably, portrayed him as another front for the interests of big business: his 'millions' big money rather than mass support; his Nazi salute a grasping hand reaching upwards for cash.

If there's anyone working now who can strike a popular political chord in the best tradition of Heartfield, it's British artist Peter Kennard, whose work has been a distinctive feature in campaigns for CND, Greenpeace and the G.L.C. Though his montages have less of Heartfield's meticulous smoothness, Kennard's use of bold, stark,

symbolic images work as a bld both to cut through the bijou surrealism of advertising that's now become an almost commonplace look and to provide some kind of representation of subjects and processes, like the build-up of arms or of state surveillance, that can often seem remote or intangible.

In a new exhibition of political photomontage, *In a Right State*, at the Camerawork Gallery in London's East End, Heartfield's work of the 1930's and Kennard's work of the 1980's are shown side by side, along with Graham Budgett's glowing cibachrome images of modern America. Featuring montages on the nuclear and green issues for which he is best known, as well as new work on welfare provision, privatisation and the rise of the city, all fixed roughly on rows of mesh fencing, Kennard's stark, simple images function both as warnings and as ways through the wire.

In the run up to a general election, as Labour walks up the aisle with the advertising agencies, that no role can be found for a committed, campaigning artist like Peter Kennard is another sad indictment of its own.

In a Right State: Photomontage by Peter Kennard, John Heartfield and Graham Budgett is at The Camerawork Gallery, 121 Roman Road, London E2 until May 21.

Steven Bode



Peter Kennard's 'The Health Service is Safe in Our Hands'



Rod The Rozzer

It's not unusual for actors to get recognised in the street.

During his time as Rod Corkhill, Jason Hope has signed the odd autograph. But now the *Brookside* scriptwriters have cast him as a bizzzy, the people on Jason's real-life beat seem to think he's never off-duty. Not that the road-tax dodging drivers of West Derby have replaced the beermats on their windscreens or little old ladies have started asking him the time. It's just that... well... carry on constable Corkhill...

"Most of the time it's just a joke. It got to me at first but I can handle it better now. If you take everyone seriously you're going to be like an animal. I seem to take extra stick these days. But in ways, it's been funny. I came out of the house the other day looking for a taxi and this carload of lads pulled up in a Cortina."

"They said, 'Hey, Rod, got no tax or M.O.T. on this' and burned off at about 200 miles an hour. Things like that put you in pleats..."

"But they were just taking the piss. It's the kids and the older ones who are a bit strange. Because they only see you as the character, they think you are the character, full stop."

Jason, who's just 17, has had to grow up fast because of *Brookside*. When he goes out he has to be careful what he says and does. A bevvied Rod The Plod brawling outside a city centre nightclub would make a nice little story for the *Daily Mirror*.

Not that this fine, upstanding member of the acting community would dream of doing anything like that. Especially when the man who's just moved into the house round the corner is perhaps the most famous ex-policeman in Britain.

"I met John Stalker at the trainee college when we did the passing out scenes. He was watching me, checking me out as if I was a real copper and me bottle went".

"Sometimes it's hard to remember you're not a copper when you've got that uniform on. It takes over your personality". Despite that, Jason could never see himself pounding the beat. "But it's easy to see why Rod went in for it. He's probably had a few bad nights where he's lay awake worrying about his family and their debts and in a way he's been forced into it. They're always looking for coppers. Things have changed a lot because of the unemployment situation. One of me brother's friends is a policeman and he's just a big scally. You'd think he'd be watching out for everything but he's just one of the lads..."

Jason Hope has left his uniform at the station. He sits back in his tracky and trainers and considers his character. "I think he's a good down-to-earth kid. He's straight."

Ah, but would he shop his wayward father, Billy? "I think he'd have a good think about it and then he'd come down on the side of his own..."

Billy Corkhill can put his bit of card back in the leccy meter. John Stalker should keep his eye on young constable Corkhill—one of the new breed of scally bizzies.

John McCready

Dark nights

You'll never sleep again.

Nighttime, Channel Four's televisual journey through the night threatens to fire a rocket up the smug ass of the conventional chat show. The most exciting prospect is likely to be *After Dark*, a case of democracy in action, which is based on a successful European model of late-night television and has no immediate predecessors in Britain. The programme makers are hoping for a dramatic re-run of the show's proven anxieties:

"On the night of August 27th 1981, an extraordinary confrontation took place on Austrian television. The twice-weekly programme *CLUB 2*, ten years old this year and an institution throughout Europe, invited the 75-year-old Edward Teller—the father of the H-Bomb—to take part in a live discussion on nuclear energy. The country watched enthralled as Teller—the basis for the film character Dr. Strangelove—argued the advantages of his pet invention from the '50s: the neutron bomb. Sitting opposite him was the Swiss energy expert Ursula Koch.

Around 1.30 in the morning—the show is open-ended as well as live—Frau Koch began to weep.

"Teller continued to talk, about his grandchildren, the third world war, and his belief in science.

"The programme finally broke up around 2.30am. Teller let the others leave and sat alone in the darkened studio. 'I will never do this again' he said.

"Despite this, and despite having been—at the very least—publicly humiliated, Teller's respect for the format led him to return, some years later, to appear on the programme again."

After Dark will also be open-ended, the show coming to a natural end when the contributors agree. It will tackle confrontational subjects ranging from politics to ecology, terrorism to censorship and from morality to entertainment. The show hopes to challenge consensus thinking from every possible direction and will mean many sleepless nights. Hopefully *After Dark* will be so compulsive that the nation will decide to sleep through the soporific safety of Breakfast TV.

(*After Dark* is broadcast on Channel Four every Friday 11.45pm–2.40am).

WORD UP

SCRIPTED BY SEAN O'HAGAN

THE BEET QUEEN

Louise Erdrich (*Hamish Hamilton, £10.95*)

HYPERBOLE ASIDE, Louise Erdrich is one of the most promising new novelists to have emerged from America this decade. Her fiction represents a challenging counterpoise to the sparse pessimism of the urban trash aesthetes, replacing the laconic parochiality of a Kathy Acker with the ambitious lyricism of a Willa Cather.

Spanning four decades from the '30s to the '70s, *The*

Beet Queen writes yet another chapter of the ever-expanding Frontier Thesis. The small mid-Western town of Argus in North Dakota provides the focus for this encyclopaedic reconstruction of rural mythology. Erdrich skillfully walks the precarious line between the sentimental and the political, passionately probing the places of our heart whilst always keeping an instructive eye upon the relentless mechanics of history. Like Springsteen's 'Nebraska' or Sam Shepard's *Country*, the claus-

trophobia of the small-town mentality is weighed against the agoraphobic fears of its geographical location. The inhabitants are thus stretched and suspended between the cultural and the natural, as infinitely complex as their landscape is changeable. Poverty and personality go hand in hand, everyone is both sheep and wolf dressed in hand-me-down clothing.

Erdrich ascribes to each of her characters their own narrative voice, a technique which lends an

empathetic authenticity to her writing, handing the text back to the reader and allowing us to read the characters over the novelist's never-present shoulder. We see the same events through different eyes, mundane existence is transformed into magical artistry. *The Beet Queen* is one of the few novels to investigate the dirty realism of the present without falling victim to its own investigations. A novel of beauty, vision and compassion, I strongly recommend you read it.

Graham Caveney

THE ENDLESS GAME

Bryan Forbes (*Fontana £2.95*)

BEHIND THE glossy covers with their endless combinations of red stars, swastikas, Old Glories and Union Jacks, the modern spy novel inhabits a right-wing Disneyland. The Soviet Union is bent on world conquest. The West is weak. CND, the unions and Lefties in general are tools of the Kremlin. The choice is Freedom or a fur lined jackboot stomping on a human face — forever!

Mr Forbes cakes his cardboard cut-outs in a thick crust of cynicism but his is still a Monday Club worldview. The pages may be less peppered with stiff-chinned Brit supermen than is normal but *The Endless Game* remains a moral tale.

The first chapter, seen through the eyes of a cold blooded, traitorous, Glaswegian sex murderer, contains sections that would pass muster in a *National Front News* editorial.

"... immigrant children ... a ghetto ... the post-war flood of immigrants ... a minefield of petrified dog turds ... hate and envy ... ethnic inhabitants ... Calder wondered how any-

body worth anything could continue to live in England ... as if the only growth industries left were those propagating ugliness and sloth ..."

It is a masterpiece of spite, self-hatred and twisted nostalgia and it shows that Mr Forbes has a keen understanding of his readership. It also contains the surprisingly powerful image of the murderer hiding his weapon — a hypodermic syringe — behind a bouquet of flowers ... well, I thought it was good.

From there on it's just a grubbier and sourer rerun of trad spy imagery. The book pretends to be a spot-the-mole, who-leaked-it? Its real genre is a much older one — the invasion warning book. We've got to weed the commies from our midst, close down all the polytechnics and beat our kidney machines into swords NOW before it's too late and our England is awash with Frogs/Huns/Commies/Pakis ...

Forbes paints a soft-gutted Britain run by a Communist-infested Labour Party (if only!) and protected by a Communist-infested MI6. And the moral. Pull your socks up out there! Five more years!

Steven Wells

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SELECT

BRUTE! Malcolm Bennett and Aidan Hughes (*Sphere £1.95*)

... as sweaty as Sly Stallone's buttock fluff but twice as sexy. This ain't literature, it's PESTICIDE. It's PUNK. It's BAD. So buy it. Dick Nietzsche

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

Forget *Nowhere To Run*, this novel, with its odd mixture of homespun philosophy and team rap talk, offers simply and clearly the definition of '60s soul.

Lucy O'Brien

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

The course of action runs like smack through a vein on the verge of total collapse — a rush, a nod, another hit. ... Michele Kirsch

NEW HOPE FOR THE DEAD Charles Willeford (*Futura £2.50*)

It's fast, it fulfills the particular function of the American Crime Novel — illuminating the perforated scrotum of the American Dream.

John Williams

THE NAMES Don De Lillo (*Picador £3.95*)

Both *The Names* and *White Noise* are not only hysterically funny books but consummately modern ones. Nowhere in contemporary fiction is our global viewfinder examined more meticulously or so touchingly.

William Leith

THE SILENT TWINS Marjorie Wallace (*Penguin £3.95*)

This is as much a story about 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 riveting. ...

Lucy O'Brien

WIGAN'S CHOSEN FEW

As their LP chugs into the charts, **THE RAILWAY CHILDREN** appear to be on the fast-track for pop stardom. **JOHN 'Beeching' McCREADY**, however, reckons it's only a branch line. Signal box Brownie: **CHRIS CLUNN**.

THE RAILWAY CHILDREN

Wigan 1987 15 minutes b+w (*Factory*)
DIR: Tony Wilson.

STARRING: Gary Newby. With Music by Josef K, The Teardrop Explodes, New Order, The Smiths, Orange Juice and Aztec Camera.

Four young lads from t'north sell enough records to get to the top of the independent charts. The music press has to figure out why. Fresh and agreeable family film with many pleasing touches to compensate for its meandering plot.

This time last year, The Railway Children meant nothing more than a particularly damp example of British film-making.

Now Jenny Agutter has been bound and gagged and consigned to a cattle truck. To the thousands of young people who like neat little songs in tasteful picture sleeves, The Railway Childen are a pop group from the Factory end of Manchester, despite the fact that Gary Newby and his friends live and were born in Wigan.

And it's all happened so fast!

It always does. Before the release of their second single, a crafty little meditation called 'Brighter', and the 'Reunion Wilderness' LP, Gary Newby was happy shaping letters on a graphic design course at Stoke Polytechnic. Now The Railway Children steal Orange Juice with all the big hoods of the anorak world. Gary Newby has sold 12,000 records. He knows what it's like to share spoons with a Soup Dragon, to go clubbing with a Primitive or to ride home with a Gaye Biker. It's all happened so fast that Gary hasn't quite figured out what he'll talk about now that he has to talk. Groups make records and the people that buy those records want to read about the people that make them.

So Gary Newby must quickly decide on his favourite colour socks and work out a simple five-point plan for solving unemployment. It's all part of the game.

"I think I'll start developing a technique. I should go away and think of something really interesting to talk about . . .".

The Railway Children came from nowhere. They are undoubtedly going straight back there. Gary Newby may play the guitar but he is not stupid. The rest of the group are champing at the bit. They'd like to hit the road and make the most of all the attention they currently command. Gary will wait until he finishes his college course. I ask him if he feels that ridiculous name will prove an embarrassing millstone in five years time. With a better chance than most he says, "Realistically, I don't think I'll be doing this in five years time".

In five years time Gary Newby will have been through his record collection backwards. There will be nothing left for him to steal. The Railway Children are an illness of the times. There are kids out there who were still in shorts when Julian Cope dropped his first 'tab' of 'acid'; when Edwyn Collins first dreamed he was Lou



Makin' Tracks: (from left) Sally Thomsett, Jenny Agutter, Bernard Cribbens, Lionel Jeffries.

Reed. The Railway Children are a medicine for the times. You can have Josef K and The Teardrop Explodes, even though they no longer exist. The Railway Children, like The Soup Dragons, are a perfect example of the Mike Yarwood Effect. They are capable impressionists. In the midst of a mass of independent slop (there is no other word for it), they have been seized upon as the most able, the most presentable copyists of a style and a music that was dead and buried by 1982. The Railway Children are to the girls and boys in monkey boots and cheap suede shoes what Marillion are to fans of Gabriel era Genesis.

Your music is very derivative, Gary.

"No, not really . . .".

What do you think of Josef K?

"Er . . . I've never heard any of their stuff . . . er . . . what can you say?"

We're sat sitting in a place that serves coffee and looks out over a busy Manchester street. Gary is making promises I hope he'll be able to keep.

"The music on 'Reunion Wilderness' is already out of date to us. We've changed a lot since we recorded it. Things are going to get harder, more percussive. We want to use dance and hip-hop beats. We'd like to cross together that really high energy rhythm with the guitars and the melodies.

That seems as if it will be the natural next step for us."

"People have said that they think we sound 'twee'. I don't think we sound twee. Though I agree that we didn't get enough energy across on the record. But the music will definitely get harder . . ."

If that promise crosses into reality, there's a chance that The Railway Children will last those five years. There's no doubting that Gary (who writes all the group's songs) has a way with a tune. It's just that, for now, the tunes belong to other people.

In a way, it's sad that The Railway Children's cosy nostalgia for an age been and gone has thrown them into the spotlight. Before they've had a chance to cut their teeth (most groups do it in a church hall somewhere), they find themselves with an audience waiting for new songs.

"I used to write songs for loads of different reasons. Now I write because I have to", says Gary. "In a sense, the pressure is on. We will have to make our mistakes in public. But that's tough because it's the way it's happened . . .".

And the big record companies are watching and waiting. They've seen The Railway Children sell 12,000 records without so much as a poster or a sly backhander to some curly-permed radio producer.

Their hot little calculators will have been throwing up strings of noughts. With the weight of a CBS or an EMI behind them, The Railway Children could turn into Curiosity Killed The Cat in overcoats. They are not unaware of the situation. For the time being, a 'handshake arrangement' with Factory Records does the job after an early brush with a Virgin subsidiary left them with burnt fingers and suspicious minds.

But The Railway Children won't stay grey forever. "I think Tony (Wilson) would see our side of things if we got a really great offer from somebody. We want to make a living. Right now we're scraping around, paying ourselves about as much as we'd get on the dole. That can't last. When the time is right, we'll be off. There'll be none of this 'indie' credibility crap — that usually comes from people with in-car CDs who like to come and slum it with The Railway Children. Screw them."

Well said that splendidly foul-mouthed former terror of the Wigan Casino.

The solid and optimistic 'Brighter' aside, the music of The Railway Children is quiet and inoffensive — a reverential index of the influential white pop of the

CONTINUES PAGE 32

Crossing The Great Divide

THE STARS OF HEAVEN – great band, brilliant songs, yet strangely neglected. **SEAN O'HAGAN** and Dublin's finest wonder why it's only Americans and mediocrities who impress the English.



PICTURE: COLM HENRY

In Heaven tonight: Stan, Stephen, Bernard, Peter.

"We conduct our affairs like the gentlemen we are/Though rakish of aspect and fond of a jar."

'Sacred Heart Hotel'

In the residents bar of Blooms Hotel, two baleful Stars Of Heaven stare down at their emptying pints. I'm tempted to burst into song – the above quoted lines would be most fitting – but the moment is a serious one. And besides, I wasn't sure of the words.

The cause of our reflective interlude is a complex situation. Firstly The Stars Of Heaven are a rock group in the old fashioned sense. Secondly, they're arguably the best rock group in an old fashioned sense. Thirdly, they are *not* American. And fourthly, though critically lauded, The Stars Of Heaven have reached an impasse, a plateau of recognition. There is a fifth factor which has a direct bearing on all the previous four: The Stars Of Heaven are Irish. They live, work, write and record in Dublin. This accounts for both their (lack of) popular status *and* their unique strength.

"In English terms, we're simultaneously too available and not available enough. An American band can come over, do two shows and have far more effect. If we were American – Camper Van Beethoven or The Smithereens spring to mind – I honestly think we'd be much more popular."

That's one end of the scale, the other is less straightforward, more absurd, more grating. "Over there, in indieland, someone like The Shop Assistants were thought of as mini-superstars. We go completely against that grain: we don't play fast, we play in time, we know more than two chords, we exist outside the ghetto of mediocrity. Mediocre bands, audiences, venues... they're welcome to it. We had The Razorcuts on one of our dates and, by their own admission, they played badly. David Swift (the same) told us that the worse they played the better the audience like them. Jesus!"

Stan Erraught (guitar and words) nods in agreement with Peter O' Sullivan's (bass and vocals) dismissive judgement but, with a support slot on The Mighty Lemon Drops current English tour, The Stars are more than aware of a bitter irony at work.

"We must be the most critically acclaimed

group to come out of Ireland in years but that makes no difference, those audiences would rather hear The Primitives or whoever this month's flavour is."

Two things have happened of late to compound the Stars' sense of injustice; a triumphant Italian mini-tour and the release of their inspired 'Holyhead' EP. 'Holyhead' refines the alchemy of '86's intermittently brilliant 'Sacred Heart Hotel' album. The sound of a young band, taking time to develop their traditional craft, taking care to implement a vision that is long term.

The Stars Of Heaven take rock's long since tarnished tradition of the song and imbue it with fresh imagery, resonant lyricism and a deep blue groundswell of longing and regret. A vein of country richness and a high, keening sound of soaring voices add an indefinable hue to their music. Something old, something timeless, something lost...

"And the sea is as blue as a country drunk/ Trying to sing 'The Tennessee Waltz'"

'Widow's Walk'

Jumping way back in time, The Stars Of Heaven will acknowledge The Byrds as a prime influence, eschewing any affinity with the best forgotten New American Guitar wave of a few years back. If the sound is steeped in an American tradition, the songs themselves – and both 'Sacred Heart Hotel' and 'Widow's Walk' are songs of the highest calibre – exist in a particular place apart. Stan elaborates:

"I've seen articles saying I wrote 'Sacred Heart Hotel' in the actual bar concerned but that's not true. It's about a dingy place back in Galway called The Sacre Coeur near where I grew up. It's a simple observation of pub life in a city of high unemployment. Just impressions, impressions of Anytown, really."

"Diddle I dill, bone idle/ on the dole and on the fiddle/With a lie in each ear and a hole in the middle/Falling to pieces in a suburb of hell/The residents bar of the Sacred Heart Hotel"

Like 'Widow's Walk', 'Sacred Heart Hotel' is awash with specific, local imagery, an imagery that paradoxically lends itself to broad interpretation. Inevitably, the twin towers of Irish provincial life – the church and the bar – replace big country Americana. Stan is drawn to those wordsmiths who conjure up

layered meanings from a sense of place:

"A lot of the unavoidable background images are local and I suppose quite religious but there are a lot of churches in Dublin. I do like the idea of strongly located songs – the geography of a song. You can get much more mileage from an evocative placename than from trying to spell out an idea. American songwriters use that all the time – Tuscon, Arizona, 'Route 66' is that kind of thing *in extremis*. 'Rollin' out of Phoenix' – all that. We don't tend to have evocative place names, though..."

What you do have is loaded imagery – the Sacred Heart Hotel, the Mariner's Church, the harbour madonna, mailboats, emigrants' prayers – 'Widow's Walk' is awash with possible interpretations:

"It is about emigration, leaving home. In Dun Laoghaire, there are two long piers, one of which is known as Widow's Walk because when there was a fishing fleet out of the harbour, people got drowned rather a lot. On Sundays it'd be full of widows all looking out to sea for their loved ones. The Mariner's Church is up on the hill behind it..."

"Also," adds Peter, "much of the songs' particular sense of longing, wistfulness, what have you, comes from the sound we make. All the reverb on the vocal plus two high, disembodied voices – we never really sound like we're full of raw sex, do we?"

Nor do they sound as if politics – or even social concerns – figure largely in their thoughts. Living in Dublin – Europe's first third world capital – can't be one long, wistful meander from churchyard to barstool.

Peter: "It can be a horrible city to live in, mainly due to the last 60 years' politics of incompetence and the present third world economy. But, to tell you the truth, I don't think we can deal with that sort of thing in our lyrics. I'm not saying we're not political but every aspect of your life doesn't have to be expressed through the band. We have our own personal, social and political lives outside Stars Of Heaven. It doesn't all have to be fed through the mincer of the band, thankfully."

However, nestling among a batch of new songs, 'Little England' points a finger and, thus far, is the closest these reasonable lads have come to *angry* songwriting. Stan describes the inspiration:

"Any Irish person that goes to England will sooner or later come face to face with the

immense misconceptions they have over there. Although we're only 60 miles away people are more informed about the internal politics of the Phillipines than Ireland. It's a pain in the arse when trendy lefties start up with their shopping list of causes – PLO, ANC, GLC and, about sixth on the list, a totally fatuous support for the IRA. Dead simple, no thinking involved. Now, what irks me is, if I actually try and explain that maybe it's a little more complex than that, they won't even listen. If it threatens to upset their idealised preconceptions and/or their basic ignorance, they just turn off or say something totally inane like 'oh, you must be Protestants, then'. Which gives you some idea of the level of debate."

"Time and again... I try to tell a different story/Little England never hears/Little England is a thousand miles away."

The Stars Of Heaven, then, are a band apart – geographically, musically, politically and qualitatively. In Ireland, the ivory tower that is U2 casts a long shadow despite the good they have done for Dublin's music business. At a particular historical moment when Bono and Co have attempted to break out of their messianic roles into a more down to earth belief in the power of the song, The Stars Of Heaven may find their time is approaching.

Stan and Peter alongside Stephen Ryan (guitar, vocals) and Bernard Walsh (drums) may be temporarily dismayed at their lack of status but a profound, self confident faith in their craft gives them a certain perspective allowed only to well fancied outsiders: "What I see happening in England is a downhill slide," Peter reasserts. "The song is dying a slow, painful death at the altar of mediocrity and amateurishness. It betokens a poor future. Already bands are coming up who were influenced by The Shop Assistants. Now they were alright for half an hour, quite charming in a harmless way but Jesse Garon And The Desperadoes are here six months later doing the same thing. Sod it – they can keep it."

Well said, that man. The Stars Of Heaven are much too good for the ghetto. It is written in the good book:

"I will multiply thy seed as The Stars Of Heaven/and as the sand which is upon the seashore."

Genesis 22:17

And it doesn't mention an English indie band anywhere.

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SINGLE OF THE WEEK 1

THE FALL: Ghost In My House (*Beggar's Banquet*)
Single of the week primarily for nerve. What goes on in the mind of Smith—is this an ironic comment on the increasingly popular cover version game, or a straight tribute to R. Dean Taylor's evergreen of Northern disco repertoires? it works for the same reason as Nick Cave's 'Kicking Against The Pricks'—Smith, like Cave, can have his classic and allow it to eat itself all at once, his greatest irony is his ability to take himself seriously. So here it is with a hologram on the sleeve, the glorious cutting guitar line of the original replicated note for note, a suspiciously serious attempt at singing from Smith, a false end in the middle, the lot. I love it. What next we wonder, The Fall tour Working Men's Clubs performing the greatest hits of Motown?

Now that's something to see. They could even play the B-side of this single as an encore, since the only thing that might make 'Haf Found Bormann' (FACT: no other band in the entire world could get away with that title) more chilling is the sound of garlands of glasses being hurled stagewards. As we would hope on the back of such apparent flippancy, this is The Fall at their most disturbingly fractured—military drums provide the backing for an intersection of radio broadcasts, Smith's lines slicing through the static: "Great glory to blessed fertiliser of Poland... Nimrud is vindicated in the highest Albion", setting the A-side in more disturbing context. I don't think I ever want to see the ghost in his house. The Fall—ghostbusters of Britain, the exorcise is good for you.

45

REVIEWED BY DON WATSON

SINGLE OF THE WEEK 2

RENEGADE SOUND WAVE: Kray Twins (*Rhythm King*)
The British answer to Public Enemy's breed of noise belligerence, Renegade Sound Wave are technological abuse for the malfunctioning modernism of late 20th century England, a ghoulish twilight world not so far removed from Smith's vision, moulded out of sheer mangled noise. The long awaited application of the hip-hop blasting force to the British context. Essential.

Nitzer Ebb proclaim International Funk Aggression and rediscover the visceral thrill that 'Mussolini' period DAF discovered in the hell-for-leather sequencer pattern. A body pumping beat, the sound of blood pulsing through a muscle, pure energy and sheer exhilaration, forcing it with conviction.

DAVID BOWIE: Day In-Day Out (re-mix) (*EMI*)
And as we speak the number of people who would cross the street to piss on a burning Bowie falls by the second—the members of the Bowie-damaged generation are now faced with the de-sanctification of the last icon. From Aladdin Sane and the air-brushed crotch that changed if not lives, then at least adolescences, to the Man Inane, mumbling to the Sunday papers about rock being the only living art form, the last stage in the image gallery that spans two decades, more down-to-earth than fallen to earth, Bowie the regular guy. Do you want a total bore?

SINGLE OF THE WEEK 3

NITZER EBB: Let Your Body Learn (*Mute*)
The modern dance part two—

What's most dismaying about the self-destruct act Bowie has aimed at his own mystique over the last three years is the lack of dignity with which it has been conducted. At the time of 'Ashes To Ashes', he seemed to have effortlessly ridden every trend, completing a perfect cycle of pop. Now he seems to be floundering hopelessly, trying altogether too hard, a middle-aged man with his overfed funk. 'Day In-Day Out' (re-mixed or otherwise) is flaccid and utterly irrelevant, I'd swap it any day for just one beat of 'Sign 'O' The Times'. "Stay in! fade out", he pontificates. Fade out, David, please.

HOTLINE: Rock The House (*Rhythm King*)
BAILEY & BRIDGES: Come and Get It (*Rhythm King*)
The syrupy sounds of Lovers smooching '70s disco dribble into the modern beats of these two Rhythm King releases, all sweet melodies and spiralling synthesizers. Sounds fine at first but begins to cloy on the second or third play, and you start to yearn for something not quite so suffocatingly soft.

THE GOREHOUNDS: Big Spud EP (*Idol Records*)
In which Irish trash/dog rock cultists crucify Kenny Rodgers' 'Ruby (Don't Take Your Love To Town)', with Jesus And Mary Chain style hammering snare and nail-scraping feed-back, and hope for a resurrection (popular with the offspring of bearded fellas at this time of year). Its strident novelty value has already converted quite a few around here. Personally I don't think I'll stick around for the second coming.

STEVE MARTIN: Dentist (*Geffen*)
JOHN OTWAY: Whoops Apocalypse (*WEA*)
WARREN ZEVON: Werewolves Of London (*WEA*)
Soundtrack spin-off time. Steve Martin's cameo as the psycho-sadistic dentist in latter-day musical *Little*

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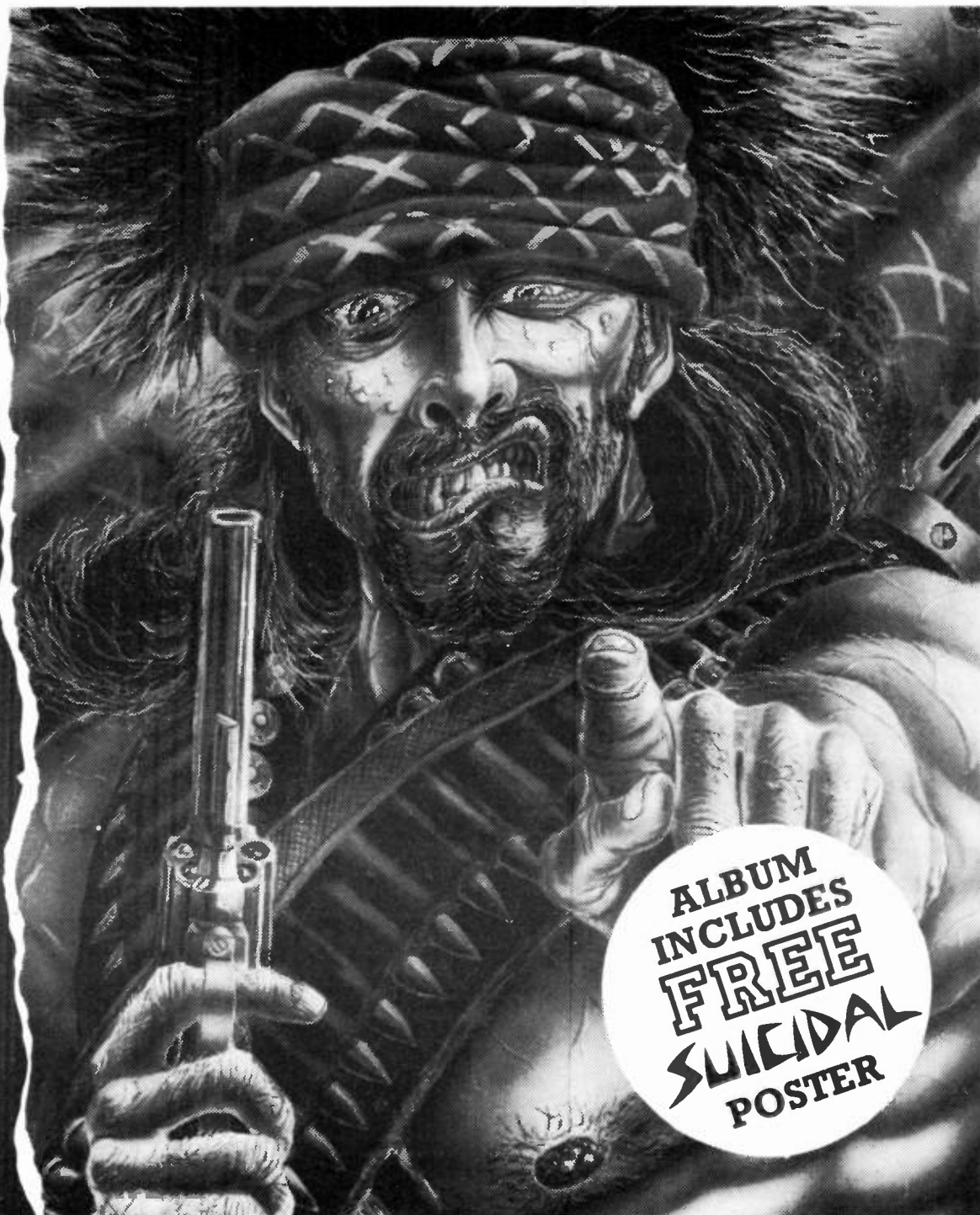
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Shop Of Horrors raises the comic tone of an otherwise tacky production and was worth releasing as a single just so's we can see the clip again on the telly, unfortunately without the rubber-faced visuals of the genius of *The Jerk* it's a matter of minor amusement merely – biggest laughs go to the backing singers for "He's the leader of the plaque" and "He's a dentist and he'll never be any good".

Still it's immeasurably funnier than John Otway's eccentricity by numbers bit for the soundtrack of *Whoops Apocalypse*. Does anybody else remember 'Geneive' or the days when there was an extra dimension to his dementia. No, I thought not.

The re-release of Warren Zevon's 'Werewolves Of London' serves no other purpose than to remind us of the most offensive sequence of *The Color Of Money* in which Scorsese apes the Yuppie movie while the charmless Cruise mimes to this dislikeable Californian 'classic'. Ptui.

FRANK SIDEBOTTOM: Salutes The Magic Of Freddie Mercury And Queen (*In Tape*)

Old Frank has his plastic Clark's size sevens perched on the very brink of the That Joke Isn't Funny Any More abyss of Mancunian has-beens. Only his complete and utter bizarreness and the invention of 'Little Frank' – a two-foot tall cardboard cut-out credited here with "electronic guitar riffs" – save him. Presumably you know what to expect, after his single-ukeleled demolition of 'Bohemian Rhapsody', the country's leading social-club surrealist despatches 'I Am The Champion', 'Frank Gordon' and others too painful to mention. "Frank!" they chorus. "Don't go telling me how long I've got to save the universe," he whines in reply, "I already know."

And he gets away with it... just.

DOCTOR AND THE MEDICS WITH ROY WOOD: Waterloo (*Waterloo*)
A case of life imitating Sean O'Hagan – no sooner was last week's singles column on the streets, mentioning psychedelic fakes past

and present in the same breath than the execrable Medics took it upon themselves to exhume the offensively bearded Midlander for a romp through the old Abba number. Too late alas to trap the fashion victim market, since my man in the Moschino T-shirt informs me that the fashionably frivolous are getting down to Bucks Fizz these days.

Bah! If this is what camp has come to I'm going macho.

JOCELYN BROWN: Egomaniac (*WEA*)
Still seeking the follow-up to the immaculately right 'Somebody Else's Guy', Jocelyn Brown teams up with producer Jellybean who slices some hip-hop Big Noise into her trad-soul format. The vocals are as powerful as ever but somehow it lacks that instant classic stamp – too much to be simply seductive and not enough to be truly hard.

SHELLEYAN ORPHAN: Anatomy Of Love (*Rough Trade*)
The Pre-raphaelite revival, it had to happen – she all tangled curls and penetrating pretty gaze, he all consumptive cheekbones and sensitively sloping shoulders. This pair make Everything But The Girl look like Public Enemy. I could take their appropriation of English High Romanticism if only they didn't make it sound so god-awfully twee, entirely lacking in the sense of cruelty that was so important to their influences. Morrissey remains alone as the only one who can deliver feyness with a smirk.

ZODIAC MINDWARP AND THE LOVE REACTION: Prime Mover (*Phonogram*)

GAYE BYKERS ON ACID: Nosedive Karma (*In Tape*)
The acceptable side of the rock revival, grungy though they be both Mindwarp and the Bykers opt for Pop (Iggywise and otherwise) rather than the pomp of The Cult.

Gaye Bykers On Acid wear leather, have snarling guitars, don't wash and are obsessed with *Star Trek*, living up (or rather down) quite deliberately to

the anti-image of the rock pig, all of which I have my reservations about. At least it's infinitely preferable to wearing plastic sandals, having jangly guitars and an obsession with the *Magic Roundabout*, or whatever pre-school viewing is currently being dredged up by indie-pop doyens. Also, anything that doesn't sound even vaguely like Simply Red has got to have something going for it.

"Guard your sense of humour," says the voice cut-in, and mercifully they do, parading a guitar solo inept enough to be excused and singing things like: "Wisdom in a box/ In the Age Of Chance/ A living paradox/ So much for teenage angst", which may or may not be an attack on Leeds's lovable Sonic Noise combatants – prepare for Northern sarcasm battling with Midlands belligerence.

Zodiac meanwhile professes his liking for television (yes all television, if you take the right drugs presumably it doesn't matter what's actually on the thing) and T Rex, the latter being blatantly obvious. Obscenity level and humour quotient high. I have been limbering up over Easter for an on-the road stint with this bunch by taking ten tabs at once and sticking my head in a cement mixer so you'll get no critical judgement here tosh.

DR FRESH: Is This The American Dream (*Rhythm King*)

Another nightmare panorama of the dream's malfunction, alternating spoken rap with a sung refrain. "The girl's mind is all confused/ She might as well have been child abused", a new twist to an old tale, poverty corrupts, dance disrupts.

WESTWORLD: Ba-Na-Na-Bam-Boo (*RCA*)

More nouveau bubblegum from the pretenders to Sigue Sigue Sputnik's crown as kings of rock 'n' roll regeneration/degeneration, and to be treated with equal contempt. Will be snapped up by all the tackhounds who go misty-eyed with nostalgia at the mention of the title of an old Mud single. Camp is now

definitely dead, Westworld are the last nails in the coffin. I guess now we all have to rediscover taste – what a perfect chore darlings.

JESSE RAE: Hou-dini (*WEA*)

Professional Scotsman and American tourist attraction Jesse Rae teams up with Roger Troutman and produces tongue in Chic and sporan in bondage S & M funk workout. "I lay down my head/ She would tie me to the bed." The Russ Abbot of rap.

THE ARMOURY SHOW: New York City (*EMI*)

Professional Scots in funk workouts part two. Man for all seasons (but a man for what reason?) Richard Jobson claims: "If New York is the promised land then Glasgow must be Heaven." Illogical deductions over soul reconstructions as pleasant and as apparently pointless as everything since 'The Absolute Game'.

CLOSE LOBSTERS: Never Seen Before (*Fire Records*)

Maybe not but certainly heard before, a curse be upon this breed and their semi-acoustic guitars. It's all very well to jangle but can you turn a rhyme like Edwyn Collins – the answer inevitably is no.

DEPECHE MODE: Strangelove (*Mute*)

There's been something altogether too monochrome about Depeche Mode singles since 'Shake The Disease', they're obviously altogether too wholesome to carry off the black celebrations they've been hinting at and they've lost the clumsy naivety that was so much a part of their charm before. Since the metal-pop of the lyrically inane 'People Are People' they've lost much of the experimental edge to their sound too. 'Strangelove' is another sortie into Soft Cell type territory but Martin Gore will never know as much as Marc Almond about the darker side of love, and Dave Gahan lacks the corruption necessary in the voice of the electronic torch singer. All rather flat I'm afraid.

THE BANGLES: Following (*CBS*)
More Californian harmonic pop from the preening popchicklets with the requisite modicum of grunge thrown in to fulfil the grind quotient towards the end. "We could come and go/ And talk of Michelangelo," they sing in an attempt to prove that they are not dumbwits and are perfectly capable of plagiarising T. S. Eliot like the rest of us. "If I had the time/ I'd run away with you". But I've got the manicurist coming at 11 and then I've got to have my hair tinted this afternoon. The sounds of dry brains in dry seasons.

STRYPER: Calling On You (*Music For Nations*)

I don't know about you, but I'm still quaking from the other night's *Buckle Of The Bible Belt* TV exposé of the born again cults of America. The idea of Christian heavy metal is less amusing than it used to be. A suitable case for censorship.

PRINCESS TINYMEAT: Devilcock! (*Rough Trade*)

Talking of censorship, the sleeve of this record was apparently banned in Ireland where they are obviously more sensitive about the sight of young men with badly dyed hair and appallingly applied make-up. It appears to be making you break out too, dear, which suggests you're using the wrong foundation. Personally I'd invest in a paper bag, they're cheaper and in your case might be more effective.

And the music? Bah! Pollycock!

Did you know that Princess Tymeat was the Hollywood nickname for Monty Clift?

UB 40: Watchdogs (*Dep International*)

Oh God, doesn't it make ya sick. British band goes to Russia, probably spends half their time complaining about the lack of dope, then comes back and sticks constructivist graphics on their sleeve just to trail the Channel 4 documentary on their visit. The music is the usual sound of a distant snore.

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MIXES

Diamond geezers

When they're not fanny-dancing about in Spurs' and England's midfield and trying not to get dirty, Hoddle and Waddle – aka GLENN & CHRIS – are the hit-making crooners behind 'Diamond Lights'. Tackling terrier ADRIAN THRILLS goes over the top. Picture: A J BARRATT.

The end of the football season is heralded by two things, grim perennials that have become an integral part of the national game.

First come those thick black lines that appear overnight at the foot of the league tables to finally banish the season's strugglers to a lower division.

Second are the dreaded Cup Final records. Successful soccer teams were once satisfied with a glimpse of some coveted silverware, the odd medal and a lap of honour around Wembley Stadium or Hampden Park. But those notions went out with cloth caps, rattles and the Corinthian spirit. Top soccer stars now insist on inflicting a new aural torture in the shape of self-agrandising singalongs – usually either militaristic marches or jaunty pub rambles – that combine the *braggadaccio* of rap with the musical wit and invention of a choir of strangled cats.

This end-of-season is no different. The Cup Final cash-ins are with us again, customised and cobbled cacophonies that are actually too fast to even sing on the terraces. This May, however, a new breed of football-related single is being side-footed into play, namely the record that aspires to serious pop credibility.

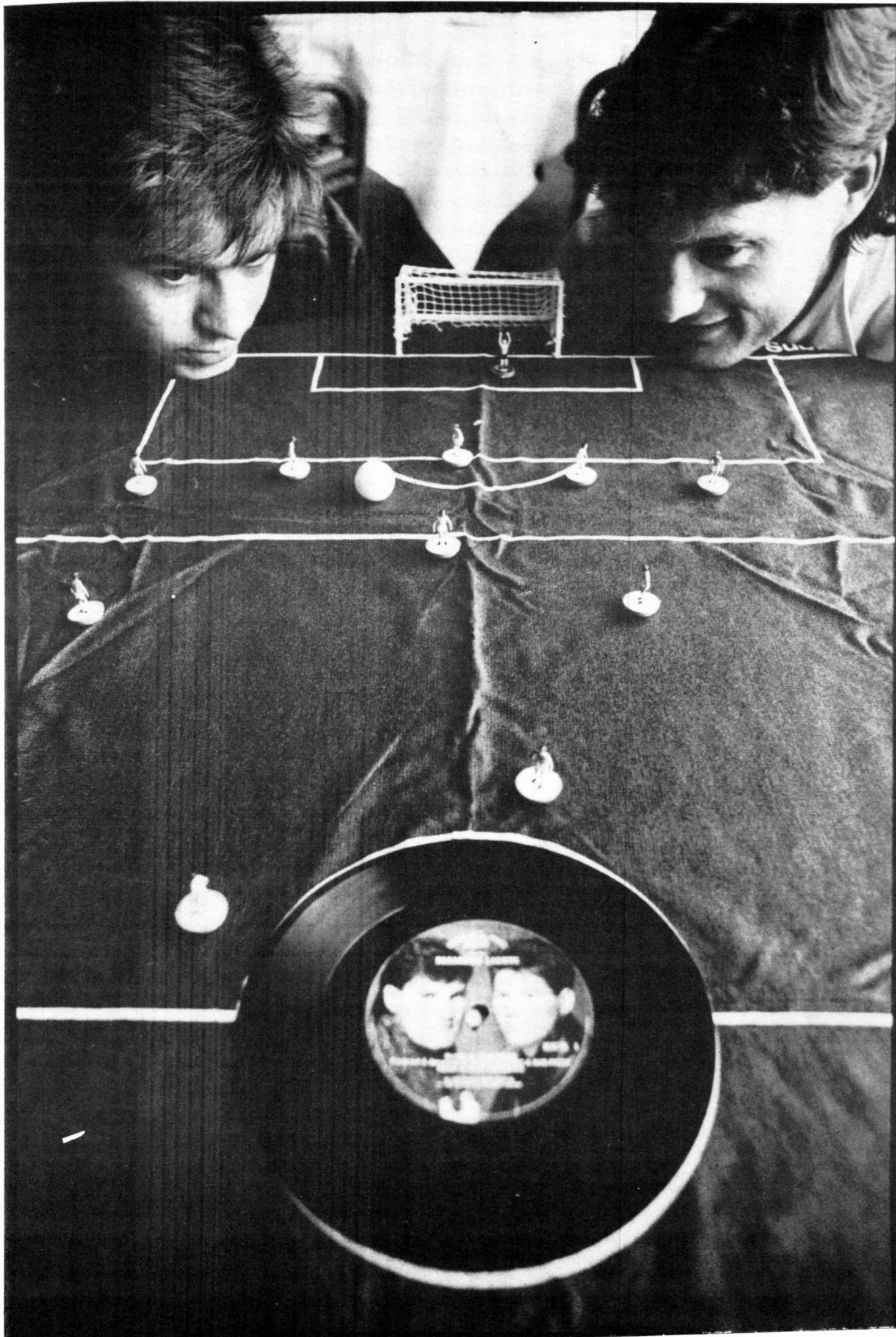
From Tackhead's awesome dub collage 'The Game' to the garage warblings of The Tractors' 'Pat Nevin's Eyes', football has been a big noise in pop music this year. And it was inevitable that the players themselves would get in on the act.

Dreadlocked Dutch West Indian star Ruud Gullit was the first, securing a Top Ten hit in Holland with his bohemian strum through 'Not The Dancing Kind'. He was followed by Liverpool midfielder player Craig Johnston's impersonation of the *Ben Hur* soundtrack on 'The Pride Of Merseyside'.

But the most successful soccer-stars-as-pop-crooners to date have undoubtedly been the Tottenham Hotspur and England international pair Glenn Hoddle and Chris Waddle.

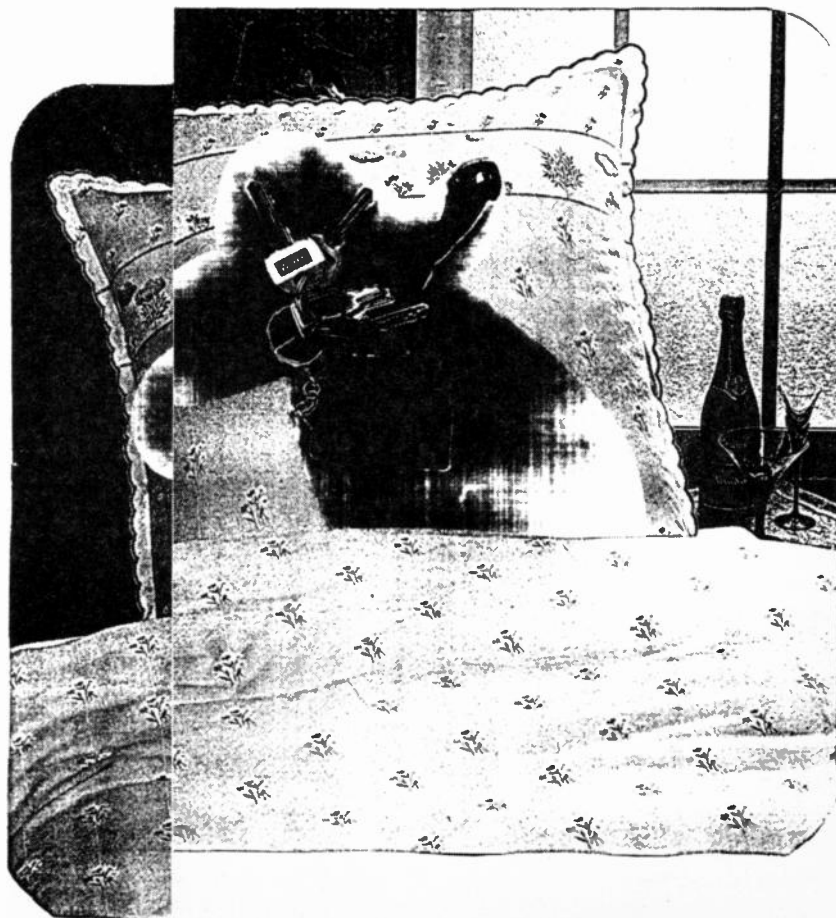
Glenn and Chris – surnames relegated to the substitute's bench for *Gallup* chart purposes – last week became the first professional footballers to appear as a duo on *Top Of The Pops*. Their debut Record Shack single 'Diamond Lights' is racing inexorably into the national Top Ten and there is already talk of a follow-up, perhaps even an album.

On the field, World Cup stars Hoddle and Waddle are perhaps the closest that



Glenn (right) with Chris: "Ye canna beat a game of Blo' Fitba', man."

WIRE



THE IDEAL COPY

THE ALBUM
THE CASSETTE
THE COMPACT DISC



STUMM 42

the modern British game has come to the style of '60s legends like Bobby Charlton and George Best. But how did two of football's most gifted attacking players end up on the path to pop stardom? In a London hotel, the pair explain that their singing careers came about by happy accident rather than any masterplan to claim the throne vacated by Wham!

"It wasn't as if Chris and I sat down and decided to make a record," says Glenn. "We were at a dinner dance where we got our arms twisted into getting up on stage. We ended up singing a couple of Beatles songs with the band. A friend of ours with contacts in the music business said we sounded reasonably good and suggested that we made a serious record. We thought he was just pulling our legs. But he got back to us with some songs, so we decided to give it a go."

Along with songwriter Bob Puzey, the pair went into Red Bus studios in London last October to cut 'Diamond Lights'. A brooding electronic melodrama with tinges of Depeche Mode and Ultravox, it is a world away from the chirpy vinyl knees-up that might have been expected.

"We wanted to do something we could be proud of," explains Chris in a broad Geordie brogue. "We wouldn't have done it had it been the usual football single. We've had a lot of offers to make gimmick records in the past, but we've always turned them down."

"Obviously everyone will have their own opinions of the single. That's up to them. But we enjoyed recording it and making a video. It's all new territory for us, so it's been an interesting experience."

As the major record companies dithered, the cavalier crooners signed a deal with Record Shack in the New Year and released their debut last month. The initial sales figures were remarkable in that the record was at its strongest not only in the north London suburbs closest to the duo's White Hart Lane home ground, but also in north-west England and even Scotland (the latter much to the chagrin of the tartan contingent at *NME* Central).

With Tottenham due to face Coventry City in the FA Cup Final a fortnight from now, the record is chartbound at an interesting time. But Glenn and Chris emphasise that a Wembley bandwagon was the last thing on their minds with 'Diamond Lights'. The single was, after all, recorded over six months ago, long before the start of their successful cup run.

"We've always loved music, just as a lot of musicians love football," says Glenn. "There has always been a link between the two. When I was a kid, I always wanted to be either a footballer or a pop star. Now it looks as if I'm doing both!"

A modest, unassuming pair, Hoddle and Waddle are refreshingly level-headed about their chart success. Their understandable pride is tempered with

some pretty hefty pinches of salt.

"We've got to keep our feet on the ground," continues Glenn. "We are primarily footballers and we're not really pop stars. But players sometimes need to get away from the game. There is more to life than football and they need to go down a different road now and then. So some have their own businesses, and some are into stocks and shares. We happen to be really keen on music, which is why we've fallen into doing this."

As for their 'influences', Glenn admits to having cultivated a serious soft spot for The Eagles, Jackson Browne and other lesser-known doyens of American West Coast rock during his youth in the Essex new town of Harlow. Chris, three years younger, spent his teens in Gateshead following the mohair groove of The Jam along with local heroes like The Toy Dolls and The Chart Commandoes. A relative latecomer to professional soccer, he worked for two years in a Tyneside meat factory. It was a job which gave not only a healthy perspective on his current lifestyle, but also the free time to go out and see live bands in the evenings.

"I used to go to a lot of the smaller clubs in Newcastle," he recalls. "There are always a lot of good groups in the city, but most of them eventually split up because they don't get the breaks that a band in London might. My favourite band were always The Jam, though. I was very disappointed when they split up, because The Style Council just aren't the same."

"I saw The Jam about half-a-dozen times in the North-East. I even used to dress up for the concerts in a black suit, tie and a pair of spats. It was quite a laugh really. They would play Newcastle City Hall and get 3,000 people all wearing the same gear as them."

Moving back up to date, how have the pair's team-mates and manager reacted to their blossoming pop career?

"The players have given us a bit of stick," Glenn chuckles. "But now that they've heard the record, they all want copies of it! The manager has told us that it isn't a problem for him as long as it doesn't interfere with our football and our training schedules. He trusts that we are experienced enough to ensure that there is no conflict."

Often a deceptively casual duo in their style on the football field, Glenn and Chris have adopted a sensible and easy-going attitude to their activities away from the game. Whether or not they are the new Wham!, they seem to know the score.

"We're not saying that 'Diamond Lights' is the greatest record ever made," says Glenn. "But it is something that we can be proud of. We've had good fun doing it and we think that we've done a good job. How serious it becomes doesn't depend on us. That's in the hands of the public."

Right now they are singing *and* winning.

GAEEL FORCE

TWO NATIONS UNDER A GROOVE AN A TO Z OF PARTISAN POP

Lies, all lies! The pop history you've been fed – clogged with American stars and English bars – is a conspiracy of deceit. It's a wilful denial of the rock'n'role of Gaelic genius. Ask yourself. . . Who did Prince rip off? Who cured the pub rock scene of gonorrhoea? Why did the Pogues change their name? And who started a fight at his own funeral? The answers are all here. . .

From the ruthlessly objective pens of STUART COSGROVE and SEAN O'HAGAN, the *NME* proudly presents GAEEL FORCE: A PARTISAN GUIDE TO POP.

Here you'll find Annie Lennox, U2, Simple Minds, Bob Geldof, The Pogues, Talking Heads, Jimmy Sommerville, That Petrol Emotion, Hipsway, The Cocteau Twins, The Jesus And Mary Chain and the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. . .



"I live here, what's your excuse?"



My group knew Jim Baxter.



"Ahm Fae Fife. Where are you Fae?"



ANTI-HEROES
Think of George Best in his prime. The long dark locks, the pop-star's beauty, the green jersey worn with cocky pride and the majestic speed. He feints to the left, then to the right, he turns on a sixpence and darts out of sight. . . And that was when he was driving home from a club. On the football pitch he was even better. George Best was the first of soccer's pop stars and the ultimate anti-hero. With one eye on the net and another on his hair-do, George tormented the opposition, a wayward genius, with total disrespect for the system.

GAEEL FORCE culture is full of anti-heroes, pop stars and players who refuse to abide by the rules and who turn skill into the sublime. There was Denis Law and his bicycle kicks; Van Morrison's Them on *Ready Steady Go*; Alex Harvey's surreal Hitler routine, and Alex Higgins starring role as the green-baize wideboy.

Pop critics have spent wasted lives trying to make sense of GAEEL FORCE anti-heroes. They traced the authentic roots of The Jesus And Mary Chain back to New York garage punk, not realising that their anti-heroic ancestry lies at the feet of the great Slim Jim Baxter, a legendary Scottish footballer who shared their anti-authoritarian coolness and the same petulant virtuosity.

Anti-heroes get suspended for six games, wreck their record company offices and end up in jail after squalid incidents in a Danish nightclub, but they wake up the next day to tune their guitars and score from an impossible angle. GAEEL FORCE society is overcrowded with anti-heroes. English pop is more straightlaced. There was Cliff Richard, a christian balladeer, and Kevin Keegan, a yes-man with a perm.



Phil Cool.



"Call me hen and you're a corpse."



On the fiddle.



There's a hire fee for sitting on desks, Miss Toner...

BEVVY MERCHANTS
Pissed and proud, this is the story of positive drinking. Could Burns have written 'Auld Land Syne' without a pint of heavy? Could Behan have written *Borstal Boy* without the help of bevv? Great art needs great inspiration. Could you really imagine The Pogues recording 'Lucozade, Sodomy And The Lash'. Let's face facts, some people need bevv like an engine needs oil, so let's drink a toast to *THE GAEL FORCE Guide To Liquid Engineering*.

For those with an upmarket palate try Glenfiddich and for the kamikaze drinker we recommend any of the following vintages: Four Crown, VP and Mundies. For the Catholic connoisseur a wine matured by monks at Buckfast Abbey immortalised by Celtic fans in their community song 'Buckfast, Buckfast Jungle Juice'. If you're in a bar in Ireland its known as 'A Christine Keeler', but where'er you roam drink a toast to the bevv merchants. There's Shane McGowan who could drink the Dordogne dry on a good night; Frankie Miller who has collapsed through more drum-kits than Ringo Starr, and of course The Dubliners who were badly under-estimating when they recorded 'Seven Drunken Nights'.

Even aesthetes love a bevv, don't miss Richard Jobson's recent book of poetry '16 years of Alcohol'. I staggered lonely as a cloud.

England has no tradition of creative drinking, although Mick Jagger's name does rhyme with lager.

CHANCERS
Would you buy a used idea from a Gaelic chanter? It is written in the rules of pop (small print) that Ireland and Scotland have produced a breed of men whose sole purpose in life is "working moves". GAEL FORCE brings you a parcel of rogues:

1. Name the self styled 'King Of Caledonian Swing' who took Zimbabwe's Bhundu Boys from Harare to Hawick and never gave up his day job as a window cleaner?
2. Who dressed a Scottish beat group in tartan, wrote ten different variations of 'Shangalang' and conquered the British charts?
3. Who was a 2-Tone tour manager, discovered Bananarama, has an office called Hill 16 after the terrace of Croke Park, Dublin and guided The Pogues from The Devonshire Arms to the Top Ten?
4. Who released a punk 12" by Pope Paul And The Romans called 'Why Don't Rangers Sign A Catholic?', managed the Queen's fancy-man Michael Fagin, and is the brains(?) behind The Bollock Brothers?
5. Who stole his physiotherapist's wife, had more clubs than Jack Nicklaus and wanted to join Jacques Cousteau because "there are 20,000 leagues under the sea and I'm bound to win one of them"?
6. Who left a group called H2O, created an indie empire round four bampots from East Kilbride and recently robbed Richard Branson of his Shop Assistants?
7. Who ran Carntyne Promotions and made Arthur Daley look like Mother Theresa?

Since the Tin Pan Alley days, England has only offered one contender - Malcolm McLaren, but an Irish punk robbed him Rotten in the High Court.

Answers:

1. Champion Doug Veitch. 2. Tam Paton (manager of The Bay City Rollers). 3. Frank Murray (Manager of The Pogues). 4. Jock McDonald. 5. The Doc (Tommy Docherty). 6. Alan McGhee. 7. Mister Clockerty, manager of The Majestics.

CELTIC SOUL BROTHERS

Dexys Midnight Runners Mark 2 took on the full mantle of the Celtic gypsy rover, hitting the charts with the rolling 'Come On Eileen', roping in Van The Man for backing vocals on 'Jackie Wilson Said' and spelling out the spirit on 'The Celtic Soul Brothers' itself. The Celtic identity continued with 'Don't Stand Me Down' and 'Knowledge Of Beauty', and the video had Kevin Rowland journeying back to the land of his parents and paying homage at the graveside of William Butler Yeats in County Sligo.

The Pogues are Celtic Soul Brothers incarnate, as are the legion of folk-tinged bands the followed: The Men They Couldn't Hang, The McCluskey Brothers, The Proclaimers, We Free Kings and Nyah Fearties.

HONORARY: Suggs MacPherson, Cathal 'Carl' Smyth of Madness (RIP), Elvis Costello nee Declan McManus, Cait O'Riordan nee Costello nee McManus, John Lydon, George O'Dowd, Shillelagh Sisters (RIP), Coming Up Roses, Mari Wilson...

DEAD-HEADS

DBus shelters and booze don't mix. Think of the tragic death of the immortal Big Jazza McGlone. The lead singer of Glasgow's roving rock band The Majestics, wrapped in an undignified heap round a bus shelter. And the boys thought he was still at the Kebab shop! What a way to go! In the wake of Big Jazza's funeral, GAEL FORCE pays homage to the dead-heads of pop.

Rest in peace, Sensational Alex Harvey, gone but never forgotten. Bruce Springsteen may have ripped off your faded denims and sweaty tee-shirt but the spirit of Vambo Rules OK.

Rest in peace, Phil Lynott, the original afro-rocker from the Emerald Isle. Prince may have stolen your light-green plat-forms but he'll never match your brogue.

EMERALD FILE

EGael Force asks who can follow in the footsteps of the mighty? Who dares don Rory Gallagher's old Ben Sherman, Thin Lizzy's discarded cheesecloths, The Boomtown Rats' cotton pyjamas or Five. Go Down To The Sea's designer stubble?

Come On Down...

STUMP: Beefheart, Bushmills and the BigBumSwingAling make Cork's finest the favourites. All together now: HOW MUCH IS THE FISH?!

MICRODISNEY: They invented *Angry* music. Bile has never sounded so sweet. STARS OF HEAVEN: Roll over Big Tom and tell Hank Williams the news. Country rock with a PhD.

HOT TIPS: A House, Something Happens!, The Fat Lady Sings, The Real Wild West, Guernica and The Gorehounds.

ITBA'

FThe Skids said it all: fitba's 'The Absolute Game'. Gil Scott-Heron's dad, The Black Arrow, played with Jock Stein in the Celtic team of the early '50s. Fish of Marillion supports Hearts. The assistant manager of

Dunfermline Athletic is Richard Jobson's brother. The O'Neill Brothers of That Petrol Emotion are keen followers of Derry City who play at Brandywell in The Bogside and have a multi-racial team lead by black wizard Owen DaGama. Pat Nevin, the Chelsea and Scotland footballer, has a huge collection of Joy Division bootlegs. George Best advertised Cookstown Sausages and Norman Whiteside has all of Dire Straits' albums. Owen Paul, the pre-teen pop star, once played alongside Charlie Nicholas in Celtic Boys Club.

Big Country's Stuart Adamson goes to all Dunfermline's away games. Rod Stewart once had trials for Brentford. Rangers striker Ally McCoist has a haircut like the lead singer of A-Ha. The Wullie Malloys, the renowned Celtic Supporters Club, has Pat Nevin, Hipsway, Billy Connolly and the Soviet Sports minister Lev Mayakovsky among its members. The Scottish Internationalist Asa Hartford was named after Asa 'Al' Jolson. The legendary R+B singer Jackie Wilson had the same second name as the Rangers winger Davy Wilson. St. Johnstone are the only team in Britain with a 'J' in their name, so who gives a toss about Juventus.

(The Absolute Game, The world's leading Football Fanzine is available from Box 99, 43 Candlemaker Row, Edinburgh EH1 2QB. Price 35p)

REAT SCOTS

GFor refusing to abide by the craven laws of pop stardom, GAEL FORCE congratulates Jimmy Sommerville for daring to front a hi-energy violin band; Billy McKenzie for disbanding The Associates and kissing goodbye to fickle fame; Stuart Adamson for refusing to leave Fife for the designer insincerity of London; Annie Lennox for taking androgyny back to Aberdeen; and Dundee United for being the greatest Scots of the month.

HEAVEN AND HELL

HSaint Bono, Stars Of Heaven, Blue In Heaven, 'Kick Me Again Jesus' (A House), Jesus And Mary Chain, 'Ask The Lord' (Hipsway), 'Jackie Wilson Said (I'm In Heaven When You Smile)'.

'Boys From County Hell' (The Pogues), *Straight To Hell*, Light A Big Fire, 'Whiskey, You're The Devil' (The Pogues)

INVENTORS

IThere's no denying it, the Scots invented everything. How could The Sex Pistols have said f**k on television if John Logie Baird hadn't invented it first? How could Gene Pitney have phoned to say he wouldn't be home anymore if Alexander Graham Bell hadn't got in first and invented the telephone? How would the entire pub-rock scene have been cured of gonorrhoea if Alexander Fleming hadn't had the foresight to discover penicillin? Yes. The Scots invented everything, it even took a bunch of East Kilbride scruffs called The Jesus And Mary Chain to invent feedback. Historians will testify that England has only had one inventor of note. He was called Jethro Tull: great seed-drill, shame about his songs.

JINGLY JANGLY JOCKS

JA dubious category thrust on Scotland and its floppy fringes by the critical mandarins of the *NME*. The term describes anyone from north of Berwick who can tune a guitar, and many who can't.

JJJs are usually groups who spends ten weeks thinking up a strange name then split up six weeks later. To have a hit record is a big mistake. Fortunately most JJJs have avoided making the mistake with consummate ease. The high-priests of the Church of The Jingly Jangly Jocks are Edwyn Collins and Roddy Frame. Names worth conjuring from the depths of your memory are The Bluebells, Strawberry Switchblade, Josef K, The Fire Engines, The Shop Assistants, and of course, Orange Juice (a dubious name, cf *No Surrenders*).

GAEL FORCE'S most cherished example of the JJJs in action is the dear departed Aztec Camera, a group that only marginally avoided having the worst name in the entire history of pop. Thank god for England and Prefab Sprout!

JOKERS

Dave Allen, Billy Connolly, Robbie Coltrane, Ally McLeod.

Did you hear the one about... Why there are no mods in Belfast? Would you walk round with a target on your back? Have you heard about the level-headed Englishman? Dribbled out of both sides of his mouth.

KEN

KVery few people in Scotland are actually called Ken but everyone says it. You may remember that Ken Buchanan was a champion boxer, but when it comes to linguistics, the king of the Ken Count is Big Country's Stuart Adamson. He can't say a single sentence without resorting to the odd Ken.

Other GAEL FORCE expressions worth practising are 'Yir Man', 'Geezabrek', 'Aye Right', 'Haud On Pal' and 'Ahm Fae Fife'. It was the latter greeting that spawned the notorious punk movement in 1976 and resurfaced as the name of the best singer of the punk era, Fay Fife, lead singer of the Edinburgh group The Rezillos.

Incidentally, there was once a group from Falkirk called Ra Polis but Miles Copeland stole their ideas, anglicised their name to The Police and became a millionaire. His dad used to run the CIA. Ken whit a mean?

LANGUAGE

LContrary to popular belief, there are several languages in the British Isles. The most important is gaelic, but don't forget Lallans Scots, Welsh, Manx, and bringing up the rear there's English. The Pogues were originally known as Pogue Mahone, a gaelic approximation to the well know English phrase 'Kiss My Arse'.





Halo, Halo, Halo.



Alex Harvey: "Let Glasgow flourish."



Feargal Sharkey; like LA never happened...



Their debut single sent shivers through the BBC, who initially didn't know what it meant then panicked when they found out. They insisted on the more polite name The Kisses, a strange decision for an organization that has to kiss Tory ass to survive.

"Talking 'bout Oscar Wilde and Brendan Behan, Sean O'Casey, George Bernard Shaw, Samuel Beckett, Eugene O'Neill, Edna O'Brien and Laurence Sterne..." (Dexy's Midnight Runners: 'Dance Stance')

Scottish twins Charlie and Craig Reid, who perform in Central Scottish dialect as The Proclaimers have released the new wave phonetic folk guide 'Throw The 'R' Away. "I've been so sad / since you said my accent was bad / He's worn a frown / This Caledonian clown... Some days I stand / On your green and pleasant land / How dare I show face / When my diction is such a disgrace." Long live the barbed wire irony of The Proclaimers.

Post-modernism is the current language of art, culture and representation. The English pop press is in love with the word, an odd fascination for a country that never had modernism in the first place. T. S. Eliot was American, so was Ezra Pound and Celine was from France. When it comes to modernism, it was the gaelic who cut a literary rug. James Joyce's *Ulysses* and *Finnegan's Wake*, Samuel Beckett's *Waiting For Godot* and Hugh McDairmid's stream-of-consciousness poem 'A Drunk Man Looks At The Thistle' are the best examples of modernist writing. Full stop.

So it seems post-modernism is yet another scam from South Of The Border. But it would be wrong to gloat. England has a very developed post-office system.

MENTAL CASES

MDon't stare at him, he's a mental case! They inhabit chip shops, bus shelters, public bars, snooker halls and bookies. When a mental case is about, everyone else stares at the floor. Eye contact is potentially fatal, conversation a non-starter. The mental case's vocabulary is pared-down provocation: "Get that stitched"; "lend me a quid ya wee shite".

There was Glasgow post-punker, James King of The Lone Wolves, barred from a well known local pub for refusing to hand in his axe at the door (and we're not talking guitars here kiddies). There was Alex Higgins who recently gave a snooker official a Belfast kiss. There was Frankie Miller who designed his own merchandise: a t-shirt with 'Frankie who?' printed on the front and 'Frankie F**kin' Miller, That's Who!' printed on the back. And the late Alex Harvey chanted gang slogans on stage. Rumour has it, he arranged in advance for a fight to break out at his own funeral. Mental!

MYSTERIES

Shergar?

N O SURRENDER

It all began in 1690 when some Dutch guy on a white horse won a fight in Ireland. It must have been some fight, they're still bleating about it today.

Yes, stand firm you sons of Ulster, the orange order is alive and well and living in Scotland. Take Ibrox Stadium, home of England's best football team, Glasgow Rangers. They sub-let their stadium every summer so they can pay Grame Souness's inflated salary. But this year they turned down the request of the orange order, and just to make their new found anti-sectarian image stick they turned down a U2 concert as well. Pity! U2 would have been the first Catholics to play for Rangers.

O N THE BUROO

The town of Strabane in Northern Ireland has the highest rate of unemployment in Britain. Bathgate in Scotland isn't far behind. Scotland and Ireland have been given more money from The EEC's Poverty Fund than any other European countries.

P ETROL EMOTIONS

Agit-pop, Irish style, is a potentially explosive risk. Ask Joe Strummer who posed beside the British Army, wore a H-Block t-shirt, wrote about pulling out the troops, and had a mailbag full of death threats for his troubles.

Or Paul McCartney who recorded 'Give Ireland Back To The Irish' which went down like a decanter of cold sick at the BBC. He wasn't forgiven till 'Mull Of Kintyre'.

Then came Punk. Stiff Little Fingers offered a Belfast view of an 'Alternative Ulster', primed their 'Suspect Device' and fooled one and all with their contrived anger courtesy of a *Daily Express* hack. *Shell Shock Rock*, a documentary by John T. Davis, was a more fitting tribute to the anger and frustration that burned bright for a brief time.

Today, Belfast's Ruefex remain the sole heirs of '77, a group struggling to articulate the problems of their divided culture, and Derry's That Petrol Emotion remain the most perfect merger of agit pop and pure inspiration. 'Big Decision' rests in the pop charts, blending hip-hop semantics, guitar-driven urgency and a sleeve that outlines a British justice and the Diplock Courts. Word from Derry has it that Fear Of Gods could be the latest name to watch.

POGUES

Working behind the counter in Stan Brennan's trash emporium, Rocks Off, in London's Hanway St, one Shane MacGowan hatched an idea for a post-punk Celtic combo. Inspired by his mum's record collection, he roped in Spider Stacey and fired up on 'Waxy's Dargle' and 'The Auld Triangle'. Pogue Mahone were born. The rest is history. A name change, a record deal, a pair of inspired LPs, a litany of mega 45s, a new svengali, Frank "Papa Doc" Murray, and a date with history and The Dubliners. Soon The Pogues will burst forth in technicolour glory as The MacMahon Gang in Alex Cox's spaghetti opus *Straight To Hell*. GAEL FORCE predicts a wild(e) night at next year's Oscars.

POSITIVE DISCRIMINATION

The GAEL FORCE theory of affirmative action. Rule 1. If a group comes from Scotland and their name begins with P, they are automatically brilliant and you should buy all their records. Begin with The Proclaimers, The Pastels and Primal Scream. But if you visit England (either to sign a record deal or return your Wembley turf) you should immediately ignore this advice. Unless you have an alternative use for records by Pop Will Eat Itself and Paul King.

Q UARE FELLAS

"Last night as I slept, I dreamed I met with Behan" (The Pogues; 'Streams Of Whiskey')
"It was August 1980, I was searching for the spirit of Brendan Behan in the bars of Dublin." Dexy's Midnight Runners: 'Reminisce Part One'

From Dexys to The Bluebells, The Dubliners to The Pogues, the spirit of Brendan Behan — the original Quare Fella — has been a guiding light. A broth of a boy whose life and literature took him, rolling drunk, from borstal to Broadway, leaving a trail of inspiration and tragedy in his wake. *The Hostage* and *The Quare Fellow* put politics, song, blasphemy and black humour up on stage with high art. *The Borstal Boy*, *Confessions Of An Irish Rebel* and *Brendan Behan's Island* outline the highs and lows of a life where the crack never stopped while Behan was able to stand. His brother Dominic wrote *The Patriot Game* before joining Glasgow folk-cats The McCluskys and his uncle wrote the Irish national anthem. Behan's *The Captains And The Kings* was as literate and caustic an insight into upper-class England as you're ever likely to hear. Check The Dubliners' version on the legendary 'Revolution' LP or Philip Chevron's evocative Imp 45.

Kevin Rowland went searching for the original Celtic soul rebel in the bars of Dublin and the results invaded the gypsy swagger of 'Too-Rye-Aye' and 'Come On 'Eileen'.

Shane MacGowan comes closest to the Behan lifestyle, moving twixt Camden Town and King's Cross, dazed, drunk and inspired. Ever a kindhearted man, Behan once magnanimously remarked that there were decent people all over the world "even among the English". Scotland had his sympathy too:

"The sea, oh the sea, a gradh gheal-mo chroaidhe
Long may you roll between England and me.
God help the poor Scots, they'll never be free
Thank God we're surrounded by water?"

R OVERS

Wild Rovers: The Dubliners, The Clancy Brothers, The Corries, The Chieftans, The WolfeTones and Boys Of The Lough.

Red Rovers: Dick Gaughan, Christy

You get pissed, I'll save Ethiopia.



EL RCE



"I've been on more benders than you've had hot toast, son."

Moore, Ewan McColl and Alex Campbell.

Rovers Return: The Pogues, The Proclaimers, We Free Kings, The McCluskys and Nyah Fearties.

SHAM-ROCK

A fraudulent attempt to appeal to English preconceptions. Scotland produced the dreadful BA Robertson who elevated mediocrity to an art form. Latter-day Rod Stewart was a sham-rocker; he took the high road to Hollywood which was, in retrospect, a smart move. When 'Do Ya Think I'm Sexy?' was played at half time in a Rangers-Celtic match, sectarianism vanished in the unified retort "Nah, we think yir poxy".

Latest Sham-rock darling is one Andy White, a Janice Long protégé, who graduated from Cambridge via the polite environs of the middle class Malone Road in Belfast. Leaving his job as a researcher for Wogan, Andy embarked on a sub-Dylan-esque career as Belfast's angry young man. He sings war-torn songs about "desperation row" and produced the startlingly offensive "The Soldier's Sash" — Ireland's answer to "Ebony And Ivory". If Donovan were alive today, he'd turn in his grave.

SHORTBREAD JOCKS

Simple. Anyone who has overdosed on Tartan Special and would rather appear on a tin of shortbread than a stage. A wee round of applause for Andy Stewart, The Alexander Brothers, Moira Anderson, Kenneth McKellar and Rod Stewart. The Ayrshire noise-punk band Nyah Fearties approached Crawfords for sponsorship but got the bum's rush.

TARTAN

In the 18th Century, as part of the English gentry's attempts to colonise the Scottish Highlands and clear the land for profit, the wearing of tartan plaid was outlawed and peasant resistance was violently suppressed. Two hundred years later The Bay City Rollers released "Shang-A-Lang". The two events may not share an immediate connection but they both involve tartan and the imperial power of England. Fact: the Bay City Rollers were once a progressive beat group from Edinburgh, who had acres of street-cred and a cult following comparable to The Jesus And Mary Chain. But they weren't making money in the market-place of pre-punk Britain, and so decided to go pop.

To cut it south of the border you have to think dumb. So the Rollers plundered Scottish gang-boy fashion and transformed "mod" shirts known as Arthur Blacks into a grotesque tartan parody. Harry Lauder had done it years before but he had a crooked stick and a crap hair-cut so was forced to move to America. Rod Stewart also cashed in on the tartan option, drowning himself in Black Watch and Royal Stewart, not realising that every thread made him look less Scottish and a bigger prat.

The first pop group to subvert tartan were Nyah Fearties. They are far too crude to play in a country accustomed to the sophistication of King Kurt and will either be deported from England, or banned.



he Gospel according to The Pogues.



Angry Young Them.



"Scots Wha Hae, I'm from LA."

U 2 AND THE UNDERTONES

From the heart of Dublin, U2 have created an '80s rock myth that places them in a celestial sphere. Bono's messiahs are probably the last great rock band ever. End of story.

From the heart of Derry's Creggan estate, The Undertones took punk and shook it into popular music. From 'Teenage Kicks' to 'Wednesday Week', they stormed the barricades of English gloom and pretension to become the first, last and only anorak band worth listening to. End of story.

VAN THE MAN

Long before Bob and Bono were canonised, George Ivan "Van" Morrison was the first *bono-fide* Irish pop saint, although round his native Sanddy Row in Belfast they wouldn't dig the papal metaphor.

Everyone in Belfast over the age of 25 saw/knew/played in/knew someone who played in/nearly joined Them. The proto-long haired, r'n'b combo who had their act ripped off by The Rolling Stones.

'Astral Weeks' alone seals Morrison's place in the history of music but 20 years on he still has a legendary status seemingly at odds with his tight-lipped, paranoid, and off the wall personality. The music, of course, speaks volumes and as he so succinctly put it back in '74, "if they want to know any more, f..k 'em!"

WORTHIES

In the year 400BG (Before Geldof), in the dark ages before charity-pop, there was a hippy singer called Jesus and a progressive rock band called Nazareth. They tried every miracle in the book but they couldn't save Africa from famine. It took an Irish saint and his trusty Scottish disciple Midge Ure to feed the world. They turned water into wine and Paula Yates into a media star, but divine intervention couldn't resurrect their music.

X-PATRIOTS

There are only two reasons for leaving home, the historical movement of labour and an impending court case. Many X-Patriots have tried to disprove this theory by leaving home for other reasons. The most common is to pull stunts you would never get away with in your home town. Jim Kerr moved to LA, married the great Pretender and turned Simple Minds into a dollar factory — not bad for a guy who had problems cadging a drink in Glasgow. And never forget Terry Wogan, who turned blarney into a bankable asset and mugged the BBC for every penny they've got, and couldn't cadge a drink in Biddy Mulligans Bar.

The best example of X-Patriots on the make are jacuzzi pop stars like Feargal Sharkey, Rod Stewart, and Sheena Easton, and the best rule is to forget where you come from unless there's money in it.

Some institutions are easier to dupe than others. If you're leaving home try

America, The BBC, Channel 4 or if your giro's late the *NME*.

X-CENTRICS

1. "The Tay, the Tay, the silvery Tay, It flows frae Perth tae Dundee (Aw day)". (William McGonigle 1890)

2. "Claire. The moment I met you (I swear)" (Gilbert O'Sullivan, 1971)

3. "Push harder! He begged his mother, willing his boil to burst". (Ivor Cutler, 1984)

Y O JIMMY

Every two-bit sociologist has tried to write the history of soul music. It's always the same old story, a morbid journey from slavery to the gospel church with a few mohair suits thrown in. It's always the same old myths, a bit of urban decay, a plane crash and some handsome black American singing about the Lord and his latest love-affair. History is bunk. Everyone knows that soul music was invented in Dundee.

A group of local trumpeters called The Dundee Horns joined forces with a Perth beat group The Vikings and formed The Average White Band. The black American ghettos, recognising the real thing when they hear it, rushed out to buy the group's street-funk single 'Pick Up The Pieces'. It went to Number 1. In an act of sheer desperation, a minor American soul singer James Brown tried to jump on the bandwagon by releasing an answer record by a fake group called The Above Average Black Band. It failed miserably.

But Brown wouldn't give up, over ten years later he invited another Scottish funk band, Aberdeenshire's APB to be his guests on an American tour. They felt sorry for him and agreed. The trend continued when another Scottish funk legend, the border clansman Jesse Rae, was invited to add a touch of originality to George Clinton's lack-lustre group Parliament. Then to cap it all Scotland pioneered the first ever rap record, releasing King Boy D's 'All You Need Is Love'. The hip-hop craze is sweeping the highlands like wild-fire. This stuff is as def as a doorpost.

ZEN

Zen and the art of paying maintenance. This is a brief and belated tribute to Gaelic hippies, aesthetes and pseuds. Did you know that David Byrne of Talking Heads originally came from Dumbarton? A bar-man once asked him what he wanted and it was closing time before the sage answered. Yes, readers, some thoughts are just too precious for this vulgar world.

GAEL FORCE'S tribute to gaelic aesthetes includes the post-modernist dancer Michael Clark, mystical folk-rockers The Waterboys, the instant karma of The Incredible String Band and John Martyn and The Virgin Prunes. Last but not least there's The Cocteau Twins. Imagine coming from Falkirk and calling yourself after a French symbolist poet. It must have been all those oil refineries near Grangemouth: they're so imagistic. N'est pas?

SLAYER

FROM PAGE 10

What is your personal opinion of Mengele?

My personal opinion? He was a very destructive person. . . Is that all?!

Araya: A very manipulative person.

Those aren't opinions. . .

Araya: Well. . .

You wouldn't say he was evil?

Araya: Yes I would, I would say he was evil. The whole song is *naughty-word* evil, man.

King: I wouldn't say he was evil, he was doing Hitler's work. I think he was wild, man. He had this plan of taking peoples' parts and sticking them into other people so he could construct the master race. That was weird.

But all you're doing is using the most extreme example of violence as entertainment.

Araya: You think violence is entertainment?

It can be. I think the word I'm looking for is 'exploitation'. You're not telling it like it is, you're not presenting a documentary, you're using human suffering to titillate.

Araya: That song is based in fact, nothing more and nothing less. Everything in it you can find in a book anywhere, *anywhere*! Four hundred thousand Jews died in the holocaust and that's all you need to know. . .

It was six million, actually.

Araya: . . . and they were stripped of their clothing and everything was taken away from them and they had all these experiments done to them. . . You can't change history but at least you can accept it and maybe not let it happen again. . .

Why don't you celebrate the Ethiopian famine in song? There's some great images you could use, matchstick arms, bloated bellies. . .?

Araya: Well, the famine is more, er, due to natural causes. . .

Well, why don't you write about modern fascists like the bastards in El Salvador?

Araya: That's a war, man, a war. . .

Why don't you write about Pinochet (the military dictator of Chile responsible for the murder and torture of thousands of socialists, liberals and trade unionists)?

Mr Araya goes red in the face and bares his teeth in a snarl. He resembles a cornered rat. This has just stopped being a 'rock' interview.

"Ah, don't give me that Pinochet bullshit, man!" he shouts. "There's nothing going on in Chile. There's just a lot of little Communist groups who are wanting to destroy the government. . . There ain't *nothin'* going on in Chile, Chile is fine. I mean, I should know, I'm a Chilean! There ain't nothing going on in Chile. I can tell you right now there ain't nothing going on in Chile, there ain't nothing going on. . ."

And he can go on saying that there ain't nothing going on in Chile until he dies. The fact is that Mr Araya is an apologist for murder, rape and torture. Slayer are pornographers, promising their audience a cheap holiday in somebody else's misery. Not only are they stupid, they're apolitical to the point of being dangerous. Not much your average Tory MP could find to complain about there. . .

RAILWAY CHILDREN

FROM PAGE 21

early '80s.

The words that go with it are a mess of Clearasil poetry about diaries and mythical towns and big hands of freedom that change everything. Nothing too specific and nothing about a real town called Wigan, as neatly bollocked by Tory politics as any dark corner of the north. The Railway Children still live in Wigan. Gary's dad is an electrician and his mum works in a shop. Yet he comes on like Lord Byron or Lloyd Cole — all words and no *living*.

Isn't it about time you made use of your *real* experiences instead of dreaming away like an indulgent college pudding, Gary?

"Well if you mean we should get political, 'Big Hands Of Freedom' is about as political as we ever get. It's about feeling manipulated. We don't get much more specific than that. . . because you start cutting up your audience straight away. . . I don't think we're sure about what we feel politically".

"If I felt *really strongly* that socialism was right and Labour should get in, then we would speak out. . .".

Gary senses I'm sick to the back teeth of this. I'm sick of pop musicians happy to bathe in the glow of right-on politics, sick of people who flirt with the symbols of socialism, sick of people who talk about the conveniently abstract big hands of freedom and then cop out of the commitment and the words that really count. "I just like to keep the band and the music away from politics. I don't think we've come to any hard and fast conclusions. . . I'm interested in, not so much who gets in, but how people cope with what happens. But I get out of my depth when I start talking like this. . . And I think it's patro-

nising and naive".

"I'm not Paul Weller and I'm not Billy Bragg. I think if you're in this business and you're doing well, you can't be talking about socialism. How can Paul Weller be rolling in it with his gold jewellery and his Armani clothes and then say how sorry he is for other people? . . . What does it matter to him? . . . As I said, I get out of my depth when I start talking like this. . .".

So just who is the enemy? Is it Paul Weller and his red wedge of guilty success? Or Margaret Thatcher and The Bastards of Westminster? Wrong and wrong again. The enemy is Mel And Kim. "That music is *disgusting*".

I'd always seen it as perfectly acceptable pop music, just a different approach and a different purpose.

"It has no heart. It's synthetic. It's everything we hate".

So what will happen when The Railway Children have to share a Top Ten with Mel and Kim and Taffy and Co.?

"Nothing, really. . ."

The Railway Children, given a fair wind and a blind eye to their obvious plagiarism, are heading for the toppermost of the poppermost. That much is clear. And when it's all been forgotten and Lionel Jeffries steps in to rescue Jenny Agutter; and when The Railway Children are no more, Gary Newby will go back to the drawing board where he can be as vague and uninteresting as he likes. The colour of his socks and his views on unemployment will be a secret between him and his washing machine. But for now, he will have to talk. Because he makes records and people who make records have something to say, don't they?

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DWIGHT YOAKAM
Hillbilly Deluxe (Reprise)

LAST YEAR Dwight Yoakam was singing about 'Guitars, Cadillac, Etc., Etc.' while leaning against a battered old convertible. The album had a rough and ready feel about it, a smooth runner but the tyres were well worn and you got the impression someone had been tinkering with the mileage clock. A sturdy, reliable motor minus a few frills.

This year we have the deluxe version. The bodywork has been improved (a slicker sleeve and a new jacket, he's obviously gone up a gear or two), although the stetson's the same and there's not that much difference under the hood. But overall, 'Hillbilly Deluxe' is a much more complete and confident collection.

Like its predecessor, Yoakam Mk II comprises three covers and seven originals and, bar Presley's 'Little Sister', his choice of other people's songs is less obvious this time around. It's a delight to see Drifting Cowboy Don Helms' 30-year-old 'Smoke Along The Tracks' (the great country railroad song) given a new lease of life.

Comparisons between Yoakam's nasal vocal and that of Hank Williams have been made, but his homage to the great man goes even further with duelling steel guitar and violin (a Hank hallmark) prominent on nearly every track. But there's more to Yoakam than hillbilly honky tonk love songs, and the imagery of '1,000 Miles' and 'Johnson's Love' is worthy of the most accomplished musical storytellers, like Springsteen or Waits. It reaches a peak on 'Readin', Rightin', Route 23', a tale of hicks leaving backwoods farms for boomtown factories.

'Little Sister' works surprisingly well, with adroit exchanges between Brantley Kearns' fiddle and Pete Anderson's guitar, and has "hit single" indelibly stamped on it's forehead.

With Steve Earle aiming for the rock jugular and Randy Travis toeing a more traditional line (perpetuating the Nashville norm with skill and intelligence), it's left to Yoakam to appeal to the style bores, trend-spotters and bandwagon jumpers; that's beyond his control. The fact that he has now made the two best country albums of the '80s is something he is very much in control of.

Terry Staunton

THE WEATHER PROPHETS
Mayflower (Elevation)

JUST IMAGINE one *Surprise* if the contestants were invited to be a pop song for a day. Maybe you can see the attraction of living a day of your life as 'Holiday', 'Hand In Glove', 'Lost In Music' or 'Purple Haze'. But I think the last thing anybody would ever want to be is a Weather Prophets song.

Perhaps this is unfair. You could make a case for the exhilarating 'Almost Prayed', and two or three Loft tunes were wonderful. But living your life as a Peter Astor song would be a terrifyingly dull existence.

On the evidence of 'Mayflower' there'd be no humour, no smut, no sense of work-work-work, no hint of adventure; your moods would sit sullen, well away from any extremes of emotion. And if a friend had chosen to be 'Who Loves The Sun' by The Velvet Underground you'd be left feeling your life was no more than a pale imitation of their's.

After spending the last weeks feasting on new LPs by Happy Mondays, Public Enemy, and the Butthole Surfers, with 'Mayflower' I'm back on a milk-and-water diet. The Weather Prophets have moved so far towards serious rock that they don't even have the qualities of good indie-pop; give me the shining pop energy of The Close Lobsters or The Brilliant Corners any day. For a day.

Peter Astor writes circumspect globules of description and emotion. The songs are little vignettes, precious gems meaning precious little. 'Mayflower' (the title track) juggles with myths of America, there's a great phrase - "dog-fish helplessness" - in 'Swimming Pool Blue', and there's a couple of bars of gold in 'The Key To My Love Is Green', but promise is consistently snatched away, and again we droop on with Astor turning every last syllable of every line into a drone.

The restraint and thinness of The Weather Prophets' songs, their sober-minded conformity to all the age-old forms and practices of serious rock traditions, makes me yearn to shake life, wit, sparkle, or boldness into their unsmiling faces.

They seem obsessed by rain. It rains in at least five of the songs on 'Mayflower', but it's not driving, spectacular rain; if Cilla called you down and you chose a track off 'Mayflower', dull drizzle would fall on you from dawn to dusk.

Dave Haslam



Riddim killer twins

BONDED BRILLIANCE**SLY & ROBBIE**
Rhythm Killers (Island)

IT MIGHT have been a mistake. It could have been a mess.

After years of standing on the threshold and flirting with the funk, Sly and Robbie have given in to a magnetic force they cannot resist. Even at their purest, when the bass and drums were strictly roots, there was an inventiveness and a split-second precision which was restless within a form too well-defined for mavericks such as these. Sly and Robbie were always pulling somewhere else, a place where the rhythm drove forward as much as it anchored and pulled back.

Not that they haven't tried before. With Grace Jones on the essential 'Living My Life' and to a lesser extent on 'Warm Leatherette', Sly and Robbie applied their cool dub patterns to one woman's funky ego trip.

The world paid lip service but our Gracie walked away with the praise and the money. This record must set things straight. There might be harder, more vital music knocking around but I can't hear it yet. And the time is right for The

Rhythm Killers. As 'Living My Life' proved only too well, reggae burns brightest when it wakes up and starts getting funky.

The Rappers are aware of this. RUN DMC tried and failed with 'Roots Rap Reggae' from 1985's 'King Of Rock'. Salt 'N' Pepa almost made it with 'It's All Right' from the 'Hot, Cool, Vicious' LP. Shinehead and The Masters Of Ceremony have hit the nail on the head. 'Rhythm Killers' will provide a focus for all of this. It will become a reference point for a new hybrid music which has the potential to kill.

Sly and Robbie have gathered the best to help them create this ridiculously powerful music. Shinehead raps and it sounds so fresh it might just have been invented. Bootsy Collins and Bernie Worrell colour the beat with a typical sense of madness (the melodies are frequently strange) and the Material crew bob in and out, respecting the fact that bass and drums are the key to it all.

They start as they mean to go on with a rock-hard version of The Ohio Player's 'Fire'. 'Boops (Here To Go)' follows. Ideas spill out - things that make you laugh; an

irresistably persuasive body-pull; a strangely snooty Shinehead overview of the sugar daddy syndrome. 'Let's Rock' is ruled by drums that insist you take notice. Think of your worst headache, now multiply it by 100. The ghost of Led Zeppelin's John Bonham isn't far away.

'Yes We Can' came from Lee Dorsey and was later claimed by The Pointer Sisters. Things have gone too far now for anything to spoil it all. 'Rhythm Killer' bubbles and sounds like Jamaica addicted to go-faster pills rather than go-slower ciggies. Each track is, incredibly 10 times harder than the last. No time is wasted, no space is wasted. Both sides flow without interruption.

'Rhythm Killers' makes even the brilliant 'Language Barrier' LP seem like nothing much. It will prove to be one of this year's most influential records. With it, Sly and Robbie have delivered all they ever promised. But this is also a new music with sounds stolen from here and there - re-energised, never bastardised.

Play it loud and it will make your house fall down. What more could you ask for.

John McCready



eriW nam SiweL

WIRE
The Ideal Copy (Mute)

THE QUESTION is: should there really be a question at all? Many people hold no truck with reformations; more often than not they tarnish precious memories and blur boundaries with a mercenary glee. So why did Wire do it? Well, listen.

Back in the days when Wire Played Pop they would confound and delight fan and critic alike with their off-the-cuff mixture of innovative correction and frenetic bursts of pure melody on albums such as 'Pink Flag' and 'Chairs Missing'. Then, when we'd long given up on such languid delights as '154' as past history, they reappear five

years later with a misleading 'one-off' reunion gig and follow it up (in time) with a No. One independent single. Why? Perhaps they felt they had something to add, perhaps they were simply bored, but the question is uncalled for - Wire always specialised in confusion; what is this year's model if not an ideal copy of last's?

From the evidence offered herein, Wire never spiritually parted company. Here they choose to stick to what they know best - '154', New Order's 'Temptation' - electronic effects, spaced vocals, a smattering of tunes and typically irritating Newman lyrics, selected for their ability to scan, not scour. This is very obviously a Wire album, disappointingly so, but what did you expect? They experimented and nothing came of it, so now they return.

Wire always were too self-consciously clever for their own good: witness the live side of 'Document And Eyewitness' where, listed, members would sprint on stage, rustle pieces of paper and imitate vacuum cleaners and sprint off again. This album is too self-reverential, Wire should never underestimate the value of their strongest asset, the ability to

write a good tune. The single 'Ahead' ('Lips growing for service/eyes steady for feeling/bring on the special guest/a monkey caught stealing') is a fine slice of Factory/Wire pop spliced with amusing portentiousness and 'Over And Over' is excellent, but, as for the rest, perhaps it would've been better if there had never been a question at all. The irony of the title is sadly understated; how can such a copy be ideal?

The Legend!

SUZANNE VEGA
Solitude Standing (A&M)

SUZANNE VEGA's first album I found promising but irritating: the Joni/Rickie Lee persona presented with a knowing, sickly coyness. As a harbinger of the singer-songwriter revival/revolution it seemed pretty insipid.

On 'Solitude Standing' she has matured magnificently, become something really special. All of its songs are sharper, better focused; vignettes of a battered girl in the apartment upstairs ('Luka'), of a mother taking her child to school ('Iron-bound'); haunting sketches cul-

led from the myth of the nymph Calypso and from Werner Herzog's great enigma Kaspar Hauser. As a folkie poet she has little competition in the tawdry marketplace of pop - "words are too solid", she sings in 'Language', "they don't move fast enough/To catch the blur in the brain/That flies by and is gone..." Marvellous.

The music is correspondingly impressive; by turns angry ('In The Eye'), sinister ('Solitude Standing'), and rapturously pretty ('Gypsy'), it's performed by better, subtler players than featured on the first album, and produced with a new CD-ish clarity and sophistication by Lenny Kaye and Stephen Abbad. Downtown bohos go digital, and the result is the best high-brow ear candy available without prescription.

Suzanne is important because she writes of things other than woman-man love. And when she does write of woman-man love she makes your spine tingle. This is a very fine record.

Barney Hoskyns

THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS

I HAD LOVE IN MY HANDS



Pussies Galore!

BOREDOM: THE SCRATCH MIX

CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT Keep Your Distance (Phonogram)

HAVING FLOGGED their club/pop, Andy Warhol, i-D and Brylcreem advertising connections for long enough, it was almost with a sigh of relief that the Curious boys achieved a hit with 'Down To Earth'. 1987 is their year; the time when they can look 13-year-olds in the face, appear on *Top Of The Pops* and finally dish out the debut LP—all fluttering hi-hat, plucky bass, light guitar and frothy acceptable voice with the edges lazily left out.

The singles are featured prominently; a cross breed of Level 42 and Shalamar with plenty of dilution, a combination that lacks calibre, puffed out with lyrics of stunning intensity like: "Crazy sheep noir the odd one out" ('Misfit') and "Nobody wanting to exert their minds" ('Ordinary Day') and "All that I can say is that you make

me feel OK" ('Red Lights'). Oh fine, that's OK then. Ben Posh Name gallantly leads the dance, all waggling knees and beret, whilst the others grin and follow. Black female singers are trundled on to excite the backing, horns offer fashionable embellishment, and the sleeve, natch, is impeccably designed. No guts, no belief.

Even the ubiquitous Sly & Robbie take time off from their rogulish 'Boops' eccentricity to graft on a style and rake in the cash. Their one contribution, reining in and plumping up the Cats' pallid white pop/funk on 'Free', is outstanding. That's not difficult, mind you, with the stamp of their emphatic percussion and bass cutting against the easy-going grain. Stewart-Simply-Red-Levine moulds the remainder.

If I was 12, I'm sure I'd be going for something else.

Lucy O'Brien

SUICIDAL TENDENCIES Join The Army (Virgin)

WELL, THE video to 'Possessed To Skate' is great, and a real tribute to the Osmonds' similar 'Having A Party': Mom and Dad go out, leaving the STs with the warning "do all your homework now, before any skateboarding". I haven't wobbled on a deck since 1977, but even to the non-skater this tarmac frenzy is a lotta laughs when allied to the currently hip 'core score. Although this outfit have been chipping away for five years.

The STs have, from the grimy dead-Rambo cover inwards, finally gone for the metal crossover, which is probably why Virgin have picked 'em out of the California rubble for a big UK release. There's money in them thar thrash-chords... but in truth this is a fairly wearing collection of straightahead souped-up boogies, denying space to the pop elements that have surfaced in some great American LPs in recent months (Govt Issue, Breaking Circus, etc).

Flying through the half-pipe is really the best atmosphere for this — 'You Got I Want' barrels along in no uncertain terms, but there's few other stand-outs. 'Possessed To Skate' would be amazing in the cinema, but sans video the ST's humour doesn't shine through.

Tuff enuff for all you wheelies out there. But a bit of a grind for pedestrians.

David Swift

SUPER ALL STAR Super All Star (Globestyle) VIRGILIO MARTI Saludando A Los Rumberos (Globestyle)

APPROPRIATELY SUBTITLED the "classic Latin big band sound", the Super All Star album has justifiably held a hallowed place in the box of any self respecting Latin DJ.

Boasting three vocalists and 13 instrumentalists, Super All Star presents the cream of the New York/Miami salsa scene. Bringing together veterans like mambo king Tito Puente, trumpet giant 'Chocolate' Armenteros and Mario Rivera it has sparked off a fresh and inspiring session.

As 'Tres Lindas Cubanas' testifies, the roots of this LP are in Cuba. Listen to Chocolate and the nimble-fingered Juan Marquis' acoustic guitar as they conjure up images of a hot, dusty Spanish town. It's the meshing of tradition with the spirited energy of the jazz/clave rhythm that gives this album the edge. From the opening strains of 'Francisco Guayabal' with its sweet, dancing vibes and strident horns, to the murderous 'Ban Con Tim' to the classical intro of 'Alto Songo', this LP is a pure delight.

Virgilio Marti's album is a slightly more subtle affair. Fresh from appearing in *Cross Over Dreams* with Ruben Blades, the smokey voiced Marti's set is light but tight, a sensuous slice of state-of-the-art '80s rumba. A typically crisp Caiman production, the band features the Super All Stars rhythm section and adds the talents of Fania veteran Yomo Toro, who spars beautifully with the mesmerising congas and bongos of Jerry Gonzalez and Ray Romero. A seductive set with some very tasteful moments.

Paul Bradshaw

CONCRETE BLONDE Concrete Blonde (IRS)

CONCRETE BLONDE have pushed themselves up towards the sun from a long ugly crack in the sidewalk called Hollywood. They're a gangly looking weed, with three flowering shoots and a root system that's rooted deep in the asphalt of Los Angeles, clinging on for dear life.

Cultivated by a cult (one Earle Mankey, a Hollywood curio of the same genius status as Kim Fowley and Van Dyke Parks) and potted by the same notorious rich-boy label that nurtured The Cramps and Wall Of Voodoo, Concrete Blonde's career looks promising.

They're very easy on the ear. Just punch them into a hole in your car and drive away. On route to the shopping mall you can tap your toes to tales of urban angst and love gone sour. The usual grade of finer grit that gets dumped on the airwaves since Californian punk cleaned up its act. If this were '77 however, Concrete Blonde would probably sound tougher and be signed to Dangerhouse. That dream is a decade back on life's highway but a memento of that period is firmly secured on the dash of this sleek limo.

Fans of The Pretenders and friends of Jim Carroll will immediately warm to Concrete Blonde, while lovers of a good old fashioned riff will also be getting their money's worth. If only this Blonde could sound as if it were having more fun in the new world.

Edwin Pouncey



RCA

New Single Available on 7" and 12"

JOE LOUIS WALKER
Cold Is The Night
 (Ace/High Tone)
LIL' ED AND THE BLUES
IMPERIALS
Roughhousing
 (Sonet/Alligator)
VARIOUS
The New Bluebloods/The
Next Generation Of Chicago
Blues (Sonet/Alligator)

DARK, BITTER, biting and haunted — Joe Louis Walker's LP is a minor masterpiece. He's the finest blues voice to emerge since Robert Cray. As the first black blues musician to have come to the fore since the war and go national Top 20, Cray has given the genre back its dignity and vitality.

Walker's break hasn't come overnight. He's played for 20 years on the circuit and was about to throw in the towel when the eager-eared team at High Tone, flushed with the success of giving Cray his first break, heard him. The superbly orchestrated drama of aching hurt, emotional tension and viper-like vengeance which makes up his debut album is the work of consummate talent. The skills on display have not been quickly or easily learned.

Such may be the nature of the blues. Or perhaps the fickle pendulum of popular taste has simply swung his way. Whatever, with his band on a Stax-style groove and his voice clear and rounded, he keeps breaking the ice-cool surface with killer chiller guitar work and a wracked, soulful remonstrance. The classic title track stands out but doesn't detract from the strength of the album as a whole — he can be playful, giving a fly jazzed flurry to the 'Moaning News' or send a riveting shiver down the spine of

'Don't Play Games'. A tantalising mixture of lithe muscle, assured coherence and economy this guy is, as they say, on it.

From San Francisco to Chicago, home of Alligator Records, proud keepers of that city's historic reputation. Lil' Ed's is a party blues record, made in a three-hour studio session which goes some way to capturing the raw fun and high times he engenders in the bars of Chicago's west side. Ed's style is somewhere in the George Thorogood mould; a blazing steel slide guitar, a driving band and a grinning throaty growl. Good, raucous fun carried off with panache and aplomb, the record's nonetheless weighted too heavy towards the boogie. Certainly there's another side to The Imperials — the sly moody prowling 'Closer To The Blues' being one of the stand out tracks here.

Proof of the diversity, strength and abundance of new blues aces comes on the 'Bluebloods' compilation. Valerie Wellington has a gorgeous, deeply layered soul voice and a toe-curling way with phrasing. Formerly an actress and opera diva, she's come back to her first love of blues belting; when she gets the sort of band and material she deserves there'll be nothing to stop her.

Most of the guys here have come from farm teams of established Chicago bands. Lanky Dion Payton served time with Albert King and seems to have retained a bruised sophisticated shimmer of another former employer, the late O V Wright, on 'All Your Affection Is Gone'.

Eye-popping relief and suggestivity come from Gloria Hardiman and Professor Eddie

Lusk on 'Meet Me With Your Black Drawers On'. But the real killers here are Michael Coleman with a ripe horn section and a tale of love lost in a lesbian affair and Melvin Taylor, a sabre toothed prodigy of the Hendrix school who attacks the 'Depression Blues' with long, deep and brutal strokes.

Lastly there's John Watkins, like so many new bluesmen, a great, soulful vocalist. A rich voice laces an organ brooder, a pellucid guitar eases some calm over the fierce, slammed rhythms. His 'Chained To Your Love', a new type of bluesman who stays at home and looks after the kids while his lady works. Crikey! The times have changed. Happily the blues are changing too. Where are you?

Gavin Martin

THE DESCENDENTS ALL (SST)

THIS BRAT-PACK from the South Bay of CA USA christened their second LP 'I Don't Want To Grow Up'. A brave attempt to stay forever young, a holler to hold back the clock while they dune-buggy crazily through the sands of time. The Descendents

know that it's no fun being of time.

'ALL' is their latest report card from the college of hard knocks... and every track's an A-plus for effort and originality. They're having too much fun to fully grow up, however 'ALL' reveals a maturity in The Descendents' brand of slam pop. Somehow all those little cartoony ideas are taking on a stronger form and filling in. Light, shade and dark are creeping into the corners of their funny-page musical stance. You'll find yourself casually flipping through 'ALL' at first, but sometimes you'll stop, and go back to a part that has caught your ear.

'Van' is one of those moments for me. I love the way it stalls and then revs up dirtily into action with no muffler. 'Ice-man' is another, presumably dedicated to the super hero in X Men comics. Or probably not. Whatever you decide, it's still a cool song, complete with a near parody of Black Metal mumbling squashed in between one of the tightest arrangements I've heard all year.

Let's only hope that after 'ALL' we'll soon be treated to 'MORE' before they get any older.

Edwin Pouncey



George Strait — even the outlaws are wearing white!

STRAIT AND NARROW

GEORGE STRAIT
Ocean Front Property (MCA)

LIKE THE good guy in any cowboy film worth its salt, George Strait is again pictured wearing a white stetson. But unlike Gene Autry or Roy Rogers, ol' George is a bit of a rebel, an outlaw of love driven out of his home state for breaking every show-girl's heart. As he tells us on the opening track: "All my ex's live in Texas/That's why I hang my hat in Tennessee."

George Strait is good-humoured swingalong country with a slight drawl in his voice,

not dissimilar to Roger Miller. He's also massive, with a string of gold and platinum records and a ranch house full of awards behind him. 'Ocean Front Property' is the first album ever to debut at number one in *Billboard's* country charts, and though it may break records, it doesn't break any new ground.

It is overtly middle-of-the-road and no doubt better for it. This man knows his market and sticks there. Let Messrs Earle and Yoakam root out any new followers there might be out there, George plays it straight.

Terry Staunton

SELECT

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

CHUCK BROWN AND THE SOUL SEARCHERS
 Live '87 (Rhythm King)

For the past 25 years, Chuck Brown has stalked the boards waiting for this moment. (Sean O'Hagan)

STETSASONIC
 On Fire (Tommy Boy import)

No sucker MCs here. No naff lines. No words fluffed. This tight sixsome 'bust the groove' in a way that demands others to follow. (Lucy O'Brien)

THE CULT
 Electric (Beggars Banquet)

A trip through the styles of the '70s, from sub-T Rex phrasing through acid-scrambled nonsense to full blown Led Zeppelin bombast. (Don Watson)

WIN
 Uh! Tears Baby (A Trash Icon) (London)

Their satirical distance allows them to blow the pop image up big enough to see the dots. White noise for the advertising age, Win are the best pop critics there is. (Don Watson)

DANNY WILSON
 Meet Danny Wilson (Virgin)

As cohesive a merging of pop songwriting and musical arrangement as we are likely to find in '87. (Sean O'Hagan)

PRINCE
 Sign "O" The Times (Paisley Park)

Prince is still the star of the moment, more intriguing and adventurous than anyone in the mainstream (Gavin Martin)

ANTHRAX
 Among The Living (Island)

Anthrax are too funny, too aware and too good to be state of the art. (David Swift)

PUBLIC ENEMY
 Yo! Bum Rush The Show (Def Jam)

This is a biteback in times when any old producer could hunt the streets for miscreants and promise 'em rap stardom. (Dele Fadele)

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TOUR NEWS

THE BIG RED GIG is an event organised by Red Wedge, which takes place at Elliott School Hall, Putney, London on Monday, May 4. Hank Wangford headlines and the bill also includes Billy Bragg, Frank Chickens, The Neurotics and local Putney group Kalabash.

BLACK ROOTS, the Bristol-based reggae band who are making quite a name for themselves all over the country, have lined up three more dates with others to be announced soon. So far confirmed are Brighton Elephant Fayre (May 21), Scunthorpe Bath Hall (10) and Salisbury Arts Centre (11).

CAROL GRIMES is playing a series of shows at the Drill Hall Arts Centre in London. The dates are May 2, 5, 6, 7, 9, 12, 13, 14, and 16. She will be playing material from her five albums and from her last series of shows at the venue, 'Lipstick And Lights'.

CRAZYHEAD have had enough of supporting The Cult and Julian Cope. Now they want to headline, and they do just that at Dudley JB's (May 15), Newcastle Riverside (18), Scunthorpe venue to be confirmed (19), Birkenhead Stairways (21), Chelmsford Chancellor Hall (22), Manchester Boardwalk (23), Sheffield Leadmill (24), Reading Majestic (26), Kingston Poly (28), London Hammersmith Clarendon Ballroom (29) and Northampton Old Five Bells (30).



FLESH FOR LULU, whose single 'Siamese Twist' is out now, have lined up a major UK tour, taking in Newcastle Poly (May 6), Derby 20th Century Club (7), Cambridge Corn Exchange (8), Coventry Poly (9), Leeds Poly (14), Wolverhampton Poly (15), Retford Porterhouse (16), Sheffield Poly (20), Edinburgh Venue (21), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (22), Aberdeen Venue (23), Gourrock Bay Hotel (24), Carlisle Stars And Stripes (25), Poole Mr C's (28), Egham College (29) and London Astoria (30). A new album should be out next month.

GAYE BYKERS ON ACID will be getting groooooovvy on their nationwide trek, stopping off at Cardiff Montmerence (Thursday), Weston-super-Mare Knightstone Centre (May 1), Dunstable Wheatsheaf (2), Huntingdon St Ivo (2), Burton-on-Trent Central Park (7), Dudley JB's (8), Northampton Old Five Bells (9), Hampton Court Jolly Boatman (15), London Town And Country Club, Kentish Town, guesting with Dr & The Medics (16), Birmingham Mermaid (20), Burnley Mechanics (22), Newcastle Riverside (26), Nottingham Garage (28), London Astoria, guesting with The Primitives (29) and Retford Porterhouse (30).

ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER continues his 'Libyan Students From Hell' tour with dates at Blackburn King George's Hall (April 29), Newcastle Gulbenkian Studio (30), Hull Adelphi (May 1), Bridlington Black Lion (2), Bradford Spotted House (3), Cardiff Chapter Arts Centre (7), Colchester Arts Centre (8), Exeter St David's Hall (9), Warwick University (12), Derby Blessington Carriage (13), London Brixton Fridge (14), London Woolwich Tramshed (16), London Riverside Studios (17), Sheffield Octagon (21), London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (23), London Riverside Studios (24), Bath Festival (28), Cambridge Kings College (June 11), Glastonbury Festival (20 and 21), Warrington North Cheshire College (25) and Oxford Corpus Christ College (26).

THE WISHING STONES support the release of their 'New Ways' single with dates at Northampton Old Five Bells (April 30), Nottingham Trent Poly (May 2), Leicester Poly (5), Warwick University (6), Lancaster University (7), Manchester University (8), Hull Adelphi (10), Sheffield University (11), Plymouth Aliens (13), Bristol Western Star (15), Cambridge Sea Cadet Hall (16), Brighton Escape Club (19) and London Portlands (25).

LOOP, who have just released a new single '16 Dreams' on Head Records, play London Charing Cross Wispers (April 29), London Camden Black Horse (May 3), Plymouth Aliens (13), Bristol Wester Star (15), Sheffield Cosmic Joy (16), Leeds Three Legs (17), London Dalston Crown & Castle (21), London Portlands (25). The Plymouth and Bristol shows are with The Wishing Stones.

PAUL BRADY, whose new Mercury album 'Primitive Dance' is out this week, has confirmed a series of live shows for next month. He plays Edinburgh Queens Hall (May 7), Sheffield Limit Club (9), Southport Arts Centre (11), Kendal Brewery Arts Centre (12), Leeds Irish Centre (13), Newcastle Riverside (14), Manchester International (16), Bristol Hippodrome (17), Exeter Barnfield Theatre (18), London Hammersmith Odeon (20) and Birmingham Odeon (23).

ULTRA QUICKIES . . . THE FALL have an extra tour date, Stirling University on Friday . . . **WET WET WET** support **LIONEL RICHIE** at Wembley in May . . . **WELL RED** play Derby College on May 8, and not Chippenham Goldiggers . . . **GO WEST** have added Oxford Apollo (June 28) . . . **SALVATION SUNDAY** support Curiosity Killed The Cat on their forthcoming tour . . . **LIGHT A BIG FIRE** play London Harlesden Mean Fiddler tonight (Wednesday) . . . **RODNEY ALLEN** has replaced rhythm guitarist Brendan in The Chesterfields, but a permanent new member is being sought . . . **THE WILD FLOWERS** play Dudley JB's (May 1) and London Astoria, with The Bodines (21) . . . **HURRAH!** are the special guests of U2 at Wembley Arena (June 2) and Birmingham NEC (3), preceded by their own tour in May, details to follow . . . **DEACON BLUE** play London Astoria on Saturday.



SUZANNE VEGA, whose new album 'Solitude Standing' is out next week, has added another date to her forthcoming UK tour. The show is at London Regents Park Open Air Theatre on June 7. All tickets are £9 and available now from Suzanne Vega Box Office, PO Box 77, London SW4 9LH. Enclose 50p booking fee per ticket, a stamped addressed envelope and make cheques or postal orders payable to Suzanne Vega Box Office. Allow 28 days for delivery. Tickets are also available from usual agencies, but not by personal application to the venue.

METAL QUICKIES . . . MANOWAR, formed by former Dictators **Ross The Boss** and **Joey DeMaio**, play Manchester Apollo (June 5) and London Hammersmith Odeon (6) . . . **OVER KILL** visit from New York for shows at Manchester Apollo (May 9) and London Hammersmith Odeon (10) . . . **STRYPER** bring their rockin' Christian sound to Britain for a date at the Hammersmith Odeon on May 30.

HANK WANGFORD, whose band now includes Martin Belmont (ex-Rumour and Nick Lowe Band) and Claire Kenny (ex-Amazulu), is back out on the road and will be parking his rig at Poole Towngate Theatre (May 8), Cardiff St Davids Hall (9), Reading Hexagon (10), Southend Cliffs Pavilion (11), Brighton Arts Festival Elephant Tent (17), Glasgow Mitchell Theatre (21 and 22), Aberdeen Music Hall (23), Dundee Repertory Theatre (24), Stockton-on-Tees Kirklevington Country Club (26), Newcastle Riverside (28), Carlisle Sands Leisure Centre (29), Edinburgh Assembly Rooms (30) and Hull Spring Street Theatre (31).

THE SILENCERS release their debut album 'A Letter From St Paul' next month and will be fairly busy on the live circuit, playing their own shows and opening for The Pretenders. They headline at Newcastle Poly (May 1), Warwick University (2), Guildford University (3), Canterbury College of Art (5), London Royal Holloway College (7), Twickenham St Mary's College (8), Leicester Princess Charlottee (11), Glasgow Fizz Club (13), Edinburgh Hoochie Coochie Club (15). They support The Pretenders at Glasgow Barrowlands (May 16), Edinburgh Playhouse (17), Manchester Apollo (19), London Wembley Arena (21 and 22), Birmingham Nec (23), Brighton Centre (24), Bournemouth International Centre (26).

RECORD NEWS

SINGLES

A BETTER MOUSETRAP: 'The Road To Kingdom Come' (Cuddly) debut from a Humberside band now resident in Wembley — out next week ● **AZANA:** 'Runaway Woman' (UK) Bubblers) debut from Croydon seven-piece — out next week ● **BAMBI SLAM:** 'Bamp Bamp' (Product Inc) — out now ● **BELOUIS SOME:** 'Let It Be With You' (Parlophone) — out now ● **BLOOD UNCLES:** 'Crash' (Virgin) three geezers from Edinburgh — out May 5 ● **BOND:** 'Boys Toys' (Arista) ever-touring Germans — out now ● **ROBERT BROOKINS:** 'If Only You Knew' (MCA) UK debut from a 22-year-old who won a Motown Soul Search competition at the ripe old age of ten — out now ● **JAMES BROWN:** 'How Do You Stop' (Epic) with Steve Winwood on keyboards — out now ● **BOBBY BROWN:** 'Girl Next Door' (MCA) former New Edition star still stuck with those teenage traumas — out next week ● **CHARMS:** 'I Can't Let Go' (WEA International) debut from French outfit — out now ● **ANNE CLARK:** 'Hope Road' (10) a Croydonian wordsmith working with musical textures we are told — out now ● **LL COOL J:** 'I'm Bad' (Def Jam) — out May 5 ● **CUTTING CREW:** 'Any Colour' (Siren) — out now ● **DIRTY WORK:** 'Love You Feel Me' (Wire) — out now ● **DURAN DURAN:** 'The Presidential Suite' (EMI) the first CD single to be released by EMI, a four-track affair that includes remixes of the

band's current single 'Meet El Presidente' — out now ● **5TA:** 'Low Rider' (Arista) the war classic — out now ● **THE GO-BETWEENS:** 'Cut It Out' (Beggars Banquet) from the forthcoming album 'Tallulah', catch them on tour or just give up living — out next week ● **JOHN HARTFORD:** 'Annual Waltz' (MCA) — out next week ● **HINDSIGHT:** 'Heaven's Just A Breath Away' (Circa/Virgin) the follow-up to 'Small Change' — out now ● **CAROL HITCHCOCK:** 'Get Ready' (A&M) a cover of the old Temptations number from a new Australian voice — out next week ● **IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS:** 'I Had Love In My Hands' (RCA) penned by Mark Perry — out now ● **INTERNATIONAL RESCUE:** 'Leather Jacket' (Cowboy City) a reissue — out now ● **AL JARREAU:** 'Tell Me What I Gotta Do' (WEA International) well, Al, you gotta get another hit the size of 'Moonlighting' — out now ● **PAUL JOHNSON:** 'Half A World Away' (CBS) — out now ● **NICK KAMEN:** 'Nobody Else' (WEA) backed with his own rendition of Burt Bacharach's 'Any Day Now' — out next week ● **THE LEMON HEARTS:** 'Shake Yourself' (Epic) — out May 5 ● **LITTLE STEVEN:** 'Bitter Fruit' (Manhattan) former Bruce sidekick and Artists Against Apartheid mouthpiece, featuring Ruben Blades on lead vocals — out next week ● **THE LORRIES:** 'Crawling Mantra' (Red Rhino) they used to be Red Lorry, Yellow Lorry before colourblindness set in — out now ● **MASON:** 'Double-X-Posure' (Elektra) from their debut album 'Livin' On The Edge' — out



LL COOL J: bad 45

now ● **MEAT LOAF:** 'Special Girl' (Arista) from the 'Blind Before I Stop' album — out now ● **MOOD SIX:** 'I Saw The Light' (Cherry Red) a cover of the Todd Rundgren song, complete with string quartet — out next week ● **GARY MOORE:** 'Friday On My Mind' (10) live-at-Hammersmith version of the aged Easybeats classic — out now ● **NIGHT RANGER:** 'Colour Of Your Smile' (MCA) from the 'Big Life' album — out now ● **NO SOVEREIGN:** 'Showdown' (Geffen) debut from a Mancunian duo — out now ● **ONE WAY:** 'You Better Quit' (MCA) — out now ● **TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS:** 'Jammin' Me' (MCA) co-written by Bob Dylan, from the album 'Let Me Up (I've Had Enough)' — out now ● **PATRICE RUSHEN:** 'Watch Out (Observation Mix)' (Arista) a remix of the track issued last month — out now ● **PHIL**

SAATCHI: 'Little In Love' (A&M) from the debut album 'Stripped' — out now ● **SHY:** 'Young Heart' (RCA) Birmingham rockers, from their album 'Excess All Areas' — out now ● **LUCINDA SIEGER:** 'Sunset Red' (Pure Trash) the runner-up in the Alternative Miss Word '86 contest, a Glaswegian songstress who writes her own press releases (and very good they are, too!) — out now ● **STRYPER:** 'Calling On You' (Music For Nations) another from the heavy hymnbook brigade — out now ● **THE SUBTERRANEANS:** 'Maxi Joy' (Mother) not Nick Kent's old band but a group from Dublin — out now ● **SUZANNE VEGA:** 'Luka' (A&M) first heard on *Whistle Test* last summer, from the new LP 'Solitude Standing' — out on May 15 ● **WANG CHUNG:** 'Let's Go' (Geffen) — out May 4 ● **WAR:** 'Low Rider' (PRT) reissue of the '70s classic, remixed by Arthur Baker — out now ● **JODY WATLEY:** 'Looking For A New Love' (MCA) ex-Shalamar member — out now ● **WORD OF MOUTH:** 'That's The Way God Planned It' (EMI) revival of the Billy Preston hit produced by Junior — out now ●

COOKING VINYL, Britain's most promising folk and roots label, is releasing a compilation album this week. 'The Cutting Edge' combines currently available material from The Oyster Band, Rory McLeod and The Mekons, along with a selection of unissued tracks from new acts like Edward II and the Red Hot Polkas, Malcolm's Interview and Blackspot Champions. A snip at around four quid.

URBAN is a new dance label marketed by Polydor and the first two releases feature legendary sax players Maceo Parker and Manu Dibango. 'Cross The Track (We Better Go Back)' by Maseo & The Macs is out this week and was released in the mid-'70s. Parker is best known for his work with James Brown. The second release is 'Makossa '87 (Big Blow)' by Manu Dibango, which is out on May 11. Urban will also be issuing material from Gwen Guthrie, whose Boiling Point label (another Polydor subsidiary) will be closing down.

DEPECHE MODE release a new single this week. Titled 'Strangelove' and backed with 'PIMPF', it will also be available in a 12" version that contains two mixes of the A side plus a reworking of the reverse which answers to the name of 'FPMIP'. A video, shot by Anton Corbijn in usual black and white mode, was recently completed while the band were in Paris, in which city the band are completing an album for Autumn release.



RANDY TRAVIS: always album

ALBUMS

LEE AARON: 'Lee Aaron' (10) the return of the heavy metal she devil — out now ● **SELDIY BATE & NIGEL BOURNE:** 'Pagan Easter' (Temple) released to remind us that Christian Easter is a hypocritical sham and to commemorate the Pagan festival of Beltane — out now ● **PAUL BRADY:** 'Primitive Dance' (Mercury) includes a version of Ike And Tina's 'It's Gonna Work Out Fine' — out now ● **THE CROMAGS:** 'The Age Of Quarrel' (GWR) debut from New York hardcore outfit — out now ● **CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT:** 'Keep Your Distance' (Mercury) — out now ● **FAITH BROTHERS:** 'A Human Sound' (Siren) a release that includes such tracks as 'May Your Children Speak Well Of You, Mother (Siren)' — out now ● **FIRST CIRCLE:** 'Boys Night Out' (EMI-America) produced by Radny (Brass Construction) Muller — out now ● **NONA HENDRYX:** 'Why Should I Cry?' (EMI-America) her first for EMI, produced by Dan Hartman — out May 5 ● **THE HOODOO GURUS:** 'Blow Your Cool' (Chrysalis) — out May 4 ● **MARTEE LEBOW:** 'Love's A Liar' (Atlantic) the full album debut, following last year's mini-LP 'Crimes Of The Heart' — out now ● **LIBERACE:** 'Liberace At The London Palladium' (MCA) at last, a touch of true class — out now ● **RORY MCLEOD:** 'Kicking The Sawdust' (Forward Sounds) a double — out now ● **MINIMAL**

THEN JERICHO are currently doing the rounds after a triumphant visit to Japan for live shows. You can see them at **Newcastle Poly (April 29)**, **Manchester International (30)**, **Birmingham Poly (May 1)** and **London Astoria (2)**.

SHARK TABOO play **Birmingham Mermaid (May 1)**, **Cardiff Radcliff Square Club (7)**, **Plymouth Academy (11)**, **Hull Adelphi (13)**, **Liverpool Old Fire Station (14)**, **Twickenham Institute of Higher Education (15)**, **London City Poly (16)** and **Newcastle Riverside (21)**.

NYAH FEARTIES will be educating people in the finer aspects of Gaelic musical culture at **Belfast Satellite Club (April 29)**, **Limerick Savoy (30)**, **Galway venue to be confirmed (May 2)**, **Dublin Underground Club (3)**, **Gloucester Pineholt (4)**, **Birmingham Digbeth Irish Club (7)**, **London Chelsea College (15)**, **London Town & Country Club, Kentish Town (19)**.

METALLICA and **CINDERELLA** have been added to the bill of this years **Monsters Of Rock** festival at **Donington on August 22**. **Bon Jovi** have already been named as special guests for the show, with **Dio** as special guests. **Donington** will be **Metallica's** first appearance in the country since last September, and **Cinderella** will be making their **UK** debut.

RUBY TURNER, whose new single 'I'm In Love' is out next week, is playing five live shows next month, starting at **Manchester International 2 (May 2)**, and moving on to **Sheffield Poly (15)**, **Southport Crusade Centre (17)**, **Brighton Dome (21)** and **London Piccadilly Theatre (31)**.

TOMMY CHASE will be showcasing material from his debut **Stiff** album 'Groove Merchant' at **Birmingham Irish Centre (April 29)**, **London City University (May 1)**, **London Wag Club (4)**, **Warwick University (6)**, **Brighton Poly (7)**, **Maidstone Club 32 (8)**, **London Camden Lock HQ Restaurant (9)**, **Derby 20th Century Club (13)**, **Lancaster University (14)**, **Telford Jazz Festival (15)**, **Southampton University (16)**, **London Ronnie Scotts (17)**, **Manchester Band On The Wall (21)**, **Kingston Poly (22)**, **Bournemouth Mariners Centre (24)**, **Liverpool Poly (28)** and **London Deptford Albany Empire (31)**.

IQ have just released their new album 'Nomzamo' on the **Phonogram** subsidiary **Squawk Records**, and set out on a tour which takes in **Bournemouth Coco's (May 10)**, **Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (12)**, **Newcastle Mayfair (15)**, **Leeds Astoria (16)**, **Southampton Mayfair (19)**, **Birmingham Diamond Suite (20)**, **Swansea Marina Club (21)**, **Bath Pavillion (22)**, **Bedford Greyfriars (23)**, **London Astoria (24)**, **Stoke Shelley's (25)**, **Nottingham Rock City (26)**, **Manchester International (27)** and **Blackpool Frenchies (28)**.

SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK return to the **UK** next month for two major shows. The five-piece accapella group, who have been together for 14 yrs, can be seen at **Edinburgh Assembly Rooms (May 12)** and **London Royal Festival Hall (13)**.

BAD BRAINS, the unique fusion of heavy metal, funk, hardcore and reggae, return to Britain on May 8 for a date at **London Hammersmith Clarendon**. Then they move on to **Newport Labour Club (9)** before heading off on a European tour, but a full **UK** trek is expected in June.



LITTLE STEVEN: bitter 45

COMPACT: 'Lowlands Flight' (MTM) music for a ballet — out this month ● **NU ROMANCE** **CREW:** 'To-Night' (EMI-America) from New Jersey — out May 5 ● **OSZY OSBOURNE:** 'Tribute' (Epic) live recordings, made six years ago, with Randy Rhoads, the guitarist who died in a plane crash during Ozzy's first solo US tour — out now ● **PLAY DEAD:** 'The Final Epitaph — Live' (Jungle) a posthumous platter — out now ● **PSYCHIC TV:** 'Live In Glasgow' (Temple) number four in a series of 23 live albums — out now ● **ROUEN:** 'Young For A Day' (EG) debut album from the most promising popsters in Worcestershire, destined to be big stars methinks — out next week ● **SKIN:** 'Blood, Women, Roses' (Product Inc) they made their TV debut on the final *Tube* — out now ● **SPEAR OF DESTINY:** 'Outland' (10) the first from the band Kirk Brandon calls **SOD III** — out now ● **BARBRA STREISAND:** 'One Voice' (CBS) live in Malibu before an invited audience of 500 Babs-lovers — out May 5 ● **TESTAMENT:** 'The

Legacy' (Megaforce) debut from Californian metallurgists (a favourite word with their particular press officer, it would appear) — out now ● **LILLO THOMAS:** 'Lillo' (Capitol) his third, featuring the single 'Sexy Girl' — out now ● **TINY LIGHTS:** 'Prayer For The Halcyon Fear' (Temple) — out next week ● **RANDY TRAVIS:** 'Always And Forever' (Warners) he picked up three country music awards last month for his first album 'Storms Of Life' and the single 'On The Other Hand', and looks set to do the same with his second collection — out next week ● **BIG JOE TURNER:** 'Rhythm & Blues Years' (Atlantic) sixteen tracks including 'Honey Hush', 'I Need A Girl' and 'Got You On My Mind'. The word essential springs to mind — out now ● **VARIOUS:** 'Rhythm Of Resistance: Music Of Black South Africa' (Virgin) well-timed reissue from 1978, featuring the music of **Ladysmith Black Mambazo**, **Mahotella Queens**, **Jonny & Sipho** and others — out now ● **VARIOUS:** 'Square Roots' (Folk Roots) **Ted Hawkins**, **Billy Bragg**, **Oyster Band**, **3 Mustaphas 3** etc on an album masterminded by *Folk Roots* magazine — out now ● **VARIOUS:** 'Twist And Shout At The Camden Palace' (Impact) a collection of the most popular tracks played at the venues '60s nights, including **Jackie Wilson**, **Len Barry**, **Shirley Ellis**, **The Chiffons** and others — out next week ● **SUZANNE VEGA:** 'Solitude Standing' (A&M) the long-awaited second album from the **Greta Garbo** of **Greenwich Village** — out next week ● **WARD BROTHERS:** 'Madness Of It All' (Siren) produced mainly by **Mike**

ROBYN HITCHCOCK has put the Egyptians back into the tomb for a while and headlines a solo concert at **London Ronnie Scott's** on May 10. Armed with just an acoustic guitar, Hitchcock recently took his solo show to the United States for a coast to coast tour. Special guest for the one-off show will be **John Hegley** of **The Popticians**.

CIRCUS CIRCUS CIRCUS promote their new single 'Inside The Inside Out Man' with live dates at **London 100 Club (April 30)**, **Bristol Tropic Club (May 8)**, **Guildford University (10)**, **London Astoria**, with **The Rainmakers (12)** and **London Marquee (13)**.

MARY COUGHLAN returns to the **UK** for a short visit including three nights at **London's Shaw Theate (May 18-20)**. She also plays **Leeds Irish Centre (21)** and **Glasgow Moir Hall (22)**.



SLICK QUICKIES . . . THE RAINMAKERS, who follow up 'Let My People Go Go' with a new single 'Downstream' arrive back in the **UK** for a one-off show at **London Astoria** on May 12 . . . **GARY MOORE** has added another date at **London Hammersmith Odeon (May 26)** . . . **THE BIBLE** can be seen at **Bath Moles Club (May 14)** and **London Kings College (15)** . . . **THE NEGOTIATORS** have **London** shows at **Harlesden Mean Fiddler (May 12)**, **Putney Zeetas (19)**, **Greenwich Tunnel Club (June 1)** . . . **ALIEN SEX FIEND** play **Hammersmith Klub Foot** on May 1 and not May 9 as previously announced. . . **ALAN DARBY** has **London** dates at **Harlesden Mean Fiddler (May 11)**, **Putney Zeetas (13)** and the **Marquee (14)**. . . **THE CHAIN GANG** and **PLAYING AT TRAINS** support **The Icicle Works** throughout May . . . **HUE AND CRY** play a one-off at **London Goldsmiths College** on May 8.

THE BODINES have announced details of their 'Shakin', Rattlin' And Everythin'' tour. They visit **Manchester Hacienda (May 7)**, **Chelmsford Chancellor Rooms (8)**, **Stoke Shelleys (12)**, **Bristol Tropic (14)**, **Brighton Zap Club (15)**, **Leicester Princess Charlotte (16)**, **Sheffield Leadmill (17)**, **Birmingham Burberry's (19)**, **Leeds Warehouse (20)**, **London Astoria (21)**, **Wolverhampton Polytechnic (22)**, **Hull University (23)**.

Howlett, with a couple of contributions from **Don Was** — out now ● **WIRE:** 'The Ideal Copy'

(Mute) their fifth album by **Newman, Gilbert, Lewis** and **Gotobed** — out now ●

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CAMOUFLAGE PRESENT

THE ELECTRIC BLUEBERRY

ALARM

with **WIRE TRAIN**

WEDNESDAY 13TH MAY AT 7.30 PM

NATIONAL BALLROOM

TICKETS £6.00. ARE AVAILABLE FROM CAREY'S ESTATE AGENTS, NEXT TO BALLROOM. BOX OFFICE, TEL: 328 3141. AVAILABLE FROM THE BOX OFFICE, OR KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 8989. STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932. PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 0771. ALBEMARLE, TEL: 580 3141. LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371. ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, ROCK ON RECORDS, OR ON THE NIGHT.

CAMOUFLAGE PRESENT

Stump

the NYAH FEAR TIES
Edward Barton

FRIDAY 15TH MAY AT 7.30 PM

CHELSEA COLLEGE (KQC)
MANRESA ROAD, KINGS ROAD SW3, TEL: 351 2488

TICKETS £5.00
AVAILABLE FROM KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 8989. STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932. PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 0771. ALBEMARLE, TEL: 580 3141. LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371. ROUGH TRADE RECORDS, ROCK ON RECORDS, OR ON THE NIGHT.

GIG GUIDE

Bring it on, bring it on! The Godfather of Soul (gosh, what a well-worn phrase that is) JAMES BROWN is back on British soil for a one-off at Wembley Arena tonight (Wednesday), ably supported by WELL RED. The beads of sweat will be brushed away in time for LIONEL RICHIE to start his week of shows at the same venue on Saturday. The biggest tour getting under way this week is THE WEATHER PROPHETS, whose first ports of call are Middlesbrough (Wednesday) and Glasgow (Thursday). Among the other high class entertainers willing to flaunt their talents for you are PERCY SLEDGE, BLOW MONKEYS, MIGHTY LEMON DROPS, ZODIAC MINDWARP, JULIAN COPE, CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT, MILLIE JACKSON, THE ALARM and THE GO-BETWEENS.

Send your dates, to reach us at least nine days before the date of publication (ie the previous Monday), to Gig Guide, NME, 4th Floor, Commonwealth House, 1-19 New Oxford Street, London WC1A 1NG.

WEDNESDAY 29

Blackburn King George's Hall: **Attila The Stockbroker**
Brighton Zap Club: **North of Cornwallis**
Brighton Top Rank: **The Alarm/Wire Train**
Bristol Bierkeller: **Vow Wow**
Bristol Tropic Club: **Sham 69**
Cambridge Burleigh Arms: **The Wood**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Mick Clarke Band**
Edinburgh Cavern: **Peter Gordon/Crocodiles la Cream**
Edinburgh New Caltan Studio: **After Eight Mince/Splatch**
Edinburgh Playhouse: **Duran Duran**
Exeter Paradise Alley: **Jive Turkey**
Falkirk Baxters Lounge: **Spank!**
Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall: **Mental As Anything**
Leeds Coconut Grove (0532 455718): **Quintet Du Hot Club D'Angleterre**
Leeds Warehouse: **The Go-Betweens**
Liverpool Royal Court: **The Blow Monkeys**
London Brentford Red Lion: **Tim Cody**
London Covent Garden Africa Centre: **Dembo Konte & Kausu Kuyateh**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 240 3961): **Pride Of Passion/Safe As Houses**
London Cricklewood Production Village: **Rednite**
London Deptford Albany Empire (01 691 8016): **Coda Records New Age Stars**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **John Otway/Hard Road**
London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): **Kelly's Heroes/The Jump Tribe**
London Hammersmith Clarendon (01 748 1454): **The Kicking Room**
London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): **The Reflection A.O.B./The Dischords**
London Kentish Town Bull and Gate Timebox: **Children Held Hostage/A Strange Desire/Chairs/Roc/Manu Chou**
London Kilburn National Ballroom: **Spear Of Destiny**
London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63 (01 960 4590): **Machine Of Transformation/Disney Razors/1000 Miles Of Sunshine**
London N1 Rosemary Branch: **Sharon Landau**
London N16 Chas & Dave's (01 226 5930): **Juice on the Loose**
London Oxford St 100 Club (01 636 0933): **Peter Rowan**
London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Grahamphones**
London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **Jesters Foe**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange (01 237 0181): **White Heat**
London Royal Albert Hall: **James Last**
London Stockwell The Plough (01 274 3879): **Word For Word**
London SW9 Old Queen's Head: **The Ogdens**
London Town & Country Club: **Green On Red**
London W1 Dean St Gossips: **Real Macabre**
London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): **Kit Packham and the Sudden Jump Band**
London W1 Marquee (01 437 6603): **H2O**
London WC1 Astoria: **Mighty Diamonds**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave (01 837 2097): **Zoodoll/A Better Mousetrap**
London Wembley Arena: **James Brown**
Manchester Apollo: **The Gap Band**
Manchester Hacienda (061 236 5051): **The Mighty Lemon Drops**
Manchester International: **Ghost Dance**
Manchester The Bank: **Type A**

Middlesbrough Town Hall: **The Weather Prophets**
Newcastle upon Tyne Riverside: **The Peter Greenaway Quartet**
Nottingham Old Vic: **These Vagabond Shoes**
Oxford Wheatsheaf: **Maldoror/The Anyways/Naked Charm**
Peterborough Norfolk Inn: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**
Romford Rezz Club: **Victims Of The Pestilence**
Rotherham Sub Club: **The Filth Sisters**
Southend Janettes: **Low Lewis Benefit Gig/Marble Arch**
Stoke Shelleys: **Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction**
Warwick University: **Home Service**
Windsor Blazers: **Millie Jackson**
York Spotted Cow: **Haze**

THURSDAY 30

Bedford Five Bells: **Nasty Nasty**
Birkenhead Stairways (051 647 6544): **Sham 69**
Birmingham Odeon: **The Gap Band**
Birmingham Town Hall: (Benefit for Hands Across Britain Campaign) **The Inspirational Choir/After Tonite/Ajao Jazz**
Bournemouth Bacchus: **The Farkle Family**
Bradford Royal Standard: **Negazione/Deviated Instinct/Incest Bros**
Bristol Bierkeller: **Mental As Anything**
Bristol Western Star Domino Club: **Dangerous Roundabouts**
Bromley Ravenbourne College Of Art: **Boys Wonder**
Burton-on-Trent Central Park (0283 63265): **King Kurt/The Wheel of Misfortune**
Burton-on-Trent Clowns: **Percy Sledge**
Cambridge Burleigh Arms: **Cri De Couer**
Cardiff Montmerence: **Gaye Bikers On Acid**
Carlisle Stars and Stripes: **Jamie Wednesday**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Bill Posters Will Be Banned**
Croydon The Star: **The Curve**
Derby 20th Century (0332 48622): **Sparx Fly**
Edinburgh Coasters: **Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction**
Finedon Mulso Arms: **Haze**
Glasgow Furry Murray's: **The Weather Prophets**
Glasgow The Rooftop: **Mighty Diamonds**
Hastings Crypt: **The Heads of State**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Closer Apart**
Hull University: **Zoot & The Roots**
Lancaster University: **Ghost Dance**
Leeds Polytechnic: **The Mighty Lemon Drops**
Leicester Princess Charlotte: **Three Colours**
Leigh Grand Hotel: **Howlin' Wilf and the Vee-Jays**
Limerick The Savoy: **A House**
Liverpool Royal Court: **Julian Cope**
Liverpool University: **The Go-Betweens**
Liverpool Walton Astoria: **The Big Supreme**
London Brentford Red Lion (01 571 6878): **The Chillun**
London Brixton Fringe (01 326 5100): **The Grasshoppers**
London Charing X Rd Astoria: **Mark Stewart And The Maffia/Tackhead**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 836 1929): **Peru**
London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **Birdhouse/New Breed/The Auctioneers**
London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): **Yellow Lifetime/One Way**
London Hammersmith Clarendon (01 748 1454): **Atom Craft**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **Spear Of Destiny**
London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): **Here and Now/The Rhubarb Tarts**
London Kentish Town Bull and Gate Timebox: **Club Bastard/The Chesterfields**
London King's Cross New Merlin's Cave: **Rhythm Collision/The Irregulars/The Urge**
London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63: **Double Zero/Primary/Zoo Door**
London The Limelight: **Black Britain**
London N1 Sandino Club (01 608 0614): **Shane McGowan and Simon Booth (DJs)**
London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Circus Circus Circus/The Name**
London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Panic Brothers**
London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **The Pictures**
London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange (01 237 9181): **N'Orleans Jazz Band**
London Stockwell The Plough (01 274 3879): **Private Eyes**
London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): **Hershey and the 12 Bars**
London W1 Gossips: **The Trojans/Maroon Town**
London W1 Marquee (01 437 6603): **GI Orange**
London W1 Wag Club (01 437 5534): **Bolo Bolo**
London WC1 Margery St New Merlin's Cave (012 837 2097): **Rhythm Collision/The Irregulars/The Urge**
London WC1 University Of London Union: **The Lorries/All About Eve/The Vaynes**
London Woolwich Tramshed (01 317 8687): **WSSM and guests**
Luton St George's Theatre: **George Melly and the John Chilton Feetwarmers**
Manchester Band on The Wall (061 832 6625): **Louisiana Red**
Manchester Hanging Ditch (061 832 8948): **King Of The Slums**
Manchester Oxford St Rafter's: **The Queerboys**
Newcastle Gulbenkian Studio: **Attila The Stockbroker**
Newcastle upon Tyne Riverside (0632 614386): **Kombu/Alfresco's Picnic and Brendan Cleary**
Northampton Old Five Bells (0604 711099): **Wedding Present**
Nottingham Garage: **Flowerpot Men**
Portsmouth Guildhall: **The Alarm/Wire Train**
Rugby Wheelappers: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**
St Albans Ancient Briton (0727 64190): **TT Brown**
Southend-on-Sea Sacs Wine Bar: **The Obeau Men**
Warwick University: **Clint Bestwood & the Mescal Marauders**
Winchester Theatre Royal: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
Windsor Arts Centre: **The Magic Mushroom Band**
Windsor Blazers: **Millie Jackson**

FRIDAY 1

Ashford Wye University: **Word For Word**
Aylesbury Civic Centre: **John Otway/Dinosaur**
Bath Art College: **Chumba Wamba/Karma Sutra/Medical Melodies (Benefit for Bath Hunt Saboteurs)**
Birmingham Mermaid (021 550 8610): **Shark Taboo/Blue Toys/Spiny Dogfish**



JB: back in stride at Hammersmith!

THE GO-BETWEENS

NEW SINGLE - RELEASED MAY 11

CUT IT OUT

PRODUCED BY CRAIG LEON

REGGARS BANQUET

UK TOUR

APRIL
29 LEEDS WAREHOUSE

MAY
1 MANCHESTER INTERNATIONAL
2 SHEFFIELD LEADMILL
3 SWANSEA UNIVERSITY
5 BRISTOL BIERKELLER
6 WOLVERHAMPTON POLYTECHNIC
7 BIRMINGHAM UNIVERSITY
8 LEICESTER PRINCESS CHARLOTTE
9 COVENTRY WARWICK UNIVERSITY
10 LONDON TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB

GIG GUIDE

Brentwood Hermit Club: **Steve Hooker And The Shakers**
 Bristol Tropic Club (0272 49875): **Tallulah Gosh/Five Year Plan**
 Cambridge Arts Theatre: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
 Cambridge Burleigh Arms: **Mojo Mitchell's Blues Band**
 Carlisle Front Page: **Brendan Crocker and The Five O'Clock Shadows**
 Cheadle Labour Club: **Fuel For The Fire/The Dive**
 Chertsey Cricketers: **The Miller Family**
 Cork Metropole: **Peter Rowan**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Bad Influence**
 Edinburgh Playhouse: **The Blow Monkeys**
 Edinburgh The Venue: **The Weather Prophets**
 Galashiels Maxwell Hotel: **Block Brothers/Shive'n Shake**
 Glasgow Queen Margaret Union: **Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction**
 Glasgow Rooftops: **Ghost Dance**
 High Wycombe Students Union Bar: **Culture Vultures**
 Hereford Market Tavern (0432 56325): **Bitch's Brew**
 Hull Adelphi: **Attila The Stockbroker**
 Jersey Inn On The Park: **Percy Sledge**
 Launceston White Horse Inn: **The Krays**
 Leeds CoConut Grove: **Dembo Konte & Kausu Kuyateh**
 Leeds University: **Julian Cope**
 Leicester Polytechnic: **The Mighty Lemon Drops**
 Liverpool Krackers (051 708 8815): **The Lawnmower**
 Liverpool Royal Court: **Curiosity Killed The Cat**
 Liverpool Temple St Planet X: **The Stupids/Extreme Noise Terror/Electro Hippies**
 London Brentford Watermans (01 568 1176): **Bearcat Cabaret**
 London Camden Black Horse Front Door To Babylon: **Kilgore Trout/A.C. Temple/Sperm Walls**
 London City University: **Tommy Chase**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 836 1929): **Close Lobsters**
 London Deptford Albany Empire (01 691 8016): **The Vicious Boys**
 London E17 The Chestnuts: **Roy Hutchins**
 London Camden Electric Ballroom: **Crazy Pink Revolvers/The Stingrays/The Wigs**
 London Catford Green Man (01 698 3746): **The Boogie Brothers**
 London Deptford Royal Albert (01 629 1530): **The Dave Kelly Band**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01 263 4581): **Three Colours**
 London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): **Dogs D'Amour/Atomage**
 London Hackney Empire (01 985 2424): **Commissioned with Derrick Brinckley**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Ballroom: **Allen Sex Fiend**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway (01 748 1454): **The Saddle Whores/New Breed**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Gap Band**
 London Hammersmith Town Hall: **Culture Echo/Mr Dollar/Invasion, Disciples/plus art exhibition, d.js etc.**
 London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): **Howlin' Wilf And The Vee Jays**
 London Kensington Queen Elizabeth College: **Radio Satellites**
 London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63: **Bolivar**
 London Lewisham Labour Club (01 852 3921): **Barflies**
 London North Finchley Torrington: **Little Sister**
 London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): **Sambacada**
 London Palmers Green The Fox: **Geno Washington's Ram Jam Band/Under The Gun/The Outlets**
 London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **The Balham Alligators/The Panic Brothers**

London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **November One**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange (01 237 9181): **Du Hot Club D'Angleterre**
 London Stockwell The Plough (01 274 3879): **Stevie Waller**
 London Tottenham All Saints Poly: **Nicaraguan benefit - Timothy London and the Soho Sisters**
 London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): **Mister Clean**
 London WC1 University of London Union: **It's Immaterial/Blue Aeroplanes**
 Lowestoft Kessingland King's Head: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**
 Maesteg 7777 Friday Rock Club: **Laughing Carrots/Peruvian Hipsters**
 Manchester Band On The Wall: **Progression**
 Manchester International: **The Go-Betweens**
 Manchester University: **Mental As Anything**
 Newcastle Upon Tyne Buddle Arts Centre: **Head In Hands/Splendid**
 Nottingham Marcus Garvey Centre: **Mighty Diamonds**
 Nottingham Mardi Gras: **The Pink Fairies/Uneven Planet**
 Portsmouth Basins Dance Hall: **Nasty Nasty**
 Stockton-on-Tees Dovecot Arts Centre: **Jamie Wednesday**
 Wickham Sheffield The Black Horse: **Haze**
 Windsor Blaziers: **Millie Jackson**

SATURDAY 2

Aberdeen University: **The Weather Prophets**
 Aberdeen The Venue: **Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction**
 Aldershot Buzz Club (0252 330040): **The Close Lobsters/Bam Bam Caruso**
 Amersham Annie's Wine Bar: **Culture Vultures**
 Aylesbury Wellhead Inn (0296 622733): **Mighty Mighty**
 Bedford Boys Club: **UK Subs/Straw Dogs/Angel Trumpets And Devil Trombones**
 Birmingham Mermaid (021 550 8601): **Warfare/Bolthower/Death Warmed Up**
 Birmingham University: **End of Chat/Two Nations**
 Bungay King's Head: **The Avons**
 Bradford-on-Avon Riverside: **Camouflage**
 Bridgend Athletic Club RFC (0656 2263): **Yr Anhrefn and Datbygl**
 Bridgewater Arts Centre: **Chumbawamba/Slaughter of the Innocent/Hot Trots**
 Bridlington Black Lion: **Attila The Stockbroker**
 Brighton Polytechnic (0273 683585): **That Petrol Emotion**
 Bristol Montpelier Hotel: **Dangerous Roundabouts**
 Bristol Moon Club: **Rodney Allen**
 Bristol Tropic Club (0272 49875): **My Baby's Arm/The Eleventh Hour**
 Bromley Churchill Theatre (01 460 6677): **Jumping Jack Gilbert And Vintage Jazz**
 Clowne Community Centre: **The Threads**
 Coventry Polytechnic: **The Mighty Lemon Drops**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Word For Word (lunchtime)/Little Sister (evening)**
 Edinburgh Queens Hall: **Julian Cope**
 Exeter Arts Centre: **Dembo Konte & Kausu Kuyateh**
 Glasgow Barrowlands: **The Blow Monkeys**
 Glasgow The Halt Bar: **Kevin McDermott**
 Hanley Theatre Royal: **Percy Sledge**
 Hemel Hempstead Chaulden Community Centre: **Anti Apartheid Benefit - orchestra Jazira/The Swanjacks/The Conspirators**
 Hereford Market Tavern (0432 56325): **Bashara**
 Hull Wellington Club: **The Macc Lads**
 Leeds Pack Horse: **This Awkward Age**
 Leeds Phoenix Club: **Mighty Diamonds**
 Leicester Highfields Community Centre: **Bashful Boys/The Gravediggers/Non-**

Conformists
 Leicester University: **The Alarm/Wire Train**
 Liverpool Krackers (051 708 8815): **Two's A Crowd**
 Llantwit Major St Donat's Arts Centre (04465 2151): **John Cooper Clarke/Lol Coxhill**
 London Brentford Waterman's (01 568 1176): **Loose Tubes**
 London Camden Carnarvon Castle: **Wolfie Witcher Band**
 London Catford Green Man (01 698 3746): **Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Jivers**
 London Catford Black Horse: **51st State/Cidilla Daze/The Onan Brothers**
 London Convent Garden Rock Garden (01 836 1929): **Geno Washington**
 London Deptford Albany Empire (691 8016): **The Vicious Boys**
 London Deptford Royal Albert (01 629 1530): **The Reflection AOB**
 London Farringdon The Horseshoe: **Curtis And Ishmael/Patti And The Pig/Tonal Control Rappers**
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: **Poormouth/Faster Pussycat Kill Kill**
 London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): **Paddy Goes To Holyhead/Audio Murphy**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon (01 748 1454): **Potato Joe**
 London Hackney Empire (01 985 2424): **Commissioned with Derrick Brinckley**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon (01 748 1454): **Potato Joe**
 London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Gap Band**
 London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): **Wilko Johnson**
 London Kennington The Pullens Centre: **Foggy Cry/Taz**
 London Ladbroke Grove Bay 63 (01 960 4590): **Bushfire**
 London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): **Stella Chiweshe & The Earthquakes**
 London N1 Pied Bull: **Zila/Flo-ing**
 London N16 Golden Lady: **Stirring The Pot/INC**
 London NW2 Production Village (01 450 8969): **Juice On The Loose**
 London Palmers Green The Fox: **Under Ice/Incognito/Say/Moonstruck Too**
 London Putney Half Moon: **Alan Price Band**
 London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **South of the Border**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange (01 237 9181): **Harry Pitch**
 London Stockwell The Plough (01 274 3879): **Harry Beckett**
 London Stratford North East London Polytechnic: **Mr B plays Basie**
 London Wembley Arena: **Lionel Richie**
 London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): **Soul Commotion**
 London Woolwich Tramshed: **Joan Collins Fan Club/Paul Merton/Fiasco Job/Hattie Hayridge/Vic Reeves**
 Loughborough University: **Fire Next Time**
 Manchester Boardwalk: **Jamie Wednesday**
 Newcastle Polytechnic: **Mental As Anything**
 Nottingham Trent Poly (0602 476425): **The Wedding Present**
 Oxford College of Further Education: **Harvey & The Wallbangers**
 Retford Porterhouse (0777 704 981): **Guana Batz**
 Roscrae Patne Hotel: **Peter Rowan**
 Sheffield Leadmill (0742 754500): **Go-Betweens**
 Sheffield University: **Curiosity Killed The Cat**
 Totton Henry's (0703 863273): **Oxoxox**
 Windsor Arts Centre (Windsor 859336): **Scotch Measure/Dave and Allison Fenner**
 Windsor Blaziers: **Millie Jackson**

SUNDAY 3

Aberdeen Venue: **The Fall**

Birmingham Mohamed Ali Centre: **Mighty Diamonds**
 Birmingham Powerhouse: **The Alarm/Wire Train**
 Bournemouth Academy: **Here and Now**
 Bradford Spotted House: **Attila The Stockbroker**
 Camberley Lakeside Club: **Percy Sledge**
 Cambridge Burleigh Arms: **The Sullivans**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Answers On A Postcard (lunchtime)/Chuck Farley (evening)**
 Dublin Barry's Hotel Tudor Rooms: **Peter Rowan**
 Dundee Donce Factory: **Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction**
 Farnham Maltings: **Dembo Konte & Kausu Kuyateh**
 Glasgow Barrowlands: **Julian Cope**
 Glasgow Theatre Royal: **Dick Gaughan**
 Liverpool The Everyman Bistro: **The Lawnmower**
 London Camden Black Horse Front Door To Babylon: **Happy Mondays/Loop/Celebrate Texas**
 London Catford Green Man (01 698 3746): **The Crayfish Five**
 London Charing X Road Astoria: **The Gun Club/The Highliners/Surf Drums**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 836 1929): **Rule Of Thids/Hey Hey Roxy**
 London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): **Ian Fox**
 London Kennington Cricketers (01 735 3059): **The Barflies (lunchtime)/Noel McCalla and Contact**
 London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): **Morley College Big Band (lunchtime)/Derek Wadsworth's Blind Alley**
 London N1 Pied Bull: **Somo Somo**
 London New Cross Albany (01 691 8016): **Stefan Grossman/Adrian Legge**
 London Stockwell The Plough (01 274 3879): **Jimmi Classic & The Sidekicks**
 London NW5 Town and Country Club: **Las Chicas Del Can/El Sonido De Londres**
 London North Finchley Torrington: **Howlin' Wilf And The Veejays**
 London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Steve Marriott's Official Receiver**
 London Rotherhithe Prince of Orange (01 237 9181): **Brass Impact/Evidence**
 London WC2 Duke of York Theatre: **Harvey and the Wallbangers**
 London Wembley Arena: **Lionel Richie**
 Lowestoft Kelley's: **Sham 69**
 Manchester Ritz: **Curiosity Killed The Cat**
 Newcastle City Hall: **The Blow Monkeys**
 Norwich UEA: **The Mighty Lemon Drops**
 Nottingham Old Market Square: **(afternoon) Clint Bestwood, and The Mescal Raiders**
 Peterborough Glass House (0733 52439): **(lunchtime) Energy**
 Redcar Bowl: **Mental As Anything**
 Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel: **The Bicycle Thieves/After Dark**
 Southampton Portsmouth Red Lion (0703 554570): **Oxoxox**
 Swansea University: **The Go-Betweens**
 Westerham Moorhouse The Grasshopper (0959 64824): **Juice On The Loose**

MONDAY 4

Birmingham Kaleidoscope (021 643 7019): **Wrathchild/Wolfsbane**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Gene Syndrome**
 Glasgow The Halt Bar: **The Reppercussions**
 Leeds Phoenix: **This Awkward Age**
 Leess Trades Club: **Rora Saxophone Quartet**
 London Camden Dingwalls: **Company Of Cowards**
 London Catford Green Man (01 698 3746): **The Brass Impact Big Band**

London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 836 1929): **Dimension Of Miracles/No Corridor**
 London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): **The Farkle Family/Exposure**
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **Unity Station**
 London Kentish Town Bull and Gate Timebox: **Nova ex-press/IITA/Jerrold/Reiver/Scream Yes**
 London N1 Pied Bull: **Jazira**
 London Oxford Street 100 Club: **Pride Of Passion**
 London Portobello Road Planet Alice: **Grizzelders**
 London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **The Rivals/Brendan Crocker**
 London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **Giant Number One**
 London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange (01 237 9181): **So What!**
 London Wembley Arena: **Lionel Richie**
 London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): **The Barbie Benson Quartet**
 Newcastle Riverside: **The Weather Prophets**
 Nottingham Rock City: **The Alarm/Wire Train**
 Nottingham Royal Concert Centre: **The Blow Monkeys**
 Oxford Music Room: **Dembo Konte & Kausu Kuyateh**
 Oxford Jericho Inn (Oxford 54103): **Big Scream**
 St Albans Ancient Briton (0727 64190): **1970's Night**

TUESDAY 5

Birmingham University: **That Petrol Emotion**
 Bristol Bierkeller: **The Go-Betweens**
 Bristol The Studio: **The Mighty Diamonds**
 Cambridge Burleigh Arms: **Shoot The Moon**
 Colnbrook Greyhound: **Famous Places**
 Coventry Polytechnic: **Mental As Anything/The Larks/The Orbitones**
 Croydon The Cartoon: **Lounge Lizards**
 Glasgow Barrowlands: **Curiosity Killed The Cat**
 Glasgow The Halt: **Bobby Wishart**
 Huddersfield Polytechnic: **Icicle Works**
 Leeds University: **The Alarm/Wire Train**
 Leeds Warehouse: **Kingglass**
 London Camden Palace: **The Startled Insects**
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden (01 836 1929): **Glory**
 London Fulham Greyhound (01 523 0787): **Broken Bones/Gunk**
 London Fulham The Swan: **Company Of Cowards**
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club: **The Repo Men**
 London Hammersmith Clarendon (01 748 1454): **Skizzo And The Nitros**
 London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Curve**
 London Kennington Cricketers: **The Avons**
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate Timebox: **By Appointment/Christenning/Little Vampires/BRP/Mystery Plane**
 London N1 Bass Clef (01 729 2476): **Pride**
 London Oxford St 100 Club: **Frenzy**
 London Putney Half Moon (01 788 2387): **Paz**
 London Putney Zeeta's (01 785 2101): **Phil Ramacon**
 London Rotherhithe Prince Of Orange (01 237 9181): **Line Out**
 London Walthamswow Royal Standard: **Taming The Outback**
 London W1 Dover Street Wine Bar (01 629 9813): **The Annie T Party**
 London Woolwich Thames Poly: **Union Of Fear**
 Morpeth Longhorsley Linden Pub: **Kathryn Tickell/Dust On The Needle**
 Newcastle Riverside: **Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction**
 Nottingham Rock City: **The Mighty Lemon Drops**
 Wellingborough Red Lion: **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**

THE PROCLAIMERS : THIS IS THE STORY



DEBUT ALBUM AND CASSETTE OUT NOW

ON TOUR WITH VOICE OF THE BEEHIVE:-	MAY 22 · LEICESTER POLY
MAY 8 · TREFOREST POLY OF WALES	MAY 23 · PORTSMOUTH POLY
MAY 9 · WENDOVER WELLHEAD	MAY 25 · DERBY BLUE-NOTE
MAY 13 · COVENTRY POLY (BIKO BAR)	MAY 26 · BIRMINGHAM BURBERRYS
MAY 14 · BURTON-ON-TRENT CENTRAL PARK	MAY 27 · STOCKTON DOVECOT ARTS CENTRE
MAY 16 · LEADMILL SHEFFIELD	JUNE 2 · NEWCASTLE RIVERSIDE
MAY 17 · LEEDS WAREHOUSE	JUNE 3 · WOLVERHAMPTON POLY
MAY 20 · LONDON BOSTON ARMS (TUFNELL PARK)	JUNE 4 · KINGSTON POLY

ALSO ON THEIR OWN ON MAY 19 AT THE MILLS CLUB, BATH



LIVE ADS (01-829 7816)

marquee
LICENSED BARS
90 WARDOUR ST. W1
01-437 6603

ADVANCED TICKETS ARE ON SALE FOR CERTAIN SHOWS TO MEMBERS ONLY

Thursday 30th April
Just Back From Their Successful Far East Tour
G.I. ORANGE
Plus Special Guests Gate Crash Heaven (Adm £3.00)

Friday 1st May & Saturday 2nd May
Two Nights Of Heavy R&B
D.R.N.
Plus Hot Club (1st) Plus Stage (2nd) (Adm £4.00)

Sunday 3rd May
Heavy Rock
Ex Iron Maiden
PAUL DIANNO'S BATTLEZONE
Plus Support (Adm £3.50)

Monday 4th May
Rock Night
ARENA
Plus She (Adm £3.00)

Tuesday 5th May
One Night Only
TYGERS OF PAN TANG
Plus Blue Blood (Adm £4.00)

Wednesday 6th May
From America
TEN TEN
Plus Support (Adm £3.50)

Thursday 7th May
From USA
UK Debut
GEORGIA SATELLITES
Plus Support (Adm £5.00)

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

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

Wed 29
A BOOMERANG NIGHT OF AUSSIE FUN
ED KUEPPER AND THE YARD GOES ON FOREVER
£3.50 £2.50 concs

THE NIGHT CLUB
ACROSS THE TRACKS
featuring DJ NORMAN Rigg-Grove JAY
£4 membership £3 thereafter

Fri 1
GUITAR BLUES
LOUISIANA RED
- EXTRA SPECIAL MEGA GUEST -
JAMES VADA £4

Sat 2
DEEP SEA JIVERS
- EAST WEST EFFECT £4

Sun 3
THE SHOWCASE SPANGLES
INFAMY
PERU
YELLOW LIFETIME
CRUCIAL TOUCH
BASEMENT ATTIC £2

THE
PANIC STATION
PRESENTS in cony with UNDERGROUND MAGAZINE THE FIRST PREVIEW NIGHT
MIGHTY MIGHTY THE WORD ASSOCIATION
COMPANY OF COWARDS
JONESTOWN
£3 £2 membership or concs

Tues 5
TO BE ANNOUNCED

Wed 6
GAYE BYKERS ON ACID
NIGEL LEWIS
£3.50 £2.50 concs

Coming soon
Thurs 7 **BUDDY GUY** - JUNIOR WELLS
Fri 8 **HERE & NOW**
Mon 11 **THE SHAMEN, THE JACK RUBIES**

CREDIT CARD HOTLINE (01) 741 8989 OR ANY BRANCH KEITH PROWSE FOR ADVANCE BOOKINGS

ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 Camden High Street

-THE-
CRAZY PINK REVOLVERS
Featuring 'Stan Stammers'
STINGRAYS
THE WIGS

Friday 1st May
tickets £4 DRS 7.30 PM

bad brains
Bambi Slam
The Stu DJs
Friday 8th May

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

THE GUNCLUB
Surf Drums
ASTORIA 157 CHARING CROSS RD

Tickets £5.50 advance
Rock On Records/Rhythm Records/Stargreen 734 8932
Premier 240 0771 LTB 439 3371 Rough Trade Records
Keith Prowse 741 8989 Doors 7.30pm

SUN 3RD MAY

CAMOUFLAGE PRESENT
GEORGIA SATELLITES
THE INMATES WIRE TRAIN

FRIDAY 15TH MAY AT 7.30 PM
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
8-17 HIGHGATE ROAD, LONDON NWS

TICKETS £6.00 IN ADVANCE FROM THE BOX OFFICE. TEL: 267 3334. CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS. TEL: 439 3371. PREMIER BOX OFFICE. TEL: 240 0771. KEITH PROWSE. TEL: 741 8989. STARGREEN. TEL: 734 8932. ALBEMARLE. TEL: 580 3141. ROCK ON RECORDS. ROUGH TRADE RECORDS. OR ON THE NIGHT.

THE BOLSHOI SOCIETY
Sat 9th May
'Howard Hughes & the Western Approaches'

Nearest Tube: Kentish Town
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9/17 Highgate Rd, Kentish Town, N.W.5
Doors 7.30pm. £5.

Box Office: 267 3334 Stargreen 734 8932 Rough Trade Records/Rock On Records
Keith Prowse 741 8989 Premier 240 0771 Rhythm Records LTB 439 3371

Friday 8th May
CHIEFS OF -RELIEF-
BOYS WONDER HELIUM BROS
C-H-E-L-S-E-A-C-O-L-L-E-G-E-(K-O-C)
Manresa Road, London SW3. DOORS 7.30

Tickets £4.50 £3.50 concs
Rock On Records/Rhythm Records/Stargreen 734 8932
Keith Prowse 741 8989 Premier 240 0771 LTB 439 3371

Doors 7.30pm.
It's Immaterial
The BLUE AEROPLANES MC. MC REEVES
UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION MALET STREET WC1
FRI 1st May Tickets £4 adv £4.50 doors

WED 6th MAY
DOMINATION
enterprises
PURPLE THINGS
THE GRIZELDAS
12 Acklam Rd, Ladbroke Grove, W10.
7.30pm **£3.50**

Keith Prowse 741 8989 Premier 240 0771 LTB 439 3371
Rock On Records/Rhythm Records/Stargreen 734 8932

THE GO-BETWEENS
DEACON BLUE
Low Life
Sunday 10th May

Nearest Tube: Kentish Town
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9/17 Highgate Rd, Kentish Town, N.W.5
Tickets £4.50 advance, £5.00 doors. Doors 7.30pm.

Box Office: 267 3334 Stargreen 734 8932 Rough Trade Records/Rock On Records
Keith Prowse 741 8989 Premier 240 0771 Rhythm Records

ASTORIA 157 CHARING CROSS RD
GREEN ON RED
THE CHILLS
ANDY WHITE

DRS. 7.30 PM. £5.50
Premier 240 0771 Keith Prowse 741 8989 Rough Trade Records/Rock On Records/Rhythm Records Stargreen 734 8932

Sunday 17th May

Mean Fiddler
LIVE MUSIC
28a HIGH STREET HARLESDEN NW10 Tel 01 961 5490

WED 29TH **LIGHT A BIG FIRE** ADM £.00

THUR 30TH **SNAKE CORPS** + **SCARED OF HEIGHTS** ADM £3.00
RUBBER YAHOO + **THE DANCING BEARS**

FRI 1ST MAY **THE KELLY MCGUINNESS RHYTHM METHOD** ADM £5.00
DAVE KELLY, TOM MCGUINNESS, HUGH KODO FLINT, ROB TOWNSEND, DENNY NEWMAN, MICK PAICE, ALAN DUNN

SAT 2ND **FROM SCOTLAND** ADM £5.00
RUN RIG

SUN 3RD **HENRY McCULLOUGH** ADM £4.00
FORMER WINGS-JOE COCKER GUITARIST

MON 4TH **SUBURBAN DREAMS - STAY BRAVE** ADM £3.00
+ **THE MAD SAT SET + THE WILD FRONTIERS**

TUES 5TH **SAD AMONG STRANGERS + PERU** ADM £3.00
+ **EDEN + SEVEN**

WED 6TH **SAM AND GALORE + IDLE HANDS** ADM £3.00
+ **PLANET POP + MENTAL HEAT**

THUR 7TH **THE GOSPEL + MEGACITY 4** ADM £3.00
+ **REAL BY REEL + MACAVITY'S CAT**

FRIDAY 8TH **THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG** ADM £5.00

SAT 9TH **LICK THE TINS** ADM £5.00
FROM IRELAND

SUN 10TH **AUSTENTAYSHUS** ADM £4.00
FROM AUSTRALIA

THUR 14TH **THE SAINTS** ADM £4.00
FROM AUSTRALIA

FRI 22ND **JOHN PRINE** ADM £5.00
FROM USA ONLY LONDON DATE

MON 25TH + TUE 26TH **MARY BLACK** ADM £5.00
FROM IRELAND

FRI 29TH & SAT 30TH **DAVID KNOPFLER** ADM £5.00

BOOKINGS NOW BEING TAKEN IN NEW RESTAURANT ON: 01-965 2487. EXCELLENT FRENCH MENU IN NEW EXCITING SURROUNDINGS - FREE ADM. TO LIVE MUSIC VENUE ANY NIGHT INCLUDING THESE MAIN ATTRACTIONS: RUN RIG, THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG, LICK THE TINS ETC. OFFER APPLIES TO 3 COURSE MEALS ONLY.

THE MEAN FIDDLER IS A LIVE MUSIC VENUE WITH A RESTAURANT, 4 BARS, A DINER AND DANCEFLOOR. OPEN 7 NIGHTS A WEEK 8PM-2AM. FIRST ACT ON 9PM
NIGHT BUS N18 - TUBE WILLESDEN JUNCTION

SOUND ASYLUM & DNA ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS
the mighty lemon drops
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STARS OF HEAVEN
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. SAE.)

JLP CONCERTS PRESENT
MENTAL AS ANYTHING
30th APRIL
TICKETS £4.50

The Go-Betweens
+ LOW LIFE
5th MAY
TICKETS £4.00

ZODIAC MINDWARR
& THE LOVE REACTION
PRIME MOVER TOUR
7th MAY
TICKETS £4.00

That Petrol Emotion
18th MAY
TICKETS £4.00

BRISTOL BIERKELLER
TEL. 0272 268514 & USUAL AGENTS

RAINMAKERS
ED KUEPPER
and the Yard Goes On Forever
CIRCUS-CIRCUS-CIRCUS

ASTORIA 157 CHARING CROSS RD
Tickets £5.50 advance
Rock On Records/Rhythm Records/Stargreen 734 8932
Premier 240 0771 LTB 439 3371 Rough Trade Records
Keith Prowse 741 8989 Doors 7.30pm

TUES 12th MAY

LIVE ADS (01-829 7816)

DEACON BLUE

SATURDAY 2ND MAY
THE ASTORIA
 CHARING CROSS ROAD
 SUNDAY 10TH MAY
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
 KENTISH TOWN
 FRIDAY 15TH MAY
KING'S COLLEGE
 SURREY STREET WC2

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**
 WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
 SUN 10th CHAIN GANG MON 11th PLAYING AT TRAINS
 TICKETS £5.00 adv
 Tel 01-437 1801
 and usual agents
 THURS 14th **MANCHESTER INTERNATIONAL 2**
 TICKETS £4.50 adv • STONE ROSES • PLAYING AT TRAINS
 ALL SHOWS START 7.30 pm

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

Division One
 Saturday 2nd May £3.00

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

From JAPAN
VOW WOW
 SUNDAY 3rd MAY
 LONDON. CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
 HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY
 7.30 p.m. TTTS. £4 (ADV & DOOR)
 CLARENDON (OPENING HOURS). STARGREEN 734-8932
 L.T.B. 439-3971/KEITH PROWSE 741-8989/PREMIER 240-0771

DOCTOR & THE MEDICS

GWYLLYM AND THE RASPBERRY
 FLAVOURED CATS

GAYE BYKERS
 ON ACID

VOODOO CHILD
 THE DRUIDS

SATURDAY 16TH MAY AT 5.30 PM
 TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

8-17 HIGHGATE ROAD, LONDON N.W.5.
 TICKETS £5, AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM THE COUNTRY CLUB BOX OFFICE, TEL 267 3334, OR
 KEITH PROWSE, TEL 741 8989, STARGREEN, TEL 734 8932,
 PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL 240 0771, ALBEMARLE, TEL 580 3141, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL 439 3371,
 OR ON THE NIGHT.

SOLO PRESENTS

IGGY POP

+ SUPPORT



THURSDAY 11th JUNE
BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
 TICKETS: £6.50 & £5.50
 AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE 0272 293881
 AND USUAL AGENTS

THURSDAY 18th JUNE
LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT
 TICKETS: £6.50 & £5.50
 AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE 051 709 432
 AND USUAL AGENTS

FRIDAY 12th JUNE
NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CONCERT HALL
 TICKETS: £6.50 & £5.50
 AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE 0602 472328
 AND USUAL AGENTS

FRIDAY 19th JUNE
MANCHESTER APOLLO
 TICKETS: £6.50 & £5.50
 AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE 021 273 112
 AND USUAL AGENTS

SUNDAY 14th JUNE
SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
 TICKETS: £6.50 & £5.50
 AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE 0742 735295
 AND USUAL AGENTS

SATURDAY 20th JUNE
BIRMINGHAM ODEON
 TICKETS: £6.50 & £5.50
 AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE 021 643 610
 AND USUAL AGENTS

MONDAY 15th JUNE
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
 TICKETS: £6.50 & £5.50
 AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE 091 26 2606
 AND USUAL AGENTS

TUESDAY 23RD JUNE
LONDON - HAMMERSMITH ODEON
 TICKETS: £8.50 & £7.50
 AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE 01 748 4081 2
 LTB 01 439 3371 PREMIER 01 240 2245
 STARGREEN 01 734 8932 TICKETMASTER 01 379 6433
 KEITH PROWSE C CARDS 01 741 8989 AND
 ALL USUAL AGENTS

TUESDAY 16th JUNE
EDINBURGH PLAY HOUSE
 TICKETS: £6.50 & £5.50
 AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICE 031 557 2590
 AND USUAL AGENTS

THE ALBANY EMPIRE

Sunday 3 May 8pm
 ONLY LONDON PERFORMANCE!
 GUITAR EXTRAVAGANZA!
STEFAN GROSSMAN + ADRIAN LEGGE + BILL MARTIN & ROSIE CROSS
 The legendary STEFAN GROSSMAN performing his unique jazz & ragtime guitar styles. ADRIAN LEGGE is the UK's most innovative and stylish guitarist. BILL MARTIN and ROSIE CROSS are the vocalists and guitarists with Pyewackett.

Sunday 10 May 8pm
WELL RED
 (as seen supporting JAMES BROWN)
+ SHOKOLOKO-BANGOSHAY
 DOUGLAS WAY, London SE8 4AG
 BOX OFFICE: 01-691 3333

DNA Entertainments Presents

THE WEDDING PRESENT

+ SPECIAL GUEST at

TRENT POLY. S.U.
 NOTTINGHAM

Saturday 2nd May

LEICESTER POLYTECHNIC S.U.
 Tuesday 5th May

SHEFFIELD UNIVERSITY S.U.
 Monday 11th May

TICKETS £3.00 DOORS 8.00 P.M.
 Tickets from usual agents or by post from:
 DNA Entertainments P.O. Box HP2 Leeds LS6 1LN. (Enc. S.A.E.)

ASGARD PRESENTS

RANDY NEWMAN

LONDON
 PALLADIUM

SUNDAY 24 MAY

BOX OFFICE
 01-437 7373
 CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED

TO ADVERTISE
 ON THE LIVE PAGE
 RING ADRIAN ON
 01-829 7816.



THE GREYHOUND
 175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W 6

Wednesday 29th April **KELLY'S HEROES** £2.00
 Thursday 30th April - The Jump Tribe £2.00
 Friday 1st May **YELLOW LIFETIME** - One Way £2.00
 Saturday 2nd May **DOGS D'AMOUR** - Atomage £2.00
 Sunday 3rd May **PADDY GOES TO HOLYHEAD** - Featuring Andy Scott and Malcolm McNulty from SWEET - Audio Murphy Free
 Monday 4th May **IAN FOX** £2.00
 Tuesday 5th May **THE FARKLE FAMILY** - Exposure £2.00
BROKEN BONES - Gunk
 Special Guest DJ every Lunchtime & Evening. Hot & Cold Food Always Available.

THE PRINCE'S TRUST ROCK GALA

IN THE GRACIOUS PRESENCE OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE & PRINCESS OF WALES (5th June)
 ARTISTS APPEARING (IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER) INCLUDE

BRYAN ADAMS & BAND
+ BOY GEORGE
MARK BRZEZICKI
***PHIL COLLINS**
CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT
DAVE EDMUNDS
BEN E. KING
MARK KING
ALISON MOYET & BAND
TONY & GARY from SPANAU BALLET
***PAUL YOUNG**
MIDGE URE & PRINCE'S TRUST ALL STARS

WEMBLEY ARENA

FRIDAY 5th JUNE SATURDAY 6th JUNE 8pm

Tickets: £25, £15 Tickets available from: Keith Prowse London outlets
 By post: Princes Trust, PO Box 2, London W6 0LO. Cheques payable to Princes Trust, enclose S.A.E.

CREDIT CARD HOTLINE 01 741 8989

† Only appearing on 5th June * Only on 6th June All artists subject to availability, and subject to alteration without notice.
 Part of the proceeds for the 6th June concert will be given to the Variety Club of Great Britain/Life Education Centre.

LIVE ADS (01-829 7816)

KlubFoot
CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY W.6

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

DEMENTED ARE GO TORMENT

LONG TALL TEXANS *frantic*
THE FLINTSTONES

SATURDAY 9TH MAY AT 7.30 PM £4

**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)

THE KELLY MCGUINNESS RHYTHM METHOD

DAVE KELLY, TONY MCGUINNESS, HUGH KORO FLINT, ROBTOW, LEAD
DENNY NEWMAN, MICK PAICH, ALAN DUNN

LIVE AT THE MEAN FIDDLER

FRIDAY 1 MAY 1987 ADMISSION £5.00

BAY 63
12 Acklam Road, Ladbrooke Grove
London W10. Tel 960 4590

Saturday 2nd May
BUSHFIRE
(REGGAE JAZZ CROSSOVER)
Adm £3.50/£2.50 before 10.30pm 9-2am
Thursday 7th May

**BLYTH POWER
+ THATCHER
ON ACID
+ WERE GOING
TO EAT YOU**

Adm £3.00/£2.50 8pm-12
Friday 8th May

AFRICAN CONNECTION
9-2am £3.50/£2.50 before 10.30pm
Saturday 9th May

KALIMA
(SOUL JAZZ FUSION)
Adm £3.50/£2.50 before 10.30pm 9-2am
Coming Soon
Wednesday 13th May
BRIGHT CORNERS
+ PHIL WILSON

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

Wednesday 2nd April
JOHN OTWAY
+ Hard Road + Famous Places
Thursday 30th April

BIRDHOUSE
+ The New Breed + The Auctioneers
Friday 1st May

THE THREE COLORS
+ The Actors + The Phubard Tans
Saturday 2nd May

**MARC RILEY & THE
CREEPERS**
+ Faster Pussy Cat Kill Kill + Company Of Cowards
Sunday 3rd May (Lunch)
KGOY QUAIL & FRIENDS
Sunday 3rd May (Even)

FRANK CHICKENS
Monday 4th May (Afternoon)

BALHAM ALIGATORS
+ CRAVISH FIVE
+ Caplo Mac + The Company
Monday 4th May (Even)

BLUE AEROPLANES
+ TAMING THE OUTBACK
Tuesday 5th May

THE ALBION BAND
Wednesday 6th May

ED KUEPPER
+ THE YARD GOES ON FOREVER
+ The Thrads
Thursday 7th May

ANDY IRVINE

DNA ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS

THAT PETROL EMOTION

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS AT
THE IRISH CENTRE
DIGBETH BIRMINGHAM
TUESDAY 5th MAY TICKETS £3.00 ADV.

&
LEEDS WAREHOUSE
THURSDAY 14th MAY TICKETS £3.50 ADV.

TICKETS FROM USUAL OUTLETS OR BY POST FROM
DNA ENTERTAINMENTS P.O. BOX HP2 LEEDS LS6 1LN (ENC. S.A.E.)

ADVERTISERS

PLEASE NOTE THAT ALL COPY
FOR LIVE ADVERTISEMENTS
FOR ISSUE DATED MAY 9TH
MUST ARRIVE NO LATER THAN
5.00pm WEDNESDAY 29TH APRIL.

CAMOUFLAGE & OUTLAW PRESENT

RUN DMC

BEASTIE BOYS

SAT/SUN 23/24TH MAY AT 7.30 PM

BRITXON ACADEMY
211 STOCKWELL ROAD, S.W.6.
TICKETS £7.50 AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM THE ACADEMY BOX OFFICE, TEL 274 1525, OR
KEITH PROWSE, TEL 741 8989, STARGREEN, TEL 734 8932, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL 240 0771,
ALBEMARLE, TEL 580 3343, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL 439 3371, OPEN ALL HOURS TEL 379 6433.

WEDNESDAY 27TH MAY AT 7.30 PM
TOP RANK SUITE
WEST STREET, BRISTOL

TICKETS, PRICED £6.50, ARE AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM THE BOX OFFICE TEL 732627
VIRGIN RECORDS OR ON THE DOOR ON THE NIGHT

BY POST FROM 1-2 MUNRO TERRACE LONDON SW16 8DL, CHECKS MADE PAYABLE TO
CAMOUFLAGE CONCERT PRODUCTIONS LTD. TO INCLUDE 50P BOOKING FEE PER TICKET
& INCL. IN S.A.E.

Thursday 30th April

WIN

Live at Camden Palace
Camden High St., NW1.

Admission £4.00 Doors Open 9pm

Stump

ON TOUR

MAY

7 Thursday	- EDINBURGH	THE VENUE
8 Friday	- ABERDEEN	IMPERIAL HOTEL
9 Saturday	- INVERNESS	PHARAONS
10 Sunday	- GLASGOW	DADDY WARBUCK'S
12 Tuesday	- PETERBOROUGH	TROPICANA
13 Wednesday	- NOTTINGHAM	BARRACUDA
14 Thursday	- NORTHAMPTON	OLD 5 BELLS
15 Friday	- LONDON	CHELSEA COLLEGE

DEBUT ALBUM 'QUIRK OUT'

NOW AVAILABLE ON CASSETTE WITH
BONUS EP 'MUD ON COLON'

STUF CU2

The Shaw Theatre presents
- in concert -

MARY COUGHLAN

18 - 20 May
and
TED HAWKINS

21 - 23 May
Shaw Theatre,
100 Euston Rd,
London
NW1 2AJ
BOX OFFICE
01-388 1394/387 6293

A Camden Service

**SHAW
THEATRE**

JLP CONCERTS PRESENTS

then FIRST JERICO

*the sound
of music*

APRIL

THURS 30th MANCHESTER - INTERNATIONAL
8pm £3.50 ADV + CHAIN GANG 081 224 5050

SATURDAY 2nd MAY ASTORIA THEATRE
CHARING CROSS RD. WC 2. 01-437-1801

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS **DEACON BLUE + TEN TEN**
DOORS OPEN 7.30pm ADV TICKETS £4.00

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

**Pride
Of
Place**

Above the
WHITE LION, PUTNEY HIGH ST.

April 30th Adm £4.00
**THE CHILLS
+ SANDKINGS**
(Tickets Plastic Passion)

May 7th Adm £3.50
MIAOW
+ ILLUSTRIOUS CUTLERY
Bar till 11pm

BUSES 14, 22, 39, 58, 74
80, 85, 93, 226
PUTNEY BRIDGE

BOOKING
ENQUIRIES
01-326 0318

EXTRA!

THE LAST LONDON CONCERTS BY

DEMBO KONTE & KAUSU KUYATEH

MASTER KORA PLAYERS FROM THE GAMBIA
& HASSAN ERRAJI

Fri 8th & Sat 9th May at 7.30pm
SHAW THEATRE
EUSTON ROAD - LONDON NW1
Box Office 01-388 1394 / 387 6293

KENNEDY STREET ENTERPRISES PRESENTS

BLOW MONKEYS

PLUS SUPPORT

**CITY HALL
NEWCASTLE
MAY 3 at 7.30PM**

**CITY HALL
SHEFFIELD
MAY 6 at 7.30PM**

TICKETS £5 & £4 AVAILABLE FROM THE BOX OFFICES

International infected evening
“THE CRANES ARE MOVING ON
THE SKYLINE”

the present
The infected The
THE MOVIE

DJ Annie Hogan
at the Camden Palace
on Thursday 7th May at 10.00 p.m.

RONNIE SCOTT'S
47 FRIED STREET, LONDON W1

Sun May 3 at 8pm £6
**AN EVENING OF
NEW AGE
MUSIC**

WITH
STEPHEN CAUDEL, FAVGIVORIES,
PETER ADAMS, JOHN THEMIS
Sun May 10 at 8pm £5

ROBYN HITCHCOCK
+ THE POPTICIANS
Sun May 17 at 8pm £5
TOMMY CHASE QUARTET

BOX OFFICE 439 0747
AND USUAL AGENTS

BROADWAY
Clarendon Hotel,
Hammersmith Broadway W6

Wednesday 29th April £1.50
**THE
KICKING ROOM**
+ The Children And It

Thursday 30th April £2.50
WARFARE
+ Atom Craft

Friday 1st May £1.50
**THE Garage:
THE
SADDLEWHORES**
+ New Breed

Saturday 2nd May £2.00
POTATO JOE
+ Support

Monday 4th May
CLOSED (Bank Holiday)

Tuesday 5th May £1.50
SKITZO
+ Nitro + Court Jesters
Real Ale Served 7.30-11.00pm.

LIVE ADS (01-829 7816)

WAG CLUB APRIL/MAY 1987
35-37 WARDOUR STREET, LONDON W1. TELEPHONE: 01-437 5534
THE WAG RESTAURANT OPEN FOR DINNER & BREAKFAST

TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	MONDAY
GARY CROWLEY + VAUGHN TOULOUSE Present WHISKEY-A-GO-GO	HOT SWEAT FUNKY UNDERGROUND DJS HEAVY DUTY (Dinner/Dance) 20AM FUNKY	BACK BY POPULAR DEMAND BOLO BOLO DJ Steve Holloway	S&S WITH DJ & TONY MAXINE SARAH	THE JAZZ ROOM THE TOMMY CHASE QUARTET DJ BAZ FE JAZ Upstairs BOOGAMOOGA
GARY CROWLEY + VAUGHN TOULOUSE Present WHISKEY-A-GO-GO	CHRIS + GUY PUMP THAT BASE DJ Paul Gentry & Jodie plus Roy Hamilton from FOURTH & BROADWAY	A WAG SPECIAL WELL RED DJ Steve Holloway WTS JOHNNY ROCKA	S&S WITH DJ & TONY MAXINE SARAH	THE JAZZ ROOM presents A MAN CALLED ADAM DJ Baz Fe Jaz Upstairs BOOGAMOOGA

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

MCP presents
GARY MOORE
Wild Frontier Tour
HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE
TUES 26th MAY 7.30pm
Tickets: £8.00 & £7.00 Available from B/O Tel: 01-748 4081/2, LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Ticket Master and Stargreen.

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LONDON BOOKINGS 439 3371
TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR LONDON CONCERTS OF THE FOLLOWING

APRIL
29th Mighty Diamonds
29th/30th Spider Of Destiny
30th Red Lorry Yellow Lorry
30th Mark Stewart and The Mafia

MAY
1st Immaterial
1st Crazy Pink Revolvers
1st Vow Wow
1st/2nd The Gap Band
2nd Then Jencho
2nd/3rd Loretta Fitchie
3rd Los Chicos Del Can
3rd Gun Club
3rd New Age Music
3rd Buddy Guy and Junior Wells
8th Chiefs of Steel
8th The Lounge Lizards
8th Bad Brains
8th/9th Blow Monkeys
9th Zodiac Mindwarp
9th Bolshoi
10th Halloween
10th Go Between
10th Robyn Hitchcock
10th/11th Kase Works
11th Kilo Dee
11th Gail Evans 75th Birthday
13th Alison Moyet
13th/14th The Fall
14th Abdullah Ibrahim
15th Georgia Satellites
15th Wedding Present
15th The Scie
15th Slump
16th Hurrah
16th Dr & The Medics
16th Boogie Brothers
16th/18th Santana
17th Tommy Chase Quartet
17th Green On Red
17th/18th Cunniffy Killed The Cat
18th/19th Suzanne Vega
18th/20th Duran Duran
19th Petrol Emotion
20th Paul Brady
21st Pretenders
21st Bodines
22nd Slump
22nd Zoot and the Roots
24th IQ
24th Run DMC
24th Gary Glitter
24th/25th Jonah Moyo
26th Gary Moore
27th Thompson Twins
28th/31st Stevie Wonder
29th The Primitives
29th Woodentops
31st Christians
31st Neil Jumping

JUNE
3rd/4th Neil Young
5th Pop Will Eat Itself
5th Latin Quarter
7th Carmel
7th Soup Dragon
8th Long Ryders
10th/11th Cameo
12th Dr Feelgood
12th/13th Fatback
14th Carmel
15th Martin Stephenson
16th Tina Turner
21st Husker Du
23rd/24th Iggy Pop
24th/25th Curtis Mayfield

JULY
1st Trouble Funk
8th Billy Connolly
4th/6th Go West
19th The Beach Boys

AUGUST
29th/31st Stevie Wonder

SEPTEMBER
1st/3rd/6th Stevie Wonder

LONDON BOOKINGS 439 3371
96 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON W1.

THIS WEEK
Rock GARDEN
FRIDAY MAY 01-87
close lobsters
...they truly are the inheritors of the ORANGE JUICE spirit. - Melody Maker.
SATURDAY MAY 02-87
THE FABULOUS GOSPEL SISTERS' LUNCHEON CLUB noon-3pm with **LIVE WANDS**
geno washington
CAFE & VENUE
COVENT GARDEN
01 240 3961

FRENZY LIVE!
AT THE
100 CLUB
100 OXFORD ST W.1
TUESDAY 5TH MAY
7.30PM-11PM

THE HALF MOON
93 Lower Richmond Road, Putney SW15 Tel: 01-788 2387
Thursday 30th April
PANIC BROTHERS
Friday 1st May
BALHAM ALIGATORS + THE PANIC BROTHERS
RECORD RELEASE PARTY
Saturday 2nd May
ALAN PRICE BAND
Sunday 3rd May
STEVE MARRIOTTS OFFICIAL RECIEVER
Monday 4th May
SIMON NICOLL AND RIC SAUNDERS
Tuesday 5th May
PAZ
Wednesday 6th May
THE GRAHAMOPHONES
Thursday 7th May
RONNIE BOND BAND

CAMOUFLAGE PRESENTS
HELLOWEEN
WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
OVER KILL
SUNDAY 10TH MAY AT 7.30 PM
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
TICKETS: £6.00, £5.00, IN ADVANCE FROM: THEATRE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 748 4081. CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS: LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, TEL: 439 3371 PREMIER BOX OFFICE, TEL: 240 6771. KEITH PROWSE, TEL: 741 8989, STARGREEN, TEL: 734 8932, ALSO ALBEMARLE, OR ON THE NIGHT

SATURDAY 9TH MAY AT 7.30 PM
APOLLO THEATRE
ARDWICK GREEN, MANCHESTER
TICKETS, PRICED £6.00 & £5.00, ARE AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM THE BOX OFFICE, TEL: 061-273-3775 PICCADILLY RECORDS, MIKE LLOYD RECORDS (HANLEY) AND USUAL AGENTS OR ON THE DOOR ON THE NIGHT
BY POST FROM 1-2 MUNRO TERRACE LONDON SW10 0DL. CHEQUES MADE PAYABLE TO CAMOUFLAGE CONCERT PRODUCTIONS LTD (TO INCLUDE 50P BOOKING FEE PER TICKET) & ENCLOSE AN S.A.E.

PAYOLA PRODUCTIONS PROUDLY PRESENTS
GARAGE GOODIES RADIO SHOW
TICKETS AT ROCK OFF HANWAY ST, WC1 | **BENEFIT GIG** | OR AT THE CLUB ON NIGHT OR IN ADVANCE

thurs 30th April
BE COOL DADDY-O! *the PIPE THINGS* 7-12:30 *THE FIVE YOUNG CANNIBALS* COME EARLY COS RUNNING ORDER TO BE DRAWN ON THE NIGHT!
the Surfbabes
X-MEN
the BUGS
the TRASHCAN CLUB
AT THE CLARENDON HOTEL HAMMERSMITH BROADWAY
EVERY TICKET BUYS 24 SECONDS OF THE RADIO SHOW

MAY HOLIDAY HOP! SATURDAY 2 MAY 8-LATE
BLAST OFF!
POTATO 5
WITH LAUREL AITKEN and AFTER TAXI DATA DATA TONIGHT
DAARA 7: NEW BAG DJ ANH TH

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9-17 HIGHGATE RD NW5
£4.50 ADV £5 DOOR FROM B.O. 267-3334
* FINANC CFT 221 KINGS RD - KEITH PROWSE 741-8987 - PREMIER 240-2245 * STARGREEN 734-8932 * LTB 439-3371 * RHYTHM RECORDS * ROCK ON * CREDIT CARD HOTLINE 734-8932

DINGWALLS ENTERTAINMENTS LTD PROUDLY PRESENT
FROM CHICAGO USA
The Legendary Blues Brothers
7pm - 11.30pm

Buddy Guy & Junior Wells
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS ONLY LONDON APPEARANCES

THURS 7TH MAY WED 6TH MAY
DINGWALLS TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB
CAMDEN LOCK CHALK FARM ROAD NW1 8AF
PHONE DINGWALLS 267 4967 - T&C 267 3334 - KEITH PROWSE 741 8989 and all leading booking agents
ON STAGE 8.30 PM 10PM CLUB £200 F&W 10.30pm REOPENS 11pm FOR ACROBATS THE TRACKS TICKETS £7.50 FOR BOTH SUNDAYS

May 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 7th
LIONEL RICHIE
CREDIT CARD BOOKINGS TELEPHONE 439 3371
MONDAY TO SATURDAY 10am-7pm
Beat the rush, come on Sundays 12pm-5pm
42 Cranborne St, Leicester Sq, London W1 (opp Hippodrome)

MCP & Camouflage Presents
THE PRETENDERS
Plus Special Guests
WEMBLEY ARENA LONDON
SOLD OUT FRIDAY 22nd MAY SOLD OUT
THURS 21st MAY 7.30 pm
Tickets: £8.00, £7.00 Available by postal application from Pretenders B/O, P.O. Box 2, London W6 OLQ enclosing SAE, cheques made payable to MCP Limited and enclosing a 30p booking fee per ticket or by personal application to LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Ticket Master & Stargreen All subject to a booking fee

JLP CONCERTS present
THEN JERICO
+ DEACON BLUE + TEN TEN
ASTORIA THEATRE
Saturday 2nd May, 7.30pm
Tickets £4.00 in advance
Tel: 01-437-1801 & Usual Agents

BLOW MONKEYS + SUPPORT
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
8th May **SOLD OUT** & Saturday 9th May, 7.30pm
Tickets £5.50, £6.00
Tel: 01-748-4081 & Usual Agents

THE ICICLE WORKS + SUPPORT
ASTORIA THEATRE
Sun. 10th & Mon. 11th May, 7.30pm
Tickets £5.00 in advance
Tel: 01-437-1801 & Usual Agents

KIKI DEE + SUPPORT
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
Monday 11th May, 7.30pm
Tickets £5.00 in advance
Tel: 01-267-3334 & Usual Agents

SWEET HONEY IN THE ROCK
ROYAL FESTIVAL HALL
THE SOUTH BANK CENTRE
Wednesday 13th May, 7.30pm
Tickets £6.50, £7.50, £8.50
Tel: 01-928-3191 Credit Card 01-928-8800

THE FALL
+ THE WALKING SEEDS
on Wednesday 13th May
+ I. LUDICROUS
on Thursday 14th May
ASTORIA THEATRE
Tickets £5.00 in advance
Tel: 01-437-1801 & Usual Agents

THE BIBLE
+ DEACON BLUE + JACK THE BEAR
KINGS COLLEGE, SURREY STREET, WC2
Friday 15th May, 7.30pm
Tickets £4.00 in advance
Tel: 836-7132 & Usual Agents

THAT PETROL EMOTION
+ BOG SHED
BRISTOL BIERKELLER
Monday 18th May, 8pm
Tickets £4.00 in advance
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Easter weekend – and Wembley becomes a Mecca for Britain's closet cowboys and cowgirls. *NME* stetosonites **ANDREW VAUGHAN**, **GAVIN MARTIN** and **FRED DELLAR** checked the American invasion. Pictures: **TIM JARVIS**.

COUNTRY MUSIC FESTIVAL LONDON WEMBLEY ARENA SATURDAY

HOW FITTING that a cluster of smouldering cigarillos should cast a carcinogenic haze across my view of the Silk Cut stage. Still it could have been worse, I could have sat next to an Indian Chief from Barking complete with peace pipe or a Dartford Mexican toting a wicked-looking shot-gun. Concentrating on the music was hard, but then maybe that's the idea.

First onto the tacky stage – a brightly lit recreation of a wild west bordello (how do women acts feel performing in front of silhouetted female nipples) – was the tediously hopeless **Jodie Birge**, snoozing through a set of tired standards and adding absolutely nothing in the process. But they loved him. Cowboys, squaws and pot-bellied marshalls put their hands together in unanimous appreciation. Were they being polite or do people like this lumbering nonsense?

Next the impeccably tasteful **Riders In The Sky**. Stars of the recent Channel 4 *A-Z of C&W*, this dignified three piece lovingly and humorously recreated old time cowboy music, its jazz and swing-base country delivered with three part harmonies, upright base and some of the dandiest fiddle-playing this side of the Pecos.

Between acts compere **George Hamilton IV** nearly drowned himself in a sea of syrup. Everyone was his buddy, everyone a new star in the making. Doesn't the man have any pride? **Patty Loveless** ran onstage, almost tripping on the monitor. Her recent MCA album was pure class, a backwoods sound and an awe-inspiring voice. All we got live was a cranked up rock band, distorted vocals, a gold lamé shirt and an "I love each and every one of you" ending.

And so to the stars – an inspired performance of lame honky tonk from the appropriately named **Moe Bandy**; forced grin MOR from **Janie Fricke** and then the potential highlight **Tanya Tucker**. Bland material unfortunately, but the band steamed ahead regardless, backing Tanya's pouts and gyrations. She probably calls it raunchy – I call it unimaginative, reactionary, and boring. And strangely enough those three adjectives perfectly describe tonight's headliner, the truly awful **Boxcar Willie**. I had to leave for the clean air of the tube, musing on rumours of Silk Cut dropping their sponsorship next year. Good riddance – the music may be just as bad but at least we should be able to breathe and see.

AV

THE KILLER COMES TO CANCER COUNTRY



Tanya Tucker puckers

SUNDAY

A FAMILY fairground funday with Red Indians getting nabbed by Metropolitan Police, cowgirls, junior water pistol-toting gunslingers, stalls of memorabilia, tacky Anglo-American food, stetosons and beer bellies. A lot of the music is incidental, on the night I attended a trifling warm-up for *The Wrath of The Killer*.

In any case the spirit of Wembley exists as much offstage as on, and is as much fun as a night on the dancefloor or watching a dowdy rock band. Indeed what it has over such weekly outings is a genuine sense of community – where else do toe-tapping granies and grandads rub shoulders with diehard rockabilly youngbloods? Of course with ticket prices up to £25, everybody made sure they had a good time.

In at the deep end Easter Sunday, the lord has risen, liquor curfew in force and **Wanda Jackson** is preaching her conversion sermon. The real wild child, the Fujiyama mama (of whom it was once said "she sounds like she could fry an egg on her G spot") can still sing sweet but spends too much time,

err, rapping. She genuflects to the past but the rockers aren't a patch on her early pubescent outpourings. No eggs frying tonight!

In the wings The Killer brooded; hope I fry before I get old.

Little Jimmie Dickens is an Ole Opry favourite, in his 60s, four foot nine inches of emerald and glitter dwarfed by a ridiculous outsize bullraker. He veered between the laughable and the surreal – bad jokes, scabby hick ditties and lachrymose tunes. By the time he produced his 'Raggedy Ann Doll' and serenaded her he was coming over as slightly touched rather than touching.

The Killer woke from a bad dream – that doll – he thought of his kid drowning in the swimming pool, his dead wife on the bed-sheets. Christ, when did the show start?

Seven o'clock. Time for a beer and **Bobby Bare**. He kicked the blandness aside with some mean telecaster edge and a deep cool drawl. A bad flu bout had him snared but he managed well enough. I'd have preferred more of the hunger and longing struck in '500 Miles Away From Home', but the rowdy redneck drinking



Jerry Lee points to his sponsor



Emmylou grins and bears it

and novelty songs were what the crowd wanted.

The Killer took a shot of something and a beer for breakfast. If he could keep it down he'd be ready to go and get 'em.

Now came the long build up through **Connie Smith** and **Mel O'Daniel**, but all thoughts were on The Killer, the manic threat, the unchallengeable headliner, the demon light at the end of the tunnel.

He was late – of course, late enough for smiling MC George Hamilton to string out a flustered autobiography and for the usually polite crowd to go into slow hand-claps. The wait was spent swopping new rumours to add to the legacy of outrage. Just out of the detox clinic Jerry Lee was on a chemical life support system; at a recent recording session he left no tapes, just excrement on the controls; a musician who'd tried to chat up his daughter (a backing singer in the Lewis band) ended up with his testicles superglued to the floor.

He was under heavy manners after thrashing a venue in Northampton a week before – they put him on a stand-up electric keyboard, keeping him clear of

the grand piano, in case he torched it or something. It wasn't all brilliant by any means but when it was, it was electrifying – the living embodiment of all that is vulgar, lustful, and reckless. Hank Williams' ghost and 50 years worth of hangover and heartbreak haunted 'You Win Again'. He segued 'Rocking My Life Away' and 'I Gotta Woman', cramming a declaration of his egotism and genius into glissando runs and ivory rampages.

There was a sloppy mother ode and some naff new songs in between but the close was the spirit of '55 incarnate: a supremely athletic stage invader escapes the security guards, the whole lotta shakinggreatballsofire finale brings us out of our seats, quiffabillies urging him on to the limits.

He put the stool on the piano. On his feet, crumpled face grimacing, the jacket slipped from his wiry frame. The call went up – "Trash it, Trash it." But he stopped short and left. Another time another place, maybe, but Wembley? Hardly. We left wanting more, but satisfied to have touched the hem of his garment. Amen.

GM

MONDAY

IT WAS evident right from the opening over-the-tracks rhythm of 'Mystery Train' that **Emmylou Harris** band, perhaps a fraction star-shorn these days, still revelled in their 'Hot' nomenclature. It was equally evident that Emmylou herself, 14 albums on, remains the rock cognoscenti's particular queen of country, able to revive western images via 'Even Cowgirls Get The Blues', or edge further back towards the roots by means of an eye-wipe rendering of Jimmie Rodgers' 'Miss The Mississippi And You'.

Maybe she doesn't possess the most distinctive voice of her genre, though when she teams with her sidemen to hoist those pure harmonies, you might be forgiven for thinking so. But however good she may be – and is – at Wembley she drew the short straw that leaves the show's Monday night star facing an ever-decreasing audience, ready to quit in face of a late night and an impending early morning.

Even so, the evening was not Emmylou's. For, earlier, **David Allan Coe**, the man who had once lived in a Music City hearse, had musically torn the hall apart. It was a phenomenon that, at first, seemed unlikely. More a stetoson atop of a Nashville flasher's coat than a visible man, Coe quietly but assuredly worked his way through a medley of truncated hits and bits, providing his rough-hewn, dry-ice vocals, with the most meagre of accompaniments, at one point opting for laidback aceappella, as if to accentuate that vocal power doesn't necessarily equate with force or histrionics. Then he swung upward, through the sheer Dylan sneer that is 'Serve Somebody' and onto a brace of blues routines that saw his band – an outfit that comes replete with a dance-happy black keyboardist/saxophonist – give some monster riffs the runaround.

Sensing the kill, Coe overran and was instructed to cut the set. But the audience were convinced they'd found their hero of the night. They stomped, cheered and generally lung-busted until promoter Mervyn Conn brought an end to the tumult by appearing onstage with the mutineer, not only acknowledging that the unpredictable one was the major success of the whole festival, but also tossing in the announcement that he was instantly signing Coe for next year's show. Belatedly offered a brief encore Coe, for once, was predictable. He instantly swung into a few bars of 'Take This Job And Shove It' and, having made his point, quit the stage to such audience approval that **Sam Bush's New Grass Revival**, an outfit that thrives on the adroit picking of ever-creative banjoist Bela Fleck, failed to register as highly as they otherwise might.

The evening's most exquisite set was proffered by the triumverate formed by **Peter Rowan**, fiddler **Mark O'Connor** and the best damn dobroist in creation, **Jerry Douglas**, and the most commercial aspect (The Judds meet The Nolans) found in the performance of the award-winning **Forester Sisters**, the Monday night gig was, and will always be remembered as, the one when Wembley went Coe a-go-go.

FD

MAGGOT BRAINED

SLAYER
NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY

THESE DAYS, there's stupid-fresh, stupid, and just plain dumb. And, boy, are Slayer dumb. They do not shrink in the face of controversy, of course, so they open up against 900 hard-boiled metal bods with the incredibly thick 'Angel Of Death' (see Page 10). No, we can't hear the words when Tom Araya sings 'em, but we've got the lyric sheet, and to paraphrase—either you're for Dr Mengele or you're against him. There's nothing in the middle—look between their ears!

Yes, the dictionary is a handy guide for a bloodfeast

of words, and Slayer have spent many nights under the blankets with their torches. But history's not a DC comic. As a mature *Guardian* reader who cooks fish and likes the Beasties (I've got problems?—you're telling me!), I can block my ears to this piffle, but I groan at the thought of some brat tottering on the edge of brain-death reading those words and going "yeah yeah yeah!!!"

But wait! Here's a rap! "This one's called 'Necrophobic'... 'yeah, I like it cos the maggots crunch between your teeth when you eat 'em out...' Oh hardy-ha, shock me, stoopid. This is all a pity, because

Slayer bombard like probably no one since prime-time Ramones, give or take a few thundering lead splurges. The drummer does triple-time all the way, like he's laying concrete instead of a

beat. It was surprising to see them take a minute break after each song, though—perhaps Araya goes off to re-read his lines...

Slayer provide an awesome speed-thrash fires-

form, but a cartoon mind ain't a mind at all. So next time you address us as "sick motherf*****", you guys, count me out.

DAVID SWIFT



The massed rats go for Hanneman's extension

PICTURE: STEVE MITCHELL

ing... until he sees "... you AND HIM walking in the rain". The type of guy who puts women on a pedestal to admire what he's bought her: "Girl, you want to walk with a man who wears shoes like that? do it! look at my shoes... snakeskin... ha! you're missing me already!" Girls, beware the rapper's revenge!

LOUISE GRAY

THE WEATHER PROPHETS CAMBRIDGE GUILDHALL

IT WAS the Harp cans that struck the first depressing note—rows and rows of them stacked behind the bar, the only beverage of the night, and several times more of them than there were punters. Cambridge Guildhall is the ideal venue for a Goth convention, and the green wall-paint would match the complexions a treat. Tonight a sound balance as murky as the houselights, and disastrously sparse advertising, all conspired to fill the hall with the promise of gloom a-fallin' like showers of rain.

But drop that Pacamac, Jack, The Weather Prophets were damn good. Since his Loft days, Pete Astor has got a little baggier under the eyes and acquired an interesting hat, the sort you find in old photos of The Band. He hasn't acquired front, though; he's still as reticent as ever.

Astor's such a cool customer that you have to strain in the half-light to see whether that voice is actually leaving his mouth, or his fingers touching the strings. His right-hand style looks like the traditional wet halibut handshake, but to the ear his solos are just the right blend of sweet and acidic.

The same goes for the songs, which polish familiar material to a diamond sheen. 'She Comes From The Rain' is the sort of song The Monkees would play just at that point in the show when Davy Jones's little eyes would start to glisten in soft focus. And if some of the material sounds a little familiar, that's okay, Astor's a self-confessed post-modernist, so he's allowed to crib. 'Mayflower', for example, sounds like a rambling, rhapsodic dislocation of 'Werewolves Of London', and just the sort of hectic, wordy number where Astor's dry, reserved vocals really begin to get some exercise.

As a rough gauge of how The Prophets were tonight, I'd go by 'Almost Prayed', determined but lacking the obsessive presence of the record. When they actually have an audience between them and the Harp cans, I'll bet they're superb.

JONATHAN ROMNEY

BLACK ROOTS LONDON CAMDEN DINGWALLS

REGGAE is now being shaped most by younger singers like Half Pint, Shinehead, Coco Tea, Tenor Saw and, of course, by the perennial Sly 'n' Robbie team. "The group", however, has lost its previous impact.

Black Roots have been ploughing this group furrow in Bristol for the last seven years; in a decade when only exceptional groups have been able to create the rhythms which are as sharply addictive as those made by the DJs, singers and producers. While Misty In Roots and Aswad in Britain, and Culture in Jamaica, continually reopen the space in reggae which allows a group to reassert its significance, Black Roots have been struggling to find a similarly distinctive sound.

Much of their current live set is given over to last year's 'Allday Allnight' LP and Black Roots' appeal is clearly obvious. They play brightly infectious roots reggae which maintains a balance between dinkily accessible melodies and deeper dub rhythms. There's nothing original about their sound, or their lyrical immersion in System/Youth/Freedom sloganising, but Black Roots still capture the irresistible rhythm of a steaming live reggae set. Their onstage qualities may yet transfer to vinyl.

DONALD MCRAE

FAITH BROTHERS



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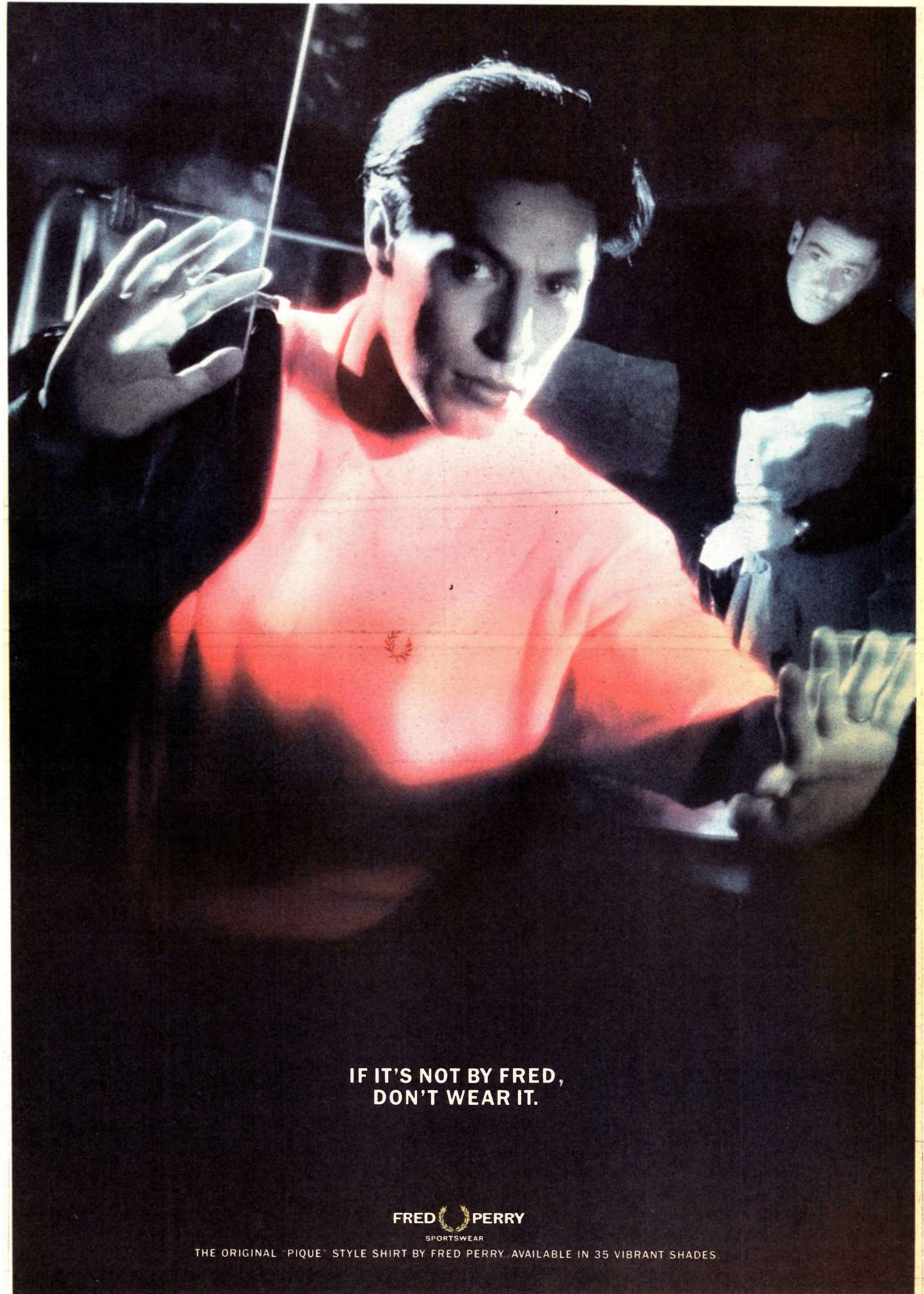
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**WILLEM BREUKER
KOLLEKTIEF**
LONDON SHAW THEATRE

A MAN stands frontstage with a towel over his head: Willem Breuker. Behind him, the Kollektief chat and check their watches as their pianist Henk de Jonge improvises manically on *The Warsaw Concerto*. Breuker folds the towel one, two, three times, creeps up behind the pianist and loops it over his eyes, blinding him. De Jonge plays on without missing a beat...

A man is lying on his back, blowing a saxophone. One by one, the rest of the band join him, lying in a line across the front of the stage, still playing their instruments, legs kicking in the air like upturned beetles. Dancing in your head may be OK for harmonologies cissies, but for the Willem Breuker Kollektief only dancing on their heads will do.

Probably it was when the Breuker horn section burst into a bouncy rendition of 'Tiptoe Through The Tulips' whilst simultaneously tap-dancing that I realised Dutch musicians, despite a reputation for radical politics, owe their allegiance as much to Harpo as to Karl. Certainly Dutch mayhem swept the board at this year's Camden Festival, the Breuker Kollektief receiving no less than three standing ovations from a deliriously enthusiastic audience on Thursday night. Deservedly too, because their blend of theatre, slapstick, musical discipline and big band dynamics is matched only by the Sun Ra Arkestra: precision-drilled ensemble romps, a string of bravura solos, and a musical spectrum that takes in Ellington, Prokofiev, Weil and Morricone. This was their British debut, but they'll be back at the Barbican Centre on June 26 to do a little friendly damage to George Gershwin: I recommend going Dutch.

GRAHAM LOCK



Sledge sleighs 'em.

501 WAYS TO LEAVE YOUR LOVER

PERCY SLEDGE
LONDON TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

ONE OF the most endearing veterans of Southern soul music, Percy Sledge is riding on the crest of his 501s-fuelled revival and loving every minute of it. He comes onstage, grinning his huge gap-toothed smile, looking for all the world like one of those squat African tyrants about to be crowned emperor.

Garbed in a particularly appalling white tuxedo, Percy informs us it's good to be back in London, makes the obligatory reference to Otis Redding, and waves the pick-up band into 'My Special Prayer'. The voice is more sharply nasal, more cornball country, than ever: in an age of super-suave Mr Right mannerists, this almost unadorned phrasing – a voice which is just pure ache, pure love – is extraordinary. How far we've come from such innocence.

By the time we're into the classic Muscle Shoals ballads – 'Cover Me', 'Take Time To Know Her' – it's clear that the band, an outfit who look like a collection of spotty grammar school prefects, simply won't do. Hopelessly lacking in the feel of these

delicate, yearning songs, they destroy any chance of the singer excelling himself.

The predominantly white, Easter-festive audience doesn't appear to mind or even notice. They're happiest of all, of course, when a cabaret-soul museum-piece like 'My Girl' or 'Knock On Wood' is wheeled out for an airing.

I personally am made happy by a more-than-decent performance of 'Dark End Of The Street', the greatest deep soul adultery ballad of them all. Certainly it's preferable to the schmaltzy treatment of his "great friend" Otis Redding's 'Dock Of The Bay', which inspires Percy to lower himself into the audience for an interminable length of time, only to discover that he cannot heave his portly bulk back onto the stage.

When it finally arrives, 'When A Man Loves A Woman' sounds reasonable enough – it's not Percy's finest moment but it's still a great song. Amusingly, he concludes the show with that immortal 'When A Man' ripoff 'Whiter Shade Of Pale', intoning all those lines about vestal virgins completely deadpan.

Long may that voice break your heart.
BARNEY HOSKYNs

CUT THE BAG
BELFAST ABERCORN

SAY IT loud! On a recent pre-production visit to Belfast where he is supposed to be grinning at the camera shortly, Mickey Rourke was reputedly taken to a shibin/drinking club which, he remarked, was the first club he'd ever been in where there were no blacks... none at the Abercorn either but plenty of black and lots of 'fresh' sounds from local Strongman DJ Greg, *noir* NI alt.cab. from Frankie Valium and, surely, vintage soul from the usually dependable Cut The Bag... except the budget PA is to clarify what *Women's Own* is to hip-hop...

Still, 'Tattered And Torn' bustles in like something by the Isleys, 'Keep The Spirit Up' mutates into 'Get Up Offa That Thing' and back again, 'Get Ready' benefits from a better deal than Bruce Willis is offering, and 'Rehearsal For A Revolution' really is a *pièce de resistance* – "You've got the right to be the man in control," inflames Dee McDowell, his face literally red, as hyperactive bassist Brendan Kelly kicks over the statues all over the stage.

Lousy PAs and slow songs spell trouble and on this line that means being shunted into a siding marked Ben and Tracie. 'The Decline Of Workies Boots' avoids the ignominy, if only because its complicated Prefabricated structure and phrasing mean it always sounds one bar away from calamity. But 'Going Into Exile' ("from a land that would not yield" – about Ireland's potato famine in the 1840s) suffers a grimly ironic fate.

But a brand new Bag? I say a little prayer.

PETER RODGERS

SPEAR OF DESTINY
NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY

HARDENED TO adverse criticism and stoical in the face of unprolific sales, Kirk Brandon soldiers on. That he's still prepared to slug it out with new faces and a 'latest' album shouts volumes for his stamina. The only thing that insists on letting him down is the material. As vehicles for comment on the sordid state of this misgoverned nation his songs fall deathly flat. Incestuous relations with SOD's back catalogue mean more of the old vaunted as the stuff of the new. The sense of economy is ultimately stifling. Don't listen too hard and you soon realise these guitars are strapped around the wrong bodies. A penchant for bombast, for sheer over-the-top power borne of the crudest blueprints gives these strings a bad name. Allied to the man's overblown rhetoric, this negligible prowess with words, and you have the bluster in the bag.

All that remains are the inevitable footnotes. Kirk Brandon is patently honest and intelligent yet inclined to betray such qualities. His mission to trap those vital chords and link up with the telling phrase has been dogged by failure. Odd cut throat sparks wrenched studiously from memory have counted for little. Honesty and intelligence; Kirk Brandon articulates neither while fronting unambiguous rock bands.

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MANIFESTO!

MARCHING ORDERS

The Tories' new Public Order Act represents a savage blow to our civil liberties. DENIS CAMPBELL looks at its implications and outlines the regulations that now govern all forms of protest (far right).

THE NEW Public Order Act became law on April 1. But it was no April Fool's Day joke. The Act is a sinister piece of legislation and represents the Tories' latest tightening of the authoritarian screw in Britain.

Having already started to systematically dismantle our basic rights to work, welfare, education and even to vote (through the poll tax which will replace rates), the Government has now switched the civil liberties assault to our long-held right of peaceful protest.

The Government's embarrassed squirmings in the Peter Wright/M15 case in Australia testify to its growing paranoia. And its heavy-handed reaction to Duncan Campbell's exposure of the secret Zircon satellite project illustrates its increasingly intolerant face. In this Orwellian climate, then, it is easy to see why Marie Staunton of the National Council for Civil Liberties has identified the Public Order Act as evidence of the Government's "clear equation (of) dissent with disorder" (*Sanity*, February 1987).

The Act gives police powers to limit without restriction the size, duration and location of all demonstrations (see box to find out how the Act will affect your right to protest). One of the first uses of the Act came at RAF

Alconbury when police shifted members of Ex-Services CND from the front to the back gate of the base, thus rendering their protest largely ineffective. And anti-apartheid pickets at Paul Simon's London concerts last month complained of similar restrictions: they too were kept well away from those people they were trying to peacefully influence.

Writing in the *Criminal Law Review*, Professor Peter Wallington, an expert on the policing of industrial disputes, claimed that the Act will give police wide powers to limit the activities of strikers, pickets and demonstrators. Significantly, it will also bring the police further into the political arena, he warned.

Throughout the Act's passage through Parliament the Government refused to include a clear restatement of the historic right to assemble and demonstrate. The problem is, says Marie Staunton, that the Act draws no distinction between different types of protest and disorder. Hence CND, animal rights protesters, the National Front, the miners' dispute and football hooliganism are all lumped together as 'public order problems'. From now on a wide range of peaceful behaviour could find you labelled as a 'criminal'.

PROTEST & SURVIVE

MARCHES AND PROCESSIONS

- Organisers are now required to give the police six clear days' notice, in writing, of their intention to march. Failure to do so is an offence, as is not keeping to the route or other conditions given by the police.
- Conditions can now be imposed in advance by the police if they believe the march may result in serious public disorder, serious damage to property, serious disruption to the life of the community or the purpose of the march is to intimidate others.
- On the day the most senior officer present (who could be of a junior rank) can impose any conditions on a march for the same reasons.
- If the organisers do not keep to police conditions they risk arrest, conviction for an offence, and up to three months' imprisonment and a £1000 fine.
- Participants in a march who break police conditions similarly risk arrest, conviction and a £400 fine.

BANS

The power to ban marches under the 1936 Public Order Act on the grounds of serious public disorders remains. People taking part in a banned march risk arrest, conviction and a £400 fine. It is an offence to organise a march in contravention of a ban, punishable by three months' imprisonment and a fine of up to £1000.

STATIC ASSEMBLIES AND PICKETS

- An assembly is defined as 20 or more people standing in a public place wholly or partly open to the air.
- There is no need to give notice of an assembly or picket to the police.
- The most senior police officer present (possibly of a junior rank) can impose any conditions on the location of an assembly, its maximum duration and the numbers of participants where she/he believes it may result in serious public disorder, serious damage to property, serious disruption to the life of the community or the purpose of the assembly is to intimidate others.
- Such conditions can be imposed in advance of an assembly for the same reasons by a police Commissioner or Assistant Commissioner.
- Failure to abide by police conditions is an offence with a penalty of three months' imprisonment or a £1000 for organisers and a £400 fine for participants.

(Source: Policing London, no 26 March/April 1987)

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In fact, I'm getting some of his on-the-record lip right now: "I'm hip! I've gone in the face of the jazz circle for years, throwing music in their teeth, all of them wanting esoteric shit no one attends to... I like to listen to something substantial and dependable. But people always talk like you should be experimenting continually. I want people to dig me swinging, and I want to swing people on to a dance floor. My music's for young people."

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LIVING IN A BOX

FROM PAGE 15

incurred is due to our cynicism about people's ability to take on a job and get it right" says Titch. "Unless we're there putting the hammer down, something inevitably goes wrong. We find it necessary in order to get it right."

"You've spent all this time," Marcus interjects, "making this music and now Living In A Box turns into a corporation. We'll sit there and if anybody overheard our conversations they'd think we're a bunch of sales directors because we actually try and campaign how we're going to deal with people."

"As soon as it goes out of our hands, we're automatically in for trouble. You've got to keep control of it, trying to make sure that the music you've spent all this time putting together - and that's why we're sitting here because of our passion for music - isn't going to be thrown around or pulled about."

"We're fighting that we haven't got time-to-do-an-album-sleeve-so-let's-just-put-something-shit-on-it-and-send-it-out attitude. Now, you've just spent two years of your life putting that album together and somebody's going to pick it up and think, well that looks crap, I'm not even going to buy it."

On the day of this NME interview, Living In A Box phoned each other up and sorted out the best way to approach me and my questions.

7. THE LAST WORD

Richard, again: "Make no pretence about it, I wanted something that could get played on the radio so people could hear it. I wanted people to buy that record and go, brilliant! and say, this is what I want. Instead of, Oh yeah, more drivel from whoever they are at bloody Number 20 in the chart. I just thought, wouldn't it be great to have something kicking out."

[GO BANG! SELECTION]

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GETTING ON THE LIST

If you have space to let in Greater London, either: Phone Capital's Flatshare Line on 01-484 5255 Wednesdays 2.00–2.30 and 5.30–6.00, Thursdays 5.30–6.00 or fill in the coupon below and send it to: Capital/NME Flatshare, Room 329, Commonwealth House, 1–19 New Oxford Street, London WC1A 1NG. by Wednesday, first post for following week's publication. If your vacancy is outside London: Fill in the coupon. Do not phone Capital Radio. For an entry to appear on the list, we must be able to call you back on the phone number that you are putting on the list. You will be called back at the following times: Wednesdays 2.30pm to 3.00pm or 6.00pm to 8.00pm. Thursdays 6.00pm to 8.00pm. If we are unable to contact you by phone at the above times, your entry will not appear on the list.

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WEST CROYDON. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £30 + bills. Deposit 1 month. Phone Tim 764 0562 home. Phone after 5pm.

WANDSEAD. Female for own room in house. Rent £150 p.m. inclusive. Deposit £75. Phone 989 9530 home. Two min walk from Central Line. Prof non-smoker.

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CHISWICK. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £180 p.m. exc. Deposit £180. Phone Hilary 495 6445 work. 15 mins tube. Ring after 5pm.

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STREATHAM. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £40 p.w. exc. Deposit 1 month. Phone Steven 677 3363 home. Nr B.R.

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ENFIELD. Two couples for shared house. Rent £100 p.w. for house. Deposit 5 weeks. Phone Ram 263 8376 home. Good buses.

PLAISTOW E13. Female for large own room in flat. Rent £40 p.w. inc. Deposit £100. Phone Linda 475 0524 home. Near tube.

BRIXTON SW2. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £130 p.m. Deposit £120. Phone Adrian 328 1817 home. Near tube.

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LADYWELL SE4. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £130 p.m. exc. Deposit £125. Phone Neil 880 9565 home. 10 mins BR.

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N7. Two people for shared room in house. Rent £37.50 each. Deposit £100 each. Phone Larinka 263 7945 home.

HENDON. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £104 p.m. Deposit £25. Phone Nigel 927 4949 home. Near shops.

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CHINGFORD. Female for own room. Rent £205 p.m. Deposit £205. Phone Janet 531 4412 home. Near buses. BR. Ring after 6pm.

HILEWORTH. Couple for shared flat. Rent £144 each. Deposit None. Phone Melanie 560 3468 home. Ch, phone.

RUBBUP GARDENS. Male for own room in house. Rent £30 p.w. inclusive. Deposit £150. Phone Joe 0895 674389 home. Call after 7pm (weekdays) anytime (weekends).

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SOUTH RUSLIP. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £35 p.w. Deposit 1 week. Phone Maria 422 4877 home. Near tube.

BROCKLEY SE4. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £160 p.m. Deposit £80. Phone Mark 732 5119 home. Ch, colour TV. 8 mins to city by BR.

WEST DULWICH SE21. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £140 p.m. Deposit 1 month. Phone 870 3524 home. Washing machine, tumble dryer, garden, garage, near BR. Two references share with 3 other girls.

WALTON ON THAMES. Female for own double room in house. Rent £110 p.m. in London rent is £40, if they work local it is £38. Deposit 1 month in advance. Phone 0932 227976 home. Share with 2 other girls, helpful if they have their own car.

EAST FINCHLEY N2. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £150 p.m. Deposit Yaa. Phone 863 9759 home. Two mins from tube.

STAMFORD HILL N15. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £30 p.w. exclusive. Deposit 1 month. Phone 800 4472 home. Temporary until September. Near Seven Sisters, ch, w.m. colour TV.

MANOR HOUSE. Female for own room in flat. Rent £143 p.m. Deposit 1 month + 1 month in advance. Phone Bryan 802 9025 home. Furnished, prof professional, non-smoker, call after 5.30pm.

TOTTING BROADWAY. Male/female for own double room in flat. Rent £150 p.m. + bills. Deposit Neg. Phone Nicholas 648 2344 home. Ch, 2 other people. 23+, near bus and tube.

PECKHAM SE15. Female for own room in house. Rent £115.50 p.m. Deposit 1 month. Phone 639 8527 home. Friendly, young people, near BR, buses. Available beginning of May.

LEYTON. Young prof male for own room in shared house with 1 other. Rent £35 p.m. Phone Tony 558 8536 home. Two minutes from tube (Central Line).

WALTHAMSTOW E17. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £135 p.m. Deposit 1 month in advance. Phone Jeff 529 5560 home. Near tube, share large kitchen, lounge and bathroom. Non-smoker preferred.

BARKINGSIDE. Female for own room in flat. Rent £35 + bills. Deposit required. Phone 551 5734 home. Non-smoker, luxury flat.

SWANLEY. Female for own room in flat. Rent £35 p.w. Deposit £100. Phone 3222 67957 home. Fully furnished, all facilities, near amenities. Call after 6pm.

TURNPIKE LANE/WOOD GREEN. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £23 p.w. Deposit £22. Phone 888 8888 home. Non-smoker, pref, mid-20s, professional. Near tube and shopping centre.

WOOD GREEN N22. Couple females for shared double room in house. Rent £30 each p.w. + bills. Deposit £120 each. Phone 889 4011 home. Phone daily after 7pm or all day Tuesday. Near tube and shopping centre.

WEST HAMPTSTEAD NWS. Male/female for shared room in flat. Rent £25 p.w. Deposit £75. Phone Bill 379 5656 after 7pm work. Near tube and BR (2 min). Shops nearby.

NORTH FINCHLEY/WOODSIDE PARK. 1/2 female for own room in flat. Rent £48 or 2 share £32 each. Deposit £200. Phone 965 8276 home. Ch, own grounds, fully furnished. Lounge, bathroom, w.c. kitchen. Bills not incl.

WEST KENSINGTON. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £250 p.m. Deposit 1 month. Phone Ian 603 7637 home. Share bills, must like dogs, 4th floor, very central, private parking.

KINGSBURY NWS. Professional male for own room in large house. Rent £140 p.m. exclusive. Deposit £70. Phone Clyde 200 8471 evenings home. Ch, share with 3 other.

KENNINGTON SE11. Female for shared room in very nice flat. Rent £123 p.m. including heating + hot water. Deposit £50. Phone 587 0479 home. Prof non-smoker, luxury.

NORTHGOLT. Prof male/female for own room in house. Rent £37 exclusive. Deposit 2 weeks. Phone 908 5831 home. Near tube (Central Line), share with 4 other professionals. Call after 7pm.

LOWER EDMONTON N9. Male/female for own large room in house. Rent £130 p.m. Deposit £130. Phone 803 1531 evenings home. Mixed house, near BR, 30 mins to Liverpool St. Garden, near shopping centre.

HARRINGEY. Male/female for own small room in flat. Rent £110 p.m. Deposit 1 month. Phone 519 2955 home. Near tube, 20 mins from city, ch, garden.

WALTHAMSTOW. Male/female for own large room in house. Rent £36.50 p.w. Deposit £155. Phone 520 8851 home. Ch, garden, TV, washing machine, video. Non-smoker, 24+.

CAMDEN TOWN. Prof female for own room in house. Rent £140 p.m. exc. Deposit £100. Phone Andy 388 3489 after 6pm. Ch, transfer house.

HENDON NW4. Female for own room in flat. Rent £45 p.w. inclusive. Deposit 1 month in advance + 1 month's rent. Phone 203 5053 home. Newly decorated and furnished. Own phone and TV.

LAMDEN. Female for own room in house. Rent £35 p.w. exc. Deposit 1 month. Phone 267 9974 prof evenings home. Must like cats.

KINGSTON. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £130 p.m. inclusive. Deposit £110. Phone Will 948 5060 work. Non-student household.

SHEPHERDS BUSH. Female for own room in flat. Rent £130 p.m. Deposit £130. Phone Terry Barry 749 7069 home. Phone after 6pm. Age 25+ Non-smoker, require a ref.

HARLESDEN. Two people for own double room in house. Rent £35 p.w. each inclusive. Deposit £140. Phone 961 6093 home. Near tube and shops.

CAMBERWELL. Two people for own double room in house. Rent £35 p.w. each inclusive. Deposit £140. Phone 961 6093 home. All mod cons, fully furnished.

HARLESDEN. Female for own room in flat. Rent £40 p.w. Deposit £80. Phone Paul 961 6365 home.

BEXLEY. Female for own room in flat. Rent neg. Deposit neg. Phone Debbie 379 3561 work. Large room could possibly suit 2 people.

CAMBERWELL. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £160 p.m. Deposit £100. Phone Janet 493 6391 work. Very pleasant flat, near buses and trains.

MUSWELL HILL. Two bed flat. Rent £125 p.w. Deposit month. Phone Mrs Blencoe 363 8122 home. Fully furnished, suit 2 couples or 2 single people.

TOTTENHAM. Female for shared room in house. Rent £25 p.w. Phone Anne 281 3683/4 work. Phone between 9am–5pm. Suit a nurse as already 3 in the house. Luxury home.

BRIXTON. Two females for own rooms in flat. Rent £165 p.m. Deposit neg. Phone Peter 737 2798 home. Very centrally located, near tube. Large room is £185.

EAST HAM. Two people for own double room in house. Rent £65 p.w. Deposit 1 month. Phone Mary 790 7908 work. Newly furnished.

STAMFORD HILL. Female for own room in flat. Rent £148 p.m. Deposit neg. Phone Phil 734 8633 work. Phone before 6.30pm. Prof age 23+, non-smoker, near tube, bus and BR.

EAST DULWICH. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £150 p.m. Deposit £200. Phone Chris 299 2337 home. Available end of May. Cat in house.

KENNINGTON. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £130 p.m. Deposit 1 month. Phone Christopher 404 5155 3215 work. Up to 25, very near to tube.

HACKNEY. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £32.50 incl electricity. Deposit 1 month. Phone Mike 980 4012 home. 20s, near buses to city.

PUTNEY. Two people for own rooms in flat. Rent £40 p.w. Deposit 1 month + bills. Phone Francis 629 4166 work. Any age, near tube and BR.

CAMBERWELL. Male for own room in flat. Rent £120 p.m. inc. Deposit 1 month. Phone Angela 626 0535, X2209 work. 25–28, near transport.

LOWER EDMONTON. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £91 p.m. + bills. Deposit £50. Phone John 724 0088 X247 work. 20–30, near BR station.

NOTTING HILL GATE. Female for shared room in flat. Rent £165 p.m. Deposit £165. Phone Jill work. 20s, pref non-smoker, near tube.

SHEPHERD'S BUSH W14. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £183 p.m. Deposit 1 month. Phone Anthony 603 8881 7480 home. Near tube, non-smoker, preferred.

COUNDALE NW9. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £195 p.m. Deposit £195. Phone Valerie or Andrew 205 1639. Eight mins from tube, within 30 mins from central London.

WONGING, SURREY. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £140 p.m. + bills. Deposit £140. Phone Simon 877 8158 work. Non-smoker preferred.

CROUCH END N8. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £35 p.w. inc. Deposit 1 month. Phone Sharon 348 8890 home. Ch, share bathroom and kitchen.

BLACKHEATH SE1. Female for own room in flat. Rent £30.50 p.m. Phone Karen 319 2780. Share with 2 others, kitchen, bathroom and lounge.

PLUST HAM ET. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £130 p.m. Deposit £100. Phone Jackie 475 0445. Garden, close to tube and city.

WALTHAMSTOW E17. Female for own room in house. Rent £40 p.w. inc. Deposit £100. Phone 8100. Br inc. 20–25, 2000. Large room, someone in mid 20s, all mod cons, near to amenities.

SOUTHGATE. Female for own room in house. Rent £40 p.w. Deposit £150. Phone Murat 077 46497. Shared bathroom and kitchen, gch, very near to Piccadilly, also near to amenities.

EDMONTON N18. Male/female for own room in maisonette. Rent £35 p.w. Deposit £140. Phone Edna 807 7843 home. No one allergic to cats.

PLUST HAM ET. Male/female for shared room in flat. Rent £134 p.w. each. Deposit £147. Phone Ian 455 4208. TV, video, all mod cons, gch, shared kitchen and w.c.

PLUST HAM ET. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £37.50 p.w. Deposit 1 month. Phone Ann 01-471 3578. Ex location for City, near all amenities, includes bills.

DOCKLANDS E16. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £38 p.w. inc. Deposit £152. Phone Rosemary 474 6064. Non-smoker preferred. Zone 3a, 2 mins BR, gch.

FOREST HILL. Male/female for own room (2 rooms) in house. Rent £43 p.w. + £45 p.w. Deposit 1 month. Phone Hilary 291 2289 home. Gch, garden, patio, all mod cons, near to amenities.

SOUTH NORWOOD SE25. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £35 p.w. inc. Deposit £35. Phone Dean 653 8909 home. Close to BR, 24hr bus to Brixton tube, close to amenities, gch.

BIGGIN HILL. Female for own room in house. Rent £30 p.w. share bills. Deposit £120. Phone Mrs Mostin 0959 76573. Non-smoker preferred, must be cat lover.

EAST DULWICH. Female for own room in flat. Rent £103 p.m. + bills. Deposit £116. Phone Jackie 583 9917 home. Non-smoker preferred, available immediately.

EAST DULWICH SE15. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £100 p.m. Phone Eugene 639 2735 home. Mixed household, garden, w.m.

BRIXTON HILL SW2. Female for own room in flat. Rent £150 p.m. Deposit £50. Phone Ken 733 7523 after 6pm home. Very comm, gch.

WHETSTONE N20. Professional male/female for own room in flat. Rent £40 p.w. inc. Deposit £150. Phone Jean 368 0042. Gch, garden, non-smoker preferred.

NEASDEN NW10. Male/female for shared room in house. Rent £37 p.w. Deposit £128. Phone Charles 459 8441 home. Non-smoker preferred. Gch, TV, and microwave in own room.

ARCHWAY. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £25 p.w. inc. Deposit £50. Phone Shirley 263 3272 home. No kitchen facilities.

CATFORD. Female for own room in flat. Rent £135 p.m. Deposit 1 month. Phone Tom 690 5914. Gch, close to amenities, 2 mins walk to BR station.

NOTTING HILL. Female for own room in flat. Rent £55 p.w. Deposit £120. Phone Ian 229 5545. Professional, gch.

MILE END E3. Female for own room in house. Rent £30 p.w. inclusive. Phone Ian 960 9426.

CLAPHAM SOUTH. Female for own room in flat. Rent £35 p.w. Deposit neg. Phone Kim 875 3844. Non-smoker preferred. mid 20s, gch, 2 other ladies, near Clapham South tube.

ACTON W3. Male/female for own room in house. Rent £150 p.m. Deposit £150. Phone Peter 993 4252. To share with 2 men, gch, TV, small room.

WEST HAMPTSTEAD. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £230 p.m. Deposit £100. Phone 435 8744. Fully furnished, w.m, etc.

BOUNDS GREEN. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £180 p.m. Deposit £180. Phone Louise 881 5806 home. Two mins walk from tube (Piccadilly Line). Very quiet area, share with 2 others, spacious flat.

ARCHWAY N19. Male/female for own room in flat (2 available). Rent £30 p.w. + bills. Deposit 1 month. Phone John 263 9596 work. Non-smokers required. Ch, TV and phone.

GOLDERS GREEN. Male for own room in house. Rent £120 p.m. Deposit 1 month. Phone Alison 455 1114 home. Professional person, 23+ req.

TOTTING. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £139 p.m. Deposit £120. Phone Sarah 416 0076 home. Ch, phone and w.m.

SEVEN SISTERS. Male/female for own room in house. Rent Starting at £29 p.w. Deposit 1 month. Phone Marshall 801 1518 home. 4 rooms available, well furnished.

HIGHGATE. Male for own room in house. Rent £55 p.w. Deposit 1 month. Phone Jean 340 5984 home. Non-smoker req, quiet area.

PUTNEY. Female for own room in house. Rent £40 p.w. Deposit 1 month. Phone Ken Riley 388 4222 X4605 work.

WEST HAMPTSTEAD. Female for own room in flat. Rent £50 p.w. Deposit 1 month. Phone Richard 624 8774 home.

BALHAM SW12. Male/female for own room in flat. Rent £150 p.m. exc. Deposit £100. Phone Sean 875 0134. Near public transport.

CROYDON. Male for own room in house. Rent £40 p.w. inclusive. Deposit £100. Phone Lyn 684 9136 home. Near station.

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Three hours of highlights from April's two Aids benefit concerts can be heard this Saturday at 5pm. Holly Johnson, Womack and Womack, George Michael, Aswad, The Communards and Boy George – to name but a few – were recorded live at the Wembley Aids Party, while at the Brixton Academy, Bronski Beat, New Order, The Grasshoppers and Sandy Shaw were among the line-up. That's 180 minutes of live music plus exclusive back-stage interviews.

On Saturday morning at 9am, Alan Freeman travels back to 1964, to find Doris Day's "Move Over Darling" making the charts for the first time. "Fluff" plays the hits from 23 years ago, back-to-back with London's current Top 15, on Pick of the Pops – Take Two.

Up and coming bands are given their first fling around the turntables by Wendy May from 7–9pm on Sunday. She plays

"music to burn your filofaxes to" including such stuff as The Smiths, Redskins, Dexys and The Housemartins.

Bananarama are featured in the second part of a new series of View From The Top on Sunday CFM at 4pm. They talk to Roger Scott about that magic moment when they first made it to No1 and play their favourite sounds from the chart they topped. Future guests in the series include Roy Wood, Fleetwood Mac, Cyndi Lauper, the Searchers and Scott McKenzie.

Daytime music on Capital plays all over London on 1548 AM and 95.8 FM in stereo. Weekday programmes include: 6.30am – Chris Tarrant; 9am – David Jensen; 11am – Graham Dene; 1pm – Roger Scott; 3pm – John Sachs; 5pm – Peter Young. And each Sunday Capital boasts twice the music power as it splits its 95.8 FM and 1548 AM frequencies between 10am and 10pm.

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CHARTS

45s

UK TOP FIFTY

LPs

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST WEEKS IN
1	1	LA ISLA BONITA (REMIX).....Madonna (Sire)	5
2	4	CAN'T BE WITH YOU TONIGHT.....Judy Boucher (Orbitone)	5
3	8	LIVING IN A BOX.....Living In A Box (Cooltempo)	4
4	2	LEAN ON ME.....Club Nouveau (King Jay)	6
5	3	LET IT BE.....Ferry Aid (Sun)	5
6	5	IF YOU LET ME STAY.....Terence Trent D'Arby (CBS)	8
7	13	THE SLIGHTEST TOUCH.....Five Star (Tent)	3
8	7	RESPECTABLE.....Mel & Kim (Supreme)	8
9	22	SHEILA TAKE A BOW.....The Smiths (Rough Trade)	2
10	19	A BOY FROM NOWHERE.....Tom Jones (Epic)	2
11	6	LETS WAIT A WHILE.....Janet Jackson (Breakout)	6
12	11	EVER FALLEN IN LOVE.....Fine Young Cannibals (London)	6
13	27	NOTHING'S GONNA STOP US NOW.....Starship (Grunst)	3
14	25	SOMETHING INSIDE (SO STRONG).....Labi Siffre (China)	4
15	15	WHY CAN'T I BE YOU.....The Cure (Fiction)	3
16	20	ANOTHER STEP.....Kim Wilde & Junior (MCA)	4
17	9	WITH OR WITHOUT YOU.....U2 (Island)	6
18	12	WANTED DEAD OR ALIVE.....Bon Jovi (Mercury)	4
19	43	TO BE BORN WITH YOU AGAIN.....Level 42 (Polydor)	2
20	21	DIAMOND LIGHTS.....Glenn & Chris (Record Shack)	2
21	34	NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE.....Spear Of Destiny (10/Virgin)	4
22	33	BIG LOVE.....Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	3
23	(-)	LIL' DEVIL.....The Cult (Beggars Banquet)	1
24	(-)	APRIL SKIES.....The Jesus And Mary Chain (Blanco Y Negro)	1
25	18	LET MY PEOPLE GO-GO.....The Rainmakers (Mercury)	4
26	10	THE IRISH ROVER.....The Pogues & The Dubliners (Stiff)	5
27	16	STILL OF THE NIGHT.....Whitesnake (EMI)	6
28	14	ORDINARY DAY.....Curiosity Killed The Cat (Mercury)	4
29	(-)	BACK AND FORTH (REMIX).....Cameo (Phonogram)	1
30	17	DAY IN DAY OUT.....David Bowie (EMI/America)	5
31	39	ALONE AGAIN OR.....The Damned (MCA)	2
32	24	KEEP YOUR EYE ON ME-SPECIAL MIX.....Herb Alpert (Breakout)	6
33	32	BOOPS (HERE TO GO).....Sly & Robbie (Fourth & Broadway)	4
34	38	MEET EL PRESIDENTE.....Duran Duran (EMI)	2
35	13	SIGN O THE TIMES.....Prince (Paisley Park)	8
36	(-)	LET YOURSELF GO.....Sybil (Champion)	1
37	29	BIG DECISION.....That Petrol Emotion (Polydor)	3
38	40	TWILIGHT WORLD.....Swing Out Sister (Mercury)	3
39	41	EVE'S VOLCANO.....Julian Cope (Island)	4
40	(-)	LET ME KNOW.....Maxi Priest (10)	1
41	(-)	WET MY WHISTLE.....Midnight Star (Solar)	1
42	26	WEAK IN THE PRESENCE OF BEAUTY.....Alison Moyet (CBS)	9
43	28	CARRIE.....Europe (Epic)	2
44	(-)	ECHO BEACH.....Toyah (EG/Virgin)	1
45	(-)	YOU'RE THE VOICE.....John Farnham (Wheatley)	1
46	(-)	MOVE OVER DARLING.....Doris Day (CBS)	1
47	(-)	BEN.....Toni Warne (Mint)	1
48	(-)	SHAME.....OMD (Virgin)	1
49	(-)	HELLO MY BABY.....Ladysmith Black Mambazo (Warner Bros)	1
50	(-)	LOVE & MONEY.....Love And Money (Mercury)	1

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST WEEKS IN
1	4	RAINDANCING.....Alison Moyet (CBS)	3
2	3	NOW 9.....Various (EMI/Virgin)	5
3	1	THE JOSHUA TREE.....U2 (Island)	7
4	6	ELECTRIC.....The Cult (Beggars Banquet)	3
5	16	TANGO IN THE NIGHT.....Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	2
6	20	FLM.....Mel And Kim (Supreme)	2
7	5	RUNNING IN THE FAMILY.....Level 42 (Polydor)	7
8	2	SIGN 'O' THE TIMES.....Prince (Paisley Park)	4
9	11	GRACELAND.....Paul Simon (Warner Bros)	26
10	9	MEN AND WOMEN.....Simply Red (WEA)	7
11	18	THIS TIME.....Culture Club (Virgin)	3
12	12	AMONG THE LIVING.....Anthrax (Island)	3
13	(-)	NEVER LET ME DOWN.....David Bowie (EMI America)	1
14	17	MOVE CLOSER.....Various (CBS)	7
15	28	INVISIBLE TOUCH.....Genesis (Rough Trade)	6
16	6	1987.....Whitesnake (EMI)	4
17	10	THE CIRCUS.....Erasure (Mute)	4
18	7	INTO THE FIRE.....Bryan Adams (A&M)	4
19	13	TRUE BLUE.....Madonna (Sire)	42
20	24	SILK AND STEEL.....Five Star (Tent/RCA)	35
21	40	SHE WAS ONLY A GROCER'S DAUGHTER.....The Blow Monkeys (RCA)	2
22	15	SO.....Peter Gabriel (Virgin)	13
23	14	CONTROL.....Janet Jackson (A&M)	6
24	19	THE VERY BEST OF HOT CHOCOLATE.....Hot Chocolate (Rak)	10
25	(-)	OUTLAND.....Spear Of Destiny (10)	1
26	(-)	REIGN IN BLOOD.....Slayer (London)	1
27	30	THE RETURN OF BRUNO.....Bruce Willis (Motown)	2
28	45	GIVE ME THE REASON.....Luther Vandross (Epic)	16
29	32	SLIPPERY WHEN WET.....Bon Jovi (Vertigo)	31
30	31	BROTHERS IN ARMS.....Dire Straits (Phonogram)	97
31	46	THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN.....The Smiths (Rough Trade)	8
32	27	SHAKA ZULU.....Ladysmith Black Mambazo (Warner)	3
33	23	LICENSED TO ILL.....Beastie Boys (Def Jam)	13
34	37	THE HOUSE SOUND OF CHICAGO 2.....Various (London)	3
35	(-)	BIG LIFE.....Nightranger (MCA)	1
36	(-)	CLOSE TO THE BONE.....The Thompson Twins (Arista)	1
37	22	PHANTOM OF THE OPERA.....Original Cast (Polydor)	11
38	(RE)	FORE!.....Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)	1
39	21	AUGUST.....Eric Clapton (Duck)	21
40	26	LIVE MAGIC.....Queen (EMI)	20
41	25	PICTURE BOOK.....Simply Red (Elektra)	12
42	35	NICK KAMEN.....Nick Kamen (WEA)	2
43	(RE)	HAPPY HOUR.....Ted Hawkins (Windows On The World)	1
44	29	THE FINAL COUNTDOWN.....Europe (Epic)	23
45	50	THE WHOLE STORY.....Kate Bush (EMI)	23
46	49	THE DANCE CHART.....Various (Telestar)	5
47	34	THE COLLECTION.....Engelbert Humperdinck (Telstar)	3
48	36	REVENGE.....Eurythmics (RCA)	5
49	(-)	BY REQUEST.....James Last (Polydor)	1
50	(RE)	SWEET FREEDOM.....Michael McDonald (Warner Bros)	1

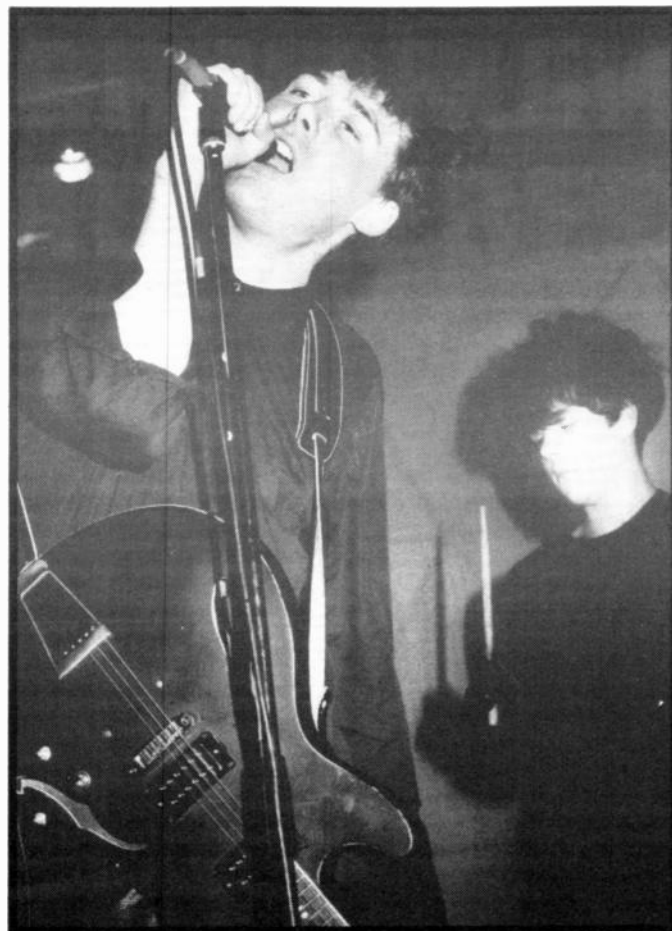
45s

INDEPENDENT

LPs

1	1	SHEILA TAKE A BOW.....The Smiths (Rough Trade)
2	5	PREACHER MAN.....Fields Of The Nephilim (Situation Two)
3	(-)	OUR SUMMER.....All About Eve (Eve)
4	2	WHAT GIVES YOU THE IDEA.....Crazyhead (Food)
5	4	ALWAYS THERE.....Rose Of Avalanche (Fire)
6	9	HAPPY ALL THE TIME.....Flatmates (Subway)
7	6	CHERNOBYL BABY.....Baby Ampheetamine (Creation)
8	7	ASK JOHNNY DEE.....The Chesterfields (Subway)
9	3	AHEAD.....Wire (Mute)
10	10	CHAINS CHANGED.....Throwing Muses (4AD)
11	8	TAKE THE SKINHEADS BOWLING.....Camper Van Beethoven (Rough Trade)
12	14	BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP.....Smithereens (Enigma)
13	18	STOP KILLING ME.....The Primitives (Lazy)
14	11	SUNNY SUNDAY SMILE.....My Bloody Valentine (Lazy)
15	22	EVERYTHING'S GROOVY.....Gaye Bykers On Acid (In Tape)
16	12	IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE.....Erasure (Mute)
17	15	QUELTY.....Wolfhounds (Pink)
18	16	MY GIRL.....World Domination Enterprises (Production)
19	17	OMY OF LOVE.....Shelleyan Orphan (Rough Trade)
20	19	INX.....Brilliant Corners (Revolver)
21	20	BEFORE.....Blyth Power (All The Madmen)
22	21	THE RAILWAY CHILDREN.....The Railway Children (Factory)
23	22Close Lobsters (Fire)
24	23King Sun D Moet (Rhythm King)
25	24Wolfangt Press (4AD)
26	25Josef K (Supreme)
27	26Stars Of Heaven (Rough Trade)
28	27Pop Will Eat Itself (Chapter 22)
29	28Laibach (Mute)
30	29Rumblefish (Pink)

1	1	REUNION WILDERNESS.....The Railway Children (Factory)
2	9	CIRCUS.....Erasure (Mute)
3	3	THE WORLD WON'T LISTEN.....The Smiths (Rough Trade)
4	4	OPUS DEI.....Laibach (Mute)
5	5	SHABINI.....The Bhundu Boys (Disque Afrique)
6	7	HAPPY HOUR.....Ted Hawkins (Windows On The World)
7	2	LOCUST ABORTION TECHNIQUE.....Butthole Surfers (Blast First)
8	10	LIVE: DC BUMPIN' Y'ALL.....Chuck Brown (Rhythm King)
9	(-)	LIVE HYPNOBEAT LIVE.....The Woodentops (Rough Trade)
10	14	HONKY TONKIN'.....The Mekons (Sin)
11	6	THE TEXAS CAMPFIRE TAPES.....Michelle Shocked (Cooking Vinyl)
12	12	WICKED MEN, WICKED WOMEN.....Blyth Power (All The Madmen)
13	11	BACK AGAIN IN THE DHSS.....Half Man Half Biscuit (Probe Plus)
14	8	UP FOR A BIT WITH THE.....The Pastels (Glass)
15	15	ESPECIALLY FOR YOU.....The Smithereens (Enigma)
16	19	CRUSH COLLISION.....Age Of Chance (Fon)
17	(-)	F.O.A.D.....Broken Bones (Fall Out)
18	20	HYSTERIE.....Lydia Lunch (Widowspeak)
19	22	CAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN.....Camper Van Beethoven (Rough Trade)
20	24	INDIE TOP 20.....Various (The Band Of Joy)
21	17	WALKING THE GHOST BACK HOME.....The Bible (Backs)
22	18	WONDERLAND.....Erasure (Mute)
23	(-)	SQUIRREL AND G-MAN.....Happy Mondays (Factory)
24	13	OFFICIAL VERSION.....Front 242 (Red Rhino)
25	16	HORSE ROTORVATOR.....Coil (Force And Form)
26	(-)	DIGITARIA.....Anti Group (Sweatbox)
27	27	QUIRK OUT.....Stump (Stuff)
28	(-)	ON THE BOARDWALK.....Ted Hawkins (Windows On The World)
29	(-)	TRAIN OUT OF IT.....Swell Maps (Antar)
30	28	BERSERKER.....Scratch Acid (Fundamental)



Easter resurrection - JAMC in at 24

DANCEFLOOR

20

1	NOBODY BEATS THE BIZ.....Biz Markie feat. TJ Swan (Prism)
2	LET YOURSELF GO.....Sybil (Next Plateau)
3	AFTER DARK.....True Mathematics And The Invisible Empire (US Select)
4	NEW GENERATION.....The Classical Two (Rooftop)
5	TOP, BOTTOM, SIDE AND REAR.....Go-Go Lorenzo and the Davis/Pinkney Project (Bluebird/Polydor)
6	PLAYBACK.....Roxanne (Fly) Shante (Pop Art)
7	GO STETSA I.....Stetsasonic (WEA)
8	LIVING IN A BOX/PENTHOUSE MIX.....Living In A Box (Chrysalis)
9	JACK UP WORK YOUR BODY.....Raze (Grove Street)
10	STEPHEN'S OVERTURE/LET'S BEGIN/IN THE BASS:.....Turntable Terror Trax, Vol. 2 (US Basement)
11	"BAM BOO".....Lenny D & Tommy Musto US (Northcott)
12	CAN U DANCE.....Kenny "Jammin" Jason & "Fast" Eddie Smith (Champion)
13	THE SUBMISSION TAPES.....TJ (US Jes Say)
14	I'M BACK AGAIN.....Salt 'n' Pepa (Champion)
15	MY MIKE SOUNDS NICE.....Sweet Tee & Jazzy Joyce (Champion)
16	ITS MY BEAT/INST.....Cameo (Club)
17	BACK & FORTH.....Lola Syncopate
18	WAX THE VAN.....Five Star (Tent/RCA)
19	THE SLIGHTEST TOUCH.....Prince (Paisley Park LP)
20	SIGN "O" THE TIMES.....Prince (Paisley Park LP)

Compiled by Graeme ('Def Dude') Park, the Barracuda Club, 6 Harts Yd., Nottingham.
Tuesdays and Saturdays.

FUNK

20

1	NOBODY BEATS THE BIZ.....Biz Markie feat. TJ Swan (Prism)
2	DO IT PROPERLY.....Robi Rob and Davy DX (Fierce) US 12"
3	SIGN 'O' THE TIMES.....Prince (Wea) UK LP
4	LIVING.....Deems (J. Town) US LP
5	VOL II - STEPHANS OVERTURE.....Turntable Terror Trax (Indie) US 12"
6	EBONY RAIN.....Mark Winkler (Pausa) US LP
7	ROCK STEADY.....Whispers (Solar) US 12"
8	GIVE ME BACK THE LOVE.....On The House (Trax) US 12"
9	LILLO.....Lillo Thomas (Capitol) US LP
10	WONDERLAND.....Stanley Turrentine (Blue Note) US LP
11	WANTING YOU.....Coffee Tea or Me (White Diamond) US 12"
12	GOT TO BE TOUGH.....M.C. Shy D (Luke Skywalker) US LP
13	SURPRISE SURPRISE (REMIX).....Zucchi (Debut) UK 12"
14	THE BEAT IS MINE.....Vicky D (Indie) US 12"
15	AIN'T YOU HAD ENOUGH LOVE.....Phyllis Hyman (Philadelphia) US 12"
16	CAN'T SAY BYE.....Tony Stone/Stone Free (Chrysalis) UK 12"
17	LET YOURSELF GO.....Sybil (Champion) UK 12"
18	F.L.M.....Mel & Kim (Supreme) UK LP
19	THIS IS THE NIGHT.....Sweet Heat (5 Newark) US 12"
20	TAKE SOME TIME OUT.....Arnold Jarvis (Fourth Floor) US 12"

Chart by Nigel and Nick, City Sounds, 8 Procter Street, London W.C.1.

REGGAE

45s

1	LET ME KNOW/I DREAM.....Maxi Priest (10)
2	AGONY.....Pinchers (Live and Love)
3	PROMISE ME.....Ernest Wilson (Techniques)
4	CAN'T BE WITH YOU TONIGHT.....Judy Boucher (Orbitone)
5	LOVE IS A DANGEROUS GAME.....Sylvia Teller (Body Music)
6	CUFF 'N' DEM.....Mike General (Digikal)
7	STOP ACTING STRANGE.....Delroy Wilson (Live and Love)
8	NO ONE NIGHT STAND.....Nerious Joseph (Fine Style)
9	CALL ME RAMBO.....Ackee (Heavyweight)
10	DON'T STOP.....Sister Sonie (Chartbound)

REGGAE

LPs

1	TWO TO TANGO.....Junior Delgado (Fashion)
2	ME NAME TIGER.....Tiger (Island)
3	ULTIMATE EXPERIENCE.....Undivided Roots (Entente)
4	SUPERSTAR HIT PARADE VOL 3.....Various (Live and Love)
5	IDENTIFY ME.....King Kong (Black Solidarity)
6	CLASSIC TOUCH.....John Holt/Slim Smith (World Enterprise)
7	HEART OF THE CONGOS.....Congos (Jah Live)
8	TECHNIQUES ALL STARS VOL 1.....Various (Justice)
9	WHICH WAY IS UP.....Delroy Wilson (Blue Mountain)
10	MARCUS CHILDREN.....Burning Spear (Spear)

Charts by Dub Vendor, 274 Lavender Hill, London S.W.11.

US

45s

- 1 I KNEW YOU WERE WAITING (FOR ME) Aretha & George (Arista)
- 2 DON'T DREAM IT'S OVER Crowded House (Capitol)
- 3 SIGN 'O' THE TIMES Prince (Paisley Park)
- 4 LOOKING FOR A NEW LOVE Jody Watley (MCA)
- 5 (I JUST) DIED IN YOUR ARMS Cutting Crew (Virgin)
- 6 NOTHING'S GONNA STOP US NOW Starship (Grunt)
- 7 LA ISLA BONITA Madonna (Sire)
- 8 THE FINER THINGS Steve Winwood (Island)
- 9 MIDNIGHT BLUE Lou Gramm (Atlantic)
- 10 WITH OR WITHOUT YOU U2 (Island)
- 11 WALKING DOWN YOUR STREET The Bangles (Columbia)
- 12 STONE LOVE Kool And The Gang (Mercury)
- 13 LEAN ON ME Club Nouveau (Warner Bros)
- 14 DOMINOES Robbie Nevil (Manhattan)
- 15 COME AS YOU ARE Peter Wolf (EMI-America)

US

LPs

- 1 THE JOSHUA TREE U2 (Island)
- 2 LICENSED TO ILL Beastie Boys (Def Jam)
- 3 SLIPPERY WHEN WET Bon Jovi (Mercury)
- 4 LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN Poison (Enigma)
- 5 GRACELAND Paul Simon (Warner Bros)
- 6 LIFE LOVE AND PAIN Club Nouveau (Warner Bros)
- 7 THE WAY IT IS Bruce Hornsby And The Range (RCA)
- 8 TRIO Parton/Ronstadt/Harris (Warner Bros)
- 9 THE FINAL COUNTDOWN Europe (Epic)
- 10 CONTROL Janet Jackson (A&M)
- 11 BACK IN THE HIGHLIFE Steve Winwood (Island)
- 12 SIGN 'O' THE TIMES Prince (Paisley Park)
- 13 INVISIBLE TOUCH Genesis (Atlantic)
- 14 NIGHT SONGS Cinderella (Mercury)
- 15 INTO THE FIRE Bryan Adams (A&M)

Courtesy Billboard

SEAFOOD

10

- 1 DO THE CLAM Elvis Presley (RCA)
- 2 BASS Robyn Hitchcock (Glass Fish)
- 3 KINGFISH Randy Newman (Reprise)
- 4 CRABWALK Everything But The Girl (Blanco y Negro)
- 5 SALMON FISHING IN NEW YORK Orange Juice (Polydor)
- 6 SWORDFISH TROMBONES Tom Waits (Island)
- 7 DUCK FOR THE OYSTER Malcom McLaren (Island)
- 8 COCKLES AND MUSSELS Ian McCulloch (Korova)
- 9 DOLPHIN'S SMILE The Byrds (CBS)
- 10 MOCKTURTLE Julian Cope (Island)

Chart by Jimmy Dantzer, Long John Silver's, Detroit, Michigan

FRED FACT



Glen Glenn and Elvis

The Hoddle'n'Waddle forage into the chart penalty-area acts as a reminder about how lucky the name Glen has been for recording artists. Already Hoddle and his wing wonder of a mate have pushed further into the Top 30 than any other soccer single made by anything less than a full team – the previous most successful solo run being made by Kevin Keegan in 1979.

Then, some Glenns are born lucky, especially Glen Campbell who actually was the seventh son of a seventh son. Glenn Miller? Perhaps he wasn't so lucky viewed in terms of flying achievements. But he was the first musician ever to be given a gold disc and did log 23 US Number Ones during his lifetime. That he flunked out on his C-64 Norseman trip was probably due to the fact that Glenn was only his middle name and he was actually Alton Glenn Miller.

But Major Miller wasn't the only Glenn to make it during the Swing era. There was also a sax-player named Glen Gray who led a band named the Casa Loma Orchestra and had well over 60 major US hits, including 'The House Is Haunted By The Echo Of Your Last Goodbye'. Incidentally, he really was a Glen but his true surname was Knoblaugh.

Another who hit three gold rings on the pop fruit machine, albeit briefly, was a certain Glen Mason, who snaffled a brace of UK hits in the '50s. A true believer in the power of his chosen moniker, he had his debut success with a singalong that answered to the name of 'Glendora'.

Since rock moved in to keep us awake at nights, a number of Glenns and Glens have managed to carve their name with reasonable pride. Certainly keyboardist Glen D Hardin has never lacked a gig, having turned up on everybody's sessions including those of Gram Parsons, Elvis Presley and even a few singers who managed to stay alive. Glen Frey's done well enough since the Eagles became extinct at Hotel California, while Glenn Tilbrook can point to a respectable career with Squeeze. And if Glencoe never proved to be the band that most pundits thought they'd be, they did at least help spawn The Blockheads of better days. Equally, Glen Matlock, after making the wrong move with the Pistols, never became such a truly Rich Kid as Midge Ure.

Which leaves me with the obvious closer – Glen Glenn himself. Never heard of him? Not surprising, I guess. For on his last trip here, though supported by legendary country star Rose Maddox, he only played the Half Moon in Putney, plus a friendly neighbourhood youth club. Even so, the Missouri rockabilly is a winner. Ted Carroll put five Glen Glenn tracks on his first Ace album, 'Hollywood Rock And Roll' and claims that it remains his best selling release. "Since then I've put out two more Glen Glenn albums and they've both done okay". Faith in Glenn. Such things go down well around White Hart Lane.

Fred Dellar

LEST WE FORGET



Sir Stevie Wonder

5 YEARS AGO

- 1 EBONY AND IVORY Paul McCartney & Stevie Wonder (Parlophone)
- 2 MY CAMERA NEVER LIES Bucks Fizz (RCA)
- 3 PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PIGBAG Pigbag (Y)
- 4 ONE STEP FURTHER Bardo (Epic)
- 5 BLUE EYES Elton John (Rocket)
- 6 AIN'T NO PLEASING YOU Chas And Dave (Rockney)
- 7 GIVE ME BACK MY HEART Dollar (WEA)
- 8 NIGHT BIRDS Shakatak (Polydor)
- 9 THIS TIME (WE'LL GET IT RIGHT) The England World Cup Squad (England ER)
- 10 SHIRLEY Shakin' Stevens (Epic)

10 YEARS AGO

- 1 KNOWING ME KNOWING YOU Abba (Epic)
- 2 FREE Deniece Williams (CBS)
- 3 RED SPELLS DANGER Billy Ocean (GTO)
- 4 HAVE I THE RIGHT Dead End Kids (CBS)
- 5 I DON'T WANT TO PUT A HOLD ON YOU Bernie Flint (EMI)
- 6 SIR DUKE Stevie Wonder (Motown)
- 7 PEARL'S A SINGER Elkie Brooks (A&M)
- 8 WHEN Showaddywaddy (Arista)
- 9 GOING IN WITH MY EYES OPEN David Soul (Private Stock)
- 10 WHODUNIT Tavares (Capitol)

15 YEARS AGO

- 1 AMAZING GRACE Royal Scots Dragoon Guards, Pipes, Drums & Band (RCA)
- 2 BACK OFF BOOGALOO Ringo Starr (Apple)
- 3 WITHOUT YOU Nilsson (RCA)
- 4 SWEET TALKIN' GUY Chiffons (London)
- 5 RUN RUN RUN Jo Jo Gunne (Asylum)
- 6 COME WHAT MAY Vicky Leandros (Philips)
- 7 THE YOUNG NEW MEXICAN PUPPETEER Tom Jones (Decca)
- 8 DEBORAH Tyrannosaurus Rex (Magno Fly)
- 9 HEART OF GOLD Neil Young (Reprise)
- 10 UNTIL IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO GO Elvis Presley (RCA)

20 YEARS AGO

- 1 PUPPET ON A STRING Sandie Shaw (Pye)
- 2 SOMETHIN' STUPID Frank & Nancy Sinatra (Reprise)
- 3 A LITTLE BIT ME, A LITTLE BIT YOU The Monkees (RCA)
- 4 HA! HA! SAID THE CLOWN Manfred Mann (Fontana)
- 5 PURPLE HAZE Jimi Hendrix (Track)
- 6 RELEASE ME Engelbert Humperdinck (Decca)
- 7 BERNADETTE The Four Tops (Tamla Motown)
- 8 I'M GONNA GET ME A GUN Cat Stevens (Deram)
- 9 SEVEN DRUNKEN NIGHTS Dubliners (Major-Minor)
- 10 DEDICATED TO THE ONE I LOVE The Mamas & Papas (RCA)

GAEL FOOD GUIDE 10

- 1 A MOCK CHOP SUPPER WI CURRY SAUCE
- 2 C&C IN THE BIG BIG BOTTLE
- 3 TUNNOCK'S CARAMEL WAFERS
- 4 TAYTO CRISPS
- 5 BARR'S IRN-BRU
- 6 THE COOKSTOWN SIZZLE
- 7 LEE'S MACAROON BARS
- 8 ORMEAU SODA FARLS AND TAYTIE FARLS
- 9 FORFAR BRIDIES
- 10 A BATTERED SAUSAGE AND A BIG CHIP (curry sauce optional)

Compiled by The Cholesterol Kids with the approval of Edwina Currie and The British Heart Foundation.

COUNTRY MUSIC 15

- 1 TRIO Dolly Parton, Linda Ronstadt, Emmylou Harris (Warner Bros)
- 2 GUITAR TOWN Steve Earle (MCA)
- 3 SWEET DREAMS Patsy Cline (MCA)
- 4 GIVE A LITTLE LOVE The Judds (RCA)
- 5 I NEED YOU Daniel O'Donnell (Ritz)
- 6 GUITARS, CADILLACS, ETC. ETC. Dwight Yoakam (Reprise)
- 7 THIRTEEN Emmylou Harris (Warner Bros)
- 8 LOVE AND BEST FRIENDS Don Williams (MCA)
- 9 REPOSSESSED Kris Kristofferson (Mercury)
- 10 GIRLS I HAVE KNOWN Jim Reeves (RCA)
- 11 MR ENTERTAINER Johnny Russell (RCA)
- 12 THEY DON'T MAKE THEM LIKE THEY USED TO Kenny Rogers (RCA)
- 13 STORMS OF LIFE Randy Travis (Warner Bros)
- 14 HANGIN' TOUGH Waylon Jennings (MCA)
- 15 LULLABYS, LEGENDS, AND LIES Bobby Bare (RCA)

Courtesy: Country Music Association/Gallup

BOWIE
UK LP DISCOGRAPHY

Previous to the release of 'Never Let Me Down', Bowie had logged seven UK Number One albums while 11 others had gone Top Five. Such is his pulling power that RCA, with whom he was signed from 1971 to 1983, have not only kept every one of his 'true' albums on catalogue but have also recently rereleased them all in CD form. But the ones to watch out for are 'The Man Who Sold The World' with 'dress' cover (a frocked Bowie reclining in a parody of a Rossetti painting); the 'Diamond Dogs' sleeve which has Bowie displaying his genitals; and 'Glastonbury Fayre', the triple-album which features only one Bowie track. All are worth their weight in thin blue fivers.

- JUNE 1967 David Bowie – Love You Till Tuesday (Deram DML/SML 1007)
- NOV 1969 David Bowie (Phillips SBL 7912)
- MAR 1970 The World Of David Bowie (Decca PA/SPA 58)
- JAN 1971 The Man Who Sold The World (Mercury 6338 041)
- DEC 1971 Hunky Dory (RCA SF 8244)
- JUNE 1972 The Rise And Fall Of Ziggy Stardust And The Spiders From Mars (RCA 8287)
- JULY 1972 Glastonbury Fayre (Revelation REV 1/2/3) various artists issue that contains one Bowie track, an alternate version of 'The Supermen'
- NOV 1972 Space Oddity (RCA LSP 4813) reissue of 'David Bowie'
- NOV 1972 The Man Who Sold The World (RCA LSP 4816)
- FEB 1973 The World Of David Bowie (Decca SPA58) reissue
- APL 1973 Aladdin Sane (RCA RS 1001)
- OCT 1973 Pin Ups (RCA RS 1003)
- MAY 1974 Diamond Dogs (RCA APL 1-0576)
- OCT 1974 David Live (RCA APL 2-0771)
- MAR 1975 Young Americans (RCA RS 1006)
- MAY 1975 Images (Decca DPA 3017/8)
- JAN 1976 Station To Station (RCA APL 1-1327)
- MAY 1976 Changesonebowie (RCA RS 1055)
- JAN 1977 Low (RCA PL 12030)
- OCT 1977 Heroes (RCA PL 12522)
- MAY 1978 Peter And The Wolf (RCA RL 12743) one side only. Narration: with Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy
- SEP 1978 Stage (RCA PL 02913) green and yellow vinyl versions also released
- MAY 1979 Lodger (RCA BOWLP 1)
- SEP 1980 Scary Monsters (And Super Creeps) (RCA BOWLP 2)
- NOV 1980 The Rise And Fall Of Ziggy Stardust And The Spiders From Mars (RCA INTS 5063) reissue
- NOV 1980 Hunky Dory (RCA INTS 5064) reissue
- DEC 1980 The Very Best Of David Bowie (K-Tel NE 1111)
- DEC 1980 Low (RCA INTS 5065) reissue
- DEC 1980 Heroes (RCA INTS 5066) reissue
- FEB 1981 Aladdin Sane (RCA INTS 5067) reissue
- FEB 1981 Diamond Dogs (RCA INTS 5068) reissue
- APL 1981 Another Face (Decca TAB 17)
- MAY 1981 Christiane F Wire Kinder Vom Bahnhof Zoo (RCA BL 43606)
- JUNE 1981 Don't Be Fooled By The Name (PRT DOW 1) 10" mini-album
- JULY 1981 Changes (RCANL 43593)
- SEP 1981 Pin Ups (RCA LP 3004) reissue
- SEP 1981 Young Americans (RCA LP 3009) reissue
- SEP 1981 Station To Station (RCA LP 3013) reissue
- OCT 1981 Lodger (RCA LP 3032) reissue
- NOV 1981 Changestwobowie (RCA BOWLP 3)
- FEB 1982 Lodger (RCA INTS 5212) reissue
- JUL 1982 Cat People – Soundtrack (MCA MCF 3138) Bowie sings the title track only
- JAN 1983 Bowie Rare (RCA PL 45406)
- APL 1983 Let's Dance (EMI-America AML 3029)
- NOV 1983 Ziggy Stardust – The Motion Picture (RCA PL 84862) also available in a picture disc version
- MAR 1984 Fame And Fashion – All The Greatest Hits (RCA PL 84919)
- APL 1984 Aladdin Sane (RCA BOPIC 1) picture disc reissue
- APL 1984 Hunky Dory (RCA BOPIC 2) picture disc reissue
- APL 1984 The Rise And Fall Of Ziggy Stardust And The Spiders From Mars (RCA BOPIC 3) picture disc reissue
- APL 1984 Pin-Ups (RCA BOPIC 4) picture disc reissue
- APL 1984 Diamond Dogs (RCA BOPIC 5) picture disc reissue
- SEP 1984 Tonight (EMI DB 1)
- MAR 1986 Absolute Beginners (Virgin V 2386) contains three Bowie tracks
- APL 1986 Absolute Beginners (Virgin VD 2514) as above but double album featuring extra tracks by other artists
- NOV 1986 Labyrinth (EMI-America AML 3104) contains five Bowie tracks
- NOV 1986 When The Wind Blows (Virgin V2406) title track only
- APL 1987 Never Let Me Down (EMI-America AMLS 3117)

Bowie has also made contributions to the following British album releases:

- SEP 1972 ALL THE YOUNG DUDES Mott The Hoople (CBS 65184)
- DEC 1972 TRANSFORMER Lou Reed (RCA PL 12488)
- JUNE 1973 RAW POWER Iggy And The Stooges (CBS 65586) later reissued on Embassy 31464 in May 1977 and on CBS 32083 in Nov 1981
- MAR 1974 SLAUGHTER ON 10TH AVENUE Mick Ronson (RCA APL 1 0353)
- MAR 1974 WEREN'T BORN A MAN Dana Gillespie (RCA APL 1 0354)
- MAR 1974 NOW WE ARE SIX Steeleye Span (Chrysalis CHR 1053)
- FEB 1975 PLAY DON'T WORRY Mick Ronson (RCA APL 1 0681)
- MAR 1977 THE IDIOT Iggy Pop (RCA PL 12275)
- SEP 1977 LUST FOR LIFE Iggy Pop (RCA PL 12488)
- MAY 1978 TV EYE Iggy Pop (RCA PL 12796)
- FEB 1979 JUST A GIGOLO Original Soundtrack (Jambo JAM 1)
- SEP 1986 BLAH BLAH BLAH Iggy Pop (A&M AMA 5145)



Iggy and his

ANGST

TROUBLE AT T'UCK SHOP

As an ex-Public School boy, I must object to your paper's pro-working class stance. Maybe you were not aware that old Harrovians like myself follow pop music. Come on *NME* don't continue isolating me, we must all have the freedom to rock. Sorry if this sounds a little intemperate, but I'm still a bit tipsy from going on a binge after Roy Jenkins won the election for Oxford Chancellor. You see, not all of us Public School people are Conservative. . . .
Neal Allen, Porchester Road, Kingston-Upon-Thames.

You downwardly mobile class traitor — LB

BASKET CASE

I was dismayed to see in *NME* (18/4/87) a review of the Paul Simon concert. After all you have printed on his disgraceful activities in South Africa, your review of his concert seems to endorse his views. (As a music paper we are here to review all music. . . — LB) Before you say that as a music paper you are here to review music, may I point out that *Melody Maker* refused to attend the concert and quite rightly slammed others who do. I enjoy reading *NME* a lot, but if you continue to support the likes of Simon by giving him room in your pages, I will stop buying it. In future please listen to Jerry Dammers, Billy Bragg, and Paul Weller, and boycott the bad fruit (S African!) in the basket.
Richard Thomas, Wimbledon, London SW20.

In the States and in Zimbabwe the Graceland Tour was hailed as a celebration of South African music. There were no boycotts/protests, so it seems to me ridiculous for anti-apartheid groups here to make a stand alone. They should have used the opportunity to boast funds and membership by collecting from 'guilty' Paul Simon fans leaving the concerts — LB

Having lived in South Africa for 11 years. I feel I, and fellow South Africans, have more knowledge of the situation than any of you ignorant bastards who don't even know where South Africa is or what ANC stands for. It's only when you witness a bomb going off at a busy restaurant at peak time that you get a feeling of anger at the mention of ANC.

I've worked with the ANC all my life (don't tell me I'm your best friend) and I know

equality. But I certainly don't believe in the ANC and their methods. So before you go about mouthing 'Free Nelson Mandela', think about having the ANC in your area, blowing up bars, supermarkets etc, and then see if you'd still support them.
Susan Spence, Wheatley, Doncaster.

Funny that. Most British newspapers (right and left) seem to be reporting atrocities committed by the SA security forces and ignoring all these ANC bombs. But no doubt you're the sort of person who'd argue that many blacks preferred the security of slavery to freedom — LB

GREAT BOER OF TODAY

If 'Diesel River' by The Weather Prophets is a German Issue only, then how come my copy was manufactured in the Netherlands and distributed here by Dureco, BV Weesp and in Belgium by Indisc Brussels? Or have the Germans taken over our country again. . . .
Hans Boer, Elim, Holland.

JOSH TOSH

People like Clint Detroit just make me puke. Who the hell is he to call U2 a worthless band? This guy either has something wrong with his ears or is mentally sick. *NME* is probably the worst mag I've ever come across. My friends all agree; we only buy it to keep up to date with new records and tour dates. All that crap about socialism. Come over to Malta and see our present political situation. Socialism is tripe, it ruined our beautiful country. U2 are simply the best around. The four started the band as kids, matured musically, and are always tackling different styles. They have become amazing musicians

The Joshua Power, Malta.

I thought U2 were socialists? — LB

FERRY AID

The video for Ferry Aid's 'Let It Be' does not, thankfully contain any footage of the up-turned ship, grieving relatives, victims' bodies etc. Compare this with the Band Aid project where the full glare of publicity was turned on the private suffering of those involved in the Ethiopian tragedy, without regard for their dignity, even when dead.
Simon Jones and Anna Davie, Hanham, Bristol.

Very true, but we all knew about the Zeebrugge disaster by the time the *Sun* record appeared. Whereas the Band Aid images played an important part in increasing our awareness of the Ethiopian famine. No doubt the Davie, *Raise The Herald Of Free Enterprise*, will restore normal taste — LB

SEXY MUTHAS

Dear Steven Wells, Your article on HM muthas The Cult was one of the worst pieces of rock journalism that I can remember in *NME*. The Cult are crap. The Cult always were crap. When they finally realised their stupidly contrived goth image wasn't working, they jumped on the HM bandwagon, which for years has been floundering about looking for new ideas. Above all HM is particularly sinister; this new acceptance of sexist groups such as AC/DC is dangerous. Leave it to the likes of those brainless dickheads on *Kerrang*.

If I were you, Swells (god forbid), I'd get my hair cut, go home and listen to a few Fall records.

Peter Yates, Maghull, Merseyside.

Get his hair cut?!! Mr Swells is currently in custody charged with impersonating Eddie Shah — LB

If the idiot Wells thinks there is a need for rock music in the shape of boring rehashes of boring (repetition — LB) early '70s leather-rock then he's as in tune with reality as the senile *Spittin' Image* doll in the White House. To start hyping up The Cult — a band who make Sique Sique Sputnik sound not only innovative but exciting — is flogging the maggots feeding off a dead horse.

As for his easy dismissal of modern soul, clearly S Wells has the volume turned down and his own prejudices turned up. He ought to be forced to listen to an endless tape loop of 'Back To The Scene Of The Crime', 'This Brutal House', 'Crack Killed Applejack', 'Small Change', 'Face It' . . . If he still wants to exhume Led Zep then maybe it's time for him to follow our Julie and Gazza to Fleet Street.
Gary Lineker, Leicester.

Actually I was thinking of Modern Soul along the lines of Curiosity Killed The Cat, the consensus sound of a million bleeding hearts. Yes, The Cult do flog the maggots from a dead horse and they go Split! and Splatow! and it's really groovy and icky, man. Sorry, Gary, I stopped being a Soul Weibel when the House started flooding my earholes with the sanitised sub-Numan shite that you obviously still find so exciting. Let's ROCK!!!! — SW

MEANS MEANZ WHINES

I was surprised by Denis Campbell's article "Labour Shelves £27 Promise" (4/4/87). I don't mind fair press comment, but let's get the facts straight. Labour has not "abandoned" the policy. We are committed to introducing a new national system of grants for 16 and 17 year olds in full-time education with a maximum value of at least £22 a week. For reasons of cost, the grant may have to be means-

tested against parental incomes initially. In the longer term our aim is to introduce a common status for all young people to have a right to independence and a real choice of options. What we are not prepared to do is to make false promises. Young people are, rightly, sceptical of such political games. Voting Labour is the only realistic alternative for young people. Your readers, who have been at the sharp end of Thatcher's policies, know that.
Derek Fatchett, MP, Labour Party's Youth Campaigns Committee.

Fair enough, Del, but Denis was quoting from the *Youth Charter* and there has clearly been some back-tracking. Personally I don't think anything involving means-testing is a vote winner — LB

ODIOUS

As you may or may not know the last planned live rock/pop performance at the Odeon New Street Birmingham is the Go West concert on July 2. After this date the Rank Organisation plan to turn the Odeon into a full-time cinema. Can we allow this to happen? To date several top stars have backed the campaign to keep the Odeon as a live venue, including Lionel Richie, Tina Turner, Roy Wood, Bev Bevan, Tony Clarkin (we're scraping the top stars barrel a bit now — LB), Robin Band, Simply Red, Moody Blues, Slade, The Mission (plus a few record company fat cats — LB). Now we need your support. Please organise petitions, write letters, complain. The Odeon must stay as a live venue — the rumour is that Hammersmith will be next! Please send correspondence/petitions (with SAE for reply) to: Colin and Ann Tether, 20 Lloyds Road, Halesowen, West Midlands, B62 8NH.

I give my full weight to this campaign (9st 4lbs). It's high time venues were protected from closure by grimly attended Go West gigs — LB

RED GOD IS STILL ALIVE

I have been impressed by the breadth of political debate in your letters page. The argument around the Paul Simon album and tour continues apace. My reason for writing is to highlight another area of discrimination which is nearer home and has a devastating effect on youth. A recent government report has shown that unemployment among Catholic males in Northern Ireland is two and a half times that of protestants which leads to unemployment rates of 80 per cent on Catholic estates such as the Bogside.

The Government provides massive aid to the province's major industries such as the Shorts aircraft plant. A recent defence contract was worth £255 million to the company yet out of a total workforce of 7000 less than 400 (five per cent) are

Catholic, and this was after a two year affirmative action programme. I appeal to readers to support this campaign to highlight and seek ways of ending this discrimination on the grounds of religious background which has abandoned youth on ghetto estates. Any bands or acts who can give a hand with publicity and help raise cash for the campaign to make the trade unions, the employers and the government take notice can contact me.

Ken Livingstone, "Ireland: The Cause Of Labour", BM Box 5335, London WC1N.

I'd always wanted your autograph — LB

JUSTICE AXED

Intellectual prowess and radical non-conformism are the two qualities which set soul apart from so-called 'rock' music. As Trotsky once said, "Word my man, that cat Stalin can't suss out the fresh groove. Georgian sucker can kiss my shit goodbye".
Joe Tatlock has spoke, Cheshire

It's obviously lost a lot in the translation — LB

GIRLS DON'T WANNA HAVE FON

The article on FON records this week seemed to me to contain one basic discrepancy. For all Amrik Rai's McLarenesque ramblings one fact is clear; everything from Fon except The Age Of Chance (and that was a one-off) has been simply forgettable. Chakk and Eric Random? Oh yeah, real wild stuff man! It's surely a matter of time before FON sign a speed/thrash/death metal band in a feverish effort to move with the times.
Lynne Corlett, Birkenhead.

I GOT CONFUSED — I KILLED A MAN

Oh dear. What's happened to those indie icons The Smiths? They're rapidly becoming just an awful joke and it isn't funny. The rot set in when Johnny Marr started doing his Keith Richards impersonation on stage. Then came the move to EMI (a colossal mistake), the release of a dreadful compilation album that everyone had heard already, and now Morrissey's lyrics don't mean a thing.

The sincerity and genuine

sympathy expressed in Morrissey's '83/'84 lyrics has slowly developed into a stale cynical pretentiousness and the last three singles have been vinyl disasters. Also, do those trendy, well-dressed morons who now follow The Smiths *en masse* really represent the people that Morrissey was originally trying to reach. Were they there in '83 or '84? (you elitist bastard — LB). Poor Morrissey, he has let his sincerity slip away and his credibility is now unfortunately nil. He just doesn't matter anymore.

John V. Lucas, a disillusioned bedroom dweller, Scotland.

Murderer! I too liked The Smiths more when they were hopelessly poor, but let's be realistic. True, recent singles have been deliberately hooky, going-along-with-the-chart-game, self-parodies. But the B-sides!!! 'London', 'Is It Really So Strange?' and 'Sweet N' Tender Hooligan' are brilliant! Your bedsit familiarity has clearly bred contempt. Where were you in '82? — LB

SPACED ODDITY

On August 4 1962 Marilyn Monroe died — lost and alone — of a drug overdose following a gradual decline induced by drug abuse. We were deprived of her beauty and ability by the anti-depressants she was taking. I am sure that you, Gavin Martin, would agree that it would have been better to see Marilyn on *Wogan* at 61 than for her to die so horribly.

In 1987 David Bowie is approaching 40. He is producing what is widely considered to be his worst ever material. Maybe if David had taken an overdose 10 years ago, he would be respected more today, but I feel that it's better that he didn't. I'm sure his health is more important to him than critical appreciation. Maybe if you Gavin were to start taking drugs and maybe even die from them, you could become a cult hero, remembered eternally for your contributions to journalism. If you don't perhaps one day, when you've matured, you'll realise what a stupid insulting and damaging comment you have committed to print.

Mark Willie, Birmingham 8.

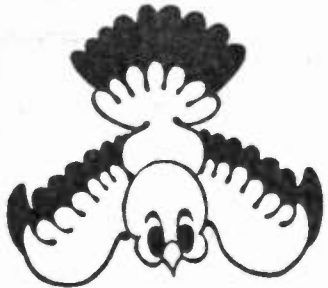
And all because Gav called David "an omniscient Melvyn Bragg of mediated street culture" — LB

**EDITED BY LEN BROWN
SEND YOUR LETTERS TO ANGST,
NME EDITORIAL,
COMMONWEALTH HOUSE, 1-19
NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON
WC1A 1NG**



DICK NIETZSCHE

MOUNTS THE SPRING OFFENSIVE



HAPPY MONDAYS – the latest bunch of identikit Manc miserabilists to fall off the Factory Records production line – were accosted by an irate **TONY WILSON** after a recent 'gig'. "Great show, lads," he whispered silkenly, "but you've got to learn to talk to the audience more!"

"Don't blame us!" spat a strangely boggle-eyed singer, "T'bastard promoter didn't provide no beer so we had to drop a couple of tabs instead!"

I've asked the chaps at the **NME** what could possibly be meant by "a couple of tabs" and they tell me it's something to do with shirt collars.

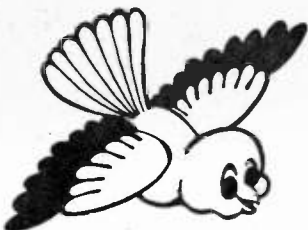
OZZY OSBOURNE – the blood-crazed Brum bat-biter – has sent the grand sum of one dollar to the doo-lally Yank Evangelist **ORAL ROBERTS**. As you know, ole Oral was having one of his regular chats with **GOD** who told him that he was going to die unless he coughed up \$8,000,000. Ozzy's \$1 contrib, though, comes with the strict condition that it only be used for Oral's "psychiatric treatment fund".

PAUL WELLER – the passionate Mr Sex of the British Soul Scene – has allegedly bought himself a multi-bedroomed mansion complete with outdoor swimming pool and solarium with jacuzzi in Epping. Rumours that he chose the location to be near his childhood idols – **CRASS** – are being hotly denied by **JAM** official biographer **PAOLO HEWITT**.



EMMYLOU HARRIS – the sprightly country-fried songstress – is definitely not the love child of top children's entertainer **ROLF HARRIS** who nonetheless toured the Deep South quite extensively in the late 1940s.

HANK WANGFORD – the appalling gynaecologist C&W singer – was wandering round the Wembley Country and Western Festival with his own photographer who he'd hired for the day to take snaps of himself with the stars. Hank even went to the extremes of gatecrashing the stage and making his 'Save The GLC' speech. This enraged the normally sheeplike fans in their fringed stetsons and devilishly coloured flares who drowned Hank out with a torrent of reactionary abuse.



OINK – the only kids' comic in the world that actually deals with that which the young find funny ie. farting, vomiting, defecating and boogies, rather than pandering to the sado-masochistic fantasies of adults – has been 'top shelved' by **WH SMITHS**!

A spokesman for the shop said "Well it's a bi-weekly satirical magazine like *Private Eye*, isn't it...". So now the only comic in the world that doesn't treat its young readers like total trash has been stuck up with the porno books that **Smiths** provides for its frantically wanking 'adult' customers. Meanwhile **Smiths** continue to stock several 'war' comics of the sort guaranteed to turn the average 'Young Person' into a Right-wing, racist, flagwaving psychopath. Good show!

JONATHAN ROSS – the disgustingly trendy lisping cockney **WOGAN** clone – is meant to be hobnobbing with a lass from the sex'n'sanitary

towel mag *Just Seventeen*. So how come he was seen at a recent nitespot safe-sexing a *Daily Star* hack? Or perhaps it was **DR ROBERT** whom he so closely resembles. Anyway, it was somebody really ugly in a stupid suit and no socks.

ANDREW ELDRITCH AKA 'SPIGGY' – lead singer with Gotho dirge-chunderers **THE SISTERHOOD** – spotted in Boots' the chemists buying nappies in the company of the female person from the abysmal **GUN CLUB**. Tell us it can't be true! Compulsory sterilisation for Leeds Goths NOW!

JACKIE AMPHETAMINE – songbird with the brilliant **BABY AMPHETAMINE** – is taking the very unrock-and-roll step of getting married to a "Goth Stockbroker". Doubtless the lucky chap is one of the parasitic vampires so rife in Thatcher's Britain. Meanwhile word reaches me that Creation svengali **ALAN 'Hysterical And Overworked' McGEE** dyes his hair to achieve the famous carrotty hue that has become his trademark in the world of tinny indie pop, and have you heard the new **JAMC** single? Talk about castration!

THE FALL – the funnily jumpered Manc showband with a knack for a designer violence and verbal oafishness – have covered the epic 'There's A Ferret In My Trousers' – "the ferret of your memory". Well at least they've owned up this time and aren't trying to pull the same stunt they pulled with 'Going To A Go-Go' (Hey Luciani!).

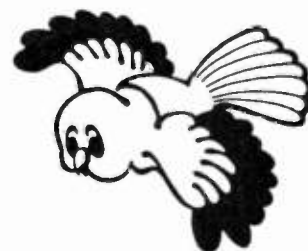
KEV – from sex-crazed Leicester joke band **GAYE BYKERS ON SHIRT COLLARS** – is so 'into' the group's image, apparently, that he never washes. Now this is all very well but things got a bit niffy on the recent **C**T** tour when the lads all had to sleep in the back of the van.

"It was all very well for the first week," said an aggrieved **FIONA THE ROADIE**, "But when he started to refuse to get out to go to the toilet ...



something had to be done!" Under the threat of a severe 'doing-in' from firmly held tyre levers and rolled-up copies of *2000AD*, Kev was forced to spend half an hour in a car wash whilst the rest of the band jeered and sang **ROSE ROYCE** songs. Eventually the management discovered the misuse to which their emporium was being put and called the rozzers. **GBOA** scarpered pronto leaving a dripping and brush-battered Kev to explain things to an amused **MR PLOD**.

SLAYER – the shrivelled Satanist metal muthas from New York – brewed up a storm in the ancient city of Edinburgh last week. The rockers had been booked to make a personal appearance at the Princes Street Virgin Record Store on the proviso that it was strictly hush hush. The manager of the store promised to keep schtum but somehow word leaked out and over 300 blood-crazed **SLAYER** fiends turned up and trashed the joint. If this



was 1977 I'd say something like – and a good job too – come on kids, let's burn all the record shops! – but we're all grown-up these days, aren't we?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT – the latest film to hit our screens from Italy is *Il Petomane* which translates into English as 'The Windbreaker'. It tells the true story of one **JOSEPH PUJOL**, a French baker who stunned audiences at the Moulin Rouge in the last century by:

BLOWING smoke rings from his bum!

PLAYING the Pan pipes from his back passage! and

INVITING volunteers on stage to confirm that his guffs were totally

odour free! **YOU** think I'm making this up. I know I'm not. Check it out.

NEIL KINNOCK – the savagely Rightward-leaning leader of **THE LABOUR PARTY** has instructed **RED WEDGE** to ask its young supporters to vote Tory so's not to damage Labour's electoral chances. **VICTORY TO THE NUT!**

CLINT AND STODGE – of disgustingly sexist indie hippys **POP WILL EAT ITSELF** – were more than a little annoyed to find their backstage stash of stroke mags ripped to shreds by outraged feminists at a recent Eindhoven concert.

"How would you like it?" screamed an outraged and hysterical **CLINT**, "if I went into your house and ripped up your gurlly books?" Unperturbed, the Dutch women just laughed in their spotty faces. To get revenge for this savage humiliation, **Clint and Stodge** promptly rushed to the dance floor where they danced with their miniscule todgers flapping to the beat of 'Panic' by the **AU PAIRS**. Oh, grow up!

BILLY BRAGG – the cheerful cockney Communist – rumoured to be thinking about working with epic lyricist **TIM RICE** whom he met on BBC Radio 4's *Kaleidoscope* prog last week. Given that ole Braggo has only got five subjects – not having sex, not having sex, how beastly the Right-wing are, how wonderful the working class are and those nasty Lefties – this is being seen as a wise career move espesh as Mr Tim's ex-writing partner, the hideously ugly **ANDREW LLOYD BANK ACCOUNT**, is now said to be worth £300 million!!!! With his personal fortune increasing by £150,000 a day!



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