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NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

SIMPLE MINDS
JIM KERR IN EXILE

Scotch and sober

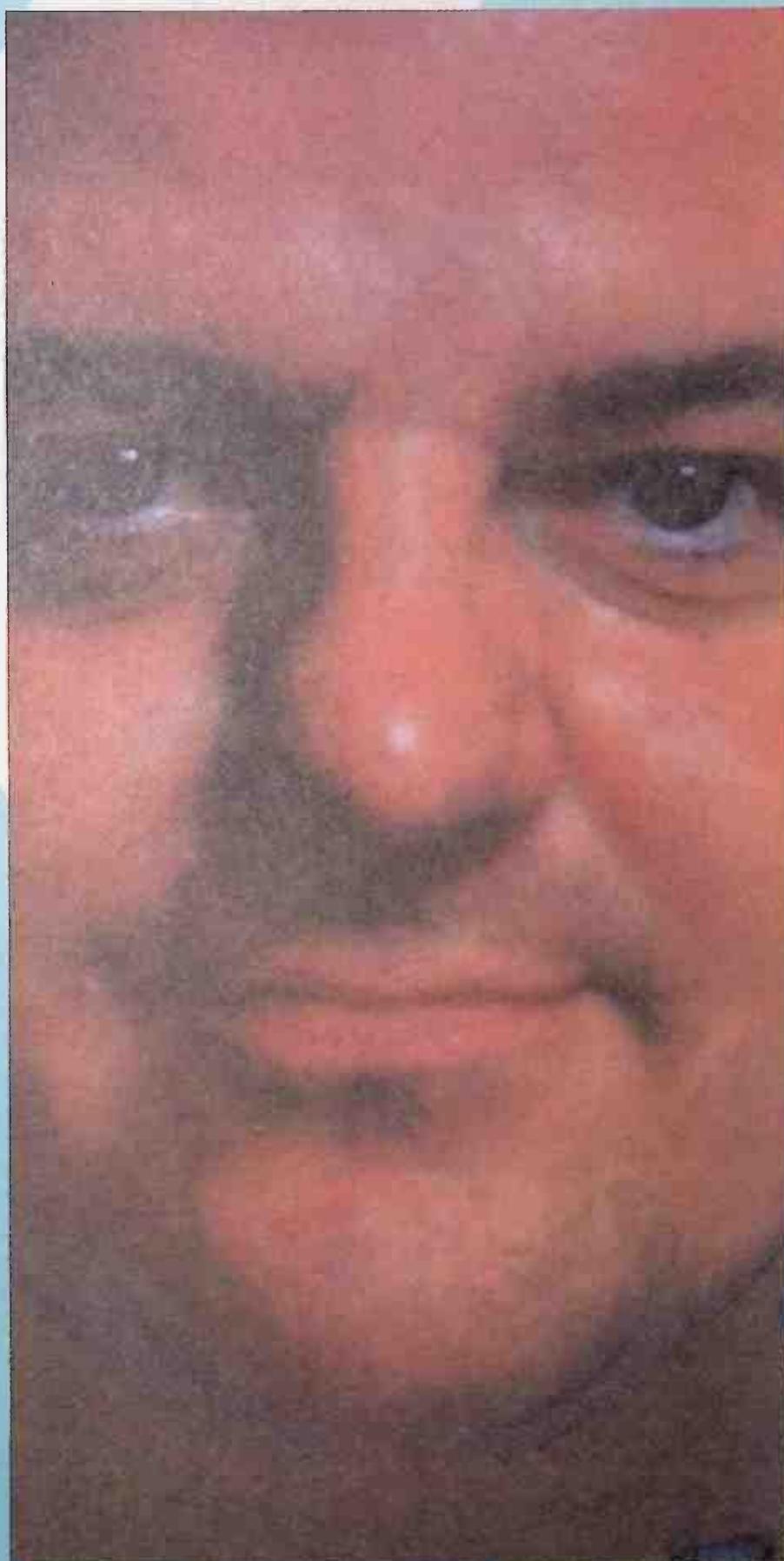
MAC ATTACK!

THE HAPPY HOGMANAY SHOW

BIG COUNTRY
MURIEL GRAY
HUE & CRY
THE RELATIONS
GUS MACDONALD
DAVID HAYMAN
NYAH FEARTIES
GLASGOW WRITERS

ROBBIE COLTRANE

LIGHTENS UP
WITH DANNY KELLY



Robbie Coltrane photographed by Steve Pyke

ROCK WEEK DEAL UPSETS BANDS

THE PRIMITIVES and The Wishing Stones have pulled out of the EMI-funded ICA Rock Week after being asked by the label to surrender the publishing rights to some of their songs. EMI plan to release two live albums recorded at the shows, which take place over the last week in January, and the bands feel they could lose large sums in royalties.

A spokesman for The Wishing Stones said it was "madness" for the band to give EMI the rights for three songs and the group pulled out as

soon as the details came to light. He also pointed out that many of the bands were advertised as playing before they had agreed to. The Primitives also cited EMI's involvement in the publishing rights as the main reason for pulling out, but a spokesman added: "We don't want to be involved in this pale imitation of the C86 shows."

A spokesman for EMI said the label was puzzled by the groups' decision not to appear: "All our agreement stipulates is that we will pay the bands to get there and help their

equipment if they give us the rights to record their songs, but it's strictly a one-off. We're not going to steal their songs and keep them forever.

"These bands have got hold of the wrong end of the stick. Once they've appeared on our album they can do what they like and re-record the songs themselves in a studio."

As far as the *NME* could glean at press time, the rest of the bill, which includes Pop Will Eat Itself, The Dave Howard Singers and Goodbye Mr Mackenzie, was still intact.



Jello (with eyeballs) and co: too fast to live?

KENNEDYS DEAD

IT'S OFFICIAL! The Dead Kennedys—probably the most popular and most political punk band in the USA—have split.

Despite rumours that the band folded under the pressure of the two law suits they and their company—Alternative Tentacles—are currently fighting, friends of the group are keen to stress that, wait for it, "musical differences" played their part.

Guitarist East Bay Ray left the band some time ago to concentrate on gigging with his "other band", The Cage, whilst other band members have expressed dissatisfaction with Jello Biafra's unwavering insistence that they stick to their usual hard and fast punk delivery.

A 'best of' compilation is planned whilst Biafra is said to have several projects "in the pipeline" including the continuation of his career as a 'poet'.

The Kennedys will be best remembered for some stunningly sharp political songs including 'Nazi Punks F**k Off', 'California Uber Alles' and 'Kill The Poor'. The band always succeeded in getting up the right noses and it is assumed by many that their high radical profile is not unconnected with their current legal situation.

Meanwhile the new Kennedys album, 'Bedtime For Democracy', continues to sell well. Last word goes to Alternative Tentacles UK supremo Bill Gilliam.

"Well they haven't really 'split up'—that's a bit sensationalist. They just won't be releasing any more records or doing any gigs. Biafra will continue to write and the company still exists . . ."

Steven Wells



TOM ROBINSON has had to pull out of the Action Against Aids benefit at London's Barbican Centre on January 26 as he will be in America. His place on the bill has been filled by **Erasure** (above), and The Communards will still be headlining. Tickets are on sale now, priced £9.50, £8.50 and £7.50. More acts are expected to be added to the bill, so watch this space.

A spokesman for Action Against Aids said: "There has been talk of pop concerts for Aids charities for some time. The Communards very kindly offered to start the ball rolling and we're hoping that this will be the first of many."

ZTT IN COURT

ZTT went to court last week in an attempt to free themselves from their licensing deal with Island Records. Details were sketchy at the time of going to press, but *NME* understands that the deal has about a year to run and Island are fighting to keep things the way they are.

A spokesman for Island said: "We are the defendants and ZTT is the plaintiff. They went to get out of the deal and are claiming it is no longer valid and we are trying to maintain the status quo."

SMITHS: NOW FOUR

THE SMITHS are likely to remain as a four-piece following the departure of Craig Gannon shortly before the group's anti-apartheid concert at the Brixton Academy at the beginning of December.

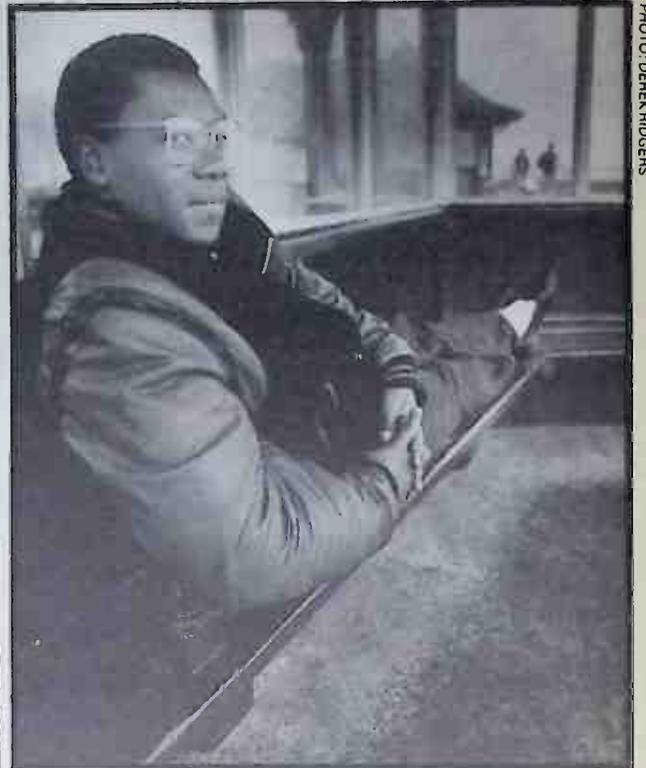
The parting of the ways was a mutual decision, with Gannon wanting to form his own band and The Smiths not happy with his progress during his eight-month stay.

"They basically felt he was not particularly interested and towards the end he was not even turning up for rehearsals," said a Smiths spokesperson. "One week they were meant to be on *Top Of The Pops* and he just wasn't around, he disappeared. That was the final straw."

"The Smiths have now reverted back to a four-piece and there are no plans to bring in a second guitarist at the moment."

A new Smiths single—possibly their last for Rough Trade before moving to EMI—will be released in late January, entitled 'Shoplifters Of The World Unite'.

JOHN MORTIMER, drummer with **The Bollock Brothers**, died at his home in Richmond on Friday, December 19, after a massive asthma attack. He was 25. The police are investigating the death and a post-mortem was due to be held as the *NME* went to press. Mortimer was the son of trombonist John Mortimer, who played with Acker Bilk and Tommy Steele.



Lenny rests up for the big night.

LENNY COASTS IN

LENNY HENRY, Britain's baadest comedian, is to star in his first feature film, an itinerant soul-boy comedy entitled *Coast To Coast*. Fans of Henry's charismatic humour will not have to wait long, the film is to be shown on television in the new year. The film challenges the pre-conceptions of 'the swinging '60s' by avoiding The Beatles and fab gear style in favour of the underground sound of '60s soul.

Set in another Beatle cliché, the town of Liverpool, *Coast To Coast* is an affectionate road-movie that charts, with a wry and engaging humour, the adventures of two fanatical DJs, obsessed with '60s soul and original labels.

Their background is not The Cavern but The Sink Club, a soul spot that they both spent their youth in, oblivious to one another. When they meet for the first time, Lenny and his co-star, John Shea, are at opposite ends.

Shea, who is American, wants to be black and British. Henry wants to be American. With a greatest Motown hits soundtrack behind them, they take to the road in time-honoured fashion, and attempt to reconcile these differences.

The film contains few surprises but it is easily one of Henry's better performances and given a couple of soaring moments—Shea and Henry duetting on Dobie Gray's 'Drift Away', and an emphasis on maleness—it's very hard to dislike.

Watch out too for Al Matthew's cameo stealing performance as an American G.I. and the jilted boyfriend at a Kirby wedding singing 'It Should Have Been Me' to a blushing bride.

Coast To Coast will be transmitted on BBC2 on January 4 at 10.10pm.

EX-BANSHEES SPEAK

JOHN MCKAY and **KENNY MORRIS**, the two former Banshees involved in the delay over the Peel Sessions EP release, have denied that they are trying to prevent the issue of the record.

McKay and Morris, who left the group in 1979, a year after the sessions were recorded, contacted *NME* and said they had instructed their lawyers to ensure they received any royalties due to them.

A spokesman for McKay said: "John and Kenny are proud of their recordings and are most anxious that they should be released."

Morris took up the story himself: "When we were part of the group we knew nothing about performing rights, but learned very

quickly. We realised we would not get our money unless we bullied them. We would have received nothing if had not made ourselves known to the BBC. Getting royalties for anything we did in the past has been a real struggle."

A spokesman for Strange Fruit, the label which puts out the Peel Session EPs, said they were still having talks with the musicians' legal representatives and the release of the record would have to be delayed. Meanwhile, McKay's new group, Zor Gabor, have a single, 'Tightrope', out on In Tape Records in February and Morris has recorded a single, 'La Main Morte', under his own name for release by Temple Records in January.

BLASTER DIES

HOLLYWOOD FATS, guitarist with The Blasters, recently died from a heart attack in Santa Monica, California. Born Michael Mann, he led several R&B bands and also worked with Canned Heat, Albert King, Muddy Waters and John Lee Hooker. He was 32.

OK so it's hogmanay but that's no excuse for abandoning the revolution. As you reach for another vodka and coke just think of the contents: Russia and America, Communism and Capitalism, two tribes with ice and lemon all in a tiny glass. Even your favourite tincture is political. *NME* is proud to launch a new political page **MANIFESTO**. PAGE 4.



PHOTO: IAIN WHITE

HAIL GLESCA. It used to be tower blocks, tenements and Tongs Ya Bass but now there's talk of another Glasgow, staggering with galleries, fringe theatre and a world renowned art scene. **DAVID BELCHER** stalks the mean city looking for the razor-king that turned down an Arts Council grant. **Crazy Young Fauvists Ya Mugs.** PAGE 31.



PHOTO: NICK WHITE

Who stuck the heid on **STUART ADAMSON** and why did the Doctor take to his heels. Football, socialism and the SNP. Is Scotland the final colony? And why does triumph always mean tragedy in Britain's big country? PAGE 33.



PHOTO: STEVE PYKE

The tartan army gets trashed and the bam's dram gets the bum's rush as Scotland's cultural attache **ROBBIE COLTRANE** turns his tongue on home. **DANNY KELLY** listens as Robbie burns, Coltrane blows and the Bay City Rollers are resurrected. The comeback starts here. PAGE 20.

5 Scotland's dynamic media 'face' **MURIEL GRAY** tells **LUCY O'BRIEN** about Kim Wilde's luscious lips, Phil Collins' evergreens, Rod Stewart's sexism, and proves that there is still life after *The Tube*.

6 **RUSSELL MAEL** Spark-person has a new album/single out. **DAVID QUANTICK** investigates.

7 **KEVIN McDERMOTT** A living-room legend takes to the Streatham High Road as Scotland's wandering minstrel shakes up suburbia.

8 **FRANCIS GAYE** Alex Taylor of *The Shop Assistants* gets to the emotive heart of *The Sunday Post*. Your Wullie, oor Wullie, Awbody's Wullie.

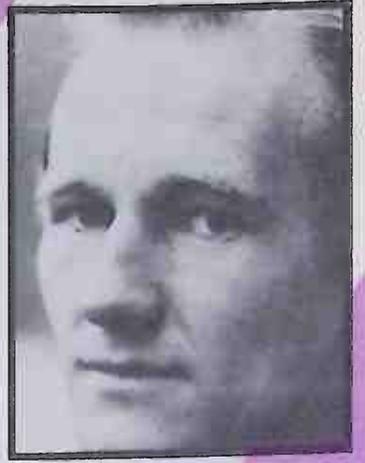
12 **WORD UP** goes dialectical as the best of Scotland's mod-

ern writers tear down the citadels of English lit. **DON WATSON** talks to **ALASDAIR GRAY** and the pens that poison purple prose.

17 **PHOTOS:** The final sessions. *NME's* celebrated camera clique call their own shots.

25 **GIGS,** jigs and oil rigs. *NME's* Gig Guide reports on what's happening.

COMMENTS



HAIL NAZARETH, a dodgy old rock outfit from Dunfermline or the joint where Jesus once hung oot. Meet **DAVID HAYMAN,** the familiar face of Scottish acting, the man who is Jesus, Jimmy Boyle and the Svengali of Punk. "That Johnny Rotten was a bampot, spitting at the audience, a good kick up the arse, that's what he needs." PAGE 9.

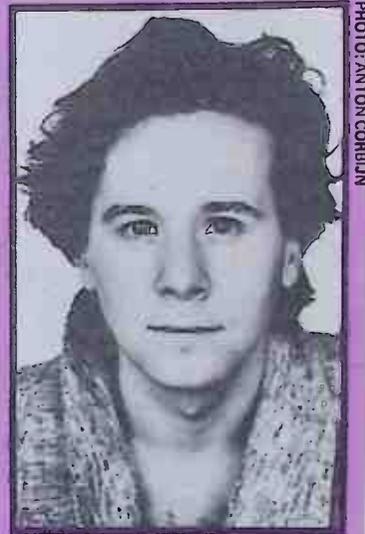
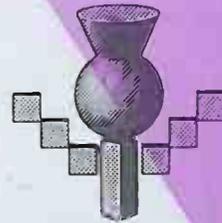


PHOTO: ANTON CORBIAN

Hey Jimmy! Bet you didn't expect to make our Hogmanay issue! PAGE 15



SCOTTISH TELEVISION

With a thistle as their emblem and a new gaffer in the big office, STV has kicked out the pricks who used to spoil the New Year. No more shortbread jocks as Scottish television enters a new creative era. **ANDREA MILLER** meets **GUS MacDONALD,** the media wanderer who headed home. PAGE 16.

26 Getting the **NEWS YEAR** off to a good start.

28 **LIVE** visits the asylum of dub with **SHINEHEAD!** **IGGY POP,** **THE SMITHS,** **THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN,** **BILLY OCEAN,** **A-HA,** **FELT** and friends.

30 **MAT SNOW** soaks up this week's **SINGLES** offerings in the bath.

36 The tartan army marches across the **CHARTS.**

38 **LUCY O'BRIEN** hoists this week's **FLAGBAG.**

39 **DICK NIETZSCHE** throws a few punches in his own inimitable style.



MANIFESTO!

DEVOLUTIONARY DUB

GI US an assembly and we'll gi ye back yir Wembley'. When Scottish football fans publically ruined the Queen's Silver Jubilee celebrations by invading, defiling and finally stealing the hallowed turf of Wembley Stadium, football hooliganism assumed the pose of renegade nationalism and acted as a noisy prelude to a failed referendum on Scottish devolution.

Nearly a decade later, Scottish football fans are the calm after their own storm; a quieter bunch who like to gloat at England's dismissal from European football after the travesty at the Heysel Stadium. Meanwhile, devolution is an issue again. It might even be argued that it will be the most influential issue at the next election. The de-centralisation of power away from Westminster, has the potential to inform and possibly even *determine* the outcome of the election.

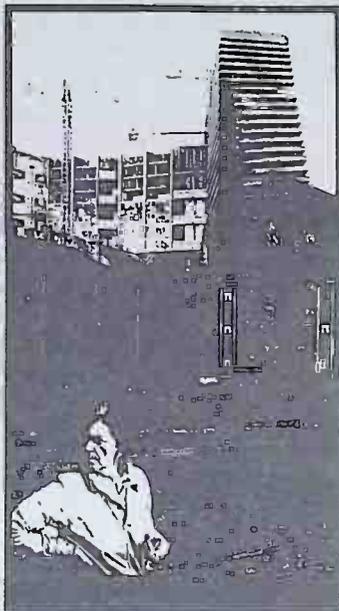
Scotland is traditionally a Labour stronghold; the only area in Britain that saw through the myth of new Conservatism and voted conclusively against Thatcher. Scots are understandably proud of the fact, but they are also highly suspicious that the Conservative Party has developed a conscious policy of regional punishment, and are taking revenge on Scotland by using it as the 'guinea-pig' for policies that might be electorally unpopular elsewhere.

Even the most kind-hearted Scot

knows that to be a guinea-pig is to assume the wrong role in a drama of national vivisection, in which a country and its people are the victims rather than the recipients of government enterprise. Scotland's heavy industry has been allowed to collapse as steel plants like Gartcosh and Ravenscraig have been systematically destroyed. The migratory drift of Scots leaving home for England, Saudi Arabia and Europe has never been more alarming. And, of course, there's nuclear power to confirm Scotland's 'suitability' as a less populated area of Britain. We have Faslane, a mere 30 miles from a well known rural moorland called Glasgow.

Most political parties, with the predicable exception of the Conservatives, have at least a national commitment to Scottish devolution. But it is Labour that stands in the red-hot centre of the issue, because it was Labour under the Callaghan administration that failed to deliver the promise of devolution in the '70s and it is Labour under Neil Kinnock (a lukewarm supporter of the party's official policy on devolution) that stands to gain most from events north of the border.

If the unthinkable happens, and there is a further period of Conservative control at Westminster, the Tories will have won power with a hugely reduced majority and without any credible public support from Scotland. A constitutional crisis may be on the cards, involving a weak Thatcherite administration that has no popular mandate to govern Scotland. Labour will be in a great position to exploit this anomaly, and will be expected by



Scottish based Left-wingers to pursue Scottish issues with such vigour that the weak government is forced into a position of impending collapse.

Alternatively, Labour are in a position to do an historical one-off deal with the Scottish National Party (SNP) and target several Scottish seats where the Tories are vulnerable to an oppositional alliance. There are currently 21 Tory held seats in Scotland and at least 16 of those are winnable by some kind of alliance involving Labour. Such a strategy might win Labour overall control at Westminster and leave the Tories suffering their worst ever showing in Scotland, with a derisory five MPs and the prospect of holding Scottish Tory Conferences in the back seat of a Ford Escort.

The price for any deals involving the Liberals would be some form of proportional representation, and for the SNP, a fully fledged Scottish

Assembly with the power to legislate over health, social security, education and possibly taxation. Ironically, the Labour Party's gains in Scotland have a unique sting in their tails. According to MPs like Tam Dayell, devolution is a step down "the slippery slope" which might ultimately lead to the SNP and the left-wing of the Labour party demanding even more control, leading perhaps to 'Home Rule' or some form of independence that allows a Scottish Assembly with a weak and virtually impotent Tory presence to decide about matters concerning defence, membership of NATO and the presence of US military and nuclear bases in Scotland.

And if Scotland did move towards a more fully formed sense of national independence, perhaps based on some variation of a Scandinavian system, where would that leave Labour supporters in England? Without the support of central Scotland's solid labour vote, it would be inconceivable for the current Labour party to gain power and form a government. For Neil Kinnock, the question of devolution for Scotland, is an oasis that offers him at least the chance of getting drunk on power, but it could be mirage that leaves him with a long lasting hangover. Once Scotland has enjoyed a breath of power unhampered by the suffocating influence of London based conservatives, can we be blamed for wanting more? And if the fight for power beyond devolution gets going, where does that leave Labour?

Stuart Cosgrove

For further information on Scotland, socialism and the devolution issue subscribe to *RADICAL SCOTLAND*, 48 The Pleasance, Edinburgh EH8 9TJ.

VESPA NAZIS

SCOOTER CLUBS throughout Britain have been warned to disassociate themselves from recent incidents involving fascist members of the National Front and the British Movement.

The problem erupted at last year's Isle of Wight Scooter Rally where widespread violence and destruction was spectacularly reported in the press. There is evidence that small groups of British Movement ex-skinheads have previously been involved in similar incidents at major scooter runs to Morecambe and Scarborough. With the daily tabloids always keen to overplay Bank Holiday riots and constantly on the look out for the next 'youth frenzy', there is a real danger that the parka and panzer division could fit the bill.

The National Front certainly needs the publicity if only to draw attention away from their perpetual in-house bickering and halt their ever declining membership.

Maybe the spirit of rock against racism needs to be rejuvenated: Mods against Mussolini, anyone?

F1 MISSILE

RECIPIENTS of the dole will be delighted to hear that the DHSS has won its sixth Plain English Award. The award has given for the Department's F1 form, an exemplary piece of writing designed to help people with the cost of glasses...

SOAP NOT BOMBS

ALTHOUGH FLEET St. would never print their views, two of the *EastEnders* cast, Tom Watt who plays Lofty and Anna Wing who plays Lou, have granted scoops to two of CND's publications.

In December's *Sanity*, Lou forgets about Michelle's waywardness and Arthur's increasing madness to reveal her pacifist views.

"My attitude to life is very simple. I'm on the side of production rather than destruction. I'm on the side of life

rather than death."

Anna Wing was there at the historic Aldermaston march in 1958 and she's still active now.

Meanwhile in Youth CND's, *Sign of the Times*, Tom Watt, who's described as an 'anarchist', has this to say on the nuclear missile issue:

"Basically what we're talking about when talking about the nuclear question is greed, nationalism and male violence."

Whatever next? Dirty Den a vegetarian....

MANIFESTO!

A NEW PAGE for a new year and so welcome to *MANIFESTO*, *NME's* new weekly politics page. And another first for the world's most right on publication.

1987 will be a crucial year in the political arena, a fact that hasn't escaped the attention of many of Britain's music makers. Whether they have aligned themselves to single issue movements such as Greenpeace or CND, or have a wider commitment through organisations such as Red Wedge, there can be no doubt that popular music has never been more political, either in its content or in its actions.

With all three mainstream par-

ties unashamedly grasping for the youth vote, and given this paper's excellent, somewhat sporadic, coverage of events outside of music, *MANIFESTO* is a logical and necessary step towards a provocative and intelligent appraisal of what's to come.

Every week writers will be stimulating discussion and controversy as they tackle a wide range of political topics. *MANIFESTO* will also provide a weekly news and events section. Register to vote, mark your 'X' next to the box called *MANIFESTO* and if you see Sid, well, you know what you can tell him.

Don't Touch That Dial, Sassenach!

Sick of Jools? Fed up with Paula? Well, the only saviour for you on *The Tube* must be MURIEL GRAY, who's now branching out into full tabloid profile. LUCY O'BRIEN and her swap tips on Kim Wilde, Phil Collins, and how to take on blubbing media executives.

"DID AN interview with Kim Wilde. I ended up loathing her, because I'd wanted a good rip roaring discussion — could you be a feminist and still pouting and posing. She just gave me all this showbiz crap, 'I don't think there's anything wrong with it, I use my sexuality the way I want to . . . ' I kept thinking, it's me, I'm not phrasing the question right.

"So I'd ask her again, 'no, I don't mean that. You're supplicant, you're this, or that', and she was coming on with Mickie Most type answers".

Muriel Gray shifts her car into gear, and we're driving round Edinburgh in the rain, the windscreen wipers flapping furiously. Calling a spade a spade and horrendous videos horrendous, this Glasgow girl has won many fans for presenting a TV role devoid of pandering — straightforward, clear, opinionated. She is much in demand, from presenting the '87 Hogmanay Show which this year is less 'hoochter teuchter', more up to date, to spouting off on *Saturday Review*, to using that sharp edged humour as Britain's top pop tabloid writer in her weekly *Scottish Sunday Mail* column.

"It wasn't a hatchet job. I just wrote in the piece it hurt that Kim Wilde was demeaning women, implying that she was begging for it, 'take me take me', instead of having an ulterior message to get across. At least Madonna was being hard rather than brainless and pathetic. If you were a man you wouldn't want to meet with her down a dark alley. But Kim Wilde's image is saying 'soft, fluffy, hey look I'm really dangerous I've got on a black leather jacket, but also big soft luscious lips you'd love to stick your willy in'".

Puleease!
"I tend to rant and rave a bit, but it's good to get the chance. I get a lot of letters from 'Mr and Mrs Angry, how dare you say that', like when I said Rod Stewart was a stupid chauvinist sexist, or I keep going on about Queen playing Sun City. Even if I only get a couple of these comments in my column a week, I can live with the rest that's subbed down to when the next Spandau Ballet album is coming out."

"Is it frustrating doing tabloid writing?"

"No matter what you write, they sub it. Even if you do a dissertation

on Dostoevsky they'd still make it sound like John Blake. Again, it's a challenge to find words that'll be acceptable and still make sense. I don't see why I should have to apologise writing for a tabloid, 'cos with an estimated readership of two million, it's reaching a much wider audience."

It's a challenge to Muriel to slip in things not usually covered in the popular press, like "wee bands". She keeps tabs on a music scene that, distanced from London and the majors, forms, develops and spawns countless independent bands. "I'd never attack a young Scottish band in print. I will the biggies, Phil Collins etc, because they don't care, it's not going to effect them. If there's a new band I don't like I just wouldn't mention them, I like to be supportive. It's a cliché, you only attack people who can defend themselves, but you know what I mean".

References to sexism are constant in Muriel's writing, though she has little time for the Sisters under the Skin philosophy. Hers is a brand of feminism that admits vulnerability, yet at the same time fights tooth and nail, the emphasis on competing with men. "Women let me down more than men", she says, referring to factory girls she worked with when the manager (male) said "looking lovely today dear", they'd giggle instead of saying 'fuck off and die you ugly bastard'. I would want to shake them; they didn't see that he was being patronising, the power game he was playing".

Perhaps that's a question of education, privilege, feminism born of opportunity? But then, at the Glasgow School of Art, from which Muriel graduated in 1978, "there were women I think shouldn't have even graduated. They were treating it like a finishing school".

Her politics was part of "holding my own in a man's designer world", a day job organising exhibitions for Edinburgh's National Museum of Antiquities, and working nights or weekends on *The Tube*. "I applaud women working from within", she says. "For every one there's a million others without the guts to do it". A severe analysis, a bit of the Miss Jean Brodie, but it's true that making it in the media "you have to be three times as good as men. You must never cry, always be professional. I shout instead. I get scary when I shout — female anger is quite frightening." She sees it as an imperceptible process, "like a tap dripping through concrete. In a million years you'll finally get through".

There is a misnamed (post) feminism these days that runs hand in hand with newmanism attracts glamour, gloss and a tailored lifestyle. With her (post) punk blonde barnet, outrageous earrings and inquiring eyes, Muriel is being wooed as the new media 'face'.

Still living in Scotland, and with no desire to move south of the border, Ms Gray retains an independence, a realistic perspective. Her *Scottish Sunday Mail* column has no gossip. "I don't mix with pop stars out clubbing in London so I don't hear any, I'm not interested in it. It's just got to be hard opinion".

Many's the time she has been asked for the dirt on Jools and Paula. Who's knocking off who? Who's an old slag? Who flirts? Who fights?



"Cosmopolitan invited me down to London to have my photo taken as a glamorous feminist . . . I couldn't bring myself to go!"

"I love Paula, I admire the way she adheres to her idea of quality, even though she's got a reputation of being difficult to work with". Are you just being diplomatic?

"Oh no. If I hated Paula I'd have told them to take their show and shove it after the first series. I see a side to her most people don't, like I'd come down to the dressing room and see Paula kneeling with all her goods and chattels scattered about her. Fifi looking like a refugee, wee National Health specs on, and she looks up and says 'I haven't got my key'. I just want to hug her".

Muriel will not budge. Her loyalty, like her standards, is strong. *The Tube* production team are very "creative and innovative, never ashamed to admit they've made mistakes". She admits "some weeks it's so appallingly bad I want to hide behind the sofa with a bag over my head", but "the following week it might be the best you've ever seen. It's very organic".

Describing herself as a former "intellectual snot" she's always keen to be seen as more than a 'mere' pop presenter. "I want to get back to pop music being a hobby rather than my job. That's why I'm doing film reports now for *The Tube*. The days of standing with a gargantuan hand mike introducing the next band are gone". Are you happy with the programme?

"Towards the end of the last series it was getting a bit flat, there wasn't enough new happening. We had rows because they thought I was being too snidey about things. We talked it through and I realise they were right — I wasn't just being smartarse, I was looking like I was pissed off".

Now aiming to produce as well as present, Muriel will be doing more for Scottish TV, and a show for C4 with Jimmy Mulville called *Acropolis Now*. What would you really want?

"My heart's desire would be to have a Scottish estate and never have to work. Just buy some Scotland to save it. As a Scottish Wild Land Group member it makes my blood boil that people can buy up huge areas of Scotland and forest it for tax relief. That includes celebs like Genesis and Terry Wogan. It's outrageous. They plant fast growing evergreens that make the soil acid, knacker the wildlife and mess up moorland for good".

Let alone responsible socialism, anyone who can save Scotland from Phil Collins deserves our blessing.

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£79 includes concert ticket, first class hotel, luxury coach from London, cross-channel ferry. Depart eve 12th Feb, return a.m. 15th Feb, flight tours available please phone for details. **£3**

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thrills!

EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON

squeezing out sparks

DAVID QUANTICK finds SPARKS still bubbling.

SEASONS COME and seasons go, and with them Sparks ebb and flow. Ron and Russell Mael enter our lives like spring and summer, and depart like the rustling autumn leaves and the slush of March, sometimes having hits but most often just releasing records. Now they have an LP and a single called 'Music That You Can Dance To'. Let's talk about your, er, variable commercial success, brothers.

"Yeah, that's our situation," smiles Russell, "It's like the weather forecast in Great Britain. Variable. Certain things click at different times in certain areas . . . We have six different careers going on at any one given time. It makes touring difficult."

Sparks' set lists must be hilarious; songs unknown in France desperately huge in Belgium, while America apparently knows them only for the last three of their 14 albums. From behind his glasses peers Ron: "We would like to have sold ten times as many records, that kind of success, but to be in a position where you can make 14 albums the way you like, that's another kind of success. And we're very proud of that."

The current LP is the Sparks we have come to know and love, much electronics and Russell's amazing voice. It contains a striking version of Stevie Wonder's youthful 'Fingertips'.

"That's actually the only Stevie Wonder song I ever liked. I'm not partial to Stevie Wonder," explains the choosy Ron, "But because that's so much of a non-song . . . I thought since we don't do many cover versions, it would be nice to do a non-song."

'Fingertips' is actually great, heartless jollity and dancefloor extravagance. Its partner, 'Music That You Can Dance To', is equally prosaic, Ron again; "Everybody starts to get so poetic about dancing. I wanted to take it to the most strict kind of situation. There's no poetry involved in the song, it's just music that you can dance to. Back in the days of 'Kimono My House', I was really



PHOTO: CRAIG FERGUSON

interested in wordplay, but now I really like . . . simplicity."

Well, the album contains many deathless examples of the Sparks wit, and it's as spiky as ever. This is something about Sparks that many have sought to change and few have vanquished.

Ron; "We've been hooked up in the past with producers who've tried to keep us less at odds with what's going on in America, but . . . it just seems boring to have things

sounding even . . ."

Russell; "It's also saying fuck to mainstream America for not being accepted."

And so we leave Sparks, reminiscing about the old days ("Hard to believe there were times when there weren't drums machines" "I remember!") and wait until the seasons change and their variable commercial success swings them into our charts again. Good guys will out.



PHOTO: NICK PEACOCK

WULLIE THINKING

WULLIE MALLOY, it's been said, is the man who pushed James Connelly out of the Post Office, is the brother of Tim and lives the totally fictitious life of the everyman Celtic supporter. He has appeared in the film *Highlander* and (oh the shame) was the first person to promote Sham 69 north of the border.

The Wullie Malloys, however, are growing in number, strength and silliness. All are members of 'The Wullie Malloy Celtic Supporters Club', run by a well known face (and head case) around Glasgow, Arthur Haggerty. What started off as "a bit of a laugh" has grown into the most bizarre football supporters organisation ever, complete with membership cards (colour coded to indicate how early in the club's existence you joined), hand signals for matches—a sort of horn shape made with fore finger and pinky dubbed 'a proud and erect Wullie' by Haggerty—and a brilliant range of tee-shirts bearing such legends as the 'Souness Sent Off' story (byline Wullie Malloy, of course).

Most members join for the crack. "It's a social thing to be a Wullie," says Arthur, "and all Wullies have the Wullie way of thinking—even

the Wullettes. If we go to a match, well, nobody's going to want to punch us just because we have Wullie tee-shirts on, and we're not going to want to punch anybody 'cos they're not Wullie's. Wullies are free thinkers really."

Among those free-thinkers are a tight-knit group of Glaswegians fond of spotting one another in Malloy tee-shirts at gigs. These elitists include all of The Bluebells and their management, and club owner Graham Wilson. The Honorary President is Celtic player Paul McStay while the oddest member is Honorary Chairman Lev Mayakovsky, the Russian Minister of Sport.

Benefits of being a Wullie, apart from the smug satisfaction that there are only 250 (predicted to grow to 1000) of you in existence, include discounted tickets for matches, ten pence off a haircut in a barbers in Clydebank and the chance to go to the birthday parties during the year. As Wullie Malloy is a fictional every-man Celtic supporter, no one really knows his birth date so, Haggerty figures, "If we have three or four birthday parties on different days of each year, we're bound to hit it right sometime".

Andrea Miller



OBITUARY

FAREWELLS

Rick Nelson (Dec 31, '85)
Phil Lynott
Albert Grossman
Gordon MacRae
Dandy Nichols
Sonny Terry
Ray Milland
James Cagney
Dezo Hoffman
Kelly Isley
Linda Creed
Harold Arlen
Maxie Waxie
Otto Preminger
Brod Crawford
Hugo Peretti
Hank Mobley

Benny Goodman
Gordon Mills
Teddy Wilson
Michael Rudetsky
Thad Jones
Pepper Adams
Pat Phoenix
Hal Wallis
Cliff Burton (Metallica)
Eddie 'Lockjaw' Davis
Bobby Nunn (The Coasters)
Tracy Pew (The Birthday Party)
Sippie Wallace
Cary Grant
Lee Dorsey
Desi Arnaz

AND GOODBYE ALSO TO . . .

Wham!
Bay City Rollers
Cuddly Toys
Jo Boxers

Blancmange
Madness
King

BEYOND BELIEF! EXTRA



STRANGEST OF ALL NATURAL PHENOMENA MUST BE THE STATUE OF LIBERTY! CONSTRUCTED BY UNTOLD BILLIONS OF ANTS OVER A HUNDRED YEARS AGO 'LADY LIBERTY' STILL STANDS TRIBUTE TO THE WORLD'S TINIEST ENGINEERS!!

ART: THE SHAKIN' MAN

BOMBERS GUITARS

rapping and rousing call-and-response chanting (including the Isley Bros' 'Shout').

Third and last LP this week is **SALT N' PEPA's** hell-raising 'Hot, Cool And Vicious' (*Next Plateau*). The debut album from the up-and-coming female rap outfit, this has to rate as one of the strongest hip-hop sets of the year. The girl's three dynamite singles are all here, 'The Showstopper', 'I'll Take Your Man' and 'Beauty And The Beat' but the stand-out track is undoubtedly their rendition of Otis Redding and Carla Thomas's 'Tramp'; the combination of the updated lyrics, the sheer power of the percussion breaks and of course, the horn section riffs from the original song make this one of the best examples of the way hip-hop can reach into the past and still create something fresh and original.

Another girl act, **FRICK AND FRACK**, have just released a powerful debut single entitled 'You Shouldn't Have Done It' (*Romil*) which features production courtesy of the ubiquitous Marley Marl. A more or less average rap is livened up by an infectious, stepping rhythm, snatches of live percussion and some spacey, dub style scratching; the flip side 'Jealous Girls' is along the same lines and both cuts are getting serious deck-action from those in the know. Talking of those in the know one of the biggest underground hits of '86 was **THE MOHAWK's** 'Champ' which first saw the light of day on the Pama reggae label back in 1968 and has rapidly become much sought after on the rare-groove/break beat circuit. With original copies now going for silly money Hardback Records have just put out a timely remake of the Mohawk's classic in the guise of Throwdown's 'The Champ' which includes both a "near as damn it" remake of the original and a scratch mix that works surprisingly well.

Finally congratulations to Champion Records for releasing in British two massively in demand House tracks in the shape of **RAZE's** 'Let The Music Move U' and **LIBRA LIBRA's** 'I Like It'. Both of these have been huge on import for the last couple of months and both have the potential to cross over to the upper reaches of the pop charts without too much trouble. Sticking with 'House' but switching from UK to US releases, check out import copies of 'The Brutal House' by **NITRO DELUXE** (*Cutting Records*) and the equally hard hitting 'Face It' by **MASTER C & J** (*State Street*) both of which should be rocking a dancefloor near you sometime soon. That's it for this week, welcome to '87 and don't forget that New Year's resolution... one, two, three, Make It Funky!

Jay Strongman

KRAYZEE

HERE IT IS! A New Year's gift for both your tasteless, sick-humoured friends and your fastidious, Style-ist friends: The Kray Twins Calendar!

It's a glossy, 14" by 12" black, white and red production. Emblazoned with The Twins' motto, "Rather A Day As A Lion Than A Lifetime As A Sheep", it contains autographed photos of Ronnie, Reggie and brother Charlie, with a small but curious text illustrating each month. For example, in April we learn that "The Twins were always very smart dressers wearing hand made Italian suits. They were not particularly big men... Their size was of no consequence due to the respect they commanded. They were frightened of no man!" By December, the text has gone stark raving mad: "HOPE IS THE MOTHER OF ALL MEN!"

So, who is behind this somewhat odd exercise in nostalgia? The Family? That's who.

The terrible Twins may still languish in their respective high-security prisons, paying the debt which society extracted from them in 1969 for their flamboyant crimes, but Charlie Kray is out and back among us. Indeed, he currently manages two up-and-coming rock bands! It was brought to Charlie's attention that some unscrupulous toe-rags were selling really nasty looking Kray Twins T-shirts, and, worse, lots of punters were buying them.

This shoddy, moonlight activity was nipped in the bud, but the promising new industry was transferred to a company called 'Arts Department', who now pump out a whole range of Kray Twins artefacts, of which this calendar is only one example.

Who is buying The Kray merchandise? Why, teenagers of course. They can't get enough of the stuff. I asked the spokesperson for 'Arts Department' if he didn't think it was peculiar that kids who weren't even born when The Twins were jailed, should find something potent, even heroic in these 20 year old gangland images? I had hoped that it was



the Italian suits which were turning them on. Apparently not, '80s youth sees The Kray Twins on a par with Batman and Robin, cartoon icons who ran around having dangerous adventures in the thrilling '60s. But I wasn't to worry, because kids are very fickle when it comes to nostalgia. They soon move on to the next phase in their appalling mass-marketed education. 'Arts Department' are already in gear for the Russian Socialist craze, with boxes of CCCP badges and Revolutionist T-shirts.

Jane Solanas

LOUNGE WIZARD



PHOTO: NICK WHITE

Kevin McDermott with his own style of house music...

"GOR, YOU'RE ugly, aren't yer", says Dad, looking at the rock star in his lounge. You may recall Glaswegian singer/songwriter Kevin McDermott initiating a wee publicity stunt, whereby those purchasing a special blank-sided copy of his 'Subterranean Blues' LP could have Kev himself perform the missing tracks in the comfort of their own home. The promise took him (unexpectedly) as far as Orlando, Florida.

Today son Daniel Ashdown is

the proud owner of the third and final dud edition, and a living room in Netherby Road, Forest Hill is chockablock with friends, relations, neighbours and a photographer perched on a stool taking arty shots through a chandelier of the musician plus assembled feet. "While yer up there, dust the bulbs", wisecracks Dad, threatening to be the star of the show.

Kevin bursts into 'Farewell To Jenny Lynd', strumming his guitar

with melodic gusto. A modern balladeer in search of the ultimate standard, he plays out stories of personal affection and loss. "I have a lot of yearning songs 'cos I come from a yearning town". Everyone listens, claps and cheers.

"Is he going to be famous?" Mum whispers to me, adjusting her Kodak Instamatic.

"Oh yes", I reply.

Son Daniel is captivated.

"Things like this don't happen to me", he beams. A weekly reader of *NME*, he has several hundred issues stashed in the garden shed.

"America taught me to sweat a bit", Kevin continues, launching into 'Pushing The Boat Upriver'. Having just toured the States—"I even busked on Venice Beach"—he's impressed with the singer/guitarist heritage over there. "They respect it, and appreciate anyone who goes for it. In Britain it's seen as old hat, that to play an acoustic guitar you should sit on a stool or something. But I stand up to entertain, I've roots in performance bands like The Jam—I'm not some kind of youthful Val Doonican. I'm also fed up of singing for my supper".

All smiles, Daniel's mum gives him a doughnut and a cup of tea.

Phew, rock 'n' roll!

Lucy O'Brien

THE MISSION IV JANUARY 9

thrills!

THE DIE-DIPLOIE'S IFRIEND?

Daphne Broom, The Hon Man, P C Murdoch and Francis Gay are all strange characters in Scotland's biggest selling print opera, *The Sunday Post*. In a land where granny knows best and only criminally insane perverts go on strike, ALEX TAYLOR of the Shop Assistants discovers that FRANCIS GAY doesn't even exist. Well jings, crivvens and help ma boab!



PHOTO: DEREK RIDGERS

ON THE wall of the establishment where I pursued my brief academic career there was a poster which said, "Scotland will be free when the last minister has been strangled with the last copy of *The Sunday Post*." For those unfamiliar with *The Post*, it is the organ through which Scotland represents itself to the world. It has a worldwide circulation marginally less than that of the *China Daily* and it's royalist, loyalist, cheery, chatty, conservative, Conservative and, above all cosy.

Its favourite son is a minister of the Kirk called Francis Gay, who has been writing his weekly diary for the paper since shortly before the invention of the internal combustion engine. Each day of the week is represented by the touching or cheery or heart-rending tale of someone with whom Francis has been brought into contact in the course of his parish duties.

Each day, brave, bright-eyed children give up the struggle with long and incredibly harrowing illnesses, old women are helped across the road in their thousands by the Heli's Angels/Mohicans/Rangers supporters (NB not Celtic supporters—we all know they eat their cats) that they thought were about to mug them, and grandmothers put young relatives'

minds at rest with homespun wisdom. And then they tell Francis Gay.

It was, therefore, with some trepidation that I entered his venerable office.

"The office?" I said in some confusion. "You don't work from the Manse, then?"

"What?"

"The Manse. Er... it's where you live..."

"Oh... oh, yes, well, of course, the body of my work is in the parish itself but I pop into *The Sunday Post* office every now and then to do the actual typing..."

"Oh yes, I see."

As I sit down, I'm offered tea in a mug portraying the union of Charles and Di and a packet of digestives. I mention that the Rev. Gay is much younger-looking than I had expected.

"Well, an active life keeps you young, I find. And I'm certainly never idle." His eyes twinkled benignly.

"Yes, but I mean, you don't look much over 40 and you've been writing for the *Post* for at least 50 years..."

"Yes, well, as I say, I'm very busy... what was it you wanted to ask me about exactly?"

"*The Sunday Post*, the whole paper is a bit of an anachronism,

isn't it?"

"I beg your pardon?" The eyes have now resolved themselves into a frosty stare and the digestives are withdrawn.

"Er well... the language and everything and the fact that all the people you write about are called Archie and Isobel and Jimmy and things. And, you know, how everything from nuclear policy and the the miners' strike to the Queen Mother's chilblains is written about in exactly the same cosy, chatty tone as if the whole of *The Sunday Post* is just two old wifies chatting by the fire. It's as if you've reduced the whole of the world, or certainly Scotland anyway to a microcosm of a 1930's Glasgow tenement..."

Francis Gay laughs kindly and pushes the biscuits towards me again.

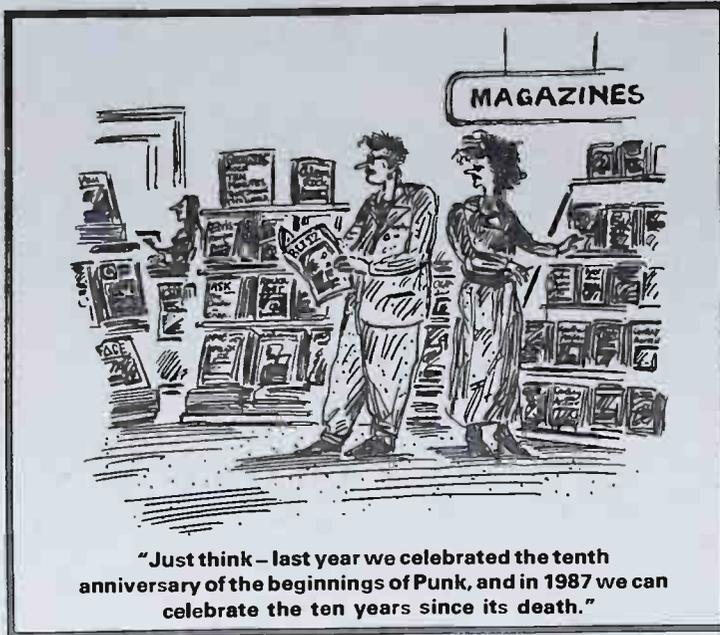
"Crivvens! That's an awfy lot of awfy big words for a young lassie like yersell! And an auld duffer like me."

I grab the biscuits while, I've got the chance.

"But you know what I mean, don't you? I mean, you do seem to trivialise things."

"Well, now, just hold on a minute, young lady. I don't know where you get your ideas from but I'll tell you something. When I write that column I'm not writing for your academics or your intellectuals or what have you. I'm writing for ordinary folk."

I look suitably humbled but press on, "But don't you think that a lot of the time you're just reaffirming people's prejudices—I mean all the young people in your column are either nurses, members of the Royal Family or long-haired, leather-jacketed thugs. And it's quite a political column as well—the recession in Scotland has reached a point where we're virtually slipping back into the Third World and yet you still talk about strikers and the unemployed as if they're all greedy layabouts who really need a good, stiff spell in the army to teach them the proper way to speak to their betters. Don't you think you could present the world to your readers in



"Just think—last year we celebrated the tenth anniversary of the beginnings of Punk, and in 1987 we can celebrate the ten years since its death."

a slightly less... er... biased way?"

"Now look here, young lady..." At this point we are interrupted as a typist delivers a pile of letters to our hero. "Now, where was I... oh yes..."

"I'm sorry, but why did she call you Gordon?"

"What?"

"That lady who brought you those letters—she called you Gordon. You're supposed to be called Francis."

"Ah, yes, well..." the look of righteous indignation with which the Rev. Gay has been prepared to meet my Pinko, subversive insinuations gives way with lightning speed to a smile of truly frightening unctuousness.

"Well, I'll let you into a wee secret then, shall I?" The digestive biscuits are virtually thrust down my throat and another cup of tea appears miraculously at my side. "The original Francis Gay was actually my late father."

"Oh, I see. So there is truth in the rumour that there have actually been seven Francis Gays, and that you don't really have a parish at all—but you just make up all these stories each week and print them."

Francis Gay looks at me long and hard, the twinkle, along with the digestives, has disappeared for the last time.

"You're very young, aren't you?" This is debatable but the implication that I am naive and probably irresponsible is impossible to ignore. "Not everybody wants the revolution for breakfast, you know. There are some things that people find it comforting to believe and, if they happen not to be strictly true, they don't really want to know about it."

I took his point and shortly afterwards, I left. The digestives had long since returned to the cupboard and he was, as he said, a very busy man. Busy writing a diary in which young people are either nurses or axe-wielding maniacs. Remember granny knows best and Oor Wullie is sitting on a bucket at the bottom of my garden.

BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN

"As the years go by I see ever-increasing numbers of them swirling around in a human cesspit of their own making."

Greater Manchester's Chief Constable, James Anderton, speaking about homosexuals, prostitutes and the promiscuous at an AIDS seminar

"If this record wore a woman I'd probably fuck it."

Chris Wells, *Echoes*, on the Bobby Womack album 'Womagic'

"I believe in marriage, old-fashioned marriage."

Joan Collins announcing her impending divorce from husband No.4

"We had a list of 100 names and I remember arguing with my manager, 'cos he thought he had the ideal name for me. I said, 'I'm not going through life as Terry Tinsel, forget it.' I told him straight, 'Gary Glitter' was much more dignified".

The evergreen, Mr G. on how he chose his sparkling moniker, *City Limits*

"I'm trying to do benefits for Paranoids Anonymous but they won't tell me where they are."

Bob Monkhouse on *Des O'Connor Tonight Live*

"Caroline finally got married to her pop singer, with whom she's been shackled up for two years... Our grandchild has three advantages. He is illegitimate, Irish and black. I'll never forget the touching moment when he asked for Caroline's hand. I said, 'Well, you've had everything else'..."

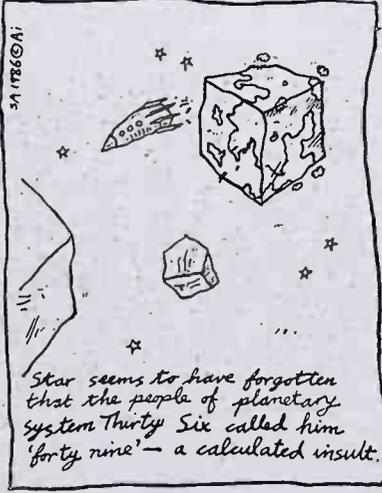
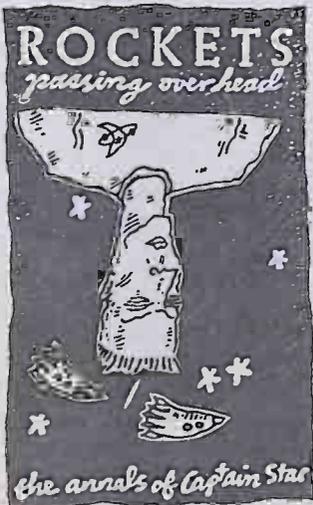
Old Leslie Crowther after-dinner 'joke' recalled in *Blitz*

"There's always a bit of a sales pitch in it, isn't there. Billy Bragg says a lot, but he also walks away with about five grand every time he does a gig."

Cocteau Twin Robin Guthrie on political benefits, *Hot Press*

"The first gig was in LA, where the audiences are very wild. So out I trot with my penguins, and the crowd goes apeshit—and the band ran right off stage. They thought a riot was going on, I had to tell them 'No, no, it's always like this!'"

Johnny of PiL, on touring with those Holiday Inn musicians in 1984. *BAM* (Calif.)



ART: STEPHEN APPLEBY

"People get carried away with their own self-indulgence if they're having sex and they're not having children; it can only make you go slightly off the rails mentally because it's just unnatural. You shouldn't be fucking all the time and not getting pregnant, because that's not natural... But if you have children, that keeps things in perspective and everything's answered for. In the world we're living in people fuck for ten years and don't get pregnant because they're taking drugs."

Chrissie Hynde on motherhood, *Spin*

Hey Jimmy

WHAT DO Malcolm McLaren, Jesus Christ, and Glasgow razor king Jimmy Boyle have in common?

Aside from a certain messianic notoriety, David Hayman has played them all.

Hayman is a thriving Scottish export, a rare thing. Small, wiry and ginger-haired, he's the big man in the broken-bottle school of acting, best known for his portrayal of defecating, 'dirty protest' Boyle in the BBC play *A Sense Of Freedom*, and the brown ale-swilling Saviour in *Holy City*, a Celtic Christmas offering broadcast earlier this year.

But Hayman is not afraid to cross the Border. He believes in epic theatre tackling broad issues. He brought *The Normal Heart* and Martin Sheen to the Royal Court and London—AIDS crosses all borders. His most recent project as a director is a political thriller, starring Sheen as an Irish priest caught up in the chaos of Central America.

Unsuited by RADA or a murky public school past, Hayman's impeccable prole credentials make him a dream of the cultural left. On leaving school in Glasgow, he entered the same steel works as his father (shades of Bruce Springsteen). "There were guys who'd been there 40 years, I thought, 'there must be something else'." Youth theatre groups eventually lead to drama college and a ten year stint at the Citizens' Theatre in the city's once infamous, but now decaying, Gorbals area.

"I choose my work fairly carefully," he says. "Sometimes I have to do dreadful things like *Fell Tiger* which has no moral, political or social comment. It's television wallpaper if you like."

In *Sid 'n' Nancy* he exchanged the paper and paste for the more artistic pretension of Alex Cox and Malcolm McLaren, both of whom he respects.

"The film wasn't really about Malcolm or the band as such, and the part was small, so it was quite difficult to convey the power and the spirit of the man... I watched *The Great Rock 'n' Roll Swindle* and lots of other tapes of him, I wouldn't say I liked him much, but I couldn't help admiring him."

Mad Malc was spared a face-to-face encounter with his doppelganger, but only just.

"When we were in LA, we planned to do a *High Noon*-style shoot out between McLaren and myself on the beach... but he was out of town that day."

The scenario was planned for a documentary about the making of *Sid 'n' Nancy*, which has since been shelved by *Zenith* after pleas from Gary Oldham, who felt it made him look unprofessional. Hayman disagrees: "It's a completely irreverent look at the shooting of *Sid 'n' Nancy*: an anarchic documentary about an anarchic film."

HE IS used to censorship for political, rather than professional reasons.

"We're living in an era of self-censorship. Because of what Thatcher and the Tories are up to, theatre companies are running scared. It took me ten months and four theatres before the Royal Court agreed to put on *The Normal Heart*—and that was only when Martin Sheen agreed to play the lead."

The play now has the official stamp of approval from ultra-sound *City Limits* readers—they voted it their favourite piece of theatre this year. But it was initially criticised by some gays. "They disagreed with the message of the play," says Hayman. "That was—'stop fucking or we'll kill ourselves', or at least, 'stop fucking until we know more about this disease and hopefully eradicate it'."

"But when you tell a section of the gay community who've fought long and hard for promiscuity as a political platform 'Sorry, you can't fuck any more', you're destroying all those years of political activism."

The Normal Heart has reached a wider audience than most theatre because of the nature of the subject. But how does Hayman reconcile £30 for a West End seat with his commitment to socialist theatre?

"I believe there's nothing to match the theatrical experience when you're sitting there with strangers, watching live performers breathing, sweating, and acting. It has the potential to change lives far more than a piece of television... but there are fewer people sitting there... it's becoming more exclusive by its very nature."

When he works in Scotland, UB40s and pensioners get in free—"what I do is accessible... it's not 'art'."

Hayman has tried and failed to break down the walls of conservative prejudice which shore up our broadcasting institutions.

"I've heard department heads in TV dismiss radical material, saying 'we don't want kitchen sink drama'. A friend of mine has the film rights to Pat Barker's novel *Union Street* which is about the lives of six working class women. I couldn't get anyone interested in it. In their narrow-minded interpretation, it was just too depressing."

"A lot of people thought Alan Bleasdale made a breakthrough, but that was a good few years ago and I haven't seen *Son Of Blackstuff* yet."

POLITICS PLAYS a part in the BBC's decision to drop Hayman's Latin American thriller, after they had snapped up the rights to the television film.

Raising cash for an anti-American movie these days often means biting the hand that signs the cheques. But he is defiant.

"This film has got to be made. On one level it will work as a thriller, and on another it will talk about what's happening in Central America, what the Americans are up to, what they are responsible for—and where our duties lie."

El Salvador is the setting and Sheen is the unlikely hero—a middle-aged Irish priest. His eyes are opened when he sees right-wing death squads assassinating the indigenous clergy. But the rest of the world does not respond to his political enlightenment, the Vatican close the door and the media close their eyes. "It's about one man's moral and political journey," says Hayman.

As was *Missing*, the difference being that Jack Lemmon's enlightenment reached cinema screens years after the generals marched into Chile with a little help from their friends in the CIA. Allende lies a moulderin' and who cares what happens in Santiago these days? Hayman's film will question the here and now of US intervention.

Between now and taking on the Pentagon, Hayman has a few other plans. He will play a 'quiet family man' in John Boorman's next film *Hope And Glory*—a child's eye view of WW2. "It makes a change from being a multiple murderer," he says. Then there is a BBC Scotland comedy series, *Ten Loaves And Two Fish Suppers* set in a chip shop in Shettleston, Glasgow. "It's a brilliant black comedy, we'll ask Michael Grade to network it—he will."

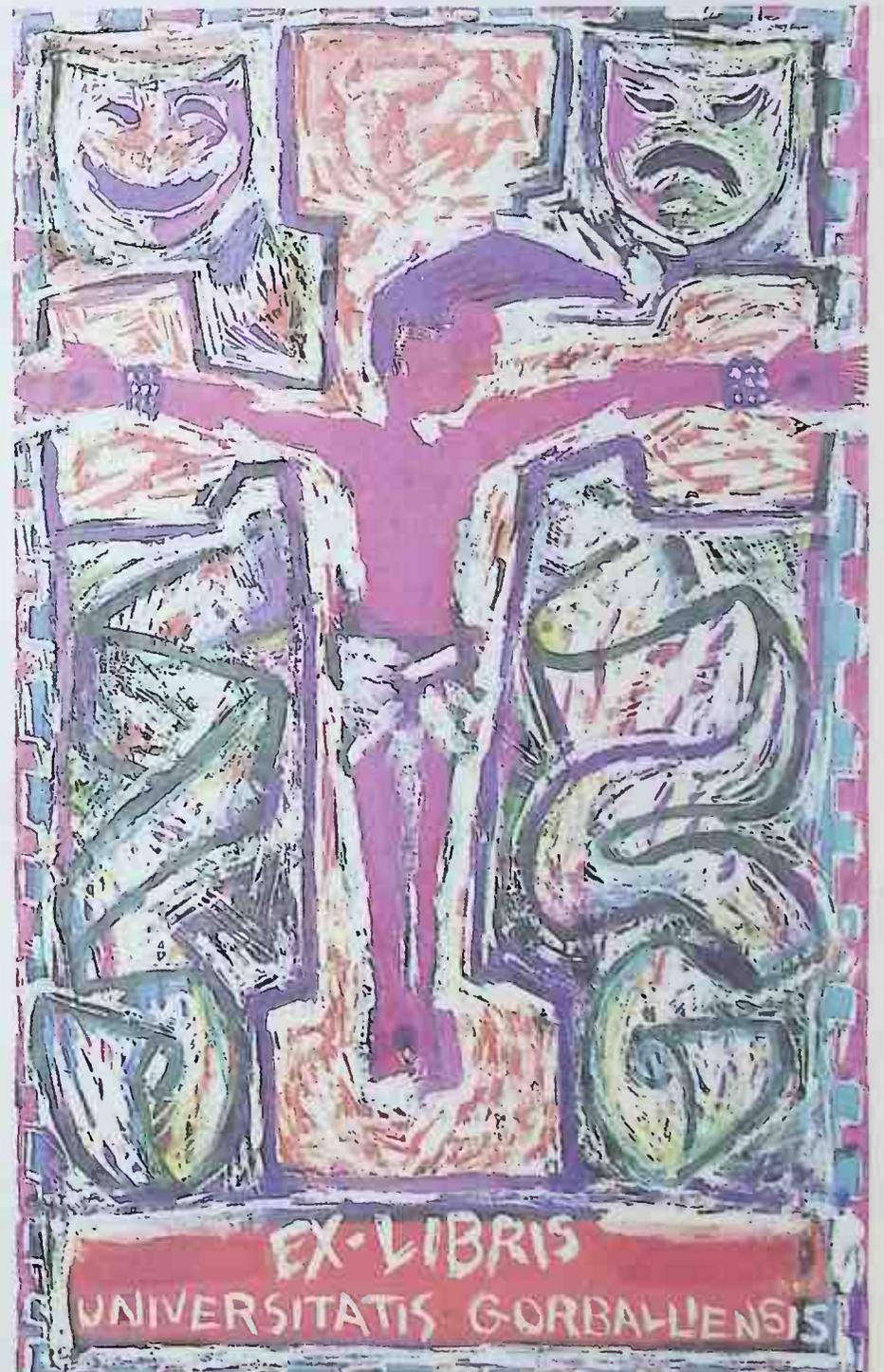
Humour is as important to him as politics. We are speaking here of the man still remembered and resented by the Glasgow bourgeoisie (there are some) for setting The Citizen's Theatre *Hamlet* in a public toilet.

"I don't like Agit-prop," he says. "That's hitting people on the head with a red mallet. I want to entertain people while I'm doing it."

He managed The Sex Pistols. He spent most of his life in Scottish jails convicted of murder. And he turns buckets of water into wine. Who is the bad ass punk from Bethlehem? JOAN McALPINE tracks down actor and director DAVID HAYMAN, the face that played Jesus, Jimmy Boyle and Malcolm McLaren. "See that Sid Vicious, I could resurrect him nae problem".

Art by ANDREW CRUMMY

Meet Jesus



Help! Murder Polis

THE VILLAGE of Lugton rests on the very edge of Ayrshire, less than 20 houses, two pubs and, dotted around the surrounding countryside, various cowsheds. In one such cowshed or, to use the proper Celtic term, *byre*, there's a pile of shite-encrusted, metal drums. On these drums, in this cowshed, Nyah Fearties first bashed out the sound of young Lugton.

"You'd have to play like a madman just to keep your fingers from freezing up," reminisces Davy Feartie. In those days they favoured a mutant hybrid thrash through the Hank Williams and Warren Smith song books. True to the original kindling spirit of '77, they'd play anything, anywhere and with an energy that paid scant attention to trivia like melody or chord progression.

"It was real basic—bashing stuff and annoying folk club members. The sort of stuff that'd get you your head kicked in if people didn't think you were real psychotics," Stephen Feartie concludes.

Two years later, the sound of young Lugton enralls and affronts the unwitting POPulace of young London. So far Nyah Fearties have toured France with The Pogues, having started them with an impromptu session outside Camden's Devonshire Arms at closing time. They have been deported from the Isle of Arran on suspicion of stealing a pair of socks and on Burn's Night, they will release their debut LP, 'A Tasty Headful'.

The night I caught an impromptu Nyah Fearties performance in The Devonshire, they had a banjo player in attendance—"We only met him this afternoon but he picked up all the tunes within a couple of hours"—and came across as a mutant collision of Hank Williams and Ivor Cutler on speed. Davy sings and strums the guitar till sparks fly while the mystery banjo-man sheds a pound in sweat trying to keep up, and Stephen grins, showing his Stonehenge teeth, shouting and squawking and ranting his way through lines that only his fevered mind could decipher.

Certain reference points peek through this controlled chaos, only to be throttled and reworked into a deranged cacophony. 'Rantin' Robbie' is a Feartie-demolition of a trad-folk song "about a total psychopath". It evolved out of Stephen's frustration with a local singer: "He was total crap so I'd do my own version to show him up. It changes all the time but it always starts with 'Robbie was a madman, he'd grab you by the lugs/ He'd take you round the back of a hedge and feed you to his dug's'. That sort of thing."

And 'Drunken Uncle'?

"Well, that's a live one really, we havenae put it on the album. It's about my Uncle Tam who's a right pain in the arse when he's drunk—always poking and tickling and all that. One time he went too far and I battered him over the head with a draught-excluder and knocked him unconscious. It goes: 'What shall we do wi' our drunken uncle/ He's a pain in the arse/ Hit him on the head wi' a draught excluder...'"

Another song concerns the downside of hitch-hiking, those long cold waits in the rain. 'Red Roller' is based on a trip down to Exeter, with the Fearties about to give up the ghost, only to be rescued by a mysterious man at the wheel of a red Rolls Royce.

"He was brill. He'd overtake all these other

Forget Rockabilly, it's the bastard sound of Americana. SEAN O'HAGAN meets the NYAH FEARTIES and discovers the gaelic thrust of Rock-A-Wullie, the sound of too much bevvie and Ayrshire calling.

Forget 'pop music', it's the bastard sound of video air-heads. ADRIAN THRILLS meets HUE AND CRY, the citizens called Kane, the boys that put cultural disinformation back into POP.

Forget C86, the well-played tape of yesteryear, ADRIAN THRILLS finds THE RELATIONS, legends from somewhere near Letham who threaten to be the sound of C87. LAWRENCE WATSON provides the visual stimuli: nae sweat.



"Nyah boo sucks: cannae get into the SubClub!"

cars and say "Look at all your so-called Socialist friends, eh? In their pathetic little Socialist cars. Takes a real Tory like me to give you a lift". He bought us a huge dinner and give us a card that said; *These people are my friends. Please accomodate them.* He said: "If any of the hotel staff give you any trouble give me a ring and I'll have them sacked!"

Apart from these surreal on-the-road adventures, Nyah Fearties have so far earned their living (and their fearsome reputation) as buskers. Songs like 'When The Wind Blows' describe bad times in Edinburgh, a city that has little patience with street entertainers once the annual festival is over.

Then they recorded their debut album back home in Lugton. It even contains a track called 'Lugton Calling'—a 40 second drum-track where Lugton's pathetic small voice tries to shout out to the world." Stephen informs me that this particular song is based on a series of tapes he made



Hue and Cry: I yam what I yam

for an imaginary radio show entitled 'The Lugton Loony Show'. It is fractured by the show's catchphrase, MY GOD! IT'S BRILLIANT! screamed out by Stephen, and is followed by a short poem entitled 'I'm a Lugton Feartie' ("... I only wear one wellington boot/ When a train goes by my window, I lean out and shout Toot Toot") recited by someone called The Terror Of Times Square Subway.

It gets better. 'Theme From The Barn' is a Fearties' spaghetti western that the band has offered to Alex Cox for his 'Straight To Hell' movie. He hasn't been in touch.

Nyah Fearties take their strange name from the reggae term "nyah" and the Gaelic expression "feartie". "Nyah" because they started off playing and listening to loads of reggae stuff by people like Nyah Thomas. "Fearties" because "we're always scared".

They once played to an audience that included Muriel Gray from *The Tube*: "She left after I threw a fried egg at her," says Stephen. From gaelic reggae to flying fried eggs—Nyah Fearties provide the soundtrack for a world gone mad.

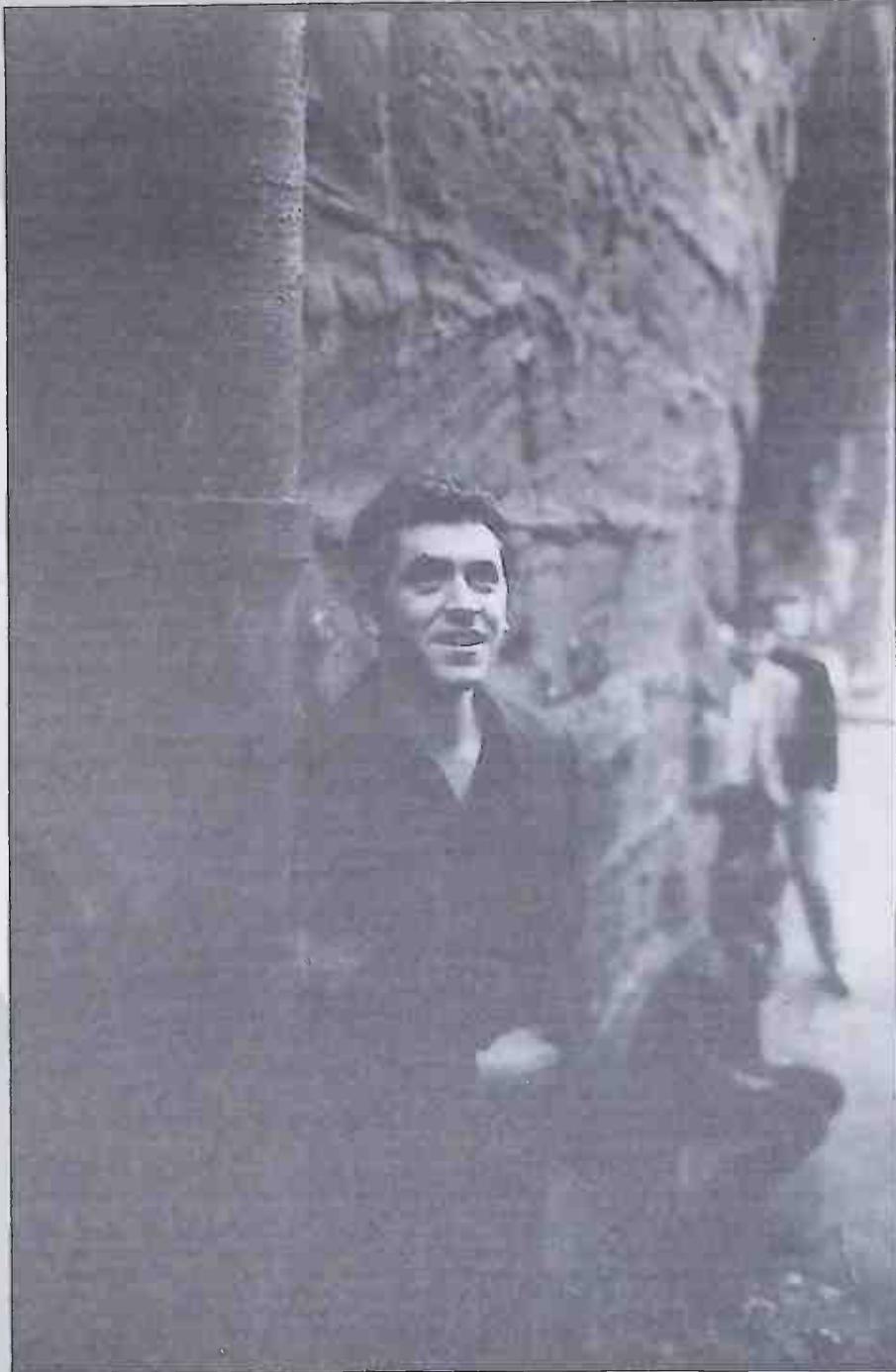
SO'H

BANG AND zoom! Shout to the top! The B-B-Big Sound! From the arcane howlers and hollers of '50s rock 'n' roll, pop music has never been short of a noisy metaphor, never shied away from another Big Bang.

And, as we prick our ears in anticipation of the first pindrops of the new year's decibel currency, one of the most likely noise plays can already be heard rising from the ranks of the designer boys and material girls that have characterised the plusher end of the Glaswegian pop scene for the past two years.

It is the sound of Hue And Cry—literally, shout and shuggie, a big noise—two brothers from Coatbridge whose first single on the new Circa label has been hatched just in time for Hogmanay. And, as crooner Patrick Kane pores over a pancake in hip Hillhead's Cul-De-Sac cafe, the importance of a big, bright pop bang is logically and loudly asserted.

"The whole purpose of Hue And Cry is to make a big noise. The whole thing has been devised to have mass appeal. If we don't have a hit single within our first three



Distant Relations.

releases, then our *raison d'être* is finished. Show business is a thing of *show*. It's spectacle with capital put into it and people are not going to pay money for something unprofessional or untidy. I don't like the idea of The Jesus And Mary Chain being consciously ugly.

"It's an unfortunate fact that people enjoy colour. They enjoy the tactility and sensuousness of consumer society. It's a post-industrial fact that people enjoy buying things that are well made. ABC couldn't get away from it, Sigue Sigue Sputnik couldn't get away from it, and we're not going to get away from it.

"What is different is that we're not camp or cynical about it. We're still trying to put a nugget of integrity underneath the gloss."

The single, 'I Refuse', bears out the Kane manifesto. As younger brother Gregory etches out a rolling Norman Whitfield synth sweep over a syncopated Latin beat, Pat adopts his best balladic crooner's tone for a subtle attack on pop life's sexual stereotyping. Verse one is all "little girls" and "sweet madonnas", verse two all "young guns" and "pistol packin' sons", with the chorus a crescendo of resistance to institutionalised role playing: "I deny inhibition / I escape definition / I refuse. . . ." Of course, over the radio at least, such subtlety will probably be lost in the grand dramatic (histrionic?) sweep of the music.

"That's partly the point," says Pat. "Because I've got quite a corny voice, a croony, almost patriarchal voice, people will probably appreciate the song first and foremost as a pretty melody. But there is something to dig at under it being a pretty tune.

"Two songs that have really annoyed me in recent years were 'Young Guns' by Wham! and 'I'm On Fire' by Springsteen, the latter with that 'hey, little girl' line. And so, 'I Refuse' is actually being quite didactic, saying that we refuse to accept those stereotypes.

"It's also in the style of those Gloria Gaynor songs like 'I Will Survive' and 'I Am What I Am'. It's self-affirmation, even though it's affirming a refusal to conform to the sexual roles that a culture tries to impose on both men and women."

Hailing from suburban Coatbridge, well away from the cloying Central Glasgow cliques, Pat and Greg, both in their early '20s, began their musical development unaffected by the post-Postcard trend towards guitar pop (*janglipopus jockum*). Their first band was a sixth-form punk-jazz ensemble which put swing arrangements to The Clash and Doors. Honing themselves down to a duo, they released one independent single, 'Here Comes Everybody', through Stampede before signing to the Virgin-distributed Circa set-up. Pat is unashamed as to his musical influences.

"Our ethic is completely different to what happened in the wake of Postcard. That was based on the fact that anyone can get up and jangle a guitar. We've always been more into Latin American music and Frank Sinatra albums. I'm not trying to be pseudish, because I've always been into be-bop and jazz, more complex music, something that can be used in a more complex or even intellectual way."

And, despite a classically simple melody line, their first Circa single is a sophisticated modern pop record that harks back to '50s musical forms—as opposed to contemporary black modes—for its inspiration.

"Rather than plug into a bass sequencer and approximate a form of black music, which seems to be the most obvious route for a white boy to take these days, we decided to go for a string section and a very

croony sound.

"It wouldn't come naturally for us to write a *beat* song. Black music has got such an autonomous strength at the moment that there would be no point in us trying to rip it off. A modern electro album is so integral and self-contained that the obvious course is to look elsewhere for your cues."

Building their songs up from demos that featured Pat's singing backed by Greg's keyboards and a drum machine, Hue And Cry eventually cut 'I Refuse' with rhythm sessioners suggested by producer Pete Smith. They are currently rehearsing musicians with a view to establishing a more organic quintet for live work.

"The music that has influenced us, from be-bop to Stevie Wonder, is essentially *performed* music. That puts us at odds with a lot of '80s pop, which is basically pre-programmed, using technological sounds as the basic attraction. We can't get involved in that without a bit of a strain. Things like sequencers are basically substitutes for real musicians, which is why we're now trying to put together five musicians who will be able to spontaneously *combust* music. Even though someone like Matt Johnson has been able to use some of the best session musicians around to make a brilliant album in 'Infected', I still think that there's more emotional scope in a *band*."

For all their non-conformist tendencies, Pat and Greg are hardly musical radicals. If one of last year's most significant trends was towards the tyranny of rhythm, the arch melodic bias of Hue And Cry would appear to be the height of conservatism. Pat admits as much, but maintains that that very conservatism gives Hue And Cry their musical idiosyncracies.

"We want the chance to work that contradiction between being popular and also having our musical integrity. I make no bones about having a '50s crooning bug. I can't believe that anyone can make a better album than 'Only The Lonely' by Frank Sinatra. That might turn out to be a fault. It might turn out to be a productive limitation. At least it will make us more memorable

than Go West, and that can only be a good thing.

"It might not be the boulder that's going to stop the mainstream, but it might just cause a little eddy."

And Hue And Cry—sharp Caledonian cookies with one eye on cool crooning and the other on sly (slight?) subversion—might just turn out to be one of 1987's more welcome new noises.

AT

IF THE music business in general centralises itself unhealthily on London, so its Caledonian trunks and tributaries are focused almost entirely on the two major cities.

Admittedly all the most significant Scottish record labels of recent years—Postcard, Precious, Fast, 53rd and 3rd, Supreme, Pop:Aural and Stampede—have been based in Edinburgh and Glasgow, but even the promising new music monthly *Cut* currently appears overly obsessed with the sonic offspring of The Forth and Clyde.

So what price a sparkling four-piece guitar band on their own label in the fair northern city of Perth? Quite good, it transpires, with the rise of The Relations, a discerning yet refreshingly direct quartet with much of the musical spirit of early Smiths, superior REM and the last June Brides.

With two singles on their own Hush label and an excellent Peel session under their belts, the quartet—vocalist Gary Harper, bassist Vinny Stewart, and brothers Neil and Kelly McCormick on drums and guitar—are now, step by step, setting their sights further afield than Tayside.

Their finest moment to date is undoubtedly the 'Big Man's Shoes' single, a debut that sold out its initial pressing of 1,500 within weeks of its first airing on national night-time radio, with little other publicity or promotion. Released at the same time as NME's 'C86', it shared the latter's raw immediacy but possessed a carefully-crafted harmonic strength and

subtlety that set it aside.

Lyrical, the single pulled no punches, being a stinging attack on macho sensibilities, as wordsmith Gary explains.

"The song is about putting people on pedestals who shouldn't be there. People mug old ladies and become local cult heroes because they're put inside for six months. It's a criticism of big men, from football hooligans to wife beaters. It could even be a criticism of big men with drink, people who think it's smart to be able to drink someone under the table.

"I hate that 'one of the lads' mentality. Sometimes I think I can't blame the people who are like that, because it's to do with their conditioning. But we were all brought up the same way as them and we're not like that, so it is fair to criticise that mentality."

While the follow-up to 'Big Man', a double A-sided single featuring 'Brainwashed And Blowdried' and 'Come Home', failed to outshine its memorable predecessor, a John Peel session surely due for repetition confirmed their thoughtful songwriting potential. According to Kelly, the support of Uncle John was an unexpected fillip so early in their career.

"It was a real buzz for us to do a radio session. I mean, we're just four guys from Perth. We've never had any big shits from Glasgow putting us in leather trousers and grooming us. We're not interested in massive fame or money, as long as we've got enough to record our next single. If we sell a lot of records obviously we're not going to complain about it, but the most important thing is simply that our records are out there and available. The best buzz was when we actually got that first single in our hands. Just to have the opportunity of putting on that single before we went out on a Saturday night was a brilliant feeling."

If The Relations' honesty borders on the charmingly naive, it would be wrong to write the band off as complete 'teuchters', hicks from the Perthshire sticks. Once the talk turns to politics, it becomes clear that an aggrieved sense of realism burns inside these highland hearts. Vinny takes up the topic of Scottish patriotism.

"We're proud of our Scottish heritage, but not in the same way as Stuart Adamson. His patriotism comes out in his writing, the romantic view of the clansman standing on a misty moor. That's a load of nonsense. He might as well wear a kilt and sing about the Loch Ness monster!

"But, seriously, there is a strong case for Scotland to be self-governed. When the Tories can win only 12 seats out of 72, they hardly have the right to rule Scotland. It's disgusting when you think that hundreds of old people in Scotland are going to die of hypothermia this winter because they can't afford their electricity bills. Margaret Thatcher would probably say that we should be more used to the cold. The fact is that Scotland gets a raw deal because it hasn't got any voice in parliament."

The Relations themselves reckon they got a raw deal of sorts when they were lumped into another magazine's shambling (*sic*) special in the summer. While they remain proudly independent and acknowledge that other bands might share that attitude, they are not ready yet to bow to any bogus movement-makers, as Neil concludes.

"The independent scene is more diverse now. There are more bands and more labels. But there is a lot of crap just riding on the back of the independent chart. I mean, we don't want to attract people by doing impersonations of the Buzzcocks or the Velvet Underground. There has to be more to it than that."

Hardly the talk of a band destined to remain Poor Relations too much longer.

AT

Homage To Caledonia

Writing in Scotland is at cultural war with "the obnoxious prats" of the literary establishment. In London and Oxford a citadel has been erected around the written word, and the Scottish language doesn't quite fit. DON WATSON talks to ALASDAIR GRAY, AGNES OWENS and JAMES KELLMAN, three writers who want to tear the citadel down. Photos by IAIN WHITE.

IN 'DANCE Stance', Dexys Midnight Runners spat out the most venomously perfect riposte to all those thick Irishman jokes: "He ain't heard about Oscar Wilde and Brendhan Behan, Sean O'Casey, George Bernard Shaw, Samuel Beckett, Gene O'Neil, Edna O'Brien and Lawrence Sterne."

A Scot trying to defend his heritage against the usual stereotypes — of drunkenness, dourness and violence, head-butts and the stuff of Hogmanay TV shows — might have less effect. Who indeed has heard of Hugh MacDiarmid, Alexander Trocchi or Sorley MacLean?

It's certainly not that the Scottish writers are in any way inferior, internationally they're held in high regard. MacDiarmid and MacLean are known as European precursors of the wild spirit of the American Beat Poets like Robert Creeley and Allen Ginsberg. Alexander Trocchi achieved a level of respect and notoriety both in America, with *Cain's Book*, his novel of heroin addiction, and in Europe, where the dark and minimal *Young Adam* and his fantasy of razor city Glasgow and semi-religious S & M cults, *Things*, were published on the famous Olympia Press, alongside Beckett and Joyce.

Yet in Britain they remain little known and under-celebrated for the lack of a sanction from within the walls of the rotting citadel that is the English Literary Establishment. In the years to come will Glasgow's current crop of writers — Alasdair Gray, James Kellman and Agnes Owens — be similarly reduced to minor footnotes in the great and noble march of the English novel? Or will the citadel have crumbled under the weight of overwhelming international apathy?

One of the main weapons used by the overweight Oxbridge inside the citadel, to marginalise the effect of those outside, is classification. It's a weapon used effectively against the interesting English writers: J.G. Ballard writes science fiction, Mike Leigh and Alan Bleasdale write TV plays, Howard Brenton and Howard Barker write pornographic plays, while Alan Moore and Clive Barker are just too lowly to be worthy even of stereotyping. Equivalently Alasdair Gray, Agnes Owens and James Kellman are 'Scottish writers', ie *ethnic products*.

Inside the citadel unbelievable words are spoken. Take a recent quotation from a 'new' English novelist: "I shrugged off studying English as being too obvious, instead I read History at Magdalen where the steps are curved like crescent moons . . . One day I will return to Oxford and pick apart the magic as a physicist would." I mean let's be honest — does this obnoxious prat sound of any interest to *anyone*? The publishers think he's interesting, but then that's perhaps because they went to Magdalen too and have always wanted a young novelist of their own to remind them of those halcyon days.

Outside the citadel different words are spoken:

"helluva hard tay read theez init, stull, if yi canny unnirston thim jiss clear aff then, gawn, get tay fuck ootma road

"ahmaz goodiz thi lota yiz so ah um ah no whit ahm dayn tellnyi jiss try enny a yir fly patir wi me stick thi bootnyi good style,

so ah wull"

(*Good Style* by Tom Leonard)

AGNES OWENS, Alasdair Gray and James Kellman, and indeed the poet Tom Leonard, are not 'Scottish writers', they are simply a few of the most interesting writers currently working in Britain. The fact that they live in Scotland does have something to do with it.

To a Scotland that continually returns a Labour majority, the goings on of the ruling Conservative country seem increasingly ridiculous and its class-based literary scene even more so. Scotland by inclination is less a part of Britain and more a part of the world.

"You have to be an outsider," says Gray, "to realise that a great amount of English literature is written in Oxbridge dialect, because it isn't recognised in most circles that Oxbridge talks with a dialect, they think they're the Queen's English, other people have dialects. The greatest clue to it is the English dictionary, because it has phonetic spellings which are how the Queen really speaks, which is how we all should speak. And some of them really are quite ludicrous. It's like seeing the old BBC broadcasts of the '50s.

"Of course things aren't quite that ridiculous, but people still assume that the language spoken by the people of power is (adopts resounding tone, rolling a few plums in his mouth) 'The language of Shakespeare and Milton' and that they went around saying (adopts pinched tones) 'Good evening!'"

"The most amusing thing," adds Kellman, "is the way the middle class English react when they see an American production of a Roman drama and they do it in American accents, as if it was OK when Leslie Howard spoke Latin because that's the way they must have spoken in those days. But Marlon Brando is another matter. Although Cicero himself never did actually live in England . . .

"He was working on it," finishes Gray with a high-pitched guffaw.

What Gray, Kellman and Owens tell are tales from beyond the citadel, tales that reflect and reinvent life.

"They all write as if poverty is normal," reads the cover to the collection of their short stories *Lean Tales*, "but poverty is no more the theme of their writing than a fixed income is the theme of Jane Austen."

Perhaps the closest to realism, and in a lot of ways to reality, is Agnes Owens, a warm Glasgow woman with a lived in face and a lived in house. When not writing, she supports the unemployed amongst her seven children by earning a living as what James Kellman describes as a Mrs Mop.

Once, in the hope that it might help in securing a publisher for her book *Gentlemen Of The West*, she sent the manuscript to Billy Connolly.

"Just 'cause I always thought he wiz great," she says. She was later able to reclaim the unread book when she secured a job as his house cleaner.

In fact *Gentlemen Of The West* has something in common with early Connolly — the ex-shipworker from Govan not the later showbiz Connolly who hangs around with Jimmy Tarbuck — in the sense that its observation and timing bring a humour to a sad reality:

"I was taking a slow amble along the river bank. The weather was fine, one of those spring mornings that should gladden anyone's heart. The birds were singing, the trees were budding and the fishing season had started, but I was feeling lousy. The scar in my temple and the cuts round my mouth were nipping like first degree burns. My neck felt like a bit of hose pipe and the lump on the back of my head was so tender that even the

slightest breeze lifting my hair made me wince. My mother's remark, 'You Look like Frankenstein,' had not been conducive to social mixing, but since I wanted someone to talk to I decided to look up my old china Paddy McDonald because at times he could be an understanding man if he was not too full of the jungle juice.

"I turned with the bend in the river and there on the bank, under the old wooden bridge, was a gathering of his cronies, namely, Billy Brown, Big Mick, Baldy Patterson and Craw Young. They were huddled round a large flat stone that displayed two bottles of Eldorado wine and some cans of beer, but I could not see Paddy.

"They did not hear or see me approaching. Billy Brown jumped up as startled as a March hare when I asked, 'Where's Paddy?' at the same time staring hopefully at the wine.

"Paddy's deid," he informed me. My brain could scarcely adjust itself to this statement.

"That cannae be true." Without waiting for the offer I took a swig from the bottle.

"It's true right enough," replied Billy, smartly grabbing it back. "I found him masel up in the Drive as cauld as ice an as blue as Ian Paisley'."

OUTSIDE THE citadel lie cities, forever regrouping and transforming, memories are rolled over for the construction of magnificent edifices of reflections, the structure and shape of life is changed.

"Things have shifted," says Alasdair Gray, "Glasgow, or the centre of Glasgow has been rendered a place fit for the middle-class to live in. This has been made possible by the closing down of the upper Clyde ship-building, the removal of heavy industry and the fact that the working-class are now drawing their Giros in rather horribly constructed housing schemes.

"The local government says that it can't continue to keep the standard of housing up because of withdrawal of funds from central government. All in fact that they can afford to do is keep the central part looking attractive for banking firms and Shell oil.

"Then of course they leave the working-class totally adrift by cutting the transport system down, so that you don't even have to see them walking about in the centre of the city."

The changing face of Glasgow is a constant pre-occupation of Alasdair Gray's, he seems so often to end up writing halfway between a real Glasgow and a Glasgow of the imagination, just as Kafka found himself frequently returning to the winding streets of Prague.

An elfin-looking character with an irrespressible store of enthusiasm, his conversation often spins off delightedly into a high-pitched, hesitant hoot of a laugh. Sometimes a question will elicit a tumbling torrent of words, coursing from one subject to another before it ends in an abrupt "Sorry", and he admonishes himself by muttering, "Rave, rave, rave".

His first novel, *Lanark* subtitled *A Life In 4 Books* introduced readers to the intriguing, highly detailed world of Gray in an imaginative journey through the Glasgow of the past and present undertaken under the twin guiding stars of Kafka and Joyce. In the process, though, Gray confronts every possible reader preconception, from the simple fact that Book Three of the four precedes books One and Two, to the penultimate sequence in which Gray himself discusses the structure of the novel with his hero while a critic makes snide asides in the footnotes.



WORD UP



GRAY

In the end the reader seems to have established such an intimate communication with the book itself it seems only proper that across the last page there should be printed a huge GOODBYE.

If *Lanark* displayed some elaborate typography, though, it had nothing on Gray's second novel *1982 Janine*, the sometimes chilling, sometimes crippling tragic story of a travelling engineer, as told from behind his eyes as he lies in a Greenock hotel drunkenly masturbating, trying to blot out his life with alcohol and fantasy. There's a page full of 'Hell's' for a point at which he comes by mistake, and, at the point when he attempts suicide by swallowing a bottle of pills, the page is criss-crossed by different voices, feverish sex fantasies intersecting with cries of suffering, while the voice of God squeezes in around the edges. It explodes with a page full of one of my personal favourite Scottish slang words, the splendidly onomatopaeic BOAK (inadequately translated as HONK or CHUNDER) before slipping into a series of blank pages as the character falls asleep. If it sounds like gimmickry, it doesn't read like it, the effect is to force the reader into close and violent proximity with the thoughts of a character in turmoil.

"The story comes," says Gray, "from a time when I was doing a writer/lecturer in art appreciation and was feeling quite lonely and cut off. But at the weekend I was paid to go and stay in a hotel in Dumfries and the meals and accommodation were paid for. It was the high point of the week, but also quite a cut off one, so often after sitting in the bar downstairs I would go up to my room with a large brandy and read and masturbate and brood and feel in general that there was nothing to worry about."

As so often with Gray's fiction, the reality leaks through, despite the character's attempts to keep it out. It's a typical stroke of Gray's irony that into the mind of this self-centred, Conservative character is placed one of the most impassioned tracts about the destruction of Scotland.

"It deals," he says, "with the way in which the major industries of Scotland have been acquired by Southern firms and corporations and then closed down and then the weaponry has moved in a big way, and these two are connected. The removal of shipping from the Clyde shortly after the entrance of the British and American Polaris presences to its bows have got *very little* to do with one another."

"I'm *absolutely certain*," he continues, trowelling on the irony, "that there's *no one* even in central government who has *noticed* this connection."

"In fact when one MP was questioned on the subject of the danger of the nuclear presence, he actually said that there was no important population centre within a radius of 20 miles. The fact that this radius seemed to take in all of central Glasgow indicates that either he didn't know enough about geography or, rather more sinisterly, he didn't regard it as an important centre of population."

Again in one of the most striking stories in the wonderfully imaginative collection *Unlikely Stories, Mostly, Letters From An Eastern Empire*, Gray finds himself writing about Glasgow.

"That comes from the time when I was writer in residence at Glasgow University, and in fact wasn't really doing any writing at all. I came across a story of Kafka's which included the line "The order to write" and I found myself fascinated with this idea."

The two writers in the story, one clearly upper and one working-class, wait in the new city for the order to write from the emperor. When the order to write comes it is to record the destruction of the old city in which both of

the writers' parents lived.

"At that time it was becoming clear that a new city was being built out of the city centre of Glasgow, one which centred around business and commerce rather than industry. In fact it was around that time when I was walking on one of the new motorway bridges that was awaiting opening. It was a bright day and I was feeling quite elated, looking down on the buildings and thinking 'Aye now you go away and be a wee tower block' when I was actually pulled up by the police. Now I didn't think you could be pulled up by the police for walking on something that your taxes had helped to build. But it was then that it occurred to me that what they were actually doing was hiding the old town from visibility, so that you'd just land in this clean city centre."

IF GRAY'S writing so often seems to revolve around a sense of place, James Kellman's, at least in the *Lean Tales* collection, revolves around the lack of it. These are stories of the drifter, sleeping rough, existing on the hope of the contents of a stolen rucksack, tales of delirium and of strange imaginations flourishing in late night foundries. The most theoretical of the three, his writing revolves around the communication of what he calls the "bruteness" of reality, it's seldom accommodating but it is adventurous and rewarding in the same way as European writers like Robbe-Grillet, Claude Simon or the brilliant Maurice Blanchot.

"The thing about English literature in general," he says, "certainly the literature of the Establishment is that it's littered with cultural assumptions. In order to break through them, you have to break through the tradition of the third party narrative. Within that framework it's impossible to write anything about so-called 'working class culture' that doesn't reduce it to stereotypes."

It's a distinction between spoken and written language which was overthrown in



OWENS

part of a general movement that has been going on with French writers, Russian writers, American writers, it's just the way that art progresses."

And inside the citadel they sit writing elegantly worded reviews of one another's books, distracted only slightly by the sound of the walls, crumbling:

"Its thi lang- / wij a thi / guhtr that hi / said its thi / langwij a / thi guhtr

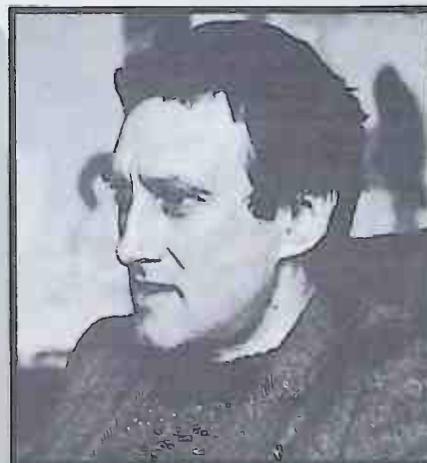
awright fur / funny stuff / ur / Stanley Bax- / ter ur but / luv n science / n thaht naw

thi langwij / a thi / intillect hi / said thi lang- / wij a thi intill- / ects English

then whin thi / doors slid / oapn hi raised / his hat geen / mi a fare- / well nod flung / oot his right

fit boldly n / fell eight / storeys doon thi / empty / lift-shaft"

(Tom Leonard from 'Unrelated Incidents' in *Intimate Voices*)



KELLMAN

America years ago but which persists as an issue in Britain thanks to the thickness of the citadel walls.

"The whole yuppie scene of writers I don't think are good writers, they don't seem to understand what makes Joyce a good writer, for example, although they think they own him."

"People like Martin Amis haven't grasped what's going on, he hasn't grasped the nature of rebellion in art or the changes. They live in this cosy little world of money, financial security and power, they go on with their cosy little opinions on each other's works."

"What the Scottish writers are doing is just

The Chancer by James Kellman is released by Picador Books in March

Like Birds In The Wilderness by Agnes Owens is released by Fourth Estate also in March

Gentlemen Of The West by Agnes Owens is in King Penguin paperback as are The Rise And Fall of Kelvin Walker and 1982 Janine by Alasdair Gray.

Lanark by Alasdair Gray is published by Granada

Bus Conductor Hines by James Kellman is published by Polygon

Lean Tales, a collection of short stories by James Kellman, Alasdair Gray and Agnes Owens is currently published in hardback by Jonathan Cape and will be released in paperback by Abacus Sept. 87.



SIMPLE MINDS, and Jim Kerr in particular, always seem to be 'out' when we phone . . . funny, that. But **LYNDEN BARBER** got a good connection, from Sydney to the UK. So we pick up the Simple story from there, and hear how they've accelerated their smooth passage into American hearts since 'Don't You (Forget About Me)'. Illustration by **IAN WRIGHT**.

Jim Goes To Hollywood

THE BIG Chill. Lawrence Kasdan's phrase summed it up perfectly.

That creepy shiver you get down the spine when you hear someone you've known for a number of years expounding some half-baked theory or philosophy you just know they would have screamed 'Bullshit' at the last time you met them.

If you've ever had a friend who's been bitten by religion, you'll know the feeling. As they're coming out with this stream of hogwash, you look at them in the eye, waiting to see if they're going to crack up and reveal that it's all a joke. But they don't.

And the funny thing is that you

don't know what to say. So you just look vacantly into the middle distance pretending to concentrate, partly out of embarrassment, partly because you know nothing you could say would make the slightest difference. It's not so much what they're saying — it's the fact that they're believing it that gives you the creeps.

Talking to Jim Kerr over the phone, him in England, me in Australia, I experienced the Big Chill. I knew he had changed — that much had become obvious when he appeared with the hideous Bryan Adams at the 1985 MTV awards, not only failing to be embarrassed by the plasticity and backslapping and allround wealth worship, but apparently having a whale of a time — but seeing it and hearing it from the horse's mouth are two different things. And for a couple of days after I'd had the chance to chew over some of the things he'd said over

the phone, I felt disturbed. That illusion of certainty about your place in the world that you need just to get by seemed slightly harder to maintain. If it can happen to him, you ask yourself subconsciously, could it happen to me, for Chrissakes?

We had spoken of the increasing amount of time Kerr had spent touring in America with Simple Minds, particularly since their mass breakthrough with 'Don't You (Forget About Me)'. We'd spoken of his increasing disillusionment with England, a feeling it was easy to empathise with. Seen from abroad, the British tabloid press makes England seem like it's living through the run-up to Nazism. But what seems particularly pathetic to the outsider — and Kerr, despite a house near Edinburgh once owned by Robert Lewis Stephenson, is so rarely at home that he's a virtual expatriate these days — is the small-mindedness that permeates British society. Sam's tits, Myra's corpses, *EastEnders'* Lofty. It's the reason why Britain is such a prime supplier of the

world's pop. Such an obsession with trivia must have some kind of creative, money-making outlet, otherwise the country would implode. Imagine life in a depressed Glasgow without pop or football to talk about.

Ah, yes, Glasgow. Just like any Philadelphian king of rap, Kerr has escaped from the ghetto and he's not about to apologise for it.

"I guess my heart is still there, even though I don't feel very British at all," he says in that rich Scottish burr that always manages to sound so benign. "I feel totally alienated with the media there. There's an awful lot of pettiness — that word wasn't even in my vocabulary a few years ago; all this moaning about stuff that's small potatoes. I just don't feel British at all. I don't blame anyone who leaves the country. When we toured we met a lot of people who'd jumped ship in the last couple of years."

Later, asked about his roots, he sounds

warmer. "It seems to have an importance down there. We all want to go back there, even when it's not necessary. I think we get a perspective there that is impossible to get elsewhere. Reality hits you in the face there. You see old mates from school, they've got kids and not only are they unemployed but the chances of them working again are virtually nil. I think I'll end up working there when the band stops. The cliché is, home is where the heart is, and my heart must be there."

SO MUCH for the heart, but Kerr's mind increasingly rests in America. And if we'd have listened more carefully five years ago we might have seen it coming: 'The American' ("Every time you touch this place it feels like sin"), '20th Century Promised Land', etc.

"I felt much better over there. America is so vulgar it's almost heartening. As soon as you realise how vulgar and corrupt it is, you get on with the job. You grow up a lot inside the period of a week when people tell you how it works there."

Kerr says he used to believe that if a British band got a big push in the States it was because a few people in radio stations and clubs liked the records they'd made. How quaintly naive. "I'm not saying you compromise, but you get on with dealing with the fact that it (ie corruption) is there. You have one foot on the inside and one on the outside—beat it at its own game."

How quaintly naive, part 2.

"It's more exciting than asking whether your record company's taken John Peel out for a curry to get your record played that week. I'm talking about people meeting in Cleveland and swapping a small paper bag that decides whether your record gets played. You can't take these people on."

Ulp! This is the sweet, good-natured, slightly naive and ever-so-idealistic Jim Kerr, the wee Scotsman who used to fix interviewers with a sincere look and talk mystically of swirling mists and golden sunsets? But of course, it all makes sense. You know, hearing 'Alive And Kicking' for the first time that something drastic had happened to Simple Minds. You don't make a move like that without some little gate opening in your head—even if you haven't noticed some of the dodgy stuff that's been slipping through.

But that's America. Imagine being surrounded by people who not only think there's nothing wrong with going for the big dollar by whatever means necessary, but whose most deeply sincerely-felt admiration is for the outrageously rich. A whole society egging you ever onwards to that Golden dollar sign in the sky. Pretty hard to resist if you're as wide-eyed as Jim Kerr used to be. You don't have to read very far between the lines to see that he's still the Great Romantic. It's just that instead of dreaming of the great spiritual unknowns, Kerr's become entranced by the most powerful romance of all: the romance of power.

The Scotsman tells a story about Sylvester Stallone, who, finding out another movie due to premiere in Hollywood the same night as *Cobra* was to start half an hour earlier, cut 30 minutes from his own movie just to beat the rival to the punch. Ignoring the obvious point that 30 minutes less of Sly's pigshit grunting is a marginal improvement to the world's state of well being, I'm disturbed by the implications of this little anecdote. Kerr seems to delight in the recounting as if it was something to be bloody well admired. He doesn't think that kind of behaviour—almost a parody of the American cut-throat capitalist ethic—is less than utterly reprehensible, does he?

"What I'm saying is, give me the truth. If that's what it is, let's deal with it. It makes me a stronger character just dealing with it."

Nietzschean aphorisms notwithstanding, it's hard to deny there is a certain truth in much of what Kerr says. Any band that says it can work in the States without being touched by the withered hand of corruption is either painfully deluded or plain dishonest—witness the US independent radio pluggers scandal a year ago. And it's hardly as if the British music industry is a repository of sound business practice, either. Chart hyping, despite the usual round of official denials—round up the usual suspects—has long been accepted as a useful, even necessary, part of the hit-making machinery, and for any band to feign innocence is plain naff.

SO WHAT is this process that we lazily call "selling out"? What is it that allowed, say the Pointer Sisters to polish their manoeuvres without having to say they were sorry, while Simple Minds could only fill the big US stadia at the price of distancing themselves from their tradition? Is it the constant touring and consequent loss of perspective, or a deliberate decision to Go For Broke? A combination of both, it turns out...

"The period around 'Sparkle In The Rain', I didn't feel particularly enthralled by the whole thing. You do seven weeks at Hammersmith Odeon, and you think, Is this it? The band was at its weakest point for a long time, and we wouldn't admit it for a long time. It took a year off to think out what needed to be done. We hadn't had a real rest for ages."

The turning point came with the departure of Derek Forbes, the Minds' long-standing bassist.

"A lot of the songs were based on Derek's basslines, but we're not the same band any more," says Kerr.

"Now we've got a really great band that plays with feel. We're a seven-piece on stage now, there's a mixture of race, of backgrounds, Catholics, Protestants, Jews, a mixture of values. It's no longer the football team in the shower after the gig. I see it as almost a completely different band. I think we are on the verge of being really good."

Ordinary mortals might see the group's clamber to mass stardom as something to do with that old devil called moolah, but Jim, not unsurprisingly, has a different way of seeing it. The keyword here is not "money" but that more neutral phrase: "success".

"It's been an extraordinary year for Simple Minds in terms of success. That's a real challenge—it's that that keeps you thinking you're not playing a song for the 80th time. You think Glasgow's the pits of the world, then you get to Cleveland, and it's not! When all the people who've waited six years to see Simple Minds come to see you, you forget it's the eighth month of the tour. You can hear you're singing better every night, you become a better singer. There's a lot of freshness, things that two years ago I would have thought had gone forever."

But I'm concerned about this notion of "success". Doesn't it merely put pressure on Simple Minds to repeat that success?

"It's an interesting question. Nobody wants to sell less. I think we'll always make the album we want to make."

"In America, it was almost embarrassing, the number of billboards and ads we had. I think we've sold a lot of records because of the record. I don't think we'll go into the studio next time saying, 'We sold because of this and because of that'. I think we sold because of the melodies and because of the sound that Bob Clearmountain and Jimmy Iovine got."

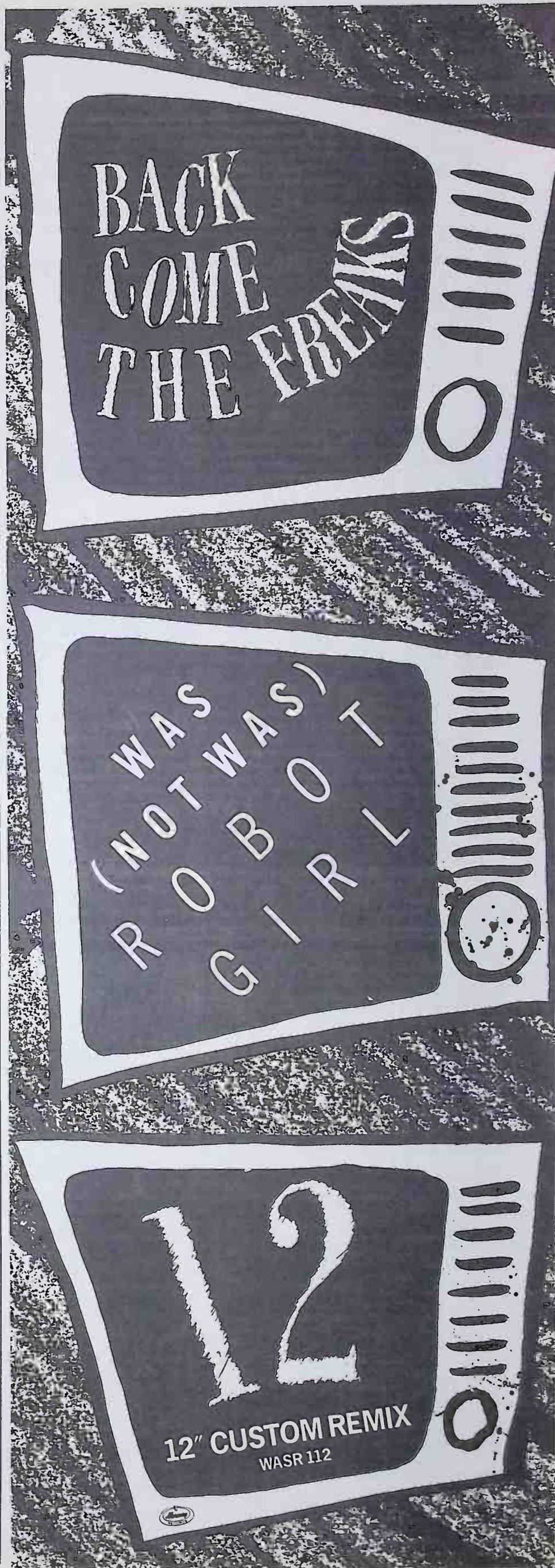
The accusation that the band have deliberately simplified their sound for US FM formats is hardly weakened by Kerr's following pronouncement, either. "I think we've managed to focus things. For people who didn't have time to listen to the band more than once, the thing probably did come across as a bit of a jigsaw."

"Over there (ie, the States), there are still people who know how to set up a band, mike up a snare, etc. In Britain or Europe it all seems to be homogenised with drum machines and Fairlights. They don't know how to deal with a great drummer. I'd rather hear the sound of Huey Lewis—the sound of the record rather than the content—than listen to King."

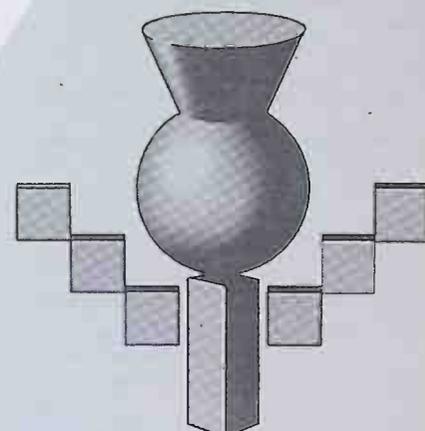
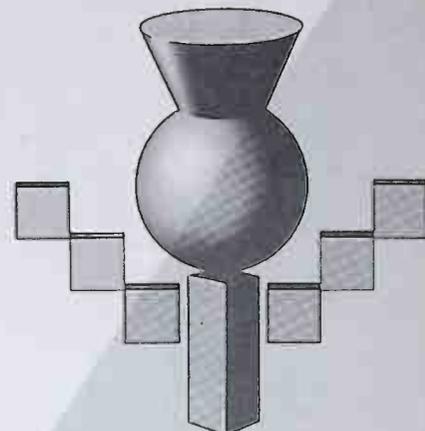
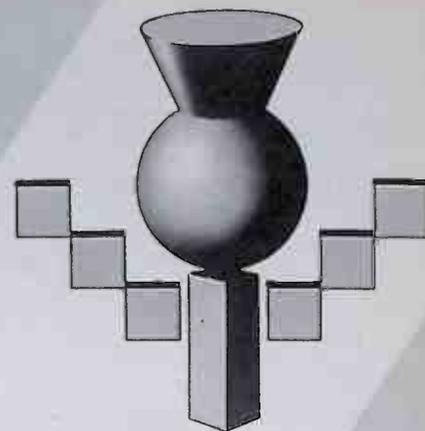
Well I know it's hip to be square, but I don't recall having seen any mention of King as a major representative of British pop during the past 18 months. I'd rather listen to John Cougar Mellencamp than Bananarama, too, but then I'd rather listen to Adrian Sherwood, The Woodentops, Kate Bush or any number of British artists than any formularised Americana.

Because that, in the final analysis, is what it all comes down to. The retaining of a British tradition of critical distance from American culture, a tradition whose strength has derived from its love-hate relationship with the United States.

Take away that 'hate' side of the equation, and you are left with Simple Minds. And no amount of Amnesty International donations or other grand gestures are going to convince me that the big, warm-hearted Scottish soul of Simple Minds has disappeared forever.



Can a supporter of the SDP still cut it as a working-class hero? Step forth GUS MacDONALD, one time militant shipyard worker who rose to media fame as the force behind *World In Action* and the challenging host of *Right To Reply*. ANDREA MILLER met him in Glasgow where Gorgeous Gus is the new innovative Head of Scottish Television.



Tearing Down Tartan

ONE OF the things that put me in a state of shock when I came back was when I read in the papers that Celtic supporters had been chased through the streets by Aberdeen supporters in Parkhead.

"This would have been unthinkable 20 years ago... Glasgow's now full of figurative painters and Aberdeen's full of guys who work on oilrigs!"

The real culture shock of 1986 was the return of Gus MacDonald to his native Glasgow to become head of programmes from Scottish Television.

In the past, STV has made many a self-respecting Scot cringe with deep embarrassment, and wonder, sickeningly, just what casual foreign viewers must think of us as a nation. My teenage years were baffled by banality: STV's output seemed solely directed at the over-90s. There was plastic Scottish country dancing; presenters who shouted things like "Waggle yer wallies and shuggle yer sugarollie watter" (described as "pure Scottish ethnic entertainment" by some joker in the press office) and a haunting procession of professional Scots; Kenneth McKellar, Moria Anderson, The Alexander Brothers, Andy Stewart—all of whose main aims seemed to be to bring the ethos of Scottish culture down to the level of a tin of souvenir Edinburgh rock.

This shameful media image all comes to a head on the one show which is guaranteed network every year, the dreaded *Hogmanay Show* where BBC and STV alike have in the past fostered every aspect of Scottish bunkum and Brigadoonism. It is a relief and a surprise to hear the new head of light entertainment, Sandy Ross, say, "If the only programme you see is the *Hogmanay Show*, the image of Scotland as represented to the world is totally false."

This overlong change in STV's approach to Scottish cultural—and political—life has been brought about by the arrival of Gus MacDonald. His decision to take on a role in

one of the smaller regional companies is surprising, especially when he was tipped for the same job at Granada (one of the "big five" companies who control and influence most of British broadcasting's output). As a top executive at Granada and editor of the award-winning *World In Action* with the sort of spotless reputation for fair play which made him the inevitable choice for programmes like *Right To Reply*, this could be seen as a step down in his career.

SUNK IN a matt black sofa in his impressive but bizarre Italian-designed office in the STV Glasgow complex, his reasoning was responsible beyond my wildest dreams.

"I had a feeling that the north of England might have had its day. The '60s were the heyday of that Northern self-confidence with Harold Wilson in power and all the likely lads from the north going down to knock over the establishment in London. It seemed to me that if I was going to commit myself to Granada I just couldn't see myself arguing convincingly that the next Olympic Games should be held in Macclesfield. I felt I could argue more passionately for the Scottish interest.

"There's an awful lot that goes on in Scotland. Scots are rarely in a position to see that, they have a rather distorted view of what's going on, and, I think, a rather unhealthy view of their own media. That even goes for the people inside the media."

It is undeniable that Scots have a chip on their shoulder about the way they are portrayed on television. MacDonald's initial quotes in the press bopped "tartanalia" on the head once and for all and have not only won him the respect and relief of viewers but transformed the company into an enthusiastic and energetic place of work. The only mystery is why it took so long—and why it took MacDonald to do it.

"I came from a generation who felt all of that was tacky. I have a Gaelic background as well as a lowland Scottish one and so I know that that kind of tartanry was never what the Highland clans were about. The whole politics of the Highlands went, as it's

been said, from demoralisation to Balmoralisation, and the invention and usurpation of that culture—the reinvention of tradition has always offended me quite deeply.

"It's because of a deep commitment to Scottish culture that I want to get away from those elements which have turned our culture into a music hall joke. It's a matter of taking it with respect. I don't issue cultural edicts about it and I've got people around me now who share some of those views and are going in a different direction at areas of Scottish culture.

"I think there is something a bit patronising at times about middle-class professionals in the media. They talk about 'the punters', and because there isn't as perceived a class difference in Scotland—they tend to blame the English for their ills instead of each other in class terms—then the middle-classes very easily assume that they know what 'the punters' want. As one whose relatives live in high-rise blocks I don't like the patronising view that they just want to jig up and down in time to an accordion."

THE APPEARANCE of Gus MacDonald as a "high heid yin" at STV is even more telling. Scotland, at last, seems to be turning back the tide of the "brain drain" of the '60s and '70s with many more artists, writers, film-makers, actors and musicians (both classical and pop) returning to Scotland and remaining here to work. (Lloyd Cole's brain is missing, having moved to Devonshire.)

MacDonald's presence, his conviction that Scottish television is on the way up, and his ability to generate ideas and enthusiasm has resulted in a binge of programme-making which is both interesting and of a higher quality than STV viewers have been used to. Past treats have included an excellent series of documentaries called *Light In The North* about the period of Scottish Enlightenment in the 18th century; *Hooray For Holyrood* and *Acropolis Now* around the time of the Festival, hosted not by fogies, but by Muriel Grey, Robbie

Coltrane and Jimmy Mulville. On the bizarre side there's Bing Hitler on kiddies cartoon show *Cartoon Cavalcade* and feminist satire from Nippy Sweeties as an alternative to the Miss UK finals.

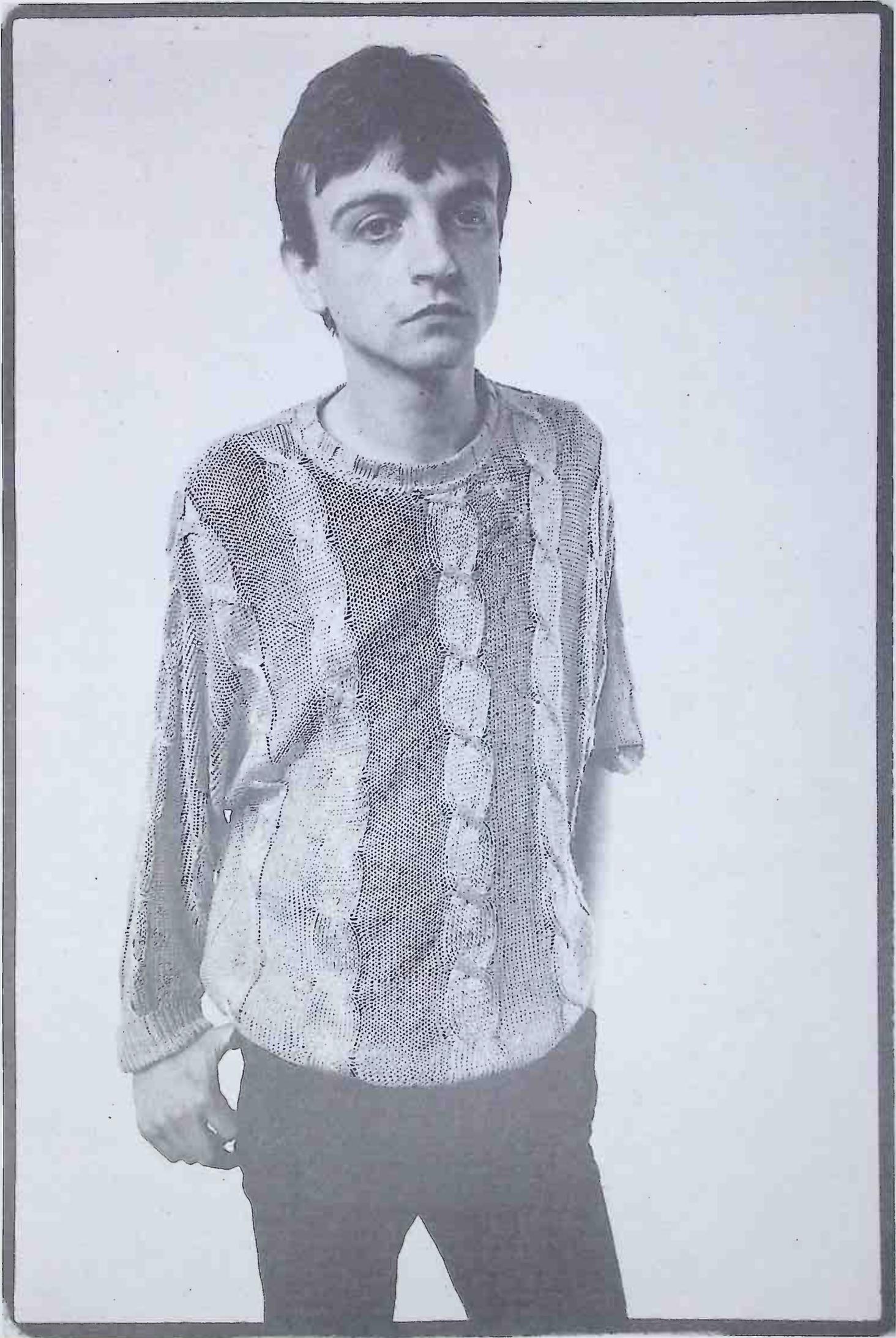
Sandy Ross, head of light entertainment at STV, is one of the newest additions. A former Edinburgh Labour councillor and senior producer at Granada, his line-up for *The Hogmanay Show* is hosted by the ubiquitous Muriel Grey, Bing Hitler, Jimmy Mulville and has music from Lloyd Cole and Big Country as well as more traditional Scottish bands like Boys Of The Lough. One has to wonder whether STV could be too bold and end up alienating its traditionally targeted older viewers?

Sandy Ross explains: "What we have to look at is what we're doing and drop the kind of programme we're making by a couple of generations to start to appeal to a younger audience so they'll continue to watch or even start to watch. We want to get away from this elderly image and rejuvenate the station. What we have no intention of doing is kicking off one kind of entertainment at the expense of another."

Gus MacDonald and Sandy Ross awakened a sleeping dwarf in STV, but it is their commitment to see the company growing in network terms. MacDonald still sees STV as a disadvantaged channel: "I think we've had a very poor deal from Channel 4 and we got a very bad deal from ITV as well. The big five TV companies control the access to the network, but the big five are English and Scotland's kept out of that. A lot of the stuff we make for the network is only done with their grace and favour.

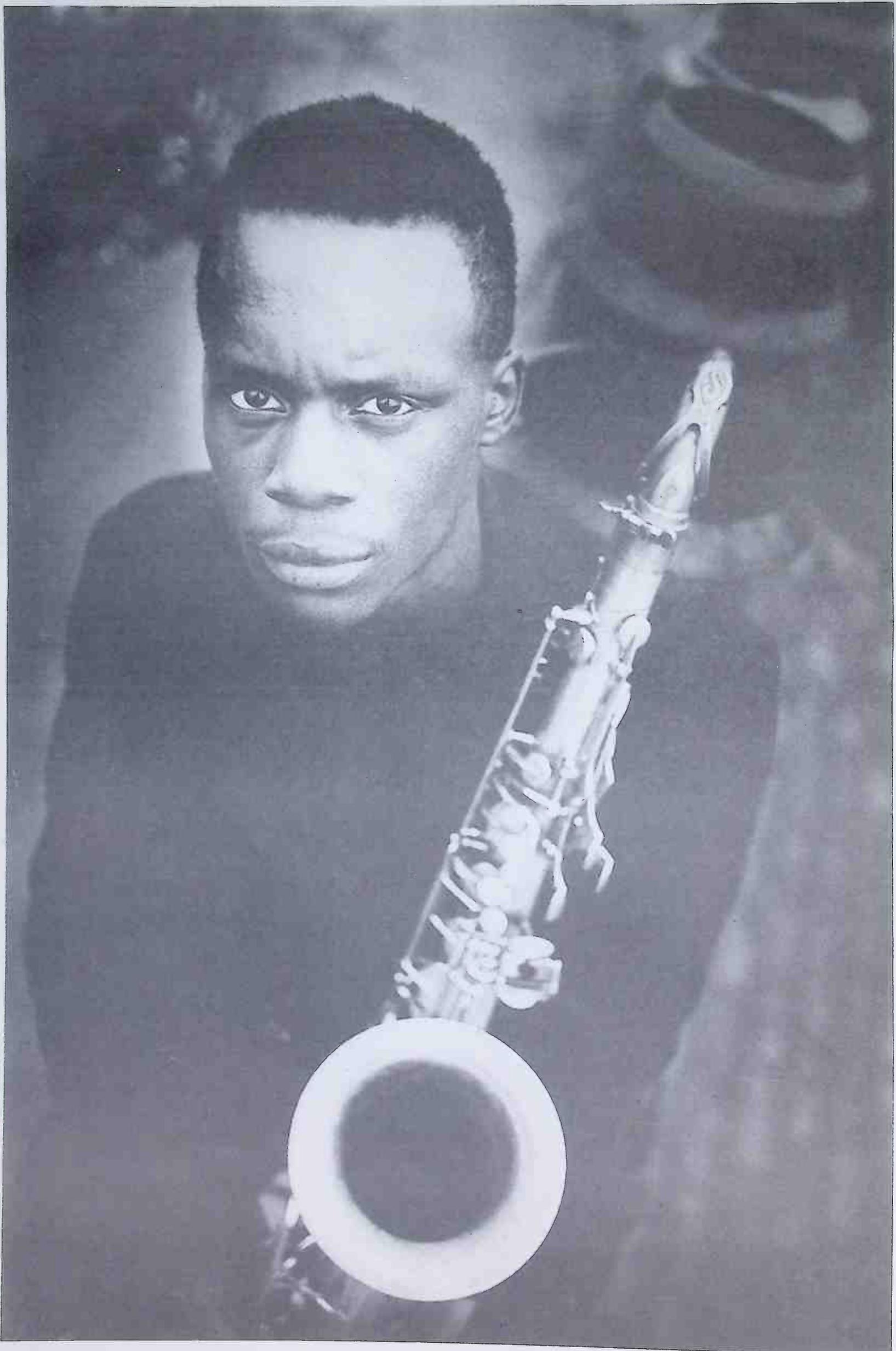
"I've swung money away from the more extravagant network things we might have done to make sure that Scottish news, politics, culture, religion and education are properly covered. I've then said to producers that they have to go and forage now to find money from Channel 4 if they want to do more ambitious things. What we don't do is suck it out of Scotland. I think it's shameful that a nation should be permanently kept in the second division of television."

NME PHOTOGRAPHS 1986



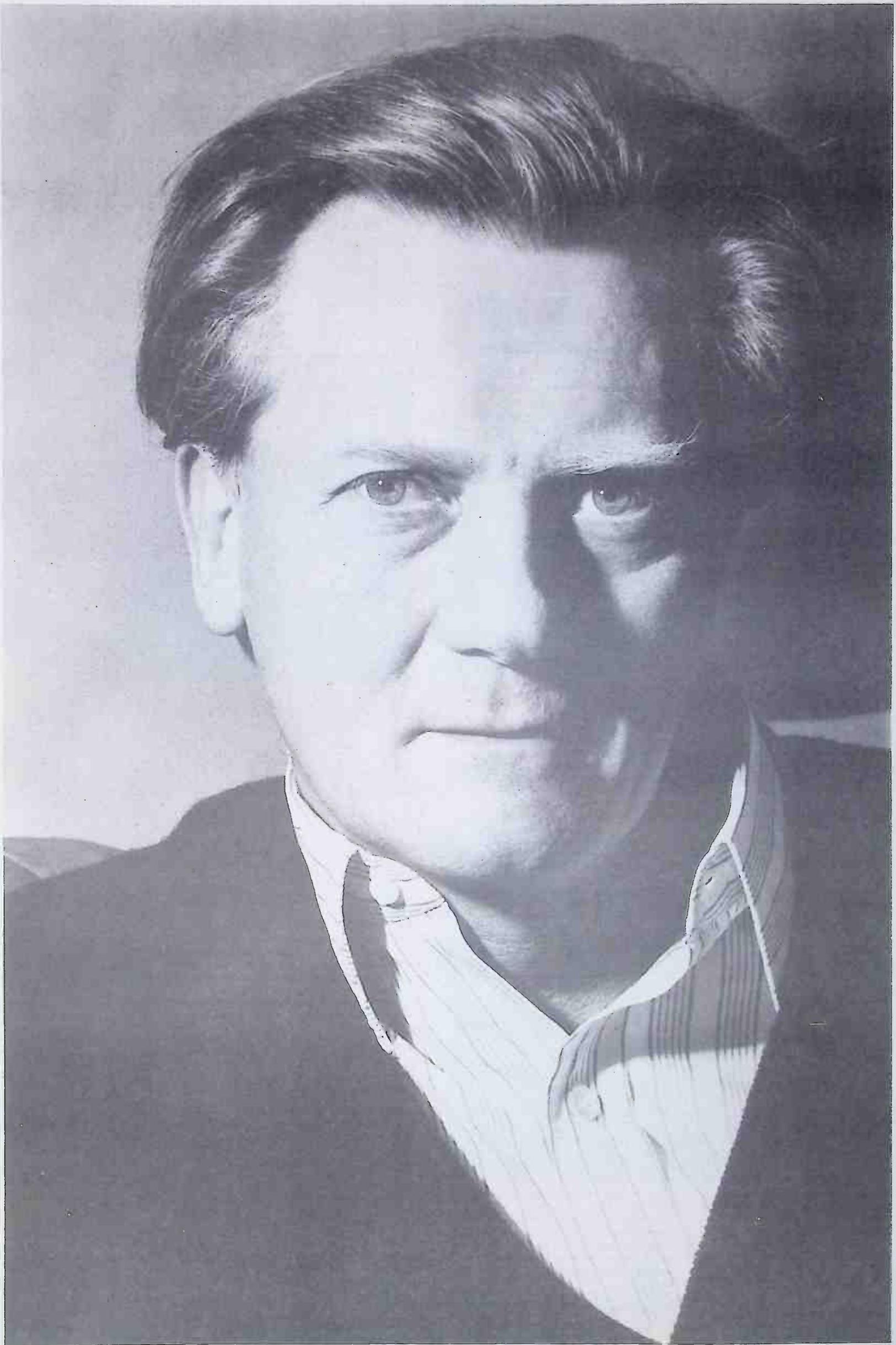
MARK E SMITH BY BLEDDYN BUTCHER

NME PHOTOGRAPHS 1986



STEVE WILLIAMSON BY NICK WHITE

NME PHOTOGRAPHS 1986



MICHAEL HESELTINE BY CINDY PALMANO

Robbie burns!

1001 things you never knew about Eskimos, Highlanders, and being one of the funniest men in Scotland. Corpulent blubberer **ROBBIE COLTRANE** is harpooned to a tape recorder by **DANNY KELLY** (below) for his life-sized story so far, while (opposite) Robbie celebrates Hogmanay with the *NME* and drops a few tales about notable clanfolk.



"... AND BEFORE they succumbed to drink and all the other advantages of contact with the industrialised world, the Eskimos had a really fascinating culture..."

"At night they kept this piss-bucket just inside the entrance to the igloo. A woman who wanted sex — their euphemism for it was 'to laugh a little' — would go to it and, as an amorous signal, rub some of the urine into her hair..."

ROBBIE COLTRANE — star of stage and screen — knows about pre-war Eskimos, and a lot of other equally essential stuff besides. He's not shy about sharing this knowledge...

"Most actors have no interest in visuals whatsoever. In fact very few of them have any time for music or film either. Seriously, most of them know bugger all about anything..."

Robbie Coltrane — comedian, pianist, scriptwriter and mimic — loves a story, a scam, a speculation or a surprise. He scatters words like a linguistic winner.

"I listen to Tebbit — he's the worst — and hear that little Battle Of Britain tremble in the voice, and I know that basically he, and the lot of 'em, are fascists. Fascists!! They really believe that working-class people live in subsidised housing and drive Jaguars..."

With Robbie Coltrane — writer and illustrator of children's books — you don't conduct interviews. You survive them...

"I was 13 in 1963 so real rock 'n' rollers were right out. Someone like Gene Vincent'd come on the telly and I'd think 'you boring old bastard, get off', the way kids probably do now about Phil Collins... Mind you, I think Phil Collins is bleeding wallpaper; wouldn't give him house-room..."

Robbie Coltrane — wearer of very large suits, funny man — is in great form.

AND SO he should be. After a year of continuous work, and success (including film hits *Caravaggio* and *Mona Lisa*), he's had a holiday. Mexico, no less, resulting in reams of snaps of ancient American cars (a passion for which Coltrane shares with the Mexican nation) and a weight loss of over two stones. And, icing on the cake, a stopover in Hollywood has left him in little doubt that *Mona Lisa* is currently Tinseltown's favourite three-reeler.

The Mexico jaunt was the re-entry to real life following six months of intensive work on a new TV series that'll start in the first week of February...

Tutti Frutti is a six-part drama centred round the fortunes of a Scottish rock 'n' roll group, The Majestics (who, on initial photo-contact, look like a collision between Showaddywaddy and the Dewhurst chain). On the eve of their 25th Anniversary tour of Caledonia's foremost fleapits calamity strikes; the band's leader, Big Jazza

McGlone, dies the ultimate 20th century death as his Sierra makes an unscheduled pitstop in the window of the local kebab house. Big Jazza's little brother Danny (providentially returned from America, and also played by Coltrane) is roped in as a nothing-to-lose last minute replacement.

Robbie Coltrane chose to do *Tutti Frutti* from the dozens of projects he is habitually offered because it has been written by (and is, indeed, the TV debut of) John Byrne.

"Yeah", concurs Coltrane, content for once to use his own (raddled, Scots) voice, "John's both a friend and one of my heroes, an amazing man. I first came across him in the '60s, through a story. He was a painter then, a bloody good one, and someone told me how he'd gone down to the London art galleries — y'know, the posh ones with the primeval Sloane Rangers and patent leather shoes for all — but been given pretty short shrift. So he goes home, knocks up a load of these really primitive paintings and sends them off with a covering letter saying they were the work of his father, a retired miner and self-taught painter.

"The galleries went berserk — absolutely mahvellous dahling, n'est pas? — and blam! instant exhibition mounted. At which, of course, Byrne announces that he'd done all the exhibited works with, as he put it, 'one hand tied behind my fucking back!'. Brilliant!"

Byrne and Coltrane have worked together in the past, most notably on the much-lauded *Slab Boys*, a play about three friends doing a mindrot job in a Paisley carpet factory. *Slab Boys* was bitter, taut, funny and forthright; *Tutti Frutti*, despite its title, is no cruise into frivolity. By replacing Jazza ("a big, vulgar, thoughtless extrovert", in Coltrane's words, "the big bad man, drinking and screwing") with Danny ("younger, more vulnerable") Byrne has prised open a classic can of worms labelled 'Accepted, Time-Honoured Models Of Male Behaviour — Glasgow Strength', and tossed it into the centre of the series' dramatic space. His leading actor approves:

"Politically, John's work is very real, so there won't be the usual bleeding-heart, conspiracy-theory, factory-owners-in-silk-top-hats, goodies 'n baddies type farce that typifies so much political theatre."

All the music in *Tutti Frutti* is performed by the cast. Coltrane (a fan of Prefab Sprout, the Bunnymen, Big Country and U2, and by no means a musical virgin) found the pre-production research a revelation.

"I play a passable boogie piano myself so I wanted to check what the rock 'n roll boys — Jerry Lee, Little Richard, Fats Domino — did different. I got the usual pile of books and videos..."

"What I discovered," he whispers conspiratorially, "is the difference between going onstage to act, and going onstage as part of a band: the latter activity is exclusively about sex! Sex and sexual display!

"When you're in a band — it doesn't matter if it's the fucking Bachelors — you're inclined to drive people crazy. Don't ask me why, there's just something about standing on a stage with a guitar or a microphone that compels you to be attractive, that even helps to make sure you seem more attractive than you really are.

"Even Sinatra became attractive — and he's an ugly little bastard with huge flapping ears!"

OFFICER MACKAY (*Porridge*, played by Fulton Mackay)

"FULTON MACKAY is terribly, terribly funny. In *Local Hero* he was nothing short of brilliant..."

"In *Porridge* he clearly plays the dour, Protestant, regimentarian, 'stand by yer beds, get yer hands oot yer trousers' archetype screw, but there's a strange edge to it as well. At the end of the day he has a very affectionate relationship with Ronnie Barker and Richard Beckinsale. The humour occurred in the tension between affection and authority. But, God, if half the screws in this country were half as nice you wouldn't have half the prisons on fire at any given time, like you have now..."

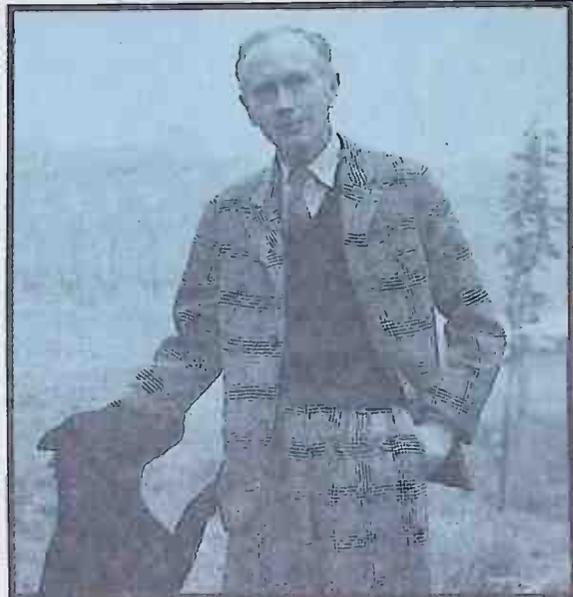


PHOTO: POPEERFOTO

SIR ALEC DOUGLAS-HOME

"AH YES! Now this, to me, is the real Scotland, the Scotland I love; lots of people who can hardly write their own name wandering around the moors murdering small animals with enormous guns, the Queen Mum fishing in the Tay and the smell of heather owned by people who live in Kensington and who drove the local folk off this land and eventually over to Canada.

"And of course, the second they set foot on Canadian soil they got down to the task of doing away with the indigenous Indians!"

LULU

"BRILLIANT... BEAUTIFUL... I've always wanted to get to grips with Lulu. So, incidentally, has Rik Mayall. I think she's dead sexy, the epitome of Scottish sexy.

"It's strange; people call her a professional Jock but she now talks with a Southern accent except when you meet her at a party. Then you'll say to her 'hiya Lulu, howzyer doon? And she'll say 'och nae bahd, big man, an' yersel'?"

"She married her hairdresser. I find that very sad."



"THEIR SYSTEM of morality bears no resemblance to ours... One day an agent of the Hudson Bay Company, an Englishman, was being entertained by a couple in their igloo. The lady of the house apparently took a shine to him and, business as usual, started putting the urine on her hair. "Her husband takes the HBC fella to one side and tells him 'my wife wishes to laugh a little with you'. Detecting the slightly nonplussed look on the white man's face, he repeated 'my wife wishes to laugh a

little, with you. I'll go and take the huskies for a walk..."

"To which the hapless European responded 'excellent, I'll come with you and give you a hand'; whereupon the Eskimo, enraged beyond control by the guest's incomprehensible and unforgivably insulting refusal to laugh a little with his wife, unsheathed a hunting knife, and stabbed him to death."

CONTINUES PAGE 27



PHOTO: ITC FILM DISTRIBUTORS

ROD STEWART

"OH DEAR, confession time ... funnily enough, I liked his early stuff. But he made a big mistake letting his assortment of love lives go public.

"He does all that 'orlight John? Course you sussed that ahm Scottish, dincha?' ... He had his heavily pregnant wife flown half way 'round the world so their baby could be born in, and qualify to play football for, Scotland. All of which seems *eminently* reasonable to me, especially if it turns out to be a girl.

"He is, without doubt, a classic specimen of Caledonian Trash. Rather like myself ..."

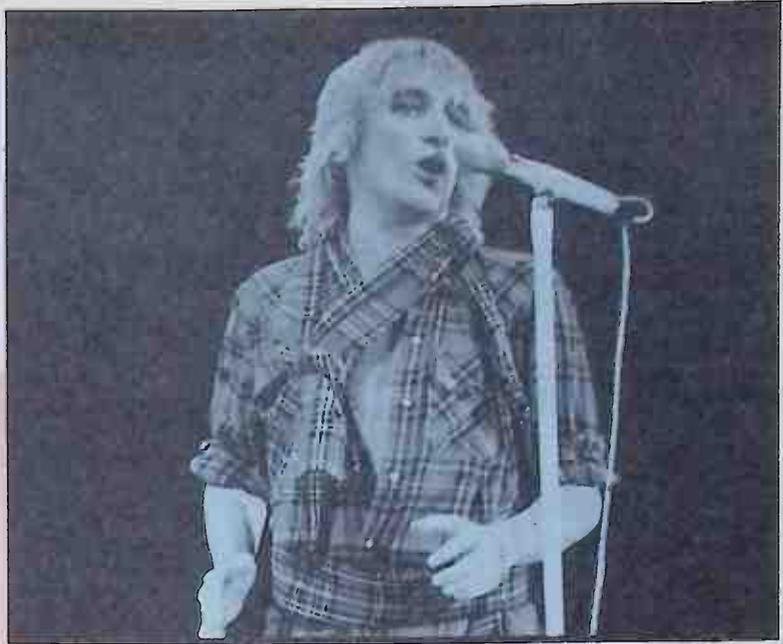


PHOTO: FRAZER GREY



THE BAY CITY ROLLERS

"OH MY GOD, what can I tell you? These bastards are everything that embarrasses me about Scotland.

"Actually the interesting thing is how much they look like the Droogs, the ultra-violent sociopaths from *A Clockwork Orange*. That's because the Droog costumes were designed by a girl from Scotland. The Rollers and the Droogs wore rolled-up naval trousers, which you could get then for 30 bob, and the DMs.

"I went to see *A Clockwork Orange* in the King's Theatre, Glasgow, and made the mistake of smoking an enormous joint during it. When I got out to the bus stop I was confronted by something like four dozen Droogs!!"

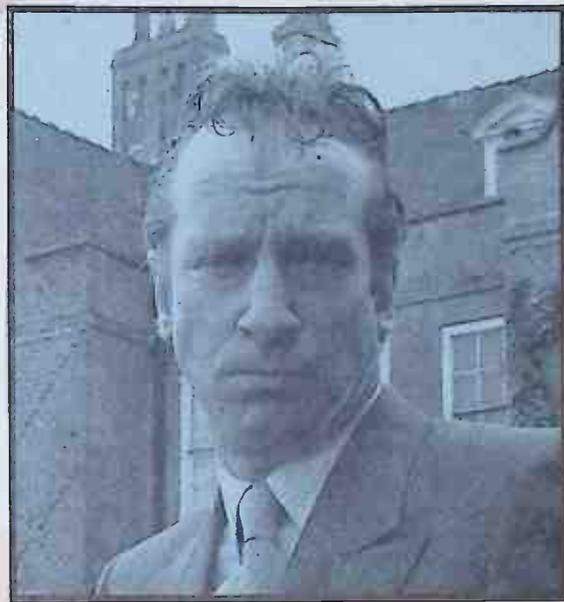


PHOTO: CENTRAL TV

ALLY FRASER
(*Auf Weiderrsehon* *Pot*, played by Bill Patterson)

"WHAT WE have here is your basic Scot as shyster, and nobody makes better shysters than the Scots ...

"Cos I was working, I didn't actually see much of this series but Bill Patterson is a brilliant actor, *brilliant*. He did a very similar character in John McGrath's very wonderful *The Cheviot, The Stag, And The Black Black Oil*. What's important here is the violent undertow, which Bill is great at. *Scares me to death* anyway ...



PHOTO: KEYSTONE PRESS AGENCY

THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN

"THESE LADS are from East Kilbride aren't they? We did a lot of *Tutti Frutti* there ... the local tandoori does a very passable prawn-in-the-basket.

"I really like them but I'll have to put them in touch with a decent engineer who'll do something about that feedback. Actually this group illustrates *yet again* Scotland's and especially Glasgow's, unique ability to deal with the *new*. They couldn't have happened if they'd been from London, I'm convinced of that."



'Trane Spotting



EDITED BY ADRIAN THRILLS

DURUTTI COLUMN
Valuable Passages (Factory)

SOMETIMES, WHEN you're kept rooted at one spot by something, you stay. None the more sure about what it was that pushed you there, yet never turning away. Could have been 'Never Known' giving new credence to sensitivity, or perhaps 'Spent Time's' catalogue of recollections at any journey's end but these passages just trap you. Like a collection of old photographs marking out points of progress, all that was once locked up now comes back for reappraisal. And, away from most retrospectives, stringing these selected excerpts together does make a difference. A difference beyond context.

Being valuable means you can check up on Vini Reilly's many faces; from those sandpaper echo-chamber tracts of Hannett-produced pieces, through grazing in forgotten European wilds, through upturning more of the wherefores and whys of chamber musics, through Fairlit passages that retain an essential pastoral edge, to complete about-turns that don't play on attack as the sole mode of change, of difference, of separation. His guitar-sound, the only constant, is almost unnatural; whether taking on the mantle of an accursed soothsayer ('Jaqueline') or searching amidst known raw-material for an exit ('Prayer'), or drenched in the undergrowth of swamp-jungles, bearing you up through swamplands, marshes and foggy moors like a 1976 Lee Perry dub ('Never Known'); you thrive on the way dismemberment and dis-location are kept in fray under such outwardly peaceful circumstances.

As if all this weren't enough, you get the package too. Letters set in Roman stone. Details. Bookwise binding. The Lot. All their finest micro-moments are accounted for. And you're kept still. Classics were never like this.

Dele Fadele



PHOTO: LEON MORRIS

Shinehead
ISAAC HAYES
U-Turn (CBS)

WHEN ISAAC Hayes first appeared as a solo artist in the late '60s he established a career as the pontificate pantomime-dame-cum-executor of the negro sex myth: all huge gold chains, pectorals and puns about chocolate chips and hot-battered soul, delivered with the thunderous tones of a ham actor in a biblical epic.

This was 'race music' larded with camp and thrust into the mainstream like a knobby dildo.

There it sat, quivering with libidinous angst, ambivalent and puzzling, defying you to work out just where Ike stood on the small matter of irony. It would be interesting to garner George Clinton's views on the issue, but suffice it to say that Hayes' magnificent 18-minute rendering of 'By The Time I Get To Phoenix' remains for me the greatest Country & Western ever committed to vinyl.

Now that Mr. T has appropriated most of Ike's props and reduced his glower to a sub-pantomime half-wit rictus, the great man has had to look elsewhere for his theatrical accoutrements. And, of course, he's gone for nice jumpers, smiles and the specific moral tone of the born-again American. "And I can't even watch Beverly Hills Cop - the VCR is gone," he groans as he reproaches his baby for her crack habit. "Is the pipe worth all that? NO!" 'Ike's Rap VIII' removes all the ambivalence (read: danger) from old conker-bonce and makes of him just another moralistic thicket.

Side two of 'U-Turn' sounds almost like the real thing. The pulse is slowly reduced to belly-crawl and the voice heaves like a dopey mastodon in a swamp, but all the tunes save 'Doesn't Rain In London' lack the narrative/poetic extravagance which made his cover versions such essential listening back when trousers were trousers.

Nick Coleman

SOFT CELL
The Singles (Some Bizarre)

DON'T ALL jump and answer at once. Why does this souvenir exist?

Oh, we all know about Soft Cell's drawn-out altercations with Phonogram and wished them buried and all that ages ago. We all know that a single is a single is simple is three minute thrills and cannot even start hoping to fit longplaying formats. We all know how things have moved backwards, in effect, since these, from some quasi-futurist leanings back to some pre-Charlie Parker era. But why remind us now of these fleeting glimpses at what might have been?

With hindsight, it's easy to see Cell's demise writ large in the words of floundering ideas and disagreeable cover-versions. 'Down In The Subway's' only asset is its weak double entendre, 'Soul Inside' loses out in hollow hysteria, and 'Numbers' is just that, soft-sell by rote. Books are hard enough to compact onto celluloid let alone a grainier medium. Yet these are the only glaring examples set on that well-trodden path of least resistance. Tracing backwards again, from 'Where The Heart Is' through 'Torch' to 'Memorabilia', there's a kind of dejected compassion that's only ever a learned one - the teenager, pitted against an ever more dispiriting family unit, flees to bed-sit-land, club-hopping and inner turmoil, then whiles away hours in extravagant visions of Vegas



ILLUSTRATION: JOHN GEAR

The Hoboken Kid makes it big again.

AXEL, SOX 'N BOX

FRANK SINATRA
The Voice - The Columbia Years 1943-1952 (CBS)

THIS MAGNIFICENT, six-album boxed set spans the second period of Sinatra's career. Having left his chores with the big bands behind him, he'd become a bobbysox idol, but one with then young blue eyes set on horizons most pundits would have rated as unobtainable. It was a time when Frank began setting new standards, recording mainly material penned by the great songwriters - Gershwin, Arlen, Carmichael, Rodgers-Hart etc. - and phrasing each of their creations in such a way that they instantly became his property. He was unbelievably sexy, a creator of romantic illusion. He bent notes into sighs, turned tunes into times to swoon. America's available womanhood adored him. He, in turn, vocally seduced them as they perched at the Paramount, then New York's temple of swoonology.

But, unlike most other teen matinee idols, he rapidly became the darling of the critics and musicians too. A true phe-

nomenon, his success owed much to the arrangements of his long-time friend Axel Stordahl, with whom he'd worked in the Tommy Dorsey band. One of the most underrated of arrangers, Stordahl was the master at underlining every nuance of Sinatra's vocals. He sketched sounds subtly, yet individually. He presented no distractions yet, when listened to as a separate entity, each of his scores sat up and begged for attention. If Sinatra presented unsurpassable melodic portraits, Stordahl supplied frames that possessed a value of their own. It was a time when the Sinatra voice had more purity, more range. And if he was later to move on to develop further interpretative powers, then, in other ways, the music he made during his years with Columbia was unsurpassable.

Virtually everything on display here is of value, but forced to pick a handful of tracks to hang a dream on, I'd pocket 'Nevertheless' with its brandy-warm Billy Butterfield trumpet obligato; 'Sweet Lorraine', an all-star affair that finds Sinatra breezily bopping in the company of such jazz masters as Nat Cole, Coleman Hawkins and Buddy Rich; a laid-back 'Mean To Me' on

which Hoboken's finest hitches up his raincoat collar to ease his way onto 3am streets; and 'One For Baby', where blues meet booze to provide an all-time saloon anthem. Equally, the brass-blessed 'Birth Of The Blues' and the blueprint for balladry that is 'Why Try To Change Me Now', two of the final kiss-offs to Columbia and cuts that showed that, stylewise, Sinatra's times were a-changin', are as indispensable as a cliff to a lemming.

Then, hell! Who am I kidding? I couldn't just reach out for a handful of these classics and leave these and leave the others behind. Apart from a couple of show tunes that should have been left in a some Broadway depository box and despite the omittance of the incomparable Sinatra-Pearl Bailey 'A Little Learning' duet, this is a faultless set. Place it next to your Billie Holiday favourites, Peggy Lee's 'Black Coffee' and the best of Sinatra's own Capitol sides, then lie back content in the knowledge that, in terms of timeless music from a former era, nobody's going to ace you - ever!

Fred Dellar

GREGORY ABBOTT
Shake You Down (CBS)

NOT SURE who Gregory Abbott is. Sounds a bit like Lillo Thomas, a bit like Michael Jackson, a bit like Ronald Isley with his teeth out. Looks like a Florida Maserati salesman: somewhat racially amorphous, devilishly handsome, rather like those Miami Vice chappies.

The music? Well, it's sort of frothy and sophisticated like a

soufflé. 'I Get The Feeling' (It's Over)' is the best track (ironical, eh!!!). It's got a nice tune that builds up well to a really soulful climax when you really do get the feeling 'it's over!!!' My mum (my best girlfriend, of course) knows nothing about today's music and she wouldn't know Lillo Thomas if he bit her on the bum, but she says Gregory Abbott sounds like Leo Sayer with even more feeling!!! And you can't get any better than that, can you?

Nick Coleman

and silent-movies, where things are forever less complicated.

It's on these seven salvos that their wilfully marred reworkings of Northern Soul themes and pioneering electro-jolts actually seethe and settle and change colour. Low technology classics is what they were: cod orchestral pieces in tow with a voice that fell sharply, rolled along on its edge and became disagreeable only when its momentum ran down. And yet no one's allowed them the courtesy of a compilation - that would air-

mark their intense absorption in the task they'd undertaken, never lifting eyes, without the stomping ever seeming mechanical. Sure the crafting and the craftiness of it is laudable, but why glide down to meat-market level, on the rack...

So, mixed emotions. 'Singles' may mark youth's passing for some, might be a stage in someone else's development, hastily drawn plans or discarded blueprints, but it's about as much use as rancid grease these days.

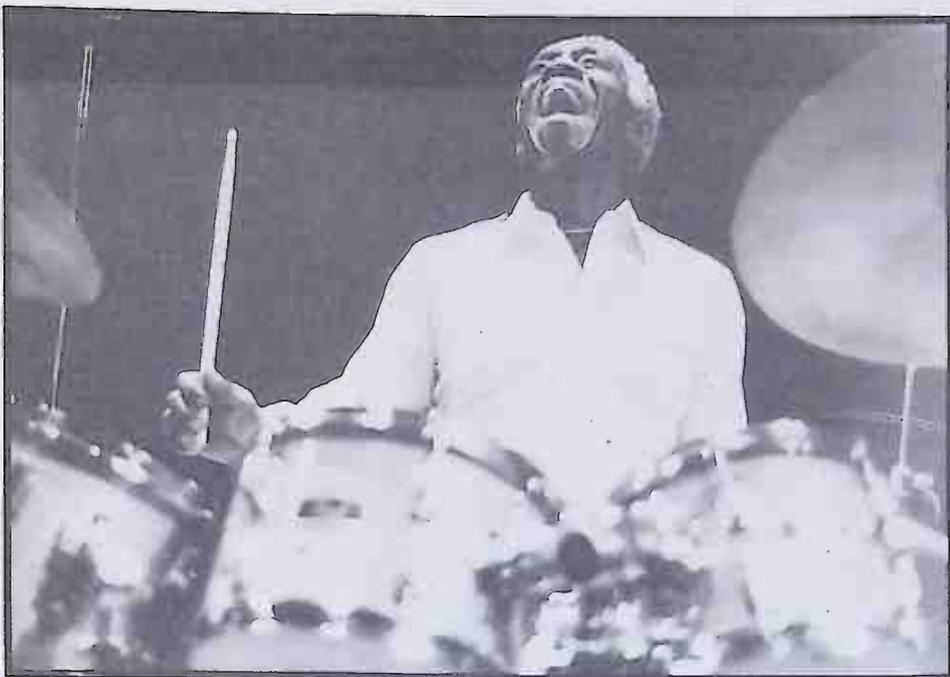
Dele Fadele

VARIOUS PUPILS
Grange Hill—The Album
(BBC)

PHIL REDMOND is probably the most important man in the world. Creator of *Brookside*, *Going Out* and *Grange Hill*, the man who single-handedly dragged TV into the '80s and built an empire out of human suffering, he is rarely seen these days, preferring to lurk in his Swiss mountain hideaway and issue shadowy directives to his minions. And from Redmond Global we now have a new project, 'Grange Hill—The Album'. And bloody weird it is too.

Quite well produced, affording a range of contemporary musical styles, this is almost like a real pop record. It is lots better than Nick Kamen or Nik Kershaw, and funnier than Duran Duran. There's Alison "Fay" Bettes' wistful 'School Love', the raunchy HM of 'No Supervision At Break', and the well dubious 'Biology', which is distinctly pubescent. Oh yes, there's 'Just Say No' as well — without Zammol! What can this mean? And there's a lot of fairly odd cover versions on side two like 'Rocking All Over The World' and 'I Don't Like Mondays', which leave you with the impression that Phil Redmond has perhaps not had his greatest idea. Conclusion: could try harder.

David Quantick



Art: pioneer of the one-stick solo

GOTTA LOTTA BOP!

VARIOUS
Blue Bop (Blue Note)

HARD ON the heels of 'Blue Bossa' comes the latest chapter in a string of Gilles Peterson compilations and 'Blue Bop' has to be the toughest, most consistent set yet. His 'Jazz Juice' LP's have been notoriously patchy, but 'Blue Bop' is an MOR-free zone that boasts six swinging tracks, lifted from a brace of collectors items, recorded between 1960-63.

Hard bop is the name of the game with the exception of two cuts from ex-Ray Charles sideman, Don Wilkerson. 'Dem Tambourines' is a foot shufflin' club classic, perfectly showcasing his bootin', gospel-soaked tenor, while the rarely heard 'Happy Johnny' smacks you all upside the head, dropping you into a riotous Hammond organ groove courtesy of Big John Patton.

The tough tenor of Tina Brooks weighs in with

a youthful Freddie Hubbard for the innovative twists and turns of 'True Blue', while that funky piano master, Horace Silver leads his excellent combo through 'Nica's Dream' — Latin licks spiced with an interlude from 'Down By The Riverside' — irresistible.

The choice of that hip-swinging blues opus 'So Tired' from the 'Night In Tunisia' album is inspired, Art Blakey and his Messengers never sounded so good. But pick of the bunch is Donald Bryd's live cut of 'Jeannine'. Those familiar with the Eddie Jefferson vocal version will snap up this rendition, over 12 finger-snapping minutes long, that must have had the Half Note Cafe's punters twitching in their seats and jivin' on the sidelines. Check out Mr Byrd's ever-soulful trumpet, and you'd better step lively when Pepper Adams cuts through with that big ole baritone sax. Whoah! Hot stuff.

Paul Bradshaw

RICHARD H KIRK
Black Jesus Voice
Ugly Spirit
Hipnotic (Rough Trade)

A MAN alone in his own studio. No clock. No eyes cast cash ridden over his shoulder. Do what ye will. Surely a recipe for supreme self-indulgence? Remarkably though, there are few moments between these three records when Mr Kirk becomes involatile.

The records, packaged together in spirit but not in body, consist of a full album, 'Black Jesus Voice', a mini-album, 'Ugly Spirit', and a 45 EP, 'Hipnotic'. The sensoria-around sound that we all know and love dominates throughout most of 'Black Jesus Voice' and in particular on 'Hipnotic'. It would be facile, and a criticism easily won, to expect anything worlds away from Cabaret Voltaire. And whether or not this is the purpose, I enjoyed these records (one at a time) because I enjoy the Cabs. Disappointment comes with the realisation that Kirk, Mallinder, Cabs are no longer a Cabaret Voltaire at all. No longer wizards of the blue wire. Producing a sound that isn't so different from that of two years ago.

There are crawling, tedious echoes of old film dialogue, but these are restricted mainly to the darker moments of 'Ugly Spirit'. Ugly child abandons the hip and the beat for more esoteric methods of communication — forgetting enjoyment and alienation in the process.

Stan Barton

KOOL AND THE GANG
Forever (Phonogram/Club)

SOMEHOW THEY are always there. In charts scattered with the fads of the age and the favourites of each new batch of school-leavers, we will find, as ever, Kool And The Gang.

Perhaps it is their wild lack of a personal style that allows them to travel across pop, refugees of the dancefloor, as songs like 'Cherish' and 'Joanna' and 'Get Down On It' return to the ears and you think, 'My God, was that them?' The real reason for their slow presence, their life at half-speed, is simply that for two-thirds of the time, Kool And The Gang are not terribly interesting. 'Forever' is one of those thirds. It contains some lovely harmonising on the title track, some very vague hopes for peace and love, and about one decent song, a reasonably active affair called 'Holiday' which bounces along happily and advises us once more to celebrate. This record is not excessively striking and soon I shall have forgotten it.

David Quantick

BRIGANDAGE
Pretty Funny Thing (Gung Ho)

"Peter Pan once said to me growing up baby means giving up your dreams." Brigandage haven't grown up. Brigandage still dream.

The image is that of leather 'n' roll, the voice is that of the past, Pauline Murray or Patti Smith, the music is firmly rooted in the tired old truisms of *passion* and *pride*. More often than not, however, Brigandage manage to breath some fresh life into these truisms, such as on the moving 'Pretty Funny Thing' or the Reed-like 'I Need Something Pt 1'. The sound brings back memories of the rockier side of 'Horses' or the Stooges, the lyrics hold references to pride in oneself, drugs and LOVE/HATE relationships. The production seems strangely tame, but the songs aren't.

These are yesterday's positive punks, and they can occasionally be very, very touching, mostly where the voice shines.

The Legend!



PHOTO: DENIS O'BRIEN

GP in TG daze

THROBBING GRISTLE
TG CD 1 (Mute)

NURSE WITH WOUND
Spiral Insana (Torso)

"REAL TOTAL war has become information war. It is being fought now..." Everything else that came up between '75 and '80 fades into mild diversion and ancient history, all power spent. Only TG carry on. And now Genesis P has put out a compact disc (of unreleased improvisation — though addicts had doubted there was any such): who for?

Of course he's first into such territory: of course he has a sense of humour and of proportion about such a move: where wide-boys and wild boys fear to tread, into the cutting ground of transmission, reproduction, presentation. But who's it for? Who'll hear it? CD-people are front rank in the unconscious celebration of Flight from Music and Fear of the Impact of Sound.

Nurse With Wound pick things up and pass them on: they invent samplers of difficult or strange operations in music and distribute them, away from light and broad worn leaves. TG said: Always change, from moment to moment transform yourselves. NWW say: yes, but before you do, listen to this. You haven't listened like this before. D'you ever listen to things the way you'll have to listen to these?

Who for? It should be an illegal question. "Music speaks for itself. Everything else is advertising." The presence of CD — as destabilising fold into a technological face of society — ought to scrumple everything up, ought to take the whole lot back to the drawing board. Try telling that to the fake Marxists glued into their phoney punk wars.

TG played for who would listen. Those listened are abroad to this day — Nurse With Wound prove that — stripping the guilty lacquer from the surface of things.

Mark Sinker



Cricket? In Texas?!!

MICHELLE-SHOCKED
The Texas Campfire Tapes
(Cooking Vinyl)

LIKE BUDDY Holly she comes from Texas and has crickets supplying her back-up sounds. Though in Shocked's case the crickets are of the true insect variety, chirping as the singer, part Laurie Anderson, part Woody Guthrie, runs through her repertoire for the benefit of a Walkman-toting admirer. A streetwise strummer in a rolling hills setting, she bluesways energetically through 'Necktie', boogies awhile on 'Don't You Mess Around With My Little Sister', nods and winks in appealing fashion on 'The Secret Admirer' ("she's got a sweet little ass... et") going musically zoot suit for 'Hep Cat' ("he's a saxophone, who'll rattle your bones") and boom-chicka-booming her way into happy hearts. I guess the Suzanne Vega comparisons will be the ones most readily grabbed for. But Michelle-Shocked is nothing if not her own person. And those crickets will never chirp in better company.

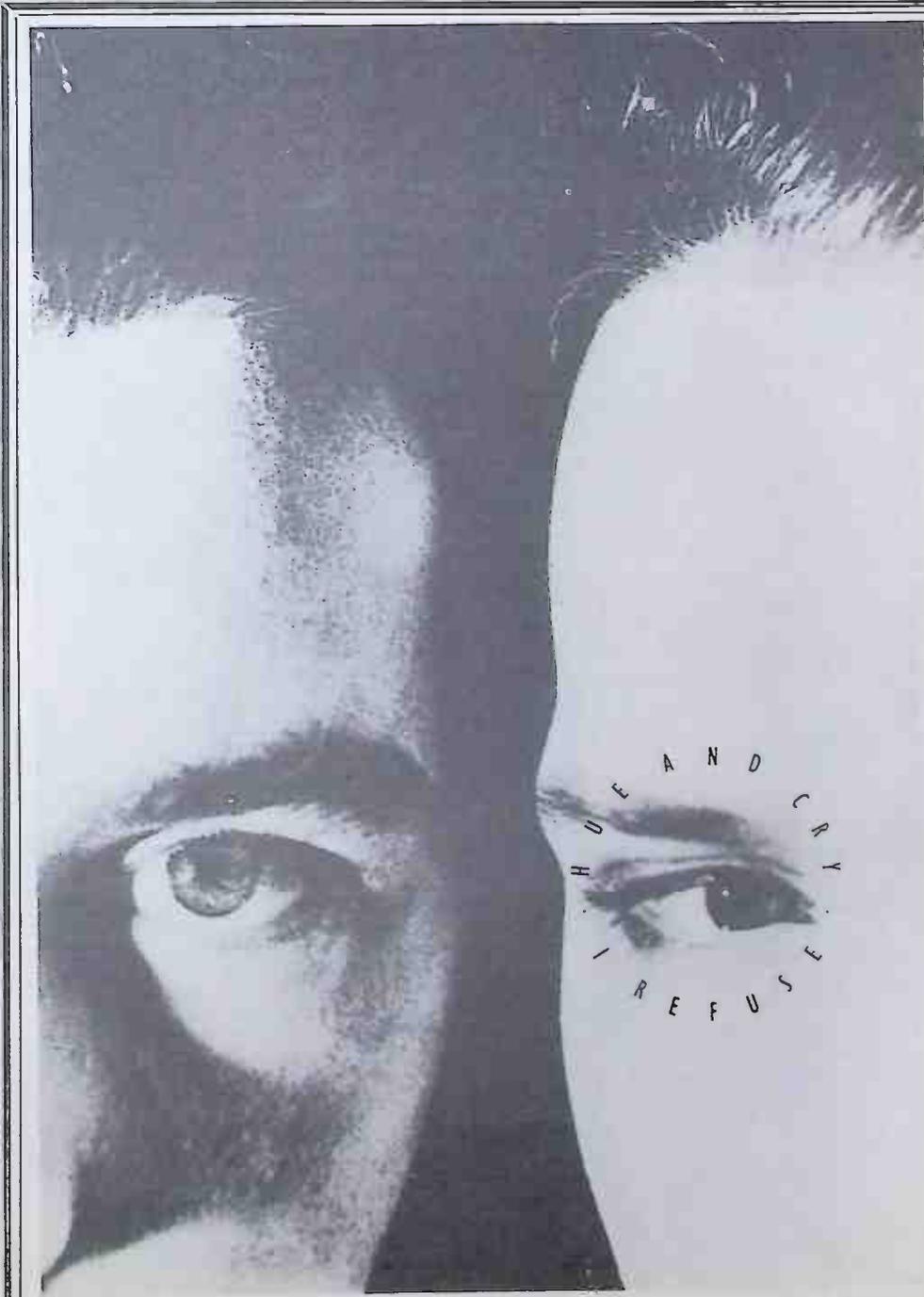
Fred Dellar

JERMAINE STEWART
Frantic Romantic (10)

THE HIGHEST number of 'thank you' credits I ever counted on a soul LP was 157 on a Jermaine Jackson sleeve. Jermaines obviously have the hang of this art, and Mr Stewart's list is fairly bursting with cute remarks and gratuitous famous friends. What they all did to deserve thanks I can't imagine — complimented him on his hair, most probably. Look at the wardrobe notes, Yamamoto, Gaultier, Claude Montana — no wonder he's in no hurry to take his clothes off, the little fop.

A golden rule — the longer and more gushing the 'thank you' list, the more likely you are to find the awful words 'Narada Michael Walden', usually next to Sri Chinmoy. The little Chinmoy sweep has done a passably lively production job here, although it takes some skill to disguise Stewart's patent lack of charisma; the man sings like a Tasmanian Devil interrupted while grooming. The Germ's attempts to match the manners of the Minneapolis Midget produce some queasy moments. On 'Versatile', he sounds like a cynical hairstylist trying to suck up to a blue-rinsed Beverly Hills matron: "You — are really — so — unique!". 'Out to Punish' starts off innocently enough ("You like my hair long and fine/I comb it 50 times") and ends with the backing singer being whipped. This man deserves to feel the heat of his own curling tongs, or at the very least, the sharp side of Janet Jackson's tongue.

Jonathan Romney



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	MON 19	CHIPPENHAM GOLDIGGERS
	TUES 20	BIRMINGHAM ODEON
	WED 21	BIRMINGHAM ODEON
	FRI 23	BRISTOL COLSTON HALL
	SAT 24	CORNWALL COLISEUM
	SUN 25	NEWPORT CENTRE
	TUES 27	LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
	WED 28	BRIGHTON DOME
	THUR 29	IPSWICH GAUMONT
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	TUES 3	TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
	WEDS 4	TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
	THUR 5	TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
	SUN 8	OXFORD APOLLO
	TUES 10	NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CENTRE
	WED 11	SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
	FRI 13	NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
	SAT 14	PRESTON GUILDHALL
	SUN 15	BRADFORD ST. GEORGES HALL
	TUES 17	ABERDEEN CAPITOL
	WED 18	EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE

ALL SHOWS START 7.30pm
 TICKETS FROM £5.50 AVAILABLE FROM BOX OFFICES AND LOCAL AGENTS

NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

WEDNESDAY 31

Bournemouth International Centre: Gary Glitter
 Burton-on-Trent Central Park: Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
 Cambridge Corn Exchange: Fairport Convention
 Croydon Cartoon: Little Sister
 Glasgow Barrowlands: Marillion
 Harlow The Square: Bill & Carl & Friends
 London Bloomsbury Theatre: Harvey & The Wallbangers
 London Brentford Red Lion: Mick Moody Band
 London Camden Dingwalls: Dr Feelgood
 London Catford Green Man: Juice On The Loose
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: A Bigger Splash/The Vulcans
 London Cricklewood Production Village: The Reactors
 Deptford Albany Empire: Geno Washington
 London Dover Street Wine Bar: The Miller Family
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: Wilko Johnson
 London Fulham Greyhound: Poison Girls/You & I/That Famous Subversa
 London Fulham King's Head: Jackie Lynton Band
 London Greenwich Tunnel Club: Denise Black & The Kray Sisters
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: The Satellites
 London Harlesden Mean Fiddler: Zoot & The Roots
 London Kennington Cricketers: Balham Alligators
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Howlin' Wilf & The Vee Jays
 London Putney Half Moon: Hank Wangford Band
 London Queen Elizabeth Hall: Ivor Cutler
 London SW9 The Plough: The Purple Gang
 London W1 100 Club: Tommy Burton's Sportinghouse Quartet/Ken Sims' Dixie Kings
 London W1 Marquee: Terraplane
 London Woolwich Tramshed: Richard Digance
 Manchester Band On The Wall: Gags
 Manchester International: Jive Alive
 Poole Mr C's: Ringo Chubb & The Screaming Toilet Fish From Mars
 Portsmouth Basins: Charlie Messiah & The Disciples/The Caravans/Shakin' Sharks

THURSDAY 1

Ashington Bubbles: After Midnight (lunchtime)
 Brighton Zap Club: Living In Texas
 Dublin AFX Hall: Simply Red
 High Wycombe Nag's Head: Paul Linn/See Silence
 London Bloomsbury Theatre: Harvey & The Wallbangers
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: The Ex Men/The Bed Bugs/Tongue
 London Fulham Greyhound: Dubious Brothers
 London Hackney Empire: Brown Paper Bag Brothers
 London W1 Gossip's: Howlin' Wilf & The Vee Jays
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard
 London W1 100 Club: Dog D'Amour/The Bounty Hunters
 Pontypool Forge Club: Tagula Spa

FRIDAY 2

Barking Brewery Tap: Steve Marriott
 Belfast Mayfield Leisure Centre: Simply Red
 Birmingham Mermaid: Potential Threat/Bedlam/Anorexia/Nuclear Shock
 Birmingham Odeon: Lindisfarne
 Bracknell Arts Centre: Barb Junger/Michael Parker
 Croydon Cartoon: Steve Whalley
 Harlow The Square: Tu Kan Dance/Out Of Bounds
 Leatherhead Leisure Centre: Fairport Convention
 London Acton Town Hall: Sandra Cross/Derrick Lenroy/Dego Ranks/Culture Echo/Bugle & Guests
 London Bloomsbury Theatre: Harvey & The Wallbangers
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: 1000 Violins
 London Deptford The Crypt: Living In Texas
 London Deptford Royal Albert: Juice On The Loose
 London Finchley Torrington: Morrissey/Mullen/Carr

London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: The Boogie Brothers Blues Band
 London Fulham Greyhound: Johnny Plinko/Dog Town Rhythm
 London Hackney Empire: Brown Paper Bag Brothers
 London N1 Bass Clef: Steel 'n' Skin
 London Putney Half Moon: Howlin' Wilf & The Vee Jays
 London W1 100 Club: Geno Washington
 London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: Psycho Surgeons
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard: Harmonic 228
 London Manchester Band On The Wall: Fourth Generation
 London Putney Zeeta's: 49 Scream
 Pontardawe Ivy Bush: Aunt Fortescue's Bluesrockers

SATURDAY 3

Barking Brewery Tap: Rent Party
 Birmingham Mermaid: Inferno/Heresy/Revulsion
 Cardiff New Bogey's: Cry Wolf
 Colchester The Works: Runestaff
 Croydon The Cartoon: Chuck Farley
 Felixstowe Grand Hotel: The Chesterfields
 Harrogate Centre: A-ha
 High Wycombe Nag's Head: Nashville Teens/The Press
 Leighton Buzzard Bossard Hall: Energy
 London Acton Bumbles: The Price/Snatch
 London Bloomsbury Theatre: Harvey & The Wallbangers
 London Brentford Red Lion: Juice On The Loose
 London Brentford Waterman Arts Centre: Barb Junger & Michael Parker
 London Camden Dingwalls: Root Jackson's Unfinished Business
 London Catford Green Man: Balham Alligators
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Cool Dizzy's Playhouse
 London EC1 The Three Feathers: Silent Arcade
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: The Larks
 London Fulham Greyhound: Living In Texas/Margin Of Sanity/The Help Engine
 London Hackney Duke Of Sussex: The Richard Ills
 London Hackney Empire: Brown Paper Bag Brothers
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: The Wiggsville Spliffs/The Caravans
 London Hammersmith Odeon: Lindisfarne
 London King's Cross New Merlin's Cave: Bryce Portlous/Wolffe Witcher
 London N1 Bass Clef: Taxi Pata Pata
 London Putney Half Moon: Wilko Johnson Band
 London SW9 The Plough: John Rancecroft Quartet
 London Tufnell Park Tavern: JCM Jazzband
 London W1 100 Club: Delux Blues Band with Danny Adler
 London Walthamstow Royal Standard: Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers
 London Wembley The Flag: Dot Dot Dash/The Great Divide
 London Wimbledon William Morris Club: Maroon Town
 Manchester Band On The Wall: The Norman Beaker Band
 Peterborough The Crown: Boysdream
 Salisbury City Hall: Fairport Convention
 Sheffield Leadmill: The Yes/No People
 Tamworth Rat Hole: Psycho Surgeons/Attica

SUNDAY 4

Croydon Cartoon: T.J. & The Dukes (lunchtime)/Hollywood (evening)
 Leeds Duchess of York: Hang The Dance
 London Bloomsbury Theatre: Harvey & The Wallbangers
 London Camden Dingwalls: Shush/Fleurs Du Mal/Back To Jordan/The Vulcans/Radio Fun
 London Charing Cross Road Wispers: The Triads
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Factory/Night At The Opera
 London Dalston Junction Crown & Castle: The Flatmates/Hobgoblins/Reserve
 Deptford Albany Empire: Bhundu Boys
 London Finchley Torrington: Howlin' Wilf & The Vee Jays
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: Iggy Quail (lunchtime)
 London Fulham Greyhound: The Macc Lads/Gin Blossom
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: Bryce Portlous/Wolffe Witcher

HEY YOU! Tryin' to do me out of a job, or sommat? That's right, you! The pop star, shamblers, jazz cats, band bookers and managers among you. Give us your gigs! Our guide should be the fattest, flashiest, funkiest barometer of what's goin' down all over this little island. A veritable bible, in fact. The festive season is traditionally a slim time of the year for live happenings, but we've always got the space if your gig wants a place. Send your listings to NME Gig Guide, 4th Floor, Commonwealth House, 1-19 New Oxford Street, London WC1A 1NG. Entries should reach us nine days before the date of publication, i.e. the previous Monday.

As for the next seven days, well it's looking fairly quiet, but I'm sure all you fans of A-HA, FAIRPORT CONVENTION, LINDISFARNE, SIMPLY RED, THE CHESTERFIELDS, HARVEY & THE WALLBANGERS or ROUEN, will find something to your liking.



Cut-out and keep, kids!! Yes, while away those post-turkey hours with the . . . er . . . gorgeous one from A-Ha! Photo Kenji Kubo.

London N1 Bass Clef: John Bennet Band (lunchtime)/Geoff Castle Quartet (evening)
 London Putney Half Moon: John Otway
 London Royal Festival Hall: The Miller Family
 London WC1 Yorkshire Grey: Georgia Jazzband
 London W1 100 Club: Mervyn Africa's Kaap Finale
 London W1 Cock Tavern: Aunt Fortescue's Bluesrockers
 London Wimbledon Theatre: Fairport Convention
 Nottingham Russells: The Shells

MONDAY 5

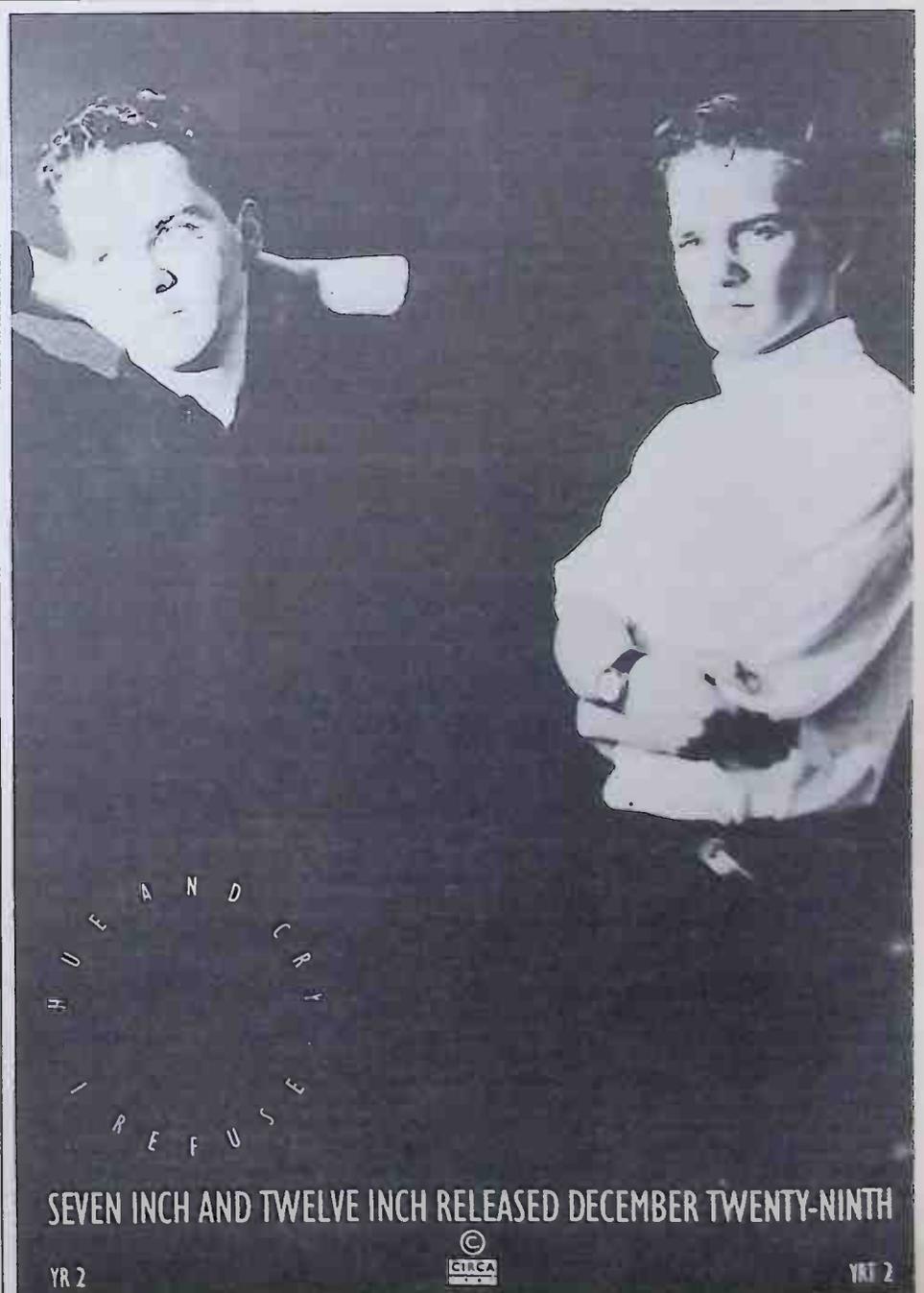
Banbury Moat House Fairport Convention

Croydon Cartoon: Snow Fox
 Liverpool Empire: A-ha
 London Bloomsbury Theatre: Harvey & The Wallbangers
 London Camberwell Union Tavern: The Wicker Men/Decadent Few
 London Camden Dingwalls: The Daggers/Auntie Vegetable/The Discords
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: Waiting For Gabriel/The Fat Lady Sings
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: The Doonicans/Cranog/Irish Mist/Finsbury Park True Blues Pipe Band/Mick O'Connor & Paddy Gallagher/Roland Muldoon
 London Fulham Greyhound: Underneath What/Solution
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: Greed

London Herne Hill Half Moon: Taming The Outback
 London Islington Pied Bull: Mississippi Slow Jim
 London N1 Earth Exchange: Barb Junger & Michael Parker
 London N16 Chas & Dave's: Pride & Prejudice
 London Palmers Green The Fox: Rory McLeod/You & I/Sian Daniels/Wandering Hands/That Famous Subversa
 London Putney Half Moon: Len Bright Combo
 London Queen Elizabeth Hall: The South Bank Editions
 London W1 100 Club: The Art Themen Quartet
 Manchester Band On The Wall: Dance Like This

TUESDAY 6

Cardiff St. David's Hall: Fairport Convention
 Coventry Mercias Sporting Club: Face To Face
 Croydon Cartoon: Lounge Lizards
 London Bloomsbury Theatre: Harvey & The Wallbangers
 London Camden Dingwalls: The Smithereens/Voodoo Child
 London Covent Garden Rock Garden: The Rhubarb Tarts/All The Madmen
 London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey: Khan
 London Fulham Greyhound: Rouen/One Fell Swoop
 London Hammersmith Clarendon Broadway: K-State
 London Kentish Town Bull & Gate: The Moving Venue/Blave Reiter/No No No/Mystery Guests/Jake The Pilgrim
 London N1 Bass Clef: Ajao Jazz
 London N1 King's Head: Barb Junger & Michael Parker
 London Putney Half Moon: Paz
 London Queen Elizabeth Hall: The South Bank Editions
 London W1 100 Club: GB Blues Company
 London Woolwich Tramshed: The Cats
 Manchester Apollo: A-ha
 Manchester Band On The Wall: John Cooper Clarke
 Nottingham Russells: Bugaboo



SEVEN INCH AND TWELVE INCH RELEASED DECEMBER TWENTY-NINTH

YR 2



YR 2

TOUR NEWS

CHUCK BROWN & THE SOUL SEARCHERS, ORNETTE COLEMAN & PRIME TIME and **THE CARLA BLEY BAND** are among the acts playing at this year's London Camden Festival, which takes place over 22 days, spanning March 21 to April 11. The Soul Searchers, whose steam-heat brand of go-go recently graced the NME Island 'Good To Go' soundtrack album, play Camden's Town & Country Club on March 26, while legendary jazz innovator Ornette Coleman appears at the same venue as part of Camden Jazz Week on April 5. The Carla Bley Band play the Shaw Theatre on April 7, and other Jazz Week highlights include Shaw Theatre gigs by Charlie Haden and Gavin Bryars (April 6), The Monk Project with Steve Lacey (8), Willem Breuker Kollektief (9) and The Mike Gibbs Band (10). Additionally, The Chieftains, Ireland's best known folk band, play the Shaw for three nights (April 3-5), while Kassav, a sometimes 25 strong outfit that purveys Zouk, a style of music that owes its origins to the islands of the Antilles, appear at the Town & Country Club on March 24.

QUICKIES. . . **DEEP PURPLE** have added an extra date at Birmingham NEC on March 8. . . **THE SURFADELICS** play London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (January 15), Chatham Churchills (22), London Hammersmith Clarendon (30) . . . **CHASAR** are going out on a Scottish club tour and visit Kirkcaldy Sinclair Tavern (January 5), Rosyth Metro (16), Glasgow Shadows (23), Peebles Cross Keys (February 1). . . **DANGER ZONE** have London dates at Le Beat Route (January 12) and Islington North Pole (16). . . **DRN**, formerly known as Dumpy's Rusty Nuts, play Bradford Frog & Toad (January 7 and 8), Newcastle Mayfair (9), London Marquee (16 and 17), Bingley Arts Centre (29), Birkenhead Hard Rock Cavern (30) and Warrington Lion Hotel (31).

CHRIS DE BURGH has announced seven dates to cope with the ticket demand created by his autumn concert tour. He plays Bournemouth International Centre (February 19), Glasgow Scottish Exhibition Centre (22), Birmingham NEC (23 and 24), Dublin RDS (February 27, 28 and March 1). Tickets are on sale now.

JERRY LEE LEWIS and **EMMYLOU HARRIS** are among the headliners at the 1987 Silk Cut Country Music Festival which takes place at London Wembley Arena on April 18, 19 and 20. Half the artists will be appearing at the festival for the first time and there are other attractions away from the main stage, including a country exhibition, BBC2's Radio Club with Wally Whyton interviewing the stars and a separate hall for British acts. One day tickets range from £8 to £25 and a three day ticket will cost you anything between £36 and £68. The full line-up is: Boxcar Willie, John Schneider, Tanya Tucker, Moe Bandy, Patty Loveless, Riders In The Sky, Rex Allen Jr, Tokyo Matsu (Saturday); Jerry Lee Lewis, Bobby Bare, Johnny Russell, Connie Smith, Little Jimmy Dickens, Leon Everette, Wanda Jackson, Tommy Collins (Sunday); Emmylou Harris & The Hot Band, Bellamy Brothers, David Allan Coe, George Hamilton IV, Forester Sisters, OB McLinton, New Grass Revival, Peter Rowan with Jerry Douglas and Mark O'Connor (Monday). George Hamilton IV will act as compere at the festival.



THE SMITHEREENS, the New Jersey band whose new single 'In A Lonely Place' features guest vocals by Suzanne Vega, fly in for two London shows at Camden Dingwalls (January 6) and University of London Union (30). They will be playing material from their highly-acclaimed debut album 'Especially For You'.

HUE & CRY, alias brothers Patrick and Gregory Kane, have lined up three gigs in their native Scotland, at Glasgow Fixx Club (January 7), Edinburgh Hoochie Coochie (9) and Glasgow Queen Margaret College (17).

MANTRONIX have cancelled their short British tour which should have taken them to Nottingham, Manchester and London in January. The official word is MC Tee's illness although it's not exactly clear what's wrong with him. An appearance on *The Tube* has also been called off. A spokesman for Sleeping Bag Records, Mantronix's New York representatives, said: "We felt MC Tee was too ill to make plans for travelling and cancelled the proposed appearances. We apologise to Mantronix fans and plan to announce new dates as soon as possible."

PSYCHO SURGEONS may have missed Christmas, but they're going ahead with their 'Ho! Ho! Ho!' tour which calls at London King's Cross New Merlin's Cave (January 2), Tamworth Rathole (3), Hebden Bridge Trades Club (10), Birmingham Barrel Organ (11), London Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (13), London Hammersmith Clarendon (14), London Camberwell Union Tavern (15), Bradford Queens Hall Ballroom (16), Leeds Duchess Of York (18), London Le Beat Route (19), Greenwich Tunnel Club (20) and West Bromwich Coach & Horses (30).

LUTHER VANDROSS, star, is now scheduled to play five British dates in February. He can be seen at Manchester Apollo (8) and London Hammersmith Odeon (11, 12, 13 and 14). Tickets are £9.50, £8.50 and £7.50 for Manchester and £10, £9 and £8 for London.

JUICE ON THE LOOSE get rhythmic and bluesy at various London venues over the next month, namely Catford Green Man (December 31), Deptford Royal Albert (January 2), Brentford Red Lion (3), Camden Dublin Castle (9), Putney Half Moon (10), Catford Green Man (16), Cricklewood Production Village (17), Hampton Court Jolly Boatman (23), Portsmouth Basin's (24, hold on, that's not London), Kentish Town Bull & Gate (31).

GLASTONBURY lives! Yes, the festival everyone thought was getting too big for its britches will go ahead in 1987, June 19-21 are the provisional dates for CND's biggest money-spinning event. "There was talk of not having a festival in '87 because it had been expanding every year and was becoming more difficult to organise," said a spokesman at the festival office. "However, we feel CND need the money more than ever and with an imminent general election it could be the most important one for many years."

TOM JONES returns to the green, green grass of home to play his first UK concert tour in three years. It's not unusual to find Jones The Voice at Bournemouth International Centre (May 16), Camberley Lakeside (17), London Royal Albert Hall (18 and 19), Cardiff St David's Hall (20), Brighton Centre (21), Blackpool Opera House (23), Liverpool Empire (24), Bristol Hippodrome (25), Manchester Apollo (26), Birmingham NEC (27), Nottingham Royal Concert Hall (29), Sheffield City Hall (30), Edinburgh Playhouse (31). Jones is currently recording a new album of songs based on the life the bullfighter El Cordobes entitled 'Matador', due for release by Epic in April.

RECORD NEWS

SINGLES

THE ARMOURY SHOW: 'Love In Anger'/'Tender Is The Night' (Parlophone) their first single for more than a year, an album is currently being recorded - out on January 5. ● **THE BANGLES:** 'Walking Down Your Street' (CBS) - out now. ● **THE BIG DISH:** 'Christina's World' (Virgin) from the album 'Swimmer' - out on January 5. ● **BIG FLAME:** 'Cubist Pop Manifesto' (Ron Johnson) - out now. ● **THE CULT'S** first single in a year, 'Love Removal Machine', will be released at the end of January to be followed by an album, currently being mixed by Def Jam's Rick Rubin. ● **EUROPE:** 'Rock The Night' (Epic) the follow-up to 'The Final Countdown' - out on January 12. ● **THE FLIRTS:** 'All You Ever Think About Is Sex' (Epic) - out on January 5. ● **FLOWERS IN THE DUSTBIN:** 'Lick My Crazy Colours' (Cold Harbour) now available in cassette version - out now. ● **4,000,000 TELEPHONES:** 'French Girls' (Summerhouse) their first single on a new North East label - out on January 19. ● **BOB GELDOLF:** 'Love Like A Rocket' (Phonogram) co-written by Dave Stewart (isn't everything these days?) - out on January 9. ● **GLASS TIGER:** 'Someday' (Manhattan) the Canadian boys follow up 'Don't Forget Me' - out on January 12. ● **GREAT WHITE:** 'Face The Day' (Capitol) a former number one on Los Angeles radio station playlists. From the album 'Shot In The Dark',

original / a limited edition indie - out on January 5. ● **HEAVEN 17:** 'Trouble' (Virgin) from the LP 'Pleasure One' - out on January 5. ● **HUE AND CRY:** 'I Refuse' (Circa) aka Glaswegian brothers Patrick and Gregory Kane - out now. ● **HURRAH!** 'If Love Could Kill' (Arista) also available as a double pack including 'Gloria' - out soon. ● **BILLY IDOL:** 'Don't Need A Gun' (Chrysalis) - out January 5. ● **THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS:** 'Running For Cover' (RCA) - out now. ● **FREDDIE JACKSON:** 'Have You Ever Loved Somebody?' (Capitol) from the LP 'Just Like The First Time' - out on January 12. ● **MICK KARN:** 'Buoy' (Virgin) from the forthcoming album 'Dreams Of Reason Produce



THE ARMOURY SHOW: angry single

Monsters', featuring ex-Japan men David Sylvian and Steve Jansen - out on January 5. ● **KRYSTOL:** 'He's So Jive' (Epic) - out on January 5. ● **THE LAUGHING ACADEMY:** 'Some Things Take Longer' (Rough Trade) a five-track 12 inch EP, previously available only on import - out now. ● **MENTAL AS ANYTHING:** 'Live It Up' (Epic) reissue of the song that went to number one in their native Australia - out on January 5. ● **NUCLEAR ASSAULT:** 'Brain Death' (Under One Flag) on 12-inch only - out on January 16. ● **BILLY OCEAN:** 'Love Is Forever' (Jive) - out now. ● **PENDRAGON:** 'Red Shoes' (Awareness) from the album '9:15 Live' - out soon. ● **PEPSI & SHIRLIE:** 'Heartache' (Polydor) the debut disc from the girls who sang with Wham! - out on January 9. ● **QAX:** 'Lightening Touch' (Vinyl Beat) produced by Bob Lamb, who worked with the fledgling UB40 - out now. ● **ALAN RANKINE:** 'Your Very Last Day' (Les Disques Du Crepuscle) culled from the 'World Begins To Look Her Age' album - out now. ● **THE RIGHT STUFF:** 'Simple' (Blue Yonder) lads from Leeds - out now. ● **SAD AMONG STRANGERS:** 'Taking Off The Brakes' (Broken Hill) - out now. ● **SHRIEKBACK:** 'Gunning For The Buddha' (Island) - out now. ● **THE SHRUBS:** 'Blackmailer' (Ron Johnson) 12 inch EP - out now. ● **SHRUBS AND THE BANSHIES:** 'Wheels On Fire' (Wonderland) yes, the old Zim special, taken from The Banshees' forthcoming album - out January 9. ● **THE SMITHEREENS:** 'In A Lonely



SHRUBS AND THE BANSHIES: fiery single

Place' (Enigma) featuring the honey-sweet vocals of Suzanne Vega - out now. ● **SWING OUT SISTER:** 'Surrender' (Phonogram) the follow-up to 'Breakout' - out soon. ● **THRASHING DOVES:** 'Beautiful Imbalance' (A&M) - out on January 9. ● **TWANG:** 'Sharp' (Ron Johnson) - out now. ● **TWO PEOPLE:** 'Heaven' (Polydor) just finished supporting Owen Paul and boy he needed it - out on January 2. ● **BONNIE TYLER:** 'Lovers Again' (CBS) from the album 'Secret Dreams And Forbidden Fire' - out now. ● **VARIOUS:** 'Hickory Rockabilly' (Magnum Force) tracks from Wiley Barkdull and Rusty & Doug Kershaw, the first in a new series of four-track EPs - out on January 30. ● **VARIOUS:** 'The Phase III Project' (Unicorn) a double single featuring The Toasters, Modest Proposal, The Risk and The Outlets - out now. ● **VIRTUE:** 'Fool's Gold' (Hatchet) three-track EP - out now. ● **THE WIGS:** 'Six

O'Clock Shuffle' (Media Burn) - out now. ● **ROY WOOD:** 'Raining In The City' (Legacy) after flopping with Dr & The Medics on 'Waterloo', our Roy has a bash on his own, album 'Starting Up' to follow - out now. ● **XTC:** 'The Meeting Place' (Virgin) the second single from 'Skylarking', although we at NME House would have plumped for 'Earn Enough For Us'. However, the 12 inch does include four new tracks which producer Todd Rundgren left off the LP; 'Terrorism', 'Let's Make A Den', 'Find The Fox' and 'The Troubles' - out on January 5.

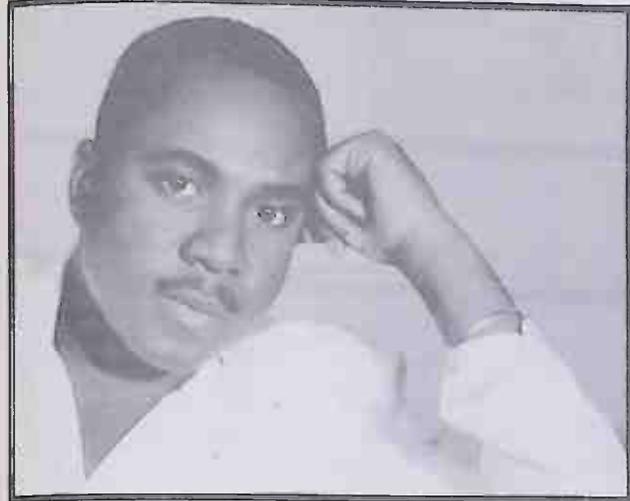


XTC: "meaty" single

ALBUMS

THE ETHIOPIANS: 'The Original Reggae Hit Sound Of The Ethiopians' (Trojan) 21-track compilation - out now. ● **HANOI ROCKS:** 'Rock 'n' Roll Divorce' (Bootlick) - out soon. ● **LEGENDARY PINK DOTS:** 'Island Of Jewels' (Wayward) - out now. ● **MATCHBOX:** 'Goin' Downtown' (Sunjay) - out now. ● **METALLICA:** 'Master Of Puppets' (Music For Nations) relaunched across two 12 inch records playing at 45 rpm - out on January 16. ● **MICRODISNEY:** 'Crooked Mile' (Virgin) their third LP, produced by Lenny Kaye of Patti Smith and Suzanne Vega fame - out on January 5. ● **MOTHER GONG:** 'Robot Woman III' (Shanghai) the final part of a trilogy, hence the title - out now. ● **NURSE WITH WOUND:** 'Spiral Insana' (Torso) - out now. ● **SKINNY PUPPY:** 'Mind The Perpetual Intercourse' (Wayward) second album from the Canuck duo - out now. ● **SPARKS:** 'Music That You Can Dance To' (Car) their first long player in nearly two years - out now. ● **SURFADELICS:** 'Bad Little Girl' (Media Burn) six-track mini-album from the depths of Hackney Marshes - out now. ● **SURVIVOR:** 'When Seconds Count' (Scotti Bros) their third - out on January 5. ● **TEENA MARIE:** 'Greatest Hits And More' (Motown) the "more" refers to the bulk of the album, songs that were neither hits nor particularly great - out now. ● **HAYDEN THOMPSON:** 'Early Days'

LICK THE TINS, who had a minor hit with 'Can't Help Falling In Love', are off on a tour London's inns and taverns. They visit Camden Dingwall's (January 9), Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (10), Herne Hill Half Moon (15), Covent Garden Rock Garden (16), North London Poly (20), Putney Zeeta's (22), Kennington Cricketers (27), University of London Union (28), Kentish Town Bull & Gate (29), Harlesden Mean Fiddler (30) and Hammersmith Clarendon (31).



FREDDIE JACKSON flies into Britain for four concerts at Manchester Apollo (January 22), Hammersmith Odeon (23, 24 and 25). Tickets are on sale now at £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50 (Manchester), £9.50, £8.50 and £7.50 (Hammersmith).

HARMONIC 228, featuring former Girlschool single Jackie Bodimead, make their live debut at Walthamstow Royal Standard on January 2 and then play other London shows at Herne Hill Half Moon (9), Fulham Greyhound (16), the Marquee (29) and Chatham Hotel (31).

BERLIN, who took our breath away with their recent chart-topper, will be the special guests on the fab Frankie Goes To Hollywood tour, and act as curtain-raisers at Manchester G-Mex (January 10), London Wembley Arena (12 and 13), Birmingham NEC (19), Glasgow SEC (22). Berlin will be plugging their new LP 'Count Three And Pray' and the new single 'You Don't Know'.

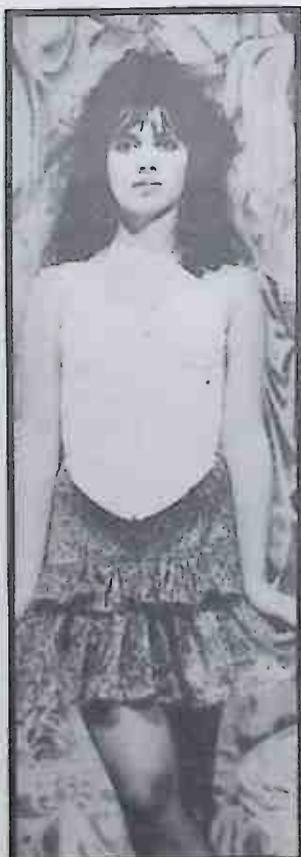
EUROPE, the Swedish rockers who hit big over here with their single 'The Final Countdown', have announced details of their debut UK tour, taking in six major cities. The dates are Manchester Apollo (February 18), Birmingham Odeon (19), Newcastle City Hall (20), London Hammersmith Odeon (22 and 23), Edinburgh Playhouse (25), Liverpool Empire (26). Their second single, 'Rock The Night', is out soon.



WOMACK & WOMACK: stary LP

(Sunjay) rockabilly from 1954-1965—out now. ● **VARIOUS**: 'A Reggae Bonanza' (CSA) a double formed from Frankie Jones and Pad Anthony's 'Hell In The Dance' and 'Live And Learning Smashing All Stars', featuring Mighty Diamonds, Michael Prophet, etc—out now. ● **VARIOUS**: 'Romantic Nights' (CSA) a reggae-for-lovers compilation with John Holt, Dennis Brown, Sugar Minott, etc—out now. ● **VARIOUS**: 'The Wraith' (Scotti Brothers) soundtrack with contributions from Ozzy Osbourne, Ian Hunter and Bonnie Tyler—out on January 5. ● **STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN**:

'Live Alive' (Epic) a double that includes versions of Stevie Wonder's 'Superstition' and Hendrix's 'Voodoo Chile'—out January 12. ● **WOMACK & WOMACK**: 'Starbright' (Manhattan) Cecil and Linda get really funky—out on January 12.

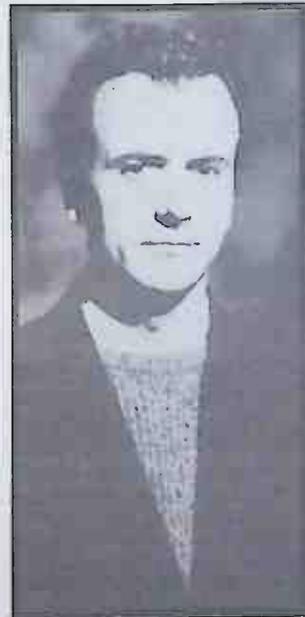


THE BANGLES: walking single

ALISON MOYET has rescheduled her spring tour due to "unforeseen commitments", CBS tell us, and the new dates confirmed so far are Birmingham NEC (May 7), Brighton Centre (11), London Wembley Arena (13 and 14). Other provincial dates have yet to be confirmed. Tickets are on sale now at the box offices and usual agents. Birmingham and London tickets are also available post from Alison Moyet Box Office, PO Box 77, London SW4 9LH, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope and 50p booking fee per ticket.

BABY TUCKOO and **CHROME MOLLY** are the co-headliners on the 'Britain Strikes Back' tour which calls at Sheffield University (January 14), Dinnington Lyric Hall (15), Spennymore Recreation Centre (16), Bradford University (17), Nottingham Mardi Gras (18), Birmingham Kaleidoscope (19), Lancashire Poly (20), Coventry Poly (21), Leicester Poly (22), Burton-on-Trent Central Park (24), London Marquee (25), Colchester The Works (28), Folkestone Leas Cliffe Hall (29), Norwich Scottow Barn (30) and Cheltenham Town Hall (February 3).

THE CULT, who have spent the best part of the last six months recording in the depths of Oxfordshire, have announced details of a world tour which starts with 14 UK dates. They play Newcastle City Hall (March 4), Edinburgh Playhouse (5), Glasgow Barrowlands (6), Nottingham Royal Centre (9), Bradford St George's Hall (10), Birmingham Odeon (13), Hammersmith Odeon (14 and 15), Brighton Dome (17), Sheffield City Hall (19), Manchester Apollo (21), Bristol Colston Hall (22), Newport Centre (23), Portsmouth Guildhall (25), St Austell Coliseum (26).



HUGH CORNWELL has a new single out on January 12, it's taken from the soundtrack of *When The Wind Blows*, the film version of Raymond Briggs' apocalyptic cartoon book about an elderly couple defending themselves against a nuclear attack. The track is called 'Facts And Figures' and was also written by Cornwell. Virgin, who are releasing the single, have snapped Cornwell up for a long term solo deal, but he stresses that it does not mean the end of The Stranglers. "I just have too many songs and many of them are not Stranglers material," he said. Cornwell is about to start work on his debut solo album, which should be out in the spring.

ROBBIE COLTRANE

FROM PAGE 20

SOME BLOW their life savings getting to some distant World Cup, secure in the knowledge that they'll be rotting in some foreign nick long before the tournament kicks off... some wear tweed skirts on tracts of Highland and attempt mating dances with telegraph poles... some prefer the community atmosphere of the biannual dismantling of Wembley Stadium... oh, the list is endless.

The Scots have myriad rituals (most of them extremely alarming) that locate and cement their national identity, that celebrate *Scottishness*. Coltrane's is idiosyncratic...

His living room is, y'see, alive with paintings, posters and prints of the mournfully magnificent ocean liners (the Queens Mary and Elizabeth, for example) that were beaten, bolted, winched and welded into life on the Clyde. These walls are a homage to Scottish engineering. Elsewhere, however, you stumble across other pictures of other liners. These are smaller, grimy, *unkempt* images; the Lausitania, the Mauritania, the Titanic.

"All built in Belfast, or some other second rate dock", hisses Coltrane, that chamelonic voice undecided between contempt and glee.

"All built in Belfast... all sank!!"

This playful chauvinism notwithstanding, machinery, technology and engineering are Robbie Coltrane's after-work passion. At the moment, for example, he owns three classic cars—a pre-war Citroen (pridigiously black, profoundly beautiful), a '40s Dodge and an early '70s Pontiac—while one of the two children's books which he is currently tinkering (provisionally titled *The Steam-Driven Man*) has matters mechanical at its very heart.

But his fascination goes far deeper than the surface gleam of chrome or brass; he sees engineering as having had a crucial, shaping, effect on Scotland, and on *Scottishness*.

"See, there's a definite link between technology, imagination and some perceptions—particularly the less favourable ones—of Scotland.

"This is gonna sound a bit '60s but I don't care; the people in the Highlands have a relationship with nature, with the seasons. They're a bit *mystic*. They're also the people, it's not exaggeration to say, who invented just about fucking *everything*. Really! Central heating, electricity, the phone, TV... everything except the motor car was invented by Jocks, by Highlanders, which brings us back to their mysticism.

"They—and, to be fair, much of the rest of Scotland—have this great phrase, about being 'away with the fairies'. You'll get guys in Glasgow—razor-slashed faces, spent half their life in Barlinnie—who'll use; 'aw look, looka auld George, away wi' the fairies', meaning that old George is off with his dream, his imaginings. He is away, just for the moment, in a place that we all really know, deep down, *does* exist..."

"Anyway, try to grasp the sight of these people overrun by the Industrial Revolution; having to put rivets into ships, to build steam trains, to get up in the morning and face into the hard grinding blackness... It's *here* that the idea of 'stamping on the fairies' comes in. In the new conditions you have to forget all the daydreams, you have to stamp on the fairies pretty fucking hard just to stay sane. And to stamp on the fairies that hard, you have to get *baad*, and for a long while Scotland did get that bad, as baaad as can be..."

"IN THEIR extremely male-dominated society, the killing of the polar bear represented the zenith of Eskimo masculinity. It was also an unbelievably difficult undertaking..."

"The actual implement used to kill the giant beasts was the large suspension off Ford trucks. By using a combination of braces and an old drum, the spring could be frozen into the coiled position. Then it was embedded in a cake of seal fat which persuaded the bear to swallow it whole. The hunters then have to follow their quarry (on dog drawn sleds) 'til the metallic morsel does its inevitable worst and kills it. Problem was, this usually took something in excess of three days, leaving the pursuers sitting-duck vulnerable to the combined efforts of exposure, malnutrition, scurvy and a bevy of other undesirables..."

"So often as not it became a straight race between the hunter and the hunted as to which would keel over first. But on those occasions when the bear obliged by dying

according to plan, the procedure was always the same. A sprint from the sled to the carcass, then... Whap! Off with the head! Eat the still-warm brains for desperately needed protein, then... Whap! Split open the torso and plunge hands, feet, *whatever*, into the frostbite-averting warmth of the innards..."

AFTER SIX weeks in Mexico—adrift from the global gossip circuit—Robbie Coltrane made his après-hols stopover in Los Angeles beautifully unaware that *Mona Lisa* had limpet-lodged itself into the hearts of Hollywood's hippest. It took only one party, though, to ram the message home to him loud and clear, a party where previously disdainful eyes now followed him round the room, seeking him. But Coltrane remains conspicuously earthbound.

"In truth, all the fuss has so little to do with how good your performance was. It's just the whole business of being *attached* to a successful film. So I can't take it too seriously..."

But Hollywood *is* taking it, and him, seriously. Already the guys who can make you an instant millionaire *without* consulting the Pools Panel have been on the phone. To them the words 'thanks but no thanks' must be quite a novelty; they are marginally more familiar with them now.

"I don't want to get involved with the whole Hollywood thing really. How do you avoid it? You just have to make sacrifices, accept that you're only gonna do certain things. You have to make decisions; hence, if somebody said 'would you like to make a comedy with Eddie Murphy?' my heart'd say 'yeah yeah gimme gimme', but I'd actually say 'show me the script'. Scripts are everything."

Hollywood and Hoskins, Mexico City and Michael Caine, flight-times and film premieres—it's all very far away now, that strip club in Soho. With every one of its original roster now firmly cemented into exciting new tax brackets, this might be a good moment to look back, in anger or otherwise, at the Comic Strip.

Robbie Coltrane's slight sigh (noticeable because he's by nature a huge sun-blob of vivacity and positivism) suggests that maybe it ain't, that maybe this ground's been turned one time too many.

"Look, the Comic Strip was, and is, supposed to be an extension of certain British traditions—a combination of the *Carry On* films and Joe Orton.

"The *Carry On* films were pre-pubescent, very sexually innocent, all 'let's go behind the bike sheds—I'll show you mine if you show me yours.' Against that you had Orton saying, let's go down to some toilet in Holloway Road and *really* fuck.

"It's supposed to be an independent, not *alternative* view. When I hear the word 'alternative' I think of very spikey hair and leather jackets adorned with pictures of your mum done in blood! We're not that at all. We say, there are all sorts of things about this society that'll never be worked out without a lot of people being very unhappy."

"Well, you tell me. Was the Comic Strip important?"

To which I have to honestly reply 'yes' because it gave us a few good laughs, it brought us the funniest Scotsman to arrive since that geezer who now does the bleeding Christmas pudding ads for Tesco, and it cultivated this country's finest authority on the wild and wacky world of those blubber-crazed Eskies..."

"AN ESKIMO stood nattering to a clump of friends when suddenly his wife—with whom he just had an almighty barney—appeared brandishing a spear. Now, since Eskimo women are *expressly forbidden* to handle weapons, the husband—in order not to lose kudos—was forced to continue casually chatting to his cronies even as his irate spouse was taking trembling aim..."

"Woomph! The spear torpedoed through the air, crashed sickeningly into the mouth of the target hubby, and pinned him—by his cheek—to the ice upon which he had seconds earlier been standing. The projectile having been launched by a female, he was unable to acknowledge even its surprising arrival (never mind the subsequent agony), and continued to pontificate on the price of Hush Puppy snow shoes while his friends attempted to dislodge the six-foot harpoon from his profusely bleeding head."

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EDITED BY ALAN JACKSON



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IGGY POP
LONDON BRIXTON ACADEMY

IGGY, YOU'VE done it again. Back in the Nixon era you and The Stooges were the animal gods of the Detroit streets. You blew it. Then rescued by your slumming soulmate David Bowie, you dropped into the spotlight for a hero's welcome - and let it slip away. Then as punk seized the times, again Bowie hoisted you from your lunatic asylum to claim the god-father's throne - this time it took you six dwindling years before winding up a three-times loser. And now . . . and now you get that fourth chance granted to few. A smooth, safe, self-mocking record. A full deck of born-again success story front covers. A prestigious, sell-out show . . .

Another crappy band. Another cheated audience.

We don't want swastika'd henchmen hauling your glassed and bleeding torso from the fans' delirium. We don't want the lash of your brimstone tongue scolding our cheapshot vicariousness. We don't even want to see your dick. That stuff is all in the past, and we don't mind. But we do want some rocking thrills, and we do expect you (what with your 20 years in the business) to provide them.

As you know, rocking thrills don't happen by accident. You need the tools for the job. And with the greatest respect for your own prowess behind the kit, I humbly suggest that one glance at your drummer's Kajagoogoo hairdo

was enough to tell you that the guy's a carthorse. Nor do the matching bald patches of the rest of the band denote much greater ability to hit hard and low.

By contrast, your own hair, Iggy, still shines Vosene clean and schoolboy cut. Your 39-year-old body clenches as if possessed by two spirits - one bad, the other worse - raging for control of its lean and steeled ligaments. Your lizard skin gleams under jungle-fever lights in cadaverous hues of malaria yellow and overdose blue. You dance like a corpse with the mains up its dirt-track.

With ears blocked, Iggy, you're still brill.

Yet your voice - that grand, yearning, shattered mondo-groan from the underbelly - seems smaller than life tonight. Quite ordinary almost. It's the paradox you labour under: your records sound as if you'll be even more sexy and exciting live. Yet in my experience you never are. It's not through choice of songs: 'Shades', 'Five Foot One', 'Sisters Midnight', 'Raw Power', 'Lust For Life' . . . classics one and all, though it must gall you that the 17-year-old death-wish bump 'n' grind 'Loose' is way the best played and received number tonight. Nor is it through lack of athletically sweated-for stage presence on your part.

It's because you persist in dogging yourself with nobodies, feeble ponces who drag you down to their rinky-dink level. Wise up and make that call to Def Jam's Rick Rubin now.

MAT SNOW

THE SMITHS' ANTI-APARTHEID BENEFIT
LONDON BRIXTON ACADEMY

IN A crammed Academy, heaving with sweaty adoration, the theoretical trappings of a Brixton Anti-Apartheid benefit are swallowed whole by The Smiths' avowedly Anglo-Saxon stock folk rituals. But the most cogent point surviving this near-definitive cultural clash is that The Smiths probably made more money for the A-A, in a sole swoop, than any mythical amount dreamed up by liberal brows furrowed with perpetual heart-bleeding concern.

Despite the almost excessive claustrophobia of these Smiths' Events, Morrissey and his flock's concerns are still sufficiently broad and communicative for this music to deserve a freshly relevant "folk" tag. The Smiths' celebratory angst might seem to ignore the existence of any life outside white England but from such insularity comes a heightened bond of shared feeling. Even to the outsider, the Academy's massed refrain of line after line of "England is mine and it owes me a living" type lyricism emerges with the resonance that can only swell out of some emotively communal experience.

Of course The Smiths' folk seems to have as little in common with the trad '60s Dylan/Baez stream as it has with the more acerbic mid-'80s variations created by the disparate likes of, say, Test Dept. and Misty In Roots. Those two groups are far closer to "real folk"/"ordinary people" than The Smiths can ever be but somehow Morrissey still transcends the gulf between stage and audience to elicit a folkish footballing atmosphere.

Consequently almost every song only needs to sound its opening bar before it's engulfed by a two thousand voiced recognition; so newer material like 'Shoplifters Of The World Unite' and 'London' assume a slightly different tone to the more familiar pieces of which 'This Night Has Opened My Eyes', 'Panic', 'Ask' and 'Some Girls Are Bigger Than Others' are easily the most incisive. Johnny Marr still plays like a dream, often with an almost sublime African feel, but attention keeps being diverted away from this remarkable skill by Morrissey's camp attempt at some modern music-hall drama which encourages him to brandish a banner marked with a dull "two light ales please" mockery. But it's this mix of rare ability and mass-moving stage antics which means that The Smiths will always retain a purity and pertinence which prevents them from being just another common pop phenomenon.

DONALD McRAE



Stand in the queue like everyone else, Mozzter.

BILLY OCEAN HAMMERSMITH ODEON

QUICK TO remind us he's Trinidad-born, East End-bred, no stain of the pimp-flash or street-punk fire that we hate and still want in every last US pop-soul star: but not through words-voice-style. It's just an unlikely shy presence, relaxed and more or less naive. Image-smash of a Caribbean lyric poet and a strikingly beautiful Maths Teacher. Why not? TransAtlantic Success follows. He dances. It's easy, slinky: he's not performing as a STAR, he's a fairly talented academic letting hair down in front of friends. Into faintly faceless soul-pop as reserved demeanour falls aside into loose-limbed fun (but not *too* loose...)

Choice choice of colleagues: Ruby Turner. All the same, she shows him up. Hers is classic '70s soul, a touch stodgy — his is mainstream '80s, over-determined beat in soft-focus swell of sound. Her band go silent, she sings alone, there's a deep southern density which is scary. Too scary for this casual good-time crowd. There's applause, no rapport. Billy they adore: If Turner has enormous uncredited resource as a singer, Ocean has natural, undemanding pop charisma. What heart-ache, soul-searching, mind-unravelling is there, then, as we creep to the centre of the Love Zone? He gives likeable and unremarkable songs no precise definition, no close-spun care.

All his songs have words and nothing more, if you hear me. The gutless optimism of unchallenged speech: his song offers nothing but a plain man's assent to the phrases he throws around. Handsome icons are often alike in this: frightened to play on the one thing they can rely on, their mastery of the attractions of the body.

MARK SINKER

FELT THE WISHING STONES LONDON BOSTON ARMS

THE ROCKY Mountain Timelessness of The Wishing Stones' singing, ringing spree was reflected in the demeanour of The Head Stone. A blithe detachment, a serene sacrifice of the individual in return for an allotment in the leathery acres of guitar-driven tradition. The Wishing Stones aren't a pop group or a rock group. The term *guitar-band* is too vague, they are part of a rare strain of rock'n'roll Romanians, unaware that some guitars are born tainted by grunge or progressiveness. This is the only way a poor soul can explain the downhome headiness of songs like 'The Hanging Tree' and the forthcoming 45 'New Ways'.

Where The Stones' aura is leathery and still recognisably R'n'R (hem!), that of Felt is a sort of arty mother-of-pearl. For the first 20 minutes the wonder of Felt, off-trumpeted by others, was indistinct, their musical qualities overwhelmed by the legend of Lawrence Felt, the Howard Hughes of indiedom with his biscuit-crumbs phobia; the man who once asked for the stage lights to be dimmed because 'everyone was looking at him'. Poised on the brink of major acceptance, these eccentricities were not apparent, but a sense of their wonder suddenly clicked when they attacked 'Primitive Painters', words and sounds breaking over a craggy shore. Then the keyboards started to push out lewd, dirty fingers and everything suddenly blistered. A mammoth second encore raised the spirit of Television in more than a metaphorical way. A reliable witness was awestruck to see the crowds part to reveal Tom Verlaine standing amidst the broken plastic glasses. If Felt can bring Tom Verlaine to Tufnell Park, they must have a power worth respecting.

CATH CARROLL

FRANK CHICKENS 3 MUSTAPHA 3 LONDON HACKNEY EMPIRE

THE RE-LAUNCHED Hackney Empire (previously a den of iniquity for Bingo addicts), is an outrageous building which retains all the space, atmosphere and charm of its music-hall past.

It was fitting that such an eccentric place should play host to one of the daftest double bills ever seen in the history of rock 'n' roll. Two years on and Frank Chickens are still nowhere near to approaching sanity. Kazumi Taguchi and Kazuko Hokki are still up to their necks in plastic aprons, lamp-shade hats and glove puppets; and still charging around the stage like two whippets on speed, pausing only to sing their peculiar songs in thick Japanese accents. The techno-pop backing tapes are still churning away behind them, but I feel Kazumi and Kazuko have taken their surreal live show as far as it can go. The joke about the West's conception of Japanese culture and vice versa has got stale. When you have to stick your hand up a chicken's bum (albeit in glove puppet form) to raise a laugh, then you're in trouble.

Just as Frank Chickens re-invent Japan, 3 Mustapha 3 re-invent the Balkans. But their music, which has nothing to do with modern 'pop', carries you beyond the tired joke of a band wearing Fez hats and feigning foreign accents and a Balkan lifestyle. Although it has to be said, 3 Mustapha 3 would probably never have filled a concert hall without some gruesome marketing ploy. Weaning a generation away from safe, synthesised pop is no easy task. You either exploit the situation as the Frank Chickens have, by not even bothering with a live band and depending on the strength of your comic performance — or you don silly hats and force an alternative on your audience with the strength of your musicianship. At this stage of the game, 3 Mustapha 3 just beat Frank Chickens 4 — 1...

JANE SOLANAS

THE GO-BETWEENS LONDON ASTORIA

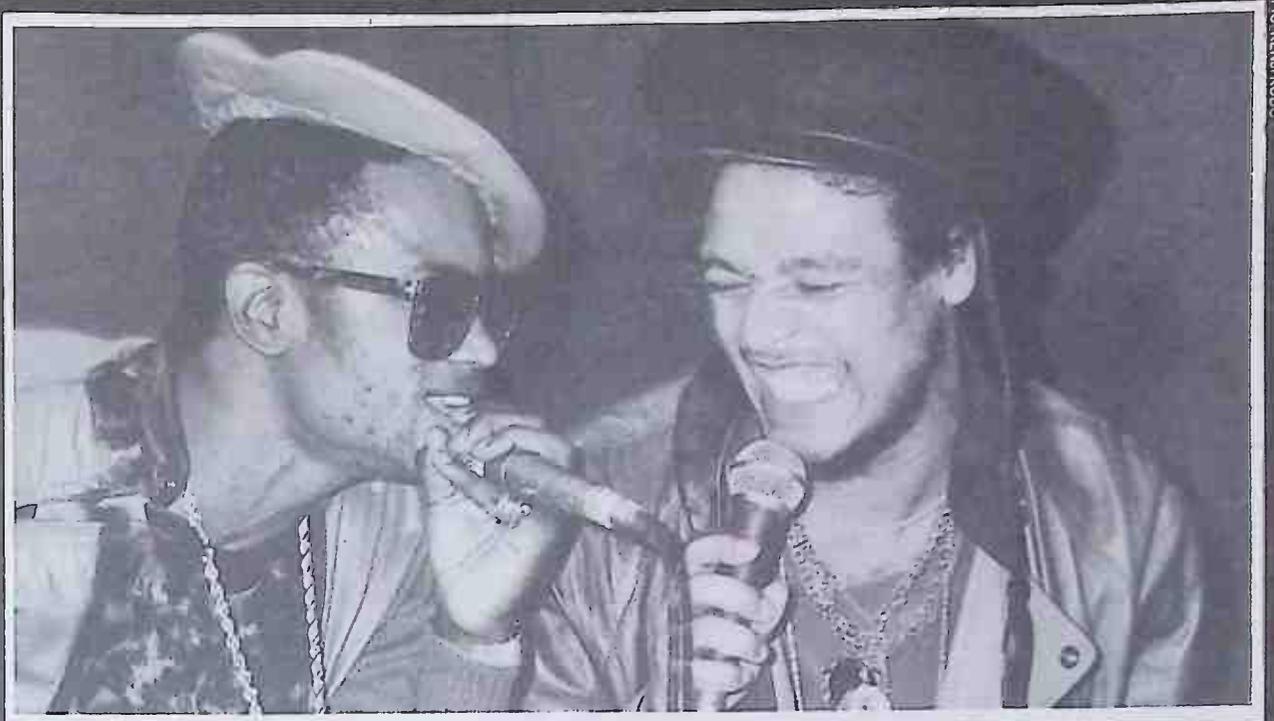
ROBERT FORSTER looks a little like John Cale, or even Richard from Pop Will Eat Itself, but he seems to think he's Iggy Pop or Bono. After 40 or so minutes of competent, capable guitar-based pop (nothing special, mind, but listenable) off comes the jumper and shirt, revealing his manly chest to the throng.

A few strokes of his groin later, Robert is fakin' makin' it with Lindy's drum kit and then leaping into the photographers' pit to lay his hands on the mortal subjects gathered here today for the sermon. All very well when attempted in the Papal proportions of U2 at some stadium or other, but a bit of a dead loss when only about a dozen punters can be bothered to shake his hand.

Forster spends too much time running through the 1986 catalogue of rock postures and posing for cameras which aren't there. More time should be spent on developing the songs, although the recent addition of Amanda on violin helps fill out the sound and particularly works on 'Draining The Pool' and 'Spring Rain'.

The Go-Betweens have a few very good songs, but waste them by bashing the lot out too early in the set, leaving me wondering "What's next?" It's almost criminal to play 'Head Full Of Steam' (dedicated tonight to Lee Remick on her 51st birthday) second in the set when it should be the killer climax. The excitement arrives too soon and all that remains is the leftovers. The Go-Between come without warning and leave without feeling (Copyright E. Costello), and we may not bother going back into the bedroom the next time.

TERRY STAUNTON



Shiny 'n Maxi: big in netball circles

HEAD FULL OF STEAM

SHINEHEAD MAXI PRIEST ACTON NETBALL TEAM ACTON TOWN HALL

SHINEHEAD: SAY no more. A skin-thin New York rocker clothed in crimson and forcing every bit of cultural piracy down the throats of grass roots Acton. Swear: I heard a swashbuckling pirate, a Gestapo sadist with ways of making you talk, a crooning romancer from the Valentino school of charm, a mock-English butler upstaging Jeeves in rub-a-dub snobbery. And I heard reggae squabbling with rap. They all escaped from the asylum of one man's mind, the man Shinehead, certifiable, insane, beyond the final frontier of the human mind, and the

most imaginative performer to appear on an NME cover in year of '86.

Shinehead pulls stunts on reality. Realising that the Town Hall offers reduced rates to local community groups, he was duly booked in as Acton Netball Team. The MC spoke with characteristic pomp and stealing a gag from Morecambe and Wise, Shinehead appeared through some unexpected slit in the theatrical curtains, saluting the audience and ranting like a revved-up Rear-Admiral.

"Mash it me hearties", went the chant as the man Shinehead flicked off his red beret, publicised an oily No. 1 crew-cut and broke into 'Hello Y' All!, the most distinctive reggae-rap collision from his cur-

rent debut album. Singing and dancing in a silent movie system, striking poses stolen from Run DMC and words heisted from the DJ legends of Dance Hall, Shinehead erupted into his own inimitable style: *the freestyle wh's-ite*. Just buggin' the audience with Morricone's 'The Good, The Bad And The Ugly', Karl Denver's 'Wimoweh' and The Singing Nun's 'Dominique' as if there was some inner logic in a catholic spaghetti western starring a lion that sleeps at night.

The showcase continued with a wilful disregard for sanity. A duet with Maxi Priest; a lover's rock version of Rose Royce's 'Golden Touch'; the popular off-key cover version of 'Billie Jean' and then Anita Baker's 'Sweet Love' before

Sir Shinehead got involved in some serious business. Dismissing out warnings to the local raggamuffins from King Umoja Sound System he threw in a full-throttle version of Half Pint's 'Greetings' followed by his own raggamuffin rap 'Rough And Rugged'.

If Shinehead had played The Barbican rather than Acton Town Hall, by next Sunday he would be meivyn bragging his way through a *South Bank* retrospective. This man is a genuine eccentric, the George Clinton of a sound called reggae, and a rub-a-dub genius beyond the call of duty. Catch this fire before it whistles down Babylon.

STUART COSGROVE

THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN LONDON KILBURN NATIONAL

YE OLDE Reid brothers don't look like surfers, but these days, they sure sound like they travel by pipeline.

In the dim afterglow of 'Psychocandy' their Mary Chain have reversed into the future. Proof? Here were several swipes from 'Surfin' Safari!' Plus the world's weirdest and funniest version of Diddy Daddy's 'Mona', and their fuzzy recollections of *Andy Williams Show*-style 1967 pop. Jim has been at the beach playing his Lee Hazelwood tape a lot, I'd say.

'Some Candy Talking' erred a little on the safe side, but 'You Trip Me Up' and 'Never Understand' have aged grudgingly, with experienced venom. There was a magnificent new ballad, titled (correct me) 'Don't Get Hit', wherein the fuller-figure (five) live group circled like buzzards round Jim's startlingly genuine ache. The concert Mary Chain are a dilution of a wonderful idea, but if more such songs are riding that pipeline, then they needn't fear a lifetime locked in the studio.

With now two guitarists taking extreme care to produce the desired feedwaves, they now offer a richer texture, even though the core of their material is devastatingly simple. So were their audiences, but this night nary a beaker was chucked — the dumbskull fringe have got the message at last.

Dead man's curve is a long way off for the Mary Chain.

DAVID SWIFT

A-HA HAMMERSMITH ODEON

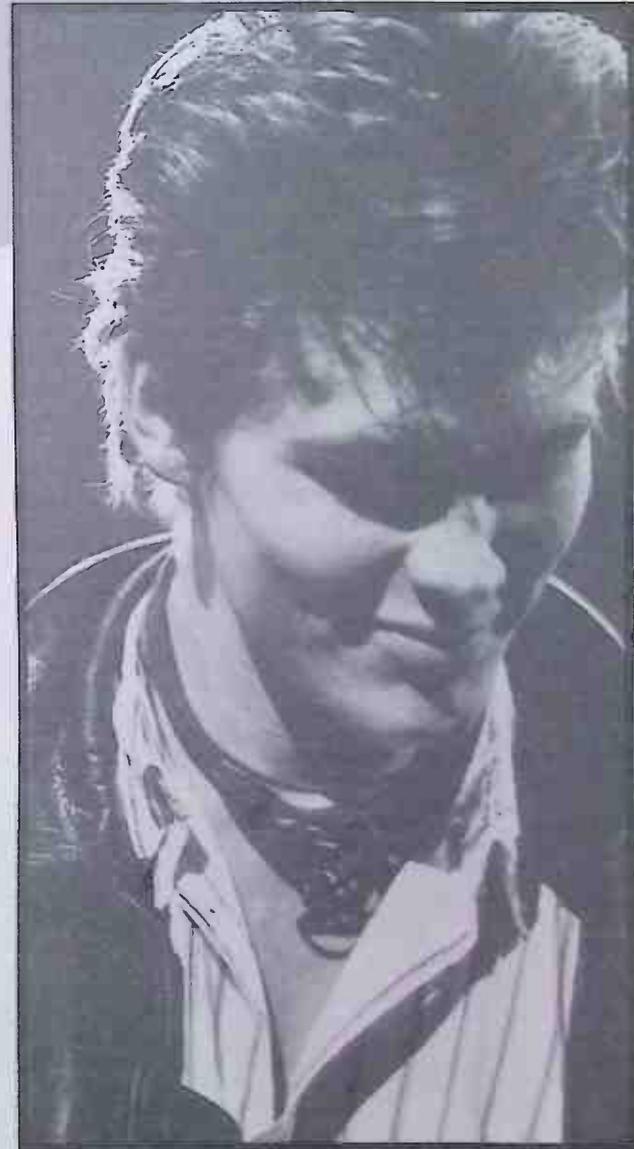
PERCHED PRECARIOUSLY as we were, row F block 25, behind a banner-waving tour-jacketed acolyte in miniature, in front of a heaving school gallery in rapture and in full view of the tousle-haired bleach heads, it was an experience not to be missed nor repeated.

Every few seconds, at appropriate gaps in the music, sensorious screaming would erupt. Every few seconds, Mr A, Mr H or Mr A would strut out to centre-stage, grin toothily and set a thousand more pubescent romantic hearts a-fluttering, giving them a first taste of the eternal tease in life. Every few seconds our feet would pound and my teeth would ache mirthlessly as I realised that *this* — a freeze-dried, blow-tempered parody of 'love' — *this* constituted 'real' pop music. Guitar heroics, unbearably grey dancebeats, funky keyboard solos, sun-tanned untouchable boy-on-the-corner Nordic Idols, leaps in the air and the promise of a better li(f)e (if only for a fleeting few seconds).

A-Ha at the Odeon: the icing on the cake — spurious, sickly, unsightly and sickening. Mock mock-pomp and yet it still seems churlish to bitch when all around is such gaiety and life. Oh to be 16 again (or even ten) and female! Oh, for the tender caress of a video recorder! The songs were impossible to tell apart — deafened by a thumping heartbeat, seduced by a constant scream.

It'd be easy to sneer, simple to forget youth, but hell! for 15 seconds at least it was friendly, it was exciting — a true blossoming of enjoyment. A-Ha at the Odeon: hobnailed teen frenzy!

THE LEGEND!



The . . . er . . . gorgeous one out of A-HA.

A PACK OF LIES

THE FIRST question any sensible person asks of a pop record is: Can you bank to it? Unfortunately, this week we are deprived of my unique bench-testing singles guide by the thoughtless actions of a few highly motivated professional agitators. I refer of course to that wrinkled band of menopausal journalists who conduct AIDS scare stories in the press for no other reason than to gloat at we youngsters.

Gone are the days of round-the-clock rogering when all you needed to know was your partner's star-sign; the Permissive Society has now been swept away by the wrath of God. Suburban wife-swapping parties? A thing of the past. Drug-crazed orgies? Finito. No matter, they cackle into their Horlicks, we made hay while the sun shone. But the message to today's kids is clear: **CROSS YOUR LEGS AND WEAR WASHING-UP GLOVES, HO HO!**

Can there be any doubt that these double-page spreads prophesying a return to monogamy, chastity and square-dancing are little more than the wishful ravings of former swingers so shrivelled by the frosty fingers of sexual senescence that they begrudge us our share of the horizontal dancing increasingly denied them to Mother Nature's mischief?

And even if there is a germ of truth in those Jeremiads of pox and plague, surely the risk of catching your death actually adds to the frisson. Safe sex? A contradiction in terms.

Meanwhile, until the nation gets a grip on itself, this week's column makes do with asking the second question any sensible person asks of a pop record: How does it sound in the bath?

Like many of you out there, I time my weekly soak to coincide with David Jensen's Sunday evening chart show. Alone but for my rubber duck I marinate for two hours until I resemble a giant crimson prune. It's fun, it's hygienic, and most of all it sharpens my critical faculties to a diamond-cutter's gleam.

So how does the post-Yule vinyl fall-out stand up to the Radox test?

THE KRAKEN WAKES!

JULIAN COPE: Trampoline (Island)
Saint Julian is just like the caterpillar in that Terry Gilliam animated sketch for an ancient *Monty Python*: all grouchy, slipped and furtive, he suddenly sloughs off his cocoon and takes flight as the most gorgeous gigolo butterfly. As his career, so also the records of his ongoing new lease of life. 'Trampoline' is a gas, better even than 'World Shut Your Mouth'. Bold, action-packed yet bearing the characteristic wistfulness of the

unrequited comic romantic hero, this bursts with an opulent conviction that makes you feel two feet taller just to hear it. Already the tub is too small for the both of us. Magnificent.

LEE PERRY AND THE UPSETTERS:

Merry Christmas, Happy New Year (Trojan)
Skip the seasonal Yule-drool (which is chirpy yet in no way in my Top 20 Chrimbo discs), and flip the 12-inch to the awesome 'I Am A Madman' as first heard on Scratch's 'Battle Of Armageddon' LP and here also remixed by The Mad Professor. This is the most entrancingly stoned and soul-weary reggae groove I've heard since Burning Spear's classic '70s sides. Melodeon melancholy beset by mocking sprites of sonic mischief, 'I Am A Madman' is holy music from the darkest watches of a troubled night.

PHILLIP BOA AND THE VOODOO CLUB:

Clean Eyes For Dirty Faces (Red Flame)
Snapping at the heels of last year's delightfully off-kilter UK-release compilation 'Philistines', Phillip Boa announces his combo's new LP 'Aristocracie' with this single whose chances of enlivening your own bathtime listening courtesy of the Kid must surely be slender. Herr Boa is that refreshing thing, the German musician who does not sound like the Kommandant of WWII heavy-water plant. You'll find more Teutonic *strum-und-drang* on records made by those British art-school bands with large numbers in their names and a sound like a steamroller falling down a spiral staircase. Herr Boa, by comparison, might almost be English—dreamy, playful, bristling with tangential noises. Beardies who hear this will mutter, "Hmmm, very Can . . ." into their herbal tea, and doubtless they are right. But the Voodoo Club landscape their own turf with a taste for trompe d'oeils, ha-has, fishponds, arboretums and other fancies whose like is to be heard nowhere else today. Welcome to their world.

BUBBLES FROM BELOW

LIONEL RICHIE: Ballerina Girl (Motown)
In their jeering efforts to remind us that Lionel is no oil painting, pop critics often neglect to credit that his 'All Night Long' is amongst the most justly infectious floor-fillers ever. Unfortunately, his subsequent output would make Nana Mouskouri cringe, and this richly moustachioed ballad alters this regrettable situation not one whit.

THE BIG MUSIC: Cold Emotion (RCA)

The Waterboys invest a deranged dignity to even their dullest

**REVIEWED BY MAT SNOW
 SELF-PORTRAIT BY
 ART WOMAN OF BLOOMSBURY**



droppings. By contrast, these jimcrack substitutes are shameless in their stewing of a formula. So much breast-beating, so little sincerity.

THE ESCAPE CLUB: The Hard Way (Parlophone)

The lad who sings this wants his bumps felt. We are asked to believe that the poor fellow is destitute, at the end of his rope even. Yet from his exquisitely pained tones, you'd imagine that his crisis was precipitated by the wrong shade of wallpaper in the Parlophone loo. How dim can you get?

THE IMPOSSIBLE DREAMERS: Running For Cover (RCA)

This lot thrilled me to pieces on stage years ago when they juggled their art-school grass-skirts inna paleface Afro-cocktail stylee. 1987, however, finds them over-producing to the tang and consistency of wallpaper-paste. Better by far is trad folk song 'Wayfaring Stranger' on the flip, whose dolefulness stands naked, poignant even . . . until drowned out by the kind of rock groaning the BBC use as incidental music in socially-concerned dramas starring Hazel O'Connor.

SLIPPERY CUSTOMERS HILLSBORO' CREW: Steel City (Move On Up) (Virgin)

A rap record to drum up support for their hometown's long-ball boredom specialists Sheffield Wednesday, this Heaven 17/BEF spin-off is tons more fun than any of their recent straight-faced product. It is also more fun than the blue-and-white striped drones whose dubious talents it extols. Not a patch on the seminal 'Ossie's Dream', mind.

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES: This Wheel's On Fire (Wonderland)

As one whose prepubescent ardour was first aroused by the Trinity's Kohl-eyed and feather-cut Julie Driscoll and whose fashion sense was first alerted by Brian Auger's Regency cuffs as they flounced over his Hammond organ on *Top Of The Pops*, I can only applaud Siouxsie's latest excavation into the 1968 Songbook. The Banshees likewise gallop with Cossack glamour and Diaghilev *hauteur*, a far cry from the original world-weary, boozed-out version by Bob Dylan and The Band on the epic 'Basement Tapes'. Far more liberty-taking though admittedly less crystal-ball mysterious than their reverential 'Dear Prudence', I'll be most disappointed if this terrific record doesn't blast Siouxsie and Co up the charts pronto.

THE BLACK CILLAS: Sebastian (Cillagram)

Homoerotic by turns comic and poetic as rendered by a group whose name affectionately mocks a popular female icon of the '60s, 'Sebastian' apes early Smiths to a degree so slavish I suspect parody. But it also adheres so *understatedly* to the real thing that Morrissey's militant tendency might clutch it to their bosoms as a cult object in its own right.

STEVE 'SILK' HURLEY: Jack Your Body (London)

Is it still legal to jack your body? More to the point, is it still legal to jack my body? Records like this which

presume to boil the blood, inflame the libido and send those volatile hormones into overdrive might soon be a thing of the past. Like, who on earth wants to rumble to the jungle beat with their legally, ecclesiastically and socially sanctioned *partner-for-life*? Dancing is all about scoring and trespassing. Only occasionally is dancing about actual *dancing*.

That said, if your primary place of musical consumption happens to be your bedroom (or even bathroom), you won't get a lot of change out of this record. A Torquemada-length Chicago House toe-tapper, it's just a less honky version of the Portastudio stuff thin white boys used to diddle out during the '81-2 electro boom. Jack your plug, pal.

SHRIEKBACK: Gunning For The Buddha (Island)

Always exciting live, though Shriekback's over-enuciated lyrical eggheadisms distract your ears from the tuneful roar of their broiling sunset pop-funk. How then does Larry Blackmon get away with his turbocharged spiling on 'Word Up'? Perhaps because that *Spitting Images* Dustin Hoffman soundlike chatters in sync with the beat, whereas this lot haven't yet learned the vocal tricks that old dog Bowie mastered as far back as 'Young Americans'. Otherwise, OK.

THE BANGLES: Walking Down Your Street (CBS)

Tuff, tooful, and its guitar break quotes from the Stones' 'Stupid Girl'—what more could one wish from a piece of plastic? This is the umpteenth 45 from the mouthwatering 'Different Light' LP, thus as familiar to me as my own fart yet as fresh as a daisy withal.

THE GAP BAND: Big Fun (Total Experience)

Featuring the most squirmful, sexually gratified singing for months, The Gap Band have correctly caught the nation's mood, ie, we'd do anything to be towed to the Equator to languish until the aroma of banana daquiris and coconut oil gets too much. Why don't more acts unleash their summer singles this time of year? Whatever, whereas many of my peers count such descriptions as 'cathartic', 'searing', 'drives me to suicidal despair' and 'bowel-gripping' as the highest forms of praise, I can only riposte by saying 'Big Fun' cheers me up immensely whenever I hear it.

PHANTOM TOLLBOOTH: Phantom Tollbooth (Homestead)

Cathartic, searing, drives me to suicidal despair and bowel-gripping to the max, this Long Island combo are sick of being compared to The Minutemen and early Husker Du, which is a bit of a shame for them because they could hardly be compared to Elaine Page. The Tollbooth's first single 'Valley Of The Gwangi' bore resemblance to those two aforesaid outfits, true, but the waxing I clutch today has something of the bug-eyed subterranean fury of Big Black's 'Atomizer' LP, a mindquake I've only recently learned to microwave my brains to. Big Black and, in their still fumbling manner, Phantom Tollbooth have found their way beyond hardcore's dead-end brick wall—smash your head against it until the bells chime in perfect harmony.

FRONT 242: Interception (RRE)

I'm listening to this one on cans, gang, and what we have here is a formula so cobwebbed that only in the less chic niteries of Patagonia and Baffin Island is it still greeted with amazement: namely, that goosestepping motorik *plus* cut-up overmensh vocals *equals* a record of such bone-shaking menace that you'll never be able to trust *News At Ten* again. Come off it, Level 42, say I. Far better polish up your nascent talent for kicking listeners heads in at the flick of a switch *a la* Tackhead, and leave the paranoia-mongering to us professionals.

THROWDOWN: The Champ (Hardback)

In which The Mohawks' soul-stew-stomp (itself just a Booker T-style instrumental of that dynamite duet 'Tramp' by Otis Redding and Carla Thomas) is lovingly remade for the purposes of a backing track for rap. And to show how, on the flip mouth-jockeys from Faze One and Hardrock Soul Movement unroll their tongues to no wild effect except to make you think how weird it is to hear rappers go to town on sharp-suited R&B rather than HM or electro. Somehow the new funkies seem just too cold and ruthless for these friendly old grooves, a bit like hearing John Lydon sing 'Can't Buy Me Love'.

SHARP: Entertain Me (Unicorn)

Snaf! Comprising The Jam's Foxton and Buckler and Time UK's Jimmy Edwards, Sharp are, um, sharp, sincere, straightforward, personable, and a teensy bit boring. Yet the restrained passion of Jimmy's voice and the telling simplicity of the piano part hint that worthy but dull need not be their epitaph.

THE LOVER SPEAKS: Every Lover's Sign (A&M)

The resounding thump you hear every 0.8 of a second is the arse being bored off an elephant. Why are the words 'New York Mix' the kiss of death for British pop charm? Talk about putting your loved one under a pedestal! Contrary to the A&R thinking plainly at work here, The Lover Speaks are not The Pet Shop Boys (not that said combo would tolerate such piledriver production for a second); rather, they are time-warped schmaltz-merchants who are too young for the grans and too art-conscious to burst from the closet in hip-hugging slacks, rhinestoned waistcoat and pinkie-ring the size of the Ritz. Pity. The Tom Jones revival shouldn't have ended with The Blow Monkeys.

COURTNEY PINE: Children Of The Ghetto (Island)

Unable as I am to recall The Real Thing's original, I can only remark that whatever Susaye Greene might sing of misery in the concrete jungle, the ghetto sounds a pretty perky place to be, all a-glide with a cocktail waitresses, hatcheck girls and Sobranie smoke. 'Twould have been better by far to ditch the sleeve-worn social conscience and simply allow the unadorned tune to carry Courtney Pine's gentlemanly tenor sax. 'What's Going On' this ain't, but I would like to hear Pine update his hero John Coltrane's example by letting rip on a few of today's pop and soul standards with a view to digging out new emotion rather than gilding over an old one.

THREE MINUTES OF SQUELCHING NOISES?

Ten years ago the single was resurrected as pop's ideal form. Whereas this time-limit had been historically determined by the width of the old 78 rpm disc, a new reason was found to praise brevity on 45: if speed-scrambled was up your alley, three minutes was about all you could manage before blacking out. Since then, punk has gone out of style and physical fitness is in. Small wonder singles have been getting longer, so as to soundtrack our new stamina. But even that cannot explain why three hours and 20 minutes' worth of live Bruce Springsteen has shifted boxes in untold squillions. It's a brilliant album, granted, one of the most exciting rock 'n' roll documents ever—but I haven't bonked to it. Has anyone bonked to it? *All the way through???*

My guess is that as long as this AIDS malarky continues to be blown up by the wilting Cassandras of the popular press, musical marathons well beyond humping range will continue to sell. Singles will thus dwindle in sales and significance, unless they're by The Housemartins to whose fans sex is in any case anathema. Here's hoping normal service is resumed shortly.

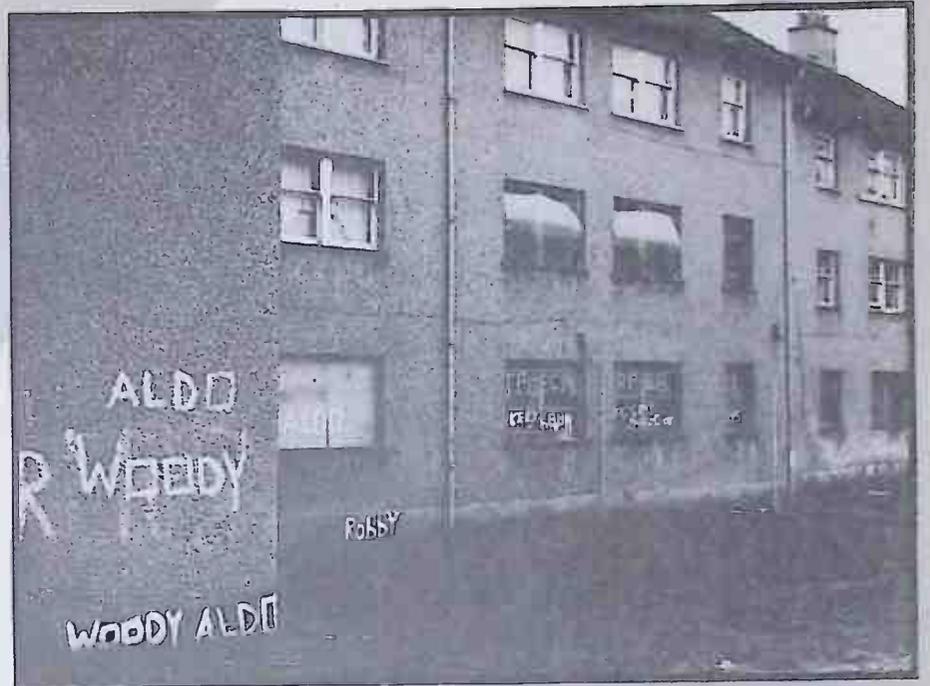
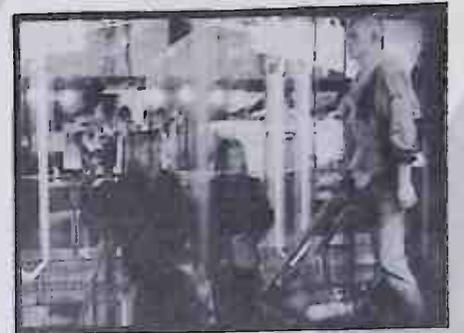


Two tales of a city. Is Glasgow still the city of stares or has Europe's hardest streets surrendered to the sounds of chamber orchestras? DAVID BELCHER reports on changing perceptions of Scotland's first city. As fighting gives way to fringe theatre and gang-boys turn to performance art, NME salutes The Big 'G'. Visual stimulation by IAIN WHITE.

No Mean City



Bistros ya bass



Artists in residence

"Battles and sex are the only free diversions in slum life, (No Mean City Alexander McArthur, 1935.)

Bridgeton street armory: "a brass-headed poker, a cudgel, an axe, a bayonet-like knife, and an iron rod 3ft long with a hook at each end, (Evening Times report on gang violence, 1931).

"But if a city hasn't been used by an artist not even the inhabitants live there imaginatively. Imaginatively, Glasgow exists as a music-hall song and a few bad novels. That's all we've given to the world outside," (Lanark, Alasdair Gray, 1981).

"Glasgow's Miles Better", from the sticker that spread across the world—London cabs to mopeds in the Greek islands, to the men's toilets, Orlando Airport, Florida.

QUOTATIONS, SUCH A cultured way to begin any discussion about the Glasgow of the here and now, don't you think? For the dear green place is presently so reinvigorated, so vibrant, and unshackled from old images, *n'est-ce pas?* From *No Mean City* to European City of Culture 1990, know what I mean, pal?

A Sunday morning in Sauchiehall Street, 1986. No Saturday-night drunks, blood, vomit or corpses on the pavement.

Two of us sit in an airy licensed bistro where, apart from the Edith Piaf soundtrack, all is cool, calm and collected. No one is fighting or drinking anything stronger than coffee. No Presbyterian fundamentalists harangue us for breaking the Sabbath. We are both English and no one chibs us for it. Welcome to Glasgow.

Chris Carrell is the director of the Third Eye Centre, which is not the hippy joss-stick emporium it might sound like, but the best-run and most adventurous gallery for

the visual arts in Glasgow. Chris is telling me that Glasgow's many arts administrators are the only ones in the UK to meet regularly to develop city-wide themes and exhibitions. He is telling me about the Burrell Gallery and its watershed role in securing Glasgow as Britain's next European City of Culture.

"It has the finest collection of decorative art outside the V&A," he says with an apostolic sincerity of the world treasure trove bought up and brought back by turn-of-the-century local shipping magnate Sir William Burrell.

"So the Burrell was the natural place to take the two Southern Whitehall ghettodwellers who came up to hear our submission. We skipped lightly over all Glasgow's obvious artistic features—as the home of Scottish Ballet, the Scottish National Orchestra, Scottish Opera, the Citizens' Theatre, Mayfest, plus a range of other theatre companies, theatres, and galleries—and gave them this reasoned slide presentation. We stressed our ability to administer, organise and co-ordinate; our experience in fund-raising and finding sponsorship. We underlined Glasgow's well-established, successful development of tourist links with Europe.

"The slides ended, and the first question one of them asked was: 'Do you think Glasgow's reputation as city of violence will deter European visitors?' We were stunned. Somebody eventually broke the silence by pointing out the fact that at least our football teams were still welcome in Europe, not like England's."

It is very satisfying to think like this, to become a little socio-culturally cocky and patriotic and pugilistic; to realise that after years of metropolitan condescension and media misrepresentation, endless hand-wringing TV documentaries on Glaswegian deprivation, drink-fuelled bigotry, and mindless aggression, we can give an answer other than "you talking about me, pal?" It is tempting to list Glasgow's many areas of national superiority with the belligerence which many still see as the city's sole trademark.

It is possible, for instance, to hail Glasgow as a stone-cleaned, sand-blasted Victorian masterpiece. It can be touted as Europe's first post-industrial city, its economic fabric mended and re-cut, all willing service-related industries like bistros, restaurants,

niteries, compliant pop groups, fawning frock and frippery designers, tame comic wildmen like Robbie Coltrane. But this isn't the whole story.

Giles Havergal, artistic director of the Citizens' (the only British theatre to allow the unwaged free admission) feels that the strength and worth of culture in all its forms in the city stems from a nearness to, and awareness of, the city's ongoing social problems.

"Culture is vigorous in Glasgow because we face deprivation every day, and we have all, in the arts and without, had to fight for our lives," he says. "It is possible to travel to work in theatres in London and Manchester, say, and not see the bad bits, but here you cannot ignore facts such as Clydeside still having Britain's largest percentage of substandard housing.

"People say 'Is La Traviata or Shakespeare significant when so many people are without work or living in shitty conditions?' Glasgow arts have had to fight to prove that they are significant, that they are in fact at their most significant when they can become a shared community experience regardless of circumstances, life-enhancing in miserable settings."

"In terms of grants and official aid, no one is saying 'theatre instead of a lung machine'. It's got to be both, but I'm not sure if one works properly without the other."

Across the city Alasdair Gray shakes his head, nay-saying all ideas of Glasgow as a new-found cultural paradise which slept through the false dawn of the '60s and now stands on the brink of its finest, most filigree'd hour. Despite the plethora of charming bijou residences reclaimed for the bourgeoisie from defunct city-centre warehouses, he knows that for a lot of Glaswegians life goes on miserably mostly, inch by bloody inch.

"In decent amenities and housing for the middle-class, we're better than London. When it comes to amenities for most folk, we're going to hell in a handcart at just the same rate as everyone else," he says.

"From the point of view of urban violence, Glasgow might now appear to be a gentler city, but this is only since it has been surpassed for violence by the major cities of south Britain.

"Folk in the increasingly-ill-served outer housing schemes, like Drumchapel,

Easterhouse and Castlemilk, are as badly off as their equivalents elsewhere in Britain, but they are less violent because for them the depression started much earlier. If we take a riot as a sign of protest, the absence of riots here is a sign of total demoralisation (not that I would welcome news of riots).

"Culturally," he chews the word over with detached amusement and not a little distaste, "things are better in Glasgow for some luxury traders and consumers, a few writers and painters, gallery owners.

"If art, in its fullest sense, including TV drama, TV news, adverts, is escapist then without art people would go mad. A lot of art is narcotic, tranquilising, but in at least one sense it can be regarded as a symptom—when it is not there, people have stopped thinking and feeling intelligently.

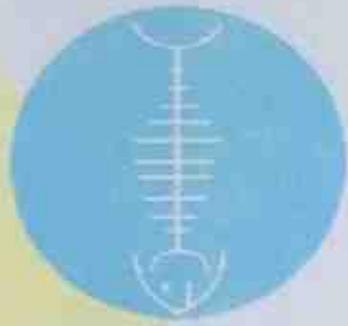
Early in Giles Havergal's reign city councillors would periodically condemn the morality of his productions. "We haven't had council opposition recently, which is nice in a way," he says. "but art organisations should be thorns in communities' sides, should question, and shouldn't endorse prevailing socio-political attitudes. It is good that people walk out."

No one walks out anymore, and Glasgow's Labour council sees 1990 and all that in economic jargon—million-pound cash boost, job bonus etc, etc. Have the arts here become part of the establishment, too toothless and pointless? Active civic pride all too easily slides into crippling complacency (as poor sedate, seated, ravaged Edinburgh testifies).

Yet Glasgow is not, whatever else it might be, complacent. Instead it tends to get stuck in hard and go over the top in everything it does.

Elsewhere in *Lanark*, Gray writes: "In the '30s, with a quarter of Glasgow's male workforce unemployed, the only violent men were Protestant and Catholic gangs who slashed each other with razors: it is easier to fight your neighbours than a bad Government, and it gave excitement to hopeless lives before World War 2."

Wouldn't it be nice, if that's the word (and it manifestly isn't) if Glasgow's approach to art and culture came to mean war as well as business? If re-arranging knives and cudgels and iron bars and screwtops in ways undreamed of became an art, and a sort of competition to improve the human spirit?



STUART ADAMSON, the public face of BIG COUNTRY refuses to join the drift south. His life, music and inspiration are formed by the mining villages of Fife rather than the designer clubs of London. "Ma stage outfit cost about £40 from a shop in Dunfermline High Street. Spandau Ballet would be ashamed of me." STUART COSGROVE meets a reluctant star. Photographed by NICK WHITE.

Scot Free

STUART ADAMSON is remembering a teenage gang fight and the day his nose was burst open. I am hoping his story will have a happy ending but already fear the worst.

"It was the end of the game, we tried to run out of the ground, but this guy jumped out of the crowd and stuck the head on me. It was one of the Mental Pack fae Perth . . . I hear you're from Perth?"

My cover had been blown and the cardinal sins of a home-town gang had come back to haunt me. Not even the porter of the Holiday Inn, Swiss Cottage could save me now. I was alone in a hotel room about to be beaten up by a superstar. What's more it was a superstar from Fife, and everyone knows that Fifers fight dirty. He probably had ten of his mates hiding in the bog. I was a walking reminder of the year of fear. The *NME* could stick its Scottish issue up its caledonian canal: this gang boy was *offski*.

Fortunately, Stuart Adamson is a forgiving soul. He bid me sit down and admitted that he'd been looking forward to the interview for days. Scotland, in all its charged complexity, was the subject of discussion. And to understand Scotland, you have to begin with the *historical drift*, and the conditions that take young Scots southwards to England. You have to negotiate the casual racism of Dr Johnson — "the best thing to come out of Scotland is the high road to England" — and you have to recognise that social realism informs every beat of The Shop Assistants' 'Caledonian Road'.

"You can understand the drift south on a basic economic level. No matter how badly paid or how mentally stultifying, there is still work in London. There aren't jobs in Scotland, it is as simple as that. At present there are 30,000 teenagers unemployed in Glasgow alone, a stadium full of young people. Everyone of them was born with a 15 ton weight on their head. The obvious thing to do is to run, and London is an obvious place to run to. I suppose from a distance London is a glamorous place — shops, clubs and things — but the reality is very different. London's a squalid city. But its squalidness is only obvious to you when you don't need to run".

The pop lure of London has never really attracted Adamson. According to the Scottish based music paper *CUT*, he prefers the mundane pleasures of the pie-stall at Dunfermline's East End Park to the cut-

throat gentility of Soho's brasserie circuit.

"I thought that bit about the pie-stall was a bit patronising but I take the general point. It's basically a personal thing, it's certainly not done as a pose or because it makes business sense. If you are in the music business for all that vainglorious sub-Hollywood trip then you have to be in London. Accountant by day the right club by night. Being in Scotland gives you another kind of security, a place to go with your tail between your legs, a place where your ego gets whipped into shape."

In Adamson's conversations, Dunfermline and its surrounding villages, act as the antithesis of stardom: they are the "real world", a genuine *community* to be set against the vacuity of pop's rootless video empire.

"The star thing is well and truly over for me. One of the biggest things I've achieved is to convince people in Dunfermline that stardom is a myth. Strangely it gives me a sense of vanity to think Big Country has managed to ignore the star system. It's really about putting music on its proper pedestal, neither as an elevated or a degraded thing. It sounds pretentious but our music is a breathing part of a *real* community: a place whose people deserve respect."

The sense of community evoked in Big Country's albums, is a coherent statement about the contradictory places that make up Scotland. 'The Crossing' with its open spaces and romantic stirrings is an image of The Highlands; 'Steeltown' with its images of decline and urban disenchantment is the industrial cities of Central Scotland, and 'The Seer' with its images of visionary nature is the rural geography that dominates Scotland: the rivers, the border lands, the islands, the historical crofts. According to Adamson "the clearances in the Highlands were just a dress rehearsal for today and clearing Scotland of its industry. Never underestimate the links between the Highlands and the cities."

The people he perpetually respects are friends and family. His wife Sandra, and her work for the Scottish Cot-Death Society, are a powerful presence in every interview and Big Country's Fife born guitarist Bruce Watson, who ran away to London only to return to work at a submarine depot then to face unemployment, is a constant reference point. Beyond them is another *community*: the organized working-class of Fife particularly coalminers like Bruce's dad and one of Stuart Adamson's friends, the socialist councillor Bob Young who was sacked during the coal strike for a picket-line 'crime' and has only recently returned to work. And beyond them is yet another *community*, people like Stuart's dad currently working in Saudi Arabia, along with thousands of exiled Scots.

Although Stuart would resist the description 'political pop star' and shy away from high profile pop pressure groups like Red Wedge, his commitment to the coal strike is unambiguous, "it'll no be over until all the Scottish miners that were sacked get

their jobs back" and his support was modestly effective, "there wasnae really time for benefits it was just a case of signing a cheque and getting things moving." And because the coal strike was Fife's strike it was inevitably a confrontation that involved everyone who cared about the community and the way it was being ripped apart.

"I would like to think that what we do in music has roots not only in 30 years of rock and roll but roots that are much older and more solid than that. Because I like to write about life from the vantage point of Scotland, I tend not to plagiarise the old myths of cars, girls and desert islands. I don't live in that world. It's no exactly *Eldorado* in Fife."

So where is *Eldorado*? And how is it to be found, through socialism or nationalism?

"I'm not attracted to nationalism in the sense of complete independence for Scotland. We're far too small, too poor and in too great a position of economic disarray to try and go it alone. But that state of affairs has arisen partly because of our relationship to governments that are basically English in their outlook. We definitely need greater representation. There are two different Britains — north and south — and Scotland stands with the North of England as an underdeveloped area. At times we even look like a Third World country. But despite that there's a complete ignorance of Scotland's problems in the south. If a terrorist isnae threatening to blow up their cars, they really don't care."

LIKE SO many things in Scottish culture, humour, drink, pride, religious difference, nationalism and the imaginary sense that the future will be better, the *communities* that Stuart Adamson belongs to find an expression in football. Almost apologetically, he admits that his father was working away from home as a marine engineer when he was born. And the truth must be told, he was born . . .

"For a man who was actually born in Manchester, I still have the Scottish dream of scoring three goals against England at Wembley. One of them has to be a volley, another's a running shot and the third would be like the goal Tam Forsyth got in the cup final. He scored wi' his studs from six inches. That would be the last one, the one that rubs it in. Oh Christ there was Dalgligh's goal when he put it through the English keeper's legs. Can the dream stretch tae four goals?"

By all means, on a good night mine stretch to about 12 goals and a pitch invasion. Never suppress your dreams my boy it's the first sign that the hands of presbyterian Scotland have got you by the imaginary throat. Are you religious?

"Not in *that* sense. The church is still very strong in Scotland, too strong. I hate that tight reformation morality. 'Dae this or it's the fiery sword for you'. Older people seem to fear not being in control. People in society seem to think that when they get to a certain age it means they have passed the test and can control the younger generation. Religion becomes a way of controlling. But

in Scotland I think things are noticeably changing. At local council level there's some really positive people around. But it always comes back to economics. We don't have the money to grow as a nation and that affects every aspect of life fae industry tae people's outlooks. It's like the Tom and Jerry cartoon image — sliding down a cliff with nail marks digging in — the more people in government want to take things away, the more people in everyday life want to cling on. Old people in Scotland have been clinging on to things like religion because they've spent a whole life watching other things getting taken away."

But in Scotland to cling on to religion is sometimes an excuse for sectarian bigotry:

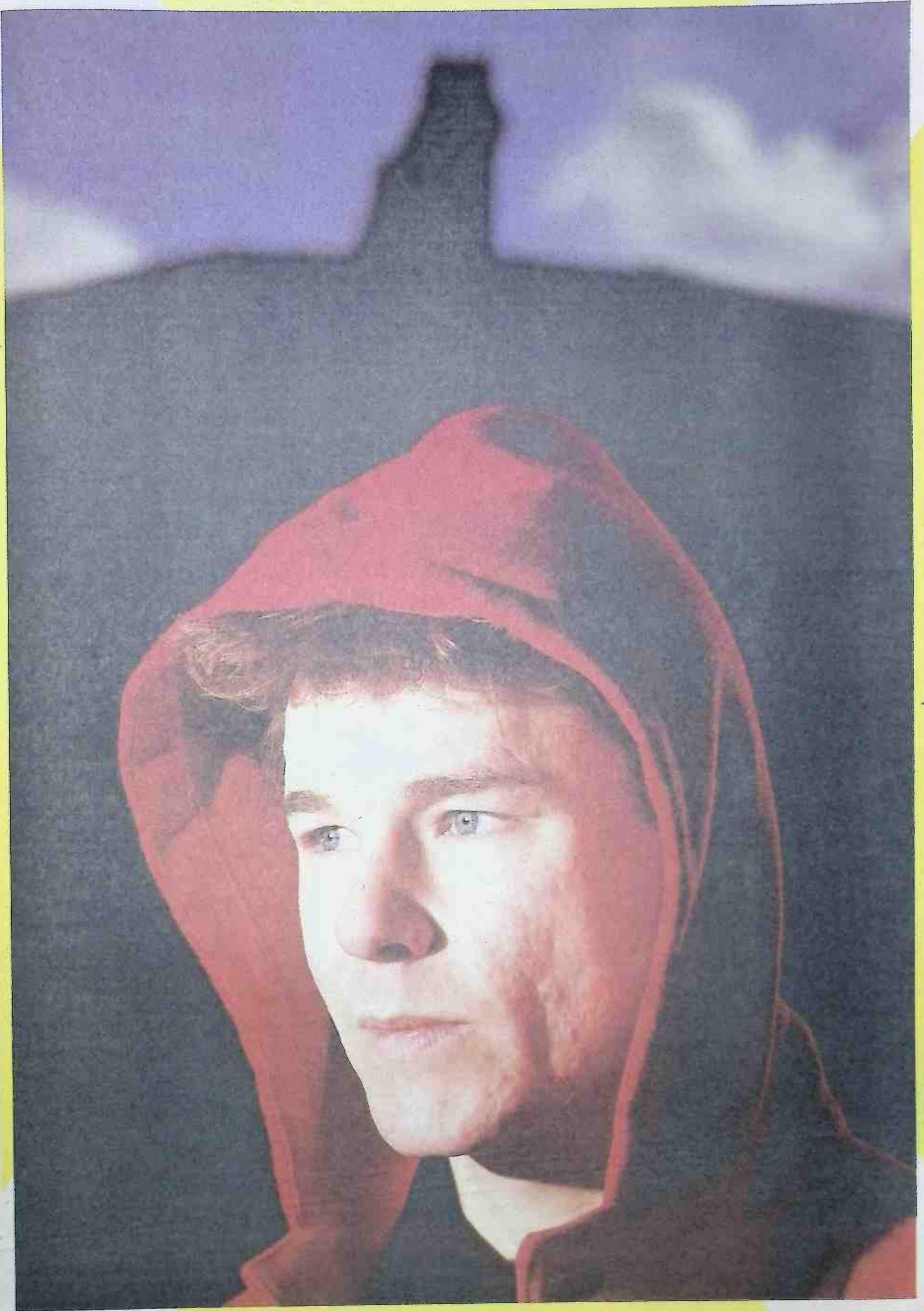
"That's true. I hate to think about Scotland polarising about religion. The village I was brought up in had a really healthy mixture of catholics and protestants. I can honestly say I never saw one religious fight. I saw people have fights coming out o' pubs and people moaning about no having enough money, but never religion. It was a case of 'we're aw in the same boat, we're aw Jock Thamson's bairns'. If you argue about religion you're just admitting you're a trapped rat: if you shout loud it must be right. I hate it in football especially."

SCOTLAND LIKES to learn the hard way. This New Year, Celtic and Rangers will play yet again, on the very day that rational thought surrenders to the liquid charm of the family McEwan.

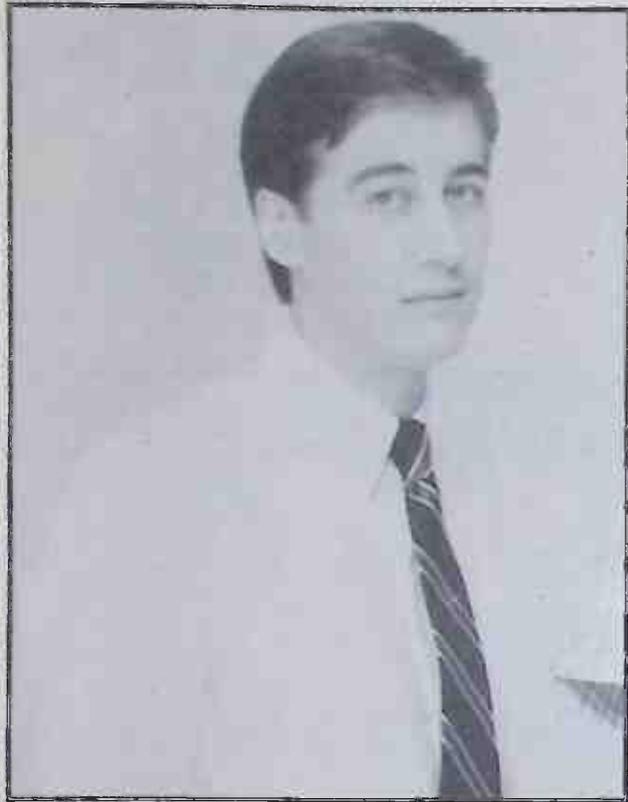
Stuart Adamson will watch the battle on television and will be celebrating Hogmanay on STV as part of the new streamlined New Year Show. Has Scotland's national holiday lost its historical importance?

"It's certainly declined over the years, in just the same way that football has declined. There's more choices for people and let's face it no one's too keen on opening their front room to a crowd of headcases. All that gang thing in the '70s had a bad effect. People had parties, at midnight they aw shook hands and two hours later they were battling. I think that kind of attitude shut it down a bit. But New Year will always be special to Scots. It's the time folk go home. And it's about regeneration, saying to yourself, 'that was a fuckin' awful year, next year is bound tae be better'."

As far as awful years go, 1986 was a particularly fuckin' awful year for Scotland. Over 7,900 Scots lost their jobs and joined their neighbours in one of the longest dole queues in Europe. In mid-December, Babcock Power, a multi-national corporation with a plant in Renfrew decided to shed another 620 workers and sent them a Christmas bonus wrapped in a redundancy notice. So another gang of Scots won't need to bother sobering up this hogmanay, because a government they probably didn't vote for, has decided there's no more work. For the sake of monetarism and the sake of auld lang syne, large sections of the Scottish community are no longer required. Happy New Year.



NME CHARTS



Dexys 'not dead' shock.

45s INDEPENDENT LPs

1	1	KISS	Age Of Chance (Fon)	1	1	DEDTIME FOR DEMOCRACY	The Dead Kennedys (Alternative Tentacles)
2	3	INTO THE GROOVE(Y)	Ciccione Youth (Blast First)	2	8	PICTURES OF STARVING CHILDREN	Chumbawamba (Agit Prop)
3	4	PEEL SESSION	Joy Division (Strange Fruit)	3	2	YOUR FUNERAL... MY TRIAL	Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds (Mute)
4	2	SOMETIMES	Erasure (Mute)	4	4	HIT BY HIT	The Godfathers (Corporate Image)
5	5	STEAMING TRAIN	Talulah Gosh (53rd & 3rd)	5	3	QUIRK OUT	Slump (Sluff)
6	(-)	STUMBO	Wiseblood (Some Bizzare)	6	5	THE MOON AND THE MELODIES	Cocteau Twins/Budd (4 AD)
7	9	THROWAWAY	Mighty Mighty (Chapter 22)	7	6	IN THE PINES	The Triffids (Hot)
8	6	POPPYCOCK	Pop Will Eat Itself (Chapter 22)	8	11	C86	Various (NME/Rough Trade)
9	7	SNAKE DRILL EP	Wire (Mute)	9	9	SUN FAMILY	Balaam And The Angel (Chapter 22)
10	12	BIZARRE LOVE TRIANGLE	New Order (Factory)	10	16	THE QUEEN IS DEAD	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
11	13	GOING TO HEAVEN TO SEE IF IT RAINS	Close Lobsters (Fire)	11	10	DROTHERHOOD	New Order (Factory)
12	8	SERPENTS NOSS	The Mission (Chapter 22)	12	7	MISERABLE SHINNERS	The Creepers (In Tape)
13	16	HANG TEH/JUST MIND YOUR STEP	Soup Dragons (Raw)	13	13	STOMPING AT KLUD FOOT VOL 3 & 4	Various (ABC)
14	10	BEATNIK BOY	Talulah Gosh (53rd & 3rd)	14	20	WHATS IN A WORD	Brilliant Corners (S20)
15	11	COMPETELY AND UTTERLY	The Chesterfields (Subway)	15	12	MEDUSA	Clan Of Xymox (4 AD)
16	23	LEE REMICK	The Go-Betweens (Situation Two)	16	19	SAINT OF THE PIT	Diamanda Galas (Mute)
17	17	JUSTINE	Batfish Boys (Batfish)	17	14	WONDERLAND	Erasure (Mute)
18	14	INSIDE OUT	Into A Circle (Abstract)	18	29	GEOGRAPHY	Front 242 (Mask)
19	28	REALLY STUPID EP	The Primitives (Lazy)	19	27	ON THE BROADWALK	Ted Hawkins (Brave)
20	21	LOVES EASY TEARS	Cocteau Twins (4 AD)	20	15	LDNE SHARKS	Guana Batz (ID)
21	(-)	THE RATTLER	Goodbye Mr Mackenzie (Precious Organisation)	21	23	FILIGREE AND SHADOW	This Mortal Coil (4 AD)
22	26	PEEL SESSIONS	The Undertones (Strange Fruit)	22	(-)	DLOOD AND CHOCOLATE	Elvis Costello (Imp)
23	27	EVERYTHING'S GROOVY	Gay Bikers On Acid (In Tape)	23	21	HAMMER PARTY	Big Black (Homestead)
24	(-)	THE GRIP OF LOVE	Ghost Dance (Karbon)	24	26	SMOKE SIGNALS	MDC (Radical)
25	(-)	PEEL SESSION	Madness (Strange Fruit)	25	(-)	WATCH YOUR STEP	Ted Hawkins (Gull)
26	15	ASK	Smiths (Rough Trade)	26	25	CAMPER VAN DEETHOVEN	Camper Van Beethoven (Rough Trade)
27	18	10 NOTES ON A SUMMER'S DAY	Crass (Crass)	27	28	THE RETURN OF MARTHA SPLATTERHEAD	The Accused (Cor)
28	24	PEEL SESSION	The Ruks (Strange Fruit)	28	22	FORCE	Ace (Factory)
29	(-)	PEEL SESSION	Xmal Deutschland (Strange Fruit)	29	17	SEVENTIME BLUES	The Meteors (Anagram/Cherry Red)
30	(-)	SHE'S SO OUT OF TOUCH	Slaughter Joe (Creation)	30	24	50,000 GLASS PANS CAN'T BE WRONG	Various (Glass)

45s UK TOP FIFTY LPs

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST
WEEK	WEEK		WEEKS IN
1	1	CARAVAN OF LOVE	4 1
2	8	REET PETITE	3 2
3	4	OPEN YOUR HEART	3 3
4	2	THE FINAL COUNTDOWN	8 1
5	3	SOMETIMES	8 2
6	7	SO COLD THE MOUNT	4 6
7	6	SHAKE YOU DOWN	4 6
8	5	THE RAIN	6 5
9	13	CRY WOLF	4 9
10	10	LIVINGS IN AMERICA	10 5
11	21	IS THIS LOVE	5 11
12	19	BIG FUN	2 12
13	9	YOU TAKE MY BREATH AWAY	10 1
14	24	BECAUSE OF YOU	5 14
15	23	STEP RIGHT UP	4 15
16	18	LAND OF CONFUSION	5 16
17	31	DREAMIN	4 17
18	12	FRENCH KISSIN' IN THE USA	6 6
19	14	THE SKYE BOAT SONG	6 8
20	11	EACH TIME YOU BREAK MY HEART	6 4
21	16	SHIVER	4 16
22	43	OVER THE HILLS AND FAR AWAY	2 22
23	28	THE MIRACLE OF LOVE	4 23
24	38	HYMNI TO HER	4 24
25	15	BREAKOUT	9 3
26	27	CANDY	4 25
27	26	SWEET LOVE	6 10
28	(-)	SANTA CLAUS IS ON THE DOLE	1 28
29	32	ONLY LOVE REMAINS	3 29
30	42	THE BOY IN THE BUBBLE	2 30
31	(-)	BALLERINA GIRL	1 31
32	(-)	NO MORE THE FOOL	1 32
33	17	YOU KEEP ME HANGIN' ON	9 2
34	30	IF I SAY YES	6 13
35	46	LAST CHRISTMAS	2 35
36	20	SNOWING OUT	10 3
37	29	OH MY FATHER HAD A RABBIT	2 29
38	44	I'M ALL YOU NEED	2 38
39	33	ALL I ASK OF YOU	12 2
40	22	WAR (WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR)	5 17
41	50	WALK LIKE AN EGYPTIAN	15 2
42	25	FOR AMERICA	9 11
43	35	THROUGH THE BARRICADES	8 7
44	39	GHOSTDANCING	7 13
45	48	HOLD THE HEART	5 29
46	(-)	HEY! LUCIAN!	1 46
47	(-)	REAL WILD CHILD	2 47
48	36	NIGHTS OF PLEASURE	2 36
49	41	BIG IN AMERICA	2 41
50	45	A SPACEMAN CAME TRAVELLING	2 45

THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK		HIGHEST
WEEK	WEEK		WEEKS IN
1	1	HOW VIII	4 1
2	3	THE WHOLE STORY	6 2
3	2	HITS V	6 1
4	5	LIVE MAGIC	3 4
5	6	GRACELAND	15 1
6	4	EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE - THE SINGLES	8 1
7	8	TRUE BLUE	25 1
8	7	SLIPPERY WHEN WET	15 4
9	21	FORE!	3 9
10	37	SWEET FREEDOM	5 10
11	11	SILK AND STEEL	18 2
12	9	TOP GUN - SOUNDTRACK	10 3
13	13	REVENGE	25 2
14	12	DIFFERENT LIGHT	3 12
15	14	AUGUST	4 14
16	22	HOW - THE CHRISTMAS ALBUM	3 16
17	18	REMINISCING	8 17
18	19	SOUTH PACIFIC	3 18
19	10	LIVE 1975-85	6 4
20	15	LOVERS	4 15
21	16	THROUGH THE BARRICADES	5 6
22	30	THE FINAL COUNTDOWN	6 16
23	36	LONDON O HULL 4	2 23
24	34	THE FINAL	3 24
25	(-)	CHRISTMAS	1 25
26	RE	THE SINGING DETECTIVE	1 26
27	24	SIXTIES MANIA	3 24
28	RE	THE GREATEST HITS	1 28
29	26	HIT MIX '85	6 10
30	(-)	HIGHWAY OF LIVE	1 30
31	47	AN ALBUM OF HYMNS	2 31
32	44	THE CAROLS ALBUM	2 32
33	42	WHITNEY HOUSTON!	5 25
34	32	RAPTURE	5 29
35	33	IN THE ARMY NOW	4 30
36	17	DROTHERS IN ARMS	80 1
37	20	ANYTHING	3 17
38	27	SCOUNDREL DAYS	10 2
39	31	NOTORIOUS	4 19
40	35	GOD'S OWN MEDICINE	6 12
41	39	GOSH! STEVE AUSTIN	2 39
42	46	SO	7 17
43	43	THE COMMUNARDS	2 43
44	41	MOTOWN CHARTBUSTERS	2 41
45	25	THE GREATEST HITS OF '86	7 11
46	RE	JAZZ FROM HELL	1 46
47	(-)	CHRISTMAS WITH KIRI	1 47
48	RE	INVISIBLE TOUCH	1 48
49	23	INFECTED	5 10
50	29	DISCO	4 11

DANCEFLOOR 15

1	OH WHEN THE SAINTS	Murton All Stars (CYS)
2	GIVIN' IT BACK	Phil Hurt (Fantasy)
3	HOW CAN YOU GO HOME	AWB (MCA)
4	SAMBA INGLÉS	Jazz Defektors (Portrait)
5	CAN I GET A WITNESS	Marvin Gaye (Motown)
6	NEW YORK AFTERNOON	Yasuko Agawa (Bluebird)
7	I'VE GOT A FEELING	The Four Tops (Motown)
8	SEVEN DAYS TOO LONG	Chuck Wood (Roulette)
9	THE WORLD IS A GHETTO	War (MCA)
10	I'VE GOT JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING	Lorraine Feather (Concorde)
11	IT'S THE NEW STYLE	Beastie Boys (Def Jam)
12	MR BIG STUFF	Heavy D And The Boyz (MCA)
13	CAN'T DO WITHOUT YOU	Lee Andrews (Lost Nite)
14	I LOVE MUSIC	O'Jays (Philly)
15	IS THIS THE FUTURE?	Fatback Band (Important)

Chart supplied by DJ Sparky, The Beat Box, Perth, Scotland. All days every Sunday 2pm-11pm. Special Hogmanay Showdown 8pm-2.30am featuring guest DJ Dr Cosgrove

SCOTS DUBFLOOR

1	YOU GOT GOOD TASTE	The Cramps (Big Beat)
2	PANIC	The Smiths (Rough Trade)
3	A FOREST	The Cure (Fiction)
4	ANARCHY IN THE UK	Sex Pistols (EMI)
5	WHAT GOES ON	The Velvet Underground (Verve)
6	TRANSMISSION	Joy Division (Factory)
7	ISRAEL	Siouxsie And The Banshees (Polydor)
8	UNCERTAIN SMILE	The The (Some Bizzare)
9	IN SHREDS	The Chameleons (Statik)
10	BLAH, BLAH BLAH	Iggy Pop (A&M)
11	NICE 'N' SLEAZY	The Stranglers (United Artists)
12	SHOULD I STAY, SHOULD I GO	The Clash (CBS)
13	TRUMPTON RIOTS	1/2 Man 1/2 Biscuit (Probe Plus)
14	MAKES NO SENSE AT ALL	Husker Du (SST)
15	PRETTY IN PINK	The Psychedelic Furs (CBS)

Chart by the dancers at the Monday Alternative, the Ritz, Bridge Place, Aberdeen

REGGAE DISCO 45s

1	CRAZY LOVE	Maxi Priest (10)
2	DANCE HALL VIBES	Mikey General (Digikal)
3	ROCK WITH ME BABY	Winsome/Neerious Joseph (Fine Style)
4	GOLDEN TOUCH	Janet Kenton (High Power)
5	KNIGHT IN SHINING ARMOUR	Debbie Gee (UK Bubbblers)
6	FALL FOR YOU	Peter Hunningale (Street Vibes)
7	READY AND WAITING FOR YOU	Michael Gordon (Fine Style)
8	GOING TO A PARTY	Ricky Tamlin (UK Bubbblers)
9	HAND CLAPPING FOOT STOMPING MUSIC	Administrators (Groove and 1/4)
10	COME FOLLOW ME	Barry Boom (On Top)
11	CRAZY/WHAT THE POLICE CAN DO	Andrew Paul (Digikal)
12	YOU ARE SO GOOD TO ME	Frankie Paul (Techniques)
13	RING UP MY NUMBER	Kenny Knoch (Unity)
14	SO DEM COME SO DEM GO	Nitty Gritty (Live and Love)
15	SUNDAY MORNING	Chosen Few (Now Generation)
16	MEANING OF CHRISTMAS	Boris Gardiner (Review)
17	READY FOR THE DANCE HALL	Peter Bowncer (Unity)
18	PUSH ME IN THE CORNER	Slim Linton (Ariwa)
19	DON'T HAVE TO FIGHT/THE CHRISTMAS PRESENT	One Blood (Level Vibes)
20	HOOKEO ON YOU	Aswad (Simba)

Chart by Dub Vendor, 274 Lavender Hill, London SW11

US 45s

- 1 WALK LIKE AN EGYPTIAN..... The Bangles (Columbia)
- 2 THE WAY IT IS..... Bruce Hornsby And The Range (RCA)
- 3 EVERYBODY HAVE FUN TONIGHT..... Wang Chung (Geffen)
- 4 NOTORIOUS..... Duran Duran (Capitol)
- 5 SHAKE YOU DOWN..... Gregory Abbott (Columbia)
- 6 TO BE A LOVER..... Billy Idol (Chrysalis)
- 7 HIP TO BE SQUARE..... Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)
- 8 C'EST LA VIE..... Robble Nevil (Manhattan)
- 9 STAND BY ME..... Ben E King (Atlantic)
- 10 THE NEXT TIME I FALL..... Peter Cetera with Amy Grant (Warner Bros)
- 11 WAR..... Bruce Springsteen And The E Street Band (Columbia)
- 12 DON'T GET ME WRONG..... The Pretenders (Sire)
- 13 CONTROL..... Janet Jackson (A&M)
- 14 YOU GIVE LOVE A BAD NAME..... Bon Jovi (Mercury)
- 15 IS THIS LOVE..... Survivor (Scotti Bros)

US LPs

- 1 LIVE 1975-1985..... Bruce Springsteen And The E Street Band (Columbia)
- 2 SLIPPERY WHEN WET..... Bon Jovi (Mercury)
- 3 THIRD STAGE..... Boston (MCA)
- 4 THE WAY IT IS..... Bruce Hornsby And The Range (RCA)
- 5 FORE!..... Huey Lewis And The News (Chrysalis)
- 6 GRACELAND..... Paul Simon (Warner Bros)
- 7 EVERY BREATH YOU TAKE - THE SINGLES..... The Police (A&M)
- 8 WORD UP..... Cameo (Atlanta Artists)
- 9 WHIPLASH SMILE..... Billy Idol (Chrysalis)
- 10 TRUE BLUE..... Madonna (Sire)
- 11 DANCING ON THE CEILING..... Lionel Richie (Motown)
- 12 RAPTURE..... Anita Baker (Elektra)
- 13 TRUE COLORS..... Cyndi Lauper (Portrait)
- 14 NIGHT SONGS..... Cinderella (Mercury)
- 15 RAISING HELL..... Run DMC (Profile)

Charts Courtesy Billboard

BIG MACS 15



Luv those lashes, Lulu...

- 1 SHOUT..... Lulu (Jive) 1986, (Decca) 1964!
- 2 DON'T YOU (FORGET ABOUT ME)..... Simple Minds (A&M) 1985
- 3 YOUNG AT HEART..... The Bluebells (London) 1984
- 4 OBLIVIOUS..... Aztec Camera (Rough Trade) 1983
- 5 PARTY FEARS TWO..... The Associates (Situation Two) 1982
- 6 HAPPY BIRTHDAY..... Altered Images (Epic) 1981
- 7 MODERN GIRL..... Sheena Easton (EMI) 1980
- 8 NIGHT OWL..... Gerry Rafferty (UA) 1979
- 9 TOP OF THE POPS..... The Rezillos (Sire) 1978
- 10 THE YEAR OF THE CAT..... Al Stewart (RCA) 1977
- 11 THE BOSTON TEA PARTY..... Sensational Alex Harvey Band (Mountain) 1976
- 12 PICK UP THE PIECES..... Average White Band (Atlantic) 1975
- 13 SHANG A LANG..... Bay City Rollers (Bell) 1974
- 14 BROKEN DOWN ANGEL..... Nazareth (Mooncrest) 1973
- 15 HALLELUJAH FREEDOM..... Junior Campbell (Deram) 1972

GREAT SCOTS 10

- 1 SCOTT WALKER
- 2 SCOTT MCKENZIE
- 3 SELMA SCOTT
- 4 F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
- 5 SCOTT OF THE ANTARCTIC
- 6 SIR PETER SCOTT
- 7 SCOTLAND YARD
- 8 TERRY SCOTT
- 9 GEORGE C. SCOTT
- 10 SCOTT BAJO

Chart by F. Scott Dellar

POSTCARDS 10

- 80-1 FALLING AND LAUGHING..... Orange Juice
- 80-2 BLUE BOY..... Orange Juice
- 80-3 RADIO DRILL TIME..... Josef K
- 80-4 I NEED TWO HEADS..... The Go-Betweens
- 80-5 SIMPLY THRILLED MONEY..... Orange Juice
- 81-2 POUR OLD SOUL..... Orange Juice
- 81-3 JUST LIKE GOLD..... Aztec Camera
- 81-4 SORRY FOR LAUGHING..... Josef K
- 81-5 CHANGE MEETING..... Josef K
- 81-6 WAN LIGHT..... Orange Juice

A Trainspotter Writes: don't bother trying to complete this set, 81-6 was never issued...

LEST WE FORGET



Ian McLagan (back right). Small Face, historical Scot!

5 YEARS AGO

- 1 DON'T YOU WANT ME?..... The Human League (Virgin)
- 2 DADDY'S HOME..... Cliff Richard (EMI)
- 3 ANT RAP..... Adam And The Ants (CBS)
- 4 ONE OF US..... Abba (Epic)
- 5 BEGIN THE BEGUINE..... Julio Iglesias (CBS)
- 6 IT MUST BE LOVE..... Madness (Stiff)
- 7 WHY DO FOOLS FALL IN LOVE..... Diana Ross (Capitol)
- 8 UNDER PRESSURE..... Queen & David Bowie (EMI)
- 9 LET'S GROOVE..... Earth Wind & Fire (CBS)
- 10 WEDDING BELLS..... Godley & Creme (Polydor)

10 YEARS AGO

- 1 WHEN A CHILD IS BORN..... Johnny Mathis (CBS)
- 2 UNDER THE MOON OF LOVE..... Showaddywaddy (Bell)
- 3 SOMEBODY TO LOVE..... Queen (EMI)
- 4 MONEY MONEY MONEY..... Abba (Epic)
- 5 LIVIN' THING..... Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)
- 6 PORTSMOUTH..... Mike Oldfield (Virgin)
- 7 BIONIC SANTA..... Chris Hill (Phillips)
- 8 LOVE ME..... Yvonne Elliman (RSO)
- 9 LIVING NEXT DOOR TO ALICE..... Smokie (Rak)
- 10 LEAN ON ME..... Mud (Private Stock)

15 YEARS AGO

- 1 ERNIE..... Benny Hill (Columbia)
- 2 JEEPSTER..... T. Rex (Fly)
- 3 THEME FROM SHAFT..... Isaac Hayes (Stax)
- 4 SOFTLY WHISPERING I LOVE YOU..... Congregation (Columbia)
- 5 SOMETHING TELLS ME..... Cilla Black (Parlophone)
- 6 I'D LIKE TO TEACH THE WORLD TO SING..... New Seekers (Polydor)
- 7 NO MATTER HOW I TRY..... Gilbert O'Sullivan (MAM)
- 8 TOKOLOSHE MAN..... John Kongos (Fly)
- 9 GYPSIES, TRAMPS AND THIEVES..... Cher (MCA)
- 10 IT MUST BE LOVE..... Labi Siffre (Pye)

20 YEARS AGO

- 1 GREEN GREEN GRASS OF HOME..... Tom Jones (Decca)
- 2 MORNINGTOWN RIDE..... The Seekers (Columbia)
- 3 WHAT WOULD I BE..... Val Doonican (Decca)
- 4 SUNSHINE SUPERMAN..... Donovan (Pye)
- 5 MY MIND'S EYE..... The Small Faces (Decca)
- 6 WHAT BECOMES OF THE BROKEN-HEARTED?..... Jimmy Ruffin (Tamla Motown)
- 7 YOU KEEP ME HANGIN ON..... The Supremes (Tamla Motown)
- 8 DEAD END STREET..... The Kinks (Pye)
- 9 FRIDAY ON MY MIND..... The Easybeats (United Artists)
- 10 SAVE ME..... Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick & Titch (Fontana)

McFRED FACT

SO THERE we were, waiting to go the whole Hogmanay, when pop popped Dirty Des and Whistlin' Whittaker to put their experience about a bit and show all those young pop sprogs how to fashion a hit from out of nowt. Mind you, it was predictable really. Macca discovered, way back in '77, that if you could come up with something dressed in tartan round about the year's end, then you were definitely in with a chance. Wacking out a video in which he, Linda and Denny Laine went hell-for-leather through the gloaming to the accompaniment of the West Lothian pipe-fitters, Paulie gave up gathering eggs from his McChickens for a while and spent his time counting the ackers as 'Mull Of Kintyre' notched a healthy two and a half million on the sales chart. Not the best pop record ever to send ear-sufferers hurtling towards Dr Finlay's surgery I'll admit, but surely an improvement on Andy Stewart's efforts at the close of 1960, when his 'Donald Where's Your Troosers' was followed into the charts by 'A Scottish Soldier', thus setting back the course of Scots-pop for the next four years at least.

The Royal Scots Dragoon Guards had either lousy timing or a long hangover. Their 'Amazing Grace' didn't go No.1 until mid-1972 though they stayed sober enough to resurrect it in time for the following New Year. Perhaps they were a bit narked because Judy Collins had already achieved a hit with that selfsame traditional melody. Then, Collins always had a soft spot for the pop of the Picts, her performances often featuring songs such as 'Bonnie Ship The Diamond' and 'Farewell To Tarwathie', both about whalers outward bound from the Peterhead-Fraserburgh area. So much for the past. But how can we avoid yet another Des'n'Rog type heather-horror attack next year? Big Country could do both of us and themselves a favour if, sometime late in '87, they could move into a handy studio and record a version of 'Wild Mountain Thyme', thus gaining a cert Top 10 single. They wouldn't be the first latch onto the potency of this one. The Byrds recorded it on their 'Fifth Dimension' album, Dylan paid tribute to Britain by singing it at the Isle Of Wight festival in '69, while another visiting American, Marc Ellington, who'd toured with Big Zim, recorded 'Wild Mountain Thyme' on his 1972 'Restoration' album. Later he bought a castle in Scotland, converted it into a studio and began knocking out songs and promo-material for the Tourist Board Of Scotland, remaining there to this very day. Canny laddie. Right, altogether now... "Will ye go lassie go - and we'll all go together..." That was rousing stuff. One more time!

Auld Creaky

FILMS OF '86 20

- 1 MONA LISA..... (Palace)
- 2 HANNAH AND HER SISTERS..... (Rank)
- 3 ALIENS..... (UKFD)
- 4 AFTER HOURS..... (Warners)
- 5 BETTY BLUE..... (UKFD)
- 6 RAN..... (Virgin)
- 7 ROOM WITH A VIEW..... (UKFD)
- 8 NO SURRENDER..... (Palace)
- 9 DEFENCE OF THE REALM..... (Rank)
- 10 JAGGED EDGE..... (Columbia)
- 11 TRUE STORIES..... (Warners)
- 12 THE DECLINE OF THE AMERICAN EMPIRE..... (Artificial Eye)
- 13 STATIC..... (Blue Dolphin)
- 14 ROSA LUXEMBOURG..... (Artificial Eye)
- 15 REANIMATOR..... (Empire Entertainment)
- 16 ROUND MIDNIGHT..... (Warners)
- 17 MIXED BLOOD..... (Mainline)
- 18 DESERT HEARTS..... (Mainline)
- 19 DREAMCHILD..... (Universal)
- 20 SWEET DREAM..... (EMI)

Radar reveals itself

BOOKS OF '86 15

- 1 WHERE DID OUR LOVE GO?..... Nelson George (Omnibus)
- 2 THE ORTON DIARIES..... ed. John Lahr (Sidgwick and Jackson)
- 3 NEUROMANCER..... William Gibson (Grafton)
- 4 MORONIC INFERNO..... Martin Amis (Cape)
- 5 GRANTA 19: MORE DIRT..... (Penguin)
- 6 DIVIDED SOUL..... David Ritz (Grafton)
- 7 TRUE STORIES..... David Byrne (Faber and Faber)
- 8 GLITZ..... Eimore Leonard (Penguin)
- 9 SPEED AND POLITICS..... Paul Virilio (Semiotext(e))
- 10 BLACK VENUS..... Angela Carter (Picador)
- 11 THE FALL OF KELVIN WALKER..... Alisdair Gray (Penguin)
- 12 RE/SEARCH: INCREDIBLY STRANGE FILMS..... (Re/Search)
- 13 BRIGHT LIGHTS BIG CITY..... Jay McInerney (Flamingo)
- 14 IN THE HOUSE OF THE SPIRITS..... Isobel Allende (Black Swan)
- 15 A TASTE FOR DEATH..... P.D James (Faber)

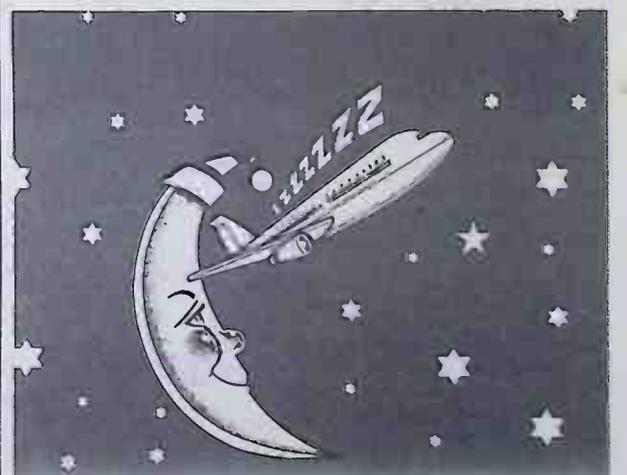
COMIX OF '86 10

- 1 WATCHMEN..... (DC)
- 2 DARK KNIGHT..... (DC)
- 3 LOVE AND ROCKETS..... (Fantagraphics)
- 4 MOONSHADOW..... (Epic/Marvel)
- 5 ELECTRA ASSASIN..... (Marvel)
- 6 VIZ..... (Virgin)
- 7 MISTER X..... (Vortex)
- 8 SWAMP THING..... (DC)
- 9 BRUTE..... (Brute)
- 10 OINK..... (IPC)

Word Up has the last word

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FLAGBAG

I AM, WHERE IS THY STING?

I've heard that various ex-members of Madness intend to call their new line-up The Wasp Factory, after the novel by Iain Banks. I'd like to ask them—please choose another name! I've been writing and rehearsing material with my colleagues under this name for almost a year. We've also done a pretty god-awful video, too.

We are just gearing up for live work early next year, and for a band of well-known musicians to use the same name would be a body blow for us. Please, please reconsider your choice of name. I realise we don't own exclusive rights to it, but spare a thought for your lesser-known fellow musicians. PA Bellamy, THE WASP FACTORY, Sheffield. Pretty god-awful book, too. Don't know why anyone would want to commemorate such revolting avant-horror trash. The ex-Madness boys are now giving up the name, in deference to your company. Hurrah for rock'n'roll!—L.O'B.

GIRLPOWER

So, according to Hugh Housemartin, young girls go to see them play because they're in the charts (*Hold Tight!* ITV, Dec 3). At the immature age of 18 I'm probably what they consider a 'young girl', but when I went to see them recently it was not because they were a chart band, thank you very bloody much.

The dickhead interviewer on *Hold Tight!* claimed Norman was a pin-up and got letters from young girls, to which two Norman blushed modestly saying "they're from my mum". "Haw haw" giggled the band. What originality! How funny! The band made silly finger signs above each others' heads (this is a children's programme after all) and went to sing 'Caravan Of Love'. It was crap. They sang out of tune, but then it doesn't matter how they sing 'cos they're pop stars, eh girls? Note the jiggle jiggle wriggle-our-bottoms bit when Norman forgot to clap. Ha ha.

Socialists? No. Jerks? Yes. The world is a sadder place without The Redskins. Female Anon.

HOUSE MUSIC

Scottish football may be as irrelevant, to you, as Hull City, but anyone who thinks The Housemartins cancelled a concert at Ibrox in October (we have it wet up here), to the disappointment of thirty thousand rabid Housies, has too much faith vested in the band. They were supposed to play the Barrowland (capacity 2,500) and... did. The rumour that they pulled out comes from the fact that they considered cancelling because of Paul Heaton's fear of flying up from Manchester, where they were recording *TOTP*.

But turn up they did, after we had been waiting for three hours, and then, as they had done for the *TOTP* audience, converted this ecstatic stadium to instant socialism.

"Communication and debate", the like of which we have not seen since Les Raphael high-tailed it to Liverpool. Oh yes, how the dialectic flowed: "It's

Norm's birthday, everyone sing 'Happy Birthday' to him", "Hands up who's got glasses". Well, I fair felt like a revolution after that I can assure you, no doubt you too. So follow the Housemartins, buy the Christmas single, put them at No. 1, watch *TOTP*, and we'll have Kinnock at No. 10 by Easter.

If I'd wanted stadium rock that night, I'd have gone to Parkhead to see Celtic v. Dynamo Kiev in the European Cup. Now, that is irrelevant. David Hutcheon, Argyll.

LEFT UNLIMITED

No, Les Raphael doesn't write as if he expects a cheer at the end of every sentence, but if he deserves one, he's quite happy to accept it: he'd rather have a cheer at the end than a 100-decibel, 30-second fart.

I think William Leith must have the wrong end of the stick. I'm not one of "you buggers", by which I presume he means a member of the Labour Party's Left. I'm not a Party member at all—I wouldn't join it under present management. I'm just an observer. As for the Left pissing off and forming its own party, well, that's a silly comment, isn't it? The Labour Party is the Left's property. The question could just as easily be asked "Why don't the right piss off and form their own party?"—oh, they have done, remember? They called themselves the SDP—23 of them lost their seats, that's how far they got.

I'm a non-utopian, non-impossibilist, socialist. I belong in the Labour Party, but not, thank you, as long as it's been hijacked by people who don't believe in what it was set up to do 80 years ago. I support the Left inside the Party, who do believe in it, but not the whole party. I thought my letters made that fact pretty clear—am I wasting my time writing them? Labour's history shows that its credibility problems are entirely the fault of the right: anybody who doesn't support the left doesn't support what the Party stands for.

Put the blame where it belongs, William, if you know what you're talking about: blaming it on both sides of "buggers" is a cop-out. Benn and Heffer and Skinner aren't responsible for Labour blowing it: it's the ones who deliberately obstruct their message who do it, the ones who'd sooner press the SELF-DESTRUCT button than have the left in charge. They are the wreckers. Nobody was ever expelled from the Party for being too far to the right. I want socialists running the country; meanwhile all I can do is sit and watch the circus, and try to write letters saying why I want a refund. Ay-men, brother!!! Les Raphael, Strathclyde. Surely it's time for "you buggers" to stop observing and participate. The only thing fence-sitting gives is a pain in the bum—L.O'B.

IRE

Here on this offshore island we take our geography very seriously. So could you please tell Gavin Martin that Christy Moore "the old boy from County Clare" is from County

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Kildare.

And could you also ask him where in the name of Jesus is the mainland? Sherlock MacShambles, Dublin.

The Christy Moore interview was a disgrace. Gavin Martin referring to Britain in relation to Ireland as "the mainland". This empire crap must go, especially in the *NME*. F McGratt, Dublin 9. "The mainland" is merely a convenient term, no political import or prejudgement intended—G.M.

DRIVER 8

In reply to Mr Leith's sloppy response to my letter last week, let me say firstly that it was tongue in cheek, because I didn't believe that the *NME* Neil Taylor was the same one who writes for the *Mail On Sunday* supplement, *The Biz* to find out that's so is very disappointing.

Believe it or not, many people actually care about the standards set and normally maintained in *NME*, as opposed to the lazy journalism of most music papers whose verbatim regurgitation of record company press releases are an embarrassment. But to stand by and watch whilst Taylor uses double standards (rubbishing the majors in the *NME* and praising them in *The Biz*), to prostitute his and therefore the *NME*'s integrity is not on.

Secondly, I resent the fact that Mr Leith thinks that I am unable to look at the *Mail On Sunday* without being swayed by its obvious right wing stance. I consider myself intelligent enough to be able to read whatever paper I see fit (scab Murdoch toilet papers excepted) and draw my conclusions. Driver 8, Holloway Bus Garage, N19.

HAIL MADONNA . . .

How do you manage it? Réams of pretentious blather about Madonna being on the skids, meanwhile her new single leaps to No. 27 from nowhere and 'True Blue' is Top 10 here and in the States. We should all be in such a decline!

The League Of Lapsed Catholics, Marlborough, Wilts.

PS. You like your women to suffer, don't you. I've noticed it before. Autonomous, self-willed performers like Kate Bush and Sade always get rather sniffy treatment from you, whereas you're all behind Chaka Khan, Billie Holiday, etc. What's in decline is Madonna's movie career, her credibility, her cult status. So too is Cliff Richard in the charts, but since when has anyone taken him seriously?

I can see how autonomous self-willed women have been historically trivialised and put down, and agree that *NME*'s been party to that in the past. But I'd also add that "sniffy treatment" can work both ways. Sade and Ms Bush have

both many times proved unavailable, aloof, defensive; while Chaka Khan, despite her self-destructive streak, is confident enough to challenge her record company politically and show vulnerability, to open up in interviews, and stand up for what she believes.—Another Lapsed Catholic, L.O'B.

FELIX THE PRATT

Please help me. Please stop the squashy-faced Nick Kamen-dwarf with the Nino Cerutti tracksuit (who is now presenting *The Tube* and interviewing grown-up musicians). If he shows his pugy face and sneers that cocky I've-done-a-video-with-Madonna grin once more, I shall kick the TV set in. Surely it is past his bedtime?

Shirley Temple (Blood Beast), Bonnie Langford Crescent, Blackburn.

Shirley has also sent us a delightful picture of Felix strung up on a stainless steel meathook. "Thatcher made me do it", she wails. Any other suggestions for the precocious wunderkind's disposal?—L.O'B.

ZIONIST ROCK

The demise of *The Tube* is complete. In the same week as two students were shot dead at a West Bank University and many Palestinians seriously wounded or arrested, their houses bulldozed down, *The Tube* runs a feature on Israel in which much mention is made of "this wonderful country" full of soldiers into fighting and listening to rock music. No mention is made of the millions of Palestinians who live under the jackboot of Israeli rule. Their lands stolen from them, their rights taken from them. Where was the mention of the profusion of Palestinian music, art, poetry, and theatre?

South Africa and Israel are one and the same. Apartheid and Zionism go hand in hand. Would *The Tube* have run a special on White South African rock? Interviewed South African Security Forces on how they felt about killing and oppressing? About what kind of music they liked?

The Tube and Paula Yates, for her ignorance, can fuck off forever. The Fox, Edinburgh

EMISSION

With regard to Sean O'Neale's letter (Dec 13), you said that "Neil Taylor's interview with *The Mission* was a brilliant and informative piece of work". If that's so then you must have had your head stuck up Neil Taylor's arsehole when you read it because it was a load of shit. And if I want to read a load of shit then I'd buy *Melody Maker*. David Edcertun, Preston

VETERAN ROCK

I'm depressed. I'm 32 years old. Enjoy all the music you hate. E.g. Joe Cocker, Joe Jackson, Bob Seger AND today I found

my first white pubic hairs!!

Is it time I stopped ordering the *NME* after all these years? CT Ford, Brighton
NO no no! We've got Terry Staunton on the staff!—L.O'B.

BIG MAC

Why does the *NME* have to continually stoop to the depths of the gutter press? I'm referring to Alan Jackson's *Thrills* section where he refers to Elvis Presley as "The Cheeseburger". This statement is pretty pathetic and childish as well.

SC Maxwell, Acton W3
Pretty accurate, too. Mine's veggie, with pickles—L.O'B.

DING DONG

I have degraded myself by writing to Jackie, in the vague hope that they would print a picture of them. I've checked *Smash Hits* every week, looking for a picture of them. I've even watched TV pop programmes to try and catch a glimpse of them. It's unbelievable but no one seems to have heard of them!

Finally, I was struck by a brilliant idea. Why not write to *NME*? I thought. I mean, it's a nice, sensible paper and they'll know to whom I refer. I thought, "They may even publish a picture of them!" So, I might as well tell you who I'm talking about. It's The Bangles. Does that ring a bell? I mean, they've been in the charts for 13 weeks with 'Walk Like An Egyptian'. So why doesn't anyone talk about them?

Please, if we can have boring Madonna then can't we have something on a good group? Debrann Hill, Bedworth, Warwickshire
See *NME* March 8 issue for the definitive Mat Snow article, during the height of the 'Manic Monday' period. Since then these CA beach girls have somewhat bleached out. Walk like an Egyptian? Would you want to talk about that?—L.O'B.

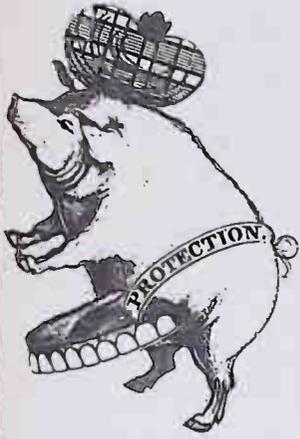
WORD!

Paolo Hewitt? Dontcha just lurve him? Women Journalist? Not enough, mate. Barry Took? What can I say. *Blind Date*? Best programme on telly. Oh, and much more hip-hop please (how about a Schoolly D centrespread?). Rancid, York.
Excuse me, this is not a soft porn magazine—L.O'B.

WELL CHUFFED

How nice it was to see pictures of the traditional semaphore and modern power signalling systems in Dick Nietzsche. How about a picture of the "black hole of Birmingham" or the magnificent Manchester Victoria as a follow-up? Keep up the good work *NME*! 150 150, Nuneaton
Oh Dick, now look what you've started!—L.O'B.





DICK NIETZSCHE

YEAR OF THE DOG



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LIES LIES LIES!

Flew in from Newark NJ, Virgin Airlines. Man I had an uninteresting flight (apart from the lecture I gave 73 US citizens in Economy Class about the evil of Reagan's foreign policy and the danger of leaving this planet's nuclear future in the hands of a man who can't even pronounce the word "nuclear"). All the way the Virgin merchandising book was on my knee and can you believe this stuff? I mean, I know a Yo boy aint' Yo-nobody unless he's a walking billboard for one or another plimsoul manufacturer. BUT Nike or Adidas say "cool" at best or "Kangaroo Killer" at worst, they never say "Prat". Chill me oot, daddio.

Victoria Station, the epicentre of London's cheeky 'street culture', is aswarm with all sorts of jolly costermongers, barra boys, flower sellers, alcoholic itinerants, bag people and . . . THE LUCKY HEATHER LADIES!!!!!!!!!!!!

And which particular gogeyed straw-chewer should I see fall into their sticky clutches? HUGH HOUSE-MARTIN. The poor lad doubtless aware of the 'Curse of the Evil Lucky Heather Ladies' coughed up the required spondoolicks.

Alas for poor Hugh he was then seized by a drink-crazed pack of rabid SCOTSMEN who forced the hapless lad to pose under their freshly knitted "Awa' Wi' Popery" banner.

Hot noos of cult combo NEW MODEL ARMY lost in the wilds of KANADA (as it was once spelt by America's greatest poet WALT WHITMAN in the essay that started the great 'K-Kraze' which swept the USA in the 1890's and gave us the 'Ku Klux Klan') with a knackered big end and no woolly jumpers. Things looked bleak. So did their prospects. Try the CB, suggested a roadie. They did and who should come hurtling to their rescue but top American HM combo METALLICA! Interesting, or what?

EMI, the label that gave us KATE BUSH, are being called "the biggest meanies in rock" by many in the biz, pissed off that the eagerly awaited "EMI dinner dance and Tombola" was open to "employees only". Not even the EMI combos like DURAN DURAN and KRAFTWERK, who have made EMI so rich, powerful and loved in the world of poop, have gotten an invite. You tight bastards!



LORD OF THE RING

AS A TOP POOP SCOOPER, Dick is often called upon to rove and report on the craziest things BUT none so strange as the event that took him into the sweaty realms of PUGILISM! Yes, your correspondent became a boxer recently when he stepped into the ring to Fight For The Right To Party at a drink-crazed orgy of vegetarian food and violence held by the Terry and June of pomp-rock, the EURYTHMICS!

Britain's favourite loony veggie Buddhist bearded hippies personally invited Dick to step in as a last-minute replacement for top anorak band The Legend and hit people for money! I arrived, inspected the ring and was shocked to find the venue thronged with CLAPPED-OUT old

rockers, DRUG-FILLED journos, and an overtly BEARDED Alexei Sayle, who exchanged ALTERNATIVE CHIT-CHAT with Lenny Henry and Dawn French.

In the changing-rooms, I was approached by an overawed Frank Bruno, who muttered a nervous "Orright?" and scurried out. Dick's bout, against some chappie from Sounds, was short and deft and the most talked-about of the evening. Frank Bruno rushed over to tell Dick that he had an "interesting side-step." Dick joined Captain Sensible to watch the novelty section involving the watery fists of Murdoch's Lard Mountain, Garry Bushell. The Bearded Scab was up against the World Welterweight Champion, Lloyd Honeyghan, who

— TRAGEDY — had not been told that the match was a friendly, and proceeded to steam in and beat SEVEN SHADES of SHIT out of the whimpering pop scribe. Beset by cries of "Hit him again, Lloyd!" and "Scab Scab Scab!", Bushell flailed about like a BROKEN TOY. Only the intervention of DIPPY HIPPY Dave Stewart and a WORSE FOR WEAR Annie Lennox, who gave him £100 to go away, saved Garry from CERTAIN DEATH at Honeyghan's righteous fists. There was not a dry eye in the house as Dick and Frank Bruno were paraded high above the heads of the CHAMPAGNE-ADDLED crowd. Dick escaped the accolades of the crowd and went home with all the Budweiser. BOXING CLEVER or WHAT?

Ace electro glitter combo AGE OF CHANCE megaunched that some wisedick has jacked oop their incredibly superior version of PRINCE'S 'Kiss' and embellished it with "pork scratchings" it says here. ALSO, my angels, is there any truth in the whisper I hear going round that the AGE OF CHANCE HAVE SIGNED TO PHONOGRAM FOR FOUR MILLION POUNDS EACH?!!?????!!?

Message from new wave C&W combreros LES MEKONEROS. It says, and I quote: ". . . met Franz Beckenbauer in a bar last night and he said to us - 'You Mekons, this 4,4,2 will nefer suit your style, drop your leiderhosen and blow off. It loses a lot in translation but we poeed our pants . . .' Yes, very grown up.



6 slain in quarrel over dog

UGLY SCENES in the dozy Yorkshire hamlet of Hebden Bridge sent shoppers ducking under their Range Rovers as angry mobs of 'Yo-boys' and 'Anorakers' clashed in the busy High Street packed with frightened OAPs.

After a day of savage violence had taken its bitter toll the police estimate that six youths had died, at least two of whom had hung themselves in police custody with their own 'Razorcuts' (an anorak group) cravats.

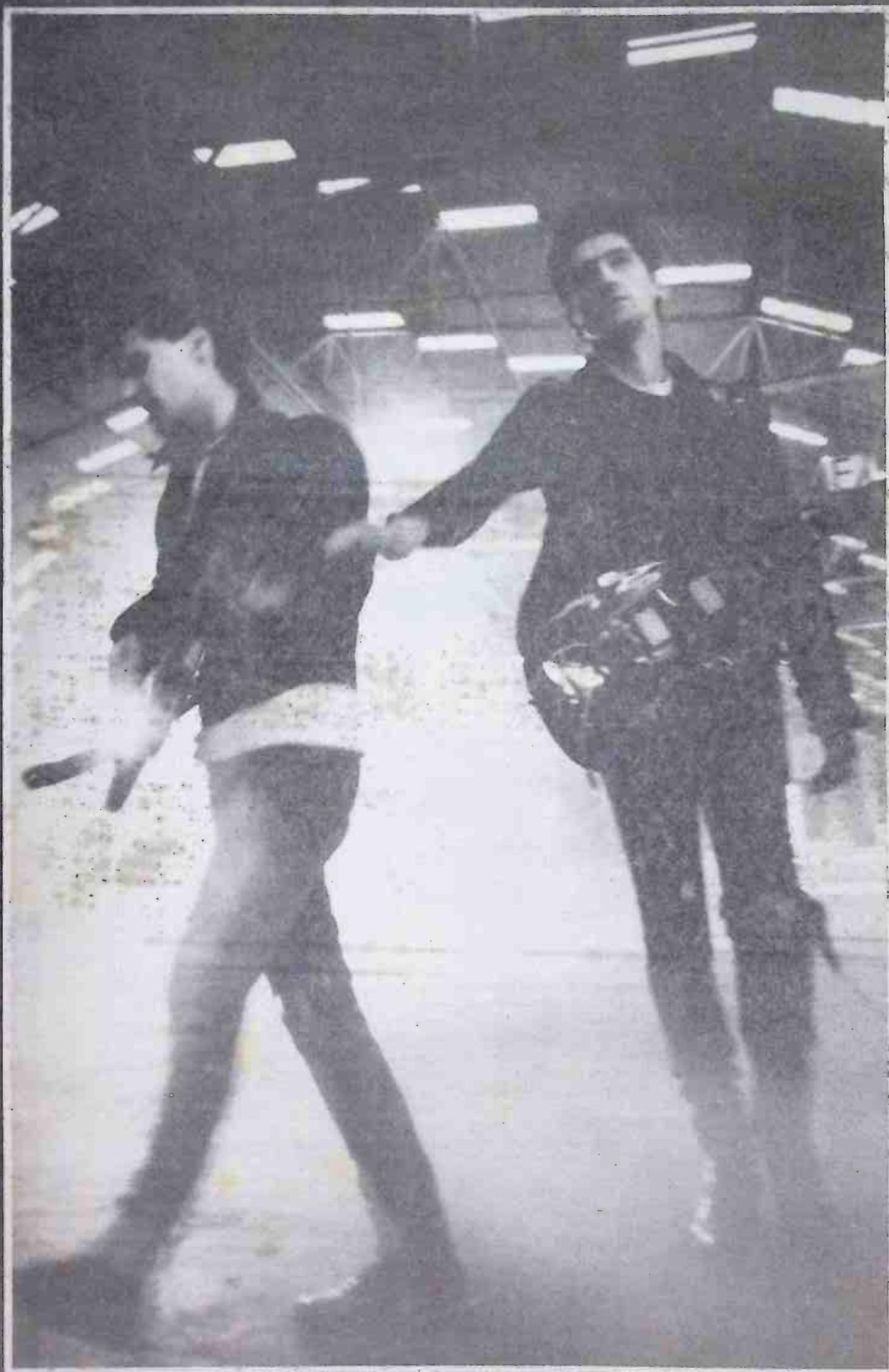
The trouble started when a crowd of 'Funkers' - in their red boxing-boots and black and white checked rally jackets - started stoning a 'Chuffa' who they caught talking to a dog in the town's NCP carpark.

"We were only trying to knock the dude's daft tea cosy hat off with a couple of well aimed half bricks," claimed one 'Ooh Ooh Ooh Inflation' Boy.

The besieged 'Anal-Cong's' squeals and the barking of his dog, David, brought many, some say thousands, of 'Spotters' to their rescue. They fell upon the 'Hewitts', slapping out angrily with their carrier-bags full of Let-raset, computer software and anti-dandruff shampoo. Several of their victims claimed later to have been severely nipped in what a police spokesman described as "the worst night of violence Hebden Bridge has seen since VJ Day".

Hurrah! • if Love Could Kill • Hurrah!

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Hurrah!
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