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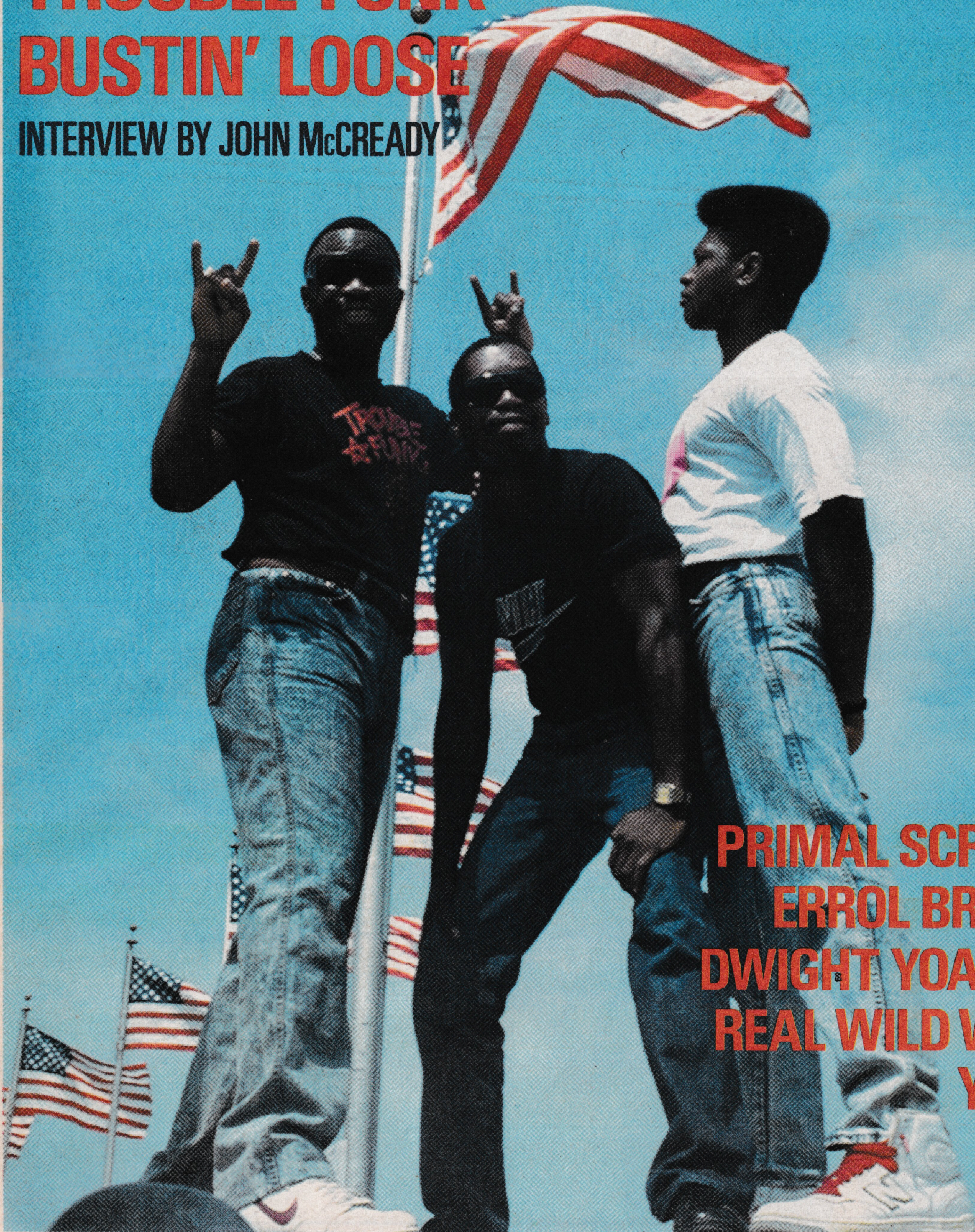
# NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Double Trouble

**GLASTONBURY**  
ELVIS COSTELLO HÜSKER DÜ  
COMMUNARDS PRIMITIVES

**TROUBLE FUNK  
BUSTIN' LOOSE**

INTERVIEW BY JOHN McCREADY



**PRIMAL SCREAM  
ERROL BROWN  
DWIGHT YOAKAM  
REAL WILD WEST  
YELLO**

Trouble Funk pictured Steve Pyke

## RADAR

### SELECT PLATOON

RUMBLES IN the Jungle abound as award-winning Hollywood director Oliver Stone re-invents his real life experiences in Vietnam. A dramatic account of the intense fighting within America's national psyche as decency and savagery battle it out for the right to represent Uncle Sam. As usual, the viewpoint of the Vietnamese is non-existent: they scream a lot and get shot.

### PRICK UP YOUR EARS

THE LIFE, loves and tragedy of playwright Joe Orton starring Gary Oldman. Although British decorum gets well and truly pricked, the film has provoked mixed response, ranging from great disappointment to resounding praise. As the critics disagree, the scurrilous Orton and his pathologically jealous lover Ken-

neth Halliwell have confidently entered the folklore of the Swinging '60s.

### DESERT BLOOM

AS THE A-Bomb is tested in America's back-garden, a war veteran played by Jon Voigt wreaks havoc within the family. Nerves give out and tempers snap in a psychological drama set in Vegas. Like so many domestic dramas from the guilty past of hey-hey USA, *Desert Bloom* is an acquired but rewarding taste.

### STRAIGHT TO HELL

SELECTED FOR all the wrong reasons. Watch as the entire cast of last year's *NME* poll winners make international prats of themselves in Alex Cox's inept spaghetti western. As The Pogues, Strummer and Costello bit the dust, co-star Courtney Love ominously remarked, "What the critics don't understand, is that it's supposed to be bad..."



Fox: how to get ahead

### THE SECRET OF MY SUCCESS

DIRECTOR: Herbert Ross  
STARRING: Michael J Fox, Helen Slater, Richard Jordan (UIP)

FILLED WITH images of mirror-glass skyscrapers, hi-tech offices and smart young executives in expensive suits, this is the ultimate Yuppie wish-fulfilment movie. Michael J Fox plays an enterprising young post-room boy who, by reading all the mail which passes through his hands, devises a brilliant scheme for streamlining his

rich uncle's multi-national corporation.

By moving into an empty office, ordering his own stationery and bluffing his way into board meetings, Fox begins to make his mark as a self-made executive. He catches the eye of attractive fellow executive Helen Slater, and falls prey to the unwelcome amorous advances of the boss's wife — whose husband is involved in a clandestine affair with the capable Ms Slater.

So far so neat. But as the confusion caused by Fox's double identity degenerates into silly bed-swapping farce, the frantic pace is not so much tiring as tiresome.

In brief, it's the same old capitalist fairy story about how a bright young man makes it to the top through personal initiative, thereby winning the girl of his dreams. This celluloid celebration of Reaganomics has already made a fortune in the States, where audiences failed to see through its transparent lessons on how to make love and influence people. If you voted for Thatcher, you'll love it.

Nigel Floyd

## DECAPITATED YUPPIES FROM HELL

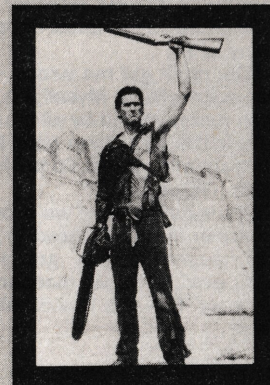
### EVIL DEAD II: DEAD BY DAWN

DIRECTOR: Sam Raimi  
STARRING: Bruce Campbell, Sarah Berry, Dan Hicks (Palace)

ANY HORROR fan with a bit of suss will be drooling green bile in anticipation of this sequel to the most horrifying horror film ever. *Evil Dead* had me cowering behind the sofa and blubbing as nothing else has apart from my first encounter with the Cybermen when I was six.

*Evil Dead II* has a far larger budget and the Tebbitesque golems are bigger and screechier but, alas, this time it's played for laughs.

The humour of the original was an organic part of the horror. Here the jokes are splattered as freely as the gore and the horror is diluted. It's too consciously a self-parody, too clever a film by half. We should be laughing at the film as we scream. Here we are asked to chortle with the film-makers and the result is neither funny nor horrific. It's as if *Zodiac Mindwarp* started playing it for laughs.



Evil Dead II: Cadaver capers

On the plus side a decapitated and still screaming head is crushed in a vice and chainsawed, the hero chops off his own hand when it tries to strangle him and a massive bogey splatters the room with gallons of green blood when it's stabbed in the eye. Probably the most disappointing sequel since *Swiss Family Robinson Slice Up Baa-Lambs with Blunt Cheesewire II*.

Steven Wells

# MICHAEL J. FOX



There's no such thing as an overnight success.

Brantley Foster took two weeks.

## THE SECRET OF MY SUCCESS PG

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## FROM MILLIE TO MARLEY

### BOY LOLLIPOP TO THE JOSHUA TREE

Friday June 26, 9.30pm (C4)  
WHAT DO the following have in common: Spooky Tooth, Black Uhuru, Buggles and Jethro Tull? Answer: they've all released records with a little palm tree on them.

Island Records, the label that is responsible for bringing you Ian Anderson tracks full of flutes and mandolin and songs that only just managed to make it onto twelve inches of plastic is 25 years old. They then escaped a good hiding by giving a worldwide platform to Bob Marley. Channel 4, a station littered with Traffic and Fairport Convention fans, has decided to hand over five hours of their time to celebrate the day that Chris Blackwell decided to sell reggae records from the boof of an old mini.

The first 30 minutes, *Boy Lollipop To The Joshua Tree*, consists of archive bits from Millie Small, Toots And The Maytals, Free, and Frankie Goes To Hollywood.

The second 90 minutes (July 1) is a documentary which mixes history and conversation with shots of Jimmy Cliff, Roxy Music and U2. On July there are three hours of live shennanigans with Sly And Robbie, Julian Cope performing with Sparks, Courtney Pine blowing up a storm with Cat Stevens and U2 blowing out the candles on the cake. From Spooky Tooth to Trouble Funk, Island Records have given us some of the best and the worst records ever made. Chris Blackwell comments, "I used to like King Crimson but I'm Alright Now".

John McCready

### THE MEDIA SHOW

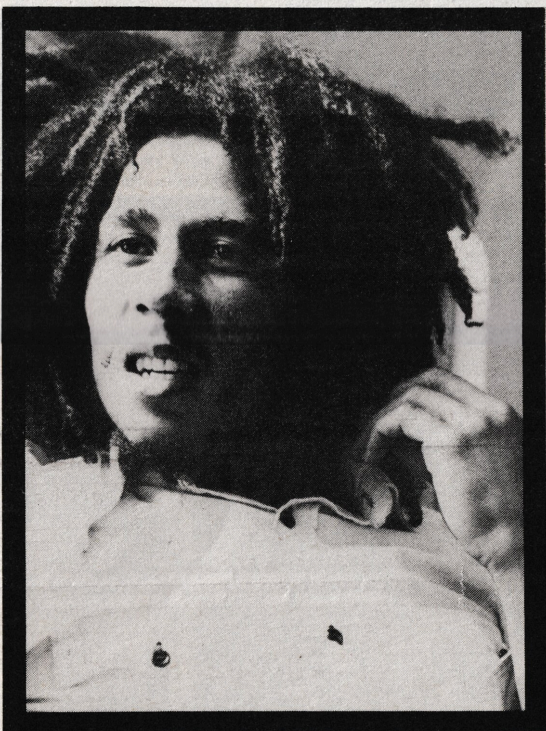
Wednesday June 24, 9.00pm (C4)

WHAT DO the following rock stars have in common: John Cougar Mellencamp, Toto and Billy Idol? Answer: They all appear with boring regularity on American MTV and no one in Britain has heard of them. Oscar Wilde once said that the only thing separating British and American culture was the language. He might have extended his comment to the language of rock. Never in the field of human feedback has so much shit been dumped on a nation in the name of music. Worse still, it's coming here.

Fortunately *The Media Show* will prepare us for the onslaught.



Millie



Marley

Do Not Go Gentle Into That  
**RADAR TELLY**

PICTURE: FRANKIE SMITH

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# RADAR

EDITED BY SKEWERED COSGROVE

The last thing you need when your arm has been cut off by a crazed executioner with a chainsaw is Henry Cooper to turn up with a bottle of Brut deodorant. But this is **RADAR**, the column that gets to the very pits of the media. We bring you horror films, Jonathan Ross, The Pope, skateboarding, and cut up television. Scan **RADAR** before the radar scans you.

## BONES ON WHEELS

London skateboard suppliers Slam City Skates previewed the video *The Search For Animal Chin* in a rented church hall, filled with wildly enthusiastic young British skaters, a breed far different from their American cousin. Over here skateboarding is still an underground 'fad' to the uninitiated, in the States it is now a national sport (yarn!) with polished, Olympic style ramps the whole trip.

No wheeling around the bods of besotted winos in the slush for these teen tykes. They are *bona fide* stars with the scars to prove it. This is The Bones Brigade and the audience in the church hall love 'em to death, bellowing approval every time some back flip occurs or when the action involves a mashing of plastic, sweat and flesh.

"It's a bit like Saturday morning pictures isn't it?" beams one of the event's organisers at me cheerfully. I have to admit it is too. Only so far we've been given the news reel... The main picture is about to start shortly.

The plot turns out to be pretty thin, it manages to make *Straight To Hell* look like *Citizen Kane*. But intellectual cinema is the last thing The Bones Brigade want to shoot in your eye. They want to give you a slice of the action, a generous portion of which is dished out during this video's showing time.

The plot follows The Bones Brigade's quest to find the original skateboarder, a mysterious bearded old oriental called Animal Chin. Depressed by the way big business is exploiting their lifestyle they decide to turn and search for their roots. Together, as one being, they proceed to skate across America, picking up clues and finding numerous inventive ways of practising their skills along the way. At some sort of skater's nite-club they are pointed in the direction of a mythical ramp where Animal Chin has reportedly been sighted and so off they go to meet their guru.

The exhibition that The Bones Brigade put on at the mysterious ramp nearly brought the steeple down. Wave after wave of stunt skating was performed, all of which was met with banshee approval from the crowd. That Animal Chin turns out to be a state of mind at the end was irrelevant to the action that preceded this cop out of sorts.

At the house lights went up the boards went down as several skates attempted freestyle on the waxed floor. A confetti of Slam City Skates stickers was thrown to the throng and, after some scabbing, the evening was over. I went home feeling pleasantly excited and disgustingly old. (*The Search For Animal Chin* is available from Slam City Skates, 130 Talbot Road, London W11)

Savage Pencil

**Constant Exposure** is the world's first videotrip, a visual narrative in book form that freeze frames and satirises those televised images which bombard our lives. Photographer Paul Trevor distances himself from the TV attempting to see it rather than watch it. As we turn the page, seriousness rests side by side with trivia; in this dislocated world of TV, everything is flattened out and made absurd. "What do we now feel seeing deodorised Henry Cooper with the Venus De Milo? Or Hilda Ogden sandwiched between a toothpaste commercial and *The Money Programme*?" The videotrip maintains a consistent tone of accusation: how TV imposes a fraudulent sense of order on outside events, how it encourages a prevailing "moral numbness" in the passive watcher, how fantasy and reality have become increasingly blurred as the broadcasters "struggle with the conflicting demands of the Consumer Society and the Information Society". No one is safe, no one is immune. *Constant Exposure* offers mischief in the face of mass media. The book costs £9.95 (Proper Pictures) and coincides with a *Constant Exposure* photographic exhibition at London's Photographer's Gallery, 5-8 Great Newport Street WC2 (until July 4).

Sean O'Hagan

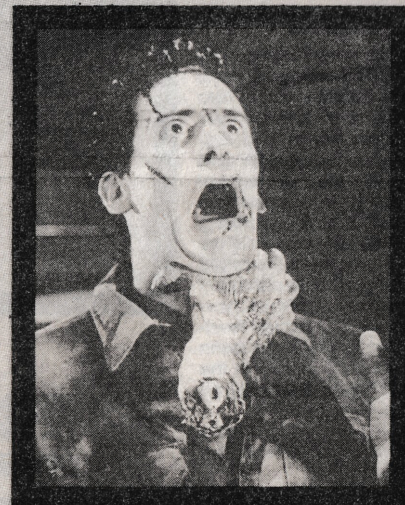


Brutal viewing

## LOOK NO HANDS



**TWO MASTERS** of horror for the price of one. A new advert to be shown on TV will feature Sam Raimi, director of the *Evil Dead* films, and horror fan Jonathan Ross, the late-night chat-show superno who scared the national shit out of Britain by allowing a deceptively ill-looking illusionist to pass a piece of bloody string through a hole in his stomach. The ad will promote Raimi's *Evil Dead II* and will also be shown on a forthcoming slot on *The Media Show*.



Ash and his unruly severed hand

"Four years ago, in a small cabin in the woods of Tennessee, something terrible happened," intones Sam Raimi. "We filmed those events in the terrible days of 1981 and they became known as *The Evil Dead*, and we hoped they would never happen again. But something has happened in that small cabin in the woods and with my camera I recorded those events and we cut them together, as nasty and horrible as they were, as frightening and terrifying as it was to look upon the film, and we have that film. We have the chronicle of that haunting experience, that terrifying moment in recent history, and we have called it *Evil Dead II*..."

"It was a story we had to tell," chips in much-maimed actor Bruce Campbell.

"...and I'd like the people of England to know that we made *Evil Dead II* not to satisfy our own selfish interests - which we are usually busy satisfying - but rather to thrill the audience, to take them on a

rollercoaster ride, to entertain them, to make them cheer. We have tried to tell a story that has a lot of shocks and scares and suspenseful moments and laughs and gags and hoots and hahs and boos and bats and bings and bongs and a boffo assortment of monsters."

"Just a warning," says the star Bruce Campbell. "Do not see the picture alone! Bring someone with you. As many people as possible. And there are some things they might not catch the first time around that maybe a second viewing would clear up."

*Evil Dead II* is like the first *Evil Dead* - which put its young film-makers on the horror movie map back in '81 - only more so. Ash, the Bruce Campbell character, having barely survived the first film is subjected to another 90 minutes of breathlessly-paced horror. Bearing in mind the controversy that surrounded the first film - which Raimi flew over from Los Angeles to defend in a Leeds court only to have his 'Captain Kirk freedom speech' cut short by the magistrates - *Evil Dead II* is further over the top, more like *Mad* magazine than *Tales From The Crypt*. It's more violent, but

less offensive. However, it has still not eluded the scissor-waving hordes at the BBFC.

"The government had decided that the audience will not see some things," says Raimi. "They have already made the decision for England. One of the characters, erroneously believing that Bruce Campbell has murdered his parents, kicks him in the face. That is too much for the people in England to see." However, plenty of grue has been left in: at one point, Ash's hand is possessed by evil spirits and he solves the problem by hacking it off, only to have the severed member torment him for the rest of the film. And there are plenty of screeching possesseees, dancing zombies with chainsaw-severed heads, and an effect the director refers to as "the flyball eyeball".

"If *Evil Dead II* is well-received," says Raimi, "I have a very good story that we'd like to make. We just need a castle. It would be Bruce Campbell battling the *Evil Dead* with the English knights at his side. It should be a lot of fun. We might call it *The MediEvil Dead*. Why not?"

Kim Newman