

MAMMAL WE'RE ALL



The Londonbeat lads catch sight of Swells' 'wet' suit

DAZE



OUT

Rubberwear! Snorkels! Four-foot sexual organs! Real chart acts! We aim to please . . . Gasp in astonishment as LONDONBEAT give STEVEN WELLS a sense of porpoise and take him drowning, erm, Flipper-feeling in the North Sea. Fin time snapped by TIM JARVIS

I wanted to go badger-baiting with Morrissey and Chrissie Hynde. I wanted to return from a day-out with Sonia smeared with baby seal blood, reeking of Theakston's Old Peculiar and waving our fox-head necklaces. No chance. Me, the NME's only bona fide he-man stud, the Hemingway of rock journalism, what do I get? I get the chance to frolic in the spume with a namby-pamby girly-whirly hippy-dippy dope-smoking peace-loving Green-voting patchouli-reeking dolphin.

Great. Can I take Lemmy with me? Or Autopsy? What about Carcass? No. I get Londonbeat—a soul band, disco boys. OK, so their smash hit single, 'I've Been Thinking About You', is a bit of alright but it's hardly the sort of music made by men ready to dive in, kick dolphin ass and save me should this 12 foot-long beast with huge teeth experience an acid flash-back and mistake me for a fish. And besides . . . I can't swim. Amble is an aptly monickered village 30 miles north of Newcastle which exists on fishing and a regular stream of southern strangoids in tight rubber outfits who travel hundreds of miles to fondle Freddy, the 20-year-old resident wild dolph.

"The thing about dolphins" says the honkie Beat boy Willie (who does this sort of thing on a regular basis) "is that they attract some wonderful people . . . and some real weirdos!"

This may have something to do with the rubber cossies and the fact that Freddy has a 4-foot penis which he will wave in your face if he really likes you.

"According to some scientists" says Willie "it's not sexual, they use their cocks as a kind of social tool . . ."

Oh aye. In the guesthouse bedroom we get naked and rubbered—the dry suits, liberally dosed with talcum powder, are tight! I make the mistake of not adjusting my own slightly less than four foot long todger first and so have to strip off and start again. If you need to wee—says Willie—do it in the suit, it'll help warm things up. Lovely. Very soon we are all kitted out like Old Etonians on a brothel crawl, ready to face the wrath of Fred.

CHUG CHUG chug goes the little boat. Beat geezer George Chandler and the press officer are un-dry-suited because they have "colds". Ha! Screaming



Behind you! Willy (right) in a Jaws style scenario



Safe! Willy looks forward to tuna salad for lunch

My Life is so Pointless

Dear Baz,

Please, please help me, I'm getting so angry. I wish I knew where we're headed planet-wise. Seems like there are so many problems like the ones I've been hearing about in southern Africa. What with 8 million war-displaced people and the poverty and suffering caused by apartheid. It just feels so pointless, what can I do? Hungry for Change, Tonbridge Wells.

Dear Hungry,

Hey, don't have a cow, man. If you haven't heard by now there is a way to get involved and start making a difference.

Join the 1990 Oxfam Fast for Front Line Africa - it's crucial. Loads of people all over the place get themselves sponsored to go without food - for a few hours or a day - to help the hungry and poor. This year Oxfam's aiming for £1/2 million - vitally needed dosh for work in southern Africa.

Fill in the coupon below or ring 0865 56916 for your free radical Fast Pack on how to join in.

Why not party with some friends 'n' groove away the hungry hours? You might lose a few pounds while Oxfam gains some.

Love 'n' pizza, Baz.



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Yes, I'm not even going to eat my shorts. Please rush me my FREE Fast Pack.

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Oxfam works with poor people regardless of race or religion in their struggle against hunger, disease, exploitation and poverty, in Africa, Asia, Latin America and the Middle East through relief, development, research overseas and public education at home.

CRAZY NOW



Freddy: "Can you get me Gazza's autograph?"

heterosexuals or what! And there she . . . he . . . it . . . blows! Well, sort of swims about a bit. Hurrah. "Bloody hell!" — we gasp collectively — "it's massive!" And its dorsal fin, slicing through the water, well, I mean, you've seen *Jaws*, right? And you've seen that episode of *The Undersea World Of Jacques Cousteau* where the bottle nose dolphin rams this Great White shark and literally smashes it into two bloody, rather surprised and very dead pieces? I mean, what if doesn't like me?

What if it's feeling hungry? Willie says that a full grown adult male is perfectly capable of biting your arm off. I ask him if its OK to shit in the dry-suit as well.

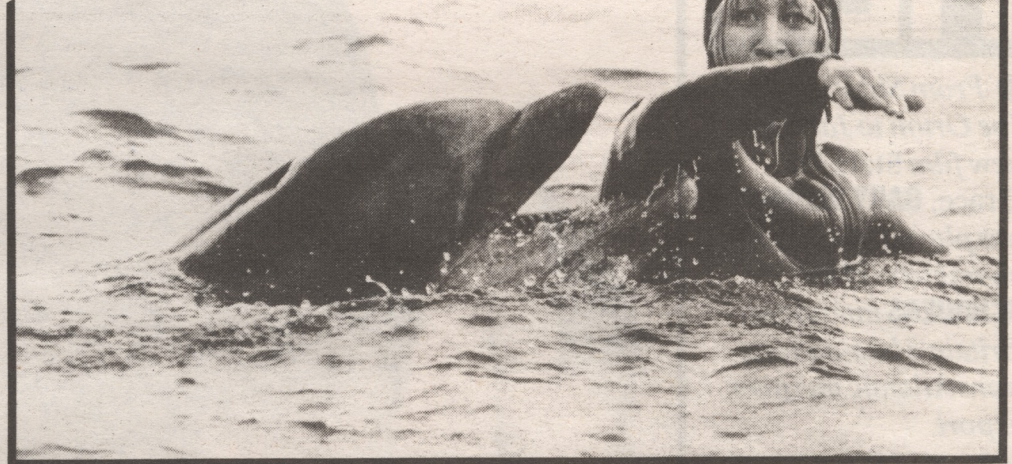
Splish splosh! Jimmy 'Chirpy' Chambers and Willy go to say hi to Fred. Unfortunately Fred is playing hard to get, only giving them the occasional nudge. Come on, you awkward fishy bastard! These guys are at Number Two in the grown up charts! Freddy telepathically informs me that actually he's a

Heavy Metal fan but, all the same, he's grateful I haven't brought Ozzie Osbourne.

My turn. I am suddenly painfully aware that it is October and this is the North Sea. I jump. I get wet. I scream. I swallow a mouthful of disgusting water which tastes as if it has just flowed past the nearby sewage buoy. I choke and splutter. I look up and see that the boat is now about 400 yards away. Oh shit. I start to feebly breast-stroke towards it, a minute later my arms and legs have dropped off and I have managed to stay in exactly the same place. I am, let's face it, a coward and a weakling. I *hate* this sort of shit. What am I doing here?

Then Freddy comes up behind me and gives me a gentle nudge — or, at least, what passes for a gentle nudge amongst the 12 foot long 500lb sea monster fraternity. I stoke his stomach, I rub his neck, he gently bites my arm, I take hold of his fin and, just for a few seconds, I am actually being towed along. It's great, it's wonderful, it's a truly cosmic experience, man. But I don't care. I want to be back in that bloody boat.

"WOW! YOU lucky bastard! He really liked you! What was it like?" Great! No problems! Ha! Piece of piss! Helmsey from the Beats is next and he's soon in trouble, his dry-suit is so tight that once in the water he literally can't breathe. I donate my slightly larger (if soiled) suit which means that when a boat arrives bearing a camera crew I am destined to be shown on that night's local TV news dressed in Willy's incredibly dreadful scarlet overcoat — the sort of thing your grandma wore in the '60s shortly after she discovered acid and shortly



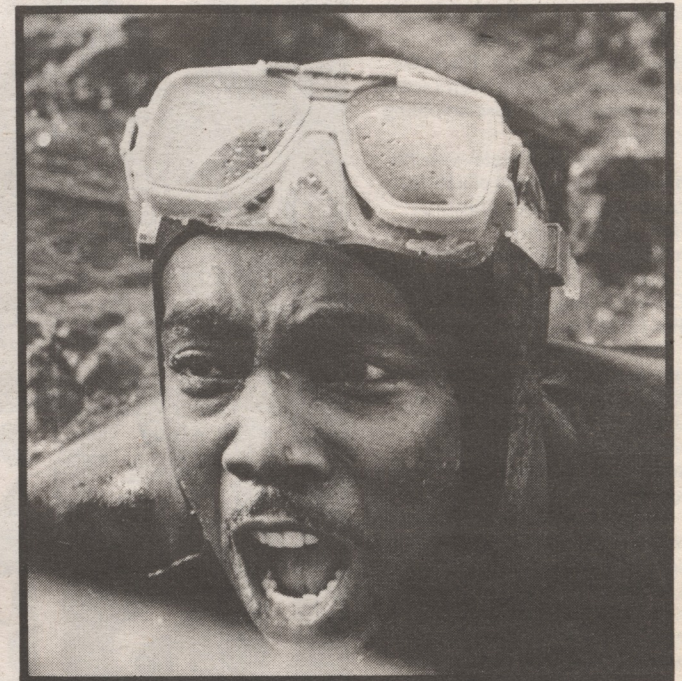
Londonbeat's manager prepares for Prince Charles-style arm surgery

before she lost all her friends.

"Hi, I'm Maureen from Tyne Tees Television, can we interview you!"

We shout back politely that Maureen must immediately f— off and die as she and her dickhead friends have driven Freddy The Dolphin away. We instruct our pilot to ram the media vultures but he declines. A shame, Freddy would have had a nice, meaty change of diet that night.

We are cold and we are wet but we have *all touched a dolphin*. The short trip back to shore is peppered with near hysterical laughter. At least 20 minutes elapse before any of the band asks the manager how the single's doing in the German charts. And I have made a friend for life. Even as I write this I am receiving a constant stream of telepathic images from Freddy. He seems to be saying . . . kkkkkkkkkkkrrrr! Aye, worra Swells! iBring that Timmy Mallet basta'd next time ya gan up here! Ah'll bite the shitehawk's heed clean off an' gi' ya some REAL photos, man! Toodle pip!



In October, the Gulf Stream keeps the North Sea temperate!