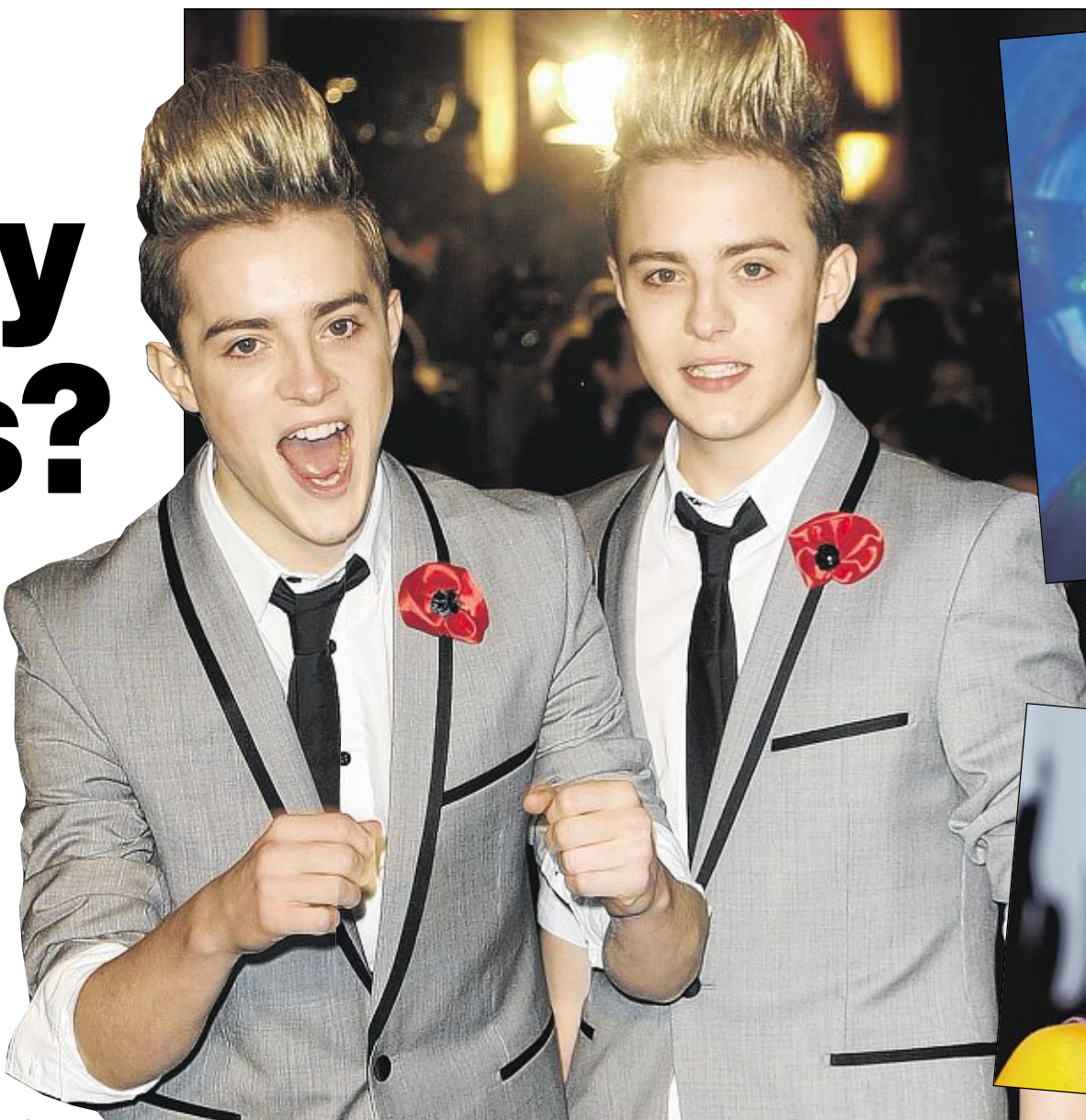


Who really wins?

The X Factor's loss is Blackpool's gain – as rejected Rachel storms the Syndicate tonight. But will the Twins prove the real winner on the alternative circuit? **Jacqueline Morley reports**



HOPEFULS: X-Factor twins John and Edward, Rachel Adedeji and local singer Charlese Allen



They can't sing, they can't dance, they look more like Thunderbird puppets than exiled Strictly Come Dancing celebrity contestant Craig Kelly ever did - and yet he got booted off that TV talent show, and on his own home turf, last weekend, while THOSE twins remain on X Factor.

And the verdict from the real eXperts... the great and good of Blackpool's entertainment circuit ... is that the twins John and Edward are likely to be the real winners of X Factor.

But will the Bros of dross be little more than an overnight wonder ... or could they last the pace long to switch on the Lights next year? Shrewd Simon Cowell's got us all playing the guessing game.

Joey Blower, presenter of the annual Pub Stars quest, which hosts its final on November 22, at North Pier's Merrie England showbar, says: "Cowell knows just what it takes to get millions watching. My guess is he knew they had more votes than Lucie Jones. There's not a club in the country which doesn't want them. They're what the X Factor's all about. It's the John Sergeant syndrome."

X Factor's loss is already Blackpool's gain. After last year's X Factor coups, which included JLS, canny bartering has bagged The Syndicate nightspot first dabs on X Factor evictees.

An exclusivity deal delivers ex-X Factor contestants to the Syndicate, Blackpool's biggest nightspot, each Thursday night. Only Rikki

Loney cried off, cancelling as it clashed with a Children in Need commitment.

Sexy showgirls Kandy Rain, first act booted off, kicked off the events, general manager Neil Jennings admitting: "They were nervous at first, but grew in confidence."

Girl band Miss Frank's been the big hit. In the Pink Leisure entrepreneur Basil Newby admits: "Even I turned out to see them - especially the heavily tattooed one! Lots of bedtime reading on that body! I'd love to get Jedward at the Flamingo because it's such a camp act. But I'm a big fan of Essex girl Stacey Solomon. She's got a fabulous voice and personality."

Tonight it's Rachel Adedeji's turn to shine at the Syndicate, on stage at 2am, having faced off the cute but off-key Lloyd Daniels, the blue eyed boy with the high school musical market.

The musical theatre-influenced Joe McElderry's a big hit with local theatre school kids too. But neither have nailed the pre-pubescent pop fans as effectively as Jedward.

Syndicate retail manager John Scriven admits: "Miss Frank went down a storm, we're delighted to get Rachel, and I'm really looking forward to lovely Lucie next week. Jedward? That will be the big event. They're the Smurfs of the X Factor."

Tomorrow's X Factor contestants could come from Thornton-based Barbara Jackson School of Dance. Owner-manager Lorraine Hill says:

"There's real talent here. I'm angry at Simon Cowell. He's exploited the twins, I even rang to complain. The children at my school know about hard work. Most are in panto this year. Many are now rooting for Jedward although they wanted them out at the start. Simon and Louis are playing a game at the twins' expense. It should be about real talent. That's Joe McElderry. He's very musical theatre and that's right up my street."

Locals to fall at Boot Camp this year include former Bispham Beacon Hill High school pupil Stacey McClean who made it to Dubai but was sent home by Dannii Minogue. She's done a round of public appearances since, her latest being the opening of a new B&M branch at Preston.

Other evictees are out to make it the hard way. Former chorister and classical singer Charlese Allen, 25, of Ansdell, who used to sing with Victoria (Little Boots) Hesketh at school, is through to the finals of the Open Mic 2009 in Salford on December 6.

Charlese at tried her luck at Pop Idol at 17, but fared better in X Factor five years ago, falling at Boot Camp, in the last 28, in the under-25s, out of 50,000.

She admits she was "devastated" at the time, but: "It makes you focus on what really matters, whether you want all that goes with it, or to be a pop star."

"I'm not in it for fame. I want to sing."

"Versatility can be a disadvantage. I can sing classical, jazz, disco, but soul and blues is my thing."

"I found the X Factor exciting but quite horrible. People don't realise you go before production teams two or three times before the judges proper."

"So all those terrible singers, who get laughed out, have had their confidence boosted at that stage, before being pushed through."

"It's quite a cynical process. Maybe it's part of testing your resolve. I feel sorry for John and Edward. None of this is their fault. Louis Walsh was right to put them there because they are entertaining but will they cope?"

"I'd love Olly Murs to win, he oozes charm and dignity and makes being up on that stage absolutely effortless! But it's not for me. If I can make it via Open Mic, selling my own tickets, doing my own press, getting my own fanbase, via Facebook and YouTube, I'll feel a real sense of achievement."

Charlese already has 150,000 hits to her YouTube site, and a fan club set up by former Blackpool, now Los Angeles-based, journalist Sandro Monetti.

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MORRISSEY once pointedly told his adoring army of fans: "We hate it when our friends become successful".

We then have every right to bemoan the fact we don't particularly like it when our successful heroes then become more than just a little bit precious.

For the past 20-odd years or so I've been a fully outed member of the Church of Moz, a ready and willing disciple who annoys those around him by revelling in melancholic whimsy, soaked in lashing of gritty northern humour and infectious melody.

For us everyday is like Sunday, the world most definitely is full of crashing bores.

Apologies for the gratuitous use of song titles here, but when you write about Morrissey you really can't help yourself. I am after all the type of dinner guest that when I

happen to be eating near another Moz Disciple I then spend the night talking in nothing but Smithesque rhyme.

So like 9,000 fellow devotees of the quiffed one I headed to Liverpool's Echo Arena on Saturday for a gig to remember.

Of course, you probably all know what happened next.

One misplaced plastic pint pot, or a cracking shot depending on your viewpoint, caught Moz square on the side of the face.

Now, given his team's current problems, Rafa Benitez would do worse than to sign up Liverpool's newest dead-eyed marks-



TOMORROW: Look at it this way, with Jacquie Morley

Jon Rhodes A word in your ear



man. However, the man on stage was a little less than impressed and, after composing himself, simply said "Goodnight" and walked off.

What followed was 10 minutes wondering if Moz would come back on once he had rinsed the Holsten Pils from his quiff.

But no, that was it - thank you and goodnight.

Sure the prat who threw the premium lager deserved the pummeling I believe he got on the way out, but come on Moz whatever happened to the last of the famous international playboys?

He short-changed his fans big time in Liverpool, that's what.

I remember my days of being in a band in the 90s. We were subjected to worse thrown at us, mostly insults but certainly the odd bit of lager.

I took it, like many frontmen (listen to me Mr Pop Star) in my stride. Unlike anyone who came to see my dark, malingering techno beat combo, the Moz faithful had paid good money for the pleasure

and privilege, not to mention a hotel room or two.

I listened with interest to Mark Radcliffe's Radio Two show this week where the great Moz walk out was the hot topic of conversation.

Frontmen getting clobbered has of course been an occupational hazard ever since Marshall amps first went up to 11 - the funniest surely Nick Cave being hit by the same shoe he threw into the crowd two years before.

Of course, it is not right, it's not funny and shouldn't be accepted, but then again for all his fine words and whimsy Mozza is a performer and he should have knuckled down and got on with it.

Am I still a fan, hell yes. Like I said we Moz-ettes are a strangely devoted breed, even when our hero throws a hissy fit.

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