

**BILL NELSON-ALDO NOVA-CARMEL
ALEISTER CROWLEY**

SOUNDS



ARMED COMBAT
Into battle with the Clash

Why the men with the big cigars are now smoking Manikins

WITH THE British record industry now in the depths of the severest decline it has ever known, there are real fears that rock music will never regain the lion's share of the entertainment market it held in the mid-Seventies.

Evidence shows that people are increasingly spending their money on alternatives to rock 'n' roll such as video. Last year people spent 1.2 per cent of their 'leisure money' on records and tapes, a disastrously low share of the market.

Ironically, the industry is no longer able to supply the dwindling demand for records in this country following the closure of pressing plants owned by Decca, RCA and PRT (formerly Pye) in the last year. The industry is now able to produce 190 million singles and albums per year against a demand of about 200 million. This compares with 1978 total production figures of 250 million by the industry.

Unacceptably high prices are frequently blamed for the fall in sales that has seen albums drop from over 91 million in 1975 to 64 million last year. But the British Phonographic Industry points out that records are actually cheaper now than ten years ago as they have risen by less than the rate of inflation. An album costing £1.99 in 1970 would now cost over £8 after inflation and a single around £1.70.

The BPI continues to blame home taping for the fall in record sales, citing the increase in blank cassette sales from 50 million in 1978 to more than 70 million last year as evidence. But it conveniently fails to point out that many of those blank cassettes are marketed by record companies, one of whom (Philips) was actually responsible for inventing the cassette in the first place.

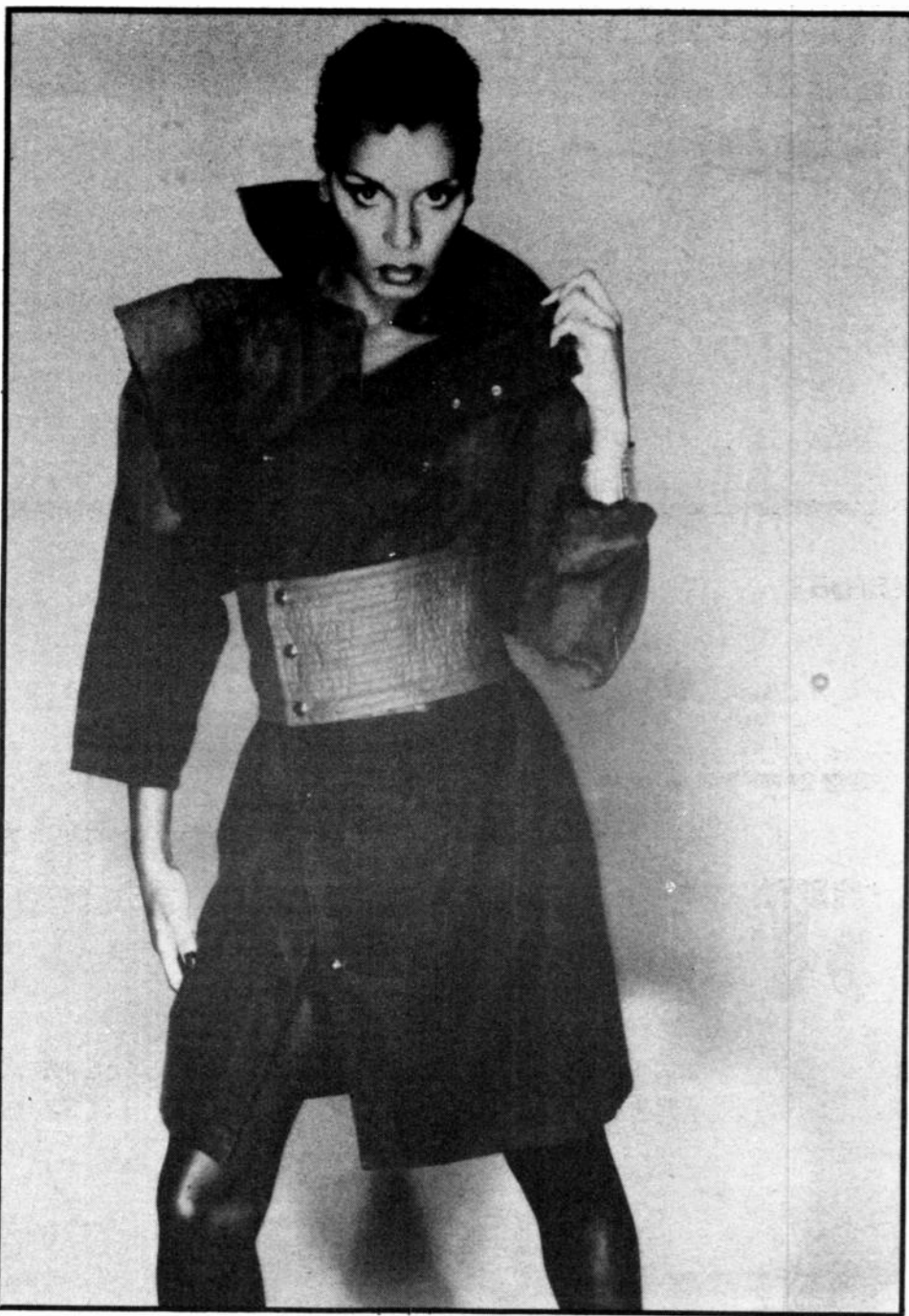
As the BPI rightly points out, technology has overtaken the law with regard to copyright and they are continuing to press the Government to introduce a levy on blank cassettes and cassette equipment to compensate for the loss of revenue. But the industry appears to be putting its hopes

for salvation into legislation rather than adapting to changing public tastes and attitudes. Attempts by companies to react realistically to the cassette boom such as Island's 'One Plus One' scheme have incurred the wrath of the BPI, although they've been unable to prevent it. Indeed, the industry is unable to present a united front, leaving individual companies to adapt to the deepening recession in their own ways. The latest moves to increase singles prices are causing more angry words to fly between record company bosses.

The only area where the BPI continues to meet success is in its campaign against bootleggers and counterfeiters. The widely publicised 'Operation Moonbeam' last year uncovered the biggest bootleg organisation in the country and last month six more company directors involved in the ring agreed to pay damages to the BPI and to permanently adhere to injunctions restraining them from dealing in bootleg records again.

And a cassette counterfeiter was jailed for four months recently for failing to comply with a court order granted to the BPI over piracy charges and three cars, a Jaguar XJS, a Lotus Esprit and a Reliant Scimitar, were seized as assets. Steven Lambert of Chingford will find further charges from the BPI including Contempt Of Court waiting for him when he is released from Pentonville in the autumn.

The live rock scene is also faring disastrously at present, with some tours playing to one third capacity halls. Two promoters have already gone bust this year, Straight Music and Kiltorch, although both John Curd and Paul Loasby who headed each company have continued in business under a new name. It appears that any profits made from London gigs are no longer enough to cover losses made in the provinces. Fans will still go to see their heroes at whatever price, but it's at the expense of the up and coming bands.



Roxy in autumn

ROXY MUSIC will be playing British dates this autumn. The band, whose 'Avalon' album has topped the charts, will be announcing their tour next week.

Cherry amour

AVA CHERRY (above), the American lady who has worked with Stevie Wonder and David Bowie and who has just released a new solo album on Capitol called 'Streetcar Named Desire', makes a glorified personal appearance at the Camden Palace on July 17. She'll sing a short set to the accompaniment of backing

tapes in a late-night spot. Ms Cherry worked with Bowie for four years and appeared on 'Young Americans', 'Bowie', 'Changes' and 'Diamond Dogs'. She also toured with him as well as singing sessions with John Lennon and Rufus. She started out by singing at the piano with Stevie Wonder.

Freeze framed

ORCHESTRAL MANOEUVRES IN THE DARK have a 52-minute video called *Live At The Theatre Royal Drury Lane* released by Virgin Video.

Recorded last December, it features 'Electricity', 'Enola Gay', 'Souvenir', 'Joan Of Arc', and 'Maid Of Orleans' and will retail for £24.99, although Virgin are doing a mail-order price of £19.99 from Video Palace Distribution Ltd (to whom cheques and postal orders should be made payable), 275-277 Pentonville Road, London N1.

Virgin Video are putting together a package of releases for the autumn which will include Andy Warhol's *Heat, Trash, and Flesh*, Richard Pryor *In Concert* and the erotic Japanese movie *Ai No Corrida*.

THE CLASH videos by Don Letts, together with his films of Public Image Ltd and The Slits, are being shown in a special three-hour programme at the International Video Festival on July 16 and 17.

The programme will run continuously through both dates at Studio B, 195 King's Road.

London SW5. The Clash are featured doing 'London Calling', 'Band Robber', 'The Call Up', 'Rock The Casbah' and 'Radio Clash' (the trailer from the forthcoming Clash movie which hasn't yet been seen here but has been top of the American video charts for the last three months).

There's also the first PIL film, *Musical Youth's Don't Blame The Youth, Psychedelic Furs' Sister Europe, 4 Be 2's One Of The Lads, The Slits' Pictures, Tea Time In Tokyo and The Punk Rock Movie*.

TINA TURNER, who's doing better on video these days than on record (and Johnny Waller can't understand why), has a new package called *Queen Of Rock And Roll* released by VCL in a new format next month.

It's an extended version of her 30-minute video recorded at London's Apollo Theatre and now comes with a full stereo soundtrack to meet the videogram revolution.

Stereo soundtracks are also being added to Elton John *In Central Park*, Thin Lizzy's *Renegade*, Eddy Grant and *Breaking Glass*.

Ill-timed Associations

THE ASSOCIATES' dates announced last week are for August and not July as we said. A wires-crossed scenario. They will be appearing at the Edinburgh Festival George Street Assembly Rooms on August 19, 20 and 21, Glasgow Ultratech 23-24, Manchester Hacienda 25, London Cambridge Theatre 29, London Camden Palace 30.

Other rock acts appearing at the Edinburgh Assembly Rooms during the Festival are the Michael Nyman Band August 29-31, the Flying Pickets August 22-September 11 at midnight, and new wave poetry from August 29-September 11 in the afternoon.

Bowing out

DAVID BOWIE will not now be appearing at the Prince's Trust charity concert at London's Dominion Theatre on July 21.

Apparently Pete Townshend asked him to do it and he said he would be delighted, but he was unable to accept due to prior commitments.

However, Joan Armatrading, Phil Collins, Midge Ure, Mick Karn and Gary Brooker will now be joining Madness and Townshend on the bill.

And tickets now will be on sale to the public at £25 and £10 from the Keith Prowse agency.

Skidoo at random

23 SKIDOO, who've been the subject of several split rumours, have announced that they are now down to a 'hard core' of Alex Turnbull, J Turnbull and Fritz 'with various other people participating when applicable — a constant random factor'.

This follows the departure of Sam Landell-Mills and Tom Heslop, who have left 'on account of psychick (sic) differences' and will now be pursuing various individual projects.

Meanwhile 23 Skidoo will be appearing at the WOMAD Festival in Shepton Mallet this weekend and they are preparing a double cassette of archive material for release in August.

Mooch about

THE ICA's next foray into rock presentation takes place next month under the banner 'The Joy Of Mooching'.

It's being put together by former Mooch Club entrepreneur Kevin Molony and designer Steve Smith and the aim will be to put on 'modern bands in a setting which evokes the good-time feel of the big band era'.

So far Animal Nightlife, Weekend, Allez Allez, the Flying Pickets and the Three Courgettes have been lined up to appear during the first couple of weeks of August.

Spare Prix

GRAND PRIX, who have just parted company with RCA and are looking for a new company to release their next album which will be ready in the autumn, have lined up a tour for the first half of August. As already announced, it includes a bill-topping appearance at the Edinburgh Jam Rock Festival on August 2 at the Nite Club.

Other dates are at Glasgow Night Moves August 1, Ayr Pavilion 3, Aberdeen Venue 4, Winchester Theatre Royal 6, Bristol Granary 7, Birkenhead Sir James Club 9, Blackburn Bay Horse Inn 10, Blackpool JB's 11, Liverpool Warehouse 12, Middlesbrough Rock Garden 13, Retford Porterhouse 14. They've also been added to the Reading Festival bill on August 28.



Sisters of no mercy

CHEETAH (above), the Australian heavy metal band featuring sisters Lyndsay and Chrissie Hammond who

released their debut album 'Rock 'N' Roll Women' recently on Epic, play their first British gig at London's Venue on July 15.

It's their only appearance before their Reading Festival date on August 28.

A NEW ALBUM BY

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SATURDAY 28TH AUGUST

SUNDAY 29TH AUGUST

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TRUST

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THE ANGELS

AGAINST THE GRAIN

SPECIAL GUEST

**RANDY
CALIFORNIA**

**IRON
MAIDEN**

GARY MOORE BAND

**TYGERS OF
PAN TANG**

BERNIE TORMÉ

GRAND PRIX - ORE

ROCK GODDESS

FROM JAPAN

BOW WOW

FROM AUSTRALIA

CHEETAH

SPECIAL GUEST

Blackfoot



**DAVE EDMUNDS
WILKO JOHNSON**

BERNIE MARSDEN'S **S.O.S.**

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CARDIFF, Welsh Sports
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CHELSEA, Parrot Records
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MIDDLESBROUGH, Hamilton
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NEWCASTLE, Virgin Records
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PORTSMOUTH (Drayton), R.A. Fraser
PLYMOUTH, Virgin Records
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SHEFFIELD, Virgin Records, Way Ahead
SOUTHEND, Parrot Records
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S.3

Brian's permanent earache

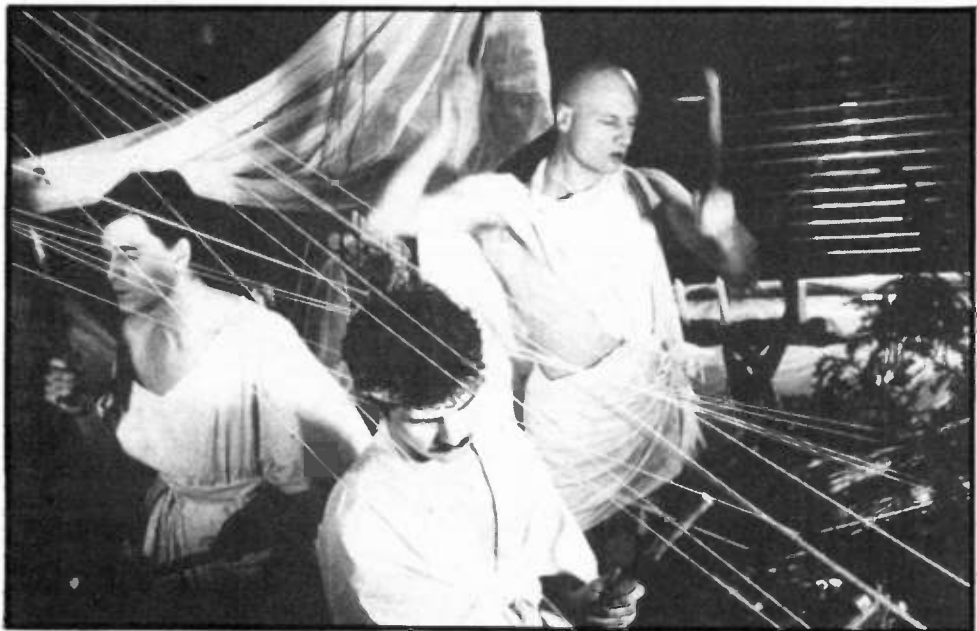
MOTORHEAD have confirmed that guitarist Brian Robertson (right) is now the permanent replacement for Eddie Clarke.

The band have just returned from American and Japanese tours and are now preparing for their open-air British gigs this month at Wrexham on July 24 and Hackney 25th. After that they'll go into the studio to start work on a new album, which they plan to release at the



beginning of next year. Announcing Brian's appointment, Lemmy said this week: "I'm very glad the eczema has cleared up but the shirt is still the wrong size. However, Brian will be an invaluable member of the band and, in time, a valuable member!"

Brian's only comment was "What? — Sorry, can you speak louder please".



Kevin Cummins

Dalek back from holiday

DALEK I LOVE YOU (above), one of the rated second wave Liverpool bands who emerged three years ago and released an album 'Kumpass Compass' on Back Door and a single called 'Astronaut' before going back into hibernation, return with a new record deal with Korova and release a new single this weekend called 'Holiday In Disneyland'. It's available in 7 and 12-inch versions with the usual variety of B-sides.

The band, who are now a trio with Alan Gill (who originally suspended the band so that he could go and play a while with Teardrop Explodes), Gordon Hon and Kenny Peers, are recording an album for release in September and plan to play dates upon its release.

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BIRMINGHAM: Cyclops Records	COVENTRY: Apollo Theatre	MULL: Gough & Davy	MANSFIELD: Revolver Records
BLACKBURN: King Georges Hall	DERBY: R & E Cords	INVERNESS: Other Record Shop	MIDDLESBROUGH: Hamiltons
BRADFORD: HMV Records	DUNDEE: Cathy McCabe Records	IPSWICH: Gaiety Theatre	MIDGLESBROUGH: Town Hall
BRIGHTON: Fine Records	EDINBURGH: Playhouse Theatre	LANCASTER: Ely Theatre	NEWCASTLE UNDER LYME: Mike Lloyd
BRISTOL: Virgin Records	EXETER: HMV Records	LEEDS: Barbers Records	NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE: City Hall
BURTON: R & E Cords	GLASGOW: Apollo Theatre	LEICESTER: De Montfort Hall	NOTTINGHAM: Select a Disc
CARDIFF: Spillers Records	GLOUCESTER: Leisure Centre	LINCOLN: The Box Office	OSSETT: Record Bar
CARLISLE: Pink Panther Records	GOOLE: Peter Hall Music Shop	LIVERPOOL: Penny Lane Records	OXFORD: Apollo Theatre

PETERBOROUGH: Wirrina Stadium
POOLE: Setchfields
PORTSMOUTH: HMV Records
PORT TALBOT: Derrick's Records
PRESTON: Guide Hall
READING: Quicksilver Records
ROTHERHAM: Carousel
SHEFFIELD: Virgin Records
SOUTHAMPTON: Virgin Records
STAFFORD: Lotus Records

STIRLING: Other Record Shop
SUNDERLAND: Spinning Disk
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Tickets are also available by post from: Wooltare Limited, PO Box 123, Walsall, WSS 4QQ. Enclose Postal Orders or Cheques made payable to Wooltare Limited and S.A.E. Tickets are £10.00 advance, inclusive of VAT. £11.00 on the day. (People sending cheques should allow 21 days for clearance)



Sun worshipping

SUN RA (above), the jazz musician who's suddenly sprung back into fashionable favour after many years out of the limelight, comes over for his first British gigs since 1970 at the end of this month.

He'll be bringing his Arkestra, a 17-piece combo that includes four dancers and the whole funky, galactic ensemble will be splashing down at London's Venue on July 27 and 28 at 20.30 hours.

Sun Ra's latest album 'Strange Celestial Road' was released in May by Y Records to a torrent of critical acclaim.

Let there be Light

LIGHT OF THE WORLD, who released their new album 'Check Us Out' on EMI at the beginning of this month, play a series of dates starting next weekend.

Tubbs, Nat and Gee will be joined by three other original members — Mel Gaynor, Peter Hinds and David Baptiste — as well as three more musicians to play Southend Zero Six Club July 23, Gravesend Woodville Halls 24, Brighton Top Rank 25, Tunbridge Wells Assembly Hall 26, Southampton Top Rank 27, Cardiff Top Rank 28, Manchester The Unity 29, Hitchin Regal 30, London Hammersmith Odeon 31.

Scots on the rocks

THE FIRST Edinburgh Jam heavy rock festival has now announced full details of the event which is being staged at Edinburgh Nite Club on August 2. Grand Prix will be headlining with Pallas as special guests and Snakebite and Chainsaw also on the bill.

And in addition to the 666 Sound System HM disco, there will also be the Scottish Open Headbanging Championships as well as the Miss Edinburgh Jam wet T-shirt contest. Tickets are £2.25 in advance from the Playhouse box office or £2.75 on the door and it runs from 7pm to 2am.

Six of the best

MOOD SIX join the high society set for a night on July 19 when they appear at the Berkeley Square Charity Ball in front of Princess Margaret and all the other nobles who know Nigel Dempster.

Tickets are a snip at £75 for a double, which includes a bottle of champers and a full English breakfast to get rid of the hangover. The band are planning gigs for their less affluent friends shortly.

Gonads farewell

THE GONADS, the now deceased "herbert punk" band particularly close to the heart of the Sounds Features Editor, release their posthumous second EP lovingly entitled 'Peace Artists' on Secret Records on August 6.

The band also have a track on the fourth Oi! compilation album 'Oi Oi That's Yer Lot' released by Secret on August 28.

SOFT CELL's 'Tainted Love' is about to celebrate a year in the British Top 200. It was released on July 17 1981 and is currently approaching sales of 900,000, which is both an indication of its own staying power and a dramatic illustration of how badly sales are doing in the record industry at the moment. Paul McCartney's 'Mull Of Kintyre' clocked up a million copies in a couple of months.

Drat that Strat

IVOR ARBITER head of Fender/Rogers/Paiste distributor CBS Arbiter, has left the company amid much speculation regarding his reasons for what appears to be a very sudden departure.

A spokesman for the CBS group maintained that it had nothing at all to do with the recent dispute between CBS and Blue Suede Music, the UK distributor of Tokai guitars (as recently featured in Sounds), though this is open to question.

The case, revolving around the 'passing off' of copies of the older Fender guitars made by Tokai and featuring a logo that closely resembled that of Fender, caused more than a few ripples in the industry. In some quarters it has even been rumoured that Fender panicked and then tried unsuccessfully to sue one such producer of these amazing replicas, namely Fernandez, only to discover that CBS themselves had a substantially large holding in that company. Such is the level of paranoia within the CBS organisation at present, though partly one suspects this has a lot to do with a drastic fall in recent sales of Fender guitars.

It's likely that the name CBS Arbiter will be dropped in the very near future and replaced by a more appropriate title, though Mr. Arbiter's services are to be retained on a consultancy basis. While Ivor Arbiter will continue to work in the business it is believed that he will become involved in other more philanthropic activities outside of music, though this is perhaps stretching the imagination a little too far.

MAX KAY

Pieces of Eight

STRAIGHT EIGHT return after a period of reorganisation that sees them with a new drummer Steve Goodwin from Hi-Fi and bassist Paul Chaves from Night Flight.

They have a new album called 'Straight To The Heart' released

by Logo this month and they have London dates lined up at Clapham 101 Club July 17, Fulham Greyhound 29, Covent Garden Rock Garden, August 5, Westbourne Park Zig Zag Club 12. They'll be branching out into the provinces later in the summer

THE 100 CLUB
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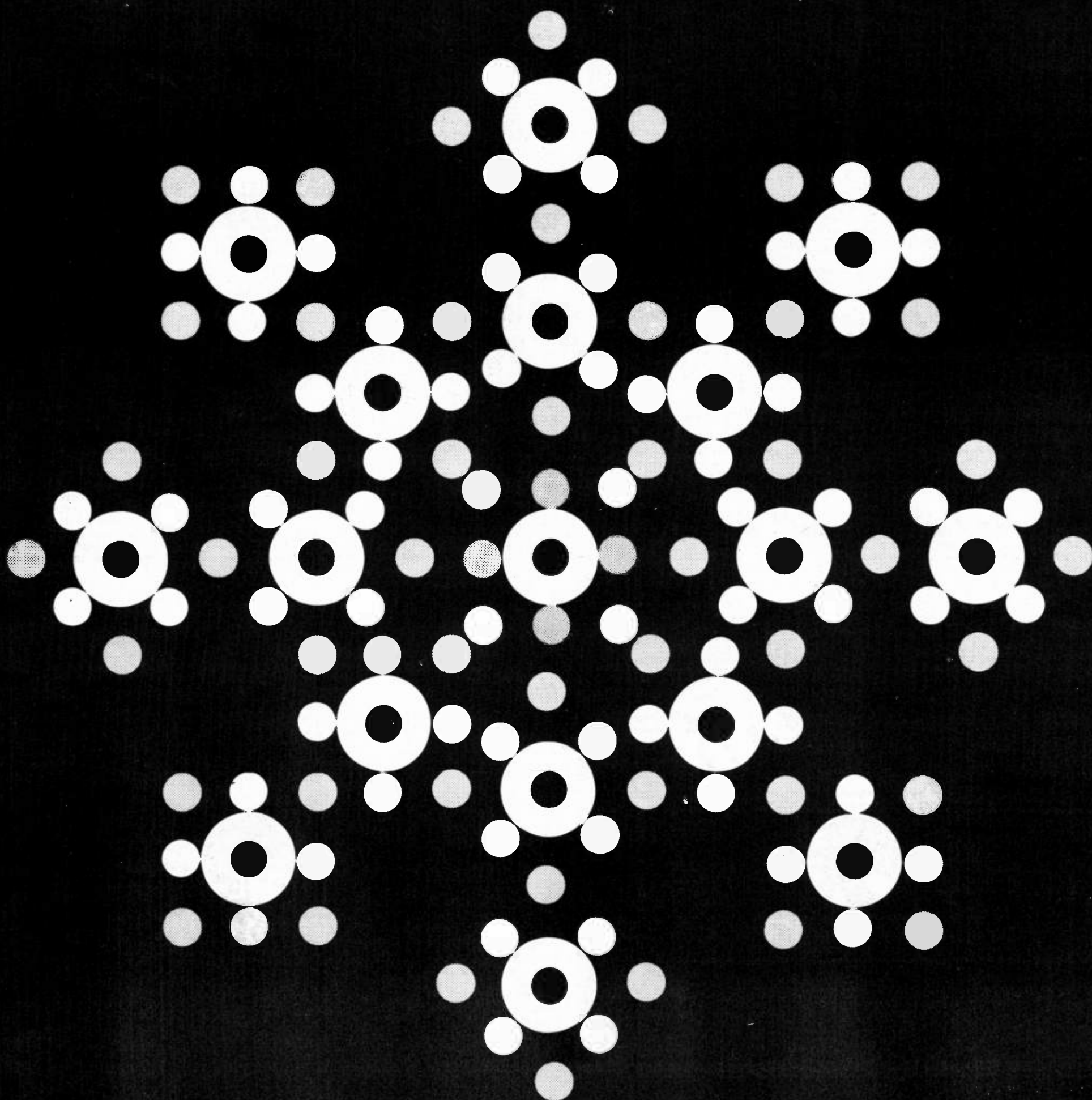
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RECORD NEWS

LYNYRD SKYNYRD, who've just had their 'Freebird' single reissued, have their posthumous legend enlarged this month by the re-release of their 'Gold And Platinum' compilation by MCA.

SQUEEZE send another single in the direction of the charts this weekend called 'When The Hangover Strikes'. A&M are releasing the first pressing as a picture disc.

MADNESS, who are working out a version of the national anthem for their Prince's Trust Rock Gala appearance on July 21 at the London Dominion, shoot out their new single 'Driving In My Car' this weekend on Stiff.

ELLIE WARREN, a Scottish chanteuse who released a single last year called 'Shattered Glass' and harbours a not-so-secret desire to sing with Iron Maiden, tries on her own account with a single called 'Primitive Love', which is released by Jet this week.

INSTANT AUTOMATONS, **Blue Midnight** and the **Hamburger All-Stars**, all stalwarts from the Idiot Ballroom at the Hammersmith Clarendon every Thursday, pack themselves on to a compilation album called 'Love Not Devotion', which is released by the Golden Age through F*** Off this month.

AFRAID OF MICE release a new single called 'At The Club' on Charisma this week. The B-side features a live recording of 'I Will Wait' recorded at their recent Liverpool Empire gig.

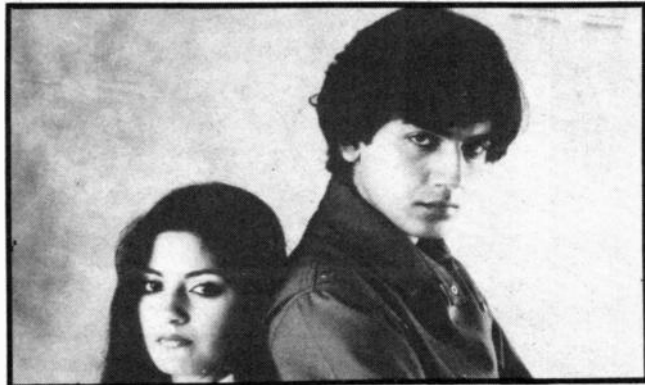
THE ULTIMATE SWAY, a Lichfield band, release their debut single this month on International called 'Here We Stand'.

EEK-A-MOUSE, the tall gentleman who pioneered the sing-jay style last year with his 'Wa-Do-Dem' album, releases its follow-up this month on Greensleeves called 'Skiddip'.

LATIMER and **Power**, who are two bands on the American soul label Malaco, have albums released here this month through Pinnacle. 'Power' includes their singles 'Groovin'' and 'Play It Again Sam', while Latimer's album is called 'Singing In The Key Of Love'.

NO FUTURE, who have singles out by Red Alert and The Partisans, have signed a distribution deal with Pinnacle, which includes their back catalogue.

THUNDERTHUMBS And The Toetsenman, otherwise known as **Mark King and Mike Lindup** from **Level 42**, have a single called 'Freedom' released this week by Polydor.



HAZAN (above), featuring Karachi teenage brother and sister Nazia and Zoheb who are leading the new (and first) wave of pop music in India, release their second single here on EMI called 'Get A Little Closer'. Catch them on the *David Essex Showcase* on July 17 for further elucidation.

THE SAMPLES, a new signing to No Future, release a single this week called 'Dead Hero'.

PETER AND THE TEST-TUBE BABIES have a new single out on No Future this week called 'Run Like Hell'/'Up Yer Bum'.

THE SOFT BOYS, who split up a year ago (except for the odd reunion gig), have their first album 'Underwater Moonlight' pushed forth again by Armageddon.

THE ROOM, **Flying Club**, **Out On Blue Six**, **Icarus**, **Patrik Fitzgerald**, **The Chefs**, **The Pinkies**, **Dr Mix And The Remix And Artery** are all featured on a compilation called 'Fear And Fantasy' released this month by Armageddon as a sequel to 'Radio Moonlight'.

FUTURHYTHM, "Halesowen's number one electro-pop band", have a single called 'Anti Matter' out on Exoteric (through Rough Trade, Virgin, Bullet and Graduate) this month.

NORWOOD B, a 17-year-old disco maestro from New Jersey, has a single called 'You're On The One (You're On The Money)' released by Philly World (through PRT).

POWERLINE, a London-based soul band featured on the 'Remixture' compilation last year, have a new single called 'Watching You' out on PLR this month.

FIVE OR SIX have a four-track 12-inch single called 'This Is For The Moment' released by Cherry Red this month.

THE FIBONACCIS, who take their names from the Italian mathematician **Leonardo da Pisa** (you know, the one who worked out a new numbering system instead of ten as a base in the 12th Century — it went 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 23 etc — honestly!) and hail from Los Angeles (where else?) via a mixture of ethnic backgrounds (of course), release a self-titled mini-album of their own on Index (Box 944 Los Angeles 90028) this month.

TREVOR WALTERS, who had a hit late last year with 'Love Me Tonight', has a new single called 'Loving As One' out on Magnet this month.

TOYAH's picture disc version of 'Ieya' is the first to use a new method of making such artefacts which greatly improves the sound quality of the A-side. What it does to the B-side they don't say.

TALK TALK release their debut album this week on EMI called 'The Party's Over'. It includes their new single 'Today' as well as their first two.



TOTO COELO (above), "five femmes fatale who totally coalesce a distinctive blend of song, dance and music", have a single called 'I Eat Cannibals' out on Radialchoice this month.

CHARLENE shoots out the album called after her hit 'I've Never Been To Me' on Motown this month. It also contains her next single 'It Ain't Easy Coming Down'.

DISTINCTION, a four-piece Liverpool band made up of two sets of sisters discovered by ex-Heatwave bassist **Roy Carter**, release their first single called 'That's The Way I Like It' on Arista this month.

CHINA CRISIS have decided to persevere with their debut single 'African And White' on Virgin by remixing it and repackaging it.

JOHNNY STORM, backed by **Shakin' Stevens'** old band **The Sunsets**, and the **Crazy Cats**, "a hot new rockabilly act from Switzerland", both have albums released this month by Magnum Force.

ATTACK, being touted as "the hottest thing to come out of Sweden since Abba" with 19-year-old blonde singer **Rose Korberg**, plus two guys and another girl (sounds familiar), release their first British single this week on Towerbell called 'Ooin' In The Moonlight', which topped the Swedish charts for three months.

CLINT EASTWOOD and **General Saint** have a new single released by Greensleeves this week called 'Matty Gunga Walk'. They should have another album out by the end of the year.

THE GIST, an outfit comprising solely **Stuart Moxham**, former mainman of **Young Marble Giants**, releases its second single this month called 'Love At First Sight' on Rough Trade. He's currently recruiting musicians for live dates.



SHRIEKBACK (above), comprising the collective talents of **Dave Allen** from the **Gang Of Four**, **Barry Andrews**, ex-XTC and **Robert Fripp's** **League Of Gentlemen**, and **Carl Marsh**, ex-Out On Blue Six, have a six-track mini-album called 'Tench' released by Y Records this month. It includes their recent single 'Sexthinkone'.

TRACEY THORNE (of the **Marine Girls**), the **Monochrome Set** and **Eyeless In Gaza** all have albums released this month by Cherry Red. There's also a double import album by **Thomas Leer** called 'Letter From America', which consists of his '4 Movements' and 'Contradictions' albums bundled together.

'**SOUND D'Afrique** Volume Two: Soukous!' comes out on Island this month featuring bands from French-speaking West Africa such as **Lea Lignanzi**, **Mensy**, **Vonga Aye**, **Moussa Dombia**, **Pablo Lubadika**, **Porthos**, **Jeff Louna** and **Asi Kapela**. If you buy the cassette you get 'Volume One' as a bonus.

SLY DUNBAR has managed to find time to record his own album as well as everybody else's. It's called 'Sly-Go-Ville' and features guest who... **Robbie Shakespeare** on bass, **Tyrone Downie** and **Robert Lyn** keyboards and **Sticky Thompson** percussion.

CORROSIVE CROWD, a Swiss jazz-punk band, have a double single called 'Insectenliebe' released through Le Rash Distribution.

ODYSSEY, who had a big hit last year with 'Going Back To My Roots', release an album called 'Happy Together' this month on RCA, which features **Bernard Edwards** and **Nile Rogers** of the **Chic** Organisation.

THE BONGOS have a new single called 'Mambo Sun' released this week by Fetish, who are also releasing a single by **Eight Eyed Spy** called 'Diddy Wah Diddy'.

WOODHEAD MONROE, an East London synthesiser band, have a remixed version of 'Mumbo Jumbo' released by Ovalstiff. The single was originally released last year but has now been updated by the production efforts of **Mystery Soap** (an anagram for a 'very famous name').

ROUNDTREE, a New York dance band led by former Chic person **Kenny Lehman** who've already had a hit with 'Dance Dance Dance (Yowsah Yowsah Yowsah)', release a new single on Virgin called 'Hit On You' in 7 and 12-inch format.

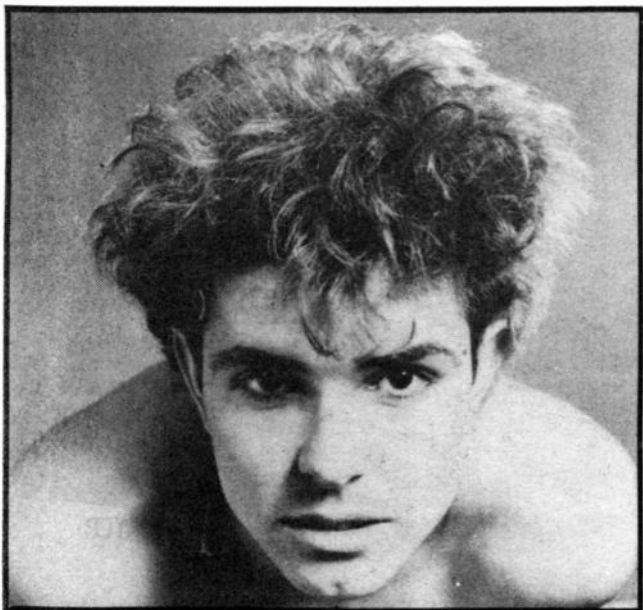
TOUR NEWS/DATES

DENNIS BROWN has cancelled his Huddersfield Cleopatra's date on July 17, but added Brixton Fair Deal on the 17th and 18th instead.

THE STRAPS, who have a new single called 'Brixton' out on Dunnet, play Hammersmith Clarendon July 15 and Islington Skunk 17 between searching for a new bassist.

PETER AND THE TEST-TUBE BABIES have gigs this month at Bradford Palm Cove July 20, Manchester Drifters 21, Preston Warehouse 22, Grimsby Community Hall 23, Nottingham Boat Club 24, Keighley Gory Details 26.

WARRIOR from Newcastle, who have a single called 'Dead When It Comes To Love' out on Neat, play Newcastle Lemington Comrades Club July 14, Gateshead Duke Of Cumberland 15, Newcastle Newton Park Hotel 17, Hexham Fandango 21, Newcastle Bier Keller 22.



BLUE ZOO (featuring **Andy O** — above), who recently made the charts with 'I'm Your Man', have a date at Westbourne Park Zig Zag Club July 23 before recording their next single.

MARILLION show their faces at the World Of Music Arts And Dance Festival at Shepton Mallet on July 17 and play gigs at Barnstaple Chequers 18, Gloucester Cambridge Theatre August 27.

ENGLISH ROGUES, a London-based trio formed by ex-Sledgehammer bassist **Garry Sherwin**, plays Margate Ship Inn July 14, Gravesend Red Lion 17, Folkestone Golden Arrow 25, London Marquee 26 and August 5, Folkestone Royal Norfolk 6, Horsham Hornbrook Club 11, Gravesend Red Lion 13, Chiddingfold Six Bells 14, Tottenham Spurs 20.

IDLE FLOWERS have added more dates to their schedule at London Gulliver's July 15, Camden Dingwalls 19, Fulham Golden Lion 21, Brentwood Red Lion 3.

SARACEN, Chesterfield heavy rockers, play Brixton Fair Deal July 22, Leeds Compton Arms 24.

ASWAD, who've just returned from a tour of Israel, have lined up two nights at London's Venue on July 30 and 31 following the release of a new single called 'Girls Got To Know', which comes from their recent album 'Not Satisfied'.

THE PSYCHEDELIC FURS, who've just released their **Todd Rundgren**-produced single 'Love My Way' on CBS, make a live appearance at the Camden Palace on July 15. The band, who are now down to a four-piece, will be releasing their next album (also produced by Todd) in the autumn.

LIAISON, a heavy rock trio from Middlesbrough who've just released their own cassette and will be releasing an EP in September, have dates at Kentish Town Bull And Gate July 19, Clapham 101 Club 20, Kensington Ad Lib 23, West Hampstead Moonlight Club 27, Kensington Ad Lib August 13.

SOUTHERN DEATH CULT wish to announce that they are not playing London's Zig Zag Club on July 15 as they were booked without their knowledge. They will, however, be playing Windermere Embassy Ballroom 17, Brighton Xtreams 22, Hammersmith Clarendon 29, Nottingham Union Rowing Club 31.

THE HAMSTERS play dates at Gravesend Red Lion July 21, Watford Pump House 25, Deptford Albany Empire 28.

DEAD OR ALIVE get into trim for their next single with a date at Westbourne Park Zig Zag Club on July 16.

THE GO-BETWEENS celebrate the release of their Rough Trade single 'Hammer The Hammer' with dates at Herne Hill Half Moon July 17 and Covent Garden Rock Garden 21.

POSITIVE NOISE, who are supporting **Toyah** on her British tour, play a date of their own at London's Barracuda Club on July 21.

HANK WANGFORD, who's bagged himself a management deal with those cowboys from Blackhill (ouch, only joking lads, ouch), plays dates at Stoke Newington Pegasus July 22, London City University 23, Kilburn Tricycle Theatre 27, Stoke Newington Pegasus 29, Putney Half Moon 30, Cambridge Folk Festival 31-August 1, Stoke Newington Pegasus 5, Kentish Town Bull And Gate 7, London Duke Of York Theatre 8, as well as TV appearances on 6.55 *Special* and *David Essex Showcase*.

UK DECAY 'rise from the dead' at Westbourne Park Zig Zag Club July 15, Nottingham Boat Club 17, Bristol Granary 19, Plymouth Top Rank 20, Preston Warehouse 22, Middlesbrough Cavern 24.

SHAKIN' STEVENS will begin his 1982 British tour at the end of September and plays 26 shows at 17 venues around the country. He opens at Birmingham Odeon on September 29 and 30 and continues at Manchester Apollo October 1-2, Newcastle City Hall 3, Glasgow Apollo 4, Aberdeen Capitol 6, Edinburgh Playhouse 7-8, Scarborough Futurist Theatre 9, Sheffield City Hall 11, Leicester De Montfort Hall 12, Southampton Gaumont 13-14, Portsmouth Guildhall 15, Brighton Centre 17, Bristol Colston Hall 18-19, Liverpool Empire 20-21, Ipswich Gaumont 26-27, London Hammersmith Odeon 28-29, St Austell Coliseum November 1-2.

ERAZERHEAD, who've been doing well in the indie charts with their 'Shell Shock' single, play Westbourne Park Zig Zag Club July 19 and Hammersmith Clarendon 29.

RODDY RADIATION And **The Tearjerkers** open a new Wimbledon gig called The Aquarium on July 16, supported by **Fancy Goldfish**.

CROSSFIRE, Southampton heavy rockers, play Applemore Youth Centre July 14, Poole Brewer's Arms 16, Salisbury Cathedral Hall 23, Lychee Matravets Chequers 24, Bournemouth Pinecliff Bars 28, Christchurch Jumpers Tavern 29, Poole Sloop Hotel 30, Southampton Canute Hotel 31.

THIRD DOOR FROM THE LEFT, who do a nice line in bondage, play Plumpstead The Ship on July 23.



THE RED AND THE BLACK, a new group formed by **Mike Scott** (pictured above) from **Another Pretty Face**, have gigs at Islington Hope And Anchor July 15, West Hampstead Moonlight 22, Fulham Golden Lion 26, Camden Dingwalls 30.

THE BERLIN BLONDES have added dates at the Fulham Greyhound July 17, Islington Hope And Anchor 23, Herne Hill Half Moon 31.

BUCKS FIZZ have announced a pre-tour tour this month in addition to the previously announced dates in August. They play Bristol Colston Hall July 17, Plymouth Theatre Royal 18, Middlesbrough Town Hall 20, Hull City Hall 23, Huddersfield Town Hall 24, Skegness Festival Theatre 25, Leicester De Montfort Hall 26, Tunbridge Wells Assembly Rooms 27 and London Hammersmith Odeon 30.

PALLAS are special guests on a five-man bill topped by **Grand Prix** at Edinburgh Playhouse on August 2.

BABYLON REBELS, together with the **Ranking Dread Sound System**, play a Workers March Against Racism benefit at Stanton Social Club on July 17.

URGH, a nicely named new Isle of Wight punk band, play the Isle Of Wight Carousal Club on July 28 supporting **GBH** and **Peter And The Test Tube Babies**.

BRYN HAWORTH, the **Barratt Band**, **Paradise**, **Graham Kendrick** And **Geoffrey Stevenson** and **Adrian Snell** are among those appearing at Greenbelt '82, a Christian festival, at Knebworth Park from August 27-30.

MIDNIGHT OIL, the Australian rock band, have two free dates at London's Westbourne Park Zig Zag Club on July 14 and 21.

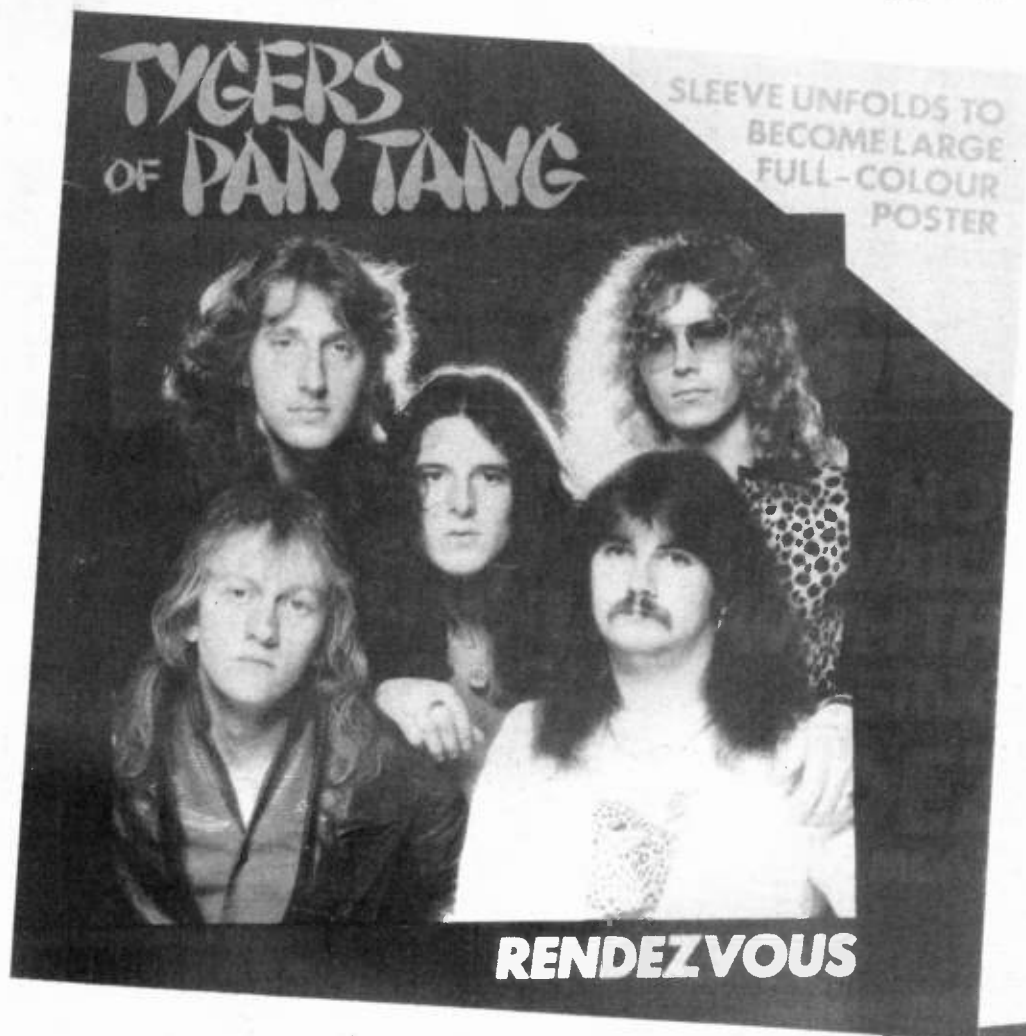
APOCALYPSE, a five-piece South London band, have signed to Jamming and will be recording their first single with **Paul Weller** producing next month. They have dates at London Waterloo Festival July 18, Covent Garden Rock Garden 20, Kensington Ad Lib 21.

ZEITGEIST, whose 'Stop' single is riding high in the indie charts, play Westbourne Park Zig Zag Club July 20 and Kensington Ad Lib 21.

THE FLYBOYS, formed in Kent in May, take their show out and about to play Fulham Greyhound July 15, Victoria The Venue 16, Ramsgate Flowing Bowl 22, Folkestone Springfield Hotel 29, Canterbury Alberrys August 5, Ash Chequers 6.

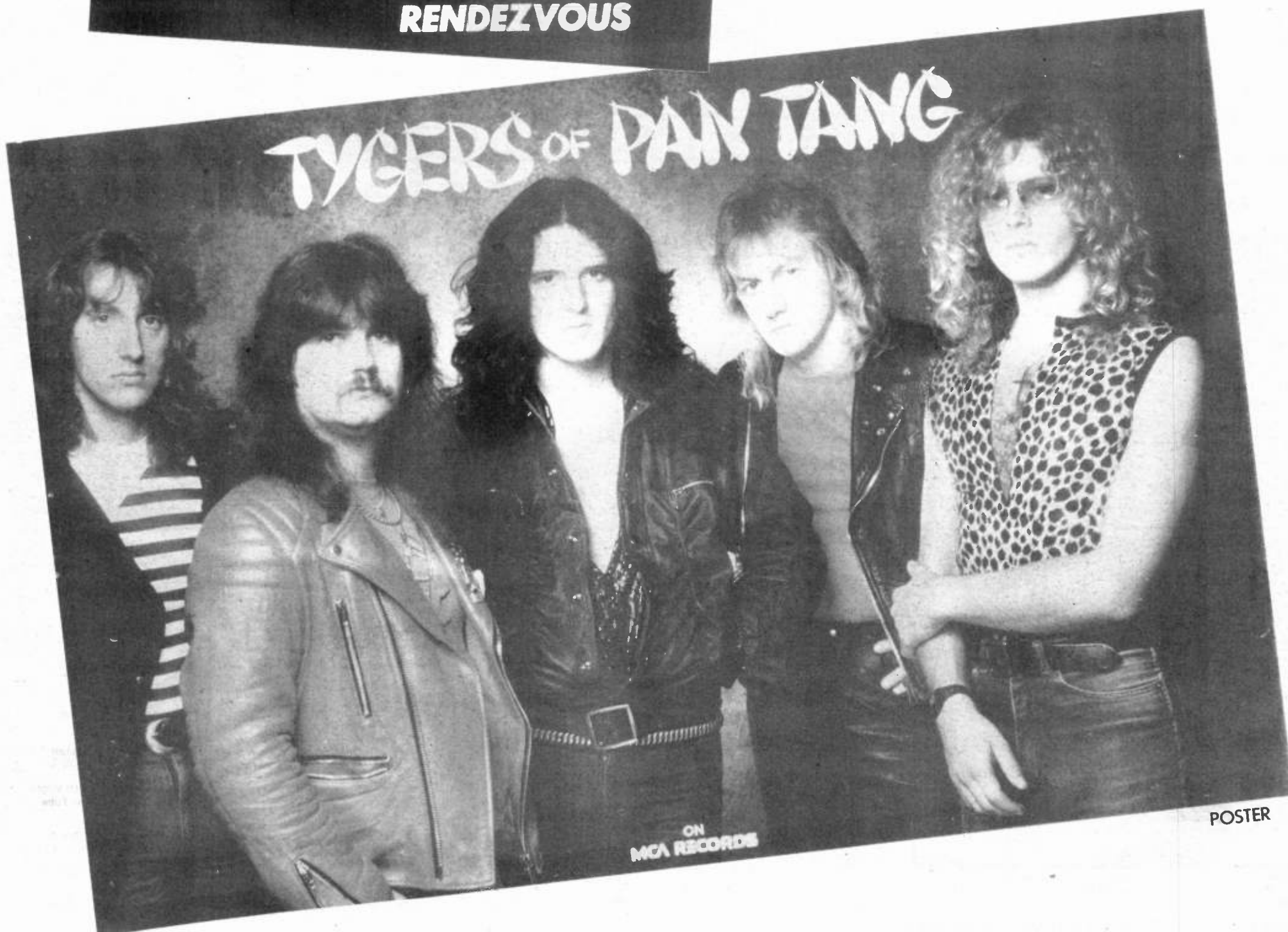
MOUSE AND THE UNDERDOG from Stevenage play Ilford Three Rabbits July 24, Covent Garden Rock Garden 27, West Hampstead Moonlight Club August 11, Ilford Cranbrook 27.

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53	52	JEAN-MICHEL JARRE CONCERTS IN CHINA 5.49
54	49	RIP RIG & PANIC I AM COLD 4.29
55	50	KIM WILDE SELECT 4.29
56	56	TOM VERLAINE WORDS FROM THE FRONT 4.29
57	54	NEIL DIAMOND 12 GREATEST HITS VOL. 2 4.29
58	58	JAPAN TIN DRUM 4.29
59	59	FUN BOY THREE FUN BOY THREE 3.99
60	60	SIMON & GARFUNKEL CONCERT IN CENTRAL PARK E&OE 6.49

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Ross Hallin

Hello to romance

THE MARRIAGE of demented dove decapitator and HM mega-performer John 'Ozzy' Osbourne to his delightful manager Sharon Arden (see above) on the Hawaiian island paradise of Maui was every bit as lunatic as we might expect from the mad monarch of metal mayhem.

Oz's Stag Night began 48 hours before the wedding and hardly any of the details are even vaguely printable; though at one stage the paralytic party dined at a Korean Restaurant which just happened to be part of a brothel.

Ross 'Page Boy' Halfin denies that anyone took advantage of the facilities available — just like he failed to do in Hamburg with Bad Manners (Cont. *Confessions Of A Fat Photographer*). Somehow they sobered Ozzy

up in time for yer actual matrimonials on July 4. 'Crazy' Tommy Aldridge was best man, and the wedding breakfast centred round a wedding cake from Oz's own recipe book, ie the main ingredients were two bottles of Hennessy brandy. Natch it was so foul/potent that only Oz could stomach it. And he did — all of it, not to mention various species of local animal life.

Soon properly boozed again, the bridegroom took little time in turfing out the local

Hawaiian band. He gave the double bass to Rudi Sarzo, an acoustic guitar to his new guitarist Brad Ellis and proceeded to regale all and sundry with acoustic not to mention alcoholic renditions of such eminently suitable songs as 'Paranoid', 'Goodbye To Romance' and various old Beatles numbers.

Doubtless we can expect the uncensored pix of the wedding's consummation in the next Halfin/Makowski *Power Age* volume . . .



Noise abatement

TIM BINNED: Timmy Sommer's fabby all-punk *Noise* — *The Show* radio prog in New York has been banned by radio station bosses. Despite the show's 10,000 listeners making it one of the radio station's most popular programmes, Tim reckons the gaffers were dead against it "and were just looking for any excuse to close us down." The official reason for the closure was Tim over-running by ten minutes on his anniversary programme, but Mensi's celebrated Anglo-Saxon

outing was also cited in condemnation.

Says Tim, "The worst thing now is there is just no other station where New York kids can get to hear the latest No Future and Secret releases." The only small consolation is that our svelte hero has now landed a marathon seven hour DJ spot every Tuesday night at New York's Tramps Club . . .

ROCKY ROLL: Hard to credit, but *Rocky III* is as good as the USA box office returns

indicate!

Sylvester Stallone pummels his way through a simple and predictable (but racy) script, overcoming complaints about ring brutality by making all his opponents either funny (wrestler **Thunderlips**) or genuinely evil (**Wattie**—haircutted black psycho **Mr T** in his first movie role).

We were moved to tears when Rocky's ex-adversary **Apollo Creed** offered the man his jockey shorts to wear in the big match as a token of brotherly love with the words: "Be sure and wash 'em before you give 'em back". Machooooo stuff, fo shoah!

Best for you metal men is the theme, 'Eye Of The Tiger' by **Survivor**, a Bartonian piece of melodic mayhem in sub-Foreigner mould. Judging from the promo video played relentlessly before the review proper **Survivor** are, sadly, a buncha weedy lookin' dudes, but the record is, er *bitchin'*, unhh . . .

BRAT PEOPLE: According to the *Evening Standard*, tennis superbrat **John McEnroe** and rock superstar **David Bowie** clashed the other week when the tennis ace played

excruciatingly loud out-of-tune electric guitar all night in his rented Belgravia flat.

Upstairs neighbour Bowie simply couldn't get to sleep through endless appalling versions of 'Satisfaction', but it was simply too much for him when Mac began to massacre his own 'Rebel Rebel'. This, we imagine, is what followed:

Loud angry knocking on the door of McEnroe's flat.

McEnroe: "Shut! Go away! Can't you hear I'm rehearsing?"

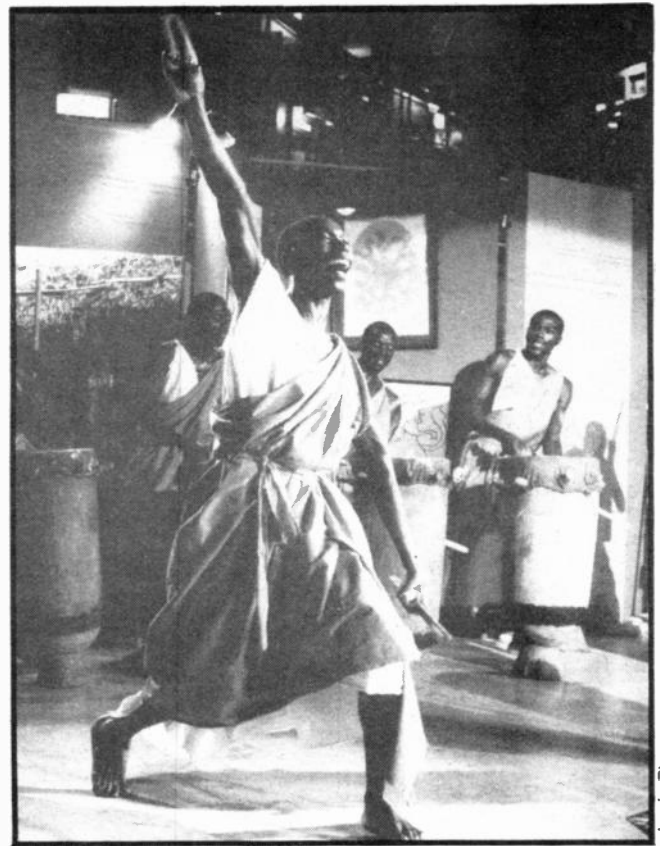
Bowie: "John, John — it's David Bowie. If you won't stop that terrible noise, at least let me show you how to play the song properly; you're playing the wrong chords!"

McEnroe: "Wrong chords! That chord was good, the chord was O-KAYYYY! Jeee-zuss, why is everyone against me? This is the pits of the world, this is a disgrace! That chord was gooooo!"

Exit Bowie muttering, "One penalty point, Mr McEnroe".

IT'S THAT MAN AGAIN!

Yes, it's the return of that old favourite — the **Stevo Jaws** item. Seems the cuddly entrepreneur has discovered yet another hot new band and was all ready to deliver them to Decca, when he received a better offer from another company on the strength of some brilliant demos. Decca, however, dug their heels in and refused to release the master tapes, causing Stevo to issue a challenge — play me at chess,



Justin Thomas

Songs from the wood

BURUNDI COMES TO TOWN: After all the name-dropping references and admitted influences of the **Ants** and **Bow Wow Wow**, the original **Warrior Drummers Of Burundi** have at last visited this country.

Hailing from one of the poorest countries in Africa, the **Burundi** tribesmen have to use such immense strength and stamina to wield the huge hollowed-out tree stumps, that it's impossible for them to perform for more than 45 minutes.

Last weekend they appeared at the **Commonwealth Institute** (where they enthralled an audience of delighted school-children) and the **Covent Garden Plaza**. A rumour that **Adam and Annabella** were seen holding hands has not been confirmed.

and the winner gets the tapes. A Decca champion stepped forward and verily **Karpov**'d the young pretender to checkmate, whereupon he disappeared and hasn't been heard of since. Come on, Stevo, play the game and be a good loser — you must get plenty of practice!

MARCH OF THE VIOLETS: As part of **John Peel**'s professed aim to make his show a bit more 'rowdy', he's planning sessions by **Southern Death Cult** and **Rubella Ballet**. We'd suggest he goes out on a limb and immediately contacts **Sex Gang Children** and **Blood And Roses**.

Meanwhile, the 'frightening' **March Violets** have just recorded their debut session, featuring **Kevin Mekon** on percussion. Watch out for a new version of 'Radiant Boys' and the awesome (probably-next-single) 'Grooving In Green'.

GROOVING WITH GREEN: Recently on the front cover of *Sounds*, **Scritti Politti's Green** has just been in Paris working on the new **Lizzy Mercier Descloux** LP.

TALKING IN MANY TONGUES: Low-key event of the week just had to be the screening of *Walking Heat* (a short made by **Ken Walmsley** and **Ken Hollins** of the **Biting Tongues**) at the obscure **B2 Gallery**, which was attended by just twelve people and one dog! Howard and Ken turned the event into a special performance, accompanying the film with an improvised music-and-recital soundtrack; a technique next to be repeated when they visit Holland.

PSYCHICK SKIDOO: The final word on the 'flux situation' of **23 Skidoo** is that their 'constant random factor' is maintained by the departure of **Sam** and **Tom** (due to, ahem, "Psychick differences") but that the group will continue under the banners of **Fritz**, **Alex** and **Johnny**. A live cassette of recent live performances is set for August release.

UNDEREXPLOITED?: **Wattie** of **The Exploited** recently went out to some drab community hall or other to see his wee brother's band, **Berlin 45**. Verdict? "Rubbish! The only good wan they did wis wan o'oor songs. An' it cost me £2 inna cab!"

PUNK'S NOT DEAD: Those well-known 'street kids' **Mood Six** have obviously decided to get back to their roots by playing at the **Berkeley Square Charity Ball** next Monday in front of **Princess Margaret**. Tickets are just £46 each (or a bargain at £75 a pair), and we're sure that manager **Solly** won't resort to sneaking fans in through the back door.

THE GIG THAT NEVER WAS:

A distraught call from **Blitz** blond bombshell bassist **Mackie** concerning adverts for a gig at **Skunx** they were allegedly supposed to play last Saturday. Seems the band knew nothing about it till they saw the ad, and that **Skunx** promoter **Dave Long** had phoned em up a month ago and they'd turned down the gig. So apologies to anyone who was misled, etc.

Mackie blames a 'mysterious hoaxer' for other advertised gigs that never were. But thankfully the **Blitz** third single that almost never was, due to them pulling out of various recording sessions, is now going ahead. Released by **No Future** in early August, the a-side is 'Warriors' while the b-side's a reworking of 'Carry On Oi' fave 'Youth'.

Recording for the **Blitz** album is 'definitely' underway in August too.

CLASSIX EXPLOITED: Our boy **Sandy** impressed **Wattie** and pals recently when, upon being played the tape that prefaces **Exploited** stage bashes, he identified the music wafting through the air at the big yin's flat as 'Carmina Burana' by **Carl Orff**. Even **Wattie** had to check the tape label to be sure. "I've also heard a few **Magma** albums, y'know!", sez **Robertson** . . .

GONE F!SHING: Having a quiet time back in Ireland, the **Defects**, unable to find any good gigs to go to other than the **Outcasts** at **The Pound**, decided to visit **Bangor** and fish for conga eels, whereupon singer **Buck** managed to land a whopping beast four feet long. Seems a fishy story to us!

NIGHTCLUBBING: As befits the home town of **Dexys**, **The Beat** and **Fashion**, **Birmingham** is to get a brand new nightclub called **Dumas Express Cabaret**, which will run fortnightly (or weekly depending on demand) at the **Opposite Lock Club** in **Gas Street**.

Described by organiser

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COMBAT 84

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Jett's Set

JOAN JETT, formerly of the all-girl group The Runaways, now has her own band, The Blackhearts. The group and Joan's tough guitar style have the critics raving. We want to know where she put the rubber ducky.



Identity crisis

JOAN MOAN: The d**gy b***er pic above is the famed Playboy shot that Hollywood Highs recently reported had Joan Jett fuming and complaining about mistaken ID.

As the skin mag itself has pointed out in a later ish, the girl in question (very questionable, by the looks of her!) is not some scuzzy porno model by malice inserted, but the genuinely accidentally there-placed other ex-Runaway Laurie McAllister.

Whether this will appease the crimson Ms Jett and put her in clover again is anybody's guess...

Morris Davis as "a cross between Club Left and Cabaret Futura, but totally unique as far as Birmingham goes", the first night on Thursday 15th will feature the **Three Courgettes** and guest stars the **Tribal Traitors**, all for £1.50 starting at 10 pm through to 2 am.

WHO'S A PRETTY BOY

THEN? Ex-Cuddly Toys guitarist **Faebhean Kwest** has just breathlessly phoned in pleading for help in finding a new vocalist for his new super (make that 'sooper') group to be managed by a certain Japanese company, with a December tour of the Far East already lined up before the first rehearsal!

"Looks are more important than vocal ability," says the discerning Fab, "the whole thing is based on image and we want someone who is even better looking than us!" (Choruses of "Shouldn't be too difficult!" from cynical *Jaws*). "Most of the people who have applied from our ads have looked like garage mechanics, but we want a real pretty boy with the looks of **David Cassidy** or **David Bowie**."

Prospective glam-stars should call... hang on, I wrote that number down with my mascara somewhere... 01-980 0878.

THE DARK ECLIPSED:

Big Phil Langham has decided to call it a day for premier Islington punks **The Dark**, has left with bassist **Charlie** to form the trans-musical seven-piece **Dum Dum Boys**, and is presently looking for "an anti-rock 'n' roll drummer". All contenders should phone Phil on 01-278 5284.

Meanwhile, **Andy Riff** the guitarist has elected to continue alone with **The Dark** monicker, having been deserted by drummer **Razzle** who has joined **Hanoi Rocks**. This sad demise leaves Islington with only **Spandau Ballet** to follow — a sad, sobering thought.

SHAW TAYLOR TIME:

Chuck Farley were unlucky to have their van broken into last weekend outside **Boz Burrell's** studio and ask readers to look out for the following stolen items. A pink Fender Telecaster, a black cherry Hamer Special, a Gibson Les Paul Junior and a box of microphones, total value £3000. All information treated in confidence — contact Notting Hill Police on 01-741 6212.

BEEB BOTTLE OUT:

E'en as the print dries on **Bushwacked's** article predicting the greased lightning rise of 'Da Da Da' from **Trio** and praising their excellent accompanying video, the Beeb have stepped in and cocked things up by refusing to play said video uncensored.

Seems they've taken exception to the incident where a barmaid is stabbed — even though much more bloody incidents are available to viewers from the 5.45 news onwards. Whether the West German weirdos will agree to the video being shown with the 'offending' incident cut out is a matter for their artistic judgement only. Knoworrimean.

BUMMER IN THE SUMMER:

It's with great sadness that *Jaws* has to report temporary

suspension of activities on the **Angela Rippon's Bum** front as singer **Tony 'Boozy' Barker** has been sentenced to two months in Chelmsford prison for assaulting the police.

The charge arises from an incident that happened before the band's gig at Skunx about a month ago. A spokesman for the Bum said that Tony will be appealing against the conviction.

CROP DROP:

Former super-skin **4-Skin** guitarist **John Jacobs** is currently sporting a rather silly mohican after a contretemps with hardcore local anarcho-punks **Conflict**.

Seems singer **Col** and bassist **John** invited him in for tea which he claims was laced with

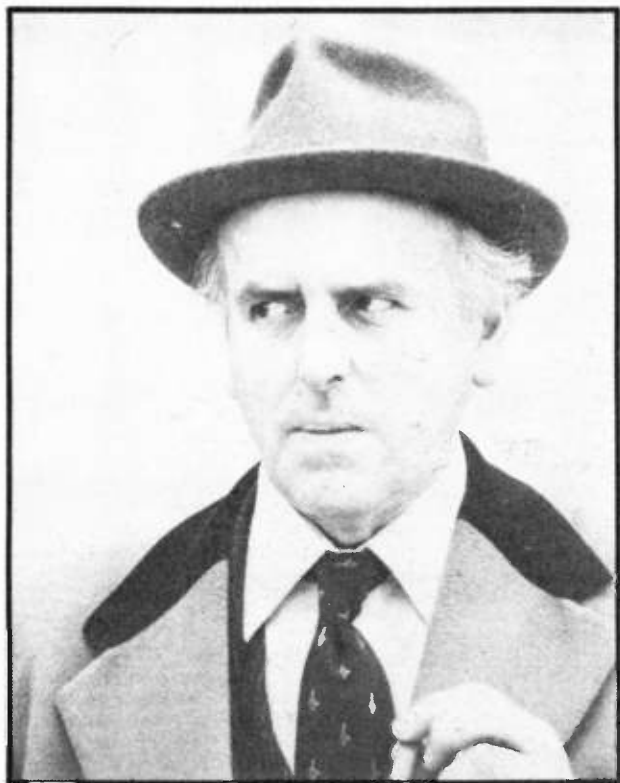
something "a bit stronger" cos he passed out for three hours after quaffing it, only to awake and find his barnet dyed blond and spiked up down the middle.

So perish all enemies of the Conflict Barmy Army. Freedom for Eltham! Today Epping — tomorrow Theydon Bois! (Shome mishtake here surely? — Ed)

JILTED NO MORE:

Nice to see **Jilted John** making a comeback on *Coronation Street* as Les, dashing young **Judas Priest** t-shirted suitor of the less than gorgeous **Gail Tilsley**. All the clever money in this office is riding on hubby **Brian** giving the bounder a thick ear on his return from Qatar...

Arthur Daley, 'e's upset



WELL OUT OF ORDER: Enjoying a discreet gallon of pigs with **Dave and Terry** in the *Winchester Club* last week, your humble *Jaws* correspondent was taken aback by the sight of **Arthur Daley** Esq putting away huge quantities of v.a.t. with the boat of a bloke who'd just sold a golden Roller for a bag full of forged twenty pound notes.

Not even the prospects of a job lot of second-hand coffins and two gross of rain-damaged umbrellas could cheer him up, and later he adopted the guise of **George Cole**, actor, to explain why.

George, it appears, is not too chuffed by a certain **Chas And Dave** rip-off ditty name of 'Arthur Daley, 'E's Alright' currently on release from **Stiff Records** and performed by a group of rogues going under the mysterious moniker of **The Firm**. Anyone casually clocking the sleeve in a record shop or spotting the ads in the trade press could be forgiven for thinking **Arthur** himself was singing it.

George was not impressed and turned down offers from Nationwide and Sounds to do interviews around the record. To put it mildly he is not very thrilled. Turns out he wasn't even asked permission for the record's release or the use of his boat on it, and neither was **Arthur's** creator **Leon Griffiths**.

Over a particularly fine Cuban cigar, the man said gravely: "I'm not doing anything to promote it. It would have been polite to be asked. I might even have sung it..." What makes it worse is that **Arthur** had already worked with **Stiff** on the *Madness* ads and certainly seemed amenable to other projects.

In a less restrained comment a spokesman close to **George** and **Arthur** said: "Why should **George** promote a single to make **Dave Robinson** a nice little earner?" Indeed.

We're with you all the way on this one, **Geo**. And any time you do want to talk to **Sounds**, just leave a message with 'er indoors.

GARRY BUSHELL

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TRYING TO categorise the Fixx poses a bit of a problem. In a recent review they were compared to everyone from Godley and Creme to Haircut 100 and Gary Numan, but the fact is that, although they draw on a range of diverse ideas and influences, they still manage to create a sound which is uniquely theirs.

Their debut album 'Shattered Room' is the culmination of two-and-a-half years' work and 'suffering for our art', a mixture of the thoughtful and the commercial, catchy tunes and evocative lyrics making an immediate impression on the ears.

Seems like bit of a long wait though?

Vocalist Cy Curnin puts it down to not being able to get the right record deal.

"There's lots of singles deals around, but that wasn't what we wanted. Either you bring one out and it flops, in which case you're forgotten, or it's a success and you become trapped trying to recreate that sound."

Drummer Adam Woods agrees.

"It might sound old-fashioned, but the idea was to make The Fixx more of an album band, rather than a singles one."

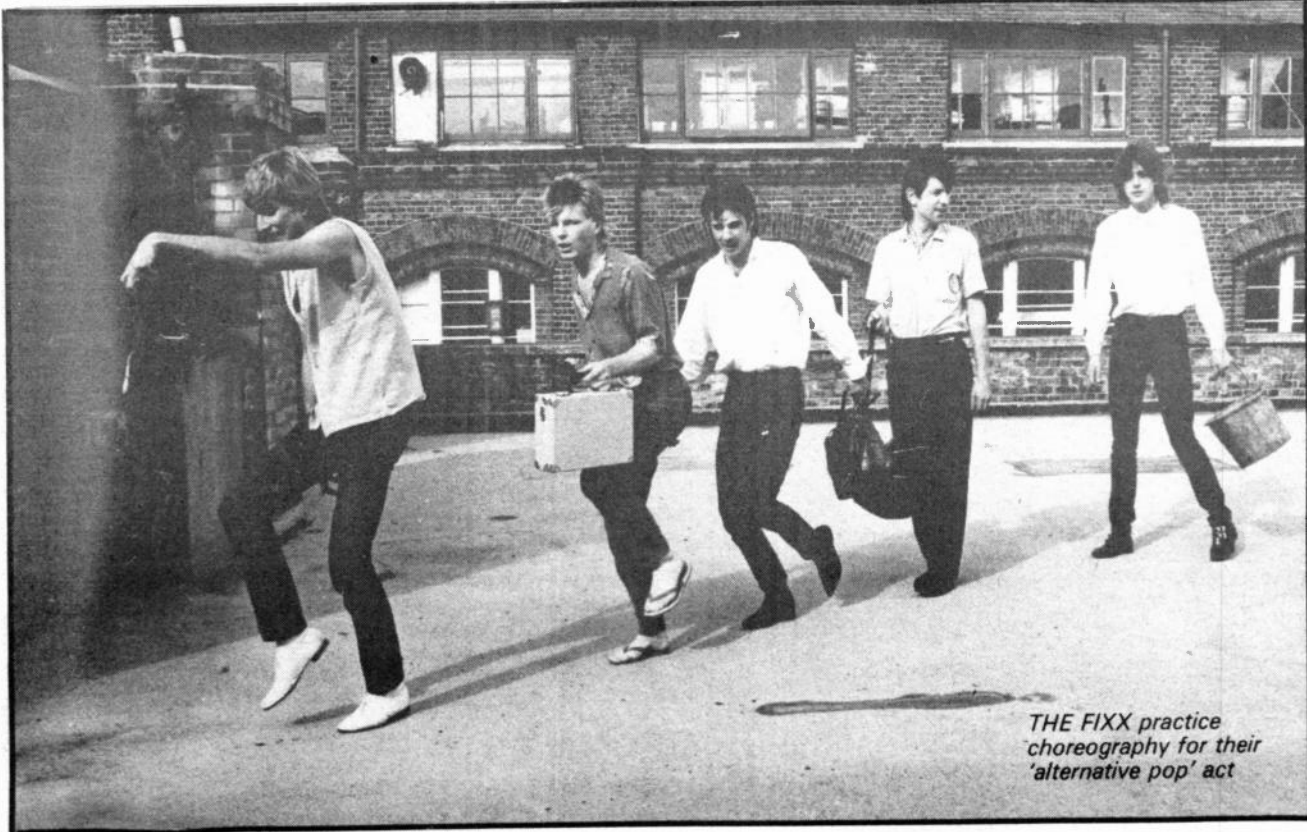
Dear oh dear, that won't please all the aspiring hipsters out there, particularly as the band have already made an impression on the charts with 'Stand Or Fall', and could repeat this success with their new single 'Red Skies'. The Fixx couldn't care less though.

Cy: "You can't really knock bands like Haircut 100 because millions of people enjoy what they do, but it is surprising just how thin things can be to get widespread popularity."

THE GROUP began life as the final line up of the Portraits and their experiences with their former band has taught them a lot.

Cy: "That was a fairly serious attempt at things, but we didn't know the music business very well and it soon turned into a shambles."

Trixx of the trade



THE FIXX practice choreography for their 'alternative pop' act

Alison Turner

KAREN SWAYNE finds out how THE FIXX get their kixx

Adam: "We didn't realise it at the time just how keen record companies are to channel you in to what they want you to do. The Portraits started out as quite a good idea, but ended up as a pop package which was desperate as far as we were concerned."

With The Fixx they are more in control. Seated on a roof in downtown Soho, Cy explained how he saw their role.

"As some kind of alternative to the pop acts, I suppose. It just seems that in this country at the moment to like a certain kind of music you have to be part of a certain fashion first."

"Without trying to sound like we've got no image, we're trying to bridge a gap, show that if you've got more trust in your music you don't have to rely so heavily on the image."

Adam: "It's the approach which is wrong, y'know, look at

what's in the charts then take your own sound and do something similar."

"It's like at the beginning of last year there was this desperate push by the old management to turn us into New Romantics. They were going 'Come on lads, you can really score here', but to us what we were doing wasn't just flavour of the month, we'd been working on it for more than that week. It's something which has built up over years."

This maturity shows in their approach, and the polished, professional final result. The Fixx are craftsmen, their songs are cleverly constructed and their lyrics thought-provoking.

Absent members of the band are Charlie Barrett (bass), Jamie West-Oram (guitar) and Rupert Greenall (keyboards), but it is Cy alone who writes the lyrics.

"Basically they're just

personal opinions, people say if you've got a problem it helps if you talk about it, well I write and sing about mine."

"Like when we were really broke, all we had was the band because we had no money to do anything else. You fall in love with the pain of it all, that's the masochistic part. You think 'God, I love the agony of it' — you can get really carried away on that trip if you're not careful."

WHERE DO you get the ideas from for your songs?

"I get most of them when I'm sitting watching the television, my imagination just carries me away. The thing about the English language is that it's full of ambiguity, you don't always have to state the obvious to build up an atmosphere. To me writing is all

about causing discomfort by using a phrase out of context."

"Like 'red sky at night' is a typical cosy comforting sentence, people automatically think 'yeah, shepherds delight', but if you use it to describe the aftermath of a nuclear bomb you get a totally different reaction."

Adam: "Basically it's just a sick joke."

Cy: "It's like when the whole country seemed to be happy to be at war, it was really frightening. 'Stand Or Fall' was all about the decisions people have to take, aimed directly at my dad who was always going on about how well his generation had coped with the last war, how it would never happen again."

"But, within their generation, before we've had a chance to fart, it's happening all over again."

Adam: "We did a video for that single, but because there was a tank in it, and a bit where you see a horse fall over like it's been shot, they wouldn't show it."

Cy: "But they show that kind of thing on the news all the time, that seems to be OK, but when you express it as a personal opinion they ban it."

"Makes you wonder what would have happened if it had been called 'Stand And Fight', muses Adam."

Cy: "Video is serious to us, it's not just there to sell the record, it's another piece of art. We want to do a video album next, it seems like a natural progression because when you're thinking about songs you have a visual image in your head so the next step is to put those ideas on film."

"The problem is at the moment that there isn't a set standard for videos, not enough people have made them to compare what is good and what is bad."

Back to the music, and the current scene.

Adam: "I think it's all about honesty, a lot of music doesn't affect people properly because there's no true emotion or force behind it when it's made."

"It sounds like the whole thing of being stuck in a garret for your art, but there's something to be said for that, because in the end you are doing it because there's nothing else that will do. The only thing that inspires me to get up in the morning is doing something with a band."

Cy: "At the moment there are cults and sects dividing everything. The whole image thing has got so out of hand people don't seem to be aware of the music any more. The idea of dressing like somebody and only going to see bands of a certain style doesn't move me, I think it shows a certain naivete."

THE FIXX will never be touted as the next hip thing because they show a return to old values and beliefs, but that is something which obviously appeals to a lot of people.

"I think it often shows through when a band aren't 100% committed to what they are doing. Logically if you sell yourself totally you'll make it."

I'm not sure how much logic has to do with the record biz, but they just might have a point there.

The last Waltz

The PINK FLOYD'S 'unremittingly gloomy' film reviewed by HUGH FIELDER

THE WALL ought to go out as a double-feature with a Ministry Of Defence documentary on the Falklands War.

Not that it's specifically an anti-war film — war is just one target in a coconut shy full — but *The Wall* is a bludgeoning riposte to the sanitised propaganda we've been fed about that squalid little drama on the other side of the Atlantic.

Of course both sides could be accused of only telling half the story — whether it's a patriotic shot of a paratrooper hauling up the Union Jack on some desolate island that will now be forever British (until we resume our efforts to get rid of it) or the gory spectacle of mutilated

corpses lying four-deep in the trenches. *The Wall* certainly knows how to lob its own propaganda grenades, but it's also asking more questions than the officially sanctioned violence has been able to answer.

Roger Waters' bleak view of Western civilisation is already grimly familiar to those millions who bought the Pink Floyd's album or saw the stage show. The film is more calculatedly harrowing than either — an hour and 35 minutes of unrelenting human mental and physical cruelty from the cradle to the grave. If you can remain ambivalent to the message that such behaviour is programmed into us by the organised systems in which we live, then the programming has clearly done its job.

In getting Waters' vitriol on

to the big screen it has been necessary to add a story line to help the tirade along. Films emanating from the rock world usually come a cropper at this point but this is an honourable exception, even if there are occasional similarities with *The Man Who Fell To Earth* and *Privilege* in style.

The main (and only) character, Pink, a clapped out rock and roller (of course) sits alone in his Los Angeles Hotel watching *The Dam Busters* on television (a neat choice this — *The Dam Busters* was one of the biggest lies of World War Two, a costly and pointless failure that was turned into a legend by the war machine) amid flashbacks of his life that explain his isolated, impotent rage — his over-protective mother, suppressive education and unfaithful wife.

Bob Geldof plays Pink convincingly (and surprisingly without a shred of Bob Geldof) but ironically it's the technical side of the film that dominates the acting. Every shot is aimed to hit as you're jostled through a (sometimes arbitrary) succession of flashbacks and subliminal images with bouts of Gerald Scarfe's wicked animation. Much of it was used in the stage show including a devastatingly erotic 'Say It With Flowers' sequence with its (literally) shrivelling sting in the tail.

Indeed, beyond Waters' paranoid rantings about indoctrination there lurks a bitter and somewhat chauvinistic frustration which shows scant sympathy for women. That's not necessarily wrong (after all, women can make films about their own frustrations) but I'd be intrigued to know how intentional it was.

The reported clashes between director Alan Parker and Roger Waters appear to have left their mark in the form of a muddy last 20 minutes. Once Pink has wrecked his room and OD'd in true rock and roll tradition it's hard to follow the thread through his Nazi rally-style concert and self inquisition,

even after you've worked out that this is a nightmarish fantasy.

The symbolism looms like Scarfe's terrifying eagles (which themselves turn into aeroplanes which turn into crosses) and the blood flows thick and often — sometimes involuntarily and sometimes self-inflicted. But overall it's a long way from being hackneyed.

The Wall keeps its connections to rock and roll tenuous which is another reason for its success. Beyond

the strand of the storyline, it's relegated to the role of background music (which is what the Floyd managed with their stage show). The Pink Floyd receive one credit whereas Waters gets seven.

It's hard to recommend a film of such unremitting gloom without sounding pompous. But if you think of it as a screen version of a heavy metal comic you will also get your kicks, although I doubt if it's what Roger Waters intended.

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CARMEL IS certainly not a caramel. She isn't a sweet to suck. She isn't a sugar-coated confection which taunts and tempts the palate, then slips away.

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Carmel isn't just Carmel. She is also they. They are a trio. The contribution triangle is equilateral. Carmel may be seen the most, but the others are holding the shape of the sound together.

The other sides are Jim Paris on double bass and Gerry Darby on drums and percussion. The unit is tightly knit but not impenetrable. Their emphasis is on flexibility. Their attitudes to music are definitely porous.

It's an unlikely story. Scunthorpe spawns a fledgling Piaf. A year ago, she was lying as dormant dynamite singing/shrieking with a pop band called the Thunderboys in Manchester.

Jim spotted her and lit the blue touch paper. He instigated the explosion. He is the brains behind the direction of the band.

Steeped in a background of listening to the jazz greats and playing with some old jazz men, he cottoned on to Carmel's potential and then incorporated his cousin in the venture. Gerry came up from Finchley to join them in Manchester and lend his weight on sticks and skins. The band Bee Vamp (which they all performed with) provided the mutual talking place.

Their exploratory runs have been greeted with thunderous critical acclaim. Awesome approval has arrived from all quarters. During the interview Carmel desperately thinks of one bad review in Ireland! For the music press they are heavenly nectar to be preyed upon with relish. Fortunately they manage to keep their feet very firmly on the ground. Their approach is distinctly earthy. There's no airy fairy, arty farty influence here. Their garden is fertile but they recognise manure as manure.

THE QUESTION is — do they deserve the outrageous accolades? I travel to Brighton to find out. The setting is perfect — a small, intimate club called Xtreams. The hour is late — 11.30 pm. The band play a short set of five numbers. The effect is pulsating, penetrating and powerful.

The power comes from the VOICE — a voice stripped bare of machine age aids. Strength through vocal chords rather than instruments for a change.

It's an emotive experience. Carmel wrings every drop of blood from the songs. It's eerie to be so moved by a voice. She emits, emanates, extrudes a rarity in sound. The drums and bass provide

a sensitive warmth, an insinuating atmospheric surround. There's a purity about being able to hear all the separate sounds. We are engulfed. The vocals crack the whip, the percussion and bass break into frenzy and we are left dazzled by a phosphorescent light. The answer is yes.

I'm impressed. The next day, in mid-piazza Covent Garden, under the mundane grey strains of daylight, I ask Carmel if she was happy about her performance. Strangely she had looked depressed afterwards.

"No, I wasn't very happy with it, basically it was about certain notes. My happiness hinges on my performance so if I don't

think I'm singing well I'm not going to be that nice afterwards. If I do sing well I'll be really nice afterwards and buy everyone a drink."

Gerry interjects, "You should be like us — loose."

There's a key to the three in this. Carmel often seems to be edgy, not unfriendly, but wary. She's a northern mixture of grit and determination, shyness and aggression. She could hardly be termed garrulous, but there's a tough gristle to her talk. There's no icing on her cake, when she's got something to say she says it. There's no hanging around. The best example was when she laid into the crowd at the Beat Bop Club condemning them as 'a lot

of Bohemian tossers'. She sets herself standards and is severely self-critical as well as critical of others.

Whereas Gerry and Jim are more relaxed, open and easy going. They indulge in barmy banter and coax laughter into the conversation.

JIM AND Carmel used to do Billie Holiday numbers together as a duo. The mention of enthusiasm into Carmel's dialogue. She's obviously a heroine.

Does she think of herself as a jazz singer?

"As far as I'm jazz — it's improvisation. Last night I didn't improvise at all. I

think it's just music to be able to improvise and if that's jazz, then I'm partly a jazz singer. I think I'm more of a raw emotional singer who needs a bit of training here and there."

How did they decide to become just a trio?

Jim: "It was just responding to the feeling we got off the audiences along the way. We tried different things — the Beat Bop band, then Carmel with them, then just Carmel and I. We tried expanding the line-up to use instruments you might expect like a sax, but the response wasn't so good so we followed the hunch. But we're always trying out new things and want to remain open-ended."

HOW DO they choose their material?

Jim: "Frantically. No, most of it just comes out of playing together. We've done two cover versions — 'I Can't Stand The Rain', which was on the B side of our first single, 'Storm', and the next single 'Tracks Of My Tears'."

Gerry: "'Thunder' was worked out in the front room of our place in Moss Side. I had the drum kit set up in the house — we live on the sixth floor so it got to the evening and I got more and more involved in this song and really it all came from a jam between Jim and me. We didn't realise that time was drawing on — it was about six or seven pm and I was pounding the drums. There was a knock on the door and it was a police officer who told us to stop the noise and since that time we haven't been able to rehearse."

Carmel: "He liked the song, though."

Gerry: "Yeah, he was into it — it was just the neighbours."

Carmel: "The most important thing about our material is that we try everything. Sometimes it's really embarrassing."

Jim: "Yeah, we discard a lot of stuff. There's about half a dozen numbers which we have performed but we no longer perform."

How does Carmel feel about exposing her voice in such an isolated way?

"You feel naked — but I don't get nervous about it any more. There was a stage where I couldn't talk to anyone just before a gig."

Do they think of themselves as being part of the new jazz movement?

Jim: "No, we're not — we don't want to be — I think it's a load of shit."

Carmel: "Like Rip Rig And Panic — they talk about it — I'd rather just do it."

Didn't Rip Rig And Panic want Carmel to join them at one time?

Carmel: "Yes, but I wouldn't want to work with them. Their intention is to enjoy their music — our objectives are different. I'm not keen on just doing something for fun. We remarked when we did a tribal chant that it was good fun, but it was also too easy."

"It's a safe bet as Rip Rig's drummer is great. They hinge everything around him, then do the odd free playing around him. It's bound to come off well, which is all well and good, but..."

"I think we've hit upon a gap in the market for a personal voice, bass and drums — a passionate feeling from all three instruments."

There they are — no flash, no heavy idealism, no preposterous dreams. They are realistic and utterly sensible in their approach. Work, work, they mutter. They're not jumping into any available pans, ready to saturate them in commercial fat. There's no worry, no hurry. They know their aims, they'll stick to them and keep on going in a gradual ascension.

Aware that there are no convenient precedents for them to follow in the music world, they are going to find their way slowly but surely.



CARMEL: 'a fledgling Piaf from Scunthorpe' (pic by Steve Rapport)

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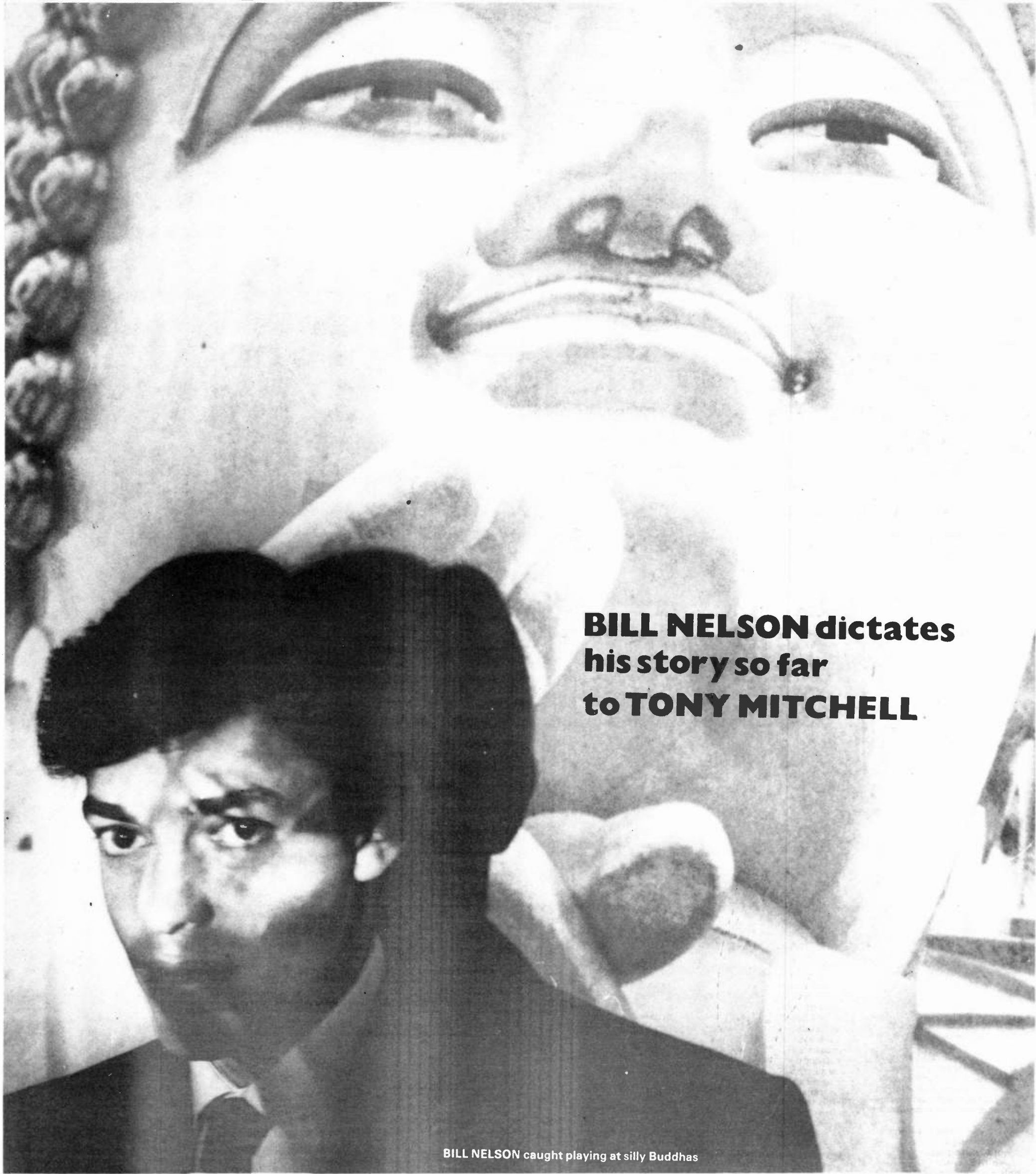
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No Future
OI 15

BILL NELSON'S favourite joke at the moment is the one about the psychologist who believes you can tell a person's occupation by observing the behaviour of his dog.

The psychologist sets up an experiment with three dogs belonging to, respectively, a mathematician, an architect and a record company executive.

First, he puts ten dog biscuits on the floor in front of the mathematician's dog, which promptly arranges them into three groups of two, three and five biscuits.

"Wonderful," says the psychologist. "You see — the perfect mathematician; he's arranged the biscuits into an equation."

He then puts ten biscuits in front of the architect's dog, which exchanges glances with the mathematician's dog, borrows its biscuits and piles them up with its own to form a miniature tower block.

"Perfect," declares the psychologist. "The architect co-operates with the mathematician and constructs a building."

Finally he puts ten biscuits in front of the record company man's dog, which promptly eats all 30 biscuits, screws the other two dogs and goes home at three o'clock.

For Bill, this cynical view of the music biz is almost too true to be funny. The last few years have seen him embattled both against manipulating management and against record company indifference and incompetence. There was a lamentable gap of almost two years between being dropped by EMI as it spiralled down toward financial disaster and being signed by Phonogram who seemed determined at the time to be the new, exciting label of the eighties, with a place for Bill on the team.

His first album recorded specifically for Phonogram's Mercury label — 'The Love That Whirls (Diary Of A Thinking Heart)' — has just been released, six months after completion. And it was *just* released in more senses than one. Bill had to agree to a complete rerecording of the chosen single 'Eros Arriving' with Ants producer Chris Hughes at the helm, otherwise, he was told, there was a good chance Phonogram wouldn't release the album at all. Now there's commitment for you. And what did it achieve?

"It achieved the album coming out, no more," says Bill. "I knew it wouldn't work. "Chris Hughes is okay as a block, and I don't think there was anything given to that single by the rerecording. It took seven days to do, we used Prophets, Linn Drum machines and all kinds of things, whereas the original version was done in a day and a half with my old ARP string machine. They were worlds apart technically but you need something more going for a record than just the mechanics of it. A good atmosphere will come across stronger than any amount of gloss.

"They've been playing hunt the single for six months with this album, when they could have had half a dozen singles off it by now. They're so cautious, but it's not real caution, it's a caution attended by stupidity. We actually got a higher profile with 'Do You Dream In Colour' which was on Cocteau, and 'Rooms With Brittle Views' on Crepuscule, than on anything Phonogram have put out.

"The media are bound to have a distrust of an organisation that big — I mean, I don't trust them. They have an obstacle to overcome that they're not even aware of. They can't just keep on ploughing the same old furrow. The major record companies still think

that radio, journalists and the public are easily bought, and they're not. They're going to have to rethink their attitudes."

OF COURSE it's all too easy to put the blame for such complaints on the lack of substantial chart success which has so far accompanied Nelson's solo projects. But Bill's an optimist, not a manic depressive. He admits that he'd love to be in the charts, to have the kind of acclaim and money which flow from them. But not at the cost of his ideals.

"Ten years is a long time to be in this business and not have your ideals watered down too much," he feels.

"The way things are at the moment, if a band starts up this week, its ideals will have changed by next week. But for me, if I write a song tomorrow, it doesn't feel any different from what it felt like to write one 15 years ago. Primarily I'm an enthusiast and not an opportunist, and as much as I despise pop and all the cynical manipulation that goes with it, at the core of me I have a very deep love of it."

It's a love that doesn't stop him being almost vituperatively dismissive of the Golden Age of Pop we're supposedly enjoying at the moment: "That's nothing more than the kind of drivel perpetuated before the Beatles and Stones came on the scene. It's still ripe for someone to change it; it's still far too bound up in the machinations of the record industry.

"Take this whole funk revival, or the idea of Dollar becoming a hip band. Well Dollar might be technically very good but they're two very wet, very stupid people making very wet, very stupid music.

"Now that's a terrible thing to say, but no matter how much you dress it up in the new pop ethos, no matter how much you try to turn disposability into an art form, it's *not great music*. That just isn't enough. To aim for that level is like aiming to be a successful insurance salesman. There is no social, political, humanitarian or philosophical level within that music whatsoever. It exists on one level only: duping the public out of pound notes.

"The one good thing about the punk era was it dissolved the idea of skill being the only thing. Skill is good in the hands of a visionary mind but in the hands of greedy manipulators of public taste it just becomes exploitation in its most crass sense.

"Dave McCullough can rave all he wants to about Dollar and Bucks Fizz but he *is* everything he once raved *against* if that's what he thinks is good. There's nothing there any good to anybody except as a kind of opiate and then it's the most bland of opiates. That those kind of bands still exist in 1982 is a savage indictment of the state of people's ignorance."

Strong words indeed, but words spoken from a position of strength — not the transitory strength of being this week's big thing, either, but the strength of never selling out, always struggling to make the kind of music you think people *should* enjoy, always trying to offer new experiences rather than pandering to the lowest common denominator approach and simply 'giving the public what it wants'.

"If my record contract was torn up tomorrow," he asserts, "I'd still be sat at my Fostex making records at home. The key to my attitude is on the very very first Be Bop album, 'Axe Victim'; there's a quote there from Cocteau: 'No longer to consider art as an amusement but as a priesthood'. For me it *is* a priesthood; however I don't consider a preisthood to be any different from a job washing toilets — they're both *jobs*. But I'm getting to

be proud of it now instead of carrying it around like a disease on my back.

"As Laurence Durrell said, 'Art is for arting and fart is for farting.' It can't be anything less. It's what you are, and that's sometimes good but sometimes very painful."

BUT IF public acceptability on a grand scale is a bit slow in following a growing reputation among the musician fraternity which is currently opening some very interesting doors for him, then the problem might be, he thinks, the very fact that his musical activities are so diverse.

There was Be Bop, which he thinks of as a genuine Pop Art band, then the musically adventurous and experimental Red Noise; there have been two albums of theatre music for the Yorkshire Actors' Company (the second of which is included as a limited edition with 'The Love That Whirls'), while a forthcoming project is the creation of theme music for the Viking Museum in York to create appropriate moods as visitors are whisked through different set pieces on a monorail.

"The Love That Whirls' signifies, in Bill's view, not only a more mature phase but also a return to the sort of personal revelations that characterised his writing in the Be Bop Deluxe era.

"It's subtitled 'Diary Of A Thinking Heart' because that's what it is. All the pieces are like diary entries and every song in there is about me in some way. 'The Crystal Escalator In The Palace Of God's Department Store' for example is based on my visits to Lewis's department store when I was a child, travelling up these wonderful Art Deco escalators — it was a whole wonderland to me.

"There's also elements of an H G Wells story called 'The Magic Shop' in there. The basic idea of the song is of a store where you go for esoteric knowledge, a place where there might be angels behind the counters serving you cosmic knowledge."

In a way this is one of the few 'innocent' pieces on the album; in most of the other songs, sexual imagery is rampant.

"I didn't plan it that way," explains Bill, "but by the time I'd got about half way through writing the songs, I found they were falling into a pattern — the marriage of sexual experiences between a man and a woman with a kind of religious ecstasy. Of course the idea's not new, particularly in the East, but here it's a marrying of pop gloss, as far as the technology is concerned, with a concern for personal expression, sexual expression, as a springboard to some sort of transcendental, mystical experience.

"It sounds profound but it's dead simple really: orgasm has got to be more fun than working in a factory. That flash of orgasm is what the album's trying to get to grips with, though not in an overt way because that would just lay the whole thing open to derision."

To me, this is more evidence that Bill is moving spiritually closer to the East all the time, and it's a process that has probably been accelerated by his recent, and projected, involvement with Japanese musicians. He says he's always been aware of Oriental influences on Western music and applied them, if only in a "pantomime way" to some of his earliest Be Bop work. Even as a guitarist considerably influenced by Hendrix, he says, it was the gentler, mystical pieces like 'Waterfall' and 'Little Wing' which had the most effect on him.

"Mysticism as a key to the inner, a bridge between the inner and outer in music, has always appealed to me," he says.

And it's technopopsters like Yellow Magic Orchestra

who for him now embody the true spirit of pop music — its kitschness, style, art and awareness, its lack of contrivance, its genuine sense of fun which, he believes, reflects the Japanese attitude to life generally.

It was the third YMO album 'BGM' which really turned him on to this Oriental outfit, and he views the yet-to-be-released 'Technodelic' as perhaps the quintessential embodiment of the aforementioned qualities.

HIS FIRST opportunity to work with a Japanese musician came early this year when Ippu Do's Masami Tsuchiya, a long time Nelson fan, invited Bill to play guitar on some album tracks he was recording in London. This was soon followed by an invitation from Yukihiro Takahashi, YMO's drummer, to play guitar on *his* new solo album, 'What Me Worry', which was recorded at Air Studios in the early spring. Yuki is now reciprocating by supplying drums for a mini-album Bill intends to put out in September.

In a wonderful example of long-distance co-operation, Yuki has recorded eight drum tracks in Tokyo on 24-track using his PCM drum machine and is sending them to Bill, who will pick six and write songs to them! The album will feature Mick Karn on bass.

It would also have featured David Bowie playing saxophone on one track but unfortunately Bowie won't be free when the album has to be recorded. He has, however, told Bill that he looks forward to working with him in the future.

But the real feather in the cap is the invitation to play guitar on the next YMO album, to be recorded in Tokyo in October. "It's very flattering to be invited to play guitar by such obviously talented people," says Bill,

"but it's also ironic in a way because now I do all of my writing and most of my recording with keyboards."

His most recent work has been playing some 'straight' guitar and some E-bow for forthcoming Monsoon releases. He plays E-bow on Monsoon's version of the Beatles' 'Tomorrow Never Knows' and straight guitar on a track called 'The Man Who Sold Time', both destined for the first album, and has also played on a next single, probably to be titled 'Thief In The Night'.

It also looks like the album he produced for San Francisco band The Units may be released by the end of the year, either on a major British label or on Cocteau. This, for those who like to know these things, is the album that caused Ronnie Montrose one of his biggest headaches of 1981. Montrose has been recording *his* album in the studio next door to the Units but when he heard the drum sound Bill had achieved by recording the drums in an echoey stairwell instead of in the studio itself, he ditched three months of recording and started all over again!

Two other names are likely to pop up with a Nelson connection in the not-too-distant future. The first is Paul Hampshire, a young lad who's been wowing 'em in Japan with his incredible pretty-girl looks and who's been signed up by David Claridge, with Bill producing, and the other is a mysterious character called V U Disney whose instrumental album 'Mister Tape Recorder' may well appear on the Cocteau label later in the year.

Finally, in what must surely be a very impressive list of projects, however judged, Bill says Phonogram have actually been persuaded to part with some money to let him make more videos. This follows the incredible reaction to his 'Do You Dream In Colour' promo, shot with a home movie camera for a total

cost of £500 and shown only once on TV — on *Riverside*. "Apparently," says Bill, "they got more letters about that video than any other shown in the whole series." However, there's a catch. Because he proved he can make something so good for next to nothing, Phonogram have promised him £5,000 — less than they spend on *one* ABC viedo — and told Bill he's got to make *three* videos on that budget!

Quite obviously the course Nelson has charted is never going to be as easy as ABC. Heaven forbid any Bill Nelson album should ever consist of one song with eight different titles. But if that's the sort of thing that gets you straight to number one on the first day of release, then ponder if you will on how much *more* of an achievement it is for an album like 'The Love That Whirls' to whirl straight into the Top Thirty on the same day.

The people who are buying that are hearing something they haven't heard before; they're hearing something that represents the sum total of a very imaginative and talented musician's experiences since he first picked up a guitar as a young kid many moons ago.

And, as with all his endeavours, it carries none of the guarantees that seem prerequisite elsewhere at the moment, especially the one that states each song will be a slick, soulless repetition of the song before, rhythmically optimised for dancing and rendered totally devoid of imagination in order to have Instant Chart Appeal.

The only guarantee you get with Bill Nelson's work is that it's a rare combination of genuine inspiration and skill that has struggled against all manner of ignorance and prejudice — and won.

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What the best-dressed heavy metal hero is wearing in America these days . . .

CANADA'S ALDO Nova is battling it out for Long Beach with UFO. He's in trouble. For a start his timing's off — he's second on the bill to UFO's headlining. For another start, his ammunition's too lightweight — the Long Beach-Heads, Scotched and mandied to a man, would scarcely notice if a missile exploded in their ear (approximation of UFO's set) let alone something as subtle as Aldo.

This is your basic hardcore heavy metal crowd down here, and though Aldo's been called a 'brash heavy metallist' (admittedly by music trade magazine *Cashbox*) and a 'latter-day gladiator' (by his record company bio!) this is not exactly the type of music that makes blood run out of your ears.

No; Aldo Nova's too pop for heavy metal. On the other hand he's got too many guitar solos for pop.

And just as I'm wondering what kind of animal this Aldo Nova is — on trundles a little bloke with a Gibson Les Paul in what looks like Rod (before the diet) Stewart's pyjamas. A one-piece leopard skin suit with matching shoes! With luck it will be put out to grass before Aldo and band invade Britain in September.

We've arranged to meet at a Thai restaurant on Sunset Boulevard early in the evening. Aldo's just got up, the animal's still sleeping, so fortunately — I was worried if he wore it they might net him and stick him in one of the curries — the man appears in fetching black leather.

He's tired but talkative — doesn't like the food; worried the spices will spoil his chances with the girls he breathes on later; can't wash it down with beer because he doesn't drink the stuff.

Aldo's into Health Foods and Amino Acids; I tell him he doesn't look very heavy metal (clear skin, wholesome, all his own teeth etc).

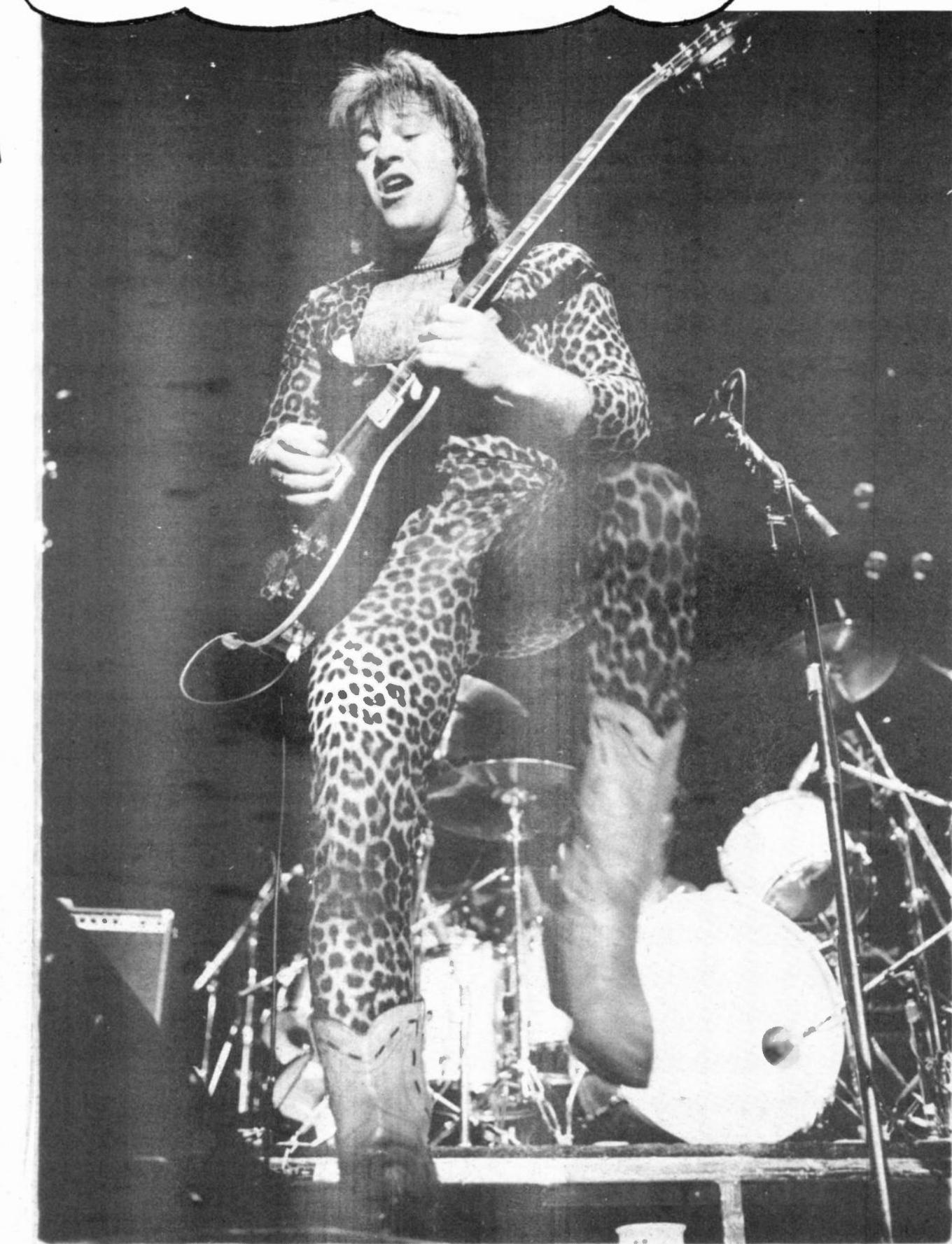
He says, "Thank you, I try not to" and anyway, "I don't consider my music heavy metal. I consider it heavy pop music."

Aha!
"It's a big difference. I don't consider myself to be headbanging music. You have to listen to a bit more than just simply thrash your brain to it, I think. I don't consider myself to be a HM freak. I don't like heavy metal. It's got to have some melody to it."

"I consider myself more to be a songwriter than a heavy rocker, I guess. I try to make them good songs and they have to be pop. They have to be accessible to a lot of people."

AND IT seems they are. Instead of slogging the club circuit, Aldo's first tour has him second on the bill in massive arenas around the country. Instead of making several pathetic attempts at the rock charts, his first effort has sailed right into the top regions with alarming ease.

Listening to the album the other day, it struck me simply as another in the line of records that are melodic enough for Mum, but hard enough not to have to hide in the back of your record collection when your mates come over; records like *Loverboy* and *Journey* (can it be coincidence that *Loverboy* and Aldo share the same homeland, and that *Journey* and Aldo share the same home city — he now lives in San Francisco). An album that seems to be all things to all



ALDO NOVA: "Ritchie Blackmore is a bad guitar player"

Leopardskin pyjamas and cowboy boots

SYLVIE SIMMONS talks to ex-George Harrison impersonator ALDO NOVA

men and women (not leopards).

'Aldo Nova' is an album that the 24-year-old Italian-Canadian (his real name's Capuriscu, meaning red-head; for an Italian he's surprisingly blond) can — and does — proudly proclaim as all-my-own-work. He wrote all the songs, sang on them, backing-sang on them, played all the guitars and keyboards, half of the bass, arranged, engineered and produced the whole thing by himself.

"There's not too many musicians that you can call upon when you're unknown — which was my situation in Montreal — and come in and do a session. They all have an

attitude. They're more contented doing jingles and getting their union scale than coming in and taking a chance on somebody who they think has something. So I just had to do it myself.

"And I found out after that it was much easier to work this way, because I had a definite idea about what I wanted to hear when I went into the studio, so I just interpreted it my way. Any musicians I used on the record, every part was dictated to them note for note, because the songs come as a block."

Aldo explains at length that the songs come from some

unknown cosmic source, and he wouldn't want to tamper with it. Never could gather if it has something to do with religion, though Aldo claims to "read the Bible" and be "scared of demons because I know they exist."

"I don't really write the songs — somebody's dictating the songs to me . . . I'm trying just not to compromise with what I hear, because what I hear sounds pretty good to me . . . It's not dictatorial. It's just a no-compromise situation. I'm playing what I'm hearing, so why shouldn't they?"

"I think I did a pretty good job by myself. I ended up doing

a whole album of material for a lot cheaper than it would have cost me to use musicians, and a lot faster. I actually made money on this first record because I did it myself."

DOES HE consider himself something of a virtuoso then?

"No, by no means. I'm a very good guitar player and an average singer, a very average keyboard player, I'm a good producer and that's it. No, I don't want to be a musician's musician. I personally don't care about musicians, because musicians end up not buying records. I'm

a songwriter more than I am a musician — that's my main goal. I make songs for people. I don't want to go over their heads. I don't play for a special breed — just for people."

What about a guitar hero? "I never made an album where I said, 'I'm going to be a guitar hero' because I gave that up years ago. I'm not going to be Eddie Van Halen, so who am I going to be? I gave that up when he came out."

You don't fancy giving him a run for his money?

"I don't think I can, first of all — because I'm not bringing anything new to the instrument. See, I play guitar well, but I'm not just a guitar player — I could be if I wanted to — but I'm showcasing all my talents on one record."

Aldo wants to talk about his songs. He says they're 'autobiographical'. A lot of them are love songs of one type or another, sounding better than they read on the lyric sheet. The writing's a bit — 'mousey' a friend called it, quoting the four lines in a row of 'Baby You're My Love'. Repeating to fade it says. My friend reckoned he'd faded before he even wrote the song. I'm inclined to agree. Aldo isn't.

"I think they're songs that will last more than a couple of years. They're not trendy songs. They're songs that have identity. They'll last because they're part of me; they have something to say."

"I buy records myself — the Foreigners, the Benatars, the Squiers, stuff that was doing very well. So when I write, I write music that I like, music that I'd want to listen to. So I automatically have a common bond with a lot of people out there, which is why I guess the music is successful."

"It talks a lot about the way I was feeling — the emotional life I had, the love life which was rotten. . . ."

So did you get into rock and roll to get a more abundant love life, I venture?

Aldo — not the least vain man I've ever met (women reporters and DJs are unfortunately not exempt) — puffs out: "Girls had nothing to do with it. I was always successful with girls, whether playing guitar or selling shoes. No problem. I was getting girls anyway — I didn't need that. I just wanted to go on stage to play guitar because I love playing guitar."

He's been playing since 16. "I really got into it, and came out of the room one year later playing well, and automatically started playing high schools."

Before that, he'd just stood in front of the mirror "Longer back than I can remember, since I was four or five, miming to an Arthur Collins song, 'Do You Like Soul Music'."

But when he heard Jimi Hendrix, that was it. His band started doing Hendrix, Ten Years After covers. "Whatever was hip. I loved playing. There's something about bending strings that I can't describe."

Ritchie Blackmore reckons it's because a guitar is shaped like a woman, I offer.

"That has nothing to do with it! Women are totally different, a world apart! He's a bad guitar player so I don't care."

BEING THE only member of the family to show musical inclinations,

Aldo has steered into a career as a garbage man. One of the reasons he left home at 15, so he could work weekdays as a welder or a salesman or whatever — "Strictly the reality of living and trying to pay the rent; I'm glad I did it because it gave me a reality check with what it's all about, how hard it is to earn a dollar and how many people are out there doing that" — and play guitar in bands on weekends and evenings.

One guitar job lasted three years. It involved putting on a wig and impersonating George Harrison in a Canadian 'Beatlemania' type show.

"It was torture for three years," says Aldo, who never got to meet a Patti Boyd impersonator in the whole time. "It made me hate totally what I was doing. But at least I was earning a living playing guitar."

The money he earned doing that four nights a week paid for spending the other three nights in the studio making 'Aldo Nova', which began back in '79. The songs came from around 60 he'd written as part of his job as a staff songwriter, penning everything from

Continues P. 40

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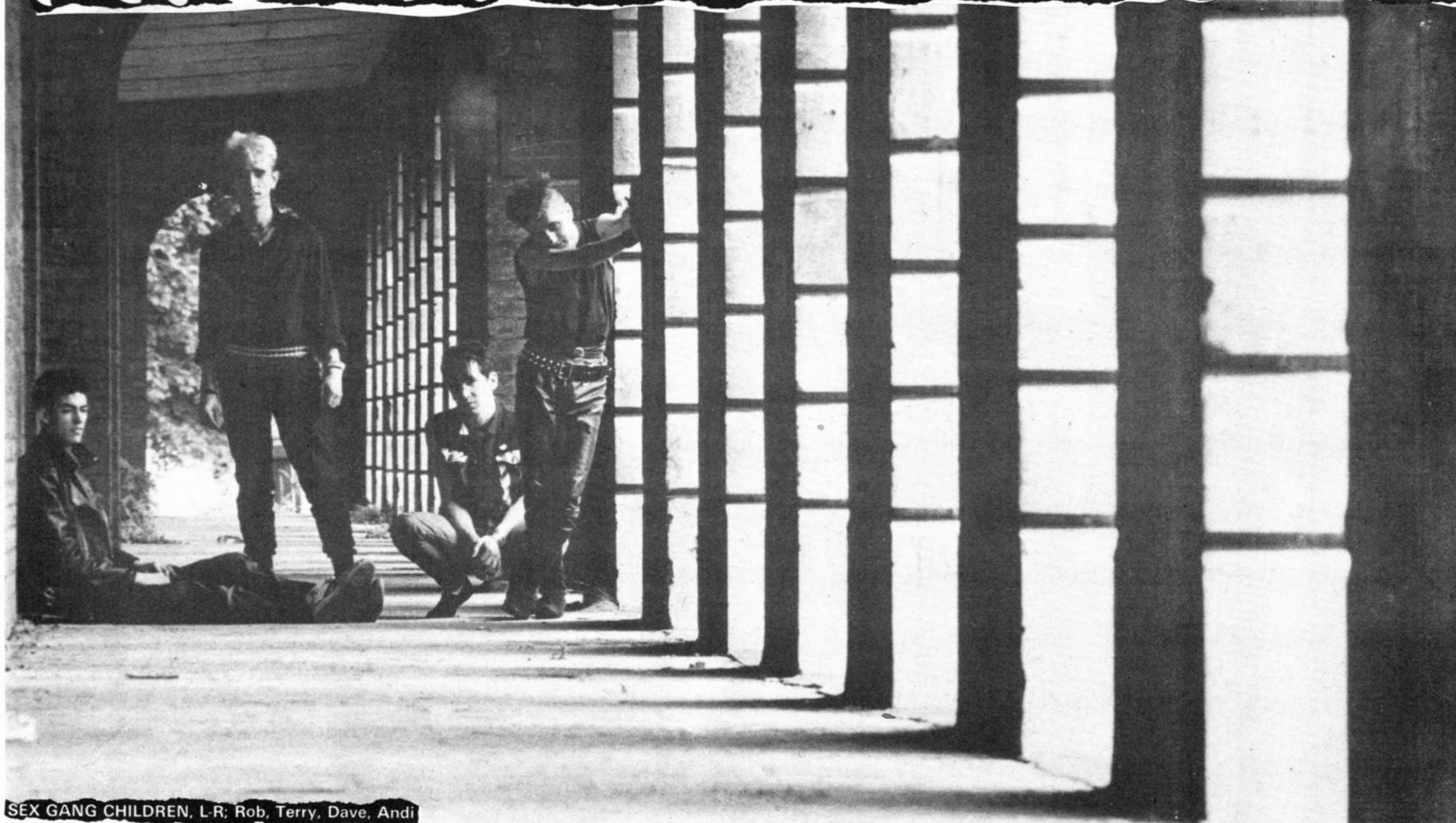
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THE GANG OF FEAR



SEX GANG CHILDREN, L-R: Rob, Terry, Dave, Andi

Steve Rapoport

Johnny Waller awaits the sensual revolution with the SEX GANG CHILDREN

SCREAMING OUT of the darkness with a twisting, sinister suggestion of threatening violence and perverse sensuality, the music reaches the illuminated public ear like an overheard argument. . . the exact words, meanings and subtle causes are often drowned by the thunderous fury of the moment — but there's absolutely no chance of mistaking the intent, the emotion and the excitability.

Once encountered — be it in the normally half-asleep *Sounds* office where deadheads ask "who was that with the orange hair?" or in the turmoil of a scintillating kaleidoscope of a live performance — Sex Gang Children cannot be dismissed, are never forgotten.

Musically, they share superficial, tenuous links with UK Decay (with whom they've played several gigs), Theatre Of Hate (for whom they seem to have an inexplicable contempt) and Bauhaus, whilst carrying on the anti-tradition of adventurous, sexual punk as pioneered by the early exploits of the Banshees and the Ants.

But Sex Gang Children reject such easy comparisons, offering instead much earlier formative influences as important.

Vocalist Andi: "Leonard Cohen — his lyrics are much more optimistic and sarcastic than most people realise."

Guitarist Terry: "Roxy Music on *Top Of The Pops*. . . and seeing Television at the Glasgow Apollo in 1977 — I was just totally amazed, I thought if Tom Verlaine could just stand on stage like that, there was still hope for creative music, because I never wanted to be Jimmy Page or anything!"

Bassist Dave: "The Clash were the first band I ever saw, and that really made me want to get up and do something."

Terry: "It was definitely the punk thing that made it possible for people like me to get into a band."

And Sex Gang Children, in return, have rekindled much of the dramatic excitement and sheer sense of adventure that the punk movement embodied before it became merely another rock subdivision to file alongside the heavy metal sub-species, with its own ritualistic customs, codes and limitations.

SEX GANG Children are blowing that wide apart once more. Along with the equally wild Southern Death Cult, their gigs are becoming focal points for the mutual gathering of crazy, beautiful, wild-eyes kids who look as

stunningly outrageous as the bands themselves and who regard the gigs as bizarre parties for sensual and physical celebration.

At the recent 'secret' show at the Anarchy Centre (when UK Decay played), a very pretty man in a frock stripped off and danced in just his G-string, one girl brought her dog along, several people passed out after drinking vast amounts of cheap wine and missed the bands altogether, Mohicans mingled with skinheads and Steve Severin-types, while the centre of attraction was a ravishing beauty in a slinky backless dress slashed to the waist.

"The atmosphere at that gig was a perfect example of something that's been lost at gigs for a long time" explains Andi. "And it's something we want to recreate."

Terry: "We want to provide something for people who don't normally fit in, misfits if you like! The people who saw us at the Anarchy Centre, they wouldn't fit in at discos like Studio 54."

"The people we attract to our gigs identify with us really closely, there's a great rapport with them and I can get on really well with them."

"They tend to be individuals, they tend to be away from the mainstream, they think for themselves. . . so we're achieving something already, even if it doesn't seem much."

What are you trying to achieve?

Andi: "To encourage individuals to think for themselves; to have a genuine reaction to us."

But what can you change?

Dave: "As a band alone, I don't think we can change anything, but we're part of a whole lot of bands like Actifed and Danse Society who are maybe part of a new movement."

Are you part of punk?

Terry: "Well, right now there's a massive depression and I guess we're a product of it, and at times like this, people like George Orwell rise up and . . . we're trying to provide something that's more than just rock'n'roll entertainment."

Andi: "We're not catering for that punk market, but we were all influenced by that original charge of punk, by that original explosion, but we're taking our own direction now."

"The thing about Orwell, though, is not us trying to pick on his books and steal images, we're trying to do the same as he did in '1984' by looking around at how bad things are now and we're interpreting them in our own way."

This talk of "inner city decay" — is this set in the present or future?

"It could be a warning!" says Dave, half-laughing.

Andi, more serious as always, adds "It's

happening now, right. It's not fantasy, it's very real."

But couldn't you be accused of making capital of people's misery just to sell records?

"No, it's not like that at all" protests drummer Rob, for so long silent. "It's not that planned or calculated."

"It's not playing on misery or blackness" explains Andi, "it's just taking a more realistic view. But our songs are full of hope, trying to actually give people the strength to not only believe, but to strive for their goals."

IF SEX Gang Children have a fault, it lies in their seriousness which — once the interview degenerates into a ranting rabble against the Falklands, the government, society, the media — manifests itself ludicrously in Andi losing patience with my inattention as I try to catch glimpses of World Cup football on the cafe television.

He begins to berate me about soccer being merely a staged distraction to dissipate revolutionary spirit, quoting the example of how the Romans used to put on circuses to quell the peasant's dissatisfaction — but, really, not all entertainment is designed to syphon off rebellious intent, Andi.

The others, I sense, often deflate his keen, well-meant earnestness, and earlier in the day at a photo session in West Brompton cemetery — with Andi painstakingly applying another coat of mascara for a solo portrait — Dave pointedly remarked to photographer Steve "there are four of us in this group, y'know!"

But the band's determination, it's "alternative" spirit, is too easily side-tracked into facile clichés heard in a million other interviews.

"Yeah, we want success, but on our terms" and "we're not Political, maybe with a small 'p', politics is just how one person relates to another" are nothing less than meaningless verbiage, which Sex Gang Children really don't need — their songs and their actions speak like thunder.

Through their actions, can Sex Gang Children give people hope?

Andi: "No! There's no security in other people. The only security is in yourself — and, as a band, we can offer people the strength to find faith in themselves."

How does this fit in with the songs?

"I suppose if there is a theme" expands Andi, "it's about the uglier side of the human face, like 'Kill Machine' is just revealing that side, that capacity for evil, which is there and cannot be ignored, that darker aspect of one's personality."

"As for politics, if closeness between people were banned, then love would

become a political act — anything that creates energy and provokes thought is a political act, whether it's hate or love."

Dave: "But we're not going to change the world. . ."

"... there's too many people trying to do that already" finishes off Rob.

"We're just musicians" offers Terry, with a qualifying "but we've all got a conscience and we all see things from a different point of view — and it would be great to write a book about it one day."

"Yeah, there's loads of things I want to do apart from music" gushes Dave.

Andi, serious again: "but there are also loads of things that are wrong and we're standing up and saying that. . . if there wasn't music, I'd probably pick up a gun, it's just so frustrating!"

"When we have a gig" continues Terry, "whatever's affected me over the previous weeks all comes out on stage — it's like a huge orgasm, a cleansing of the system, all that incredible energy."

CAN THIS vital energy — that makes Sex Gang Children one of the most exciting new bands to emerge all year — bring a revolution, even if only in style?

Dave: "Yeah — the sensual revolution; it's happening!"

Andi: "We're part of a revolution in attitudes — we're leading the life we choose and everyone should choose the life they want to lead."

"When our single comes out" adds Terry, "I know this girl who's a teacher, and she's going to play her kids the video and after they're going to ask me questions and I'll tell them that they don't really need to study for an apprenticeship, they can save money and get a guitar. . ."

But not everyone can be a professional musician!

Dave: "But there are other ways! It's just that people don't think about them — they can write or paint or. . ."

"People are always discouraged" says Andi shaking his head solemnly.

"The whole thing's a con — like work-experience at school, which is just an excuse for slave labour — and so there's a need for people like us to offer an alternative to the youth, to tell them to think twice."

How would Sex Gang Children like to be regarded?

Andi — dominant as ever — "Like Roxy Music; when Bob Harris introduced them on the *Whistle Test* and said 'I'd like you to know this has nothing to do with me and I do not condone this band's appearance on television' — that was a real reaction, that was great, that's what I'd like us to provoke."

Don't think twice, it's alright.

THE FIRST lesson governing morals anyone learns on entering the almighty music business is that it is, de facto, wholly immoral.

Think, it's a bitter marriage of convenience between those responsible for the embalming extension of emotion, those that provide speckles of relief for the masses living hum-drum lives, ie the musicians, on one hand, and those immersed in the cold commercial selling of the product on the other (and here's us conscientious scribes cruelly, unjustly, the whipping post in no man's land, the piggies in the middle!).

Sure, that's over-simplifying it as parallel battle-lines — in reality it's blended into a Playtex-like crossover of tracks nowadays. Except one cup in this bra holds much more — the commercial bosom is distinctly over-hormoned and closer to the heart of the biz.

It's hard to convey the pleasure that can therefore be soaked up from meeting minstrels of the calibre of Mama's Boys — the Mama in question was named McManus and the Boys are the soothingly soft-spoken Pat, 22, lead guitar and fiddle(!), John, 20, bass and lead vocals, and Tommy, just 15, drums — from County Fermanagh in strife-stricken Northern Ireland.

Their future visions are not blurred and absurd. They have not been injected, infected, or affected by the oh-so-overbearing need for Dishonesty or Deceit in the great rock 'n' roll quest for stardom or money — a kind of Double D you can instantly sense traces of in a lot of camps, but which I couldn't here. They prefer to cite their ambitions as to travel the world, to receive recognition for their HM endeavours, and certainly to achieve success, but success for the sake of the music and *not* their egos.

IT'S MUSIC to please tired ears, as well! Their 'Plug It In' platter released (London contract failing) on their own Pussy Records label soon, is a stranglin' eight-tracked octopus, teeming with fresh ideas and new angle approaches to basic HM schtik. From the boppy swing-blues of 'Needle In The Groove', affected to make your

expensive stereo hum into gramophonic treble, to the crying crestfallen 'Belfast City Blues', very much in the blood-pumpin' vein of Lizzy's 'Still In Love With You' poignantly picturing the sick-to-death sick-of-death sour depression of a young inhabitant, from the grander 'Runaway Dreams', with split-chord intro, churning, burning riffs and neck-breakin' fiddle solo, to the more conventional Nugent-esque 'Burnin' Up' with breakneck axe trail-blazin', it's a captivating encapsulation of mid-to-late Seventies styles in metal with tentacularly captivating unusual undertones. The whole thing stems from the band's unique background — even the fact that John unpretentiously exercises no fancied tongue, simply singing in his native accent — tinting the album with special listenability.

There's still a fascinating innocence within the band, a juvenile boyishness in the awe with which they behold the vivacious vortex of London, the Rock And Roll Capital Of The World, where you can see a good band every night of the week! (Come on, it's musically cess-ridden).

There's a nourishing naivete, a real interest when they ask, "Who have you interviewed then?" that provokes more than a playback of the staple answer.

There's a refreshing honesty when Justin Thomas and I watch the trio demolish a bubblin' Dublin pub, not with a bomb, but with a gutsy set of searing, scorching metal that tore the roof off as effectively. Songs like the thunderous anthemic Kiss-like single tracks 'Silence Is Out Of Fashion', and 'Rock And Roll Craze', the 'Woman From Tokyo-ish' 'Record Machine' tale of the band's beloved old volume-battered Dansette, a jig-time Celtic hybrid 'Hyland Rock', and 'In The Heat Of The Night' and 'Reach For The Top', bashaboogie in supreme devastating AC/DC style also from 'Plug It In', are performed in bedraggled cut-down denims and leathers, jeans and pumps by a band with no penchant for posing nurtured in their systems.

And there's a satisfying humility on *our* part when the band express their gratitude to us for making the trip to see and talk with them in terms of no mean-tear-jerkiness.

BUT THEIR attitudes are founded not on childish thinking, but on the handicap of being stranded in Ireland, a divided nation, a desolate, barren wasteland of rock, where major tours are infrequent and small acts unrespected. It's an island where the young grow up quickly with plenty of time to consider their predicament, as there is *nothing* else to do.

Pat and John, elder, venerable brothers, talk in the lounge of Eire's International Airport the morn after the show which, like the vast amounts of potcheen consumed, was still swooningly swirling around my head.

Pat: "The kids aren't interested at all in the Troubles, they just wanna forget about it. But there'll always be the minority who make it hell."

"We've never run into any trouble, we've been lucky, although we tend to play more in the Republic anyway. There's been things like cars across the road, quite scary, when we's trav'lin back across the border in the early hours... but we're just entertainers so we keep our noses clean, we take it as none of our business. You're takin' on a lot once you start that end of things."

Mama's Boys are earthy,

steering well clear of politics.

This band are the first deserving act to emerge from across the Irish Sea for many-a-year, but home audience's receptiveness has only recently warmed up.

Pat: "Yeah, their attitude is that you have to go across the magic stretch o' water before you're anything. It's either Lizzy, Gallagher or something, an' if you aren't classed that high you're nothing — the local lads couldn't possibly be good, y'know."

John: "They start to believe when they start to read about the band, but they never judge for themselves, they have to have everything handed to 'em on a plate with labels, good, bad or whatever, an' then you could play *lousy* to 'em an' they'd still think it was fantastic. The Irish audience in general for big bands when they come over is great!"

Mama's Boys *have* crossed the Leprechauned stretch of Irish Sea liquid on a couple of occasions to support Hawkwind last year and Wishbone Ash in May, and on both occasions the band have receded back into the green leaving thousands of dumbstruck punters in the dark. So let's shed some light.

Originally Mama's Boys were

a purely traditional Irish folk band stemming from a family heritage stretching back generations. Pat played violin since he was five. John blew penny-whistle and puffed pipes (not tobacco ones). They played a pub, club and dance scene around Ireland that was so informal that, as Pat explains...

"You could meet a hundred men with fiddles an' you'd all tune in, play the one thing an' everyone knew it!" The transformation came about three to four years ago, through the band's friendship with Horslips, exponents of real potato-mashin' trad-rock (whom their zany manager Joe used to work for), a band who were, in the Boys' own words, "Like gods to us!"

John: "They spoke about bands like Black Sabbath an' Judas Priest an' we were goin' like, 'Who are they?' They told us to go buy some albums so we did, an' we really got involved an' thought it was fantastic, y'know? We never really once said to ourselves let's be a rock band."

ALMOST CONFOUNDING considering the fluency of dynamics in their playing is the revelation that it

was not *four years ago* that Pat first picked up an electric guitar (though that was quite a straightforward adaptation to make from the fiddle), John plugged in his bass, and Timmy (whose age and belying picked up his sticks. Natural talents?

John: "Well, Tommy had always sat with albums beatin' out rhythm on two sides of a chair, he had fantastic rhythm. So Santa Claus brought him a kit one Christmas by surprise, and he did practically sit in behind 'em and start drummin'."

(Tommy also doubles as the outrageous band madchild! A moderate tale of his day-to-day existence is how after one gig he realised that changing straight into his flowery pyjamas would save time later at home 150 miles away! Subsequently he wandered around telling innocent, decent girls that he was 'ready for bed'...)

They've never used any other musicians, even though they introspectively accept that the music could be improved. John qualifies: "Bein' t'ree brothers, you can afford to have an argument an' hit each other when you're rehearsin', an' once you leave the rehearsal room it's forgotten about. But once you've got a stranger in the band it *can* crack up."

One can hardly argue given the meteoric progress made to date, while contemporary local dreamers have fallen by the wayside.

"They simply disintegrated because there was nothing," says Pat sorrowfully. "You have to do something like we did, bring out an album."

That's the *first* album he's talking about, the band's 'Official Bootleg', recorded on an eight-track 'live' in the studio, originally as a demo, eventually shifting over 2,000 copies Ireland-wide.

Decidedly shoddy in playing but as stunning and innovative as 'Plug It In' in content (including an evident early Budgie influence!), it set the ball rolling for the band, and now with the second album set to electrify the nation (and five singles under their belts, the aforementioned 'Silence Is Out Of Fashion' being the breakthrough hit in Ireland), this troupe are a surefire shot to the top.

Support the RSPCC today. Foster a Mama's Boy(s album).

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MISTER CROWLEY

Who the Hell is ALEISTER CROWLEY and why do pop people keep saying weird things about him? asks Sandy Robertson

IN THE eternal search for a wider credibility via expansion of their frame of reference (ie *name-dropping*), pop stars of all angles and styles keep coming up with one name in particular: Aleister Crowley.

Ever since The Beatles stuck him in the crowd on the front of 'Sgt Pepper', rock 'n' rollers of all persuasions have been getting into the man once labelled wickedest in the world, but rarely getting it right.

It's sad that in death, as in life, Crowley remains largely misunderstood; absurdly ill-informed comments by the likes of Toyah do nothing to correct the man's public image as a virtual baby-eating satyr in a (barely) human form.

With the Killing Joke saga still fresh in the rock public's mind (if it has one), and Crowley's works having an alleged influence on the split and the unpronounceable foreign group involved, it seems a good time to let the readers of *Sounds* in on a few (sane) details of who Crowley was and what he was really about.

Chess master? Bad painter? Madman?...

EDWARD ALEXANDER CROWLEY was born on 12th October, 1875 to a family who were the brewers of Crowley's Ales as well as being members of the strict sect known as Plymouth Brethren.

He claimed in later life to have had a horrible childhood (he obscured his origins, also adopting the name Aleister), though he didn't rebel against it till after his father snuffed it from cancer of the tongue (justice?) when Crowley was 11.

At 20 he attended Trinity College, Cambridge, but his happiest moments were on vacation when he went climbing in the Alps. He actually became an extremely fine mountaineer, even managing (pre-Clint Eastwood!) a solo ascent of the Eiger(!)

The man was also something of a superstud who rarely went more than two days without a knee-trembler, though our liberated female readers probably wouldn't think much of his idea that women should be brought to the back door "with the milk".

In addition to all this, the man was a prolific poet with his work in the *Oxford Book of English Mystical Verse*.

But possibly the most important even of his life up to this point was not one of his outwardly sensational doings (like killing a cat by several ways when he was a boy to see if it *did* have 9 lives!); on the last day of 1896 in Stockholm he had a dream which made him sure that he could control the 'real' world by the exercise of his will.

That is, by magick.

It's the magical aspects of Crowley's life which have gained him so much undeserved notoriety. The popular press of his day (the then-equivalents of *The Sun*) gloried in the fact that he'd adopted the biblical name of The Beast whose number is 666 (which he claimed his mother had once called him) and were only too keen to interpret any talk of magic (or magick, the spelling he preferred) as meaning Black Masses and child sacrifice.

It must be said that he did bring a lot of this on his own

head, actively encouraging his bad boy image in the same way many rock stars of today do; like them, he wanted followers and knew that tales of sex, drugs and debauchery at least kept him in the public eye while ultimately discouraging easily shocked followers: you've got to see thro the horror; beauty is everywhere.

But unlike the pop heroes Crowley had a genuinely serious purpose.

Crowley wanted to walk with the Gods, and his search eventually led to a society called the Golden Dawn whose members included celebrities such as the poet Yeats. There are differing accounts of the society's origin, but the idea is of various grades of adepts watched over by 'Secret Chiefs' who guard the affairs of men, like the Mahatmas of Indian lore.

The boss of this outfit was named Mathers, and in a series of complicated disputes between factions within the order Crowley took the side of his mentor.

But after wandering the world and gaining much wisdom in places such as Mexico and India, Crowley returned to Mathers only to find he was singularly unimpressed with Aleister's findings; animosity developed between them involving magical hoo-ha and Mathers allegedly employing a female vampire!

In any case, Mathers faded into obscurity while The Beast's greatest moments were still to come...

ALEISTER CROWLEY, who was at the turn of the century not short of a bob or two spent some time at his Scottish home in the Highlands, Boleskine on the shores of Loch Ness. This is the place which you might remember Jimmy Page of Led Zeppelin bought some years ago; it's a strange, low building on the side of the Loch away from the main road so there are few passers-by to disturb the owner.

Crowley was said to have raised demons there and caused a bit of upset, though he also showed his sense of humour by running around in Highland dress and threatening to shoot a haggis!

Somerset Maugham met him in Paris and based a novel, 'The Magician', on him; it was fun but typically outrageous fiction.

The turning point for Crowley was when he made contact with his Holy Guardian Angel, Aiwass, in Cairo. 'Someone To Watch Over Me!' It dictated to him *The Book Of The Law* upon which he was to base his

whole life and thinking; Crowley really believed that the work was the product of a separate entity.

The twin concepts that he adopted were embodied in two Crowleyan slogans: the Rabelaisian *Do What Thou Wilt Shall Be The Whole Of The Law*, and the notion that *Every Man And Every Woman Is A Star*.

The first was not merely a licence to go haywire, since it was invariably answered in Crowley's presence by *Love Is The Law, Love Under Will*. Crowley was obsessed by the idea of control by willpower: magick.

Clearly, despite much of his wild-sounding rhetoric, this is not an incitement to go around abusing everyone in sight. But Aleister made good copy.

He formed an Abbey in Cefalu, Sicily and named it Thelema. There he instructed others in magick, but there were deaths (including Crowley's child) due to insanitary conditions rather than evil powers, but these coupled with nasty press and the fascist hatred of secret societies (except their own, of course) led Mussolini to expel Crowley.

During the first war he wrote propaganda for Germany from New York, though he later said that what he wrote was so daft it was meant to show up the stupidity of Germans (later the Nazis stole his beloved occult symbol, the swastika, for their

own moronic uses).

Few people accepted his story and he was dubbed traitor on top of everything else.

Crowley had numerous wives and/or mistresses for his *venus aversea* and goat-mating fun (or Searlet Women, as the select ones were elected if lucky), his most lasting relationship being with Leah Hirsig.

He also practised homosexual acts, even going so far as to be sodomised by strangers in a NYC sauna! But every orgasm was used for a magical purpose, to heighten the power and intensity of the experiences. Never wasted a drop, so to speak!

The same (at first, anyway) went for drugs. He may have taken morphine originally for his asthma; but usually his experiments with heroin, coke, opium, hash and mescaline, as well as numerous less well-known substances were for magical and artistic purposes rather than medicine or sheer hedonism.

Most of this was before any Dangerous Drugs Acts were passed so unlike Burroughs and other modern users he never caught much flak from the law on those counts.

Crowley was *totally* committed to what he was doing: creating a new aeon. It may be true that, as

Colin Wilson says, he was a 'paranoid exhibitionist' and it has to be said that he did ditch some followers (who had given up everything for him) with a shockingly offhand cruelty which he justified as an attempt to transcend human love, but he certainly wasn't the evil psycho the hacks still portray him as to this day.

Sadly, he wasn't like the idealised portrait of himself in the character of King Lamus in his book *Diary Of A Drug Fiend* either, who could control

the poisons he dealt with: after losing embarrassing court cases he ended his days in Hastings at a boarding house where lunch was often a boiled egg and a massive fix.

At the end, in 1947, he was taking 11 grains of heroin a day, enough to top several sturdy humans. It kept him straight.

IN THE last few years Crowley has again become fashionable in pop circles, although he has *never* been forgotten in the magical underground where most of his works remain in print in either flimsy pamphlets or lavish editions bearing his outrageous signature, with the 'A' forming a penis and testicles!

Didn't Adam Ant used to sing a song about him? Or was it the Cuddly Toys?

Certainly Toyah's misinformed prattlings about the *Necronomicon* (what a joke) and Iron Maiden's beastly numberings do nothing but harm, merely enhancing Crowley's reputation as a fringe loony adopted by silly wankers. Those who are seriously interested in the man's complex, dangerous ritual work tend to play it down.

Throbbing Gristle's stuff is littered with discreet references to him, while ex-member



Photo from
The Temple Of Psychick Youth

Genesis P-Orridge (who I'm convinced will one day be recognised as on a par, artistically at least, with Burroughs and Crowley; certainly he's more crucial than someone like Paul Weller or any other so-called 'thinker' in what is loosely termed 'pop') has a large collection of Crowleyana including all the volumes of Crowley's publication *The Equinox*.

TG offshoot/progression Psychic TV plan a label (with Some Bizzare) which will issue a Crowley LP of his wax cylinder poetry readings, which are the property of the OTO, the still-thriving organisation he founded after the Golden Dawn fiasco. Look out for Temple Records!

While Fripp is known to have occult leanings and Willy DeVille has an interest in AC, both keep quiet about it; which isn't surprising, considering the hysterical rantings that go on.

Nevertheless, there are those who say that devoted Crowleyan Graham Bond's death under a train at a London tube station followed on from an exorcism conducted by him at Long John Baldry's house, the theory being that whatever he exorcised invaded him and tormented him to his death a few days later. Even then, 'someone' wanted to get his ashes!

Bowie mentioned Crowley and the Golden Dawn in 'Quicksand', but his interest seems only to have been a dilettante phase, like everything else he dabbles in.

Unsurprisingly, The Rolling Stones turn up here too: The little devils maybe wrote 'Sympathy For The Devil' for Kenneth Anger, magician, author (*Hollywood Babylon*, translator of *History Of Eroticism* from French) and film-maker. But the blood runs deeper...

FOR 10 years Anger has been working on *Lucifer Rising*, a supernatural thriller based on Crowley's *Hymn To Lucifer*. Lucifer was originally played by Bobby Beausoleil, a friend of Charles Manson who ended up in jail for murder; he fell out with Anger and stole

the footage, holding it for a ransom which Anger refused to pay.

Thus that *Lucifer* remains buried in the California desert somewhere.

Then Jagger, then his brother Chris were said to be taking the role. The final star seems to be an unemployed English steelworker named Leslie Huggins!

A fragment called *Invocation Of My Demon Brother* was released with a jarring, unnerving synth soundtrack by Mick Jagger, it being rumoured that Jimmy Page would finance the complete film and do the final score.

Page has a huge Crowley collection and used to own an occult bookshop specialising in his works. Again, there are many who blame Led Zep's numerous misfortunes on Page's extracurricular pastimes.

Little was heard till 1976 when in December the pop papers boasted a series of ads, each with different, lavish artwork, promising *Lucifer Rising* soon with a Bobby Beausoleil soundtrack and Jimmy Page starring as 'Scapegoat'(!)

Predictably, nothing emerged. The film remains largely unseen, though now finished and only about half an hour in length.

It was recently shown on West German TV late at night, and is a typically beautiful Anger paean to ecstasy via

magick, with Beausoleil's soundtrack (he was once involved with West Coast weirdos LOVE) an eerie throb recorded in jail (as was a recent *Oui* interview and photo session, showing him denying Manson/magic interplay while displaying a huge LUCIFER tattoo on his chest and a wry grin) and a young(er) Marianne Faithfull as Lilith.

Both the Gate and the Roxie gay cinema in Wardour Street have been rumoured to be about to unleash this masterpiece, but nothing positive has happened yet.

Anger maintains he is engaged in a "long-term selling campaign," his product being Aleister Crowley, the century's most misunderstood genius, who pulp-occult fictionalisers like Dennis Wheatley had the cheek to call charlatan. The pot (boiler) calls the kettle "black" once more.

Lucifer Rising, like most things with a Crowley connection, is assuming the aura of myth.

What happened to the four hours of film said to be in the can in 1976, shot in Egypt among other places?

Why did the boy-child originally chosen to play Lucifer die in an accident?

Why did the Cuddly Toys used to ring me to say they were 'doing something' with Kenneth Anger but that I couldn't write about it just then?

Marianne Faithfull "I won't understand Lucifer until I've seen it at least 3 times on opium, if necessary".

That's one good thing about the jaded 80s: Lucifer might be accepted as merely the beautiful fallen angel, the bringer of light, an alternative to Christian dogma and not some evil, baby-raping bogeyman.

Evil, demons... they exist, I'm sure, but don't blame it on Crowley's desire for knowledge because of comic-strip Catholicism and/or some garish, distorted pop-icon image.

Crowley may have been hated by some — over his actions after a fatal climbing accident, for instance — but he was more of a perfect 20th century multimedia man than any rock star.

But there is a common bond: as Kenneth Grant has pointed out, the individualisation of certain artists and occultists has always scared society into animosity, because it sees them as a threat to its myopic existence.

Even his funeral, with its reading of *Hymn To Pan* caused a scandal! And after losing a court case when he was knocking on 60, as he left the court a 19 year old girl rushed up and offered to have his baby.

Groupies in the golden years! Rock'n'roll, get thee behind me!

"And therefore our High Magick is most high if on its snow-wrapped crater-cone we stand, in air too virginal to have known dust of plains or smoke of cities, air to intoxicate us laughing-mad, so that we fling our limbs abroad and scream: 'LOVE IS THE LAW, LOVE UNDER WILL!'"

Aleister Crowley.

SELECTED FURTHER READING:

The Confessions Of Aleister Crowley, Bantam USA.
The Great Beast, John Symonds, Mayflower UK.
Aleister Crowley & The Hidden God, Kenneth Grant, Muller UK.
Magic, David Conway, Mayflower UK.
Diary Of A Drug Fiend, Aleister Crowley, Various Editions-USA/UK.



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TEN GUNS IN LA

FIGHTING ROCK FATIGUE WITH THE CLASH BY DAVE MCCULLOUGH

WHERE TO start: okay, I'll start with the Clash staying at Le Parc hotel in West Hollywood, one of the city's plushiest we were assured and even though situated just down the road from a whole series of suitably Clashesque, famous Tom Waits and Kerouac locales, surely an indication of the change the Clashers have gone through . . . all of a sudden.

Next I recall the first night we were in Hollywood, feeling fashionably jet-lagged after an eleven hour flight stepping into the Clashmobile and seeing, apart from 'keeper' Ray at the wheel, a wild series of young men dressed in combat gear with shorn hair-looking cool, sure, but more the Clash of '77 than the fashion idols of '81.

Somethin's goin' on, and I knew it all along (see 'Combat Rock' review).

More: at the Hollywood Palladium the Clash were unusually relaxed backstage. The shorter haircuts (I know this is stupid, but it means a lot to an old 'punk' like me), the bimbling around of this wet-behind-the-ears KID, who was there with his sweet little wife and who resembles Norman Wisdom or Michael Crawford (even with the combat gear) — these little scenes of almost domestic bliss, with graffiti artist Futura with his 'Kermit' voice adding to the attraction and easy-goingness of things — it all spelt something that was obvious and wonderful and would have made the hardest hearted, punk rooted, Clash-cynic (they are legion!) crumble in a heap of hopeful nostalgia.

The Clash are back, maybe not with a bang but with an almost self-mocking whimper. Good news.

THE CLASH are steadily becoming huge in America; they sold out five nights at the Palladium where, for instance, the Jam struggled to sell out one. This is a horrible 'business' detail but I relate it as important, given the irrefutable Clash rejuvenation and, more to the point, the direction it'll send them in.

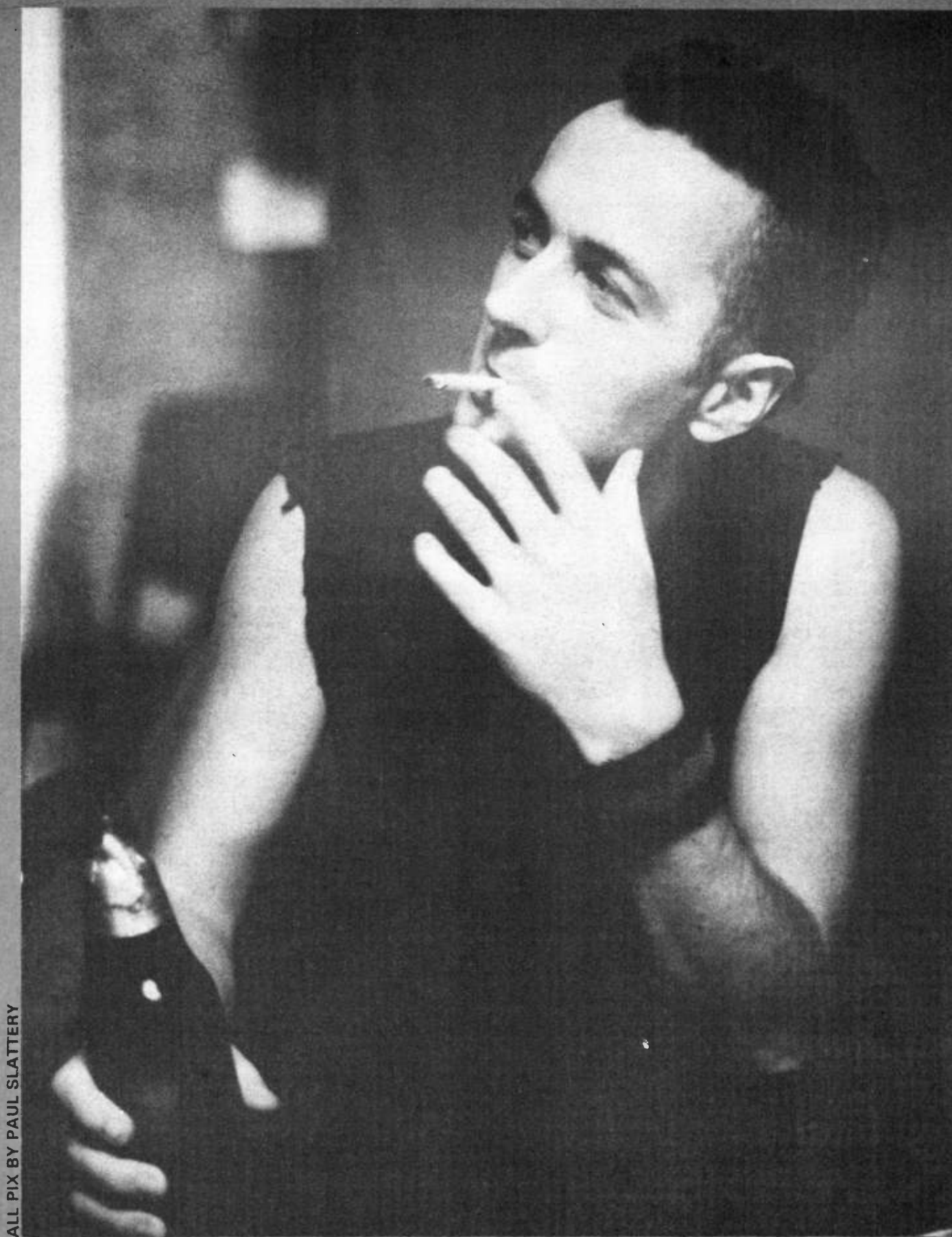
It has the smell of more 'exiles on main street', the Clash becoming stars in the horrid Americas and old has-beens in the land of Our Boys. Bad? Not so bad, as we'll later see.

Certainly at the Palladium the Clash played 'live' in equal measure as 'Combat Rock' has sharpened them up, made them all of a sudden alive again, on record. And they played almost exclusively only the first, and a bit of the second, album material!

Nostalgia? It would make you (already flagged out flying) see a local quack.

Thing is, as the layers of incredulous euphoria build up like some sort of crass cartoon 'Heroes Back Again' storyline — thing is, songs like 'Career Opportunities', 'Janie Jones', 'London's Burning' et cetera, with 'Safe European Home' chipped in as the most contemporary thing around (it was blistering too), these songs were performed with the kind of fresh faced élan you wouldn't have credited short of reincarnation.

The Clash are back-back



ALL PIX BY PAUL SLATTERY

to front, they are belying their own, so sought after destinies.

It is practically hilarious. How could it be otherwise (all good and great groups have big streaks of comedy down them; even the most serious, believe me), with the 'Penguin' figure of Bernard Rhodes employing the pathetic figures of backstage goils to fetch and carry drinks to him (and me asking him what his role now is with the Clash and him answering in Jewish, drunken indignation: I OWN THIS GROUP), or with legendary mentor, and 'Travis' voice-over star of 'Straight To Hell', Kosmo Vinyl swopping the normal chorus of the Supremes' 'I'll Be There' for the (revealing?) lines of:

"Bernard Rhodes/He'll steal all your mon-eee . . . Et cetera and so on.

All this nonsense, and then having to join with the band in sneaking around Hollywood like criminals in order to avoid a \$e Many Million Dollar law suit that this old toad was going to

slap on them for their using his TV advert in the centre of 'Innoculated City' (big black He Man, Ray featuring heavily in this).

All this, and the Clash at the top playing as hot as they did in punk days, but now with enough skill to send them (during 'Murdered') to heights of great BEAUTY now (Strummer turning round with a big broad smile for Chimes at one memorable, seething moment) — it's enough to give you a heart attack.

It's enough to make you want to read on.

(THE INTERVIEW takes place, finally, much arguino later, in a hotel bedroom in the early hours — not my kinda thing. One had heard the Clash wanted to 'do' Sounds to get back to, gulp. 'Street Level', wanted Bushell or me. Strummer quite drunk, so am I.

A man is sailing cars on LA late night telly, he is walking on to his car lot followed by a camel—America's this kind of place. We turn the sound down.)

DMcC: I hear you started running.

STRUMMER: I do all my jogging in one go. I to a Marathon a year. It half kills me. I'll practice before it in future. What do you think of Terry (Chimes)?

DMcC: He was the star of both shows. Seriously, he's got that raw back-beat going again.

STRUMMER: I'm glad about that. It's a hell of a thing, after five years, to come in. . . We're used to playing really long sets you see, with everything 'right' down to the last second. Too long really. . . we know a hell of a lot of numbers. Maybe I could teach it all to Terry; given time. . .

DMcC: Will Topper Headon be back?

STRUMMER: Well . . . I don't really think so. I think he's getting something together himself right now. (Turns off cassette; tells me the story they want people to hear is that Topper left because he was politically out of key with the group, but that the real reason, which I unfortunately have

to break to Strummer's been already leaked in Britain, is to do with nasty substances. And that Topper was sacked by Strummer personally.)

"It was terribly emotional. A trauma. . . It's horrible having to do. I thought Topper was really good. Man, was he talented! He could play synth, he could play bass, or guitar or piano — I just can't do anything like that. . . We had to find a drummer within five days before this tour. FIVE DAYS! We couldn't think of anybody except Terry. We just went therefore for what he knew, so we're playing the old stuff on this tour. I. . . I still kinda like that old material.

DMcC: It sounded really fresh. Any reasons for this?

STRUMMER: I think we're really desperate, really hungry again. Cos Topper's left and we feel vulnerable again. That adds a desperation, a franticness to everything, and that feeds the old stuff really well.

I've been feeling pretty strange this tour. I'm getting older, but I don't want to

not confront that fact. I WANT to face it. The difference is, in the old days, nothing but the gig was important.

Sometimes on this American tour, and if you'd seen some dates YOU'D have said to our faces we were really poxy or something, you know, this ain't so hot — I've had this strange feeling I've never had before. I couldn't turn myself off during a performance.

I used to be one with the audience, but lately sometimes my mind's been separate, it's not been one with what I've been doing. Sometimes when I see the audience I'm not interested. I see them slam

dancing. . . We're up here or our egos never forget that. You only get up on stage because you've a huge ego. I want everybody to be looking at us, and they're into slam dancing, whatever.

I start thinking. What am I doing up here? I can't take my mind off that feeling. I've been feeling pretty weird.

DMcC: Maybe the Clash have stopped being a 'protest band' and started being a soulband. You said in the rap line tonight:

"Don't you realise there's no answer?" That sums the change up, while making it clear that it, life is STILL a problem and a problem to be dealt with. . .

STRUMMER: Yeah, and it's like we're coming to recognise certain limitations we've got. Like the political thing. They insist we're Marxists over here, they pulled the police guns out on us in Atlanta. Somebody told the cops there was a Communist riot going on down town. And they freaked!

But, no, I've been on radio shows over here and they've asked me political questions I just haven't had an answer for. What's your great plan to save the world Joe? I dunno.

DMcC: I read a yank paper that said, why do these fellas dress like they do if they aren't Reds? Trouble is, I see what they mean. Is it just pure ego?

STRUMMER: Well you've been watching Simonon. . . I'm certain he practices in front of a mirror! We've got to cope with how it's changed for us. As I say, I'm getting older. The difference between the sort of 'youthful naivety' we're always accused of and. . . it's strange still to be doing it, you know? I thought we'd have blown up somewhere back down the line. That's what I'm trying to get at.

DMcC: You're here because you enjoy it still.

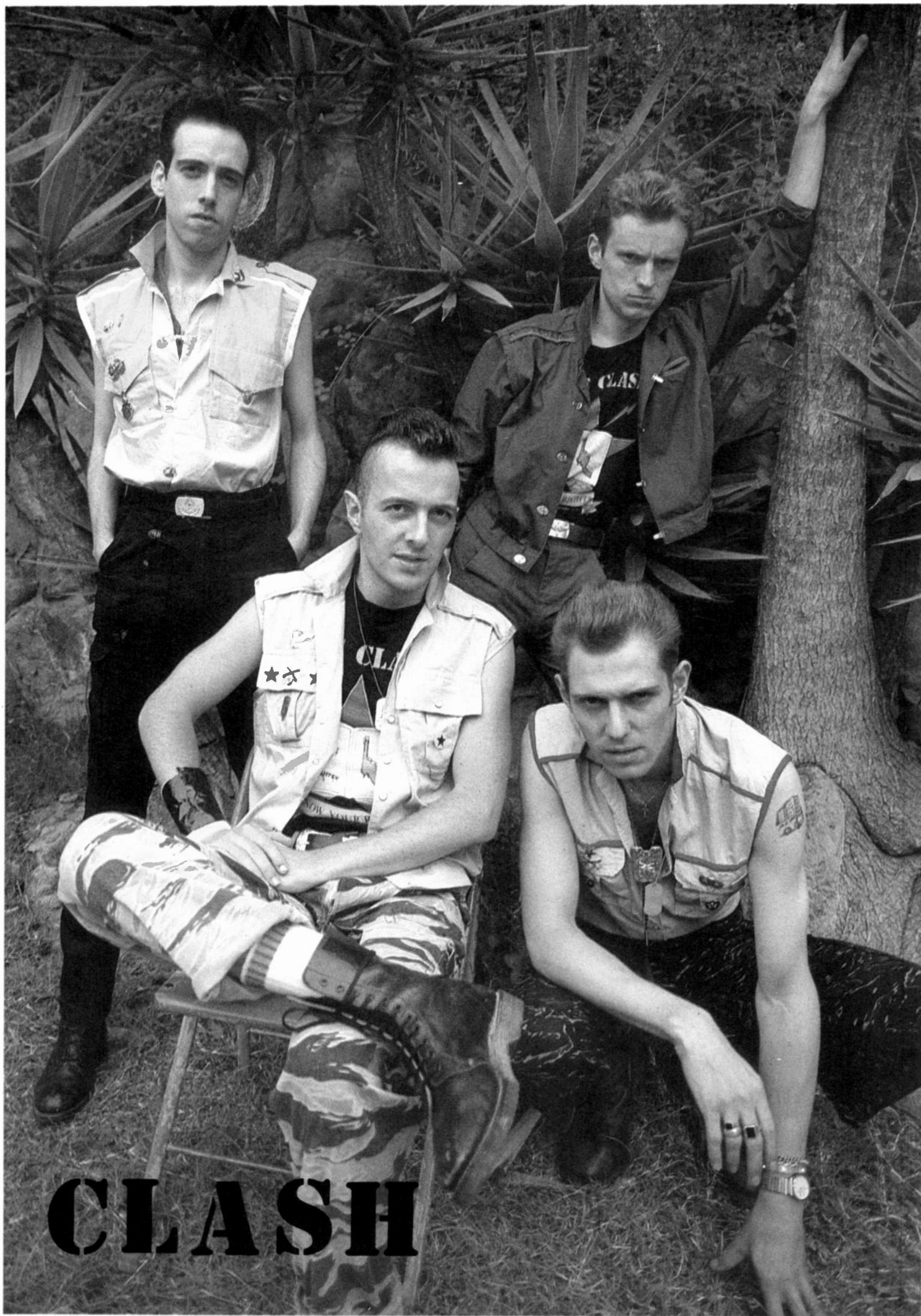
STRUMMER: I do, but I can't still shake the feeling off. Why am I doing this still?

DMcC: I don't think the audience tonight understood a word you were saying. Though, the energy was enough in itself. You seem to deal now in beauty too — an awkward kind of beauty. . .

STRUMMER: You know Bob Dylan came to check us out? Imagine that! Even though we weren't good on the night, it was weird thinking Bob Dylan was out there. He's said to have been recording rock 'n'roll again the very next morning. CBS have said that.

Me and Kosmo are the only two that really like Dylan. Like Simonon thinks he's hippy. . . But imagine, the very next day! Some of the lyrics that guy's written in his time. . .

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CLASH

DMcC: Is there a conscious pun in the title 'Combat Rock'?

STRUMMER: Definitely there is. It's a sort of drunken in-joke of the band's. I mean we know we're a rock band now, and we know also that rock's unfashionable. But I meant it seriously at the time. . .

DMcC: America's your big influence and your big problem.

STRUMMER: It's true, the U.S. is our one big influence. But in order to survive we have to spend a lot of time here. Even people like the Jam are coming to know. To survive you have to be here. Which means you're probably influenced by the American scene.

DMcC: The album was recorded in London and it has that huge American influence all over it. . . but I'm not sure it's good. . .

STRUMMER: Nobody asks me where

I'd like to live I wouldn't hesitate: it's London. This time America's been really different because all the romanticism has gone. First two times I came with a headfull of Kerouac and Tom Waits and Woody Guthrie — that's all out the window now.

I see America as ugly, plasticated, horrific — all the same from New Jersey to wherever. That Zappa song about American TV, "let the sludge pour out of your TV set", that's what it's like. Thank God for English TV. . .

England's given us the big brush off, we know that. We probably wouldn't have had to come here if it hadn't. Even so, I want to live in London. I'm not in love with this place AT ALL. But it's good in a way; I mean, I have to live somewhere where I can be free to walk around.

I'm sure Paul Weller'd get people shrieking at him when he walks down the street. But I can live quite freely in London. I don't want to be 'one of those faces' and that's why I can't stand LA 'cos I can't walk about.

I think if we'd really made it, we'd have had it. We've always seemed to be struggling. Like we got this British tour; and it ain't sold out, we have to really struggle to sell it out! That's a fact of life. I'm glad of that, I'd hate to feel we've really made it. I like to feel we've a constant struggle on our hands.

Though it was a great feeling to be Number two for a week in good old Britain, you know?

DMcC: Would you appear on *TOTP* now?

STRUMMER: No I wouldn't. I don't think that programme has an effect on

the people the Clash reach. I'm still hopeful *TOTP* isn't the be-all and end-all of British TV. And I still can't get *Ready Steady Go* out of my head. . .

There's no thrills in Britain but it's somehow an amazingly creative place. Everything seems to Start Off there musically. I mean, I ask around here, who's the new Doors and they look back at me dumb. There's no one here. . .

WHILE IN LA, the TV stations were buzzing with news of Hinckley's trail.

There was also an attempt to organise a petition to have Martin Scorsese stand trial, presumably for inciting loonies to shoot important people, because of the content of *Taxi Driver*, the movie that's so influenced 'Combat Rock' and current

Strummer thinking. Strummer's even (almost) perfected the De Niro Mohican hairstyle. He looks genuinely wild.

STRUMMER: That's more Clash Americana, the *Taxi Driver* bit. Kosmo gave the Travis speech one day and I just could not get it out of my head. It's so true for this place. . .

DMcC: It's a fitting symbol for the Clash turnaround.

STRUMMER: We're always trying to kick off what we've always been- because that, that means Clash destruction. I want to be creative. And I don't want to be everything I 'have to be'. It's like Hendrix refusing to do his old songs — and they didn't like that.

We want to be free; if possible. I'd rather be free than go down as a has-been. Just to regurgitate. It's very difficult for us, you know. Because that first album just

keeps on getting more and more relevant!

DMcC: 'Career Opportunities' is truer than it ever was. And you're playing it again!

STRUMMER: Yeah, it's getting heavier. It's hard to live with, because I sort of said it then in one go, and now I've had to go on from there; it's tough. But I enjoy it. My ego's enormous.

I even enjoy being corny. I enjoy BEING THE CLASH.

DMcC: That's extraordinary. That's mainly the reason why you were shot down critically after the first album. And why, I think, the Rolling Stones comparisons are applicable.

STRUMMER: True. I think they're applicable too. Mick I think is. . . that early Mick Jones is definitely besotted by Keith Richards. It's true! It has to be said. I myself was much more of a Stones fan when I was a kid than anything else.

I think '1977' was an attempt to kick that out. Make a new space to work in. But I don't respect the Rolling Stones any more. Their creativity is nil.

I think it's definitely down to punk rock, the fact they're playing all these early songs again, it kicked them in the bum so hard they're having to do and re-record that good stuff again.

If it hadn't been for punk rock they'd be writing songs about owning Rolls Royces. Punk rock rejuvenated the Stones.

Punk was the only fad that ever moved me. And it was mainly down to that thing of, *Anybody Can Do It*. That idea is so important still. As soon as we're into techno rock, all that shit. . . you have to be a bit, you know, clever or scientific to play that.

DMcC: The Clash have a muscle, a dynamo still live. Even in the sense that a New Order have too. . .

STRUMMER: Yeah, I know we're old fashioned but I still go for the Raw-get up there and do it.

DMcC: It's almost like exorcism night after night — trying to kill off the Stones' influences, tradition.

STRUMMER: Live, you see, is what saves us. Like the Stones, we're a live band. I love playing those songs, that idea of the four of us. I mean, the Clash are ABOUT these four geezers trying to bluff their way through, it might be a load of old tat but THAT'S the Clash.

DMcC: I see Townsend's trying to flog his new solo LP by continually linking together you and Paul Weller. As I do I suppose! But do you have any empathy towards Weller?

STRUMMER: I really like Weller, as a person. We'd get on really well if we met in a room. But, to be quite honest, I think he's in a non creative situation. And I feel the set-up of the Jam doesn't do him. . . Weller enough to be Weller!

I respect him but I expect so much more from him too. I used to think he'd one of the great white soul voices. But I. . . can't seem to hear it these days. I'm worried about that. Yeah, even though he always slags us off, Weller, yeah he's a cool cat all right. . .

DMcC: Did you get married. . . ?

STRUMMER: Oh no, I'm already married. I married a non British for £150 to buy that black guitar I played tonight. I can't manage to get divorced though. I. . . can't seem to find my wife. That is, I can't seem to remember her surname. This sounds ridiculous I know. But that name. . . it just won't come back to me. It's like a novel.

DMcC: What about the runaway 'attempt'?

STRUMMER: I just got up and went! My girlfriend's mother is in jail in France, so I had a personal reason to go there, but I did literally get up and go. I went to shake the Clash up, to shake the Clash fans up, to shake the Clash haters up. To shake myself up too.

It was a bravado thing. I mean, we've done six years of this.

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Keep that just brushed freshness.

ORIGINAL CHEWING GUM

Dentyne.

HELPS KEEP BREATH FRESH 7 STICKS

CLASH



I still think we can go on to be relevant, still be viable and realistic.

What I was thinking at the time was, Mick Jagger's 38 whatever and he's still up there prancing around. Somehow I wanna avoid that. I really want to avoid it.

DMcC: You'd have to do more runners. . .

STRUMMER: Jagger did something pure and good in his youth. . . and now he has to recreate it. I have to avoid that at all costs. I don't know how but I'll try.

"We've got this self-destructive streak in the Clash. If we think we shouldn't do something, we'll do it. We're supposed to be out there struggling for attention with all the other super groups.

But none of them have our self destructive urge. the *NME* I'll tell ya had a headline on us that said, 'Up The Hill Backwards'. I looked at it and I thought, f**k it! TRUE! Ha ha!

DMcC: It's wilful though. It's like the Lennon and McCartney cliches. The Clash are definitely Lennons.

STRUMMER: It is wilful yeah. But I think we'll continue to exist on it. Boy, would we be f**ked if we ever made it!

DMcC: Number two. Close. . .

STRUMMER: That was great- to be accepted in our home land for that we'd give up everything, everything we've meant in any other country all over the world. I think, Jesus do we really mean that little in England? Has it got that bad? It's better to deal with the situation though, to face it.

DMcC: Whereas Dylan seems to be heading back to the Clash's rock and roll style, the Clash seem ironically to be heading towards the narrative style of the likes of Dylan, Morrison and Joni Mitchell. There's that kind of richness on 'Combat Rock', that's what I'm saying.

STRUMMER: Van The Man, I know a lot about him from 101ers days. I think he started to go off it a bit when he moved to America. His true experience I felt belonged to N Ireland.

But 'Cypress Avenue' — that was his soul. 'Astral Weeks' is so f**k in BRILLIANT — and then he moved over here and went down the pan.

It's a good parallel to do with a lot of people as well. Maybe it's true, every writer

has just one good book in him or, with us, maybe only two good albums. Maybe we should all pack it in after doing something great, I don't know. It remains to be seen.

But, Jesus, 'Cypress Avenue' and 'TB Sheets' — I just knew he'd lived those songs and been to those places. 'Madam George' . . .

DMcC: People will find this funny — Strummer's into THESE things after all.

STRUMMER: Yeah well I've got to be honest. I defy anybody to say 'Cypress Avenue' isn't soul I thought Morrison's genius was he could take one phrase, or even a word, and stretch it out unbelievably, play with it. . .

STRAIGHT TO Hell' seemed to me to be about heroin.

STRUMMER: Not really. It's about having no place in the world to live. Kids growing up with Thatcher, being denied education, being denied their actual piece of this world they're entitled to.

Verse one's about 'Amerasian', which is an actual kosher word now, that's offspring of American GIs—they're really looked down upon in their homeland and they're not allowed to go to America. . . Verse three does deal with heroin. All the junk they sell to people to kill them off with. . .

DMcC: Heroin from personal experience?

STRUMMER: I've never taken heroin and if anyone comes round with it I just tell them GET OUT. Anybody who deals with that is a right idiot. I think junk's evil, no doubt about that.

All that Burroughs' *Junkie* stuff about them saying, We don't need sex when we've got junk- that is so real life it's not true!

It's so insidious- its trick is, you think you're the one in control, you walk a very subtle line with it, then one morning you wake up and you think you've got the flu and you discover your body's running on the stuff. You can't do without it anymore.

Most addicts, yeah, they say it's cool, they're not reliant on it. they are. . .

I've given up all drugs this year. I've said a thousand times already on this tour, Thanks but no thanks. That's GOOD too, I love saying it. A lot of them are vampires, they think they can suck a piece of you by giving you some cocaine free. That's

their way-in to being friendly with Joe Strummer. Thanks but no thanks!

DMcC: That's almost where the Clash's sense of style comes to a halt. . .

STRUMMER: I've always hated that image of the rock star as an out of it shambles. These guys, some of them, the Stones and that, they're GUILTY these guys for killing a lot of people by saying that junk is style. They've killed people in the name of style.

If drugs are style man, then let's forget it. Let's all be bank assistants or stock brokers.

DMcC: Style to the Clash is more balanced again. And it seems to mean being proud of your body.

STRUMMER: That's true. You see it's not a preoccupation of youth to look after your body, but when you get a bit older you find it's useless f**k in yourself over. I feel if you look good you're turning people on. When we're driving round in the car and I see this real smart black guy, it just makes my day.

DMcC: Again, that's a very innocent thought; and it's what you're berated for because it seems false. You're too innocent for your own good.

STRUMMER: Boy, I never knew how great Britain was till I'd been all round the world. I mean, you can walk into a pub in Soho and it's like a Fellini film! All these different people decked out all different from each other. The Americans know nothing at all about style I've had an overdose of mediocrity like this all round the world.

DMcC: What about England politically? Does it meet your satisfaction as well?

STRUMMER: I heard on the radio the other day about a group of drunks from Missouri who tried to phone Maggie Thatcher and they got through! It's said they tried to phone Ronald Reagan afterwards and they got no answer. . .

The Falklands thing seems like double dealing to me- how they wouldn't give the Falkland islanders British passports and then they sent our boys out there to get killed. I'm just shocked that it could happen at all. Shit, I must be old fashioned, but

thought we were civilised.

DMcC: That seems surprising, given your interest in war.

STRUMMER: True, I am interested in war, but it's an anti war interest. We haven't the experience of war that our fathers had; our fathers were out there fighting- right on the line. I certainly would have gone to fight Hitler. It was black and white then, no doubts about it.

I'd like to see the world under one government-that's the trouble. I see the world as human beings and something like the Falklands or Israeli war, I just can't get a hold of it, even though it was right we grabbed the islands back. How many were killed out there? Would you have gone out there?

The truth was with the teenage Argentinians out there who were told lies- that's the real tragedy. . .

I just feel the capitalist system is unfair to the people who do the work, that's what we're attacking all the time in the Clash. On the other hand the Soviets worry me just as much. Look at how they put down Solidarity. . .

I just think we could TAKE CARE of people better. I haven't got any forceful plans to solve it all, I just feel there's a better way of doing it. To hell with nations, let's have a single government.

DMcC: With 'Sean Flynn', even despite its unusual nature for the Clash, there's still that rushing into politics, that's always been characteristic of you. . .

STRUMMER: . . . I just feel uncertain, confused. Like The Revolutionary Communist Party, they tried to be our friend over here. But I didn't rush in there: I wanna know what I'm getting into.

I think Karl Marx has a lot of good things to say. But look at how the Soviets took it, the way they still have an upper class. . . which is what the Clash have always been trying to GET RID off.

DO YOU EVER feel you should be creating in a different area? Writing novels maybe. . .

STRUMMER: Definitely, and more. Like I said,

I'm thinking now, What am I doing up on stage? Who are these big fat guys in yellow security tee shirts in front of me? I feel I could get into something else. Half of me wants to cut out, write a book or do a film- I'm very into films now. But then I think, while we're up there still, we might as well make it good.

DMcC: Do you ever feel rock, being such a wild form of expression and so raw in your terms of carrying it out, that it could ever kill you?

STRUMMER: Sometimes, a few times I've felt it could kill me. I received a plimsol on the head on this tour and I thought some one had shot me. I'm not kidding. When you're playing away the farthest thing on your mind is something slamming into your brain from a distance.

Get this! This is really humiliating. I was playing one night, concentrating on my guitar, a spotlight blinding my eyes so I couldn't see a thing and suddenly someone throws a jacket, a big thick jacket and it goes right over my eyes.

I'm playing away and I can't get it off! It's sort of stuck round my head and I'm still trying to sing into the microphone. What can you do? I must have looked ridiculous. . .

Then another night a

firework, a really vicious thing an MX80, went up my trouser leg, and it was the leg I keep time with. I've still got the scar. Here, look at that. . .

DMcC: Not much style in all that.

STRUMMER: There certainly isn't. . . I mean, about playing live, that's our outlet and if gig's are becoming old hat in Britain, which they certainly appear to be, then I really can't see how we can survive over there.

I certainly think punk was the most exciting thing to happen to music. Nothing has moved me since. I certainly don't subscribe to the thickness that's going about, I'd rather have articulacy and intelligence in music.

DMcC: The lyrics to 'The Clash' were averagely thick! Cave-man like. . .

STRUMMER: Cave man like! Yeah, well perhaps cave men were in style then and they aren't so much needed now. Also, it was sincere when we did it.

Perhaps every cave-man style still rules, perhaps it's just that I don't appreciate it anymore. I don't know.

DMcC: You essentially write pop songs. Can you see yourselves part of, what even people like the Banshees are becoming part of, the new pop hierarchy in Britain?

STRUMMER: We'll definitely be outside it. We're always outside everything that's going on! And good on us, I say. We're one of the few still burning. Even so, I prefer to be under cover- I have to feel like a real person to write songs. I have to feel I haven't made it in order to continue to write.

I mean, I was a bum. I was evicted from a flat, I was rowed about from one labouring job to another- a lot of what I'm now saying is still stemming from that experience.

Not from THIS. Not from Le Parc and all its chic. If this was my whole life I'd dry up quicker than a river. . .

DMcC: Your private life, your girlfriend, is still important?

STRUMMER: Yeah, I'd go insane without it. I'm no drug addict but I think I'd. . . if I hadn't something back home it would be ludicrous. I don't want to destroy myself just yet. I still have something to say.

It's so easy to be a casualty, to die young. F**k it! It's much harder to struggle on I reckon. I feel like jumping out of windows loads of times but I decided one day to survive. Because I realised it was much harder. . .

But imagine being 19 and having hits! Bam, you've disappeared in a fortnight. It's horrible, and I've been spared that thank God. It's got to do your head in. I mean, imagine being haircut 100?

Imagine, Strummer can.

WHERE TO close: right, I'll close with Strummer hearing me babbling about the narrowing of rock, its denigration its possible destruction, the 'death of music':

"Yeah, hopefully!" The Clash are back in the black again.

SOME EXPLANATIONS: Contrary to recent claims, Total Chaos was never an attempt of mine to 'monopolise' or 'ghettoise' punk singles.

On the contrary, I created this column because good punk singles were getting consistently ignored by wally reviewers, and by bringing them to your attention I was trying to play a part in breaking punk OUT of the indie chart ghetto and back where it should be — on the national and international offensive.

But this was never and is never going to be a place for cosy sycophancy. Total Chaos has got to be critical and opinionated, because constructive criticism is necessary to snap bands out of the false sense of achievement the indie charts have lulled them into. If you make a single, make a single that MATTERS! Why be just okay all your life?

For example, it's great that the Partisans are in the charts. '17 Years Of Hell' is a good song. But it would have been great with a decent production.

Total Chaos hasn't appeared for ages, partly cos vivacious reviewer Christine Cousins has been too bound up with the joys of impending motherhood (not to mention trying to find the guilty man — didn't mean it, Chris) and partly cos the other two chaps who had a crack at writing it didn't quite make the grade.

In our absence we've missed some real beauts, though thankfully Peter And The Test Tube Babies ('Run Like Hell' — No Future), the Adicts ('Viva La Revolution' — Fall Out), the first 'Total Noise' compilation, Red Alert ('Take No Prisoners' — No Future), Intensified Chaos ('Think Of England' — Half Man Half Biscuit) and the Lurkers' mighty relaunch ('This Dirty Town' — Clay) got covered elsewhere in the paper.

Criminally GBH's third EP 'Sick Boy' on Clay Records got overlooked, but take it from me it's bloody fine — three slices of top hole heads down no nonsense cranium crunching

Punk singles round-up by GARY BUSHELL

TOTAL CHAOS



THE EJECTED, Dagenham dumbos

chaos. The 'A'-side is a particularly vivid and frantic exposé of a poor soul tortured by mad scientists simply because of his natural lust for scantily clad young schoolgirls, the sort you might see strolling round from Kidbrooke Girls sporting suspenders and transparent blouses and (Cont. John Peel programme).

Also missed and very fine: the Newtown Neurotics 'Kick Out The Tories'/'Mindless Violence' (CNT), an uncompromising anti-Thatcher debut from Harlow's finest threesome, though the passionate 'Mindless Violence' is the better song here, and a moving attack on one-against-many gang attacks to boot. And of course: 'Woman'

from Anti-Nowhere League (WXYZ), a watered down but still particularly moving League-style comment on love and marriage, the tender opening swiftly speeding up into a raving one-sided row.

One single that should have done much better is the Outcasts' reappraisal of the old Glitter band hit 'Angel Face' (OO). What with all this dubious talk of glam-punk in the air, I'd have thought this heavy stomping muscle pop would have been a cert for the charts with airplay. There's still time, Radio One.

After all that history, it's great to be able to unveil a fine future happening — the impending debut Riot City EP from Dagenham's own

Ejected, a band who nick other people's ideas with such gusto it's very hard not to love em.

A-side 'Have You Got 10p' showcases them as a more Oi-some Subs with a nice line in Ramones-dumb chorus chants.

B-side 'Class Of 82' brushes off the old 'I'm Not A Fool' riff for a passionate ode to working class youth — 'The first to get nicked, and the last to get asked' — while 'One of The Boys' is faster but equally belligerent. Nice one, nice one, as Big E used to say.

Rudimentary Peni proffer a surprisingly good second EP, 'Farce', on Cr'ss Records. For a meagre 80p you get FOURTEEN demonic Buzzcock buzzes of songs from one of the finest Brit-thrash exponents. They

sound like the old 4-Skins on speed.

Kraut provide one of the best yank-punk imports ever on their own Kraut label called 'Unemployed'. Built on a distinctive and compulsive guitar riff, this is a relatively mid-tempo put-down of gratuitous rucking with a bold and bouncy feel, some considered guitar work (an American Stuart Adamson?) and, strangely, very Biff Byford reminiscent vocals... surely Saxon aren't leading a secret double life as a Noo Yoik punk band?

Black Flag have been busy too, and their new SST single is a red-hot re-working of the 'Damaged' classic 'TV Party' complete with handclaps

and chanting chorus.

'Very Skafish' claims the gorgeous Ruth, I'd pass on that and draw the attention of 'Damaged' enthusiasts to the two new slabs of urgent controlled noise on the B-side, the tormented 'I've Got To Run' and the manic 'No Rules'. Flag aficionados should also be reminded that their debut pre-Henry single 'Nervous Breakdown' is also available, again on SST import, a belligerent beauty much akin to early Buzzcocks on Angel Dust.

Stop press entry from Blackburn band Potential Threat, withering Thatcherites with the pertinent peace time dole queue question 'What's So Great Britain?'. Five well rabid tracks tantalisingly trip over each other in a rough, raw and ready succession.

The first release on Dave and Shane's Resurrection label, 'Who's In Control' from Lunatic Fringe, is a bit of a let-down. Lacklustre punk ordinaire. Whatever happened to the Sex Aids? Perhaps Beki knows.

Unbelievably Riot City Records have come up with a couple of goodies for a change. 'F*** The World' from Chaotic Dischord is gumboid stop-start thrash, mad enough to be endearing, and featuring a bonzer buzzing bee guitar break. Meantimes 'No Solution' from Court Martial kicks off with some good clarion call guitar before plunging head first into frantic thrash with a fair to ear-catching chorus. Calm down Simon, you'll be signing Angela Rippons Bum next.

And finally the obligatory let-down 'More Short Songs' from Six Minute War on DIY records: good words, shame about the mouldy soporific sub-Crass music. 50p for six songs brings home my answer to the Clash/Crass 'lotsa records cheap' argument. Personally I'd rather pay a fiver for one album as good and lasting as 'Bollocks' than pay the same money for something as boring and forgettable as 'Sandinista'. It's like buying a cheap pair of jeans that fall apart after three weeks. About as useful as a nun in a brothel.

KING TRIGGER

DEBUT SINGLE

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PRODUCED BY STEVE LILLYWHITE
7 INCH POSTER BAG, ALSO AVAILABLE IN 12 INCH



Chrysalis

SINGLES OF THE WEEK: PART 1

THE NIGHTINGALES: 'Peel Session EP' (Cherry Red)
Blow away the clouds of apathy that clog up this and the other papers, step forward into the Light — and hear how every single here listed thrilled me and set me the same old problem of trying to instil into words their merits and, what goes with that, how They Will Be Ignored, once the clouds of apathy are lowered again.

The words! How do you, for instance, explain calmly, not to say rationally (in a mode that is least of all that) that the Nightingales, Lloyd's lot, are probably with the revived Clash the last great white hope of rock in this country?

God, ole Cherry Red, ole Mike Alway there in his summer shorts (white labels?), must be rubbing his hands with the thought of how great Lloyd's lot are one day gonna be — almost certainly when I, the only thing *let's face it* worth bothering about in the musick press, shall then hate, they'll be awful, and I'll be madly on to something new.

The words! If Nightingales, in a way that is incredibly sensical hadn't the best drummer and guitarist (a real loony) bass player and back-up geetarist in the country — than they'd only (only!) be an excuse for R Lloyd's whip-lash, faster-than-fast words.

The sheer speed of Lloyd's verbiage seems to be the attempt to compensate for the inadequacy of words in the rest of sleepy, dying rock.

Unfashionably perceptive (how else?): "Someone's legalising dope, some old girl..."

Ezra Poundian funny: "Finance with the Nightingales! Wow! See how we lift the lift..."

The basic Talent!: "Let's rock against the clock, yeah let's stop the clock!"

The very dry insight of Lloyd, the everlasting punk: "I don't see why dogs should be made to smoke cigarettes/I don't want to hear 'The Ballad of Mott the Hoople' Half-wit tunes to fool the lesser people..."

The Nightingales are immensely good fun, this is the third 'hit' after 'Use Your Loaf' and 'Paraffin Brain' — like Pound said, you only have to possess these three cuts and you'd be a perceptive music lover for about a year...

Yeah, let's strip the f***in' clock. With Lloyd's lot as decidedly the big hand. Pur-chase!

THE MEMBRANES: 'Muscles' (Rondelet)

The Membranes come from Blackpool, haw haw, and once again, like Lloyd's lot, they're punks — with roots, and a thing about Ignorance in other um...

'Muscles' sees the Membranes, I guess typically/marvellously, as a sort of direly deadpan Undertones from, haw haw, 'up North'. They have, signally, favourable connections with the Fall. Those people still have taste.

A degree of Membranes, who have by the way more successful image to them than about eight hundred Simple Minds or Bow Wow F***in' Awful Wow (without all that expensive effort) — a small degree of their worth comes when you think that they like, openly, to talk about things nuclear: and even then they don't go wonky or sour.

Membranes are fat and funny, you can do about a hundred different and interesting things with them. In other words, they're not at all the sort of thing big companies want to deal with because they're genuinely good and exciting and proof of a living and active aesthetic...

And let's not get carried away. Despite Associates, ABC and the rest, you can't beat a Membranes, for, as John Membrane puts it (John is 13 years old):

"The Membranes may never change the world, but the world will never change the Membranes."

Amen, men.

HOT CHOCOLATE: 'It Started With a Kiss' (Rak)

Hot Chocolate's last single, 'Girl Crazy' was probably the best thing I have heard musically since 'Unknown Pleasures'. No joking, it had an incision about it that the 'new pop', for all its labours, could never in a thousand years have come up with.

Hot Chocolate, relatively speaking are the Honduras of post-modernism. In their, if you excuse the snobbery, commonness they break class barriers faster than you can say Danny Baker (or should that be Janet Street-Porter?).

It is unfortunate, not to say importunate (look it up, Robbi) that in these gushing, revelatory circumstances (I am speaking, as always, as a critic first and foremost — it's pretty rotten luck for bald Errol and pals that 'It Started With A Kiss' is no 'Girl Crazy'.

It's all soft and soupy; no incision at all. But this is the price we have to pay for unconscious, common genius. It louses up every other single.

Bet Errol et al are around though when Martin 'Thanks for the review Dave, nice one' Fry is an exec at Phonogram...

SINGLES OF THE WEEK PART II.

MADNESS: 'Driving In My Car' (Stiff)

I am extremely proud to be the only critic in the world (you could end that sentence there

and then) who abhors the abhorant, indecently rich and common Madness.

Their songs, pardon the *Time Out* spiel, have a real sterility about them. I recall those nice boys from 23 Skidoo told me over a Martini that Madness do in fact rehearse with the exactness, and the painstaking correctness of West German footballers.

Drilling little 'happy' and 'goofy', most of all little proudly ignorant messages into this nation's declining yooof.

Madness *stink a big one*, okay? But, gasp, 'Driving In My Car' I actually have quite taken to! It's jokiness for once supercedes that face aching will to be jokey.

It's about a Morris Minor, a fine car admittedly, about our lads cruising round Muswell Hill and Camden Town in such — it's just irresistible in a stupid jerky way!

I still think Madness are filthy little musicos though, and that they've got bundles to hide (unhappy families do happy pop stars make?) and that the recent critical fondness for them is arant hypocrisy by people who're more into fashion than real life.

And that if anyone wants to pur-chase a VW Beetle in excellent condition they should contact me soonest.

SHEENA EASTON: 'Machinery' (EMI)

Sheena's in commercial trouble, what with the spate of Dollars and Bucks Fizzes we've had since her glory days and 'Machinery's an undoubted retort to that.

Viz, the production is paid scrutinously good attention to. Though something tells me (he says like a *Record Mirror* reviewer) — something hones into my skull telling me it'll flop like nobody's business.

Brian Aris's skill though is making Sheena look great this weather. And have you ever heard her talk? She makes Asa

Hartford seem like John Inman.

If Stein had put her out in mid field against the horrifically trendy Brazilians crappy Junior and the rest wouldn't have got a kick at it.

JACKSON BROWNE: 'Somebody's Baby' (Asylum)

Having just jetted from LA, I can tell you from lengthy talk with the more in-touch sorts (more Hollywood Flies than H'wood Highs) that Jackson Browne, despite his ageing years and unfortunate connections, is still looked upon as a good 'un over there and not the old croney you'd imagine.

Certainly his track record stands up with the Mitchells, Morrisons and Dylans. Check out 'Late For The Sky' if you desire proof and even for that matter give an ear to this, his first new work in ages.

'Somebody's Baby' is a strange one. It sounds as if it should be an early song, or perhaps that rather violent undercurrent to its ostensibly placid theme (watching a girl who looks good, simply) is meant to be. Hence again proving that Browne's not a goner quite yet.

'The Crow On The Cradle' on the flip, which teams up with the Membranes strangely enough in being a rare *felt* anti-nuke tune, features the line (about a baby daughter):

"Rings on her fingers, bells on her toes/And a bomber above her wherever she goes..."

Now that's a different thing altogether. It starts with a big T...

WEEKEND: 'Past Meets Present' (Rough Trade)

And ends with a big T too. Weekend more than rub up against it as well and 'Past Meets Present' coming after that wunnerful debut 45 (which pleasingly sold healthily too) sees them making a shockingly good attempt at championship the (almost lost cause of quiet

music.

It's good to see Rough Trade (still) bring out out music as certified good as this. It's in a sense their raison d'être; the opposite but just as valuable end of where the Nightingales are at, making the culture while Lloyd's lot stoke the fires of... change.

A 'Past Meets Present' has more to it than can be, realistically but unfortunately I'm afraid, talked about in a music paper.

It's a 'treat' simply. And, damn it, it again shows up the inadequacy of this already rather inadequate job, of putting music into words. The impossible!

Just rather less so is my promise to buy collective Weekends a drink for 'Past Meets Present' next time I spot them in Camden's excellent Spread Eagle...

PAUL HAIG: 'Blue' (Masterbag Flexi Disc Freebie)

This comes gratis with the rather feeble 'Independents Magazine', *Masterbag* (all Birthday Party and Virgin Prunes, yeech).

The garbled message that comes with it tells us this is ex Josef K Paul's first attempt in a coming series (including finally, an LP) at world domination.

'Blue', truth be told against my better fashion-conscious senses, isn't up to much. It's a disco tune rather half heartedly carried out. Enough I suppose to call for a lot of clots to get carried away but... I'll wait on the meat of the matter to tell whether young Paul's already touted 'status' is really justified.

And aren't the poor Bluebells getting so much similar risky hype as well these days? They should watch *who's* writing about them. Which is the same thing as saying, like young Paul, they ought to watch their backs. Big nasty mean world, yeah?

Continued page 51

SINGLES



THE NIGHTINGALES wait in line for their regular dental check up

Reviewed by DAVE McCULLOUGH

ALBUMS

Keep taking the tablets

THE DECORATORS

'Tablets'
(Red Flame
RF1)****½

NOT EASY. Why did Island get this album made and then split with the Decorators? And why did several other outfits, EMI included, yell 'yes' and then retract just before the consummation of the deed, like a teenage virgin at a gang-bang?

You might have the same problem with 'Tablets': You'll hear something you love in there but you might not be able to define it. Fun! But when that happens to an A&R man he gets nervy and worries about marketing and, more importantly, his job scenario. Like: At The Venue recently a bum yelled out 'rockanroll!' during The Decs' set to which frontman Mick Bevan replied with a withering glance, "We ARE rock'n'roll". And that's it!

Like Nick Drake, the Velvet, Syd, Coltrane, Otis, ST Coleridge, Master Therion, Andy Warhol and Jane Birkin before them, the Decorators are rock'n'roll stars yet unique. In fact, it's the individuality that gets 'em through the turnstiles and into that illustrious pantheon of pantheistic punk (old definition) rockers.

These days the Decorators may play more like a unit than ever, but the unit peels like an onion, six distinct parts making an instinctive whole.

The aforementioned Mick Bevan, with his Gretsch and sombre-but-still dancing voice; drummer Allan Boroughs has Robert Wyatt in one hand and John Densmore in the other; Asian axe hero Johnny Gilani, like Sterling Morrison at 78 rpm; bassist, sinuous Steve Sandor, subtle but never too far away; ex-Dexys keyboarder Pete Saunders knows when to fill a space and how to leave it hanging; and Joe Sax, a jazz (and more) master who has sessioned with all, from Members to can't remember, but who has none of that noisome ripping in the rigging anti-pop snobbery.

OK, you might ejaculate, why no five stars? Well, as the Waller/Robertson coalition notes, so many albums get five in Sounds these days that it has virtually become meaningless. Even Mr Barton owned up to this in his review of Mr Plant's record recently. I'm sure the Decorators have a five star LP in them, an ultimate statement, but 'Tablets' isn't it.

To give it the obligatory five stars cos they're 'bloody good blokes' is self-defeating and daft; eventually readers (you!) won't trust the system. So I say: Four-and-a-half stars for a cracking album, from a writer who is prone to err on the side of caution and who often dishes two star ratings in an impotent rage! 'Tabs' is fab, you knows I means it, right?!

Not for me a brutal dissection. But, Bevan writes most of the songs, 'cept in particular 'Curious' which is a rather muddy old Transmitters tune. The vibe leaps between a loping, stripped-down, modernist rock ('Strange One', 'We Know It') less doomy and with more sharp corners than Joy Division and all copyists thereof, and melancholy-but-still-shaving-every-morning love songs such as the credibly nostalgic, bittersweet 'Red Sky Over Wembley' and the most perfect non-Reed Reed piece ever, 'American Ways', which Sinatra should cover and Orange Juice should listen to.

Minor flaws of inexperience, like slinging on two parts of 'We Know It' when one boppy copy would've been more than sufficient, are thankfully so few as to be forgivable. The title track is not, of course, actually on the record. Cool fools. Keep



DECORATORS ALLAN Boroughs and Mick Bevan: are you listening, Orange Juice?

THE OUTLAWS 'Los Hombres Malos' (Arista 204 558)***½

FOR THOSE of you who no speak da lingo, 'Los Hombres Malos' translates as 'The Bad Guys' and was apparently coined as a nickname for the Outlaws by their far more famous fellow Floridian, the legendary Ronnie Van Zant.

But the only thing really 'bad' about this lot is their frustratingly frequent habit (and it's symptomatic of so many US 'rock' bands) of turning into musical milkops just when they seem set to grit their teeth and come storming out of the speaker cabinets with fists flailing.

On this album, for example, they start off fierce and rugged enough with a couple of typically classy, hi-tech but still gutsy US-style rock songs in 'Don't Stop' and 'Foxtail Lilly', featuring some sharp switchblade guitar slashes from (presumably) Hughie Thomasson, the sole surviving

original from this band's seven-year past.

But then they go and blow it all with a sloppy Springsteen-esque 'street ballad' called 'Rebel Girl', which is pure clichéd crud more suited to a Meat Loaf album with its crass pomposity, and compound the error with a twee pop-rock tale of derring-do by a real bad man, Jesse James, that is only pulled back from the abyss by the coat-tails of Thomasson's belligerent guitar.

And so the sorry story of all promise and little delivery continues on the flip side, with the band flirting then flinching from really getting their rocks off like a bunch of nervous virgins. 'Won't Come Out Of The Rain' is an infectious FM singalong gem, but any celebration is swiftly and comprehensively doused by the ludicrously lush slush and sentimentality of a ballad called 'Running', which is exactly what it made me feel like doing.

It's bands like the Outlaws that give me the feeling that far too many US 'rockers' are frightened to get down 'n' dirty in case they get their nicely pressed stage threads creased or their long coiffured locks mussed up. Frequently, the

playing is highly proficient but lacking fire and flare and smothered by a production gloss that is too squeaky clean and emasculates any balls in the music so as to make it 'acceptable' to the widest possible market. 'Mayhem' for mums and dads; 'heavy rock' for courting couples to whisper sweet nuthins to.

Of course, the wimps who hold the whip hand over the all important radio stations have a lot to answer for, but it's still depressing that bands like the Outlaws, .38 Special, REO, BOC, Toto, Kansas and the rest don't put the hobnail boot in instead of prancing around in specially softened Gucci slippers.

DAVID LEWIS

SHRIEKBACK 'Tench' (Y Records Y21)***

YOU THINK, cynical pig, that you aren't at all... Oh God not another one of those let's-get-wild-in-the-jungle, Ledbrooke Grove Pigbag, Rip Rig and the Kitchen Sink

aboriginals!

What with the screwy writing on the sleeve (it upsets Robbi Millar's eyes) and the action packed and blurred miniature photos of Shriekback, and the (wh)Y connection. What I'm saying is, there is an unfortunate air of the Intellect about Shriekback.

Shriekback are like XTC-meets-23 Skidoo in truth. They are almost brilliant; but not quite. And it's the strategy of that 'not quiteness' that is most annoying. When all's said and done, Shriekback suffer from their Barry Andrews and Dave 'Gang Of Four' Allen roots. There is something, that thing that holds all the healthy inscrutable muted funk back from the brink of being superlative, that is second-hand about Shriekback that they'll probably never get over.

Mind you, roots and all, the attempt is marvellous. There are stirring moments here! Moments, pleasing little 'nowhere' snippets of modernised Sly Stone (like 'Family Affair', only gone ghetto gaga) that raise you to great heights, only to let you down on the sombre flatness of

tracks like 'Here Comes My Hand Clap' or 'Moth Loop', wry little comments that are the wrong side of being deliberately prosaic and madly 'new' in approach.

Oh yes, 'Shriekback search wonderfully for the new (have to, amid 'Lexicons' and 'Bedrooms') but too often you — maybe because it is two old has-beens doin' it — get a glimpse behind the camera at all that exertion going on. And it doesn't come up to standard.

Shriekback, unfortunately, are working from the wrong end of the continuum that features Skidoos at that one extreme. It's as if Allen and Andrews are ultimately slumming it when they've no right to. Nobody has a God given right to be a classy mid-field player in r'n'r, that's what I'm saying. Shriekback assume an area they'll 'work out and at'. That's no use!

In the end Shriekback are too up-to-date. What is missing most is the feeling of love and affection (think of Bananarama, or Gerry Armstrong) that comes from being caught unawares at being enthused.

DAVE McCULLOUGH

J D Perivolaris

VARIOUS ARTISTS
'Music And Rhythm'
(WEA K68045) *****

'THE WORLD Of Music Arts And Dance' sounds like one of those old Decca cheapo compilations like 'The Wonderful World Of The Bachelors' or 'The Wonderful World Of Hits Volume Seven', but don't be deceived. This is indeed a wonderful collection although it's closer to the sort of thing John Peel might put together from the wilder moments of his radio show.

In fact it's the brainchild of the WOMAD Festival who've been quietly getting their act together for this weekend at the Royal Showground near Shepton Mallet. They are the people who brought you the excellent record-zine *The Bristol Recorder* and if the festival lives up to the promise of the album they will have established themselves as a major creative force on the music scene.

By no means all the 21 artists appearing on this double album will be playing at the festival but it's an invigorating vinyl manifesto for their intentions — to set modern rock music alongside ethnic music from all over the world.

The main 'significance' to modern rock students will be the tracks from Peter Gabriel and Pete Townshend, both specially recorded and both more than worthy of their weighty reputations. For Gabriel (who has close ties with WOMAD) it's his first new recording for over two years and he's got together with Police drummer Stewart Copeland, Shakti violinist L Shankar and ex-Random Hold guitarist David Rhodes for an intriguing segue of rhythms and sounds called 'Across The River'. Gabriel is featured in keyboards and vocal wails while Shankar and Copeland work their passage in diverse but ultimately compatible styles and Rhodes comes in with a crucial lift for the song towards the end.

Townshend's 'Ascension Two' is off the wall, even by his standards. Using the basic Who line-up minus Daltrey he suddenly tries out a whole new style of melody and arrangement, striking up a rewarding relationship with producer Steve Lillywhite in the process.

On the rest of the Western rock front, XTC donate one of the more bracing tracks from their 'English Settlement' album with 'It's Nearly Africa', the Beat have remixed 'Mirror In The Bathroom' to good effect, Peter Hammill keeps in touch with the considered 'A Ritual Mask' and David Byrne offers the inimitable 'His Wife Refused' from his 'Catherine Wheel' sound track.

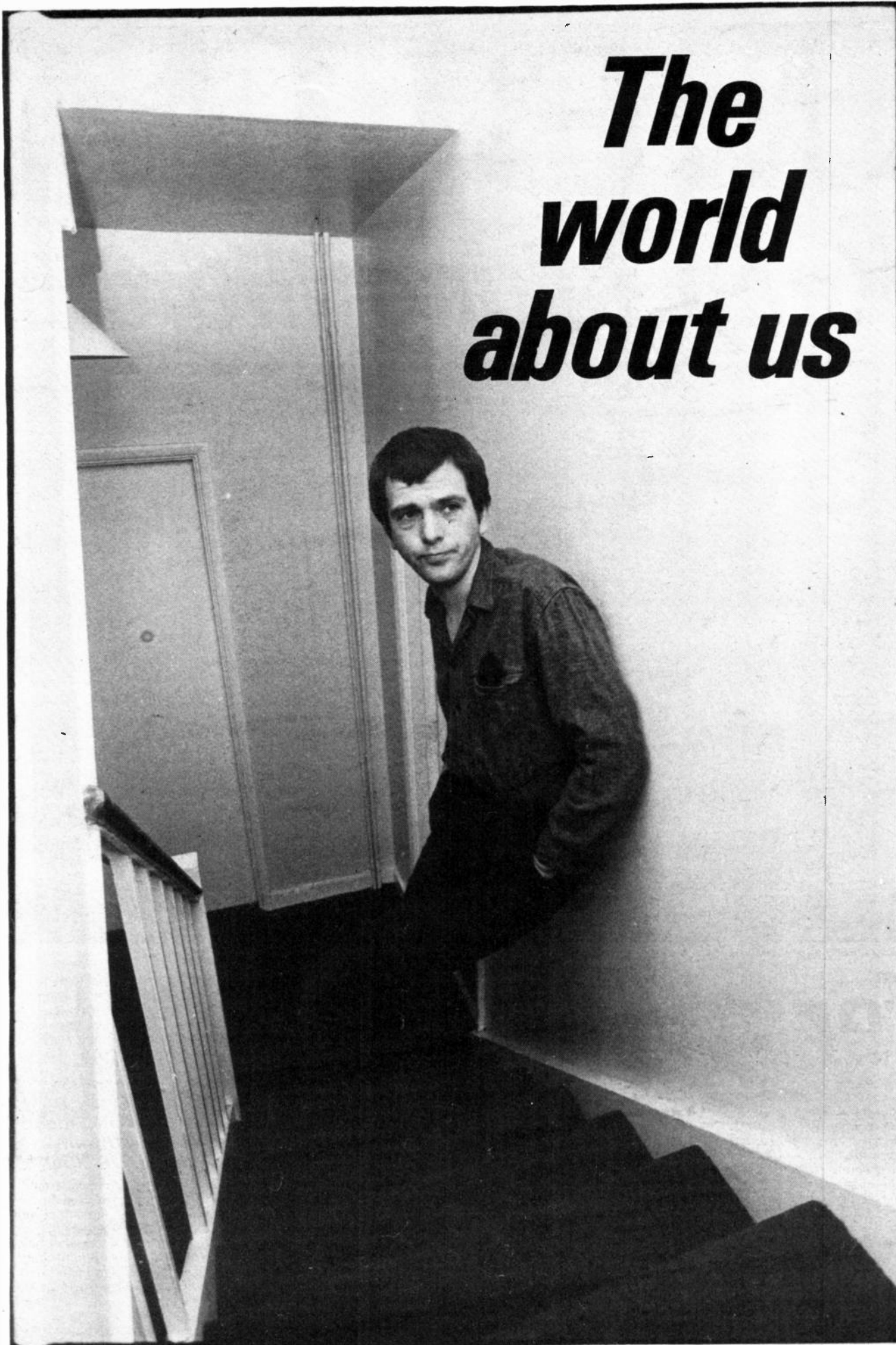
For high jinks you can try the Drummers Of Burundi living up to all Malcolm McLaren's hype (1) and drumming Adam Ant and Bow Wow Wow into their make-up boxes, Prince Nico Mbarga And Rockfil Jazz sounding like Nigeria's answer to Buddy Holly, the stylish wit of Mighty Sparrow and his snazzy brass band and Holgar Cuzukay introducing Stockhausen to the Archies.

For a more meaningful nodding of the head there's Morris Pert's Arab-rock fusion, Jam producer Vic Coppersmith-Heaven indulging his passion for Balinese music, Jon Hassell grazing in Eno-esque pastures and Shankar and Bill Lovelady concocting Indian pop anthems.

Or you can get into the anthropological groove with a 1958 recording of two 12-year old Mogagado xylophonists, a kora (21-string harp) player from Senegambia in his mid-fifties or Muslim folk rockers Nusrat Fateh Ali Khan.

You won't possibly like all of it but as long as you don't make up your mind in advance you'll enjoy most of it.

HUGH FIELDER



PETER GABRIEL: his first new recording for two years. Exciting, eh?

THE CHURCH
'The Blurred Crusade'
(Carrere CAL 140) * 1/2**

THE CHURCH, by christening their second album 'The Blurred Crusade', provide us with an emblematic image of their music which, like so many churches throughout this troubled parish, is rather Victorian, cloistered and decorative, if vaguely deferential to its avowed progenitors.

And, like the sermons aired in these same churches, the Church often become soporific and academic from the introspective and cocooned nature of their idealistic pursuits, landlocked onto an astral plane of none-reciprocal emotions.

But it's easy to play devil's advocate so I'll play at Good Samaritan briefly and say in recompense that the Church, despite their surplus of pensive (and, fiscally, expensive) tail-chasing, are sometimes teasingly inspired.

'Teasingly', I say, because though much of 'The Blurred Crusade' possesses a sensual,

and runny passion, it is ever-smothered by a lifeless breeze, a warm, sticky rain that drains and strains the melodies to baby-food consistency.

The Church's crusade means reaching drowsily for an outlet for their songs, a catch-phrase solidity, that is not quite attained, resulting in a sediment of indulgence and staid musicianship gathering at the bottom of each composition, emphasising the casual and unchallenging half-way watermark of the performance.

Prime impediment to the Church excelling must be the vocals, all monotonal and world-wearyed in the extreme, with Steve Kilbey, also the bassist and main songwriter, setting the style. Placidly droning with no inclination to excite or incite, the singing is a strange bedfellow for the driving harmonics and dry crusts of the twelve and six string guitars that permeate every song to the limit with melodic underlining.

Frustratingly, the Church thwart themselves repeatedly by obviously wasting their mastery of their instruments, never fully exploiting the possibilities they offer, particularly the

twelve-string, which is surprisingly flaccid for a group no doubt well acquainted with the inherent power of this now much neglected mainstay of the Sixties bands they seem purposefully, if objectively, to emulate and draw parallels with.

The Church's sound is peculiarly antiquated yet wholly contemporary, emulsified, mutant folk-rock of a kind, a description plainly deserved for the Dylanesque 'Just For You', with its dusty and shimmering guitars and the embryonic complexity of the arrangement is reminiscent of The Who on the verge of 'Tommy'. 'Almost With You' has a bleary-eyed verve, a slow dance of picked and strummed guitars, withdrawn and soft-centred.

Aztec Camera's acoustic drama comes to mind with 'To Be In Your Eyes' and, at their best, the Church can affect the sort of subtly, strong naivete of the Postcard crew, for The Church are not in the least decadent, merely decorous.

The Church, if you'll permit a pun, are in need of reformation methinks, because, on the threshold of perfection, with their glistening rainshowers of

guitar and ponderous, often intoxicating meditations, they lack the crucial motivation to cross the thin dividing line between the going and the real gone. Trapped cadences, tripped up pieces of mind and technique deserving of more demanding application lead the Church astray and, for the present, subject to change, my stand on this bit of heaven is decidedly agnostic.

RALPH TRAITOR

ASWAD
'Not Satisfied'
(CBS CBS 85666) ***

IT IS EASY enough to understand *what* Aswad are about (man), but not quite as simple to understand *why* they choose to put across their messages with such a smooth sound. Infinitely preferable would be a nastier, dirtier rockers rhythm to back up the lyrical tracts.

Hot on the heels of the brilliant 'New Chapter Of Dub' comes 'Not Satisfied', and one can't fail to draw comparisons. Compare the rash urgency and depth of 'NCOD' with the latest Aswad platter. Then you will

be able to see the path they would have taken to reach 'Not Satisfied'. It is a path that is strewn with objects that are a lot rougher and more tangible than the ones they have discovered. It would have made 'Not...' an album with a deal more shape and form.

Not to say that this album is a total wash-out, it is only once the smashed expectations have been soothed that you can start to see something more in 'Not Satisfied'. What you find there is definitely a smoother (could its palatability be a drawback? In that it is *too* simply swallowed?), but just as urgent music. For Aswad show that the more sophisticated — perhaps *too* much so — reggae that they play here can snap at your heels as well as the power they played with on 'NCOD'.

'Drum And Bass Line' is a natural example of Aswad's ability to twist rhythm and melody into a hard-driving tune, but then spoiling it by making the production soothe the savage beast, instead of enraging him. This is the conclusion that we find ourselves inexorably pushed towards:

Aswad know what they're about, but they're going about it the wrong way.

They are burying their songs with the God-awful production, there are so few moments on 'Not...' that really *do* satisfy, that actually have the spirit and the sound to jump out of the sludge-like vinyl and grab. On 'Not...' we have been left with half a record — all the edges have been smoothed off — whereas we should have received the whole record that is still struggling to get out.

C'mon Aswad, tuffen up.
CHRIS BURKHAM

CREATION REBEL
'Lows And Highs'
(Cherry Red B RED 33) * 1/2**

I DON'T know how Creation Rebel came upon the title for this album, but they sure hit the nail on the head; it is an awesome mixture of the incredible and the incomprehensible. At a time when a great deal of modern reggae sounds flat and samey to these ears, Creation Rebel deserve credit for being prepared to experiment, to attempt to create a new sound. The problem is that, on a fair proportion of this album, the experiment just doesn't work at all.

But on a record of lows and highs we begin with the highs, with the tracks which just about earn it an above-average rating. The opener, 'Independent Man Parts 1&2', is a gorgeous melody with scorching lyrics followed by an inventive dub track. 'Rebel Party' is an inspired instrumental, reminiscent of 'Double Barrel', and the other two tracks, 'A Reasoning' and 'No Peace', are excellent songs with, once again, inventive production.

Turn the record over and the problems start; although not immediately since 'Love I Can Feel' maintains the high quality standard, while sounding almost disconcertingly like Errol Dunkley's 'OK Fred'.

The next track, 'Rubber Skirt Parts 1-3' is *awful* — an incredibly long and tedious flute/sax solo with standard fourth division reggae backing. It tries to be different but ends up sounding lame, and the same can be said for the last two offerings, 'Creation Rebel' and the abysmal and unfortunately named closer, 'Creative Involvements' which is the musical equivalent of a sea of mud.

You get the impression that the band ran out of ideas halfway through side two but, even so, this can't be described as a bad album because the gems on the first side still manage to overshadow the dross on the second.

'Lows And Highs'. Like I said, aptly named.

JOHN OPPOSITION



DAVE HILL, Demon vocalist: really, really scary (chortle)

Lucifer rousing

DEMON 'The Unexpected Guest' (Carrere CAL 139)****

OUR TALES of 'The Unexpected' start with a ponder-worthy sleeve. In swimmable blue tones, the front cover is seemingly the distorted face — lips in Jagger-mouthed sprawl, tongue be-hung Simmons-style, nostrils flared — of say a baboon, or a dog... or a daemon.

But before you quakers stretch for your Bibles, scrutinise the picture closely. It's a rippling torso, straight out of a Batman comic's Bullworker ad. Unexpected. Weird.

Within the gatefold is worse. Photographs of two ogreish manifestations adorn it, one white-bearded, wrinkled and not unresemblant to Ian Anderson, the other wombish, bald and like his brother, Angry (Are you sure? — Ed.).

The first is actually the mysterious Father Of Time referred to on these Stoke hell-stokers' first sacrifice 'Night Of The Demon' last year. The second pertains to a song, 'Sign Of A Madman', on this new, improved offering. And the remainder is filled by lyrics.

I say 'new, improved' because this album has dispensed with the schizophrenic insecurity of 'NOTD' — where if you remember, Demon dabbled unsurely between the diabolical Dark Arts on one side and a straight-down-the-line rattle overflip.

Here we undividedly confront the supernatural, the fourth dimension, the psychic, and the evil with all the brash boldness of the USS Enterprise.

Side one sets the atmosphere immediately with the nightmarish horror-movie 'Intro: An Observation', picturing the high-strung suspense of the Unexpected Guest's Hitchcock-like slow footsie approach to a helplessly panting girl.

Then, with a gutbucket surge, we sear into 'Don't

Break The Circle', the first standout track with a greedy amount of wheezy, red-hot riffs just to make sure, and ominous chants of the title thrown in to transport you to the mystic scenario of seances.

Instantly it's established that Demon's forte is lively, luscious HM, not, as you might expect, anything more doom-laden and Sabs-like. Pete Hinton's zingy production is responsible for many-a-fold an enhancement, bringing some insidiously ordinary songs to life.

'The Spell' bubbles like witches brew in a cauldron with the powerhouse pounding of John Wright, buzzing synth and bluntly bruising guitar.

'Total Possession', a titillating tale with overtones of *The Exorcist*, puts myriad rifting into a format viz UFO around 'Obsession' time, an influence also entertainingly evident on 'Beyond The Gates' and technically certain due to Les Hunt's wah-wahed lead seeps.

The aforementioned 'Sign Of A Madman' paean to Lennon's slayer, the raunchy Rabin-esque 'Have We Been Here Before?' and 'Victim Of Fortune' all ooze class of a distinctly American supposition, but retain sufficiently Brit rogueish heaviness. Almost throughout, a constantly roof-thumping energy threshold is maintained, but basking in melody, Demon might have discovered their supreme success formula.

Only in 'Strange Institution', my personal fave, are the brakes applied in spicey, slow-burning epic style, for what seems to be a lament for a vegetabilised man on life support systems (!). But 'The Grand Illusion' soon resurrects the level, courtesy the slicing swifthan rhythm guitar of Mal Spooner, and here vocalist Dave Hill delivers his most gravel-scrapen growl in reciting the alcoholic blues (which are, of course *The work of the devil*).

Elsewhere his voice could be Meat Loaf's or possibly Phil Mogg's or Graham Bonnet's rotating at about 20 rpm.

The so-so 'Deliver Us From

Evil' closes the record, a foreboding warning of the predicament of sinners when their number's up, in which I think you'll see that The Unexpected Guest is, in fact, death... and as the needle spirals out, the Guest spookily leaves, leaden-footed, no sound of the panting girl to be heard...

I guess you could call Demon the thinking man's Venom.

PHIL BELL

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Sound D' Afrique Volume II 'Soukous' (Island ISSP 4008)****½

HOT ON THE heels of last week's superb King Sunny Ade release comes this further sample of the delights that African music has to offer.

The aforementioned 'Sign Of A Madman' paean to Lennon's slayer, the raunchy Rabin-esque 'Have We Been Here Before?' and 'Victim Of Fortune' all ooze class of a distinctly American supposition, but retain sufficiently Brit rogueish heaviness. Almost throughout, a constantly roof-thumping energy threshold is maintained, but basking in melody, Demon might have discovered their supreme success formula.

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I guess you could call Demon the thinking man's Venom.

universal language of humanity and human involvement and it is this essential ingredient that makes this music glow and glisten even in these dark times.

The heat rolls out the moment the needle is dropped on the first grooves of the record. 'Dede Priscilla', presumably an ode of affection by Lea Lignanzi, lets loose a carnival spirit that is created by the solid backbone of brass twisting and turning, a veritable instrumental tornado that wreaks havoc on conventional musical standards. This, together with an equally twisted electric guitar and bass line, gives the occasional feeling that it is not just people from a different country playing this music but beings from another planet as the instruments are persuaded to make sounds that they were never designed to reproduce.

That same adventurous, fresh feel carries through to the rest of the tracks on display here, the beat in all its many guises and cross overs gently rolls over and caresses, there are no hidden barbs to get snagged on, just a lot of very clever hooks.

That first taste of Lea Lignanzi, however, has made me hungry to hear more and, hopefully, as they have with Pablo Lubadika Porthos, Island will invest further. Incidentally Pablo provides the one gripe about this collection. His four track album 'Ma Coco' has already been released by Island as two 12" singles, one of the tracks 'Bo Mbanda' was on the first 'Sound D' Afrique' and now another track, 'Madelina', is duplicated on 'Volume II'. All very well if you are a stranger to Pablo's galloping guitar stampede complete with female harmonies, but for those who have been faithful to the 'series' so far it's a wasted track that hints at a last minute decision from the hands of the compilers.

Apart from this minor setback the combined strengths shown by the record's remaining contributors Mensy, Wonga Aye, Moussa Doumbia,

Jeff Louna and Asi Kapela make for an essential listening experience that, given the chance, could truly enhance your life if only for a moment.

EDWIN POUNCEY

CHARGE 'Caged And Staged' (Trikont/Unsere Stimme US 0076)****

CHARGE HAVE been around for a fair bit now. I remember them from the dim and distant days of '78 or thereabouts.

The reason we haven't heard much about them, until Stu P. Didiot's recent prominence in the *Sounds* Men In Frocks debate, is partly at least due to the fact that they've been touting their stuff round Germany; this album was indeed recorded in the land of bratwurst and Rummenigge. Recorded live in fact, at Schorndorf and Nagold (it says on the sleeve) and if this is Charge live, then I'm all for it.

'Caged And Staged' contains no less than eighteen tracks, and these range from the pleasant to the exceptional. Most exceptional of all are the whirlwind opener 'Alone At Midnight', the melodic 'Even On A Sunday Night' and, above all, 'So What!' which has nothing whatsoever to do with the Anti-Nowhere League and doesn't need naughty words to make a firm impact on the ears.

'Rather Be Crazy' and the closing anthem 'No One Rules' also stand out and, in truth, the whole thing fits together very well, driving along at breakneck speed with brief introductions between songs from singer Iain. The sound quality is also pretty good, always a point worth making when you're talking about a live album.

If I was going to make any criticisms, I'd say that the LP is a bit one paced in places (a few more backing vocals wouldn't go amiss) and above all, that the audience's response should have been higher in the mix. The distant cheering inbetween numbers gives the impression that the punters are all congregated several hundred yards away from the stage, or that there are only a handful of people there!

But these are small moans indeed. Overall, it's a worthy effort — and to crown it all you

get a free booklet with the lyrics in English and German and some pictures of the band. 'Caged And Staged' should do well, both here and in Charge's adopted European homeland.

JOHN OPPOSITION

THE LEAGUE UNLIMITED ORCHESTRA 'Love And Dancing' (Virgin OVED 6)***

AS A PRODUCTION, and little else, this veers extremely close to an area that is marked clever-clever rather than brilliant. And brilliance is obviously what The Human Leage were aiming for — everything about them suggests that they wouldn't stop short for anything less. But they have.

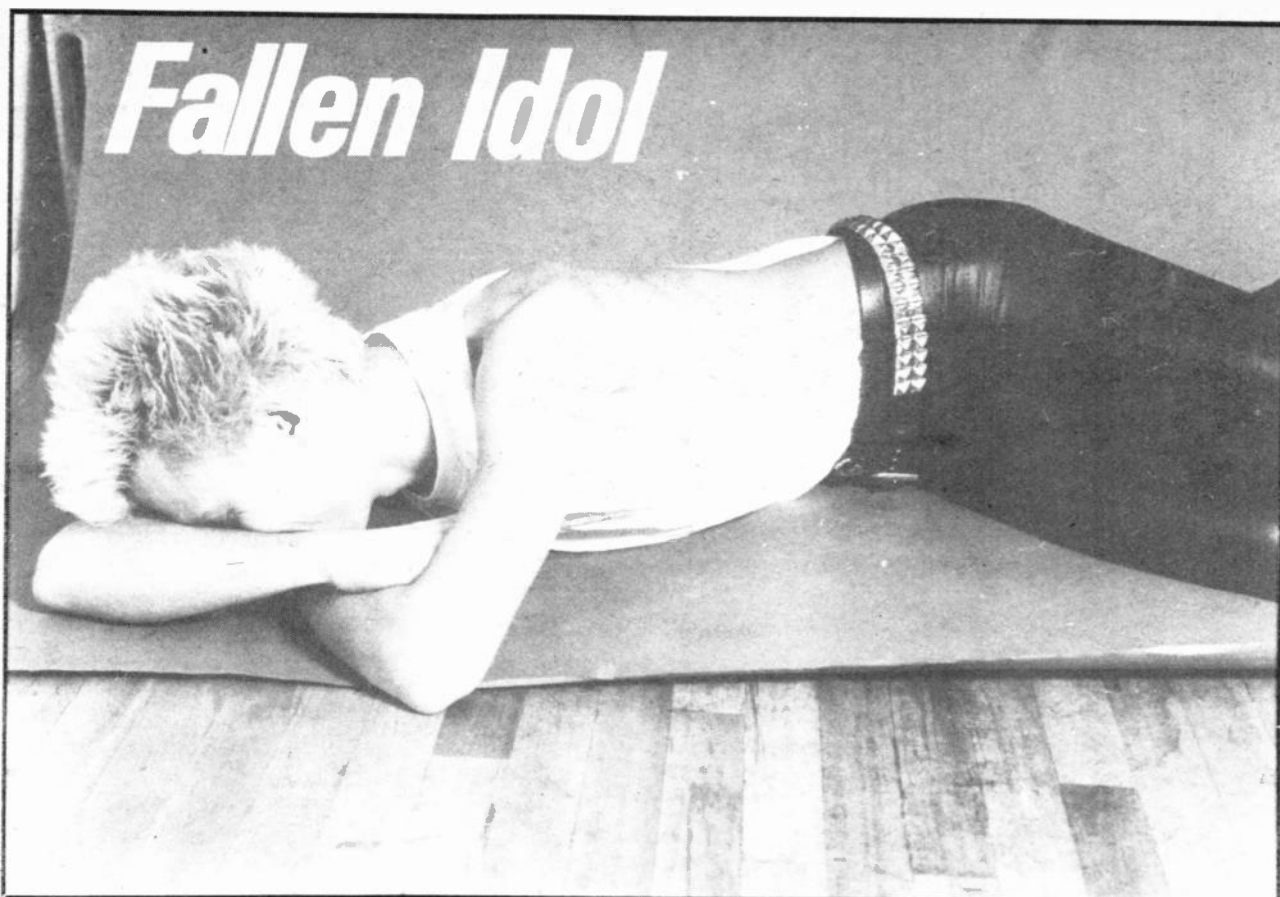
There is too much safety involved in 'Love And Dancing', almost as if Martin Rushent threw the whole (mini) LP together in a matter of hours. It is all very easily listened to, a surface of sound to lazily skim across, altogether a very pleasant LP. Which, of course, isn't really enough.

The League should have come to terms with the fact that if you are going to pump out self-confessed, MOR Abba-style melodies, then you cannot attempt what amounts to dub versions of those same songs, it just won't work. And it hasn't.

The Human League are just too bloody FAT to pull off a stunt like this. If they were hungrier and leaner, then 'Love Etc' would have been grittier and meaner. Then it would have included songs that Rushent hadn't originally produced — can you imagine 'Being Boiled' getting the rape treatment from Grandmaster Flash in Scratch's JA studio? That is what 'Love Etc' should have been — and maybe even some unreleased material. Do you grasp my drift?

What a feat! The perfect, plastic, middle of nowhere LP for the non-listening masses. On that level it is brilliant and on that level I could love it. Unfortunately though, I prefer my entertainment with a little less excess flab, a little more silhouette.

CHRIS BURKHAM



BILLY IDOL: he might well hide his face in shame

BILLY IDOL **'Billy Idol'** (Chrysalis CHR 1377)**

WHAT EXACTLY is Billy Idol playing at?

It wasn't enough that he ran off to New York to be manhandled by the Kiss Aucoin Management with his crate of peroxide, he then re-released Gen X's penultimate single 'Dancing With Myself' with nary a mention of his old alumni, consequently reaping credit for himself dishonestly.

So what? It's a jungle out there right, and if this debut solo unveiling was one man's masterpiece, you could forgive Le Idol, maybe. What rules out any leniency

is the naked truth that this album is a scoop of gutless cosmetic perjury masquerading as dancefloor dynamism, a floundering void of watered-down pop.

Idol drops one advance clue; the sleeve portrait where the lad is all macho chic, proudly displaying his tattoo and enough cheek suction to drain the Thames. From there the damage is self-evident; ten soundalike, minimal, transparent and utterly riskless follies. 'White Wedding' is the single moment of sanity, a hard-top crooner that'd be fine away from these insurmountable norms.

Usually Idol toys with styles, veering from the crawlingly Ant-ified tribalisms of 'Love Calling' to the creeping HM of 'Hole In

The Wall'.

Maybe it is better to sell out than it is to rust but this pandering pule is a bonafide disappointment of the first magnitude, music as emaciated as its composer's ego is bloated. The Idol sound of 1982 is a limp and languid party favour no-one wants.

Idol aims according to his grandiloquent biog, are 'to make great records and enjoy himself'. I hope he's enjoying himself . . .

RALPH TRAITOR

THE QUICK **'Fascinating Rhythm'** (Epic EPC 85569)****½

AN ODDITY. The only way the Quick fire into our

English rock context is by virtual artistic emigration to the Americas, especially the New York disco scene, leaving us with a music that because of this is all the more off-centre and uncommonly sweet.

The Quick are into mascara, Hall and Oates and pieces of Spandau, Adam, Police. In short, they're very young and very jealous and they want to be rich sooner than soon. This is all very corrupt and silly but, again, it's just because of their, well, their *innocence* that the Quick's album proves such an unholy treat.

The Hall and Oates link is, predictably, vital. Why hasn't anyone copied them this closely in the past? It leads to the Quick duo — probably Scots, *nearly* good-looking —

of George McFarlane and Col Campsie setting out their oeuvre based round great *lakes* of floating, sparse American disco rhythms. Great shivering jellies of kitsch Gaynor and AWB that have an agreeably spacey effect about them.

'Katy Can't' shows it best; it's their 'Sarah Smiles' and will be a huge hit given the correct exposure. This too is where the Quick show they're more than creators of a soupy sparse disco sound — they're good pop merchants as well, keeping everything brief and mixing a lyrical romanticism with the kind of gross eye-lined coolness that is just . . . irresistible!

The overall effect in the end is pleasingly *about* that US emigration. The Quick from their hapless hopeless name on, are Englishers trying desperately to be Americans and the margin between attempt and failure makes for everything on 'Fascinating Rhythms'.

It's a probable bargain bin investment to look out for, at worst Steve Harley ('Sharks Are Cool, Jets Are Hot', 'Young Men Drive Fast') and at best up there with patrons H and A.

The most important credits on the gushing, emotional sleeve are to 'our mums and dads'. Like I say, all good clean, fascinating fun.

DAVE McCULLOUGH

ROY WOOD **'The Singles'** (Speed Records SPEED 1000)****

AS ONE of the few albums able to unite the Sounds writers' diverse,

idiosyncratic and sometimes downright bigoted musical tastes, this Roy Wood compilation deserves sunshine praise born of more than just summer nostalgia. But there is a dark cloud on the horizon . . .

Namely, although the track listing cleverly mixes material from the early Move pop psychedelia ('I Can Hear The Grass Grow', 'Flowers In

The Rain' and 'Fire Brigade') with the second phase of glam success with Wizzard ('See My Baby Jive' and 'Angel Fingers'), it apparently misses out the latter part of the Move's experimental period (from 'Curly' through to 'When Alice Comes Back To The Farm' and 'Brontosaurus') which directly led to the formation of the Electric Light Orchestra, originally Wood's own brain-child before Jeff Lynne's Beatle fascination asserted itself.

Now, I'm told the choice of singles is Roy's but maybe he's just too close to recognise true genius! Why else would he omit 'I Wish It Could Be Christmas Every Day', 'Ball Park Incident' and 'Elaine'?

But these quibbles aside, it's not bad for the first band ever played on Radio One when it started broadcasting in 1967, and you'll probably hear a few of these tracks at my next party . . .

JOHNNY WALLER

CIRCLE JERKS **'Wild In The Streets'** (Step Forward SFLP 8)***

THE CIRCLE Jerks hail from Los Angeles; and they don't mess about. The protest is hard and angry, the anti-bomb, anti-Reagan sentiments entirely laudable.

As for the music, I'm not so sure. It's aggressive but it doesn't always seem to get anywhere. The band have interesting ideas but while they sound promising, they never come up with anything really memorable.

Side one contains the best songs on offer, these being the riproaring 'Stars and Stripes' and 'Leave Me Alone'. The rest tend to remind me of a weaker Adicts although the last number, a Lou Reed — inspired effort called 'Put A Little Love In Your Heart' ends the album on a high note.

JOHN OPPOSITION

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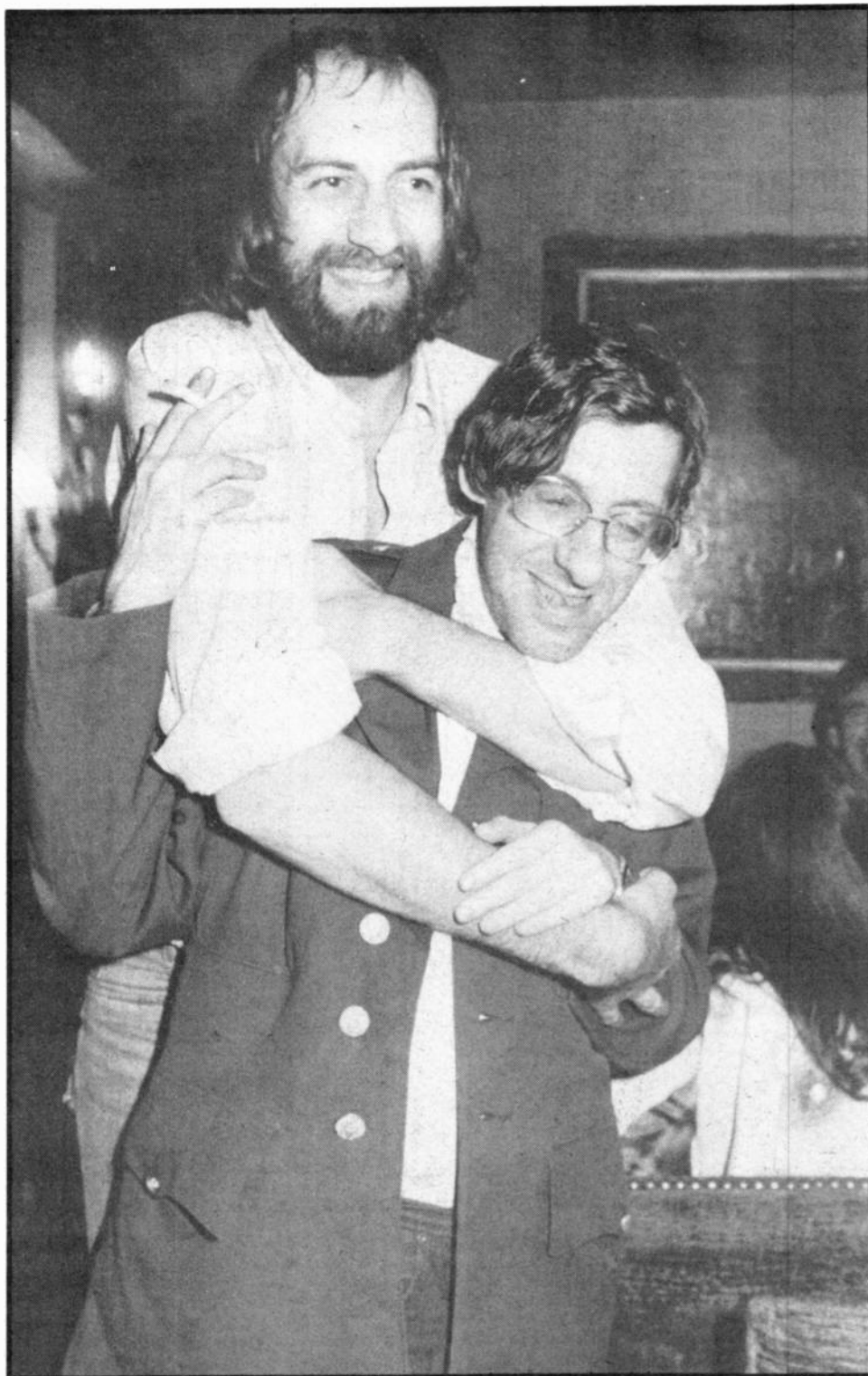
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A WARM hug of appreciation from Mick Fleetwood for our ecstatic reviewer

Hazy fantasy: or seeing is believing

FLEETWOOD MAC
'Mirage'
(Warner Bros K56952)****

FORMULA, BEATS-per-minute, ahhh. Fleetwood Mac really do have a lot of honour for folks with such a pile of cash. Coming after this line-up's eponymous breakthrough platter and the sullen beauty of 'Rumours', the double 'Tusk' was a brave but shrewd sidestep; people who milk and milk and milk one day find that their tits have fallen off. So not FM (thost apt initials!), the general usefulness of their extravagances forgiving, perhaps, the economically appropriate live double sloggo.

Now, 'Mirage' may bear superficial resemblance to 'Rumours', but in actuality it's far more UP, the lightweight feel locking with the title; it's 'Parallel Lines' (of what?) for Beverly Hills.

The cover photo, by George Hurrell, seems set to portray Lindsey Buckingham as sex-object supreme with Stevie and Christine fawning over him, while like a good Cheap Trick album the two dodgy geezers are consigned to the back. Like ABC, the Mac are still concerned with love: lost, tossed, reborn... Love in all its aspects. That many of the tunes cannot be called to mind after several plays is, for once, not a minus. It's the ringing, flighty nature of the creatures, all

harmonies and gossamer backing, that maketh the magic.

As always, Christine McVie is still perfect (geddit?), offering two of the best in the miraculous, meticulous cirrus hymn to a Beach Boy 'Only Over You' and side two's ecstatic, catchy rave-up of slinky repetition, 'Hold Me'. And yes, Stevie Nicks is still in fairyland and it's still fine by me, especially when on 'Gypsy' she comes up with the amazing line "So I'm back, to the velvet underground".

Of course, too, all would not be right in the garden if weird Lindsey Buckingham wasn't still putting broken glass in the paté sandwiches: 'Empire State' is tetchy, odd-rock about lusting after NYC instead of LA, the guitar as idiosyncratic as ever, as it is on his frantically compelling flare-up 'Eyes Of The World'. Just to prove he's a nice guy he also contributes 'Book Of Love' and 'Oh Diane', the latter being positively, perversely Bobby Vinton-esque in its unashamed schoolboy schlockiness.

Fleetwood and McVie the male are perhaps consigned to the valley of the back cover for a reason: They contribute nothing to 'Mirage' (except, of course, their not inconsiderable performing talents). Still, they look mighty pissed-off over there. 'Wish You Were Here' sings Christine at the end of the record. 'Mirage' is sooo good...

Let's start a Rumour.

SANDY ROBERTSON

Q-TIPS
'Live At Last'
(Rewind RELP 1001)****

IT WAS a neat idea that, calling themselves after a cotton bud on a stick that you shove in your ear to get all the rubbish out. They were just like that live, too, but sadly it was all too often a case of pearls before swine and now they're gone.

Like the 'those who have gallantly fallen in battle' list from the Falllands, there are plenty of namechecks on the

back of this obituary album sleeve, but the final dedication is very pointedly saved for "the people who've danced at our gigs and stuck with us these last two years" and wouldn't it be an ironic twist of the knife if this album were to prove the money-making vinyl that has so tantalisingly eluded them? But then, anything old Blue Eyes and Glitter Gut can do...

Lacking a little in imaginative promotion and suffering from a ludicrous 'old musos going through the motions' tag, the Q-Tips were for me one of the few bands, white or black, who managed to capture that raw Tamla/Stax soul excitement

without sounding like fawning or exploitive cover merchants.

Tracks like the tingling opener 'You Are The Life Inside Of Me', 'Sweet Talk', the lively R&B skip beat of 'Empty Bed', and raucous 'You're Gonna Love Me' and the slow burning ballads 'Broken Man' and 'A Man Can't Lose' are just a taste of the marvellous musical fun this band used to conjure up on stage with that soaring Hammond organ, that tighter than a Glaswegian on a Saturday night sassy brass sound and those sneaky rabbit-punches of guitar solos that spring out of nowhere and bring a chicken-skin shiver. And

on top of that beaverling, bristling band there is that lissom larynx of Paul Young. That perfect sandpaper-edged scream from the soul. Forget all that 'can white boys sing the blues' crap, this boy has a rasping, pleading pearl of a voice that would make a stone statue weep and a sergeant major wince.

Just for a bit of jokey realism (although I'm sure the sound has been sprucely spiced up in the studio with overdubs despite its 'live at Nottingham Theatre Royal' claim), they've even included some brief interval-style doodling from sax player Nick Payne, the shining hub of the band's pulsating three-man brass section, on a track called 'The Link'.

And at the end of the penultimate number, the closest they came to a chart hit in 'The Letter Song', there's the added ploy of a cheering crowd fade-out dove-tailing into an encore-style crowd roar as they reappear for what is in fact a recording of a 1981 Marquee performance of Eddie Floyd's 'Raise Your Hand' with the great man himself taking the lead on a memorable duet with Paul Young.

It's doubtless deliberate that there is no picture of the band members on the sleeve, just a lit stage with all the gear set up and ready. This time, more than at any other, this album is simply about the music — the magical live heights achieved by a band who are no more but whose class and craft was deserving of far more recognition and acclaim.

DAVID LEWIS

STEELY DAN
'Gold'
(MCA MCF3145)***½

THE TWO degenerates known as Steely Dan were so cruelly maligned for the wry 'Gaucho' that it kinda took my breath away. Leaving spaces in your music is not bland, it's difficult to do properly.

OK, driving Rick Derringer crazy by debating whether his solo on take 297 was more or less resonant than on 298 is not very nice, but genius rarely is. Hermits Becker and Fagen also have lyrics whose bite is so razor-keen that you don't often feel the teeth going in, which intellectual inferiors oft interpret as being boring. The Dan are too good, sometimes.

They maintain, though, that what they do is jazz. I dig it. Remember when all the great jazzers, Miles Davis included, used pop standards as an improvisatory base? I say Steely Dan are writing the free-bases of tomorrow for the free-basers of today. Haw-haw. The question is, is this compo needed? It being the second such, the answer is no, unless you don't have the cuts; note free 12" included with older Dan like 'Reeling In The Years' and 'Do It Again', all that... jazz.

The greatest justification for 'Gold' is the hours of fun it must've provided for our two heroic dragon-chasers as they transferred the original masters of 'Hey Nineteen', 'Chain Lightning' and 'Babylon Sisters' to the digital format. But if you own all the originals, you may just give 'Gold' the finger.

SANDY ROBERTSON

CROSBY STILLS AND NASH
'Daylight Again'
(Atlantic K50896)***½

I LAST heard Crosby Stills And Nash sinking disastrously in the East at the No Nukes Benefit in Central Park, their croaked and cracked harmonics tearing their classic songs into tattered ribbons. So it's with a certain amount of relief that I'm able to announce that they sound almost born again on this album.

It's a touching tribute to their former glory. Each of them has been able to come up with songs that reek of the bouquet of their first two albums. Those sweet melodies and harmonics are masterfully reproduced. It's only on closer inspection that you notice that the original verve and inspiration that created their style has been swallowed by the style itself.

But this is really the best anyone could hope for.

HUGH FIELDER

WAX FAX

BY BARRY LAZELL



PROFESSOR Barry Lazell (picture far right at the back), along with other musical literati, joins Man for the recording of the aptly titled 'Rhinos, Winos And Lunatics'.

THE HISTORY OF MAN

BRUCE BULLEN of Radford, Nottingham, makes the following plea: "Could you please give some info on releases by the late, lamented Welsh rock group Man?"

"You see, ever since obtaining a copy of 'Greasy Truckers' Party Live At The Roundhouse' a year or more ago, I've been trying to get hold of more of their albums, with a limited degree of success. I've found 'Golden Hour Of Man', 'Do You Like It Here Now, Are You Settling In?', 'Back Into The Future', 'Be Good To Yourself At Least Once A Day' and 'The Welsh Connection'.

"A friend also has 'Maximum Darkness' and 'Slow Motion', while I've found one single, 'Bananas (Part 1 & 2)', recorded at the same time as the live part of 'Back Into The Future' but for some reason not released for another three years (UA milking them dry after they moved to MCA?) I'm sure they did more albums, and would also like to know about other singles if there were any."

Apart from the albums you've already mentioned, Man recorded a further six and also appeared on another various artists assemblage in the UA tradition of 'Greasy Truckers' Party': this was the double album 'Christmas At The Patti' (United Artists UDX 20516).

Their first two releases were recorded under their original contract with Pye and were the sources of the tracks which appear on 'Golden Hour Of Man'. The original albums were: Pye NSPL 18275 'Revelation', Dawn DNLS 3003 '2ozs Of Plastic With A Hole In The Middle'.

The highlight of the first of these was 'Erotica', which got lots of airplay on Continental stations and was an instrumental accompanied by a lady doing orgasmic moans. It was even covered for single release by a French stripper named Rita! The second album opened with 'Prelude/The Storm', about which Alan Freeman used to go ga-ga, though some reviewers thought it was pretentious rubbish (of which there was a lot about at the time, certainly).

On to UA/Liberty, where their additional albums were: Liberty LBG 83484 'Man' (this was later reissued at mid-price on Sunset SLS 50380), United Artists USP 100 'Live At The Padgett Rooms, Penarth' (released in autumn of 1972 and now probably their rarest album), United Artists UAG 29631 'Rhinos, Winos And Lunatics'.

And finally, there was a second album under their MCA contract, released a lengthy 18 months or so after 'The Welsh Connection' and rejoicing in the appropriate title of 'All's Well That Ends Well' (MCA MCF 2815) — appropriate because by this time the band had decided to call it a day.

As for singles, there were very few and they're all going to be pretty hard to track down now. The one Pye offering coupled two tracks from the 'Revelation' album: Pye 7N 17684 'Sudden Life'/'Love'.

On Liberty two tracks were extracted from the 'Man' album: Liberty LBF 15448 'Daughter Of The Fireplace'/'Country Girl'.

UA singles in addition to the 'Bananas' maxi-single already mentioned, were: United Artists UP 35703 'Taking The Easy Way Out'/'California Silks And Satins', United Artists UP 35739 'Day And Night'/'A Hard Way To Love'.

And finally, two cuts from 'The Welsh

Connection' were tried out on single by MCA: MCA MCA 236 'Out Of Your Head'/'I'm A Love Taker'.

None of these, of course, even came close to being a hit and were early deletions, the reason for their rarity and collectibility for fans of the band today.

ANY MORE FOR ANY MOORE?

NEXT, TWO readers offer some additions to my recent run-down of Gary Moore's many and various appearances on record. David Edwards of Headingley, Leeds, comes up first with the following:

"Gary Moore only played on one track, 'Still In Love With You', on Thin Lizzy's 'Nightlife' album, although he did lay down two other tracks — 'It's Only Money' and 'Showdown' — amongst the material which gained Lizzy their deal with Phonogram. Both these cuts were later re-recorded with Brian Robertson and Scott Gorham on guitars.

"Prior to this, Gary played on the Lizzy single 'Little Darlin'/'Sitamoa' (Decca F 13507) and also did a John Peel session for the BBC with the band, which (tut tut) I taped. The tracks in this were 'Little Darlin'', 'Black Boys On The Corner', 'Sitamoa', 'Still In Love With You' (though with different lyrics from the 'Nightlife' and 'Live And Dangerous' versions) and 'It's Only Money' (a slightly different riff from the familiar version).

"Gary's 'Back On The Streets' title track was released as a single on MCA 386, the B-side being 'Track 9, a Colosseum-type number. Another MCA single was 'Spanish Guitar' (MCA 534), issued just after he left Lizzy once again; the flipside of this was an instrumental of the same song, with a different guitar solo at the end. A Vertigo Thin Lizzy single which featured Gary was 'Do Anything You Want To', coupled with the previously unreleased number 'Just The Two Of Us' (LIZZY 004).

"After G-Force, there was another solo release by Gary on Jet, a three-track EP which featured 'Nuclear Attack'/'Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood'/'Run To Your Mama' (JET 12016).

"He also appeared on some tracks on a Gary Boyle album, one cut on which was a superb workout called 'Gaz'. The LP was the follow-up to 'The Dancer', only I've forgotten the title. (Barry — you're right, David, the album was 'Electric Glide' by Boyle (Gull GULP 1028) in 1978).

"He has also worked in the Greedy Bastards pick-up band and with Ozzy Osbourne and appeared on Greg Lake's recent album."

Steve Atkinson of South Anston, Sheffield, also draws attention to this last appearance:

"Moore appeared on Greg Lake's first solo album in August last year, alongside Ted McKenna (ex-SAHB), Tommy Eyre (ex-Joe Cocker), Tristram Margetts and Lake himself. Gary also played live in this line-up at the Reading Festival and then moved on to do a full-scale tour of England with Lake (which Sounds didn't review!) I think he's also probably just appeared on the second Greg Lake solo offering."

As a postscript to the Lake connection, Steve asks whether there is a current Greg Lake Appreciation Society. Not that I know of, but if a club does exist, perhaps, in time-honoured fashion, they would let us know?

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originally recorded
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LOVE WILL TEAR US APART

originally recorded
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originally recorded
by Duran Duran

SIDE TWO

ALL STOOD STILL

originally recorded
by Ultravox

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originally recorded
by Teardrop Explodes

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Rocky Horrorscope

by NORTON FERRIS

ARIES (21st March-20th April) Looks like you'll be able to talk your way into some interesting situations between now and the weekend. You'll have a touch of the gift of the gab on Wednesday, which you should be able to exploit substantially on Thursday. Don't allow your confidence to produce carelessness on Friday though, or you could find yourself almost back at square one with both Pluto and Saturn ganging up against you on Saturday. You'll find it hard to avoid a brush with someone in authority (health officers inspecting your bedroom again?) Travel on Sunday should take you less time than you'd think.

TAURUS (21st April-21st May) Put into practice on Thursday a money-making idea that you start thinking about on Wednesday. You'll find ways of making existing resources more useful and productive. As a Taurean you tend to look after the pennies very well — it's the pounds you've got no control over! And with Neptune's extravagant aspect on Friday, there'll be no holding you back. Best leave your cash at home. Proceed at your own pace over the weekend — resist all efforts to rush you.

GEMINI (22nd May-21st June) Crazy day socially on Wednesday — resist any plans that look boring. If ever there was a time for good old-fashioned romance (arguable), Thursday's it. With a classic Venus/Pluto trine exerting its influence over you, now's your chance to breathe new life into a relationship that may have got into a bit of a rut. Plan a surprise outing or unexpected gift and you'll be glad you did. Don't be a soft touch to someone appealing to your sympathetic side on Friday. All will not be as it seems.

CANCER (22nd June-22nd July) A complimentary remark should please you on

Wednesday (such a rare event — no wonder!) but keep it to yourself rather than bragging about it to someone else. Prepare yourself to receive a bit of intuitive inspiration on Thursday. If you fancy yourself as a musician or writer, attempts at creativity should come off well. Don't try to concentrate too hard on work on Friday — as if you would! Your mind will be on vague concepts and ideas rather than practical things. Family problems could come to a head over the weekend. Try not to appear unreliable.

LEO (23rd July-23rd August) You have little to fear from trusting a proposal a friend puts to you on Wednesday. It will be worth following up. And on Thursday a trip to an old haunt you haven't been to in a while should prove interesting — you could re-establish contact with past friends (even if you are reminded why they're not current friends!) Not a good day on Friday for agreeing to do someone a favour. However uncharitable you may normally be, Friday's certainly not the day to break the habit of a lifetime and come to someone's aid — especially if money's involved. Don't trust bad news you hear over the weekend.

VIRGO (24th August-23rd September) If you're having to waste away the summer months earning money, look for ways of creating new perks for yourself on Wednesday. And on Thursday a bit of speculation should go your way — be prepared to take a few risks, even if it does mean putting your beer-money on the line. Someone could be trying to butter you up on Friday so be extra wary of any flattery you get and try to suss out what ulterior motive might be behind it. Neither a borrower nor a lender be over the weekend where friends are

involved. One way or the other you'll end up losing out.

LIBRA (24th September-23rd October) Check carefully into any plans put to you on Wednesday. They could involve rather a greater degree of financial commitment than at first appears. Perfect day on Thursday for reviving an old scheme in a revamped way — especially if related to the entertainment business. (If 'Happy Talk' can be No.1 what about a rock version of 'Supercalafraflisticexpialidocious'?) Your confidence and optimism will be quite infectious. Take promises made to you on Friday with a large pinch of salt — deception will be in the air then.

SCORPIO (24th October-22nd November) If you're feeling in need of some new clothes (your much-loved purple bell-bottoms having finally given up the ghost!) then Wednesday would be an ideal time for a wander round the shops. You should find it easier than usual to find the right stuff at the right price. Trust intuition rather than logic on Thursday — your hunches are likely to be more reliable. Beware of con-artists on Friday, however attractive the package may be. And be on your guard over the weekend — something going on behind the scenes might turn out to your disadvantage.

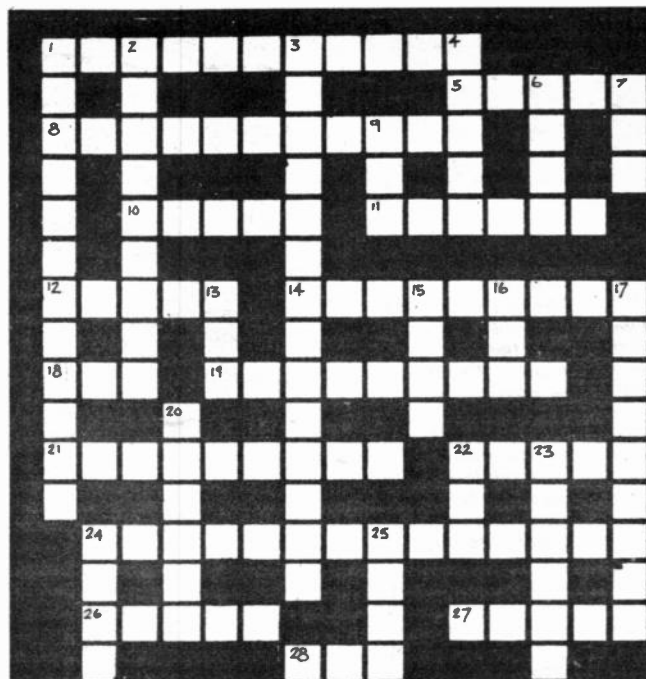
SAGITTARIUS (23rd November-21st December) Wednesday looks like turning out to be one of your lazier days — nothing overtly bad about it, but you'll find it difficult to muster much enthusiasm for anything. Try generating a bit of energy in the evening though. Teamwork is the key to Thursday. Whatever you're doing, you'll enjoy it far more with someone else than on your own (the mind boggles!) Don't wear your heart on your

sleeve on Friday — you could be misreading others' feelings then. Tact and diplomacy needed this weekend.

CAPRICORN (22nd December-20th January) You have a shrewd business sense which should stand you in good stead on Thursday, when you could find an interesting way of making a profit out of something others would consider worthless (you manage to sell your Nolans elpees?) Take care on Friday not to lose touch with reality — not a result of too much booze but a bad Neptune aspect which will be making you over-idealistic and impractical. Resist whenever possible the temptation to 'have a go' at people you don't like as you could lose face badly.

AQUARIUS (21st January-19th February) Time to put your well-known (?) powers of seduction to the test on Wednesday. Your charisma and magnetic attraction will be at a high (makes a change!) and you'll find it easy to be popular with the opposite sex. Even better on Thursday when Venus adds its helpful influence, enabling you to build on the previous day's foundations. There's something quite fresh and new about romance for you this week even if it's only a new dimension added to an old relationship. Let others guide you entertainment-wise on Friday — your taste will not be up to much.

PISCES (20th February-20th March) If you're short of the readies, Wednesday and Thursday would not be bad days to reveal the full misery of your negative financial situation to your parents. Could be they'll give you a bit more than just sympathy. Stay out of their way on Friday though or you might inadvertently put your foot in it and wipe out the good vibes. Being a Water Sign you are more emotional than many. But take care over the weekend not to let your jealous streak emerge too publicly.



BY SUE BUCKLEY

ACROSS

1. What all Pete's cowboys have (7,4)
5. Nurtured by Rush (5)
8. Descriptive of a league (4,7)
10. Winter Broughton (5)
11. They imitated Neil Armstrong (6)
12. How Dobie Gray got away (5)
14. Martha's old Motown girls (9)
18. She poisoned the Lambrettas (3)
19. Chain breaker (3,6)
21. Where Martha tanned her Muffins? (4,5)
22. Pat Travers made some (5)
24. Why The Mob are sure that there's no peace? (2,5,3,4)
26. Demanded by Bow Wow Wow (5)
27. Label for classic Chicago blues (5)
28. Damned rodent (3)

DOWN

1. What Geldof and co. enjoy (7,4)
2. Where to find Weller (2,3,4)
3. One who has put his diver down (6,3,5)
4. Metallic reggae pulse (5)
6. Bloom/Clapton (4)
7. and 15 down. Wonder's tribute to Ellington (3,4)
9. They had pictures in an exhibition (1,1,1)
13. AKA Loudman and Gonzo (3)
15. see 7 down
16. What Schenker let his dozy dogs do (3)
17. They walked into the room looking for sweets for their sweet (9)
20. Beatles' slumbers (6)
22. Brian's month (3)
23. Sab's Butler (6)
24. Haircut Heyward (4)
25. Eagles lived in this lane (4)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1. Killing Joke 5. Bob 7. London Calling 9. Get 10. America 11. The Banshees 13. Plant 14. Hop 15. Jap 16. PIL 18. Rosalie 20. Monsoon 23. White Riot 26. Back 27. Terry 28. Eden
DOWN: 1. Kill The Poor 2. Lennon 3. I Fought The Law 4. Kilimanjaro 5. Big 6. Bauhaus 8. Cat People 12. Exploited 17. Long Run 19. Space 21. Star 22. ABC 24. Hot 25. Ray

ROCK ALMANAC

Sunday July 18

- 1929 Birthday of Screamin' Jay Hawkins, originator of 'I Put A Spell On You' and the man who taught Alice Cooper and Lord Sutch a lot.
- 1939 Birthday of Dion, of the Belmonts, 'The Wanderer' and 'Abraham, Martin And John' fame, in the Bronx, New York.
- 1941 Birthday of Martha Reeves of Martha And The Vandellas, in Detroit, Michigan.
- 1970 A free concert in Hyde Park by the Pink Floyd featured 'Atom Heart Mother', previously premiered at the Bath Festival.
- 1980 Funeral of the Ruts' Malcolm Owen, found dead in his bath four days earlier.

Monday July 19

- 1945 Birthday of Bernie Leadon of the Eagles (and formerly the Flying Burrito Brothers).
- 1947 Birthday of Brian May of Queen, in Twickenham, London.
- 1973 Death of Clarence White of the Byrds, after being knocked down by a truck in Lancaster, California.
- 1976 Deep Purple broke up.
- 1980 David Bowie made his dramatic debut on stage as 'The Elephant Man', in Denver, Colorado.

Tuesday July 20

- 1945 Birthday of John Lodge of the Moody Blues, in Birmingham.
- 1956 Birthday of Paul Cook of the Sex Pistols.
- 1965 Bob Dylan created headlines with the release of what was the world's longest single up to that time. 'Like A Rolling Stone' was six minutes long and the flipside 'Gates Of Eden' just a second shorter.
- 1968 Paul McCartney heard about the termination of



MALCOLM OWEN R.I.P.

his engagement to Jane Asher when she announced it on the Simon Dee TV show.

1979 The Tom Robinson Band broke up.

Wednesday July 21

- 1947 Birthday of Cat Stevens (Steve Georgiou) of Greek and Swedish parents in London
- 1962 The Rolling Stones, a year before their first records, played their debut Marquee date in London.
- 1970 Kenny Everett was fired by the BBC after making what were described as 'derogatory remarks' on the air about a politician's wife.
- 1977 The Sex Pistols made their *Top Of The Pops* debut, playing 'Pretty Vacant'.

Thursday July 22

- 1940 Birthday of George Clinton, the mastermind of Funkadelic, Parliament, and several other spin-off freaked-out funk groups.

1946 Birthday of Don Henley of the Eagles, in California.

1969 Soul singer Aretha Franklin was arrested for disturbing the peace, in Detroit.

1977 The Adverts, featuring Gaye Advert and TV Smith, signed to ABC after a debut single for Stiff.

1978 London's Speakeasy Club closed down.

Friday July 23

- 1943 Birthday of Tony Joe White, 'swamp-rock' and writer of 'Polk Salad Annie' and 'Rainy Night In Georgia', in Oak Grove, Louisiana.
- 1946 Birthday of Andy Mackay, Bryan Ferry's long-time sax-playing cohort in Roxy Music.
- 1947 Birthday of David Essex (real name David Cook), in Plaistow, London.
- 1965 UK release of 'Help', the Beatles' second film title track, on a single.
- 1966 Harold Wilson re-opened Liverpool's Cavern Club, the ancestral home of the Merseybeat boom. It was demolished some years later.

Saturday July 24

- 1942 Birthday of Heinz (Burt), originally with the Tornados and then a solo hitmaker with 'Just Like Eddie' etc, in Hagen, Germany.
- 1946 Birthday of Alan Whitehead, drummer with late-60s hitmakers Marmalade. He married Swedish actress Lena Skoog, star of *The Four Dimensions Of Greta* and other eye-poppers.
- 1970 The Deviants' Mick Farris organised the 'Phun City Festival', bringing in the MCs as American guests.
- 1976 Elton John finally reached number one in the UK charts (in the company of Kiki Dee) with 'Don't Go Breaking My Heart'.

BARRY LAZELL

ALDO NOVA

from p.18

country to ballads to electropop tunes (the latter will come out this summer under an assumed name).

"This is the direction I chose for me because it is me. I live, breathe, sleep and am this music."

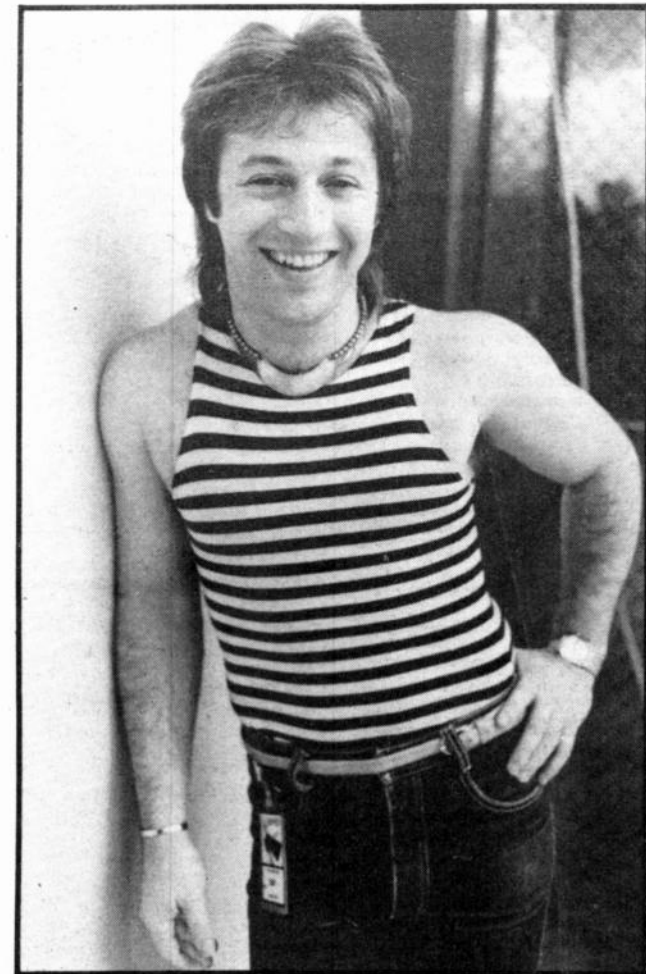
And he managed to convince several other people of the same, including Sandy Pearlman, Blue Oyster Cult and Black Sabbath manager not to mention songwriter, who heard some of Aldo's tapes when he was looking for a musician for his ongoing cosmic rock-opera project (starring ex BOC drummer Albert Bouchard) and offered to manage him. (Which is why Aldo will be on the BOC British tour this Autumn).

"The Beatlemania thing gave me independence as well as paid the bills. I didn't have to sign my life away to any first contract. I was making \$600 a week anyway, so I didn't care. If I felt comfortable with an offer, I took it." The album was 90% completed by the time he decided the offer from Portrait Records was right.

"I have a lot of ambition. I'm a fighter. If there's ever been an ambitious person you're looking at him. I'm very convicted about what I do, and it shows in whatever I do. I told everyone when I put it out, 'I want the record to go platinum. I'm not going to stop touring until it goes platinum'."

(Let's hope it goes platinum soon, then — Ed)

And he's already thinking about another album. Solo — absolutely solo — yet again. When he found this band —



with the help of Sandy in San Francisco — "It was strictly understood from the start that they're just a touring band. You make a decent amount of money, you get a mass exposure, and if you want to do something by yourself, fine, I'll help . . . And in as much as it's a solo thing on record, live it's a band. Everybody's out front." The players — Billy Carmassi, brother of Gamma/Heart's Denny, Kevin Carlson, David

Sikes and Paul Horwitz — are "The best looking band in the world. You'd go crazy for the guitar player — he looks like Ron Wood and Eddie Van Halen put together. I was looking for a look, a sound, an image. My image is Aldo Nova."

But what about the competition, Aldo? "I like that. You have to look good. Thousands of girls in America can't be wrong!"

Howl of the Banshees

LAST DECEMBER I sent a £3.50 membership fee to Billy Houlston, organiser of the Siouxsie And The Banshees fan club, expecting my first issue of the Siouxsie magazine later in the month. Was this a con? I contacted them at 1 Carthusian Street, London EC1 and wondered if they'd moved from there? Has the club folded? Or what? — Craig Innes, Dinas Powis

IT HASN'T folded but the edges have been a bit creased of late while Billy Houlston has been searching for a worthwhile and cheap printer to handle the club magazine and has been moving from office to office too.

We've been besieged by letters and phone calls from Siouxsie followers minus a regular shot of information and so has the band's management. But now he's found the printer. He's found an office. And the File has a new permanent address: Siouxsie And The Banshees File, c/o Hammersmith Studios, 55A Yeldon Road, Hammersmith, London W6.

All 1,000 club members, old and new, can expect at long last (we're told) the latest mag, postal problems allowing, by the end of next week. And membership, which now includes a badge, usual card, and four quarterly magazines, will be honoured in every case.

Hate mail

I'M WRITING to ask about postal charges abroad and stamped addressed envelopes. About a month ago, I wrote to the Golden Earring fan club c/o Willen Marislaam 419, Ede, Holland, as published in a Dutch copy of their second live album.

Firstly, I only put a 15p stamp on the envelope. What should I have included? Would the charge be the same to every country?

Secondly, I didn't enclose an sae. Are English stamps valid abroad? If not, how can a person send an sae to another country? — Neill Sansom, East Tilbury

WHEN MAILING letters abroad, always make sure the post office supplies you with the correct amount of postage for your envelope instead of simply hazarding a guess. Any letter to Europe, weighing up to 20 grammes, costs 19½p for example. Outside Europe, a letter up to and including 10 grammes costs 26p and up to 20 grammes costs 40p. That covers Canada, the States, Australia and anywhere else.

To stand a higher chance of a return reply, always enclose the foreign equivalent of a stamped addressed envelope, one or more international reply coupons. These come at a standard price, 30p a time. One coupon generally covers surface mail and two should ensure an airmail return. If in doubt about how many to send — just ask at the Post Office.

Silly Prix

I'M COMPELLED to write in disgust. As soon as it came out, I bought the Grand Prix album 'There For None To See'. But there was no lyric sheet included. Why?

When I wrote to RCA asking for the missing bit, I was sent a very abrupt letter, but no lyrics. If the record company can't supply the missing sheet, who can? — Adrian Coleman, Bristol

A CERTAIN quantity of 'There For None To See', the last Grand Prix album with RCA, was consigned to the shops without lyrics as these just weren't printed in time for D-day inclusion. Progress charts, especially record company style, don't always seem to work.

Despite your chilly reception first time around, RCA are sending you the sheet, post haste, and will



do the same for any other disgruntled punter as long as dwindling stocks last. Write to Grand Prix Lyrics, Press Office, RCA, 1 Bedford Avenue, London WC1.

Enough to make us sick

I'M WITH a band called Ad Nauseam who recently advertised a demo tape, price £1.00 through Sounds. We've just found out that some people have been selling the same tape for £2.00 or £2.50. That's nothing to do with us and no-one should pay this amount. — Steve, Portsmouth

SAD TO say, any dealer can sell your self-produced tapes and records at well over the retail price you've recommended if anyone is willing to pay. Maybe you should feel flattered that people are buying at an over-the-top price as well as annoyed.

Ad Nauseam tapes are available from Steve at 38 Maidstone Crescent, Wymering, Portsmouth, Hants.

Still on the tape track, it's strongly rumoured that one or two fast-buck merchants frequenting the small-ad columns aren't coming up with the goods. If you've been let down over an indie cassette order, put pen to paper fast.

A few words of advice

IS IT worth parting with money to firms who offer to set your lyrics to music? One of my friends thinks they're rip-offs. — R. Donaldson, Fife.

THIS IS one question which arrives on the Fair Deal desk ten times or more a week. Our advice? NEVER pay to have your lyrics set to music. The individuals who trade on the hopes, dreams and ambitions of young lyric writers won't offer any constructive criticism of your work, no matter how good, bad or indifferent it may be; and any tune they send along at a fiver or tenner a throw is highly unlikely to help you hit the big-time.

Why not simply advertise for a co-composer yourself? Take a classified ad with a music paper, or your local rag; put up a notice at school, college, or in a friendly record, music shop or bookstore.

Any amateur songwriter can also join BASCA, the British Academy Of Songwriters Composers And Authors, as an associate member for only £9.50 a year (cheques or postal orders payable to BASCA) and this membership entitles you to any amount of free legal and general advice you may need, plus a quarterly magazine. BASCA, 148 Charing Cross Road, London WC2 (tel: 01-240 2823).

Young writers who have been in touch with the "vanity" tune merchants let us know about your experiences.

Short changed

WHEN IS an LP not a long-

playing record? Following reader Ted Turecki's timely warning to other TV theme buffs that the current 'Television Theme Songs' collection by Mike Post (Elektra K52372) must be an all-time short-cut, measuring up at under 20 minutes, both sides included, we invited other shorty watchers to beat this record. And you did.

Short-changed contestants include Lloyd Pettiford, Herts, who cites mucho obscuro Canadian release 'Hardcore 81' from DOA (Friends 010) at 18 mins 13 secs. P.N. Zear of Hockley, stuns the stop watch with another "piddling pastiche of mindless muzak and moronic monologue", 'Teenage Rebellion' (Sidewalk), the soundtrack of the unknown film of the same name, at 18 mins 21 secs. Stephen Howe of Leeds fingers 'Sneakers' by the Flamin' Groovies (Line Records) at 17 min 10 secs. D. Watson, Fife, cites 'Devo Live' (Oved 1) at 16 mins 47 secs. And Paul P and Erich Knott, both from London, submit the esoteric 'Group Sex' by Los Angeles punk band the Circle Jerks at 15 minutes — precisely.

Overall winner of the promised record token is previously namechecked Erich Knott, owner of the outpourings of yet another LA punk combo, Wasted Youth (Sandblast), none other than 'Reagan's In', clocking in at an all-time (?)

record of 13 minutes and 40 secs. Send in your full address Erich and your token will be on its way.

Fringe benefit

I'VE HEARD a rumour that The Associates and several other bands will be playing the Edinburgh Fringe Festival this year. Could you help me out by giving details of dates and places.

Also, where can I send for a Festival programme? — Dave Brown, Caithness

YOU'RE RIGHT. The Associates are confirmed to play three nights at Edinburgh Assembly Rooms, August 19, 20 and 21, with support from The Delmontes.

Meanwhile, Pookiesnackenburg combine a mixture of music and theatre at Edinburgh Circuit, August 24-September 12, except Mondays.

An advance programme of fringe happenings including more music and street theatre costs 26p (in stamps) from Fringe Festival Office, 170 High Street, Edinburgh.

"These Rock Stars must have powerful lungs. You can hear them from Penzance to Aberdeen!"



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London Discline available throughout the year.

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Records this week include:—

HAPPY TALK Captain Sensible
ABRACADABRA The Steve Millar Band
INSIDE OUT Odyssey
FAME Irene Cara
MUSIC AND LIGHTS Imagination
A NIGHT TO REMEMBER Shelamar
I'VE NEVER BEEN TO ME Charlene
JUST WHO IS THE 5 O'CLOCK HERO The Jam
NO REGRETS Midge Ure
WORK THAT BODY Diana Ross



British TELECOM Guidelines

ON THE ROAD

Lumbering like the wolf

Lone Wolf
Bridge House

MUCH AS it pains me to say it, Paul Di'anno's Lone Wolf have got all the wolverine presence of a neutered tom cat. And tonight's poor showing of headbangers, Hammers division, indicated that most local punters had sussed that out already.

It's not that Lone Wolf are bad, they're just dull. Tight and forgettable dull. Unoriginal and uninspired dull. Lifeless and lack-lustre dull. Dull as the dishwater in the Crossroads motel kitchen.

"Don't expect us to be like Maiden," Paul warned pre-gig. And certainly there was none of the energy and excitement here that made Maiden's meteoric rise to metal's premier league so irresistible. Instead Lone Wolf proffered a lukewarm mix of watered down Whitesnake and the odd Maiden reference thrown in to keep the old Ruskin regulars happy.

Di'anno's desire to recreate himself in Coverdale's image was obvious from most of the song styles and his choice of line-up that included keyboards and second guitar; a particularly redundant play when neither guitarist provided any licks to perk up the unimaginative song structures.

I always had a lot of time for Di'anno in Maiden but now he's showing significant signs of wear. He's getting tubby, with a Blackmore-style bald spot emerging, and he just doesn't hit the high notes too well. His biggest mistake is taking on 'Remember Tomorrow', thus allowing direct comparison with his successor Bruce Dickinson. Next to Dickinson, who's as pro as Charlotte the Harlot, Podgy Paul is strictly amateur hour.

Sure there were a couple of better numbers. One filched a Maiden-esque guitar duet intro, 'Lone Wolf' smouldered with a half-inch Whitesnake riff, and Purple-esque keyboards abounded.

But face it, the raunchy face of tomorrow's rock 'n' roll this ain't, mate. And I reckon deep down Paul knows it.

GARRY BUSHELL

Agri-culture

Farmers
Boys/Popular
Voice
Dingwalls

BOTH THESE bands hail from Norwich and for their first couple of offerings, Popular Voice seem nothing more than Higson copyists. A similar brand of middle-weight funk with a singer who even moves and grips the mike-stand Switch-style.

But from their third song onwards, they break into a richer vein of rarely ploughed funkstuffs. The arrangements become less multi-layered, stripped down to a searing saw-toothed twitch of energy, thanks largely to the increasingly impressive elastic oscillations of the bass. This provides a supple yet gritty backbone. A top grade rhythmic foundation.

Dare I say that they transcend their Norwich roots (and the only fact about the 'Norwich scene' is the money I've made from writing about it) and are getting so baaaad, they could become really good?

With their implement-holding ironing boards assembled, the Farmers Boys breeze on and begin with a piece seemingly beset with 'technical problems' (and just how technical do ironing boards rate?). With the alternating volume of the drum machine and the intermittently audible guitar chords, they sound like a dub version of themselves.

The voice of singer Boy Bazz swings between a tuneful swoon and a determined shout that successfully woos the diehard drinkers from their tipples and proves that Billy McKenzie is not the only individual with helium vocal abilities.

The Farmers Boys, like vegetarians with cats, are one of life's contradictions. Their sweet, rustic charm is blatantly outgoing and commercial, and a tough-to-resist wow! for those who see them. But any complete immersion by them into the rock and roll hard-sell would interfere with their continued experience of the finer pleasures of human existence, such as pig farming, fishing and coin-collecting.

They infiltrated the usually obnoxious Dingwalls and drew a smallish but friendly and

comfortable gathering. Not once did I have to dodge past a rotund slug that may have been a rock star ten years ago.

Bazz is as skinny as a bean-pole but worried about getting fat. Onstage the gap between his jumper and trousers displays a rubbery, sci-fi film skin that somehow glistens in the spotlight as he seeks to croon the impossible croon. He exclaims "rock and roll, phew!" after a barely managed solo on his mini-keyboard.

That same instrument provides the utterly tinny topping to pending single 'Whatever Is He Like?', making the song reminiscent of some scratched novelty beat group record from the early Sixties.

The rural appeal and dewy freshness of the Farmers Boys is far from being a gimmick. It's their natural and very likeable way. I would even go as far as to say they are more fun than pig farming.

MICK SINCLAIR

Weekend Venue

THE PLEASING, teasing fragility of the Weekend pop appeal is so mercilessly crushed by the cavernous Venue lack of warmth, that the band's own avowed intention to find small intimate clubs for their brand of gentle, jazzy balladry all but renders this dismal, out-of-place performance utterly redundant.

Weekend's music is about innocence, about romantic love, youthful wide-eyed dance rhythms whereas the Venue is about pool tables, guest lists and hamburgers. Result? Mismatch and no contest!

But they cannot excuse such an inept evening merely because of an unsympathetic setting. They lacked fizz and panache, and were quite content to drift aimlessly from one offering to another, ranging from fussy instrumentals to bedsitter ballads.

Weekend are neither sophisticated enough to convince with the languorous jazziness to which they seem suicidally drawn, nor brave enough to broach new pop boundaries.

They should get happy, get colourful and play with rainbows.

JOHNNY WALLER



Tony Mottram

NEWTOWN NEUROTICS' Steve Drewett: more informative than Sun Day

Newtown criers

Newtown
Neurotics
New Cross

TUCKED AWAY in the small print of last Sunday's papers was news of a major speech pledging the Tories to the complete dismantling of the Welfare State if they win the next election.

There were no impassioned editorials, no screaming headlines. The last remaining achievements of the 1945 Labour landslide's wide sweep of popularly beneficial reforms, like free education and free health, were to be guillotined, and no one in the papers reckoned it much worth worrying about.

If ever there was a time for the massive musical opposition movement blue-printed by the first Clash album, it's now. But most self-styled socialist bands are conspicuous by their abject inability to communicate with the kids, popular reaction to impenetrable Gang Of Four style dirges being if this is what left-wing means then I'm a Fulham supporter.

While, on the other hand, too many street punks seem content to lose themselves in spiky ghettoes or are too negative or ambiguous in their opposition.

Thankfully, there's light in the darkness. The mass movement of Rock For Fun And Against Privilege that Oil should have

become is at last promised by a new breed of bands like the Newtown Neurotics, a solidly street-socialist Harlow-based trio whose impressive credentials range from passion and protest to pure punk power and providing a bloody good night out.

No doubt in my mind, the Neurotics are massively important. Musically they specialise in hard, fast and catchy singalong songs, concrete hard Sixties pop in DM boots most reminiscent of early Jam, but with a real Eighties relevance. Cropped and shade-handed Steve Drewett sings and provides slugging, chugging aggressive guitar, backed up hard by the driving drums of Simon O'Brien and the forceful bass of lofty Colin Masters.

But if Steve's haircut is a guaranteed gutter press 100 carat shock horror headline, his lyrics are sussed enough to make even John Pilger smile. The obvious terrace-style sloganeering of the single 'Kick Out The Tories', slaughtered tonight by the so-called singing of alcoholic fan Attila, is augmented by the more considered likes of 'Mindless Violence', a passionate condemnation of one-against-many gang attacks, and the best of its kind since the late Seventies classic 'Down In The Tube Station At Midnight'.

Then there's the savage and righteous 'Get Up And Fight' offset by the cautionary

constabulary tale of 'Bored Policemen', a harsh uptempo reggae outing that sadly lost half the lyrics tonight thanks to a dodgy mike, with lighter moments coming from the fast and furious 'Does Anybody Know Where The March Is' and a rip-roaring raucous rendition of the Ramones' own 'Blitzkrieg Bop'.

The Neurotics hammered home twelve numbers to a small but appreciative No Nukes audience, encoring with a relevant re-write of the old Members' classic 'Solitary Confinement', now rendered 'Living With Unemployment'. But it's obvious a band like this should be blaring out of the box or playing to thousands supporting the Jam round the country (howsabout it Paul?), because when it comes to protest punk you can forget Discharge and Crass, pal. The real fightback starts here.

GARRY BUSHELL

King Trigger
University Of
London Union

JUST MAYBE — and I wouldn't want to testify to this, mind — but just maybe it's possible to stand still, unsmiling, unmoved, unaware (unalive!) while King Trigger are on stage and pumping out their special cocktail of rhythm 'n' cruise.

But I wouldn't actually know because when that crazy beat,

that scything guitar and those whooping vocals wash over me, I'm sweet-limbed and sweating, too wrapped up in the rhythm 'n' sex to notice much else.

Primarily, King Trigger are a physical blast of irresistible force that could move even a statue to dance, a summer splash of colour to brighten even the drabest of wet weekends, and just the hottest tease of sexual thrill (you should have seen what Trudi was wearing!) you could hope for at the boundary of rock-meeting-burlesque in a closing dance routine where she and Sam mix rhythm 'n' grind!

Admittedly, if the appeal was nothing more than expanses of exposed dusky thigh and a quick dancefloor shuffle, Trigger wouldn't last longer than it takes you to catch your breathe but really, they're so breathtaking in performance of such carousing melodies as 'Vodka' (much slowed and rearranged), 'Poison' and the new, smooth 'Push And Slide', that their effect is both shattering and lasting.

Don't believe people when they tell you that you can't have a good time any more, that there aren't any great gigs or ecstatic bands to see. Don't believe in their apathy. Use your muscles, because it's through your muscles that you most easily attain knowledge.

This is elimination dancing — and most people can't even get to their feet!

JOHNNY WALLER

Pigging in the rigging



Tim Jarvis

PIGBAG: activists for popularising a jazz-infested sound

Pigbag / Clint Eastwood and General Saint / Carmel Hammersmith Palais

GASP FOR breath . . . churn with emotion . . . yearn for more, for clear cool water . . . throw off your clothes and conventions.

Hammersmith Palais is hit by a heatwave. The sources are multiple. What a combination! Tropical turbulence is in season. There's a rhythm regatta going on. Excitement is back in fashion for the evening. Body and mind are in a high pressure zone. There's no respite.

The spaces are filled and the senses are inundated. There's no turning back. There's a sense of freedom that comes from exposure to different sounds. It's a plane to be boarded without caution or distortion. Going with the flow maybe, but that's too passive. It's a night for flight.

The devotion starts with Carmel. This is Carmel with confidence. Last time I saw her at the Palais supporting the Slits, she was a seed just sprouting. Her voice only permeated a few feet. Now she's in bloom, her vocals boom out to fill the whole auditorium. She's found strength and self-assertion.

Carmel deserves adulation. It's never an easy option with her; she's never cute. She resonates with raw passion. Her voice is like sonorous gravel which erodes her material. Drums and double bass add sensitivity. There's harmony with disharmony as the raucous edges bite the emotions. She's a star without the trappings.

The two toasters are bounders and leapers. Their rhythm section is on the ball tonight. They take the feet into the air and leave smiles on the faces. Listening to them is like plunging into the Caribbean — warm, mellow and encompassing. They've got the jigging and the jive on their side. Tropical becomes more topical. It's tumbling time.

Summer holidays get into full swing with Messrs Pigbag Incorporated. No deckchairs provided; it's your choice

whether you drown or clown. The sun is shining down in the form of spotlights and real palm trees put us in the mood.

You've got to let go now. Pigbag transgress both the pop and jazz rules. Pigbag are beating the meat alright but the jazz purists are looking on in scepticism. I don't agree with these prudish purists. Pigbag live are activists for popularising a jazz-infested sound.

They've grown up in the last six months. They've found their feet and are holding onto their ideals tenaciously. Thank God they're not succumbing to the 'Papa' slot — they're moving on.

The music comes in cascades and crescendoes. It wafts across in waves. Sometimes it's lashing us with percussion, then saucing us with salsa, then vitalising us with horns. It's a noise, it's a discourse, the dialogue is still going on. The clashing of cymbals, the twinkle of piano keys, interchanging instruments, altered images. They don't care; they're having a good time.

Pigbag have more subtlety than I credited them for. The lock gates have opened thanks to them. My flavour is favour. It shows in my toes.

ROSE ROUSE

Blood And Roses Ad Lib

IT'S STRANGE how bands attract the audience they deserve, no matter what they may say or do. Tonight at the Ad Lib (a slightly up-market version of the drab Clarendon), it's a thoroughly Freaking At The Freakers Ball situation.

Transvestites, outrageously glamorous punks, made-up skin heads, Seditonaries t-shirts rubbing cut-off shoulders with wedding dresses, and the occasional witch or wizard sulking in corners. And it was just the same last time I saw them. Startling tat that you don't see at any other gigs around London and leagues away from the classy, smartly turned out leather fetish-clothed poseurs seen at Bauhaus or Sex Gang Children.

Blood And Roses match this sort of audience. Lead singer Lisa is swathed in yards of silky black material, holding court centre stage with a black candle

burning at her feet, her deadpan voice offsetting the Crampsy/Velvets rhythms whipped out by drummer Richard and David Essex-lookalike Jez on bass.

Running psychedelic/psychotic guitar frills on top of this cake-mix of trash aestheticism is Bob who looks like he's never forgiven the world for being born too late to join the Trashmen.

The lyrical content and general vibe of Blood And Roses veers towards the dark, unconscious relationship with the occult, from 'Your Sin Is Your Salvation' and 'I Put A Curse On You' (both crowd favourites from the wild response each received) to the more explicit 'Love Under Will'.

This is the one song that encapsulates Blood And Roses perfectly; for an encore, they played it again and everyone in the place was under their spell.

Shortage of time left them unable to continue into their encore repertoire of 'Sister Ray', 'Wanna Be Your Dog', 'Hey Joe'. The stage stood empty save for two smouldering incense sticks as everyone dematerialised into the dank London streets, until the next time.

TONY D

Philip Lynott Dublin

"THANK YOU for coming down to see us . . . Jeez, I don't know what else to say . . ."

I don't believe it! I just refuse to believe that the ultra cool casanova has run dry of gyp. It's impossible to conceive that the dark and dusky doyen of Dino's Bar and Grill has finally been silenced.

It seems appropriate that Lynott should commence the live airings of his solo activities with a string of dates spanning the length and breadth of his homeland and tonight (for obvious reasons) was one of the peaks of the tour. For a brief but noticeable moment Phil displayed genuine symptoms of stage fright!

Having already achieved a satisfactory amount of acclaim for his debut solo voyage down Soho, he has decided to take the project one step further by transmogrifying his visions to

the road; the final acid test. With the imminent release of his long awaited follow up (with the inventive title of 'The Philip Lynott Album') there was no shortage of material. The question was how would the audience respond?

Out on his own, without the sheer camaraderie of the boys, Lynott reveals himself to be more vulnerable, far less strident. With a talent as diverse as his influences, Phil has those unmistakable traits in his sound that make him instantly recognisable. With the brash, cocky, macho posturing castrated by the twin-necked guitar that occupies his attention between vocals, Lynott has thoroughly exposed himself and only has his sheer talent to guide him through.

At the moment, the group is in its early stage of development; with a mixture of temporary and probably permanent members, it's easy to see that Phil is already trying to create a communal state of affairs rather than be backed by some competent but faceless session hacks.

The frontline features Gus Isadore (guitar) and Dr Jerome (bass) who are anything but anonymous. Having two coloured guys who look as cool, slick and streetwise as the old feller sometimes makes you feel that you have fallen victim to the local Paddy brew and are seeing triple. Is there a stage big enough to hold down these live-wires?

Isadore embodies the latest in Hendrix chic. Complete with turquoise pendant and upside down Stratocaster, he plays with the verve and gusto of an Ernie Isley after an ampule of the fast stuff. A consistently innovative space cadet; definitely the black man's Adrian Belew.

And Jerome? Well, he teases and slaps those strings with the sensitivity and sass of some gigolo constantly sending the instrument into an orgasmic frenzy while Lizzy team-mate Darren Wharton appears on keyboard and has already proved that he's an invaluable asset on the new album.

The group comes complete with an extra set of ivories and drums freshly plucked from the support band and they do a more than proficient job where enthusiasm overrides technique. With Lynott on both six and

four strings, the band inevitably cook with some mesmerising interplay and exchanges.

Not fully composed, there are times when Lynott plays like he's walking a musical tightrope but as the onlookers loosen up, the man follows and, considering most of the first album leaned heavily on studio technique, the material has been suitably rearranged and carefully reconstructed to adapt to the inevitable slack required onstage.

With a sparse amount of gimmickry (tape loops, echo and treated backing vocals), we are taken through both albums and, in the words of Eric Morecombe, you can't see the join.

It's hard to judge the set. When I saw them they were good but I bet by now they're burning. 'Solo In Soho', 'Fools', 'Kings Call', 'Together' — the excellent new single destined for chartdom — and so on, Lynott weaved a varied but distinct pattern of sounds.

It would be unfair to criticise harshly at present as the whole thing is in its pre-pubescent stages. But once Phil's band drop their balls, then we'll really be talking business.

PETE MAKOWSKI

Subhumans / The System / Assassins Of Hope White Lion

AS YOU most probably know, thanks to an organ recital over the road being recorded by the BBC, only three out of the four bands advertised tonight at the Putney White Lion were able to play complete sets. It was with much haste that lucky opener the Assassins of Hope plugged in and set to work.

Since I last saw the Assassins, some quite positive changes have taken place. The band, which were once sporadically enjoyable yet predominantly unlistenable, are now sporadically monotonous but predominantly very appetising indeed.

Unusual in that two singers (a girl and a boy) take turns on vocal duties with alternate songs, AOH are gradually shaping their numbers into

increasingly effective and sometimes quite atmospheric samples of sultry punk.

The System have also made several strides forward. With the release of their debut 'Warfare' EP only weeks behind them, they commanded the stage with an impact that just a handful of today's punk bands can surpass, and two of those bands were on tonight's bill.

With a dash of Banshees in their drums and guitar, and a hint of rock in the overall presentation, the System provide another cheering example of a growing new wave of professionalism in punk, (don't fret, we're not talking trends here).

Highlights of The System's set must be 'Dogs Of War', a truly stirring number with one of the most enviable intros to emerge in ages. Yes, it's another predictably anti-nuclear rant, but what do you expect? Happiness?

When attending a Subhumans gig, I don't expect happiness but I do expect a hugely exhilarating performance, and almost without fail that's exactly what I get. The Subhumans entertain, magnificently!

With his light-hearted but charismatic uncool-cool stage presence, there's Dick and his melodiously grating vocals. There's Trotsky with his efficiently pounding Bonham-esque drumming, there's Bruce in full command of his crisply savage guitar, and there's Grant building addictive entrancing bass lines. All combined, they send the crowd into a delirious pogoing rapture. The Subhumans are also exhausting.

Opting to leave slower songs like the monstrously good 'Black And White' out of their live set, the band stormed through 'Peroxide', 'Religious Wars', 'Evolution' and the stunning 'Parasites', and left the audience positively drooling . . .

My worries over their acceptance have proven unfounded; at least the barriers of uniform have been smashed apart. Or, as a passing punk commented, "What I like about 'em is it doesn't take punks to make a punk band". Yes indeed.

WINSTON SMITH

AID

SCI-FI OR HI-FI?

The page for
musicians edited by
TONY MITCHELL

GARY COOPER has this year's APRS show taped

ANYONE WHO thinks that electronics in the synthesiser field are getting clever really should try looking at some of the latest studio gear. Talk about Science Fiction — some of the equipment on show at the recent APRS 82 (that's the Association of Professional Recording Studios' annual homage to the decibel) made *Tomorrow's World* look like *All Our Yesterdays*!

Starting (logically) with the A's there was good old *Atlantex*, distributors amongst other things of the American-made MXR range. Their rackable effects units (or call them signal processors if you want to be posh) have just grown by two more models, both priced to hit the Japs hard and enable players to get genuine studio effects live on stage. They also double for PA use and tripple for the home demo brigade.

Over for the show from the U.S.A. was MMXR designer Don Morris who was demonstrating these two new goodies, the Pitch Shift Doubler (£449.19 inc VAT) and the Digital Time Delay (£459.66 inc VAT). Depending on what your pocket money comes to these days that may, or may not, sound like a lot of cash. The way Don was demonstrating

But before you could say 'Right, squire, I'll have one of them there 38's, now what have you got to listen to it on?' Harman walked you over to the latest monitors from JBL — what price your Walkman headphones now? These include the new 4411 control monitor which is the smallest, so far, in the new 4400 series (preceded by the launch of the 4430 and 4435 models). The 4411s are particularly suited to small studios for demo recording; in a way they are there to take the concept of the ubiquitous old 4311s right up in quality terms. Price? A mere £375 each. Devotes of the old 4311 sound can try the 4312 models but these new 4411s are reckoned to be the cat's pyjamas.

As well as showing the tremendously successful Fostex range of tape machines, distributor Turkney also had a really neat display of their Accessit signal processors, set on their stand to demonstrate just how unobtrusive they can look in an ordinary domestic environment. Most people I know prefer to use such devices to show-off, but maybe that just says a lot about the people I know!

THE NEWEST Accessits themselves include a compressor, dual sweep equaliser, noise gate, stereo reverb controller, RIAA amplifier (for disco or broadcast programming), micro power amp (15 watts per channel), modular patchbay, low



TASCAM 38: a genuine eight track machine for around £1,600

made them look like bargains.

If all this sounds like far too much money then the budget-priced MXR Commande Series also has two new goodies but cheapies — the Stereo Chorus (£61.69) and the Stereo Flanger (£66.59). These are both reckoned by Atlantex to be really good and, so rumour has it, may well be sold quite a bit below these prices eventually, due to a current restructuring of Atlantex's pricing policy.

If effects units aren't your scene, how about really class hi-fi? Well, in addition to showing their normal range of mikes, Shure had two of their excellent Alpage cassette machines, the AL-80 (which has been out for some while now and has proved to be excellent in use) and a new model which, as far as I recall, didn't even have a name or number. It features all the fancy things like auto-bias and looks set to give even Nakamichi a run for their money.

TALKING OF tape machines, Harman UK were stirring things up with their new Tascam M244 Portastudio cassette four-track record, announced in our British Music Fair issue. But if four track cassette seems like kid's stuff, then how about the brand new Tscam 30 Series of recorders, mixers etc which really shakes things up by coming in at low prices? The new Model 38 eight track recorder, for example, will retail around £1,600 (inc VAT). This machine is reckoned to offer the same overall quality as the current 80-0 model but manages to do so at a saving of around 45 per cent! Unlike the Fostex (which can only record four channels at any one time) the 38 is a real eight-tracks-in-one-go machine and comes with some very nice features like — 92dB s/n with DBX unit (Tascam claim). It also has shuttle zero return, logic control, ± 12 per cent variable pitch and a host of other nice qualities.

capacitance cables and, finally, a really clever amp called the Jack With Gain. This is literally what the name suggests — an amp built onto a jack socket. It's reckoned to be useful for mixer mods, boosting effects units, headphone amp — just about anything that could use a tiny amp/jack socket for direct replacement of an input or output jack. It's really a clever little thing.

Beyer showed a remarkable radio mike system. Remarkable in so far as it really *did* seem top work very well indeed. For somewhere in excess of £700 you get a complete kit with a very nifty transmitter and M500 type mike. And the crunch is that the mike base takes interchangeable heads so that almost any mike (even other makes) can be fitted into the transmitter body and used. The new system has many extras of its own, though, enabling a very wide choice of Beyer mikes to be fitted and used — from dynamics through to electret-condensers. There's even an adaptor for electric guitar to run through the system!

But for sheer techno-flash, leading studio suppliers FWO Bauch took the cake. They had the latest Revok, the A810, which seems to be brim-full of microprocessors handling everything from self-alignment of levels to a transport control which includes both zero locate and track start memory. Not bad for about £3,000!

If you're still yearning for *real* super tech, then how about the latest in black magic, the Audio Time Compressor? This baby has applications in the T.V. and video business where it can automatically shorten a programme with no change in pitch! It takes the audio section off a tape recorder or video and by controlling the VCR it either speeds-up or slows-down the programme without any pitch change being apparent. Thus a given programme could be say two minutes shorter but there's no Pinky and Perky voices to give it away!

10 BOSS GRAPHICS MUST BE WON

Just fill in this simple questionnaire and return to SOUNDS by July 30. YOU could win — and it won't even cost you a stamp!

WHATEVER INSTRUMENT you play, a graphic equaliser can be a real boon. You can use it to compensate for room acoustics or equipment deficiencies, as an effects unit or straightforward preamplifier.

The Boss GE-6 is a compact unit with an impressive signal-to-noise ratio of over 90dB. It has six sliders covering the frequency range 100 Hz to 3.2 Hz and offering 15dB of boost or cut in each band, with centre click detents at the 0dB mark. The noiseless FET footswitch allows chosen frequency bands to be brought in and out with ease, and power comes from a single 9 volt battery or external AC adaptor.

There are ten GE-6 units worth £69 each to win — one for each equipment category in our questionnaire. Simply answer the questions and post to the address given below to arrive at SOUNDS by Friday July 30. You'll be helping us to make SOUNDS a better paper for musicians as well as giving yourself a chance to win one of these excellent Boss units.



<p>1. Which of the following instruments and equipment do you use? Please Tick Box(es)</p> <p>ELECTRIC GUITAR <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>BASS GUITAR <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>ACOUSTIC GUITAR <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>AMPLIFICATION <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>HOME STUDIO GEAR <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>DRUMS/PERCUSSION <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>KEYBOARDS <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>EFFECTS UNITS <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>BRASS/WOODWIND <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>OTHER (please specify)</p>	<p>10. How do you dispose of your old musical instruments/equipment? Please Tick Box(es)</p> <p>DO NOT DISPOSE <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>SELL TO FRIENDS <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>ADVERTISE LOCALLY <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>PART EXCHANGE FOR NEW EQUIPMENT <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>ADVERTISE IN MUSIC PRESS <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>If so, which publications?</p>
<p>2. How many years have you been playing musical instruments?</p> <p>0-1 years <input type="checkbox"/> 1-2 years <input type="checkbox"/> 2-3 years <input type="checkbox"/> 3-5 years <input type="checkbox"/> 5 or more years <input type="checkbox"/></p>	<p>ADVERTISE IN 'EXCHANGE & MART' <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>OTHER (Please write in)</p>
<p>3. What specific instrument(s) do you play? (Please write type and make)</p>	<p>11. When buying new or secondhand instruments/equipment where do you look first?</p> <p>LOCAL DEALERS <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>LOCAL NEWSPAPERS <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>MUSIC PRESS (Private Classified) <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>MUSIC PRESS (Dealer Ads) <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>'EXCHANGE & MART' <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>OTHER (Please write in)</p>
<p>4. What effects pedals and units do you use if any? (Please write type and make)</p>	<p>12. How often do you refer to Sounds instrument features before purchasing new/secondhand instruments/equipment?</p> <p>ALWAYS <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>NEARLY ALWAYS <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>SOMETIMES <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>NEVER SEEN INSTRUMENT FEATURES IN SOUNDS <input type="checkbox"/></p>
<p>5. What amplification do you use, if any? (Please write type and make)</p>	<p>13. What are your favourite kinds of instrument feature in Sounds?</p> <p>PRODUCT REVIEWS <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>TRADE FAIR REPORTS <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>PRODUCT NEWS <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>MUSICIAN INTERVIEWS <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>INSTRUMENT CHARTS <input type="checkbox"/></p> <p>OTHER (Please write in)</p>
<p>6. What recording equipment do you use, if any? (Please write type and make)</p>	<p>12. In no more than 20 words please tell us why you would like to win a Boss GE-6 Graphic Equaliser:</p> <p>I would like to win a Boss GE-6 Graphic because</p>
<p>7. What P.A. equipment do you use, if any? (Please write type and make)</p>	<p>MY NAME:</p> <p>MY ADDRESS:</p>
<p>8. How often do you purchase the following items?</p> <p>MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS Every ... months</p> <p>ACCESSORIES (EG STRINGS, STICKS) Every ... months</p> <p>EFFECTS UNITS Every ... months</p> <p>AMPLIFICATION Every ... months</p> <p>RECORDING EQUIPMENT Every ... months</p> <p>P.A. SYSTEM COMPONENTS Every ... months</p>	<p>DAYTIME PHONE:</p> <p>Please return this form to the address below — no stamp needed if you cut out the label and use it on your envelope. Winners of the competition will be announced in a subsequent issue of SOUNDS. Normal Spotlight competition rules apply.</p>
<p>9. Approximately how much do you spend during an average year on the following items?</p> <p>MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS £.....</p> <p>ACCESSORIES £.....</p> <p>EFFECTS UNITS £.....</p> <p>AMPLIFICATION £.....</p> <p>MICROPHONES £.....</p> <p>P.A. SYSTEM COMPONENTS £.....</p>	

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LETTERS

HELL IS A LONG WAY TO GO

BOY, DO AC/DC make me sick. Here's me browsing through *Sounds* (July 26) when I set eyes on the glossy centre spread colour advert announcing their Autumn tour of Britain, and what is it? A measly six venues. I seem to remember just a few years back that this band were struggling their way up and down Britain from Aberdeen to Cornwall, and getting a positive reaction from everyone that saw them.

Now, however, they are regularly playing to audiences of 20,000 in the States and are popularly classed as a MEGABAND, which in other words means cheerio Aberdeen.

The excuses? Well they vary from tight schedules to financial viability and not being able to put on the full show in a small hall, so rather than disappoint fans, we'll play 300 miles away in a big enough hall.

GARBAGE! Let's face it, they are just too in love with themselves to play to a (by their standards) meagre audience of 2000 capacity. The purpose of any British tour, as is widely accepted, is not to make vast sums of money directly (unless you happen to be connected to the Rolling Stones) but to promote and enhance sales of albums currently on release.

Venues and fans in Scotland don't stop at Glasgow and Edinburgh and many people from up north, myself included, often have to travel hundreds of miles on round trip journeys costing a lot of cash to see various bands also guilty of missing Aberdeen and Inverness.

Couldn't bands make it a little easier by coming up north? The journey sure didn't hurt The Stones, Jethro Tull and Thin Lizzy in the last year, but they are only three when it should be many. Brian Johnson once said that AC/DC are 'still essentially a club band' — PROVE IT!! — From someone who's not particularly hooked on AC/DC but who loves Hawkwind.

KISS OF DEATH

"A POSSIBLE Hall and Oates type album already in the can!" If Kiss fans want to hear Hall and Oates songs then they will go out and buy a Hall and Oates album and not a Kiss album! 'The Elder' may have been a bit of a shock for some hardcore fans but nevertheless Kiss are still the 'hottest band in the world'.

Kiss got where they are today by being different — their dynamic stageshows (which I, a Kiss fan for three years, have still yet to see) have brought pleasure to millions all over the world, and Kiss's image has remained relatively unchanged despite many critics. They never paid attention to them.

The most important thing to the band is the fans who, whenever such critics raise their ugly heads, have always upheld the name of Kiss. If the band plan to release this album as a one-off experiment, to show the world that they're not just a bunch of 'mascara'd weirdos' well, that's fine by me, as long as it's not a permanent change.

The band may not be enjoying the same hit success, but that's no reason to copy someone who is. One Hall and Oates is bad enough.

Back in those punk ridden days of 1979, Kiss were the first decent rock band I'd heard since Slade — my brother had borrowed the Scorpions album 'Taken By Force' and Kiss' 'Love Gun'. He put on 'Love Gun' first... and I was thankful. Like all other Kiss fans, I don't want to see this great band go down hill towards oblivion.

C'mon Geoff Barton, you've fought the critics from the inside — surely you must understand, even if you're the only one.

Yours, hoping this will soon be resolved. — Simon J. Tero Roundhill Road, St. Andrews, Fife, Scotland.



BANANARAMA: can they make it on their own?

Everything but the girls

HAVE YOU all noticed the amount of girl bands around and yet the lack of success they seem to be getting chartwise? It seems the only way they can get a hit single is by joining up with a male band and covering some 'golden oldie'.

We've had Bananarama joined up with Fun Boy Three and shoved down our throats, we've also had Girlschool team up with Motorhead. Joan Jett abandoned her Runaways and got her male Blackhearts together for a hit and now The Dolly Mixtures have a hit No. 1 with Captain

give them British passports when they wanted them?

I don't condone the actions of the Argentines, all I'm saying is, who has the right to it? Have either of the two above ever been there? Have they ever got a share of that valuable oil? Have they f***, so why worry about it?

Bushell's description of our brave 'tommies' conjures up an image of soldiers being comic strip heroes when they're no more than trained assassins. If they hadn't joined up in the first place then they'd still have both legs (putting it callously) wouldn't they? Don't these people know how to say no?

It's about time people realised that wars are not inevitable and that power breeds discontent and greed. I do hope that you will print this letter, sorry it's not about music, it's just that us 'hippy' punks aren't as blind as some people think. — Steve The Dirupters, Norwich.

HIPPY TALK

ALL I can say about your review of the C.N.D. Glastonbury Festival is — what a load of crap. Having ignored it last year, this year's anticipated attendance of 40,000 obviously obliged you to send someone along, even if it was some pillock who appears in *Sounds* every now and then called RAB.

He (or she) failed to mention most of the bands that played, including excellent sets from Richie Havens, Judie Tzuke and Roy Harper. He probably missed most of these by spending the weekend in his tent sulking about Friday's mud.

The real truth is that Glastonbury was a great festival with beautiful music (especially Jackson Browne) and while RAB may have seen it as "a holiday camp for ageing hippies", it was in effect, a community with a considerable widespread of ages who all got on together in a peaceful atmosphere without feeling the need to throw beer cans at one another.

With weekend tickets at only £8 (Reading are charging £15.50) it was excellent value especially with an appearance by Kevin Turvey at the theatre tent. Finally, Glastonbury will also prove to be the most productive festival this year with the £50,000 it raised going to C.N.D. — Tony (Byfleet).

DESERT ISLAND

I'D LIKE to comment on the writings of some Wing Commander chap who spoke so passionately of the Falklands war.

Firstly, the war was not against tyranny, it was to regain property stolen by the British in the first place. If Thatcher really recognised the Islanders as British then why wouldn't she

Sensible — again with an oldie.

What's next? Belle Stars team up with Madness? Rock Goddess with Rush? Tour de Force with Squeeze? Gymslips with The Ejected?

Maybe it's us the punters, or maybe equality only means share? Think about it and maybe one day we'll get an all girl playing/singing/composing and performing band in the top ten... but how long will it take? — Jim Brooks, Dagenham.

SAVE OUR SYNTHS

I AM writing to you to state my views on the Musician's Union proposed ban on synthesisers.

1. A lot of sounds produced on a synth can be produced on no other instrument.

2. Certain musicians such as Rick Wakeman, Mike Oldfield, to name but a few, have used orchestras (in Wakeman's case) and strings, brass and woodwind players (as in Oldfield's case) along with synthesisers.

3. Not all musicians who use synths can afford to hire orchestras or whatever.

4. Synthesisers are the instruments of the future and the likes of Klaus Schulze, Robert Schroeder, Tangerine Dream etc. use their synths to produce music with a futuristic feel to it.

The likes of Soft Cell, Depeche Mode, Human League etc. who for some reason got

dubbed as 'futurists' at one point are producing music that is about as futuristic as cavemen. — Paul Walker, Wirral, Merseyside.

DOLBY DULL

I HAVE just read Dave McCullough's 'appreciation' on Thomas Dolby with amazement. I did mistakenly think that it was supposed to be an interview with the aforementioned artist but I had been reading the article for nearly five minutes before I sighted the first 'speech marks'.

At last we're getting to hear what Dolby and not McCullough has to say, thought I — but then I shuddered as I read: "I (partly) made the above quote up."

He then went on to call T.D. an "ugly little man", a "self made wimp", a "speccy little wretch" — none of which says anything about the actual music.

This is not constructive criticism, Dave, just a rather sad attempt at being a 'hip' journalist, even to the point of slagging other bands off in the same 'interviews' (Japan in paragraph four). — Eryl, Disillusioned Reader, from Yorkshire.

DRAG RACE

A FEW criticisms to be aimed at your letters page. Why on earth shouldn't women enjoy rock concerts? asks Lynn, a boring old turd if ever we saw one. Does anyone ever worry about bisexuals, transvestites and hermaphrodites (long word that) at concerts?

Down at Cambridge Corn Exchange, many people can be seen wearing simulated mink furs, mini skirts, and fishnet stockings. And girls wear them too sometimes.

Indeed on the Iron Maiden tour, the smell of Chanel No 5 emanating from the all male audience could be smelt at Bishop's Stortford.

We would also like to complain at the total lack of letters on your page slagging off Hawkwind. Having seen these "Sonic Arseholes", man, we think it fair to say... zzzzzzz... Donington's in for a real treat this year. — Tristram Jabberwocky-Smythe and Tarquin Weed.

UGLY BUG

I DON'T mind girls going to metal concerts, but why are they all so bloody ugly? (Apart from the blonde at AC/DC 12/11/80, seat V27 was it?) — From a fussy gig goer. PS Good review of Mr Plant's LP, Geoff, I thought you lost all your taste in music years ago.

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL GAL

WE DON'T get *Sounds* over here that regularly (the last issue I have is Feb. 27), but every issue I buy someone seems to be putting down Garry Bushell for something. He's not covering the bands he should be, or he "created" Oi, and now he's deserting it like a rat off a sinking ship or some such bollocks.

Well, I don't know if any of you Bushell criticsers have ever actually talked to Garry personally, but I have, and even over transatlantic telephone Garry Bushell is a cool dude, or as you might say, a good bloke. How many of you out there support Margaret Thatcher? I would think that if you were actually living in Britain you would be concerned about the state of your country and its deterioration, the way Garry and Oi are (unless you're one of the people causing the problem).

I realise I'm just a dumb yank and don't know what I'm talking about (supposedly), but Garry is one of yours, and deserves to be praised for his actions and writings, not criticised. — Paul Mendelowitz, 227 Jeter St, Redwood City, Ca. 94062 U.S.A.



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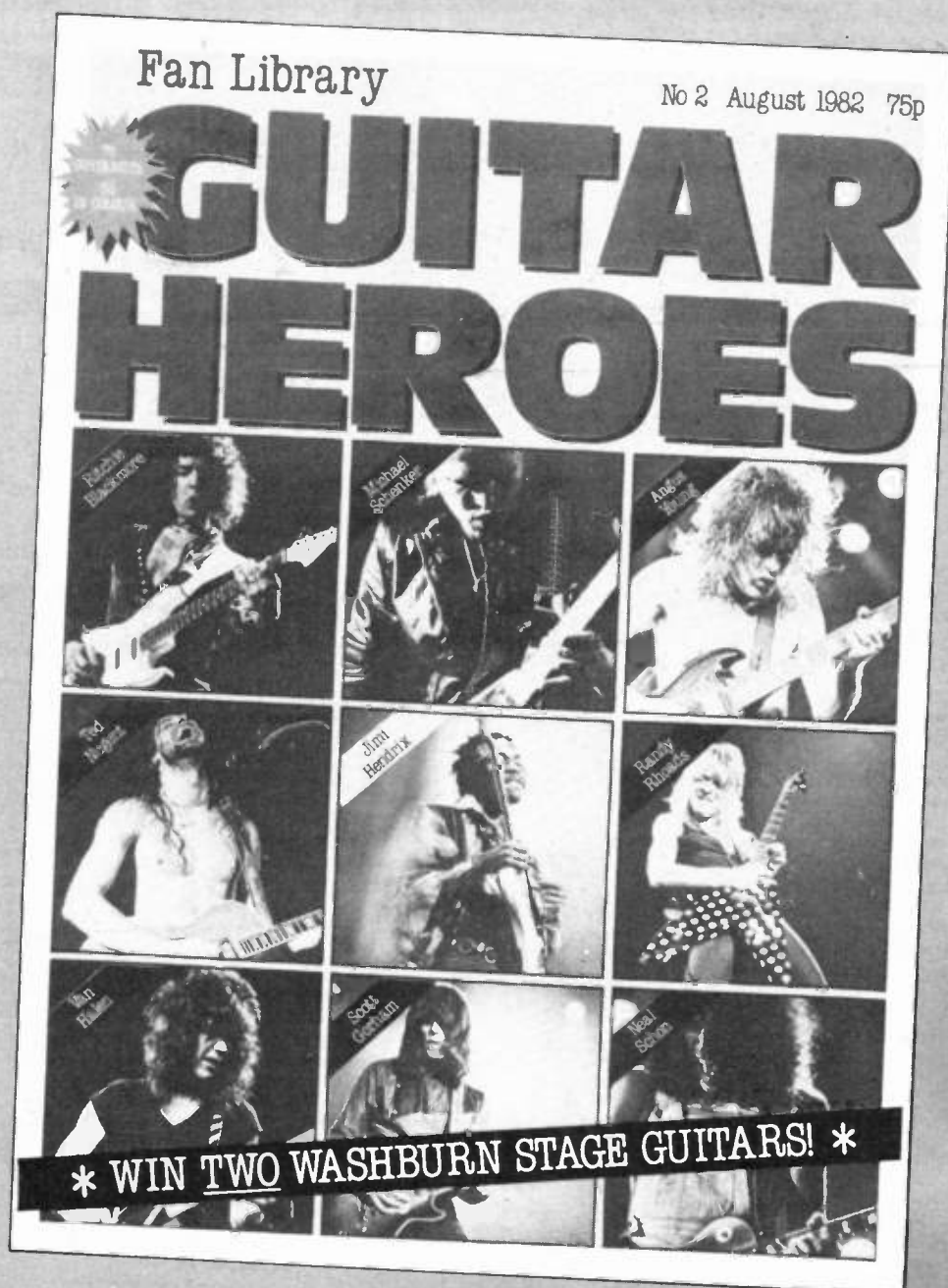
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STEPPIN' OUT

By SUSANNE GARRETT
and DEE PILGRIM

The information here is correct at time of going to press but may be subject to change. Please check with the venue concerned.

A star denotes a gig of special interest or importance (even if it's only good for a laugh or posing or a drink after closing time).

WEDNESDAY

JULY 14

ABERDEEN, Valhalla's, No Human Eye
BIRKENHEAD, Sir James Club, (051-647 8282), Demon
BOGNOR REGIS, Pier, (820531), Incognito
BRENTFORD, Red Lion, High Street, (01-560 6181), Hey Day
BRIGHTON, Cabin, (28439), Deckchairs/Time Begins
*BRISTOL, Granary, (28272), Bernie Tormé's Electric Gypsies
CARDIFF, Top Rank, (26538),
Samson/SOS/Angelwitch
COVENTRY, Buster's, Marlinton
DUDLEY, Prole Club, The Crown, (79164), Cruel Garden/Virago
GLASGOW, Dial Inn, (041-332 1842), Laughing Academy



JIM KERR of Simple Minds

*GLASGOW, Tiffany's, (041-332 0992), Simple Minds
GRAVESEND, Red Lion, (66127), Major Setback Band
HARROW WEALD, Middlesex And Herts Country Club, (3647), The Darts
HITCHEN, Regal, (54482), Epic/Sabre/ESP/Open Road/Zipper
HUDDERSFIELD, White Lion, (22407), Geneva
HYTHE, Applemoor Youth Club, (847889), Crossfire
LEEDS, Royal Park, Hotel, (785076), Really Big Boys
LIVERPOOL, Empire Theatre, (051-489 4180), Toyah
LONDON, Ad Lib, Kensington, Russell Gardens, (01-603 3245), Exposure/Step By Step
LONDON, Albany Empire, Deptford, (01-691 3333), Clerical Error/Bongo Rap/Felix And The Cats
LONDON, Club Melodia, Sol Y Sombre, Charlotte Street, Hermine/Music For All/People's Pictures
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), Jah Lloyd
LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), Tex Axile And The Incognitos
LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-928 8412), Conk The Books/The Fan Club
LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Upper Street, Islington, (01-359 4510), Dance On A Telephone
LONDON, Jive Dive, Gossips, Dean Street, (01-437 4484), Roman Holiday
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01-437 6603), Park Avenue
LONDON, Maunkberrys, Jermyn Street, (01-499 4623), I Am Alone
LONDON, Moonlight Club, Railway Hotel, Hampstead, (01-624 7611), Re-Flex
LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham Road, (01-385 3942), The Rock Band
LONDON, Old Queen's Head, Stockwell, (01-737 4904), Tony McPhee
LONDON, Pied Bull, Liverpool Street, Islington, (01-837 3218), Pleasant Virus
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden, (01-240 3961), Fay Ray/Pleasure Dome
LONDON, Roebuck, Tottenham Court Road, (01-387 6199), Oxy And The Morons/Spare Tyre
LONDON, Saxon Tavern, Catford, (01-698 3293), Bel-Airs
LONDON, Tramshed, Woolwich, (01-855 3371), Utopian
Spacelines Cosmic Cabaret/Go 5
LONDON, Two Brewers, Clapham, (01-622 3621), Exciters
*LONDON, The Venue, Victoria Street, (01-828 9441), Pluto
LONDON, Zig Zag, Great Western Road, (01-289 6008), Midnight Oil/Handsome Beasts/Moontier
MAIDSTONE, Ship Wine Bar, (64185), Silent Rooms
MANCHESTER, Band On The Wall, (061-832 6625), Kevin Coyne
*MANCHESTER, Drifters, Vice Squad
*MANCHESTER, Hacienda, (061-236 5220), Echo And The Bunnymen
MARGATE, Ship Inn, (20694), English Rogues
*NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, City Hall, (320007), The Clash
NOTTINGHAM, Hearty Goodfellow, (42257), Raider
OLDHAM, Live And Let Live Hotel, (061-624 4809), Cliché
*PRESTON, Warehouse, (53216), 4-Skins
WIGAN, Bluto's, (42947), Fireclown

THURSDAY

JULY 15

BIRMINGHAM, Golden Eagle, (021-643 5403), Saracen
*BIRMINGHAM, Odeon, (021-643 6101), Toyah
BIRMINGHAM, Opposite Lock Club, Gas Street, (021-643 2573), Duma Express Cabaret/Three Courgettes
BRIGHTON, The Northern, York Place, (602519), Combo Nation
BRIGHTON, Xtreams, (27800), Blancmange/Sub Zero
CHRISTCHURCH, Jumpers Tavern, (473995), The Unit
EASTCOTE, Bottom Line, Clay Pigeon Hotel, (01-866 5358), Combo Passé
GATESHEAD, Honeysuckle, (781273), Hoochie Coochie Band
HEANOR, Miners Welfare, (833007), Raider/White Diamond
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD, Cellar Rock Club, (42827), Rock Squad/VHF
HIGH WYCOMBE, Nag's Head, (21758), Volunteer Subjects
HITCHIN, Regal, (54332), George Power/CID
HUDDERSFIELD, Coach House, (20930), IK!
LEEDS, Phonographic, (33688), V-C-O
LIVERPOOL, Pyramid Club, (051-236 8941), Virgin
Dance/Craig Charles And Bone Culture
LIVERPOOL, Warehouse, (051-709 1530), Five Play
Dutch/Open Mind/Dance Ritual
LONDON, Ad Lib, Kensington, Russell Gardens, (01-603 3245), Persons Unknown/Strange Days
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town, (01-476 2889), The Cannibals/Stingrays
LONDON, Bull And Gate, Kentish Town, (01-485 5358), Vanishing Point
LONDON, Club Foot, Clarendon Hotel, Hammersmith, (01-748 1454), Meteors/The Straps/Peter And The Test-Tube Babies
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), SVT/Lick Ma Lolly
LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), Diz And The Doormen
LONDON, Gullivers, Electric Ballroom, (01-499 0760), Haze/Idle Flowers/Nick Malhan
LONDON, Heads, White Hart, Southall, Tony McPhee
LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Upper Street, Islington, (01-359 4510), The Red And The Black
LONDON, Le Beat Route, Greek Street, (01-734 1470), Dolly Mixture
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01-437 6603), SOS/Dawn Trader
LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham Road, (01-385 3942), Carol Grimes
LONDON, Old Queen's Head, Stockwell, (01-737 4904), Flying Pigs/Anabolic Steroids
LONDON, 101 Club, St John's Hill, Clapham, (01-222 8309), Run Run
LONDON, Pegasus, Green Lanes, Stoke Newington, (01-226 5930), JJ And The Jealous Guys
LONDON, Ravenscourt Park, Hammersmith, Sunwind (open-air)
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden, (01-240 3961), Still Life/One Track Mind
LONDON, Tramshed, Woolwich, (01-855 3371), Karno's Cabaret
LONDON, Zig Zag Club, Great Western Road, (01-289 6008), UK Decay/Sex Gang Children
MANCHESTER, Band On The Wall, (061-882 6625), Loose Change
MANCHESTER, Gallery, (4252), Sprouthead Uprising
*NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, City Hall, (320007), The Clash
NORTHAMPTON, White Elephant, (711202), Syndromes/Skating For Cover
OXFORD, Pennyfarthing, (46007), Fictitious Four
PORTURUSH, Beachcombers, (823214), Perfect Crime
SOUTHPORT, Follies, (36733), Fireclown



MONOCHROME SET'S Lester Square

STIRLING, Avant-Garde, (813456), Monochrome Set
SWANSEA, Dublin Arms, (55044), Midas
WEYMOUTH, Gloucester Hotel, (786868), Forty Blue Fingers
*WHITEHAVEN, White Horse, Bernie Tormé's Electric Gypsies
WOKINGHAM, Angie's, (789912), Illusions
WORTHING, Assembly Hall, (202221), Osibisa
WORTHING, Balmoral, (36232), Black Widow

FRIDAY

JULY 16

ALFRETON, George Hotel, (833007), White Diamond
BATH, Rhythm 82 festival, Sprouthead Uprising
BELFAST, Winkers, Perfect Crime
BIRMINGHAM, Golden Eagle, (021-643 5403), Varukers
BIRMINGHAM, Junction Inn, Harbourne, (021-426 1838), Headbolt
BOLTON, Cotton Tree, (20237), Cliché
BOURNEMOUTH, Midnight Express, Electric Guitars
BRIGHTON, New Alhambra, King's Road, (27007), Combo Nation
CAMBRIDGE, Sound Cellar, (69933), Marillion
CANVEY ISLAND, Gold Mine, (683153), Blancmange
COLWYN BAY, Pier Pavilion, (2266),
Samson/SOS/Angelwitch
DARLINGTON, Raw Noise Club, Old English Pub, Toy Dolls
DUNFERMLINE, Chimes, (32498), Twin Sets
EXETER, Crown And Sceptre, (56397), Forty Blue Fingers
FINEDON, Dolben Arms, (58304), Hickory
GATESHEAD, Honeysuckle, (781273), English Disease
GLASGOW, Night Moves, Sauchiehall Street, (041-332 5883), Monochrome Set/Epsilon
GRAVESEND, Red Lion, (66127), Triarchy
GREENOCK, Victorian Cottage, (25456), Laughing Academy
HIGH WYCOMBE, USAF, (21242), The Dragons
HITCHIN, Regal, (54332), Matchbox
KEYNSHAM, Ile D'Avon Restaurant, (2383), No Quarter/Gold
KIRKBY, Waggon And Horses, Ashfield, Mezzoforte
LEEDS, Peel Hotel, (455128), Raider
LIVERPOOL, Warehouse, Fleet Street, (051-709 1530), Icicle Works/Blue Poland
LONDON, Ad Lib, Kensington, Russell Gardens, (01-603 3245), Feelers/Channel 36
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town, (01-476 2889), Sperm Wails/Rankin Chats
LONDON, Clarendon, Hammersmith Broadway, (01-748 1454), Future Daze
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), Diz And The Doormen/Fay Ray
LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), JJ And The Jealous Guys
LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham, (01-889 9615), The Decorators
LONDON, Grosvenor Rooms, Walm Lane, (01-451 0066), Jed Ford Show
LONDON, Half Moon, Herne Hill, (01-737 4580), Dance On A Telephone
*LONDON, Hope And Anchor, Upper Street, Islington, (01-359 4510), Motor Boys Motor
*LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01-437 6603), Bernie Tormé's Electric Gypsies
LONDON, Old White Horse Pub, Brixton, (01-487 3440), Ellerbeck And Sharp/Dave Rappaport/The Joeys/Oxy And The Morons
LONDON, 101 Club, St John's Hill, Clapham, (01-222 8309), A Band
LONDON, Roebuck, King's Road, (01-352 7611), Harfoot Brothers
LONDON, Roebuck, Tottenham Court Road, (01-387 6199), Design For Living/Dead Sea Sound
LONDON, Skunk, Blue Coat Boy, The Angel, (01-348 9547), Special Duties/The Cursed/Today's Kids
LONDON, Tramshed, Woolwich, (01-855 3371), Fundation
LONDON, Two Brewers, Clapham, (01-622 3621), Civilization/Dead Zones
LONDON, Venue, Victoria Street, (01-828 9441), Mainsqueezes
LONDON, Zig Zag, Great Western Road, (01-289 6008), Dead Or Alive
LUTON, Technical College, (30035), Lamoisse
MANCHESTER, Band On The Wall, (061-832 6625), Partecs
NORTHAMPTON, Black Lion, (39472), Absolute Heroes/Cellar 16
NORTHWICH, Pillar Of Salt, (45975), Moby Dick
*NORWICH, Gala Ballroom, Vice Squad
OXFORD, Apollo, (44544), Steve Miller
OXFORD, Pennyfarthing, St Ebbs Street, (46007), Vetos
POOLE, Brewer's Arms, (4930), Crossfire
PRESTON, Crofters, Garstang, (4128), Natural Scientist
ROCHDALE, Lancashire Lass, (40114), Marauders



PETER GABRIEL

*SHEPTON MALLET, Showering Pavilion, Bath And West Showground, (734068), Peter Gabriel/Simple Minds/Ekome/Tian/OK Jive
TUNBRIDGE WELLS, Assembly Hall, (30613), Tobruk
WOKINGHAM, Angie's, (789912), Short Stories
WORTHING, Balmoral, (36232), Black Widow

SATURDAY

JULY 17

ASHTON, Spread Eagle, (061-330 5732), Cliché
BATH, Moles, (333473), Marillion
BIRMINGHAM, Odeon, (021-643 6101), Steve Miller
BLACKPOOL, JR's, (26101), White Diamond
*BRADFORD, St George's Hall, (32513), The Clash
BRIGHTON, New Alhambra, King's Road, (27874), Combo Nation



BUCKS FIZZ

BRISTOL, Colston Hall, (291768), Bucks Fizz
BUXTON, Grove Hotel, (3804), Fireclown
CAMBRIDGE, Sound Cellar, (69933), Great Divide/Gymslips
COLWYN BAY, Pier Pavilion, (2266), Geraint
Jarman/Hywel Ssaidd/Peth Gwyllt
CROYDON, The Cartoon, London Road, (01-688 4500), Short Stories
GRAVESEND, Red Lion, Crete Hall Road, (66127), English Rogues
GUILDFORD, Coyle Hall, Pushmepullyou/Burst Out Laughing
HANLEY, The Vine, Active Restraint
HIGH WYCOMBE, Nag's Head (21758), Travelling Shoe/Box 35
KETTERING, Rising Sun, (513236), DT's
KINGHORN, Cunzie Neuk, (830247), The Grip
KINGSTON, The Swan, Mill Street, Multicoloured Butterflies
*KNEBWORTH, Capitol Radio Jazz Festival, (01-338 1288), Average White Band/BB King/Jimmy Cliff
LEEDS, The Royal Park, (785076), IK!
LEEDS, Football Club, (383744), Demon



KING TRIGGER

*LIVERPOOL, Warehouse, Fleet Street, (051-709 1530), King Trigger/Tunnel Users
LONDON, Ad Lib, Kensington, Russell Gardens, (01-603 3245), Alex Plus Le Roc Bizarre
LONDON, Bridge House, Canning Town, (01-476 2889), Raw Recruit/Nicholas Partok On His Own/Hiss The Villain/The Boobies
LONDON, Burnell Arms, East Ham, (01-472 0833), Dragons
LONDON, Clarendon, (01-748 1454), Mind Over Matter
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock (01-267 4967), No Dice/Heroes
LONDON, Dublin Castle, Camden, (01-485 1773), Ricky Cool
*LONDON, Fair Deal, Brixton, (01-274 5242), Dennis Brown
LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-889 9615), Berlin Blondies
LONDON, Half Moon, Herne Hill, (01-737 4580), Go-Betweens
*LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon, (01-748 4081), Toyah
LONDON, Latchmere, Battersea Park Road, (01-437 5782), Extraordinaires
LONDON, Marquee, Wardour Street, (01-437 6603), Bernie Tormé's Electric Gypsies
LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham Road, (01-385 3942), Jackie Lynton
LONDON, 101 Club, Battersea, (01-223 8309), Straight Eight/Expectations
LONDON, Skunk, Blue Coat Boy, (01-348 9547), The Straps
LONDON, Tramshed, Woolwich, (01-855 3371), Fundation
LONDON, Two Brewers, Clapham, (01-622 3621), Vox Pop/Table Committee
LONDON, Uplands Tavern, East Dulwich, (01-693 2662), Two Many Westerns
LONDON, Zig Zag Club, Great Western Road, (01-289 6008), Week End/Blancmange/Calling Hearts
MANCHESTER, Band On The Wall, (061-832 6625), Natural Scientist
*MANCHESTER, Hacienda, (061-236 5221), Simple Minds
NOTTINGHAM, Boat Club, (863848), UK Decay/Silent Abuse/Extra Visa
OXFORD, Pennyfarthing, (46007), Spring Offensive
RETFORD, Porterhouse, (704981), Saracen
ST IVES, St Ivo Centre, (64601), Tobruk



IAN McCULLOCH of Echo And The Bunnymen

*SHEPTON MALLET, Showering Pavilion, Bath And West Showground, (734068), Echo And The Bunnymen/The Beat/The Burundi Drummers/Pigbag/23 Skidoo/Gasper Lawal/Electric Guitars
SHREWSBURY, Redcastle, Nightingales/Better Than God/Red Shift/Berlin Walls/Twist/Action Transfer/Portaloos (lunchtime)
SOUTHPORT, Floral Hall, (40404), Samson/SOS/Angelwitch
THETFORD, Barnham Hall, (545393), Augustus Legiron
TODDINGTON, Angel, (2380), Stop Band
WHITLEY BAY, Mingles, Raider
YEOVIL, Rainbow Club, Forty Blue Fingers
YORK, Bay Horse, (27679), Utang Tumblers

DARLEY DALE, Northwood Club, (3567), Geneva
GLASGOW, Pollock Inn, Heroes
GRAVESEND, Woodville Halls, (4244), Samson/SOS/Angelwitch
LEEDS, Shines Bar, Motivators
LEICESTER, Shearsby Baths, DT's
*LIVERPOOL, Warehouse, Fleet Street, (051-709 1530), Silverwing
LONDON, Africa Centre, King Street, (01-836 1973), Soulyard/Hip Scats
LONDON, Bull And Gate, Kentish Town, (01-485 5358), Short Stories
LONDON, Burnell Arms, (01-472 0833), Dragons
LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham Road, (01-385 3942), Ricky Cool
LONDON, Club Left, Ronnie Scott's, Frith Street, (01-439 0747), Dig Wayne/Subway Sect
*LONDON, Duke Of Yorks Theatre, (01-836 5122), Hazel O'Connor/Kiki Dee/Alexis Korner/Alexei Sayle (National Council For Civil Liberties benefit)
*LONDON, Fair Deal, Brixton, (01-274 5242), Dennis Brown
*LONDON, Hammersmith Odeon, (01-748 4081), Toyah
LONDON, Hammersmith Palais, (01-748 2812), Defunkt/Buzz/Maximum Joy/Animal
Nightlife/Jimmy And The Hoover
LONDON, 101 Club, Battersea, (01-223 8309), Eastern Alliance/Crying Shame
LONDON, Sunset, Kensington, (01-603 7006), Gonzalez
LONDON, Torrington, Lodge Lane, North Finchley, (01-445 4710), Combo Passé
LONDON, Trade Union And Community Centre, Wood Green, (01-881 1196), Ellerbeck And Sharp/Dave Rappaport/Mountbatten's Plimsoll/Felix And The Cats
LONDON, Tramshed, Woolwich, (01-855 3371), Foundation
LONDON, Waterloo Festival, Waterloo Road, Apocalypse (open-air, afternoon)
LONDON, Zig Zag, Great Western Road, (01-289 6008), Treatment/Nick Turner's Inner City Unit/Lightning Raiders/Dirty Strangers/Andy Allen
LOUGHBOROUGH, Golden Fleece, (216220), Manitou (lunchtime)
MANCHESTER, Apollo, (061-273 1112), Steve Miller
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, Playhouse Theatre, (323421), Eastside Torpedoes (lunchtime)
NOTTINGHAM, Hearty Good Fellow, Maid Marion Way, (42257), Dawn Trader
PLYMOUTH, Theatre Royal, Bucks Fizz
SHEFFIELD, Crucible Theatre, (799223), Chas And Dave
SHEFFIELD, Hallamshire Hotel, (29787), Haze
*SHEPTON MALLET, World Of Music And Dance Festival, (734068), Rip Rig And Panic/Rico/Codona/Black Roots/Julian Cope And Dave Balfe/Ivory Coasters
WALLASEY, Dale Inn, (051-639 9847), Cliché
WEYMOUTH, Verdi's, Crossfire
WOKINGHAM, Angie's, (789912), Frank Abrahams Band
WORTHING, The Fountain, Chapel Road, Combo Nation



FISH of Marillion

BIRMINGHAM, Holy City Zoo, (021-233 1266), Lords Of The New Church
BIRMINGHAM, Junction, Harbourn, (021-426 1838), The Set
BRISTOL, Colston Hall, (291768), Average White Band/UK Players
BRISTOL, Granary, (28272), UK Decay
*DERBY, Assembly Rooms, (31111), The Clash
*EDINBURGH, Festival, Assembly Rooms, George Street, (031-225 3614), The Associates/Delmontes
GATESHEAD, Honeysuckle, (781273), Tokyo Treatment
GLASGOW, Apollo, (041-332 9221), Steve Miller
KEIGHLEY, Gory Details, Funhouse, (603796), The Elements/Three Johns/Little Brother
LONDON, Ad Lib, Kensington, Russell Gardens, (01-603 3245), I Am Alone
LONDON, Albany Empire, Deptford, (01-691 3333), Georgie Fame And The Blue Flames/Zoot Money
LONDON, Barracuda, Baker Street, (01-486 2724), Echo Base
LONDON, Boston Arms, Junction Road, (01-272 3411), Straightedge
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), Etta James
LONDON, Greyhound, Fulham Palace Road, (01-889 9615), Haze
LONDON, Moonlight, Railway Hotel, West Hampstead, (01-624 7611), The Jungle
LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham Road, (01-385 3942), Not The Cockney Rebel Show
LONDON, 101 Club, St John's Hill, Clapham, (01-222 8309), Cannibals/Stingrays/Micky And The Milkshakes
LONDON, Tramshed, Woolwich, (01-855 3371), Max Collie's New Orleans Jazz Club

LONDON, White Hart, Southall, 007
LONDON, Zig Zag Club, Great Western Road, (01-289 6008), Charge/Chelsea/Wet Paint Theatre Co
MANCHESTER, Band On The Wall, (061-832 6625), Thunderboys
MANCHESTER, Hacienda, (061-236 5221), Blancmange/Basking Sharks
MIDDLESBROUGH, The Crypt, Peter And The Test-Tube Babies
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE, El Syd's, Asylum
SHEFFIELD, Limit Club, (730940), Marillion

TUESDAY

JULY 20

BIRMINGHAM, Holy City Zoo, (021-233 1266), Pyramid
BLACKBURN, Bay Horse New Inns, Rishton, (48443), Saracen
BRADFORD, Palm Cove Club, (499895), Peter And The Test-Tube Babies
DONCASTER, Mainline, (64434), Blancmange/Basking Sharks
*EDINBURGH, Assembly Rooms, George Street, (031-225 3614), The Associates/Delmontes
GRAVESEND, Red Lion, Crete Hall Road, (66127), Violent Death/Naked
LEAMINGTON, Crown Hotel, (26421), Asylum
*LEICESTER, De Montfort Hall, (27632), The Clash
LIVERPOOL, Empire, (051-709 1555), Steve Miller
LIVERPOOL, Warehouse, (051-709 1530), The Rain/Debonaires/This Final Solution
LONDON, Ad Lib, Kensington, Russell Gardens, (01-603 3245), Ground Zero/Sanity Clause
LONDON, Albany, Great Portland Street, (01-691 3333), Thief/Something Stranger/Wolverines Of Datura
LONDON, Clarendon, Hammersmith Broadway, (01-748 1454), Lone Groover/Risky Biscuits/Blue Midnight/Speed Queens/Dwarfs/Mac Truck And The Fender Benders/Don Worry And Vince Pie
LONDON, Country Club, Haverstock Hill, (01-435 3604), Sunwind
LONDON, Dingwalls, Camden Lock, (01-267 4967), Etta James
LONDON, Embassy, Old Bond Street, (01-499 5974), Household Names
LONDON, Hog's Grunt, Production Village, Cricklewood, (01-450 8969), Stop Band
LONDON, Moonlight, Railway Hotel, West Hampstead, (01-624 7611), Influence/Toulouse
LONDON, New Golden Lion, Fulham Road, (01-385 3942), Shea Rama
LONDON, 101 Club, St John's Hill, Clapham, (01-222 8309), Liaison/Cracked Mirrors
LONDON, Rock Garden, Covent Garden, (01-240 3961), Apocalypse
LONDON, Tramshed, Woolwich, (01-855 3371), Mickey Jupp/Volcanoes
*LONDON, Zig Zag, Great Western Road, (01-289 6008), Motor Boys Motor/Zeitgeist/Birds With Ears
MANCHESTER, Band On The Wall, (061-832 6625), Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias
MANCHESTER, Phoenix, (061-273 1971), Thirteenth Candle
MIDDLESBROUGH, Town Hall, (245432), Bucks Fizz
NOTTINGHAM, Rock City, (412544), Samson/SOS
PLYMOUTH, Top Rank, (62479), UK Decay
ST AUSTELL, Cornwall Coliseum, (4261), Average White Band
SWINDON, Brunel Rooms, Havelock Square, (31384), The Fixx

SUNDAY

JULY 18

ABERDEEN, Copperbeech, (36487), Freebird
BARNSTAPLE, Chequers, (71794), Marillion
*BIRMINGHAM, Bingley Hall, (021-643 1593), The Clash
BIRMINGHAM, Golden Eagle, (021-643 5403), Hill Street, Xpertz
BLACKBURN, Bay Horse New Inns, Rishton, (48443), White Diamond
CHRISTCHURCH, Jumpers Tavern, (473995), Truffle

MONDAY

JULY 19

ALTRINCHAM, Unicorn Hotel, (061-928 1436), Eyelids/Summerhouse
BANNOCKBURN, Tamdhu, (813456), Henry Gorman Band

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IN NEXT WEEK'S SOUNDS!

ALBUMS EXTRA!

THE LORDS OF THE
NEW CHURCH
'The Lords Of The
New Church'
(Illegal Records ILP
009)***½

WE'RE TALKING about the original victims of circumstance.

Take one rank hippy who cut his locks and formed one of the original punk bands only to leave and pursue a career as one of the failed crusaders of the psychedelic revival. Then there's one of the few remaining survivors from that well documented Sham-bolic hype, from the pantomime of hypocrisy circa 1977; I mean, we all know now that Sham 69 were in fact the real rock and roll swindle.

And of course, there's the snotty-nosed reptile who went from NYC to LA in a hungry bid for success. His, uh, overzealous attitude was generally interpreted as desperation by the media who dubbed him as the King Ligger with the kiss of deletion on his lips.

We're talking about the original whipping posts.

Roll call (in order of the introduction above) acid punk Brian James (guitar), Hersham hipster Dave 'Kermit' Tregunna (bass) and the return of the living Dead Boy Stiv Bators. Add one more ingredient in the form of a juvenile aristocrat who obviously decided to take up drumming after hearing the Chantays' 'Pipeline' after having a bad trip, Nicky Turner, and this completes the recipe for the unholy union between Dantes Inferno and Espresso Bongo, Blasphemy and the Beat!

We're talking about the Lords Of The New Church.

"Ya gotta walk it man, like ya talk it, wear the uniform of your gang" ('New Church')

The fact is that while most critics would regard this gathering as a waste bin of lost humanity, people like myself are

totally convinced that anything Stiv associates himself with has got to be work of pure genius by the numero uno pariah of pulp pop.

The cover of 'New Church' depicts the group looking like a junked-out street gang from the most bombed part of the Bronx who've just walked onto a Dali-esque scenario and decided to help themselves to a table full of nosh (lugging again, Stiv?).

On record Brian James goes out of his way to prove that he once played with Iggy Pop and the influence rubs off on Stiv in the group's worst and most mindless song 'Eat Your Heart Out'. Bators continues to impress us with his aptitude for mimicry in 'Li'l Boys Play With Dolls', clever word play on the New York Dolls (spot the titles) and a novelty track.

I personally prefer Stiv when he sounds vaguely reminiscent of an early Alice Cooper, which he does on 'Portobello', 'Open Your Eyes', 'Livin' On Livin' and 'Question Of Temperature'.

The finest of fine moments comes in the form of 'Russian Roulette', a haunting song about someone's lingerings around the West End. Yes, there's some cleverly disguised heavy duty hippy idealism running rampant here but in no way does it interfere with the music which is direct hit rock'n'roll that totally suits Bators' burnt-out vocals.

James comes over as one of those rare maestros in the art of minimalism, an out-and-out sound freak, spaced out on the Ventures while Turner can get a bit too bombastic at times, sounding like some sort of HM Sandy Nelson.

Like I said, sometimes the influences are a bit too blatant but Stiv manages to seal his stamp of identity and proves yet again that he deserves the stardom he yearns for.

Amen.

PETE MAKOWSKI

JEDREZ
DMOCHOWSKI
'Stallions Of My
Heart'
(Whaam B4)****

WHAT IN the name of decency and peer approval, is this deranged Slav playing at? What is to be gained by releasing an album of conflicting styles, mild deportment and poignant simplicity? What sinister ulterior motive, and there must be one, could underlie so apparently a plain and pat case of musical ritual suicide? Will the real Jed please stand up?

I suppose I should have taken the Venue as a sober forewarning, what with former VIP Jed strumming his everlovin' acoustic guitar accompanied by a lone bongo player, exuding a lust for life that in these decrepit times is tantamount to perversity.

And now the album 'Stallions Of My Heart', the title itself a portent of Jed's poetic tendencies; fourteen diverse, friendly tracks, from the stubbly Peter Noone Merseybeat of 'Golly Gosh' to 'Goodbye For Today', luxuriating in a devoted Dylan vocal and lyrics that only excruciating attention to Bob's verse could match.

Employing his gratifying comprehension of the merits of ultra-simple pop, Jed verges on novelty status in that it's a novelty to hear such unpretentious, cheerful, energetic music, music that fits in nowhere and anywhere. Primarily, Jed specialises in a personal sort of folk music, perfected in the excellent ballad 'You Are A Failure' and 'My Guitar'.

'The East Wind' and 'Part Of The World' are more sophisticated, employing Oriental themes effectively. There again, Jed has a distinct fondness for Glitter music,

evidenced by the rampant, exact Bolanisms of 'Ruined City' and 'I'm Perfect', almost early Mud.

Throughout 'Stallions', instrumentation is sparse, apart from flourishes of violin on 'I'm Sad' and the honking sax of 'Forever', usually relying on acoustic or electric guitar, or both, to carry the airy and warm cadences of melody. Even at his most frivolous on the country pastiche '85 Years', Jed managed to sound convincing and devoted to his chosen stock in trade of lost and found musical idioms, all delivered with a surplus of knowing affection and a lack of cynicism that will be anathema to 'serious' music fans.

RALPH TRAITOR

SCOTT WALKER
'The Best Of'
(Philips 6381073)***THE WALKER
BROTHERS
'Hits'
(Philips 6463139)***

WITH THE Julian Cope/Scott Walker compilation fresh in mind, as is the album of the enigma doing Jacques Brel songs, *this* compilation seems pointless unless it's for folks who can't take too much of that Gallic sweat at one sitting or for people who couldn't bring themselves to trot into their local Boots and ask for something called 'Godlike Genius'. That aside, it's fairly respectable.

The Brothers bash is more valid, since all those comps seen in collector's stores are surely deleted, though there are several import selections available. 'Make It Easy On Yourself' and 'The Sun Ain't Gonna Shine Anymore' are here with deadweight inevitability but Midge Ure fans will note the absence of 'No Regrets', which doesn't belong to Philips y'see.

Scott Walker's cavernous voice justifies the whole scene. SANDY ROBERTSON

SINGLES

From page 32

COSMETICS: 'The Crack'
(Illegal 12")

Cosmetics, not to be confused with an up-coming probably feeble yankee act of the same name, would be in my book any day.

They're part of the McCullough underground, which never strikes but feels it ought to in desperation and, if you can believe that I'm not speaking hysterically *at all*, is given its more than fair share of wilful beady-eyed suppression by the powers that shouldn't be.

Before, therefore, I'm incarcerated in a cell for Pound-like saying "I am here to defend music against its corrupt, coming death", such as Cosmetics really do deserve searching out.

This part of the underground is so exciting! Even for the typical, looked-over detail that Cosmetics, with Fall-producer Mazda as always at the helm, rope in Marsha Hunt (now *there's* a name...!) to sing back up vocals, on a song that isn't Mazda's best but which will be featured on a forthcoming Illegal album that ought to be superlative stuff.

'The Crack' is funk carried out with an eye to mystery, to the important little winning detail in (Mazda's latest forte) production.

Membranes, Black, Nightingales, Sudden Sway... it's enough to make you wish you were incarcerated, the lack of context and taste and the negligence is so great.

SINGLES OF
THE WEEK
PART III:

MUSIC FOR PLEASURE:
'Switchback' (Polydor)
GAMMER AND HIS
FAMILIARS: 'Will The New
Baby' (Gammer)
HURRAH! 'The Sun Shines
Here' (Kitchen Ware)
PANORAMA 'Dream Home'
(Kamera)
SECTION 25 'The Beast'
(Factory)
THE SWIM: 'Talking To A
Shadow' (Zim Zam)
ZEV: 'Wipe Out' (Fetish)

More ways to stop the clock, Lloyd-wise. I hate lists and I hate especially listing out Song Titles, but the names above are what you should watch for.

Look at that Membranes' quote back there and then tie it to the chief characteristic on all these singles. All 'reasons to be cheerful' sure (glad to see that RM hack back again) but, more pertinently, they all show the impossible *width* of the rock form of creating.

How hard, with these little pellets of *good sense* around it'll be for the cynics and the planners to tie music to a death.

A few mentions besides the list; good to see MFP and, in the shape of Panorama, Pete Petrol (I thought Repetition were excellent!) back in shape again, MFP out doing the Bunnymen and now on super Polydor, while Petrol steps

favourably into the Dep Mode world of good looks and synths; think he might even do it the old buggery.

Gammer's a laugh. It's Vini Reilly and Steve Hopkins, among other Mancunian criminals (is T. Wilson there by any chance?) sending up the horrid new Woyal infant.

Zev is bald and doomy, Section 25 *still* make the Cure as cheerful as Madness and I perversely like 'em for it, the Swim are pure Cope (hi Julian) and... and! Hurrah! come from Tyneside and are favourably affected by the wind that's blown down to them from Postcardian Glasgow...

SINGLE OF
THE WEEK
PART IV:JOHN WALLER: 'Shot By
Both Sides (Night Version)'
(Incredible)

An important new addition to *Sounds* staff, this Scots/English yodeller needs some classification.

Fatter than me, not as good as me, he could still cut it if he wises up and follows the Pound maxim of: "It's not how you write as a critic, it's *who* you write about that matters in the end."

Cut the Bow Wows, also the currys, get that wild look out of your eyes and, who knows, this Waller creature's juggling with words could be a... hit.

We need more like him. I think.



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- 6 WAIT FOR THE BLACKOUT, Damned, Big Beat NS(P) 77
- 2 TEMPTATION, New Order, Factory FAC 63(12)
- 17 THE BIG BEAN, Pigbag, Y Y24
- 4 THE HOUSE THAT MAN BUILT (EP), Conflict, Crass 221984/1
- 13 FARCE (14 TRACK EP), Rudimentary Peni, Crass 221984/2
- 5 SICK BOY, GBH, Clay CLAY 11
- 15 BELA LUGOSI'S DEAD, Bauhaus, Small Wonder WEENY 2
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- DONT GO, Yazoo, Mute YAZ 001
- 26 WARFARE (EP), System, Spiderleg SDL 4
- 12 LOVE IS ALL IS ALRIGHT, UB40, DEP International 7DEP (12 DEP) 4
- 8 I'VE GOT A GUN, Channel 3, No Future OI 11
- 28 RUNNING AWAY, Paul Haig, Operation Twilight OPT 3
- 25 XOYO, Passage, Cherry Red CHERRY 35
- 22 EL SALVADOR (EP), Insane, No Future OI 10
- 9 BRAVE NEW WORLD, Toyah, Safari SAFE(P) 45
- 25 TAKE NO PRISONERS (EP), Red Alert, No Future OI 13
- 29 NAZI PUNKS F-OFF, Dead Kennedys, Subterranean SUB 24
- 23 THE "SWEETEST GIRL", Scritti Politti, Rough Trade RT 091
- 31 SURVIVAL, Defects, WXYZ ABCD 3
- 20 I THINK WE NEED HELP, Farmer's Boys, Waap WAAP 3
- 21 ANGEL FACE, Outcasts, 00 00 200
- 18 PAPA'S GOT A BRAND NEW PIGBAG, Pigbag, Y(12)Y10
- 38 THIS DIRTY TOWN, Lurkers, Clay CLAY 12



- VIVA LA REVOLUTION, Adicts, Fall Out FALL 002
- 24 TEARING UP THE PLANS, 23 Skidoo, Fetish FP 20
- 33 LOVE WILL TEAR US APART, Joy Division, Factory FAC 23
- FASHION, Charge, Kamera ERA 007
- 19 THE MEANING OF LOVE, Depeche Mode, Mute 7MUTE(12 MUTE) 022
- 43 EVERYTHING'S GONE GREEN, New Order, Factory Benelux FACBN 08
- 41 NO DOVES FLY HERE, Mob, Crass 321984/7
- 42 NO SECURITY, Chaos UK, Riot City RIOT 12
- 49 REASONS FOR EXISTENCE (EP), Subhumans, Spiderleg SDL 5
- 34 PAGAN LOVE SONG, Virgin Prunes, Rough Trade RT 106
- 45 ALL-OUT ATTACK, Blitz, No Future OI 1
- 32 STOP, Zeitgeist, Jamming! 12CREATIVE 4
- 46 A VIEW FROM HER ROOM, Weekend, Rough Trade RT 097
- ROSEMARY, Dislocation Dance, New Hormones ORG 19
- 35 LA VACHE QUI RIT (EP), Zounds, Not So Brave NSB 1
- 40 NEVER SURRENDER, Blitz, No Future OI 1
- 49 SUBLIMINAL, Drinking Electricity, Survival SUR (12) 1
- 50 POLICE STATE (EP), Special Duties, Rondolet ROUND 20

Compiled by MRIB/RB Research

UK ALBUMS

- 11 LEXICON OF LOVE, ABC, Neutron
- 2 AVALON, Roxy Music, EG
- 3 STILL LIFE (AMERICAN CONCERT 1981), Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones
- 41 PICTURES AT ELEVEN, Robert Plant, Swan Song
- 19 MIRAGE, Fleetwood Mac, Warner Bros
- 4 TROPICAL GANGSTERS, Kid Creole And The Coconuts, Ze



- 26 IMPERIAL BEDROOM, Elvis Costello, F. Beat
- 7 COMPLETE MADNESS, Madness, Stiff
- 16 ABRACADABRA, Steve Miller Band, Mercury
- 30 FAME, Original Soundtrack, RSO
- 9 RIO, Duran Duran, EMI
- 29 OVERLOAD, Various, Ronco
- 6 THREE SIDES LIVE, Genesis, Charisma
- FABRIQUE, Fashion, Arista
- 5 NON-STOP ECSTATIC DANCING, Soft Cell, Some Bizzare
- 11 THE CHANGELING, Toyah, Safari
- 20 TURBO TRAX, Various, K-tel
- 12 WINDSONG, Randy Crawford, Warner Bros
- 16 THE LOVE THAT WHIRLS (DIARY OF A THINKING HEART), Bill Nelson, Mercury
- 14 TROOPS OF TOMORROW, Exploited, Secret
- 17 ARE YOU READY?, Bucks Fizz, RCA
- 13 STEVIE WONDER'S ORIGINAL MUSIQUARIUM 1, Stevie Wonder, Motown
- LOVE AND DANCING, League Unlimited Orchestra, Virgin
- 18 NIGHT BIRDS, Shakatak, Polydor
- 15 HOT SPACE, Queen, EMI
- 23 NON-STOP EROTIC CABARET, Soft Cell, Some Bizzare
- 27 CHARIOTS OF FIRE, Vangelis, Polydor
- 22 PELICAN WEST, Haircut One Hundred, Arista-Clip
- 24 TUG OF WAR, Paul McCartney, Parlophone
- 40 HAPPY TOGETHER, Odyssey, RCA
- 32 ASIA, Asia, Geffen
- 31 SULK, Associates, Associates
- 34 ALL THE BEST COWBOYS HAVE CHINESE EYES, Pete Townshend, Atco
- 28 LIVE IN BRITAIN, Barry Manilow, Arista
- 31 CHILL OUT, Black Uhuru, Island
- 25 THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST, Iron Maiden, EMI
- 33 LOVE SONGS, Barbra Streisand, CBS
- 35 COMBAT ROCK, Clash, CBS
- 39 1982, Status Quo, Vertigo
- DARE, The Human League, Virgin
- 46 NIGHT AND DAY, Joe Jackson, A&M
- 36 THE HUNTER, Blondie, Chrysalis
- 42 BEAT, King Crimson, EG
- 45 TURN OUT THE LIGHTS, Bernie Tormé, Kamaflage
- 45 THE EAGLE HAS LANDED, Saxon, Carrere
- 37 SWITCHED ON SWING, Kings Of Swing Orchestra, K-tel
- 44 BROADSWORD AND THE BEAST, Jethro Tull, Chrysalis
- 58 GOLD, Steely Dan, MCA
- A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS, A Flock Of Seagulls, Jive
- 47 BAT OUT OF HELL, Meat Loaf, Epic
- 38 TIN DRUM, Japan, Virgin
- FRIENDS, Shalamar, Solar
- 51 PEARLS, Elkie Brooks, A&M
- 43 PINKY BLUE, Altered Images, Epic
- 49 KILLERS, Kiss, Casablanca
- ON THE LINE, Gary US Bonds, EMI America
- 54 GREATEST HITS, Queen, EMI
- 48 STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART, Patrice Rushen, Elektra
- 52 THE CONCERTS IN CHINA, Jean Michel Jarre, Polydor
- 50 EYE IN THE SKY, Alan Parsons Project, Arista

Compiled by RB Research

SOUNDS PLAYLIST

Geoff Barton
EYE OF THE TIGER, Survivor, Scotti Bros
HARD LUCK STORY, The Hunt, Passport
AMERICAN FOOL, John Cougar, Riva

Garry Bushell
HAVE YOU GOT 10p?, The Ejected, Riot City white label
NO HOPE FOR THE WRETCHED, Dead Wretched, Inferno
HOTTEST HITS FROM THE VAULTS OF TREASURE ISLAND, Various, Virgin Frontline

Hugh Fielder
ABRACADABRA, Steve Miller Band, Mercury
NO REGRETS, Midge Ure, Chrysalis
BILLY IDOL, Billy Idol, Chrysalis

David Lewis
PICTURES AT ELEVEN, Robert Plant, Swan Song
LET THERE BE ROCK, AC/DC, Atlantic 12" B-side
ALL BALLS AND NO WILLY, John Otway, Empire

Dave McCullough
MANY HAPPY RETURNS, ABC, Neutron LP track
INNOCULATED CITY, The Clash, CBS LP track
SHOT BY BOTH SIDES, Magazine, the Waller 'Night' version, Virgin

Edwin Pouncey
THE MESSAGE, Grandmaster Flash And The Furious Five, Sugarhill 12"
SOUND D'AFRIQUE VOLUME II 'SOUKOUS', Various Artists, Island LP
GREGORY ISAACS IN DUB, African Museum Players, present from Island

Sandy Robertson
DA DA DA, Trio, Mobile Suit
ONE SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON, Art Pepper, Galaxy
ONLY OVER YOU, Fleetwood Mac, Warner Bros LP track

UK SINGLES

- 1 HAPPY TALK, Captain Sensible, A&M
- 38 FAME, Irene Cara, RSO
- 4 INSIDE OUT, Odyssey, RCA
- 3 ABRACADABRA, Steve Miller Band, Mercury
- 6 MUSIC AND LIGHT, Imagination, R&B
- 10 A NIGHT TO REMEMBER, Shalamar, Solar
- 5 JUST WHO'S THE FIVE O'CLOCK HERO?, The Jam, Polydor
- 8 NO REGRETS, Midge Ure, Chrysalis
- 12 WORK THAT BODY, Diana Ross, Capitol
- 2 I'VE NEVER BEEN TO ME, Charlene, Motown
- 18 NOW THOSE DAYS ARE GONE, Bucks Fizz, RCA
- 13 BEATLES MOVIE MEDLEY, Beatles, Parlophone
- 19 IKO IKO, Natasha, Towerbell
- 21 MURPHY'S LAW, Cheri, 21/Polydor
- 11 HUNGRY LIKE THE WOLF, Duran Duran, EMI
- 7 (I'M A WONDERFUL THING) BABY, Kid Creole And The Coconuts, Ze
- 34 NIGHT TRAIN, Visage, Polydor
- 25 FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK (WE SALUTE YOU), AC/DC, Atlantic
- 23 FREEBIRD, Lynyrd Skynyrd, MCA
- 9 TORCH, Soft Cell, Some Bizzare
- 26 HEART STOP BEATING IN TIME, Leo Sayer, Chrysalis
- 35 SHY BOY, Bananarama, Deram
- 22 LAS PALABRAS DE AMOR, Queen, EMI
- 16 THE LOOK OF LOVE, ABC, Neutron
- 42 DA DA DA, Trio, Mobile Suit Corp
- 41 I SECOND THAT EMOTION, Japan, Hansa/Ariola
- 28 VIDEOTEQUE, Dollar, WEA
- 14 AVALON, Roxy Music, EG
- 15 GOODY TWO SHOES, Adam Ant, CBS
- 17 I WANT CANDY, Bow Wow Wow, RCA
- 20 DO I DO, Stevie Wonder, Motown
- 46 ME AND MY GIRL (NIGHTCLUBBING), David Essex, Mercury
- 32 TAKE IT AWAY, Paul McCartney, Parlophone
- 37 ROCK THE CASBAH, Clash, CBS



- 90 IT STARTED WITH A KISS, Hot Chocolate, RAK
- 29 HOUSE OF FUN, Madness, Stiff
- 36 STREET WALKIN', Shakatak, Polydor
- 31 ONLY YOU, Yazoo, Mute
- 27 GOING TO A GO-GO, Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones
- 49 LOVE HAS FOUND ITS WAY, Dennis Brown, A&M
- 24 WE TAKE MYSTERY (TO BED), Gary Numan, Beggars Banquet
- LOVELY MONEY, Damned, Bronze
- 43 SPACE AGE LOVE SONG, A Flock Of Seagulls, Jive
- 33 MAMA USED TO SAY, Junior, Mercury
- 51 SOONER OR LATER, Larry Graham, Warner Bros
- 30 SPIRIT, Bauhaus, Beggars Banquet
- 45 FAMILY MAN, Mike Oldfield, Virgin
- 40 THE BACK OF LOVE, Echo And The Bunnymen, Korova
- 52 COME ON EILEEN, Dexy's Midnight Runners And Emerald Express, Mercury
- 55 SENSITIVE, Mick Karn, Virgin
- 53 BRAVE NEW WORLD, Toyah, Safari
- 54 IKO IKO, Belle Stars, Stiff
- 39 FANTASY ISLAND, Tight Fit, Jive
- 70 HEAT OF THE MOMENT, Asia, Geffen
- CHALK DUST (THE UMPIRE STRIKES BACK), Brat, Hansa
- 83 THE BIG BEAN, Pigbag, Y
- 62 LET'S FUNK TONIGHT, Blue Feathers, Mercury
- DONT GO, Yazoo, Mute
- TOO LATE, Junior, Mercury
- 44 3X3 (EP), Genesis, Charisma
- ARTHUR DALEY 'E'S ALRIGHT, The Firm, Stiff
- 61 WOMAN, Anti-Nowhere League, WXYZ
- 84 MATADOR, Jeff Wayne, CBS
- 69 DANCE WIT' ME, Rick James, Motown
- 76 PLAYTHING, Linx, Chrysalis
- 71 THE SOUND OF YOUR CRY, Elvis Presley, RCA
- 60 MARGATE, Chas And Dave, Rockney
- 93 LOVE IS IN CONTROL (FINGER ON THE TRIGGER), Donna Summer, Warner Bros
- 48 TINY CHILDREN, Teardrop Explodes, Mercury
- THE ONLY WAY OUT, Cliff Richard, EMI
- HURRY HOME, Wavelength, Ariola
- I WAS TIRED OF BEING ALONE, Patrice Rushen, Elektra
- 57 THE TELEPHONE ALWAYS RINGS, Fun Boy Three, Chrysalis
- 47 SHE DON'T FOOL ME, Status Quo, Vertigo
- RENEZVOUS, Tygers Of Pan Tang, MCA
- BBC WORLD CUP GRANDSTAND, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, BBC
- 87 CRIMSON AND CLOVER, Joan Jett And The Blackhearts, Epic
- 77 NO GETTING OVER YOU, Paris, RCA
- POSTMAN PAT (THEME FROM BBC SERIES), Ken Barrie, Post Music
- 85 ALWAYS ON MY MIND, Willie Nelson, CBS
- 50 YOU LITTLE FOOL, Elvis Costello, F. Beat
- 67 WAIT FOR THE BLACKOUT, Damned, Big Beat
- 74 ANGEL IN BLUE, J. Geils Band, EMI America
- 63 EMPTY GARDEN, Elton John, Rocket
- 56 CLUB COUNTRY, Associates, Associates
- 58 TEMPTATION, New Order, Factory
- 75 THIS TIME (WE'LL GET IT RIGHT)/FLY THE FLAG, England World Cup Squad, England
- TODAY, Talk Talk, EMI
- 64 17 YEARS OF HELL (EP), Partisans, No Future
- I'M AFRAID OF ME, Culture Club, Virgin
- 65 FORGET ME NOTS, Patrice Rushen, Elektra
- 91 I WON'T LET YOU DOWN, PhD, WEA
- 93 CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU, Boys Town Gang, ERC
- A WAY YOU'LL NEVER BE, Leisure Process, Epic
- 88 HOLD ME, Fleetwood Mac, Warner Bros
- 100 STAR, Second Image, Polydor
- 82 KEEP ON, D Train, Epic
- 82 SICK BOY, GBH, Clay
- 79 THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST, Iron Maiden, EMI
- 59 ISLAND OF LOST SOULS, Blondie, Chrysalis

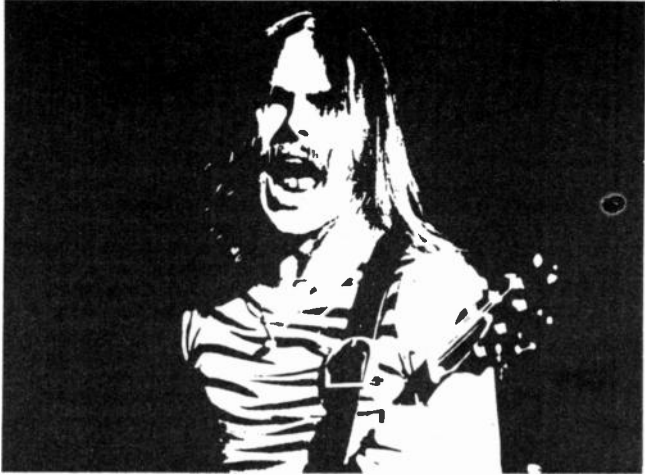
Compiled by RB Research

HEAVY METAL

Once again, to send you blind as well as deaf, we bring you Britain's only OFFICIAL HM chart, compiled from returns from 50 shops around the country.

SINGLES

- | | | |
|---|----|---|
| 1 | 3 | FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK, AC/DC, Atlantic |
| 2 | 1 | FREEBIRD, Lynyrd Skynyrd, MCA |
| 3 | 7 | RENDEZVOUS, Tygers Of Pan Tang, MCA |
| 4 | 3 | HEAT OF THE MOMENT, Asia, Geffen |
| 5 | 5 | CRIMSON AND CLOVER, Joan Jett And The Blackhearts, Epic |
| 6 | 4 | YOU KEEP ME HANGIN' ON, Rods, Arista |
| 7 | 6 | THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST, Iron Maiden, EMI |
| 8 | 11 | SITTING PRETTY, Silverwing, Mayhem |
| 9 | 14 | ENOUGH IS ENOUGH, April Wine, Capitol |



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|----|----|---|
| 10 | — | CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU, Scorpions, Harvest |
| 11 | 12 | BIG GUNS, Rory Gallagher, Chrysalis |
| 12 | 8 | SHE DON'T FOOL ME, Status Quo, Vertigo |
| 13 | 13 | NO MORE LONELY NIGHTS, Saracen, Decca |
| 14 | 9 | FANTASY, Aldo Nova, CBS |
| 15 | 17 | IF YOU WANT MY LOVE, Cheap Trick, CBS |
| 16 | — | LOSING MY GRIP, Samson, Polydor |
| 17 | — | PARANOID, Black Sabbath, NEMS 12" |
| 18 | 20 | AMERICA, Bernie Tormé, Kamaflage |
| 19 | — | WHO'S GONNA WIN THE WAR?, Hawklords, Flickknife |
| 20 | 19 | EYE OF THE TIGER, Survivor, Scotti Bros |

ALBUMS

- | | | |
|----|----|--|
| 1 | — | PICTURES AT ELEVEN, Robert Plant, Swan Song |
| 2 | 1 | KILLERS, Kiss, Polygram |
| 3 | 18 | NUGENT, Ted Nugent, Atlantic |
| 4 | 5 | TURN OUT THE LIGHTS, Bernie Tormé, Kamaflage |
| 5 | 3 | WIPE OUT, Raven, Neat |
| 6 | 4 | ALDO NOVA, Aldo Nova, CBS |
| 7 | — | SCREAMING FOR VENGEANCE, Judas Priest, CBS |
| 8 | 20 | GOOD TROUBLE, REO Speedwagon, CBS |
| 9 | 6 | THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST, Iron Maiden, EMI |
| 10 | 8 | ASIA, Asia, Geffen |
| 11 | 13 | TOO FAST FOR LOVE, Mötley Crüe, Leathür import |
| 12 | 7 | METAL ON METAL, Anvil, Attic |
| 13 | 17 | NICE 'N' DIRTY, Rage, Carrere |
| 14 | 9 | THE EAGLE HAS LANDED, Saxon, Carrere |
| 15 | 19 | FOR THOSE ABOUT TO ROCK, AC/DC, Atlantic |
| 16 | 11 | RESTLESS BREED, Riot, WEA |
| 17 | 12 | VINYL CONFESSIONS, Kansas, CBS import |
| 18 | 10 | SPECIAL FORCE, 38 Special, A&M |
| 19 | 14 | PRIVATE AUDIENCE, Heart, Portrait |
| 20 | — | WILD DOGS, Rods, Arista |
| 21 | 22 | EYE OF THE TIGER, Survivor, Scotti Bros import |
| 22 | 26 | POWERPLAY, April Wine, Capitol |
| 23 | — | BEFORE I FORGET, Jon Lord, EMI |
| 24 | 15 | BLACKOUT, Scorpions, Harvest |
| 25 | 27 | REVENGE, Mayday, A&M import |
| 26 | 16 | SCREAMING BLUE MURDER, Girlschool, Bronze |
| 27 | 23 | EXTRATERRESTRIAL LIVE, Blue Oyster Cult, CBS |
| 28 | 25 | BREAKING THE CHAINS, Don Dokken, Carrere |
| 29 | 29 | BAT OUT OF HELL, Meat Loaf, Epic |
| 30 | — | BATTLE HYMNS, Manowar, Liberty import |

IMPORTS

- | | |
|----|---|
| 1 | TOO FAST FOR LOVE, Mötley Crüe, Leathür |
| 2 | VINYL CONFESSIONS, Kansas, CBS |
| 3 | EYE OF THE TIGER, Survivor, Scotti Bros |
| 4 | REVENGE, Mayday, A&M |
| 5 | BATTLE HYMNS, Manowar, Liberty |
| 6 | THRILL OF THE KILL, Hunt, Passport |
| 7 | CAN'T WAIT, Piper, A&M |
| 8 | BOLD AS BRASS, Bodine, Rhinoceros |
| 9 | MEGA FORCE, 707, Boardwalk |
| 10 | BLOOD AND THUNDER, More, WEA |

Compiled by Luke Crampton/MRIB

PSYCHEDELIC

- | | |
|----|---|
| 1 | PASS MYSELF, The Third Eye, Scarlet |
| 2 | SLIP INSIDE THIS HOUSE, 13th Floor Elevators, from 'Easter Everywhere', International Artists |
| 3 | YOU'VE NEVER HAD IT BETTER, Electric Prunes, Reprise B-side |
| 4 | OPEN MY EYES, Nazz, SGC |
| 5 | YOU'RE GONNA MISS ME, The Spades, Zero |
| 6 | ARE YOU GOING TO BE AT THE LOVE-IN?, Chocolate Watch Band, from 'No Way Out', Tower |
| 7 | WAIT FOR MY TIME, The Golden Dawn, from 'Power Plant', IA |
| 8 | BEHEMOTH, Shadows Of Knight, Atlantic B-side |
| 9 | LIVIN' ON, 13th Floor Elevators, from 'Bull Of The Woods', IA |
| 10 | THE GREAT BANANA HOAX, Electric Prunes, Reprise |
| 11 | RUN RUN RUN, The Third Rail, Epic |
| 12 | THEY'RE GONNA GET YOU, Count Five, Double Shot B-side |
| 13 | EVER HAD THE FEELING?, The Standells, from 'Try It', Tower |
| 14 | WINTER SUN, Ohio Express, Pye International |
| 15 | TRIPMAKER, The Seeds, GNP Crescendo |
| 16 | HIGH TIME, The Sonics, from 'Introducing', Jerden |
| 17 | BLOODBEAT, The Fire Escape, from 'Psychotic Reaction', GNP Crescendo |
| 18 | HEY JOE, The Leaves, Mira |
| 19 | COLOURS, Ravin' Blue, Monument |
| 20 | WESTERN UNION, The Five Americans, Abnak |

Compiled by Discordian Enterprises, somewhere in Soho

AMERICAN ALBUMS

- | | | |
|----|----|---|
| 1 | 1 | ASIA, Asia, Geffen |
| 2 | 3 | ALWAYS ON MY MIND, Willie Nelson, CBS |
| 3 | 4 | DARE, The Human League, A&M |
| 4 | 5 | TOTO IV, Toto, CBS |
| 5 | 6 | STILL LIFE, Rolling Stones, Rolling Stones |
| 6 | 2 | TUG OF WAR, Paul McCartney, Columbia |
| 7 | 8 | AMERICAN FOOL, John Cougar, Polygram |
| 8 | 7 | DIVER DOWN, Van Halen, Warner Bros |
| 9 | 10 | GET LUCKY, Loverboy, Columbia |
| 10 | — | EYE OF THE TIGER, Survivor, Scotti Bros |
| 11 | 11 | SPECIAL FORCES, 38 Special, A&M |
| 12 | 9 | STEVIE WONDER'S ORIGINAL MUSIQUARIUM 1, Stevie Wonder, Motown |
| 13 | 16 | THROWIN' DOWN, Rick James, Motown |
| 14 | 15 | KEEP IT ALIVE, Dazz Band, Motown |
| 15 | 12 | ALDO NOVA, Aldo Nova, Epic |
| 16 | 13 | PICTURE THIS, Huey Lewis And The News, Chrysalis |
| 17 | 18 | VINYL CONFESSIONS, Kansas, Epic |
| 18 | 20 | ESCAPE, Journey, Columbia |
| 19 | 17 | SUCCESS HASN'T SPOILED ME YET, Rick Springfield, RCA |
| 20 | — | GOOD TROUBLE, REO Speedwagon, Epic |
| 21 | 23 | QUIET LIES, Juice Newton, Capitol |
| 22 | 24 | ALL FOUR ONE, The Motels, Capitol |
| 23 | 26 | DREAMGIRLS, Original Cast, WEA |
| 24 | 27 | COMBAT ROCK, The Clash, Epic |
| 25 | 25 | PRIVATE AUDITION, Heart, Epic |
| 26 | 28 | NON-STOP EROTIC CABARET, Soft Cell, Warner Bros |
| 27 | 30 | GAP BAND IV, Gap Band, Polygram |
| 28 | — | BLACKOUT, Scorpions, Mercury |
| 29 | 29 | EXTRATERRESTRIAL LIVE, Blue Oyster Cult, CBS |
| 30 | — | EYE IN THE SKY, Alan Parsons Project, Arista |

Compiled by Billboard

AMERICAN SINGLES

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|----|----|--|
| 1 | 1 | DON'T YOU WANT ME?, The Human League, A&M |
| 2 | 2 | ROSANNA, Toto, Columbia |
| 3 | 5 | HURTS SO GOOD, John Cougar, Polygram |
| 4 | 4 | HEAT OF THE MOMENT, Asia, Geffen |
| 5 | 9 | EYE OF THE TIGER, Survivor, Scotti Bros |
| 6 | 7 | LET IT WHIP, Dazz Band, Motown |
| 7 | 8 | LOVE'S BEEN A LITTLE HARD ON ME, Juice Newton, Capitol |
| 8 | 3 | EBONY AND IVORY, Paul McCartney And Stevie Wonder, Columbia |
| 9 | 11 | TAINTED LOVE, Soft Cell, Warner Bros |
| 10 | 10 | CAUGHT UP IN YOU, 38 Special, A&M |
| 11 | 13 | ONLY THE LONELY, The Motels, Capitol |
| 12 | 22 | HOLD ME, Fleetwood Mac, Warner Bros |
| 13 | 16 | DO I DO, Stevie Wonder, Motown |
| 14 | 15 | ANY DAY NOW, Ronnie Milsap, RCA |
| 15 | 19 | ABRACADABRA, Steve Miller Band, Capitol |
| 16 | 20 | KEEP THE FIRE BURNIN', REO Speedwagon, Epic |
| 17 | 17 | PLAY THE GAME TONIGHT, Kansas, Epic |
| 18 | 18 | TAKE ME DOWN, Alabama, RCA |
| 19 | 6 | ALWAYS ON MY MIND, Willie Nelson, Columbia |
| 20 | 24 | STILL THEY RIDE, Journey, Columbia |
| 21 | 21 | WHAT KIND OF FOOL AM I?, Rick Springfield, RCA |
| 22 | 25 | PERSONALLY, Karla Bonoff, Columbia |
| 23 | 23 | FORGET ME NOTS, Patrice Rushen, Elektra |
| 24 | 27 | EVEN THE NIGHTS ARE BETTER, Air Supply, Arista |
| 25 | 29 | WASTED ON THE WAY, Crosby Stills And Nash, Atlantic |
| 26 | — | HARD TO SAY I'M SORRY, Chicago, Warner Bros |
| 27 | 30 | GOING TO A GO GO, Rolling Stones, Atlantic |
| 28 | — | EARLY IN THE MORNING, Gap Band, Polygram |
| 29 | 12 | CRIMSON AND CLOVER, Joan Jett And The Blackhearts, Broadwalk |
| 30 | 14 | THE OTHER WOMAN, Ray Parker Jnr, Arista |

Compiled by Billboard

OBSCURIST

- | | |
|----|--|
| 1 | MUSIC TO GO TO SLEEP BY, The Young Must Suffer, (information from Ian Hazeldine, 30 Blackbrook Avenue, Hawarden, Deeside, Clwyd — despite what the title suggests, it's not boring) |
| 2 | SANDWICHES, Len Liggins, from the compilation 'No Platform For Heels', Tender Hooks Records (38 Barnfield Gardens, London SE18 3QT) |
| 3 | MIKE BALDWIN, The Clinging Underpants, (information from 18 Mancot Lane, Mancot, Deeside, Clwyd) |
| 4 | NEVER SAY DISRAELI TO A CIGARETTE, The Night The Goldfish Died, cassette single (64 Moorland Road, Fratton, Portsmouth, Hants PO1 5JA) |
| 5 | JOHN PEEL TOASTS OVER AN OPERA, The Mental Aardvarks, from 'The Aardvarks Go Disco Vol 1' C60 (Paul Grady, 3 Bank Street, Platt Bridge, nr Wigan, Lancs) |
| 6 | SUMMER DAYS, Zanti Misfutz, from the 'Famous Smoking Monkey Tapes', Jettisoundz |
| 7 | HEART FINDS A HOME, Robert Lawrence, from the compilation 'We Couldn't Agree On A Title', ICR |
| 8 | WAITING ROOM, Mic Woods, from 'I Played With Myself' C60, Monitor Music (38 Barnfield Gardens, Plumstead, London SE18 3QT) |
| 9 | VI VIL HA OL, De Sjenerte, (I have no information on this, but De Sjenerte are Norwegian and very good) |
| 10 | GOD PUTS A STOP TO THE SILVER PAPER EATING THREE LEGGED MONSTER, Danny And The Dressmakers, from '39 Golden Grates' C90 (FO Records, 286 Portobello Road, London W10) |
| 11 | MILES APART, Everyone Else, (information from Deleted Records, Low Farm, Brigg Road, Messingham, Scunthorpe, South Humberside) |
| 12 | FRENCH HOMEWORK, Flimsy Tram Headache Band, from the compilation C60 'The World According To Jerry Harem', Off The Beaten Track Records (20 Chestnut Avenue, Hornchurch, Essex RM12 4HN) |
| 13 | DIE FOR DOGGY, Tom Cramp And The Epileptic Ducks, from the C60 'Crampösaurs Erectus' (Andy Higginson, 7 Chantry Avenue, Hartford, Northwich, Cheshire CW8 1LZ) |
| 14 | ASYLUM ROAD, Paul Rowley, from the C60 'Amazing Compilation' (Martin Rawlinson, 105 Central Hill, Upper Norwood, London SE19 1BY) |
| 15 | I LOVE TONY BENN, The Ambitious Merchants, from the C20 'Steve Ovett, Mushrooms And Bill And Ben' (Paddy Shennoboppa, 13 The Turnpike, Fulwood, Preston, Lancs PR2 3NT) |
| 16 | POINTED SHOES, The Instant Automats, from the C60 'Tape Transport', (Deleted Records, as above) |
| 17 | DO YOU FEEL LIKE IT, Dick Healey And Friend, private tape |
| 18 | ABUSE, David Jacks, from the C60 'Turn On Delight', Philosophical Bullshit Tapes (3 Upper Aston Hall Lane, Hawarden, Deeside, Clwyd) |
| 19 | ALEISTER CROWLEY, The Pathetic, No Records 45 |
| 20 | PEOPLE BUILDINGS DOGS AND TABLES, The 40 Bouncing Wahl Athletic Absolutely Hippopotamus Sweet Marie 81 Brothers SW9 Band, from the C60 'A Woodlouse Lament' (Rog, 28 Mechanics Lane, Pentre, nr Queensferry, Deeside, Clwyd) |

Compiled by Junior Malfawi, 10 Bryn Road, Connah's Quay, Deeside, Clwyd.

REGGAE

PRE-RELEASE 45

- | | |
|----|--|
| 1 | PAIN, Brigadier Jerry, Jwyanza |
| 2 | LOVE IN THE MORNING, Leroy Sibbles, Gorgon |
| 3 | WINSOME, Alton Ellis, Volcano |
| 4 | HIGHWAY ROBBERY, Israel Vibration, Volcano |
| 5 | GAMBLING, Jah Wayne And Johnny, Hitbound |
| 6 | IT'S GONNA TAKE A MIRACLE, Clarence Parker, Dynamite |
| 7 | ROCK STEADY PARTY, Leroy Sibbles, Gorgon |
| 8 | I'VE GOT LOVE, Rod Taylor, DEL |
| 9 | LEGGO BEAST, Abbyssinians, Clinch |
| 10 | IN THE ARMY, Peter Metro and Zu Zu, Dynamite |

DISCO 45

- | | |
|----|---|
| 1 | HOLD ONTO WHAT YOU'VE GOT, Dennis Brown, Taxi |
| 2 | LOVELIGHT, Dennis Brown, Yvonne's Special |
| 3 | LOVE HAS FOUND IT'S WAY, Dennis Brown, A&M |
| 4 | DANCE HALL STYLE, Al Campbell, Greensleeves |
| 5 | STARLINER, John McClean and Toyah, Music Lovers |
| 6 | I'LL NEVER FALL IN LOVE AGAIN, Techniques, Black Joy |
| 7 | BADMAN POSSE, Junior Marvin, Dread At The Controls |
| 8 | ILLITERACY/DON'T GET WEARY, Robert Emmanuel and Ranking Simeon, Black Roots |
| 9 | OOH BOY, Sandra Reid, Sir George |
| 10 | LET'S GET MARRIED, Pat Kelly, Roller |

ALBUMS

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|----|--|
| 1 | LOVE HAS FOUND ITS WAY, Dennis Brown, A&M |
| 2 | OPERATION RADICATION, Yellowman, Pama 10" |
| 3 | DUB DUEL, Crucial Bunny vs. Scientist, Hawkkey |
| 4 | BIG SHIP, Freddie McGregor, Greensleeves |
| 5 | NEVER STOP FIGHTING, Johnny Osbourne, Greensleeves |
| 6 | HOT, Peter Yellow, (Purple Man), Black Music |
| 7 | NEW STYLE, Welton Irie, Pioneer International |
| 8 | SPECIAL REQUEST, Errol Dunkley, Carousal |
| 9 | REGGAE REBEL, Johnny Clarke, Circle |
| 10 | MISTER MUSIC, Sammy Dread, Jah Life |

Compiled by Dub Vendor, 155a Ladbroke Grove, W10

DANCE FLOOR

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| 1 | IT'S MAGIC, Fearless Four, Enjoy 12" import |
| 2 | STOOL PIDGEON, Kid Creole And The Coconuts, from 'Tropical Gangsters', Ze |
| 3 | WHITE BOY, Culture Club, Virgin 45 |
| 4 | CALLING DR ICE, Dr Ice, Enjoy import 12" |
| 5 | CLEAN TO THE BEAN, Dinosaur 1, Sleeping Bag import 45 |
| 6 | CINCO DE MAYO, War, Polydor 12" B-side |
| 7 | LET'S FUNK TONIGHT, Blue Feather, Polydor 45 |
| 8 | FIREWORKS, Siouxsie And The Banshees, Polydor 45 |
| 9 | THE BOMB, Herbie Hancock, from 'Lit Me Up', CBS |
| 10 | MAGIC FLY/SAVE YOUR LOVE FOR ME, Space, Metropolis double A-side |
| 11 | GO-GO HONEY, Stargazers, Epic 10" EP track |
| 12 | SUBTERRANEAN HOMESICK BLUES, Sun Yama, Statik promo 12" |
| 13 | I LOVE A MAN IN A UNIFORM, Gang Of Four, EMI 45 |
| 14 | CAN YOU HANDLE IT?, Sharon Redd, US Prelude compilatoin LP track |
| 15 | THAT'S THE JOINT, Funky Four Plus One, Sugarhill 12" |
| 16 | (BABE YOU'RE JUST A) MESSY GROWING THING, Beat Dem Bongos Brother, Daze pre-issue 45 |
| 17 | GOOD TIMES, Drinking Electricity, Survival 12" |
| 18 | MEGATRON MAN, Patrick Cowley, Magatron import 45 |
| 19 | SCREAM DOWN AT ME, China Crisis, Virgin 45 |
| 20 | SEVEN SONGS, 23 Skidoo, Fetish LP |

Compiled by Garry, Tony and The Count of XL5 Club, York

PUNK

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|---|---|
| 1 | GANGLAND, Violators, No Future |
| 2 | YORKSHIRE RIPPER, Chron-Gen, Secret |
| 3 | (WE WILL NOT) REMEMBER YOU, Anti-Nowhere League, WXYZ |
| 4 | DESTRUCTION, Blitzkreig, No Future |



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| 5 | REMEMBRANCE DAY, 4-Skins, Secret |
| 6 | SPIKEY HAIR, Vice Squad, live tape |
| 7 | FOOL NO MORE, Blitz, Total Noise |
| 8 | WOMAN, Anti-Nowhere League, WXYZ |
| 9 | CHINESE ROCKS, Insane, No Future |
| 10 | SEVENTEEN YEARS OF HELL, Partisans, No Future |
| 11 | BRICKWALL, Infa-Riot, Secret |
| 12 | SKINHEAD IN STA-PREST, Last Resort, Last Resort |
| 13 | SOMEDAY, Anti-Nowhere League, live tape |
| 14 | CHAOS (LIVE), 4-Skins, Secret |
| 15 | ESCAPE, Blitz, tape |
| 16 | TNT, Gonads, Total Noise |
| 17 | EL SALVADOR, Insane, No Future |
| 18 | VOICE OF YOUTH, Abrasive Wheels, Riot City |
| 19 | WORLD WAR III, Anti-Nowhere League, WXYZ |
| 20 | THE WINNER, Infa-Riot, Secret |

Compiled by Bone of Voice Of Youth magazine

EUROROCK

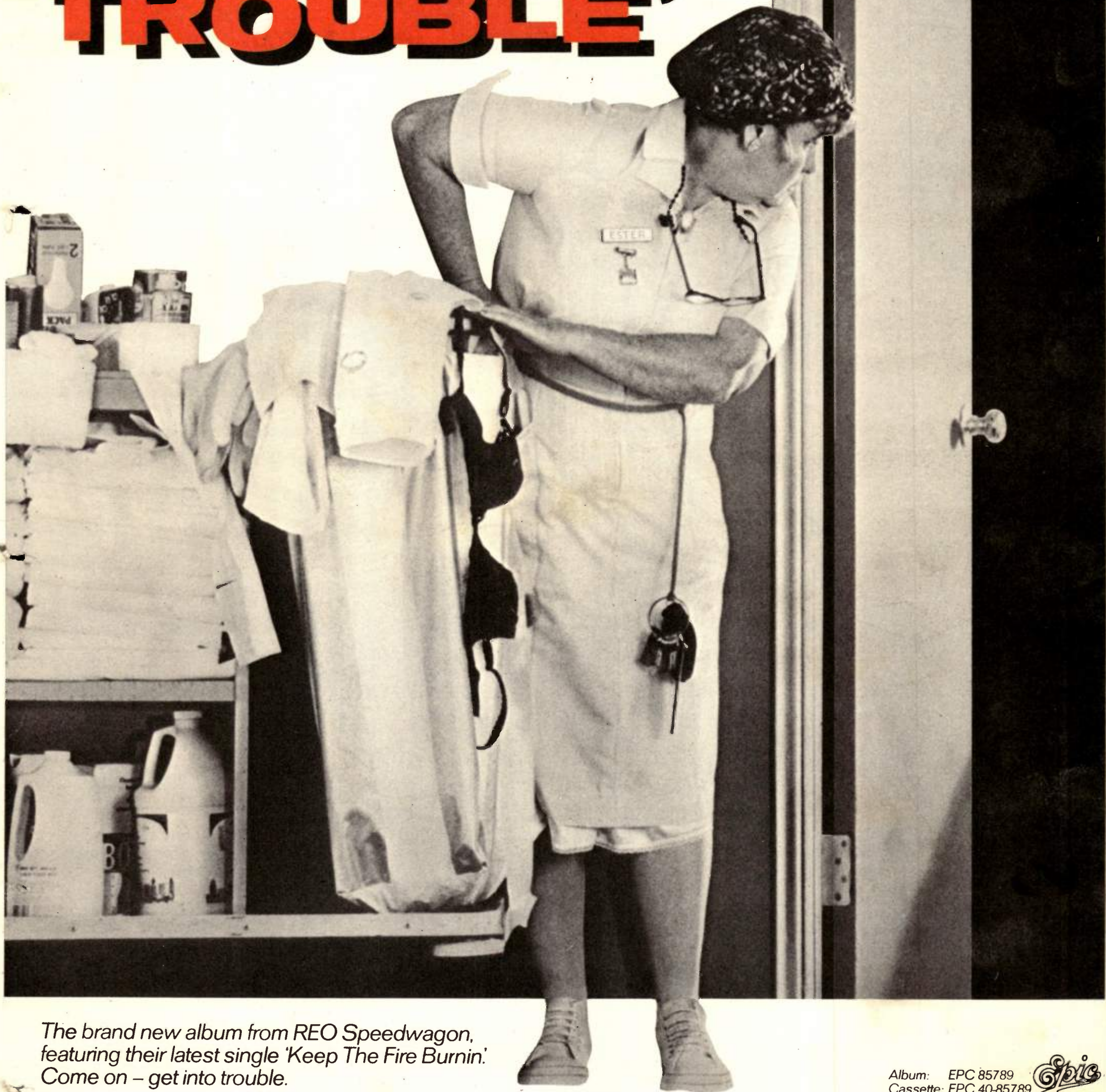
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|----|---|
| 1 | THINKING OF YOU, Omega, Pepita |
| 2 | STARCHASER, Thirst Moon, Sky |
| 3 | SITTING ON A TIME BOMB, Kim Larsen, Epic |
| 4 | TROGLO DANCING, Blanchard, Barclay |
| 5 | EYEWITNESS, Kayak, Vertigo |
| 6 | AUGENBLICKE, Novalis, Ahorn |
| 7 | COSMIC TRIPS, Atoll, Arabella |
| 8 | BREAKOUT, Machiavel, EMI |
| 9 | KORAL, Koral, Pepita |
| 10 | BETWEEN FLESH AND DIVINE, Asia Minor, WAM |
| 11 | ANDROMEDA GIRL, Earth And Fire, Vertigo |
| 12 | WAITING FOR THE SUNSHINE, Jane, Brain |
| 13 | ILLEGAL, Grobschnitt, Brain |
| 14 | CROSSING THE LINE, Asia Minor, WAM |
| 15 | VERS DEMAIN, Mona Lisa, Crypto |
| 16 | A SONNET TO BILLY FROST, 9 Days Wonder, Bellaphon |
| 17 | THE FONTAIN BEYOND THE SUNRISE, Kyrie Eleison, Merlin |
| 18 | REISE ZU DEN STERNEN, Berluc, Amiga |
| 19 | FULL HORN, Cornucopia, Brain |
| 20 | GEMINI, Gemini, Pepita |

Compiled by Paul Johnson of Europe Endless

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