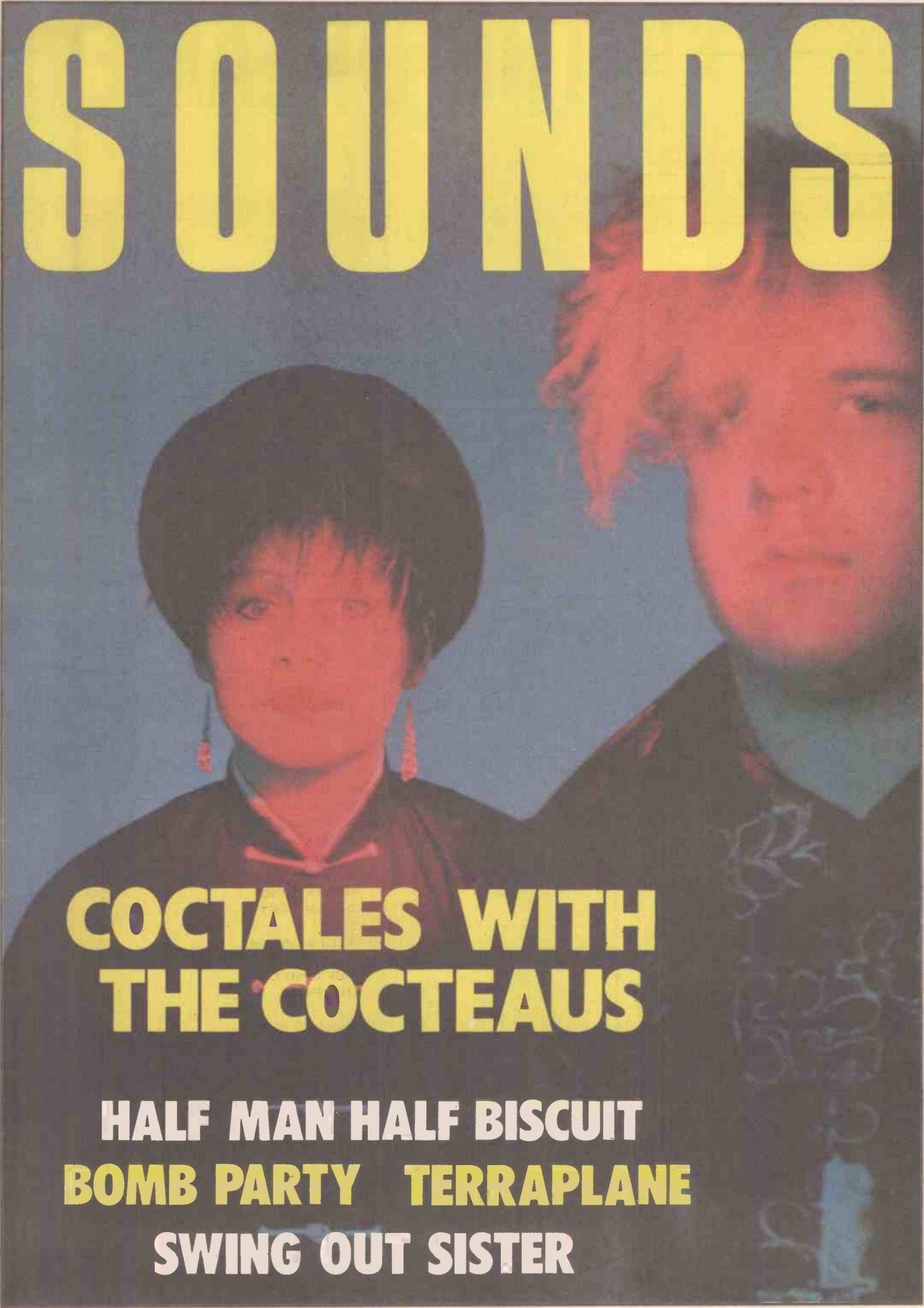


# SOUNDS



**COCTALES WITH  
THE COCTEAUS**

**HALF MAN HALF BISCUIT  
BOMB PARTY TERRAPLANE  
SWING OUT SISTER**

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MORGAN-GRAMPIAN PLC 1985

# THE DREAMERS



**SAD CAFE**, who return to the fray with their 'Politics Of Existing' album on Legacy next weekend, have lined up a British tour, starting in February.

The band, who've spent nearly two years out of action because of various contractual problems, are back with a line-up of Paul Young (no relation) vocals, Ian Wilson and Ashley Mulford guitars, Des Tong bass, Jeff Seopardi drums, Phil Lanzon keyboards and Lenni on sax.

Dates so far confirmed for their British tour are at Tunbridge Wells Assembly Halls February 14, Sheffield Polytechnic 21, Northampton Dergate Centre 22, Ipswich Gaumont 26, Oxford Apollo 27, Preston Guildhall 28, Horsham Capitol Theatre March 1, Manchester Apollo 2, Liverpool Empire 3, Croydon Fairfield Halls 4, Folkestone Leas Cliffe Hall 5, London Hammersmith Odeon 7, Plymouth Polytechnic 8, Cardiff St Davids Hall 9.

**ROBERT ANTON WILSON**, author of the *Illuminatus Trilogy* and *Schrodinger's Cat* among other science/fantasy works, comes over for a personal show at Chelsea Town Hall on January 23.

He'll be performing a two-hour solo 'rap' which will be recorded for an album.

Tickets are priced at £5 and £4 and are available from the Stephen Bartley Gallery in Old Church Street or Forbidden Planet in Denmark Street, where he'll be doing a signing session on the 25th.

**MATT FRETTON**, who was scarcely visible during 1985, starts making amends early in 1986 with four concerts.

He'll be introducing his new backing band, Rhythm And Brass, at the gigs at Brighton Pavilion (Anti-Apartheid benefit) January 10, Bath Moles 11, Barnet Red Rag 17, Camden Dingwalls 24.

More dates are being set up for February. And a live recording is being made of the Barnet gig.

## Attila The Hum ...

**ATTILA THE STOCKBROKER**, the self-styled headbanging ranter, sets out on another batch of dates this month.

He's got a brand new custom-made Motorhead-style electric mandola, which he claims will make Billy Bragg sound like Simon And Garfunkel.

The gigs are at Leicester Polytechnic January 8, Warwick University 9, Brighton Basement Club (with The Neurotics) 11, Maidstone Minstrel 12, Ramsgate Thanet Technical College 13, City Of London Polytechnic 14, Uxbridge Brunel University 19, Middlesborough Teesside Polytechnic 22.

# CURE FANS



THE CURE: management denies that trip organiser was prevented from buying tickets

# SOUNDS

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### AC/DC

LIVE IN BELGIUM SATURDAY 25TH JAN

£65 INCLUDES: Concert ticket, 1st class hotel, luxury coach from London, Cross Channel Ferry. Depart am 24th Jan. Return am 26th Jan

### THE ALARM

LIVE AT A NIGHTCLUB IN BELGIUM FEBRUARY 12TH

£39 INCLUDES all transport by luxury coach from London Cross Channel Ferry and entrance to club in Leuven. Depart am 12th February - return am 13th February

### SIMPLE MINDS

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£69 INCLUDES: Your concert ticket, 1st class hotel (all rooms with private bath, continental breakfast also included), luxury coach from London, Cross Channel Ferry, full day/ve in Paris

Depart am 16th Feb, return am 18th Feb, or £45 includes, concert ticket, all transport by luxury coach from London, Cross Channel Ferry, full day in Paris depart eve 16th Feb - return am 18th Feb.

### SAGA

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# AWAKE

German electro pioneers **Tangerine Dream** tour Britain in the Spring – their first UK visit for three years

**TANGERINE DREAM** (left) come over for their first British tour in nearly three years in March.

They released their first studio album in two years on Jive last autumn, called 'Le Parc'. But although they've maintained a relatively low profile in this country recently, they've toured extensively around the rest of the world and concentrated on composing film scores.

The British tour opens at Leicester De Montfort Hall on March 9 and continues at Sheffield City Hall 10,

Newcastle City Hall 11, Edinburgh Playhouse 12, Preston Guildhall 13, Manchester Apollo 14, Ipswich Gaumont 15, Croydon Fairfield Halls 16, Birmingham Odeon 17, Hanley Victoria Halls 18, Liverpool Royal Court 19, Bradford St Georges Hall 20, Harrogate Centre 21, Nottingham Royal Centre 22, Lincoln The Ritz 23, Brighton Dome 24, Bristol Hippodrome 25, Oxford Apollo 26, London Hammersmith Odeon 27.

Tickets are priced at £6, £5 and £4.



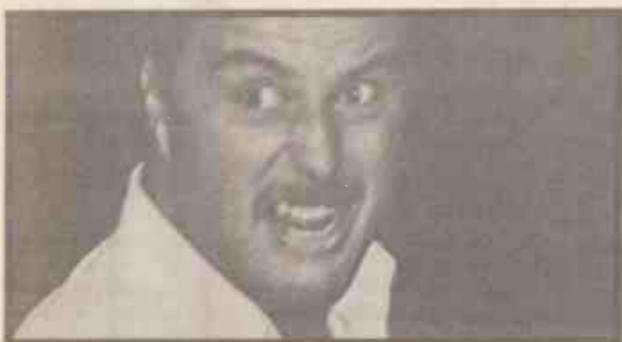
## WAITE AND SEE

**JOHN WAITE** (above) returns to his homeland for his first British gigs since the demise of The Babys this month.

He'll be playing three nights at London's Marquee on January 20, 21 and 22 with his No Brakes Band, featuring ex-Dire Straits keyboard player Tommy Mandel, former Cindy Jackson guitarist John McCurry, ex-Billy Idol bassist Joey Vasta and drummer Frank Larocka.

Waite, who scored a hit on both sides of the Atlantic with 'Missing You', had originally planned to come in before Christmas to play the shows but had to postpone after he couldn't get work permits for his band in time.

A new single from his 'Every Step Of The Way' album is due out at the end of this month on EMI America called 'The Choice'.



## TOLD: 'NON'

**Coach trip to Paris is cancelled after failure to acquire tickets**

**THE CURE** fans who had booked with MGP to go and see the band in Paris this month have had their money refunded after MGP claimed that the band's management prevented them from getting tickets to the concert.

According to MGP, The Cure's management issued a directive to the French promoter forbidding the sale of tickets to fans from Britain.

"We have received no explanation from the

management for their action and regret that, under the circumstances, we had no alternative but to cancel the trip," said a spokesperson for MGP.

The Cure's management denied any such action to *Sounds*, however.

"The band and management have no control over tickets and can't stop them being sold to certain parties," said manager Chris Parry.

"The tickets go on sale through dozens of outlets and obviously anyone can buy them. And, as it happens, the tickets for this concert sold out very quickly.

"We were concerned about MGP's reputation and the fact

that if anything goes wrong on these trips – the coach breaks down, the concert tickets don't turn up or a punter gets stranded – then it all reflects badly on The Cure.

"We advise our fans not to get involved in these trips but to wait and see The Cure when they next tour Britain. If they definitely want to see the band abroad then they should get a friend living there to buy their tickets personally.

"An example of what could happen is the coach being affected by the current Townsend Thoresen dispute and ending up stranded in Calais – which is what has just happened to two of our own crew coaches!"

### Sexton's Break...



**CHARLIE SEXTON**, a 17-year-old guitarist from San Antonio, Texas, who played his first tour as Joe Ely's lead guitarist when he was 13, has signed to MCA and will be releasing his first single at the end of January called 'Beat's So Lonely'.

Sexton, who has also managed to cram recording sessions with The Rolling Stones and Bob Dylan into the last four years, will be coming over to Britain this month to appear on the new Channel 4 series *Saturday Live* and he also has a slot lined up on *The Tube* early in February.

His only live gig confirmed so far is at London Marquee on February 8.

**PALLAS** release their first single in almost a year on EMI this weekend. It's called 'Throwing Stones At The Wind' and the 12-inch features two live tracks – 'Cut And Run' and 'Crown Of Thorns' – recorded at Aberdeen Ritzy in October.

The band have just completed two months of British dates, some as special guests of UFO. They are now lining up another tour to coincide with the release of their second album in February.

**THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG** have rescheduled the Scottish dates they had to postpone in the autumn after singer Philip Odgan had his jaw broken in a scuffle. The subsequent wire job made singing a problem!

The new dates are at Galashiels College Of Technology January 9, Glasgow University 10, Aberdeen Victoria Hotel 11, Dundee Dance Factory 12, Edinburgh Hoochie Coochie 13 and Carlisle Stars And Stripes 14.

**SAGA**, the pomp rockers who've wised up to the '80s on their latest album, 'Behaviour', which has been produced by Simple Minds producer Peter Walsh, come over for two British gigs at the end of this month.

They'll be appearing at Birmingham Odeon January 30 and London Hammersmith Odeon 31.

They have a new single out on Portrait on January 20 called 'Take A Choice'.

**GARY HOLTON** was killed by a cocktail of heroin and alcohol, an inquest was told last week.

The pathologist told the court that Holton's death was due to the combined effects of morphine and alcohol poisoning and that he must have fallen into a coma within minutes of taking his last fix. The pathologist said Holton's body was covered in bruises and scars from previous injections and he added that he'd found traces of valium and cannabis in his blood.

But the coroner recorded an open verdict on the *Auf Wiedersehen Pet* star because his girlfriend denied seeing him take his last fix and no syringe or drug paraphernalia was ever found at the Wembley flat where he was found dead.

**AC/DC** prepare for their British tour this month with a new single on Atlantic this weekend called 'Shake Your Foundations'. It comes from their 'Fly On The Wall' album, but the 12-inch also has a live version of 'Jailbreak', recorded on the group's American tour late last year.

**Def**  
**PJam**  
recordings

THE CUT

THE RHYME

DEFINITIVE

WE WILL MOVE YOU

GO → DANCE



...arriving SOON

# PRICKLY HEAT TREAT

**Cactus World News hit the road as MCA release three-track EP**

**CACTUS WORLD NEWS**, the Dublin band who supported The Cult on their recent tour, have a series of their own dates this month to promote a three-track EP on MCA which comes out this weekend.

The EP has been produced by Chris Kimsey and features 'Years Later', 'Hurry Back' and 'Third One Live'. It's their first release on MCA although they had an EP out on Bono's Mother label last year.

The dates start at Harlesden Mean Fiddler on January 15 and continue at Leicester Princess Charlotte 16, Wolverhampton Polytechnic 17, Warwick University 18, Colchester The Works 19, Manchester UMIST 20, Leeds University 21, Oxford Polytechnic 23, Birmingham Polytechnic 24, Brighton Polytechnic 25, Croydon Underground 26, London Marquee 27.

**GEORGIE FAME** And The Blue Flames open the Room IV Jazz Club at the Comedy Store in London's Leicester Square on January 6.

The new club is being run by jazz DJ Paul Murphy, who has been running an increasingly successful Monday night spot at the Wag Club.

That spot is now moving to the Comedy Store on Mondays between 10.30pm to 3.30am. Georgie Fame headlines the opening night party and tickets are £4 in advance or £5 on the night.

Future acts lined up for successive weeks include Marie Murphy And Her Men on January 13, drummer Tommy Chase and his quartet on the 20th and The Jazz Defectors on the 27th.

Meanwhile Paul Murphy will continue to join his fellow DJ Steve Holloway at the Sol Y Sombra in Charlotte Street every Friday night.

**SUZANNE VEGA**, the New York singer/songwriter, has a new single out on A&M next weekend titled 'Small Blue Thing'. A limited edition features a free live single recorded at her LSE show with 'Some Journey' and 'Black Widow Station'.

**TOP OF THE POPS**, TV's longest running pop show, could become a twice-weekly programme as part of the growing ratings battle between BBC and ITV.

The show was recently cut back from 40 minutes to 30 minutes but the BBC's Head Of Light Entertainment, Michael Hurl, has denied speculation that *TOTP* is losing ground to *The Tube*. He said that viewing figures were now 9.7 million which is the highest they have been for four years.

He said that the decision to cut back the show's length was made by the programme schedulers, the same people who would decide whether the show should go out twice a week.

There are also rumours that *The Tube* may be repeated in a late night slot to reach those people who can't get home in time on a Friday evening but, according to Channel 4, the show is unlikely to be repeated until the channel's hours are extended.



**FLOY JOY:** original member Mike Ward (centre) with new boys Rob Clarke (left) and Desy Campbell

## FLOY JOY'S TOY BOYS

**FLOY JOY**, whose 'Into The Hot' debut album released late in 1983 drew wide critical acclaim, return with a new single and a new line-up next weekend.

The single is called 'Weak In

The Presence Of Beauty' and was produced by Don Was, who handled their first album and will be doing the same to the second which is coming out later in the year.

But only Mike Ward remains

of the trio who made the first Floy Joy album, brother Shaun Ward and singer Carroll Thompson having departed to pursue solo careers.

They've been replaced by singer Desy Campbell, who

played bass on Floy Joy's rare live gigs last year, and multi-instrumentalist and former ABC sideman Rob Clarke.

There's no sign of any more live gigs from Floy Joy at present.

## VINYL SLUMPS AS CD SOARS

**Christmas record sales drop points to market takeover by tapes and compact discs**



**SADE:** her album boosted Xmas sales last year

**RECORD SALES** over the pre-Christmas period were nearly 20 per cent down on last year, according to initial returns from shops.

And the slump would have been a lot worse without the two hits compilations - 'Now That's What I Call Music 6' and 'Hits 3' - and the 'Now - The Christmas Album' collection which between them accounted for a fifth of total sales.

According to chart compilers Gallup, the lack of any 'major new product' is chiefly responsible for the decline, a factor emphasised by the presence of just five 'recognisably rock' albums in the Top 20 immediately before Christmas.

Last year, new albums by Frankie Goes To Hollywood, Wham! and Sade plus a glut of Christmas concerts by top rock acts stimulated sales considerably. This Christmas was much quieter on the vinyl and live fronts.

The influence of TV-advertised albums in the charts can be gauged by the regional sales figures which show that areas where particular albums were most heavily advertised did significantly better than others. And chain stores, rather than independent shops, reaped the benefit of TV-advertised album sales.

But although record sales for the festive period have declined, record companies are putting more effort into Christmas marketing campaigns, often at the expense of up and coming acts, whose albums and tours are being postponed until the spring with increasing frequency.

This, combined with the record companies' predilection for paying for videos rather than subsidising bands to go out on tour, has hit the already comatose live circuit still harder.

Only bands at the top and bottom of the spectrum - those who can guarantee to sell out major venues or those who can tour pubs and clubs self-sufficiently - can tour without record company help. The divide between the two ends is getting wider and harder to cross.

**RECORD COMPANIES** are preparing for major changes in record-buying habits over the next few years. Sales of pre-



**NEXT GENERATION CD player:** awaiting the CD EP

recorded cassettes have finally nudged ahead of albums and the compact disc is now poised to take over the vinyl share of the market.

Album sales have now levelled off at 50 million a year in Britain compared with 58 million in 1982. But cassettes have risen from 32 million to match album sales and the latest figures show that cassettes are now running slightly ahead.

Over three million compact discs were sold in Britain last year, a figure that encourages record company bosses to predict that the compact disc market will reach the 50 million mark by 1990 as the CD player becomes a standard part of hi-fi systems.

They envisage the traditional album market falling to around 20 million a year, concentrating more on 'specialist' music. But the cassette market is expected to stay buoyant, rising to around 55 million, sustained by personal hi-fi users.

The compact disc will also start making inroads into the singles market before long. Plans are being made to introduce a 20-25 minute compact disc for around £5, which is considerably more expensive than current seven and 12-inch single prices. But the current forecast for singles sales is of continued decline, particularly seven-inch singles. And the more expensive 12-inch singles are seen as a stepping stone towards the compact disc EP.

New compact disc technology is also expected to boost sales. Blank compact discs will be introduced soon - although given the continuing struggle by the record industry to obtain a levy on blank cassettes, they are probably viewing blank CDs as a mixed blessing - and the video compact disc opens up a whole new range of possibilities.

Needless to say, there are no technological breakthroughs on records on the horizon and although the quality of cassettes has been improved by the use of chrome, the development of the digital cassette has foundered after a public test literally broke down last year. Two systems have been researched but they are incompatible and both require new equipment to play them, which means that they face the same drawbacks that scuppered quadrophonic sound in the '70s.

**HOWARD JONES**, who rounded off his 1985 world tour at Birmingham's NEC just before Christmas, slotted in a show at Sheffield Myers Grove School a few days earlier as a reward for the school's efforts in raising money for War On Want.

Howard had agreed to play a free show for whichever school raised the most money towards training and equipping local health workers in Eritrea and Myers Grove School collected £6,000.

He brought his complete show to the school for a one and a half hour show which was kept a secret until the last minute to prevent outsiders gatecrashing.

**THE GOVERNMENT** appears to have abandoned attempts to blockade Radio Caroline as part of a long-running battle with the pirate radio station.

Caroline's ship in the North Sea has been shadowed in recent weeks by a Department Of Trade boat which has attempted to prevent supplies reaching the ship. It is an offence in this country to supply or have any dealings with the illegal radio station.

But the spyboat has now returned to port and there are no plans for it to put to sea again.

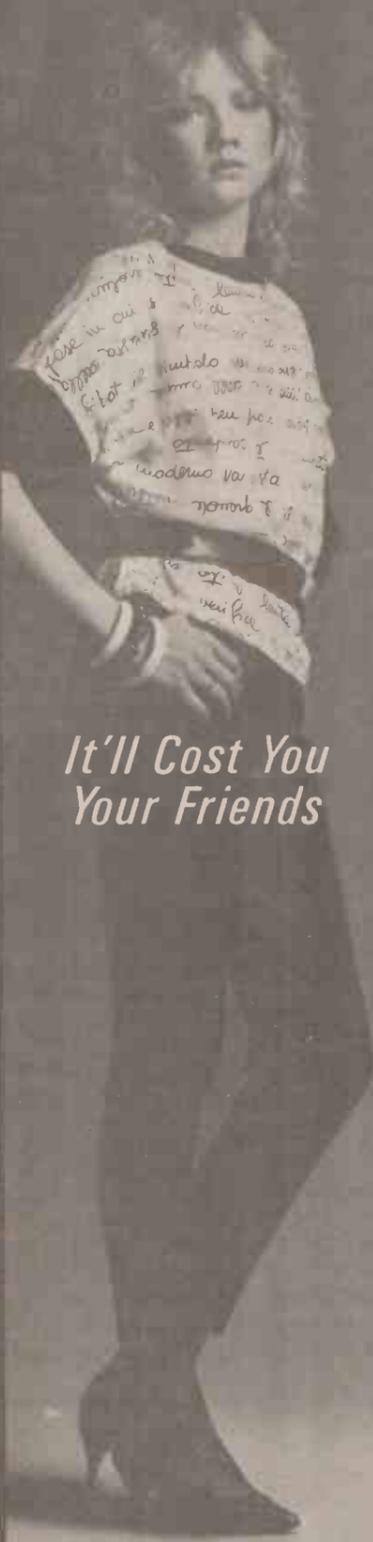
However, speculation that legal action could be imminent grew with the cryptic Department Of Trade statement which said: 'We have all the evidence we need.'

**BOOTLEGGERS** had a rough time in 1985. Five pirate cassette factories were raided by the British Phonographic Industry's anti-piracy unit during the year - these were capable of producing a total of 20,000 counterfeit cassettes a week.

The BPI's legal adviser Patrick Isherwood says that the police now recognise tape piracy as a serious offence, and although the BPI still had to investigate tape piracy themselves, the illegal factories were raided on police warrants.

The BPI is now turning its attention to another form of bootlegging - over-pressing by pressing plants - and 'dumping' from Spain and Portugal.

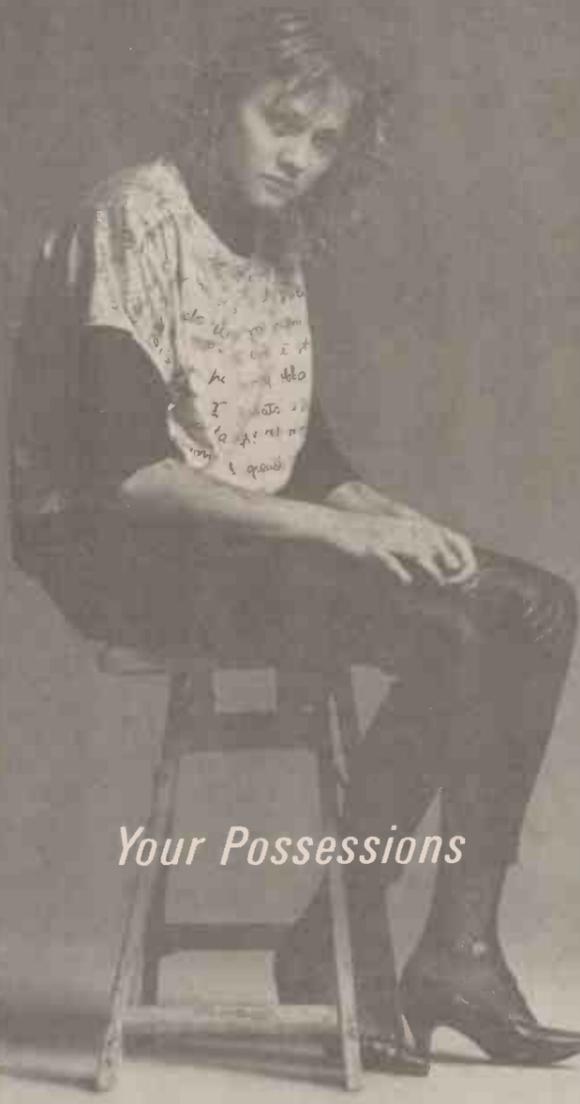
# HOW MUCH IS HEROIN LIKELY TO COST YOU?



*It'll Cost You  
Your Friends*



*Your Looks*



*Your Possessions*



*And Your Health*

*Even if a friend offers you heroin for nothing, there's still a price to pay. Because, once you start, you could soon find yourself unable to stop.*

*Then your old friends will get fed up with the way it has taken over your life.*

*You'll sell everything in sight (or steal it) to get more and more money for your habit. You'll look ill, you'll lose weight and you'll probably feel like death.*

*And one day you'll wake up knowing that, instead of you controlling heroin, it now controls you.*

*So, if a friend does offer you heroin, tell them you can't afford it. Even if it's free.*

**HEROIN SCREWS YOU UP**

# RECORD NEWS

**'DIRECT ACTION** - The Album' released by Second Coming Productions this month is a collective project from a group of unemployed young people in North London who eschew such terms as 'bands' and 'artists'. Combining 'mellow insight with disdainful polemic', it's available from The Bookshop Basement, 96a Stoke Newington High Street, Hackney, London N16.

**THE TEMPTATIONS** hustle in on the success of their 'Do You Really Love Your Baby' single with a new album on Motown this week called 'Touch Me'. Luther Vandross lends vocal support.

**THE UNHOLY TRINITY** finally leave the ghost of Syd Presley behind them with their six-track mini-album on Communique this month called 'Rise To The Occasion'.



**THE REINDEERS** say they've sold all their possessions - they've certainly got rid of all their clothes for one reason or another - to release a £2.99 album called 'Hysterical Home' on Reinophone (through Backs) this month which they describe as 'ten tracks of scruffy mid-Atlantic rock and roll anthems'.

**MANNISH BOYS**, who've been touring France, have an album titled 'Penetration Sensation' out this month on Loser (through New Rose) with one side in the studio and the other live.

**THE DISRUPTERS**, Contempt, Revulsion and Axe Thrasher are among the bands featured on the 'Words Worth Shouting' compilation issued by Radical Change (through Backs) this month.

**ALIUS LAWRENCE**, a one-man punk-funkster, has a cassette titled 'The Mountain' out this week on Contagious Tapes, together with a cassette by Nic Dunstall called 'Tell Me'.

**TALK TALK** release their first single for a year and a half on EMI this weekend called 'Life's What You Make It' and they'll have a new album out next month.

**TWISTED SISTER** release their own inimitable version of Shangri-La's classic 'Leader Of The Pack' as a single on Atlantic this weekend.

'**A CHORUS LINE**' soundtrack album featuring the songs of Marvin Hamlisch and Edward Kleban is released this week on Casablanca (through Phonogram).

**THE JORDANAIREs**, Elvis Presley's original backing harmony group, have a Sun album of their own called 'The Jordanaires Sing Elvis Gospel Favourites' released this month by Magnum Force.

**KURTIS BLOW** has his hot import single 'If I Ruled The World' released over here by Phonogram this week and there's a chance he'll be coming over in March for a series of gigs.

**THE EXPLOITED** have an 'official bootleg' album called 'Live At The Whitehouse' release this month by Suck (through Nine Mile).

**JOHN COUGAR MELLENCAMP**, currently touring America to the accompaniment of his Top Three album over there, has a single out here next week on Riva called 'Small Town' which is available as a seven-inch, 12-inch and doublepack.



**ZAPP**, Ohio's funkiest sons who've built up a reputation touring with the likes of Prince, Cameo and The Commodores, have a single out on Warner Brothers next week called 'It Doesn't Really Matter'.

**COLOURFIELD** will have a new single out on Chrysalis on January 16 called 'Things Could Be Beautiful'.

**RAM RAM KINO**, the Manchester band, finally get round to their first single called 'Advantage' on Temple Records this week.

**LLOYD COLE AND THE COMMOTIONS** take another single from their 'Easy Pieces' album this week on Polydor called 'Cut Me Down'. The B-side is a live version of 'Are You Ready To Be Heartbroken' while the 12-inch includes a live cut of 'Forest Fire'.

**THE GLITTER BAND** have a live album called 'Live At The Marquee' out this month on Conquest Records.

**CHRIS FARLOWE**, a voice from the '60s, makes another comeback with The Thunderbirds this month by releasing an album called 'Out Of The Blue' on Thunderbolt. It was produced by fellow '60s blues connoisseur Mike Vernon.

**WARREN MILLS** has a single out on Jive this weekend called 'Tell Me What You Want' which was written by Lamont Dozier.

**SERGEI KURYOKHIN**, the 'unofficial' Russian jazz-rock musician featured on the *Comrade* series on BBC2, has the signature tune for the series out as a single on BBC Records this week.

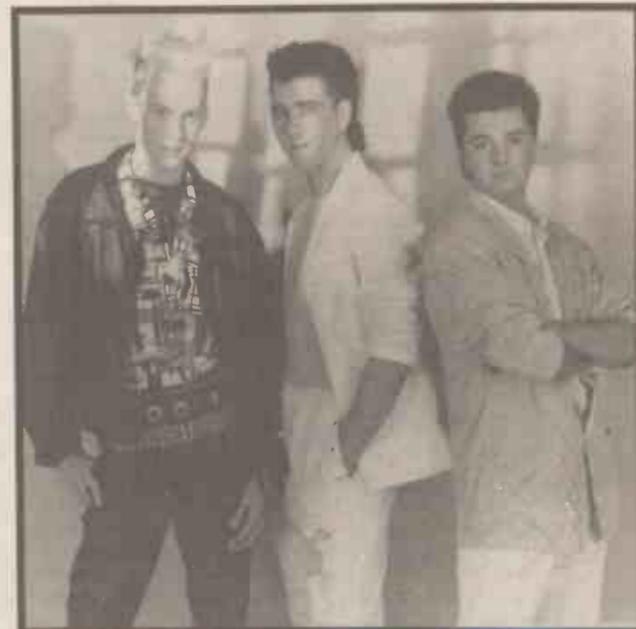


**BILLY OCEAN** has a new single out on Jive on January 20. Called 'When The Going Gets Tough The Tough Get Going', it comes from the soundtrack of the *Jewel Of The Nile* film. Billy is now working on his second album and planning his first British shows.

**MISSISSIPPI JOHN HURT** has an album recorded in 1965, the year before he died, released by Magnum Music this month. Called 'Shake That Thing' it includes versions of his own 'Candy Man' and 'Nobody's Business But Mine'.

**THE ALAN PARSONS PROJECT** issues its ninth album on Arista this week under the title 'Stereotomy'.

**TERRAPLANE** have their debut album released by Epic called 'Black And White', produced by Liam Henshall.



**HO HO KAM**, who got signed to Gary Numan's Records after dropping a demo tape through his car window, release their second single this week called 'Harlequin Tears'.

**CAMEO**, who've recently completed a British tour, have their 'Single Life' album reissued by Club with their 'She's Strange' hit added to the running order. The cassette version now becomes a double-play with the addition of the whole 'She's Strange' album which has only been available here as an import so far.

**CONDEMNED 84** have a mini-album called 'Battle Scarred' out this month on Oi! (through Revolver) who also issue their own 'This Is Oi!' compilation.

**TODD RUNDGREN** has a new single taken from his 'A Cappella' album by Warner Brothers this week called 'Something To Fall Back On'.



**TEDDY PENDERGRASS** is joined by Whitney Houston on his new single 'Hold Me' which comes out on Elektra this weekend. The song was originally included on his 1984 album 'Love Language'.

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12" Features

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(RECORDED LIVE IN DALLAS)

Also Available As  
LIMITED EDITION CALENDAR POSTER BAG  
And  
LIMITED EDITION SHAPED PICTURE DISC



## EUROPEAN TOUR

### JANUARY

JAN. 25th  
MUNICH,  
Forest-Nationale

JAN. 26th  
AMSTERDAM,  
Edenhal

JAN. 27th  
Düsseldorf,  
Ernst-Merck-Halle

JAN. 29th  
BRISBEN,  
Gregorio-Halle

JAN. 30th  
COLOGNE,  
Sport-Halle

JAN. 31st  
FRANKFURT,  
Fachhalle

### FEBRUARY

FEB. 1st  
MUNICH,  
Hell-Sollmeyer-Halle

FEB. 2nd  
MÜNCHEN,  
Hallenstadion

FEB. 4th  
MÜNCHEN,  
Ecke-Hacker-Halle

FEB. 5th  
SPYRINGER,  
Sport-Halle

FEB. 6th  
MÜNCHEN,  
Hammerschloß

FEB. 7th  
WÜRZBURG,  
Carl-Diem-Halle

FEB. 9th  
MÜNCHEN,  
Isotodion

FEB. 10th  
MÜNCHEN,  
Drammenshall

FEB. 12th  
MÜNCHEN,  
Isotodion

FEB. 14th  
STOCKHOLM,  
Isotodion

FEB. 15th  
GÖTEBORO,  
Scandinavium

FEB. 16th  
COPENHAGEN,  
Falkoner-Theatre

## UK TOUR

### JANUARY

JAN. 13th  
MANCHESTER,  
Apollo

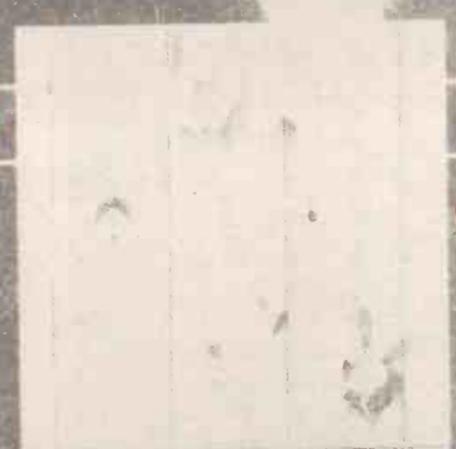
JAN. 14th  
WHITLEY BAY,  
Ice Rink

JAN. 16th/17th  
WEMBLEY,  
Arena

JAN. 19th/20th  
BIRMINGHAM,  
N.E.C.

JAN. 22nd/23rd  
EDINBURGH,  
Playhouse

## NEW ALBUM



## FLY ON THE WALL



Single/Video/Double Time 27.99

## THE VIDEO

DIRTY DEEDS DONE  
DIRTY CHEAP



FIVE YEARS AGO TO ROCK  
(THE SALTY DOG)

PICK UP THE PIECES

# THE POWER AND terrplane

From Motown to Meat Loaf, the power chords of TERRAPLANE are refreshing the parts other hard rock bands don't even know exist. PAUL ELLIOTT digs the new breed; DAVID O'DOWD gets the main frame



**T**ERRAPLANE: THE name kindles multiple images of the kind of irksome, barrel-scraping metal embodied by ridiculous caricatures like Bad News, Spinal Tap and Mötley Crüe. Singer Danny Bowes winces at the memory.

"You've certainly done your homework."

"We formed that band in about 1975 when me 'n' Danny were still at school," explains guitarist Luke Morley. "We were a lot more, dare I say it, heavy metal then. The fact that we were a four-piece meant that we tended to belt it out a bit. We still belt it out now, but a bit more subtly."

It comes as something of a surprise to realise that from such inauspicious beginnings as these have grown Terraplane, arguably the most finely-tuned and promising hard rock attraction to emerge from the British pub 'n' club treadmill in years.

Luke: "We were influenced by anything that had guts and, like, belted along and had a lot of melody as well. That's still the basic foundation of the band, although we've progressed and discovered our own sort of style."

You've often spoken of a Motown influence, too.

Danny: "It always *has* been influential. It's the kind of stuff we used to dance to at parties during our formative years. At that time there was a lack of really good music about, so we turned to the earlier stuff."

It tends not to show particularly strongly in your songs, though.

Luke: "There are moments, which a musician would more easily recognise, where it shows. A chord change here and there or the odd lyric."

Danny: "It's undoubtedly not the most prevalent influence. The strongest influences come from a mixture of Free, The Who, Stones, Led Zeppelin - classic British rock."

Do you think it's possible that you might appeal to Motown record-buyers?

"I doubt it," says a resigned Luke. "In the '60s and '70s music was much more diversified. There wasn't the snobbery that there is now - one could like the Four Tops and The Who. There was naivety then which was nice, whereas now it's got a bit cynical and specialised."

What do you think of 'trash metal'?

"It's got the same function that punk rock had, only without the lyrical content. It's very exciting and uptempo but also very shallow. If you bang your brains out for an hour and a half you've got nowhere else to go, have you? I prefer music that can do that and come down again."

"Light and shade," Danny interjects.

You'd agree, then, that the boundaries between exciting aggression and boring, gratuitous noise-making have become blurred of late?

Luke: "Yes, and as a result people in the media think of rock music as the ugly sister, the black sheep. Like when the relatives come round and they put the cripple in the cupboard. And a lot of rock, maybe 75 per cent, is unoriginal and uninspiring - but that doesn't mean that we are."

Danny: "What we've got to offer which is different to most other rock bands is songs. Our stuff is well-crafted."

# THE GLORY

**G**RANTED, BUT you do have your weaknesses. Much of the ridicule of metal/hard rock is that it pictures the bands as inane, sex-obsessed little boys fresh out of short trousers, and there are faint echoes of those stereotypes in Luke and bassist Nick Linden's 'hard lovin', womanising reputations.

"There's no reason," Danny insists, "why you can't be a sex-maniac and be intelligent . . . and I'm neither."

Luke: "The problem is, it's alright for Andrew Ridgeley – and I like Wham!, before anything's said – to get drunk and womanise, it doesn't make him thick or stupid. However, if I do it, it's like, 'sexist bastard!' I'd just like to add that I read *The Female Eunuch* when I was about 14, and I know a lot about feminism, probably more than most women do."

Danny: "In fact, he *is* a woman . . ."

Moving swiftly on, are you interested in putting out any cover versions, possibly of Motown songs?

Luke: "In our live set, we still occasionally do 'River Deep, Mountain High'."

Danny: "And 'Get Ready', the old Temptations number. There's always a possibility that we might even record it. It's difficult to say. At the time of recording this album, though, we had a real glut of our own material; we thought, God, what do we leave off?"

How do you rate other people's Motown covers?

Specific examples escape Luke. "Some are good."

How about Phil Collins' 'You Can't Hurry Love'?

"Well, I didn't think that that was a cover version so much as a parody, though very well done. I like the Stones' version of 'Just My Imagination'."

And the Bowie/Jagger thang?

"Cynical," Luke spits, "I didn't like that. I loved Van Halen's version, it was different, off-the-wall, and Dave Lee Roth's got a great sense of humour."

"The Jagger/Bowie thing was all in a good cause, but releasing it after they said they wouldn't, and the way Jagger's solo album wasn't doing the business – it was like a move to renovate Mick's career."

**W**HY WAS there such a protracted delay before the release of your album?

Danny: "Well, initially the album was finished at Christmas 1984, but then with about ten days' notice we got the Meat Loaf shows."

Luke: "The album was re-scheduled for June, after we'd got the cover and that sorted out, and then we got these dates with Foreigner which delayed it again."

Surely you were waiting in hope for a hit single, too?

Danny: "Well, that as well . . ."

"It's always easier to launch an album off the back of a hit," Luke continues, "but with Terraplane there are a lot of punters out there who'll go out and buy the album anyway."

"We've played to something like 100,000 people this year, and the fan club's ticking over nicely. The timing's worked out well, too, 'cos 'Talking To Myself' (the current single) "is doing quite well, and you never know, the album might be coming off the back of a hit."

Might. But 'Talking . . .' might just as easily dissolve into anonymity, as its predecessors have done, despite their infectious qualities.

Luke: "When the first single, 'I Can't Live Without Your Love', which I still think will be a hit at some stage, was initially released it caught everybody off guard. It started to get a lot of airplay in the first two weeks. Mike Read was playing it a lot – nice man, Mike, good chap. The problem was that the airplay was just three weeks on Mike Read's show and that was it. It didn't cross over to other radio shows."

Danny: "If you look at the charts these days, the only rock acts that have hit singles are people like Iron Maiden, and that's not because they've got basically catchy, commercial songs, it's because they've got a massive following who'll buy every record and put them straight into the charts. If it's only Iron Maiden who are getting hits, why should radio programmers believe that there are other rock acts that have actually got records that can be played on the radio, that people can sing and tap their feet to too?"

Luke: "It's like the old adage of the straw that broke the camel's back. We've gotta keep piling it on until eventually it cracks and people realise that we're good. I think that once that acceptability's been gained then we'll be laughing."

"It's just a question of us plugging away. We're under no illusions as to how good we are compared to what else is on the market – we've got a lot of self-belief."

Enough to take on a support tour with a non-rock headline act?

"It would be interesting for us to do that sort of thing," Danny muses. "Like, the audience we had for the Meat Loaf shows was very strange; it ranged from around five-year olds to 85-year-olds, it was crazy. That audience was very good to us. All the litt'l'uns liked it, and even the old ones were tapping their walking sticks and stuff."

**B**ACK TO the new LP and its late title change. Why?

Luke: "Well, it was originally called 'Talking To You On The Great White Telephone'."

Eh?

Danny: "A lot of people understand what it means and a lot don't, and that's the reason why we decided not to call it that."

Luke: "What it basically stems from is that in South East London, if you drink a lot and you throw up, you've got your head down the bog and you're going, Oh God. . . and that's talking to God on the great white telephone. We thought that we couldn't call it 'Talking To God . . .' because straight away you get all the bible-belters burning your records. It got confusing, so we thought we'd give people something simple like 'Black & White'."

"Plus, we've got a black man in the band now. . ."

Danny: "When we told Rudy" (Riviere, the second guitarist and black man in question) "we'd be calling the album 'Black & White', he said 'Don't you mean 'Black And Four Whites'?"

Luke: "And there is also a track on the album called 'Black & White'."

About what?

"Gutter press," snapped Danny with a disturbingly aimed glare.

Thanks very much, mate.

"Not you lot – *The Sun*, that sort of stuff." Gotcha.

## the reverb brothers

**THE REVERB BROTHERS** may have been diluted to the consistency of Heinz baby custard but **KEV SAMPSON** reckons they're putting the new wave back into first gear . . .

**F**OR CHARACTERS who've been likened to Marseilles spivs and who could play leading roles in any of Serge Clerc's Parisian 'Billy Bar' cartoons, The Reverb Brothers are darned uncharitable to the French.

"It's Agincourt, isn't it?," reasons Colin Free, the singing half of Liverpool's jump-jivin' duo. "They've never forgiven us for that drubbing. That, and the lamb embargo."

The reason for this disturbing display of Francophobia is nothing to do with Froggy Rita beating Tommy Ptarmigon to the US military communications contract but, quite reasonably, that they were booed off stage in Paris on the last date of their European tour, where they were supporting OMD.

"We stood in for Fiction Factory at the last minute, so we can console ourselves with the idea that they might've thought that we were them – if you see what I mean."

But the tour was not without its moments. The British leg – completed in a motor-caravan which doubled as a dosshouse for OMD's female barmy-army – was a thumping good do, with encores and accolades just about everywhere.

There was even a stage invasion at Birmingham, as scores of emotional lasses risked all for a snog with The Brothers.

"Maybe they thought we were Fiction Factory, too," says Jimmy Rae with staggering modesty.

**A**LL THIS heart-breaking did not lead to nothing: you'll be glad to hear. The outbreak of hysteria at Birmingham persuaded RCA that they had witnessed the second coming of The Everlys and they snapped the lads up soon after they returned home.

The first RCA single, 'You're The Only One', was unleashed a couple of months ago. It's a beautiful, bumclutching smoochie, worthy of youth club discos and bottled-lager playgrounds alike.

Nonetheless, the production is shamelessly frantic, watering-down and eventually smothering the build-up of passion. And isn't a slowie a curious choice of debut, besides?

"Well, we wouldn't have released it so early on ourselves. It's a classic third single, isn't it? But you know, new boys on the label and all that, we didn't want to go round making enemies."

"Although we disagreed with the company on just about everything – photographers, producer, pluggers – we decided to play puppy, do it their way to start with. If it doesn't work out, then we can go back to them and say right, *this* is how we want it done this time."

Isn't there always going to be discord between record companies, who want to make money, and artists, who want to make music?

"Of course there is, I mean they're businessmen. They're not creative people themselves, all they're concerned with is how best to market it. That'd be fine if they *knew* how best to sell it but, like, they won't pay out for the right producer but they'll send you to a hairdressing 'consultant' who'll give you champagne while he tries to talk you into having a hair extension."



**S**OUNDS LIKE we're back to pre-punk again, with the business – and most of the musicians, too – being obsessed by image and profitability, while pushing out product which is completely mediocre. A recent *Whistle Test* showed vintage Undertones footage, immediately followed by Wham!'s smug new video.

What's happened?

"You don't notice it at the time, though. Then suddenly 'Stairway To Heaven' is back in the charts, self-congratulatory DJ's are talking about their rising listening figures instead of telling people who a record's by and Radio 1 has again been conquered by egoism and dross."

"But that is always just a symptom of a far deeper complaint. People generally want to escape into that world of *The Sun*, *Dynasty*, take aways and *The Royal Family*; music only reflects all that lazy, spoonfed crap."

"Well I reckon it's on its last legs – it's time for another cleanout."

The Reverb Brothers, with their across-the-board range of raunchy crepe-souled rock and sarky, blissful ballads are in a privileged position to lead the way.

When they have an audience foaming at the mouth, The Reverbs could command: "Despise and dispose of your Go West discs" and it would be done. But how can they even start when their first major effort has been chastised and diluted to the consistency of Heinz baby custard, ready to be fed to an open-beaked nation?

"Hang on now, it's still the same song. We still believe in the song even if the production sucks. The demo version brings tears to your eyes."

So you see what you must do, comrades. Get The Reverb Brothers single and put the new wave into first gear. It's up to you to begin The Big Clean-Up.

# J A W S

EDITED BY GLYN BROWN

## PARTY-A-GO GO!



I don't want ter worry yer, Liz, but my finger's stuck . . .

Chalkie Davies

Sure, it's 'Look Back At The Christmas Party' time, and the highlight of 4AD's Christmas gathering was another riveting performance by those happy-go-lucky Cocteau Twins, seen above getting in the mood with a sparkling rendition of their ever popular 'Agadoo', taken from 'Now That's What I Call The Cocteau Twins 6'. As you can imagine, assembled hacks and liggers were agog.

Still, we managed to hurry and scurry away quite soon, to see what Santa brought lucky Steve (centre on right), pictured



"And then what happened, Biggles?"

Bryn Jones



Can you spot Edwin Pouncy here?

Bryn Jones

living it up at the Some Bizzare wing-ding along with the Village People. As is plain, there was an unpleasantly uneven distribution of men to women, so all the "guys" (heey, man!) grooved on down for high jinks at the CBS Come-As-Patsy-Kensit party - see left. Can you spot the sands infiltrators? This novel little theme, of course, presented problems of its own kind, and a dejected trail of hacks was seen dribbling from the CBS portals at 9 pm for an early bath . . .

# BISCUIT CASE

THERE'S A certain type of youth lives in Oxtan. Oxtan was the merchant-residential district of Birkenhead in busy, seafaring days, its leafy avenues hiding vast Georgian homesteads.

These same houses are now divided into flats, providing much of the rented accomodation for young Wirral folk. They seem to spend a lot of their time smoking marijuana and indulging in Oxtan humour - stickyback plastic, sealclubbing, Thunderbirds - that sort of thing.

At election time they don't vote, and those who do go for Walt Disney, Betty Boop or Screaming Lord Sutch.

Understand the good people of Oxtan, bear in mind that industry is a thing of the past on Merseyside, and you're half way to appreciating Half Man Half Biscuit.

Half Man Half Biscuit dominated the John Peel Show in December last year. Requests for various tracks on their weird, outrageous, witty LP 'Back In The DHSS' flooded in from all parts of Europe, resulting in a classic session, scheduled for an early repeat.

Half Man fever swept the continent, with reports of youths in Holland attacking a boy who was covering a hole in a dam with his thumb.

Before even more citizens were exposed to this subversive influence, public-spirited Sounds commissioned a brain scan in order to clear them of un-British Broadcasting. The following questionnaire pertains to ditties by Half Man Half Biscuit group co-writers Nigel and Neil.

**What's wrong with Nerys Hughes** ('I Hate Nerys Hughes')?

"I think we'll just leave an exclamation mark by that one. No? Well she tried to outshine Polly James in *The Liver Birds*, causing that fine actress and woman to

leave the show."

**Describe your favourite episode of Jimmy Clitheroe** ('99% of Gargoyles Look Like Bob Todd')?

"It's the one where, you must know the one I mean, where he's being chased round and round the couch in their front room for ages. That must be what put all the pressure on his little heart."

**Is he dead?**

"Apparently."

**Who is Bob Todd?**

"The fella in *Benny Hill*, not the little one who keeps getting his head slapped but the other one with the glasses who looks a bit like Alf Garnett."

**Has the England cricket team ever replaced Fred Titmus** (F\*\*\*\*\* 'Eil It's Fred Titmus')?

"No way, I mean you wouldn't see Fred doing walks for leukemia would you? His legs were too short, he'd only get as far as Aberdeen. You wouldn't imagine Fred doing anything but bowling slowly, that's why we wrote the song. We just imagined what it'd be like if you were walking down Grange Road (main street in Birkenhead) one day and suddenly there he was, and everyone recognises him, stands back and goes: F\*\*\*\*\* 'ell it's Fred Titmus."

**Do you find the TV programmes Trumpton and Camberwick Green immoral** ('Time Flies By When You're The Driver Of A Train')?

"Yes, most unsettling. I think they give children false hopes. They grow up expecting to meet a gossip at the post office instead of cash a giro there."

**D'you want to make money out of this lark?** (Question refers to Joy Divionesque track 'Reflections In A Flat' which contains the following immortal line: "Oh darling sugar honey/When it was nice and sunny/ And I had lots of money/We'd go



and see Echo And The Bunny/... Men.")

"Mmmm... I don't know, it might be a laugh. Yeah, I reckon it'd be quite funny making money out of doing this."

**It was quite rotten the way the Greenpeace boat got blown up, wasn't it? ('Sealclubbing')?**

"Yeah, all those seals getting away. Bloody French, you never could trust them. Hang on, Greenpeace? They protect the seals, don't they? I'd kill the seals myself if I was there."

**Is there anything you wouldn't make a joke of or write a song about?**

"Yeah."

**Are you going to tell us what it is?**

"I don't know, we haven't really talked about it. We don't write about certain things to be shocking, we don't have a hit list. It's really just our sense of humour, take it or leave it."

The issue dissolves into a squabble about 'glibness', silly humour and politics, with the examiner trying to take apart the old maxim that politicians are 'all the same'.

The thing is, how do you argue with someone who's quite happy with his lot so long as his Giro arrives on time?

Then, as more drink is gulped, it becomes a mega-quiz, a cross between *Question Of Sport*, *Trivial Pursuit* and *Telly Addicts*.

This throws up more potential song titles: "Intakhab Alam, there's one for you."

Verdict: anyone who spoils their ballot paper is a nuisance, and worse still is the waste of clever and cynical minds that refuse to take anything seriously.

Some things just can't be taken that lightly, or selfconsciously. Still, we're a long time dead and you can't often have your biscuit and eat it.

I think they're hilarious, and ingenious musicians, too, if they didn't set out to sound so crumbly.

Hats off to John Peel for bringing them to our notice, one of the most entertaining new acts to enter 1986.

Half Man Half Biscuit are bringing broad grins and horrible cackles to the nation. If they get much more famous the SDP'll be asking them to write commercials.

**Is it a bird or is it a plane? No, it's Half Man Half Biscuit and they sound like a cross between Question Of Sport, Trivial Pursuit and Telly Addicts. Asking the questions, Kev Sampson. Holding the camera, Gary Lornie**



**From Magazine to A Certain Ratio to a Soho amusement dive to a knickerbocker glory. Are Swing Out Sister surrealist jazz/soul? Ronnie Randall questions and clicks.**

**A** KNICKERBOCKER glory bares little relation to the bluesy electropop based jazz/soul of powerful new music force Swing Out Sister.

That was just the delicious standby I was tucking into at the Benegra Ice Cream Parlour while singer Corinne Drewery dashed around the West End trying to round up bright eyed Mancunians Andy Connell and Martin Jackson.

Explains ex-fashion designer Corinne, "We all met in a Soho amusement arcade a year ago. For some reason I was minding their wallets. Perhaps they're out looking for a new singer in a peep show."

There's not much chance of that - Andy and Martin hit the jackpot when they stumbled upon her smooth, belting, pop influenced, soulful vocal chords during that last little gambling spree. And they know it.

"We did some demo's and she felt so right. Then she fell off her horse last Christmas and broke her neck which halted the project completely for six months. But we thought she was well worth the wait."

This is Martin, now settled opposite me with one half of a sloppy pizza dripping from his hands. He was drummer in seminal punk outfit Magazine in their heady days between '77 and '79.

"After the initial burst of energy it all went a bit sour. Our friend Howard Devoto didn't want to gig anymore so the wind went out of our record sales."

"I don't go in for singers who dominate and assume the total identity of a group as their own anymore - that's why Corinne is so

## SONGS FOR SWINGING LOVERS

quiet." (Squabble and laughter.)

Corinne perks up: "I actually write the lyrics... OK, I'd like to disassociate myself from our last statement. In fact we don't agree on anything, we're three totally diverse characters who even live at opposite ends of the country. That's probably why we get on so well musically."

Andy has just dashed in fresh from soundchecking his keyboard wizardry for his other current group - Mancunian funksters A Certain Ratio.

"At one time I seemed to be in everything - Kalima, Johnny Friendly - I don't know if they're just short of keyboard players at home or if all the others are out in the hills playing their concept albums in peaceful isolation."

It's Corinne who lives in London, while the boys in the band are happily settled in the capital of the north where they created last year's infamous and highly successful 'Electro UK' LP for Morgan Khan's Streetsounds empire.

"He made us call ourselves five different names to make the album seem more authentic," says Martin. "The money must have gone to those fictitious groups too because we never made a penny."

He then adds with heavy irony: "We can't appoint blame, Morgan is above suspicion, of course."

"I've never made money out of records - well, £200 once."

Andy chips in: "When me and Martin get a record deal we always find a way for other people to get all the money."

Martin: "That's us, international failures. I'm virtually a down and out. Imagine if we ever made it - Pop Star Found Importuning

Outside Nunnery Shock Horror Scandal.

"Actually those are two words I hate - pop and star."

Andy: "If we start making money and gain success our views may be open to modification, of course."

Corinne fights her way into the conversation. "They come up with the musical ideas, deliver them to me and I mould them - see which way they send me - a mood hits home and I redevelop it."

"We keep apart during this stage of the process, I think we work so well as a group because we disagree on everything else. It creates a tension, gives the music more vitality."

Andy: "The stark industrial landscapes of Manchester crossed with the Country Girl Comes To London's Bright Lights attitude."

Corinne did a brief stint as Working Week's vocalist. "I was designing mind-numbingly boring twinsets for Marks & Spencer so I jumped at the chance to change direction."

"At the time Working Week wanted to be a cult jazz band - up until then, I thought jazz was all 'When The Saints Go Marching In' type stuff."

Then Virgin decided to develop something mega and encouraged Simon Booth to drop all the jazz musicians.

"It was a great experience, though, and encouraged me to persevere with my music. Being thrown in at the deep end gave me a lot of confidence. SOS are my first real band. It's inspiring to be singing and writing your own material. 'Blue Mood' and 'Wake Me When It's Over' (their debut single out on Phonogram) "are typical of our

music. There's an identity running through our songs, an input from three directions. Martin's rock, Andy's funk and my soul."

Go-go rhythms are also a strong influence on Martin's drum tracks.

Martin: "It seems ridiculous to suggest this during a *Sounds* interview but we are trying to keep a low profile at the moment."

"My worst and lowest experience was seeing my face printed on a mirror in the Magazine days."

Adds Andy: "But of course that's a fail-safe too, in case we don't make it. We can always say, well... we wanted to be elusive."

Corinne: "I'd like to be recognised."

Martin: "I can't see the attraction of having your mug painted on an ashtray for people to stub fags out on, and the embarrassment and inconvenience of being known in supermarkets is of interest for a few days only."

Andy: "But the moral for me is, what do the 16 year old girls think? If they're interested in my body then it's a good idea."

Martin: "Aye! But it's the six foot skinhead planks who actually charge up to you. Still, hopefully you'll get the chance to find out for yourself, it'll be amusing to see your attitude change."

Andy: "I'll never change my attitude to 16 year old girls. How does the song go - 'Money for nothing, and your 16 year old chicks for free!'

Corinne stays notoriously quiet, no doubt contemplating that on the evidence of the debut single Andy is going to have a very hard time indeed with six and a half foot teenage skinhead girls.

Swing on, brothers.



**WET NOSE** on my face – hello, **Vomit**. Open one eye – difficult. Notice something disgusting in the room – sunlight. Ramon is hanging from the towel rail in the corner, trying to screw himself up into oblivion. He may be a bat, but I know how he feels.

So the season of festive jollity draws to its demented close, and the survivors, mutated by the radiation from 1000 fairy lights, look around them and start to build a new world. I'll start when it gets dark, but first, inklings, let us sort through this pile of droppings from my messenger crow. As I thought, as I hoped, bad, bad things have been going on...

The most, most worrying of all the bad things is that, following the sad case of the car break-in reported by **Wax** Mansions recently – that is, when **Gary Knight** and **Lawrence of Felt** had shoebags lifted – there has begun a craze for car-breaking. And so we learn, dear friends, the story of (drumbeat, violins, harps and back-flips) **Disney Time** and **The Shend**, of the soon-worldwidely-famed **The Very Things**. Yes indeed, the pair took their own cars and parked these own cars in adjoining spaces, only to return to the own cars and find them both broken into. Contents lifted therefrom: empty **ABC** cassette case from Disney's own car and plastic cricket bat from **The Shend's**. I ask you! (Pretty uncool to admit you had a plastic cricket bat in the first placement, hmmm?)

**MORE BAD** news? I got it! East Londoners **The Surfadelics**, those sunny babies, have had their worst worst fears about keyboard man **Martin Webb** confirmed. A badly typed letter, unsigned and on plain (gasp!) paper arrived last week to let the band know "Martin has found a new life" with cult religious sect **The Tapestry Of The Dark Children**, and warning them "not to look for him". Well! (I don't think he can be...) Word from lead guitarist **Barry Lancaster** is, "Quite honestly, we don't want to tangle with these people, so we're calling off our search." So bye bye Martin, and if there's a

keyboard player who can handle harmony vocals out there in the wilderness, please contact 256 Burgess Road, East Ham, London E6, which is where Martin's caring friends reside.

**NEXT**, I learn that, after **JUST THREE WEEKS** on release, Virgin Video's **Rupert And The Frog Song** is poised to challenge Prince **Jacko's** world domination with **Thriller** as the **BIGGEST** selling video of all of the time! Heaven's gate! Head starts to revolve mystically and horrifically as the world spins too fast to comprehend.

**AND THEN** dear **Paul King** (at least, not cheap. At least...) is hit about the head – or very closely – by fun-loving skinhead fans in Milan. What kind of a meaning does Christmas have for persons like that, we'd (myself and my **Vomit**) like to know? Or for the skins?

**MORE HORRIFIC** news – **Tony Hadley** and espoused person **Leoni** have gifted the planet with another Hadley. It is called **Toni** (after the perm lotion used so reliably for years by its mummy). We wait anxiously for sprog numero three-o (they already have one), and odds are 2-1 on **Clairol Lightwaves** as a christening (but only if it's a boy).

**THE HEAVYWEIGHT** (as in pounds and pounds and pounds) **Tears For Fears** met middleweight (as in champion) **Marvin Hagler** backstage during their world tour. Who heavyweight cares?

**DID YOU** see **Champion Doug Veitch** duetting with Japanese tourist on 'Yellow Rose Of Texas' (yellow, see?) outside The Lido in Gerrard Street? No one else did.

**OH WHAT** a splendidly uncouth time we all had last week when the **Sounds** fun team gatecrashed multifarious record company parties and magazine liggeroonies. What a time there was! Heavens to Betsy! (Indeed.) First to a Camden wine bar to get generally very quiet (it was a quiet place) and then to **POLYDOR**, where hundreds and hundreds of people crammed themselves into one tiny, airless, brightly-lit room and felt sick. No one of interest was there, so on, dear friends, to **The Wire**, a jazz papier some people know. About. There we found that the booze had run out. At nine of the clock. I know.

So your chums were left spending their own dosh in the pub for a bit of light relief. Did you have that much fun? So then, off we set, go **Donner** and **Blitzen**, on **Prancer** and **Dancer** and **Rudolph** and **Alf**, over the rooftops to the sparkling Rough Trade shenaniggannigans. And that party deserves a space all of its own, which you can see on page number ten...

**HANG ONTO** those hats, cats – this is surprising! It concerns Mr **God Sting** and God original Red Tag 501 Levi jeans. I learn from the wild winds that Mr Cooler-Than-Icebergs-Floating-In-Front-Of-The-Titanic is being sponsored by cool 501's for his new solo tour, and this miraculously leaves both **Sting** and 501's so uncool as to make a flaming chip pan look like a Cornetto in comparison. Says this piece of paper from Levi's: "Sting, an artist renowned for originality, style and his versatile approach to music, seemed the perfect parter for Levi's 501's, personifying all the qualities attributed to this jean – two connoisseurs in harmony". **EEURGH!** Soul together and so on and so on and so on...



**WHAT ELSE** do I hear on the 'I am not not speaking to you you devil' front but this unlikely (did I say that?) story concerning warring **Needless Mental Excess** lads **Paul Morley** and **X Moore**. It seems that these intriguing personalities were able to work next to each other for three years without exchanging more in the way of a pleasantry than 'Put your head in the bin' and so on. Now that they have both left, needless to tell, they find they could be diametrically useful, and so, they say, ZTT now wish to sign up **The Redskins**. Who believes that vieux chestnut?

**OLD-TIMER** **Grace Slick**, ex of **Jefferson Starboat**, has just had her 46 years old birthday. And what did she get? A hairnet?

# GUESS STAR

# CORNER



**HI, HUSQUARNAS**, and this is the question today. The person shown above is a famous singer with a famous skiffle band, but which one? Listen carefully to the following statement and try to guess the answer.

"Hello hello *hello!* It's you! How are you! I'm so so so excited, yah, I rilly am because I got a noo dress which I'm wearing oh ahe he he he you can see it, yah! I think I look so so so sexy I'll drive all the boys so wild they won't be able to sleep and they'll be up all night woooo-hooo ooh, I *didn't* mean that you *naughty* boy! Do you like me in this dress too? I *knew* you did! I can tell I can tell I can

read a boy's mind! What? Oh, that's so rude I don't believe you said that it's not even *funny* or anything I'm really hurt now. Do you understand what cellulite is you *stupid* thing? Well if you did you wouldn't say I had it and certainly not on my thighs it wouldn't go near them I'm getting so upset I can't breathe deeply and seductively like I learned how to I *don't* have that I exercise I roller skate I swim I jog I ride horses – what do you mean? What's riding horses got to do with anything! Just go away go away go away before I thcweam so much I'm thick!"

Well – any answers?

A new crochet hook? Support tights? **NONE OF THESE THINGS**, but (oh, feel sick) a cake presented by a "glamorous muscle-man" (it tells here) wearing nil but a loincloth and a stupid smile. That is gross and this kind of behaviour is what we now expect from the land of the free and the home of the old silly person.

**OK, OK**, so who is this person shown. On. The. Bed. Below? Think. Who. Is. Such. A. Sexy. (Let's try that again, I mean) **SEXY**. Macho. Man. He. Never. (I'm getting so tired of the full point key) Never. **NEVER**. Leaves. His. Boudoir. I think you got it.



**YOU KNOW**, cherubs, on occasion I think that my own people are stupid. Stupid. The silly Russians, in whose cheekbones runs the same slavish blood that we Transylvanians claim, have asked **Elton John** back. Incroyable. "I'm safe for them," says the discarded teddy bear lookalike. "I'm the Sainsbury's of rock and roll." Full of cottage cheese and Dixcel?

**AND FINALEMENT**, so dear **Donia Fiorentino** thinks she will marry **Andrew Ridgeley**? You remember, that's the man who last week publicly took her by the hair and threw her halfway down a runway (sounds like a line from a poem, no, my literati witerati?) at veritable Heathrow. Well, she likes that kind of a thing, plainly, and she probably also likes the idea of marrying a millionaire who cannot recognise an "accelerator" pedal or a "brake" pedal but still likes to drive at 190mph around and around Brands Hatch. And so our dear brave girl smiles through her

humiliation (after all, he's not even the sexy one) and tells us, "I would like to be engaged. I think Andrew's ready." But ready for what? Answers on a postcard attached to a big bag of money to the Waxworks, and sharp.

**AND MORE** than finalement, the shocking news that tiny temptress **Toyah** has dumped big **Tom Taylor** her love (her ex-minder) and run away to the Canadian mountains with **Robert Fripp**. "I think Tom's really perfect," she said quite recently. "Before I met him, I was always pretending to be a bloke." Now she is threatening to come back from the land where the only other people are **Bryan Adams**, ex-**Sounds** photographer **Carole Segal** and several thousand mounties with several thousand mounties to evict Tom from their lovenest – whoops, mean home. Rock solid.

Alack. I have nails to file – come here, **Vomit** – and my own nails to paint. Hasta la vista.

**MORTICIA WAX**

## Lord WAISTREL

ON THE first day of Christmas, I had such a fine time that the next eleven remain a relative mystery to everyone except a certain seedy **News Of The Screws** reporter (and don't worry, you toad, the cheque is in the post!)

Ah yes, on that first day I was invited to a remarkable shindig thrown by my old friend the Earl Of Henry – rock entrepreneur and owner of all three of the habitable parts of that barren wasteland north of the M1 known as Scotland.

Champagne corks were popping like cannon fire at the Somme, there were enough canapes (cans of peas?) to feed the Third World till the Second Coming and the girls, including many a buxom Feargal, were all top-class models.

Guest rock star was Fin, the golden-tonilled rocker who, since leaving **Waysted**, has secured a lucrative deal and apparently now receives regular begging letters from **Pete Way**, fan letters from **Phil Mogg**, and requests to join his

backing band from that little-known Kraut "axe-man" **Michael Schenker**.

Sadly, through Fin's blonde pal, I learned some disastrous news – my dear old chum **Heavy Metal Heather** has made another ruinous mistake in her love life... **Luke Morley**! But fear not, putting on a voice full of gutteral Cockney menace I rang the puny Terraplane guitarist up and told him **HMH's** fiance, the muscle-bound (and brained) **Joey De Maiio**, was currently ransacking the pubs of **Lewisham** looking for him.

**Luke** is now in the **Belgian Congo** heading south.

The only other let-down at Henry's bumper beano was the arrival of one **Jimmy Mack**, the ex-**Sounds** hack turned

ex-**NME** hack who once tried to make a living selling other papers old **Sounds** features and then joined **The HiT** one day before it folded.

One glass of champagne was obviously too much for the **Luton** layabout, who spent the next three hours trying to interest an attractive if disinterested **Fergal** in the geographical intricacies of **Uganda**.

Strangely she was unimpressed by his technique which seemed to centre on him undoing his flies and chortling, "Oi darling, ever seen one of these before?" To which she coughed up the rather clever response: "Yes, the last time I peeled a prawn."

Laugh, I almost gave the staff an Xmas bonus. Almost! Toodle pip!

# TWISTED SISTER

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# COME OUT AND PLAY



# THE BOMB PARTY

**JACK BARRON** gets ready to expound the big bang theory with **THE BOMB PARTY** and discover the *real* big audio dynamite . . . Crash, bang, wallop, what a picture: **DAMIAN SWARBRICK**

## inflammable

**WE START** with a bang, but of course . . .

"I think you've got to be a f\*\*\*ing dumb motherf\*\*\*er to think that we're dumb. And if you do then you can f\*\*\* off!" spouts the part-Spanish singer whose name translates as Jesus.

The Bomb Party are *not* a baked bean.

"The thing is if we were *really* dumb we'd be far more popular than we are now because the majority of the world's population are wankers, and are dumb.

"That's why you get wanking groups and dumb groups making it really big. Hence, if we were dumb we'd be massive. Stands to reason, doesn't it?"

Jose Paellamescalitomatadorbenidorm, Andy for short, grins with tautological certainty from beneath a black bush of very long hair and extends you all an invitation to The Bomb Party.

As an RSVP I scribble on the invitation

card a quotation from Kurt Vonnegut Jr's *Mother Night* as a warning and a clue: "No one is a better liar than a man who has warped lives and passions onto something as grossly artificial as a stage . . .

*"(And) I will risk the opinion that lies told for the sake of artistic effect . . . which can be, in a higher sense, the most beguiling forms of truth."*

Today The Bomb Party has moved its rubble from its home base in Leicester, via a monicker filched from a Graham Greene novel, to a London hostelry. In its grubby palms it clutches its latest single, 'Life's A Bitch', a satirical grunt from the stinking pit of rock and roll. Fools will only perceive stupidity.

Having begun by accusing the band of being Black Sabbath roadies - denims, leathers, and enough hair to give transplants to an entire tribe of bald orang utans - I wondered aloud if there are any dress requirements to join this particular party.

"Whaaaaat? You mean what should people wear to listen to us?" Drummer Mark Thompson rolls his eyes in disbelief.

Like the rest of the quartet he's in a belligerent mood having just had a run-in with a journalist he refers to as Swelling Bollocks.

"Look, if you're going to ask us those sort of questions we'll either put you in a home or take you back to ours," interrupts Andy cracking his fingers, every one of which has a trashy skull ring of some sort.

"You should wear stars in your hair, that's bloody obvious, isn't it," continues Mark as a trickle of snakebite dribbles down his chin. "We're growing our hair for peace. John Lennon said that, you know."

So do you think you could be bigger than The Beatles?

"Well, we're at least six foot above John Lennon, that's for sure," adds guitarist Steve Gerrard. Together with bassist Sarah Corina his thatch is blonde. Two blackheads and two whiteheads: the symmetry of The Bomb Party.

"God shat on us today, that's why we're not making much sense," apologises Mark for nothing. I don't have any tissues to give him.

"You know, when my mother gave birth

to me I came out of her arsehole," volunteers Andy. "I've been browned off ever since. Maybe that's why people - well, one crackpot feminist in Leicester - thinks we're sexist, misogynistic and fascist to boot."

**THE USUAL** traits of all ex-students. But really I can't understand that at all. I did think you were lyrically idiotic until I listened to your record closely. Then I twigged that the words were deliberately minimalistic. "*Life's a bitch when you ain't rich*" - it kind of says it all without wasting breath.

"Yeah," agrees Andy. "It's like why spend three hours screwing a woman when, if she's agreeable, you can come in three seconds and save time." Being moronic comes naturally to the singer.

"It's true. To put it a more delicate way: less can sometimes mean more," concurs Steve.

Do you have any bad habits?

"No I damn well don't," sulks Mark. "I love my mother, I have done on every day of my life." He looks at Andy's cheese



# material

sandwich with greedy eyes.

Is it possible to do a serious interview with The Bomb Party?

"Of course it is," the foursome chorus. "Try asking us some intelligent questions for a start."

Steve sniggers and then adopts a pondering frown. "Okay, let's be serious for a moment and be miserable bastards and go into our gothic mode."

"You don't look like goths to me," announces a passing Edwin Pouncey. "You're not miserable enough. You look more like heavy duty bikers."

"We are, we *are*", laughs Mark in relief. "The only trouble is we haven't got any bikes."

**L**ISTEN, THE aim of my life is to be taken and appreciated as a serious artiste," shouts Andy. "I would like to do one proper interview before I die."

Sure. But don't you think you set yourselves up as fools to be laughed at?

"No, not at all," Steve argues. "People have this tendency to perceive us as either goths or slapstick merchants but we're neither, really. We are actually all Ian Astbury, this band is The Cult on their day off from posing.

"If you really want to know the truth, though, I think we're heavily ironic. We're like characters out of a Kurt Vonnegut novel. A Kurt Vonnegut character is one who gets as low as you can get and then something even worse happens."

The band suck on their snakebites in agreement. Well, almost. I must ask you, Sarah, addressing the petite girl with blood red lips, do these three chaps give you a hard time?

"Yeah, but I make sure I give them a hard time back," she smiles.

But don't you think they're a bunch of sexist bastards?

"No I don't," refutes the bassist. "I wouldn't be in the band otherwise. Just because Andy sings the odd song about sex doesn't make him a sexist, does it?"

"Look, the thing is you are born and then you die," cuts in Andy. "And if you don't use your genitals in between then you're going to regret it when you're dead."

"What's loving for except to get the most out of it? I mean that in every respect. You should push your life to the limit. If you're walking in the street and some moron calls you a wanker you don't waste time trying to convince him that you're not."

"In the same way, if a woman whose adopted cause is ardent feminism calls you sexist you don't waste time saying that you aren't. You just say, Go home and suck on your thumb, though I can think of a better place to stick it."

"It's pretty self-evident that Sarah is an equal part of this band. Her bass playing and her contribution is strong and blatant..."

"I think you're trying to say that our whole is greater than the sum of its parts," advises Steve.

"Yeah, that's right," the singer nods. "And I'm here to tell you we've got a bloody big hole - arsehole, that is."

You seem to have a distinct anal fetish.

"No, not at all," denies Andy. "We haven't got a complex about it, we just enjoy putting things into holes."

A holistic band, then?

"That's right," confirms Mark, starting to slur. "That's the reason why we plan to take up golf as soon as possible."

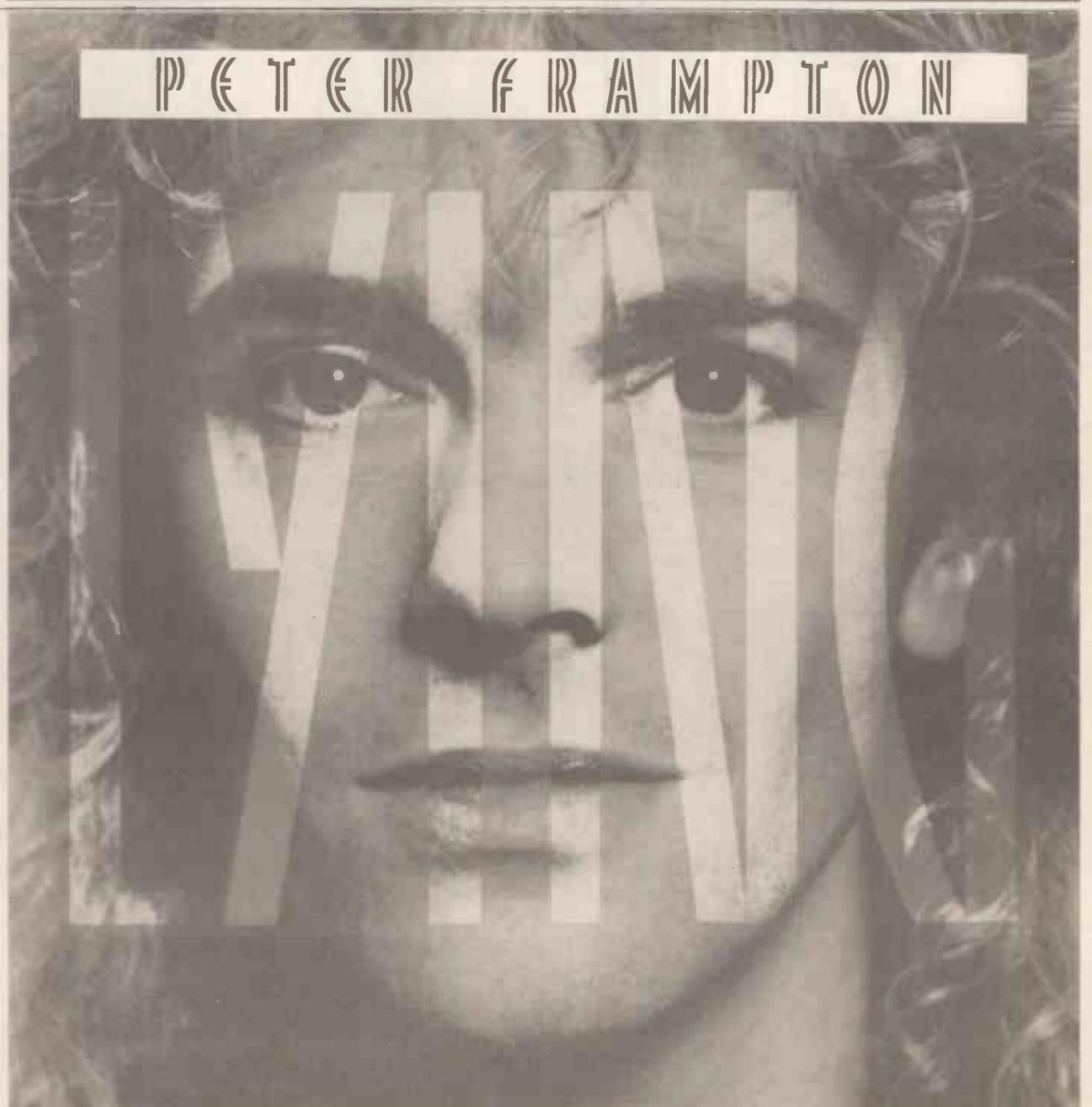
Let's end with a simper. Do you have anything else to add, Sarah?

"Yes," she laughs. "What's the odd one out between a baked bean, a soya bean and a vibrator? The baked bean, obviously - the other two are meat substitutes."

The Bomb Party is not a baked bean. It's the odd one out on a creaking limb of satirical stupidity in this circus we call rock and roll.

## SOUNDS READERS' POLL RESULTS

It's about time you had your say and next week's fab ish of *Sounds* is dedicated to your points of view. Who's got what it takes to be the best musician? What's your fave rave video, book, radio show, film or TV advert? Who's your political ideal? Which footballer gives you the biggest kick? The nominations have been fed into the *Sounds* computer and results are being ticker-taped out even as you, dear reader, read this. The *Sounds* Readers' Poll Special, it's full of surprises and winners. Don't lose out.



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# ALBUMS

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MINIMAL COMPACT: the EI Al ticket's in the post, Andy

## RAGE OF REASON

**MINIMAL COMPACT 'Raging Souls'** (Crammed Discs CRAM 042 LP)\*\*\*\*\*

NO, THE record doesn't play at 45... yes, their voices are meant to sound like that. Samy (male) Birnbach and Malka (female) Spigel wouldn't be much cop at singing "Agadoo-doo-doo push pineapple from the tree" (pineapples *don't* grow on trees anyhow, they're shrubs), but they'd be great at a funeral. Lyrics take the form of chants, dirges, incantations and, although I've never been to their native Israel (unlike certain Jammy Soundsters), I'm sure any snappy limerick plucked at random from 'Raging Souls' would be quite appropriate if sung in the vicinity of the Wailing Wall.

The largest letters in the sleeve credits are reserved for producer Colin Newman, but Minimal Compact don't need to trade on names, their corporate sound having a unique

character of its own. They occasionally manage to pull tedium from the jaws of enthrallment, as on the snoozy 'Returning Wheel', but they generally manage to maintain the captivation (despite an in-house chorus of "what's this rubbish?... take it off... one star" etc), the best results achieved when the manic depressives Elton and Kiki share the mike duty ('My Will' and 'Sananat').

Side one comes off best with its greater variety of pace, kicking off with the urgent 'The Traitor' and featuring Malka's delicate 'When I Go'; it must be conceded that side two does tend towards somnolence. This is not the greatest album Minimal Compact will ever make, but it's certainly the best record to have come out of Israel this year.

ANDY HURT

**TERRY ALLEN AND THE PANHANDLE MYSTERY BAND 'Bloodlines'** (Making Waves SPIN 114)\*\*\*\*\*

'THE VOICE in the wilderness' is what it's called. Terry Allen and his band, on loan from fellow Texan Joe Ely, make the noises. "Give me a ride, boy/My name is Jesus Christ" whines Terence in his tale of the hitchhiking Holy One, and you know the ride will be rough but the scenery powerful interestin'.

Enticed from a solo career of considerable obscurity, Terry Allen is the next in a distinguished line of Texan prodigals that already lists Jon Wayne and The Legendary Stardust Cowboy in its rank and file. But where Allen diverges from his brethren is in his obvious seriousness. The humour is here, but tempered by some excellent music. At times reminiscent of Sir Douglas' expert outings, Allen doesn't spare the local colour to get his point across, and he's at home with accordion and fiddle and whatever else it takes. It's felt folk music, too inherently dignified to ever be mistaken for just fun, though there is that a-plenty.

'Ourland' is typical of the dramatic devices Allen naturally offloads into each song to strengthen their skeletal structures. Telling the tale of a twisted territorial imperative, Allen snarls out the lyrics as belligerently as his drawl will allow, couched in some atmospheric penny whistle. The padding drums

and gently acoustic strum would lull us to dreamland but for the caustic singing.

Allen spares no barb in making clear his detestation for the comforts of upmarket California on 'Oh What A Dangerous Life' and 'There Oughta Be A Law Against Sunny Southern California'. Yet he never seems bitter, just knowingly bemused, and that is the feeling one has after hearing this rather irresistible testament to the small time.

RALPH TRAITOR

**ANN PEEBLES 'I'm Gonna Tear Your Playhouse Down'** (Hi HI UK LP 422)\*\*\*\*\*

FUNNY THING fashion, innit? A Peebles compilation of a few years ago would undoubtedly have been entitled 'I Can't Stand The Rain', and indeed this admirable collection uses the album sleeve of her previously most celebrated number - Paul Young works miracles, evidently.

While the finest female soul singer of the '70s played the role of figurehead, an ultratight team of producer Willie Mitchell, husband and co-writer Don Bryant, 'Playhouse' writer Early Randle and the regular Hi house band moulded the overall sound into a perfect parallel of labelmate Al Green. Perfunctory horns, The Memphis Strings and Howard Grimes' drumming. 'Rain' came out about the time that the ancestor of the computer game, the paddle-

bat electronic ping-pong fiasco emerged, and the novelty of those plink-plink percussion sounds has long since worn off; it tarnishes a classic number. 'Playhouse' you know all about, but there were so many more great numbers: Randle's up-tempo 'Beware', Mitchell and Randle's 'Come To Mama', 'A Love Vibration' and others. No place is found for 'One Way Street', 'If We Can't Trust Each Other' or 'You Got To Feed The Fire' from the immaculate 'Rain' album, but then those ten tracks totalled a McWhirter-inspiring 26 minutes 54 seconds of music.

ANDY HURT

**THE UNHOLY TRINITY 'Rise To The Occasion'** (Middle 1)\*\*\*3/4

THE HALF of The Sid Presley Experience that is The Godfathers is something of an unholy trinity. Three men with a passion for discreet shades, black pullies and leather have a distinct caveman style of performing. More Cavern than most.

The Trinity skirt the ground that The Milkshakes propagated but manage to keep their heads by *not* going for the overkill. Each track - with the exception of some of them - mentions the words "rock and roll" and that's just where these lads are.

The Unholy Trinity are The Delmonas with balls, a chicane of cymbal-thrashing, and something of a dynamite prospect for the revival of pub rock. That's not in a derogatory sense, though.

The Unholy Trinity would have been great scraping themselves off the ceiling of the Hope And Anchor.

Although the songs are best remembered, the best track is a cover. An offbeat variation of Cream's 'NSU' which has more than a hint of Syd Barrett - of all people - in the vocal delivery. The Unholy Trinity are not the great white hopes for rock and roll, but they are the greatest trio since the wondrously punky Bachelors.

DAVE HENDERSON

**VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Electro 10'** (Streetsounds ELCST10)\*\*

SOMETIMES ONE of your machines needs new batteries, so the next time you're in a shop you say, "Oh, and four of those, please."

Later, at home, you break open the pack and insert the batteries into the back or bottom of the machine. You test the machine again. Invariably, it works.

'Electro 10' is exactly as thrilling and logically inexplicable as that moment. Functional, monotonous, obsessed with video games, it lacks the spark that was electro's beginnings and the investigations and perversities that were its mid-period. Only reliable Roxanne Shante shakes and kicks. The rest is *dullest*. Formula. Change. Please. (But then I think 'The Show' is mediocre...)

CHRIS ROBERTS

**THEATRE OF HATE 'Original Sin Live'** (Dojo LP 19)\*\*\*\*\*

THEATRE OF Hate was the cracked reflection of an angered and confused state of youth. It fed off Brandon's own form of concussed hatred and became important to a lot of people because it passionately conveyed all the fear of a teenager as it grew from child to adult.

This live album shows Theatre Of Hate at their best: blinded, powerful, and so intense. Brandon's voice here is youthful, exultant and untamed as it desperately roars for answers.

Through bad handling these great songs were never seen at their best; I blame Rusty Egan and Mick Jones. The ideals were taken wrongly by critics and fans alike, 'Rebel Without A Brain' became an anthem and fights were soon too common at Theatre's live outings.

I suppose Theatre Of Hate were ultimately about being lost in a world where reality took the piss out of romanticism and youth got bruised too often by failure, but maybe I'm just being a wistful fool...

This is Theatre Of Hate's best long player to date - it portrays the band as it really was, with all the production bullshit that dogged other recordings absent. Buy it and hear something that shows a lot of these third-rate rock bands up as the fakes they really are.

RON ROM

**MARVIN GAYE 'Romantically Yours'** (CBS 26783) \*\*1/2

ONE OF the greatest dead singers of our time. So, a new album? Well, if a collection of tapes Marvin Gaye left in the hands of his mother (most children have at least one non-homicidal parent) and which have since been

recovered and repolished and bracketed together under a pathetically simpering title is your idea of a new album, then 'Romantically Yours' is Marvin Gaye's new album. And I'm a keen fan of Ron Atkinson.

A sense of phrasing and inflexion and delivery which could at its prime rend hearts and then tease them back together again is not a phenomenon at which we should lightly sneer. But here, for the most part, Marvin Gaye is far too extravagantly dramatic for his own good and appears still to be labouring under the impression that he is Smokey Robinson.

'Too Busy Thinking About My Baby' really is one of the hundred greatest records ever made - some kind of wonderful - and probably always will be. But this is not.

ROGER HOLLAND

**HAWKWIND 'Ridicule'** (Obsession OBLP1) \*\*\*\*1/2

"AND LO," quoth Elroy ye Dragon-Slayer, "let it be written that those who be ye fans of ye Hawklords falleth into two categories, by ye pickled balls of Cromnos.

"And one of these be those who find ye present outings of ye cosmic phrasing a trifle unmanly when weighed against ye olde Sonic Attack.

"And, by ye hideous dragon's blood of Loppo, the other be those who loveth all that emanateh from ye acide head assassins.

"But, O Master, by the serendipity washing line of Vroom-Vroom, is this verily an good LP?" whined Elroy's goblin serving-wench, Naueo.

"By the hairy shorts of Bagguss," quoth Elroy, "it containeth ye olde live recordings of ye time of ye Space Ritual tour: thus it procureth for one's ears 'Brainstorm', 'Master Of The Universe', 'Seven By Seven'

## POWERHOUSE

EDITED BY STEFFAN CHIRAZI

**ANTHRAX 'Spreading The Disease'** (Megaforce/Island Records 90480-1)\*\*\*\*\*

ANTHRAX, WHO aren't half as nasty as they sound, are the second hardcore total trash band after Metallica to hit home hard in a big way.

Island Records, in their infinite (?) wisdom, felt that the speed of such thrash as Dan Spitz was indispensable, and so we have Anthrax spreading their disease via a large push.

Mind you, the major has made them a touch softer, certain songs slowing down the tempo of early Anthrax. But the original power still remains, and the kids will definitely slam to it. No real standouts, apart from the 'garage' enthusiasm of 'Aftershock' and the epileptic, hilariously titled 'Gung-Ho', but certainly a future thrash force to watch. Anthrax could even become fashionable!

**CELTIC FROST 'To Mega Therion'** (Noise Records N 0031)\*\*\*\*3/4

PROPER OVERKILL. Celtic Frost are lead-weight stuff, loads of '666', a plethora of leather and a close affiliation with old Sabbath riffs. Frost aren't always fast but neither's Geoff Capes, and you wouldn't call him lightweight, would you now?

This LP sports everything the underground hardcore fan could wish for. Guttural growls, squeaks, booms, thumps and a death-charged

gurgle every five seconds. Hilarious, it's 'music' that Neanderthals would have loved to death.

Recording in Berlin must have given this album its unique suicidal sound - I wouldn't be surprised if it hasn't already induced a few hundred - but I must complain about the lack of musicians' silly names.

Still, the titles are up to scratch. 'Necromantical Screams'... ahhh, that's the way to pen them, loud and proud, glad and bloody bad. This is Celtic Frost's forte, their plodding Sabbath style riffs, their titles, their image. Not for the faint-hearted or those who lack a humorous dimension to their analysis of albums. The problems will start when Celtic Frost take themselves seriously...

**DOKKEN 'Under Lock And Key'** (Elektra EKT 26/960 458-1 US Import)\*\*\*\*\*1/2

THE BAND we hear so much about - yet never get to listen to - Dokken stand resplendent in their LA rough mops and dapper dress. Poseurs... a statement of fact regarding their appearance, but musically? No chance, this is good material, strolls up sleaze street commonplace with guitars carefully sawing up the background.

Dokken's big virtue is that their material's superbly written. Each song isn't simply a one-layered,

and other paeans to the crawling chaos that lurks beyond the stars. And this is Good. But lo, there be no information, so I have slain half an star from its crown thereof. For this be Not Good."

"Ahhh," whimpered Nauseo. "By ye wizened brow of ye Tibetan sages, thou art Just and Right."

And so endeth The Saga Of Elroy And Nauseo, and that of Ye Continuing Release Of Many An Hawkwind LP which seemeth almost to be an bootleg, such is ye paucity of information thereof. . .

TIBET

**ROY WHITE 'Shanty'**

(CBS CBS 26581) \*\*\*1/2  
MARCHING INTO 1986 with pomp on your side probably smells like a good idea. But of the Duran generation, I'd wager it's only the Duran bit who'll be laughing at the bank on the hill for very much more than a moment. And all the other (young?) men - like Roy White - who entered on the artistic calling with but a slight talent and a measure of airbrush beauty will accept their mediocrity and find some corner in which to scrape a living.

Roy has a knack for good tunes, and a faint reputation. His chief and obvious reference point is Bowie circa 'Let's Dance'. His voice is quite similar if remarkably less flexible; his way with words, though, is something like dragging an unwilling Pug on an overstrained leash up a self-evident cul-de-sac. Skip the lyric sheet next time, Roy.

Some of his album is unselfconscious and pleasant, and thus ready to be foolishly enjoyed. But much of it harbours grand intentions which fall very flat - to a point of boredom. OK? Now, roll out the ungainly videos and apply for a soul. I've

emaciated attempt at strength; they *all* have depth, they *all* have fire, the malicious majesty of such numbers as 'The Hunter' proving that Dokken are no flash-in-the-pan band.

'In My Dreams' is another composition illustrating Dokken's touch of quality, and a UK release (March, we're told) will certainly not be before time. Dokken are set to make quite an impact everywhere. 'Under Lock And Key's majesty shows exactly why.

**ARMOURED SAINT 'Delirious Nomad'**

(Chrysalis BFV 41516 US Import)\*\*\*  
ARMOURED SAINT are touted as being one of the heaviest big label bands currently signed, a tag I seem to recall being hung on Manowar not so long ago. . . Saint are a solid, chunky HM band, not necessarily the

# 'PLANE TRUTH

**TERRAPLANE 'Black & White** (Epic EPC 26439) \*\*\*\*\*  
TERRAPLANE HAVE tried so long and so hard over recent months to bag a hit single that this LP constitutes something of a 'greatest near misses' collection. Yet, even without a sizeable 45 success to generate a spurt of pre-release publicity, the record still radiates an unquenchable air of clear-cut confidence and conviction.

'Black & White' is a first bite that's every bit as electrifying as Van Halen's timeless debut blast; stylistically different, but fired by the same kind of pressurised energy that VH floored the opposition with in '78. Terraplane favour quick, blazing bursts of intense melody, condensed into short 'n' sweet compact songs that leave laxity and loquaciousness for dead.

Lead guitarist Luke Morley's compositions are brisk, instantly memorable and so belting as to make Leppard sound punch drunk by comparison. Plus there are lighter moments, 'Talking To Myself' and 'Couldn't Handle The Tears' for instance, which highlight the sort of versatility that's all too rare within hard rock frameworks.

'When You're Hot?' Terraplane know what it's like alright, and if they can keep the temperature up at boiling point second time around there'll be no stopping 'em.

PAUL ELLIOTT



TERRAPLANE: maybe Lewisham is the rock 'n' roll capital of the world...

heard there's a long waiting list . . .

ROBIN GIBSON

**GARY GLITTER**

'Always Yours' (Castle Communications DOJOLP 20) \*\*\*3/4

**THE GLITTERBAND 'Live At The Marquee'** (Conquest QUEST 7) \*\*\*1/2

MY HEROES! Wow, two new live albums by Gary and The Glitterband! Yeah? And? Perusing either sleeve proves to be as productive as attempting to engage an Albanian national in conversation. The band's disc was recorded in April '85 and features original members Springate, Shephard and

Phipps, while the leader of the gang's record is down to pure guesswork.

Gary's album is *primarily* live, with four studio tracks tagged on at the end to make up the weight, presumably because minutes on end of thumping drums while Gaz does his pantomime thang does not make for fab audio dynamite. "YOWRIGHT?", enquires the mighty one. "YURRRRRGH!" affirm the Glitterkins. 'Touch', 'Hello', 'Leader', 'Rock 'N' Roll' and a couple of other biggies, and then the studio stuff. Curious.

Who missed every single minute of Live Aid? I was that man! I was at Dingwalls instead, covering the Alternative to the beano, of

which The Glitterband were one of the highlights. I'm sure the Marquee audience had just as much fun, but listening to a football commentary is hardly the same as being at the match, and although covers of Who numbers may be fair game in the live context, they're a waste of space on vinyl. As a Glitterband fan (you can laugh), I'd rather hear their own stuff.

ANDY HURT

**CHRISTIAN DEATH 'The Wind Kissed Pictures'**

(Supporti Fonografici SF003) \*\*\*3/4  
THERE'S SOMETHING here . . . I always felt that Christian Death had a (velvet) glove full

of good ideas, but held themselves back by some of the rather more obvious imagery they employed.

'The Wind Kissed Pictures' is their strongest offering so far. Tiny bells, animal voices that sound culled from *The Howling*, moanings swirling, 'Ouverture' (sic). But then they slide into the title track with a riff that sounds identical to Crisis' 'UK 78', and a standard progression in a standard song. They promise so much; *then* they louse it up.

An aside: this LP had me thinking of Hawkwind almost continually. There's a hundred references: from the amorphous structure the songs develop into to their

length, and the numerous Hawklord sax-like meanderings hovering around at the edges.

A comparison: a Christian Death in the crucifix is worth a dozen Goths in a coffin.

A prediction: if Christian Death manage to rid themselves of the musical structure and the image that they're confined in, they would be much more interesting.

As it is, I remain convinced that people like them more at the moment because it's a 'weird' name to write in lipstick on the back of their leather jacket than because they're a group with some rather interesting ideas.

TIBET

heaviest band in the world but not the softest. Anyway, who gives a toss how heavy the said product is? It's how it stands up to the aural test that counts, and this particular test doesn't reveal anything enormously different from a plethora of other hopefuls.

They stomp through such titles as 'Conqueror' with no little power. However, the songs are a touch inconsistent and the direction overall seems undecided. Once Armoured Saint have decided whether they wish to be heavy or constructive, then we'll hear vinyl which is a *true* representation.

**VENOM 'French Assault'**

(New Records NW 2317 French Import)\*\*\*\*\*1/2  
ANOTHER FOREIGN release, another set of songs, another collection of different versions. Old classics die hard, and refreshing re-

recordings of such epics as 'Bloodlust' and live(?) versions of 'Countess Bathory' are well worth getting blackened mitts on.

Watching each Venom release sell large quantities, and noting the major companies refusing to step any nearer, is most confusing. 'French Assault' is as consistent a representation of Venom as any other, it's selling just as well. A major deal *must* happen soon.

**LAAZ ROCKET 'No Stranger To Danger'**

(Target Records TE 1348) \*\*\*1/2  
NICE NAME, well packaged and with a fair amount of money behind them, Laaz Rocket could very easily make *the* big step forward. The material, however, doesn't always merit such hopes.

Whilst there are some tarty tunes, all leather, heels and a touch of steel, there are times

when Laaz Rocket appear to be looking into the LA fishbowl from the outside. And whilst it's all very fine having your eye on the top league, you've got to win your own division first.

'Tonight Alive' is an example of the best that Laaz offer, not particularly original maybe but worthy of more serious investigation than the hackneyed strains of 'I've Got Time'. And 'Wrecking Machine' is a good way to finish an average album.

**HANOVER 'Hungry Eyes'**

(MCA MCA 39037) \*\*\*\*  
AND NOW for the Michael Bolton Melody Award for December. Hanover (ex Hannover Fist, I'm informed), have all the US süss and swagger necessary to jet propel them into unsuspecting US mainstream charts.

It all sets me thinking: do

the Yanks actually enjoy such superficial metallic melodies, and if they really *do* welcome such product with open arms, why haven't such bands as Hanover and the superb Bolton been equally well-received by the British rock public?

Must have something to do with blocked ears, because the performances on such albums are absolutely superb, Hanover being no exception. To a choosy listener like myself, this passes the mainstream test with ease. Next to Bolton, it's possibly one of this year's essential purchases in this particular rock genre.

**LONDON 'Non Stop Rock'**

(Roadrunner RR 9733) \*\*\*\*  
IGNORE THE name and ignore the stupid sleeve, this isn't half as bad as it first appears. London cover their new metal sound with a gritty

gloss, and can count themselves amongst the brighter of California's metallic creations this year.

The most impressive thing about London is their high energy level, something which seems sadly lacking these days in Stateside rock. They could even sound like a battery-charged Ratt, covered in caustic soda. No doubt some smart arse will pick 'em up, wash 'em down, towel dry their sound and image, and force them to write catchy rock tunes.

But bands initially blessed with such energy should be allowed time to develop, and although London steer near to Ratt and VH on a couple of occasions, they're one band who deserve to be checked out.

**SEDUCE 'Seduce'**

(Psyche-Mania PSYCH 001) \*\*\*\*  
MÖTLEY CRÜE meets a mangle. Sounds like Mick Mars forget to tune up and Nikki Sixx didn't think about style. Shades' Dave Constable is literally doing cartwheels of delight whenever Seduce are mentioned but, if you enjoy *good* music, avoid at all costs.

Probably designed for the more musically perverse members of society, 'Seduce' ranks as the most gloriously funny, tuneless metal mish-mash ever to seep through Customs.

**SNIPER 'Quick And Dead'**

(Megaton Records 0012) \*  
SOMEONE PAYS for this. Literally. Some greedy, self-centred capitalist shells out a lot of money to sign such rubbish. They package the product and send it gleefully around the world. Sandy boy, I really *have* found the worst record of all time.



MOLLY HATCHET ensure that no hombre slags off their long player

**MOLLY HATCHET 'Double Trouble Live'**

(Epic EPC 88670 US Import)\*\*\*\*\*  
YEE-HAW! A bourbon-bolstered live affair that warms and pleases beyond any measure of doubt. Molly Hatchet are as Southern as they come these days, the last originals left in an old rock style. And 'Double Trouble Live' is set to establish itself as a party album, one to move the lazy and delight the active at any large social gathering.

The damn thing *forces* you to move. Whether you feel like it or not, 'Whisky Man', 'Satisfied Man', 'Bounty Hunter' and others cause a sensory by-pass, leaving your body dancing before you know it. Classic boogie? Yee-haw, this is the stuff it's made of, the sweetest Southern guitars you'll hear, coupled with some superb riffs. And quality? Well, let's just say that this is probably the best live album of the year, sneaking ahead of all those other big names right at the last moment.

And it contains the classic Southern cut, an immortality amongst all lovers of good music. 'Freebird' is being kept alive and kicking . . . good bloody job, too. Hatchet's eleven minute version is sumptuous, compulsory listening. Oh yeah, believe me, this is a Hatchet job of the finest order, a blow to their critics and a bloody marvellous example of the exquisite Southern sound. Buy.

Reviewed by  
Dave  
Henderson



## SINGLE OF THE WEEK

**EASTERHOUSE 'Whistling In The Dark' (Rough Trade)** I know that Easterhouse's seminal classic on London went down like a lead balloon, and that their political views are likely to put the pruders off, but... well, 'Whistling In The Dark' is just ace. A harder rap on the knuckles, a crunching sound that lingers over a tremendous verse/chorus interplay. Easterhouse, without a shadow of doubt, are one of the best groups in the universe. So beat that, mate.

# S E T T L E S T I N G S

**PJ PROBY 'Love Will Tear Us Apart' (Savoy)** After 'Tainted Love', the trouser splitting sensation lends his larynx to this Joy Division gem. Souped up, slightly electro, but undeniably soulful, PJ Proby knows all the right notes and delivers with bravado and style.

**PIGBROS 'The Blubberhouses' (Vinyl Drip)** Bogshed are a tough act to follow, but Pigbros do quite admirably on this, the third, Vinyl Drip epic. The five tracks show a surprising breadth of material from an outfit who seem to have arrived from nowhere. More power to the Vinyl Drip and scratchy annoying music.

**WORLD DOMINATION ENTERPRISES 'Asbestos Lead Asbestos' (Karbon)** Imagine the Gang Of Four locked in a room with Wire. Add to that a late '80s veneer and you won't be far from the vibrant excellence of World Domination Enterprises. A burning bass sound, too.

**MARC RILEY '4 A's AT MAIDA VALE' (In Tape)** Marc Riley's peculiar brand of dishevelled pop makes for interesting listening. Included here are four throbbing tracks direct from a Maida Vale Peel session. Poppy power punk at its most rhythmical.

**THE EASTERN DARK 'Julie Is A Junkie' (Waterfront)** The Ramones on a gear down ride with Hüsker Dü tacked on for effect. The Eastern Dark appear to be from Australia and unleash a mighty (mighty) guitar solo in the middle of this gem. Krunch.

**THE HOLLOW MEN 'Late Flowering Lust' (Evensong)** Leeds indie label with a tastefully crafted fuzz, feedback and torment package in the shape of The Hollow Men. Twangy and touching with talkovers and a few slivers of Oriental promise.

**PETER HOPE AND DAVID HARROW 'Sufferhead' (Ink)** Four tracks from Box man Hope and eternal keyboardist David Harrow. Flowing between Waits on hip hop and Beefheart gone electro. Mighty and orchestral, nice arrangement and plenty of attack.

**FREIGHT TRAIN 'Man's Laughter' (Bam Caruso)** More from Julian Cope's wardrobe. Teardrops exploding with a more complimentary, string bending accompaniment, over a compulsive melody

line. Freight Train are on the right track. (Yuk! - Ed.)

**TRESPASSERS W 'Paris In Between The Wars' (TW)** A ranting sensation, Trespassers W bleat with charm about such things as their theory that the devil is an English woman. Pretty weird with a neat backing track and some clever musical intonations.

**FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS 'Suspicious Minds' (London)** Great version of the Elv chestnut with Jimmy Somerville in vocal tow. The sound of something coming of age with only a-crap rap at the start of the 12-inch holding it back.

**MALCOLM MCLAREN 'Duck Rock Cheer' (Charisma)** Cultural world tour out-take with surgical cut up overdubs and chant chorus. Terrace terrorism with a disco beat. Maybe more film producers should make records.

**MARC ALMOND 'The House Is Haunted' (Some Bizzare)** Classy horror flick that lingers with evil intent. Sleazy jazz with disgruntled pizzicato strings, and another hit for Marc.

**SADE 'Is It A Crime?' (Epic)** A groove by any other name. Liting through the tissues and weeping with opened heart sugary. Sade pouting to perfection (for yawning at the royalty cheque).

**PHRANC 'Amazons' (Stiff)** Folky American female with femo appeal. A tongue in cheek homage to the world's Amazonian delights, with mentions for everyone from Billie Jean to Evonne Goolagong. With inflections of Joni Mitchell and strumalong power, Phranc grows like poison ivy and is eminently playable (again and again).

**GIANT SANDWORMS 'Don't Turn Away' (One Big Guitar)** A parade of demented guitar breaks hastily linked by a makepiece vocal line. Speaker cracking fun from the USA.

**THE BOMB PARTY 'Life's A Bitch' (Abstract)** And don't we just know it? Gargling with varukers and throwing bass, guitar and drums into the mix makes for a fantastic noise. Where it's heading I couldn't say, leastways there's many a migraine in finding out.

**BELTANE FIRE 'Captain Blood' (CBS)** Men in black play loud raucous ruck and roll. A dirtier production would have served better.

**BILLY BRAGG 'Days Like These' (Go! Discs)** Another true story. But imagine the power and passion of the message if Kirsty MacColl, Sandie Shaw or PJ Proby were to sing it.

**TED MILTON 'Ode: O, To Be Seen Through Your Eyes' (Toeblock)** Ted had a good song when he was in Blur. It's a shame he's forgotten it.

**THE OLD MEN 'Sack' (Black Lagoon)** Brilliance and rubbish teeter dangerously close on this majestic platter that's winged its way from Manchester. It's different. Guitars and drums go AWOL while Barton (of Barton And Jane Cherry Red success, some time back) distorts his mind into a microphone.

Probably not for listening, definitely *not* family entertainment but a great conversation piece for the wee small hours.

**EXIT 13 'Fields Of Joy' (Squad)** Squidgy pop with a violin. There's a certain *almost made it* quality here that suggests Exit 13 know more than they're letting on. The production's too clean and the vocals aren't strained enough. Take risks and get dirty.

**OPAL 'Northern Line' (One Big Guitar)** Pedigree Americans, David Roback and Kendra Smith have forsaken their Clay Allison guise and meander back into the limelight with a litting trio of country aires which fall rather uncomfortably short of great innovation. Nice tunes, sure, great vocal delivery too, but a disappointment all the same.

**THE ADICTS 'The Bar Room Bop EP' (Dwed)** Oh my God. Once upon a tune The Adicts could rhyme melody with powerchords. Today, they mix humour (?) with well worn riffs. A kind of Chas And Dave for upper class punkies.

**THE FITS 'Facts Or Fiction' (Trapper)** More grinding but still as insipid as The Adicts. The Fits are too good looking to be anguished, their beautician must be disgusted. An inkling of *something* nasty, but the guitars are a little too contrived.

**SECRET TROOP 'Waiting For A Call' (RS)** Almost a groove thang. A song, a verse, a chorus and a throbbing bass that says the new wave is almost breathing again. Secret Troop are bright and slowly developing.

**THE EDGE 'Talk A Walk' (Volume)** And then there was power pop. Again. The Edge are from the north east and firmly believe that the twang's the thang. 'Walk' is a neat song. Jukebox material that *almost* makes it to ace face standard.

**REAL MACABRE 'Emotion' (Push)** Tetchy femme vox which waddles around the Banshee camp. Real Macabre have a guitarist who's still trying hard to funk out from the McGeogh school of playing.

**PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES 'Wimpeez' (Trapper)** And so nothing changes. If you're going to play it like it was (circa '79 in this case) then do it note for note. Rousing rabbles a speciality.

**C-BANK 'Good To The Last Drop' (Ten)** More Fairlight fondling. Mini soulful exercise that never really breaks free from the plink plink fizz of the backing track.

**IAN MESSENGER 'Livin' In The Night' (Warner Brothers)** Tedious monologue from sequin-toting-space freak.

**RORI 'Wild Girls' (Warner Brothers)** Average party fare with a decent enough chorus. Totally forgettable though.

**CARL BEAN 'I Was Born This Way' (Ten)** A 'Gay National Anthem' set to a Philly backbeat. Putrid and particularly unremarkable.

**CONWAY BROTHERS 'Raise The Roof' (Ten)** The Conways still have people pounding on their door. But this time, they don't want them to turn it up, they want them to, yes you guessed, 'Raise The Roof'. Harmless, almost hummable, ? chartbound disc that flows through the night with the ease of a paralytic Scotsman.

**SWING OUT SISTER 'Blue Mood' (Mercury)** Sub-Sade stuff that's as tuneless and bland as Radio 2 would like. Your dad will dig it.

**GLEE CLUB 'Something In The Air' (Abacus)** Not the crew from Bath, but a Glee Club who think a reworking of the Thunderclap Newman mindwarp is valid. They are not all there.

**RED SHOES 'All Fall Down' (Stepping Out)** Dangerously embarrassing lyrics. Bad news additional tracks. Overall, a bit of a disaster.

**ART INDUSTRY 'Down On The Beach' (Heart And Soul)** At the butt end of the indies. Interesting symphonic suggestions are lulled into oblivion by low grade vox, delivery and content. Whatever's there dies at birth.

**THE FLIRTS 'You And Me' (Epic)** Stockings, suspenders and synthesizers provide a middle aged A&R man's turn on. Voyeurs die young (please).

**CHERELLE 'Saturday Love' (Tabu)** Soulful US import that retreads the Diana Ross route to goal. Mid tempo, mournful and monstrous.

**COVER UP 'Love The One You're With' (Venom)** Bland reworking of an average Steve Stills outing. A David Hamilton delight.

**ANGEL 'Do It' (Rainbow)** Forget it.

**DRUM THEATRE 'Living In The Past' (Epic)** More make-up than sense.

**PETER FRAMPTON 'Lying' (Virgin)** Whatever happened to the old Peter, Frampton? 'Lying' sounds as imaginative as a forward line for Arsenal.

**FEARGAL SHARKEY 'You Little Thief' (Virgin)** More hits for men with quiffs. Sure, it's crap, with a dreadful melody line and rhythm lifted from many a moon ago, but, what's new?

**ASTROKHAN 'The Power Of Touch' (Gun Talk)** Almost but not quiet. Cute electronics with a Brit edge but lacking in lift and final punch.

**DOUBLE 'The Captain Of Her Heart' (Polydor)** Might be half decent when it's finished.

ALBUMS EXTRA



THE DOTS recall the halcyon haze of the UFO Club...

SOME LIKE IT HOT

THE LEGENDARY PINK DOTS 'Asylum' (Play It Again Sam BIAS 12) \*\*\*\*\* EDWARD KA-SPEL 'Eyes! China Doll' (Scarface FACE 13) \*\*\*\*\*/4

'Asylum' sees the Dots moving even further away from their earlier Syd Barratt whimsy into a polarised world full of broken hearts, broken buildings, broken dreams. It's harrowing and funless.

And so, too, for those of you who wallow in melancholy is a solo LP from the Dots' Ka-Spel. For those in love, and those who wish they were. Perfect music for seduction in bedsits, perfect music for suicide in bedsits. Part of a continuing series of introspection, the product of someone plunging helter-skelter into love and lust. The Dots are God's gift...

But they can't, and we should be pleased. Because that means that we've got them. And 'Asylum', a double LP revelling in some of the most miserable lyrics since Leonard Cohen:

KURTIS BLOW 'America' (Mercury 826 141-1) \*\*\*\*\*/2

distorted Subhumans sound. Sometimes it cuts hard: 'Farming is a living, killing is a crime/Where do the meatmen draw the line' ('Pigman').

WHEREAS LAURIE Anderson's mammoth (and excellent) 'United States Of America' presented an in-depth thesis on the pros and cons of everything Stateside, all-rapping Kurtis Blow turns up a slightly different thumbnail sketch on the title track of his latest album.

And, sometimes, it seems a trifle simplistic: 'We live we die/in fear of gods and guns/And never knowing why/Why must we someday die' ('Fade Away').

Much shorter, sure, but like 'The Message' it hits home and pulls all the right punches in all the right presidential departments.

But slogans are slogans are slogans. And they're not made any less sloganistic because they're 'right on' or because they criticise other less pleasant slogans.

And what's more, there's a whole selection of sounds on show. DJ scratch battles may not sound like an inspiring medium, but Kurtis and his crew manage to add a spark of light as they rap, croon and cut their way through a fine set of well-crafted songs.

No, Kurtis hasn't opted for the maximum dancefloor rhythm effect; instead there are tunes a-plenty thrown into the melodic melting pot. If rap and its electro offspring is on the way out, then this last gasp collection may just breathe enough life into the dying corpse to revive it for a while longer.

Unlike many of his contemporaries, Kurtis Blow seems keen to enlarge on the stock trades of the rapping DJs and for that alone this LP is a welcome treat. It also has enough going for it to suggest that it's the kind of coagulation that dub reggae has been crying out for.

DAVE HENDERSON

THE SUBHUMANS 'Worlds Apart' (Blurg Fish 12) \*\*\*\*\*/4

WITH A Subhumans LP, it's not so much a record as a way of looking at things, a slice of propaganda and its effect, that you're judging. I'm sure thousands would disagree. The Subhumans themselves too, no doubt. But if there is a criteria for punk music outside the most brainless of the Oi! faction and the most shameless of the '77 revivalists, that'll have to do. Cross started the most potent form of musical protest, and a hundred lesser bands joined in.

As music, it's the usual stark lyrical attack over the

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# COCTEAU



**A new year and a new starter for THE COCTEAU TWINS who team up with CHRIS ROBERTS for talk, turkey and all the trimmings. PETER ANDERSON snaps them up**

**S**O INSTEAD, I spent a Friday afternoon eating and giggling with The Cocteau Twins.

They're not there. I pour disdain on the mannequins in Harvey Nichols' window, then stand in a dry place.

A young man rushes out of the jeweller's opposite and leaps into a waiting taxi. He is George Michael. I stare at him and then realise he is staring back at me. I look away, as one does. The cab roars away through the drizzle.

"Oh," I think. "This is going to be a funny day."

Then Robin Guthrie and Elizabeth Frazer amble and scurry up. The shorter of these has two Zs in her name.

Robin and I agree not to go into the posh place. Liz keeps hiding behind Robin laughing with short catches of breath. We walk to Kings Road. It takes about seven minutes. Robin, kindly, talks. I concentrate on not positioning myself between the two of them.

Now and again Robin says out of the corner of his mouth, "Aw, come on Liz."

Then I brazenly take control of the situation. "Do you think interviews are a bit silly?"

"Yes!"

"What I find really funny is the way they always put . . . you can't analyse their music or describe it in words *but anyway here goes*: it's a radiant ethereal dooda dooda whatever . . ."

"Yes. That's true," says Robin.

That was me brazenly taking control of the situation.

I wonder what the alternative is. I am still wondering this when I kind of apologetically turn the tape recorder on.

**W**E ARE sitting in The Chelsea Kitchen and all feeling much better for being in the warm and about to eat. Liz is acting less oddly. Robin tells me that in Simon's absence they intended to bring a cassette of Simon saying "Yes", "No", and "Four times", but they forgot it. I squeal, Oh, that would've been brilliant! They seem cheered by my enthusiasm.

The waiter recognises them, pretends not to. They don't notice this.

On the menu we see Christmas turkey, which Robin orders. I order it too, because then I can tell all my little friends I had Christmas dinner with The Cocteau Twins.

Liz says, "Would it be alright if I had two

starters?"

Once, at the BBC, they were interviewed by somebody who thought they were Frankie Goes To Hollywood. She said to Robin, "What's it like to be a fag?" Another time they saw Johnny Rotten in a New York hotel bar.

"He was with that guy who plays Scully and they were getting outrageously drunk. Liz was wetting herself, man."

Liz: "It was incredible!"

Robin: "It was disgusting. She was all giggling and everything."

Liz: "I know, I was being a twat. But it was wonderful!"

You don't think of yourselves as famous, do you?

Liz: "Definitely not. Almost no one knows who we are. Almost no one."

Robin: "Who are you more impressed with today, us or George Michael?"

Liz: "Is there turkey in that?"

Yes, it's under the gravy there.

Liz: "Did you just speak to George Michael???"

Me? Heavens no, I didn't speak to him. It was just weird 'cos you weren't there so I thought, Oh, I'll look at the street for a bit, and the first person that came into view was him . . .

Robin: "The lying bastard! He said we were getting peas and cabbage with this."

# CABINET

us. With all people giving it all this business, letting it all hang out an' everythin'."

Robin: "They're great. I'll make you a copy if you want."

Liz: "Every time it's got chests in it. It's got boobs and bums all over the place! How are you meant to react to that sort of thing? Are you meant to be flattered? It's sick, it's so vulgar."

Are they sent to you by British people?

Robin: "Most are. There's been some Japanese ones."

Do you get unorthodox fan letters?

Liz: "Not to do with anything like that! Is that what you meant? Hee hee hee ... oh, but we do get some strange ones ..."

Robin: "The average one starts off, this is something I've never done before ..."

Liz: "... I've never written to a band since The Beatles. Since the Dave Clark Five!"

Robin: "Liz, this is your big chance to tell all the people who send you poetry to f\*\*\* off."

Liz: "Oh ... it's like ... it's brilliant, but ... no more!"

Robin: "Can you imagine getting loads and loads of unwanted poetry?"

Robin and Liz live together.

Liz suddenly explodes.

"There's just too much cutlery! There's so much cutlery! There's so much!"

Robin: "What?"

"There's just so much cutlery; I don't know what to do with it! Aw ha ha ha ha ... aw, shit!"

"Er, yeah," Robin concludes.

I'm intrigued. So I'm laughing.

## CATS ARE NOT TWEE

**E**LIZABETH FRAZER sang a hit single once; it was called 'Pearly Dewdrops' Drops'. She becomes very animated when, given by my brain a choice between the state of pop music, more sex and the supremacy of cats, I opt for the third.

"That was one of the most important decisions we ever made in our life," she says.

Her man (is that phrase ideologically sound?) is less overtly respectful towards Otto.

"He's a great big huge tomcat, a real bruiser, y'know? You should see his tackle man, an' he's only five months old."

"Robin! Please. Stop it. No ... It was like gettin' a kiddie or something. And if we had a kid we'd talk about the kid all the time, y'know? And that wouldn't be considered twee, would it?"

I talk for quite a long time about cats now, until Elizabeth says, "What's the word?"

Robin suggests "stinks".

"He's the most blah thing in our lives.

Mega-naughty! No, I mean - we're really ... it's all very safe and secure ... sort of normal ... getting the cat was the most dangerous thing we've done in a long time. That was like ... anarchy, y'know?"

The Cocteau Twins comment on my interview technique. Robin says, "Oh this is really great, this is brilliantly unprofessional. I quite like this."

Liz says: "They usually shout at you."

**"AS FOR the story itself, it was entitled 'The Dancing Fool'. Like so many Trout stories, it was about a tragic failure to communicate. The plot: A flying saucer creature named Zog arrived on Earth to explain how wars could be prevented and cancer cured. He brought the information from Margo, a planet where the natives conversed by means of farts and tap dancing.**

**"Zog landed at night ... he had no sooner touched down than he saw a house on fire. He rushed into the house, farting and tap dancing, warning the people about the terrible danger they were in. The head of the house brained Zog with a golfclub."**

- Kurt Vonnegut Jr. *Breakfast Of Champions*

Liz: "Oh! Oh! I can see the turkey now!"

Robin: "Never mind."

Is your life now very different to your life two years ago?

Liz: "Yeah."

Robin: "No."

Liz: "It is. Money and things."

Robin: "Yeah, we didn't pay any tax two years ago and now it's terrible. You're gonna get the bad end of this tax thing. The whole interview's gonna be about paying tax."

Oh, I don't think it will be.

**WE EAT.** The music in the background is 'I'll Be There' by The Jackson Five. I feel curiously happy. I decide that when it's my turn to write about The Cocteau Twins' music I'll say that if you have a broken heart it makes you feel even sadder but at least a bit grandiose. Then I remember I'm not going to fall into that trap.

"Come to think of it," says Robin, "it's not even for listening to. If you read all the reviews and stuff, the records are made specifically for knobbing."

"It's music to bonk to," chimes Liz.

Their Scottish accents add a richness to any humour you may think you find in this.

"Bloody hell! It's so cheap, so awful. And we keep getting these home-made videos sent to

**R**OBIN: "EAT your soup."  
Liz: "I think I will. Aw, I just shouldn't open my mouth, y'know? Aw, it doesn't matter. I think ... I think basically we know how stupid we are, that's why we don't do interviews."

Are you well-organised?

"No."

Do you like being disorganised?

"No. It'd be really nice to be swish and have sheets of paper with 'Cocteau Twins' written across the top ... but it just doesn't happen."

Robin shows me his chequebook.

Liz: "Look! It's filthy! It's all grubby!"

Here is what Liz, singer with a chart-topping pop group, thinks of football fans.

"The ones with scarves and shit? I love those people. They're so calm."

"Violence!" says Robin. "It's alright in its place. I'm anti mindless violence. Y'know, like the police ..."

Liz sucks in her cheeks. "Ooh, you're so wicked."

Robin: "... But if somebody was to sort of ... er ... I wouldn't just sit down and take it, y'know? She certainly wouldn't."

Liz: "I'm a very violent person actually. It really annoys me."

Robin: "We went to see GBH in Amsterdam. We went to get some drugs, but that's another story, we'll talk about that later ... So anyway, we were walking up the stairs an' this Dutch girl goes ha! ha! like that, so Elizabeth grabbed her hair and kicked her in the face."

Liz: "No, no, no! It wasn't like that at all! She was very venomous towards me. She didn't like me. She didn't."

Waiter: "Anything else?"

Robin: "Apple crumble and cream, please."

Liz: "Do you want any of these?"

Er! Oh! Er ... um ... cherry cheesecake, please.

Robin: "Ooh ... I might have that next."

They're not exactly aloof.

We spoil it only briefly. I feel duty-bound to ask if there's anything they want to say about the two highly successful new EPs, 'Tiny Dynamine' and 'Echoes In A Shallow Bay'.

Robin: "We're thoroughly fed up with them now. Some of the music goes back to last February. We hate them just the same as we hate the others now."

I bet you like the covers though.

"Yeah, they're the best thing about them."

Liz: "No, no, the labels are."

The music paper interview is, as you can see, a promotional device.

## THE '80S COUPLE

**D**O YOU wind each other up?

Liz: "He winds me up. You do! You wind me up! You do hoo hoo! Oh ..."

Robin: "Elizabeth's got some foul habits. No, no, not bad habits, not dirty, 'cos she's the cleanest, tidiest person in the world apart from Lawrence from Felt. She hovers when I'm watching TV."

"And she hangs things on door handles. That really gets on my tits ..."

Excuse me - what sort of things?

"Just ... like a jacket or something. So you sort of open the door and somethings falls off the other side, y'know?"

Liz: "There's no room! The wardrobe is not f\*\*\*\*\* big enough man! Get me a big wardrobe, an' there'll be none of that f\*\*\*\*\* things on door handles business."

Do you still occasionally surprise each other, after all these years?

Liz: "He constantly surprises me."

Robin: "You could never surprise me ... so predictable."

Liz: "Aw ... one year I actually opened my Christmas present. 'Cos he left it in the room with me. He knew I'd open it, and I did. Isn't that horrible? I cried. So he bought me another one."

Does one of you sort of look after the other one?

Liz: "I think we both do our little bits and pieces."

Robin: "Yeah ... I remind Elizabeth where she lives."

Liz: "And I clean up after him."

Is health the most important thing in the world?

Liz: "Definitely not."

Robin: "I'm the most unhealthy person in the whole wide world. It's incredible that I can actually walk about without machines and things."

Are you style-conscious?

"Oh yeah! Look!"

How do I know you're not imposters pretending to be The Cocteau Twins today?

Liz: "You don't."

Robin lifts up the sleeve of Liz's inside-out Fall T-shirt to expose her tattoo.

Liz: "You sonovabitch! Don't you do that!"

Robin: "I'm as close to being realistic as the two of us will ever get. She's definitely not. She's got her feet firmly screwed six feet above the ground."

Liz: "What does that mean?"

Robin: "It means you're a bit of a screwball, dunnit?"

Liz: "Noooo ..."

Robin: "It means you've got your head in the clouds and you don't know what's going on from one day to the next."

Liz: "I should've thought that was very sensible of me. Leave it all up to you. This is his part of the relationship, you know. He carries me. You carry me, Robin. Ha ha!"

Robin: "I don't think that's possible."

Liz: "Ha ha ha! No. Y'know ... y'know ... I'm just not meant to know those sort of things."

Elizabeth's New Year resolution will be to be less bad-tempered, while Robin's will be to contradict himself more often, and maybe to stop wearing pointy shoes, though Liz doubts this.

However! They are busy recording a new LP, just the two of them, with just guitars and voice.

I expect this will sound very special.

"It's wonderful," says Liz. "It's like going on our second honeymoon."

Do you get depressed if things aren't meaningful?

Robin: "I don't know what you mean."

Do you feel better for having eaten?

Liz: "It definitely makes you feel a bit more human, doesn't it?"

**O**OH, ROBIN, that's the C word. I never say the C word. Do you say the C word?"

Er ... yeah I do, yeah.

"Ooh do you!?"

But I try not to say it in front of ladies because of my conditioning.

Robin: "Yeah, they don't like it at all."

Liz: "Yes, I wonder why that is. I must be just the ... sort of ... I mean ... I dunno ... I think it's just because it's sort of ... some women say all sorts of terrible things. I'm really bad but I still can't say the C word."

**R**OBIN'S BIRTHDAY is January 4. Liz says Otto's been less vicious this week, because of the trouble with his teeth. Robin just spent a ridiculous amount of money on monitors for their new studio, which made him feel ever so good. On 'Treasure', there's a refrain which I think says "Here's what it takes". I could be wrong. It doesn't matter. Fantastic and high.

Liz: "That's what you do. That's what people do to each other all the time, don't they? They just misunderstand each other all the time, it's terrible."

But she is abandoned to laughter.

The Cocteau Twins are very happy.

A New Year. Right.

The woman whose voice is the ghost of Helen of Troy if you want it to be says, "Look, I've got to buy some shoes."

# LIVES



THE DAMNED'S Dave Vanian: 'geriatric careerist'

Kass

## DAMNBUSTER

### THE DAMNED Hammersmith Palais

LOOKING THROUGH The Damned's audience tonight is like reading a ten year diary of punk rock. These are the blind punk loyalists, who base personal independence and liberation around the social implications of having a mohican three inches higher than their nearest competition. And these are the ones who are most likely to remember a time when The Damned were a fresh and exciting band. That time, I'm afraid, has long gone.

Now The Damned prefer to revel in the fried afterbirth of punk whereas they *could* have (should have) retired and bought a nice country pub in Essex many years ago. The only reason punk isn't dead yet is because geriatric careerists and redundant vaudeville characters like Scabies, Vanian, Sioux and Strummer won't allow it to be.

The Damned, just like all those other two-bit punk bands

from '76, want to get some money in quick before they finally hit their wheelchairs. In trying to do so, they have wobbled from the chaos of 'Smash It Up' to the chic of 'Shadow Of Love', while embracing the romantic European fancies of Bauhaus and the illicit '60s-ish chords of The Cult. I remember once falling in love with 'I Just Can't Be Happy Today'. Tonight, though, I fell asleep to it - it was so cold and mechanical as to make you think punk had never existed, let alone believe that The Damned once had something to do with its creation.

As we enter the new year, fresh blood is needed more than ever; the climate is similar to that which gave reason for The Sex Pistols, The Clash and The Damned to explode and destroy. But whereas The Damned and the others were the solution then, they are nothing but the problem now. The thing is, they'd be the *last* ones to admit it.

RON ROM

### MADNESS / MARC ALMOND / FRANK CHICKENS / FRANK IMAGINATION Finsbury Park

WELL? I missed Billy Bragg and Lloyd Cole - cue cries of "Well done" and "Get that man a drink" - and arrived to gawp at Imagination ordering everyone to dance/party down/git on down and so on.

The records make me queasy, but it's difficult not to like Imagination on stage - they're so crass, a '70s version of Chicory Tip with the clothes to match.

Marc, with the excellent Willing Sinners, is in a class of his own, even if he will insist on playing excruciating blues numbers. Resplendent versions of 'Ugly' and 'The Flesh Is willing' stood out, but the entirety of the set was so ecstatic that I couldn't fault anything. Marc's presence on stage makes you smile, his voice makes you quiver, with Annie Hogan as a perfect foil, a manic elf attacking the keyboards. This man is a high-camp genius; will no one buy him a glass of absinthe?

Frank Chickens: cloying. Especially when they dedicate 'Fujiyama Mama' to the "feminist sisters".

Madness? Cor blimey, I should say cocoa. Larf, I nearly bought my own beer. Lumme, it didn't 'arf look as if Suggsy wor pissed. But listen 'ere: Madness were bleedin' brill, 'cos they know 'ow to 'ave a giggle 'n' they write sum of the best pop songs

since The Beatles, knoworrimean? Specially wiv Ian Dury doin' the honours orn a couple of tunes - big 'and for the man! - strike me cold, worra blindin' way to bring Xmas dahn. One of the best gigs of the year.

TIBET

### SPEAR OF DESTINY Kentish Town Town And Country Club

THE VENUE's packed, the temperature feverish, and the noise is loud, resonant, florid and vulgar. This noise belongs to Spear Of Destiny, the band who give you rock and roll utopia in a satchet. Here, though, perfection is like a car salesman's smile; I can't question Brandon's heart but I *can* question his methods.

If I were only here for a good time, I wouldn't bother criticising Spear's dynamic and sincere live show. But Brandon doesn't allow *me* to be superficial because *he* doesn't stop at primary entertainment when he should - he *likes* putting his head on the block so that bastards like me can wield an axe.

Whack! Through elaborating his arguments, Brandon has managed to attract the average kid on the street, which is commendable. But he has also simplified his lyrics to the degree whereby he can be easily understood by those same people. He lets himself down when he exaggerates the workings of his songs; he

becomes too tied up with being brave, bold and entertaining.

Brandon is solely an entertainer; he'd like to be more but he hasn't the intellect or ability to fall comfortably into the role of social commentator. When he tries to, he comes across as a pissed labourer talking politics after the final bell. Armchair observers should remain so, and rock and rollers should realise their weaknesses and correct them.

RON ROM

### MARILLION Brixton Academy

I'VE PULLED out my hair, bitten my nails down to the stub and burnt the midnight lamp, but I'm still no closer to solving the dilemma.

Closeted inside the beer soaked grottness of the Brixton Academy, Marillion performed in front of one of the most devoted audiences I've ever seen. They sang along to every word, not just the fanatics down the front but the whole place. They have also acquired the strange habit of cheering loudly whenever Fish says the word 'f\*\*\*'.

The light show was great. I have to say that, as the moronic design of the place makes it impossible to see the stage unless you're over six foot tall. The music of Marillion is majestic, in a common sort of way. It soars and beats its breast, and just when I thought we were

going somewhere good it would change key, or stop dead, or rush into an epileptic rhythm.

Perhaps this is why they are so undoubtedly popular, but for me it was just infuriating.

Ultimately I don't understand Marillion's music, where it's heading or what it's doing, which no doubt is as much a failing on my part as it is on the band's.

NEIL PERRY

### TERRAPLANE

#### Marquee

FOR TERRAPLANE, the transition from day-jobbing young bloods to a ripening success story has been a natural and effective one. Songs like 'I Survive', originally fuelled by naive burning ambition, are now licked into a leaner, more incisive shape by adventurous finesse without sterilising their initial and vital motivating power.

Of course, they're essentially still a hot-wired hard rock band rooted lovingly to old standards, but the potential is vast, and whilst my crystal ball can't always foresee bankability (I felt that 'Thriller' would be a surefire stone cold stiff), I do know for certain that there's yet more to Terraplane than currently meets the ear.

And they're already breathtaking now.

PAUL ELLIOTT

### FAINT HEARTS AND SINS

#### Herne Hill Half Moon

MYSTIQUE, A delicate, vaporous commodity, cannot bear the material cross of technical problems or the atmospheric burden of drunken South Londoners. In an entirely different setting, I believe this female quintette *could* foster dream induction. But not here. Not now. Not when somebody is spitting in my lilywhite ear and the first song, 'Jumping For Joy', has to be stopped and restarted.

I feel, like a true Platonist, for new singer Anita Gothblonde (I have had to invent her name because Manuela is not answering the phone). She has to overcome all sorts of mundane, jarring obstacles. She says: "I don't believe this. This is unbelievable." For this I like her. She dances a bit like Siouxsie. For this she will not like me.

Anyway.

They cope. Nobody panics. Each participant is musically fluid and enthusiastic. During the sections where fate gives them a break, they hint at flying away from their surroundings. Songs like 'Fatal Fascination', 'No Second Thoughts' and the vitality-soaked 'Ginnie' race in perfect circles and want to be caressed. There is a kind of solidarity. Ms Zwingman, drummer/engine/catalyst and my favourite globally famous pop star, will impress upon me her knowledge of English swear words if I say that they resemble an embryonic X-Mal Deutschland. Which I think is brilliant. Which is perhaps my problem.

Here is theirs.

Faint Hearts And Sins are

not playing to their strengths by doing pub gigs: in this imperfect day and age, an understated video and overstated record would be worth a thousand such small scale affairs. He said sagely. Potential.

CHRIS ROBERTS

### TENPOLE TUDOR

#### Dingwalls

DING-DANG-Dungwalls, London's celestial cesspool, opened its heavily guarded gates to the Tudor fans while the female bartenders diligently served up questionable yellow liquids.

Classical music introduced an animated Eddie Tenpole as he sauntered across the stage before a backcloth of the Tudor coat of arms, sifting petals through his fingers, his bug eyes bugged out as big as they could bug! 'Three Bells In A Row' was just the start of Tenpole's journey down the cobblestones of *Top Of The Pops* gone by; however, the stream of oldies was played with splendid freshness.

During 'Swords Of A Thousand Men', the caveman designs on Eddie's scrawny chest encouraged some spun bleach blonde in black lacy see-through things to attempt to mount this whirling pillar of sweat, but no bouncer was required as Ed jettisoned the mortal back into the throng.

A pub overspill casual covered me in beer, a hippy lay flat out on the floor, the encore was 'Real Fun', a hysterical gloom rocket hit a mini-cab driver with her handbag. Another typical Saturday night.

MONICA CADY

### GARY GLITTER

#### Sheffield

PACKED SHOULDER to shoulder - the only thing that stops most of them collapsing into little drunken heaps - the audience at the University's Octagon await the coming of the 90 minute messiah. He arrives to uproar, a Neanderthal figure fresh to the Iron Age, and under the impression that he is the answer to a haberdasher's prayer.

Straight into 'Rock 'n' Roll Parts One To 69' and the fists of a billion pissed students, several punks, a couple of Senior Citizens, Phil Oakey and a passing Hula punch the air in time with raucous chanting. To my left, a bloke pogos while the girl sitting on his shoulders does the twist. The atmosphere is that of organised mayhem, the adulation transcending the realms of mere pop idolatry and attaining the dizzy heights of fanaticism.

Glitter is in excellent voice,



CHERRY BOMB Anita: she can sing, too!

Andy Phillips

## BOMBZ

### THE CHERRY BOMBZ Marquee

THIS COULD just be the bomb we've been waiting for.

Is that Tory Crimes of 'greatest album ever' renown up there on that drum riser? Damned if I know, but those are certainly Hanoi Rockers Andy and Nasty on Capstans and guitars. And if I'm not mistaken, that's a girl of the opposite sex with her lips around that microphone!

The 'House Full' signs are up again, which is inevitable given the over-inflated reputation of the largely awful Hanoi Rocks. But tonight all the caked-up make-up and half a can of hairspray brigade are getting their money's worth.

Cigarettes dripping from their lips, those guitarists tear up telephone directories

# ZOMBIE FLESHEATERS

running through the age-old raves of his repertoire without faltering, grimacing his sham-shock trademark, stealing on and off the stage for a series of costume changes and skilfully manipulating his audience into ever greater shows of hysteria.

Through my own teetotalism, and for the want of a dozen rat-arsed mates, I find myself immune. Doubtless tomorrow, as the twin curses of a hangover and subsequent sobriety descend, this audience, too, will care little for the man.

For a while, however, for a thousand woozy weirdos, Glitter is King. I guess that's all that matters.

PETE MARCHETTO

## THE CHIEFS OF RELIEF Marquee

IF THE nation really is ready for another wave of stylised, melodic rock – with a big 'R' and proud of it – then The Chiefs Of Relief might just be that seventh wave which crashes down resoundingly upon the beach and washes away the sandcastles of those, like us, who had hoped never to see their like again.

Punks past and imperfect, they have only too obviously forgotten whatever it was that they ever purported to stand for in the first place. And their first words are, I swear to God, the immortal, eternal, nauseatingly triumphant, "Are you ready to rock?"

Am I ready to what? Is the bear a Pope?

Guitar solos purchased wholesale from Greasy Joe's Used Clichés of Portobello Road are slotted by numbers into a framework of slick and seductively fluent but still emphatically redundant mid-paced rawk 'n' roll. Come back The Professionals, all is forgiven.

"This one's about something we've all got!" Oh yeah? Cancer? AIDS? A Tory government? No, 'The Freedom To Rock'.

Oh sod off. I'm going home to my Motorhead LPs.

ROGER HOLLAND

## DIRE STRAITS

### Hammersmith Odeon

7.55PM – I take my seat amidst balding businessmen, student union leaders and teachers. 8.35pm – a strange affliction is affecting the audience; they are sitting down or standing up according to what the person in front does. Pathetic, with no guts to do their own thing, they look like epileptic dominoes. OK, so they might be a compact disc audience, but compact minds!

9.15pm – the band are, of

# PARTY

brimming over with classic, hedonist metal riffs and stutters. An explosive collision of rhythm and power crashing head-on, headlong, and searing, melting the tarmac underside of drums and bass.

A blistering rock'n'roll swagger across which, and yet still within which, the final thick glossy frills and thrills of Miss Anita Coelo are lasciviously spread.

The Cadbury's Flake girl of rock'n'roll, Anita pouts, flounces and teases as lavishly as you might expect from a past professional. The girl with the most beautiful back in music, she can come to tea whenever she pleases.

And she can sing!

ROGER HOLLAND



FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS: more steak 'n' kidney pud than throbbing gristle

Steve Double

course, brilliant. They visually parody their audience with striking accuracy. Cool, hip, sophisticated, but betraying overtones of boredom. It is only mock parody, displayed at leisure; the truly emotional, creased Knopfler face proves as much during 'Private Investigations', with its explosive, encapsulative power.

9.35pm – Knopfler comments on the venue (and the crowd?). "Compared to some of the places we've played, this seems like a club now," he chuckles, whilst the audience whoop and wail. They can't feel the drop of scorn tastefully directed their way. (Eh? – Ed.)

10.50pm – 150 minutes of musical brilliance ends. And whilst the Dire Straits rock 'n' roll audience may behave like a bunch of wallies, this is no reflection on the band. They were busy displaying technical ecstasy.

STEFFAN CHIRAZI

## PAULINE MURRAY Edinburgh

THERE'S SOMETHING decidedly rock 'n' roll about Pauline Murray. Perhaps it's her return to the stage after all these years; perhaps the way she bounds up and down on the spot. Or merely the fact that over a dozen people pre-this gig asked, "Wasn't she in Selector?". *Sacre noir!*

An audience who have either stepped out of the late '70s or never seen a rag and bone cart, watch her limp wretchedly lean against the microphone as they cry out for 'Danger Signs', 'Firing Squad' and 'Get Them Off'. Requests are denied as she hands out solo efforts such as 'Screaming In The Darkness' and 'Dream Sequence', a handful of new songs and the closing 'New Age'. She seems to ride around in circles for long stretches without any real inspiration and is eventually forced into an encore.

She asks the audience to pick a new song – pretty dumb when you consider that they don't know any of them – and then launches into a couple from the set. Tingles of a country and western Pauline Parton at times, but nostalgic nevertheless. And by the way... Pauline once fronted Penetration, for those who missed out first time round.

JOHN DINGWALL

## TED CHIPPINGTON / THE PRESS GANG Liverpool

IT'S NOT entirely fair to call The Press Gang an 'angry' band, fast and aggressive though they are. Their political stance and subject matter has them tagged as 'serious', but right in there with the venom and vitriol is a rich vein of black humour and frank, pithy lyricism. Best of a good bunch is 'James Where Are You Now?', a wistful rocker about Irish folk hero James Conolly which features one of the year's catchiest hooklines. It's out now on twelve inch, so seek and you shall find.

As Peel regulars will know, Ted Chippington is far from angry. You'd probably have to put Vim in his contraceptives to ruffle this man, and then he'd make a sketch out of it. Numbers, Ted calls them, numbers like 'DISCO' and 'Tie A Yellow Ribbon' which invite hatred from the crowd. Standing there with bald head and blue drape suit, he challenges the gathering to name any subject they like and he'll make a joke out of it. "Man United," shouts a wit. "I was walking past Old Trafford the other day, and this bloke comes up to me and says: 'Hi. I've just got back from 'Nam.' What? I says, Vietnam? 'No. Cheltenham'..."

Much drier than John Cleese, and much more left-wing, so you can snigger loudly and in comfort. Brunette Ted, 29, is interested in a career in comedy.

KEV SAMPSON

## THE ICICLE WORKS Electric Ballroom

AS THE introductory Coronation Street theme dies away, Britain's very best rock'n'roll band bar one launch themselves off the high board and into the triple somersault with a tuck, twist and pike that we are wont to call 'Hollow Horse'. And they blow it!

At their best (which is for much more than most of the time) The Icicle Works are possessed of a flawless and peerless purity of expression. And they are one of the few bands who appreciate that subtlety is not about programming token quiet and fiddly bits into the middle of songs, and that power is something quite different to

mere volume.

But tonight the sound is ill-balanced, a mud pool into which The Icicle Works take a clumsy belly-flop.

Although Ian McNabb still throws himself wholeheartedly into his songs, there is quite obviously something wrong. Perhaps he's suffering from the same debilitating flu-like bug that's caught almost everybody recently.

Whatever, this is certainly the very worst I've ever seen The Icicle Works play. And because they aspire so very high, because they are capable of movements of such genuine beauty, when they do fall short of their own high standards, then their failure is so very disappointing.

ROGER HOLLAND

## FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS

### Hammersmith Palais

I LOOK at my watch and it says 10.25 and I think, "Oh God! I'm still alive". They should be on by now.

The Forlorn Young Carnivores make gloriously rich music, and the expectant Full Yuleful Crowds are keen to see the records come to life before their very eyes. They entered with 'Don't Ask Me To Choose' and, as 'Blue' fought its way through a quicksand of a mix, my feet wove sweet patterns on the carpet. Though my soles were occupied, my mind followed my eyes on an exploratory trip as the action stageward became less than gripping.

Only when they resurrected the much-maligned Andy Williams' 'Can't Take My Eyes Off You' did the Festive Young Cats slide up a beat. The kids duly followed the bouncing ball to 'Johnny Come Home' and things were looking good – but no sooner had everything got going than so did the boys, dressing-room bound.

With their return came a technical hitch, and a swift departure followed as people busied themselves with the problem of thirst. And by the time they'd got round to 'Suspicious Minds', people had almost forgotten why they'd come.

FYC's most visually intoxicating scenes were provided courtesy of Andy Cox's rubber legs – and as they frequently went into spasm, they conjured up visions of chucking out time down The Three Horseshoes.

But even a version of Buzzcocks' 'Have You Ever Fallen In Love' didn't save the day. When they resorted to further renditions of their singles, methinks the Furry Young Creatures hadn't quite enough ammunition.

This time the Cannibals left 'em simmering, but next time...

KEVIN MURPHY

## THE ALARM

### Hammersmith Odeon

A SEA of fists punch the air, the stage set is simple yet monumental. The audience are clad in red, black and white T-shirts. Welcome to the film set of 1984.

Harsh and volatile lyrics fill the electric atmosphere. "To the bloody towers... fire, fire, fire... give me strength, something to live for... 68 guns, that's our battle cry".

A military drum roll crashes around the hall and whips 3,000 teenagers into an ecstatic chant of "Gloria in a place of glory".

Alarm fans like to conform and they like doing it with the boyos from North Wales – aggressive, exciting heroes who stir the heart with forceful, sweaty guitar thrash and deep, emotional, clichéd

lyrics.

In seats L39 and 40 are Jason and Janet at their first big gig, the largest fifth form dance ever. By the encore Janet screams, squeaks and squawks in the final throes of her first ever orgasm. Jason is out of control, too; he gives up noting down every song in a book, neatly places his Man At C&A jacket over the chair, and begins to pogo.

God forbid, I witnessed the birth of an unrestrained youth. The Alarm give hours of value for money, rock n' roll mayhem.

"Come on down and make a stand," they implore. A stand against exactly what I can't work out. But then I'm 28 – twice as old as anyone in the audience – so what do I know?

RONNIE RANDALL



IAC'S BEE: 'fraid this is the nearest we're getting to Page 3 this week, folks

Steve Double

# SPHERE OF DESTINY

## INTO A CIRCLE

### Croydon Greyhound

PASSION AND anger, when a circle breaks its bounds... and excitement, too. Into A Circle represent a consummation of sorts.

There are obviously a lot of people who cherished IAC in their last incarnation, as Getting The Fear. A horde of them are waiting at the front, many armed with cameras. Then the band come on stage...

Now this is totally crazy: manic violin, Bee on vocals, looking like the mental son of Peter Pan in a suit that seems to be comprised of condoms, syringes and enema bags, and Rose Switchblade resplendent in a cat-suit and

smiles. A thundering back-up, shuddering, stuttering guitar, drums that bring down the Walls of Jericho, and stroppy bass.

And when they lurch into the opening of 'Rise' – one of the finest records I know – you know that they could be unstoppable.

I look for commitment and emotion and enthusiasm: I find them all. They would be even more powerful if they used visuals of some sort, and if it wasn't so cramped on stage. A walking helter-skelter attack, alternating with melodies so sweet they almost congeal. A walk through rain, a walk through pain, and an impressive debut for a Circle that will keep on expanding.

TIBET

# SPUT THE DOGS



SIGUE SIGUE's Tony James: they won't let you onto Rollerball dressed like that, sonny

Kass

## SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK

### Abbey Road

THE THREE babes in swaddling clothes walked the wicked mile to ye ancient Rutles recording studio. They were excited: one wise boy, one noise nymph and one exterminator, all jabbering about witnessing The Dawn Of The New Dogs (©Malady Mucker), uh sorry, Gods. Maybe the babes had been suckling too much on the teat of Carlsberg. Yes, they were drunk.

And so, as they staggered by ye legendary pedestrian crossing they paused to look at the spot where Paul McCartney had his brain run over by a dinky toy. Yet there were no bloodstains to be seen, when suddenly there was an unearthly howling. "Woof! Woof!"

The three babes broke out the Ray Bans such was the intense light that was shed. They knew they were in the presence of stars: verily it was the famous Dogs re-enacting ye deceased Rutles by skipping on stiletto heels across ye mythical pedestrian crossing for the sake of Janet Street Porter's television camera crew.

"Cor!" went the noise nymph. "Groovy!" went the wise boy. "Nice work if you can get it, hype," muttered the exterminator. And with nary a Hail Mary did the three babes negotiate the glowing guest list and enter the portals of Abbey Road. Yes, indeed, it was to be a stupid time. The Sigue Sigue Sputniks, Spunks for short, fell upon the stage with a dream to scream. The exterminator rushed up to the front to swoon and was hit in the solar plexus with an unexpectedly fierce burst of dance music.

"Mmmm, these Spunky Spondoolicks know how to commit Suicide with Marc Bolan," giggled the exterminator, who in fact was much impressed by the glamour and didn't really give a nancy that the Signes were plagiarists of the first order. After all, this is preferable to plagiarists of the second order...

'Shoot It Up', 'Jayne Mansfield Superstar' (???), 't'was true all The Dogs' songs seemed to sound the same. It didn't matter; inevitably they would steal the frayed gold lame mantle of Gary Glitter and Honkie Goes To Frankly I Couldn't Give A Toss.

Yes, 1986 looked like The Dogs and The Dogs looked like this: Poodle Parlour, a singer/sinner, who yelped, "Soon the whole world will know my name." His name is Martin but he will be christened Dickhead through jealousy.

Two tie-died English Sheepdogs flayed gonzo guitars. The one with the worms barked loudest. He was leader of the pack and answered to the whistle of Tony James.

But it was the blond one at whom the girls wiggled their tongues lasciviously in reality. A quiff large enough to start a mountain avalanche and licks sharp enough to cut diamonds with, this other guitarist was pure Chinese rocks. Neal be his name, and kneel the nubiles will.

The titles of the few songs changed but the beat remained the same: Ritzy Bitch peroxide synth basslines from a woman of whom no one speaks and twin drummers who put the rat into the tat.

Ten minutes passed, the exterminator started to tap his foot - with boredom. "The Dogs will make two brilliant singles, be briefly mega, and then it will be time to call in the vet for a put down and the final sleep," he thought. He'd come to kill vermin but found clowns instead.

Spunk(s) - the discharge of life. Yummy.

JACK BARRON

## ALIEN SEX FIEND/FUR BIBLE/RING OF ROSES/ U RATS

### Electric Ballroom

THE GOTH tribe have decamped from the land of Squat to seek a new homeland. The reservation set aside for them shall henceforth be known as the Electric Ballroom. Their uniform shall be of the colour black, with faces pasty white. A lost generation feign the expression of an anti-heroin advert. In brief, a bunch of miserable sods gathered in worship at the shrine of this great god *Gothrock*.

A sermon is delivered by Ring Of Roses - attishoo! attishoo! we all fall down. The psychedelic hack rock as preached by ROR and Fur Bible should have been killed off for ever by the great punk plague of a decade ago, but instead it resurfaces in new togs and a mix 'n' match format to thwart the penicillin cure all once more. Will we never rid ourselves of these archaic diseases?

The night is endless, devoid of innovation, crammed with the decayed ideas of legendary past masters. Mr Alien Sex Fiend informs us that, "My mind is full of maggots in case you ain't noticed". His zomboid congregation haven't; unmoved, they glare sullenly forward.

The Fiend's (only) redeeming feature is visual appeal, swamped as he is for much of the time behind a pea souper dry ice cloud, pierced only by searchlights. Welcome to fright night... ham horror... camp vamp. A monotonous rolling

drone circles round and around until eventually it disappears up its own arsehole. The night of the living dead.

RONNIE RANDALL

## NILS LOFGREN Birmingham

WHEN NILS Lofgren takes the stage, you'd better make sure that you're sitting comfortably. You're in for a long evening. First, he treats you to about two hours of music punctuated by excruciatingly extended guitar solos. Then he comes back for another half-hour of encores and a few more guitar solos. He jumps off his trampoline a bit, too. And he says things like: "If it feels right and you're not hurting

anybody, don't let anyone tell you that you're wrong." Or words to that effect.

He starts the encore by trying to get the Odeon singing along to Lennon's 'Happy Christmas (War Is Over)'. I check my new diary. It says 1986 on the front. I hope someone has remembered to send a diary to Nils. He obviously needs reminding of the date.

GEOFFREY S KENT

## TINYTOWN

### New Merlins Cave

"THEY JUST had to be Aussies," my mate stated quite correctly after TINYTOWN's unremarkable display of crystal cracked pop. It wasn't their accents that gave them away, or their

withdrawn faces and peculiar cold, lonely eyes, but their contrived and idiosyncratic sound - one that we've already grown accustomed to and dubbed the Aussie new wave.

Tinytown play cumbersome guitar structures that fall under the weight of stark, brooding, introverted complexity. Heavy bass lines dismantle any suggestion of catchiness, making even their more accessible songs too frustrating and self-centred for lasting pleasure. What it comes down to is, Tinytown are at their worst when they sound like The Triffids and at their best when matching 'Before Hollywood' era Go-Betweens. Maybe the

comparisons are obvious but that doesn't lessen the truth of the matter.

Tinytown did produce a gem in '600 Candles' - quietly excellent, it maybe shows them to be a cognac best left on the sideboard for a few more years to mature.

RON ROM

## IQ Sheffield

MELLOW SWOOPS of Mellotron, tight rhythmic transformations, guitar solos built on imagination as well as flair, ten tunes per song; IQ slip so neatly into the prog rock pigeonhole that it might have been designed with them in mind. So sad that it's all been done so much better before in the period since the

# SIGN OF THE TIMES

## AUTOGRAPH/MÖTLEY CRÜE California

LONG BEACH was buzzing like a hornet's nest. Outside, the ticketless were talking big money with the touts. Inside, a sea of spiky heads gasped in horror as flammable hair spray was confiscated by sour, uncompromising security guards.

On stage, Autograph strutted and sizzled over their hometown boards, living up every inch of the way to their media-made UK reputation. Dabbling in unadulterated fun, the outfit delivered their stompin', strollin' repertoire with exuberant precision, closing a boisterous, bubbling but all too brief encounter with last year's debut smash hit single, 'Turn Up The Radio'. Autograph (take heed of this text) will soon be pumping up rock 'n' roll's main artery.

Mötley Crüe were tighter, sharper and more

extravagant than ever before. Prince pirahna Nikki Sixx played the pirouetting picadour, and Mick Mars got a toilet roll thrown at him during his solo. Vince Neil sang on key all night, whilst Tommy Lee aired his extra curricular ivory-tinkling talents on 'Home Sweet Home', and also executed a ferocious drum solo during which his riser tipped up vertically! Gimmicky? Maybe, but awesome enough to steal the squeals of 12,000 wide-eyed worshippers.

The costumes, the smoke and flames, the numerous elaborate backdrops and glittering light show all played a role in the Theatre Of Pain. But for the first time, Mötley Crüe - the bad ass showmen we all know and love - were truly matched by Mötley Crüe the musicians.

MARY ANNE HOBBS



AUTOGRAPH: the pen is mightier...

David de Leon

first Neanderthal hammered out a solo on some Stone Age synth.

IQ certainly have their majestic peaks, but the treks they take between them are overlong and traverse an all too familiar rocky terrain. Stertorous stereo panning does little to bring attention back to the plodding beat, and I find myself far more fascinated by the way that the lights on the City Hall Christmas tree appear to have been arranged to form the outline of a kangaroo.

The new singer, too, detracts from the band with ham-fisted melodramatics so camp you could pitch a tent on 'em. "Please stop spitting at me," he yodels at one point. "When I catch AIDS I want to catch it in style." Oh, yuck yuck yuck.

Highlight of the evening was a member of the crew yanking a mike from its stand and inadvertently planting it in the cherub's gob. Laugh? I nearly laddered me stockings.

IQ could be an attractive addition to the prog rock revival. First, however, they must learn to soar between the peaks of their sound - preferably dropping that singer from a very great height en route.

PETE MARCHETTO

## GBH/FECKIN EDJITS Tufnell Park Penthouse

I HOPE I spelt the support group's name right. It's supposedly Gaelic for... well, it's pretty obvious, isn't it? And they're one of the most invigorating and enjoyable outfits I've seen for years.

Now, normally anything that smacks of punk has me running for the window, but the Edjits converted me - or at least made me remember that these sort of shindigs can be fun. A faster than fast version of Stiff Little Fingers' 'Alternative Ulster', a mass of Statue Of Liberty haircuts piledriving into each other, and the Edjits' lead singer screeching, all good-humoured aggression and smiles, with the rest of the band flailing away. One of the best bands I've seen for ages; go and see them now. Pardon me while I go and find my bondage trousers.

GBH, GBH, GBH: the name sounds like a football chant and the music is the same. Their connection with punk or whatever it's called now is extremely tenuous. They idolise Motorhead (who doesn't?) and make me think of Discharge, except GBH don't play that fast all the time. Just most of it...

It's the music for a generation that has very little to look forward to, a sub-cult within a sub-cult, fast, thoughtful. They call it Punk Rock, the Filth and the Fury, a New Craze that is rocking the Nation's Youth etc etc etc...

TIBET

# ANGELIC DELIGHTS

The vinyl story of the Upstarts



MENSI & co; a Little of what you fancy does you good

TWO READERS, Robin Knight of Plympton, Plymouth, and Richard Kilby of Dunnington, York, have both written during recent weeks to request a discography of that highly individual punk band the Angelic Upstarts in *Info Riot*. The 'Starts, it transpires, have never been featured in this column or its *Wax Fax* predecessor during their entire nine years of existence, so they're certainly overdue for our eagle eye to fall upon their recorded output.

Both Robin and Richard submitted their own lists of the band's records as they knew them, requesting me to fill any gaps as appropriate. By combining the output of all three of us, the discography below should be complete as regards the Upstarts' UK releases. I suppose I should know better than to say that, though; there's always someone who knows something more, and they usually read this page. Additions will be gratefully accepted and used as usual.

On, then, to the Angelic Upstarts singles:

The band's first release was a self-financed and recorded effort, issued in mid-1978 as a limited pressing of 1000 copies on their own label. Such was the demand for (and subsequent rapid unavailability of) the single, that it was reissued at the end of the year after being picked up in an unusual joint venture by *Rough Trade* and *Small Wonder*. This reissue was indeed pressed on a joint label, although the actual label itself merely states 'A Small Wonder & Rough Trade Release'; it's the sleeve which carries a joint logo, along with giving us a listed introduction to just who the Angelic Upstarts were:

Mensi . . . vocals; Mond . . . lead guitar; Decca . . . drums; Steve . . . bass.

The sleeve and label of the reissue differed regarding its catalogue number. The former gave it as *RTSW 001*, the origin of which is pretty obvious. This is the way the single has generally been listed in print since. The label, however, gave the number as *IS/AU/1024*, which I assume (never having seen a copy) to also

be the number of the original own label pressing. If so, it was quite likely allocated by the pressing plant which manufactured it, unless I'm missing some significance to do with the number itself. The titles on this first single were 'The Murder Of Liddle Towers'/'Police Oppression' - the A-side referring to a real-life controversial case of alleged police brutality to a suspect held for questioning, who died in somewhat damning style. The B-side title also pretty well spoke for itself, and the single generally placed the Upstarts in the recognised front line of punk protest - a committed stance which stuck with them lyrically for many years on vinyl.

The *Small Wonder/Rough Trade* release was strictly a one-off deal, and the band (mostly on the strength of it) signed to *WEA* for release on *Warner Bros*. All five singles released under this deal made the charts (biggest being the first, which hit No 31), and were as follows:

**K 17354** 'I'm An Upstart'/'Leave Me Alone' (first pressing in green vinyl and a pic sleeve)

**K 17354T** This was a very limited 12-inch pressing of the above, labelled 'special limited edition' and in a pic sleeve; it was primarily aimed by *WEA* at chart shops.

**K 17426** 'Teenage Warning'/'The Young Ones' (first pressing in red vinyl this time; widely-used pic sleeve had the same design as the album of the same title)

**K 17476** 'Never 'Ad Nothin'/'Nowhere Left To Hide' (in pic sleeve) (A single sought after because of its unavailable-on-any-other-release B-side)

**K 17558** 'Out Of Control'/'Shotgun Solution' (in pic sleeve)

**K 17586** 'We Gotta Get Out Of This Place'/'Unsung Heroes, Part 2' (in pic sleeve) (Again, this has a B-side track which has never reappeared on another release)

By now (mid-1980), the *WEA* deal had ended and a new one signed with *EMI*, who put the band onto the *Regal Zonophone* label, perhaps a somewhat amusing choice to those who recalled

# INFO RIOT

EDITED BY BARRY LAZELL

that for much of the 1960s this label had been reserved solely for Salvation Army records! The Zonophone singles were as follows: (all with non-LP and now rather rare B-sides):

**Z 7** 'Last Night Another Soldier'/'The Man Who Came In From The Beano' (in pic sleeve)

**Z 12** 'England'/'Sticks' Diary' (in pic sleeve. Their first single since 'Liddle Towers' to miss the charts, perhaps a reflection of a quite notable change of style)

**Z 16** 'Kids On The Street'/'The Sun Never Shines' (in pic sleeve) (This one did chart, though only as high as No 57, and was the Upstarts' final pop hit single)

**Z 22** 'I Understand'/'Never Come Back' (in pic sleeve)

**12Z 22** 12-inch version of the above, with extra track 'Heath's Lament'. This seems to be by far the scarcest Upstarts 12-incher, so may have got no further than a promo.

**Z 25** 'Different Strokes'/'Different Dub' (in pic sleeve)

**Z 28** 'Never Say Die'/'We Defy You' (in pic sleeve)

That was the final *EMI* single. From that time on (1982) the band have recorded for indie labels, as below:

**Anagram ANA 3** 'Woman In Disguise'/'Lust For Glory' (in pic sleeve; non-LP B-side)

**Anagram 12 ANA 3** 12-inch version of the above, with additional track '42nd Street'

**Anagram ANA 7** 'Solidarity'/'Five Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest' (pic sleeve; non-LP B-side)

**Anagram 12 ANA 7** 12-inch version of the above, with two extra tracks 'Dollar And Pounds' and 'Don't Stop'

**Anagram ANA 13** 'Not Just A Name'/'The Leech' (pic sleeve; another non-LP B-side)

**Anagram 12-inch** Version of the above, with three additional live tracks: 'Leave Me Alone', 'Liddle Towers' and 'White Riot'

**Picasso PIKT 001** 'Machine Gun Kelly'/'Paint It In Red'/'There's A Drink In It' (12-inch only)

**Gas GM 3010** 'Brighton Bomb'/'Thin Red Line'/'Soldier' (12-inch only)

That's it for the singles; now the Upstarts albums:

**Warner Bros K 56717** 'Teenage Warning'

**Warner Bros K 56806** 'We Gotta Get Out Of This Place'

**Zonophone ZONO 104** 'Two Million Voices'

**Zonophone ZONO 106** 'Still From The Heart'

**Zonophone ZEM 102** 'Angelic Upstarts Live' (first pressing included a live flexi-disc of 'White Riot')

**Anagram GRAM 004** 'Reason Why?'

**Anagram GRAM 007** 'Angel Dust (The Collected Highs)'

**Picasso PIK 004** 'Last Tango In Moscow'

**Dojo DOJOLP 7** 'Bootlegs And Rarities'

**Picasso HCLP 002M** 'Live In Yugoslavia'

The second *Warner* album 'We Gotta Get Out Of This Place' has subsequently been reissued in a European pressing. Same tracks, but a different catalogue number: *WB 56806*.

# PANIC BUTTON

EDITED BY SUSANNE GARRETT

## MASTER BLASTER

AFTER A ghetto blaster gift? Some portable modern cassette players, sporting as many as six impressive looking speakers, may be all mouth and no trousers when it comes to sheer sound output.

In each case an acoustics expert disconnected the main speakers on the models selected and then tested the small speakers, all of the piezo type. At normal volume level it was virtually impossible to hear.

Just because a blaster looks good it doesn't mean that performance will be high. Before you buy always make sure you listen to what a machine can do. Models with more mouth than trousers are the Realistic SCR 171, (£119.95), Philips D8349, (£99.99), Aiwa CS250, (£84.99), Alba SCR 600, (£79.99) and Saisho STR-415 (£69.99).

## MAIL STORM

FEELING AS if half a ton of reindeer droppings have just landed on your head may not indicate a hangover for those unlucky ones badly let down on Christmas pressies, due to arrive mail-order for your nearest and dearest well before the big event, which didn't. Don't be a pumpkin. If you're still waiting in vain, why not press the *Panic Button*. And just to cheer you up, we'll also tell you exactly what you can do with those defective Christmas gifts. You know . . . the wrecked records which sound as if Santa's sleigh ran over them; the brand new video with unwanted festive stars and ribbons on the screen; the less than pretty present inside the perfect packaging.

Write, with full details to Susanne Garrett, *Panic Button, Sounds, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ*. Enclose a sae for reply.

# MEMORY BANK

COMPILED BY BARRY LAZELL

## Wednesday January 1

- 1953** Death of Hank Williams, the first country superstar, aged 29, from heart failure in West Virginia.
- 1957** Birthday of Grandmaster Flash (Joseph Saddler), in New York.
- 1962** The Beatles' audition for Decca failed to win them a recording contract. When the demo tapes surfaced on an album 20 years later, it was easier to see why A&R man Dick Rowe rejected them.
- 1964** The first broadcast of *Top Of The Pops*, from Manchester, with Jimmy Savile DJ-ing.
- 1980** Cliff Richard was awarded an MBE in the New Year's Honours List.
- 1982** John Coughlan, drummer with Status Quo for almost 20 years, left to be replaced by Peter Kircher.
- 1984** Death of Alexis Korner, aged 55, of lung cancer, in London.

## Thursday January 2

- 1963** Completing their last-ever stint at the Star Club in Hamburg, The Beatles flew home to play a short tour around Scotland.
- 1976** Charges were dropped against Dennis Wilson of the Beach Boys, following his arrest carrying a .38 revolver which he'd taken from his girlfriend.
- 1979** The trial of Sid Vicious, on a charge of murdering girlfriend Nancy Spungen, opened in New York.
- 1980** Death of '50s rocker Larry Williams, aged 45, from (probably self-inflicted) gunshot

wounds, in Los Angeles.

## Friday January 3

- 1926** Birthday of producer George Martin, in London.
- 1946** Birthday of John Paul Jones of Led Zeppelin, in Sidcup, Kent.
- 1970** Former Pink Floyd star Syd Barrett released his first solo album 'The Madcap Laughs'.
- 1970** Davy Jones announced that he was to leave The Monkees.
- 1954** Elvis Presley first visited the Sun studios in Memphis, to record a private disc.
- 1956** Birthday of Bernard Sumner of New Order, in Manchester.
- 1964** Death of British R&B pioneer Cyril Davies, from leukemia, in London.
- 1965** CBS bought the Fender guitar company from Leo Fender for 1.3 million dollars.
- 1971** London premiere of the film *Performance*, starring Mick Jagger.
- Sunday January 5**
- 1923** Birthday of Sam Phillips, owner of Sun Records (and the man who discovered Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis, etc.), in Florence, Alabama.
- 1951** Birthday of Biff Byford of Saxon, in Scissett, Yorks.
- 1978** The Sex Pistols began their only American tour, in Atlanta, Georgia.
- 1983** Paul Weller made his first live appearance following the Jam split, playing onstage in London with Everything But The Girl.

## Monday January 6

- 1946** Birthday of Syd Barrett, in Cambridge.
- 1964** The Rolling Stones opened their first top-of-the-bill tour, at Harrow Granada, supported by The Ronettes and Kim's dad Marty Wilde.
- 1977** EMI announced that The Sex Pistols were being dropped from the label's roster, due to the heavy unfavourable publicity which the band generated.

## Tuesday January 7

- 1944** Birthday of Mike McCartney (McGear in The Scaffold), younger brother of Paul, in Liverpool.
- 1948** Birthday of Kenny Loggins, in Everett, Washington.
- 1967** A rumour spread around the country that Paul McCartney had been killed in a car crash.
- 1980** Hugh Cornwell of The Stranglers received a £300 fine and an eight-week jail sentence after being found guilty of drug possession.
- 1982** Lynval Golding of the Fun Boy Three was hurried to hospital and needed 29 stitches in his face and neck, after being knifed at a Coventry disco by three racially-prejudiced thugs.

## Wednesday January 8

- 1935** Birthday of Elvis Presley, in Tupelo, Mississippi. His twin brother Jesse died at birth.
- 1943** Birthday of Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead, in San Francisco.
- 1946** Birthday of Robbie Kreiger of The Doors, in Los Angeles.
- 1947** Birthday of David Bowie (Jones), in Brixton, South London.
- 1964** Birthday of Peter 'Pedro' Gill of Frankie Goes To Hollywood, in Liverpool.
- 1974** Kiss signed their first recording contract, with Casablanca Records.
- 1979** The Canadian government named Rush as the country's first official 'Ambassadors Of Music'.

## Thursday January 9

- 1944** Birthday of Jimmy Page, in

- Heston, Middx.
- 1944** Birthday of Scott Walker (Engel), in Hamilton, Ohio.
- 1965** John Lennon guested reading some of his off-beat poetry on Peter Cook & Dudley Moore's BBC TV show *Not Only But Also*.
- 1973** Lou Reed married a cocktail waitress named Betty, in New York.
- 1973** Mick Jagger was refused a visa to enter Japan, because of a 1969 drug conviction.
- 1981** Jerry Dammers and Terry Hall of The Specials were each fined £400 by a Cambridge court, being found guilty of using threatening words and behaviour during a gig in the town.
- Friday January 10**
- 1935** Birthday of '60s rocker Ronnie Hawkins, in Huntsville, Arkansas.
- 1945** Birthday of Rod Stewart, in Highgate, North London.
- 1953** Birthday of Pat Benatar (Andrzejewski), in Brooklyn, New York.
- 1964** The Beatles entered the American singles charts for the first time, with 'I Want To Hold Your Hand'.
- 1979** Death of legendary bluesman Howlin' Wolf (Chester Burnette), aged 65, following brain surgery in Chicago.
- 1984** Soft Cell played their last gig together, at Hammersmith Palais, London.

## Saturday January 11

- 1965** Los Angeles' first-ever rock music club, the Whiskey-A-Go-Go on Sunset Boulevard, (later to become one of the city's most important 'new talent' venues), opened for business. It was announced that Jimi Hendrix had moved into the London house where composer George Frederik Handel had lived 200 years earlier.
- 1977** Keith Richards appeared in court at Aylesbury, Bucks, on charges of LSD and cocaine possession. Although found guilty on one count, he was not sentenced.

# HAWKWIND

## elric 'n' roll

**D**AVE, THERE'S a bloke out the front who says he went to every gig from '71 to '77, and can you put him on the guest list?"

Dave Brock looks up from his tea and raises his eyes in exasperation.

"God . . . I mean how, just how, do they expect me to remember?"

Hawkwind are touring again. With their first LP proper for three years, 'The Chronicle Of The Black Sword', kicking around the indie charts and with shows sold out, Dave is relatively pleased.

He needn't worry: there is always a Hawkwind audience.

'The Chronicle Of The Black Sword', and hence the shows, is based on the six *Elric* books by fantasy author Michael Moorcock.

The writer joined the band on stage at Hammersmith to link up the songs with excerpts from the stories, and later showered the crowd with copies of his books.

During the back-stage chaos that precedes Hawkwind's Walthamstow gig, Dave Brock finds time for a brief chat. What does Mr Moorcock make of his first major foray into the world of rock and roll?

"Dunno, he didn't seem particularly bothered by it, ha! I asked him if we could do it, and he gave us the six books. He just said, Go ahead, do what you want. I don't even know if he's got a copy of the f\*\*\*in' album yet!"

Six months ago I watched Hawkwind play for an hour and a half on top of White Horse Hill in Westbury. There was no PA, most of the lighting came from car headlights, and the tarpaulin above them threatened to release gallons of rain water any second.

For the battered peace convoy and the bedraggled festival folk, the gig made the difference between victory and defeat.

"We like playing there, that's all. There's very few name bands who will do free gigs nowadays. They should pay their dues, really.

"If certain members of the band don't feel like doing it, they don't have to, there's no f\*\*\*in' obligation to do it. I'm glad we did it at Westbury . . . that moment was really quite something.

"It was a real task, but to plough through all the trouble and do it was good. It cost them £1 million and a load of f\*\*\*in' silly police violence to come to terms with it. Stupid."

**A**SIDE FROM the music, that attitude is what has always endeared me to the Hawks, a - dare I say it - way of life that shows up many rebel rockers for the clothes-horses they really are.

Why have you been inactive for so long?

"We can't get a major deal. I went into a record shop the other day, I can't believe the amount of albums we've got out! Obscure labels . . . if

no one bought the f\*\*\*in' things they wouldn't be able to put them on the market.

"Even EMI, who sent me a couple of letters - 'cos we're re-releasing all the old stuff - they asked me permission, and I refused. They ignored me, and two months later they had a f\*\*\*in' record in the shops!

"They're all the same, we're not actually earning any money out of these records at all."

Is all this hassle (man) a legacy from the 'easy going' attitude of your past?

"Yeah . . . it's just making money. We try and nail 'em, you know. They will be caught, and I know who some of them are.

"Any bootleggers outside?" adds Dave, as a member of the band passes through the dressing room.

"F\*\*\*in' bootleggers, they're a pain in the arse. I'm going to stop 'em now. There's a few bike gangs that we know, they've . . . erm, offered their services. We're going to stamp them out.

"For the first time ever, we've got control, we're going to find their cars . . . really do it."

Any quest for independence brings troubles by the score, but Dave hopes that a rare Hawkwind phenomenon, a permanent line-up, will help matters.

"Having Danny, the drummer, and Alan, the bassist . . . they're both young and keen, they've got a lot of energy. It's gotta keep going. It'll be a real downer if we stop again, because we only do one tour a year and the odd free gig here and there.

"The rest of the time none of us gets any money. I get publishing royalties as do all the old members, Lemmy, Nik. We did this album on such a low budget, I was sleeping on the studio floor for three days 'cos I didn't have any money to stay in a hotel.

"Yet, we've had kids saying they can't get the record. What the f\*\*\*'s going on? Say we play at Southampton to 2,500 people, at least 100 will want the album. You go in the shop, and they've only had ten copies and sold out.

"This is the problem with independence, distribution and that. It wears you out more and more, but I like doing it, see. I like going round in me old van, kippin' in the back and stuff. It's nice to go off and do what you want."

**D**AVE BROCK is 44, and not interested in the past.

Legendary tales of freak-outs and acid casualties have been swallowed up by the years, and, as he says:

"It's all in the Hawkwind biography, all that. If anyone wants to buy that, they can read all the stories. We've played a few colleges which I didn't particularly like, 'cos they shout 'Silver Machine' . . . bollocks, we're not gonna play that."

I mention that the good Doctor and his Medics cover it, and coincidentally . . .

"I tried to get them to do this tour with us, they were well into doing it. We saw them at the Crystal Palace Anti-Heroine gig, and they're a good band, I love watching them.



Elric, Zarozinia and Dave Brock

Unfortunately it didn't happen. F\*\*\*in' management . . ."

After 15-odd (and I mean odd) years, Hawkwind are still invigorating live. Many people probably owe them more than they care to admit - they were using banks of TV screens onstage when Sique Sique Sputnik were still watching *Playschool* - and in a business where longevity is seen as an evil curse, Hawkwind are playing the game their way and winning.

How far do you look ahead, Dave?

"A long way, a long way ahead." And he grinned, and spread his arms as wide as they would go.

**With a career spanning 15 extremely odd years, HAWKWIND are now celebrating a comeback. But a certain evilness now replaces the old drippy hippie ideals...as NEIL PERRY discovered. Photo by TONY MOTTRAM.**

# UNDERGROUND

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**EDDIE + The Hot Rods** £2.50

Thursday 9th January  
**WOODENTOPS + Support** £2.50

Sunday 12th January  
**ZODIAC MINDWARP + THE LOVE REACTION** ADMISSION FREE

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Fri 3/Sat 4 January (£4) <b>FLESH FOR LULU</b> + Multi Coloured Shades and Nick Henbrey	Wed 8 January (£3.50) <b>SPIDER</b> + Support and Monty Zero
Sun 5 January (£2.50) <b>SAREAN QUARTAR/POP ICONS</b> + Montezumo	Thu 9 January (£3.50) <b>FROM CALIFORNIA WIRE TRAIN</b> + Support and Martin Ball
Mon 6 January (£3) <b>THE GRIP</b> + Support and Monty Zero	

REDUCED ADMISSION TO STUDENTS SOCIAL SECURITY CARDHOLDERS AND MEMBERS

THE RETURN OF...  
**Aunt May**  
RUSKIN ARMS, EAST HAM  
**FRIDAY 3RD JANUARY**  
THE AXE IS SHARPENED!!

**BEASTS** THE BROADWAY HAMMERSMITH (DOWNSTAIRS AT THE CLARENDON)  
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+ BEAT OF THE BEASTS ADM £2  
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DON'T MISS THIS INCREDIBLE CALIFORNIAN UNDERGROUND ROCK 'N' SLEAZE

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EARLY BANSHIES INFLUENCED SONGS WITH THOUGHT PROVOKING POLITICAL LYRICS  
CONCESSIONS FOR UB40/NU'S etc

# THE GRIP

JANUARY  
4th PENNY FARTHING, OXFORD 17th ALDERSHOT Anti Heroin Gig  
6th MARQUEE, LONDON 23rd MARDIGRAS, NOTTINGHAM  
24th PLINSTON HALL, LETCHWORTH

'THE LATE LATE CHRISTMAS GIG!'

**FRI 10TH JANUARY**  
**THE WOODENTOPS**  
Marc Riley AND THE Creepers / Miaow

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON UNION MALET STREET WC1 TELEPHONE: 540 8551  
TICKETS £3-50  
81.6 340 8551 Premier 700777 LTB 439 3371  
Rough Trade Records, Cage (Gear Market Kings Rd)

In Conjunction With  
8pm  
TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, GONDWIFE STREET, RUSSELL SQUARE & EUSTON SQUARE

# A HAPPY NEW YEAR FROM SOUNDS

Under St Pauls Church Deptford, SE8

# THE GRIP

Psychedelic Nites EVERY FRIDAY  
Friday 3rd Jan  
**WEB CORE**  
+ ANOTHER GREEN WORLD  
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AND  
**TWICE BITTEN**

NEW YEAR PARTY AT THE GREYHOUND  
175 Fulham Palace Road, SW6  
THURSDAY 2nd JANUARY  
TICKETS: £2.00

# THE HALF MOON

93 Lower Richmond Road Putney SW15. Tel: 01-788 2387

Thursday 2nd January  
**BIG TOWN PLAYBOYS**

Friday 3rd January  
**BOOGIE WOOGIE BROTHERS BLUES BAND**

Saturday 4th January  
**STEVE MARRIOTT'S PACKET OF 3**

Sunday 5th January  
**RONNIE BOND BAND**

Monday 6th January  
**NASHVILLE TEENS**

Tuesday 7th January  
**MEANTIME (FORMERLY MORRISEY MULLEN BAND)**

Thursday 9th January  
**ELECTRIC BLUEBIRDS**

Saturday 18th January  
**HANK WANGFORD BAND**

Sunday 19th January  
**STEVE GIBBONS BAND**

# THE SIR GEORGE ROBEY

240 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD, LONDON, N4 (opp Finsbury Park tube)  
01-263 4581

Wed 1st Jan	THE RAPIERS + THE FOUREYES
Thu 2nd Jan	THE SHOCKHEADED PETERS + ZODIAC MIND WARP & THE LOVE REACTION
Fri 3rd Jan	THE PIRANHAS + THE STAND
Sat 4th Jan	BIG HEAT FEATURING BILL HURLEY, THE RUMOUR HORN SECTION, PETE THOMAS (DRUMMER FROM ELVIS COSTELLO BAND)
Sun (lunch) 5th Jan (eve)	IGGY QUAIL LITTLE GINNY AND THE A TEAM
Mon 6th Jan	ANT MAN B + HANDS ON HEAD
Tue 7th Jan	ADRIAN LEGG + IRISH MIST
Wed 8th Jan	STEVE MARRIOTT'S PACKET OF THREE
Thu 9th Jan	THE JUNE BRIDES + BLACK DEATH WATCH BEETLE BAND

Late bar every night till 12.30am (Ex Sun 10.30) No Admission after 11.00pm

MCP Presents

# APOLLO

Plus Guests

**MANCHESTER APOLLO THEATRE**  
MON JANUARY 13th 7.30 p.m.  
Tickets: £8.00, £7.00 (subject to a booking fee)  
Available from B/O Tel: 061-273 1112, Piccadilly Records, Vibes Records Bury and UK Travel Chester.

**WHITLEY BAY ICE RINK**  
TUESDAY 14th JANUARY 7.30 p.m.  
Tickets: £8.00 (subject to a booking fee)  
Available from Ice Rink Tel: 091 252 0240, City Hall B/O Newcastle, Spinning Disk & Virgin Records Sunderland, Pink Panther Carriage, Newhouse Music Middlesbrough, Other Record Shop Hartlepool, or by post from MCP, PO Box 125, Walsall, West Midlands. Cheques/P.O.'s to be made payable to MCP Ltd. Add 40p booking fee to each ticket. Allow 6 weeks for delivery.

**WEMBLEY ARENA**  
THURS 16th FRI 17th JANUARY 7.30 p.m.  
Tickets: £8.00, £7.00 (subject to a booking fee)  
Available from Wembley B/O and the following agents: LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Aldermanie & Stargreen. (All subject to a booking fee)  
Postal applications to: MCP, PO Box 2, Lorton W6 8LQ. Cheques/P.O.'s to be made payable to MCP Ltd. Add 40p booking fee to each ticket. Allow 6 weeks for delivery.

**NEC BIRMINGHAM**  
MONDAY 20th JANUARY 7.30 p.m.  
Extra Show SUNDAY 19th JANUARY 7.30 p.m.  
Tickets: £8.00, £7.00 (subject to a booking fee)  
Available from NEC B/O Tel: 021-780 4133 (Credit Cards Accepted), Cyclops and Osborn Theatre B/O Birmingham, TCLA Liverpool, Gouk's T.V. Wolverhampton, Lotus Records Stafford, Town Hall B/O Leicester, Mike Lloyd Music Hanley, Way Ahead Derby & Nottingham, Cavendish Travel Leeds & Sheffield, Way Ahead Derby & Nottingham, Or by post from NEC, Birmingham B40 1NT. Cheques/P.O.'s to be made payable to NEC. Add 40p booking fee per ticket. Allow 6 weeks for delivery.

**PLAYHOUSE THEATRE EDINBURGH**  
WEDNESDAY 22nd/THURSDAY 23rd JANUARY 7.30 p.m.  
Tickets: £8.00, £7.00 (subject to a booking fee)  
Available from B/O Tel: 031-557 2590 and all usual agents.

# THE CRICKETERS

KENNINGTON OVAL, SE11  
01-735 3059

JANUARY

Wed 1st	CHARLIE HARPERS URBAN DOGS
Thurs 2nd	DOCTORS CHILDREN Salvation Sunday
Fri 3rd	RAY CAMPI Sugar Ray Ford Hot Shots
Sat 4th	LAVERNE BROWN BAND
Sun 5th LUNCH	HERSHEY & 12 BARS
EVENING	FIRST LIGHT Geoff Dunn/Ronnie Johnson Band
Mon 6th	LEN BRIGHT COMBO Daggermen
Tues 7th	THE STREET ARABS
Wed 8th	THE APARTMENTS Snakes of Shake

HEAVY ROCK BAND:-

# APOLLO

LIVE IN LONDON (see nightshift)

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100 OXFORD STREET, W.1.  
Thurs 2nd January £2.50

**THE PRISONERS**  
+ Two Special Guest groups  
Tues 7th January £2.50

**THE EXPLOITED**  
+ Two special Support groups  
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**DEMON**  
LOWER ADMISSION PRICES FOR 100 CLUB TUESDAY & THURSDAY ROCK GIGS £2.50

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Wed 1st Jan  
**MICK CLARKE BAND**  
Thurs 2nd Jan  
**JOHNNY PINKO**  
Sun 5th Jan  
**TRIMMER & JENKINS BIG BAND**  
Mon 6th Jan  
**YA YA'S**  
Tues 7th Jan  
**FIRE NEXT TIME**  
Wed 8th Jan  
**SHOOK UP**  
Thur 9th Jan  
**THE RAPIERS**

OUTLAW Presents

# SAGA

special guests  
**HONEYMOON SUITE**

**BIRMINGHAM ODEON**  
Thursday, 30th January 1986 @ 7.30pm  
Tickets £4.50, available from box office, tel: 021-643 6101

**HAMMERSMITH ODEON**  
Friday, 31st January 1986 @ 7.30pm  
Tickets £5/£4.50 available from box office, tel: 01-748 4081 & usual agents

Hot lines:  
Stargreen Box Office 01-734-8932, Premier Box Office 01-240-2245, LTB 01-439-3371 and Keith Prowse 01-741-8989.

NEW ALBUM - BEHAVIOUR - OUT NOW

# NIGHT

By Susanne Garrett. Write to Sounds at Greater London House, London NW1 7QZ or telephone 01-387 6611. To guarantee inclusion please have applications in at least two weeks prior to publication.

**Having slept off the worst of your hangover, I guess your up for some more fun now, but alas the new year gets off with not so much a bang as a whimper, with most people laying low. Those who do venture out include Elton John, who's in Glasgow (Friday, Saturday) and Newcastle (Sunday, Monday Tuesday). Sting's in Bournemouth (Saturday) and Manchester (Monday, Tuesday). The ICA plays host to the big boys when Dee C Lee and Paul Weller team up (Friday) and Billy Bragg has a surprise folk night (Sunday).**

BELFAST Leather Apron Club Clarks Dance Studio The Moors/FF  
 BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) Scimitar/Napalm Death  
 BIRMINGHAM Northfield Old Mill Ken Wood And The Mixers  
 BIRMINGHAM Peacocks (021-643 6751) Abandoned Babies  
 BIRMINGHAM Railway (021-359 2283) Meanstreak  
 BLETCHLEY Leisure Centre (77251) Fairport Convention  
 BRENTFORD Red Lion (01-560 6181) Little Sister  
 BRENTFORD Watermans Arts Centre (01-568 1176) Ra Ra Zoo  
 BRIGHTON Zap Club (775987) The Hunting/Liquid Fairies/Strumpet City/Unbelievables  
 BRISTOL Tropic (49875) Force Majeur  
 CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) Trimmer And Jenkins  
 CROYDON Star (01-684 1360) CSA  
 EDINBURGH Jailhouse Napalm Stars  
 FOLKESTONE White Lion (78276) Beatles For Sale  
 GLASGOW Scottish Exhibition Centre (041-248 3000) Elton John  
 GLASGOW Strutz Disco (041-552 5947) The Pastels  
 HARLOW The Square (25594) The Neurotics/Mystery Boys  
 HASTINGS Crypt (444675) The Natural  
 HEREFORD Ledbury Community Centre Persepolis  
 HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Crystal Amees  
 HERNE BAY Pier Hotel (363972) Berts Boogie Band  
 LEATHERHEAD Riverside (375713) Bluberry Hellbellies  
 LEVENSHULME Midway Hotel Joules The Band  
 LIMERICK Savoy (44644) The Pogues  
 LIVERPOOL Krackers (051-708 8815) Munchies  
 LONDON Brixton Hill Fridge (01-326 5100) Potato 5/The Deltones  
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Glitter Band  
 LONDON Chapel Market Salmon And Compasses (01-837 3891) Flametops  
 LONDON Coronet Street Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Kalima  
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Zoot And The Roots  
 LONDON Deptford Under St Paul's Church The Crypt (01-302 0815) Wenn Core/Another Green World  
 LONDON East Ham Ruskin Arms (01-472 0377) Aunt May  
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Piranhas/The Stand  
 LONDON Frith Street Ronnie Scott's (01-439 0747) George Melly  
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Big Town Playboys  
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) London Cowboys/Bazooka Joe  
 LONDON Gordon Street Bloomsbury Theatre (01-387 9629) Harvey And The Wallbangers Park The Tiger  
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Rapiers  
 LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) Josi Without Colours  
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Lone Stars  
 LONDON Kilburn National Ballroom (01-328 3141) Chuck Dune And The Gamblers  
 LONDON Lewisham Labour club (01-852 3921) Juice On The Loose  
 LONDON The Mall ICA (01-930 0493) Dee C Lee/Black Britain/Jazz Defektors/Paul Weller  
 LONDON Margery Street New Merlins Cave (01-837 2097) Hoorah! Boys Hoorah!  
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Ray Campi And The Rockabilly Rebels/Sugar Ray Ford  
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Sanko  
 LONDON Palmers Green The Fox Rent Party  
 LONDON Peckham Montpelier (01-732 4100) Will Killeens Delta Skelter  
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Boogie Woogie Brothers Blues Band  
 LONDON South Bank Queen Elizabeth Hall (01-928 8800) Drop Me Off At Harlem/A Night At The Cotton Club With Midnite Follies  
 LONDON Stockwell Road Plough (01-274 3879) King Klear And The Savage Mooses  
 LONDON Thayer Street Dannels (01-935 2302) Derek Nash/Simon Hall  
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Flesh For Lulu  
 LOUGHBOROUGH Morris' Club Engine  
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-834 2559) Jan Warriors  
 MANCHESTER International (061-224 500) Orchestra Jazira  
 NORTHAMPTON Black Lion (39472) Vanishing Point/Stormed  
 OXFORD Pennyfarthing (246007) Different Colours  
 POOLE Britannia (687047) The Gathering  
 SURBITON The Southampton (01-399 6107) Geneva  
 TELFORD Ironmaster (503950) Boys From Brazil  
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Uncle Sam  
 WEYMOUTH Verdis (779842) Sweeney Todd

LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Flesh For Lulu  
 LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Barry Manilow  
 LONDON West India Dock Buccaneer (01-515 2048) Crackshots  
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-834 2559) Soul Finger  
 MANCHESTER International (061-224 5000) Half Man Half Biscuit/Mel-O-Tones  
 OXFORD Pennyfarthing (246007) The Grip  
 READING Paradise Club (576847) Diatribe/John Peel Show  
 SALISBURY City Hall (334432) Fairport Convention  
 SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) Quando Quango  
 SUNDERLAND Catholic Club Ray Campi And The Rockabilly Rebels  
 SURBITON Southampton (01-399 6107) Willie And The Warmers  
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Damascus  
 WINDSOR Arts Centre (859336) Flowers In The Dustbin/Push  
 YORK Lynx Club (646072) Pyjama Party

## WEDNESDAY 1

ABERDEEN Venue (641931) Old Nicks Eternity Ballroom  
 ASHFORD Old Prince Of Wales (20520) Dover Buskers  
 BRENTFORD Red Lion (01-560 6181) Living Daylites  
 DUNDALK Fairways (35425) The Pogues  
 HASTINGS Crypt (444675) Free Beer (lunchtime)  
 LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-223 3549) Mick Clarke Band  
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Balham Alligators  
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) The Rapiers/Four Eyes  
 LONDON Frith Street Ronnie Scott's (01-439 0747) George Melly  
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Rave  
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Babysitters/Dogs D'Amour/Quasar/Jump Tribe  
 LONDON Green Gate Bethnal Green Exchange  
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) New Q Tips  
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Actors/Famous People  
 LONDON Kilburn National Ballroom (01-328 3141) Jayne Dun And Rhapsody  
 LONDON The Mall ICA (01-930 0493) Microdisney/Discobolisk/Primal Scream/Zeke Manyika  
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Charlie Harper's Urban Dogs  
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Fairport Convention  
 LONDON Thayer Street Dannels (01-935 2303) Derek Nash/Simon Hall  
 RUNCORN Cherry Tree (74171) Engine  
 SOUTHAMPTON West Indian Club (433957) Instigators/Obsvious Action/The Sack  
 WAKEFIELD Rooftop Gardens (382569) Sex Kittens/The Hive (Mini Live Aid)

## THURSDAY 2

ASHFORD Bethersden Royal Standard (82280) Maroondogs  
 BIRMINGHAM Railway (021-359 2283) China White  
 BRENTFORD Red Lion (560 6181) Reactors  
 BRENTFORD Watermans Arts Centre (01-568 1176) Ra Ra Zoo  
 CLAREMORRIS Beaten Path The Pogues  
 CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) Co Stars  
 CROYDON Underground (01-760 0833) The Funkrew  
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) Tantrum  
 FELTHAM Airman (01-890 2112) Antz Avenue  
 FOLKESTONE Pullman Wine Bar (52524) Gizmo  
 HARLOW The Square (25594) Surreal McCoy/Catch 22  
 HASTINGS Mr Cherries (422705) Mirrors  
 HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Easy Money  
 HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head (21758) Abyss  
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) John Cooper Clarke/Roy Bremner/John Sparks/Ronnie Golden/The Dialtones/Fiasco Job Job/Bob Flagg/BA Loon/Kit Hollerback/Gary Howard/Lynsey Moran/Arnold Brown/Ian McPherson/Owen O'Neill/Nick Lyne/The Vulcans  
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Pop Tarts/Never Before  
 LONDON Dean Street Gossips Rent Party  
 LONDON East Ham Ruskin Arms (01-472 0377) Deuce  
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Shock Headed Peters/Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction  
 LONDON Frith Street Ronnie Scott's (01-439 0747) George Melly  
 LONDON Gordon Street Bloomsbury Theatre (01-387 9629) Harvey And The Wallbangers Park The Tiger  
 LONDON Hammersmith Greyhound (01-385 0526) Quasar  
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Shanty Dam  
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Poor Mouth  
 LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Morrissey Mullen/Julian Bahula's Jabula/Pazz  
 LONDON The Mall ICA (01-930 0493) Courtney Pine Quintet/Julie Roberts  
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Doctors children/Salvation Sunday  
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 club (01-636 0933) The Prisoners  
 LONDON Peckham Montpelier (01-732 4100) Down The Lines  
 LONDON Thayer Street Danny's (01-935 2302) Strange Dreams  
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) State Trooper  
 MAIDSTONE Royal Albion (52547) Johnny Seven  
 NEWPORT Tavern Folk Club Blake's 3  
 NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Gah Ga  
 OXFORD Pennyfarthing (246007) Charlie Mouse  
 POOLE Britannia (687047) Sex Kittens  
 RAYLEIGH Pink Toothbrush (770003) Sticky Fingers/Windmills/Shady Men  
 TELFORD Ironmaster (503950) The Wildcats  
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Groundhogs  
 WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) The Strand  
 WOLVERHAMPTON Sheraton (24514) Bolshoi/Primal Trash  
 YEOVIL Johnson Hall (22884) Fairport Convention

## FRIDAY 3

ABERDEEN Venue (641931) Electric Soup  
 BATH Moles (333423) The Copy  
 BEDFORD Claypot (53652) KGB

## SUNDAY 5

ABERDEEN Metro (583275) City Lights  
 BIRMINGHAM Railway (021-359 2283) Meanstreak  
 BRENTFORD Red Lion (01-560 6181) Scheme  
 BRENTFORD Watermans Arts Centre (01-568 1176) Ra Ra Zoo  
 COLCHESTER Crypt (573174) On The Waterfront/Catch 22  
 CORK Sir Henry's The Pogues  
 CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) Baby Laurel  
 CROYDON Star (01-684 1360) CSA  
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) Steve Gibbons  
 FOLKESTONE Pullman Wine Bar (52524) Sleazybeats  
 HASTINGS Mr Cherries (422705) Colin Fullwell Jazz band (lunchtime)  
 HARLOW The Square (25594) Dave Barrett/Charlie Connor  
 LEATHERHEAD Riverside (375713) Lost Cherreries/Irish Moss Peat  
 LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (533956) Abandoned Babies  
 LLANHAREN Rugby Club (222029) Explorer  
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Black September  
 LONDON Chapel Market Salmon And Compasses (01-837 3891) Raving Jekells  
 LONDON City Road Stick And Weasel (01-250 3126) Peter Ryle Quartet (Lunchtime/Mixielanders (evening)  
 LONDON Coronet Street Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Terry Smith Blues Band With Jo Anne Kelly  
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) No Pearls No Passion/Sicilian Kiss  
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Iggy Quail (lunchtime)/Little Ginny And The A Team (evening)  
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Wolfie Witcher  
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Vital Voice/Tim Cody  
 LONDON Hackney Road Cherubs (01-739 4962) Heavy Metal Disco  
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) No Spring Chicken  
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) 5 O'Clock Approach  
 LONDON Kilburn National Ballroom (01-328 3141) Chuck June And The Gamblers  
 LONDON The Mall ICA (01-930 0493) Billy Bragg's Surprise Folk Night  
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Bartlies (lunchtime)/First Light (evening)  
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 club (01-636 0933) Chris Albert's Quintet/Art Hammers Duo/Andy Saunders Sax/Richard Wolfson  
 LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Barry Manilow  
 LONDON Wimbledon Wimbledon Theatre (01-540 0362) Fairport Convention  
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE City Hall (320007) Elton John  
 NORWICH Mischief Tavern (623810) Electric Company  
 STEVENAGE Bowes Lyon House (353175) Family Of Noise  
 SURBITON Southampton (01-399 6107) The Monday Band (lunchtime)  
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) QED (lunchtime and evening)

## MONDAY 6

ABERDEEN Metro (583275) Bash Street Kids  
 BATH Moles (333423) Hey Belava  
 BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (021-643 6101) After The Rain  
 BIRMINGHAM Dome (021-622 2233) Kelly Marie  
 BRENTFORD Red Lion (01-560 6181) Wolfie Witcher  
 CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) The Chase  
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Black Shape/Bufallo Wartz  
 LONDON Deptford Under St Paul's Church The Crypt (01-302 0815) Conflict/AYS  
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Attman D/Hands On Heads  
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Double Agent  
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Voyeur/Ian Fox  
 LONDON Greek Street Le Beat Route (01-734 6308) ESP/4D Man/The Soundworx/Hey Hey Roxy  
 LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon Downstairs (01-748 1454) Tortilla Flats/Beat Of The Beast/Bladder Bladder Bladder  
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Cast Of Thousands  
 LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) The Wild Ones/Fun City/These Four Walls  
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Dillerys  
 LONDON Kilburn National Ballroom (01-328 3141) The Wolftones  
 LONDON Old Bond Street Embassy Club (01-499 4793) Beautiful Strangers/Vis A Vis/The Reigning/Halcyon Daze  
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Len Bright Combo  
 LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Barry Manilow  
 MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo (061-273 3775) Sting  
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-834 2559) Johnny Anger Band  
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE City Hall (320007) Elton John  
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) QED

## TUESDAY 7

BRENTFORD Red Lion (01-560 6181) John Jollise  
 BRENTWOOD Hermit (218897) Richard Digance  
 BRIGHTON Zap Club (775987) Platform Night/Crysal Affiach  
 CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) Sensei  
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) The Rivals  
 EDINBURGH Peaches (32188) New Image  
 GILLINGHAM Southern Belle Medway (50947) Johnny Seven  
 HALIFAX Greetland Sportsmans Inn The Noble Kind  
 LONDON Coronet Street Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Gadzoh  
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Solid Ground/Tenk Mix  
 LONDON Cricklewood Production Village (01-450 8969) School For Scandal  
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Adrian Legge/Irish Mist  
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Leona Dare And Glass Colony  
 LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon Downstairs (01-748 1454) Greeting No 4/Tiny Town  
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Jump Boy/Giant Algae Magnet  
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Dirty Work  
 LONDON Old Bond Street Embassy Club (01-499 4793) Too 22/Visual Thinking  
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Street Arabs  
 LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (01-855 3371) These Four Walls/Colin Broster/No Pearls... No Passion  
 MANCHESTER Ardwick Apollo (061-273 3775) Sting  
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-834 2559) Apitos  
 MANCHESTER Mulberry's Withington (061-434 4624) The Stems  
 NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE City Hall (320007) Elton John  
 WHITSTABLE Harbour Lights (275218) City Blues Band

## SATURDAY 4

ABERDEEN Victoria (582255) The Styngrites  
 BATH Moles (333423) Zoot And The Roots  
 BEDFORD Angel (720368) KGB  
 BIRMINGHAM Railway (021-359 2283) Briar  
 BOURNEMOUTH International Centre (297297) Sting  
 BRENTFORD Red Lion (01-560 6181) GB Blues Co With Root Jackson  
 BRENTFORD Watermans Arts Centre (01-568 1176) Ra Ra Zoo  
 BRIGHTON Zap Club (775987) Arnold Brown/Kit Hollerbach  
 BRISTOL Tropic (49875) Ambatone  
 CARSHALTON West Street Club Antz Avenue  
 COVENTRY Warwick University (417220) Abandoned Babies  
 CROSSKEYS Crosskeys Institute (270301) Samurai  
 CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) Donuts  
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) Luddy Samms And The Deliverers  
 DUNFERMLINE Warehouse (730183) Makossa  
 EASTCOTE Clay Pigeon (01-866 5358) The Hayriders/Fractured  
 FLEETWOOD Football Club (6443) Vee VV/Food Scientists/The Bed  
 GALWAY Leisureland (21455) The Pogues  
 GLASGOW Scottish Exhibition Centre (041-248 3000) Elton John  
 GLASTONBURY Rock Nite Club Fear Of Darkness  
 HARLOW The Square (25594) Blind Testament/The Other Victorians  
 HARROW Apollo (01-427 6747) Low Profile  
 HASTINGS Mr Cherries (422705) Hershey And The Twelve Bars  
 HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Groundhogs  
 LEICESTER Kings Head Desperados  
 LONDON Brixton Hill Fridge (01-326 5100) Fabulous Pop Tarts/The Big Boys  
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Cobras with Mick Green/The DT's  
 LONDON Chalk Farm Enterprise (021-673 8228) Bad Karma Beckons/Hangmans Beautiful Daughters  
 LONDON Chapel Market Salmon And Compasses (01-837 3891) Mandite  
 LONDON City Road Stick And Weasel (01-250 3126) John Rawlings Band (lunchtime)/King Ell Band (evening)  
 LONDON Commercial Road Lord Nelson School For Scandal  
 LONDON Coronet Street Bass Clef (01-729 0476) Kintone  
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Rapiers  
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Big Heat  
 LONDON Frith Street Ronnie Scott's (01-439 0747) George Melly  
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Piranhas  
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Duellists/Surfing Lungs  
 LONDON Gordon Street Bloomsbury Theatre (01-387 9629) Harvey And The Wallbangers Park The Tiger  
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Juice On The Loose  
 LONDON Hammersmith Broadway Clarendon Downstairs (01-748 1454) Bluberry Hellbellies  
 LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) Screen Gems  
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Meantime/Morrissey Mullen  
 LONDON The Mall ICA (01-930 493) Potato 5/The Friday Club/The Rapiers/Jerry Dammers  
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Laverne Browne Band  
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Jazz Afrika  
 LONDON Peckham Montpelier (01-732 4100) Hot Shots  
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Steve Marriott's Packet Of Three  
 LONDON South Bank Queen Elizabeth Hall (01-928 8800) Alan Price  
 LONDON Stockwell Road Plough (01-274 3879) Dreamtime

# S H I F T





# TOUR NEWS

**NAPALM STARS** introduce their new drummer with a gig at Edinburgh Jailhouse on January 3.

**EVIL-I**, who have a single called 'We're The Bastard Squad' coming out this month, play Fulham Greyhound January 9, Hammersmith Clarendon February 5, Brixton Old White Horse 28.



**THE DOCTORS CHILDREN** have been prescribed a series of dates to promote their 'Tomorrow I'll Die' single on Glass Records at Kennington Cricketers January 2, Kentish Town Bull And Gate 9, Finsbury Park Sir George Robey 15, Whitechapel London Hospital 17.

**A MOTION INDUSTRY** break out of their native Portsmouth and trek all the way to Southampton Waterfront Cafe January 8.

**STEVE REICH**, the New York minimalist jazz composer, is coming over with a troupe of musicians for a series of concerts at the London Dominion Theatre January 29, Sheffield Octagon Centre 30, Manchester Royal Northern College Of Music 31, Liverpool Philharmonic February 1, Leicester Haymarket Theatre 2, Warwick University 3, Birmingham Aston University 5, Bristol Victoria Rooms 6, Cardiff St Davids Hall 7, Oxford Sheldonian Theatre 8, Leeds Civic Theatre 9.

**THE BARFLIES** keep a-rockin' and a-boozin' at Bethnal Green Green Gate January 2, East Sheen Bull 8, Brentford Red Lion 9, Kentish Town Bull And Gate 23, Bethnal Green Green Gate 24, Kennington Cricketers 26, East Sheen Bull 29, Lewisham The Club 31.



**3 MUSTAPHAS 3** hope the fezz fits at North Kensington Bay 63 January 10, Bath College Of Higher Education 15, Birmingham Triangle Arts Centre 17, Bristol Yesterdays 27, Sydenham Kirkdale Rub-A-Dub 30, Exeter Devon Arts Centre 31, Gloucester Prema Arts Centre February 1.

**LA HOST**, the East Anglian art rockers, begin a new series of dates at Kendal Queens Club January 23 followed by Carlisle Stars And Stripes 24, Birmingham Railway Club 29, Hastings Crypt 30, Oxford Pennyfarthing 31.

**BUDDY CURTESS AND THE GRASSHOPPERS** begin their next British tour at Warwick University on January 9 followed by Stafford North Staffs Polytechnic 10, Manchester Tropicana 21, Hull University 23, Cardiff University 25, Enfield Middlesex Polytechnic 30, Hampstead Westfield College February 6, High Wycombe Berkshire College 7, Treforest Polytechnic Of Wales 14.

**RENT PARTY** head out on a Swing And Sway The Rent Party Way Tour at London Gossips January 2, Palmers Green The Fox 3, Northampton Nene College 10, London 100 Club 17, Manchester Tropicana (with Buddy Curtess) 21, Cardiff University 25, Camden Dingwalls February 1, London Waldorf Hotel 8, Camden Dublin Castle 9.

**QUASAR**, the progressives who've been writing and routing new material for recording sessions this month, take a break with a gig at Fulham Greyhound on January 2.

**JOHNNY SEVEN**, the swamp rock specialists from Kent, play Maidstone Royal Albion January 2, Gillingham Southern Belle 7, Rochester Nags Head 8, Rochester Crown Hotel 18, Canterbury Alberts 23, Ulcombe Who'd A Thought It Club 26, Chatham Churchills 31, Maidstone Kent Hall February 1, Brighton Old Vic 2, Folkestone Toff Club 6, Hastings Crypt 7.

**CHASAR**, now a quartet with the addition of singer Pete Scanlon, have a series of Scottish dates at Ballock Flamingo January 2, Dunoon Blue Lagoon 5, Lesmahagow Jubilee Hall 10, Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk 18.

**SAVAJAZZ**, the jazz-funk band who are on the brink of signing a major label deal, have a couple of London gigs lined up at Camden Dingwalls January 25 and Mayfair Embassy 28.

**THE ULTIMATE**, a 'modern' rock band from Essex, head out on their first tour this month at Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush January 9, Rochford Rocheway Centre 17, Basildon Roundacre 20, Brentwood Hermit Club 31.

**FEAR OF DARKNESS**, a Bristol hard rock outfit who have a seven-track mini-album called 'The Virgin Land' coming out this month on Embryo, have lined up a tour with gigs at Glastonbury Rock Nite Club January 4, Bristol Fleece And Firkin 10, Penzance Demelzas 16, Exeter University 17, Plymouth Polytechnic 18, Portsmouth Polytechnic 19, Leicester University 22, Swansea University 23, Hereford Market Tavern 24, Stoke Polytechnic 25, Birmingham Peacocks 26, Warlwick University 27, Wolverhampton Polytechnic 28, Oxford Pennyfarthing 30, Herne Hill Half Moon 31, Brighton Polytechnic February 1, Guildford Surrey University 2, Uxbridge Brunel University 3, Canterbury Kent University 4, Southampton University 5, Reading Paradise Club 7.

**CITIZEN CAIN**, the hard rock/progressive trio, play gigs at Dover Louis Armstrong January 7, Acton Bumbles 8, Ipswich The King 10, Northampton Black Lion 18.

**THE UNION** take their over-the-top sound and light show to Oxford Pennyfarthing January 2, Bristol Grange 3, Ingatestone Gate House 9, Blackpool Greyfriars 18, Stevenage Bowes Lyon House 19, Poole Bricklayers Arms 25, Plymouth Ziggies 26, Dudley JB's 31, Peterborough The Norfolk February 4, Ealing College 6.

**BELTANE FIRE**, who supported Marillion on their pre Christmas tour, will be doing the honours on their January and February British dates and have a new single out this week on CBS called 'Captain Blood'.



**THE BEAUTIFUL STRANGERS**, 'an essential English pop group', play dates at Mayfair Embassy January 6, Greenwich Tunnel Club 13, Deptford Crypt 18, Kentish Town Bull And Gate 26, Herne Hill Half Moon February 1, Soho Beat Route 8, Covent Garden Rock Garden 27.

## HOT PORK LUNCH No. 32

DAN PEARSE



# CHART

## UK 50 SINGLES

- 1 1 SAVING ALL MY LOVE FOR YOU Whitney Houston Arista
- 2 13 DO THEY KNOW IT'S CHRISTMAS? Band Aid Arista
- 3 5 MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYONE Shakin' Stevens Epic
- 4 6 WEST END GIRLS Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 5 8 MY HOME TOWN/SANTA CLAUS IS COMING TO TOWN  
Bruce Springsteen CBS
- 6 19 LAST CHRISTMAS Wham! Epic
- 7 4 SEPARATE LIVES Phil Collins & Marilyn Martin Virgin
- 8 3 DRESS YOU UP Madonna Sire
- 9 10 WE BUILT THIS CITY Starship Grunt
- 10 32 WALKING IN THE AIR Aled Jones EMI
- 11 7 I'M YOUR MAN Wham! Epic
- 12 9 SEE THE DAY Dee C Lee CBS
- 13 18 DON'T YOU JUST KNOW IT Amazulu Island
- 14 14 SPIES LIKE US Paul McCartney Parlophone
- 15 11 DON'T LOOK DOWN Go West Chrysalis
- 16 17 SHE'S STRANGE Cameo Club
- 17 12 SAY YOU SAY ME Lionel Richie Motown
- 18 21 LEAVING ME NOW Level 42 Polydor
- 19 25 WRAP HER UP Elton John Rocket
- 20 29 GIRLIE GIRLIE Sophia George Winner
- 21 35 MR D J Concept Fourth & Broadway
- 22 23 HIT THAT PERFECT BEAT Bronski Beat London
- 23 15 DON'T BREAK MY HEART UB40 DEP International
- 24 13 A GOOD HEART Feargal Sharkey Virgin
- 25 34 RUSSIANS Sting A&M
- 26 16 MATED David Grant & Jaki Graham EMI
- 27 27 AFTER THE LOVE HAS GONE Princess Supreme
- 28 28 THE POWER OF LOVE Jennifer Rush CBS
- 29 — WE ALL STAND TOGETHER Paul McCartney & The Frog  
Chorus Parlophone
- 30 31 RUN TO THE HILLS Iron Maiden EMI
- 31 42 THE HOKEY COKEY Black Lace Flair
- 32 20 THE SHOW Doug E Fresh & The Get Fresh Crew Cooltempo
- 33 22 SUN CITY Artist United Against Apartheid Manhattan
- 34 38 BECAUSE Julian Lennon EMI
- 35 24 WHEN LOVE BREAKS DOWN Prefab Sprout Kitchenware
- 36 — MERRY CHRISTMAS EVERYBODY Slade Polydor
- 37 26 ROAD TO NOWHERE Talking Heads EMI
- 38 44 ABIDE WITH ME Inspirational Choir Portrait
- 39 50 RING OF ICE Jennifer Rush CBS
- 40 — IT'S CHRISTMAS TIME Bryan Adams A&M
- 41 30 ONE VISION Queen EMI
- 42 — SATURDAY LOVE Cherrille Tabu
- 43 45 IT'S IN EVERY ONE OF US Cliff Richard EMI
- 44 33 WHEN A HEART BEATS Nik Kershaw MCA
- 45 — CHRISTMAS MEDLEY Weekend Lifestyle
- 46 48 PICTURES IN THE DARK Mike Oldfield Virgin
- 47 36 THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR Dionne Warwick & Friends  
Arista
- 48 — BROKEN WINGS Mr Mister RCA
- 49 41 TAKE ON ME A-ha Warner Brothers
- 50 — THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES ON TV A-ha Warner Brothers

## UK 50 ALBUMS

- 1 1 NOW — THE CHRISTMAS ALBUM Various EMI/Virgin
- 2 2 NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC VOL 6 Various EMI/Virgin
- 3 5 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 4 14 PROMISE Sade Epic
- 5 3 HITS 3 Various CBS/WEA
- 6 6 LIKE A VIRGIN Madonna Sire
- 7 4 THE SINGLES COLLECTION Spandau Ballet Reformation
- 8 7 THE LOVE SONGS George Benson K-tel
- 9 8 GREATEST HITS OF 1985 Various Telstar
- 10 9 GOLD Barbara Dickson K-tel
- 11 18 GREATEST HITS VOLUMES I AND II Billy Joel CBS
- 12 15 LEAVE THE BEST TO LAST James Last Polydor
- 13 16 ALED JONES AND THE BBC WELSH CHORUS Aled Jones &  
The BBC Welsh Chorus BBC
- 14 10 THE LOVE ALBUM Various Telstar
- 15 12 LOVE HURTS Elaine Paige WEA
- 16 17 ICE ON FIRE Elton John Rocket
- 17 11 I LOVE A PARTY Russ Abbot K-tel
- 18 24 JAMBOREE BAG NUMBER 3 Chas & Dave Rockney
- 19 28 THE CLASSIC TOUCH Richard Clayderman Decca
- 20 20 THE VERY BEST OF THE COMMODORES The Commodores  
Telstar
- 21 23 SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR Tears For Fears Mercury
- 22 13 PARTY PARTY 2 Black Lace Telstar
- 23 19 JENNIFER RUSH Jennifer Rush CBS
- 24 25 WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista
- 25 — BALLADS Elvis Presley Telstar
- 26 27 HOUNDS OF LOVE Kate Bush EMI
- 27 30 NO JACKET REQUIRED Phil Collins Virgin
- 28 26 WORLD MACHINE Level 42 Polydor
- 29 — STREET SOUNDS EDITION 15 Various Street Sounds
- 30 23 WEST SIDE STORY Various Deutsche Grammophon
- 31 29 OVATION — THE BEST OF ANDREW  
LLOYD-WEBBER Various K-tel
- 32 46 GO WEST Go West Chrysalis
- 33 21 VELVET WATERS Various Stylus
- 34 44 SLADE CHRISTMAS PARTY Slade Polydor
- 35 32 REMINISCING Howard Keel Telstar
- 36 50 THE KENNY ROGERS STORY Kenny Rogers Liberty
- 37 22 EASY PIECES Lloyd Cole & The Commotions Polydor
- 38 34 ONCE UPON A TIME Simple Minds Virgin
- 39 — ELECTRO 10 Various Street Sounds
- 40 47 PERFORMANCE Various Telstar
- 41 — THE DREAM OF THE BLUE TURTLES Sting A&M
- 42 35 ROCK ANTHEMS Various K-tel
- 43 40 FEARGAL SHARKEY Feargal Sharkey Virgin
- 44 49 FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS Fine Young Cannibals London
- 45 36 THE POWER OF CLASSIC ROCK LSO K-tel
- 46 39 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 47 — ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT Aled Jones BBC
- 48 38 THE EASTENDERS SING-A-LONG ALBUM BBC TV Cast BBC
- 49 42 SONGS TO LEARN AND SING Echo & The Bunnymen Korova
- 50 — MISPLACED CHILDHOOD Marillion EMI

Compiled by MRIB



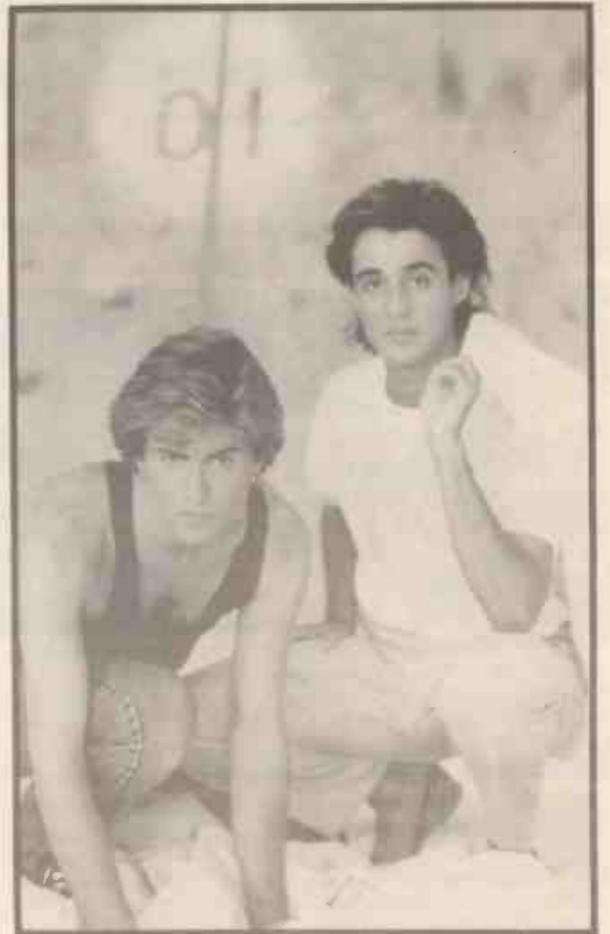
ASWAD UP against it

- 9 KOOL NOH Aswad Simba
- 10 SAME KNIFE/JUVENILE CHILD The Mighty Diamonds Germaine

### ALBUMS

- 1 HERE I COME Barrington Levy Time
- 2 TRIUMPH Joe Higgs Aligator
- 3 FEVER Tenor Saw Blue Mountain
- 4 RAW RUB A DUBBING FASHION Gussie Prento Top Knotch
- 5 REGGAE HITS VOL 2 Various Artists Jet Star
- 6 IN CULTURE Culture Music Track
- 7 STRUGGLING Mighty Diamonds Live And Learn
- 8 CLASH Tenor Saw & Coco Tea Witty
- 9 WAKE UP Dennis Brown Nutty Congo
- 10 PLAY THE GAME RIGHT Melody Makers Tuff Gong

Compiled by Dub Vendor, 274 Lavender Hill, Clapham Junction, SW11



WHAM! GETTING on down

## SOUNDS TRACKS

Edwin Pouncey

- TIME IS MONEY (BASTARD) Swans K.422 forthcoming 12 inch
- THE ENVOY Warren Zevon Asylum LP
- MTV (GET OFF THE AIR) Dead Kennedys Alternative Tentacles cut

Billy Mann

- SUMMER GIRL Blue Nose B Live song
- FOUR IN THE MORNING Reverb Brothers demo
- ENJOY THE PAIN Pink Industry Low Technology LP (Zulu)

Tony Mitchell

- SHANTY Roy White CBS LP
- AXIS BOLD AS LOVE Jimi Hendrix Experience Track LP
- ENDANGERED SPECIES Fatal Charm Carrere LP

Tony Stewart

- SUSPICIOUS MINDS Fine Young Cannibals London 12-inch
- IN THE GHETTO Nick Cave Mute
- CRAWFISH Johnny Thunders & Patti Palladin Jungle

Hugh Fielder

- THE UPSETTER BOX SET Lee Perry Trojan
- I'M ALRIGHT Loudon Wainwright III Demon
- IF YOU'RE READY (COME GO WITH ME) Ruby Turner Jive

Glyn Brown

- NORTHERN LINE Opal One Big Guitar 45
- I'LL BE THERE Jackson Five Tamla Motown 45
- WHEN WE RAN John Hiatt Live moment

Carole Linfield

- LIFE'S A BITCH Bomb Party Abstract
- LET THEM EAT BOGSHEDED Bogshed Vinyl Drip
- DAYS LIKE THESE Billy Bragg Go! Discs

Kevin Murphy

- CAN'T TAKE MY EYES OFF YOU Fine Young Cannibals Live and kicking
- SUSPICIOUS MINDS Fine Young Cannibals London 12-inch
- SUSPICIOUS MINDS Elvis Presley Live in Vegas, RCA

## REGGIE PERRIN

- 1 YES, CJ Reggie
- 2 I DON'T LIKE YES MEN, REGGIE CJ
- 3 NO, CJ Reggie
- 4 GREAT, SUPER Webster and Harris Jones
- 5 ELEVEN MINUTES LATE, DEFECTIVE AXLE AT WANDSWORTH Reggie
- 6 I'M A WINE PERSON Tom
- 7 TAKE A LETTER, JOAN Reggie
- 8 I DIDN'T GET WHERE I AM TODAY BY ... CJ
- 9 IF I DIDN'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT MEDICINE Doc Morrissey
- 10 WOULDN'T SAY NO TO A FREE NOSH Jimmy

Compiled by the Rumpo Kid

## REGGAE TENS

### PRE-RELEASE

- 1 AIDS King Kong Firehouse
- 2 BANG GA WRONG Anthony Redrose Firehouse
- 3 GWAN TALK Anthony Redrose Firehouse
- 4 MUDDY WATERS Ethiopians Studio 1
- 5 GIMME SOME OF YOUR SOMETHING Nitty Gritty Jammys
- 6 BEGGY BEGGY Frankie Paul ET
- 7 CLARKS BOOTS Little John Jammys
- 8 A ME SMARTER Hortense Osborn Waterhouse
- 9 UNCLE SAM COUNTRY Echo Minott 10 Roosevelt Ave
- 10 PRESSURE & SLIDE Tennors Studio 1

### DISCO

- 1 ONE DANCE WON'T DO Audrey Hall Germaine
- 2 GIRLIE GIRLIE Sophia George Winner
- 3 MUSIC LESSON Original Wailers Tuff Gong
- 4 YOU'RE LYING Sandra Cross Ariwa
- 5 GET UP STAND UP Barrington Levy MGR
- 6 SOUND DOCTOR/JUMP & SHOUT Mikey General Fashion
- 7 SPECIAL LADY/DANGER MAN Lericious Joseph Fashion
- 8 THE EXIT Dennis Brown Notty Congo

# A T T A C K

## HOT METAL 60

### SINGLES

- 1 2 RUN TO THE HILLS Iron Maiden EMI
- 2 1 HEART OF LOTHIAN Marillion EMI
- 3 — CHRISTMAS TIME Bryan Adams A&M
- 4 3 NINETEEN Phil Lynott Polydor
- 5 12 SLEEPING BAG ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 6 10 THE BIG MONEY Rush Vertigo/Phonogram
- 7 6 BURNING HEART Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 8 7 TEARS ARE FALLING Kiss Vertigo/Phonogram
- 9 5 RUNNING FREE Iron Maiden EMI
- 10 4 LAVENDER Marillion EMI
- 11 11 WHITE WEDDING Billy Idol Chrysalis
- 12 9 WHITE FLAGS Blue Oyster Cult CBS
- 13 15 NEVER Heart Capitol
- 14 — BARELY HOLDING ON Lee Aaron Attic/Roadrunner
- 15 — SMOKIN' IN THE BOYS ROOM Mötley Crüe Elektra
- 16 13 BLIND IN TEXAS WASP Capitol
- 17 8 MARKET SQUARE HEROES Marillion EMI
- 18 14 HUNGRY FOR HEAVEN Dio Vertigo/Phonogram
- 19 18 ANIMAL (F\*\*\* LIKE A BEAST) WASP Music For Nations
- 20 19 ASSASSINING Marillion EMI



BRYAN ADAMS *Triumphs*

### ALBUMS

- 1 2 MISPLACED CHILDHOOD Marillion EMI
- 2 1 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 3 4 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 4 3 COME OUT AND PLAY Twisted Sister Atlantic
- 5 5 LIVE AFTER DEATH Iron Maiden EMI
- 6 — CLUB NINJA Blue Oyster Cult CBS
- 7 9 POWER WINDOWS Rush Vertigo/Phonogram
- 8 7 ELIMINATOR ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 9 8 VITAL IDOL Billy Idol Chrysalis
- 10 6 DONE WITH MIRRORS Aerosmith Geffen
- 11 — BEST OF HANOI ROCKS Hanoi Rocks Lick Records
- 12 18 SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR Marillion EMI
- 13 15 FUGAZI Marillion EMI
- 14 20 BAT OUT OF HELL Meat Loaf Cleveland International
- 15 16 ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT Magnum FM
- 16 13 REAL TO REEL Marillion EMI
- 17 12 OUT FOR THE COUNT Y&T A&M
- 18 17 HEART Heart Capitol
- 19 14 TWITCH Aldo Nova Portrait
- 20 10 MISDEMEANOR UFO Chrysalis
- 21 — INNOCENCE IS NO EXCUSE Saxon Parlophone
- 22 27 FLY ON THE WALL AC/DC Atlantic
- 23 23 RUN FOR COVER Gary Moore 10
- 24 21 ASYLUM Kiss Vertigo/Phonogram
- 25 11 THE LAST COMMAND WASP Capitol
- 26 29 ANTHOLOGY Magnum Raw Power
- 27 28 SACRED HEART Dio Vertigo/Phonogram
- 28 26 RIDE THE LIGHTNING Metallica Music For Nations
- 29 — SOLDIERS UNDER COMMAND Stryper Enigma/Stiff
- 30 — STAGES Triumph MCA

### IMPORTS

- 1 — SURRENDER Joshua SMS
- 2 — KAIZOKU-BAN Accept Indisc
- 3 8 DOUBLE TROUBLE LIVE Molly Hatchet Epic
- 4 — MAXIMUM DESTRUCTION Destructor Auburn
- 5 1 WALLS OF JERICHO Helloween Noise
- 6 — FORTUNE Fortune MCA
- 7 2 UNDER LOCK AND KEY Dokken Elektra
- 8 — BABES IN TOYLAND Castle Black Black Dragon
- 9 — METAL REVOLUTION Living Death Earthshaker
- 10 — I AM THE NIGHT Pantera Metal Magic

Compiled by *Spotlight Research*



Andy Phillips

JELLO BIAFRA *tucking in*

## INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 2 THE SINGLES 81-85 Depeche Mode Mute
- 2 1 LOVE The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 3 3 FRANKENCHRIST Dead Kennedys Alternative Tentacles
- 4 4 1979 - 1983 Bauhaus Beggars Banquet
- 5 13 BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 6 6 THE CHRONICLE OF THE BLACK SWORD Hawkwind Flickknife
- 7 5 DREAMTIME The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 8 7 ONE POUND NINETY-NINE — A MUSIC SAMPLER OF THE STATE OF THINGS Various Beggars Banquet
- 9 18 SPLEEN AND IDEAL Dead Can Dance 4AD
- 10 10 RUM, SODOMY AND THE LASH The Pogues Stiff
- 11 17 FROM LUBBOCK TO CLINTWOOD EAST Terry & Gerry Intape
- 12 11 FALSE ACCUSATIONS The Robert Cray Band Demon
- 13 8 QUE SERA, SERA Johnny Thunders Jungle
- 14 19 MEAT IS MURDER The Smiths Rough Trade
- 15 9 NAIL Scraping Foetus Off The Wheel Self Immolation/Some Bizzare
- 16 16 HATFUL OF HOLLOW The Smiths Rough Trade
- 17 14 OLD ROTTENHAT Robert Wyatt Rough Trade
- 18 23 THE CLOCK COMES DOWN THE STAIRS Microdisney Rough Trade
- 19 20 ORIGINAL SIN — LIVE Theatre Of Hate Dojo
- 20 22 BAD INFLUENCE The Robert Cray Band Demon
- 21 30 TERMINAL TOWER Pere Ubu Rough Trade
- 22 26 VENGEANCE New Model Army Abstract
- 23 12 LOW-LIFE New Order Factory
- 24 25 TREASURE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 25 29 POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES New Order Factory
- 26 — THIS NATION'S SAVING GRACE The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 27 24 STOMPIN' AT THE KLUB FOOT VOLUME 2 Various ABC
- 28 — THE LOST WEEKEND Danny & Dusty Zippo/Demon
- 29 28 GARLANDS Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 30 — AS THE VENEER OF DEMOCRACY STARTS TO FADE Mark Stewart & The Mafia Mute

## SIMON BATES

- 1 ... IT WASN'T ALL ROSE COVERED COTTAGES
- 2 ... SHE WAS UTTERLY AND COMPLETELY PREGNANT
- 3 ... AND THIS IS THE HEART WARMING BIT
- 4 OF COURSE HER FAMILY AND FRIENDS WERE MARVELLOUS
- 5 THIS ONE'S A REAL WEEPIE
- 6 I WON'T TELL YOU THEIR REAL NAMES FOR OBVIOUS REASONS
- 7 THERE ARE BOUND TO BE A FEW PHONE CALLS OF COMPLAINT
- 8 THIS *OUR TUNE* IS A 17 BOXES OF KLEENEX WORTH
- 9 THE DOCTORS AND NURSES WERE WONDERFUL
- 10 AND THE MORAL TO THIS STORY IS...

Compiled by *A Cynic*

## SAUSAGE ROLL 2

- 1 I LOVE SAUSAGE ROLL Joan Jett
- 2 SAUSAGE ROLL AIN'T NOISE POLLUTION AC/DC
- 3 WE BUILT THIS CITY ON SAUSAGE ROLL Starship
- 4 SAUSAGE ROLL CHILDREN Dio
- 5 SAUSAGE ROLL REBEL Ozzy Osbourne
- 6 LONG LIVE SAUSAGE ROLL Rainbow
- 7 SAUSAGE ROLL WOMEN Whitesnake

## INDIE SINGLES

- 1 1 ECHOES IN A SHALLOW BAY Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 2 5 KICK OVER THE STATUES The Redskins Abstract Dance/Priority
- 3 2 REVOLUTION The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 4 3 TINY DYNAMINE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 5 7 SHE SELLS SANCTUARY The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 6 14 BRAINBOX The Three Johns Abstract
- 7 11 CAN YOUR PUSSY DO THE DOG? The Cramps Big Beat
- 8 12 SLAMMERS King Kurt Stiff
- 9 4 SUB-CULTURE New Order Factory
- 10 9 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 11 6 DESIRE Gene Loves Jezebel Situation Two
- 12 15 NO PLACE CALLED HOME The June Brides Intape
- 13 39 NEEDLE GUN Hawkwind Flickknife
- 14 8 RAIN The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 15 26 CRUISER'S CREEK/LA The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 16 19 EDIE The Adult Net Beggars Banquet
- 17 18 GREEN BACK DOLLAR The Men They Couldn't Hang Demon
- 18 32 REVOLUTION Chumba Wumba Agitpop
- 19 27 UPSIDE DOWN The Jesus And Mary Chain Creation
- 20 13 IT WILL COME The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 21 36 TOWER BLOCK ROCK Twenty Flight Rockers ABC
- 22 22 THE WIND OF CHANGE Robert Wyatt With The SWAPO Singers Rough Trade
- 23 23 SPIRITWALKER The Cult Situation Two
- 24 34 THE PERFECT KISS New Order Factory
- 25 43 WALK ON GILDED SPLINTERS The Flowerpot Men Compost
- 26 24 RESSURECTION JOE The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 27 — WHIMPEEZ Peter And Test Tube Babies Trapper
- 28 16 V2 That Petrol Emotion Noise A Noise
- 29 38 LET THEM EAT BOGSHED Bogshed Vinyl Drip
- 30 28 PLUNDER THE TOMBS Fur Bible New Rose
- 31 17 CRAWFISH Johnny Thunders & Patti Palladin Jungle
- 32 — TEMPLE OF CONVENIENCE Yeah Yeah Noh Intape
- 33 21 FLAG DAY The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 34 — LIFE'S A BITCH The Bomb Party Abstract
- 35 25 THE BATTLE CONTINUES Conflict Mortarhate
- 36 41 MAKES NO SENSE AT ALL Hüsker Dü SST
- 37 44 ALL DAY LONG The Shop Assistants Subway Organisation
- 38 10 THE HOP Theatre Of Hate Stiff
- 39 45 SEQUENZ X-Mal Deutschland Red Rhino Europe
- 40 35 GO WEST (CRAZY SPINNING CIRCLE) The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 41 20 BUBBLING Aswad Simba
- 42 — BAD MOON RISING The Meteors Mad Pig
- 43 30 THE FINAL SOLUTION Peter Murphy Beggars Banquet
- 44 33 KEEN That Petrol Emotion The Pink Label
- 45 29 PEARLY DEWDROPS' DROPS Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 46 31 IRONMASTERS The Men They Couldn't Hang Demon
- 47 40 FOR A'S AT MAIDA VALE Marc Riley With The Creepers Intape
- 48 37 HEAVENLY ACTION Erasure Mute
- 49 47 YUMMER YUMMER MAN Danielle Dax Awesome
- 50 42 CHANGE OF HEART, CHANGE OF MIND (SOFT) Robert Cray Band Demon

Compiled by *MRIB*

## MIKE READ

- 1 WAKE UP LITTLE READIE Everly Brothers
- 2 GET OUT OF YOUR LAZY BED Matt Bianco
- 3 SO TIRED Ozzy Osbourne
- 4 IT'S LATE Shakin' Stevens
- 5 TOUCH ME IN THE MORNING Diana Ross
- 6 SLEEPING ON THE JOB Gillan
- 7 SWEET DREAMS Eurythmics
- 8 THE SHOW MUST GO ON Leo Sayer
- 9 I LOVE THE NIGHTLIFE Alicia Bridges
- 10 GIVE ME MORE TIME Whitesnake

Compiled by *Bob Staines and the Slumbers*

- 8 SAUSAGE ROLL DOCTOR Black Sabbath
- 9 YOU CAN'T KILL SAUSAGE ROLL Ozzy Osbourne
- 10 THE GREAT SAUSAGE ROLL SWINDLE Sex Pistols

Compiled by *Brian Molyneux*

# LETTERS

## A SHAREHOLDER WRITES

I'VE BEEN reading *Sounds* for five years now and I'm getting heartily sick of the moans about the paper that fill the *Letters* page every week. If these people really hated *Sounds* as much as they profess then they wouldn't buy it; the fact that they continue to pick it up each issue shows that they realise it's still the best of the weeklies. Sure, it's changing - which is fine by me, 'cause stagnation is death.

So before you get sniped at by more people complaining about the recent freebies just let me get a word in: some folks can even find stuff to bitch about in something they've been given for nothing. They say that the *Mad Max* and *Horror* mags lacked detail, totally missing the point that the mags (especially the *Horror* one) were designed to introduce music fans to something new. They're not for hardcore fans, though I'm sure the *Sounds* chaps could've been totally obscure if they felt like it!

The Top 100 Chart was obviously going to be a matter of personal taste, as was the free record, and yet the moaners will put forward their subjective tastes as the point from which all else must be judged. One idiot last week even complained about The Jesus And Mary Chain LP making the chart on the assumption that the said chart was made up on the basis of mega-sales!

Don't worry, *Sounds*, it's the readers who're thick, not you. - **Ralph Chubb, Buttocksville, W1**

## PACKET OF THREE

I'VE NOW had a letter printed in *Sounds* for three successive weeks. Is this a record?

The freebie "Christmas Cracker" certainly wasn't. - **The Man With The Silly Names, W12**

## COME ON FEEL THE NOISE

FOR WEEKS I have been searching for the explanation for the rubbish that continually appears in *Sounds*, and at last it seems I've found the reason. Evidence? The All Time Top 100 Albums. You mean to say this rubbish was compiled by the very same people who produce *Sounds*? No wonder you get letters of complaint - this is the sort of stuff one would expect from *MM* or *NME*. Isn't it about time the reviewers were sacked and some employed who are actually interested in the music that readers want reviewed?

Not only is the paper filled with relatively unknown bands, but you invariably send the wrong people to gigs and they then don't review the show but run on about the group's records, the vocalist's drink problem or about some other band altogether.

So come on *Sounds* - let's have more on the artists who do well in the readers' poll.

In other words: Marillion, Iron Maiden, ZZ Top, Dio, Rush, U2, Queen, Damned, Deep Purple, Kiss, Hawkwind, Genesis, Big Country, Cocteau Twins, Yes, Magnum, Phil Collins, IQ, BOC, Girlschool, Meat Loaf, Dire Straits, Pallas, Pendragon, AC/DC, Gary Moore, Motley Crue, Venom, Alarm, Van Halen, Twelfth Night, Gabriel, etc, etc. . . - **JH, Worlingham, Suffolk**

Your letter is stupid. Of the 32 acts you mention, over 20 have been or are about to be featured in *Sounds*. The remainder are outfits who a) don't want to do interviews at present, b) aren't doing anything to justify a piece at the moment, or c) we just don't fancy doing right this minute.

Your case collapses: of the weekly pop rags, *Sounds* is second to none in its coverage of rock music. Open your eyes!

## SCROOGE

THERE IS a malaise in the music business today which has been going on unchecked for a long time. It covers bands, the record industry and the venues.

Looking at the bands first, how many are able to write good lyrics to a catchy tune? I don't know how many I've heard who put Motorhead lyrics to a 100mph tune, and on the way home from the gig you get the feeling you ought to have seen a Motorhead gig instead of an imitation.

As for the record industry, I cannot abide the fact that they charge the same for a record by an unknown band as they do for a "name" band. With LPs at five quid a throw, who's going to experiment on new artists?

Lastly, venues. How some of them have the cheek to charge any admission at all amazes me. Some are no bigger than my bloody living room! Being cosy is one thing, but being herded into an English version of the Black Hole of Calcutta is another. When the PA is crap and the beer piss-weak I ask myself what I'm doing there. It's a sad state of affairs when it's more fun to be at a heavy metal disco than a live gig. So come on you venue owners, put some of our money into your places to improve standards. - **The Croydon Sinner**

## A PHILOSOPHER WRITES

WHO DOES Robin Gibson think he is, slagging off good punk bands like Picture Frame Seduction? They're a shit-hot British band: I've seen them live and have their album and I know.

So if anyone thinks the scribbled etchings of an unknown dickhead such as Gibson are gospel they have as much brain as my toenails.

You are a bigger arsehole than Bushell and Johnson put together. - **Neville Doughnut**

GOSH, CHRISTMAS is gonna be special this year, someone told me in the local recently. *Sounds* is giving away exclusive freebies.

Well, I couldn't believe it. Could it be true? And for no extra charge? Nearly missed the first one, but got there early for the next two, and camped overnight for the fourth.

The *Mad Max* story revealed that Tina Turner's chest is better developed than big Mel's muscles. The *Horror* mag informed me that his Satanic Majesty had infested the earth with naughty black metal bands. The Top 100 Albums was an eye-opener (until I nodded off again) - proving that everyone at *Sounds* really has had their finger on the pulse of music over the past two decades. But the real gem was the seven-inch bit of plastic with four likely supergroups of the future. I liked the idea of a multi-foldout backing for these priceless treasures - good idea, that! What better than to spend a boring evening pulling out the individual segments and reassembling in the correct order using the easy-to-follow numbering system. And the ads make good reading, colourful too! Can we have more?

Finally I realised why each one cost 50p - it was the sellotape on the front. Still, I'd gladly have paid 60p for nice Christmas tape; after all, these are the only *Sounds* I've bought all year. Keep it up in '86, you're saving me a fortune. - **Ian**

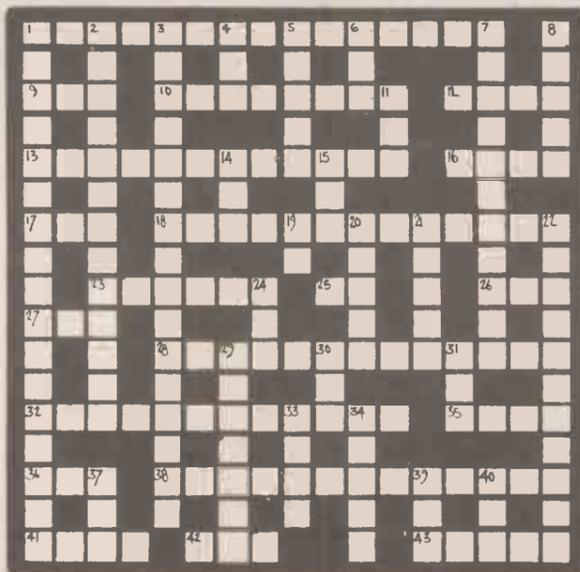
Surely not the same "Ian" who edits. . .



Illustration by Simon Cooper

## DOES HE KNOW IT'S CHRISTMAS?

### XWORD



BY SUE BUCKLEY

#### ACROSS

1. Why Kiss' cheeks are wet (5.3.7) 9. El's is still true (3) 10. Tom, with a Swiss family (8) 12. Dear person with a new car (4) 13. Robert P's fave colours (4.3.5) 16. Alex Chilton had a big one! (4) 17. . . . but Cat S drank this (3) 18. It's chronicled by Hawkwind (3.5.5) 23. A capital effort from Ultravox (6) 25. Bluesman Wright (1.1) 26. Big/Jonson/Rat (3) 27. Aaron/Peggy/Harvey Oswald (3) 28. The Summer breeze encouraged 'em to chase that lady (5.8) 32. A dose of optimism from Madness (3.6.3) 35. They held the line (4) 36. Paisley/St John/Gillan (3) 38. When is it

alright for fightin'? (8.5) 41. Beatles read it today . . . oh boy (4) 42. Beach Boys animal sounds? (3) 43. see 22

#### DOWN

1. A keen, but oily band (4.6.7) 2. Was there a gas leak on this Alan Parson's street? (7.6) 3. Anthrax's chronicle of the AIDS scare? (6.3.7) 4. Roy/Halford (3) 5. Pete Murphy's solution (5) 6. Sayer in ale or beer (3) 7. A nice problem from the REO's (4.7) 8. Emmylou H. had a luxury one (5) 14. A letter from Snider (3) 15. Simple Steely Dan effort (3) 19. Doors' woman (1.1) 20. Hazel paired it with 'plus' (5) 21. Stories from Jon. Van, and Maupassant (5) 22. and 43. Bryan Ferry's version of 'Let's Twist Again'? (4.4.3.5) 24. Eugene's careful chopper (3) 29. In which Mother Mary spoke words of wisdom (3.2.2) 30. Sting woke up to find his was too big! (3) 31. Legs/Pants/Rats/Rockin'/Night (3) 33. Just Gallagher (4) 34. They made a declaration, but didn't bat (5) 37. Gold Dream/World Man (3) 39. It's just as good as a wink (3) 40. Cat S wanted to get himself one (3)

#### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

##### ACROSS

1. Rudolph The Red Nosed Reindeer 13. Mighty Hands Of Love 15. Destroyer 17. Oliver 18. Bill 19. It Ain't What You Do 23. Oates 25. Alice 26. Small 28. Cole 29. PP 31. You're The Best Thing 35. Ono 36. Trade 37. Nod 38. Sting 39. Happy 40. Tower 41. Tor 43. Ju 44. Topper 45. Lover 50. El 51. Santa Claus Is Coming To Town 54. Agent 55. Fatty 56. Neon 57. Rooster 60. Hüsker Dü 61. Shapes 63. Berry 65. Ashes 68. Guns 69. Tygers Of Pan Tang 72. Free 74. Ships 75. Kiss 76. Icicle 78. Blues 79. DC 82. Arthur Lee 84. Empire Burlesque 87. Toots 88. Proud 90. Hole 92. Woodentops 95. Traveller 97. The Police 98. Isley 100. Roe 101. This Charming Man 105. Photo 106. Exploited 109. Fry 110. Maida Vale 112. Ali 115. Chevalier Brothers 117. Blancmange

##### DOWN

1. Rum Sodomy And The Lash 2. Dog 3. Letters 4. Ha Ha 5. Hanoi 6. Rosalie 7. Difficult Shapes And Passive Rhythms 8. Eve 9. Red 10. In Search Of The 11. Dirty Old Town 12. Ely 14. O'Jays 16. REO Speedwagon 20. Walk Out To Winter 21. US 22. Kashmir 24. Thunder 27. Angry 30. Harry 32. Big Fun City 33. Sanctuary 34. Impressions 42. I Can't Get No Satisfaction 46. ET 47. Joe 48. Bono 49. Lost Chord 52. Gordy 53. Message In A Bottle 55. Fade 58. Rosie 59. Abba 62. Heels 64. RCA 65. AC 66. My Girl 67. Respect Yourself 70. Frapp 71. Nile Rodgers 73. Ben E 77. Lord 80. Chess 81. Purple 83. Elder 85. Boogie No More 86. Quo 89. Oil 91. Lee 93. Neil Peart 94. Rooms 96. Les 99. Leo Sayer 102. Coda 103. Appice 104. Norman 107. Paul 108. Team 111. East 113. Dee 114. Jim 116. Ry

FILM-TV-VIDEO-BOOKS

## SCANNERS

EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL

## THE MODE IN GOD'S EYE

**DEPECHE MODE**  
*Some Great Videos*  
(Virgin)

THE VIDEO of the album of the best of the band. A sequence of promotional party pieces which together detail both the rapid rise of Depeche Mode and their stubborn, unerring ability to sustain their position as *Top Of The Pops*' least likely lads, and to confound the hopes and expectations of a generation of pop pundits.

A collection of simple and successful, if oddball and off-beat, pop singles. From the adolescent electro pop impressionism of 'Just Can't Get Enough' through the almost insufferable inanity of 'People Are People' to the striking if irregular patterns of 'Master And Servant' and 'Blasphemous Rumours',

Depeche Mode's songs have proved to be not merely reluctantly likeable but also amusing and perversely durable for disposable 'fast' pop.

And as far as collages of poor miming, new technology, old industry and mock newsreel footage goes, these largely simple shoestring-effect videos are at least ten times more likeable than the overwhelmingly irritating and expensive ego-rubbing, masturbatory travelogues and dream sequences of most of today's pop stars.

Persistently and intransigently, Depeche Mode have kept their feet on the ground and their pop product simple. This is perhaps their most endearing virtue.

ROGER HOLLAND

**THE CLASH**  
*Video Clash*  
(CBS/Fox)

THIS IS not only a chronology of The Clash and their 'hits' over the last decade, but it also acts as an indirect document of the rise and fall of punk rock. Strummer should have called it a day ages ago, but he preferred to keep The Clash going and wrongly tried to make them a band for all seasons. Which would never work, as the initial pedestal The Clash placed themselves on wouldn't allow it.

The rise. 'Tommy Gun' smashes out of the screen and kicks you in the groin, a brilliant video as it simply shows a great group with a great song in full untamed flight, with all the bullshit clichés that plague most videos thankfully absent.

We move to the Thames for 'London Calling' where the lads are wrapped in crombies whilst the evening is soaked in rain. The sight of Joe's saliva flowing into the dense night air is a video image that will stay with me a lot longer than most others.

The demise sets in with 'Train In Vain' and by the time we arrive at 'The Call Up', egos can be seen to be swallowing the group up from the inside. But with 'Rock The Casbah', The Clash prove that when they were at their very worst, they were still mildly entertaining.

A video that's worth buying, if only for the memories.

RON ROM

**KING**  
*King*  
(CBS/Fox)

IS PAUL King seen here mounting sheep in the Falklands, or doing a crap in a hotel lavatory in Southend, or throwing up down a dark alley in Romford after a curry, or even smearing bogeys under the dashboard while waiting for the lights to change?

Of course he isn't, pop stars aren't human and that's why they write songs that have nothing to do with life whatsoever. This is also the reason why they have silly haircuts, wear make-up and paint DMs girly colours. For their existence lies beyond the confines of reality.

What do we get for our money, then? Well, lots of Mediterranean locations, big-breasted females, sun-bleached hair, scooter rides along seafrosts and millions and millions of swimming pools, everywhere. Swimming pools of all shapes and sizes, slowly taking over King's world and coming to get you. Yes, it's crap.

Get this guerilla out of here.

RON ROM

**STATUS QUO**  
*Preserved - The Greatest Hits Of Status Quo*  
(Heron)

WHEN WE were young, the closest that I or any of my friends would have expected to get to a recognisable 'celebrity' would have been to neck with a cousin of Francis Rossi. A buxom young lady who lived above the family's ice cream parlour, she was lucky enough not to look anything like her cousin. But then she couldn't play the guitar.

Why do people praise ZZ Top to high heaven, yet feel quite unable ever to acknowledge the achievements of Status Quo? Just because they never grew silly beards, didn't come from some perversely ethnically credible southern state and never made a decent promo video, Quo and their own occasional sublime moments seem doomed to disparagement.

But not on these pages, bub! Because only a retarded hamster, could possibly deny the simple, wicked beauty of 'Down, Down'.

But that said, *this* live film does in no way represent my idea of the best of Quo. Where's 'Mystery Song'? 'Rain'? 'Roll Over Lay Down'?

Compiled perhaps by a retarded hamster.

ROGER HOLLAND

**DR JOHN AND CHRIS BARBER**  
*Dr John With Chris Barber*  
(Jettisoundz)

DR JOHN has 18 fingers and gargles with broken glass. When he plays the piano it tinkles like a rusty chandelier. He's been doing it for years, too.

The grey hairs in his beard glint in the Marquee moon and, as part of the club's million-years-in-the-business celebrations, Chris Barber has washed his jazz band's white shirts and Duragilted the brass. From New Orleans' traditional sounds to grating blues in the guise of 'Stack A Lee' and 'Blues Down In San Antone', the partnership play pleasantries, whoop it up and create the mood.

In a sleazy nightclub in your imagination, John will always warm the prawn cocktails of your heart. A croon in June with a professional set of tooters in tow.

The best way to last 55 minutes in the presence of such down beat music with little in the way of creative photography (after all, these guys are so old, they don't even blink) is to lie prostrate, booze handed, preferably in the wee small hours. True blues.

DAVE HENDERSON

## THE DOORS INTO SUMMER

**THE DOORS**  
*Dance On Fire*  
(CIC)

'DID YOU have a good world when you died? Enough to make a movie?'

Apparently Jim did. Enough certainly to answer his own questions and keep The Doors' legend glowing



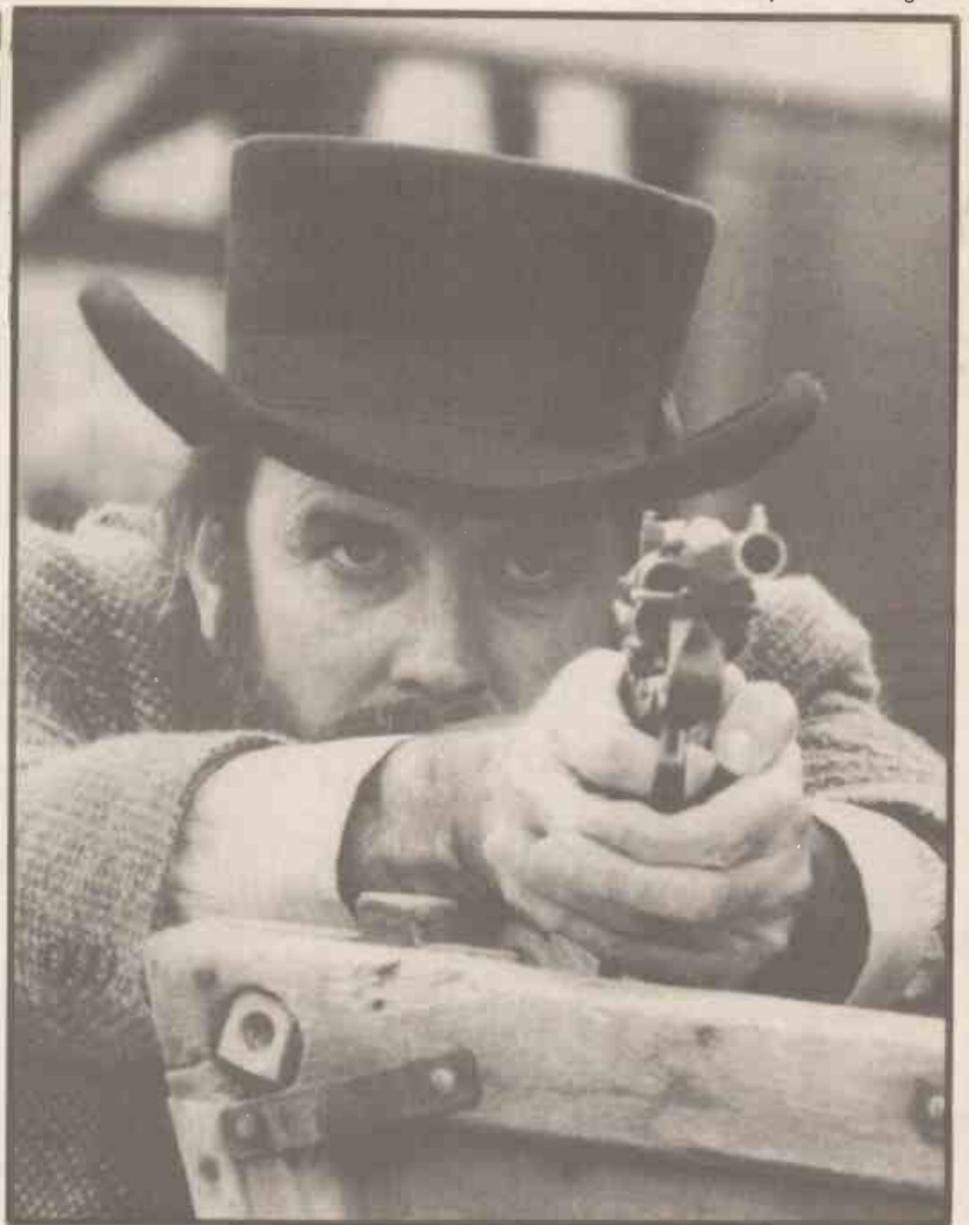
despite two decades of posthumous deification.

But then this collection of promos, TV slots and tour footage is more than kind to Jim, who is captured as a wild young Adonis in his prime rather than as the overweight soak he became.

There's Jim in his leathers, pouting sulkily for the TV cameras on a truncated 'Light My Fire', only galvanised into action in the last few seconds. Or Jim doing his Jesus impersonation for the promo of 'Break On Through'.

The violent imagery of 'The Unknown Soldier' promo is still strong enough to stun and there's some fascinating footage to accompany 'LA Woman' which includes a leather booted foot stubbing out a cigarette on Josef Von Sternberg's star on Hollywood Boulevard.

The only time Jim looks uncomfortable is on a TV performance of 'Touch Me' on which The Doors are joined by a brass and string section. He looks out of



JOHN CLEESE in Silverado: setting his sights on upstaging Blazing Saddles?

## FAWLTY PLAINS

**SILVERADO**  
(Columbia)

SADDLE UP boys, 'n' head on out fer Silverado, where baddies are real bad, goodies are good, and always their trails shall cross.

With the glaring exception of them darn injuns, all the elements of a classic western are tossed into this hotpot of tasty vittles - stampedes, wagon trains, crooked lawmen, card sharks, horse thieves, jailbreaks, cattle barons, homesteaders, posses, saloons, whores, gunslingers, bar room brawls, outlaws, general jiggery pokery and men with names like Cobb, Tyree, McKendrick and Sheriff Basil Fawltly (?).

Perhaps there are too many pieces to this sprawling jigsaw, because the characterisation suffers dreadfully. We never really get to know

or fully understand the four young whippersnappers who play hero, other than being sure in the knowledge that their humour is crisp and dry.

Still, a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do, so - BAM! BAM! BAM! - the rootin', tootin', shootin' goes plum loco once our men git riled. Mind you, it takes them long enough.

Initially the action is on a slow fuse, allowing tension and pressure to build. When the dynamite does explode, it's never less than predictable.

Clint Eastwood meets the Four Musketeers meets John Ford meets Rambo in the entertaining if unsophisticated story of *Silverado*, the most laid back western of the century.

RONNIE RANDALL

**THE VIRGIN PRUNES - THE FACULTIES OF A BROKEN HEART****Rolf Vasellari**

(Black Sheep Press)

THE ULTIMATE fanzine, the ultimate collector's item for any of you with a love of one of the most innovative groups of the last ten years.

A selection of collages, photos and comments by other people add variety to the interviews with the band *in toto* and as individuals, complete with drawings and lyrics.

If it sounds to be an orgy of obsequiousness, it's not:

"When I first met them I considered them to be almost totally talentless... they have a good, if a little moronic, sense of humour" says Wire's Colin Newman, producer of their first LP.

Or, as Gavin Friday quotes his father as saying, "We think we are the cheese, but we are not even the cow on the box."

Know what I mean?

TIBET

Available from Rolf Vasellari, C3 c/o Black Sheep Press, Zypressenstrasse 82, CH 9 8004 Zurich, Switzerland for £7 including P & P.

**DEAD OR ALIVE****Jo-Ann Green**

(Bobcat)

**HOWARD JONES**

Helen Fitzgerald

(Bobcat)

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(Bobcat)

THREE QUICKIES that tell you most of what you need to know in order to understand a music paper feature, although there's nothing a fan won't already know. But rest assured, I have it on good authority that they took nearly as long to write as they do to read.

HUGH FIELDER

**SUN CITY - THE MAKING OF THE RECORD****Dave Marsh**

(Penguin)

WORTHY THOUGH the record is, it's hard to justify a £6.95 coffee table tome liberally sprinkled with pictures from the video and various gory facts about the South African regime. When only the royalties are going to help smash apartheid. You'd be better sending the whole £6.95 direct to Anti-Apartheid.

HUGH FIELDER

# LULU WARS

## flesh in fun city

**WHERE THE Lulus live, it's always Saturday afternoon.**

To get to their house you walk past a line of cars, bumper to bumper on the side of the road, all with their bonnets up while men wearing trainers stick their heads inside them, drink cans of Tennants and wave spliffs at you as you go by in a not altogether welcoming fashion.

Rocco is fast asleep on the couch when I get there, with a Lou Reed biography open on his stomach.

"Oh no," he says on seeing me, and hides Lou Reed.

He wakes up very quickly and makes vague sticking-down adjustments to his hair.

James, Flesh For Lulu's drummer, picks up the book and reads the blurb on the back out loud.

"Lou Reed first came to public notice as creator, lyricist and guitarist of The Velvet Underground. Flesh For Lulu are totally derivative of this man."

Everyone laughs at this for a minute before they start arguing and begin a complicated story of how their third LP was very nearly called 'Monotone Wine'. Instead, they called it 'Big Fun City' which is more appropriate.

After all, what else do you do when you're sick of London except call your LP 'Big Fun City'?

On the sleeve, a pink Chevy convertible has come to rest in a black and white rain forest.

"It's a symbol of motion being ground into the British concrete jungle," says Nick, being poetic for a moment - a phase which soon passes.

"I've only just realised after six years that I'm through with this neighbourhood."

"Brixton's a place to live in till you can afford to move out of it," says Kev.

James: "I've got a very ambiguous attitude towards Brixton. I quite like it, but at the same time I'd quite like to see it wiped off the face of the earth."

In Big Fun City it's always after dark. The traffic lights are stuck on green and you've got someone to drive you where you want to go and fill your glass when you get there.

Big Fun City is what you always imagine everyone else is up to. In Big Fun City you can always find a situation to get into or out of. It's a place where something always happens.

James: "I guess it's like if you're in one place, you always want to be in another place. Like Jeffrey Lee says, America's even worse. He says, don't go there, go to Britain."

Rocco: "But so many people go off chasing the American Dream. They spend their lives looking for it."

Kev: "That's because it's so big and so diverse. It'd take you two weeks to discover what the

English Dream is."

What is it?

James: "To do as little as possible and be involved in as little trouble as possible."

Kev: "It's over. The English have already had their dream. The Empire. It's finished."

The exact end of the English Dream, however, has been roughly calculated to coincide with the time when they stopped making nice English cars. Hence the Chevy.

**T**O HELP them track down the all-night magic of the Big Fun City, Flesh For Lulu called in Craig Leon (rhymes with neon and producer of Suicide, Ramones, Blondie and other major deities) to direct the traffic and scream Godhead! occasionally, which he did very well.

Nick: "He knew we weren't a studio band. The only thing he could do was to capture what we sound like when we play live."

Is that why it turned out better than the first two LPs?

"What do you mean, better?"

Er...

James: "Well, the first album was only three of us, and it was a bit bitty. I look at this as a whole piece."

Nick: "I think it definitely says we're past caring about any parallels that people draw."

James: "Like someone said we ripped off The Velvet Underground because their chords are easy to play, which just shows that he hasn't seen us recently."

Kev: "I always go see a band before I slag them off."

Rocco: "I think we're all basically influenced by the same things and it's not copying another style of music, it's just like the spirit of the music that comes through. We're like four new people, not doing anything new."

Kev: "Well, if you say so Roc."

James: "I don't agree with that at all. We are doing something new."

Rocco: "Well, yeah, we are."

James: "Well, you just said no."

Kev: "I don't know why we do interviews. We just end up having an argument. I just don't agree with that."

Rocco: "You misunderstood what I was saying."

Kev (becoming hysterical): "You said - We're not doing anything new. How could I misunderstand that?"

Rocco: "Well, we're basically playing like rock 'n' roll music, right? New songs, new types of songs, but obviously stylised on things that have already been done. All I'm saying is that we rip everyone off f\*\*\*in' right, left and centre."

At this point, Rocco is saved from receiving grievous bodily harm by a phone call from Lulu (yes, Virginia, there is a Lulu) who has rung to tell them there's rioting down the end of the street.

"Oh, great," says James, who will have to drive everyone through it later, looking for somewhere to buy a bottle of



mescal. "See what I mean? This area's a shithole. If I was in charge now, I'd bomb the place."

**F**LESH FOR Lulu and the powers that be are always in a state of war. This includes their old record company Polydor, who dropped them because they weren't going to make anybody rich.

It includes the court which fined Nick £78 for criminal damage when he was thrown through a shop window by a bunch of Cortinas. It includes the doorman at The Vatican who wouldn't let Rocco in wearing his cowboy T-shirt, forcing him to change into James' clothes outside in the street.

You could also throw in Spain and Italy and 200 stores in the US which banned their last LP 'Blue Sisters Swing' on religious grounds.

Kev once struck a blow for their

side by using Dr David Owen's toothbrush. He was staying with his au pair girl one weekend when Owen was away and took the opportunity to abuse his personal artifacts.

It also includes the press who have been quite remarkably obtuse in their assessment of The Lulus. This can be traced back as far as Rocco's first centre-spread in *The Sun* when he was 16 in their 'Veteran Punks' series. (They'd had Severin the week before.)

"It was a complete set-up," he says. "They said things like my dad's a docker and he doesn't understand me. And he's not and he does."

When Flesh For Lulu start bitching about journalists, I find myself joining in, which is a bad sign, I think.

Maybe this country simply isn't ready for a good time. America has apparently relented after the

'Blue Sisters' episode. The Lulus released a single, called it 'Baby Hurricane' and the East Coast pulled out all the stops, whipping up a publicity stunt called Gloria.

Nick: "I think the worst thing anybody ever said about us was that we were innocuous."

Rocco: "Someone said my guitar playing sounded like I was out in the back garden."

James: "Now and then reviews get under my skin, but they're designed to do exactly that. Like one guy spent a whole review saying we were harmless."

"I mean, big deal. You try and tell me that any music around now is anything but harmless. Whoever wrote that should come down and be in the middle of a riot and see what harmless is."

"It's got no relevance to anything. Just some trendy idea of what's subversive."

Out there in the Big Fun City, something is finally happening.

**Lulu's back in town, ripping off others left, right and centre. JANE SIMON listens to the bad boys of Big Fun City rant at each other. Photo by KASS**

# BAND AID

## YAMAHA GO CONVENTIONAL

THE YAMAHA 'X' Series Convention, staged in a London hotel on December 8, attracted over 1000 visitors in the afternoon.

The convention, held in conjunction with the DX Owners' Club, gave the public an opportunity to see the whole 'X' digital family - DX keyboards (including the new DX100 and DX21), RX rhythm computers, QX sequencers, CX music computer, KX 'mother' keyboard and TX expanders - being put through their paces.

It also gave space to various software and peripherals companies, including Compumusic, Digital Music Systems, Electro-Music Research, David Pearce, Rittor Music (UK) and Skylip Music, who were able to demonstrate the many possibilities of applying computer programmes to Yamaha

equipment via the redoubtable MIDI.

The British music press, including this very organ, were also generously allowed space to promote their latest issues.

Highlights of the event were undoubtedly the lecture by Dr Wessel of IRCAM on computer and MIDI interfaces, followed by an FM lecture and show by the inimitable Dave Bristow.

Afterwards, a Yamaha spokesman told us the company were delighted with public response, particularly in respect of how many people a single afternoon's event staged by a single company could evidently draw, in comparison with Trade Fair attendance figures, and promised not only more conventions in London, but also the likelihood of a mini-tour of the provinces in the not too distant future.



DAVE BRISTOW demos KX88 at 'X' Series Convention

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| 2  | JUST LIKE HONEY                    | THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN    |
| 3  | CRUISER'S CREEK                    | THE FALL                    |
| 4  | SHE SELLS SANCTUARY                | THE CULT                    |
| 5  | AIKEA-GUINEA                       | COCTEAU TWINS               |
| 6  | REVOLUTION                         | CHUMBA WUMBA                |
| 7  | PRIMITIVE PAINTERS                 | FELT                        |
| 8  | THE BOY WITH THE THORN IN HIS SIDE | THE SMITHS                  |
| 9  | THE PERFECT KISS                   | NEW ORDER                   |
| 10 | FLAG DAY                           | THE HOUSEMARTINS            |
| 11 | IRONMASTERS                        | THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG  |
| 12 | YOU TRIP ME UP                     | THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN    |
| 13 | SALLY MacLENNANE                   | THE POGUES                  |
| 14 | DEATH OF THE EUROPEAN              | THE THREE JOHNS             |
| 15 | GO OUT AND GET 'EM BOY             | THE WEDDING PRESENT         |
| 16 | LOVE VIGILANTES                    | NEW ORDER                   |
| 17 | ALL THAT EVER MATTERED             | THE SHOP ASSISTANTS         |
| 18 | SUB-CULTURE                        | NEW ORDER                   |
| 19 | MOVE ME                            | THE WOODENTOPS              |
| 20 | A PAIR OF BROWN EYES               | THE POGUES                  |
| 21 | BRING ON THE DANCING HORSES        | ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN       |
| 22 | V2                                 | THAT PETROL EMOTION         |
| 23 | SPOILT VICTORIAN CHILD             | THE FALL                    |
| 24 | SUNRISE                            | NEW ORDER                   |
| 25 | I'M A MAN YOU DON'T MEET EVERYDAY  | THE POGUES                  |
| 26 | LA RAIN                            | ROSE OF AVALANCHE           |
| 27 | IN BETWEEN DAYS                    | THE CURE                    |
| 28 | HYMN FROM A VILLAGE                | JAMES                       |
| 29 | THE HEADMASTER RITUAL              | THE SMITHS                  |
| 30 | MOTOR CITY                         | AGE OF CHANCE               |
| 31 | THAT JOKE ISN'T FUNNY ANYMORE      | THE SMITHS                  |
| 32 | MEAT IS MURDER                     | THE SMITHS                  |
| 33 | GUT OF THE QUANTIFIER              | THE FALL                    |
| 34 | 100 WORDS                          | THE BELOVED                 |
| 35 | TUPELO                             | NICK CAVE AND THE BAD SEEDS |
| 36 | MARIANNE                           | SISTERS OF MERCY            |
| 37 | I'M IN PITTSBURGH AND IT'S RAININ' | THE VIBES                   |
| 38 | FARON YOUNG                        | PREFAB SPROUT               |
| 39 | COULDN'T GET AHEAD                 | THE FALL                    |
| 40 | BETWEEN THE WARS                   | BILLY BRAGG                 |
| 41 | WELL I WONDER                      | THE SMITHS                  |
| 42 | LA                                 | THE FALL                    |
| 43 | SOME KIND OF STRANGER              | SISTERS OF MERCY            |
| 44 | IT HAPPENS                         | PRIMAL SCREAM               |
| 45 | FACE UP                            | NEW ORDER                   |
| 46 | MAKES NO SENSE AT ALL              | HÜSKER DÜ                   |
| 47 | THE WIND OF CHANGE                 | ROBERT WYATT                |
| 48 | WELL, WELL, WELL,                  | THE WOODENTOPS              |
| 49 | LIKE 1,000 VIOLINS                 | 1,000 VIOLINS               |
| 50 | ALL DAY LONG                       | THE SHOP ASSISTANTS         |