

FREE-EXCLUSIVE FOUR TRACK EP

SOUNDS

THE

JIM KERR

INTERVIEW

PAGES 8, 9 & 10

MADNESS

THE PASTELS

THE CRAMPS

DAVE ROBINSON

THESE TENDER VIRTUES

PHANTOM, ROCKER AND SLICK

SHOXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

WIN YOUR OWN
PROMO VIDEO

SEE PAGE 19

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PUBLISHED BY SPOTLIGHT PUBLICATIONS LTD.
GREATER LONDON HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD ROAD
LONDON NW1 7QZ



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THE SISTERS OF MERCY are not being merciful to each other in the wake of their split last summer.

As well as The Sisterhood formed by Wayne Hussey and Craig Adams (both ex-Sisters Of Mercy) announced in last week's *Sounds*, there is also The Sisterhood featuring James Ray (not ex-Sisters Of Mercy) who have just released a single called 'Giving Ground' on Merciful Release (through Red Rhino) which features the 'musical bile' and co-production of Andrew Eldritch, who was the singer in Sisters Of Mercy. (Uhl)

Both Sisterhoods are now hurling insults at each other and while they are definitely not exchanging sisterly love, they are certainly getting under each other's skin. This one will probably run and run.

RONNIE HAWKINS, the colourful '50s rock and roll legend who rose to fame with such classics as 'Forty Days', 'Who Do You Love' and 'Mary Lou', comes over to Britain as part of a European tour next month.

The first confirmed dates are at the Harlesden Mean Fiddler on February 3 and 7. More may be announced soon.

During the '60s Hawkins was backed by The Band before they went on to play with Bob Dylan.

A vintage live album, 'The Hawk' is coming out on Magnum Force to coincide with the tour and he has also released a new album in Canada recently called 'Making It Again'.

DÜ RATION



Hüsker Dü celebrate new label with biggest British tour to date

HÜSKER DÜ have made a determined bid to expand their burgeoning cult following still further by signing to Warner Brothers.

The innovative Minneapolis trio, who were previously with Californian indie label SST and have released four albums since they were formed back in 1979, have another LP due out in March called 'Candy Apple Grey'.

They've also lined up a two-week British tour - their most extensive here so far - to coincide with the album's release.

They'll be starting at Newcastle Riverside on March 13, continuing at Aberdeen Victoria Hotel 15, Glasgow Mayfair 16, Liverpool University 17, Leeds University 18, Nottingham Rock City 19, Manchester International 21, Sheffield Leadmill 22, Birmingham Powerhouse 23, Bristol Bierkeller 25, London Camden Electric Ballroom 26.

Pil State The Obvious ...



PIL, now the exclusive preserve of John Lydon, have a new album out this week on Virgin, their first in two years.

It's called 'Album', the cassette is called 'Cassette' and you'll never guess what the compact disc version, coming in another month or so, is called.

'Album' was recorded in New York late last year and was produced by the ubiquitous Bill Laswell. The musicians on the album include Ginger Baker on drums, Shankar on violin, Ryuichi Sakamoto on keyboards and Steve View on guitar.

In addition to the single, 'Rise', there are other equally monosyllabic tracks including such titles as 'Round', 'Bags', 'Ease' and 'FFF'.

Lydon is still in Britain basking in the fruits of his court victory over Malcolm McLaren. He is reported to be planning live dates in this country and Europe although the composition of his band for the gigs is anybody's guess.

EASTERHOUSE have organised a batch of gigs to cash in on the critical praise for their second single 'Whistling In The Dark' which has just been released by Rough Trade.

They'll be appearing at Manchester Ritz February 5, Newcastle Tiffany's 12, London North Kensington Acklam Hall 20, Sheffield University March 4. More will be added.

PLAY DEAD are no more. They disbanded last week after bassist Pete was unable to agree a new musical direction with the other three original members.

Pete has now gone off for a short sabbatical to Southern India and will be forming a new band when he returns.

Guitarist Steve, singer Rob and drummer Wiff will be continuing together in a new group called The Beastmaster Generals and are looking for a new bassist and keyboard player. Anyone interested and into 'groove music' should phone (0295) 65995 for an audition.

GREEN

Big names turn out to support Greenpeace operations

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN

Madness and Lloyd Cole And The Commotions are being lined up to appear in a series of *Sound Waves For Greenpeace* concerts at London's Royal Albert Hall

in April.

In addition, Big Country, The Thompson Twins, China Crisis, Ian Dury, Blancmange, Aswad, Chris De Burgh, Simply Red, Nik Kershaw, Lindsfarne, Strawberry Switchblade and John Williams have all expressed interest in playing at the concert parties, which will also include contributions from actors and comedians to add to

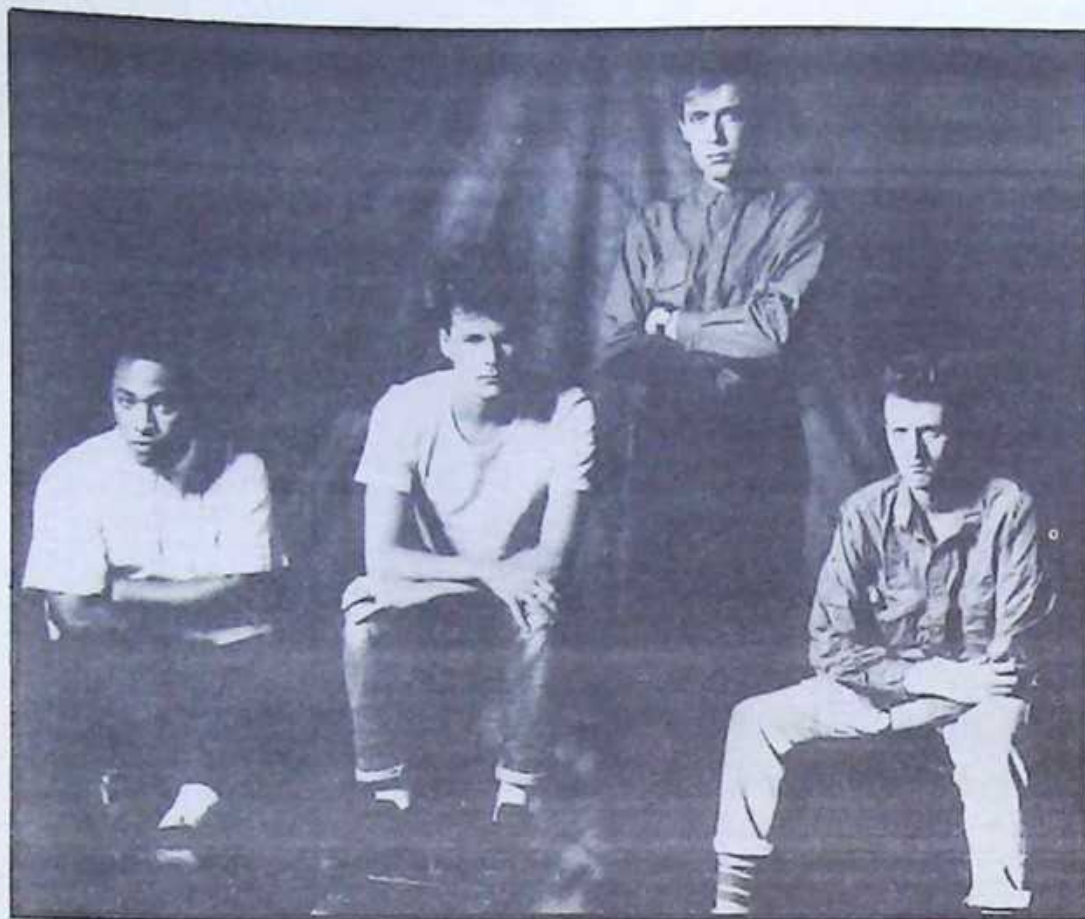
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PHOTOGRAPHERS: PETER ANDERSON, DOUGLAS CAPE, LAURA LEVINE, TONY MOTTRAM, ANDY PHILLIPS, CAROLE SEGAL, MARTYN STRICKLAND, GAVIN WATSON

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PUBLISHER: ERIC FULLER
GROUP PUBLISHING DIRECTOR: MIKE SHARMAN
MANAGING DIRECTOR: JACK HUTTON
DISTRIBUTION: 1 BENWELL ROAD, LONDON N7 7AX TELEPHONE: 01-607 6411
TYPESET BY: TABLOID FOTASET, 3 WOODBRIDGE HOUSE, WOODBRIDGE STREET, LONDON EC1
PRINTED BY: LSG PRINT DIVISION, THE NEWSPAPER CENTRE, ST MARY'S STREET, LINCOLN LN5 7JA
Subscriptions: £40 UK, US \$85 Overseas. Available from Subscription Department, Morgan-Grampian PLC, Royal Sovereign House, 40 Bedford Street, London SE18 6QH
REGISTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER



STEEL PULSE, the vintage Handsworth reggae band now into their 11th year, have signed to Elektra, have a new album out in February called 'Babylon The Bandit' and have lined up a lengthy British tour to coincide with its release.

The band, who currently consist of David Hinds vocals and guitar, Selwyn Brown keyboards, Phonso Martin percussion and Steve Nesbitt drums, begin their tour at Newcastle University on February 20 and have other confirmed dates at Dundee University 21, Glasgow Queen Margaret Union 22, Edinburgh Empire 23, Norwich East Anglia University 25, Leicester Polytechnic 26, Manchester International 27, Oxford Polytechnic 28, Hull University March 1, Exeter University 3, Leeds University 5, Bristol University 7, Southampton Mayfair 9, Penzance Demelzas 10, Brighton Top Rank 12, Folkestone Leas Cliffe Hall 13, London Hammersmith Palais 16.

GOING TO THE COUNTRY

BIG COUNTRY break a British live absence of 14 months in March when they play a nine-date tour.

The band have been ensconced in the studio recording their third album with producer Robin Miller, scheduled for release in April.

But fans will be able to get a preview of the new material at Nottingham Royal Concert Hall

March 17, Manchester Apollo 18, Sheffield City Hall 19, Newcastle City Hall 21, Dundee Caird Hall 22, Edinburgh Playhouse 23, Birmingham Odeon 25, London Hammersmith Odeon 26, Bristol Hippodrome 28.

Tickets are priced at £6 and £5 everywhere except Hammersmith, which is £7 and £6, and they go on sale from Thursday.

AC/DC, who have just finished a nationwide tour, are writing the soundtrack for the new Stephen King film, *Maximum Overdrive*.

The film is based on King's short story *Trucks* which is about a comet which passes too close to earth (unlike Haley's comet) and turns machines into killers. It will star Emilio Estevez, Pat Hingle and Laura Harrington.

Play Dead's final release from the Conny Plank sessions will be a single called 'Burning Down' released early in March on Tanz Records. In the wake of the split, Tanz have wisely broadened out (they only had Play Dead!) and will be putting out singles by The Fifteenth, Chatshow, Tea House Camp and Rock City Crew.

THE GO-BETWEENS have signed a new contract with Beggars Banquet, their seventh label so far. Elektra was their last, after which the band were seriously considering returning to Australia for good.

But the new contract means some UK tour dates for the spring and the release of a new single called 'Spring Rain' on February 10 plus an album in early March. Further details will be announced soon.

CHRIS AND COSEY bring out a new LP with a "synthy" sound called 'Techno Primitiv' this week on Rough Trade.

Stories Of Johnny ...



PREFAB SPROUT make a bid for chart success again with a new single called 'Johnny Johnny'. Released on Kitchenware this week, the b-side sports a number called 'Wigs' while the 12 inch also boasts sardonically-named tracks 'Old Spoon Face Is Back' and 'The Guest Who Stayed Forever'.

The band have lined up a gig at London's Hammersmith Odeon on March 5 at the end of a European tour. Tickets are on sale now, price £5.

DIO RAMA

DIO bring their million dollar stage show to Britain in May.

Having spent the last few months hauling their six-foot crystal ball, two 12-foot robot knights, 18 foot fire-breathing smoke-spewing dragon and multi-coloured laser beams around America, Ronnie James Dio and his band are bringing the whole extravaganza to Europe in the Spring.

Their British dates start at Birmingham NEC on May 7 followed by Newcastle City Hall 8, Edinburgh Playhouse 9, and Leeds Queens Hall 10, finishing with three London Hammersmith Odeon dates on 12, 13 and 14.

Tickets are £7.50 and £6.50 (plus booking fee) everywhere except Leeds, where they're all £7.50. Leeds tickets are also available by post from PO Box 124, Walsall, West Midlands WS9 8TH. Cheques and postal orders (which should also include 40p per ticket booking fee) should be payable to 'MCP Ltd'.

Birmingham tickets are also available from Birmingham Cyclops Sounds, Wolverhampton Gouls, Stafford Lotus, Stoke Mike Lloyd, Manchester Piccadilly Records, Liverpool Royal Court and Derby and Nottingham Way Ahead.



DIO: bringing over their million dollar stage show

ALTERNATIVE TV confirm their return after a five-year absence with a single called 'Welcome To The End Of Fun' which comes out on Noiseville Records (through Rough Trade) on February 14.

The band, who played a few gigs last autumn, now consist of founder member Mark Perry vocals and guitar, Karl Blake guitar (also in The Shockheaded Peters), Allison Phillips drums (ex-UT, The Legend and The Deadly Nightshades) and Steve Cannell bass (ex-Stiff Injectors).

They also have a batch of gigs lined up at Leeds Adam And Eves January 29, Woolwich Thames Polytechnic 31, Woolwich Coronet (with The Fall) 6, Kennington Cricketers 17, Finsbury Park Sir George Robey 20, Brixton Loughborough Hotel 27.

THE TUBE is to be repeated on Tuesday nights on Channel 4 for those who can't get back by 5.30pm on Fridays to watch it.

The programme's producers have been angling for a repeat slot almost since the programme began in 1982 and their wish will come true when the February 14 edition, which features a film report on this week's *Sounds* front cover boys Simple Minds, is transmitted again on the 18th at 10.30pm.

Although the precise time slot will vary each week, the repeated show will always follow Channel 4's *Tuesday Film*.

Forthcoming attractions on *The Tube* include live appearance from Ozzy Osbourne and Siouxsie And The Banshees on February 28.

HUW LLOYD-LANGTON, who has established himself outside Hawkwind with two solo albums, takes his own band out on the road next month and whacks out an album, 'Like An Arrow Through The Heart', on Gas Records (via Pinnacle) on February 21.

The tour, which will include ten dates in Scotland, as yet unannounced, kicks off at Oxford Pennyfarthing on February 14, then moves on to Wokingham Angle's 15, South East London Tramshead 20, Stroud Subscription Room 21 and High Wycombe Nag's Head 22.

Meanwhile Hawkwind, still reeling from the success of their recent 35-date tour based on Michael Moorcock's *Elric Saga*, are hoping to take the show to Poland later this year.

WEDGE

the lighthearted atmosphere.

A Greenpeace spokesperson said that virtually all the top British rock names had been approached for the shows, which will run from April 21-25, and many of those who couldn't appear because of other commitments were making donations. They had specifically wanted a number of black acts to play but a

surprising number had turned them down.

The concerts will coincide with a series of 'controversial' Greenpeace activities in the North Sea which are likely to attract considerable publicity, although details aren't being announced as yet.

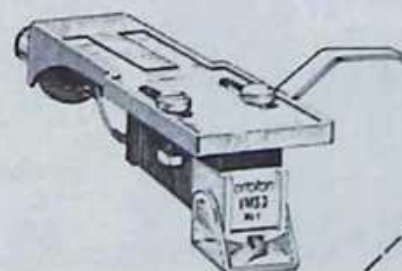
The details of the concerts will be announced as soon as all the acts have been confirmed.

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CARMEL returns to London's Ronnie Scotts Club - where she played two sell-out shows last August - for another concert on March 23. Tickets are £5 in advance or £6 on the door. She's currently finishing off her new album which should be released by London in the late Spring.

CONFLICT and A Flux Of Pink Indians have joined forces again after a year's separation and are now recording a joint anti-apartheid single.

They've also lined up a smash-apartheid gig at Hammersmith Clarendon on February 22.

Conflict have nearly finished work on their own third album called 'The Ungovernable Force' which will be released by Mortarhate in March.

KILL UGLY POP! nip out for a trio of London gigs this weekend in gentle preparation for their EP, due out in March on Fever, called 'Legendary Bigfoot'.

They'll be staging a 'Church Of Immaculate Deception' at Deptford Crypt January 31, Hammersmith Clarendon February 1 and Soho Marquee 2.

C&A In Store...



CHERRELLE and **ALEXANDER O'NEAL**, riding high in the Top Ten with 'Saturday Love', will be visiting the UK for three concerts next month. At the same time the duo will be releasing solo singles on Epic Records.

Cherrelle's single is called 'Will You Satisfy?' from her album 'High Priority', while O'Neal's single, 'If You Were Here Tonight', is taken from his debut album 'Alexander O'Neal' - both released on February 10.

The duo play London Hammersmith Odeon on February 28 and March 1, and Croydon Fairfield Halls 2. Tickets are £7.50, £6.50 and £5.50 on sale now.

ACCEPT YOUR FATE



ACCEPT: coming back to build on Donington and Hammersmith successes

ACCEPT, the German hard rock band who've been building on their 1984 Castle Donington appearance and sold out their last Hammersmith Odeon show, will be over for a series of British dates in April.

The band, who have adopted an increasingly anti-macho stance in defiance of the current American Rambo-fer, have a live EP called 'Kaizoku-Ban' released by Portrait (through CBS) next week (see review page 25). A studio album is scheduled for later this year.

The British leg of the band's world tour starts at Dublin SFX on April 1 and then continues at Belfast Ulster Hall 2, London Hammersmith Odeon 4-5, Bristol Hippodrome 6, Birmingham Odeon 7, Manchester Apollo 8, Edinburgh Playhouse 10, Newcastle Mayfair 11.

Tickets are priced at £5.00 and £4.50 everywhere except

Newcastle which is £5.00 and London which is £6.00 and £5.00.

Special guests on the tour are American metallurgists Dokken who are early contenders for the Sounds

1986 Baloney Down The Trouser Leg Award.

It will be the first British visit from the band who have their third album, 'Under Lock And Key' coming out on WEA at the end of February.



DOKKEN: sorry you can't see all the baloney

THE COST OF A GOOD TIME...

...isn't getting any cheaper, and the cost of producing Sounds, like most publications, is constantly increasing.

Unfortunately we're no longer able to contain these greater costs so, with regret, we have to pass a proportion of them on to you, the reader, in the form of this week's five pence price rise.

On the bright side, however, the next four issues are brimming with freebies and the quality of the read is, we believe, higher than ever!

SOUNDS - PENNY FOR PENNY, STILL BETTER THAN ANY!

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31st SAGA	5th INCANTATIONS
Feb 1st THE LEAGUE	8th-May 17th ROWAN ATKINSON
2nd INXS	7-8-9-10-14-15-16-21-22-23rd
4th RICKY SCAGGS	USA MINELLI
6th MARILLION	14-15th CRAMPS
9th SOPHIA GEORGE	16th STEEL PULSE
15th COLOMBIAN VOLCANO APPEAL	17th FOSTER & ALLEN
19-20-26th OZZY OSBOURNE	23rd CARMEL
22-23rd FEARGL SHARKEY	25th TWISTED SISTER
24-25th O.M.D.	26th HUSKER DU
27th CLANNAD	27th TANGERINE DREAM
28 March 1st CHERRELLE & ALEXANDER O'NEAL	April 5th ACCEPT
	from 10th TIME
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EMI

FRUITS OF PASSION, the latest hotly tipped Scottish band whose debut single 'All I Ever Wanted' brought widespread acclaim, will be supporting Feargal Sharkey on his British tour which starts this week.

The Glasgow quartet have already toured with Lloyd Cole And The Commotions, Big Sound Authority, The Bluebells and Friends Again as well as playing a couple of their own tours.

Having sorted out a permanent drummer, Fruits Of Passion have a new single out on Siren next week called 'Love's Glory'.

TERRY RILEY, the American composer and musician whose minimalist style has influenced the likes of Steve Reich and John Cale, makes his long overdue British debut when he plays London University Logan Hall on February 17.

Riley first came to prominence in the '60s with a series of albums, including 'In C', 'Rainbow In Curved Air' and a collaboration with John Cale called 'Church Of Anthrax'.

Tickets are priced at £5 in advance (£6 on the door) from the Bloomsbury Theatre, Rhythm Records, Keith Prowse and Premier, or by post from Gemini Promotions, 72 Farm Lane, London SW6.

THE BLUBBERY HELLBELLIES have hitched their weighty wagon to Flicknife and will be releasing a six-track mini-album called 'Cafe Blur' at the beginning of March.

They'll be out on tour before that at Southampton Riverside January 30, Bristol Polytechnic 31, Chester Angels February 4, Manchester Polytechnic 5, Galashiels Technical College 6, Shotts Mucky Duck 7, Aberdeen Venue 8, Dundee Dance Factory 9, Gourock Bay Hotel 10, Leeds University 11, Sheffield University 14, Litchfield Civic Hall 15, London Middlesex Polytechnic 20.

They'll be heading out on another tour after the album's release.

NRBQ, who formed in Miami 19 years ago as The New Rhythm And Blues Quintet, come over for a rare British visit and play a couple of nights at Camden Dingwalls on February 14 and 15.

ACADEMY, who have built themselves a good following after their support act on the Dead Or Alive tour last summer, bring out a single this week on RCA called 'You're In My System'. The song belongs originally to The System and was also covered by Robert Palmer a few years ago.

The flipside is 'Heaven Waits' and the 12 inch features the extra 'System' mega-mix.

Academy can also be heard live at The Embassy January 22, Hippodrome 23 and London King's College 24.

HIPSWAY release their third single on Phonogram next weekend called 'Honeythief' and have lined up a series of dates later in February.

Both the single and the dates will be a warm-up for the band's first album which is due out in April.

The band, who caused considerable interest with their 'Broken Years' and 'Ask The Lord' singles, will be playing Glasgow Strathclyde University February 22, Dundee Dance Factory 24, Manchester Polytechnic 26, London University Union 27, Leicester Polytechnic 28, Coventry Warwick University March 1.

the Sin and Sacrifice of Christian Death



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Jungle Records JUNG 24T

IN CELEBRATION OF THE NEW RELEASE, THERE WILL BE A RECEPTION AT DINGWALLS TUESDAY 4th FEBRUARY

RECORD NEWS

EVAN JOHNS, better known as the guitarist in The Le Roi Brothers, has an album called 'Rollin' Thru The Night' released by Alternative Tentacles early in February.

TALKING DRUMS, the Scottish popsters who've been lying low since a brief 'flirtation' with MCA last year, return with an eponymously titled album this month on the Glasgow indie Sticky Music.

POLITICAL ASYLUM, the Scottish punk band, have a live cassette recorded at the Bannockburn Tandhu in December 1984 called 'Political Asylum Live' available for £1.70 from BBP Records And Cassettes, 90 Grange Drive, Swindon, Wiltshire SN3 4LD.

RICHARD LLOYD, former guitarist with Television, has a solo album called 'Field Of Fire' released this month by the Swedish indie label Mistrur, available here through Nine Mile and The Cartel.

QUICKSILVER MESSENGER SERVICE will have their '60s heritage served up on an album called 'The Ultimate Journey' which is coming out on See For Miles (through Pinnacle) next month, together with The Hollies' 'Not The Hits Again' and Canned Heat's 'Boogie With Canned Heat'.

HORACE ANDY has a new disco 45 out on Music Hawk this month called 'User'.

MICHAEL ST JAMES, the East London songwriter, has a new single out on WEA this weekend called 'Feel My Love'.

PSYCHE, a three-piece 'electronic dance and despair' band from Canada, have an album packaged as two 45rpm 12-inches called 'Insomnia Theatre' released by New Rose this month.

FAR CORPORATION follow their hit version of 'Stairway To Heaven' with a new single called 'You Are The Woman' on Arista this week.



RUFEX release a new version of their 'Wild Colonial Boy' song on Kasper (through Stiff) this week. Produced by Mick Glossop, it comes from their 'Flowers For All Occasions' album. The band are out on tour next month.

PHILIP-MICHAEL THOMAS takes time off from *Miami Vice* to release his first solo single on Atlantic this weekend called 'Just The Way I Planned It'.

MARILYN MARTIN, who got the start she wanted in this country by duetting with Phil Collins, goes her own way on her new WEA single this week called 'Night Moves'.

BLUES 'N' TROUBLE, once dubbed 'the best white blues band around' by B B King, have a new single called 'Fine Fine Fine' issued by Ammunition Communications (through EMI) this week.

U V POP, who used to be the one-man-band John White, bring out a four-track 12-inch single this week called 'Serious'. Released on Native Records, it's the fore-runner to their new album out in April.

JIM DIAMOND is the writer, producer and singer of the theme song for a new series called *Boon* on ITV. The song is called 'Hi Ho Silver' and is released on A&M Records on January 31.

ALASTAIR TERRY, lead vocalist with Pet Hate, has a solo LP out called 'Young At Heart' on the FM label this week.

JOHN MARTYN will be the first artist to bring out a commercially available Compact disc single next month. 'Angeline', taken from Martyn's forthcoming album 'Piece By Piece', coincides with the beginning of his 20th anniversary tour at the start of February. The CD single, which is also available in 12-inch ordinary vinyl, should cost no more than £5.99, and features three John Martyn classics - 'May You Never', 'Solid Air' and 'Glistening Glyndebourne' - and Bob Dylan's 'Tight Connection To My Heart'.

POTATO 5, popular new ska players, have a single out called 'Western Special' on Gaz's Rockin' Records (through Stiff). The B-side comes from their 'Ska Explosion' 12-inch.

PHRANC, an acclaimed American lesbian folk singer, has her debut album 'Folksinger' out in the UK on Stiff. Phranc will be coming to London soon to play a few dates.

REBECCA STORM, who had a chart hit with her first single 'The Show' last year, has a new single out this week called 'Mr Love' on EMI. It's the theme song to a new film by British producer David Puttnam due out next month.

BRAVE COMBO, who were regulars on the late Alexis Korner Radio 1 show, bring out a 12-inch record featuring six tracks on February 14. Called 'People Are Strange', it features tracks from all their previous albums and is out on Rogue Records through Topic Records and Making Waves.



WESTERN PROMISE, who claim to be 'the most exciting live act in Liverpool', have a 12-inch EP out on Midnight Music this week called 'My War'. Since the EP was recorded, ex-Ellery Bop Mark Parry and Jay Coldwell have replaced Sean Butler and Dave King on drums and bass respectively.

THE HUDSONS, BLANCHE AND JANE, a new "tragi-disco" duo, have their debut single out this week called 'One Man's Meat' on Wheelchair Records.

ROBYN HITCHCOCK has a flexi-disc available with *Bucketfull Of Brains* fanzine this week, called 'Happy The Golden Prince'. Issue number 14 also includes interviews with Sky Saxon, Alex Chilton, The Dentists, and articles on The Hoodoo Gurus, The Johnnys and the Pandora's Box festival report. It's available from: *Bucketfull Of Brains*, 70 Prince Georges Avenue, London SW20 8BH, priced at £1.40.

RICHARD JOBSON has a compilation of his last two solo albums out in one double package this week. Called 'The Other Man', it's released on Les Disques Du Crepuscule.

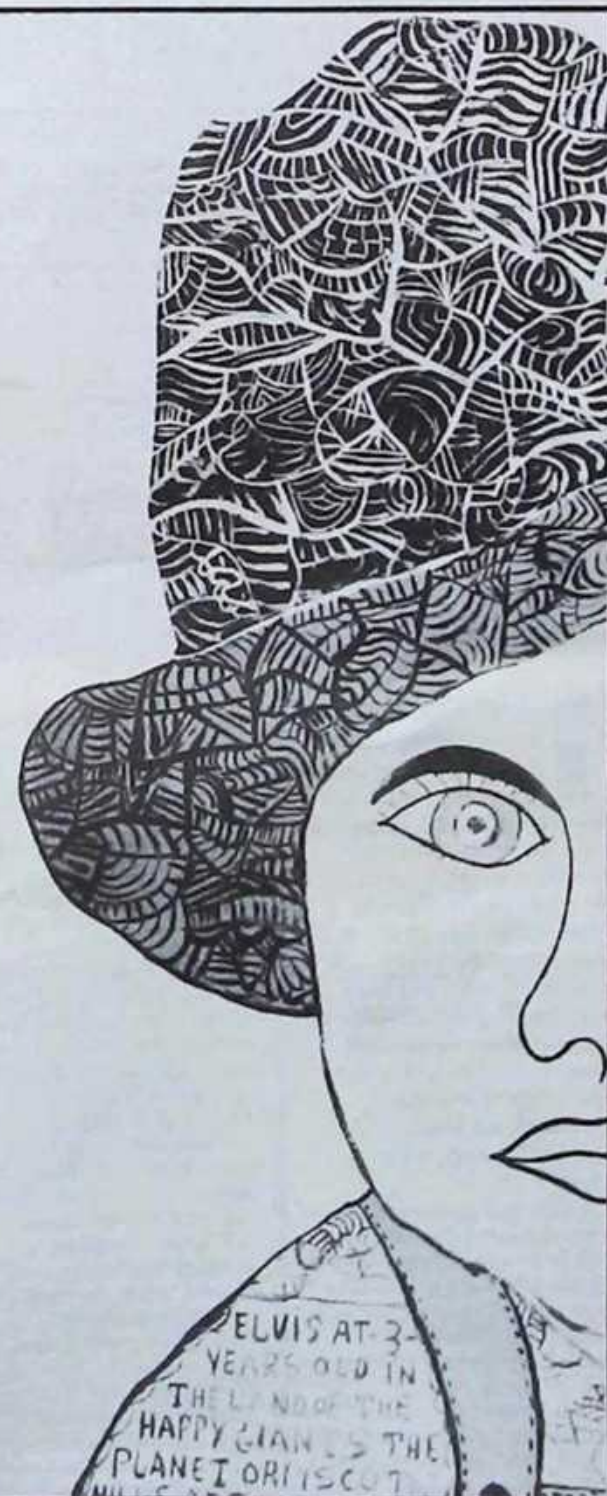
PAUL HAIG, Anna Domino, Be Music, Cheyne, Kid Montana, Pleasure Ground and Blaine Reininger are featured on a compilation LP called 'A Quick Neat Job' this week. The LP plus cassette are available on Les Disques Du Crepuscule.

ANTENA bring out a foretaster to their LP out next month called 'Seaside Weekend'. Out on Les Disques Du Crepuscule, it's also available as a 12-inch extra track.

Talking Heads

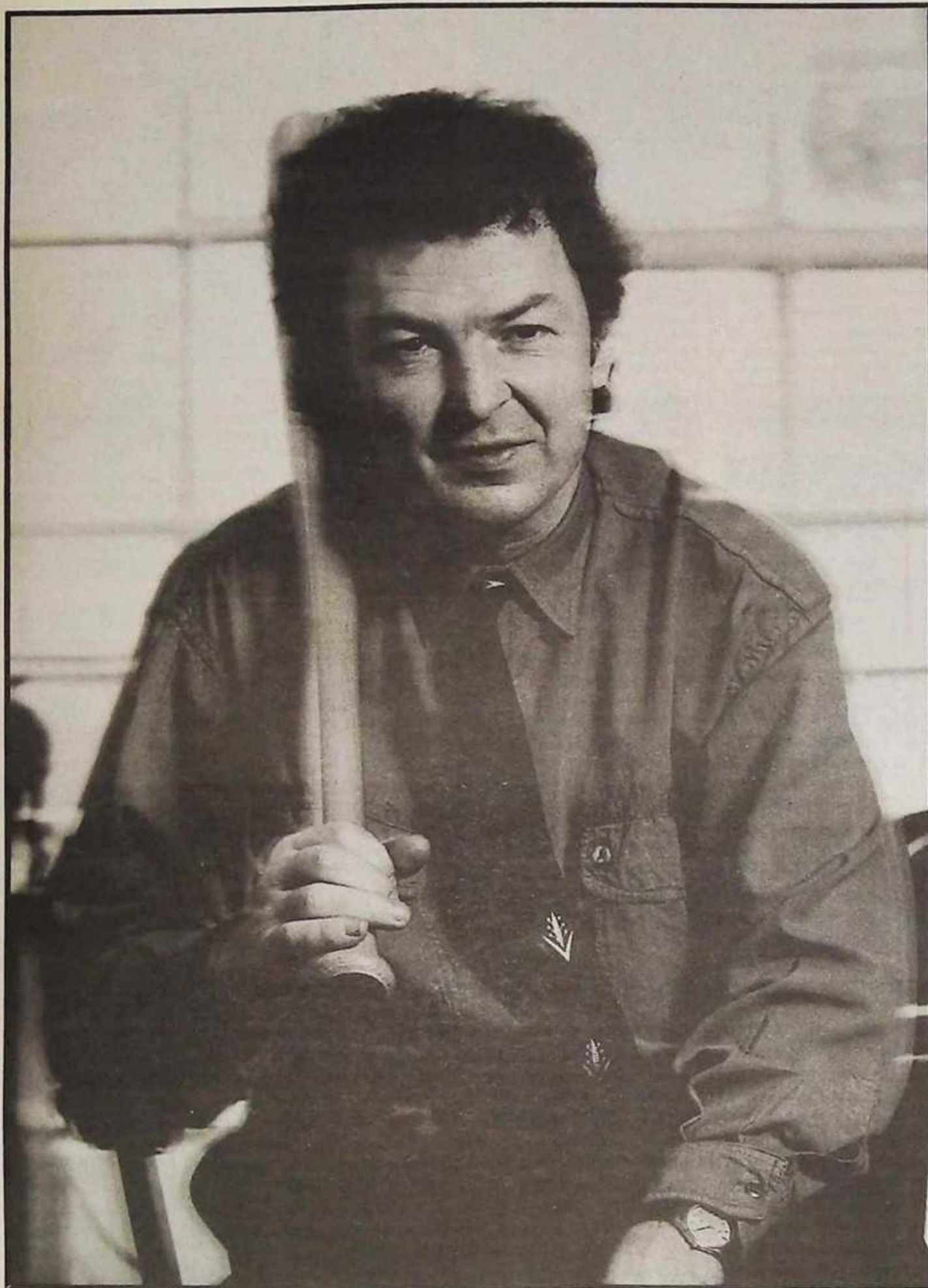
NEW SINGLE *And She Was*

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STIFF'S UPPER LIP

Stiff supremo DAVE ROBINSON explains to HUGH FIELDER why he's back at first base and going for a home run. DOUGLAS CAPE catches him out



JUST hate the smugness of the major labels. People who I know well have joined them and after a few months they start coming out with what I call major cant. They'll quote eight bands on their label – usually from America – who are doing well, having delivered a ready-made album and three videos shot by this year's hot Hollywood producer. So the company's sold a lot, so what?

"Don't get me wrong. I love selling records. But that's no feather in anyone's cap. It's not like finding a group that other people weren't too sure of, nurturing them and developing them – that's what I call job satisfaction."

Dave Robinson and his beloved Stiff Records are back on the indie scene where they started ten years ago. And

raring to go.

No label epitomised the spirit of the new wave better. Within a few months at the end of 1976 they irrevocably transformed the staid British record industry with singles from Nick Lowe, The Damned, Richard Hell, Ian Dury, The Adverts and Elvis Costello.

They didn't score a hit until their 20th single a year later (Costello's 'Watching The Detectives'), but they quickly developed a promotional flair and audacity that went on to pay huge dividends with Madness.

Review copies of Ian Dury's first album 'New Boots And Panties' were accompanied by one outsize Doc Marten boot and a pair of crutchless knickers, and when his second, 'Do It Yourself', came out a couple of Stiff employees crept in and wallpapered the *Sounds* offices early one morning.

Irish-born Robinson's previous rock business experiences had included road managing Jimi Hendrix in

America and managing those legendary one-hype wonders Brinsley Schwarz – a planeload of journalists were flown to their debut US appearance in New York and arrived just after the band had finished.

By 1980 Stiff, which had started with a £400 loan from Dr Feelgood's Lee Brilleaux, was turning over £3.5 million, propelled by Dave Robinson's forceful character, not to mention the baseball bat that lay beside his desk in case of 'awkward moments'.

But all Stiff's glorious expansion couldn't protect them from the general slump in record sales during the early '80s. As business got tougher, money got tighter and at the beginning of 1984 Stiff amalgamated with Island, Robinson becoming managing director of both companies, responsible to Island's founder Chris Blackwell.

The merger surprised many who considered Stiff's brash approach and Island's

calculated cool incompatible. But almost before cynical eyebrows could be raised Island hit paydirt with Frankie Goes To Hollywood, Bob Marley's 'Legend' and U2's 'Unforgettable Fire' album.

A year later, as Island's extraordinary surge subsided, opinions were divided as to how much credit Robinson could claim for it.

It was also noticeable that Stiff's own fortunes had remained fairly static during the same period. The staffs of the two companies never really mixed either professionally or socially, but then Robinson claims he never intended to merge the identity of the two labels.

SUDDENLY, ONE day last July, the amalgamation was over. Amid a welter of 'did-he-jump-or-was-he-pushed' speculation, Robinson resigned from Island and announced that Stiff was returning to the ranks of the indies though he retains a link

with Island as a TV marketing consultant.

It's taken another six months to achieve the physical split but Stiff have finally found their own premises in a warehouse in Coronet Street, E1, which manages to combine spacious open plan with a rabbit warren of cubby holes, and they are now open for business.

The baseball bat is back beside Robinson's desk again after being symbolically plinned to the wall at Island. But he claims to have no regrets about his time there or his decision to leave.

"I set out to prove that Island could do what everybody else could do. I also thought that Island and Stiff with their slightly different philosophies would make a large independent," he explains in the Irish brogue that he uses to cajole, amuse, entice or bully according to volume.

"The idea was that '84 would be Island's year and '85 would be Stiff's year but '85 turned out to be Island's year again because Chris Blackwell really *thinks* Island – after all it is his company. I felt that Stiff needed to progress. Another year and it would have disappeared into the annals.

"Now Stiff is starting afresh. We have a whole new series of artists and a whole new set of ambitions."

It's not a completely new start. They've still got The Pogues and The Belle Stars from their previous roster, plus recent signings like Makin' Time and The Untouchables. But several acts who wanted out, or who Stiff wanted out, are gone.

So far they've signed licensing deals with a number of small American labels which include Christian heavy metal band Stryper, who apparently throw Bibles at their audience!

But Robinson knows what he's after: "We're dealing at the moment as a live band record company. That's what we like doing and what we do best. We're interested in music so we want them to be able to play well."

"They have to be prepared to work too. Some groups think that it's all too easy, that their lawyer and record company are going to do all the work."

"Bands have to work at it. I've no time for that '70s mentality whereby you took a lot of drugs and waited for the creative force to come out of your left ear. Phil Lynott represents the ultimate attitude of stupidity for me. He was a really nice bloke and he was great value for money live but the way he went out was just dreadful."

THE INDIE scene that Dave Robinson has returned to is very different from the one he pioneered a decade ago. Indeed many indie people – particularly those working around The Cartel and their connected labels – would claim that Stiff aren't an indie label at all because they have a distribution agreement with EMI.

"That's bullshit!" retorts Robinson. "Distribution has nothing to do with it. Selling the record is the thing. Distribution simply moves it from one place to another. But that's all it does. And most distribution is done by Securicor anyway so you could claim that they are a major label!"

"As far as I'm concerned, an independent company is one that's owned by one individual. So Chrysalis and Virgin can't be independent because they get most of their money from the City."

Quite where Stiff are getting their money from is another matter. Robinson had to buy Stiff back from Island and there are stories of creditors trying to prise their money out of the company with some difficulty.

So it doesn't seem overly impertinent to ask whether Stiff does have any money.

"We can buy you a cup of tea," replies Robinson dryly (the fingers that look as if they might be about to grasp the baseball bat settle for scratching the back of his head instead). "We haven't come out of Island hugely flush but we have enough people and we have the licensees to provide us with a hit which is what we want."

"The biggest problem for indie labels is cash flow."

Everybody has them, particularly with the inflated costs for videos and marketing to promote a single. You're talking about £70,000 to promote a single.

"But the more traditional route of allowing a band to develop and flower under its own steam – in the way The Cult and U2 have done – is much more satisfying to achieve."

The other factor that will determine Stiff's new future is that of Dave Robinson himself. His raffish, often abrasive style – so vital to Stiff's original success – has lost him a few friends along the way. However, he still has the capacity to inspire a loyal and dedicated staff to work tirelessly for him.

But as one wisely anonymous source put it: "All the old eccentric charm has worn thin among people he's presumed too heavily upon."

And Madness have been publicly aggrieved that he has utilised what they consider their video trademark for TV advertisements extolling the virtues of British meat (see pages 30 & 31).

"Yes, Madness do winge on a bit about that. But a lot of the ideas in those early Madness videos were mine. I thought that a TV commercial would be a valuable experience so I did it. And I think the guy who wrote the script based it on a Madness video – that's probably how I got involved. It's the same as hearing a great record and thinking, Who's the producer? But I've never understood Madness' complaint."

"I don't set out to annoy people. It's just that there are a limited number of hours in the day and by the time you've tried to soften the blow or whatever you've wasted half an hour."

"There's always someone around who would like to kick you but I don't know who they are, so I'm not walking around looking for them. I've also found that when you are doing well a lot of people come out of the woodwork to support you."

"But I don't pay any attention to it. I've never thought politically about the record business. I just do what it seems there is to do."

"Right now we are due an independent upsurge – a couple of really good left-field items to slip through the net and into the charts."

"And I'd like to have them both."



NEXT WEEK

In another smash issue of *Sounds* we're gonna knock you dead with *The Story Of Rocky*, a colour magazine to coincide with the release of *Rocky IV*, including an interview with Italian Stallion, writer, director and actor Sylvester Stallone.

And if that doesn't pack enough punch, you can turn your talents to winning a Philips Stereo Video Recorder in our exclusive competition.

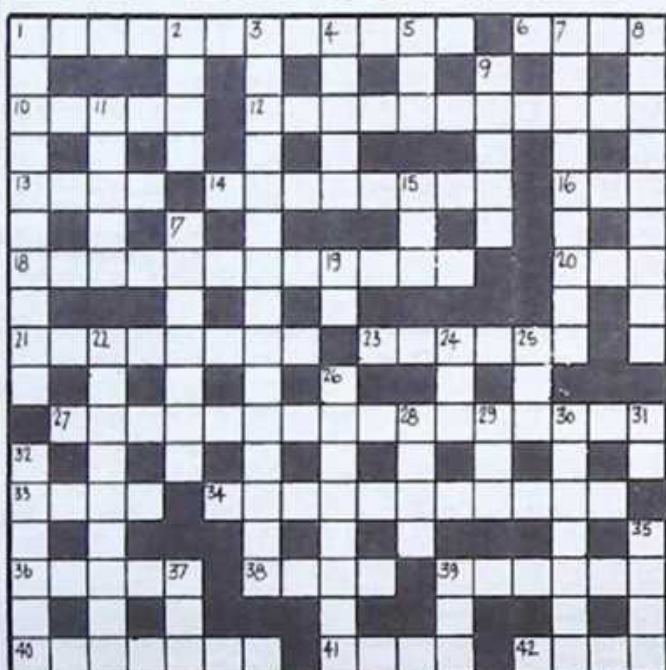
Still standing? Well, cast a glance at our features then. Round two of the Jim Kerr exclusive, and a ringside seat with John Lydon, back from the ashes of the Pistols with all those green backs in his pocket.

So don't miss a round with Rocky and Simpleminded Jim vs Johnny 'Boy' Lydon in next week's musclebound issue of *Sounds*.

Place an order with your newsagent now...



X WORD



BY SUE BUCKLEY

ACROSS

1. Does Isaac Newton know about this Green On Red effort? (7.5) 6. Ronnies' are evil! (4) 10. Miller flew like Walsh (5) 12. ... but Ozzy committed this (8.3) 13. It was high for Gary Cooper, but gained an 'E' for '60s hermit, Herman (4) 14. Quo's riposte to the rocket man? (4.4) 16. Do this to a peach, beg the Allman Brothers (3) 18. Queen at an auction? (6.2.4) 20. A thirsty clock? (1.1.1) 21. Pluralise the Stones' red bird (8) 23. David Essex planned mutiny on this choc bar (6) 27. Sounds like a real 'desire'-able romance! (4.5.7) 33. Geordie Jimmy could go with part of 18! (4) 34. He's from the farm, but isn't a farmers boy! (5.6) 36. Take hot ones to hell (5) 38. Young gets out of line (4) 39. ... but Nico's is of the obscure type (6) 40. ... and she might have used it, as she was connected with photos (5.2) 41. Kemp/Glitter/Moore/Daly (4) 42. Rose Royce wished on one (4)

DOWN

1. El's fashionable attire (5.5) 2. Roman date for a 'vehicle' band (4) 3. Sound advice from the Stones to motorist on double yellow lines (3.6.4.2) 4. Not 'before' the gold rush (5) 5. Fowley/McAuliffe (3) 7. When did all my troubles seem so far away? (9) 8. She sold it! (9) 9. Mott rolled it away ... don't tell Mick (5) 11. Four Tops had seven rooms of it (5) 15. Jethro drilled for it in the North Sea (3) 17. A climatic, jazzy report (7) 19. Wave band and west coast movie (1.1) 22. In which Queen come over as very single-minded (3.6) 24. He has a certain smile (3) 25. From El's head to this (3) 26. He begs us to stand by him, though he tends to drift away (3.1.4) 28. Lee/Peel/Knox/Oates (4) 29. Scorpions' menagerie (3) 30. His onions were very green! (6.1) 31. Doors' woman (1.1) 32. Gold/Ridgeway/Prince (6) 35. Scarborough/Warning (4) 37. Where could you see Lucy with her diamonds? (3) 39. Godley and Creme's screamer (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Never Understand 8. Songs 10. Wow 11. Tyger 12. Victorian Child 17. Lay Lady Lay 19. Neil 20. ELO 21. Afterburner 23. Roads 25. Low 27. No 28. MC 29. Animalize 32. Peter Shelley

DOWN

1. Nashville Teens 2. Rose Of Avalanche 3. New 4. Edwin 5. Sutch 6. Angel 7. Dark 9. Nicky Moore 13. Ivy 14. Cry 15. Ignore 16. Drive 18. April Wine 22. Rogues 24. Swans 26. City 30. All 31. Le

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MASTER

"We do really make twats of ourselves when it comes to talking about what we do because we always seem to rise to the bait."

Once upon a time Simple Minds were a small town band from Scotland. Now they've found their new gold dream in the mega stadiums across the world. TONY STEWART hitched a ride to Germany for a marathon two part interview with JIM KERR. PETER ANDERSON took the Valium and lensed a hand

"If we entertained you in 1982, that's good... I don't really expect people to be interested four years on. If they are, great! But I have no expectations whatsoever."



FOR THE British Vice Consul in Dusseldorf to turn up backstage at Simple Minds' show there could confirm that the group are now banal celebrities of the rock establishment.

Not that Our Man in Germany projects the appropriate image for a member of a consulate intent on protecting the rights of fellow countrymen and encouraging commerce.

Looking like a caricature of a star footballer, he's in his late 20s, has fashionably dishevelled longish hair, and wears an off-the-peg dark blue pinstripe suit with an askew tie that looks as though it's just had a punch-up with his shirt collar.

But it is the Government in Westminster — maybe even Thatcher herself, inspired by Charlie and Di's example and eager to weasel her way onto the Royal Family's guest list — that encourages the Vice Consul to get on down whenever a big name comes to town.

He and his mousy wife have seen them all: sipped champagne with Sting, exchanged cautious glares with Marillion, but dutifully avoided contact with likely subversives.

The Cure were one lot he deliberately ignored.

So, while along a noisy corridor the road crew are dismantling the stage set and Hoovering the 'ell out of a cloakroom, the conversation in the hospitality room is sombre and restrained. Our Man in Germany sips sparkling wine, struggles to recall even one song title, and laughs obligingly when the Minds' manager Bruce Findlay reminds him of his privileged position. After all, Findlay wouldn't be able to ring up and get a backstage pass for a Consulate bridge party, now would he?

Not even years of diplomatic schooling can disguise this man's obvious unease.

His bland attitude is in sharp contrast to that of the shirt-sleeved teenager from the Midlands who's just seen his 50th Simple Minds gig, shaken hands and collected autographs from all the band, and had his overcoat nicked from the hall.

Throughout the encounter with the Vice Consul, Jim Kerr's expression is nothing less than bemused.

Strained small talk with a Government official in a foreign land is a bewildering experience when, back in Parliament, Thatcher has set her hounds to Heseltine's throat. And in the early hours of the previous morning we'd been drinking and talking about it in a smoky hotel room when Jim remarked, "I'm surprised no one's bumped her off".

For almost seven years Simple Minds have grafted their way through Europe, slowly and

painstakingly, gradually increasing in stature with the release of eight albums up to 'Sparkle In The Rain'. Yet their unexpected hit 'Don't You (Forget About Me)' last summer, and their appearance on the Philadelphia end of Live Aid, abruptly elevated them to International Superstardom.

'Alive And Kicking' made the American top three and their most recent LP, 'Once Upon A Time' has sold over two million copies in a mere two months. With the present World Tour, they'll play to over a million and a half people.

So are the Minds now forging a pact of respectability with the powers of Tory Britain? "Ah, he's a ligger," Jim says disdainfully of the visiting Consul. "We didn't even know who he was... That's f***** embarrassing, especially with the talk we were having last night. You should have poured paraffin on him."

WE TRAVEL The group, us, their PR and Jim's two brothers — Paul, the Minds' tour manager, and 15-year-old Mark on his school holidays — from Heathrow to Dusseldorf.

Over the next two days we go from the luxury hotel to the first German gig an hour away in Dortmund, back to the hotel, then to the next show and back again in a high speed convoy of glittering Mercedes saloons.

After the maniacal hundred mile an hour chases along wet autobahns — "Is it imperative he drives at this speed?" Jim asks nervously from the back seat — there's a sudden drop in pace as the band go through the routine of a soundcheck, a meal backstage, then a long wait to go on five hours after they enter the sports arenas. From the moment they start playing there's a dazzling, careering spectacle; only to be followed by an even greater pressure drop when they go off two and a quarter hours later, their adrenalin burned off like rocket fuel, their egos satisfied, and a frenzied audience lurching deliriously out into the night.

Amidst all this activity Jim Kerr appears and disappears like a detached spectator. His charisma as a performer is now supreme; physically and vocally he's acrobatic, moving rapidly about the grand stage with the ceaseless energy of a marathon athlete. Away from the concert halls, he's anonymous, mild, unassuming.

It's as if the star persona is put away in the packing cases like a ventriloquist's dummy.

Simple Minds have travelled, too, from the initial British impetus of Genesis, Pink Floyd and Magazine on their debut album, 'Life In A Day', across a romantic European soundscape to the man-machine motion of 'Empires And Dance'.

Since the seminal 'New Gold Dream' in 1982 — their first actually to sell gold and provide the hit, 'Promised You A Miracle' — their adventure returned them to the blatant Brit-rock of 'Sparkle In The Rain', and more recently their so-called Americanisation with 'Once Upon A Time'.

Its success aside, the album is their most controversial. Its detractors claim they're crass, inspired by American commerce rather than culture, with personal integrity surrendered for professional mega-status. Its songs are shaped in the shadow of 'Don't You (Forget About Me)' as trite mainstream anthems to be injected painlessly into the mass bloodstream.

To my mind it's an epic recording of power and passion, for once focusing Kerr's abstract lyrical fragments with, as he says himself, "a glorious noise". Yet since his marriage to Chrissie Hynde nearly two years ago and the birth of their daughter Jasmine, Jim has chosen not to explain himself in the British rock press — further proof, say his critics, that he's running scared.

Until now, that is...

THE CHIEF reason is we haven't really done anything for two years, apart from that 'Don't You (Forget About Me)' thing, and it didn't really merit doing a lot of interviews.

"I think there has also been a turn. We've done tons and tons of press, not just in Britain but through Europe for years, and that was really important to us. Maybe I felt it was my job to explain what we were doing, or trying to do."

"There's also been a lot of things going through my mind in the past couple of years with the band... Before in interviews, I got into always feeling the need to justify. And then I thought, What the f*** are we justifying? Why should we justify anything? I felt a wee bit self conscious about the whole thing, too."

"And then getting married, and all that business. I could imagine the calibre of questions that would come. The teeny papers we just weren't interested in talking to; the scumbag tabloids we would never talk to."

"Apart from that I was brought up with the music papers, and I really loved them as much as the records. But now I'm 26, and it just doesn't seem to be that important."

As you said, you always seemed eager to talk, as if you enjoyed the experience of doing interviews...

"Yeah. It seemed a natural extension: make the record, play, and then talk. And with a good interviewer I always picked up something, because obviously we don't ask ourselves how we do it, or how it works. Why Simple Minds works really... the best way to describe it, even though it's a phoney word... is organic! It sort of falls together, comes together."

"Even reading interviews that other people do as well... you're sitting talking about yourself for two hours," he grimaces. "It's kinda queer, to be honest. We do really make twats of ourselves when it comes to talking about what we do because we always seem to rise to the bait. I just won't do that anymore. Anything I say on tape is pure speculation. I don't pretend to know the answers to any of these questions at all."

Do you think the band has moved beyond the music press now? In comparison, the rock papers may be insignificant...

"It'd be great to say that and throw salt in the wounds," he laughs. "Get them sharpening their knives even more. I wouldn't put it that way, but it'd be nice to be arrogant like that."

"You know what I actually think it is? We can communicate much better on records and live now. If you saw us live three years ago, I would be singing like this..." he recoils and covers his face with his hands. "But now there's no mask... this is us. We're saying what we do to the fullest degree."

Your silence dates back to the partly unfavourable reviews for 'Sparkle In The Rain', whereas previously you'd got a lot of support. Did you feel sensitive to those reviews, headlines like "Give The Kerr A Bono"?

"That was a wind up because that was based on sheer ignorance. The irony is that if you talked to Bono or The Edge, they would tell you that 'New Gold Dream' has been such an influence on them. I guess you could say we put our heads on the plate by working with Lillywhite."

"What it is with me, Tony, is I like to think I've lost a lot of the preciousness that I once had; and when you lose that it doesn't wind you up in the same way. Who gives a f***? People call other people niggers and much more derogatory terms than that."

"I'm kinda smart and I know how it works, and nobody that's cracked it manages to sustain that press favour. I know it's a cliché saying that, but it's true. Weller may still get good press, Siouxsie And The Banshees, they always seem to be in the press — but they've no' cracked it in worldwide terms. We have."

"It doesn't matter. I'm not saying that through arrogance, but whatever paper it is in Britain, it's small potatoes."

"Unfortunately for the ordinary journalist, it's much more important that Peter Powell

THE

JIM KERR

INTERVIEW

PART ONE

MIND

"People have said, Well, you started as a punk band . . . I said, You're talking about ten years ago . . . you sound like an old ted. But we were never attracted to punk . . . we must have been the only band who said, Yeah, I like Pink Floyd; my second concert was Genesis."

likes your record. Because unless you're really banal, if you work hard on a record you don't want it to remain a secret. And the best way for people to get to know that record is to hear it. You don't hear it through reading a good or a bad review."

Even during your success of '85 particularly — perhaps because of your success, in America certainly — you've been reluctant to discuss this stage of your career.

"We just wanted to collect our thoughts and see how it went over the next four months. I felt we should do it our way, do the concerts and try and get a picture of ourselves before we articulate on it."

SITTING IN a German hotel room in the early hours, Jim Kerr is affable and relaxed. He reclines on a large settee, drinks tea, and frequently runs his hand through a thick mane of hair. His casual pleasantness reflects an obvious self-confidence in what Simple Minds are now doing as he deflects any hint of criticism.

He seems immune to the implications of combining the considerable production muscle of Jimmy Iovine and Bob Clearmountain. The former has recorded for Tom Petty, Patti Smith and, most notably, Springsteen; Clearmountain has worked with the Stones, Hall And Oates and Bryan Adams. Working together for the first time on 'Once Upon A Time', they promised to be a formidable hit factory.

From 'Empires And Dance' to 'Once Upon A Time', the changes are significant. How did you expect people who have followed Simple Minds to respond to 'Once Upon A Time'?

"Well, it seems weird to say this because, as you can see on the past couple of nights, we're really blest with this amazing audience. But we don't primarily make music for people. It's very organic, it falls together, and it feels completely natural.

"'Empires And Dance' is there, and it'll be there to the year 2000, maybe. And if you want 'Empires And Dance', you can play it. And we could make 'Empires And Dance' once again, but we could do it with our eyes shut, effortlessly.

"I talk to fans a lot, and there are people who say, Well, you're no' really our band anymore. And I understand that, because when you're young you carve out your identity with the bands that are the soundtrack to your years.

"It's like what you were saying last night about the way people have been raving and raving about Tom Waits. It's like universal, like the gig of the year. And you said, Hey, five years ago he was doing amazing stuff too and nobody was saying a thing.

"There are certain people who go for that thing of being more sort of obscure; they don't take what is strong on the radio. . . and it's more personal cos they're the only guy in school with a copy of 'Raw Power', or something like that.

"I can also tolerate that from 15, 16, 17-year-olds. . . but one thing I hate, and always have done, is elitism. And this thing that they're my band is like saying it's membership to some club with an on-the-door policy.

"Cult followings are the greatest things to have as a grass roots foundation, but they're also a pain in the arse. They just want to tie your wrists. You can imagine what Dylan got when he went electric," he laughs.

"Think of it: it's really, really immature. Piss off! If we want to go onstage with trumpets, then we go onstage with trumpets — and we accept the consequences."

But there are other factors involved. At first you make music for yourself, then you have a gold album and a hit single, and your record company Virgin start

CONTINUES OVER



MASTER MIND

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

pushing; then you have to make compromises in the music. One point of view is that 'Once Upon A Time' is the complete Americanisation of Simple Minds.

"Compromise is when you do something that you would rather not do, but you do it for some diplomatic reason. That didn't go on. We obviously wanted to be on the radio. It wasn't a compromise; we wanted to be on it.

"There was a frustrating time where Simple Minds were on the edge. Could go either way: real big, or maybe like Magazine or XTC. But Virgin have always said, Do what you think is best.

"We never compromised in our lives until we came up with the 'Don't You' thing... and we can talk about that later on.

"For me, 'Once Upon A Time' first and foremost has turned out a total manifestation of everything we've ever done, and I've never seen that in our other records. But I see traces of our first album in our last.

"In terms of Americanisation, again I think it's lazy saying that. I prefer the sound of a Don Henley record to the sound of a King record, or a Spandau Ballet - or a New Order record, for that matter. I would take a Bryan Adams record - the sound of it, the dynamics; we're not talking about the content, the lyrics - over a Style Council record.

"And I don't care about the connotations of how you get that sound, where you go to record it, or the nationality of the people that record it. If that sound came from Finland, then we would have gone there and worked with Finnish people."

In your last interviews, you talked about the integrity of making music and said you'd made decisions that professionally weren't the best, but personally were. 'Once Upon A Time' seems to be a combination of the two.

"I just won't rise to the bait and try even for a second to defend that. I've told you what 'Once Upon A Time' is to me. I don't mean to be glib either, but it's kinda full stop. That is the way we wanted it to sound. And there wasn't a decision made on that record that we didn't want to go with, or that wasn't created by ourselves."

From your point of view, do you still feel that the qualities that

always went to make Simple Minds' music still exist?

"From a band point of view, yes. 'Somebody said to us the other day, You've lost this, you've lost that. It's no' a question of losing it; it's just we're not it anymore. 'New Gold Dream' is as much mine just now as the day it came out. If we entertained you in 1982, that's good... I don't really expect people to be interested four years on. If they are, great! But I have no expectations whatsoever."

What is it, then, that makes a band who're still making music with a similar kind of integrity suddenly attract so many more people to it?

"I can't answer that, but we'll take a few things, starting with the obvious. We're getting a much, much bigger push. Radio has decided to play us; so there's that, right?

"Word of mouth, for bands like us, has always been the best way. We've done tons of work. We've played and played and played.

"In Europe they have pretty good and well organised festivals. Anything from 50 to 80,000 go and see you play. We would start going pretty low down on the bill, and always come off with a brilliant reaction. When we went back to that country it just seemed to spread.

"Also, people spend money now, and I think they've really had enough going to see these bands who are top of the charts, and the band come on and play for 50 minutes, do an encore and it's all on tape, blah blah blah..."

"I'm clutching at straws here. I'm only trying to speculate. I would love to sit and say because we're HONEST, and our music's PASSIONATE... but I'm no' going to say that."

EPIC IS the only word that adequately conveys the scale of Simple Minds' sparkling stage show.

Visually, it's in proportion to their commercial status. Banks of speakers hang from the white domed roof of Dortmund's Westfalen Halle, and to the sides, Amnesty International's white doves flutter in paint on massive black drapes covering yet more speakers. During 1986, Amnesty is a Simple Minds cause.

Drawing mainly from 'Sparkle In The Rain' and 'Once Upon A Time', the act is an intense, hectic celebration. Gigantic Venetian blinds are the backdrop, brilliant primary lighting bouncing off the slats. The look and noise combine to

strike a thunderous confidence that at times threatens to displace subtlety and the graceful melodic curves.

Occasionally - on 'Ghost Dancing', which they dedicate to Nelson Mandela, Steve Biko and Desmond Tutu, and 'Oh Jungland', a story about their hometown, Glasgow - they charge recklessly through a song, their bodies twisting wildly down the helter-skelter of their own animal enthusiasm.

But the effect and audience response is never less than ecstatic.

With a roadcrew of 35, their own on-tour caterers and four articulated lorries, it is this event that will roll into the stadiums of Birmingham, Glasgow and London at the end of the month.

For some it is a disturbing thought...

Do you feel you're in danger of becoming the next Who or Led Zeppelin?

"The next dinosaurs?"

"It is something that crossed our minds.

Yeah, we've talked about it. No' so much as the band, but I've talked to Bono about that. Like the word stadium is just spoken with disdain, for instance. Those '70s dinosaur bands.

"But they forget that we've had the chance to look at some of the mistakes those bands made. No' in terms of the music even, but just the way it was then, with this cocoon of people around you, the way rock people were meant to act: TVs out the windows; limousines; that whole circus.

"I don't think that exists at all with us. We play and every year the halls get bigger, and I think we can make the transition with a certain amount of style and grace.

"We played Hammersmith Odeon on our last tour and the place felt claustrophobic; it felt really small. The music was too big for the hall, and what were we going to do? Tone down the music when this is the music we are making - using that word again - organically? Why suppress it? We like these dynamics. I don't even feel intimidated by it. The music will fill any of these stadiums.

"People have even said, Well, you started as a punk band, and the punk thing was this and that... I said, You're talking about ten years ago. You just sound really dated. You sound like an old ted. That's been my reaction: it's the way teds used to talk.

"But we were never attracted to punk. When we first spoke to you" (January 1979), "we must have been the only band who said, Yeah, I like Pink Floyd; my second concert was Genesis."

Aren't you now becoming the new Genesis?

"Nah, that's no' it. I think those bands must've felt that to project in those places you needed to put on a drama; to put on a passion play... or a brain cell surgery. We don't feel like that.

"We feel you need to put on a beret. If you can project as a character without becoming a caricature... I realise it's a very thin line.

"If we were a Style Council we wouldn't do it, cos I don't think they can. When I saw The Jam in The Apollo they couldn't play to 3,000 people. It was the coldest gig I've ever been at. I saw Cabaret Voltaire the same week, and The

Jam were colder.

"Getting back to the punk thing, we were never into that stuff because it really became apparent it was a sixth form sense of rebellion. We hid.

"But what attracted us, getting banal here, was the energy and a fire and a spirit, and I think we have trucks more of that now; artie lorries more of it. And we can communicate.

"People like Gabriel can do it. People like Springsteen can do it. But Bowie can't do it. It doesn't matter how amazing a pop song writer he is, even how he is as an actor... he can't get to the back of the hall. He can't even break sweat.

"U2 rip the place apart, and we can as well. We make an almighty sound, and it isn't just to do with volume. We make this f***** glorious noise!

"Getting back to the question, as people we're not like those '70s bands. Even though I don't know those people personally, I'm sure I'm not like f***** Rick Wakeman."

Talking about stadiums reminds me of the John Cleese sketch where he's an angry architect who's designed a block of flats as a slaughterhouse. There's a rock 'n' roll analogy there - playing Wembley Stadium in itself is not bad, unless you play there as the figureheads of your church and it's the shrine where the fans come to worship.

"Either it is the church thing, or it is a total abattoir with total hamburger music.

"It was so brilliant to see Springsteen become the biggest superstar in the world last year, regardless of what anyone thinks about his music. You know that if he's not 100 per cent there, he's 99 per cent. Whereas all these other megastars have gone totally wacko, like Michael Jackson and Prince..."

"It's also amazing how susceptible people are to the guy who's made an act of being the man of the people. Billy Bragg... the way he was portrayed as being totally there when two years earlier he was f***** driving a tank. But none of the smart journalists mentioned that.

"How do you trust a guy who tried to drive a tank two years ago? And it's like, he is the man, the pulse of Britain - him and Weller.

"But Springsteen is there. And totally massive and huge... not without faults, but any faults he has are human... total humility."

It's ridiculous to say you can't communicate in stadiums, when Springsteen did exactly that to 100,000 people at Wembley.

"It's shit. Bands killed stadium rock; bands can make stadium rock again. It's like these artists who say home taping is killing music. Duff music is killing music, it's as easy as that. Home taping encourages music, so does bootlegging. Enthusiasm encourages.

"Bands went into stadiums and just didn't know how to do it; they were going on stoned out of their minds, being led on.

"Why should we feel all that responsible for the stupidity of people ten years ago? Why should we even feel part of the stigma?"

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

"We played Hammersmith Odeon on our last tour and the place felt claustrophobic; it felt really small. The music was too big for the hall, and what were we going to do?... The music will fill any of these stadiums"



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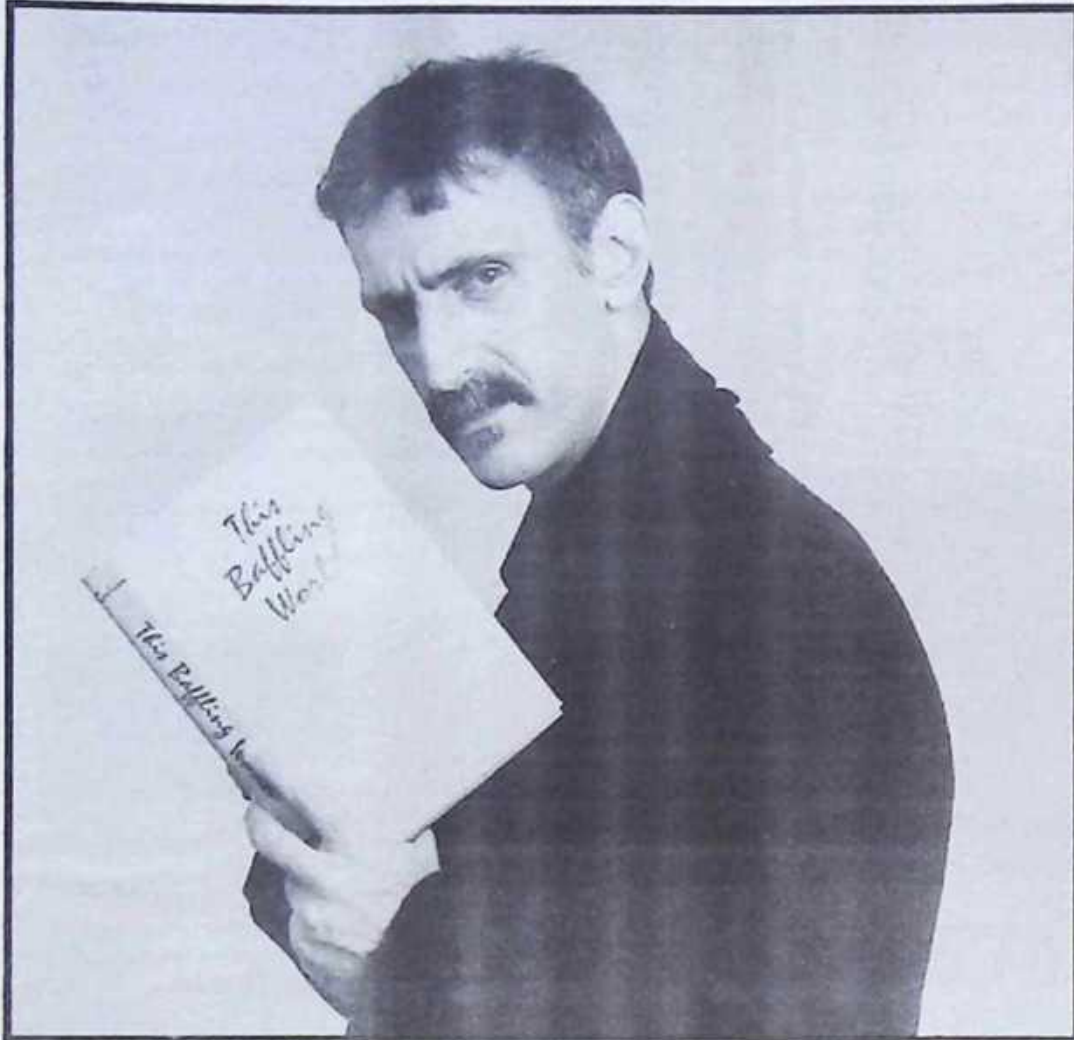
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Says Frank Zappa, "This is my book, read your own."

BABY, IT'S A WILD WORLD

"MORTICIA?"

"Yes, Vomit?"

"Shall we begin?"

"Yes, Vomit?"

"So, what's happening in the world?"

"Very little. And what there is isn't happening."

"Wicked."

"I know."

AT TIMES, custard apples, life seems such an empty Babycham bottle. You wake up, you look for excitement, you fall instantly asleep. If you had been reborn as Marilyn Monroe instead of constantly being reborn as a gonzo vampire, you might try out the truth of the whisper that blondes have all the free tickets. Instead, a bat you barely know won't let you go anywhere without him. My only friend is a hideous cat who wears Ray-Bans into the garden and fancies himself as a writer. I look outside for inspiration and I find... that **Julio Inglesias** booked himself into a psychiatric hospital 2 years ago because he thought he was mentally ill. Says Julio in shock revelation, "I fought like a madman for world success" (shame you didn't purchase the goods, Jul) "but I paid a high price."

Confused, we turn to the latest piece of information

gleaned by the pesky but useful bat to discover Mr **Sean Ciccone** (Mr **Madonna** to you cats) has been fighting again, hitting and slapping a newspaperman. Says said newspaperman, "I was scared stiff - Penn acted like a madman." They're all at it! All going maaaaaad. Wait - said newspaperman is still wailing on. Thus: "I thought I'd never get out alive. **Madonna** was trembling and screaming at me." It's a wild world.

"MORTICIA."

"Yes, Vomit?"

"Anything else?"

"Let me think... **5TA** - what do you know about them? Lol and let me have your attention, for intrepid cub reporter **Sally** 'I Can Get You All The Scoops Kids I'm-Everywhere' **Gethin** spied the boys last week in the famous (who said?) Embassy Club. Says Sally, "Kitted out in black rubber trousers, **Lance**, the lead singer - he looks a bit like **Sly Stallone**, you know, and he was doing all these wierd monkey-like expressions - he was wearing a black rubber T-shirt and showing off these bulging pectorals and so forth. He seems pretty cross with **Mr Spencer** for

having given **5TA** a bad singles review - said that they were *nothing* like **Wham!** although I really did think they were trying to look like **Wham!**, know what I mean? I mean, they looked pretty macho... **Sally** is overcome.

"Not completely impressive. There must be more."

"There's the **Sound Waves** For Greenpeace show, every band that's any band will be there. It appears that the wondrous **U2** couldn't make the dates - April 20-25 - but they did donate a vast cheque to the cause. How about that? Does it interest you?"

"Not much."
"Why don't you go out for a walk, Vomit?"
"I think I will."

I'M LOSING interest - no, I've lost it - in interesting a cat. Did you hear that the **Butthole Surfers** were last seen heading for Alabama with the intention of buying a Christmas tree farm? They're thinking of developing a new form of surfboard. It's true.

MR MISTER - a sickening amount of uncharted and wild success is a-heading their way these days, and boy! have the boys been

busy. The worst of it all was that keyboards man **Steve George** is now a proud father (yuk). **Eva Lorraine** (unusual) was born on New Year's Day to Mrs **Arlene** Mister, and daddy's back off on tour. It's a hard life.

IT'S WORSE for **A-ha**. The boys are all pretty wildly keen to stay in this country and not return to Norway (why?). One reason why is singer **Morten Harket's** girlfriend - get ready for this - **Bunty Bailey**. It's the truth. Bunty is in love L.O.V.E. you better believe it. She tells us, "I've never met anyone quite so unusual as Morten. He likes growing flowers, and often suggests the most extraordinary things." Morten says, "I think my work with mental patients helped me mature rather quickly."

AND THEN. And then! Slipping and a-sliding around **Go!** Mansions last week, I chanced upon a magnetic recording tape. Being of undying (oh, a HAH!) curiosity and also generally pretty nosey, I took away this item. Turns out to be sneak preview (for you only) of **Go!** artistes **The Housemarries'** up-and-coming single, 'No Sheep 'Til Hammersmith'. It is to be released just in the nick of time for their mammoth touring of these very Isles... wait and see.

MOTORHEAD, remember them? OK, so **Eddie** was espied only minutes ago in a Gasworks in Greenwich with his new ensemble, named **Fastway**. Sited inside of a building resembling nothing so much as a teapot, or the upturned hull of a ship, the laddies were involving themselves in some hi-tech wizzardry to accompany their new singleton. This involved swinging burning

cars and other industrial debris in no general direction. Said banditos were just getting on down to the soundtrack for the video (as you have to do) when the big drum solo... wasn't there. Apparently, some dumb American (wouldn't you know it?) technical supremo (isn't that a good name for a bat cage cleaner?) decided he liked the single better without it. Anyone out there can use some swinging cars?

MORE NEWS from **The Edge**... seems this band (**The Edge**, for dogs' brains, wake up out there!) were recently involved in an accidental up the M1 at Nottingham and had to travel to Chesham in Buckinghamshire (I know) and back (relief!) to Durham without a window-screening device. Lawks a mercy! They travelled and travelled and travelled and (can we do this? What the heck) travelled through snow storms and freezing winds and, for all their troubles, they ended up suffering from hypothermia, conjunctivitis

and frostbite. This last was the driver's own private complaint, I believe.

NEWS STORY of the WEEK. Read on. This a tale about famous **Guana Batz'** Staffordshire Bull Terrier bitch, **Pig Dog**. What occurred is this: that, after the band's soundcheck at Hammersmith's Klub Foot, the Batz suddenly noticed they were not noticing young Piggy. Panic-stricken, they hastily gathered together a search party. Someone said they'd seen a dog disappearing into the tube station - but there was no sign now! Lo! what would happen? Are all your hearts a-flutter? Then fear not, for suddenly a call came through to the gig from the police who had found a small Staffordshire Bull Terrier getting off the train at the end of the District Line in Richmond. She will not say why she went. Picture shows **Pig Dog** and casual acquaintance.

Miaow,

MORTICIA WAX



Lord WAISTREL

THIS MONTH's copy of *The Farce* arrives, full of predictably pompous piffle about Punk: Ten Years On.

When are these people going to admit that Punk was as effective as Disprin at a Leper Colony? What did it change? What did it threaten? Certainly not my fortune, old beans, that's still sitting pretty in the jolly old Cayman Islands!

Skinheads were worth slightly more worrying about - mostly because of the pleasure they took in clouting people (remember poor old Lord Chalfont who was belted by skins in the Kings Road, or Lord Home who was handed a shiner by a closely cropped reprobate outside Piccadilly tube station?).

According to Razors, my new footman, skins were back in '76 alongside the punk rotters. And here's the rub - what happened to those shaven-headed pioneers? Here are the results of one afternoon's exhaustive probings by a team of experts (viz Razors and I)...

Of these original revivalists, two are now minders, three are bouncers, one is in the French Foreign Legion, one (at least) languishes at Her Majesty's Pleasure, three have their own building firms, and others respectively manage porn shops, have become pop stars and own jewellers shops, or pubs. One is a civil engineer, one is a record company magnate, and the rest are builders, plasterers and so on.

I'm not sure what any of this means, but I intend to flog the details to the Open University post haste! You never know, I might even get Razors a GLC grant!

Full of renewed interest in the down-trodden proletariat, I resolved to follow

fearless Bertie Bingo into the bowels of London's East End.

Not for me the mythical mess of Albert Square - my destination was a real-life nightmare, a pub called The Sir John which turned out to be the venue for the return of Oi's very own Scarlet Pimpernel...

No, not Lord Lucan, but the speedfreak spiv, the gangster of slang, Mr - wait for it - **GARRY JOHNSON**, who used the occasion of his 25th birthday to launch his showbiz comeback.

In front of a crowd culled from *Police Five's* wanted gallery, crossed with what looked like a score of *Rocky IV* extras, a back-on-the-booze Johnson crooned his way painfully through tunes like 'If Looks Could Kill' and 'Suburban Rebels'.

And then he launched into a savage verbal rap ruthlessly rubbishing PRs, Canadians and, sadly, that marvellous Bizarre Boys disc, 'Hop Off You Frogs'.

As I made my hasty getaway, I tripped over the prostrate form of 'sussed skin' Tattoo Paul.

GULP! Time to return to the Seychelles, methinks!

Toodle pip!

Post-script: Whilst slumming in the East End I uncovered an obscure scandal sheet called the *Melody Maker* (it was lining a bin outside the seaman's rest home).

Peculiarly, the so-called *MM* claimed that this mighty organ rips it off - and then goes on to shamelessly steal our long-running 'Great Debate' idea just a few pages later.

It also refers to Mr Garry 'Leavis' Bushell as 'Fat'. He isn't. He is eight months pregnant. Next week Joe Bloke's *Bizzark* names the guilty father...

PASTEL TENSE...

OUTSIDE FINSBURY Park station stands the small, gaunt and uncompromising figure of Stephen Pastel. He's wearing a grotesque brown kid's anorak and a new pair of leather trousers, which perhaps says something straight away: perhaps it describes the mix of true, tender bits with the caustic guitar pop aesthetic.

"Yeah, I think it probably does, in a sick way," he mutters. But he'd rather tell me how comfortable it is. "We're pretty slow today, I think."

The other Pastels slowly appear through the rain and, because none of them know any good places to go in London, we sit down on the pavement. But we don't get wet, wet being a thing the Pastels never get, if you know what they mean.

1986 finds the Pastels' wobbly seat on the Creation bus finally empty, a *Summer Holiday* mismatch over ("Alan McGee never really knew what his priorities were," explains Stephen) and, after approaches from almost every independent concern, they found a berth with Glass Records (fast becoming home for the UK's most important talents). Glass, assert the Pastels, were the only label who were more interested in what they were signing than in bolstering the corporate image.

And yet... huh. Being the Pastels in 1986 does not mean being a star. While the Mary Chain forge new (and valid) myths, and the Shop Assistants cause knees (rightly) to tremble cautiously, a new glut of groups - try the Soup Dragons for starters - rises slyly up, textbooks readier than ever. And it's getting to the stage where the mighty, vital and heartstopping Pastels (new a while ago) are being fobbed off with a *seminal* tag.

Stephen (wry): "Well, it's quite nice being called seminal..."

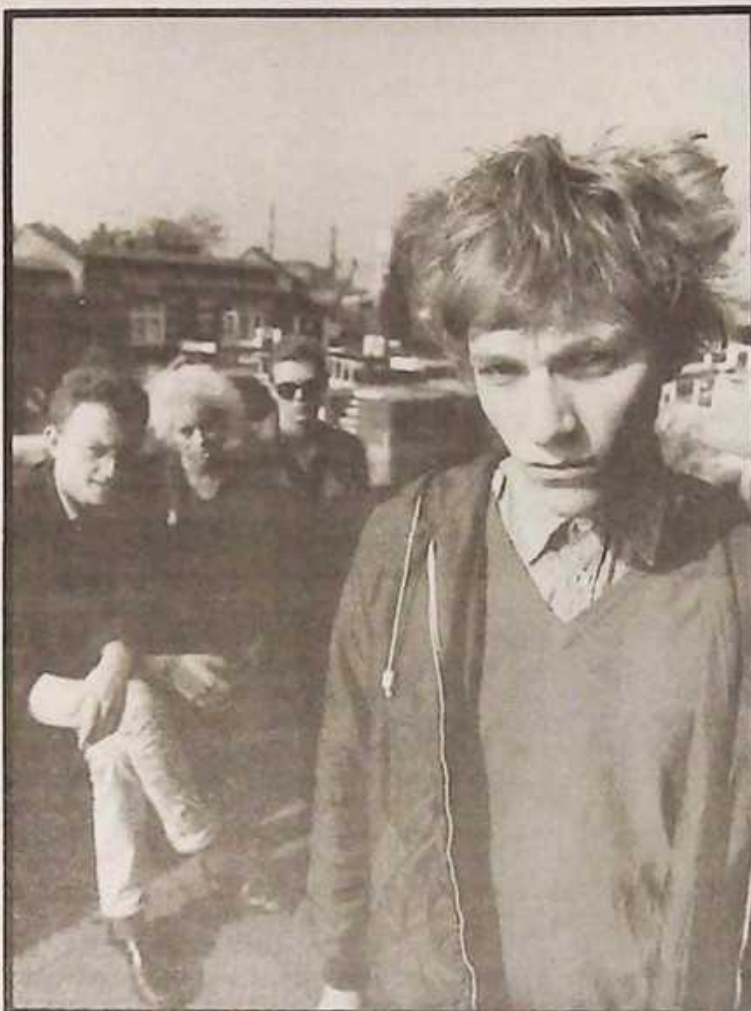
Brian: "But it would be better having a share of the royalties."

Stephen: "Sometimes I wonder what kind of monster we've created - we're thinking of giving up electric guitars and using toy ones so that it's impossible to copy us..."

Pastels humour bounces like a fast-speed TV tennis game, dry, honest and just fathomable. But their music? The reason they should keep their guitars for one more stab... to be obvious, I'd point to their still-current fifth single (on Creation) 'I'm Alright With You' and even further, to the poignant B-side vignette 'What It's Worth'. To be less obvious, to be messy and awkward but beautiful and timeless, as such a group demands, I'd say the Pastels flip me over like the Modern Lovers do and catch me with dirty hands and a kiss right at the centre of the Shangri-Las. And *no one* does that. Hardly anyone knows what's there.

Stephen: "Sometimes you do feel frustrated when you feel that you've underachieved. But people overestimate the value of music - it's important that you keep your frustration in the context of how important music is. The Pastels are as important as any music group. But there are a lot of things in life more important than music."

The Pastels are thinking of switching to toy guitars so they can't be copied... and one of them won't listen to James Brown on principle. Is this ridiculous; are they impractical? Robin Gibson gets flowery, Gavin Watson gets focussed



Which things?

"I think... having friends, for an example."

The Pastels will tell you often how much of what's around is shit. But rather than being in obvious opposition, they're outsiders. 'Baby Honey', their best record to date, points it up: a Velvetian guitar-mash and a classically deep, pure lyric,

but too *extreme*. Apart, but from a battle that's hardly worth joining.

Brian: "That's part of the problem. And, a lot of the people that we've been involved with have found it very difficult to understand our attitude - um, some people have never tried very hard - and they misinterpret the fact that we're not prepared to do a lot of things as laziness, or lack of ambition."

So what is the Pastels' nature? Not lazy, no matter how many dishes stay unwashed. But not slogging round weight-training toilet circuits, either. Immediacy is a Pastels' virtue. But ambition?

Stephen: "We just want people to perceive the Pastels as a great group, like the Ramones, or the Velvets, or Captain Beefheart. It's just really important that we're recognised, that we get what we deserve. We deserve a lot of money. And I think, in a sort of just society, we would've been rewarded for our records."

Brian: "I don't agree with that attitude. It's just stupid."

Maybe Brian is Stephen's dad. Whatever, self-discipline (in a warm sort of way) is another virtue. But inspiration? It should be those unspoken but understood "important" things.

Stephen: "Ah, but I mean, I might be drunk, and I might tell you, but I don't think it's particularly wise to, um..."

Berniece: "It's like Tony Blackburn talking about his divorce on Radio One. It's embarrassing in retrospect."

Stephen: "Often the words are used just because they sound good against music. There's real technique to good lyric writing. Pete Shelley is a really good lyric writer. And Bob Dylan. And I think in a song, unless you're someone like Bob Dylan, you should use as few words as possible, and just develop them. It's important, though, that there's an underlying soundness. I couldn't listen to James Brown, because I know what a right-wing prick he is, and for that reason I wouldn't have any of his records in my house."

Really? I've got loads and I don't give a toss.

"I couldn't. I think the guy's sick... it's important."

Brian: "I don't really think you can go through life like that, Stephen. It's a ridiculous attitude."

Martin: "If you're talking about music - if someone's writing a love song, anyway - what difference does it make?"

We could argue until the drink runs out, I think. But really, it's kinda boring. And I'd rather have you know the Pastels are cute, in a substantial way. Really, there is no cynicism (except a healthy one regarding the *business*).

Brian: "If we were insecure as a group, we'd be doing straw polls of the audience after a gig. But as long as we're happy with what we've done, that's sufficient. If anybody doesn't appreciate it, that's their problem."

Stephen: "I would think any group that's trying to sort of carry on, however vaguely, some kind of idea of a punk ethic, is really romantic. And, um... impractical."

Brian: "I think foolhardy is the word."

Ah. But surely the best always were. The Pastels will be around to haunt you a lot longer, even, than their lifespan. Best to let them start now. And don't get it over with.

Carousel, Brighton Rock, the James Bond theme and The Mad Professor. These Tender Virtues have all of this stashed

CONTINUING TENDER

IT WAS around the time Peter Davison vacated the Doctor's chair that seven young blades from a burgh of Smethwick stepped into an anachronistic police phone box and left the black country a timewarp ahead of them; they were acting out an autobiographical screenplay in the Technicolor backlot of decades past.

It was a realer-than-real world inhabited by pearly-white-toothed guys and blood-red-lipped dolls, a singin', dancin', rip-roarin' whirligig of life in which the dialogue is instantly forgettable but the songs sure ain't. Where the gods are Burt Bacharach, Oscar Hammerstein and Lionel Bart, and the mantra date back from *Oliver* to *Carousel*.

Ah yes, *Carousel*. 'You'll Never Walk Alone' came out of that one, didn't it? Well, there's all the fun of the fair in a These Tender Virtues show, from the Bill Sykes gypsy waistcoats and braces to Fred the piano man's swirling Hammond organ.

A Virtues set appears to be constructed along the lines of a

musical. Am I right?

"That's right," agrees Peter Williams, the man with the sparse Cantinflas beard and 'tash twinset. "We try to arrange the set so there's a story running through it, like a rollercoaster ride."

"All the songs are linked; we set up the stage, spend a lot of time making props and collecting things - we're like a travelling troupe."

Critics who care little for them have dismissed the Midlanders as Dexys Mark II clones; while the group admit to being distantly related, the connection is a mere red herring.

"People who say we're like Dexys are really short-sighted," censures Williams. "The only link is that I was an original member of Dexys Midnight Runners. But I left them a long time ago and it just doesn't apply any more. I think they're shit now - our ideas are better."

"Really, there's more of a connection with The Bureau, because Geoff and Paul" (clarinet and trombone) "were both in it with me."



away somewhere. Andy Hurt knew it was his duty to seek out the answers and to locate the goods...

"There's a more traditional style of playing, especially the clarinet. It's inebriated and boozy. We use it in a trad jazz kind of way... there's a kind of warmth to the sound, but it can be raw as well."

As their mini-album 'The Continuing Saga' demonstrates, TTV are about entertainment, a valuable commodity back in the black country.

"The whole area's falling to bits," laments drummer Jerry Pettitt. "It's decrepit. It's where all the industry used to be and now it isn't. It's all gone, it's a wasteland, it's just... shit."

"It's hopeless. Hopeless - that's the word," affirms Williams, "but that's where we're from and we do have quite a strong sense of identity, our roots if you like. We'd like to inspire a sense of hope, uplift people with our music."

"But," cautions Jerry, "music's so miniscule in the realm of things, so small, pathetic really. Basically all we want is for people to come and see us and perhaps feel something from it."

Rather than developing their group taste through the conventional routes of national radio, nightclubs and the local record store, Peter, Jerry and the rest tuck into scratchy soundtracks, "most of which we pick up in second-hand stores."

Williams and Pettitt rattle off names and film titles with the schoolboyish enthusiasm of a couple of toppers reminiscing about the England world cup team of '66: *The Entertainer* (John Osbourne); *The Third Man*; Jerry Lewis' *The Mad Professor*; *Brighton Rock* and *Carmen Jones*; Gershwin, Lalo Schiffrin, Louis Armstrong and... John Barry, composer of the *James Bond* theme.

TTV would dearly love the man to produce them at some stage, but rumours that Barry refuses to leave Sao Paulo have put the dampers on things.

Still, recorded works apart, These Tender Virtues will repay attendance at one of their performances with interest. A good sing-song and a bit of a laugh with as much brain as brawn. Dexys, indeed...

Joe BLOKE'S LUKE WARM Bizzzark

Porky's revenge



TRACY and Porky share a tender moment

PORKY JUNG, the fresh-faced popstar with a reputation for breaking girls' hearts around the world, has finally broken his long silence to talk frankly and openly about reports that 'steady' girlfriend Tracey Myth has been unfaithful.

"The first I knew about it," Porky confessed frankly, "was when she invited a whole platoon of guardsmen on holiday with us last year. She told me she was very worried about security and that was the reason there had to be at least six guardsmen in our room at any one time."

"On our first night, they even stopped me from coming in when I couldn't prove who I

was, and I ended up sleeping on the beach until the hotel could find me another room."

"Halfway through the holiday, Tracey accidentally dropped four suitcases of clothes into the hotel's garbage disposal unit, so naturally I gave her some money to replace them."

"But she said £250,000 just wasn't enough to compensate for the loss of so many priceless belongings. When I asked her for the money back, she said she couldn't remember where she'd left it, which seemed a reasonable explanation at the time."

"As for this chap Shaw Larfin who says he's been seeing more of her

ing her, I'd never actually seen her modelling any clothes in magazines."

"But then, most of my mates in the business seem to be going out with models and none of them ever seem to do any modelling either, so I didn't think it was that strange."

"Anyway, whatever people might think, ours is a very innocent relationship. She told me right from the very start that if I ever laid a finger on her, she'd remove my testicles with a hedge-trimmer, and I respect her for that. She's different from the others."

"Most of the girls I meet just want to get laid and take all my money."

FRENCH LOVE? NON

The Lukewarm Crew tell Maggie's Knockers: 'Screw Vous!'

WATCH out, Froggies. Bizzzark is on the warpath, by jingo!

Betcha thought we were going to take it on the derriere when you plumed your taunt at dear old Maggie!

Not sur votre nellie, we're not!

We've got the perfect answer to a bunch of cheeky coxons from across the Channel - Bizzzark's very own socialist turncoat, Battling Bazza Tack!

They don't call him the greatest professional

Cockney for nothing, snail-eaters! He knows everything there is to know about what goes on in tiny lefty minds like your Frankie Mitterand's!

And his thoughts on the subject, dashed off to the tune of Eddie 'England' Elgar's 'Land Of Hope And Glory' (wouldn't he be proud???) have already been cut on to disc with Battling Bazza at the helm and the whole Lukewarm Crew backing him up on the rousing chorus!

So stuff this in your pipe and fumez it, garlic

breath!!!

"Land of gloat and Tory/ Britain for the Brits/ Froggies knocking Maggie?/ Roast them on slow spits! 'Frogs eat meat that's bloody/ Cover steak with sauce/ But Frankie M still looks like/ The back end of a horse!"

"Don't think much of Germans/ Belgians need a slap/ Thank God there's Aussie bastards/ Around to print this crap/ Thank God there's Aussie bastards/ Around to print this crap"

TRITE SAYINGS

By the man who puts the 'furd' in 'Saturday'

Hi! Steve Trite here again. This week, I'm going to deviate from my usual diet of inconsequential gossip, anecdotes and namechecks for all my chums on the airwaves in order to examine what is undoubtedly a very serious issue.

Somebody out there doesn't like me!

Yes, hard though it may be to swallow, so called 'artiste' Alf Price-Sale, writing in one of those underground papers - *The Guardian* or some such name - has had the temerity to suggest that the well known process whereby the tongue is inserted deep into the anal cavities of selected radio producers and disc jockeys (or 'personalities', as we prefer to be called) in the hope of eliciting airplay for a new record is in some way demeaning!

And furthermore that I, along with other right-minded, hard-working colleagues like Garish Rabies, Drivelly Preach and Prune O'Poops are in reality nothing more than a bunch of arrogant, banal, egotistical, pompous, prepucile prats who, by some accident of fate, were not drowned at birth or beaten to a pulp at school.

Ha! Well, mister so-called Sale, that's just the sort of narrow minded, cynical claptrap I would expect to come from a smart-arse, pseudo-intellectual, art school pinko commie pervert who obviously hasn't yet realised that we've got him over a barrel, the snivelling little Polish git, so he'd better sit up and beg like the piece of doggie dirt he is and if he thinks after that he's ever going to hear one of his records played on the radio again after that, forget it because he'd stand a better chance of selling a rubber johnny to the Pope.

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TIE BREAKER: My UK circulation has slumped disastrously below 50,000 because (not more than 12 words):



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XAVIER RUSSEL

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'SAGA HAVE CREATED A RECORD WHICH IS SIMPLY EXQUISITE... YOU COULD DO WORSE THAN TO DENT YOUR POCKET FOR IT'

STEFFAN CHIRAZI

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Phantom, Slick, and Rocker... or is it Slick, Rocker...?

Wherein Phantom, Rocker And Slick talk about preconceived sprouts and trigger inability. Neil Perry shoots the breeze, Gavin Watson shoots the leaves

PHANTOM ZONE

EARL SLICK is either very cool, or just hasn't woken up yet. At a relatively early hour of the day, he sits in calm repose in an EMI office while Lee Rocker and Slim Jim Phantom jump and joke around him, a benign uncle with his two mischievous nephews.

Slick, Bowie's guitarist for many years and generally accepted to be not bad on six strings, has settled down into what may seem an unlikely set-up with Phantom and Rocker, responsible for the blundering, blistering rhythms behind the Stray Cats.

The trio are fed up with, as they put it, "synthesised techno-pop", and feel it's time for good old rock 'n' roll to be hogging the limelight once again.

Phantom: "It's definitely time in Britain for some real regular rock, the *real* thing, and not where everything you're singing has some deep-assed message to it. It *means* something, but it's not Prefab Sprout, you know?"

Rocker: "No-one plays the drums anymore, it's all Fairlight computers and Linn triggers. I'd sure like to pull the trigger - I can barely work a pinball machine!"

Phantom: "It's just the way we feel, it's not any pre-conceived... sprout, or anything, ha!"

Sprouts aside, how did this strange union occur?

Rocker: "We met at a NAMM show in Los Angeles, all the gear's there, pretty much every player in the States is there. Someone introduced us to Slick and we played him the tapes we had. Two weeks later we decided to do it as a band."

Their debut single 'Men Without Shame' was a beefy foot-stomper, propelled by the well-matured bass and drums of Phantom and Rocker and polished with Slick's metallic sheen. The album, however, has sunk without trace - the guest appearance by Keith Richards was obviously not enough to woo us Brits.

Phantom: "Slick did the guitar work on 'Dancing In The Streets', so we all got invited to Mick Jagger's birthday party. We saw Keith there, and it was like 'go on, you ask him! So in the bathroom, where all the best business is done, we took the straw out of his face and asked him."

Rocker: "Rock's got like a freakshow, a sideshow, right? Bizarre names, guys dressing as women, nothing's outrageous anymore."

Phantom: "So what can you do that's shocking? You make a record that's actually good, that's the weirdest thing you can do. It sounds like an old fashioned notion. Well, look at Spunknik, is it? Spunk Brothers?"

Sigue Sigue Sputnik.

... Yeah, to audition for a record company, to actually play for them. Now, if you just look OK you get a deal."

Slick looks up from his cup of tea, all dark eyes and cheekbones.

"Because of them being in the Stray Cats and me being a sideman, we felt that to get the point across to the record company we'd do some tapes to let them live with, to make them understand who they're dealing with."

Watson arrives with his camera, so we shuffle past the rather over-the-top shrine to Kate Bush in the stairwell and make our way to the nearest pub. After Watson has compared his tattoos with Slim Jim's, Slick continues:

"I've been playing since 1964. I got an offer to go with Bowie in 1974, and I worked with John Lennon in 1980, then worked with Bowie in '83.

"When the offer came from David, I was 21, scraping around New York trying to get a record deal, so it definitely... awed me.

"This is the first band I've had for a long time, but it's exactly what I would normally do if I had the choice. I ended up on the last tour because I was the only guitar player alive who knew all the material, after Stevie Ray Vaughan got fired.

"But something there wasn't cool, he ended up without a gig four days before the tour started."

So you won't be working with Bowie again?

"No."

"Do you know," grins Rocker, "the Stray Cats went triple platinum in New Zealand? We sold 15 thousand..."

Who's going to be buying your new record?

"Old women between the ages of 80 and 85. No, I don't know... it seems the kiss of death over here is to be successful. When the Cats came over here we were an overnight sensation, the darlings of the press for six months. Then we sold a couple of records, went on *Top Of The Pops* and everyone hated us. Obscurity is your best friend, man."

"I think this record is gonna make a lot of noise," says Phantom, "whether it sells one copy or one million copies. Finally, I've made a record that I don't cringe at when I hear it. That's the first one for me, I play it myself, I would buy that record."

"We've got a chance," says Rocker. "It's just rock 'n' roll, I think the English like that as much as anyone else. I have a lot of good memories about the Stray Cats, but I couldn't do any more songs about boppin' with my girl on a Saturday night or puttin' a coin in the juke box. I couldn't do that anymore, it wouldn't work. I had fun while I was plastered."

Phantom, Rocker and Slick offer earthy, simple but *professional* rock, if that's the way you like it. No promises, perhaps no surprises.

"This kid asked me for my autograph yesterday," laughs Rocker. "He said would I print it so he could see who it was."

Phantom: "Aaa-tishoo!"

Rocker: "There goes a hundred bucks!"

Phantom: "Ah, it's been great meeting Slick. I mean, I finished the band's name off and stuff. Phantom, Rocker and Murphy just wouldn't work."

Here at last - Andy Hurt's series on the sporting lives of the stars begins today! This week, the delights of windsurfing with Level 42's Phil Gould

GO WITH HURT!

JUST WHAT do our pop heroes do with themselves when away from the rigours of recording on West Indian islands, champagne receptions and hob-nobbing with the beautiful people? How do they relax, keep fit, even? Equipped with my own Alan Whicker moustache and microphone I've spent the last six months jet-setting the length and breadth of Central London in search of the stars and their sports. We now commence the first in our series.

While chugging around the Norfolk broads this spring, myself and the occupants of a hundred or so other boats were treated to the rib-tickling spectacle of some hapless girl grappling with a sodden sail, struggling in vain for half an hour and more to raise the thing to the perpendicular. Eventually the persistent female succeeded in getting ship-shape, and she zoomed across the Lowestoft broad with the control and poise of a toddler taking to skates for the first time.

This, then, is windsurfing, sailboarding, call it what you will, and Level 42's master drummer Phil Gould has got the bug. What's the big deal Phil - apart from dressing up in Skin 2 rubber wear?

"For me, it's a complete release from all the things I know. Physically, certain muscles come into play when you're drumming, but it's not the sort of training you need if you want to windsurf - going out on the water, the body has to react differently."

And the *spiritual* side?

"I like the aesthetic idea of going out on your own. Some people don't like to do things in isolation, but I need that kind of escape."

So we're talking Zen and the art of windsurfing?

"Something like that. I look at everything that way. I believe you can't do anything in life without it showing you something about yourself, and if you're not keen to learn about yourself there's no progress to be made. Just having fun isn't enough. I really enjoy it, but it's not *fun* fun; it's a challenge."

How do you get started? Perhaps it would

help to have a cousin who runs a training school on the Isle Of Wight?

"Well, my cousin runs a training school on the Isle Of Wight. Both my cousins are very good, actually - they're quite brilliant, and just watching them, watching *anyone* doing something that well makes you want to have a go. I spent two days just getting the sail up in a force seven wind - that's madness really" (really?) "but I finally got it up in what was almost a gale and went zipping across the water and got hooked. It's an incredible feeling."

To windsurf with any degree of dedication you must either live on the waterfront or have a car; to own a surfboard you either park it at the seaside or, like the bloke in the top flat of my house, mount it on the hall wall (unless you have a garage, that is).

"It's probably good to start out, as I did, with a Sea Panther, which is very solid, but you can't do tricks on one. Now I just have a lightweight board, a Mistral. Then there are the aptly-named sinker boards, which are very heavy and are usually used in very windy conditions to do wave jumping - if you fall off, they sink."

Once you're up, isn't it like sailing?

"I used to go sailing but was never very good - tacking, beating, all that stuff. It's like regular sailing in that respect, except there's more immediacy with the board - you literally have the wind in your hands. You just flip the sail over and you spin round on the spot."

Phil proceeds to do a quick demonstration, so watch this, radio fans.

"... So, you're standing on the board and the sail's like *this*; if you wanted to turn round *that* way you'd have to lean the sail forward, then you either duck under, or walk round the front. Another way to do it is to go *that* way, which means you'll turn round like *this*, and then you just hop round the front."

Got that? Good - so now it's your turn!



Illustration by Simon Cooper



Andrew John

Ireland and the Irish are no joke, says **Andy White**, and religious persuasion should not amount to a life and death affair. **Ronnie Randall** relays words from the front

TESTAMENT OF TRUTH

THERE'S A cartoon of an English comedian standing in front of a wall upon which is scribbled O'Casey, Beckett, Yeats, Joyce, Swift, Shaw, Wilde and so on. He's telling a joke that goes... *There was this thick Paddy...*

The joke is related to me by Andy White, who hails from Belfast. He goes on: "Ireland is full of drunkards and geniuses - and most people are both. The best English language writers are all Irish, and so are the two greatest living Englishmen, Wogan and Geldof. Constant turmoil seems to force creative people to get out to get on."

Andy's own route to success was blessed with real Celtic luck - starting with being spotted by a wayward *Whistle Test* producer last June who was impressed enough to plonk him straight onto live TV. Dublin-born Stiff supremo Dave Robinson happened to be looking in that night and the rest will no doubt be written into Irish folklore. The immediate result of all this is the four track EP, 'Religious Persuasion', due for re-release after public demand.

"You're the bastard that slagged me off as a busker in that singles review," is what he says now.

You read it, then.

Fortunately Andy is a jovial soul, and when he threatens my life it's meant in good heart (I hope). But while we're on the subject of trite, clichéd descriptions, how does the fellow react to the labels he's received - Billy O'Bragg, Bob O'Dylan or the Belfast Bard?

"Ha ha ha! Billy O'Bragg... Well, I suppose when someone new comes along the temptation is to pigeonhole you. Using other artists is just a simplistic, inept attempt to describe what I do. Comparisons are fine, up to a point, and Billy is brilliant, his stuff is so clear. But the politics in my work are more allusive, an undercurrent rather than a statement, and you have to listen much harder. Images tumble all over the place, the songs are packed with references, though often you don't need to understand them - it can be the *sound* of the words that's the important part.

"It's a compliment to be associated with Bob Dylan, too. He took up this folk tradition from the likes of Woody Guthrie... I'm one of the newer links in the chain - but I am different.

"My music features much bashing of acoustic instruments, door slamming, even a real piano. There's nothing electronic or synthesized and the vocals are pretty strident - people sit up and listen."

The Pogues connection?

"Ah! Well, I'm really Irish, y'know. But yes, in this direct forceful approach our paths do cross..."

"The point about the record is I don't think my music dates, so it wasn't crucial that it be

released or re-released now. There's no A-side extended version megamix, with instrumental and scratch mix on the flip. I give you four different tracks, twenty minutes long, with probably more words than any EP ever released - we couldn't fit them all on the back cover. It's a mini album, really, because I wanted to put out a good body of work. And I wanted to show that, though the experience of growing up in Northern Ireland runs beneath the surface, and the title track 'Religious Persuasion' is specifically about Belfast, my songs aren't *all* about that. There's nothing worse than someone ranting on about a subject.

"But lyrics are all-important, they're the young person's poetry, though too much crap is lauded and applauded simply because it's spouted by supposed arbiters of taste. I'm really pleased with my lyrics, though they constantly evolve. See me at a gig and they'll be completely different.

"The next step is to record an album in the spring. I'll go back to Randlestown, which is a tiny village where you can't buy anything. In the centre is a four room hotel where the manager is also the barman, waiter, chef and chambermaid. Nestling in a field at the back is a 24 track recording studio. It's gorgeous, a real family atmosphere, and you walk out of the door and into cows and sheep.

"I play most instruments, while me mate Rod McVey looks after the keyboards and we share drums. Anyone else can throw in a sound. Our families come down to add a bit of backing vocals. It's quite an odd set-up, I suppose..."

What's your religious persuasion, Andy?

"Er... now that would be telling, but the question was the birth of the song. It's not anti-religious but attacks how people use religion and the wars and crimes committed in its name. Violence doesn't appear to me to have anything to do with the actual content of any belief. Belfast is a handy example, but it takes place the world over. Religion produces a kind of fervour, but what is committed in its name is total crap. So much war in the name of God, yet those that do it couldn't give a shit about any holy ghost.

"The song was born when I was too young to understand the ins and outs, just being bused across the town to attend the right school. What's my religion, you ask. That's a very serious question. In the normal scheme of things it wouldn't, it shouldn't matter. People who ask that question in Belfast do so only as a pretext for a fight, little else. There's not much brotherly love involved, and none intended. These people can tell whose side you're on - and everyone's on a side - by the colour of a scarf."

You wear black.

"The preacher's team... and the only bell ringing is a graveyard sound. The Belfast Bard, ha ha ha! I like it."

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INFO RIOT

EDITED BY BARRY LAZELL

Siouxsie and the

THE DISCOGRAPHY AND EARLY DAYS



Siouxsie, as she appeared with the Pistols on TV in the Bill Grundy incident



The original line-up for their famous 100 Club effort, sporting Sid Vicious on drums and Marco on guitar



The first settled line-up: Siouxsie, Kenny Morris, Johnny McKay, Steve Severin



The Banshees getting good mileage out of one copy of the world's jabbest rag

NO SOONER had the ink dried on *The Cure* discography in *Sounds* towards the latter end of last year, than Frank Watson of Eltham had put pen to paper suggesting that to do the same for Siouxsie & The Banshees would be a logical follow-up. Since then, three more requests on the same topic have come in from A North of Cardiff, Robin Jones of Telford, Norfolk, and John Fennie of Durham, so I guess it's indeed time to give Siouxsie the *Info Riot* works. Yet again, it must be years since we listed the band's releases, if ever, but what follows encompasses all (known!) Siouxsie product released in the UK to date.

Singles first. All are on Polydor until we reach those with the SHE prefix, which are released on the band's own Wonderland label, though still distributed through Polydor:

- 2059 052 'Hong Kong Garden'/'Voices' (first pressing in gatefold pic sleeve) Aug 1978
- POSP 9 'The Staircase (Mystery)'/ '20th Century Boy' Mar 1979
- POSP 59 'Playground Twist'/'Pull To Bits' Jun 1979
- 2059 151 'Mittageisen (Metal Postcard)'/ 'Love In A Void' (originally on import from West Germany) Sep 1979
- POSP 117 'Happy House'/'Drop Dead! Celebration' Mar 1980
- 2059 249 'Christine'/'Eve White Eve Black' May 1980
- POSP 205 'Israel'/'Red Over White' Nov 1980
- POSPX 205 As above on 12-inch; same tracks
- POSP 273 'Spellbound'/'Follow The Sun' May 1981
- POSPX 273 As above on 12-inch, with extra track 'Slap Dash Snap'
- POSP 309 'Arabian Nights'/'Supernatural Thing' Jul 1981
- POSPX 309 As above on 12-inch, with extra track 'Congo Conga'
- POSP 450 'Fireworks'/'Coal Mind'

- May 1982
- POSPX 450 As above on 12-inch, with extra track 'We Fall'
- POSP 510 'Slowdive'/'Cannibal Roses' Oct 1982
- POSPX 510 As above on 12-inch, with extra track 'Obsession II'
- POSP 539 'Melt'/'Il Est Ne Le Divin Enfant' Nov 1982
- POSPX 539 As above on 12-inch, with extra track 'A Sleeping Rain'
- SHE 4 'Dear Prudence'/'Tattoo' Sep 1983
- SHEX 4 As above on 12-inch, with extra track 'There's A Planet In My Kitchen'
- SHE 6 'Swimming Horses'/'Let Go' Mar 1984
- SHEX 6 As above on 12-inch, with extra track 'The Humming Wires'
- SHE 7 'Dazzle'/'I Promise' May 1984
- SHEX 7 As above on 12-inch, with additional 'glamour mix' of 'Dazzle' and extra track 'Throw Them To The Lions'
- SHEEP 8 'The Thorn' (12-inch EP) Tracks: 'Voices'/'Placebo Effect'/'Red Over White'/'Overground' Oct 1984
- SHE 9 'Cities In Dust'/'An Execution' Oct 1985
- SHEX 9 As above on 12-inch, with extra track 'Quarter Drawing Of The Dog'
- SHEG 9 Limited-edition seven-inch release of the above in a poster sleeve. And on to the albums (last two on Wonderland; the earlier ones on Polydor):
- POLD 5009 'The Scream' Oct 1978
- POLD 5024 'Join Hands' Aug 1979
- 2442 177 'Kaleidoscope' Aug 1980
- POLS 1034 'Juju' Jun 1981
- POLS 1056 'Once Upon A Time: The Singles' Nov 1981
- POLD 5064 'A Kiss In The Dreamhouse' Oct 1982
- SHAH 1 'Nocturne' Nov 1983
- SHEHP 1 'Hyaena' (first Banshees album compact disc) Jun 1984

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

'The Scream' (Polydor)*****

NO MATTER what anyone may say or think, the success of 'Hong Kong Garden' was neither predictable nor predictable. Despite its obvious instantness (primarily, of course, thanks to John McKay's ethnic 'oriental' guitar figure), the band, the record company, the press and public alike were surprised by the depth of its success. And it's that very success of the single which inevitably colours any view of this ironically titled album, even perhaps bringing forth totally unrealistic expectations. When the Banshees went into the studio to record it, they were well aware that they were working on an important album — even if it was only the magnitude of their own fractious egos which convinced them. But, by the time they emerged, the result had ineluctably matured into a MAJOR album, one of those pieces of vinyl by which we keep track of the months of the year.

In this case, press coverage of a band has certainly warped any vision of the band. While Siouxsie has grabbed the front pages with her often just this side of tacky Brumley chic and the occasional flash of tit (no, that's not sexism, far from it, she knew just what she was doing when she strutted her stuff back in 76 — first create the frame and only then follow it with substance), it's the McKay/Morris duo who define the musical quality of the record. Bassist Steve Severin, however, generally seems content to follow his name-sake in Sacher-Masoch's 'Venus In Furs', remaining all but buried, pulsing in the depths of the mix like a barely heard but consistently sensed heart beat, while making a major contribution to the often dubiously successful lyrics.

McKay on the other hand works his way round the frets like a master who's just discovered the reaches of his own talent and is stretching himself to the very limits of his technique and abilities — he even makes fairly standard chordal thrashes and lurches sound fresh, probably because they sound that way to him. Morris simply lives up to his own definition of his playing — the Glitterband mixed with Mo Tucker, the teen big thump, thump beat laced with suburban artiness.

Anyone whose knowledge of the Banshees only extends as far as the single, will possibly be surprised by the material included. While there is a definite width of material (from the languorous obliqueness of the seven minute 'Switch' through the may be tongue in cheek black humour of 'Helter Skelter' and 'Carcass' to the simplicity of 'Nicotine Stain') nothing here approaches either the pop sensibility of the 'hit' or the self-conscious avant-garde approach of the B-side, 'Noises'. Basically, it's the Banshees stage show with a couple of new songs, which far from being the clearing out of dead wood it could have been, is a fascinating documentary of a band at an early stage of development, when they're still learning about each other, when their drive to leave a testament for posterity overwhelms their desire to come up with the perfect record. The result is the best set of demo tapes you are ever likely to hear in your life, the only possible competitor being the Stones IBC demos and the 101ers fabled sessions for Chiswick. Just like the Clash, they're set themselves an almost impossible task — the second album.

In a recent but probably little seen film, 'The Shout', Alan Bates plays the part of a man who proves his claim to be able to kill with a shout. 'The Scream' can't do that, but it does come uncomfortably near.

PETE SILVERTON

SOUNDS, OCT 14, 1978

Gimme gimme shock treatment

Outrage is the game, Siouxsie and the Banshees is the name

"I've tried, I've really tried. But I can't cope with fucking noise —" (Sue Catwoman)

AND THE name of the band is... Siouxsie Sioux (vocals) Steven Deville (bass) P. T. Fenton (guitar) Kenny (drums). Not since the coming of the Sex Pistols has a band incurred such hatred as Siouxsie and the Banshees. When this lot play a gig, which isn't too often, it's like throwing a party in a graveyard.

"I've seen more action in a geriatrics ward", — Siouxsie Sioux was once heard to protest as an audience of stuffed prunes sits its eyes and waited for the guitars to turn into ME262s and World War III to erupt from the drum kit. Hey, maybe if it had they would have got off!

Right from the beginning there was something beautifully perverse about the Banshees. It wasn't the ingenious name, it wasn't that Billy Idol once played guitar for them, or even that the unique Sid Vicious was their drummer at the infamous 100 Club festival. No, it was their modus operandi which set them light years apart from the one chord wonders.

"That 100 Club gig/the intention was to play one number until they threw us off the stage/but they never did/we had to end it". Aftermath Siouxsie sounded like a cat being castrated! A song based around the Lord's Prayer? A challenge back when punk was punk and not an embarrassing label, and nobody rose to the occasion. So will you ever get it up?

One year on it's the Noel who that is holding back the potential boud Siouxsie and the Banshees rock on. Helen was a gal! It's more akin to 'Visceral' The Damned than the Third Reich, but here the flames and you'll get a blast "I love getting people's backs up. It's like laughing at spastics..." (Siouxsie) "What's 'schiller'?" (Steve)

Now, I wouldn't waste yours and my time if I didn't think Siouxsie and the Banshees' music was red hot. When you've been weaned on the Siouxsie 'Slater Ray' and 'Horses', you don't hunt a gut for nothing — no matter how orgasmic the lead singer's looks are.

There is no picture sleeve single to recommend because, as of speaking, no record company will touch Siouxsie and the Banshees with a barge pole. They call the band 'facets' (well, it's one better than horror at four letter words on T.V. during tea time). The band does not even possess its own equipment, all it does have is one very devoted soul in manager Nita. He arranged the session to record a demo tape, which I begged to be allowed to attend.

I tell you, man, if the Banshees curled up and died tomorrow, they would have fulfilled their promise twice over with the bootleg 'Love In A Void'. Velvet Underground guitar/icy intonation 'Love In A Void' it's so much/avoid in love/it's so dumb.

Then there is 'Make-up To Break Up' for all you girls freakin' out because you've stuck your brush stick mascara slap bang in your eyelid again. 'Blood pouring from my eyes... my face is cracking up/my face is cracking up'. But if sick-ness is your bag (and if you truly profess to love Lee Reed and to go down with the pretty man-ick, it should be) then, 'Be a car crash... be limply in love/be limply in love' for 'Carcass'. Yeah, Johnny said it's something you feel for a cat or a dog. Captain Scarlett — now he's made out of steel.

So when are the Banshees coming from when Siouxsie shouts that pretty arm in the air? Well, for a band whose songs are like a nervous breakdown they are a remarkably cheerful lot, but then they do let Vincent Price and cheap horror stories as a major influence (the Banshees on the subject of enthusiasm "It's awful. You can't get on the bus for 'em...") (Paraphrasing) They also admit their debt to Bowie. "People said we were negative — thankfully 'Love/The Idiot' did not escape everyone in the rush for free Clash singles."

"I'm your toy/your 20th Century boy" (20th Century Boy.) It's not poison, it won't harm you (yet). Siouxsie and the Banshees! JANE SUCK



SIOUXSIE and the Banshees — they thought Helen was a gal

'I love getting people's backs

41/43 REAL ST.
COVENT GARDEN, WC2

Wednesday July 12th
Audience night
5th before 10pm 5th after 10pm

OUTPATIENTS
+ The Dead
Thursday July 10th
To be arranged
Friday July 11th

EATER
+ Rothchild
Saturday July 13th

STILLETTO
+ Shamus 60
Wednesday July 10th
Audience night
5th before 10pm 5th after 10pm

TRANSISTOR
+ The Subway
Thursday July 11th

SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES
+ Unannounced
Friday July 12th

X-RAY SPEX
+ Two Way Army
Saturday July 13th

LONDON
+ 2pm

THE MIS-SPELT BANSHEES

THE FIRST FEATURE, SOUNDS, JUNE 25, 1977

Banshees

There have also, of course, been a few releases by the Siouxsie Budgie offshoot of the Banshees known as **The Creatures**. The one Creatures album was 'Feast' (Wonderland **SHELP** 1), released in May 1983, whilst the following appeared on singles:

POSPD 354 'Wild Things' (seven-inch EP) Tracks: 'Mad-Eyed Screamer', 'So Unreal', 'But Not Them', 'Wild Thing', 'Thumb'. The first pressing of the above was a double-pack single, in the same gatefold pic sleeve which later housed the five-track EP version. It carried the slightly different catalogue number **POSPG 354**, and there were only 5000 issued, so it circulates for about £10 a time nowadays. Sept 1981

SHE 1 'Miss The Girl'/'Hot Spring In The Snow' May 1983

SHE 2 'Right Now'/'Weathercade' Jul 1983

SHEX 2 As above on 12-inch, with extra track 'Festival Of Colours'

For those who may be wondering, the missing numbers in the Wonderland label sequence belong to the records released by **The Glove**, the offshoot outfit formed by **Steve Severin** and **Cure** member (and frequent part-time Banshee) **Robert Smith**. Again, they had one album, 'Blue Sunshine' (Wonderland **SHELP** 2), released in August 1983, while there were also two singles — already detailed when we were covering **The Cure**, but equally valid for inclusion here:

SHE 3 'Like An Animal'/'Mouth To Mouth' Aug 1983

SHEX 3 As above on 12-inch, with an additional 'club mix' of the A-side

SHE 5 'Punish Me With Kisses'/'The Tightrope' Nov 1983



The Creatures: Siouxsie and Budgie



After the split with new recruits Robert Smith (on loan from The Cure) and Budgie

Siouxsie And The Banshees 100 Club

"HAPPY VALENTINE'S Day" was the first thing she said; then "What is it the sheep like now? Power pop isn't it?" You knew from the start that it was not to be a gig for the faint-hearted. The mad love of butchers for their slabs of dead meat is hardly consistent with the sending of valentines. Unless of course Siouxsie's butcher sent his own heart. Pause to consider the hideous possibility.

(This little fantasy has been inspired by their song 'Carcass' which also contains one of the great alliterative catch-phrases of all time — 'limblessly in love'.)

This was about the fifth (and best) time I saw the Banshees. I can't pretend to have been an early advocate; faint interest at first and in the end, total capitulation.

What they're really good at is building a song from a slow, sparse beginning to a doomy climax. No hysteria though: just a steady, thorough working over with all the impact of a well-placed heel in your inner ear. 'Helter Skelter' is like that; also 'Pure' which leads into 'Love In A Void'.

With hundreds of people turned away (and a brief visit from the police), it was bound to be weird. Lot of Sham fans too and a phase of people getting onstage and yelling things about the Moors Murderers. Siouxsie came back and settled that one ('castrate Myra Hindley'). It's a pity if people associate her with every sicko creed going, but hell, she can handle it.

And no-one who writes a song with the subtlety of 'Mittageisen' or the brilliant new 'Overground' should be shoved away for people to inflict all their little private fantasies on.

Enough has been written about Siouxsie's extraordinary voice, but just a few general points about the gig: good sound; the songs seemed more varied than in the past without losing any of their starkness; Siouxsie frosty but looser, more confident; still can't hear the words though, bleat bleat, and I know they're worth hearing.

ATV, the Banshees and the Buzzcocks form the triumvirate of British bands. And as for Siouxsie — you don't really mind that she probably regards you as a sheep too. You don't even mind when, on the way home, your old man announces he's "definitively in love".

SOUNDS, FEB 25, 1978

It was a good thing, probably, that Siouxsie was wearing her polka-dot plastic mac.

Louise's used to be an almost exclusively lesbian club but has graciously expanded to accommodate the leading edge of 70s youth and their pansexual tastes. In the reception Siouxsie removed her mac, revealing a simple black dress with a plunging Y neckline, black net loosely covering her pert breasts. A home-made swastika flash was safety-pinned to a red armband. Black strap stilettos, studs gleaming, bound her feet; fishnet tights and black vinyl stockings her legs. Her short black hair was flecked with red flames.

Steve was still wearing the same clothes — white shirt daubed with paint and a Union Jack pinned over the right breast, black drainpipe slacks and winklepickers — he had worn on stage at the 100 Club the previous Monday night when he had played bass with Siouxsie, Sid Vicious and Marco, also known as Siouxsie and the Banshees. He had first picked up a guitar the previous afternoon.

"I don't know why I did it."

I just knew I wanted to before I was 21."

It was also Siouxsie's first stage appearance.

"I'd always wanted to be on a stage... I was a bit nervous at first but when I saw everybody enjoying it, I enjoyed doing it. I think they considered it a joke."

"I've always gone around being looked at so I thought perhaps I should go on a stage and exploit it."

"I also had singing lessons," she added archly. "When I was about 16. I really wanted to do singing and I practised a lot and made cassettes and I dunno... I went to some interviews from *Melody Maker* ads, record producers looking for singers, and it really put me off. They made me think I'd have to become a classical type singer to be popular —"

"Dana," smirked Steve. "—So that the general public would like you. They gave me the impression that everyone who makes it has to sleep around... The fact that I could get work by that and be paid for it and nothing be expected of me (professionally), that was, you know..."

THE SINGLE OF THE WEEK (Also known as the kiss of life)

SIUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES: 'Hong Kong Garden' (Polydor) It's just as well that, in a week of such physically grey dross, there is at least one saving grace — one inspirational beacon in the mind-numbing darkness. In truth, I hardly expected Siouxsie and her Banshees to prove my musical salvation, what with all the 'Ice Queen' reputation and atonal bawls and thrash that they're supposed to go in for, but this was a

revelation. Goddammit, here was I expecting a screeching, tortuous din, and instead this is an ingenious cross-breed of New Wave starkness and chop suey frivolity, the main theme being tapped out in charming Chinese chimes. A sort of Siouxsie Wong done right. Most important, the song's constructed in the time-honoured tradition of all good singles — catchy, original arrangement coupled with an irresistible sing-along chorus.

All their humming and hedging over to sign or not to sign has thankfully proved worth the wait.

SOUNDS, AUG 19, 1978

MÖTLEY CRÜE

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FILM-TV-VIDEO-BOOKS

SCANNERS

EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL



GLORY (Amy Madigan) advances with heavy artillery in *Alamo Bay*

THE LONG GOOD BAY

ALAMO BAY
(Tri-Star Pictures)

PICTURE THE tale of a country song – y'know, all those lyrics about husbands cheating on their wives, drinking, guns, pool bars, loneliness in a backdrop of Texan racism – and you wind up in the volatile backwaters of *Alamo Bay*.

Writer Alice Arlen (*Silkwood*) and director Louis Malle (*Les Amants*, *Atlantic City*, *Pretty Baby*) home in on the dilemma that faced the small fishing communities on the Gulf Coast when Vietnamese refugees tried to live and work right alongside the locals.

The trouble begins when the Vietnamese break out of the shackles of slave labour to become successful at independent fishing in such a community. The Vietnam war might be over. But another one has just begun.

And criss-crossing the sinister fabric of rampant and hysterical racism is our beautifully earthy country theme – Shang, (*Ed Harris*) the epitome of a grunting, selfish Texan hunk who treats his wife like a leper for the sexual charms of Glory (Amy Madigan), daughter of the local fishing chief.

Glory is by far the star of the movie – unglamorous, tough and afraid, she surfaces as the heroine in more ways than one and typifies the dilemma of the '80s woman, to coin a cliché.

A trifle slow at times, *Alamo Bay* still makes a worthy watch. It's mean and moody and true, and it'll have you gripping the seat arms and gulping back the lump in your throat at all the right places. And Ry Cooder wrote the music.

SALLY GETHIN



GIB (John Cusack) plays pool with his 'sure thing', Nicolette Sheridan

THING TANK

THE SURE THING
(Embassy Pictures)

THIS IS a real hunky-dory all American story – full of corny, glorious stereotypes. Take Ivy League college kid Walter 'Gib' Gibson (John Cusack) – obnoxious, loud, brash, everything about America you love to hate. And of course he lives off burgers 'n' Bud.

But who can resist an arrogant punk who looks a real angel when he's in love, jumps into a swimming pool fully clothed to impress the lady and acts like a raving lunatic to frighten off her would-be attacker? Gib's a real cutie and no mistake.

The girl he fancies at college, Alison (Daphne Zuniga), also looks like a real cliché at first –

she's conscientious at her studies, goes swimming and wears really sensible clothes. But when the two of them end up sharing the same ride to the West Coast where Gib hopes to meet his 'sure thing' blonde bombshell – well, even she turns out to have a wicked streak. She rips all her clothes off and dangles her tits out of a car window – just to show she's not a bore.

The Sure Thing ain't such a safe ride – plenty of twists, surprises and good giggles on Gib and Alison's long trek make it fun. But then, what else would you expect with Henry 'Fonz' Winkler as executive producer and Rob Spinal Tap Reiner in the director's chair?

SALLY GETHIN

STALLONE AGAIN

ROCKY IV
(MGM/UA)

THE ROCKY movies don't constitute a series so much as a constant revision and re-examination of one theme, smoothing over the edges and squeezing out the lumpy bits until this latest offering bears about as much relation to the original *Rocky* as a degenerate bastard great-nephew does to the Byronic lord of the manor who started the whole sorry line.

Spent and wasted? Superficially, at least, it doesn't look that way: the world is awed by the advent of Russian superlighter Dolph Lundgren, Rocky's old pal/adversary Apollo gets himself killed in a bout with this man-machine, and finally Rocky has to defend the free world's honour in a knock-down, drag-out fracas set in the heart of the Soviet empire! Like, wow.

However, having pulled variations on this even-a-loser-can-win theme on three previous occasions and now breaking a promise not to resurrect Rocky again, Stallone and all his strokes can't make *Rocky IV* look anything but

predictable in the extreme. Shorn of all the relaxed, real moments (y'know, the *acting*), this new version of the Rocky model is mere comic-strip gung-ho gunge, pitting the back-to-basics Yank against the technologically-obsessed Red.

As in all fairy tales, everyone cries at the end. Swimming in a sea of gore, Rocky and his opponent cry. Rocky's wife Adrian cries. The Russian's wife (played by nubile new Mrs Stallone, Brigitte Nielsen) cries. Sheesh, even the Russian Premier gives ol' Rocky a rousing, blubber-drenched huzzah after he half-kills the pride of Soviet manhood!

And the women in the audience sob at the size of Sly's pulsing pecs! All this and James Brown too. I mean, what's all that gotta do with that first, gentle little movie called *Rocky*?

Nothing, but I'm not grinding any major axes. *Rocky IV* is a film you can enjoy, but it's not a film you can love.

SANDY ROBERTSON

FUTURE SHOCK

MAX HEADROOM: 20 MINUTES INTO THE FUTURE

Steve Roberts
MAX HEADROOM'S GUIDE TO LIFE
David Hanson and Paul Owen

(Corgi Books/Channel 4)
CHRYSLIS VISUAL Programming Limited have it that M-M-M-Max Headroom is the TV phenomenon of the '80s. Well they would, wouldn't they?

In these disturbed days in

which we live, it has probably occurred to all right thinking people that something drastic ought to be done about press releases and hype in general.

Speaking for myself, I have long thought that stones should be turned and avenues explored with a view towards putting a stopper upon all the rubbish which regularly arrives tucked inside this sort of product.

If this Headroom character is the TV phenomenon of the decade, or even the week, then I'm Madonna. His TV show is/

was no more than a mish mash of cheap tricks, secondhand humour and third rate pop videos. And 'his' guide to life is just exactly what you would expect from a 'phenomenon' with such a track record. B-B-B-Bollocks.

However, Steve Roberts' *20 Minutes Into The Future* is simply the picture book of the film which originally launched this tiresome wretch. And, surprisingly for such an unappetising device, it works! Reading like a novelette rather than a sequence of pretty pictures and bland captions, this book retells the full futuristic fantasy which formed the basis for that enthralling and entertaining but *one-off* TV film.

ROGER HOLLAND

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OPS themselves have a particular commitment to helping new bands. While much of their work is in areas such as video magazines and campaigns, video and TV commercials they recently introduced a special low rate for bands on a tight budget which they reckon is unmatched by any other professional facility in the country. So our winners will be in caring and capable hands!

HOW TO ENTER

DECIDE ON the song (no longer than four minutes, please!) that you'd most like to see turned into a video and send us a normal **twin-track cassette recording** of it. Home recording quality will be quite acceptable for this purpose.

In addition to a tape of your chosen song, we want to see a **current photograph** of your line-up. You may also include such **brief background information** as you consider relevant.

Winner of the OPS promo video session will be the band or artist who, in the opinion of the judges, demonstrates the best overall video potential from the material supplied.

SPECIAL CONDITIONS

THE PRIZE does not include transport to or from the video facility, loan of musical equipment or costumes. Nor does it include multitrack audio recording. The winner(s) will be responsible for providing a suitable stereo soundtrack for lip-synch purposes at the time of the video shoot.

Date of the session will be mutual agreement. Closing date for the competition is Monday March 3 1986, which gives you a clear month to get it together. All entries must be accompanied by the entry coupon below. Only one entry per artist/band is allowed. Tapes and accompanying material are non-returnable.

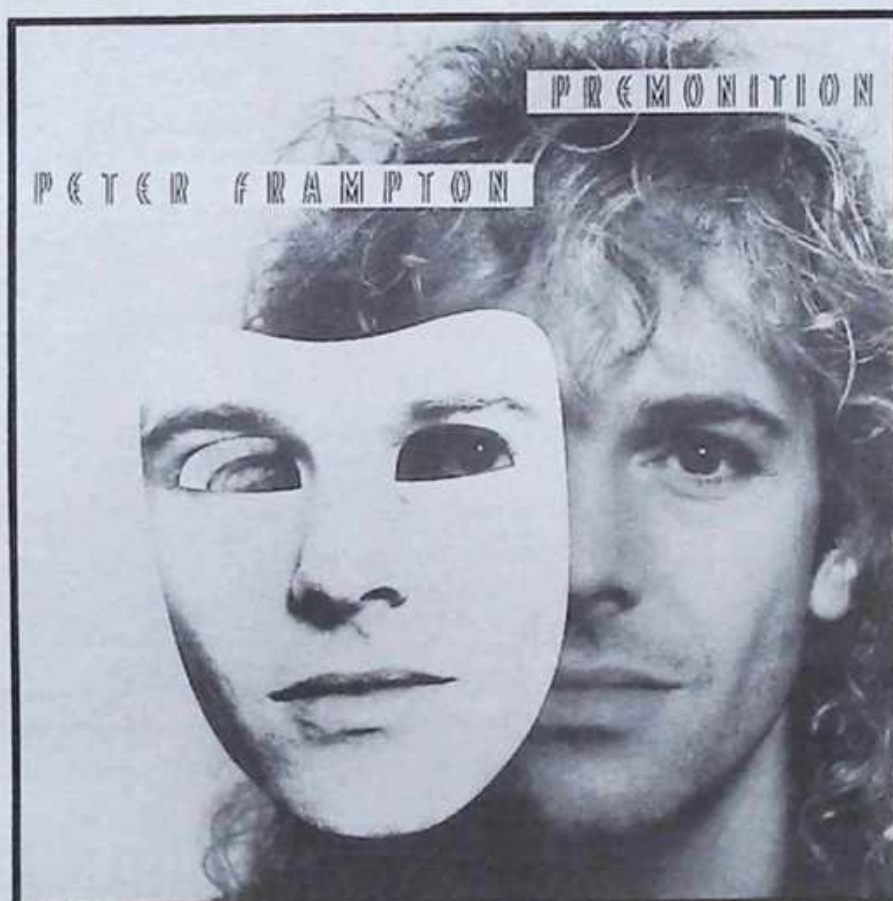
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Subject to availability

Reviewed by
Richard Cook

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**NATION 'Wondatime'**

(Sweet Release) They wear shades. They smoke cigarettes. Mean. These are good points – and the record's a fat, desperate slab of post-funk mannerisms, smoothly lacerating and pretty exciting when played at earbusting volume. A great bass growl compensates for singing that doesn't measure up to the rest; otherwise this is a better, more punishing essay on white boy/white girl dance obsessions than anything Win or the unfulfilled Hard Corps have done.

THE COSTELLO SHOW FEATURING CONFEDERATES 'Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood' (F-Beat)

Elvis puts on his these-we-have-loved boater again. It's an awkward, over-produced (by El and famous cult T-Bone Burnett) and finally very addictive wrench through the Animals chestnut – Costello hacks across his most sandpapered vocal on record, the backing sports the ching of marimbas and delicious Hammond organ fills – it's almost like a Jerry Dammers tribute, a grave, stately affair. Other tracks are a manic Elvis original called 'Baby's Got A Brand New Hairdo' and an astonishing heartbreak vocal on 'Get Yourself Another Fool'. The great maverick carries on.

TAKA BOOM 'Middle Of The Night' (Polydor)

Outright dance winner, even if it is a straight cop from big sister's book. Hardly anything to say. Big thunderclap hook, the backing singers eat up the refrain and Boom matches her tonsils to the script – get down on it, one might say.

MÖTLEY CRÜE 'Smokin' In The Boys Room' (Elektra)

About the only thing these periwigged commandoes are good at is this type of meathead cover – a harmless bit of bad behaviour. Smoking! In the boys room! (Translation for UK readers: smoking in the toilets.) Well, this really is a shocker. Actually, not nearly crazee enough.

THE SISTERHOOD 'Giving Ground' (Merciful Release)

Here comes another Andrew Eldritch folly. If it weren't for the maudlin musings of this so solemn boy, the record might not be too bad. It ticks along like a haunted roundabout. But over the top there's this crusty gloom from Eldritch, wailing like the milkman's only left one pint at his sepulchre. Have mercy!

BOBBY BLAND 'Members Only' (Malaco)

Old gold soul voice getting distinctly

tired and unemotional around the edges. Big Bobby just don't care much about what he sings any more, and he lets the cooing girls and the orchestra do most of the work. Laid back about as far as Billy Eckstein, and that's somewhere below the horizontal.

HANK WILLIAMS JR 'All My Rowdy Friends Are Coming Over Tonight' (Warner Bros)

Not only does Hank write the funniest, most bloodshot-crazy songs in 'respectable' Nashville, his band play southern rock 'n' roll that's as sharp as a tack. This taste from the mandatory purchase 'Are You Sure Hank Done It This Way' is dumb enough for Radio 2 cowboys and has a sidelong grin to appeal to you and me too. File beside your copy of Charlie Daniels' 'Uneasy Rider' (you've got that one, haven't you?).

THE MEKONS 'Crime And Punishment' (Siz)

The only time I saw The Mekons, years ago, they played a scream of a set; but that joke isn't funny any more, and this doleful four-tracker is a selfish, witless approximation of some ancient dream of new wave incompetence. Never mind The Clash going on for ever – when's someone going to put this lot out of their misery?

SURVIVOR 'Burning Heart' (Scotti Brothers)

At least 'Eye Of The Tiger' had some meaning outside Rocky III. This one means zilch outside the latest episode.

INXS 'This Time' (Phonogram)

Beats me why these guys haven't cut it here. They have the right photofit, right blustery harmonies, right mealy-mouthed allegories of power, right rock-funk beats. Maybe they have the wrong name. It looks like something you fill your pen with. But will they ever do anything up to the scratch of Icehouse's incomparable 'Hey Little Girl'?

ACADEMY 'You Are In My System' (RCA)

The System did it, Robert Palmer did it rather better. Academy do it to death.

STARSHIP 'Sara' (RCA)

After delivering the most peanut-brained anthem of our age in 'We Built This City', this troupe of aerobic frauds sob into their muesli in a ballad that's about as tender as last week's stewing steak. Mickey Thomas, who once sang Elvin Bishop's great 'Fooled Around And Fell In Love', auditions for his Tony Bennett tuxedo. Failed.

THE WEDDING PRESENT 'Once More' (Reception)

Bruising piece of chaos from Leeds. Under an avalanche of chippety-chop guitar snuggles a tough little pop tune that fills your head with shrapnel. It's like eating a tin of nails. Walks the dangerous line between punky breakdown and nasty power-pop and emerges intact. Well done, you northern people.

ROBIN MCAULEY 'Eloise' (PRT)

Strewth! A week after The Damned's stupid demolition of the same song, the Barry Ryan revival continues – this version is more heavy metal Puccini than even Malcolm McLaren imagined. Still ends up more flyblown than full-blown.

PHILIP-MICHAEL THOMAS 'Just The Way I Planned It' (Spaceship)

Good shot at subtle sophisticated funk misses by a whisper – it's so deft that it hardly registers. Another fine undiscovered black voice mutters against a groove that's asking for a tempest up the arse, not these muted ripples.

52ND STREET 'You're My Last Chance' (10)

Tries to be considerably more badass, but this is another one that disappears in its stew of production effects. Instead of hammering down on the chord changes, as Jam and Lewis do so brilliantly, the record loses itself in the keyboard swirl. Just played it, can't remember a damn thing.

THE STYNG RYTES 'Baby's Got A Brand New Brain' (Snaffle)

Symptomatic of how British minds are a thousand leagues behind the Americans (never mind the Germans) when it comes to depravity. Even the smallest of small-town Cramps would sneer at this kind of kinderbilly. Other tracks include 'Shake It Up', a weary invitation.

AUDREY HALL 'One Dance Won't Do' (German)

Could be brushing the charts already as you read, through the attention drawn by 'Girlie Girlie' to this brand of techno-lovers. Hardly deserves it – cold vocal over bland Sly & Robbie bop.

ARCADIA 'The Promise' (Parlophone)

Yes, we have cackled over The Death Of The Pop Star in '85. Let's just hold off on the wake until we're sure that the likes of Arcadia are nothing but ghosts of the aftermath. Le Bon, Rhodes and Taylor do what one supposes is their best at putting a bit of mystery into the enterprise, and if it were possible to

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

SONIC YOUTH 'Halloween'/'Flower' (Blast First) In the twilight between words and deeds, between rock music and rock noise, between love and hate – there exists Sonic Youth. These are two quite simple songs. They're deadly people, chilly, efficient – they aren't relentless, entombed savages like Swans, but they have virtually no humour and very little light in their bleak music.

'Halloween' is a stealthy, crawling piece, almost gentle, almost shimmering; guitars crinkle and creep behind the woman's intoned poem, and it gathers itself into a sort of tiny voodoo dance. It's about being transfixed and exhausted in sex, perhaps. 'Flower' is more like traditional musketry – a chant based on the pull between love and lust, translated into a mocking mantra that rises to a howl. A masterpiece.

decipher what Simon's parroting on about in this dreary mating of The Police and A Band Called O, there might be some malicious interest here. As it is, it's dull plastic.

TALKING HEADS 'And She Was' (EMI)

Byrne has perfected his radio pop of the mind – the symmetries are flawless, and it's beguiling, utterly infectious music that they play. Equally, its heart is dead. Notice how Heads songs never have lovers' meetings – it's always 'I' or 'she', never 'us'.

COLONEL ABRAMS 'I'm Not Gonna Let You Go' (MCA)

Good bit in the middle where a synth goes brrr-lululu-uppl, otherwise this is off-the-peg dance fluff bibbling around the usual Linn drum chatter. The Colonel's asking for his marching orders.

ANGEL CHORUS 'Devil On My Shoulder' (10)

We might fairly ask – when so much press-play is made of the fact that the singer's the offspring of a Zulu princess and the musician's some sort of exotic drop-out – why the music's so blubberingly mundane. Please, don't play me another dance record for a bit.

THE HUDSONS 'One Man's Meat' (Wheelchair)

Did you hear what I said? Who are these people? Nonentities pretending to be famous, beat robots pretending to possess interesting flesh. I only hope Sique Sique Sputnik won't sound like this.

MICHAEL ST JAMES 'Feel My Love' (WEA)

I'm not sure why this gentleman chose to wear his pyjamas for the sleeve photo, but his rather pretty song has the kind of blushing class that Jakko used to put in his records (has he done any lately?). The crooning is just the right side of excess moisture, though he doesn't bother with anything so vulgar as passion. Simple, sweet.

GREGORY GRAY 'Strawberries' (CBS)

Wrong season, chum. Everybody knows you don't buy strawberries till after Wimbledon – they're too expensive. A gruesome, elaborate mess. This guy sounds like he's bringing back a one-man Renaissance. I prescribe a reading of *The Prince*.

CHARLIE SEXTON 'Beat's So Lonely' (MCA)

He's too good to be true. He's got to be 17 years old, fabulous sunken cheeks, lean enough to model for matchsticks,

comes from San Antonio, has a brittle-boned, drag-out voice and plays a guitar that sounds like a typhoon howling through a Texas weathervane. Actually, the record's cut a bit too knowingly in a classic rock 'n' roll pose, but I scent something dangerous and fascinating in this hungry boy. Here next month – me too.

REAL LIFE 'Face To Face' (MCA)

More Antipodeans looking for their slice of the pie. It's garbage.

LIP MACHINE 'Astronut' (Chrysalis)

I was disappointed to find this is not a tribute to the great cartoon character of the title. Annoying percolating rhythm boxes with funny voices, other effects. Waste of everybody's time and facilities.

MIKE AND THE MECHANICS 'Silent Running' (WEA)

Apocalypse movie mush by ancient men of the mountains. If this is the last song we all hear, we deserved it.

PREFAB SPROUT 'Johnny Johnny' (Kitchenware)

We are accustomed to the mirth and merriment of McAloon – to the point of nausea. This blowsy, over-sensitive epic is the head Sprout at his most petulant and mawkish – worst screaming on a record since The Chipmunks' 'Alvin's Harmonica'. Fans, God bless them, must treasure the three bonus songs on the 12 inch, more sweepings from the studio basket.

BANGLES 'Manic Monday' (CBS)

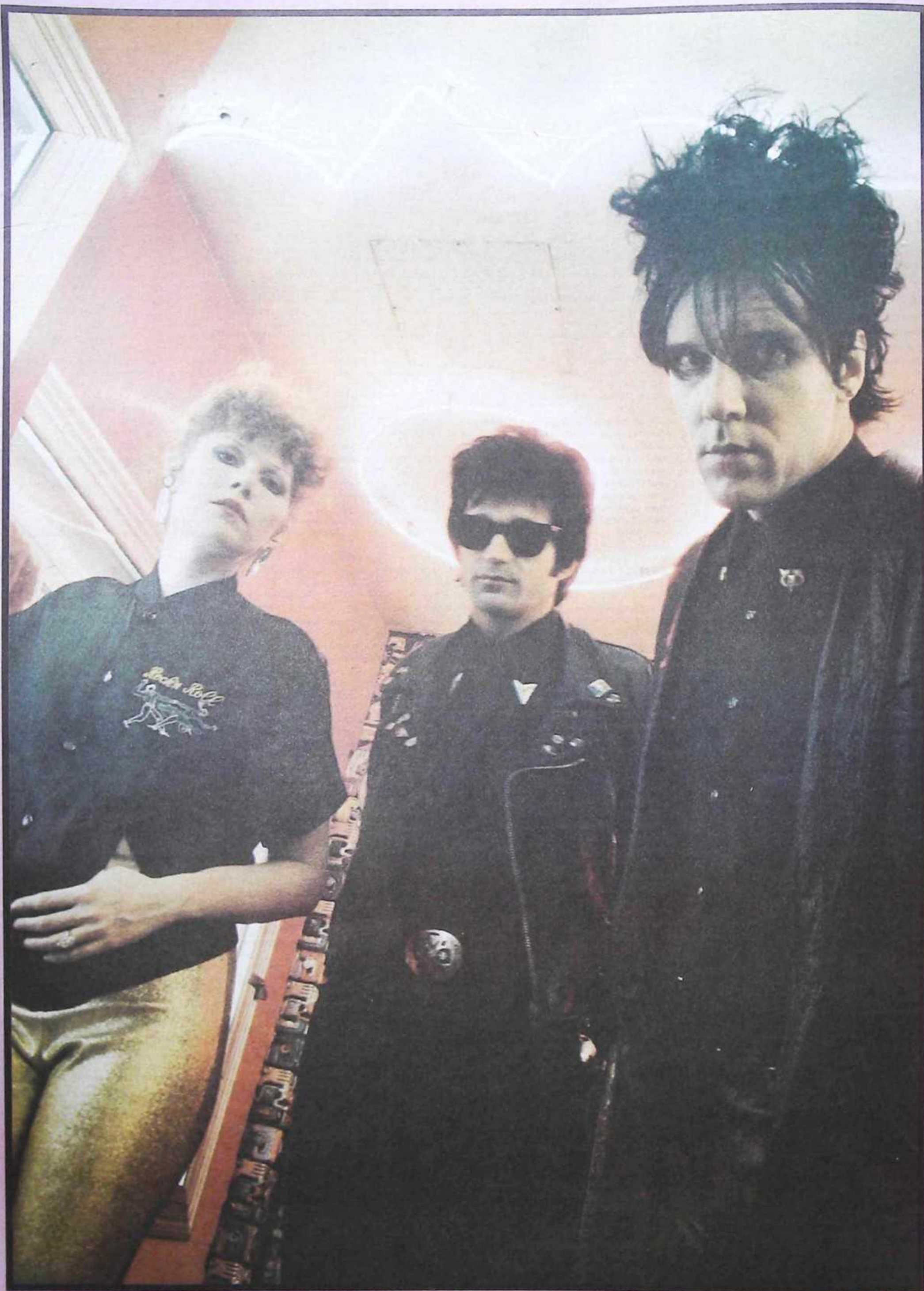
Not the best from these smart Americans. I think their time's already up: the bubblegum snap of their first LP was good enough to spike the trad girl group cuteness, but it's still the sort of cocktail you can stand just the one shot of. This time the voices grate, the guitars drag their feet.

THE DEL FUEGOS 'I Still Want You' (London)

A thoughtful, worthy, intelligent American band set to be scarred with cult status from which they'll never recover. Means a fraction above nothing to me, though I can hear what people see in this as well as I can see what people hear in it.

ALEXANDER O'NEAL 'If You Were Here Tonight' (Tabu)

O, this is a piece of heaven! The best track from the best black record of last year – deep dark velvet, sumptuous, iridescent... the thesaurus stops here. Alex just loses himself in a sound that sews jewels in the air.



CRAMPS

the curse of elvis

IT'S A rainy Saturday night in downtown Los Angeles with a hint of a breeze in the air that carries the strains of a local Tex-Mex band up the steadily darkening street.

We're standing outside the Mayan Theatre waiting for The Cramps to show up.

The Mayan resembles an enormous, luridly painted Aztec temple, a Hollywood artefact that in its heyday used to be a preview theatre.

Now it's a sex cinema screening foxy adventure movies for the local neighbourhood. All the former picture palaces in the area seem to have followed the Mayan's example: in downtown Los Angeles exploitation rules.

This is where The Cramps have arranged to have their picture taken and the setting couldn't be more perfect.

The occasional Low Rider crawls by, windows rolled down, '50s rock 'n' roll blasting out of their black interiors. They could almost be time machines that have zapped forward 30 years.

Suddenly a '49 Dodge cruises into view with Ivy Rorschach in the wheel. Sat beside her is Lux Interior, while in the back lounges drummer Nick Knox. On the back bumper of Ivy's Dodge are a *Terminator* sticker, threatening violence to anybody foolish enough to mess with her car, and a Raiders emblem.

The Cramps (and especially Nick) have a high regard for their local football team. Next to rock 'n' roll it's the Raiders. And after that...? Well that's what we'll hopefully find out tonight.

Meanwhile we get into the back of the car and try to find a quiet space in this city, no easy task, so eventually we head back to our hotel room where Lux flicks on Channel 9 and I flick on my tape recorder.

There are things I want to know, like... what's inside a Cramp?

How close does your audience come to understanding the original concept of The Cramps?

Lux: "There are very few people that come close to understanding, which I don't understand myself because it seems totally natural to us what we're all about, like really obvious. It seems you ask ten people what we're about and you get ten bizarrely different answers."

What about the 'death rock' answer?
"It's definitely not about that. I've never understood that one because I consider our music completely up-beat and about life, just flaming life and how to live it which is the opposite to death rock."

Ivy: "Mainly it's a load of shit, I've heard a lot of this stuff. A lot of people come up and say, 'You guys have inspired us so much, and then they play their music and it has nothing to do with the music we play. It's really dirge-like with preposterously ridiculous lyrics that are about nothing, just plain bad lyrics.'"

"I like listening to anybody that writes good lyrics over some of this dog shit I hear that is supposed to be 'moody' or something. I think we have a mood about us but it's about who we are and where we choose to live our life or something, but a lot of this other stuff is just people acting like they're vampires or something."

Lux: "I think a lot of people that are into that kind of music are into it for the fashion.

I think they like the look of the pallor, which I like, and they like being skinny and wearing black, which I like, but I don't much care about what anybody thinks of what we do."

"We do what we do and when anybody wants to think about it, that's great. I think it's great if people are inspired to go out and play death rock because they hear us, that's OK. What gets me is when people start explaining to me what I am."

Has the death rock tag done you any harm?

Ivy: "Not that I can see. I think what we are is a rock 'n' roll band which is a very universal thing, so they've given us a tag that prevents us from being seen as universal as we are."

Lux: "I think the main thing is that *no one* has a Goddamn clue what rock 'n' roll is in this day and age, period."

"What The Cramps are is a rock 'n' roll band, we listen to a lot of old rock 'n' roll, we like it but we live in this day and age. We like a lot of things in this day and age too, but we try to be a pure rock 'n' roll band."

"I wouldn't choose to do any other thing. I think the hottest thing you could be in the universe is to be in a rock 'n' roll band. If rock is dead then I don't care because we're unaware of it. If it's dead then I don't care to convert the people who think it's dead. If they get converted and listen to our music that's great, but we don't care to convert anybody. We're not championing any cause, we just do what we like to do and the only thing we know how to do."

Do you get accused of being revivalists?

"We get accused of being so many things. Recently in *Spin* magazine they wrote an entire issue on CBGBs and that whole scene from '76. We weren't mentioned in it anywhere. We played 50 times at Max's Kansas City and once a month for three years at CBGB's but we weren't mentioned in that article."

"I asked one of the people on that magazine why we weren't mentioned and they said, 'Well, we had a meeting on that and we decided that you're not really a punk band, you guys are just weird. Meanwhile we've had a lot of shows cancelled, a lot of theatres trashed, a lot of places we can't play anymore because everybody thinks that we're the head of the punks.'"

"Some people think we're not hip enough, we're a country band or something, you name it and people think it about us. I think there are very few people that really have a finger on what it is that we really do."

How about all those bootlegs, do any of them have The Cramps' seal of approval?

Ivy: "No, we do not agree with them at all, it's horrifying. It amazes me that there are bootlegs out of soundchecks, of us just talking in a room with somebody where somebody has taped it. I think it's horrible, especially as they go for twice as much as a regular record."

Lux: "I haven't heard one bootleg yet that sounded like somebody got a bunch of stuff together and really tried to make something exciting and put it out. OK, if somebody was really passionate and said, 'Boy, this is the best Cramps bootleg that's ever been made, I haven't heard anything like that. They all sound like somebody just trying to make some money for nothing.'"

Ivy: "What's bad too is that some of them have come out with some pretty slick packaging and it looks like it could be our latest record. Then they'll re-title songs that have been out on real records that we've done."

"One bootleg calls 'Psychotic Reaction' 'A Walk Down Broadway' and 'Bacon Fat' is called 'Big And Fat', so people put down 20 dollars for all these 'new' songs and they're just the same songs only inaudible,

unrecognisable."

Lux: "I think that from now on we're just not going to stop making records and we will put them out at the speed we can put out good records."

"I think that if we put out more records there wouldn't be so many bootlegs because nobody will want to buy so much stuff. The main reason there are so many bootlegs out is because we haven't been putting out records so there's nothing for people to buy."

THE MAIN reason The Cramps have been so silent over the years comes down to a dispute with one Miles Copeland to whose label the terrible trio were signed.

The devil's contract was eventually torn up but not before a lengthy exchange of lawsuits during which no new Cramps material was allowed to escape the confines of a recording studio.

Lux: "He fought us to the last as hard as he could but we're still here."

Is it true you were planning to sue him?

"We did sue him, for \$1,000,000."

Did you get it?

Ivy: "We settled out of court."

Lux: "Our main objective with that law suit was to get off the label which is what we ended up with. It was hell, it just destroyed us for a long time but we ended up getting off the label. There's nothing else we could have done, we couldn't stay on the label, there was no decision or anything, it was the only possible thing we could have done."

During that period what did The Cramps occupy their time with?

Ivy: "Withdraw into work was all we could do."

Lux: "We toured and toured and spent a lot of time talking to lawyers and walking across their offices and getting static shocks from their door handles, stuff like that."

Ivy: "We quit touring with the new material because every time we did, it would come out on some bootleg. So we decided Oh well, we'll do cover songs instead, so we started touring doing cover songs."

Did anything to your advantage come out of that experience?

Lux: "I think something real good came out of it because we realised that we've got to do what we've got to do. We had to do all that to get off that label because we couldn't make records for them, everything was sabotaged one way or another."

"The reason we did that 'Psychedelic Jungle' album was because we wouldn't get our advance for it, we'd get off the label. So we learned you have to keep complete control over everything."

"It was valuable, it made us understand how to do things. More importantly we learned to stay out of the music business as much as we possibly can because the fact is that it is the most corrupt business on the face of the earth."

So how are Big Beat treating you?

"They're the most corrupt of them all," yucks Lux.

Ivy: "Big Beat is wonderful, they like old things too. They know what rock 'n' roll is and I think they know what The Cramps are, that we are a rock 'n' roll band and not some kind of weird thing."

"The Cramps. They're fun people." (Dan O'Bannon - director of *The Return Of The Living Dead*)

THE NEW album, when it arrives on Big Beat, hopefully by the time you read this, will be the first new set of Cramps material since the live 'Smell Of Female'.

A tremor, however, was heard to rumble

down in the boneyard that they had been asked to write a song for Dan O'Bannon's horror rocker *The Return Of The Living Dead* and, sure enough, months later and hanging ten, 'Surfin' Dead' surfaced. Surely for The Cramps, getting one of their tunes in an exploitation movie must have been a dream come true?

Lux: "They just showed us that movie without any music in it and we were just knocked out by it. It reminds me of a '50s movie, it has humour in it. Since then it has been marketed as a comedy although it isn't, it's just humorous like horror movies were in the '50s."

Lux: "We'd like to do our own movie. Hopefully we could do that. I don't know if we would ever have agreed to be in that movie. I think we know too much to just do a part in some movie. If we made a movie, it might be lousy but we'd probably dig it even if it was."

What kind of a movie do you have in mind?

Ivy: "Definitely exploitation or something."

Lux: "Yeah, exploitation, there's nothing like it! One movie I would like to see get done is *Blood Feast 2*, the sequel to Herschell Gordon Lewis' *Blood Feast*."

Rumours were that you were going to be involved with that one too. Is that still the case?

Ivy: "Yeah, we still want to be but they're having trouble getting backing; delays occurred but they finally got backing from overseas or something. The people that want to make the movie are based in LA, they own the rights to that title and they're big fans, we've seen scripts and drafts of scripts..."

Lux: "It's a friend of ours, a real cool guy. This guy saw *Blood Feast* at a drive-in in the mid '60s and he decided he had to own it. He saw it when he was 12 or something and he's devoted his life to getting these movies. He now owns 22 of Herschell Gordon Lewis' movies and he's putting them out and stuff. *Blood Feast* is the best because it's a gore fest. The first, and maybe the last, good gore movie."

Do you think that the exploitation movie is a dying art?

Ivy: "There are always exploitation movies."

Lux: "Ray Dennis Steckler just put out a movie called *The Strangler Meets The Skid Row Slasher*. He's great, he's the guy who did *The Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living And Became Crazy Mixed-Up Zombies*."

"There are a few things around like that, really shitty movies that are real classics. *Mardi Gras Massacre* is great, it's kind of a take-off of *Blood Feast* but it's really great. The things that are coming out on video right now."

"It's all coming out again and a lot more people are seeing it now than when it was originally released. When people see this stuff it will change culture, it's just so much more intense than anything that's happening

continued on page 29

It's exploitation-a-go-go as THE CRAMPS surf back from the dead to keep a date with EDWIN POUNCEY in downtown Los Angeles. Foyer and loathing by PETER ANDERSON

ALBUMS

RATINGS BUYBLAGHEARFLOGDUMP



MINUTEMEN: this is the last time we buy one of those goddam Simplicity patterns!

Naomi Petersen

MINUTE STAKE

MINUTEMEN '3-Way Tie (For Last)' (SST 058) *****
GODDAMN THE Reaper man. By snapping the axle of D Boon's truck, that old bag of bones has not only severed the soul of a mighty talented heartbeat from this planet but he's also trashed one of its best bands.

When the Minutemen recorded this record, it wasn't meant to be an epitaph. I mean, listen to it, that's life throbbing in them thar grooves and, by the sound of it, their dues were all paid up. If fate hadn't done the dirty, the Minutemen would be heading for big things. A whole slew of variety is on parade here, as full a record as their superb (and still unreleased in the UK) double diamond 'Double Nickles On The Dime'.

Everything the Minutemen have learned throughout their being together is honed, polished and put into action. 'Ack Ack

'Ack' is a short piece of speedball hardcore roots music, while 'Spoken Word Piece' recalls their work with Harvey Kubernick and his spoken word projects — on this track, authentic battlefield Vietnam war effects provide the only backing.

Elsewhere, Boon's boys break into Run DMC territory to twist a few spines on 'No One', shimmy a fist over an acoustic guitar while 'Hittin' The Bong', and pay tribute to both Roky Erickson and Blue Öyster Cult (circa '72) with versions of their work which glow with a genuine love and enthusiasm.

Forever flipping, never slipping. Where every corner had a new lyrical and musical surprise. Remember them this way. If this album has turned into a headstone by mistake, be thankful that it's made out of solid rock.

EDWIN POUNCEY

RORY McLEOD 'Angry Love' (Forward Sounds FORWARD 004) *****

GRAN. MUM. 'Stop The Apartheid Fascists'. "We sing with a hunger/We sing with an angry love..." A life in a day of Rory McLeod. A morning's reflection in a lazy bed, an afternoon on a picket line, an evening in (any kind of) a family, a dynasty of modestly attired strength.

When you've always equated the idea of folk music with 'Janie Jones' or The Mob, Rory McLeod's insidious charm and unflustered bravery are a delight to uncover. Like (but nothing like) labelmates Akimbo, he belongs in no specific genre: he sounds like an East Ender, he has mates who play banjos and mandolins and tubas, but he sidesteps whatever pub-like chumminess might have embroidered his songs, adapting reggae dynamics and calypso thrills to a simple acoustic-based energy and style.

And he pastes over a lyrical eloquence that's cheeky, endearing, strong and striking. This is an overtly political album in many ways (personal to international), while still acknowledging the ties that bind the family without cloying sentimentality.

If anything, it most echoes Ray Davies' intricate English vignettes, warmly wrapped in an urban '80s politic. Once or

twice it slips into workmanlike Braggery, but mostly it's alive and inspired, from the yearning power of the title track to the glittering perception and humour of 'Pauline's Song', to the almost shambolic, improvisational feel of 'Criminals Of Hunger'. And I'm glad to find one more corner where a fire is glowing, and caring isn't boring.

ROBIN GIBSON

JESUS COULDN'T DRUM 'Er...

Something About Cows' (Lost Moment LMLP 004)*****

"HEY, PAUL," said Peter. "Let's make an LP! You'll be one side, and I'll be the other."

"Hey, Paula," replied Jon. "All right. And I'll make eleven silly tracks that sound like The Residents in Luton, gone crazy on Eyeless In Gaza demos!"

"And I'll make six serious ones in honour of the day Whistle Test flew Lloyd Cole out to LA to collaborate with Don Henley," added Peter.

And Jon played flutey pipes and emulators, and Peter played all the things a real rock 'n' roll band play. Jon ended up sounding wacky; Peter ended up sounding wet.

And then all of a sudden, like a bright, pretty feather on a sudden whim, they flew right through their own heads and out the window.

"Blasphemers, wankers or jolly good eggs?" asked a nearby philosopher. But really, he knew he'd never find out. Everyone got home in time for tea, anyway, so it didn't matter.

ROBIN GIBSON

RAILWAY 'Railway II' (Roadrunner RR 9760)*****

THANKS MAY go out to Paul 'n' Gene of Kiss on the sleeve credits (always a good selling point) but Railway's greatest musical debt is plainly owed to Accept, who seem to be

the inspiration for much of Europe's emergent indie metal at present.

Guitars are massaged in familiar robust Aryan fashion, toughened by a healthy production that sparks and simmers rather than farting in typical tinpot shoestring budget style.

Yet, however strong and exuberant, 'Railway II' still lacks the suss and sharpness needed to snag the attention and make a genuinely lasting impression. Fair but by no means exceptional.

PAUL ELLIOTT

THE LONG RYDERS '10-5-60' (PVC Records PVCN 501)***1/2**

FINALLY, THE Long Ryders' debut five-track mini album sees the light of day as an affordable UK release. Witness the awe-inspiring noise that made Andy Kershaw attempt three Shredded Wheat. And sample the sound that had grey haired critics digging out their Byrds and Burritos back catalogues.

The Long Ryders play good downhome music that borders on pop, smacks of repeat fees and asks the question, Are we heading for another Woodstock? And in these five sumptuous soundtracks, it's quite possible to detect that the Ryders may be on top of some of these probabilities. But did all the twangy-pop-psychodelic-ballyhoo really stem from this arid wasteland?

The Long Ryders did better second time around and then they really started saying something. '10-5-60' is a pleasant enough slice of evening fare but it's hardly the saving grace that it pretends to be. A case of Emperor's new clothes perhaps? Either way, the Ryders are still on the move and the price of Byrds albums continues to spiral.

DAVE HENDERSON

ZOOZ RIFT

'Amputees In Limbo' (Cordelia ERICAT 10)*****

THE PURPOSE of this album is to bring together "a collection of odds and ends (recorded between '82 and '84) too good to go unheard".

Zooz Rift, an American, weeps and screams and blows his top on 'Amputees'. He also mangles spectacular spaced-out solos from his T-bone guitar. The music itself is both rock solid and infantile.

Mr Rift appears at first glance to be a nutter, but he could shock us all and emerge a genius. A new hero is born.

MR SPENCER

ROUGH TRADE

'Roughest Trade' (FM Records WKFM LP 43)***1/2**

BARBED EROTICA, culled from five previous Canadian releases, which serves as an ample introduction to Rough Trade and, in particular, vocalist Carole Pope. Jack of all (rough) trades Kevan Staples may turn his hand to virtually all of the instruments used, but it's Pope who makes the more arresting contributions to the songs.

Sparing no blushes, she surpasses the steaminess of the rhythmic soundtrack with brutally frank and explicit observations of sexual roleplay. Pope doesn't shirk from getting dirt under her fingernails, mocking male

'dominance' ('Lie Back And Let Me Do Everything') with an acid wit, her strong, clear voice making it near enough impossible to cross your legs and ignore her.

Surprisingly (considering that this compilation has been put out by an offshoot label of Heavy Metal Records), many of the twelve tracks could almost be mistaken for Grace Jones outtakes; although less funky and a shade colder, the music has an insistent hypnotism about it (like 'Nightclubbing'). And judging from that voice and those lyrics, our Carole would doubtless make mincemeat of smooth-talking chauvinists as easily as Grace dispensed with Russell Harty.

'Roughest Trade' may be somewhat hard to swallow, but it's deserving of attention all the same.

PAUL ELLIOTT

BLUE SIEGE 'Ruins No Longer remain' (Pride Communications PRIDE LP 0001)*****

THE CULMINATION of two year's work, 'Ruins No Longer Remain' is the first six track mini-set from Blue Siege. Boys from the north country — around Preston, I think — Blue Siege produce very confident and professional noises and claim a strange hybrid of influences into the bargain.

Tim Buckley, Tom Waits, The Band, Joni Mitchell? And then there's The Smiths and REM — at least, they're the six names that Blue Siege plucked from their past to show exactly where they're at in terms of the world. Fact is, Blue Siege don't particularly sound like they've crawled from beneath any of those stones.

There's a touch of Walker Brothers vocal intonation, and maybe a smidgen of Lloyd Cole too, but Blue Siege are very much part and parcel of their own story. Strummed guitar, keyboards and that powerful vocal delivery make for half a dozen accomplished pieces. Pop with meaning? Definitely with commercial potential.

Blue Siege deserve your attention. Not quite ready to rule the world, but they're able to right a few wrongs along the way.

DAVE HENDERSON

JOHN KIRKPATRICK, ASHLEY HUTCHINGS AND OTHERS 'The Compleat Dancing Master' (Hannibal HNBL 4416)*****

TWENTYE DANCE greates! Sound thy funky crumhorn to 'The Hare's Maggot', 'The Devil Among The Tailors', 'Mrs Cosgill's Delight' and lottes more partye hittes!

'The Compleat Dancing Master' is something of a classic from 1973, a scrapbook of English dance music from god knows when



WALL OF VOODOO: sitting on the fence?

WALLS

WALL OF VOODOO 'Seven Days In Sammystown' (IRS-5662 US Import) ** 1/2

A SAD and sorry tale. This hurts because I like this band a lot, I believed in them, and now this is how I'm repaid (choke!). Wall Of Voodoo still have that evil little bulldog embryo hunched up in the corner of their record, but I fear that it may have lost its bite for good.

I played this new record through and through, hoping, searching for a hit of that old Voodoo magic, but all I heard was another stadium

to who knows where, interspersed with raps – OK, enough! verse and prose, right? – recited by the likes of Bernard Hepton (the geezer in *Colditz*), Michael Hordern (trout fishing and *Paddington Bear*) and Alec McCowan (Kipling – the bloke with the cakes).

The whole shebang was knocked up by Albion Band colleagues Hutchings and Kirkpatrick, who had previously been responsible for the priceless 'Morris On' (reissue soon?). This is nowhere near as 'folky' as you might expect, a thoroughly accessible series of impressions and observations featuring the familiar tones of such everyday instruments as the rebec, nakers, spinet, viol, hurdy-gurdy, electric guitar, serpent and, indeed, the mighty crumhorn. This album has topped the Dorset morris charts for 364 years, so buy now while stocks last!

ANDY HURT

THE PONTIAC BROTHERS 'Doll Hut'

(Frontier FLP 1014)****
'DOLL HUT' wastes no time in demarcating The Pontiac Brothers' territory. In telling us that they cut their chops hacking Stones' covers, the Brothers can't hope to surprise us, because this horse opera libretto has all the implicit branding that screams these influences in spades.

Like a toy bronco ride in a supermarket, 'Doll Hut' canters the track while bolted to the ground, devoted to its limited pasture and in danger of terminally denuding it as the guitars patrol and reap their harvest of riffs in swathes, like a giant delinquent power mower.

Matt Simon, who barks for these rangers, has a singular talent for sounding as if a bottle opener is being shoved in his jaws, falling off the caboose of each line with the now familiar winsome whine of the part-time cowboy genre. Were The Eagles and Hüsker Dü to have a showdown, The Pontiac Brothers could be the epitaph, a square dance peg in a round hole.

Yes, all the songs do sound the same, but since when has that precluded pleasure? In matters of this kind, it can be a prerequisite. These muleskinners cut it close but their hands are steady. Rollin', rollin', rollin'...

RALPH TRAITOR

ANDRE CYMONE 'AC'

(CBS 26597)***
ANDRE CYMONE is very beautiful. 'AC' is a striking LP, intelligent, throwing up effective, deep rhythms. But Andre will never make it because of a singer called Prince.

Of all the clones the Purple One has spawned, Andre

UDO'S GURUS

ACCEPT 'Kaizoku Ban' (Portrait Records PRT 54916)***1/2
YET ANOTHER live album recorded in one take with no overdubs at all. Ha ha ha, what rubbish! This LP is two months late coming out, and they expect us to believe that they weren't in a studio? 'Kaizoku Ban' is about as live as Max Headroom. It's synthetic, it's contrived and apparently it was recorded in Japan. Let's just say that Japan has become a lot smaller and moved a long way since I last saw it.

So what else? What else indeed, apart from the obligatory 'crowd', some screams, some solos. The bloody solos! Hasn't anybody passed on the word? Solos are boring and extremely antiquated. They should be killed off on vinyl translations, not enhanced.

What more? What more do you want? Not too much by the look of things, because this is the same dull live metal album that always seems to rear its head. Oh, there's some Japanese scribble on the sleeve, so you can really impress your friends. Impress your friends? Put it this way: if you've got friends that are impressed by such tacky drivel as this, I suggest you change them quickly.

STEFFAN CHIRAZI



ACCEPT: that'll teach 'em to bet their shirts on a five star review...

Cymone is arguably the most deserving of recognition – he actually began his musical career with Prince and was in his touring band until 1982. If success was as logical as CSE arithmetic, then Andre would be top of his class.

But there's room for only one star pupil, and that's a lesson Andre badly needs to learn. A softer version of the Prince veneer, but less dynamic, this album pales alongside the trash glamour of the original's music.

But 'AC' still stands above today's dross for its danceable edge. It bares a futuristic rather than psychedelic polish, each track tending to swallow up the other in a kaleidoscope of slashed up synth beats. Ironically, 'The Dance Electric' – the only number co-written with Prince, even featuring The Revolution – cuts sharpest from this angle, pure unbeatable classic club music, '60s, '70s and '80s textures all wrapped perfectly into a hard gem.

Solo, Cymone would do well to go for different tactics. If he figured out another theory, then a whole new host of hopefuls might try and copy it, too.

SALLY GETHIN

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Bop City: Things Are Getting Better'

(Bopcity BOPM 11)*****
THE 'BOP City' series (of which this is a part) seems like a kind of beautiful way to rest up at the start of a new year: simply a warm and animated reaffirmation that when music does talk, it says much more in a moment than the gaggle of unidentifiable deposits which have undoubtedly plagued our

screens and ears over the past months could hope to muster up in a lifetime or two.

'Things' is jazz, of course, from '57-'61 in New York City, and representative of a cool breeze which was (perplexingly) termed 'soul' in jazz circles. I love the detailed sleeve notes which invariably complement these things – warbling happily about hard-bop, syntax and robust Chicago tenors. But I love the music more.

In this case, with prime contributions from Cannonball Adderley/Milt Jackson and Oliver Nelson, it's relaxed and excitable, intimate and dignified. It strolls, and flushes hot and cold in a fever of delight and sensuality. And there are probably several mountain ranges of this music open to exploration, and every so often someone like Bopcity – in a jazz-struck version of the Kent tradition – slips down, all mellow-like, with a tablet or two. Take them occasionally and you'll be glad.

ROBIN GIBSON

THE TEMPTATIONS 'Touch Me'

(Motown 2172413)***
A DELICIOUS warm feeling envelops my body; it twists, glides, floats. I'm in a serene state, ah! heaven. Still, enough tales of my bathtime, though it was lucky I was there because 'Touch Me' wasn't giving much consolation on a miserably dull winter morning.

The only surprise offered by the five whitest sets of teeth in pop is on the opening track, 'Magic', where the deep, deep voices and music seem so slow that I actually got out of the tub in order to speed it up to 45rpm. Very clever, very funny. But that's the only touch of inspiration on this otherwise merely efficient workout. The Temptations have been playing the game so long that they can slip through 40 minutes without once switching from automatic, and on this occasion they do just that.

Once the Liverpool of the charts, consistently at the top and playing brilliant stuff, the days of 'Ball Of Confusion' and 'Psychedelic Shack' are long gone. I now liken them to Wolverhampton Wanderers FC – lacking teeth or claws. Still, us Wolves supporters can take heart from the final track, 'Oh! Lover', a tricky, slick ditty with lots of fancy footwork. Perhaps there's hope of a resurrection yet.

RONNIE RANDALL

DIGITAL SEX 'Essence' (Post Ambient SEX2)***3/4
COMING FROM Omaha must make you mixed up. I mean, what a risqué name and what a crazy moniker for a record label. Already, there's two things that might deter the would-be punter, but press on...

Digital Sex are not a bundle of electronic bleeps and squirms. Neither are they Eno renegades. 'Essence' is a finely tuned commercial album with around five premium cuts and a handful of fillers. Tuneful, harmonious and on a smooching sliproad just off REM Boulevard, Digital Sex play crafted American pop-rock. Not twee or lacking in feeling, but mostly overflowing with charming zest, compulsive vocal lines and structured melodies.

There's a stale smell of musicianship now and again, but overall 'Essence' sparkles much brighter than you'd initially imagine. All that and a certain amount of lasting appeal too. Not bad at all.

DAVE HENDERSON

THE IDLE RACE 'Light At The End Of The Road'

(See For Miles SEE60)****
A DELIGHTFUL romp through Jeff Lynne's early endeavours, made even more amusing by the original stereo sound separation which gives Lynne's '60s songs a genuine period charm.

There's a haze of Lennon and McCartney and Roy Wood (there's even a version of 'Here We Go Round The Lemon Tree') hanging across the 18 tracks from their United Artists spell, but Lynne was already bending those influences to his own ends.

HUGH FIELDER

SWA 'Your Future If You Have One'

(SST 053) ***
"SWA IS your future if you have one. You are either SWA or non SWA. There is no middle ground."

Well, yes, but what does it all mean? SST mainstay Chuck Dukowski has put together this mean little concept, and with a modicum of pressure, he seems to be diving headlong into some rather red hot molten metal.

Vocalist Merrill Ward and guitarist Richard Ford further enhance the picture with heartfelt sub-Colosseum crooning (gritty and soulful) and wayward guitar that convinces any innocent bystander that there definitely is life after Dio.

SWA are different. They come on like businessmen doing a day's nine to five, selling their product by the chord change and plucking it like it is. Whether this is all going to convince a wary punk or metal audience is another thing altogether. The album has its moments – but it also has its cringeworthy outbreaks, too.

SWA have a handful of ideas that fit like a glove. The problem is, it's all a bit woolly at the moment.

DAVE HENDERSON

THE WINANS 'Let My People Go'

(Quest 925 344-1)***
RIGHTEOUSLY RIGHTEOUS robust boys – well, at least the four on the cover (there are nine Winans credited on the album) – water down gospel, tailoring it to fit the requirements of some American Christian broadcasting network. The albums are pleasant and floating, but the majority of the songs wind down to become... well, ah... dull!

The title track beams a flicker of hope, thanks largely to Paulinha Da Costa on percussion, while 'Very Real Way' is real purely because it's the diluted epitome of every Earth, Wind And Fire song there is. Inoffensive stuff.

MONICA CADY

THE FLIES 'Get Wise'

(Homestead Records HMS 013) ***1/2
THE FLIES thrive on simplicity. Yet The Flies are not simpletons. Initially, it all seems too easy. Relatively distanced from what are

obviously strong '60s influences, notably Dylan and the Stones, The Flies ply their squat, pragmatic monomania with ease, keying into the garage punk category effortlessly but avoiding most of that genre's exhausted hallmarks.

In fact, to begin with The Flies could be mistaken for early Gun Club, as 'Put All That Behind Me Now' suggests with its train coda and roughhouse guitar.

Soon, however, things take a more interesting turn. The Flies' peculiar amalgam leaves little room for radical invention, but the space they create is exploited to the full. 'Jesus Christ', a sulky paean to generalised disillusionment, with one tingling, dull guitar underlining a weary vocal plea for deliverance, summons all The Flies' latent power to fine affect.

Understated and genuine, 'Jesus Christ' would be an asset to anyone's repertoire. A leaden, no-frills reading of '2000 Light Years From Home', Jagger/Richard's acid head epic, asserts The Flies' determination to rev up the common denominator.

There is much interplay between guitar – always jagged – and voice – always nasal and plaintive – and The Flies' undeviating formula eventually works itself under the skin.

By the time 'I've Got Something' weighs in, a meaty stimulative pushing all the Flies' edges forward, there is already a lurking anticipation about the future of this Boston trio. An anticipation that persists.

RALPH TRAITOR

HAVE FEARS

rock boogie band with cowboy hats perched on their heads. Not that there's anything wrong with that, but on the promise of previous material it's a stupid waste. Why bother to sound like the rest when you're one of the best? Answer: because you'll probably have more chance of getting on MTV playing it their way.

After all the trials and tribulations that the old Wall Of Voodoo went through, who can blame them? But why record in England with Ian Broudie at the controls, who's flattened what was once a musical mountain range?

And yet, for all my bitter disappointment, there are occasional glimmers of brilliance embedded in the mud of the mix. Marc Moreland's 'Museums' is one, an ode to fossilised bones that contains a truly fabulous elastic guitar solo from its composer, while 'Big City' and 'Room With A View', previously both sides of a hot 45, have also worn well. As for the rest...

Well, maybe they sound better live because, for the record, the Woods sound less crazy and more hazy on this particular wavelength.

EDWIN POUNCEY

ZERO WORSHIP

KUKL 'Holidays In Europe – The Naughty Nought'

(Crass Cat No 4)*****
YOU MIGHT not get the joke on the sleeve ("Some hard rock from some tasty geezers") unless you know that Kukl are Icelandic and have an idea of their geographical attributes. And even then, you still won't (perhaps).

Not that it matters much. What does is that 'The Naughty Nought' is one of the most innovative records of the '80s.

Define my position: Kukl play conventional music. They don't play electro-pop, weirdomusic or any other of the (worthwhile) labyrinthine channels that contemporary music wanders along. What they do is take a stagnant musical form and inject it with such newness, enthusiasm and feeling for the potential of the 'rock' line-up and sound that it changes the whole concept.

Elven pixie vocals slide into symphonic breaks, ethereal and all-too-real voices hover in and disappear, while jangling guitar takes on new forms. Not in the manner that the insular British often dismiss as 'Euro-rock'; this is an ecstatic, pagan celebration so fresh it sparkles.

There is a philosophy behind it. Read the sleeve notes and attempt to decide whether their upholding of "the naughty nought" is serious or just another piss-take at the audience's expense. Again, I suppose it doesn't really matter; what should be said is that this is an astonishing LP. Ignore it at your loss.

TIBET

LIVES

THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS/THE MATTOIDS

Chalk Farm Enterprise
WITH IAN Rush back to something like form, and with Molby and Walsh playing as if divinely inspired, and with those fatuous pretenders from the East End vanquished mightily, a young man could want for no more on a Saturday night than a young and predominantly female beat combo. Unless, of course, it was a talented and entertaining predominantly female beat combo.

Playing very much second fiddle and double bass to those mighty Mighty Lemon Drops, some 27 Mattoids take to their feet, and an audience falls asleep.

Do you remember The Belle Stars? The Bodysnatchers? Amazulu, even? We certainly did. A pleasantly rippling 'Under My Thumb' and a certain perky, pretty femininity is simply not enough. If it were, I would love the Rolling Stones.

Thankfully, the still developing musical muscles of the Black Country's very own favourite black leather jackets, those cuddly Mighty Lemon Drops, are still waiting to be flexed. 'Like An Angel' is currently cutting up some sort of storm in the indie charts. And the evidence is clear. The Lemons are hip! Most of North London's paisley shirt brigade is out, and a smattering of satin tour jackets betray the presence of a number of record company types.

Sadly, the Room At The Top is so full that neither they nor I can catch more than a glimpse of The Lemons. Yet another cracking little group outgrows its roots. I think I'm going to cry.

ROGER HOLLAND

STATETROOPER/THE ALLIANCE

Marquee
ORIGINALITY AND hard rock are nowadays so distanced from each other that the simplest of diversions from old blueprints, and the faintest subtleties, are equal to innovative brilliance.

So it follows that The Alliance are one of the very best British big beat combos in existence, in spite of only limited experience and a rough edge or two. Tough, taut rock textures are allied to healthy pomp and harmonised pop in a familiar yet occasionally unpredictable mixture that looks certain to push them up amongst the famous names.

However, even those with a famous name ain't guaranteed success or respect. Ask Paul Di'Anno. Or ask Gary Barden.

His new bouncing baby, Statetrooper, falls far short of The Alliance's potential. Whereas The Alliance cast their net over a reasonably broad range of influences, tonight's headliners, whilst being fairly entertaining, remained stuck chest-deep in gritty, bristling metal.

Barden's a fighter and Statetrooper reflect this, but just how far can raw hard rock be taken before fresh ideas are needed to sugar the pill? AC/DC, playing only a couple of miles across London on the same night, have built something of an institution upon unsweetened

JOHN WAITE

Marquee

DECEPTIVE LITTLE bugger, John Waite. A show that's been broken in and honed into shape on a string of American arena dates would, I thought, be a well-oiled, measured re-run of cool and composed album highlights.

Not so. Waite and his smokin' No Brakes Band crushed all such expectations to a pulp during a set crammed full of boisterous, full-bodied rock 'n' roll. 'Saturday Night' was the opening slap in the face, rattling along with a ferocity worthy of Hanoi Rocks or Aerosmith, and the pace rarely slackened.

'The Choice' and 'Missing You', two soothing injections of restraint and fragility, reminded us that Waite has taste as well as aggression. These are the songs that have and will open doors for him in the mainstream of the singles marketplace, but whilst they clearly run with the grain of his current album's style, the emphasis of this performance was set on establishing Waite's credibility as (don't laugh) a rocker.

And so it did. I for one won't consider John Waite to be a leisurely soft option any longer, and neither should you.

Waite is poised to break his 'export only' status. He's just one hit single away.

PAUL ELLIOTT



JOHN WAITE (right) and accomplice discuss the graffiti in the ladies' loo

Jayne Houghton

WAITE-WATCHERS

rock foundations, but can Statetrooper harbour any realistic hopes of doing likewise in '86?

I doubt it. To survive, they must add some depth to the superficial and one-dimensional power of their material.

PAUL ELLIOTT

FEAR OF DARKNESS

Bristol

PUNK THRASH veering towards heavy metal, the local rag informed me. Not a particularly inspiring proposition, more of a threat really. The sort of comment that should spawn a thousand 'Equipment For Sale' ads in the classifieds... I was apprehensive but undeterred.

My reservations, happily, were unfounded. There were, perhaps, hints of a desperate past, but a future of OTT posturing and mindless guitar antics seems unlikely.

The four multi-coloured mops assembled themselves behind their particular noise-makers and then proceeded to assault the relevant senses with some modern anthemic rock and roll and an unhealthy amount of volume. The songs were uncluttered by anything as menacing as vast quantities of originality

and were largely styled around a host of Janice Long favourites but, hell, they didn't care, so why should anybody else?

FOD have got a more than decent collection of tunes, are able to summon up bags of verve and enthusiasm, and all the constituent parts gel as easily as their hair-do's. What more can you ask?

RICHARD PUTLER

THE WINTER BABIES

Brixton Fridge

THE BEST part of any event at The Fridge is the venue itself. The immaculate presentation always provided by the club shames London's established, decrepit, boozy rock emporiums.

60-odd TV sets are draped around the walls, art adorns the balcony. The ornate, high ceiling is eerily burnt and scraped. On stage, two giant static mirrorballs throw blobs of light onto an enormous piece of black plastic; lush old cinema curtains top a seductive, if subdued, psychedelic set.

Presentation can disguise the poorest of acts. So, what of The Winter Babies?

A beautifully rounded belly clad in figure-hugging skirt jerks up and down - beware, Madonna! This is the vocalist.

A Eurasian male plays percussive sounds, incantation-style rumbling jungle rhythms, pocky jazz bongo... and that's it. Two performers, no backing tapes, simple, slick, thematic, almost 'new age'... but good!

The voice twists, scrapes, soars, walls, drones, bringing to mind Carmel's 'Bad Day' period. The drums are abandoned in favour of what resembles a Sooty xylophone, yet projects the sound of the mystic east. It's '80s hip, arty yet accessible, just this side of pretentious. Occasionally mesmerising, never boring.

The simple sound suits the large yet intimate environs of London's best club. The token yob next to me only serves to emphasise my point. "Ayeenit fookin' boorin', gerroff wankers." Phew! Hot stuff.

RONNIE RANDALL

SIX

Liverpool

THE RETURN of the Female Front. It's been a bit thin on the ground here since the heyday of Jane Casey and Ex Post Facto but '86 is bringing them back with a vengeance. As if inspired by the cheek of Miss Pigg and Margox, Liverpool has given the thumbs up to Paradine

Express, Jennifer John and The Big Game in swift succession, and now welcomes Six to its heaving boozum.

Though not entirely doing it for themselves, it's the Six girls who compile the major part of their relaxed, bluesy atmosphere. Nicely set off by lilting jazz guitars, you don't have to close your eyes to recall Everything But The Girl. They've got an impressive stockpile of faster numbers too; songs like 'Games And Lies' and 'How Does It Feel', which could be funky barnstormers with a heavier rhythm section.

All in all, there's a little bit of work to be done, not on the basic sound which is intriguing, but in putting the whole thing together and presenting it right. The audience demands to be bashed next time.

KEV SAMPSON

1,000 VIOLINS

London Hospital Medical College

AHI STUDENT discos - happy days! First find your gig, which in this labyrinthine instance is quite an achievement as every passer-by points you in the direction you've just come from. Once inside we're treated to the

disco. Every one is the same, clones hauling their flashing traffic lights from one disco to another. One clone sports a bow tie, the other a turban.

The star of the floorshow is a scurvy swab who cuts a well-rehearsed dash, hands in pockets, cap on head, shuffling what appears to be a hornpipe - Popeye!

1,000 Violins indulge in 1984 nostalgia, carefully recreating the sounds of The Smiths, albeit with an additional guitarist. Musically that's about it, and those with heart conditions have even less to fear from the performance, rehearsal room rigidity fronted by a sauntering singer who holds the mike the way you'd hold a hammer if you were president of The Royal Society For The Prevention Of Cruelty To Nails. Snooze.

I detect an undercurrent of humour which salvages a modicum of respect in my book and maybe there is something there after all, but at the moment it's well camouflaged.

ANDY HURT

THAT PETROL

EMOTION

Finsbury Park Sir George Robey

LIFE SELDOM changes, and da brudders O'Neill use the tried formula of gawky adolescence perching behind outsize guitars, propelled by drums and bass, and fronted by a vocalist with cute accent. That Petrol Emotion play brisk modern pop with hard edges and a soft-ish centre. They're contenders for that 'perfect beat group', though it's doubtful if their chosen title is on offer in '86.

But That Petrol Emotion provide exhilarating entertainment, a succession of songs rattled off at breakneck speed, punctuated by the occasional ballad evoking REM comparisons, and allowing the O'Neill behind the most outsize guitar to play some exquisitely bluesy flourishes.

Time is ripe, methinks, for members of That Petrol Emotion to settle down to a serious careers chat. Pursuit of their present course will yield sustained indie success, but some of those ballads could crack the Top Forty.

HENRY WILLIAMS

TWISTED SISTERS

THE SISTERHOOD

Alice In Wonderland

Soho

AND SO, it came to pass that he of the black floppy hat and the voice lower than the depths of hell departed from his Sistren. All was chaos and confusion as the dark figure strolled out of the dry ice for the last time. Months passed, and then a gathering of leather and lace was seen in the sacred Dean Street, for the ancient rite of the 'secret gig'. And the followers were bemused... what was this? The three stigmata of Andrew Eldritch?

Or something like that. Alice's was packed out for the return of the Sisters Of Mercy, or some of them. Gone is the drum machine, as have all the old songs. "We're not playing any of that stuff", muttered Wayne Hussey from the six-inch high 'stage'.

The new material suffered a slow death before the Eldritch-ites. By the half hour mark there were cries of "Rip off!" and even "Get off, you rockists!", and the band soon did just that.

Some Sisters are doing it for themselves, and it looks like they're going to get a rough ride for their troubles.

NEIL PERRY



SISTER WAYNE: beware the curse of Eldritch!

Jayne Houghton



A COUPLE of Erasure heads

Greg Freeman

RUBBER BAND

ERASURE

Charlesden Mean Fiddler

I CAN'T understand people who wear dark glasses on top of their heads. In fact, it's simply silly. Vince Clarke wears his specs on top of his head... still, he's posing, he's got a new band...

Erasure aim for the Woolworth bargain racks and white collar, lonely heart club discos around Britain. Not around the world, mind — international esteem just wouldn't fit Clarke, the unsung pioneer of, well, a considerable palate of synthetic pop tripe. Pleasant pop tripe, yes, but tripe no matter how much you embroider, decorate or sweetly simplify it.

Erasure could be Yazoo but they won't be; they lack the 15 stone of half-baked soul called Moyet, whose eclipsing of the *Top Of The Pops* lightshow was spectacular. I always thought she was a Corona bubble gone AWOL from the fizzical on the other channel. But singer Andy Bell is a falsetto and not a bubble; Andy is more of a pip-squeak, the sort that Danny La Rue has at the top of his tree at Christmas. A 'vision' in a glittering vest, a vocalist that doesn't burn soul but merely drips it in the normal, surgical pop format we have by now grown used to.

Erasure have the Clarke seal of catchability... that's the beauty of gas.

RON ROM

THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG

Edinburgh

GIVE 'EM enough rope. Proving that St Patrick's Day comes but once a fortnight, The Men They Couldn't Hang take pub rock back into the pubs, returning to cabaret its old meaning. They watch *The Quiet Man* for inspiration, probably reading books on the Kennedy's over cornflakes and Guinness, and attract a combination of Hibernian supporters, cajun hipsters and Irish Freedom Front fund-raisers (bogus or not?) to Edinburgh's Hoochie Coochie Club.

And it is undoubtedly an indictment of the incredibly poor, dull, corrupt state of British pop music that they have been accepted to some degree as credible by music papers and radio alike, attracting many who might otherwise wilt at the suggestion of pub rock hoodlums and showdowns.

They need little courage in the false patriotism of 'Donald Where's Yur Troosers' or shamrock western 'Greenback Dollar'. Straight faces to boot.

But taking into account the flaws which have brought the likes of the Lynch brothers to our doorsteps, The Men attempt little more than would be expected from instrument wielding revivalists. There's a fistful of fine-ish moments — despite audience tremors — with their opening 'Gold Rush', Nick Lowe's 'Wishing Well' and a near perfect rendition of The Undertones' classic 'Teenage Kicks'.

But in an otherwise unadventurous set, they are little more than tiny soldiers caught up in a trivialised war of words. String 'em up.

JOHN DINGWALL

THE FLOWERPOT MEN

Sheffield

WITH CELLO and acoustic guitar, The Flowerpot Men take to the Leadmill stage like renegades from some classical music convention, and ears prepare to receive a sound as twee as your parents' collective title. But hold... would yer average string semi-quartet choose slides of this nature as their backdrop?

As it happens, The Flowerpot Men ain't yer average anything. With a sound like Suicide meeting a motorway pile-up, they set off on an aural assault unlikely to be bettered this side of Hades. Two banks of white

lights pick out the rhythms as they crack and batter their way from the stage, solid as rocks and propelled with enough momentum to penetrate plate steel. Something like rockabilly, something like '60s pop, something like rock 'n' roll, something like country — these all take their turns at slitting the skin, but find the interior too damn solid to penetrate.

Tunes alight, melt in the heat and seep into the structure, loosely bonding it before another screech tears it apart once more. All the while, The Flowerpot Men make minimalism look like overkill.

Somehow, it all makes sense; the sense of a cornered behemoth that doesn't want to fight but will tear your head from your shoulders if you stand in its way, the sense of two guys in love with music but who refuse to be restrained by its usual contract of constrictions.

PETE MARCHETTO

BIG FLAME

Bedford

AT LAST, The Buzzcocks meet Astrud Gilberto at 78 rpm. Big Flame are all tension and there's no release; a lightning stop/start/twang/thud. "Guilty feet ain't got no rhythm," says the man; so that's why pop stars can't dance. 'Cuba', 'Every Conversation', 'A Man Of Few Syllables' and 'Jamie Jones' (I think) are all completely destroyed in a great grating, lurching rush. How they could take this noise further I don't know.

In a furious half hour set, they make the Fire Engines sound like Captain And Tenille — and when they'd gone, we all stumbled out into downtown Bedford gasping for breath like beached goldfish.

BABY BEN THOMPSON

AUNT MAY

Fulham Greyhound

I DON'T know who I feel most sorry for, Aunt May or myself. After all, they have to actually practise this dirge. What're you like? I asked. "As damn close to Alice Cooper as you can get," came the ominous reply. "Very visual!"

So, glove puppets, bloody face, toy dolls, ripped limbs and a drummer named C***, woven together with all the finesse of an exploding pig. Periodically their fan, Oddjob, went wild, attacking the stage in a bloodlust frenzy; a grotesque figure in knickers

and tights. Something disgusting was poured over and then licked out of his belly button, fluff and all... a bad career move.

Aunt May are the ultimate in anti-climax, ZZ Speedforeigner, horror rock — they're a dire tribe. An integral part of their performance was the execution of a TV set with a fireman's axe. Pity the same drastic measure wasn't used on the instruments.

The performance climaxed in a deafening silence so overwhelming that the undaunted boys returned for three encores. "Yeah! Wow! Suck my dick!" Cretinous, moronic, dreary, amateurish, banal, derivative, limp. This is not the group of tomorrow... but still, that's entertainment. I had a great time!

RONNIE RANDALL

MARTIN LUTHER KING CELEBRATION

Kentish Town Town And Country Club

I ARRIVED just in time to catch the end of The Mint Juleps and the beginning of the first of a series of seemingly endless intermissions, the theme of the evening — Martin Luther King's birthday — taking a back-seat. Gaspar Lawal's African Oro Band boomed percussive and hypnotic homeland songs, one being 'The Cock Is Crowing' (or perhaps it was 'The Crop Is Growing?'), performed as a herbal essence filled the hall.

Next, another 30 minute interval during which the audience was fooled into constantly believing the next act was about to come on by an imp hired to rustle the stage curtain. With the crowd at its peak, Benjamin Zephaniah managed to capture the attention of the audience, and then... INTERMISSION! Are we having fun yet?

Junior, the closet 15 year old with the vocal ancestry of Michael Jackson, fingerpopped his way through his hits; because his belly got in the way, the mega-hefty bassist had to wear his bass as a necklace! 15 reggae mixes later, and the once buzzin' crowd began to migrate with Linton Kwesi Johnson and The Inspirational Choir yet to appear.

Finding it difficult to maintain consciousness, I left. It's a long cold wait with Mr Bus Stop!

MONICA CADY

BILLY PAUL

Hammersmith Odeon

WHY DO they do it? It's always so hard to come to terms with the sort of cabaret revue spectacle that my favourite soul stars seem to equate with a performance. The worst of all human tragedies is to see Diana Ross dressed by Bette Midler, choreographed by Barbra Streisand, and scripted by some prune who believes that Liberace really is the world's most complete entertainer. Billy Paul, thankfully, does not plumb these depths; but then neither does he expose those depths of warmth, dignity and love that his singing can conjure.

An urbane spacemen in clashing trace element Bacofol and yet another stupid little hat, he embarrasses me almost as much as his quite splendid records have touched me.

But while Paul is by no means a one hit wonder — 'Let's Make A Baby', 'Let 'Em In' — far and away his most splendid moment has been his epic hit single from 1972, 'Me And Mrs Jones'. And when he finally sings this song, my heart opens to Billy.

ROGER HOLLAND

ACADEMY/MECHANICAL MAN/ THE CHARACTERS

Embassy

BLASTING A predictable stodgy thud in our faces, The Characters made sorry men. Stagnant attempts at raucous rock flooded the club, as if they were some kind of angry apology for zilch talent.

My hopes alighted on Mechanical Man who play crisp, hard funk with all the imagination of a top disco outfit. Heavy, exhausting and innocent, the formula screams out for a kick up its vitals, a shot of joy, a surprise or a calamity. Mechanical Man need to switch off the auto-pilot and take a few somersaults.

Academy think they're one dazzling somersault, a wacky dynamic answer to pop boredom. Sure, the lead singer has a fine sprout of yellow hair and a striking painted face, and they do scream in their ripped up black threads... but it's too easy.

Plagiarists of Fashion (sic), King and the Sique Siques (maybe), their sound shoots a neat zest down your veins every ten minutes, seven of which make hollow rattles. Pop, posturing, no vision —

bland names stretching out towards the same future.

SALLY GETHIN

SOHO LIVE AID

Le Beat Route

Aural Sculpture are the first pack of good Christians thrown to the lions in this madhouse — a couple of twisting, turning, clever songs provide more than might be expected, lightweight but not paper thin. Next, some weather-beaten old tub, name of Julia. The poor girl bilges along to a couple of gumby-disco numbers that Moby Dickhead the DJ probably likes. Jaws drop.

Despite being introduced as "a Wham! type band", Shook Up really get stuck in, ripping through an impressively tight string of numbers as chartable as anything George and Mildred have ever done. As the quartz hits 12, my last band of the night are Blood Brothers. Astonishingly powerful, the blasé and cynical alike crane necks to snatch a peek at a major band of the very near future. Fabulous vocals from the bassist.

The best three-piece since Cream!

ANDY HURT

HEIST CREAM



HEIST: eyes down

Andy Phillips

HEIST

Dingwalls BLAM! BLAM! Blam! OK, you got me, I surrender. Nearly a year ago, Heist were loud, heavy, exciting, but unsettled and clumsy. Heist are now loud, heavier, exciting and a fully fledged no-punches-pulled killing machine. Honestly, seriously, I never exaggerate.

The bassline is their spine, or rather the two basses, turned up to eleven, that get thumped and slapped and strangled to produce an overpowering funk... except that funk conjures up images of XR3's and Pringle sweaters, which is not what Heist are about.

"This song is for anyone who's ever stuck their neck out for an ideal" — and I dodge the shrapnel and the whiplash drumming and the bass, always the base, played like Strats or violins or rocket launchers.

This is difficult, because Heist are Heist are Heist, and comparisons never do anyone any good. Get in there from the beginning.

NEIL PERRY



from page 23

today in that it was made to shock people when it came out and it still shocks people."

THAT VERY same shock tactic writhes like an electric eel in an acid bath throughout the entire two sleazy sides of 'A Date With Elvis', eleven hot new tunes with titles such as 'The Hot Pearl Snatch', 'What's Inside A Girl?', '(Hot Pool Of) Womanneed' and 'Aloha From Hell'.

On the front of the chocolate box inspired cover lounges Ivy, attired in blonde wig and devil costume, surrounded by a debris of fast food left-overs and a collection of volumes that the King was supposedly known to thumb through. Bedtime reading for his rock 'n' royal Highness included such classics of mysticism as Vera Stanley Alder's *The Initiation Of The World*, Cheiro's *Book Of Numbers* and Paramahansa Yogananda's *The Autobiography Of A Yogi*.

Heady stuff indeed, but what, I wondered aloud, did Lux and Ivy curl up with of an

CRAMPS

evening?

Ivy: "Jim Thompson. He writes just like I think. His books read like they're not written about psychopaths, they're more like they've been written by a psychopath."

Lux: "I like a lot of true crime books. The best one that everybody should read is *The Shoemaker* by Flora Retta Schreiber, that's one of my favourites."

"I've been writing to this guy called John Gacy, also known as the Killer Clown, whose crimes, according to a recently published account, included the torture, sodomy and death of 33 young men and boys."

"We've bought several paintings from him. He did a portrait of me which we've got hanging in our house, it's real scary. I also have a picture of Peter Pan with Tinker Bell that he did, Tinker Bell looks real strange, and a self portrait."

"But all these pictures have teeth, this guy can paint teeth like nobody else, he really paints them with great detail."

"It looks like he spent hours painting the teeth, each one is perfectly detailed with black outlines and little ridges y'know. He's not all that bad a guy, he tells great jokes and draws great cartoons. He sent us an astrology chart he had made up. Like most astrology charts say, You're handsome, intelligent and bright, but his says something like, You should kill yourself."

Is the title of your new album meant as a tribute or a piece of creative necrophilia? I mean, 'A Date With Elvis'?

"It's a tribute but it's also what a date with Elvis would really be like. If you had a date with Elvis, what would really happen is that he would give you pills and stuff like that, he would read to you from religious books. A real date with Elvis was a sick deal, it wasn't a convertible ride or anything like that."

Poor Elvis. Forever a weirdo, his name dragged through the mire by such

exploitation rags as the great *National Examiner* whose banner headline screams CURSE OF ELVIS in letters of fire. "Ho boy, that sounds good" drools Lux as I hand it over.

Ivy: "I'd love to be in those magazines, you always hear about people suing magazines like that but I think it would be an honour."

Lux: "I wish that people would write about us in this magazine instead of putting out bootlegs. I wish they'd channel that energy into getting us into these magazines."

Ivy: "I believe a lot of those stories, I read that magazine and I'd love to be in it."

Do you approve of the way that magazine presents Elvis?

Lux: "Anything they write about him only broadens the spectrum of his aura."

What's your favourite Elvis period?

"I think when he was alive, but then I'm not sure."

Peter Anderson suddenly remembers another piece of Elvis exploitation. A B-movie which involves a dead Elvis who is dragged back up onstage.

Lux explodes with amazement. "You see, that's what I'm talking about. We wrote a script for this movie a long time ago. We've written this already, it was going to be called *Aloha From Hell*. It opened in a bar where Ivy was dancing. Me and Nick were sitting there and the juke box was playing 'Do The Clown'. One of us is looking at Ivy going 'WOW!' and it shows our faces getting closer until one of us says, Wow, could he sing."

"All of a sudden a fight breaks out for no reason - like in *The Creeping Terror* - and we get thrown through a window and land on a car hood. This gang of girls outside are pissed off because we land on top of their car and so they challenge us to a chicken run. We get in our car and they get in theirs and we head off for this mountain."

"Of course we're all too cool to chicken

out so both cars crash into the mountain and burst into flames. Then we all go to Hell where we meet Elvis."

"We had him coming out of the grave as a rotting corpse too, he's pissed off with people writing about him taking drugs and doing all these immoral things when he was actually a good baptist. That's a movie that never happened and probably never will."

Ivy looks up from the story in *National Examiner*. "The Curse Of Elvis, that's what we should have called the album. Damn! I wish that had come out before. That's great."

SEX STEAMS unashamedly throughout 'A Date With Elvis', a big throbbing vibrator of a record that spurts with crazy sexual innuendo.

It's wild and wiggly but will it cause offence to anybody unfortunate enough to have mislaid their sense of humour?

Lux gets right to the bone...

"Rock 'n' roll was a term that meant f***ing. Before music was dragged into it, years before it became a dance or a musical thing, rock 'n' roll meant getting into bed with a girl and having sex."

"To me rock 'n' roll means f***ing and nothing else. People don't know what rock 'n' roll is, it's a soundtrack for sex."

So judging by the state of what you hear today the music industry must be suffering from impotence.

"That's a pretty good way of looking at it, maybe it's a momentary sickness. Did you see that 'We Can Cure This Though' commercial on TV last night? All the commercials last night during the movie were for The Los Angeles Hospital For Impotence. They were saying that they had researched among the black African tribes and found this amazing cure for male impotence. We may be onto something here, we may be able to ship the whole country down there and get this thing straightened out."

Do you think that The Cramps are a rock 'n' roll aphrodisiac?

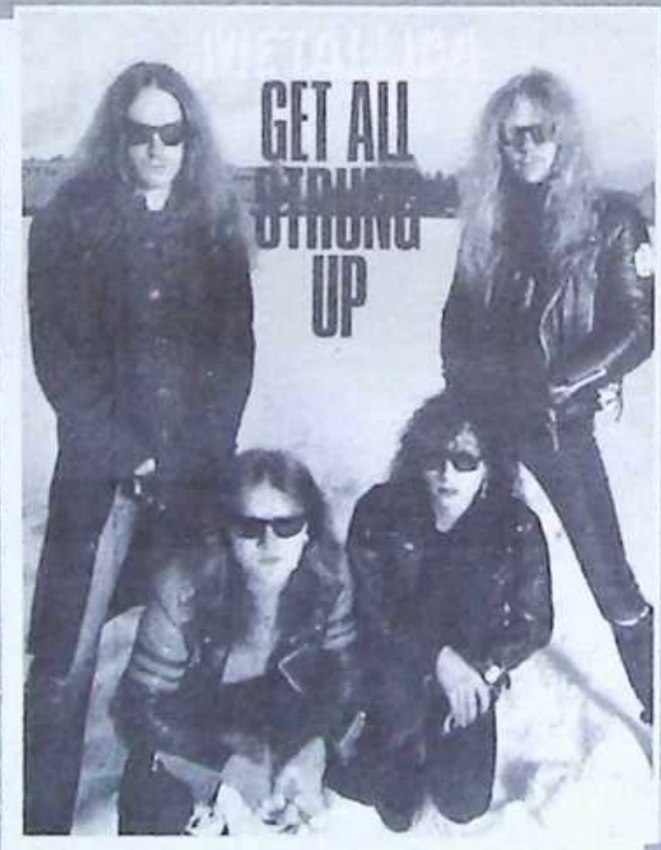
Lux grins at the idea for a while and bursts into a revived 45 by way of answer.

"I'm a Spanish Fly, I spell F-L-Y man!"

ALL NEW! ALL METAL! ALL NEW! ALL METAL! ALL

MEGA METAL

WARLOCK
MOTORHEAD
BELTIC FROST
SLAYER
KING DIAMOND
MEGADETH
EXODUS
ROSY VISTA
SINNER
RANDY RHODES



OUT JAN 31

MADNESS



Well how about a nice nutty boy cutlet with no porky pies? BILLY MANN turns on his telly and tucks into a slice of MADNESS. CLARE MULLER steaks them out

WHAT'S YOUR role, Carl? "My roll? No, it's OK, I've just had a steak and kidney pie."

It's Madness, they're preparing the opening frames of the video to their new single 'Sweetest Girl' and I'm standing there watching like a 12-year-old train spotter.

It's mid afternoon and the rain has just decided to stop bothering Kempton Park Waterworks, a huge, square, monumental building full of steely Victorian machinery,



cold stone floors and stone cold feet.

Deep down, in what would appear to be the engine room, there hangs (suspended from strings) an empty red papier maché dress.

Not just any old kind of dress, this is a party frock, or the kind of thing women wore to dances in the late 1940s. The dress is surrounded by a collection of lights and men. Where there isn't a man, there's a light and they all gaze, studying this red dress from every angle.

It all looks like a gangsters' conspiracy meeting and so you naturally start toying with the idea that this is what a promo video is.

The more I watch, and the more I allow the thought to percolate, the closer I come to the conclusion that I'm seeing the birth of an illusion.

For most of the time nothing appears to happen. And the only time you can be sure you've seen a take is when people do things five, six, seven times in a row; 14 if they're really bad at it.

When you finally get to see the finished product on TV you probably won't recognise what you saw. You won't see the legion of sandwich eaters and coffee drinkers, you won't have to wait through the hours of nit-picking preparation, and you won't, I guess, see those daft shoes Suggs was wearing.

Video, the art of exclusion, the ultimate conspiracy.

LIKE MOST things, if we thought about this too much it might do us some brain damage, so we don't.

Madness help us by the way they really get stuck in. They fart around and make their videos just about as entertaining as they can get (as I'm sure you've noticed). And they succeed because very little is scripted in advance. There's a discussion of ideas with the director (John Mills - no, not that one - on the last two occasions) but choreography is a dirty word. They improvise, their attitude being that it'll be alright on the night and this gives their videos the life and spontaneity of a good party, the opportunity to share a laugh.

Still, it seems faintly ironic, a sign of the times, or of the state of pop, that I'm here by arrangement with the Madness record company to talk about the fine art of video. Have the visuals finally taken over?

"Mmm, I dunno, I hope so... with this record," chuckles Suggs on his way to explaining that Virgin, their record

company, were more enthusiastic about the release of 'Sweetest Girl' than the band were (the song was written by Scritti Politti, another Virgin act).

He pauses, then returns to the question: "I'm sure there are people who plan their videos in great detail... possibly even when they're writing the songs."

Video, the art in which the tail wags the dog.

IT IS a macro-economic fact that as the scale and cost of production rises continually, the promo video landscape is strewn with instantly forgettable material. It could be part of the overall video plan that, like adverts, they are made for the moment, but it could also be that their almost instant redundancy (most promo videos are never shown at all) is part of a wider industrial plan in which if you want to compete ("for all that it's worth") you have to spiral upwards, regardless.

This does three things: it excludes the beginners who simply don't have the money to Carry On Spiralling, it hands too much control to those who have the money to Carry On Spiralling, and it somehow links quality and merit with dollar bills.

"Yeah, yeah it does," says Suggs with a hint of guilt. "Y'know, I don't know what you can do about that really. I mean, yeah, it is terrible. It's as if someone like Michael Jackson makes a video for ten million quid and everyone shows it just because he's spent so much money on it - not even because they've seen it or anything, it's just that they've heard how much money has been spent on it and that sort of makes it attractive to producers of programmes..."

"I don't think money is all that important though. I mean, you can make a good video for not much money. But I'm not saying that it's within the reach of bands that are starting. We could make a video cheaper than we're making this one for."

Around £25,000, actually...

But there's still a twisted corporate logic at work here and it all seems to come down to a bunch of cardboard men with accountancy fetishes. The videos get bigger and grander and more exotic by the minute but, so long as the books balance, everybody's cock-a-hoop. This is why you get so much shit shovelled in your face. Nobody stops to ask how deep we ought to be wading, how complicated and involved videos should be.

There is a philosophy within record companies that if you're on a runaway train the best thing you can do is stay

what, no beef?



on it.

Video, the art that never found its feet.

I'M SITTING with Chris, Woody and Carl in one of those Dormobile jobs where pampered film stars go for tantrums.

I'm looking for answers and Chris has just leaned forward to inform me that I have forgotten to press the 'record' button on my tape machine.

"It's that red one," he says politely, consoling me at the loss of my entire conversation with Mark Bedford. I press the red button and Woody is the first with an answer.

"They should be as complicated and involved as an artist thinks they need to be," he says.

Chris: "People watch so much television these days that they can easily assimilate this sort of thing, y'know. But people don't realise that. When we were doing our last video I was going, Faster cuts, faster editing... and Lee's girlfriend was going, Oh people won't be able to see it... But people can take in that fast jamming of things."

"Having said that, this one's going to be slower."

Carl: "Yeah, in this one we've put some of those subliminal things in..."

Like what? A hamburger, a can of lemonade?

Carl: "No, no. No adverts, nothing silly like that."

Carl may scoff but Madness have dabbled with adverts. In their *Complete Madness* collection of videos (which my research required me to watch), some really tatty Japanese ads for Honda cars sit comfortably next to the promos; comfortable enough to suggest they could be the same thing.

Carl: "We did do them, yeah, and basically we thought it would be a good way to get free advertising and get paid for it in Japan, y'know? Although it had an adverse effect: people thought we were there just strictly to promote this bloody car and they didn't think we were a real band. They thought we were slung together like The Monkees or something. So in the end it hit us in the face, really. Our album went out with a picture of a Honda car on the front and we went absolutely..." (searches for a word) "...potty."

And what about that toothpaste advert with all those kids going "Colgate blue minty gel" to "Baggy Trousers"?

Chris: "Oh yeah, we gave them permission and they gave us the cheque. It was all very amicable."

Did you see the result before it went out?

Woody: "The Colgate? No."

Carl: "We don't mind good things. Like if people are doing ads for kids to use toothpaste it's a good thing. But we won't do alcohol or anything like that."

Aren't videos just adverts anyway?

They're short, they appear on television, they promote a product. Some of them are beautiful and subtle and charming, others are ugly, blatant, overbearing and a pain in the arse.

Chris: "They're just ways of showing us or showing the song... so I don't know if they are adverts. But I once toyed with the idea of getting one of those companies that do really good advertisements to do a video for us. I told Dave Robinson" (boss of Stiff, their former label and director of their early videos) "and he said, Oh never mind datt, day're ahsk'n me to do adverts. And he did those poxy meat adverts."

Which ones?

Carl: "More meat! Pork! Best British Beef! Pork! Beef! Pork! Beef!..."

Anyway, we digress...

"Look at it another way," says

Woody. "Hold on, I have a very

profound thing to say here..."

Chris: "How many pages is this

article?"

Woody: "Look..."

Carl: "Silence, Woody has a

profound statement. Sssh."

Silence.

Woody: "So, you do a video, it

doesn't necessarily have to be an

advert. What if a painter tried to sell a

painting? How do you advertise a

painting? Only by the painting itself. So

videos could still just be an extension of

the music."

Chris: "Right, you can take the pause

button off now. That was pretty good

that, Woody."

Carl: "Not bad. Round of applause

please."

All: Applause.

IF YOU watch a collection of Madness videos you wonder why they have never made a TV series.

They tried, apparently, and made a ten minute pilot. But the project disappeared up a cul de sac when the BBC expressed no interest. The band wanted to use the BBC because of the special effects (FX) they would have needed to produce the kind of show they wanted (like *The Young Ones*). The same show on independent television would cost, says Woody, "an arm and a leg". And so the idea has been provisionally shelved.

They've also had a go at making a film. Not the *Hard Day's Night* type of film you might have expected; *Take It Or Leave It* was a rather serious history of the band, cost £300,000 to

make (they paid half) and flopped.

"I think the mistake was that it was geared for younger people," says Carl. "I think it would have been better if it had been an X. But we let Robbo talk us into that and I think it was a big mistake... as usual."

Chris: "I disagree with that. I mean what would we have done except said a few f**ks?"

"No," retorts Carl indignantly, "not necessarily. I just wish it was a bit more black, y'know. We've always talked about how we like black humour but we don't use enough of it. And the same goes for doing a TV programme. I don't just want to go on and go ha ha ha. It would be more interesting to do something that means something, or was a bit heavy and had a bit of meat and potatoes to it."

Woody: "Anyway you can't say f**k

in Sounds."

Chris: "Oh yeah, it just says asterixes."

Woody: "So you'd better get that quote right. What he said was A few F star star Ks."

WHEN IT comes to acting (performing if you wish) Madness are naturals; so much so that even when the cameras stop the madness continues. If the director asks for six takes it's not because Madness can't get their act together, it's because each take is unique. Suggs grins and strolls in six different ways; Carl goes from Jacques Tati to Jerry Lewis, and the director is merely filling his larder.

Later, from behind the wheel of the Dormobile, Suggs is catching the names I'm throwing - Norman Wisdom, Max

Wall, John Cleese, Spike Milligan, Charlie Chaplin, Buster Keaton...

"All those people are people who are just funny in their own right, y'know? ... Not for what they're saying or doing particularly."

"It's the people and what they put into a video that counts. Y'know when you see Elton John barely lifting his fat leg onto the piano - y'know at the 14th take - you can see it, I can see it and probably everyone else can see what that adds up to; as opposed to seeing James Brown or David Byrne, or someone who has actually got it, y'know?"

"I don't know if we all have it but I know that collectively sometimes we do."

Video, the art of having it and knowing when to throw it away. Cut.



LETTERS

Illustration by Simon Cooper



KING ROCKER

"QUESTO UNA canzone di passione", my arse. Paul King's songs aren't about passion, they're about greed. He writes pop songs with the mentality of a washing up liquid advert to brainwash 13 year old children. (Actually, going by his standards, I suppose they're grown ups by now.) It's pathetic, he's doing them out of their pocket money! And all that hogwash about entertainment, give it a break, your highness. Your brain may be in the lower region of your body, but not everybody else's is.

No, sorry Paul, I'm wrong. You are obviously a very intelligent guy. I mean,

anyone who wants someone to cover them in cheesecake mix must be (it smells like sweaty feet... fact, fans). And although you don't normally write political songs (I'd never have guessed, but wait...) you are now claiming that 'Won't You Hold My Hand Now' is in fact a political song. Either I'm slow in getting a joke, or else you're serious. Jesus, you must be. Now you're saying wearing Doctor Martens is a political statement (look out Maggie, you're out of style...). The only entertainment you are, Mr King, is a big individual joke. — The contents of a horse's arse, Dublin

RED ALERT

WITH REFERENCE to The Redskins interview in *Sounds* (January 18), Chris Dean says 'The Redskins, unlike Bragg and Weller, refuse to

align themselves with Red Wedge and The Labour Party.'

A bit odd I thought, since The Socialist Workers Party (who The Redskins support), encourage workers to vote for

the anti-socialist Labour Party at each general election.

Confused? So you should be! — Uncle Bob, Leeds.
C/O Socialist Party of Great Britain, 52 Clapham High Street, London SW4

A WORD FROM THE NME

DEAR TONY, as a lifelong and, I must say, avid reader of *Sounds*, I felt I had to write to you concerning your tragic decision not to put Pendragon on the cover of your recent reader's poll issue.

OK, so they only came second in the Best New Band. But when you were second in charge here at *NME* you had no hesitation putting *yourself* on the cover. And even you have to admit that they look a lot smarter than you ever did. I'm sorry Tony, but it has to be said, Marks And Spencer clothes just don't cut it in the colourful and glamorous world of the music business.

You and I both know that rock music has never been more exciting. Tony, I implore you, open your eyes and you'll see that Pendragon have had a lot to do with that particular statement.

Reverse your decision, come to your senses, swallow your pride and put Pendragon up there with all the other greats that your paper supports.

I remain a faithful reader. Yours in hope — The Pendragon Bastard Squad at *NME*, Third Floor, Carnaby St

NO JUSTICE

PLEASE CORRECT this erroneous statement in the Redskins article (*Sounds* January 18).

'Despite a theoretical belief in Marx's dictum 'All property is theft' the SWP allow members to have mortgages. Dean has one. In line with the dictum, I asked him for his guitar. I didn't get it.'

Marx never said 'Property is theft'. Pierre Prondon, the French anarchist, did. And you have taken him out of context — he also said 'Property is freedom'. By this he meant *land*, not guitars. — Yen, Hove

BIBLE BASHERS

IN THE 18th January issue, your *Letters* page was more offensive than it has been for weeks. We would like to pass comment on a few of these atrocities:

'SM' — it doesn't matter if a band can't play if their overall sound is good. The Sex Pistols were second to none as a bunch of musical tosspots, but 'Never Mind The Bollocks' rated number two in the *Sounds* Hot 100!

Jim Begley of Clapham has obviously never listened properly to a JAMC track or he would see through the

'buzzsaw needing oil' to a fresh alternative to Marillion, The Cult and Dire Straits — the feedback sound is not used at all on some tracks. It's more reminiscent of the Beach Boys than of a chainsaw.

What crap is 'the carnivorous majority' (probably numbering about three members) going on about? Some people care deeply about the creation/destruction of animal life merely to adorn our dinner tables. That and the fact that meat-eaters are far more likely to contract heart disease or cancer.

The final comment is on John Walters: it is sufficient for us to list some Radio One covers under 40 — Steve Wright, Gary Davies, Mike Read, Peter Powell and Janice Long!

Speaks for itself, doesn't it? — The Bontempi Boys

DON'T STOP THE CARNIVORES

LADIES AND gentlemen, I would like to propose a vote of thanks to 'The Carnivorous Majority' for demonstrating to us all the typical behaviour of a human carnivore. — Tony Hargreaves (a real person), Stockport

A WORD FROM THE WISE GUY

HELLO MR Editor, we got a right slagging in your paper halfway through last year in a live review by Garry Johnson — remember him, Oi! The Poet? Tee hee. Then just before Christmas I read a rave-like review of his, in *The Sun*, ha ha, about... Dire Straits! Mass guffaw. So what does that make us? Happy new year — Rory, King Kurt

FANGS FOR THE MEMORIES

SOMETIME in 1971 or '72, I bought my first copy of *Sounds* for The Beatles poster in the middle pages. For my first music paper, I found what I read entertaining so I placed a regular order that I didn't cancel till 1978 (no reason, just no real need to buy a music paper weekly). Four weeks ago I started buying it again for the gifts. Like 15 years ago, I found it to be an entertaining read, so I've ordered it weekly again. Why?

I LH of Leeds seems to have missed the boat on the fact that his old paper now covers all media and is doing very well what *Street Life* tried to

do in the '70s. From what I can see, the arts, film, TV and music were all covered in the Christmas issue. *The Face* almost succeeded with this type of magazine, but now I feel tempted to look for it next to *Gay News* because of the amount of semi-nude or fully nude men in it. It's almost an 'OM' mag (Scouse slang, meaning a magazine bought by homosexuals. Please understand this is not meant to be insulting, merely a term of endearment). I think you succeed where *Street Life* failed also, by not talking down to your readers. (LH only furthers the image of most people's idea of metal fans.)

2 The *Sounds* Book Of Horror. I disagree with Michael Finch, and it was nice to see that you printed *Watch The Birdie* by Ramsey Campbell. (I wish I'd known sooner as I'd just bought the import of the year's best horror stories, just for this story.) I found his description of Ramsey's work more fitting to James Herbert's work. With Ramsey you have to use your imagination — he's more in the mould of M R James or H P Lovecraft. It's the horror in the corner of your eye he writes about. James Herbert writes comics that will sell well due to the fact that they are predictable — and let's face it the rat thing was done to death long before he had a go, and he's dragged it out for three books now. So much for originality.

It was great to see an interview with Stuart Gordon on the film *Re-Animator*. I'm sick to death of this country's attitude to the horror film and, since *Halls Of Horror* got cancelled due to Smiths not wanting to handle it due to the video nasties scare (how did you get past them on that one?) the only way to read about these films is in an import mag called *Fangoria* — if you can find a copy, that is. Please, please do something on *Day Of The Dead* as I've heard Romero say that if anybody tries to cut it it won't be released over here. From the photos I've seen, no way will it get out uncult.

That just about covers everything, I think. It's now 1 o'clock in the morning. In fact, if the standard of this paper continues to improve I think I'm going to have a lot of late nights. — Keep it up.

— Jinx Joynson

MEMORY BANK

COMPILED BY BARRY LAZELL

Sunday February 2
1942 Birthday of Graham Nash, of The Hollies and CSN & Y, in Blackpool.
1955 Birthday of Howard Jones, in Southampton.

1963 The Beatles supported Helen Shapiro on a tour which opened at Bradford Gaumont.
1977 Led Zeppelin postponed a US tour for five months after

Robert Plant contracted tonsillitis.
1979 Death of Sid Vicious (John Beverly), ex Sex Pistols bassist, aged 21, from a heroin overdose in New York. He was on bail at the time, accused of stabbing girlfriend Nancy Spungen to death.
1980 A thousand punks marched from Hyde Park to Chelsea, in memory of Sid Vicious' death.

Monday February 3
1947 Birthday of Dave Davies of The Kinks, in Muswell Hill, London.
1957 Birthday of Tony Butler of Big Country.
1959 Death of Buddy Holly, Ritchie Valens and the Big Bopper (JP Richardson), in a plane crash near Mason City, Iowa.

1967 Death of record producer Joe Meek, of self-inflicted gunshot wounds, apparently deliberately on the anniversary of Buddy Holly's death.
Tuesday February 4
1948 Birthday of Alice Cooper (Vincent Fournier), in Detroit.
1982 Death of Alex Harvey, aged 46, from a heart attack.
1983 Death of Karen Carpenter of The Carpenters, aged 32, from a heart attack in Los Angeles.

Wednesday February 5
1935 Birthday of Alex Harvey, in the Gorbals, Glasgow.
1945 Birthday of Bob Marley, in St Ann's, Jamaica.
1977 The Rolling Stones signed their own record label to EMI.
1977 After recording as lead singer

of The Stooges, Iggy Pop signed with RCA as a solo artist.
Thursday February 6
1967 The Beatles signed a new nine-year contract with EMI, who announced simultaneously that the group had sold 180 million records worldwide in less than five years.

Friday February 7
1934 Birthday of sax superstar King Curtis (Curtis Ousley), in Fort Worth, Texas.
1949 Birthday of Alan Lancaster of Status Quo, in Peckham, South London.
1959 Birthday of Brian Travers, of UB40, in Birmingham.
1960 Birthday of Steve Bronski of Bronski Beat.

1964 The Beatles arrived at Kennedy Airport, New York, to launch the first British rock invasion of America.
1970 Jethro Tull's Ian Anderson married Jennie Franks at Watford Registry Office.

Saturday February 8
1960 The US Congress began payola investigation hearings, destined to be the downfall of many figures in American radio, including rock 'n' roll pioneer Alan Freed.
1965 ABC TV banned PJ Proby from its shows, following a similar ban by ABC theatres, after his on-stage trouser-splitting faucos.
1980 David and Angie Bowie were divorced; he got the custody of young son Zowie.

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SURREY
EVERY THURSDAY IS
HEAVY ROCK NIGHT AT:
"THE RIVERSIDE CLUB"
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HALF MAN
HALF BISCUIT**
7.30
FIRST TWO LONDON DATES
4th FEB STITCHED BACK FOOT
AIRMAN + MIAOW
5th FEB THE FIFTEENTH + THE PLANKTON FAMILY
KENTISH TOWN TUBE
£3/£2.50
ADVANCE TICKETS IN ROUGH TRADE

Under St Pauls Church
Deptford, SE8
THE GRASP
Psychedelic Nites
EVERY FRIDAY
Friday 31st Jan
KILL UGLY POP
+ MY BLOODY VALENTINE
Friday 7th Feb
THE DILL BERRYS
+ THE CREEKBEATS
* Punk Every Monday *

THE 100 CLUB
100 OXFORD STREET, W.1.
Thurs 30th January (Adm £2.50)
THE ADICTS
- special guests
Tues 4th Feb (Adm £2.50)
THE PHAROAHs
+ THE LONG TALL TEXANS
+ WIGVILLE SPLIFFS
Thurs 6th February
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
THE VULCANS

**CABARET
VOLTAIRE**
FEBRUARY
TUES 11
WED 12
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9/17 Highgate Rd, Kentish Town, NW5
Nearest Tube: Kentish Town. Tickets £5
TICKETS: THE BOX OFFICE 267 2224. ROCK ON RECORDS
Capel Street Market Kings Rd, Premier 300cm LTB 4th St. Rough Trade Records
Doors 8pm

THE SIR GEORGE ROBEY
240 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD,
LONDON, N4
(opp Finsbury Park tube)
01-263 4581
Wed 29th Jan **TORTILLA FLATS**
SUPPORT: FIERY FELL THE ANGELS
Thurs 30th Jan **STAN WEBB'S CHICKEN SHACK**
SUPPORT: ERK ALORS
Fri 31st Jan **BLUES N' TROUBLE**
SUPPORT: LONDON APACHES
(Lunch) **IGGY QUAIL**
(FREE JAZZ SESSION)
Sat 1st Feb (Eve) **THE STRAWBS**
(Lunch) **IGGY QUAIL**
(Eve) **HANK WANGFORD BAND**
Mon 3rd Feb **INCA BABIES**
SUPPORT: DEAD PAN TRACTORS
Tues 4th Feb **POORMOUTH**
Wed 12th Feb **STEVE MARRIOTT'S
PACKET OF THREE**
Late bar every night till 12.30am (Ex Sun 10.30) No
Admission after 11.00pm. Equipment repairs phone
Frank at the Robey

**THE HALF
MOON**
93 Lower Richmond Road
Putney SW15. Tel: 01-788 2387
Thursday 30th January
WILKO JOHNSON
Friday 31st January
PRETTY THINGS
Saturday 1st February
THE BALHAM ALIGATORS
"Record Release"
1st 100 people get FREE record
Sunday 2nd February
THE STRAWBS (Reunion)
Monday 3rd February
GROUNDHOGS
Tuesday 4th February
MEANTIME
(Formerly MORRISSEY MULLEN)
Wednesday 5th February
BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND

MCP Presents The St. Valentines Massacre
MÖTLEY CRÜE
Plus Guests
Cheap Trick
HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE
FRIDAY 14th FEB 7.30 p.m.
SATURDAY 15th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £6.00, £5.50
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Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Albemarle and Stargreen.
To The Memory of NICHOLAS 'RAZZLE' DINGLEY

UNDERGROUND
21 High Street, Croydon 01-760 0833 Nearest B.R. East Croydon
Open Wednesdays to Sundays 9pm-2am
Wednesday 29th January
BRIAR + support £2.00
Thursday 30th January
THE PRISONERS
+ **ECHO ECHO** £2.00
Sunday 2nd February
THE BANGLES
+ **Silent Movies**
Wednesday 5th February
TROJAN + Snowblind
Thursday 6th February
JAH WOBBLE + Fire On Ice
Coming soon...
The Fall, Balaam And The Angel,
Cherry Bombz, In Two A Circle, March Violets
Advance Tickets from H & R Cloakies,
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Please Note Sundays Are From 7-11pm

**NICK TOZZEK'S
NATURAL DISASTERS**
at **ADAM & EVE'S LEEDS**
10/19: Nick on 021-721867 022-456124
JAN 29: Triple headliner...
A.T.V. (with Mark Perry) + **Brigandage**
+ **BLITH POWER**
WED 5: **ENGLISH + AXEHEAD**
+ **DOGS** + NO DEAD MEAT FR
WED 12 + WED 26: See next weeks ad.
WED 19: PETER & THE TEST TUBE
+ **BABIES** + JOYFUL MARIAS
NICK TOZZEK'S
GRAND SLAM at ADAM & EVE'S
(punk continues every week)
TUES 25: **GUANA BATZ** + **MISSION**
+ **KING KURT** + **RESISTANCE**
THURS 11: **DOUBLE HEAVEN**
+ **STING RAYS** + **STING RAYS**
THURS 18: **PHAROAHs** + **TERRA GUINIS**
THURS 25: **METEORS** + **THIN 20 MIX** + **TUCK**

**THE
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503 Battersea Park
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01-223 3549
Sunday 2nd February
"THE VERY POPULAR RETURN OF
JOHN OTWAY
WONDERFUL HUMOUR + MUSIC
Monday 3rd February
RUTHLESS BLUES
Tuesday 4th February
LEN BRIGHT COMBO
feat: Russ & Bruce from the MILKSHAKES
Wednesday 5th February
To Be Confirmed
Thursday 6th February
"From ANY TROUBLE"
CLIVE GREGSON
+ **CHRISTINE COLLISTER**
Sunday 9th February
WES MCGHEE
+ **THE TEXAS ALLSTARS**

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
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+ support
TUESDAY 4th FEBRUARY
at
THE MARQUEE
GET THERE EARLY
Adm £3.00 Open 7-11

THE CRICKETERS
KENNINGTON OVAL, SE11
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JANUARY
Wed 29th **BIG HEAT**
Thurs 30th **THE UNTOUCHABLES**
+ **SUPPORT**
Fri 31st **THE STRAWBS**
FEBRUARY
Sat 1st **EDDIE & HOT RODS**
(Lunch) **HERSHEY & THE**
Sun 2nd (eve) **WES MCGHEE BAND**
Mon 3rd **SALVATION SUNDAY**
+ **ON THE WATERFRONT**
Tues 4th **CAST OF THOUSANDS**
Wed 5th **BOOGIE BROTHERS**
BLUES BAND

SPLITZ
BLITZ TOUR 1986
JAN 31st: Verdis Nightclub, Weymouth
FEB 1st: Tony Pandy Club, Mid Glam
2nd: Memorial Hall, Gwent
7th: Tunnel Club, The Mire, London
10th: Madisons Nightclub, Gateshead
15th: De Havilland College,
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Guaranteed to be the next Big Thing

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WOR!
FEB 3rd £1.50

OPEN EVERY NIGHT 7-11pm
marquee
LICENSED BARS
90 WARDOUR ST. W1
01-437 6603
Thurs 30 January (Adm £3.00)
REUFREX
Plus Support and Martin Ball
Fri 31 January (Adm £3.00)
ROY WHITE
Plus Support and Nick Henbrey
Sat 1 February (Adm £3.00)
LARRY MILLER BAND
Plus Support and Martin Ball
Sun 2 February (Adm £3.00)
THE PRISONERS
Plus Support and Monty Zero
Mon 3 February (Adm £3.50)
BOLSHOI
Plus Support and Monty Zero
Tues 4 February (Adm £3.00)
CHARIOT
Plus Support and Nick Henbrey
Wed 5 February (Adm £3.00)
CHROME MOLLY
Plus Tragedy and Monty Zero
Thurs 6 February (Adm £3.50)
ERASURE (Featuring: VINCE CLARK
& ANDY BELL)
Plus Support and Martin Ball
REDUCED ADMISSION TO STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARDHOLDERS AND MEMBERS

Friday 7th FEB
THE BANGLES
Ring Of Roses
Silent Movies
8pm
Tickets £4.00

THE HOTTEST LIVE BAND IN BRITAIN
CHROME MOLLY
Headlining
THE MARQUEE
Wednesday 5th Feb
New Album. "You Can't Have It All"
thru Pinnacle Cat No AMP 8

Adrian Hopkins presents
AT LAST AN EVENING WITH
TANGERINE DREAM
LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
Sunday 9th March
SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
Monday 10th March
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
Tuesday 11th March
EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE
Wednesday 12th March
PRESTON GUILDHALL
Thursday 13th March
MANCHESTER APOLLO
Friday 14th March
IPSWICH GAUMONT
Saturday 15th March
CROYDON FAIRFIELD HALLS
Sunday 16th March
BIRMINGHAM ODEON
Monday 17th March
HANLEY VICTORIA HALLS
Tuesday 18th March
LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT
Wednesday 19th March
BRADFORD ST. GEORGES HALL
Thursday 20th March
HARROGATE CENTRE
Friday 21st March
NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CENTRE
Saturday 22nd March
LINCOLN RITZ
Sunday 23rd March
BRIGHTON DOME
Monday 24th March
BRISTOL HIPPODROME
Tuesday 25th March
OXFORD APOLLO
Wednesday 26th March
LONDON HAMMERSMITH ODEON
Thursday 27th March
Tickets £8.00 £5.00 £4.00 (Liverpool and Hanley £5.00)
Show starts 8pm (Liverpool 7.30pm)
Available from the box offices and usual agents

NIGHT

Write to Neil Perry, Sounds, 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.

The Jesus And Mary Chain thrash it out at Newcastle (Thursday), Aberdeen (Friday) and Coventry (Tuesday), while Marillion begin another stint at Hammersmith Odeon (Monday).

Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction get cosmic in Liverpool (Thursday) and London (Friday), and Clannad folk it up at the Capital's Dominion (Saturday).

Funkmeisters Chakk step out at Sheffield (Tuesday) while OMD start their nationwide trek in the highlands at Glasgow (Monday) and Edinburgh (Tuesday).

WEDNESDAY 29

BIRMINGHAM Peacocks (021-643 6751) Blurt/We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Going To Use It
BRADFORD Queens Hall 1 In 12 Club (392712) Hang The Dance
BRADFORD St Georges Hall (752000) The Red Wedge
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-560 6181) 4-D Man

BRISTOL Showboat (293301) Sister Crow
CHESTERFIELD Art College (70271) Pulp/Henry Normal/Seething Wells/Atilla The Stockbroker
CHRISTCHURCH Castle Tavern Aunt Fortescue's Bluesrockers
CROYDON Underground (01-760 0833) Briar
DUDLEY JB's (53597) The Hell Fire Club
DUNSTABLE Wheatheaf (62571) Haze
EPPING High Road George And Dragon Eddie Vincent
FROYLE Prince Of Wales Boogie Chillen
HARROW Murrills Arms (01-863 9876) Crimson Veil
KINGSTON On Thames Barnfield Youth Centre New Emotion
LEICESTER University (556282) Western Promise/Ministry Of Love/The High Five
LONDON Battersea Latchmere (01-223 3549) Rhubarb Tarts
LONDON Camden Dingwalls (01-267 4467) Colenso Parade
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Balham Alligators
LONDON East Sheen The Bull (01-876 6964) The Barflies
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Tortilla Flats/Fiery Fell The Angels
LONDON Fulham Greyhound (01-385 8526) General Seven/The Hunger
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Feud/Night Music
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Replacements
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) Harry And The Rug/The 30 Footers
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) In The Heart Of Texas
LONDON Lee Green Old Tigers Head Armistice/Civil War
LONDON Malet Street London University (01-580 9551) Then Jerico
LONDON Shepherds Bush Green Wellington Sterling/Phantasm
LONDON St Johns Street George And Dragon (01-253 3831) The Inflatables
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) The Groundhogs
NEWCASTLE Riverside (614386) Skywalkers
PRESTON Twang Club The Wedding Present

THURSDAY 30

BRACKNELL Southill Park Arts Centre (27272) An Acoustic Monkey
BRADFORD Wheatheaf (724163) Black September
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-560 6181) Bam Bam/Arena
BRISTOL St Nicholas Market Crown (256597) The Glee Club
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) Pig Bros/The Elephant Man
BURTON Town Hall General Wolf
CARDIFF Bogies (26168) Condemned 84/Intensive Care/Society's Rejects
COWBRIDGE Ye Olde Masons Arms Snatch It Back

CROYDON Underground (01-760 0833) The Prisoners/Echo Echo
DUDLEY JB's (53597) Straight 8
EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) The Red Wedge
ENFIELD Middlesex Polytechnic Buddy Curtess And The Grasshoppers
FLINT Raven Hotel (2305) The Vengeance
HARLOW The Square The Prey/Kronstadt Uprising
HAYES Uxbridge Road Adam And Eve DTA Mission/Degraded Few
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall (544444) Fearful Sharky
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Hunters Club
LEITCHWORTH Plinston Hall (672003) Chrome Molly/Filthy Rice
LIVERPOOL Krackers (051-708 8815) Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction
LONDON Bow Pearly King Twice Bitten
LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) Jazz Warriors/Courtney Pine
LONDON Brixton Loughborough Hotel Joy Of Life/Action Pact/Children Held Hostage
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Irma And The Squirrels
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Sad Among Strangers/Red Harvest
LONDON Dean Street Gossips Gaz's Rockin' Blues
LONDON Denman Street Music Arts Patrons Centre (01-437 3547) Max Cooper
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Stan Webb's Chicken Shack
LONDON Fulham Greyhound (01-385 0526) Prime Time/Fallen Heroes
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) 4-D Man
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Floyd/The Temps
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Shanty Dam
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) Elysium/Sam And Galore/Angell Town
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Jamie Wednesday
LONDON Malden Road Gypsy Queen (01-485 9988) They Came From Plymouth
LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (01-387 0428/9) Power
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Under The Gun
LONDON Putney White Lion (01-785 3081) Flat Five/Tony And Stod/Barb Jung And Michael Barker
LONDON Shaw Theatre Happy End/London School Of Samba/Beryl And The Perils/Simon Fanshawe/Bernard Padden/Philip Dennis/Blah! (Nicaragua Night)
LONDON Shepherds Bush Green Wellington Cannes/VHF
LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (01-855 3371) A Bigger Splash
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Free Parking
MANCHESTER Hacienda (061-236 5051) Nico/Eric Random And The Bedlamites
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) Ricky Scaggs
NEWCASTLE Riverside (614386) The Jesus And Mary Chain
OXFORD Polytechnic (68789) The Blow Monkeys
RAYLEIGH Pink Toothbrush (770003) Stax Century/Playground/Gun Supper

Appearing at



Friday January 31
THE PAULINE GILLAN BAND
Doors open 8.30pm.
With Rock disco till late.
**CENTRAL PARK, BARGATES,
BURTON ON TRENT.**
TEL (0283) 63265

**HANG
FIRE**
are supporting
PALLAS
8th Feb
The Retford, Porterhouse.

SO WHAT!
+
JOKERS WILD
Are Appearing
Live at THE BULL
262 Upper Richmond Road
East Sheen SW14
Friday 31st Jan

FEBRUARY PROMOTION
All Semi Display copy to be in this office by the following times:

Feb 8th Issue - 5.30pm Thurs Jan 30.
Feb 15th Issue - 5.30pm Thurs Feb 6.
Feb 22nd Issue - 5.30pm Thurs Feb 13.

THE WELLINGTON
Shepherds Bush Green
Thursday 30th January
CANNES + VHF
+ Alices Restaurant Roadshow
nearest tube
Shepherds Bush (Central Line)
Wednesday 5th February
RUNSTAFF + Ash Mata
Admission £2 on door
Open 7.30-11pm

Tredegar
"Wheels '86 Tour"
JANUARY
30 AYR, Bobby Jones Disco
31 GLASGOW, The Venue
FEBRUARY
1 WISHAW, Heathery Rock Club
2 KILMARNOCK, Cadilacs 4pm-6pm
3 EAST KILBRIDE, Peaches 10pm-12
4 MOTHERWELL, Electric Bar
5 EDINBURGH, Jailhouse Bar
6 PERTH, Plough Inn
7 LOCH NESS, Heavy Fishing
8 KIRKCALDY, St Clair Tavern
9 PALNACKIE, Barlochlin Hotel
10 PEEBLES, Cross Keys
11 SUNDERLAND, 029 Club
12 MIDDLESBOROUGH, Ossies/The Outlook
13 LOWESTOFT, South Pier/Tech College
14 KINGS LYNN, Blue & Gold Club
15 BIRMINGHAM, Jinx's Club
16 BURTON ON TRENT
17 NOTTINGHAM, Mardi Gras Club
18 HAILSHAM, Crown Hotel
19 LONDON, Lee Green, Old Tigers Head
20 MELBOURN, Rock Club
MARCH
1 HIGH WYCOMBE, Nags Head
2 LLANNARAN, R.F.C.
3 NEWBURY, Silks Club
4 BANGOR, University
5 HEREFORD, Market Tavern
6 TREDEGAR, Working Mens Club
7 LONDON, Shepherds Bush, Wellington
8 LONDON, Bethnal Green, Green Gate
Single: DUMA Album: TREDEGAR
OUT SHORTLY

MCP Presents
MARILLION
WITH FRIENDS
**ODEON THEATRE,
HAMMERSMITH**
THURSDAY 6th FEBRUARY
7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £10.00 £8.00 £6.00
Available from B/O Tel: 01-748 4081/2.
LTB, Premier.
Keith Prowse
(Credit Cards 01-741 8989).
Albamarle and Stargreen.
ALL PROCEEDS
TO DOUBLE O CHARITY.
MARILLION

ACCEPT
Special Guests
Dokken
HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE
SATURDAY 8th APRIL 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £5.00 £3.00
Available from B/O Tel: 01-748 4081, Stargreen, Premier,
Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Albamarle & LTB
BRISTOL HIPPODROME THEATRE
SUNDAY 8th APRIL 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £5.00 £4.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0272 298444 and usual agents.
BIRMINGHAM ODEON THEATRE
MONDAY 7th APRIL 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £5.00 £4.50
Available from B/O Tel: 021 643 8101
Special Low Price Live Album - KAZOKU - BAN out now on PORTRAIT Records.
MANCHESTER APOLLO THEATRE
TUESDAY 8th APRIL 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £5.00 £4.50
Available from B/O Tel: 061 273 3775, Pizzabili
Records, Vibes Records Bury and UK Travel Chosen
EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE THEATRE
THURSDAY 10th APRIL 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £5.00 £4.50
Available from B/O Tel: 031 557 2590 and usual agents.
NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR SUITE
FRIDAY 11th APRIL 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £5.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0632 321108 and usual agents.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE
GREENWICH LEISURE
THE FALL
PLUS ALTERNATIVE T.V.
Thursday 6 February. Doors open at 7.30pm.
Woolwich Coronet (by Woolwich Ferry) SE18
£3.50 (£1.50 concessions and UB40 only)
ADVANCE BOOKINGS 01-317 8687 CREDIT CARDS 01-855 5900
Greenwich Entertainment Service: 25 Woolwich New Road, SE18
Greenwich Theatre Box Office: Green's Hill, SE10 (callers only)

MCP Presents
PREFAB SPROUT
Plus Special Guests
HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE
WEDNESDAY 5th MARCH 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £5.00 £4.50
Available from B/O Tel: 01-748 4081/2, LTB, Premier,
Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Albamarle and Stargreen.

SHIFT

ROMFORD Rezz (25566) *Slow Invasion*
 SOUTHAMPTON Joiners Arms (25612) *The Act*
 SYDEHAM Greyhound Rub A Dub Club Brown Paper Bag Brothers/Jenny
 Eclair/3 Mustaphas 3
 TELFORD Ironmaster (503950) *The Strand*
 WOKINGHAM Angles (789912) *Jonestown*
 WREXHAM Kings Arms Tokyo
 YORK Lynx Club Pyjama Party

FRIDAY

31

ABERDEEN Venue (22255) *The Jesus And Mary Chain*
 ALDERSHOT West End Centre (330040) Bill Hurley And Big Beat/Sonny Black's
 Blues Band
 BATH Longacre Hall *The Hive*
 BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-560 6181) *Little Sister*
 BRENTWOOD Hermit Club (218897) *Turning Point/The Ultimate*
 BURTON ON TRENT Central Park (63265) Pauline Gillan Band
 BUXTON Railway Hotel (3402) *The Force/Masque*
 CARLISLE Front Page Zoot And The Roots
 CHATHAM Churchills Johnny Seven
 CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall Ring Of Roses/Webcore
 CREWE Cheshire Cheese Tokyo
 DERBY Duke Of York Just Blue
 DUBLIN Memorial Hall IK
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) *The Adicts*
 GRIMSBY Toptown Club (56352) *General Wolf*
 HENLEY Five Horseshoes (57488) *Fair Exchange*
 HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) *Larry Miller*
 LEATHERHEAD Riverside (375713) *Peter And The Test Tube Babies*
 LIVERPOOL Krackers Club (051-708 8815) *Roy Harper*
 LIVERPOOL System Club (051-236 7816) *Dressed To Kill*
 LONDON Bow Bridge Road Little Driver Eddie Vincent
 LONDON Brixton Fringe (01-326 5100) *Potato 5/Forest Hillbillies*
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) *John Otway*
 LONDON City University (01-250 0955) *John Hegley And Jeremy Hardy/Kit*
 Hollerbach
 LONDON Chalk Farm LMC (01-722 0456) *Bird Jumps Into Wood/Peter Cusack*
 and Clive Bell
 LONDON Coronet Street Bass Clef (01-729 2476) *No Way Hose/No Pearls...No*
Passion
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) *Chris Farlowe*
 LONDON Denman Street Music Arts Patrons Centre (01-437 3547) *Max Cooper*
 LONDON East Ham Ruskin Arms (01-472 0377) *Us*
 LONDON East Sheen The Bull So What/Jokers Wild
 LONDON Finchley Torrington (01-445 4710) *Living Daylites*
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) *Blues 'N' Trouble/The*
London Apaches
 LONDON Fulham Greyhound (01-385 0526) *Sky West And Crooked/Because*
Because
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) *Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love*
Reaction/Baby Go Boom
 LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) *The Surfin' Lungs/The*
Passengers
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) *Saga*
 LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) *The Name/Mosquito Music/Fear Of*
Darkness
 LONDON Houghton Street School Of Economics (01-405 7686) *The Blow*
Monkeys/Les Immer Essen
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull and Gate (01-485 5358) *35th Of May*
 LONDON New Cross Goldsmiths' College (01-692 1406) *Stax Bodine*
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) *Sanko/Gadzoh*
 LONDON Palmer's Green The Fox (01-886 9674) *Steve Marriot's Packet Of Three*
 LONDON Penton Street Salmon and Compasses *Curly Maple and the Flame*
Tops
 LONDON Thames Polytechnic (01-855 0618) *Alternative TV*
 LONDON Tottenham Court Road Dominion (01-580 9562) *Abdullah Ibrahim*
 LONDON Wandsworth Road South Bank Polytechnic *Buddy Curtess And The*
Grasshoppers
 MAIDSTONE Art College (57286) *Parisienne Blonde/Between The Eyes*
 NEWARK Hawtonville Community Centre *Varukers/Depraved/Eyes On You/*
Interpol
 NEWCASTLE City Hall (320007) *The Red Wedge*
 NEWCASTLE Riverside (614386) *Sugar Puff Demons/Syndicate/Tongue In*
Cheek
 NORWICH Moulin Rouge (528708) *Ougadougous/The Ital Selection/Street*
Life/Orchestra Ronzania
 NOTTINGHAM Clifton SU Hall Rent Party
 NOTTINGHAM Royal Court (472328) *Feargal Sharkey*
 OXFORD St Pauls (53329) *Whippersnapper*
 PONTARDAWE Ivybush Pigfoot
 READING Paradise Club (56847) *Red Hot And Blue/Teenagers From Outer*
Space/Cat Burglars
 STOURBRIDGE The Mewe *Peppermint Airgun*
 UXBRIDGE Brunel University (39125) *The Faith Brothers*
 WALLSEND Buddle Arts Centre (262 4276) *Les Demoiselles D'Avignon*
 WEYMOUTH Verdi's Wine Bar Splitz
 WOKINGHAM Angles (789912) *Complaints*
 WORTHING Assembly Hall (202221) *The Nolans*
 YORK Spotted Cow (23134) *The Stiffs*

SATURDAY

1

ABERDEEN Venue (22255) *23 Skidoo*
 ALDERSHOT West End Centre (330040) *The Riversiders*
 AYLESBURY Civic Centre (86009) *Peter And The Test Tube Babies*
 AYLESBURY Wendover Wellhead Inn (622733) *Pop Icons*
 BANGOR University (53709) *The Fall*
 BEDFORD Marston Club (768234) *Los Marbels/Poison Justice*
 BURY Rantestall Queens Arms (224796) *The Stiffs*
 CARSHALTON West Street Club Antz Avenue
 CHIDDINGLY Six Bells (872227) *Snowfox*
 COLCHESTER Sergeants Mess *Eddie Vincent*
 CROSSKEYS Institute (70301) *No Sweat*
 DUDLEY JB's (53597) *Larry Miller*
 EDINBURGH University (031-667 0214/5/6/7) *Deaf Heights Cajun Aces/The*
Stringer
 GRAVESEND Red Lion (66127) *La Host*
 GUILDFORD Surrey University (509223) *Black Roots/Hondo*
 LEICESTER University (556282) *Sister Crow/Ten Days That Shook The World/*
Land Of The Giants/This Yabis
 LONDON Acton Ruskin Hall *The In-stinks*
 LONDON Bolsover Street Central Polytechnic (01-636 6271) *Webcore/Another*
Green World
 LONDON Camden Dingwalls (01-267 4967) *Danger Zone/Rent Party*
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) *Brett Marvin And The*
Thunderbolts
 LONDON Chalk Farm LMC (01-722 0456) *Akemi K Kuhn*
 LONDON Clerkenwell Close Horseshoe (01-253 6068) *Tony And Stod/Valerie*
 Bloom/EA Markham
 LONDON Commercial Road Lord Nelson The School
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) *Moontwist*
 LONDON Deptford Crypt (01-697 3271) *Lack Of Knowledge/Angels Wear*
Snakeskin/Please Return My Dog/Zoodoll/Blind Vision
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) *Iggy Quail And Friends*
 (lunchtime) *The Strawbs* (Eve)
 LONDON Fulham Greyhound (01-385 0526) *We're Only Human/The Tallyman*
 LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) *Exit 13*

LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) *Mystery Girls/Bruce Harman/*
Beautiful Strangers
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) *Eddie And The Hot Rods*
 LONDON Peto Place Diorama (01-487 5598) *Ben Elton/Frank Chickens/Daniel*
Royal/Roland Muldoon/Some Like It Hot
 LONDON Thames Polytechnic (01-855 0618) *Love Act/Malvinas Brothers/*
Goldfish Pie/Five Go Down To The Sea
 LONDON Tottenham Court Road Dominion (01-580 9562) *Clannad*
 LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall (63151) *Dumpy's Rusty Nuts*
 MAIDSTONE Kent Hall Johnny Seven
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) *Brendan Croker And The 5*
O'Clock Shadows
 MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) *Restless/Zoot And The Roots*
 MANCHESTER Polytechnic (061-273 1162) *Elvis Presley Roadshow*
 MITCHAM Mitcham Hall New Emotion
 OLDHAM Primrose View Discussion Ends
 OXFORD Pennyfarthing (246007) *Pauline Gillan*
 SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) *Half Man Half Biscuit*
 SOUTHEND Reids *Another Roadside Attraction*
 STOCKTON Dovecot Arts (611625) *The Mighty Lemon Drops/Shy Reptiles*
 TELFORD Brookside Community Centre *Contempt/JATO/Closedown/Loose Juice*
 TONYPANDY Naval Club (432068) *Splitz*
 WARRINGTON Lion (30047) *Tokyo*

SUNDAY

2

BEDFORD Angel *The Fabulous Bonus Brothers*
 BRIGHTON Old Vic (24744) *Johnny Seven*
 CARSHALTON West Street Club Antz Avenue
 CHIPPENHAM Goldiggers (656444) *Divine*
 CROYDON Underground (01-760 0833) *The Bangles/Silent Movies*
 GUILDFORD Surrey University (71281) *Fear Of Darkness*
 GWENT Newbridge Memorial Hall Splitz
 LIVERPOOL Empire (051-709 1555) *OMD*
 LONDON Battersea High Street Woodman (01-228 2968) *Curly Maple And The*
Flame Tops
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) *The Balham Alligators*
 LONDON Chalk Farm LMC (01-722 0456) *Cat I Saw*
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) *Mercy Dash/The Vodka*
Tourists
 LONDON Finchley Torrington (01-445 4710) *Meantime*
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) *Iggy Quail And Friends*
 (Lunchtime) *Hank Wangford* (Eve)
 LONDON Fulham Greyhound (01-385 0526) *The Pyjama Sutra/49 Scream*
 LONDON Fulham Kings Head (01-736 1413) *Armistice/Civil War*
 LONDON Greek Street Le Beat Route (01-734 6308) *Bad Karma Beckons/The*
Honest Brothers/Lack Of Knowledge Nerve X
 LONDON Kings Road Crazy Larrys *Bruce Wayne And The Batniks*
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) *Hershey And The 12-Bars* (lunch) *Wes*
McGhee Band (Eve)
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) *The Strawbs*
 NORTHAMPTON Racehorse *Twice Bitten*
 STEVENAGE Bowes-Lyon House (353175) *Peter And The Test Tube Babies*
 UXBRIDGE Brunel University (39125) *The Neurotics/Mad Dog And The Rabies*
Sisters/The Long And The Short Of It

MONDAY

3

BIRMINGHAM Dome (021-622 2233) *Dancing Zepheers/Graphique/Pre Pets/*
Java Ya Ya
 BLACKPOOL Kirkham Rumsters (682566) *The Stiffs*
 BRIGHTON White Noise *4-D Man*
 COVENTRY Busters (20934) *Win*
 CROYDON Fairfield Halls (01-688 9291) *New Emotion*
 DUNSTABLE Wheatheaf (62571) *Twice Bitten*
 EDINBURGH The Place (031-334 9326) *The Pastels/The Submarines*
 GLASGOW Barrowland (041-552 4601) *OMD*
 LEEDS Adam and Eve's (456724) *Sex Kittens/Delicious Poison/Act Natural*
 LEEDS Robin Hood *Never Forever*
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) *Wes McGhee's Texas Allstars*
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) *Thursday's Child/Capital*
Twist
 LONDON Deptford Crypt (01-690 8832) *Legion Of Parasites*
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) *Inca Babies/Dead Pan*
Tractor
 LONDON Fulham Greyhound (01-385 0526) *A Conspiracy/Joel Blon*
 LONDON Greek Street Le Beat Route (01-734 6308) *The Bombollinis/Colonial*
Bar/The Third Man/Someone Says
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) *Marillion*
 LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) *The Naturals/The Odd*
 LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (01-387 0428) *Buddy Curtess And*
The Grasshoppers
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) *Salvation Sunday/On The Waterfront*
 LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) *The Nashville Teens/Alan Clayson*
And The Argonauts
 MANCHESTER Apollo (061-273 3775) *Feargal Sharkey*
 MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) *Fantastico Publico/The*
Wainwrights/Cheerfuls
 UXBRIDGE Brunel University (39125) *Fear Of Darkness*
 WORCESTER Swan With Two Necks *The Screaming Dead/Crows/Angels In*
Marble

TUESDAY

4

CANTERBURY Kent University (464724) *Fear Of Darkness*
 COVENTRY Polytechnic (21167) *The Jesus And Mary Chain*
 CRAWLEY Amelia Bar *Psychotic Reaction*
 EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) *OMD*
 HULL Tower Ballroom (228110) *Black September*
 LEEDS University (439071) *Alan Vega/Fatal Charm/Win*
 LONDON Brixton Loughborough Hotel *Wolffhounds/The Price*
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) *Alcatraz And The Chain Gang/The*
Panic Brothers
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) *Speakeasy/Two Moons*
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) *Poormouth*
 LONDON Fulham Greyhound (01-385 0526) *The Wedding/War Of Roses*
 LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) *Marillion*
 LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) *The Balham Alligators*
 LONDON Kensington Gore Royal Albert Hall (01-589 8212) *Ricky Scaggs*
 LONDON Leytonstone High Road Plough and Harrow *Webcore/Legion Of*
Parasites
 LONDON Mile End Road Queen Mary College *Last Orders*
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) *Cast Of Thousands*
 MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) *Oscar Bernhardt Ensemble*
 NEWCASTLE City Hall (320007) *John Martyn*
 PETERBOROUGH Norfolk *The Union*
 PRESTON Guildhall (21721) *Feargal Sharkey*
 READING Majestic *Alien Sex Fiend/Then Horrors*
 SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) *Chakk*
 SHEFFIELD Limit Club (730940) *Peter And The Test Tube Babies*
 SHEFFIELD University (24076) *The Farm/Ted Chippington*
 STOCKPORT Boars Head Hotel *The Red And The Black*
 SWANSEA Coach House (54602) *Knights Of Avalon*
 WINDSOR Arts Centre (59336) *The Colour Project/Strangers*



CATCH THE Reid brothers, they're a riot

TOUR NEWS

WES MCGHEE, who had to cut short his 'Thanks For The Chicken!' tour (named after his double live album) because of a throat infection, will be out on the road again this year. Wes has added three new members to his Wes McGhee Band - Al Stewart, John Shearer and Maureen O'Farrell, and they start out at Harlesden The Mean Fiddler February 1, Kennington Oval The Cricketers 2, Camden Town The Dublin Castle 3, Putney The Half Moon 6, Brighton Richmond Hotel 7, High Wycombe Nag's Head 8, Battersea The Latchmere 9, Finsbury Park Sir George Robey 10, Fulham The King's Head 13, Kentish Town The Bull And Gate 14, Leicester Princess Charlotte 15, Harlesden The Mean Fiddler 16, Manchester Band On The Wall 19, Rotherham (venue to be announced) 20, Carlisle Stars And Stripes 21, Edinburgh Wilkie House 22, Newcastle-on-Tyne The Playhouse 23, Kentish Town The Bull And Gate 27, Finsbury Park Sir George Robey 28.

THE NOSEFLUTES, who call themselves the 'underbelly of your most sordid and scabrous relatives' (mmm, yes please!) play their first London date at Hammersmith Clarendon February 3.

PREYER, a heavy metal five piece who have built up a following in their native Wales, now try to establish themselves in England. They play Llanharan RFC February 9, Bristol The Crown St Nicholas Market 14 and St Austell The Bugle AFC 15.

TWICE BITTEN from Nottingham have a string of dates lined up for the new year. They play Birmingham Railway January 28, Bow Pearly King 30, Basildon Roundacre 31, Northampton Racehorse February 2, Dunstable Wheatheaf 3, Peebles Cross Keys 7, Wishaw Heathery Bar 8, and Blairgowrie The Gig 9.

HONEYMOON SUITE, the Canadian five-piece who released a single called 'Bad Attitude' on January 27 and an album called 'The Big Prize' later on, support Saga for two shows at Birmingham Odeon on January 30 and London Hammersmith Odeon on 31 before starting their own headlining tour, details of which will be announced shortly.

DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS confirm some extra dates at Sheffield University January 29, and Loughborough Town Hall February 1.

LA HOST, the 'art rock' outfit, extend their current club tour with dates at Gravesend Red Lion February 1, Hammersmith Clarendon 12, Guildford Surrey University Rock Club 13 and London The Rock Garden 18.



TAKAKO SHIRAI, lead singer with Japanese top pop band Crazy Boys, will be playing one concert at London's Embassy Club on January 27. Takako was awarded Best Female Composer at the CBS Sony Song Development Competition and became a star DJ on the Japanese Nippons' Radio Station. Takako has had eleven hit singles and five hit albums in Japan.

TUESDAY TOWN, who are about to release a debut single on Yeah Yeah Yeah Records, play London Greyhound (Fulham Palace Road) February 5, Hastings The Crypt March 14, Chiddingfold The Six Bells 15.

IDIOTSAVANT, Happy End, London School Of Samba, Beryl And The Perils, Simon Fanshawe, Bernard Padden, Phillip Dennis, Robbie McGovern and Blah! are all supporting the Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign at the Shaw Theatre on January 30.

SITTIN' PRETTY have reformed with a new guitarist and play a one-off at King's Lynn The Eagle on January 30.

THE APARTMENTS, who have recently completed a nationwide tour supporting Everything But The Girl, have a few dates lined up in their own right at London Mean Fiddler February 2, Kentish Town Bull & Gate February 6.

BUDDY CURTESS & THE GRASSHOPPERS, the 'rock 'n' soul ravers', have added more dates to their tour - at London City Polytechnic January 28, London South Bank Polytechnic 31, Brixton Fridge February 1, Durham University 13, Reading Bulmershe College 22, York University March 1.

ANTZ AVENUE, the blues/rock trio who are spending this month in the recording studio, have confirmed a February tour at Carshalton West Street Club on February 2, Feltham Airman 6, Stockwell Plough 20, Sevenoaks Frog & Bucket 22, Cricklewood Production Village 26, and Harrow Apollo 28.

JOKERS WILD will be supporting Spider at The Bull, East Sheen on January 31, with another gig on their own at the same venue on February 28.

THE SURFADELICS, whose recent progress has been disturbed by the keyboard player joining a cult religious sect, play a one-off at Brixton Old White Horse on January 28.

POP ICONS, who made their debut at the London Marquee earlier this month, head out on tour on January 31 at Egham Royal Holloway College. They then play Aylesbury Wellhead Inn February 1, Twickenham St Mary's College 2, Harlesden Mean Fiddler 11, Southampton Riverside Club 21. Their single, 'Same Old Story', is available from Vital Spark Records & Tapes, 1 The Towers, Engel Park, Mill Hill, London NW7, and is released in cassette form only, on Vital Spark, January 31.

HAZE, the progressive trio, open the new year with a 12 week tour. They play Dunstable Wheatheaf January 29, Luton College 30, Basildon Roundacre 31, Wokingham Angles February 1, London East Ham Ruskin Arms 2, Southampton Joiners Arms 5, Hasting Mr Cherry's 6, Bradford Wheatheaf 13, Stockport Boars Head 18, York Lynx Club 20, Wickham Black Horse 21, Norwich Festival House 22, Peterborough Gladstone Arms 23.

RENT PARTY, the popular jump/jive band, add further dates to their tour at London Camden Dingwalls February 1, Nottingham Trent Polytechnic 7, London Waldorf Hotel 8, London Dublin Castle 9, Treforest Polytechnic Of Wales 14, London Marquee 15, London Royal Holloway College 21, Reading Bulmershe College 22, and Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic 28.

CITIZEN CAIN, a popular hard rock outfit, play Harlow Square One on February 6, Dover Louis Armstrong 7 and Ipswich Kings 10.



THE PRISONERS, Rochester's own wild boys, have signed to Countdown Records and break off from recording their new single to thrash out their 'heavy organ-based rock' at Croydon Underground January 30, Soho Marquee February 2 and Greenwich Tunnel Club 7.

HOT PORK LUNCH No 36



CHART

UK 50 SINGLES UK 50 ALBUMS

- 1 1 THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES ON TV A-ha Warner Brothers
- 2 3 WALK OF LIFE Dire Straits Vertigo
- 3 5 BROKEN WINGS Mr Mister RCA
- 4 4 SATURDAY LOVE Cherrelle With Alexander O'Neal Tabu
- 5 23 ONLY LOVE Nana Mouskouri Carrere/Philips
- 6 6 YOU LITTLE THIEF Feargal Sharkey Virgin
- 7 37 BORDERLINE Madonna Sire
- 8 2 WEST END GIRLS Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 9 9 WHO'S ZOOMIN' WHO Aretha Franklin Arista
- 10 15 SUSPICIOUS MINDS Fine Young Cannibals London
- 11 13 IT'S ALRIGHT (BABY'S COMING BACK) Eurythmics RCA
- 12 8 RUSSIANS Sting A&M
- 13 18 SYSTEM ADDICT Five Star Tent
- 14 12 ALICE I WANT YOU JUST FOR ME Full Force CBS
- 15 7 HIT THAT PERFECT BEAT Bronski Beat Forbidden Fruit
- 16 31 PULL UP TO THE BUMPER Grace Jones Island
- 17 27 THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA Sarah Brightman & Steve Harley Polydor
- 18 35 LIFE'S WHAT YOU MAKE IT Talk Talk EMI
- 19 25 SPIRIT OF 76 Alarm IRS
- 20 — WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH THE TOUGH GET GOING Billy Ocean Jive
- 21 11 SAVING ALL MY LOVE FOR YOU Whitney Houston Arista
- 22 — IN A LIFETIME Clannad RCA
- 23 19 RING OF ICE Jennifer Rush CBS
- 24 14 LEAVING ME NOW Level 42 Polydor
- 25 — LIVING IN AMERICA James Brown Scotti Brothers
- 26 34 IMAGINATION Belouis Some Parlophone
- 27 16 WRAP HER UP Elton John Rocket
- 28 10 GIRLIE GIRLIE Sophia George Winner
- 29 33 SHAKE YOUR FOUNDATIONS AC/DC Atlantic
- 30 — HOW WILL I KNOW Whitney Houston Arista
- 31 39 CUT ME DOWN Lloyd Cole & The Commotions Polydor
- 32 — SANCTIFY YOURSELF Simple Minds Virgin
- 33 21 TORTURE King CBS
- 34 17 DRESS YOU UP Madonna Sire
- 35 — SHOT IN THE DARK Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 36 20 SEPARATE LIVES Phil Collins & Marilyn Martin Atlantic
- 37 — THE SWEETEST GIRL Madness Zarjazz
- 38 22 WE BUILT THIS CITY Starship Grunt
- 39 50 IF I RULED THE WORLD Kurtis Blow Club
- 40 29 DON'T YOU JUST KNOW IT Amazulu Island
- 41 24 DON'T LOOK DOWN Go West Chrysalis
- 42 — IF YOU'RE READY (COME GO WITH ME) Ruby Turner Jive
- 43 — MY MAGIC MAN Rochelle Warner Brothers
- 44 45 THE PROMISE Arcadia Parlophone
- 45 — THE CAPTAIN OF HER HEART Double Polydor
- 46 43 TAKE ON ME A-ha Warner Brothers
- 47 — RISE Public Image Limited Virgin
- 48 — NEW YORK EYES Nicole & Timmy Thomas Portrait
- 49 — I CAN'T WAIT Stevie Nicks Parlophone
- 50 — RADIO AFRICA Latin Quarter Rockin' Horse

- 1 1 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 2 3 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW A-ha Warner Brothers
- 3 5 THE DREAM OF THE BLUE TURTLES Sting A&M
- 4 2 THE BROADWAY ALBUM Barbra Streisand CBS
- 5 6 WORLD MACHINE Level 42 Polydor
- 6 7 ISLAND LIFE Grace Jones Island
- 7 4 LIKE A VIRGIN Madonna Sire
- 8 12 WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista
- 9 13 BE YOURSELF TONIGHT Eurythmics RCA
- 10 10 FEARGAL SHARKEY Feargal Sharkey Virgin
- 11 19 GO WEST Go West Chrysalis
- 12 9 PROMISE Sade Epic
- 13 17 FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS Fine Young Cannibals London
- 14 20 THE FIRST ALBUM Madonna Sire
- 15 48 HIGH PRIORITY Cherrelle Tabu
- 16 22 ONCE UPON A TIME Simple Heads Virgin
- 17 11 THE SINGLES COLLECTION Spandau Ballet Chrysalis
- 18 15 JENNIFER RUSH Jennifer Rush CBS
- 19 16 NO JACKET REQUIRED Phil Collins Virgin
- 20 8 NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC 6 Various EMI/Virgin
- 21 39 PRIVATE DANCER Tina Turner Capitol
- 22 30 LUXURY OF LIFE Five Star Tent
- 23 14 HITS 3 Various CBS/WEA
- 24 26 EASY PIECES Lloyd Cole & The Commotions Polydor
- 25 28 SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR Tears For Fears Mercury
- 26 25 THE LOVE ALBUM Various Telstar
- 27 21 HOUNDS OF LOVE Kate Bush EMI
- 28 29 BORN IN THE USA Bruce Springsteen CBS
- 29 18 THE LOVE SONGS George Benson K-Tel
- 30 23 ICE ON FIRE Elton John Rocket
- 31 31 THE CLASSIC TOUCH Richard Clayderman Decca
- 32 24 5 GREATEST HITS VOLUMES I & II Billy Joel CBS
- 33 35 HEART AND SOUL Barry White K-Tel
- 34 33 QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS Queen EMI
- 35 27 THE GREATEST HITS OF 1985 Various Telstar
- 36 43 ROCK A LITTLE Stevie Nicks Parlophone
- 37 34 SONGS TO LEARN AND SING Echo & The Bunnymen Korova
- 38 45 ALCHEMY Dire Straits Vertigo
- 39 51 THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE U2 Island
- 40 38 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 41 50 WHO'S ZOOMIN' WHO Aretha Franklin Arista
- 42 32 BITTER SWEET King CBS
- 43 56 LOVE OVER GOLD Dire Straits Vertigo
- 44 44 LEAVE THE BEST TO LAST James Last Polydor
- 45 36 MISPLACED CHILDHOOD Marillion EMI
- 46 59 LIVE UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY U2 Island
- 47 40 THE BEST OF INCANTATION Incantation Coda
- 48 46 THE SINGLES 81-85 Depeche Mode Mute
- 49 49 THE COMPLETE MIKE OLDFIELD Mike Oldfield Virgin
- 50 55 LITTLE CREATURES Talking Heads EMI

Compiled by MRIB

REGGAE TENS

PRE-RELEASE

- 1 TICKLE ME Thriller Taxi
- 2 CONVICTION OR FINE Black Uhuru Taxi
- 3 CAN'T KNOCK ME Anthony Red Rose Firehouse
- 4 PLEASE STAY Frankie Paul Cornerstone
- 5 TALKING IN MY SLEEP Ernest Wilson Techniques
- 6 LOVE ME FROM NOW Leroy Smart WKS
- 7 MUDDY WATERS The Ethiopian Studio 1
- 8 LEAVE PEOPLE BUSINESS Admiral Tibet Techniques
- 9 SHE LOVES ME NOW Beres Hammond WKS
- 10 PRESSURE AND SLIDE Tennyons Studio 1

DISCO

- 1 ONE DANCE WON'T DO Audrey Hall Germain
- 2 SWEET REGGAE MUSIC Nitty Gritty Unity
- 3 SPECIAL LADY Nervous Joseph Fashion
- 4 KOOL NUH Aswad Simba
- 5 SWEET FEELINGS The Blackstones World International
- 6 MUSIC LESSON Bob Marley And The Wailers Tuff Gong



DENNIS BROWN with a variation on the Wham! tune

- 7 JUMP AND SHOUT Mikey General Fashion
- 8 STRANGE THINGS Horace Andy Raging Lion
- 9 SPRING IS IN THE AIR Pablo Gad Try A Ting
- 10 FISHERMAN Jah Dave Ishens

ALBUMS

- 1 STRUGGLING The Mighty Diamonds Live And Learn
- 2 BABYLON THE BANDIT Steel Pulse Elektra
- 3 SHOWCASE Earl Sixteen Studio 1
- 4 RIPE MANGO Frankie Paul SCOM
- 5 JAMAICA JAMAICA Brigadier Jerry RAS
- 6 RAW RUB A DUB Gussie Prento Top Notch
- 7 WAKE UP Dennis Brown Natty Congo
- 8 COLLECTORS ITEM Natural Touch NK Records
- 9 REGGAE HITS VOLUME THREE Various Artists Ethnic
- 10 TURBO CHARGED Nitty Gritty Greensleeves

Compiled by Dub Vendor 274 Lavender Hill London SW11



GRACE JONES: a big yawn

SOUNDS TRACKS

Kevin Murphy
ALOHA FROM HAWAII Elvis Presley Virgin video
AND SHE WAS Talking Heads EMI
SILENCE Heist NV 12-inch

Sally Gethin
THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE U2 Island
THE DANCE ELECTRIC Andre Cymone CBS
THE BIG SLEEP Simple Minds Virgin

Neil Perry
FIELD OF FIRE Richard Lloyd Mistlur LP
RISE Pil Virgin 45
SAME WAY Heist NV 12-inch

Hugh Fielder
DON'T LET ME BE MISUNDERSTOOD The Costello Show F-Beat
LOW-LIFE New Order Factory
WE BUILT THIS SWEAT SHIRT Starship RCA press office

Edwin Pouncey
THE RED AND THE BLACK Minutemen SST BOC cover classic
ARTHUR COMICS Stalk Forrest Group 'Elektrock' revisitation
SHE'S AS BEAUTIFUL AS A FOOT Blue Oyster Cult CBS snippet

Jack Barron
FISHING Pil hooker cut off The Album Virgin
SILENCE Heist NV 12-inch
HALLOWEEN Sonic Youth Blast First 45

Carole Linfield
MEET ME IN HAVANA The Hit Parade up coming JSH classic
DAYS LIKE THESE Billy Bragg Go! Discs
AND SHE WAS Talking Heads EMI

Glyn Brown
LITTLE BY LITTLE Thee Mighty Caesars Big Beat LP track
TEACH ME NOW The Chiffons Impact LP track
RISE Pil Virgin 45

COMPACT DISC

- 1 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits
- 2 ISLAND LIFE Grace Jones
- 3 DREAM OF THE BLUE TURTLES Sting
- 4 PROMISE Sade
- 5 FACE VALUE Phil Collins
- 6 SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR Tears For Fears
- 7 BE YOURSELF TONIGHT Eurythmics
- 8 LOVE OVER GOLD Dire Straits
- 9 THE BROADWAY ALBUM Barbara Streisand
- 10 EASY PIECES Lloyd Cole And The Commotions
- 11 HELLO, I MUST BE GOING Phil Collins
- 12 NO JACKET REQUIRED Phil Collins
- 13 MACALLA Clannad
- 14 ONCE UPON A TIME Simple Minds
- 15 ICE ON FIRE Elton John
- 16 DIAMOND LIFE Sade
- 17 BORN IN THE USA Bruce Springsteen
- 18 WAR U2
- 19 FEARGAL SHARKEY Feargal Sharkey
- 20 SINGLES 81-85 Depeche Mode

Compiled by Virgin

ATTACK

HOT METAL 60

SINGLES

- 1 1 SHAKE YOUR FOUNDATIONS AC/DC Atlantic
- 2 2 LEADER OF THE PACK Twisted Sister Atlantic
- 3 4 THROWING STONES AT THE WIND Pallas Harvest
- 4 6 NINETEEN Phil Lynott Polydor
- 5 3 RUN TO THE HILLS Iron Maiden EMI
- 6 16 BURNING HEART Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 7 5 HEART OF LOTHIAN Marillion EMI
- 8 10 RUNNING FREE Iron Maiden EMI
- 9 12 MARKET SQUARE HEROES Marillion EMI
- 10 — THE WORLD WAITS FOR YOU Fastway CBS
- 11 8 LAVENDER Marillion EMI
- 12 17 SMOKIN' IN THE BOYS ROOM Mötley Crüe Elektra
- 13 7 WHITE WEDDING Billy Idol Chrysalis
- 14 11 TEARS ARE FALLING Kiss Vertigo/Phonogram
- 15 14 SLEEPING BAG ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 16 9 ANIMAL (F*** LIKE A BEAST) WASP Music For Nations
- 17 13 BLIND IN TEXAS WASP Capitol
- 18 18 KAYLEIGH Marillion EMI
- 19 20 THE BIG MONEY Rush Vertigo/Phonogram
- 20 — NEVER Heart Capitol



FASTWAY: complete with rejects from a Ray Davies lookalike competition

ALBUMS

- 1 30 DOUBLE TROUBLE LIVE Molly Hatchet Epic
- 2 4 MISPLACED CHILDHOOD Marillion EMI
- 3 — BLACK AND WHITE Terraplane Epic
- 4 2 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 5 1 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 6 10 FLY ON THE WALL AC/DC Atlantic
- 7 17 REAL TO REEL Marillion Fame
- 8 3 LIVE AFTER DEATH Iron Maiden EMI
- 9 5 COME OUT AND PLAY Twisted Sister Atlantic
- 10 15 FUGAZI Marillion EMI
- 11 11 VITAL IDOL Billy Idol Chrysalis
- 12 8 SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR Marillion EMI
- 13 6 ELIMINATOR ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 14 9 DONE WITH MIRRORS Aerosmith Geffen
- 15 14 CLUB NINJA Blue Öyster Cult CBS
- 16 24 BEST OF HANOI ROCKS Hanoi Rocks Lick Records
- 17 7 ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT Magnum FM
- 18 16 TWITCH Aldo Nova Portrait
- 19 — INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY Ratt Atlantic
- 20 19 THEATRE OF PAIN Mötley Crüe Elektra
- 21 13 POWER WINDOWS Rush Vertigo/Phonogram
- 22 25 WORLD WIDE LIVE Scorpions Harvest
- 23 — DELIRIOUS NOMAD Armoured Saint Chrysalis
- 24 23 RIDE THE LIGHTNING Metallica Music For Nations
- 25 21 RUN FOR COVER Gary Moore 10
- 26 12 THE LAST COMMAND WASP Capitol
- 27 18 7800° FAHRENHEIT Bon Jovi Vertigo/Phonogram
- 28 22 BAT OUT OF HELL Meat Loaf Cleveland International
- 29 27 ASYLUM Kiss Vertigo/Phonogram
- 30 20 SOLDIERS UNDER COMMAND Stryper Enigma/Stiff

IMPORTS

- 1 1 SURRENDER Joshua SMS
- 2 2 LE MANS Le Mans Columbia
- 3 6 FIGHT TO SURVIVE White Lion Victor Japan
- 4 5 MAXIMUM DESTRUCTION Destructor Auburn
- 5 7 CALIFORNIA'S BEST METAL Various New Renaissance
- 6 — VICTIM OF TIME Danger Zone Sub Records
- 7 — NO SUBSTITUTE FOR STEEL Various TASS Records
- 8 3 SWEET PAIN Sweet Pain Combat
- 9 — EASY PREY Predator Metal Blade
- 10 — AFRAID OF THE DARK Viper Greenworld

Compiled by Spotlight Research



THE FLOWERPOT MEN, learning to fly

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 2 BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 2 1 LOVE The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 3 5 THE SINGLES 81 — 85 Depeche Mode Mute
- 4 4 1979 — 1983 Bauhaus Beggars Banquet
- 5 6 RUM, SODOMY AND THE LASH The Pogues Stiff
- 6 21 HATFUL OF HOLLOW The Smiths Rough Trade
- 7 3 FRANKENCHRIST Dead Kennedys Alternative Tentacles
- 8 7 DREAMTIME The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 9 13 LIFE'S A RIOT WITH SPY VS SPY Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 10 23 BAD INFLUENCE The Robert Cray Band Demon
- 11 10 THIS NATION'S SAVING GRACE The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 12 — THE CLOCK COMES DOWN THE STAIRS Microdisney Rough Trade
- 13 8 THE CHRONICLE OF THE BLACK SWORD Hawkwind Flickknife
- 14 20 THERE ARE EIGHT MILLION STORIES... The June Brides The Pink Label
- 15 24 LOW-LIFE New Order Factory
- 16 28 MEAT IS MURDER The Smiths Rough Trade
- 17 16 ONE POUND NINETY-NINE — A MUSIC SAMPLER OF THE STATE OF THINGS Various Beggars Banquet
- 18 22 TREASURE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 19 17 SPLEEN AND IDEAL Dead Can Dance 4AD
- 20 — SHOWDOWN Albert Collins, Johnny Copeland & Robert Cray Sonet
- 21 11 FALSE ACCUSATIONS The Robert Cray Band Demon
- 22 15 NIGHT OF A THOUSAND CANDLES The Men They Couldn't Hang Imp/Demon
- 23 — LIVE AT THE WHITEHOUSE The Exploited Suck
- 24 12 NAIL Scraping Foetus Off The Wheel Self Immolation/Some Bizzare
- 25 9 QUE SERA SERA Johnny Thunder Jungle
- 26 14 STOMPIN' AT THE KLUB FOOT VOLUME 2 Various ABC
- 27 18 FROM LUBBOCK TO CLINTWOOD EAST Terry & Gerry Intape
- 28 19 HELD DOWN TO VINYL... AT LAST! The Guana Batz ID
- 29 25 GARLANDS Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 30 26 VENGEANCE New Model Army Abstract

THE FIRST THING TO BITE OFF A JELLY BABY

- 1 SPLEEN
- 2 HEAD
- 3 PECTORAL FIN
- 4 LOWER ABDOMEN
- 5 NAVAL FLUFF
- 6 MEDULLA OBLONGATTA
- 7 LEFT BUTTOCK
- 8 WOMB (female only)
- 9 ANTLERS
- 10 COD PIECE

Compiled by The Bookham Phantom Bog Rolls

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 1 DAYS LIKE THESE Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 2 2 ECHOES IN A SHALLOW BAY Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 3 4 TINY DYNAMINE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 4 10 REVOLUTION Chumba Wumba Agitpop
- 5 7 REVOLUTION The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 6 6 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 7 24 V2 That Petrol Emotion Noise A Noise
- 8 5 KICK OVER THE STATUES The Redskins Abstract Dance/Priority
- 9 3 SHE SELLS SANCTUARY The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 10 32 WHISTLING IN THE DARK Easterhouse Rough Trade
- 11 9 CAN YOUR PUSSY DO THE DOG? The Cramps Big Beat
- 12 16 IT WILL COME The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 13 14 NO PLACE CALLED HOME The June Brides Intape
- 14 31 LIKE AN ANGEL Mighty Lemon Drops Dreamworld
- 15 8 LET THEM EAT BOGSHED Bogshed Vinyl Drip
- 16 21 RAIN The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 17 20 CRUISER'S CREEK/LA The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 18 13 DESIRE Gene Loves Jezebel Situation Two
- 19 30 SUB-CULTURE New Order Factory
- 20 25 SLAMMERS King Kurt Stiff
- 21 15 UPSIDE DOWN The Jesus And Mary Chain Creation
- 22 28 FLAG DAY The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 23 11 DRINKING AND DRIVING The Business Diamond
- 24 42 WHIMPEEZ Peter And The Test Tube Babies Trapper
- 25 29 WALK ON GILDED SPLINTERS The Flowerpot Men Compost
- 26 19 NEEDLE GUN Hawkwind Flickknife
- 27 18 SPIRITWALKER The Cult Situation Two
- 28 22 LA RAIN Rose Of Avalanche LIL
- 29 35 PEARLY DEWDROPS' DROPS Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 30 17 ALL DAY LONG The Shop Assistants Subway Organisation
- 31 34 MAKES NO SENSE AT ALL Hüsker Dü SST
- 32 36 RISE Into A Circle Arcadia
- 33 27 BUBBLING Aswad Simba
- 34 — DAY AND NIGHT Balaam And The Angel Chapter 22
- 35 45 AIKEA-GUINEA Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 36 37 KEEN That Petrol Emotion The Pink Label
- 37 26 GREEN BACK DOLLAR They Men They Couldn't Hang Imp/Demon
- 38 12 THE BATTLE CONTINUES Conflict Mortarhate
- 39 23 BRAINBOX The Three Johns Abstract
- 40 33 CRAWFISH Johnny Thunders & Patti Palladin Jungle
- 41 — BABY'S GOT A BRAND NEW BRAIN The Stingites Snaffle
- 42 39 EDIE The Adult Net Beggars Banquet
- 43 38 BAR ROOM BOP — CHAMPS ELYSEES The Adicts Fall Out
- 44 41 DEEP IN THE MIND OF THE PURPLE THINGS Purple Things Media Burn
- 45 40 RESSURECTION JOE The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 46 43 THE WIND OF CHANGE Robert Wyatt With The SWAPO Singers Rough Trade
- 47 44 THE PERFECT KISS New Order Factory
- 48 47 FOUR A'S AT MAIDA VALE Marc Riley With The Creepers Intape
- 49 50 TOWER BLOCK ROCK Twenty Flight Rockers ABC
- 50 46 DON'T TURN AWAY Beki Bondage Communiqué

Compiled by Spotlight Research

SOUND ENGINEERS SAYINGS

- 1 WE'RE ROLLING
- 2 DO YOU WANT TO DROP IN?
- 3 WHOLE KIT NOW PLEASE
- 4 HOW'S THE LEVEL IN YOUR CANS?
- 5 YOUR B-STRING IS FLAT
- 6 HAVE YOU SEEN THE NEW DM 601759 INTEGRATED MIDI INTERFACE SYSTEM?
- 7 WHAT ABOUT A BIT OF RHUBARB (REVERB)?
- 8 SORRY, YOU CAN'T TAKE A COPY UNTIL SOMEONE PAYS THE BILL
- 9 YOU'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME
- 10 YOU'LL HAVE TO TURN DOWN!

Compiled by Stephen 'Chin Chin' Duffer Reeves

BAND AID

IT'S SO easy to dismiss California as a land of fruitcakes and laid-backs – until you're there.

Similarly it's become easy to dismiss American musical instrument companies as purveyors of esoteric equipment which most of us can live without in these blissful Japanese-orientated days.

But 1986 will be the year of the Big American Fight Back!

Pre-empting the year's primary trade show in Frankfurt by a sneaky couple weeks then is the Winter NAMM show in Anaheim, California, where, increasingly, all major manufacturers pre-preview their annual offerings.

A full *Sounds* report on NAMM is on its way, but meantime, here's a run-down of what you can start saving up for.

Trends. Sometimes these are difficult to spot so early in the M1 calendar but 1986 is a cinch since everyone (including the Japanese) seems to be employing the same R & D team of late. This year you are nothing if you don't sport a digital piano, a sampler and a 'regular' polyphonic synth (plus modular versions of the latter two). You may get away with just two of these.

Price. While this is still a factor of course, it seems that we have now hit the bottom of the price spiral, and manufacturers have regained enough confidence to ask reasonable prices for excellent pieces of equipment.

Since life in computer-land proved so disastrous for many a computer company last year, musical instrument companies – on the point of diving in headlong at the back end of last year – have now shrunk back somewhat (sensing the snake-pit below) and seem to be leaving this end of the market to companies small and flexible enough to adapt to the constant turbulence.

But for some hard facts to leave your appetite keen and whetted, here are some notable consolidations, revivals, and resurrections in manufacturer and product land.

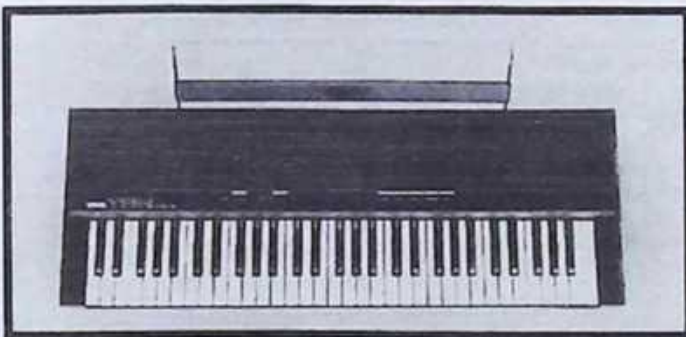
Sequential have learned the hard way that up-market companies flirt with rough trade at their peril and are busy re-grouping with a bagful of high quality (though not exorbitantly priced) instruments. Among these are a rack-mounted Prophet 2000 aka the Prophet 2002, a new-style digital synth – the Prophet VS 'Vector Synth' – and memory expansion kits for their samplers 2000 and 2002.

NAMM SCAM

Julian Colbeck wings in from LA with his first impressions of the US winter show



ENSONIQ ESQ-1 digital sequencer/synth



YAMAHA YPR-1 digital piano

Ensoniq, who began all this low cost keyboard sampling business, consolidate their efforts with a re-vamped Mirage, a rack-mounted Mirage, a Sampled Digital Piano which will sell in the US for \$1,295, and a Digital Sequencer Synthesiser, the ESQ-1, which is far too all-encompassing to get into here.

Oberheim are doing very nicely thank you with their latest polysynth, the Matrix-6 – priced attractively as well – and should continue to do so with a MIDI EPROM blower, the Prommer, and a rack-mount Matrix-6. The DMX drum machine is now available with full MIDI spec on board.

Linn had the flashiest show and must do well with their Midstudio – a highly portable re-hash of the Linn 9000.

From Japan of course there will be plenty of competition. I was most impressed by Akai's breadth of attack: their MIDI Sequencer Recording System (previewed last Frankfurt in fact!), their new polysynth AX60 which allows an Akai sampler to get in on the act but which still has its own analog sound sources, two new MIDI keyboard controllers MX 73 and AX 73 – light and weighted actions respectively – a polyphonic synth module, the VX 90, and a very comprehensive new sampler module, the S 900 – an eight voice digital multi sampler with eight individual voice line outs (UK price around £2,000, I'd imagine).

I saw Roland's pair of moody-black keyboard samplers but they were not up and running, but Boss' latest stab at the genre, the RSD-10 (combining 2 second sampling with DDL facilities) was ready to go. A good cheap alternative.

Roland's main thrust seems to be in digital pianos. In the pro range come the Digital Piano Keyboard (plus the inevitable and thoroughly worthwhile module) and in the home market the HP-5600 and HP-5500 – all using Roland's Structured/Adaptive Synthesis technique.

Let me just leave you with thoughts of Korg's Sampling Grand piano, the SG-1, their excellent-looking DVP-1 Digital Voice Processor (combining vocoding and harmonising capabilities) and new Poly 800II. Also Yamaha's enormous range of FM home keyboards, plus the new MIDI Master Keyboard KX76, and new digital piano YPR-1, neither of which, it seems, are to be released at Frankfurt, plus a list of other all-encompassing Yamaha goodies. And that's all for now!

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BAND AID

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*Source: Target Group Index 1985

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VOCALIST REQUIRED for named Midland band playing modern American rock. Ring Chris, Arcade Music Rugeley (08894) 70695 shop hours. S4813

FEMALE PERCUSSIONIST /Drummer for Womens band. Manchester 061-881 4893. S4814

VOCALIST AND KEYBOARDS with writing ability and professional attitude required for 80's rock band, Stafford 0785-44612 Stoke-on-Trent 0782-273491. S4815

BASSIST WANTED MC5 Linkmen Iggy Dolls. Ring Edward 01-373 1332. S4816

BASSIST AND KEYBOARDS needed to join Vocalist/Guitarist Drummer in South East London Rock Band. Tel: Dave 01-236 9649 (work) 01-690 9858 (home). S4817

ROCKABILLY DRUMMER is looking for other Rockabillys to form a band. No experience needed just a love for rockabilly music. Ring Chris 0978-357745 or 352438 N. Wales. S4855

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DRUMMER WANTED for band with influences – Cult, Bauhaus, U2, around Birmingham area. Gigs lined up. Phone Steve, Redditch 42827. S4875

WRITING PARTNER and vocalist urgently required. In Liverpool, male, 17/18, 80's sound, use of keyboards. Ring 928-1859. S4874

DRUMMER WANTED for misconceived Crampabilly type band South East area. Tele 0304 374691. S4873

STEVE STEVENS type guitarist required and vocalist. Kent area. Gary Medway 43549. S4872

WOULD THE Newcastle band who recently contacted me please get in touch again. David Kelly, 47 Gibson St, New Baggins. S4871

GUITARIST (18) seeks Singer/Lyricist for song writing partnership. Influences Bowie, Floyd, Beatles, U2, Ambition rather than experience. Pete 0625-532797 (South Manchester). S4808

DRUMMER WANTED for new wave influenced band. Tel James Brighton 724455. S4869

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MIKE & TINA: Backing Vocalist available, also forming own band. Sounds interesting! (Straits/Marillion/Nena/Heart) Bookham S4580 evo (6pm+) and weekends (Mike). S4833

VERY AMBITIOUS Bassist available. Influences Doors, Waits, Heep, Frampton. Will consider anything! Call Nick Heath, Hayes 77968 (evenings). S4834

EXPERIENCED DRUMMER/Songwriter ambitious, dedicated seeks ambitious modern band eager for success. Tel: Sheffield 342561. S4858

YOUNG SKILLED guitarist into prog, wishes to join determined, creative band. Ring Lang Maidenhead 33823. S4886

DRUMMER SEEKING powerful sounding band in Edinburgh Borders area. Phone John (0896) 830975. S4885

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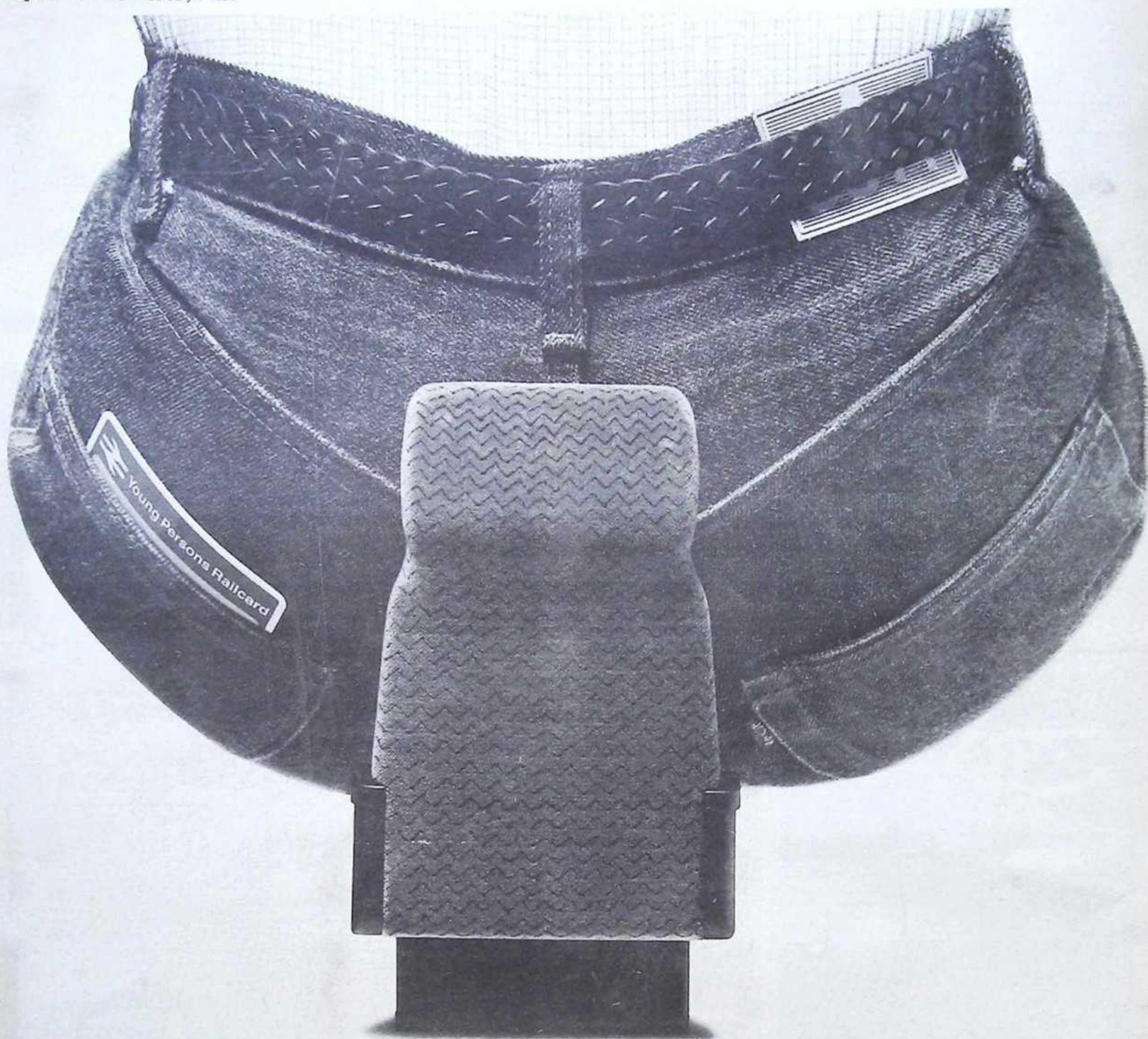
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