

FREE - ROCKY COLOUR MAGAZINE

SOUNDS

JOHN LYDON - IN THE PUBLIC EYE

RISE AND WHINE INTERVIEW PAGES 8&9

SIMPLE MINDS - THE JIM KERR INTERVIEW

DOUBLE - MORE SWISS CHEESECAKE?

SNAKES OF SHAKE • FUR BIBLE • PRESS GANG

WIN - A PHILIPS VIDEO RECORDER

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Rush Release ...



JENNIFER RUSH, whose 'Power Of Love' monster hit at Christmas was the biggest selling single by a female artist, will be playing her first British tour in April.

She's just scored a second Top 20 hit with 'Ring Of Ice' and has a new single called 'Madonna's Eyes' out on CBS on February 17.

She starts at Brighton Centre on April 6 and then plays Bristol Hippodrome 7, London Royal Albert Hall 11, Edinburgh Playhouse 13, Sheffield City Hall 15, Birmingham Odeon 17, Nottingham Royal Centre 18, Manchester Apollo 19.

Tickets are £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50 everywhere except London which is £9.50, £8.50, £7, £6.50 and £5.50. The London tickets are available by post only from The Jennifer Rush Box Office, PO Box 77, London SW4 9LH. Cheques and postal orders, which should include 50p booking fee per ticket, should be payable to 'Jennifer Rush Box Office'.

THE GUANA BATZ, Robert Plant's favourite band, head out on tour next week, coinciding with the release of their new single on ID (through Revolver) called 'Seethrough'.

The single, available only as a 12-inch, also contains a live version of the *Batman* theme, together with 'B-Side Blues'.

The Batz, who spent the last quarter of 1985 nestling in the indie charts with their 'Held Down At Last' album, return from a German tour to play Reading The Majestic February 11, Keighley Funhouse 13, Glasgow Struts 14, Aberdeen Victoria 15, Chester Angels 18, Colchester The Works 19, Carlisle Stars And Stripes 20, Hull Adelphi 21, Scunthorpe Baths 22, Leeds Adam And Eves 25, Portsmouth Granny's 28, Oxford Polytechnic March 6, London Deptford Crypt 7, Cardiff Nero's 8, Southampton Riverside 10, Stoke Shelley's 11 and Liverpool The System 14. More will be added to this list.

KING KURT, who had a relatively quiet '85, plan to change all that with a British tour starting next week subtly titled *Cock In All Over The World*.

With their 'orgasmic' second album due for release shortly by Stiff, they'll be back in action at Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush February 13, Hull University 14, Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic 15, Bristol Bierkeller 18, Cardiff New Ocean 19, Swansea Marina 20, Narbeth Queens Hall 21, Aylesbury Civic 22, Colchester The Works 24, Stoke Shelleys 25, Carlisle Stars And Stripes 26, Aberdeen Ritz 27, Glasgow Struts 28, Galashiels College Of Textiles March 1, Newcastle Riverside 3, Leeds Adam And Eves 4, Manchester Hacienda 5. A final London 'splash' will be announced shortly.

SOPHIA GEORGE has rescheduled her London Hammersmith Palais date to February 23 because of 'heavy European TV commitments'. Tickets for the original date will be valid and a special guest will be announced next week.

ATTACK

THE CRAMPS are lining up their biggest British tour to date — a two-parter in March and May either side of a European trek.

The band have just finished a lengthy legal battle with Miles Copeland and IRS which has wreaked havoc with their recording career since their last album, 'The Smell Of Female', which came out in November 1983 and stayed in the indie charts for 99 weeks.

But they have been getting back on the vinyl trail with a track on the soundtrack of *The Return Of The Living Dead* called 'Surfin' Dead' and their new single on Big Beat, 'Can Your Pussy Do The Dog'.

They will have a new album out on time for the tour, called 'A Date With Elvis'.

The first leg of the Great Cramps Invasion starts with a couple of nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon on March 14-15 followed by Sheffield University 18, Leeds University 19, Liverpool Royal Court 20, Glasgow Barrowlands 22, Edinburgh Empire 23, Aberdeen Capitol 24, Newcastle Mayfair 26, Manchester Apollo 27, Hull City Hall 28, Wolverhampton Civic Hall 29.

Tickets are £5 everywhere except Hammersmith, which is £5.50 and £4.50.

They then head off to Europe, returning to Britain in early May for more concerts in London, the Midlands and the South. Dates will be announced later.

IN EXCELSIS, the gothic funksters, have broken up. The band, who've been silent for some time, say "the reasons were neither political nor musical. It just seemed that we had run our course to its natural conclusion".

As a final offering they are posthumously releasing their debut album called 'Prey' on Jungle this month, featuring a selection of live and dub recordings. Singer Errol is also putting together a compilation cassette for later in the Spring.

Drummer Colin, meanwhile, has joined Manchester outfit Communal Drop and bassist Mark has joined Iron In The Soul, which includes ex-Gene Loves Jezebel drummer Dik Hawkins, Canadian guitarist Kevin Yuil and violinist Justine Armitage.

IN EMBRACE play their first hometown gig in two years when they appear at Coventry's Belgrade Theatre Studio on February 14.

They'll be joined by Eyeless In Gaze's Martyn Bates making a rare solo appearance and there will also be a showing of Cherry Red's *Pillows And Prayers* video.

HOPE FOR



BIRMINGHAM'S finest line up to launch Heartbeat 86 — Ted Edwards

SOUNDS

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OF CRAMPS



CRAMPS' Lux: two-part UK tour in March and May—Peter Anderson

RUEFLEX roar out of Belfast to promote their re-recorded and re-released single 'The Wild Colonial Boy' with a batch of British gigs this week.

The band, who released their 'Flowers For All Occasions' album on Stiff at the end of last year, play Harlesden Mean Fiddler February 4, Dudley JB's 7, Kingston Polytechnic 13, Camden Dingwalls 18, Finsbury Park Sir George Robey 26, Kennington Cricketers 27, Kentish Town North London Polytechnic March 6. They're then off to America for a tour.

ALIEN SEX FIEND, who are just about to have their first compact disc issued by Anagram – the 'Maximum Security' album plus four additional tracks – have a couple of gigs this week following a short Spanish tour.

They play Reading Majestic on February 4 and Cardiff Neros 8. The Fiends' first book will be out later this month after printing delays and is available for £3.50 from 97 Caledonian Road, Kings Cross, London N1.

NILS LOFGREN, who's over here mixing a live album for release next month, has lined up a special one-night acoustic show at the London Palladium on February 16.

Tickets for An Evening With Nils Lofgren are priced at £8.50, £7.50 and £6.50.

CHERELLE AND ALEXANDER O'NEAL have added more shows to their British tour – at Hammersmith Odeon February 27 and a matinee performance at Croydon Fairfield Halls on March 2.

ALAN VEGA comes over this week for his first British gigs for nearly two years.

Following his last album, 'Just A Million Dreams', Vega has been dropped by Elektra – which will come as little surprise to anyone who read *Sounds*' exclusive interview with him last November.

He'll be backed by two other musicians – as yet unnamed – for dates at Leeds University February 4, Leicester Princess Charlotte 5, Manchester Hacienda 6, Newcastle Riverside 7, Glasgow Strathclyde University 8.

He then heads off to Europe for a series of shows before returning for a London show in mid March, which will be confirmed soon.

THE POGUES cannot allow St Patrick's Night to pass without a gig at Hammersmith Palais on March 17. Tickets are £5.50.

The band have almost finished their new Elvis Costello-produced EP, out later this month, and they'll be enjoying the duty-frees in early March while on their way to and from America.

THE COLOURFIELD embark on a series of dates later this month in preparation for their first American tour in the Spring.

Obviously nervous about Manchester United's chances of maintaining their league position, Terry Hall – who has made some changes to his own squad – will be taking his mind off it and playing a substantially new set since Colourfield last played live last summer.

They'll be appearing at Hull University February 20, Reading University 21, Leicester University 22, Manchester International 26, Warwick University 27, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 28, Newcastle University March 1. The college dates are open to the public.

PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES, who are now descending the indie charts with their 'Wimpee' single, are on tour through February.

Not that the band are planning to promote the single, which is two years old and was lifted from the German edition of their 'Mating Sounds Of South American Frogs' album by Trapper Records without the band's knowledge or permission.

The boys have been recording a new album and single which will be out later in the Spring, and they advise fans to save their dole money for this new product rather than 'the old dross'.

But they won't object to anyone paying at the door to see them at Blackburn King George's Hall February 9, York Rugby League Social Club 10, Oxford Pennyfarthing 13, Fulham Greyhound 14, Nottingham Trent Polytechnic 15, Newcastle Tiffany's 17, Carlisle Stars And Stripes 18, Leeds Adam And Eves 19, Manchester Gallery 20, Northampton Roadmenders 21, Brighton Richmond Hotel 23, Southampton Riverside 24, Isle Of Wight Sandown Zanies 26, Swansea University 27, Penzance Demelzas 28.

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE are holding a Spy Party at Bayswater's Porchester Hall on February 6. Mick and his fellow agents will be joined by *James Bond*, *Modesty Blaise* and *Our Man Flint* on film. Tickets are £3.50 unless you can dress as a bona fide spy, in which case you'll get in for £3.

FISH IN THE BOWL

MARILLION are the first of 1986's summer festival headliners, and they'll be topping a five-act bill at Milton Keynes Bowl on June 28.

The band are currently midway through their British tour, which was postponed from last autumn but, as tickets sold out for the dates ten months ago, Marillion are clearly on course to fill the Bowl – particularly as it's likely to be their last British appearance of the year.

The band are also set to spend a considerable

amount of time in America this year, touring to break their 'Misplaced Childhood' album, which has been a huge hit throughout Europe.

Tickets for *Welcome To The Garden Party* are already available by post from MCP Ltd, PO Box 124, Alridge, Walsall, West Midlands WS9 8XX. They cost £12.40 and cheques and postal orders should be payable to 'MCP Ltd'. Enclose an s.a.e.

Following extensive liquid research by the band, the event will be sponsored by Harp Lager.

THE HEARTBEAT

ELO head line-up of **Brum's** superstars playing the NEC in March to raise cash for local children's hospital

ELO make their first live appearance for more than three years when they play a charity concert at the Birmingham NEC on March 15 in aid of the Birmingham Children's Hospital.

The concert is the brainchild of ELO drummer Bev Bevan, who has also recruited a host of Midlands bands for the concert including Robert Plant, The Moody Blues, Denny Laine, Steve Gibbons, Roy Wood and Jasper Carrott, not to mention 'nostalgic reunions'

of The Move, the Rockin' Berries and The Applejacks.

Tickets are priced at £15 from the NEC box office (plus a 50p booking fee which the NEC will also be donating to the cause) or from Birmingham Ticket Shop, Odeon and Cyclops Sounds, Wolverhampton, Stoke Mike Lloyd, Nottingham and Derby Wayhead.

Birmingham Heartbeat '86 is campaigning to raise nearly one million pounds for various projects to improve conditions at the Children's Hospital at Ladywood Middleway, including a new operating theatre, a new lift and air-conditioning and heating systems, in addition to other capital projects already being funded by local health authorities.

The concert will launch the campaign which will also include auctions of famous memorabilia donated by entertainment stars and a summer spectacular at the NEC's lakeside.

ELO's appearance at the concert allays speculation that the group had disbanded now that leader Jeff Lynne lives in California.

And further proof of ELO's continued existence comes with the release of a new single on CBS on February 17 called 'Calling America', and a new album called 'Balance Of Power' at the beginning of March.

But it's not yet known whether the band, whose last live gig was at Birmingham's NEC in December 1982, will be touring this year.

Femmes Fatales ...



THE VIOLENT FEMMES play some rare British gigs later this month on their way back to America from Australia.

The band, who sold out their last London show at the Lyceum in 1984, will have a new album out on London to coincide with the gigs. Produced by Talking Head Jerry Harrison, it's called 'The Blind Leading The Naked' and a single – a cover of T Rex's 'Children Of The Revolution' – comes out this weekend (see review on page 21).

You can see the Femmes at Harlesden Mean Fiddler February 20, Manchester International March 1, Leeds Warehouse 2, Kentish Town Town And Country Club 3.

OZZY OSBOURNE'S carnivorous past continues to provide easy meat for journalists in search of a cheap sensation.

The *Sun* last week ran a story about civic leaders and Samaritans in Bradford trying to prevent Ozzy from playing his tour date at the St Georges Hall. The city's Labour leader Phil Beeley was even quoted as saying, "I'll do all I can to stop him performing here".

Which is fine, apart from the fact that Mr Beeley hadn't known who Ozzy was until a journalist rang to ask if he was aware that a man who bites the heads off live animals was appearing at a council-run hall.

Stand by for any follow-up news of RSPCA members mounting a vigil outside the hall on the day of the concert to scare off passing pigeons.

Ozzy's new album, 'The Ultimate Sin', comes out this weekend on Epic and is reviewed on pages 26 & 27.

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VIOLET FEM

THE MARCH VIOLETS

take steps to spread their burgeoning cult following still further when they head out on a three-week tour to promote their new single 'Turn To The Sky'.

They'll also be introducing their new vocalist, Cleo (pictured right), who joined the band last summer. Born in Colchester, she's been living in London for the past few years although she has no previous group experience.

The single comes out on February 28 on the Violets' own Rebirth label, which they've just signed to London in a licensing deal.

Gigs so far confirmed are at Preston Paradise Club February 21, Manchester Polytechnic 22, Croydon Underground 23, Colchester Essex University 24, Coventry Polytechnic 26, Dudley JB's 28, Cardiff Nero's March 1, Birmingham Portland 5, Newcastle Riverside 6, Nottingham Trent Polytechnic 7, Brighton Escape Club 9, Bristol Bierkeller 11, Southampton University 12, London Camden Electric Ballroom 13.

More dates will be added and all the college gigs will be open to non-students.



MARCH VIOLET CLEO: three weeks to get to know her

PHYLLIS HYMAN, Ramsey Lewis, Tom Browne and Noel Pointer will be coming over to Britain at the beginning of May for two concerts at London's Hammersmith Odeon as The New York Jazz Explosion 1986.

It will be the first time these artists have played together in this country and is in fact Phyllis Hyman's first visit here. The show follows the success of last year's Jazz Explosion package.

Hyman will have a new album out on Philadelphia International in April while Ramsey Lewis has just released an album called 'This Ain't No Fantasy' on CBS.

Tickets for the concerts, which are on May 3 and 4, are now available at the box office and usual agents.

A new batch of jazz videos is also available from Kay Jazz Productions of Rochester including Stan Kenton's *Let's Make Rhythm* from 1947, Elvin Jones' *Different Drummer* from 1979, and *Anything For Jazz* featuring Jaki Byard, Ron Carter and Bill Evans from 1980.

PSYCHIC TV return from a Japanese tour to play their first ever British club dates next week.

They'll be presenting their full *Hyperdelia* show including new films and slides at Birmingham Triangle February 11, Leeds Warehouse 12, Newcastle Riverside 13, Liverpool University 14, Manchester International 15, Glasgow Rooftop 16.

There's also a London show in the pipeline for March.

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.

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.

LONDON'S MARQUEE CLUB will be getting a major facelift in the summer and they'll be temporarily transferring the club to another London venue while the decorators move in.

The club owners promise (threaten?) to retain the present atmosphere but the capacity of the new Marquee will be increased, as will the legendary cramped dressing room. What will happen to the graffiti on the wall of the dressing room isn't yet clear.

Meanwhile, a new club dedicated to indie bands will be starting this month and will be moving locations around London over the next few months.

It opens up at the Brixton Old White Horse on February 6 with The Television Personalities, The Hangman's Beautiful Daughters and New Zealand band Wind Pixies Of A Green Forest.

Future names lined up include Shop Assistants, One Thousand Violins and The Mighty Lemon Drops.

JAMES TAYLOR, who last played live in this country 15 years ago, returns at the end of March for four concerts.

He's just released a new album called 'That's Why I'm Here' on CBS and his cover version of Buddy Holly's 'Everyday' will be released as a single to coincide with the tour.

He plays London Hammersmith Odeon March 28-29, Birmingham Odeon 31 Manchester Apollo April 1. Tickets are £8.50 and £7.50 at Hammersmith and £7.50 and £6.50 at Birmingham and Manchester.

CHRISTY MOORE, Ireland's controversial singer/songwriter, has lined up a series of concerts over here this month after cancelling a planned tour last year.

Moore, who has just won a lengthy litigation suit with the Eire Government over compensation for the victims of the Dublin Stardust Disco fire (Moore wrote a song about the disaster), will play Manchester International Club February 20, Birmingham Odeon 21, Greenwich Borough Halls 22, Wimbledon Theatre 23, Kilburn National Club 24, Brixton Ritzy 25.

PALLAS, whose second album, 'The Wedge', comes out next week on EMI, have added another batch of dates to their British tour.

They now play Retford Porterhouse February 8 (instead of Blackburn), Hull Peppermint Park 11, Lancaster Sugarhouse 13, Burton-On-Trent Central Theatre 14, (instead of Middlesbrough), Fife Lochgelly Centre Theatre 15, Glasgow Mayfair 16, Bannockburn Tam Dhu 17, Norwich East Anglia University 19, Redcar Coatham Bowl 25, Penzance Demelzas March 6, Southampton University 8.

STRIPPED PAEAN

DEPECHE MODE, who are finishing off their new album in Berlin before preparing for their British tour in April, unveil their 'remarkable' new single on Mute on February 10.

It's called 'Stripped' and will be available as a seven-inch or as a five-track 25-minute 12-inch. And they stress that there won't be any other 'editions'.

The band have added three more dates to their British schedule, which heralds the start of a world tour. They will also now play Birmingham NEC April 9, Manchester Apollo 12 and London Wembley Arena 17.

Tickets are £7 and £6 from the box offices and

agents. Wembley tickets are also available by post from Depeche Mode Box Office, PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ. Cheques and postal orders, payable to 'MCP Ltd', should include 30p per ticket booking fee.

The Belfast date on April 4 has now been moved to the Maysfield Leisure Centre due to production difficulties.

Meanwhile, following recent 'complications' over their previous fan club the band have now set up The Depeche Mode Information Service at PO Box 326, London SW6 6RL. A mere £1.50 will get you six newsletters a year plus other promotional bits and pieces.

Splat on the Matt

FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS and Matt Bianco were involved in a fracas on stage at the end of a TV show in France last week which was being beamed live across Europe.

Both groups had been appearing on the show, which was a televised pop contest in Cannes as part of the MIDEM Festival.

Matt Bianco won the contest but, when singer Mark Reilly stepped up to collect his prize, FYC guitarist Andy Cox tipped two cartons of yoghurt over him for reasons best known to himself.

Reilly retaliated by kicking Cox in the groin and a brief bout of fisticuffs took place before order was restored.

It's unlikely that the bands will be sharing a dressing room at *Top Of The Pops* for the time being.



DEPECHE: five versions should be enough for anybody

THE FALL continue their series of low-key London gigs at Harlesden Mean Fiddler on February 11, and Croydon Underground 16.

THE FIRST worldwide high frequency stereo radio station is planning to go on the air this summer.

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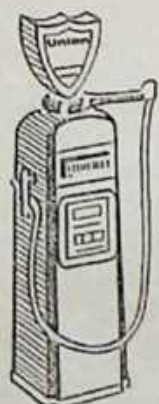
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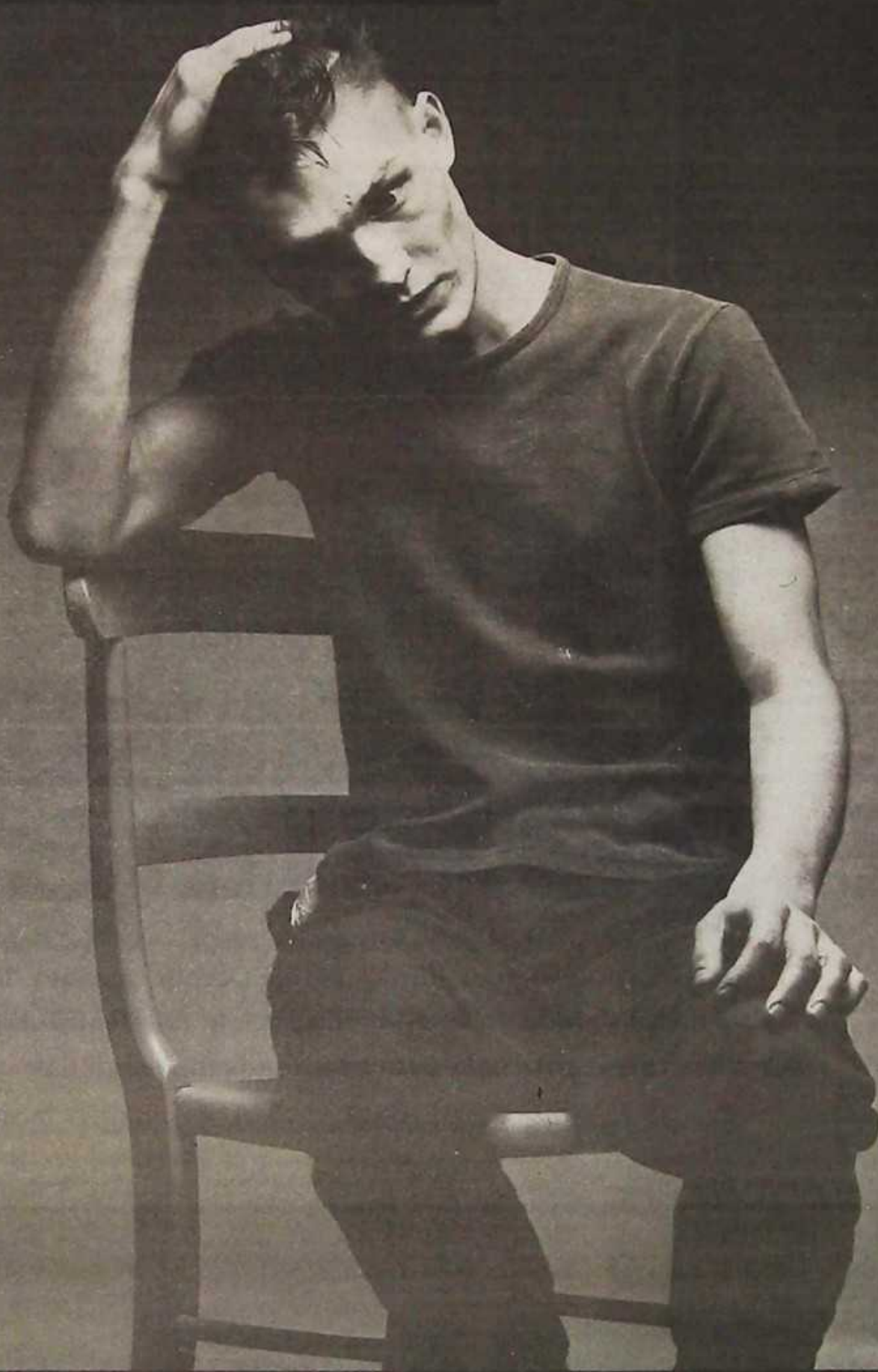
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your favorite recording swingers



**"MY FRIENDS TOLD
ME HOW HIGH I'D GET
ON HEROIN."**



**"BUT NOT
HOW LOW."**

*They didn't tell him that after a while he'd begin to feel like death.
That he'd sell everything in sight (or steal it) to pay for more and
more heroin.*

That he'd get the shakes, vomit and feel ill all the time.

*That he'd have to take heroin not to get high any more, but just to
feel normal.*

*And that one day he'd wake up knowing that, instead of him controlling
heroin, it now controlled him.*

*Because they didn't tell him what heroin was really like, he didn't say no.
Don't make the same mistake.*

HEROIN SCREWS YOU UP

RECORD NEWS

STUMP, a London band, release a 12-inch single on Ron Johnson (through Nine Mile) at the end of February called 'Mud On A Colon'.

FICTITIOUS NAMES, a Manchester band who've been gigging for the past year, release their first single on Hat And Cap (through Probe) this month called 'Such Splendid Things'.

THE CROWS, who have risen from the ashes of First Priority, issue their first single this week on Ravin' Records (through Fast Forward) called 'The Sun Went In'.

THEY MUST BE RUSSIANS have abandoned their bid for world domination via albums and content themselves with a four-track 12-inch called 'Red Square' on Native Records this week.

BELTANE FIRE, who are the first Marillion support band not to have been bottled off stage, release their debut album called 'Different Breed' on CBS this week.

LIP MACHINE, the band formed by ex-Scars frontman Robert King which includes ex-Delta 5 guitarist Alan Riggs, release their first single on Disposable Dance (through Fast Forward) this week, a double A-sided called 'Astronaut'/'Rocket Love'.

THIRD SPAIN's self-titled seven track mini-LP which has got airplay from John Peel and Andy Kershaw, is now available again on Central Slate (through Probe Plus) after getting drowned in the Christmas flood.

PHILIP-MICHAEL THOMAS, aka Ricardo Tubbs from *Miami Vice*, has his first album out on Atlantic next week called 'Livin' The Book Of My Life'.

EARL TURNER, a Florida soul singer, is the latest addition to Island's Fourth And Broadway dance roster and has a single called 'Love Caught You By Surprise' out on February 20.

OLIVIA NEWTON JOHN ends a vinyl gap of two years with a single called 'Soul Kiss' on Mercury this week.

CHAIN, featuring former Box vocalist Peter Hope, release a 12-inch single called 'Chains'/'Banging On The House' on Native (through Red Rhino) this week.

TOM PAXTON, who's been quiet for a while after achieving folkie stardom in the '60s and '70s, has a new album out on Sundown this month called 'Even A Gray Day'.

FREIGHT TRAIN, a Tamworth quartet who combine 'cheap Casio keyboards with dirty guitar sludge', release their first single on Bam Caruso (through Making Waves) this week called 'Man's Daughter'.

ROCHELLE, a New York funkstress who has sung with the Marvelettes, has signed to Warner Brothers and releases her debut single this week called 'My Magic Man', produced by Ted Currier.



THE BODINES release a new single on Creation this month called 'Thereze'. Creation are also putting out a compilation of singles from New Zealand band Chills called 'Kaleidoscope World'.

SAXON have three of their early albums - 'Saxon', 'Strong Arm Of The Law' and 'Denim And Leather' - reissued by EMI this week after being unavailable for some time.



BOYS DON'T CRY, who've had European success with their 'Turn Over (I Like It Better That Way)' and 'Lipstick' singles, release their first album on Legacy this week called simply 'Boys Don't Cry'.

JOHN OTWAY, Aylesbury's cult hero, will be reliving his glory days this year. A 'Greatest Hits' (that's light, you lead collectly) is coming out on The Bacon Empire on February 14 and he's about to embark on a lengthy touring schedule.

MIKEL ROUSE, the New York composer who works in a variety of settings, has a new album out with his chamber ensemble, Broken Consort, called 'A Walk In The Woods' on Made To Measure (through Crammed) this month.

ORGANUM have a new album out on Laylah (through Rough Trade) this month called 'In Extremis', together with a mini-album called 'Nightmare Culture' which features Current 93 on one side and Sickness Of Snakes on the other.

EUROGLIDERS, the Australian six-piece band, release their second album on CBS this week called 'Absolutely'.

MCCARTHY have their debut single out on their own Wall Of Salmon label (through Rough Trade) this month called 'La Purgatory'.

MAI TAI, the Dutch girl trio who are busy recording their second album, have a single out on Virgin this week called 'Female Intuition' which comes intuitively in three versions depending on what size you prefer.



THE ROOM (singer Dave Jackson above), who disbanded last summer after six years together, have a double album containing the 'In Evil Hour' album and the 'Clear!' mini album released this month on Red Flame (through Nine Mile).

POWER, a duo of Richard Jackman and Mark Lewis who caused a stir with their 'Work Hard' single last year, have a new single out on Arista this week called 'Soul In My Shoes'.

PAT BENATAR has a new single from her 'Seven The Hard Way' album out this week on Chrysalis. It's 'Sex As A Weapon' written by Kelly and Steinberg who (curiously) wrote 'Like A Virgin'.

WATT GOVERNMENT, the North East band who recently appeared on *The Tube*, have signed to Newcastle label Volume and release their first single, 'Working My Fingers To The Bone' at the end of February.

BABY TUCKOO will be releasing their 'Force Majeure' album on Music For Nations on February 21, produced by Liam Sternberg.

COLONEL ABRAMS has the most popular track from his debut album released as a single by MCA this week. It's 'I'm Not Gonna Let You'.

ANTISECT have a single out this week on Endangered Musik called 'Out From The Void' which will be followed by an album in the Spring.

THE SCREAMING TREES, a Sheffield band, have signed to Native and release their first single, a three-track 12-inch, this weekend called 'Release'.

NITTY GRITTY, a rising Jamaican singer, follows two successful singles with an album called 'Turbo Charged' on Greensleeves this week.

THE MIRACLE LEGION, a guitar-based quartet from Connecticut, have a new single on Making Waves this weekend called 'The Backyard'.

THE WATERMELON MEN, who've only been robbed three times in Peru on their South American tour, have a new single out on What Goes On (through Shigaku Trading) this month called 'Seven Years'. And there's the chance of a British gig from the Swedish psychedelic duo on their way home to capitalise on their *Sounds* front cover last autumn.

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NEVER MIND THE BOLLOCKS HERE'S THE INTERVIEW

"Strange as a will-o'-the-wisp/Crazy as a loon/Sad as a gipsy/Serenading the moon": Hoagy Carmichael, 'Skylark'

THE DOOR of pop history swings open easily on its hinges.

"Awwwwwww, f***ing hell Keith, I'm glad you've arrived. I've been up for an hour and had nothing to look at. I can't get the TV's remote control to work and it's driving me bloody mad. Hah-hah-hah."

The voice that gargled on the baptismal phlegm of punk rock is unmistakable.

It hovers somewhere between a whine and a globule of pus weeping with malevolent laughter from an unsutured wound.

Inside the kitchen of the London flat is John Lydon, the sarcastic and amusingly cynical mind behind a new record called 'Album' which, with typical perversity, ties the bullworker guitar of heavy metal into a purple orchid of the imagination.

He is Puckishly podgy. Oh alright, he's fat, with enough excess calories to feed a few dozen famine victims, not that there are too many of those around Notting Hill Gate today.

We shake hands like vets neutering a cat, clinically and without the grip of competition. There are no holes in John's mitts to indicate that he's either the Christ or the anti-Christ of pop he's so often painted to be in the public print.

I relax a bit and it occurs to me that many of my favourite idles have died obese: Charlie Parker, Elvis, Billy Bunter, Orson Welles and Jim Morrison, to name but a few tons of artistic jelly.

I decide not to point this out. After all, Oscar Wilde might have said something like "Bad manners make a good journalist," but he was stupid, like all bad poets, and never had to interview John Lydon.

Crowned by an electrocuted mop of ungelled spiky hair the colour of week-old candy floss, a scum mark around the six-foot line, the face that fronted The Sex Pistols before he decided to become himself for real is much taller than you'd expect.

Keith Bourton, the owner of the flat and also Lydon's PR, jiggles the remote control. Tssssss! The TV gasps with static.

"Offffff. This will be my favoured position for the day," announces John, flopping onto the couch for cathode ray dialysis. "I've got a weak heart, I can't stand late nights anymore. So, come on then, let's begin. What have I done wrong now?"

Lydon is slightly tetchy from a hangover and his stomach is grumbling in anticipation of a

noon brunch of four legs of Kentucky Fried chicken and chips. He relishes pigdom of the flesh and, as it turns out, loves to cook.

The two cans of Pils, three Shredded Wheat, and four Tunes I had for breakfast kill the butterflies. I shrug and ask him what he thinks he's done wrong.

"Hah-hah-hah." Lydon's frequent leery laughter is akin to the swish of a flasher opening his grubby mac. "Well, the general opinion of me in this country seems to be: Why did you sell out and go and live in America, you bastard?"

John is referring to the last series of acrimonious close encounters he had with the British press in late 1983. I tell him I hope things have moved on since then.

"Yeah, sure, but the vendetta's still there. The knives are still being stuck in the back." The singer swivels his eyes at me. It's like being caught naked in copper sulphate blue spotlights.

Well John, I haven't come here to chat about America. I'm not interested in it.

"Good, I don't want to talk about it either." Lydon stretches his ample frame and yawns. He is wearing a nauseous combination of a saggy white Shetland wool jumper, plaid trousers, lime green socks and black loafers with silver buckles. It's like a collision at C&A.

Pausing to belch, he switches channels and grins with a mouthful of saffron teeth at the picture. On the TV a newscaster announces, "At the St Martin's School Of Art, students have been creating designer clothes for toddlers. The clothes have to be bright, breezy, and above all washable."

"Hah-hah-hah-hah."

John Lydon is very natural and hence immediately likeable. This was my first impression.

NOW NOW, THEN

"You're only 29, you've got a lot to learn/But when your business dies, you will not return/We don't care about long hair/I don't wear flares/I don't work, I just speed/That's all I need/I'm a lazy sod": 'Seventeen', The Sex Pistols

JOHN LYDON is 29 kissing on 30. It's over a decade since The Sex Pistols played their first gig at St Martin's School Of Art and scratched the bearded face of the then established music scene until the blood ran.

He no longer speeds but still admits to being a lazy sod. And flares and long hair, in case you haven't noticed, are back in vogue.

Absurdly, despite the fact that John long ago moved into fresh artistic fields with Public Image Ltd, has taken the odd movie role, raps with Afrika Bambaataa and gallops with the Golden Palominos, the albatross of the Pistols refuses to die.

You can still see Johnny's Rotten-era face glaring from the T-shirts of thousands of teenage punks and read about the Pistols in retrospectives that are currently gracing the news-stands. What was

once a jolly curse of hate has become a creed of cliché, a yardstick and an obstacle to musical progression.

This isn't Lydon's fault.

And the legend continues to be bolstered by seedy scenes such as the ex-Pistols suing one-time manager Malcolm McLaren for control of assets worth £1,000,000... and winning. The great rock and roll swindle turned out to be just that.

"I never liked Malcolm. It's nice to see him on the run, he won't be telling quite so many lies now," says John, biting a chicken leg like it was McLaren's neck.

"You know I've read that Malcolm claims he wrote 'Anarchy In The UK' and Julien Temple said he wrote 'Anarchy'. You can't take any of that seriously, it's nonsense. If they did, then they haven't followed through, have they?"

I point out to John that McLaren has had a fair amount of success in his own right. The singer smirks in reply.

"Yeah, but it isn't exactly his own work, is it? We all know who manufactured those rip-offs. He like just put the money into those projects. Executive producer, is that the term? But fairly good results. I don't mind the records, I thought they were quite nice, except for 'Madam Butterfly' - bloody dreary that was."

'Album', John's first PIL LP in over two years, will be called many things, but dreary isn't one of them. Created with help from odd bods like Bill Laswell and Ginger Baker, Lydon hopes it will force people to re-assess the potential of heavy metal.

"It definitely attacks the sensibilities," John tells me towards the end of our chat. "It's going to shock quite a few people with like that guitar being heavy metallish. They're going to have to think about it and fight off quite a few prejudices, which is important."

The hallmark of Lydon's music throughout his career is that he has never stood still artistically. You shouldn't let his present physical flab fool you. He may no longer be the feared face of youth rebellion but, in terms of playing with possibilities, John remains the will-o'-the-wisp of pop.

"I wouldn't know if I'm still influential," the singer retorts when I ask him to gauge his cultural importance. "I got so sick of being imitated that I stopped listening to most others, but I think I'm more relevant than Sting. There aren't exactly gangs of kids out there who picked up instruments because of the Po-Leece. I suppose that must mean something."

"Mostly though, I just get on with my own music. I've always made records to suit myself. If they're liked or disliked is pretty irrelevant. The money's not bad though."

How much money do you make then, John?

"Not a lot and certainly not enough."

Lydon wears his sarcasm like cheap aftershave.

THE AFOREMENTIONED retrospectives on punk which are spreading through the music press like an unwanted dose of syphilis of the brain are symptomatic of an unhealthy nostalgia. Years with a six in them are traditionally pivotal. In 1956 rock and roll was born, in 1966 it turned psychedelic, in 1976 punk screamed back primarily through the Pistols, and now in 1986 we're waiting for a major upheaval.

I wondered if John subscribed to this theory of pop cycles.

"I'd rather say it was finished and f***ed." Lydon speaks in compact quote-length sentences, a rare gift. "Because, if you say does that mean something will happen, people will sit back and wait for it to happen and won't do anything about it themselves, and that would be wrong."

"But the music scene does need a serious kick up the arse from a new generation, most definitely. And it's not for me to be that generation any more. I've done my stuff and now I'm just getting on with my life."

Nor does John believe it's possible or desirable for a pop artist to transcend generations. "It's wrong to try," he says. "You should stick to what like your age dictates. It's like I find it offensive to see Mick Jagger prancing about trying to pretend he's 21. It looks absurd and it is absurd."

"I'm not young anymore and I don't want to be. I quite like myself as I am. I will be 30 soon so I will do things that a 30 year old does - and that's get fat quickly, if I want to."

John has an unexpectedly engaging line in self deprecating humour. He is a big-headed bastard but honest enough to see himself without distortion or vanity, warts and all. I mention to him that while looking at old Pistols' interviews in *Sounds* a while back it struck me as hilarious to see them wedged between huge retrospectives on the likes of Jethro Tull and Genesis.

"Hah-hah-hah. I remember that period very well. ELP and, of course, Yes. F***ing despicable times." Lydon rolls his eyes with glee.

But don't you think that current teenagers will view you with the same sort of disgust that you had for ELP and their breed?

"No, because I'm not dominating anything and those outfits like ELP were, at the time. They made it very hard for new bands to get a record contract."

"The Pistols were kicked off several labels precisely because of the likes of Rick Wakeman and Steve Harley complaining about us being on the same label as them. Now that's something that I don't do, so there's a difference."

"As far as new bands are concerned I'd just say don't let the bastards grind you down. The more obstacles they put in your way the more precise and definite you become. And the quicker we get rid of - what are they bloody called? - Sigue Sigue Sputnik, the better."

Throw the idea of the Mary Chain at Lydon however and he sits up and smiles.

"Aaaaa-haaaa! They have really nice pop songs but somehow a chainsaw gets thrown into the music, hah-hah-hah. They're quite mad, I like them a lot, but they're not the new Sex Pistols, which is what their publicity in America is saying."

I don't think they pretend to be the new Pistols. There won't be a new one and it's stupid and a waste of time to look for a substitute.

"Yeah, it wouldn't work. And there's not going to be a revival of the old lot, either. That idea was well up Malcolm's street. It was a stupid joke, but that's what you'd expect from the tosser, isn't it?"

Of the ex-Pistols, Lydon sees Steve Jones occasionally in Los Angeles. The latter has apparently been working with Iggy Pop, although John doesn't think "it will amount to much". Paul Cook he only saw at the recent court case against McLaren when Lydon and the others walked away with £250,000 each. "It sounds a lot of money in theory," he admits, "but the taxman will want his cut and he's always a greedy bastard."

As for the notion that John has been corrupted by the pop business, the singer denies it categorically. "I don't play any of those games. I make a record when I feel like it, much to Virgin's annoyance. They should have read the small print in the contract, I did! Hah-hah-hah. I don't do anything I don't want to, they have no hold over me."

"I must admit I do like having money though, it's pretty essential to live. I certainly enjoy spending it, I'm hopeless at saving. I spend it on anything, bigger TVs and bigger hi-fi's. I love televisions and record systems and get through them unbelievably quickly."

John stares back at the TV. The newscaster says, "Police are looking for a box of important drugs used in heart transplants." He flicks channels. We are looking at a drummer. "Oh my God, it's Carl bloody Palmer from ELP!" sputters Lydon. "Do you think he transcends generations? Hah-hah-hah."

This is true.

A SWIFT KICK IN THE CROTCH OF HISTORY MAAAAAN, OR COBBLERS TO THAT

FOR THE past few years John has commuted between his homes in America and England. He says he can live cheaper and better in the States and, more importantly, he can get 50 stations on his TV in LA.

Ironically, though, his favourite shows, *The Young Ones* and *The Comic Strip*, are British. "The *Young Ones* as it happens reminds me of the old days."

And how do you view what you call the old days? I inquire. Was it ultimately a waste of time or were the Pistols just out for the crack and fun?

"It wasn't a waste of time. There

THE PUNK ~

JOHN LYDON, fat, lazy, TV addicted slob, is not dead. He's back with a five star album and a golden hangover. In the first of a two part interview JACK BARRON nursed him through it, PETER ANDERSON got snappy



TEN YEARS AFTER

was a little bit more to it than being in the Pistols for the sheer hell of it. I really did want to change things — and *did*. But it was only a temporary measure, wasn't it? But it's better than nothing at all. Most of what was achieved was fizzled out by insipid weedier versions. We made way for wankers like the Banshees to go and plod their crap."

In 'Fishing' on the new album there's a lyric which runs, "These dizzying heights and these bottomless pits". What have been the heights and pits for you?

"Well, you tell me," scowls Lydon. It's the first indication that the screen around his private life is virtually impenetrable, although later in our conversation it cracks slightly. "I think that phrase is fairly clear, it's just an observation on life in general. Up and down, up and down, till it cleans and sparkles."

"You know, what this business gives you with one hand they take away with the other. It's a yo-yo existence and it has destroyed a lot of people. But it won't destroy me, I plan to live for a very long time."

So do you think you're travelling back to the top of the string on this huge yo-yo?

"No, not at all. I run my own game now. I'm not manipulated by anybody, but I can see quite a few people that are. Joe Strummer, for instance, I think is in a bit of a dilemma at the moment. They worked desperately hard to make the last Clash album sound a bit punk rocky. I think that was the biggest mistake they ever made in their lives. It just sounds really bad and pointless. Those days are gone. I can't stand wallowing in the past."

I open another Pils — John is too hungover to join me — and put it to him that the paradox of punk was that although it preached and valued change it soon atrophied and became a victim of its own clichéd style.

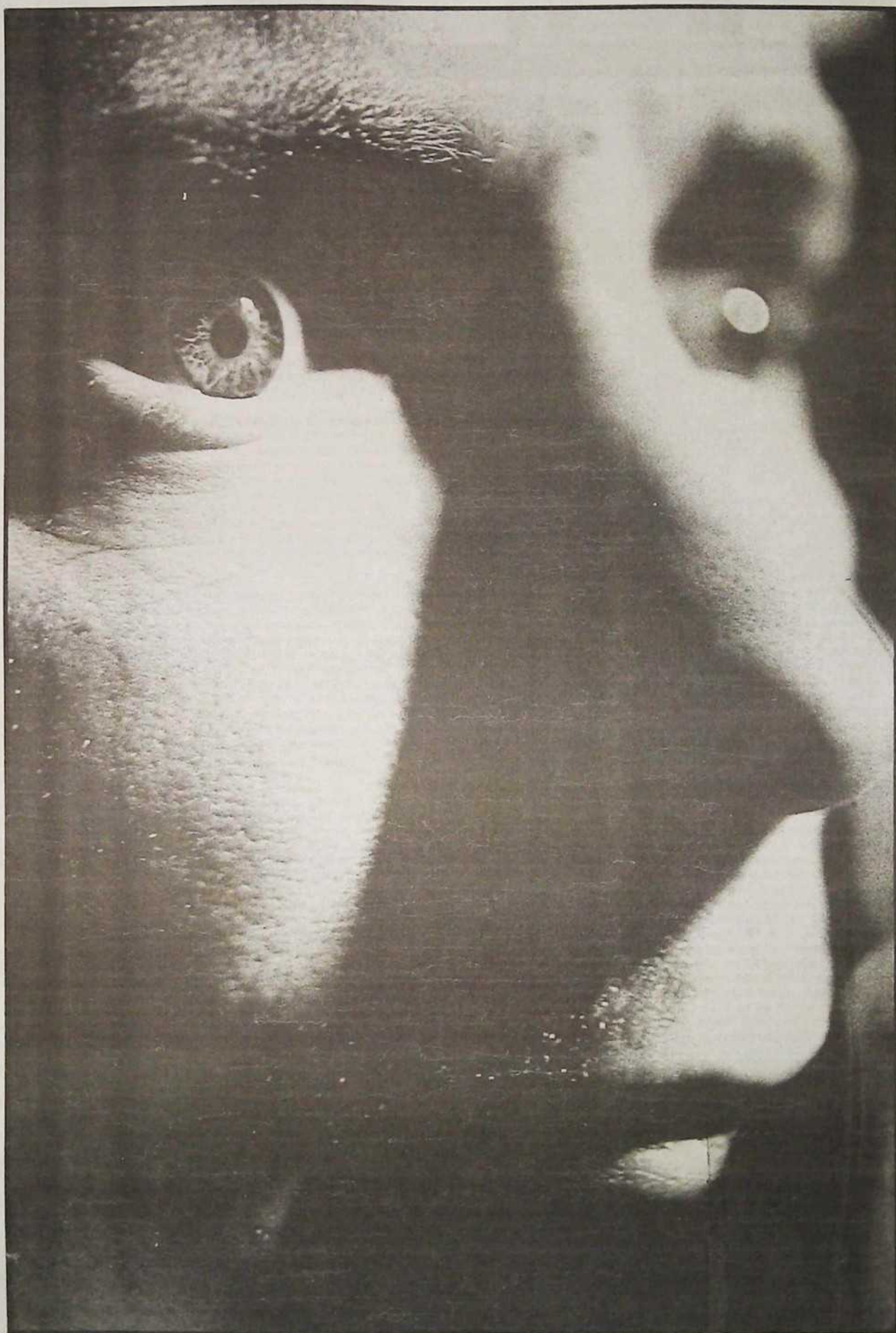
"Yeah, so when I changed, which I did and always do, I was hated. Hah-hah-hah. Punk became very regressive, just like the Teddy Boy movement, you know, appalling, negative and stupid. People are lazy, give them one thing and they'll stick to it. In England in particular the attitude is one of. Well, it has always been like that. But does it work? No, but it has got history. Hah-hah-hah, it's cretinous."

Lydon changes channels. On the TV screen a couple are arguing. "You're being hysterical!" screams the woman to the man. "I'm not being hysterical, you're the one who is hysterical!" the man screams back.

I look at my list of questions. John walks to the window for a breather of a kind.

**THIS IS WHAT YOU WANT
THIS IS WHAT YOU GET: BAD
LIFE**

**TO BE CONTINUED
NEXT WEEK**



J A W S

EDITED BY GLYN BROWN



THIS YEAR'S MODEL

What a doll! A true dee-light in every way, a vision and a rhapsody, no kid. Those lips, that hipsway, that rumpling and crumpling, that naturalistic hair. Certainly and for sure, this is as you knew ex-New York Doll David Johansen, showing off his style in high-fashion American big boy magazine, *Gentlemen's Quarterly*, hiply known as GQ. The hip caption tells us, in an American accent, this: "Rocker Johansen has been appearing in New York clubs as **Buster Poindexter**, ably accompanied by his **Banshees Of Blue**. Here he wears... Pinstriped double-breasted linen suit by Emanuel Ungaro, about \$475. Linen shirt by Hugo Boss, about \$95. Floral silk tie by Alain L-Vauban, about \$32. Leather slip-ons by Walter Steiger, about \$210." I'm only sorry we can't show it in colour.



DO THOSE of you living in London realise how many mice live under the tracks at Leicester Square tube station? Oh, you do. OK, OK, do the rest of you realise this is Bat Year? Oh, I'm sorry. Let's start again.

And in a week when far too many people are turning to modelling as a means of earning their living, think about top psychologist Dr **Vernon Coleman**. This man says he has the reason for Dr **Paul Young** growing a beard, and that is the following: apparently the man is attempting to show his beloved, **Stacey**, that he "is willing to become more of a recluse and to slip into the background". But is Stacey? She's a model, Paul, a **MODEL**. She needs to be seen around with people and she needs to be heard all about. Why not take a minute to think if you two have compatible star signs, hmmm?

LET'S TALK about Digbeth Civic Hall, and what went on there last week. The idea - Red Wedge meets the public. The plan - throw organisation out the window. At least, that's how it seemed. **Ken Livingstone** signed autographs and loved every minute of acting like a pop star, though people did keep mentioning his flares. The four bands who'd been lined up to play on the day were glad to be there, too, but not at the moments when a small Labour Party person kept poking them in the ribs and asking them when they were going to play. "When you provide a PA," they would reply courteously. Then, when one was provided, everyone had to draw lots because no one at all had sorted out who was to play when. Then, when they got on-stage, it turns out the hall is pretty sparsely populated because there'd been no publicity. "It were on t'local radio," mumbled a chap in ill-fitting trousers wearing a Labour Party badge - but had that been enough? Good lord - if these people can't organise a party, how do they expect to run the country? In reality, chickadees, the most intriguing thing about the affair was the presence - or lack of it - of some of **Madness**. When asked why **Woody** and **Lee** weren't present, **Suggs** said testily that "one of them's on holiday and the other didn't want to come". When quizzed about whether this was because of political differences in the band, Suggs said, "You'd better ask them that." Unable to resist that kind of a challenge, we did. It turns out that Lee is recording and Woody, according to a close friend who goes horse riding with his wife, **Jane** (ex-) **Mo-dette**, "didn't want to associate himself with any political party, though he wasn't against the Red Wedge idea". Pretty thorough research, non?

Must go, nails to file.

MORTICIA WAX



Sputnik to Big Audio Dynamite: "That's 'Paranoid', man, no question."

Steve Double

GET DEF

Oh mother, mother. The venom, the passion, the street cool... and the Embassy Club. Def Jam launch in the place to be, the first *real* lig of the year. Top hot cock rock shock, with **LL Cool J**, the fantasmateenagical **Beastie Boys** and stars, real bad-assed, flaming, shooting stars. I love it, I love it! Watch out for the claws, and we have a cast including (in order of record company advance size) entire populations of **Sick Sick Spunk-it** and **Big Auto Dealers**, a passing dowdy **O'Dowd** and even a **Lemmy**. **Martin Coupe Deville** drops hints: "I haven't had sex with anyone for ages... but don't tell." Who does he think I am? **Mick Jones** thinks that **Sounds** is on strike and **MCA** of the Bad Beasties thinks that London is full of Englanders. I think that all of this action is going to someone's head, especially one of those drummer boys from **SSS**. Caught the bugged dancing to Led Zep, and he thought it was the Sabs. Poor lad failed his metalwork CSE. Over on the stage, **LL Cool** (eyes right) spends his entire time holding his muscle as he tells how he can't live without his radio. "Yo bitch!" go the Beastard Boys, and they don't

mean **Janet Street-Porter** as she clings to a small, special Sputnik. "Def Jam in the house!", heavy rock rap and lots of flying beer. I'm glad **Lemmy** made it, cos the Beasties danced to 'Ace Of Spades' and I danced to the Beasties. Yo mother, rock the house.

RICKY KILDARE



Steve Double

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Bizzzark

Gorge yourself on Blam!



GORGE and Randy relaxing off-camera

THE MOVIE event of the century - Blam's £345 billion film of their legendary visit to the Swiss Cottage Holiday Inn - is

about to be unleashed!! The eight-hour epic should be out in time for Greek New Year, and Blam! are planning a lav-

ish premiere at the grave of Archbishop Makarios!

One source told us: "The film is gonna be an absolute gutbuster! There are incredible shots of the lads eating kebabs, picking their noses, scratching their behinds and generally just standing about looking like gormless plonkers! There's even a fantastic sequence of superstar Gorge sleeping! It lasts three hours, and - this just shows you how talented Gorge is - it was done in one take!! The boy's a natural, I mean, Al Pacino eat yer heart out!"

Original megagenius, director Windy Blandishment, delayed the flick's release by sensationally walking out on the project. He claimed that Gorge and Randy made it impossible to go on because they kept making demands: that there should be film in the camera, that the lens cap should come off, etc. etc.

Finding anyone stupid enough to take over the project delayed completion.

SNOOKERED!

THE DRUGS dealer who was Paracetamol Prince to dominoes aces Andy 'Tornado' Tippins and Burke Steamings may have caught AIDS from three-in-a-bed sex sessions with his pet Alsatian and an unnamed Royal, it was revealed last night.

In a sworn affidavit, 'Dirty Dick' Soddit has admitted supplying painkillers to Tippins for four years.

"He suffered from these dreadful headaches, see," said Soddit, "but he could never get to Boots during opening hours. So sometimes I would do a 'run' for him, and sometimes I'd use a girlfriend."

Soddit has given detailed accounts of how Tippins

● Celebrated his second victory in the Putney and District all-comers championship finals by getting 'up' on a bottle of paracetamol in a toilet, so that he could reach the flush, which had broken.

● Frequently swallowed paracetamol through a rolled-up luncheon voucher because he could not stand the taste of it.

● Phoned up with orders to provide 'doses' at Tupperware parties and WI coffee mornings for friends suffering from hangovers.

● Deceived his desperate gerbil, Ferdinand.

"Yes, it is true," admitted Soddit. "I have been bad - very bad - but if I'd realised what misery my evil ways would cause, I would have changed even more."

"What went on between me, my Alsatian Whitey and Princess X is a matter between me and the publishers of my book, which is out next week from Singlet & Jackoff, price £34.99. Only then will the full story be told."

SALADS are good space fillers when there's not much news around. Here are some fun salads that should occupy a couple of column inches:

1. Baked bean and anchovy with capers
2. Green pepper and banana
3. Christmas pudding and sausage
4. Lentil and pineapple
5. Chopped raw jelly (any flavour) and coffee grounds
6. Fig and tuna with shoe polish dressing (you'll be really surprised by the taste of this one)

RUBBER CLOTHES are this season's trendiest party wear. But what do you do when you take them off? Here's the ten best-selling sex aids at top people's playtime boutique Expectations:

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3. 'Thatcher' gag with full head harness and wig
4. Inflatable Princess Margaret hood (nostril holes only)
5. Tebbit rubber 'hospital bed' sheets
6. Super slippery Leon lubricant (3 litre jar)
7. Paisley hood (extra large mouth)
8. Steel handcuffs (lock with Owen key)
9. Mountbatten lovenest (very discrete, accommodates two)
10. 'Cecil And Sarah' doctors and nurses kit

ELSEWHERE in your Storeaway Stun today:

TELEVISION is good for you, say the Stars - Page 1
SHOULD they televise Parliament? We say yes! - Page 2
YOUR Stunning Telebird - Page 3

DIRTY DEN - what's he been up to now, then? - Pages 4, 5 and 6
TV QUIZZES? We've got all the answers! - Pages 8 and 9

HOW the small screen is destroying the nation's morals, turning our children into muggers and drug addicts, creating widespread unemployment and making it difficult for Maggie to tell those whoopers - Pages 10, 11, 12 and 13
YOUR telly tonight - the nation's chirpiest guide - Page 14

VIEWER'S choice - Rene Riskow, Britain's crassest critic with the low-down on your bottom ten - Page 15
NEWS EXCLUSIVE! 'I don't watch TV', claims a man in the street - Page 16

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GNOME AND AWAY

Zurich runaways **Double** are mature, relaxed and have impressed **Andy Hurt** with their uncanny foreign-ness. He chats to them about England and the Yello connection

IF, FOR some inexplicable reason, you have been tuning in to fab national Radio 1 of late, you may have noticed that one or two of its ageing disc jockeys have taken to championing the cause of 'The Captain Of Her

Heart' by the Swiss partnership, Double. The geeks make a point of using the French pronunciation, *Dooble*. Unfortunately the duo have now adopted the English Double (as rhymes with Barney Rubble) for

everywhere bar Germany.

"Double is a French word, but the French don't want to pronounce it that way - that's their problem more than ours," pontificates Felix Haug, the keyboards and percussion half of

the ensemble. Ambivalence towards all matters linguistic comes naturally to the Swiss, a multi-lingual pot-pourri of races who maintain a near-legendary low profile in all matters of international consequence, be they political or artistic.

But this blatant lack of achievement has been of psychological benefit to Double.

Felix: "Because nobody expects anything to come out of Switzerland, there was no pressure on us. We just started working without knowing exactly where we were going, and that way we have developed something *personal*."

Having made their mistakes and completed their fine-tuning in their native musical backwater, former Yello man Haug (there had to be some connection) and Kurt Maloo (the guitarist and voice of the couple) have brought their 'personal' creation to fruition with their accomplished album, 'Blue'.

Kurt: "After we had recorded the album we were a bit afraid that several tracks didn't fit together. But then we thought that there is a mood that runs through the record, this *blue* mood".

At this point our Chinese meal is interrupted by the floorshow, which consists of a waitress impersonating a Hawker Harrier, flying through the air with the greatest of ease. A nip in the air! Kurt and Felix barely bat a *mittel-European* eyebrow.

Being slightly more, let's say, *mature* than your average debutant pop stars, Kurt and Felix seem neither excited nor blasé about having inadvertently strayed into the spotlight.

Coming from gnome central, ie Zurich, the thought of coming into a few francs is not something they're unduly concerned about.

"In Zurich there's too much money," laments Kurt. "You can feel it around you. In a way you need the poor." "There are a lot of things that money can't buy," asserts Felix, not concerning himself unduly with originality of phrase, "and sometimes that breaks through." He explains that the home of the Cabaret Voltaire around the time that Lenin was in the city on his hols also played host to the 1982 European Riots Championship. Anarchy!

Felix: "The Cabaret Voltaire was a good idea as it brought together people from different scenes. The last movement that was very interesting was in 1982 because we had the same feeling - all the artists, musicians and journalists combined. They were *angry* - this is a *good* feeling, but now it's quiet again."

Although a jazz background and presence on 'Blue' is evident, and the soul influence is clear, according to Felix "Britain is where all the roots of pop music originate" and the idea of having chart success over here seems to be a source of some pleasure to the pair.

Felix: "The influence of English music has lasted for 20 years now; for our generation, pop music is in *English*."

And now that tradition is being perpetuated by *foreigners*! Let's face it, with the state of the charts as it is, they can't do any worse than the current crop of domestic popsters. 'The Captain Of Her Heart' at number one? I could live with that...

INXS

(in excess)

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THIS TIME

7 inch

THIS TIME
ORIGINAL SIN (long version)

INXS 4

DOUBLE 7 inch

THIS TIME BURN FOR YOU (long version)
ORIGINAL SIN (long version) DANCING ON THE JETTY

INXSD 4

LIVE 12 inch

THIS TIME BURN FOR YOU (live)
ORIGINAL SIN (live) DANCING ON THE JETTY (live)

INXS 412



INXS *Live*

FEBRUARY 2nd-HAMMERSMITH ODEON

ASPIRING YOUNG pop/rock stars smoke too many cigarettes. Seori Burnette and Robert Renfrew prove to be no exception as they pour themselves into a seat following another 'no notes missed' opener for Rain Parade. The Snakes Of Shake are Scottish and riddled with melodious pop – but, if you caught their debut, self-financed, album of a year back you'd possibly have to think twice before persevering with the idea. Although not *bad*, there were mountainous chasms between the highs and lows.

A year on and there've been various line-up changes, plus a healthy strengthening of the Snakes' sound – the culmination of which is a remix of their laudable anthem 'Southern Cross', which appeared through Stiff as a 45 some time before Christmas (since then they've signed full-time to the label).

"There were some good tracks on the album," confirms Seori, "but we just didn't do them justice. It would be a different story if we could do it all over again now."

Indeed it would, as their more cohesive live sound now illustrates. The Snakes Of Shake have certainly and at last come of age, and there is an ample supply of finely tuned material to underline that fact.

Looking back, an indication of the current state of Snake affairs is now apparent on that almost desirable debut album.

Seori: "The last two tracks, 'Like No Other' and the broader version

of 'Southern Cross', give a good idea of where we were heading. But it's the remix of the single that has broken down the barriers. Since we did that and got involved with Stiff, we seem to have gained a much higher public profile for the band."

Robert: "I think the single did everything we expected it to. We were pretty realistic about the whole thing, although we were hoping for some kind of an indie hit with it."

So where now for The Snakes Of Shake? One thing that the Rain Parade tour has confirmed is that Seori's songs have received a harder edge and a more precise delivery. They've generally received the desired response.

Seori: "I do find it a little difficult when we play live sometimes. I know I can get the rest of the group involved and into the song, but, I suppose because I've written it, it's important for me to get an initial good reaction from the audience."

With their current set there shouldn't really be problems and the signs are that the quality of songs will get even better (a rough guess has to put it at a possible six viable commercial possibilities, so far).

Stiff should make their mind up pretty sharpish, too, since The Snakes Of Shake are on the commercial tip of the wave of groups from all over the country who are gradually becoming more accessible – and ultimately more important – than a million George Michael whiskers.

The Snakes Of Shake still have honesty on their side. Backed with a



SNAKE SOME ACTION!

Something's movin' in the undergrowth, and Dave Henderson has that finger on the pulse. Read on as the Snakes Of Shake get down

batch of anthemic delights they're destined for bigger things. And if, by chance, any foaming new musos should brandish their wares close to

television house on a Thursday, it must surely be them.

Oh, yes, another thing. Aspiring pop stars tend to cut – or more

usually, hack – their own hair. Seori Burnette goes to the same barber as Bob Dylan. Now that's got to stand for something.

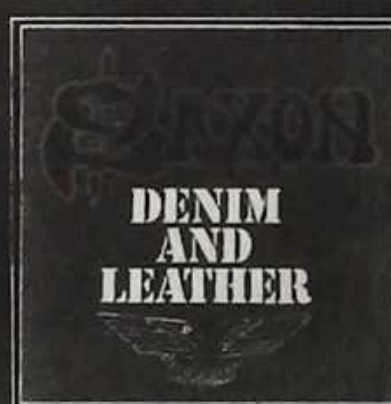
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BIBLE STUDY

Fur Bible preach their revelatory sermon to Ralph Traitor who wonders, is this the holy truth and nothing but? Carole Segal sees the vision

IT HAS been said that the old ways are the best. Fur Bible might beg to differ.

Comprised of two ex-register Gun Clubbers, namely Kid Congo Powers and Patricia Morrison, and their musical fiend guitarist Murray Mitchell and drummer Desperate, Fur Bible have all the makings of a really unholy alliance. Why, no sooner had I asked Kid his opinion of their debut on New Rose, 'Plunder The Tombs', than the blasphemy began.

"God. Absolute God. Just think, we'll go beyond God next time," ejaculated the young one enthusiastically. His widely-spaced teeth gleamed with the possibilities.

Patricia, with the visual projection capable of stopping traffic or, at the very least, guaranteeing she won't ever get run over by it, answered with more reserve.

"When I heard it I was really happy, but more for what we're going to be than what that particular record represented."

Having bid The Gun Club a fond farewell, Kid and Patricia lucked out by lining up with Murray, known to them for his exemplary picking for Lydia Lunch and J L Pierce himself, and latter-day Clubber Desperate. They immediately dived in at the deep end, and the new Bible began to shape up and ship out. Sensibly, they reject facile comparisons to the Club and subsequent listenings to the disc confirm their stance.

"It's a new monster, festering. In The Gun Club Jeffery wrote the songs and in The Cramps," (with whom Kid paid some dues) "Lux and Ivy wrote. Now we've opened our big mouth, it's our product."

Fur Bible also sees Kid's debut as vocalist, excepting some screaming tuition in previous incarnations.

"I love it. It gets more interesting every time. I like playing guitar more with singing; Murray can do most of the guitar. I've always been pretty much a guitar

decorator; I approach a guitar more as if I'm playing a saxophone or a drum.

"Fur Bible is a new idea altogether, it's already taking on a life of its own. Like in *The Blob* when it eats some people and gets bigger and bigger."

"There's no master plan, it just mutates along. That's when it works, with what comes naturally. With these four people it works," adds Patricia.

Patricia is responsible for naming Fur Bible and, against my better judgement, I inquired after its significance.

"We just about died laughing when we heard it," remembers Kid. "We were throwing up laughing and then we thought of a million things it might mean. You can take it in a funny context or a stupid or a filthy context. You learn how people think when you tell them a name like that and then watch their face."

Fur Bible have spent some time unwinding what Kid elegantly termed the "endless tapeworm" of their ideas in front of some Banshees loyalists. That support slot has been a valuable experience, not least for gauging the psychological damage wrought by unsolicited exposure to this caustic combo's attack.

"The first show we did, after the first song the audience just went, 'What was that?'" recalls Murray with obvious relish.

"But it was a really logical question. And then they saw who it was and what's going on, but it's good they have no preconceptions," Patricia says, "and it's really basic, from scratch again."

One very attractive aspect of 'Plunder The Tombs' and the two other songs that accompany it is the slowly coursing rawness of sound Fur Bible achieve. It's like being put face down in a kaleidoscope of brightly-coloured mud that ebbs and flows cantankerously from edge to slimy edge. The acceptable face of sonic scum?

"We wanted it raw. We

were in the studio screaming, Heavier, heavier! And I've been wanting to work with Clint Ruin" (producer of the formidable Foetus) "for a while. I really enjoyed his production, that big, big, big slab of sound. I wanted it to be like a rock sitting on your head, and he got that feel."

What other producer might Fur Bible entrust this sensitive aesthetic to?

"Tommy Erdelyi - ie Tommy Ramone - I really love the sound of that last Ramones album, that's who I ideally would like. Other than that... Prince or Madonna," grins Kid, and he does actually reiterate a great love for the pop royalty's output several times. Could this in part explain his next statement, to the effect that Fur Bible benefit from a constructive divergence of personal taste?

"We all have differently weird influences," Kid explains. "When we're in the van together we all have to have separate Walkmans because we can't stand to listen to each other's tapes."

What are the songs on the 12-inch actually about?

"It's just like throwing images at people, twisting up words to make sentences that make sense but are mostly situations where they're neuroses that I twist to my advantage," Kid lucidly replies.

"Actually, 'Plunder The Tombs' is about something. It's my only song that's really a gripe, but it doesn't come out like a gripe. It's about how every time I turn around there's another Gun Club record or repackage done behind our backs. Everyone's just taking things and pounding you into the ground."

What message have Fur Bible for Britain's youth?

"Take your clothes off and scream. I think that's about the best message you could give to anybody. Don't let your pants ride down your butt and... no baggy corduroys, please."

So the word has come down from the mountain. Watch out for falling angels.

The Press Gang don their Trilbys to entertain Roger Holland with stories of a militant knees-up. Get better red...

WHEN THIS month's Red Cross parcel from Probe Records fell open to reveal the second single from Kirkby's The Press Gang, it became quite clear that this was a band we could no longer keep secret.

And so it's one in the afternoon, two phone calls and three days later, and the five of us are sitting snugly round a corner table in the renowned Anfield hostelry, The Arkles.

Reading from left to right around the table, The Press Gang are Martin Wallace (bass), Paul Cunningham (vocals), Alan Murphy (drums) and Alan Cunningham (guitar hero and brother of Paul). Working within the traditions of urgent, rushing dynamics and circular guitar movements, these four have

GANG SHOW



shaped one of the most interesting, exciting and powerful of today's rock 'n' roll rhythms.

'James, Where Are You Now?' is their new single - a

short and sweet burst of bracing pop. Inspired by a line from Ireland On The Dissecting Table - a pamphlet by James Connolly, the Irish socialist

and leader of the 1916 Easter Week Rebellion - Paul Cunningham sings: "The great are only great because we're on our knees/James, where are

you now?"

But although he will readily admit to political activism Paul, and indeed the rest of the band, are realistic enough to appreciate that pop music is merely a social device and not politically potent.

"I'm an active member of the Labour Party, I'm an active member of my constituency party. And yes, I'm a militant supporter."

"But we're still really only a poppy rock band. Maybe a couple of the ideas that we're putting across might sink in. But I'm not really writing lyrics to try to change people's attitudes. I just write what I feel. And I'd feel so embarrassed going 'yeah, yeah, baby, I'm your man, get your knickers off.'"

'Town By The Sea', a further slice of dashing rock structuralism to be found on the second side of the new single, takes on all those who make a career out of selling some graven image of Liverpool.

Martin: "Y'know all that stuff - We're all on the dole

and there's nothing here for us but we don't care, because we can still all have a drink an' a laugh - that attitude."

"Because," interrupts Alan C, "those bastards like Tarbuck an' them, they aren't on the dole, and half of them don't even live here."

"And when they come off the air or the stage or whatever, they just put their [*****] southern gobs on and go off in their big flash cars to their big flash houses and golf courses."

Taking a sideswipe at all the professional Scousers, including "those four lads who got out of heaven so fast", 'Town By The Sea' finally concludes that they want a ticket to ride...

As we break up to go to the game, Alan and Paul Cunningham throw in a second quote from James Connolly: "A militant is merely a moderate who has risen up off his knees."

The Press Gang are an intelligent and enthusiastic young band. And they are quite definitely not down on their knees.



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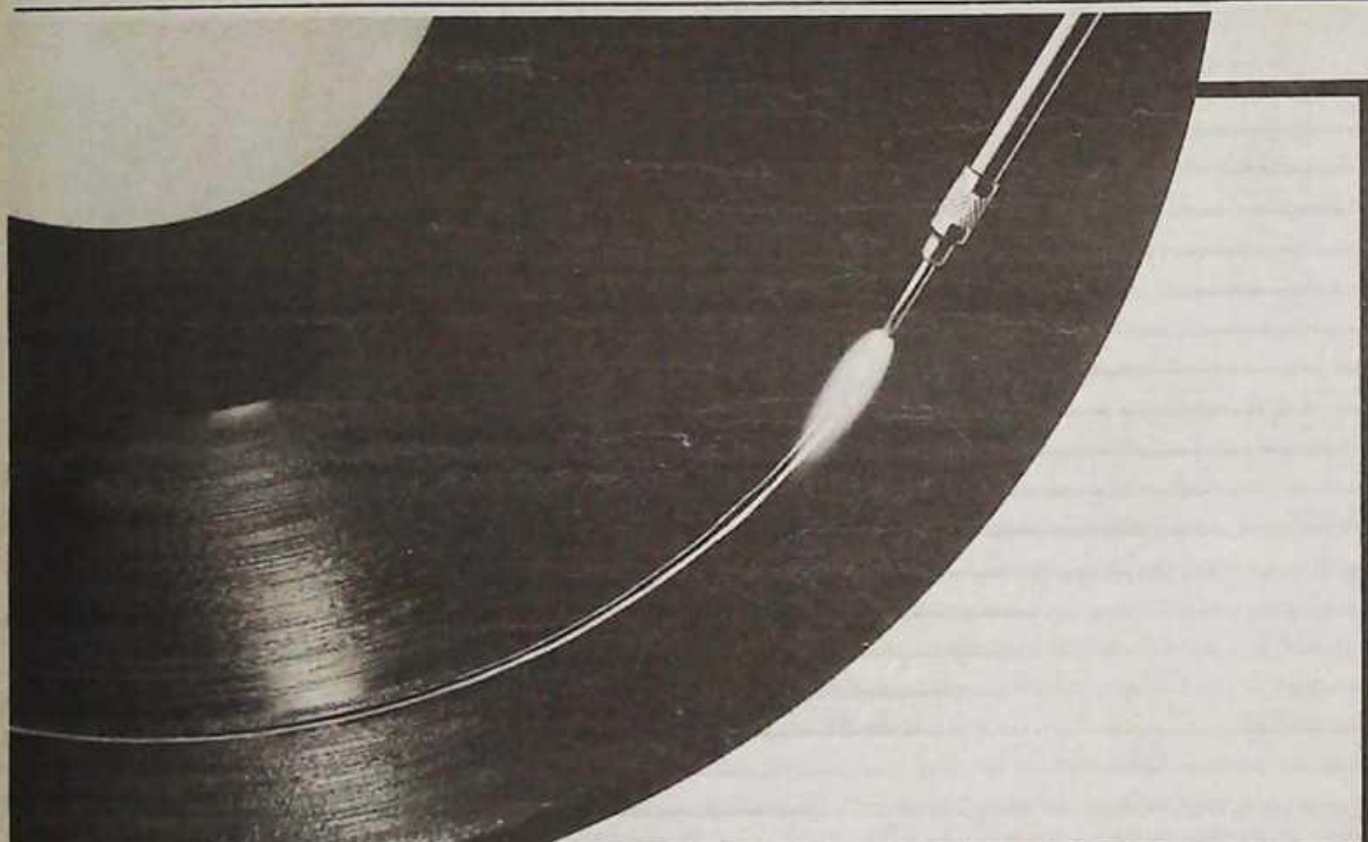
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DOCTOR AT LARGE

The Dr Feelgood story continued



DR FEELGOOD: whaddya mean you're surprised there was so much interest in us?



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XWORD



By Sue Buckley

ACROSS

1. Where Gregory Isaacs had a very select party (7.5)
7. Manfred's clown doubled it (2) 10. Terraplane in neurotic mood? (7.2.6) 11. A band, but not The Band were on it (3) 12. He had hot legs, was a silly lover and flew with Mandy (4.7) 15. and 30. Wall flies? (1.1.1.1) 16. Their windows are powerful (4) 18. El told Al his was accurate (3) 19. A sort of judgement on REM? (9) 21. Desmond Dekker paired it with Mek (2) 22. Title for Griffie band (2) 23. They might have made love on 1 across (1.1.1) 24. Country in crisis that inspired Vangelis (5) 26. Presley was in this place at the wrong time (5) 27. Did he phone home to tell 'em all 'bout UFO? (1.1) 28. They once had a transit authority and complained about what would happen if you left 'em (7) 31. They beat Northern ones, East Coast ones (despite their styles), in fact, all ones... ask the Beach Boys! (10.5)

DOWN

1. He scaled Solsbury Hill (5.7) 2. ... and Quo wanted to live on one (6) 3. Cooper for the Sisters Of Mercy (5) 4. A clash from 1642-1649 (7.5.3) 5. They caught the last train to London (1.1.1) 6. Mari Wilson in melancholy mood... what a wet! (3.2.1.5) 8. Moyet in short (3) 9. Seven's hard for her (7) 13. Russian not at the summit (5) 14. They got ready, weren't too proud to beg, lived on Cloud 9 and claimed it was just their imagination! (11) 17. Which, time for 'em (1.1.1) 20. Clash's fave station (7) 24. Jimmy/Richard (5) 25. Position arrow letters (1.1.1) 29. It's supplied American AOR's with drossy hits (3) 30. see 15.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Gravity Talks 6. Eyes 10. Eagle 12. Ultimate Sin 13. Noon 14. Dear John 16. Eat 18. Hammer To Fall 20. DVA 21. Roosters 23. Bounty 27. Gene Loves Jezebel 33. Nail 34. Peter Hooton 36. Rails 38. Neil 39. Camera 40. Wendy Wu 41. Gary 42. Star

DOWN

1. Green Shirt 2. Ides 3. You Better Move On 4. After 5. Kim 7. Yesterday 8. Sanctuary 9. Stone 11. Gloom 15. Oil 17. Weather 19. FM 22. One Vision 24. Ure 25. Toe 26. Ben E King 28. John 29. Zoo 30. Booker T 31. LA 32. Andrew 35. Fair 37. Sky 39. Cry

SEVERAL ITEMS from this column over the last few weeks have been waiting their turn for another appearance via readers' feedback, so we'll pause this week to round off one of the stories.

I was actually somewhat amazed by the huge rush of interest in **Dr Feelgood**, after their singles listing appeared in the January 11 issue. Great to know that a band which has consistently offered one of the best R&B gigs in the country for close on 14 years now, are clearly appealing to readers who must have still been more into *Trumpton* when the Docs were first making their mark.

Anyway, the details of the free single came in, as I knew they would. In fact, just to show how my memory had gotten blurred on this topic, there were actually two freebie 45s with early Feelgoods albums. Here are the details:

United Artists FEEL 1 (included in the first pressing of the 'Stupidity' album in 1976) Tracks: 'Riot In Cell Block No 9' (live at Southend Kursaal)/'Johnny B Goode' (live at Friars, Aylesbury)

United Artists FEEL 2 (included in first pressings of 'As It Happens' in 1979) 'The Feelgoods Encore EP' Tracks: 'Riot In Cell Block No 9'/'The Blues Had A Baby And They Called It Rock 'n' Roll'/'Lights Out'/'Great Balls Of Fire' (First two live at Crocs, Rayleigh, Essex; last two live at the Pavilion, Hemel Hempstead)

Thanks to **Paul Busby** of Altrincham; **Pete Stephenson** of Billingham, Cleveland; **Steve McVey** of Bolton; **Mark Keech** of Wellingborough, and **J Pitchford** of Glossop, Derbyshire, all of who turned up info on one or both of the above.

I also blithely suggested that there were never any 12-inch singles by the Feelgoods, a fact I believed to be true until now. However, several of

the guys above, plus **Grant Stewart** of Purley; **Phil Hulme** of Exeter; **Terry Knightley** of Romford and **Peter Sharp** of Leicester, have pointed out that there were in fact two – both released well before 12-inches with extra tracks became marketing norms in this country.

The first was a limited 12-inch pressing of 'She's A Windup' in 1977, presumably put out once the single had made the top 50, in order to try boosting it into the 20 (though in the event it stalled at No 34). The catalogue number was **12UP 36304**, and it came in a white sleeve with 'Dr Feelgood special issue limited edition' stamped on it in red. The tracks were 'She's A Windup'/'Hi-Rise'/'Homework', the latter being a live cut recorded at The Paddocks, Canvey Island on June 10, 1977. This was the same track line-up I gave in the original listing for the seven-inch version, though there now seems to be some doubt about whether the live track was included on the smaller pressing. The guys who wrote in all have the 12-inch, and I don't possess either, but it would be nice to be absolutely sure about this. The EMI catalogue of the time shows all three titles, but doesn't mention a 12-inch pressing anywhere!

The second Feelgoods 12-inch was the very next release, 'Baby Jane'. The additional marketing didn't help this one at all, as it failed to make the charts, completely. The catalogue number was **12UP 36332**, and this time there was a blue line drawing of the Dr Feelgood face on the white sleeve. In this case, there was definitely an additional track on the 12-inch which was not on the seven-inch: 'Baby Jane' and 'Looking Back' were joined by a live recording of 'You Upset Me Baby', again recorded at the band's June 10, 1977, gig at The Paddocks on Canvey.

Additional to my note about 'Milk And Alcohol'

being released in both white and brown vinyl, it transpires that there's also a coloured vinyl saga attached to the follow-up to that single, namely 'As Long As The Price Is Right'. It had three different limited-edition seven-inch pressings in slightly different sleeves: blue vinyl in a sleeve featuring a pic of a five pound note, brown vinyl with a ten pound note sleeve pic, and purple vinyl sporting a 20 pound note on the cover. The loot in each case was stuffed amongst the contents of a frilly bra! Each catalogue number was a slightly amended version of the standard one – **XUP, YUP and ZUP 36506** respectively.

Someone is probably just asking what the standard black pressing was sleeved in. I have a black vinyl demo copy which came from EMI in the week of release, and this has the brown (ten pound note) sleeve, but I suspect that it was sheer pot luck with the ordinary pressing, and that the three sleeves were used up willy-nilly according to stocks.

I must also thank **Richard Wootton**, who amongst other things is PR man for Demon Records, for pointing out that subsequent to the Chiswick releases, which closed my original listing, Dr Feelgood had two singles released in 1984 on Demon: **D 1030** 'Dangerous'/'Can't Find The Lady' **D 1032** 'My Way'/'She's In The Middle'

'My Way' need be no cause for concern – it isn't the Sinatra song, but a revival of Eddie Cochran's rocker of the same title, which was a top 30 hit posthumously for Cochran himself back in 1963. All these tracks except 'Can't Find The Lady' were taken from the Feelgoods' 1984 Demos album 'Doctor's Orders'. Grant Stewart dug out info on these, too.

Grant also reckons that a listing of the Feelgoods' albums would be a worthwhile follow-

up, and in view of the interest generated, I'm inclined to agree. There have been fourteen in all over the last eleven years or so, as follows:

United Artists UAS 29727 'Down By The Jetty' 1975
(Reissued at mid-price on Fame FA 3029, then again in 1985 on Edsel ED 160)
United Artists UAS 29880 'Malpractice' 1975
United Artists UAS 29990 'Stupidity' (Now reissued at mid-price on Fame) 1976
United Artists UAS 30075 'Sneakin' 1977
United Artists UAS 30123 'Be Seeing You' 1977
United Artists UAG 30184 'Private Practice' 1978
United Artists UAK 30239 'As It Happens' 1979
United Artists UAG 30269 'Let It Roll' 1979
United Artists UAG 30311 'A Case Of The Shakes' 1980
Liberty LBG 30328 'On The Job' 1981
Liberty LBG 30341 'Casebook' (compilation) 1981

Chiswick TOSS 4 'Fast Women And Slow Horses' 1982
Demon FIEND 29 'Doctor's Orders' 1984
ID NOSE 5 'Mad Man Blues' 1985

The most recent album was originally a six-track mini-album, but Grant Stewart notes that recent copies have expanded to more normal album length with the unannounced addition of four extra tracks. I guess somebody must know the story behind that, too. More feedback next week from recent columns, including the final round-up of bits'n'pieces on those indie labels from Liverpool and Manchester.

MEMORY BANK

COMPILED BY BARRY LAZELL



HOLLY GOES to Greece

Sunday February 9

- 1940** Birthday of **Carole King** (Klein), probably the most successful female songwriter ever, in Brooklyn.
- 1960** Birthday of **Holly (William Johnson)** of **Frankie Goes To Hollywood**, in Khartoum.
- 1964** **The Beatles** made their American nationwide live TV debut on the *Ed Sullivan Show*.
- 1981** Death of **Bill Haley**, the first rock 'n' roll star, aged 51, from a heart attack in Harlingen, Texas.

Monday February 10

- 1944** Birthday of **Donovan** (Terence Leitch), in Glasgow.
- 1970** **Phil Spector** was badly injured in a road accident in which his car crashed and burst into flames.
- 1982** **Micky Moody**, guitarist with **Whitesnake**, left the band temporarily.
- 1982** **Kenny Hyslop**, drummer with **Simple Minds**, departed the band.

Tuesday February 11

- 1935** Birthday of **Gene Vincent** (Eugene Craddock), in Norfolk, Virginia.
- 1963** **The Beatles**, all suffering from heavy colds, cut their entire first album in a massive 12-hour session at Abbey Road with **George Martin**.
- 1965** **Ringo Starr** married former hairdresser **Maureen Cox**, at Caxton Hall, London.
- 1979** Rough Trade issued **Stiff Little Fingers'** 'Inflammable Material' album – the first rock album from an indie label to reach the LP charts.
- 1982** **Richard Jobson** announced the official break-up of **The Skids**.

Wednesday February 12

- 1935** Birthday of **Ray Manzarek** of **The Doors**, in Chicago.
- 1950** Birthday of **Steve Hackett**, in London.
- 1967** **Mick Jagger**, **Keith Richards** and **Marianne Faithfull** starred in their most celebrated drug bust, when Keef's home, Redlands, in West Wittering, Sussex, was raided by police.
- 1977** **Steve Harley** and **Cockney Rebel** played a benefit concert at the

- 1983** **Rainbow**, London, for the homeless of Ireland. Musicians don't all burn out young – jazz pianist **Eubie Blake** died in Brooklyn just five days after his 100th birthday!

Thursday February 13

- 1945** Birthday of **Peter Tork** of **The Monkees**, in Washington DC.
- 1956** Birthday of **Peter Hook** of **New Order**, in Manchester.
- 1980** **Phil Lynott** married **Caroline Crowther**, the daughter of **Leslie** 'come on down' **Crowther**.
- 1980** Police in a raid in search of illegal weapons broke down the door of **John Lydon's** London house. Lydon faced the intruders brandishing a sword.

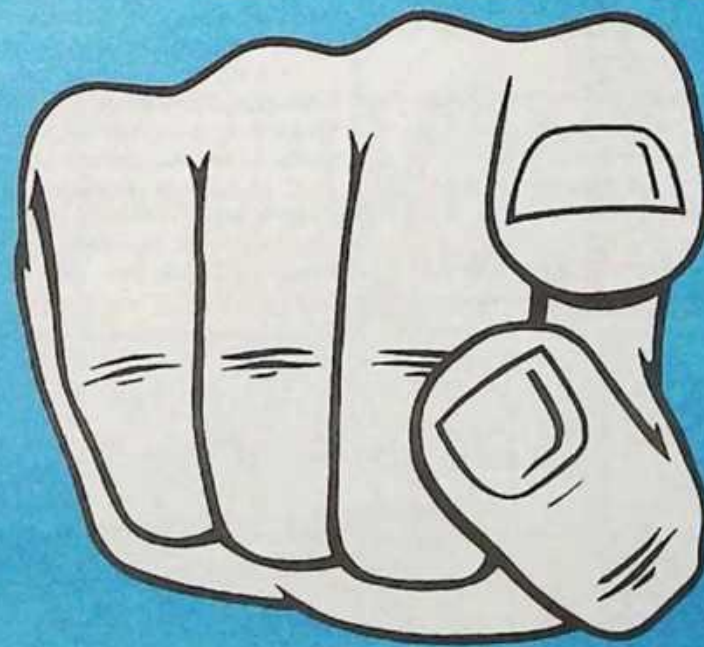
Friday February 14

- 1964** **The Dave Clark 5** released 'Bits And Pieces', which was immediately banned by many ballroom managers because the kids stomped en masse in time with it, threatening damage to dancefloors.
- 1972** The original stage production of *Grease*, later to become the most successful film musical ever, opened at the Martin Eden Theatre, New York.
- 1981** **Generation X** (or Gen X, as they were officially billed by now) broke up, with **Billy Idol** leaving to seek solo fame in the US.
- 1981** **Mike Barson** of **Madness** married his fiancée **Sandra**, in London. They had the reception at George's Cafe in Holloway.

Saturday February 15

- 1942** Birthday of **Mick Avory** of **The Kinks**, in Hampton Court, Surrey.
- 1959** Birthday of **Ali Campbell** of **UB40**, in Birmingham.
- 1960** Birthday of **Mike Craig** of **Culture Club**.
- 1968** Death of bluesman **Little Walter (Jacobs)**, aged 37, after receiving stab wounds in a Chicago street fight.
- 1981** Death of **Mike Bloomfield**, America's white blues guitar answer to **Eric Clapton**, aged 37, from a suspected heroin overdose in San Francisco.

TONIGHT IT'S YOU



Cheap Trick

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THE NEW SINGLE ON 7" + 3 TRACK 12"



FILM-TV-VIDEO-BOOKS

SCANNERS

EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL

UNFUNNY TURNS

REVOLUTION

(Warner Bros)

YOU KNOW the one where the hero kills a couple of baddy Indians and then, up on the creek, three more long haired critters appear, but after much wailing of violins and clenched toffee papers, they turn out to be goody Indians with herbs and stuff?

Yeah, well, it happens in *Revolution*, and if you're into £19 million clichés, you're gonna love this. For that is what it cost to make this film, which bombed in the US and has virtually sunk Goldcrest films, the British company which brought you *Chariots Of Fire*, *Ghandi* and *The Killing Fields*.

Set in 1776 when the Americans decided to kick out their British overlords, the film follows the fortunes of diehard individualist Tom Dobb (Al Pacino) and his son, Ned (Dexter Fletcher), who are forced into the people's army when they step off their boat at a rather quaint looking New York.

There then follows some nice crowd shots featuring a loud-mouthed Annie Lennox and the menacing Steven Berkoff as the conscription officer. The opening battle scenes are well shot too, with plenty of Kentucky Fried Chicken and ketchup flying around. The advancing ranks of the redcoats marching with bigoted confidence towards the rabble army are a terrifying sight.

But the film soon degenerates into a soupy love story featuring upper-class revolutionary Daisy McConahay (Nastassja Kinski) and faithful dad Tom Dobb, as they bump into each other in various crowds and battles around the country.

This leads to some excruciating moments, especially when Dobb is willing his son to stay conscious while the goody Indian treats his cat-whipped feet. The gooseberry cream never tasted so good.

Rarely do we get caught up in the immense struggle to eject the British. Some of the more witty and effective moments show the brutal antics of British officers but moments when we see the enemy in any detail are few and far between.

Donald Sutherland shapes up nicely as a puritanical northerner out to teach the yanks a thing or two but, as with the other characters, we never get beyond the outer shell, making *Revolution* ultimately a muddled and unsatisfying experience.

L E EVANS

THE MACC LADDS
Beer & Sex & Chips N Gravy

(Jettisoundz)

"EH UP! Let's sup! Eh up! Let's sup!" With no more formal introduction than a snarled "F**k! C**t! Wank! Shit!" (the closest a Macc Lad can get to the historic "Won! Chew! Tree! Faw!"), the Ramones' 'Blitzkrieg Bop' becomes yet another foul-mouthed piss-head teen anthem and the infamous Macc Lads Christmas Party gets underway.

'I'm A Sun Lover' declare their T-shirts. 'I'm a bigoted, brainless moron' scream their lyrics. But the look of sheer, manic, mischievous anarchy in Muttley M Lads' 'boat' - a touch of the Barry Gushells seems somehow inevitable - makes all this offensive nonsense quite forgivable.

The first band with the wit and perception to rhyme George Michael with menstrual cycle, The Macc Lads stand at the very forefront of a movement of quite staggering potential. Possibly the very last trace of the spirit of whenever it was bubbles within their storming attack on the sensitivities of a nation divided.

And I have a dream. I see a nation of vulgar youth (and this is not an exclusively male ritual) sporting Sun T-shirts, storming the gates of Covent Garden and terrorising the self-satisfied, the hippies and the entire staff of the NME. And singing "Eh up, we're the Macc Lads".

ROGER HOLLAND



WESTON, Ridings, Rider and Walker carrying the can for Bouncers

GROINED IN THE KNEE

BOUNCERS

Donmar Warehouse

JOHN GODBER'S tale of life in a northern disco finally makes it to London with an updated soundtrack and a few topical references. But the play is in itself a fairly timeless study of normal, acceptable behaviour and attitudes in British society ("whoa, look at the tits on that... SOCIAL COMMENT!", observe the eponymous heroes).

The four-man cast of Richard Ridings, Chris Walker, Steve Weston and Paul Rider are by turn the door attendants of the title - four likely lads up for the crack as well as the four likely lasses they hope (in vain) will provide it - and an assortment of other characters. Although the script is fairly abundantly endowed with humour, the success of the enterprise is largely due to the syncopation of the protagonists, the snappy changes of character, and the motor-cycle-display-team precision of the verbal and physical interplay.

Of course, 'normal' behaviour in a lunatic asylum isn't necessarily reasonable behaviour, and the savagery is generally reserved for the

put-'em-down-and-keep-'em-down class conditioning that is pumped out by *The Daily Tit*. 'The lads' fail pathetically to live up to the image of being real men, keeping a rigorous check of the rounds downed ("twenty-TWO"); one spews, one cacks his pants, one goes for a splash in the lavatory lido, and at the end of the evening they're freezing to death wondering where that 35 quid went.

This scatological, orifice-in-the-underworld tale viciously parodies base humour, but the blunt instrument of coarseness used to bludgeon the point home is in itself very funny, a double-edged swipe simultaneously lashing out at the elitist moral guerillas of the new left. Everyone seems content to remain at the bottom of this (slag) heap, only seen-it-all-before Lucky Eric expressing doubts about the sanity of this clearly desperate situation, a clarity of vision afforded him by disillusionment.

If the gravity of a review has an inverse relation with the humour of a play (and vice versa), then this has to be a pretty serious review.

ANDY HURT

VANDENBERG

Live In Japan

(Hendring/Palace Video)

HOW CAN they expect me to take a heavy metal guitarist seriously when his given name is 'Adrian', and his only

immediately apparent talent is for helplessly mundane rockist Les Paul stereotyping?

Oh yes, and for meaningless and laughably persistent show-off guitar flourishes. The sort of irritating three-dozen-motor

bikes- screaming-at-the-peak-of-their-labour-pains, six-string pyrotechnics that so many ignorant long-haired gets seem to equate with having a willy as huge as David Coverdale's.

ROGER HOLLAND

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Meanwhile, why not have a go at the questions below and give yourself the chance to hear your favourite music videos in a new light!



SOUNDS/PHILIPS VIDEO COMPETITION

Answer the three questions below (tick one box per question):

1. Which of the following three is *not* a director of music videos?

a) Russell Mulcahy ☐ b) Tim Pope ☐ c) Clive Barker ☐

2. Which famous female from the world of pop played the lead role in the film *Videodrome*?

a) Debbie Harry ☐ b) Annie Lennox ☐ c) Tina Turner ☐

3. Which of the following three video formats was developed and marketed by Philips?

a) LaserVision ☐ b) VHS ☐ c) Betamax ☐

NAME _____

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ON THE coupon are three questions with a video theme. Tick the answer you think is correct in each case, add your name and address and post to **SOUNDS/PHILIPS VIDEO COMPETITION, Unit 5, Seager Buildings, Brookmill Road, London SE8 4JT**, to arrive not later than first post on Monday February 24.

Winner of the Philips VR6860 Hi-Fi Video recorder will be the sender of the first correct entry out of the mailbag after the closing date. Normal Spotlight competition rules apply.

LETTERS



Illustration by Simon Cooper

JESUS CRIES

I THINK that it should be brought to the attention of your readers that, sadly, the *Sounds* personnel have allowed two letters from extreme bigots to slip through the net and be published. Perhaps I am too late but it is obvious to a trained person of strong will like myself that the letters printed in the January 18 edition written by Jim Begley and Rob Long which slagged off The Jesus And Mary Chain were nothing other than crude attempts at reintroducing the banned medieval insultatory brainwashing technique common in the days of Henry VIII. This technique can be simply explained thus:

Criticise something magnificent (in this case the JAMC). Extend the criticism to pessimism (quote: "this country is doomed", Jim Begley). Encourage retaliatory violence (quote: "blow the JAMC off the face of this

earth", Rob Long).

If this process is repeated the victim/s (in this case *Sounds* readers) will eventually start acting dementedly and running around slagging off the brilliant Mary Chain themselves.

I suspect this is just phase one of a plan by Begley, Long and, I think, others too, to take over the world, if not the universe! These sadists must be stopped. So please print no more letters by obviously insane readers and they will all be forced to give up their foolish quest and return to biting off gerbil's penises. (I can tell anyone who does this, incidentally, simply by examining their use of similies.) So beware, readers and editors alike. These men are dangerous.

'Listen not to them else ye shall be in big trouble' (Genesis Verse 4 Ch 6 Album 3). — Dr Sainsbury Neofreud PHD

FAT FISH

HOW MUCH does the 'fat one' pay you? It is a travesty that that fat hideous talentless mess (Fish) gets such a good press in your toilet roll of a magazine. It makes my bile rise!

All your journalists must be 16 years or under as they seemingly cannot remember Genesis. Surely if they could remember Genesis the awful rip-off that Marillion are perpetrating would be obvious.

So, Marillion are an extremely popular band. However there are bands with considerably more talent, who have worked much harder and deserve equal recognition. *Sounds*, wake up to 1986 and get your fingers

out and start reviewing some decent bands. — Peter Gabriel (!)

NATIONAL PRIDE

IT IS nice to see that U2 got to number 14 in the Best British Band section of the readers' poll, but has it not occurred to anyone that U2 are Irish and not British and that they go to great lengths to show this? — Aileen Kearns, Dublin

MEMORY BLANK

DO THE Thompson Twins have short memories? It is nearly four months since their so called concert at Wembley was cancelled with a promise that all money would be refunded.

And they expect fans to turn up for their rescheduled

concerts due in '86. Will we remember who they are by then? — D J Shaw, London N16

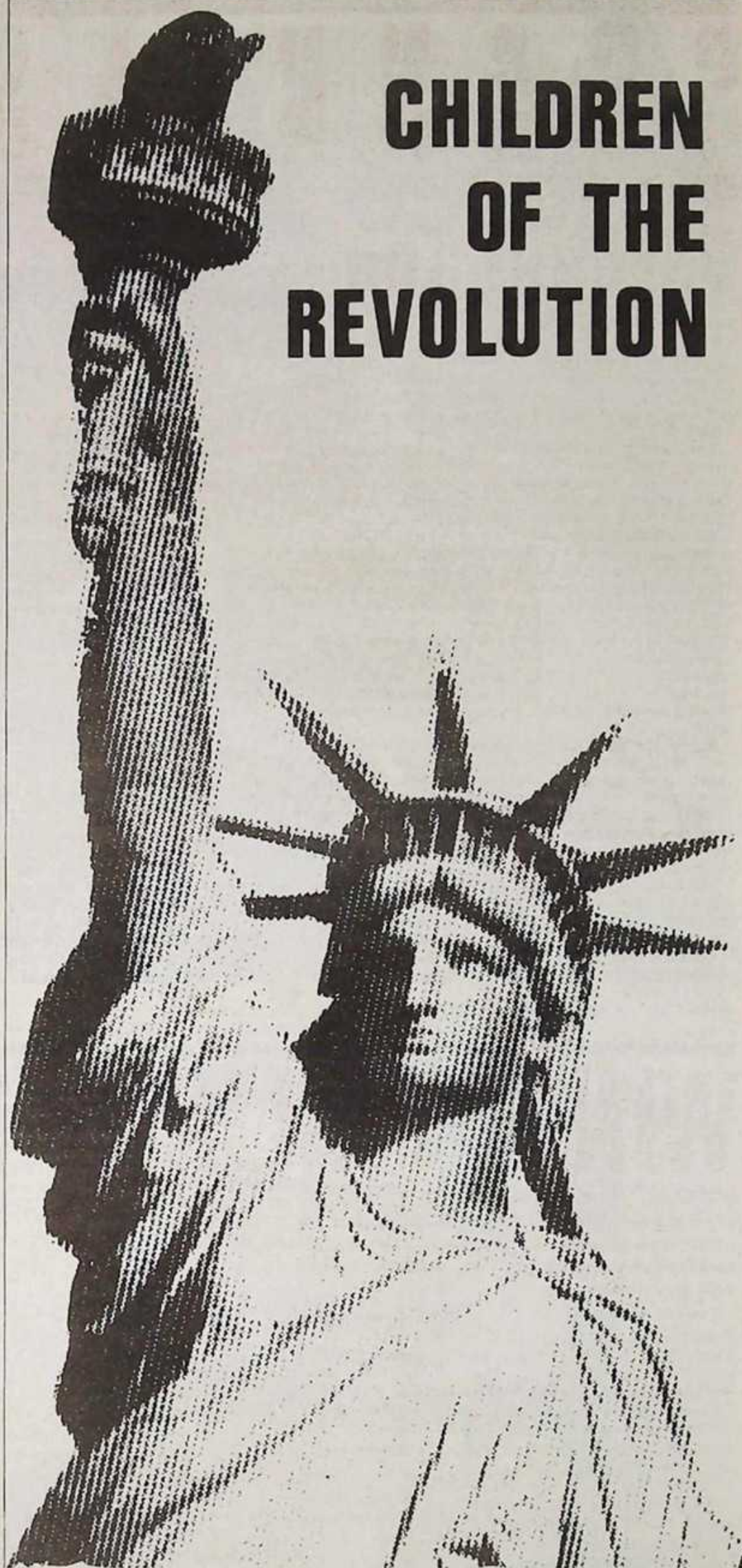
COPY CATS

FIRST OF all, I refuse to use the bad language which would ensure the publication of this letter. However, I would like to protest very strongly at the treatment meted out to The Alarm in A Hurt's review (January 18).

How nice it must be to be so clever with words! Pity this gift is not used for constructive criticism!

The 'Mike Yarwoods' of rock. How dare he! Paper tigers The Alarm may be, but copy cats they're certainly not! — Disgustedly yours, D Whittaker, Derbyshire

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION

VIOLENT FEMMES
NEW SINGLE

Produced by Jerry Harrison of Talking Heads

7" LASH7 12" LASHX7

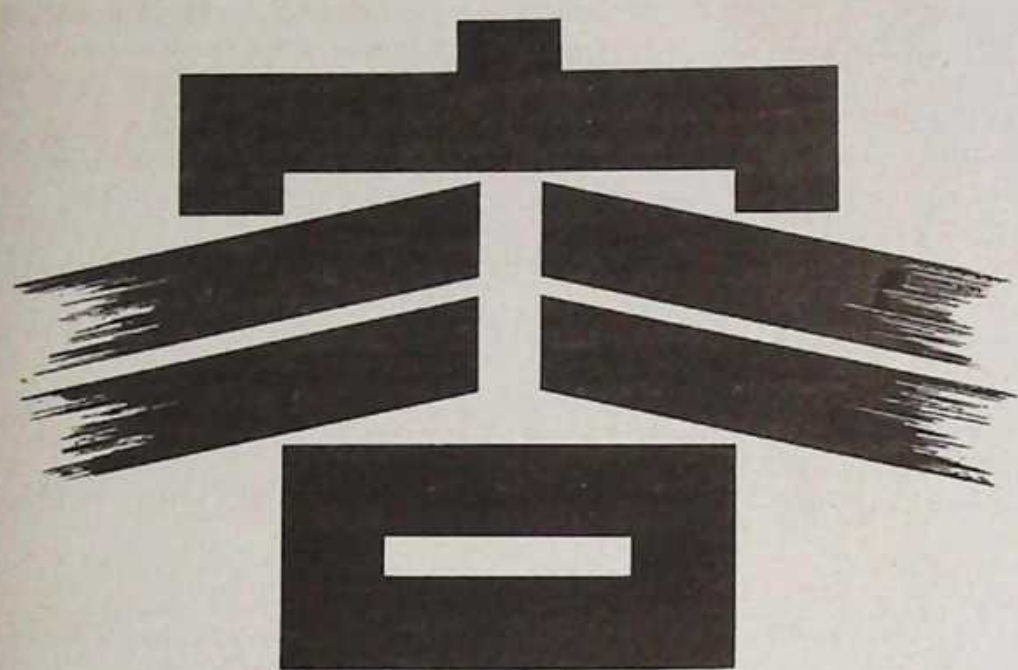
SEE THEM LIVE

Feb 20	LONDON	Moan Fiddler
Mar 1	MANCHESTER	International
Mar 2	LEEDS	Warehouse
Mar 3	LONDON	Town & Country Club



SLASH

ACCEPT



Leizoku-Ban

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L I V E
A L B U M

"WHAT YOU HEAR WAS RECORDED
IN ONE TAKE IN NAGOYA,
JAPAN SEPTEMBER 19, 1985
(ABSOLUTELY NO RE-RECORDING
OR OVERDUBS).
DEDICATED TO
THE WILDEST FANS
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ACCEPT

ACCEPT ON TOUR
APRIL 1986

TUESDAY 1st · DUBLIN SFX
WEDNESDAY 2nd · BELFAST ULSTER HALL
SATURDAY 5th · HAMMERSMITH ODEON
SUNDAY 6th · BRISTOL HIPPODROME
MONDAY 7th · BIRMINGHAM ODEON
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The thing that's hanging around the cover of next week's *Sounds* is **CRAZY** enough to **KILL!**

If you are of a nervous disposition, if you have high blood pressure, a weak heart or flat feet **DO NOT**, repeat **DO NOT BUY NEXT WEEK'S SOUNDS!**

But of course if you're a manic devourer of *baaad* taste with a musical mind to match, then our **PSYCHO KILLERS** colour magazine will be the talk of your padded cell. Sixteen pages of rock 'n' roll's wildest and weirdest will be there to meet 'n' eat you exclusively in next week's *Sounds*.



Joseph Stevens

GET IT BEFORE IT GETS YOU!

Reviewed by
Neil Perry



Robin Barton

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

HEIST 'Same Way' (NV Records) Such sweet synchronicity. Only last week I was blown away by Heist on stage, and now their debut vinyl release appears with perfect timing. Contrast, power — make that sheer gut-pulling muscle, if you please — it's all here. I am listening to it now. I haven't stopped listening to it for the last fortnight. It can get that sort of hold on you.

Three songs in all, the flipside's 'Turn It On' being the real killer for me, where the basses and drums join hands for a crunching finale; a powerful celebration of what you can really do if you try.

It's sort of difficult to explain, but if ever a music was *meant to be*... I am thrilled to think about what Heist could develop into. At present, it's hungry. It will take on all-comers and chew them up.

SWANS 'Time Is Money (Bastard)' (K.422) Utterly depressing. That someone should put so much time and effort into something so down is worrying, and not a little frightening. If that is the desired effect, it's worked — this makes Mark Stewart and his Mafia sound like the Goodies. Five and a half minutes of pounding electrodrum, screams and rattles combine to produce the nastiest record of the week. The Swans have, however, turned the pronunciation of the word 'bastard' into an art form.

PAT BENATAR 'Sex As A Weapon' (Chrysalis) And we're talking about thumping great Howitzers here, don't you know. Nice slice of commercial sophistication from the woman who's too heavy to be a pop star and too light to be a heavy rock star, which means she must be in a league of her own. Or something.

BILLY JOEL 'She's Always A Woman' (CBS) Well, you'd be worried if she was sometimes a man, wouldn't you? This begins in a horrible ballad fashion and hangs on in the same vein until the grim end. But I understand your problem Billy — most women are taller than me as well.

FIELDS OF THE NEPHILIM 'Burning The Fields EP' (Tower) Ah, this is more like it. Kicks off like your standard goth-thrash until some startling sax gives a much needed uplift. The second track is pleasingly different from the first, except for the deep and doomy voice which grates after not very long at all. When the guitar hits a high note it's like the sun coming out.

BIG STICK 'Hell On Earth' (Recess) Well weird. A psyched-out tape loop nightmare, barely together. "I'm gonna shoot the President, if I can't find a job, if I can't get laid... if my sister dies." Big Stick are Yanna Trance and John Gill, and apparently pretty hot stuff around their native New Jersey. If you find listening to jet engines or tube trains or formula one cars exciting, you'll flip over this. I had to prise it off my turntable, which must be some sort of omen.

ZZ TOP 'Stages' (WEA) Boiler suits, furry guitars, furry faces, silly cars, long-legged women stepping in and out of silly cars... yup, ZZ Top have found the winning formula, and they're sure going to stick with it. 'Stages' is the latest single, and certainly not the last, to be taken from 'Eliminator II', I mean 'Afterburner'. Over before you can say legs.

STEPHEN DUFFY 'I Love You' (10 Records) The former Duran missed a hell of a chance when he departed from the soon-to-be megastars, and boy, he isn't going to let us forget it. He sings something about getting inside your jeans, or perhaps it's genes, but it all sounds very sordid to me. So what happened to the 'Tin Tin' bit then?

VIOLENT FEMMES 'Children Of The Revolution' (Slash) Spirited and interesting re-working of the Bolan classic, given enough '80s feel without losing the original's gusto. A pity that the B-side 'Heartache' won't be heard as much, because it rushes along with all the glory of the Femmes' brilliant 'Gone Daddy Gone'. Perhaps someone will cover that in ten years' time...

AROMA DI AMORE 'Zonder Omzien' (Play It Again, Sam) A Belgian group who sing in their land's native tongue, Flemish, which makes them sound very angry indeed. 'Zonder Omzien' could be about meadows and butterflies, but it's still an intriguing onslaught of booming bass and route march drumming. Of the five tracks on the flipside, the real gem is 'Een Hoofd In De Supermarkt'. I know the feeling.

THEE MIGHTY CAESARS 'Ten Bears Of The Comanches' (Empire) Manna from heaven after the last half an hour's listening. A ridiculously wacky, over-the-top, free-for-all instrumental (with the emphasis on the mental), a sort of '50s psychedelia blow-out. Sounds like it was recorded in a toilet, which is also an extremely joyous sensation. Over-produced dross doesn't have a complete stranglehold, after all.

BLACK UHURU 'Conviction Or Fine' (Ras Records) Superlative reggae as ever from Black Uhuru. It really is a crying shame that our nation chooses to ignore such sweet sounds as this — if you could switch on the radio and have Black Uhuru flooding the airwaves the world might be a better place.

MARIE OSMOND 'There's No Stopping Your Heart' (EMI) Aaagh! Yes, it's the return of Marie 'Pay-per Woses' Osmond, you know, the one with all the obnoxious brothers with the big teeth. Weren't they all Mormons or something? And talking of which...

5TA 'Heaven' (Arista) Did you see them on *The Tube*? Did you? 'Heaven' is actually passable chart-fodder, which isn't saying much I know, but I will never, ever forgive 5TA for what they did to 'Crazy Horses'. I'm assured by a friend that Tank, however, did it proud...

MIDGE URE 'Wastelands' (Chrysalis) More impassioned synth and vocals from Clark Gable lookalike Midge. Drifts past, a big cloud of nothing. I think it's about pop stars, which could explain a lot.

SWIMMING POOL Q'S 'Pretty On The Inside' (A&M) Concise burst of whimsy from a very odd looking bunch, who I'm sure were on the 'Sergeant Pepper' album cover. This really drags along, like a tramp searching for a place to crash out. Has nothing on the orange I've just eaten.

JOHN WAITE 'The Choice' (EMI America) There's been a lot of kerfuffle about this chap just recently. Is that enough? No? Oh. This is a dreary dollop of slush-rock, like Foreigner on Valium. Ought to be locked in a room with The Swans for a night.

CHEAP TRICK 'Tonight It's You' (Epic) Rollicking chunk of stadium rock from the Tricksters. Begins in a horrible ballad fashion but soon lifts off into overdrive. This would be great lying in a field somewhere with 100,000 other bods but, on a grey morning in Camden Town, it doesn't quite fit somehow. Roll on, summer.

KISSING THE PINK 'One Step' (Magnet) Electronic burble. Now I know why some bands feel it is important to label their records 'synthesiser free'.

HONEYMOON SUITE 'Bad Attitude' (WEA) This week's token bad boys, silk suits, bootlace ties and all. It constantly amazes me how so much would-be heavy rock is a complete and utter wimp-out, and the louder and harder they profess to be the worse it gets. Great name, guys. Almost as good as...

LADIES CHOICE 'Funky Sensation' (Sure Delight) And to another scene where creepy macho people hang out, the dancefloor. Ladies Choice? You'd be laughing too if you could see the cover.

SPACEMONKEY 'Only The Night' (Innervision) Sounds like the sort of effort that comes ninth in the Eurovision Song Contest.

ZAZOU BIKAYE 'Mr Manager' (Crammed Discs) Convincing merger of African tribal dance rhythms with a disco thud. What the hell else do you say about a dance record? Breaks the ice at parties?

FICTITIOUS NAMES 'Such Splendid Things' (Hat And Cap) This debut single from the Manchester band never really lives up to its strident drum-beat beginning. The dreaded jangly guitar just fills in space and doesn't actually achieve anything. Makes me realise how bloody clever Johnny Marr is.

KLYMAXX 'I Miss You' (MCA) Competing with Mr Duffy for song title of the week, Klymaxx croon about sleeping with the lights on and such drivel. Sounds very sweet, so why do you call yourselves Klymaxx, huh? Does get a bit out of breath towards the end.

UV POP 'Serious' (Native) A gorgeous, sumptuous, lush piece of carefully sculpted folksy pop. UV Pop was one man, namely John K White, but now he's come over all ambitious and drafted in a band. A plaintive, wailing guitar drifts in and out... God, I'm going to have to make a pot of tea to recover. Seriously superb.

THE MOD FUN 'Hangin' Round EP' (Making Tyme Records) Golly gee, here's another one. This crazy bunch are from the US of A, and sound pretty desperate about dragging us all back 20 years or more. I think they've been using that same toilet.

REGINA 'Baby Love' (Funkin' Marvellous Records) Incredible. Completely blatant, totally cheeky Madonna rip-off. In fact, this must be Madonna, surely? Regina? Who she?

BETTY WRIGHT 'Pain' (Cooltempo) Endearing dark soul rap, full of sass and sass, treading a fine line between lilting pop and real roots soul. Betty Wright is known for pioneering "a tough, street-wise style of women's soul which usually warned of the sexual threat of baby-sitters, secretaries and even cleaners," says the handout. Got to sing about something, I suppose.

FRUITS OF PASSION 'Love's Glory' (Siren) Currently on tour with Feargal Sharkey, to give you some idea of their noise. The best voice out of this batch so far, very country. A shame about the drippy racket wandering around in the background.

THE WEDDING 'Tomorrow I Set Sail' (WAR) Another quartet struggling to reach that shiny pop pedestal, and possibly going about it in the right way. That is, it's all very competent, the correct mixture of atmospherics, with a slightly jagged sound that hints things could get out of control. Of course, they never do but it's the promise of excitement that keeps the punters hanging on.

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS 'So You Want To Be A Rock And Roll Star' (MCA) Lively piece of guitar boogie from the recent double live release. He does sound like Bob Dylan, doesn't he?

LION 'Margaret Thatcher' (Soho Records) Winding up on a relatively healthy note, this is an amusing little reggae ditty having a go at everyone's favourite school marm. Features the immortal line, "Denis, will you put it away..."

BLOOD

"I'm no' even gonna get bloated and say we have this powerful position, but we have a certain power inasmuch as there are a lot of people listening . . ."

In the second part of his interview with TONY STEWART, JIM KERR discusses his family life, his personal politics and the pros and cons of sitting on top of a glass mountain. Open and shut cases by PETER ANDERSON

"I don't really feel connected to British politics, any more than I do Iranian politics. I'm a humanitarian. The miners' strike is small potatoes compared to what is going on in the rest of the world."

THE NIGHT before 12,000 tickets went on sale for Simple Minds' third show at the Scottish Exhibition Centre this month, Jim Kerr was staying at his parents' home in Glasgow.

With a keen sense of Scottish chauvinism and strong paternal pride, his mum and dad have transformed rooms in their house into shrines to the Minds' international success.

Gold and platinum albums adorn the walls, the trophies that suddenly appeared almost by chance last year when record producer Keith Forsey persuaded the band to record a song he had written for *The Breakfast Club* soundtrack.

Initially reluctant to make 'Don't You (Forget About Me)', no one could have anticipated its colossal worldwide success. But even when it was number one in America, and nearly everywhere else, Simple Minds still refused a British release. It was only when people were paying over the odds for import copies that they conceded.

For many, it was the summer hit of 1985 . . .

And on a freezing winter's night at the end of the year, the Scottish fans were glad to snuggle into sleeping bags on cold Glasgow pavements and wait ten hours for Minds concert tickets to go on sale.

Jim's 15-year-old brother Mark — now travelling with the band on the German dates of their world tour — passed by the scene and couldn't believe his eyes. He rushed home to tell Jim, who thought the whole town had gone absolutely crazy.

"Next minute I just found myself putting on my jacket and going up there," he now recalls. "It was just really brilliant. I was there for about an hour, but for the first 20 minutes obviously it was a bit mad, people wanting autographs. But once that cooled down a bit, everybody was talking."

"I'm no' trying to sound like the Ken Barlow of rock, the nice man . . . but I found myself going up thinking, Is this right? Will people think I'm here to marvel at this? As I got there it was just like a party atmosphere: they were playing bootlegs, and they'd lit fires, and they were really into it."

"But it was more important for me than it was for them, cos I know what's going to be involved in the next ten months, and it's great to start the year with that sort of perspective. A perspective that doesn't come from a band,

record company or agency meeting . . .

"I guess in the '70s you couldn't do that, because you'd have to be in the South Of France, or you'd have to go up there in a limo just for the effect. You just wouldn't do it, it'd be terribly uncool."

"I think there should be room for . . . impulse! I just think we've really got it under control. Our situation's dead intact; it's really solid. There's just no way it's got out of hand."

AS WE talk in a Dusseldorf hotel room 'Alive And Kicking' is number three in the American charts and would have been number one there at Christmas, but for Lionel Richie and Eddie Murphy.

The new LP, 'Once Upon A Time' is already a two-million seller and, in Britain, the new single 'Sanctify Yourself' is receiving the kind of airplay that promises (and now is) another hit. To complete the picture, their present tour is already sold out everywhere.

For the first time in their seven year career, the multifarious business and music elements have combined to make Simple Minds one of the world's top bands.

Yet, there's no sense of being in the serene presence of megastars; and there are no ego conflicts or desperate desires to be immortalised as the voices of a generation. But with the money tumbling in, there is an understandable similarity to a pool's winner's spend, spend, spend philosophy.

While Jim politely deals with a procession of European journalists, the others go shopping.

Keyboardist Mick MacNeil is obsessed with video and hi-fi gadgetry; guitarist Charlie Burchill and drummer Mel Gaynor are clothes freaks; and newcomer John Giblin, who replaced Derek Forbes on bass last year, seems satisfied with the rush of live performance — normally he'd be in Britain supervising the rehearsal house that he owns.

There is still room for altruism, and Live Aid has been a catalyst for further charitable activities. The proceeds from one Wembley show and their biggest American concert will go to Amnesty International; the white dove, Amnesty's symbol of peace, appears on two black curtains in the stage set and, in the form of the bird itself, on their new video; and stalls are made available to the organisation at every venue.

It's a relief Jim Kerr hasn't become some asshole rock star . . .

But what about the pressures that will be on you, though; or are on you now?

"I gauge pressure with other pressure," Jim answers evenly. "Most of what I'm doing is purely to my advantage because first and foremost I — enjoy it really isn't the word — I'm just really into it."

"I go back to Glasgow and — again, not rubbing it in — I talk to people with f***** pressure, real pressure. They're the same age as me, with kids, and not only are they no' working, but chances are they'll never work again. Without getting into the you-was-lucky territory, they're absolutely skint. They can't afford shoes for their kids. It's as desperate as that."

"They know pressure. I don't know pressure."

"We're really fortunate. We do this thing and we really enjoy it. The returns are immense. People say, Aye, they might have a few bob, but money isn't everything . . ."

"The friendships we've made through this band have been immense. Real friends, with people spread all over the globe. It even makes you more aware politically."

Conversely, because you meet people who can't even put shoes on the baby's feet, do you feel the

joyride is too easy and you shouldn't be doing it?

"No. I just don't have any choice. I can't do anything else. I can't put a f***** plug on an iron. This is what I've done since I was a kid."

"I think we do a good function. People with these mundanities come to the Westfahlen Halle, and they go away feeling pretty good."

Some people would say that doing Live Aid and donating such large amounts of money to Amnesty are ways to rid yourself of guilt . . .

"But what would we feel guilty about? There's a difference between being fortunate and feeling guilty."

The argument would be that being in such a fortunate position there is a certain amount of guilt attached to that, and the simplest way to eradicate it is to play Live Aid . . .

"Oh, I see. That sort of liberal . . ." his words trail off as he shakes his head.

"It's just queer, that. OK, if you're as f***** chewed up as that, good luck to you. There's no guilt."

"We could never do it before this year, because we never had the money. How can you be charitable with somebody else's money? With a record company's money? We gathered such immense debt in the beginning that it's taken us all this time just to pay it off."

"I'm no' even gonna get bloated and say we have this powerful position, but we have a certain power inasmuch as there are a lot of people listening, coming to see us. And you find yourself thinking, Well, this power's here, let's try and use it to a good end. And some idiot's going to say, It's because you're guilty."

"Again, I've risen to the bait, but I wouldn't rise to it for more than a minute. If you're as f***** up as that, good luck to you . . . I hope you get better."

"We're getting these letters from people, and they're no' just saying, Where do you get your hair cut? They're saying stuff like, Who is your God? I'm at this crossroads, have you got any advice? And who's your political party? And I don't just mean ten a year . . ."

"It's easy to set them off in some false direction because, like I said at the beginning, I don't profess to know any of the answers to these questions, and I feel very much that I'm still growing up as opposed to grown up. And I do change my judgement from year to year."

"But if somebody wants to know more than the music, more than the personality . . . if they really want someone to point them into something good, I would rather direct them to Amnesty International."

"In Britain, Amnesty was kinda trendy because Rough Trade bands used to do gigs for it . . . almost an intellectual cause. But people in shipyards should know about it. People on the dole should know about it. They should know that meat is murder and there are slaughter houses, but also that there are these f***** prisons with people having the shit beaten out of them as we talk right now."

"It just isn't in one wee part of the world. It's everywhere. According to Amnesty, the number of countries where it's going on is just mind-boggling."

"Look, we're gonna be used, because when you get there you get used — make space for something worthwhile to use you."

Why Amnesty in particular?

"Because it is, in its field, apolitical. It doesn't go with one party, it isn't against one government. Because to me, it seems like the best common denominator — it's humanitarian. It could be prisons in Britain, prisons in Northern Ireland, in Iran, Argentina, or anywhere."

THE

JIM KERR

INTERVIEW



SIMPLE

"Even something like Greenpeace, which I'd advocate, you detect a wee bit of political manoeuvring in there. As far as I can see, the Amnesty thing is pretty immaculate.

"We're using these words like peace and love in our albums, and they were used in the '60s but in an airy-fairy kind of way. I want to use them actively."

NO ONE can yet estimate the devastating aftermath of Band Aid's success during 1985. But one consequence as far as rock music is concerned has been to shift attention from Britain's political stage to a world theatre of famine, apartheid and international inhumanity.

For this country's media, these causes are headline news — just as long as they're politically impotent.

So as the Thatcher State becomes more totalitarian, and as scapegoat ministers see their careers flushed down the pan along with the unions, education, the National Health and civil liberties, it's down to people like Weller, Bragg and Dammers to articulate their concern to the country's youth.

Idealism apart, doesn't their insignificant stature when put next to the monstrous scale of Live Aid, make them ineffectual? Wouldn't a loud voice like Jim Kerr's be great on the chorus line?

Not that he is apolitical himself. More, that he recognises the potential volume of his statements, will passionately dedicate a song to Mandela, Biko and Tutu, but hesitates at becoming involved in British party politics.

But isn't it about time British bands did get political again? Why be apolitical when we've just seen one of the worst ever union disputes with the miners?

"I think you should say what's in your head and in your heart," he replies simply. "If it's political, it's political; and if it's not, it isn't..."

"You'll have noticed when we talked last night, I was asking you. I was saying, Why is that like that? You should ask me, Well, why were you asking me that last night, Jim? Why don't you know much more about what's going on inside the British Government?

"If I felt I did know one party for sure, I would be there, Tony."

But Mandela, Biko and Tutu are easy figureheads, ones that you can recognise from a distance. Perhaps that distance is too great from your own reality?

"Yeah," he answers thoughtfully. "You're really well on the point there.

"That backs up what I said before about feeling out of my depth. I'm kinda grasping. But am I going to wait 'til we're no. 1 so popular before we put some of this popularity to good use? If we don't do it now, when we're number three in America, when are we going to do it?

"I don't really feel connected to British politics, any more than I do Iranian politics. I'm a humanitarian. The miners' strike is small potatoes compared to what is going on in the rest of the world. I don't think people should be f***** down mines in 1986 anyway.

"But... what about the Peruvian miners? Do they no' count? It's still flesh and blood and bones and eyes, hearts and all that.

"I only know we're doing our best. If we get it wrong, what can I say? I don't think I can be knocked down cos I haven't really set myself up. I go with my instincts. Who knows where these thoughts come from, these sparks?"

JIM KERR'S own political uncertainty, his desire for lyrical ambiguity, certainly manifests itself on 'Once Upon A Time'. Essentially, it is a fast-scratch newsreel



CONTINUES OVER

BLOOD SIMPLE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

soundtrack, flashing up images of nuclear and urban destruction, Lebanon, South Africa and Ethiopia. Snatches of headlines create a brief impact, but there is no clear theme or meaning. Not that this is dissatisfying, only that the puzzle is more intriguing.

The title track may appear to be an archetypal Simple Minded love song, but its parameters are obviously more universal — "I'm talking East and West" . . . And eventually four words seem to represent the whole LP: war and peace, love and religion.

Also having the legendary production skills of Jimmy Iovine and Bob Clearmountain served a dual purpose: to shape the fragments into songs, and harden their sound for an American audience.

"Shortly after 'Sparkle In The Rain' came out," Jim remembers, "I was really disillusioned with our effort. We came up with good basic ideas for songs, then didn't see them through. We never completed them. We never pushed ourselves at all. We got Steven . . ." (Lillywhite, the producer) . . . with a big drum sound, and we thought that would carry it.

"We felt we needed somebody to be much harder on us as songwriters, to push us.

"I also looked at the albums of our contemporaries," he continues disdainfully, "and I thought, Good bands, but we're not coming up with songs. Maybe we'll have one each, but we've not got these albums full of songs.

"And it became — can we do it?

"So we got the money up and got Iovine and Clearmountain in, and it was really good. They both enjoyed it. They made us do a lot of work upfront and the record became a pleasure to make because there was just no sense of panic.

"Iovine also forced us into writing a song like 'Sanctify'. He said, Look, you've got these seven songs, let's get a real dance beat in there.

"Again, it wasn't a compromise; he suggested it and it sounded good. So Mick went away and came up with this 'Gimme Some Lovin' kind of beat on 'Sanctify'.

"Iovine was saying, There's no sweat, you're a good band, and you're determined and you're gonna work. So, as far as America goes, you'll break here. But do you want to break like Billy Idol, or do you want to break in a more substantial way?

"And obviously we did want to break bigger than Billy Idol, otherwise we would have worked with Forsey, had 'Don't You (Forget About Me)' on the album, and another four tracks that sounded like it.

"Iovine showed us that a little arrogance can go a long way. The weak spots that we felt we hid but perhaps wouldn't admit, he just ripped apart. I think he's also set us up with a standard of songwriting that we won't be able to erase easily."

'Ghost Dancing' — the song you dedicate to Mandela, Biko and Tutu — did you want to be specific with that lyric?

"That song is a sequel to the song we opened 'Empires And Dance' with, 'I Travel'. The chords are the same, and we use the opening line, 'Cities, buildings falling down . . .'

"I remember some people saying, What the f*** are you on about? There's no wars, guns, marching men . . . And of course something like three months after the album came out, Toxteth went . . . boom! Brixton was like . . . boom! It just looked really on the edge . . . but I perceived this coming through a continent.

"The failure of the 'I Travel' song is the way I

sang it. I sang it with an indifferent tone; which I do anything but with 'Ghost Dancing'. Anyway, five, six years on it hasn't changed.

"Poland has happened, Ireland is still there, Lebanon, South Africa . . . It's just all there."

'Alive And Kicking' could be a song about the break-up of a relationship, or it could be a song about nuclear destruction . . .

"It could be. It could almost be a psalm as well, like in terms of a gospel singer going, 'you lift me up, you raise me up'. It could be all these things.

"I don't know if we're meant to hold it down here and come out and say what I mean . . . But you've come up with that word that appeals, the universal quality to a song. It's definitely not about breaking up with a girl. I mean, these love songs I'm writing, none of them are about guys and girls, oddly enough."

What are they about?

"I could skate the surface and say, 'Oh Jungledland' is impressions of Glasgow. 'All The Things She Said' . . . Actually, 'All The Things She Said' was written after reading an article years ago with the wife of Lech Walesa. She was saying some convincing, some courageous stuff.

"Then last year there was a programme in Britain, no' so much with what the miners or Arthur Scargill were saying, but with the miners' wives. They were also coming out with lines of great determination. And it just came together . . .

"Once Upon A Time' to me, banal as it sounds, is a sort of modern day peace song.

"I obviously don't feel the need to sit down and write a song from A to Z, plain as day, knowing exactly what it's all about, because otherwise I would do it. But it seems natural to work this way, so I do. If the words seem piffle to some people, I'm not surprised. And if they affect other people, it's a bonus."

Were you trying to convey anything in particular with 'Once Upon A Time'?

"Somewhere along the line I made up my mind that if I wasn't writing something that I felt good — G-O-O-D — about, I wasn't going to write at all. When we were doing 'New Gold Dream' something happened, and I felt really, really good about lots of things.

"I was writing these words down, and they seemed too bright and shiny. How do I put an edge in here to make it realistic? I thought, I'm going to tell a lie to make something seem realistic because somebody else might not be able to see what I'm feeling.

"That was a ridiculous state, because somebody would maybe read the lyrics, and perhaps they look incredible because . . . like I was saying yesterday, Nick Cave is a real guy," he continues sarcastically. "All these black bands — Siouxsie And The Banshees. It's all witchypoo stuff. It's a f***** joke; it's halloween; it's all dressing up. It isn't even threatening, but it's cred!"

"Who's that other guy? Jim Foetus, or whatever it is. It's like Alice Cooper gone wrong; Alice Cooper without the glamour. It's just duff!"

"I felt good, and I started to write accordingly. And I think that period set us off into 'Sparkle In The Rain', and this record. I'm also aware that we use the same chords on every record.

"We take pop and rock music for granted, and I guess you should because of the way the industry is, but the actual act of making these

vibrations and putting them in the air is really weird. And these chords, they lift you up, there's a sense of elevation in there. So, there's even a bit of ecstasy, and I'm not surprised these words have come out the way they are.

"I think on these three albums we also came into our own . . . a band has formed.

"The band arrived on 'New Gold Dream'."

THE ANOMALY in the story is, of course, 'Don't You (Forget About Me)': a song they didn't write, and didn't even want to record. Yet it was the turning point of their career.

It is the only instance of "opportunism" and "compromise" that Jim will admit. But when Keith Forsey approached them, they were on the edge of despair about ever breaking America. Their record company there rated them as "a freaky, wacky band from Britain", and the only answer was to quit or continue the mindless, city-to-city slog.

"It's so vast there, and so territorial," Jim explains, "that you really have to be into your band and nothing else to go through with that. And I think you'd also have to be mad on drugs or alcohol to see it through."

So, at a time of sheer desperation, and with a genuine yearning to perform on a film soundtrack, along came Forsey pestering them to do the song. At the very least, it was their chance to get "a foot in the door" of Hollywood . . .

"I didn't feel very close to the lyrics," Jim states. "And I didn't think the movie was exactly *The Godfather*, or *Rebel Without A Cause* for that matter. I thought it pointed in the right direction as far as those teenage movies go.

"But it was a last stab at America. Maybe a record company would see that we were willing to give it a try. And we also started to think, if only they put a few quid behind it, and the movie company did, then we'll get that double effort of promotion.

"And we did this song absolutely effortlessly. We did it in one day, and didn't really think about it again. Two months later it just went into the American charts and climbed and climbed to number one.

"It was really quite a twist of fate. Opened all these doors for us.

"We were in a spot and we decided this was the best thing to do. What were we going to say, No, we're the Minds — we don't do that kind of thing?"

For many, 'Don't You (Forget About Me)' was the highlight from the summer of '85 . . .

"That's the irony in the Simple Minds tale. You pressure your bollocks off, then you do something effortlessly and it turns out to be the key.

"Not only has it set up this new album, but people have gone back to 'New Gold Dream' and 'Sparkle In The Rain'. They really were dormant, but now they've also become the soundtrack to whatever people are doing just now.

"It was opportunism, but we didn't go the full line. We never said, Well actually, it's going to be on the new album, we never really milked it. We've been really f***** cool, even over the way we just slip it into the set. It's no big deal."

Apart from it being the key, does it change you? Does it affect you, having an American number one?

"Nah. I don't think so. Just thank God it was a big hit. If it had been a flop, it would have been really embarrassing.

"It changes because more people come out to see us, especially in America. They're coming to see 'Don't You', and they're leaving saying *What the f*** is this?* This band comes on and plays all these songs they've never heard. I think they're coming up expecting to see some new, wet-behind-the-ears band, and we're on there like the work horses we are after all these years of treading the boards."

The longest overnight success you've ever had . . .

"Yeah," Jim laughs. "It was great. It couldn't have happened at a better time.

"The good thing about our overnight success

is that steps that normally would be a trauma have all been manageable. Because it hasn't been so fast, there's been time to keep a perspective.

"This is a really unhip thing to say, but I really enjoy being in the music industry. It's a fascinating thing to watch and perceive. It's like a glass mountain, it isn't real . . ."

But don't you worry about the snowmen?

"What? At the top? No, we've passed them. They played an important part at one time. These glamorous heights . . . we laugh at it. We use it, and we get used by it."

WHAT HAS affected Jim Kerr is love, marriage and fatherhood, although he is often reluctant to acknowledge it.

He and Chrissie Hynde met in Australia when both The Pretenders and Simple Minds were touring there. Although a whirlwind romance, the relationship created acrimony between Chrissie and her ex, Ray Davies; for Jim there were problems with his folks.

Nearly ten years older than him, Chrissie has introduced Jim to a heritage of music that he'd never experienced. Last year, for instance, he bought four Dylan tapes.

Do you feel you've changed in relationship to your music as a result of Chrissie and your daughter?

"Directly in the music, no. Well, that's actually creating a wee bit of conflict now inside myself, because I'm thinking, Why am I not more the changed person? Am I neglecting something here?

"I'm not just trying to involve the guys here, but Charlie and Mick are really the instigators of our music, and I'm totally married there; have been from the beginning. That's absolutely locked tight.

"We were talking the other day about becoming a father, and I was saying about no' being as politically aware as much as I would like to be. But I am since becoming a father. Suddenly the future has a ring of realism now. It isn't just blather . . . it's this kid growing up.

"The reason I think I don't see it is because I've always been part of a family. I'm really close with my first family, and my dad's my best mate — which somebody like Julie Burchill would probably say is really queer . . .

"So this family is like an extension of that family. I'm very traditional in that sense. Again, some of the tradition has caused a few problems . . ."

Do you feel any sense of rivalry with Chrissie?

"Why?" he asks, surprised, adding with a laugh, "I can see who wears the pants in your house. It's definitely you.

"As far as I'm concerned, she sings like there's no' a lot of people singing. Just a brilliant singer. I don't even pretend. Rivalry would never come into it there.

"I think Chrissie is an original. I'll go and buy four Bob Dylan tapes, but she should really do an album with him."

What is it then that inspires you?

"I don't do it blindly. I said earlier that I'm no good at anything else . . . The voice is coming out," he chuckles, "you're no good at this either. I obviously love it, that should be apparent. I always feel that there is so much more to achieve; and that really is no' talking about charts or sales. It's about the potential, and trying to come up with an amazing melody . . .

"In search of the song. It's something to aspire to. They're not words that get used . . . they went out with Fair Isles and beards . . . songwriters, or good songs. It's like Ralph McTell, or something.

"And I love playing. You don't know what it's like to do that for two months and get that same feeling in the hall every night. And it isn't a thing of — they love us. I think I get into it as much as anybody in the hall. Nobody enjoys it more than me; and it isn't an ego thing."

There's only one final question: who's Ralph McTell?

"All these black bands — Siouxsie And The Banshees. It's all witchypoo stuff. It's a joke; it's halloween; it's all dressing up. It isn't even threatening, but it's cred."



John and Mel . . .



FRA LIPPO LIPPI

fjord escorts

Kroll: "I don't wish to go into the matter itself more closely. But I certainly think I've observed that the point at which it comes easiest to break with all so-called prejudices, is in . . . hmmm."

Rebekka: "Is in the relationship between a man and a woman, you mean?"
Kroll: "Yes, to speak plainly, I think it is."

(Henrik Ibsen:
'Rosmersholm')

ESPERANTO AT play. Two hopeless romantics skate along an avenue called Karlbergsvagen and the Welshman says, "Swedish women seem very nice."

"Ah yes, yes," replies the Norwegian. "In Stockholm, anyway. If you go outside more I think it is not so good."

Apparently Per Oystein Sorensen and I met for the first time at a Christmas party my wallpaper decided to have. He says his girlfriend from Chelsea was being "quite snobby" and made him leave early.

Like Rune Kristofferson (founder, bass, guitar, keyboards, gentle demeanour), Oystein, a superb singer, lives in Norway. The duo release records under the name Fra Lippo Lippi. I go to interview them in Stockholm, because after three sublime independent albums they have just signed to Big Money Eat Your Brain Out Boys And Girls Records.

This is of course all quite interesting for me. Although it means missing my dad's retirement dinner/dance, I eat reindeer and get to sneak off and take lots of colour photographs of snow.

Fra Lippo Lippi (interviewed in *Sounds* two and a half years ago, along with Holy Toy, by Gypsy Rose Lee Henderson) have a single called 'Shouldn't Have To Be Like That' around at the moment. The words are good and it's a bit Tears For Fearsish so I suppose it could be a hit, which is jolly exciting.

I much prefer 'The Distance Between Us', which is sadder than hell. Fra Lippo Lippi are polishing their sound but retain the ability to write exquisitely melancholy and melodic love songs. I decided to ask them what they thought about girls.

Our second historic meeting takes place at two am in Stockholm, in Polar Studios. This is "the best studio in Europe, possibly the world", and is owned by Abba, who were famous when I was a T-shirt salesman. Later Oystein (pronounced Austin) and Rune (pronounced Rooner) tell me their being there is "quite a big thing for Norwegian journalists". Oystein met Agnetha in the kitchen once. He felt shy.

Here, the FLL crew are re-recording and re-mixing their third homegrown LP 'Songs', for release in Britain soon. Producer Dave Allen ('The Head On The Door' etc) has been assisting. They play us some tracks. They sound majestic and mournful. There are about



four million knobs in this studio. I don't understand. I'm pissed. Through the round window there's a frozen river. When we leave we all say "Tomorrow" to each other. Oystein and Rune carry on working until four or five am.

TOMORROW COMES, at last the distance between us is negligible, and Oystein, a pretty young man with effective eyes, says, "It's strange how many times people have found that the batteries are not working on this side of the universe." Is it going round and round?

"Yes."

Space.
Are you naturally sad people?

Rune: "Not on a day-to-day basis! It's just an aspect of me which I feel I can write about. I don't think about it . . . it would be artificial if I tried to write happy songs. I mean, very happy. It could be . . . a bit happy. For us the new songs are quite cheerful compared to the older ones."

They're nearly all about inadequacy of communication in relationships – are you inspired by broken hearts?

"I don't know how to put it . . . it's more – when you want to do something creative, that's the thing you want to write about, but I don't know why. I find myself a rather happy person!"

Oystein: "It is to me. Everybody needs it. And I think artists need it . . . a lot. Because they have an unsteady life, and they always have to think a lot. Lots of . . . philosophy . . . going around in their minds. So . . . for me it's important to have a steady love."

Do artists find it harder to relax?
Rune: "Oystein does, maybe, but I don't feel like an artist type of person. I feel like maybe artists are some kind of weird people."

Oystein: "It's strange because I'm thinking music all the time – while I'm walking, talking, taking a shower, sleeping almost. So – it's a bit tiring. So you have to have a steady thing outside of it."

If there were no women on the earth, would there be any Fra Lippo Lippi songs?

Rune: "Suppose not! Maybe some

instrumentals."

Oystein: "Well, the sky is still there. We can write about the sky."

Funnily enough, Fra Lippo Lippi don't dislike A-ha, because they saw them being asked on telly if there were any other 'good' Norwegian bands and the chart-topping bunnies said, "thingy, thingy, thingy, and Fra Lippo Lippi."

Do you want to be pop stars?

Oystein: "Yes, it's a kind of ambition. We like a progress, that's a part of it. I'd like to be a pop star – why not? Everyone wants to be a pop star, but no one dares to say it. I guess even . . . er . . . Mike Oldfield . . . wanted to be a pop star once."

Rune: "I don't. When it comes to the point where you can't walk the streets . . . I don't think I would like that kind of life really. I would just like to make a decent living on making quality records which are commercial as anything but still have our identity."

Oystein's influences include Earth Wind And Fire and Stevie Wonder. Rune cites Hendrix, then Joy Division, Magazine, and Wire. "The post-punk groups made me see you could express an idea without being wizard on your instrument."

Do you have to psyche yourself up/down emotionally to get there?

Oystein: "It helps, but you can't do that always. But I remember when we were recording 'Crash Of Light', I got a letter from my girlfriend, and she was leaving for Australia, for a four or five month holiday. It said, 'I'm leaving now. And I was walking into the studio. And that was . . . er . . . I screamed. That's maybe the best song.'"

RUNE USED to study literature and believes that, along with film, it was probably a greater influence on his music than any other music.

"I try to say some optimistic things in the songs."

"You haven't been very successful, have you?" chirrup Oystein.

Peculiar name you have there. Taken from a Robert Browning poem about a 15th century Italian painter, I understand . . .

"Yeah."

Why him? Is he a symbol of something for you?

Rune: "No, no, it's nothing like that. I think maybe . . . we were a little bit into having just a strange name in those days. As it's not Norwegian and it's not British, it's not . . . anything really!"

Oystein: "Ah, but you told me it was kind of religious to you, Rune!"

Rune: "Ha! I haven't even seen any of his paintings or anything. It just looks good in print. It sticks out."

Fra Lippo Lippi, bless his brushes, was a bit of a 'womaniser'. Despite his 'wild ways', he was given many commissions by the church. You want more? Alright – his illegitimate son, by Lucretia, was also a painter, and imitated Botticelli with 'considerable success' (Whew, talk about subliminal organic order . . .)

Fra Lippo Lippi – these ones – don't pretend to be 'very bothered' about politics. Living in Norway is not the most frenetic of educations. I imagine a bleak icy landscape of distilled beauty and wonder if their tones refract through these prisms . . .

"Probably that's right," begins Rune. "We wouldn't play the same music if we were brought up in New York or London. We like the slower life of the countryside."

They talk without cynicism of the Scandinavian heritage of popular mythology, fairy tales and superstitions. I link the emotional residue of their finest songs to the base of a cracking good Ibsen tragedy – all that fatalism and futility: dontcha just love it?

Rune: "They have something called . . . ah, I don't know what's the expression in English. It's a sort of

Nordic mood."

Uuh . . . angst?

Oystein: "Sort of angst. But not quite. People in Norway look worried about something all the time. Not like Italy or Brazil!"

Rune: "It's something that's been in the culture for ages. It's just a condition. And of course it's influenced us. I would say we'd had an average Norwegian upbringing, whatever that might be. There's no big class difference. Nothing special, just ordinary. Ordinary schools. All the usual things."

You mean you didn't have to eat each other?

"I had to eat my mummy's hand for Christmas," says Oystein, but I think perhaps he's being funny.

FRA LIPPO Lippi reckon they are being allowed full artistic control which hopefully means they will retain the esoteric charm of their elegant elegies (cf also The The, Pete Dinklage, 'Brilliant Trees') and not turn into Nik Kershaw and Limahl.

They somehow invest corny classical conventions with the degree of elevation that can drag tears like rapids over cordial cheeks, tears which scorch and soothe, which cruelly remind you of when the reality of the fantasy called love charged at your castles in Spain like a thousand angry headless stallions.

These you rebuffed because Sainsbury's had a special offer on hemlock that week.

Some things that begin with 'fra': fragrant, fragmentary, frail, framework, frankincense, frank, fraternity, fraught, fraulein. Some things that don't: murder, decomposition, agony, skyscraper, twangle, vole. Jim McCallig, tomfoolery, cuticle, Dr Zhivago, indigo, the Norwegian for 'sort of angst'.

Listen; the snow in your heart is melting.

CHRIS ROBERTS misses his dad's retirement dinner to fly to Sweden to eat reindeer and swap sentimental words with FRA LIPPO LIPPI, who charge at his castle in Spain like a thousand angry headless stallions

ALBUMS

RATINGS BUYBLAGHEARFLOGDUMP

ZAPP 'The New Zapp IV U' (Warner Brothers 925 327-1)****

THEY'RE BACK! The patron saints of songs sung through vacuum cleaners (an art-form popularised by Peter Frampton) to a backing of whining, synthesized wonderment.

'It Doesn't Really Matter' echoes Stevie Wonder's tribute to black musicians, 'Sir Duke', opening the album with a beat built to chantable lyrics. 'Radio People' displays Isley Brothers tendencies, while *Blind Date* should welcome 'Computer Love' with open arms for its theme tune potential. "Could it be you're the face I've seen/On my computer screen." YIKES! A vile version of 'I Only Have Eyes For You' is balanced by the tribal breathing, scratching and crying guitars of 'Ja Ready To Rock', which ends side two on a high note.

The Brothers Troutman are up to the say-yame ol' thang, using lingo like "get on down" and "groovalistic", but 'Zapp IV U' lacks the sort of quality that marked their 1980 collaboration with George Clinton.

MONICA CADY

CASSELL WEBB 'Llano' (Statik STATLP 29)****

AT LAST, a solution to the question over which five continents sleepwalked: how can I get to hear Stevie Nicks records without admitting to anyone that I'd ever want to?

'Llano' (don't ask) is a collection of eight ethereal, not-all-there songs, slithering naively and unselfconsciously

from conventional sensurround Americana rock to bleak neo-folk rainforests sheltering Nico with Joy Division. This grey area is policed by Adrian Borland, whose contributions through songwriting and guitar cameos here are exemplary ordered chaos.

Cassell herself has a confuting voice. Apparently she has previously worked with Lightnin' Hopkins, Stevie Ray Vaughan, and Jeffrey Lee Pierce. Ah! — damn useful things, these press releases — Llano is the name of the Texan town where Cassell first sang. Thank you. Right. Side one stands or falls on the waves and surges of the opener and the spirited harmonies of 'Every Time I Get Around You', while a sparse and sinister reading of The Sound's 'Total Recall' and the harrowing 'Wandering Ones' muddy the still waters of the downhill current. I went back 15 years and it sounded thrilling, although I kept having to get my nappy changed. (This was also entertaining.)

All very windy January, and good for the soul, I'm sure.

CHRIS ROBERTS

MICHAEL NYMAN 'A Zed And Two Noughts' (That's Entertainment Records)****

ONE DAY the Laurel and Hardy of neo-Baroque cinema met in the BFI's spacious cupboard to discuss a concept. Let's not call it 'Zoo', said Laurel to the one who isn't so funny. They laughed

and wondered if zebras were obscure enough.

They are, and the duo who are not Spielberg and Williams (but might like to be) have produced another slab of art on the fairly appropriately named That's Entertainment Records. Director Peter Greenaway is, of course, nowhere to be heard on this, the soundtrack of the film of the concept, but his name must always be mentioned in the same breath as Nyman's.

'Zed' might as well be Nyman's registered trademark. Short, boisterous ditties played by what seems to be a lederhosen-clad brass band with plenty of oompah, some serenity and a bellyful of silliness.

Enjoyable stuff but so obviously 'Nyman' that he's fast becoming a caricature of himself. You can't beat the system, sighed a civil servant to his superior as he signed away his free will in triplicate. Don't do it Nyman, don't do it!

DAVID ELLIOTT

PALLAS 'The Wedge' (EMI SHVL 850)****

PROGRESSIVE ROCK? The very words used to stick in the throat like two fingers, and the music in question had the same stimulative effect. However, during comparatively blissful post-'Topographic Oceans' years, 'prog rock' (gag) has undergone the once unthinkable. It's progressed. And into the '80s, too!

Pallas, although they're probably reluctant to accept



OZZY OSBOURNE: we know he wears his wife's dresses but this is ridiculous...

THE VICE IS

the 'progressive' tag wholesale, typify the new, brighter and more intriguing face of this revitalised genre. At its best, 'The Wedge' is marvellously atmospheric, the beautiful, frosted synth melodies of 'Rat-Racing' and 'Just A Memory' being of particular note.

There are no overlong epics or twee lyrics, and pompous, meandering interludes have been cut to a bare minimum. In place of such leaden excess baggage come lighter, more tasteful keyboards, snappy rhythms (when needed) and stirring good guitar work. Just occasionally a song winds up dead from exhaustive soloing, when every individual gets their oar in regardless of whether the track could best do without it, but that's a fairly rare occurrence and only a minor gripe.

This LP certainly isn't what I'd anticipated. Pallas brushed aside my natural aversion to their kind of music with remarkable ease, and 'The Wedge' will doubtless melt a good many more icy receptions in the future. Try it out.

PAUL ELLIOTT

THE GODARD FANS 'Godard, Ça Vous Chante' (Nato NATO 84)****

ALREADY ONE of my favourite records of the year (even though it's just February, it'll still be there at the end of the year, too). The Godard Fans are Amati Ensemble, John Zorn, Arto Lindsay, Daniel Deshayes and Caroline Gautier with Olivier Troy. And no, it's not art rock...

Amati Ensemble start off the proceedings with a stunning rendition of Vivaldi's 'Sonata In R Minor'. Now I know that's not exactly an anthem of the new pop consciousness (kill, kill), but we're talking quality!

The rest of the LP re-interprets Jean-Luc Godard's work in terms of music: avant-garde, musique

brut, collaged sound, tonal colouring. If that sounds academic, it's not. Ecstatic, joyful, (occasionally) harrowing and alive with interest.

Arto Lindsay drags in the Swans' Roli and Foetus Pharaoh Clint Ruin, a barrage of rhythmic noise. John Zorn conjures up a web of voices and tiny notes, Chinese and Japanese texts moving in with English speech, electric guitars and an array of other instruments.

The emphasis is constantly on the use of sound as the equivalent of speech, of Godard as the poet-musician whose texts and voice were just an alternative way of creating the same emotional response as music itself (Tibetan Pseudo Corner Section over...). But seriously folks, this is an aural treat unlikely to be bettered in its field this year. Worth injuring for...

TIBET

LOWLIFE 'Rain' (Nightshift Records LOLIF 1)***

SO, THE Cocteau Twin That Time Forgot (someone called Will Heggie!) has got together with the remnants of a band that some wit (well, half anyway) once tagged 'Scotland's answer to The Cramps' (I), known as The Dead Neighbours. Oh be still, my leaping heart.

Those shiny 'rebel rock' guitar shards that the likes of Simple Minds have taken to borrowing from U2's second album are set off against one of the Sisters Of Mercy's better bass lines, and the cracks are filled with a dull, affected polyfilla of a vocal that would be Spiggy Eldritch. No, not the first song, the whole album. Why?

ROGER HOLLAND

SANDY DENNY 'Who Knows Where The Time Goes' (Island SDSP 100)****

SANDY DENNY was once almost a household name, due to her recordings as both a solo artist and as lead

vocalist with folk-rock combos Fotheringay and Fairport Convention.

In the early '70s she was England's female rock singer par excellence, year after year sweeping the music press polls hands down and carving a niche for herself, paralleled only by the likes of Joni Mitchell. She died in 1978 at a time when a whole new breed of women singers were assaulting the bastions of rock and threatening her once unassailable pedestal.

This box set, compiled by ex-hubby Trevor Lucas and former producer Joe Boyd, is a belated, occasionally uneven tribute to her, including rare and unreleased recordings.

If her own metaphysical love songs were good, then her forte as an interpreter of traditional ballads and other people's compositions was blinding, a case in point being Richard Farina's 'Quiet Joys Of Brotherhood', here performed by the Convention. It's one of folk-rock's most experimental attempts and the way Denny moulds it into her own is downright chilling.

However, it was the warmth of her voice and the way in which she communicated such intimacy

HIT 'N'

THE MIGHTY BALLISTICS HI-POWER 'Here Come The Blues' (Criminal Damage CRILP 131)****

SO THE political pop alliance continues. The times are becoming harsher, the ideals sharper and the medium stronger. Now, with 'Here Come The Blues', we have the third important political move within the space of four weeks. The Red Wedge and Easterhouse's distinguished 'Whistling In The Dark' preceding it '86 is not going to be a good year for the politically apathetic

ALBUM REVIEW



JOHN LYDON: can anybody lend him a cardboard guitar?

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD 'Album' (Virgin V2366)****

"THE BEST metal album I've ever heard," said someone else. Let's take it from there. No-one is infallible, but anything Mr Lydon turns his hand to seems likely to succeed.

Now this record may be his little (big) joke, or perhaps he's always been a closet Gary Moore fan, or perhaps he just wants to be mega in America. More likely, he's decided that this is PiL '86, and we can like it or lump it.

I love it. I've never been a great PiL admirer until now, so don't fire 'Lydon — the press darling' accusations in my direction. This is a wonderful, stunning and equally confusing record, and working on the theory that you'd never expect to hear the Lydon sneer backed by prime metal riffing, that's exactly what you get.

Not everywhere, of course, as proved by the haunting 'Rise'. And 'Ease', by the way. (Zep's 'Kashmir', anyone?) with its shock-horror two minutes plus guitar solo, is quite beautiful.

In short, Lydon and PiL are still breaking barriers. The man has extracted the false phallus from rock's trouserfront and is smashing it over our heads.

NEIL PERRY

OZZY OSBOURNE 'The Ultimate Sin' (Epic EPC 26404)****

SO TONY Iommi's found himself a new band, huh? And he's calling it Black Sabbath. The nerve of it! We all know there's only one warhorse worthy enough to brandish the Sabs' banner, and he put it into storage long ago...

'The Ultimate Sin' is the fourth album from Ozzy Osbourne, mad media magnet, self-confessed booze bandit and still enough of a threat to the establishment to trigger a chain reaction of rampant rumours regarding an impending visitation from the Osbourne roadshow. Once again, the myth becomes the man... except it doesn't!

Expect 'Sin' to trudge with the hobnailed crunch of Pinky 'n' Perky 'occultists' like Venom and Celtic Frost, and you'll be barking at the wrong moon entirely. More than ever, it's a highly polished hard rock LP; not a smack to the senses as, say, the 'Blizzard Of Oz' debut was, but a kick in the vitals to anyone who thought a two and a half year break, 'twixt LPs had stranded Ozzy on the shelf courtesy of Betty Ford.

Propelled on a wave of new blood — Phil Soussan's bass, Randy Castillo's drums and, at last, a solid writing partnership with the lightning gymnastics of guitarist Jake E Lee — and given a cast iron sheen by producer/whip-cracker Ron Nevison, 'The Ultimate Sin' could be, *should* be Ozzy's greatest commercial success to date. The streamlined persuasiveness of the 'Shot In The Dark' single paves the way — 'Secret Loser', 'Fool Like You' and the punching title track are carried on a backbone of experience, a wash with meaty melodies.

Vintage Ozzy rears its head on 'Killer Of Giants', sliding off the doorstep of balladic pomp into a minefield of thundering muscle to fuel the fires of Osbourne's increasing preoccupation with all things nuclear (they won't be playing 'Thank God For The Bomb' down at Greenham, that's for sure). It's the nearest 'Sin' comes to the 'Mr Crowley'/'Suicide Solution' tradition, maybe, but that was then and this...

And this is 1986! And if 'The Ultimate Sin' doesn't deliver the headline-hogging, crazy house antics of yore, that's probably because it just doesn't need to. Buy it and I promise you won't be disappointed.

Over to you, Tone...

ROBBI MILLAR

RIGHT

that made Sandy so special and that's illustrated in no better way than by the home demos featured here where, backed by acoustic guitar or piano, she connects so immediately with the listener that even the most stoney-faced of critics has to melt.

In an age where the majors are only out to make a swift buck, Island should be applauded for a venture such as this. It would only take one of the current figures in the rock establishment like Morrissey to come out in her support and this'd sell by the barrow load.

CLARK DONOVAN

GBH 'Midnight Madness And Beyond' (Rough Justice JUST 2)****

IT'S EASY to be cynical about and dismissive of GBH — they are a band who have stayed true to that mish-mash of slogans that passed for ideals in '76/'77. Consequently, they're dated, appealing to an unfashionable minority of hardcore supporters. Therefore, goes the logic, they're no good.

Not so. You're just not listening in the right way. You shouldn't be listening at all. This is not music for studying or worrying or seaching your

soul to. This is music that has more to do with the heart than the head.

Certainly, the songs here are designed for people with a concentration span of somewhere under three and a half minutes. But they're also designed to remind everyone else that rock and roll is all about energy, vitality and spitting in the wind.

The Alarm might sing about the spirit of '76, but this is where you'll find it. More importantly, on songs like 'How Come' and 'Sam Is Your Leader', you'll find a taste of what at least part of the future ought to be like.

GEOFFREY S KENT

THE MIDNIGHT CHOIR 'Halleluya' (Native NTV 1)****

IN THE darkest depths of Granadaland, some likely lads decide to form a band. But who's to sing? Joe, Brendan and Arthur try their hands and vocal chords at the *Record Breakers* theme and it sounds pleasant enough. "Ey oop Nobby, tis thy turn," chorus the three. "Dedication, dedication's what you need..." screeches Nobby as, 300 yards away, a Jersey cow goes into heat. "Thee's oor singer arl reet," chime the

MISSILES

or right of centre.

The Mighty Ballistics Hi-Power have crafted an embittered cry of resistance that evokes concern. The Ballistics have drawn from the street and it's no hype job. There's no cheap nihilistic games here, buddy! No room for fist-waving in front of the mirror with an Alarm album on the turntable. 'Here Come The Blues' is reality, and it's cold.

It crosses soulful, punk-edged vocals with the militant, dark, brooding tones of reggae, and enriches its landscapes with

slow laboured chants borrowed from slavery days and some clever dubbing tricks. Imagine a classy 'Black Market Clash' and you'll get the idea. The titles show The Ballistics' tendencies: 'Here Come The Blues', 'Four Million On The Dole', 'No Justice For The Poor' and 'Franco's Fleet Street' are all statements that are warm yet bleak.

'Here Comes The Blues' is urgent and angry, it's a reflection of the decade it emerges from. Simply, it's vital listening.

RON ROM

others, their accents taking an inexplicable hike over the Pennines.

In the tradition of The Fall, Blue Orchids and Marc Riley And The Creepers, The Midnight Choir take non-vocals and render them almost palatable with a selection of five fundamentally nifty numbers. But they drone on and on and on, efficiently dissipating the potency of two-minute wonders over the course of five or six minute mini-marathons.

Instead of diluting the many excellent ideas embodied in 'Colorado Dead Man', 'Motorbike' and 'Crocodile', they could have found room for a couple more songs and produced a fully-fledged rather than half-baked classic. A severely flawed masterpiece.

ANDY HURT

PSYCHE 'Insomnia Theatre' (New Rose ROSE 78)***

WELCOME TO the butt-end of the electronic process. Psyche, at times, merely switch on the sequencer and make tea. Now and again it sounds like they're running a few Blancmange backing tapes. For a second they attempt Suicide and briefly — very briefly — they produce semi-palatable electronic dancefloor music.

Very Euro in their sound, Psyche lack melody. The songs mean well but have little in the way of substance; they never really come close to realising their obvious intentions. 'Insomnia Theatre' is an uncomfortable listen.

DAVE HENDERSON

GERRY AND THE PACEMAKERS 'The Hit Singles Album' (EMI EMS 1125)***

SWINGING BLUE JEANS 'Shake! The Best Of...' (EMI EMS 1123)****

MANFRED MANN 'The Singles Album' (EMI EMS 1121)***

PETER AND GORDON 'The Hits And More' (EMI EMS 1146)***

FROM 1963 to 1967, there was a veritable glut of UK outfits rising to prominence in the wake of The Beatles. Probably because of the massive worldwide success of the Fab Four, everyone and his dog managed to get a deal, and some of them even transcended the realms of one hit wonders. Some did not.

All the Pacemaker material is that sparkly pop you know and love (or loathe). As with all the albums, it's both sides of those festering 45s and, in Gerry's case, the tonsil treatment is identical from 'How Do You Do It' right through to 'Ferry Cross The Mersey' (and, yes, 'You'll Never Walk Alone' is there, too).

The Blue Jeans are much more acerbic and acidic. Direct godparents of the ever popular and manically productive Milkshakes, they lead in with 'Hippy Hippy Shake' and proceed with another 19 souped up, pooped out, rowdy rockers, including a handful of covers.

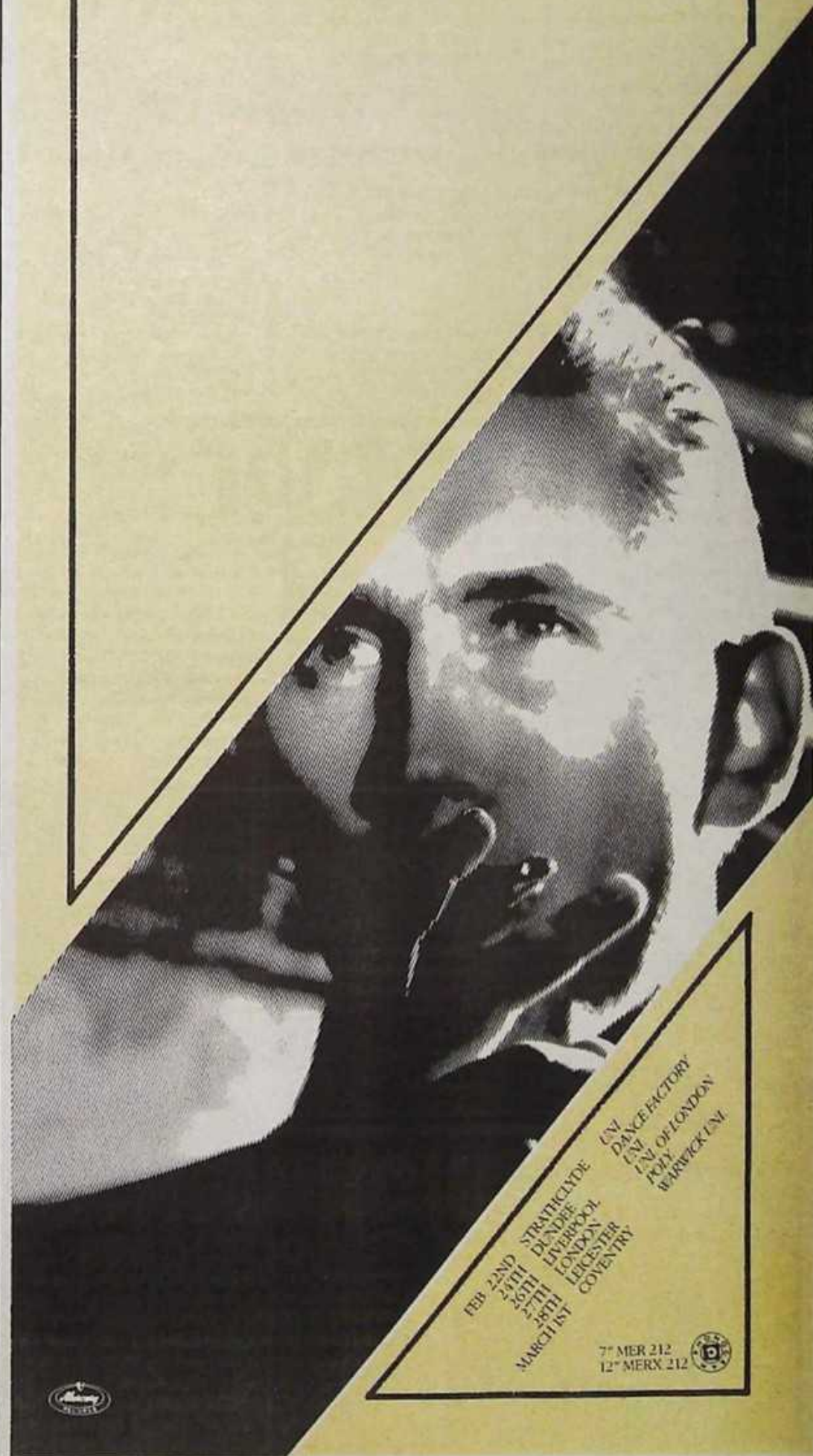
Manfred Mann display their bluesy roots — especially on the flip sides of their tracks — on a perfect illustration of how they developed their primal sound into a palatable commercial beat. Varied too, with the teen balladeering of 'Pretty Flamingo' set off against chunky outbursts like '5,4,3,2,1'.

Finally, the end of an era is sounded with the Peter And Gordon collection. You'd think that 'A World Without Love' was their only chart hit, but in fact twelve of the 18 tracks made a dent. Not much of it seems worth repeating 20 years on, though.

DAVE HENDERSON

HIPSWAY

THE HONEYTHIEF



FEB 22ND STRATHCLIFFE
24TH DUNDEE
26TH LIVERPOOL
27TH LONDON
28TH LEICESTER
MARCH 1ST COVENTRY

UNI DANCEFACTORY
LIV OF LONDON
POLY WARWICK UNI

7" MER 212
12" MERX 212

LIVES



JIMMY SOMERVILLE and Sarah Jane Morris discuss the plot of last week's Spitting Image...

David Travis

LABOUR OF LOVE

KAU TAU Marquee

YOU SEE some funny sights in London at this time of night, and no mistake.

Like a Leicester Square alkie who sings with the clear, pure voice of a Jamaican angel. Like the sullen misery exposed in the tired eyes of Peter Stringfellow's regular Frizz B Fox human bunting as they stand scowling, waiting for the Hippodrome to open up and invite them in to play furniture yet again.

Like an anonymous support band whose every original song rings out as an absolute classic – but always someone else's!

And like Kau Tau, a boy toy for ageing would-be, or have-been, groupies. Loud yet with nothing to say, fast but going nowhere, energetic yet achieving nothing, Kau Tau try hard. But a half full Marquee has never been the place for a secondhand bag of stadium rock tricks and tactics. And these pages are not the place for yet another poor band who prize formula rock theatrics (I cannot call this style) high above mere content.

Shoddy and hollow, Kau Tau are unlikely to feature in our plans for a bright and brave new world. They would have done better to follow the example of their support band and remain anonymous.

ROGER HOLLAND

THE NERVOUS KIND/ MERCY DASH Birmingham

ONE OF these days, someone will feed all the great pop songs into a computer and come up with the greatest pop song of them all. In the meantime, the search for the Holy Wail is left to humble musicians such as Mercy Dash. They're only human and they make mistakes, but their blend of forceful

melodies, powerful chords and confident rhythms shows that they're headed in the right direction.

Their main problem is that the ingredients are all a little too finely balanced, leaving nothing to the imagination and creating nothing to maintain your interest.

By contrast, The Nervous Kind are much further advanced down the road. They are much closer to the classic sound of pop, the sound that bands such as Squeeze have milked over the years, the sound that began in the earliest days of The Beatles. That is why The Nervous Kind are so instantly appealing.

When pop is played this well, you wonder why so many people insist on playing it so badly.

GEOFFREY S KENT

THE FLEXIBLE PENGUINS Sheffield

TONIGHT AT the University's Maze Bar, reason number... aw, shucks, who's counting? Yet another reason for those who think they're where it's at to pack a survival kit and explore this glacial waste land north of Watford.

Firstly, though, there are two things that you simply must know about The Flexible Penguins. One, they rejected the name The Pulsating Hamsters because it was just too silly – this is a band that clearly takes itself very seriously. Two, in singer Julia they have a superb asset, rivalling in efficiency even the Thatcher cabinet's current campaign on behalf of the Labour Party.

Wisely, the lads in the band keep a fairly low profile as they set scenes of minimal embellishment to which Julia lends the heart and soul. Excellent songs in flexible styles drift, slip and punch

through the ears and colour the spirit of the listener – Blondie-esque poppetry, light jazz and blues, rousing anthems, angst, joy and bitterness are dealt in small neat slices into winning hands. As the nerves that mar the start of the set recede, so the performance takes a triumphal turn and little used superlatives begin to clutter up my notepad.

It's just a matter of time before the iceberg on which the Penguins flex drifts its way down south and bends a few ears. You lucky people...

PETE MARCHETTO

THE GUEST STARS Bass Clef

LIKE, COOL, daddy-o. A real (as in real!) jazz atmosphere, as opposed to the Sade-style "much-Adu-about-nothing, black polo neck and a saxophone and, yes, I know Lester Young isn't a jockey, Timothy" jazz. A fair proportion of the audience sit on the floor, which is something you don't do if you're wearing your freshly faded red tags. There are

parallels with the folkies in the bum-plonking department, and like folk (which I'm quite partial to) jazz is, in general, BORING.

The Guest Stars aren't too boring, but the beginning of their second set threatened to be exceedingly so, as fretless bass and drums engaged in a shoddy interplay with a totally pointless skins solo to follow (look mum, I can play, and I'm a woman too!). The Guest Stars are all women and demonstrate they can play as well as most men. Yeah? And?

The high spot comes when drummie leaves the kit to wail her own number about being an ostrich or something. The salsa is good, the calypso so-so. But they need a decent songwriter, goddammit, and bugger the sex. The sax player wears all the clothes left on the stalls at Camden market on a Saturday, and I wonder who in their right mind would want to look like a Christmas tree, but this is the visual element of the group. Alison Moyet: now that's what I call jazz...

ANDY HURT

THE RED WEDGE

Birmingham

BE WARNED! The Red Wedge is not an event designed for those afflicted by a weak bladder. In three and a half hours of – literally – non-stop music, any interruptions ensure that you'll miss some vital part of the entertainment. And this is an entertainment. Sure, the politics at the heart of the phenomenon have an important part to play, but they're not allowed to dominate the main business of the night: a huge and hugely enjoyable celebration of common sense. The fact that we're using Thatcher's face as a dance floor (stilettos heels welcome) is almost incidental.

Billy Bragg sets the tone and the standard for the rest of the Wedge to match. "It's up to you," he tells the crowd, gently. "Take responsibility for changing the Labour Party and the country." The applause for that statement is still ringing as he strikes the opening chords of 'Days Like These'. It grows louder as he is joined by Smiths persons Johnny Marr and Andy Rourke.

The welcome accorded The Style Council is equally lavish. Too lavish, in fact. Most of their set is so smooth that it slips from your grasp as easily as does a full understanding of all the lies and counter-lies in the Westland farce. They are at their best when the stage is left clear for drums, sax, a slide show and excerpts from some of Thatcher's more appalling statements to grind the message home.

The best, however, is still to come, in the diminutive form of Communion Jimmy Somerville. His voice – especially when harmonised with the much lower pitch of the exceptionally impressive Sarah Jane Morris of Happy End – is an unexpected and magical delight, making 'Breadline Britain' the most effective musical statement of the night. Junior Giscombe, too, proves that when you have soul, you have everything that is true and beautiful in music. A disappointing Lloyd Cole, on the other hand, proves that when you have iron in the soul, it only serves to make you rusty.

And still there is no chance to answer nature's increasingly insistent call. Leave now and you'll miss most of Madness making the most of an opportunity to muck about with Jerry Dammers and the rest of the Red Wedge All Stars, not to mention a lyrical Lorna Gee leading the Wadgers in 'Many Rivers To Cross', and not forgetting a blistering All-Stars version of 'Move On Up'...

Yet this is just a start. And if The Red Wedge is to achieve even a part of all of its aim, it is foundations like this which give it the strength to make a difference to the way this country is run. More power to their elbow.

GEOFFREY S KENT

THE WILD FLOWERS Birmingham

SOMEONE, SOMEWHERE has been giving this bunch a regular dose of Baby Bio. No longer are they the stringy weeds who I once saw wilt in a low-life venue in front of an even lower number of onlookers. No, what we have here is a veritable garden of delights. Growling vocals stab their way through a delicate veil of guitars – all held together by the kind of heart-teasing rhythm that can get you high on adrenalin without even trying.

Not a decibel goes to waste; even the feedback is used with admirable restraint and to superb effect. Which is most certainly not to say that the Flowers are some kind of potted version of The Jesus And Mary Chain. They may use similar instruments in a similar way, but not enough to slot them into the same pigeonhole. The Wild Flowers have quite different roots and aims.

This is powerpop for the '80s, drawing on the sound created by the Bunynmen and chucking in a bit of good old

rock'n'roll for good measure. This is music you could dance to if you were drunk at a party. This is what people mean when they tell you that 'live' music is still one of the most exciting experiences available without prescription. Perhaps that's why this was the best, most elevating gig I've seen for months. I pray it wasn't a fluke.

GEOFFREY S KENT

THE NATURAL ITES Nottingham

GOOD SPORT for the sniping cynic here. A large cluster of students in the university ballroom are bobbing to each and every beat, cheering every utterance that the band make in between songs... does anybody, however, wish to be the supreme judge of whether people are enjoying something for the right reasons?

I enjoyed The Natural Ites simply because their tunes are captivating and their sentiments often warm and genuine. Words urging us to pull together, for example, in unison with a corks of a melody, can be quite exhilarating to one much-maligned by the cynical individualism of neo-Victorian '80s Britain. Agree with Rastafarianism or not, the lyrics, for the most part, address themselves to fundamental human struggles, a worthy alternative to empty dogmatic rantings.

The audience heartily join in with the chorus of the song which has attained almost classic status in the band's native Nottingham. "In my house, there's a picture on the wall..."

The Natural Ites are nothing new, but are nevertheless dynamic, relevant and, most of all, entertaining.

GARY BELINSKY

LEAF ENCOUNTER

THE SHRUBS

Camden Diorama

IT'S STIFLING, sticky, filthy, naughty but always nice. It's called The Shrubs – another band, not just another brand.

Cabaret night at the Diorama ends bluntly when The Shrubs take the stage and half the audience (wrongly) chose to leave. The Shrubs are far too noisy, loud, resonant and fresh for their moderate ears. They sparkle with a form of illustriousness unmatched since way back when people were not only young but felt it as well. Nick the vocalist is quite mad; he's skinny, weedy and exotic, and he whistles a lot. The man is an eccentric. Bulging eyes pop and burst and pop again. I remember one band similar to The Shrubs

called The Pop Group, but The Legend, who is flapping his arms, twisting his groin and blotting his notebook, thinks they're more like Big Flame with tunes.

So you're thinking that The Shrubs are another indie fanzine band? Well, that's up to you, isn't it? I know this, though: The Shrubs are making a noise fresher than most things at the moment and, like Bogshed, will continue to melt and crunch to great heights. They have three guitars, one drum kit, one vocalist and are fuelled by a thing called enthusiasm.

The Shrubs are a band to watch. Catch 'em now before they become too contagious.

RON ROM



BLYTH POWER: guaranteed to rescue you from Roger Holland's chat up lines

Steve Double

BLYTH SPIRITS

BLYTH POWER University Of London Union

BLYTH POWER took me completely by surprise, I admit. There I was, holding my own with ease in light-hearted banter with some gonzo-zomboid punk axe-murderer who seemed convinced that I had spilt my drink all over his coquettish companion as a ruse to engage her in conversation and whisk her off to my pleasuredome (which was, of course, exactly what I had in mind), when these inoffensive young trainspotting tykes crept up behind me and bopped me smartly on the side of the head. Just above the ear.

"Listen," they insisted, "we are not just another positive punk band. We are a little bit different, and we're good with it!"

With a drummer who sings, and talks down to his audience,

a guitarist who can only afford the bottom four strings and two back-up singers who play down the wings, Blyth Power are indeed different. And good!

Articulate almost to prolixity, their lyrics sing of history and politics, exploring industrial themes and shanty town avenues hand in hand with dancing, upright rhythms. Vague Celtic insinuation is laced with salt water and rum, sodomy and the lash. And then slanted back across a suitably powerful punk foundation.

But this is not a New Model Army who got it right. No, Blyth Power belong somewhere betwixt Those Men Who Cannot Be Strung Up and that Spear Of Destiny. For yes, singer/drummer Josef Porta shares a slice of that boyish but regal Brandon charm. And this is one 'punk' band with a real future before it.

ROGER HOLLAND

BELOUIS SOME Marquee

AT THE moment, we are blessed with two positively perfect pop creatures. One Thousand Violins speak with lyrical tongues of love and hurt and humdrum life – a precious creation of pure pop tradition. And Propaganda dance a sequence of glorious electronic melodies and human warmth and emotion. Belouis Some would aspire to the latter state of grace.

Multi-national disco disciplines set a transatlantic dance step, while an ugly orgy of hysterical guitar

extravagance struggles futilely to tear something or other asunder. These are songs designed by computers, stuck together by robots and played by men who would be Americans.

His bleached head an example to all those parrot-topped popsters, Belouis Some sings with intelligence and with as much perspicacity as he can command. His songs persistently struggle to please.

And if he has a fault – and he has – it is perhaps that he is trying much too hard. From his pressing stagecraft to his

seamless everyman pop/disco/rock compositions, his vaulting ambition threatens to overlap itself. But still, if we must have his sort in our living rooms every Thursday, then Belouis Some is at least a more human proposition than most.

ROGER HOLLAND

ABACUS/THE DAFFODILS Birmingham

SOME GIGS are exceptionally good, some are exceptionally boring. Most, like this one, fall somewhere in between. The Daffodils kicked off the proceedings with a set that

defied you not to smile at the deliberately ludicrous lyrics and the cultivated lunacy of the presentation.

Each song, set to the same breathless rhythm, takes a sideways swipe at your safe and smug preconceptions; choruses such as "I gave my body to the lifeboat man", especially, making a stronger case for gay pride than any degree of agonised sloganeering on the part of such musical activists as Tom Robinson and his ilk.

That, as they say, is entertainment. Abacus, on the other hand, are more sedative than sedition.

They're excellent musicians, one and all, capturing the looseness and vital rawness of all great jazz-funk with ease. Unfortunately, that depth of ability seems to have convinced them that they can afford to indulge themselves in long, meandering variations on all of the standard disco themes. They can't.

At the end of the night, it was the short, snappy witticisms of The Daffodils which stayed in my mind. Abacus could learn a useful lesson of brevity there.

GEOFFREY S KENT

UV POP Hull

FRIDAY'S 4.00PM train from Sheffield to Hull is a fine example of sardine style travel, the raucous monotony broken only by a dark-haired vision with the Rebina bag who sadly alights at Mexborough.

Had John White been present, doubtless this small incident would have found its way into a song. Such trivial snippets and snapshots of life are the staple fare of UV Pop; personal scenes, thoughts and reflections that might otherwise be forgotten in hours. Tonight, Hull's Trades And Labour Club sees a new departure for White with the unveiling of UV Pop the band. Can such a personalised approach survive the transformation from solo artist to five-piece?

It not only survives, it thrives, adjusting beautifully to even the most sweeping of alterations necessary for the new format. 'Portrait' is given a new and spiteful intensity as friction builds between the three guitars; 'Anyone For Me' climbs to a cry of desperation, carried on an unstoppable sound; 'No Songs Tomorrow', with its light keys and gently moving rhythm, compensates by soothing in the manner of a classic.

Fronting an excellent band, White is apparently starting to play the game by the accepted rules. Retaining UV Pop's personality, however, he's already playing it better than most.

PETE MARCHETTO

DISLOCATION DANCE Oval Cricketers

IT'S ANOTHER cold, wet evening in the subdued waste lands of the cocktail escapist generation. They wanted Club Tropicana, instead they got Grub Ovalrama and a Dislocation Dance. The hand-me-downs have come to town, but Mrs Smith at No 42 is too busy ironing to take any notice.

Meanwhile, the Cricketers neither sweats nor shines but gently sighs to the rich, tranquil and regurgitated

patter of another nouveau jazz outfit. We wanted a change, Dislocation Dance gave us just another chapter in quaint plagiarism. I smile at the female vocalist. She's pretty but she can't sing, although that never held anyone back, did it?

Romance is the key to the heart, but I'm afraid someone has locked me out again. Charisma flirts with her eyelids through the trite funk patterns and her contact lenses fall to the floor. Soul shows her face but I bet she had an appointment with a cosmetic surgeon before the gig. Later, Boredom embraces me and takes me back to her place. . .

RON ROM

THE LEGENDARY PINK DOTS

Amsterdam

MUCH HAS been written about the Dots (mainly by me!) and I shall add to it. . .

Having already played several sell-out dates around Holland, and after spreading the word that this was going to be an improvised (yeek!) performance, the organisers at Amsterdam's NL Centrum – a disused factory, with the ambience to go with it – shunted the Dots into a small hall in the complex, in anticipation of an equally small turn-out.

Bastards! It was almost impossible to see them. I stood in a draughty corridor, craning my neck into the room to (occasionally) catch sight of the Legendary Ed Ka-Spel, complete with wiggly black lines on his face, screeching and throttling himself. Whenever I hear the description "experimental", it always seems to mean people reading poems about bath-tubs whilst someone plays jazz licks on a Chilean tin-whistle. But this was the exception: tight, structured, melodious, dynamic and reeking off/reeling with acid.

MOB

MARK STEWART AND THE MAFFIA

London University

"AS THE veneer of democracy starts to fade. . ." Mark Stewart chants, aiming towards a socially, pop-musically, politically and, of course, intellectually aware audience who all crave a mascot.

The man stands shabbily in nondescript black garb to the side of the stage, making room for the extrovert group of instrumentalists at the centre. They in turn start to churn out a steady electronic disco noise. So this is what

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Makes me think of when I bought my first (and last) Gong LP.

The Dots are one of those outfits that just shouldn't gel; they seem to be spread across Europe, but always get together for arduous world - well, European - tours. Violins mix in with keyboards, guitars cross in and out, and eventually, like all good children, they come home to mamma.

Legendary in their obscurity as regards British taste, their time shall come here as surely as their popularity grows in Europe. Call them Dots, call them The LPD, just don't copy their make-up...

TIBET

LOVE 'N' MONEY/HUE & CRY

Glasgow

NEEDLESS TO say, almost every pop and pseudo-pop star and his dog had found it necessary to check out these most formidable newcomers, quickly gaining access to the Queen Margaret Union via the longest guest list since the Pope visited the city.

Hue & Cry, a nine-piece ensemble fronted by one citizen Kane, take the more subtle approach of the two, relying on an intricately sophisticated backing which tends towards the jazz/soul market. A break only for the piano accompaniment on yet another treatment of Costello's 'Shipbuilding' before returning to full strength for the more rhythmically complex 'Love Is The Master' and closing 'Labour Of Love'. Safety in numbers perhaps, but leaving many local hopefuls in the shade.

As do Love 'N' Money, featuring three ex-members of Friends Again and hardly suffering from a year's publicity through Big Apple recordings with Duran's Andy Taylor at the controls. Theirs

DIVINE MADNESS



SEVENTH SEANCE: we endured The Cholmondley Dance Theatre for this!?! Greg Freeman

THE DIVINE NIGHTMARE

Brixton Fridge

DAUNTING, ISN'T it? When the pop show where lifts its petticoat a little higher to reveal something greater, the stench is usually overwhelming.

Twelve months ago, Winston Detleiv/Seventh Seance caused mild ripples with an occasionally fetching line in acoustic Brechtian balladry. Cast as the dewy-eyed romantic with irony under his fingernails, Detleiv had nothing but a cello purr and soft focus guitar to complement his fragile vocal. Then, he hovered on the brink of something shapely and enticingly inexact...

Now, attempting a "complete sensual, stimulating barrage of the senses", he has wrapped his vision up in the grave, 'important' guise of 'performance art'. So for two grumbling hours, we suffer a brothel of images courtesy The Cholmondley Dance Theatre - a yawning, profoundly punishing wake of surreal art-school panto, interspersed with less than riveting dance work-outs. With even less relevance, others traipse about splashing Crown Emulsion over TV screens, art frowns obscuring idiot grins.

Then come Seventh Seance, their delicate anguished pop astonishingly transformed into rough, rotting scraps of swampish rock. In keeping with the ongoing hum of the evening, it's all artless time-wasting parading about as meaning, its nose curled up at the ends. Detleiv's former subtle twists and inflections lie knee-deep in the bass/guitar/drums slough - Hughie Green would've approved.

An angel next to me whispered *Rush* and, before we knew it, we weren't there.

JOHN WILDE

is a more straightforward and forceful approach to world domination, laying confident, arrogant vocals on top of a hard-edged funk that succeeds in 'Candy Bar Express', the forthcoming single on *Stampede*. Big Audio Dynamite without extensions.

And ballads too, the closing 'You're Beautiful' an obvious cover for mega-hipster Kenny Rogers. As singer James Grant said jokingly, "We built this city from rock 'n' roll" ... or was it "Take a ride on the sugar train"? Everybody's jumpin' someone else's.

JOHN DINGWALL

THE UNBELIEVABLES Brighton

MURDEROUS CACOPHONY is The Unbelievables' goal. This is much more difficult than the average punter supposes. It takes imagination to avoid bleating noises. The Unbelievables duly avoid this, sounding more like a struggle between a meat grinder and a case of light bulbs, with the noise of Brighton sinking into the ocean thrown in for good measure.

But an ever increasing number of bands are entering the brutal noise arena: self-conscious avant garde-ism is

a cliché. Underlying these attempts to wrest meaning from noise is an assumption of the value of authenticity, achieved through total artistic freedom. But this is self-contradictory. Communication requires formal rules to genuinely generate meaning. Only bad musicians treat the idea of 'freedom' so reverentially that they refuse to examine its conditions.

In practice, rock's few successful anti-formalists have substituted humour, entirely new concepts of form or raw aggression for structure where they have

notched up any real achievements (Captain Beefheart, Can and early Sex Gang Children respectively).

The Unbelievables mix a little of all three favoured techniques. They write songs about Sugar Puffs, the world's 20 most interesting car crashes and Des O'Connor's dentist, which coast in over bizarre inversions of rhythm and blues. They avoid being serious, but still sound menacing and extraordinary.

CHRIS MANTHORP

DURTIE BLONDE Los Angeles

JUST WHEN you thought it was safe to get a haircut, along come Durtie Blonde, four devastating darlings from New Mexico, to challenge the cream of Los Angeles talent.

Deliciously sleazy, yet paying acute attention to vocal harmonies, the outfit prowls in rock 'n' roll's Corvette class, projecting sassy Aerosmith influences through their own smouldering repertoire.

Frontman Roger Stroman purrs and squeals like a caged alley cat, whilst Bill D'Angelo's lipstick licks graze the erotic pulse of a rugged rhythm section commanded by Bobbi Murray and Mike Franklin.

Songs are lecherous and alluring - from the lyrical poetry of 'Consequences Of A Lie' to the irresistible raunch of 'Bad Ass Romeo' and

'Diamonds'.

Like gypsies, they remain beautifully corrupt - spared the plastic shrink-wrapped stereotyping which uniforms and suffocates a substantial proportion of Hollywood hopefuls. The look, the sound and the shakedown drips a unique panache and vitality that will surely secure them a platform amongst the gods.

MARY ANNE HOBBS

POW! Liverpool

WOW! WHAT an enormous nose the guitarist had. OK, so personal vilification is the lowest form of criticism, but this remarkable Knopfleresque character with that splendid schnozzer was easily the most memorable factor of a tame evening. Crikey, it was big!

Pow! have been attracting attention from Wham!'s publishers, and certainly they gave a rousing imitation of Bushey's finest. They were tight, professional, poppy and dull as ditchwater, which can only bode well for their careers. Give them a dash of soul, an energy they tried in vain to inject, a splash of glamour (sex appeal may be pushing it a bit) and they're well on their way to your sisters' bedroom wall.

In which case they'll have to get used to that tradition we call setting 'em up to knock 'em down, as an example of which this has been sparing.

KEV SAMPSON

GOBLINS

everyone got dressed up for?

If The Pop Group once stood for the ethics of new wave, then this line-up stinks of current hypocritical social awareness. A music that never shifts, never lifts its ass further than a crushing dance beat, a style that stands still, answering the prayers of all those *Face* kids who fall maggot-like on the corpse of a legend. All the guy needs to add is some token relics from the enigmatic past. 'We Are All Prostitutes'. Quite.

The sound is cleaner, more dehydrated than The

Pop Group's - a deadpan New York funk sound culled from some of the most respectable, experienced session musicians around. So why not use backing tapes instead? Why even the need for Stewart's characterless voice dribbling socio-political maxims in an equally turgid fashion? Why not use the three quid plus ticket price to get the same package at a night club?

For those hailing this tired godfather and chiming about the brilliance of his 'art'... dead flesh can be poison.

SALLY GETHIN



MARK STEWART: maybe it's time to move into olive oil...

Jayne Houghton

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Available from B.O. Tel: 01-746 4081, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100
Keith Prowse, Credit Cards, 01-4389, Albemarle and Stanger

To The Memory of **NICHOLAS 'RAZZLE' DINGLEY**

The SILVER LADY
Presents
TILT 6th FEB Adm £2

BANDOLIER
appearing at:
THE RUSKIN ARMS
01-472 0377
Monday 10th February
Adm. FREE
THAMES POLY
(cellar bar)
01-855 0618

FEBRUARY PROMOTION
All Semi Display copy to be in
this office by the following times:
Feb 15th Issue - 5.30pm Thurs Feb 6
Feb 22nd Issue - 5.30pm Thurs Feb 13

THE GEOFF MANN
BAND
Live!! at-live!!
THE MARQUEE
SUN. 16th FEB. 7.00pm.
Special guests:
"NIRDEM'S GHOST"
(with Pete Nicholls)

THE LATCHMERE
503 Battersea Park
Road London SW11
01-223 3549
Sunday 9th February
WES MCGHEE
+ **THE TEXAS ALLSTARS**
Monday 10th February
YA YA'S
Tuesday 11th February
LEN BRIGHT'S COMBO
feat. Russ & Bruce from the MILKSHAKES
Wednesday 12th February
35th MAY
Thursday 13th February
TRIMMER & JENKINS
Sunday 16th February
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
Monday 17th February
JOHNNY ROCCOS

THE 100 CLUB
100 OXFORD STREET, W.1.
Thursday 6th February
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
THE VULCANS
Tuesday 11th February
THE PIRANHAS
THE RHUBARB TARTS
Thursday 13th February
WILKO JOHNSON
LEN BRIGHT COMBO
(ex-MILKSHAKES)
Coming...
BROKEN BONES
THE METEORS

THE SIR GEORGE ROBEY
240 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD,
LONDON, N4
(opp Finsbury Park tube)
01-263 4581
Wed 5th Feb **JAMIE WEDNESDAY**
Thurs 6th Feb **JOHN OTWAY**
Support: THE LAMP SHADE SISTERS
Fri 7th Feb **BALHAM ALLIGATORS**
Support: THE PANIC BROTHERS
Sat 8th Feb (lunch) **IGGY QUAIL**
(FREE JAZZ SESSION)
(eve) **BIG HEAT**
Feat: BILL HURLEY
Sun 9th Feb (lunch) **IGGY QUAIL**
+ **FRIENDS**
Mon 10th Feb **WES MCGHEE BAND**
Tues 11th Feb **POORMOUTH**
Wed 12th Feb **STEVE MARRIOTT'S**
PACKET OF THREE
Thurs 13th Feb **STAN WEBB'S**
CHICKEN SHACK
Late bar every night till 12.30am (Ex Sun 10.30).
No Admission after 11.00pm.
Equipment repairs phone Frank at The Robey.

TEARAWAY
H.M. BAND
LONDON DATES:
Wednesday 12th February
MERLIN'S CAVE
Margery Street, nr Kings Cross
Thursday 20th February
RUSKIN ARMS
East Ham

DEAD DOG PRESENTS
WEBCODE
FRIDAY 8-3 FEB 12
CRICKLEWOOD
HOTEL
301 CRICKLEWOOD
BROADWAY N.W.2

THE WELLINGTON
Shepherds Bush Green
Thursday 6th February | Wednesday 12th February
CAIRO | **CARRERA**
Jokers Wild | Marienthal (from France)
+ **Alices Restaurant Roadshow**
nearest tube | Admission £2 on door
Shepherds Bush (Central Line) | Open 7.30-11pm

the colour field
Outlaw Presents
FRI. 28th FEBRUARY 8pm
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9/17 Highgate Road, Kentish Town,
NW5, nearest tube - Kentish Town
plus special guests
Tickets £4.50
Available from box office
267 3334 and Premier
240 0771, LTB 439 3371,
Stargreen 437 5282
The Cage (Gt. Gear Market)
Kings Road, Rough Trade

MCA (T) 1026
CHARLIE SEXTON
DEBUT SINGLE
BEAT'S SO LONELY
7th FEB 'THE TUBE'
8th FEB MARQUEE
FROM THE ALBUM 'PICTURES FOR PLEASURE' (MCG 6002)

HARP BEAT 86 Presents
DIO
Plus Special Guests

NEC BIRMINGHAM
WEDNESDAY 7th MAY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £7.50, £6.50
Available from B/O Tel: 021-780 4133 (Credit Cards Accepted),
Odeon Theatre B/O and Cyclops Sounds Birmingham, Goulds TV Wolverhampton,
Lotus Records Stafford, Mike Lloyd Music Hanley & Newcastle, Piccadilly Records
Manchester, Royal Court B/O Liverpool, Way Ahead Derby & Nottingham
and Town Hall B/O Leicester (all subject to a booking fee).
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
THURSDAY 8th MAY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £7.50, £6.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0632 320007
EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE THEATRE
FRIDAY 9th MAY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £7.50, £6.50
Available from B/O Tel: 031-557 2590
LEEDS QUEENS HALL
SATURDAY 10th MAY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £7.50 plus a booking fee
Available from B/O Tel: 0532 431961, Guild Hall Preston, Austics B/O Leeds,
Way Ahead Nottingham & Derby, Holiday Travel Bridlington,
Ear Ere Records Lancaster, Cavendish Travel Leeds, Gough & Davy Hull,
Bradleys Records Sheffield, Bankhouse Concerts Ltd. Holmfirth, Bradleys
Records Halifax, JAP Records Wakefield & Pontefract, Michaels Records Barnsley,
Fox's Records & Ashley Adams Travel Doncaster, Newhouse Music
Middlesbrough, Williams Music Shop Darlington, Other Record Shop Hartlepool,
Box Office Lincoln, St. Georges Hall Bradford, King Georges Hall Blackburn,
Sound Effects York, Piccadilly Records Manchester, also available from PO Box 124,
Walsall, West Midlands WS9 8TH. Enclose postal orders or cheques made payable to
MCP Ltd. and SAE. Tickets are £7.50 (+ 40p booking fee) people sending cheques
should allow 21 days for clearance.
HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE
MONDAY/TUESDAY/WEDNESDAY 12th/13th/14th MAY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £7.50, £6.50
Available from B/O Tel: 01-748 4081/2, LTB, Premier,
Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Albemarle and Stargreen.

HARP BEAT
Harp Beat - the Best Beat of all

Outlaw Presents
VIOLENT
plus Special Guests
Mon. 3rd March 7.30
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB
9-17 Highgate Road, Kentish Town, NW5
Nearest Tube Kentish Town
All Tickets £5 from Box Office (01) 267 3334
Premier 240 0771, LTB 439 3371, Stargreen 437 5282
The Cage (Gt. Gear Market), Kings Road, Rough Trade Records

TO ADVERTISE
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ANDRINA
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Under St Pauls Church
Deptford, SE8
THE GRASP
Psychedelic Nites
EVERY FRIDAY
Friday 7th Feb
THE DILL BERRYS
+ THE CREEKBEATS
Friday 14th Feb
"Valentine Dance"
TREATMENT
+ OSRIC TENTACLES
* Punk Every Monday *

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 Concessionary card and
UB40 only)
CHRISTY MOORE
IN CONCERT
Saturday 22 February at 8.30pm.
Greenwich Borough Hall, Royal Hill, SE10.
£5.50, £4.50 (£4.50, £3.50 concessions).
DR. & THE MEDICS
plus THE SHOP ASSISTANTS
Thursday 6 March. Doors open 7.30pm.
Woolwich Coronet (by Woolwich Ferry) SE18
£3.50 (£1.50 Concessionary cards & UB40 only)
ADVANCE BOOKINGS 01-317 8687 CREDIT CARDS 01-855 5900
Greenwich Entertainment Service: 25 Woolwich New Road, SE18
Greenwich Theatre Box Office: Crooms Hill, SE10 (callers only)

MCP by arrangement with ITB Presents 'THE ULTIMATE SIN TOUR'
GIZZY
ASBOURNE
With Special Guests
RAT
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL
WEDNESDAY 12th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £6.00, £5.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0632 320007
MANCHESTER APOLLO THEATRE
THURSDAY/FRIDAY 13th/14th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £6.50, £6.00, £5.50
Available from B/O Tel: 061-273 1112, Piccadilly Records,
Vibes Records Bury and UK Travel Chester
EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE THEATRE
SUNDAY 16th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £6.50, £6.00, £5.50
Available from B/O Tel: 031-557 2590
SHEFFIELD CITY HALL
MONDAY 17th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £6.50, £6.00, £5.50
HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE
WEDNESDAY-FRIDAY 12th/13th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
EXTRA SHOW WEDNESDAY 26th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £7.00, £6.50, £6.00
Available from B/O Tel: 01-748 4081, LTB, Premier,
Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Albemarle and Stargreen
BIRMINGHAM ODEON THEATRE
SUNDAY/MONDAY 23rd/24th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £6.50, £6.00, £5.50
Available from B/O Tel: 021-643 6101
NOTTINGHAM ROYAL CONCERT HALL
THURSDAY 27th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £7.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0602 472328
NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR
FRIDAY 28th FEB 8.00 p.m.
Tickets: £6.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0632 323109
IPSWICH GAUMONT THEATRE
SUNDAY 2nd MARCH 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £7.50
Available from B/O Tel: 0473 53641
LEICESTER DE MONTFORT HALL
MONDAY 3rd MARCH 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £7.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0533 544444
BRADFORD ST. GEORGES HALL
TUESDAY 4th MARCH 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £7.00
Available from B/O Tel: 0274 752000
RAT will not be appearing at
Ipswich, Leicester, Bradford & Newcastle

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 Smiths, New Order and The Fall perform a benefit for Derek Hatton's merry men (Saturday), while Vince Clarke's new ensemble, Erasure, are at the Marquee (Thursday) and Nottingham (Friday). Ozzy's on the warpath with bashes in Belfast (Thursday, Friday) and Dublin (Monday) and those Mötley Crüe muvvers are out 'n' about. Cabaret Voltaire perform some jiggery-pokery in Coventry (Monday) and London (Tuesday). Others to keep tabs on are The Mighty Lemon Drops, Topper Headon, Easterhouse and the smashing Jesus And Mary Chain.

HAYLING ISLAND Buccaneers Tavern County Line
KEIGHLEY The Devonshire Never Forever
KENT Angley Youth Centre New Emotion
LEEDS Coconut Grove (455718) Frank Felix/Malcolm McFarlane/Cliff Rogers/Chris Davis
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Peter And The Test Tube Babies
LONDON Battersea Latchmere (01-223 3549) The Locomotives
LONDON Bethnal Green Green Gate (01-739 4920) Capital Twist
LONDON Brooksbys Walk Chat's Palace (01-986 6714) Rootabooga
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Booga Roogas
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Tim Haines/Gun Wharf/Too 22/Avanti
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Strangers And Brothers
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Jamie Wednesday
LONDON Fulham Kings Head (01-736 1413) Back To Back
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 8526) The Tin Gods/Tuesday Town
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Evil I/Dark Asylum
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Marillion/Beltane Fire
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Blood Brothers/Sticky Fingers/Vulcans
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) Juice On The Loose
LONDON Houghton Street School Of Economics (01-405 7686) Boy Wonder
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Lipslide/Simon Purcell Trio/Jam Session
LONDON Malet Street London University (01-580 9551) Friends Of Gavin
LONDON Mile End Queen Mary College Jumping Jehosephats/Cut Loose (Anti-Apartheid Benefit)
LONDON Old Bond Street Embassy Club (01-499 4793) The Dream/Dreamscape
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Boogie Brothers Blues Band
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Ken Colyer's All Star Jazz Men
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band
LONDON Shepherd's Bush Wellington Runestaff/Ashmata
LONDON South Bank Queen Elizabeth Hall (01-928 3191) Manu Dibango
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Chrome Molly/Tragedy
LUTON Tropicana Norma Lewis
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Adrian Legg
MANCHESTER Ritz (061-238 4355) Easterhouse
MANCHESTER University (061-273 5111) Topper Headon
MONKS HORTON Black Horse Gary Dean Band
NEWCASTLE City Hall (320007) OMD
OXFORD Polytechnic (64777) Burnessence
PERTH Plough Inn (22251) Tredegar
PRESTON Twang Club Big Ed And His Rocking Rattlesnakes
RUNCORN Foxes Nightclub The Badger Bell Band
SOUTHAMPTON University (556291) Fear Of Darkness
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts (611625) Michael Chapman

BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-560 6181) Jackie Lynton - Out Of Reach
BRIGHTON Zap Club Forced Entertainment/Okapi Fever
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) The Wedding Present/The Flatmates
COLCHESTER Crypt (573174) Banal
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic (21167) Play Dead
COWBRIDGE Ye Olde Masons Arms Spectrum
CROYDON Fairfield Hall (01-688 9291) Clannad
OXFORD Underground (01-760 0833) Jah Wobble/Fire On Ice
DOVER Louis Armstrong (204759) The Kings Gambit Jazz Band
DUNDEE University (23181) Strangers And Brothers
DURHAM CITY Queen's Head The Lost Boys
EDINBURGH Jailhouse (031-557 3073) The Heart Industry
FELTHAM Airman (01-890 2112) Antz Avenue
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall (53193) Sophia George
FOLKESTONE Toff Club Johnny Seven
GLASGOW Midas Bar The Graduates
GLASGOW Salt Mine Lucifers (041-248 4600) The Primevals/Jazz Party
GRAVESEND Prince Of Wales Roland And The Rats
HARROW Railway Tavern Flex-Able
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head (21758) 5 O'Clock Approach
HULL Adelphi (48216) Asgard/Red Line
ILKLEY Madames Never Forever
LEEDS The Grove Mississippi Sheiks
LIVERPOOL Cavern (051-236 7964) Western Promise/Ministry Of Love
LOCHNESS Heavy Fishing Tredegar
LONDON Acton Bumbles (01-992 3308) Zaz Turned Blue
LONDON Battersea Latchmere (01-223 3549) Clive Gregson And Christine Collister
LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) Deadbeats/Equestrian Statues
LONDON Brooksbys Walk Chat's Palace (01-986 6714) The Chats Ratz
LONDON Camberwell Green Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) Rib Dot Delay
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Living Daylites
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Opel/First Of May
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) NBT/Watt The Fox
LONDON Dean Street Gossips Louisiana Red/Good Rockin' Block and Band
LONDON Ealing College The Union
LONDON East Ham Ruskin Arms (01-472 0377) The Bridge
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) John Otway/The Lampshade Sisters
LONDON Fulham Broadway The Swan (01-385 1840) Tunji
LONDON Fulham Kings Head (01-736 1413) Wolfie Witcher
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 8526) The Macc Lads/Marionette
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Bad Karma Beckons/Love Flute
LONDON Hampstead Westfield College Buddy Curtess And The Grasshoppers
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Shanty Dam
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) Little Sister
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Star People/Dorian Ford Quartet
LONDON Kings Cross New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) After Hours/Sam Hain/This Eyes
LONDON Malden Road Gypsy Queen (01-485 2052) Mano Ventura And Courtney Pine/2nd Sight
LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (01-387 0428/9) Topper Headon
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Red Hot And Blue/Tom Ingram
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) John Cooper Clarke/The Vulcans

WEDNESDAY

5

BIRMINGHAM Peacocks (021-643 6751) Sister Crow/Ten Days That Shook The World/Land Of The Giants/This Yabiz
BRABOURNE Five Bells Maroonedogs
BRIGHTON High Street Red Lion (01-560 6181) Living Daylites
BRIGHTON Zap Club Champion Doug Veitch
CAMBRIDGE Burleigh Arms (316881) John Otway
CARDIFF West Bute Street Dowlais Inn Statues Of Us
CROYDON Underground (01-760 0833) Trojan/Snowblind
DERBY Fighting Cocks Just Blue
DUNSTABLE Wheatheaf (62571) Pride Of Passion
GLASGOW The Flax (041-248 2859) The Shamen
GREATSTONE Seahorse Close Up

THURSDAY

6

BATH Pavilion (25628) Gorilla My Dreams/The Elephant Men/Pink Italians
BELFAST Avonell Leisure Centre Ozzy Osbourne
BOURNEMOUTH St Stephens Hall Wilko Johnson
BRADFORD Bier Keller Pallas

FREE

FOUR TRACK

SOLID EP

WITH THIS WEEK'S

rm

RECORD MIRROR

I would like to draw the Honourable Members' attention to the following astonishing disclosures concerning the unprecedented hand-out in the forthcoming issues of popular colour magazine, rm.

This week's issue will come furnished with a **four track solid EP**, featuring **Depeche Mode**, the **Pet Shop Boys**, **LL Cool J** and the **Beastie Boys**. This extra item is absolutely free of charge.

The February 15 issue will have the extra benefit of a **32 page booklet** outlining rm's choice of the top 30 pop videos of all time. Once again, this incurs no extra financial hardship.

Subsequently, it has been leaked, there will be a **15 track cassette** offer, commencing February 22 — no charge here, either. And to cap this farrago of freebies, for three weeks in March there will be **money-off vouchers** for LPs, cassettes and videos at Virgin Stores, plus, on March 22, yet another **free solid EP**.

Honourable friends, I feel sure you will agree that the opposition has no choice but to resign themselves to the fact that rm is well in order...

This week's rm is on sale this Thursday.

S H I F T

LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) **Wes McGhee's Texas Allstars**
LONDON Putney White Lion (01-785 3081) **Flat Five/Jans Ponsford/Barb Jungr**
and Michael Parker
LONDON Shepherds Bush Wellington **Cairo/Jokers Wild**
LONDON Tufnell Park Boston Arms (01-272 3411) **See You In Vegas**
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **Erasure**
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (01-437 5535) **STA**
LONDON Woolwich Coronet (01-317 8687) **The Fall**
LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (01-855 3371) **Pagan Alter**
LUTON Switch Club (38825) **Elephant Tassie/The Veil**
LUTON Tropicana **Norma Lewis**
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre (061-273 1112) **Mötley Crüe/Cheap Trick**
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) **Pete Martin/Gary Boyle**
MANCHESTER Corbieres Wine Bar (061-832 7132) **Mystique Moves**
MANCHESTER Hacienda (061-236 5051) **Alan Vega**
MANCHESTER Pendlebury Duke Of Wellington **The Stiffs**
MANCHESTER University (061-273 5111) **Inca Babies**
MANSFIELD White Hart **The Fuble Coats**
MOTTRAM Junction **Diversion Ends**
NOTTINGHAM The Garage (501251) **Peter And The Test Tube Babies**
OXFORD Pennyfarthing (246007) **Zeb Dragon/Frozen Zone**
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic (21312) **Rent Party**
PORTSMOUTH Grannys (824728) **County Line**
ROMFORD Rezz Club (25566) **Louder Than Words/Webcore**
SELBY Gaffers **Pyjama Party**
SHEFFIELD City Hall (735295) **Feargal Sharkey**
STOKE ON TRENT Wagon And Horses (752132) **Stormlord**
SYDENHAM Greyhound Rub A Dub Club **Hullabaloo/Joan Collins Fan Club/**
Cryll
WHITSTABLE Harbour Lights **English Rogues**

FRIDAY

7

ABERDEEN Venue (22255) **Nervous Choir/Strangers And Brothers**
ALDERSHOT West End Centre (330040) **Hammer And Sickle/Screaming Hearts/**
Emil Circom
ALDERSHOT White Swan **Boogie Chillen**
BELFAST Avonell Leisure Centre **Ozzy Osbourne**
BIRMINGHAM Grand Hotel **Rent Party**
BIRMINGHAM Mermaid Hotel (021-772 0217) **Egyptian Fringe/Napalm Death**
BLAIRGOWRIE The Gig (2802) **The Heart Industry**
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-560 6181) **Little Sister**
BRIGHTON Zap Club **Forced Entertainment/Shrew Kings**
BURTON ON TRENT Central Park (63265) **Black Rose**
CHESTER Cheyney Road College **Tokyo**
CLITHEROE Wellsprings (23870) **The Stiffs**
COVENTRY General Wolf (88402) **Pallas**
CREWE Cheshire Cheese **The Vengeance**
DEWSBURY The Entertainer (463790) **Never Forever**
GLASGOW Strutz **The Bomb Party**
HAIFAULT British Legion Club **Eddie Vincent**
HASTINGS Crypt (444675) **Johnny Seven**
HIGH WYCOMBE Bucks College (446330) **Buddy Curtess And The Grasshoppers**
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head (21758) **The Trogs**
HOUNSLOW Duke Of Cambridge **Strange Frontiers**
KIRCALDY St Clair Tavern **Tredegar**
LEEDS Trades Club **The Prowlers**
LEEDS University (439071) **Feargal Sharkey**
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall (544444) **OMD**
LEICESTER International Hotel (20471) **My Tepid Grelal**
LETCHEWORTH Plinston Hall (672003) **Trux**
LIVERPOOL Krackers (051-708 8815) **The Munchies**
LIVERPOOL System Club (051-236 7816) **Catch 22**
LONDON Bethnal Green Green Gate (01-739 4290) **Love Junkies**
LONDON Brixton Fringe (01-326 5100) **Bikini**
LONDON Camberwell Green Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) **Steve Waller**
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Juice On The Loose**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Steve Marriot's Packet Of**
Three/The Nashville Teens
LONDON Carlshaton St Heliers Arms **Between The Eyes/Psycho Disco**
LONDON City University (01-250 0955) **Vera Cruz**
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **A Popular History Of Signs**
LONDON Cricklewood Broadway Cricklewood Hotel **Zodiac Mindwarp and The**
Love Reaction/Ozric Tentacles/Webcore
LONDON Dagenham Robin Hood **Perfect World/The Undecided/Third Man**
LONDON East Ham Ruskin Arms (01-472 0377) **Bandolier**
LONDON East Sheen Bull (01-876 2345) **Dirty Moves/Suspect**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **The Balham Alligators/**
The Panic Brothers
LONDON Fulham Kings Head (01-736 1413) **Sam Mitchell's Blues Band**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 8526) **Blast/The Enormous**
Room
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) **Splitz**
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **The Cannibals/Vile Jelly**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Ronnie Hawkins Band**
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) **Freakshow/Johnny Seven/Easter**
And The Totem
LONDON Houghton Street School Of Economics (01-405 7686) **The Redskins/**
Hank Wangford Band (South African Trade Union Benefit)
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **Kalabash**
LONDON Islington George and Dragon **Camarillo Brillo**
LONDON Kings Cross New Merlins Cave (01-837 2097) **Exit 13**
LONDON Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) **Hobson's Choice**
LONDON Malet Street London University (01-580 9551) **The Bangles/Silent**
Movies/Ring Of Roses
LONDON Mile End Queen Mary College **Mighty Lemon Drops/The Wedding**
Present
LONDON New Cross Goldsmiths College (01-692 1406) **The Brilliant Corners/**
Topper Headon
LONDON North Finchley Torrington (01-445 4710) **The Ya Ya's**
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **Chris Farlowe And The Thunderbirds**
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **African Connexion**
LONDON Palmer's Green The Fox (01-886 9674) **John Otway**
LONDON Walthamstow Town Hall **Doctor And The Medics/Jamie Wednesday/**
The Bolshoi/The Glass Factory
LONDON West India Dock Road Buccaneer (01-515 2048) **Eye For An Eye**
LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (01-855 3371) **These Four Walls**
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) **Shaper**
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) **Zoot And The Roots**
MERTHYR TYDFIL Great Escape **Statues Of Us**
NEWCASTLE City Hall (320007) **Mötley Crüe/Cheap Trick**
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom (323109) **Terraplane**
NORTHAMPTON Roadmenders (21408) **Tell Tale Hearts/Spacemen 3/Coloured**
Pencils
NORWICH Moulin Rouge (628708) **The Avons/Big And Beautiful/Red Harvest/**
Under A Glass Bell
NOTTINGHAM Clifton SU Hall **Erasure**
OXFORD Garrison Youth Centre **New Emotion**
OXFORD Pennyfarthing (246007) **Explorer**
PEEBLES Cross Keys (20748) **Twice Bitten**
READING Paradise Club (56847) **Fear Of Darkness**
REDDITCH Palace Theatre (68484) **Alan Price**
SHEFFIELD Crackers **Norma Lewis**
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic (76062) **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
SWINDON Links Centre **English Jazz Quartet**
UXBRIDGE Brunel University (39125) **Jah Warriors**
WEST BROMWICH Coach and Horses (021-588 2136) **Goats Don't Shave**
WICKHAM Shedfield Black Horse **County Line**
WINCHESTER The Tower Centre (67986) **New Jazz Aliens**
WORTHING Assembly Hall (202221) **Clannad**

SATURDAY

8

ABERDEEN Venue (22255) **The Blubbery Hellbellies**
ALDERSHOT West End Centre (330040) **Somo Somo/Kokuma/Spliff Riff**
BATH Moles Club (333423) **English Jazz Quartet**
BIRMINGHAM Odeon (021-643 6101) **OMD**
CARDIFF Nero's (45987) **Alien Sex Fiend**
COLCHESTER Essex University (862286) **Evan Parker**
CROSSKEYS Institute (270301) **Snatch It Back**
DURHAM Grey College **Rouen**
EDINBURGH Playhouse Theatre (031-557 2590) **Mötley Crüe/Cheap Trick**
EDINBURGH University (031-667 0214/5/6/7) **Blues' N' Trouble**
HADLEIGH Easthouse (822055) **Bluestone**
HARLOW Square One **Citizen Cain**
HATFIELD Polytechnic (68343) **Dig Vis Drill/Pulp/Mr Morality/Henry Normal**
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head (21758) **The Wes McGhee Band**
HUDDERSFIELD Valentines **Never Forever**
LIVERPOOL Brady's (051-236 3959) **Peter And The Test Tube Babies**
LIVERPOOL Royal Court (051-709 4321) **The Smiths/New Order/The Fall**
(Liverpool Council Benefit)
LONDON Acton Bumbles (01-992 3308) **Dark Asylum**
LONDON Aldwych Waldof Hotel **Rent Party**
LONDON Bethnal Green Green Gate (01-739 4290) **Steve Marriot's Packet Of**
Three
LONDON Brixton Acre Land Lambeth Town Hall (01-274 7722) **Big Flame/Attila**
The Stockbroker/TV Personalities/Mark Miwurdz/The Temps/Porky The Poet/
Paul Faggot
LONDON Brixton Fringe (01-326 5100) **Luddy Samms and the Deliverers**
LONDON Camberwell Green Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) **Mick Clarke**
LONDON Camden Carnarvon Castle (01-485 7858) **Woolfie Witcher (Lunchtime)**
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Dave Kelly Band**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Jazawaki/The Tommy Chase**
Quartet
LONDON Chalk Farm Enterprise **The Wedding Present/The Macarthy's**
LONDON Clerkenwell Close Horseshoe (01-253 6068) **Munirah/Lindsay Macrae/**
Patric Cunnane
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Iggy Quail and Friends**
(Lunch) Big Heat (Eve)
LONDON Fulham Kings Head (01-736 1413) **The Jackie Lynton Band**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 8526) **The Mekons/Bogshed**
LONDON Greek Street Le Beat Route (01-734 6308) **These Four Walls/Beautiful**
Strangers
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) **Summer House**
LONDON Hackney Amhurst Road Club **Mankind District Six**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Juice On The Loose**
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) **Heyday/Fun City/The Third Man**
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **African Culture**
LONDON Islington Salmon and Compasses **Camarillo Brillo**
LONDON Kentish Town Bull and Gate (01-485 5358) **Wilko Johnson**
LONDON Kentish Town The Castle **Strange Frontiers**
LONDON Leicester Square Notre Dame Hall **Lack Of Knowledge**
LONDON Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) **Undercover**
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **Meantime**
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **Avon Cities Jazz/Ken Sims Dixie**
Kings
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) **Louisiana Red**
LONDON Tilbury Dockers Club **Eddie Vincent**
LONDON West India Dock Road Buccaneer (01-515 2048) **The Krakshotz**
LONDON Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (01-835 0618) **Cherry Bombz/Shrew**
King/Go-Hole
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) **Victor Brox**
OXFORD Jericho Tavern (54502) **Sergeant Bilko's Krazy Combo/The**
Katburglars
OXFORD Pennyfarthing (246007) **Mask Party**
PALNACKIE Barlochin Hotel **Tredegar**
POOLE Arts Centre (685222) **Clannad**
PORTSMOUTH Gosport Labour Club **The Dilberry's**
PORTSMOUTH Rockgarden Pavilion (21992) **Truffle/County Line**
RET福德 Porterhouse (704981) **Pallas**
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) **A Certain Ratio**
SOUTHSEA Rock Garden **Truffle/County Line**
STROUD Marshall Rooms (3074) **NW10/Laugh In Fear**
TONYPANDY Naval Club (436181) **The Firebirds**
WARRINGTON Lion (30047) **No Favours**
WENDOVER Division One Club **The Mighty Lemon Drops**
WINDSOR Arts Centre (59336) **3-Space**
WISHAM Heathery Bar (72597) **Twice Bitten**
WOKINGHAM Angies (789912) **John Otway**
YORK University (412328) **Zoot And The Roots**

SUNDAY

9

BIRMINGHAM Odeon Theatre (021-643 6101/2) **Mötley Crüe/Cheap Trick**
BLACKBURN King George's Hall (582582) **Peter And The Test Tube Babies**
BLAIRGOWRIE The Gig **Twice Bitten**
BRADFORD Queens Hall Celler Bar (392712) **Never Forever**
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-560 6181) **The Amazing Rhythm**
Burglars/Footloose (Lunchtime) Vienna (Eve)
BRISTOL Colston Hall (291768) **Clannad**
CROYDON Underground (01-760 0833) **Cherry Bombz/The Whiplash Girls**
DUBLIN SFX **Ozzy Osbourne**
LEATHERHEAD Riverside Club (375713) **The Body Politic/The Great Garden**
LEEDS Robin Hood **The Prowlers /IK**
LONDON Battersea Latchmere (01-223 3549) **Wes McGhee Texas Allstars**
LONDON Camberwell Green Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) **Steve Waller (Lunch)**
Midnites (Eve)
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Rent Party**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Important Notice/The Last**
Band/Safe In Bed/Sorayas Blues Boys/Rhythm System
LONDON Catford Governor General Rockshelter (01-698 3865) **Bad English**
LONDON Chalk Farm Enterprise **Weird And The Dragon/Howling Martin**
LONDON East Ham Ruskin Arms (01-472 0377) **VHF**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Iggy Quail And Friends**
(Lunch) Clive Gregson and Christine Collister (Eve)
LONDON Fulham Kings Head (01-736 1413) **Soundworx**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 8526) **Zero Le Creche/Faint**
Heart and Sins
LONDON Greek Street Le Beat Route (01-734 6308) **Akasha/Beautiful Strangers/**
These Four Walls/The Big Bang
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Shanty Dam (Lunch) The**
Duelists (Eve)
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **Willie Garrets Waddock Band**
(Lunch) Iain Bellamy Quartet (Eve)
LONDON Islington George and Dragon **Flex-Able**
LONDON Kings Cross New Merlins Cave (01-837 2097) **The Mudguards**
LONDON North Finchley Torrington (01-445 4710) **Chris Farlowe And The**
Thunderbirds
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **London Apaches (Lunch) Juvenessence**
(Eve)
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **Littlejohn's Jazzers**
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) **Blues Corporation**
LONDON Wood Green Fishmongers Arms (01-888 3653) **Ken Wood And The**
Mixers
NEWCASTLE City Hall (320007) **Feargal Sharkey**
OXFORD Jericho Tavern (54502) **Wild Willy Barrett**
PEEBLES Cross Keys Hotel (20748) **Tredegar**
PORTSMOUTH Salutation (820015) **County Line (Lunch and Eve)**
SHEERNESS Naxley Road Belvedere SC **Eddie Vincent**



VINCE CLARKE, Erasure's head

MONDAY

10

BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-560 6181) **Woolfie Witcher Pub Party**
CARDIFF St Davids hall (42611) **Mötley Crüe/Cheap Trick**
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic (21167) **Cabaret Voltaire**
DEWSBURY Eightlands Well **The Prowlers**
DUBLIN SFX **Ozzy Osbourne**
DUNSTABLE Wheatheaf (62571) **English Rogues**
EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) **Feargal Sharkey**
GATESHEAD Madisons Nightclub **Splitz**
HALISHAM Youth Centre **New Emotion**
LEEDS Adam and Eves (456724) **Bailey's Return/Psychic Dance/One and One**
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Rent Party**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Friends Of Gavin/Only Connect/**
Equestrian Statues
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Wes McGhee Band**
LONDON Fulham Kings Head (01-736 1413) **The Rave**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 8526) **Helter Skelter/Shev And**
The Brakes/SOS
LONDON Fulham Swan (01-385 1840) **The Inflatables**
LONDON Greek Street Le Beat Route (01-734 6308) **The Kill/Circus/A Popular**
History Of Signs/Montage
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **Lack Of Knowledge/Feud**
LONDON Hampstead Westfield College **October Nine**
LONDON Haringay Lasers **The Fall**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Danger Zone**
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) **Fallen Heroes/Zero 963**
LONDON Leytonstone Plough and Harrow (01-539 1683) **Nitro Blues Band**
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **Clive Gregson And Christine Collister**
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) **Wilko Johnson**
LONDON South Wimbledon William Morris Club **Graham Larkbey**
NEWCASTLE Madisons Club (324910) **Splitz**
NEWCASTLE Riverside (614386) **Zoot And The Roots**
ROTHERHITHE Prince Of Orange (01-237 9181) **Hard Lines**
SOUTHPORT Theatre (40404) **Clannad**
SHEFFIELD City Hall (735295) **OMD**
STOKE Shelleys (322209) **Pallas**
SUNDERLAND 029 Club **Tredegar**
THATCHAM Silks (65502) **Airrace**
YORK Rugby League Social Club **Peter And The Test Tube Babies**

TUESDAY

11

BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-560 6181) **Roy Hill And The Miller Family**
BRISTOL Old Profanity Showboat (293301) **I Am 7/The Elephant Men**
CARDIFF Chapter Arts Centre **Statues Of Us**
CHESHAM Elgva **The Ejits/Pram Service**
GLASGOW Barrowlands (041-552 4601) **Feargal Sharkey**
GLASGOW Cotton Club (041-332 0712) **Tony O'Neill/Earthworks**
HULL Peppermint Park **Pallas**
LEEDS University (439071) **The Blubbery Hellbellies/Johnny Jumps The**
Bandwagon
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Freddie And The Donuts**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Then Jerico**
LONDON Cricklewood Lane Hogs Grunt (01-450 8969) **The Reactors**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Poormouth**
LONDON Fulham Kings Head (01-736 1413) **The 35th Of May**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 8526) **Tim Cody/Run To Zero**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Perfect Disaster/Pop Icons/**
Equestrian Statues
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **Team Spirit/Art Hammer Duo**
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) **Big Jim And The Figaro**
Club
LONDON Kentish Town Town and Country Club (01-267 3334) **Cabaret Voltaire**
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **Bob Kerr's Whoopie Band**
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) **Meantime**
LONDON Warwick Road Princess Royal **Eddie Vincent**
LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (01-855 3371) **Max 404/Maestro/Defected Dancer**
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) **Supercombo**
MIDDLESBOROUGH Ossies (813465) **Tredegar**
NOTTINGHAM Rock City (412544) **The Jesus And Mary Chain/Hunters Club**
OSMOTHERLY Queen Catherine **Mississippi Sheiks**
READING Majestic **The Guana Batz/The Krewmen**
SHEFFIELD Hallamshire Hotel (29787) **Lay Of The Land**
SHEFFIELD University (24076) **Skin**
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts (611625) **The Attic**
STOKE Shelleys (322209) **Restless/The Pharaohs**

TOUR NEWS

CHROME MOLLY, the Leicester band, play their first London Marquee headliner on February 5.

THE SCENE will now be playing their farewell gig at Tufnell Park Savoy Ballroom on February 22, supported by The Way Out, The B Team and The Outlets.



HACKNEY FIVE-O, North London's jazz, blues and country exponents, promote their 'Catalogue' EP at Islington Hare And Hounds on February 5.

TREDEGAR, who have an album coming out this month on Aries, have lined up a tour to promote it at Falkirk Burns Bar February 5, Dunfirmeline Warehouse 6, Livingstone Craigshill Social Club 7, Palnackie Barochin Hotel 8, Peebles Cross Keys 9, Sunderland Old 29 Club 10, Middlesbrough Outlook 11, Lowestoft Pier 14, Kings Lynn Blue And Gold 15, Birmingham Jinx 18, Burton On Trent 76 Club 19, Nottingham Mardis Gras 20, Hailsham Crown Hotel 21.

THE WHIPLASH GIRLS return to the Croydon Underground on February 9 to support The Cherry Bombz.

THAT PETROL EMOTION play their last gig before recording their first album - even though they haven't signed a record deal yet - at Hammersmith Clarendon on February 7.

THE TALLY MAN, 'who do not hide behind feedback or haircuts', have gigs at Clerkenwell George And Dragon February 13, Stockwell Plough 19, Clerkenwell George And Dragon 27.

TWICE BITTEN, the Nottingham band, have added more dates to their tour at Cambridge Boatrace February 5, Glasgow The Doune 13, Dundee Spinners 14, Washington Arts Centre 15, Sheffield Hallamshire 16.

BURNESSENCE, the Chesham melodic rock band, support Pallas at Gravesend Red Lion February 20 and Dunstable Queensway Hall March 2.

HAZE have a 'Warts 'N' All' live album released on Gabadon this week and have extra dates lined up at Christchurch Regent Centre February 7, Sheffield University 8, Swindon Lincoln Club March 6, Wimbledon William Morris Club 8, Brentwood Hermit Club 14.

MOURNBLADE have landed the support slot on the Hugh Lloyd Langton tour this month.

THE SURFADELICS have slotted in a couple of dates this month at Hammersmith Clarendon February 14 and London Limehouse Buccaneer 15.

FEAR OF DARKNESS, the Bristol band, have altered three dates on their current tour and now play Dunstable Wheatstheaf February 3, Portsmouth Polytechnic 5, Bath University 7.

COOK DA BOOKS, Black, Western Promise, The Ministry Of Love, The High Five, Bingo Brothers, Jennifer John and Con McConville are all playing a MIND benefit at Liverpool Kirkby Suite February 14.

THE NASHVILLE TEENS and Alan Clayton And The Argonauts, two '60s survivors, have gigs together at Putney Half Moon February 3, Brentford Red Lion 15, Putney Half Moon 17.

LACK OF KNOWLEDGE, who have a 12-inch called 'Sentinel' out on Chainsaw, play London Leicester Square Notre Dame Hall February 8, Hammersmith Clarendon 10, Covent Garden Rock Garden 19, Brixton Old White Horse 20, Mayfair Embassy Club 25.

ONLY CONNECT, who've just released their first single, have dates at Cardiff University February 7, Camden Dingwalls 10, London School Of Economics 19.

TONY O'NEILL, a Glaswegian singer songwriter, has signed to Virgin Records and celebrates the fact with a gig at Glasgow Cotton Club February 11.

STRANGERS AND BROTHERS, the Scottish band, prepare for the release of their first single on Magnet at the end of this month with gigs at Covent Garden Rock Garden February 5, Dundee University 6, Aberdeen Venue 7.

PRIME TIME, who've just expanded their line-up to include an American rhythm section, play Hampstead Westfield College February 17, Brentford Red Lion 23.

FLESHPUPPETS embark on their most extensive tour so far to promote their 'Scarecrow' single at Coventry Colin Campbell February 3, Nottingham Mardis Gras 11, Wigan Pier 12, Manchester Rafter 19, Birmingham Peacocks 24, St Helens Lamb Hotel 27, Sheffield Limit Club March 4.

SISTER CROW, a Leicester band who have a ten-inch single out called 'Sun In Splendour', play Birmingham Peacocks February 5, Bath Moles 20.

JOKERS WILD have gigs around town at Shepherds Bush Wellington February 6, Croydon Underground 19, East Sheen Bull 28.



THE WEDDING PRESENT follow their 'Once More' single with gigs at Bristol Tropic Club February 6, London Queen Mary College 7, Chalk Farm Enterprise 8.

RUNESTAFF warm-up for recording their new album at Shepherds Bush Wellington February 5, Thetford Breckland Sports Centre 8, Mildenhall Galaxy 15.

THE UNHOLY TRINITY continue to promote their 'Rise To The Occasion' mini-album at Penzance Delmas February 21, Hammersmith Clarendon 22, Bristol Old Profanity 28.

MIGHTY LEMON DROPS, whose 'Like An Angel' single is climbing the indie charts, have gigs at Brixton Old White Horse February 6, London Queen Mary College 7, Aylesbury Division One Club 8, Middlesex Polytechnic 21.

BIG FLAME, Attila The Stockbroker, The TV Personalities, Mark Miwurz, The Temps, Porky The Poet and Paul Faggott all appear at a benefit for the Lambeth Fighting Fund at Lambeth Town Hall on February 8.

BIG HEAT, who are signed to A&M, have an additional London gig at Finsbury Park Sir George Robey February 8.

CHINESE GANGSTER ELEMENT, a Halifax band, warm up for their first single later this month with gigs at Huddersfield Polytechnic February 5, Carlisle Stars And Stripes 7, Halifax Pot O' Four 12.

HOT PORK LUNCH No. 38



CHART

UK 50 SINGLES UK 50 ALBUMS

- 1 5 ONLY LOVE Nana Mouskouri Carrere/Philips
- 2 1 THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES ON TV A-ha Warner Brothers
- 3 7 BORDERLINE Madonna Sire
- 4 20 WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH THE TOUGH GET GOING Billy Ocean Jive
- 5 2 WALK OF LIFE Dire Straits Vertigo
- 6 3 BROKEN WINGS Mr Mister RCA
- 7 10 SUSPICIOUS MINDS Fine Young Cannibals London
- 8 13 SYSTEM ADDICT Five Star Tent
- 9 4 SATURDAY LOVE Cherrelle With Alexander O'Neal Tabu
- 10 17 THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA Sarah Brightman & Steve Harley Polydor
- 11 16 PULL UP TO THE BUMPER Grace Jones Island
- 12 6 YOU LITTLE THIEF Feargal Sharkey Virgin
- 13 32 SANCTIFY YOURSELF Simple Minds Virgin
- 14 22 IN A LIFETIME Clannad RCA
- 15 8 WEST END GIRLS Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 16 18 LIFE'S WHAT YOU MAKE IT Talk Talk EMI
- 17 9 WHO'S ZOOMIN' WHO Aretha Franklin Arista
- 18 11 IT'S ALRIGHT (BABY'S COMING BACK) Eurythmics RCA
- 19 25 LIVING IN AMERICA James Brown Scotti Brothers
- 20 30 HOW WILL I KNOW Whitney Houston Arista
- 21 26 IMAGINATION Belouis Some Parlophone
- 22 35 SHOT IN THE DARK Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 23 14 ALICE I WANT YOU JUST FOR ME Full Force CBS
- 24 43 MY MAGIC MAN Rochelle Warner Brothers
- 25 45 THE CAPTAIN OF HER HEART Double Polydor
- 26 15 HIT THAT PERFECT BEAT Bronski Beat Forbidden Fruit
- 27 47 RISE Public Image Ltd Virgin
- 28 39 IF I RULED THE WORLD Kurtis Blow Club
- 29 12 RUSSIANS Sting A&M
- 30 42 IF YOU'RE READY (COME GO WITH ME) Ruby Turner Jive
- 31 19 SPIRIT OF '76 Alarm IRS
- 32 37 THE SWEETEST GIRL Madness Zarjaz
- 33 21 SAVING ALL MY LOVE FOR YOU Whitney Houston Arista
- 34 — DON'T LET ME BE MISUNDERSTOOD Costello Show F Beat
- 35 23 RING OF ICE Jennifer Rush CBS
- 36 29 SHAKE YOUR FOUNDATION AC/DC Atlantic
- 37 — ONE DANCE WON'T DO Audrey Hall Germain
- 38 31 CUT ME DOWN Lloyd Cole & The Commotions Polydor
- 39 — ELOISE Damned MCA
- 40 44 THE PROMISE Arcadia Parlophone
- 41 — DON'T WASTE MY TIME Paul Hardcastle Chrysalis
- 42 50 RADIO AFRICA Latin Quarter Rockin' Horse
- 43 — HOLD ME Teddy Pendergrass & Whitney Houston Asylum
- 44 — BURNING HEART Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 45 28 GIRLIE GIRLIE Sophia George Winner
- 46 — SIDEWALK TALK Jellybean EMI America
- 47 — TURNING AWAY Shakin' Stevens Epic
- 48 24 LEAVING ME NOW Level 42 Polydor
- 49 — FUNKY SENSATION Ladies Choice Sure Delight
- 50 — CHAIN REACTION Diana Ross Capitol

- 1 1 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 2 2 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW A-ha Warner Brothers
- 3 3 THE DREAM OF THE BLUE TURTLES Sting A&M
- 4 4 THE BROADWAY ALBUM Barbra Streisand CBS
- 5 9 BE YOURSELF TONIGHT Eurythmics RCA
- 6 6 ISLAND LIFE Grace Jones Island
- 7 8 WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista
- 8 14 THE FIRST ALBUM Madonna Sire
- 9 7 LIKE A VIRGIN Madonna Sire
- 10 5 WORLD MACHINE Level 42 Polydor
- 11 15 HIGH PRIORITY Cherrelle Tabu
- 12 16 ONCE UPON A TIME Simple Minds Virgin
- 13 10 FEARGAL SHARKEY Feargal Sharkey Virgin
- 14 13 FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS Fine Young Cannibals London
- 15 11 GO WEST Go West Chrysalis
- 16 22 LUXURY OF LIFE Five Star Tent
- 17 12 PROMISE Sade Epic
- 18 17 THE SINGLES COLLECTION Spandau Ballet Chrysalis
- 19 21 PRIVATE DANCER Tina Turner Capitol
- 20 25 SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR Tears For Fears Mercury
- 21 18 JENNIFER RUSH Jennifer Rush CBS
- 22 24 EASY PIECES Lloyd Cole & The Commotions Polydor
- 23 38 ALCHEMY Dire Straits Vertigo
- 24 19 NO JACKET REQUIRED Phil Collins Virgin
- 25 50 LITTLE CREATURES Talking Heads EMI
- 26 20 NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC Various EMI/Virgin
- 27 23 HITS 3 Various EMI/Virgin
- 28 46 LIVE UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY U2 Island
- 29 27 HOUNDS OF LOVE Kate Bush EMI
- 30 47 THE BEST OF INCANTATION Incantation Coda
- 31 34 QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS Queen EMI
- 32 31 THE CLASSIC TOUCH Richard Clayderman Decca
- 33 36 ROCK A LITTLE Stevie Nicks Parlophone
- 34 43 LOVE OVER GOLD Dire Straits Vertigo
- 35 29 THE LOVE SONGS George Benson K-tel
- 36 39 THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE U2 Island
- 37 — MACALLA Clannad RCA
- 38 26 THE LOVE ALBUM Various Telstar
- 39 — ROCKY IV Soundtrack Scotti Brothers
- 40 28 BORN IN THE USA Bruce Springsteen CBS
- 41 30 ICE ON FIRE Elton John Rocket
- 42 33 HEART AND SOUL Barry White K-tel
- 43 37 SONGS TO LEARN AND SING Echo & The Bunnymen Korova
- 44 41 WHO'S ZOOMIN' WHO Aretha Franklin Arista
- 45 32 GREATEST HITS VOLUMES I AND II Billy Joel CBS
- 46 40 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 47 — AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 48 45 MISPLACED CHILDHOOD Marillion EMI
- 49 — SUDDENLY Billy Ocean Jive
- 50 48 THE SINGLES 81-85 Depeche Mode Mute

Compiled by MRIB



PIL: rising up the charts

SOUNDS TRACKS

Jack Barron

CONVICTION OR FINE Black Uhuru Taxi

WE'VE GOT A FUZZBOX AND WE'RE GOING TO USE IT maybe next time eh girls
EEEEEEEEEE! My Cat Singing Pussy Tape

Chris Roberts

IN VOGUE Japan Ariola LP track

LEAVING ME NOW Level 42 Polydor 12-inch

MOVE INTO SOUL VOL 3 Various Move LP

Glyn Brown

I'LL GO CRAZY James Brown Polydor LP track

MIGHTY LOVE Detroit Spinners Atlantic LP track

STONED LOVE The Supremes Tamla Motown 45

Hugh Fielder

I BURN FOR YOU Sting A&M 12-inch

ANGRY LOVE Rory McLeod Forward Sound

ER...SOMETHING ABOUT COWS Jesus Couldn't Drum Lost Moment

Ron Rom

NO JUSTICE FOR THE POOR The Mighty Ballistics Hi-Power mean track off 'Here

Come The Blues' Criminal Damage

SMILES The Shrubs fresh live treatment

SOMETHING HAPPENS The Mighty Lemon Drops Dreamworld

Edwin Pouncey

RIOT CITY Various crazy men Satan LP

GREED Swans forthcoming K422 LP

CORNFED DAMES The Cramps Big Beat sin spin

Julian Colbeck

SILENT RUNNING Mike And The Mechanics WEA

WANNA BE A COWBOY Boys Don't Cry PRT

LIVING IN AMERICA James Brown Scotti Bros

Carole Linfield

THIS IS NOT AMERICA David Bowie EMI America

BEACH PARTY Various Big Beat

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION Violent Femmes London

REGGAE TENS

PRE-RELEASE

- 1 PLAY WITH ME Frankie Paul Aqua
- 2 TICKLE ME Thriller Taxi
- 3 WHO CONTROL THEM Michael Prophet Techniques
- 4 FEAR NOT Winston Jarret Studio 1
- 5 LOVER KILL ME John Wayne Kingston II
- 6 ONE LOVE Bob Marley Studio 1
- 7 PREMIER PLAZA Charlie Chaplin Techniques
- 8 ONE OF A KIND Screwdriver Top Rank
- 9 TRANQUILLISER Horace Ferguson Thunderbolt
- 10 HOW WE A GO CROSS RIVER JORDAN Nitty Gritty MP

DISCO

- 1 SELECTOR HIM GOOD Little Clarkie Jan Tubbys
- 2 THE CREATOR Asha Ariwa

- 3 NATURAL MYSTIC Bob Marley Daddy Kool
- 4 KOOL NUH Aswad Simba
- 5 HAVE TO GIRLIE GIRLIE Tonto Irie Unity
- 6 ONE DANCE WON'T DO Audrey Hall Germain
- 7 AFRICA WE'RE GOING HOME Frankie Paul Gold Disc
- 8 CONVICTION OR FINE Black Uhuru RAS
- 9 STRANGE THINGS Horace Andy Raging Lion
- 10 MUSIC LESSON Original Wailers Solomonic

ALBUMS

- 1 STRUGGLING The Mighty Diamonds Live And Learn
- 2 COUNTRY LIVING The Gladiators Heartbeat
- 3 HOTTEST HITS VOLUME THREE Various Artists Treasure Isle
- 4 PRESENTING Burning Spear Studio 1
- 5 JAMAICA JAMAICA Brigadier Jerry RAS
- 6 JOINT FAVOURITES Michael Palmer And Half Pint Greensleeves
- 7 HERE I COME Barrington Levy Time
- 8 IN CULTURE Culture Music Tracks
- 9 FEVER Tenor Saw Blue Mountain
- 10 WILDFIRE John Holt And Dennis Brown TADS

Compiled by Dub Vendor 274 Lavender Hill London SW11

WESTLAND

- 1 YOU SPIN ME ROUND (LIKE A HELICOPTER) Dead Or Alive
- 2 EAST END BOYS AND WESTLAND GIRLS Pet Shop Boys
- 3 SINCE YESTERDAY Rotary Switchblade
- 4 AIRPORT The Rotors
- 5 LIES LIES LIES Leon Brittan And Michael Heseltine
- 6 COPTER COPTER UFO
- 7 SHE SELLS SIKORSKY The Cult
- 8 HOLDING OUT FOR A HELICOPTER Bonnie Tyler
- 9 ROTOR NOWHERE Talking Heads
- 10 LEON ON ME The Rotor Skins

Compiled by Weirdo and Skunk of The Tripod Chapel

ATTACK

HOT METAL 60

SINGLES

- 1 — SHOT IN THE DARK Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 2 1 SHAKE YOUR FOUNDATIONS AC/DC Atlantic
- 3 2 LEADER OF THE PACK Twisted Sister Atlantic
- 4 6 BURNING HEART Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 5 5 RUN TO THE HILLS Iron Maiden EMI
- 6 3 THROWING STONES AT THE WIND Pallas Harvest
- 7 4 NINETEEN Phil Lynott Polydor
- 8 8 RUNNING FREE Iron Maiden EMI
- 9 7 HEART OF LOTHIAN Marillion EMI
- 10 11 LAVENDER Marillion EMI
- 11 9 MARKET SQUARE HEROES Marillion EMI
- 12 — VOICES Russ Ballard EMI America
- 13 10 THE WORLD WAITS FOR YOU Fastway CBS
- 14 17 BLIND IN TEXAS WASP Capitol
- 15 12 SMOKIN' IN THE BOYS ROOM Mötley Crüe Elektra
- 16 15 SLEEPING BAG ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 17 13 WHITE WEDDING Billy Idol Chrysalis
- 18 14 TEARS ARE FALLING Vertigo/Phonogram
- 19 18 KAYLEIGH Marillion EMI
- 20 19 THE BIG MONEY Rush Vertigo/Phonogram



OZZY, auditioning for the role of An Albino Teenwolf In Clapham

ALBUMS

- 1 2 MISPLACED CHILDHOOD Marillion EMI
- 2 1 DOUBLE TROUBLE LIVE Molly Hatchet Epic
- 3 4 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 4 3 BLACK AND WHITE Terraplane Epic
- 5 5 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 6 6 FLY ON THE WALL AC/DC Atlantic
- 7 9 COME OUT AND PLAY Twisted Sister Atlantic
- 8 8 LIVE AFTER DEATH Iron Maiden EMI
- 9 23 DELIRIOUS NOMAD Armoured Saint Chrysalis
- 10 30 SOLDIERS UNDER COMMAND Stryper Enigma/Stiff
- 11 17 ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT Magnum EMI
- 12 12 SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR Marillion EMI
- 13 10 FUGAZI Marillion EMI
- 14 14 DONE WITH MIRRORS Aerosmith Geffen
- 15 20 THEATRE OF PAIN Mötley Crüe Elektra
- 16 13 ELIMINATOR ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 17 26 THE LAST COMMAND WASP Capitol
- 18 11 VITAL IDOL Billy Idol Chrysalis
- 19 25 RUN FOR COVER Gary Moore 10
- 20 21 POWER WINDOWS Rush Vertigo/Phonogram
- 21 — ERIC MARTIN Eric Martin Music For Nations
- 22 15 CLUB NINJA Blue Öyster Cult CBS
- 23 — BACK WITH THE BOYS Bernie Tormé Raw Power
- 24 18 TWITCH Aldo Nova Portrait
- 25 24 RIDE THE LIGHTNING Metallica Music For Nations
- 26 — ANTHOLOGY Magnum Raw Power
- 27 — ASYLUM Kiss Vertigo/Phonogram
- 28 16 BEST OF HANOI ROCKS Hanoi Rocks Lick Records
- 29 7 REAL TO REEL Marillion Fame
- 30 22 WORLD WIDE LIVE Scorpions Harvest

IMPORTS

- 1 — SEVENTH STAR Tony Iommi's Black Sabbath Phonogram
 - 2 — THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
 - 3 1 SURRENDER Joshua SMS
 - 4 8 SWEET PAIN Sweet Pain Combat
 - 5 — JEFF PARIS Jeff Paris Mercury
 - 6 — STRANGE WAYS Strange Ways Boneaire
 - 7 — POISON DOLLIES Poison Dollies Invasion
 - 8 — THE BIG PRIZE Honeymoon Suite WEA
 - 9 4 MAXIMUM DESTRUCTION Destructor Auburn
 - 10 — METAL MELTDOWN Various Decibel Shock
- Compiled by Spotlight Research



SONIC YOUTH: flower power

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 1 BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 2 — DAMNED BUT NOT FORGOTTEN The Damned Dojo
- 3 2 LOVE The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 4 — LIVE II — HORRIBLE MUSIC, FOR HORRIBLE PEOPLE BY THIS HORRIBLE BAND The Meteors Dojo
- 5 3 THE SINGLES 81-85 Depeche Mode Mute
- 6 8 DREAMTIME The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 7 5 RUM, SODOMY AND THE LASH The Pogues Stiff
- 8 4 1979 - 1983 Bauhaus Beggars Banquet
- 9 6 HATFUL OF HOLLOW The Smiths Rough Trade
- 10 7 FRANKENCHRIST Dead Kennedys Alternative Tentacles
- 11 — THE OLD AND THE NEW A Certain Ratio Factory
- 12 15 LOW-LIFE New Order Factory
- 13 22 NIGHT OF A THOUSAND CANDLES The Men They Couldn't Hang Imp/Demon
- 14 23 LIVE AT THE WHITEHOUSE The Exploited Suck
- 15 — POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES New Order Factory
- 16 18 TREASURE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 17 12 THE CLOCK COMES DOWN THE STAIRS Microdisney Rough Trade
- 18 9 LIFE'S A RIOT WITH SPY VS SPY Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 19 11 THIS NATION'S SAVING GRACE The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 20 16 MEAT IS MURDER The Smiths Rough Trade
- 21 — WE WON'T BE YOUR F***ING POOR Various Mortarhate
- 22 24 NAIL Scraping Foetus Off The Wheel Self Immolation/Some Bizzare
- 23 21 FALSE ACCUSATIONS The Robert Cray Band Demon
- 24 10 BAD INFLUENCE The Robert Cray Band Demon
- 25 — OLD ROTTENHAT Robert Wyatt Rough Trade
- 26 13 THE CHRONICLE OF THE BLACK SWORD Hawkwind Flickknife
- 27 19 SPLEEN AND IDEAL Dead Can Dance 4AD
- 28 14 THERE ARE EIGHT MILLION STORIES The June Brides The Pink Label
- 29 20 SHOWDOWN Albert Collins, Johnny Copeland & Robert Cray Sonet
- 30 17 ONE POUND NINETY-NINE — A MUSIC SAMPLER OF THE STATE OF THINGS Various Beggars Banquet

TREES

- 1 ECHO BEECH Martha And The Mullins
- 2 DANCING IN THE BARK Spruce Springsteen
- 3 SILVER BIRCH MACHINE David Essex
- 4 FIREVER AUTUMN Justin Haywood
- 5 PRIVET DANCER Tina Turner
- 6 IF YOU LEAF ME NOW Chicago
- 7 LIME STILL STANDING Elton John
- 8 CHERRY ACROSS THE MERSEY Berry And The Pacemakers
- 9 SYCAMORE THINGS Alice Cooper
- 10 LIKE A PINE CONE COWBOY Glen Campbell

Compiled by the Trafford Park, Liberals

BAD TASTE

- 1 RUNNING UP THAT HILL Ian Dury
- 2 I COULD BE HAPPY Ian Curtis
- 3 IN TOO DEEP Natalie Wood
- 4 SHE'LL BE COMING ROUND THE MOUNTAIN Princess Grace

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 1 DAYS LIKE THESE Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 2 9 SHE SELLS SANCTUARY The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 3 6 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 4 2 ECHOES IN A SHALLOW BAY Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 5 3 TINY DYNAMINE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 6 — GIVING GROUND The Sisterhood Merciful Release
- 7 10 WHISTLING IN THE DARK Easterhouse Rough Trade
- 8 19 SUB-CULTURE New Order Factory
- 9 15 LET THEM EAT BOGSLED Bogshed Vinyl Drip
- 10 4 REVOLUTION Chumba Wumba Agitpop
- 11 17 CRUISER'S CREEK/LA The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 12 47 THE PERFECT KISS New Order Factory
- 13 — BITTERSWEET New Model Army Quiet!
- 14 20 SLAMMERS King Kurt Stiff
- 15 — KOOL NOH Aswad Simba
- 16 5 REVOLUTION The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 17 16 RAIN The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 18 29 PEARLY DEWDROPS' DROPS Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 19 12 IT WILL COME The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 20 22 FLAG DAY The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 21 11 CAN YOUR PUSSY DO THE DOG? The Cramps Big Beat
- 22 33 BUBBLING Aswad Simba
- 23 7 V2 That Petrol Emotion Noise A Noise
- 24 — INCUBUS SUCCUBUS X-Mal Deutschland 4AD
- 25 — FLOWER Sonic Youth Blastfirst
- 26 — RELIGIOUS PERSUASION Andy White Stiff
- 27 14 LIKE AN ANGEL Mighty Lemon Drops Dreamworld
- 28 34 DAY AND NIGHT Balaam And The Angel Chapter 22
- 29 13 NO PLACE CALLED HOME The June Brides Intape
- 30 27 SPIRITWALKER The Cult Situation Two
- 31 38 THE BATTLE CONTINUES Conflict Mortarhate
- 32 23 DRINKING AND DRIVING The Business Diamond
- 33 8 KICK OVER THE STATUES The Redskins Abstract Dance/Priority
- 34 18 DESIRE Gene Loves Jezebel Situation Two
- 35 46 THE WIND OF CHANGE Robert Wyatt With The SWAPO Singers Rough Trade
- 36 28 LA RAIN Rose Of Avalanche Lil
- 37 31 MAKES NO SENSE AT ALL Husker Du SST
- 38 40 CRAWFISH Johnny Thunders & Patti Palladin Jungle
- 39 36 KEEN That Petrol Emotion The Pink Label
- 40 26 NEEDLE GUN Hawkwind Flickknife
- 41 — LONELY MAN/I WANT YOU The Godfathers Corporate Image
- 42 43 BAR ROOM BOP — CHAMPS ELYSEES The Adicts Fall Out
- 43 — A BUN IN THE OVEN Princess Tynymeat Rough Trade
- 44 42 EDIE The Adult Net Beggars Banquet
- 45 — BIBLE OF THE BEATS Age Of Chance Riot Bible
- 46 21 UPSIDE DOWN The Jesus And Mary Chain Creation
- 47 24 WHIMPEEZ Peter And The Test Tube Babies Trapper
- 48 25 WALK ON GILDED SPLINTERS The Flowerpot Men Compost
- 49 30 ALL DAY LONG The Shop Assistants Subway Organisation
- 50 32 RISE Into A Circle Arcadia

Compiled by Spotlight Research

FACIAL HAIR

- 1 SHAVE TO THE RHYTHM Grace Jones
 - 2 THE SWIVEL HEAD ON THE DOOR The Cure
 - 3 CARELESS WHISKER George Michael
 - 4 BRISTLE DOWN THE WIND Nick Heyward
 - 5 SHAVE TO LOVE Bryan Ferry
 - 6 THE BIC INSIDE Kate Bush
 - 7 THE CUTTER Echo And The Bunnymen
 - 8 THE COVENANT, THE LORD AND THE WILKINSON SWORD Cabaret Voltaire
 - 9 GILLETTE IT BE The Beatles
 - 10 KYAM WHAT KYAM Gloria Gaynor
- Compiled by Mark Venning, the official Mighty Stupid/FEP bootlegger

- 5 I FEEL LIKE BUDDY HOLLY Rick Nelson
 - 6 I FEEL FOR YOU Stevie Wonder
 - 7 WALLS COME TUMBLING DOWN Hyssell Stadium Choir
 - 8 STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN Laura Ashley
 - 9 WOULD I LIE TO YOU? Leon Brittan
 - 10 UPSIDE DOWN Simon Le Bon
- Compiled by Stephen (the Welsh man, from Pwllheli, who hates sheep) Williams

BAND AID

AIRPORT ARRIVALS

TWO JAPANESE companies holding pre-Frankfurt product launches within the vicinity of Heathrow must mean that somebody's taking Eno's 'Music For Airports' very seriously.

For the past three years, Yamaha have stunned us with a succession of fabulous FM innovations at show time. This year, it seemed that there wasn't, to be fair, a single new product that was bound to take the world by storm. But of quantity there was no shortage.

So what were they showing? For starters, a new range of SE guitars starting at £169, along with the new BX-5 five-string headless bass (priced at £699), a range of floor FX pedals retailing from £39-£54, and a stage wireless transmitter system – the WXY-5 and WXY-10 – which should sell in the £400-£500 bracket.

Much was made of the next course on the menu – pro audio products. In this department we were introduced to a new home recording machine – the MT1X four-track cassette machine which, with an SRP of £449 and some well

thought-out features, is very keenly pitched amid the Tascam and Fostex competition.

This smart looking unit was treated to the same knob-by-knob, switch-by-switch presentation adopted for a new family of vocal and instrument microphones priced between £79 and £99, the SPX-90 Digital Multi Effect Processor (which can produce just about everything you've ever wanted out of a rackmount box for just £599, though only one at a time, I'm afraid!) and some new pro mixers and power amps.

On the hi-tech front, new lines for the first half of 1986 include various software and peripherals for the CX-5 music computer, with the hint of a new music computer to come later in the year.

The low-cost DX27 and DX100 FM synths were obviously on hand, along with the new QX21 sequencer – £259.

A latin version of the RX21, the RX21L, was also shown.

Finally it was over to demonstrator Dave Bristow for a painstakingly complete exposition of the capabilities of the MCS2 MIDI Control

Station, a sort of satellite unit which allows you to add extra treatments and expression facilities to simple MIDI keyboards and sound sources.

And another MIDI device, the MEP4 MIDI Event Processor, allows you to 'get inside' MIDI sound sources and play all kinds of tricks on them, like inverting the entire keyboard. On first encounter it seems like a particularly academic piece of equipment, so it will be interesting to see whether droves of musos part with £299 to confirm Yamaha's belief that it's a 'milestone in the history of music'.

For £999 and £899 respectively, they might be more keen on the new PF80 and PF70 DX7-based FM pianos, identical save for the difference in keyboard length – ten inches (so now you know how much Yamaha charge by the inch!).

As a whole, Yamaha's presentation was pleasant but a little stretched in the middle and stiff at the corners.

Akai, in their press presentation, probably felt at a distinct disadvantage because they didn't have any of the new products there in the flesh. In a way, though, this worked in their favour because it encouraged them to stick to a fairly swift format of colour slides and brief rundowns of salient features. And it was clear afterwards that everyone felt they'd pitched it just right.

Working in their favour was the breadth, style and price structure of their new lines, which will undoubtedly create as much impact at this year's Frankfurt as the company's totally unexpected arrival on the MI scene did a couple of years back.

Building on the inroads made by their S612 Digital Sampler, Akai have

introduced the S900 Sampler which looks like giving Ensoniq and the rest a real run for their money at £1,599. Like all the other new lines, it sports Akai's new cool grey finish and 'professional' logo, and like most of them, it's rackmounted.

On the keyboard front, there are two new 73-note velocity sensitive machines – the £699 AX73 Controller Keyboard with Voice Unit (six VCOs and 100 memories, key split and sample compatibility); and the MX73 which offers a multitude of MIDI control functions without internal voices, at £499. The latter could of course be used to control the new VX90 six-voice rack mount synth, also priced at £499.

There seemed to be a feeling among those present that it was a mistake for the UK division not to market the AX60 – a synthesiser with

more traditional controls than the dreaded digital access method – just because its price would allegedly pitch it at about £100 above the AX73.

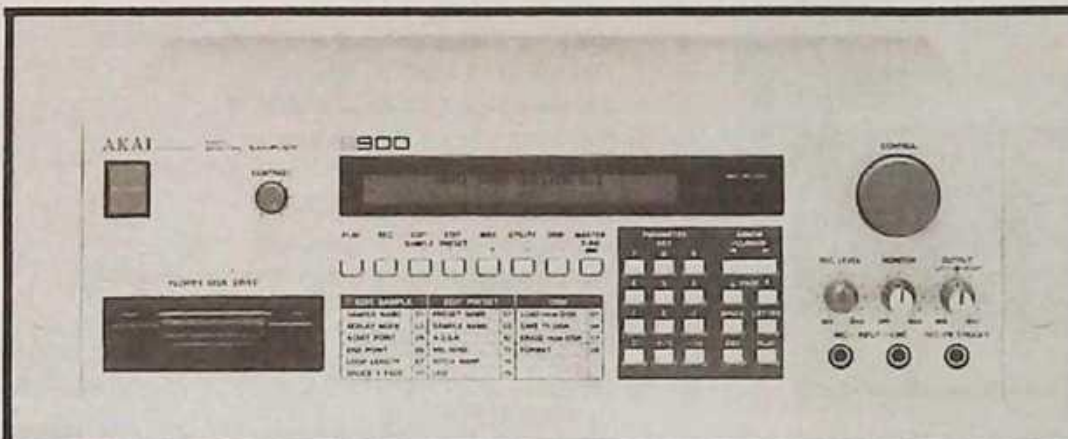
Akai has already pioneered the introduction of MIDI effectors and to their existing range of three are added two more, also at £99 each – the ME25S Programmable MIDI Note Separator for various keyboard split operations, and the ME30P Programmable MIDI Patch Bay for storing and recalling various MIDI patches.

The CPZ1000 Midi Recorder and System Controller, the RZ1000 Keyboard Unit and the MZ1000 Display Unit form Akai's assault on the dedicated music computer market for a package price of £1,699, while the MPX820 Fully Programmable Audio Mixer at £1,299 is intended primarily for MIDI-based keyboard systems.

On the Pro Audio front we welcomed the MG14D – a rackmount 14-track recorder using the MG1212's half-inch cassette format – and its companion Auto Locator, the ML14, which will have a package price of somewhere around the £3,000 mark. Also in this division are the new GX912 Stereo Master Deck (£499) and MS200 Monitor Speakers (£249 a pair).

This is a lot to take in at one go, but it confirms that Akai will be a force to be reckoned with on the MI front by the end of this year.

TONY MITCHELL



AKAI S900: the sampler that's got all the other sampler firms worried!

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*Source: Target Group Index 1985

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GUITARIST (18) seeks Singer/Lyricist for song writing partnership. Influences: Bowie, Floyd, Beatles, U2. Ambition rather than experience. Pete 0625-532797 (South Manchester). S4808

WANTED GUITARIST to join Vocalist, Bassist to form band 19 or under, no experience needed. Must be dedicated, ambitious, raunchy. Pistols type. Berlin, 4 Peak View, South Normanton, Derbyshire DE55 2BB. S4809

BAND WANTED vocalist, drummer, bass to join guitarist into Ramones, Barracudas, Radio Birdman. Phone Jeremy now (01) 3260562. S4880

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DRUMMER WANTED for misconceived Crampability type band South East area. Tele 0304 374691. S4873

STEVE STEVENS type guitarist required and vocalist. Kent area. Gary Medway 43549. S4872

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DRUMMER WANTED to complete talented, imaginative rock band. Must be competent, dedicated and inventive. Bands we like range from Cult, U2, to I. Maiden. 01-834 3098 ask for Room 9. S4912

VOCALIST WANTED to complete Clash/Jam/Long Ryders style band. 01-868 7011. S4913

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BASSIST AND DRUMMER required to join vocalist and guitarist, excellent lyrics and distinctive melodies, influences: Smiths, Cope, Velvets, Psychodelia in the broadest sense, the seriously interested, please phone Simon 01-340 4370. S4917

KEYBOARD PLAYER urgently needed by B'Ham band. Tele: John 021-459 6820. S4938

GUITARIST WANTED for Birmingham based band, "The Man Upstairs" 021-449 9123. S4945

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DYNAMIC FRONTMAN required by band into Bon-Jovi, Crue, Van Halen etc. Image and ability essential. Warwickshire West Midlands area. Phone 05642-2578. S4824

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GIGGED BASSISTS seeks Christian band. Most styles. Phone Jez on 01-267 8411. S4925

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SINGER/LYRICIST seeks band. Influences include: Stones, Sweet, Halen, Hanoi, Cult and Ratt. Anything with raunch and style phone Stourbridge 372927. S4947

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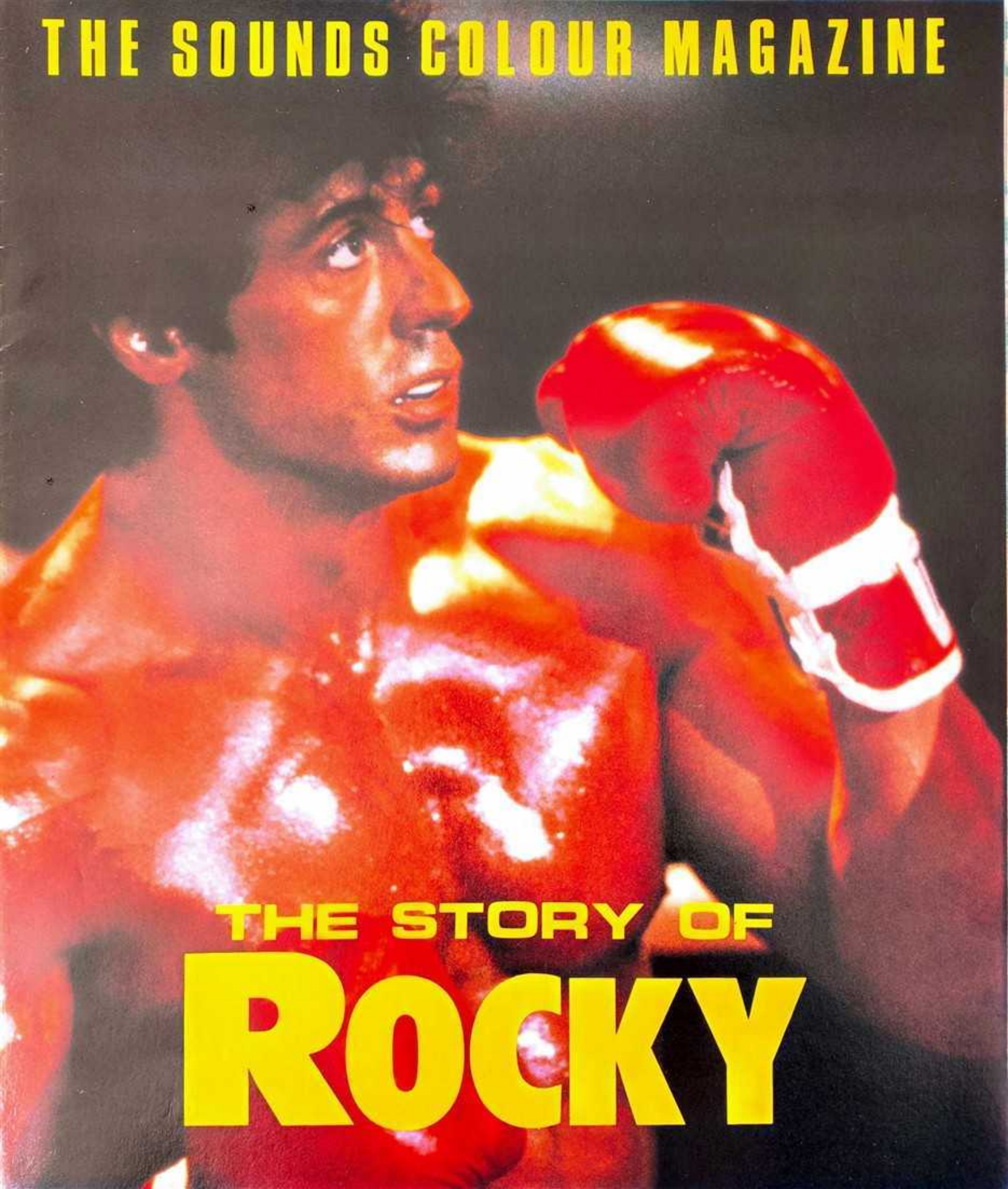
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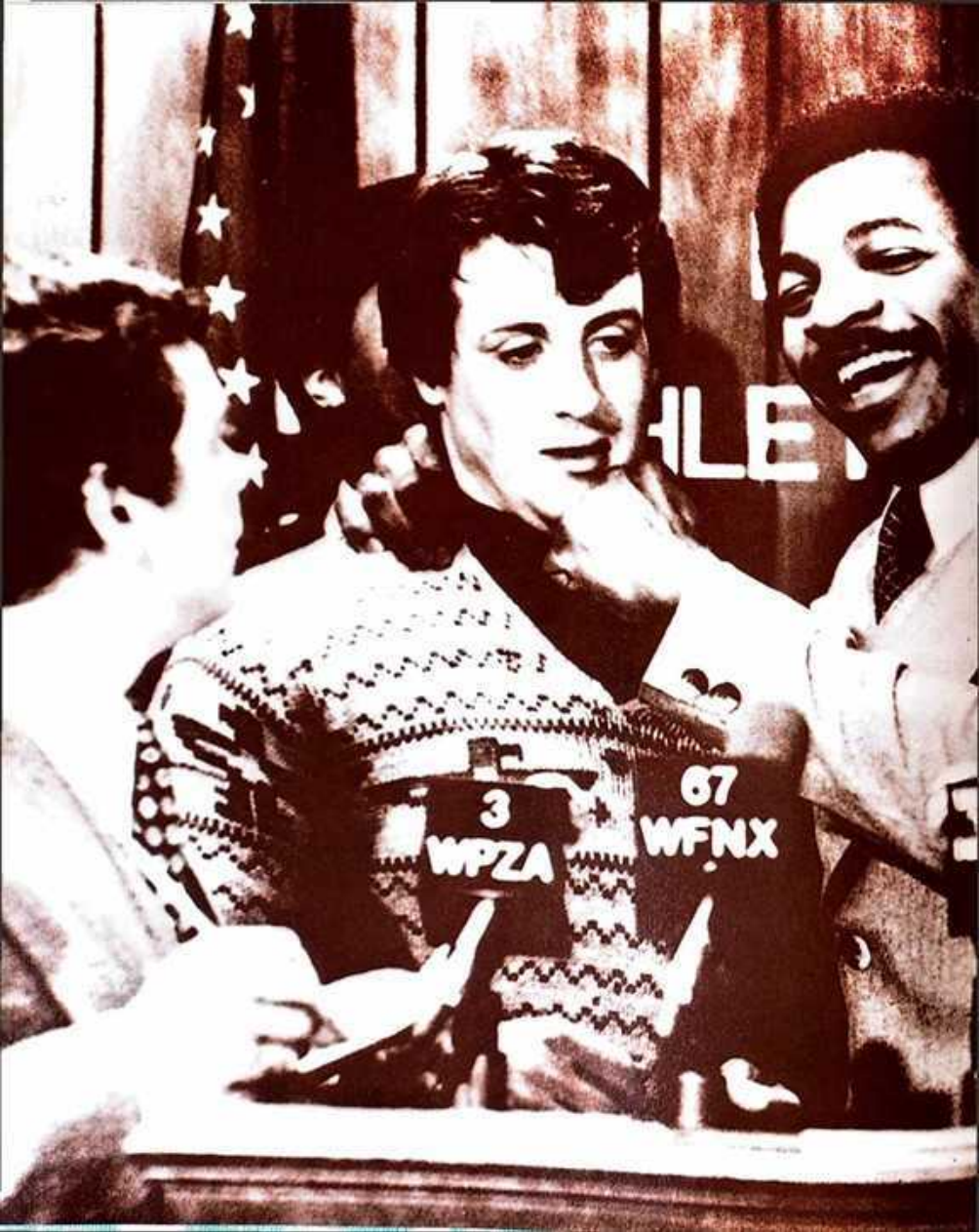


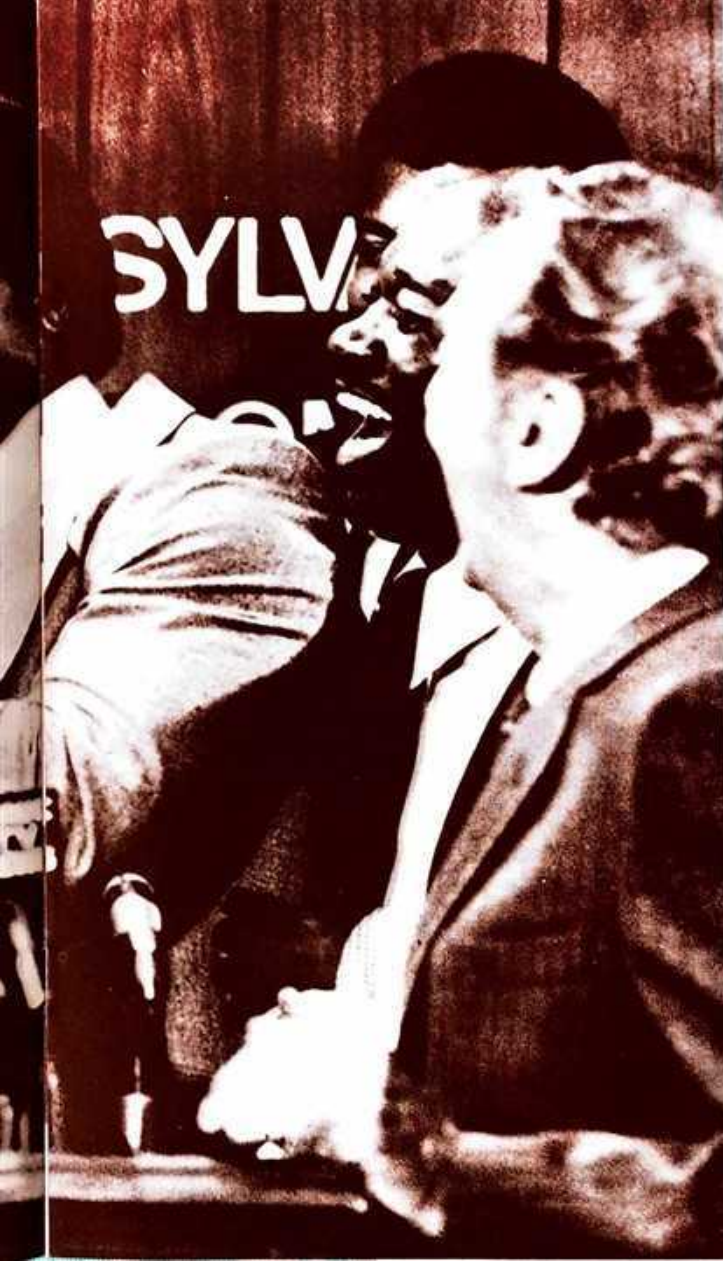
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A close-up, high-contrast photograph of Rocky Balboa. He is shirtless, with his chest and shoulders glistening with sweat. He is wearing red boxing gloves with white wristbands. His head is turned to the right, looking off-camera with a determined expression. The background is dark and out of focus.

THE SOUNDS COLOUR MAGAZINE

THE STORY OF
ROCKY





SYLV

"The avenue for a hero is always open because people like to make myths."

Sylvester Stallone

Pages 2 & 3: Apollo Creed cuffs the young upstart

Page 4 & 5: Rocky prepares the Brando *On The Waterfront* sneer

Page 6: Mickey palms off Rocky's strength

Page 7: A boxer and a bulldog

Pages 8 & 9: East versus West slam dancing

Pages 10 & 11: Mr & Mrs Rocky and the Incredible Hulk

Pages 12 & 13: Rocky and a hero

Pages 14 & 15: Down but not out

Page 16: Rocky the victor, but flagged out

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"When I walk down the street I know people are looking at Rocky, not me. They look for the scar tissue, ask me when my fight is. He's burnt into the American consciousness."

Sylvester Stallone

THE STORY OF ROCKY

**RICHARD COOK examines the
phenomenon and the films of the Italian
Stallion ROCKY, and talks to his creator
SYLVESTER STALLONE**

WE DON'T need another hero, the song goes; but the bigger our numbers get, the more we do seem to want someone who'll stand out of the throng [and anyway, that song's directed at a hero]. In Rocky Balboa, we have the most durable of the modern big men.

"Rocky," says Sylvester Stallone, the man who created him, "is a noble savage. He's doing in the 20th Century what most people cannot do, chasing their destiny. Today we're relegated to office work, going from here to here, with constant government intervention in what we do. The era of the free spirit is gone.

"And Rocky belongs to that era. He's a throwback. A gladiator in tennis shoes."

This myth, of a funny little guy with heavy muscles and a voice like a sleepy bloodhound, has grown over ten years into the biggest show of rah-rah folklore in the movies.

What Stallone did was invent a cartoon of a character who could absorb and act out all our cartoon hero-wishes.

From the start of the series, Rocky is a bundle of exaggerations which only gra-

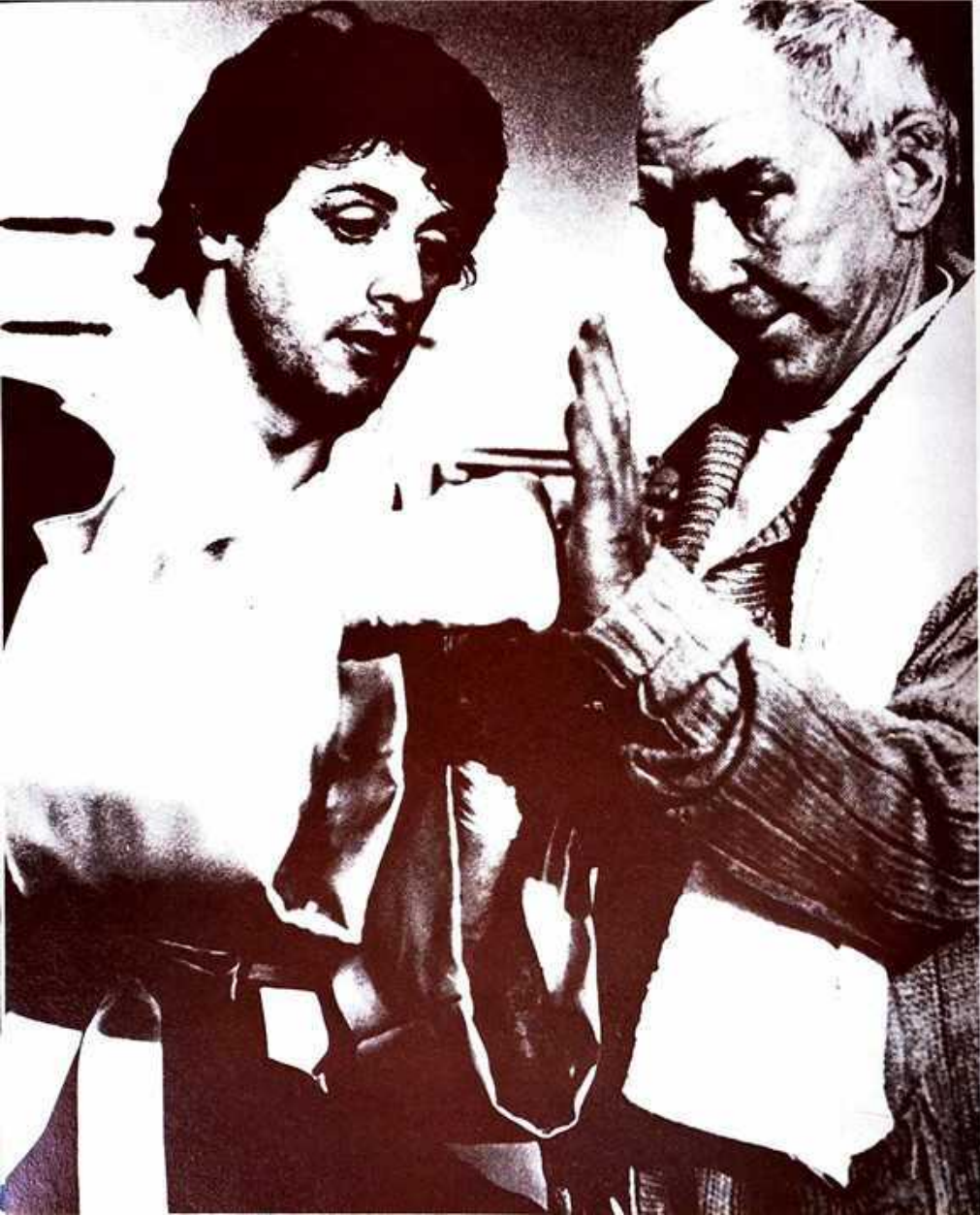
dually get refined away. He strolls the frosty Philadelphia sidewalks with a clumsily bouncing gait. When he looks at us, we see big glazed goldfish eyes. He talks slowly but incessantly, as much to himself as any audience. He blunders through the world like a childish Goliath.

Rocky is a boxer, a two-bit pug turning 30. He doesn't have a gleam of malice in him. You can't believe he would have survived all those fights, but he doesn't even have any cauliflower features. How come?

Because of his heart. Rocky has the biggest heart in the world. With it, he only knows *right* and *wrong*. A noble savage can't expect a much better deal.

SYLVESTER STALLONE took the idea of Rocky from a fight between Muhammad Ali and Chuck Wepner, a veteran club fighter who was given an opportunity as a picked opponent for the fading Ali. Wepner gave it his all and went the distance. Scratching around for a script idea, Stallone fell on the notion of a film based on just that sort of character.

At the time, Stallone himself was pretty down on his luck. He was a bit actor



scuffling around Los Angeles, writing scripts in his spare time and taking whatever film and TV cameos he could pick up. Out of a small number of screen appearances the best was his sulky but valiant Bowery kid, a pigeon fancier and street buddy to Henry Winkler, in the excellent *Lords Of Flatbush*. It's easy to see the seeds of Rocky in that gentle little film.

But it was hardly enough to propel Stallone into any rising young-star forefront. At one time, he even turned to skinflicks. He looked like a particularly dumb prototype of the method actor — Brando without an ounce of the grace or wit or calm menace. No surprise that Hollywood producers were left cold by an Italian-looking guy with a briefcase full of hack scripts.

And then something clicked with his Rocky screenplay. He was offered an awful lot of dollars for the screenplay alone. Producers Irwin Winkler and Robert Chartoff smelled a hit in Stallone's idea. It was 1975 — the movies were itching to come out of a four period of doubting America, a film cycle that reached its peak in Milos Forman's compelling but terrifically gloomy *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest*. The box office wanted entertainment again: *Jaws* was proving that.

In a film about a lonely, incorruptible guy who breaks big, it looked like they could have it both ways — a fairy story set in a flinty, turbulent city setting. There'd be enough grit to make it contemporary and plenty of emotive eyewash for a classic melodrama.

The story goes that Stallone refused to release his script unless given the chance to star as Rocky, too. Though much is made of the producers' generous risk in letting him do it, the fact is that only a small budget was released to make the movie with. They hired John Avildsen, a director with a few modest successes to his credit — the best was *Save The Tiger*, a modern depression drama which won an Oscar for Jack Lemmon — and waited to see what Stallone could do. The film was swiftly made, released, and at first took slow returns.

Rocky begins and ends in the ring. Boxing pictures were once a staple piece of the film noir jigsaw, but it had been a long time since a film pivoted around the canvas. The only exception was John Huston's *Fat City* (1972), where Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges played fighters who could only lose, their ambitions misplaced somewhere on skid row. It looked like cinema's last word on the subject.

THE EARLY scenes of Rocky recalled something of Huston's film. Set almost entirely in the docklands and tenement districts of Philadelphia, the story as Avildsen tells it has none of the epic sweep which Stallone would put in his sequels. It's not a long film, and not a lot happens in it. It's a little romance with a knockout punch at the climax.

It starts with Rocky Balboa scoring one of his few victories. His lionheart quality comes out at the first: he wins because he's



enraged at an opponent who doesn't stick to the rules. The film follows him around the city: he walks like he's always in the ring, taking a hop every few steps, a dark leather blob against the sky-high apartment blocks.

Rocky talks to anyone who'll listen — his pet turtles, the dowdy little girl called Adrian who works at the local pet shop, her slop of a brother called Paulie, kids he sees on the street. Rocky isn't monosyllabic. He offers advice on everything — shyness, being dumb, having good friends. But his own life is practically shipwrecked.

At the gym where he works out, the old fighter turned trainer Mickey (Burgess Meredith) tells him that: "There's nothing special about you. You never got your nose busted. Well, leave it that way — nice and pretty, and leave what's left of your mind. Think about retiring."

The only other thing Rocky has is his debt collecting for a loan shark. When his boss tells him to break a finger on a guy who's behind on his payments, Rocky is too soft to do it.

The event of the film is Rocky's fight with world heavyweight champ Apollo Creed, something that comes about by chance. Stuck for a new opponent, Creed picks him out from a pack of local hopefuls, taken by Balboa's nickname, "The Italian Stallion". But the picture is half over before anything has been set up. Rocky romances Adrian with fumbling sincerity. The best scene in the film comes when he takes her skating, finds the rink closed, gives the cleaner ten dollars and putters round the ice beside her for ten minutes, mumbling on and on with his small talk.

It's John Avildsen's care and attention in these scenes which make Rocky such an enjoyable film. He never lets the body of the picture become a mere preamble to the big fight. All the characters have a life, and the city has the biggest life of all. When Rocky is out training, he's dwarfed by Philadelphia.

"Apollo Creed meets the Italian Stallion — sounds like a damn monster movie," says Creed.

Rocky's aim is to go the distance and he does, although Creed keeps his crown on a split decision. Both men have smashed, bulging faces after 15 rounds. The director, though, doesn't linger over brutal details, and he closes the film abruptly — on Rocky and Adrian embracing.

He lost, but he won his hero's spurs.

"Rocky is a pretty accurate barometer of people's feelings towards their own situations. They can relate to not being able to accomplish what their own dreams and aspirations are. They see that maybe it can be done through just ... raging perseverance, going for it, taking that one shot."

IN PERSON, Sylvester Stallone is not a big man. He stands well under six feet, although he still has Rocky's wide shoulders, his large impassive eyes and firm handshake.

"My brain," he says, "can be the clumsiest part of my body!"

"I'm an emotional character and I deal with emotional subject matter — when it starts getting brainy ... like, let's see how cute we can be here. Let's throw a dead chicken into the ring and see if anyone reads any symbolism into it. I'll leave that to the smarter people."

Stallone's screen persona is the sort you expect him to carry in real life. Actually, he is a lucid, thoughtful talker (not only that — he chews on a pipel). The voice rounds off Rocky's stream of prose wisdom into a director's hard tactical sense. With *Rocky II*, Stallone began directing the saga himself.

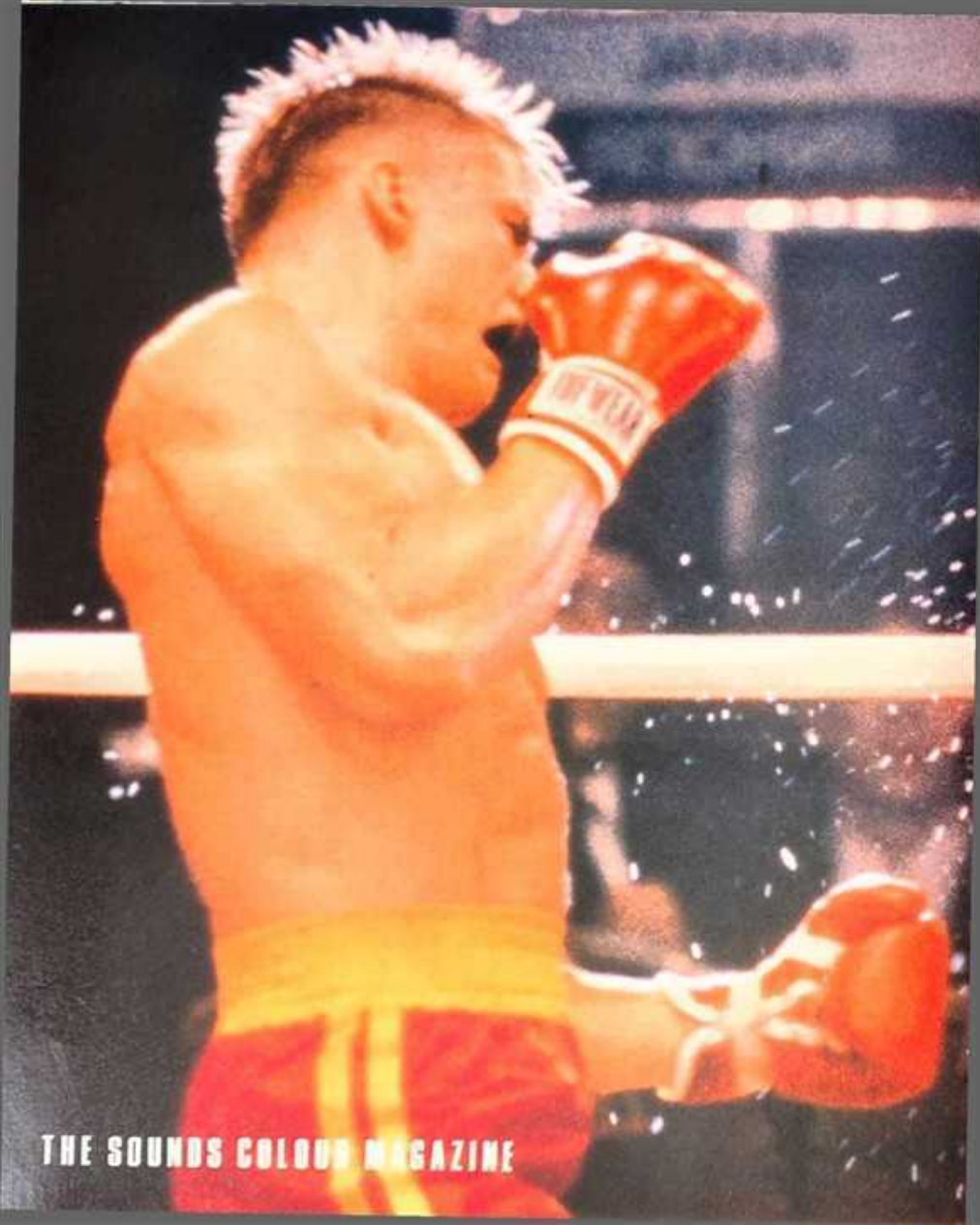
In 1976, Rocky eventually turned out to be a snowballing box office winner, and it went on to take an Oscar for best picture. For Stallone, as for Rocky, it was a dream lived out. The kid from Hell's Kitchen, New York struck it big with a last shot. Looking back at the film today, it's a little mystifying how it took hold of a mass audience so strongly. More than ever, especially in the light of its increasingly bombastic sequels, it looks like a quiet, tender, oddity private film. The fight itself hardly seems to matter.

The message of Stallone's script is that courage and honesty and personal love count for more than the greed for a title.

With *Rocky II*, which Stallone made three years later, he tried hard to stick to the virtues of the film. The continuity is clean: in a play used throughout the series, Stallone reprises the end of Rocky's debut at the very start, and picks up the action directly from there.

Creed, furious with criticism over the first decision, itches for a rematch. But Rocky, who marries Adrian inside the first reel,





THE SOUNDS COLOUR MAGAZINE

promises her that he will retire. Stallone keeps the gentle emotional pitch of the first film for much of *Rocky II*: like pools winners, the Balboas buy a house, a car and the trimmings of sudden wealth. But, as the prize money runs out, Rocky becomes desperate to fight again. Creed goads him. He tells a pregnant Adrian that "I want you and the kid to have good things." But to do that, Rocky has to box again.

At the moment when he tells her, "I'm not asking you to stop being a woman, don't ask me to stop being a man," the series changes its whole character.

"Rocky," says Stallone, questioned about the fighting game, "is the epitome of what most fighters are today - a very gentle guy whose mind switches over to the warrior side which we all have when he gets into the ring. If pushed hard enough you could make anyone a fighter."

"And they'd enjoy it! There's nothing more incredible than standing over someone who is capable of totally defeating you."

Once he starts training for the second fight - interrupted by the traumatic birth of Rocky Jr. - the bashful Balboa begins to become Rocky the iron man. A grimace begins to creep over him, although we hardly notice because Creed is made noxious by comparison. Every taunt against Rocky bounces off the Stallone, whose only comment is "Boy, he's mad."

"When I looked back at *Rocky II*," remembers Stallone, "I thought, God, looks like I was run over by a bulldozer. It's like the Marquis De Sade was the referee on that one!"

And the climactic slugfest in *Rocky II* seems to double the pain quotient of the first fight. Boxing movies had never looked so graphically violent (this was before *Raging Bull*, of course). Stallone lingered over slow motion haymakers that turned jewels into jelly. By the 15th round, their mugs looked like swollen masks. Rocky wins when both men hit the canvas and he alone crawls to his feet a second away from being counted out. Then, with the champ's belt in his grasp, Rocky alone closes off the film.

It would have been an honourable place to stop the series. The sequel is faithful in most respects to the tenor of the original, with human tenderness surmounting barn-barn passion and Rocky himself doesn't change too much. He tries to make commercials while his fame as the defeated challenger lasts, and his bemusement is self-deprecating in a way that Rocky would never be again. But when the feel of the picture hardens halfway through, Rocky never really looks back.

It becomes a crusade not for little man-winning honour but a scrap against masculine humiliation. Creed tries to humiliate Rocky, so does the city which won't give him work, so do the other fighters at Mickey's gym. Stallone begins to de-personalise Rocky. His big southpaw heart still



pumps, but something vicious is stealing into it.

"I'm not going down," he snarls through his busted mouth before the final round.

In trying to wrest all the emotion from the story, Stallone's attempts sometimes introduce gloom: the church, for instance, casts a shadow over the tale, with prayers and crucifixes running through the picture. But his direction also creates at least one great gushing setpiece, where the road-training fighter is pursued by a gathering army of kids who mass around their hero on the city steps. That moment, more than anything in the tight sequences, is the apex of the series.

"Rocky works solely on the emotions. If it doesn't reach you through the heart, it's failed. If it reaches you intellectually, it's failed. It's a cathartic experience."

Stallone speaks with absolute assurance when questioned about the substance of Rocky's success: there's no secret, just movies people love to see and be entertained by. He clears his cinema of metaphysics as readily as metaphysics clears cinemas of ticket buyers.

"Entertainment I'll leave art to the painters. Really. It's very hard to make a piece of art in a collective format. We have to make compromises and great art never came through that, period. It's like snapshots of art here and there, and even then the audience has to decide."

"The art in making films," he continues, "is communicating. The more you communicate to is the name of the game to me. I think of *Rocky* and *ET* as artistic entertainment movies. You say, 'OK, what does it

mean?' But they're not meant to be something Franz Kafka would write - my profession is not a small segment of the world. I want to do things that are relatable."

"A cult film is something that everybody talks about and nobody goes to see. If I'm gambling with 20 million dollars of someone else's money that's not very fair, is it?"

Stallone's experiences away from Rocky - with one notable exception, of which more later - have given him cause to stick by this philosophy. Films like *F.I.S.T.*, *Paradise Alley*, *Nighthawks* and the disastrous *Rhinestone* (never even released here) have either flopped or taken only modest returns.

After another three year hiatus, Stallone did the inevitable and went back to his favourite boy. He made *Rocky III*.

"The most interesting aspect to me is the accomplishment of the dream, to get to the top of the mountain. But even more fascinating is how you stay on the mountain and get down gracefully. I guess I've gone about as far as I can go in notoriety and the thing now is to try and get out unscathed."

In *Rocky III* people can identify with what he's got - they see his suits and success and know he has something worth losing. Not just his pride, but his house, welfare, children.

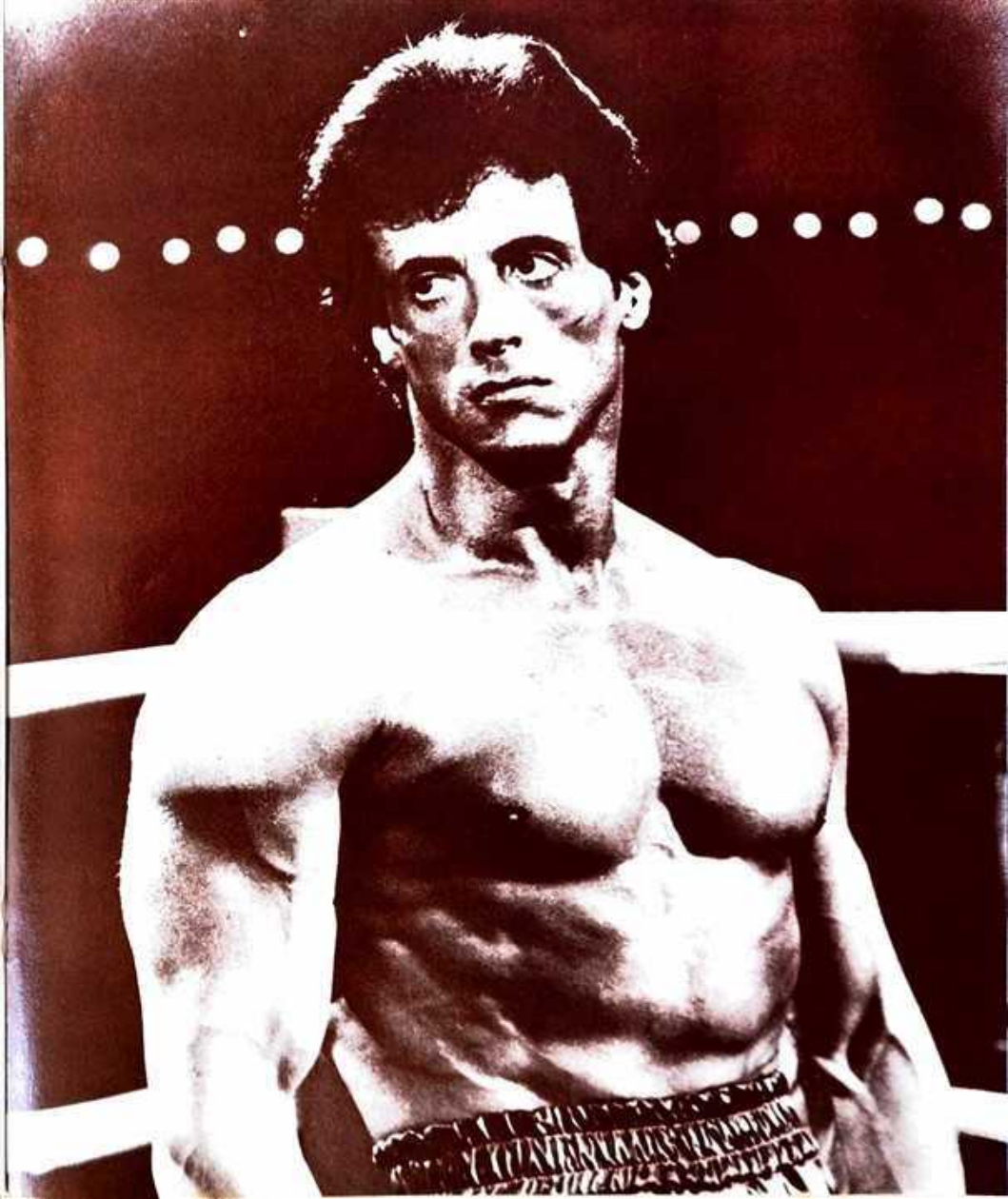
ROCKY DEFENDS his title for three years against a succession of contenders. But a huge bully of a man called Clubber Lang (Mr T) brings humiliation back into the saga. Mickey confesses to Rocky that his previous opponents were picked and he should steer clear of this one - "He'll knock ya into tomorrow, Rocky."

Where the city once towered over Rocky, he now is the city - a statue is put up in his honour. But he's taunted by Lang at the unveiling. And then Lang whips him when they finally meet in the ring. Backstage, Mickey dies. Stallone lards it on.

Where the first two *Rockys* had a homely, flesh-and-blood feel to them, *Rocky III* blows up the cartoon Balboa in a different way. The idiot who couldn't remember his commercial lines in *II* is advertising American Express in *III*. The suaveness of wealth begins to overtake him. He looks a different man, not an altered one. But, says Stallone, that was the idea.

"For people who've followed the other two *Rockys* it's like watching your child grow up, making all these terrible mistakes. Like - what are you doing? There's almost a maternal angle to it. And it's sort of autobiographical - there's that truth in it."

The change, though, is more than a logical character progression. In *Rocky III*, the whole series has altered. To cover for any staleness in the characters, Stallone writes everybody larger than life. Paulie is more comically grouchy, Adrian more worrisome, Rocky himself prone to emotional extremes. The narrative is bolstered with music at every turn, specifically the tire-some 'Eye Of The Tiger' anthem. Nothing's left to chance or chemistry any more: this is



big bucks moviemaking

Stallone's direction is taut but graceless; the film jolts along. In the first two films, the fights were logical, climaxes to the storyline. Here, the fights are the only reason for the film to exist at all. Stallone films them with brutal decision. Every punch resonates like a gunshot on the soundtrack, each hook registers on the viewer's nerves, and the fast cutting batters us into submission. If there's less pulped flesh on view, the fights still hurt far worse.

Rocky's coming of age is founded on this sudden, frightening force. As the last fight moves to its resolution, Rocky invites Lang to hit him harder, harder, so when the counter attack comes, we're bawling for him to hit back. Rocky III invests its emotion in a steady power. The excitement fashioned here is meant to bring out the barbarian, not the hero.

Stallone reflects on his film making process. The biggest fear is the fatigue factor. Five or six weeks into the film you begin to hallucinate. On Rocky III I'd be up at six, work all day, do the boxing, eat my dinner and watch dailies until ten, go and work out till 11:30 and finally get to bed at 12.

Your movie set becomes your reality and your real life is the fantasy. It's an unreal existence. The silence at home is overwhelming; you wonder where the people are asking you things. Then you know it's time to take a vacation. A long vacation.

ALTHOUGH Rocky III was another huge hit, it left Stallone with an artistic dread. There were no other worlds for Rocky to conquer, for so it seemed. But Stallone was hooked to his creation.

One side of me wants to do things like *The Hurricane* or *Notre Dame*, something really off the wall. And the other side says I have to do something within my capabilities. I realize my ambition far exceeds that. As versatile as an actor thinks he is, an audience only sees a certain aspect of your persona. That was proved by *F.I.S.T.*, which I thought was a fairly decent film; people couldn't see it after Rocky.

It turned out that there was something else for Stallone to do, although it wasn't so different. John Rambo was little more than a vision of Rocky after going through Vietnam.

In *First Blood*, a prime dreadful machine expertly put together by director Ted Kotcheff, Rocky is reduced to Rambo, the monosyllabic, hulk-a-daddy guerrilla team fuelled on nothing but survival and the blindest kind of mienistic politics. There's virtually no malice in Rambo's code of warfare. It's hard human jungle with as far as he's concerned.

And it's the same tight no-nonsense attitude that Rocky boasts, minus the human spirit. There are a couple of moments of bathos in *First Blood* and *Rambo*. *First Blood II* is fantastically successful sequel, but there's no feeling, no rays of emotion. These are the coldest films of our day.

"I don't want to do Rocky IV," said Stallone after III.

WE JUMP CUT, one of the oldest laff getters in films, to the opening titles of Rocky IV. There again is the reprise, the end of Rocky III, and here again are all the series characters. Paulie is more of a barrel chested slob than ever. Apollo, now Rocky's bosom chum, is as puffed with personal pride.

It's Apollo who brings about the tragedy of Rocky IV. Television screens blare about the prowess of a visiting Russian fighter named Drago (a name more reminiscent of a Japanese monster picture). "Whatever he hits, he destroys." It's bad luck for Creed, who elects to come back and take on the Soviet giant that this is exactly what happens.

"It's politics all the way, Stallon," says Creed before the fight. "This is a chance to be more important to people than ever... a chance to stand face to face with their best."

From that point, Rocky IV turns into a gigantic East vs. West pantomime. Stallone's gumption in the script is astonishing. The Russian coaches are beasts. Ivan Drago is a silent behemoth—none of Clubber Lang's jive talk here—and for a while it seems we're operating on the Commie bashing level of John Wayne's *The Green Berets*.

But Stallone, in his awkward, eager way, is setting up something much more universal. He prepares Creed's come uppance by having Apollo stage a preposterous pageant of Americana before his fight, complete with James Brown singing *Living in America*. Then Uncle Sam takes his lumps.

Rocky never actually says he's fighting for America, but Stallone's direction leaves few crevices of doubt to trouble the audience that ate up *Rambo*. He goes to Russia to train and eventually take on Drago, a one-man invasion. But where Chuck Norris would be up to his teeth in hardware, Rocky trains by humping logs, pulling carts and running through snow. Drago is almost laboratory built. It's not just East and West; it's technology verses the human heart.

It's as if Stallone had bullied his beloved Rocky into doing something he shouldn't have to. Rocky responds with a weariness and an uncharacteristic silence through most of Rocky IV. The great American hero sagging under the burden of his heroism.

"Maybe I can't win," he tells Adrian. "Maybe the only thing I can do is take everything he's got and ask for more. But to beat me, he's gonna have to kill me. And to do that, he's gonna have to be willing to do himself in, too."

Rocky's last fight, watched in all seriousness for the Soviet premier, is Stallone's final show of bravado film making in the series. The slugging is a whirlwind of mountainous punches. It all has to be capped with a message, and when it is, we wonder what happened to that southpaw champ who could hardly



win a fight against the local pugs, eight years before.

WHAT HAPPENED to Rocky? The success of these four films devoured any personality Rocky could have maintained. He became a cypher, a figure in a cereal packet, a billboard silhouette. Stallone had to take him further and further away from his human frailty in order to keep him successful.

We want heroes, more and more, but we don't want them to have doubts or bad breath or speech impediments. So Rocky got quieter and learned dignity. In *Rocky*, he was the little boxer who could; in *Rocky IV* he is the iron statesman.

He's hardly a Reaganite hero in the manner of John Rambo. Rocky's politics are straight from the cracker barrel: let's live together, let's have good things, let's have heart. Twenty years ago he would have been a flower child. In 1986, he has to be the only kind of hero we children of violence can know: a benevolent fighter.

"The avenue for a hero is always open," reflects Stallone, "because people like to make myths. We've always created legends. If Rocky passes on, there'll be another one. When people are rooting for him they're rooting for themselves."

"Rocky is here to stay and I will go eventually. When I walk down the street I know people are looking at Rocky, not me. They look for scar tissue, ask me when my fight is. He's burnt into the American consciousness."

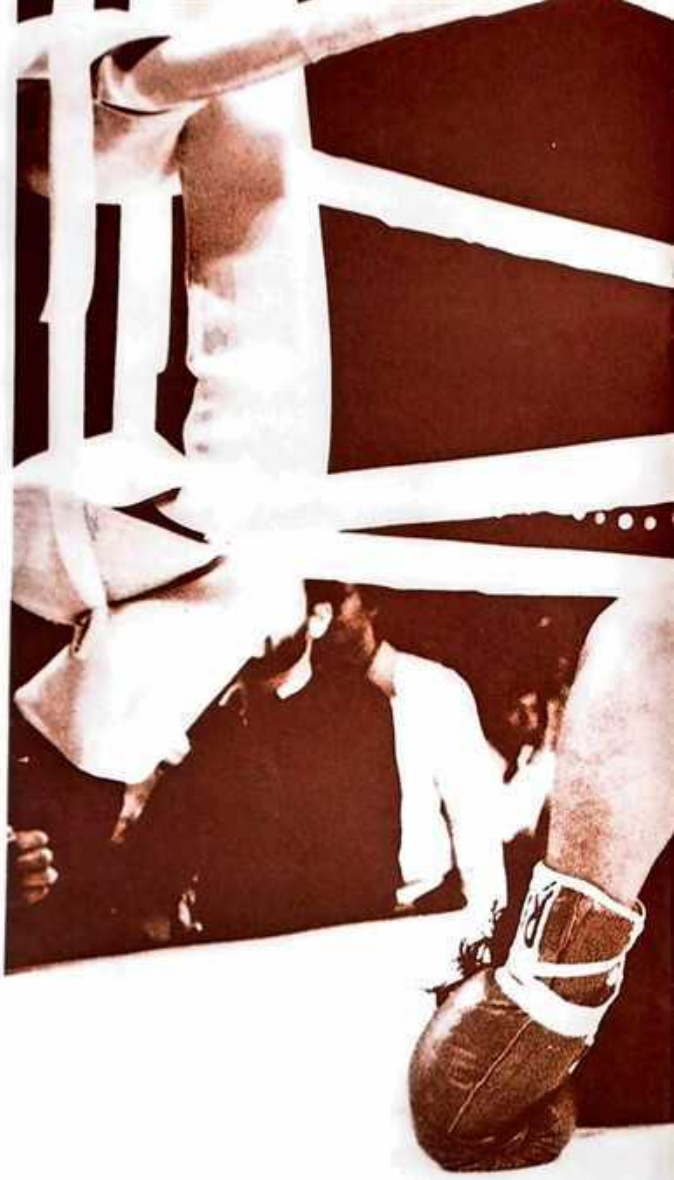
And so, presently, is Sylvester Stallone. Hollywood's other stars sniff over his success, but 1985 was a year when they all wished they'd done as well as he did. Both *Rambo* and *Rocky IV* made the box office top ten. If he only knows how to make one sort of film, he knows how to make it work.

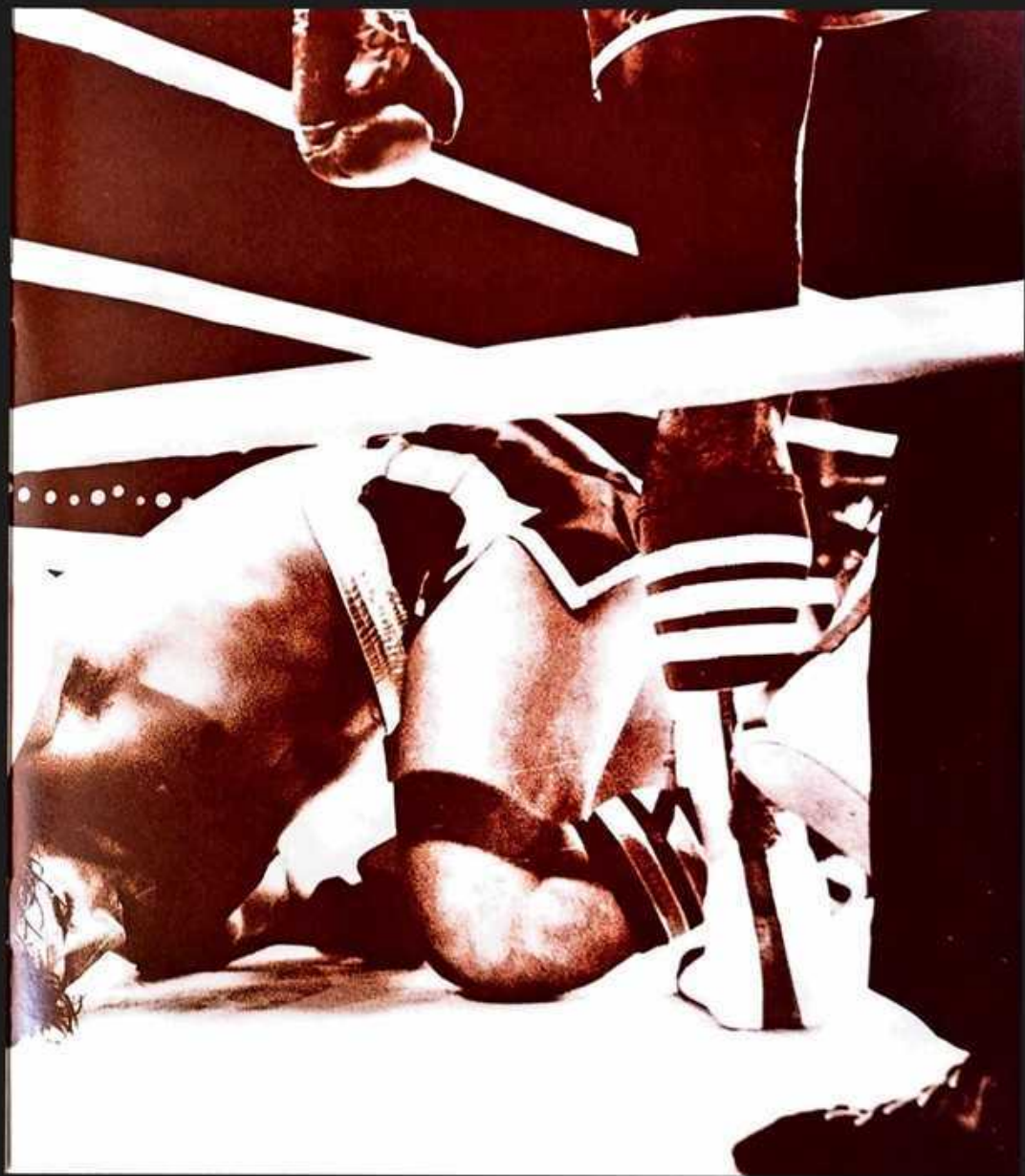
He isn't a great actor like Nicholson or De Niro, or a great star like Eastwood: he doesn't have Bronson's all-weather capabilities or Mel Gibson's sexiness or Harrison Ford's integrity. He is just Stallone.

How would he like to be remembered? He smiles indulgently.

"I guess as a guy who punched out the truth. I feel as though we come along, say something important - and then get lost."

Rocky Stallone. They did good.







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