

FEBRUARY 15, 1986

55p

EYE EYE!

FREE~PSYCHO KILLERS MAGAZINE

SOUNDS

MADONNA-IT'S ONLY ROCK 'N' MONROE
A BORDERLINE CASE? PAGES 8&9



FLOY JOY • METALLICA • A WITNESS

JOHN LYDON INTERVIEW - PART TWO

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MEGA TECH - 16 PAGE FRANKFURT PREVIEW

CONTENTS

FEATURES

Upmakin' thirstquenchin' evergvin' hungerfuellin' — **Madonna** tips a tarty wink in your direction while **Richard Cook** looks at the myth and misreading behind your heart's desire. **Pages 8 & 9**

Yes, you too can discover why metal merchants **Metallica** don't wash very often, and why **Steffan Chirazi** was caught with a mouthful of exploding jalapenos... If you're brave enough, turn to **Pages 14 & 15**

He's Lydon he's cheated... or has he? **Jack Barron** chews the fat with the man who (almost) sold the world in part two of the **John Lydon** story. **Pages 20, 21 & 22**

JAWS

Waxing on Executioner, Munch to London on **Buster Bloodvessel's** tap and lig-crashing on a grand scale, together with **Joe Sloke** going plan Buzzerk. Then there's **Floy Joy** blowing hot and cold and **A Witness** padded up against the snow. It's all on **Pages 10, 11 & 12**

SCANNERS

So who says Labour isn't working? **Miles Copeland**, for one, reviewed this week on his TV essay in materialistic values. Plus, a national look at the hit 'n' myth legends surrounding drugs, and a quick flick onto the video channel. All packed into **Page 18**

INSTRUMENTS

Hold on to your hats — it's Frankfurt time again, and the musical instrument industry is out in force to show its wondrous wares to the world. Our 16-page pull out feature starts on **Page 23** and includes product news **Pages 24 & 25**, an in-depth **NAHM** report from Anaheim **Page 26**, and a plethora of reviews, including the bargain of the decade — **Casio's RZ-1** sampling drum machine **Page 27**, a clutch of **Tokai 'Strat'** types **Page 28**, **Roland's Alpha Juno-2** synth **Page 29**, **Staccato's** definitive alloy bass **Pages 30 & 31**, the **Yamaha DX100 FM** mini synth **Page 32**, the **MR-10** low cost multitrack cassette recorder from **Vesta Fire** **Page 34**, **Gibson's Explorer 400** **Pages 34 & 35**, and the **Session SG10** mono/stereo amp **Page 35**.

Last but far from least, we offer you the chance to win over £4,000 worth of **Roland** equipment in an amazing competition, all on **Pages 36 & 37**. Phew!

REVIEWS

SINGLES: **Sandy Robertson** finds seven inches of sheer enjoyment with **Bryan Adams**. **Page 17**

ALBUMS: **Scratch 'n' Sniff** 'em out — **The Violent Femmes**, **Talk Talk**, **Do Re Mi**, **Black Sabbath** and **The Icicle Works**. Will you get it up to them? Find out on **Pages 39, 40, 44 & 47**

LIVES: We sent out the search party, along with a St Bernard with a barrel of brandy, to find **Half Man Half Biscuit**, **The Bangles**, **Marillion**, **Chakk** and **Ausgang**. See the survivors on **Pages 42, 43, 44 & 55**

REGULARS

INFO RIOT: Indie takeaway. **Page 5**

X-WORD: Up and down we go again. **Page 5**

RECORD NEWS: The ultimate release? It may be on **Page 6**

NIGHTSHIFTS: Where to get on up. **Pages 48 & 49**

TOUR NEWS: Never mind the blizzards, here's the gigs... **Page 51**

CARTOONS: You'll find them rind about **Page 51**

LETTERS: You write the wrongs. **Page 54**

MEMORY BANK: Let me get my hands on your memory glands... **Page 54**

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LOVE IS THE DROOG



THE MINT JULEPS have a new single out on Stiff next week and have lined up a batch of gigs to promote it.

They've opted to record a Neil Young song — always a popular ecopista choice — and have covered 'Only Love Can Break Your Heart'.

The dates are at Folkestone Leas Cliffes Hall February 13, Swansea Maestry Town Hall 14, Gloucester Prema 15, Northampton Derrigate Theatre March 1, London School Of Economics 7.

MIDGE URE and The Cult are playing a concert at London's Hippodrome on February 19 which will be beamed live to America to hundreds of colleges, where it will be shown on large screens.

As a method of breaking into the American market without having to stump up the airfares it has possibilities, and the line-up is completed by John Parr whose 'St Elmo's Fire' was a big American hit last year. The Show will be hosted by Jools Holland and Anne Nightingale.

King rat...



EEK A MOUSE, the flamboyant reggae troubadour, is a special guest at Sophia George's Hammersmith Palais gig on February 23. He has a new album, *The King And I* coming out on Original Sounds (through Jetstar/EMI) this month and has just released a single, 'De Di Doo'.

Sputnik 'to release a record' shock, and then to set out on UK Clockwork Sputnik tour...

SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK release the first fruits of their gold-plated record deal with EMI on February 17. It's a single called 'Love Missile F1-11' which has been produced by Giorgio Moroder. The cover of the 12-inch version will be available in a variety of nationalities including Japanese, Russian, Spanish, German... and English.

The accompanying video comes in the form of a movie trailer with 'high heels, high hair, computers, TV screens, exploding rockets, large limos, hips, lips, guns, guitars and ultra-vixens'. But there isn't a great deal of the actual single — that's for the full-length version.

The flip side of the single is 'Hack Attack' which is not about journalists but computer crime, and was produced by the band themselves.

Following a TV appearance on *South Of Watford* on February 14, the band have lined up a British tour at the end of this month under the banner A Clockwork Sputnik.

They begin at Norwich East Anglia University February 27 and then play Reading Bridges Hall 28, Colchester Essex University March 1, Coventry Polytechnic 2, Stoke Shelleys 4, Dunstable Queensway Hall 5, Manchester International 7, Leicester Polytechnic 8, Birmingham Powerhouse 9, Leeds Polytechnic 11, Newcastle Tiffany's 12, Aberdeen Ritzy 13, Glasgow Queen Margaret Union 14, Edinburgh Empire 16.

A London date will be added later and they'll be supported at various gigs by Transvision Vamp and their own proteges, Transsexual 55. "When singer Mona Lisa decides she can be bothered".

Jackson's new heights...



JACKSON BROWNE releases his first album since his 1983 'Lawyers in Love' on Asylum next weekend.

Called 'Lives In The Balance' it reunites him with guitarist David Lindley as well as Bonnie Raitt and Doug Hayward on guest vocals.

LITTLE RICHARD has been charged with reckless driving after smashing his car into a telegraph pole last year in Hollywood, which means he could face a jail sentence.

Richard was alone in his car when it went out of control while he was passing a lorry last October. He broke his leg and spent several weeks in hospital after the accident.

Besides the reckless driving charge, Richard is also accused of driving while disqualified.

WIRE TRAIN, four bright young things from San Francisco, arrive for their first British dates this week.

The band, who've been touring round Europe with *The Alarm*, have a single out on Howie Klein's 415 label (through CBS) to coincide. An album recorded in Vienna last summer will be out early next month called 'Between Two Words'.

They have gigs confirmed at Fulham Greyhound February 15, and London University Union 20, with more being organised.

SOUNDS

Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ
Telephone 01-387 6611 Telex 299485 Music G

EDITOR: TONY STEWART
DEPUTY EDITOR: TONY FITCHELL
NEWS EDITOR: HUGH FIELDER
FEATURES EDITOR: SANDY ROBERTSON
REVIEWS EDITOR: ROBBIE MILLAR
PRODUCTION EDITOR: CAROLE UNFIELD
EDITORIAL: GLYN BROWN, BILLY MANN, KEVIN MURPHY, EDWIN POUNCEY

TECHNICAL CONSULTANT: JULIAN COUBECK
CONTRIBUTORS: JACK BARRON, SUE BUCKLEY, GARRY BUSHILL, STEFFAN CHIRAZI, GARY COOPER, ROBIN GIBSON, MARY ANNE HOBBS, ROGER HOLLAND, ANDY HURT, BARRY LAZELL, NEIL PERRY, RONNIE RANDALL, CHRIS ROBERTS, JANE SIMON, MR SPENCER, RAULPH TRAITOR

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

ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER: JON NEWNEY
SENIOR AD REPRESENTATIVE: MARC GREGORY
AD REPRESENTATIVE: JANE CARR
ADVERTISEMENT ASSISTANT: MARGARET GREEN
AD PRODUCTION MANAGER: PETER BULLOUGH
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HOUSE CALLS

THE HOUSEMARTINS team up with new Go! Discs signings His Latest Flame from Glasgow for a sustained attack on the prevailing sound of "terminally boring music" next weekend.

The Twisting Roadshow will be giving round the country for a month offering an alternative to what indie Go! Discs supremo Andy Macdonald slams as "boring, soul-less, third-rate pop stars waiting their trite poop-pop dities, usually while peeping coyly from behind a shattering pain in some exotic video-ho-ho location".

The Housemartins, now with five Radio 1 sessions under their belt ("it's cheaper than demoing"), are finishing off a new single in the studio while His Latest Flame, an all-girl quintet who come from the ashes of Sophisticated Boom Boom, are in the studio this week with producer Nick Lowe recording their first single.

Comere for the two-hour

show will be Porky The Poet, taking time off from the Go! Discs Propaganda Department.

And both bands cordially invite you to bootleg the gig on your Walkmans while waiting for vinyl produce.

The Roadshow begins at Glasgow Rooftops on February 20 and continues at Edinburgh Moray House College 21, Aberdeen Venue 22, Dundee Dance Factory 23, Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre 25, Newcastle Tiffany's 26, Sheffield Leadmill March 1, Liverpool University 4, Leicester University (closed gig) 5, Shrewsbury Frigate 6, Treforest Polytechnic, Of Wales 7, Coventry Polytechnic 8, Bristol Bierkeller 12, Hull Humber College 14, Birmingham Aston University (closed gig) 15, Brighton Sussex University 16, Preston Paradise Club 18, Stoke North Staffs Polytechnic 19, London (venue to be confirmed) 20, Uxbridge Brunel University 21. Ticket prices have been kept to a minimum and more gigs are likely to be added.

ALLAN HOLDSWORTH, the British-born guitarist who established his reputation with Soft Machine and now lives in Los Angeles, returns to promote his solo album on Enigma (through Stuff) with a couple of gigs at London's Boss Club on February 24 and 25.

He'll be introducing his new band as well as playing his revolutionary synth guitar which is capable of producing sounds that are musically impossible on a keyboard or a regular guitar.

RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY have announced their second album, 'Paint Your Wagon', which is released by Red Rhino on February 28, and their second line up to go with it.

Founder member and frontman Chris Reed and guitarist Dave 'Wolfie' Wolfenden are now joined by bassist Leon Phillips and drummer Chris Oldroyd.

The repainted Lorry will be playing a dozen dates around Britain later this month, "presenting the antithesis of glit pop with optimism in the face of the pessimism of Thatcher's Britain. So there!". Venues for the tour will be announced next week.

BIG COUNTRY sold out their Hammersmith Odeon date last week within five hours of tickets going on sale - a record even for that venue - and they've added another London show at the Brixton Academy on March 27.

Tickets are £7 from the box office or by post from The Big Country Box Office (to whom cheques and PO's should be payable), PO Box 77, London SW4 9LH. Don't forget the sale and allow 21 days for delivery.

EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL start work on their next album later this month which they plan to release in the early summer.

LEATHER REPORT

THE LEATHER NUN will be coming over for their first British gigs in six years this month.

The mad Swedes, whose last appearance here was with Throbbing Gristle at their Leap Year Day Event at London's Scala in 1980, have a new single out to coincide with their visit called 'Desolation Avenue' on Wire (through Nine Mile). And they plan to record another single while they're here.

They begin at Brighton Savannah Club February 24, and then play Kentish Town Bull

And Gate 25, Portobello Road Acklam Hall 26, Fulham Greyhound 28.

They were also due to support Balaam And The Angel at another London date but they've been blown out, allegedly because of some of the antics on their recent European tour.

These included trashing their gear at a Hamburg show, employing Hell's Angels as their security force and taking on a bunch of sailors during the ferry back to Sweden, which almost cost guitarist Nils the use of his hand.



LEATHER NUN: their reputation preceded them

Tracey Thorn and Ben Watt have been writing new material since their live adventures - which included a Moscow gig - ended last autumn.

SUPERTHAMP have sold out their Royal Albert Hall date on March 8 - though they've managed to squeeze in Prince Charles and Princess Diana - and added another show on

the 10th. Tickets are now on sale price £15, £12.50, £10 and £7.50.

The proceeds of the first show will now go to The Princes Trust. A record company spokesperson 'close to Royal circles' intimated that Charles is a particular fan of the band. It is not yet known whether they have supplanted Wham! in Diana's affections.

TWISTED SISTER have confirmed the full schedule for their Spring British tour. They already have gigs lined up for next month at Ipswich Gaumont March 23 and London Hammersmith Odeon 24-25, and return after European dates to play Nottingham Royal Centre April 20, Manchester Apollo 21, Edinburgh Playhouse 22, Birmingham Odeon 23.

The dates are their first for two years and follow the release of their 'Come Out And Play' album.

HÜSKER DÜ prepare Britain for their major tour next month with a new single - their first on Warner's - called 'Don't Want To Know If You Are Lonely' on February 17. The 12-inch features their version of Lennon and McCartney's 'Heiter Skeller'. Their next album, 'Candy Apple Grey', will be out in time for the tour which starts in mid-March.

TERRAPLANE follow the release of their debut album 'Black And White' with a series of dates over the next month.

They'll be appearing at Guildford Surrey University February 12, Uxbridge Brunel University 28, Stoke Shelley's March 3, Norwich East Anglia University 5, London Marquee 6-7, Huddersfield Polytechnic 12.

DO THEY KNOW IT'S £60,000,000?

THE LIVE AID concert last July generated over £60 million for Ethiopian famine relief, according to figures published last week.

Britain raised virtually half the total sum while America contributed just over £18 million. Income from the Philadelphia concert brought in £7.85 million, compared with Wembley's £2.74 million, but British donations topped a staggering £27 million.

Donations from other countries to the Live Aid Foundation show some interesting variations. Eire raised an astonishing £6.3 million, while West Germany contributed an equally

surprising £45,000.

It should be pointed out, however, that Eire ran a massive television throughout the concert with celebrities and politicians auctioning off almost anything that moved while West Germany took less of the concert on television, with other Ethiopian charities operating independently.

The vast majority of Live Aid's revenue came from English-speaking countries with Australia donating £2.8 million and Canada raising £1.26 million.

Of the European countries Sweden were the most generous with £578,000 followed by Norway

(£644,000), Holland (£181,000), Italy (£173,000), Switzerland (£148,000), Austria (£129,000) and Belgium (£89,000). Even Luxembourg contributed £28,000.

Elsewhere in the world, Japan raised £250,000, a comparatively small sum which can partly be explained by the fact that for them the concert took place in the middle of the night.

The money raised is being channelled into three main areas of famine relief - 20 per cent is being spent on emergency disaster relief such as food, medical supplies, clothes, shelter and vehicles.

Another 20 per cent is earmarked for logistics such as establishing trucking fleets in Ethiopia and Sudan, and contributing towards a fleet of ships to supply goods from Europe and America.

But 60 per cent of the money is being invested in long-term development projects such as forestry, irrigation, cropland development and health projects.

The Live Aid Foundation has received over 400 project proposals from the various relief agencies working in Africa and has been choosing which ones to fund. Neither Live Aid nor Band Aid have any

intention of setting up their own operational agencies in Africa and will instead make the monies available to the established agencies, such as UNICEF, Save The Children, Red Cross, Concern, Care, Catholic Relief Services etc.

So far Live Aid has allocated money towards building a road bridge in Chad, a UNICEF vaccination programme and three water-drilling rigs.

The funds have already bought 17,000 tons of grain, 2,000 tons of milk powder, 200,000 blankets, 169 trucks, 45 Land Rovers, 18 water tankers, 200,000 gallons of fuel and a million dollars' worth of vehicle spares.

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INFO RIOT

EDITED BY BARRY LAZELL

AS HINTED last week, I think this week we can put the lid on the series of pieces we ran at the end of last year on Liverpool and Manchester indie labels. I'm not averse to taking a similar look at labels which originated in far numbers, in any other specific parts of the country, so if anybody has any nominations for such, feel free to write in with them, and I'll start delving into the info. I may well tackle Neat and other labels from the Tyne & Wear area shortly, so thoughts and information relating to that particular area would certainly be welcome.

Anyway, back to the North-Western loose ends. In the *Object Music* issue (December 14 issue), I listed OM 12 - Joanne by *Grow Up*, which was the last single on the label - without a B-side title, simply because I'd never

come across the record to check it. In fact, I queried whether the single had been released at all. Well, clearly it was, because several readers owning copies of it wrote in to complete the information. Interestingly, most of them also voiced their opinions of the single, and they differed dramatically. The B-side of Joanne was listed on the sleeve as 'Two Tunes', but the label offered far more complexity. The first track, though very short, was in three parts. 1a Affirmation Of Existence. 1b Reaffirmation Of Existence. 1c 'Sweet Away' (all written by Roger Blackburn). Following this was John Bisset-Smith's Gogdadgadadad - try saying that with a couple of pots of John (non-Bisset) Smith's inside you! The single was recorded and mixed at Revolution in

NORTHERN LIGHTS

Tying up some indie scene loose ends

Cheadle Huine, on 10th April 1980. Moving on to the section on the Zulu, Skysaw and Probe Plus labels, I received a whole wad of info from Peter Leay who, as originally mentioned, is one of the people who run Skysaw.

The original Skysaw single, which I didn't mention at all, was a seven-inch by Toxic Reasons called 'God Bless America' released in August 1984. This had a one-off catalogue number of HANG 1, and is now deleted. Another one-off released three months later with an End label logo, was Hearts And Minds 'Information Man' (END 1) by The Farm, this time a 12-inch single and also now deleted. Following this were the two 12-inches and two albums (plus the Ex Post Facto LP) already listed, although for some reason I kept calling the Iconoclasts Iconoclasts - possibly because I misread Peter Conroy's writing in the first place!

There have been further developments in the last couple of months, however. Since spring of last year, Skysaw has been associated with Station House Recording Studios in Atherton Street, New Brighton, where

the label is now also based. Subsequently, November saw a cassette-only release by Jeggay Dodd (SCJD 1), while released last month was a 12-inch by new signing Politburo, a trio from the Wirral who previously had the track 'Innocence' on the 'Jobs For The Boys' compilation album. Their new release (SKY 3) couples 'Euphoria' with 'April Shower' and 'Half A Harp'. SKY 4 is also imminent, and will be another 12-inch from a further new signing, One Last Flight, formerly known as the Outer Limits. David Weir of Old Trafford, Manchester, provided some welcome extra bits 'n' bobs on Zulu and Probe Plus. He says:

"As far as I know, the Zulu list is up-to-date. Hopefully there'll be some more to add to it in the near future, though, as it is certainly about time Pink Industry had a new single. The address for the label is: Zulu Records, 61a Bald Street, Liverpool 1."

"The Probe list had a mistake in it - probably only a typing error, but it may be of relevance. The A-side of PP 7 by Ex Post Facto was actually titled 'Dancing Child', while the B-side was

'Sombre Solist' (not 'Solist'). The single was released on both seven and 12-inch." (A-side was a pure boob: the flip a typing error, sorry! - Barry)

The missing catalogue number PP 2 belonged to a seven-inch single by Public Discharge, tracks being 'Todes! LSD Wars'.

Before this, however, and following the CUSTY 1 release by Cook Da Books, there was another single with a one-off catalogue number, which was actually the first release by Ex Post Facto.

YY 001 'Ex Post Facto: Money' - released on seven-inch only.

The most recent Probe releases have followed on from the ones you listed, and are as follows:

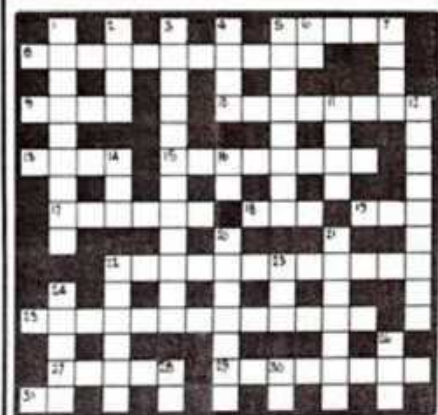
PROBE 4 Half Man, Half Biscuit - Back In The DHSS (LP)

SCAL 1 Scals - The Power Game/Fly (seven-inch single)

PRA 1 The Farm - Steps Of Emotion/Memories (on both seven and 12-inch)

Next week, more on Simple Minds, Siouxsie, and the New Hormones label. Joy Division and New Order in a fortnight - don't go away.

XWORD



By Sue Buckley

ACROSS

1. New Age/K (5) 8. What Enobarbus said to the Flaming Musicians (ask Mark A for help) (2) 9. Armoury/Medicine/it must go on (4) 10. She was out for blood... but was she measured in a Fiesta or a Capri? (4,4) 13. They were alright now till Denise Williams sang about 'em (4) 16. Madness sailed to be with him (5,3) 17. Who told (or didn't) Lennon? (6) 18. Entertainment/Surfing/Born In The (1,1,1) 19. Crook, Callaghan/Morrison/Jungle (3) 22. Why Survivor are in desperate need of Rennie? (7,5) 25. This Ozzy effort sounds as if it comes straight from Cluedo! (4,2,3,4) 27. They go with soap (5) 29. The state of Bruce's art? (8) 31. 'Like' tears go by? (2)

DOWN

1. The Knack's one possessive hit? (2,7) 2. A real warm feeling from the Spands (4) 3. He's always got something to fall back on (4,8) 4. Autumn of the nation's saving grace? (4) 5. The surfers' Wilsons and the funkies' Isleys appear to be in earnest (8) 6. Deity for 3? (2) 7. Jim Morrison was one... at a push, I suppose! (4) 11. Buddy Miles waved a famous electric one (4) 12. Heart hammerers? (3,6) 14. Righteous Brothers Spectorish side? (3) 16. ... and Rodgers led a bad 'un (2) 20. Legendary Merseybeats did this as well as hoping (7) 21. The patriotic flag era confused the little thief (7) 22. Milk's got quite a lot of this Police-stuffed message carrier (6) 23. He was/is on Bob's side (3) 24. They dazzled that wet OMD (5) 26. Where Lucy saw that dire John Williams led MOR muzak outfit? (3) 28. Holy title for 24's Joan (2) 30. THE blues king (1,1)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Private Beach 7. Ha 10. Talking To Myself 11. Run 12. Eric Stewart 15. AC 16. Rush 18. Am 19. Reckoning 21. It 22. Le 23. ELP 24. China 26. Right 27. ET 28. Chicago 31. California Girls

DOWN

1. Peter Gabriel 2. Island 3. Alice 4. English Civil War 5. ELO 6. Cry Me A River 8. All 9. Bonatar 13. Sting 14. Temptations 17. UFO 20. Capital 24. Cliff 25. ABC 28. Air 30. GC

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RECORD NEWS

BOOM BOOM BOOM, a London band consisting of ex Zero Le Creche singer Andy Nakanya, ex One The Juggler guitarist Lush plus 'technical whizzard' Said on keyboards, release their first single on the newly formed Fun After All label this week called 'Here Comes The Man'.

SUGAR MINOTT has a three track 12 inch entitled 'What A Feeling' out on CSA this week.

TAY FALCO'S PANTHER BURNS prepare to single Europe's audio systems with an absence with a six track live cassette called 'Now!' on NBT (through Fast Forward) this week.

DAVID KNOPFLER has a single called 'Shoreline' released by Making Waves this week. The single has already topped the gay disco charts in America.

BOB GADDOY, piano player on many of Sonny Terry and Browne McGee's classic recordings, has his own album from the '50s called 'Big And Runt' released this month by Ace who are also putting out a 'Louisiana Cajun' compilation. And Kent weigh in with a collection called 'The Funk 'N' Soul Revolution' featuring Sly And The Family Stone, The Ch-Lites and Hamilton Bohannon.

THE HOUSEMARTINS, Chatshow, All About Eve, The Laughing Mothers and Panorama In Black are among the bands included on a C90 cassette called 'Bigger Than God' which is given away with the latest issue of the rowdy Bunker fanzine. It's available for £2 from The Bunker, 14 Rendham Road, Saxmundham, Suffolk.

KABALA, a pair of Ghanaian brothers, put out a single called 'What Love Is' on their own Cabal label (through Spartak) this weekend.

LITTLE WALTER AND OTIS RUSH are each featured on one side of an album entitled 'Windy City Blues' which is released for the first time here by Magnum Music this month.

THEE MIGHTY CAESARS, the ex Milkshakes trio, have a 12-inch EP, 'Little By Little' released by Media Burn (through The Cartel) and an album, 'Beware The Ides Of March' out on Big Beat (through Pinnacle). And if that's not enough, the Milkshakes' debut album 'The Caesars Of Trash' has been reissued, via The Cartel.

TAVARES have a newly remixed (by Dutch DJ Ben Liebrand) version of their 'Heaven Must Be Missing An Angel' classic released by EMI this week.

KLAUS SCHULZE has written the soundtrack to the forthcoming Angst movie and the album/compact disc comes out on Magnum Music at the end of the month.

SNAKE CORPS release a three-track 12-inch called 'Victory Parade' on Midnight Music (through Rough Trade) this week.

MATRONIX, a New York duo who are 'a wicked shuffle-type groove melted against hard scratch lyrics', have a single called 'Ladies' released by 10 this week.

TEST DEPT. Coil, Nurse With Wound, Current 93 and Lydia Lunch all have previously unreleased material included in the first of a series of 'audio/visual artworks' called 'Peyre' which comes in a plastic wallet with a 24-page booklet. It's available from Aspel, 47 Astonville Street, Southfields, London SW18 5AW for £3.99.

CHAKA KHAN, Kurtis Blow, Sheila E and Debbie Harry all have tracks on the soundtrack album to Krush Groove which comes out on Warner Brothers this week. The film follows later in the year. Sheila E also has her own 'medley' single featuring 'The Glamorous Life', 'Sister Fate' and 'A Love Bizarre Pt 1' released on Paisley Park (through Warner) this week.

JIMMY SCOTT's new single on Move (through Charly) next weekend is 'The Hunt'.

TA MARA AND THE SEEN, featuring the former guitarist with The Time, have their first single out on A&M this week called 'Affection' written and produced by Jesse Johnson.

BLUE SIEGE RELEASE, a Preston band whose influences range from Tim Buckley to The Smiths via The Seeds and REM, release a mini-album called 'Runs No Longer Remain' on Pride Communications (through Probe Plus) this month.

NAT KING COLE has another three classic albums digitally re-mastered by EMI this month: 'After Midnight', 'Just One Of Those Things' and 'Love Is The Thing'.

STING released the fifth single from his 'Dream Of The Blue Turtles' album on A&M this week. It's 'Moon Over Bourbon Street'.

BAURHAUS, The Birthday Party, The Cocketts, Nicko, Wolfgang Press and Pink Industry all have tracks on a compilation cassette called 'Document 82/83' from The Cartel which is drawn from the label's previous three (now deleted) compilations.

SHIRLEY MURDOCK, an Ohio funkstress who's just signed to Elektra, releases her first single, 'Truth Or Dare' this weekend, and produced with Zappa-man Roger Troutman.

MUSLIMGAUZE have a new album called 'Fajeta', which they describe as 'mixing political awareness with ethnic based sounds'. It's available for £5 from Bryn Jones, 447 Chorley Road, Swinton, Manchester.

JOWE HEAD, already known for his vocal contributions to Sweet Maps, The Television Personalities and The Palookas, has his own album called 'Strawberry Deutschmark' released by Constrictor (through Rough Trade) this month. The label will also be putting out The Palookas' debut album called 'Gift' early next month.



Portrait by Alfredo Borge

ANNETTE PEACOCK, known as 'The Outness Queen', has an album out this month on Ironcrecordz (through IMS/Polygram) called 'I Have No Feelings'.

BASTINADOO, Train Of Thought and World Asylum are featured on a compilation cassette called 'Obscenities Flow In Torrents' which is available for £3 from Weltzheimer Records, 30 Talbot Road, Preston Lancs PR1 8NK.

TERRY AND JERRY, who have just amicably parted company with their guitarist Jeremy Paige who's gone off to form a band called Rumblefish, have a single out on In Tape called 'Reservation'.

DOON WILLIAMS celebrates his arrival on Capitol Records with a single called 'We've Got A Good Fire Goin'' which comes from his 'New Moves' album due out next month.

3 MUSTAPHAS 3 have a new single out on Globe Style this week called 'Si Vous Passez Par La', a French/Congolese hit from the '50s.

FREDDIE JACKSON, widely acclaimed as America's top black singer last year, has his 'Rock Me Tonight' single re-released by Capitol this week.

SIMPLY RED return to the fray with a single on WEA next week called 'Jericho' which is a re-recorded track from their debut album.

BRILLIANT follow up their James Brown act last autumn with a single on WEA this weekend called 'Love Is War'.

THE BOSS, a collection of German musicians, have recorded a medley of Springsteen's hits which is released as a single on WEA this week called 'Dancing In The USA'.



4,000,000 TELEPHONES' second release is a single called 'Big House' out next month on Bunker (through Red Rhino). They're touring to promote it and introducing their new sax player Nancy.

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M A D

"Bruce Springsteen I was born to

RICHARD COOK
takes a manly look
at the pop tart
goddess,
MADONNA, who
has put sleaze and
safety back into
pop stardom

I'M BURNING up, says Madonna. I'm burning up with your love. We've consumed her so fast. It took her years to plough up through the star-saturated heap and raise the black bodice of triumph.

Today's teenage dream is a woman of 26, 27 or 28, depending on which column you read. Still, age never bothered Deborah Harry too much.

Now we've gorged ourselves on everything she could give us. Already. From the explosion of 'Like A Virgin', through the videos, the boyfriends, the tour, the centrefolds, the movie, the marriage and finally to the new material famine (which hard-pressed Sire executives are probably more worried about than Band Aid's organisers are over their famine), Madonna has been giggled at, giggled over and grumbled about in the most obsessive extreme pop has yet contrived.

As the music roundabout goes faster and faster, its megastars are devoured with ever greater velocity.

Madonna - it hardly needs me to tell you this, but anyway - Madonna has been more universally everywhere than Jackson, Prince or Michael. She might be the most glutinously eaten-up pop star we will ever see, although idling over figures needn't take up our time. A pop generation that grew out of Jackson's furry friends and Prince's teen anxiety is already hooked on the sweetly devious young adulthood that Madonna has whisked together. Even if, in many cases, this generation has hardly started growing breasts or shaving yet.

The exploitation is all in the hands



of the beholder. As a role model, Madonna passes the baton to her audience more generously than any of her peers. Where most major pop stars have had to fashion their own private realm, Madonna's world - with its clink of crucifixes, rustle of trashcan satin, sticky smear of lipgloss, dare of disco knights and all the hungry smells of sex and glamour and being freeeeeeee - is almost within reach of her boys and girls.

Anyone with a mimetic streak can follow. We can strut right inside Madonna's world, like Rosanna

Acquette in *Desperately Seeking Susan*.

Past pop legends who've tried to get 'close' to an audience - in the holy name of communication! - have tended to fall disastrously from grace. Why should our idols be too like us? Our lives are boring to start with. With her material girl confessions, Madonna is different. And I'm still not quite sure why, or even how.

But the woman's talent to not-amuse can be irresistible. When questioned about that appeal, agony matron Anna Raeburn sniffed over the girl's - then impending - marriage. "You can't get

more conventional than that." She also called her a "poor silly cat". I think Ms Raeburn is wrong on at least two counts.

HOW DID all this start? It seems an age since a 45 called 'Everybody' turned up in a pile of new singles for me to listen to. What I heard then wasn't especially remarkable. It began with a voice trying to lick its way into your ear: "I've been watching you... yeah... hush... I know you wanna get up..." Here we go again, another little

town disco flirt coming on like the foxy piece of ass us *Mex Only* men want to let out of our briefcases every night. There wasn't even a picture sleeve - it came in a discreet black wrapper.

If this were a romance, I'd tell you how the record wasn't so great but it had something about it, some strange spark... actually, it sounded quite perky, quite well done as pill-popping dance suckers went. But no secret foretelling of a future sensation.

The record didn't do much. Sire tried hard with that one and with 'Holiday', but they both did little more than scratch around the lower reaches of a slow-paced chart.

She came over - this must be a little over two years ago now - and did her best to hawk the goods. A bored press lady toyed with a girl who stuck her tongue out a lot and had funny little crucifix earrings, taken legs, a tangle of curly hair and a prominent chest. She sounded New York. Some of us went to watch her do an ambitious revue set at The Palace. This didn't seem like someone we'd have to wake up to every day.

In America, it was rather different. After a lot of work, it went from an interested whisper to a wave in a row. What brought it on, inevitably, was disco. The visuals made us go with 'Borderline' (actually one of the dullest tracks on the first Madonna LP) snapped together a little movie of a slab of a woman freewheeling around Manhattan. Every sidewalk looked like the potential rendezvous for a slow, wet kiss: it was a street fantasy made to measure for anyone who's tried to swing their hips walking down the road.

Then, as the 'Madonna' LP took off, so the singer seemed to shed more of her garments. In 'Lucky Star', the best track on the record, she shot up an average sort of girlie-recorder with the hot swagger of someone raised on the New York theatre of personal grandstanding. It was obvious and straightforward, but pop is immune to those sort of poisons.

And still she might have been no more than a funkier Benatar, a lipier Jett (Madonna actually began, musically, as the kind of rock bitch that AOR power brokers groan for a safe slot between Foreigner and Quarterflash - but the girl preferred music to dance to, so 'Madonna' was disco rhythm instead of stadium stomp). Until 'Like A Virgin' got some stick-thrift into pop's sexual drive.

'Like A Virgin' - the single, the LP, the video, but most of all the title itself - opens the door to the next stage of mainstream pop's admission of the, er, existence of sex. The word 'virgin' alone is a surprise that we're too blasé to have noticed. America's moral majority noticed when they saw their unsullied offspring with the word emblazoned across their T-shirts. Next, just as each successive dropped veil since Elvis' pelvis has brought trouble, came the fresh wave of *Mex We-Fling-This-Flibb!*

Guardians of wisdom have chosen this tack as their prognosis for the Madonna phenomenon: that she is catching the drift of another young person's rebellion, embodying flirtatious rule-breaking and invoking the longed-for disgust of parents.

ONNA

was born to run, flirt..."

When she comes up with one-liners like "Bruce Springsteen was born to run, I was born to flirt", she doesn't exactly douse the idea.

It's a little more double-edged. Madonna excites no more generational angst than anybody else in pop music. In *Us* versus *Them*, she is cheerleading both sides. Too much of the 'Like A Virgin' LP is too close to the soft pop that haunts the suburban stereo.

But, further than that, this conservative idol strikes a behaviour chord which could hardly be further from 'rebellion'. Rebelling doesn't come out of mass-marketed corporate packages. If you can afford to buy records and posters and concert tickets you probably haven't got anything you want to rebel against, anyway.

Her glamour is indefinite enough to let everybody skate on its surface: forget the pain of breaking away, invest in Madonna. It's as laughable to suggest that 'Like A Virgin' invites mass teenage promiscuity as it is to theorise about the girl setting feminism back 20 or 30 years (although that lobby has recessed into near-silence. Maybe Jennifer Rush demands more attention).

Virginity is shed faster and younger with each passing episode of *Brookside*. I don't think Madonna has much to do with it.

What she does is take the temperature. She is, at this level, the simple receptacle of pop's latest stage

of talking dirty (and I'm still referring to the mainstream. After Lydia Lunch, of course, pop can't talk much dirtier). 'Like A Virgin' is what the title says - about feeling like a virgin, which is living on your memories. Virgins don't say they feel like virgins. In the accompanying video, Madonna sprawls and spreads legs all over a variety of Venetian gondolas. Her eyes aren't saying come on, they're screaming YES! NOW! It's as stickily voluptuous as your average *Dynasty* trauma, but it's delivered by a rag-doll in a suppliant baby-croon - another of the truces that Madonna has worked into a whole act.

The inoffensive compromise - as much the preserve of nice girls as nasty ones - is the backbone of the Madonna boom. She is the very soul of paradox. If the kitten-wiggle of her pictures is set to make young men swoon, young ladies can build up on her snarls and free speech. She looks like she's about to make a play for every guy on the block, but the good Catholic girl in her heart wants only true love.

'Material Girl', her most notorious hit, is a gold-digger's bible of I want I want, but in the video she leaves with the penniless good boy at the end. She has a belt that names her BOY TOY but that, of course, is a joke. And, although she must be fabulously wealthy, she hardly owns a thing.

Fast as she eats her cake, there it still is on the plate.

IT'S INTERESTING to browse through the press that Madonna has accrued. Blessed at last with a pop star with a sassy background in pick over, the world's hacks have licked their lips till they're sore. Kiss-and-tell stories have nagged her every step; uniquely, they've given her no trouble whatsoever. Here, finally, is a star whose scuffling only fuels her next advance. The only dangerous moment was the snatch pulled off (and subsequently displayed) by both *Playboy* and *Playboy*: nude photos done several years earlier to stave off starvation. One's initial reaction (is that all there is?) brought on nothing but apathy.

In her interviews, a now infrequent phenomenon, Madonna seems disarmingly frank. And so she is. The tease is that there is no tease. Candour is her only real weapon. When it comes to the press game, there's no need for her to try and fashion the gentle seclusion of George Michael, let alone the guarded fortress of Michael J. Her pronouncements are a mix of gum-chewing insolence, businesslike savvy and lonely vulnerability. If it seems too perfect, it must be real.

"I have the most perfect belly button. There's no fluff in it. If 100 belly buttons were lined up against the wall, I could definitely pick out which one is mine."

Fetishistic pride, hygiene (no fluff) and a sense of the bizarre. Great.

"Some people have said I'm setting women back 30 years. Well, I think in the '50s women weren't ashamed of their bodies. I think they luxuriated in their sexuality. If people don't get the humour in my act, then they don't want to get it."

Dangerous ground. So much stupidity, incompetence and banal exploitation goes down in the name of 'humour' in pop. On a score like this, she settles for the easy answer. She asks us to settle not for a New Woman but for an increasingly-permissive-but-traditional one.

"I come from a boring sort of middle class lifestyle and I wasn't born with a perfect body."

Aw, come on. You're kidding us.

"If I had to change my name, I'd use my confirmation name, Veronica. I chose her because she wiped the face of Jesus, which I thought was really dramatic."

This is probably the roughest thing Madonna has ever said. (Me, I chose the name Christopher. I always knew I'd have the weight of the world on my shoulders someday.)

The wittiest and most revealing article on Madonna appeared in the now-defunct *XTRA*. In running through stylistic precedents including Diana Ross (ambition), Donna Summer (religion) and Marianne Faithfull (producer-product) it came clear how Madonna's roots "comprise an entire pop cultural ecosystem of sounds, symbols and stigmas underpinning the nation's subconscious".

It seems like every quality a woman of pop has introduced, Madonna has made use of. If you think about what Tina Turner, Joan Armatrading, Dolly Parton, Dusty Springfield and Pearl Harbor did, you'll catch on. Worthwhile women with brains like Kate Bush and Annie Lennox get shown up because

they have nothing Madonna considers worth stealing. Even stiffening Siouxsie could polish up her vamping by studying the Ciccone boardwalk.

BUT, TO return to our beginning, she's been pushed around this top-level circuit in fact. What's left, already? In *Desperately Seeking Susan* she enlisted a basically drab and trying-too-hard film with a turn that sparkled; even so, all she had to do was play a simple variation of herself. Her US tour last year was by most accounts a customised blitz of tack that hit and missed in equal measure. When we saw her on Live Aid, we were disappointed at the breathless, ingratiating creature who peddled much the same routine she had here a couple of years before.

And then came the cheesecake pic, and then the wedding. And now the circle is completed and we have come back to her earliest records: when I heartily turned the radio on this morning, the first thing I heard was the re-released 'Borderline'.

If she only left us those two LPs, what would posterity say? 'The First Album', as it's now titled (with an obvious eye on history), is desperately slight, a vapour of bubblefunk that ticks along approximately the same featherlight groove for two sides. 'Burning Up', 'Holiday' and 'Lucky Star' are engaging in a small way.

'Like A Virgin' brought in Nile Rodgers as producer (after his reassertion of Bowie's pop career in 'Let's Dance'); for a multi-platinum LP, it's peculiarly sparse, even eccentric. Though Rodgers, Edwards and Thompson are all present, the music sounds like a muted, asexual version of the Chic beat. Hooks are scarcely embellished at all. Instruments are pared away. The drum sound is miniaturised. Instead, Rodgers focuses on the sharp, birdlike singing of Madonna, who sounds even younger than she did on the first LP. Perhaps this is why it's so irritatingly playable: there's too little to be bored with. 'Angel', 'Into The Groove', 'Dress You Up', the pretty 'Shoo-Bee-Do' - these are unfussy, unself-conscious prints in pop.

Maybe we'll suddenly wake up and wonder what the fuss is about. 'Purple Rain' may have been a bit cracked, but it was obviously the work of a maverick master. 'Off The Wall' and 'Thriller' were just masterworks. 'Like A Virgin' is so underwhelming in their wake... but there it is, and there it is, and there it is.

We cannot escape her; but there's nothing to escape from. It would be like trying to escape ourselves. When you parcel together the records, the videos and the column inches, the weight of it all is negligible. Maybe that's what so many find addictive and refreshing about this girl.

After suffering the pomp and portent of so many gravely gifted young artists, elevating their meanderings to symphonic levels, we are given a tart-goddess who only wants to sing about boys and girls in the simplest terms and make smart, easy pop records and be famous and well-off.

Soon, we will burn her up with our love.

"Madonna actually began, musically, as the kind of rock bitch that AOR power brokers groom for a safe slot between Foreigner and Quarterflash - but the girl preferred music to dance to, so 'Madonna' was disco rhythm instead of stadium stomp...until 'Like A Virgin' put some stick-shift into pop's sexual drive."



"This conservative idol strikes a behaviour chord which could hardly be further from 'rebellion'. Rebelling doesn't come out of mass-marketed corporate packages. If you can afford to buy records and concert tickets you probably haven't got anything you want to rebel against, anyway."



J A W S

EDITED BY GLYN BROWN

WHAT CAN I tell you, my friends? Did you realise that the debut album of Bostonian thrash noisers **Executioner** has been delayed due to fights and temper tantrums over the cover? These wild ones had designed a scene of an executioner's chopping block with famous heads - agents they know, club owners, DJ's (surely not?) and other people who never lent a hand to the band - bloodily all over the ground. The prob? That the record label want it shown in full colour. Amusement at this freakiness, no? News you can't leave this page without knowing - Executioner were recently voted Best New Band Of 1985 in Boston (this is an AMERICAN place, so...) magazine *One Step Forward*. TackTackTack...

NEWS CRASH and flash - the next issue of *iD* magazine (March, to you) will herald a brand new age - there's a man on the cover! Getting down and getting with it, the artists and so forth have put a shot of **Johnny Rotten/Lydon** on their frontpiece. This is what we in the trade call a male (?) shirt. Dig?

FINALLY, WE hear the sad tidings that one more Radio 1 person bites the dust. Yup, **Mike 'Just A Minute' Read** tells us true that he's off to write and stage (naturally enough) a musical based on the life of the late poet laureate **Sir John Betjeman**. Hip groover! (That means nothing, nothing.) Icicle cool.

MORTICIA WAX

If you go down to the woods today, you're sure of a big surprise. If you go down to the woods today, you'd better go in disguise. For today's the day the **Teddy Bears** have their picnic. Introducing **Teddy Bear number one: John Blake**, he of the **White Hot Club**, merry **Maxwell Mirror** readers, and it was this club that hosted our presence at Stringfellows, in the woods of the West End.

Teddy Bear number two: Paul King For A Day. Lurve comes to town with mooning prince King clutching his new sweetheart's hand... and arm and neck and... all night long.

Teddy Bear number three: Rick Parfitt. Not exactly partying but a dignified, sobering presence in the middle of this mayhem, accompanied by the equally regal **Cheryl Baker of Bucks Fizz**. These are your chief **Teddy Bears**, children, and these will be the ones to keep you warm and cosy when bedtime comes around. Other cuddly toys did various fireside dances around the hall of fame, bumping into each other and themselves.



"Get off me, Paul - isn't that Joe Blake over there?"

Pic: Steve Doble

WOOLLY BULLY!



Teddy Bear Three and Fizzer

Faces, from toy collections past, present and future: **Martin Fry** met **Belouis Some** who met **Jeff Black** who gave **Lenny** the finger that the **Sputniks** sat on. **Anne Pigalle** wondered why no one wanted photographs of her, unlike **Sam** "I'll drive my own tank" **Fox**. The wild eyed lads from **HMS Brazen** could have answered her that one from their crow's nest in the corner.

Also present were a couple of seven-year-olds who evidently gained entrance on the pretext of being associated with another music paper,

much to the embarrassment of those genuinely representing the aforesaid organ. The infants in question amused themselves by pouring wine over your very own **Joe Blake**, apparently under the impression that this was the best way to further their career in the music business.

Joe has spoken to their daddy, who has promised not to interfere with any arrangements Joe might make for appropriate disciplinary measures in the near future. Be warned!

RICKY KILDARE



Above: Buster Bloodvessel and Scott arrive at... oh look, who gave me this picture?

Big news (we mean it) this week from **Sally 'I'm Soul' Gethin**. She says: "Sat next to **Buster Bloodvessel** on flight home from Munich last week. The gross (literally) **Bloodbuster** arrived with a troupe of loud oddities called **Bad Manners**, heaved his great flab about the seat - wearing bright yellow shorts and T-shirt to leave room for a glimpse of buttocks in between - and called the stewardess 'chicken' when he needed service. **Scott**, (black aide and member of **Bad Manners**), sitting next to him, repeatedly yelled 'Soul sister!' at me when he saw my black cap: a right odd bunch, indeed. 'God, they're like a travelling freak show,' remarked my friend.

'They've got fat ones, black ones, dwarves, the lot!' - They also seemed slightly accident prone, **Scott** swaggering about at customs and proceeding to drop the entire contents of his case over the floor (he was helping to take the weight off the dwarf). **Bad Manners** are pretty big (?! Oh phooey!) in Germany, and had been over to Munich for the day to record a slot on the top pop programme **Formel Eins** (Formula One). That should give the Krauts something to think about."

A Grinding chainsaw massacre took place at the **Brixton Fridge** last week as the buzz of hot throating projectiles pierced willing virgin flesh during **Adrenaline Publications' Skin Fantasies** tattoo book launch.

We were invited to mingle with the **Masters of Flesh Fantasy** and their living canvasses on a night of delight and debauchery. What we got was a myriad photographers wandering aimlessly across the vast wilderness, and the night had a thousand eyes as the paparazzi ruthlessly sifted the venue to unearth a pop-type star. One miserable example surfaced in the luscious pouting form of 'pretty', macho **STA** singer **Lance Stallone**, who refused to be photographed on the pretext that he was still smarting from his embarrassing run-in with a female **Sounds** cub reporter the previous week.

No kid, though, the press and media were in a hawkish mood as they browbeat every available female into exposing flesh. Unfortunately, the temble weather and the threat of a **Deadbeats** appearance conspired to keep most punters at home, so models exposed their body artwork only to the heat of numerous movie light and flashgun ker-pops.



Not 'pretty' Lance Stallone

Pic: Ronnie Randall

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February

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Saturday 13 **MIDDLEBOROUGH** Sports Pavilion

Sunday 14 **BRIGHTON** Sea Hotel

Wednesday 15 **CARDIFF** New Queen Rooms

Thursday 16 **SWANSEA** Maritime

Friday 17 **BARBENTON** Queens Hall

Saturday 18 **ARLESBURY** Live Central

Sunday 19 **WIMBORLEY** Sports

Monday 20 **COLECHESTER** The Works

Tuesday 21 **STONIA** ON TRENT Studios

Wednesday 22 **CARLISLE** Tynes & Orpin

Thursday 23 **ABERDEEN** Arns

Friday 24 **GLASGOW** Tynes

March

Saturday 1 **GALASHIELLS** College of South

Sunday 2 **NEWCASTLE** Riverside

Monday 3 **LEEDS** Albert and Lee

Wednesday 5 **MANCHESTER** Festival

Thursday 6 **LONDON** Central Station

Joe Bloke's LUKE WARM Bizzark

Plain Sailing?!



Bernie and Yashmak: romantic reunion ahead?

FROM THE moment they met there was something special between them! He is Bernie La Bunk, pop god and husband of just 34 minutes. SHE is Hani Armpit, throbbing former gogo dancer who, at 13, is one of the Falklands' top models.

BACK HOME thousands of miles away is Bernie's heavily pregnant wife Yashmak, who doesn't even suspect he is spearing the bearded clam in the far-

off rain-drenched paradise. Bizzark can reveal what Bernie has been up to, and it won't make happy reading for Yashmak. Still, we must do our duty.

A staff member at the plush hotel where Bernie and Hani have been playing hide the salami ever since they met while shooting an arms recruitment video together, said "She has always been pining in and out of his executive wardrobe. Bernie even asked me to fetch his thermal underwear, and then they walked off together, know-woman, er, have you got that fever you promised me?"

Bernie has denied that anything has been going on with stunning Hani (65-22-36), one of the girls hired to provide some rumpo for the er, some glamour in the video. "I love Yashmak and have phoned her twice, a month since I got here, and hang the cod, I say! She would've come with me, but with her being pregnant, her body is going through all sorts of changes and, well, frankly it's revolting!"

Yashmak was equally adamant: "When I see Bernie I'll knock him in the head, that is I'll hug him so hard it'll make his eyes water."

Bernie's mum says: "Just because Bernie's always nice to those tarts who hang about outside

our house, bonking 'em when they ask him and even inviting 'em inside for some hot mad wrestling, people get the wrong idea. He loves Yashmak. They've really got somunk, those two. But I've made an appointment with the Doc to see if it can't be cleared up."

The last word from Bernie is that he may quit showbiz because of Bizzark's stories on him. "I wonder if all these rumours and bad-mouthing about me are worth it, y'know? I've only made ten million wivs and shagged two-thirds of the teenage girls in the world, y'know? Hardly seems worth the trouble, does it?"

FOR THOSE of you who thought World's End was just a good place to buy those groovy vinyl slides, Bizzark has some shock news! Yes - as predicted many centuries ago by that sage Nostradamus, the world ended on February 6 last week!

Radio 1 DJ Steve Nighth has apologised for his appalling blunder in playing a 'meganuke mix' of Barry McGuire's 'Eve Of Destruction' just seconds before our planet got turned into cat litter. Radio 1 are to employ the ultimate sanction: removal of Nighth's car park permit.

Lord WAISTREL

SUDDENLY IT seems that everyone worth a spit owns George Michael's bed. Every national newspaper seems to have acquired a divan slept in by the Greek geek - and seems obsessively intent on foisting it on some unsuspecting teenybopper.

The Maxwell, for example, has snapped up Geo's favourite hotel bed, while the soar-away super-scab Sun has his actual teenage resting place, complete with multiple kebab stains and other unsavoury adolescent over-matter.

What puzzles me is just how many beds the Wham! wally owns? And are these excess beds the key to Wham!'s 'Make It Big' album? Has George started Bed-Rock?

Maybe poor Geo will come back from his latest exotic foreign excursion to find he has to sleep on bare floorboards. But at least let's hope he sees some readies from all the frantic Fleet Street bed-hunting - I'm told most of the bed bids have been in the four figure range...

Personally, I would shell out any five figures of your choice to have such a bed shipped away from my property ASAP.

For a laugh I have rung all the relevant tabloids offering them Rock Hudson's bed for a similar fee - with little joy, sad to say. But a duplicate ploy with Rambo's hammock brings a flood of generous offers - the most enthusiastic from Mr Larry Dubose, the owner of the Ramboe nightclub in Houston, Texas.

Larry describes his

charming venue as "America's first paramilitary nightclub". And, to rub the point home, he insists his 1,800 punters turn up in their smartest combat fatigues.

These over-grown Action Men have a choice of three bars - M*A*S*H, The Saigon and Commando Headquarters - and are served by long-legged blondes decked out in butch little handoliers.

They get to drink cocktails called The B-52 and The Nepal Surprise, and dance to records overdubbed with ack-ack fire amidst exploding smoke bombs. Then they all get to wave their stars and stripes and holler obscenities at whoever is considered the Western World's public enemy number one at the time.

At the moment that means Colonel "Gucci" Gadsby, although my vote would go for the self-styled "painter" Mr John Bellamy.

Bellamy, of course, is the boulder who has so horribly disfigured Ian Botham in his so-called portrait, now hanging at the National Portrait Gallery.

The most offensive aspect of this appalling work is the way Bellamy has shrunk the great man's head, so it looks ludicrously out of proportion to his massive body. In fact, Bellamy's Botham looks more like a MM writer than a cricketer giant.

Obviously, smoking marijuana is more hazardous to the health than the music press would have us believe!

Toodles pip!

ROY white

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SHANTY

JOY RIDERS



Remade, remodelled and playing in colours, **Floy Joy** leave 'Into The Hot' for the cool. **Richard Cook** plumbs the soul of a band with presence

WHEN I first heard 'Weak In The Presence Of Beauty' it sounded like the first great smooch of '86: a long cool drink of the unrequited blues, coasting in on big bass and a classical dark soul voice.

But Floy Joy's new single is actually a fast song – a slow dance in collision with an impetuous beat. The sort of contradiction that Mike Ward thrives on.

"You play colours. It was written as a Ben E King sort of thing but it came out different when we changed the rhythm."

"You have to use all the arrows in your quiver," he continues. Some metaphor. "The backdrop of one of the new songs, 'Friday Night', is a harsh, uptempo city thing. I play a sax solo on it and I'm quite good at 16-bar impersonations of other sax players. So I did 16 bars of Coltrane and it set up the right mood."

This isn't the Floy Joy that made 'Into The Hot', the bag of rock-soul allsorts that won review plaudits but no solid audience last year. Ward is still mainman, although his brother

Shaun has departed and so has singer Carroll Thompson. The newcomers are Desy Campbell, vocalist, and bassman Rob Clarke. If 'Into The Hot' was a daring record, it was also the work of a splintering axis.

"A lot of people said that there were three different elements – the rhythm, the vocals and the melodies – which didn't mix. Carroll had a reggae background and it was very difficult to fit her kind of phrasing into what we wanted to do. My brother left of his own accord to do his own music – I thought it would be a progression on what he'd done with us, but it sounds like more pop-orientated music."

For a record that could have been packed with hits, 'Into The Hot' lucked out badly. A fresh listen to it suggests that there was nowhere for the record to go but into the archives of too-smart-to-succeed. The ingenious songs and soul-buff mannerisms were patched explosively together into something easy to admire and difficult to warm to. The first side glitters, culminating

in the absolute peach of 'Until You Come Back To Me', but across a whole LP the exercise of styles wore down the merely curious. Severe stuff for a debut record.

"Well," agrees Ward, "it leads back to what we do. The new album's like that as well. But that's what interests me. That's why Carroll couldn't get on with it – she was wanting to be like a female Lionel Richie while I wanted to pervert all that sort of stuff. Throwing things together that don't work."

"A lot of the music is just a vehicle for a lyric and it can be very stylised – there's a track called 'Penny In My Pocket' which is like The Temptations and a Salvation Army marching band mixed together. That's what makes us different – maybe a bit similar to Was (Not Was), but that's another story."

Don Was is running the board for Floy Joy again, though his production of the few tracks I've heard isn't as eccentric and spidery as usual. His presence reaffirms the link between Ward's grease monkey approach – always tinkering with the old soul machinery – and the manic cartoon of Was (Not Was).

"Don and I came into music in much the same way. Both of us didn't start writing music until we were into our late 20s, and you can talk to him about Sun Ra or Tania Motown. He can understand the idea of tribal chanting on a record as well as pre-funk harmony ideas. "It's good to listen to, it's all justified."

Although, just like their Detroit counterparts, they can also stir in too much. Mike admits that they "disappeared up their own arses" by the end of 'Into The Hot'. Well, better that than brooding over right and wrong licks. Unlike labelmates Working Week, they look sour at any notion of being crusaders for capital-letter Music.

"No, don't like that sort of purist thing. I find British jazz in general a bit and they don't seem to have any fun. I don't like rhetoric."

Floy Joy are a provocative operation. In their live set, Ward insists on "an unknown quality, an element of improvisation"; in that context, their overreaching could cause an exciting ruckus. And the songs sometimes toy with language as capably as Martin Fry once did.

These records sound good to me, but I don't know if they can become mainstream currency. A few minutes after our meeting, 'Weak In The Presence' came on the radio and at least failed to sound awkward and out of place.

They owe a lot of money to their company: they need the hit.

"I think we'll get put in with people like Fine Young Cannibals," sighs Ward, "because we're soul-based. We got stuck in with Sade last time, because of Carroll. I don't really relate to anything much. I really hated punk."

I see a band on the brink of comfortable success, or well-meaning failure.



Bruising and ripping and being concise – **A Witness** pride themselves on these things. **Mr Spencer** fights a fainting feeling

TRUE CONFESSION

THERE IS a man in this room who fiddles with an electric fan heater.

There is an EP, lusty, snarling, seductive, 'Loudhailer Songs' by A Witness, with a curious 'spring' thing on the front.

A Witness are Vince (playful/vicious bass guitar), Keith (ruthless/cutting vocals) and Rick (jagged/dramatic lead guitar), plus a splendidly violent drum machine.

The group's vinyl debut has lured me to this place in Manchester; a chilly house, owned by a none too meticulous landlord. The four of us struggle to generate some warmth. We keep our jackets on and drink hot drinks.

I had been mildly nervous prior to this meeting but, in the event, A Witness appear to be neither strange nor dangerous. Perhaps they could be, given the right circumstances.

On record they strike me as eccentric, unhinged, maybe schizophrenic. Their music tears itself – tortuously – between cheerful accessibility on the one hand and raging hostility on the other.

This is its biggest asset. Songs like 'Lucky In London' drag you both ways at once, bruising the senses and ripping preconceptions straight down

the middle.

A Witness lash out in all directions, sometimes reminding the listener of childhood fears, nightmares in which trusted companions turn suddenly nasty. I find this enormously stimulating. The band have a keen eye for the bizarre.

"I like things which are non conformist," says Vince, "new and fresh."

Do you have oodles of self-confidence?

"We've got something to be confident about, haven't we?"

In recording the brilliant and widely acclaimed 'Loudhailer Songs', A Witness have been very clever. The EP quakes with ideas, its creators having thrown in everything but the kitchen sink – yet the group clearly appreciate the value of economy, and demonstrate this by not ending up with an ugly clutter.

Vince: "Well, why say more than you need to?"

Exactly.

"Conciseness..." (Traill off.) I'm particularly fond of those weird squeaks on 'Regular Round'.

"I don't know about that."

A Witness tend to remind people of the sensation they experience just before fainting: a kind of rushing in one's head. This makes them special.

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METALLICA

thrash on delivery



MIDNIGHT AT Amigo. The studio is alive with the sound of Metallica music, yet my ears are having an argument with my eyes.

My eyes are being far more sensible about the whole matter, telling me that it's been a full ten hours since my arrival in L.A. and that, with jet-lag creeping in, it's high time they shut. My ears refuse.

They're enjoying the mental beat of 'Master Of Puppets', the new Metallica album, hence my dilemma. Lars Ulrich and James Hetfield find me on my last legs, and assure me that they'll only be another hour.

My eyes finally win, dictating that I have to get a taxi, now. I get my sleep. James and Lars get in at eight am. In retrospect, it's a good thing common sense won.

The Metallica schedule has been both...

THE IS a real stylized cat man," shouts James as I comment on the extravagant black hair we're seated at. Yet this fashion, a sharpening piece of

pure luxury, is indicative of the fast rise of Metallica.

Four years ago, they were forming ideas in an L.A. suburb, later to move to San Francisco. Now they're simply starting to flourish, the last album *Ride The Lightning* being testimony to their ever-increasing following. In the baking L.A. heat one can easily see that Metallica are happening.

We're heading back to Amigo, where James and Lars are supervising the mix for 'Master Of Puppets'.

Says Lars: "We actually recorded back at Sweet Silence in Copenhagen, and Flemming Rasmussen produced with the band. For the mix, we've got Michael Wagener, who's just real cool, because he does what we ask him, and makes intelligent suggestions. He's a great guy to work with overall, and he's helping us give the album that necessary depth."

"What do you think?" inquires Lars, while James drives us towards an English pub on Sunset Boulevard. My reaction, without wishing to sound too quishing, is that Metallica have pulled an ace from their collective sleeve: 'MOP' is simply a synthesis of everything good and truly Metallica: namely the fast, the slow, the mental, the melodic, topped with that exquisite Metallica guitar sound, all treble and grit.

And so, when we arrive at The Cat And Fiddle pub, we drink to the album, and turn around to find a collection of heavy metal heroes seated at the back. There's KK Downing and Glenn Tipton from Judas

Priest, Geezer Butler looking the worse for wear and Rod Smallwood, manager of the Iron Maiden empire.

With James and I moaning loudly about our beer, Smallwood invites us back to his mansion for a night of drinking, and the only debauchery comes when the Metallica tape raps the Smallwood stereo. Even he admits, Metallica ain't on the brink of the very, very big time.

Americans aren't Americans without hamburgers. So when we leave, passed and proud at six am, James and Lars take me to an American institution on Sunset - The Fatburger.

As the name suggests, the grossest burgers and chips ever seen by British eyes along with a various assortment of sauces prove to be the only pickles James and Lars get into. Lars behind his food is effervescent.

"*Ride The Lightning*", as an album, definitely helped to shape our style, which is that of being a multi-purpose band, and on 'Master' we have developed that style further, we're sure of some things we're writing now than before.

"That is undoubtedly our biggest strength at the moment, no one can simply write off Metallica as being thrash. The first album was, we know that, but this album is a totally different proposition."

"An example is the instrumental 'Orion'. It's about nine minutes long, but those who've heard it say it sounds half that time because it's not purely shiny indulgence."

BACK AT Amigo's mixing room James and I listen again to the metal bastardizations of 'Damage Incorporated' and 'Battery', numbers that ensure Metallica music doesn't forget its roots.

"I know that on this album the fast ones are some of the fastest we've ever written. We'd never try to forget what Metallica formed for, no way. It's just that maturity in style breeds better material all round. Metallica now is variety with spice."

As we leave Amigo for the pilgrimage, James unleashes a mighty scream. "Play the game!"

Metallica are doing just that. "As you could hear, on a lot of numbers there are little things that demand a lot of attention," James continues. "Those vocals have to be just right to create that hollow effect on 'Welcome Home (Sanitarium)', and Lars is real fussy about his drum sound. The album demands this sort of shit man, and we know it'll make the difference."

THE LAST time I saw Cliff Burton headbanging so violently in the front seat of a vehicle was in Paris '84, when Metallica had just ripped a festival in two. Now Cliff is back, doing the same in the affluence-mob as it streams towards Amigo and past the Hollywood Bowl.

For those of you who have never seen Cliff Burton, he is simply unique. Born in a pair of faded Levi flares and with a denim jacket, Cliff visually represents everybody's stock hippy. But he has two passions which

Pure metal
butchery... STEFFAN
CHIRAZI gets his mouth
burnt and his ears
scorched as he
gategrashes the LA studio
where the fearless
METALLICA are
recording

contradict that image. One is cleanliness. He is spotless, preening two hours a day to face the outside world. His other love is bass.

"That's why I'm down, man," he drawls, "because there's some very complicated bass at the beginning of 'Orion' which only I can supervise."

Modest Cliff immediately throws himself into the parts that other people aren't allowed to reach, with Michael Wagener trying to keep up.

A BURRITO parlor on Sunset is currently housing three Mexican food fanatics (Metallica have given Mexican food two album credits already) and one learner. Cliff, James and Lars are locked into all things explosive, while the learner nibbles at some cheese enchiladas and steak. James in particular seems to derive great pleasure from my simple palate, having introduced me to that disgusting delicacy sushi two nights ago.

"Try one of these man, they're cool," says James, giving me a jalapeno.

Wrong. These are the most uncool little bastards ever, exploding like molotovs on impact with saliva.

The experts laugh as I go a redder shade of red. After this gross encounter, I ask why every Metallica number is always so supercharged, packing as much power as those jalapenos.

"We don't ever write numbers fast," explains Lars, "everything we've ever written gets onto vinyl. We have no throwaways, and I suppose because we put so much time into each song, and don't overwrite, then the numbers are better. Quality not quantity, yeah?"

Back in the studio, the 'Battery' master tape hasn't even arrived.

"We f---in' need that tape now to keep momentum going," remonstrates Lars, while Wagener informs us that the customs, in their ever-ignorant search for all things illegal, have held the tape back...

With James returning to the hotel and Cliff still working on his bass, Lars and I decide to go to the movies before the night session begins.

"Eddie Kruger is a real cult figure over here now, he's real funny," says Lars as we watch *A Nightmare On Elm Street II - Freddy's Revenge*. Kruger's evil talons continue to slash people galore, and one could accurately assess that his wicked musical personification is lying under wraps in Armo.

Metallica and Kruger... pure metal butchery!

AFTER THE earlier morning's edible messiah and some sleep, Lars and I meet up in the lift, with Lars declaring the incredible.

"I haven't had a shower for three days man, I've only just thought about it. I think it's got something to do with success; the more successful you are the less you feel like washing."

Lars, meanwhile, reverts to an earlier question: that being on a major label and with bigtime management would lead to sacrifices.

"That's not the case with Metallica: we didn't look for people, they came to us, and so the backing that Metallica have is an enormous help, and not a hindering force. These people know one thing, that Metallica can never change."

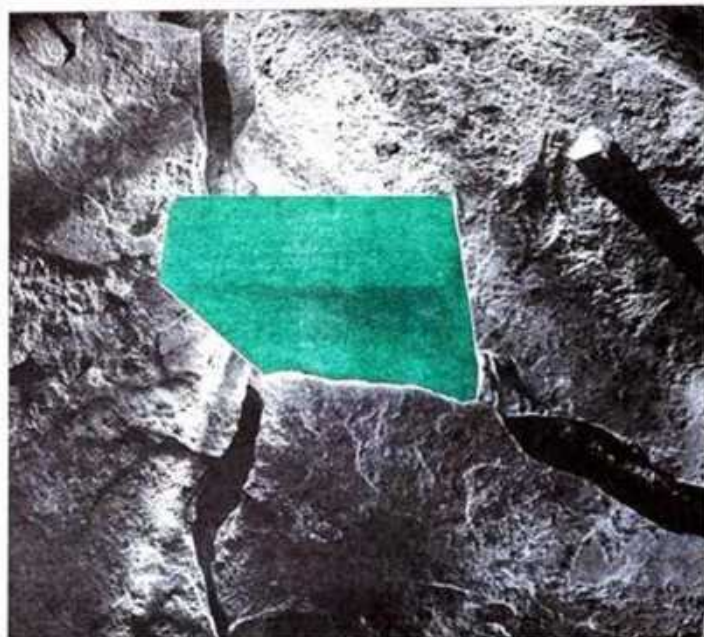
Master Of Puppets is pure Metallica, power with variety being their main forte. Indeed, Metallica are on the brink of copious quantities of sweat and grime. Soap manufacturers worldwide, look out. Something gloriously filthy this way comes.

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- 20.....GRAVESEND, RED LION
- 21.....LONDON, MARQUEE CLUB
- 22.....LONDON, MARQUEE CLUB
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BRYAN ADAMS

Reviewed by
Sandy
Robertson

STREET GEMS

SOUNDS February 15 1986 Page 17

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

BRYAN ADAMS 'This Time' (A&M) It seems that there always must be a Single Of The Week, so this one wins by default. Y'see, it's the only Bryan Adams single in the pile today, so despite being a touch too sweet 'n' petite, 'This Time' (not from the latest Adams LP) is delegated to ring my bell. Perhaps it's that one-legged office stereo that's causing the problems, 'cause the perennial whining guitar and bubblepop growls of the Adams oeuvre slash through the saccharine muck to imprint the legend 'non-disposable minor classic' on the listener's frontal lobes. When push comes to shove 'This Time' will just about do... this time.



THE GO-BETWEENS 'Spring Rain' (Beggars Banquet) I've never been able to get my jockstrap twitching over all these Aussie contenders, especially the more 'meaningful' chaps like The Go-Betweens. All the guys in the office with funny trousers and gold earrings seem to be getting themselves geared up for the latest 'Twins' onslaught, but this faster doesn't bode well. Lloyd Cole with a weak heart. Really.

RUEFLEX 'The Wild Colonial Boy' (Kasper) Powerful post-punk Irish outfit take the myth out of the sudden isn't-it hip-to-be-from-the-war-torn-isle rash of bands with a singalong U2 jangler. Trouble is, singing about it only ties them even more to said dire movement. They should be covering old Jefferson Airplane toons instead...

RATT 'You're In Love' (Atlantic) Mötley Crüe were the new Quiet Riot? They were the new Van Halen. Ratt are the new Mötley Crüe, by the way. Sending my cynicism for a walk around the block, I have to concede that Ratt may just last a goodly while. But who the hell are Durty Blonde and why are they smiling like that? The chords remain the same. It's just the bands that change...

REDSKINS 'The Power Is Yours' (London) Uncharacteristic soul testimony from old sexy X and pale, short, to the point and topped with a dollop of whipped cream sax. Style Council with gonads?

THE DANSE SOCIETY 'Hold On (To What You've Got)' (Arista) Echo-daubed, aggressive drumbo stuff for blokes with 'fashionable' long hair. These also have the creeping metal disease.

MATT BIANCO 'Just Can't Stand It' (WEA) From whipped cream to stale yoghurt! OK - must be something wrong with me today but this swinging, saucy streetwalker doesn't make me reach for the Aika Seltzer and Throbbing Gristle records at all! I wouldn't even mind if it was a hit...

THE CHERRY BOMBZ 'Hot Girls In Love' (Lick) Hanoi Wrecks with Pan's Person-type shouldn't work like this, but it does: Bathtub-sulphate boogie, sexy shrieks and hi-class gunfire guitars. Four pimply tracks that just might divert attention away from the notion that Mike Monroe will be the only man to get out on the last helicopter from Hanoi...

INOP ASSISTANTS 'Safety Net' (3rd & 3rd) X-Ray Spex share a milkshake with The Ramones. Fluff on the needle fun with the kind of delirious, mindless melee going on that made The Undertones' early punk such essential froth.

THE LEATHER NUN 'Desolation Avenue' (Wire) Superbly sullen Swedes pick up the tattered banner of Boogieism from the mud and stagger onwards, whether on the 'Dirt' copy of the title or the 'Raw Power' rip of 'On The Road'. To base your entire life on Iggy's first three LPs requires a certain kind of genius, and The Leather Nun have it in spades. Prize winning pain!

THE BLOW MONKEYS 'Digging Your Scene' (RCA) Effete I-wanna-be-blackish slither 'n' sloop for men in white socks. Likely to do rather well, unfortunately.

STEVE TRAVIS 'Ghost Riders In The Sky' (Frontier) Country-punk boogie's over, son. Oh sorry, you mean it? What are you doing in the music biz?

CHRISTIAN DEATH 'The Sin And Sacrifice Of...' (Jungle) Mega-Goths with a lot of rubble on their shoulders; in such proximity to The Leather Nun a driven-slush dirge like 'Believers Of The Unpure' (impure, surely!) is merely irritating and pointless. Why bother?

ROY WHITE 'Strange To Be With You' (CBS) That ever-popular angst writ large on a widescreen canvas by ex-White And Torch self-torture expert. Bamboo shoots under the perineum might account for the baleful moans here. Big in the office, it must be said.

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Impact! (Auto-Edit) EP' (Audio Instant) Bootleg-quality bash by a quartet of bands: Sonic Youth, Porcupine Control, Okapi Fever and Hula. Uniformly dwe, though that may be part of the intended charm.

JUNIOR 'Come On Over' (London) All the disco boys and all the ex-punks (Lydon, et al) seem to think it's the coolest thing on the block to throw in some metal 'axe' here and there amidst the rhythmic guff. It isn't, you know.

LEDERNACKEN 'Shimmy And Shake' (Strikeback) The sort of artpop that likes to satirise the lyrical clichés of pop while being just as trite in its own way. Free mask; use it to hide your embarrassment.

SNOKEY ROBINSON 'Hold On To Your Love' (Motown) SISTER SLEDGE 'When The Boys Meet The Girls' (Atlantic) Maybe pop-soul, more than any other music, owes its impact to the personal backdrop against which you hear it. But it can't be just the fact that I'm getting old that makes these two seem oh-so pale in comparison to the creator's former glories. Sit transt, and all that jazz.

WIRE TRAIN 'Last Perfect Thing' (CBS) FAR CORPORATION 'You Are The Woman' (Arista) JIMMY JIMMY 'Silence' (Epic) HIPSWAY 'The Honeythief' (Mercury) All these bands that make you wonder (well, make me wonder) why the labels bother. Inspired water-off-an-A&R man's-back stuff like Wire Train and Hipsway, new Simon & Garfunkel clones like Jimmy Jimmy (a Ralph McTell cover, ferjinkersakell), the bombastic Far Corporation... wait - didn't they uh, make it kind of? I guess something's gotta stick to that wall.

SPIDER 'Gimme Gimme It All' (PRT) THE JETS 'Curiosity' (MCA) THE JAZZ BUTCHER 'Hard' (Glass) What have these three got in common? Nothing, 'cept I don't like 'em, philosophers! In reverse order, The Jazz Butcher is the tries-too-hard (ahem) master of clever pop. But pop is cleverest when it's real stoopid. The Jets must be related, since they all share the same dental defect: a snaggle-tooth grin that's anything but endearing. And Spider, featuring the inimitable 'Sniffs', can't climb out of the arsehole of rock despite offering a free 45 to the punters in charge of the rope-ladder. Bastards, those punters, aren't they?

THE RIDE 'Dancing Diamonds' (Ride) The kind of band that enters local talent contests... and loses.

HANTRONIX 'Ladies' (10) Another tax-loss. Richard?

JACOBITES 'When The Rain Comes' (Glass) Sudden and Soundtracks throw in a bit of Dylan harp and, somehow, give me that "riders-were-approaching" cum 'All Along The Watchtower' vibe. A minor masturbation.

TELEVISION PERSONALITIES 'How I Learned To Love The Bomb' (Dreamworld) Hi there, Doctor Strangelove! Dan Treacy rocks out! Hey, don't they do 'Part Time Punks' no more? Or 'Where's Bill Grundy'?

"Shit, you're going back eight years when they were a parody band," says Roger H-Bomb Holland. "Now they're a very forceful psychedelic group! Without them there would have been no Jesus And Mary Chain, no Creation Records."

Got a lot to answer for then, eh? Baaaa! As Treacy has it: Don'tcha be so stuuuuupid.

THE KICK 'Can't Let Go' (Countdown) Pointless brilliance? Note-for-note attack on The Hollies' version of poppyrama classique out, its newness betrayed only by a few stray tin-can power chords at the climax. Eminently likeable emptiness.

GEMS 'Stand Up Sit Down' (Priority) The Roaring Boys. Spelt Like This, Escape Club - gems, everyone.

GEE MR TRACY 'Lava Man' (Backs) Bobby Boris Pickett meets Buster Bloodvessel in a bout of doggedly amiable stupidity. Crap, of course! They should've waited for summer and the 'Una Paloma Blanca' market.

GANGWAY 'Once Bitten, Twice Shy' (Irmsgards) Ian Hunter it ain't. The kind of song that, by association, could give Herman's Hermits a very bad name.

BLUES 'N' TROUBLE 'Fine Fine Fine' (Ammunition) Thick-eared traditionalists. Could give Dr Feelgood a bad name.

THE SHAKES 'The Missing Link EP' (Waterfront) Steve Hooker never gives up! The kind of thing that could give Johnny Thunders impersonators a reasonably decent name.

FILM-TV-VIDEO-BOOKS

SCANNERS

EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL

MILES APART



MILES: conservative in the extreme

MY BRITAIN: MILES COPELAND

(Channel 4, Sunday Feb 7)
WE BRITS don't mind mocking ourselves as we slide ignominiously down the pan but woe betide any outsiders who start butting in with advice. Not that this was ever going to deter outspoken all-American entrepreneur and Anglophile Miles Copeland from offering to manage us and restore us to some of our former glories.

Jools Holland did his best to dissuade him, a passer-by in the Portobello Road even told him to f--- off, but Miles - manager of The Police, boss of IRS Records and son of the CIA's most notable agent in the Middle East - was not so easily put off.

He commandeered the first of Channel 4's new 'TV essay' series in a determined bid to find out why 'the greatest youth culture in the world' should flourish in 'one of the world's most unsuccessful economies'.

Miles is not a man to mince words. Describing himself as the 'extreme centre' - a definition which places Mussolini in the Militant Tendency - he claimed that the punk rock explosion was 'classic capitalism', which might surprise Joe Strummer among others.

The programme was littered with similarly blunt statements.

'Britain has the right people but the wrong system... There's a tide of conservatism and inertia to overcome... Greed is a useful instinct, it harnessed properly...'

Yet some of his points were hard to deny. Like, the time he tried to blag five free motorbikes out of

Triumph in return for putting them on the cover of a Police record, which would be backed by half a million pounds' worth of advertising. Triumph declined the offer, saying they had already sold their production target and weren't interested in increasing it. The deal was eventually done with a Japanese company. Triumph have since gone the way of most British industry.

There was a priceless slice of Miles himself in action, trying to discover from a recalcitrant Stv Balors why he has seen so little return from The Lords Of The New Church for his £369,000 outlay.

Stv squirmed in his chair like a fourth-former trying to think of an excuse for not doing his homework and talked of a 'moral problem' within the group. Listening to him explaining that the group's absence from the studio was down to the guitarist improving his surliness in the South Of France, one had to admire Miles' patience.

At the end of the programme he walked right into the lion's den - to Liverpool (described by his brother Stewart as 'a third world place') where he confronted members of various groups, including The Farm, to find out why they think capitalism is the enemy.

He got a sharp reply (the gist of which is that Liverpool was created, exploited and then abandoned by capitalism) and then confessed that he was 'shocked by the aggressively negative reaction from the kids. Where do they get these destructive ideas from?'

Maybe he should ask the millionaire socialist pop star that he manages.

HUGH FIELDER

VARIOUS ARTISTS Rough Cut And Ready Dubbed

(Cherry Red)
WINNER OF awards and raiser of questions, *Rough Cut And Ready Dubbed* tells the strange tale of tribal Britain way back when Garry Bushell wrote for Sounds and didn't have a beard, and Charles Shaar Murray sported an embarrassing set of shades. Yep, after punk there was mod, ska and more punk and, camera-handed, our two film makers recorded the events.

We could possibly have done without Johnny G's heartfelt pleas - he was as much a tribal father as David Steel - but in the main *Rough Cut* can't really be faulted. The comments from the fans on the street are what counts and the contrast of racial hatred and A Certain Ratio's lush South American rhythms make for a mind awakening experience.

At less than an hour, this is a well-paced documentary that pits the wits against the dimwits. John Peel speaks, the baldheads outside skin emporium Last Resort manage a few syllables, and punks-a-plenty pop in and out of the old Rough Trade shop.

Classic attitudes, notorious poses and a shaky camera technique make for a truly individual and highly watchable slab of quality viewing.

DAVE HENDERSON

JOHN COUGAR HELLEN CAMP Ain't That America

(Embassy)
THE HOME movie intimacy of 'Jack And Diane' immediately draws you into the world of the homespun boy from Indiana, and so the compilation progresses fairly steadily with the occasional hiccup ('This Time' is a sore thumb sticking out), individual numbers linked by quotes from the man or This Is Your Life interviewees with friends.

'Harts So Good' will win Johnny zero friends among SWP members, featuring as it does a couple of healthy young ladies (I believe the correct term is 'toys') cavorting and/or disporting themselves in dominatrix garb for the edification of a homely bunch of bakers. This is the American rock video!

But when the burns are binned and the crap is cut and Mr M is left to his own devices, he dances the house down - 'Crumble' Down is simple and effective.

This solo spin apart, Cougar's at his best when inspecting his country: 'Pink Houses' observes pictures of the great American underbelly with compassion.

Mellenkamp writes pretty good songs that aren't going to change the universe, and justice is done with a quite watchable video.

ANDY HURT

STREET DRUGS

Andrew Tyler

(NEL)

HOOKED

Meg Patterson

(Faber & Faber)

IN THE midst of an ever-ongoing media blitz of misinformation ('aristocrat allowed flat to be used for cocaine smoking'; 'junkie glue-sniffer killed during LSD trip'), it's heartening to see two uncommon-sense, enquiring books on the subject of drug use/abuse emerging in the same week.

Andrew Tyler, ex-NME writer and author of *I Hate Rock 'N' Roll*, explores the whole range of pharmaceutical amusements (legal and illegal) in *Street Drugs* without moralising or putting on any unnecessary frighteners.

That doesn't mean, however, that this is a do-it-yourself guide to drug fun or that Tyler doesn't have opinions to voice.

His statement that most of the chemical ills assailing us today were originally championed as super-duper panaceas by doctors (morphine to cure opium addiction, heroin to cure morphine problems, methadone to combat heroin, etc) will not go down well with your friendly GP. Nor will his avowal that given clean needles, pure smack and a bit of sassa, an addict could take the stuff for a decade and still be a healthy geezer!

However, Tyler makes it clear that his book is not an apologetic for recreational drugs and that he doesn't support the libertarian idea of freely prescribed gear for all. He provides the facts (though his assertion that injectable methadone is rarely seen is wide of the mark; there's a flourishing trade in the stuff in London's West End); the answers are up to you.

Or Meg Patterson's book is an advert for her 'Black Box' treatment for various addictions, the idea being that a small electric current is passed into the brain via clips attached to the ears and this alleviates withdrawal symptoms. Controversial, rejected by the medical establishment, the therapy is nevertheless claimed to have helped rock wrecks such as Eric Clapton and that perennial bad boy Keef.

Small sections of this otherwise rather technical tome are given over to these chaps, though there would appear to be little value in the old Stone's statement that the Black Box (or NET, Neuro-Electric Therapy) cures addicts in 72 hours. Most addicts seem to find that it doesn't remove physical withdrawal symptoms, but it does take away anxiety and craving, though staying off afterwards remains the major problem.

Retired rocker/druggie Pete Townshend (who, I guess, got Faber to put this out in his capacity as editor there) may be right to champion NET, but there's no doubt that the whole subject of addiction and 'cure' (Black Box included) requires much more research. For the moment the only surefire cure is willpower.

SANDY ROBERTSON

SAXON

Live Innocence!

(Picture Music International)

FIVE OF the ugliest men in a business where ugly men abound, Saxon kick off with a seriously unfunny spoof of those 22 Top Videos. If anything, this is simply reaffirmation of the old dictum that stupid men from Barnsley should never attempt to debunk successful humour.

They then move all the way from their simulated mid-Western desert setting to the centre of Madrid to record an hour or so of live footage. I suppose they had to go that far to find an audience.

As employees in the audience throw ladies' underwear at Bill (well, it's better than Nigel) Byford and take it in turns to invade the stage, Saxon plod relentlessly on.

Where Iron Maiden represent perhaps some invigorating horror comic extravaganzas, Saxon, who emerged out of obscurity at the head of that same New Wave Of Heavy Metal, take themselves and their arrogant fanbases unhealthily seriously.

And consequently it is they who have ended up looking both ridiculous and sterile.

ROGER HOLLAND

OFF THE HOOK



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JOHN LYDON

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

"You gotta have a swine to show you where the truffles are," Edward Albee. Who's Afraid Of Virginia Woolf?

JOHNN LYDON looks out of the window at the drizzle spattering the north London street and farts.

With a sly grin he flops back on the couch and stares at the TV.

The scene on the screen is a vet's surgery. A woman moans. "Do you know what those swines do in their free time? I'll tell you, they murder koala bears!"

In his guise as Johnny Rotten, when The Sex Pistols were the nemesis of noise and outrage a decade ago, one of the few things Lydon wasn't accused of was topping koalas.

And today, as his new 'Single' rises up the charts chased by the 'Album', the singer has a worse reputation than ever before.

But this time his detractors aren't frightened adults but his peers. For many, John's transition from punk brat Rotten to experimental Lydon has been the bitterest PIL to swallow. And the aftertaste is one of hypocrisy...

The Sex Pistols finally exploded in 1978 when John walked out in disgust at manager Malcolm McLaren's plan for the band to record with great train robber Ronnie Biggs in Rio. And while Sid Vicious kept an appointment with heroin and eventually suicide, and Steve Jones and Paul Cook went back to nowhere, Lydon formed Public Image Ltd with guitarist Keith Levine.

PIL, he boasted at the time, was not simply a band but a multimedia corporation that wouldn't tour. Each concert was to be an event and there would be no middle-men or managers involved.

It didn't work out like that. "I think I talked too much and stuck myself in a hole, but at least I'm honest enough to admit I made a mistake," he says now of the concept. "I found out I didn't really enjoy the video world, and computers, I'm afraid, bore me to death. I'm not part of that generation. I missed it, that's for the next generation."

Or, as photographer Peter Anderson terms it, John is BC - Before Computer.

Despite not fulfilling their promises, in their various incarnations PIL have been responsible for a series of stylistically unique albums. And from the nascent 'First Edition', through the desperately dark 'Metal Box'/'Second Edition' and the distraught psychodelic 'Flowers Of Romance', Lydon and his compatriots exorcised the

musical ghost of the Pistols.

The legend remained, though. Fans still wanted to hear 'Anarchy In The UK' and in 1981 PIL shifted operations to New York, a move partly spurred by the fact that Lydon's London home was getting regularly raided by the police.

Bassist Jah Wobble had already been fired for using PIL backing tracks in his own solo work.

"He nicked some tapes but in retrospect I think it was good for him to leave us. It helped broaden his music. There's no animosity between us."

Wobble's departure, however, was a thunderstorm in a crisp bag as PIL swiftly began to disintegrate under pressure of personal conflicts. Lydon's move into film acting served to aggravate the rift, and come November 1983 when John toured the UK only drummer Martin Atkins was left of the 'Flowers Of Romance' era PIL.

On the eve of the tour, jilted guitarist Keith Levine mauled Lydon in print, claiming that PIL's music was written, arranged and produced by himself. To add insult to injury Lydon's new band were Holiday Inn-type musos with a neat line in funk. There was also a manager in the wings, Larry White.

John had, it seemed, reneged on all of PIL's ideas. And to cap it all the film *Order Of Death* in which Lydon had starred was a critical and commercial turkey. The press had an open season on the singer.

The resulting LP of the period, 'This Is What You Want This Is What You Get' documents Lydon's attitudes at the time, as indeed do all of his records. The track 'Bad Life' spells it out while 'This Is Not A Love Song', the single which flew high in the UK charts, states his aim: to make money.

To this day, John hasn't refuted Levine's attacks in the English music press. Indeed, more recently the picture of Lydon as a nasty, callous, evil, manipulative bastard was fuelled by Deborah Spungen's book on Nancy (and Sid) called *And I Don't Want To Live This Life*.

I mention Mrs Spungen's account to the singer.

"It's really horrible, really bloody terrible," he maintains with annoyance. "That book was all fantasy, spiteful and vicious. And I came out as, like, the instigator of Sid's downfall, which was really stupid of her. I should have sued her."

So why didn't you? "Because then I'd be overpublicising something I wouldn't want read in the first place. It'd be like hanging myself. It's ludicrous, because if I started that sort of thing I would be in court for ever and a day with all the rubbish that has been written about me. Where would I begin? The list is endless."

You're not saying you're totally innocent of everything?

"Well, what? What am I guilty of? Come on, tell me." Lydon glowers at me. He's getting a bit peeved.

OK, don't you think it's a bit

strange that all the people you've worked with have either disappeared or been told - by you - to f--- off.

"Yeah, so what? Isn't that the same thing that has happened to the staff of *Sounds* over the years? That's just the way things are, isn't it?"

Possibly, I admit. But it's a little weird that you are always the one painted as the ogre.

"Sometimes I have been, yeah. But it was for a very good reason. I had to get rid of quite a few people. Levine was one of them because of his drug habit. No matter how much effort you put into, like, stopping such people it doesn't work."

"I tried with Sid and failed. There's no way, once they make that decision, that slow suicide, to change them. It's best just to walk away from it, all otherwise you'll end up accused of all kinds of things and it's not worth it."

Let's talk about Keith Levine then. He said when he left PIL that he was responsible for the music and...

"He's changed his mind since, hah-hah-hah," interrupts Lydon, giggling. "That was all fantasy, wasn't it. He hasn't done f--- all since, he's not capable. What he said was all bollocks, all talk you see. You've just got to get on with it, it's the end results that count, not all the waffle."

Keith said at the time you were out of touch with your feelings and that you needed psychiatric help. He creates up with laughter.

"That's really nice, that's the pot calling the kettle, isn't it? Keith and his Don Johnson outfits now, hah-hah-hah."

Have you ever had psychiatric help, John?

"Nah, of course not. I don't believe in that. That's for Americans, isn't it? It's funny, but I don't know a single Yankee that doesn't have an analyst. It's bloody ludicrous, it's such a con - that and get bloody rocks. Hah-hah-hah."

Lydon has an acute sense of how to wind people up and he does it with a great deal of mischievous humour. For example, everybody got the hump when PIL last visited Britain with the Holiday Inn band, or "penguins" as he calls them.

"There was no pressure on us so I did 'Anarchy' because nobody expected it. I thought our cabaret version was jolly fine too. They were fine musicians and very pliable. I couldn't give a damn what they looked like."

We gaze at the TV for a minute of respite. The newscaster says, "Two climbers from the Thames area escaped with minor injuries when they were swept down Britain's highest mountain."

ROLLING THE RUSHES AND FINGERING THE LASHES

SINCE WELL before the days of Presley, singers have leapt onto the slippery slope of movie acting once they've reached

the pinnacle of their trade. And, like Elvis, most fall down and break their necks by accepting dumb roles in even dumber films. Lydon's only proper part to date was a homosexual cop killer in Robert Hiltburn's *Order Of Death*.

"To be honest, the offers I've had since then stink, you know," he explains as he casts aside a chicken leg and burps. "I'm not prepared to do rubbish. I've got rather a high opinion of myself and I won't play a punk rock singer in some sleazy film. Why bother?"

"The real pits though is the TV stuff, it's totally appalling, shows like *The A-Team* and so on. I'll leave that sort of thing to Boy George. He's going to be on *The A-Team* soon. I was offered the part and he took it, hah-hah-hah. It was a f---ing pop star role again, just nonsense."

"You see I don't see any need to do crap, I can live quite comfortably under my own steam. I don't need to condescend to that. And let's face it, no matter how brilliantly I acted in such a thing it would be a joke, wouldn't it? I would be judged forever and a day as that wanker who was in *The A-Team*, hah-hah-hah."

Is it right that you once called Robert De Niro "a fat pig and a boring actor" or something like that?

Lydon looks at his noon brunch of four legs of Kentucky Fried Chicken and chips and smiles.

"Yeah, that's about the gist of it. I found him appalling. I didn't like him at all."

"I went round to see De Niro in Rome. He was sitting on what amounted to a throne with copies of *Playboy* stacked up 20 foot high around him. And there were like all these slave chicks at his feet. It was really awful, so corny you know. I thought only Jamaicans did that sort of thing. Robert and his bloody gold medallions. It shows a huge insecurity on his part, hah-hah-hah."

The singer snickers as he flips TV channels.

"American Express told us they don't discriminate against women, but they wouldn't discuss specific cases," says a talking head on the television as I begin to wonder what Lydon's own insecurity is.

THE PRIVATE MAN BEHIND THE PUBLIC IMAGE, A GLIMPSE

BORN NEARLY 30 years ago to Irish immigrants, John is the eldest of four sons and spent most of his youth in a council flat in London's Finsbury Park.

He has claimed that as a child he was a 'runner' for The Kray Twins, the notorious mobsters. What is certain, though, is he was expelled from his Catholic school at 14 and went on to a college of further education where he gained six O-levels and a couple of A-levels.

This part of his personal history was completely re-written for his role of Johnny Rotten in *The Sex*

Pistols. More in keeping with that part was his tale that after schooldays he was a rat killer on a sewage farm near Guildford, Surrey.

For many years he has lived with Nora, mother of Ari Upp of Slits fame, and daughter of a rich German publisher. At the moment they have no plans for children of their own.

"No chance," he smiles. "Adrianna is enough. She's really sickening, she still calls me Daddy. It makes me really angry, hah-hah-hah. I couldn't have kids, I'm too irresponsible, it wouldn't be fair. You have to change your lifestyle completely, otherwise you're just being cruel, and I like having fun far too much."

A while ago John is reported to have said he might believe in God, which would appear to jar with the anti-religion stance he maintained back in the days of The Pistols.

"It doesn't really," he says, staring out of the window into the street. "Something must be responsible for all this. If God is an atom then I believe in that. I'm still open, you know."

You did art A-level, I believe, but you failed because of a bizarre depiction of an idea called Enveloping Forms.

"Yes, that's completely right. I painted an envelope and the examiners weren't amused. But that's exactly what an envelope form is - a bloody envelope."

But on top of that, the picture started with a mother and child and I carried it through to something really gross and vile: the mother eating her child in vivid, bright colours. They refused to pass me."

He still dabbles in oils but has grown out of what he describes as his 'Hieronymus Bosch period'.

"I'm not into trees or nature reserves or anything like that, I like car parks and cities."

I ask what his current paintings consist of.

"I'm not going to tell you," he replies flatly.

Why not?

"Because they are very private," he maintains. "If you ever come to my house then you'll see them."

Do you have any vices, John?

"Laziness, that's the one. When I look back on what I've done, it seems a lot but there are huge lumps of time in between each bit. And quite rightly so, quality not quantity, that's my motto."

In a centre spread in a national newspaper several years ago you were talking about f---ing and claimed that since the Pistols you'd improved the "two and a half minutes of squelching", as you called it. Apparently you'd got up to five minutes of squelching through a new technique.

"Oh my God, yeah I remember. That was a bad joke, wasn't it? But it seems to be the one that nobody forgets, hah-hah-hah. So when, like, I'm dead and my book of Oscar Wilde type quotes comes out, it's that going to be one of the killers? Hah-hah-hah. Really, old chap I'm a very straight, nice, normal little

The Slits' Ari Upp calls him Daddy. He calls Robert De Niro a fat pig. The pot calling the kettle? JOHN LYDON chews the hind leg off a chicken and JACK BARRON thinks about PILs. PETER ANDERSON takes the grain for Rotten Part Two



~ THE PRIVATE EYE

lad, you know."

That quote reminded me that you seem to use heavy sarcasms to guard your private life.

"I won't talk about my private life, that's probably true. That's my own and nobody else's. I won't have anybody interfere with it, quite rightly so and all. That's the worst thing about being in the public eye: they want to strip you bare and I don't agree with that. It's very wrong because it's taking away your dignity and self respect. You just become another obstacle, and I won't have it."

John gives me a withering glance and requests a cigarette. While I rummage I ask him if he smokes dope at all.

"No. I don't like it. It gives me headaches. I mean I did when I was in Jamaica" (after the Pistols split). "How could you not, it was in the f-----g air."

Do you indulge in drugs at all, then?

"No." John grimaces at me. That's apart from food, which can be an addiction?

"Food I indulge in, that's completely true. I've got to be really careful I don't turn into a fatty gourmet. But I do love French food, right. I've bought myself all these cookbooks and I've learned how to come up with well bizarre things in the kitchen, like really complicated soups and bouillabaise. I love it because it's so fattening. It's like every mouthful is ... Mmmmmmm ... delicious. You can just feel the pounds going on and your backside rising up off your chair, hah-hah-hah."

"I do like it but I don't want to end up looking like Orson Welles. That's the sad bit about it."

Have you ever thought about writing?

"Yeah, but I think it would come over as being a bit pushy. I don't think I'm qualified to write properly in the way I'd like to. I don't believe that just anyone can write, it takes practice and skill like painting or singing. I still don't know how to sing, hah-hah-hah."

I'm not so sure about that, John.

"Well, I can't sing in a Sam Cooke or Teddy Pendergrass way, can I?"

Yeah, but that isn't the point, is it?

"No, it isn't the point I suppose, but that's my own insecurity. When I hear voices like Sam Cooke's I just think, Oh my God. You know, they can humble you. It's very good to be humbled from time to time."

Some of the most influential singers in rock have had a chronic inability to hit the right or conventional notes. Dylan and Lou Reed being two examples.

"Yeah, I suppose it was the message that was important in both their cases."

Is there a message on your new album?

"Yes, of course there is. It's have fun and be malicious about it." He chuckles and zaps the TV with the remote control.

CONTINUES OVER PAGE



"If God is an atom then I believe in that. I'm still open, you know."



JOHN LYDON

FROM PAGE 21 THE ALBUM

NOT EVEN the most perceptive of critics would have predicted that Lydon would re-enter the world of recording with a heavy metal-ish LP full of hurricane force guitars. It takes some getting used to, but the single 'Rise' is fabulous.

Steve Vai, formerly of Alcatraz and now with David Lee Roth's band, is the musician responsible for the six-string squiggles. And while the inclusion of Bill Laswell on bass and Ryuichi Sakamoto on keyboards isn't surprising, the resurrection of Cream's ancient drummer Ginger Baker is.

Isn't it going to open you up to the accusation that you're a spent force relying on a bunch of clapped out musos?

"Yeah, so what. It's the end result that counts and I like the end result. That's all that matters to me. The slander is typical, I'm used to that."

Was it a calculated move to go into heavy metal because it sells in America, John?

"No, no, just the opposite. Heavy metal is something I don't

generally like at all. But I've never worked with it so I quite fancied having a go. If anything it's almost suicidal for me to go into those fields. And that's precisely more reason for me to do it - I enjoy the challenge."

There's a song on 'Album' called 'Bags'. It has lyrics which run: "Drawn by the beauty of my own terror/Close to the edge/Swallow a void" and then it goes on about "a bloated body like a TV dinner".

"Yeah, that's about my fear of heights," he smiles.

Yeah? I was wondering if you were talking about yourself having a bloated body like a TV dinner?

"Hah-hah-hah. No, that's the end result when somebody falls off a cliff or building and the black rubber bag is what they take you away in. What did you think it was, some sort of pro-Leninist?"

(Leninist?) "stance, maaaaan?"

With songs like 'Farewell My Fair-Weather Friend', and instructions to crawl back into the dustbin, it seems like a fairly bitter album to me?

"No, not at all. I thought it was all about fun. Of course it's all tongue-in-cheek. I have a very

specialised form of humour, but I never really thought about it being bitter. I thought about it being relentless, it attacks the ears and doesn't let up for a second. It's not mellow and it's not disco either."

Finally John, there's a line, a perversion of Barbra Streisand I think, where you sing "People who need people are the stupidest people". Are you totally selfish?

"Probably. It's hard to be humble when you know you don't mean it, et cetera. I'm referring to people who have to be in crowds, who can't stand up for themselves and who have no point of view. I don't like that kind of person. I think they're lazy and destructive. I don't like mass opinion, full stop."

Myself and Peter Anderson pack our gear and settle down to watch TV.

"OK, that's it. I want to get some sleep. Now *** off and make me famous by writing a large feature," commands John. "I need the money."

The door of pop history closes easily on us. Outside it's dismal but I laugh anyway. John Lydon, the old swine, has got his snout in the truffles again.



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Politics of Existing

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MEGA TECH

February means Frankfurt – still the biggest international event in the musical instrument industry's calendar. And this year's show promises to be the most exciting in many a moon, with the industry's passion for hi-tech bearing all manner of strange and wonderful new fruit.

SOUNDS celebrates the event with a 16-page pull-out edited by **TONY MITCHELL**, combining Frankfurt's product programme with news from NAMM, and reviewing the pick of the hottest hardware around.

So turn the page for the best MAG (Muso's Armchair Guide) in town!

MEGA TECH

Prolock double tom tom holder

Drum heads: not things of the past, as you might imagine in this era of electro drumming, and Premier will show a complete range of new heads to suit all requirements.

Cymbals have less to fear from the electro encroachment and Premier continue to support them (literally) by introducing new fibre glass cymbal cases, lined with expanded foam.

Finally other new items on display include a couple of snare drums, the 6 1/2 inch **Deep 2009** (ideal for close miking), 8 inch **Deep 2010**, and a new range of practice pads - **Deadheads** - which comprise thick chip board discs with rubberised surfaces.

ROLAND

ROLAND cannot fail to impress this year with their most healthy looking array of new products for some years.

For keyboard players, the most interesting new items will be Roland's first pair of digital **keyboards samplers**, the **S-50** and **S-10**.

Priced quite highly at around £3,000 and £1,000 respectively, their specs are further detailed in the NAMM report in this issue.

Equally well appreciated no doubt will be new digital pianos, both in the pro and home division. The pro pianos are spearheaded by the **RD-1000** and a modular version of the same, the **MKS-20**. Using a new Roland technology of Structured Adaptive Synthesis, the quality is exceptionally high. Price of RD-1000: £2,500.

Synths are represented by a double-strength JX model, the **JX-10**. With pressure and velocity sensitivity, the JX-10 carries a total of 24 DCOs, split keyboard feature, sequencer, and built in MIDI trickery called 'Chase Play'. The JX-10 will retail for £1,900 approximately.

Lower down the price scale comes the excellent **Alpha Juno 2**, reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

From Boss come new **Micro-System** components like the **RP-Q10** Pre-amp/Parametric, **RSD-10** Sampler DOL, and **BPI** Pad Controller for the **RSD10**. A new **Microcomposer** will be worth looking at, and the **MCS500** has a list price of £799.

Finally Roland's Music Software for IBM and Apple, called **MPS** and **MUSE** respectively, drew a lot of attention at NAMM this year and should be checked out.

ROSE-MORRIS

ROSE-MORRIS as usual will be championing the Vox range of amps; this year beefed up by a new **100 watt lead head** along with 4 x 12 speaker cabinets. In the Vox Venue series, newcomers include the **Dual 100** - a 100 watt switchable twin channel amp featuring independent EQ, reverb, DI, slave, and headphone sockets.

The expanded Venue range continues with a **50 watt lead** combo with 10 inch **Fane** speaker, master, and pre-amp volumes, three-band EQ, and footswitch controlled reverb.

And not just amps. Vox's range includes guitars such as the new **White Shadow 'M'** series (lead and bass), with rosewood fingerboards, maple necks, and basswood bodies.

Also under the Rose Morris banner comes **Korg UK**, who will be launching their long-awaited **Digital Sampling Keyboard** with built in disc drive, the **DSS-1**. No more details as yet.

Korg have a new piano, the **SG-1 Sampling Grand**, featuring a full length piano action keyboard, with the chance to use a variety of 'other' sounds via external ROM.

A new **Poly 800** will be on show, featuring, as does their **DW8000**, built-in DOL facilities. Seen too is the **DW8000 Expander**, the **EX-8000**.

A neat idea for those looking for additional sound storage is the **MEX 8000 Memory Expander**. It can be used along with the 8000.



IBANEZ AXSTAR HEADLESS BASS

series, DVP-1, Poly 8000 II and EX-800.

So what's the DVP-1 then eh? It's Korg's Digital Voice Processor. More than a vocoder from all reports, with vocoding, harmonising, pitch shifting, and internal waveforms in its arsenal, MIDI controlled, naturally.

SAVEGRANGE

MODULAR PORTABLE keyboard stands are the stock in trade of UK distributors Savegrange, whose wares will be displayed on the Euromet 'stand' at the show.

Flexible in height, width, and depth, the stands can accommodate all manners of synths, sequencers, computers, and mixers, and come in red, black, or white finishes.

SIMMONS

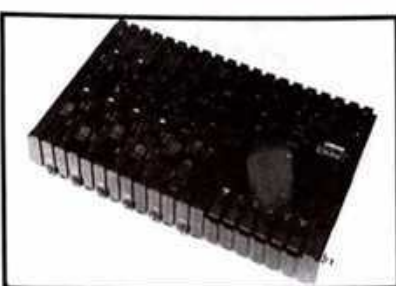
WHILE SAVING the bulk of their new lines for a Frankfurt press launch, Simmons have let one cat out of the bag, the **SDC 200 electronic percussion** amp, with 200 watts of MOS-FET power, individual channels and eq for bass, snare toms, hi-hat and cymbals, switchable FX sends and custom speaker.

SEQUENTIAL

SEQUENTIAL MAKERS still most famous for the **Prophet-5** synth, bounce back this year with a new digital synth, the **Prophet VS**, along with a rack mounted version of their much-admired **Prophet 2000**, named the **2002**.

Also being launched are memory expansion kits for the samplers via which you can double their sampling power.

The Prophet VS though, is the major news and this bright, hard edged synth, featuring (gaps of amendment) knobs and switches which make it far easier to understand, will probably retail for well under £2,000 in the UK when it appears in the spring. A must to look out for.



YAMAHA CMX1 MULTITRACK CASSETTE RECORDER



VOX VENUE DUAL 100 COMBO



ROLAND MKS-20 PIANO MODULE

STUDIOMASTER

STUDIOMASTER will be launching a new series of mixing consoles at Frankfurt - the rivetingly named **Series II**.

More expensive than the current range, the Series II bristles with new features like four band parametric EQ on input channels and six auxiliary send busses, to name but two.

The new boys also can interface with sequencers or recorders via a MIDI mixing system. Hardware and software will soon be available for Commodore and Spectrum computers too.

As per usual with studiomaster, the Series II can be expanded - with a maximum of 40 input channels in blocks of eight at a time.

SUMMERFIELD

IBANEZ AND Tama distributors Summerfield promise a tally of some 60 new products on display at Hoshino's stand.

From Ibanez the hot news must be the impending **MIDI guitar**, about which no details have been released, but known about items include **George Benson** and **Alan Holdsworth** guitars, a five string bass with low impedance pickups, and a variety of new signal processors.

In this particular line-up come the **DD700** and **DD1000** - the latter on which you can set up two independent delays, and the **DML Digital Modulation pedal**.

Accompanying the DML, foot pedal DOL is the **CCL Dual Chorus**, with provides two separate control settings that can be 'preset' or 'called back' at will. Price on the two foot pedals will be: DML - £140 and CCL - £95.

TECHNICS

CONTINUING this year's obsessive passion with digital pianos, Technics launch a successor to the **SX-PV18**, namely the **SX-PX1**. Once again it uses PCM sounds and is touch sensitive and features a built-in

sequencer

Priced rather alarmingly at £3,599, it should be mentioned that the **SX-PX1** sports a wooden keyboard, MIDI two-track sequencer, and, well, we'll just have to see eh?

TURBOSOUND

LEADING SOUND reinforcement company Turbosound promise a large display of new product this year, starting off with the new **TSE Integrated Series loudspeakers**. These comprise innovatively designed mid and high range units (TSE-III) which boom precariously over a bass unit (TSE-218) courtesy of a metal pole.

Another interesting new item is the **TPC-1151 Phase Checker Set**, via which you can test polarity, signal flow etc in your audio system. A must for flash roadies, we feel.

YAMAHA

WITH SUCH an impressive array of equipment on their books already, it's hard to imagine what Yamaha can extract from their R & D team to improve on matters. Interestingly they see fit to hold back on new professional quality synths and sound sources, concentrating on ancillary equipment, leaving the bulk of their new instrument releases to seep up the home, or cheaper end of the market.

On the guitar side, a new range of SE guitars will be shown, with prices starting off at £169. A new headless bass makes its debut, the **BX-5** - a five-string model priced at £699. One welcome new item must also be a wireless transmitter system, the **WXY-5** and **WXY-10**, which is expected to retail around £450.

For home recordists there is the **MTX** four-track cassette

machine, which with a price of £449 around its 'head', looks a good bet. Yamaha also offer some new mixes, priced between £79 and £99. But the big news must be their **SPX-90 multi effect signal processor**. This rackmount device can produce all manner of effect, from flanging to sampling even, and will sell for a mere £599.

Meanwhile back in keyboard land, the mayor launches a complete new **MIDI based FM** pianos which replace the popular **PF10/15**. Named the **PF70** and **PF80** and priced at £899 and £999 respectively, these pianos seem to have been updated in sound terms as well as their MIDI status.

And new FM synths just manage to scramble into a vaguely pro class with the **DX100** and **DX217** (see review in this issue).

Likewise a new sequencer, the **QX21**, and later version of the **RX21** drum machine (**RX21L**) are unashamedly aimed at the bargain end of the spectrum, good though all might be.

The two real items for the dedicated serious FM user must then be the **MCS2 MIDI Control Station** and **MEP4 MIDI Event Processor**. These items permit all manner of MIDI trickery and control: MCS2 allowing expression and real time controller power over FM modules, and the MEP4 doing wonderful things like upturning keyboard information so that when you play the bass end of a keyboard, the treble area sounds.

Finally Yamaha seem to be coming to the aid of the **CX5M Music Computer**, supporting it with lotsa new software: **QX21** Voicing Program, **FM Music Composer II**, **FM Music Macro II** etc.

Of course down at the budget end of Yamaha's (incredibly) still expanding range of equipment comes their first sampler, the **VSS-1**, selling for £199, along with bodies of FM-based and non FM-based keyboards.

Session

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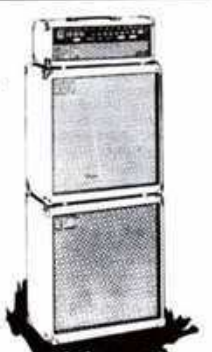
Our designs are original and that means we have to research and develop the products. No one else does it for us, and merely copying other successes cannot sustain our self respect. Our original work is acknowledged by our imitators.

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ADVENTURES IN

Frankfurt might be the biggest show, but increasingly, Winter NAMM is stealing points on the international debut-ometer. Here's our promised full report from JULIAN COLBECK

IF YOU ever doubted that America is a country where the collective quest for efficiency has driven a large proportion of its people stark raving mad, you should have tried getting into the NAMM show in Anaheim this year.

Strange that in a land where queueing is a national sport, there is, in fact, no single word for the pastime. Thus one 'waits in line' in order to fill in one's press card. One then waits in another line to have the said information processed into the computer. Finally one waits in yet another line in order to pick up the wretched pass from what they insultingly refer to as the 'time-saver' box behind the computer terminals.

The whole operation takes around 40 minutes, and, just to keep you boiling nicely, the organisers took it upon themselves to play (over and over and over again) a two minute video of Yngwie Malmsteen driving on about how it's no good trying to get into the music business if you just want to be a star.

Who the hell does he think he's kidding? I could have slaughtered him after ten minutes listening to his never-ending, noddily muddily guitar noodling that punctuated these precious pearls of wisdom.

I'll spare you details of how you have to wait in line for a chilli dog, but that (or rather they) were pretty gruelling too.

But for all of the above, California's Winter NAMM show is still, I reckon, the place to be in late January. Quite apart from the winter sun, Mexican food, the view over LA at night as you fly in over the city, and the general friendliness of its people, you do get to see most of the year's major instrument releases before the rest of the suckers at Frankfurt three weeks later! Well let's not be smug, this trip has cost me a fortune.

From my first misadventure a couple of weeks ago, you may recall that Ensoniq, who brought you the shocker of 1985 - the *Mirage* sampling keyboard - are at it again. Their latest pair of hot items are a digital piano and a digital synth. Harold Rhodes (of Rhodes piano fame) was giving the *Sampled Digital Piano SDP-1* the once-over the same time as myself, and he seemed most impressed. Who am I to argue? Personally, however, I did think the sounds were a bit on the thin side, but you have 12 tones available from acoustic pianos to electric pianos, marimbas and vibes, as well as a user-definable bass/sound area providing you with a split keyboard of sorts. It is ten-voice polyphonic, has a weighted keyboard, transpose control, and even MIDI split (for when using bass-piano combinations). US price \$1,295.

Ensoniq's *Digital Sequencer/Synthesizer ESQ-1* is impressive. Eight voice, with three digital waveforms per voice, the ESQ-1 offers 32 sampled/synthetic waveforms to choose from plus an eight track sequencer.

No price on the ESQ-1 as yet but I'd imagine it will come out around the same as *Sequential's* new, and first, *digital synth*, the *Prophet VS*. The *Prophet VS* should arrive in the UK during March with a £1,895 sticker on it. Using *Sequential's* brainchild of 'Vector Synthesis', the eight voice *Prophet VS* can use four digital oscillators per voice whose frequencies can be independently controlled by some 128 waveforms. You can manipulate these waveforms with a joystick. If it all sounds a bit weird to you, then it sounded great to me when I heard it - hard-edged, bright, almost PPG-ish. *Sequential* also showed a rack mount *Prophet-2000* sampler, the *Prophet-2002*.

Linn put on a superb show. They had no substantially new products aside from an attractive 'lap pad and module' version of the *Linn 9000* called the *Midistudio* - but the performers' patter and playing were so slick and genuinely funny that they held everyone's attention for the full half hour demo. A must to catch if *Linn* have the same show at Frankfurt.

The Winter NAMM is the perfect place to discover California's rich picking of ancillary and software companies, many of whom live a few hour's drive away in Silicon Valley, or indeed just up the road in the Los Angeles area itself.

Not exactly household names as yet, some of these companies have made their presence felt in the UK. Recent tough exchange rates have made their possible journey across the water unlikely, but since the dollar is a mile less powerful of late, you may well see products from *J.L. Cooper*, *Digidesign*, *Passport*, *360 Systems*, *Indus*, *Hybrid Arts*, *Key Click* and *Beetle Inc.* to name but a few, in your neighbourhood store before too long.

Beetle Inc., from Pasadena, have produced, though I'm not sure how legally, a programmer for *Yamaha TX series* modules. It looks and works just like a *DX7's* control panel and means that you can program one of these modules and simply use any other MIDI keyboard (incredibly not all of us do have a *DX7*) to play.

J.L. Cooper's contributions are slightly more wide ranging. Not new from them are their *Midi Mute* and *Midi Link* devices. The former is an eight channel MIDI controlled muting device for audio mixers which will allow a MIDI sequencer to turn channels on and off etc and the latter is a MIDI program manager that allows a master keyboard to transmit on a number of different MIDI channels simultaneously. Combinations can also be stored and 'chained' together for quick (and most effective) use in live performance. Prices for both would be around £300+, in UK should anyone decide to take the plunge. Maybe they have, who knows?

Digidesign produce their *Sound Designer software package* for *Emu's E II*, the *Ensoniq Mirage*, and now the *Prophet 2000*. This *Macintosh* based program is a must for serious samplers.



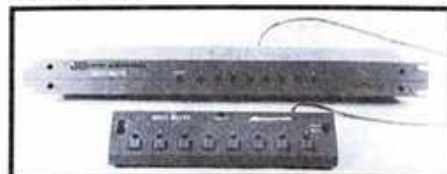
ENSONIQ MODULAR MIRAGE



SEQUENTIAL PROPHET VS



LINN MIDISTUDIO



J.L. COOPER MIDI MUTE



AKAI AX73



YAMAHA V55100

since it not only helps visualise the tricky parts like looping points, but it offers EQ facilities, waveform drawing, and general viz-aided programming of the instrument in question. With the *ET's RS-422* interface in tow, *Sound Designer* will communicate at nearly 17 times the speed of MIDI! Could be worth a Big 'Mac' 'n' two disk drives after all.

Hybrid Arts are generally reckoned to be the tops for the less raffish user who just wants an excellent sequencing package for a multi-MIDI set up. Their *Atari*, *Commodore*, and *IBM* based *Miditrack III* program can operate on 16 polyphonic tracks with a note capacity of over 10,000. *Hybrid Arts* also produce a range of instrument-related programs for *Casio's CZ* synths, *DX7*, and *Sequential's Drumtracks*.

But how about the big boys from Japan, whose products you will definitely be seeing in the UK? Many of their products are covered elsewhere in this issue but I'll leave you with a couple that might either be missing, or that simply deserve special mention.

Akai's stand was busy, full, and varied. In pole position, strangely enough, was their new polysynth the *AX60* - a six-voice analog instrument that even allows input from a sampler to be edited. Nice idea indeed. It offers four split points, 64 programmable memories, stereo chorus, and a welcome array of editing knobs 'n' switches. The 'strangely enough' refers to the fact that it won't be sold in the UK. In its place will be *Akai's* similar, but digital access control synth the 100 program *AX73*. The *AX73* will sell for £699.

Akai's latest rack mount sampler was tucked away in a small booth. The *S900* is an eight-voice device offering multi-sampling (32 split points) and can sample for 12 seconds at full bandwidth. Price here is far less than you'd expect (£1,599) which compares very favourably to *Sequential's Prophet 2002* and, no doubt, *Roland's* top of the line (though keyboard-ed) sampler, the 12-bit *S-50*. This looked mean and moody and offers 17 second sampling at 32K. Unfortunately the model on display was not a functioning one.

Roland also announced the impending arrival of a smaller sampler, the *S-10*. No 'Pro' sampler from *Yamaha* then. Just the little *V55 100* - a seemingly good but 'homey' model is what we'll have to be getting on with. Still, *Yamaha* did show an intriguing new multi effects unit, the *SPX 90*, which for the price of a good DDL a year back, can act as a DDL, reverb unit, compressor, noise gate, auto panner, parametric... A winner for sure. Also on display was a new master keyboard, the *KX7M*, new *FM* pianos *PF70* & *80*, and simply dozens of *FM*-based portable pianos and synths.

I'll confess to not having spent that much time with Messrs *Korg* and *Casio*, but *Korg's* Sampling *Grand SG-1* and *Digital Sampling Synthesizer DSS-1* looked very interesting, as did their modern version *Vocoder*, the *DVP-1*.

Casio's sampling drum machine is reviewed elsewhere in this issue and their price-shattering sampler, the *SK-1*, limited though it be, must become the bargain of '86 at £399.

As I mentioned in the earlier NAMM report, this year could well herald the return of most major manufacturers to producing paid-up, dedicated instruments, and not an endless succession of black boxes as seemed the case last year. However if MIDI natty devices are taking somewhat of a back seat, MIDI instrument modules are definitely in. *Korg* have an *EX-8000* (version of the *DW8000*), *Ensoniq* have a modular *Mirage*, *Sequential* the *Prophet-2002*, *Oberheim* a modular *Matrix-6*, *Roland* a modular version of their superb new digital piano (*RD-1000* with 88 weighted keys) the *MKS-20* module, and on and on.

And indeed regular pianos (well dashing digital ones) and polyphonic synths are also far from dodos in this era of digital sampling. *Roland's* *JX-10*, *Akai's* *AX 60*, *Sequential's* *Prophet VS*, *Ensoniq's* *ESQ-1*, *Oberheim's* *Matrix-6*, *Casio's* *CZ-3000*, are all welcomed back to the fold of what was nearly a dying breed in 1985 - the good old 'plug-in-and-play' instrument. However don't expect too many of these to be given away like so many goodies were a year ago. The days of the *Casio CZ-101*, *Ba-99*, and *Yamaha DX-21* are over for those still interested in vaguely professional instruments.

All in all, a most enjoyable if initially harrowing show. As I said, California is the place to be in January (want temperatures in the low 80s instead of our constant gloom and slush?) and I'll be there again next year. I'll just get up at six in the morning and beat the queue - sorry 'line'.

For the record here are my tips for the top in '86:

- Akai S 900 rackmount sampler
- Akai MX73 MIDI master keyboard
- Casio SK-1 sampler
- Ensoniq ESQ-1 digital polysynth
- Korg DSS-1 keyboard sampler
- Oberheim Matrix-6 polysynth
- Roland RD-1000 digital piano
- Roland JX-10 polysynth
- Sequential Prophet-2002 rack mount sampler
- Sequential Prophet VS polysynth
- Yamaha PF80 FM piano
- Yamaha SPX 90 multi effects rack

THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS

CASIO release a digital sampling drum computer. It's brilliant and it costs under £400. JULIAN COLBECK is almost lost for words

CASIO RZ-1 DIGITAL SAMPLING RHYTHM COMPOSER £395.00 QQQ VVV

SURELY SOMEONE somewhere is taking a thumping great loss on this sampling drum machine, because I can't believe that an instrument of this quality and potential is selling for just £395.

OK, so it's not a Linn 9000 or an E-mu SP12, but Casio's first entry into digital drums has been so well thought out and offers you so much for the money that it's hard to imagine anyone with half an eye for a bargain looking elsewhere.

Casio's march towards the professional side of the MI business has been steady, carefully planned, and to date unstoppable in the markets that they have attacked. In planning the RZ-1, it looks as though they have scrutinised the opposition in minute detail, deftly noting each individual strength and weakness; arriving at a finished product that combines the best aspects of Yamaha and Roland drum machines - and then throwing in a bit of good old American over-sampling as a final nail in everyone else's coffin.

And all for a price that basically blows all others clean out of the window.

The basic details are these. There are 12 PCM digital drums sound - bass, drum, snare, rim shot, three toms, hi-hats, ride and crash cymbals, cowbell, and claps. Each has its own instrument button for inputting into a pattern. Programming is extremely easy and familiar.

Basically you write patterns (which can be in any time signature and of any length up to 99 bars) and link



RZ-1 DIGITAL SAMPLING RHYTHM COMPOSER: the best ideas from Roland and Yamaha - and then some

them together into songs. Patterns can choose from quantisation levels of 1/2 to 1/96. These patterns can then be linked together to form songs, 100 patterns can be stored and 20 songs. You can use Swing or Shuffle for humanising patterns.

Programming procedure is very 'Yamaha' - quick, simple, obvious. A back lit LCD keeps you informed of all necessary information and either the Y/N keys or the ten digit keypad let you store information in seconds.

As I said, so far - quite Yamaha. Now for the 'Roland' bit. Each instrument also has a level slider at the top of the control panel, which makes the process of balancing your drum tracks much faster.

However, Casio have not merely swiped everyone else's best features and done

no homework themselves. There are many small but useful features which have not appeared before. You can choose to see, numerically, each individually quantized beat as you whizz through a pattern, which should make fast or tricky real time programming much less inhibiting. You can also use the Y/N keys to 'play' the pattern (forwards or backwards) in your own time - another useful aid. The instrument buttons themselves seem sort of pivotal, which again makes real time programming of rolls etc much more accurate.

As well as there being three Accent levels for any instrument, instruments can be 'Muted' when they get in the way of additional programming.

Even if the RZ-1's sampling capability were not included,

I'd have to say that this drum machine would rank very high in the current pecking order. Oh, and each instrument has its own individual output at the back in addition to main stereo outputs.

The sampling. When you're sampling sounds to be played polyphonically on a keyboard, there are many problem areas. Fortunately this isn't the case for monophonic percussion-orientated instrument sampling. Accordingly, the sampling controls on the RZ-1 are few, simple, and extremely friendly. You can mix in, with your 12 permanent drum voices, up to four individual samples, each being no more than 0.2 seconds in length. Not a lot, I agree, but sufficient for most percussive, normally short, sounds. If you want to

sample for longer, you can simply link up sample channels, ie have two 0.4 second samples or indeed one 0.8 second sample.

You can sample into the RZ-1's line or mic inputs and using either, vary the input level of the incoming signal. There is nothing particularly scientific going on here as far as the user is concerned, it's merely a matter of plugging a mic in, pressing the buttons 'Sampling' and 'Sample 1' (or 2, 3, or 4) and as soon as a signal is received, the screen (more often than not it seems) will indicate that the sample has occurred satisfactorily. Then all you have to do is hit the 'Sample 1' (or 2, etc) button to hear the result, and thereafter use the said button exactly as you would all the other instrument buttons.

Whenever possible, it is

best to use the line input, as this 8-bit system with 20K sample rate is, well, struggling on the hi-fidelity front most often. I loaded up several types of bass sound from my handy Roland Alpha Juno-2 (same sound but different note in the four channels) and although the RZ-1 seemed to lop off some of the sharp attack, I worked out some very nifty, (and note-effective) bass and drum patterns in no time at all.

Accompanying the RZ-1 is the 'Sound Collection' - a cassette tape filled with Casio samples, each one preceded by a friendly Japanese gentleman going 'Bass Drum, Electronic, Type C' and these of course can be sampled in at your leisure and/or discretion. Many are excellent though standard (latin percussion, 'Simmons' type snare, etc).

As for the 12 basic sounds on the RZ-1 itself, few require that much comment. They can be summed up by the words 'good' and 'standard'. However I felt that the bass drum - rather too overtly electronic - was a little unwise. Those wanting an effect type could always sample it in. Most, I'm sure, would have preferred a less effectsy, standard bass drum sound. Luckily though you can sample that in instead.

The RZ-1 has undoubtedly made an outstanding first impression. It looks and feels high quality. It sounds high quality and operates in a high quality manner. The options it offers are wide, varied, and practical. The only thing which isn't 'the tops' is the price. Anyone still needing a digital drum machine can save themselves a lot of bother by simply buying this, having fun, and getting on with the job of making music.

JULIAN COLBECK

LOOK AND LEARN

VIDEO TUTORS:

TONY IOMMI

(Star Licks)

ADRIAN BELEV

(DCI Music)

JOHN SCOFIELD

(Star Licks)

AL MCKAY

(DCI Music)

THE PROSPECT of guitar tuition via a selection of home videos is a rather interesting one, especially if teacher is hero. Thing is (and this depends entirely upon the star licking sensation of the month), does one actually learn anything? Well the answer is both yes and no.

For example, I never knew Black Sabbath's Tony Iommi used eight 300 watt Boogie power amps and 12 4 x 12 speaker cabinets on stage, but then I don't really give a toss. However, I do care about the fact that I watched this video twice and learnt absolutely nothing.

I say this because I never at any given moment of viewing felt any compulsion to want to learn anything - simply because I wasn't being taught the essential essence of any one song, guitar movement or exercise. All I was being shown were endless, tireless and useless riffs, and what's more, they weren't even conducive to what was going

on! So much for 'Paranoid'.

If I'd sat down and meticulously learnt every single passage that Tony Iommi went through and played them to a devout Black Sabbath fan, he wouldn't know if I was playing a Deep Purple B-side, Groundhogs A-side or Black Sabbath backside. Mind you, if I were to unravel snatches of King Crimson's 'Elephant Talk', you'd know exactly where I was coming from.

This downtown New York vegetarian guru in white espadrilles called Adrian Belev gives us a complete run down of his controversial and electronic sanctuary, courtesy of charm, not to mention enthusiasm.

Terribly interesting and forthcoming yet simultaneously naive - and I don't wish that to sound derogatory - cause our Adrian's a nice bloke - it's just that not all of us have trailer loads of graphic equalisers, guitar synths, roadies and Frank Zappa handbooks. There are moments when this is slightly overlooked. "I like to use my fretless synth guitar for oriental sounds." Yeah, me too Ade, me too - if I had one.

Having said that, the man does use his guitars and equipment to their full capabilities, which is a

pleasure to acknowledge and an education to fully comprehend. It's also a lot of fun.

If I were a guitarist who'd only been playing for 20 minutes and I could achieve violin sounds by playing a straight rhythm against an odd echo timing (1325 milliseconds with one single delay) while fingering the volume control, I'd feel well pleased with myself. In fact, I'd get an Afro hair-do and call myself Jimi Hendrix!

There's also much talk on approach, attack, effects, feedbacks and of course solos. "I like solos that have an emphasis of surprise and which incorporate numerous contours." So do I.

John Scofield may be a lovely man, and an excellent jazz guitarist, but when it comes to heading a class of potential Mahavishnu types, he's excruciatingly dull.

Respected worldwide for his fluidity and inventiveness within improvisation, Scofield has recorded with the likes of Miles Davis and Billy Cobham, so you'd think there'd be plenty to learn. True, there is plenty to learn, but not from this man. The only way you'll gain anything is by watching this video for no more than five minutes a day; any longer and it'll be like watching a party political broadcast by Doctor David Owen. Everything will go right over your head.

Suffice to say the sort of

chat which concerns the improvisation of something over C major, for instance, is all well and good, but when it's immediately followed by improvisation over an augmented Z minor under water with a flattened third and a dampened nineteenth or whatever, it leaves you either dazed and confused or groping for the nearest Ramones album.

The John Scofield video is definitely for the advanced jazz guitarist whose main ambition is to appear on Pebble Mill At One disguised as Sacha Distel.

D flat major sevenths with C in the bass falling on my head... hrm, how frustrating; not so with Al McKay.

Definitely the most enjoyable, entertaining and constructive video of the four. I found it a pleasure to watch both as a guitarist and a viewer, which could perhaps be due to the man's patience, authority and all round delivery. It's not that I'm a raging Earth Wind & Fire head, it's more that McKay taught me a few things I didn't know as well as reinforcing a few I did.

"It's about feeling, you can play, you can study, you can do all those things, but if you don't feel what you're doing, then it makes no sense," he declares.

Apart from that, the EWF guitarist also speaks rather concisely about his vast

range of Boss pedals, explaining what they do and why he uses them. A true professional without a doubt.

If I were 15 and didn't know any better, all four videos would appear interesting, with the emphasis on obvious musical preference. However,

because I'm not 15 and I do know better, this isn't the case. The case being that bedroom boys and girls throughout the land should take heed of old Chinese proverb - action speaks louder than video.

DAVID MARX

Vesta FIRE MR-10 PERSONAL MULTITRACK



Brand new from Vesta Fire comes the MR-10: a new standard in personal multitrack. It runs at 1 1/2 ips, compatible with standard cassettes, and has dbx noise reduction for clean, quiet recordings with plenty of headroom.

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TOKAI TVS-80 £581.52

QQQ VV½

TOKAI TST-50 £324.61

QQ½ VVV

TOKAI SD-40 £314.77

QQ VV½

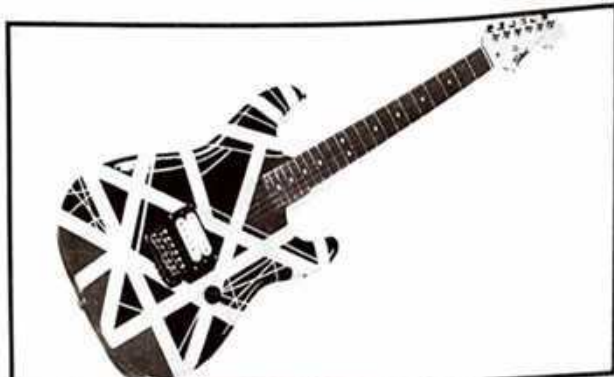
IT'S TOO early to know exactly how much difference a recent management change at UK distributors Blue Suede Music will make to the market profile of the Japanese Tokai range, but it's already evident that Sounds should be getting its hands on a lot more of these reputable axes than was previously the case.

To liven up my Christmas break this year, I was presented with three Tokais all offering interesting variations on the time-honoured Stratocaster format. Leaving to one side the observation that hardly anybody bothers to design new guitars any more – they just take a Strat shape and play around with the hardware because the Strat shape is by far the most popular among punters everywhere – I'll establish right away that the TVS-80, TST-50 and SD-40 might have been for Yuletide consumption but there wasn't a turkey among them.

First one out of the box happened to be the TST-50VHBBR, the VH part of its designation confirming the Van Halen-esque styling of hardware and paint scheme – single humbucker at the bridge, single volume control and yellow-tape-on-black-background spray-job.

In addition, my catalogue tells me that the TST50 has an alder body and a rosewood fingerboard laminated on maple neck. There are 22 thin but nicely finished frets, smooth turning chromed machines, plastic nut with one twin-string guide, and a traditional Fender type tremolo unit carrying individual one-piece brass saddles mounted on twin grub screws for action adjustment, and with the usual sprung intonation screws. Jack socket is on the edge of the body.

Strapped on and fired up, this guitar offers little temptation to play it gently. It invites nothing less than maximum amp overload



TST-50VH: no temptation to be gentle!



SD-40: let down by an iffy whammy bar

ups as the TST-50 for a tenner less.

Once again there's a traditional Strat-style trem unit with a different saddle design and now the string guide has grown into a bar which presses down on all six strings behind the nut. The fretting is perhaps not quite as finely finished as on its predecessor but is perfectly adequate for the job.

Tiny pearloid dot markers decorate the fingerboard and the scratchplate – matt black – and black pick-up covers give this axe a very low-key appearance. Pick-ups are humbuckers once again, but they impart a zestful zing to the sound not always associated with twin-coil units. A three-way pick-up selector sits next to two matt-black knurled metal knobs – one for volume, one for tone – and the jacksocket is again on the edge of the body.

The sound of this guitar ranges from delicate to raunchy, but always with a zingy treble presence, and lends itself particularly well to processing by chorus or similar effects units.

What let my particular sample down was the unreliability of the trem unit, which failed abysmally to keep the strings in tune whether it was used or not. Maybe the problem could have been solved by some graphite on the nut, maybe not. If trying this model in a shop, therefore, be sure to give the whammy bar a good working over. A good sample would definitely make the price tag justifiable.

My third Christmas box revealed a beautiful looking TVS-80TMN in almost all its glory. The TVS sports a 'custom' style Strat shape body with a flat top of delicately mottled tortoiseshell mahogany and top-edge binding. All it was missing was the whammy bar to fit in the bridge tailpiece – an awful shame since the TVS comes with one of Tokai's top-of-the-range outlocking tremolo systems with fine-tune tailpiece.

Pick-ups are a pair of 'patent applied for' humbucker types in cream surrounds with chrome casings and individually adjustable polepieces. Neck is a fine example of the art of one-piece mapping and frets are, I'm pleased to report, the chunkier Gibson type which inevitably give any guitar a feeling of greater luxury.

While I couldn't test the effectiveness of the trem, I could check the fine-tuners, and these I found did their job with less fiddling and less effort than is necessary with certain well-known American products.

Control configuration here consists of a Gibson-style three-way pick-up selector with three Telecaster-type knurled chrome knobs – master volume and two individual tones. The overall look is ultra cool, ultra refined, and the sound is every bit a match... delicate trebly zing through to pure, screaming raunch, at the flick of a knob or switch.

At over £580, the TVS-80 is not a cheap guitar, but you're getting a helluva lot for your money if you're in the market for some real style and aren't content with cheap flash. If you're considering paying this much money for this kind of a guitar, you're sure to be checking out similar style 'custom' axes from the likes of Schecter and ESP, but I think you'll find the Tokai gives both brands a run for their money.

TONY MITCHELL



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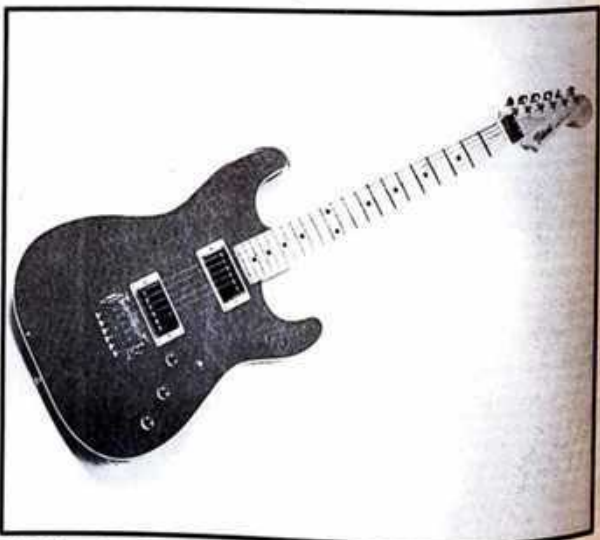
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setting and the biggest thrashing you can give it. The single pick-up is characteristically gritty with all the growl and whine you could ever need, and the wang bar stands up to hammering remarkably well for a fairly basic design.

Backed off from its distortable peak, the TST-50 also demonstrates some remarkably sweet, clear tonalities which make it much more than a one-sound guitar. A fresh set of strings always helps here, of course, and I've been more than happy with the Dean Markley SLP Extra Lites (£7.25 a set) I've had on hand for this purpose of late.

Value for money is perhaps not this guitar's premium virtue at its full list price, bearing in mind the choice of Stratish types around under the £300 mark these days, but a little nudge in the downward direction would soon make the VH an extremely attractive proposition.

Another Strat shape, this time all-black, greets us in the form of the SD-40. This one has an alder or ash body, maple neck with laminated rosewood fingerboard and twice as many pick-



TVS-80: luxury in every department

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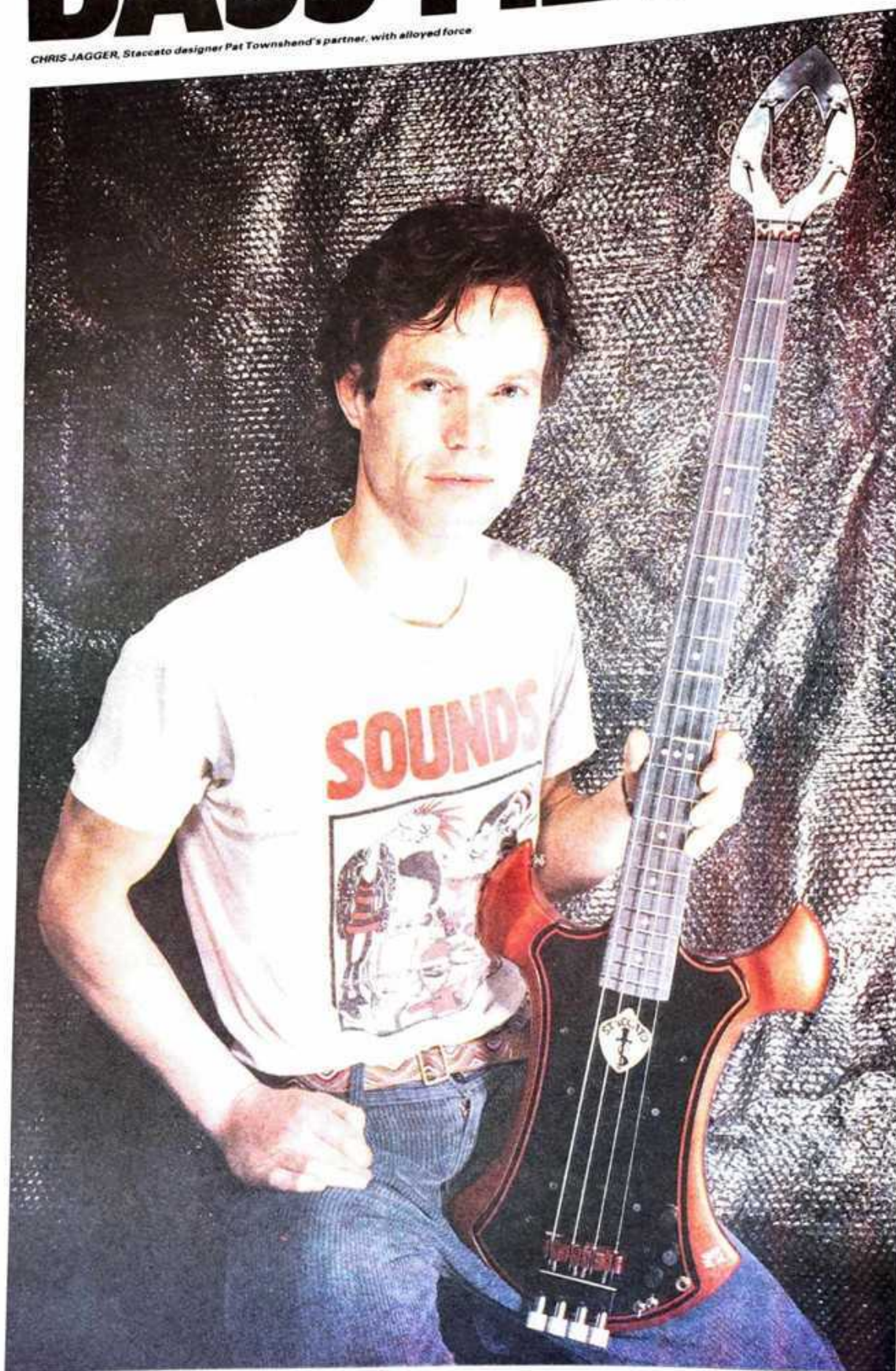
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JULIAN COLBECK

MEGA TECH

BASS METAL

CHRIS JAGGER, Staccato designer Pat Townshend's partner, with alloyed force



STACCATO FIXED NECK ACTIVE BASS £850 QQQ VVV

LIKE A musical sword of Damocles, the Staccato bass has been hovering and threatening to revolutionise the whole concept of the traditional bass guitar ever since we first reviewed it in these pages (albeit in a prototype form) very many moons ago.

Unfortunately, as with all such high technology projects, the time-lag in getting the final product ready for our eager hands has been long, but at last, the Staccato bass is being made in substantial numbers and is ready for use. Samples should be reaching the UK's better music shops within a few weeks of this review. Time for an update, methinks.

Readers who remember our original look at the Staccato will recall, no doubt, the amazing interchangeable neck concept which allowed instant swapping between bass, guitar and 12-string necks, the advanced materials (magnesium alloy necks in particular) which made the earliest Staccatos so astonishingly prolonged in sustain and so rich in resonance, the LED read-out of volume settings on the touch-button controlled volume panel and so on.

Well, reality being what it is, most of these ideas have been vastly simplified in the attempt to make a stage-usable (not to mention affordable) instrument. As a result, while you can still order an interchangeable necked Staccato as a 'special' if that's what turns you on (and there are a multitude of reasons why it should), the versions which we'll be seeing in the shops any day now are fixed-neck active basses.

Does this imply a loss of the Staccato's advantages through the need for commercial compromise? Far from it, as I found when I recently tried one of the first production samples.

As it always did, the Staccato features the most advanced engineering/design and materials technology yet seen in a bass guitar. Although the interchangeable neck idea has been ditched for production basses, the materials used in its sandwich construction still show the pioneering engineering work which designer Pat Townshend learned during his days in racing car and motorbike construction.

The neck section is still cast and machined from immovable magnesium alloy (fashioned to a degree of accuracy unmatchable in wood) and that mag alloy neck still fits into a unique body shell (stunningly finished in a variety of glowing traditional cellulose pearled colours) formed from a glass fibre laminate filled with polyurethane foam.

Apart from a slight coldness in the neck, it isn't immediately obvious that any unusual materials have been used in this bass - borne out by the fact that it balances superbly well and - notwithstanding its unconventional looks - has been so designed that you feel at home with it in seconds.

Looking over the Staccato's hardware, it soon becomes apparent that what Pat Townshend has done on this production model is keep the mechanical excellence of his basic ideas, while refining them down into a form that can be produced in sufficient numbers for the price to be affordable and very

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competitive with the majority of semi-custom British basses.

The advanced string fastening design at the headstock remains, for example, a system where conventional single ball-end strings loop into the fine tuners at the bridge end, and run up lower micro-accurate, individually height-adjustable slotted nut sections to terminate in easily lockable threaded retainers, each of which has a large 'key' on it to lock down at the bridge.

The strings pass right through deeply grooved individual rubber-equipped saddles, and each saddle will adjust via a small allen key for height, while being settable for intonation (again via allen key) from the back.

The real triumph of Pat's bridge, however, lies in the fine tuners. These have been progressively refined during the past two years or so until they represent, in my experience, the peak of fine tuning bridge-mounted adjusters. There are no excuses for not being 100 per cent in tune with this system - bands planning to appear on The Tube please note!

The Staccato's fingerboard uses yet another advanced materials concept, and again one that works remarkably well. The fingerboard is made of a complex mix of plastics and carbon fibre. From a 'touch' point of view, it presents no difficulties at all - it feels pretty much like wood, but has none of the warping and wearing problems that the natural materials can suffer from - especially when dashed from under baking-hot stage lighting to cold vans, aeroplanes and so on.

Into this fretboard mixture are inlaid medium-fat frets, polished to a refined smoothness - they're both comfortable and accurate. When the time eventually comes round for a re-fret, by the way, there are none of the problems so often encountered with new materials - you just replace the entire fretboard, and this is a job which can easily be accomplished by any repairman - it's neither a difficult nor time-consuming repair.

Having, more or less, covered the materials, hardware side of this bass, we should look at the pick-ups and electronics next - particularly as they too represent the 'best of British'.

The twin pick-up Staccato features a pair of specially wound and developed ceramic magnet humbuckers made exclusively for Staccato by pick-up king Kent Armstrong. Although ostensibly twin coil types, they each have their own coil tap 'lick' switches, and are controlled by three rotary pots. These latter being wired into the bass' active circuitry.

On-board battery power allows a huge range of sounds to be extracted from this bass - but a degree of 'fine tuning' could be necessary to obtain the maximum range, as I'll explain.

As it arrives from Staccato's new factory, the bass has been set-up to provide what Pat Townsend calls an 'average' response. Average - huh! My sample delivered one of the balliest rock grooves I've found, and yet (with the coil taps and rotary pots used judiciously), could also be set to batter out a perfect resonant slap-bass sound with no difficulties whatsoever.

Three pots give you the instant on-stage flexibility

you need - volume, 'mix' (blending the outputs of the two pick-ups) and a controlled EQ sweep. Used in conjunction with the coil taps, these give the Staccato a fine and impressive range of sounds, but (perhaps even more importantly) a very usable range of tones.

If it happens that you want more bass or more of a slapping attack, then the simple removal of the Staccato's backplate provides access to three internal 'trim pots', each of which controls a fixed EQ band - bass, mid and treble. A bit of twiddling here can shift the sound almost anywhere you can imagine.

But perhaps most importantly, the Staccato sounds amazingly good just as it comes. If you're after a unique sound, then by all means 'fine tune' the internal controls to get the sound you want, but the effect of the Staccato as it comes is just about perfect for most players. I'd guess.

So far, I've extolled the virtues of the Staccato in principle, but what I haven't done is try and tell you what it feels like to play - and what it sounds like. This is the hardest part of any review and all I can do is say to you that whatever you've experienced in the way of resonance before won't

compere with what you can get from this instrument. Pick even the lowest fretted note and the mag alloy neck provides an endless ring - even to the point that you feel compelled to cut it off before you get bored with the unending sustain! When you have such potential and combine it with harmonics, body taps and other such 'tricks', the range of sounds you can get out of this bass becomes even more impressive.

On the negative side (and I'm fairly sure that this is a negative factor), the Staccato does suffer from almost an overkill of resonance - so much so that even the

slightest contact you make with the body or the rest of the hardware (when violining, for example) propels a definite response through the pick-ups. This could, I feel, lead to some problems when recording as any unintentional contact with the bass will produce a sound.

In short, it's perhaps too sensitive - almost microphonic - and I hope the makers sort this out (possibly via increased amounts of pick-up damping) before releasing production models. That - minor - niggle aside, the Staccato Bass has at last become what it always needed to be to sell in large

numbers: a thoroughly practical stage-suited bass, taking full advantage of the unparalleled response afforded by its new engineering and materials technology, delivering a stupendously 'live' sound and yet being easy to control.

At an RRP of £850, the Staccato deserves consideration by any player thinking of buying an up-market, handmade bass. The advances it offers over traditional basses in terms of reliability, astonishing resonance and purity of tone are unmatched - and there won't be many bassists who don't appreciate this.

GARY COOPER

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LITTLE AND LARGE OF FM

YAMAHA DX100 DIGITAL
PROGRAMMABLE ALGORITHM
SYNTHESIZER £349
QQ 1/5 VV 1/5

A DIFFICULT one. This. Good though it is (and no matter how much one loves FM, plus all the undeniable benefits that this form of digital synthesis has brought), I think you need to work for Yamaha to get terribly excited about the DX100 or its larger brother DX27.

And if you too are standing back in amazement at the prospect of yet more FM synths in this long standing series (the DX27 is a full-size key version of the DX100), just wait another couple of weeks. This year Yamaha will be launching a staggering total of 12 FM-based synths and pianos, to my certain knowledge. To be fair, most of these comprise models in the lower priced end of the market, but this invasion might well speed up the inevitable 'turn-off' factor – a result, I'm afraid, of just too much of a good thing.

Yamaha make no secret of the fact that they are launching an all-out attack on the low-cost end of the keyboard market. In synth terms then, the DX100 and DX27 mark the bottom rung of conceivably professional instruments. But these are not instruments stripped of all niceties and useful features. The design, while sticking pretty closely to classic FM principles, does incorporate the odd innovation. And of course as time goes by we see FM slowly being streamlined and stripped of parameters and controls that can be left out in order to simplify matters.

Not everything has been simplified though, and slightly confusingly, the DX100 is the small key version of the DX100/27 pair. In sound-producing terms they are identical and the DX100's basic difference from the DX27 is one of size. Key size, overall size, and keyboard length (four octaves instead of five).

The DX100's casing has a more streamlined look too – a sloping control panel, designed to make for easier viewing when the instrument is played as a 'sling-on'. Strap holders are provided though a strap itself isn't.



DX-100: falls neatly between two stools

While the algorithm count and configurations are identical to the DX21 and CX5M, there are only four operators – period. In other words no 'dual' or 'split' goings-on here. However you are offered some 192 preset sounds stored in ROM, 24 of which can live, breathe, and be edited or re-constructed in RAM.

You may recall the DX21's straightforward if time-consuming method of retrieving sounds from ROM. Well here is one of the simplifications. With four Bank switches on the control panel plus a shift key, along with Preset Search controls, you can whizz through the presets in seconds. The sounds themselves remain true to DX21/CX5M/DX9 (7) in that they are clean, clear, complex, but at this umpteenth time of asking, beginning to lose their character. Such new arrivals as there are fail to make headway against the strong tide of over-familiarity.

Although little seems to be made of it in accompanying literature, the prime reason for buying the DX100 over the DX27 must be the 100's 'sling-on' design. This goes further than merely bunging on a couple of strap holders.

For a start it can operate on battery power (reducing trailing leads) and the pitch and mod wheels are positioned at the top left hand corner – a less than ideal position from which to operate them when the instrument is lying down, but a superb position for doing so when the little wonder is strapped on and you are skidding about the concert stage.

I thought I looked pretty good as well, but my 'friends' reliably inform me that I looked as if I was playing an accordion. I suppose the 100 is somewhat small and box-like.

The pitch wheel is spring-loaded and can, programmably in range, bend up or down. The mod wheel remains in your set position, which would unnerve me since it can easily be knocked from its 'off' position when you use the pitch wheel.

Also in live performance, I doubt that you'd make much of the display screen (unless you're a giraffe) since the angle of the control panel is still too shallow. Changing tones is carried out by the customary green oblong push buttons, serving also as function selectors (altering MIDI parameters, wheel ranges, cassette controls

and the like – though sadly not a chorus) and voice editing parameters.

However, as with the DX21, there are many useful live features like multi-mode pitch wheel, programmable preset key change facility, portamento, and the ability to store a sound as monophonic or polyphonic.

As for programming, the DX100 essentially adheres to the 'well-known' principles of FM. Yamaha have taken another stab at getting the method across, this time using a cassette which goes through basic procedures step by step in conjunction with the manual. It's a good try but ultimately a lost cause. If DX7 owners rarely deviated from their presets or the customised ROMs, then I can't believe that the younger user, who can now take advantage of FM, is going to be any more skilled.

For the one in a thousand who tries, however, most parameters remain intact, with the notable exception of pitch envelope.

The C – C mini keyboard is light and shallow. Strangely enough it isn't too much of a drag unless you really do have sausage fingers, and as with all 'sling-on' types, you won't find it too comfortable to use both hands anyway. These instruments are far better used for right hand solo or chord work.

In America, both DX100 and DX27 are described as 'perfect entry keyboards' into the world of digital FM synthesis. True to an extent, but I'm not sure they really do FM justice in the long run. You have neither the additional algorithm/operator power of a DX7, nor the doubling capacity of a DX21, and this does tend to leave you with meagre sounds at times. Hardly the thing to encourage you further, I'd have thought.

Allowing for the fact that I'd still recommend a DX21 for those strapped for cash, this latest pair of FM boys are still undeniably good. Criticisms are merely based on the fact that Yamaha's plethora of FM home keyboards are bound to be successful. The DX100 seems either to talk down to a pro-orientated but young/impoverished audience, or offer too many plainly unusable features for the casual user.

JULIAN COLBECK

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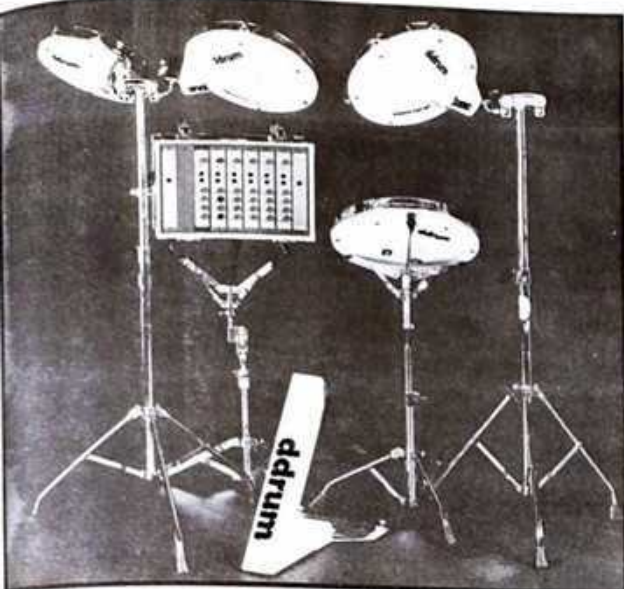
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DDRUM KIT: an 'acoustic' kit with plug-in digital sounds

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DDRUM DIGITAL DRUM KIT £2,197.75
QQQ VV's

THIS IS definitely the age of the sampled sound. People are enjoying the luxury of not having to synthesise their own sounds but being able to either buy pre-recorded digital sound chips - of which there are wild and wonderful variations from snare drums to the sounds of breaking glass - or even creating or 'blowing' their own sound chips with the right equipment, stealing or borrowing their favourite sound sources to do so.

What the Swedish DDrum company have done is completely simplify the electronic kit concept. They've removed the concept of creating your own sounds and consequently removed the bulk of sound creating parameters, and have gone for directly supplying the user with a library of very well recorded digital sounds that are easily used in the kit by way of sound cartridges.

They also provide a quality controlled sound recording service so you can have your own sounds put onto cartridge for your own use later on.

So the principle is very fast and simple. The DDrum uses features a rack of six individual DDrum modules and one power module which are all built into a sturdy flight case. This rack can accommodate eight DDrum modules or, alternatively, seven modules and the optional D Drum mixer module. It is into these modules that your sound cartridge is inserted.

There are two types of sound cartridge - the B cartridge which has a memory length of 0.6 seconds and can contain up to four different sounds

depending on their sample length (£48.00), or there is a C-type cartridge which has a memory of 1.2 seconds and can handle longer sounds and costs £85.00. Six type B cartridge and the cartridges will contain the sounds of your choice from a very extensive library of sounds that DDrum have.

The sound cartridges clip very easily into the back of the module and feature a steel construction to ensure roadworthiness and a special 'ground first' insertion socket that protects all circuitry from risk of static electric discharge.

The modules themselves, which are also available separately at a price of £190.00, do give you some control over your digitally recorded sound. The controls are as follows. Firstly a pitch control, then a pad sensitivity control, then two push-button sound selectors which select one of up to four sounds on the multi-sound cartridges.

There is then a pitch sensitivity control that controls the degree that pad dynamics affect the pitch of the sound. On the minimum setting, this control simulates the tightening of a drum head struck very hard raising the pitch just slightly; at the maximum setting this knob lets you play the lower end of the module's one octave range with light taps, or the top of the range with harder hits.

Next there is a decay control and finally you have the treble and bass controls for the EQ of your digital sound.

The rear of the module features the jack socket trigger inputs which accept the input signals from the DDrum pads and accept standard DC gates and

triggers as well as most audio sources. There are two output sockets, one jack and one XLR. The whole module system is quite compact and robust and neatly flightcased.

So now let's take a look at the DDrum pads. Here again DDrums are quite unique in the electronic kit field by virtue of something fairly obvious. One of the big problems with electronic kits is supplying the drummer with a natural type playing surface. Thinking quite logically, DDrum have developed their pad so that you are actually playing a real drum skin held on by a normal acoustic drum steel rim, which allows the drum to be tightened to your natural playing feel.

The trigger sensor is mounted on a steel rim which sits in foam underneath the drum head, ensuring good triggering response no matter where you hit the drum head. The drum skin and rim and sensor sit on a plastic moulded pad which is attractively finished in white with red piping. It is quite a solid construction with tom-tom type fittings

that attach to Ludwig type L bar stands, which do not come supplied with the kit.

The DDrum kit comes with three ten inch tom pads and a 12 inch snare pad. All outputs are XLR sockets and their snare pad has two, one for the actual drum skin trigger and one for the trigger sent by playing the rim. The latter is dynamically sensitive and completely independent of the drum head, giving you the choice of two sounds with the use of the one pad.

DDrum pads are also available separately at £108.00 for the tom pads and £124.00 for the 12 inch snare pad.

The DDrum kick pad is excellent. It is a heavy solid L shaped unit which is very portable. It incorporates spikes in its base to hold it steadily in position and a small striking area which is very sensitive and sprung with a rubber effect for a true and great bass drum feel.

The overall feel of the kit is very natural indeed and wonderful to play on. The pads are very sensitive and respond to the softest roll.

You can really lay into this kit without fear of damaging either the pads or your wrists.

So the beauty of these drums lies in their very natural feel to play on, their portability and of course the range of excellent sounds that are offered from digitally recorded drum kit sounds, with or without ambience and from different makes. For example you can choose from 'Ludwig' metal snare sound to 'Premier' wooden shell snare sound. Of course you can also have your own sounds put into cartridges.

If you find, at the end of a session, that you have recorded a great sound with your acoustic drums, you can have those sounds put onto cartridges and simply take your DDrums along to get the sound instantly next time.

Above all, what I really like about this set up is its simplicity. It's basically an acoustic kit you simply plug sounds into. DDrums are exclusively available at the Normis Complex, 45-53 Sinclair Road, London W14. Telephone 01-602 6351.

BOGDAN WICZLING

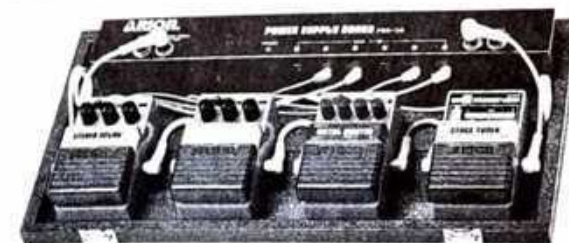
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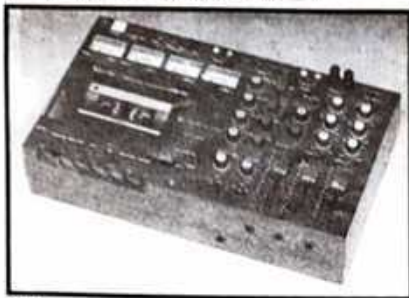
VESTA FIRE MULTITRACK RECORDER MR-10
£285.00
QQ VV

TO SOME, Vesta Fire means extremely hot curry, to others it means extremely hot electronics. To me it's neither, that's to say it's a lot of things - some good and some bad. The MR-10 Personal Multitrack Recorder, for want of a single word, is cheap, effective, economical, simple, annoying, ahead of its time, pleasant, awkward, optimum, average and perhaps semi-futuristic. Why?

Well let's start at the beginning. The MR-10 is basically a mixer and a multi-track recorder which are internally connected. It can perform all the basic multi-track functions such as multi-track recording, overdubbing, ping-pong recording and remixing. Suffice to say it offers all the usual features plus a unique footswitch in the form of the FP-1.

So far as appearance is concerned, the MR-10 is rather akin to the Foxtex X-15, apart from the fact that it's the other way round!

FIRE ENGINE



MR-10: a new low in the cost of multitracking

Initial impressions of overall design and construction are pretty good, but upon closer inspection, one discovers one or two minor irritants.

It looks cheap, and the fact that as soon as I unpacked the machine, no less than seven controls fell on to the floor, is of course besides the

point. Talking of which, this machine is definitely not recommended for those who are colour blind, as the controls are orange, yellow, dark blue and light blue.

And while we're on the subject of knobs, the PMG Remix switch, DBX In-Out switch and VU Meter Function switch are not entirely pleasant to handle (the difference between on and off mode being all of one millimetre) and the same can be said for the faders.

Taking into consideration that the machine was brand new when I had the pleasure of interfering with it, the action of all three faders left something to be desired - a bad bitch methinks, particularly when it comes to complicated fade outs.

The MR-10's track format is compatible with standard audio cassettes due to the tape speed of 1 1/2 ips (4.8cm/s).

A positive point is the cassette lid, which operates manually and by far surpasses many of its counterparts. However, a very negative point is the rewind button which doesn't

switch itself off; therefore the motor keeps running. Not a good move so far as drug infested home recordists are concerned, 'cause they could easily float off on a sewing machine to the Fiji Islands while the motor runs itself to death.

So far as the actual execution of recording is concerned, I found the MR-10 reasonable, and obviously aimed towards the relative newcomer. It allows simultaneous recording on two tracks, something which I found a little abrasive, but then I am talking generally. Each generation of recording did hint towards a slight loss of top end, but then that's to be expected with the aforementioned running speed of 1 1/2 ips.

With the aid of pitch control, this speed is variable by 15 per cent either way.

The VU meters don't light up and needless to say there aren't any LED peak signals. This means you could be recording what you believe to be your finest Nana Mouskouri borealong, but what you'll inadvertently end up on tape with is a Twisted Sister gurgling through a distortion pedal. A drag really, but then what do you expect for £285? An LED indication of what channel you're recording into?

The EQ could perhaps be better and brighter but what couldn't it be the excellent FP-1 punch-in foot switch. The reason I say this is because it's 100 per cent efficient. Extremely handy for those one man/woman recording sessions, 'cause it enables you to drop in and out by the flick of a boot or stiletto - a definite plus. My one qualm being that it should have some sort of LED.

To ping pong is amazingly easy, to pan is easier still, even if the pan pots are tacky (and I don't care if they do have 12 o'clock grooves or not), and as for mixing, well the MR-10 practically mixes itself.

Suffice to say Vesta Fire employ no unnecessary dithering or bloated gadgetry, which I personally find wonderful. Mind you, having said that, one has to remember to graphic manually while recording, as the graphics aren't in any way operative once one has reached the mixing stage.

Talking of which, the mixer section consists of ten inputs: two Main inputs, four Line inputs, two Phono inputs and two Aux inputs.

Each Main input has its own fader and 40dB trim control, which handles guitars, keyboards etc with maximum ease.

The Aux/Phono mixer consists of Level and Balance controls, and accepts signals from Aux In and Phono In, combining them with the L/R buss line signals.

The Line/TRK mixer operates in two ways. When mixing down, each recorded track goes through Level and Pan, and is assigned to the L/R Master outputs. During initial recording, signals from the four Line inputs are mixed and go to the L/R buss line. Finally, due to the monitoring function, you can listen separately to pre-recorded tracks and the input signals during overdubbing (Remix switch at PGM/Off).

At the end of the day, the Vesta Fire MR-10 is a neat, compact, lightweight, all-round machine that does its job reasonably well. There's obviously room for improvement, but then we are talking about a mere £285 or less.

DAVID MARX

ONE

GIBSON EXPLORER 400
(WITH KAHLER TREMOLO) AROUND
£1,000
QQQ V 1/2

TIMES CHANGE, and even the guitar making greats have to adapt and evolve their products as fashion shifts around. Witness the latest introduction from Gibson - the Explorer 400.

This new Kahler equipped Explorer has obviously been launched in an attempt to appeal to players who like a Gibson's feel, constructional style and ease of playing but who are being swayed against buying existing models in the range by the tremolo fiends' favourites, the 'super-Strat' class of whammy bar wonder-guitars - Kramers, Charvels, Hamers and any number of advanced trem fitted specialist-built machines.

As the buyers for this class of guitar are mostly from the Heavy Metal fraternity, the model Gibson have chosen to work from is the Explorer, and it's almost certainly a wise choice on their part as fiddling with SGs or Les Pauls would neither win them many friends from existing fans of these models, nor result in a guitar with the necessary HM 'sex appeal'.

As you'd expect, the Explorer 400 features the usual 24 1/2 inch scale, with 22 Gibson-style (medium/fat) frets. Replacing the Korina bodies used on original '58 models (and some later reissues), the 400 features an alder body, a glue joined maple neck and a rosewood fingerboard.

This choice of alder for the body can be looked at in two ways. It's one of the cheaper woods to use (which may sound a little 'off' bearing in mind the expected selling price of around £1,000!) but it's also likely to give a brighter, probably harder sound than mahogany. Are Gibson trying to save money, or are they trying for a more modern HM sound? I'd like to be charitable and suggest the latter, but I suspect it's a bit of both!

The major ways in which Gibson have tried to develop this guitar into an HM special are by fitting it with three pick-ups (two single coils plus a humbucker at the bridge) and by adding the Kahler trem system.

Controlling the pick-ups are two rotary pots (volume and tone), with three micro switches servicing to control the pick-ups' on/off functions. This is a nice, straightforward set up to use - especially so on stage, where the last thing you want is a complicated line of phase switches, coil taps etc.

As you'd expect, the Gibson is superb to play if, that is, Gibson necks happen to be your thing - and I have to admit that they're very much mine! Compared with a Strat's (or any Fender-based neck), a Gibson's is a doddle to play. The fretboard camber lets you bend strings with silken ease, the fat frets boost your sustain and are easy to work against. Somehow you have to fight a Fender-style neck to get as much from it but, to be fair, a lot of players actually prefer that resistance, so which you'll go for will be a matter for you alone to decide.

The Kahler too is a revelation if all you've been used to are basic Strat-type

Once again our tremolo sets the standard...

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The System I and II tremolos

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For more information send an SAE for our full colour brochure.



System II & III tremolos feature a revolutionary height adjustable nut with a patented side to side locking action that does not affect the tuning when it is locked. The nut is tightened by a quick release cam lever.

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Unit 8, Edmondson Trading Estate,
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MEGA TECH

IN A THOUSAND?



EXPLORER 400: making a grand entrance (geddit?)

from systems. Its nut-locked action on the strings, combined with the ease of adjustment and free floating mechanism, making it a superb device for those players who like to loosen all restraint and play rubber bands against the

frets' games. I have marked (and growing) preference for the Floyd Rose type against the Kahler (it seems to me to have a much more responsive feel) but there's no doubting that the Kahler

works like a dream on the 400, endowing it with the manic trem abilities which traditional Gibsons have lacked.

Whether it changes the Explorer's much-loved fiery sound is impossible to say, of

course, because the Alder body and new pick-ups make so much difference on their own that comparisons with the 400 against a standard Explorer are impossible to make. All the same, this model didn't seem to lack any

sustain (one charge sometimes levelled at Kahlers), nor did it seem at all deficient in tone.

The 400's sound, however, took me by surprise. What I tend to value most about Gibsons (apart from their superlative playing qualities) is a warmth and sweetness of tone - but the Explorer 400 is very much more savage in its sounds than I had been expecting. The pick-ups appear to compromise a Dirty Fingers model by the bridge and what amount to a split pair of two humbucking halves as the single coil type.

The result is a monumental ball to the walls, tidal wave of sound from the bridge humbucker which contrasts very nicely with the more refined sound from the single coil pick-ups.

The tone from this new Explorer really does suit the HM fanatic. Plugged into a wall of Marshalls, it'll flatten the furthest row of your audience on the back pick-up or screech at them from the single coils - and the Kahler just makes it all the more suitable for flash

pyrotechnics.

From the point of view of price though, this sort of excellence does look off-putting - especially if you take the 'around £1,000' estimate from the distributors Rosetti as the real figure, you'd expect to have to pay. The trouble is that Rosetti won't give recommended retail figures on Gibsons, and their pessimistic 'guide' figure is perhaps unfairly off-putting. It represents what you might expect to pay without much of a discount and it would only take another £100 sliced of this whack from a more ambitious dealer to put Explorer 400 in a closer competition with some of the top British and other American makes, not to mention one or two of the premium Japanese types.

It also has the attractions of possibly being a bit of an investment which will - most probably - hold a good resale price. Even so, I'm afraid I can't award it better than V.I. on the value for money scale, although it's certainly a hell of a guitar for the night player.

GARY COOPER

Gary Cooper

DOUBLE VISION

SESSION SG 210 MONO/STEREO HEAD £295

QQQ VVV SESSION AREN'T one of those manufacturers who quietly go around looking at everyone else's products before they launch a new model. Indeed, in their relatively short history they've won an enviable reputation for coming up with fresh new ideas at almost every turn - and never more so than on the innovative SG210 stereo mono amp head that I've recently been trying.

Before you start wondering what possible use a stereo head could be to you when you only have a mono guitar, have a quick look at the effects units you own - especially if a chorus or flanger happens to be among them. Ever bothered to take any account of its 'stereo' facility? Well, Session have.

The point of making this amp stereo/mono switchable is simple yet incredibly clever (it's effective too). Used with a normal guitar, the SG210 functions as a monumentally loud 250 watt RMS MOSFET powered guitar amp, equipped with switchable channels (in true Sessionette style) providing you with both clean and overdriven sounds.

Use it with a stereo effect, on the other hand, and the SG210 splits to 125 watts per side stereo operation, enabling you to get some amazingly rich and smooth cross-fade sweep effects when used with two speaker cabs.

But this isn't, by any means, the sole attraction of the new Session. The amp almost bristles with clever ideas, some of which reside on the front panel, others of which live on the back.

Starting with the ins and outs (literally), the SG210 offers four speaker outputs (enabling you to use two cabs per stereo side) and has two Monitor outputs, each of which has a level control. These let you drive a slave amp but have one of the most clever reverse functions that you'll find in a month of Sundays - they also enable you to input stereo sources into the Session, and control their level and balance via the rotary pots.

This feature could have a multitude of different uses, but suppose you kept your ideas simple and just used them to enable you to feed in either a sequencer pattern, drum machine or stereo cassette complete with backing track? It really could be one of the most beneficial innovations in years!

The Session's front panel controls are equally individualistic, confirming this feeling I have that Session really put a lot of genuine practical thought into their products and look at their designs from the point of view of a player.

Take Channel A for example. This provides Overdrive, Volume and Filter controls (the latter being a passive tone control, carefully tailored to be particularly effective when

you're switched onto Channel A's Overdrive sound).

This channel also has an 'Eq Set/EQ' in rocker switch which lets you either use the sound you've set-up on the three tone controls provided on Channel B (middle, treble and bass) or provides a pre-set tone which you can vary with the use of Channel A's Filter pot. This way you can flick the footswitch and either run straight from your established clean sound to the same thing with distortion dialled in via the Overdrive pot, or use the pre-set to give you a very different sort of distorted sound.

Beneath Channel B's three tone controls, you also have another switch which lets you set the channel switching manually. There are also master volume and reverb depth pots, the latter controlling the built-in Accutronics spring reverb.

The final facility is the one which lets you use the stereo option. This comprises three jack sockets - a single 'send' and two 'returns'. Connected to drive your stereo effects unit, you can also switch the Session's sound from conventional stereo to what the makers call 'stereo wide' - an enhanced stereo effect (not unlike that found on some all-in-one cassette players) which increase the apparent stereo separation and will prove invaluable when you have to place your two speaker cabs close together.

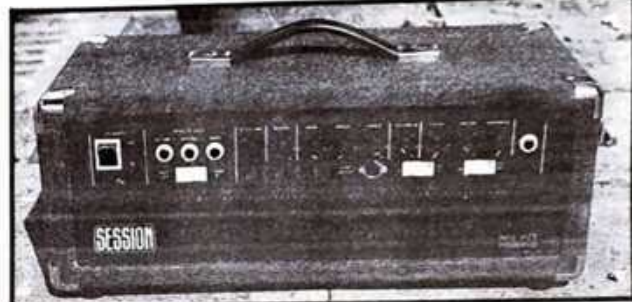
Clean sounds on the SG210 follow the tradition for fabulously sparkling response established by the much-vaunted Sessionette. A Fender Strat will cut like a razor blade with this amp, and yet it still did superb justice to my SG, being capable of a warmth and sweetness which I didn't, perhaps, anticipate.

Set to Channel A's overload, especially when you're employing the pre-set tone, the sound can be set up to deliver a far greater range of overdrives than you'd expect from what is, in reality, a bit of a 'take it or leave it' tonal option - at least on the face of it. The reason the overdrive works so well on its pre-set lies in the way the Session has been 'voiced' by the makers, but it also owes a lot to the surprising amount you can achieve by using the Filter control.

This option (in essence) appears to allow you to add-in a packet full of high frequencies, effectively changing the nature of the overload from a good impersonation of a traditional smooth valve-amp sound through to a much more contemporary aggressive attack which will drive a lot of head-bangers into ecstasy.

From several angles then, the Session SG210 is both a really clever and eminently usable amplifier head. Add these features to a fine clean sound and that typical Session overload and you've got a really versatile amp as a result. It's monstrously loud too, so at £295 the Session SG210 has got to represent an impressive bargain.

SG210 MONO/STEREO HEAD
a really clever and
eminently usable amp
Pic: Gary Cooper



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GARY COOPER

WIN ROLAND GEAR

SOUNDS has got £4,314 worth of **Roland** equipment to give away – enough to equip a whole band. And we've divided the booty up to make five *big prizes you could win!*

FIRST PRIZE is a **Modular MIDI keyboard set-up** to make any keyboard player the envy of his colleagues. It consists of a **MKB-300 Mother Keyboard** – vital central controller of any MIDI-based system which can be used with any MIDI module or keyboard – and an **MK-10 Piano Module** to get your modular MIDI band fired up with some top quality piano sounds.

Total value: £1,940!

SECOND PRIZE is the perfect package for any modern guitarist – a **Super Cube Lead 60** combo, equally at home on stage or in studio; **Boss CE-2 Chorus** and **VB-2 Vibrato Pedals**, both featuring Roland's renowned FX circuitry; a **DR-110 Dr Rhythm Graphic** combining the sophistication of modern electronic drum sounds with the simplest operation; and a **TU-12 Tuner** for instant and easy pitch-checking.

Total value: £730!

THIRD PRIZE is a treat for home recording buff and stage musician alike, consisting of the versatile **Cube-60 Keyboard Combo**, two useful percussion extras in the **Boss PC-2 Percussion Pedal** and **HC-2 Handclap Pedal**, and the natty little **DB-11 Dr Beat Metronome** to keep your timing synchronised.

Total value: £594

FOURTH PRIZE is a luxury extra for anyone who already has a drum machine, or a useful and fun unit for anyone starting out on the road to computer rhythms – a **TR-727 Rhythm Composer/Latin Percussion**. Based on the highly successful 'conventional' TR-707 machine, it combines superb quality percussion sounds with logical and straightforward programming.

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FIFTH PRIZE will free any keyboard player from being tied to his instrument banks. It's an **Axis-1 Remote Keyboard Controller**, which can be used with any MIDI keyboard or synth module and offers probably the best range and most sensible style of control of any of the sling-on genre of instruments – quite apart from increasing your pose value by a thousand per cent!

Total value: £500

HOW TO ENTER

ON THE coupon below are three simple questions to answer. Tick the answer you think is correct in each case and then tell us, in not more than 12 words, why you'd like to be a Roland MIDI Musician. Fill in your name, address and other details and send to **SOUNDS/ROLAND COMPETITION, Unit 5, Seager Buildings, Brookmill Road, London SE8 4JT**, to arrive not later than first post on Monday March 3 1986.

Winner of the first prize will be the sender of the correct entry with the most apt and imaginative tie-breaker. Winners of the remaining four prizes will be the senders of the four next-best tie-breakers, in descending order. Normal Spotlight competition rules apply.

SOUNDS/ROLAND COMPETITION COUPON

Answer the following questions (tick one answer per question):

1 Roland launched two sampling keyboards at NAMM last month. One is called the S-50. What is the designation of the second?

a) S-10 ☐ b) S-30 ☐ c) S-70 ☐

2 Roland introduced a 'classic' drum computer which is still favoured for certain sounds despite its early vintage. Which is it?

a) DR-99 ☐ b) PC-44 ☐ c) TR-808 ☐

3 The Juno family of synths has been one of Roland's most successful lines. Which of the following is *not* a genuine Juno model?

a) Juno-4 ☐ b) Juno-6 ☐ c) Juno-106 ☐

TIE-BREAKER: I'd like to be a Roland MIDI musician because (not more than 12 words):

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PHOT GUYS: Top: MKB-30 Mother Keyboard with Boss PC-2 and HC-2; Centre L-R: Super Cube Lead 60 Combo with Boss DB-11 and TU-12, Mk. II Piano Module, Axis-1 Remote Keyboard and Cube 60 Keyboard Combo; Bottom L-R: Boss CE-2 and VB-2, TR-727 Rhythm Composer, Boss DR-110

Douglas Cape

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The MT-21 has the added thrill of automatic rhythm backing, with rock, slow, waltz and swing tempos to choose from. All for just £69.00 (RRP).

Moving up the musical scale, the Casio MT-80 has a whole lot more to offer for £275.00 (RRP). Instrumental sounds include trumpet, flute and clarinet and the twelve auto-rhythms cover everything from march time to disco beat and a whole range of Latin rhythms.

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VIOLENT FEMMES: a band with a checkered background

VIOLENCE IS GOLDEN

RICHARD THOMPSON
(Guitar, Vocal) (Hannibal
H&B 4801) ****

THE ULTIMATE drool for Thompson fans, rescued from Island Records' discard pile, with one side of quaint Farpoint Convention rarities and three sides of doodlings with Linda, spanning 1967 to 1976.

From the bright, clean precision of 'Time Will Show The Way' to the deliciously extended build-up and crescendo of 'Night Comes In', you can explore the character of Britain's finest guitar stylist at leisure. In contrast to the puny penis thrusts of most wham-bang-thank-you-mam one-minute wonder guitar heroes, Thompson has refined the art of the long slow comfortable screw. All it takes is a little self-control.

HUGH FIELDER
LL COOL J 'Radio' (Def
J&M DEF 26745) ****

THE LATEST streetwise US 90s label turns up a mixed bag selection for its first UK release.

Rumour had been rife that the relentless rap of LL Cool J, which is accompanied in the main by a pulsing cheapo 80s machine and several 90s scratches, bares some of the not only to Run-DMC, but also to Yes and AC/DC. An interesting glimpse of ideal and a new-coming platter with potential, but, hear before you buy.

Yes, there's a metallic guitar scratch, a few bongos too, but you'd have to be too close to grasp the well-known combined downflow of any of the mentioned names. In that ball game, LL falls flat

on his ass.

Alternatively, 'Radio' is a good rap/hip-hop statement. Streets ahead of Run-DMC, and far more minimal to boot, it never quite gets in the same league as Kurtis Blow's recent 'America' set but it has some neat touches.

Side two has the hottest fodder. 'Rock The Bells' has the raunchy guitar, 'I Need A Beat' is much more advanced and the remaining three carry on the rhythm. Side one's closing cuts – the slow, haunting 'I Can Give You More' and the rampant 'Dangerous' – come out best and once you get into the Cool J mood the opening cut (and new single), 'I Can't Live Without My Radio' hits the right notes.

'Radio' is pretty timeless, though. The subject might be closer to the mark, but the delivery isn't that fresh. Sure, there's a spark there but it's not bright enough (yet) to lead a rap revolution.

DAVE HENDERSON

EEK A MOUSE 'King And I' (Original Sounds
OSLP 1001) ****

THE MOUSE That Roared is far too bizarre a character to fall for the old cheese in the trap of container reggae. And onwards, he still lets fly those curlicued 'Biddy bong bengs' that belong on the soundtrack of a Sergio Leone movie, while taking the odd mouthful out of the cat of imagination.

The 'King And I' is well juiced and weeded, and occasionally regal. It glimmers with the idiosyncratic humour that so attracted Doctor Robert and The Blow Monkeys to Eek. It would, however, be a disservice to give the

impression that the singjay is all chuckle and no squabble.

The Mouse That Ate Its Tail is canny at taking one through a Pinky And Perky guided tour of Jamaica, pin-pointing local eccentrics like his brother Roach and the vendors of food and drink who scratch a living in Kingston.

Judging by the lyrics, Eek obviously loves to munch and guzzle and it's a pity that the backing musicians on the first side aren't equally voracious.

Take a march through the flip, though, and the textures begin to open out. The Mouse That Couldn't Make Up His Mind tells us about the fickleness of macho men yet, in the next breath, proclaims how all the girls are, ahem, sexy for him.

The difference between mice and men is a squeak that's sometimes much too weak.

JACK BARRON

STEVE REICH 'The Desert Song' (Nonesuch
979-101-1) ****

THERE I was, parked in front of the soap module for my favourite show *Thames News*, only to be regaled by the joyous tidings that the tube carriages of the metropolis are to be decorated with snatches. Oh, snatches of verse (ahem), past and present ('the boy stood on the burning deck/playing a game of cricket' – Shelley), and the example used to illustrate the scheme was by William Carlos Williams. It went something like, 'I found a tin of peaches in the fridge and I scoffed the lot.'

Anyways, Willy is Steve Reich's mainman when it comes to the rap for 'The

VIOLENT FEMMES

'The Blind Leading The Naked'

(Slash US import 253401) ****

IF RECKON that if the Violent Femmes hadn't decided to put all their energies into being a rock band they would have ended up as a gang of serial killers leaving a trail of corpses behind them as they shifted from state to state.

Here's how they'd do it. Pick some geeky little town and knock on the doors promising salvation to anyone who would listen to their special message. They'd have a bible in one hand and a meat cleaver behind their backs. As soon as they'd got their victim on their knees, sobbing great tears of revelation, WHACK! They'd let them have it. Express delivery to the pearly gates.

As a band they perform the same purpose, they hit you hard and send your senses to heaven. The Femmes' promise of salvation is no idle burble to impress, they want to convert you, heart and soul, to their vision. Gordon Gano, Brian Ritchie and Victor De Lorenzo are depicted as psychedelic icons on the front of their third testament, each with the cold killer eyes of a jealous saint that defies you not to worship.

The back photo shows the Femmes engaging in a bout of Bruegel (the Flemish painter, kiddies) tinged surrealism as they lounge around a hairdressing salon, their arms sleeved inside the throats of giant groupers. An astonishing image that alas, fails to fully impregnate the grooves of this record.

'The Blind Leading The Naked' plays it slightly safer than their previous pair. Still, sandwiched between two short shots, 'Old Mother Reagan' and 'Two People', is a promisingly bountiful harvest, reaped for your ears by producer and Talking Head Jerry Harrison. Even when they play it ordinary as in 'Faith', a gospel boogie rocker where James Brown arm wrestles with Canned Heat, they still manage to sound extraordinary. When they take some little rock cliché to an extreme (as on 'Breakin' Hearts', which re-animates the spirit of Buddy Holly's 'Peggy Sue'), a sensual shudder ripples down your backbone.

The Femmes music is still refreshingly primitive in this age of techno rock. Why bother to hook up to an expensive synthesiser which sounds like every other expensive synthesiser when the effect you want can be got by jamming a Jew's harp in your mouth? For added texture, rhythm and movement the Femmes have employed The Horns Of Dilemma who have now added the extra guitar talents of Fred Frith and Leo Kottke to their ranks.

The result is that the music roars with a gale one second only to subside into a cool breeze the next. Whether it blows you away, however, is entirely up to your state of mind but given time you'll be converted and rewarded for your faith. Hallelujah and pass the meat cleaver.

(The Blind Leading The Naked' is released in the UK on February 21)

EDWIN POUNCEY

all – I would love to see Richard Lloyd live, as potential guitar heroes (on record) can never resist breaking out (on stage).

The eight minute title track is the best pointer to Lloyd's musical prowess, where the song is mixed in the middle by some John Cale-esque guitar business. Brilliant. Come over soon Dickie, Britain needs you.

NEIL PERRY

JOHN AVERY
'Nighthawks' (Final Image
FIB 2) ****

THE MAN with the throbbing bass from the ranks of the much praised Hula now steps out on his own for a sporadic vignette of succulent vinyl. Gone are the rampant multi-layered rhythms. Absent, too, is the holocaust-becoming extremity of Hula at their dirtiest. John takes time to get mellow.

Eno would turn in his pit. This is mood music that spells ambient with a capital performance. Created for a theatre score, Nighthawks meanders, somewhat aimlessly at times, through a series of tinkling tunes, relaxing only to press the deep hypnotic trance button.

On paper, I thought 'Nighthawks' would be a giant no-no, but on vinyl it does work. Sure, you've got to be in the right mood and, of course, you won't be expecting the usual Hula-riot. With that in mind, Avery succeeds – after all, Eno spent aeons producing such things and he came out cash-handed.

DAVE HENDERSON

TIM STORY 'Three Feet From The Moon' (Union
U027) ****

WOLLO 'Traces' (Ciada
C003) ****

TIM'S IS the perfect bedtime story. No words, but who needs them when piano-based sketches can be as expressive, poignant and mysterious as these?

The subtle use of synthesiser, vibraphone and guitar embellish the sense of eerie wastefulness and more often than not I find myself flicking through old photograph albums, reading those letters... This is the affable American's third LP and already I'm yearning for the fourth.

Erik Wallø (unfortunate, that) is a young Norwegian. This is the only thing he has in common with A-ha. Relief.

There are vague parallels with Tim Story but Erik prefers the abstract to the narrative and consequently 'Traces' is less easy to pin down. Perhaps Eno meets ECM would be a hairy, lazy description... A-ha? O-ho.

DAVID ELLIOTT

Desert Music'. This is indeed art. Having a degree and a pair of loafers I qualify for an Arts Council grant to enjoy modern composers – and I do like Glass, Nyman and others – but when all's said and done/at the end of the day, it's either a good earful or it's not.

'Girlie Girlie' it's not – this is quite hard work, not overly depressing but somehow it seems gloomy and the 'hypnotic' nature of most passages unaccountably fails to hypnotise. For a pop mentality it does improve enormously with repeated playing, but this doesn't translate as readily as Philip Glass. I guess I'm just a sucker for a tune.

ANDY HURT

BOBBY BLAND
'Members Only' (Malaco
MAL 7429) ****

GREAT SOUL voices don't die, they simply fade into the background and wait for their turn to come around again. But finding new material for them when the fickle wheel of fashion turns their way again can be a problem. Gary US Bonds had Springsteen on his side, Bobby doesn't have that advantage but he does have his blues roots to make even the hoary 'In The Ghetto' sound convincing.

Trouble is, the familiarity of the song is distracting, but the next two tracks, 'I've Just Got To Know' and 'Straight From The Shoulder', provide a clear view of the unique and undiminished emotional quality of his voice. A pity the second side doesn't match up.

HUGH FIELDER
RICHARD LLOYD 'Field Of Fire' (Mistur MLR
48) ****

A Bit like Bruce Springsteen:

if he'd been brought up in Milton Keynes, 'Field Of Fire' cruises along on its own dynamo of angst-driven guitar chops.

'This album is dedicated to the lodestone' it says on the sleeve. Yeah, well... what I do know is that Richard Lloyd can combine the mild with the mean to produce convincing high-energy rock. 'Soldier Blue' is a clinical but effective example: 'Take a look at my friend Johnny – he's got no hands, no legs and no feet...'. I laughed out loud to myself when I heard this song, but whether that is intended or I need treatment I'm not sure.

A razor sharp production enhances the tightness of it

FROST REPORT

THE ICICLE WORKS 'Seven Singles Deep' (Beggars
Banquet BEGA 71) ****

THIS IS a bad sign arising. Compilation albums invariably spell artistic blockages, bands breaking up or label displeasure. When it's shoved out for cheap, the forehead wrinkles become even more prominent.

The Icicle Works don't ever seem to have been in the right place at the right time. Discovering an undying urge to be The Byrds and seeing all things psychedelic came just before the 13th official psychedelic revival. The points were lost.

There was a close miss in the shape of Love Is A Wonderful Colour – a flowery relic to challenge 'Green Tambourine' and 'A House Is Not A Motel' – but as for the other half dozen extended, mangled and manhandled tunes on this album, there's little to get blasted to.

In the giant scheme of things that God (or Alan Freeman) has created, the great compilation, or greatest moments challenge, will sadly see The Icicle Works slide pretty low down in the pecking order. Give me a Byrds 'Best Of' or The Greatest Hits Of The Yardbirds, that's what I say.

'Seven Singles Deep' is unfortunately a flat option. Around the corner there's a brighter world with Shrubz, Flowerpot Men, Wedding Presents, old Elektra compilations and Kent 51. Hey, I'll see you in the next world...and don't be late.

DAVE HENDERSON

HOT ROCKIN'

SELECTED BY ANDY HURT

GOLDEN BROWN

GATEMOUTH BROWN The Duke-Peacock Story Volume 1 (Ace CHD 161) ****

ONE OF the more enduring names of the post-war R&B scene, Clarence 'Gatemouth' Brown is generally referred to as a pioneering guitarist, and while there's no denying the melodic tastefulness of his rhythmic picking, it shouldn't be forgotten that Brown's plaintive vocal tones added much to the instrumental bedrock.

Few of the tracks on this album stand out as great songs (with the possible exception of 'Too Late Baby'), but if pennies make pounds, this adds up to a few bob's worth of quality. There - a totally meaningless line to spoil an otherwise sensible write-up. Never get too serious!

If I was to say that 'Anarchy In The UK', 'White Riot' and 'Your Generation' excluded, nothing of any lasting value came out of the punk era, you would call me a complete dickhead and you would be right. So for all you sons (and daughters) of punk, who look no further than Presley, Cochran and Chuck Berry for rock and roll, boy for girl are you missing out! Try and get to listen to some of these beauties...

VARIOUS ARTISTS
'Rock And Roll Pills' (Sun LP 1023) *****
'Hot Southern Boppers' (Sun LP 1024) *****
'Rockin' Rollin' Country Style'

(Sun LP 1030) *****
'Sunset Special' (Sun LP 1035) *****
'Rock-A-Billy Blues' *****
'ROCK AND ROLL PILLS' is made up primarily of previously unissued tracks, many of which clearly rank among the top flight. Much credit is due to the inspiringly monickered Ding Dong (who compiled all five records) for unearthing Wade and Dick's 'Wild Woman' cha-cha, Barbara Pittman's 'Voice Of A Fool' and others. Great stuff.

'Hot Southern Boppers' features the original version of Warren Smith's 'Red Cadillac And A Black Moustache', with the drummer hitting what sounds



GATEMOUTH, Kid Creole without the hat.

to be a milk bottle - but at least he keeps a steady beat, which is a lot more than can be said for the bloke with St Vitus' dance who blunders through Slim Rhodes' 'Do What I Do'. Slim's fine 'Take And Give' and Ernie Barton's 'She's Gone Away' star alongside the likes of Orbison and Riley on another cracker.

I seem to recall reading somewhere that Malcolm Yelvington took out his dentures to sing, and the evidence of Maic's four tracks and the five other country cousins rounded up on 'Rockin' Rollin' Country Style' indicates a universal dental deficiency. The best numbers from a decent Gum Club

collection are Yelvington's 'Mr Blues' and Onie Wheeler's happy 'That's All'.

Another daft theory: that the best Sun music was made by the folk with the silliest names. 'Sun Set' is more or less carved up by Roy Hall, Eddie Bond and Ray Smith and is the least special of the quintet. Why? I think we should be told.

There's a quaint tradition observed by those responsible for the artwork on rock and roll albums, whereby they contrive on every tenth record to ensure that the track listing on sleeve and label bear not the faintest relation to one another. 'Rock A-Billy Blues' had this

added bonus to keep the reviewer on his toes, but you don't catch this boy out, no sirree Bob!

Jack Earls top scores with half a dozen of the 14 selections, which also find room for Carl Perkins, Gene Simmons (No, not that one! - Ed), Luke McDaniel, and the guy who sounds as though he sang with his socks in his mouth, Charlie Feathers. A self-explanatory title with more than satisfactory content.

CHARLIE RICH
'Original Hits And Midnight Demos' (Sun CDX 10) ****

I MUST admit I find it difficult to visualise the silver-haired scionally merchant of the '70s churning out a series of fine gospel-fuelled piano-fired late '50s rockers and ballads. But here's the proof, a double album of hits and rarities that places him closer to Ray Charles than to stablemate Jerry Lee, a surprising amount of soul and a lot of quality.

DION 'Lovers Who Wander' (Ace CH 163) ****

THE BUCK stops here! The veritable plethora of 'The Good Old Days or what?' of Dion Di **** in 'Mucci material issued by Ace has presumably come to an end, Lovers Who Wander' completing the catalogue of original product. But then Sherlock Holmes was killed off only to be miraculously revived when public demand (ie ackers, spondulicks, wampum!) made Conan Doyle see (financial) sense.

So, while we await the faults from the vaults (and what about their 'Together Again' album?), how does this disc rate on the Dion scale, which ranges from breathtaking brilliance to

bowel-breaking mediocrity? Well, apart from some of the flattest backing vocals ever condemned to vinyl on 'The Twist', this isn't too bad. OK?

EDDIE COCHRAN
'Hollywood Sessions' (Rockstar RSR-LP 1099) ****

ROCKIN' GROUNDSMAN Tony Barrett certainly deserves an award for his near obsessive pursuit of rock and roll minutiae: in the world of nit-picking, he's the biggest nit (only joking). Tone - a gag for our readers, average mental age three and a half, you know the score!

The track-listing opens with 'Jelly Bean', 'Take Two/False Start', 'Take Eight/Long False Start', 'Take Nine/False Start', 'Take Ten/Complete Master'. Clearly this is not intended for consumption by the average rock fanatic. This is for the Cochran fanatic, for the guy who names all his kids Eddie regardless of sex and really is interested in hearing for himself how their boy built up an instrumental such as 'Guybo' with overdubs.

A few well-researched 'newies' are the well-earned trophies of a genuine labour of love. Way over my head.



"OK, EDDIE, take 359..."

SPRING BORED



TALK TALK: Happiness is... um, we seem to have forgotten

TALK TALK 'The Colour Of Spring' (EMI EMC3506) ****
TALK TALK always come over as one of those anonymous, annoying groups that you'd love to dismiss, but who every so often come up with a glorious track that snaps at your heels 'till you're hooked, and the whole love/hate relationship continues.

When you divorce the music from the makers you're left with a rich collection of lovingly crafted landscapes. Colours poured on angst to produce a tender tapestry of love and torment whose mellow moods drift into oblivion.

The spacious 'Chameleon Day' almost falters before it starts as occasional sounds compete with silence to conjure up a thematic wasteland. All very atmospheric, all very soporific.

Mark Hollis' voice always sounds tortured, so even optimistic titles like 'Happiness Is Easy' belie a troubled episode fresh out of joy. Talk Talk are not a happy band. Don't ask them to smile, it doesn't suit them.

The drums seem permanently set on Laid Back as an hypnotic air swamps the album. One song blands into another, rising briefly for the single 'Life's What You Make It', where the bass keyboard walks a neat line.

Never exactly brimming with youthful impetuosity, TT have washed their hands of exuberance and settled on melancholia which, by 'April 5th', has begun to wear thin. You can only surmise that anything that might have added life has long since dozed off.

Success soothes the savage breast, the crippling disease of complacency gnaws at Talk Talk's heart rendering it redundant and all the while the drums tread their weary path.

The simple strength of 'Give It Up' is intoxicating and you love them again but... only for a moment.

KEVIN MURPHY

BLACK SABBATH
FEATURING TONY IOMMI
'The Seventh Star' (Vertic VERH 29) ****

WHAT'S IN a name? What's happened to respect, integrity, honour for tradition? Point a finger at the top dogs, the ones who titled Tony's album for him. They stand accused.

Don't be misguided. Those who are expecting Black Sabbath, as in Geezah, Tone and Bill, are in the wrong part of the universe. The symptoms suggest that this

should really be a 2 1/2 project.

No more Geezah. He's replaced by Dave 'The Beast' Spitz, whilst Glenn Hughes has taken time out from gorging on confectionery to add some enriched vocals. But the project reveals the LA smog in Tone's head.

No more chugging Sabbath sledgehammers. Just homogenised, glossy LA tunes, any aggression killed instantly by the silky touch of Jeff Glixman. And as a solo project, that'd leave us with a pretty good album.

Indeed, it is Iommi who valiantly fuels affairs, superbly channelled aggression revealing itself on 'Turn To Stone' and 'Danger Zone', both bristling with Iommi's re-charged enthusiasm. The gentle lull into false security - this is a good album, yeeeah, Sabbath are... back?

But then it suddenly hits home hard. Sabbath aren't back, because this simply isn't Sabbath. Think of it as Tony Iommi, think of it as The Farts if you must, but don't think of it as Sabbath. That

will only serve to impair any enjoyment you can derive from this album.

So whilst Ozzy laughs at this, the ultimate sin, and Geezer disassociates himself from the whole affair, spare a thought for a wounded soldier. How could Tony Iommi possibly perceive such a reaction to the good name of Sabbath being resurrected? A good album, a famous and respected name, where could it go wrong? And anyway, what's in a name? Everything.

STEFFAN CHIRAZI

DO RE MI 'Domestic Harmony' (Virgin V2367) ****

AUSTRALIANS - HOW serious and worried they are in this throb. Remember we met before and listened to 'Man Overboard' together? Now, don't expect more outback langour or mere disenchantment. No selection of sunny stories, this is a country where even 'that dog is vicious with a smile on his face' - did you shiver? - where men make women tired and hot and tribal and irritable.

This is a nuclear land where 'Cuttlefish Beach' is a crab tangling crazily on the shore, little more than broken claws, where an accent can flip a verse at such a seductive pace it's a powerball eating Dextroal. The word is menace.

Somehow, it can't all shoot the moon - in essence, Do Re Mi are light rock with appreciable guitar picking. But what they have that other bands don't is Deborah Conway, whose not un-Helen Reddyish tones billow with such self-obsession it matters more than anything. Beneath the sheer weight of the voice, its brutalising, accusatory force, everything is a bleached bone.

Oh sure, she's indulged, but we all should be, and too wordy, but the taut bush bite lifts the verse like a kite. Don't listen to the nagging of the sombre and trite ('After The Volcano', the precariously named 'Big Accident'), swelter in 'Idiot Girl', 'Warnings Moving Clockwise', 'Man Overboard'. Steam in a callous female tongue, and a beat so pared its thighs tremble, anticipating, in the sand.

GLYN BROWN

BEACH WAILS

VARIOUS ARTISTS
'Beach Party' (Big Beat) ****

THE TRIALS and tribulations of trying to market a surf-beach-barbecue album in the middle of winter must be innumerable. But Big Beat, in all their Hawaiian shirt and shorts enthusiasm, present 16 tracks of mondo-boogie all ready for the next basketball ace to kick sand in your face.

So pull back the sofa, tip a ton of sand onto the living room floor and put a higher wattage bulb in the angle-poise. Plastic picnic set at the ready, just uncork the Vimto and slip 'Beach Party' onto the turntable.

Thrill to the sound of The Delmonas' demolition job on 'Peter Gunn Locomotion', hand round the tacos with Joe King Carrasco, whistle along with The Surfin' Lungs and marvel at The Legendary Stardust Cowboy. With Lash Lariat, the excellent Sugar Ray Ford, The Sting-Rays and the wild and witty Screaming Blue Messiahs, too, you can't really go wrong.

'Beach Party' is ideal rockin' party muzak, perfect for when everyone wants to take time out from the latest Whamalong. Hear those guitars scrape and try to work out how most of the bands get such terrible drum sounds. You might even end up with a sun tan.

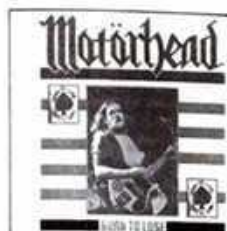
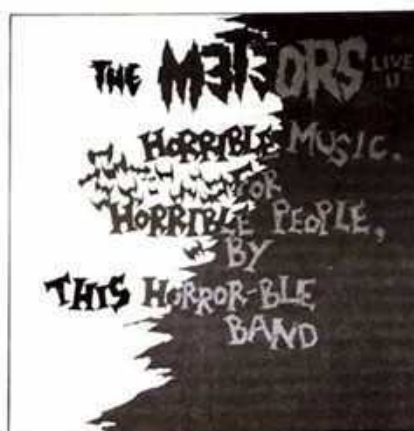
DAVE HENDERSON

MORE ALBUMS ON PAGE 47

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LIVES

SPRATT'S LIFE

PRIDE

London Wag

WHEN SOME bright spark came up with the proverb *pride comes before a fall*, they obviously hadn't budgeted for Sade, as a revamped Pride, her original backing band, rejoin the circus in an attempt to muscle in on her action.

The backless dress spot has been filled by a neat woollen sports shirt, as modelled by the delicately featured, diminutive Christian, whose voice belies his size as it soars from beneath a cute cosack's hat.

The cast may have changed but the plot remains the same as they retrace their soulful steps. Every song shimmers from beneath a generous application of polish that often threatens to gloss over any emerging vitality, which, if not an endearing trait, is certainly an achievement considering the venue. On moments like 'Conspiracy', where a John Barry style bass line weaves in 'n' out of some healthy rhythms and 'You Won't Break Me Now' where the chorus tips a hat at Diana Ross' 'Muscle', you get a glimpse beneath the veneer to the heart.

They move in the same twilight circles as Simply Red, though Pride at least don't rely on reverential rehashes for an easy ride, boasting as they do the Smooth Operating writing talents of Ray St John amongst their ranks.

It's sad to reflect that the only memorable thing to emerge from the jazz/soul resurgence is Sade's forehead, making it doubly hard for anyone without such an asset to gain prominence. Christian's voice may have more soul than his rigor mortis-riddled predecessor and the songs may occasionally escape the confines of an elevator but, without that forehead... talent might not just been enough.

KEVIN MURPHY

SAGA

Hammersmith Odeon

THE GRAND, sprawling complexities of their music are both apt to Saga's name and inevitably very tiring.

They're not cheapskates in terms of technical expertise, attractive songs and high-gloss lighting effects, but I couldn't help feeling changed for energy and vitality. Saga have the resources to grip and excite, but they use them only sparingly amidst acres of lush mediocrity.

With vocalist Michael Sadler taking a curiously passive role, their rapport with the crowd was at many times awkward, and it's this uneasiness which leaves their live presentation so painfully under-strengthened.

'You And The Night' (Sadler on crooning stool) was the one song that fared well even without any additional visuals apart from the polish of the lights. Others, like 'What Do I Know' (shades of Heaven 17, and sorely lacking the female vocal) just passed quietly by making little or no impression.

A flabby and protracted dual drum workout added the final proof that Saga are best savoured on record and avoided in concert.

PAUL ELLIOTT



"HOLD ON, kids, I'm not quite getting the right vibes..." Steve Double

MARILLION

Hammersmith Odeon

UP UNTIL the release of 'Misplaced Childhood' I'd held firm to a shallow and fickle misconception of Marillion - that they were a lumbering anachronism, fattened on escapist and nostalgic indulgences. By rights, that third (studio) album, a painstakingly intricate conceptual ramble, should've consolidated, not undermined, those old impressions.

However, 'Childhood' is a rarity, a jewel in the rough amongst the many concept albums puffed out with pompous grandeur and self-importance. It has a unique character, direct, purposeful, engaging, often poignantly personal, thought-provoking, even challenging... and it makes a dramatic and uplifting live set piece.

Chameleon-like, the 45-minute novelette took on countless changes of colour, with moods developing from the bittersweet (no pun intended) recollections of 'Kayleigh' to the darker, ebbing 'Perimeter Walk'. Ultimately, it seems a little strange that a work which occasionally broods with near-suicidal intensity should also bring upon the band hit singles, household notoriety and tabloid spreads.

Yet whatever its contradictions and irregularities, 'Misplaced Childhood' surely qualifies as a success (both artistic and commercial) which will naturally burden Marillion with a number of problems. For example, it'll be difficult enough just trying to follow, let alone transcend, this (infant) prodigy.

PAUL ELLIOTT

RING

THE BANGLES

Bristol Bierkeller

A MERE four dates into their strenuous Euro trek and LA's Bangles are positively bursting with energy. Robert Plant skulks at the back of the hall while punters aplenty press pimply youths into the stage bulkhead. The Bangles are shining.

The night after their triumphant nationwide TV lip-synch on *Wogan*, the girls are adding new meaning to 'raunch' with a good hour's worth of mainly new material from their upcoming album. The old favourites like 'Liverpool' and 'Hero Takes A Fall' are in evidence and, of course, there's that magnificent Prince penned single 'Manic Monday'.

It's getting decidedly sticky underfoot as Vicki and Suzanne's guitar battle reaches a head, but those classy four part harmonies that were so effective on the record send the harshest tingles down the spine.

The pace never lets up and the response is justifiably over the top. But can these Bangles really be that good? Damn right. Just check that cover of Alex Chilton's 'September Girls' for pure power and you've got to be brave (or mad) to encore with a spaced out, speeded up version of Love's frantic 'Seven And Seven Is'. And The Bangles can write great pop tunes, too.

They score high on the fun-o-meter. People dance and prance like lunatics in front of the stage. Barber shop harmonies subside into funky punk. There's a hardcore edge to some of the numbers, a brutal beat that brings out the ego fraternity, but The Bangles are mainly about melody and emotion.

After two encores Robert Plant is still tapping a toe (or two). The Bangles came, they saw, they Banged. F***in' A Buddha.

DAVE HENDERSON

EASTERHOUSE

London University
 Union
 If THE Red Wedge isn't exactly up your street, roaring Tony Danamies turn you off, and Smiths-style romanticism makes you cringe, then I guess you could jump on the Easterhouse bandwagon. Oh, what it is to be a red radical! Seems like everyone's got a cause these days. Get Back to Russia! Inspiration! Hunger strikers! stuff like that should just about spell it out for you.
 Well, called named Easterhouse stand grim about eating a neat slice of Doors-influenced pop to which they added lyrical wit. It's quite fresh at first. A full-on blues sound grafted on to guitars and Andy's expressive voice. But, alas, Easterhouse can't move. Their sound seems stuck in contemporary, 1960s pop and rock. I suspect (do these people know what yet) some of the Russian geese in the band are like this. And don't these guys a little bit of a bunch of bastards! They never change. Even on this only preach and their beliefs.

Needless to say, at this Revolution Communist Party event where a mass of red-bushes were on display, they went down a storm. What was it Billy said about wearing patches?

SALLY GETHIN

THE INCA BABIES

Finsbury Park Sir
 George Robey
 AS THE TAT tune, place that name and revive that idea. In such a short time allows the Inca Babies to continue. They are another band who took The Birthday Party's place as a form of stimulus. Their future - which is all it can be described as - is based on their inferiority and insolent ideas.

The romance, the melodrama and the mystery that wrapped The Birthday Party's earthy dramatics into a perpetual suspense is not even half achieved by The Inca Babies. They haven't got the perception of Nick Cave to cast a well-turned lyric, or the ability to create an aura of ambiguity around their spoken words. Their only selling feature is that they have managed to make a career out of grunting, farting, whacking, burping

HALF MAN HALF BISCUIT

Kentish Town Bull And Gate

"JESUS CHRIST, Come on down!" was the cry. So he did. From his perch on Robin Gibson's beer glass, the man of holes and hosts perched on my call to watch a Liverpool soap opera called Half Bad Half Bastard Goes To Trumpton. Sitting on my call Jesus Christ is content and soon making intimate unspoken conversation with The Virgin Mary who clung to the slender leg of the girl standing behind me. The girl's eyes matched the poetry of her name. Shelley We attempted to stand on the same spot because the pub was so crowded. I love crowds. I decided.

This one was alcoholic and partly blimped with haircuts from blunt scissors and sang all the words to Half Gold Half Shit's pastie face chips mushy peas and gravy Northern whine. "Hello, where do you come from?" asked the Liverpool lad. Tonight most of the boys had scurried from the shadow of the Liver Building. They were here to cheer their local giggle box of giggles made good. Half Crunch Half Crumbs, a band whose main saving grace is they've kept the Cult swineherds off the prime slot in the indie charts for weeks.

"I comes from the Isle Of Dogs," said Shelley pronouncing it like Eden. Half Heaven Half Hell descended into the stinking pit of stupidity with 'On The Trail Of The Lonesome Pine'.

And so this has to be said: Half Fun Half Idiot play an asexual, nervous anti-pop whose very subject matter, TV and sports, trivialises their potential. It is however, possible to fall in love to their noise, albeit briefly.

I shook Jesus Christ from my trouser leg and trod on him. He was swept away with the broken glass. If this is the state of pop in 1986 I'm putting in for a transfer to 1990.

JACK BARRON

and always plopping. Hardly the stuff of rock and roll legends.

The Inca Babies make a loud, nasty noise purely for the sake of it and if that's all they can offer I think I'll leave it.

RON ROM

STEVE REICH AND MUSICIANS

London Dominion
 PERHAPS WE'D expected too much? After the somewhat cumbersome Proms-premiered 'Desert Music' last summer, Reich's compliant eight-piece ensemble was an altogether more appealing prospect.

And it was a fine performance. Reich's semi-patented kaleidoscope effect of rhythms and counter-rhythms, phrasing and modulation was never short of mesmerising, and a sold-out Dominion Theatre made it clear that his standing in Britain is as high as ever.

The ludicrously simple but gloriously effective 'Clapping Music' (Reich and Bob Becker providing the pinkies) is the most basic example of the Technique: one performer repeating the same pattern throughout, the second varying the downbeat, resulting in a curious phasing effect. 'Drumming Part 3' (glockenspiels, actually) and the new piece 'Sextet' are

elaborations of this principle and work perfectly.

What was disappointing, though, was the inclusion of 'Vermont' and 'New York Counterpoint', the former for flute, the latter for clarinet, both with musicians playing against a pre-recorded tape. Beautiful pieces, the pair, but not exactly rivetting theatre. And at just over an hour of music, I think we at least deserved an encore.

DAVID ELLIOTT

THE PRISONERS

THE PRISONERS are the sort of people who used to be paperboys who would say hello to in the supermarket and like to have as next door neighbours. They are good old-fashioned lads in the truest tradition of English suburban culture. Their girlfriends are probably sweet in an ordinary sort of way with names like Jackie and Tracy.

The Prisoners are an honest band making an honest but undistinguished vibrant row. They are loud and sometimes entertaining. In their older days they used to be a little more psychedelic but now they've learnt the error of their folly. Now they go straight for the mod audience. I've always had a soft spot for mods and anybody who was anybody was a mod at some time in their lives. I was no exception.

I also like mods because they are the only sort of audience who seem to be genuinely enjoying themselves. The Prisoners, for the most part, make it easy for them.

I don't like nostalgia, though, as it always stands in the way of the future and The Prisoners are too nostalgic. With their big chords, catchy '60s-ish vocals and bluesy organ they take us back down memory lane, when they should be taking us somewhere else.

This is no doubt the time for action but The Prisoners' action will always remain a secret affair.

RON ROM

JOY OF LIFE

Hammersmith
 Clarendon
 THE CROWD thinned a little. The neatly misnamed Joy Of Life constitute a different kind of denseness from the moronics of the League (cancelled) who had been expected. In a different society, Joy Of Life would probably whip anyone who popped down for a casual look. But, as things stand, they restrict themselves to a

kind of rock 'n' roll show.

I'm informed, loudly, that their strident, perversely impressive noise echoes Death In June's finer moments, and I believe it. Live, they strip off the Fallisms, rockisms and (real or sarcastic?) subtleties that adorn their rather good mini-album. They give us a dark, holocaustic whirlwind that functions something like the disorientating strobe behind it... and which might be in the (unenviable?) position of re-treading a fairly uninspiring path incredibly well. Strange.

Visually, they alternate between a sluggish approximation of Lloyd Cole (bass, vox) and an intelligent one of Jaz Coleman (vox, keyboards, dance, dance, dance...), with two shadier characters covering guitar, more keyboards, and drums. Though they're a little messier than need be, when they lean on the keyboards the threat of top-heaviness fades and a dirtied diamond glints through the mesh.

Joy Of Life win out because they're occasionally inspiring, and because they seem obsessive enough (wild-eyed) to carry it off further than this. Now - who'll be obsessed with them? There's a tricky one...

ROBIN GIBSON

THE NOSEFLUTES/BAD TUNE MEN

Hammersmith
 Clarendon
 I ASSUME the odd assortment of characters who go to make up The Noseflutes were thrown together by finding lucky (hah) numbers under their seats at The Really Really Stupid Bastard Show. Nah - these fellows are probably sane enough and would like to pick Noel Edmonds to pieces with tweezers and feed his flesh to exotic rodents. But they are a rum bunch: the baseball cap and scarf-wearing violinist wears a green sweatshirt proclaiming 'Welsh Mountain Zoo Colwyn Bay'. The guitarist has so much cotton wool in his ear he resembles a Gremelin. The singer is a happy fellow, an American friend murmurs "Gang Of Four" and I don't argue. Curious.

Before the polytechnic harriers came the Bad Tune Men. Being a betting man I have been amused by Bad Tune Man Mr Creepy's racing hints - he recently recommended the only horse I've ever seen fall at the water jump. These men are strange too, nearer the Shock Headed Peters than Nana Mouskouri, but not really too close to

anyone. 'The Lines Are Down' is damn fine and the Americans find the acerbity (great word eh?) too much for tender ears. Egad! Humour as well - these people deserve to be heard. Prepare thy lugholes!

ANDY HURT

FIERY THE ANGELS

Fell
 Finsbury Park Sir
 George Robey
 STICKY FINGERS and skeletal structures. Fiery The Angels Fell (boastful buggers - just look at the name) would like to have one of each in the pie of immortality. How permanent a concern this is, I couldn't say.

Right now they're tramping through something all jagged and dirty and stretched out that was 'Not Fade Away' in a past life. And I'm working out ways for a band which is patchy but patchily crucial - due to the presence of two ex-Rent Boys, singer/saxman/part-time genius Simon and drummer Mikal - to veer

towards full-time intoxication status.

Same goes for when they roll out a sparse, shredded rhythm and guttural narrative affair called 'Success', and I wish I could hear all the words because it's then that the violence/beauty/baseness of Rent Boys Inc rears its devilish head again and I start to grin and revel in the grimace.

I daresay the two persons (guitar/bass) who are undoubtedly the nucleus of FTAF will hate all this: but they can do things too - I've just told you where they got there (loose as in 'Loose'). Then again, too often they're just solid... cool, but colluding with the rock fraternity and unashamedly parading mid-period Cure LPs for inspection.

Too much (formative?) timid guitar and too few tantrums/too little tension. A short set, some sharp impressions. Temporary, perhaps, but one or two jewels in the crown on a nomadic head, nevertheless.

ROBIN GIBSON



AUSGANG, with a nose job

David Travis

GANG STARS

AUSGANG
 Birmingham

WITH SEMI-shaven heads and completely hairy armpits, Ausgang are the kind of band who - ten years after punk peaked - are still clinging to a past which has been, gone, and is now relevant only to pop historians.

That such bands still have a devoted audience is more of a tribute to the power of that extraordinary era than the validity of their music today.

They're screeching not so much to the converted as to those poor souls who - like Teddy Boys in the '60s - still believe that some sort of Golden Age is not lost forever, but merely taking a breather between pogos. Unfortunately, nostalgia never has been much of a substitute for inspiration; and by tying themselves to a sound which is so impossibly dated and so instantly recognisable, Ausgang remove any chance they may have had of stamping their own individual image on your soul.

This was not a gig, it was a ritual in which all the old gods bared their gums at the newer idols which have taken their place. Unless they start having some new and original thoughts soon, Ausgang are in danger of finding themselves classed as closer in spirit to the likes of Shakin' Stevens - recycling tired and rusted images - than they are to anything which is alive and challenging.

GEOFFREY S KENT

MASTERS



"Kilts: a big fash, now"

Greg Freeman

BUDDY RICHES

BUDDY CURTIS AND THE GRASSHOPPERS
Brixton Fridge

'DA FRIDGE', darker and larger than the Chicago Bears' number 72, with its walls of television screens running video scratchings of the space shuttle disaster (bad taste), and New York graffiti and breakin' (a false cure-all for club failure), is alive with pearsoons searching for a late-night snack, their craving satisfied by a stage full of Buddy Curtiss And The Grasshoppers.

Through the nicotine mist, a crude rope and pulley rigging from WWII drapes from balcony to stage: adorable saxist Rag Reed is jerked along off-cue, gets stuck halfway and is reeled back over the heads of the laughing lunks for a second stab (a far fly from Lee Thompson of Madness).

Perfectly synchronised steps, hair and suits nourish the packed Fridge to sway hallelujah hands and wiggle phalanges, the rope still hanging in front of the Dexter Brothers' faces. My French companion selects Floyd as the best 'Bluebell' boy in the line-up. 'He's a nice guy and I like very much the moves of the voice.'

No time to gather strength. Les Hoppers de L'Herbe burst from one song into the next, grinning and romping across the stage, almost but never quite colliding. They play soul/rock and roll in their own spirited big-band style far more satisfying than a nocturnal slice of cheese on toast!

MONICA CADY

THE BOOMERANG GANG

Embassy

THE PAINT-by-numbers guide to 1986 pop success starts here. The Boomerang Gang are holding the brushes, their record company mixes the oils.

One: make sure you have five relatively attractive fellows in hand to form the band; don't make the common mistake of choosing even one person likely to elicit the response: 'Yuck!' Always remember, there's no room for ugly ducklings in the pop swamp.

Two: do not sign any band with any innovation or honesty - that only makes life difficult. It's always safer to have an empty vessel that you can fill with the sound of a million other currently successful bands. With The Boomerang Gang, you have a mixture of, say, Frankie, Duran Duran, Tears For Fears and A-ha. Which reminds me, we'd best pack our bags and go find a Norwegian band before we lag too far behind on that score.

Three: once you've got your boys looking good, make everyone aware that you've something to sell and that you want people to know about it. It will naturally get Radio One airplay and coverage in the glossy magazines, but try for the music press too, as it's worth trying to get some credible press if you can.

Four: give 'em six months, and if nothing happens dump them.

RON ROM

BELTANE FIRE

Hammersmith Odeon

ONCE the novelty value of a double bass has diminished (after about two songs), Beltane Fire take on staggeringly boring proportions. Back in January their ceaseless jiggling resonance virtually sent me to sleep, but second time around (again a support to Marillion) matches and coffee ensured full consciousness for their 40-odd minutes.

BF II'll resist the temptation of a cheap joke) veer towards the interesting every now and then, although most of the good moments are swamped in a numbing Celtic drizzle that lacks the bite of a Lizzzy and the magnetism of a U2.

They take themselves far too seriously, launching into grating sub-Alarm tritronics and mauling mock-medieval melodies (Ercalibur! Forget it, lads) when a lighter feel would've been more welcome.

Those sporadic flashes of quality are vaguely encouraging, but at present

manage to pass an Oxford St suit off as a King's Road suit, while the backing tapes present the challenge of working out who's playing what and whose voice is whose.

The timbale-bashing, horn-playing vocalist looks like Fergal Sharkey but wishes he was Sheila E, and the petrified drummer could pass for the drum-beating rabbit of the Duracell advert, the bouncing and nodding two-step of the bassist made me dizzy. YL's pop is marinated in loud percussion, but they missed the boat before it left the dock. A case of trying too hard.

MONICA CADY

TRANZAM/CHARLIE MOUSE

Dingwalls

IT'S NIGHTS like these that raise the question: is grand old heavy metal playing dead or just taking the piss?

Almost before it's even begun growing up, metal's trundling merrily off into senile decay. Both Tranzam and Charlie Mouse, two of tonight's showcase acts, displayed that odd coupling of musical naivety and world-weary lyrics which has successfully stubbed out much of the genre's life and energy over the years.

Charlie Mouse are a stale blue joke heard a few times too many (WASP minus the know-how, anyone?), whereas Tranzam apparently wish to be taken seriously. They're yet another wild bunch with an axe or two to grind, jerking and dribbling frantically with all the cohesive nervous energy of a beheaded chicken. Dead from the neck up.

Their riffing was legless and their songs unwavering - all sadly symptomatic of the illness which has left heavy metal, the dying man of contemporary music, sick as a dog.

PAUL ELLIOTT

MORE LIVES ON PAGE 55

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2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2684, 2685, 2686, 2687, 2688, 2689, 2690, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2695, 2696, 2697, 2698, 2699, 2700, 2701, 2702, 2703, 2704, 2705, 2706, 2707, 2708, 2709, 2710, 2711, 2712, 2713, 2714, 2715, 2716, 2717, 2718, 2719, 2720, 2721, 2722, 2723, 2724, 2725, 2726, 2727, 2728, 2729, 2730, 2731, 2732, 2733, 2734, 2735, 2736, 2737, 2738, 2739, 2740, 2741, 2742, 2743, 2744, 2745, 2746, 2747, 2748, 2749, 2750, 2751, 2752, 2753, 2754, 2755, 2756, 2757, 2758, 2759, 2760, 2761, 2762, 2763, 2764, 2765, 2766, 2767, 2768, 2769, 2770, 2771, 2772, 2773, 2774, 2775, 2776, 2777, 2778, 2779, 2780, 2781, 2782, 2783, 2784, 2785, 2786, 2787, 2788, 2789, 2790, 2791, 2792, 2793, 2794, 2795, 2796, 2797, 2798, 2799, 2800, 2801, 2802, 2803, 2804, 2805, 2806, 2807, 2808, 2809, 2810, 2811, 2812, 2813, 2814, 2815, 2816, 2817, 2818, 2819, 2820, 2821, 2822, 2823, 2824, 2825, 2826, 2827, 2828, 2829, 2830, 2831, 2832, 2833, 2834, 2835, 2836, 2837, 2838, 2839, 2840, 2841, 2842, 2843, 2844, 2845, 2846, 2847, 2848, 2849, 2850, 2851, 2852, 2853, 2854, 2855, 2856, 2857, 2858, 2859, 2860, 2861, 2862, 2863, 2864, 2865, 2866, 2867, 2868, 2869, 2870, 2871, 2872, 2873, 2874, 2875, 2876, 2877, 2878, 2879, 2880, 2881, 2882, 2883, 2884, 2885, 2886, 2887, 2888, 2889, 2890, 2891, 2892, 2893, 2894, 2895, 2896, 2897, 2898, 2899, 2900, 2901, 2902, 2903, 2904, 2905, 2906, 2907, 2908, 2909, 2910, 2911, 2912, 2913, 2914, 2915, 2916, 2917, 2918, 2919, 2920, 2921, 2922, 2923, 2924, 2925, 2926, 2927, 2928, 2929, 2930, 2931, 2932, 2933, 2934, 2935, 2936, 2937, 2938, 2939, 2940, 2941, 2942, 2943, 2944, 2945, 2946, 2947, 2948, 2949, 2950, 2951, 2952, 2953, 2954, 2955, 2956, 2957, 2958, 2959, 2960, 2961, 2962, 2963, 2964, 2965, 2966, 2967, 2968, 2969, 2970, 2971, 2972, 2973, 2974, 2975, 2976, 2977, 2978, 2979, 2980, 2981, 2982, 2983, 2984, 2985, 2986, 2987, 2988, 2989, 2990, 2991, 2992, 2993, 2994, 2995, 2996, 2997, 2998, 2999, 3000, 3001, 3002, 3003, 3004, 3005, 3006, 3007, 3008, 3009, 3010, 3011, 3012, 3013, 3014, 3015, 3016, 3017, 3018, 3019, 3020, 3021, 3022, 3023, 3024, 3025, 3026, 3027, 3028, 3029, 3030, 3031, 3032, 3033, 3034, 3035, 3036, 3037, 3038, 3039, 3040, 3041, 3042, 3043, 3044, 3045, 3046, 3047, 3048, 3049, 3050, 3051, 3052, 3053, 3054, 3055, 3056, 3057, 3058, 3059, 3060, 3061, 3062, 3063, 3064, 3065, 3066, 3067, 3068, 3069, 3070, 3071, 3072, 3073, 3074, 3075, 3076, 3077, 3078, 3079, 3080, 3081, 3082, 3083, 3084, 3085, 3086, 3087, 3088, 3089, 3090, 3091, 3092, 3093, 3094, 3095, 3096, 3097, 3098, 3099, 3100, 3101, 3102, 3103, 3104, 3105, 3106, 3107, 3108, 3109, 3110, 3111, 3112, 3113, 3114, 3115, 3116, 3117, 3118, 3119, 3120, 3121, 3122, 3123, 3124, 3125, 3126, 3127, 3128, 3129, 3130, 3131, 3132, 3133, 3134, 3135, 3136, 3137, 3138, 3139, 3140, 3141, 3142, 3143, 3144, 3145, 3146, 3147, 3148, 3149, 3150, 3151, 3152, 3153, 3154, 3155, 3156, 3157, 3158, 3159, 3160, 3161, 3162, 3163, 3164, 3165, 3166, 3167, 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The Ultimate OZZY

OUT NOW!

**NEW ALBUM
+ CASSETTE**

EPC 26404

40-26404

**OZZY
OSBOURNE**

The Ultimate Sin

Epic

marquee
90 WARDOUR ST. W1
01-437 6803

Thurs 13 February (Adm £3.50)
THE SWEET
Plus Winters Reign & Martin Ball

Fri 14 February (Adm £3.50)
Valentine's Day & 10th Anniversary of
EDDIE & THE HOT RODS
Plus Support and Rick Hendry

Sat 15 February (Adm £3.50)
THE RENT PARTY
Plus Support and Martin Ball

Sun 16 February (Adm £3.50)
THE GEOFF MANN BAND
Plus Support and Martin Ball

REDUCED ADMISSION TO STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARDHOLDERS AND MEMBERS

GARY GLITTER

LIVE ON STAGE AT MIDNIGHT THURSDAY 20TH FEBRUARY

ADVANCE TICKETS ON SALE NOW! SEE THE CAMERON LEWIS & LINDSEY SHOW AT 10.30pm
CLOUTIER BY THE DOOR! ADVANCEMENT BUSINESS THE SHOW AT 10.30pm ADVANCEMENT

NATURAL DISASTER ADAM
12. Broken Bones (X-TRAX)
13. The Test Tube Babies
14. The Stargazers
15. The Godfathers
16. The Godfathers
17. The Godfathers
18. The Godfathers
19. The Godfathers
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26. The Godfathers
27. The Godfathers
28. The Godfathers
29. The Godfathers
30. The Godfathers

THE LATCHMERE
503 Battersea Park
Road London SW11
01-223 3549

Wednesday 12th February
35th MAY
Thursday 13th February
TRIMMER & JENKINS
"Big Time Showband"
Sunday 16th February
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
Monday 17th February
JOHNNY ROCCOS
Tuesday 18th February
LEN BRIGHT COMBO
(Eric Gordon + Bruce & Russ
from The Minshakes)
Wednesday 19th February
THE RHUBARB TARTS

NEW MODEL ARMY
+ GHOSTDANCE

Tues 25th Feb
IN THE GREAT HALL,
QUEEN MARY COLLEGE,
MILE END ROAD, LONDON E1
Doors open 7.00pm
TICKETS: £3.00 adv. £3.50 door
Box Office: 080 4811 4342, LTR: 439 3371,
Premier: 240 8771, Stargreen: 734 9532,
Keith Prowse: 741 8988
The Cage (Great Gear Market) Kings Road
352 4286
Nearest Tube: MILE END/STEPNEY GREEN

The **SILVER LADY**
Presents
AUNT MAY
Feb 13th Adm £2

Box Office: 0-2201
240 8888 (over 100 Tottenham) 01-556 3201

TRENT POLY
SHAKESPEARE ST., NOTTINGHAM

Saturday 15th February
PETER AND THE TEST TUBE BABIES
8 to 12pm — Adm £3

THE HALF MOON
93 Lower Richmond Road
Putney SW15. Tel: 01-788 2387

Thursday 14th February
MEMPHIS SLIM (USA)
+ THE DE-LUXE BLUES BAND

Friday 15th February
STEVE MARRIOTT'S PACKET OF THREE

Saturday 16th February
STEVE GIBBONS BAND

Sunday 17th February
BOOGIE BROTHERS BLUES BAND

Monday 18th February
RONNIE BOND BAND

Tuesday 19th February
MEANTIME
(Formerly MORRISSEY MILLER)

Wednesday 20th February
BOB KERR'S WHOOPEE BAND

THE CRICKETERS
KENNINGTON OVAL, SE11
01-735 3059

FEBRUARY

Wed 12th
JOHNNY ROCCOS

Thurs 13th
THE STARGAZERS + TOM INGRAM

Fri 14th
BIG HEAT
(Bill Murray & Co from La Isenard
& The Runners Home)

Sat 15th
Pete Thomas from The Godfathers Band

Sun 16th
THE GLITTER BAND
35th MAY
"All the love and more"

Mon 17th
THE BALHAM ALLIGATORS

Tues 18th
STAN WEBB'S CHICKEN SHACK
Back and Back

Wed 19th
ALTERNATIVE TV + RHUBARB TARTS

Thurs 20th
RAW HO + FLOYD

Fri 21st
JAMIE WEDNESDAY + THE HAT BAND

UNDERGROUND
21 High Street, Croydon CR1 1HQ 0533 888888 & N. East Croydon
Open Thursday to Sunday 7pm-11pm

Thursday 13th February
THE FLOWER POT MEN + Shadowland £2.00

Sunday 16th February
THE FALL + Support £4.00

Thursday 20th February
IN TWO A CIRCLE + All About Eve £2.50

Sunday 23rd February
MARCH VIOLETS + The Mighty Lemondrops £3.00
Coming soon...

Dave Howard Singers, Red Larry Yellow Larry, 20 Flight Rockers

Advance Tickets from H & R Coaches, 23 High Street, Croydon or with Sat. Post Card

Please Note: Sundays are from 7-11pm

THE FOX
413 GREEN LANES, N13
01-886 9874

BR: Palmers Green
Tubs: Wood Green

Wednesday 12th February
GUANA BATZ

Friday 14th February
DUMPY'S RUSTY NUTS

THE GREEN GATE
228 Bethnal Green Rd, E2
01-739 4290

Friday 14th February
THE K. KHAN BAND

Saturday 15th February
GERRY McAVOY BAND

Sunday 16th February
NATIONAL GOLD

Sunday 22nd February
THE PIRANHAS
+ Support: THE RHUBARB TARTS
(Admission £2.00)

ADMISSION FREE
7-12 Fri-Sats + 7-11.30 Suns

MCP Presents The St. Valentines Massacre

MÖTLEY CRÜE

Plus Guests

Cheap Trick

HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE
FRIDAY 14th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.
SATURDAY 15th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.

Tickets: £6.00 (£5.50)
Available from B.O. Tel: 01-748 4081/2, LTR, Premier,
Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Aldermare & Stargreen
To The Memory of NICHOLAS "HAZZLE" DINGLEY

MCP Presents

BELOUIS

Plus Special Guests

TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB, KENTISH TOWN
TUESDAY 25th FEBRUARY 7.30 p.m.

Tickets: £4.50 Adv £5.00 Door Available from B.O. Tel: 01-747 3354,
LTR, Premier, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Aldermare & Stargreen,
The Cage, The Gear Market, Kings Road

Fri 21 Feb

HULA

DIF JUZ

WEDNESDAY 21 FEBRUARY 1986
8.30pm
Woolwich Coroner (by Woolwich Ferry) SE18
£3.50 (£1.50 Concessionary cards + UB40 only)

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

GREENWICH LEISURE

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
+ THE SHOP ASSISTANTS
Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction
Thursday 6 March. Doors open 7.30pm.
Woolwich Coroner (by Woolwich Ferry) SE18
£3.50 (£1.50 Concessionary cards + UB40 only)

MARCH VIOLETS
+ The Duellists, The Mighty Lemondrops
Thursday 20 March. Doors open 7.30pm.
Woolwich Coroner (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 Ferry Road, SE18
Greenwich Theatre Box Office: 01-741 8989, SE18, 10.30pm only

MCP Presents

ACCEPT

Dokken

HAMMERSMITH ODEON THEATRE
SATURDAY 5th APRIL 7.30 p.m.

Tickets: £6.00 (£5.00)
Available from B.O. Tel: 01-748 4081, Stargreen, Premier,
Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Aldermare & LTR

FEBRUARY PROMOTION

All Semi Display copy to be in
this office by the following time
Feb 22nd Issue - 5.30pm Thurs Feb 13

THE BULL IS STILL ALIVE
262 UPPER RICHMOND RD, EAST SHEEN 01-876 6964

Fri 14 Feb
Sat 15 Feb
Fri 21 Feb
Sat 22 Feb
Fri 28 Feb

"VALENTINE NITE SPECIAL"
JUVESSENCE + THE LOOSE MOOSE BAND
THE GODFATHERS + THE GUNSLINGERS
SHOTGUN BRIDES + WASTELAND
MAJOR FLOOD + FUSHA SHOCK
"HEAVY ROCK NIGHT"
JOKERS WILD + DIRTY MOVES
ANTZ AVENUE + GOTHAM CITY WRECKERS

Sat 1 March
Bar till 1 o'clock
Last admission 10.30 pm
Please phone for details on prices and times

THE SLEEPING PICTURES

THE HOLE IN THE WALL GANG
(Formerly Pleasure in Pink)

THE BROADWAY, Clarendon, Hammersmith
Wednesday 19th FEB
11.30pm FREE LAST MARINE SINGLE ON THE DOOR!
Debut singles distributed by Backs, The Cartel

THE WELLINGTON
Shepherds Bush Green
For Booking and Info: (0923) 772733

Thursday 13th February
JOKERS WILD + MARIENTHAL
(from France)
Alices Restaurant Roadshow
nearest tube
Shepherds Bush (Central Line)
Open 7.30-11pm

Wednesday 19th February
NEVADA FOX
Chain Reaction
Admission £2 on door
Open 7.30-11pm

THE SIR GEORGE ROBEY
240 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD,
LONDON, N4
(opp Finsbury Park tube)
01-263 4581

Wed 12th Feb
STEVE MARRIOTT'S PACKET OF THREE

Thurs 13th Feb
STAN WEBB'S CHICKEN SHACK

Fri 14th Feb
THE GODFATHERS
(SUN PRESENTS)

Sat 15th Feb
IGGY QUAILE
FREE JAZZ SESSION
GENO WASHINGTON
+ WINTERS REIGN

Sun 16th Feb
FREE JAZZ WITH
IGGY QUAILE
JOHNNY ROCCOS

Mon 17th Feb
FIRE NEXT TIME

Tues 18th Feb
THE HOUSEMARTINS
SAT 6.30pm

Wed 19th Feb
DUFFO
+ 25th MAY

Thurs 20th Feb
ALTERNATIVE T.V.

Let us hear your views on 12.20pm (21st Nov 85)
Reservations please phone 01-741 8989

THE 100 CLUB
100 OXFORD STREET, W.1.
Thursday 13th February

WILKO JOHNSON
LEN BRIGHT COMBO
(ex-MILKSHAKES)

Tues 18th Feb and Thurs 20th Feb
"Monster Two Night
Punk Festival"
Adm £2.50

BROKEN BONES
X-TRAX

Tuesday 25th February
THE METEORS
Coming...

AUNT MAY
THE MARIONETTES
GUN WHARF

93 CURRENT 93/
SICKNESS OF SNAKES
'Nightmare Culture'
(LATAH LAY 14)****
UNSAVOURY BASTARDS.
Down Culture Street, they'd
snore a couple of minutes
and be throwing up on each
other's boots in no time -
voluntarily, of course.

93 Current 93 (Tibet,
ignorant, Balance, whoever)
are by turns disgusting/
terrifying (if you're in the
mood), disturbed (if you're
not), and darkly
charming (if you care). The
surreal of the 93ers has
always eluded me - tapes,
albums, voices travelling
horribly backwards,
horribly on time.

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horribly backwards,
horribly on time.

ROBIN GIBSON

POPUL VUH 'Spirit Of Peace' Coda

93 Current 93 (Tibet,
ignorant, Balance, whoever)

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ignorant, Balance, whoever)
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horribly on time.

PENDRAGON "Moving Into Higher Circles"

FEBRUARY:
15 WARRICK University
16 PLIMOUTH, Poly
17 PORTSMOUTH, Poly
18 EXETER, St George's Hall
19 LONDON, Poly
20 LONDON, Poly
21 LONDON, Poly
22 LONDON, Poly
23 LONDON, Poly
24 LONDON, Poly
25 LONDON, Poly
26 LONDON, Poly
27 LONDON, Poly
28 LONDON, Poly
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30 LONDON, Poly

MARCH:
1 LONDON, Poly
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29 LONDON, Poly
30 LONDON, Poly

Check Venue for entry details.
CHECK PRESS FOR
ADDITIONAL DATES

MARCH WARES

THE MILKSHAKES 'Talking 'Bout' (Milkshakes MILK
0)***1/2 **THEE MIGHTY CAESARS 'Beware The Ides
Of March'** (Big Beat WIK 45)****1/4
IN 1600 and God knows when, the dastardly Dutch swanned up
the Thames and did a Mary Rose number on the English fleet
at Chatham. Our history books prefer to let that inglorious fact
remain a well-kept secret.

Another rather more open secret to emanate from Chatham
was The Milkshakes who, with their natural heirs Thee Mighty
Caesars, have (along with The Deep Freeze Mice) been the
most prolific album putters-outers of the '80s.

Here are the earliest and latest examples of the Medway
beat. The re-issued Milkshakes debut exhibits a Duane Eddy
and Link Wray fetish that colours their *Thank Your Lucky Stars*
pop. Some of it is lousy, some superb - the instrumental crap
of 'Ruhige Beat' is followed by the inspired vocal 'After
Midnight'.

Milkshaker Billy Childish serves up only the second Caesars
long player, and they've been going at least six months! Two
Doddleys, a Wray and three from Childish make up an adequate
second half, but side one really swings it, 100 per cent
Childish-ness song-wise, including the outstanding 'You'll Be
Sorry Now' and 'Little By Little'. The second chapter of this
musical equivalent of *I Claudius* reads well. To be continued...

ANDY HURT



THE MILKSHAKES: Flavour of the month

Eugene Dwyer

that's given them cult status
(as opposed to absolute
obscurity) is their
collaboration with the cult
persona of film director
Werner Herzog. *Aguirre,
Nosferatu and Fitzcarraldo*
are just three films for which
Popul Vuh have provided
soundtracks.

'Spirit of Peace' - as close a
definition as any to the
'feeling' of Fricke's musical
idealism - includes another
(dramatic choral) Herzog
snippet, this time for his film
about German rock climber
Reinhold Messner. The title is
a piano piece from a while
back - the true soul of peace.
'Song of the Earth', the side's
closer, is also naggingly
familiar - a hushed spiritual
lullaby.

Side two, taken up entirely
with 'Take the Tenthion Girl',
sees Fricke and longtime PV
member Daniel Fichelscher
create an underplayed yet
hypnotic psalm of guitars and
voices.

You will never see Popul
Vuh (in 15 years they've not
once played live) and chances
are this new album will be
difficult to find. Persevere -
it's worth it.

DAVID ELLIOTT

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Signature Tunes'

(Cocoteau JC 13)***
THERE IS something likeable
about Bill Nelson - I even

bought one or two of his
records, dammit - but in
listening to his music you
always get the feeling he's
playing at being someone
else. There's a tiny David
Bowie and a tiny Brian Eno
kicking a tennis ball around
in his ideas department and
the numskulls in Bill's bonce
are too scared to boot them out.

This Cocoteau cocktail
naturally has a Nelson base,
ol' cheekbones having a hand
in at least half of the dozen
tracks selected to represent a
six year history, while the
remainder bear the Nelson
stamp of approval. It all
seems so earnest - if Bill
covered 'The Laughing
Policeman' I'd expect him to
leave out the laughs, and on a
point of levity A Flock Of
Seagulls' prototype

'Telecommunication' adds
some welcome light relief.
The two Flat Lux
contributions and a couple of
Eno... sorry, Bill's ambient
pieces succeed, and To
Heaven A Jet and Bill's
Yukihiko Takahashi
collaboration fail, while the
Nelson/Jobson instant work
of art, 'Iyayay', provides an
unintentional comic interlude.
Best effort by several miles is
Man Jumping's 'Belle Dux On
The Beach', so slick and
melodic it isn't even
pretentious, which makes one
wonder how it ever ended up
on the label...

With hindsight, I think I

should have written this
entire review in French.

ANDY HURT

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'The Dance Hits Album'

(Towerbell Records TVLP
8)***

ALL DANCE cuts culled from
recent charts, wrapped in a
suitably tasteless, gaudy
'sleeve concept', and fired
straight back at the very
charts which spawned them.
Those key words say it all:
'As advertised on TV'.

Compilations are not
necessarily worthless per se.
There are many that are
damn near essential; records
which have gathered together
material - much of which we
might never have heard
otherwise, and certainly could
not have afforded - and
endowed it with a sense of
identity and a place within
our lives.

From Lenny Kaye's
'Nuggets', through all species
of small label connections
right across the spectrum to,
say, 'The Best Of Sam And
Dave'. But reshapes of chart
bites like Billy Ocean,
DeBarge, Mai Tai's 'Body And
Soul' and (yet again) those
bloody Conway Brothers
have no place in my living
room, or bedroom. And the
only reason I shan't be
exchanging this at Record
And Tape's Notting Hill
Rarities Section is because I
never got round to buying

The Commodores'
'Nightshtif'

ROGER HOLLAND

HANK WILLIAMS JNR 'Are You Sure Hank Done It This Way'

(Warner Brothers 240 518-
1)***

SOMETIMES enjoy the
virtues of fine country music:
its dignity, its strength, its
tragedy, its courage and its
humour. This brave and basic
music is, almost by definition,
close to the elementary
human emotions.

But no matter how many
bouquets the pundits and

punters alike place at the feet
of (Randall) Hank Junior, the
man still seems too
pre-disposed towards empty
humour and unpalatable self-
congratulatory bravado for
my liking.

However, I cannot deny the
uncharacteristic grace and
yes, essential dignity of 'A
Country Boy Can Survive', the
stand-out track here. And
only a fool could deny that
the video for 'All My Rowdies
Friends Are Coming Over
Tonight' is one of the better
examples of the art, so
perhaps Hank Junior is doing
something right after all.

ROGER HOLLAND



TOUR

OPENING

SUNDAY 14th BRIGHTON, ESCAPE CLUB
MONDAY 15th COVENTRY, BUSTERS
TUESDAY 16th STOKES, SHELLEY'S
WEDNESDAY 17th LEICESTER, THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE
THURSDAY 18th COLCHESTER, THE WORKS
FRIDAY 19th GREENWICH, TUNNEL
WEDNESDAY 20th NOTTINGHAM, PALAIS
FRIDAY 21st "THE TUBE" (Live TV Performance)

O MARCH

SATURDAY/SUNDAY 1st & 2nd LONDON, MARQUEE
(Admission Tickets From 10.00)

FRIDAY 7th READING, PARADISE
SATURDAY 8th LIVERPOOL, POLYTECHNIC
THURSDAY 14th BUDDESFIELD, POLYTECHNIC
FRIDAY 15th USTRIDGE, BRUNEL UNIVERSITY
SATURDAY 16th PORTSMOUTH, POLYTECHNIC
SUNDAY 17th SOUTHAMPTON, RIVERSIDE
TUESDAY 18th SHEFFIELD, THE LIMIT
WEDNESDAY 19th LEEDS, WAREHOUSE
THURSDAY 20th PRESTON, PARADISE
FRIDAY 21st CLEETHROPES, WINTER GARDEN'S
SATURDAY 22nd BIRMINGHAM, THE PORTLAND

NEW!

4 TRACK 12" EP
"HOT GIRLS IN LOVE"
AVAILABLE THRU PINNACLE RECORDS

TO ADVERTISE
CALL ANDRINA
01-387 6611

FULHAM

HEAVY ROCK WITH:

APRIL 16th

+

SUPPORT

At 'THE SWAN'

Fulham Broadway,
Saturday 15th Feb.



TANTRUM

MONDAY 17th FEB.

THE EMBASSY CLUB,
OLD BOND STREET,

Live on stage: 9.00pm

Have you heard

THE FORCE

New Merlins Cave
15 Feb

SHIFT

LONDON (Jubilee Park Road Greyhound [01-385 0526]) Wire Train/Picture
near
LONDON (Kingsway Ashford Road Oak Minkind Some Some
LONDON (Kewbury Main Street Rose And Green The Palokas
LONDON (Hammerhead Lane) [01-749 6081] Mobley Cruise/Cheap Trick
LONDON (Newman Mill Fadder [01-961 5490] Bagdady
LONDON (New Mid Half Moon [01-274 2734] A Bigger Splash/Fox/Fear Of
Pong
LONDON (High Barnet Hill Rag Club/The Pretty Things/Burg Stool
LONDON (Kewbury Town Bell And Gate [01-485 5558] Big Chief
LONDON (King's Arms New-Norfolk's Cafe [01-837 2097] The Force/Hat
LONDON (New Capton Road Lind Cecil [01-533 0475] Grants
LONDON (New Crocketts [01-785 3059] Giller Band/35th Of May
LONDON (Palace Street 100 Club [01-636 0938] Max Collic's Rhythm Aces
LONDON (Pinney Hall Moon [01-788 2342] Steve Gibbons Band
LONDON (Pinney Zebra's [01-789 2101] Roy Bremner-Denise Black And The
New Externals/Lionel Street Marquise [01-437 6603] Rent Party
LONDON (Rugby Road 1st Floor Bull/Cumcarr [01-515 2048] The Surfadelics
LONDON (St Albans Road 1st Floor Bull/Cumcarr [01-515 2048] The Surfadelics
LONDON (Theatre Trammes Polytechnic [01-855 0618] Unknown Colours/
London Guideline Pub
MANCHESTER Apollo [061 273 3755] OMG
MANCHESTER Bird On The Wall [061 832 8629] Guns
MANCHESTER The Globehouse [061-228 2453] Tools You Can Trust
MANCHESTER International [061 224 5050] Psychic TV
MILWAUKEE United Services Club Just Blue
MURRAYSBY Youth Centre [012645] Perfect Flow/The World Service
NORTHAMPTON Back Loft (09472) The Wild Choir/Voices Of Se
NEWBORG (New York) [0954042] The Music Man Drops
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic [047625] Peter And The Test Tube Babies
NUREMBERG Jambanja (046007) The Zebras
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (054500) 23 Skidoo
SOUTHBEND (Indy) (048236) Gringo
ST ALBERTS Bar 86 C (Pyeat)
TOMPAHAWK Nasa Club (433068) Larry Miller
VALLEY (Monte Dupele Prens) (860703) The Mint Juleps
WALSLEY Lashome Hotel (051-667 5687) The 50fs
WARRINGTON (Lon) (00447) The Badger Bell Band
WESTWOOD HOE Anchor Hotel Basil Gabbard
WORKING (New House Blvd Politics Never B4
WOLVERHAMPTON (09791) How Low/London/Mounrained
WOLVERHAMPTON Scrapies The O.T.'s
YORK - Services Club Ruby Tuesday

SUNDAY

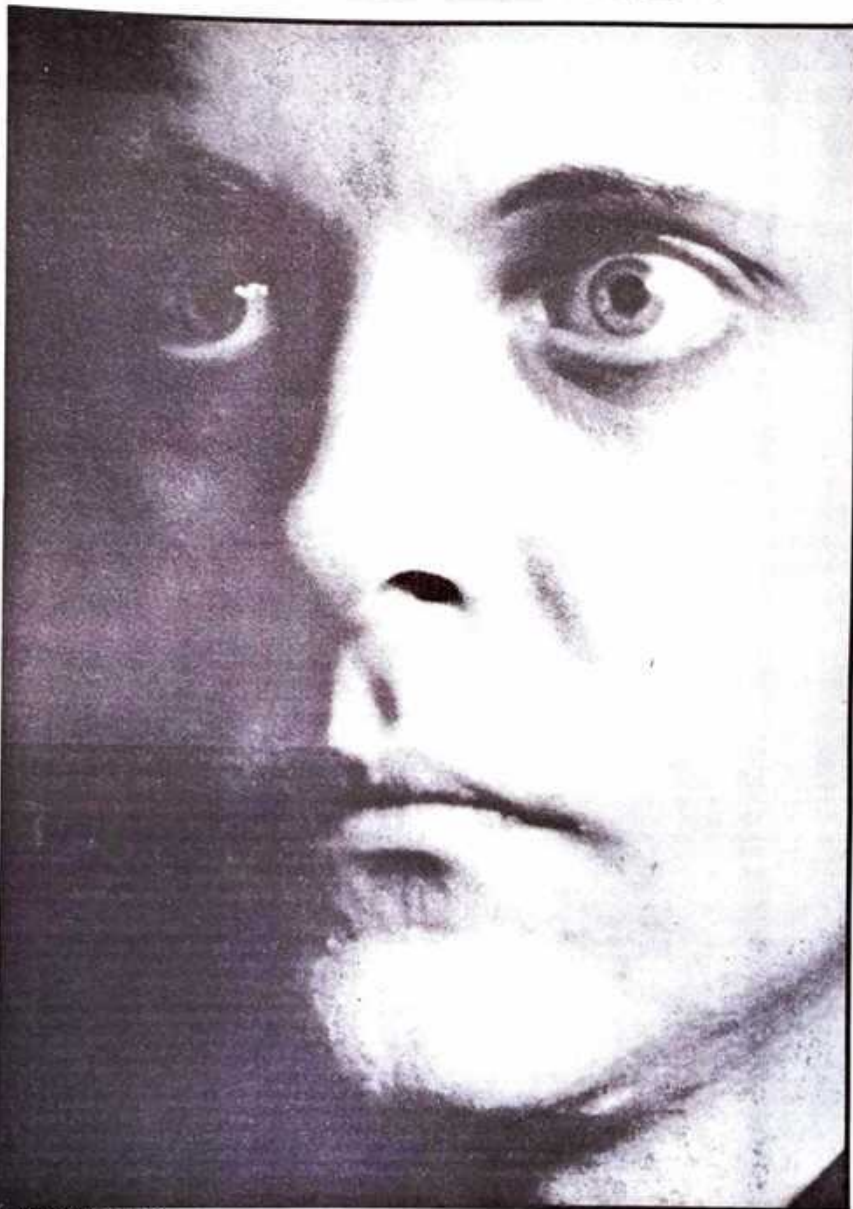
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MONDAY

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GENESIS P., a TV personality

LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0524) Flowers in The Dragon/Fest
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01 448 1454) The Blue Section-The Headquarters
LONDON Hatfield Main Fodder (01-961 5490) Safe in Bed-Calling Kyle's Equestrian Stables
LONDON Here's Half Moon (01 274 2733) The Force
LONDON Kentish Town And Gate (01 445 5558) Sticky Fingers
LONDON Leytonstone Plough And Harrow (01 599 1683) Nitro Blues Band
LONDON Old Bond Street Embassy (01-499 4793) Tantrum/The Rhythm Method
Pitlow Fights Back/Axons
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01 735 3959) Alternative TV/Rhubarb Tarts
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-786 2387) The Nashville Teens/Alan Clayton And The Argonauts/Rosie Bond Band
LONDON Wandsworth Love Reaction (01-437 5603) Ring Of Roses/Zodiac Monkeys And The Love Marriage
NEWCASTLE Tynes's (012526) Peter And The Text Tube Babes
NOTTINGHAM Sarnies (063254) Jamie Wednesday
NOTTINGHAM Royal Concert Hall (472378) OM
PETERSBURGH The Gables Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers
READING Paradise Club (5684) Open Door/The Barcelona Bus Company/The Escapades
SHEFFIELD City Hall (752595) Ozzy Osbourne
SOUTHEAST Focal/The Infamous Marriage
SOUTHEAST Grand Hotel (78326) Bloodsport
SOUTHEAST Palace Theatre Wills Johnson-Steve Hooker's Shakers
SOUTHEAST Arts Centre (80011) Pentangle
STAKE Shelley's (322009) Wig 50 subscribers/No Favour's
WAKEFIELD Rotherham Keith Sykes Golden Oldies Roadshow
WALSALL Petal Youth Centre New Emotion
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021 588 2136) Red Shoes

18

TUESDAY

BIRMINGHAM Jew's Club Tredegar
BIRMINGHAM Queens Club (021 455 9777) Yeah Yeah Noh
BIRMINGHAM High Street Red Lion (021 560 6181) Rory Hall/KGB
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club (218957) Van Garbutt

TUESDAY

18

BRIGHTON Escapist (800906) **The Big Twang/Felt/The Servants/14 Ice**
BRIGHTON Owl Vic (2244) **Too You Can Trust**
BRISTOL Benkeiler (22766) **King Kurl/Picture Frame Seduction**
BRISTOL Golden Hall (22766) **Fearful Sharkey**
CARLISLE Stars and Stripes (16361) **Peter And The Test Tube Babies**
CHICHESTER The Victoria Joe (16135) **10 Tigris Club**
CHICHESTER Pter Hall (16135) **Black September**
DUDLEY JB's (35597) **Pop Da Freak/Humanoid**
KENDAL Brewery Arts Centre (25133) **Les Trous/Art/Rubber Pig/Vendetta/Someone Else**
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (59396) **Rocket/Ronnie And The Bandy Reports/London International/The Lighthouse (21 224 49) The Lam Bright Combo**
LONDON Street Luggage (22549) **Water Tower/The Come/Exit**
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (31 485 1773) **Boogie Brass Blues Band**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwells (31 267 1799) **Bugsie/Bright Lights/Myths Of Paradise**
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (31 240 3961) **La Host/Colourtime**
LONDON Embassy Palace St George Bridge (31 265 4581) **The Housemartins**
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (31 736 1411) **Ravena D'Art**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (31 385 2656) **The Fifteenth-Twisted Nerve/The Veil**
LONDON Hammerstein Clandon (31 748 1454) **The Clinch/Jonestown**
LONDON Harlesden Main Fadder (31 961 5493) **Resistance/Pastel Walkers/ESP**
LONDON Kenton Town Bell And (31 485 3538) **The Bomb Party**
LONDON Leytonstone Mill Ugly Pop/Nyah Feathers
LONDON Leytonstone Road Hare And Hareon (31 590 3647) **Slow Invasion/Rhythms Creature/Primal Trax**
LONDON Old Bond Street Embassy (31 499 4793) **Plaza**
LONDON Oval Cricketers (31 735 3059) **Nar Hord/Ho/Floyd**
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (31 616 4933) **Broken Bones/X/Trax**
LONDON Purple Heart Moon (31 758 7387) **Meadtime**
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (31 437 6661) **Violent Blue**
LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (31 855 1337) **Down The Line/JACK/Louder Than Words**
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (361 832 6657) **Waduku**
MANCHESTER Hacienda (361 238 5051) **Swans**
NOTTINGHAM Mars Mars (362366) **Twice Bitten**
SHEFFIELD University Place Bar (37204) **Rock The Hammer Story**
STOCKTON Dorewell Arts (811625) **Indian Summer**
STEVEY Sholey's (322229) **The Cherry Bombz**
WINDSOR Arts Centre (293336) **Moscow State Circus/Mokeys Plus**

CLASSIFIED

PERSONAL

PEACE CHILD - female have tried life outside the commune and are becoming disillusioned. Must get back to the family. Can anyone help? Box No 16980

PATIENT in maximum security psychiatric hospital, nearly thirty, requires communication, letters, visits, from anybody. Interests in zoology, sport, poetry and rock music. Park Lane Hospital, Maghull, Liverpool L35 9JF

QUIET SENSITIVE male 26, into HR/HM, Dine Strats, Eagles, been alone to long, seeks similar lonely girl. London Essex/Herts. Box No 16984

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE or marriage. Date line all ages, areas. Details free. Stamp to Jane Scott, 3 SOU, North Street, Quadrant, Brighton, Sussex BN1 3GS

PENFRIENDS-USA. Make lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age and interests for free reply. Harmony, Box 37955, Phoenix, Arizona 85069

WORKING HOLIDAYS, seasonal work, throughout the world. Great variety, long/short term, good pay, travel free. SAE for opportunities brochure to Kyalagi Centre, Spinningdale, Ardara, Rock Shire, Scotland IV24 3AD

PENPALS 153 countries. Free details (S.A.E.) 1 P.F. (S1) PO Box 596, London SE26

HIPPY MALE, 22 long hair, seeks girl for gigs, pubs and laughs. London anywhere. Box No 16987

MODEST ATTRACTIVE, 25 seeks similar lady 18-30 for gig and cinema. London Area No 16985

FRIENDS/MARRIAGE: Postal introductions all areas/ages. Write: Orion, 46, Waltham, Grimsby

76 FAN seeks friendship, excitement, personality, ideas, humour, love. Box No 16986

FEMALE (18) seeks companions to go rock clubs/gigs in Liverpool. Box No 16989

HELP! FEMALE: just moved to a pit. North Cambridge Wants friends into most rock for fun, gigs and generally enjoying life. Box No 16970

SUSSED SKINGIRL wants to hear from her M.F. into original gear etc. 11 Fairview Court Bentley Wall Hill W Midlands W520AD

HEY! INTERESTING Duo 21 into Hanoi, Buzzcocks, Velvets, Monks, needs to hatch out with attractive chicks worldwide. Write with photo to: Marco Box No 16971

MALE 19 seeks lonely female 18-25 for holiday. Must send my photo please. Box No 16972

ATTRACTIVE MALE, early thirties, seeks female for friendship, likes Alan Parsons, Eric Clapton, Ginie France, Fothergill, etc. Phone 794 9095

LONELY LADY into rock music, likes HR/HM, Dine Strats, Eagles, wants female friends for weekend away, good times. Aged 20s or 30s, into gigs please! Box No 16974

MALE, 23, seeks female for friendship, travelling, hippy festivals, any area. Box No 16975

MALE 21, into most progressive rock, HR/HM, Dine Strats, seeks female for gigs, fun, lasting relationship. West Midlands Birmingham Sandwell area. Box No 16973

AGING PUNKETTE, London seeks virile punk rockabilly. Box No 16978

MALE 25, new to London seeks girlfriend - likes Cockeys, Twists, Smiths, Banshees, Poodles. Box No 16979

RECORDS FOR SALE

GARY MOORE import albums, excellent condition. SAE Ken Moore, 1 Orangefield Green, Belfast

LIZARD RECORDS, 12, Lower Galt Lane, Norwich. Thousands bargains, cheapos to ranges. Call in our shop or send large SAE for massive lists

10,000 TITLE singles albums catalogue. SAE Bandsley Records College, 12, Lower Galt Lane, Norwich. SAE870

RECORD SALE the very cheapest metal, rock albums possible. SAE 119, Heland's Grove, Swindon, Wiltshire

ALL INDEPENDENT label releases, imports, punk/new wave rarities. SAE or P.O. for February catalogue. Rhythm 74, Lissieu Grove, Muttley, Plymouth. 0752 266798

HARRY HAYS RECORDS, Rare LPs and 45s, all kinds. Please send large SAE for lists. 847 Fulham Road, London SW6

ROCK ALBUMS, secondhand guaranteed perfect. Large SAE. Rockville Oakridge, Shooterway, Berkhamstead, Herts

FAIRFAX/HARE RECORDS!! New Catalogue OUT NOW!! 10,000 Collectors Items - Promos, US Radio Station Concerts, Test Pressings, White Labels, Foreign Picture Sleeve Singles, Picture Discs/Shapes/Half Speed Masters, Japanese Audiophiles Limited Edition - Much Much More. U2, Japan, Bowie, Genesis, Marillion, Numan, Kiss, Pink Floyd, Deep Purple, Zeppelin, Stranglers, Clash, Ramones, Rush, Pattois, Buzzcocks, Spixie, T.Rex, Sweet, Quo, Iron Maiden, AC/DC, Kate Bush, Beatles - Many More!! - ALL New Wave/Punk/Metal - Rare 60s/70s Material - Collectors - Don't Miss This! Large SAE (DEPT 5) RS Records, 9 Silver Street, Wivelcombe, Somerset

RECORD FINDING SERVICE. Having trouble finding that record? Try us. Send enquiries plus S.A.E. to "Groove Finders" 58 Rockall, Southend-On-Sea, Essex, Friendly Efficient Service

A BARGAIN pot luck assortment - send £30 for 100 used LPs and 12 singles (postage included, our selection). Music & Video Exchange, 28 Pembroke Road, London W11 Tel. 01-727-3538

HARDCORE ONLY! Zines, Skates, Send SAE Alans, Lower Mill Lane, Hordley, Wigan, Lancs WN2 3AF (0924) 55015

ROCK - PUNK LPs 45s many collectors items send SAE for big list Steve McVie 124 Bennetts Lane, Bolton Lancashire

INDIES IMPORTS February catalogue No 9 large SAE Omega Records 10 Woodland Lane Winsford, Cheshire

HEAVY METAL singles. Lists available SAE & 78 Brook Avenue, Alfredon, Derby. 0203 836411

RECORD COLLECTION for sale SAE 543 Staines Road, Hounslow, Middlesex

NEW AND OLD records for sale some rare items SAE for list 25 Blakemore 2 Springfield Ave, Aughton Sheffield S31 0XN

PUNK NEW new wave rarities N M A Spec, Costello, SAE for list C Harris 38 Chancery Lane, Nuneaton Warwick

60's - 80's New/secondhand records, deletions, rarities, cheapies realistic prices, excellent quality for latest list send large SAE 29/RS to Rumbold, PO Box 24, Aberystwyth Dyfed

OVEN READY records new list how available, lots of interesting things not over priced. Modern U2, Greenhouse, Sprungsteen etc. Chittenden Hill High Wycombe Bucks SAE please

RECORDS WANTED

RECORDS, CASSETTES, wanted. Good prices. Quick service. SAE. Quilley or send direct. Terminal Records, Riverside Market, Haverford West Dyfed

ABSOLUTELY ALL your record collections, CD's and videos and books bought/sold/exchanged - also ALL Hi-Fi, musical instruments, computers and cameras - NONE REFUSED!! Write: ANY quantity in ANY condition to Record Tape and Video Exchange, 38 Notting Hill Gate, London W11 (open 7 days 10am-6pm) Tel: 0203 85723

OR send them by post with SAE for cash (non-refundable) we decide price. Quantities collected

NEW wave records - write to Rego Records 18 Church Street, Warrnam, Northam West Sussex

SECONDHAND RECORDS tapes CD's purchased. Broadway Records 14 Queen Caroline Street, Hammersmith W6 01-741-7081 (Mon-Sat 10am-7pm) Large quantities collected

TIM BUCKLEY Starliner and first album wanted Box No 16977

RARE RECORDS WANTED!!! - Shaping Pic Discs, Promos, Autographed Items, White Labels, Test Pressings, Picture Discs, Foreign Picture Sleeves US Radio Concerts, Tap Pressings, coloured Vinyls, All Music Video, CD, State your Price, Send List (Dept W) RS Records, 9 Silver St, Wivelcombe, Somerset

RECORD FAIRS

KINGSTON SATURDAY Feb 15th at The Richard Mayo Hall admission £1.10, 12-2pm

SOUTHAMPTON SATURDAY 15.2.86, Guildhall Solent Suite. Pre-entry £1.00 11am-12pm 40p

GLASGOW - SUNDAY February 16th - McCellan Galleries, Sauchiehall Street. 11am-5pm 50p (10am-11)

OLDHAM RECORD FAIR SUNDAY 16th FEBRUARY 10am-5pm. Parish Hall, Egerton Street, Town Centre. 50 stalls some available 60p, £1.00. Details 061-228-2947

IRELAND THE QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY OF BELFAST, Belfast. Saturday, 15th February. Open 10-4pm. Admission £1.00. Students & OAP with pass 50p. Stalls/Eng. Ring 01-659-7065. ORGANISED BY THE PEOPLE THAT STARTED RECORD FAIRS IN BRITAIN

CAMDEN SATURDAY 22nd February. Now established as the major regular London event. Dealers from all over the country. Up to 100 stalls. 50s/60s/70s/80s/90s! The fair on everyone lips - come & see why. Stalls V.I.P. 0533-548221 (office)

CARLISLE CITADEL (City diner) English Street Saturday 15th February 10am-11.15pm admission 11p

CARDIFF BLACK MUSIC FAIR, Saturday 15th February. New City, Cardiff. 10am-5pm. 11am-4pm. 11.00. Stalls £12 Details 0222 480391

WEST MIDLANDS SUNDAY FEB 23rd Wolverhampton Poly St, Poles, 10am-11.15pm admission 11p. 4.00pm-4.00 (10am-11)

CARDIFF - FRIDAY FEBRUARY 21st Central Hotel, St. Mary Street. 11am-5pm. 40p (10am-11)

SWANSEA - SATURDAY FEBRUARY 22nd - YMCA Kingsway 11am-4pm. 40p (10am-11) New Venue

WEST BROM Town Hall, Saturday 15th February. Over 20 Stalls covering your kind of music. Starts 9.30. Info 0533 548821 (office) its a V.I.P. to its worth a visit

BOLTON SATURDAY 15th FEBRUARY The Town Hall, 10.30am-4pm. Details 0532 892087

READING SUNDAY 22.2.86 5a Lastr Street, Reading. New library. Pre-entry £1.11am-12pm 40p

NEW WAVE, Saturday 22.2.86. Notre Dame Hall, Leicester Square, London. 11-4pm. £1.00. 100 stalls of rarities, deletions, coloured vinyls, picture discs, 1976-1986, punk, mod, gothic, independents, feminist, electro, synth, new wave, etc.

BLACKBURN RECORD FAIR Saturday 15th February 11.00-4.00. Dux Club, Market Street, City Centre

DONCASTER RECORD FAIR Sunday 16th February (10-5) East of Doncaster hotel Bennethorpe (2 mins town centre)

LEEDS GRIFFIN Record Fair Saturday 22nd 11.00-5.00. Boar Lane, Leeds City Centre

YORK RECORD FAIR Sunday 23rd February 11.00-5.00. De Grey Rooms 51, Leonard's Place, (above tourist info office)

RECORD REVIVAL FAIR
SATURDAY FEBRUARY 15th
10.30am-4.00pm
50 Margaret Green
SUNDAY FEBRUARY 23rd
10.30am-4.00pm
City Centre
SUNDAY MARCH 16th
Cambridge, Kelcey
Kingsports Hall
SUNDAY MARCH 30th
CHELMSFORD, Chancery Hall, Town Centre
ALL FAIRS 10am-3pm
ENQUIRIES (0692) 630046
(24 HOURS SERVICE)

CROYDON RECORD COLLECTORS FAIR
Sunday 16th February, 1986
at the
UNDERGROUND CLUB,
21 High Street, Croydon
All buses stop outside 5 minutes walk from East and West Croydon stations
Refreshments all day Sat 12-2
Early entry 10-12-15
or bring this ad it's a good 12-4, 50p
Accompanied children FREE
Details: 0322 91067
NEXT FAIR: Weekends at the G & F, High Street, Wokingham, PO15 1TH on SUNDAY, MARCH 16th, 1986

KINGS CROSS RECORD FAIR
CAMDEN TOWN HALL,
EUSTON ROAD, NW1
Sunday February 16th
Rock n' Roll, Blues, Reggae, New Wave, Jazz, Country, etc.
Thousands of records for all tastes
Cassettes, videos & accessories
Refreshments all day
Admission 11.30-4pm - £1.
Pre-entry (10.30am) £2
ENQUIRIES: 690 1961
EASY ACCESS FOR THE DISABLED

WANTED
PETER HAMMILL BBC West video recordings 28.1.86 0793 954553
LED ZEPPELIN, Robert Plant picture cuttings tapes anything 10 Harrow Way, Hillingdon Middx

HAS ANYONE taped radio one thirty years of rock last year. Good prices paid. Box No 16965

SIMPLE MINDS tickets wanted urgently (Bham) Tel Gwen 0472 362555

MARILLION, Pendragon, Twelfth Night live tapes SWOC Box No 16976

DIRE STRAITS items wanted live tapes, programmes, rarities, etc. Stephen Hemmway, Courtways Millwood Park Avenue, Orpington, Kent BR6 9NF Tel 0689 33460

ROBBIE ROSS 1st series VHS to go by bargain. Good price paid. Nicola Lewis 15 Abernethy Square, Maritime Village, Swansea SA1 1UP

SPRINGSTEEN BOOTLEG albums must be excellent quality mint condition. Also wanted official Springsteen T-shirt. Geoff Cleveland, Newcastle, Cleveland

DALEKS OR WHO Toys etc 061 793 7141

THUNDERBIRDS, CAPT. Scarlett Toys etc 061 793 7141

FOR SALE

MUSIC PAPERS Magazines 1962-1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 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3143, 3144, 3145, 3146, 3147, 3148, 3149, 3150, 3151, 3152, 3153, 3154, 3155, 3156, 3157, 3158, 3159, 3160, 3161, 3162, 3163, 3164, 3165,

TOUR NEWS

THE WESTON SUPER MARE band who've been recording their new single 'Heavy Heart' for release later this month, play at Royal Oak February 16, Hayle Penmare 20, Newquay 21, Bodruth London Inn 22, Bristol Fleece And Firkin 28, 1000 Down March 7.

SPAL, Pabickland, Mood Six and Silver Chapter are all appearing at Lambeth Town Hall on February 28, sponsored by the council's amenity services.

THE CARDINALS, fronted by former Orson Family vocalist John Barry, unveil their 'rock and roll, peace and love, anarchy and a revolution' at Hammersmith Clarendon on February 13.

1472 AVENUE, the blues rock trio, have lined up gigs early next month at East Sheen The Bull March 1, Feltham Airmen 6.

RENT PARTY have confirmed more dates on their tour at London: Egham February 15, Egham Royal Holloway College 21.

RENDRAGON will now start their next tour at Coventry Warwick University on February 15 followed by Exeter St Georges Hall 21, St Paul Polytechnic 26, Litchworth Pinston Hall 27, Bury Metro 1, Dundee March 3, Dundee University 7, Inverness Ice Rink 8, 8, 10, 11, 12, Durham University 12, Warrington Lion 15, London Marquee 19-20.

CONVISE GANGSTER ELEMENT open up the Halifax Pot O Four on February 12, supported by Andrew Stroyan. Admission is free and a prize waiting to play the Wednesday spot should ring 01454 33787.

GENERAL SEVEN, the Wycombe band, continue to fanitise A&R at St Paul Polytechnic February 14, Richmond Bull 20-21.

DOUGIE ARROWSMITH, who has just signed to 10 Records and 10 Records, will shortly warm up her ten-piece band at Portsmouth Academy February 17, London University Union 18.

WUDON WAINWRIGHT BL, the American singer-songwriter whose British following has perked up after his 'I'm Alright' single, will break off from recording his next album for Demon 10 in a short season at Putney Half Moon from March 20-23.



TOOLS YOU CAN TRUST, who have a new single out at the end of this month called 'Say It Low', play two nights at Manchester New Cornerhouse Arts Centre as part of the Noise In Your Eye exhibition on February 15 and 16 followed by Birmingham Peacocks 17, Brighton Old Vic 18, Newcastle Riverside 24, Manchester Solem Bar 28, Norwich Santanas March 3.

THE MAN UPSTAIRS unveil their new line up with a series of dates at Durham University February 14, Leicester University 15, Bath Moles 22, Egham Royal Holloway College 24, Durham University 28, Manchester De La Salle College March 7.

FLESHPUFFETS promote their 'Scarecrow' single with gigs at Wigan Pier February 12, Manchester Fagins (with The Folk Devils) 19, Birmingham Peacocks 24, St Helens Lamb Hotel 27, Sheffield Limit Club March 4.

BRIAR, who've recently released their 'Too Young' album on FM Records, have more gigs lined up at Birmingham Railway Inn February 15, Yeovil Johnson Hall 19, West Bromwich Coach And Horses 21.

NEUE HEROES, a Dundee alternative band who have their debut EP 'Live Corruption' out on Heartbeat, play Aberdeen Daisy's February 16, Wishaw Shambles 28, East Kilbride Peaches March 3, Dundee Tindalls 9, Glasgow Technical College 21.

EVIL have gigs lined up at Ramford Rozz February 12, Brixton Loughborough Hotel 18, Aston Bumbles 21, Kings Cross New Merlin's Cave 22, Camden Dingwalls March 2.

WILKO JOHNSON promotes his 'Watch Out' live album at Southend Place Theatre February 17, Camden Dingwalls 21, Kennington Cricketers 22, Brighton Escape Club 23, Palmers Green Fox 28, supported at all dates by The Shakers.

THEY MUST BE RUSSIANS, who've just released their 'Red Square' 12-inch, play London Bass Clef February 17 and Sheffield University 25.

THE FLAGS, who consist of ex Under Two Flags members Bob, Gavin and Martin plus new guitarist Pete, introduce themselves at Fulham Greyhound February 16, Brighton Richmond 17.



MOONTWIST, fronted by the 'charismatic' Ruth Rodgers Wright, continue to promote their 'Sight And Sound' single at London Stork Club February 27 and London Wag Club 27.

HOT PORK LUNCH No 34



CHART

UK SINGLES UK ALBUMS

- 1 4 WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH THE TOUGH GET GOING Billy Ocean Jive
- 2 3 BORDERLINE Madonna Sire
- 3 2 THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES ON TV Aha Warner Brothers
- 4 8 SYSTEM ADDICT Five Star Tent
- 5 19 LIVING IN AMERICA James Brown Scotti Brothers
- 6 1 ONLY LOVE Nana Mouskouri Carreere/Philips
- 7 10 THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA Sarah Brightman & Steve Harley Polydor
- 8 39 ELOISE Darned MCA
- 9 13 SANCTIFY YOURSELF Simple Minds Virgin
- 10 25 THE CAPTAIN OF HER HEART Double Polydor
- 11 5 WALK OF LIFE Dire Straits Vertigo
- 12 44 BURNING HEART Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 13 27 RISE Public Image Ltd Virgin
- 14 16 LIFE'S WHAT YOU MAKE IT Talk Talk EMI
- 15 22 SHOT IN THE DARK Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 16 6 BROKEN WINGS Mr Mister RCA
- 17 7 SUSPICIOUS MINDS Fine Young Cannibals London
- 18 20 HOW WILL I KNOW Whitney Houston Arista
- 19 11 PULL UP TO THE BUMPER Grace Jones Island
- 20 21 IMAGINATION Belouis Some Parlophone
- 21 9 SATURDAY LOVE Cherelle with Alexander O'Neal Tabu
- 22 28 IF I RULED THE WORLD Kurtis Blow Club
- 23 12 YOU LITTLE THIEF Feargal Sharkey Virgin
- 24 14 IN A LIFETIME Clannad RCA
- 25 41 DON'T WASTE MY LIFE Paul Handcastle Chrysalis
- 26 15 WEST END GIRLS Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 27 24 MY MAGIC MAN Rochelle Warner Brothers
- 28 50 CHAIN REACTION Diana Ross Capitol
- 29 18 IT'S ALRIGHT (BABY'S COMING BACK) Eurythmics RCA
- 30 47 TURNING AWAY Shakin' Stevens Epic
- 31 34 DON'T LET ME BE MISUNDERSTOOD Costello Show F Beat
- 32 30 IF YOU'RE READY (COME GO WITH ME) Ruby Turner Jive
- 33 17 WHO'S ZOOMIN' WHO Aretha Franklin Arista
- 34 42 RADIO AFRICA Latin Quarter Rockin' Horse
- 35 23 ALICE I WANT YOU JUST FOR ME Full Force CBS
- 36 — AND SHE WAS Talking Heads EMI
- 37 32 THE SWEETEST GIRL Madness Zarjaz
- 38 — STARTING TOGETHER Su Pollard Rainbow
- 39 40 THE PROMISE Arcadia Parlophone
- 40 26 HIT THAT PERFECT BEAT Bronski Beat Forbidden Fruit
- 41 — WASTELANDS Midge Ure Chrysalis
- 42 37 ONE DANCE WON'T DO Audrey Hall Germain
- 43 43 HOLD ME Teddy Pendergrass & Whitney Houston Asylum
- 44 — PAIN Betty Wright Cooltempo
- 45 — JOHNNY JOHNNY Prefab Sprout Kitchenware
- 46 46 SIDEWALK TALK Jellybean EMI America
- 47 — I'M NOT GONNA LET YOU Colonel Abrams MCA
- 48 33 SAVING ALL MY LOVE FOR YOU Whitney Houston Arista
- 49 — STAGES ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 50 — SMALL TOWN John Cougar Mellencamp Riva

- 1 1 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 2 2 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW Aha Warner Brothers
- 3 7 WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista
- 4 3 THE DREAM OF THE BLUE TURTLES Sting A&M
- 5 4 THE BROADWAY ALBUM Barbra Streisand CBS
- 6 10 WORLD MACHINE Level 42 Polydor
- 7 9 LIKE A VIRGIN Madonna Sire
- 8 12 ONCE UPON A TIME Simple Minds Virgin
- 9 5 BE YOURSELF TONIGHT Eurythmics RCA
- 10 6 ISLAND LIFE Grace Jones Island
- 11 — ALBUM Public Image Ltd Virgin
- 12 8 THE FIRST ALBUM Madonna Sire
- 13 14 FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS Fine Young Cannibals London
- 14 16 LUXURY OF LIFE Five Star Tent
- 15 13 FEARGAL SHARKEY Feargal Sharkey Virgin
- 16 39 ROCKY IV Soundtrack Scotti Brothers
- 17 15 GO WEST Go West Chrysalis
- 18 25 LITTLE CREATURES Talking Heads EMI
- 19 20 SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR Tears For Fears Mercury
- 20 11 HIGH PRIORITY Cherelle Tabu
- 21 17 PROMISE Sade Epic
- 22 23 ALCHEMY Dire Straits Vertigo
- 23 21 JENNIFER RUSH Jennifer Rush CBS
- 24 19 PRIVATE DANCER Tina Turner Capitol
- 25 22 EASY PIECES Lloyd Cole & The Communions Polydor
- 26 24 NO JACKET REQUIRED Phil Collins Virgin
- 27 26 NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC 6 Various EMI/Virgin
- 28 29 HOUNDS OF LOVE Kate Bush EMI
- 29 18 THE SINGLES COLLECTION Spandau Ballet Chrysalis
- 30 37 MACALLA Clannad RCA
- 31 31 QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS Queen EMI
- 32 32 THE CLASSIC TOUCH Richard Clayderman Decca
- 33 35 THE LOVE SONGS George Benson K-tel
- 34 27 HITS 3 Various EMI/Various
- 35 49 SUDDENLY Billy Ocean Jive
- 36 33 ROCK A LITTLE Steve Nicks Parlophone
- 37 28 LIVE UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY U2 Island
- 38 36 THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE U2 Island
- 39 45 GREATEST HITS VOLUME I AND II Billy Joel CBS
- 40 38 THE LOVE ALBUM Various Telstar
- 41 43 SONGS TO LEARN AND SING Echo & The Bunnymen Korova
- 42 30 THE BEST OF INCANTATION Incantation Coda
- 43 46 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 44 — DANCE HITS Various Towerbell
- 45 34 LOVE OVER GOLD Dire Straits Vertigo
- 46 40 BORN IN THE USA Bruce Springsteen CBS
- 47 47 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 48 41 ICE ON FIRE Elton John Rocket
- 49 — WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD Mr Mister RCA
- 50 44 WHO'S ZOOMIN' WHO Aretha Franklin Arista

Compiled by MRR



THE DAMNED: back to the '60s

SOUNDS

Chris Roberts
SATURDAY LOVE Cherelle With Alexander O'Neal Tabu 12-inch
HEAVEN IS A PLACE Blow Monkeys forthcoming RCA LP track
I FELL IN LOVE WITH A GHOST Rowland S Howard & Lydia Lunch 4AD 12-inch

Carole Linfield
WHISTLING IN THE DARK Easterhouse Rough Trade
MAKES NO SENSE AT ALL Husker Du SST
ELOISE Darned MCA

Glyn Brown
KOO KOO Anna Domino Operation Afterglow LP track
CUTTLEFISH BEACH Do Re Mi Virgin LP track
ONE LESSON Original Walters Tuff Gong LP track

Kevin Murphy
SWEET MURDER Blow Monkeys RCA tape
DESOLATION AVENUE The Leather Nun Wire 12-inch
ALBUM PL Virgin LP

Tony Mitchell
BLUE KISS Jane Wiedin IRS 45
ALBUM PL Virgin LP
SHANTY Roy White CBS

Roger Holland
A SENSE OF BELONGING TV Personalities Wheand
JEWEL Propaganda ZTT
LIVE AT THE ROOM AT THE TOP One Thousand Volms personal tape

Neil Perry
LIKE A HURRICANE The Sisterhood Janice Long session track
SON OF A GOOD FAMILY The Leather Nun Wire 12-inch track
TURN IT ON Heat NV Records 12-inch track

Jack Barron
XX SEX We've Gotta Futzbox And We're Gonna To Use It forthcoming Vindaloo single
PINK FROST The Chills glacial cut off Kaleidoscope World Creation Records
JUST ANOTHER HIT Topper Headon Phonogram LP track

REGGAE TENS

PRE-RELEASE

- 1 TICKLE ME Thriller Taxi
- 2 CAN'T KNOCK ME Anthony Red Rose Firehouse
- 3 LOVE ON THE ROCKS Al Campbell Black Scorpio
- 4 WATCH THIS SOUND Slim Smith Striker Lee
- 5 DEATH TRAP Ed Feneby Jammys
- 6 SHE LOVES ME NOW Benes Hammond WKS
- 7 NEVER GONNA GIVE YOU UP Leroy Sibbles Thunderbolt
- 8 IN EVERY PART OF ME Philip Fraser Cornerstone
- 9 PLEASE STAY Frankie Paul Cornerstone
- 10 EVERYBODY GOT TO KNOW Sugar Minott Youth Promotion

DISCO

- 1 ONE DANCE WON'T DO Audrey Hall Germain
- 2 SWEET REGGAE MUSIC Nitty Gritty Unity
- 3 IT TAKES TWO TO TANGO Junior Delgado Fashion
- 4 SAVING ALL MY LOVE Pauline Thomas NK
- 5 UNTIL YOU COME BACK TO ME Just Dale Craze Phaze
- 6 JUMP AND SHOUT Mikey General Fashion
- 7 SWEET FEELINGS Blackstones World International
- 8 THE EXIT Dennis Brown Unity
- 9 DANCING TIME Arbia Arivia
- 10 GIRLIE GIRLIE Tuffa George Winner



DENNIS BROWN and friend

ALBUMS

- 1 STRUGGLING The Mighty Diamonds Live And Learn
- 2 WILDFIRE Dennis Brown And John Holt TADS
- 3 TURBO CHARGED Nitty Gritty Greensleeves
- 4 HERE I COME Barrington Levy Time
- 5 EIGHT LITTLE NOTES Audrey Hall Germain
- 6 RIPE MANGO Frankie Paul SCOM
- 7 RAW RUB A DUB Gussie Prentis Top Notch
- 8 ELEMENTARY Horace Andy Rough Trade
- 9 PLAY THE GAME RIGHT The Melody Makers Tuff Gong
- 10 DEADLY Arrow Deadly

Compiled by Dub Vendor 274 Lavender Hill London SW11

GUITARISTS' FAMOUS WORDS

- 1 HAS ANYONE SEEN MY PLECTRUM? I KNOW IT'S HERE SOMEWHERE
- 2 IT'S NOT ME, THAT'S OUT OF TUNE
- 3 SORRY LADS, THAT WAS MY LAST STRING I JUST BROKE
- 4 OK, SO MY SOLOS LONG - BUT IT'S DAMN GOOD
- 5 BASS SOLOS JUST DON'T SOUND RIGHT
- 6 I COULDN'T HELP KNOCKING OVER YOUR LAGER, MIC STANDS AND HALF YOUR DRUM KIT, I'VE GOT TO PRACTISE THE ANGUS YOUNG WALK SOMEWHERE
- 7 I'M NOT POSING, IT'S JUST MY WAY OF PLAYING
- 8 DIDN'T THAT FEEDBACK SOUND GOOD
- 9 WHAT THE F***S THAT PIANO DOING HERE?
- 10 WON'T YOU LET ME SING JUST ONE SONG?

Compiled by Handy Andy

ATTACK

HOT METAL 60 SINGLES

- 1 SHOT IN THE DARK Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 2 BURNING HEART Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 3 SHAKE YOUR FOUNDATIONS AC/DC Atlantic
- 4 SMOKIN' IN THE BOYS ROOM Motley Crue Elektra
- 5 LEADER OF THE PACK Twisted Sister Atlantic
- 6 VOICES Russ Ballard EMI America
- 7 THROWING STONES AT THE WIND Pallas Harvest
- 8 NINETEEN Phil Lynott Polydor
- 9 LAVENDER Marillion EMI
- 10 CAPTAIN BLOOD Beltane Fire CBS
- 11 THE WORLD WAITS FOR YOU Fastway CBS
- 12 HEART OF LOTHIAN Marillion EMI
- 13 MARKET SQUARE HEROES Marillion EMI
- 14 RUN TO THE HILLS Iron Maiden EMI
- 15 WHITE WEDDING Billy Idol Chrysalis
- 16 RUNNING FREE Iron Maiden EMI
- 17 BLIND IN TEXAS WASP Capitol
- 18 SLEEPING BAG ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 19 TEARS ARE FALLING Kiss Vertigo/Phonogram
- 20 MAYLEIGH Marillion EMI



SUB-HUMANS from the Beltane Fire School of Modelling

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 2 DAMNED BUT NOT FORGOTTEN The Damned Dojo
- 3 WORLDS APART Subhumans Bizarre
- 4 LOVE The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 5 THE OLD AND THE NEW A Certain Ratio Factory
- 6 RUM, SODOMY AND THE LASH The Pogues Stiff
- 7 LIVE II - HORRIBLE MUSIC FOR HORRIBLE PEOPLE BY THIS HORRIBLE BAND The Meteors Dojo
- 8 LIFE'S A BLOT WITH SPY VS SPY Billy Bragg Gol Discs
- 9 FRANKENCHRIST Dead Kennedys Alternative Tentacles
- 10 MANIPULATE Ausgang FM
- 11 THE SINGLES 81-85 Depeche Mode Mute
- 12 LOW-LIFE New Order Factory
- 13 1979-1983 Bauhaus Beggars Banquet
- 14 WE WON'T BE YOUR F*cking POOR Various Mortarhate
- 15 HATFUL OF HOLLOW The Smiths Rough Trade
- 16 THIS NATION'S SAVING GRACE The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 17 DREAMTIME The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 18 THE CLOCK COMES DOWN THE STAIRS Microdisney Rough Trade
- 19 NIGHT OF A THOUSAND CANDLES The Men They Couldn't Hang Imp/Demon
- 20 VENGEANCE New Model Army Abstract
- 21 TREASURE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 22 GARLANDS Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 23 THERE ARE EIGHT MILLION STORIES The June Brides Intape
- 24 THE CHRONICLE OF THE BLACK SWORD Hawkwind Flicknife
- 25 FALSE ACCUSATIONS The Robert Cray Band Demon
- 26 SPLEEN AND IDEAL Dead Can Dance 4AD
- 27 STOMPIN' AT THE KLUB FOOT VOLUME 2 Various ABC
- 28 LIVE AT THE WHITEHOUSE The Exploited Suck
- 29 POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES New Order Factory
- 30 SHOWDOWN Albert Collins, Johnny Copeland & Robert Cray Sonet

Compiled by Weirido and Skunk of the Tripod Chapel



BELTANE FIRE: blood sports

ALBUMS

- 1 MISPLACED CHILDHOOD Marillion EMI
- 2 DOUBLE TROUBLE LIVE Molly Hatchet Epic
- 3 BLACK AND WHITE Terraplane Epic
- 4 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 5 FLY ON THE WALL AC/DC Atlantic
- 6 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 7 LIVE AFTER DEATH Iron Maiden EMI
- 8 SOLDIERS UNDER COMMAND Stryper Enigma/STF
- 9 DELIRIOUS NOMAD Armoured Saint Chrysalis
- 10 THEATRE OF PAIN Motley Crue Elektra
- 11 COME OUT AND PLAY Twisted Sister Atlantic
- 12 DONE WITH MIRRORS Aerosmith Geffen
- 13 ELIMINATOR ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 14 ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT Magnum FM
- 15 RIDE THE LIGHTNING Metallica Music For Nations
- 16 REAL TO REEL Marillion Fame
- 17 FUGAZI Marillion EMI
- 18 INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY Ratt Atlantic
- 19 CLUB NINJA Blue Oyster Cult CBS
- 20 SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR Marillion EMI
- 21 RUN FOR COVER Gary Moore 10
- 22 POWER WINDOWS Rush Vertigo/Phonogram
- 23 ERIC MARTIN Eric Martin Music For Nations
- 24 TWITCH Aldo Nova Portrait
- 25 ASYLUM Kiss Vertigo/Phonogram
- 26 ANTHOLOGY Magnum Raw Power
- 27 THE LAST COMMAND WASP Capitol
- 28 BEST OF HANOI ROCKS Hanoi Rocks Lick Records
- 29 VITAL IDOL Billy Idol Chrysalis
- 30 BACK WITH THE BOYS Bernie Tormé Raw Power

IMPORTS

- 1 FIGHT TO SURVIVE White Lion Victor Japan
- 2 THE TRACK EP Cherry Bomb Yahoo
- 3 CONFRONTATION Face To Face Epic
- 4 WORLD GONE MAD Chastain Black Dragon
- 5 STRANGE WAYS Strange Ways Boneaire
- 6 SURRENDER Jinhua SMS
- 7 POISON DOLLIES Poison Dollies Invasion
- 8 SWEET PAIN Sweet Pain Combat
- 9 LE MANS Le Mans Columbia
- 10 MAXIMUM DESTRUCTION Destructor Auburn

Compiled by Spotlight Research

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 GIVING GROUND The Sisterhood Merciful Release
- 2 DAYS LIKE THESE Billy Bragg Gol Discs
- 3 WHISTLING IN THE DARK Easterhouse Rough Trade
- 4 SHE SELLS SANCTUARY The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 5 KOOL NOH Aswad Simba
- 6 BITTERSWEET New Model Army Quiet
- 7 OUT FROM THE VOID Anriest Endangered Musik
- 8 REVOLUTION Chumba Wumba Agitpop
- 9 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 10 LIKE AN ANGEL Mighty Lemon Drops Dreamworld
- 11 CAN YOUR PUSSY DO THE DOG? The Cramps Big Beat
- 12 ECHOES IN A SHALLOW BAY Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 13 BIBLE OF THE BEATS Age Of Chance Riot Bible
- 14 ONCE MORE Wedding Present Reception
- 15 TINY DYNAMITE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 16 SUB-CULTURE New Order Factory
- 17 THE BATTLE CONTINUES Conflict Mortarhate
- 18 REVOLUTION The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 19 KICK OVER THE STATUES The Redskins Abstract Dance/Priority
- 20 RELIGIOUS PERSUASION Andy White Stiff
- 21 SPIRITWALKER The Cult Situation Two
- 22 LET THEM EAT BOGSHED Bogshed Vinyl Drip
- 23 INCUBUS SUCCUBUS X Mai Deutschland 4AD
- 24 V2 That Petrol Emotion Noise A Noise
- 25 FLOWER Sonic Youth Blastfirst
- 26 UPSIDE DOWN The Jesus And Mary Chain Creation
- 27 ALL DAY LONG The Shop Assistants Subway Organisation
- 28 IT WILL COME The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 29 SLAMMERS King Kurt Stiff
- 30 FLAG DAY The Housemartins Gol Discs
- 31 CRUISER'S CREEK/LA The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 32 MAKES NO SENSE AT ALL Husker Du SST
- 33 — SOME VELVET MORNING Rowland Howard & Lyda Lunch 4AD
- 34 KEEN That Petrol Emotion The Pink Label
- 35 THE PERFECT KISS New Order Factory
- 36 LA RAIN Rose Of Avalanche Lil
- 37 — OUR VOICE IS TOMORROW'S HOPE Liberty Mortarhate
- 38 RAIN The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 39 EDIE The Adult Net Beggars Banquet
- 40 ROSE Into A Circle Arcadia
- 41 BUBBLING Aswad Simba
- 42 PEARLY DEWDROPS' DROPS Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 43 DAY AND NIGHT Balaam And The Angel Chapter 22
- 44 — BABY'S GOT A BRAND NEW BRAIN Styngries Snaffle
- 45 DRINKING AND DRIVING The Business Diamond
- 46 DESIRE Gene Loves Jezebel Situation Two
- 47 NO PLACE CALLED HOME The June Brides Intape
- 48 LONELY MAN/I WANT YOU The Godfathers Corporate Image
- 49 A SUN IN THE OVEN Princess Tymmeat Rough Trade
- 50 WHIMPEEZ Peter And The Test Tube Babies Trapper

Compiled by Spotlight Research

HORSE RACING

- 1 SANDOWN MARGARET The Beat
- 2 I HURDLED IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE Marvin Gaye
- 3 EPSOME GIRLS Rocxy
- 4 MILK AND ALCOHOL Steve Causton
- 5 BITS AND PIECES Aga Khan
- 6 JUST LIKE STARTING ORDERS John Lennon
- 7 ASCOT A LOVELY BUNCH OF COCONUTS Gertrude Shilling
- 8 I GET A KICK OUT OF YOU Captain Mark Philips
- 9 THANK YOU VERY MUCH FOR THE ANTREE IRON Scaffold
- 10 WHITER SHADE OF TAIL Poodal Hannu

Compiled by Weirido and Skunk of the Tripod Chapel

SHEEP

- 1 CAN'T GET USED TO LOSING EWE The Beat
- 2 SHEEP DREAMS ARE MADE OF THIS Everything's
- 3 SMALLTOWN BAA Bronski Beat
- 4 THE SHEEP ALWAYS SHINE ON TV Baa Ha
- 5 SHEEP PENNY LOVER Lionel Richie
- 6 YOU LITTLE SHEEP Fearful Sheep
- 7 FLEECE ME Sheep-pen Tin Tin Duffy
- 8 ONLY WHEN YOU BLEAT Spondias Bailet
- 9 IN TOO (SHEEP) DIP Dead Or A Sheep
- 10 SPIRIT OF SEVENTY SHEEP The Aumb

Compiled by Mark Venning, the official Mighty Stupid/FEP Boodegger

ACE SCOUSERS

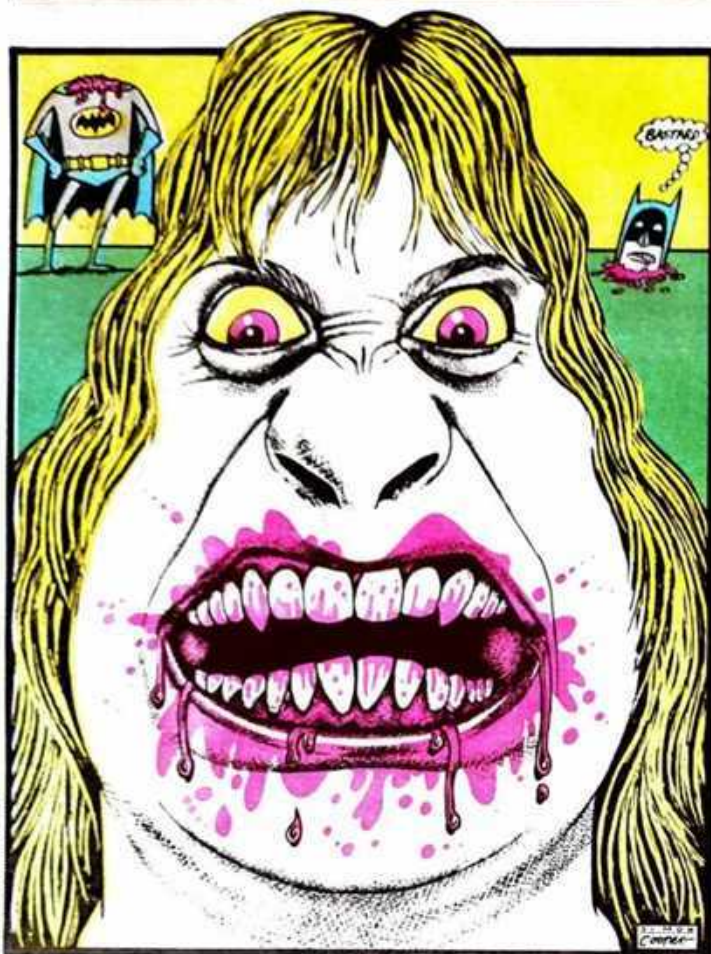
- 1 DAMON GRANT
- 2 JOHN PEEL
- 3 PETE WYLYE
- 4 TERRY (BROOKSIDE)
- 5 CIEGERS
- 6 THE SUPERSTORE CROW
- 7 CILLA BLACK

- 8 TERRY MECEDORRRRROT
- 9 JOHN CONTH
- 10 DEREK HATTON (UNCONFIRMED)

Bubbling under
BILLY MANN

Compiled by a Scouse Git

LETTERS



THE WIZARD OF OZ

I WAS going to write in and give you a full description of what I thought of your Ozzy Osbourne interview but I decided I wouldn't, because what I'd have to say on his suicide note, I doubt would be printable. Being an ex-drug addict myself my first policy is always to be honest, especially to myself but, unlike Ozzy, I only practise what I preach.

We've all been reading about Ozzy's doctor's orders lately. I thought they were a joke myself, until now, that is, when I can see his doctor, or psychiatrist, isn't a comedian. I think Ozzy, my old friend (377)

I've been a fan of yours since I was nine, and it's time you faced facts. You're the only one who thinks you're a God-like human and your delusion that you have to live out the rock 'n' roll lifestyle is not only childish but also the sign of a very weak person. Someone who can't get their head together won't die a hero in my opinion.

I saw Phil Lynott on television three months ago. I gave him a couple of weeks at the most. He lasted nine. What a waste of life. For that matter, what a waste of what he believed he was here for, namely his musical talent. —Ernie, Dublin

NO COMMENT

ALTHOUGH ONE does not expect to find rock journalists trying to be impartial or striving for lucidity, one does

expect them to offer a definite opinion. Andy Hunt's review of Death In June's 'Come Before Christ' single (Sounds, January 18) managed to be almost totally

devoid of comment.

His narcissistic concern for how other people might react to him if he showed too much/too little enthusiasm for the record resulted in a

non review which served little purpose other than to inform readers that the record existed.

Surely, DJ deserve better than this — Harry Escocoffy, Hampton, Middlesex

WRIST 'N' SHOUT...

YOUR 'WRIST' job headline is an offensive anachronism. The low, boring assumption that women are purely for male sexual consumption is insulting and degrading, and the very worst manifestation of chauvinistic misogyny.

A whisper tells me that Sounds is trying to change/ update its image. Eradicating this sort of macho nonsense might be a good start. —Jan, Leeds

...JOBSWORTH

I DON'T usually buy Sounds, since macho cock-rockers aren't really to my taste. However, I bought this week's for the excellent Age Of Chance piece. Coupling this with the previous week's Redskins cover I'd somehow assumed that Sounds was trying to drag itself into the '90s.

I see I was wrong. Page two Bangles piece headline — 'Wrist Job'.

Insulting, degrading, tasteless and the most seething form of chauvinistic misogyny. An all-woman group, so of course they must be sexual fodder.

Typically Sounds — the most sexist music paper around runs true to form. You'll have to change a lot more before I'll buy your paper again. — Alison Palmer, Leeds

FICTION RIGHTERS

I LISTEN to most rock music from Marillion to AC/DC and will proceed to comment on such coverage. There has been a high proportion of 'not enough rock/heavy metal content' letters which you have successfully dismissed with the following statement: 'That your publication has contained all these bands, followed by a list. This is not the dispute, it is that these bands are not featured regularly enough.'

On a more favourable level, I congratulate you on the colour magazine supplements which have instigated culture to Sounds with pretty professional execution. The sole

complaint is that so much has been concentrated into such a small format it doesn't do the subject matters justice. Examples are Alister Crowley and H.P. Lovecraft and other fascinating luminaries. The Stuart Gordon interview was intelligent and informative, more material of this nature is essential.

One area Sounds appears to have ignored is the Fantasy/ SF artist. The likes of Brian Froud, H.R. Giger, Tom White and Rodolfo Matthews, the list is endless, are masters of this genre. A genre which is relatively obscure within the media and is not too far off Sounds' cultural direction. It fully deserves some belated appraisal. —David Johnstone, Edinburgh

SPELL BOUND

F***IN' GRATE! Hawkwind show at Hammersmith Odeon las' November — but 'vat's no' th' reer'n I'm ritin' too ya!

No, that's not the reason I'm writin', see? I'm riting about arseholes like Johnny Rotterrer, see, I'm puss off wiv 'im.

I'm very embarrassed about this letter but I watchin' 'Dullarse and I fought, 'allo; JR stands for Johnny Rotter an' I'll rite too Sounds an' get my name in lights once again. But then I fought, nare I won't boover 'coz vey won't print it so I fought; sod it I'll send it anyway. Yours sincerely — Private Dick-Robin Cousins

EASTER FUNNIES

COME ON Henderson! You were on Easterhouse's case fairly early on; in fact, your previous sighting of them for Sounds was one of my first encounters with them — so who's this James (January, 25)? Was he in the pub at the same time as the interview and then suddenly surfaced to announce he had joined the group? Is he a spy from The Smiths camp? Sorry — forgot you're a Smiths backstabber. James — aren't they that group from Manchester? — Dee Brien, PPF Aylesbury

REID AND RIGHT

"CALM DOWN lads. Let me write this letter and then you can go and get him."

Sorry about that, it's just that the boys are getting a bit impatient. You see they're

after blood, namely Jim Begley's.

"The motorbike chains? They're in the garage with the crossbars."

Where was I? Oh yes, they didn't think much of his criticism of The Jesus And Mary Chain (January 18) and who can blame them? I mean, it's pretty unwise to slag off a group just voted best new band of 1985.

Excuse me.

"Alright boys, nearly finished!"

Well Jim, I can't hold them back much longer. If it wasn't for the 'Buzzsaw needing oil' comparison you might have got away with it. But the boys didn't like that, you know what I mean?

"OK boys, off you go!" There they go, Jim. Sorry I couldn't keep them here while you packed your suitcase, but that's life.

Perhaps I could bring you some grapes or something to make up for it? — Kev Grant (The JAMC Protection Society)

CONTRARY MARY

HAVING JUST read the Letters page (January 18) I feel compelled to defend John Peel and his Festive 50 from the two idiots who think it was rubbish, seemingly because their favourite groups didn't get a mention. If they listened properly they would know that it was the listeners who chose the records, not Mr Peel. Surely they should write to him rather than Sounds! Both slag off The Jesus And Mary Chain as hype but if this is the case then how come they took the top two places in the chart? As Rob Long says, it's all a matter of personal opinion, and the general opinion seems to be that the JAMC are good. So keep your petty vendettas to yourself! — Jamie Booth, Brighton

SAX PROBLEMS

AS A devoted Brooker fan it pains me to admit Clarence Clemons' new album 'Hero' is a load of MOR bollocks. He can't sing and technically his sax playing is very limited. (Oh, for another 'Jungleland'.)

The Boss must feel ill when he listens to this betrayal of everything he fought the badlands for. (Yes, I know it's bad ending in a preposition.) You ought to be ashamed Clarence. — JJ in E Block

MEMORY BANK

COMPILED BY BARRY LAZELL

Sunday February 16
1935 Birthday of Sonny Bono, of Sonny & Cher, in California.
1961 Birthday of Andy Taylor of Duran Duran, in Wolverhampton.
1957 The first showing of E.S.

Special: British TV's first ever weekly pop music show.
1969 Jethro Tull's first single 'Shedule One' was released, mistakenly crediting them as Jethro T.U. on the label.
1982 Clare Hurst replaced

Penny Layton in the Belle Stars.

Monday February 17
1967 'Penny Lane' / Strawberry Fields Forever' became the first UK Beatles single to have a pic sleeve (though only on the first 25,000 copies).
1968 John Lennon, George Harrison and Donovan flew to India to join the Transcendental Meditation course of the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.
1969 Bob Dylan recorded in Nashville with Johnny Cash, but only one track from the session was ever officially released.
1970 Jani Mitchell told a Royal Albert Hall concert audience that she was to retire from live work shortly. Guess she must have changed her mind.

Tuesday February 18
1933 Birthday of Yoko Ono, in Tokyo.
1968 Dave Gilmour joined Pink Floyd, to fill the guitar spot on stage being ever more frequently vacated by Syd Barrett.
1978 'Sodda' Glee, the prototype punk faunco, closed down, giving Mark Perry freedom to concentrate on recording and performing with Alternative TV.
Wednesday February 19
1940 Birthday of Smokey Robinson, in Detroit.
1948 Birthday of Tony Iommi of Black Sabbath.
1980 Death of Bon Scott, AC/DC's lead vocalist, aged 33, in London. He choked to death in his sleep, having passed out in his car after a drinking bout.

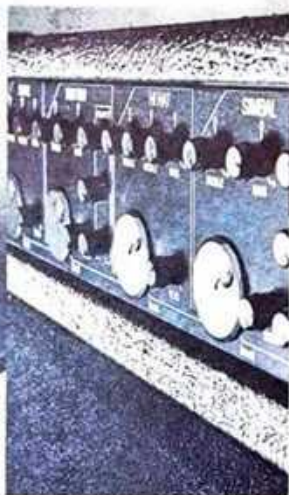
1963 Tony Hadley of Spandau Ballet married Leonie Lawson, in London.
Thursday February 20
1960 Birthday of Mark Reilly of Matt Bianco.
1971 Ginger Baker's Airforce, largest and most unwieldy of all the 'supergroups', disbanded.
1971 The original cast album of Jesus Christ Superstar, featuring Ian Gillan and Murray Head, topped the US album charts. Writers Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice never looked back.
Friday February 21
1933 Birthday of Miles Simene, in Tryon, North Carolina.
1976 Death of Florence Ballard, a member with Diana Ross and Mary Wilson of the original

Supremes. She died of a heart attack, aged 32, in Detroit, some years after leaving the group and attempting to go solo.
Saturday February 22
1933 Birthday of Graham Lewis, formerly of Wire, and long-time partner with Bruce Gilbert.
1968 Genesis' first single 'The Silent Sun' was released by Decca.
1978 Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungen were arrested on charges of possessing dangerous drugs.
1980 Malcolm McLaren freed Adam Ant from the original Adam & The Ants, keeping the nucleus of the former group to form Bow Wow Wow. Adam kept the name, formed a new band, and took off...

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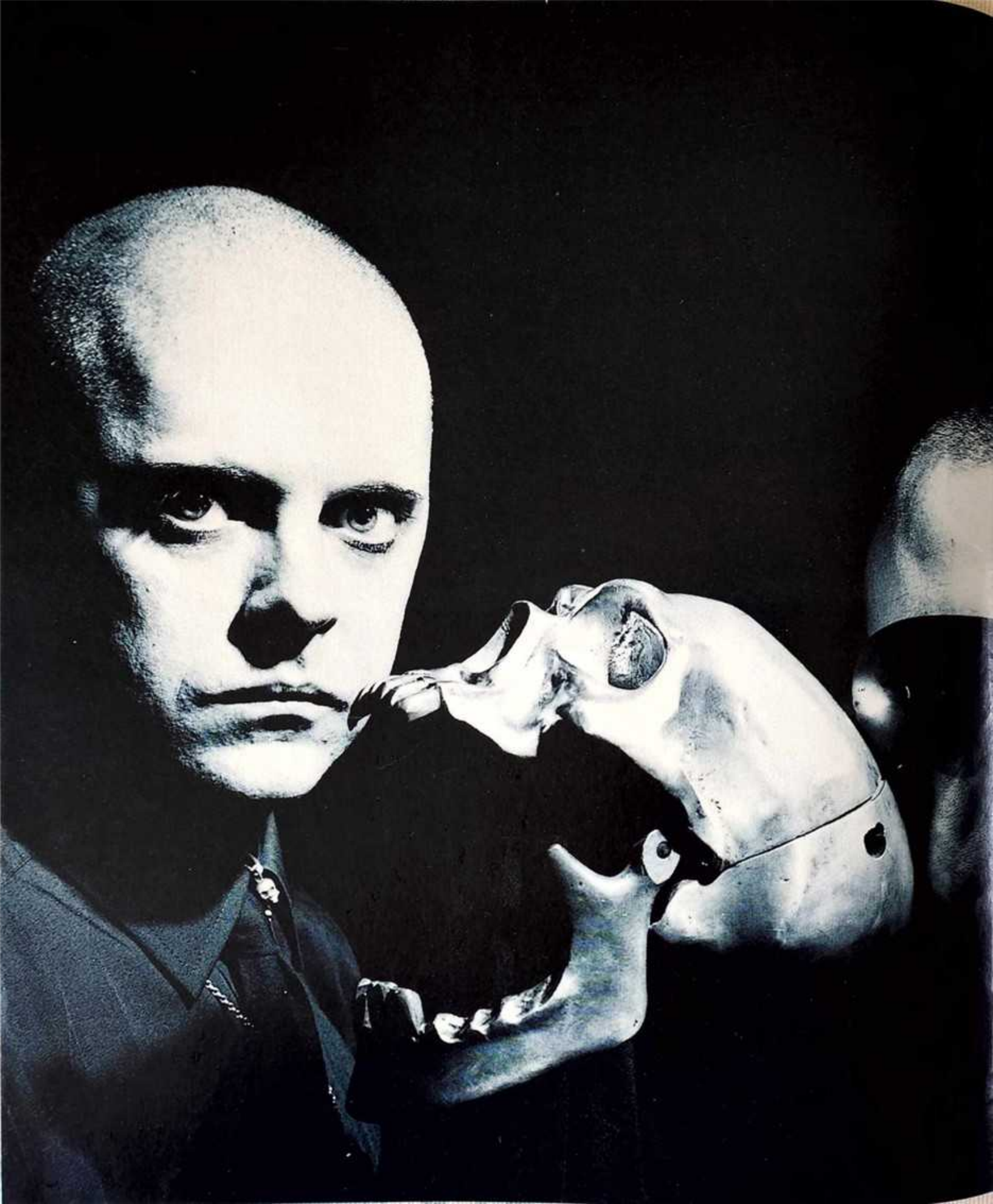
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THE SOUNDS COLOUR MAGAZINE



PSYCHO KILLERS



KILLER CLOWNS

WHAT'S THIS hoo-ha all about? *Psycho Killers!* Lemme tell ya a story: No, it's not about an Alfred Hitchcock movie or an old Talking Heads song. This here maggot is a sampling, an investigation of the sick streak, the tendency to crime, racial debauchery and violence of the soul that has always existed as a titanic tapeworm in the belly of rock 'n' roll, whether signified by Chuck Manson over-compensating for failing his Monkees audition by creaky-crawling like a vicious rattlesnake through the mansions of Hollywood, or by Throbbling Gristle playing 'gigs' that invariably climaxed in some kind of violence or spiritual malaise ...

Every art form has its lunatic fringe, the frantic few who are not content until they take the implications of what they do beyond the limits of reason. The Victorian painters had Richard Dadd, who murdered his father on a cross-Channel trip and thowed the corpse through the porthole! The Surrealists spawned Salvador Dali, who claimed to sleep well when surrounded by the screams of suffering animals. Modern Performance Art gave us Genesis P-Orridge, gibbling nonstop at the ICA and being called one of "the wreckers of civilisation", not to mention Chris Burden, the American who crucified himself on a Volkswagen and set up a scenario in a gallery where he lay between two live cables and invited bemused/horrified patrons to kick over a bucket of water, complete the current and kill him. Sick f---ers all!

And hence to rock 'n' roll. David Bowie was sufficiently inspired by the antics of Burden to enslave him in the song 'Joe The Lion', but others felt that they had to get to grips with the deadly music themselves. Iggy

Pog's chosen methods included throwing himself into the audience to see whether, on any given night, they were inclined to beat him up or conversely hail him as a Dionysian God, while Neuhausen decided to destroy stages with road debris. The Jesus And Mary Chain incite audience riots, invoking memories of the more hee. Pinks debauches, which climaxed in Sid Vicious' murder on suicide bloodsport box. Then there was Alice Cooper's mock hangings (and Ian Curtis of Joy Division's real one). Crises, even now old Brian Eno once talked of using low, low frequencies to make the audience involuntarily open up its bowels ...

CHANCE GAVE us the sickest combination of f--- art, let's die craziness in real life, when some genius (or madman) remembered to press the 'record' button and immortalise the mass death-throes of the cyanide 'n' Road Aid gutters in Jonestown, Guyana, where Yankee messiah Reverend Jim Jones had set up camp with his followers. This meant that all you vicarious thrill-seekers out there could, in the same-stained comfort of your own dog-hole, listen to those brave folks who refused to let the bureaucratic bums interfere with their right to murder their own kids!

There's not a lot that can top that little nuttree! Still, we can be thankful that creatures of the night such as Jim Foster and The Swans are, at least, trying.

Now sit down, put on your favourite bit of sicko vinyl and settle in for a nostalgic poke-in. Yeah ... remembers that band The Mouse Murderers? Sheesh ... can't say for the Ian Brady solo album!

PAGES 4 TO 7: Sandy Robertson slides through the evil memories of those sick, sick '60s

PAGES 8 to 10: Throbbling Gristle, the grue story! Simon Owyer examines the early career of art terrorist Genesis P-Orridge

PAGES 11 to 14: Stereo Nasties: a record rack for a damaged brain. Edwin Pouncey explores the forbidden realms of vile vinyl

PAGE 15: Outrage info for those whose stomachs remain unturned. Here's where the real sickos hang out their dirty laundry

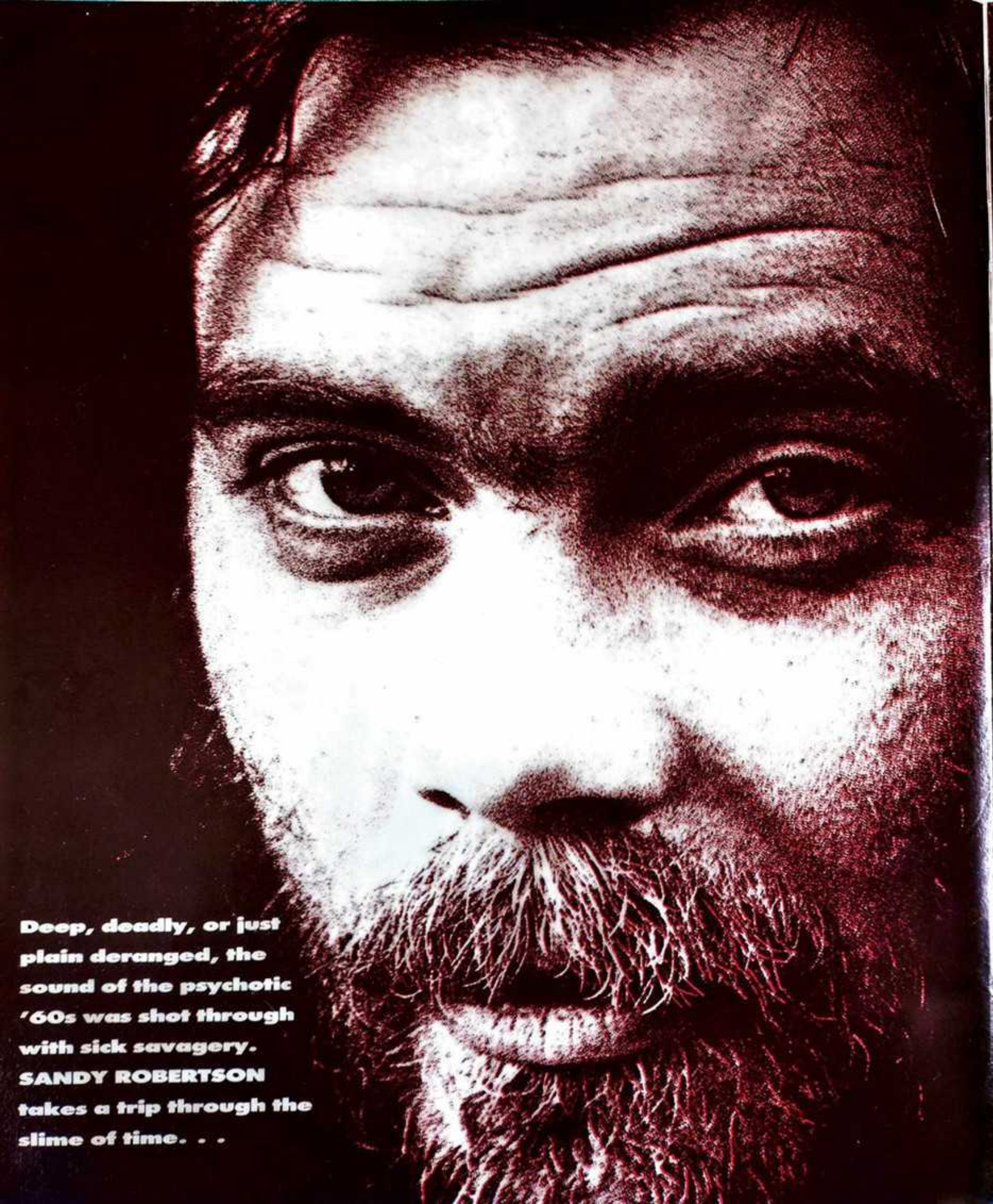
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A high-contrast, black and white close-up portrait of a man with a beard and intense gaze. The image is heavily stylized, with deep shadows and bright highlights, giving it a grainy, almost photocopied appearance. The man's eyes are wide and staring, and his beard is thick and dark. The overall mood is intense and unsettling.

**Deep, deadly, or just
plain deranged, the
sound of the psychotic
'60s was shot through
with sick savagery.
SANDY ROBERTSON
takes a trip through the
slime of time. . .**

SICK, SICK SIXTIES

ROKY ERICKSON: The Evil One

WE'RE STILL paying the price today for the indulgences of the chemical romance at the heart of the 'groovy' '60s. But while the fallout, good and oh-so bad, is coming down we can reflect that, boy, did it give us some demented ear candy.

Drugs giveth and drugs taketh away but, whatever you think of illicit pharmaceutical capering, there's no doubt that the psychedelic blitz of the decade of love unhinged many a musical imagination to an unprecedented degree.

I'm not talking about the general atmosphere of experimentation the whole hallucinogenic scene engendered, I'm talking about those who went to the outer limits... and never came back! Of course, some didn't need LSD or just used it to give their already fragmented psyche a nudge in the wrong direction but, whatever the factoids, there's no doubt that the '60s were the most wiggled-out years for pop and rock, when lunacy was a marketable commodity. Sad for the loonies, p'raps, yet so fascinating for us...

To tell the truth, of course, record companies prefer nice, glossy, *fake* lunacy to the real nerve-frazzling, out-there thing. And so do most musicians, however 'hip' they pretend to be. That's why, in the height of the UK flirtation with the psychedelic influences filtering across the pond from San Francisco, Brit heroes Pink Floyd binned the man who created and led the band, Syd Barrett.

It was one thing *acting* crazy and playing dickery instrumental riffs while being smothered in liquid lightshows, but quite another when the mainman played whatever he chose during any given song (usually one chord, accompanied by random string-detuning) and pulled stunts such as covering his barnet in a gooey mixture of Brylcreem and crushed Mandrax pills, which later dissolved under the hot lights giving the impression that his face was melting! Barrett's subsequent decline provided a fund of weird tales, as documented in a recent *Sounds* piece, but his increasing reclusiveness has proved problematic for would-be Syd cultists.

Even the hardcore Barrett fanzine *Terra-pin* closed down, due (as they put it) "to lack of Syd". Must we burn Pink Floyd for ditching Barrett? He wanted to make madder and madder music, like his rumoured (and allegedly unreleasable) session of multiple guitar-noise overdubs; the Floyd wanted to make money...

Britain had always been a haven and breeding ground for eccentrics, from Lewis Carroll to Screaming Lord Sutch but, in the twisted '60s rockscene, the logical home for true mania *in extremis* was the place where *everything* had to be on a bigger and badder scale: Amerika! Reaction against the cosy sterility of most pop, even the pseudo-rebellious kind, set in early. It was only a matter of time before the literary legacy of those angry young dopefiends known as the Beats would filter over into the rock and folk world. The sexual pole-

mics of Ginsberg and the aleatory, junk-fed cut-ups of William Burroughs found their equal soon enough...

The Fugs, led by literary lion-cubs Tuli Kupferberg and Charlie Manson biographer Ed Sanders, were part of New York's sleazy underbelly. Which part? The asshole, probably. Recording for the avowedly bizarre ESP-Disk label smack in the middle of the troubled decade, they were viciously anti-establishment and decidedly filthy. The 'music' consisted of a rough bongo beat and apparently random hammering of untuned acoustic guitars, while the vocalising was basically untutored howling about such subjects as a 'Coca-Cola Douche': "*My baby she fizzes and she fizzes/She just had that Coca-Cola douche!*"

The Fugs later progressed (if that's the right word) to making more or less acceptably musical LPs, such as the intriguingly titled 'It Crawled Into My Hand, Honest', though the whole stance remained doggedly dirty and obsessive. The cover boasted mock 'personal' ads, like one seeking "*a purple-nippled lady horse trainer*", and pop cuts like 'Crystal Liaison' were deliberately sabotaged by proximity to lyrics such as: "*I been swimming in this river of shit/More than 20 years/An' I'm gettin' tired of it*".

IF THIS sort of stuff offended the mindless but moral majority, it nevertheless mightily inspired other outsiders to proceed. Frank Zappa has declared: "The Fugs were the fathers of The Mothers." Some of you younger readers may wonder what an ageing jazz-rock joker who bans his musos from even puffing the odd joint on the road is doing here, huh? Well, before the daze of three-album box sets of guitar solos Zappa was...

Weird, not just pretending to be. Or maybe not, but Zappa's '60s outfit The Mothers Of Invention really did cut the mustard whether he was just a shrewd bizness manipulator or no. The LPs recorded for the Verve label, such as the sardonic 'Sgt Pepper' parody 'We're Only In It For The Money', show a penchant for vile innuendo and odder-than-odd ensemble playing. The cover may have been a Beatles pisstake, but the music was *avant-garde* bop meets Stravinsky on a trip. Zappa not only hated society, he hated hippies too. Zappa hated everyone, it seemed, and was intent on revealing the base streak in humanity; viz the time he invited a US marine in his audience to dismember a doll onstage. "Boy, he *really* ripped the piss outta that doll," Zappa recalled.

The increasingly liberal attitudes of the '70s meant Zappa could be more and more explicit on record. It also meant that he became less and less shocking or impressive, though some of the people who became his protégés went from strength to unstable strength.

He put out the devastatingly *outré* double set by his longtime pal Don Van Vliet, known to the crazed record buyers as Captain Beefheart. 'Trout Mask Replica' remains the definitive Beefheartian statement

containing serried ranks of notes clanking their way through a harsh Dadaist landscape. It was still rock, but surreal, warped visionary Beefheart And His Magic Band approached the short, vignette-like cuts (check 'Hair Pie, Bake 1') with all the free-floating funkiness of an Ornette Coleman.

It was rock shorn of the repetitive shackles of the heavy bands, yet still retaining roots in the blues via Beefheart's gravelly baying. He had the true mark of the loony: he just *didn't* see the world the way others did. Like, he even had a tree-surgeon in the 'Trout' studio in case the music upset neighbouring flora!

Zappa played host to a brace of lesser immortals, too. There was the artistically-minded *cadre* of zany groupies who called themselves The GTOs (Girls Together Outrageously). They put out a decidedly left-field album combining documentary chat on their sexual proclivities with tinkly lust-ditties and guest appearances from the likes of Rodney Bingenheimer, the 'Mayor Of Sunset Strip'. The GTOs' album says more about groupies, sex, rock and California than a host of serious studies. One of them later wed John Cale, another waltzing Michael Des Barres down to the altar.

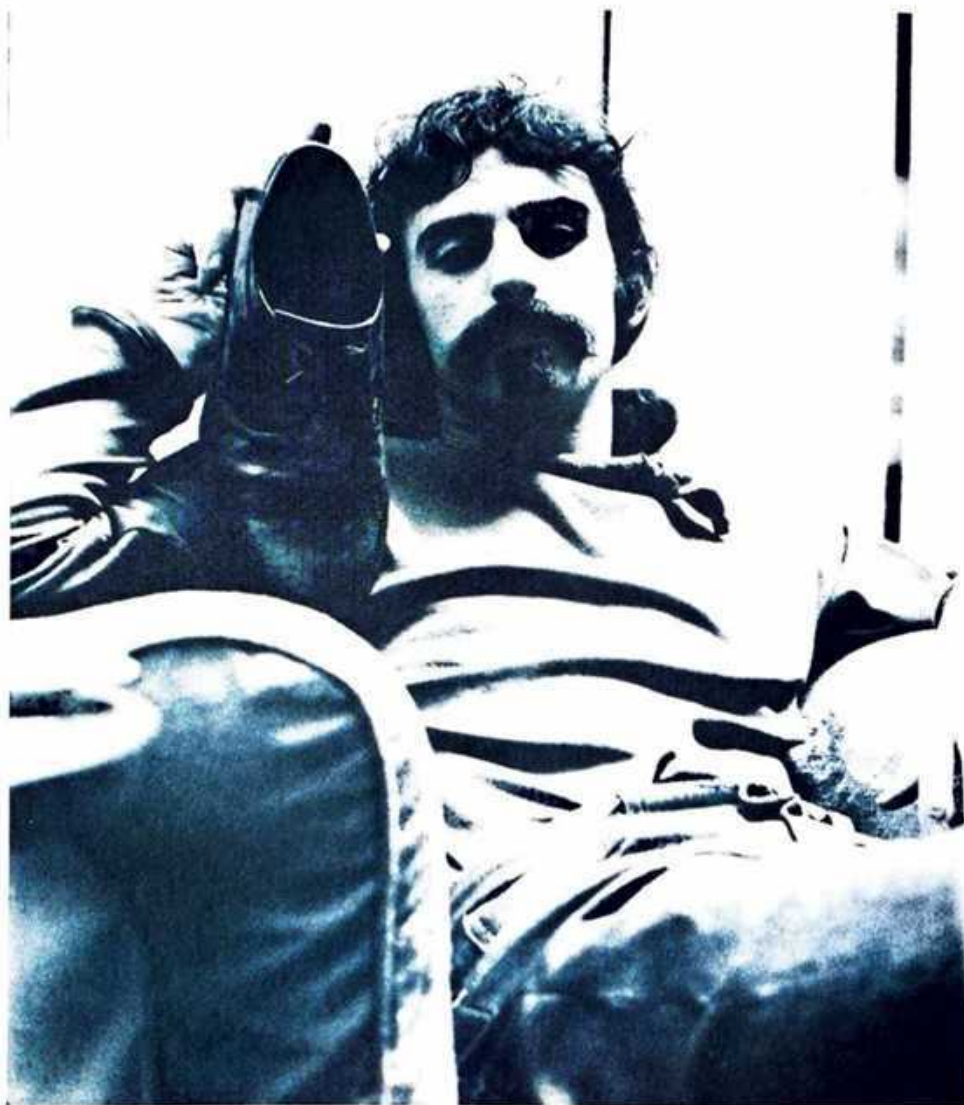
Zappa also issued folk singer Tim Buckley's loopy LP, 'Starsailor', but many see his crowning glory as his discovery of Larry 'Wild Man' Fischer.

Wild Man Fischer was/is a sad man who'd parade the streets of Hollyweird offering to sing passers-by a song for a few cents. Despite a tuneless, throaty croak of a voice and a definitely uh-oh look, Fischer actually did possess a knack of bashing out simple tunes with daft/deft lyrics, and had a frightening belief in his abilities.

Zappa intended the double set 'An Evening With Wild Man Fischer' as a rockumentary on the way America treats anyone who refuses to be 'normal'. Hear Larry suffering the jibes of cruel assholes yelling "You're crazy!"; hear Larry get upset as he remembers being sent to an asylum full of old men who kept pissing their beds; hear the aforementioned Rodney Bingenheimer and cult-producer Kim Fowley recount the "ballad" of Wild Man Fischer...

The trouble was that Larry, quite naturally, saw getting signed to a Warners-distributed label as a genuine break. What interested him was the song parts of the disc, where Zappa added music to his crooning. Whatever you think of Fischer's talent (or lack of it), it remains one of Zappa's most morally debatable acts when, 'statement' completed, he just wished the troublesome Wild Man would shove off and stop asking when the next LP was gonna get made. In the end he treated Fischer as badly as the rest of America did.

When I interviewed him a few years back in LA, Fischer was still obsessed by Zappa: "He's scared of me, isn't he? What did he say about me when you talked to him? He knows I'm better than he is..."



FRANK AND... - Linda Fitzgerald Moore

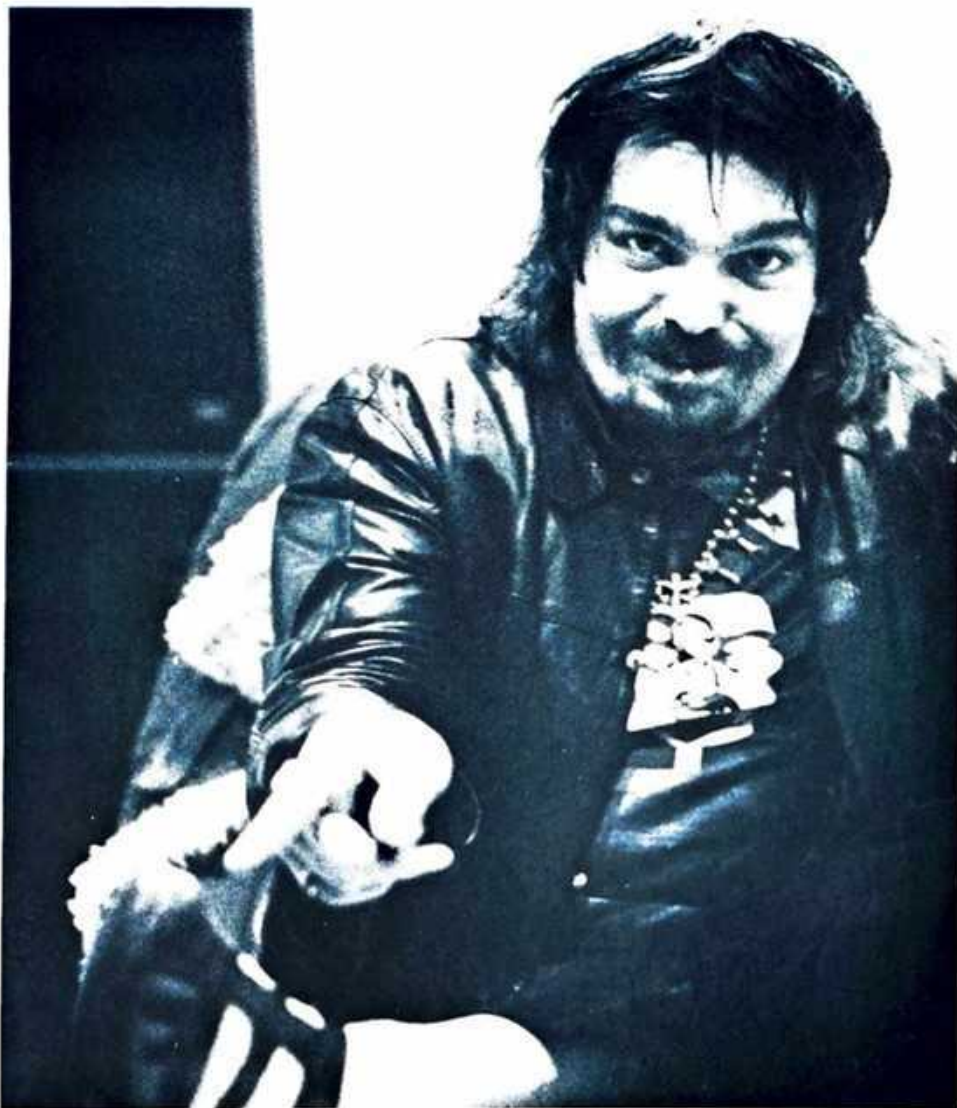
HAPPILY FOR Fischer, the enterprising Rhino label has since signed him up and made several records with him bellowing happily away. But the Fischer/Zappa dichotomy illustrates perfectly a prime problem for the seeker after '60s craziness: how to differentiate 'tween the genuinely wired and the mock turtle.

Alice Cooper was another early FZ signing, picked up by Zappa through persistence and the impressive ability he had of emptying a club in minutes flat with his music. Zappa gave Cooper, who (fittingly enough) later appeared whipping up a storm in the film *Diary Of A Mad Housewife*, a basement to rehearse in and a deal. But, as we all know, ol' Alice was just a great businessman/opportunist who ended up drinking beer, playing golf with old movie stars and (worst of all) making dull records.

Some would say that Kim Fowley, the indefatigable Hollywood producer who has worked with everyone from Gene Vincent

to The Byrds to Joan Jett, is just another wily music biz bankroller too, but his innate shrewdness and eye for the main chance can't take away his very real oddball flair for eccentric megalomania and bent creativity. One listen to a ragged, paranoid album like the 1968 trash classic 'Outrageous' will confirm this.

In fact, there's a whole school of collectors who revel in such junk, the apotheosis of which was the 'Nuggets' compilation of '60s psycho-delic punk bands who never (or barely) made it out of their home towns. Bands like The Seeds, California impersonators of the Anglo-blooz sub-Stones sound, whose leader Sky Saxon went up to cloud nine and stayed there. He began calling himself Sky Sunlight, lived in a trailer and made very odd records about how he'd been offered a million dollars to cut his hair, how wonderful his dogs were, etc, etc. He even issued one double-platter on Eight-Track-Tape only, so convinced was he that this was the coming medium! The Seeds, incidentally, were managed by Tim Hudson,



who may well be the man now handling Ian Botham's affairs . . .

The prime brain melter from the '60s punkodelic scene was Roky Erickson, leader of Texas outfit The 13th Floor Elevators, who accepted incarceration in a loony bin as an alternative to some hideously lengthy jail term for LSD possession, and came out nuttier than when he went in! Obsessed by demons and grossout horror, Erickson was nevertheless able to function well enough to be signed a few years back to CBS UK. Encouraged by an album of punko-schlock in an EC Comix-meets-Led Zep mould, the label brought Erickson over here for interviews . . .

This turned out to be a disaster. I myself only managed ten minutes alone with Roky and his manager. Each question was answered with a blank stare, a guttural groan, a strangulated "Ahh doan knowww", or the unnerving sight of a man staring at the edge of his left hand as if it held some divine revelation. Of course, to the cognoscenti reports of this behaviour

only made Roky's star rise even higher in the firmament. But, like fragile Beach Boy Brian Wilson, I felt the man was being used simply to make money for others.

I interviewed Wilson, whose traumas have been well covered, in California during one of the many 'Brian Is Back' scams The Beach Boys have pulled over the years. Quaking in a roomful of cynical observers, he soon scampered off like a frightened rabbit. 'Psychotic Reaction', as someone once sang? Well . . . The Beach Boys had never been the same since they met Charles Manson.

Manson, the man the law decided was behind the infamous Sharon Tate murders, was (as well as being an ex-convict) a songwriter held in much esteem by various habitués of the LA musick scene, including Byrds' producer (and son of Doris Day) Terry Melcher, Mamas & Papas star John Phillips and Beach Boy Dennis Wilson. Apart from a song he flogged to the surfing chaps Manson had an LP of his own put out to pay his legal costs. Most of the album,

recently reissued by Fierce Records, is pretty standard sub-Richie Havens folk rap, though the song 'Garbage Dump' is a true sicko classic.

Although the writer Colin Wilson maintains that artists rarely ever commit serious crimes, I'm surprised that the rock scene, populated as it is by arrogant weirdos who can be stars one minute and selling newspapers on the corner the next, hasn't bred more embittered killers. The LA band Love, about which tales of madness are legion, had two of its original members end up in the penitentiary after they held up a series of doughnut stands to finance their drug habits. They became known to the cops as The Doughnut Robbers. Not a bad name for a group, actually . . .

THE CAPTAIN: Brown shoes don't make it - Michael Putland

THE LEADER of Love was Arthur Lee. Rock critic Sandy Pearlman maintained that Lee's music couldn't be duplicated (though he himself tried with Stalk Forrest Group, an early version of Blue Öyster Cult) due to the man's peculiar brain structure! Certainly Lee's bitter bile of an acoustic/electric hybrid was filled with a deceptively beautiful evil.

"Their name is Love, but they're really hate," said one who knew them.

Stories backed up the notion of insanity. Lee onstage wearing one army boot; Lee lying on the floor of his wrecked mansion, head between the speakers of a cheap plastic stereo, listening to a test-pressing of his new album. Lee still makes music today, but the malevolent muse appears to have departed.

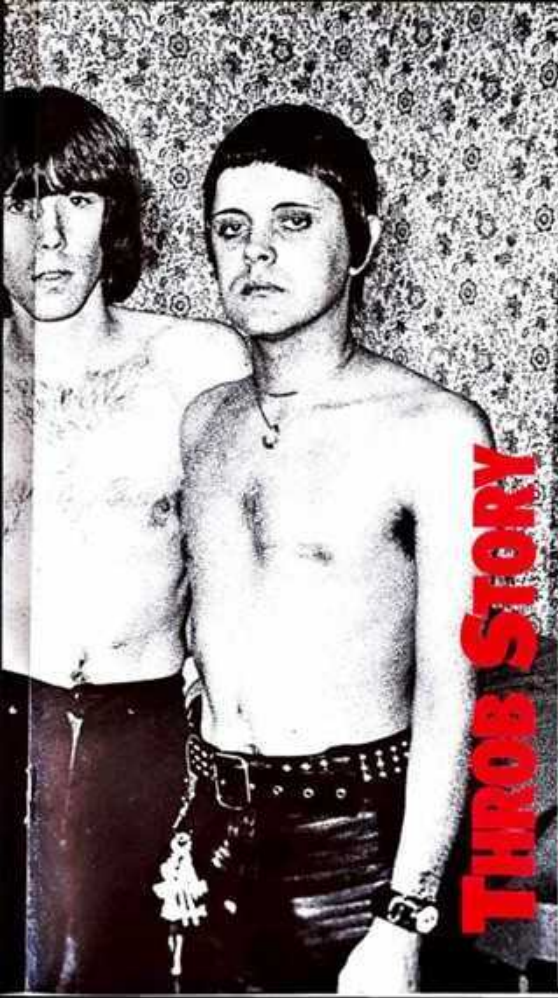
While we in the UK were producing the close-to-the-ledge mania of Viv Stanshall's Bonzos and the whimsy of Kevin Ayers and Daevid Allen (or importing the lumbering acid rock of the Kraut experimenters), America was going for the black heart of the sun. But in the end the old adage that truth is stranger than fiction doesn't quite hold water, even in California. For every self-mutilating Iggy Pop with his silver oven-gloves, dog-collar and peanut butter, or "Phantom" (on Capitol) claiming to be the ghost of Jim Morrison, or Lothar & The Hand People with their satanic theremin swoops, or eldritch HP Lovecraft band, or '60s survivor Lou Reed's 'Metal Machine Music' wall of noise, or even Manson buddy Bobby Beausoleil in The Magic Powerhouse Of Oz (and later making the soundtrack to Kenneth Anger's *Lucifer Rising* from his jail cell), there are always rumours, legends that there were, way back then, bands that were . . . even sicker!

Samples? A bunch of disenchanted musos who liked to wade into the audience with a functioning chainsaw on full power! The surviving punters had to count their arms and legs on the way out. A group whose members actually committed suicide onstage! I hear they were dead good. Of course it is academic now, since the '60s are well and truly over. But never mind. . .

The sickest is yet to come, I'm sure.



Death factory dix-
buster Throbbing
Griatch refuse to die.
Ex-supreme Genesis P.
Orridge says: "If I got
paid for all these
bootlegs I'd have
£40,000 in the bank!
I'm sure there was a
good reason for my
doing it all, but it's
buried in my mind and
I'll never know it
there."
SIMON D'OWD has
other ideas. . .



THERE'S A vague, almost indefinable combination of death, despair, pretension, shock and unavailability that goes towards a group getting cult status - bands that have risen after death by some form of witchcraft. The easy answer is that such bands must have been "ahead of their time", though, to be honest, not many of them really were. Becoming a cult isn't as simple as that.

Thrashing Grille is a prime example. A small, almost invisible garage band, who were never needed for their shockism rather than their position at the time, have - four years after their split - achieved it in a way almost unparalleled in Britain over the last decade.

Their studio albums are constantly repressed or bootlegged, their God awful live sound has been captured on tape and transcribed onto suburban Sony's as new product from an over-enthusiastic array of indie labels, and they bear the common mark of all true cult groups - the ability to tempt listeners into sin on their corpses.

What has made TG possibly the most comfortable item in that bargain bin of pop is that, even in their relatively short life, they prepared for death.

When in 1979 their American sidekick Monte Cazazza coined their enigmatic catchphrase "Industrial Music For Industrial People", he was actually talking out of date. He wasn't being literal. Nobody worked in Fritz Lang's factories anymore, and even those few that still did didn't want to add to the monotony by switching machines for TG's rattled sheet of sound. The first time Industrial Society was already forming, doing and selling over in the history books and giving way to long term mass unemployment, squaky clean service industries and silent computers. The closest a TG fan ever got to getting his hands dirty was in wiping the dust off his other prized possession in the archive, namely his video pirate of Kubrick's *Clockwork Orange*, as essential as any TG deletion with its shock value and unavailability.

Of course, the German intelligentsia were already heavily into the sound of trains leaving Düsseldorf Central by the time TG appeared. Euripides, though, had never quite mastered the finer points of pop culture, and had failed to decipher it and put it into historical context by expressing themselves in interviews - something TG were always good at. They'd neglected to build into it that other essential of all desirable pop - obscurity. They had to create a transient ripple that could only possibly lead to future curiosity and fame. Even the title of TG's first LP, "Second Annual Report", inspired curiosity.

In addition TG, and the Industrial pranksers in general, had shock tactics down to a fine art. TG realised that the main criterion for the stoking of any cult is to inspire fanaticism, and went about it in a way that all cultists have always done, stoking it with symbols.

The symbols TG chose to flirt with were the ornaments of power - images of sex,

death and Armageddon. The reasons for these choices are another thing altogether, and something that didn't really matter to vinyl junkie youth as it chased myths, but the result of their imagery was to create the oldest of pop's necessities, The Generation Gap.

LEGENDS SUCH as TG come about through a series of semi-planned accidents. Fate must take a hand in the creating of any zomboid group, otherwise every label in West One would have its share of such bands to clear up the EEC vinyl mountain on their deleted catalogues.

In TG's case, they had the training to capitalise on anything Fate could throw up. They had a design and advertising executive in Peter 'Sleazy' Christopherson. They had sex intrigue in the fine form of porno model Cossey Fani Tutti. Electronics whizz-kid Chris Carter gave them the technological edge to experiment and turn synthesised sound into a form of music. They also had Genesis P-Orridge.

Genesis had soaked up cultism through his prior involvement with a series of communes, Hells Angel gangs and wacky sub cultures, and perhaps without him being fully aware of it, the experiences seeped through into the madness and method of TG.

The deft one-liners of Warhol or a young Lou Reed create a type of underground personality promotion impossible with the sale of a thousand prints or a million records. That may explain why TG gave dozens of interviews, wrote thousands of letters, but only ever played a grand total of 30 British gigs in their six year existence.

Coming from a background of journalism, poetry and performance art, P-Orridge had already moved in circles that knew the game - that had *invented* it. When he moved into the sphere of pop the game was something new in many minds. The elitism of vinyl junkie youth had never been so stimulated in the mass produced, platinum logic of the real 'Industrial' culture of pop. Who'd ever heard of a *limited* edition record? TG were a pain in the arse to catalogue and a Godsend to Rough Trade's mail order generation, the kids who are now engrossed in bands like Into A Circle, ACR, and Cabaret Voltaire.

The TG name got dropped in David Bowie's 1970's retrospective smack between T Rex and Devo and, through being mentioned at parties, crossed over to the area where it had really come from in the first place, the art and literary world. Quite suddenly the likes of the Weazel's uncle Auberon Waugh, Peter Getty and Ken Campbell knew who they were and TG started coming to life again. Some bright spark at Belfast University even did a thesis on 'em ...

TG were helped by the climate of the times. The professional art of Jamie Reid, Gysin and Burroughs (TG connections) and the band themselves that produced dadaist cut-up 'nonsense', hit the fan at just the right time. It became allied to the technolo-

gy for producing and presenting such nonsense cheaply and effectively. Xerox machines, twin decks, videos, all made it easy for anyone to cut it up, scratch it, and call it Art. *Juxtaposition* became a well thumbed word. The result contributed to a fanzine and independent record scene of some social worth and much overpretentious rubbish, but also much deference to the inspirational name of TG.

WORDS FILTERED around among old journalists who, having only ever listened to the first ten seconds of any TG freebie, wrongly had them pegged at the time as purveyors of solely electronic din. The original TG fans, now grown up and moved to the metropolis, were themselves new journalists. Otherwise many of them got into bands, into trouble or into money, and capitalised on their *specialist* knowledge and assortment of bootleg tapes, releasing 'new' albums with (or occasionally without) the altruistic approval of the band to feed the new demand. Thus they made money, and created for themselves what they'd always wanted back home, an identity. This identity comes across as being somehow weird and wonderful purely though their association with what is now seen as being a weird and wonderful group.

Everyone benefits. With each new limited edition release TG become more and more collectable, adding fuel to their myth. And collectors not only get that warm self-satisfied glow when coming across the album that had seemed to elude them, but in collecting TG they too become a part of the new glamour and old mystery. They give themselves a blurred history. By back-dating their tastes they snub the common and accessible, socially acceptable flavours of the charts in favour of the esoteric.

TG have not only continued their success, but have become *more* successful after their death because they are an icon of a particular attitude of alienation and modern rebellion which cannot find expression in the world of pure pop. In worshipping the TG icon and collecting the relics, people are given an identity that implies a state of being extraordinary, something that cannot be created using the ordinary artifacts of the present.

TG are popular because there is now no risk of them becoming populist. They didn't write the songs and they didn't make huge numbers of records just for that. In short, TG records are now popular because there just aren't that many about.

For those who want to dig 'em out here is the TG discography. Brace yourself.

Second Annual Report Industrial Records (IR002) Semi 'live' 785 copies
D.O.A. (The Third And Final Report) (IR 0004)

20 Jazz Funk Greats (IR 0008)

Heaven Earth (IR 009) Live studio LP

Fetish Records have reissued all the above, plus -

Mission Of Dead Souls (FET 2007) Live.
All the official TG LPs listed above also appear in a Fetish Boxed Set (FUX 001) 5,000 copies
Throbbing Gristle's Greatest Hits (Entertainment Through Pain) Rough Trade US (ROUGH US23)
Funeral In Berlin Zensor Records (Germany) (No cat. number on record) Live.
In The Shadow Of The Sun Illuminated Records (JAMS 35) Derek Jarman film soundtrack.

The retrospectively sanctioned bootlegs are:

Thee Psychick Sacrifice Karnage Records (through Illuminated) (KILL 1) Live double.
Music From The Death Factory Death Records (Germany) Live. Said to be only 50 copies!

TG also released 28 live C60 cassettes on Industrial Records. About 1,000 copies of each. (24 of the tapes also available in the 24 HOURS boxed set.) Pass Records (Japan) and Italian Records (Bologna) have also re-released TG's official albums with their approval. Available on import only. There are probably also a few more live bootlegs, none of which, to my knowledge, are sanctioned. There are also unsanctioned pirate releases of the first two TG waxings put out by a French label calling itself Celluloid Records. As they are bad quality pressings that merely exist to line the pockets of chancers, avoid them like the plague.

Singles

United/Zyclon B Zombie (IR 0003) 20,000 originals, but later re-issued by Rough Trade

Subhumans/Something Came Over Me (IR 0013)

Adrenalin/Distant Dreams (Part 2) (IR 0015)

We Hate You (Little Girls)/Five Knuckle Shuffle Sordide Sentimental (France) (SS 45001) 1,560 copies on the Sordide Sentimental, and also a limited pressing made by Adolescent Records in America (ARTT010)

You Don't Know/Domanu Sunrise Nice Records (Italy) (no number) Very limited fanzine edition

Discipline Fetish Records (FET 006) Double A-sided 12-inch

NOTE: All the various different pressings of Industrial Records can be identified from the variety of cryptic messages scratched in the centre lead-out, colours of vinyl and types of centre labels, covers and inserts. Also, some re-issues have been re-mixed or totally re-cut, eg the post 1981 Fetish editions of 'Second Annual Report' have the music playing backwards with chamber music added.

This discography is probably incomplete.

EDWIN POUNCEY goes
underground looking for
vile vinyl and brings back a
list of definitive death-
rock . . .

STEREO NASTIES



SOMETIMES IT looks like the good guys really won the war. Switch on your TV or radio in '86 and something saccharine is sure to ooze out and rot your intellect.

The threat that The Sex Pistols waved in front of a million viewers, causing grown lorry drivers to kick in their sets, has been thwarted. Disco didn't die, it just kept its head down. When the fighting was all over it would re-surface and break-dance all over the carnage.

If you've just arrived at the brink of a musical chasm and discovered, to your horror, that there's nothing there; if something spiky is itching under your scalp that you just can't scratch by listening to such units as The Thompson Twins; if you're the kind of individual who craves a slice of craziness in your musical diet, then drag your ears this way, and we'll try and put you onto the right tracks. Our first stop is the psychedelic cesspool of the swirling '60s . . .

"SMASH EVERY CREEP IN THE FACE WITH A ROCK": (from 'Who Needs The Peace Corps?' by The Mothers Of Invention)

WOODWORK squeaked and out came the freaks. A veritable mass of long haired 'crazy people' crawled out into the open and started to make weird noises. If there was a ringleader here then it had to be Frank Zappa and his Mothers, whose debut double 'Freak Out!' album became the first testimony for all United Mutations. Suzy Creamcheese summed up exactly where Zappa and his Mother People were coming from in her sleevenote to the album: "These Mothers is crazy. You can tell by their clothes. One guy wears beads and they all smell bad. None of the kids at my school like these Mothers . . . specially since my teacher told us what the words to their songs meant."

On 'Freak Out!' "these Mothers" blended '50s sleazy doo-wop with a smattering of the classics to create a monster whose howl still causes the flesh to creep today. Zappa wasn't just interested in getting his listeners' toes tapping either, on the composition note to the song 'Hungry Freaks Daddy' he advises . . . "Drop out of school before your mind rots from exposure to our mediocre educational system. Forget about the Senior Prom and go to the library and educate yourself if you've got any guts."

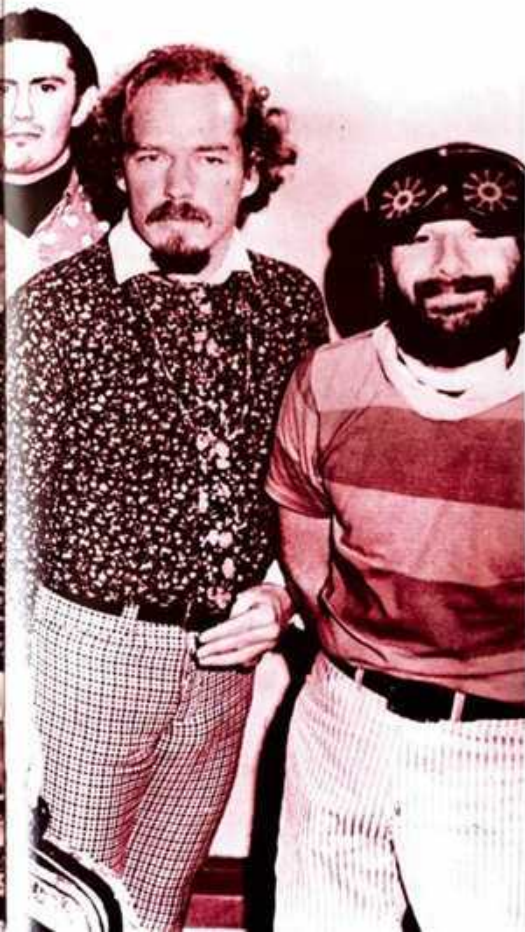
While The Mothers were occupied in freaking out California, their New York counterparts, The Fugs, were groping for peace.

According to the late Lester Bangs The Fugs did pretty weird things to fund their collective projects. "They were selling a bunch of stuff to raise money, and one of the things they were selling was Peter Orlovsky's and Allan Ginsberg's half-used cold cream jar full of pubic hairs stuck into it."

When The Fugs finally signed to a major label they came up with their best statement yet. 'It Crawled Into My Hand, Honest' payed homage to 'Marijuana' in the form of a

IGGY POP: Life's a drag - George Bodnar





Gregorian chant, invited you to listen to 'Whispers From The Fells' and introduced the world to Johnny Pissoli, an individual who would... "never kill the president, but I'd kill him in my dreams."

Elsewhere, other psychotic reactions were breaking out, the hippie 'craze' inevitably producing a slew of Flower Power pop, but some genuine craziness managed to push through and unfold its poison petals.

CA Quintes were now such weed that bloomed only once before shrivelling into extinction. Their one had seed 'Trip Thru Hell' is still available on the Psycho label as a reprint - an original sells for several hundred dollars - and is a must with track titles such as 'Underground Music', 'Colorado Mourning' and the frightening 'Cold Spiders' where CA Quintes's frail shroud of sanity slips off their shoulders and exposes something rotting behind a barrage of snare lighting. A live album has also been released in minimum quantities but it's not a patch on this psychedelic sickness.

The same kind of mentality was adopted by The Deep, who were a product of the studio, according to those who know of such things. The Deep made one album called 'Psychotic Moods', the content of which is best explained by Neil Bogart, Director Of Sales And Promotion in his sleeve note to the album: "Don't take this album lightly - play it when you're alone - in a dark room - you may find yourself say - you may feel as though you're high - you might imagine shadows on the wall."

Uh-oh! And who could resist such a sales pitch? Not me, and almost as a bonus the record is as weird as it sounds with the most off the wall track titles of all time. 'Pink Ether', 'When The Rain Is Black' and 'Trip #14' flesh out this vibrating psycho skull sucker which, together with its cover warning 'Not recommended for children', makes 'Psychotic Moods' worth scouting around for.

Equally obscure on this side of the water were Lucifer, whose records were only available through mail order. You had to be hip to be hip to the dark death circle of Lucifer, their ads for such albums as 'Big Gun' appeared in *Ch* mag and other 'underground press' publications and are now highly priced collectors items. "Be what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law", they quoted from arch mage Aleister Crowley on the back of 'Big Gun', with the added advice, "Burn all other records."

"PSYCHO KILLER, G'EST-CE QUE C' EST?":
(from 'Talking Moods: 77" by Talking Moods)

LEGY POP promised, "Your pretty face is going to Hell" on his 1973 album 'Raw Power' - one of the few slabs of rock 'n' roll vinyl that sent electric sparks flying after the '60s had run out of steam and the '70s had failed to ignite.

For the Psycho Killers these were pretty



LYDIA LUNCH: A pretty face in Hell - Harry Papadopoulos

lean years until, of course, punk went up like a giant mushroom cloud in the middle of the decade and sent a lot of pretty faces to Hell.

'Raw Power' was Iggy's last blast as a Stooge before David Bowie picked him up again and produced him as a solo artist. Before 'The Idiot' struggled to his feet, however, there was one last taste of danger. In 1976 Skydog Records released 'Metallic KO', a live sampling of The Stooges at their deadliest, facing an audience of mass murderers who can be heard hurling light bulbs which explode on the stage. The sound quality of 'Metallic KO' reeks, but the atmosphere is lethal.

Another '60s survivor, Lou Reed, was also responsible for a memorable slab of vinyl. 'Metal Machine Music', a double album set of repetitive electronic rage, earned such reviews as "sheer self-destructive indulgence" and "if I had bought this album, regardless of store policy, I would raise hell until I got my money back".

Lou hit back with: "They should be grateful I put that f***ing thing out, and if they don't like it, they can go eat ratshit. I make records for me!" If your senses can stand it, 'Metal Machine Music' was recently re-issued as an Italian import.

More musically acceptable, (to the fans anyway) but equally electronic, were Suicide. The coupling of Alan Vega and Martin Rev was a marriage made in Hell and the resulting debut album, 'Suicide', contained a series of electric shocks. The biggest jolt was to be found in a track called 'Frankie Teardrop', the story to a guy who blows away his family and then himself to be rewarded by eternal damnation in the fiery furnace. Martin Rev's droning keyboards create a perfectly fashioned sinister backdrop while Alan Vega rips out Frankie's doomed soul from his vocal chords like some shred of spooky ectoplasm.

The only alternative GB had to this titanic twosome was Throbbing Gristle. Suicide had turned a lot of young British bands' attention to the synthesiser. Out popped units like The Human League, OMD and a host of others. All these wilted at the hands of big business, but Throbbing Gristle remained true to their school.

'Second Annual Report' was a rabid documentation of various Genesis P-Orridge doings inside the Death Factory. Ugly listening for sure, but wildly funny in parts, especially the scream of disgust hurled at his audience by a DJ in Brighton where the Throbs were recording a segment.

Meanwhile, back in San Francisco, weird scenes were beginning to loom up again with a foursome in newspaper Ku Klux Klan outfits calling themselves The Residents. Their slogan to the world was "Buy or die!", and their latest record was called 'The Third Reich 'N' Roll', a mangling of rock history's finest moments, mutilated before your very ears. Already they had massacred The Rolling Stones' 'Satisfaction' and mutated The Beatles into crustaceans but, with 'The Third Reich 'N' Roll', all Hell was allowed to break loose. In the sleevenote to the record an

explanation for such sacrilege was given thus: "Already, people are speculating whether The Residents are hinting that Rock and Roll has brain-washed the youth of the world. When confronted with this possible Philosophy, they replied, 'Well, it may be true or it may not, but we wanted to kick out the jams and get it on.'"

Amen to that, brothers.

"SO YOU CAN MOVE! SEX BEAT, UHH!" (from 'Sex Beat' by The Gun Club)

SO MUCH has happened during the first half of the '80s and yet so little has been achieved. The bands that crawled out of the wreck of the '70s have limped on to make soft pop which is 100 per cent parent approved. There have, of course, been exceptions.

The Gun Club's 'Fire Of Love' album is one such example. Jeffrey Lee Pierce's finest hour where all the swamp poetry that burns inside his head like a Halloween lantern was allowed to fully flare. As the words poured out the beat bit back, a rockabilly racket that hooked its talons deep under your quivering, perspiring flesh.

Jeffrey Lee Pierce was decreed a Marilyn Monroe from Hell and he was one individual who (along with The Cramps) was responsible for putting SEX back into rock 'n' roll. Jeffrey Lee's main influence at this time was the blues, a form of music that ex-Birthday Party member Nick Cave has adopted for his recently released album 'The First Born Is Dead'.

Cave takes the devil haunted aspect of the blues to new heights both musically and in story-telling technique. Rumours are that Cave has a novel waiting to be published and it will be interesting to see how his dark vision looks on the printed page.

Lydia Lunch, however, does nothing but write stories and perform them onstage, on film and on cassette. Her 'The Uncensored Lydia Lunch' cassette is an essentially shocking, sensual and humbling experience, one that should be approached with caution and listened to carefully for full effect. It's hard not to listen to a story like 'Daddy Dearest' without being stunned by both the crime and the curse that writhes within it.

Equally stunning are The Swans, whose sounds of corroding concrete jungles is enough to drive most folk out of the room, their ears suitably offended. Chief Swan Michael Gira's lyrics are cries of pain as he tries to shrug off the skin which holds him a prisoner inside.

Meanwhile, ex-Swans drummer Roli Mosimann has since teamed up with Lydia's beau Clint Ruin under the banner of Wiseblood and this combo have customised their first 12-inch together called 'Motorslug'.

Months later, this still sounds a mean machine, a promising sign that the best may be on its way.

Light at the end of the tunnel? We're not out of gas yet!



THE INFO AND THE OUTRO

RECORD SHOPS

ZIPPO MUSIC: 39 Clapham Park Road, London SW4 7EE. For '60s Psych, Roky Erickson/13th Floor Elevators related items and ephemera plus lots more. Catalogues are issued four times a year. Send a SAE or two IRCs to snarf one of these. Zippo also distribute Texan crazy mag *Not Fade Away* at £2.75 which includes postage and packing.

FUNHOUSE RECORDS: 1st Floor, 24 Cecil Square, Margate, Kent. Distributors of the Psycho label and purveyors of weird wax from the '60s up to the '80s. An SAE or two IRCs should procure a copy of their latest catalogue.

MAGAZINES

SLEAZOID EXPRESS: PO Box 799, Peter Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY 10009, USA. Wanna know where a group like The Cramps get a new kinda kick? Wonder no more as you flick through the pages of this brilliant bible of bile. One year's subscription will cost you a mere \$15. Highly recommended.

FORCED EXPOSURE: 719 Washington Street, Apt 172, Newtonville, MA 02160 USA. Smart rock rag that's fairly bursting with bad brain cells. \$16 secures the next four issues.

RAPID EYE: PO Box 23, Brighton BN2 4AU. Latest giant ish includes PTV, Burroughs, Derek Jarman, Colin Wilson, Montague Summers etc. Plus a free flexidisc! Send £5 which includes postage and packing.

VIV STANSHALL: The Mad Bonzo Dog



THE SOUNDS COLOUR MAGAZINE