

SPUTNIKS LIVE LIFT-OFF ~ PAGE 37

SOUNDS

THE GO-BETWEENS
VIOLENT FEMMES

RETURN OF THE LIVING DEAD
THEY WANT YOUR BRAINS!

MIGHTY BALLISTICS HI-POWER
THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS

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THE FLAMING MUSSOLINIS, whose 'My Cleopatra' single is heading chartwards, release their debut album on Portrait next week and follow their tour supporting OMD with a few more gigs of their own.

The album is called 'Watching The Film' and was produced by Eddie Offord, and includes their single.

This and other songs can be heard at Portsmouth Polytechnic March 6, London Goldsmiths College 7, Oxford University 8.

ALIEN SEX FIEND have had to cancel their Deptford Crypt gig on March 8 - their first London date for several months - after the Greater London Council imposed an audience limit of 100 at the club. As they already had letters from fans who were planning to travel from around the country to Deptford, the band have decided to cancel the gig rather than risk a riot outside.

FRANK ZAPPA has a new album released by EMI this week called 'Frank Zappa Meets The Mothers Of Prevention'.

The album has already been selling well on import but the British version replaces the 'Porn Wars' track (about American senators' efforts to censor records) with three new tracks - 'I Don't Even Care', 'One Man-One Life' and 'HR 2911'.

In addition, a batch of Zappa albums originally released by CBS in the late '70s and early '80s are being reissued by EMI. These are 'Sheik Yerbouti', 'Tinsel Town Rebellion', 'You Are What You Is', 'Ship Arriving Too Late To Save A Drowning Witch' and 'The Man From Utopia'.

They will be followed by a three-album boxed set of 'Joe's Garage' and 'Shut Up And Play Yer Guitar'.

But there's no sign yet of EMI being able to persuade Frank to let them handle a boxed set of his earliest Mothers Of Invention material including 'Freak Out', 'Absolutely Free' 'We're Only In It For The Money', 'Lumpy Gravy', 'Ruben And The Jets' and a mystery album of outtakes from the period, all of which have been remastered and are selling in HMV shops for a mere £185.

THE ROSE OF AVALANCHE have signed a deal with Fire Records - in the same week that their first album comes out on Lil.

But the band claim that the album, 'First Avalanche', has been put out without their approval or consultation.

It contains six tracks from the band's two singles, one track already available on a Leeds compilation and one 'new song' which was recorded as a demo.

"We had no say in the mastering or artwork of this record and whole thing is really poor quality," singer Philip Morris told *Sounds*, adding that fans shouldn't buy it.

The band, who've discarded their drum machine and enrolled a human replacement called Mark Thompson, have been in the studio recording a new song called 'Too Many Castles In The Sky' which will be released by Fire shortly.

BRONZE RECORDS finally went down the pan last week with debts of more than one million pounds.

A creditors' meeting last Friday was told that Bronze had been caught in a "vicious circle" getting deeper into debt by borrowing money to promote artists who did not achieve success.

The company had been in profit until 1983 but turnover had fallen dramatically from £1.7 million in 1982 to £228,000 in the last seven months.

The Bronze Organisation and Sidney Bron Music are going into liquidation this month while Zebra Productions and Computer Animation are already in receivership. Discussions over the ownership of the Bronze Studio are continuing.

JULIAN BEARS



JULIAN LENNON will play his first British shows in May.

Following a sell-out American tour last year to promote his 'Valotte' album, which has now sold over two million copies worldwide, Julian starts a European tour in late April with a band featuring Carmine Rojas bass, Alan Childs drums, Chuck Kentis keyboards, Justin Clayton guitar and Frank Elmo saxophone.

It's the same band that he's used on the new single from his second album - due soon - which comes out next week on Charisma. Called 'Stick Around', it was produced by

Wall Together Now...



WALL OF VOODOO crawl out from their self-imposed Los Angeles exile this month with a new singer, a new single and a couple of London gigs.

The new vocalist is Andy Priebay, and he can be heard on 'Far Side Of Crazy' which comes out on IRS next week. The 12-inch features their infamous song dedicated to audiences everywhere, 'Dance You F*****'.

The gigs are at Camden Dingwalls March 14 and Soho Marquee 15. Tickets are £4.50 per night.

The band have been recording an album but it's not due until later in the year.

MERCY MISSION

WAYNE HUSSEY and Craig Adams rechristened their band - previously known as The Sisterhood - last week during the Camden Electric Ballroom gig.

Announcing that, "Thanks to Andrew (Eldritch) we are no longer called The Sisterhood,"

a backdrop was suddenly lit up revealing their new name - The Mission.

Less than complimentary remarks about Andrew were made by the band and by members of The Cult who'd dropped by to jam with The

Mission, but Andrew could still have the last laugh.

A statement from Merciful Release the following day said: "It is apparent that Wayne and Craig have concluded that successful bands issue records, not disclaimers, and appear in

SOUNDS

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

EDITOR: TONY STEWART

DEPUTY EDITOR: TONY MITCHELL

NEWS EDITOR: HUGH FIELDER

FEATURES EDITOR: SANDY ROBERTSON

REVIEWS EDITOR: ROBBIE MILLAR

PRODUCTION EDITOR: CAROLE LINFIELD

EDITORIAL: GLYN BROWN, BILLY MANN,

KEVIN MURPHY, EDWIN POUNCEY

TECHNICAL CONSULTANT: JULIAN COLBECK

CONTRIBUTORS: JACK BARRON, SUE BUCKLEY, GARRY

BUSHELL, STEFFAN CHIRAZI, RICHARD COOK, GARY

COOPER, PAUL ELLIOTT, ROBIN GIBSON, DAVE HENDERSON,

MARY ANNE HOBBS, ROGER HOLLAND, ANDY HURT, BARRY

LAZELL, NEIL PERRY, RONNIE RANDALL, CHRIS ROBERTS,

RON ROM, JANE SIMON, MR SPENCER, RALPH TRAITOR,

JONH WILDE

PHOTOGRAPHERS: PETER ANDERSON,

DOUGLAS CAPE, STEVE DOUBLE, GREG FREEMAN, JAYNE

HOUGHTON, LAURA LEVINE, TONY MOTTRAM,

ANDY PHILLIPS, CAROLE SEGAL, MARTYN STRICKLAND,

GAVIN WATSON

ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER: JON NEWBY

AD REPRESENTATIVES: RALPH BOON, JANE CARR

ADVERTISEMENT ASSISTANT: MARGARET GREEN

AD PRODUCTION MANAGER: PETER BULLOUGH

TELEPHONE SALES MANAGER: EDDIE FITZGERALD

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HALL

Phil Ramone.

The British dates start with two nights at London's Royal Albert Hall on May 12 and 13 followed by Birmingham Odeon 14, Dublin Stadium 16-17, Edinburgh Playhouse 19, Manchester Apollo 20.

London tickets are £10, £9, £7, £6 and £5 from the box office or by post (plus 50p per ticket booking fee) from PO Box 77, London SW4 9LH. Cheques and postal orders should be payable to 'Julian Lennon Box Office'.

Birmingham, Edinburgh and Manchester tickets are £7.50 and £6.50 while Dublin tickets are 9, 8 and 7 Irish punts.

THE MACC LADS' gob Muttley found himself in front of the beak at Macclesfield Magistrates Court last week for non-payment of fines imposed for non-payment of earlier fines.

The original fines had been imposed following an altercation between Muttley and his former lady friend which had landed him in court. Now he was facing 30 days in prison for accumulated debts to the Clerk Of The Justices.

Muttley pleaded that he was skint after the Manpower Services Commission had suspended their grant to the band because of the "disgusting" lyrical content of the Macc Lads album.

A sympathetic magistrate suggested that Muttley should return to the MSC who may have exceeded their powers by cutting off the grant which was given to the Lads to set up their record label. The fact that the MSC may not approve of the album's lyrics "is not in itself a contravention of any of the rules governing the grant", according to the court.

The case was then adjourned until March 13 so that Muttley can raise the £60 he needs to avoid becoming an involuntary guest of Her Majesty.

TEAM

concert halls, not court rooms. Their logic is unassailable.

"We assume that their choice of name is entirely unconnected with the forthcoming Andrew Eldritch album which for some months has had the working title 'Left On Mission And Revenge'."

STEVE STRANGE has had to postpone the launch of his new Strange Cruise project due to a "double booking" by the Hippodrome management, it says here.

The band will now be appearing at the Hippodrome's Bike Shed Rock Night on March 13 when they'll be performing their 'Rebel Blue Rocker' single and one other song.

SUZANNE VEGA, who played her first British concert late last year at the London School Of Economics following her first album on A&M, has lined up another London show at the end of April.

She'll be appearing at the Piccadilly Theatre on April 27 and tickets are already on sale price £7 and £6.

And A&M are re-releasing her 'Marlene On The Wall' single in the belief that it is still the most likely hit from her album.

Wiedlin Her Way In...



JANE WIEDLIN, the Go-Go who kept on going when the band broke up, releases her eponymously titled solo album next week on IRS.

She wrote most of the songs and she's back home in California writing more after her recent promo visit.

THE MEMBRANES, who hitched their wagon to In Tape late last year, release their first single for nearly two years this weekend and have lined up a tour to coincide.

The new single is optimistically titled 'Everything's Brilliant' (see review on page 23) and the 12-inch version contains a total of five tracks.

They'll be promoting their "new direction" with gigs at Nottingham Garage (with Age Of Chance) March 6, Leicester Kings Head 13, Reading Paradise 14, Manchester University (with Bogshed and The Pastels) 15, Lancaster Free Trade Hall 16, Birmingham Peacocks (with The Wedding Present) 19, Rugby Blitz 20, Hull Unity Theatre 22, Brighton Zap Club (with The Shrubs) 26, London North Kensington Acklam Hall (with The Shrubs and ATV) 27. More dates will follow.

MOSE ALLISON, one of the first white R&B performers to get recognition in America, comes over for his first British gigs in several years this month.

He starts with a show at London's Leicester Square Comedy Store on March 10 followed by Northampton Old Five Bells 12, Nottingham Hippo Club 13, Putney Half Moon 14, Camden Dingwalls 15.

To coincide with the visit, Edsel are reissuing Allison's definitive 'Mose Alive' album from the '60s.

RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY, the Leeds combo who release their second album on Red Rhino this week called 'Paint Your Wagon' (reviewed page 30) head south on their British tour to introduce the two new members of the band.

Having played a series of northern towns, they point their lorry south to Brighton Richmond Hotel March 5, Kingston Polytechnic 6, Birmingham Mermaid 7, London Hammersmith Clarendon 8, Croydon Underground 9, Coventry Busters 10.

CND CURE

THE CURE have announced their only major British show this year - at The Glastonbury Festival on June 21.

They are the first name to be confirmed for the annual three-day bash in Farmer Eavis' fields at Worthy Farm which have been filled to capacity for the last couple of years.

As usual, all proceeds from the festival will go to

CND and tickets are already on sale, price £17 for the weekend. They are available from most Virgin shops, or via a credit card phone line (01-251 0027) and by post from Glastonbury Festival Ltd, CND, 22-24 Underwood Street, London N1 7JG.

The rest of the bill will be announced nearer the time.

JON HENDRICKS, probably the finest jazz singer in the world, comes over for his first London appearance in more than a decade at the Kentish Town Town And Country Club on March 14.

Hendricks, who founded the legendary Lambert, Hendricks And Ross vocal group in the '50s and lived in Britain for five years during the '60s, will be joined by three other vocalists in his latest group, Jon Hendricks & Co.

They are his wife Judy and his daughter Kim as well as Mark Ledford. They'll be backed by Cyrus Chestnut keyboards, Michael Carvon drums and McCoy Turner sideman Larry Gales on bass. Tickets are £6 and £7.50 (£5 concessions).

THE PERILS OF PLASTIC, a duo consisting of former Deaf School and Original Mirrors vocalist Steve Allen and Attractions keyboard player Steve Nieve, have their first single released by WEA this week called 'Ring A Ding Ding'.

But those hoping to write off the Attractions are jumping the gun - they started recording sessions with Declan MacManus this week.

A CERTAIN RATIO follow up their *Tube* appearance with gigs at Egham Royal Holloway College March 8 and London Middlesex Polytechnic 21.

DANGER ZONE, formed out of the nucleus of Seconds Of Pleasure, put themselves about London this month with a Thursday residency at the Regents Park Diorama. They've also recorded a session for Gary Crowley's Capital Radio show and have more gigs at North Kensington Bay 63 March 7, Kensington Queen Elizabeth College 8, Hoxton Bass Clef 11, Camden Dingwalls 15, Hackney Chats Palace 21, Wood Green Trade Union Centre 23, Putney Woodshed 24, Brighton Zap Club 29.

NEWS EXTRA: Sputniks slashed - full lowdown on page 4!

EINSTEIN A GO~GO



BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE light another fuse when they "put the frighteners on Flash Little Twerps" (who can they mean?) with a new single on CBS this week.

It's called 'E=MC²' and the 12-inch dance mix is

courtesy of Paul 'Groucho' Smykle.

The flip side is flashily titled 'This Is Big Audio Dynamite (The Previously Unavailable Theme Tune To The Hit Broadway Show)'.

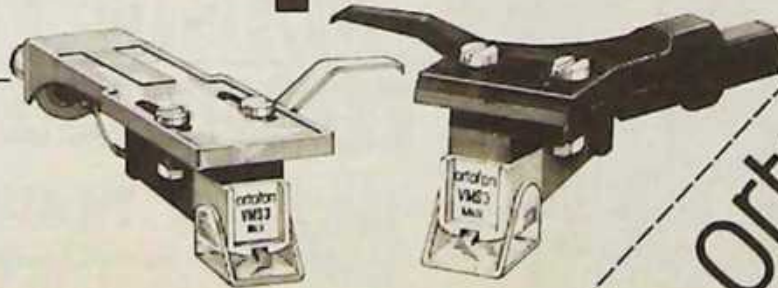
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THE CHERRY BOMBZ, currently basking in the indie Top Five with their 'Hot Girls In Love' EP and drawing up plans to make their film debut in a Rambo-style rock and roll adventure movie, have added another dozen dates to their British tour at Reading Paradise March 7, Liverpool Polytechnic 8, Huddersfield Polytechnic 13, Uxbridge Brunel University 14, Portsmouth Polytechnic 15, Southampton Riverside 16, Leeds Warehouse 18, Sheffield Limit Club 19, Coventry Polytechnic 20, Cleethorpes Winter Gardens 21, Birmingham The Portland 22.

TERRAPLANE have added more dates to their British tour at Derby Rockhouse March 4, Glasgow Venue 14, Portsmouth Rock Garden 21, Manchester UMIST 22.

CRAY ON

THE ROBERT CRAY BAND swing through Britain again this month en route to Europe where they are giving a sustained push to their 'False Accusations' album which has already topped the British indie charts.

The blues boys stop over for an appearance on *The Tube* on March 14 before flying straight up to Glasgow Queen Margaret Union for a gig on the same night. They then return to Newcastle Polytechnic 15, Edinburgh Playhouse 16 and Dublin Stadium 17 (St Patrick's Day show).

They'll be back for a couple of festival appearances in the summer and a longer tour in the autumn.

ERASURE continue to add gigs to their current tour. They'll be previewing material from their forthcoming 'Wonderland' album at London Kings Cross The Bell March 6, Uxbridge Brunel University 7, Middlesbrough Teesside Polytechnic 8, Egham Royal Holloway College 14, Sheffield University 21.

THE TRUTH's Dennis Greaves narrowly escaped serious injury recently when his Mini was written off by a hit-and-run driver. Greaves was on his way to rehearsals for the group's next album when another car sped into him on a corner in North London. The force of the impact caused his Mini Mayfair to roll over four times and left him lying in the road. He was unconscious for several minutes before he managed to stagger off for help, but escaped with back injuries and is now recording sitting down. The driver of the other car has not yet been traced.

Play It Again, Sam...



SAMANTHA FOX, whose mammaries seem to cause mass hysteria wherever they go, starts her career as a pop singer next week when she releases a single on Jive alluringly titled 'Touch Me (I Want Your Body)'. Publicity for the single will not be a problem.

DOCTOR AND THE MEDICS, who have a new single and their first album imminent, ignore the suspense by playing Reading Majestic March 4, Woolwich Coronet 6, Newcastle University (students only) 8, Leeds University 11, Guildford Guildhall 13, Oxford Polytechnic 14, Croydon Underground 16, Southend Queens Hotel 27, Nottingham Rock City 31.

THE BLUBBERY HELLBELLIES have added more dates to their tour to promote their 'Cafe Blur' mini-album at Putney Half Moon March 6, Stafford College 14, Finsbury Park Sir George Robey 18, Soho Gaz's Rockin' Blues 27.

HOWARD HUGHES, former keyboard player with Billy Mackenzie's Associates who has just finished working with Pete Murphy on his new album, gets his own band, The Western Approaches, on the road this month following his recent signing to Abstract.

With a single, 'West Of The Pecos' drawing comparisons with Commander Cody and The Talking Heads, they have gigs lined up at London Whitelands College March 7, Loughborough University (with Amazulu) 8, University Of London Union 12, Chippenham Goldiggers 13, Bath Moles 14, Wendover Welhead Inn 15, Norwich Santanas 17, Kings Lynn Norfolk College Of Art 19, Coventry Polytechnic 20, Leicester Princess Charlotte 22, Bristol Showboat 23, Glasgow Rooftops 27, Edinburgh Hoochie Coochie 28, Aberdeen Venue 29, Dundee Fat Sams 30, Newcastle Riverside 31, London Marquee April 2.

MATT BIANCO, fresh from their Eurovision yogurt-fighting contest with Fine Young Cannibals in Cannes, release their second album on WEA this weekend called simply 'Matt Bianco'.

They new look band of Mark Reilly (vocals and black cherry) and Mark Fisher (keyboards and hazelnut) with band members Rob Jones (percussion and redcurrant and raspberry), Jenny Evans (vocals and passion fruit), Ronnie Ross (sax and peach melba) and Steve Sidwell (trumpet and champagne and rhubarb), are just off on a European tour. British dates are set for later in the year.

DON WILLIAMS raises his hat just high enough to release a new album on EMI this week called 'New Moves'.

THE KICK

CAN'T LET GO
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THE NITTY GRITTY DIRT BAND, Gene Watson and Marie Osmond have been added to the bill of the Silk Cut Country Festival at Wembley over Easter following the withdrawal of Waylon Jennings and Jessie Colter.

Jennings has pulled out of the Festival with a "painful orthopaedic condition" resulting from a shoulder injury but promoter Mervyn Conn remains unimpressed and has placed the matter in the hands of his solicitors.

The Dirt Band, Gene Watson and Marie Osmond will all be appearing on March 30 and Tom T Hall has also been added to the line-up for that date, replacing the Nashville Superpickers.

LEVEL 42 warm up for a major American tour with their first Irish dates at the end of March.

They play Dublin SFX Hall March 29, Galway Leisureland 30 and Belfast Maysfield Hall 31.

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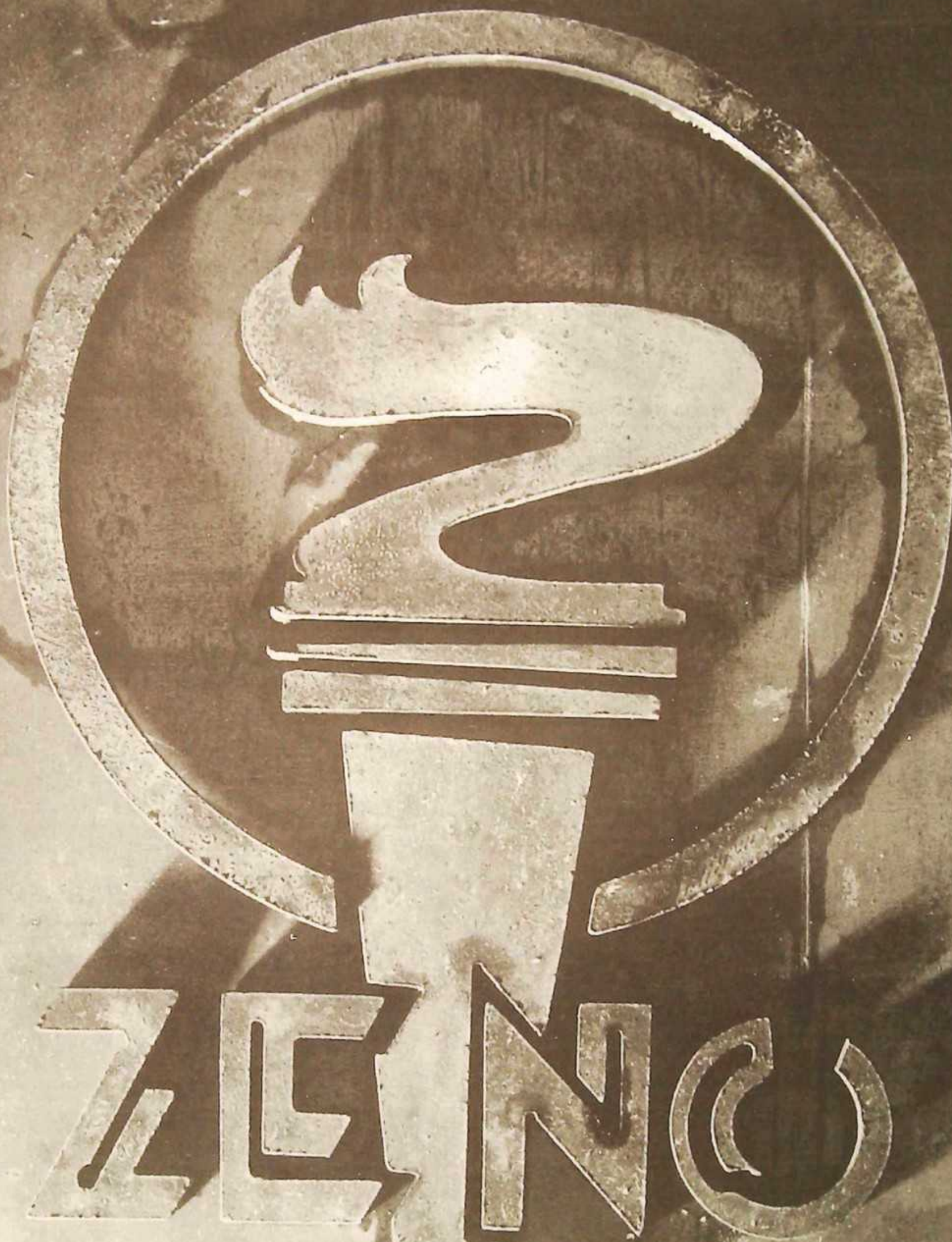
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RECORD NEWS

THE DURUTTI COLUMN have a new single out on Factory this week called 'Tomorrow'. There's an album and a film of their recent Japanese visit coming in April, and Vini plans to unveil his new sequencer and new line-up around that time.

MECHANICAL MAN, the London quintet, release their second single on Arista this week called 'Say The Word'.

SAVAGE REPUBLIC from Los Angeles who are "one of the few bands not trying to make a fast buck out of the bar band revival," have their first British release on Play It Again Sam! this weekend. It's a four-track 24-minute EP called 'Trudge'.



TALK TALK follow the Top 20 success of 'Life's What You Make It' with a new single on EMI this week called 'Living In Another World'.

THE WALKERS, three London brothers, have their LA-recorded debut single out on Club this week titled 'Hey! Don't Waste My Time'.

HITLIST's debut single 'Into The Fire', acclaimed as a *Sounds* Single Of The Week when it was released last May on Virgin, is re-released on the grounds that it was "nearly a year ahead of its time".



BOOM BOOM ROOM, a trio made up of ex-Zero Le Creche singer Andy Nakanza, ex-One The Juggler guitarist Lushi and keyboard whizz-kid Skid, have wasted no time in getting a deal since they got together at the end of last year and release a single on Fun After All (through Pinnacle) this week called 'Here Comes The Man'.

GREAT OUTDOORS, basking in the glory of daytime Radio One plays for their 'World At My Shoes' single, release their debut album called 'Making Allowances For The Jargon' this week on Upright. The label is also putting out the first British album by New Zealand band The Idles called 'Agroculture', and the new album from former Orchestre Rouge leader Theo Hakola called 'Hard Words From A Soft Mouth'.

EVAN JOHNS, guitarist with the Le Roi Brothers, has a solo album called 'Rockin' Thru The Night' issued here by Alternative Tentacles this month.

MEGA CITY FOUR, who describe themselves as "a Bolivian snake-swallowing quartet", have an EP called 'Starsigns And Stutters' on the German Paper Trumpet label (through Hellzapoppin) this month.

DYNASTY AND MIMI, a pair of funky soapers, have a 12-inch single out on Jive this week called 'Dynasty Rap (The Story Of The Carrington Crew)'. There's a Blake Beat Box Mix on one side and an Alexis Acapella version on the other.

UFO celebrate their *Tube* appearance with a single on Chrysalis this weekend. It's 'Night Run' which has been remixed from their 'Misdemeanor' album and comes in red vinyl.

CARNAGE release their second album on Creative Reality this month (through Rough Trade) called 'May The Farce Be With You'.

FREDDIE WHITE, the Irish singer who's been supporting Clannad on their British tour, has a single released by Tara (through IMS/PolyGram) this week called 'Frozen Heart'.

COOL DIZZY'S PLAYHOUSE, Rebel Truce, Emptifish, A Motion Industry, The Script, House Of Cards, Paul Groovy And The Pop Art Experience and Renaldo And The Loaf are among the bands appearing on 'Against The Tide', a compilation cassette of Portsmouth bands available for £3.24 (cheques and POs payable to I Binnington) from Bite Back, 14 Teddington Road, Southsea, Hampshire, PO4 8DB.

BERES HAMMOND, who had a monster dance hit last year with 'What One Dance Can Do', has a new single called 'She Loves Me Now' rushed out this week by Greensleeves.



STRANGERS AND BROTHERS, who've come through their first spate of live reviews with some credit, have a single released by Magnet this week called 'Sensational', produced by Colin Fairley and Bob Andrews.

why - attain
quiet - rain
wyatt - reign
wire - train

between two - words

the new album
+ cassette from
san francisco's

wire train

featuring the
single
"last perfect thing"



POLITBURO answer their leader's call for greater productivity at once with a three-track EP called 'Euphoria' which comes out this month on Skysaw (through the Cartel). Skysaw are also putting out a four-track 12-inch from One Last Flight titled 'Menage A Trois'.

THE SOUP DRAGONS from Glasgow have a four-track EP called 'The Sun Is In The Sky' released this week by Subway Organisation (through the Cartel).

IRON MAIDEN, Motorhead, Bill Wyman and Andi Sex Gang are among those who've contributed to the 'Creepers' soundtrack album for Italian schlock/horror director Dario Argento's new film of the same name (known as *Phenomena* in Europe). The album is released by Heavy Metal America who are also issuing the debut album from New York hi-NRG metallurgists 2 Timer called 'Rock To Rock'.

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BACK TRACKS



SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON II - the Rice Miller version - has his entire Chess output from the '50s and '60s boxed up into a six-album set called 'Sonny Boy Williamson - The Chess Years' (Chess Box 1). He was already nearing his 60s when he first started recording for Chess in 1955, but most of the sessions still capture his bewitching harmonica style and the rugged, irascible charm that awed the rising young Turks of the British blues brigade when he came over for an extended visit in 1963. Unfortunately, his interest was pretty minimal in the last couple of sessions before he died.

QUINCY JONES and The Isley Brothers share an album of recent and classic cuts on Streetsounds' 'Artists 4' album which comes out this week.

RUEFREX have their three definitive singles - 'Paid In Kind', 'The Perfect Crime', 'Wild Colonial Boy' and 'Capital Letters' - reissued by Rough Trade this month following a recent surge of interest in their exploits.

THE REPLACEMENTS, those Minneapolis maniacs, have an album of tracks from their 'Stink' and 'Hootenanny' LPs which never came out here released by Glass this month. Called 'Boink!' it includes the Alex Chilton-produced 'Nowhere Is My Home'.

WIRE, one of the original class of '77, have their most "chartworthy" efforts rounded up by The Pink Label (through Rough Trade). Called 'Play Pop', the mini-album includes 'Lowdown', 'Dot Dash', 'Mannequin', 'Map Ref 41°N 93°W', 'Outdoor Miner', 'I Am The Fly' and of course '12XU'. Several of them were only ever available as long-deleted singles.

ZOS KIA, whose 'Rape' single was released in 1984 and is based on singer Min's own experience, is coming out again on All The Madman (through Rough Trade). Last time opinions in the press varied between "the most important record this year" to "the worst record I've ever heard".

BRIAN ENO releases a compilation album titled 'More Blank Than Frank' on EG this week. It's a collection of tracks from his 'Here Come The Warm Jets', 'Taking Tiger Mountain (By Strategy)', 'Another Green World' and 'Before And After Science' albums spanning 1973-1978. It also ties in with a book, *More Dark Than Shark* by Rick Poynoy.

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Go-Betweens



false start

IT WOULD be a fine ruse to rush out to prove that these Go-Betweens flutter with sex appeal.

It would be tidy and true to say that these Go-Betweens make Sique Sique Sputnik look sterile. Clever and true.

real start

IN 'SEND Me A Lullaby', their 1982 debut set, The Go-Between suggestiveness seemed smothered, even suffocated. Nobody listens to this record any more, that's a fact. It was an inauspicious first blush, falling apart, frightened, withdrawn. No deep breaths, no insistence, nothing really. It had no craft.

The following year's 'Before Hollywood' was an astonishing ascent. 1983's most crossfired, it found these Go-Betweens with a crackling energy and a form to fondle. Their words glided, slid and slipped around each other.

Their guitars, chiming, picked notes like nits from grimy heads. After the frigid flatness of 'Lullaby', this sounded disciplined and surreally succinct. Their words knew how to explode our

Jewel personalities THE GO-BETWEENS reveal the shocking, sparkling truth behind their steamy sex beat to our raving reporter JONH WILDE. ROBIN BARTON clicks them up

BETWE

expectations and, for that matter, our dumb seriousness. Almost, it was as if Forster and McLennan were throwing out scurvy scraps of knowledge for us to sort out for ourselves. In the background, the music scratched its own way via fractions of Dylan, McGuinn and even Verlaine.

Next came 'Spring Hill Fair', tighter and lush. They gleefully lopped off the corrugated edges, leaving an interior of their most ingenious hints. Their loose meanings were set to collide against tightly constrained scenarios. We're left to join the dots and The Go-Betweens were on their wayward way.

This month comes a new LP, 'Liberty Belle And The Black Diamond Express' and a single, 'Spring Rain'.

rum moments

ROBERT FORSTER is telling me about his childhood.

"When I was young, I was always being asked what I wanted to be when I grew up. I never had an answer. But one day I was playing outside the house. There was this family next door called the Smiths. Suddenly, I ran into my parents and said, I finally found out what I want to do. I want to do what Mr Smith does. He was retired. I followed that ever since."

Robert is Cancer. If he could be someone out of history, he'd be Dracula. His first French kiss came when he was 21. That's rather late but I don't tell him that. Just in case. His ideal sex object is Dick Van Dyke - tall and thin. A bit like Robert, in fact.

and so on

THE GO-BETWEENS have been a pop group since 1977 and, this month, release their best LP to date. 'Liberty Belle' is coarse and creased but, like Robert, it is very tall.

rum moments

GRANT TELLS me that the most astonishing moment of his childhood was the death of his father. I change the subject when he tells me that. Grant is Aquarius. If he could be someone out of history, he'd be Cleopatra. His first French kiss came when he was 15. Same as me. In 1975, something odd happened to him.

"I found a safety-pin in a sausage. I bit into it and thought, Hello. This is odd, what's this? I could have swallowed it."

Robert tells me he's never found anything strange in a sausage. Maybe he doesn't eat them.

and so on

THE GO-BETWEENS describe their last five years as "flux". They've hopped and hopped - across the world and from company to company. Now, they're with Beggars Banquet, the best label in the world.

What are they like, these Go-Betweens? "We started out as adventurers and that's how we've always been. We're a very funny band, though at times we play it too straight-faced. We don't throw our heads back, slap our knees and roar, but there's definitely comedy there. We're not bookish - we deal very much with the real world. We've got perfect words. We're stylists, definitely."

love and sex

THESE ARE the most important things about The Go-Betweens. There's more sex in their live shows and more love in

their records. I tell them a secret.

You're sexier, more handsome, than The Beatles. How are you sexy? How sexy are you? Grant tells me, "I've never understood why we've never been seen as a highly sexual band. Can't understand it. We have a huge potential to be pin-ups. People get used to the same old face and the same old body. Until someone new and dynamic comes along, they're always going to have every pre conceived idea reaffirmed. Without incredible vanity, I can say that we've always been interested in the presentation of our faces, which bands don't do. They have to dress it all up in clothes."

"People come into our dressing-room and they can sense this power we have. It's the way we dress, the way we look. There's quite an intoxicating power there all the time. I get the feeling people get their breath sucked away when they see us sitting down like that."

The sexiest things about these Go-Betweens? Lindy Morrison's laugh. Robert Vickers' blazers. Also his pudding-bowl haircut and tight trousers. The way Grant sings 'faithful's not a bad word' on 'Bachelor Kisses'. The brooding, meandering bass in 'The Wrong Road' on 'Liberty Belle'. Robert Forster's legs. Also the way he steps on his own feet because his legs are too long. The song 'That Way' on 'Before Hollywood'. The words in 'Cattle And Cane' on 'Before Hollywood'. Lots of things. More things than Sique Sique Sputnik. And The Beatles.

Robert tells me, "I think it's less Sly Stone and more stuffed sofas, chairs falling over sexuality. It's definitely musty, just before the First World War sexuality. Dimly lit and fumbling."

"We have always, in the face of fashion, kept to tight clothing which I think is important. I just like the way we walk. When we walk down the street, it must be fantastic to watch us. We can just be standing on a corner... there must be people occasionally who see us, who have no knowledge of pop music... they must be taken aback. I love that."

"Already, people see us as a sexy band. I'm going to be playing on that much more, because I've got a great body. I could have been a dancer. I've got the physique and I've got all the moves. We want to flirt even more, the innocent kind."

Of course.

"But I don't go in for this removal of the clothes sexuality - it's a showbiz trick. I saw The Smiths in New York and Morrissey came on with the shirt, the hat, the coat. The hat came off after the third number, the coat after the fifth number, the shirt by the seventh number. They're doing 16 songs. In terms of strip-tease, that is very bad timing. That hat could've stayed on 'til the eighth number and then proceeded from there."

MOST OF the Go-Between voluptuousness comes through in the heat of live performance, through all the soft, incidental interplays. More mild mischief than swinish, boorish philandering, the whole circus never nudges far from a healthy tongue-in-cheek quickstep, albeit cloaked in poker-straight concentration. Something Robert is keen to point out.

"The entire sex thing... it's an entirely different approach to Iggy or Jim Morrison, that side of it. One of the things I do like about our shows is that we come on and get progressively wilder. I don't like bands that come on wild from the word go."

"The only analogy I like making is with the film *Psycho* where things go wrong and Janet Leigh gets killed in the first third of the movie. That's fantastic. That's the way I like to see us as a band. It goes along, they think, Oh, nice little pop band, and then they realise that it's all starting to happen. We get wilder in our movements."

As the first third of a Go-Between show climbs and climbs, the dalliance sparkles. Vickers, tongue probing cheek, pirouettes in a small circle, unfallen - as if butter would not melt in his mouth; Lindy Morrison, rapping out this scampish, rakish brash-beat, shows off good bone structure; Forster and McLennan, earnest but ironic, boast slight and sudden body

IN THE SHEETS

movements, the best kind.

"It must look absolutely bizarre," admits Robert. "The one great thing about The Go-Betweens is that we are four separate people. Seeing Vickers on stage, I would just be in stitches. The first five rows of our shows... why people are not on their knees laughing at us, I don't... I think, when we play live, the audience has to make certain basic assumptions, that we are doing deliberate things. The way Vickers moves is one of them. You've got to know how ridiculous we *know* it looks. Feel free to laugh or enjoy it."

"There's so much there... the rhythms of our songs, so sexual. Some people think we're just jangly pop, which is a very narrow view. The way the drums tumble, Vickers' bass-playing, the guitars colliding, very rhythmic. We're definitely a *band*, which is rapidly becoming a rare form in music—four people playing instruments that are traditional. We're going to be doing more of a show now. I'll definitely be moving more, *using my body more*."

Grant, the little tiger.

"I'm sick of flabby old nobodies who take tanning pills and just think they can do it on stage. There are four people in The Go-Betweens who all sit pretty well in their clothes, who all move in fairly unusual ways... but no kinky stuff, you understand."

Of course.

Like the come-hither flirtation in these Go-Betweens, the current of courtly/lustful love runs in rip tides and undercurrents.

"We couldn't write an 'Always On My Mind' because we don't break our language down as the traditional song does, we don't write standards. We use 'detail', as opposed to 'I was walking down the street, I met Samantha, she was picketing down at Wapping'..."

"We're more interested in what they were talking about, what was the day like, how many cups of coffee they had."

On 'Liberty Belle', as Robert reasons, the ideas of love lie less behind/between the lines than on previous albums.

"I'd be quite happy to say now that the songs I've written on the new LP are all love songs. In fact, I would now categorise everything I've written as a love song. I'd like to be seen in that light, though I'm not someone setting myself up to be the great talker of love, like Elvis Costello. His attempts at times to get clumsily into the nitty-gritty of two people in a home, they're pathetic. If I talk about a conversation in a bar or describe traffic going down a road, you can still tell that I'm in love, or out of love, or at least *thinking about love*."

In keeping with the marble hardness of 'Liberty Belle', these perceptions and reflections are more forward. When Grant offers, "That's the right word, 'cos I love you' on 'In The Core Of A Flame'," it is curiously the first time the magic words have been whispered on a Go-Between song.

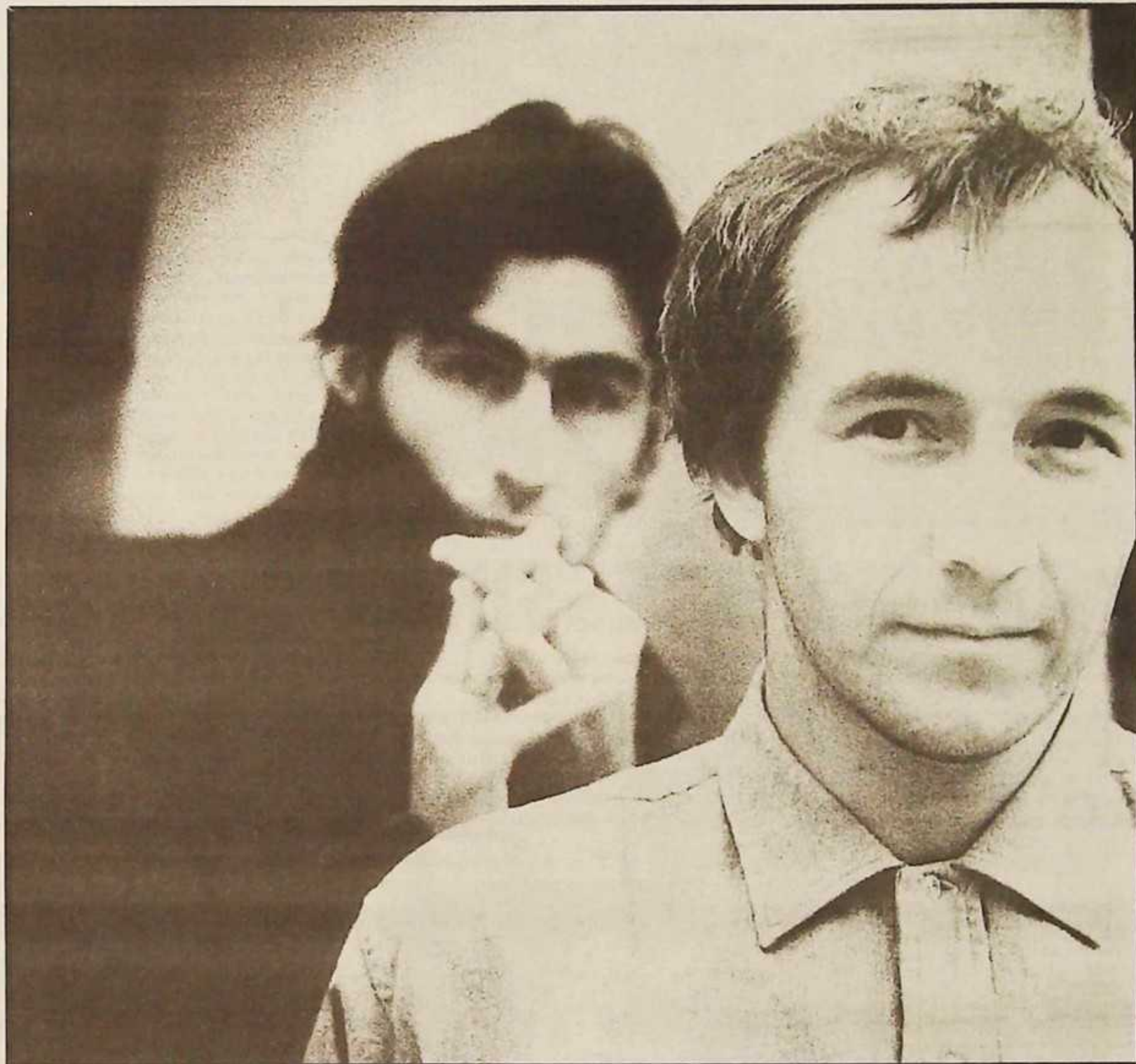
"It was time to stop beating around the bush," he smiles. "I was tired of being the oblique, incomplete Go-Between. The song's about the process of writing a song, a love song. I was thinking about the basic literary problem, though it also applies to painting—there are so many things that have been done before, so many ways of applying paint or putting words onto paper; you come to try to express the same gesture that people for thousands of years have been trying to do. When it comes down to it, sometimes there are certain words that come back all the time. Nothing is more powerful than the most simple statement of intent. Depending on how you frame that phrase, it can be very powerful."

That song also contains the album's most acute couplet, and I wish I could hum it to you, it's an insistent strain—"There are two kinds of lover in this world, those who like diamonds and those who like dirt"—defining, for Grant, the two approaches to attraction.

"I liked the juxtaposition of those two ideas. Diamond itself is made from minerals, so it's as organic as dirt, but a more brilliant representation of the earth."

You see.

Love, the slippery eel, lies all around these Go-Betweens, tenacious and tender. Mmmmm.



SEXY...? Go-Betweens Robert Forster and Grant McLennan

rum moments

DO YOU ever stare at wardrobes to make them move, Grant?

"No, but I have tried more than once to levitate my body off the bed. I don't think I've been successful. I've often wanted to be able to dematerialise, but I don't think I have much chance."

Grant is addicted to showbiz. He likes, "The big cars, the lawyers coming around, getting into films, shooting documentaries in the Amazon." If he wasn't in The Go-Betweens, he'd be President of their fan club, if they had one. He knows "what's under the surface" and he's "not naive", so there. Robert?

"I do like wardrobes, the bottoms of wardrobes, where the clothes fall down and there's a gap generally of about one foot. It's an interesting area—you can touch the bottom of the clothes... sometimes there's shoes there, or coat-hangers. It's an interesting area. I do sometimes think my bed is an island and there's water around it. I enjoy that and I don't ever get off the bed because sharks will get me. The wardrobe then could be another island or a ship approaching which I have to get to. I sit and wave at wardrobes but I don't watch them move."

Robert's favourite film is *The Apartment* with Jack Lemmon—he likes the combination of greed and comedy and the corporation scenes. He thinks their career is like that of Orson Welles—"except we've never been damned out of Hollywood, not often, anyway"—and if he ever grew a moustache, he'd have one like Francis Drake, "late 19th century, almost Edwardian, that

kind of look". He's always wanted to start a song with the words, "The world is flat", and he laughs when I tell him I like Raymonde. He doesn't.

and so on

SIGUE SIGUE Sputnik, where their hearts should be, there are dollar signs. The Go-Betweens, with a heartbeat like a drum-roll.

Sigue Sigue Sputnik, as sensuous as a slow-worm in slime.

The Go-Betweens; it's all behind the lines.

"Most people have such a retarded attention span these days. They don't listen more than once. We don't deal with anything that you can sum up straight away, that's so disposable. Neither do we want to be a band that dictates the mood. We don't want to restrict the imagination of someone listening or watching. There's a definite 'what are they going to do next' attitude towards us. It's like in our songs where we deliberately plant time-bombs..."

To prove that The Go-Betweens are sexier than Sigue Sigue Sputnik, that there's a language of solitude at work here, tugging and testing, no shrink-wrapped new age hocus pocus hallucination, we find these Go-Betweens, pop hussies and playground twitches, making the rest of the recruits look like pubic lice in a panic. True. The Go-Betweens and 'Liberty Belle', as you'll find, make language seem lithe, loaded with a smack and a smile.

It's true and it's not thin. The Go-Betweens make all these pop trollops look like shrinking violets and holy old maids. Pant and lurch to the heat, and so on.

"We have always, in the face of fashion, kept to tight clothing which I think is important. I just like the way we walk. When we walk down the street, it must be fantastic to watch us. We can be just standing on a corner... there must be people occasionally who see us, who have no knowledge of pop music... they must be taken aback. I love that."

J A W S

EDITED BY GLYN BROWN



"What's that sign you're makin'? You know I can't see with these shades on."

Double

WINDOW DRESSING

"I'M SITTING in this window on the corner of the street in case this certain little O'Riordan comes by. Oh me, oh my, I hope that little lady comes by."

Not usually one to make an exhibition of himself, Elv the pelv made an exception last week and, driven by desire, plonked himself in the window of Virgin Mega-big's Oxford Street store, in full view of all and

sundry (this means you and I). Coincidentally there was an album by his best mate, the bearded Declan MacManus, on promotion in said window. Reports that Rich Branston poured wax over the unsuspecting star and stuck him in his chamber of horrors are unconfirmed, but if you see a waxwork that actually resembles a pop star...

STAXA WAX

AS YOU rise through the deserted floors of Barkers of Kensington, your eyes may pass over all manner of consumables. Sofas and easy chairs swirl below as upwards into the dizzy heights of lingerie you move, until you break through into the seventh floor heaven of the Roof Garden. Here the spirit of the lig pervades. The star product is in a showcase of her own and goes by the name of Eugenie Arrowsmith. She has a backdrop of fat old men, enticed from profitable careers as session musicians and serious drinkers.

Of course, no buyers are present. John Lydon wants no publicity snaps of himself having a good time. Claudia Brucken wants snaps of herself not having a good time. A singer from Brilliant gets drunk and doesn't care what gets snapped. You rise through the glass roof and gaze down on Paul Morley as he tries to find a new thing to sell. From your position above, you can see that there is nothing worth tuppence to anybody with no money. The sound of shattering glass reaches your ears...

RICKY KILDARE



"You make me feel like dancing, romancing..."

Double

THE MORTICIAN'S WAX

IT'S ALL very well being recognised for my pure invention, groovers, but can't the poor angels at *New Musical Experiment* come up with a little-bitty headline without moi? Last week, apparently not. Call me if you need more help, boys... (snicker).

MORTICIA WAX

GET HIP! GET HYPE...

"CONGRATULATIONS!!!" THE letter to EMI boss Brian Southall began. "EMI have once again successfully hyped yet another bunch of TALENTLESS, TASTELESS JOKERS to a state of public euphoria."

Surely all Sigue Sigue Sputnik watchers knew that already? But that's not the point: said epistle, which goes on in similar vein, is from Phil Pearlman (who?) manager of Sarean Quartar (who?) and is aimed at getting the Sputs (as we call them) to accept a challenge to appear on the same bill as Phil's boys. Anytime. Anywhere. Anyplace. After all, the Sputs have claimed to be the only outfit, apart from Big Audio Dynamite, worth hearing. "Sarean Quartar say PROVE IT," ends the letter, copies of which were sent to everyone from Joe Bloke to Simon Bates.

We rang cheeky chappy Phil, who glumly admitted that he hadn't had much response to his hustle so far. Couldn't it be that Sigue Sigue Sputnik, with a hefty advance and a hit 45, hardly need the aggro? We mean, isn't it true you're pulling the same kinda hype you accuse them of?

"It is," he confessed, "but there is some truth in it as well. I manage Sarean Quartar but there're hundreds of bands in the same position."

It does look as though Phil's scam may backfire on him, however.

"I rang Paul Morgan at Atlantic, who had an interest in my band at one point, to see what he thought of the letter. He hung up on me. Strange, he's not normally rude..."



"You get your shades cheap from Elvis, too?"

Double

OLYMPIA IS a big place. This week it's filled with clothes. A big fashionable affair, this, so that men in suits can decide what you might want to wear next year. On a catwalk in a corner, students of cloth designing are having the fruits of their labours assessed. We sit and dine on sumptuous food. Toy boys parade in mock flirtation and thrust their threads at us. My leather jacket stands proud in a sea of tweeds and weaves.

Finally Paul Smith (a famous man in the circles of those who don't know) presents boxer shorts and money to the winning college. They look like they wouldn't be seen dead in these designs. The suits and the kids were encouraged to mix afterwards in an effort to make Britain great again. Youth and experience: more than a bit like oil and water.

STAXA WAX

Lord WAISTREL

BENEATH THE usual cheery war of rhetoric, the chief Fleet Street pop gossip columns – by which I mean *The Club* and *Bizarre* – are embroiled in an unrivalled dirty tricks campaign.

It all started with the legendary George Michael's Bed Caper (Waistrels *passim*) when *Bizarre* blagged the real thing – leaving *The Mirror* stranded on the Colindale by-pass – and crafty John Blake hit back by scooping its better-looking hotel equivalent.

A campaigning Blake then attempted to scupper his union-busting rivals by luring *Bizarre* pin-up Martin Dunn into a potentially expensive rendezvous with a self-styled 'John Taylor ex'. Dunn swiftly sussed out the plot – the girl was a spotty pal of Blake's cohort Linda Duff with a sub-*Crossroads* approach to her lines – and heroically lumbered her with a hefty drinks bill, leaving the score 15-all!

The next round went to *Bizarre*'s SAS squad of Ferrari and Hancock who, with unparalleled cheek, gate-crashed *The Club*'s lavish First Anniversary Party at Stringfellows and wrote it all up as theirs... TWO DAYS before Blake's own report! A furious Blake promptly sent a dummy bill on to *The Sun*'s Wapping headquarters – but that scam fell flat because *Bizarre* knew in advance that Peter Stringfellow had supplied his premises and his ghastly plonk *gratis* in the first place. Once he had calmed down, however, the crafty Blake pulled off a more characteristically inspired move – he managed to lure the aforementioned Hancock all the way across London to a seedy Highbury hotel for a meeting with a genuine John Taylor ex.

Hancock walked in exhausted from his

travels only to find the Taylor ex giggling over cocktails with a leering Linda Duff!

Both girls then fled through a window in the ladies toilet!

Now David reckons he's getting his own back, however – by getting to the merry miss and making her an offer she just can't turn down...

The gloves are off, the gauntlets thrown, and many other metaphors are coming into their own as our two squads of professional backstabbers face up to each other for the fight of the century.

There isn't a single phone call coming through to either office that either side can afford to believe is genuine. If Madonna rang John Blake tomorrow, I'll wager he'd giggle insanely, accuse her of being Nick Ferrari and slam the phone down on her!

Various press officers are being roped in to spice up the action. Can Blake really believe the tales that reach him concerning Nick Ferrari's early fling with Kate Bush? And will he have to pursue her personally just in case?

For that matter, can Martin Dunn afford not to believe stories that John Blake is winging his way to LA for a heart-to-heart, lama-to-lama chatette with Wacko Jacko? Even though the odds are he's really just had the day off to see his manicurist?

The only time either side relax is when they're on the phone tormenting poor dear Peter Holt of *The Standard*, who is easier to wind up than a Timex watch.

My only regret, as an impartial albeit noble observer, is that *Private Eye* refuse to treat the pop columnists with the contempt they deserve. If it wasn't for my own campaigning column, no-one would have any idea how much time they waste on such trivial matters.

Toodle pip!

Joe Blake's LUKE WARM Bizzzerk

Gorge leaves Blam!

NEW songs said to have been dictated by '60s superstar Jim Linament from beyond the grave are being touted to record companies.

Medium Rosie Lee, who specialises in reading tea leaves, claims the ex-drummer from the Fuming Graves wanted his singer-songwriter son Jasper to record them.

But a spokesman for 38-year-old Jasper denounced the idea as "ghoulish" yesterday.

Cellist Julian Lloyd Overbite said of Rosie: "I believe she brews up a very nice pot."

Mrs Lee claims that Linament appeared to her when she was taking a short cut through Dulwich cemetery a month ago.

"He just popped up from behind a gravestone and said, 'I bet you're surprised to see me'. I thought he was a sex pervert and was about to blow my police whistle when he started chanting verses at me."

Fascinated, Rosie took out her knitting and actually knitted the lyrics into a cardigan as Linament recited them. One song begins:

Roses are red
Violets are blue
I am not dead
And neither are you.

Bill Bathroom, an expert on Linament's lyrics,

A SHOCK split has hit top pop group Blam! An insider tells us that frontman Gorge, incensed by his management forging links with Goldbrick Inc, a leisure firm said to be involved in running Commie Party concentration camps in Siberia, has severed connections with the band!

Meanwhile his sidekick Randy, presently bonking his way round the tax-havens of the world, claims to be unperturbed. After we told him that no, Communists weren't a pop group starring some poof with a high voice, he gave us this comment:

"Commie Party? I suppose, like a lot of outings I've been on, it's just another Party that got out of hand! Haw, haw, guffaw, snortle, slurp! And what's wrong with

dismissed Rosie's claims after studying the verse. "Jim never wrote songs as good as that. He could never get the lines to rhyme for a start-off," he pronounced.



GORGE and Randy: an amicable split

concentration camps anyway? Concentrating is good for you. I've had to do a lot of concentrating in my time, y'know, just to work out where to put my fingers on that long bit at the top of my guitar, snorkle, gronff, sniff! Cripes - I've got to get this nose fixed."

Things do look bad for Randy, though. After a week's free trial, his fiancée, Bonio Overweenia, has decided not to go ahead with wedding plans.

"What a lot of fuss about such a little thing!" was all she would say in answer to Bizzzerk's request for a reason for the change of plans. And there have been surprise revelations from Blam's former musical director.

"See, Gorge only needed Randy to help him carry trophies back

from presentation ceremonies, he was never really important to the band. He didn't play, he mimed. I mean, he even used to mime eating his dinner! We had to have a session gourmet sitting behind him spooning the porridge into his gob. Like, during the last album all Randy did was play Space Invaders."

What, you mean he hung about the studio while others worked?

"Oh no! I mean, he played Space Invaders at some arcade back home in Catford. You don't think we'd have that plonker anywhere near the studio?!! Honestly, Joe, you writers make me larf! 'Ere, any chance of another line of that Ajax you're so keen on? Har-har..."

The Blam! saga continues.

M'DONNER UND BLITZEN



SHAW PAIN shopping with his minder

M'DONNER KEBAB, the sulky Greek songstress, and her husband, Shaw Pain (7), have lashed out at critics who have labelled them the *enfants terribles* of showbiz.

In a recent outburst, Ms Kebab fired the entire film crew, director, producer and cast of her latest movie *Nemesis* because they allegedly "kept looking at her".

Her husband, not wishing to be outdone, immediately bought the hotel where the couple were occupying 18 floors and systematically trashed every room over a period of four days and nights.

"Why can't people just leave us alone? Can't they see we're just an ordinary couple who want to spend some time together?" demanded

Pain, maiming a passing pedestrian with a well-aimed kick.

Child psychologists have suggested that Shaw's temperamental behaviour stems from an unwillingness to come to terms with the fact that he's an oafish lout who was spoilt rotten as a kid. They also feel the fact that he possesses the acting talent of a ripe banana in comparison with his wife, whose debut in *Desperately Seeking Credibility* has wowed critics around the world, may have some bearing on his behaviour.

"If he doesn't control his jealousy, and realise that it's M'Donner they all want, and not some inconsequential prat with a chip on his shoulder who enjoys pushing people off cliffs for a hobby, the marriage could soon be in trouble," said a leading psychiatrist last week.

READER Hugh Jampton of Pease Pottage has discovered porridge at an even lower price than the 48p per kilo published in these columns last week. He says:

"In our local shop, Scroggitts' Superstore and Doggy-Do Parlour, porridge oats are on offer at £20 per hundred-weight, which has to be the bargain of the century, as it works out at only 39.28p per kilo."

Right you are, Hugh, and there's a ton of the lovely, gooey stuff on its way to you now with my thanks. Can any one better this, I wonder?

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THE BOOK CASE

And the story, according to *The Book Of Love*, is American and smothered in roses. Chris Roberts talks about the meaning and the message



SUSAN OTTAVIANO says, "I want to be a girl again now that our records are doing well." So there I was, thinking about cutting a rug at New York's Pyramid Club, when this fantastic pop meringue sprays itself all over my ears/the walls. An irresistible blend of T Rex, The Chiffons, the B52s and Material, it bites and scratches and catches the

jugular in a waggish vortex. Sweet.

What was that record? "I Touch Roses" by Book Of Love.

Ah, thank you. What? A few months later I'm thinking about being sick on the rug at NW6's Least Palatial and the aforementioned four-piece are drawing down my telephone. 'Roses' is growing on anyone in Britain

who isn't a weed/shrinking violet. Book Of Love have had top ten success in the US with both this confection and its atomic dancefloor epic predecessor 'Boy'. They are Susan and Theodore Ottaviano, Jade Lee, and Lauren Roselli. Ottaviano means eight days of love in Hungarian. It transpires that their producer Ivan Ivan (who "discovered" them) is the Pyramid DJ.

"The newest musics come from the club scene," Jade reckons. "They were just places to be seen but now the sounds are spilling over onto radio and charts."

The romantic imagery of 'I Touch Roses' escapes the automatons, though...

"It's about ambition - you can have anything you want but hard work is what gets you there. The whole thing isn't magical; it's never handed to you. We struggled."

'Boy' was a funny song. Why did you wish you were a boy, Susan?

"Oh, that was about a girl who thought life would be easier on the club scene if she was male. Some clubs won't let women in. It was just a fantasy - at the end of the day you always realise who you are."

"Believe me," adds Theodore, "we're aware of every connotation you could imagine from those ambiguous lyrics."

"We don't dwell on the fact that three of the band are girls," continues Susan. "It's a good thing but it's not crucial. Every band has an image, whether they admit it or not. We don't make ratty statements, we just love what we do and hope more people get exposed to it."

Who do you suppose *did* write the book of love?

"The way our relationships are going, I don't think we did!"

Book Of Love want to be very very famous, more than the "closed minds" of America will permit.

Their favourite books are *The Secret Garden* and *Charlie And The Chocolate Factory*.

"We're working our way back through school: we hope to get to *Alice In Wonderland* soon," chuckles Lauren.

Way to go? There'll be an album in the spring. They make startling glittering hedonistic pop records and that, realistically, is all there is to it.



ATTACK ON BZAG! / MOLOTOV COMICS
By James Brown & Seething Wells (And Maybe Some Other People Who Can't Spell But Know That Isn't The Point) I'M SITTING in the office. The 'phone rings like a leper's bell. It's the jive-baby of pop-prose, James Brown.

"Have you reviewed our mag yet? How about doing a feature on us?"

Let me make this clear: Jimmy boy Brown, who does his maths homework while his dad writes his socially virulent articles, and his partner, the ranting-panting Steven Williams, want to be famous: the Richard Ingrams and Nigel Dempster of 'underground' culture commentary.

And here is their first joint effort: a grunting mating of Brown's yelping, snooty, filling-free, crater-gobbed but quick-witted *Bzag!* and SWells' barking, snivelling, Commie-pig, prole poetry, grime graphixed *Molotov Comics*.

Naturally, one expects to react to its contents like a napalm victim. One wants to be mashed by the sledgehammer of insight and lifted on a barb-bell of outrage. At the very least, the carcass count of poseurs should be high enough to smell in the ivory tower of *Sounds*.

The sad news is that, in teaming up, SWells and James Brown have become too knowing and their satirical venom has been diluted by self-promotion. They are too busy trying to be clever-Trevors in their presentation to notice that what they're saying is often worthlessly retrogressive.

The cover story is an example. Written, one presumes, by James (who, as his recent *Bzag!* account of Hunter Thompson proves, is too concerned with the past to deal with the present), the article is a précis of Bob Woodward's *Wired: The Short Life And Fast Times Of John Belushi*. What James adds is this moral: gross, snorting, spoilt actors deserve a fate in proportion to their indulgences.

So tell me something new!

Steven attempts to in the form of the other major piece: *The History Of Rock And Roll, Part One*. Otherwise known as *She Loves You Yeah Yeah Yeah*, this allegorical epic was originally rejected by the NME. Admittedly the latter organ would not recognise a good story if

it cut off its genitals with a rusty typewriter, but there's no denying that the idea and execution of SWells' comedic vision is as funny as treading in a big dog's dump.

It's because I count on this pair to be the Peter Sutcliffe of scribbling that I find the writing in this mega-fanzine to be a bit disappointing.

On the other hand, the publication is still far more stimulating than *The Faeces*, *Malady Mucker*, or *Nerd Musical Express* - though that's no excuse. And the illustrations, especially the goon-ish efforts of Jon Langford, are absolutely great, a

force feed for tired eyes.

Steven and James, sump limp names, would do much better if they forgot about John Reed and Raoul Duke and concentrated on being themselves: screaming, whinging, obnoxious bastards. It's what they're best at, after all.

(*Bzag! Molotov* costs 50p and is available from decent stores and shifty characters at dodgy gigs everywhere, or send 50p plus 18p for postage and an self-addressed envelope to 7a Victoria Road, Manchester M14 6BP.)

Buy it or rot!

HACK ATTACK

Attack On Bzag! and *Molotov Comics*, two of the world's slickest, sleekest, far from meekest fanzines, get the rough touch from Jack 'The Ripper' Barron





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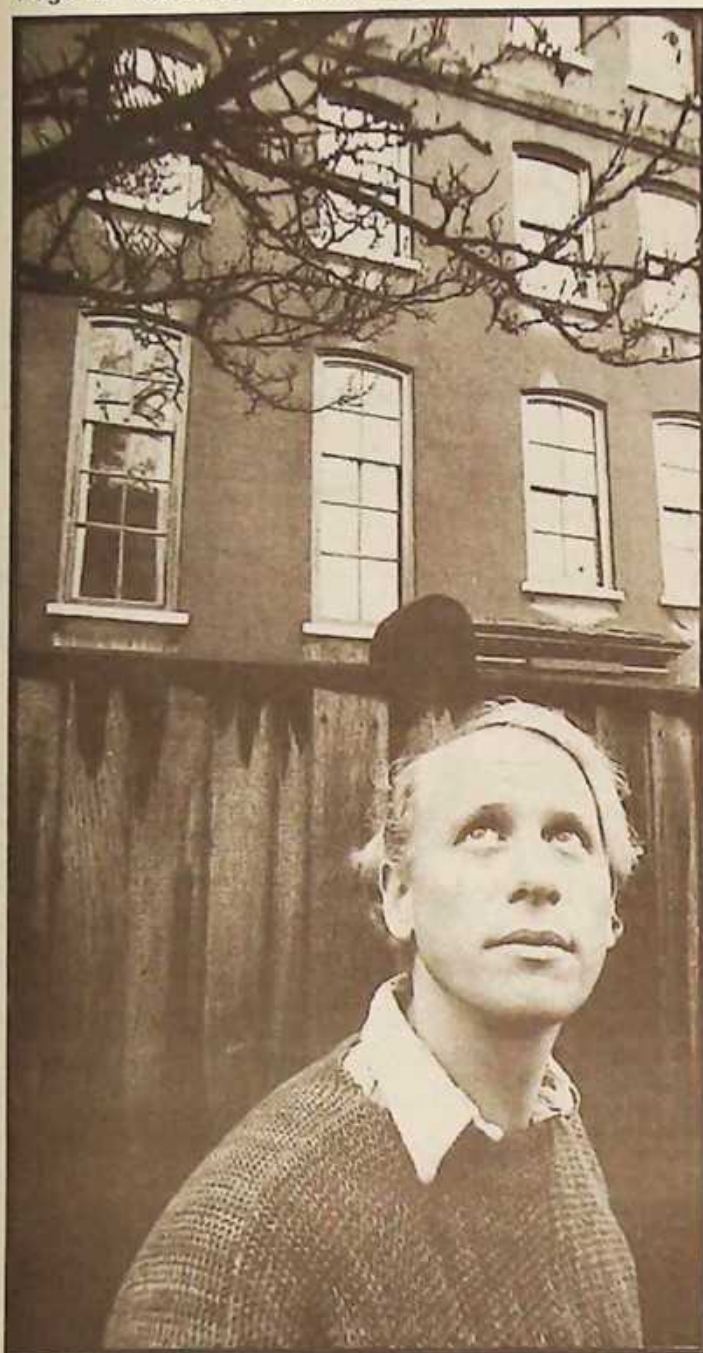
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HILL BILLY

Music for empty-headed Yuppies? Don't say it! **Sandy Robertson** gives some (very) cool analysis to the 'new music' of **Windham Hill's Will Ackerman**, while **Gavin Watson** captures a dream in action

LINK-STAINED rock hackettes are oft accused of faking pop 'movements', so it's something of a novelty to be able to present to you an account of a *real* music genre that, like Topsy, "just grew and grew": the New Age phenomenon, USA style! Sparse pianos, subtle guitars, 'cool' graphics and evocative titles; a million-dollar industry that's evolved from a one-man record label built on a few dollars a decade ago.

The Windham Hill label is the core of what has been dubbed 'New Age' or 'Yuppie' music, sounds for the rich, upwardly mobile, snazzy professional. The main focus of this new music appears to be stuff such as the piano tinklings of George Winston and the deft guitar fingering of Will Ackerman, on the latter's own Windham Hill outlet via a deal with

major indie A&M.

Not that blond Ackerman is keen to have his output associated with such a narrow strata of society as the tweedy young coke-sniffers of Yuppiedom.

"When I started Windham Hill," he says, "there were no ambitions beyond the wild hope that I would eventually sell 300 records, the minimum pressing. Now people talk about this 'New Age' thing but no one knows what it means, and this term 'Yuppie' is a whole other thing. For a company that has evolved as much as we have, from George Winston to the dynamism of Michael Hedges to the aggression of Shadowfax, it's very hard to equate it all with *one* simple term."

Windham Hill has become a symbolic name to Ackerman. It was the title of his construction firm (!), and refers to a place in Windham County, Vermont, where in the '60s

friends of his ran an inn that became a haven for budding playwrights and artists, giving them jobs as waiters and woodchoppers while they honed their art.

Isn't there a danger of all this becoming a bit *precious*? It may have begun with determined acoustic-axeman Ackerman making his own LP after being rejected by the fabled Takoma label, but Windham Hill seems to have developed into a cadre of musos who make discs with titles such as 'Autumn', 'Vapor Drawings' and 'Islands'. It's all a bit ECM (the Euro-cool label), a tad 'arty', very post-Eno.

"I think that's accurate as far as my music or George Winston's," he agrees, "but the purely bucolic image is not true of all the musicians or their intentions. The prospect of us discussing Windham Hill as a whole is kind of bullshit."

What is exceedingly naff is the record industry that couldn't think of a decent idea if it tried now rushing to jump on the Hill bandwagon. Foremost in this flood is Beggars

Banquet's Coda subsidiary, launched on a flood of Hill-copped 'tasteful' covers, promo booklets babbling about Eno and Elgar, and music by such revolutionary 'New Age' figures as Claire Hamill and Rick Wakeman.

Perhaps because he's done well enough never to have to work again, Will Ackerman isn't bitter about all this.

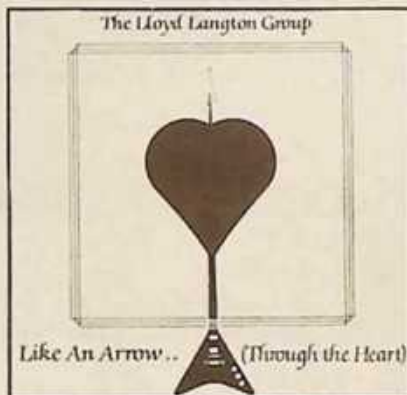
"Essentially, every label in America is creating their so-called equivalent of Windham Hill. I remember a quote that came from someone at EMI to the effect that all they needed to do to create *their* Windham Hill was find a piano player and put a lot of white around a picture! That degree of cynicism exists in the record industry, but I personally think that a discerning and intelligent group of people will always be able to decide what is relevant and valuable to them. Who am I to say these others are cheap imitators? There may be some good music that's gonna evolve." Maybe.

MEL-O-DRAMATICS

HUW LLOYD LANGTON

HAWKWIND STALWART

The Lloyd Langton Group



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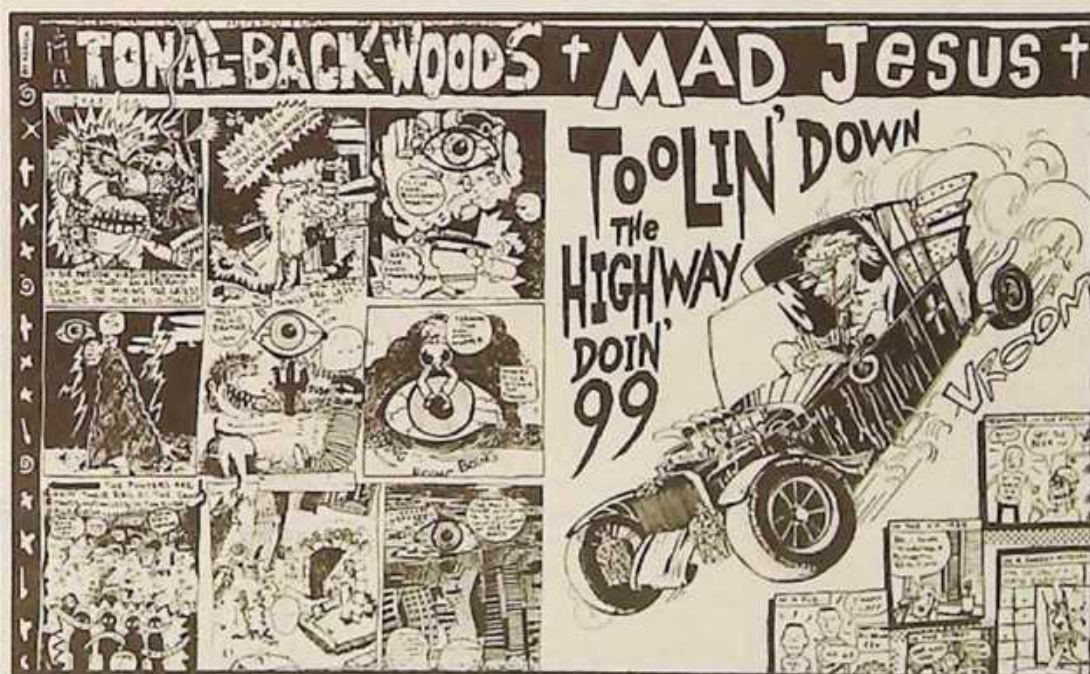
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Billy Mann does the epitaph number on Liverpool's **Mel-O-Tones** as they prepare for cult status beyond the grave...

JUST ONE week before we'd planned to put them on the cover, Liverpool-based thrash bastards **The Mel-O-Tones** have gone and split up.

They began life just over two years ago when **Martin Dempsey**, a one time member of **Pink Military**, **The Yachts** and **It's Immaterial**, strolled past a house and heard a horrible noise. It came from a collection of near-maniacs called **The Lesbians**, and they really needed someone to show them how to get it together. With age, experience and a bellyful of grog, Martin was their man.

Since then, **The Mel-O-Tones** have become garage legends with an untitled mini-LP (referred to by its opening track 'Bomb Sutra'), an EP called

'Melonheaded' and numerous session repeats on the **Peel** show.

The split is due, says guitarist **Martin**, to "musical differences". Lyric writer and vocal terrorist **Frank** will continue to work with bass player **Bob The Slob** while drummer **Jon**, aka "reptilian little bastard" will work with whoever is prepared to pay him.

The **Mel-O-Tones** will be sadly missed in Liverpool but their demise will no doubt make them a bigger cult than they already are, and their records worth a few bob. Letters of protest and disgust at this totally selfish act should be sent to "Mel-O-Mania" c/o Probe Plus, 8-12 Rainford Gardens, Liverpool.

No flowers, please.

The gear **Mel-O-Tones'** fanzine - send for your copy now while stocks last!

POWER POINTS

THE WORDS come pouring from Mighty Ballistics Hi-Power. Sound upon sound as muscles vibrate to make ideas tangible. Hard words, Hi-Power words. "Some things have just got to be said"/"It's a load of old bollocks"/"Would you find being called a honky offensive?"/"If there wasn't so much money in the music business there'd be a lot less groups around"/"No, no, we're not liberals"/"Here come the blues – they're walking like a man"/"There's plenty of talk but words are cheap"/"Here come those blues – here comes the chain gang".

As with Hi-Power words, so with Hi-Power music. A mass of quotes from blues, rock 'n' roll and tradition but – this is the rub – here we have organisation, here we have structure, and a certain structure is what has made us jump for as long as we've been on this God-forsaken planet. It is called The Beat. And the best beat, according to Steve Napper, the man responsible for hitting it, is the reggae beat.

It's a militant pulse that strikes into the bones of the body but, coupled with Gary Taylor's bass, it's also a spacious pulse which leaves room for the mind to weave between the words and the sounds.

And then there's dubwise. A stretching of this beat until it's about to break, a tension that fires the fibres in the muscles. MB Hi-Power use this musical tension as the push for Chris Maund's and Trevor Shephard's impassioned and soulful singing, words of anger and words of frustration at the stupidity and lack of compassion in society:

"Governments deaf to a miner's cough/But thinking about it's not good enough/There's plenty of talk but words are cheap/And no one remembers Cable Street."

Here come the blues.

Chris: "I don't agree with that arrogance that says, Music can change the world, even discovering 'Blowing In The Wind' changed my life. It's a load of old bollocks. But on the other hand you've got to have a crack at it."

Steve: "Some things have just got to be said."

Chris: "Cos there's so many abuses of people's lives that are going on all the time. It's all very well just being vague and coming out with the same old political cobbles, like, It's the system, they're all against the kids. You've got to be specific. It doesn't mean we're a threat to the system or any old cobbles like that. We know



"Here come the blues – they're walking like a man." Talking like machine guns, rattlin' and rantin' inna reggae beat, **Mighty Ballistics Hi-Power** use sound for currency. **Ricky Kildare** absorbs the blow, **Double pictures Saints** on show

the limits we're working within and the medium that we're working in and it's just completely worthless. It's immoral, it's corrupt. It has no redeeming features whatsoever.

"You've got two choices, right. You either sit there ..."

Steve: "Hide under the duvet, don't turn the telly on ..."

"Or you point things out. By doing that we're not automatically assuming we'll change things or change people's minds, but what do you do? You either point them out or ..."

Steve: "Or try and ignore them."

"And take lots of drugs, which is a waste of time."

Talking to MB Hi-Power is a blessing in disguise in intensity and commitment.

To be with Chris Maund when he is spitting out words with so much venom

and power that occasionally he overwhelms himself is a glorious moment. When he reads that he'll laugh, and the rest of the group will

take the piss out of him, but I believe it's true because what he says is honest and from the heart.

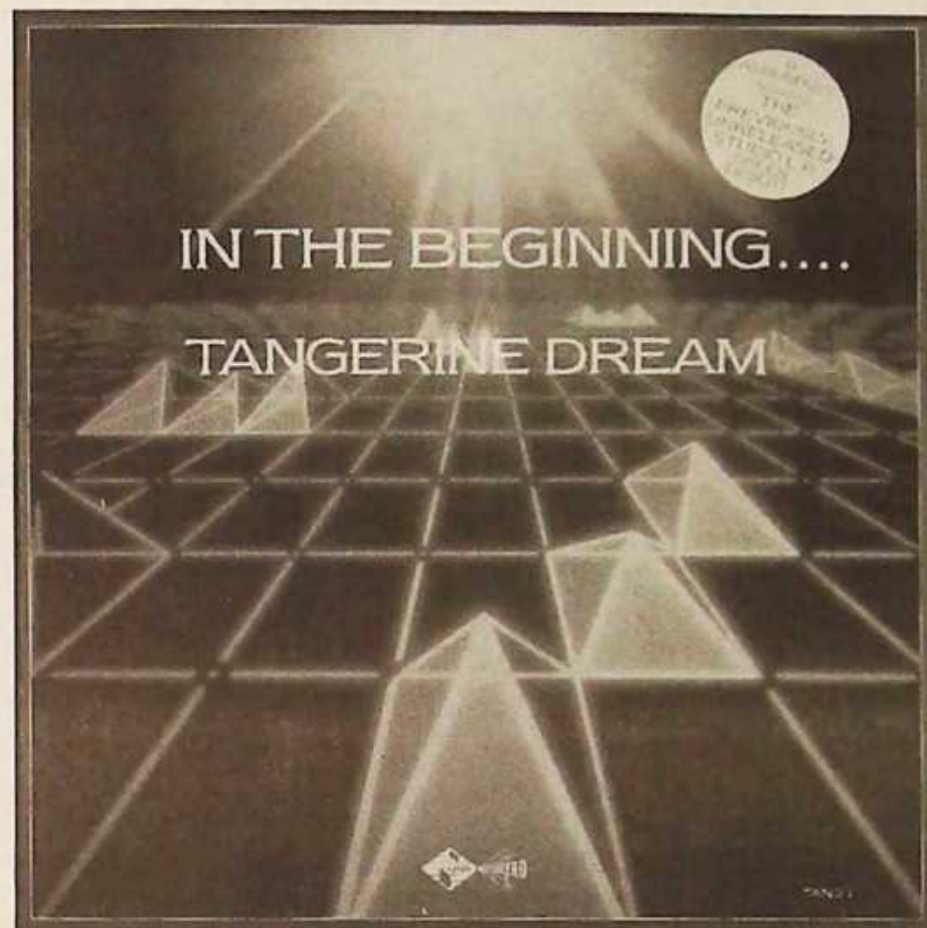
"You just take some

responsibility for your life," he would say. In MB Hi-Power's case this means taking a stand against Nazis and racists, against the economics that put profits before people, against the brainwashing of the media and drugs. It means knowing your own mind and being true to it.

For example, "It's so easy if you're hanging around with a group of people and they suggest you have some dope, and you feel that you have to. But if there's somebody else who says, Look, you don't have to do it, then it's so, so much easier."

Gary has quietly spoken: MB Hi-Power are that somebody else. It is still possible to think for yourself and be different. A hard group, but in a hard situation. A support slot on the Hüsker Dü tour, media interest, a mini LP and a stance that puts them at odds with the (unspoken) ideals of all major record labels. If success comes their way, how long will they be able to hold the vehicle together? For now, it's a refusal to live in quiet desperation: the future awaits.

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SWEET OR



THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS have turned their backs on the 'punk revival'. **RON ROM** gives the fresh fruit an affectionate squeeze while **STEVE DOUBLE** takes their pip

THE CORPSE of redundancy sways gently in the sterile wind.

Punk is dead! The maggots suck on the bones of the music scene while the environment chokes with boredom.

The economic and cultural depressions have well and truly sunk their roots in the veneered glut of these superficial mid '80s. We need fresh air, new ideas and most of all energy.

But when music is nothing but a perpetual stalemate of moderation and repetition, it merely becomes a safe sanctuary for those too jaded or frightened to be a part of the new feeling of pop optimism.

Instead, they look up to the two extremes flirting their knickers around the charts. When I look, I see this pregnant prostitute called rock music allowing herself to wallow in a swamp of bad ideas, heroics, vague humanitarianism and bloated sounds, catering, they would say, for stadium rock rather than their wallets.

It makes for a cold, characterless noise devoid of anger, frustration,

love or reality. U2, Simple Minds, Big Country and the rest of the rock class are the obvious plague, while The Damned, Siouxsie and the Banshees are the lambs in wolf's clothing. All are stimuli for another crop of illegitimate offspring like Cactus World News.

Rock music has never been so safe.

The pimp called pop music finances itself in scandal, slop and pop stars livelier than their music. Pop music has never been so high-brow and boring.

Meanwhile, those who remember how things used to be enter into worthless joy-rides into the past and, subsequently, the passage to any new energy, new movement and fresh enthusiasm is blocked.

This isn't a call for a revolution on the scale of punk because that would never work anyway. No, what we need is an essential return to basics. An ideology, as simple as: If it sounds good, play it.

This attitude – and that's what it's all about – is currently sowing its seeds for a great renaissance in the likes of The Shrubs, The Wedding Present, Bogshed, Age Of Chance, Pig Bros, Vee V V, Shop Assistants, The Wolfhounds, A Witness, The Soup Dragons and The Mighty Lemon Drops. The Americans are doing something as well, but that's too far away for much of the year to really feel like a part of a new vitality.

The sounds are as diversified as the group names but all have these important assets; songs, guitars and attitude. It's nothing as contrived or corny as a punk revival (yawn), it's just a new resistance that hasn't been obviously contrived but has come together through bored enthusiasts whose main objective was firstly to please themselves. As with most people at the moment, they had forgotten what it's like to be excited by music.

The Mighty Lemon Drops are no exception to this rule, and they are no great revolution either. They simply do vital things, like write strong, lasting songs composed of simple basic chords like A, D, and E, which swim on lakes of

energy and make you dance, fall in love, fall out of love, wish you were or weren't in love.

In fact, they get you excited again!

FORMING IN Wolverhampton some nine months ago, The Mighty Lemon Drops have managed to knock up 5,000 sales with their outstanding Dreamworld debut 'Like An Angel', and have gained themselves a substantial live following.

Squatted opposite me in a downtown Clapham cafe are Dave Newton (guitar), Paul Marshe (vocals), Tony Lynhem (bass) and Keith Roley (drums). Keith, incidentally, needs a haircut and has more than a fancy for the drummer in The Shop Assistants. . .

I ask them why their growth (!) has been so quick.

"I think we are a breath of fresh air for a lot of people," says Dave. "That's why so many people come to the gigs. It comes down to the strength of the songs at the end of the day."

Tony: "Our songs are power, quality and emotion."

Dave: "This fellow said to me the other day that we were the best band he'd seen since The Only Ones, which is great. I can't say why our songs are good, they just are."

Their success lies in the deep textures they manage to incorporate within the basic format of guitar, bass, drum and vocals. It's a mixture of power chords alongside driving beats and shining vocals that shows the strength of guitar music again. Many bands have recently forgotten this approach; many have even forgotten why they are in bands.

Dave: "We are in a band because we like writing and playing songs, it's a natural thing. I know that's a really boring answer but that's the truth, really. We enjoy it."

"We aren't making any statements; it's not '76 anymore. I mean, we know that we aren't going to change the world. The good thing about punk is that it made people realise that. I mean, you need f***** guns to change the world."

Tony: "If it weren't for punk we

probably wouldn't be in a band now. I know that's an obvious thing to say but it's true. But what can you say about it now?"

Dave: "Sioux, The Damned and all those other bands from '76 have become everything they set out to destroy. If in '76 they could have seen themselves now, I don't think they would have bothered. They have all turned into everything they wanted to get rid of."

So what do you think of all this punk nostalgia floating around at the moment?

"It's like being an old Ted," reckons Dave. "It's like those old Teds who tell their sons what it was like in the old days. It's complete shit!"

I WAS only ten years old when punk happened, so I missed it. But so what? I missed the '60s and subsequently I didn't have to read fraudulent nostalgic journalism about how good that decade was. Hippies and punks were one of the same anyway.

Y'see, this is now and the same options for excitement still exist. Take for instance the last London gigs of The Shop Assistants, The Wedding Present and The Mighty Lemon Drops over the Valentine weekend. All had an atmosphere which I hadn't experienced in all of the seven years that I've been going to gigs. It was simply – to coin the absolute rockist term – electric.

So, are The Mighty Lemon Drops part of the new breed?

Tony: "Well, yeah. But I don't think we've got anything musically in common with those other bands. I think we all have the same attitude, that's all."

How about the old cynics who will, and do, dismiss you as part of some staid, independent fanzine scene?

Dave: "We never wanted to be a part of any scene. We never wanted to be categorised. There was a period when I thought people who hadn't heard us might think we were someone like Bogshed. Bogshed are OK and that, but we never sounded like them."

Tony: "I don't know if they want to do *Top Of The Pops* but we would. We want to make records for everybody."

"Our aim is not to sell 5,000 records and disappear. We want to make a living out of it, and we are going to have to if we are to continue. We want major success on our terms. I don't know if that's possible, but that's what we would like."

Why is the music scene so bad at the moment?

Dave: "You've got bands trying to be too good and bands trying to be bad. There aren't enough honest bands around at the moment. You got to admit, we haven't got any pretensions, we just write songs and play them. I know everything has been tried but there's so much crap around at the moment. I mean A Witness, God! They are just hopeless."

Well, that's another story. . .

The Mighty Lemon Drops owe their heritage to the crop of new-wave guitar bands that came out just after punk. They are no mere indie band shopping at Oxfam whilst being financed by rich daddies, and they won't disown their tradition.

Dave: "We're being compared to everyone from The Doors to The Dave Clark Five. The reason those comparisons are so broad is because we don't sound like anyone else at the moment."

Which is true. Fortunately, the comparisons are no longer around and that's why there is room for The Mighty Lemon Drops to exist and excel.

Finally, why do you think some people may dislike you?

Tony: "Because we're too good."

SOUR?

Meet the "new hard centre" in indie pop's choc box. **JONH WILDE** finds that **PULP** have grown on him. **Pix 'n' match: JAYNE HOUGHTON**

PULP, NEITHER putty nor pretty, meet Sheffield's steely stone gaze with a prickly, lawless grin or two. Defying, denying the commandment that equates Sheffield pop vultures with a stinging, heart-attack splutter. . . Pulp, some kind of self-made Christs, seem solitary and even freakish besides. Oddballs or oracles? Let's see.

Voice Jarvis Cocker, either the Alex Chilton or the Bamber Gascoigne of the new pop, first rallied his troops together over ten years ago, "inspired more by The Sex Pistols than Jethro Tull" and intent on being "the *Finnegan's Wake* of post-punk".

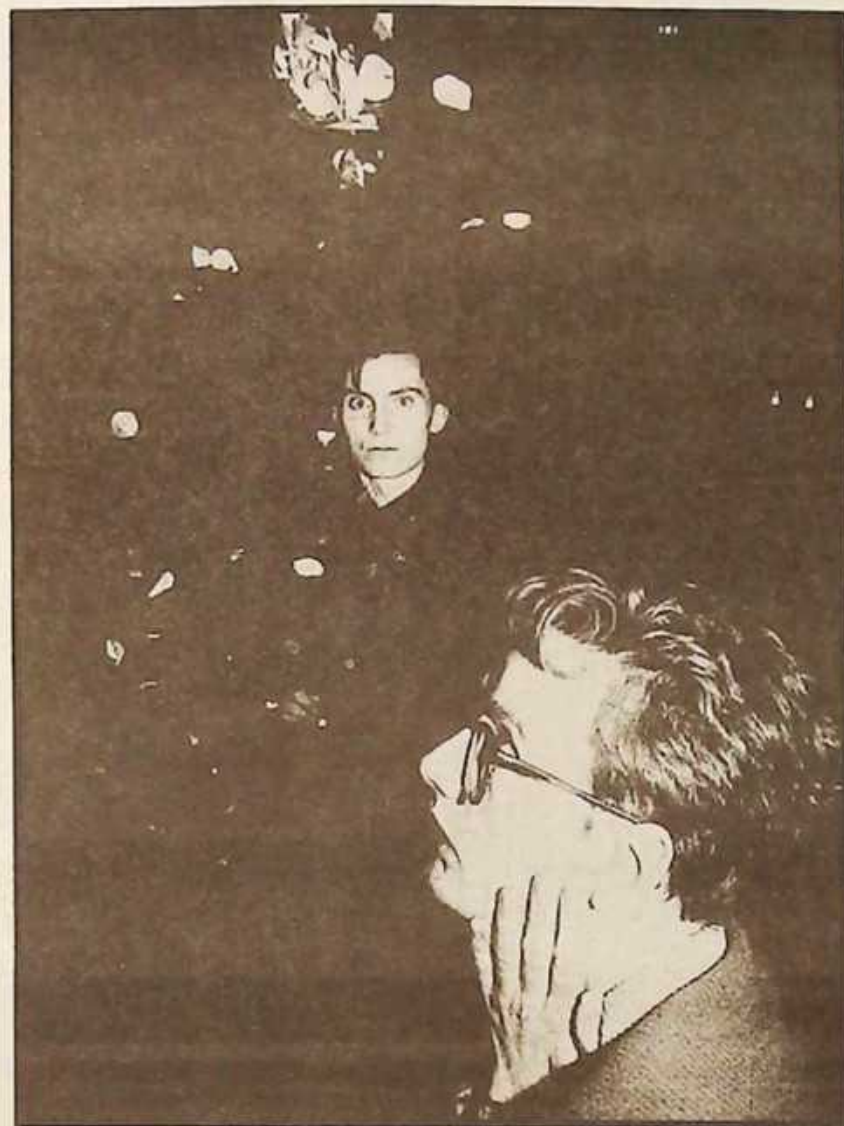
After more lulls than lunges, here they are. Last year's 'It' album dribbled out on Red Rhino, oblivious to the uncaring skies and hampered on its way by bitter Simon And Garfunkel comparisons. Musically too cautious and lyrically self-conscious, it mostly choked on the vitriol.

Then last month's 'Little Girl And Other Pieces' appeared; Pulp with a rocket up their arse and a racket in their hearts. A regenerated, most degenerated Pulp, swapping a casual canter for a scurvy disrespect. "A new hard centre," as guitar/violin Russell Senior quaintly puts it, staring into his mug of gin.

The EP's strange but endearing conceits have been swamped by the fussy over-concern towards its more, er, fleshy areas. There's a wry point buried someplace within the lust-lorn 'Little Girl (With Blue Eyes)' - 'There's a hole in your heart, and one between your legs. You've never had to wonder which one he's going to fill' - which has had their dissenters waving copies of *Spare Rib* and generally missing the seething satire of the line. Then there's (gulp) 'The Will To Power', a sturdy crack across the rib-cage of fascists and scumbags all: 'The only choice, the only voice in the darkness. 1933, where are you now, where are the broken bottles. . . where's truth and beauty?'

"We're not actually real-life fascists at all," states Russell with a sandpaper-dry smile and a swift shine of his NUM button. 'Little Girl', meanwhile, is as much a pure love song as 'Baby I Love You' or 'Baby Love'. This is what Jarvis tells me.

Whatever, this year's Pulp is a different kettle of spiders to last year's Pulp or the Pulp that have been lazing about in Jarvis Cocker's head for the last ten years. Just one year ago, I saw them in London, displaying all the hesitancy and spineless inhibition of 'It'. All that saved them was their apparent unsoundness of (collective) mind and their ragbag appearance, a look recalling the barmy escape party from *One Flew Over The Cuckoo's Nest* more than



anything. Twelve months on, Art Garfunkel is left picking the pubes from his teeth the morning after and Pulp turn into a monster, sort of.

This year, they know their onions, a five-sided mess of snide rustlings and furtive fumbblings. The Velvet Underground skip behind the bike-sheds for a surreptitious snog with Ted Rodgers, that sort of thing. Violin shrill, guitar grind, drums à la Maureen Tucker, vocal deadpan though often impassioned, full of hemmers and hawers. Like those Velvets, they frisk and skit from 'Sunday Morning' tranquil to 'White Light White Heat' bedlam, a disquieting imbalance but a good one.

"It was our puberty, a document of teenage crushes and talking about ideas when you don't know much about them, loving the idea of love rather than 'it' itself. The LP is almost embarrassing to listen to now for us, but it was accurate for that time. We didn't feel comfortable with all that smoothness. Now, the overall feel is not waiting away on clouds of marshmallows. It's more an underlying feeling of striving or longing for something that isn't quite there. It's more painful now - grabbing, clutching and missing."

CURRENTLY CONFINED to a wheelchair following a three-storey fall out of a window ("I thought it was a door"/"I was exorcising a demon"/"Did it for a bet", depending who he's telling), Jarvis is unrelenting.

Onstage, while the other four ends of Pulp run amok, nutty as a fruit cake, with this grumbling spire of noise, Jarvis sits there a long way from Val Doonican and 'The Green, Green Grass Of Home'. Limbs twitch, eyeballs

bulge and bounce, body snaps in short convulsions. Most interestingly, as the songs persist to their fickle climaxes, Jarvis clutches the chair arm, his hands sliding in time to the clumsy beat, his body wincing and starting, the chair a sex object. Thrilling. But they're not just as sexy as your sister.

Neither wilfully opaque nor bleeding bloody awkward, Pulp are many shades, fitting into the Sheffield brute-funk mosaic not at all.

"We are ten times more Sheffield than any of those bands. Just because it's from Sheffield, why does it have to sound like a steel factory? You go to Grimsby, you don't expect fish-slapping, or the noise of trawlers."

"We stem from our industrial culture more than Chakk or anything like that. We're just not what the current image of Sheffield is supposed to be."

And so what? Pulp are not perfect, but they make most indie pop seem like it has its head packed with cotton. Pulp have only marginally more charisma than Leslie Crowther but have the gall and nerve of a madman. Pulp will barely rise from cultdom, they're too full of nonchalant anarchy for that, but in the small pond. . . they will be nasty and endure. They'll annoy the living, shitting hell out of you, and you'll rub up to the person next to you because of it. They're haywire and, like The Raincoats or The Mekons, they're better for it. Their songs build and build and, unlike bubbles, they explode and still last.

Jarvis? "It's like someone once said. . . as soon as you realise that except for love and art it's all a bucket of shit. . . well, that's true about us."

Pulp. Nowhere near the bucket.



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FEMME-INISM



BRIAN RITCHIE



VICTOR DE LORENZO



GORDON GANO

It seems that the VIOLENT FEMMES, American outer-limits oddballs of note, are getting heavily into fish and wah-wah pedals. SANDY ROBERTSON went along to find out what makes Milwaukee famous. Prints of fools by MARTYN STRICKLAND

THIS BAND is full of an irritating beauty. Like the speck of dust in the eye which causes a liquid twitching of psychedelic colours... but also stings like hell.

It's hard to tell when this band are being serious: are they making a brilliant statement or merely taking the piss? The emphasis shifts from moment to moment. Sometimes it seems as though this band aren't really sure themselves.

This band are the Violent Femmes.

Little had been heard of the celebrated Milwaukee trio for almost two years, until the recent (and most welcome) eruption of new Femmes vinyl in the form of their third album, 'The Blind Leading The Naked', and a single culled from its grooves, a mesmerising yet curiously unconvincing retread of Marc Bolan's 'Children Of The Revolution'.

True to Femmes tradition, the album sets out to prove that there is no Femmes tradition. Huh?

Oh, sure — singer Gordon Gano still does the Sylvester-Stallone-out-of-Jonathan-Richman drawl which he perfected on the band's eponymous debut, but there're hardly any traces of that record's Velvets-go-busking bop to be heard since drummer Victor De Lorenzo had his tranceophone taken away.

Yes, the Femmes are still rooted in the bass of gangling Brian Ritchie but — and it's a mighty big but — the Fugs-y, folksy dirges of the second LP, 'Hallowed Ground', which many took as a pointer to the group's future direction, are pretty much out in the snow, too.

Instead... well, let's just talk it over, eh? That's right — down here in the thorazine wards.

We've taken pains to make the boys at home! The new LP, y'see, shows them with these fish, er, worn like gloves on their arms and... Anyway, photographer Strickland's reception area has been turned into a replica of the Amazon Basin, complete with hideously expensive Discus fish and tropical plants.

Also, to stave off any tantrums, we've provided them with the plates of greasy chips and the pile of Aero bars they demanded.

They seem calm. They dig the fish: "Groupers, not groupies," they grin.

I gently remind them that, at our last (1984) session, they told us the first album was "a young man's diary" while the second was "the draft of a novel". The third is... ah, Victor?

"Of course, an obituary!" he giggles. After the hysteria dies down they admit that, as they also mooted the last time we met, they've gotten more electric. Especially in the bass region.

Brian: "Every band goes through phases. For example, right now we're really into wah-wah pedals. Gordon's got one, I got one, and I got a fuzz, too. And we're gonna get a wah-wah for the sound man so he can put the entire PA through a wah-wah pedal!"

I clap my hands with glee at this merry thought, only to have my enthusiasm dampened a tad by the corner of my eye picking up on what appears to be a slight sneer drifting, mote-like, on the

air. Dammit, can you never tell if these Femmes are serious or not! They assure me they mean it, man.

Gordon: "If there's some way of doing it, we'll probably do it."

OK, so we know the gap in recording has made you weirder. But why the gap in the first place?

"First of all," sighs Brian, "you don't make an album until the record company asks you. That was the first thing, they didn't even ask us to make another one until a year after 'Hallowed Ground'. And we never had enough time or money to make the other two albums, so on this one our first criterion was that we were gonna take as long as we wanted to until we were satisfied."

OF COURSE, with a band as prickly as the Femmes, ye olde bizness intrudes into the proceedings as well. Their USA deal with Slash (which they refuse to discuss) along with the changes made to the UK version of the LP sleeve ("They said it was too psychedelic," says Victor) and the shitty mock-surrealist artwork on the single, which they had zero to do with and which they find "offensive", didn't help.

Gordon (looking ever more like Radar from MASH): "The arrangement where the song 'World Without Mercy' is on the tape but not the album took time, the negotiations. The idea of a song being on a cassette which isn't on an album is a bit ridiculous. I know some record companies," he says pointedly, "like to do that for some reason, but I don't see any point in it at all, and yet that was what we ended up doing. There was a lot of, ah, discussion about that."

I'll bet.

This time, it should also be noted, the Femmes had an outside producer in the form of Talking Head and ex-Modern Lover Jerry Harrison. The Technician Leading The Eccentric? Absolutely, it'd seem, according to Brian.

"He's a very meticulous person. He'd make 20 to 70 mixes of the same song. I mean, Victor and I just did an album with Eugene Chadbourne of Shockabilly and the whole thing only took four days."

"But it was fun to have the time to experiment more. It was in Milwaukee, so we could just walk to the studio. When we recorded in New York we were staying in a rat-infested, cockroach-infested pit... that's no way to work."

"Jerry Harrison was originally suggested to us by Warners solely on the basis that he lives in Milwaukee, because we'd stipulated to them that we had to record there. This was outrageous from their point of view because nobody has ever made a quality album in Milwaukee. When we said we wanted to record in this guy's basement I think they were a little upset, too!"

One senses that, in terms of the experience if not the finished product, the band wish they'd trusted their original instinct of not being produced by a guy who hated the first Violent Femmes show he saw. I mean, maybe they shoulda stuck out for Tom Waits. But he's gone elsewhere.

"I hear he's gonna produce REM," shrugs Brian. "What can he do for them? Every song sounds the same!"

Both Gano and Ritchie unashamedly admit that they did most of their work on the LP with the engineer alone.

Brian: "I would never have Jerry in the studio when I was working. I'd just go in there and put down all my parts and let Jerry comment afterwards."

Gordon: "It's true. A lot of the best work was done when Jerry wasn't around."

Brian: "We knew Jerry and he'd seen us live and, uh, he didn't like it... And when I heard the reasons that he didn't like it, well, they were the reasons why we do like it!"

"We didn't think he was right to produce music as weird as ours, so his was the first name we rejected out of about 20 possibilities. But then Victor and I hung out with him and played him a demo of the entire album, which he loved. He's not a great instrumentalist, but he is an outstanding arranger."

THEY SMILE. But they refuse to say what the title of the album means. I predict that there will be no return Harrison-Femmes bout. Win some, lose some: the Femmes have a distinct penchant for unlikely musicians and unlikely tunes. They want to record with Les Paul, inventor of the electric guitar.

'The Blind Leading The Naked', meanwhile, features such diverse guests as acoustic genius Leo Kottke and art-eccentric Fred Frith. How come?

"There's lots of people we'd like to work with," nods Victor. "Our number one choice to produce the album was Johnny Marr of The Smiths."

Brian: "He said he was thrilled that we asked him and that he was real excited to do it, but then he never called us back."

"With Leo Kottke I just went to a show he was doing in Milwaukee and asked him to play. He said, Violent Femmes? Kid loves yer band, plays me tuh record all tuh time, one with tuh girl on tuh cover. I think he mainly wanted to do it so he could impress his kid! And Fred Frith, I knew he was coming to town..."

Victor: "We're just like spiders in a web, waiting for these people to come in so we can grab 'em!"

Brian: "Fred came down there with these home-made instruments, like a little piece of two-by-four with a crude pick-up and strings on there. He played the guitar solo on 'Children Of The Revolution', too..."

"Neil Young played a show in town but we missed him. It shows where our heads are at when we know that guys like Fred Frith are around but we don't know when Neil Young is in town!"

As regards my 'are they kidding or aren't they?' dilemma, it seems even the Femmes themselves ain't sure. On the subject of Marc Bolan, frinstance.

Brian: "It was an experiment... We listened to a whole bunch of songs and picked that T Rex song as a good one to cover, even though Gordon thought it was ridiculous. We didn't even know if it would necessarily end up on the album."

"Gordon re-wrote some of the lyrics, and was acting like Elvis Presley in the studio, because he was cynical about the whole thing."

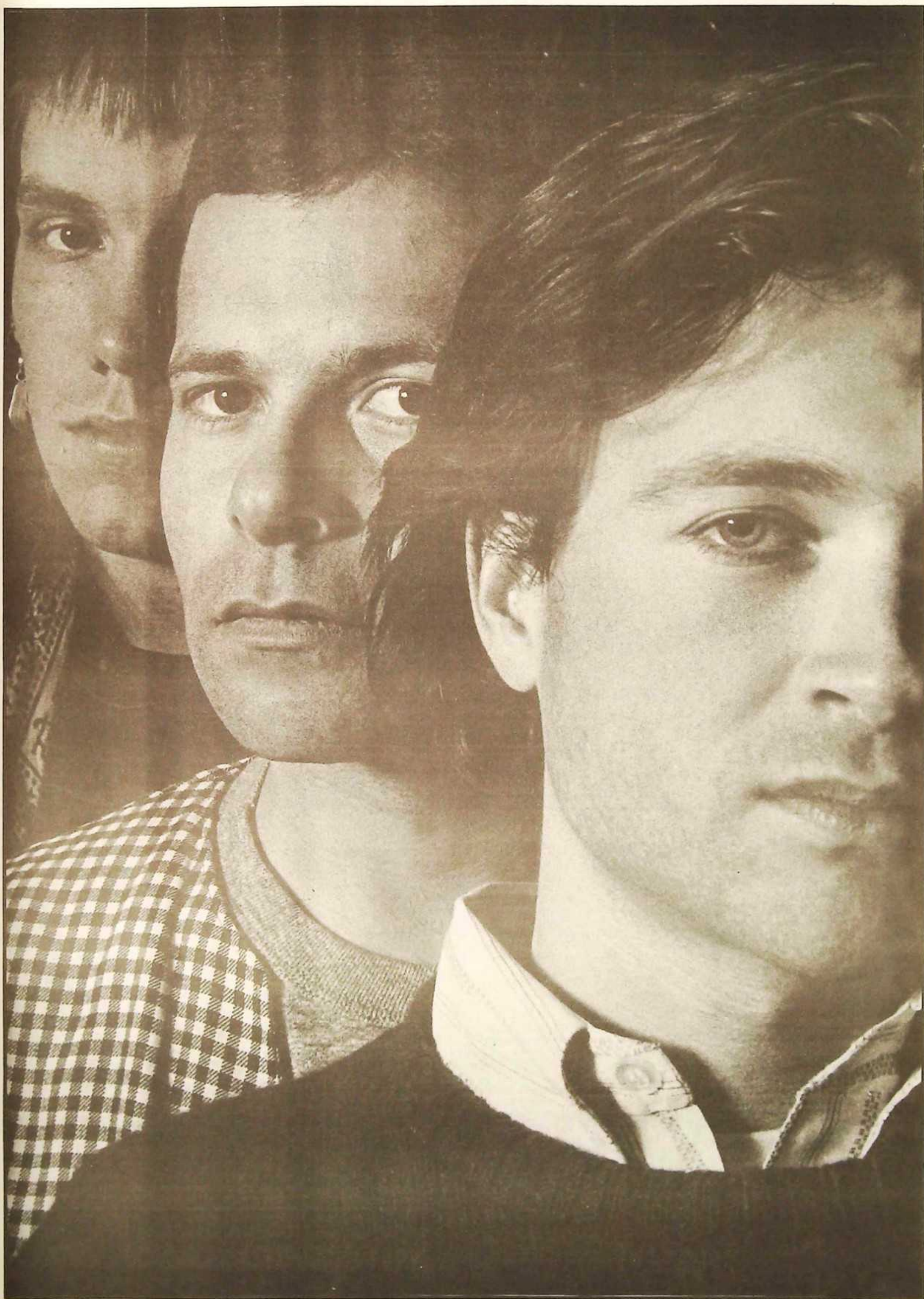
Gordon: "I dunno how Marc Bolan thought of it when he wrote it or sang it, and I wouldn't really care to speculate, it's just the song is a ridiculous song! To me the only way I could get into it was thinking of the absurdity of it and the sarcasm of 'you won't fool the children of the revolution', 'cause historically people are always fooled. Every time. There's one great line, 'I got a Rolls Royce/Cause it's good for my voice'. That's genius."

Brian: "He supposedly wrote the lyrics for a whole album on a cab ride from the hotel to the studio. That's what was great about Marc Bolan, he was a true surrealist, automatic writing for lyrics!"

Surreal. Like the Femmes, doing spur-of-the-moment, no-set-list gigs, with "heavy metal songs, show tunes from the '30s, the Australian national anthem", automatic rock 'n' roll mince meat.

It's a shame, they tell me, that they missed getting George Benson to join in on one of their musical therapy sessions back in the USA. Still, they do have plans while they're over here.

Anybody seen Keith Emerson?



Somewhere, somehow,
someone's going to pay.



SCHWARZENEGGER COMMANDO

(18)

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PRODUCED BY JOEL SILVER DIRECTED BY MARK L. LESTER



DOLBY STEREO
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EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL

RAN

(Virgin)

WITH THE *Seven Samurai*, Japanese director Akira Kurosawa created one of the most imitated and best action films ever. That was in 1954. Now, more than 30 years later and at the age of 76, one of the few geniuses of world cinema has made perhaps his final masterpiece.

Ran is an adaptation of Shakespeare's *King Lear* set in 16th Century Japan. The ageing War Lord, Hidetora, passes over the power of his throne to the eldest of his three sons. His youngest son, who is the one who loves him most, is banished for speaking out against his wishes, and Hidetora's fate is decided by his two remaining sons who plot the old man's humiliation and downfall.

Ran is a long, epic and tragic tale about power and corruption. There are some brilliantly staged battle scenes that put the far more expensive *Revolution* to shame, and powerful performances from all the cast, in particular Mieko Harada as Lady Kaede, the scheming wife of Hidetora's second son.

Don't let the running time of over 2½ hours and the thought of sub-titles put you off. *Ran* is a great film in the classic Japanese cinema tradition.

JIM KITE



SOME SABRE wielding nip

BLADE RUNNER

STRANGER THAN PARADISE

(Virgin Video)

ORIGINALLY RELEASED at the tail end of '84, *Stranger Than Paradise* is rumoured to have reaped mucho praise and various awards. And sure enough, the camera work and styling of this black and white mood piece told in three parts has something of *Eraserhead* in visual quality, coupled with a mammoth selection of film noir/arty outbursts that would have your local film soc reeling in the aisles.

Stranger Than Paradise is Rumblefish without words, a Tom Waits song extended over 90 minutes and a *Twilight Zone* episode

without a story. Basically, nothing happens, and it's a pretty heavily acted nothing to boot.

Its limited budget is unfortunately all too evident. Cutting from scene to scene fails to build up any kind of cohesion and even the arty veneer and carefully chosen shots fail to lift an innocuous storyline.

This is a real plodder, the kind of thing that alternative comedians delight in doing pastiches of. A slow gear waltz around America which leaves you waiting for the final punch some three hours after the closing credits roll. Stars John Lurie, a beefcake emigré with more tan than scam. A miss.

DAVE HENDERSON

STREEP'S AHEAD

OUT OF AFRICA

(UIP)

WITH 11 Oscar nominations, the film on everyone's lips looks set to clean up at the box office and fill our high streets with Meryl Streep dressalikes.

Mega-stars Streep and Robert Redford have teamed up on a dream ticket to play the romantic couple in Danish writer Karen Blixen's best selling autobiography. Streep plays Blixen, who in 1913 married a ne'er-do-well aristocrat (Klaus Maria Brandauer) in order to escape the dull-as-dishwater life she led in Denmark.

He took her off to Kenya, where after an abortive attempt to plant coffee, he abandoned her to sow his wild oats elsewhere. In his absence, she meets the great white hunter, Redford, and they fall passionately in love.

Out Of Africa is a lush and classic romance, beautifully filmed and stylishly acted. Redford is a likeable and suitably dashing hunter, even if he is getting on a bit, but it is Streep who dominates with a performance as good as anything she's done to date.

JIM KITE

THE BIG SOUND AUTHORITY Live From London

(PMV)

IT'S JUST too easy to be negative about The Big Sound Authority. All that trash about fans and band getting together and working for one thing, and having the band sleep on your floor so you get involved, smacks of Cliff Richard in *The Young Ones*. Hey, everybody, let's put on a show of our own. Yeeeah.

Down at grass roots, brass-laden level, The Big Sound Authority haven't really got the kind of substance that's needed to carry off such a masterplan. As anthemic and honky-soulful as some of their songs are, The Biggies are less than convincing in delivery and only marginally average at songwriting.

For all Tony Burke's vision, he still sounds like an impersonation of Paul Weller impersonating soul bands from the '70s. Sure, it worked for Paul, but Tony?

On the plus side, Julie Hawden has a great full-blooded vocal range. Given the right songs, you could well be hearing more of her. Sadly, as part of the Authority, she's a spindly spoke in a buckled wheel. Going nowhere, slowly.

DAVE HENDERSON

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**ALBUM, CASSETTE AND COMPACT DISC
OUT THIS WEEK**



Reviewed by
Dave
Henderson



SINGLE OF THE WEEK

HÜSKER DÜ 'Don't Want To Know If You Are Lonely' (Warner Brothers) Direct cut from the Minneapolis masters' upcoming new album 'Candy Apple Grey'. And, after the anthemic 'Zen Arcade', the awesome 'New Day Rising' and the more commercially minded 'Flip Your Wig' albums, just where can the Dü go next?

Sneak previews reveal that they'll sound even more emotionally succulent. 'Candy Apple Grey' is a triumphant album, a sure-fire all time classic, and this taster 45 is just the tip of the plectrum.

Still awash in a sea of roaring guitar, topped with the usual Hüsker Dü harmonic vocal, 'Don't Want To Know...' continues along the same road that 'Makes No Sense At All' tramped along. Hüsker Dü reel with a string of hooks, a murderous verse-to-chorus break and an audible, and highly memorable lyric. Poetry in motion. (And that's all you could find to say about it? I've told you before about leaving all this white space at the bottom - we could've had a 50 quid ad on here, or a Pendragon feature, or an essay on the wit and wisdom of George Michael! Consider yourself roundly smacked - Reviews Ed.)

THE MEMBRANES 'Everything's Brilliant' (In Tape) A symphony. I hear a... new Membranes single. After 'Kafka's Dad', 'Crack House' and 'Spike Milligan's Taperecorder', The Membranes had to change into something else. It could have been ugly. Today's Membranes have an alluring pop edge, trailing guitar lines, almost tuneful vocals and a dynamite new single. Yes, you've discovered the sound that spells B-R-I-L-L-I-A-N-T. Yum.

WILMER X 'Hong Kong Boy' (MNW) Swedish new wavers who waver between Ramones thrash and Diddley doodles. But there's more. Compulsive rhythm guitar flexes its muscles dangerously close to an extremely melodious vocal line. There's almost a guitar solo, too.

LA MUERTE 'Lucifer Sam' (Soundwork) Belgians get worked up over a Syd Barrett cut out. Watch that falling masonry mate, these boys are growlers and their guitars have minds of their own. A loud record for loud people.

RECIPE 'Outboard' (Survival/Inertial) Give me a drum machine and I'll rule Uxbridge. Glorious pop that wriggles out of your speakers. Call up an A&R man of your choice and get him to give these heroes a big fat cheque. Masterclass material.

THE PUBLIC VEIN 'Carry On' (Garageland) Modern-industrial-garden-shed-rockabilly. A gutsy Gene Vincent meets Elvis drooling manfully over a Dee Dee Ramone bass line with a multi-fingered guitarist upfront.

DINOSAUR 'Repulsion' (Homestead) Uncensored rock-out with fuzzy geetar and unkempt vocal line. Meat Puppets swap melody tips with Hüsker Dü down at The Minutemen's flat. Americans with power.

TWICE A MAN 'Giri' (Xenophone International) Getting bored, tired and slightly pissed off with A-ha, Double, Abba and all those other Scandinavian grates? Well, try this. Twice A Man are different again. Well hard, well written songs with melody and charm set alive over a sumptuous rhythm and minimal sound waves. Thrillingly bittersweet.

GREENHOUSE OF TERROR 'Compulsion' (Racket) Five tracks from a mystery five piece. Raucous, rhythmic, pounding, passionate... and an absolutely ridiculous name to boot. Greenhouse Of Terror have wild and infectious guitars, Black Flag and Foetus T-shirts and a churning sound of some importance. Riotous.

STUMP 'Mud On A Colon' (Ron Johnson's) Big scale four track 12-inch with a punchy cue-in track called 'Orgasm Way'. They live on a strange street somewhere between Bogshed and Frank Sinatra. Classy vocals fed into the mincer with flamboyant guitars and time changes aplenty. Accomplished and fun.

DUANE RIPLEY AND THE GO GO SET 'Revenge Of The 50 Foot Killer Go-Go Girls (From Outer Space)' (Barbarella) It's a groove thang. Well... the legend surrounding this gaudy package is something of a classic tale of something or other. Duane Ripley comes on strong on a total psychedelic freak-out and only mildly resembles The Sting-Rays and The Golden Horde having a barn dance. An absolute ripper.

LES PRIVES 'No Time' (Closer) French combo from Orleans who sport a classy line in twangy psyche-pop with dynamite guitar breaks as an added bonus. Produced in Australia by Alan Thorne of Died Pretty, Screaming Tribesmen and Hoodoo Gurus fame. Vintage stuff.

WATERMELON MEN 'Seven Years' (What Goes On) First UK 45 for The Watermelon Men is taken from their much touted album. It's a grinding, commercial sound with a warm and tender version of 'I've Been Told' on the flipside.

JAMES 'Chain Mail' (Blanco Y Negro) Typical rolling modernism from Manchester's strangest sons. Produced by Lenny Kaye (and it shows), 'Chain Mail' taunts the listener as it trips through a full range of emotions. Cooky.

DAVID BOWIE 'Absolute Beginners' (Virgin) From the film of the same name, a record with style and feeling. Bowie back on form shock, and there are two Normil Hawaiians, a Yes, an Attraction and a cast of

several more supplying the sound. This year's most influential British film. (Hopefully, anyway.)

THE JANITORS 'Good To Be The King' (In Tape) Maniacs with bottleneck guitars, thrashing drums and a sentiment that most of us will never fulfill. We can all dream, slam dance and generally throw ourselves around to this one, though.

KING DREAM CHORUS AND HOLIDAY CREW 'King Holiday' (Club) Soul men and women in a united larynx donation on behalf of Martin Luther King. Now that the celebration has been legalised some of the vocal angst has gone, but a fitting anthem all the same.

HOWARD HUGHES AND THE WESTERN APPROACHES 'West Of The Pecos' (Abstract) Strange hybrid of styles that falls just the right side of the Moroder synth sound. It could have collapsed in a crumpled heap on a Spanish dancefloor but ol' Howie manages to cross the border between Poco and the Sputniks. But can you dance to it?

WIN 'You've Got The Power' (London) Re-mixed, packaged, pressed and all that kind of thing. A free poster, a free copy of Win's first single, too. London are really trying and Win can easily provide the goods - free gifts or not.

SAVAGE REPUBLIC 'Trudge' (Play It Again Sam) A monolithic 12-inch EP (or a mini album), on which the Sav's provide style sounds whatever the weather. Neat east meets west sideshow as these Californians develop their primal devotions - as displayed on the magnificent 'Tragic Figures' LP of some time back - through a series of sound sculptures. Pulsing.

ZEITGEIST 'Freight Train Rain' (DB/Stiff) More Antipodean melody. Strummed through with harmonious lyrics, wailing femme vox and a neat line in twitchy spine tingling.

MENTICIDE 'Bathroom Ideas Exhibition' (Pink Flag) Uptempo Wire-y outburst that successfully crosses a Colin Newman vocal line with a Gang Of Four chunky chugging guitar sound. The real heart of New Cross (New Cross).

COLIN LLOYD TUCKER 'Head' (DI) On seven-inch pic disc only and featuring several Blockheads plus a man with a sitar. Ex-Plain Character and The The person, Tucker manages to come good with a mystical slice of thumping dance music. Don't step on your handbags.

REMA REMA 'Wheel In The Roses' (4AD) Four-track EP from late, lamented trendy crew who once rocked the Screen On The Green in front of a cast of thousands. Mean feedback from Marco (new amp, new haircut, whole chicken in the fridge in his bedroom) and slow methodical drums from Max (later of PTV). Classic culture.

LES THUGS 'Night Dance' (Gougat Mouvement) First single from this French four piece who have no volume controls on their equipment. Loud and louder depending on their mood. Played at speed and thrashing straight to your heart.

RICHELLE 'L'Esclave Endormi' (4AD) Sung in foreign with the panache of a Chevalier. Richelle probably weaves tapestries of unbolstered sound while casting small creatures free when they're caught in traps. Nice single, too. Creeps up like a multigrade hangover.

SIGN LANGUAGE 'Belief' (Fire) Ah. Yes, this should be printed in big letters to catch your attention. This record is very, very, very EXCELLENT. Loud and convincing with great guitar sounds and a bitter vocal. THIS RECORD IS VERY NOISY AND YOU SHOULD BUY IT. Yes, that's quite good. Let's put it on again.

NAIVE 'Carry On' (Irmgardz) Groovy pop from the continent (it's been rather EEC this week, hasn't it?). Naive play samba with guts - if such a thing is possible - and it sounds pretty convincing. Makes Matt Bianco sound like Matt Bianco.

H BOMB FERGUSON 'Shake And Bake' (Radiation) Yedig? A dark skinned man with what looks like a blond wig. He plays the piano and sings with reverb. H Bomb presents a double 45 that works on the blues and brings out the mean reds. The label is based in Ohio and it turns out that this is Mr Bomb's first recording for 25

years. He could certainly teach Martin Degville a thing or 25. Try it on PO Box 1524 Cincinnati, Ohio 45201, USA.

BRILLIANT 'Love Is War' (Food) THE THREE DEGREES 'This Is The House' (Supreme) Two from the assembled ranks of Stock, Aitken And Waterman. Accountants with a mixing desk, a neat line in PR and a total lack of musical taste. They also bred Princess. The test tube is closed.

ROLAND S HOWARD AND LYDIA LUNCH 'Some Velvet Morning' (4AD) Re-release of the dangerous duo's version of Lee Hazelwood's ballad. Told in its dissected beauty like a Brecht/Weill out-take. Strange tale of real country folk. Yeehaw.

SMC AL STAR BLOSBAND 'A Biker's F*** Hell' (Esseme)** Weird... And, of course wonderful. Bluesy harmonica - infested ode to the trials and tribulations of a biker. Great solo. Bring back Canned Heat, all is forgotten.

SKELETAL FAMILY 'Restless' (Chrysalis) Finally signed and thankfully having discarded the slings and arrows of less than outrageous goth and posi punk, the Family are still the Banshees. Things never change, the currency just increases. Pleasant enough.

BILL NELSON 'Wildest Dreams' (Portrait) In which Bill forgets the key to his guitar case and has loads of his mates in to play sax, violin and twiddle knobs. Shame really.

PET SHOP BOYS 'Love Comes Quickly' (Parlophone) Get mellow (but still get down). Not as immediately striking as 'West End Girls', but Pet Shop Boys know their onions when it comes to massaging the correct ear lobes. A blast of warm air into the hammer and anvil of the working class.

ROLLING STONES 'Harlem Shuffle' (Rolling Stones) Murder most foul.

MUMMY CALLS 'Beauty Has Her Way' (Geffen) Crap.

CULTURE CLUB 'Move Away' (Virgin) ROGER DALTREY 'Under A Raging Moon' (Ten) Crap Two (The Sequel).

INFO RIOT

EDITED BY BARRY LAZELL

STARTING WITH the 2-Tone and Specials/Special AKA listings in the January 25 issue, in which there were a handful of gaps to be filled towards the end. Thanks here are due to Simon Schutte of Ivybridge, Devon, Julian Dodd of Stroud, Glos, AD Buswell of Mountsorrel, Leics, BJ Gregory of Twickenham, and Paul Harding of Tackley, Oxford, for supplying the additional info.

Pure mental aberration caused me to miss a couple of albums from the non-Specials

part of the listing. I noticed only when it had gotten into print, but luckily, so did many of the chaps listed above. CDL TT 5006 was Rico's second album 'Jama', released in May 1982, while CHR TT 5007 was the compilation 'These Are 2-Tone', released November 1983, and comprising a potted history of the label to that date, with tracks by The Specials, Madness, The Selecter, The Beat, The Bodysnatchers, Rhoda, Rico and The Swinging Cats.

The two mystery omissions in

the singles list were both, oddly enough, by The Higsons.

CHS TT 21 'Tear The Whole Thing Down'/'Ylang Ylang' Oct 1982

CHS TT 24 'Run Me Down'/'Put The Punk Back Into Funk' Feb 1983.

The second of these also appeared on 12-inch (CHS 12 TT 24), with a long 7:22 version of 'Run Me Down' on the A-side (as opposed to the 3:47 seven-inch version), and an extra B-side track in the form of an instrumental version of 'Run Me Down'.

Another 12-incher with an extra track, though not noted as such in the original listing, was CHS 12TT 20 by The Apollinaires, which had 'The Bongo Medley' as a bonus on the B-side.

There was also a 2-Tone freebie single, which was given away with early pressings of the



THE APOLLINAIRES under the spotlight

second Specials album 'More Specials' in 1980, along with a poster (not with promo/reviewers' copies, though, which was why I was unaware of it until now!). The free seven-incher carried the one-off catalogue

number TTT 999; its A-side was 'Braggin' & Tryin' Not To Lie' by Roddy Radiation & The Specials, and the flip was 'Rude Boys Outa Jail (version)', by Neville Staples AKA Judge Roughneck. These tracks have

not reappeared elsewhere, and were presumably out-takes.

Finally, just after the 2-Tone feature was completed for *Sounds*, another single on the label was issued in January this year, so we'll note that here too to bring the whole thing completely up to date. It's by JB's Allstars, a sextet formed by Special AKA drummer Brad 'JB' Bradbury, and fronted by vocalist Dee Sharp.

CHS TT 29 'The Alphabet Army'/'The Al Arm' (seven-inch) Jan 1986.

CHS TT 1229 'The Alphabet Army (extended)'/'The Alphabet Army (String Mix)'/'The Alphabet Army (radio version)'/'The Al Arm' (12-inch)

The record is an anthem in support of Britain's striking teachers, and bigger national investment in the education system, and has apparently been endorsed by the NUT!

NEW ADDITIONS

THANKS GO to Dutch reader Jan Van Rosmalen, of Krommenie, Holland, who has sorted out some of the dodgier bits of the New Hormones label listing printed in the issue of December 7 last year. New Hormones tried very hard to out-Factory Factory at one point, with regard to some of the things to which it allocated catalogue numbers, as some of what follows will further confirm. For instance, for the gap I showed at ORG 13, a presumed non-issue, Jan notes: "The only thing I've read about this item was that it was 'bass-drum-klik-plate' - whatever that means!"

Jan also points out that the Dislocation Dance EP on ORG 7 was a release made in collaboration with the band's own Delicate Issues label, and so also carried the joint catalogue number ISSUE 1. Additionally, 'Slip That Disc' by Dislocation Dance on ORG 10 was not an LP as listed, but a 33rpm 12-incher coupling the tracks 'Slip That Disc' and 'We Can Work It Out'. And Dislocation Dance are obviously under some sort of curse, because we also got the title of their bona fide album wrong on ORG 15 - it was 'Music Music Music' rather than 'Dance Dance Dance'.

Some of the gaps towards the end of the listing remain unfilled, but ORG 23 seems to have been another Factory-type oddity. Jan says "this was called 'Assassin's Diary', and was apparently a calendar!"

ORG 26, as well as the gap in the cassette listing, CAT 3, both transpire to belong to the band Biting Tongues, whom I've subsequently sussed to have been a quintet comprising Ken Hollings (vocals), Graham Massey (guitar), How Walmsley (sax), Colin Seddon (bass), and Eddie Sherwood (drums). ORG 26 was their album 'Libreville', while CAT 3

was a cassette only release by them entitled 'Live It'. This band also had a release on Situation 2, an LP titled 'Don't Heal' (SITU 1) in 1981.

It was Jan who also nudged me into full recall about the Ariola label reissue of Cairo's Absurd (A 7) single 'I Like Bluebeat'. I was sure I had this, but couldn't find it in my collection filed under 'C' for Cairo. This was because, as Jan points out, the reissue coupled Cairo's 'I Like Bluebeat' with another version of the same song by a band called The Outline which was ostensibly the A-side (meaning that I had the single filed under 'O' instead). I suspect that The Outline were simply a re-named Cairo, for the lead vocalist certainly sounds identical. The new version of the song was slightly slower and more laid-back than the original, much more in a Specials/Madness mould - which was probably why it was designated as the topside, being thought to be more

commercial. Catalogue number was Ariola/Hansa AHA 560. As far as I'm aware, neither Cairo nor The Outline ever followed the single up.

As a final footnote to the New Hormones article, PR Judy Totton dropped in a note regarding CP Lee and Alberto Y Lost Trios Paranoias, who had the label's last single. She sez: "CP Lee is still writing prolifically; in fact, he has had a couple of plays produced since his days with the Albertos. He also has the distinction of having had one of his Absurd singles (Gerry & The Holograms 'Increased Resistance') personally rated by Frank Zappa, no less. CP also does a brilliant one-man show based on the life and times of Lord Buckley, and I believe he's currently involved in several projects which should be unveiled soon. He could also have been seen live at the Zap Club in Brighton on February 11!"

AT LAST... ..THE NEW SINGLE

FROM

bill nelson



WILDEST DREAMS

ON 7" + 4 TRACK 12"

A6928
TA6928

Portrait



DESPERATELY SEEKING SIOUXSIE

THERE ARE a couple of additional items to add to the **Siouxsie & The Banshees** discography, notably a fan club-only seven-inch single released at the end of 1983:

FILE 1 'Headcut'/'Running Town' (both recorded live at the Royal Albert Hall, 1/10/83)

This claims up to £35 now on the collector market, so ranks with the most valuable of all Banshees releases. Thanks to

Tony Hills of Hendon and **Simon Dobbs** of Grimsby for drawing attention to it. Simon describes the band's fan club as "A good investment of a fiver", and passes on its address: **Billy Houlston, The Siouxsie & The Banshees File, c/o London City Entertainments, 127 Aldersgate Street, London EC1.**

PolyGram video have also released two commercial videos by the Banshees:

791 5062 (VHS)/791 5064 (Beta) *Once Upon A Time - The Singles*
040 1912 (VHS)/040 1914 (Beta) *Nocturne*

These cost around £19 apiece at the moment, but PolyGram is due to release much of its music video back catalogue in its new under-a-tenner video series Channel 5 this year, so there's a possibility that one or both of the

above might end up a lot cheaper if you're prepared to wait.

I've deliberately ignored bootleg releases in these features, since quite apart from the question of their legality (or otherwise), most boots appear and vanish again very quickly anyway. It is probably worth mentioning the Siouxsie & The Banshees interview pic discs, however, which seem to hover somewhere in the twilight

somewhere between official and bootleg status (produced by fans for fans, I guess), and don't actually involve ripping off music recorded for someone else. The first of these (**SIOUX 1**) was released in November 1983 in a limited edition of 2,000, while the second, a three-disc set (**SIOUX 2**) came out in May last year, and again was a very limited pressing.

On the agenda for *Info Riot*

over the next few weeks are **The Damned**, **Japan** and **David Sylvian**, **Slade** and **Hawkwind** (probably), and **Fischer Z**, **B-Movie**, **Wire** and **The Cocteau Twins** if the info seems complete enough. Plus, a couple of label listings - and none of it necessarily in that order. As usual, your specialised knowledge on any of these topics is welcome in the pool. Credits will be given in print as usual.



SIOUXSIE netted

MEMORY BANK

COMPILED BY BARRY LAZELL

Sunday March 9

- 1945** Birthday of **Robin Trower**, in London.
- 1958** Birthday of **Martin Fry** of **ABC**, in Manchester.
- 1967** **Brian Jones** of **The Rolling Stones** was admitted to hospital with 'respiratory problems'.
- 1972** At the LA Forum, liberally-inclined artists like **Carole King** and **James Taylor** performed a benefit concert for hopeful Democratic Presidential candidate **George McGovern**. The event was a success, but not McGovern, who was whitewashed at the polls by 'Tricky Dicky' Nixon.
- 1977** **The Sex Pistols** signed their ultra-shortlived recording contract with A&M, on a trestle table outside Buckingham Palace - a significant venue, as the band had just recorded 'God Save The Queen'.

Monday March 10
1940 Birthday of **Dean**

- Torrence**, of legendary surfers **Jan & Dean**, in Los Angeles.
- 1966** Record Mirror reported that former **Beatles** drummer **Pete Best** had had 48 singles out in America as 'Best Of The Beatles'. We're still awaiting confirmation of that one. Maybe they meant he'd sold 48 singles.
- 1972** **Allan Klein** presented UNICEF with a million-dollar cheque as the first royalty payment from the 'Concert For Bangladesh' album, which had featured **George Harrison** and **Bob Dylan**, among others. Since there were supposed to be five dollars donated for every copy sold, and the boxed set had already shifted over two million, people began to grumble that the cheque should have been for more than ten million dollars.
- 1984** **Ian Gillan** left **Black Sabbath** after nine months as lead vocalist.

Tuesday March 11

- 1961** Birthday of **Bruce Watson** of **Big Country**.
- Birthdays of **Mike Percy** of **Dead Or Alive**.
- 1967** It was announced that there had been 446 recorded cover versions of the **Lennon/McCartney** song 'Yesterday' in the 18 months since the release of the original. It went on to be one of the world's all-time top five most covered songs.
- 1977** **The Slits** played their first gig, supporting **The Clash** at the Harlesden Roxy.

Wednesday March 12

- 1933** Birthday of **Mike Stoller**, of the **Leiber/Stoller** rock songwriting team, in Belle Harbor, Long Island.
- Birthdays of **Les Holroyd** of **Barclay James Harvest**, in Manchester.
- 1957** Birthdays of **Steve Harris** of **Iron Maiden**, in London.
- 1957** Birthdays of **Marlon Jackson** of **The Jacksons**, in Gary, Indiana.
- 1969** **Paul McCartney** married **Linda Eastman**, at Marylebone Registry Office, with Paul's brother **Mike McGear** (of **The Scaffold**) as best man.
- 1978** **John Lennon** and **Harry Nilsson** disrupted the **Smothers Brothers'** act at the Los Angeles Troubadour with an impromptu duet on 'I Can't Stand The Rain'. They were ejected.

Thursday March 13

- 1960** Birthdays of **Adam Clayton** of **U2**, in Eire.
- 1965** **The Beatles** flew to Austria to shoot the Alpine sequences

for their film Help.

- 1968** **Cliff Richard's** 'Congratulations' was chosen as the UK's Eurovision Song Contest entry, and rushed out on single by EMI.
- 1969** **George** and **Patti Harrison** were arrested on marijuana possession charges, following a police raid on their empty London house which turned up 120 joints.

Friday March 14

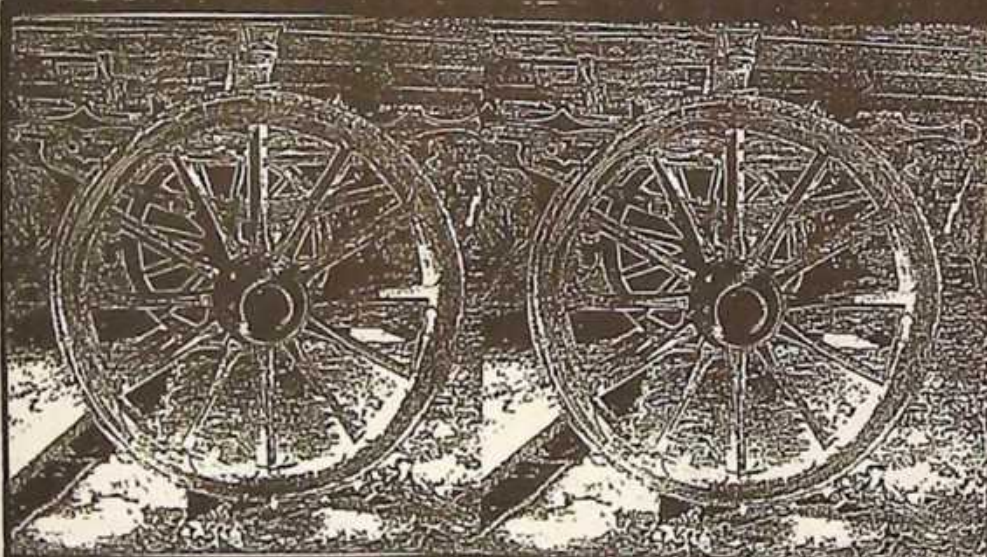
- 1933** Birthdays of **Quincy Jones**, in Chicago.
- 1945** Birthdays of **Jasper Carrott**, in Birmingham.
- 1963** Birthdays of **Paul Barry** of **The Questions**.
- 1971** **The Rolling Stones** played a farewell concert to UK fans at London's Roundhouse, before moving into tax exile in France.
- 1981** **Eric Clapton** went into Hospital in St Paul, Minnesota, with bleeding ulcers, forcing a 60-date US tour to be cancelled.

Saturday March 15

- 1941** Birthdays of **Mike Love** of the **Beach Boys**, in Los Angeles.
- 1944** Birthdays of **Sly Stone** (**Sylvester Stewart**), in Dallas, Texas.
- 1947** Birthdays of **Ry Cooder** in Los Angeles.
- 1955** Birthdays of **Dee Snider** of **Twisted Sister**, in New York.
- 1962** Birthdays of **Steve Coy** of **Dead Or Alive**.
- 1980** **Rude Boy**, the fictionalised documentary movie about a **Clash** roadie, opened in London at the Prince Charles theatre.

NEW ALBUM

RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY



Paint Your Wagon Paint Your Wagon

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MATERIAL
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Mar 7
Birmingham Mermaid
Mar 8
London Clarendon
Mar 9
Croydon Underground
Mar 10
Coventry Busters

SKELETAL FAMILY



RESTLESS

new single - 12" and 7"

Chrysalis

BACK FROM



THE TARMAN: "More Brains!"

The Living Dead have risen again from the cutting room floor — and they're hungry! EDWIN POUNCEY and PETER ANDERSON track down re-animator DAN O' BANNON at his LA haunt to investigate the rigours of rigor mortis

THIS STORY really starts in Paris, the very home of decadent behaviour, during a week in early spring, 1985.

While engaged in business with the owner of a Bandes Dessinees emporium — comics shop to you — we were asked whether we had anything planned for that evening.

'Non,' we mumbled, which resulted in three tickets being shoved into our hands.

A closer look revealed the tickets bore the logo *The Return Of The Living Dead* in drooly, black splatter lettering. They generously allowed free admission into one of the zombie movies of the decade...

Ho-boy!

The Return Of The Living Dead was that evening's main event, and our collective adrenalin was going up like a thermometer in Hell. We were not to be disappointed.

What spewed into our eyeballs was a mixture of hardcore punk-rock thrash and slash which bubbled onto the screen with putrefying splendour and attention to vile detail. One minute we were chortling at some sick trick, the next gagging at the sight of something from the tomb, so realistic you could almost feel the stink hitting you (or maybe it was the French plumbing).

Plus... There was a killer rock soundtrack, something to tap our feet to while we held onto our lunch!

Who was responsible for all this bloodletting? What kind of a *mind* puts together creatures like that oozy black skeleton shape that lopes into view, sinks its oily teeth into the back of a leather 'n' chains punker's scalp and sucks out his brains?

Dan O'Bannon, that's who, the screenwriter of such classics as *Alien*, *Dark Star* and *Blue Thunder*. Later I'd get to know him a lot better.

JANUARY 1986: Peter Anderson and myself have just arrived at our LA hotel, our mission to interview The Cramps.

Already there's a fistful of messages awaiting us, one of which is from our enthusiastic editor. "INTERVIEW DAN O'BANNON!" reads the order from ground control, and a tremor of panic goes through us as we realise we are unprepared, with no reference material. Luckily, Dan's film is kinda hard to forget, so I pick up the 'phone and arrange to meet him at home on Sunday.

When we arrive at the neat little suburban house we are met by a man in a dressing gown who is smoking a thick, Groucho Marx-type cigar. Inside, amidst the debris of lunch, decorating and cats, the man introduces himself as Dan O'Bannon. We start at the beginning of his story...

"I've been struggling around as a screen writer for a few years writing some big and some little science-fiction movies, more or less mainstream. Some of the better ones were originals — 'on spec' as they

say — and some of them were on hire, other people's material.

"I've been working toward the goal of directing but little strokes of bad luck stopped me a couple of times before I got there. The moment I was ready, and there was a directing job for me, it happened to be *The Return Of The Living Dead*. It was an accident. I was scripting it for Tobo Hooper, and when I finished the script he left the project to direct *Lifeforce*. They were left without a director and they asked me if I was available. I was ready."

How do you feel about having a zombie flick for your directing debut? What are your opinions on the genre?

"I had a certain enjoyment from them in comic books when I was a kid. I certainly enjoyed George Romero's films. I don't think I'd had any great thoughts about them before *The Return Of The Living Dead*, or after either."

You mention the comic book association. My feelings towards your film are that it unfolds like a giant cinematic horror comic. Was

IN THE DEAD

this intentional when you were writing the script?

"Well, I reviewed the film last night on video and I was struck by that. I was struck how it was very much like a comic book, and yet not like any other film which has tried to do that.

"I think another reason for that is some other films and TV shows have set out deliberately to be comic books. Let's say *Batman*, 20 years ago, deliberately set out to be almost like the printed page by having speech balloons and it was very self-conscious, they didn't want any chance for you to mistake that it was adapted from a comic book. Some of these treatments in more recent films, which have been bigger and better, have also been similarly forced.

"This didn't happen that way, it just grew into that style because of my familiarity and love of the old EC horror comics of the '50s, and that same familiarity on the part of my production designer, Bill Stout, the camera style of Jules Bremner and then the kind of level of humour and acting I had put together with the cast.

"It became that, not as an initial plan but more as a gradual instinct, as though it inevitably had to be there. I used a lot of comic book compositions and angles deliberately, influenced by those hyper-dramatic angles in older horror comic books. The film itself wanted to be that and it became that."

Because of that more natural transformation from horror comic to horror film, it works better than a film like *Creepshow*, for instance.

"I like *Creepshow* a lot. But you see, what was missing from our film was any deliberate 'host' reference, or speech balloons, any of the overt references to the comic book, as though we were showing part of the printed page on screen."

THE ORIGINAL conception of *The Return Of The Living Dead* came not from EC comics but from John Russo's novel of the same name, didn't it?

"Yeah, he wrote a novel and turned it into a screenplay. The producer, Tom Fox, bought the screenplay and hired me to re-write it, and then John Russo wrote a second novel based on my screenplay and published that!"

How much of the original novel did you put in the film?

"I mostly took it as inspiration because John Russo intended that to be a sequel to his earlier novel *Night Of The Living Dead*, (the inspiration for George Romero's classic film of the same name) "but then George Romero did a second *Dead* movie called *Dawn Of The Dead* and that kind of made John's screenplay a little obsolete.

"When I came along to do it I thought that necessity required me to shake it up a little bit. I've changed it a bit, it was a straighter kind of story, not nearly as comical. It wasn't as contemporary but of course it had the shocks and the thrills."

Does your film parody the zombie/living dead movie genre? Your zombies do appear to have a certain cunning instead of being the accepted brainless variety.

"OK, Romero does a straight picture, he does the quintessential first and final statement on what the dead zombie should look like. Well, that doesn't leave any direction to go except to take it into decadence and, indeed, parody it. The Aubrey Beardsley of the zombie movie!

When you reach the peak of something there are absolute limited prescribed paths where you can go in further developing a theme."

Do you think people will develop from your version?

"Well, I kinda hope not. I can't imagine... Well, I'd be interested to see if there's anywhere left to go. I mean after decadence there is nothing, just badness."

AS HAS already been partly explained, *The Return Of The Living Dead* was originally written by John Russo as the sequel for George Romero's *Night Of The Living Dead*.

Romero gave the zombie genre teeth; before his picture slithered onto the screen the zombie movie was considered pretty tame fare by most horror buffs. Before Romero, zombies simply tended to rise from their caskets, stumble around, look stupid and eventually be herded off a cliff like lemmings.

John Russo and George Romero's zombies, however, are seething with mindless menace amid the simplest of backdrops and props. Black-and-white footage heightens the fright potential as the dead roll back their eyes to the whites and sink their dental work into a victim's arm.

Plus there is a political punch-line - which I won't reveal, in case you missed this seminal shocker.

Since then Romero has completed his *Dead* trilogy with the excellent *Dawn Of The Dead*, which takes place in an abandoned shopping mall, and the concluding (as yet unseen in this country) *Day Of The Dead*. According to some sources, Romero heard of Dan O'Bannon's project and, hackles raised, made some enquiries regarding a possible copyright infringement.

Is this true, Dan?

"It's not clear. He's been real ambiguous. I haven't been able to talk to him. He sold the title to John Russo as a legitimate arrangement. After they made *Night Of The Living Dead* they parted ways, and Romero went on to direct further *Dead* movies without Russo. In return he gave Russo the title *The Return Of The Living Dead*.

"I mean, that was Russo's, that was the way they divvied up the pot so they both had the right to go on. That's what happened and I'm in the service of Russo as it were."

What is your opinion of Romero's *Dead* trilogy?

"Well, I like them. I've always liked his films and there's no one more powerful than he with the visceral shocks. He's the deadliest. He has a feel for it that no other film maker has. There are parallel film makers, like Cronenberg, and each has their particular area, but Romero is the practitioner of the zombie. He feels for the dead; Cronenberg likes mutations and sores, and Romero likes dead people."

What I like about Romero's zombies are that some of them could be your own relations, friends or loved ones turned into mindless cannibals.

"I know. That was something I didn't go for in this film. He has done that so well, they are just coming out of the cemetery, there's a real matter-of-fact quality about it. I stayed away from that, I gave mine a totally buoyant fantasy quality. I didn't even connect to that notion.

"His are real grand, they're covered with dirt, they're coming up to get you, they're just an animated body. A couple of them have no clothes on, one just has a shirt on, the rest of them are dressed but it

doesn't make any difference to them. You have a real powerful sense of the deceased coming out in his films.

"Mine are not that. Mine are monsters, fantastic things."

Will you be tempted to follow in Romero's footsteps and follow up *The Return Of The Living Dead*?

"I don't think so. I think I'd like to move on to something fresh that I haven't done yet. I get bored easy."

Do you approve of follow-ups, like the *Nightmare On Elm Street* series that's currently doing the rounds in America?

"I find film cycles generally tedious. I wish there was a better sprinkling of films at all times. You get a lump of one type of film being made every couple of years and then they change to another, and it gets a little tiring. There are a lot of films that I would enjoy a heck of a lot more if I hadn't seen them after similar films.

"I think it has a bad effect on the audiences, and therefore the market, to cluster types of films. But I don't know how you stop that. It's market behaviour."

AN ILLUSION only works if it's convincing.

The concept of corpses rising from their graves to drag down the living to their level may, at first, sound far fetched. But flesh out that notion with a shovelful of imaginative visuals and the sceptic soon becomes the wide-eyed spectator clinging to his seat for dear life and loving every minute.

The visuals in *The Return Of The Living Dead* rear up and spit straight into your eye. Every detail important to the telling of this tale has been tended with loving care.

Dan O'Bannon's strong right arm in this particular department is designer/illustrator Bill Stout, whose career has involved him in a book of dinosaurs, covers for those scrofulous Trademark-Of-Quality bootlegs of yore and underground comics (a salute to this particular area can be seen fluttering in the film on the front of a *Weird Trips* comic that one of the punker stars is leafing through en route to the graveyard). He has since devoted his attention to film design.

His work with Dan O'Bannon gives *The Return Of The Living Dead* the extra jolt that makes the unbelievable horrifically real.

"We did a lot of mortuary research," O'Bannon explains. "We went to a lot of mortuaries. We spend an awful lot of the movie inside a mortuary and I didn't know much about them, I didn't know what rooms were in a mortuary, what tools were in there or what they did.

"About the only thing I knew was in *The Loved One*, and I stole a little thing from that film. When Rod Steiger is making up the face of a corpse, he's pushing the features around, enjoying his work. I had Don Calfa do a little bit of that and struck a couple of close-ups of him also enjoying his work as he powders a cadaver. I needed that kind of detail, especially when we were getting ready to design the film."

Were any actual locations used?

"They're all sets, there's almost no real buildings in that film. There's no warehouse, no mortuary, it's not a real cemetery. The medical supplies, that's all a set inside, the cellar's a set, the main floor's a set, the back parking lot of the mortuary, the driveway and trees, all sets."

Why were so many sets used?



FREDDIE: "You've got to let me eat your brains."



DAN O'BANNON: Director of the Dead

CONTINUES ON PAGE 39

LETTERS



Illustration by Simon Cooper

GETTING THE NEEDLE

A WORD of thanks to Sandy Robertson for his thoughtful review last week of my book, *Street Drugs*. Just a couple of points: he attributes 'I Hate Rock 'N' Roll' to me whereas this is the creation of a fellow ex-NMEer Tony Tyler – a man far taller than myself and with a voice considerably more powerful. Also Sandy has me avowing that 'given clean needles, pure smack and a bit of suss, an addict could take the stuff for a decade and still be a healthy geezer.' This paraphrasing is fine as far as it goes but the passage concerned – which also refers to the lingering problems of the law and actually affording the gear – ends 'Given the drug's present status these conditions are virtually impossible to meet'.

In olden days when addicts were prescribed pharmaceutical smack together with prescription needles, remaining comparatively healthy long term was a possibility. Obviously the medical trade thought so. Those days are gone. Now, in addition to a proliferation of hepatitis B cases that come from the sharing of scarce works, we have AIDS being passed around. To any needle user I would say – keep it to yourself and dispose of it safely. All the best – **Andrew Tyler**

JOINT ACCOUNT

DEAR SANDY Robertson, so Zappa is an 'ageing' jazz-rocker, is he? I think you'll find that in fact we are all 'ageing', all of us, including you, all at exactly the same rate. I suppose the origin of this most supremely ludicrous of rock journalism terms must be that, between the late teens and mid-20s, the body remains the same in appearance in many cases, and of course this creates the illusion that time has stopped. But of course, it hasn't. I wonder how old you are, by the way? I seem to've been reading your name in *Sounds* for rather a long time now. Of course, that's one handy thing being a rock journalist: it allows you to create the illusion of eternal youth.

I must say though that your line about 'puffing joints on the road' rather shows your age. Has it ever occurred to you that these days, in the '80s, 'puffing joints on the road' is establishment behaviour?

By the by, there was only ever one three album box set of guitar solos, and that was originally only a limited edition.

Also there is in fact a middle ground between being a lunatic and being a 'shrewd business manipulator', and that is to be a chronicler and an orchestrator of lunacy. I mean, Zappa was such a 'shrewd business manipulator' that the Mothers were in fact actually starving for years. – **Nine Types Of Industrial Pollution**

RED ALERT

I WANT to congratulate all Red Wedge participants for creating such an admirable project. I was astounded by the degree of interest engendered by the concert, and I was very pleased to distribute in excess of 100 fanzines. The only people unresponsive to my fanzine were the sellers of *Socialist Worker* who gave me that supercilious 'I've got all the answers, sonny' grin when I tried to tempt them into buying a copy. These opinionated extremists in my opinion have very little grasp of what socialism stands for and totally defeated the whole idea of what Red Wedge stands for. Preaching their brand of socialism as a rigid abstract dogma, and expecting relatively unpoliticised people to swallow chunks of Marxist ideals is undoubtedly the best way to put an individual off

politics for ever.

I write this letter both as a socialist and a Fabian who subscribes to Bevan's idea that "socialism is a practical system based on the conviction that free people can use free institutions to solve the social and economic problems of the day". – **Snigaih, Blackpool**

ACCEPT DEFEAT

I'M STUNNED, shocked. So Steffan Chirazi is trying to gain some street cred by slugging off a heavy metal album (ie Accept's 'Kaizoku Ban'). So they play boring solos, do they? Don't all your other beloved HM bands? So they overdub their 'live' album, do they? What a surprise. Don't get me wrong – I hate the f***ers – but Chirazi's supposed to like them so we can slag the bastard (ha!) – **Jim, Glasgow**

CULTURE CLUB

HELLO AVID readers, where are we going on holiday this year? Are Scousers going to Italy, are Cockneys going to Magaluf and the Scots to Blackpool? Well, I think you should have a change this year.

Fed up of going on a 18-300 holiday (18 girls, 300 lads), all of them Cockneys singing 'We're Forever Blowing Bubbles', with 'Enjoy Cocaine' T-shirts on, dancing to a scratched 'Blue Monday' 40 times in some white-washed cellar, drinking Watney's bloody Red Barrel, and sleeping during the day, sometimes shouting

obscenities to the hotel maids? You must want a change.

I know you like looking at women's bare breasts on the beach, but why don't you get a girlfriend, then you can see them all year round. Break out of that mould and go to Antigua, everyone's going there this year, Ian Botham, Princess Michael Of Kent (and her third reich) also Terry Wogan (bloody hell!!). "Mum, have you seen my 'Enjoy Cocaine' T-shirt anywhere?" See you there – John Purdy, the living legend, Manchester

CHEAP TRICK

WELL, THAT was a dirty trick! All the build up, promises of an exciting new *Sounds*, free gifts a-plenty, lots of terrific prizes to win in free competitions, etc.

Of course, you just forgot to inform us that the cover price was going to increase again. Not too long ago your rag cost the same as your two obvious rivals. Now *Sounds* is ten pence more than the others, and thinner. Even at the cheaper price, the *Enemy* manages to give away a free EP.

When you moved yourselves into the 50p a week bracket, I managed to live with it, telling myself that the superior content justified the extra pennies. But this time you've gone too far. The events of this week

have caused me to reconsider our relationship, which until now has lasted for 13 years. – **Terry Disillusioned, Reading**

RISE

SOUNDS UP another five pence, eh? It should go down by 20p at least!

Where's the video chart? Where's a USA chart? Where's the humour? It's not worth mentioning music, that went on the shitheap long ago.

Now it's all pose, and you can't even get that right. You should leave posing to the boring experts, ie NME.

And don't talk to me about this week's free single. My copy was in such bad nick I wouldn't play it with a rusty nail! – **Disillusioned, Poole, Dorset**

BOBBY CRUSH

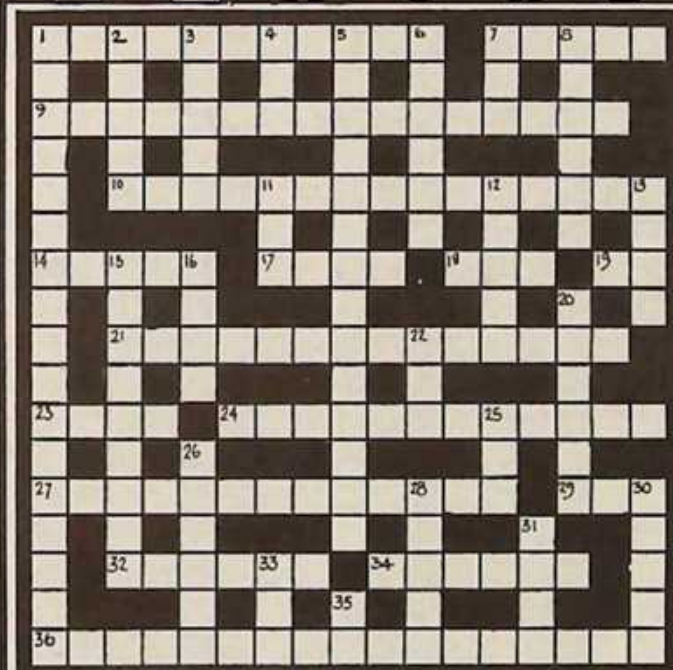
AN OPEN letter to Alan McGee, Creation Records:

After having seen the Mary Chain several times on this tour... don't let Bobby go!

If he stops drumming with them then the group will not be half as good and will be dead in three months. The way he holds those sticks! That beautiful new haircut! I know I speak for all the girls when I say Bobby is our favourite Mary Chain. Like a poster of a Spanish matador, he makes a girl go all goose-bumpy.

So please, please Mr McGee – don't let Bobby leave the group. He can trigger my Linn drum any time he likes. – **Alison, Fierce Records, Swansea**

XWORD



By Sue Buckley

ACROSS

1. She's despised (rightly or wrongly) by a hybrid biscuit band (5,6) 7. Lee, but not Bruce! (5) 9. Quo's anthem for pensioners who retire to Majorca? (6,2,2,6) 10. Sound advice from the Kane Gang (7,8) 14. They meet out rough justice (5) 17. What The Jam gave to Midge (4) 18. Label from the middle for this clue (1,1,1) 19. Doubled by 4 down (2) 21. Does this aptly describe a mad, wandering, armoured saint? (9,5) 23. Star/Wolf/Ranger (4) 24. How many stories are there about June Brides? (5,7) 27. Dylan's desirable creature from heaven above (8,5) 29. Just Jon Roth (3) 32. ... and Beck's famous lining (6) 34. Stevie as one of seven in the Ancient World? (6) 36. Could Miss Marple solve this sad Chinese crisis? (7,3,7)

DOWN

1. The most famous trunk packer of all time? (6,3,8) 2. Bruce crossed his (5) 3. 34 wrote these in life's key (5) 4. They banned heavy pettin' (1,1,1) 5. What Marillion spotted outside Edinburgh's St Giles Cathedral? (5,2,7) 6. Nautical band who are partial to a glass of champers (6) 7. Scot-Heron comes back from the lig (3) 8. ... but Tina's a very private one (6) 11. McCartney went back to this (3) 12. Snake hipped Mr Boa threw Rocky into total confusion (5 anag) 13. Free paired this with water (4) 15. What Dusty, Billy, and Frank eat while watching Damon, Lucy, and Heather (1,1,7) 16. Rodger's river (4) 20. ... and Hanoi Rocks' beach cocktail (6) 22. Dave's famous soul mate (3) 25. Palindromic Creme (3) 26. Small/Jackson (6) 28. Seven rooms of this for The Four Tops (5) 30. Soul brothers who chased that summer breeze (5) 31. One 'little' achievement for Lowell George (4) 33. Country-bumpkin Joe (3) 35. Bryan and Dobie's crowd (2)

FEBRUARY 22 ANSWERS

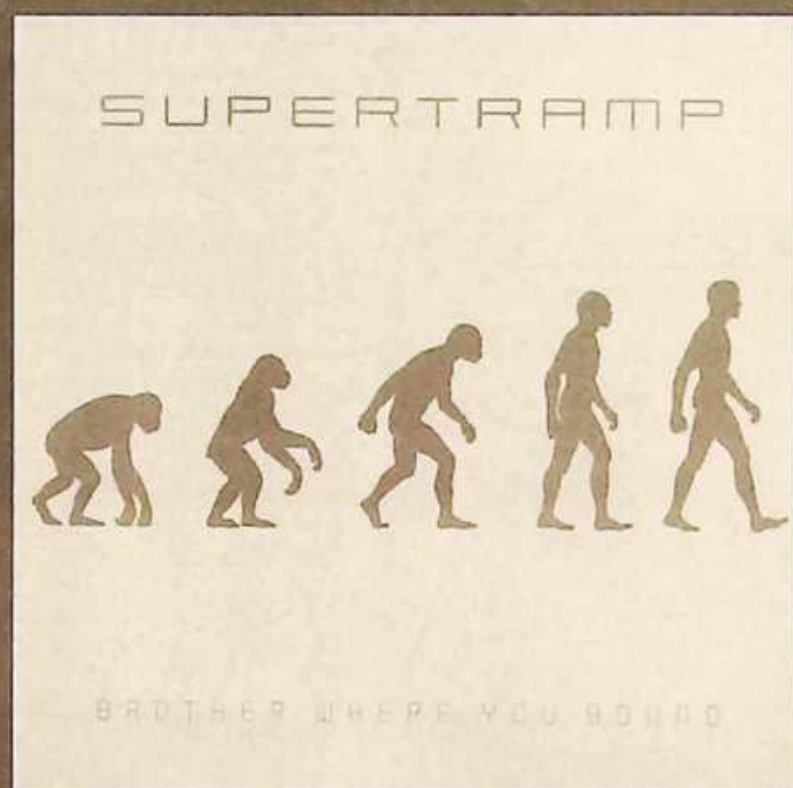
ACROSS

1. The Leather Nun 6. Cat 8. Sting 10. White Flames 12. Lee 13. Lodi 14. Sly 15. Duke 18. The Last Command 20. Top 22. Ore 23. Cars 24. Fender 26. Chesterfield Kings 29. She 30. Culture 31. Sir 32. Leaves 33. My Girl 36. Sweet Dreams 37. Songs

DOWN

1. Tosh 2. English Settlement 3. Tower Block Rock 4. Eric 5. Nile 6. Communard 7. Taste 9. Iron 11. El Loco 16. Untouchables 17. USSR 19. Dire Straits 21. Powerslave 25. Elkie 27. Isley 28. Lou 31. Susan 34. Les 35. Mr

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*IN AID OF THE PRINCES TRUST, IN THE PRESENCE OF THEIR ROYAL HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.

ALBUMS

RATINGS BUYBLAGHEARFLOGDUMP



THE REDSKINS: going underground

SKIN DEEP

THE REDSKINS 'Neither Washington Nor Moscow' (Decca FLP 1) **

IT'S IMPOSSIBLE to divorce the politics here from the music, and The Redskins probably wouldn't want me to.

"Oh, you're not gonna call them a bunch of pig-f---ers, are you? That'll just look stupid! Have you seen the album title? They have arguments to present. They..."

Or so said the office Trot. Only kidding, heh-heh. It's just that all my life I've fought (oh, this is gonna sound soooo pretentious) a private battle on behalf of individualism against the sloganeering crowd mentality. Like, who gives a flying one about the plight of the working classes, 'revolutionary' consciousness and hordes of smelly oiks having 'solidarity' with each other? I certainly don't, and I don't want to hear music infected with this debilitating attitude.

I've always found that people who think the 'workers' are great usually turn out to be guilt-ridden middle-class wets. Coming from the belly of a working-class gutter myself, such notions hold no mystical attraction for me. My heroes have always been men of genius who created themselves with scant regard for any obstacles. You can do *anything* you want if you have the willpower.

The Redskins' new album is a surprisingly light-and-shade record, full of deft, soulful, hi-power anthems. Hardly my kind of music, but well done. Trouble is, the songs all have titles such as 'Kick Over The Statues' and 'Take No Heroes', while the sleeve is daubed with quotes by people like Eleanor Marx and Eluard about the nasty old ruling classes and the virtues of wildcat strikes.

As for the slogans, don't these Redskins have anything important out of their *own* heads to fill up two sides of an album cover? Take no heroes? Why don't they make heroes of themselves!? Quotes? Wasn't it Oscar Wilde who said: *"All of us are in the gutter, but some of us are looking at the stars?"* Where are The Redskins looking?

SANDY ROBERTSON

JOHN MARTYN 'Piece By Piece' (Island ILPS 9807) *** 1/2

THE HEART of Martyn is his cocksure self-indulgence, a blush-free bravura that there's nothing we voyeurs won't be glad to know about another's ripped and torn romance. Now that John has secured some contentment, much of this is an old concentrate diluted and decanted – even the love pledge of 'Angeline' is a worn slur of wind-pipe, muffed and scaled like an overused singing kettle. The artist has tried to be 'contemporary', and at times this means his singular sound hitches up to a meandering Phil Collins wagon train of synthesised redundancy.

Yet much of the cart-load is cool light rock, possessed of effortless charm. When Martyn is moved to speak his mind, he does it so freshly and breathily an accusation makes me want to wrestle, although a typically lazy side one lyric – *"Piece by piece, we're breaking up this love we have... / It's such a tricky situation / It's hard to see the way that things will go"* – amounts to no more than trite speculation.

'Serendipity', romantic hogwash about the Right One, nevertheless ranks with the best pieces here (all on the second side), blending a new and clean jazziness and allowing the voice the growling and rolling and roaring room it deserves; 'Who Believes In Angels' tiptoes new territory, a tender soul swoon and lingering loop of lullaby even this cynic could sway to. *"Look at me, the dizziest dreamer."* John, you sometimes convince me it's worth the candle.

The two closing tracks dapple and swell with even stronger life. Coaxing sax, exotic as some bizarre bazaar noise, makes 'Love Of Mine' a smooch, while 'John Wayne' has a junglefoot congo beat and such a full-blooded *"I am John Wayne!"* bawl you think about (insanity). If a 'contemporary' sound is sought, this alter ego respectfully offers itself; I think Martyn can be indulged a while yet.

GLYN BROWN

DOKKEN 'Under Lock And Key' (WEA EKT 28) **

'UNDER LOCK And Key' is not an audio experience, it is a social trigger back to your last Dokken gig. It's all the memories, the heat and the feel of the night you rocked off with that girl with the painted toenails.

Dokken sleep at the pantomime end of the rock theatre. They are men dressed as women (*"make-up and hair by Lisa Schulz"*) with guitars that sound like somebody chewing peanuts. They lean too comfortably on the shoulder of 'monster' and try to make a small fuss with whining, pseudo-operatic vocal harmonies.

The Dokken voice works best when it stops trying to be Graham Bonnet, lets the din drop to walking pace and relaxes into a duff old AOR ballad. That's when it sounds like the man from The Eagles. With the guitars stacking up neatly behind, all the cracks are smoothly plastered over leaving none of those meaty spaces to slip your fingers into.

Two tracks into the second side, and 'Under Lock And Key' falls right off the edge of the sofa and starts groping around on the floor. When it's done its deed, all you can remember is the smell of side one – wet and fishy.

BILLY MANN

RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY 'Paint Your Wagon' (Red Rhino RED LP65) *** 1/2

MADNESS STARES you in the face. There is a tension, acute and deeply worrying, the impulse is to run as far as possible, to escape the hidden menace, but you hang around. A nasty moment, a fatal attraction.

Being reckless lads, Red Lorry Yellow Lorry (dark wit at play here) tend to hang around. Fear is their life blood, the energy upon which they thrive. It gives them a certain edge.

'Paint Your Wagon' (darker still) is the salt in the wound, a storm cloud hanging ominously over the horizon. It's grim, brutal, almost a celebration of life's uglier aspects; you could even call it irresponsible. Funny thing is, it's joy-making at the same time.

The Lorries are captured here, immersed in a basic, primal urge to scream. They push themselves almost to the edge (darkish...), creating this glorious cacophony, and it makes you wish you could do it too.

There is absolutely no breathing space, just a constant drum barrage plus Chris Read's gruff miserabilisms. Guitars line the walls. Red Lorry Yellow Lorry are perhaps the most physical band in existence; 'Paint Your Wagon' is a crushing success.

MR SPENCER

ALEXANDER O'NEAL 'Alexander O'Neal' (Tabu TBU 26485) ***

HEAVY SIGH... I had such high hopes for Alexander O'Neal, I wanted to be overcome by songs of the

'Saturday Love' kind, but the effect of this album is as overpowering as a young advertising exec with one of those nauseating pink briefcases.

Shimmering tinkerbell chimes coat most tracks, including 'A Broken Heart Can Mend', which touches the Steely Dan in me, and the humdinger ballad of the record, 'If You Were Here Tonight'. The mega-'Medley' theme has something to do with being 'Innocent' and features a squealing synth solo that had every dog within a radius of three miles howling.

Alexander O'Neal teeters on a cliff edge above Pender grasses and valley Gayes, but somehow his voice and songs don't have enough oomph!

MONICA CADY

WILLIAM ACKERMAN 'Past Light' (Windham Hill 371 028-1) *** MARK ISHAM 'Vapor Drawings' (Windham Hill 371 027-1) *** GEORGE WINSTON 'December' (Windham Hill 371 025-1) ***

IN TRUE American fashion, what began as a quaint idea on cottage industry terms has developed into a corporate marketing concept of international standing. This is Windham Hill, a record label for clean-living, upwardly mobile Americans who require some sort of aural equivalent to their yoghurt and bran.

From a modest start in 1976, the label now shifts some three million units and the thinking is that what can be done in California can perhaps be equalled in

Carlisle, Cardiff and Canterbury. So in step A&M, who've released a dozen titles from the American catalogue (plus the 'Invitation' sampler reviewed by Andy Hurt a couple of weeks back).

Windham Hill as aural health food is a shade misleading as there is a marked contrast in roughage. Back-to-the-land this amorphous instrumental music may be, but it's as smooth (and very nearly as bland) as a baby's bum. State of the art production – including a house-style that's so ECM it's embarrassing – completes the high quality arty-fact. The question now is: are we ready for it?

William Ackerman, founder of the label, is also responsible for five LPs of guitar music, two of which find their way into British stores. 'Past Light', the more recent of the pair, is quintessential Windham Hill: eclectic soft jazz for the disenfranchised mainstream. On the ten compositions Ackerman is accompanied by strings, horns and a smattering of keyboards – never to excess and never, ever straying from that level of mellowness that pervades each and every WH record. It is extremely pleasant in an unremarkable, spineless sort of way.

Much more interesting is Mark Isham's alchemy of brass and electronics as displayed on the 1983 LP 'Vapor Drawings', recorded in London. It was he who blew the trumpet on David Sylvian's 'Red Guitar', and it is a Sylvian-esque melancholy crossed with Eno ambience that dominates this exquisitely

crafted album. His 1985 LP, 'Film Music', is less varied but equally fine.

George Winston's 'December' is Windham Hill's biggest seller. It would be a little harsh to dub him the American equivalent of Europe's Richard Clayderman, but he does play weepy piano lullabies designed to compliment her eyes/after the Eight's/the Christmas crib. Whether everyone's cup of tea is 'Jesus, Jesus Rest Your Head' remains in some doubt, but the more romantically inclined listener will love it. The fact that this has sold a million copies Stateside is bewildering.

Of the others, Shadowfax are the only WH 'band' as such and their two UK-released LPs, 'Shadowfax' and 'Shadowdance', are about as near to rock as the label gets, which isn't very near. Scott Cossu is another pianist but his 'Islands' LP is more in the Ackerman jazz style than Winston's classical purisms.

Michael Hedges' 'Aerial Boundaries' and Alex de Grassi's 'Southern Exposure' are solo acoustic guitar efforts in the vein of a Steve Hackett or Leo Kottke. And to complete the dirty dozen (hal the very antithesis), George Winston has two more piano LPs, 'Autumn' and 'Winter Turned Spring', on offer.

Windham Hill is a peculiarly American phenomenon: a spore of the '60s, dormant in the '70s and now born into the '80s as 'beautiful music' for the matriculated and employed. Try the sampler first and see if all this has any relevance to blighted Blighty.

DAVID ELLIOTT

NITTY GRITTY 'Turbo Charged' (Greensleeves GREL 93) *** 1/4

THE ODD hiccup such as Sophia George's 'Girlie Girlie' can't mask the sad fact that reggae has been leaning its throat on a very sharp knife for much too long. An idiom which once spoke on tongues of spirituality and struggle now merely babbles.

So it's hardly a shock that this debut album by skank's latest stargazer, Glen Augustus Holness, aka Nitty Gritty, is on a par to watching Rumpelstiltskin snooze or counting the hairs on the head of The Sleeping Beauty. Soooo frustrating.

Stripped, ripped and f***** by the prevailing dancehall and producer syndrome, 'Turbo Charged' is the perfect litmus test for how far the genre has corroded into an hallucination of vitality. It's not bad, just taking care of business – and that's a disappointment.

Because although ex-electrician Nitty has been on the periphery of the skank scene since 1973, the warped and rhythm-whipped single, 'Hog In A Minty', which took Glen high into the ethnic charts last year was volcanic, undoubtedly the stun(n)g grenade since 'Slang Teng'.

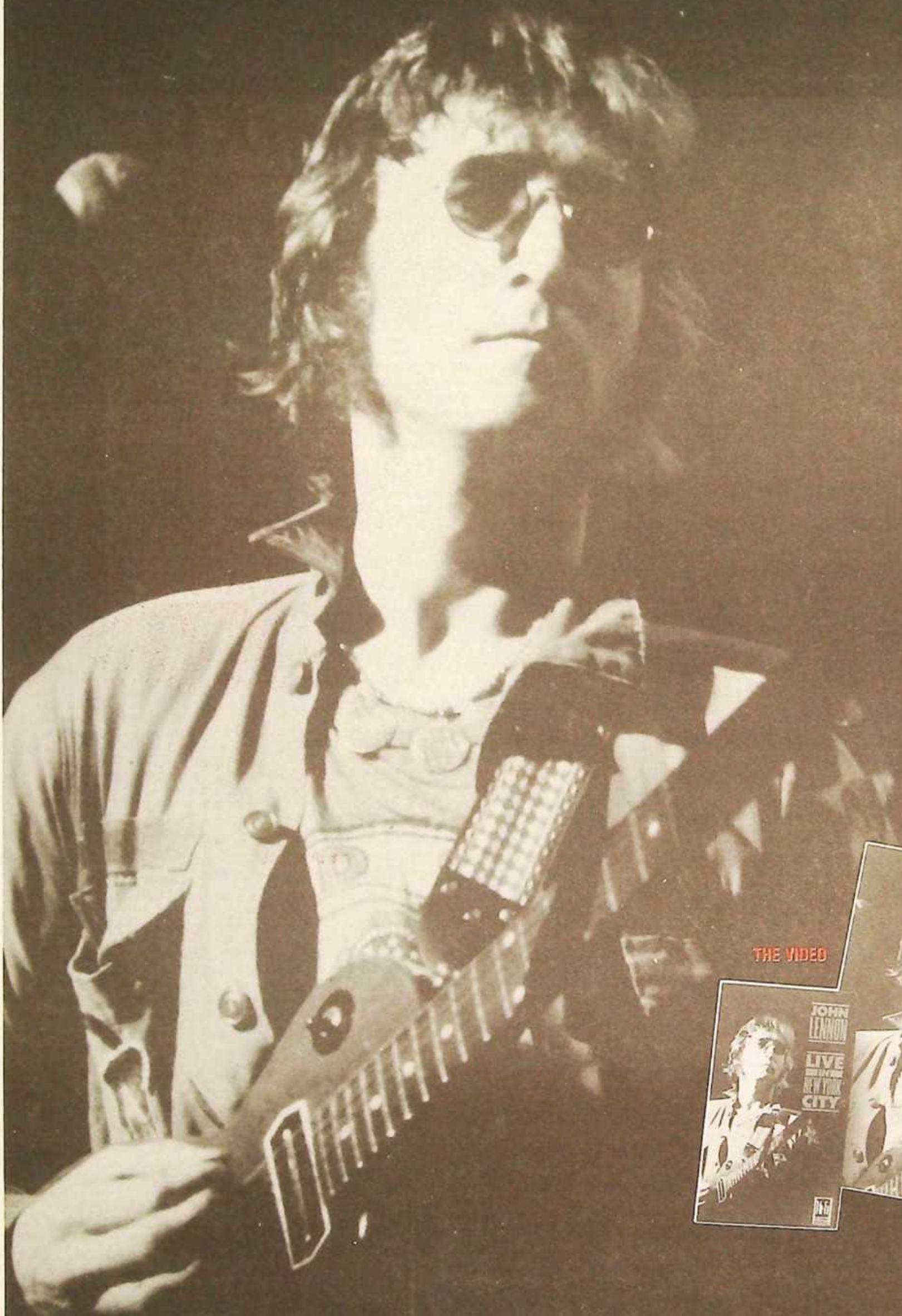
The inclusion of that particular cut here throws the album into uncomfortable relief aside from a totally weird and wired cover of 'Amazing Grace'.

Alas, the rest of 'Turbo Charged' runs on flat batteries of innovation and all we're left with is Nitty's eccentric vocalisations.

Speak up, for God's sake.

JACK BARRON

**A UNIQUE RECORD OF AN HISTORIC EVENT
— MADISON SQUARE GARDEN 1972 —
IT WAS TO BE JOHN & YOKO'S FINAL CONCERT TOGETHER**

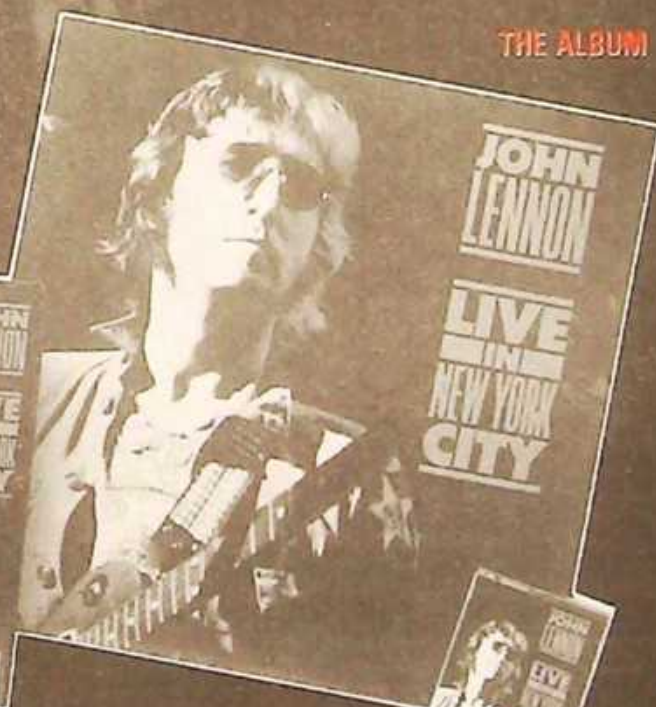


**JOHN
LENNON**

**LIVE
— IN —
NEW YORK
CITY**

THE ALBUM

THE VIDEO



THE CASSETTE



Side One • NEW YORK CITY • IT'S SO HARD • WOMAN IS THE NIGGER OF THE WORLD
WELL, WELL, WELL • INSTANT KARMA (WE ALL SHINE ON)
Side Two • MOTHER • COME TOGETHER • IMAGINE • COLD TURKEY
HOUND DOG • GIVE PEACE A CHANCE

We all shine on...
John Lennon



TORCH SONGS



THE BANGLES: California girls

KING DIAMOND 'Fatal Portrait'

(Roadrunner RR 9721)*
KING DIAMOND, formerly of wretched devotees of the Luciferic metal tradition Merciful Fate, has bounced back from his trouncing at the hands of rock writers who pointed out that this painted prune appeared to know absolutely zilch about this century's foremost occultist, Aleister Crowley.

Something of a handicap for a demon rocker? No! See, the now-solo King D's latest scam is to claim that of course he's ignorant of AC, since he is a devotee of the modern Satanic tradition as personified by Jayne Mansfield's old guru, Anton Szandor LaVey. Oh, that's OK then.

No it's not. This album is still a mush of cavernous bilge, akin to someone performing their own appendectomy (sans anaesthetic) over the incidental music to an early sound version of Gaston LeRoux's *Phantom Of The Opera*. And titles such as 'Halloween' and 'Lurking In The Dark' merely reinforce the notion that anyone who combines an interest in the occult with rock music has got to be a wally.

King Diamond used to play soccer. I think he headed the ball once too often...

SANDY ROBERTSON

BOURBONESE QUALK 'Preparing For Power'

(Redclouse LOOSE 010)***
'The Spike' (Dossier ST7504)***1/2
THERE'S SOMETHING very unsettling about Old Kent Roaders Bourbonese Qualk; their anonymity (intentional or otherwise), their politics (some sort of anarchy), their *raison d'être* (artistic/political self-expression?). My infrequent visits to live events at BQ HQ - an old ambulance station - have always been something of an ordeal, and their LPs are no exception. 'Preparing For Power', the third for their own label, is another blighted musical

landscape, as suffocating and uncomfortable as the urban albumen they live in. There are signs of hope, like the incongruously pretty 'Is It As It Was?', but for the real (gloomy) picture you don't have to look much further than titles such as 'Confrontation', 'Insurrection', 'Lies', 'Back Lash' and 'Xenophobia'.

'The Spike', a German release, has more punch and makes fairly riveting listening, but I still can't make the connection between the group's politics and this rather oppressive, not very anarchic music. I wondered whether it was of any consequence that this was their first album not to feature 60 photographs on the back cover. After thinking about it for a while, I decided that it wasn't.

DAVID ELLIOTT

GLEN CAMPBELL 'It's Just A Matter Of Time'

(Atlantic America 790 483-1)**
YOU'LL PROBABLY listen to this a lot if you live in Dakota and you're going through a messy divorce; then the pain can only get masochistically worse. "After I gave you everything that I had/You laughed and you called me a clown/But just remember, in your search for fortune and fame/What goes up must come down." Yeah, she'll learn. She'll be sorry.

The point is, these country folks never seem to get what they might call an 'upside'. It's all so dreary and dull and slow, you wonder how life goes on in Little Rock and Wrung Neck and Dog Leg. And where's the invention of, say, 'If You Loved A Liar, You'd Hug My Neck' (George Jones, I believe)? Where's the stark reality of '(A Man Can Be A Drunk Sometimes But) A Drunk Can't Be A Man'? Everything here is self-pitying and moaning or lachrymose but retchingly noble.

Glen has robbed the backbone - the drama - from country, and even when the beat trots a bit (kick that

mule, cowpoke) it's just hollow muzak. The voice, meanwhile, has been better, but there's nothing to test it, though there are two jewelled moments when it sounds like Tim Buckley. Even the requisite yodelling nonsense, getting its spin on 'Do What You Gotta Do', is hobbled.

'Sweet Sixteen' is a pretty gem, though again penned long before most of this tosh and with a verse style ('I never dreamed but what I dreamed of thee') falling oddly from this country boy's lips.

We have to face it, the poetry's left Glen's soul. "Darlin', I'm shattered / Like a window pane." You'd think 'Wichita Lineman' had never been written.

GLYN BROWN

BLOW BY BLOW 'A Single Stroke' (SLIP SD002)**

WHEN BOY met girl, they thought their dull, samey lives would change. It was inevitable because that's what relationships do, they make life more intense and more vital.

And it wasn't as if they were an odd, mismatched couple. They both liked the same things, approved of the way each other dressed, and enjoyed the bustle of packed restaurants and bistros where they could meet the kinds of people they wanted to be.

Their favourite record was 'Steve McQueen' by Prefab Sprout and their favourite track was 'Appetite', which they would sing to each other's eyes and laugh.

She was president of the polytechnic theatre and spoke passionately of the improvisation classes they ran. He saw himself as a progressive male and pretended to be sensitive about things. They both liked to think they had an imagination and saw the sub-choral warbling they did in their spare time as a manifestation of it.

If they had a fault, it was that they agreed with each other too much. They both

THE BANGLES 'Different Light' (CBS 26659) ***
"IT'S JUST another maaaa-nic Monday". Wrung from Susanna Hoff's glottis like the mewling whine of a ewe in heavy labour, the lyrics of the first (and far from the last, I suppose) single of this set are so stumbingly pedestrian it's hard to believe lip-machine Prince was their genitor. "These are days/When you wish your bed was already made". Such irritation at this laziness I feel my hair stand on end, yet the melody is more offensive still.

Oh certainly, I recall the jangling Bangles who spearheaded last spring's absurd fling with the LA guitar wave - I simply find those credentials incredible now. Flashing, clattering and tinkling like an armful of Madonna's finest, these Bangles are so assiduous in rejecting that old tag, they seem almost to embrace what they once rebelled against. It's hard to find a link with, say, The 3 O'Clock amongst so many washes of synthetic beat variation.

And yet West Coast harmonies are still very much the thing. 'Walking Down Your Street', for all its unexciting uptempo skipping, hums warm Mamas And Papas echoes, and elsewhere Lovin' Spoonful sonority shrugs uneasily through a 70s backing noise of polyester-like originality. Liam Sternberg's 'Walk Like An Egyptian' has its own goofball rhythm and sway but somehow it's still searching for a role here.

Unexpectedly, side two opens like a blossoming peony as Susanna, this time wallowing in each fulsome syllable, sighs 'If She Knew What She Wants'. Dislodged strands loop magnetically together with a shy, sore smile and the moment of glory is what added asteroids above, though there's nothing I could isolate as what's 'right'.

'Following' holds up its confused head, too, assured acoustic and Spanish guitar pacing a dry, obsessive voice. Otherwise, Alex Chilton's 'September Gurls' gets a straight and unelaborated reading, while tracks like the desperately speedy 'Angels Don't Fall In Love' are wearisome, consuming time I could more profitably have spent flamenco dancing.

When The Bangles fantasy works, it owes nothing to illusion. Otherwise, it feels just like a syndicated dream.

GLYN BROWN

would meet whenever they could for a film or coffee. Thankfully, they never did.

BILLY MANN

LEDERNACKEN 'First Album' (Strikeback Records SBR2LP)*****

THE BACON Empire presents the Leather Thingies. Half-baked collapsing new funk. Germanic dance deconstructionism. This spells destruction!

Hoarse and rasping, bittersweet, Ledernacken threaten to sweep you on a one way mystery tour to all those places that A Certain

Ratio only ever managed to bluster about. Hysterical; hilarious.

"Ich will dich haben/Ich will dich essen" indeed!

Heaven 17 go berserk. David Bowie likes the sound of that and hitches a ride. Kraftwerk crack a proper joke. Our cat Cat hides under the bed. And I laugh, rather a lot. Is this the correct response? Or am I supposed to prostrate myself at the feet of ein neu Gott? I do hope not.

Actually, Ledernacken's first album was last year's double album set, 'Double Album'. 'First Album', therefore, is their second album. Yes, they're wacky! They're also tigers! Savages! Red-eyed scavengers! Ledernacken put the break into dancing. Get into the groove. Verrision version. A real treat.

ROGER HOLLAND

MIKEL ROUSE BROKEN CONSORT 'A Walk In The Woods' (Crammed Discs MTM 6 LP) ***1/2

MANY QUESTIONS are raised by this strangely structured piece of classicism. For instance, is there even a place for classical style composition in modern music? Surely, that's a contradiction in terms for a start.

And what about the continual repetitive symbols that recur ad nauseam in Rouse's systems style outbreaks? Is the record stuck? Is the brain in gear? For, whatever rhyme and reason lurks behind Mikel Rouse and this seven-track collection, the real answer lies in the realisation that the music is actually pretty damn good. The opening cut with its strict systems structure and repetitive signature is quite dull but the remaining half dozen tracks provide ample reward for soldiering through.

Rouse plays classics that would lift even the weakest of hearts. Music in search of a John Carpenter script, or perhaps a Philip Glass in the first throes of teendom, Rouse succeeds where many lesser mortals have failed. Synths meet string and brass uptown at channel eight, big style in the making.

DAVE HENDERSON

BROWNE SUGAR



JACKSON BROWNE in the mouth

JACKSON BROWNE 'Lives In The Balance' (Asylum EKT 31)*****

WITHIN SECONDS of slipping this album on the turntable you can be cruising along that mythical West Coast rock and roll highway, tapping the steering wheel of your coupe with one hand and your bronzed thigh with the other. The wind ruffles your hair, taking the edge off the hazy heat, and Jackson's beguiling songs complete the sensual illusion.

Having perfected the archetypal Californian soundtrack in the '70s, Jackson Browne has honed down his craft for the '80s with a luxuriant but alert AOR production, a dash of Springsteen here, a dollop of reggae there, all of it dovetailed into his own grand design.

But lying just beneath the idyllically tanned musical skin are lyrics that rattle the bones of the American Dream. Because while an alarming proportion of his contemporaries are breaking out in a patriotic fervour and spewing out Ray-gun philosophies, Jackson Browne has been trying to find out why America has such an image problem in the rest of the world.

Unable to believe his Government's version of the truth, he has made two visits to Nicaragua to learn about the New Song Movement there and the effect of his Government's policies towards the Sandinista regime.

The result is a cogent argument against the damage America's colonial attitude is having around the world, not to mention the damage within.

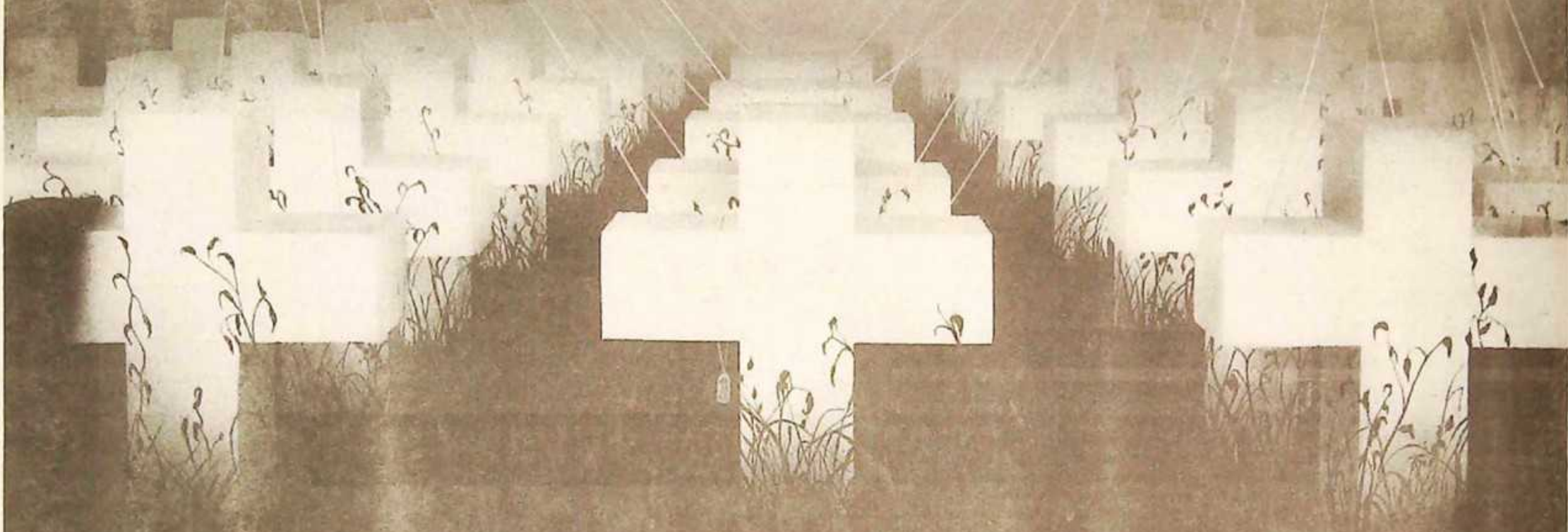
Jackson has already put himself on the line for No Nukes and Sun City. He can get away with making an overtly political album because that album's commercial possibilities outweigh its subversive sentiments.

Thus, without a trace of irony, the symbolic cover shot of the Statue Of Liberty's head framed by scaffolding is even being adapted for a window display by WEA.

But Jackson Browne knows what he's doing: he's sugared the pill in the sweetest possible way to get his message through to the greatest number of people. WEA are happy to help him.

HUGH FIELDER

METALLICA



MASTER OF PUPPETS

"A LANDMARK IN THE HISTORY OF RECORDED MUSIC" NEIL PERRY.....SOUNDS 1.3.86

MFN 60

NEW ALBUM & CASSETTE

TMFN 60

OUT NOW ON MUSIC FOR NATIONS

WIRE TRAIN 'Between Two Words' (CBS 26670)***

AH, A dangerous and undefinable thing, this hybrid. Caught doing a certain loco motion, a strange off-the-rails mismatch of engine room brawl and smouldering embers, Wire Train steam in from San Francisco in puffing blooms of smoke screen.

While at heart Wire Train have a certain soul to offer, the gauge seems to have been set firmly towards those... oh, dear... U2 theatrics, and it's steaming up the more enticing Cole holes. Yes, a certain Lloyd-like lyricism leans over the tracks and waves, but Wire Train are too busy drowning in stadium mire to notice.

Should the West Coast Wires decide this undulating option is, after all, too limiting, they could easily find themselves a more honourable option. When side two closes with 'Two Persons', a schizophrenic gentleness emerges and subsequently envelopes. And when 'Home' gently sways its hips at us and glides away, the final glimpse is of a melting emotion.

The essence is belief: that Wire Train don't have to force their splintered ideas into a plaster cast of constricting musclebound machinations, hamfistedly left to set. The awkwardly misshapen result is crippled in comparison to those lighter, subtler moments, which have their own, more unforgettable fire.

Wire Train need, I suspect, the courage of their convictions. Nobody gets safely from station to station by jumping someone else's (gravy) train.

CAROLE LINFIELD

VARIOUS ARTISTS

'Dutch Difficult Music' (Eksakt 021)* NIEU HIP STILEN 'Heartsounds And Murmurs' (Eksakt 017)******

AND FROM the Euroweird forum come more reasons to question the validity of the EEC. On this selection of Dutch Difficult Music, there are some odd things, some dustbin banging and a lot of left-field jazz.

Some succeed – notably Motobs and Nieu Hip Stilen – while others either pose questions or fail dismally.

THE GO-BETWEENS 'Liberty Belle And The Black Diamond Express' (Beggars Banquet BEGA 72)***

SOME DISCIPLES swear that the word is 'sexy'. Nothing so glib. If I suggest loneliness and desolation, desire and saturation, memory and hesitation, honesty and resignation – do they fit better?

The Go-Betweens' sound was not come by lightly. A kind of rock crafted in a hot and hostile light, it's grainy, rough and brittle, frightening where it touches most familiarly. The opening track, 'Spring Rain', may trip and swagger blushfully at the comedy in its observations, but 'The Ghost And The Black Hat' grows too ripely giddy, with the folkish skirl of an accordion on a merry-go-round; 'A widow's life is no life at all... Her big brown eyes/And northern beer/Pulled her through'. The wrong seeps through the melody like dark blood.

More imploring, more yearning still is the violin of 'The Wrong Road', strings and bassoon aching meshing a torn pattern of irrevocable regret. Pacing endlessly in circles like a man trapped, guitar underpins the self-blame.

I can't see how The Go-Betweens can break from cult status with this, though they deserve to. Not background sound, it repays attentive listening. As self-doubting as 'Spring Hill Fair' and continuing in that musical vein, 'Liberty Belle' has the vital raw touch of an edgy band who have spent too long outside the comfort of a label, and the fractured history makes them more vulnerable still.

Often passionless and harsh, Robert Forster's voice breaks susceptible on certain vowels, and sometimes he whines so that I condemn him unkindly to his fate. But when he rasps "ba-by" against the crawling bass of 'In The Core Of A Flame', nothing else can mean 'I want' so much.

And when 'Palm Sunday', its blithe bassoon treading on demons, caterwauls: "We'd crossed the International Date Line... Lost your bracelet/Drunk for days", I say, I really don't mind about the bracelet.

And when 'Apology Accepted', drowsy and demanding, urges a need for warmth and forgiveness and access, I murmur, Don't apologise to me.

For The Go-Betweens, the future stands or falls with 'Liberty Belle', and without Beggars Banquet only the outback would have heard these sounds. They made the right investment, and I'd advise you to do likewise.

"Here I stand, my face is a mask/I'll take it off because you asked." You can't want more.

GLYN BROWN



THE GO-BETWEENS: come on gang, four stars ain't that bad

BELL HOPPERS

Too serious for their own good, perhaps?

Nieu Hip Stilen have a debut platter released, too. And, from their thumbnail sketch on 'Dutch Difficult Music', a much more vivid interpretation is inked on 'Heartsounds And Murmurs'. Imaginations and all manner of instruments run askew on something that sounds like a fragmented Gang Of Four.

Still untainted by anything as ordinary as order, Nieu Hip Stilen spread themselves

carefully over a number of unorthodox soundscapes. Grab it.

DAVE HENDERSON

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA 'Balance Of Power' (Epic 26467)**

THERE WAS a time when ELO filled the role of surrogate John Winston Lennon quite admirably, but now that the Scouser's boy Julian is past puberty and doing the platinum nasal croon himself the band is in a power-cut

situation. Time for a bit of serious introspection... ELO have changed.

And what've Jeff Lynne and his hairy men come up with? They've studied the collective navel so long that they feel it necessary to place a large sticker on the front of this LP indicating that, yes, it really is a NEW, 1986 album by ELO.

But if the label says '86, the music blares, oh, '73 or '74: weak, crumbling, jolly rock with the odd interjection of that vile, 'Baker Street'-style

sax honk.

Tell a lie – there is one cut that smacks of recent vintage; it's 'Getting To The Point' and it sounds uncannily like Bryan Adams' 1983 'Straight From The Heart', a hardy annual rockaballad covered by many a desperate-for-a-hit songster.

True to form, like they did with the Lennon/Beatles style, ELO have chosen to adopt and adapt poses and strokes rather than simply cover someone else's tunes. Hardly a crime; but whereas this worked before, Lynne's herky-jerky strings and moaning voice adding something unique to the object of ELO's worship, here it all just feels fake and tired. 'Eldorado' it ain't.

SANDY ROBERTSON

Conspiracy' marks an unexpectedly happy collaboration between these two parties – his spoken pieces running flush alongside their Cadbury's Fingers pop trash – which culminates in two undeniably classic moments, 'Communist For The FBI' and 'Black Flag'.

'In Reality', however, is just a little too manic to ever rank as a classic. But despite a regrettable tendency towards a Cramps-like intensity, it still suggests there is enough to this Golden Horde to merit your investigation.

ROGER HOLLAND

ETON CROP 'It's My Dog, Maestro' (Grunut A Go Go GGAGG 2)****

IT'S SATISFYING to know that Eton Crop exist. From Holland, these renegade rowdies have been around for a while, occasionally cropping up on John Peel and inevitably getting nowhere fast. But they deserve more.

Eton Crop have a classic sound. Well, not so much a sound, more a feel, something of an aura. They don't sound drastically different from yer run-of-the-mill-indie-minimalist-songsters-with-more-than-a-nod-to-The-Fall, but that's good. That's definitely good.

They have a song called 'Boy Meets Tractor' which isn't a stab at radical humour, more a giant among truly desirable pop. Eton Crop do have a sense of humour but most of all they have a raunchy realistic vision of everyday life.

In years to come, they'll probably get a hefty string of pub dates in the UK and punters will wish they'd heard of them before. For now, they rhyme with Bogshed, Half Man Half Biscuit, The Membranes and That Petrol Emotion. Groovy.

DAVE HENDERSON

FOUL PLAY

KING KURT 'Big Cock' (Stiff SEEZ 62)**1/2**

THE BUYING dept of WH S****s convene to pass sentence on a new record. All minds think as one: "The snotty little bastards – I want this loathsome object removed from our shelves immediately."

K**** K**** have returned like a sore on the willy you'd hoped had disappeared once and for all, but to your horror returns twice as unsightly. Most decent folk will have stopped reading already and the musical content of Maggot, Thwack, The Smeg and co's latest 12-incher will be of purely academic interest. In fact, it's a pretty lively album, far more consistent than 'Destination Zululand'. King Kurt have blatantly stepped into the shoes of Stiff precursors Tenpole Tudor, manic rock and roll without the genius of King Eddie, but with a billion calories of energy and some shoutable numbers – 'Kneebone Knock', 'Horatio', 'Do The

Shag', a decent bash at Cochran's 'Nervous Breakdown' and the instrumental 'The Bowland Fen Decoy'.

As the prevailing tone of biological schoolboy humour which makes Benny Hill look like Noel Coward is so harmlessly dim (barely more sophisticated than the Sun), the only sector of society guaranteed to be offended by Kurt's Stiff 'Big Cock' are that most self-righteous of lunatic fringes, the music press.

But at WH S****s, our protectors are unmoved. "I don't care if a prick is something you do to your finger, or if a shag is a sea bird, I just don't want this 'Big Cock' smeared all over my establishments when they really mean 'bend over honey, have I got a jolly Roger for you'."

"You mean like one would say when humping Lolita at Madame X's?"

"Yes, Dick. But I have a knighthood." The Beano lives.

ANDY HURT



KING KURT, such merry roasters

LIVES

THE MARCH VIOLETS/THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS Croydon Underground

SOMEONE DROPPED a big one when he invited The Mighty Lemon Drops to support the fading reputation of The March Violets on this, their optimistic comeback tour. The Lemons' economy-sized power and precision and no-frills attack was only ever going to underline the hollow bluster of the headliners. This band is by no means the best band in the world ever – we all know that that's 1,000 Violins – but still, every time I see them something happens.

Having ruthlessly regrouped with eight eyes to the main chance of commercial glory, this four-piece March Violets are now a rather different navel of fluff. Tom's technically excellent but emotionally meaningless hall of shattering mirrors guitar strives to fill the long, thin Underground club, and reaches perhaps the third row. The mood is set the Marchies – as I once tried to get people in Leeds to call them – are intent upon forcing a way into the stadium-conquering heroic pop boom. They have two chances. Slim and fat.

In Tom Sharpe's *The Great Pursuit*, the aspirant author Piper immersed himself utterly in the style of different but always respected writers in the hope that such dedication would bring him a degree of their success. It never did.

And these new Marchies sound much too much like Blondie taking on Siouxsie, home and away, to ever amount to anything more than just that. A contrived imitation.

ROGER HOLLAND

FADED VIOLETS



MARCH VIOLETS show you the way to go home...

Greg Freeman

THE GODFATHERS Dingwalls

WITH THE proverbial hup-two-three-four, The Godfathers attack the stage. Suddenly, a promise the size and force of Brando's psyche threatens to keep itself. They think big, work big, play big. Convention as a tool, volume as a weapon. For three minutes these experienced minesweepers of the cocksure rock shores could misrule the world and blast away the frown.

But as the clock strikes midnight, the Coyne's drop into a stagnant fountain of repetition. Scorched skeletal blues like 'Lonely Man' and their rightly painful 'Cold Turkey' can pull triggers with crooked soul fingers,

especially if you close your eyes and pretend you're listening to The Pistols, thus negating the downward effect of The Godfathers' utterly appalling dress sense, which is on a par with the average human being. One of them looks like my Uncle Harry, only not as pretty.

However, the constant riffing and rushing, with little consideration of daring or perversity, tends to turn shock and commitment into stupor and complacency, because of the quintet's overbearing strength of lack of character. (What he means is it gets a bit samey.)

So if 'I Want You' is Playn Jayn doing in The Beatles (someone ought to... three to go), the new single (title missed due to sudden if

fleeting preoccupation with ceiling) is the good/wicked side of the latest carriers of the R&B menace torch. Drive to the point of minimalism and heart, next time.

"I think I am too old for this kind of music."

"Not at all; it's because you are still too young."

And the beat creeps on.

CHRIS ROBERTS

PALLAS Marquee

WHAT PALLAS are attempting is at once surprising and familiar. They're injecting a livener into progressive rock by using something that even punk wasn't able to supply – change from within – and yet that change comes in the form of mixing progressive

NEW MODEL ARMY Mile End Queen Mary's College

AH, THE spirit of '76 continues to trickle down the riffs of Slade The Leveller's guitar like stale urine. He'll change the world one day, but today? Throw him a clean nappy.

What's the matter, Slade? Were you ever bullied at

school? Were you ever called harsh names like vomit-face?

Maybe Slade is sexually frustrated, why else would he play the guitar like he does? But no, all that macho business only exists in the confines of small-town England and not at a New Model Army gig, where we always see perfect exhibitions of morality and humanity.

Turn the bass down for

goodness' sake Slade, before people realise how sorely missed Morrow really is. And while you're at it, embellish the sound so it seems like you've really developed from your Abstract days into a competent rock band.

Golly Bunty, the drummer can even throw his drum sticks up into the air and catch them!

RON ROM

is that they do it all with a strong flavour of individuality which knots the rosey elements into a genuine identity.

Cultured raunch? Ballsy pomp? Whatever the definition, Pallas are an absorbing paradox.

PAUL ELLIOTT

RAW-HO Cricketers

THIS MUSIC does not exist – official. Emerging from the apparently barren wastes of rock and roll, Raw-Ho kick their way out of the paper bag and bare hungry teeth. With his parody creepers, lamé waistcoat, mega-quiff and trowelled-on foundation, wanna-be-a-star Steve Cort swings his hips before a trio of black suits and slim-line white polo-necks.

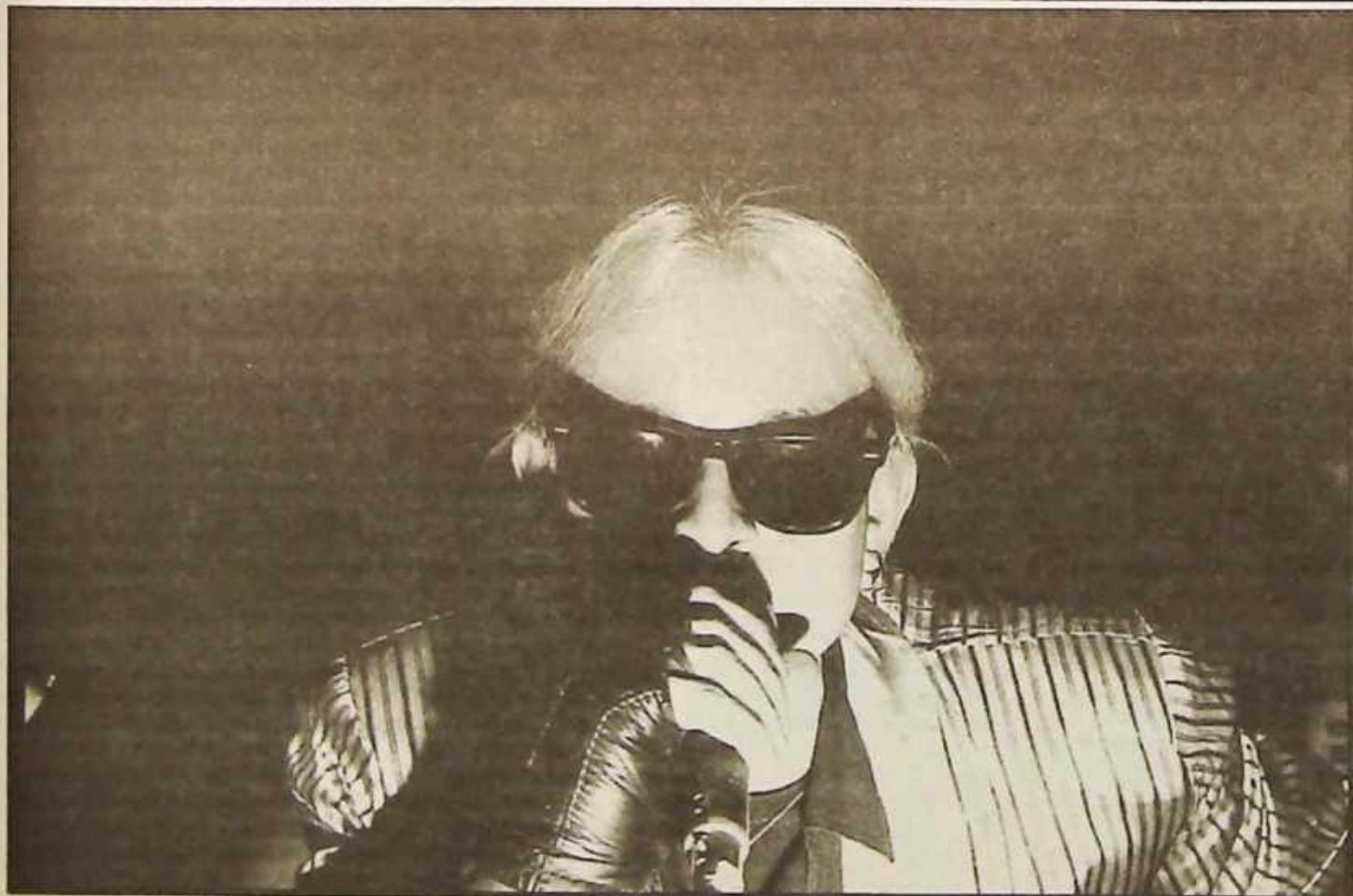
Bass wears gangland shades and a regulation one millimetre gauge smothering of down on a phrenologist's dream of a pate.

Guitar could pass for a Moravian embassy tail on Sean Connery in one of the earlier Bond films, half suspicious, half nervous and half ruthless – too shifty by half, in fact. And there's a drummer.

For those of you who go into instant coma at the very mention of the word 'quiff', here's a band that just might erode that prejudice by a grain or two – more intelligence, melody and change of pace than is (supposedly) customary this musical quarantine zone.

Whoops! A crossover!

ANDY HURT



THE LEATHER NUN got the habit

Steve Double

HELL BENT FOR LEATHER

THE LEATHER NUN/ZODIAC MINDWARP AND THE LOVE REACTION

Kentish Town Bull And Gate

THE DAY the mutants came to town... Zodiac Mindwarp and his bunch of gonzoid monsters are fast becoming the cult figures of '86. From their German helmets (circa WWII) to their freaky language, The Love Reaction are a comic-book fantasy of potentially huge proportions.

We didn't mind that the guitar amp blew, or that there were only six songs, because ZMATLR and their dirty hip-grinding boogie are so unfashionable you know they're going places.

And then, we got serious. Sweden's The Leather Nun are a full-blown horror movie next to Zodiac's Pythonesque presence. They don't move around a lot, they remain apparently unexcited by playing the nation's capital, but hell, did they let rip!

The Leather Nun are a one-way death or glory ticket, a barrage of biker mythology and gasoline ga-ga rock 'n' roll at its most ecstatic, most depraved, most vital.

We got 'Fly Angels Fly', an easy-riding hymn, 'Son Of A Good Family', 'Prime Mover', and the story of the man with 90 per cent burns who lived for 55 hours... 'Slow Death'.

If the ugliest part of your body is really your mind, then you can be forgiven for thinking The Leather Nun hideous. But if the violence stays in the music and gets no further, the MC5 Harley-Davidson stomp of The Leather Nun will stand in time as some of the finest fuel-injected desolation-dance music.

NEIL PERRY

HIT AND MISSILE

SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK

Colchester

WITH THEIR quiffs cutting the clouds, the immaculate pop conception ride into the forgotten town of Colchester on the back of a missile of assorted pop paraphernalia, media indoctrination and shock, horror sensationalism tapping into everybody's rollicking curiosity.

Curiosity may have killed the cat but cats have nine lives, and this wet pussy called Sigue Sigue Sputnik is on the crest of a wave at the moment, showing what a bit of wind can do.

The whole town has turned out to greet, meet or beat this 21st century invention. The students — being students — dye their hair with 'one day wash out' colours, the civil servant punks have at last got a figurehead handed to them on a plate, by courtesy of EMI, while the casual observers (of which there are many) kid themselves that they're above the average gullibility of Joe Public. But still they turned up...

I ask a few people why they've come to see Sigue Sigue Sputnik, and a punk remarks, "I'm here to see if they're what they're cracked up to be, to see if they really are the new thing." While a girl fan says, "There's nothing in Colchester, a couple of clubs, so when Sigue Sigue Sputnik come to town everyone turns up. They're something to dress up for, to follow. It doesn't matter if they are shit." Which they are — but she's right, it doesn't matter.

ABC signalled a return to the shimmering pop ethic after the good but colourless years of new wave passion; Sigue Sigue Sputnik are the conclusion to the current pop psychosis. They are pop committing suicide upon itself, as every idea that created this sordid industry is taken to its extreme and every cliché reworked, so much so that it will eventually cave in on itself. Sputnik are the last breath exhaled into a big pop balloon already at bursting point, ready to explode and fizzle out, leaving an industry reliant on new ideas redundant of any originality.

The show was alright — no better and no worse than any other current pop phenomenon. Maybe it was a little more exciting than I'd thought it would be, but maybe I've fallen for the hype as well...

Sputnik will be consumed like chips wrapped in *The Sun* and will no doubt be legends in their own lunchtime. They are more the new Bay City Rollers than the new Sex Pistols but, placed alongside Nana Mouskouri, Billy Ocean and Diana Ross, even Noddy from Toyland would be hailed as the new Sid Vicious if we were led to believe it was so.

And what of the music? That doesn't matter anymore, does it?

RON ROM



SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK unveil their new onstage bottle bank

Peter Anderson

AEROSMITH

Los Angeles

A WHOLE new generation have tapped their influences and emulated their outrage, but nobody even came close to capturing the mystic adolescent magic of Aerosmith. Meanwhile, the lecherous legend is firmly seated once again in a saddle from which it was a crime to ever dismount.

Gutter gossip still tarnishes the outfit's live reputation but, just for the record, the band's so-called sloppy and wasted performances are now history, and Aerosmith '86 represent a somewhat reformed attitude. Make no mistake, the bad boys are back, now sharper and tighter than ever before.

Steven Tyler remains the best dressed hippy on planet earth and probably the only human being who still looks hip in flares! Co-starring with Joe Perry — wizard of the dangerous lick — Tyler executed awesome erotic acrobatics in a fashion which made even Michael Jackson look out of condition.

Pick of a delicious set included all-time favourites 'Back In The Saddle' and 'Sweet Emotion', with new material culled from their latest vinyl epic 'Done With Mirrors' — namely 'My Fist Your Face' and 'Let The Music Do The Talking', each claiming an equally ecstatic reception.

"You must all be stars out there tonight," mused Tyler. "There sure are a hell of a lot of limos in the parking lot. Funny thing is, it's our show, and we came in a jeep!"

Laughter echoed around the cram-jammed 14,000 seater stadium as two spectacular trusses elevated in 'A' shapes, and Aerosmith bowed out with a particularly vivacious rendition of 'Toys In The Attic', returning through a barrage of screams to encore with their timeless ballad 'Dream On'.

Aerosmith, the maestro, is back. And I know it's only rock 'n' roll... but I like it.

MARY ANNE HOBBS

THE RAPIDS/THE DELTAS/RED HOT AND BLUE/WIGSVILLE SPLIFFS

Hammersmith Clarendon

THE WIGSVILLE Spliffs missed Pancake Day by a week — FLOPI

Next The Deltas, whose 'This Train' and 'Blues In A Bottle' were thrashed and bashed out by a stand-up drummer who'd fall down, lose a stick and thrash and bash some more, while the guitarist, proud of his Davey Crockett jacket, either watched the fingers of his semi-acoustic colleague or turned his back to the audience to watch his own.

Under the cruel green lighting the meagre crowd (the majority making bootleg tapes) moved in for Red Hot And Blue. Sugar Ray Ford's guitar man Patrick Reyford added sax and vocals to flavour 'Bad Girl', 'Wait And See', 'Caldonia' and others. This rockin' R&B band certainly look and play the part with a big band feel.

Still red with embarrassment after being misled to the little boy's room, I plugged my ears while hefty vocalist Lee cussed the sound man for the five minutes of cringe-inducing PA screech. 'Smile Of A Stranger' ignited the psychobillies into a frenzied McGuigan pogo... frightening!

Animated slap bass man Tony was real *gnarly* and the rest of the posse cranked their hardbilly high regardless of the exit-irrigating pow wow — well into it!

MONICA CADY

LA FURA DELS BAUS

Mercat De Los Flors, Barcelona

POESIA I provocacio. After two hours' sleep you realise it must be time to go out again and so walk up Montjuich through winding streets to a kind of elegant aircraft hangar.

The lights go down, then four loincloth-clad men descend from the ceiling on rope ladders. The theme is all very post-holocaust. The five musicians on a stage at one end (from "metal bashers" to a peculiarly articulate guitarist) accompany the ensuing action (and I mean action) with an alarmingly moving set which swings from Hawkwindlike to PiLlike to Enolike.

The performers rush wildly amongst the crowd, pushing trolleys full of broken dolls, gimbles, a chainsaw or two. Evil grins. You have to have eyes in the back of your head and (ideally) shinpads. Water, blood, and all manner of weird white powders are thrown wantonly about. Your nice shoes get ruined in the name of art and local (Catalan) politics. A tribal war is enacted.

The music reaches a crescendo, then the pandemonium subsides as the shaven headed singer chants "ulele ulele" and side curtains drop to reveal two naked men submerged in glass water tanks. Colleagues stare at them, prod them with sticks and rip out their breathing apparatus. Mock deaths. The Spanish are good at mocking death.

A ghostly light. Then the music picks up again, raw and cruel, as more sacrifices are made and suicidal risks taken. A hanging. Much daubing of wiry torsos. A scream.

Eighty minutes that seemed

like eight. For La Fura Dels Baus (the fury of the sewers) this was the last night of a surreal residency in their home town. They are heroes. If they ever come to Britain again (not that we deserve them), witness and find it difficult to remain self-absorbed.

As you leave the cavernous hall, buckets of water are tipped over your head. You laugh like crazy and feel sanctified.

CHRIS ROBERTS

MR MISTER

Marquee

CUTE NAME, cute band, cute songs — typical of the kind of pre-digested puree that the Yanks have been spoon-feeding us since God knows when.

Mr Mister aren't all sweetness and light, but what faint aggression they have is hung on a permanent safety catch, a blanket of sterile professionalism that snuffs out any unlikely sparks of raw excitement. Their clean-shaven pleasanties are a bit more, er, groovy (?) than the majority of AOR windbags, although the songs just ain't got it in 'em to outgrow their likeness to a queasy, castrated INXS.

'Broken Wings' was a welcome exception to the predominant blandness elsewhere — more welcome, certainly, than the completely galling and vain show of self-congratulation which crept in mid-set (a "Hey, we're Number One in the States" routine — real barf bag stuff).

The drummer, too, could learn something from Cheap Trick's Bun E Carlos about modesty and necessity; barely half of his laughably oversized kit was used to any real effect.

Not surprisingly, they paled into an even more anaemic insignificance when compared

to the preceding night's full-blooded Ozzy Osbourne spectacular. Between the four of them, they've got about as much stage presence as Ozzy's mikestand, and seeing as America has always got legless on such small beer without so much as a belch, it's only natural to assume that *that's* where the Mr men will stay. For good.

PAUL ELLIOTT

MOOD SIX

Herne Hill Half Moon

UMPTEN YEARS ago, young and swinging London saw the birth of a loosely gathered movement known as the Psychedelic Revival. And a couple of months later it wore, black at the funeral. I can't say I feel at all cut up at missing out on that stillborn revival; it has always sounded like the most odious, pretentious and, on many sides, opportunist affair.

However, there was a clutch of combos and personalities about at the time who, because of both their past histories and their love for all things paisley, came to be caught up in the whole thing. Of these few, some even smaller number still circulate today. The Times and the TV Personalities are two, another is Mood Six.

Tonight's show appears to mark something of a renaissance for long standing 'face' Tony Conway and his Mood Six. Whatever the exact circumstances, a considerable proportion of that portion of London which still believes itself to be both young and swinging took the trouble to turn out.

Mood Six approach their music with a sense of professionalism and forward planning which, while excluding them from the absolute erratic genius of the TV Personalities, gives them a

firm and reliable base off which to work.

This is London, says Tony's guitar, yet his songs say that they don't want this, don't need that and aren't particularly bothered about the other. All they want is you.

Draw a line halfway between The Times and Squeeze and you'll blunt your pencil on Mood Six's drum kit.

ROGER HOLLAND

LOVE THAT BANG

Fulham Greyhound

WHAT A brilliant name. Really now. I mean, that really is a brilliant name. Must be an accident!

Love That Bang's beginnings are slimy and cute and progressive. A normal caterpillar has more muscles in its body than you or I; did you know that? So like this the four people in Love That Bang (just keep shouting that name from snowy rooftops) move forward and up and down and all over.

Cure-like staccato guitar, earnest bass, not much fur. The grip on the voice tightens: there is emotion in an experiment, a good (noble, even) idea. Haircuts are needed. It's a shame to say it but we say it anyway. Love That Bang seem even healthier when some mighty ballistic oh-so-British Clashlikes come on to headline and bore. Pseudo garage goth was far preferable; could be intricate, could be swirling.

Quite impressed by that whirl, I squeeze the drummer's biceps and tell him to develop a sense of humour. He is just dazed. He fits. The group with the name will show you what's in it. Pandora boxes clever.

CHRIS ROBERTS

THE BICYCLE THIEVES

Liverpool

QUITE ASTOUNDING. You're always wary of groups with derivative names as, more often than not, they aspire to little more than sounding exactly like their vaunted heroes. But The Bicycle Thieves sounded nothing like The Pale Fountains, from whose glorious LP track they've nicked their name. Let's hope they weren't trying to sound like them, anyway.

The Bicycle Thieves don't sound like anyone, just yet. There's bits of Fire Engine and bits of REM, but the pedantic bass keeps them resolutely in second gear while he gets used to the songs. This was only his third gig.

No, the reason this lot are so exciting and promise so much is nothing to do with the calibre of their songwriting — they could do with a few songs, in fact. It's their singer who sets tongues wagging and temperatures soaring. He's incredible, the most natural entertainer to wiggle his wrists and slide his pelvis since Morrissey in his devil-may-care days.

Fifty pairs of female eyes were glued to his hips while he crooned through a set of love songs. The chaps in the crowd stared at the drummer, or the ceiling, or slugged their ale, obviously making a mental note to gird their loins provocatively at the earliest possible opportunity.

But the singer writhed onwards and upwards, causing several fat ladies to squeal in embarrassment. He gave palatable, unadventurous songs the appearance of Burt Bacharach epics. What will he do in a few months' time, when they start writing real winners? We can only pray that the fat girls bring some Mum with them.

KEV SAMPSON



LES AMAZONES DES GUINEE: more fun than Simple Minds?

Steve Double

AMAZ-ING!

LES AMAZONES DE GUINEE Euston Road Shaw Theatre

AN ABSOLUTE football team (complete with substitutes!) of blooming Guinea womanhood, Les Amazones De Guinée make me smile and want to dance. Something neither Sique Sique Sputnik nor Simple Minds are ever going to achieve.

Strange but true. With strength in depth in percussion – a bold array of things for hitting play a strict offside trap across the back – Les Amazones De Guinée still choose to shape their game about the delightfully pitched and, yes, feminine guitar on the left wing. Of course one of the very best things about watching a young black woman play a guitar is that you just know she's never going to wave the thing around like some surrogate love missile. No, she steps sweetly from calypso insinuation to the fundamentals of James Brown bridgework to 'Sunday Girl' and all the way back again, while a selection of horns echo primal soul and two tone signatures in punctuation and emphasis.

As my French is only a little less sketchy than my Latvian, I'm

in no position to fill you in on Les Amazones' love-lives, or their politics, or whatever else they might be singing about. And as their English is apparently slightly worse than their Latvian, they were in no position to expound upon their messages. No matter, music is the international language *n'est ce pas?* And theirs is an open invitation to dance.

It's a question much too moot for me to venture an opinion, but is this natural, flowing music itself chronologically derivative of the many ways in which the whole western pop 'culture' has exploited and corrupted the genuine 'Third World' cultures? Or is it that it incidentally but inevitably contrives to expose the extent to which we have stolen – culturally as well as materially – from them?

The one problem with events like this is that they tend to take place in formal theatres and attract ideological worthies who simply don't know how to dance. Only when Les Amazones' own dancers took to the stage did their music finally achieve its utmost expression of joyous climactic force. Back of the net!

ROGER HOLLAND

THE SISTERHOOD Electric Ballroom

LARGE NUMBERS of people turn up and wait around for something to happen. Surprisingly it does. Half the crowd pretend not to notice, the other half study closely. The Sisterhood's every move, growing increasingly animated as the set progresses. We are all terribly suspicious.

There is a long build-up before the group actually makes any noise. The stage is obscured, thoroughly, by clouds of dry ice; deafening music causes our stomachs to wobble.

Wayne Hussey emerges from the mists, finds a microphone, says: "Can't see a fuckin' thing oop 'ere," and everyone breathes a sigh of relief as the ghost of Sisters past goes flying out the nearest window.

Before us are The Sisters Of Mercy, but with a different, less accomplished (although perfectly fine) singer. All else remains as it was, grandiose and voluptuous as ever, altered only by a matter of months.

'Like A Hurricane' provides the signal for no holds barred audience enthusiasm, gutsy applause and so on. It's such a happy discovery. This music stands head and shoulders above all (presently active) competition. Well I never.

MR SPENCER

WILKO JOHNSON/THE LEN BRIGHT COMBO 100 Club

THEY CALL this pub rock. And they sneer at it with scorn. But these are simple joys, not to be deprecated by fools who seek salvation at the feet of The Jesus And Mary Chain and queue to praise The Long Ryders!

"This first song's an old Grace Jones number. It's called 'Ram It Up As Far As It'll Go'." Reckless indeed. Has the small but perfectly formed Eric Goulden seen the size of Grace's latest flame? Or Grace herself!

The Len Bright Combo mix patent absurdity with latent rock overdrive. With the authoritative humour of gangsters with guitars, they wield heady rhythms with a heavy wit, and nail our heads to the floor. Eric has recaptured the wonderful voice of old and, with the assistance of a couple of long, cool Milkshakes (?), has gathered together an all new set of scathing bohemian disaffection.

The forthcoming LP, 'The Len Bright Combo Present The Len Bright Combo By The Len Bright Combo', will be worth a fiver for 'Young, Upwardly Mobile And Stupid' alone.

Wilko Johnson looks younger than ever and still plays with that air of utter desperation. Exact and angular rhythms. The old songs are old friends and

many of the new ones sound just the same. And just for once this is alright. Because this is a celebration of an almost pure form, a roots music which has no need and no respect for the stadia pretense, arrogance and

heroic ambition that they teach you at Donington.

Wilko Johnson is neither Bono nor Ozzy. And Eric Goulden is no Joe Strummer. For this we should all be grateful.

ROGER HOLLAND

FUZZY FELT

WE'VE GOT A FUZZBOX AND WE'RE GONNA USE IT!

Ladbroke Grove Bay 63

"SORRY WE'RE late, the bus broke down."

Fuzzbox, the long awaited Fuzzbox with their crushed silk flares and crispy tutus, play ten commandments regularly interrupted by PA crackles and giggling. Two songs completed and they've set three things straight: Vix has an excellent voice, Jo is the only member of the band who can play an instrument, and if there is going to be anyone to clear away the grimness of rules, regulations, cockroaches, dull independent ethics, yuppies and damp electrofunksters, it's got to be Fuzzbox.

As the man from Creation parroted, "Rubbish is rubbish", and he should know. Rubbish is also brilliant if you've got a sense of humour and can dance. Fuzzbox aren't competent musicians but they have never claimed to be. They are enthusiastic, silly, and embarrassed by the quality of their songs. 'XX Sex' with its double squeak vocals and buzz buzz buzz is a polite, tuneful and articulate way of telling sexists to f--- off.

Fuzzbox aren't shag hungry men with saggy bottoms and boring jokes. Instead, they are the brightest set of incompetents since Laurel and Hardy abused the celluloid 70 years ago; goofy Pepsi brats who dance, smile, and make me laugh.

"WE'VE GOT A FUZZBOX AND WE'RE GONNA USE IT!" Listen.

JAMES BROWN

PONTIAC BROTHERS/ FLAMING LIPS

Anticlub, Los Angeles

THE ANTI-MECCA of LA hipness proved to have none of the qualities I hoped it would. In such a setting the distilled California essence of country R&B seemed more in place than I feared. Lead by Ward Dotson (ex-Gun Club) the Pontiacs veered straight towards their apprentice days playing Orange County bars, dismembering 'Heart Of Stone' and the Four Seasons' 'Walk Like A Man' replete with grossly out of tune falsettos.

As if this were not a sufficiently deep root canal, the Flaming Lips proceeded to display their own exposed and bleeding gums. Opening with 'Death Valley '69', they segued through gloriously bad impressions of Keith Moon's drum solos and 'Purple Haze' whilst introducing the band members.

Time out was taken for a few originals, including the Sid Barrett influenced 'With You', the rambling 'Out For A Walk' and the absolutely brain-bending 'Jesus Shooting Heroin', before dipping back into the bag for the lovingly rendered 'Set The Controls For The Heart Of The Sun' and absolutely caustic versions of 'Communication Breakdown' and 'Just Like Honey'. All 50 of us screamed our devotion.

P C HERTZ

YEAH YEAH NOH/TED CHIPPINGTON/THE BOMB PARTY Hampstead

ATTENDANCE FIGURES for Yeah Yeah Noh's 'Farewell To The Capital' bash are impressive. The group put this down to the dubious allure of cut price booze and (should you be in luck) the chance of a St Valentine related snog. They have always underestimated themselves.

A ripple of interest drifts lazily from the front of the crowd to roughly halfway back. There is a distracting noise, filthy, impressive, a bit on the throaty side. It's The Bomb Party, who sound like they should be riveting but aren't. One can only conclude that they lack style.

Ted Chippington shuffles onstage, says unusual things, then renders 'I Feel Like Buddy Holly' uninhabitable. Jolliest bits are the gags about Bob Monkhouse and another where Ted goes:

"This next joke's on the album..." Funny that.

A tidal wave of adulation surges through the crowd to its very furthest reaches, such is the mood as Yeah Yeah Noh stumble towards their final London appearance, a mere 13 nights away from their last ever anywhere. It's a tragedy: the band are now at an all time creative peak, fusing brilliantly barbed ideas with cosmic beat tunes, getting a freaky light show together and putting out 'Cutting The Heavenly Lawn Of Greatness', which ranks among the best LPs of the last five years.

The wonderful Yeah Yeah Noh perform a happy, tearful and sizzling set. It ends; the truth sinks home. Grown men cry. It's been a lot of fun.

MR SPENCER

23 SKIDOO Sheffield

NEVER HAVE so many of Sheffield's hiplets invaded the Leadmill at one time; representatives have been sent from every band within a radius of 20 miles, from the established to the eager young hopefuls. After all, 23 Skidoo is a name that appears in their reviews with a monotony matched only by the obligatory mention of one another.

With that in mind, it's easy to see why the hiplets are not happy... yet another eviction from an already cluttered and confused pigeonhole is required, and fast.

If 23 Skidoo have anything going for them at all (debatable in itself) then it's an appealing ethnic rhythmicity. Sadly, for the body to respond in time-honoured fashion, the brain must first be disengaged. Chat to a hiplet and you find yourself jiggling; return your attention to the stage and you'll freeze. Not only are the rhythms often sloppily handled, but also the skimpy costumes they wear are frequently inept and inapt. Basslines and guitar riffs seem to go on for ever, raps wrap the unrappable, and only the backing tapes lend any of the air of menace suitable for the blood that clots the brain in the dull Kung Fu cut-up and stutter backdrop video.

The despairing shakes of hiplet heads say it all. It's all very well taking coals to Newcastle, but to Sheffield the competition has got to bring steel.

PETE MARCHETTO



A FUZZBOX bares fangs

Malcolm Beth

FROM PAGE 27

"Because we drove around LA and we couldn't find anything to fit my script. I couldn't shoot my script in the kind of places they took me to, I would have had to re-write the script and I didn't want to. Plus, nobody's going to let you shoot in a mortuary."

"We had a lot of trouble. We went to Jewish mortuaries and Christian mortuaries, we saw crematoriums and bodies being cremated, we saw the embalming room..."

"Bill Stout took a lot of pictures; he photographed little racks of bottles of fluids and instruments and doors and handles and tables and tried to get it all down. The places where they wouldn't let us take pictures he used a sketch pad. He took it into one of the crematoriums and sketched the ovens and the way it worked. We looked at chapels and main offices where they chat with you and hold your hand. Then we went back and sketched all this stuff up and cobbled together our own little kind of composite, old-fashioned mortuary."

How did you manage to discover the secrets of embalming?

"It's real tough; it's illegal to watch unless you're a relative of the deceased. We found one crazy mortician who would let us watch but he had to sneak it through and set it up. By the time it was set up we had to shoot a scene so we missed seeing the embalming take place."

"But we got detailed descriptions out of him on some of the procedures and from that we put together our own embalming scene."

I particularly enjoyed the scenes where the two characters are suffering from rigor mortis...

"You know, I called up the morgue and asked them, what is rigor mortis and how does it work?"

"It starts in the internal organs, the softest ones, the brain first; then it travels down to the stomach, the liver and the other organs, then it travels up the muscles and starts to soften up again. Before it softens up you can, in their terms, break it up, they'll loosen the guy up a little bit."

"That was kind of neat, and I was able to use that information with one of my characters who is experiencing rigor mortis—he could start describing the symptoms. You'd get a headache first if it's hitting your brain, then you'd get a stomach ache, then your arms and legs would stiffen up, it would probably hurt a lot, then you'd go limp again."

How was the 'Tar Man' zombie character created?

"I've worked with a lot of men in monster suits before!"

"I did *Dark Star*, very primitive; we put a guy in a monster suit but it ended up being cut out of the film because it looked so bad. When we did *Alien* we had a very sophisticated monster suit with a

man in it. One thing I know from experience is, no matter how skinny a person is, when you put him in a rubber suit he looks fat, he looks bulky. So I knew how extraordinarily difficult it was going to be for me to have a skinny looking skeletal corpse with a man in a suit."

"I didn't have the money to do it as a Muppet type, full size *Dark Crystal* kind of an effect; it had to be a man in a suit, it was the only feasible way to do it quick and cheap."

"But what Bill Stout and I figured out between us was, first of all we get the absolute tallest, skinniest guy we could for body proportion. Then I had the idea of getting a mime, someone who knows how to move. I auditioned some mimes and found the person who could move in the slipperiest fashion as well as looking thin. Bill took up the idea of using the gloopy, black ooze on him as a kind of covering trick to hide the bulk of the man and let select bits of skeleton parts peek through. It makes you ignore the bulk by thinking it's just heaped up slime and also it makes it a very dark bulk against a shadowy background."

"Bill drew that and I was pleased. I think most of it was accomplished in that drawing because you could see that it worked. Then the make-up people worked very hard building that costume and I was very careful that all the shoulder bones, skull

features, eyeballs and everything were proportionally larger."

"The man was six-foot-two and I wanted him to look about five-foot-seven. The skull mask had to be fitted over a human head making it much larger, whereas a skull is smaller, so I just made sure that all the proportions were right."

The other memorable zombie creature in the film is the 'Half-Corpse' lady.

"The 'Half-Corpse' lady was done by a brilliant young lad called Tony Gardner, a protégé of Rick Baker, and that was a full mechanical robot. He made it in a very short period of time and I was very pleased with that. Boy, was I happy."

The star zombie/punkette is Trash, played by rock singer Linnea Quigley. How did you find her?

"I think she was the last major character I cast. I had been looking for months for a girl who could act, have an absolutely terrific body and could take off her clothes."

"I had been finding a run of girls who were either terrific bodies, would take their clothes off but couldn't act, or girls who could act but didn't want you to see them take off their clothes. It was a week before I had to shoot and she walked in and auditioned and could do both."

Is it true that, to avoid an X-rating,

she had to wear something over her genitals in the nude scenes?

"Here's what happened. The producers came to me before I was going to do the strip scene and said, 'You're going to have frontal nudity?' I said, 'Yeah. They said, Are you going to show pubic hair? Because we're afraid that pubic hair will get us an X. So I said, I'll take care of that, and had her shave her crotch. Then they said, But now you're going to see the thing.'

"So I turned to the make-up artist, Bill Munns, and said, 'Would you make her a small prosthesis please, that covers the thing?'

"So he did and he applied it and we shot one scene with it. I thought it was badly made, I thought you could see it as a wrinkled piece of plastic."

"I got back and looked through the viewfinder, I looked at what I was really shooting and I said, 'You can't see the thing, take it off!'

"So in fact she wore nothing because there was no pubic hair and you couldn't see the thing. She kinda looks like a Greek statue."

Do you approve of the term "exploitation movie" being applied to *The Return Of The Living Dead*?

"Yeah, exploitation, that's what it is. There's a lot of things that you can get away with that you can't in a heavier weight, bigger, riskier film."

"Exploitation films are the place to play!"

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Please Note Sundays Are From 7-11pm

THE GRASP
Under St Pauls Church
Deptford SE8

Psychedelic Nites
EVERY FRIDAY
Friday 7th March
BAD TUNE MEN
+ BOMB PARTY
+ CHARLES COLD

Friday 14th March
THE PURPLE THINGS
+ OUT OF ORDER
+ SAREAN QUARTAR
+ Punk Every Monday

NICK TODZEK PRESENTS
ADAM & EVE
2 CENTRAL APTS
DEPTFORD SE8 3JZ
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Thurs 6th March
KING KURT + **REPTILES**

Wed 5th March
SACRILEGE + **CONCRETE FOX**
+ **AMHILATED** + **DISPERSED**

Tues 4th March
STING-RAYS + **SEVEN RITE**

Wed 12th March
U.K. SUBS + **DANGEROUS RHYTHM**
+ **CIVILISED SOCIETY**

Tues 11th March
PHAROS + **TURBOPUNK**

Wed 13th March
PICTURE FRAME SEDUCTION
+ **VARVOKERS** + **MAJOR ACCIDENT**

Thurs 20th March
BABY TUCKER + **VIDEOS**

Tues 18th March
METEORS + **MIKROHEMEN**

Wed 26th March
G.B.H. + **VIC BREVIS**

Thurs 27th March
LYNN LANGTON BAND
2.15 (from Hammersmith)

INFO: NICK ON 0274-121867

SHELLEYS
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HEAVY METAL MONDAYS
8.30-12.30
March 10th
THE ENID
March 17th
ALASKA

TUESDAY ALTERNATIVE SCENE
9.00-1.00
March 11th
THE REDSKINS
March 18th
THE GUANA BATZ

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THE SIR GEORGE ROBEY
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01-263 4581

Wed 5th March
A BIGGER SPLASH
+ **SKIN GAMES**

Thurs 6th March
BUSTA JONES
(Ex TALKING HEADS)
+ **THE ACTION**
+ **DOCTORS CHILDREN**

Fri 7th March
THE LARKS
+ 35th MAY

Sat 8th March (lunch)
IGGY QUAIL
(FREE JAZZ SESSION)

Sat 8th March (eve)
WILKO JOHNSON
+ **SHAKERS**

Sun 9th March (lunch)
IGGY QUAIL
JOHN OTWAY

Mon 10th March
RAW HO
+ **DANCING IN ENGLISH**

Tues 11th March
THE RAPIERS
ANTI-APARTHEID BENEFIT

Wed 12th March
JAMIE WEDNESDAY
FLOYD etc

Late bar every night till 12.30am (Ex 10m 10.30)
No Admission after 11.00pm
Equipment repairs phone Frank of The Robey

THE CRICKETERS
KENNINGTON OVAL, SE11
01-735 3059

MARCH

Wed 5th
THE APARTMENTS
+ **JOHNNY PINKO**

Thurs 6th
SNAKES OF SHAKE
+ 35th MAY

Fri 7th
RENT PARTY

Sat 8th
GENO
WASHINGTON AND THE RAM JAM BAND

Sun 9th (lunch)
THE BARFLIES
PAZ

Mon 10th
SURF DRUMS
+ **THE SHURDS**

Tues 11th
WES MCGHEE'S TEXAS ALL STARS

Wed 12th
BLURT
+ **DOCTORS CHILDREN**

Thurs 13th
JAZZ BUTCHER

THE WELLINGTON
Shepherds Bush Green
Julian Music: (0923) 772733

Thursday 6th March
AMERICAN DREAM
+ Thursdays Child

Wednesday 12th March
DRIVE SHAFT
+ Ashmata

+ Alices Restaurant Roadshow
nearest tube
Shepherds Bush (Central Line)

Admission £2 on door
Open 7.30-11pm

Friday 7th March
CHAKK
TRICKSTER
(MIME TROUPE)
HEIST

8pm

THE BULL IS STILL ALIVE
262 UPPER RICHMOND RD. EAST SHEEN 01-876 6964

Thurs 6 March **WILD HONEY** + **STRANGE DAYS** £1.50

Fri 7 March **THE SHINE** + **FAMOUS PLACES** £2.50

Sat 8 March **SORRY - CLOSED FOR PRIVATE PARTY**

Thurs 13 March **THE AMAZING RHYTHM BURGLARS**
+ **T. MODEL SLIM** £1.50

Fri 14 March **"HEAVY ROCK NIGHT"**
SPIDER + **FAIR EXCHANGE** £2.50

Bar till 1 o'clock Last admission 10.30 pm
Please phone for details on prices and times

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Bar till 1 o'clock Last admission 10.30 pm
Please phone for details on prices and times

HARVEY GOLDSMITH ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS
SAD CAFE
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
HAMMERSMITH ODEON
FRIDAY 7th MARCH
TICKETS FROM £4.50

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DUFFO

Thursday 6th March
BARFLIES

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45 SOUTH

Monday 10th March
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Tuesday 11th March
CAT TALK

Wednesday 12th March
LITTLE DARLINGS

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WED. 5TH MARCH 8.00PM
THE PORTLAND
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Cyclists and Virgin

TUES 11TH MARCH 8.00PM
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• Mighty Lemon Drops

THUR. 13TH MARCH 8.00PM
ELECTRIC BALLROOM

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LIVE IT UP WITH MENTALAS ANYTHING
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AT THE
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB (KENTISH TOWN TUBE)
THURSDAY 13th MARCH 1986 7.30 P.M.

Tickets £3.00 available from: T.C. Box Office, Ph 267 3334, London Theatre Bookings, Albemarle, Rough Trade, Premier, Keith Promise Agencies
(741 8988), The Drifters Club, Queensborough Terrace, Baywater, TMT 52 Earls Court Road, Earls Crt.
(Tickets subject to booking fees)

BANDOLIER
at...
THE RUSKIN ARMS
Tel: (01) 472 0377
Friday 7th March
Adm FREE

NEWS EXTRA

GUY CLARK and Jerry Jeff Walker, two of America's leading "outlaw" country singers who've refused to get caught up in the Nashville "mafia", come over for a series of club dates later this month.

Texas-born Clark has recorded several albums for RCA and WEA and had his songs covered by Johnny Cash ('The Last Gunfighter Ballad') David Allen Coe (Desperados Waiting For A Train) and Ricky Scaggs ('Heartbroke').

Walker comes from New York although he headed South when he was 16 and achieved his first success with 'Mr Bojangles' as well as being immortalised in the book *The Improbable Rise Of Redneck Rock*.

The outlaws have gigs lined up at Newcastle Buddy's March 25, Manchester International Club 26, Putney Half Moon 27, Harlesden Mean Fiddler 28, Oxford Radcliffe Arms 29, Putney Half Moon 30, Matlock Spa Pavilion April 1.

SPUTNIK STITCH-UP



MARTIN DEGVILLE before surgery

SIQUE SIQUE SPUTNIK's British tour got off to a bloody start last weekend.

Joe Bangay

On Friday night drummer Ray Mayhew threw a bottle at a group of jeering fans as he

walked off stage at Reading Bridges Hall, hitting one of them on the head. The fan later had more than 30 stitches put into the wound.

On Sunday night singer Martin Degville was attacked on stage at Coventry Polytechnic by a fan wielding a glass and had to have five stitches put into a cut above his eye.

The band's spokeswoman Magenta told *Sounds* this week that both incidents were the result of a small element in the crowd trying to cause trouble.

At Reading, the band had been subjected to a succession of bottles, glasses and plastic beakers being thrown at them during their 45-minute set. Magenta said later: "Someone threw a bottle at Ray and he lost his temper. He regrets what he did and has apologised."

Other members of the group, including their sound mixer/video scratcher Yana Ya are also reported to be

suffering from bruises, having been hit by various objects on the early dates of the tour.

Security is being increased for the remainder of the dates to prevent people from entering the hall with any dangerous objects. But there's no evidence at the moment of people intent on violence following the band around.

Replying to allegations that the band's 'Ultraviolence' imagery - inspired by the droog gangs of *A Clockwork Orange* who have been a useful inspiration for rock stars from David Bowie downwards - was contributing to the aggressive behaviour at gigs, Magenta said that the band were dealing with "a fantasy violence - the kind of thing where helicopters get blown up but nobody gets hurt - rather than real violence like mugging and beating up old ladies which the band totally disapprove of."

The Sique Sique Sputnik tour is also coming under close media scrutiny as the tabloid

press have decided they're on to the biggest rock story since the Sex Pistols.

The band's opening night at Norwich East Anglia University last Thursday got copious coverage. *The Sun*, who just happen to be running a series of 'exclusives' on the band this week, gave them a rave review while *The Mirror*, who were not planning any special features on them, slagged it off.

There are also several 'publicity time bombs' waiting to go off at any time during the tour which would ensure that the band could stay on or near the front pages for some time.

These include band T-shirts with the word 'f**k' on them, and posters with naked women and hermaphrodites 'luridly' depicted on them.

There's also a 'lyrics scandal' waiting to blow up at any time over the phrase "Amando Tino giving head" which appears on the 12-inch version of the 'love Missile F1-11' single although it has been edited out of the seven-inch version.

And although Degville told an offensive racist joke at the Norwich concert between songs, the group later specifically denied that they had any racist beliefs.

A GERMAN pirate record company, recently raided by police who took away 50 tons of illegal material, was trading openly at the Midem music business festival in Cannes last month.

And Ace Records boss Ted Carroll reckoned there were at least a dozen more pirates doing business at Midem.

Ironically, the pirates' brazen behaviour comes at a time when governments are starting to take record and tape piracy more seriously.

The German raid was the biggest ever, involving over 300,000 records by the Who, ELO, Van Morrison and many more. But the involvement of the German FBI indicates that the Government is backing a crackdown.

There have also been moves to tackle piracy in South East Asia, where it is endemic and, with raids in Singapore and Malaysia, heavy fines against counterfeiters in Nigeria and new legislation in Hong Kong and Indonesia, it seems the anti-piracy campaign is starting to yield positive results.

HEAD, a five-piece band fronted by former Rip Rig And Panic and Float Up CP leader Gareth Sager, make their live debut at North Kensington Bay 63 in Acklam Road on March 8.

It's the first of a series of gigs for the "brash new band" who also feature guitarist Nick Shepherd and vocalist Rick Beals in the line-up.

NEW ORDER have added another date at the end of the month at Oxford Apollo on March 27.

MAKIN' TIME and The Prisoners, who sold out a co-headliner at Hammersmith Clarendon at Christmas, have lined up another gig there on March 15 as part of a Countdown Records Night.

They'll be joined by fellow Countdown artists The Kick and Soul Cast. Tickets are £4.

Makin' Time are finishing off a new EP to be called 'Time Trouble And Money' while The Prisoners have their first Countdown single out very soon.

Makin' Time also have another date lined up at Colchester The Works on March 13. There's a kids' matinee at 5pm and a grown up show at 8.30pm.

THEN JERICO, who've just completed a support slot on Propaganda's British and European tour, have a new single out next weekend called 'Muscle Deep'.

They celebrate with a Tube slot on March 14 followed by a one-off at London's Marquee on March 25. A nationwide college tour is being set up for the Spring.

THE HONEYMOON SUITE, who are supporting Saga on their British gigs this weekend, will return after European dates to play London's Marquee on their own on March 13.

THE GREEN GATE
228 Bethnal Green Rd. E2
01-739 4920

Fri 7th March - Adm 50p

WORD OF MOUTH

Sat 8th March

Adm £1.50 Adv, £2.00 Door

JACKIE LYNTON BAND

+ **MICK CLARKE BAND**

Sunday 9th March

(Lunchtime) - Adm FREE

NO KNOWN CURE

(Evening) - Adm £1.00

GERRY McAVOY BAND

7-12 Fri-Sats + 7-11.30 Suns

BAY 63
12 Acklam Road, Ladbroke Grove
London W10. Tel: 960 4590

Thursday 6th March

Adm: £3.00 7.30pm

THE PALE FOUNTAINS

+ THE WEATHER PROPHETS + THE SERVANTS

Friday 7th March

Adm: £3.00 9.00pm

THE FOREST HILL BILLIES

+ **DANGER ZONE**

Saturday 8th March

Adm: £3.00 10.00pm

HEAD

(featuring GARETH SAGER)

Thursday 12th March

Adm: £3.00 7.30pm

RAYMONDE

+ ONE THOUSAND VIOLINS + THE STIR

OAKENGATES TOWN HALL, TELFORD

MARCH 12TH £3.50 ADVANCE
£4 ON DOOR

REDSKINS

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Every Thursday

Food ★ Lic Bars 8-12pm ★ Admission £1.00

HARP BEAT

LEEDS QUEENS HALL
SATURDAY 10th MAY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £7.50 plus a booking fee

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HARP BEAT
Harp Beat - the Best Beat of all

THE 100 CLUB
100 OXFORD STREET, W.1.

Tuesday 4th March
THE PRISONERS

Thursday 6th March
COUNTDOWN PRESENTS
**THE KICK
SOUL CASTE
13 DAYS**

Tuesday 11th March
**LLOYD-LANGTON
GROUP**

Thursday 13th March
**BELTANE FIRE
+ THE ARCHERS**

COMING SOON...
**THE EXPLOITED
PETER & THE TEST
TUBE BABIES
+ GBH**

HARD ROAD
KEEP THEIR ROCK HARD
AND HEAVY AT

MARCH 7th DOVER
LOUIS ARMSTRONG
MARCH 8th HIGH WYCOMBE
WAGSHEAD SUP. GROUNDHOGS
MARCH 10th THATCHAM
SILKS + SMOKEY JOE

BAND INFO 01-886 8385

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**KICKS OFF AT
THE HAMMERSMITH ODEON**

FRI 21ST MARCH 7.30PM

RED WEDGE

BILLY BRAGG · COMMUNARDS

LORNA G · JUNIOR GISCOMBE

PAUL WELLER · MICK TALBOT & FRIENDS

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

SAT 22ND MARCH 9.00PM

**ATLANTIC
STARR**

SUN 23RD MARCH 7.30PM

**IAN DURY
AND THE
BLOCKHEADS**

TICKETS £3.50 & £2.50

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UB40s HALF PRICE

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PREMIER BOX OFFICE C.C. 01-240 2245

LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS C.C. 01-439 3371

KEITH PROWSE C.C. 01-741 8989

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PRESENTED BY THE GLC

NIGHT

Write to Neil Perry, Sounds, Greater London House, London NW1 7QZ or telephone 01-387 6611. To guarantee inclusion please have applications in at least two weeks prior to publication.

Red Lorry Yellow Lorry roll on at **Brighton (Wednesday), Kingston (Thursday), Birmingham (Friday), London (Saturday)** and **Coventry (Monday)**, while **The Red Wedge Comedy Tour** gets the last laugh at **Preston (Wednesday), Sheffield (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Leeds (Monday)** and **Huddersfield (Tuesday)**.

Chakk get down to some 'electronic skiffle' at **Nottingham (Wednesday), London (Friday)**, with recent single of the week chaps, **Heist**, **Brighton (Saturday)** and **Bristol (Tuesday)**.

Kurtis Blow unraps his tour in **Newcastle (Friday)** and **Manchester (Tuesday)**. **Sounds** faves **We've Got A Fuzzy thingummybob** etc etc and **Age Of Chance** share the bill in **London (Thursday)**. Those braving the cold include **Danielle Dax**, **Gene Loves Jezebel**, **The Redskins**, **Sigue Sigue Sputnik** and **Doctor And The Medics**.

PRESTON Twang Club **Tools You Can Trust**
REDDITCH Studley Duke Of Marlborough **Anonymous Bosch/Sign Language**
RIPON Brontes (522960) **Zoot And The Roots**
SUNDERLAND Chester Road **Royalty Pub Tim Wood And Wendy Fisher**
WALSALL Birmingham Road **Wheatheaf The Hurricanes**

THURSDAY

6

BIRKENHEAD Stairways (051-647 6544) **FM**
BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) **Livewire/Head Of David/Blitz Agency**
BIRMINGHAM Powerhouse (021-643 4715) **Norma Lewis**
BIRMINGHAM University (021-455 9777) **Doc Mustard/The Men**
BOURNEMOUTH The Pinecliff **Dancing In English**
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **Miller Family**
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) **Felt**
CARLISLE Stars And Stripes (46361) **The Edge**
CHATHAM Churchills **Rocket 88**
COWBRIDGE Mason's Arms **Vigilante**
CREWE Camm Street Centre **Tower Struck Down/Mylai Massacre/Dead Mad**
CROYDON Underground (01-760 0833) **The Boilerhouse Present 'Hot'**
DOVER Louis Armstrong (204759) **Keith Harwood Band**
DUDLEY JB's (53597) **Target UK**
FELTHAM Airman (01-890 2112) **Antz Avenue**
FLINT Raven Hotel (2305) **The Badger Bell Band**
FOLKESTONE Bottom's **The Phantoms**
GLASGOW Lucifers Salt Mine (041-552 1575) **The Styng Ryttes**
GRAVESEND Prince Of Wales **The Original Johnny Seven**
HARLOW The Square (25594) **The Tex Mex Surfers/Banal**
HARROW Roxborough (01-427 1084) **Knightshade**
HATFIELD Polytechnic (68343) **Buddy Curtess And The Grasshoppers**
HEDNESFORD Anglesea Hotel (2508) **Dream Factory**
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) **Harlequin**
HERNE BAY Bozo's Wine Bar **John Mitchell And Friends**
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head (21758) **Trash Cadillacs/Paul Linn**
KIDDERMINSTER Revolution Club **Liquid Lill And The Li-Lettes**
KINGSTON Polytechnic (01-546 8340) **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry/Sun House Opera**
LIVERPOOL Cafe Berlin **The Ministry Of Love**
LONDON Acton Bumbles (01-722 3308) **The Elephant Men**
LONDON Battersea Latchmere (01-223 3549) **The Barflies**
LONDON Bellingham Bonnies (01-698 3293) **I Should Koko**
LONDON Brixton Frigate (01-326 5100) **Jazz Warriors/The Winterbabies**
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Living Daylites**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Forest Hillbillies/The Company**
LONDON City Polytechnic **Wilko Johnson**
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **Martin Bates/The Funking Idiots**
LONDON Enfield Trent Park Golf Club **Red Not N' Blue**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Busta Jones/The Action/Doctor's Children**
LONDON Forest Road Town Hall Complex (01-521 7111) **The Enid/Mournblade/Citizen Kane**
LONDON Fulham Kings Head (01-736 1413) **Ravenna D'Art**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **Actifed/Steel Flags/DTA Mission**
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0837) **Jump Tribe**
LONDON Hackney Brooksbys Walk Chat's Palace (01-986 6714) **Chats Ratz**
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **Kindergarten/Primal Trash/Violent Circuit**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Stockton's Wing**
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Ciel (01-729 2476) **Ronnie Ross Quartet/Kelvin Christiane Quartet**
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) **Charm School**
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) **The Bangles**
LONDON Kilburn National Club (01-328 3141) **Private Viewing/Equestrian Statues/The Vakeros**
LONDON Leicester Square Hippodrome **Portion Control**
LONDON Malden Road Gypsy Queen (01-485 2052) **Harare Dread**
LONDON Malet Street London University (01-580 9551) **Gene Loves Jezebel/Ghostdance**
LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) **Avanti**
LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (01-387 0428/9) **The Chiefs Of Relief**
LONDON New Cross Goldsmiths College **Summer House**
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **Snakes Of Shake/35th Of May**
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **The Kick/Sparkle Soulcaste/Thirteen Days**
LONDON Peto Place Diorama (01-487 5598) **Fredrick Benson/Ian Keable/Nice People/Danger Zone/Famous Blue Notes Rhythm Kings**
LONDON Portobello Acklam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) **The Pale Fountains/The Weather Prophets/The Servants**
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) **The Blueberry Hellbellies**
LONDON Shepherds Bush Wellington **American Dream/Thursday's Child**
LONDON Stockwell Plough (01-274 3879) **Jaztex**
LONDON Sydenham Greyhound **Roy Hutchins/Steve Edgar/Marcel Cannelloni**
LONDON Tufnell Park Boston Arms (01-272 4311) **See You In Vegas**
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **Terraplane**
LONDON Woolwich Cordwain Theatre **Doctor And The Medics/The Shop Assistants/Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction/The Babysitters**
LONDON Woolwich Thames Polytechnic **One Way Craze/The Goats**
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) **Dislocation Dance/Yargo**
NEWCASTLE Riverside (614386) **The March Violets/The Mighty Lemon Drops**
NOTTINGHAM The Garage **The Membranes/Ted Chippington/We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Going To Use It/Age Of Chance/AC Temple/Swift Nick**
NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) **Pet Hate/Hot Lipz**
NOTTINGHAM The Pelican **Just Blue**
OXFORD Polytechnic (68789) **The Guana Batz**
PENZANCE Demelzas **Pallas**
PETHAM Chequers Inn **Streetbeat**
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic (819141) **Root Jackson And The GB Blues**
PRESTON Raiders **The Tier Garden**
RAYLEIGH Pink Toothbrush (770003) **The March Violets**
ROMFORD Rezz (25566) **The Reflection**
RUGBY Reverberation Club **The Hunters Club**
SHEFFIELD Sandringhams **Gah-Ga**
SHREWSBURY Park Lane Frigate **The Housemartins/His Latest Flame**
STOCKPORT Cobdens **Inside Information**
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) **District Six**
SWINDERBY Lincoln Club **Haze**
TELFORD Ironmaster **Phantom**
TENTERDEN White Lion Hotel **The Invicta Jazz Band**
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **Straight Eight**
WESTGATE Nottingham Castle **Terry Benson And Friends**
WOKINGHAM Angles (789912) **Leading Edge/Tara Zara**
WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) **Uncle Sam**

BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry/Rumblefish/Shout Bamalam**
BIRMINGHAM Northfield Old Mill **Ken Wood And The Mixers**
BRENTFORD Hermit Club (218897) **The Reflection**
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **The Amazing Rhythm Burglars/Zambula**
BRIDLINGTON Kiss Club (672491) **General Wolf**
BRIGHTON Sussex University (698114) **Gene Loves Jezebel**
BRISTOL Badock Hall Students Union **The Chevalier Brothers**
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) **Claytown Troupe/Whatevernext/Dangerous Roundabouts**
BURTON Central Park (63265) **Seducer**
BURTON High Street 76 Club (61037) **The Handsome Beasts**
BURTON LATIMER LSA Club **Play The Joker**
CAMBRIDGE Fitzwilliam College **Rouen**
CARLISLE Front Page (34188) **The Stems**
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall **Pentangle**
CREWE Cheshire Cheese **The Badger Bell Band**
DERBY Duke Of York **Just Blue**
DUDLEY JB's (53597) **Tara Zara**
DUNDEE University (23181) **Pendragon**
EDINBURGH Potter's Row University (031-667 1011) **The Mackenzies**
FETCHAM Riverside Club (375713) **The Cardiacs/The NBT**
GREAT YARMOUTH Tiffanys (57018) **Huw Lloyd-Langton**
HARLOW The Square (25594) **Attila The Stockbroker/Foster Pilkington/Hammer And Sickle**
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) **Ban-Tu**
HULL Unity Club (225483) **Tools You Can Trust**
LANGHO Springmill **Inside Information**
LEEDS Haddon Hall (751115) **The Heads**
LEICESTER International (20471) **Rare Breed/The Shakers**
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) **FM**
LIVERPOOL Fazakerly Street **Mayflower Eye Dance/Charlie Don't Surf**
LIVERPOOL Klub Krackers (051-708 8815) **The Enid/Dagaband**
LIVERPOOL System Club (051-236 7816) **The March Violets**
LONDON Acton Bumbles (01-722 3308) **The In-Stinks**
LONDON Brixton Frigate (01-326 5100) **A Popular History Of Signs**
LONDON Brixton Old White Horse (01-274 5537) **Eduardo And Antonio/Gruber Bros/Otiz Cannelloni**
LONDON Cambridge Heath Road **Rose And Crown Whole World Wild/The Holy Family/The Avocados**
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Juice On The Loose**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Flag Of Convenience/Love Pirates Of Doom**
LONDON City College London University **Some Total**
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **Wilko Johnson**
LONDON East Sheen The Bull (01-876 2345) **Famous Places**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **The Larks/35th Of May**
LONDON Forest Road Town Hall Complex **Wah 17 (01-521 7111) Amazulu/Abundance/Boo Hooray/Respect**
LONDON Fulham Kings Head (01-736 1413) **Big Town Playboys**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **INK/The Only Alternative**
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0837) **A Bigger Splash/The Motive**
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **The Len Bright Combo/Primal Trash/The Guana Batz**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Stockton's Wing**
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) **The Name/Chisza**
LONDON Houghton Street School Of Economics (01-405 7686) **The Mint Juleps/Joolz**
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Ciel (01-729 2476) **Cayenne**
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5458) **Irma And The Squirmers**
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) **Buddy Curtess And The Grasshoppers/The Stargazers/Potato 5**
LONDON Leicester Square Hippodrome **Sad Among Strangers**
LONDON Limes Grove Lewisham Labour Club **The Balham Alligators**
LONDON Malet Street London University (01-580 9551) **Chakk/Trickster/Heist**
LONDON New Cross Goldsmiths College (01-692 1406) **The Jazz Butcher/Slab!**
LONDON New Cross Road Royal Albert Walk **Don't Walk**
LONDON North Finchley Torrington (01-445 4710) **Living Daylites**
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **Rent Party**
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **Meantime/Flowin'**
LONDON Palmers Green The Fox (01-886 9674) **Geno Washington And The Ram Jam Band**
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) **Carlene Carter**
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-788 1900) **Ian Shaw And Johnny Miller**
LONDON Stockwell Plough (01-274 3879) **The Barflies**
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **Terraplane**
LONDON Wimbledon William Morris Club (01-661 8877) **Full Moon/Haze**
LONDON Wood Green Brabant Road TU Centre **Poorboys**
LOUGHBOROUGH Morris's Club **Engine**
MALVERN The Lamb Inn **The Roadrunners**
MANCHESTER De La Salle College **The Man Upstairs**
MANCHESTER Gallery (061-834 0474) **Baby Tuckoo**
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) **Sigue Sigue Sputnik/Black Elvis 2000/Colbert Hamilton**
MANCHESTER Slosky's Gary Glitter
MANCHESTER Wythenshaw Greenwood Tree **Reckless Hearts**
NEWBRIDGE High Street Memorial Hall (243019) **First Bad Saloon/Extra**
NEWCASTLE The Broken Doll **The Bloodbrothers**
NEWCASTLE Riverside (614386) **Kurtis Blow**
NEWCASTLE University Castle Leazes Hall (328402) **The Tier Garden**
NORTHAMPTON Black Lion (39472) **Spaceman 3**
NUNEATON Bond Gate Social Club (347563) **Dream Factory**
OXFORD Pennyfarthing (246007) **Port In A Storm**
PAISLEY College Of Technology (041-889 9940) **Face Of Dachau/Exquisite Corpse/Colour Vision**
PENZANCE Demelzas **Poetic Justice/Blue Touch Paper**
READING Paradise Club (56847) **The Cherry Bombz**
READING University St David's Hall (860222) **Geneva**
READING Wessex Hall **Shark Row/Wilderness**
SAFFRON WALDEN Football Club **Cri De Couer/The Start**
SALFORD The Willows (061-736 8541) **Harvey And The Wallbangers**
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic (760621) **The Red Wedge Comedy Tour**
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) **Kahondo Style**
STOURBRIDGE YWCA **The Peppermint Airgun**
SUNDERLAND Polytechnic (45512) **Urban Warriors/Podomofski**
SURBITON The Southampton (01-399 6107) **The Reactors**
SWANSEA Caswell Bay (48057) **Knights Of Avalon**
THAME Sports And Arts Centre **Bridgin' The Gap/Broad St Blues**
UXBRIDGE Brunel University (39125) **Erasure**
WARMINSTER Arts Centre **Random Gender/Running From Jerusalem/Chapter One**
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **FBI/Cairo**
WIGAN The Den (711691) **The Decemebrists**
WOKINGHAM Angles (789912) **Jive Alive**

WEDNESDAY

5

BIRMINGHAM Peacocks (021-643 6751) **The Weather Prophets/Mighty Mighty**
BRABOURNE Five Bells **Killer Rabbits**
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **Living Daylites**
BRIGHTON Richmond (603974) **Red Lorry Yellow Lorry/Sins Of Omission**
BURNLEY Smackwater Jacks **Inside Information**
CANEBURY Kent University (464724) **Joolz**
CHATHAM Churchills **The Heroic Six Acks/The Andy Pandys**
CROYDON Underground (01-760 0833) **Huw Lloyd-Langton**
DARLINGTON Arts Centre (483271) **District Six**
DOVER Louis Armstrong **Uncle Lumpy And The Fish Doctors**
DUDLEY JB's (53597) **Breaking Point**
DUNSTABLE Queensway Hall (603326) **Sigue Sigue Sputnik**
DUNSTABLE Wheatheaf (62571) **Summerhouse**
FROYLE Prince Of Wales **Boogie Chillen**
HASTINGS The Crypt (444675) **Knives**
HULL Troops Bar (20261) **Haze**
LEEDS Adam And Eve's (456724) **Sacrilege/Concrete Sox/The Anihilated/Diseased**
LEEDS Coconut Grove (455718) **Jim Birkett And Gary Boyle**
LEEDS University (439071) **Steel Pulse**
LEICESTER Ritz's Wine Bar **The Desperados**
LONDON Argyle Street Palladium **Incantation**
LONDON Battersea Latchmere (01-223 3549) **Duffo**
LONDON Bolsover Street Central Polytechnic (01-636 6271) **Ted Chippington**
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **The Stargazers/The Panic Brothers**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Karen D'Ache/Helter Skelter/The Dance Class**
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **Dirty Money/The Folling**
LONDON Dean Street Gossips **State 53**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **A Bigger Splash**
LONDON Fulham Kings Head (01-736 1413) **The Toucans**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **Frankie And The Big Shots/Tolane**
LONDON Gordon Street Bloomsbury Theatre (01-386 9629) **Tony Oxley/Didier Levallet**
LONDON Green Lanes Chas And Dave's (01-226 5930) **Jack Plug And The Sockettes**
LONDON Greenwich Duke Of Wellington **No Relation**
LONDON Hackney Brooksbys Walk Chats Palace (01-986 6714) **They Came From Plymouth**
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **Famous Places/Steel Flags**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Big Jim And The Figaro Club**
LONDON Houghton Street School Of Economics (01-405 7686) **The Millies/Banerjee Sisters/Maureen Manera**
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Ciel (01-729 2476) **Clark Tracey Quintet**
LONDON Islington Hare And Hounds (01-226 2992) **Flex Able**
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) **The Folk Devils/Pig Bros**
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) **Burning Spear**
LONDON Lee Green Old Tigers Head (01-851 6373) **Before The War/The Choice**
LONDON Malet Street London University (01-580 9551) **LWS**
LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) **The Shining**
LONDON Mile End Queen Mary College (01-980 4811) **Jokers Wild**
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **The Apartments/Johnny Pinko**
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **The Original Dixielanders**
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) **Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band**
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-788 1900) **Word Of Mouth**
LONDON Shepherds Bush Wellington **Voyeur/Straight Edge**
LONDON Stockwell Plough (01-274 3879) **Smokestack Lightning**
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **The Grip**
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-834 5109) **The Enid**
MANCHESTER Fagins **Danielle Dax/Salvation**
MANCHESTER Hacienda (061-236 5051) **King Kurt**
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) **The Bangles/Silent Movies**
MONKS HORTON Black Horse **The Gary Dean Band**
NEWCASTLE Riverside (614386) **Dust On The Needle**
NEWCASTLE Westerhope Balloon She **Chakk**
NOTTINGHAM Rock City (412545) **Chakk**
OXFORD Jericho Tavern (54507) **Demetrius And The Gladiators**
PRESTON Lancashire Polytechnic **The Red Wedge Comedy Tour**

FRIDAY

7

ABERDEEN Victoria Hotel (582255) **District Six**
ALDERSHOT White Swan **Boogie Chillen**
BANGOR University **Tredegar/Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
BASILDON Roundacre (285119) **Gizmo**
BATH London Road Longacre Hall **Webcore/Ozric Tentacles/The Jazz Aliens**
BEDFORD Polhill College **Summer House**

SATURDAY

8

ABERDEEN Venue (22255) **The June Brides**
ALDERMASTON The Butt Inn (711099) **Fair Exchange**
AMERSHAM Iron Horse **Lazy**
AVIMORE Osprey Rooms **Tony O'Neill/Earthworks**
AYLESBURY Ambulance Club **Pineapple Platoon/7 Days In May**
BANBURY Wheatheaf **Spacemen 3**
BATH Moles Club (333423) **These Tender Virtues**
BEDFORD Load Of Hay **Antz Avenue**
BIRKENHEAD Stairways (051-647 6544) **Phantom**

SHIFTS

BIRMINGHAM Lesbian And Gay Centre (021-359 5660) De Stijl/Ted Chippington/Fuzzbox
BIRMINGHAM West Hill College (021-472 7245) General Wolfe
BISHOP STORTFORD Rose And Crown Rough Justice
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Juveissance
BRIGHTON Polytechnic (819141) Chakk
CARDIFF Bogies Club (26168) Lifestyle
CARDIFF Nero's (45987) The Guana Batz
COLCHESTER Essex University (862286) Gene Loves Jezebel/Ernest Reijseger
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic The Housemartins
COVENTRY Warwick University (417220) Tara Zara
CROSSKEYS Institute (270301) The Enid
DUDLEY JB's (53597) Rousen
DURHAM Sherburn District Sports Centre Old Bill
EDINBURGH Jailhouse Pendragon
EXETER University (263263) The Playthings
GRAVESEND Red Lion (66127) Larry Miller
HARLOW The Square (25594) Clampdown/Aunt Lucy
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Tredegar
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head Tony McPhee/Hard Road
HUDDERSFIELD Hudawi District Six
HULL Adelphi (48216) The Shop Assistants/Tools You Can Trust/Last Crusade
INVERNESS Ice Rink (35711) Pendragon
KINGS LYNN Blue And Gold Club Huw Lloyd-Langton
KIRKCALDY St Clair Tavern Baby's Got A Gun
LEEDS Eagle Tavern The Prowlers
LEEDS University (439071) George Melly With John Chilton's Feetwarmers
LEICESTER International (20471) Mission Impossible
LEICESTER Polytechnic (555576) Sique Sique Sputnik
LEICESTER University (556282) The Bootleg Beatles
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic (051-236 2481) The Cherry Bombz
LONDON Acton Bumbles Illustrious Cutlery
LONDON Acton High Street George And Dragon (01-992 1932) Irish Mist
LONDON Bellingham Bonnies (01-698 3293) i2i
LONDON Bethnal Green Green Gate (01-739 4920) Jackie Lynton/Mick Clarke Band
LONDON Bolsover Street Central Polytechnic (01-636 6271) Turnpike Cruisers
LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) Dance Exchange
LONDON Brixton George Canning Jabba
LONDON Camden Carnarvon Castle Wolfie Witcher (Lunch)
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Dave Kelly Band
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Aces Of Rhythm (Lunch)
LONDON Rent Party/Sylvia Griffin And Her Real Gone Guys (Eve)
LONDON Chalk Farm Enterprise The Bomb Party/The Regular Guys
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Rift Valley Raiders
LONDON Dalston Crown And Castle (01-254 3678) Oscar McLennon/The Vulcans
LONDON Deptford Crypt The Pyjama Sutra/Dark Asylum/There Goes Algy/The Ides Of March
LONDON Douglas Way Albany Empire (01-691 3333) Billy Bragg/High Fire (SOGAT 82 Benefit)
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Iggy Quail And Friends (Lunch) Wilko Johnson/The Shakers (Eve)
LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) The Amazing Rhythm Buglars
LONDON Fulham Kings Head (01-736 1413) Stan Webb's Chicken Shack
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) CBI/The Men Who Came In From The Cold
LONDON Greenwich Rowing Club The Shrew Kings
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0837) Boys Wonder
LONDON Hackney Brooksby's Walk Chats Palace (01-986 6714) The Tottenham Soul Singers/Lil Cook/Elana Barry/Juliet Singer
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Red Lorry Yellow Lorry/The Bolshoi/Blyth Power/Gangland Funeral/Furniture
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Carlene Carter
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) A Bigger Splash/The Natives/AN Other
LONDON Houghton Street School Of Economics (01-405 7686) Maria Tolly/Sista Culcha
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Supercombo
LONDON Islington George And Dragon The Reflection/Solid State
LONDON Kennington Duke Of Clarence Stomp/Giant
LONDON Kensington Queen Elizabeth College The Chevalier Brothers
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Meantime
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Mick Brown
LONDON New Cross Road Royal Albert The Ya Yas
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Geno Washington And The Ram Jam Band
LONDON Palmers Green The Fox (01-886 9674) Hank Wangford
LONDON Portobello Acklam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) Head
LONDON Putney Hall Moon (01-788 2387) Juice On The Loose
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-788 1900) Denise Black And The Kray Sisters
LONDON Rathbone Place Black Horse Rory McLeod
LONDON Stockwell Plough John Stevens/Bernie Holland/Nigel Moysie/Jeff Clyne
MACCLESFIELD Beehive Pet Hate
MANCHESTER Gallery (061-832 3597) The Stems
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) The Redskins
MANCHESTER Polytechnic (061-273 1162) The Red Wedge Comedy Tour
MONMOUTH Leisure Centre James Hogg
NORTHAMPTON Moulton Park Hene College Pop Icons
NORWICH Festival House Chasas
NOTTINGHAM University Ken Wood And The Mixers
NUNEATON Bond Street The Crown (385811) Click Click
OXFORD Pennyfarthing (246007) Virtue
OXFORD University (511732) One Stop The World/The Slee Club
PORTSMOUTH Cosham Community Centre (370019) Depraved/Ad-Nauseum/Caustic Filth/Social Decay/Shrapnel/Mad Thatchers/All The Glory/Bad Noise/Septicemia/Rip Cord/Virus/Smart Pills/Nox Mortis/Sewers Of Oblivion (Anti-Apartheid Benefit. Starts 2.30 pm)
SALFORD The Willows (061-735 8541) Harvey And The Wallbangers
SALISBURY Arts Centre (21744) Black Roots
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) Danielle Dax
SOUTHAMPTON University (556291) Pallas
ST ALBANS City Hall Summer House
SWANTON RAF Morley Engine
TRURO William IV Poetic Injustice
WARRINGTON Lion (30047) Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
WELLINGBOROUGH Queensway Hall Play The Joker
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Totally Suspect
WINDSOR Arts Centre (859336) Prime Time
WOKINGHAM Angie (789912) Rebecca Wolf
WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) Steve Gibbons Band
YORK University (412328) Fatal Charm/Gee Mr Tracy/The Clan

GUILDFORD Civic Hall (505050) Dumpy's Rusty Nuts/The Higsons/The Body Politic (Live-Aid)
HARLOW The Square (25594) Sammy Rimmington/John Petters
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion The Connection/Orion/Five O'Clock Approach/The Red/Famous Five/The Late Road Lunatics/Cry Wolf/Main Function/Vine Pie's Allstars/The Wandering Souls/Snake Corps/Restless (Mexico City Disaster Benefit - Starts 12.30pm)
KINGSTON Dolphin Full Moon/Haze
LLANHARAN RFC Chariot
LONDON Battersea Latchmere (01-223 3549) 45 South
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Dock's Blues Band
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Aviators/City Heat/Future Reference/The Primitives/Play The Joker
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Too Twenty Two/Fun City
LONDON Crooms Hill Greenwich Theatre Alan Price
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Iggy Quail And Friends (Lunch) John Otway (Eve)
LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) Wolfie Witcher (Lunch)
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) The Poorboys
LONDON Lee Green Old Tigers Head Armistice/Civil War/Knutz With A Z
LONDON Lewisham Concert Hall Pentangle
LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) Sink
LONDON New Cross Heart Club The Nightingales/Ted Chippington/The Beloved
LONDON North Finchley Torrington (01-445 4710) The Balham Alligators
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Barflies (Lunch) Paz (Eve)
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Little John's Jazzers
LONDON Putney Hall Moon (01-788 2387) Boogie Brothers Blues Band
LONDON Stockwell Plough (01-274 3879) Radical Shieks
LONDON Wood Green Brabant Road TU Centre Frederick Benson/John Hegley/Roland Muldoon/Country Yvonne And Left-Wing Teds
MANSFIELD James Maud Sports Club Just Blue
MIDDLESBOROUGH The Outlook Sweet Young Things
NEWBRIDGE High Street Memorial Hall (243019) Swansea Blues Bunch
NEWCASTLE Riverside (614386) She
OXFORD Penny farthing (246007) Tara Zara
POOLE Parkstone Folk Club Rory McLeod
SOUTHAMPTON Mayfair (223076) Steele Pulse/Jungleman
ST NEOTS Cockney Pride KGB
WATFORD New Penny Club (22003) Crimson Veil
WATFORD Pumphouse (01-907 5072) Will Killeen
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Timeless Flight
WOKINGHAM Angies (789912) Red City Rockers

MONDAY

10

BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Wolfie Witcher
COVENTRY Busters Red Lorry Yellow Lorry
COVENTRY Sir Colin Campbell Doc Mustard
COVENTRY Warwick University (417220) District Six
DUNSTABLE Wheatstheaf (62571) Dream Collar
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic (38156) Haze
LEEDS Central Zoot And The Roots
LEEDS University (439071) Red Wedge Comedy Tour
LEICESTER University (556282) Kahondo Style
LIVERPOOL Wood Street Wilsons Bar Engine
LONDON Battersea Latchmere (01-223 3549) Amazing Hot Shots
LONDON Bellingham Bonnies (01-698 3293) Outside View
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Electric Bluebirds
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Zuteks/The Characters/Thirteen Days
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Vakeros/Laugh In Fear
LONDON Cricklewood Lane Hogs Grunt Important Notice
LONDON Dean Street Gossips Alice In Wonderland Webcore
LONDON Deptford Crypt The Centre Barcelona Bus Company/Liquid Laughter/The Conflict Video/One Way Craze
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Raw/Hot/Dancing In English
LONDON Fulham Kings Head (01-736 1413) The Beatless
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Joel Blon/Southbound
LONDON Greek Street Le Boat Route (01-734 6308) Clark Ellis And The Press/Sourberries/Eden/Steel Flags
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0837) Innocents/High Contact
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) The Price/Moloko Plus
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Vera Cruise/Gregory Gray
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) Fallen Heroes/Zero 963
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Mighty Lights Of Paradise/The Dalston Brothers
LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) The Temperance
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Surf Drums/The Shrubs
LONDON Putney Hall Moon (01-788 2387) The Piranhas
LONDON Putney High Street White Lion (01-785 3081) Hullahaloo/Gdonya Boys/Barb Jung and Michael Parker
MALTHAM Winter Gardens Pentangle
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) The Janitors/The Risk
MANSFIELD Brigadoun Shotgun Wedding/Scumdribblers
NEWCASTLE Riverside (614386) Left For Dead/Troubleshooters/Skeletal Family
NEWCASTLE Tiffany's (612526) Southern Silhouette
SHEFFIELD University Maze Bar (24076) Mr Morality/Henry Normal
SLOUGH The George (20568) Fair Exchange
SOUTHAMPTON The Angel The Act
STOKE Shelley's (322209) The Enid
WALSALL Wednesbury The Anchor Flowers In The Dustbin/Feud
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Red Shoes

TUESDAY

11

ABERDEEN Valhallas (695701) The Shamen/Gillian Silver (CND Benefit)
BANGOR University Jazz Room Third Spain/Cut Tunes
BILLINGHAM The Swan Pendragon
BIRKENHEAD The Angel (051-647 7853) Hammerfist
BIRMINGHAM Peacocks (021-643 6751) Flowers In The Dustbin/Feud
BIRMINGHAM University (021-455 9777) The Man Upstairs/Terry And Gerry/The Boaty Man
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Ivor's Jivers
BRIGHTON Escape Club (606906) Striptease/No Geraniums/Sweet Dragons/Burn
BRISTOL Old Profrany Showboat I Am 7/The Elephant Men
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) Chakk
CARDIFF Chapter Arts Centre Statues Of Us
COVENTRY Pilgrim Club Freight Train/20 Days
CROYDON Cartoon Under The Gun
DUDLEY JB's (53597) Anonymous Bosch
EXETER Arts Centre (219741) DVB/Cloud 9
GLASGOW Bath Street Shadows Friends Of Heroes
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic (38156) The Red Wedge Comedy Tour
HULL Peppermint Park The Bootleg Beatles
LEEDS Adam And Eve's (456724) The Stingrays/The Styngrytes
LEEDS Polytechnic (430171) Sique Sique Sputnik
LEEDS University (439071) Doctor And The Medics/Salvation
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Skanksters/Fascination
LONDON Cricklewood Lane Hogs Grunt (01-450 8969) The Reactors
LONDON Douglas Way Albany Empire (01-691 3333) The Gail Thompson Quartet/The Touch/Lola Odunwale
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) The Rapiors
LONDON Fulham Broadway The Swan (01-385 1840) The Mick Clarke Band
LONDON Fulham Kings Head (01-736 1413) Word Of Mouth

LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Silent Arcade/The Jump Tribe
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Webcore/Robots On Strike
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Trevor Gentry/Never B4 Moloko Plus
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) The Mint Juleps/Danger Zone/Gilles Peterson
LONDON Liverpool Road Pied Bull (01-837 3218) Denise Black And The Kray Sisters
LONDON Putney Hall Moon (01-788 2387) Meantime
MANCHESTER Fagins The Housemartins/His Latest Flame
MANCHESTER Hacienda (061-236 5051) Kurtis Blow
MANCHESTER Wilmslow Road Mulberry's (061-434 4624) The Stems
NORTHAMPTON Derngate Theatre (26222) The Enid
NORWICH Ritzy Stripes/Digital Bitch/The Frame
NORWICH Theatre Royal (628205) Harvey And The Wallbangers
NOTTINGHAM Mard Gras (862368) Dumpy's Rusty Nuts
PETERBOROUGH Gladstone Arms KGB
RIPON Brontes (522960) They Must Be Russians
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) Psychic TV
SHEFFIELD University Maze (24076) One Stop The World
SOUTHAMPTON Labour Club Omega Tribe/Earth's Epitaph/Nox Mortis
STAVELEY Youth Club Megacity One The Insurgators/Les Turds/Poison In The Machine/The Losers/Rubber Pig Vendetta/Another Cultural Tenancy
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) Shy Reptiles
STOKE Shelley's (322209) The Redskins
SWANSEA Marina Gene Loves Jezebel



DANIELLE DAX lets her hair down

SUNDAY

9

ABERDEEN Amatola Hotel Old Nick's Eternity Ballroom/Party's Over
ALDERSHOT Volunteer Boogie Chillen
AMMANFORD Fantasy James Hogg
BEDFORD Winkles Club (212161) The Brain Thieves
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Barrel Organ (021-622 1353) 15 Minutes
BIRMINGHAM Powerhouse (021-643 4715) Sique Sique Sputnik
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) KGB/Footloose (Lunch) Vienna (Eve)
BRIGHTON Escape Club (606906) The March Violets/The Mighty Lemon Drops/Torture Garden
CROSSKEYS Institute (270301) The Enid
CROYDON Underground (01-760 0833) Red Lorry Yellow Lorry/The Flags
DUDLEY JB's (53597) Steve Gibbons Band
FALMOUTH Laughing Pirate Poetic Injustice
FETCHAM Riverside Club (375713) The Guana Batz/Uncle Dave And The Butchers From Outer Space

TOUR NEWS

TONY OXLEY from Britain and **Didier Levallet** from France, two of Europe's leading jazz improvisers, join their respective groups for a British tour this month at London Bloomsbury Theatre March 5, Bracknell South Hill Park Arts Centre 6, Oxford St Pauls 7, Birmingham Strathallan Hotel 9, Leicester Phoenix Arts Centre 10, Liverpool Bluecoat 11, York University 12.

RORY McLEOD has lined up more dates to promote his debut album at Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (with CBI) March 4, London Rathbone Place Jockey Club 8, Poole Parkstone Folk Club 9, Kennington Cricketers (with Jamie Wednesday) 19, Battersea Arts Centre 21.

HAZE have added a couple more dates this month at Hull Troggs Bar March 5, Kingston Dolphin 9, Nottingham Mardis Gras 18.

PENDRAGON have cancelled scheduled gigs at Inverness March 8 and Bangor 21 but they've added Edinburgh Jailhouse March 8 and Southampton University 14.

TWENTY FLIGHT ROCKERS boogie on down at Camden Electric Ballroom March 13, Croydon Underground 20, University Of London Union 21, Brighton Escape Club 23, London Marquee 26, Colchester The Works 28.

ENGINE, the Birkenhead boogie trio, load up the van to play Loughborough Morris' Club March 7, Hebden Bridge Shoulder Of Mutton 14, Cross Keys Institute 15, Ellesmere Arms 16, Burton Central Park Club 21, Wolverhampton Scruples 22, Stoke Kings Hall 23, Melbourne Rock Club 28, Haddiscoe Pampas Lodge 29, Northampton Old Five Bells 30.

THE SHRUBS come out from behind the foliage to play Kennington Cricketers March 10, Woolwich Thames Polytechnic 14, Kentish Town Town And Country Club 20, Portobello Road Bay 63 27.

SPIDER get back on the road to promote their new 'Raise The Banner' album on PRT at Colchester The Works March 12, Leicester Polytechnic 13, East Sheen The Bull 14, Newport TJ's Disco 17, Birmingham New Imperial Hotel 18, Folkestone Leas Cliffe Hall 19, Finsbury Park Sir George Robey 20, Tunbridge Wells Assembly Rooms 21, Retford Porterhouse 22, Spennymore Recreation Centre 24, Billingham Swan 25, Glasgow The Venue 28, Oban Corran Hall 29, Ayr Pavilion 31, Swansea Marina April 3, Bournemouth International Centre 4, London Marquee 15.

THE GODFATHERS spread the word outside London this month with gigs at Huddersfield Polytechnic March 5, York Links Club 6, Wolverhampton Polytechnic 7, Manchester University 19.

CAUSE AND EFFECT, a West Sussex rock band, have gigs lined up at Sharpthorne Ravenswood Inn March 12, Portsmouth Polytechnic (with The Cherry Bombz) 15, Hastings Crypt 21, Wokingham Angies April 4, Brighton Old Vic 7.

THE WHIPLASH GIRLS, who reckon they were pushed off the bill at Croydon Underground last month because The Cherry Bombz were scared of being blown off stage, have dates of their own at London Penthouse (with The Enid) March 23, Hayes Adam And Eves 27, Sudbury Quay Theatre 31, Colchester The Works April 5.

STRAP ON JACK, the Birmingham band, fill up their date sheet this month with gigs at Birmingham Grapes March 13, Banbury Stadium 15, Birmingham Sheldon Pub 21, Birmingham Grapes 27, Launceston White Horse Inn 29, Plymouth Ark Royal 30.



CIRCUS CIRCUS CIRCUS, who've just released a single called 'Six Gears To Heaven', have a tour this month at Bath Moles March 7, Twickenham St Mary's 8, Brighton Savannahs 10, Liverpool Polytechnic 12, Warwick University (with Kurtis Blow) 13, Leicester Princess Charlotte 14, Sheffield Leadmill 15, Colchester The Works 16, Leeds University (with Hüsker Dü) 18, Manchester University 19, Brixton Academy (with Big Country) 27.



CARLENE CARTER, who is just about to start rehearsing a part in a musical called *Angry Housewives* due to open in April, has a gig at Harlesden Mean Fiddler on March 8.

THE SHAKERS, who've just released their 'Missing Link' EP, play Leicester International March 7 and Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (with Wilko Johnson) 8.

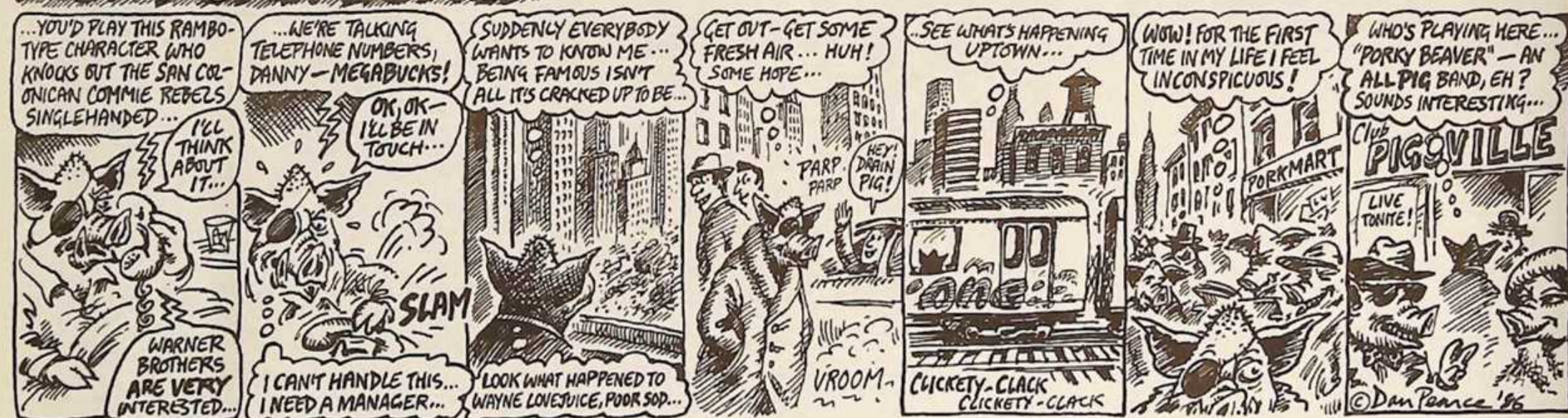
FULL MOON, a South London rock band, unveil their new line-up at Wimbledon William Morris Club March 7, Kingston Dolphin 9, Acton Bumbles 28.

THE CARDIACS break off from recording their first album to play Fetcham Riverside Club March 7, Central London Polytechnic 15.

SAMURAI, the heavy metal combo who have an album coming out on Ebony this month called 'Master Weapon', have lined up a tour at Melbourne Rock Club March 21, Cardiff Bogeys 29, Dudley JB's April 3, Warrington Lion 5, Colwyn Bay Central Hotel 6, Kings Lynn Blue And Gold 19, Peterborough Glasshouse 20, Stoke Shelleys 28.

Confused? Sorry, Hot Pork Lunch suffered dyspepsia last week: normal service will now be resumed.

HOT PORK LUNCH No. 41



CHART

UK 50 SINGLES UK 50 ALBUMS

- 1 2 CHAIN REACTION Diana Ross Capitol
- 2 4 LOVE MISSILE FI-11 Sique Sique Sputnik Parlophone
- 3 1 WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH THE TOUGH GET GOING Billy Ocean Jive
- 4 6 BURNING HEART Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 5 5 HOW WILL I KNOW Whitney Houston Arista
- 6 11 DON'T WASTE MY TIME Paul Hardcastle Chrysalis
- 7 19 MANIC MONDAY The Bangles CBS
- 8 3 ELOISE The Damned MCA
- 9 8 STARTING TOGETHER Su Pollard Rainbow
- 10 30 THE POWER OF LOVE Huey Lewis & The News Chrysalis
- 11 17 AND SHE WAS Talking Heads EMI
- 12 10 RISE Public Image Ltd Virgin
- 13 22 IF YOU WERE HERE TONIGHT Alexander O'Neal Tabu
- 14 7 SYSTEM ADDICT Five Star Tent
- 15 35 NEW YORK NEW YORK Frank Sinatra Warner Brothers
- 16 20 STRIPPED Depeche Mode Mute
- 17 12 BORDERLINE Madonna Sire
- 18 33 HOUNDS OF LOVE Kate Bush EMI
- 19 14 TURNING AWAY Shakin' Stevens Epic
- 20 43 HEAVEN MUST BE MISSING AN ANGEL Tavares Capitol
- 21 24 ONE DANCE WON'T DO Audrey Hall Germain
- 22 9 THE CAPTAIN OF HER HEART Double Polydor
- 23 13 LIVING IN AMERICA James Brown Scotti Brothers
- 24 15 RADIO AFRICA Latin Quarter Rockin' Horse
- 25 27 I'M NOT GONNA LET YOU Colonel Abrams MCA
- 26 16 IMAGINATION Belouis Some Parlophone
- 27 18 THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES ON TV A-ha Warner Brothers
- 28 — KISS Prince & The Revolution Warner Brothers
- 29 26 WALK OF LIFE Dire Straits Vertigo
- 30 — (NOTHING SERIOUS) JUST BUGGIN' Whistle Champion
- 31 — SILENT RUNNING (ON DANGEROUS GROUND) Mike & The Mechanics WEA
- 32 32 SWEETEST GIRL Madness Zarjazz
- 33 21 ONLY LOVE Nana Mouskouri Carrere/Philips
- 34 — HI HO SILVER Jim Diamond A&M
- 35 — CALLING AMERICA ELO Epic
- 36 23 LIFE'S WHAT YOU MAKE IT Talk Talk EMI
- 37 39 ROCK ME TONIGHT Freddie Jackson Capitol
- 38 28 SANCTIFY YOURSELF Simple Minds Virgin
- 39 — CANDYMAN Siouxsie & The Banshees Wonderland
- 40 — LOVE COMES QUICKLY Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 41 29 PULL UP TO THE BUMPER Grace Jones Island
- 42 — LOVE IS THE DRUG Grace Jones Island
- 43 25 SHOT IN THE DARK Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 44 45 SUGAR FREE Juicy Private I
- 45 — KYRIE Mr Mister RCA
- 46 — THE HONEY THIEF Hipsway Mercury
- 47 — DIGGING YOUR SCENE Blow Monkeys RCA
- 48 — CRY TO HEAVEN Elton John Rocket
- 49 — GET UP I FEEL LIKE BEING A SEX MACHINE James Brown Polydor
- 50 49 ANOTHER NIGHT Aretha Franklin Arista

- 1 2 WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista
- 2 1 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 3 3 ROCKY IV Soundtrack Scotti Brothers
- 4 6 BE YOURSELF TONIGHT Eurythmics RCA
- 5 9 NO JACKET REQUIRED Phil Collins Virgin
- 6 29 THE COLOUR OF SPRING Talk Talk EMI
- 7 5 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW A-ha Warner Brothers
- 8 17 HOUNDS OF LOVE Kate Bush EMI
- 9 4 JONATHAN KING PRESENTS THE BEST OF ENTERTAINMENT FROM THE USA Various Stylus
- 10 23 KING OF AMERICA Costello Show F Beat
- 11 11 LUXURY OF LIFE Five Star Tent
- 12 14 SEVENTH STAR Black Sabbath Vertigo
- 13 12 THE BROADWAY ALBUM Barbra Streisand CBS
- 14 20 ONCE UPON A TIME Simple Minds Virgin
- 15 18 ALBUM Public Image Ltd Virgin
- 16 10 WORLD MACHINE Level 42 Polydor
- 17 13 LITTLE CREATURES Talking Heads EMI
- 18 21 SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR Tears For Fears Mercury
- 19 8 THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 20 15 ISLAND LIFE Grace Jones Island
- 21 16 LIKE A VIRGIN Madonna Sire
- 22 7 DANCE HITS Various Towerbell
- 23 19 THE DREAM OF THE BLUE TURTLES Sting A&M
- 24 — HITS FOR LOVERS Various Epic
- 25 40 A DATE WITH ELVIS The Cramps Big Beat
- 26 25 PROMISE Sade Epic
- 27 24 GO WEST Go West Chrysalis
- 28 22 THE FIRST ALBUM Madonna Sire
- 29 27 FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS Fine Young Cannibals London
- 30 42 WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD Mr Mister RCA
- 31 28 PRIVATE DANCER Tina Turner Capitol
- 32 31 ALCHEMY Dire Straits Vertigo
- 33 43 ALONE Nana Mouskouri Philips
- 34 26 SUDDENLY Billy Ocean Jive
- 35 34 QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS Queen EMI
- 36 36 WHO'S ZOOMIN' WHO Aretha Franklin Arista
- 37 30 FEARGAL SHARKEY Feargal Sharkey Virgin
- 38 46 LIVE UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY U2 Island
- 39 37 JENNIFER RUSH Jennifer Rush CBS
- 40 33 NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC 6 Various EMI/Virgin
- 41 — EATEN ALIVE Diana Ross Capitol
- 42 35 THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE U2 Island
- 43 — PIECE BY PIECE John Martyn Island
- 44 39 HITS 3 Various CBS/WEA
- 45 47 BORN IN THE USA Bruce Springsteen CBS
- 46 38 GREATEST HITS VOLUMES I AND II Billy Joel CBS
- 47 32 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 48 49 DIAMOND LIFE Sade Epic
- 49 45 PRECIOUS MEMORIES Ann Williamson Emerald Gem
- 50 — LIVE IN NEW YORK CITY John Lennon Parlophone

Compiled by MRIB



ELVIS C: King rocker

SOUNDS TRACKS

Ron Rom
BLACKMAILER The Shrubs demo tape
MY FAVOURITE DRESS The Wedding Present Kershaw session
LA JUICE The Wolfhounds Pink

Kevin Murphy
L'ESCLAVE ENDORMI Richenel 4AD 12-inch
PETROL SUNSET D Rail Survival 12-inch
KING'S LEAD HAT Eno cut from 'More Blank Than Frank' EG LP

Edwin Pouncey
MYSTERY DISC The Mothers Of Invention Barking Pumpkin LP
SATAN'S SADISTS Original Soundtrack Smash LP
HALLOWEEN II Sonic Youth Blast Fire 12-inch

Carole Linfield
TWO PERSONS Wire Train CBS LP track
LOVE MISSILE FI-II Sique Sique Sputnik Russian version
DIGGING YOUR SCENE Blow Monkeys RCA

Tony Mitchell
AMERICA Prince Paisley Park 12-inch
LIVING IN AMERICA James Brown Scotti Brothers 12-inch
LOVE MISSILE FI-II Sique Sique Sputnik Parlophone

Glyn Brown
IF SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTS The Bangles CBS LP track
HOW WILL I KNOW? Whitney Houston Arista 45
THE QUEEN AND THE SOLDIER Suzanne Vega A&M 45

Chris Roberts
L'ESCLAVE ENDORMI Richenel 4AD 12 inch
BATHROOM IDEAS EXHIBITION Menticide Pink Flag 45
UPS Blue Aeroplanes forthcoming Fire LP track

James Brown
ONE MILE Ted Chippington from forthcoming Vindaloo LP (a good joke)
CONSPIRACY The Higsons Waap 45
NEITHER WASHINGTON NOR MOSCOW The Redskins Decca LP

Billy Mann
ON THE WIRE Steve Barker BBC Radio Lancashire
(Help! I'm running out of tapes)
WAR OF THE SUPERBIKES The Meatmen Homestead LP
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL DADA The Kray Cherubs Live experience

Neil Perry
WAR OF THE SUPER BIKES The Meatmen Homestead LP
LIKE A HURRICANE The Sisterhood/The Mission Live in London
FLY ON THE WALL AC/DC Atlantic LP

GERMAN MOTORING TERMS

- 1 SEATBELT Die Frauleintrapper
 - 2 WINDSCREEN WIPERS Die Splischenschlischenschiffers
 - 3 LARGE CAR Die Bagzerschaggenrumen
 - 4 GEAR STICK Die Falliskimblefrauleinschokker
 - 5 TYRE Die Runderblakkenkattenskwashers
 - 6 PUNCTURE Die Heijenhoggeninderkattenskwashers
 - 7 BLACK ICE Die Schlippenschlidenauboggeren
 - 8 EMERGENCY STOP Die Eadbangerondervindschreen
 - 9 ROAD BLOCK Die Donnerundblitzenstoppenfokkenwikken
 - 10 POLICEMAN Die Dummkoppenmitswastika
- Compiled by the Claverley frog taunting, owl stretching and snail bending society

REGGAE TENS

PRE-RELEASE

- 1 NICENESS King Kong Scorpio
- 2 CRY FOR THE YOUTH Supercat Techniques
- 3 THE GHETTOMAN SKANK Frankie Paul Thunderbolt
- 4 TRIBUTE Hopton Lindo Aqua
- 5 AUTOMATIC King Everall Whitehouse
- 6 MR CHIN SLIPPERS The Diamonds Hot Heat
- 7 KICK UP A RUMPUS Colourman And Jackie Knockshot Creation
- 8 COMPUTER RULE Screwdriver Sunset
- 9 CAN'T KNOCK ME Anthony Red Rose Waterhouse
- 10 JAH MADE THEM ALL Yummy Bolo Techniques

DISCO

- 1 SELECTOR HIM GOOD Little Clarke Jah Tubby
- 2 STOP THAT TRAIN Bim Sherman On-U-Sound
- 3 NAH GIVE UP Anthony Johnson Look To Africa
- 4 STEP ON MI CORN King Kong Firehouse
- 5 NATURAL MYSTIC Bob Marley Daddy Kool
- 6 KEEP ON DANCING Frankie Paul Greensleeves
- 7 GUN MAN Clarence Parks Yard Vibes
- 8 USER Horace Andy Music Hawk
- 9 BUBBLIN' TIME Supercat Unity



STEEL PULSE: hair raising

- 10 LOVE TO SHARE John Holt and Alton Ellis Basket

ALBUMS

- 1 HOTTEST HITS VOLUME 3 Various Artists Treasure Isle
- 2 BABYLON THE BANDIT Steel Pulse Elektra
- 3 RISING SUN Augustus Pablo Greensleeves
- 4 JAMAICA JAMAICA Brigadier Jerry RAS
- 5 DJ DON Peter Metro Jammys
- 6 FRESH Sophia George Winner
- 7 EIGHT LITTLE NOTES Audrey Hall Germain
- 8 BOBBY BABYLON Freddie McGregor Studio 1
- 9 CLASH Coco-Tea And Tenor Saw Witty
- 10 FOURTH TO DEAL Various Artists Pressure

Compiled by Daddy Kool 94 Dean Street London W1

ATTACK

HOT METAL 60 SINGLES

- 1 1 BURNING HEART Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 2 2 SHOT IN THE DARK Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 3 3 SMOKIN' IN THE BOYS ROOM Mötley Crüe Elektra
- 4 — THIS TIME Bryan Adams A&M
- 5 4 STAGES ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 6 5 VOICES Russ Ballard EMI America
- 7 7 YOU'RE IN LOVE Ratt Atlantic
- 8 6 SHAKE YOUR FOUNDATIONS AC/DC Atlantic
- 9 11 THROWING STONES AT THE WIND Pallas Harvest
- 10 16 RUN TO THE HILLS Iron Maiden EMI
- 11 10 MARKET SQUARE HEROES Marillion EMI
- 12 8 LEADER OF THE PACK Twisted Sister Atlantic
- 13 17 CAPTAIN BLOOD Beltane Fire CBS
- 14 20 RUNNING FREE Iron Maiden EMI
- 15 13 HEART OF LOTHIAN Marillion EMI
- 16 — ANIMAL (F**K LIKE A BEAST) WASP Music For Nations
- 17 9 GIMME GIMME IT ALL Spider PRT
- 18 14 THE WORLD WAITS FOR YOU Fastway CBS
- 19 12 NINETEEN Phil Lynott Polydor
- 20 — TONIGHT IT'S YOU Cheap Trick Epic



BLACK SABBATH get it off their chest

ALBUMS

- 1 1 THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 2 — SEVENTH STAR Black Sabbath Featuring Tony Iommi Vertigo
- 3 2 THE WEDGE Pallas Harvest
- 4 5 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 5 7 MISPLACED CHILDHOOD Marillion EMI
- 6 3 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 7 6 KAIZOKU-BAN Accept Portrait
- 8 14 ELIMINATOR ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 9 15 SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR Marillion EMI
- 10 4 THEATRE OF PAIN Mötley Crüe Elektra
- 11 13 INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY Ratt Atlantic
- 12 17 LIVE AFTER DEATH Iron Maiden EMI
- 13 10 WAITING FOR THE ROAR Fastway CBS
- 14 30 SOLDIERS UNDER COMMAND Stryper Enigma/Stiff
- 15 20 FLY ON THE WALL AC/DC Atlantic
- 16 — THE BIG PRIZE Honeymoon Suite WEA
- 17 22 BAT OUT OF HELL Meat Loaf Cleveland International
- 18 — KOMMANDER OF KAOS Wendy O' Williams Zebra
- 19 12 RIDE THE LIGHTNING Metallica Music For Nations
- 20 — FORCE MAJEURE Baby Tuckoo Music For Nations
- 21 11 LIVE '84 '85 Venom American Phonograph
- 22 21 BLACK AND WHITE Terraplane Epic
- 23 18 FUGAZI Marillion EMI
- 24 9 DIFFERENT BREED Beltane Fire CBS
- 25 — REAL TO REEL Marillion Fame
- 26 16 DONE WITH MIRRORS Aerosmith Geffen
- 27 8 DOUBLE TROUBLE LIVE Molly Hatchet Epic
- 28 27 POWER WINDOWS Rush Vertigo/Phonogram
- 29 19 THE LAST COMMAND WASP Capitol
- 30 24 DIARY OF A MADMAN Ozzy Osbourne Epic

IMPORTS

- 1 1 FIGHT TO SURVIVE White Lion Victor Japan
- 2 8 LIVING IN THE STREETS The Inner Scent Red Label
- 3 3 POISON DOLLYS Poison Dolls Invasion
- 4 5 FIT OF ANGER Wrath Greenworld
- 5 4 SURRENDER Joshua SMS
- 6 — KILLED BY FAITH Abandoned Savage Beat
- 7 10 YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT Rosy Vista Noise
- 8 9 METAL MASSACRE 7 Various Metal Blade
- 9 — SWEET PAIN Sweet Pain Combat
- 10 — FACE THE DAY Great White Enigma

Compiled by Spotlight Research



THE JAZZ BUTCHER: hard and soul

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 — A DATE WITH ELVIS The Cramps Big Beat
- 2 1 BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 3 — SEVEN SINGLES DEEP The Icicle Works Beggars Banquet
- 4 2 DAMNED BUT NOT FORGOTTEN The Damned Dojo
- 5 3 LOVE The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 6 27 THE SINGLES 81-85 Depeche Mode Mute
- 7 4 FIRST AVALANCHE Rose Of Avalanche LIL
- 8 — HELD DOWN TO VINYL... AT LAST! The Guana Batz ID Records
- 9 12 KALEIDOSCOPE WORLD Chills Creation
- 10 20 RUM, SODOMY AND THE LASH The Pogues Stiff
- 11 8 DREAMTIME The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 12 — MIDNIGHT MADNESS AND BEYOND GBH Rough Justice
- 13 6 THE OLD AND THE NEW A Certain Ratio Factory
- 14 5 THIS IS OIL! Various Oil
- 15 23 HATFUL OF HOLLOW The Smiths Rough Trade
- 16 9 LIVE II - HORRIBLE MUSIC, FOR HORRIBLE PEOPLE BY THIS HORRIBLE BAND The Meteors Dojo
- 17 15 LIFE'S A RIOT WITH SPY VS SPY Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 18 11 LOW-LIFE New Model Factory
- 19 7 WORLDS APART Subhumans Blurg
- 20 21 1979-1983 Bauhaus Beggars Banquet
- 21 17 TREASURE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 22 18 THIS NATION'S SAVING GRACE The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 23 — CLOSER Joy Division Factory
- 24 24 NIGHT OF A THOUSAND CANDLES The Men They Couldn't Hang Imp/Demon
- 25 16 FLIP YOUR WIG Hüsker Dü SST
- 26 10 FALSE ACCUSATIONS The Robert Cray Band Demon
- 27 26 NAIL Scraping Foetus Off The Wheel Self Immolation/Some Bizzare
- 28 13 FRANKENCHRIST Dead Kennedys Alternative Tentacles
- 29 25 THE CHRONICLE OF THE BLACK SWORD Hawkwind Flickknife
- 30 30 BATTLE SCARRED Condemned '84 Oil

Compiled by Spotlight Research

FORTHCOMING BOOKS

- 1 SOLO PROJECTS Andrew Ridgeley And Joe Leeway
- 2 THE PERFECT PITCH GUIDE Sade
- 3 HOW TO COPE WITH STARDOM The Roaring Boys
- 4 PHILOSOPHICAL LYRICAL CONTENT The Macc Lads
- 5 ADVANCED DENTISTRY Shane McGowan
- 6 THROTTLE UP SAFETY TECHNIQUES The Challenger Team
- 7 MUSICAL PROFUNDITY Roil Harris
- 8 MUSICAL CAREER LONGEVITY Aled Jones
- 9 VOCAL RANGE EXTENSION EXERCISES Morrissey
- 10 ORIGINALITY Julian Lennon

Compiled by the Cheam register of rock (and rocket) literature

N.A.S.A. 2

- 1 IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT Bucks Fizz
- 2 BROKEN WINGS Mr Mister
- 3 GET IT RIGHT NEXT TIME Gerry Rafferty
- 4 LET'S GET IT UP... FOR 72 SECONDS AC/DC

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 1 STRIPPED Depeche Mode Mute
- 2 3 GIVING GROUND The Sisterhood Merciful Release
- 3 — SEETHROUGH The Guana Batz ID Records
- 4 2 SOMEWHERE IN CHINA The Shop Assistants 53rd & 3rd
- 5 4 HOT GIRLS IN LOVE The Cherry Bombz Lick
- 6 6 WHISTLING IN THE DARK Easterhouse Rough Trade
- 7 22 ALL DAY LONG The Shop Assistants Subway Organisation
- 8 7 TIME IS MONEY (BASTARD) Swans K422
- 9 9 SPRING RAIN The Go-Betweens Beggars Banquet
- 10 12 SHE SELLS SANCTUARY The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 11 10 DAYS LIKE THESE Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 12 27 KICK OVER THE STATUES The Redskins Abstract Dance/Priority
- 13 — HARD The Jazz Butcher Glass
- 14 — GIVE IT TO ME The Gents Prism
- 15 16 CAN YOUR PUSSY DO THE DOG? The Cramps Big Beat
- 16 35 HOW I LEARNED TO LOVE THE BOMB TV Personalities Dreamworld Dream
- 17 17 ONCE MORE The Wedding Present Reception
- 18 15 TINY DYNAMINE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 19 18 HERE COMES THE MAN Boom Boom Room Fun After All
- 20 5 LIKE AN ANGEL The Mighty Lemon Drops Dreamworld
- 21 8 KOOL NOH Aswad Simba
- 22 13 RELIGIOUS PERSUASION Andy White Stiff
- 23 11 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 24 — WILD COLONIAL BOY Ruelref Kasper/Stiff
- 25 31 FLAG DAY The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 26 23 ECHOES IN A SHALLOW BAY Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 27 49 RAIN The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 28 24 THE BATTLE CONTINUES Conflict Mortarhate
- 29 29 BIBLE OF THE BEATS Age Of Chance Riot Bible
- 30 — THERESE Bodines Creation
- 31 28 SUB-CULTURE New Order Factory
- 32 — MAKES NO SENSE AT ALL Hüsker Dü SST
- 33 14 REVOLUTION Chumba Wumba Agitpop
- 34 46 IT WILL COME The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 35 33 V2 That Petrol Emotion Noise A Noise
- 36 21 LET THEM EAT BOSHED Bogshed Vinyl Drip
- 37 25 LA RAIN Rose Of Avalanche LIL
- 38 39 SOME VELVET MORNING Rowland Howard & Lydia Lunch 4AD
- 39 20 OUT FROM THE VOID Antisept Endangered Musik
- 40 — XXSEX We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It! Vindaloo
- 41 — RISE Into A Circle Arcadia
- 42 — TOMORROW Durutti Column Factory Benelux
- 43 32 FLOWER Sonic Youth Blastfirst
- 44 40 INCUBUS SUCCUBUS X Mal Deutschland 4AD
- 45 37 DESOLATION AVENUE The Leather Nun Wire
- 46 19 BITTERSWEET New Model Army Quiet!
- 47 26 SPIRITWALKER The Cult Situation Two
- 48 30 OUR VOICE IS TOMORROW'S HOPE Liberty Mortarhate
- 49 45 NO DEVOTION Revolting Cocks Beauty & Beast
- 50 48 UPSIDE DOWN The Jesus And Mary Chain Creation

Compiled by Spotlight Research

MISSING PARTS

- 1 DJANGO REINHARDT Fingers
- 2 RUSS CONWAY Finger
- 3 JOHNNY KIDD Eye
- 4 DEF LEPPARD Arm
- 5 JERRY DAMMERS Teeth
- 6 SAL SOLO Hair
- 7 VINCENT VAN GOGH Ear
- 8 ANDREW RIDGELEY Brain
- 9 SADE Voice
- 10 JAYNE COUNTY Heh Heh!

Chart compiler presently unavailable (missing)

- 5 S.O.S. Abba
- 6 BURNING DOWN ONE SIDE Robert Plant
- 7 TEACHERS (WITH A DASH OF SEVEN UP) I-Level
- 8 THREE STEPS TO HEAVEN Showaddywaddy
- 9 I LEFT MY HEART IN SAN FRANCISCO Tony Bennett
- 10 GREAT BALLS OF FIRE Jerry Lee Lewis

Compiled by Dave L and Laurie K in defiance of the US education cuts (there's only one teacher covering the whole of the Southern states...)

BAND AID

MIDI MANIA

Guitarists learn 'MIDI means YOU' at Frankfurt, and the wah heat is on, says **Tony Mitchell**

OK, THE MIDI guitar may have been the big axe story from Frankfurt, as Mister Colbeck hinted last week in our first post-Fair report.

But if you want a personal prediction of what's going to be the happening toy for most guitar players later this year, then I think we're looking at something much more down-to-earth – literally.

Because the wah-wah pedal looks like making a major come-back!

It's logical. For the past couple of years, the whammy bar has reigned supreme, and numerous improvements have been made in this previously neglected piece of machinery in order to allow us all to pursue our Jimi Hendrix fantasies.

Now everybody's got a guitar with a trem, the next thing must be to flog 'em all a wah-wah so they can get on with 'The Burning Of The Midnight Oil' and 'Voodoo Chile (Slight Return)' etc.

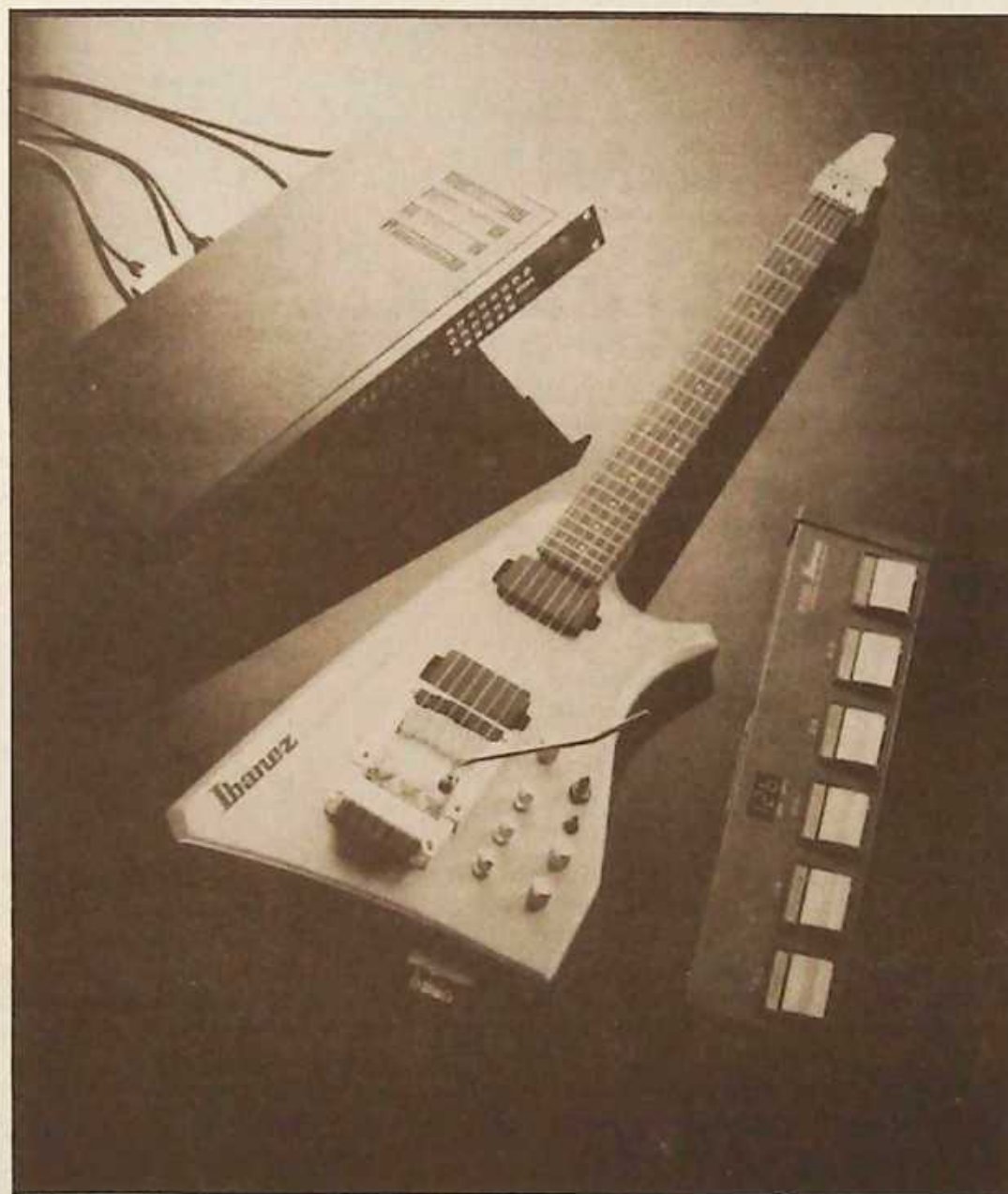
Standing in the wings is the firm of A&W who are going to be offering us the original Jen Cry-Baby pedal again very soon. But don't be surprised if hi-tech gets its oar in here too – expect digital, programmable wahs by the autumn!

All right, MIDI guitars. To be fair, Roland ought to get the credit for introducing the MIDI guitar, because that's certainly what the GR-700/G-707 package is. But they won't, simply because they didn't call it a MIDI guitar.

Hoshino did, however, and so their Ibanez IMG 2010 MIDI Guitar and IMC 1 MIDI Controller is seen as the first of a new breed. There's a certain irony here, since Hoshino went into partnership with Roland to make all the Roland guitar synths in the first place.

Their package consists of a futuristic looking axe with Roland-ish controls, driving a rack-mount MIDI unit with 128 presets. The guitar also features glass fibre reinforcement in addition to the usual neck truss-rod (and hence no Roland-style stabiliser bar) and the whammy bar does not simply bend the strings, but becomes an 'assignable parameter control arm', which means it can be used to bend others things as well. Estimated retail price is £1,500.

A somewhat simpler alternative is offered by the Shadow GTM6 system, which has been licensed to Hoyer in Germany and various other axe-makers including Charvel and Jackson. The Shadow system comprises a bridge



IBANEZ MIDI Guitar, converter and intelligent foot controller

assembly incorporating hex pick-up which can in theory be fitted to any guitar, similarly to a fine-tuning tremolo/tailpiece unit.

The pick-up drives a MIDI converter, which can then be used to control the sound source of your choice – MIDI synth, sampler or what have you. I saw it demonstrated with an Akai sampler which supplied tremendous orchestral chords every time the strings were thrashed. The system seemed to be very sensitive to normal playing techniques without any of the tracking problems and glitches experienced with previous guitar synths.

UK price will be around the £850-900 mark if the Deutschmark – and your mains voltage – remain stable. Stabilising your mains may cost you a bit more but £1,000 or so for a serious MIDI controller like this will undoubtedly be seen as a worthwhile investment by the more creative player. A bass version, the BTM6, is also available.

The third runner in the MIDI stakes is the IVL Pitchrider 7000, which has been promised at several trade shows but has failed to materialise until now. So brief was its appearance on the Kramer stand that (ahem)

some people missed it entirely. But Rosetti handle it in the UK so no doubt we'll be hearing more of it in due course.

The other big hit of the show, regardless of what instrument you play, also had a MIDI tagline, although in this case MIDI is just a useful extra and doesn't mean 'hi-tech users only'. I refer to the Midiverb, a superb little digital reverb unit which is going to be a Godsend to home recordists and musicians of all persuasions. For under £400, it offers a massive range of preset reverb types, from gated effects through to 18 second

delay.

Each preset has a corresponding number and 'room type' description on the top of the unit, so you don't have to worry about setting any particular effect up – you can just scroll through the presets until you find one you fancy. The unit is half rack width and resembles a small cassette machine in shape and size, which makes it ideal to seat alongside your Portastudio.

The siting of the (minimal) controls vertically in a front recess, rather than horizontally as on normal rackmount gear, also makes this a particularly attractive unit for freestanding applications. Examples will be in the shops in about a month's time.

Good, solid, Japanese, Taiwanese and Korean guitars in numerous shapes and finishes from the outlandish to the occasionally tasteful occupied acres of space at the show as usual. With so much variety from so many makers, it's really only the very weird stuff that stands out, although goodies from Aria, Westone, Fernandes, Ibanez and Hondo, to name but a few, will certainly be worth looking for in the shops soon.

Headless basses still proliferate, with Status being a favourite shape to copy this year, and our very own friends at Staccato look like they've sewn up US distribution with Silver Eagle, as well as negotiating Steinberger-type licensing deals which should prevent wholesale oriental ripping-off of Pat Townshend's many engineering innovations.

Silver Eagle were also giving stand-space to US bass player-builder Ken Smith, whose beautifully made four, five and six-string models are illustrated on his own string line packaging and can be ordered direct via retailers.

Amps? With Peavey's

Programax 10 setting the pace and the Exef PSE 1000M offering an interesting MIDI alternative in the form of a twin channel valve pre-amp with integrated effects mixer and 99 memories, everything else seemed lamentably ordinary, although Carlsbro's new-look wedge-shaped combos were very eye-catching, and a prototype 100 watt Cougar combo being shown to selected visitors by Mark Ray on the Westone stand promised great things.

Interesting news from Rosetti was the imminent launch in the UK of a new amp line called KMD, which has a connection with Kaman (Ovation etc) in the States, where they've been out for a while, and with Pro-Amp designer Roger Haines in the UK, where they're manufactured. KMD amps feature top quality components such as Groove Tubes matched valves, and may give some of our more established brands a real run for their money if the price is right.

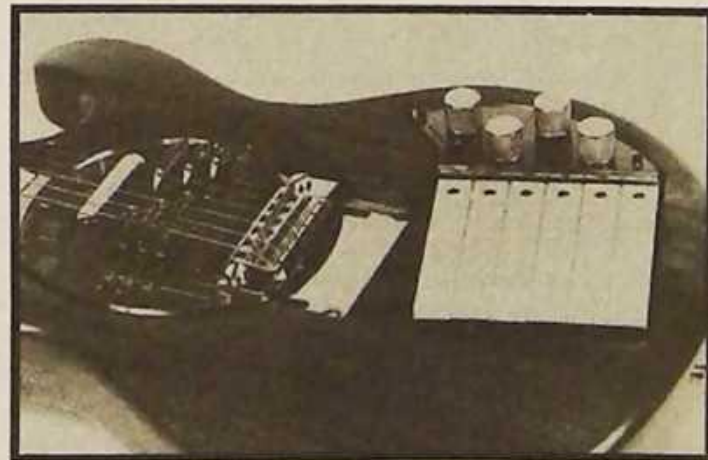
Almost forgot. My favourite guitar was none of this hi-tech stuff but a bass on the ESP stand whose body was decorated with what appeared to be one of those traditional Japanese water colours. Closer inspection reveals Japanese man doing naughty things to Japanese lady with tongue. Cunning, these orientals.

Or perhaps it was the Gittler, a sort of kindred spirit of The Stick which is probably destined to be more remarkable for the punning potential of its name than for any sounds it might make.

No, come to think of it, my favourite guitar was definitely the William TG1, described by inventor William Schmitz as an electro-mechanical key guitar, because the strings are plucked by six mechanical fingers operated by keys behind the bridge! It seems to have taken William some 22 years to realise his original idea, and I wouldn't be surprised if it takes him another 22 to sell one.

And you thought the future lay with MIDI!

I'll be looking at percussion and tying up a few loose ends in our final Frankfurt report following next week's *Digi Tech* feature.



WILLIAM TG1 electro-mechanical key guitar

ROLAND ARE staging a series of clinics this week to show off the capabilities of their Bass Guitar Synth and entire electronic percussion system.

Demonstrators are Robbie Burns bass and Ted McKenna percussion, and the evening shows are being put on in conjunction with local retailers.

Details are Oxford: in store, 6.30 pm, at ABC Music, 44 St Clements, Tuesday March 4; London West End: in store, 7 for 7.30 at Rose-Morris, Charing Cross Road WC2, Thursday 6; Norwich: 7.45 for 8, University of East Anglia Lower Common Room, University Plain (with Carlsbro), Friday 7.



SHADOW GTM6 MIDI converter

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Squier Vintage Precision	£195	Aria RSB old bass	£165
Squier Katana	£129	Aria SB Black/Gold 1	£299
Kramer Pacer Imperial	£259	Washburn ASV	£219
Kramer Focus X4000 + case	£399	Westone Concord 1 bass	£126
Kramer Focus X2000	£299	Westone Super headless bass	£126
Kramer Striker X100	£196	Wilkie B.I. bass	£421
Kramer Striker X200	£219	Wilkie B.I. active bass	£361
Kramer Striker X300	£219	Ibanez AS80 semi	£320

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Buy any of the advertised products listed here on Friday 7th or Saturday 8th of March between 12 noon and 1pm and receive an extra 5% off advertised prices (ex. part exchanges).

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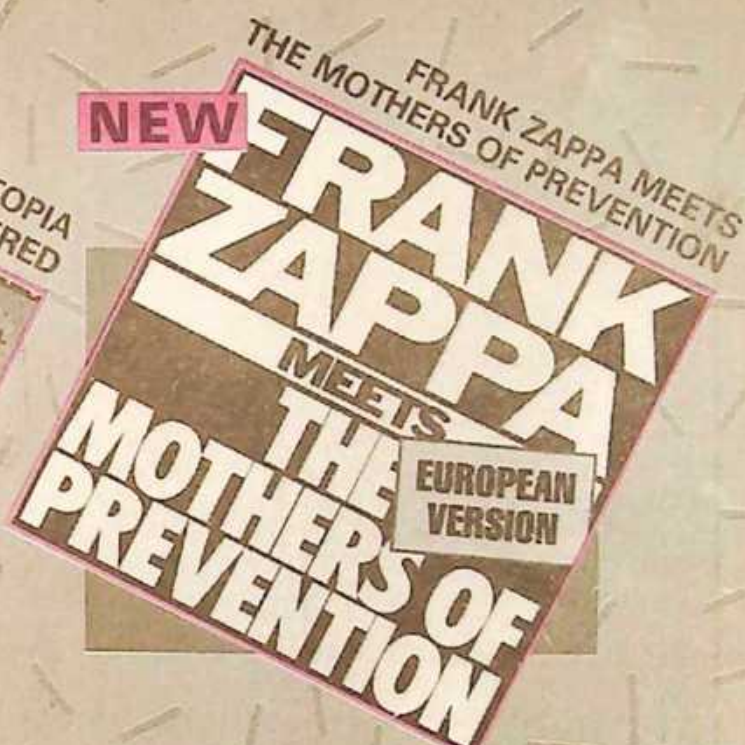
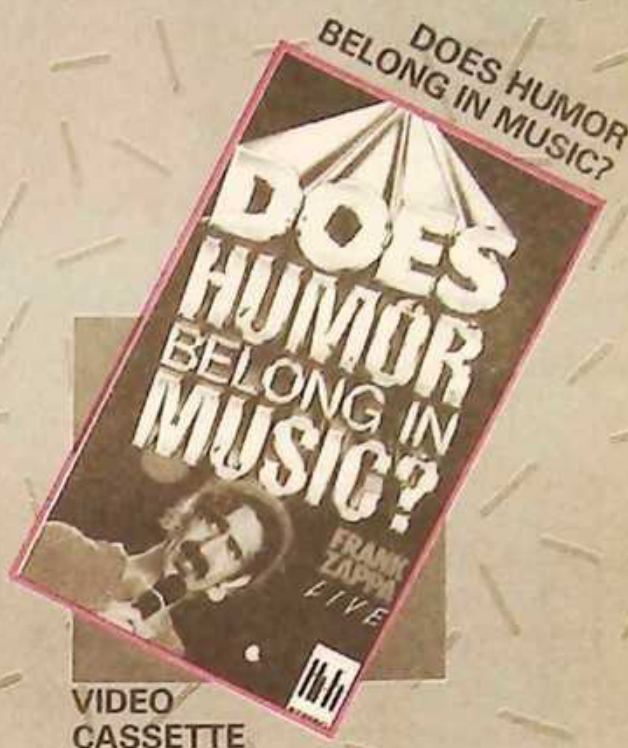
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