

**SPUTNIKS
SEX CRAZE
SWEEPS
THE NATION**

SOUNDS

**Lock up
your
daughters!
Raunchy
revelations
from
steamy pop
duo
Raymonde
PAGES 22
and 23**



**Confessions
of a doctor:
"Women
are over-
rated!"
says Blow
Monkey
boss
PAGE 16**

SPUTNIKS DO THE BUSINESS!

**Another rock 'n'
roll swindle
hits the UK**

EXCLUSIVE!



Who are Sique Sique Sputnik and are they rock's richest rip-off since The Sex Pistols?

"I'll do anything for publicity," says sex-mad singer Martin Degville.

"I've planned the whole thing," says their leggy publicist Magenta De Vine.

● Their slogan is Fleece The World and they've already taken record giants EMI for a reported £4 million. Now they're taking on the country with their sensation-seeking brand of designer violence, gratuitous sex, blood, sweat and six-inch stilettos.

● "I think we'll be seen to have made a step in rock 'n' roll history," claims head Sputnik Tony James. "No, we're not only in it for the money... we're in it for the cheques as well."

**THE TRUE
GORY STORY
PAGES 8, 9
AND 10**

Mr. Tony James of The Sique Sique Sputnik. Pic: Peter Anderson



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GREATER LONDON HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD ROAD
LONDON NW1 7QZ

MORGAN—GRAMPIAN PLC 1986

JAMES BROWN, the everlasting godfather of soul, brings his indefatigable frame and creaking knees over for two nights at London's Wembley Arena on April 18 and 19.

Tickets are priced at £10.50, £9.50 and £8.50 from the box office or by post (plus 50p booking fee per ticket) from James Brown Concerts, PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ.

Brown, who recently scored a Top Ten hit with 'Living In America' from the *Rocky IV* movie, has a compilation of his '70s funk released by Polydor this week called 'Dead On The Heavy Funk 74-76'.

SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK drummer Ray Mayhew has been charged with three offences of wounding following the band's concert at Reading on February 28.

Three students were cut by flying glass at the concert — one of them needing more than 30 stitches — and they allege that a bottle was thrown from the stage.

Mayhew returned voluntarily to Reading Police HQ last Wednesday and was questioned for five and a half hours before being released on police bail. He will appear in court on April 9.

The violence that had marred the early part of the *Signe Signe Sputnik* tour — the night after the Reading show, singer Martin Degville needed five stitches in a cut above his eye after being attacked on stage at Coventry Polytechnic — had turned to sex by the middle of last week.

At their Stoke concert Degville "simulated sex" on stage with the band's "special effects" lady Yana Ya Ya.

The *Sun*, who've been covering every date on the tour, were able to report gleefully the following day that this "led to teenage girls fondling each other's breasts, a man exposing himself and a couple petting heavily on the dance floor".

And the T-shirt depicting a naked Yana with male genitals on sale at the gigs was also shaping up into another shock/horror/outrage stunt with a Conservative MP calling it a "grave offence" and demanding that it be banned.

Over the weekend there was further 'audience participation' when Degville was struck on the head by a bottle top at Leicester on Saturday, and a smoke bomb was thrown on stage at their Birmingham Powerhouse gig.

ROBERT PLANT is joining forces with fellow Brummies *The Big Town Playboys* for his set at Birmingham Heartbeat '86 charity gala with *ELO*, which is being staged at the NEC on March 15.

They warm up at Leeds University on March 12.

FINE SPRINT



THE ROLLING STONES, currently milking the publicity machine for their 'Harlem Shuffle' single and upcoming album, may get some publicity even they could do without if a copyright infringement case goes ahead in New York.

Patrick E. Glanville — aka Patrick Alley — has filed a suit against Mick Jagger and CBS Inc claiming "all gains, profits and advantages" from Jagger's solo hit, 'Just Another Night'.

Alley claims he wrote the song which appeared on his 'Touch Of Patrick Alley' album which came out in 1982 on the TADS label over here, under the same title, 'Just Another Night'.

The American magazine *Rolling Stone* also reveals that Glanville is a close friend of drummer Sly Dunbar who played on Jagger's solo album.

TOWER OF POWER, the veteran funk outfit who played a triumphantly acclaimed gig at Camden Dingwalls last year, return for another dose of the same at Harlesden Mean Fiddler on March 16.

THE YOUNG ONES, Lenny Henry, Billy Connolly, Pamela Stephenson, Mel Smith, Rowan Atkinson, Terry Jones, Michael Palin and Paul Eddington are among the roll-call of comedians who'll be appearing at *Comic Relief*, running at London's Shaftsbury Theatre on April 4, 5 and 6.

The shows are being filmed for the Beeb and tickets are from £50 to £2 standing with UB40 concessions at £5.

The proceeds will go to Sudan, Ethiopia and some small British projects.

QUO—AT END



PARFITT and Rossi: they can keep the name

STATUS QUO members Francis Rossi and Rick Parfitt successfully resisted a court injunction to deny them the use of the group name, which had been brought by fellow member Alan Lancaster in the High Court last week.

A happy Parfitt said afterwards: "The Status Quo has been preserved!"

Lancaster had sought an injunction preventing Rossi and Parfitt from using the name until a dispute between him and the other two had been settled.

In a court affidavit, Lancaster, who has lived in Australia for the past six years, claimed that he had lost faith in the band's management. The band's "financial situation was poor" and he had suggested

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FINE YOUNG

CANNIBALS return from their American tour to play a batch of British dates early next month.

The band are releasing a remixed version of 'Funny How Love Is' from their debut album as a single on London at the beginning of April. And in keeping with their policy of never putting an album track on a B-side, they've recorded a "bluesabilly" song called 'Motherless Child'. The 12-inch also includes a live version of 'Johnny Come Home'.

The British dates start at Chippenham Goldiggers April 6 and continue at Nottingham Rock City 7, Manchester Ritz 8, Newcastle Tiffany's 9, Glasgow Barrowlands 11, Edinburgh Queen Hall 12, Bradford St Georges Hall 14, Birmingham Powerhouse (rescheduled from March 11 - all tickets valid) 15, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 16.

CANNIBALS (left): on the warpath

PSYCHIC TV pay tribute to the memory of Rolling Stone Brian Jones with their new single 'Godstar' which is released by Temple this weekend. There's a limited edition doublepack featuring unreleased studio tracks.

The single coincides with their *Tube* appearance and Hyperdelic show at the Kilburn National Ballroom on March 13 at which they'll be joined by The Golden Horde, Zodiac Mindwarp, Annie Anxiety, and Tony Allen.

Tickets are £4.

OZZY OSBOURNE has had to change the sleeve and label copy of his 'Ultimate Sin' album after his former bassist Bob Daisley was omitted from the songwriting credits.

All songs credited to Ozzy and Jake E Lee were in fact co-written with Daisley who has written the lyrics for all four of Ozzy's studio albums but left the band before they started recording 'The Ultimate Sin'.

Not surprisingly, Daisley was more than miffed when he discovered that his credits had been expunged from the album but all new pressings of the album will carry the correct information and Ozzy has extended his apologies to Bob for the "unauthorised error".

JEAN-MICHEL JARRE resumes his penchant for spectacular concerts on April 5 when he celebrates Houston and Texas' 150th anniversary with a massive outdoor show.

He'll be using the city's own skyline for his backdrop and the laser and firework display should be visible for up to 50 miles. Titled *Rendezvous Houston: A City In Concert*, it will also publicise Jarre's new album, 'Rendez-Vous', which comes out on Polydor at the beginning of next month, and commemorate the 25th birthday of NASA's Johnson Space Centre. There is a track on the album called 'Last Rendezvous (Ron's Piece)' which Jarre wrote for doomed astronaut Ron McNair before the Shuttle disaster last month.

THE CURE, who've just announced their headlining appearance at this year's Glastonbury Festival, will also be closing the Greenpeace concerts at London's Royal Albert Hall. They'll be playing on April 25 at the climax of five nights of shows in aid of Greenpeace.

Tickets are £10.50 and £8.50 and go on sale shortly.

MARILLION have pledged their support in finding the Ealing rapists who viciously assaulted a vicar, his daughter and her boyfriend last week.

Following evidence that one of the three attackers had a spider's web tattoo on his right hand while another had the letters 'MAR' on his knuckles, the group's fan club The Web are allowing police to look through their files, especially of members in the Ealing area, say EMI.

And Fish, currently on a Canadian tour, appeared on TV-am via satellite on Monday morning saying, "If you are Marillion fans, I appeal to you to give yourselves up."

TESTING TIMES

TEST DEPT play their first British shows for more than a year over the Easter weekend at the Paddington Bishops Bridge Maintenance Dept.

It's the first "Initiative" from The Ministry Of Power, a cultural organisation which pools the talents of Test Dept with sculptor Malcolm Poynter, Tom Dixon, Jonathan Moore, 53rd State Banner Company, Alan & Tricia Sutcliffe (from the Kent NUM) and other performers.

The Maintenance Depot is a vast '30s Industrial "cathedral" which is scheduled for demolition. In fact The Ministry Of Power have had to persuade the authorities to delay demolition until after the

gigs which are on March 28, 29 and 30. Advance tickets are available from County Hall, Albany Empire, Rough Trade Shop and Compendium.

The event has been sponsored by the Greater London Council for the last week of their existence, which ties in neatly with the title of the new Test Dept album due out in April called 'The Unacceptable Face Of Freedom'.

Indeed, a statement from The Ministry declares that the event "signals the death of democracy in Great Britain, but is also a cultural celebration of the power of ordinary people to build a better future."



SUGGS SUES SUN?

'Racist connections' story is a 'blatant smear' says Madness singer

MADNESS singer Suggs has reacted angrily to allegations in *The Sun* last week about his "close connections" with racist skinhead band Skrewdriver.

The front page article states that Suggs has been "best mates" for nine years with Skrewdriver member Ian Stewart, who is currently in prison for a race attack, that he sheltered Ian at his mum's house, that he helped with Skrewdriver's recordings and acted as a roadie for the group.

and that Suggs was equally right wing but kept his friendship with Ian from his "loony left friends".

A statement from the Madness office at the weekend said that it was no secret that Suggs had known Ian but he has not had any contact with him for the last six years.

"Suggs confirms that he has never helped out with the band Skrewdriver in any way or given Ian money, except perhaps for the odd drink.

"After finding out about Ian's National Front connections, Suggs stopped seeing him altogether.

"Suggs denies ever having held right wing views and regards the article as an unwarranted and spiteful attack on his integrity and furthermore as a blatant attempt to smear the Red Wedge organisation which he supports."

Suggs is reportedly taking legal action against *The Sun*.

PUBLIC IMAGE LTD have denied reports in less reliable music papers that they'll be touring next month. Supposed dates for Newcastle and Sheffield were simply "the promoter jumping the gun" (he's probably biting the bullet now) according to PIL's management.

The tour is now planned for May and dates will be announced in due course.

THE NEUROTICS venture forth for a few dates this weekend to warm up for a proper tour in April.

The band, who've just finished recording a 'Live In Wapping' (definitely no relation) album with various ravers, comedians and poets, will play Harlow The Square March 15, Fulham Greyhound 18, Brixton Town Hall 20, West Ham North East London Polytechnic (Red Wedge gig) 27.

Singer Steve Drewett also turns up in Law Lords International for a gig at Harlow Square on March 13 supporting John Otway.

SWIMMING TO FRANCE, The Light Brigade and IC are all appearing at a charity gig at Covent Garden Rock Garden on March 19 in aid of local youth organisations.

BLAIR RABBIT



ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN have a new drummer. Following *Sounds*' revelations that Pete De Freitas had gone AWOL, we can now exclusively reveal his replacement - Blair Cunningham, formerly with Haircut 100 (above).

Pete has now returned from his travels, angrily denying reports that he had been lured away by a religious sect. But he has amicably agreed to a parting of the ways with the Bunnymen and will be forming his own band.

Blair Cunningham is now busy rehearsing with Mac, Will and Les for an American tour. British fans will get their first chance to see the new line-up when the band play one of the Greenpeace concerts at London's Royal Albert Hall in April.

OF THE ROAD

that the group should record their new album in Australia without a producer. No agreement was reached, and Rossi and Parfitt, worried because the band was behind with its recording commitments, started recording in England without him.

In reply, Rossi said he still had complete faith in the band's management. Lancaster's complaints "had caused tension within the band" and his residence in Australia meant that he had neglected recording and promotional commitments.

The dispute over the new album, which has been recorded but not delivered, marked "the end of the road" between them and Lancaster.

Lawyers for Phonogram Records, to whom Quo are contracted to deliver the new album, made it clear in court that while they were happy and willing to accept recordings from Rossi and Parfitt without Lancaster as Status Quo, they would not accept recordings by Lancaster without Rossi and Parfitt as Status Quo.

Phonogram also made it clear that the injunction would be in nobody's interest, least of all Lancaster's. Faced with a split, they were now prepared to release Lancaster from his contracts.

Summing up, Mr Justice Knox said that if the injunction were granted, there was little doubt that Status Quo would cease to exist. He recognised that

co-operation between the three had come to an end and that Lancaster had a claim against the other two. But the best way to preserve the assets of the group was to allow Rossi and Parfitt to continue using the name Status Quo.

The lifting of the injunction hasn't ended the dispute between Lancaster and Rossi and Parfitt but it does mean that a new Quo single will be released in a few weeks and the album will follow later.

Rossi said later: "As far as we're concerned it's the most sensible decision all round. It's given us renewed enthusiasm. We can't wait to get back to work and we can promise the Quo army that they won't be disappointed."

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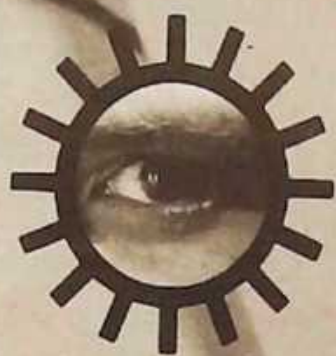
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A CERTAIN RATIO continue to gig at London's Heaven March 17, Manchester Ritz 8, London Middlesex Polytechnic 20 (moved from 21), Manchester Boardwalk (a new 200-capacity venue) 21, London Hammersmith Clarendon 22.

LONDON'S ROUNDHOUSE, which has staged many major gigs over the last 20 years, reopens as a showcase gig for Asian, African and Caribbean artists next week with a Twelve Days At The Roundhouse Festival.

Adelaide Hall, a jazz singer from the legendary Cotton Club in New York, sitar player Imrat Khan, Indian dancer Nahid Siddiqui and The Dance Theatre Of Harlem are lined up for March 19. Performers on other nights include Courtney Pine, Ravi Shankar and Thomas Pinnoch.

Keep it Dark



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LAURIE'S BRAVE FACE



LAURIE ANDERSON comes to Britain in May for concerts as part of a world tour to promote her new album 'Home Of The Brave', which will be out on Warner Brothers to coincide.

The album is the soundtrack of Ms Anderson's

first film, which is "a meticulously reconstructed concert performance".

The first confirmed dates are at London's Hammersmith Odeon on May 24-26 but more will be added.

THE RED GUITARS release their second album next week on One Way (through Virgin) called 'Tales Of The Expected'.

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REDSKINS

POTATO 5

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	15th MAKIN' TIME	16-18th TEMPTATION
	16th THE CRAMPS	17th DEPECHE MODE
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	18th THE POGUES	12-13th DIO
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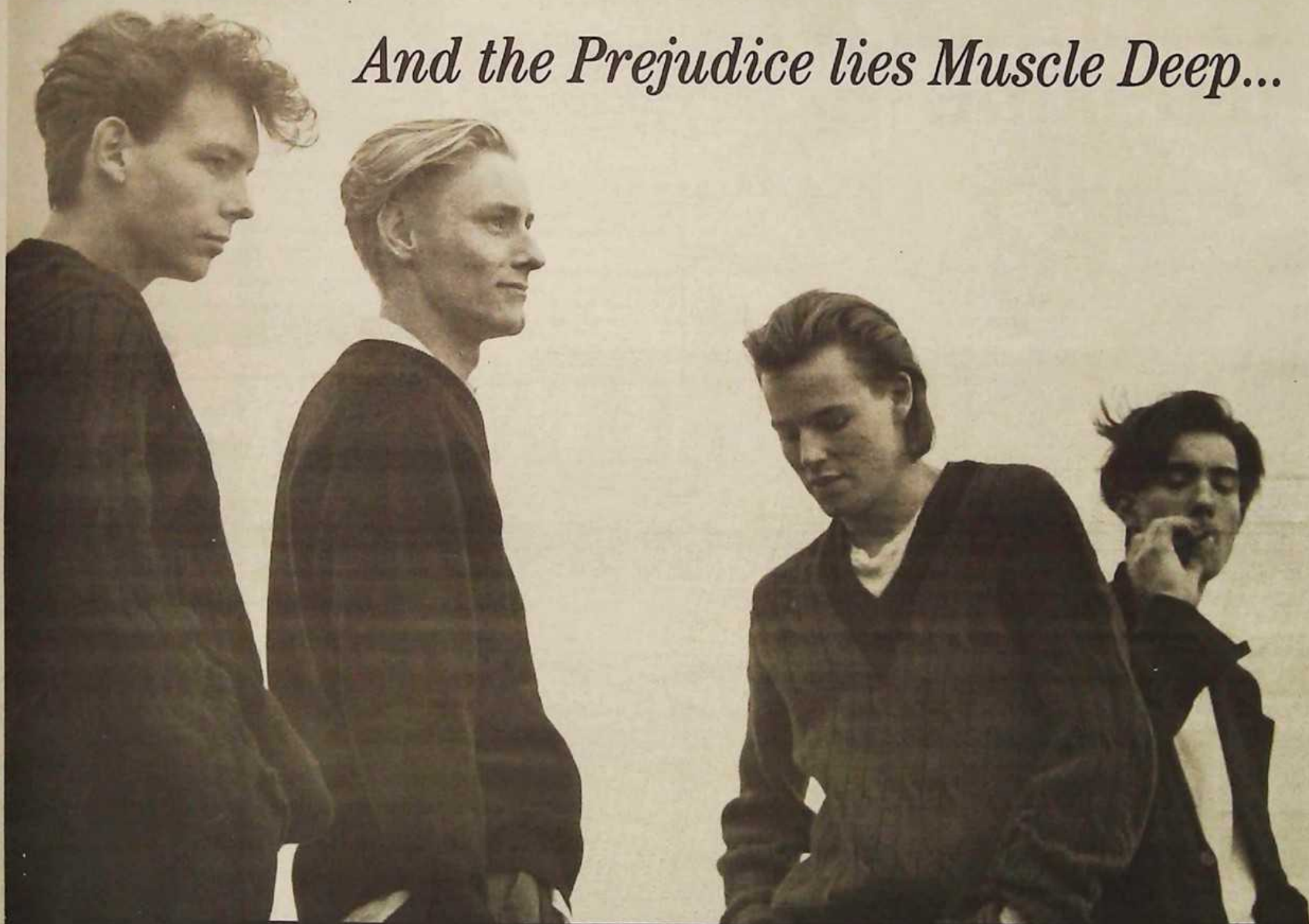
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BACK TRACKS

ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL, the stylish country rock big band, have their second album, originally called simply 'Asleep At The Wheel' but now titled 'Jumpin' At The Woodside' re-released by Edsel (ED 169) this month. First issued in 1974 by Epic, it includes the nearest they ever got to a hit with Louis Jordan's 'Choo Choo Ch' Boogie'.

HANK WILLIAMS JUNIOR has a 16-track collection called 'Are You Sure Hank Done It This Way' released by Warner Brothers this week. Tracks include 'Whiskey Bent And Hell Bound', 'Texas Woman' and 'All My Rowdy Friends Are Coming Over Tonight'. These include Waylon Jennings, Willie Nelson and Kris Kristofferson.

FRANK SINATRA has his 1962-80 career gift-wrapped into a compilation called 'His Greatest Hits: New York New York' by WEA this month. It includes 'I Get A Kick Out Of You', 'My Way', 'The Lady Is A Tramp', 'Moon River', 'Strangers In The Night' and 'Mrs Robinson' as well as his duet with daughter Nancy, 'Something Stupid'.

PAUL CLEARY AND THE BLADES, the Irish band who've been content to stay at home and nurse their own following, have their last five years' work condensed into an album called 'Raytown Revisited' on Reekus (RKLP3) this week. Besides early singles like 'Ghost Of A Chance' and 'Hot For You' there's also some of singer/guitarist Paul Cleary's solo efforts, although his Ethiopian charity single 'Show Some Concern' from last year is missing.

DAVID J, formerly with Bauhaus and The Jazz Butcher Conspiracy and now with Love & Rockets, has his solo singles from the last two years put onto an album called 'On Glass' which is released by Glass (GLALP 017) this month. Lurking within is a previously unreleased duet with The Jazz Butcher on 'The Party's Over'.

GIRLSCHOOL have a double album anthology called 'Race With The Devil' out this month on Raw Power (RAWLP013), together with a compilation from '60s jazz rockers Colosseum called 'Epitaph' (RAWLP014).

THE WEDDING PRESENT package up their first two singles onto a 12-inch EP called 'Don't Try To Stop Me Mother' on their own Reception Records this week.

PAUL LAURENCE, the producer/composer who's worked with the likes of Evelyn King and Melba Moore, puts out his own album this week on Capitol titled 'Haven't You Heard'.



RAVEN, the Geordie hard rock trio, release a new album on Atlantic this week called 'The Pack Is Back'.

SOHO, four girls who got together a year ago from such diverse bands as Belle And The Devotions and Doctor And The Medics, release their first single this weekend on Big Red (through PRT). It's a cover of the Shangri La's 'Walking In The Sand'.

JANET JACKSON, the youngest of the Jackson clan, keeps up the family tradition with a single called 'What Have You Done For Me Lately' which is released on A&M this week. It comes from her forthcoming album, 'Control'.

RECORD NEWS

BALAAM AND THE ANGEL



NEW SINGLE AVAILABLE NEXT WEEK.

SHE KNOWS

TWIGGY, who has just resumed her pop singing career, has a new single out on Arista this week called 'Diamond'.

LATIN QUARTER, who finally got into the Top 20 with 'Radio Africa' nearly a year and a half after its release, have the follow-up, 'Modern Times', released by Rockin' Horse this weekend.

PASSION, a new band from Leeds, put out their first single on Wag (through EMI/Priority) called 'Sun Set And Vine (The Very First Time)' this week.

ROBERT CALVERT continues to irk our editor by keeping the Hawkwind legend aglow with an album called 'Test Tube Conceived' on Demi Monde (through Rough Trade) this month. And if that weren't bad enough there's also an album by former Van Der Graaf members Jackson, Banton and Evans called 'Gentlemen Prefer The Blues'.

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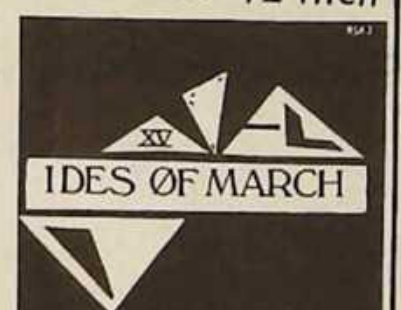
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INFURIOT

EDITED BY BARRY LAZELL

NEAT NEAT NEAT



THE TYGERS bring the house down

AS PROMISED, we turn on our spotlight on the one north-eastern label of the late '70s which carved its mark on the scene and in fact has remained and grown over subsequent years: **Neat Records**.

Although it didn't start that way, Neat quickly made its impression and has secured its subsequent reputation by concentrating squarely on the brand of rock 'n' roll which has its traditional stronghold in that corner of the country; namely, British heavy metal. From the day it launched the **Tygers Of Pan Tang** and 'Don't Touch Me There' with its third release, Neat found its niche in the business and has scarcely strayed from it since. It got deals for some of its earlier bands with larger companies (notably MCA, which took the Tygers, **Fist** and **White Spirit**), presumably gaining funds in the process to continue its own growth. Subsequently, though, it has had the power and the reputation itself to sell and build the careers of bands in the heavy rock field. When acts are tempted away these days (as **Raven** eventually were by WEA and big money), it is because they have already become major sellers on Neat.

From the outset, the label was run by founder **Dave Wood** from 71 High Street East, in Wallsend, Tyne & Wear, and that is precisely where it remains in 1986, "Bringing you tomorrow's metal music today", to quote one of the company's slogans.

What follows is the Neat singles listing from circa 1979 to date. Amazingly, apart from the handful of discs indicated as deleted (Del), the whole series is still available, and Neat sells considerable amounts of its back catalogue as well as its current releases. The first two singles of all were outside the heavy rock field, and the company doesn't (ahem) generally talk about them today. Since then, however, it has been pretty well metal all the way. Singles prefix is NEAT in every case:

- 01 Motorway - 'All I Wanna Be Is Your Romeo'/'It Ain't Easy When You're All Alone' (Del)
- 02 Janie McKenzie - 'One And Only Girl'/'Tomorrow Is Too Late' (Del)
- 03 Tygers Of Pan Tang - 'Don't Touch Me There'/'Burnin' Up'/'Bad Times' (Del)
- 04 Fist - 'Name, Rank & Serial Number'/'You'll Never Get Me Up (In One Of Those)' (Del)
- 05 White Spirit - 'Back To The Grind'/'Cheetah'
- 06 Raven - 'Don't Need Your Money'/'Wiped Out'
- 07 Aragorn - 'Black Ice'/'Noonday' (Del)
- 08 Venom - 'In League With Satan'/'Live Like An Angel'
- 09 Bitches Sin - 'Always Ready For Love'/'Sign Of The Times'
- 10 Blitzkrieg - 'Buried Alive'/'Blitzkrieg' (Del)
- 11 Raven - 'Hard Ride'/'Crazy World'
- 12 Raw Deal - 'Lonewolf'/'Take The Sky'
- 13 Venom - 'Bloodlust'/'In Nomine Satanis'
- 14 Steel - 'Rock Out'/'All Systems Go'
- 15 Raven - 'Crash, Bang, Wallop'/'Firepower'/'Run Them Down'/'Rock Hard' (12-inch only)
- 16 Jaguar - 'Axe Crazy'/'War Machine'
- 17 Heavy Pettin' - 'Roll The Dice'/'Love X Love'
- 18 Dedringer - 'Hot Lady'/'Hot Licks Rock 'N' Roll'
- 19 Crucifixion - 'On The Run'/'Take It Or Leave It'
- 20 Warrior - 'Live EP' (Tracks: 'Dead When It Comes To Love'/'Kansas City'/'Stab You In The Back') (also on 12-inch; same number)
- 21 Fist - 'The Wanderer'/'Too Hot'
- 22 Valhalla - 'Comin' Home'/'Through With You'
- 23 Sabre - 'Miracle Man'/'On The Loose'
- 24 Persian Risk - 'Ridin' High'/'Hurt You'
- 25 Hellanbach/Avenger/Black Rose/Allen - 'One Take, No Dubs' (live EP on 12-inch only)
- 26 Jess Cox - 'Bridges'/'Check It Out'
- 27 Venom - 'Die Hard'/'Acid Queen' (also on 12-inch with extra track 'Bursting Out')
- 28 Raven - 'Break The Chain'/'The Ballad Of Marshall Stack' (pressed as a picture disc)
- 29 Raven & Udo Dirkschneider - 'Born To Be Wild'/'Inquisitor' (also on 12-inch, with extra A-side track 'Break The Chain', and on seven-inch picture disc)
- 30 Saracen - 'We Have Arrived'/'Face In The Crowd'
- 31 Avenger - 'Too Wild To Tame'/'On The Rocks'
- 32 Tobruk - 'Wild On The Run'/'The Show Must Go On'
- 33 Tysondog - 'Eat The Rich'/'Dead Meat'
- 34 Emerson - 'Something Special'/'Stars In Hollywood'

The Neat story continues next week . . .

MEMORY BANK

COMPILED BY BARRY LAZELL

Sunday March 16

- 1964 The Beatles' 'Can't Buy Me Love' was released in the US with an all-time high advance order of 2,100,000 copies.
- 1970 Death of **Tammi Terrell**, the Motown vocalist who found fame via many duet hits with **Marvin Gaye**, aged 24, of a brain tumour, in a Philadelphia hospital.
- 1977 A&M Records let **The Sex Pistols** go just a week after signing them, unable to come to terms with either the band or the bad PR they generated. The Pistols picked up a cool £40,000 for the severance.

Monday March 17

- 1944 Birthday of **John Sebastian** of **The Lovin' Spoonful**, in Greenwich Village, New York.
- 1951 Birthday of **Scott Gorham**, former **Thin Lizzy** guitarist.
- 1958 **Buddy Holly** and **The Crickets** played at the Gaumont, Doncaster, on their only UK tour. **Des O'Connor** was the compere!
- 1962 Birthday of **Clare Grogan** of **Altered Images** (now acting, as **C P Grogan**), in Glasgow.
- 1979 Death of **Zenon De Fleur** of **The Count Bishops**, from injuries received in a car crash eight days earlier.
- 1982 Soul singer **Teddy Pendergrass** was said to be paralysed and in a critical condition in hospital, after crashing his Rolls Royce into a tree. His recovery took some years.

Tuesday March 18

- 1941 Birthday of the 'wicked' **Wilson Pickett**, in Prattville, Alabama. (Yes, there really is a place called Prattville.)

Wednesday March 19

- 1959 Birthday of **Terry Hall** of **The Colour Field**, in Coventry.
- 1976 Death of **Paul Kossoff**.

aged 25, from a heart attack following long drug abuse, aboard a plane en route from LA to London.

- 1982 Death of **Randy Rhoads**, guitarist with **Ozzy Osbourne's Blizzard Of Oz**, aged 25, in Florida. He died in a light plane which crashed into a house whilst flying low to 'buzz' the band's tour bus.

Thursday March 20

- 1951 Birthday of **Carl Palmer**, of **Asia** and **ELP**, in Birmingham.
- 1969 **John Lennon** married **Yoko Ono** at a registry office on Gibraltar, flying from Paris to the island, then back again after the ceremony.
- 1970 **David Bowie** and **Angie Barnett** were married at Bromley registry office in Kent.
- 1971 **Janis Joplin** scored a posthumous Number One hit in the US with 'Me And Bobby McGee', written by **Kris Kristofferson**.

Friday March 21

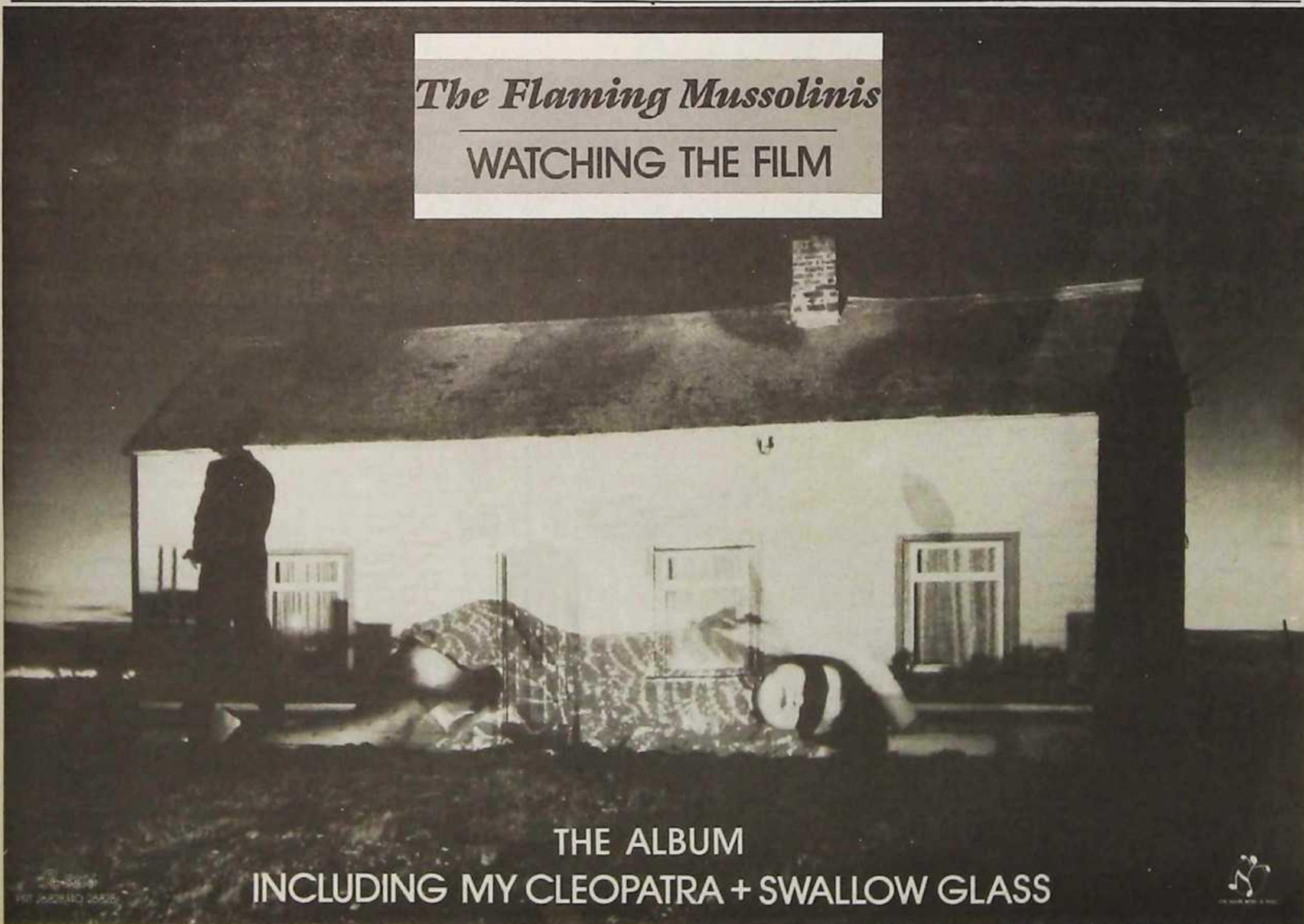
- 1961 The Beatles played at the Cavern in Liverpool for the first time, as guests of regulars **The Bluegenes** (later **The Swinging Blue Jeans**).
- 1976 **David Bowie** and **Iggy Pop** were arrested in a New York hotel room on charges of marijuana possession, but both were later released on bail.
- 1980 **Hugh Cornwell** of **The Stranglers** lost an appeal against a drug conviction sentence, and began a spell in Pentonville Prison.

Saturday March 22

- 1943 Birthday of **Keith Relf**, lead singer of **The Yardbirds**, in Richmond, Surrey.
- 1956 **Carl Perkins** was badly injured (and his brother **Jay** killed), in a car crash while en route to New York to promote his smash 'Blue Suede Shoes' on the **Ed Sullivan Show**.
- 1958 Birthday of **Pete Wyllie** of **Wahl**, in Liverpool.

The Flaming Mussolinis

WATCHING THE FILM

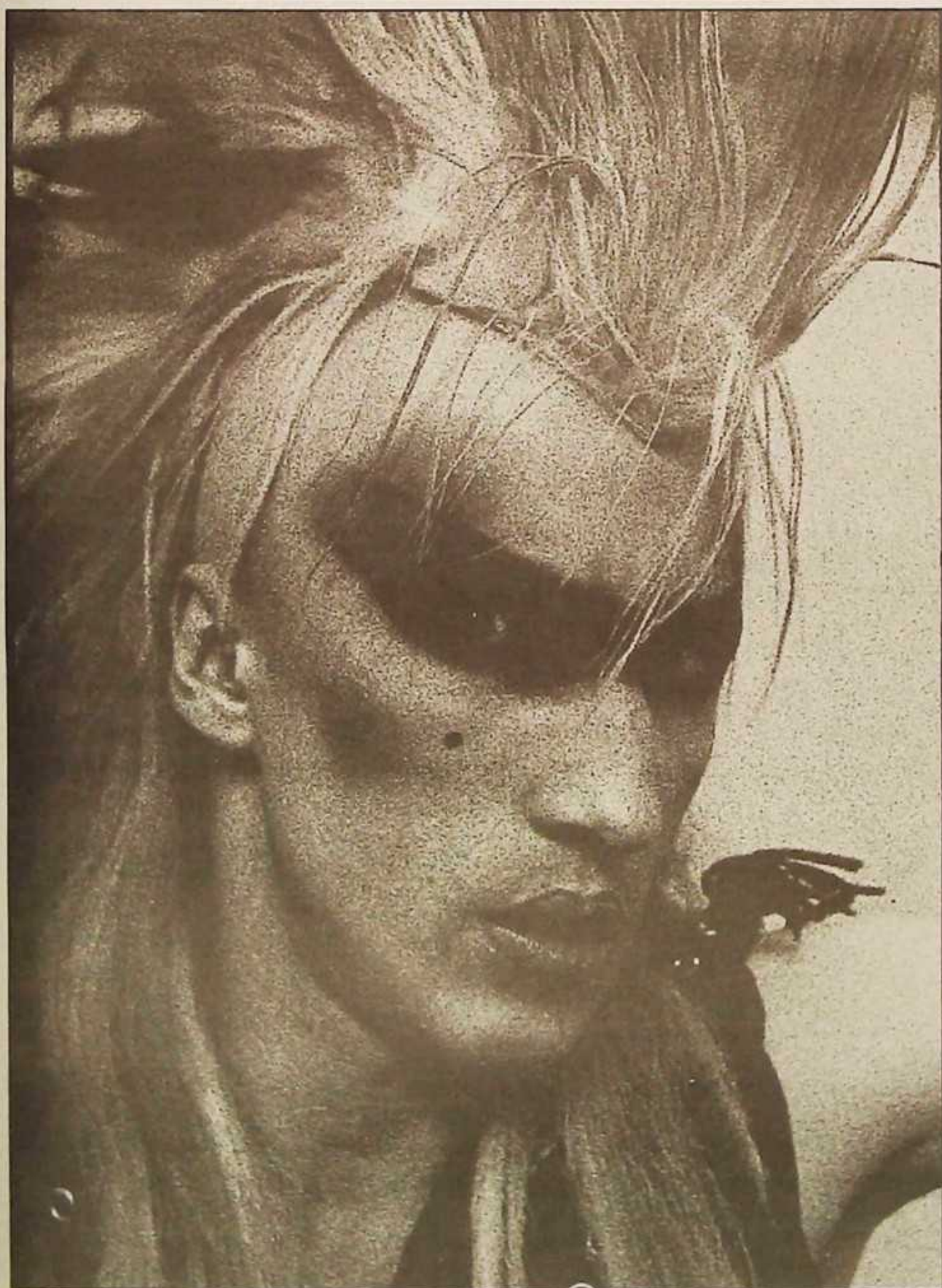


THE ALBUM
INCLUDING MY CLEOPATRA + SWALLOW GLASS



SIGUE

'I materialised from my mother's womb shouting, I want to be a star!'



Mr. Degville.

Pix Peter Anderson.

THIS IS a test designed to provoke an emotional response.

"I want to f*** the world in the mouth. I want to give people the biggest orgasm they have ever had listening to music," witters Martin Degville backstage at Reading University.

There is a load of bollocks going down here and I'm trying to figure out who the real pricks are. Am I looking at them?

In an hour or so Sigue Sigue Sputnik will elicit the most bizarre reaction from an audience I have witnessed in over a decade, since the last hilarious rock and roll swindle. *R-r-r-r-igh-t?*

In an hour or so some of the audience will dance like it's the night they discovered how to walk. Others will mutely stare at them, as if it were the first time they had a close encounter with erect sexual flesh.

In an hour or so normally sane but dull humans will get so bullish to Martin Degville's red rag singing that they will want to tear him limb from spindly limb and crunch his bones between their teeth.

In an hour or so the vocalist will be trussed in the most confusing and illusory outfit of his own design.

A space monster in leather, plastic, spit, rubber and high-rise hair, Martin will be the strangest strain of mutated androgynous pop star since Ziggy Stardust.

In an hour or so there'll be a holocaust inside the audience's heads; there will be little applause and most people will go home cursing "hype".

But right now Martin Degville, divested of his wig like a plucked bird, tubercular thing, and applying his make-up is possibly the most spectacularly ugly man I have ever looked at.

"I would do anything for publicity," he says simply.

MEANWHILE IN the auditorium boys and girls are asking, "Who the hell are Sigue Sigue Sputnik?"

"Are this band a self-fulfilling prophecy?" chuckles main-brain Tony James. "That sounds like something I would say. I couldn't have put it better myself."

In an hour or so Sigue Sigue Sputnik will perform their debut single 'Love Missile F1-11' which has just rocketed into the charts, and Anne Jarvis — a studiously normal and attractive girl — will go home with a bad taste in her mouth. She will feel like she has been forcibly f***ed in the mouth; and she won't care that what she has experienced has taken four years to come to fruition.

In an hour or so I will be excited for probably all the wrong reasons, but then I appreciate it when myths are constructed with meticulous detail. It makes me laugh out loud while figuring where the con fits into

contradiction.

These are emotional responses designed to test your entertainment threshold by Sigue Sigue Sputnik, a band reputed to be worth £4 million according to dumb pressmen, but who claim only to take home £100 a week each.

Martin Degville, in a backstage dressing room festooned with false eyelashes, shoulder pads, mascara, deodorant and glam rags of fine lines declares, "I materialised from my mother's womb shouting. I want to be a star!" And I will grin because he is very amusing and seductive.

But there wasn't enough room for all of Sigue Sigue Sputnik in his mum's ovaries. This is a band who have been dragged out of the vulva of obscurity while a slaving media acted as willing midwife to a phenomenon they needed to create.

In an hour or so, you too will know how it happened.

IT'S A chill, winter afternoon as the mini-bus of hi-tech fantasy music navigates the flatlands between Norwich and Reading. The home-made video that encouraged EMI eventually to sign Sigue Sigue Sputnik for nowhere near £4 million is flickering neon death and sex.

A pirated collage of scenes from *Blade Runner*, *Terminator* and various sci-fi movies cut in a quick-editing mincer and set to the music from *A Clockwork Orange*. I can't take my eyes off it. Two segments especially cling to the irises: a zombie android shooting a little girl in the chest, and a penis ejaculating over a gulping head covered in a rubber mask.

At the end, Sigue Sigue Sputnik are briefly introduced: Martin Degville — voice; Tony James — space guitar; Neal X — guitar; Ray Mayhew — drums; Chris Kavanagh — drums; Yana — effects.

The band are seen performing for a couple of seconds and then the image bursts into a *Dark Star* style nuclear detonation.

Watching Sputnik's demo video is akin to a visual masturbation without ever coming. This futuristic tease is what the group's publicist Magenta De Vine initially took along to EMI. It had that label's A&R representatives sitting on the edge of their seats.

Like the ultimate media whore, Sputnik promise everything and deliver as little as possible for as much money as they can get. They are very clever, very shrewd and arguably the sharpest players in the game of pop so far.

You know, Tony, I mutter to the ex-Gen X bassist with the multi-coloured pineapple hairstyle and computer shades, this Sputnik group's voyeuristic obsession with film violence will get you into trouble. People won't make the distinction between fantasy and real bloodshed. It wouldn't surprise me if one of you got shot.

"You think so?" quizzes Mr James, a very charming man who believes fully in the dream he has created of Sputnik representing The Fifth Generation Of Rock And Roll. "You don't like our group do you?"

I didn't say that. But lots of people don't.

Two days later in Coventry someone will jump out of the audience and smash Martin Degville in the face with a glass. This "self-fulfilling prophecy" is rapidly getting out of the band's control.

They planned to use the media to

WILE!

Mr. James.



create a beast and now it's hitting back. The public believe what they read. They pick up a copy of the 'Love Missile' single — one of the fastest selling debuts in recording history — and note that Sputnik claim to condone Ultra Violence, so they dish it out in gore galore.

Sigue Sigue Sputnik should invest in private medicine now.

TODAY SPUTNIK are omnipresent media subjects. Their orbit is television and newspapers, and most journalists willingly continue to embroider another strand in the myth without looking at the machinery that has projected it to prominence.

As we travel from Norwich to Reading in the mini-bus, Martin Degville and Yana make the journey in a Sun Jaguar. The writer's name is Garry Bushell, and he happily creates more fables of outrage for gullible readers.

Pick up any magazine article about the band and it will tell you how when Gen X folded four years ago, Tony James decided to form the ultimate group which would reflect the supposed leisure age heralded by new technology: video nasties, affluence, rockets and home computers, that sort of thing.

He found the members by looking for the right haircuts in the street and Kensington Market where Martin and Yana had a successful clothes shop called Ya Ya. It didn't matter that they couldn't play, Tony had plenty of time to train them.

What the articles won't say is just how carefully the Sigue Sigue Sputnik Corporation has been presented to the public, right down to the girl roadies. This Sputnik has been created for maximum publicity, and so far it has worked.

Before the band signed to EMI they featured in the major music papers; before they released 'Love Missile' the Sputniks had a spread in *The Sunday Times Magazine* and a television documentary broadcast about them. This doesn't happen by accident.

"The idea right from the beginning was as a living movie, that everyone in this film of Sigue Sigue Sputnik was a star in their own right," explains Magenta De Vine from behind her permanent sunglasses. Tony James' ex-girlfriend, she has a long track record in the music business as a pop publicist.

"I've planned the whole thing so that not only the band, but the people around them will eventually get press. For instance, *News Of The World* is doing a feature on the girl roadies. That's obviously right up their street but the girls look glamorous and have something interesting to say in their own right."

But with Simon Bates having pronounced 'Love Missile' "rubbish" on Radio One on its first day of release, and breaking the record on air, we are now into media overkill. Whatever the reason Bates trashed the single (self promotion probably) the DJ now has reporters following the band to gigs. And so the myth grows.

Sputnik are BIG NEWS, period. And there are lots of other scams yet to come to fruition. It can't be long before some righteous pinhead at the BBC listens to the 12-inch 'Love Missile' mix, and discovers the line "a mondo-teen giving head" (edited out of the 7-inch version), and the thing gets banned in a fit of

hypocritical indignation similar to the furore over Frankie's 'Relax'.

Sputnik want to play the game from every angle and win.

IN RETROSPECT that should have been clear last June when the group had their first major feature. Magenta distributed the aforementioned demo-video to the music press. *NME* took the bait when its then Deputy Editor, Tony Stewart (now *Sounds* Editor) commissioned a piece.

What was most unusual is that the writer concerned was only given access on the understanding that the band weren't to be directly quoted.

"I didn't want Sputnik to be quoted because if a band lays down a manifesto in its own words it can sound so naff," explains Magenta. "If someone in Sputnik said, 'We are The Fifth Generation Of Rock And Roll' it would sound really horrible. It's always best if someone independent pushed you first through their own words. And that journalist did it — she made the band's ideas sound exciting."

Once Sputnik's manifesto had been published the way was open for *Sounds* to do the first interview using direct quotes. And then, last as usual, along came *Melody Maker* who stuck them on their front cover.

"When people were interested the whole thing started snowballing with the papers trying to outdo each other in size of articles," says Magenta with a sweet smile.

Although Tony James denies Sputnik contrived as much press as possible before signing with EMI in order to get the biggest advance feasible, Magenta admits it was part of Sputnik's strategy.

"Of course that was a consideration," she laughs. "But if EMI hadn't decided to meet our terms then we would still have carried on with the same strategy. We knew somebody would sign us, it was inevitable."

We're sitting on a balcony overlooking the stage at Reading University. Some of the audience are throwing bottles and glasses at Sputnik. A boy is hit in the face by shards of glass and needs stitches.

Another line in *The Myth* is created.

"People always say to me that the only way I've managed to get coverage is because I have friends in the industry and I've used people I know to hype the band," Magenta continues. "But that isn't the way it works. If you haven't got something interesting and exciting then journalists won't do anything. I can't force journalists to write about something they hate."

On the other hand she does admit that she initially got *South Of Watford* hooked into the idea of doing a documentary on Sputnik through a friend who worked as a researcher for LWT.

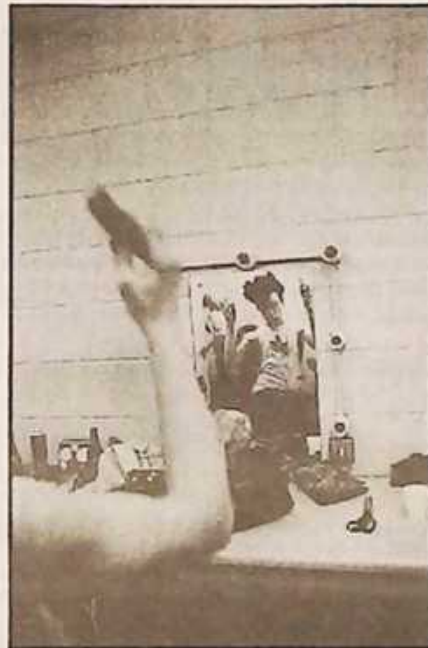
"But obviously *South Of Watford* won't do a documentary simply because I know a researcher, will they?"

There's been no attempt to squash the rumours that are going around that Sputnik were signed to EMI for £4 million. Why not?

"Because I think that the more rumours that fly around about the band, even if they're totally off the wall, the better. All that speculation makes it more exciting."

"By the way, do journalists honestly believe that I've hyped

Rock's richest rip-off since The Sex Pistols talk to Jack Barron.



Mr. Chris Kavanagh.

Sputnik?"

Some do, Magenta.

The article that Tony James is most proud of is the spread Sputnik had in *The Sunday Times Magazine*.

"It was far more important than anything in the music press," he confides. "It opened a lot of doors for us and made us the name on everyone's lips at the BPI Awards."

Written by Chris Salewicz, it was the *Times* freelancer who introduced Tony James' Sputnik concept to the head of EMI's A&R department, Dave Ambrose.

"Tony came along through Chris Salewicz," explains 39-year-old Dave. "Chris Salewicz is a friend of mine and he mentioned that there was a band I ought to go and check out because he was an old friend of Tony's."

SIGUE SIGUE Sputnik — now in danger of being banned at all student venues because Martin Degville told a stupid racist joke at the Norwich gig — soundcheck with a song that shouts "We wanna buy EMI!"

As far as publicist Magenta can recall the rumour Sputnik had signed to the label for £4 million first appeared in Salewicz's *Times* article. Since then it has become another chapter in *The Myth*. A nice round figure the size of a bank vault attracts a lot of attention; it adds to the hyperbole.

"Wherever that quote came from, it's not true," claims Ambrose, who was involved in signing both the Pistols and Duran Duran to EMI, and who got Sputnik contracted to the label's sister company Parlophone.

"As you know record deals are spread over a number of years and

depend on delivery of product. It can amount to an awful lot of money but basically we've given Sputnik enough money to make a good album and to live on."

This sentiment is seconded by Ray Still, General Manager of Parlophone.

"It isn't anything like £4 million and we don't plan to drop the band even though we have yearly options built into the contract."

So how much is the advance? "I can't tell you that," hedges Still. Why not?

"We'd never be prepared to give away a specific sum," he answers firmly. "I wouldn't do that for anybody with any band... but the deal is for five or six years."

EMI will be remembered for two things: The Beatles and giving The Sex Pistols the elbow. Did you sign Sputnik because you were afraid they'd be tempted by another label and you'd be left with egg on your faces again?

"I suppose that was at the back of our minds in a sense," agrees Still. "But I don't think it was fear. We were in the running early. Another company (CBS) came along later, but Sputnik still signed with us even though they offered more money."

"As a phenomenon Sputnik have to be the most exciting thing we've had since The Sex Pistols, though obviously they don't compare in many ways. The Pistols were very different because they frightened people and it got out of hand very quickly at EMI. The Sigue Sigues and us work hand in hand without us compromising their ideas..."

So whose decision was it to edit out the reference to "giving head" on the 7-inch 'Love Missile'?

"That was my decision," confirms Ray. "I know it didn't do Lou Reed any harm ('Walk On The Wild Side' had a similar reference years ago) but with the Sigue Sigues everybody had to notice."

"A week or so before the release I went to Radio One because people there wanted to know what it was all about, what the artwork was like with transvestites with enormous dicks and all that. And Radio One wanted to know were they going to be playing something which was gonna patently frighten the life out of mothers when the kids bought the records? Simon Bates took a different path which was fine by us. Radio wanted to play the record but were concerned about whether they were getting embroiled in something that might backfire on them..."

"So I didn't see any point in leaving the 'head' reference on a record which was going to come under the microscope. The band didn't argue about that. I suppose

you could call it censorship in a sense, but it doesn't harm what is in essence a great three minute record."

I felt greasy when I left Ray Still's office.

HAVE YOU ever experienced sex with a transsexual, Jack?" asks Martin as he applies make-up backstage at Reading University.

No, have you?

"Yes, and I didn't find it confusing at all. I knew exactly what I was getting into. I knew exactly what I wanted and I was quite satisfied with the outcome. It didn't really bother me that they had a dick and a pair of tits. It was the brain behind it that interested me and why they wanted to flaunt their sexuality. That interested and aroused me more than sticking my hand down their knickers and finding a prick while twisting their nipples."

Aside from designing the band's clothes Degville is the weirdest person I've interviewed for a long time. Onstage he is simultaneously camp and venomous. Men with muscles for minds find him threatening.

He moved from his hometown Walsall because he was "stalked by a psychopath who kept breaking into my flat, masturbating in my bed, pissing on the floor and putting S&M porno pictures on my walls". Degville was also responsible for the Sputnik noise trademark.

One day he plugged a synth into a drum machine and out came the robotic rhythm that dominates the band's music. The rhythm that sounds like it was ripped off from Suicide and Alan Vega. It's this locomotion that Tony James plays live on his Roland synth bass.

Over this, quiffed guitarist Neil X — a former dustman — throws out rock riffs assimilated from four years of practising to Elvis and Eddie Cochran. The likely lads Ray and Chris add some electric wallop on syn-drums while Yana, the Diana Dors of dub, mixes the whole thing in an echo amplifier and inserts FX. Is it new?

Of course not. Nor is it savage, but it is different enough from current major-league pop to be influential.

However, the most impressive aspect of Sputnik is their business acumen. Having been fleeced by his experience with Generation X, Tony James has set up a blueprint for how groups could profitably organise themselves.

The six members of the outfit are directors of what is quaintly termed

Continues over the page.

SIGUE VILE!

From the previous page.

The Sigue Sigue Sputnik Corporation. They have no manager raking off 20 per cent and don't need one because Tony James is an efficient businessman. He has a portable telephone with him at all times.

And the band's empire is rapidly swelling as their profile gets higher. Plans are afoot to sell Sputnik styled clothes through Top Shop and maybe move into pirate TV.

"Above all, the music business services like agencies, lawyers and accountants work for us. The norm is that you sign a five year contract with them, but that's like signing away your life," explains Tony.

"There is none of that shit with us. If people do a good job then they can stay with us. We also pay out tax as we go along. We don't plan to get stiffed. Other groups should know about these things, it is different."

ARENT YOU simply the Norman Tebbits of rock and roll, Tony?

"The Norman Tebbits of rock and roll? Hah-hah-hah. No, I don't think that at all."

I do. You're a combination of arch capitalism, designer music and style welded to complete political apathy, aren't you?

"Well, I don't know. Hang on for a second while I think. You see I can't make glib political smart-arse one-liners because it's a very important subject. I don't think we want to be involved in making political statements because they come out so naively from pop groups at this stage in the game. It's unfair because it's such a broad subject and it seems out of the range of a pop interview."

"I see us as having a great idea and taking it all the way and making it happen. Is that capitalism? I don't think that being in control of your destiny means screwing people. We've been totally upfront about everything we've ever done..."

So do you have complete creative control?

"I don't know. If you remember the punk rock time when The Clash signed to CBS and said, Yes, we know they're capitalist bastards but we've got creative control and we're gonna show them. What the hell does contractual creative control mean? You can't make people work on something because it's in a contract, you have to make them enthusiastic about it."

You're saying you have control over your destiny, but do you have complete creative control?

"I think we have control because we make the record company excited about the ideas, Jack. We get them to want to be involved. That's the only sort of control I'm interested in."

You still haven't answered the question.

"Whether we have contractual creative control? That's a turkey of a question because that sort of thing isn't written into contracts. That was the con of the punk rock thing, the creative control clause is complete bullshit."

OK, so who was responsible for editing out the reference to "giving head" on the 7-inch version of the single?

"We made a number of different mixes. We may not ever compromise but we certainly ain't stupid."

But you still haven't answered the question.

"What? Who was responsible? Oh, you mean you think that EMI came along and said take it out?" Tony asks calmly.

That's what they told me.

"Oh, I see. I think that when you work with people obviously you should listen to the things they say. Why make a record that has no chance of ever being played on the radio? That's dumb, that ain't smart at all. Why have a revolution and not tell anyone? That's like saying we'll write a book on how to blow the system apart but let's keep it under lock and key. It's important that our record is heard because otherwise the radio will stay full of awful, bland crap."

What is your record trying to say? To me it seems to be a string of unconnected images.

"What the record is about is like watching television. My attention span is limited so I tend to flick through all four stations with the remote control. The lyrics of our music come across in a similar manner, like flashes of assorted images, action paintings of television images from around the world, and people can draw their own conclusions from them."

"We want to create pictures in people's minds, we don't want to make direct statements like Paul Weller does, you know the sort of thing: rich people are bad and poor people are great."

Don't you think your music is just a rip-off from Suicide?

"It's a combination of various things. I think that anything new is a combination of various old things. When the Pistols came out people said, Oh look it's The Who. But it obviously wasn't. It was The Who, bits of 1977 and other images put together that made it new. The same thing happened with Elvis, he was just called electric blues or country music but he was more than that."

"In every generation of rock people say, But it ain't new, we've heard it before. Yes, of course that's true, but you haven't heard it done this way and that's what each new step is. Our Fifth Generation Of Rock

And Roll I see as a combination of Elvis, Bowie and the Stones from their generation, elements of the punk generation and also Suicide and Vega. Suicide get a little niche all on their own because I love that group and I think they were very innovative. All those elements added to the dub and film scenario make it new."

Are you actually claiming that your music is as important as those influences you've just cited?

"I think it will be seen to have made a step in rock and roll history, Jack. You don't like our group do you...?"

"Now let me guess your next question. You're going to say in the context of us being a non-druggy band that our song is off because 'Love Missile' is a song glorifying sex and violence, aren't you?"

Yeah. Aren't you just hypocrites?

"No, I don't think so at all. We're just victims of the age. Hah-hah-hah. I can't help finding those movies like *Blade Runner*, *Mad Max* and *Magnum Force* exciting. I like those kind of hi-tech violence films. But what we're not talking about here is the violence of mugging a grannie or the *Psychic TV* horrorshow violence of concentration camps which just disgusts me. I'm talking about fantasy hardware violence, *A-Team* stuff, escapism."

Is that what you think music should deal with, escapism?

"I think that our music reflects the time and that those movies are what it's about this time round. In the '80s, rock and roll should reflect what comes out of the telly because that's where 99 per cent of the population get their information from..."

Tell me just one instinctive thing about Sputnik, Tony?

"What? One thing that isn't planned? The music of course. You see though I may be able to articulate what our music is after the event, it's actually made by instinct. People tend to think that because we can articulate it so well in interviews that it's contrived. It isn't."

ALL YOUR music sounds the same. Aren't you just going to have two singles that sell extremely well and one duff album the same as Frankie?

"No, I think that you're completely wrong there. When I bought a T Rex record and took it home I wanted to listen to ten 'Get It On's or ten 'Metal Guru's; ie tracks in a similar genre. When people bought 'Bollocks' they wanted to hear an album of 'Anarchy's. The great thing about the first Ramones album was that it was the same as the singles, and that's the way I like music to be."

"But when I bought the Frankie album where I wanted to hear ten 'Relax's, what I got was two songs like that and the rest of the album with Frankie trying to move out into rock and away from their disco thing. I felt totally conned. You buy our album and you'll know exactly what you're getting."

"On the other hand if you're implying that we'll only have two hits

and that'll be it, then you're surmising we only have one idea. I think we've got a load more ideas and our music will gradually move on, but I think it's important that we make a very clear musical statement of intent at the start."

"So I refute that accusation, Jack..."

Aren't Sputnik the zenith of the cancer in pop, namely style over content?

"I think that it's style, content and charisma. If you think that's cancer, then you're wrong. I think our music does have content. People say it's a con, but I actually think it has a lot more content than people think."



A backside.

namely the political process. Why?

"I believe that if we talk about the unemployment thing there's going to be 25 million people unemployed in say 20 years' time. Robots will do the basic tasks of creating products and food. The work ethic won't exist, it will be the leisure ethic. I believe that technology has the potential to create affluence for everybody... Instead of being luddite the unions should be fighting for the control of technology. Do you believe that unions should work, like in the miners' case, for the right of their children's children to work in a pit?"

But there's a confusion here. It's



An old boot.

Because of all the other stuff associated with us people forget to listen to the records. You don't like our group do you?"

You've said that the idea of Sputnik is to be more than mere music. You've talked about it in terms of fostering a certain kind of attitude amongst people. Don't you think that makes you pretentious prats?

"No."

A long silence ensues as Tony stares icily at me.

"And I'm certainly not going to justify nonsense. That's a nonsense question. I'm not going to attempt to justify myself."

Why not?

"Because no says exactly what I think," he replies with a growing smile.

In the context of Britain's four million unemployed, Sputnik are odd. You've talked in the past about the band reflecting a new age of leisure brought about by technological change. But that presumes there will be a redistribution of wealth so that people can actually afford the technology of leisure. Yet you deliberately stand aside from the very machinery that would bring about redistribution of wealth,

one thing to have technology to take over all the drudge labour, but it's another when it leads to people being thrown on the scrapheap. And a balanced solution isn't being sought by this government because they're not interested."

"Definitely, but I'd like to see them be interested. What you're talking about is a 1984 situation with an inner party and the plebs or proles; the rich getting richer and the poor doing nothing at all. Obviously I don't agree with that. But look, these are big-deal subjects and can't be sorted out in pop interviews..."

OK, we finally agree on something... But wouldn't you say you're in collusion with EMI to fleece as much money as possible from the public?

"No, not at all, Jack. I refute that totally. What I'm trying to do is make that ultimate product for a fan. I don't think there is any collusion with the record company. We don't sit there every day and think of how we can make some more money."

Are you only in it for the money, Tony?

"No, I'm in it for the cheques as well," wisecracks the Sputnik captain.

"You don't like our group do you, Jack?"

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Old Shag!



MARVIN AND Turki in Cleethorpes

THE pop world was shocked to the bottom of its bleached roots this week by more filthy revelations about £657 million rock perverts Shag Shag Spunky!

At their latest gig singer Marvin Deadville was showered with back-numbers of *The Scum* after simulating sex with voluptuous sound engineer Yah Boo Sux.

Apparently the audience were incensed because he "was doing it all wrong," according to one fan. Still - it was the first time he'd tried it with a woman.

HOT NEWS

DESPITE frantic attempts by the record company concerned to cover up the facts, *Bizzzark* can exclusively reveal that the classic 1967 eponymous debut elpee by Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band was a hoax! The album was actually the work of The Beatles, who wanted to experiment beyond their normal tinny hit sound without upsetting their fans.

Famed Beatles collector and expert Aynol Rett Enttve told us: "If you look beneath the glasses and moustaches it soon becomes apparent that Pepper is really John

Lennon! Of course, on the front of the record they tried to disguise who the real members of the band were by surrounding them with pictures of celebrities like Aleister Crowley, Laurel and Hardy and Muhammad Ali. Still, you can't fool us experts for long, eh?"

Another fan of The Beatles told us: "People shouldn't buy this thinking they're getting a real Beatles album. It was just a demo for that great *Sgt Pepper* film that mega-genius Robert Stigwood made years later."

Pop stars - they can run, but they can't hide from Bizzzark!

After having a nasty paper-cut on his nose covered in Elastoplast, Deadville, who, like the rest of the Spunkys wears ladies' stout walking shoes, Marks & Sparks long johns and plastic incontinence knickers on-stage, told us:

"They just couldn't handle it - they tried, but the stage was too high! I'm more glamorous than Bet Lynch, a bigger tit than Raquel Welch's left 'un! I'd do anything to be famous - it was either this or murdering a few kids, y'know?" Bassist Turki Branes has horrified mums 'n' dads with his lyrics to the Spunkys' 45 hit, 'Public Pissor - Yellow Streak', which go:

"I like to rim
I snort Vim
I'm a him

But I've gotta quim".

We don't know what it all means but we think we should be told! As these words, coupled with the antics of Deadville, whose trademark is dark-brown OAP orthopaedic supp-hose worn over the head, caused raunchy outbreaks of spontaneous vomiting in the crowd, little did Shag Shag Spunky know what lay in store at their next show.

VIOLENCE! Riot shielded coppers weren't impressed when drummer Lay Maybe threw his empty muesli carton into the crowd. They grilled him for three days after the incident, when a fan claimed a stray raisin adhering to the box had lodged in his eye.

Maybe, who was said to be "browned off" after

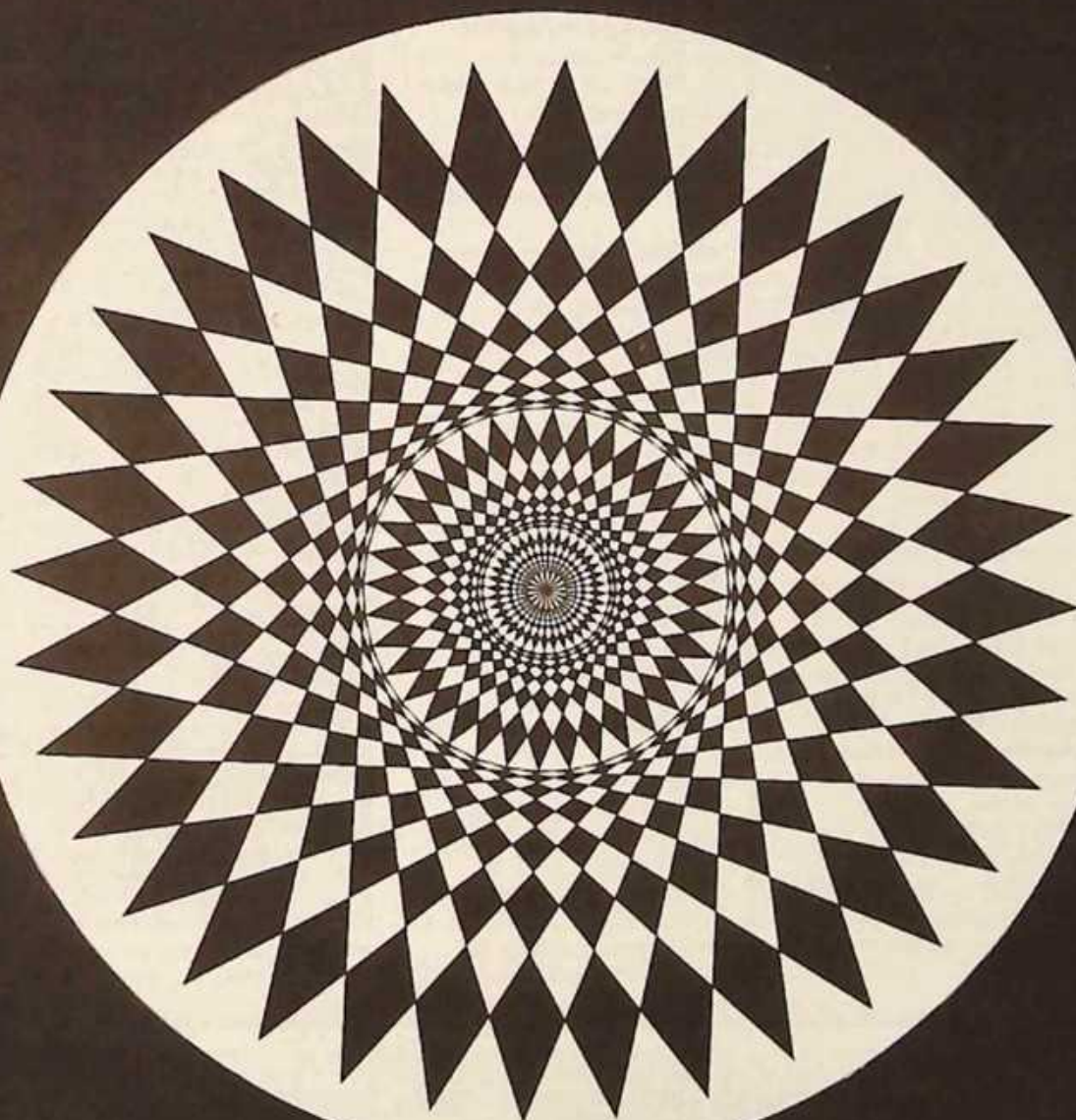
the police roasting, then flew on Concorde to be at the band's next show at Cleethorpes. He denied claims that the band deliberately try to shock, however.

"Hype? What the f*** you talkin' abaht, you sperm-guzzling donkey f***er? Look, we all know that the heir to the throne of Tatamacla had a three-in-a-bed romp with our guitarist and a transsexual MP, right? Oh, you didn't? Just thought I'd mention it, err, 'scuse me while I inject these crushed-up headache pills. Did you know I was an addict? Yeah, since I was 14, yeah..."

Bizzzark, of course, thoroughly deplores this sort of rubbish. That's why we've given so much space to it.



THE SPUNKYS' voluptuous sound engineer Yah Boo Sux



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J A W S

EDITED BY GLYN BROWN

POOR, POOR

MORTICIA. How I hope she is enjoying her petit vacance in Grimsby. After the sheer trauma of breaking a fingernail like that, the little cupcake needed a break away from harsh sunlight.

But I digress. Let me light my cigar and see what's on this scribbled parchment the gal left behind. Apart from a rather nasty coffee stain, and something that looks suspiciously like dried Spanish Fly, that is. Well, there's a hastily hieroglyphed message that reads: "Penn... donna." No,

it's no good. I'll have to get my bifocals on. There.

Hmmm. Seems that nice young man **Sean Penn** (oh, how I wish dear Morticia had kept that relationship going) and his hirsute wife **Madonna** (upstart!) were spotted at a not so elite Baker Street film theatre last week. **AND THIS IS AN EXCLUSIVE!!!!** (Phew, get me my belladonna, and quick!) No, not one Fleet Street hack saw the couple enjoying a quiet evening out watching a real film: namely that quality Brit flick *Letter To Brezhnev*. The tabloids, it seems,

were obviously fooled by their careful disguise. How clever it was, too! And after all, just about any old couple takes a nine foot minder with them to the local flea pit... don't they? How very inconspicuous!

I would tell you more about all this, dears, but the gas lamps here are so flickery, and anyway, this scrawly note is covered in bat guano. I must tell Morticia it makes very good hair conditioner...

Farewell, banana fritters. **GREAT AUNT LEG WAX**



"**WELL BRINSLEY** old chap, now the cameras aren't on us I can drop all that *know what I mean* business and start talking properly. **Mr Lawless** thought it'd be a good idea to come across as an inarticulate retard in order to gain the undying love of the great British public, and who knows, one day become known as 'our Frankie' and get a medal like our 'Enery and get on *Celebrity Squares*."

Mr Lawless has devised a great exercise to combine with my extra curricular activities. It involves lying on my back reading **Marcel Proust's** *Recherche Du Temps Perdu*, so as well as expanding my deltoids and triceps I have a jolly good laugh. You must try it.

If you're ever looking for a soprano for the next **Aswad** album, I'm sure Mr Lawless would give me the afternoon off, know what I mean. **OOOOPS!**"

LONG RANGERS

THE EMBASSY recently opened its doors to a mixed bunch of popperazi who had gathered to pay homage to **Janice Long** (42) on the occasion of her birthday, an event which apparently coincided with a serious attempt on the world record for alcohol consumption.

Also battling for Janice's Radio One side were Gary 'Mr Anonymous' Davies and scale-model DJ **Bruno Brooks**, while up against them ranged a formidable array of stars of varying degrees of brightness. The former category included **Ian Astbury** and **Cult** cohort **Billy Duffy**, **Robert Smith** and **Kirk Brandon**, while among those indulging in a stardom nostalgia trip were **Edwyn Collins**, **Rusty Egan**, **Marilyn** and theoretical living legend **Pete Dinklage**.

Up-and-comers **Salvation Sunday**, meanwhile, covered in the presence of a leather contingent consisting of **Twenty Flight Rockers**, **Play Dead** refugees **Pete** and **Rob**, and **Wayne** from the newly dubbed **The Mission**.

The highlight of the evening came when crazed psychedelic rockers **Zodiac Mindwarp** and **The Love Reaction** emerged from the crowd to bash out a few

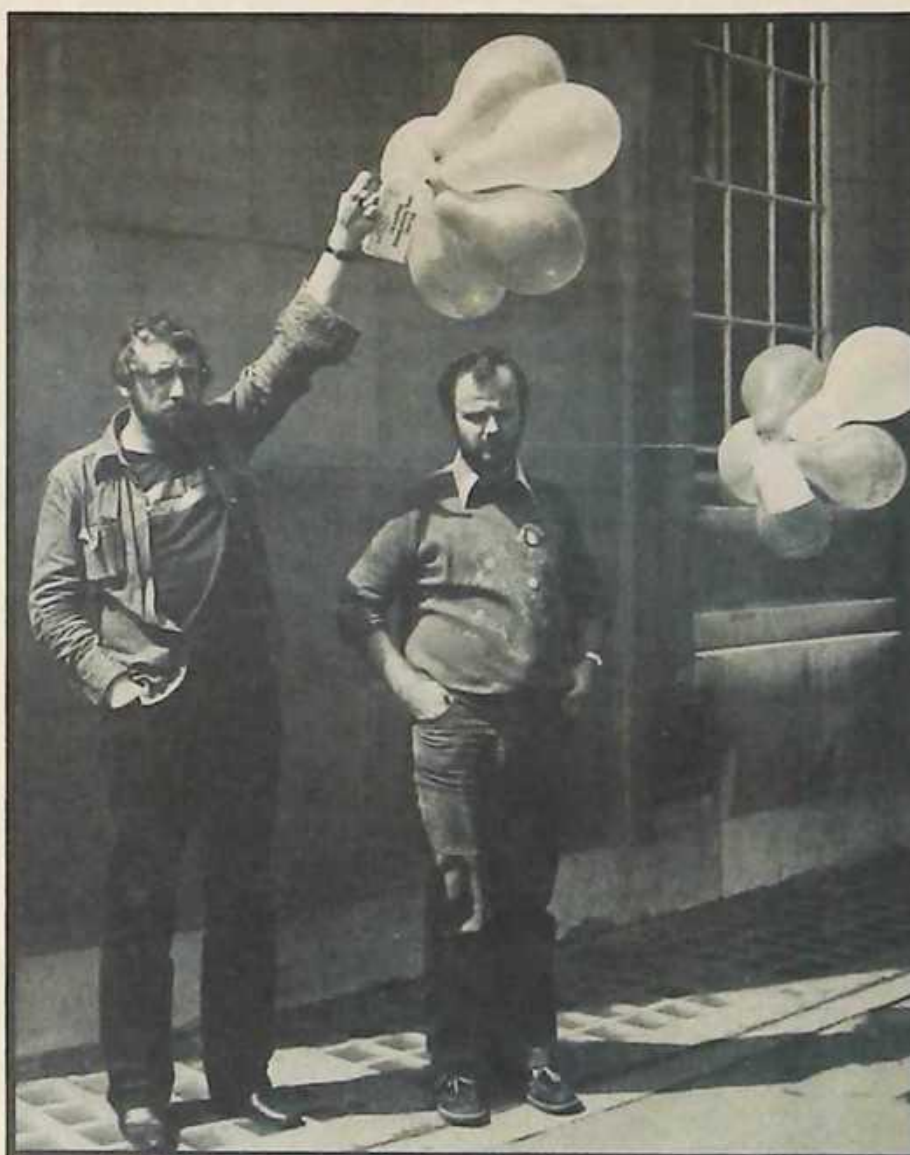
numbers, having been introduced by plucky Ms Long, who informed the assembled throng that Mr Astbury had assured her these boys were going to be the biggest thing this century.

Prominent among the front row headbangers were the **Rose** half of **Strawberry Switchblade**, **Marc Almond**, **Raven** of **Killing Joke**, and **Brilliant**, with **Youth** on especially loutish form.

During a second number, however, a malfunctioning bass provoked the appropriately-named **Kid Chaos** to hurl the offending instrument into the bass stack, effecting a rather neat explosion. Unfortunately the equipment in question wasn't actually the property of **The Love Reaction**, this dubious privilege belonging to the decidedly miffed **Reverb Brothers**.

A somewhat despondent Janice was later witnessed signing a personal cheque for £2,000 to the aggrieved party.

Janice swung back into action the following night, descending on swinging Chelsea's swiftest nitespot (uh...) **Crazy Larry's**, where **Jeff Beck** was throwing a party to celebrate his collection of



PAR-DEE! John Walters and John Peel, not to be outdone by nite-clubbin' colleague Janice, let it all rip with a fast livin' function of their own

Grammy awards, presented for owning more guitars than anyone else in the universe.

Rolling Stones **Keith Richards**, **Bill Wyman** and **Ron Wood** polished off a few bevvies in honour of their own special Grammy award for 'oldest living rock musicians', as did the presenter of that award, **Eric Clapton**.

Despite a fair percentage of the guests being recipients of the Queen's telegram, the OAPs shook a leg and walking stick or two to the sounds of those brilliant funsters **The Rapiers**. And none appreciated them more than **Ringo Starr**, who told drummer **John Tuck** that their set took him back to his days with **Rory Storm And The Hurricanes**; **John Entwistle**, however, insisted they'd just played the would-be **Who's** entire 1962 set...

While the pensioners bopped to **The Rapiers'** second session, a battle of the cigars was fought out between **Harvey Goldsmith** and protector of the people's morals, **Michael Death Wish Winner**.

A thought. How is it that despite the rapid ageing process of these rock veterans the female contingent never seem to get beyond 21?



AND THEN THERE WAS ONE

... called **Tony Iommi**. And **Steffan Chirazi** said, **Black Sabbath**, isn't it time to give up the ghost and roll over?

IN 1972 **Black Sabbath** recorded the epic 'Black Sabbath Volume 4' album in Los Angeles, an album which as much as any illustrates the true Sabbath legend. Some 14 years on, I walk down Sunset Boulevard with that same 'Volume 4' on my headset to meet guitarist **Tony Iommi**, in what is to be two hours of confusion.

The confusion on my part stems from witnessing the gradual mutation of one of the world's strongest bands, the biggest twist having just arrived in the shape of the new Sabbath album 'The Seventh Star'.

A fact: If you double the figure in that title, you're left with the exact amount of Sabbath personnel since 1970.

And these days there is only one original member: **Tony Iommi**. Wot, no **Geezer**? The seemingly inseparable duo of Iommi and bassist **Butler** parted, the news being broken swiftly and minimally in a press release referring to the departure of one 'Terry Butler'.

The worst has surely happened, but there is still that last bastion of Sabbath hope, **Tony Iommi**. Surely no one could manipulate him?

"I've got to attend a ceremony in about two

hours, and I don't even know what I'm collecting or what it's for! Probably for having had the most members in a band!" The laugh that follows shrouds a darker, more nervous Iommi, one he really can't show.

"I know that people are wondering about the name, but that was a combination of things really. I was originally going to put this out as a solo project, **Geezer** had left to do his..."

Amicably?

"Oh yeah, on real good terms, we're still mates but, as I was saying, this was to be a **Tony Iommi** solo project. But then the US record company **Warner Brothers** wanted the name **Sabbath**, the management wanted the name and I thought I had a bloody right to use it, seeing as I'd lived **Sabbath** for 16 odd years."

Manipulation, it seems, was already in operation. And let's take a look at what would be a credible line-up for a solo project, but which instead is yet another 'Sabbath'. **Mars Bar** kid **Glenn Hughes** sings, some LA based mop-top called **Eric Singer** is on drums, there's a bassist called **Dave 'The Beast' Spitz**, and the album provides the official inception of **Brummie** based

TUBE IN METAL FATIGUE SHOCK!

LIG? THAT'S what we were promised, and to be perfectly honest, I've seen better ligs underneath the arches. *The Tube* obviously forgot that HM is meant to be the music for liggers, so on their recent metal special, they only rustled up a few stale cheese rolls and some pissy lager. Nice one!

So, individuals were left to find ways of disgracing themselves without alcohol, Phil Mogg leading the way, still sporting those disgusting blue leather trousers. Seems he thought that Anita from *The Cherry Bombz* would be impressed, and when he misguidedly thought she'd left him an enticing note, the sexist brute proceeded to trap her in a corridor and breathe lustily down her heaving bosom. Fortunately for Anita, there were people on hand to thwart Mogg's



Phil Mogg gets a lotta bottle, as UFO leerily hover over *The Cherry Bombz*. Pic: Martyn "I only got 20 seconds to take this" Strickland

evil ideas, and staunch, moralistic fellow UFOs and *Cherry Bombz* intervened on the sordid affair.

Speaking of sexism, Muriel Gray refused to have her picture taken with anyone for fear of such advantages being taken,

politely refusing with a suave selection of four letter words (like, "Nope!"). She even refused to be photographed with Alan 'Fluff' Freeman! Now, where could the danger be there...? We think we should be told!

Lord WAISTREL

WHY, YOU are obviously wondering, is a man as noble as myself on the road with these Sick Sucky Sputnicks? Simple. Not only because the country's best-looking band deserves the country's best-looking peer, but also because only a man of my vast intellectual capacity could hope to penetrate their defences...

So, I dumped the jolly old Roller and broke out the cheapest motor I could find - my C-reg Jaguar XJ6. And posing as a common chauffeur I drove outrageous Martin Degville and sex goddess Yana Ya-Ya all over this sceptred isle.

Unfortunately, my plans for an exclusive were ruptured by the arrival back-seat of 'Sweaty' Betty Page - so-called singer with Stiletto Sex and so-called stringer for *RM*. Now I had always thought that *RM* stood for *Record Mirror*, not *Rampant Mistress*... but that only goes to show how wrong you can be.

With a husky whisper of "I give good copy", the rubber-clad Page was swiftly embroiled in a shock three-in-a-Jag romp with said Degville and demonic drummer Ray 'Mayhem' Mayhew!

Back-seat bunk-ups aside, the gutter press coverage of their extraordinary tour has missed the point entirely. The real shock behind the Sputnicks isn't violence - it's sex.

I refer not only to their T-shirts, but also to their fans! At the band's Stoke gig, I witnessed the sick carrying-ons in the crowd.

Naked pictures of Yana are also on display at the rear of the hall every night on the tour (I have taken a number into my custody for further enquiries).

And my good friend Peter Bruinvels, Conservative member for Leicestershire East, has rightfully called for T-shirts depicting masturbating transsexuals, four-letter words, and Yana naked with a black man's sexual organs grafted on to her groin, to be banned.

While he's about it, he might also care to ban the group's chubby agent, Mr Blob Hallet (aka 'Hollywood' Hallet) on grounds of extreme meanness. Never has one man done so much to avoid buying a drink - Blob makes Scrooge look like the biggest spender since Liverpool Council!

But what of you, Waistrel? I hear you ask as one. Weren't you, oh divine one, tempted to stray from the values of Church and Country?

Well, I'd better admit it now (before *RM* prints it anyway). Next week's soaraway Sputnik Waistrel column is saucily subtitled: 'My week of hell as an Ultra-Vixen groupie'. Read it and weep!

Toodle-pip!

keyboardist Geoff Nicholls. Smacks of being arranged for, and not by, Tony.

"Not at all, and I really think this is the truest Sabbath since the Ozzy days. Glenn really is a great singer..."

Great also meaning fat, we hear.

"Obviously Glenn's had his problems like all of us, but he's lost a lot of weight now. I'll tell you how I know that this is the best post-Ozzy line-up. Because they sound just like the originals."

Glenn Hughes singing 'Iron Man'? 'The Beast' playing 'Paranoid'? F*** off! Why not do the decent thing, and either call this a solo project or reform the old band?

"Well, we've discussed getting the old line-up back together numerous times, and it might well happen one day, when everybody's finished with their solo projects. But I won't plan things anymore, because they always go wrong. Anyway, Sabbath is what Sabbath wants to be, and this is as real a Sabbath as any other."

"When Ian Gillan was in the band, there were some problems. Ian is a lovely bloke, and we're mates, but I'm not sure about having to play 'Smoke On The Water'. And then of course Bill had to leave again..."

It is obvious that, despite having been at the helm of Sabbath for so long, events in the last few years have gone beyond Tony's powers. He's been booked into venues in the US this month which he simply wouldn't fill without the Sabbath name.

"Believe me, if this band isn't good enough then I won't let them out... but it will be. I feel it's time that Sabbath were back at the top again. And if this band fails, then it will be all down to me."

Which other venues will the band be playing, and when?

"I really don't know, I only know we're starting somewhere in Texas."

The truth is now clear. The main source of confusion in the last two hours has been Tony himself. The whole operation suggests outside manipulation from powers who deem themselves bigger than Iommi: it seems as though he would only be happy with this if it were a solo project.

So, almost a decade and a half on from 'Volume 4', I walk back out onto Sunset Boulevard, reflecting upon how in the space of time between '72 and '86, mercenaries have disfigured a once mighty name.

Black Sabbath, RIP.



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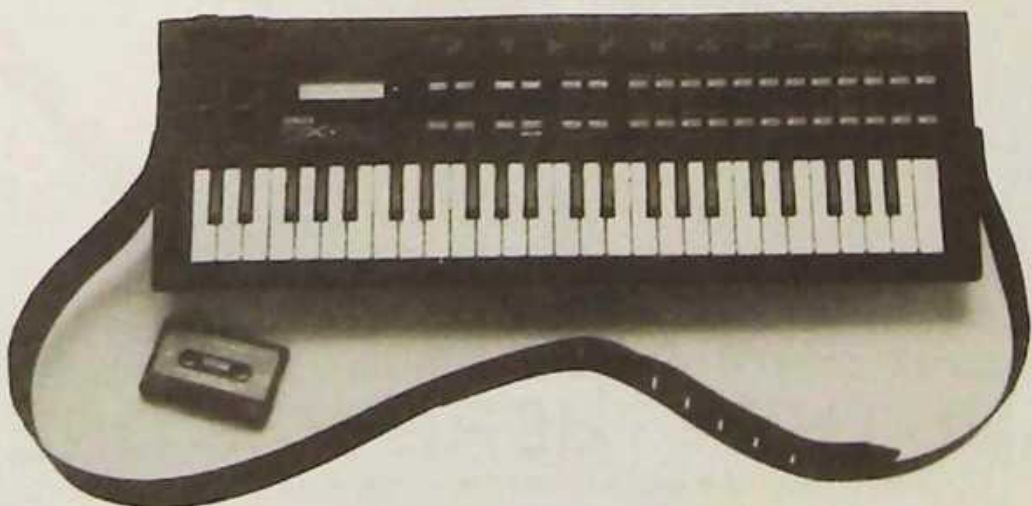
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FILM-TV-VIDEO-BOOKS

SCANNERS

EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL

JAGGED EDGE

(Columbia)
GLEN CLOSE is now pushing for a place among the true-blue greats of Hollywood. A late starter, she debuted in *The World According to Garp*, starred in *The Big Chill*, and featured opposite Redford in *The Natural*. She received Oscar nominations for all three.

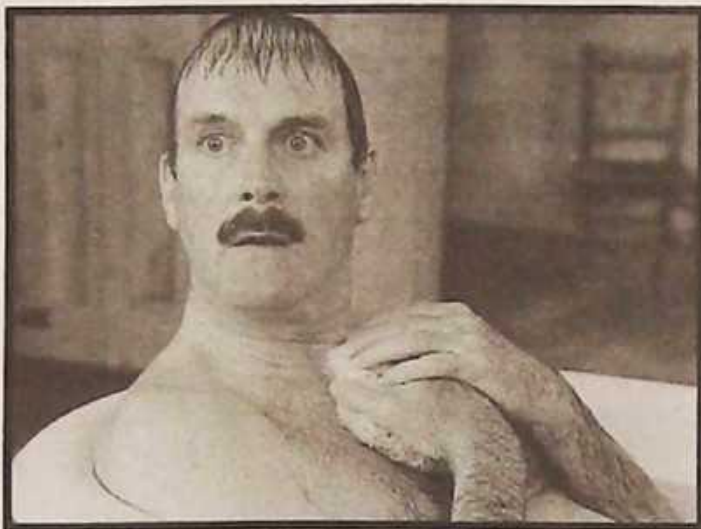
Since then, she has completed the unreleased but superbly acted *The Stone Boy*, the yet to be released *Maxie*, and *Jagged Edge*, a psychological thriller in which she stars opposite Jeff Bridges.

She plays Teddy Barnes, a San Francisco lawyer who steps in to defend Bridges as the young go-getting publisher and newspaper editor, who stands accused of murdering his heiress wife. She doesn't want the case, but her employers make her an offer she can't refuse and she agrees to represent him on one condition: if she ever doubts her client's innocence, she will abandon the case.

Jeff Bridges usually plays the kind of guy you can trust because he has that kind of face. So naturally she and the audience take his side. But then things get a little complicated: she falls in love with him.

Jagged Edge keeps you guessing all the way, and Glen Close, as a kind of motherly version of Meryl Streep, moves one step nearer greatness.

JIM KITE



JOHN CLEESE trying to cover his embarrassment at Clockwise?

CLOCKWISE

(Columbia-EMI-Warner)

JOHN CLEESE may be a lackey for the SDP, but he's still the best screen comedian we have. Since the hibernation of the Pythons, his best work has been seen on TV in *Fawlty Towers* repeats, and in the boardrooms of the City with his award-winning training films from his own company, Video Arts.

Now he turns up in his first major starring role playing a lunatic, accident-prone headmaster, in the low budget British production, *Clockwise*. Just what attracted him to it is anyone's guess. It can't have been the script, written, so rumour has it, over and over again by playwright Michael Frayne.

Headmaster Cleese is a man whose life runs like clockwork, and not a second of any day passes without his knowing who and what is going on in the classrooms of his concrete and glass comprehensive. But the crowning glory of his life and career is his chairmanship of the Headmasters' Conference, and just as his dream is about to come true, everything begins to go wrong in a catalogue of untimely disasters.

Against all the odds, Cleese is brilliant, but *Clockwise* itself is a weak collection of running gags and cliché sit-com humour.

JIM KITE

THE CEREMONIES

TED Klein

(Pan)

BUYING A fat horror paperback with one of those tinfoil-embossed logos has become akin to picking your way through a literary minefield.

They all seem to star young writers, press-ganged into battle with strange, Satanic forces they barely understand, when all they wanted to do was hire an old country gaff and get on with some creative hackery. And they all appear to have cover testimonials by the genre heavyweight, Stephen King. Well, get this: *The Ceremonies* is no exception to those rules. Except...

Except that it's good. TED Klein was, until recently, editor of the USA TV-derived short story 'zine *Twilight Zone*, and so knows a thing or three about scaring the parts other creepy-crawlies fail to reach.

The Ceremonies, effective as it is in places, has been worked up from one of Klein's punchy short tales into the weighty epic now on offer, and one has to ask oneself if anything has really been gained in the fattening. And, of course, the answer is a matter of taste: the added length gives this tale of an ancient evil biding its time over centuries the sweep of, say, Peter Straub's *Ghost Story*, though there are points where one wonders if such a large canvas is really necessary, given the fact that Clive Barker can achieve so much in a mere quickie like *Rawhead Rex*.

While *The Ceremonies* remains (in places) a thumping old romp, it seems Klein has already made his mind up: his new book *Dark Gods* is (despite Pan press-release's claim to the contrary) not a novel but a short-story collection.

SANDY ROBERTSON

IDEAL HOLMES

YOUNG SHERLOCK HOLMES

(UIP)

THE FILMIC history of Sherlock Holmes since Basil Rathbone threw in his deerstalker has been a patchy one. We've had Dr Watson as a woman, Holmes with a false nose and – worst of all – Sherlock being treated as a loony by Freud!

On the surface, this Steven Spielberg-helmed (well, he was one of the three executive producers) effort should be just another thud-and-blunder epic; after all, in the canon according to Conan Doyle, Holmes and his amanuensis Watson didn't meet until they were adults, yet here they are galumphing about in a movie that comes off like *Tom Brown's Schooldays* meets *Temple Of Doom*.

The saving grace is that it's all done with real affection.

Having disclaimed all connection with Holmesian reality upfront (though he *could've* claimed tenuous justification for his stance by invoking an earlier little-boy-Sherlock UK TV show), director Barry Levinson is free to let his teen-Holmes (Nicholas Rowe, son of Tory MP Andrew Rowe) run riot through a snowbound, immaculately grimy England that never really was.

One unhappy chum at the preview I witnessed thought the film had all the smug, candy-cane 'charm' of the never-never eccentric British perpetrated in movies such as *Mary Poppins* and *Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines*, but, in spite of inviting comparisons with the latter by having one-time TV Watson Nigel Stock flapping around in some dumb flying contraption, *Young Sherlock Holmes* is saved, once again, by its sheer enthusiasm.

Backed ably by a cast which includes such likeable faces as Freddie Jones and Sophie Ward, Sherlock and his Watson (Alan Cox) investigate a dire cult rooted in the very heart of the public school system and, amid some sterling psychedelic special effects, manage to explain the genesis of some staple characteristics of Sherlock's grown-up life.

And – apropos of that – *don't* be like the plonkers at my screening who left before the final credits had rolled and missed the punchline of the entire movie!

SANDY ROBERTSON

IT'S HERE!

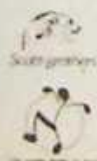
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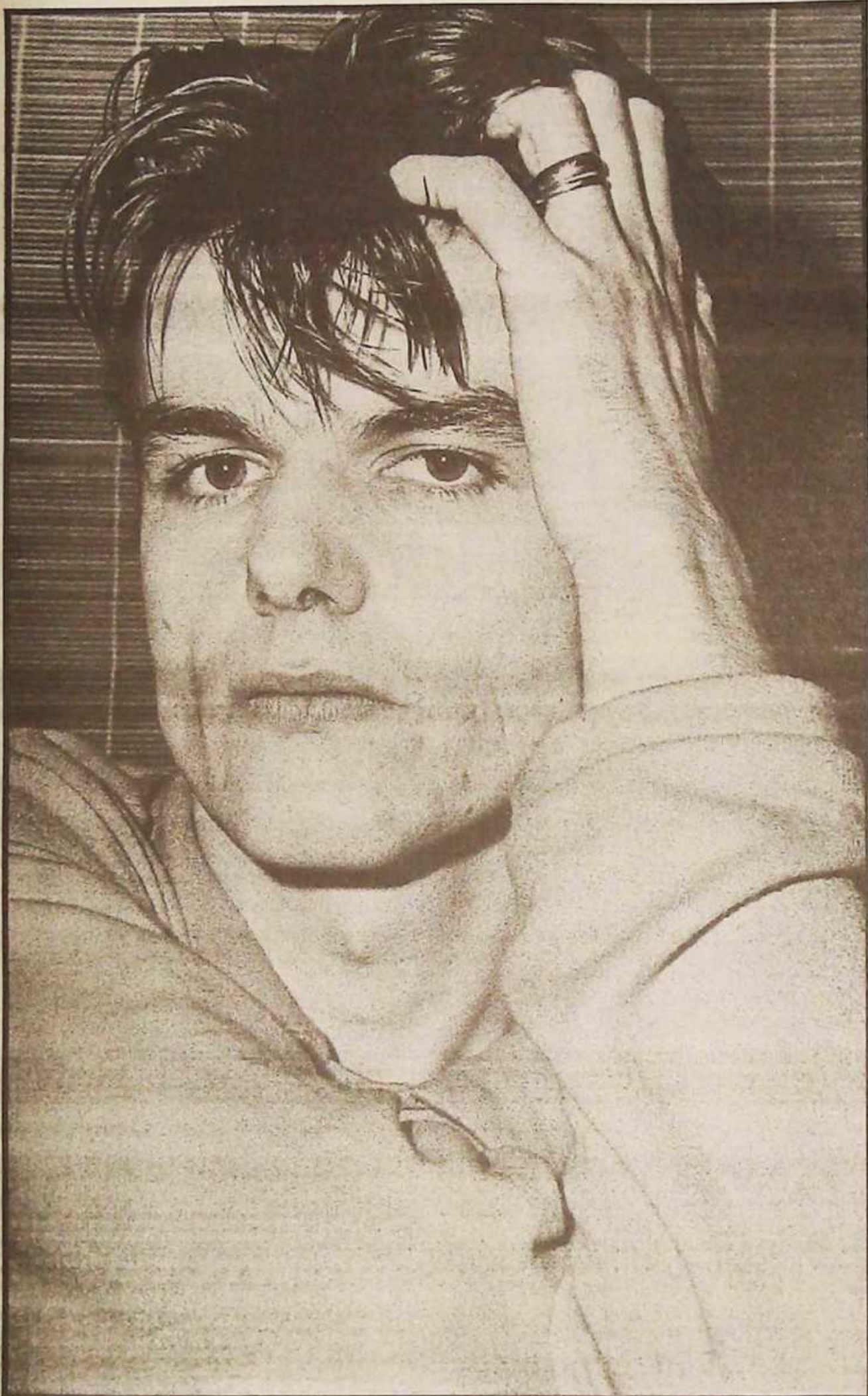
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DR ROBERT is gonna be better than Elvis Presley; at least, that's what he says. But is THE BLOW MONKEYS' mouthpiece just . . . monkeying around? KEVIN MURPHY diagnoses star quality. MARTYN STRICKLAND takes the crazy ape-shots

can, is write songs."

Does that mean you're better than Elvis?

"Better than Elvis, God! . . . I hope to be, potentially I am. Better than Elvis is definitely something to aim for."

And you'd no doubt relish the adulation?

"Yes, because I could handle it."

What about the unrelenting invasion of privacy?

"I'd tolerate that."

Have you always had this notion to become a legendary figure?

"In the back of my mind, yeah. It's only recently that I've had the courage to pursue it. As a teenager I was intensely depressed because I didn't know what I wanted to do but, once I realised, it was just such a weight off my mind. Now more than anything because I'm going through a great patch. I feel it's almost as if it's my time now."

The one area where true performers really excel is onstage. It's home, and home is where the Dr struts arrogantly around, surveying his admirers, throwing suggestive glances to the increasing number of nubile who attend, and where he performs his ritualised poses with a camp affectation modelled on the great traditions of excess.

How much is the man and how much is the make-up? Does he put his character on with his stage clothes?

"You can't be like that all the time. I'd be unbearable. I wouldn't have anything real to draw back on or write about."

"If I thought I was God's gift to women, like Paul King does or, if I thought I was a poet like Mark E Smith thinks he is or, if I thought I was a great dancer like the guy in Go West thinks he is, I'd crack up, because I'd have nothing to come back to. But, I need both. I need the balance. Getting the balance right is very difficult. . . as Depeche Mode would say."

"I don't see it as a deliberate piss-take or camping it up, it's just how I've always seen entertainment and glamour. Glamour without guilt. You get the feeling so many people want to break out and lose themselves in the music and that's what I do. There are those who are afraid of being uncool or laughed at, but I don't mind. If it comes across as egotistical it's not meant to be. No one's got any excuse to be dull."

THE DR'S formative years have certainly been everything but dull. Following trials for the England Schoolboys Cricket squad — "I knew I wasn't going to make Test standard and I didn't much fancy playing for, say, Glamorgan for the rest of my life" — he left the drug-crazed world of cricket for the sun, sheep and Sheilas of Australia.

It was 1976 and, with the music scene about to explode, this could have been an ill-timed move but seeing the embryonic Saints and The Birthday

Party proved inspirational.

"With Australia there's a certain lack of history or culture. I found myself missing things like old buildings. It's the nearest thing I've come to a classless society, they're not overwrought with attitudes."

While out there he began a short lived career as a critic for *RAM*, an Australian music rag.

He got himself a reputation for not being too complimentary and got the sack after six weeks for failing to turn in a "positive" review about anyone.

During this brief career he spent some time on the road with Magazine, but even this encounter left him disillusioned.

"That was extremely boring. I thought Howard Devoto was going to be interesting but he's soooooo dull."

Though he no longer scathingly dismisses his fellow musicians in print, dangle a mike in front of his nose and the derision flows freely.

"I feel a bit unimpressed by the new crop of pop stars. There's a real lowering of standards, it's like second division talent."

"I don't mind pop stars when they come clean, like Duran Duran, if they want to be pop stars and they're good at it. They may be obnoxious and talentless but they're good at it. They may all want to take Polaroids of each other, hang around with Andy Warhol and buy yachts but they do it well, like text book pop stars."

"I couldn't play the game to that extent; which doesn't mean to say you have to be as dull as Lloyd Cole."

MOST OF The Blow Monkeys' music deals unashamedly with matters of the heart and though their songs may not be politically aware their composer is. At one stage they were approached to appear on the Red Wedge tour, an offer the Dr declined due to personal reasons.

"I didn't want to be bottom of the bill to Gary Kemp."

But surely such causes should be about solidarity rather than egos?

"It's not supposed to be, but if you've got Paul Weller there it can't be anything but an ego trip. I think people like Weller and Bragg have thought out their political ideology well enough not to have their motives questioned, but I am suspicious of people like Gary Kemp and Junior."

The focal point for the Dr and his music is sex, and both reek of it. One laps it up, the other pours it out, and it's a topic the Dr knows a lot about.

The question of him becoming a sex symbol is never in doubt.

"Oh yeah. It's inevitable."

What do you think of women?

"I think they're a bit overrated," he says after a brief pause. "I've found a certain empathy within writers like Norman Mailer and Truman Capote, the quite macho approach to it. I've had a bad time with women. Like Linda, who's my wife and manager . . . or was,

MY AIM is to make truly inspired pop music, which in this day and age is the greatest thing to aspire to.

"There's no point being reckless and too self-obsessed because it only leads you up your own arsehole and in the end you become out of touch."

"I find it hard enough to keep in touch anyway. I'm naturally inclined to drift off into my own world and I'm continually grasping to get out of that and co-exist with everybody

else."

Dr Robert sits in his own world, based above a record shop in the heart of Brixton, from where he became an armchair spectator of the riots, and sips on a glass of red wine.

Dressed in a loud orange shirt with that get-you-noticed appeal he reflects on his aspirations, enormous talent, modesty and the good times ahead.

His group, The Blow Monkeys, are about to erupt on the scene with their second LP 'Animal Magic' and the single culled from it, 'Digging Your Scene' which is champing at the charts. It makes a glorious appetiser, oozing soul and bravado as it winks at the Philly era and smiles.

Nowadays, there are few real stars.

most take on the role reluctantly and without flamboyance, beyond a grotesque suit. Not so the Dr, whose full title reads Dr Robert Star Charisma Sex Appeal This Isn't Meant To Sound Egotistical But . . . Howard.

Now you know why they call him the Dr for short.

HE IS from the same mould as his idols Elvis, Bolan and Tom Jones and it was through his parents' adoration of Presley that he became a fan.

"He inspires me beyond belief. He had honesty, vulnerability and he had talent. It's a bit like me."

I told you this guy was modest.

"The one thing he couldn't do, that I

WHAT'S UP DOC?

THE NUMBER OF THE BEASTIES

What do New York metal rappers the BEASTIE BOYS and Eric Bristow have in common? ANDY HURT takes aim at the Def Jam supremos and scores a bullseye

"MY FRIEND Warren was playing football in Washington Square park and he ran into a tree and he got cancer from it.

"He had to have a catheter inserted into his penis and it was a big joke among us because we told him that when they did it it would make this noise that went 'SQUEEEEEAK!' and we'd walk up behind him and make that noise and he'd get really upset."

That's Rick Rubin talking, Def Jam label boss, master of the twin decks and oldest and most mature of the four Beastie Boys. This is generally the level of conversation that you get from the New Yorkers, so you join in the game, let the tape roll and blab along.

If the chat should unaccountably stray into the area of music then so much the better. Their new single, 'She's On It', packs the kind of punch that hasn't been felt for quite some time; a loud, brash splash of heavy metal electro rap.

The Beasties go full tilt against the grain, 'developing' from precocious punk ensemble to foremost white rap outfit.

And with youth still on their side they haven't had the time to grow apart from music and pontificate on the state of the world.

"This whole political thing is real bugged out," complains MCA, alias Adam Yauch, the Nice One of the group.

"Does it bother you that we don't say anything about politics?" asks Ad-Rock, aka Adam Horowitz, the baby of the group, the loudest mouth in a squad of loudmouths and the son of distinguished writer Israel Horowitz.

No, why should it?

Ad-Rock: "It doesn't matter if we sing about having a good time? That's fine, right? These f***** dudes come in and they can't believe that all we're singing about is having a good time, but there's nothing wrong in that."

"The mentality of everyone that's interviewed us is, well, you

guys are white, so you're intelligent and we'll interview you and give you hard questions, whereas if you were black we wouldn't expect you to be intelligent and we'd accept you for being ignorant. That attitude's retarded. The press I've met here are the most racist press I've ever encountered."

A little extreme, perhaps, but I see his point. This fellow is Mike D, the third of the rap trio and a friend of a friend who I first met at a hot dog stand on Fifth Avenue 18 months back. It was then I interviewed the band for the first time, in Rick's New York University college room, where Rick was masterminding the assembly of the AC/DC spin-off, 'Rock Hard'.

ANYHOW, THAT first confrontation awoke me to the fact that the Boys are less interested in politics than, say, girlie mags, one of which decorates the coffee table. Didn't Ad-Rock tell about a box of porn mags he found that his mum helped carry home?

"Yes, I did. They were mainly *Playboy* and *Penthouse*."

"And Ass F*****," adds Rick, helpfully.

"I didn't tell her about that," says Horowitz. "There was my

MCA: "... and the mothers were dressed up like Madonna, then these three f***** morons came onstage and started screaming at them..."

Ad-Rock: "... cursing and holding their crotches..."

Mike: "And the mothers loved it, but the daughters were jealous because their mothers liked it."

Ad-Rock: "But the mothers were worried that we were going to..."

Mike: "... ruin their daughters' lives..."

Ad-Rock: "All the guys hated us - F*** you, y'assholes! - because they came to look at the girls..."

Mike: "And the girls were looking at us."

IHATE to be tedious, but what's the Beastie Boys' musical campaign for 1986?

Mike: "We've got a single coming out, an album, a movie and a TV show - that's about it, not a lot."

Last time we spoke, Rubin had said the rap scene was racist - any progress there?

"It used to be like that, but then it got a lot better," asserts Rick.

"Slow And Low" (B-side of 'She's On It') is really popular among the black B Boys of Queens."

Have you considered re-

political agnosticism and being berated for their thrift shop dress sense, but one gibe in particular was just too much for Adam Horowitz:

"This guy that was here before was telling us how American TV was the worst in the world."

Mike: "He's right."

"Get the hell outta here!" says Ad-Rock incredulously. Yauch: "American TV's not good, but did you watch TV over here yet? One channel's just writing all day! You have *Monty Python* and *The Young Ones*, granted - really def shows."

"I'd like to say that you have a really great show that we saw yesterday," rallies Mike. "It's called *Bullseye* - I'd like to shake your hand on that show. Rick, you've got to see this show."

"It's a games show where they play darts for money," defines Adam Yauch.

"Like bowling for dollars?" muses Rick.

Mike: "Yep - they humiliate themselves."

The Brat: "In the States you win 100,000 dollars and a boat and a car and free spam for four years - here you win a mug and a plastic cow with three darts!"

And what's more...

"Do you like mayonnaise?" asks young master Horowitz; my



mother and me and this crazy dude my mother used to see. He's a bag man in the street now, he's kinda cool. He probably thought by helping me he'd get a cut of the magazines."

And these are the nice young men selected to assail the teenage pop audiences of America on last year's Madonna tour?

Mike: "You mean the *Madonna Fest*? It was def, really cool."

Ad-Rock: "It was weird. The audience was full of really young girls, like nine or ten..."

MCA: "... Dressed up like Madonna..."

Ad-Rock: "... and their mothers brought them to the concert..."

introducing instruments live?

"Maybe in a year and a half," replies The Nice One.

"First we'd like to do the definitive rap tour," informs Mike.

The Brat takes over: "What we're thinking of doing is like The Four Tops and The Temptations, a set-up with a band at the back, but we'd have a rock band with sleazy, junkie old dudes with long hair."

Mike: "I was thinking of starting up The Flophouse Conservatory, I'd operate this flophouse and teach the guys to play our songs each morning and they'd be our backing band."

The Beasties had spent a morning being grilled on their

brain dissects the question for possible political overtones... seems safe enough... no.

"Well," commences Mike, "we went to this store to get mayonnaise and the guy was standing right in front of the mayonnaise and we asked him if he had any mayonnaise and he said, Very, very sorry, very much not having mayonnaise. And it's right there on the shelf - it's like this country wants to deny the existence of mayonnaise."

So watch out, big brother - as far as politics is concerned, the Beastie Boys may just be a bunch of obnoxious, beer-swilling yobboes, but when it comes to mayonnaise, these men are angry.

ALBUMS

RATINGS BUYBLAGHEARFLOGDUMP



DEPECHE MODE: no nudes is good nudes

COMIC STRIP

DEPECHE MODE 'Black Celebration' (Mute STUMM 26) ***1/2

THE TV'S burnt the toast, the Hoover's eaten the carpet and, in the background, pop's parasites are chewing at life and spitting out synthesised saccharine that dissolves in the air and not in the heart. They stride purposefully down paths of misguided desire... and get lost.

Depeche Mode play Depeche Mode with conviction, the mould is cast and the cast are convinced. As menacing rhythms beat beneath treacle-covered whims, they sing of sex with disposable belief. When naivety swamped their soul, youth was held up as the reason – now, though, no such excuses are valid and the real world still waves from afar.

'Black Celebration' is a vision of love as seen through the eyes of pop's 'subversives' (sic), mean, moody and marmalade. Life can be a bitch when you're cast as court jester and you've dreamed of being king.

'Fly On The Windscreen' is too perceptive for lunch. "Death is everywhere/There are flies on the windscreen/For a start/Reminding us we could be torn apart." Thanks lads, but I've eaten – besides, I've swallowed too much shit already.

Depeche Mode are bored with last week's toys and, anyway, SPK wanted their angle grinders back. So now they're busy playing with John Carpenter's ideas, pulling the legs off gripping soundtracks and turning them into harmless scenes of banality, with no twists and many happy endings. I hate happy endings.

When they start singing songs about Princess Di's clothing, 'New Dress', you know that you're in safe hands and that there's nothing lurking around darkened corners to surprise you. But Depeche still reign supreme in the world of programmed pap, their music still has a nagging simplicity that is ensnaring. When hinting of depth, they beg an inquisitive leap, but such a foolhardy act only gets your ankles wet as their nursery rhymes squidge between your toes.

I treat the garden to my presence and reflect on their poetic observations: "Sometimes/Only sometimes/I question everything/And I'm the first to admit/If you catch me in a mood like that/I can be tiring/Even embarrassing." Upon digesting this gloriously incisive self appraisal, I let out a euphoric cry before tearing up the sleeve and feeding it to the birds.

KEVIN MURPHY

MATT BIANCO 'Matt Bianco' (WEA WX 35) ***1/2

THE MATTS may have always been cold fish, but their jazzy breed of pop ethic has always had a certain stylishness, if not any soul-blazing passion. 'Matt Bianco' as a long player subsequently holds forth with its professionalism and taste, but never seriously contests the emotions or the spine.

Mark Reilly provides a cool, uptempo vocal – perhaps too sprightly for some of the more slinky numbers – shared with Jenni Evans, replacing the now departed Basia.

The slap bass, the finger-clicking rhythms, the hip-swaying effect, not to mention Ronnie 'Walk On The Wild Side' Ross' sax, is a positive veneer for their smokey cabaret feel, and as the gentle, palin-fringed music smooches over the room, you can taste the gazpacho and enchiladas, see the black eyeliner and polo necks.

But however hard you try,

the atmosphere never gets beyond that superficiality. There's no 'Matt's Mood' to raise the pulse, though 'Smooth' gets close to the mark with its bouncy refrain, and no heart-wrenchers to leave the listener listlessly in love.

Matt Bianco are having a flirtation with your feet; an affair with your wardrobe; a hot-breathed nibble with your earlobe.

But they will leave you before morning.

CAROLE LINFIELD

ED KUEPPER 'Electrical Storm' (Hot Records HOT LP 1020)****

A RETURN to the basics. Ed Kuepper (pronounced Kuepper) once gave that oddly invigorating band The Saints much of their odd invigoration. He then went on to put a smile on the faces of The Laughing Clowns. This is his first solo album, a wilfully unaffected rock statement.

Inside a deliberately sparse and natural sound, his guitars and honest vocals play each other off against a strong

selection of rhythmic fundamentals. As Kuepper himself took on almost all the writing, playing and producing chores, his 'Electrical Storm' could be interpreted to be the very best expression yet of his own personality.

A direct guitar album, 'Electrical Storm' walks tall in wide open, cinematic spaces. A great album in precisely the way that 'Brothers In Arms' isn't. Ed Kuepper isn't afraid to expose his raw emotions. While his playing wanders purposefully from the tainted cut of a sharp blues influence, 'Told Myself', to a more general jangling and sprawling essence, his overtly deadpan, long-faced vocals (say hello to The Cure, The Only Ones, The Buzzcocks and all that again) coax out an extra dimension of subtle emotion.

Beguiling. Thrilling. Sad. Honest. These are just a few of the things other reviewers have said of 'Electrical Storm'. What more could you want?

ROGER HOLLAND

JIMMY JIMMY 'Here In The Light' (Epic EPC 26713)***1/2

IF THERE was a musical equivalent of the RSPCA, these producers would never get away with it.

Any chance Messers James and Jimmy had of making something of their twin 'acoustics and vocals' Everly Brothers sound is clinically anaesthetised by awe-inspiring hamfisted work at the mixing desk, in which instant poignancy in the form of layers of unnecessary strings is trowelled on with the relish of Mickie Most let loose on an unsuspecting Hot Chocolate number.

This abominable 'commercial' sound induces stomach cramps, migraines and vomiting.

And when Jimmy Jimmy are long forgotten, with any enthusiasm for pop flushed down the pan for good, Mr Martin Hayles will still be around, destroying the aspirations of others. Funny old world, innit?

ANDY HURT

GIANT SAND 'Valley Of Rain' (Zippo ZONG 008)***1/2

NAKED PREY 'Under The Blue Marlin' (Zippo ZONG 011)****

THESE TWO examples of the newest of the new American cult guitar-abusers are connected, geographically and personnel wise: both have crawled like spangled Gila Monsters from under the baked desert rocks of Tucson, Arizona, and they've shared members at various points, the end result being that they both have albums out featuring drum work by one Tom Larkins.

Superficially, there's little to choose between 'em. Frothy, gritty, dry-hot storms of impotent yet compelling fury like Crazy Horse on a good/bad night. To me, though, Giant Sand slip by like a warm shadow – the tunes, despite intriguing titles such as 'Curse Of A Thousand Flames', have little real power or substance. They appear to be going through the motions of 'rock' in a trance. Perhaps, like many minority appeal bands, they peaked before their first LP. Allegedly, the 45 they made with an earlier line-up (as Giant Sandworms) is some kind of classic.

Naked Prey are a different cup of meat. The intensity of the controlled derangement exhibited by the scalpel-like guitars and sultry vocals on cuts such as 'Train Whistle' and 'How I Felt That Day' mark Naked Prey out as the psycho killer's answer to Lynyrd Skynyrd.

SANDY ROBERTSON

GREAT OUTDOORS 'Making Allowances For The Jargon ...' (Upright GODLP 1)****

STRANGE BRUMMIE excessiveness comes in many forms, and Great Outdoors add yet one more variation to the confusing rock 'n' roll road to nirvana. Great Outdoors could be haphazardly boxed as a mutant fusion of Duran Duran and The Rain Parade, but that would be far too easy.

True, some of vocalist Martin Silver's intonations are reminiscent of Simon Le Bon with an empty nose, while the dual guitar attack of Julian Gibson and Simon Holland tell the history

of popular music from The Byrds to the present day – but what exactly is the secret that lurks in the Great Outdoors?

For one, they write remarkably good pop songs. Melodious mixing of the vocal and instrumental depts of the GO's makes for inspiring listening. And already they're heading off to pastures new, as can be heard on the brass-infested 'Glass Houses'.

Great Outdoors may never be as hugely huge as the tedious Duran brothers, but they'll certainly twang a few heartstrings. And that's a neat trick if you can do it.

DAVE HENDERSON

JOHN LENNON 'Live In New York City' (Parlophone/EMI PCS 7301)

*** **JIMI HENDRIX 'Jimi Plays Monterey'** (Polydor 827 99-01) ***

POP MUSIC that kisses the sky lives forever but these days that seems to be the last thing on musicians' minds. Great pop, in the stupid words of various academic theorists who can't find better work than scribbling for music papers, should be consumed and shat out like last night's plastic burger. Would you burn a Dali painting or a Conrad novel?

You would?

I hope it keeps you warm.

As controversial individuals there have been few pop icons who can measure up to Lennon and Hendrix in the past couple of decades. Boy George, Duran Duran, Spandau Ballet? Don't make me laugh.

History, however, is the biggest con of the lot. These two live records illustrate that. Lennon's took place at Madison Square Gardens in 1972 and marked the last time he played in public with Yoko; while Hendrix's dates from the day he set fire to his Stratocaster at Monterey in 1967.

There are legendary minutes in pop's diary, the stuff of rock dreams – wet ones as it turns out. For these noises are totally sub-standard in relation to the artists' other output. Only on the soul-naked 'Mother' and the hypo 'Cold Turkey' does Lennon come close to projecting the aural vision that made him more than just another singer.



JAMES BROWN: king of the crimplene catsuit

ILLUSTRATED MAN

I know a 21-year-old, namely Neil Perry, who believed for a while that Hendrix was Christ reincarnated. This is true. He has virtually every Jimi guitar jam record going. He is a big fan of the man. I'm going to give him the 'Monterey' set because, being too stoned to be wild, it adds nothing worthwhile to Hendrix's legacy of vinyl.

On the two days these concerts took place, pop music did not kiss the sky.

JACK BARRON

WENDY O WILLIAMS 'Kommander Of Kaos'

(Zebra ZEB 7)***1/2

IN WHICH Wendy O Williams, grandmistress of grunge, attempts to graft her particular brand of shock and roll onto vinyl – and fails miserably.

The last time I saw Wendy O Williams perform (ahem), at the Camden Palace, she was very entertaining. In terms of rock rebellion she is certainly likely to outrage your parents more than any other outfit, and that's why this record just doesn't make the grade – it's like hearing a film soundtrack without seeing the movie.

She also murders Motorhead's 'Jailbait', the ultimate sin, and while 'Bad Girl', 'Fight For The Right' and '(Work That Muscle) F*** That Booty' are solid gritty metal, the rest is as rough as WOW's vocals. The live recording of 'Ain't None Of Your Business' holds the attention most, Wendy's comical monologue intro giving some insight into why she does what she does.

Had this been a video, it all might have been very different. They could at least have supplied a free chainsaw with every record...

NEIL PERRY

NAKED RAYGUN 'All Rise'

(Homestead HMS 045)***1/2

AFTER THE sensurround pounding of last year's 'Throb Throb' opus, Naked Raygun return in a blaze of mammoth chords, short hair and tales of girls, cable TV, dogs and general scum. Now more focused, the Raygun points at lots of tentatively trying matters. Still adrenalized.



RYUICHI SAKAMOTO: watch the birdie!

charged, there is much more light and dark now, with frantic Ramones run-ins like 'New Dreams' standing proudly next to more refined, acidic mid-tempo numbers like 'Peacemaker'.

Naked Raygun present the smuttier side of the all-American nightmare. Through their tortured melodies, they uncover the real trials and tribulations of everyday life. Thrown into the foray are some manic guitars, a whole mouthful of cryptic outbursts and the kind of energetic upsurge that sets temples popping.

'All Rise' is a gutsy series of venomous sentences laid bare over a sea of rampant noise. Naked Raygun can be subtle, though. Stripped

down to bass and gesticulating prose, 'I Remember' encompasses every facet of their art as it crashes into a frantic tailpiece reminiscent of a souped up superbike with the throttle jammed full on.

Naked Raygun play loud music for the hard of hearing and pose more than a notebook full of questions. Back to basics in terms of formula, but right between the eyes when it comes to delivery.

DAVE HENDERSON

NENA 'It's All In The Game'

(Epic EPC 26578)***

I HAD entertained the idea of not reviewing this album, of leaving it, accidentally on purpose, on one of the 46 tables in our beautiful, air-conditioned, fully equipped staff canteen. That way, as he went round searching the ashtrays for decent dog-ends, Tony Stewart might have found it and given it to Tony Mitchell who could have used it to spank his sexually out-of-control wife.

As luck would have it, I was caught in the act. "You've got to review it," said 40 A Day And Not A Stain On My Fingers. "They were supposed to be the vanguard of German pop."

With this in mind, I started off hating this record but, once I allowed my naturally sympathetic nature to consider it for what it is rather than what I think it should be, it got me. Abba in a leather jacket, I thought.

Nena – the girl in the 501s – has no great voice, but it does the job. It is part little girl lost, part moody reflection. Never ecstatic, sometimes withdrawn, but always begging for attention, she sounds like she's just woken up and wants to play games – with enough of Noosh Fox hanging in there to suggest it might be a fairly sensual proposition.

Nena – the band – hit a competent mix of silk 'n' sandpaper, of sweeping mechanical bombast with long eyelashes. The synthesizers may lather your face, but before the soap gets

in your eyes in comes a guitar to scrub you clean and take away all the dead skin. All you need now is someone to clean between your toes.

BILLY MANN

RENALDO AND THE LOAF 'Olehh Olehh Rotcod'

(Rotcod Productions RD3)***

'HELLO HELLO Doctor' (yas ti sdrawkcb) is an introduction to the strange tunes of a Hampshire duo who've been around since 1970. Until now their releases have been restricted almost exclusively to the USA. This has resulted in them acquiring a highly desirable worldwide cult reputation, the drawback being minimal action/adulation/sales figures back home.

Renaldo And The Loaf now run their own label, and the first Rotcod Product to emerge is a collection of tracks drawn from the pair's extensive but obscure back catalogue.

What the boys do is actually rather odd. They

RYUICHI SAKAMOTO 'Illustrated Musical Encyclopedia'

(Ten DIX 34)***

IT'S A funny thing about the Japanese. They're so quick in some musical fields, like developing and improving hi-tech instruments, and so slow in others, like following up on a break that has the potential to turn a cult hero into a megastar.

Thus it was that, after Ryuichi Sakamoto – already revered among the cognoscenti for his work with YMO – suddenly became a household name playing opposite David Bowie in *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence* (for which he also provided a memorable hit soundtrack), he failed abysmally to capitalise on his newfound fame by getting immediate worldwide deals on the strength of it, and schlepping out some appropriately hot vinyl.

So it's been a four year wait for this, the next British Sakamoto release (completed, in fact, as 'Ongaku Zukan' in Japan in Autumn 1984). And to say it's disappointingly lightweight is the understatement of the month.

It starts off in fine form, with the Thomas Dolby corroboration 'Field Work' presenting a typically (of Dolby) wistful but vigorous vocal pop package. But the remaining tracks – mostly instrumental and full of sparse, delicate digital keyboard sounds and wimpy jazz chording – make the Dolby track stand out as the commercial frontal graft it is.

Admittedly, side two shows some signs of revival in the form of 'Steppin' Into Asia', in which I believe I spy the voice of Mrs Sakamoto – Akiko Yano – making a welcome guest appearance. There's energy, too, in 'Tibetan Dance', where rhythm takes a more prominent role than on the album as a whole. But as a solo comeback, this is pretty half-assed stuff – and it's certainly no indication of what the man is capable of, given the necessary motivation.

Ironically, really, that after YMO jokingly christened their most adventurous, most experimental and probably most influential album 'BGM' – which stands for Background Music – Ryuichi should come up with something five years later which fits that description for real.

TONY MITCHELL

make mincemeat of all that is ordinary, replacing it with their own cleverly distorted and slightly absurd interpretations of popular music in all its forms.

This, bluntly, is not what one is used to. Guitars are scarce, and other familiar items emerge twisted and barely recognisable, yet somehow it's all terribly appealing.

Against all the odds, a pop record.

MR SPENCER

THE PHARAOHS 'Blue Egypt'

(Nervous NERD 020)***1/2

BY THE same instinct that leads shoe shops to settle in close proximity to one another, the majority of terminal 'flat top' bands basically want to sound like each other, a tacit method of gaining acceptance.

And much of 'Blue Egypt', by second generation 'Stompin' At The Klub Foot' band The Pharaohs, conforms to the formula, the album opener choice of a thrash-

style 'Wild Thing' seeming a curious, if not downright dim selection – it might go down a storm live, chaps, but on record? Nah.

Side one is generally boppable enough, however, with the inspired choice of a 'Radar Love' cover taking the honours, despite the rather obvious fact that singer Glenn Daeche has taken the lyrics direct from the Golden Earring disc and come up with some fairly interesting variations on the original words.

But it's not until the second half of part two that The Pharaohs demonstrate they might just be worth waiting with for a while. The title track emphasises melody not so evident in earlier tracks, while the near Dan Hicks barroom swing of 'Drinkin'' will hopefully convince the quartet that you're not necessarily complete pansies if you play something that isn't purely hell-for-leather, screech and thump psycho fodder. To be continued...

ANDY HURT

BROWN JEWELS

JAMES BROWN 'Dead On The Heavy Funk '74-'76'

(Polydor 827 439-1)***

SAINT PAUL: OK, baby! Git up offa that thang of yours, Mr Superbad Jimmy Boy, and approach the pearly gates. This is your chance to enter heaven in seven, dig?

James Brown: Uh-uh-uh! Whoow! Yooooow! Hold on my man, I'm superslick and I gotta kiss myself first, Paulie baby. My time is mine, dig?

St Paul: Right on, godfather of grit-funk. Are you, or have you ever been, one of those sinners who spins on their heads?

J Brown: Uh, put a minute in neutral gear, I feel a thrill coming on. Yeah! I was right, man; I just looked in the mirror and saw me! Beautiful baby!

Jack Barron: Aaaargh! Put a fat foot in it you two muthas, will yah? I'm trying to review a James Brown compilation here, nine tracks of my tears dating from '74 to '76 by a singer so far out of his tree that pruning won't help. And you can't help but laugh or dance.

St Paul: Sheeit! I coulda sworn I heard someone say something. Must be St Francis frolicking with Mother Theresa behind the celestial bikeshed again.

J Brown: Grunt-scrunt-blunt! Paulious, my saintly child, mah body is hot and mah flesh drips holy water. Take a shower in mah sweat and see what joy you get.

St Paul: Hell, it's that voice again. Ignore it mah man. Is it true that Polydor are releasing this album, containing schmutz cuts like 'Woman', 'Funky President', 'Get Up Offa That Thing' and 'Superbad Superslick' in order to cash in on your forthcoming tour of the UK?

J Brown: Hey-uh-uh, dig! I'm the cat who put the Go! into God! I can part seas and do the splitz. Water into wine? No problem, it's all mine.

St Paul: Oh no! Not another miracle worker. Piss off, Jimmy Boy.

JACK BARRON

JUDDS SIMPLE

THE JUDDS 'Rockin' With The Rhythm'

(RCA PL 87042)****

THE JUDDS deal in US country music so clean that it manages to dissociate itself from the glam rhinestone varieties that have dragged it down into the pits of cheap showbusiness and second-rate sub-Dukes Of Hazzard movies. And in this way, The Judds (mother Naomi, 39; daughter Wayonna, 21) remind us of what the music *should* be about and what it presumably was about before it went and got itself real messed up.

Their debut full-length LP, 'Why Not Me', scored big waves last year and although I never had the privilege of hearing it, their second, 'Rockin' With The Rhythm' provides some of the clues to their popularity.

The straight and often deliberately naive expression of homegrown morals (fidelity, family, work) is a fairly ordinary ingredient in country. But rarely does it hit a balance and move beyond cliché and into symbolism above all proportion to its simplicity. On

'Rockin' With The Rhythm' the level is struck, and when lines like "Lonesome, I'm on my own" sound almost philosophical, you start asking yourself a few serious questions about hidden virtues and things like that.

Where 'Rockin' With The Rhythm' falls down, though, is that this mysterious quality does not extend to all of the songs. One – 'I Wish She Wouldn't Treat You That Way' – I find unbearably hollow, whilst others fail to hit the correct emotional chord. The up tempo numbers – Allen Toussaint's 'Working In A Coalmine' and 'Rockin' With The Rhythm Of The Rain' – give relief, as they would in a performance, but also sound like strategic distractions from the deeper, more melancholic numbers.

I could be a nit-picking bastard and suggest that young Wayonna's lead voice – unlike her mother's more seasoned harmonies – still has to gain emotional precision, but that's just one way of saying that the best of The Judds is still to come. Make a note of it.

BILLY MANN

Reviewed by
Edwin Pouncey



SINGLE OF THE WEEK

JACKSON BROWNE 'For America' (Asylum) Even if this was a great week for singles (which it is not) the rest would have struggled to wrest this killer from the top of the heap. If you thought Jackson Browne was the sole property of a legion of Clearasil kids using his music as a security blanket then think again. Jackson Browne left the bedroom ages ago, now he's fully reared up and fighting for his life. He who likes Frank Sinatra in the *Sounds* orifice proudly told me that Jackson Browne sends him to sleep. With those guitars hammering out that almost membranous beat I am astonished that *anyone* could doze through such a stirring noise as 'For America'. It's the kind of stuff that outsprings Springsteen, it will worm its way onto the 'free' radio and eventually knock you over. Jackson Browne wants to change things and though I don't think 'For America' will stop the world in its tracks, it's still a damn good try.

WALL OF VOODOO 'Far Side Of Crazy' (IRS) One of the sharper fangs that's been yanked from their forthcoming wolf's head of an album 'Seven Days In Sammystown'. Extracted from the rest of the songs this one comes to stick in your head like a cactus spike, making me mightily repentant for sneering at the bulk of 'Sammystown' in a previous burst of reviewing.

Pete Hammond's remix has done the trick here, tightening these reins considerably. Even better is the flip to the 12-inch which features, in all its lurid glory, the almost legendary 'Dance You F***ers' routine, an essential piece of craziness that will have you hopping around the floor as if possessed. Buy you f***ers!

PSYCHIC TV 'Godstar' (Temple) PTV turn on to Brian Jones and try to stir up enough ectoplasm to bring back the rebel Stone from the other side to tell his tale. Rumour has it that PTV left track 23 open on the mixing desk while recording this just in case Bri decided to drop in for a chat. Choking back on any bitter bile, 'Godstar' sounds... kinda beautiful, kinda hypnotic and totally sincere. The summer of love/hate starts here. Hey, is it too late to make this Single Of The Week instead? (Yes is bloody well is - *Scouse Git*.)

ROLLING STONES 'Harlem Shuffle' (Rolling Stones) Back by popular demand for the second week running. Bob And Earl's tune goes through pop's ever churning bacon slicer and comes out sounding fresh enough. On closer inspection, however, you'll discover that, according to the date stamp the Stones have stuck on it, this one's already gone off. The flip finds them back in the garage trying to fumble for their roots before the lights go out. Bits of Keef's anatomy can be heard falling off at the end.

HALF MAN HALF BISCUIT 'The Trumpton Riots' (Probe Plus) I'm never at home to watch *Trumpton* on TV so half the gags that this crew cackle on about here are wasted on me. I guess that was a pretty uncool thing to say so over to our new groups guru Ferd Annoyed. Whaddya reckon to the new Biscuit biscuit Ferd old bean? Ferd: "A wind lashes the cuff of my trouser leg, I look down and discover that a piece of polythene graces my ankle. Eager to get home I put on the new Half Man Half Biscuit EP and go into a swoon with the sexiness of it all. Hey, what's that burning?" (Ferd spontaneously bursts into flame.)

CLIFF RICHARD AND THE YOUNG ONES 'Living Doll' (WEA) Charity brings out the worst in everyone it seems and this lot are no exception. The Young Ones sound like the Telegoons and Cliff sounds like... Cliff. All the proceeds of this mess go to feed the starving so I guess that every home will have this utterly useless artefact cluttering up the sideboard before the week's out. Pass the detonator.

THE ART OF NOISE 'Peter Gunn' (China) Bored of the week and then some. The kind of idea that sounds good after you've poured half a dozen Zombie Mind Mangler cocktails into your system. To get up the next morning, go into a studio and record the damn thing is another matter. Duane Eddy is also responsible for producing this piece of mire; if you listen very closely you can hear him pulling his twanger.

DON DIXON 'Praying Mantis' (Demon) One of my, and Don's, favourite insects. The female bites the head off the male once he's finished mating with her you know. This info is partly set to a jolly, instantly forgettable little toe tapper that Don would like you all to buy.

CULTURE CLUB 'Move Away' (Virgin) More recycled vinyl from last week's batch of dirty bath water. Culture Club only impress me by their ugliness. Uglier than The Fugs and early Mothers stitched together but nowhere near as entertaining or original. 'Move Away' is their first 45 for over a year, it shows! All sham and no song. Stringing the punters along by pretending they've gone punky on the sleeve. Yer typical *Face* front cover-shop window that's dearly begging for a brick to be put through it. This band desperately want to be loved again, but really this behaviour is unforgivable.

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE 'E = MC²' (CBS) Sique Sique Sputnik's favourite band apparently (apart from themselves that is). Kinda interesting as Mick Jones and his cohorts take a scalpel to their favourite film clips and heat seal them into the grooves of this plodding grower. At first I yawned but now I've seen the light. Don't look now but this could be a monster.

THE DURUTTI COLUMN 'Tomorrow' (Factory Benelux) **SUZANNE VEGA 'Marlene On The Wall' (A&M)** Two strummers for a slowly approaching summer. Durutti play it pretty minimalist while Suzanne

Vega and Lenny Kaye pack everything but the kitchen sink into their effervescent ten-inch workout. If this is the zenith of the oft promised (and in my case anticipated) folk revival, however, I am slightly disappointed.

LL COOL J 'Rock The Bells' (Def Jam) "Contains lyrics that may be considered offensive to some listeners" warns the sticker that's plastered on the front of this old scratcher. Hey! I find the whole concept offensive. The most stupid music in the world strikes out.

JULIAN LENNON 'Stick Around' (Charisma) Agreeable bout of pop plodding from Jools which contents itself by merely hovering as opposed to plunging into full flight. Tainted with too much electro-synthetic pollution for my taste too. A *Saturday Superstore* smasheroonie, they're bound to show the video right after another interminable cartoon episode of *Fonz And The Happy Days Gang*.

SAM COOKE 'Wonderful World' (RCA) The reason this one's back is because it's the song that's to be heard on a sodding Levi's advert!!! Not that I object to this kind of behaviour. The adverts are usually the thing I enjoy the most on TV anyway. It's just that if we have to have adverts on record, let's promote a good one. Who's for a heavy metal version of the Shake 'N' Vac theme?

SAMANTHA FOX 'Touch Me (I Want Your Body)' (Jive) Britain's favourite sultry siren opens up and suggests things that will hopefully turn any red blooded male on to Penis-A-Go-Go. A safer and sleazier attempt to get one of those flexis that grace certain adult orientated publications onto the radio. Simon Bates may smash Sputniks but he'll be rubbing himself hot with the rest of the nation when this one drops into his lap. The other side is entitled 'Tonight's The Night' which got me excited. For one minute I thought that Sammy was going to cover the Neil Young song of the same name. Wrong again. Isn't she a little tease?

DYNASTY AND MI MI 'Dynasty Rap' (Jive) And the crap keeps coming. Oceans of the stuff. These dudes think that covering the *Dynasty* saga so far in the space of one over long, over done 12-inch is one cool project. Like the show these fools worship, this sucks. The Jive label huh? Say, isn't that street speak for rip off?

HOWARD JONES 'No One Is To Blame' (WEA) Howie ropes in Phil Collins to help him get through this one. 'Tis the usual epic soft centre that weeps wistfully and meaningfully in your ear. A record that is so light it could easily float away and be forgotten. Here's hoping. Howard Jones has the look of a Moonie about him to me. The kind of guy who'd smile at you as he hands you a paper cupful of poisoned Kool Aid.

CHEVALIER BROTHERS 'Baby You're Something Else' (Disques Cheval) Slower than Swans but nowhere near as powerful. Music to dry your hair to.

JOHN TAYLOR 'I Do What I Do... (Theme For 9½ Weeks)' (Parlophone) The Durannie's baron of bilge sticks out a chin and acts meaningful. Trouble is he can't even get through this one act play without boring the pants off his audience.

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL 'The Sweetest Thing' (Beggars Banquet) I have a feeling I have been plagued by this sort of thing before. Grinning goths who throw another stick of kindling onto the Siouxsie camp-fire without having the decency to chuck themselves on at the same time. This sounds ancient already, its joy sounds forced, its energy drained. I've heard that working in libraries can be quite interesting and rewarding.

ZENO 'A Little More Love' (Parlophone) **RAVEN 'Gimme Some Lovin' (WEA)** Zeno sound like a bunch of Queens with trousers tighter than their playing ability. Raven haven't got any of their own songs to put on the A-side of their record so they trot out an old faithful and foul it up. Raven sound like they've been eating crow to me.

GUANA BATZ 'Seethrough' (ID) Rockabilly racket which comes complete with regulation stand up bass. Tries like hell to whip up enthusiasm but 12-inches of vinyl is a lot of space to fill for a band with so few ideas. Three inches in and you start to look at your watch.

THE POTATO 5 'Western Special' (Gaz's) Spuds you'll like? This far into the dross and this doesn't sound too bad at all. Ska for spring that's littered with loony sound effects plus a suitably well rehearsed Don Drummond and The Skatalites aping that had me fooled. Fresh air for five minutes.

WORKFORCE 'Back In The Good Books' (RT Product) More ideas went into the sleeve design than the music that belches from this foundry of a record. It works hard, I'll grant you that; sweat fairly pours out of its grooves. Unfortunately it's all wasted labour as it produces nothing at the end of the day. Your redundancy cheque is in the post chaps.

THE SHOUTLESS 'Baby Come On' (Rainbow) There's something mentally ill going on in Sweden and The Shoutless are banging their heads against the walls of that country's musical padded cell along with the rest. How come Sweden can get its rocks off while England fails? The most dangerous sounding guitar I've heard all week shrieks its heart out on this record and its pain is music to my ears. Somebody buy this band a beer.

CLANNAD 'Closer To Your Heart' (RCA) My weakness for '60s folk-rock tries to persuade me that this is quite a nice sort of record. The kind of thing to hum in pubs or while throwing sticks for golden retrievers. Instinct, however, steps in and reminds me that after three plays it sticks in my throat like a fish bone. I extract it pronto before I choke.

STEVIE NICKS 'Talk To Me' (Parlophone) But what about? We obviously have nothing to say to each other.

MONKEY RHYTHM 'This Must Be The Place' (415) Yes, Talking Heads circa '79 were jolly good, weren't they? There's no need to go making a song and dance about it though.

TINY TOWN 'No Place Like Rome' (Very Mouth) Cute cuts for cutie-pie people with a couple of eccentric chords thrown in to make you chortle at their audacity. You know those tea sets that look like thatched cottages? I'll bet my Luncheon Vouchers that Tiny Town have one.

HAWKWIND 'Zarozinia' (Flicknife) Prog rock extended to its max. Take Tolkien's *Lord Of The Rings* trilogy, add a smidgeon of Moorcock, place in blender and pour resulting mess down sink. Record and press into discs. Serve in tasteless, badly drawn sleeve. Garnish with nipple and give to dog.

LOVEBUG STARSKI 'House Rocker' (Epic) Flaunt with the Run-DMC sound that sounds as old as the Sugarhills. Back on your back roach.



"Shoes are glamour — everyone in the band wears extremely pointed shoes, mine especially. I could whip someone's windpipe out with mine."

RAYMONDE are dangerous. Their idea of fun is 'running out in the street when there's a thunderstorm'. They want to be the scalpel that will one day slit pop/rock wide open. JONH WILDE makes up and acts friendly while PETER ANDERSON stands them in the shadow

IT'S THERE, I know it, as sure as my head's full of sawdust. Most times I scamper to the Gents at gigs and clubs... there it is, bold and brassy.

Scratched and smeared in generously ample letters, bedraggled in violent, garish pink lipstick, across toilet mirrors, are these letters: R-A-Y-M-O-N-D-E.

The girls tell me it's the same for them, the wee poppets. Raymonde, all in a name, a loud slash of pink. I used to wonder who it/he/she was, this Raymonde. But not any more.

So what's all this ticklish fuss, this scrape of a name and all the huddled chatter, this name that rolls with a riddle off the tips of tongues?

Well, if your eyes haven't been peeled permanently to their inner sockets for these last months, it might have a hum of familiarity about it — you might even have caught on to the love and the hate that is fastening itself to this new squeaky beat.

Intent on blowing the cobwebs from rock's chalky Y-fronts, Raymonde are merrily building up armies of disciples and debunkers. With shrill wolf-whistles not gently coaxing them, Raymonde drop a slug in the slot and appear nimble, not nervous.

Heaven or hype stickybeats? Ooooh, be gentle.

MOST ROCK bands could function with beer bellies, no doubt.

"Beer monsters are the complete antithesis of Raymonde, our entire *raison d'être*. If we spotted one beer belly at one of our gigs, the jacks would be pulled and we'd walk out."

James Makey (voice — precious, flirtatious, dramatic) and Phil Huish (guitar — modish, Sarf London bullsh, ambitious) are getting livid as they talk about their rock group. Phil is rigidly defiant about this word *rock*.

Whenever I slip and call Raymonde a pop group, he corrects me sharply.

"Pop tends to mean something trivial

and mealy-mouthed, while rock seems to have more audacity about it, it's more lasting. We truly want to offer rock in a new light, re-invent it if you like, and we're not ashamed."

Surely. While the lazy "secondhand Smiths" jibes snore harmlessly out of earshot, James and Phil are anticipating the cyclonic bursts of their detractors, keeping one eye on the exaggerations and myths gathering about them. James Makey's relationship with Morrissey has been documented with variable degrees of accuracy; likewise, James' stint with The Smiths has stretched out to "their former go-go dancer" though Phil maintains that James merely introduced them ("in French") at a gig once.

"We've experimented with our sound right from the start," says Phil. "We never set out to sound like The Smiths or anyone. Maybe we're working in the same sphere, but there's room for two bands. They might have opened a few doors but we're going to open a few more."

"The comparison bit has died its death really," adds James. "The old preconceptions have been scotched. In the early days, there was some basis for comparison while we were finding our fundamental feet. Now, I don't think we are working in the same area. They are pop and we are rock."

"When you are writing what you consider to be the workings of a genius and you keep coming up against this critical obstacle, it becomes frustrating and dangerously futile. We have revised it, thought about it; we were so determined not to be seen as some Smiths follow-ups."

FOR THOSE doubting Thomases who've already concluded that these contenders are little more than the spittle that hangs from Morrissey's cliff-edged chin,

'Raymonde' — a debut Desire single — might turn their tonsils to toilet water.

The most frantically ragged of their set, a saucy gulp of elemental pop, it's a neat beat of a debut plunge. Evidently Raymonde wants to be a windscreen burst.

As James Makey sits, rubbing chin, affected (gloriously!), immodest, immoderate... he looks every inch the star elect.

He used to have other ambitions.

"I never had a burning urge to play in a rock group. When I was five, I dreamed of travel. It seems I have always dreamed of the same things — travel, spirits, ghost stations, flying, pumas, terrorism... I constantly dream of terrorism. I never wanted to be a train driver or anything like that. When I was very young, I wanted to work on a checkout at a supermarket. Great fun! Sitting there with a big hair style catching up on all the gossip, being really haughty with the customers! Glamour!"

When James speaks, Phil makes the tea. James only owns two tea cups so we take it in turns. I don't know what this has to do with rock 'n' roll.

When James speaks, he reaches out constantly to lift his strapping haircut from his eyes, his style Wildean, his words aimed like darts. Glamour, it seems, is important to James and Raymonde.

The mere mention of the word sends James scuttling off to his bedroom, returning draped in a colossal blue coat. He's pointing at it vigorously, as though it explains itself.

"Wide-shouldered coats, that's glamour. When you eat a meal, always leave the table feeling you could have eaten more. That's glamour. Shirley Bassey is not glamour. My hair, some people say it's quite unique, is glamorous. Shoes are glamour — everyone in the band wears extremely pointed shoes, mine especially. I could whip someone's windpipe out with mine. The shoes are the only group identity we have."

Raymonde, it has to be said, are not shy.

"We're a highly, highly sexual band. I want to be seen as sexy; I don't want a celibate tag pinned on me. Our shows should be like surrogate orgies, it's what I call the Roman element. Like Narcissus standing upon his platform reciting his latest commandments while everyone below him commits every conceivable sin known to God."

"If we only had enough money to get some Corinthian pillars to place around the stage... I could descend like some Egyptian queen. Wonderful."

He shudders with relish at the thought.

"There's not been too much exposed flesh up to now but that's going to change. I've done our first five gigs in suits, but I'd like to wear just tight, blue leather jeans with nothing on top. So many people strip from the waist upwards. What I have to do is strip from the waist downwards. We'll take that as a promise."

With a roll of the tongue, James Makey talks of his own noise, a pop tone that seems to radiate from the depths of the groin. Raymonde, I suggest, are closer to the Marquis De Sade than, say, Tony Hatch.

"Oh yes. The whole process of emptying oneself and pulling one's feelings out onto the table for popular analysis... I think there is something about that which is close to self-flagellation, so there should be an element of De Sade there. Not much Tony Hatch though; more Noele Gordon than Tony Hatch."

ONE QUARTER of Raymonde is carefully manicured, haywire rock (if they insist). Songs that scratch the head off a live match, singeing and steaming — 'Raymonde', 'Jennifer Says', 'Light A Candle'. Barked songs that brood, don't blink — "Our rallying cries, our ecclesiastical banner songs, mini-epics" — 'Son Of The Soil', 'Children Of The Gospel Song', the newer 'Fresh Ink To The Pen'. They can make most modern pop look like it's bleeding to death.

Other parts of Raymonde include their arrogance, their directness, their philosophies. Arrogance?

"We're the same kind of arrogance as The Stones or The Who. We don't think small," says Phil.

Directness?

"It's possible to be articulate, direct and imaginative. Impact is important. We don't want people lying on their beds, tossing and turning, trying to fathom out what our words are all about. We don't know why people crease their brows so much over pop music."

Philosophy?

"We're much more than pop. The problem is that the physiognomy of rock 'n' roll is in need of surgery. We may be considered to be the scalpel."

"Socialism and sex don't mix, that's why we couldn't be involved with that. It's unfortunate because fascism and sex

do mix — there are subversive, deliberate sexual elements that have always pervaded fascism...

"We have to be intellectual and sensual. Rock 'n' roll has to imbue one and stimulate one into a positive consequential thought or action."

Some parts of Raymonde are preposterous, certainly comical, often precocious, never tacky.

"I equate comedy with perversity for some reason," muses James. "If you actually look at what's going on, the whole thing can be seen as a burlesque comedy of sorts. That's why it's imperative, no matter what your motivations are, to not take it all too seriously. There is no parody in this band and I don't want to be seen as a big rock tart — all that primping and posturing of the early '70s."

"What do I like? Madness, speed, flying saucers, rock, sex, excitement, sodomy, spontaneity, exhilaration, running out in the street when there's a thunderstorm... there's not enough thunderstorms, I demand more thunderstorms!"

"I hope there's nothing tacky about us, though I'm fond of certain tacky things — from the point of camp or humour. I only buy the music press when I'm in it — that's tacky. I have a friend who's a part-time transvestite, he only dresses up on Saturday afternoons. He gets up in a wig, a house coat and a box of chocolates when he knows the milkman or the pools lady is going to call. That's tacky! But I never wear sequins or anything like that. I'd feel too much like Molly Slocombe or someone on *The Gloria Honeyford Show* when they wear those black sequined tops."

Like all pop, most of Raymonde is love, lust and sticky sexual fluids. I casually mention to James that a fellow pop writer had confided in me that Raymonde were his favourite masturbation music...

"Wonderful. Now we've achieved our ambitions. Wonderful! Is it any particular track?"

Mmmmm. The slowies particularly it seems.

"Perfect!"

He lets out this sumptuous squeal, a marriage of contented purr and orgasmic howl.

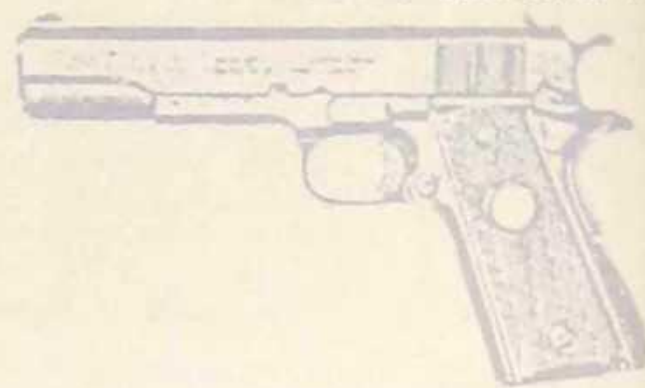
"I don't write pornography," he whispers. "But maybe I will. I couldn't be smutty, though — that suggests that you're cloaking what you really mean to say. If I was going to be pornographic, then I'd be totally above board."

"I'm going to have to get to grips with it. Pop deals with sex in such a voyeuristic way, all very Edwardian for these times. I don't like all this behind-the-bikesheds sex, this clandestine thing. You have to write about f***** if you're going to be above board. I will have to go for this directness, this, I love you or, I want to f*** you, because I have to find new refreshing ways of dealing with those subjects. I've written 25 songs and now I want to breathe some fresh air."

RAYMONDE ARE 18 months young. When they talk about their sometimes stately pop, it's as though they expect the stars and the soil to swap places.

Naturally, they believe that the charts are a nonsense, but they want to stand next to the other rubbish to see how it smells. Raymonde songs are never he or she...

TERRORISM



"There is that sexual ambivalence around us. The great part of lyric writing almost entirely deals with love and is almost entirely addressed to the heterosexual. To only address a person of one particular sexuality seems to totally selfish."

Thankfully, they are hell-bent on corruption.

"The idea is to do it from within moving outwards. Corruption, by its very nature, has to be inwardly subversive if it is to be effective. When Frankie and Wham! splash the word 'sex' on a screen, it means nothing, it's just child's play. It has to be much more subversive than a straight violence — more concealed, more clandestine. Lyrical verbosity and upfrontness don't work.

"The best kind of corruption is where you have a song that appears to be entirely sweet and inoffensive — then after years of playing, you find its underside. Take 'Walk On The Wild Side', getting 'giving head' onto the radio; now that's subversion. It's not going on stage like that awful shit Sigue Sigue Sputnik with ten foot Pompadour hairstyles and guns. Who are they kidding?"

Perhaps it is the live Raymonde who are best equipped to scald the gizzards and scorch the gonads just now. It is here that their fearsome potential really scatters pell-mell.

There's James Maker upfront (and how), his dance a curious spastic sophistication, his voice rarely hitting the right notes, but skirting them with ample mischief. Mostly, he's low and flat but then — unexpectedly — he'll launch into these shrill high bits that resemble attacks from the citadel.

Against Maker's dandy playfulness, Phil seems almost functional — contently concentrating on flicking his fused chords into the fireplace, just precise enough.

Behind them, bass and drums sift through the shingle for room of their own, a cautious backdrop. When this chemistry works, you have to wonder why suspicion follows on the heels of this rock group like a slavish spaniel.

"It doesn't surprise me that there are these love-hate camps," sighs James. "Anything but to inspire indifference. . . audiences can be notoriously unreciprocal anyway. As long as I'm not met with the bad egg and tomato routine. I'd rather it was people who liked Everything But The Girl who disliked us, rather than someone who loved Iggy And The Stooges."

Do Raymonde even consider failure?

"The very thought of failure appals me and it doesn't even bear thinking about. I just can't consider it. If this fails, I will have to leave the country. I will have to make my exit from the Western world. I'll go to South America and forget it all. If I didn't do the bathful of hot water and Stanley knife routine, then I'd give it all up and become a missionary.

"My motives are fairly honest, you see, though that word might stick in people's throats. None of us feel uncomfortable with the ethics or the politics of Raymonde. We feel fairly safe — we're not treading on rice paper."

Waiting with anxious thighs and a siren of sighs, Raymonde want to pluck the tin foil from your fillings. If you need advice, let them.

This trail of lurid lipstick should run and run.



LIVES

PREFAB SPROUT Hammersmith Odeon

BARELY LIVE, when will they learn? Like ships without rudders, the wholly unobjectionable Sprout merely rove on, oblivious to the glaring confirmation that they *do not* belong here – this was no spectacle and this was no meeting place.

Meanwhile, their uncomplaining army of devotees – with an alarming turnout of moustaches, beer-guts, v-necks and nurd grimaces – troop forth to remind themselves how cloyingly cordial these songs sound at home, seemingly self-content to lapse for 75 thumb-twiddling minutes like dying slugs in a cenotaph, the muffled silence between songs appearing to thunder like a herd of wildebeest. In actuality, Paddy's astonishing lack of stage personality was by far the most curious aspect of this slob of a show, two brief peaks of a breathless 'Cruel' and a frantic 'Johnny Johnny'/'Goodbye Lucille' aside.

Now Sprout have few enough sapphires to pluck from their pockets anyway, so can ill afford to ungently shipwreck their every shred of subtlety, their every saving grace. Most of the cut-throat antics we can lay at the door of bassist Martin whose goofy, uncouth looks we *can* just forgive but whose fret-slapping overload consistently managed to tip the acid in the gravy-boat whenever Sprout threatened briefly to become light, slight and

illuminating. His ungainly, untimely muso ambush never helped raise all this from its emotionally de-sensitized sloth.

From a stilted, sluggish 'Appetite' downwards, Sprout were some blunt-nosed block of time-worn rock, all those nitful clichés stamped unceremoniously through the middle. There's no trace of urgency in this performance, no justification for these tired charades and distress calls; this is pure, prim routine for people without need for pop dynamics.

In fact, Prefab Sprout are hardly a *band* at all, merely a motley, miserable kennel of prosaic, pedantic *musicians* wanking with conditioned reflexes in their respective corners. No personality, not a dribble – Paddy's stage manner is so stiff and formal, it's like watching your parents undress; Wendy's very presence, meanwhile, seems strictly ornamental. Confined to a few off-key harmonies and a lumbago dance, she just adds to the piling on dowdy drama.

The new album previewed offers little hope that Sprout's chamber pop will edge beyond a flashy surface play and a few bashful glances – excepting one fetching solo acoustic alleluia to Dublin, but a brief pitch. The rest was so much of a fleabite, they could have telephoned it through to us. That Iggy Pop didn't turn up and take out his willy for the encore I can only assume.

JONH WILDE

'FAB FLAWS

FOSTER PILKINGTON Camden Palace

WERE I to suggest that a fellow name of Foster Pilkington is the best thing to have happened to pop since 'This Town Ain't Big Enough For The Both Of Us', you might well reply, "Tish tush tosh, confine yourself immediately to a council flip-top dustbin and never darken my door again".

HOWEVER I jest not. Imagine, if you will (three bottles of Thunderbird are a useful accessory in this enterprise), a combination of John Otway/Eddie Tenpole visuals married to the voice

of Pete Shelley spiked with Steve Harley nuances – *hevv-ee-shit!*

If Alfred Einstein were to be reincarnated as a pop performer, he would surely return as Foster Pilkington – the man is clearly either a genius or a perfect dunderhead. The former would win my respect, the latter my undying loyalty, whereas in truth the man is probably somewhere in between, half man half fruitcake, and a purveyor of priceless songs to boot. 'Town Of Forgotten Talent' – brilliant. 'Listening Land' – brilliant. A college scarf, tie

and jacket, thoroughly unerotic, yet strutting and preening in majestic camp ineptitude. Bugger the stars, A FAN IS BORN!

ANDY HURT

HULADIF JUZ London University

DIF JUZ, four flecks of dust, do not scald their public. Everything about their rare live outings merely tries to explain what they *should* be like. Is this enough? The meandering minimalism of their 4AD 'Extractions' LP feels like an unwelcome guest here, in the startling live

gaze; they strike not a shred of intimacy, not the slightest ripple of true fever pitch.

Dif Juz are the only band in the world that have *no* relationship with their audience; we're just intruders in this private *sulk*. Dif Juz are without climaxes, without violence, without gall, with all the power and less of a soap bubble.

Dif Juz treat their audience like lepers when they should be sticking their hands up our jumpers. Frivolous with their suspected brilliance, they need not be just dust, nor so daft.

After them, Hula were

miraculous, so much that they *hurt*. Cut up and torn down, they have now completely snatched up the funk masterplan, ripped it and rapped it and filled it full of bitter twists. Visual/aural overloaded, but far from constipated, they bombard an audience and they believe in shaking and shocking.

Like iced electricity next to Chakk's sexbeat, Hula sound paranoid, perplexed, parched. They sound like they know the meaning of the words 'peak' and 'Picasso' and, unreliant on poise or presence, they rape their public with a fusillade of noise and visions. Slaughter house subtlety, they were more than dust.

JONH WILDE

A WITNESS Hammersmith Clarendon

MAYBE I disliked 'Loudhailer Songs' so intensely because it sounded so particularly Northern: tinny, edgy and indie-conscious. The fact that it sounds almost like a reincarnation of The Fall is its saving grace and disgrace. So, sceptically interested, I witnessed the A Witness experience – and through the manic 40 minutes, I was mugged into submission.

A drum machine pumps fast, and the flattest tracks of the EP are transformed into a heavy, barbaric density. A Witness are good Northern lads with punch, wit and intelligence that jolts through whining, twisting and nervy guitars. They create a trembling, rolling, tempestuous, satirical and nasal tornado that rattles with the sullen hatred you'd expect from a bunch of pop misogynists who transfix the imagination with a macabre but earthy surrealism. The vocalist does nothing to dilute The Fall inspiration... or was it influence?

Eventually, A Witness want

to write strong pop tunes, but they seem too tainted by sarcasm to ever really succeed.

RON ROM

CHERRELLE/ ALEXANDER O'NEAL Hammersmith Odeon

WHAT WOULD actor Billy Dee Williams look like if he played American football? Answer: Alexander O'Neal. The man's legs are 24 inches apart at all times, he gives his near-crotch area a rub and, from a huddled squat, his mighty vocals explode. Shivers travel down my spine during 'Do You Want It Like I Do', while squeals of excitement escape "from all the ladies out there" – I clutch at my popcorn box despite the atrocious sound and shrill feedback. 'If You Were Here With Me Tonight' is just incredible as Alex's voice sails from hearty low to sexy

GRIN 'N'

THE COLOUR FIELD Warwick

TERRY HALL doesn't like to make it too easy for anyone to enjoy the fruits of his talent. Playing hide and seek behind a mask of detachment and disdain, he taunts his audience into questioning why, exactly, they're paying homage (and an entrance fee) to a man so contemptuous of their fan club expectations.

The fact that his tortured artist act is becoming tiresome doesn't seem to bother him overmuch. And why should it? As one of the most exceptional talents in the country, he knows he can get away with murder – and he does.

The rest of The Colour



PAUL STANLEY: you thought Madonna had strange eyebrows

LFI

LIP SERVICE

KISS/WASP Los Angeles

WOW! WASP have really been splashing around with their royalties! Not only have they hired a seamstress to patch the holes in the trousers out of which their collective rear ends once sagged, but they've also invested in arguably the most outrageous stage set in the history of vaudeville horror.

Leering, five times the size of life and at least 20 feet in mid-air, were the severed heads of Lawless, Piper, Holmes and Riley impaled upon giant stakes. (Let's hope the Washington wenches don't decide to have a girls' night out at this show!) And, aside from Blackie's unexpected tumble whilst hurling life-size scratch 'n' sniff posters of himself at the audience, WASP, it must be said, delivered a deliciously dangerous performance.

A barrage of controversy still surrounds the Kiss issue. Have they lost their grease-painted charisma, or are they just too ugly without make-up? Are they guilty of lazy complacency, or are they just too old? The cynics continue to slam them; meanwhile, Kiss have recruited a whole new teen army – which in itself suggests that comparisons are exhausted, and we should be judging Kiss '86 on their current merits.

Paul Stanley can out-manoeuvre the finest Ferrari, and Eric Carr remains the remorseless master of rock 'n' roll's most ferocious rhythm section. Gene Simmons has gained a few pounds and lost some hair, but still manages to pull the *Playboy* bunnies, while Bruce Kulick plays with fretboard fire in a quiet corner. Kiss pull the old and the new ('War Machine' and 'Tears Are Falling'), the borrowed and the blue ('Won't Get Fooled Again' and 'I Still Love You') out of a bottomless top hat with a solid platinum lining. And let's face it, it's very difficult to be objective, let alone vindictive, when you're surrounded by 15,000 kids enjoying the party of a lifetime.

MARY ANNE HOBBS

high. Ooh, another shiver! Florid lips, mousey Cleopatra-style hair and a petite figure (not the lanky goddess I'd expected) snug in bathroom blue leather duds... and a man in the front row can't contain his 'urge' for Cherrelle, as hits known and destined are hammered out.

After a sizzling 'Satisfy', Cherrelle's gold boots scurry her offstage for a costume change; I had a premonition that this wouldn't be her last metamorphosis... and it wasn't! With her choreographed man-ooo-vers and perkiness Cherrelle reminds me of a cheerleader, as American as her music. 'Baby Cherrelle' bounces onstage in a pink tutu to accompany Mama Cherrelle for one last number before her 'Saturday Love' duet with Alexander brings the house down.

MONICA CADY

THE CHERRY BOMBZ

Marquee
WHAT BETTER band to see at the Marquee in its last days as a sweat-encrusted rock grotto than The Cherry Bombz? They, too, are perhaps the last bastion of a kind of sleaze that we are all too familiar with.

The Cherry Bombz are a good garage band, if nothing else. However, there's no evidence tonight of the glittering promise of some sort of supergroup. Instead of sex we get Anita Challema's Joan Collins smoulderama and demented senorita skirt-flapping, and Andy McCoy's Jack Daniels, fag-in-the-mouth, hip-grinding posing. (Fact: Keith Richards is the only human on earth who can still look cool with a cigarette hanging precariously from his bottom lip.)

This is not to deny The Cherry Bombz their undoubted popularity - the 'House Full' signs say more about them than I ever could - but I felt cheated. Of course, it's only rock 'n' roll, but in this case that's just the problem.

NEIL PERRY

IN EMBRACE

Coventry
AT THE Belgrade Theatre Studios, In Embrace are melting hearts. Mine melts at the sight and sound of backing vocalist Amanda. What would you say if I said I loved you, Amanda?

"I'd say you were drunk."

Ah, romance. Light, sparkling, carefree, Amanda is love's perfect other half to the heart and soul of In Embrace, while Gary sings of angst and passion, tears and fleeting joy.

In Embrace are the archetypal soundtrack to romance; the lyricism is too touching to be twee, the approach too varied to be varicose, the songs too superb to be soppy. "If anyone called me soppy," growls guitarist Clive, "I'd hit 'em". He later makes me promise not to mention this in case people do.

For the space of tonight's set, however, a bucketload of emotion breaks through my normally cool exterior in a sound that sends a shiver up my spine. Throw out the schmaltz in your record collection and replace it with the romance of In Embrace. Then see the band live.

PETE MARCHETTO

RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY/FLOWERS FOR AGATHA

Sheffield
FLOWERS FOR Agatha don't quite fulfil expectations; their armoury runs from primitive Spears to U2s, but they have the desired mood, anger ebbing to the onslaught of depression and presented with the energy of a quintet of megaliths. And when the band see the sense of slipping from their blunted edge of angst into realms of more blatant melancholy, a more appealing personality emerges.

In contrast, Red Lorry Yellow Lorry present such purist gloomy doominess that they might well have written the handbook. Earlier than early Sisters Of Mercy some years too late, half their set consists of a wedge of red-raw guitar scrapings set to a stodgy, well-dodgy beat with dull bass riffs and Eldritch vocals rubbed salt-like into the wounds.

Thankfully respite is at hand with the more thoughtful offerings that twist free of the formula, Oldroyd hammering out strange dances for sparser and more directed motion against which Philips' bass runs, Wolfenden's manic guitar tortures and Reed's baleful skeletal glare takes on an air of something more than mere pointless histrionics.

Keep on truckin', lads, but stick to the more scenic routes.

PETE MARCHETTO

MARI WILSON

Barcelona
CHICO RUBIO and the tall English schoolteacher track down the seedy jazz club. Bar prices have been raised especially for the visit of a British pop star, but good old Mari (sans beehive) and her 'jazz revue' have at least temporarily forsaken the pop rigmarole and are tooting out old fashioned songs with old

ANGEL DELIGHT



BALAAM AND THE ANGEL (you work it out) perfect their impressions of Selina Scott

Steve Double

BALAAM AND THE ANGEL/INTO A CIRCLE/ALL ABOUT EVE/THE SCARECROWS

Hammersmith Clarendon
YESTERDAY WAS St David's Day, and this morning I found daffodils in my dustbin. Dai happy. Previously, four pop groups (I use the term affectionately) chewed the sometime joy of noise.

The Scarecrows are dark, are not jaded, sleazy like The Pretenders, have front, have all but finished when I arrive. Ah.

All About Eve make me think of rubies. They swirl. It's important to swirl. Julianne Regan's fine balance of charisma and approachability is the foliaceous focal point of a dignified deliquescent set. (Ooh, get those words.) Next single, 'In The Clouds', carries me away; its eyeballs are made of rain. Impulse propels 'Love Leads Nowhere'. This Eve will bite the apple and empires will crumble, beauty over duty. Seriously, these are songs with an adventurous vengeance.

Into A Circle are well-named. Kind of spiralling, kind of getting nowhere. An overrated chest fronts an underrated guitar shower, while '60s riffs and melodies tease but rarely consummate. There is something intangible and evasive about their warmer crescendos; they can glisten intermittently. If I could work out what the point of this group was, I might well like it.

Balaam And The Angel are: ZZ Top, Billy Connolly, Rod Hull, Woodstock, Motown (sic), Pretty Things, psychedelia, The Yardbirds, Rory Gallagher, really very Scottish, really very hairy, alternately fun and tedious, surprising and predictable, jumpy and slack, beginning to draw huge crowds, mightily incongruously hip, a group who make me wave my hand from side to side when asked what I thought.

Definition of a prat: someone who says, "It's Bal-arm actually" when I say "Ballum". But may God bless you all.

CHRIS ROBERTS

fashioned words. A revolutionary idea.

Billie Holiday and Judy Garland standards, Cole Porter classics, delivered with an increasing confidence after the initial nervous "Ola" from the lady in the polka dot shirt. (Such unpretentious affairs have been taking place in Ronnie Scott's and the like without too much concern for publicity.)

The blues is the blues is it and Ms Wilson sings with a knowledge and conviction, belying her flippant stage persona which informs the locals that she went to see the white gorilla at the zoo today.

"An' that Gaudi, he was a

funny one."

An encore which flirts with rock and roll *maravillosamente* (oh look it up, you boring bastards), then with a positively picaresque wiggle of those hips and we're backstage to land a world exclusive interview; yours for a song.

CHRIS ROBERTS

THE RED WEDGE COMEDY STORE

Central London Polytechnic
'REDS LAUGH Louder' shouts the leaflet. And as expected, an audience of fanzine writers, Militant supporters, ranting poets, and good old further-educated middle-class

(to conclude the generalisations) Labour Party members did just that. Mind you, they had reason to.

Craig Charles, MC, is cute, too cute, but his poems are hard and his lip funny. The Oblivion Boys are tall, have a mediocre set and can be seen on TV. Mark Miwardz, despite still doing jokes about glue sniffers and "hard bastard" puns, gets funnier as his mouth moves faster.

Sensible Footwear wear chequered shirts with sharp 'n' vicious acapella splashed all over them. Targets include women's magazines, patronising shop assistants and the housewife... or rather the men who encourage housewives to remain so. Sensible Footwear are like Wood and Walters with more harmonies, less wit, and more politics.

Stars of the night (and don't they know it!) are Skint Video. A lesser journalist than myself blabbered about them as being a "Spitting Image without the puppets", but that sort of hack couldn't tell a kick in the teeth from a pat on the bum. Skint Video knock fascist dictators faster than they can fall, bugger off, or get shot. They prove that "F***!" still gets a louder roar than an anti-Thatcher joke, although if as many people join the Labour Party to have sex as join the SWP for the same reason then this is understandable. Skint Video's battlestick is the art of mugging famous pop songs, hitting the tune with their own lyrics, and then having the guts to get on stage and be good at it.

'Reds Laugh Louder' because reds are funnier. Long may they remain so.

JAMES BROWN

HIPSWAY/GREGORY GRAY

London University
LIKE A bursting young Amadeus, Gregory Gray thrusts open his arms, locks flailing madly, and delivers the message: "I'll make a sound five miles wide and then I'll take it to the skies!!" With Gregory, even the sky would not be the limit.

Epic waves of sound in an orchestrated mayhem flood the hall while blasts of horn and sax answer back cheekily to Gregory's frantic, impossible posturing. His thick Irish lyrics swell the opera so high you can almost feel his heart burst. The music is melodic, thunderous, arrogant. Let young Mozart be a pop star.

And Hipsway? An awkward, likeable antithesis. A clenched fist of dark rhythms, soulful boys to fit the dole age, a spray of nifty riffs - and a magnificent singer.

Graham Skinner spells Hipsway from the continuous flick of his hips to his deep sighing call. Tall, lanky, with that fashionable ghostlike face of high cheekbones, he holds the Hipsway blueprint in his whole stage being: the funk from two drummers and two guitarists is kicked easily forward from his throat on 'Broken Years', their moodiness spills dramatically when the singer falls to his knees, softly crying 'Ask The Lord'. And when 'Forbidden' sheds his willowy echoes of "Love lasts forever", I could almost believe him.

The new single, 'The Honeythief', tore a final fervour through the ranks and left smiles onstage.

SALLY GETHIN

BEAR IT

Field are there to do the dirty work of entertaining the punters. They're a useful distraction from our Tel's depressive (and depressing) self-indulgence. They remind you that the music is the main reason for being here. They confirm the importance of the provocative talent brought before you. They show you, too, that at the end of the night, Terry Hall's tantrums don't really matter at all.

Whether he likes it or not, Mr Hall happens to write good songs, and audiences will continue to appreciate that fact regardless of how hard he tries to mock their enthusiasm.

Tough luck, Terry, your fans still like you.

GEOFFREY S KENT



TERRY HALL: quick, hide that image-wrecking grin behind the mike!

Steve Double

marquee
OPEN EVERY NIGHT 7-11pm
ADVANCE TICKETS ARE ON SALE FOR CERTAIN SHOWS IN MEMBERS ONLY

90 WARDOUR ST. W1
01-437 6603

LICENSED BARS

Thurs 13 March (Adm £3.50)
HONEYMOON SUITE (CANADA)
Plus Support and Martin Ball

Fri 14 March (Adm 3.50)
JAKE BURNS AND THE BIG WHEEL
Plus A Cast of Thousands and Martin Ball

Sat 15 March (Adm £4.50)
WALL OF VOODOO (USA)
Plus Support and Nick Henbrey

Sun 16 March (Adm 2.50)
GEMS
Plus The Gene Syndrome and Monty Zero

Mon 17 March (Adm 3.00)
KEEP IT DARK
Plus Promised Land and Monty Zero

Tues 18 March (Adm 3.50)
F.M.
Plus Support and Nick Henbrey

Wed 19 & Thurs 20 March (Adm £3.50)
PENDRAGON
Plus Support and Monty Zero and Martin Ball

REDUCED ADMISSION TO STUDENTS, SOCIAL SECURITY CARDHOLDERS AND MEMBERS

UNDERGROUND
21 High Street, Croydon 01-760 8833 Nearest B.R. East Croydon
Open Thursdays to Sundays 9pm-2am.

Thursday 13th March
DANIELLE DAX + Gas Rattle £2.50

Sunday 16th March
DR AND THE MEDICS + Zodiac
Mindwarp + The Love Reaction £3.50

Thursday 20th March
20 FLIGHT ROCKERS + The Scarecrows £2.50

Sunday 23rd March
THE SHOP ASSISTANTS
+ Fields Of Nephelin £2.50

Tuesday 25th March
THE ENID + Support £3.00
Coming soon... THE GO BETWEENS • REDSKINS
• HALF MAN HALF BISCUIT •

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Please Note Sundays Are From 7-11pm

B&M PROMOTIONS PRESENT

DUMPY'S

RUSTY NUTS

FRI 21 MARCH SAT 22
WITH GUESTS
MAD DOG **EMPYRE**
+ Live Video Recording AT THE **MARQUEE**

SUNDAY 16TH MARCH
CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM

ALAN VEGA
SPECIAL GUESTS
SCIENTISTS
WILD FLOWERS

Hammersmith Broadway Doors 8pm
Tickets £4.00

CLARENDON (opening hours) / CAGE (Gear Market, Kings Rd) / L.T.B. 439 3371 / PREMIER 240 0771 / ROUGH TRADE RECORDS / STANGREEN 437 5283 / RUTH PROWSE 741 8000

THE TIMEBOX
THE BULL AND GATE
Kentish Town

Tuesday 11th March (£2)
STITCHED BACK FOOT AIRMAN
4 OTHER BANDS

Wednesday 12th March (£2.50)
AUSGANG
+ ROSE OF AVALANCHE
+ WILD AND WANDERING + TONGUE

Tuesday 18th March (£2.00)
SWIFT NICK
- THREE ACTION - EYES UPWARD
- THE SHRUBS - RED HARVEST
- ICEBOX JUDAN

Wednesday 19th March (£2.50)
THE SCARECROWS
+ THE PRIMITIVES + ONE WAY CRAZE
+ 2 OTHER BANDS

Tuesday 25th March (£2.00)
5 BANDS

Wednesday 26th March (£2.50)
BIG FLAME
+ THE WEDDING PRESENT
+ PIG BROS + THE NOSEFLUTES

Tickets - Rough Trade/Bull & Gate
BOOKINGS AND MORE INFO:
JULIE, 9 Southwood Avenue, Highgate N6 5RY
S.A.E. - DEMO PLEASE

THE 100 CLUB
100 OXFORD STREET, W.1.

Thursday 13th March
BELTANE FIRE
+ THE ARCHERS

Tuesday 18th March
"Mid Punk Jive"
PICTURE FRAME
SEDUCTION
+ THE VARUKERS

Thursday 20th March
THE EXPLOITED
+ BLOOD UNCLES

Tuesday 25th March
DOGS D'AMOUR
+ THE WHIPLASH GIRLS

Thursday 27th March
PETER & THE TEST
TUBE BABIES
+ LONG TALL TEXANS

COMING SOON...
Friday 4th April
G.B.H.

UNITY OF AFRO-CARIBBEAN PEOPLE
SUPPORTED BY THE BLACK MUSIC ROADSHOW
PRESENTS A FUND RAISING
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AT THE COMMUNITY CENTRE
MERRICK ROAD, SOUTHALE, MIDDLESEX
ON SUNDAY 30th MARCH 1986
LIVE ON STAGE - EUROPE'S No. 1 REGGAE BAND
MISTY IN ROOTS
No. 1 FEMALE ROOTS BAND - **ABBACUSH**
Plus P.A. - **KURT LEACOCK**
ALONG WITH THE L.W.R. REGGAE SQUAD
ZACK - ERNIE - FUZZY DEE
AND THE POSSIE
LICENSED BAR AND FOOD
TRANSPORT: Trains to Southall Station (BR) - Buses: 105, 120, 195, 207, 232, 89N
ADMISSION: In advance £4, at the door £5. DOORS OPEN: 8pm-1am
Tickets from: Tel: 01-574 4433, 01-574 1718 for information

Friday 28th March

TORME
MOHO PACK
QUEERBOYS

CLARENDON HOTEL
BALLROOM Hammersmith Broadway
Tickets £4.00

CLARENDON (opening hours) / CAGE (Gear Market, Kings Rd) / L.T.B. 439 3371 / PREMIER 240 0771 / ROUGH TRADE RECORDS / STANGREEN 437 5283 / RUTH PROWSE 741 8000

JLP Presents

LIQUOR
TRUCK

+ Support
BRISTOL BIERKELLER
TUES. MARCH 25th
8.00pm.

BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE
SUN. MARCH 23rd 8.00pm.
Tel: £3.50 Adv. Tel: 021 643 4715
and Birmingham Odeon, Virgin & C. C. C.

Tel: £3.50 Adv. Tel: 0272 29514
and usual agents.

THE TWISTING ROADSHOW
The HOUSEMARTINS
Thurs 20th March

His Latest Flame
Miaow
Comper
Porky the Poet

CLARENDON HOTEL BALLROOM
8pm Tickets £3.50 CLARENDON (opening hours)
CAGE (Gear Market, Kings Rd) / L.T.B. 439 3371 / PREMIER 240 0771 / ROUGH TRADE RECORDS / STANGREEN 437 5283

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240 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD,
LONDON, N4
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01-263 4581

ANTI-APARTHEID BENEFIT
Wed 12th March
JAMIE WEDNESDAY
FLOYD etc

Thurs 13th March
LARRY WALLIS
+ THE LOVE PIRATES OF DOOM
+ THE MICK CLARKE BAND

Fri 14th March
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
+ FREE FALL

Sat 15th March (lunch)
IGGY QUAIL
(FREE JAZZ SESSION)
(eve)
DESMOND DEKKER
+ THE RED HOT POKERS

Sun 16th March (lunch)
IGGY QUAIL
(eve)
JOHNNY ROCCOS

Mon 17th March
"ST PATRICK'S DAY SPECIAL"
IRISH MIST

Tues 18th March
THE BLUBBERRY
HELLBELLIES

Wed 19th March
WEDNESDAY ALTERNATIVE PRESENTS
JOHN COOPER CLARKE
PETE THOMAS' DEEP SEA JIVERS
HAMMER & SICKLES, ROBBIE GOLDEN

Late bar every night 10-12.30am (Sun 10-30p)
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Equipment repairs phone Frank at The Robey

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93 Lower Richmond Road
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Thursday 13th March
ZOZIACS
(Ex Paul Brady Band)

Friday 14th March
MOSE ALLISON (USA)

Saturday 15th March
HANK WANGFORD
BAND

Sunday 16th March
WILKO JOHNSON
BAND

Tuesday 18th March
MEANTIME

Wednesday 19th March
BOB KERR'S
WHOOPEE BAND

Under St Pauls Church
Deptford, SE8

THE GRAY
Psychedelic Nites
EVERY FRIDAY
Friday 14th March
THE PURPLE THINGS
+ OUT OF ORDER
+ SAREAN QUARTAR

Friday 21st March
OSRIC TENTACLES
+ ARCH CRIMINALS
+ SURPRISE
GUEST BAND
+ Punk Every Monday +

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LIVE at ADAM & EVE'S
2 CENTRAL ROAD LEEDS
TUES 11: 5pm-11pm + SUNDAY RISES
double headline
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+ CIVILISED SOCIETY
TUES 18: PHAROS + TURNPIKE
CRUISERS
WED 19: THE VARUKERS + Major Accident
+ Picture Frame Seduction + Untamed
THUR 20: BABY TUCKER + Nick Videos
TUES 25: MEEDRS + THE KREWEN
WED 26: G.B.H. + VITA BREVIS
THUR 27: LLOYD LANGTON BAND
from Hawkhurst
FOR INFO: NICK ON 0274-121867
NICK ALSO BOOKS FOR THE ROYAL
FRI 14 MAR: Siren + C. C. C. BARFORD
SAT 15 MAR: Flowers in the Dugbin + FEUD.

THE CRAMPS

LIVERPOOL ROYAL COURT
THURS. MARCH 20th 8.00 pm.
Tickets £5.00 Adv. Tel: 051-709 4321
and usual agents.

NEWCASTLE MAYFAIR
WED. 26th MARCH 8.00 pm
Tickets £5.00 Adv. Tel: 0632 32309
and usual agents.

HEAVY ROCK BAND -
APRIL
16th

LIVE IN LONDON (see nights)

The Love Junkies
SAT 15th MARCH
BUCKNEER
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GLC
FAREWELL
FESTIVAL

KICKS OFF AT
THE HAMMERSMITH ODEON

FRIDAY 21st MARCH
RED WEDGE
BILLY BRAGG • COMMUNARDS
LORNA G • JUNIOR GISCOMBE
PAUL WELLER MICK TALBOT & FRIENDS
PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS
DOORS OPEN 6.30PM SHOW 7.30PM

SATURDAY 22nd MARCH
6.30PM & 9.00PM
ATLANTIC STARR
EXTRA SHOW
DUE TO POPULAR DEMAND!
DOORS OPEN 5.30PM
SHOWS 6.30PM AND 9.00PM

SUNDAY 23rd MARCH
IAN DURY
AND THE
BLOCKHEADS
DOORS OPEN 6.30PM SHOW 7.30PM
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SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

GREENWICH LEISURE

MARCH VIOLETS

+ The Duellists, The Mighty Lemondrops
Thursday 20 March. Doors open 7.30pm.
Woolwich Coronet (by Woolwich Ferry) SE18
£3.50 (£1.50 Concessions)

RED WEDGE CABARET

Tom Robinson, French & Saunders,
Skint Video, Vicious Boys,
Denise Black & The Kray Sisters,
comperes Malcolm Hardee & Special guests
Thursday 27 March. Doors open 7.30pm.
Woolwich Coronet (by Woolwich Ferry) SE18
£3 (£1.50 Concessions)

THE ENID

plus The Big Time Band featuring
Trimmer & Jenkins & Ina Fox
Thursday 3 April. Doors open 7.30pm
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Greenwich Entertainment Service: 25 Woolwich New Road SE18
Greenwich Theatre Box Office: Crooms Hill SE10 (callers only)

**MORE
ADS
ON
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29**

KELLY'S

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Monday 31st March



+ Support
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or £4.00 on door

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ON TOUR

March

Thursday 13th

Saturday 15th

Sunday 16th

Monday 17th

Tuesday 18th

Wednesday 19th

Friday 21st

Saturday 22nd

Sunday 23rd

Monday 24th

Tuesday 25th

Wednesday 26th

NEWCASTLE, Riverside

ABERDEEN, Victoria Hotel

GLASGOW, Mayfair

LIVERPOOL, University

LEEDS, Leeds University

NOTTINGHAM, Rock City

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MAD DOGWednesday 19th March
PHANTASM

+ Bandolier

+ Caprice

+ Alices Restaurant Roadshow
nearest tube Admission £2 on door
Shepherds Bush (Central Line) Open 7.30-11pm

GEMS
LONDON'S ONLY GIG
THE MARQUEE
Sunday 16th March 9pm
DEBUT SINGLE
STAND UP SIT DOWN
7" & 12" AVAILABLE NOW GEM 1 12 GEM 1
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Wed 19th & Thurs 20th March
PENDRAGON
+ special guests
+ TWICE BITTEN (19th)
+ THE CAST (20th)

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175 FULHAM PALACE ROAD, W.6
St Patricks Day
Monday 17th March
**PADDY GOES TO
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+ 'From Dublin' ...
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Buffet + Bar Extension 'til 12.30 Tkts £2.50

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1986 PRESENTS
MARCH FRIDAY 21st
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GUANA BATZ
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THEN JERICO
BLYTHE POWER
MARCH SATURDAY 22nd
CURIOSITY KILLED the CAT
LOVE & MONEY
QUANDO QUANGO
BIG DISH
Saturday Cabaret
The Vicious Boys - Long & the Short of It
John Lenahan - Jeremy Hardy - Sensible Footwear
Brown Paper Bag Brothers - Urban Warriors
Comperes PHRANC
Tickets from Usual Agents or Post.
Tickets £4 - Both Nights Doors 7pm. Late Bars. Food

ROYAL STANDARD
Walthamstow
(opp Blackhorse Rd Tube)
01-527 1966
BANDOLIER
+ LOVE JUNKIES
Friday 14th March
Open 'til Midnight

THE GREEN GATE
228 Bethnal Green Rd, E2
01-739 4920
Fri 14th March - Adm £1.00
THE BARFLIES
Sat 15th March
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THE GROUNDHOGS
Sunday 16th March
(Lunchtime) - Adm FREE
ROUGH JUSTICE
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DIO
Plus Special Guests
LEEDS QUEENS HALL
SATURDAY 10th MAY 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £7.50 plus a booking fee
Available from B/O Tel: 0532 431961, Guild Hall Preston, Austics B/O Leeds,
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MCD
fine young cannibals
Plus Guests
TOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB (Ex Forum)
KENTISH TOWN
WEDNESDAY 16th APRIL 8.00 p.m.
Tickets: £4.50 Advance, £5.00 on door. Available from Venue Tel: 01-267 3334,
LTB, Premier, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Albemarle and Stargreen,
The Cage, The Gear Market, Kings Road.

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.

Several major tours get underway this week, starting with Hüsker Dü at Newcastle (Thursday) Aberdeen (Saturday), Glasgow (Sunday), Liverpool (Monday) and Leeds (Tuesday). The Cramps kick off with three nights at London's Hammersmith Odeon (Friday, Saturday, Sunday) and then head up-country to Sheffield (Tuesday).

Big Country play their first dates for 14 months at Nottingham (Monday) and Manchester (Tuesday), while The Robert Cray Band are in Glasgow (Friday), Newcastle (Saturday), Edinburgh (Sunday) and Dublin (Monday).

WEDNESDAY 12

ABERDEEN Valhalla (695701) The Shamen/Gillian Silver (CND Benefit)
BIRMINGHAM Matthews Youth Centre Arize
BIRMINGHAM Peacocks (021-643 6751) Huw Lloyd-Langton
BRABOURNE Five Bells The Gary Dean Band
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Living Daylights
BRIGHTON Art College Basement (604141) Ten Million Quentins/Whirl/The Milk Sister (Rape Crisis Centre Benefit)
BRIGHTON Old Vic (24744) Karen D'Ache
CARSHALTON St Heliers Arms April 16th
CHATHAM Churchills Swinging Time/The Round
COLWYN BAY Central Hotel The Badger Bell Band
COVENTRY Warwick University (417220) LWS
DURHAM University (64466) Pendragon/Twice Bitten
EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) Tangerine Dream
HAYES Royal Standard The Amazing Rhythm Burglars
LEEDS Adam And Eve's (456724) UK Subs/Dangerous Rhythm/Civilised Society
LEEDS Coconut Grove (455718) Somethin' Else
LEEDS Little Londoner Warp Factor 5
LEEDS University (439071) Robert Plant/Rent Party
LEICESTER Polytechnic (555576) Chakk
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Dumpty's Rusty Nuts
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic (051-236 2481) Circus Circus Circus
LLANDOGO The Sloop Inn Dream Sequence
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Potato 5/The Deltones
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Back 2 Back/The Circus
LONDON Crickeford Hog's Grunt (01-450 8969) The Reactors/Peter Beasley
LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre (01-388 1394) Les Quatre Etoiles
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Jamie Wednesday/Floyd (Anti Apartheid Benefit)
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Mental As Anything
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Gun Wharf/After This
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0837) Fitz 'N' Startz/Anthill Mobsters
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Winston And The Churchills/Red Harvest
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Hal/The Contenders/Zap Weeds
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Ausgang/The Rose Of Avalanche/Wild And Wandering/Tongue
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Kissing The Pink/49 Scream
LONDON Lee Green Old Tigers Head (01-851 6373) Shadowland/These Four Walls
LONDON Malet Street London University (01-580 9951) Howard Hughes And The Western Approaches
LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) Beat Zen
LONDON Old Bond Street Embassy (01-499 4793) Shock Up!
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Blurt/Doctor's Children
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Bob Kerr's Whoopee Band
LONDON Shepherds Bush Wellington Drive Shaft/Ashmata
LONDON Stockwell Plough (01-274 3879) OT Band
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Tara Zara/Voyeur
LONDON Wimbledon William Morris Club (01-661 8877) Full Moon
LONDON Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (01-855 0618) Pride Of Passion
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Zoot And The Roots
MANCHESTER Fagnis (061-236 0265) Into A Circle/Fleshpuppets
MIDDLESBOROUGH The Wellington Sweet Young Things
MONKS HORTON Black Horse The Dekorators
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic (328761) The Red Wedge Comedy Tour
NEWCASTLE Tiffany's (612526) Sigue Sigue Sputnik
NORTHFLEET Red Lion Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers
NORWICH Theatre Royal (628205) Harvey And The Wallbangers
NOTTINGHAM Costers Basking Sharks
OXFORD Jericho Tavern (54502) Pat Thomas's Research/Tim Anderson
PETERBOROUGH Lincoln Road Crown Ted Chippington/The Pleasure Head
PORTSMOUTH Southsea Kimbells (821551) The Chevalier Brothers
ROMFORD Rezz (25566) Communal Drop
SHARPTHORNE Ravenswood Inn Cause And Effect
SOUTHAMPTON Riverside Club (436840) The Piranhas
SOUTHAMPTON University (556291) The March Violets
STOKE Bowler Hat (814911) Flowers In The Dustbin/Feud
STOKE Keele University (625411) Gene Loves Jezebel
STOKE Shelleys (322209) The Guana Batz
TELFORD Oakengates Town Hall (619020) The Redskins/Loose Juice/Absolute Mass
WALSALL Birmingham Road Wheatheaf The Blues Merchants
WIGAN Pier Club Change To The East
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic (712901) The Enid
WORPLESDON White Lion The Body Politic
YORK Lynx Club Burt's Band

THURSDAY 13

ABERDEEN Ritzy (21135) Sigue Sigue Sputnik
BANGOR University (53709) Gene Loves Jezebel
BARROWFORD Civic Centre Inside Information
BIRMINGHAM University (021-359 6531) The Spellbinders
BLACKPOOL Sax Club (294364) Vee VV
BLETCHLEY Compaits Club (70003) Dumpty's Rusty Nuts/Maximum
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Prime Time
BURTON Central Park (63365) Pet Hate/The Macc Lads

CAMBRIDGE Guildhall (357851) Doctor And The Medics
CARDIFF Chapter Arts Centre (31194) Pentangle
COVENTRY Warwick University (417220) Kurtis Blow/Circus Circus Circus
COWBRIDGE Ye Olde Masons Arms New Mutants
DEAL Black Horse Hotel Ticked Pink
DERBY Spondon The Crown Just Blue
DUDLEY JB's (53597) Damascus
DUNFERMLINE Warehouse (730185) The Shamen
DUNSTABLE Wheatheaf (62571) Late Road Lunatics
EDINBURGH Assembly Rooms (031-225 3614) The Red Wedge Comedy Tour
EDINBURGH The Mervin Camera Shy
FERRYHILL Kings Head (51425) Flowers In The Dustbin/Feud
GLASGOW Daniel Brown's M74
GLASGOW Shadows (041-332 8111) Abel Ganz
GRAVESEND Prince Of Wales Eric Goes Fishing
HARLOW The Square (25594) John Otway/Law Lords International
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) The Strand
HERNE BAY Bozo's Wine Bar Gary Howe
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic (38156) The Cherry Bombz
IPSWICH Corn Exchange (55851) Chasar
LEICESTER Kings Head The Membranes
LEICESTER Polytechnic (555576) Spider
LEICESTER University Queen's Hall (556282) The Enid
LIVERPOOL School Lane Bluecoat (051-709 5297) Horn Webb Sax Quartet
LIVERPOOL Mardi Gras Laugh
LONDON Approach Road Approach Tavern Rory McLeod
LONDON Battersea Latchmere (01-223 3549) The Barflies
LONDON Camden Electric Ballroom (01-485 9006) The March Violets/Twenty Flight Rockers/The Mighty Lemon Drops
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Mannish Boys/12 Shirt Joe/Trigger Trigger
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Irma And The Squirmers
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) In Embrace
LONDON Dean Street Gossips Laurel Aitken
LONDON East Sheen The Bull (01-876 2345) The Amazing Rhythm Burglars
LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre (01-388 1394) Les Quatre Etoiles
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Larry Wallis And The Love Pirates Of Doom/The Mick Clarke Band
LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) The Reactors
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Johnny Pinko
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) The Odd/Bell And The Ocean
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0837) Clark Ellis/Rob's Crocodile
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) New Kick/Electors/God Told Me To Do It/The Nitros
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Flo Sullivan
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Wes McGhee
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Mental As Anything/Strangers And Brothers
LONDON Kilburn National Ballroom (01-328 3141) Psychic TV/Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction/The Golden Horde/Annie Anxiety
LONDON Leicester Square Hippodrome (01-437 4311) Strange Cruise
LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) Avant
LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (01-387 0428/9) The Wedding
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-375 3059) Jazz Butcher/The Outskirts
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Baltane Fire/The Archers
LONDON Peto Place Diorama (01-487 5598) Pierre Hollins/An Uncertain Trumpet/Danger Zone
LONDON Portobello Acklam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) Raymonde/One Thousand Violins/The Str
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Zoziacs
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-788 1900) Denise Black And The Kray Sisters
LONDON Shepherds Bush Wellington Mad Dog/Bandolier
LONDON Stockwell Plough (01-274 3879) The Ya Ya's
LONDON Tufnell Park Boston Arms (01-272 4311) See You In Vegas
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Hononymoon Suite
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (01-437 5534) Aldeoni
LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (01-855 3371) 49 Scream
MANCHESTER Gallery (061-834 0474) Pendragon/Geoff Mann
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) Chakk
MANCHESTER Legends The Tier Garden
MANSFIELD Malthouse Gah-Ga
NEWCASTLE Riverside (614386) Hüsker Dü/Kathy Acker
NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Huw Lloyd-Langton
NOTTINGHAM The Garage (501251) The Wedding Present
OXFORD Pennyfarthing (246007) Blue Ridge Rockets
PRESTON Guildhall (21721) Tangerine Dream
ROMFORD Rezz (25566) Buffalo Waltz
RUGBY Reverberation Club Surf Drums
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) Bob Peacock Trio
SWINDON Level 3 (34238) The Hamsters From Hell/The Hoover Juniors
TENTERDEN White Lion Hotel The Invicta Jazz Band
WAKEFIELD Henry Boons Limbo
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) The DT's
WESTGATE Nottingham Castle Terry Benson And Friends
WHITSTABLE Harbour Lights Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers
WOKINGHAM Angles (789912) Blood Oranges
WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) Phantom
YORK Lynx Club Rationale

FRIDAY 14

BARNESLEY Portucills (203421) Lady
BICESTER Ex-Serviceman's Club Dumpty's Rusty Nuts
BIRMINGHAM Polytechnic (021-236 3969) Gene Loves Jezebel
BIRMINGHAM Railway (021-359 2283) The Handsome Beasts
BIRMINGHAM Triangle Chakk
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Jackie Lynton
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club (218897) Haze/Twice Bitten
BRISTOL Old Profanity Showboat (293301) Kick City
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) Four Design
BURTON Central Park (63265) Huw Lloyd-Langton
CAMBRIDGE Selwyn College The Wedding
CARDIFF Casablanca (28836) The Co-Stars
CARDIFF Great Western Vigilante
CARLISLE Front Page (34188) Watch With Mother
CHATHAM Churchills English Rogues
CLEETHORPES Pier Hotel (61435) The Babysitters
COVENTRY Barras Heath WMC Doc Mustard (Greenpeace Benefit)
DARTFORD Flick's Nightclub (25520) Kurtis Blow
DUDLEY JB's (53597) Into A Circle
EDINBURGH Potterow Student Union Crushed Ice
EGHAM Royal Holloway College (4453) Erasure/Pop Icons
FETCHEM Riverside (375713) Hoorah! Boys Hoorah!/Body Politic/Deep Joy
FOLKESTONE Lees Cliff Hall (54595) The Enid
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union (041-339 9784) The Robert Cray Band/Sigue Sigue Sputnik/Shark Taboo/The Shamen/Mary (End of Term All-nighter - 8pm to 2am)
GLASGOW Venue (041-332 3874) Terraplane
HARLOW The Square (25594) Black Shark/Out Of Bounds
HEBDEN BRIDGE Shoulder Of Mutton (847780) Engine
HEBDEN BRIDGE Trades Club (845265) Inside Information
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Communal Drop
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head (21758) The Xtraverts/The Video Nasties
LEICESTER International (20471) Walking Under Ladders
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Circus Circus Circus
LIVERPOOL Klub Krackens (051-708 8815) Be La Deuce/Silent Partners/Blue Nose B/Silent Ambition
LIVERPOOL System Club (051-236 7816) The Guana Batz
LIVERPOOL University (051-709 4744) The Red Wedge Comedy Tour

LONDON Bethnal Green Green Gate (01-739 4920) The Barflies
LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) Luddy Samms And The Deliverers
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Balham Alligators
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Wall Of Voodoo
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Farm/The Inflatables
LONDON Dalston Crown And Castle (01-254 3678) Strangelove/Casual Sex/Case Family
LONDON Deptford Crypt (01-690 8832) Sarean Quarter
LONDON East Sheen Bull (01-876 6964) Spider/Fair Exchange
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Juice On The Loose/Free Fall
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) The Ronnie Bond Band
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) The Dave Marquee Band/The Surfadelics
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0837) B-Sharp/Forest Hillbillies
LONDON Hackney Brooksby's Walk Chats Palace (01-986 6714) The Potato 5
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) The Purple Things/The Silver Chapters
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) The Cramps
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Brendan Croker And The 5 O'Clock Shadows/The Prowlers
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) The Mystery Girls/The Shrew Kings/Major 5/D414
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Sambatucada
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Hank Wangford
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Jon Hendricks And Co
LONDON Lewisham Labour Club The Jumping Jehosopaths
LONDON Malet Street London University (01-580 9551) Chris Sutton
LONDON Malet Street School Of Oriental And African Studies (01-580 0916) Misty In Roots
LONDON Mile End Queen Mary College (01-980 4811) 1,000 Violins/Depth Charge Soul/Word Association
LONDON New Cross Goldsmiths College (01-692 1406) Paul Blake And The Bloodfire Posse
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Dentists/The Scientists
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Somo Somo/Cosmic Side
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Mose Allison
LONDON Stockwell Plough (01-274 3879) Dirty Nights
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-302 0236) Bandolier
MANCHESTER Apollo (061-273 3775) Tangerine Dream
MANCHESTER Gallery (061-832 3597) Pet Hate/White Trash
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) The Men They Couldn't Hang
MELBOURN Rock Club (61010) Larry Miller Band
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic (328761) Rouen
NEWCASTLE Riverside (614386) Matamba
NORTHAMPTON Black Lion The Hunters Club
NOTTINGHAM Horse And Jockey Just Blue
OXFORD Pennyfarthing (246007) Carrera
OXFORD Polytechnic (68789) Doctor And The Medics/Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction
PETERBOROUGH Padholme Road East Community Centre The Jilted Brides/The Detours/MF/Danbert No Bacon
READING Paradise Club (56847) The Membranes/The Turncoats
SAFFRON WALDEN White Horse Cri De Couer
SCUNTHORPE Crosby Hotel Bogshed
SEVENOAKS The Rock Wall To Wall
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic (760621) The March Violets
SLOUGH College Thirteen Days
SOUTH SHIELDS Cyprus She
SOUTHAMPTON University Connaught Hall (556291) Pendragon
STAFFORD College of FE (44644) The Blubbery Hellbellies
STAMFORD Scott Gate Wacky Backy Boogie Band
STOCKBRIDGE Walnut Tree English Jazz Quartet
TELFORD Lee Gomers Youth Club Flowers In The Dustbin/Feud
TORQUAY 400 Club (28103) Black Roots
TREDEGAR Working Men's Club Tredegar
UXBRIDGE Brunel University (39125) The Cherry Bombz
WALSLEND Buddle Arts Centre (01-262 4276) Darkness And Jive/Andy Pawlak
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) The Railway Children/Gene Vincent And The Nitecapz
WOKINGHAM Angles (789912) The Reactors
YORK Lynx Club Pleasure Company
YORK Winning Post The Wedding Present
YULE Technical College April 16th/Deliverance

SATURDAY 15

ABERDEEN Victoria Hotel (582255) Hüsker Dü
ALCONBURY RAF Alconbury Lazy
BANBURY Stadium (66035) The Mick Clarke Band/Strap On Jack
BASILDON Arts Centre (22881) Swift Nick/3 Action
BIRKENHEAD Stairways (051-647 6544) Huw Lloyd-Langton
BIRMINGHAM NEC (021-780 4141) ELO/Robert Plant/The Moody Blues/Denny Laine/Steve Gibbons/Roy Wood/Jasper Carrot/The Move/The Rockin' Berries/The Applejacks
BRADFORD Royal Standard (27898) Flowers In The Dustbin/Feud
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) The Nashville Teens/Claydon And The Argonauts
BRIGHTON Prince Albert The Violet White
BRIGHTON Zap Club Women Behind Bars/Far Away Tree/The Beginning (Lunch)
BRISTOL Park Row Upstairs Club Big Flame/Stump/The Mackenzies
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) Zamaica
CARDIFF Bogeys (26168) James Hogg
CARDIFF Nero's (45987) The Guana Batz
CHICHESTER Community Centre The Unholy (Anti-Apartheid Benefit)
COLCHESTER Essex University (862286) Derek Bailey And Han Bennink
COVENTRY Polytechnic (21167) Gene Loves Jezebel
CROSSKEYS Institute (270301) Engine
DUDLEY JB's (53597) FM
DUDLEY Smiling Man Uk Warriors
DURHAM University (64466) The March Violets
EASTBOURNE Golden Lion Jazz Club English Jazz Quartet
EAST KIRKBY Miners Welfare Club Just Blue
ELTON Community Centre The Badger Bell Band
FRIMLEY Community Centre Peepshow Club Shadow Gallery/New Outrage
HARLOW The Square (25594) The Neurotics/Tender Trap
HEBDEN BRIDGE Trades Club (845265) Obviously 5 Believers
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Mechanical Horse Trough
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head (21758) The V2's/The Abyss
HULL Adelphi Club (48216) Les Zeiga Fleurs/The Hunters Club/The Janitors
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre (53641) Tangerine Dream
LEEDS University (439071) The Pogues
LONDON Acton Bumbles (01-722 3308) The Beach Bums/Action Pact/Vodka Torts
LONDON Bolsover Street Central Polytechnic (01-636 6271) The Cardiacs
LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) Dance Exchange
LONDON Camberwell Green Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) English Rogues
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Brett Marvin And The Thunderbolts
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Mose Allison Trio/Danger Zone
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-673 8228) The Servants/Eyes Upwards
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Dave Marquee/Empti Fish
LONDON Dalston Crown And Castle Denise Black And The Kray Sisters
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Iggy Quail And Friends (Lunch) Desmond Dekker/The Red Hot Pokers (Eve)
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) We're Only Human/The Disney Fuzors

SHIFT

LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0837) **Black Fox/Human Pyramid**
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) **Soul Miners**
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **Makin' Time/The Prisoners/The Downbeat**
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) **The Cramps**
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) **The Higs/Official Secrets**
LONDON Islington St John Street George And Dragon Flex-Able/Important Notice
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) **Geno Washington And The Ram Jam Band**
LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) **Tearaway**
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **Wilko Johnson**
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **The Blackbottom Stompers/The Alan Eisdon Band**
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) **Hank Wangford Band**
LONDON Roehampton Froebel Institute **The Chevalier Brothers**
LONDON Stockwell Plough (01-274 3879) **Ted Emmett And Paul Rogers**
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **Wall Of Voodoo**
LONDON Wimbledon William Morris Club (01-946 5041) **The Barflies**
LONDON Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (01-855 0618) **Rubella Ballet/Shark Taboo**
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) **Happy End/Ian Saville**
MANCHESTER Polytechnic (061-273 1162) **Rhonda**
MANCHESTER University (061-273 5111) **The Membranes/Bogshed/The Pastels**
MANCHESTER White Bear **They Must Be Russians**
MEASHAM Miners Welfare Club **The Tools/Last Rites/Sometimes**
MIDDLESBOROUGH Teeside Polytechnic (245589) **The Godfathers**
NEWBRIDGE High Street Memorial Hall (243019) **Aramis**
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic (328761) **The Robert Cray Band**
OXFORD Pennyfarthing (246007) **Charlie Mouse**
PETERBOROUGH Orton Horse And Groom **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**
PETERBOROUGH Polytechnic (819141) **The Cherry Bombz/Cause And Effect**
ROCHESTER Crown Hotel **The Original Johnny Seven**
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) **Circus Circus Circus**
SOUTHAMPTON The Cliff **The Dilberys**
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) **4,000,000 Telephones/The Prams/Nyam Nyam**
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **Assassin/Neon Warrior**
WHITLEY BAY Esplanade Rock Club **She**
WISHAW Heatherly Bar (72957) **Zero Zero**
WOKINGHAM Angies (789912) **Living Daylightes**
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic (28521) **The Red Wedge Comedy Tour**
WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) **Tara Zara**
YORK University Derwent Centre (412328) **Dig Vis Drill/UV Pop**

LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) **Wolfe Witcher (Lunch)**
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) **John Otway**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **The Business/Intensive Care/Vicious Rumours**
LONDON Greek Street Le Beat Route (01-734 6308) **Xantusia/5 O'Clock High/Epitaph/The Clay People**
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **Alan Vega/The Scientists/Wild Flowers**
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) **The Cramps**
LONDON Hammersmith Palais (01-748 2812) **Steele Pulse/The Bloodfire Posse/Pato Banton And The Studio**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Shanty Dam (Lunch) Tower Of Power (Eve)**
LONDON Islington Cross Street Crown And Anchor (01-226 8281) **The Magical Mystery Tour**
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) **Marble Arch/Hey, Hey, Roxy!**
LONDON Kentish Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) **Kurtis Blow**
LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) **The Wolfhounds/The Turncoats**
LONDON New Cross Heart Club **The June Brides/Marc Riley And The Creepers/The Janitors**
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **The Stan Tracey Quintet**
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) **Wilko Johnson**
LONDON Stockwell Plough (01-274 3879) **Ken Wood And The Mixers**
NEWBRIDGE High Street Memorial Hall (243019) **James Hogg**
NEWCASTLE Riverside (614386) **She**
NORTHAMPTON Racehorse **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**
PETERBOROUGH The Gladstone Wacky Backy Boogie Band
RUGBY Blitz **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) **Gene Loves Jezebel**
STEVENAGE Bowes Lyon House (353175) **Huw Lloyd-Langton/Rebecca Wolf/The Friday Book**
SOUTHAMPTON Riverside (436840) **The Cherry Bombz/House Of Cards**
SWANSEA Leisure Centre (49126) **The Red Wedge Comedy Tour**
WATFORD Pumphouse (01-907 5072) **T Model Slim**
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **Den Caney**
WOKINGHAM Angies (789912) **The Mike Khan Band**
WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) **The Railway Children**

LONDON Hammersmith Palais (01-748 2812) **The Pogues**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Shanty Dam**
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) **Vakeros**
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) **Fallen Heroes/Prime Time**
LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) **The Lemons**
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **Len Bright Combo**
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **The Don Weller Art Themin Quintet**
LONDON Villiers Street Heaven **A Certain Ratio**
LONDON W1 Studio Valbonne **Dancing In English**
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (01-437 5534) **The Tommy Chase Quartet**
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) **Vee Vee/Life On Earth Skol Banderos**
MANCHESTER Oxford Road Banshee **Iota**
NEWPORT T.J's **Disco Spider**
NORWICH Santanas **The Janitors/Bob Hope To Die/Gudvil**
NOTTINGHAM Theatre Royal (472328) **Big Country**
PLYMOUTH Armada Street Polytechnic **Fiesta Suite (21312) Black Roots**
RIPON Brontes (522960) **Steve Gibbons Band**
SHEFFIELD University (24076) **Baby Tuckoo**
STOKE Shelleys (322209) **Alaska**
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **Huw Lloyd-Langton/After Eden**
YORK Lynx Club **Zoot And The Roots**

TUESDAY 18

BEDFORD Winkles (46635) **Workforce**
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Barrel Organ (021-622 1353) **Leopold Blue**
BIRMINGHAM New Imperial Hotel (021-643 6751) **Spider**
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **Dancing In English**
BRIGHTON Escape Club (606906) **The June Brides**
BRIGHTON Old Vic (24744) **Arena Strange**
CANNOCK Simon's **Dream Factory**
ELTHAM Avery Hill College **Joolz**
HANLEY Victoria Halls **Tangerine Dream**
LEEDS Adam And Eve's (456724) **The Pharoahs/Turnpike Cruisers**
LEEDS University (439071) **Husker Du/Circus Circus Circus**
LEEDS Warehouse (468287) **The Cherry Bombz**
LEICESTER Helsinki **Basking Sharks**
LIVERPOOL University (051-709 4744) **Pendragon**
LONDON Bellingham Bonnies (01-698 3293) **Voyeur**
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Living Daylightes**
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **No Pearls No Passion/Late Road Lunatics**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **The Blubbery Hellbellies**
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) **Firefly**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **The Neurotics/Harry And The Rug**
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0837) **The Reflection/The Boss**
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **The Heat/Before The War**
LONDON Hammersmith Palais (01-748 2812) **The Pogues**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Half Man Half Biscuit**
LONDON Kentish Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) **Tshala Muana And Band/Abacush/Dirty Money**
LONDON Liverpool Road Pied Bull (01-226 8180) **Skint Video/Porky The Poet**
LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) **Pride Of Passion/Ten Years**
LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (01-387 0428) **Karpel Ketchup**
LONDON New Cross Goldsmiths College (01-692 7171) **Vakeros**
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **Picture Frame Seduction/The Varukers**
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) **Meantime**
MANCHESTER Apollo (061-273 3775) **Big Country**
MANCHESTER Fagins **Gene Loves Jezebel**
MANCHESTER Ritz (061-236 4355) **A Certain Ratio/Jazz Defektors**
NORTHAMPTON King Billy **Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers**
NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) **Haze**
PETERBOROUGH Gladstone Arms **Twice Bitten**
READING University (860222) **The Piranhas**
SHEFFIELD University (24076) **The Cramps**
SOUTHAMPTON Labour Club **Blyth Power/Nox Mortis**
SOUTHAMPTON Riverside Club (436840) **Into A Circle**
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) **Icy Eye**
STOKE Shelleys (322209) **The Guana Batz/The Babysitters**
WINDSOR Arts Centre (859336) **Hot Knives/Thieves Of Light**
YORK Lynx Club **Cream Of The Cats**

SUNDAY 16

BIRMINGHAM Peacocks (021-643 6751) **The Cardiacs**
BIRMINGHAM Railway Club (021-359 2283) **Haze**
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **The Amazing Rhythm**
Burglars/Footloose (Lunch) The Scheme (Eve)
BRIGHTON Escape Club (594489) **FM**
BRIGHTON Pavilion Theatre (582127) **The Housemartins/His Latest Flame/15 Looks**
BRISTOL Bedminster Albert Inn **The Glee Club**
COLCHESTER The Works **Circus Circus Circus/Rough Justice**
CROYDON Fairfield Halls (01-688 9291) **Tangerine Dream**
CROYDON Underground (01-760 0833) **Doctor And The Medics/Zodiac**
Mindwarp And The Love Reaction
DUNDEE Fat Sam's (26836) **The March Violets**
EDINBURGH Empire **Sigue Sigue Sputnik**
EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) **The Robert Cray Band**
ELLSMERE PORT Ellesmere Arms **Engine**
GILLINGHAM King Charles Hotel **The Original Johnny Seven**
GLASGOW Lucifers (041-248 4600) **The Sureshots**
GLASGOW Mayfair (041-332 3872) **Husker Du**
LANCASTER Free Trade Hall **The Membranes**
LIVERPOOL Everyman Bistr (051-709 4776) **The Blue Nose B**
LLANRHAN RFC **Quasar**
LONDON Battersea Latchmere (01-223 3549) **The Killer Bees**
LONDON Bow Pearly King **Twice Bitten**
LONDON Camden Drill Hall **Hank Wangford/Frank Chickens**
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Red Hot Pokers**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **The Hiding Place/121/Hang The Dance/The 7 Chinese Brothers/Charlotte**
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **Flare Up/The Reactors**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Iggy Quail And Friends (Lunch) Fionnuala (Eve)**

MONDAY 17

BANGOR Theatre Gwynedd **Pentangle**
BIRMINGHAM Odeon (021-643 6101) **Tangerine Dream**
BRADFORD University (33456) **The March Violets**
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **KGB**
BRENTFORD Waterman's Arts Centre (01-568 3312) **Michael O'Duffy/Gasra Nan Gael**
CHESTERFIELD Adam And Eve's (78834) **Gah-Ga**
COVENTRY Colin Campbell **Dig Vis Drill/The Screaming Trees/Henry Normal**
DERBY Danny's **The Tools**
DEWSBURY Eightlands Well **The Prowlers**
DUBLIN Stadium (753371) **The Robert Cray Band**
DUNSTABLE Wheatstheaf (62571) **Twice Bitten**
LEEDS Adelphi **Ritzun Ratzun Rotzer**
LEEDS Warehouse (468287) **Into A Circle**
LEICESTER Phoenix Theatre (38832) **Attila The Stockbroker**
LIVERPOOL University (051-709 4744) **Husker Du**
LONDON Bellingham Bonnies (01-698 3293) **Contact**
LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) **The Potato 5/The Mint Juleps/Howlin' Will And The Werewills**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Gun For Company/Save Us/Go Bananas**
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Red Hot 'N' Blue/The Riverside Trio**
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **Every Second Counts**
LONDON Douglas Way Albany Empire (01-691 3333) **The Hairy Marys**
LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre (01-388 1394) **Courtney Pine Quintet/Loose Tubes**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Irish Mist**
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) **Dial M For Murphy**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **Paddy Goes To Holyhead/Shook Up**
LONDON Greek Street Le Beat Route (01-734 6308) **Tom And The Joiners/Dark Asylum/Chokum Child/Trevor Gentry**
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **Present Company**
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) **Foster And Allen**

EASTER ISSUE April 5th

All SEMI DISPLAY COPY to arrive in this office no later than **2.00pm Wednesday March 26th.**

DNA ENTERTAINMENTS PRESENTS AT SHEFFIELD LIMIT CLUB

SUNDAY 16 MARCH
THE ROSE OF AVALANCHE
 + THE BEAT DEVILS

SUNDAY 23 MARCH
INTO A CIRCLE
 + DEADPAN TRACTOR

SUNDAY 30 MARCH
THE SWANS

TICKETS £2 ADVANCE £3 DOOR Available from Austicks Headrow, Jumbo, Virgin, Leeds Warehouse and Red Rhino York.

AT LEEDS WAREHOUSE

MONDAY 17 MARCH
INTO A CIRCLE
 + DEADPAN TRACTOR

MONDAY 24 MARCH
THE ROSE OF AVALANCHE
 + THE BEAT DEVILS

MONDAY 31 MARCH
THE SWANS

TICKETS £2 ADVANCE £3 DOOR Available from Austicks Headrow, Jumbo, Virgin, Leeds Warehouse and Red Rhino York.

Call 01-485 1773 for tickets

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Monday March 17
Tuesday March 18

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LLOYD-LANGTON GROUP

THE BABYSITTERS

Plus Special Guests: **THE PRISONERS**

STATE TROOPER

THE SHOP ASSISTANTS

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 + DJ Dave Hucker

Saturday 15th March
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Wednesday 19th March
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BOGSHED
 + PLO ANOS.

Thursday 20th March
 Adm: £3/£2.50 7.30pm
MAXIMUM EFFECT
 (ex-Inner City Unit) - Support

PORTERHOUSE
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 Tel. No: 0777 704981

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IN TWO A CIRCLE
 + ANGELS DEATH SONG
 9-12 Adm £2.50

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MORE ADS ON PAGES 26 & 27

TOUR NEWS



GENE LOVES JEZEBEL, who have a new single called 'The Sweetest Thing' out on Beggars Banquet next week, have added another date to their tour at Glasgow Technical College March 21.

THE HITMEN promote their forthcoming 'Revenge' EP with a couple of gigs at Hayes Adam And Eve March 13 and 27.

CONDEMNED '84 celebrate the recent entry of their mini-album in the indie charts with gigs at Sheffield Limit Club March 25, Coventry Hand And Heart April 5, Leamington Spa Hod Carrier 11.

THE CHEVALIER BROTHERS, who've twisted one of rock's most famous sayings to their own ends for their latest single - 'Hope I Die Before I Go Bald' - brush off the toupees for gigs at Southsea Kimbells March 12, Roehampton Froebel Institute 15, Manchester University 19.

SHE, the north eastern rockers, promote their 'Captured' single with a Sunday residency at Newcastle Riverside plus other dates at South Shields Cyprus March 14, Whitley Bay Esplanade 15, Wallsend Buddle Arts Centre 21, Newcastle New Darnell 22.

THE GEMINI GIRLS, the south London rapping group, are staging a benefit gig for 12-year old Matthew Learoyd (born with severe facial disfigurements) at Battersea Arts Centre on March 16. Other hip hop bands appearing include The Tiny Terrors, Mistaken Identity, Disciples Of The Beat, Dynamic Three and The Imperial Mixers.

FLOWERS IN THE DUSTBIN join forces with Feud to play gigs at Stoke Bowler Hat March 12, Telford Lee Gomery Youth Club 14, Bradford Royal Standard 15.

THE GUANA BATZ have an extra date on their tour at Cardiff Nero's March 15.

THE TALL BOYS, who've been out of action for a couple of months, unveil their new line up supporting The Pogues at Newcastle Mayfair March 13, Glasgow Strathclyde University 14, Leeds University 15, London Hammersmith Palais 18. They also have a gig of their own at Reading Paradise Club 21.

LIFESTYLE, the Sheffield "commercial rock band", have gigs lined up this month at Woodbridge The Annex March 21, Norwich Festival House 22, Chorley Queens 23, Peterborough Horse And Groom 29.

TARA ZARA, "the sixth generation of shock and stroll," returning after nine months inactivity caused by management hassles, introduce their new keyboard player with gigs at London Marquee March 12 and Wolverhampton Scruples 15 before recording their first album.

THE MIGHTY BALLISTICS HI-POWER, who've been getting praises for their 'Here Comes The Blues' album, will be supporting Hüsker Dü on their British dates this month. They warm up with a gig of their own at New Cross Goldsmiths College on March 14.

PET HATE, the Manchester trash rockers, promote their 'Girls Grow Up Too Fast' single with gigs at Burton Central Park (with The Macc Lads) March 13, Manchester Gallery (with White Trash) 14, Dudley JB's (with The Macc Lads) 21.

MAD DOG, the Rhondda brainless boogie boys, come up to London this month for gigs at Tottenham Silver Lady March 20 and London Marquee (with Dumpy's Rusty Nuts) 21.

THIRTEEN DAYS, a London trio who have a single called 'Tightrope' coming out on LBT this weekend, play Slough College Of Higher Education March 14 and Leeds Warehouse (with The Cherry Bombz) 19.

PRIME TIME, a Windsor band who've just doubled in size to a quartet, play Brentford Red Lion March 13, Kentish Town Bull and Gate 17.

THE TIER GARDEN, a Barrow-In-Furness band who've just released a single called 'India' on their own Cogent label, have gigs lined up at Wolverhampton Queens March 20, York Lynx 22, Burnley Cats Whiskers 27, Manchester International April 14, Manchester Polytechnic 19.



THE JUNE BRIDES, who've been working on a new single for April release, join up with Marc Riley And The Creepers and The Janitors for an In Tape evening at London's Harp Club on March 16. Then they'll be playing Brighton Escape Club 18 and Dudley JB's 22.

THE CHERRY BOMBZ have cancelled their Preston Paradise club date on March 20 and now play Coventry Polytechnic on that date instead.

INTO A CIRCLE have extended their tour to take in Manchester Fagins March 12, Leicester Princess Charlotte 13, Dudley JB's 14, Retford Porterhouse 15, Leeds Warehouse 17, Southampton Riverside 18, Preston Polytechnic 19, Carlisle Stars And Stripes 20, Glasgow Strutz 21, Cardiff Nero's 22, Sheffield Limit Club 23.

IQ have lined up their first major London show at the Piccadilly Theatre on April 20. They'll be taking over the stage (and set?) of David Essex's 'Mutiny' musical and all tickets are priced at £4.70.

THE BABYSITTERS begin a tour this week at Cleethorpes Pier Hotel March 14 followed by Durham New College 15, Stoke Shelleys 18, Leicester Princess Charlotte 19, Nottingham Mardis Gras 20, Birmingham The Portland 22, Portsmouth Granny's 26, London Marquee 28-29, Derby Rockhouse April 3, Romford Rezz 9-10.

THE WEDDING PRESENT, who have a compilation EP out this month called 'Don't Try And Stop Me Mother', have gigs at Nottingham Garage March 13, York Winning Post 14, Birmingham Peacocks 19, Brixton Old White Horse 22.

HOT PORK LUNCH No 62



CHART

UK SINGLES

- 1 1 CHAIN REACTION Diana Ross Capitol
- 2 2 LOVE MISSILE F1-11 Sigee Sigee Sputnik Parlophone
- 3 7 MANIC MONDAY The Bangles CBS
- 4 15 NEW YORK NEW YORK Frank Sinatra Reprise
- 5 3 WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH THE TOUGH GET GOING Billy Ocean Jive
- 6 10 THE POWER OF LOVE Huey Lewis & The News Chrysalis
- 7 5 HOW WILL I KNOW Whitney Houston Arista
- 8 4 BURNING HEART Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 9 13 IF YOU WERE HERE TONIGHT Alexander O'Neal Tabu
- 10 6 DON'T WASTE MY TIME Paul Hardcastle Chrysalis
- 11 11 AND SHE WAS Talking Heads EMI
- 12 18 HOUNDS OF LOVE Kate Bush EMI
- 13 34 HI HO SILVER Jim Diamond A&M
- 14 — ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS David Bowie Virgin
- 15 8 ELOISE The Damned MCA
- 16 31 SILENT RUNNING (ON DANGEROUS GROUND) Mike & The Mechanics WEA
- 17 20 HEAVEN MUST BE MISSING AN ANGEL Tavares Capitol
- 18 30 (NOTHING SERIOUS) JUST BUGGIN' Whistle Champion
- 19 28 KISS Prince & The Revolution Paisley Park
- 20 45 KYRIE Mr Mister RCA
- 21 9 STARTING TOGETHER Su Pollard Rainbow
- 22 12 RISE Public Image Ltd Virgin
- 23 47 DIGGING YOUR SCENE The Blow Monkeys RCA
- 24 16 STRIPPED Depeche Mode Mute
- 25 25 I'M NOT GONNA LET YOU Colonel Abrams MCA
- 26 — MOVE AWAY Culture Club Virgin
- 27 14 SYSTEM ADDICT Five Star Tent
- 28 17 BORDERLINE Madonna Sire
- 29 46 THE HONEYTHIEF Hipsway Mercury
- 30 21 ONE DANCE WON'T DO Audrey Hall Germain
- 31 35 CALLING AMERICA Electric Light Orchestra Epic
- 32 39 CANDYMAN Siouxsie & The Banshees Wonderland
- 33 19 TURNING AWAY Shakin' Stevens Epic
- 34 42 LOVE IS THE DRUG Grace Jones Island
- 35 37 ROCK ME TONIGHT Freddie Jackson Capitol
- 36 40 LOVE COMES QUICKLY Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 37 — THE HARLEM SHUFFLE Rolling Stones CBS
- 38 — POGUETRY IN MOTION The Pogues Stiff
- 39 — NO ONE IS TO BLAME Howard Jones WEA
- 40 23 LIVING IN AMERICA James Brown Scotti Brothers
- 41 48 CRY TO HEAVEN Elton John Rocket
- 42 24 RADIO AFRICA Latin Quarter Rockin' Horse
- 43 — SO MACHO/CRUISING Snittia Fanfare
- 44 22 THE CAPTAIN OF HER HEART Double Polydor
- 45 — OVERJOYED Stevie Wonder Motown
- 46 26 IMAGINATION Belouis Some Parlophone
- 47 — YOU TO ME ARE EVERYTHING (THE DECADE REMIX 76-86) Real Thing PRT
- 48 27 THE SUN ALWAYS SHINES ON TV A-ha Warner Brothers
- 49 — LIVING IN ANOTHER WORLD Talk Talk EMI
- 50 — THE RIVER Total Contrast London

UK ALBUMS

- 1 24 HITS FOR LOVERS Various Epic
- 2 2 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 3 1 WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista
- 4 5 NO JACKET REQUIRED Phil Collins Virgin
- 5 4 BE YOURSELF TONIGHT Eurythmics RCA
- 6 8 HOUNDS OF LOVE Kate Bush EMI
- 7 3 ROCKY IV Soundtrack Scotti Brothers
- 8 9 JONATHAN KING PRESENTS THE BEST OF ENTERTAINMENT FROM THE USA Various Stylus
- 9 7 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW A-ha Warner Brothers
- 10 14 ONCE UPON A TIME Simple Minds Virgin
- 11 6 THE COLOUR OF SPRING Talk Talk EMI
- 12 17 LITTLE CREATURES Talking Heads EMI
- 13 13 THE BROADWAY ALBUM Barbra Streisand CBS
- 14 11 LUXURY OF LIFE Five Star Tent
- 15 27 GO WEST Go West Chrysalis
- 16 16 WORLD MACHINE Level 42 Polydor
- 17 20 ISLAND LIFE Grace Jones Island
- 18 10 KING OF AMERICA Costello Show F Beat
- 19 30 WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD Mr Mister RCA
- 20 19 THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 21 18 SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR Tears For Fears Mercury
- 22 26 PROMISE Sade Epic
- 23 12 SEVENTH STAR Black Sabbath Vertigo
- 24 21 LIKE A VIRGIN Madonna Sire
- 25 — NIGHT BEAT II Various Stylus
- 26 23 THE DREAM OF THE BLUE TURTLES Sting A&M
- 27 43 PIECE BY PIECE John Martyn Island
- 28 28 THE FIRST ALBUM Madonna Sire
- 29 — FINYL VINYL Rainbow Polydor
- 30 41 EATEN ALIVE Diana Ross Capitol
- 31 32 ALCHEMY Dire Straits Vertigo
- 32 33 ALONE Nana Mouskouri Philips
- 33 29 FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS Fine Young Cannibals London
- 34 22 THE DANCE HITS ALBUM Various Towerbell
- 35 15 ALBUM Public Image Ltd Virgin
- 36 37 FEARGAL SHARKEY Feargal Sharkey Virgin
- 37 34 SUDDENLY Billy Ocean Jive
- 38 — LIVES IN THE BALANCE Jackson Browne Asylum
- 39 35 QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS Queen EMI
- 40 — SPORTS Huey Lewis & The News Chrysalis
- 41 25 A DATE WITH ELVIS The Cramps Big Beat
- 42 38 LIVE UNDER A BLOOD RED SKY U2 Island
- 43 40 NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALL MUSIC 6 Various EMI/Virgin
- 44 31 PRIVATE DANCER Tina Turner Capitol
- 45 44 HITS 3 Various CBS/WEA
- 46 — DIFFERENT LIGHT The Bangles CBS
- 47 — BIG COCK King Kurt Stiff
- 48 — ALEXANDER O'NEAL Alexander O'Neal Tabu
- 49 — BALANCE OF POWERS Electric Light Orchestra Epic
- 50 42 THE UNFORGETTABLE FIRE U2 Island

Compiled by MRIB

REGGAE TENS

PRE-RELEASE

- 1 MARCUS WE MISS YOU Mighty Diamonds Live & Learn
- 2 JUMBO Lily Melody Firehouse
- 3 FOLLOW ME Echo Minott Music Master
- 4 GHETTOMAN SKANK Frankie Paul Thunderbolt
- 5 THEM A MIX UP Junior Brimmer Jammys
- 6 WALK LIKE GRANNY Wayne Smith Jammys
- 7 NICENESS King Kong Black Scorpio
- 8 CRAZY OVER ME Leroy Smart Jammys
- 9 NA LEAVE JAMAICA Al Campbell Live & Learn
- 10 A WE JUMBO Michael Palmer Red Man Int

DISCO

- 1 ONE DANCE WON'T DO Audrey Hall Germain
- 2 I'M A CHANGED MAN One Blood Level Vibes
- 3 IT TAKES TWO TO TANGO Junior Delgado Fashion
- 4 SHE LOVES ME NOW Beres Hammond Greensleeves
- 5 SWEET REGGAE MUSIC Nitty Gritty Unity
- 6 UNTIL YOU COME BACK TO ME Just Dale And The Robotics Craze Faze
- 7 GIVING ME LOVE/NO SKIN UP Axe Man Fashion
- 8 DANCE HALL MOVES Tippa Irie And Pato Banton UK Bubblers



MIGHTY DIAMONDS mourning Marcus

Stella Whalley

- 9 USED TO BE MY LOVER Nitty Gritty Uptempo
- 10 DANCE HALL CRAZE Dixie Peach And Stevie Roots Sweetcorn

ALBUMS

- 1 FRESH Sophia George Winner
- 2 TURBO CHARGED Nitty Gritty Greensleeves
- 3 RISING SUN Augustus Pablo Greensleeves
- 4 WILDFIRE John Holt And Dennis Brown Tads
- 5 EIGHT LITTLE NOTES Audrey Hall Germain
- 6 JOINT FAVOURITES Half Pint And Michael Palmer Greensleeves
- 7 JAMAICA JAMAICA Brigadier Jerry RAS
- 8 REGGAE HITS VOLUME THREE Various Artists Ethnic
- 9 BABYLON THE BANDIT Steel Pulse Elektra
- 10 RIPE MANGO Frankie Paul SCOM

Compiled by Dub Vendor, Clapham Junction, London SW11



DIANA ROSS: chain female

SOUNDS TRACKS

Kevin Murphy

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS David Bowie Virgin
1,000 HOURS Hula Red Rhino
NEW YORK NEW YORK Frank Sinatra Reprise LP

Glyn Brown

PETER GUNN The Art Of Noise China 45
APOLOGY ACCEPTED Go-Betweens Beggars Banquet
WALKING AFTER MIDNIGHT Patsy Cline MCA jewel

Carole Linfield

SHEEP The Housemartins Go! Discs
ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS David Bowie Virgin
PETER GUNN The Art Of Noise China 45

Tony Mitchell

FIELD WORK Ryuichi Sakamoto/Thomas Dolby Ten 45
BENZAI BABY Sandii & The Sunsets Toshiba EMI tape
GETTING THE HOLY GHOST ACROSS Bill Nelson Portrait tape

Jack Barron

ALTERNATIVE HOUNDS OF LOVE Kate Bush EMI 45
SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK A violent love-hate live experience at Reading
LOVER & CONFIDANTE Blue Aeroplanes Fire 45

Billy Mann

ROCKIN' WITH THE RHYTHM The Judds RCA LP
LIVES IN THE BALANCE Jackson Browne Asylum
E — TICKET Bruce Springsteen bootleg tape

Jonh Wilde

HEAD FULL OF STEAM Go-Betweens Beggars Banquet
BALL AND CHAIN Janis Joplin live bootleg track
AT HOME WITH ERNIE & BERT Ernie & Bert CTW Sesame St LP

Edwin Pouncey

VILE VINYL VOLS 1 'N' 2 Various Artists High Noon LPs
NO MORE SLAVERY The Fugs New Rose LP
WHEN DEATH WON'T SOLVE YOUR PROBLEMS No Trend Widowspeak LP

Robin Gibson

VICTORY Alternative TV forthcoming Noiseville 45
HARD The Jazz Butcher Glass 12-inch
FLOWER THROUGH THE AIR Tiny Lights Ariel 45 import

Neil Perry

UNDER THE BLUE MARLIN Naked Prey superlative Zippo LP
ORION Metallica Music For Nations LP cut
KILLING FLOOR Jimi Hendrix Polydor 'Monterey' LP cut

Hugh Fielder

LIVES IN THE BALANCE Jackson Browne Asylum
SONNY BOY WILLIAMSON The Chess Years Charly
FRANK ZAPPA MEETS THE MOTHERS OF PREVENTION Frank Zappa EMI

IAN ST JOHN

- 1 THE WURRALD Planet Earth
- 2 SPUZ Tottenham Hotspurs
- 3 WUST JAIRMENNY A European Nation
- 4 GOOODODISON Everton's Ground
- 5 GURRIUNNIKER England Striker
- 6 FUTEBOLL Soccer
- 7 CAPPN MUVVEL Bryan Robson
- 8 REGGELLER Every Week
- 9 ARTAFUSHUL SUFFISS Astrofurf
- 10 THE THUD A League Division

Chart supplied by Jummy Grivvs

ATTACK

HOT METAL 60

SINGLES

- 1 1 BURNING HEART Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 2 4 THIS TIME Bryan Adams A&M
- 3 2 SHOT IN THE DARK Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 4 3 SMOKIN' IN THE BOYS ROOM Motley Crue Elektra
- 5 5 STAGES ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 6 6 VOICES Russ Ballard EMI America
- 7 — NIGHT RUN UFO Chrysalis
- 8 8 SHAKE YOUR FOUNDATIONS AC/DC Atlantic
- 9 7 YOU'RE IN LOVE Ratt Atlantic
- 10 — THESE DREAMS Heart Capitol
- 11 10 RUN TO THE HILLS Iron Maiden EMI
- 12 14 RUNNING FREE Iron Maiden EMI
- 13 11 MARKET SQUARE HEROES Marillion EMI
- 14 12 LEADER OF THE PACK Twisted Sister Atlantic
- 15 — CREEPING DEATH Metallica Music For Nations
- 16 15 HEART OF LOTHIAN Marillion EMI
- 17 9 THROWING STONES AT THE WIND Pallas Harvest
- 18 13 CAPTAIN BLOOD Beltane Fire CBS
- 19 20 TONIGHT IT'S YOU Cheap Trick Epic
- 20 — VICE VERSA Samson Capitol



DOKKEN: leather rats

ALBUMS

- 1 2 SEVENTH STAR Black Sabbath Featuring Tony Iommi Vertigo
- 2 1 THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 3 — FINYL VINYL Rainbow Polydor
- 4 — MASTER OF PUPPETS Metallica Music For Nations
- 5 — UNDER LOCK AND KEY Dokken Elektra
- 6 5 MISPLACED CHILDHOOD Marillion EMI
- 7 6 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 8 4 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 9 3 THE WEDGE Pallas Harvest
- 10 7 KAIZOKU-BAN Accept Portrait
- 11 11 INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY Ratt Atlantic
- 12 10 THEATRE OF PAIN Motley Crue Elektra
- 13 — EYE OF THE TIGER Survivor CBS Nice Price
- 14 8 ELIMINATOR ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 15 27 DOUBLE TROUBLE LIVE Molly Hatchet Epic
- 16 19 RIDE THE LIGHTNING Metallica Music For Nations
- 17 15 FLY ON THE WALL AC/DC Atlantic
- 18 12 LIVE AFTER DEATH Iron Maiden EMI
- 19 18 KOMMANDER OF KAOS Wendy O'Williams Zebra
- 20 13 WAITING FOR THE ROAR Fastway CBS
- 21 17 BAT OUT OF HELL Meat Loaf Cleveland International
- 22 21 LIVE '84 '85 Venom American Phonograph
- 23 — COME OUT TO PLAY Twisted Sister Atlantic
- 24 24 DIFFERENT BREED Beltane Fire CBS
- 25 — SACRED HEART Dio Vertigo
- 26 — SPREADING THE DISEASE Anthrax Music For Nations
- 27 9 SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR Marillion EMI
- 28 20 FORCE MAJEURE Baby Tuckoo Music For Nations
- 29 — JIMI HENDRIX PLAYS MONTEREY Jimi Hendrix Polydor
- 30 14 SOLDIERS UNDER COMMAND Stryper Enigma/Stiff

IMPORTS

- 1 1 FIGHT TO SURVIVE White Lion Victor Japan
- 2 — THE LINES ARE OPEN The Arrows A&M
- 3 — BRIEF ENCOUNTER Marillion Capitol
- 4 6 KILLED BY FAITH Abandoned Savage Beat
- 5 3 POISON DOLLYS Poison Dollys Invasion
- 6 4 FIT OF ANGER Wrath Greenworld
- 7 7 YOU BETTER BELIEVE IT Rosy Vista Noise
- 8 8 METAL MASSACRE SEVEN Various Metal Blade
- 9 9 SWEET PAIN Sweet Pain Combat
- 10 — THE PACK IS BACK Raven Atlantic

Compiled by Spotlight Research



THE POGUES in the navy

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 — BIG COCK King Kurt Stiff
- 2 1 A DATE WITH ELVIS The Cramps Big Beat
- 3 2 BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 4 3 SEVEN SINGLES DEEP The Icicle Works Beggars Banquet
- 5 4 DAMNED BUT NOT FORGOTTEN The Damned Dojo
- 6 5 LOVE The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 7 10 RUM, SODOMY AND THE LASH The Pogues Stiff
- 8 13 THE OLD AND THE NEW A Certain Ratio Factory
- 9 6 THE SINGLES 81-85 Depeche Mode Mute
- 10 11 DREAMTIME The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 11 7 FIRST AVALANCHE Rose Of Avalanche LIL
- 12 9 KALEIDOSCOPE WORLD Chills Creation
- 13 21 TREASURE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 14 17 LIFE'S A RIOT WITH SPY VS SPY Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 15 12 MIDNIGHT MADNESS AND BEYOND GBH Rough Justice
- 16 16 LIVE II — HORRIBLE MUSIC, FOR HORRIBLE PEOPLE BY THIS HORRIBLE BAND The Meteors Dojo
- 17 8 HELD DOWN TO VINYL... AT LAST! The Guana Batz ID Records
- 18 28 FRANKENCHRIST Dead Kennedys Alternative Tentacles
- 19 22 THIS NATION'S SAVING GRACE The Fall Beggars Banquet
- 20 23 CLOSER Joy Division Factory
- 21 15 HATFUL OF HOLLOW The Smiths Rough Trade
- 22 20 1979-1983 Bauhaus Beggars Banquet
- 23 14 THIS IS OIL! Various Oil!
- 24 29 THE CHRONICLE OF THE BLACK SWORD Hawkwind Flickknife
- 25 — THREE-WAY TIE (FOR LAST) The Minutemen SST
- 26 19 WORLDS APART Subhumans Blurg
- 27 25 FLIP YOUR WIG Hüsker Dü SST
- 28 — THERE'S A RIOT GOING ON Sly And The Family Stone Edsel
- 29 26 FALSE ACCUSATIONS The Robert Cray Band Demon
- 30 18 LOW-LIFE New Order Factory

HANCOCK'S HALF HOUR

- 1 DOES MAGNA CARTA MEAN NOTHING TO YOU? DID SHE DIE IN VAIN?
- 2 I STARTED AS A FAG AND WORKED MY WAY UP TO HEAD CIGAR
- 3 A PINT, THAT'S VERY NEARLY AN ARMFUL
- 4 I'M FINISHED WITH THE SAINT, AFTER THIS I'M A JOHNNY OXFORD MAN
- 5 WHAT A NICE MAN, WHAT A VERY NICE MAN
- 6 RHESUS, THEY'RE MONKEYS AREN'T THEY?
- 7 KNIFE WOUND EH, TEDDY BOY IS HE?
- 8 100 PER CENT ANGLO-SAXON WITH PERHAPS JUST A DASH OF VIKING
- 9 "BERLIN", HE SAID, "RIGHT", I SAID, "LAST ONE IN THE REICHSTAG'S A SISSY"
- 10 VERY TRICKY STUFF, HEAVY WATER

Compiled by Ronnie Groves, Selsey

PLANT

- 1 PEONY MAKE BELIEVE Billy Fury
- 2 SUSPICIOUS PINES Elvis Presley
- 3 SHEENA IS A PUNK YUCCA The Ramones
- 4 KARMA CAMELLIA Culture Club

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 1 STRIPPED Depeche Mode Mute
- 2 — POGUETRY IN MOTION The Pogues Stiff
- 3 — THE TRUMPTON RIOTS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 4 2 GIVING GROUND The Sisterhood Merciful Release
- 5 — SHEEP The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 6 5 HOT GIRLS IN LOVE The Cherry Bombz Lick
- 7 4 SOMEWHERE IN CHINA The Shop Assistants 53rd & 3rd
- 8 3 SEETHROUGH The Guana Batz ID Records
- 9 7 ALL DAY LONG The Shop Assistants Subway Organisation
- 10 20 LIKE AN ANGEL The Mighty Lemon Drops Dreamworld
- 11 10 SHE SELLS SANCTUARY The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 12 — THE FILTH AND THE FURY Icons Of Filth Mortarhate
- 13 15 CAN YOUR PUSSY DO THE DOG? The Cramps Big Beat
- 14 40 XXSEX We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It! Vindaloo
- 15 36 LET THEM EAT BOGSHEDED Bogshed Vinyl Drip
- 16 17 ONCE MORE The Wedding Present Reception
- 17 14 GIVE IT TO ME The Gents Prism
- 18 9 SPRING RAIN The Go-Betweens Beggars Banquet
- 19 8 TIME IS MONEY (BASTARD) Swans K422
- 20 16 HOW I LEARNED TO LOVE THE BOMB TV Personalities Dreamworld Dream
- 21 6 WHISTLING IN THE DARK Easterhouse Rough Trade
- 22 23 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 23 30 THERESE Bodines Creation
- 24 19 HERE COMES THE MAN Boom Boom Room Fun After All
- 25 46 BITTERSWEET New Model Army Quiet!
- 26 31 SUB-CULTURE New Order Factory
- 27 13 HARD The Jazz Butcher Glass
- 28 11 DAYS LIKE THESE Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 29 29 BIBLE OF THE BEATS Age Of Chance Riot Bible
- 30 — ONLY LOVE CAN BREAK YOUR HEART Mint Juleps Stiff
- 31 24 WILD COLONIAL BOY Ruffex Kasper/Stiff
- 32 34 IT WILL COME The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 33 33 REVOLUTION Chumba Wumba Agitpop
- 34 — WHEN THE RAIN COMES Jacobites Glass
- 35 50 UPSIDE DOWN The Jesus And Mary Chain Creation
- 36 12 KICK OVER THE STATUES The Redskins Abstract Dance/Priority
- 37 27 RAIN The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 38 32 MAKES NO SENSE AT ALL Hüsker Dü SST
- 39 26 ECHOES IN A SHALLOW BAY Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 40 22 RELIGIOUS PERSUASION Andy White Stiff
- 41 21 KOOL NOH Aswad Simba
- 42 — THE PERFECT KISS New Order Factory
- 43 43 FLOWER Sonic Youth Blastfirst
- 44 — SLAMMERS King Kurt Stiff
- 45 18 TINY DYNAMINE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 46 25 FLAG DAY The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 47 37 LA RAIN Rose Of Avalanche LIL
- 48 — LAND OF THE GIANTS Cravats Reflex
- 49 42 TOMORROW Durutti Column Factory Benelux
- 50 45 DESOLATION AVENUE The Leather Nun Wire

Compiled by Spotlight Research

CAT

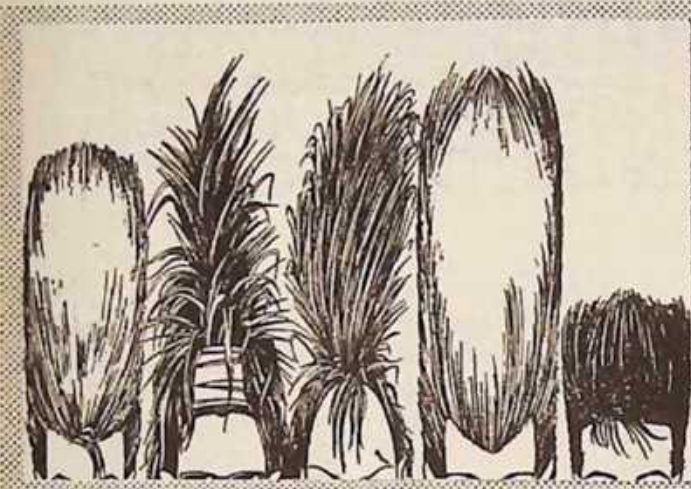
- 1 WHEREVER I LAY MY CAT Paul Young
- 2 ONCE KITTEN, TWICE SHY Ian Hunter
- 3 CATS THE WAY (I LIKE IT) KC And The Sunshine Band
- 4 ALRIGHT MEOW Free
- 5 ALL AROUND MY CAT Steeleye Span
- 6 MOGGY MAY Rod Stewart
- 7 CAT BUY ME LOVE The Beatles
- 8 MANX FUR THE MEMORY Bob Hope
- 9 NUTBUSH KITTY LIMITS Ike And Tina Turner
- 10 CARELESS WHISKER (REMIX) George Michael

Compiled by The Pussy Lovers, Grove Park

- 5 ALTERNATIVE ASTER Stiff Little Fingers
- 6 BROTHERS IN PALMS Dire Straits
- 7 LUPIN IN THE SKY WITH DIAMONDS Elton John
- 8 WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU COCO(NUT) Wham!
- 9 SUPERCALAEUCALYPTUS Mary Poppins
- 10 HARD DAHLIAS NIGHT The Beatles

Compiled by Johnny Forsyth and The Kew Crew

LETTERS



MEANWHILE IN SCHOOLYARDS ACROSS THE COUNTRY
THE SPUTTIES ARE GROWING IN NUMBER...



Illustration by Simon Cooper

GET INTO ORBIT

SIGUE SIGUE Sputnik make me sick. I saw them at the University of East Anglia on the first gig of their tour. For 40 minutes they supposedly entertained everyone who was there. Alright, the image is different (just), the name is weird, but the music is crap. Two drummers with six Simmons drums between them and they both still play the same rhythm. As for Tony James with his expensive guitar set-up – change the tape. And that pretentious twat of a singer was just inciting violence – I wish the guy who got up on stage had really kicked the shit out

of him. I like all sorts of musical styles and went along with an open mind to give them a chance. Well in my books, they blew it. EMI should be shoving their collective heads into a big plastic bag.

Instead of ploughing money into SSS they should spread it about up and coming bands. The week before I saw Pallas, who could use some label support, and they were brilliant. So come on EMI, stop trying to pull the wool over our eyes by splashing out on supposed supergroups. Beware, I'm not the only one. – Paul Stock, Norwich

A CROSS WORD

HAVING GOT up and gone down the shops for a paper I get home and as always I first look up to see if I got the X-Word right and what do I find? Nothing, that's bloody what. I always look forward to doing it, so be sure it doesn't happen again. Great paper anyway. – Slim, Arbroath

BIG MACC

WE ARE a bunch of northern girls who are incensed by Sally Gethin's article on the Macc Lads. I'm not surprised that the band crossed her name off the guest list – they can do without humourless feminists in the audience. As for

describing Muttley as being fat – well I hope they charged her for her guide dog as well. The Macc Lads are three of the nicest, funkiest guys we have ever met, and it would take an absolute cretin to find their music offensive. – Mary, Karen, Lisa, somewhere north of Watford

CRUELTY CORNER

GOD, I wish all of Mötley Crüe had been in that car crash.

After reading the article in March 1, I thought they were four sexist, macho dickheads this world can do without. This world can also do without the people who see them and "smile about blunt

sexism". Who wants to know about who in the band shagged who and when and how many times?

Only some small-minded, immature prat who thinks it's a "lot of fun" to read about some macho idiot keeping up his ego with the traditional idiotic ideas of rock 'n' roll.

Paul Elliott should have persisted to put down and show up the band. He did very well till the bottom of the second column.

I won't write anymore as I might dent someone's views on their heroes. – Monk

BOXING CLEVER

MOST OF the population find boxing Barry McGuigan

very entertaining.

So why aren't Throbbing Gristle absolutely massive? – Paul Harrison, Stafford

CARTOON CAPERS

JUST A few lines to say how much I enjoy Simon Cooper's cartoons on the Letters page. They're something else, not snidey, underhand, bitchy and never boring. Every week I crease up with laughter and I'm sure many other readers do too. Well done Mr Cooper and Sounds respectively. – Bill, Redcar

DOWN THE TUBE

AFTER WATCHING The Tube on Friday February 21, I felt that I couldn't figure out how the programme planners decide what is to be on. This week we saw some guy doing an abstract painting, and then shouting very loudly about Mini cars into a microphone, while banging what looked like a camouflaged guitar.

If this represents The Tube's idea of the 'alternative' music scene, then they may as well not bother.

I am sure that more people would like to see the many very talented bands around at the moment: Twelfth Night, Pallas, Pendragon, IQ, etc, who do not get the recognition they deserve. Twelfth Night sold out two successive nights at London's Dominion, but we have yet to see them or hear them mentioned on TV. Surely the bands who deserve to be seen by a wider variety of audiences should be featured on The Tube, etc, instead of pillocks who don't know what music is. – Simon Fryer, Halifax

AGE OF DANCE

AS A regular gig-goer, I am becoming increasingly concerned at the apparent decline of, nay, the complete lack of that once common human activity... the dance! I don't think this is a reflection on the bands themselves as I've seen many excellent bands playing to completely immobile audiences.

So why is it then that punters these days are content to go out and pay their entrance money only to stand as far away as possible from the groups once inside?

I am at a loss. – Alex (Bad Tune Men), Surrey

SINGLE FILE

REGARDING THE All-Time Top 100 Singles. Well, pretty uncontroversial Top 30, although no Bob Dylan single at all was very surprising. Yet with one Beatles, no Who, no U2, it all becomes incredible in the context of what you did include, namely Prince, Scritti Politti and, astonishingly, Sister Sledge. Jesus, what bland sterile crap.

Whoever perpetrated these crimes against humanity should be hung by the bollocks. How these piss-artists can share even the same planet as The Doors,

The Sex Pistols, Elvis Costello, etc, let alone the All-Time Top 100 Singles chart has me totally baffled. – Jim Begley

THIN END OF THE WEDGE

ANY SOCIALIST worth his salts would oppose Red Wedge 100 per cent. It is a flawed and fool-hardy endeavour guaranteed to lose votes for the Labour Party. And here's why:

1 Red Wedge spokesman and insufferable trendy Robert Elms goes on TV mouthing off about "northern scum" who presumably don't go along with his pitiable north London brand of style-fascism. What a vote winner!

2 If the best the working class have to offer is the hideous visage and tuneless braying of Billy Bragg, or the glum puritanism of Paul Weller, then it's best to keep the pop connection quiet. Nothing to boast about, are they?

3 The worst thing anyone could do to Socialist ideas is

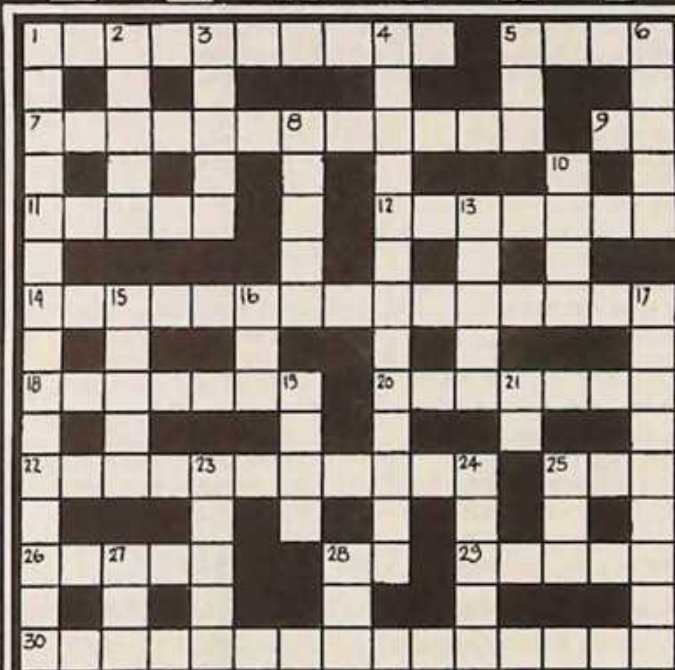
to make them trendy. This year's trend is next year's backlash.

No amount of showbiz glitter can compensate for Labour's lack of decent leadership and coherent policies. – Garry Bushell

I'LL BE DAMNED

TO MESSRS Vanian, Scabies, Jugg and Merrick: come unto me, and I shall set you free from an eternity of torment, languishing in the depths of commercialism. Let me deliver you from the darkness of the TOTP studio, mediocre songs and drab concerts. Let the saviour come unto ye, and drive away the evil of predictability that has occluded your very being. Trust in him to guide ye back on to the path of chaos and unruliness, the righteous way of life. Come unto him, through me, and thou shalt be saved. – Reverend Fleagle, St Sensible Church of Near Virgins, Near Virgins, London NW10

XWORD



By Sue Buckley

ACROSS

1. McAloon met him at four in the morning! (5,5) 5. Elkie Brooks' old hobby horse of an art movement (4) 7. Sleepy Silver got all shook up! (5,7 anag) 9. Al Green said hello to this label (2) 11. He led the R&R Juniors to the hop (5) 12. She picked a fine time to leave Kenny Rogers, despite the pleas of Little Richard (7) 14. Creatures' description of Siouxie? (3,4,8) 18. Mercury-man? (7) 20. George coloured by 'em; Marc called 'em (7) 22. What Rush divide the globe into (11) 25. Hope/Carolgees/Newhart/Daisley (3) 26. Sab's Tony? (5) 28. Kopper/DiMeola/Paccino (2) 29. Tenpole dynasty? (5) 30. Ramones' version of 1999? (3,2,3,7)

DOWN

1. Would opponents of collectivism adopt this Devo song as their anthem? (7,2,6) 2. Bird that breaks the chain? (5) 3. This used to describe an awful 'pop' band (5) 4. Gabriel admits he can't give up sugar in his tea! (2,4,7) 5. Blackfoot's county? (3) 6. Sister of the Sisters Of Mercy. (5) 8. Judas Priest's fire (5) 10. Rock for Gary G and Marc B (4) 13. Badge-men (5) 15. All the Everlys had to do at the Academy (5) 16. Prophet who came for Laura Nyro (3) 17. Prince's fruity beret (9) 19. . . . and Bunynmen's paper, paper, paper . . . (4) 21. Diddle/Derek/Peep/Tie (2) 23. Label for Little Fingers? (5) 24. Venom were at war with him (5) 25. . . . but Fox had a single one! (3) 27. What my guy was at me? (3) 28. High card for blues man Johnny (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

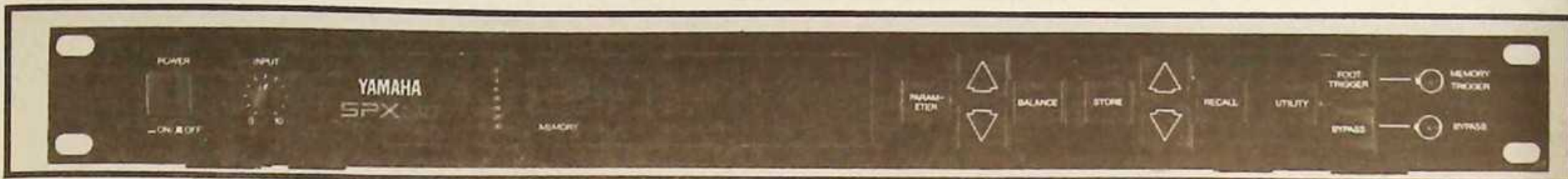
ACROSS 1. Nerys Hughes 7. Geddy 9. Living On An Island 10. Respect Yourself 14. Tytan 17. Gift 18. EMI 19. Dr 21. Delirious Nomad 23. Lone 24. Eight Million 27. Precious Angel 29. Ull 32. Silver 34. Wonder 36. Tragedy And Mystery

DOWN

1. Nellie The Elephant 2. River 3. Songs 4. UFO 5. Heart Of Lothian 6. Sailor 7. Gil 8. Dancer 11. Egg 12. Rambo 13. Fire 15. TV Dinners 16. Nile 20. Malibu 22. Sam 25. Lol 26. Millie 28. Gloom 30. Isley 31. Feat 33. Ely 35. In

DIGITECH

Six pages of keyboards, processors, computer software and sequencers reviewed by Julian Colbeck and edited by Tony Mitchell



SPX90 DIGITAL MULTI-EFFECT PROCESSOR: can be summed up in three words – 'fantastic, buy it'

THE ULTIMATE TOY

YAMAHA SPX90 DIGITAL MULTI-EFFECT PROCESSOR £599.00 QQQ VVV

IF IT weren't for the fact that I get paid by the word, I would happily have completed this review with just three words: fantastic, buy it.

And my instant, totally non-tech judgement wouldn't have been that absurd either, for Yamaha's latest box of tricks (literally) is so idiot-proof in terms of controllability that a haddock with a pair of ears could use the SPX90 to enormous effect with no more than two minutes' instruction.

The concept is this: one box (in this case a 1U rackmount box) offers the user access to pretty well all the 'toys' for which we have all been forking out in 'individual' form for the past decade, under one sleek, slim, affordable roof.

Under the heading 'toys' I include reverbs, DDLs, flangers, chorus pedals, compressor, noise gates, parametric EQs, and tremolo units. And did I mention samplers? Well file that too.

To date most of these effects or signal processors have been sold as dedicated, one or two function pieces of equipment; each normally

less than fathomable, with banks of controls with funny sounding names and inexplicable functions (remember your first go on a noise gate?). On the SPX90 the different functions appear like program memories on a synth. Press number 1: ah, a nice bit of hall reverb. Press number 19: ooh, very handy – a compressor. Number 11: a chorus. That'll do nicely.

But, and importantly, these are not unalterable preset memories. Each effect type has at its command a number of controllable features. Like the name of the effect itself, they appear on the high-contrast liquid crystal display, and can be edited and re-stored in any one of 60 user-programmable locations.

Now I'm not going to pretend that Sarm West or Trident are likely to be heaving their Ursa majors and Rebs out of the window in the coming months (dedicated signal processors do have certain advantages) but be honest, how much serious tweaking do you do with a reverb unit? Or a compressor? Or even a DDL?

There are prime tweakable controls of course, and in the main these are the ones which the SPX90 offers you too. What you aren't

cluttered up with are loads of fine tuning, 'engineering' types of features, most of which, for the average user, simply clog up your brain to an extent which prevents you from getting anything worthwhile out of the machine in the first place.

I make no apology for the fact that I'm keeping this review as non-technical as is reasonable. This seems to be the style of the SPX90, and frankly I couldn't agree more.

So here's a brief, non-technical scan at precisely what's on offer. Reverb for starters. This comes in various basic styles like hall type, room type, or plate, which set, let's say, the atmosphere in which your reverb is supposed to be reverberating. With these types as your starting off point you can then change the tones and lengths of reverb, using sundry filters and reverb time parameters. Even this might sound complicated in print, but I can assure you it is blisteringly obvious when looking at the (blissfully scarce) controls.

Moving along we find the 'early reflection', snappy sort of reverb, using which you can control 'room size' and 'liveness', as well as delay times and tone. And then of course regular delays

themselves. Here you can program feedback. Short delay times with modulation are responsible for much loved effects such as flanging and chorus. As opposed to being part of the SPX90's doubling/repeat-type DDL capability, they exist under their own, so-named headings – appropriate delay lengths already set. All you have to do is fiddle about with depths, or delay times that remain within the chorus/flange-producing area. Wonderful. Simply wonderful.

I said I'd be brief, and here I am, rambling on again. Sorry. We'll skip through the next few effects at lightning speed then. Stereo phasing, tremolo, gated reverb (which frankly gave my REV7 a pretty fair fight – in range and effect), noise gate, with all and I mean all the parameters you really need (attack, decay, decay level, hold, and trigger setting controls), compressor (ditto in the 'all' department), auto pan – stunning – I can see my next 30 songs incorporating this one, and on and on.

But a word about sampling. Yamaha admit they don't regard sampling as anything to really get steamed up about. Who would, I guess, still sitting

pretty on FM? However the SPX90 will allow you to sample up to 500ms sounds and trigger them either 'straight' (via a footswitch if necessary) or pitch controllable via a keyboard. Samples will be monophonic, but can still be overdubbed, and truncated at both front or back ends. N-n-n-n-nowt wrong w' this then, eh, when you consider what else is to hand?

Needless to say the SPX90 sports an up to the minute (and mark) MIDI spec. I'll confess to not having set up synth-patch-change-to-SPX90-program control as yet, but it can, and I will be doing so, very shortly.

Let's I be accused of actually working for Yamaha after the above, I'll now throw a couple of (extremely minor though) spanners into this piece of work. Well the effected signal has a band width of 20Hz to only 12kHz, which does mean that the higher ends of things may lose out a bit – though I feel bound to say I didn't actually notice any real loss during my (admittedly late night) testings. And there is still the slight irritation of noise. The REV7 is prone to rather an inordinate amount of wheezing and whirring too. Still, at least they're human, I

suppose.

My final, not so much grumble as observation is obvious, but needs to be stated. It is simply that although you have access to all manner of wonderful signal processing, you only have access to one effect at a time. Rarely, even in the most humble home studio does one settle for a bit of, say, compression, and that's it. So you shouldn't be lulled into a false sense of 'well that's the only toy I'm going to need in my studio. Bugger all the rest of them'.

But in closing, let me say this: my partner-in-tape, Mr B Barlow (his studio, to be fair!) was duly sped through the SPX90 as I reviewed it. We use a reasonable amount of outboard gear – DDLs, noise gates, compressor/limiters, reverb units etc, and his verdict was simple: let's get two, now, and make life a lot easier all round.

One or even two SPX90s does not constitute a vast investment these days. There are always HPs, banks grannies, or maiden aunts who can help out. Whatever else you buy in 1986 – a year when so much excellent equipment lurks on the horizon – an SPX90 must be placed at the very top of your shopping list.

TECHNICS SX-PX1 PCM Digital Piano £3,599.00 inc VAT QQ¼ VV¾

QUITE APART from 1986 being the year MIDI came of age, the year dedicated synths made a comeback, the year MIDI personal computers hit the streets, and the year I finally went stark raving mad with technover-kill, 1986 will be remembered as the year the market became flooded with high quality digital pianos.

Players who are still never happier than when tickling some form of piano-sounding ivory are in for a soul-searching, wallet-grabbing time.

Things would still be complicated, but a lot less troublesome, without the sudden appearance of Technics on the professional scene. For a long time it has been quite sufficient to glance at, but substantially pass by their range of home pianos (even their digital drum machine seemed to be studiously ignored) in the cosy knowledge that their wares were unlikely to cross over into 'rock/pop' land to any serious degree.

Not any more.

With the release of their flagship model the PX1, and the imminent release of three further models, PX9, 7 and 5 (the similarity between these numbers and a certain range of Yamaha products may not be entirely inappropriate), the music industry, retailers, reviewers and, most importantly, you players are all going to have to sit up and pay attention.

The first indication of Technics' impending move into the pro arena came back in 1984 when they launched their PCM digital piano SXPV10. Although hardly a best seller, the SX-PV10 nonetheless attracted attention and suffered mainly through being sold only in traditional Technics outlets, ie home organ shops.

This year sees the inauguration of Technics' Electronic Musical Instrument Division, whose first release in fact is this very swanky PCM digital piano the SX-PX1. The 'PX1' is a very different beast from the SX-PV10 since its keyboard is not only wooden and weighted but actually has a hammer action to boot. The SX-PX1 also sports an up-market MIDI spec and so can be used as MIDI master keyboard of sorts. Finally it has a simple-to-operate, two-track real time sequencer whose total memory capacity of 2,700 notes can be expanded ten-fold by using a

TECHNICS -ALITY



SX-PX1: 'homey' looks hide thoroughly pro product

Technics Digital Disk Recorder and a single 3½ inch disk.

But the main difference from this Technics piano (or in fact almost any other digital piano for that matter) is the work that has gone into the producing of, the technology behind, and indeed the quality of, its sounds.

And a lot of work and high-technology has gone into these instruments too. The PX1 has an 88-note keyboard. Technics claim that there are some 80 different note samples on tap here, each of which is supported by up to seven velocity levels. The 'sample' by the way was a nine-foot Steinway grand.

On playing a note or notes, the PX1's microprocessor leaps into action and decides which key(s) were hit, how hard, and when they were released. Of course to the player, you merely (and immediately) hear the extremely responsive and lifelike sound of that ole Steinway. Cleverly, that 'conventional' hammer action is a stunning ruse by which the manufacturers can reproduce the feel of an acoustic piano. Indeed the fulcrum is positioned at the same distance from the keys as is found on a grand piano.

More about the action in a minute. The sounds: there are six in all, two acoustic pianos, two electric, a harpsichord, and a (small C) clavi. Push button selected on a small ledge between the keys and the lip of the lid, the sounds are quite superb. The piano pair could be labelled upright and grand; their tones are pretty similar but one is slightly more sharp and aggressive, the other, rounder and more full-bodied.

The two electrics could be compared to Rhodes Mk V and knackered Rhodes circa 1973, ie brilliant at times but potentially unstable. The difference being that 'knackered Rhodes circa 1973' on the PX-1 isn't unstable at all. The harpsichord tone is realistic to the point of not even being velocity sensitive and is suitably spiky and seventeenth century.

Bringing up the rear, the clavinet is fine if you like clavinet. Sadly few people seem to, judging by the lack of response to my D6 (for sale for the past four years).

The only slightly worrying aspect concerning all the sounds is that I could hear more than a suggestion of digital 'wheeze' emanating from the speakers (not built in). This, I am told will be dealt with by a (or was it an improved) noise reduction system,

CONTINUES OVER PAGE

DIGI TECH

TECHNICS SX-PX1 CONTINUED FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

so the production models will be silent. They say!

The second, similar misgiving (similar in that it too is to be improved) concerns the action. Although hardly bad on the model I played, the action felt a little lumpy. Modifications are being made to smooth this out by the time PX1s hit the stores.

There are a number of tone modifying possibilities: a stereo chorus and tremolo are included (independently controlled) and effects send and return jacks allow further devices to be patched in at will. There is a slider-operated key transposer, three-band EQ (middle frequency being parametric) and slider-operated sustain and decay controls. This last pair seem superfluous since both can be governed either by your fingers, or you foot on the sustain pedal. Best left at 'normal' position, I found. Finally there is an overall tuning control.

Now the Play Sequencer as they call it. Very simple really. All you do is choose to play with a metronome or not (and if you do, choose your speed), press Record, and off you go. Real time only, and you can store sequences in one of two channels. These can be combined, however, for one longer piece. As I mentioned, using the Technics Disk Recorder extends your note storage capacity infinitely. The disks can store up to ten individual pieces and these can be selectively replayed using the triple-function keyboard keys (notes/MIDI channels as well as song selectors). The sequencer stores velocity, pedal, and tone information as well, as the notes, and if for nothing else, is ideal for accompanying yourself while practising.

Technics have stopped only marginally short of making the PX1 into a first class MIDI master keyboard. You can control a pair of external MIDI sound sources extensively, assigning them to split positions on the keyboard, controlling patch numbers, and even storing up to ten MIDI combinations in so-called MIDI memories. This information too can be off-loaded on to disk.

The only serious omission as far as MIDI master keyboarding goes is the fact that there are no pitch or mod wheels on board. If you are combining synth sounds with the PX1, this might prove limiting.

Now the most serious question to answer is: who will be tempted by the PX1? I hope from the above, plenty of you, and from the wealth of digital piano launches this year, most manufacturers are obviously banking on this big piano comeback. But three grand plus is a substantial sum of money, and despite the natty 'on-the-road' design of collapsibility and castors, the PX1 is not exactly small and light (110kg/242.5lb). However, such quality seldom comes bargain-priced, and it's worth remembering that a Yamaha CP80 electric grand still costs over £1,000 more. At present a PX1 is being slotted into the orchestra pit for the 'no expenses spared' production of *Time*, in London's West End. Hire companies too should stock up.

Although the PX1's price may not fit most budgets, the imminent PX9, 7, and 5 should certainly do so proportionally, which may then leave the PX1, like many a good 'flagship', primarily as an attention-grabber; an item to wonder at and aspire to.

Whatever its ultimate fate, I strongly suggest you grab an earful as soon as you can.

LINN SIGNIFICANCE

LINN SEQUENCER £1,735
QQQ VVV

LINN HAVE extracted a good deal of mileage out of the Linn 9000. You remember the Linn 9000? OK so it had its teething problems, but I can tell you that heads at Linn have rolled over this. The brand new software subsequently written is now ready and this must jettison the 9000, with its fiercely powerful drum voices, user-sampling, and outstanding ability to function as a 32-track MIDI Keyboard Recorder, into the technological stratosphere – though at the not insubstantial cost of four grand plus.

Now Linn have released this sequencer – the 32-track recorder part of the 9000, now sold as a stand-alone

piece of equipment. And in fact that's not all. Linn have just launched the Midistudio – a highly portable version of the 9000 with separate lap pad and sound module.

It all might sound like some giant scam but the point is that although the 9000's barrage of accompanying drum sounds are impressive, and the user-sampling is useful/fun/necessary/a waste of time (delete where applicable), most people possess a digital drum machine; why, they might even possess an Ensoniq Mirage, Prophet 2000, or be waiting for the real sampling deluge post-Frankfurt. What they won't have, however, is any form of 32-track MIDI Keyboard Recorder, (Synclavier owners please ignore and continue counting

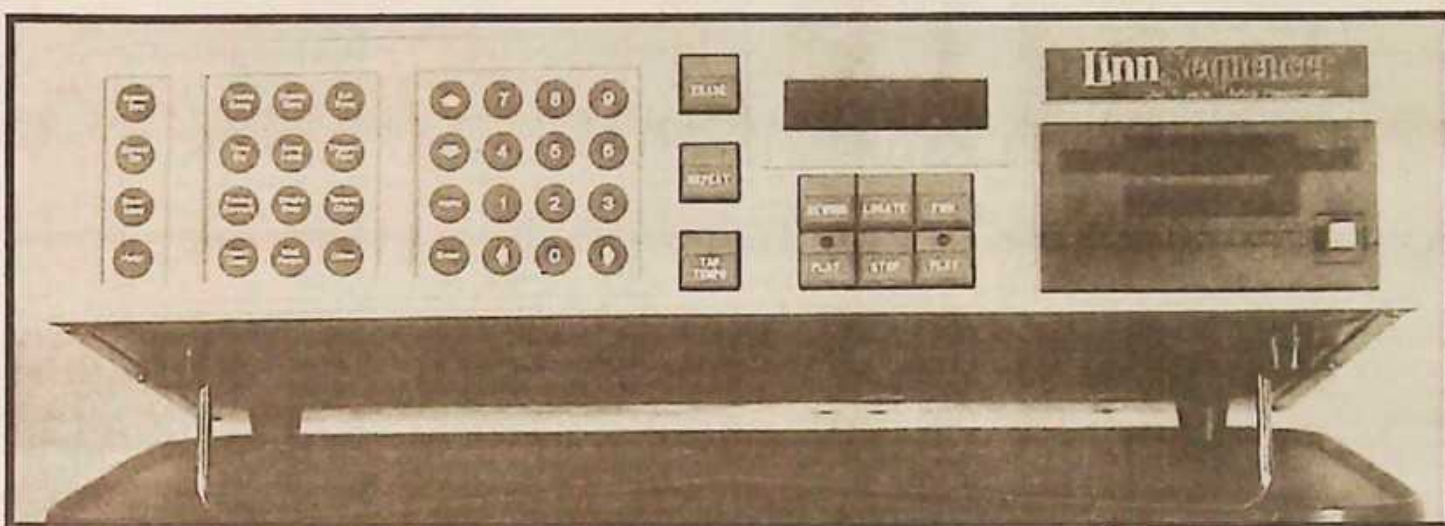
inserting or deleting notes, using the single step function. For my money this seems the ideal application for step time recording.

Now let's talk about being 'user-friendly'. When you set up a length of sequence, track, and MIDI channel number, the sequence will loop ad nauseam, allowing you to add (and not erase previously recorded data) notes up to the polyphony limit of your sound source. A click track keeps you in time of course, with an accent on the down beat.

OK, so you find that you only really like a portion of what you've recorded. Fine, then you can simply (and speedily) lop off unwanted parts of your sequence, allowing the 'good' part to remain looping. This is ideal

big brother, 10,000 notes can be held on one disk, and of course, since they are related devices, a disk that has been programmed using the Linn 9000 can be inserted into the sequencer for further recording. Incidentally, a memory expansion add-on has been rumoured too.

Although the price and ease of operation would seem to indicate that this sequencer has been designed for let's say 'mid-tech' users, the Linn has wide and fully professional applications. For a start, tempo can be specified not only in regular beats per minute, but also frames per beat – at all the vid kids' variables of 24, 25, or 30 frames per second. SMPTE code generation is an option here, but the Linn must be an ideal tool for



LINN SEQUENCER: simple, sophisticated and 32 tracks (that makes it £54 a track)

money).

As far as my all-too-brief time with this sequencer goes, I'd say that the Linn redefines the meaning of those ghastly over-used words 'user-friendly'. The necessary commands are kept to a bare minimum at all times; most functions have dedicated switches, and you appear to be able to perform musical tasks, not half-assed computer-crazed assignments dreamed up by some stone deaf boffin in Silicon Valley. In no time the Linn Sequencer should become your slave, not your master.

For those unfamiliar with the Linn 9000, the recording attributes are as follows: 100 sequences can be stored, each comprising 32 simultaneous, polyphonic tracks. When you first think about this, you may wonder how 32 tracks can be individually controllable when there are only 16 MIDI channels on which to communicate with the sound sources. Provided you don't exceed the polyphony limit of any particular sound source/ MIDI channel however, complete individual control is no problem.

You can create songs in two basic ways. Either you can simply tell the sequencer to run for say 200 bars – the total length of the song – and then blast through the song, part by part, or you can record section by section (as on most drum machines) and finally chain the sections together. Frankly, the sequencer is so easy to control, edit, and manage, that piecing songs together section by section is hardly necessary.

Initial recording is, at the moment, always in some form of real time. Various levels of auto-correct can be used (the strictest being 16th notes), but you can edit, both

when, as is often the case, you're using a sequencer to doodle with, get ideas from – what we in the trade lovingly refer to as songwriting.

Having laid down a reasonable basic track, you'll want to overdub using another sound. Changing track and MIDI channel numbers is once again a speedy and simple operation, and one which can take place while your original sequence continues to play. There's none of this stopping, farting around with the controls, and then overdubbing, by which time of course any inspiration you might have had has long disappeared.

Further down the line, you may want to re-inspect one particular part. This too can be done without interrupting the flow; any track being able to be muted or soloed in seconds. Individual tracks of the total amount of tracks can also be transposed, and you can copy or insert complete bars anywhere you want, at all times.

One of the neatest features to appear this year, both on the Linn 9000 and E-Mu's SP12, is the 'repeat' function. By pressing the relevant button along with a note, the said note will repeat, at the speed set by the auto correct level. On drum machines, this is an unbelievable asset for fast rolls etc, but it has considerable use for pitched instruments too.

In MIDI terms there appear to be few things that the Linn will not get along with. Velocity sensitivity from keyboards will be retained, as will after-touch, and pitch bend/mod wheel effects, program changes and sustain pedal info.

As with the Linn 9000, the Linn Sequencer has its own built-in disk drive, accepting the same 3½ inch disks as its video and film synchronisation. Other

options include a remote control for £65.

The Linn Sequencer is impressive, not only because it offers such all-encompassing facilities, but because these facilities are far from difficult to fathom out. To look at, there are not that many controls. A 32 character display screen imparts quite sufficient information; below are standard 'tape type' controls for forward, reverse, locate, record, stop, and play, and alongside are similar large control buttons for erase, repeat, and tap tempo.

Further to the side are a number of membrane switches – ten digit keypad, command buttons, and then dedicated switches for creating songs, looping, auto-correct, MIDI parameter, insert/copy, time signature etc. Although this is capable of being a free-standing unit, with its computer-type, underside prop, presenting the sequencer at a suitably usable angle, you can also slip the Linn into a rack mountable casing.

Obviously one of the ideal companions for the Linn must be Yamaha's TX816. To make the best use of it, one must have access to a fair number of MIDI sound sources, and I doubt that hooking up all your friends' Juno 106s, DXs, and DW8000s via umpteen MIDI Thrus will do much for your timing in the long run. Mind you, the Syco people (from whom this can be bought) have run the Linn with a Casio CZ synth, using the synth in MIDI Mono mode, and claim impressive results!

At this level of sophistication there are few rivals to the Linn Sequencer. There are few rivals on the ease of operation front too. At well under two grand, this has to be viewed as a bargain.



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DIGI TECH

JORETH MUSIC COMPOSER SYSTEM (Commodore) £244 (including MIDI interface) QQ VV 1/2

IN MUSIC computer software terms, Joreth and their MCS are not new kids on the block any longer. They have been around for over a year now. Convert that situation into regular instrument terms and a review wouldn't be necessary. Cremation more likely.

Which is of course half the attraction of buying your 'instruments' in software form. Instead of dating, they can simply (and for little or no outlay) be updated for you.

Accordingly Joreth's MCS is not what it used to be and it's all the better for it.

Briefly then, this little package consists of a MIDI-computer interface and software for writing, composing, organising your music - whatever you like to call it. It is a Commodore-based package, which connects through the computer's speedy User Port through the AL25 interface to MIDI sound sources.

However, one of Joreth's latest developments has been to offer the software to owners of other MIDI-computer interfaces, most of which utilise the Commodore's cartridge port. Thus SIEL, Jellinghaus, and Microvox interfaces can now get in on the act.

I suspect that few Commodore-owning musicians are unaware of the Joreth MCS. Flattering though that may seem, the only thing which is going to do Joreth (or any of the other myriad software companies now addressing themselves

to the problems of inexpensive music software for musicians) any good, is that non-Commodore-owning musicians become sufficiently enamoured with the possibilities to venture out that day and buy the computer for this (or similar) purposes.

Impressed though I was with this program/system, I feel bound to say that day is still some way off.

I wish I'd had a pound for every "This is so simple to use" opening line that I've come across, while sitting patiently as a gushing demonstrator whirled around the QWERTY keyboard filling the screen with %&*9-xo30 goto??1/2 in order to record on track three of a recording program.

It is clever, yes. Of course it is. It is great value for money when you consider the cost of an eight-track tape machine and desk. But it is also interminably dull.

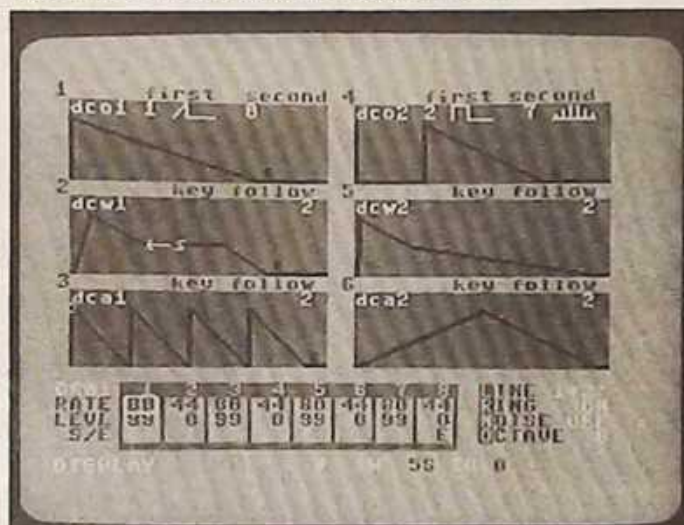
Fortunately for Joreth, the dull stages don't last too long if you can be bothered to brush up your Basic and button down to a bit of brain-bending just to get you going. Once in gear, I think most people will find the Joreth MCS as open-ended and option-offering as anything else on the market.

For instance, you can utilise MIDI drum machines - or none at all (there is a built-in metronome). You can record in real or step time. You can edit your work in microscopic detail or simply tart up the timing. You can even persuade MIDI keyboards like Roland's JX3P to function in Omni-Off (though saddled still with MIDI channel 0) when they're not supposed to be able to do that. The list goes on.

JORETH'S TOOL



MUSIC NOTATION display from step-time entry



TONE EDITOR for Casio CZ synthesizers

The Real Time Performer seemed a bit of a schlep to me. Lots of tapping on the QWERTY keyboard followed less tapping on the musical keyboard. However you can record up to eight polyphonic tracks (provided you have enough notes left in your sound sources) with a maximum note capacity of 6,000. Various pieces of real time editing include the Trimmer, which re-jigs opening counts of your music in, I was told, simple fashion. Far easier to play the bugged again from what I saw. Still, the quantisation process, albeit different from everyone else's system, seemed a little easier and worked fine. The quantising, or correcting of timings, arrives in ten levels with three modes for each. For no apparent reason some, tried during my demo, worked fine and some failed abysmally.

Part of the confusion which seems to be present in many parts of the system lies in Joreth's slightly obtuse naming of functions and features. A 'Tune' is what in drum machine parlance we'd call a pattern. A dotted crotchet (used later on in step time writing) is noted by the letter 'W', or was it 'DW'?

Still, as I said, things do brighten up when you get to the step time writing. Divided into any note time-values as opposed to bars and strict time signatures, step time writing here is less hazardous and certainly freer than on most dedicated sequencers or most pieces of sequencing software. You can (the brave-hearted that is) input music directly from the QWERTY keyboard, or if you possess a keyboard with physical tone selectors as opposed to total digital access control (a DX7

as opposed to a Korg Poly-800), you can input notes with these, since the program will convert them into timing value selectors. Natty eh?

And you can also use a combination of QWERTY and musical keyboard; typing in a string of timing values on the computer and then layering the notes over them as it were, using the musical keyboard. This last method is extremely thoughtful and gets my vote for sure.

There are extensive editing facilities here, both relatively simple and extremely complex. Finally the program can convert (and at an impressively high level) your music to stave-written note form, and even print it out for you - if you have a printer of course.

Finally I haven't much to say about the AL25 MIDI-computer interface save that it sports a MIDI In and 3 MIDI Outs, plus Sync In and Out, and a 'mixdown' switch with associated footswitch, aiding drop-ins. It worked.

The Joreth MCS will please the computer-conversant with its accordingly intelligent introduction to the business of composing and recording music. There are many clever little touches too, like the opportunity to load, say, a bunch of voices for Casio CZ synths (another Joreth offer) while still in the middle of recording, and not have to foul up your writing program.

But will it convert the muso? I guess, as I have not since fled out to my nearest Commodore stockist, I'd have to say I think not. But it's close. It must be one of, OK let's be generous, the most impressive-for-the-money packages that I've seen in this country to date.

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SAMPLE WITHOUT DELAY



THE RSD10 SAMPLER/DDL, or a budget-priced car radio?

BOSS RSD10 DIGITAL SAMPLER/DELAY £200 QQ VV½

SOMETIMES ITS operation is a bit of a chore, but Boss's latest addition to their ranks – or should I say *Banks* – of Micro Rack Series products is this ingeniously designed, fun object which will no doubt prove a most worthwhile and cost-effective investment for all home studio-ites.

The RSD10 is two devices in one: A DDL and a monophonic sampler. Neither have specifications to make your knees tremble but both are adequately endowed with features to make their application at least 'good semi-pro' level.

To look at, the RSD10 takes its lead from previous Micro Rack items: neat, but a little disturbingly reminiscent of a budget-priced car radio. The controls are small and most have dual functions.

A scan down the 'tech spec' reveals a ceiling of 7kHz in the bandwidth department. Too low by far for really serious recordings (unless your ears are already shot to pieces) and although delays don't exactly whizz back muffled as such, you definitely miss some sparkle at the top end.

However, you can set up delay times from two to 2,000 milliseconds which is encouraging, and with the feedback control, set your own number of repeats. No modulation facilities as such though.

With no display screen to help you, setting delay times is strictly an aural event, but Boss give you a number of ranges on a multi-positioned switch, with fine adjustment made on the Delay Time Fine control. The process is hardly foolproof but quite satisfactory.

The sampling side of the RSD10 is quite fascinating. I should first point out that this is *either* a sampler or a DDL. You can't combine them.

For a start, and quite unsurprisingly since in essence it is somewhat of a DDL technique anyhow, the maximum sample time is two seconds (same as DDL). You can record or sample automatically – in other words as soon as the signal is received it makes the sample – or manually, initiating sampling via an (optional) footswitch. Once in situ, the sample can be truncated using the trim control, but you cannot persuade it to alter the attack time.

Also, once in situ, whatever you do, don't switch the damn device off just yet. Sounds are held only as long as the RSD10 is up and running. Switch it off and they disappear. Boss do suggest that you dump your A1 samples on to cassette as an external memory. Slightly

cumbersome maybe, but in fact in doing so you can sort of kid the RD10 that it's a sequencer by feeding the signal back into the Pitch Control Tape Input jack and noodling around accordingly.

Now, triggering the samples is the interesting bit. You can simply use a pedal or a pad controller to retrieve the sample. The pad method will give you dynamic control which is worth considering, and to change the pitch of sample you just play with the

Pitch Control knob. On the other hand, a synth can pitch-control your sample more conveniently. Boss's method depends upon an actual pitch being received from the controlling keyboard. They suggest you use an organ-type of sound. And they're right. The subsequent range is in fact greater than the stated two octaves, but as always, you do begin to sound Mickey Mouse or just plain drunk if you veer too far away from

the original sample's pitch.

As I mentioned, this is mono sampling only. If you play a chord on your keyboard, the sampler remains silent and distinctly unimpressed. Boss also warn you not to use an electric guitar, just in case you think, in these MIDI days, that it should be possible.

The RSD10 is not pricey and it's basically simple to operate. Whether this is sufficient for it to be sold in droves is another matter. Yamaha's SPX90, albeit three times the price, will certainly not help. Good if you already have a rackful of Micros. If not – well, I'm going to stay on the fence for this one.



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* PF80 – 88 keys; PF70 – 76 keys

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DIGI TECH

MATRIX-6: DOTS BEFORE THE EYES

**OBERHEIM MATRIX-6
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I HAVE been a long time fan of Oberheim's. My first polysynth in fact was the Oberheim 4-voice, launched way back in the mid '70s when one cheerfully (well) coughed up three and a half grand or more for such beasts.

Things are so different today.

And sadly Oberheim, like compatriot synth-champions of yesteryear such as Moog and ARP, are finding (or in ARP's case, found) life increasingly difficult to handle now that price-spiralling, cost-cutting, and mass-appeal instrument making has become part of our lives.

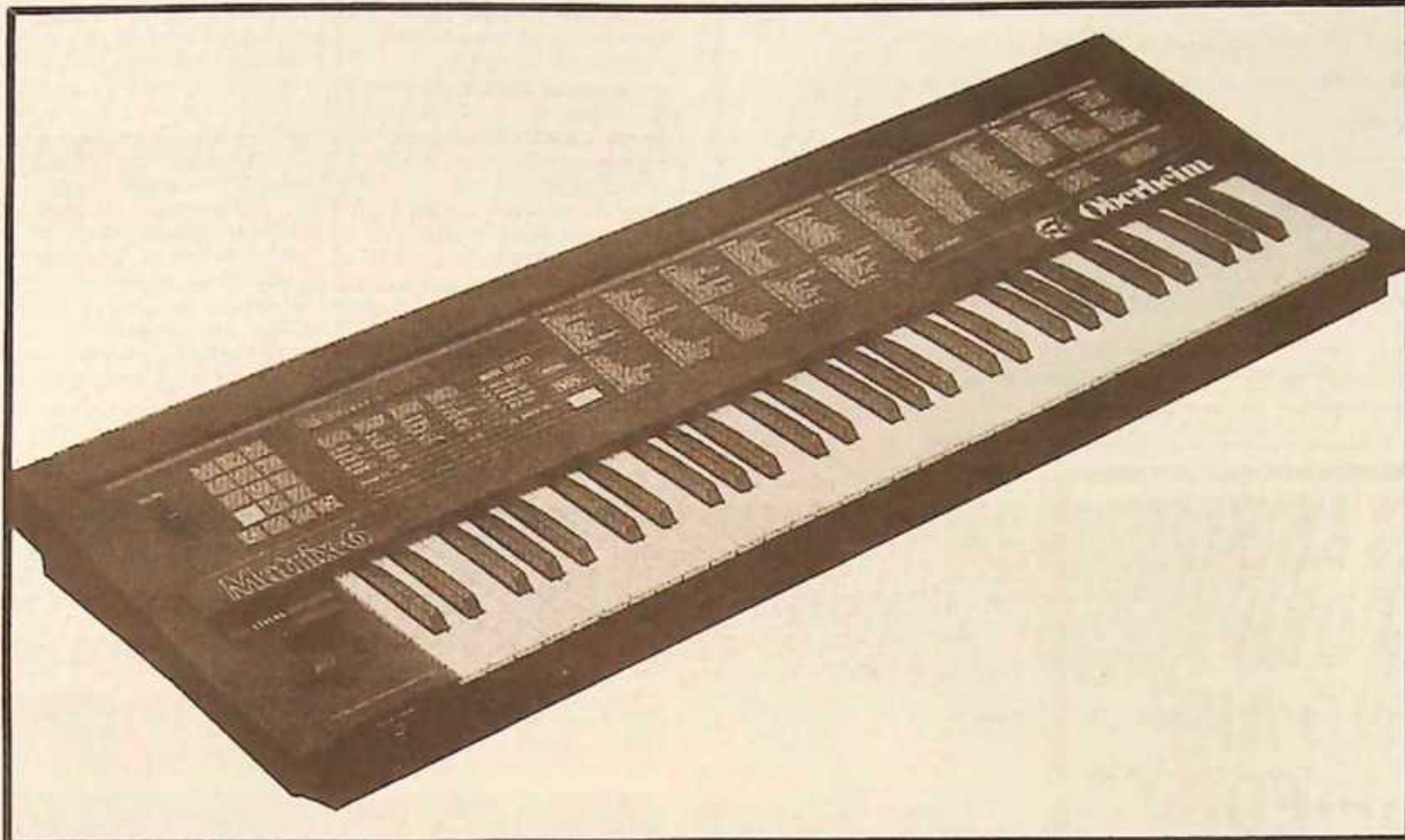
In fact Oberheim only made it through 1985 thanks to their own lawyers, ECC Development Corporation, who rescued the company from dissolution and who now control things over in Los Angeles.

In spite of this obvious nightmare for Oberheim (most of the old personnel seem to have vamoosed), the Matrix-6 slithered into view at the back end of last year, and is now freely available in the UK via newly-formed hi-tech distributors Sound Technology. I'm not sure if I envy them their task.

In America Oberheim enjoy a relatively high profile due in part to the comparative low cost of their instruments, and also thanks to the American's continued love of analog synths - to which Oberheim remain almost obsessively faithful.

I wonder: is the Matrix-6 one of the last analog instruments to be made? There's a thought anyhow.

In staying unashamedly analog (while others have either moved along into digital or at least embraced enough digital spin-off technology to appear to have) Oberheim were kind of left in a field of one last year. Those who fancied themselves at



MATRIX-6: combines digital control with analogue sounds to make programming really hard work

good old-fashioned *real* programming, with knobs and switches too, were, in terms of the new instruments, faced either with an Oberheim Xpander, or conceivably a Matrix-12.

The problem is that the Matrix-6 has now embraced a fair amount of *external* or immediately visible digitalisation (DCOs, digital access control and the like) and to me, Oberheim were only safe so long as they steered clear of all this. With instruments not so different from anyone else's, I think they'll find the going gets really tough.

For all of this, the Matrix-6 remains a purist's instrument. OK, so the pleasures of knob twiddling have gone, but courtesy of the instrument's Matrix Modulation System, whereby some 20 modulation sources can control 32 destinations (the ramifications of which are simply staggering in terms of numbers of sonic

possibilities), even the most painstaking programmer is going to be kept busy for possibly the remainder of his/her natural life.

The problem is however, as with all such mega-option type instruments, 99 per cent of what you *can* do, you'd never want to hear in a million years.

There are 99 program memories. A quick flip through what's been stored from the factory makes depressing listening. Frankly they are an insult. So Oberheim obviously don't take this factory preset business seriously at all (I mean, man, if you can't program the Goddam thing, forget it), but to call some revolting bleeping twang 'DX7', not to mention filling most of the space with absurdly unusable and totally tedious 'effects', is really not on at all. Not for £1,750.

A new set of sounds has, I'm told, been hastily summoned and I believe

these were sent to me - on cassette (yeah, I know, what a drag - no cartridge facility). However the cassette interface system didn't feel like working (or at least hasn't so far) and so I cannot comment on them. I do promise that, on gaining access to them, I will bring you a detailed report.

From one or two presets you can tell that the instrument still has remnants of class. A spot of DAC 'twiddling' does reveal a fair amount too, though you certainly need longer than I have spent to more than scratch the surface. This, I'm afraid, is one of the drags about instrument reviews.

Those who did investigate the Matrix-12 and Xpander will find similarities: although mainly curtailed in scope, the Matrix-6's voice structure for each of six voices is very much along the lines of its predecessor's. Per voice they consist of two DCOs, VCF, two VCAs, three five-stage

envelope generators, a pair of LFOs, plus an FM and Track generator.

The six voices can appear under one unified patch, or be split up into two distinct patches, zoned at your discretion along the five octave keyboard. Unlike the Xpander or Matrix-12, the Matrix-6 does not go in for multi-timbrality as such.

The said zones can of course overlap, in which case you can end up with a situation whereby you have a distinct patch for say the bottom two octaves; this can be joined (in a layer mode) by another patch for say two more octaves, and finally the second patch can be left to its own devices for the final octave. For some reason Oberheim see fit to offer voice assignment, not in the most logical form ie three voices left, three voices right, but in 2 + 4, 4 + 2, 6 + 0, or 0 + 6. The latter pair will be useful in fact when you hook up another MIDI keyboard to

replace the 'O' voice sections.

Most usefully, the splits can be stored in their own memory bank, independent of those for regular sonic patches. In these performance-type memories (50 of them), you can store a name - well worthwhile - split configurations including relative volume, voice assignments, transpositions, and whether MIDI is transmitting or receiving. Quite why you cannot store a pair of MIDI channel numbers too - a feat that the instrument can manage for splits (two adjacent MIDI channel numbers) - I don't know. The Bit 99 can for a quarter of the price. I think!

The Matrix-6 sports a somewhat spongy, but nonetheless very touch sensitive keyboard. Not only can you control sounds with attack and release velocity, and after touch (routable of course pretty much from anywhere or to anything), but the levels of such activity can be tailored in different ways. Hitting a key twice as hard can result in say twice the volume. It can also be set to function exponentially, resulting in a key struck twice as hard sounding a voice ten times the volume.

The Matrix-6 would have got a far more glowing review had I heard some more encouraging noises right off the bat, as they say in Oberheimland.

While I do believe they exist in the instrument, extracting them is going to be no easy task. And it's not as if you can simply buy up a whole load of sounds on cartridge either. Tossing about with cassette interfaces never has been my (nor anyone else's) favourite habit. So the Matrix-6 represents a lot of hard work. The DX7 has proved beyond dispute that no one minds the prospect of hard-work-type programming provided there are let-out clauses such as woggles of fab sounds immediately available on 'presets' of one sort or another. Confronted by the former only, who is man/woman enough for the task these days? Not me.

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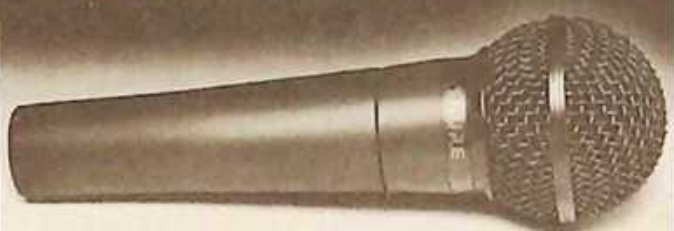
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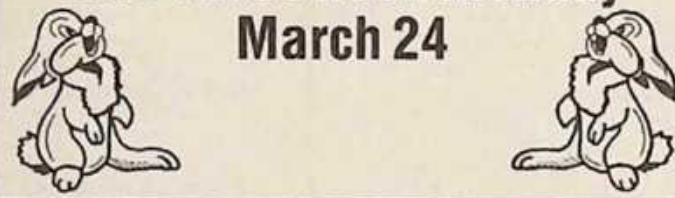
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