

SOUNDS

Spitting
Image

A PRIVATE EYEFUL OR
A PUBLIC OUTRAGE?

RED GUITARS
BILL NELSON

THE SHRUBS
ROSANNE CASH
JANE WIEDLIN

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MORGAN—GRAMPIAN PLC 1986

PAY TV BOMB

BRITISH RECORD LABELS have told TV broadcasters that, from the end of May onward, they have to pay for the use of promo pop videos.

The ultimatum was delivered by the British Phonographic Industry, which represents the record companies, after talks aimed at setting a rate for the use of videos failed to reach an agreement. The BPI's idea is that videos will now be given out, as in Europe and the USA, on a pay-for-play basis.

It has been rumoured that TV companies may not show pop videos at all if payment is required, but that hasn't stopped Channel 4 from going ahead with their two new video programmes, *The Chart Show* and *Solid Soul*. The former won't even have a presenter, but the latter plans to feature live acts in addition to film and video.

The argument of the industry seems to be that while videos were originally a promo item, broadcasters are now using them to make whole shows and should share in the costs, although no definite scale of charges has been worked out for UK shows like *Saturday Superstore* or *Whistle Test* yet.

Channel 4 commissioning editor for the new shows, John Cummins, has said that videos are promotional tools and that broadcasters have already borne the costs of making their shows.

Malcolm Gerrie, producer of *The Tube*, told us: "It's been coming for some time. The BPI have been rattling their sabres — or their VCRs — and it's no coincidence that it coincides with the launch of programmes that are pure video..."

"This has got the BPI excited. They might've held back but we've played into their hands. In a way, using video like this isn't good for editorial policy. It's the start of wallpaper TV like MTV in the States."

Still, Gerrie doesn't totally agree that TV should pay through the nose for pop promos.

"We didn't ask for videos in the first place. How are new bands gonna get through if they can't afford an expensive video?"

Terri Anderson, the BPI's press officer, was more optimistic.

"There're no set fees, because we don't want to start a fight — the idea is to be conciliatory and reach an agreement."

Couldn't new groups get themselves on TV by offering cheaply-shot videos of themselves gratis? That is — why pay several hundred pounds for a Madonna clip when you can have our video free?

"It's not as simple as that," says Terri. "TV has its audience to think of, it's come to expect a good mix of established and upcoming bands and wants its programmes to provide that."

Ms Anderson was also adamant that videos are no longer promo giveaways, like free press pix and blogs.

"Nowadays the public see a video as something desirable and ownable in its own right, and they can buy a good pop videotape for about £15 or so. They only rent films, but they buy pop videos."

"In 1984 the average cost of a video was £18,000, equal or greater than the cost of the records they promote! What we're saying to the programmers is: it's time to talk about this."

The question of how the BPI might police the pay-for-play instruction Ms Anderson saw as "academic", since the BPI board is made up of heads of member companies.

However, observers of the music scene will have noted that that hasn't stopped some record labels flouting their own BPI-made rules about the conduct of the charts when it suits them.

Ms Anderson says that action will be taken and formulated only if and when someone "upsets the applecart". But she thinks it's unlikely that anyone will do that. This whole thing is, she adds, "a matter of principle" for the BPI.

At the time of going to press we were unable to get comments from any of the major labels we contacted as regards the new ruling. Food for thought: the BPI says that in the USA, one play of a major video costs television 1,200 dollars; in France 580 dollars; in Germany 440 dollars.

Is this the end of video on TV as we know it? Watch this space.

RED WEDGE have announced an evening in Glasgow in conjunction with the city's Mayfest. Robbie Coltrane, Jenny Lecoat, Skint Video, Simon Fanshawe and others will appear at the Kings Theatre at 7.30 on May 4. Tickets at £4.00 (or £1.50 with a UB40) are available from the Mayfest Box Office.

BLUE AEROPLANES play a free show in support of some Polish peace activists who've been sentenced to three years imprisonment. If you're willing to sit through some speechifying by Liberal MP Paddy Ashdown and others, you can catch the flighty ones absolutely gratis at London's Riverside Studios, Hammersmith on April 16, the event lasting from 8-11pm.

Glastonbury CND fest line-up announced

THE GLASTONBURY CND FESTIVAL for 1986 is being planned as a four-stage event over the weekend of June 20-22.

The main stage will feature Violent Femmes, Maria Muldaur, Amazulu, Loudon

Wainwright, The Pogues, Robert Cray and Psychedelic Furs on Friday 20; The Long Ryders, John Martyn, Lloyd Cole, Peter Tosh, The Cure and Ruby Turner on Saturday 21; and Latin Quarter, Christy Moore, Simply Red, Madness, Level 42 and Gil Scott-Heron, rounding off the bill on Sunday

Tovey Or Not Tovey...



FRANK TOVEY, Erasure and The Flaming Mussolinis are to appear at the Kentish Town Town And Country Club, on June 1.

Mr Tovey (né Fad Gadget) will be featuring music from his forthcoming album, Erasure their new single, 'Oh l'Amour' and the Mussolinis their current album, 'Watching The Fire'. Tickets are £5.00.

ANOTHER

The battle lines are drawn up once again as Stonehenge plans meet massed opposition from officialdom

THIS YEAR's Stonehenge Festival is heading inexorably towards the same confrontation that led to last year's festival being staged "in exile" at White Horse Hill near Westbury.

Despite efforts by the Church of England to bring both sides closer together with a public meeting just before Easter, the gulf between those who want to participate in a midsummer festival at Stonehenge and those responsible for safeguarding the ancient monument remains as far apart as ever.

It was hoped that smaller low-key meetings might explore some of the compromise suggestions that have been put forward,

particularly those concerned with finding an acceptable alternative site. But no further meetings have been lined up.

"Nobody is negotiating with anybody about anything," said a gloomy spokesperson for Festival Welfare Services this week. "Things are cracking up in the same way as last year. There is no reason to suppose that anything will be different this year. People are still in their entrenched positions."

At the beginning of the year there were signs that both the English National Heritage, who look after the Stonehenge monument, and the National Trust, who own most of the surrounding land, were keen to find a solution.

But Wiltshire County Council, who spent over £1 million ensuring that last year's festival didn't take place, have already earmarked a similar amount for policing the area around Stonehenge throughout June.

And the National Farmers

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£85 INCLUDES: 2 day festival ticket (full line up repeated on second day) 1st class hotel in Brussels, all transport by luxury coach from London, Cross Channel ferry. Depart eve Friday July 4. Return am Monday July 7. TWD

£69 INCLUDES: 1 day festival ticket, 1st class hotel accommodation, all transport by luxury coach from London, Cross Channel ferry. Full day/eve in Brussels. Depart eve Friday July 4. Return am Monday July 7. WF

£45 INCLUDES: 1 day festival ticket, all transport by luxury coach from London, Cross Channel ferry. Depart eve Saturday July 5th. Return am Monday July 7. TS

QUEEN MARILLION

LIVE IN COLOGNE, SATURDAY 19th JULY

£55 INCLUDES: Festival ticket and all transport by luxury coach from London. Depart eve Friday 18th July. Return am Sunday 20th July. QMS

£75 INCLUDES: Festival ticket, all transport by luxury coach from London, Cross Channel ferry, one night in 1st class hotel. Depart eve 17th July. Return am 20th July. QMC

£169 INCLUDES: Return flight to Cologne, 2 nights in 1st class hotel, Festival ticket. Depart Friday 18th July. Return Sunday 20th July. QMA

QUEEN

LIVE INDOORS AT: THE FOREST NATIONALE, BRUSSELS, 17th JUNE

£69 INCLUDES: Concert Ticket, 1st Class Hotel, Luxury Coach from London, Cross Channel Ferry. Depart eve 15th June. Return am 18th June. QB

THE CURE ★ THE WATERBOYS ★ THE CULT ★ FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS ★ COCK ROBIN ★ STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN ★ CLAW BOYS CLAW ★ THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN ★ HOWARD HUGHES & THE WESTERN APPROACHES

PINK POP FESTIVAL, HOLLAND 19th MAY.

£49 INCLUDES: Festival ticket, luxury coach from London, Cross Channel Ferry. Depart eve 18th May. Return am 20th May. PP

SIMPLE MINDS ★ THE CURE ★ FEARGAL SHARKEY ★ THE WATERBOYS ★ CHRIS REA ★ SIMPLY RED ★ FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS ★ STARSHIP ★ THE ALARM ★ PREFAB SPROUT ★ UB40 ★

ROCK AM RING FESTIVAL, WEST GERMANY, 14th-15th JUNE
£79 INCLUDES: 2 day festival ticket, 1 night in 1st class hotel and all transport by luxury coach from London. Depart 13th June. Return 16th June. RAR

Send £20.00 deposit per person plus £5.00 each person and concert cancellation insurance, made payable to M.G.P. to secure a place. Please indicate in the correct box the number of places required.

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PARTY

Horse Play...



THE BUTTHOLE SURFERS play two London dates at the Clarendon Klub Foot April 26 and Dingwalls 28. Support at both dates are Holy Toy, the Norwegian combo who have released three critically acclaimed albums in their four year existence.

The Buttholes will be featuring a new line up with drummer Thereze and bassist Kramer being replaced by Kathleen Gernatt and Jeff Pinkus.

The new album, 'Rembrandt Pussy Horse', will be released in mid May on Red Rhino Europe. This new label is a joint venture by Red Rhino of York and Play It Again, Sam! of Brussels.

AAA - Artists Against Apartheid (UK) - has been formed with the help of a host of musicians and music biz personalities who want to express abhorrence of apartheid as a "crime against humanity", according to the organisation's press release.

Supported by such stars as John Peel, Big Audio Dynamite, The Pogues, Madness and Bob Geldof, AAA were, at the time of going to press, planning a major launch at Donmar Street Warehouse in London's Covent Garden on April 15.

22. The second stage is for newer bands. Those confirmed so far include Half Man Half Biscuit (Friday), Hüsker Dü (Saturday) and The Woodentops/Dream Syndicate (Sunday). Others are expected to appear, including The Go-Betweens. The other two

stages will be devoted to classical music and comedy revue-type theatre.

Tickets for the event are £17 from usual agents or by post from 22-24 Underwood Street, London N1 7JG. Check ads in the music press for more details of the Fest, which is at Worthy Farm, Glastonbury.

WALL OF VOODOO follow up their latest single, 'Far Side Of Crazy', with a full UK tour and a new album on IRS Records.

The LP, 'Seven Days In Sammystown', released on May 12, is the debut album for vocalist Andy Prieboy.

The tour begins at Harlesden Mean Fiddler May 2 and continues at Thames Polytechnic 3, Newcastle Riverside Club 5, Leeds Warehouse 6, Manchester International Club 7, Leicester Princess Charlotte Club 9, Strathclyde University 10, Sheffield Limit Club 11, Dunstable Queensway 14, Camden Electric Ballroom 15.

NICK HEYWARD releases a new single on April 28. 'Over The Weekend' paves the way for a new album due for release in September. Nick has promised a select number of surprise dates over the next month.

PATTI LABELLE plays the UK for the first time in ten years when she struts her proverbial stuff at Hammersmith Odeon on May 11. Tickets are £6.50 and £7.50 from the box office and usual agents.

Before this gig she headlines the Montreux Festival, on May 7, over bands like ELO, Big Country and Five Star. The lady's first 45 for MCA is 'On My Own', out April 21, from her forthcoming LP 'Winner In You', set for May 12.

The single is a duet with ex-Doobie Bros and Steely Dan man Michael McDonald.

STONE FIGHT?

Union has taken a firm line against this year's festival, mobilising local landowners.

The National Trust is also set to issue injunctions against some 50 "named" individuals forbidding them to go anywhere near the Stones during June. Letters have already gone out to those few individuals who can be traced - including the director of Festival Welfare Services Don Aitken - asking for their co-operation in keeping away from Stonehenge.

None of which has deterred any of the various organisations who claim the right to celebrate the summer solstice at Stonehenge. Already posters and stickers have gone out extending a general invitation to the festival.

The nature of the various groups and societies means that a consensus attitude is virtually impossible, but the Polyantric Society has been instrumental in trying to find a compromise solution involving

an alternative site.

The chief argument raised against the festival is the damage to archaeological sites and private land that would "inevitably" result. But as the Polyantric Society point out, the army is busy firing at neolithic remains on a firing range on nearby Salisbury Plain without objection, and the Society has in any case expressed a willingness to clear up any site after the festival.

Attempts to get the National Trust to ask the Ministry Of Defence to provide an alternative site have met with a blank refusal from the Ministry "at the highest level".

The latest alternative site being put forward by festival advocates is an old First World War airfield, now grassed over, a mile and a half to the west of Stonehenge.

There is no chance of damaging archaeological remains on this site as all the burial mounds were flattened

70 years ago to build the airfield - indeed the station commander apparently wanted to demolish Stonehenge itself, so the aircraft couldn't crash into it! But so far there is no sign of this site even being considered by the authorities.

Latest plans are for a Peace March from London to Stonehenge starting at the beginning of June and passing several peace camps on the way. And it's possible that the march could also be a fund-raising affair for a chosen charity. But understandably plans are exceptionally fluid to allow for changing circumstances. The Polyantric Society say they'd need six weeks to organise any festival on an agreed site.

But it now seems certain that no new site will be forthcoming. And it's equally certain that attempts will be made to go to Stonehenge to celebrate the midsummer solstice and that they will be resisted.

SECOND BAD LEG

Big Audio Dynamite all set to make more noise

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE have announced the second leg of their From London With Love tour. The Beastie Boys will no longer be supporting - their replacements are Whistle (from New York) who recently had chart success with 'Just Buggin'.

The new dates are as follows: Aylesbury Friars May 3, Brighton Coasters 4, St Austell Coliseum 5, Chippenham Goldiggers 7, Kilburn National Ballroom 8. The previously announced Edinburgh date on April 19, has been transferred from The Empire to the Queens Hall.

GHOST DANCE, the group formed by ex-Skeletal Family crooner Anne Marie and former Sisters Of Mercy guitarist Gary Marx, release their debut vinyl this week. The four-song 12-inch disc is on Karbon via Pinnacle and is titled 'River Of No Return'.

Ghost Dance also pop up tonight (Wednesday) on Janice Long's Radio 1 show in a session which includes a bash at Suzi Quatro's 'Can The Can' (1). Live shows so far confirmed: York Links May 1, Newcastle Tiffany's 3, Leeds Warehouse 7 and Wolverhampton Scruples 18.

DIGvisDRILL, The Midnight Choir and The Screaming Trees set out this month on The Native Outrage Tour.

The three bands are all on Doncaster's Native Records label and are playing together at Durham Kings Head April 24, Bridlington Kiss Club 25, Rugby O'Malleys 28, Birmingham Peacocks 29, Peterborough Glass House 30, London Kings College May 1, Leamington Spa Hod Carrier 2, Norwich Premises 7, Lowestoft Kellys 9, Hull Adelphi 17, Portsmouth Grannies 23, Brighton Zap Club June 5.

NEIL YOUNG has lined up a mini-tour of the UK for June. The tour will feature most of the original Crazy Horse line-up and the emphasis will be on Young's oldest and best-known material.

The tour starts at Birmingham NEC June 3 (tickets £9.50, £10.50), then moves on to Edinburgh Playhouse 5 (tickets £9, £10) and Wembley Arena 9, 10 (tickets £9.50, £10.50).

Tickets for Wembley are available from MAC Promotions (Neil Young), PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ (enclose SAE). Tickets for the other dates are available from box offices and usual agents.

DOCTOR & THE MEDICS are "for unspecified religious reasons" releasing the classic Norman Greenbaum track 'Spirit In The Sky' as their new single on April 28.

They then tour at Kingston Polytechnic on April 25, then proceeding to Sussex University May 1, Essex University 2, Birmingham Powerhouse 4, Newcastle Riverside Club 8, Wolverhampton Polytechnic 9, Hull University 10, Bristol Bierkeller 13, Leeds University 15, Sheffield Limit Club 18, Glasgow Rooftops 20, Manchester International Club 22, Aylesbury Civic Hall 23, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 25, Grays Civic Hall 30, Tunbridge Angel Centre 31.

THE SMITHS sent some hot news as we went to press. There's a new single out May 16 from Rough Trade, entitled 'Bigmouth Strikes Again' b/w 'Money Changes Everything', with an extra 12-inch cut, titled 'Unlovable'. All tracks were produced by Morrissey/Marr and engineered by Stephen Street.

A new album, 'The Queen Is Dead', is expected at the end of May. The Smiths are also about to unveil their new line-up - bassist Craig Gannon replaces Andy Rourke - on BBC's Whistle Test on May 20. Live dates are under discussion.

Tickets are priced at £4.00 in advance and £4.50 on the door, with the exception of Kilburn where they'll cost £5.00. UB40 holders will receive a 50p refund on the door.

Rumours have also reached us to the effect that Joe Strummer may be joining old Clash partner Mick Jones' outfit, either permanently or for some kind of joint project. A spokesman for CBS, BAD's record company, said: "I wondered how long it would take for something like this to start... There are always rumours like this!"

BAD's office spokesman said when we rang him: "We needed a good laugh! No is the answer to that one, categorically."

Vaughan Free...



WHY ARE two of these men smiling? Because the one on the left is called Jimmy Vaughan and he's just heard that his Fabulous Thunderbirds feature on the next Sounds freebie EP, 'Seven Inches Of Sounds', which, with a little help from CBS/Epic, will be on the cover of our May 3 issue.

What's more, the man on the right is Jimmy's brother Stevie Ray, and he's just found out he's going to be on the EP too. The geezer in the middle, however, is quite obviously miffed that his own little outfit just couldn't cut it in time to meet our deadlines. Better luck for the next one, Mick.

WORLDS APART

New Single: Available on 7" (MCA 1040) and extended 12" (MCAT 1040)

CACTUS WORLD NEWS

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THE

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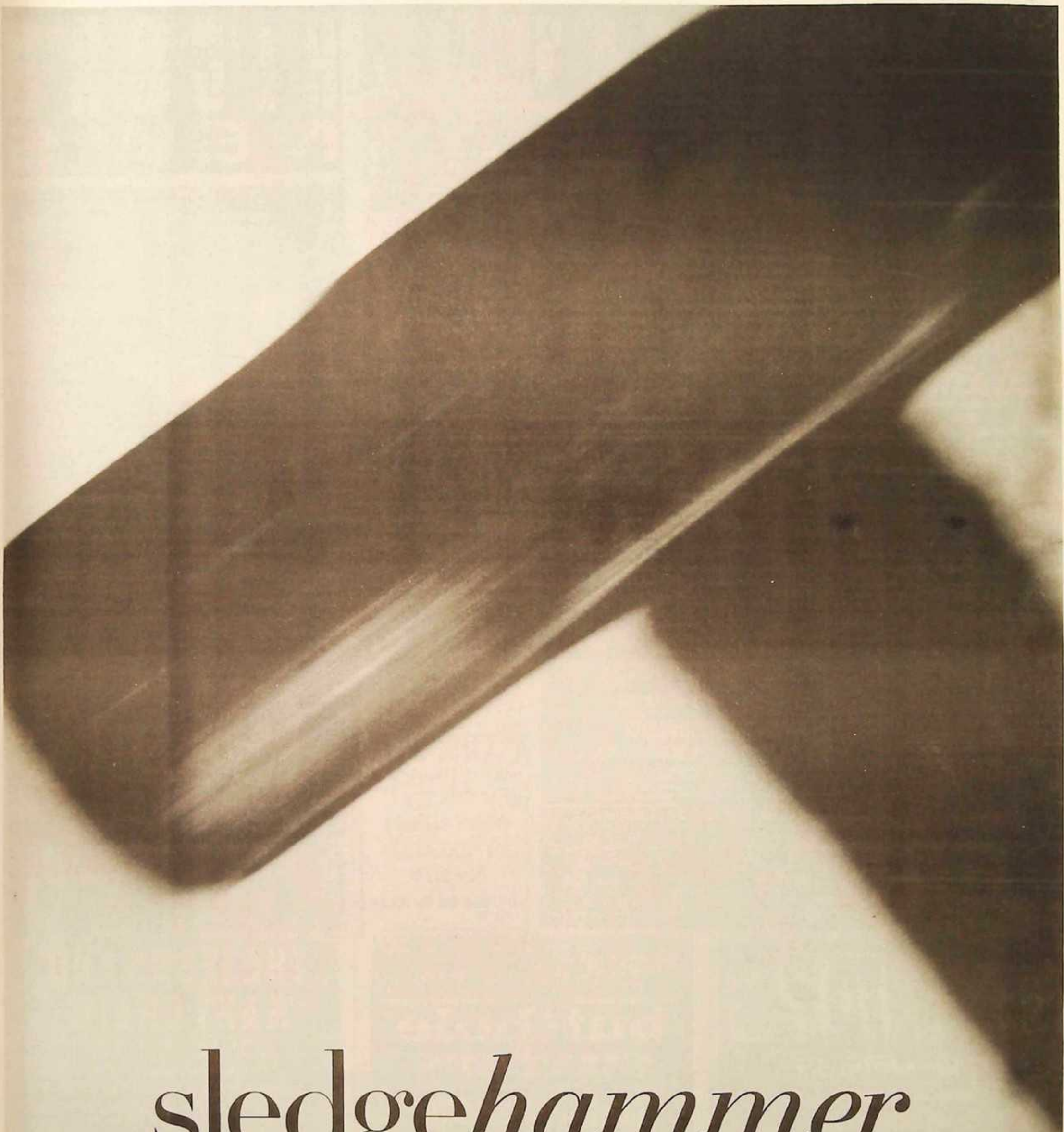
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BACK TRACKS



THE PRETTY THINGS have their soft-psychedelic period wrapped up in a compilation called 'Cries From The Midnight Circus - The Best Of The Pretty Things 1968-1971' (EMS 1119) on Harvest this month. It includes selections from their pre-'Tommy' rock opera 'SF Sorrow' and 'Parachute' albums as well as their 'October 26' and 'Stone Hearted Mama' singles.

But if that's too light for your taste, you can try 'Out Demons Out - The Best Of The Edgar Broughton Band' (EMS 1122). As well as the free festival anthem referred to in the title you can also sample such gems from Warwick's own neanderthal hippies as 'Why Can't Somebody Love Me', 'The Moth' and 'Apache Introducing Drop Out Boogie'. For original headbangers only.

ROCKIN' SIDNEY, whose 'My Toot Toot' was an international hit for several artists during 1985, has the album it came from plus three extra tracks issued by Ace this month. When it was first released in 1984 it was called 'My Zydeco Shoes Got The Zydeco Blues'. Now it's called, you guessed it, 'My Toot Toot' (CH 160).

ELO have their first three albums compressed into a new version of the familiar Harvest compilation which, this time around, is called 'First Movement'. You get a complete version of '10538 Overture' but the edited version of 'Roll Over Beethoven'.

PAUL KOSOFF, who died ten years ago, has a double album anthology released by Island this week called simply 'Kosoff' (PKSP 100). Not surprisingly his Free days take up half the set but the compilers have looked deeper than the band's greatest hits and included three previously unreleased live tracks recorded at Sunderland Mayfair in 1970 - 'Moonshine', 'Trouble On Double Time' and 'Crossroads'.

The remaining selections also go beyond his Back Street Crawler and Kosoff, Kirke, Tetsu And Rabbit projects and feature a couple of tracks with Jim Capaldi including his 'Tricky Dicky Rides Again' single, a song recorded with Uncle Dog in 1972. There's also a previously unreleased song from The Rumbledown Band featuring Frankie Miller and Andy Fraser called 'I Know Why The Sun Don't Shine' recorded in 1974.

APB, the Aberdonian funkateers, release their second album 'Cure For The Blues' on Red River Records this week. Distribution is through Fast Forward and The Cartel.

UNIT 7, Greensleeves' new soul label, makes its debut release this week with Shara's soul ballad, 'Can't Get Over You'. This will be followed by Chris Anthony's 'Chances Are Gone' in May.

BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH has a new 12-inch single out in mid April. Recorded at Tuff Gong Studios, it features 'Free South Africa' and 'Stop The War' and is on Upright Records.

ROUNDER RECORDS, the American roots-rock label which formed in 1970 and now has a catalogue of 600 albums, has launched a European offshoot, Rounder Europa, with newly recorded albums such as Irma Thomas' 'The New Rules', Solomon Burke's 'A Change Is Gonna Come', Buckwheat Zydeco's 'Waitin' For My Ya Ya' and Barrence Whitfield & The Savages' 'Dig Yourself'.

THE HIGH FIVE, "the legendary Liverpool band", have their debut album, 'Down In The No Go' out this week. It's on Rainbow Records through EMI and sees their live set transferred to vinyl.

THE VARUKERS, a hardcore punk/metal band have their new album, 'One Struggle, One Fight', out this week on their own Liberate label.

FIVE STAR release their new single, 'Can't Wait Another Minute' this week. Making a break with tradition, the Richard Burgess production is not featured on 'Luxury Of Life'. The single is on their own Tent label, through RCA.

CARNAGE
MAY THE FARCE
BE WITH YOU!
NEW ALBUM
ON CREATIVE
REALITY
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RECORD NEWS



CARDIACS bring out their new four-track EP, 'Seaside Treats' this week. The record release is accompanied by a similarly titled half-hour video. Both are on Jettisoundz and are designed to coincide "with the change of weather of late".

THE BEAT FARMERS, "the unruly, unpredictable, off-beat San Diego band" have a new six-track mini album, 'Glad 'N' Greasy' released on the Demon label this week.

52ND STREET put out their first album on 10 Records this week. 'Children Of The Night' was produced in Philadelphia's famous Sigma Sound Studios.

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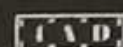


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THIS MORTAL COIL
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XYMOX

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Catalogue N°2 WAD 23

1986

CLOSE TO THE HEDGE



The secret life of THE SHRUBS gets pruned down by a green fingered RON ROM. MARTYN STRICKLAND takes some cuttings

WHAT HAS gone wrong with *now*? It seems to have broken down!

It's almost as if there's a big, thick, imaginary wall of decomposed tastes getting higher as every used brick of hollow, clinical unadventure is placed upon its broad ledge.

The worst thing about this wall is that it's so divisive and impenetrable.

On the one side, there's The Business, with its ignorance of new ideas, its gloss over the old ones, unbearable excesses and intolerable heartlessness, all of

which pours out like brown filth from the current mob of corporate pop stars. But it's always been like that; even if you're foolish enough to look back on the so called 'good old days', it becomes obvious that there was always a higher percentage of crap than zeal.

Now, though, anything which doesn't fit in with the run of the mill slop is categorised, sectioned off and left to stand in its own token, self-made space.

On the greener side of the wall, however, is the independent scene, which boasts a crop of good records all showing signs of a new determination and belief that may genuinely affect people's attitudes, bringing them back to the

primary issues of music, like adventure, dare and foresight...

In fact, all the things The Shrubs have plenty of. The Shrubs are a new band with fresh ideas who make a noise that cracks the seal of boredom wide open and allows our hearts to soar again with a lust that we had long since forgotten.

Do you remember how to jump? Or have you too forgotten the warm, rich feeling which good, loud, exciting music can leave you with? If so, you'd best get yourselves along to a Shrubs gig pretty soon.

Some may argue that the trouble with The Shrubs is they're unlikely to ever break out of the independent scene, or smash down conformity. Their sound is too individual and uncompromising to meet anybody even halfway. The Shrubs aren't going to budge an inch.

Though revolutionising the music scene isn't their cup of tea, The Shrubs' very existence may be able to wriggle between the Polyfiller and chew into the red bricks like a malicious and stubborn worm who's woken with a taste of granite in his mouth.

The Shrubs are pushed by a force of all-achieving motivation that will never succumb to the pressures of The Business. That is their virtue and, maybe later, their downfall.

Nick, vocalist and lyricist for The Shrubs, comes in.

"Y'see, when you start compromising as a band you start compromising in the music. Every group I knew and liked who have compromised as a band have done the same in their music, which is a very sad story. To me it's worthless and pointless continuing in that situation. It would just be pointless being alive if my life was sold to the devil. I don't want to sell myself just to make a living.

"The trouble with current music is that I just can't identify with it, it doesn't appeal to me, it doesn't *mean* anything to me. The worst thing about it is there's so much ideology involved within it.

"You're consuming capitalism, materialism and consumerism everytime you listen to Duran Duran or Feargal Sharkey. It's insidious and horrible. It's not just pop groups, it's the industry in its entirety, but the pop groups are at the forefront.

"Most British pop stars like Duran Duran kind of say, OK, we may be pretty boys and we may dress odd and we may sell a few records but we know what we are doing, y'know, we've got a few O levels, we're actually smart. That's what really annoys me, the fact that these people come on with such *smugness*."

BITTER WORDS from Nick; he's determined that The Shrubs will never bland out into everything he dislikes about the current scene.

He talks about The Shrubs as if it's *his* possession before anybody else's. Nick is in love with the *idea* of The Shrubs and is happy being in a band that makes him (and a few others) jump!

"I can't see any point in making rock music unless it's totally physical and makes people move. It's so good to be at a gig and see people dancing in the audience. To me, we are making the sort of music that I personally like dancing to, so I'm very happy because there isn't very much music that makes me feel like dancing. I can dance to The Shrubs. This saves me from going to the local disco!

"For me this band is total. It has been clear to me for some time that there's nothing else that I wanted to do so much. It pulls everything out of me creatively and allows me to use everything at once. My brain, my body and my heart in one thing and that's very stimulating."

Totally selfish of course, but all the best music is. The idea he's so in love with is a resonant one, brimming with a quixotic fever of stifling, bastardised bluesy guitars speeded up and severed manically. This is mixed with a wallowing bash of rhythms and beats which hastily fall over themselves as the fast pace of scathing, fun-packed songs like 'Down In The Yard' and 'Blackmailer' tap-dance on the sterility of these modern times.

Nick thinks The Shrubs' sound owes a lot to America.

"We're rock and rollers, we are very much in the rock and roll tradition and there is quite an American feel to us. There's an awful lot of blues in what I do as a vocalist and I'm proud of that tradition. It's not just Captain Beefheart, I like a lot of other things as well. We are very much a part of rock music."

Nick's vocals slide, whine and whistle with a loud motivation. When playing live, The Shrubs produce a hazy whirl of sweaty adrenalin and excitement that switches its tempo, direction and mood without warning, but never lets up its power.

The backbone of the sound relies on the redefined inspiration of Beefheart. David Thomas and The Fall, but Nick stresses: "In the end you just do it yourself. You're inspired by a lot of things, and not just music either. I may think that Beefheart, David Thomas or Mark Smith are the great hope or whatever but I make no attempt to do what they do. What I do comes from myself and it has to succeed or fail on that basis."

THE SHRUBS have succeeded since they came together last May at a crappy rehearsal room in the East End of London. There they put together a skeleton of six songs, and gave the tape to Nick, who had previously been in a group called The Kevin Staples Band.

Nick quickly wrote the lyrics and then, last September, The Shrubs made a demo tape, initially just to get a few gigs.

It did more than that. It gained them a lot of interest as well as a verbal contract with Ron Johnson's Records, who are about to release those first six songs on plastic any week now.

Nick: "We thought that it made more sense to put out what we were working on in the beginning instead of what we are working on now, so the plan is to do the original six songs. I think they are all good but we want to stop playing them soon."

At the moment The Shrubs don't know where their ideas are going to take them, since they operate on a risk basis, hoping the results are as good as the adventure.

Nick: "We're not too worried about the future at the moment as we are still fresh. The most important thing to us is keeping up the creative pressure, keeping it moving. The rest of it is easy."

"The hardest thing is coping with risk all the time. You can't plan it out, you can't predetermine if the next song is going to be good, new, exciting or different. It just is."

"If you're doing something as an idea that's really strong and really your own then it can slice right through the damage and, like The Fall, have a tremendous effect on a lot of people. That's all to their credit. So I do think if you have the possibility to do that then you don't have to sell out. It's like if you're smart and in control of what you do and you do the music you want, then you shouldn't give up."

The Shrubs aren't the band who will bring the walls tumbling down, but their very existence shows that you really do not have to take this crap.

What makes for good music, Nick?

"It's got to have soul and passion. I respond to music that picks me up and throws me around the room. Music that makes me cry. Overall, music that's total. Heart, body and brain!"

The Shrubs way!



THE SHRUBS: back to their roots



JANE WIEDLIN: Curse this Mexican food!

NO GO-GO AREA

SUCH IS record company hype: If the sleeve notes of Jane Wiedlin's promo edition single 'Blue Kiss' were to be believed, one would envisage a jumped up, insular, bratty little pop star.

They say she has a beach house on Malibu, they also say she has a golden tan.

Jane Wiedlin, thank God, has none of those things, nor any of the airs and graces that go with them. She was once called a talented little thing, and though that might sound a touch patronising, in essence it is a totally accurate description.

She is simply a talented artiste who has spent half her career being hyped to hell.

"Jesus, when I read that on the sleeve, I just cringed. It was so funny! I mean, I have a flat that overlooks Malibu beach, but that isn't quite the same thing..."

We cast our minds back to The Go-Go's, the band with which Jane took her initial leap into the eyes and ears of America. It seemed easier to stay than leave.

"Well, it's my belief that you should only go so far with one particular project, and as good as it was being a Go-Go, I didn't want to remain one for my whole life."

"It was good to act like a rock star, have guys falling over me, but The Go-Go's were always going to be a short term thing, and I wanted to start my own career before The Go-Go's split so I could be established."

"So, I figured it would be best to leave then to formulate and develop my own career. People had been telling me how talented I was, so I felt it would be the best time to do it. I figured I'd kinda have one foot in the door before I'd started my solo stuff."

BUT THINGS aren't always what they seem. With the release of 'Blue Kiss', a concise, clear and cultured pop cut, the instant success that was expected didn't arrive.

"I can't really understand why it didn't catch on. To me it's not the weirdest single ever, I think it's a really accessible record. But the public in general didn't quite see it like that, and so now IRS have said no to a second single from the album."

"It was a big hit locally in LA and Chicago," she cheerfully offers, "but unfortunately that was it. Anyway, I've given up with that record now, it's not about to make some miraculous comeback, so what's the point in worrying about it? There are a lot more records to come, remember."

"But it's real weird talking to a journalist and admitting that maybe your product wasn't as successful as you hoped; it makes me feel like I should be lying to you, telling you what a huge success it was. But I know that there's more to life than just one single."

She is slightly annoyed that some people still regard her as 'a cute female singer'.

"I suppose it's something I have to live with. Much in the way that Madonna is naturally sexy, I'm naturally cute, but I don't go out of my way to look cute or sexy. Do you see me pushing my tits up and out on sleeves? Of course not, because I don't feel it's needed. I don't think that Jane Wiedlin should be classified by anyone who isn't qualified."

How does the most qualified Wiedlin expert see herself?

"Well, just when I think that I shouldn't be classified, that I can't think of anything fitting, something happens to change that. Like in a recent feature, someone had said that Jane Wiedlin wasn't a mainstream queen."

"That really got me mad, I thought to myself, Hey, you are a mainstream queen, so I guess that's what I think I am. The thing that does piss me off about the press is their hypocrisy. They were so keen to tell me how talented I was, how much I could do, yet when I did it they put me right down, kinda how

dare I put out a record."

She's giggling now, obviously not that concerned, maybe because she knows that their initial observation was pretty accurate: she is a talented little thing and she intends to prove it, by pursuing a career in celluloid.

"Well, I've already been in one film this year called *Clue*, and that's about a whodunnit type of thing in one of those big old properties; it's like a film version of that game *Cluedo*, y'know? But I'm much more interested in comedy. I think my voice helps make me funny..."

She pauses, feeling momentarily self-conscious of her Lauper-like tones.

"Anyway, I've auditioned for an agency that deals with cartoon characters, and now I'm waiting for my first job."

THE NEXT adventure will be with the *Starship Enterprise*, Jane playing an alien in *Star Trek IV*.

"I appear right at the beginning of the film, wearing these really silly deely-bopper antennae things, before I contract a disease and die."

"It'll be fun to work with Leonard Nimoy, he's something of a hero. I wanted to have pointed ears, but they wouldn't let me. What a disappointment!"

The interest in her film career, however, should not be seen as cover for her musical fortunes.

"Christ, no way! That's not the case at all, I have to write, I have to be creative. And there's no way that I have that little confidence in myself."

"I believe that there is a time and a place for everything, and that the 'Blue Kiss' record was just ahead of its time. By that I'm not trying to suggest that it was particularly way-out and diverse, I'm just stating the fact that people's attentions were focused elsewhere, and that my time is in the near future."

The only immediate future for Jane Wiedlin consists of a visit to the Pancake House on Sunset Boulevard.

But her long-term future is far deeper, far more substantial and not nearly as sickly.

The avenues are open for exploration and Jane Wiedlin's investigating. Just watch her go-go.

**Queen for a day? Former Go-Go girl
JANE WIEDLIN plays kiss and tell with
STEFFAN CHIRAZI**

J A W S

EDITED BY GLYN BROWN



"YEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEAH!!"

COW BOYS!

Well, let me tell you that to a large number of teenage girls those three little sounds mean one thing. **A-Haaaaargh.** Scream, scream, dream and then scream some more. Press up to the crash barriers for just a glimpse of your pop heroes, fool around for the photographers and cause a God-almighty big scene in Piccadilly. Oh, those heady days of the... what did we call them?..teeny-boppers. And they're outside, stuck in the cold, while we're inside the BAFTA building as the dishy Nordic lads hold court to the world's press to announce that they are going to tour the whole of planet earth before playing to the rest of the galaxy.

"What do you look for in a girl, Morten?"

"Will you be the only one on tour without a girl, Morten? Nudge, nudge."

Take a New York graffiti artist, known as **T-Kid**, take a billboard at England's busiest road junction, known as Vauxhall, and then sell sell sell! In the case in point, this is an exercise in flogging cassette tapes, and you know that beat boxes eat cassette tapes like the music biz eats young hopefuls, by the bucketful, indeed. So, you sell the things by using authentic NYC Hip-Hop graffiti art, thus targeting your market and then firing on both barrels. This is **shotgun** advertising.

What does the Terrible Kid think of it all?

Even advertising execs? I can think of some expressions for them . . .

STAXA WAX



But the eager-to-please Mr Harket was able to land himself in it with just the minimum of prompting.

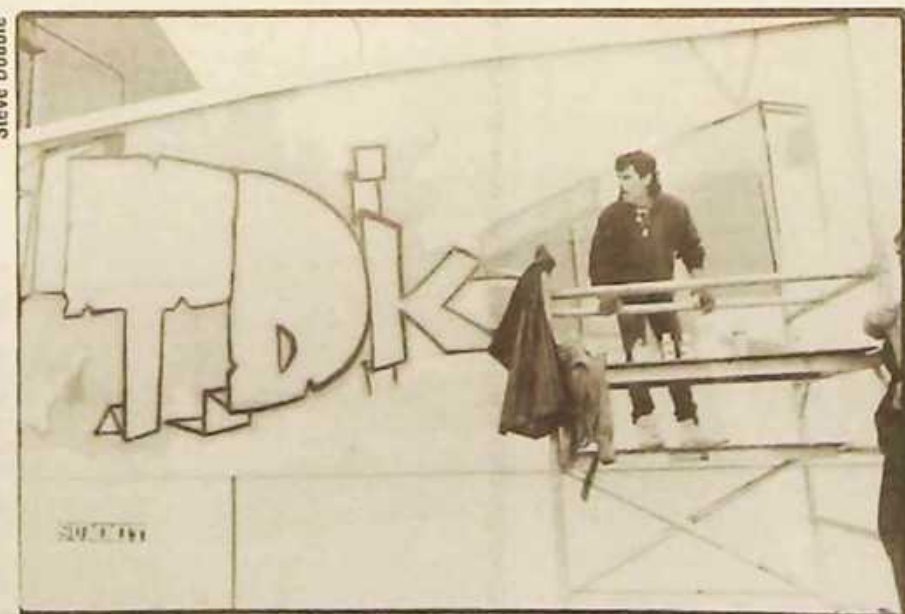
"What are you going to buy with all your money, Morten?"

"I'm going to buy a cow. There's nothing like being licked by a cow to bring you down to earth."

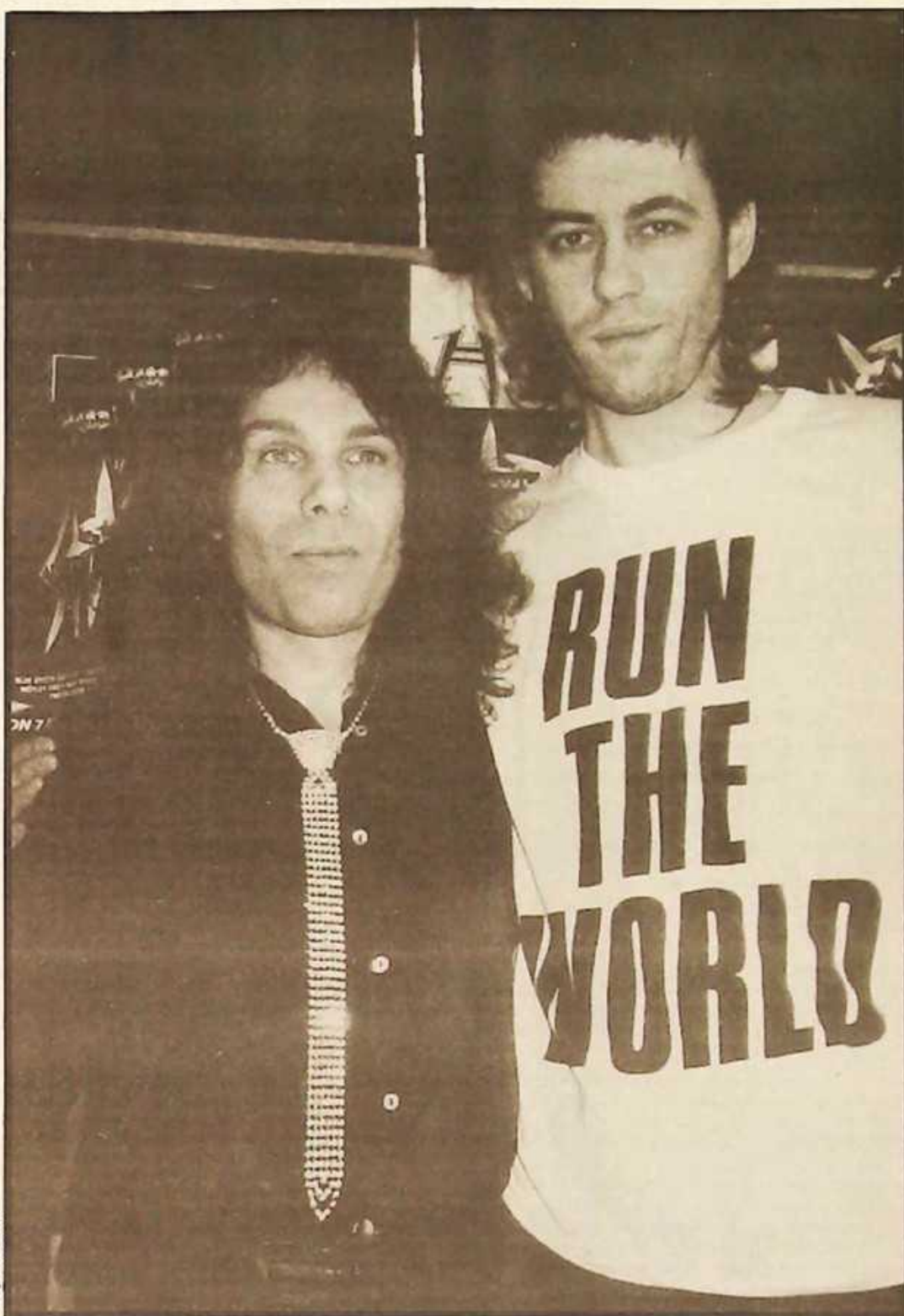
I'll bet the salivating hoards outside wouldn't mind playing bovine for a minute or two.

STAXA WAX

T-D-OUS?



"ER . . . THIS is how you spell Maxell, isn't it?"



Tony Mottram

"LOOK RONNIE, just because I said I appreciate the record doesn't mean I have to say I like the tie. OK?"

DIOMAND GEEZER

But the Hear 'N' Aid bash at the Hard Rock Cafe – held to launch the 'Stars' single/LP/video/T-shirt/bandana, brainchild of Dio's **Ronnie James, Jimmy Bain** and **Viv Campbell** – was indeed a party, and a darn good one too!

Mind you, there weren't too many of yer actual **stars** there. **Don Dokken**, all of Dio (natch), a freshly coiffured **Rob Halford**, er, **Simon Bates**, **Whitesnake's Neil Murray** – but of course! And there were all the usual

But there wasn't any of the self-congratulatory backslapping that I've come to expect from such glib gatherings, none of the "hey chaps, didn't we do well!" stuff.

It's real easy to take a rise out of Ronnie J, but if he's turned around the general opinion of metal as just a load of beer-swilling, boiler-bonking bozos *and* put some food into needy mouths at the same time, then I think we can forgive him his lack of stature and predilection for slotting the word 'rainbow' into every lyric.

Besides, 'Stars' pissed all over 'Feed The World'. Where was **Jonathan King**?
E R WAX

I must admit I was in such a fury that I threw my much prized photo album across the room. Out fell my favourite snapshot of those terribly nice young boys

What else to tell? Well, I've had this thrilling bit of news about a certain Jock McDonald... What? No more space? Oh, what a pity...

**GREAT AUNT LEGGE
WAX**



"Violent" Sique Sigue Sputnik · Er... who?

Joe Blake's Bizzzark

My star turns

A TALENTED young actress has revealed the sexy secrets of some of our top tv and film actors.

Thea-Robin Gristle, the dusky beauty with an eye for the men, also claims to have bedded big names from the world of sport.

She says her list of conquests includes comedian Peter Cook, tv soap star Chris Quickone and one-time James Bond actor Short Connolly.

"It was very exciting with Chris," she recalls. "We did it in the lift going up to his penthouse apartment in Wapping. It happened between the fourth and fifth floors, and it was all over so quickly that he barely

had time to whisper 'I love you'.

"But knowing we might get caught in the act any second was a real thrill.

"Peter was more my kind of guy. I became his live-in lover for two years, and there was nothing he wouldn't do for me. But he valued his privacy, and told me that if ever I answered the door to anyone, I should pretend to be the maid.

"Short and I never actually consummated our relationship. We

would have done, mind you, but Peter interrupted us. That was the trouble - he was always coming home unexpectedly."

Thea claims that mixing with stars of stage and screen did wonders for her own career.

"I learnt so much," she says, "and I got a few free acting lessons."

She has already had ample opportunity to demonstrate her talents. In the top tv show *EastEnders*, she has twice play-

ed the famous park bench in the square, and once auditioned for the part of Ethel's knitting.

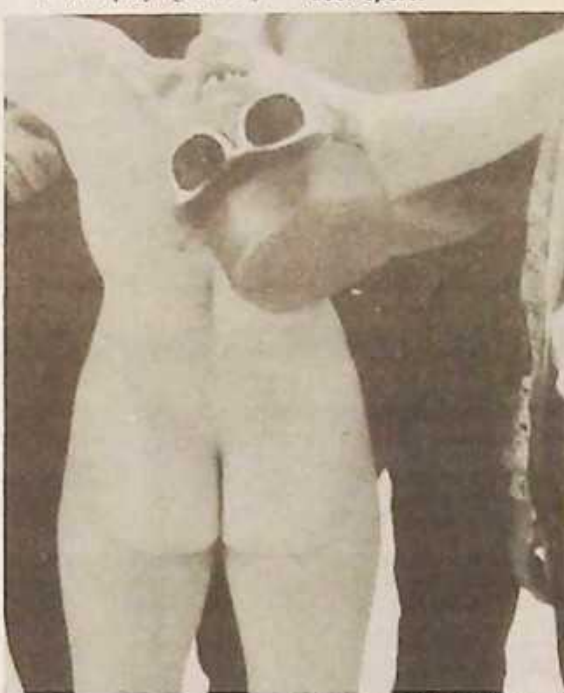
When she's not hopping into bed with thespians, Thea likes a quiet game of snooker.

But even then, it seems she can't avoid the attentions of randy romances.

"I was playing a very

close run game with Toby Tools and I was down to my last two balls. I happened to be wearing a very short skirt and suddenly I felt Toby's cue prodding me.

"I won't tell you exactly what happened then, but it brought a whole new meaning to the term 'in-door sport'."



THEA-ROBIN GRISTLE: a talented young actress

FANCY THAT

SOG STORY

A DISSENTANT record company employee has blown the whistle on the so-called 'record' advance paid to outrageous *Sog Sog* Spatula.

The figure the band signed for has been reported in different places as £250,000, £1million and £850million. But my spy tells me that the real price was £14.50 and five weekly bus passes, with a further £14.50 and a box of Fruit And Nut Loggers payable on completion of the first album.

"And even this supposes that they are capable of completing a whole album," says my man in the know. "It had to be explained to them several times that they couldn't simply record one number nine times and give it nine different titles."

But wasn't a total budget of £29 a bit mean for a whole album? "Certainly not," my fifth columnist sniffs. "If it was good enough for Bing Crosby, it's good enough for these boys."

Frank Sinatra is 109

JOE BLOKE, *Sounds*, Tuesday April 8

What Sputnik really earn

★ HYPE Hype Sputnik's much-touted £4 million deal with EMI Records was in fact for the much reduced figure of £78,000, I can reveal.

The group were paid £78,000 in advance and will receive the same again on completion of their debut album, explains a music biz insider.

"They have somehow arrived at this £4 million figure by adding up all the money they would expect EMI to spend on them over five years," he says.

"Any record company would expect to spend at least £1 million on a major act if you take into account promotion, wages, video costs, hotels, transport and all the rest."

JOHN BLAKE, *Daily Mirror*, Thursday April 10

Lord WAISTREL

CLINT EASTWOOD'S successful campaign to become mayor of the sleepy Californian seaside town of Carmel merely serves to reinforce my own conviction that in Blighty our national politicians only play at being clowns.

Ken Livingstone aside, none are touched with the fractured genius of true eccentricity, US style.

Look at Fulham. Lord Sutch, Nick Raynsford... it's obvious they can't mean a jot of the tosh in their manic manifestos, and are simply going through the motions to draw attention to themselves.

Not so in the Yew-Ess-Ay, where Ronnie holds the reins of power and Clint breezes into action opposing stars like 27-year-old dishwasher Tim Grady, who was pledged to tear up the streets of Carmel and bring back the horse to replace foul automobiles as the main mode of transport!

Now, that's inspiration!

During my recent sojourn in the Colonies, I was delighted to be introduced to John K Snyder, the Mayor of Alexandria, Louisiana, and a politician whose crank status is as genuine as the Crown Jewels.

Currently recovering at home after an eleven day stint in a State mental hospital, JK's career is a shining example to all of us in the art of politics as grand entertainment.

During two terms of tub-thumping flamboyancy, Snyder has: stocked a city swimming pool with catfish! Removed the doors of the toilets at City Hall to "silence gossip against me"! Dodged a drink-drive charge by convincing the Peelers that it was arthritis and not alcohol that prevented him from walking a straight line! And called the police to arrest three men for drunk-driving while they were walking away from a wedding reception!

Although he is obviously a talented all-rounder, it is Snyder's devotion to catfish that has really captured the public's imagination. They're his way of life! He's made videos to promote catfish farming;

and hired a chef who can cook the blessed things in 58 different ways.

Even his greatest political cat-astrophe was catfish related when the half-ton of feline fishes he stocked that city pool with all died within a week!

Now Snyder is bouncing back from the asylum (a hell-hole he claims the police chief helped put him in) and looks likely to regain his office one more time.

Why? Because Alexandria's 'straight' politicians include: two previous mayors who ended up behind bars, a former councillor facing prison for fraud, and the council vice-president now up on charges of cocaine dealing.

In such circumstances a man who was too crazy to be crooked would certainly get my vote!

And then again, this gloriously eccentric behaviour must seem relatively normal in a country where game shows have now replaced religion as the opium of the plebs.

Proof comes with the rise of the supremely talentless Vanna White to superstardom. Vanna's only claim to fame is hosting a surreally inane TV game show called *Wheel Of Fortune*. So gross, no comic could ever parody it, WOF makes *The Price Is Right* look like *Mastermind* - and that is precisely why 43 million viewers tune in to it every day.

Already one street in San Jose and 15 babies have been named after Vanna, who receives hundreds of marriage proposals weekly, and is widely tipped to become the country's first female President by the year 2000.

The only consolation for men of intelligence, such as my good self, is that as our own country becomes increasingly Americanised it can't be long before Annetta Rice becomes PM.

And no nation on earth would dare go against us knowing that one glance from those lizard-like eyes or one kiss from those thick mutant lips could turn them into stone!

Toodle pip!

Girlschool + GARY GLITTER

LEADER

1

I'M THE LEADER OF THE GANG
(I AM)

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EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL



THE STUFF: bringing a whole new meaning to 'instant topping'

STUFF 'N' NONSENSE

THE STUFF

(Recorded Releasing)

STUFF AND nonsense? Well, yes... but this latest from exploitation expert Larry Cohen is better than average wet afternoon fare: laconic industrial spy Michael Moriarty (of *Pale Rider*) sets out to discover the secret of a new runaway success in the dessert market.

This mush, resembling a cross between strawberry yoghurt and melted silly putty, is not all that it's cracked up to be, though.

In the classic manner of *The Thing*, this 'stuff' has a disconcerting habit of hitting the spots that other desserts just can't reach. In fact it hollows

out folks who gobble it and turns 'em into walking blobs just ripe for throwing the odd unconvincing special effects wobbly when you most expect it.

And who can save the world from 6,000 gallons of typist's correction fluid on the rampage? Only Paul Sorvino, starring as a racist nutter with a private army...

Aww, do you really want me to go on with this? *The Stuff* purports to have a message to impart about the insidious nature of hype in America, but I wouldn't worry about it too much. Just watch out for that bubblegum on your seat...

SANDY ROBERTSON

(Larry Cohen talks to *Scanners* - next week)

VAGABONDE

(Electric Pictures)

IT'S NOT every day that you could recommend to someone that they go along to see a film which is bleak and depressing. That's not what cinema is about - or so we are told - but Agnes Varda's *Vagabonde* is an exception.

Told with the minimum of fuss and without a trace of sentimentality, *Vagabonde* is the story of a girl who drifts around the small desolate towns of Southern France. The time is winter and the weather is freezing, yet she hitches everywhere and sleeps out in the open in her tent. The film begins with her death, and then traces the last weeks of her life through the various people she made contact with on the road.

Nineteen-year-old Sandrine Bonnaire - who first came to prominence as the beautiful and promiscuous schoolgirl in Maurice Pialat's *To Our Loves*, gives a stunning and extremely moving performance as the drifter, Mona Bergeson, whose need for freedom leads to her self-destruction.

She rejects whatever help she is offered and ends up alone, starving and sleeping rough in a farmer's field. The actual ending will reduce even the most stoney-hearted audience to tears. Anyone who imagines that a life on the road might be romantic should see *Vagabonde* first, and think again.

JIM KITE

COMING CLEAN

MY BEAUTIFUL LAUNDRETTE

(Virgin Premiere)

THE BEST British film to have emerged in years, as they say (and for once they're right), is released in video format this week.

A humorous, provocative, and curiously realistic mirror image of contemporary Britain, this Stephen Frears direction merits every accolade. Far from moralising, it draws the themes of class, racism, and homosexuality into a wider net of individual human ambition and frustration. *My Beautiful Laundrette* is earthy and poetic, crude and lyrical.

Daniel Day Lewis swaggers and stings charismatically as Johnny, a former National Front member who seeks an alternative lifeline going into business with boyhood pal Omar, a young Pakistani

fortunately given a break (the run-down laundrette) by his wealthy uncle. Their business blossoms in tandem with their relationship, but with classical grace the denouement leads to tragic violence and then - hopefully - resolve despite turmoil.

The film's portrait of this monochrome country is keenly harsh. Shirley Anne Field's delicate reading of the part of rich uncle's ageing mistress is perhaps its totem. There are shrewdly poignant understated asides throughout, and the gay relationship is handled with sublimely casual dexterity.

Worth a thousand Ghandi-like sweeping statements, *My Beautiful Laundrette* will still be concise, vital, and entertaining 20 years from now. *Up The Junction* for a confused consciousness.

CHRIS ROBERTS

DON

UNLIKE *OBSERVER* reviewer John Peel, I was not invited by the Waddington Galleries to enjoy an encounter with Don Van Vliet, better known to the numerous admirers of his work as Captain Beefheart.

Not that I begrudge Mr Peel this meeting; in fact if anyone deserves such an honour, then it is he, for promoting the man's voice and music through his radio shows. Indeed I owe a debt of gratitude to Mr Peel for introducing me to the joys of the crazily titled 'Trout Mask Replica' album, when I was at a distinctively impressionable age where anything remotely oddball was concerned.

Not that 'Trout Mask Replica' sounded at all oddball to me, just different, although various 'friends' and parents were convinced that this was the music of a madman.

Those who have been through a similar experience (and they must be legion) will therefore walk through the plate glass portals of the Waddington Galleries and get as much of a rush out of what hangs on the wall as when they first dropped the needle on 'Big Eyed Beans From Venus'.

The Gallery's antiseptic stranglehold (you almost expect the lady selling catalogues to be wearing surgeon's gloves) is broken down by Don Van Vliet's brutal, yet gorgeous, gashes of colour. His painting is completely without pretension, with titles (as Mr Peel has already pointed out) that could be working titles for a whole new set of songs. Just dig these... 'Black Kang Nail', 'See Through Dog With Wheat Stack Skirt', 'Silver Polish Darling With Red Head Observer' and 'Pig

THE NEW SINGLE FROM

THAT PETROL EMOTION

IT'S A GOOD THING

PRODUCED BY HUGH JONES

12 INCH HAS EXTRA TRACK: MINE
OUT NOW ON DEMON RECORDS

LOOK NOW

Erases Statue In Passing

Some of the work has already turned up on records past. 'When I See Mommy I Feel Like A Mummy' originally appeared as a track on 'Shiny Beast (Bat Chain Puller)' before being transformed as a painting on linen, while the painting which was used for the cover of the same album is also on display, titled 'Green Tom'.

There's a curious mutated natural history that runs through Don Van Vliet's paintings where bats, pigs, deer and occasionally Big Bad werewolves twist out of

the wood and canvas. The colours are both lush and crude; they exude a love of life and a concern that man's folly may erase all colours forever unless some miracle forces back the hand of fate.

For the admirer of his work this is a rare opportunity to get a glimpse into the other side of the Beefheart brain. These paintings throb with the same vitality and eccentricity that courses through his music - they are an extension into the mind of a true original spirit.

EDWIN POUNCEY



A WOMAN A Dog Walked By: Beef-art on show until April 26

MALE, MACHO & MAGNIFICENT Compiled by June Couch

(Columbus Books)

"COULD YOUR husband's/ boyfriend's/brother's be the physique that launched a million pairs of Y-fronts?" The press blurb on this glossary of male models gets right down to business, suggesting, like *Men Only's* "gee, guys, and this is my wife" section, that we get out the Kodak and see how our honey shapes up.

Only I don't see too many women purchasing the aptly-named Ms Couch's peepshow. The cover may be a come-on because Kevin Arndt (height 6 foot 1½ inches, weight 12½ stones, eyes blue, favourite aftershave Paco Rabanne) rates to the order of a Levi's 501 ad, but is it girls he's thinking of as he touches those lips with his tongue and lets the camera play on a sunburned hip?

Don't be silly. When a woman models, she does it, as everyone with two statistics to rub together knows, to impress other women. So it's plain as Sarah Ferguson that, when men pose, it's other hunks they want to shiver. Come on - you need to love that tight torso to death to starve/jog/die for it. No woman wants to be that excluded.

In the modelling world, the 21 Sherman tanks lolling between these full gloss sheets are interstellar and they give away, in three or four paragraphs each, how God is good but the money's heaven. "I just love keeping fit, but I have to watch I don't get too muscular, otherwise none of the standard sizes fit." Poor babies. All those muscles and they only get to be in pictures.

GLYN BROWN



JAMES BROWN: the light pours out

JB ROCKS

JAMES BROWN Live In London

(Virgin Video)

A SIMPLE Yorkshire lad with a fanzine to push and a gob as big as the Mersey Tunnel takes the Hammersmith Odeon by storm.

Or the worst haircut ever. The baddest beat since time began. And the presence to solo on a chest-high imaginary guitar, wear clothes like those and still make Prince look as cool and as capable and as significant and as imaginative as John Selwyn Gummer.

James Brown is so unhip, his legs keep falling off. James Brown is beyond all that malarkey.

With only the momentum of the beat and the potential of that hallmarked guitar and the charisma that he sweats, JB swells up like Charlton Heston about to part the Red Sea, fills the void with that continuing combination of both presence and dance that we call soul and transcends reality by becoming a godhead.

On paper his show is redolent of every meaningless nostalgic fiasco you've ever decided to avoid.

But in the raw, and even on my TV screen, this performance oozes something very special.

The light pours out of James Brown.

ROGER HOLLAND

MADNESS

Take It Or Leave It

(Virgin Video)

OR THE Madness Story. Incorporating black and white sequences, *The Invaders* and the whole home movie ethic.

From walking in the rain in Camden Town (old city style

romance, whoopee!) to Suggs' first audition. And on to the status of a pop band so very successful that they could throw this sort of loose, undisciplined and deliberately unwatchable embarrassment at their public and still survive.

Of course the Nutty Boys'

special rude boy charm and curiously straightfaced showmanship still sees them through all the hopelessly shoddy direction and camerawork. But all the same, don't watch this, watch *Complete Madness* instead.

ROGER HOLLAND

TOM PETTY AND THE HEARTBREAKERS Pack Up The Plantation

(Virgin Video)

GENIUS WORSHIP is the infallible sign of an uncreative age. But still we must at times be moved to applaud rare moments of rare genius.

Although you can count, upon the fingers of the traditional salute to Ron Atkinson, the number of musicians or bands who have proved over and over again to be blessed with a pure and precious expression which could be equated to absolute genius, there are many who rise, on odd occasions, to almost the same heights.

Tom Petty did this once when he sang that "God, it's so painful, when something that's so close is still so far away" ('American Girl'). Did it a second time when he observed that "you think you're gonna take her away, with your money and your cocaine... but she's gonna listen to her heart". And managed it one last time when he positively insisted that "you don't have to live like a refugee".

However two out of these three moments of precise yet utterly natural and free flowing beauty and genius serve only to emphasise the otherwise mediocre essence of Petty's 'rebel' rawk.

Although it is still impressive when the crowd takes a song like 'Breakdown' right away from the band and claims it for their own, I don't think we expect many more moments of genius from Tom Petty.

ROGER HOLLAND

OUTSIDE EDGE



Running Hot

THE DEBUT ALBUM

10
DIX 24

INFO RIOT

EDITED BY BARRY LAZELL

NEW LOOK

A final glance at the New Order discography

TURNING NOW to New Order, here's the line-up of additional notes from Joe Yates: "It should be noted that a third variation of the 'Ceremony' 12-inch is now available, though not mentioned. The green sleeve contained the original recording by the three-piece New Order, before Gillian joined, while the cream & blue-sleeved version had the re-recorded A-side with Gillian. Now, the original recording is the only one still available – but it's in the cream and blue sleeve! Base Records in Italy have also released a gold-sleeved 12-inch version, which sells over here for £3.99 or so.

"Moving on to the next single, FAC 53, people usually assume 'Procession' to be the A-side because it was the track on the single which got the most airplay. In fact, it's the B-side. The variety of different sleeve colours came about because

everyone involved was allowed to choose their favourite colour for the sleeve (very Peter Saville!).

"The cassette on TOUCH 1 has the overall title 'Featuremist'. The New Order contribution was really one track, 'Prime 5 B.6.'. A part appears on either side of the tape, and allowing for overlap, adds up to about a 22-minute track. The music was written as background music for the opening of the Hacienda Club in 1982, and is used again for a similar purpose on the video *A Factory Outing*.

"On the Christmas Flexi (FAC 51B), the titles are not actually listed; those you give being the ones invented by fans. The first track is the carol 'We Will Rock You' (which is also traditionally known as 'Rocking Carol', as shown – Barry), and the second is Beethoven's 'Ode To Joy' from

his Choral 9th Symphony. The music was recorded for a Christmas 1981 Granada TV programme.

"Various legal cassettes exist of the 'Power, Corruption And Lies' LP, but the one worth noting is the Factory America release FACTUS 12c, which also contains the two tracks from the 'Blue Monday' 12-inch.

"The initial American release of 'Confusion' was as a 12-inch on Streetwise Records (SWRL 2213), with the same tracks (though slightly different titles), and in common with many US 12-inches, playing at 33rpm.

"'Confusion', 'Thieves Like Us', 'Perfect Kiss' and 'Sub-Culture' have now all been released as seven-inches as well. The catalogue numbers are, respectively: 7 FAC 93, 7 FAC 103, both 7 FBN 123 and FAC 123, and both 7 FAC 133 and FAC 133-71."

Joe also notes that the correct cassette number for 'Low Life' is FACT 100c, while there is also a compact disc version of this on FACD 100. Further in the typing error department, the B-side of 'Sub-Culture' is 'Dub-Vulture', and the live video masquerading as *Taras Shevchenko* is actually *Taras Shevchenko* (on FACT 77, to boot). Oddly, there was a documentary featuring the real Taras Shevchenko (the man, that is, not the video) on TV a few weeks back.

New Order's contribution to the video compilation *A Factory Video* consisted of 'Ceremony' and 'In A Lonely Place'. The Factory Benelux video was titled *The Factory Complication* (as opposed to 'Compilation' – another typewriter aberration in the wee small hours), while I failed to mention *A Factory Outing* (FACT 71), a live tape filmed at the Hacienda, on which the band performed 'Your Silent Face' alongside other clips by Durutti Column, A



MORE LIGHT gets shed on New Order

Certain Ratio, Section 25 and several others.

Last word from Joe: "The most recent release featuring New Order was Rorschach Testing's cassette 'Discreet Campaigns' (ROR 1), which contains an instrumental mix of the 'Low Life' LP recording of 'Sunrise', alongside stuff by the Cocteau Twins, Eyeless In Giza, Durutti Column, etc. 'Sunrise' also appeared on the LP and cassette of issue two of *Debut* magazine, in this case in a faded-ending edit of the familiar album track.

"If you've read and digested all of this, then you have my undying admiration," concludes Joe. I imagine many, many readers will have read, re-read, noted and dissected, so I'd like to thank him on everyone's behalf for his attention to detail with reference to two bands where such attention is clearly regarded as paramount.

And to wind up, here's something to get Factory collectors scrambling over one another for their writing paper. When the JD/NO discography

appeared in *Sounds* at the beginning of the March, Factory's Paul Mason rang me to say that the Hacienda still has a stock of that legendary Christmas flexi-disc (FAC 51B), referred to earlier. What is more, while stock lasts, they'll be more than pleased to forward a copy to any *Sounds* reader sending a sufficiently large envelope (be sensible, they can't fold even a flexi-disc in half) adorned with the reader's own address and a first class stamp, to: The Hacienda Club, 11-13, Whitworth Street West, Manchester 1. This is a genuine, generous offer made to fans and collectors of New Order, so I wouldn't like to think of it being abused. One copy is all anyone needs, so help to make stocks stretch to cover absolutely everybody who'd like one by not being greedy and trying to pretend that you're six different people. And if you don't send the required SAE, you'll be ignored, which is precisely how it should be. Three cheers for the Hacienda for the gesture...

MEMORY BANK

COMPILED BY BARRY LAZELL

Sunday April 20

1955 DJ Alan Freed presented his first rock 'n' roll stage show, featuring mainly black R&B artists, to a chiefly young white audience, at the Paramount Theatre, Brooklyn, New York.

1968 Deep Purple Mk I played their first live gig, at Kastrup, near Copenhagen, Denmark.

1981 John Philips, former husband of actress Michelle Phillips (and one-time member, with Michelle, of the Mamas And The Papas), was sentenced to five years in jail for drug dealing – though this was eventually commuted to 30 days inside, plus 250 hours of unpaid community service.

Monday April 21

1947 Birthday of Iggy Pop (James Osterberg), in Anne Arbor, Michigan.

1958 Birthday of Mike Barson of Madness, in Edinburgh.

1959 Birthday of Robert Smith of The Cure, in Crawley, Sussex.

1963 The Beatles caught The Rolling Stones' stage act for the first time, at the Crawdaddy Club, Richmond.

1978 Death of Sandy Denny, former lead singer with Fairport Convention and Fotheringay, aged 37, from a brain haemorrhage after falling downstairs at her London home.

Tuesday April 22

1955 Birthday of producer Arthur Baker, in New York.

1969 John Lennon changed his middle name officially from Winston to Ono.

1977 The Jam's first single 'In The City' was released by Polydor. It was a minor hit, reaching No 40 in the charts.

1979 Keith Richards played a charity concert for the blind in Toronto, as ordered by the judge who had earlier sentenced him on his conviction for heroin possession. He called his band for the occasion the New Barbarians: Ron Wood, Stanley Clarke, Ian McLagen, and drummer Ziggy Modeliste from The Meters.

1981 Eric Clapton was treated in a Seattle hospital for lacerations and bruised ribs, following a car crash. He'd only been out of hospital a week at the time, following treatment of bleeding ulcers.

Wednesday April 23

1936 Birthday of Roy Orbison, in Wink, Texas.

1983 Dexy's Midnight Runners topped the US charts with 'Come On Eileen', spending a week there in between Michael Jackson's 'Billie Jean' and 'Beat It'.

Thursday April 24

1942 Birthday of Barbra Streisand, in Brooklyn, New York.

1955 Birthday of Captain Sensible (Ray Burns), in Croydon, Surrey.

1960 Birthday of Paula Yates, The Tube hostess and 'Mrs Bob Geldof'.

1975 Death of Pete Ham, singer and guitarist with Badfinger, aged 27. He hanged himself in the garage of his London home, in a fit of deep depression.

1982 Paul Weller's two bodyguards, who had beaten up a member of a Jam audience for spitting at the singer on stage, were prosecuted for assault.

Friday April 25

1923 Birthday of bluesman Albert King, in Indianola, Mississippi.

1945 Birthday of Bjorn Ulvaeus, formerly of Abba and co-writer of Chess, in Gothenburg, Sweden.

1958 Birthday of Fish (Derek Dick) of Marillion, in Edinburgh.

1974 Death of Pam Morrison, widow of Jim of The Doors, from a drug overdose.

1980 Hugh Cornwell of The Stranglers was released from Pentonville Prison after serving six weeks for drug possession.

1981 Denny Laine left Wings to go solo, after ten years with Paul McCartney.

Saturday April 26

1938 Birthday of Duane Eddy, in Corning, New York.

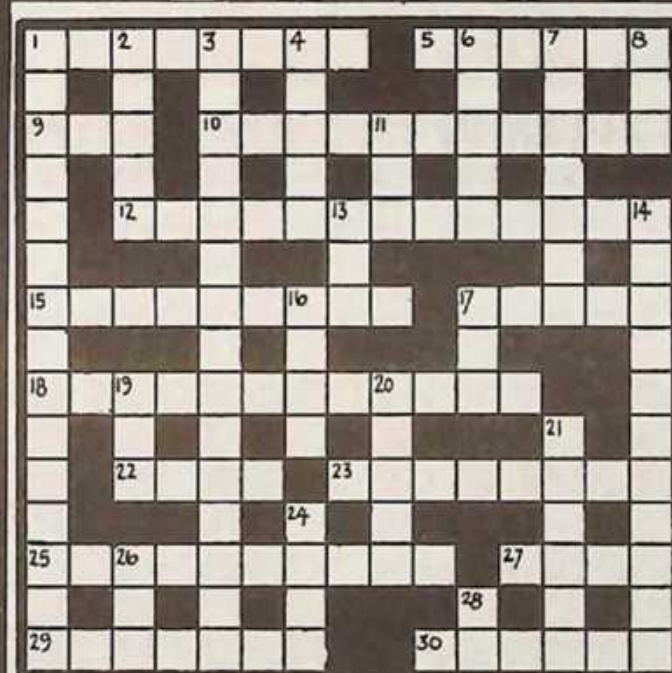
1960 Birthday of Roger Taylor of Duran Duran, in Birmingham.

1969 Paul McCartney denied widespread rumours of his death.

1982 Rod Stewart had his Porsche stolen in Hollywood, by a man who held him up at gunpoint on Sunset Boulevard.

1982 Joe Strummer suddenly vanished without trace midway through The Clash's 'Know Your Rights' tour, which then had to be cancelled.

XWORD



By Sue Buckley

ACROSS

1. Place for semi-digestive riots, Barney McGrew and even Windy Miller (8) 5. Blues man who lost his thrill (1.1.4) 9. What Debbie does to the beat (3) 10. A little, boring, timed effort from 2 down (3.5.3) 12. Wet disco lovers possibly connect with 4 down (8.5) 15. A warm admission from the Stones (3.3.3) 17. ... but he's warmer ... wow ... he's a scorcher! (5) 18. ... and Anvil get warmer, still, in order to make real metal music (6.2.4) 22. Purple 'see' in which Bananarama skived (4) 23. He left Orleans to go solo and was never heard of again (4.4) 25. Reggae holy man who threw out corn (4.6) 27. Wilson, not Harold (4) 29. Last ones for Vice Squad (7) 30. Michael's Jean (6)

DOWN

1. In which Don Henley thought he saw a death's head Cadillac (3.4.2.6) 2. Midge's Vox (5) 3. A touch of laissez-faire philosophy from Depeche Mode (6.3.6) 4. Tough Bill's a real wet (5) 6. Accept put 'em to the wall (5) 7. A fluxing pink group (7) 8. My/Fawkes (3) 11. Historians pair it with 'Tai' (3) 13. They're in your face (1.1.1) 14. His face was small and he had just a slim chance on his own (6.5) 16. CSNY almost grew theirs (4) 17. Where Lizzy stashed whiskey (3) 19. Good, technological guitars (3) 20. They rushed in (and out) for Bow Wow Wow (5) 21. John the old one; Rik the young one (6) 24. Prince's fave band? (4) 26. English settlers (1.1.1) 28. Presley's soldier blues (1.1)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Violent Femmes 9. Chinese 11. The Hero 12. Shirt 13. Otis Redding 14. Ebb 15. Stand 16. Empty Rooms 19. Van 21. Howling 23. Radio 25. New Orleans 26. Robert 27. Harlem Shuffle 30. Lol 31. TKO 32. Brass In Pocket 35. Raspberry Beret 36. No

DOWN

1. Vices 2. Osibisa 3. Elected 4. The Go-Betweens 5. Motor 6. Speed Your Love To Me 7. The Firm 8. Troggs 10. Fripp 15. Seventh Star 17. Ten 18. Gotta Let Go 20. New 21. Horse 22. Ian 24. Dee 28. Roots 29. Fun 30. Lake 32. Bob 33. Air 34. Shy

English Dogs

new 3 track 12" single

Metalmorphosis

OUT NOW ON "UNDER ONE FLAG" RECORDS

12 FLAG 101



RED HEADS

Dave Henderson cruises to the summer sound of **The Red Guitars** who are back with a new voice and major label. **Ronnie Randall** gets flash

THIS SUMMER is going to be hot. And, after you've slipped into your sunnies and swimbo gear the difficult part of taking it easy comes when you have to choose the right music to listen to as you cruise down smog central in your open top motor.

Sure, The Bangles sound light and breezy, and then there's always those old Beach Boys faves, but what about The Red Guitars?

Yes, the same Red Guitars that produced acerbic wit and wisdom on a string of indie '45s have gone legal (as it were).

Now signed to Virgin, and with new front man Rob Holmes firmly established as the def Red entity, the group have decided to break a year long silence and actually release some records.

Slowly, in the wake of abounding rumours about the group's whereabouts, a slice of vinyl grief in the shape of 'National Avenue' trickled out and scraped the out-turned edges of the charts (around the 100 mark), as an understated precursor for the band's new album 'Tales Of The Expected'.

The Red Guitars reek of Americans, sleazy jazz, Bowie-esque

phrasing and delivery. Gone are the seeming inadequacies of former triumphs (a wrong note here, a wrong note there, it all kind of made it work).

But, don't get me wrong, this new model Red Guitar kind of works, too. In a purely well-greased, super structured way.

Surprisingly, the group themselves aren't too keen on the theory that they've changed. Lou insists they've just progressed in their playing, pointing out that in no way are they "contrived or whatever". But rookie Rob has heard whispers...

"Lots of people have said there are massive differences, but the songs are still about the same things."

But what about this almost mid-Atlantic sound that seems to be creeping into the Guitars' style?

"I suppose," continues Rob, "that there's a kind of theme running through the album which is exploring just how much America is exerting pressure on the English way of life. We're still singing about the same things, it's just that those things have been affected by much larger issues."

And, rather ironically

perhaps, the structure and commercial edge of the new album suggests that they'd probably do quite well on the other side of the Atlantic, though I'm not sure the nuances of Red lyricism, if uncovered, would go down too well.

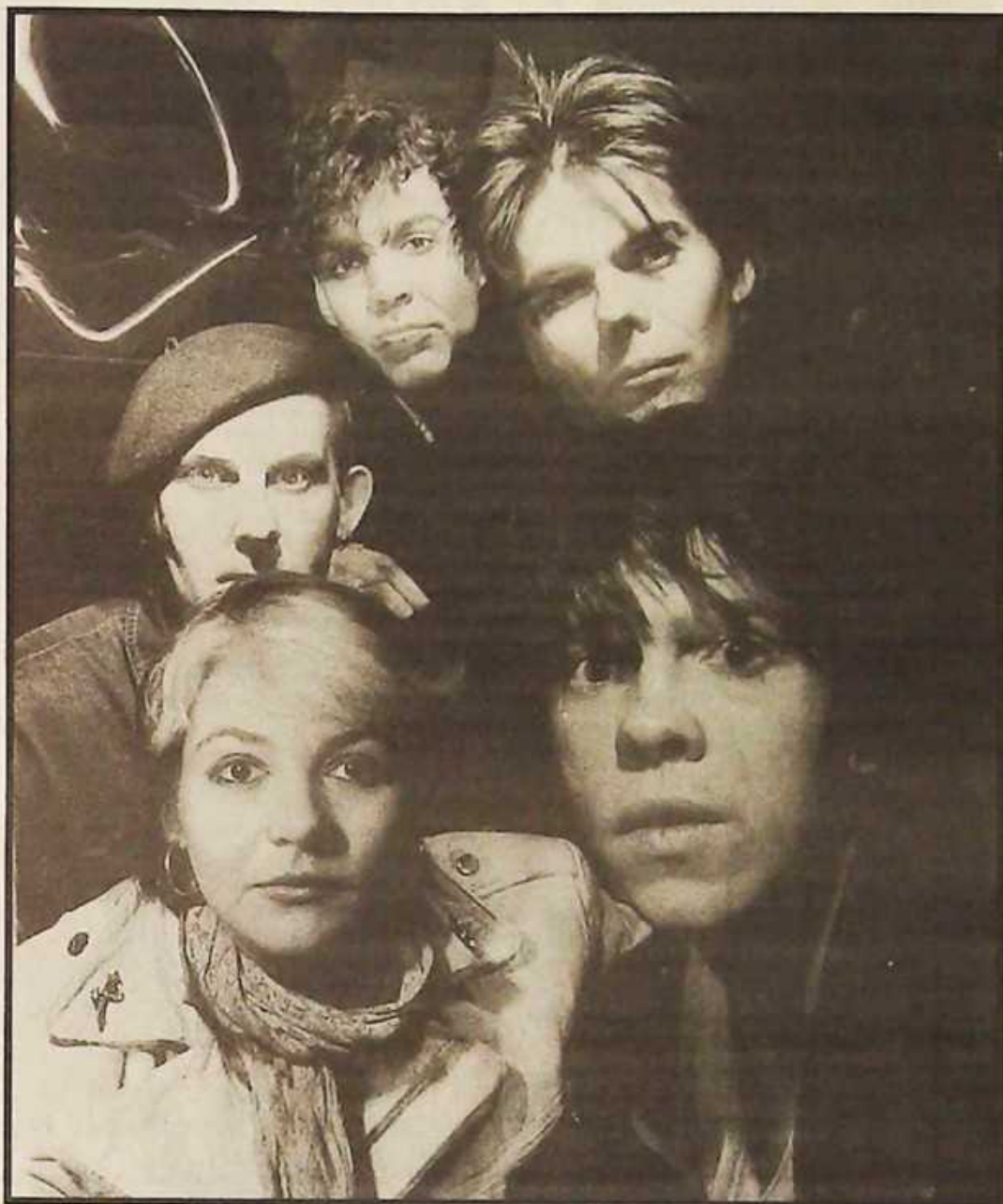
The fact of the matter is, though, The Red Guitars are just a little bit subtle for those kind of problems. The whole stance of the group is worked through auto-suggestion rather than forceful Exploited-isms.

Rob: "That's just the way we are, I suppose. We'd find it hard to ram things down people's throats, what we're doing is just a quiet way of subverting."

I think we're talking attitude, here. The Guitars don't bother to preach, although I'm sure they're quite capable of it. The group's following has been built by hand - slowly and steadily - and with tracks like 'National Avenue' joining former classics like 'Steeltown', 'Good Technology' etc, the rise will go on.

They've been clawing at the south face of rock's furrowed brow for some time, and they're getting mighty close to the top.

Anyone for a new-wave-of-Brit-guitar-music?



ER, RONNIE, have you done this sort of thing before? The Red Guitars worry

VICTORY VEE

From the less than salubrious surroundings of the Manchester suburb of Hulme emerges the fragrant pop of **Vee V V**. **Ron** smells success while **Sussie Nielsen** gets the chips



VEE V V: Bag-a-riddum (and chips)

VEE V V, aliens from another planet with a plot to use humanity as soya mince? No, an exciting proposition from Hulme, near Manchester, who released a vibrant first single on Cathexis Records. A double A side with its jarring, grating guitars, perfumed bass-lines and pushy beats on 'Kindest Cut' mixed with sharp exuberant melodies that swell into a sour fragrance of pop-rock power on 'The Romance Is Over', the stronger of the two tracks.

The group's name comes from a Dadaist magazine and, after a year doing healthy

supports at The Living Room in London they changed their line up, in true Dada style, settling on Mark Ormrod (vocal), Ian Darrell (guitar), Pete Slater (drums) and Martin Reynolds (bass).

Together Vee V V (Roman numerical equivalent of 555) create a progressive, ambitious pop sound that in time should give them an application form for the Top 30, provided that A&R people do their jobs properly.

Vee V V: delivering a musical bunch of fives in your direction soon. Ouch!

NEW RELEASES ON TANZ

CHATSHOW - RED SKIES

TANZ 4

FIFTEENTH - ANDELAIN

TANZ 3



PLAY DEAD
~
BURNING DOWN

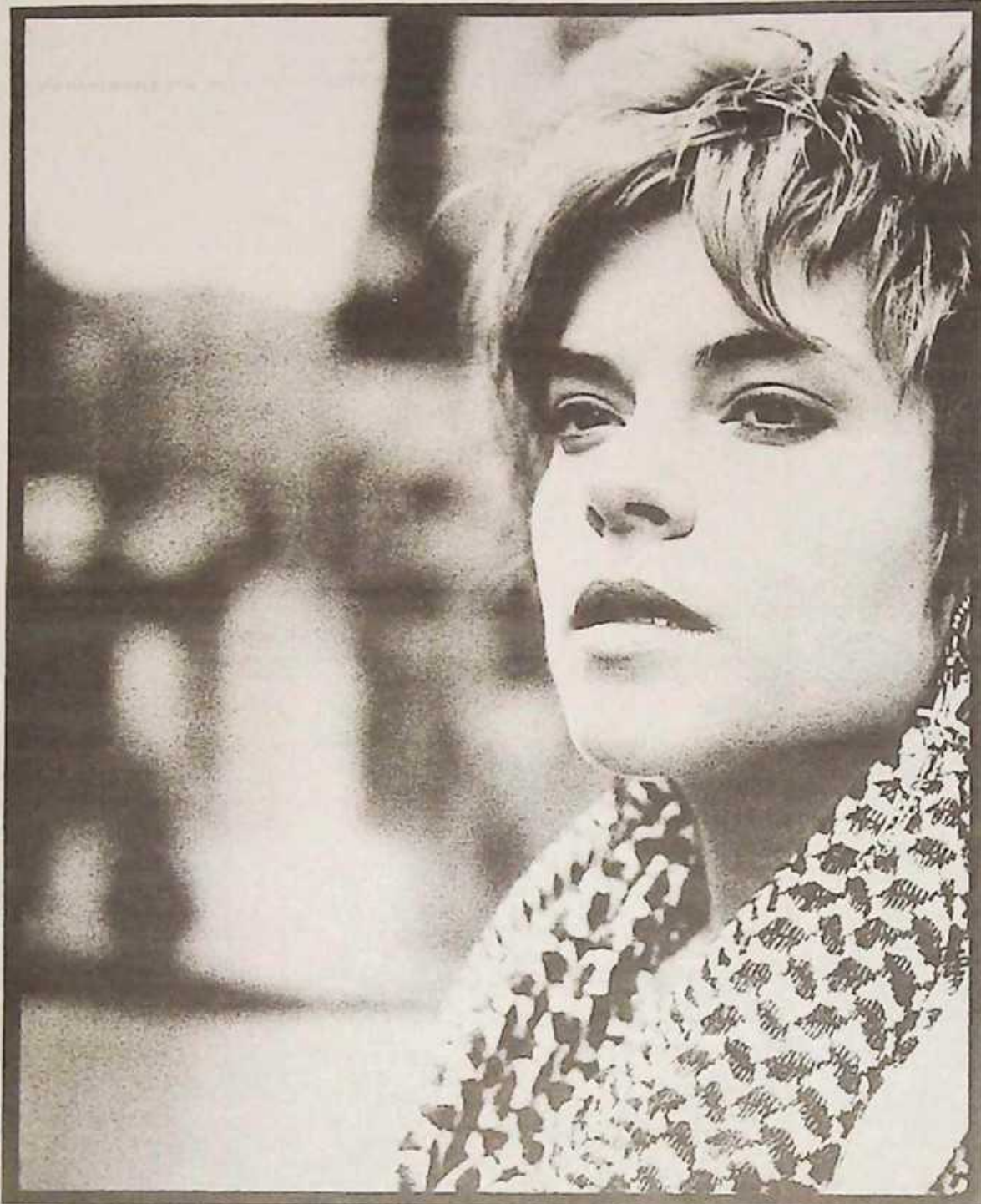
TANZ 2



TANZ

DISTRIBUTED BY RED RHINO & THE CARTEL

CASH POINTS



It's payola time for country's latest lone star ROSANNE CASH. RICHARD COOK tries to separate the hit from the myth. GREG FREEMAN goes for gold

"I'M GONNA sound," says Rosanne Cash, "like a total asshole if you say all of that."

She says it with the high, hiccupy chuckle that punctuates most of her talk. It often breaks through the travel fatigue after her trip from big bright Nashville.

On a solemn, dark day like this it seems strange to be meeting the girl who's become top female banana in country's home town; but Cash's country isn't the staple whining and barrelchested excess that's still the core of Nashville.

"It's kind of between the rock and

the country. Some of the people on the radio think that I'm undermining country music. And there's another element that's glad to see the crossover going on. And there's those who don't give a shit!"

"It's all marketing. People who buy records don't care what it's called. If my dad wasn't Johnny Cash I don't know that they'd market it this way. Even with the first couple of albums they wouldn't play 'Seven Year Ache' till it was number one. There was real resentment on hardcore country stations. There still is. There's a lot who think country music is a religion and that what I'm doing is sacrilege."

What's the fuss here? Rosanne Cash has recorded four LPs, starting in a much more suppliant country furrow

with 'Right Or Wrong' and 'Seven Year Ache', getting restless on the hesitant 'Somewhere In The Stars' and hitting overdrive in the tough, volatile 'Rhythm And Romance' — which sounds to me like the most determined, burning-soul set of songs to appear in the last year. A familiar rock language on fire, the accents pinned between the spring-like melody of the best country and the snap of good rock, the music keeps prickling in the memory. Her voice blends the heartcore and the aggressive. Just as you think an obvious word is coming up, she twists the lyric.

ON A casual acquaintance, perhaps, it's too much like anybody's American radio-rock: the individual blood in the songs doesn't come clear at once, and the production is hard but mainstream. The country affiliations, which the "Discover New Country" campaign is attempting to make honourable, might not do her many favours here. Most still perceive Nashville as a tea garden of dollars, string players and perfectly manicured mush. The reality?

"Well, Nashville's really small. Everyone knows everyone else and people are nice to each other... there's a myth that everybody's very sweet and everybody tries to live up to the myth. So all the competition is under the surface. The myth takes in personality, image, a way of making records — and most of 'em buy it, it's a small town, and it all ends up the same way."

"I don't buy the myth. I always knew about it really, it was getting to know how finely-tuned it was. So they think I'm kinda strange 'cause I don't try and fit in. The Nashville music press gave me a lot of shit over this album."

"I didn't grow up in the south, anyway, and it's a part of the mentality, a very *genial* thing. I had more of an edge when I was growing up. Of course, I'm very sweet now."

Mmm — I tumbled that as soon as I saw John Hiatt's songs turning up on Cash's records ("Don't you love John? His lyrics are so *perverse*!") But most of 'Rhythm And Romance' is self-written, tales of bad times in her marriage with singer-producer Rodney Crowell, and the bite-the-bullet tension of 'Never Gonna Hurt', 'Halfway House' and 'Hold On' is as hardnosed as 'Second To No One' and her earlier classic 'This Has Happened Before' are sensuous. This is great songwriting.

"I don't like wimpy stuff. I like tough lyrics. A lot of women in country music are afraid to be strong, that it's anti-feminine. That concept of femininity is real important to southern women, it's core — most would be afraid to change it, even though it's 1986. It's not very sexy to

be weak, though.

"I use writing as therapy. It doesn't come from digging in and finding everything painful I can — it's the reverse, trying to get rid of it. I don't feel that way any more, but I can get there when I perform the songs. There's no point in making records, to me, unless it's your own matter, but I prefer the journalistic approach. Artists don't take commissions, they document themselves."

Sure, but in her kind of workplace, the norm is a calculated parody of the self. George Jones, for instance, could make a tragedy out of having his breakfast

"Yeah, because he's got that almost inherent in him. That's OK, he's not putting it on. Most of the great singers have that thread of tragedy, you know."

AT THIS year's Grammy bandwagon, Rosanne's peers finally gave her the nod with the award for best country female performance. Country is in a defensive state with home sales falling: 'Rhythm And Romance' is a number one album, but sales amount to a mere 250,000. Big cheese here, small chips Stateside. Still, a Grammy is something you can put on your mantelpiece.

"I was sick of losing," she laughs. "I'd been nominated a million times and I wanted to win it! But ultimately, it doesn't mean shit, does it? I won a couple of leagues in racquetball and I was just as happy to win those. Maybe it was more important, 'cause you do that with your body. I'm an OK player, for a girl. Might hang the Grammy on the front door for a knocker."

"I have a real fear of taking myself too seriously — it's like you're looking through glass, talking to somebody and feeling like you're looking into a mirror. A certain person that I met, right when they were getting started in the business, was real genuine — and then they got very successful very quickly. Last time I saw them, it was like — how can I turn this around to look at me? Another one gone."

Rosanne turns her face in profile she resembles a benevolent fox, turned-up nose and all. She remembers a line she heard in a Lily Tomlin monologue — "reality is just a collective hunch!". She is gentle, friendly company, a wry woman of 30, with two kids who like to sing Twisted Sister tunes in the bathtub. Her records are trim, rowdy, tender and wise, full of songs as good in their way as Costello's or Petty's. But why does she look puzzled now?

"Aren't you gonna ask me any questions about my dad? That's the annoying thing — to be 30 years old and always asked about your parents!"

A L A R M KNIFE EDGE

THE NEW SINGLE
on 7" GATEFOLD & 12"

12" FEATURES TWO PREVIOUSLY
UNAVAILABLE TRACKS*



*HOWLING WIND, and UNBREAK THE PROMISE
taken from the Radio 1 Kid Jensen Session



Reviewed by
Carole Linfield

STREET



Scott Billett

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

BLOOD UNCLES 'Petrol' (Drastic Plastic) In classic style, emerging from nowhere and leaving an indelible imprint on the squashy parts of the brain, Blood Uncles wallow in an understated incestuousness that leers and paws like a seedy child molester. Blood Uncles snatch open their raincoats and display their class with a vocal that grates with a vengeance; it wheedles the choking emotion from its gullet with an abrasive certainty.

First of the four tracks on offer, 'Swallow' seems to choke back a spit at the likes of Dormammu, while 'Mad As You' lets out the swirling guitar and biting backbeat of a Doberman let loose on a rancid cat. The effect is controlled, yet healthily unruly, and the restraint that this Edinburgh three piece have shown on this debut outing shows a discipline needed for what could so easily be untidy noise. Their constraint is wisdom.

But something wicked this way comes. The sliding, creeping 'Never Happy Man' shows a regard for diversity with a lazy eye cocked towards consistency. Somehow, they conjure up bleary, sepia-tinted images of taboo sexuality, of necrophilia and paedophilia, of a happily leering insanity. Yet unleash the raw power within and, like a rampant Ian Brady, the insinuation soon turns into a knife slowly dripping blood. 'Drink My Sweat' growls a threatening command, and the danger signs begin to flash.

Blood Uncles are not about to slip you ten bob for an ice cream. Of uncertain origin, deformed through inbreeding, biting their lolling tongues, Blood Uncles are ready to relate.

CACTUS WORLD NEWS

'Worlds Apart' (MCA) A rare slice of class. The none too subtle blend of guitar and overblown vocal has been somehow made into CWN's own here - while U2 smiles no doubt abound, for once the world they've moulded really is apart from the crowd. The Cactus is prickly, and can yield a juice as intoxicating as any mezcal.

So where's the worm? Who knows? In an age where real talent seems thinner on the ground than career opportunities, their neglect is confounding. This insidious armful of inflection might give them the turning point. Look out for their needles.

THE BANGLES 'If She Knew What She Wants' (CBS)

Having found the brassy blonde measure of their success, The Bangles are wisely not about to let it go. This is less direct than the infectious 'Manic Monday', but lacks none of the beach buggy drive. Sun and tans and Fredericks and *Less Than Zero*. . . You already either love it or loathe it.

FLESH 'The 2nd Choice' (London) TIM FINN 'No Thunder No Fire No Rain' (Virgin)

The young blood in the established stables of London and Virgin respectively, and the A&R men have been having a massed thrombosis pinpointing the chart potential in today's bland, Sigue-infested, inconsistent charts.

The company who turned down The Beatles have plumped for a mild, melting bit of soul fusion, destined for late nights and the steamy back seats of Ford Escorts everywhere.

The company who wouldn't have turned down The Beatles because they sign everything that moves in the hope something will stick have gone for a listless, balladeering solo male vocal which looks as though it's searching for a TV programme to be the theme tune for.

SADE 'Never As Good As The First Time' (Epic)

Now, I'm no big banner waver for sexy Sade, with her understated pout and assorted Benetton polo necks. But I cannot side with those who claim she can neither hit a note or string a lyric together. Sade is at least a Joan Armatrading and as such I will take her or, more often, leave her.

I will pleasantly enjoy this on the radio and find I welcome its presence in years to come when it trickles onto Jimmy Savile's top 20 of ten years ago. I will pick out a particularly poignant lyric and nod knowingly whenever I hear it. This is success based on the

immediate appeal of melancholia, a device Sade has rested on as firmly as she has kohl pencil and eyeliner. But in order to break out of the trap of being background music to Yuppie dinner parties, Sade has to throw her head back, and really laugh.

MADONNA 'Live To Tell' (Sire)

Hugh Fielder, a man who should know better, keeps Madonna pictures secreted in his desk at work. It's obviously a private affair. Unlike Sammy Fox, Madonna's fantasy is for two people alone, not a free for all office romance to be emblazoned on calendars and posters.

Like Monroe, her appeal is concealed fragility, a characteristic exploited on her feeble records and bland, unimaginative approach. This track, culled from husband Sean Penn's forthcoming movie *At Close Range*, is another in the line of puréed pop ready to be spoon fed to the gaping masses.

Unlike Monroe, Madonna can be no more than yet another material girl, from which we cannot even make a clay idol. And so to. . .

THE MONROES 'Stay With Me' Jeanette' (Parlophone)

Which nods more than a little at the Collins school of hitmaking, but which is almost totally saved by the cover of an incredibly appealing pig. Subsequently you can enjoy yourself by pretending this Scandinavian group's song is about a prime porker, a device which will then lend itself to a host of swine jokes. Wholly suitable for unbearably boring parties, preferably held by vegans.

DEPECHE MODE 'A Question Of Lust' (Mute)

After a series of, shall we say, disappointing singles, the Deps have wheeled out a more moody, atmospheric track than many of late. While their golden period seems to have vanished in the haze, this shows that at least their emotion hasn't deserted them too. Walks along the towpath of your auditory canal rather nicely, yet sadly never releases the floodgates.

MAKIN' TIME 'Pump It Up' (Countdown)

Oh God. It is. It is a massacre of that Costello tune, and God knows what we've done to deserve it. Looks like the non event of the decade (you know who you are, casuals!) have made a last ditch effort to get into the charts by launching themselves over the brink of good taste with a too obvious, too awful cover. To be fair, the execution is professional and the original not repeated too literally, but any attempt at life or soul is

noticeable only by its absence. And I'm sure I once heard an organist at a dingy pub on the Norfolk Broads playing the B-side.

THIS FUTURE 'Day Breaks Again' (Press)

Based in Atlanta, Georgia, This Future blend a guitar based jangling - which is all too easily comparable to the REM school - with a surprisingly subdued vocal. The effect isn't immediate, and as such lends a deeper, more sentimental impression in a week where too much is instant and reconstituted. The less tangible makes for more memorable, eventually, and the reward, here at least, is worth waiting for.

WAX 'Right Between The Eyes' (RCA)

In which one half of the ubiquitous 10cc, Graham Gouldman, teams up with Andrew Gold, author of possibly the worst ever single in the world, namely 'Lonely Boy'. The result, as you would expect, is jolly, singalong, turn de turn stuff which gives you a giggling feeling that you've heard it somewhere before. Which of course you have. . . every ten minutes on nationwide radio.

Mike Read will love it, and the rather trendy pair of fold up sunglasses that came with it.

PETER GABRIEL

'Sledgehammer' (Virgin)

Well. . . was it worth waiting three years for the follow-up to 'Shock The Monkey'? Quite possibly. Gabriel always was a bit classy, and the gloriously understated 'Sledgehammer' erodes its way mercilessly into the realms of vintage rhythm. This number mixes his unlikely - as ever - lyrics with a sliding, sensual heartbeat which could sweat and ooze its way into being some kind of sexual healing this summer (if we have one).

As always, will probably be acclaimed way after the event, but deserves more than cult status.

MY BLOODY VALENTINE 'No Place To Go' (Fever)

Graveyard zombies meet Peter Sarstedt for a fun romp which comes wrapped in barbed wire. While the background feedback drags subdued talons across the heart, the vocal and arrangement are intangibly melodic and uplifting, finally lifting their way into the moonlight, furry hips swaying to the summer breeze. A love song, with were-withal.

LEVEL 42 'Lessons In Love' (Polydor)

Not the usual predigested Level 42 tub thumping, and just when I'd thought of something suitably derisive to say about them, too. While still unmistakable, this

is at least bearable, and won't grind so deep a groove in your chest that you want to throw Level 42 and that chunka chunka bass into it, bald spots and all.

STEPHEN AND SANDII 'Something Special' (10)

"I'll never be hip in those magazines. . ." bemoans Stephen Duffy, while the even less fashionable Sandii makes this unlikely East West collaboration into a breathier affair all round, at least as far as the men in this office are concerned. The Japanese accent may be endearing, Duffy's lyrics unusually simplistic, but the magic is missing and the seemingly '60s inspired idea half baked. Come back Sonny & Cher, (almost) all is forgiven. . .

GREAT OUTDOORS 'Bird In The Hand' (Upright)

If we get any more downbeat we'll be sliding off the page. One of a small selection of bands forced to carry the banner of the Great White Hope, this is a grand, bellowing Moby Dick of a record that slowly bales its way through an extraordinarily mournful and endearing sea of emotion. The sensation is dramatic irony; the tidal wave on which the feelings ride are waiting to crash at your feet any second. And of course, anticipation is so much better.

THE LARKS 'Billy Graham' (4A)

One of the few uptempo, totally worthy singles this week, and a refreshing breath of well scripted, divinely inspired dancerrama it is, too. Orchestrated, finely honed, and then built up into crescendo peaks, 'Billy Graham' should search out converts to The Larks right, left and centre with this unsubtle baptism of fire. After stealing riffs from the likes of Handel, the irreverence and blissful irrelevance is an indulgent strut along the valley of the shadow of pop. Psalms for sinners.

THE RELATIONS 'Big Man's Shoes' (Hush) INXS 'What You Need' (Mercury)

A little joke in coupling these two, at the expense of the *New Monotony Express*, who are under the impression that The Relations come from Perth, Australia instead of Perth, Scotland (snicker).

And yet it is appropriate, too, insofar as the gawky, overstuffed heroics of the hideous INXS are worlds apart from the accessible, comfortable melodies of The Relations, whose roots and leanings have culled comparisons to Orange Juice and Aztec Camera. It's obvious? It's good. Enough said.

NILS LOFGREN 'Anytime At All' (Towerbell) FRANKIE VALLI AND THE FOUR SEASONS 'Book Of Love' (MCA)

Oldies but goodies? Nils, left rather too long in the cold to cash in on last summer's Springsteen avalanche, bounces in with a trippy little number which jogs along at a fair pace, but which hides no surprises or any change of rather bland tempo. Frankie beats it up; this is the cover of "Wonder wonder who wrote the book of love" as featured in umpteen '50s teenage angst films. The rap version (I) here is. . . interesting.

JOHN THEMIS 'Final Cruise' (Coda) THE MATCHROOM MOB WITH CHAS AND DAVE 'Snooker Loopy' (Rockney)

With a resigned sigh, I admit it had to happen. In Thatcher Britain, music pre-designated for a specific class was only a matter of time. So here, right on cue (ahem) are the working class technicoloured pie 'n' eel yawns of Chas 'n' Dave next to the sleep easy New Age sounds destined to be drowned out by the tinkle of beajolais Habitat glasses and the slurping of nouvelle cuisine. Check your tax code or UB40 number and then take your allotted poison.

HEAR 'N' AID 'Stars' (Vertigo) DOKKEN 'In My Dreams' (WEA) KENNY CHARLES 'Tongue Tied' (MCA)

'Stars' carries one of the most ridiculous guitar solos I have ever heard. It is played, 12 bars apiece, by a variety of HM stars and likewise it is sung, with vocals from Ronnie Dio, its creator, and celebrities like Geoff Tate. (Of Queensryche, stupid.) Each soloist sounds so similar, the back of the sleeve has to explain exactly which singer sang what. However, this is a fund-raising, Band Aid appeal song and, in comparison to the obnoxious qualities of 'Feed The World', at least looks to be giving its supporters better value for money.

Dokken, also featured on the 'Stars' bash, get a solo outing too, which isn't as thrash heavy as their name would suggest, but full of hard rockin', Bad Company style symbolism.

Kenny Charles has the honour of representing Britain with A Song For Europe.

Over the millenia, Europeans have starved, made human sacrifices, pillaged, raped, fought, feuded, tortured, massacred, annexed, persecuted, bought '99 Red Balloons', and listened to Lionel Richie.

None of this will have prepared them for the horror that is to come with Kenny.

SOUNDS ~ A RECORD BREAKER

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JUST AS in the literary world a 'minor poet' can be a more fascinating and productive subject for study than some blustering, weighty 'legend', so it often is with rock musicians.

Take Bill Nelson: treading the uneasy path between independent cult figure and big label signing of dubious financial worth, this northern England guitarist has managed to make of himself a renaissance man who does things with a class that puts many 'superstars' to shame.

Even keeping the focus of this piece just centred on Nelson's current activities and nothing else, the sheer volume of the man's projects threatens to send us into the forbidden (and unavailable) realms of 'Contd Page 94'.

And yet, in a dimly-lit room in the heart of the CBS corporate menagerie, the soberly-attired Bill seems to have it all under control.

He doesn't even appear perturbed that the references to sex-magick and occultism of a Rosicrucian nature on his fine new LP, 'Getting The Holy Ghost Across', might get him unfairly numbered as yet another devil-rocking wally.

"I joined up with a Rosicrucian Order about four years ago, and I've used that as something to anchor it on. Not just current developments, I'm interested in the historical side of it as well.

"But I'm aware of the OTO (Ordo Templi Orientis) and Crowleyan currents as well. It's a difficult subject to talk to interviewers about, though, as I'm sure you know.

"The public opinion of it is bad anyway, they associate occultism with Dennis Wheatley and Hammer horror films, and bands like Black Sabbath, or bands who wield swords on the cover don't help.

"So I've been very wary of it in the past, but since I've got more involved in the practical side I've felt it necessary to introduce elements of it into the work, although there's nothing overt there.

"And I wouldn't want it to be too overt, to cheapen it or lay it open to misinterpretation, but at the same time it's become such a driving force in my private life that I feel it'd be dishonest not to allow some of those things to come into the music.

"I'm still wary - not for what they think about me, but I don't want the subject to be given a bad name."

How has this affected the music

PUMP IT UP Takin' TIME



Vain5



54321
WOLFGANG



OCCULT FIGURE

on the new album?

"It's been done over a period of time," he nods, "so the songs are fairly jumbled. But on some of them I've taken a simple one-to-one relationship, a man and woman relationship, and tried to take some of the occult side of that, to metaphorically put symbols and sounds there that bring out the nature of man and woman in a bigger sense than just the normal union."

AS HE sits in his rambling Cromwellian country gaff, Nelson has naturally found more and more outlets for his muse and more time to allow these influences to percolate.

Wasn't there talk of a film for Channel 4? Occultism and artists of the 20th century?

"That has got changed slightly, though it still deals with the occult. A guy called Andy Park commissioned me to do four programmes on my interest in the occult and music..."

"So I spent weeks writing out these scripts, I came up with camera angles and everything. I didn't know what I was supposed to do so I just came up with everything I thought was necessary."

"Unfortunately, Andy went off to be head of Light Entertainment for BBC Scotland, and the guy who took his place is far more conservative. I was gonna do these programmes about the solstices and equinoxes... and show by quotes and documentary film references how various artists... had been influenced by esoteric ideas."

"I was going to do angelic invocations at the start of each programme and show Masonic ritual as well. But the guy who took over couldn't understand it."

"What did he say? It didn't have a line they could hang it on or something! So I had a go at re-hacking it..."

Back and forth, compromise and cooks-spoiling broth... Eventually a script emerged with astrology as the theme, but as Nelson says: "It came across like a cross between Russell Grant and Federico Fellini!"

Ever tenacious, Nelson has stuck with it and hopes that the final product won't be too far from his dreams. Still — doing things *his* way hasn't always pleased the punters, who seem hungry for the simpler things in music. I mean, hear the rumble of pleasure around the rumour that Bill Nelson's getting "back into" guitar! Eh?

"I haven't pushed the guitar upfront as much in the last series of records as I did with Be Bop Deluxe, though it's always been there, treated in different ways..."

"People have often criticised things I've done for lacking emotion because it's been electronic, but the kind of emotion rock 'n' roll whips up is over-the-top and gross anyway, like before anyone'll recognise emotion in a rock song it has to grab



you by the throat and nut you on the forehead..."

And yet...

"There's a few bits of return-to-the-roots stuff on the album. I was under a certain amount of pressure from the record company. I was signed by CBS in America rather than here, so... a couple of tracks have got some fairly basic rock 'n' roll blues type guitar."

FOR A man who's obviously thrilled at the notion that he might be asked to do an LP for the CBS Masterworks Classical label, is this nudging in a backwards

direction a pain?

"It's always been a problem for me," he shrugs. "The things that've worked best for me are the things where I've completely ignored anybody's urgings in one direction or another."

"There's a line that's drawn where what anybody does in a professional sense working for a record company becomes a job after a certain point."

"You can get away with so much of your own ideas and after that you have to compromise, otherwise you lose record deals and you don't get income and you can't live and continue to do your work..."

"When I was trying to produce

Gary Numan a while ago, he said that I had this misconception that music had something to do with art! For Gary it's just a means to buy aeroplanes! But I look at some of the compromises I've made as a means of funding other things, like my own little label, and the limited-edition box-set of instrumentals we put out a year ago... Those things I couldn't have done off my own back."

And just think — Be Bop Deluxe could've been Sique Sique Sputnik, eh?

He feigns a gasp: "Oh please, no, we were never *that* bad! We had intelligence and style."

They did. He does.

Ramblin' Rosicrucian BILL NELSON goes ghost busting. SANDY ROBERTSON tries to untangle the man, the myth and the magick

SPITTING IMAGE

HAND IN G

Here's Spit in your Eye. JACK BARRON finds out who really pulls the strings for SPITTING IMAGE. NICK LOCKETT does a dummy run

I'M LOST, I'm blind, I'm deaf and dumb and the cold grey colour of my mother's iron heart, and I'm made out of clay and impaled on a stick.

I'm being shafted.

I will be the spitting image of Mark Thatcher soon unless the puppeteer makes a slip and then, God knows, I could end up being Prince Charles or, if I'm lucky, something slightly more handsome and useful like a pair of buttocks.

I am, in a manner of speaking, being Fluck'd.

The pain is just beginning.

"How would I describe his character?" snortles Roger Law, like some grizzly with a terminal case of mange and a deer dinner in sight.

He looks for a second at his partner Peter, who is busy delicately prodding a wooden spatula up the clay nostril of some public figure or other, and grins.

"That's easy. Fluck would sell his grandmother for a cheap jibe. He's devious, quiet but very practical, and very good with his hands."

Peter, the lean, wry foil to Law's heavyweight humour, glances over at Roger, who's slapping another layer of jowl on the model head of Eric Bristow.

"After that incredibly damaging statement I don't really need to describe his character, do I?" he smirks. "You know it all from that statement: that Law's a megalomaniac and power crazed, and - I don't want to upset him - a bully. Paranoid, drunken, need I say more?"

PETER FLUCK and Roger Law, a beard and a roll-up apiece, don't mind taking the piss out of each other. There again they've had plenty of training on politicians, pop stars, popes and all the other media prima donnas they help satirise in puppet form on television each Sunday night via *Spitting Image*.

It's an adult Punch and Judy show for post-industrial society with a puppet cast of over 250 of the world's most famous and infamous personalities drawn from virtually every field of endeavour, from the arts through royalty to sports and back again. *Spitting Image* sets out to provide an alternative slant on the news of the week through savage visual and vocal lampooning.

And although it can hardly be said to be totally successful in its aims, the programme does have a large audience and following among Britain's youth and has garnered many awards, including an International Emmy, America's most ritzy television trinket.

The puppets themselves are made, according to techniques developed by Peter Fluck and Roger Law, at Limehouse Studios in London and transported up to Central TV in Birmingham. Varying from caricatures of figures



OLD FARTS AT PLAY: Nancy and Ronnie ride out

like Thatcher and Reagan to turds and bums, the puppets are so often far superior to the scripts, though Luck and Flaw obstinately maintain the reverse.

Now into its third series, *Spitting Image* is back on the box with seemingly more pop caricatures than before, infecting the ether with their pus-like personalities.

Weep on...

Luck and Flaw have the dirty hands of cheeky craftsmen rather than the dirty bag of tricks their subjects carry onto the screen in front of up to 12 million people every week. But the correlation between the grotesqueness of the pair's caricatures and real life is sometimes less than congruous.

"There is only one person I regret having

satirised and that was Janet Street-Porter, actually," explains Fluck. "She was done as a very ugly germ, Janet Street-Germ, the infectious gossip."

"The puppet of her looked really horrible, it was like a multi-coloured onion with a disgusting great long nose and huge teeth. It didn't work particularly well on the screen, I thought. She didn't see it but her organisation did and they thought it would be jolly good fun if she came along and was photographed with it."

"And suddenly what seemed to be quite a nice sort of person came in the door and was absolutely horrified when she saw this awful caricature of herself. Bravely, she went through with the photo session. That's the trouble with meeting people for real."

"Yes, it's definitely to be avoided," agrees Law. "The thing about a good caricature is if it works really well you never quite see that person in the same way again. Gielgud (Sir John, actor, Spit's tsetse fly) for example is a lovely little puppet. It works as a caricature and we like it because the scriptwriters like to write a lot for it."

"And someone was telling me that the day after our show went out there was some charity dinner or film opening and Gielgud came in and got up to speak and the f***ing audience corpsed."

"That's very unfair. He's a very sweet old man and I wouldn't wish that on anybody. But that's the potential power of a caricature. The audience didn't see him when he spoke, they

LOVE



we all love to hate, Fluck and Law are at the nerve centre of a large organisation of craftsmen, directors, scriptwriters and what have you.

They may not control the whole caricature caboodle, but their skill was the inspiration for the formation of Spitting Image Productions. Of course it was not always like this.

Reprobates from the Cambridge School of Art, in the 1960s Fluck worked as an illustrator for the likes of *New Statesman* and *New Society* while Law loitered around *The Observer* and *The Sunday Times*. They teamed up in 1975 to do the three-dimensional caricatures which soon leered from many a magazine cover.

Because creating the models was then, as it is now, labour intensive and expensive, Peter and Roger didn't make their respective bank managers weep with joy.

"We earned just about enough to get drunk," remembers Fluck with a typical splash of sarcasm.

"But the point is we didn't particularly care because we were doing something we enjoyed," continues Law. "There was a time pre-Murdoch that we used to ring up *The Sunday Times* or *The Economist* and suggest ideas and one in three times they'd say, sure.

"But it was getting more and more difficult all the time. We'd always been particularly interested in political caricatures but then we'd be getting requests to do a film star like Diane Keaton and we'd think, What for? And then we suddenly began to realise that magazines weren't going to run the sort of in-depth profiles that allowed us to make a statement any more. That was finished.

"And around the time of the Falklands we couldn't shift anything at all. We did a *New Statesman* cover... of Thatcher with an enormously long nose which at the end turned into Galtieri and with a pair of scissors cutting it off... but that was all.

"And even with all the constraints and difficulties of *Spitting Image*, when we and the rest of the team get in a really juicy topical sketch we experience far more freedom to express ourselves than we ever did in print."

Now that is astonishing, but is borne out by the close legal shave Luck and Flaw had with *The Appallingly Disrespectful Spitting Image Book* spin-off which was referred to The Director Of Public Prosecutions by the Royal Family. Personally, I thought the colour spread of Randy Andy and his genital sausages was rather tasty, but the crown bowlers in Buck House were not amused by the Prince's pork pudding spectacular.

"In general it's the Royal stuff that creates the most stir," reckons Fluck. "A lot of people hate it, they like the Royal Family to be this untouchable, glorious bunch of people to adore and look up to without ever asking themselves what they do for a living, hah-hah."

"That's why television is such a wondrous medium," says Law with a smile. "You can do things on *Spitting Image* — because it's there and then it's gone — that you could never do in print... which is considered a much more serious medium than television.

"The Queen's press secretary — what's his name? — Michael O'Shea rang up the chairman of Faber And Faber and said, Look, the Royal Family is very upset and if you're going to publish this book we will withdraw from your company the collected speeches of Prince Charles. Myself, I would have thought that'd be bloody good news for any publisher, but still.

"And the chairman said, Well, what's the problem? This stuff goes out on television to a far greater audience than will buy the book. And the guy said, Ah yes, television is one thing but print is another.

"No, I don't understand it either!"

IT'S ONE thing to have a lawsuit taken out against you by individuals, such as Norman MacWhirter in the case of *Spitting Image*, but Fluck and Law's caricatures have also upset whole governments. As the programme's notoriety has spread so other countries have become interested in it. A narrative special has recently been finished for America's NBC network.

In Germany however the Spits didn't fare very well.

"We made some puppets for the Germans and sent them over there with some technical people," recalls Fluck. "They wanted a puppet of Herman Kohl which we did, and they used it

with a Reagan puppet. And the German government told them never to use it again."

"There is a much firmer tradition of taking the piss out of people in power in this country compared to others," assesses Law. "And people who love or hate *Spitting Image* don't come from one particular part of the political spectrum but from all over. In that sense it's like *Private Eye*.

"*Private Eye* you couldn't say is a left wing magazine because it's not, it's some sort of weird Tory anarchist thing, yet the people who buy it come from all walks of life, from unemployed people through to cabinet ministers. Having that tradition of satire obviously helps you."

Not surprisingly there is a personal and professional relationship between the *Spits* and *Private Eye*. The editor designate of the latter, Ian Hislop, has been writing for the programme since the first series.

Together with *Eye*'s Nick Newman, he is primarily responsible for the "topics" — the mostly political up-to-the-minute sketches which are recorded on the Sunday of broadcast and edited into already "banked" material at Central in Birmingham.

"Last week we managed to get in eleven topical," says Law with some pride. "That would have been unheard of in the first series which shows you how much the programme has improved."

To a large extent *Spitting Image* makes it or fakes it according to the quality of its topical which vary alarmingly in humour much like *Eye*. (I don't actually buy the latter unless I happen to get into *Pseudo Corner*; cheap laughs are much cheaper when you read somebody else's copy.)

Suggest to Law that the TV programme is essentially full of middle class humour, however, and he disagrees.

"Well, middle class is anything that gets onto the television or radio. When did you last see working class culture catered for by television and radio?"

There have been attempts.

"Name me one."

Coronation Street.

"Well, *Coronation Street* is usually written by the next generation of middle class play wrights, isn't it? Jack Rosenthal and the like; they cut their teeth on it, didn't they?"

Certainly the political sketches on *Spitting Image* make the assumption that you follow the news in order to get the joke, that's how satire

ROGER LAW, PETER FLUCK and friends



GISSA BOB!

works as a device: you have to know what the original subject matter is because the joke is in how it's transposed and that assumes a literate audience

"What, *Sun* readers?" argues Law. "A lot of stuff that we do is gleaned from the comics, my writers are fascinated by them. My criticism is we follow the news rather than think ahead of it."

So what exactly is the audience profile of *Spitting Image*?

"That's very odd actually. It's getting to be a very interesting question because we're told that the audience is 16 to 25-year-olds who describe it as a cult programme, so you know most of them must be stoned," chuckles Fluck. "I think that is a good definition of a cult programme: one that is watched by people who are highly stoned."

"We can't get to the bottom of it actually," interjects Roger.

"You see on the other hand we heard from the advertising manager at Central that advertising before the show, and the stuff in between, is advertising directed at your old A and B market which is completely different," continues Fluck. "That's the quality paper market, so there are two conflicting theories. How do you find out the truth?"

Law: "It has become more populist obviously. I think that in the second series you got the feel that the audiences were fairly young, and during the miners' strike it was popular with the people on strike."

You might remember that the puppets were sometimes festooned with "Coal Not Dole" badges during the miners' strike. Apparently, just prior to recording in that period some people would be madly pinning badges to the models while others were removing them just as fast; which illustrates there isn't a unanimity of opinion on *Spitting Image*'s staff.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



By JACK BARRON

saw the puppet and that was it: head in the jelly time!"

PETER FLUCK sniggers at the story and so do I, but there's a serious issue within the tissue of the Central TV-funded programme. When *Spitting Image* gobs in our eyes from the box it alters our perception in subtle ways and encapsulates a shift in parody power that has taken place between the print and broadcast media.

That's Luck and Flaw governing mass communication in Britain in the mid-'80s.

Perched on their high stools in London's Limehouse Studios sculpting the clay heads that are the first step in a process which will eventually result in the foam and latex puppets

ALBUMS

RATINGS BUYBLAGHEARFLOGDUMP

ROKY ERICKSON

'Don't Slander Me' (Pink Dust US Import 72108)****
EARTH RUSTLES and shifts as a fleshless claw pushes its way to the surface like a rotten lily. A skull with eyeless sockets soon pushes up next to it, and eventually a whole figure shakily gets to what's left of its feet. A jawbone held together with a strip of skin slackly opens and a voice from the tomb gives out a shriek which echoes around the graveyard.

Roky Erickson is back from the dead, and the whole world is going to hear it this time. 'Don't Slander Me' pieces together some of the songs which this ex-leader of the 13th Floor Elevators has collected over the years and blasts them back into your ears, re-worked, re-modelled and primed to perfection.

The title track, 'Haunt' and 'Starry Eyes' appeared on the previously issued 'Clear Night For Love' mini LP on New Rose where they were produced by faithful Roky supporter Speedy Sparks. But excellent as these recordings were, they're skeletal in comparison to those that writhe on the Pink Dust LP.

Flesh has been draped on the rockin' bones courtesy of Duane Aslaksen, while the heart that never stopped beating beats louder in his hands. 'Don't Slander Me' is a customised classic, so sharp and pristine that it will probably blind you in its glare.

True believers get ready for a shock, but once this new blood gets into your system you'll hunger for no other type. I found myself recoiling at first, but by 'The Damn Thing' (where a whole slurry of demons snap at your soul) I was convinced that this time Roky's comeback is for keeps. This Elevator's going up.

EDWIN POUNCEY

17 PYGMIES 'Captured In Ice'

(Resistance Records RR01946)****1/2
THE SUN shines and frowns in California, but 17 Pygmies (what kind of a name is that, Mom?) have other things on their mind. Polar ice caps, spaghetti Sicilians churning sour grapes for rival gangs... the Pygmies have style.

'Captured In Ice' has as much to do with decaying folkie fare as with raucous rock 'n' roll. High, tingling femme vocal lines from Debbie Spinelli and Fey Ruza make for maximum interest, and the tunes whistle and wander like everything you've ever dreamt of. 17 Pygmies may not live up to the name but they sure as hell swing from its chandelier.

There's a heartburn of excitement with this LP, a heartfelt concoction made good. The Pygmies are possibly arty but their art certainly transcends their training. 'Ice' is cool enough.

DAVE HENDERSON

VIC GODARD 'Trouble'

(Rough Trade Rough 86)**
LET US start at the beginning. 'Trouble' was initially recorded in the summer of '84 for Blanc Y Negro, then it was transferred to MCA, and now it has finally seen the light of day on Rough Trade. The delay has been put down to Vic's "erratic mood". But the question that still needs

SHOULDERS AND THE BANSHEES 'Tinderbox' (Polydor SHEL 3)****

SINEWS CREAK and veneers crack as Siouxsie and her Banshees enter their second decade and kiss goodbye to their ninth album as it embarks on what will no doubt be a torrid trip. Many of their ideals shimmer under scrutiny as their arrogance licks its lips at passing sneers.

Continued credence for the Banshees comes with each new wave of disciples eager to hail Siouxsie as the unyielding queen of a glorious dynasty. Punk may have come and gone, but Siouxsie remains. Plausible and intact. Visually entrenched in an era many still yearn for, she's still taking passengers for those who want a cushioned ride to the underworld.

'Tinderbox' is the first LP presenting John Valentine Carruthers on guitar although, even with a change of cast, the script remains much the same as he sets his guitar to Banshees mode and checks his wardrobe.

From their brash beginnings the tempo's rarely faltered, and neither the years nor their security have robbed the Banshees' work of its sense of urgency - Siouxsie's quivering tones still echo a conviction many of her contemporaries lack.

With just eight songs, they maintain their penchant for erring on the side of indulgence at times, but even this weakness unearths an hypnotic mastery as when Carruthers' staccato guitar haunts 'Lands End'.

'Candyman' is an anxious treat. It chases its tail and squeals with delight as caterwauling chants hang on for grim death.

'The Sweetest Chill' is a mature, self-assured whisper to the night. Their music still flourishes, and an unnerving twist lies in wait for the complacent, a rewarding swirl for the visionaries. 'This Unrest' carves an enigmatic toll of destruction through cutting guitars and history.

As 'Cities Of Dust' takes to the wing, it glances at forlorn figures left to cope with their inadequacies before soaring to the clouds. While the Banshees produce such splendour let cynicism take a back seat, for there are few able challengers for Siouxsie's crown.

KEVIN MURPHY

LOVE ME TINDER

answering is whether or not Vic wanted this album released at all because, frankly, he or they shouldn't have bothered.

I was a fan of Vic in his early Subway Sect days, but 'Trouble' gives no reminder of that obstreperous era. 'Trouble' is a smoocher, classically produced by Simon Booth from Working Week - sadly, it's quite dull. There's a jazzy, mushy, latin feel to it that consists of imperial saxophone solos, sophisticated piano interludes and Vic's breezy vocals.

On 'Miss Sadie' he comes across as a clever Gerry Rafferty. 'Holiday Hymn' starts with a Motown sounding shout of trumpets and gets the LP moving

snappily. In fact, the whole album could be the theme track for *Absolute Beginners* as Vic makes like an old romantic, clicking his fingers outside Ronnie Scott's.

The best of Vic Godard can be heard on The Subway Sect retrospective that Rough Trade released last year. 'Trouble' sounds like the work of a boring old fart. Could be the whole album was more trouble than it was worth. Boom boom!

RON ROM

KROKUS 'Change Of Address'

(Arista 207647)***
FROM SWISS shitholes to Stateside stadia, Krokus have changed little if at all. Sure, there's a dusting of



SHOULDERS: at a garden centre near you soon

keyboards over this new 'un which cushions their standard metal buffeting to a point but, to be realistic, the mixture of AOR with bass-bin boogie isn't what you'd call revolutionary.

In fact, for the most part it isn't even interesting and only likeable for its crude energy. One look at Krokus these days says more than any words could - lots of cocksure ugliness, designer dishrags and saddle-sore posturing.

'Change Of Address' is rough, wristy rock 'n' roll with that 'party till you puke' attitude so beloved of Kiss, Aerosmith, you name it. The problem is that whilst Krokus have the look and mentality (of sorts) for big bubblegum

action, they haven't got the songs.

Stacks of good gutsy riffs but no great tunes, not even a 'Bedside Radio' let alone a 'Strutter'. Out of desperation, they've even collared 'School's Out' and dragged it screaming over tortuous metal clichés.

Give up? Well, maybe it's a grower.

PAUL ELLIOTT

SHALAMAR 'The Greatest Hits'

(Stylus SMR 8615)****
HEY, WAS all this Shalamar? Part-time soulboy reviewer takes a step back in amazement. Dips. Spins. And keeps on dancing.

If we ignore the truly dire soul-on-45 of 'Uptown Festival' from way back in 1977, then Shalamar turn out to have been one of the best dance acts of recent times. Their rhythms and their melodies (largely the work of producer Leon Sylvers and friends) gleam with the sweet persistence that any band cocky enough to call itself Hipsway ought to be pursuing.

Of course, this whole package is designed not merely to screw the last few thousand out of the Shalamar name (the Howard Hewett/Jody Watley/Jeffrey Daniels combination having fallen apart in 1984) but comes complete with sleeve notes fully intended to relaunch the old reliable brand name for a new trio with only Hewett remaining from the original.

Still, 'A Night To Remember', 'I Owe You One', 'There It Is' and even a brand new 'Mix To Remember' make this compilation a dance album I'll be keeping close to the record player. Take this to the bank.

ROGER HOLLAND

THE FUGS 'It Crawled Into My Hand, Honest'

(Edsel XED 181)****
'No More Slavery' (New Rose ROSE 79)***1/4
THOSE WHO leafed through the *Sounds Psycho Killers* supplement a while back will hopefully be delighted that The Fugs' greatest hit is once again available to all who care to listen. Packaged with care and consideration in its original gatefold sleeve, this is the one Fugs record to have on your shelf above all others.

'ICIMH, H' is The Fugs at their most potent and poetic. The banners they hold up are scrawled with hieroglyphics that proclaim a babbled and highly entertaining gush of protest. 'Johnny Pissoff Meets The Red Angel' is a brilliantly crafted chop to the throat at redneck mentality in all its gory, which went deeper than any dagger Zappa wields today.

"When beauty barks I heel," they chant on 'When The Mode Of The Music Changes' and, with ugliness all around, it's comforting to know that this LP still has a lot of bite.

Meantime, a lot of shit has flowed down The Fugs' wide river since those lines were penned. Older and wiser perhaps, The Fugs return with a new studio album that still rears up in protest at the state of foul play in the world but which lacks the wild-eyed mania that flecks 'ICIMH, H'.

When it comes to world affairs, I fear my head is firmly stuck in a bucket of



THE SHREW KINGS: yes, we used to play with papier-mâché... in nursery school!

Nick Corker

A VOLE IN ONE

THE SHREW KINGS 'Sad But True' (Thin Sliced SLICE 10) ****

CRAZY, MAN, just crazy. First these lunatics have me swaying in my rocking chair and then they have me spitting my raw tobacco at the frying pan perched above grandma's head. 'Sad But True'? Phew!

The Shrew Kings are a deep-fried jumble of all the best parts of that old dog called rock and roll - why else would they have that double bass? - plus a swinging folkiness similar to The Violent Femmes in a Parisian café ('Funeral Tango').

This, their debut mini-LP, highlights the potential that the Kings' earlier covers of Brecht songs suggested. 'Sad But True' is primarily a rocking album, but there's enough intelligence involved to raise it above the rest of the no-brains mob. There's the tranquil pop quality of 'Paradise', which I have to say is just heaven, and the boisterous 'Losing My Cool', flying alongside a manic and often flamboyant collection of pure gems like 'Dr Love'.

The Shrew Kings? Well, let's at least call them princes for now.

RON ROM

NOISE ANNOYS

sand, but The Fugs' cry of anguish eventually gets through. Tuli Kupferberg's 'The Smoking Gun' gives a well deserved slap in the face to the hypocrisies of the tobacco industry, while the lengthy novella of short stories 'Dreams Of Sexual Perfection' is a return to the perfection of the Edsel re-release.

These, however, are but glimmers of how things used to be. As it stands, 'No More Slavery' lurches uncomfortably into being too preachy at times, as though the subject matter has suffocated the real voices that are desperately trying to be heard. The wick's a little lower this time but The Fugs, God bless 'em, still refuse to be burnt out.

EDWIN POUNCEY

THE CANNIBALS

'Please Do Not Feed

The ...' (Scarface Records FACE 17)**

"THIS IS trash", proclaims the accompanying press note. A fair description, but as a musical style this is rather too limiting and tiresome.

Not that the trash ethic isn't a really good starting point for any band, but when The Cannibals make a fifth album based on the same ideas as their last four, you know it's going to be about as fresh as an old fag end. The good points are a few acid guitars melting alongside a couple of sing-a-long-whilst-the-speed's-still-on-offer choruses, 'Rumble In The Jungle' and 'I Trip For Your Love' being good examples.

Mike Spencer - the self-proclaimed godfather of trash - and the rest of The Cannibals take time out to show us what a good time they had making this album, which is a subtle way of making us feel guilty when we yawn.

Referring back to the press note: "It smells, it stinks, it reeks". Yeah - of a band reliant on the past and too frightened of the future.

RON ROM

PAUL BRADY 'Back To The Centre' (Mercury MERH 86)***½

PAUL BRADY is a man of two distinct moods.

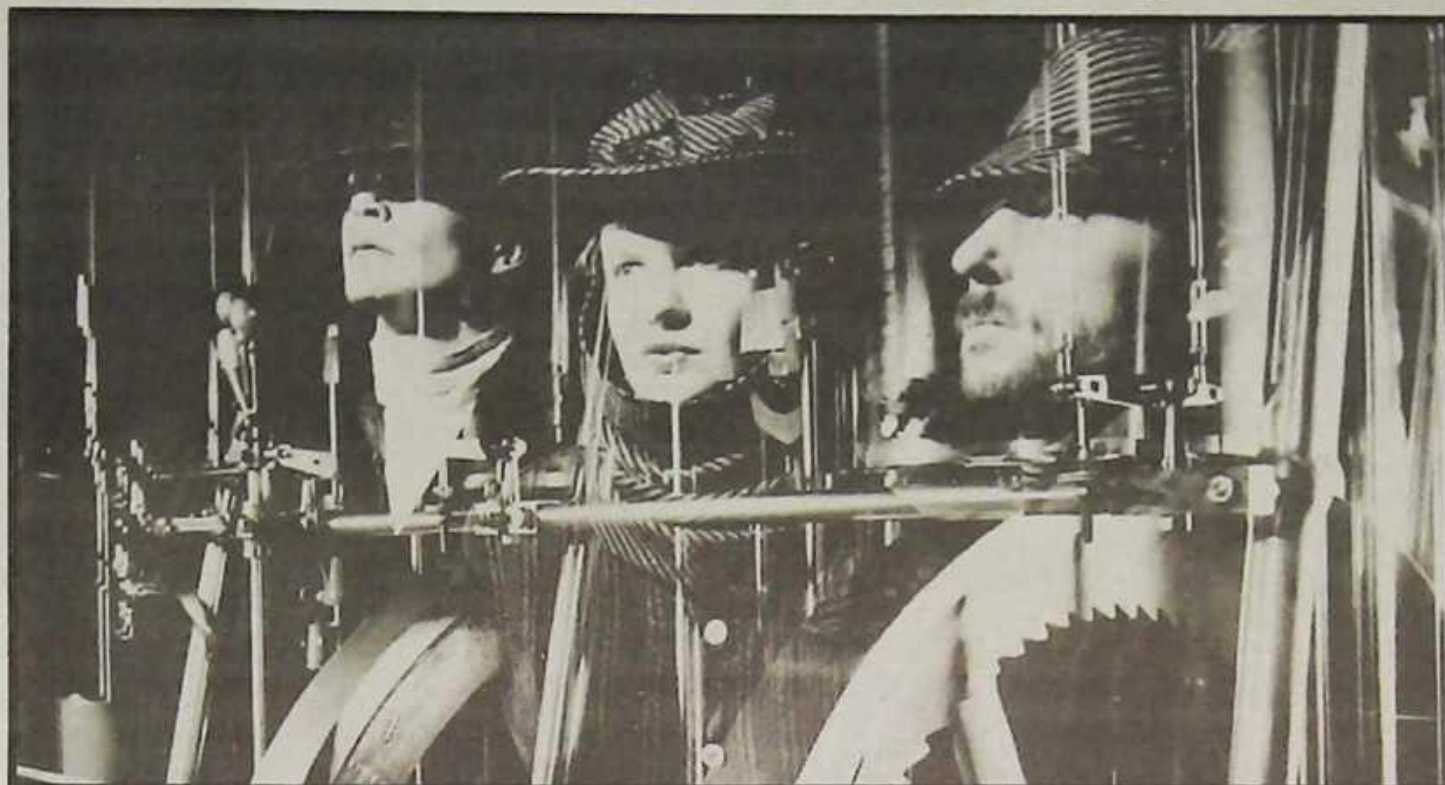
One is that of the ageing rocker who performs exceedingly polished, post-yuppy Our Price rack-fillers, an anti-sex-symbol in the mould of Mark Knopfler who (as the press biog casually mentions in every other line) is a great fan and admirer of the lapsed Irishman.

The other mood finds expression in a more melancholy, Celtic happy-sad sound, a ready-made soundtrack to a yet-to-be-made movie in which an English city-girl schoolma'am is whisked away to a position at St Morag's on the Mull Of Direstrait where she falls in love with the island's Scotch-addicted doctor (married) and has her hair blown about a fair bit on top of some suitably craggy cove (filmed entirely on location in Dorset).

Quite clearly I prefer the latter Brady mode, 'The Island' (probably the Mull Of Direstrait) towering above the other tracks in its glorious simplicity, a genuinely evocative little piece. The credits proudly boast of the contribution of another self-confessed fan, Eric Clapton, even though closer inspection reveals the presence of the multi-chinned one only on one solitary track, the perfectly satisfactory 'Deep In Your Heart'.

Comparisons with Christopher Cross are inevitable, but Brady really isn't as gauche as all that. *Whistle Test* will love him.

ANDY HURT



THE ART OF NOISE bang another nail in the coffin of ZTT's credibility

THE ART OF NOISE 'In Visible Silence' (China Records WOL 2)*

HERE'S A thought to take you away. Even the finest shoe makes a terrible tablecloth, and mass-production grins won't fool the ticket-inspector and get you a free ride to Bournemouth. Which means: post-ZTT Noise doesn't even add up to the merest sliver of sense.

Realistically, The Art Of Noise had forever been cooking the fat of its own shifty-eyed brinkmanship, nothing much more than a sometimes brilliantly disguised battleground for flaky muso gravy trains, 1974 aspirations, crypto-bullshit '80s technology and studio goofs succumbing and numbing to the shackles of mediocrity. In retrospect, they are gonna suffer like beached whales for all the athletic illusions (Morley's and their own).

Happy to feed off the plethora of images that besieged them and content to hang themselves on the meathooks of their manifestos, this is their rude awakening, frustrating the life out

of their own meagre expectations. Like moving your life to another chunk of the earth during a menopause, waking up the next morning, expecting salvation and finding a brain tumour.

It's like Charles Manson looking for the right tie; it's like ambient atmospheric and tin foil pyrotechnics looking for shelter; it's like discovering the false bottom to a suitcase, thinking you're James Bond for a moment, a mere mortal the next; it's like a bad imitation of the death rattle. Most of all, it's like asking for diamonds and getting iced piss and not realising 'till you get home.

So you get 'Legs' and 'Peter Gunn' and nine other slaps of stroboscopic sloth, little rhythm or wit and no trace of the beat-box-be-bop severity of the first diversion or the disruptive dadaist pantings of 'Moments In Love'. The hoochie-coochie man at the ZTT thinkstop must be down on his knees with the glowing relief that he no longer has to dress this drivell up in skyhook sublimity or pumiced parody. Turkeys.

JONH WILDE

SONIC YOUTH 'This Time, The Last Time, And Here's To The Next Time' (Wallz Have Earz NOT (BUT 2))****

WORSE STILL, I don't even give the new Sonic Youth 'legit live bootleg' double album one star or five stars. I give it four. What a despicable compromise. It's a vicious and motivating record, swiping unconcernedly at convention and the commonplace, but not all the aural angst reaches the atrophied apertures of my own (rather cuddly) little soul. At times - this is the token controversy bit - Sonic Youth sound too ecstatic to suffer. They've found freedom of expression.

An esplanade of duty: this is from London ULU, Brighton Beach, and (two sides of) Hammersmith Palais. 'Green Love' grinds in, tastefully tacky. After a spurt of Madonna (I trust this is rampant irony) there's the fraught and frail, deceptively intricate 'I Love Her All The Time'. The bulk of the debris treads similar dirty tracks as early Gun Club and is complemented (and attacked) by some bitchily lavish guitar overdrive.

The delight, tortuously, is 'Expressway To Your Skull', a pagan paean of considerable pathos and simmering glory. I particularly like the way he says "This is the last song", and then it sounds like The Last Supper. An introvert implodes; the flames can be felt across the Atlantic. Then, for about two minutes after you think it's finished, it hasn't. There's a hazy hum, a monotone mood, Cheree Cheree, a last attempt to reason as the orchestra wash their hands... this element of the enetic is luridly beautiful.

Behind the mask Sonic

Youth doubt first, slaughter second, question last. One hopes such a fascination with the grotesque allows an appreciation of the gentle. This music is raspingly creative if esoteric. But then I'm not Solomon; I don't have the correct wife quota.

CHRIS ROBERTS

JERMAINE JACKSON 'Precious Moments' (Arista 207087)*½

IT IS not commonly recognised that Jermaine Jackson (a man who presumably sang on 'I'll Be There' and should've retired the next morning) possesses the lumpiest complexion this side of Kilimanjaro. His otherwise impressively structured face blooms with more spots than all hundred and one dalmatians and takes more curtain calls than Margot Fonteyn.

Of course, this fact is cunningly concealed by nifty brushwork on the cover of his new album, 'Sounds Like A Box Of Chocolates And Features Whitney, I Said, Whitney Houston On One Track', so without my in-depth knowledge of the black music scene you might never have known. I try my best to provide a comprehensive, caring service, and trust that Mr and Mrs Arista will be pleased with my diligence.

Another lousy record, Jerms.

CHRIS ROBERTS

NILS LOFGREN 'Code Of The Road' (Towerbell TOWDLP 17)***

DURING THE last days of the dark ages of the mid-'70s, Nils Lofgren emerged (briefly) as a source of light, producing the one-off flash of brilliance that was the 'Nils Lofgren' album before returning to a career of anti-climax.

That the punk 'revolution'

has revolved its full course is evidenced by listening to something like 'Delivery Nights', which is so close to The Smiths in structure and intonation, that I'd be amazed if Messers Marr and Morrissey didn't have the odd Lofgren record in their racks.

The trouble with Nils is that - like The Smiths - after a while all his songs sound alike; fast or slow, that choirboy Sting voice and unique harmonic guitar style dominate throughout. 'Believe' stands out as much for the substitution of piano for guitar as for the superior quality of the song itself.

So, in the new dark ages of the mid-'80s, Nils is as acceptable as much of what the indie alternative has to offer, and this double album package proves what we knew all along ie he can reproduce it live. There's enough here for a

comprehensively definitive greatest hits single album, but this marathon is a real matchsticks-between-the-eyelids job.

ANDY HURT

WAYLON JENNINGS 'Will The Wolf Survive' (MCA MCF 3308)***

ROSANNE CASH 'Rhythm And Romance' (CBS 26366)***

OUT IN the country, they're trying to tell us that the sun's finally come out, promising a bountiful harvest. I for one certainly hope so: we could do with some roughage with so much chaff in the charts. And it would be kinda neat to discover that Waylon Jennings had somehow got his grizzled head round the door with his version of Los Lobos' 'Will The Wolf Survive'.

As an old outlaw, the Lobos' tune must have been tailor-made for him to have slipped into, a song for an outsider permanently on the prowl, perfect. He carries it well, but not well enough to swell a lump of pride in my throat like the original succeeded in doing. Still, a nice try which is only slightly off the mark.

Rosanne Cash gives her vision of country a bootheel into the realm of stadium rock, minus, unfortunately, the spurs. Her album is a polished semi-precious stone that only occasionally catches the light. A personalised testimony of true confessions that, no doubt, her listeners will be able to use as a frame to fit around their own experiences.

But although I wish the country resurge and Rosanne Cash well, there's nothing here that made my scalp prickle, nothing that, despite all those bending electric rock guitars, shoved a bony finger into my ribs, making me double up with pain or joy. Rosanne walks on the sassy side of AOR; you can tell she's up for riding a bucking bronco but she's tethered to tradition. If she really busts loose however, then Nashville had better hold onto its stetson.

EDWIN POUNCEY

VARIOUS ARTISTS

'Prisoner Themes:

Original Soundtrack Music From The TV Series Starring Patrick McGoochan' (Bam Caruso

WEBA 066)****½

KITSCH, CULT or classic? Whatever your angle, *The Prisoner* has to be seen as one of the seminal series ever syndicated by British TV.

Taking edgy '60s spy drama as its core, it drew in equal chunks of Kafka, Freud, Lewis Carroll, surrealism, new technology and Cold War paranoia to produce compulsive, intelligent viewing that broke ground yet to be caught up with.

And when Channel 4 rescreened it recently, it still packed as powerful a punch as it did in '67.

This morsel of McGoochan madness is brought to you courtesy of the series' ever growing fan club, Six Of One, and St Albans' label Bam Caruso. As well as an album that includes Ron Grainer's dramatic opening sequence theme, there's a map of The Village and booklet on the series' making: superb caring packaging.

Forget Bam Caruso's other attempts to refloat six-oh culture, this is a vital living artefact of that era's rich heritage and continuing relevance. By hook or by crook, get a copy.

CLARK DONOVAN

BOB'S FULL HOUSE

BOB SEGER 'Like A Rock' (Capitol EST 2011)***½

HAS-BEEN rock artistes are always babbling on in defence of their seized-up poses and pouts thus: if blues stars can go on and on until they're old geezers, why can't we? Unfortunately, very few come even close to justifying that attitude. Bob Seger does.

Of course, sometimes he gets closer to the bullseye than others. It'd be a cheap shot to slate Seger, the rocker's rocker, for sounding like Springsteen on this album; he was one of young Bruce's prime inspirations, after all, so there's little point in playing chicken-and-egg games with 'Like A Rock'. The main problem here is that Bob Seger sounds way too much like... Bob Seger.

Back after 'a rest' lasting longer than some folks' careers, Bob is still firmly entrenched in his howlin'-ole-boy-in-lurve mode, dappled

with a few splurging mid-tempo rockers such as the opening 'American Storm'. Gone are the daze of 'Get Out Of Denver' and rip-roaring nosebleed bop; what we get here is a Beverly Hills Tom Waits. Just like his previous few platters for Capitol.

I once sat next to Bob Seger at a Tom Petty gig in Detroit. He was large and furry and ate popcorn. He appeared to enjoy being part of the audience rather than part of the spectacle. This perfectly adequate LP, full of surging moans like 'Tightrope', will undoubtedly satisfy the tastes of party-mad LA dentists, spawn a few respectable hitettes and go platinum, allowing Bob to go back to his swimming pool for another couple years. One just wishes he could grow old disgracefully rather than be so... so beyond criticism.

'Good' isn't good enough.

SANDY ROBERTSON

LETTERS

GREEN RAGE

ISN'T IT strange how there are some people who are prepared to build you up only to pull you down?

Strange how when a band becomes more slick and professional certain people will raise their heads to utter the immortal phrase 'they were better in their earlier days'.

Strange why these same people prefer to live in the past. Even when the coupled words of 'sell-out' are used these days, the band who has supposedly 'sold out' are almost certainly destined to leave behind cult status in favour of super-stardom...

Some people are like frogs (you know who you are) green with envy, leaping from one place to another until one day they realise their mistake by taking one too many leaps, and are squashed by their own stupidity. (It's a strange old world innit?) - **Danielz (Tarazara)**

COOPERMAN

THIS LETTER is dedicated to Simon Cooper - a genius illustrator if ever there was! So we all know that Janice Long's a big fan of his but he deserves greater credit than that. If it wasn't for his weekly masterpieces, the letters page would just be a plain old letters page - as

seen in the *NME* and *Melody Maker*.

The Queen would do well to include Mr Cooper in her Birthday Honours List (I hear she's an avid reader of your rag). Anyway, a big thumbs up from me. - **M Bilyk, Basingstoke**

GOLDEN OLDIES

IN REPLY to Mark The Houseplant's letter (*Sounds* March 29) in which he slags off old songs by old bands.

The reason some of them are back in the charts again is that they were, and still are, good songs.

It seems to be so fashionable today to be into such tuneless no-hopers like Sputnik and The Jesus And Mary Chain, etc.

I remember some years ago when people like John Peel were singing the praises of Quo, Yes, Rod Stewart, all of whom are still around today. I myself like all kinds of music from the Pistols to Marvin Gaye. If a good record comes out then I'll buy it. There is no substitute for good songs.

I know the charts of today don't mean a thing and there are some fine young bands about, but it's nice to see some old classics showing up again. It won't be long before Free's 'Alright Now' is back in the charts again. - **Mick, Preston, Lancs**

WHEN I was at primary school my favourite lesson used to be music. We all used to get the loudest, most annoying instruments, and bash and shake, twang, scrape, slug, to drown out the fact we couldn't really play and if anyone could we didn't want to hear 'em anyway. Oh yes, fond fond memories of that class of 1970, but imagine my surprise when, passing the Warehouse in Leeds the other day, I heard some of my early primary school hits being amplified to oblivion. My first thoughts were to investigate.

It turned out to be some no-hopers called The Swans - you know, the ones who Edwin Pouncey likes, well, he gave them five stars. I would like to know just one thing: Why? This band should be stoned to death. Why waste time on them? Sack Edwin or at least make him write an apology. Why can't he just admit to the world The Swans are a total waste of time and he doesn't really like them? - **Tim Poet**



SCHOOL DAZE

MUSIC WEEK

Where else could you get 3792 solid music business contacts for just £10?

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- 614 record companies
- 127 record distributors
- 336 recording studios and rehearsal rooms
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- 121 radio and TV stations
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LIVES



THE GO-BETWEENS' Robert Forster works on his "sex-god status"

Greg Freeman

RING MY BELLE

CHRISTIAN DEATH/ LIVING IN TEXAS/ FIELDS OF NEPHILIM/ THE PURPLE THINGS/ ASMODI BIZAAR

Electric Ballroom

THE DAY The Carnival Of Atrocities came to town, black clouds followed in its wake. They burst spasmodically, showering all below with torrents of gothic gloom.

From the doom came a flash of lightning in the form of Asmodi Bizaar, a West German group whose vocalist looks and sounds uncannily like Siouxsie. She whirls around the stage almost violently to the sparse, reverberating German rock. 'Kraut' translates into English as 'herb' - a plant with medicinal and fatalistic powers. Asmodi Bizaar are four 'krauts', a bouquet garni with that sickly sweet smell of success.

Meanwhile, Jayne County (comper of the show) announces a surprise group. The Purple Things spew forth loud, fast rockabilly-pseudo-punk and pump so much adrenalin from their frenzied, screaming guitars that your veins feel like they're bursting. The vocalist winds his limbs sensually around the frigid mike-stand as he screams: "I'm a wild man!" The Things are boiling hot.

The Fields Of Nephilim cool the fevered bodies with a refreshing but murky breeze of despondent rock. This band of haircuts sound similar to the defunct Sisters Of Mercy but, although less depressing, they lack the latter's professionalism and urgency.

Not so Living In Texas, a unique group who deliver their psycho rock 'n' raunch with an unrelenting, jeering arrogance. The vocalist and epileptically jerking guitarist absorb every beat, every vibration of their music. The sound filters out through their pores as a torrent of sweat.

Thrills continue, perversely now, with the Carnival's ringmasters, Christian Death. A world of fantasy and cruel reality unveils as the frontman, swathed in leather, mutters songs about rubber whips and morbid screams about death. In the background, pounding toms herald a surge of new blood, new life, with a sex beat, heart beat and then... resurrection. Death is only the beginning.

KEZ OWEN

MUMMY CALLS Marquee

THIS IS the sound of constipation. The sound of the hollow ringing of a sickening lack of imagination. And of the tightening of muscles and the exertion of a great pressure, as a corporate body heaves in a fiercely desperate attempt to push any old shit out of the old multi-national bowels.

This is the sound of an A&R man going down for the last time. Hopefully.

This is a band who would have wanted to be Roxy Music. A band who would never have appreciated the humour or the genius or the panache of Ferry and friends, but a band observant enough to see that that was how you got the girls and the money.

This is a band whose sole conception of 'sophistication' is to stick a saxophonist quite blatantly to the fore. Like a cheap fake Rolex.

This is a band with a bassist who plays like a constipated teapot.

This is a band with a frontman who sings like a constipated Jim Kerr who, rather than opting to be Bono II, has instead noticed that Live Aid made Bob Geldof somewhat popular.

This is a band whose meagre audience includes a number of quite unwholesomely desirable young women. And these cutesies are the only people

applauding. From their behaviour, a more cynical soul than myself might feel constrained to suggest that these five or six women constituted something of an organised glee club. And that they had either an emotional or family interest in Mummy Calls.

This is the way the pop business is run.

ROGER HOLLAND

THE FAIRGROUND Nottingham

THE FAIRGROUND are a band whose music can be likened to a great big house, partly unexplored, the structure quite familiar. The smaller rooms are very interesting, the big ones impressive if a little indulgent in their

furnishing, and some of the corridors seem to go on and on...

Most of their songs are good, some very good indeed, but watching this performance it becomes rather obvious that they know it, so giving licence to indulge and eulogize themselves. What they could do with is for someone to pull the rug from under their feet.

Many of the regulars of this up-market wine-bar venue left early - which to any band is a tribute in itself - but to a growing number of admirers, The Fairground are one of the small clutch of Nottingham bands destined for better things.

For a band who sound so

THE GO-BETWEENS Croydon Underground

IF THEIR records are as slender as birch, rock crafted in a hot and hostile light as one visionary placed it, then these live outings are like hot hail on cold metal, a tumbling froth of propulsive drive and ramshackle, sniper-ish roughness. The Go-Betweens, perfectives of the hoed-down uh-uh-uh sound, are flapping and unfolding, slowly evolving into our most miraculous live prospect.

Between their pre-Xmas appearances and now, they've honed these 'Liberty Belle' gems in to a crushed, blueslike simplicity/directness, nailing down the crude edges but heightening the impact of their uphill-downdale, galvanically charged melodies. Tonight, they advanced the popping eyes and stamped out these silvery shivers like metal under the hammer, keyboardist Dean B Speedwell's ripples like the splash of a lemon slice sliding into hot tea. I had expected, taken for granted, the infectiousness of this great tangle of rhythm and rhyme, but I was unprepared for tonight's variety of inflections and the sheer agility of their spring-hill mélange.

Unlike most of the mess of modern pop, they value the under-meanings of ripe suggestions, well fed with kisses and flowing brooks and the stab of everyday revenge. When The Go-Betweens touch the backs of their throats with sticky, curious fingers, these summer-dust words just drift out like thistledown. More simply, they have this deft ability for exciting and enticing with the plainest of words.

"We're called The Go-Betweens and we're definitely back," Forster deadpans before the opening candy-paper cascade of 'Batchelor Kisses', and he then spends the entire set's energies working on his sex-god status - brilliantly, awkwardly flirtatious throughout.

"This is the second greatest love song ever written," greets a ravishingly mellow 'Apology Accepted'. More mysteriously, 'Twin Layers Of Lightning' is introduced as "two chords stolen off Ben Watt... two lonely chords".

Then there's two pristine fresh slices of honky-tonkery, Robert's epic 'I Work In A Health Spa' and Grant's untitled and jagged r'n'r chop containing some of his most poignant lines: "Only two things I've got to say - Don't walk the wire and don't drink the well." With the off-notes magically enhancing, they bode well.

So The Go-Betweens slapped back with an all-resounding thump, with locomotive resolve and enough respect for the occasional rambling shambles to make it count. Something less than a tidy fuss but much more than we can reasonably expect from pop just now. Hypnotists as well as heart-beats, their sweep back was an unnerving triumph and their sexual allure was just the half of it.

JOHN WILDE

much like a Doors minus the keyboards or a blues-laden, bassier Echo And The Bunnymen, only near-great melodies could save them from oblivion. Fortunately, they have quite a few.

GARY BELINSKY

THE CLOCKWORK ORANGE North Kensington Bay 63

RIGHT, WHAT have we got here then? Visually, the threesome are much of the way towards being a cohesive unit with a Marc Almond-head on drums and a sly didikoi with a bass who goes by the name of The Cat With The Hat, the offending article being a bowler,

something of a kitsch concept considering their name.

The singing guitarist is a lofty character with a snow-capped barnet reaching for the skies, whose application of foundation suggests some scallywag planted a grenade in his make-up box.

The musical theory they are putting into practice is that a first-time audience is more likely to be drawn into the world of The Clockwork Orange by a varied set of originals made palatable by a liberal sprinkling of covers, and the ones they've chosen for the purpose are obscure little ditties like 'I Wanna Be Your Dog', 'Sympathy For The Devil', 'Twentieth Century Boy', and 'White

STUMP IT UP

STUMP Kentish Town Bull And Gate CAN YOU dig it?

A sackful of new ideas, a whirlwind of innovation, a fierce social satire and a charming, deranged beauty that dances like a ringing alarm clock. This is Stump.

Stump soar above their contemporaries, stretching the musical format onto far frontiers and beyond. But this doesn't mean that they're frustrated session musicians like Hüsker Dü. Stump don't make a caustic racket; they prefer to craft a subtle grace that's never messy but always crazed.

Tonight, their shining qualities positively stuttered off the stage into a packed crowd. Stump's sound oozes and gurgles like a piece of pulsating slime, whilst Mick Lynch's Irish-tinted vocals slide with a rich sardonic

arrogance. Stump glisten because they mix the muddy eloquence of the intriguing guitar patterns (Chris Salmon) with harmonic bass-playing (Kev Hopper) and Rob McKahey's inspired drums. At first, it's the sublime earthiness of 'Orgasm Way' that knocks you off your feet - a song that's based on the traumas of a two day wait at the DHSS - and then it's the erratic and confused dance vitality of 'Grab Hands' or the excellent 'Kitchen Table'. Stump sound like no-one else.

Backstage, I find out that drummer Rob McKahey is 30 and comes from Cork.

"This is the best band I've ever been in, this is my dream band. If this packed up I'd never play drums again because this is everything that I've been looking for."



STUMP'S Mick Lynch: can you dig him?

Steve Double

Light, White Heat', on which they sound more like the Velvets than Lou Reed ever did.

The main problem is, they perform these tributes so well the old lugholes never really get a chance to decompress sufficiently to absorb the trio's own material. But they make a mighty row, and when they literally get their act together will demand to be taken more seriously.

ANDY HURT

PAT BENATAR Los Angeles

YEAH, THE lady is blessed with golden vocal chords: a voice that could move mountains, shatter Wedgewood at 20 feet and smoke out an entire choir of nightingales. But the dangerous duo – its other half being Neil Giraldo, Mr Benatar and one of rock's most innovative and underrated guitarists – has sadly mellowed almost beyond recognition.

Tonight's presentation was about as limp as lettuce, and Ms Benatar's world-weary lethargy portrayed little if any conviction.

Moody balladry in the shape of 'We Belong', 'Love Is A Battlefield' and 'Painted Desert' coloured the majority of the set, although 'Heart Breaker' was aired, presumably as a respectful nod in the general direction of yesteryear's thunder. However, preaching about the evils of using 'Sex As A Weapon' seems a little ironic from a lady who has undoubtedly taken advantage of her gender throughout her career.

Take reform and maturity and pipe it through elevator speakers, 'cause it sure as hell doesn't belong on stage. God bless punk.

MARY ANNE HOBBS

BIG FLAME Kentish Town Bull And Gate

ARE BIG Flame a mess or a bonfire of great ideas burning above our heads? They're probably the latter.

Big Flame use exploding guitars to twist into pop's protocol. It's a sound that takes no prisoners, except for the odd 50 or so who care for this form of extreme experimentation, one that dismantles pop so much the original idea becomes unclear. Big Flame play too loud and too fast for common people to comprehend or digest them.

If Big Flame came from New York, they would be

RON ROM has his arm twisted by the subtle grace of STUMP

Stump came together last year down the Old Kent Road and were signed after sending a demo tape to Ron Johnson's Records. Now 'Mud On A Colon', their debut single, has just been released.

Rob adds: "We think all the songs on the record are good but the production was awful. Y'see, we want a raw sound as we rely on what we're doing to gain that intensity, and that's hard these days."

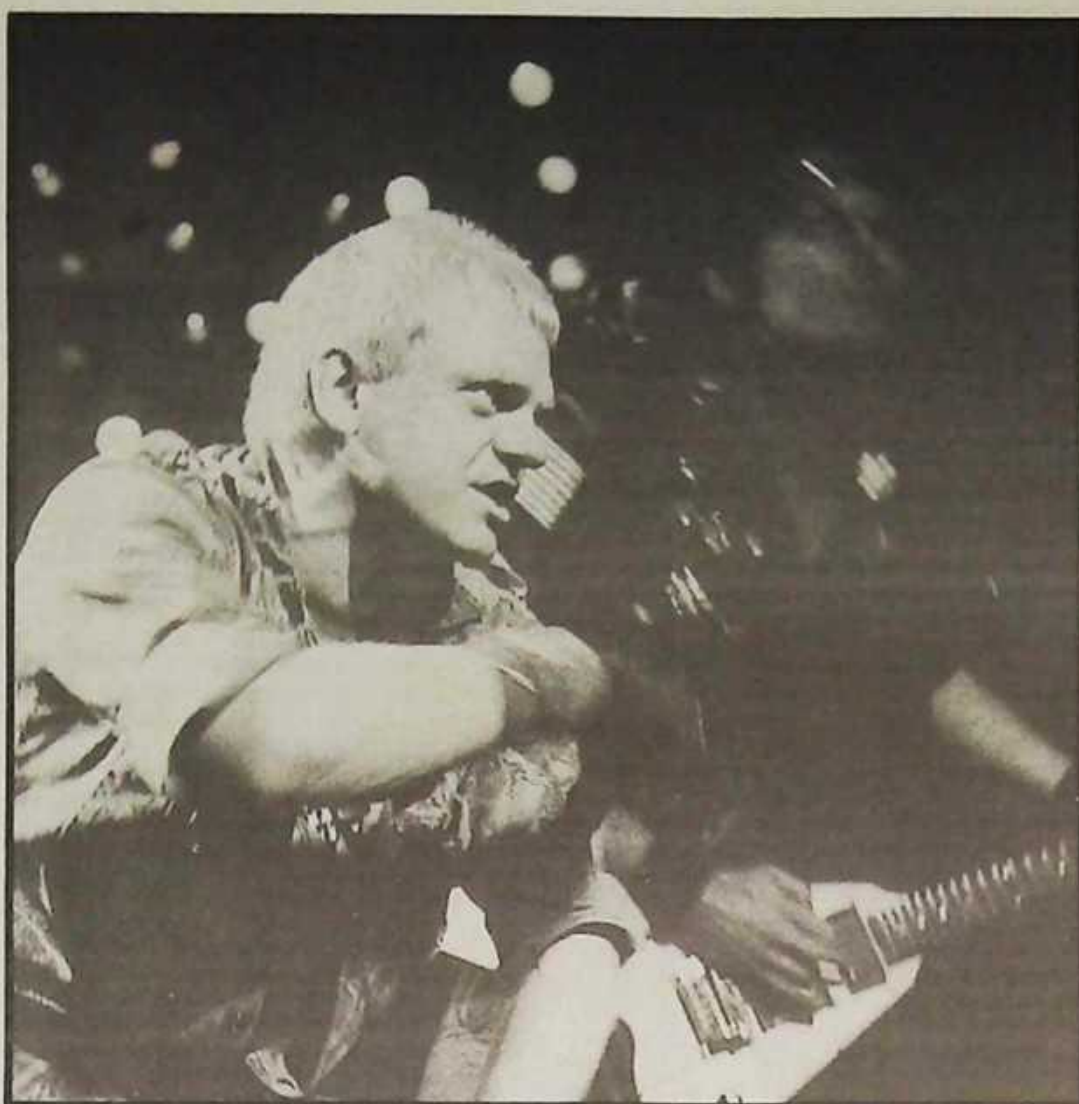
Still, I think the record is sublime.

Mick Lynch, also from Cork, answers: "It's got a bit of everything in it. It's sublime and it's ridiculous and if anyone could buy me a drink I'd be grateful..."

"The reason I like this band is because it's so different, innovative, and it's just so f***ing exciting."

Can you dig it now?

MONICA CADY



ACCEPT'S Udo Dirkschneider: what, you'd pay to see them?

Steve Double

considered an avant-garde art band or a bunch of no-wave nihilists. But they come from Manchester and that is the reason why they are forgotten as another shambling fanzine band. In their current form, they do not seem to have much of a future ahead of them, although this is not through a lack of talent. One of their three minute apocalyptic pop songs has more fire and guts in it than most, but through their militant approach in destroying orthodox pop they stand little chance of gaining any great fame.

A shame, as Big Flame are still one of the most innovative pop bands in the country.

RON ROM

THE WINANS

Euston Shaw Theatre

THE CONGREGATION are in their Sunday best suits, veiled pillbox hats and gloves as the MC encourages one and all to "lift up to Jesus". Heads bow during a brief prayer – we have all "come to worship God" – which precedes the warm-up band, the impressive British Spiritual Force, including three guys in Miami Vice tuxedos and patent leather who can sing as high as the girls in their silver-sashed black dresses.

Everyone goes berserk as the four Winans appear to open up with 'Hide Away'. It's useless remaining seated as all rise to indulge in a barrage of solid handclapping, and I feel like I'm in the middle section of a choir. After a few numbers, Isabel Armstrong gives The Winans a rest and climbs the lung ladder as easily as buttering toast on 'Always', going so high she has to put on the brakes.

The Winans reappear in flowing white designer kaftans to deliver their anti-apartheid anthem, 'Let My People Go'. They synchronise steps Four Tops-style, while the majority of the audience know the words to all the songs and are more than willing to sing out. The clapping never stops. Time stands still as people jump up, point and yell, a woman behind me whispers "Jesus".

Even for the less religiously committed, this is literally a moving experience. Totally amazing.

MATHILDE SANTING ICA

WELL, I wasn't exactly expecting a riot but then I wasn't expecting this seated audience either, so theatrically hushed that I wish I'd brought a bag of pins to drop.

Mathilde is generally to be located centre stage, either bum on stool or hand on mike-stand, with occasional foray to the synth or maybe a stroll among the punters. Her confederates ease out an extended set of Santing's Cole Porter-goes-pop-kind-of music, going to almost comical lengths to attain an individual sound for each number.

The drummer hits the skins with what I take to be spaghetti (uncooked) and shakes an aborted toast-rack from a pre-pubescent woodwork class, while the barmy percussionist refuses to use the same implement twice, fidgeting from one new toy to another like a spoilt toddler in a 'discover percussion' class.

The antics of this pair divert our attention away from the Dutch crooner, but then maybe this is intentional –

Santing exudes a certain calm confidence generated by the knowledge that when a note emerges from her lips it stays put. No need for wobbly skat bumbles as this is some voice. But she's no great shakes as a showperson, a physical presence whose robust frame is put through nothing more strenuous than an Alison Moyet aerobics routine.

I'll still be playing her records on Sunday morning, but this isn't my idea of a Saturday night

ANDY HURT

MINISTRY OF LOVE Liverpool

A VERITABLE Liverpool supergroup, Ministry Of Love revolve around the 'crucial three' of locally respected Rasta poet Levi Tafari, Eugene Lange – who represented the only real political consciousness in Warrington around the time when Wylie used to play at being the concerned socialist – and ex-Western Promise John McGlone, the original angry young man with a talent and a grudge.

As part of a nine piece band, they blend hard reggae, cool blues, bittersweet soul

RAGE OF CONSENT

ACCEPT/DOKKEN

Hammersmith Odeon

THE COUPLE across the carriage are obviously on their way to the Odeon. Their freshly washed, fluffy, curly perms (his blond, hers brunette, both shoulder length), tight blue jeans with crisp creases and shiny, too shiny Adidas baseball boots (his and hers – both white) are as big a giveaway as the football programme sticking out of my pocket.

And fresh from White Hart Lane (shitty ground!), my baggy cords and prized grey Allassio trainies are plastered with mud. Mr and Mrs Rocker hold hands and look down their heavy metal noses at my feet.

But that's OK, because nobody who would willingly pay to watch Accept could possibly be all there!

As I drag my weary bones into the Circle, the bouncers halt the progress of a young headbanger. "But it's cardboard," he pleads, "it's not dangerous." This youngster, who is studying for his 'A' levels and hoping to work in a bank, likes to take a customised flying V guitar to the Hammersmith Odeon. I don't suppose he could find a girl.

Accept play on a stage somewhat reminiscent of the bridge on the Starship Enterprise. The lights are on but there's nobody home. Judas Priest without the humour, the FCS without the subtlety, the seven dwarves without Snow White, these stern-faced relentless retards will be first up against the wall come the glorious day.

Whereas Dokken, despite all their unavoidable LA trimmings, prove a powerfully melodic outfit who will soon have them queueing all the way around stadia coast to coast stateside, as they say. Van Halen with eye-liner, they are unlikely to be supporting next time they tour.

ROGER HOLLAND

and a biting undercurrent of jail guitar doors, to fashion a genuinely pure and uplifting music of depth and integrity, passion and hope.

To have so much artistic feeling and political intensity pulling in one common direction is rare, particularly in Liverpool. However, with sincerity and commitment nailed to their hearts, theirs is a sound of harsh protest and cool articulation, hard rhythms of complex simplicity, ultimately an eloquent and moving interpretation of the politics of frustration. Rockers.

ROSS FORTUNE

THE SOUND Hammersmith Clarendon

THE QUESTION barking at my brain as I walked into The Clarendon – incidentally, full of middle-aged teenagers – was, what do The Sound actually sound like? And what do they look like?

The answer, my friends, to both questions is a cardboard box! They have as much stage presence as onions in a pizza topping. And their conversation probably consists of technical jargon as

they have the appearance of musos with pacemakers. Side-stage, they had three guitars waiting to be used, while the keyboard player stretched his fingers across just as many synths and looked oh so professional.

If Genesis were worse than they already are, they'd probably be The Sound...

However, Harry is a civil servant; he has been a bachelor for most of his life. He's an unassuming sort of fellow if not a dull one. He always wears a blazer and votes SDP at General Elections.

He likes rock music that's bland and always straight... he doesn't like all that "fairy stuff" like Boy George or King. No, Harry likes his music to be loud and powerful and of no great meaning beyond the confines of the concert hall as rock music is all about escapism.

During The Sound, Harry went a bit wild. He moved his arms up and down, his leg in and out, and shook his head, because Harry gets excited about The Sound.

Still, Harry is a bit of a plonker.

RON ROM

THE TORTURE AND THE HAIR

ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN New York

WITH A hip and a wig and a hop and a hip. Finding out that mawkish Mac is and was be-wigged all along was some *bona fide* belch of surprise, and no mistake.

Thirty or so minutes in, during a slothful 'Dancing Horses', a slight breeze chuckles softly through Madison Square's Felt Forum, the wig – that prickly porcupine *coiffure* – flies to the floor, and Mac forces a bloodshot grin. It's alright though, nobody notices, too taken with his milky white pout and those fabulous Grecian lips and the best nipples known to pop. But Mac's wig? Phew!

The wayward wig was the most exciting bit about the unveiling of the 'new' Bunnyman, the way it hugged the sudden breeze and glided downwards (oh drama!), upstaging the rest of this smudge of a show, nothing too ripe and little to make the room spin.

Inevitably, the Bunnyman provided the odd burning blush, but no miracles, just a few semi-healthy hack coughs. So they entered to a tense explosion of stuttering 'Never Stop', fussed frantically over 'Rescue', gutted the last charged energies from 'Back Of Love', dashed off enough near-hits so that no-one noticed the wig or its bellyflop.

Cunningham steps into De Freitas' vacated space, bursts his bladder, shuffles and scrambles across the kit like a demon, and upfront... the beat grinds on just as before. At this point, the Bunnyman need something more than a new drummer to stop them bleeding to death.

What's the problem? They still possess a rare knack for making cavernous halls like this seem like a corner of your front room, at least during the higher moments – but that's where their live prowess gulps and goes under. Besides the wig, their thunderclap shocks are few tonight. Of course, you can always rely on Will's ever-worsening pock skin complexion for a bagful of laughs. Then there's the brief respite from the more muscular plodders during the acoustic 'Killing Moon' and 'Seven Seas' section, their most baited breaths since the first album. But that's that.

There's plenty of *force* here, but so what? There's little point in shouting about the size of your penis when you're lying and dying in the dirt. The Bunnyman live are presently choked to the gills with all the usual rock tricks, their intentions stickily slapped on their foreheads – blustery histrionics as a regular whipping boy, a convenient substitute for *genuine* tension.

Live, the Bunnyman are now a terribly hollow parade, whacked-out and clueless; they've been pissing against the wind for years now, straining for all they're worth, in the vague hope of escaping the imminent threat of complete creative constipation – not that a crowd as indiscriminate as this is going to be the one to holler "time's up!"

So the Bunnyman reach their last stretch and the wig finally falls and, even if Ian McCulloch's carefully pained lubber-lips shine so hard, the wig and the wellspring are looking for the way out. Back to the warrens when the myxomatosis creeps past the neck-line, says I. Let's die with some dignity, then.

JONH WILDE

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AND THE
« BUNNYMEN »
« CHINA CRISIS »
« JOOLZ »
« ROGER MCGOUGH »
« DENNIS WATERMAN »
« GUESTS »

Fri 25 April
« THE CURE »
« THE WATERBOYS »
« SHRIEKBACK »
« ANDREW SACHS »
« KENNY LYNCH »
« GUESTS »

DOORS OPEN 7.15pm
SHOW STARTS 7.45pm
PLEASE DON'T BUY
TICKETS FROM THE TOUTS

at **The Royal Albert Hall**

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM: KEITH PROWSE CC HOTLINE 01-741 8989, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS CC 01-439 3371, PREMIER BOX OFFICE CC 01-240 2245, STARGREEN CC 01-734 8932, TICKETMASTER CC 01-379 6433 AND THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL. TICKETS FOR THURSDAY AND FRIDAY AVAILABLE FROM MAIN AGENTS AND THE ALBERT HALL ONLY. Each ticket includes VAT and booking fee.

THE HALF MOON
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Putney SW15, Tel: 01-788 2387

Tuesday 15th April
MEANTIME
Wednesday 16th April

STEVE YOUNG & HIS BAND
Thursday 17th April

BLUES 'N' TROUBLE
Friday 18th April

BOOGIE BROTHERS
BLUES BAND
Saturday 19th April

HANK WANGFORD BAND
Sunday 20th April

DAVE KELLY BAND
Monday 21st April

BUTCH HANCOCK with **WES MCGEE'S TEXAS ALLSTARS**
Tuesday 22nd April
MEANTIME

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Wed 16th (£2.50)
CROSSTALK
Sat 19th (£2.50)
BELLADONNA
+ **WE THE ACCUSED**
Wed 23rd (£2.50)
PHANTASM
Thurs 24th (£3.00)
SCREAMING LORD SUTCH
8PM-1AM ADMISSION £2.50

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TO ADVERTISE HERE
CALL ANDRINA
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SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

GREENWICH LEISURE

Winston Reedyand Jah Warrior
plus D.J. Simon Goffe
CANCELLED

Thursday 17 April Doors Open 7.30pm

The Cool Notes

plus Take 5

and special guest D.J. Steve Walsh
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Woolwich Coronet, (By Woolwich Ferry), SE18
£3.50 (£1.50 Concessions)**Wall Of Voodoo**

plus Support

Saturday 3 May Doors Open 7.30pm
Thames Poly S.U., Thomas Street, SE18
£4 (£3.50 Concessions & Students)**Steeleye Span**Thursday 15 May Doors Open 7.30pm
Coronet, (By Woolwich Ferry), SE18
£5 (£3 Concessions)**Nico**

and The Faction

plus The Shop Assistants

Friday 16 May Doors Open 7.30pm
Thames Poly S.U., Thomas Street, SE18
£4 (£3 Concessions)**Incantation**Sunday 18 May Doors Open 7.30pm
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£5 (£3.50 Concessions)ADVANCE BOOKINGS 01-317 8687 CREDIT CARDS 01-855 5900
Greenwich Entertainment Service: 25 Woolwich New Road, SE18
Greenwich Theatre Box Office: Crooms Hill SE10 (callers only)**DEMON****RARING TO GO**

LIVE AT:

SHELLEYS LONGTON, STOKE-ON-TRENT (Mon, April 21)
THE BARREL ORGAN DIGBETH, BIRMINGHAM (Tues, April 22)
THE RED LION GRAVESEND, KENT (Fri, April 25)
SPECIAL GUESTS RELAY 25th ONLY
+ OUT NOW - NEW 5-TRACK 12" SAMPLER
ON CLAY RECORDS - PLATE 8

Nick Toczek presents
live at
ADAM and EVE'S 2 CENTRAL LEEDS
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WED 16: CHAD U.K. + AD NAUGARM
THU 17: BLACK ROSE
WED 23: RUBELLA
THU 24: TREDEGAR GBH +
WED 30: Benefit Gig for Nicaragua
MAY DATES FEATURE...
LARRY WALLIS (1) + BLYTH POWER (1)
+ PAULINE GILLAN (8) + BUSINESS (14)
SONIC YOUTH (20) + CONFLICT/ANTI-SYSTEM (21)
+ PAUL SAMSON'S EMPIRE (22)
+ LIVE SKULL (27) + INSTIGATORS (28)
+ SHE (29)
ALSO BY NICK TOCZEK: ROCKIN' JOE ROYAL
ROYAL SEANASRA, Bradford
APR 19: SKA: Restrictors/Syndicate
OUT WEEK (21st): NICK TOCZEK'S
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Psychodelic Nites
EVERY FRIDAY
Friday 18th April
MAGIC MUSHROOM BAND
+ PHONEY AMERICAN
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Friday 25th April
THE BICYCLE THIEVES
+ THE SHAMEN
* Punk Every Monday *

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WE'RE BACK!!!!Wed 16 & Thurs 17
BILLY COBHAM'S GLASS MENAGERIE
EXCLUSIVE LONDON SHOWS 19.50
TICKETS AVAILABLE ON NIGHTFri 18
CARLENE CARTER + THE DEADBEATS Tickets: £4Sat 19
DESMOND DEKKER
BASIL GABBIDON (Ex Steel Pulse)
SKA ROCK STEADY - £4SAT 19 LUNCHTIME CLUB (12-3)
SUN 20 LUNCHTIME CLUB (12-3) } FREE ENTRYSun 20
THE SUNDAY SHOWCASE (7pm-11.30pm)
5 NEW BANDS
Tickets only £1.50Mon 21
CLOSED - Private FunctionTues 22
VIDEOCLUB CLUB
THE BATS (from New Zealand)
THE PURPLE THINGS
Scratch Video Spectacular by Frozen Moments
+ DJ KRYSS - Tickets: £3Wed 23
WOMAD WORLD BEAT
DRUMMERS OF BURUNDI
AND SPECIAL GUESTS FROM MALIDJOLIBA BAND - Tickets: £5
Every Wednesday is WOMAD Worldbeat NightThurs 24
FROM LOS ANGELES: USA
THE PRIME MOVERS
And Special Guests. Only London Show - £3.50Fri 25 - TOPPER HEADON
Sat 26 - MINT JULEPS
Mon 28 - BUTTHOLE SURFERS - Mely Toys
Tues 29 - EXECUTIVE SLACKS - The Brigade
Wed 30 - ORCHESTRE JAZIRA**MENTAL AS ANYTHING**TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB, KENTISH TOWN
SATURDAY 3rd MAY, 8.00 p.m.
Tickets: £5.00 (inc VAT) Available from B/O Tel: 01-267 3334
Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Premier, LTB, Stargreen, Albemarle,
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QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL - SOUTH BANK - LONDON 01-928 3191/3002

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fine young cannibalsTOWN AND COUNTRY CLUB, KENTISH TOWN
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The Cage, The Gear Market, Kings Road

THE PEZZ 27, NORTH ST. PRECINCT, ROMFORD
01-597-6181

April 25th The Prisoners p
23rd - Kau Tau *
21st - The Reflection + *
30th The Rhythm Steadies
The Ladykillers *

Open 8.30 - Late / Free Free Drinks

BUSES: 86/148 BARTON 1230
* 22. 8.15 DOOR / 8.50 ADV.

THE LATCHMERE
503 Battersea Park Road, London SW11
01-924 3216

Wednesday 16th April
THE LOCOMOTIVES

Thursday 17th April
CHARMSCHOOL

Sunday 20th April
FULL MOON + GET REAL

Monday 21st April
PRIMARY

Tuesday 22nd April
THE RHUBARB TARTS

Wednesday 23rd April
THE PANIC BROTHERS

Thursday 24th April
CHARMSCHOOL

Sunday 27th April
35th MAY

FREE ADMISSION

THE BULL IS STILL ALIVE

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WED 16th APRIL THROW THE DICE (Blues Band) In The Bar - FREE

THURS 17th APRIL THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE + Nervex - £1.50

FRI 18th APRIL KRYSS + Tearaway - £2.50

SAT 19th APRIL SORRY - CLOSED - PRIVATE PARTY

WED 23rd APRIL THROW THE DICE (Blues Band) In The Bar - FREE

THURS 24 APRIL ESCAPE COMMITTEE + Play The Joker - £1.50

FRI 25th APRIL SEDUCER + Phantasm - £2.50

SAT 26th APRIL THE VULCANS + Atmospherix - £2.50

WED 31 APRIL THROW THE DICE (Blues Band) In The Bar - FREE

Bar till 1 o'clock Last admission 10.30pm
Please phone for details on prices and times

THE GREEN GATE
228 Bethnal Green Rd, E2
01-739 4920

Fri 18th April - Adm £1.00
THE LOVE JUNKIES

+ BOTTOM LINE

Saturday 19th April
£2.50 Adv - £3.00 on door

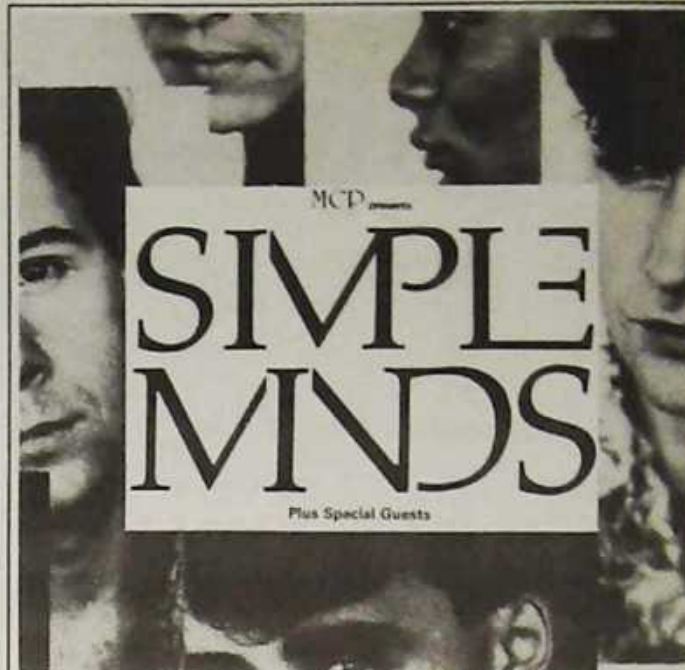
EDDIE AND THE HOT RODS

Sunday 20th April
(Lunchtime) - Adm FREE

HANDS TO MOUTH
(Evening) - Adm £1.00

THE UNIVERSE
7-12 Fri-Sats + 7-11.30 Suns

MORE ADS ON PAGE 31

**MILTON KEYNES BOWL****SAT JUNE 21st 3.00 p.m.**

GATES OPEN 12.00 Noon

Tickets £12.50 advance (subject to booking fee)

Tickets are available from the follow tickets agents

AYLESBURY: Record House
BARNSTAPLE: Concert Travel Club
BIRMINGHAM: Cyclops Records
BIRMINGHAM: Odeon Theatre B/O
BLACKBURN: King Georges Hall B/O
BLECHLEY: B and A Records
BRIGHTON: The Centre B/O
BRISTOL: Virgin Records
CAMBRIDGE: Andys Records
CHESTER: Penny Lane Records
CLEETHORPES: Peter Sheffield
DERBY: Way Ahead
DUDLEY: C.S.S.
DUNSTABLE: F. L. Moore
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD: Old Town Records
HITCHIN: F. L. Moore
HUDDERSFIELD: Bankhouse
HULL: Gough & Davy
HULL: Selbys Travel
KETTERING: Revolver Records
LANCASTER: Ear Ere Records
LEEDS: Cavendish Travel
LEEDS: Austics
LEICESTER: Town Hall B/O
LEIGHTON BUZZARD: Buzzard Records
LINCOLN: The Box Office
LIVERPOOL: Penny Lane Records
LIVERPOOL: T.L.C.A.
LONDON: Keith Prowse Agency
LONDON: LTB
LONDON: Premier B/O
LONDON: Stargreen B/O
LONDON: Albemarle
LUTON: Record City
MANCHESTER: Piccadilly Records
MANSFIELD: Revolver Records
MIDDLESBROUGH: Newhouse Music
MILTON KEYNES: Civic Offices B/O
MILTON KEYNES: Virgin Records
NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME: Mike Lloyd Music
NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE: City Hall B/O
NEWPORT: Roxcene Records
NORTHAMPTON: Revolver Records
NORTHAMPTON: United Counties
NORWICH: Theatre Royal B/O
NOTTINGHAM: Way Ahead
OXFORD: Midlands Travel
PETERBOROUGH: The Werrina Stadium B/O
PORTSMOUTH: The Guild Hall B/O
POOLE: The Arts Centre B/O
PRESTON: Ribble Motor Services
READING: Listen Records
SEVENOAKS: Furlongs
STEVENAGE: F. L. Moore
SUNDERLAND: Virgin Records
SWANSEA: Derricks Records
WATFORD: E.G.E.

WELLINGBOROUGH: Revolver Records
WOLVERHAMPTON: Goulds Records
All above subject to a 50p Booking Fee except London where
Booking Fee is likely to be a lot higher.

Travel arrangements have been made from the following areas:

South Coast & South West: Concert Travel Club 0271 74447
London & Midlands: Rock Trips 01-741 8989 & 0602 414212
East Anglia: Steve Jason 0733 262125
Humberside & North East: Selbys Travel 0482 227434
Yorkshire & North East: Cavendish Travel 0532 441919
North West: Ribble Motor Services 0772 53021
Home Counties: United Counties 0604 35661
South East & London: Furlongs 0732 460353

Postal applications to:-

MCP Limited PO Box 123, Aldridge, Walsall WS9 8XY

Tickets: £12.50 Booking Fee 30p per ticket. Make cheques and

postal orders payable to MCP Limited and allow 28 days for

processing, please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

Credit Card Bookings: Tel: 01-748 1414

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plus Guests

THE THREE WISE MEN + CHIEFS OF RELIEF**SIPHO (THE HUMAN BEAT BOX)**From New York City **WHISTLE** (They're Only Buggin')**TIFFANYS BALLROOM NEWCASTLE****WEDNESDAY 16th APRIL 7.30 p.m.**Tickets: £4.00 advance, £4.50 door. Available from Tiffany's, Virgin Records Newcastle & Durham,
Volume Records and City Hall B/O**THE PORTLAND CLUB BIRMINGHAM****MONDAY APRIL 21st 8.00 p.m.**Tickets: £4.00 advance, £4.50 door. Inc. VAT. Available from The Portland Tel: 021 404 9118, Cyclops Records
and Virgin Magazine. Open 8.00-11.00. Tel: 01 643 8181, or on the night.

No USB's Advertised

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.

Big Audio Dynamite get bad on the road at Newcastle (Wednesday), Aberdeen (Thursday), Edinburgh (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Birmingham (Monday) and Nottingham (Tuesday), while Trumpton fans Half Man Half Biscuit visit London (Wednesday), Leicester (Thursday) and Manchester (Saturday). Latin Quarter start their tour at Bristol (Tuesday), and all your favourite mega-stars gather together for the first of the Greenpeace benefits at London's Royal Albert Hall (Monday, Tuesday).

WEDNESDAY 16

ALCONBURY RAF Alconbury Lazy
BANNOCKBURN Tamdhu (813456) Chasar
BEESTON Charlie's Barn The Macc Lads
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Living Daylights
CAMBRIDGE The Boat Race Cri De Couer
CARDIFF Nero's (45987) The Three Johns
CHATHAM Churchills 3 Burning Souls/The Blood Junkies
CHRISTCHURCH Castle Tavern Pigfoot
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) English Rogues
DUNSTABLE Wheatshed (62571) Quadro
HASTINGS The Crypt (444675) The Mighty Lemon Drops
HULL Trog Bar (20261) General Wolf/Nikki's House
LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) Instigators
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) FM
LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-223 3549) Locomotives
LONDON Bellingham Panthers (01-698 3293) Crosstalk
LONDON Brixton Fringe (01-326 5100) The Adventures Of Johnny Lovemuscle/
Dangerzone
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Geraint Watkins And The
Booga-Roogas
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Billy Cobham's Glass Menagerie
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Here's Johnny/Radioactivity
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) John Otway/Fire Next
Time/Rory McLeod
LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) Lifestyle
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Fortunate Sons/The
Dubious Brothers
LONDON Greenwich Old Woolwich Road Duke Of Wellington No Relation
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Sunsets/Fat Freddie's Cats
LONDON Hackney Amhurst Road Club Mankind The Mavericks
LONDON Hackney Brooksbys Walk Chats Palace (01-986 6714) Some Like It Hot
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) Dirty Money
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) The Soup Dragons/Hangman's
Beautiful Daughter/1.000 Violins/Gol Service
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) The Temptations/Power
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Desserters/The Big Bang/
Downbeat
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Rip Strip And Fuck It/Vee V
V/Tongue/And Now The Screaming Starts
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Fine Young
Cannibals
LONDON Lee Green Old Tigers Head (01-851 6373) Stormed/These Four Walls
LONDON Margery Street New Merlin Cave (01-837 2097) The Ice Babies/And So
To Bed
LONDON Old Bond Street Embassy (01-499 4793) Zenana
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Jamie Wednesday/Chisza
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Ken Colyer's All Star Jazz Men
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Steve Young And Band
LONDON Shepherds Bush Wellington Flame/Zeb Dragon
LONDON Stockwell Road Plough (01-274 3879) The Gutter Brothers
LONDON Walthamstow Town Hall Complex WAH 17 Half Man Half Biscuit/The
Wedding Present/A Witness/Gone To Earth
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (01-437 5534) Zor Gabor
LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) Depeche Mode
LONDON Wimbledon William Morris Club No More Bloody Destruction/The
Meheads
LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (01-855 3371) Max Collie's Rhythm Aces
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (01-832 6625) Gags
MONKS HORTON Black Horse Driver
NEWCASTLE Tiffanies (612526) Big Audio Dynamite/The Chiefs Of Relief/The
Beastie Boys/Sipho
NORWICH Santanas (617890) The Left Hand Of God
NOTTINGHAM Clarendon College Arild Anderson Quartet
NOTTINGHAM Punters (472226) The Image
NOTTINGHAM Rock City (412544) Haze/IQ
NOTTINGHAM Theatre Royal (472328) Big Country
NOTTINGHAM Zhivagos (470398) The Redskins
OXFORD Jencho Tavern (54502) Roc Knight/Matt Lewis
ROMFORD Rezz (01-597 6181) Desolation Phase
RUNCORN Cherry Tree (74171) Phantom
STOKE Shelleys (322209) GBH
WOLVERHAMPTON Cleveland Arms Horrendous Shirts/Guilty Party

THURSDAY 17

ABERDEEN Ritzy (21135) Big Audio Dynamite/The Chiefs Of Relief/The Beastie
Boys/Sipho
ASHTON UNDER LYME Old Street Gamecock (061-344 0321) Kool Jerx
BATH Moles Club (333423) The Pink Italians
BETHERSDEN Royal Standard Revolver
BIRMINGHAM Odeon (021-643 6101) Jennifer Rush
BOURNEMOUTH Third Side Club The Farkle Family
BRADFORD 1 In 12 Club (734519) Psycho Surgeons/3 Action/Vicious Circle/
Red Guitars/Swift Nick/The Vanishing Point
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) A Conspiracy
BRIGHTON Zap Club The Larks/Torture Garden
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) The Mighty Lemon Drops
CARDIFF PCS Food And Drink Factory Statues Of Us
CHATHAM Churchills Johnny And The Roccas
CORBY Avon Sports Club Just Blue
COVENTRY Bulls Head Arild Anderson Quartet
CREWE Camm Street Centre Printshop In Embrace/Blind Amongst The Flowers/
Angel Clare
CROYDON High Street Underground (01-760 0833) Danielle Dax/Fields Of The
Nephilim

CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Steve Waller
DARLINGTON The Bowes (462579) Skidmarks
DERBY Sherwood Forrester Just Blue
DONCASTER The Woolpack Speared Art
DOVER Louis Armstrong (204759) 1-31
DUDLEY Jinx's Kooga
EDINBURGH Jailhouse Bobbin' John
FINEDON Mulso Arms (680277) Haze
FOLKESTONE Toffs Maroondogs
GLASGOW Lucifers Salt Mine (041-552 1575) The Jazz Party
GRAVESEND Prince Of Wales Deadline
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) The Critics
HERNE BAY Bozo's Wine Bar Grafters
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head (21758) From Here On/Innocent Pulse
IPSWICH Gainsborough Royal Hotel The Company
KINGSTON Polytechnic (01-546 8340) The Go-Betweens
LEEDS Warehouse (468287) Cactus World News
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Half Man Half Biscuit
LONDON Acton High Street Bumbles (01-992 3308) The Elephant Men
LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-223 3549) Charm School
LONDON Brixton Fringe (01-326 5100) Towering Inferno/Michael Nyman
LONDON Camden High Street Electric Ballroom (01-485 9006) The Go-Betweens
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Billy Cobham's Glass Menagerie
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Living Daylites
LONDON Chalk Farm Enterprise (01-485 2659) Attrition/Violet Circuit/Shadow Of
Light
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Man Upstairs
LONDON Dean Street Gossips The Forest Hillbillies
LONDON East Sheen The Bull (01-876 6964) Nerve X/The Only Alternative
LONDON Fenchurch Street Cooper's Row Warehouses The Gayle Thompson
Saxtet (CND event)
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) The Jackie Lynton Band
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Tayho
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Downbeat/Crime Of
Passion
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Fire Festival
LONDON Hackney Brooksbys Walk Chats Palace (01-986 6714) Chats Ratz
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Vee V V/Children Of Cain/The
Toucans/Uneven Planets
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) The Temptations/Power
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Physical Presence/Episode
Four
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5357) Potato 5/35th Of May
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Fine Young
Cannibals
LONDON Lee Green Old Tigers Head (01-852 9708) Purple Worm
LONDON Leicester Square Hippodrome (01-437 4311) The Boys Wonder
LONDON Lewisham Theatre Victoria Wood
LONDON Malden Road Gypsy Queen (01-485 9988) Talisker
LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) Avanti
LONDON Middlesex Polytechnic Ponders End Site The Catatonics/The B-Team/
The Outlets/The Images
LONDON New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-692 1530) Little Sister
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Under The Gun/Bandits At 4 O'Clock
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Beltane Fire
LONDON Portobello Acklam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) Red Crayola/The
Television Personalities/Edward Barton
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Blues 'N' Trouble
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Mannoventura
LONDON Shepherds Bush Wellington Union/Phantasm
LONDON Stockwell Road Plough (01-274 3879) Average Abuse
LONDON Sydenham Greyhound Lip Service/Paul Martin/Logan Murray
LONDON Trafalgar Square Canadian High Commissions Canada House The Dave
Howard Singers
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) The Clockwork Orange
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (01-437 5534) Outbar
LONDON Woolwich John Wilson Street Coronet Winston Reedy/Jah Warrior
LONDON Woolwich Tramshed (01-855 3371) Wilko Johnson/The Shakers
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Courtney Pine Quintet
MANCHESTER Corbieres (061-832 7132) Old Ma Cusson
MANCHESTER Gallery (061-832 3597) Seducer
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) The Three Johns/Eton Crop
MILTON KEYNES Bletchley Compass Club Rain
NEWCASTLE Tiffanies (612526) Lip-Lock/Kahn/Shokker/Dr Wott
NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) FM
OXFORD The Blackbird Energy
RIPLEY The Cock (42391) Like Ice Like Fire
ROMFORD Rezz (01-597 6181) Ski Monday
SHEFFIELD City Hall (735295) Big Country
SLOUGH The George (22613) Fair Exchange
ST ALBANS Horn Of Plenty (36820) Krysis
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) Frontier
SWANSEA Marina Club (54131) IQ
WAKEFIELD Henry Boon's (378216) That Uncertain Feeling
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) The Trevor Burton Band
WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) Larry Wallis And The Love Pirates Of
Doom/Shark
WOKINGHAM Angies (789912) What The Curtains/Cameras In Paris
YORK Lynx Club (646072) Chat Show

FRIDAY 18

ABERDEEN Venue (22255) The Three Johns
ALDERSHOT White Swan Boogie Chillen
BANGOR Students Union Jazz Room Third Spain/Yr Anhrefn
BATH Moles Club (333423) The Larks
BEDFORD Wait For The Wagon Fallout
BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) Spacemen 3/Cogs Of Tyme
BIRMINGHAM Polytechnic (021-236 3969) FM
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Geno Washington And The Ram
Jam Band
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club (218897) The Ultimate
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) Teahouse Camp/Claytown Troupe
CAMBERLEY Frimley Community Centre Fine Line/Entropy
CARDIFF Bogeys (26168) Shark
CARLISLE Stars And Stripes (46361) The Stiffs/Chatshow
CHELTENHAM National Hunt Rooms Arild Anderson Quartet
COVENTRY Foleshill Road General Wolfe (688402) Red Beards From Texas/
Canyon
COVENTRY Hand On Heart (618037) The Trip/Napalm Death/Naked Dance/
Scumdrillers
COVENTRY Stoney Stanton Road 11 O'Clock Red Bar (685187) Salem Foundation
CREWE Cheshire Cheese Badger
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Chuck Farley
DEVON Westward Ho Anchor Hotel Bass Dance
DURHAM Fowlers Yard Blood Brothers
EDINBURGH Empire Big Audio Dynamite/The Chiefs Of Relief/The Beastie
Boys/Sipho
EDINBURGH Potterow The Napalm Stars
EDINBURGH West Lothian Pumpnerston Hall The Actors
EVESHAM Public Hall (2555) Wrathchild
FETCHAM Riverside Club (375713) Baby Laurel
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Hard Road
HIGH WYCOMBE Flint Cottage Crash Landing
IPSWICH Corn Exchange (55851) The Company
LAZENBY Lazenby Club Factory
LEEDS Hunslet Road Adelphi (456377) Like Ice Like Fire
LEICESTER Polytechnic (555576) Floy Joy
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Joolz
LIVERPOOL Deacon Road Widnes Labour Club (051-420 7409) Sic Boy
Federation/Chaos UK/The Deformed/Ted Heath

LIVERPOOL System Club (051-236 7816) Old Ma Cusson/Mave The Poet/Wake
Up Africa/Romulan Cloaking Device/The Happy Sauls
LLAUDNO Mostyn Art Gallery Offspring
LONDON Acton High Street Bumbles (01-992 3308) The Dilberrys
LONDON Brixton Fringe (01-326 5100) Zoot And The Roots
LONDON Brixton Old White Horse (01-274 5537) Lip Service
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Juice On The Loose
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Carlene Carter/The Deadbeats
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Between The Lines
LONDON Deptford High Street Crypt The Magic Mushroom Band/The Phoney
American Accents
LONDON East Sheen The Bull (01-876 6964) Krysis
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Big Heat
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) The Jackie Lynton Band
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Peter And The Test
Tube Babies/Violet White
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) B-Sharp
LONDON Hackney Amhurst Road Club Mankind Tee Jay's African Culture
LONDON Hackney Brooksbys Walk Chats Palace (01-986 6714) The Poisongirls/
Rory McLeod (Printworker's Benefit)
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) The Wolfhounds/Come What
May
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) The Temptations/Power
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Katrina And The Waves
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) Under The Gun/Montage/Beat
Maniacs
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Irma And The Squirmers
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) The Ya Yas
LONDON Limes Grove Lewisham Labour Club (01-852 3921) Out To Lunch
LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) Pride Of Passion/
House Of Cards
LONDON New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-692 1530) The Barflies
LONDON North Finchley Torrington (01-445 4710) The Ya Yas
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Butch Hancock/Wes McGhee
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) The Stan Tracey Big Band
LONDON Portobello Acklam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) Team Ten
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) The Boogie Brothers Blues Band
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Mari Wilson
LONDON Southall Football Club Jonestown/The Price
LONDON Stockwell Road Plough (01-274 3879) Midnight
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Samurai
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Buddy Curtess And The
Grasshoppers
LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) James Brown
LONDON Winchester Road The Turk's Head (01-892 1972) The Family Device/
Wasteland (Animals Rights gig)
LOWESTOFT Kellys South Pier Ballroom The Real Thing/One Touch
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre (061-273 3775) Big Country
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Natural Vibes
MANCHESTER Gallery (061-832 3597) Splitz
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) Cactus World News
MANSFIELD Horse And Jockey (23550) Gah-Ga
MELBOURN Rock Club (61010) Citizen Cain
MILTON KEYNES Bletchley Compass Club New Emotion
NEWBRIDGE High Street Memorial Hall (243019) Red Hot Pokers/Outer Limits
NORTHAMPTON The Harbour Lights Energy
NOTTINGHAM Hucknall Seven Stars The Jewsons
NOTTINGHAM Royal Centre (472328) Jennifer Rush
OSSET The Thorntree The Fugitives/Oberflex/Below Zero/Kip
PETERBOROUGH Wirrina Club The Co-Stars
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall (824355) Victoria Wood
PRESTON Myerscough College Of Agriculture And Horticulture Ted Chippington
ROCHDALE Whitworth Civic Hall (2528) The Cry Above
ROCHESTER The Crown Talon/Parisienne Blonde
SLOUGH New Peerless (22868) Fair Exchange
WALLSEND Buddle Arts Centre (624276) The Party Girls
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Billy Bowel And The
Movements
WOKINGHAM Angies (789912) Little Sister
YORK Lynx Club (646072) Crisis

SATURDAY 19

ASHFORD Pluckley The Ghost The Sleazybeats
BATH Moles Club (333423) Back To Back
BIRKENHEAD Stairways (051-647 6544) Larry Wallis And The Love Pirates Of
Doom
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Nashville Teens/45 South
BRIGHTON Zap Club No Geraniums (Lunch)
BRISTOL Tropic (49875) Zoot And The Roots
CARDIFF Bogeys (26168) Sex
CARDIFF St Davids Hall (371236) The Temptations/Power
COVENTRY Foleshill Road General Wolfe (688402) FM/Dickens
COVENTRY Polytechnic (21167) The Go-Betweens/Rumblefish
CROSSKEYS Institute (270301) Firebirds
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) London Apaches (Lunch) The
Donuts (Eve)
DUDLEY JB's (53597) IQ
EXETER Arts Centre (219741) Arild Anderson Quartet
FAVERSHAM Duke Of Kent Shadowland
GLASGOW QMU (041-339 9784) Big Audio Dynamite/The Chiefs Of Relief/The
Beastie Boys/Sipho
GLASGOW Paisley Cellar Bar Trident (3pm)
HASTINGS The Carlisle Parisienne Blonde
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Narrow Escape
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head (21758) Mournblade/Highway
HIGH WYCOMBE The Ninepin No No Fear
HITCHIN North Herts College Summer House
HULL Adelphi (448387) Pulp/The Wolfhounds/Turncoats
KINGS LYNN Blue And Gold Club (772023) Samurai/Excalibur
KINGSTON File Road Dolphin (01-546 1630) Avatar/Snake Bite
LEICESTER Polytechnic (555576) Cactus World News
LETHBRIDGE Youth Club Smokestack/Guilty Heads
LLAUDNO Rugby Club Badger
LONDON Acton High Street Bumbles (01-992 3308) Dark Asylum
LONDON Acton High Street George And Dragon (01-992 1932) Irish Mist
LONDON Bellingham Panthers (01-698 3293) Belladonna/We The Accused
LONDON Bolsover Street Central London Polytechnic (01-636 6271) Alternative
TV/UI
LONDON Brixton Fringe (01-326 5100) Dance Exchange
LONDON Brixton Old White Horse (01-274 5537) The Shrew Kings/The Rain Gods
LONDON Camberwell Green Father Red Cap English Rogues
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Big Town Playboys
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Desmond Dekker/Bass Dance
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Rapiers
LONDON Dalston Junction Crown And Castle Lip Service
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Iggy Quail And Friends
(Lunch) Butch Hancock/Wes McGee (Eve)
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Stan Webb's Chicken
Shack
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) The Killers/Living With
Colour
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) The Mystery Girls
LONDON Hackney Amhurst Road Club Mankind Somo Somo
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Webcore/Treatment/The
Magic Mushroom Band/Ozric Tentacles/Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love
Reaction (Stonehenge Benefit)
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Blues 'N' Trouble
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) The Name/Panic Bros/Ossie And
The B's
LONDON Ilford Cranbrook The Reflection

S H I F T

LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Meantime
LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) Anykind
LONDON New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-692 1530) The Ya Yas
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Geno Washington And The Ram Jam Band
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Rocket 88/Tad Newton's Jazz Men
LONDON Portobello Acklam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) The Dave Howard Singers/23 Skidoo
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Hank Wangford
LONDON Swiss Cottage Finchley Road Ye Olde Swiss Cottage (01-221 5714) Irma And The Squirrers/The Pyrotechnics
LONDON Tottenham Trades Club Eddie Vincent
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Buddy Curtess And The Grasshoppers
LONDON Wembley Arena (01-902 1234) James Brown
LONDON Woolwich Thames Polytechnic Children Held Hostage
LOUGHBOROUGH Garendon Social Club Just Blue
LUTON Elephant And Tassle Switch Club (38825) The Fifteenth
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre (061-273 3775) Jennifer Rush
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Bob Taillofer Texas Swing Band
MANCHESTER Gallery (061-832 3597) Le Grain
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) Half Man Half Biscuit/Gone To Earth
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) Twang/Kit
MANSFIELD Country Club R Cajun And The Zydeco Brothers
NEWCASTLE Anglo-Asian Club Concrete Sox/Hersey
PETERBOROUGH Horse And Groom The Wacky Backy Boogie Band
SEVENOAKS Ide Hill Frog And Bucket (75219) The Mick Clarke Band
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) The Vanishing Point/Floy Joy
SKEMERSDALE Balcony Farm Fragile Friends
ST ALBANS City Hall (64511) Victoria Wood
STRATHCLYDE University The Three Johns
SWANSEA LA Point Blank
SWANSEA Patti Pavilion Aunt Fortescue's Bluesrockers
SWANSEA St Philips Community Centre Icons Of Filth/Varukers/Shrapnel
TONYPANDY Royal Naval Club (432068) Shark
WARRINGTON Red Lion Savage
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Resistor
WISHAW Heathery Bar (72957) Lifestyle
WOKINGHAM Angles (789912) Jive Alive
WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) Kooga
YORK Lynx Club (646072) Burt's Band

LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Maurice Coleman (Lunch)
LIVERPOOL Hope Street Everyman Bistro (051-709 4776) Push Button Pony
LLANRHARAN RFC (222209) The Firebirds
LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-223 3549) Full Moon
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Big Town Playboys
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Wolves/The Locomotives/No Deal/The Flame Tops/A N Other
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Cold Comfort/Life After
LONDON Douglas Way Albany Empire (01-691 3333) The Charlie Watts Dance Orchestra
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Iggy Quail And Friends (Lunch) Jamie Wednesday (Eve)
LONDON Frith Street Ronnie Scotts (01-439 0747) A Certain Ratio/Danger Zone
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Cot Valley
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Condemned 84/Vicious Rumours/Section 5
LONDON Hammersmith Riverside Studios (01-748 3354) Steve Arguelles/Ian Bellamy/Mich Hutton
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Alex Chilton/Blood Brothers
LONDON Islington Upper Street Hare And Hounds (01-226 2992) Fridge
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Young Blood/The Electric Penguins
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) High Country/The Armadillos/Pete Stanley And Brian Goldbey
LONDON Denman Street Piccadilly Theatre (01-437 6005) IQ
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Dave Kelly Band
LONDON Stockwell Road Plough (01-274 3879) Kit Packham And The Sudden Jump Band
MANCHESTER Charlton Old Grey Horse Iota
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) Floy Joy
NEWBRIDGE High Street Memorial Hall (243019) Mad Dog
NEWCASTLE City Hall (320007) Big Country
NEWCASTLE Riverside (614386) FM
OXFORD Pennyfarthing (246007) Voyeur
PETERBOROUGH Glasshouse (52437) Samurai
SCARBOROUGH Stephen Joseph Theatre (370541) Brendan Croker And The 5 O'Clock Shadows/Mr Thrud
SHEFFIELD Limit Club (730940) The Go-Betweens
SHINEY ROW Social Club Skidmarks
STEVENAGE Bowes Lyon House (353175) The Vanishing Point
STOCKPORT Cobdens Place Haze
WARRINGTON Spectrum Arena (813700) The Temptations/Power
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Heart Party
WOKINGHAM Angles (789912) Design
WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) The Stiffs

LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Full Moon/House Of Cards
LONDON Kensington Gore Royal Albert Hall (01-589 8212) Nik Kershaw/Kim Wilde/Belouis Some/Drum Theatre/Spike Milligan (Greenpeace Benefit)
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) FM
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (01-437 5534) The Tommy Chase Quartet
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Smashing People/The Parade/The Donny Brook Affair
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) Yargo/Rhonda
NEWCASTLE Riverside (614386) Marc Riley With The Creepers
PRESTON Polytechnic (58382) The Three Johns
SOUTHAMPTON Riverside (436840) Cactus World News
STOKE Shelleys (322209) Demon
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Leopold Bloom/Blue Toys
WHITSTABLE Harbour Lights Fitz And Startz

TUESDAY

22

BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Ivor's Jivers
BRISTOL Bierkeller (22265) Latin Quarter
BRISTOL Colston Hall (291768) The Drummers Of Burundi/Djeliba
CARDIFF Chapter Arts Centre (31194) Statues Of Us
COVENTRY Pilgrim Club Surf Drums/Legends In Flesh
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Campfabulous
HARLOW Commons Road Chequers Eddie Vincent
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre (53641) The Temptations/Power
LEEDS Polytechnic (430171) Isaac Guillory
LEEDS University (439071) The Cassandra Complex/Third Circle
LEICESTER Mark Alley Centre Gah-Ga
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Rockin' Ronnie And The Bendy Ruperts
LIVERPOOL University (051-709 4744) The Three Johns
LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-223 3549) Rhubarb Tarts
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Clive's Jive 5
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Bats/The Purple Things
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Kiss That
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) John Otway
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Johnny Pinko
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Raider/Easter And The Totem
LONDON Fulham Swan (01-385 1840) The Party Girls
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) The Boss/The Undecided
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Zutek's/Nerve X/Maximum Effect
LONDON Hammersmith Riverside Studios (01-748 3354) Alumni Modern Jazz
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Lindisfarne
LONDON Kensington Gore Royal Albert Hall (01-589 8212) Lloyd Cole And The Commotions/Blancmange/Wet Wet Wet/Graham Chapman/Neil Innes/Michael Palin/Marie Helvin (Greenpeace Benefit)
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Bogshed/The Wolf Hounds
LONDON Old Bond Street Embassy (01-499 4793) Great Outdoors/B Hah/October Nine/Banned From Uncle
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Salvation Sunday/Doctor's Children/Splendid Boats
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Then Jericho
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Brazil Project
NEWCASTLE Corner House Arild Anderson Quartet
NOTTINGHAM Queens Drive Mardi Gras (862368) Every New Dead Ghost/The Sirens Of The Mind Machine
NOTTINGHAM Rock City (412544) Big Audio Dynamite/The Chiefs Of Relief/The Beastie Boys/Sipho
NOTTINGHAM Zhivagos The Go-Betweens
PORTSMOUTH Polytechnic (519141) Cactus World News
READING Majestic (586093) Fair Exchange
RIPON Brontes Excalibur
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) Your Favourite Uncles
STOKE Shelleys (322209) The Blubbery Hellbellies
WEST BROMWICH High Street Oliver's (021-553 0101) The Trevor Burton Band
WHITFIELD Mencap House Nothin' Doin' (Benefit)
YORK Lynx Club (646072) Julian Nicholas
YORK Spotted Cow (23134) General Wolf

SUNDAY

20

ASHTON UNDER LYME Old Street Gamecock (061-344 0321) Sinners Refuge
BIRMINGHAM Triangle Arts Centre Arild Anderson Quartet
BISHOP STORTFORD Triad Cajun Club (55924) Between The Lines
BLACKPOOL GPO Club Badger
BLUBBERHOUSES The Sun Inn The State (Eve)
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) KGB/Footloose (Lunch) Vienna (Eve)
BRIGHTON Richmond (603974) The Dave Howard Singers
CONSETT Braes Hotel The Party Girls
CROSSKEYS Institute (270301) Lifestyle
CROYDON High Street Underground (01-760 0833) Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction/Stiletto Ranch
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Roy Peters (Lunch) Antz Avenue (Eve)
EASTCOTE Field End Road Clay Pigeon The Pharaohs
FETCHAM Riverside Club (375713) The Prisoners/The Screen Gems
GLASGOW Rock Gardens Luminous ID's
HALIFAX Civic Theatre (51156) Victoria Wood
HARROWGATE Hop 'N' Scotch The State (Lunch)
HULL Adelphi (448387) John The Monkey/The Three Johns/3 Action/Swift Nick
KINGSTON Dolphin Throbs/Menace/Sex With Sharon
LEEDS Marquee Club Factory

MONDAY

21

ASHTON UNDER LYME Old Street Gamecock (061-344 0321) Circe
BASILDON Roundacre (285119) Hunchback/Rebel
BATH Moles Club (333423) Beat System
BIRKENHEAD Glenda Jackson Theatre Arild Anderson Quartet
BIRMINGHAM Horselair The Dome (021-622 2233) Games Day
BIRMINGHAM Odeon Theatre (021-643 6101) The Temptations/Power
BIRMINGHAM Portland Big Audio Dynamite/The Chiefs Of Relief/the Beastie Boys/Sipho
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) KGB/Lazy
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Legal Action
DUDLEY The Smiling Man The Trip/Head Of David/Naked Dance
DUNDEE Ab Lib Club Plastic Surgery/Bridges
DUNSTABLE Wheatheaf (62571) Sovereign
HARLOW Great Parndon Three Horseshoes Eddie Vincent
LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) Hang The Dance/INRI/Pink Stuff
LEEDS Warehouse (468287) The Go-Betweens
LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) The Mick Clarke Band/The Inflatables
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Sansavana
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Private Viewing/The Clan

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KATRINA AND THE WAVES

THE STUDIO - BRISTOL

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TUES - 6th MAY at 8.15pm Doors 7.30pm

Tickets: £4.50 in advance £5.50 on Door B.O. 021 643 4715 and usual agents

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

WEDS - 7th MAY at 8.00pm Doors 7.30pm

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30 LEEDS, Warehouse

MAY 1 MANCHESTER, International

2 LEICESTER, Polytechnic

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MONTH OF SUNDAYS

THE ROCKGARDEN

WEDNESDAY APRIL 23

MORE ADS ON PAGES 28 & 29

Montell Arts PRESENT-

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HAMMERSMITH ODEON

SUNDAY 27th APRIL at 7.30 pm

TICKETS £7.50 £6.50 £5.50

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Available from B/O Tel: 01-267 3334, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989), Premier, LTB, Stargreen, Albemarle, The Cage, The Gear Market Kings Road.

TOUR NEWS

ELIXIR, a five piece heavy metal band distilled from the bands Midas, Stratus and Haze and based in Walthamstow, play St Albans Horn Of Plenty on April 26.

BOBBY WELLINS AND JIM MULLEN, two of the great originals of British jazz, are stepping out on a 19 date national tour at Bracknell Southill Arts Centre May 20, Nottingham Old Vic 21, Manchester Band On The Wall 22, Cambridge Man In The Moon 23, Norwich Premises Arts Centre 24, Maidstone Hazlitt Theatre 25, Lincoln Roman Ruin 26, Weymouth Verdi's Wine Bar 28, Bath Pump Room 29, Cheltenham Queens Hotel 30, Exeter Arts Centre 31, Derby Brownes June 1, Hull Spring Street Theatre 2, Newcastle Corner House 3, Darlington Arts Centre 4, Stockton Dovecot Arts Centre 5, Southport Arts Centre 6, Leeds Trade Club 7, Birmingham Strathallan Hotel 8.

SAREAN QUARTER, now recording a single for the Italian label, Contempo Records, play Hastings Crypt on May 23.

BUDDY CURTESS & THE GRASSHOPPERS, the "rock 'n' soul ravers" play London Marquee Club April 18-19, Weymouth Pavilion 25, Gallashiels College of Technology May 1, St Andrews University 2.

FIRE NEXT TIME, who've just released their first record, 'Beneath The Hammers' on Stiff play Finsbury Park Sir George Robey April 16, Covent Garden Rock Garden 24.

THE KREWEN, the Basingstoke band who have just played a couple of gigs in France and are now finishing an album for Lost Moment (release in May) play Newcastle Tiffanys May 6, Brighton Richmond 9, Southport Ponting Centre 11.

THE JANITORS have just released 'Good To Be The King' on In Tape and to celebrate they play London Timebox April 23, Brighton Zap Club 24, Hastings Crypt 25.

RORY MCLEOD, "Britain's sharpest harp player" has two British dates before setting out on a busking tour of Belgium and Switzerland! He plays Finsbury Park George Robey April 16 (with John Otway), Hackney Chats Palace (with The Poison Girls) 18.

THE ONLY ALTERNATIVE, still promoting their 'As Fate Would Have It' album, "until somebody buys it", play East Sheen Bull April 17 and Hammersmith Clarendon 19.

JUICE ON THE LOOSE, "a band no feet can withstand", play Camden Town Dublin Castle April 18, Cricklewood Hogs Grunt 19, Putney Zeeta's 23, Weymouth Verdi's 25, Evershot Hall 26, Ash, The Bell 27, Putney Zeeta's 30, Camden Town Dublin Castle May 2, High Barnet Arts Centre 3.

LINDISFARNE take a break from writing new material and standing for Wickham Council (!) to play a 16-date British tour. The dates are at Dumfries Loreburn Hall April 20, Kendal Leisure Centre 21, Harlesden Mean Fiddler 22, Swindon Wyvern Theatre 23, Cheltenham Town Hall 24, Aston University 25, Hatfield Forum Theatre 26, Dartford Orchard Theatre 27, Aldershot Princes Hall 28, Leamington Spa Centre 29, Loughborough University 30, Newark Palace Theatre May 1, Milton Keynes Stantonbury Centre 2, Redcar Bowl 4, Hexham Queens Hall (two shows) 5. Support will be comedian Mike Elliot.

THE WAIT, the South London band who've just released a single called 'Cry (Without Tears)', on Butchers Of Distinction play Lewisham Labour Club, Limes Grove, on April 26.

ALTERNATIVE RADIO, the Merseyside duo, have had the run for their musical, *First Night* at The Wirral Youth Theatre extended to May 10. The musical deals with Liverpool's "desperate heroin problem" and has the possibility of a West End run after it finishes in Liverpool.

PHANTASM, just back from Japan, "negotiating deals and receiving media coverage", return to the scene of their greatest triumph to date, Shepherd's Bush Wellington (!) on April 17.



THE BICYCLE THIEVES are promoting their new single 'Ghostdance' out on their own Clear Spot label at Limehouse Buccaneer April 20, Greenwich Silo 23, Deptford Crypt 25, Roehampton Institute 30, Poplar Marshal Keate May 5, Guildford Clockhouse 8, Camden Dingwalls 20, Limehouse Buccaneer 31.



MARK T AND THE BRICKBATS, an "alternative" folk band who have their debut album 'Johnny There' out on Fellside Records, and who are currently attracting John Peel's attention, play Eversly Toad And Stumps April 16, Reading Caversham Bridge Hotel 20, Aldershot West End Centre 23, Andover Crook And Shears 25, Newbury Arts Workshop 26, Woolhampton Three Crowns 29, Brussels Festival May 3-4, Long Wittenham Drones Club 7, Goldaming Town Football Club 11, Aldershot West End Centre (supporting 3 Mustaphas 3) 17.

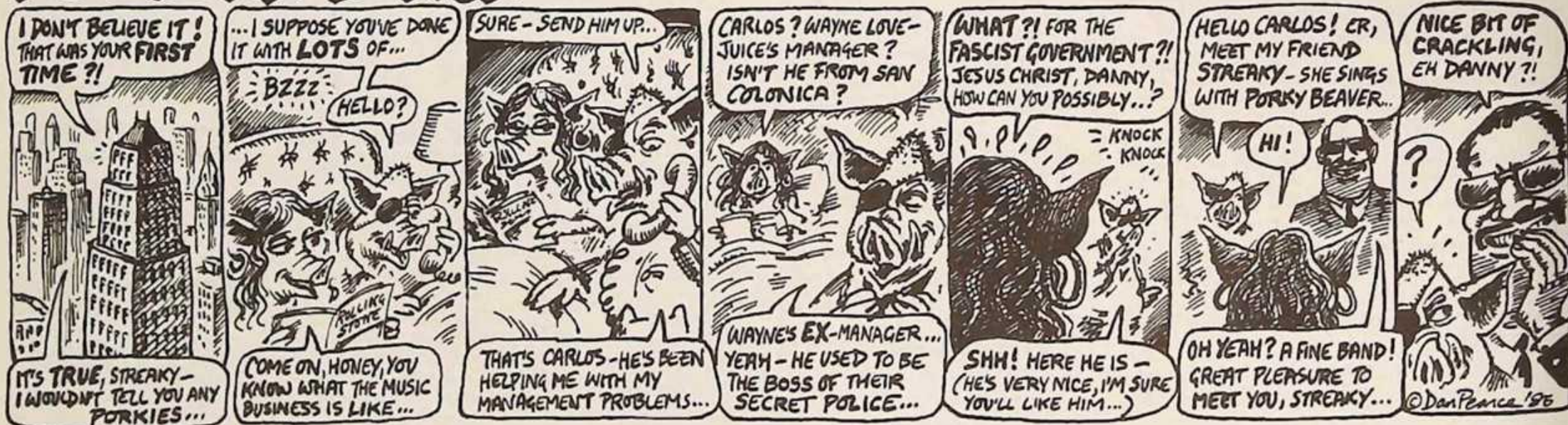
ARENA (formerly East To West) have expanded to a five piece and support FM at Manchester UMIST April 26 and Sheffield Limit Club 27 before headlining at York Lynx Club 28. They then return to supporting FM at Bradford University 29.

SHARK TABOO, promoting their debut LP, 'Seeds Of A Lunatic', on Crisis, play Bournemouth Institute Of Higher Education April 18, Brighton Savannah 22, Hastings Crypt 23, Southampton Riverside May 7, Brighton Poly 17.

GOATS DON'S SHAVE are on the prestigious Midlands legs of their World Tour '86, playing Birmingham Grapes April 24 (supporting Strap On Jack), Hereford Market Tavern 25, Dudley JB's 26 (supporting John Otway), Birmingham Barrel Organ May 4, Blackheath Shoulder Of Mutton 10.

FEAR OF DARKNESS, the Bristol based "band of a guitar and four coloured mop tops" have added three dates to their current tour at Bristol Bridge May 1, Hereford Market Tavern 2, Portsmouth Polytechnic June 4.

HOT PORK LUNCH (45)



THE MAMMY and other Suburban HORRORS



CHART

UK SINGLES UK ALBUMS

- 1 2 A DIFFERENT CORNER George Michael CBS
- 2 1 LIVING DOLL Cliff Richard & The Young Ones WEA
- 3 5 ROCK ME AMADEUS Falco A&M
- 4 3 WONDERFUL WORLD Sam Cooke RCA
- 5 11 E=MC² Big Audio Dynamite CBS
- 6 6 PETER GUNN The Art Of Noise With Duane Eddy China
- 7 26 ALL THE THINGS SHE SAID Simple Minds Virgin
- 8 14 TRAIN OF THOUGHT A-ha Warner Brothers
- 9 8 A KIND OF MAGIC Queen EMI
- 10 9 SECRET LOVERS Atlantic Starr A&M
- 11 7 TOUCH ME (I WANT YOUR BODY) Samantha Fox Jive
- 12 4 YOU TO ME ARE EVERYTHING (THE DECADE REMIX 76-86) The Real Thing PRT
- 13 35 LOOK AWAY Big Country Mercury
- 14 21 HAVE YOU EVER HAD IT BLUE? The Style Council Polydor
- 15 12 OVERJOYED Stevie Wonder Motown
- 16 10 ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS David Bowie Virgin
- 17 19 C'MON C'MON Bronski Beat Forbidden Fruit
- 18 18 HELLO DARLING Tippa Irie Priority
- 19 24 THE FINEST The SOS Band Tabu
- 20 29 IS YOUR LOVE STRONG ENOUGH? Bryan Ferry EG
- 21 13 CHAIN REACTION Diana Ross Capitol
- 22 16 KYRIE Mr Mister RCA
- 23 15 LOVE COMES QUICKLY Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 24 20 HI HO SILVER Jim Diamond A&M
- 25 17 KISS Prince & The Revolution Paisley Park
- 26 50 CAN'T WAIT ANOTHER MINUTE Five Star Tent
- 27 22 DIGGING YOUR SCENE Blow Monkeys RCA
- 28 39 WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR ME LATELY? Janet Jackson A&M
- 29 25 MANIC MONDAY The Bangles CBS
- 30 48 MARLENE ON THE WALL Suzanne Vega A&M
- 31 23 MOVE AWAY Culture Club Virgin
- 32 — GREATEST LOVE OF ALL Whitney Houston Arista
- 33 30 THE POWER OF LOVE/DO YOU BELIEVE IN LOVE Huey Lewis & The News Chrysalis
- 34 — JUST SAY NO Grange Hill BBC
- 35 27 SHELLSHOCK New Order Factory
- 36 33 THE THINGS THE LONELY DO Amazulu Island
- 37 — THERE'LL BE SAD SONGS (TO MAKE YOU CRY) Billy Ocean Jive
- 38 28 THE HARLEM SHUFFLE The Rolling Stones CBS
- 39 41 SERIOUS Serious Intention London
- 40 — THIS IS LOVE Gary Numan Numa
- 41 44 AFTER ALL THESE YEARS Foster & Allen Ritz
- 42 42 WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE? Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 43 — I'LL KEEP ON LOVING YOU Princess Supreme
- 44 — TENDER LOVE Force MD's Tommy Boy
- 45 31 WHEN THE GOING GETS TOUGH THE TOUGH GET GOING Billy Ocean Jive
- 46 — SOME PEOPLE Belouis Some Parlophone
- 47 32 THEME FROM NEW YORK NEW YORK Frank Sinatra Reprise
- 48 — STARS Hear 'N Aid Vertigo
- 49 — DRIVING AWAY FROM HOME It's Immaterial Siren
- 50 45 A BROKEN HEART CAN MEND Alexander O'Neal Tabu

- 1 1 HITS 4 Various CBS/WEA
- 2 2 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 3 4 PARADE Prince & The Revolution Paisley Park
- 4 3 PLEASE Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 5 6 WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista
- 6 10 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW A-ha Warner Brothers
- 7 7 FROM LUXURY TO HEARTACHE Culture Club Virgin
- 8 9 WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD Mr Mister RCA
- 9 8 NO JACKET REQUIRED Phil Collins Virgin
- 10 5 DIRTY WORK The Rolling Stones CBS
- 11 57 RENDEZVOUS Jean-Michel Jarre Dreyfuss
- 12 15 HITS FOR LOVERS Various Epic
- 13 13 ROCKY IV Soundtrack Scotti Brothers
- 14 18 ONCE UPON A TIME Simple Minds Virgin
- 15 12 BLACK CELEBRATION Depeche Mode Mute
- 16 67 GREATEST HITS Shalamar Stylus
- 17 24 ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS Soundtrack Virgin
- 18 14 STREETSOUNDS 16 Various Streetsounds
- 19 17 5150 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 20 11 HYMNS ALBUM Huddersfield Choral Society HMV
- 21 19 GREATEST HITS Frank Sinatra Reprise
- 22 32 THIS IS BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE Big Audio Dynamite CBS
- 23 21 BE YOURSELF TONIGHT Eurythmics RCA
- 24 16 EATEN ALIVE Diana Ross Capitol
- 25 27 LIKE A VIRGIN Madonna Sire
- 26 22 THE COLOUR OF SPRING Talk Talk EMI
- 27 — TV HITS ALBUM 2 Various Towerbell
- 28 20 HOUNDS OF LOVE Kate Bush EMI
- 29 — ANIMAL MAGIC Blow Monkeys RCA
- 30 36 THE DREAM OF THE BLUE TURTLES Sting A&M
- 31 26 ISLAND LIFE Grace Jones Island
- 32 — HEART TO HEART Various K-Tel
- 33 23 GO WEST Go West Chrysalis
- 34 29 BALANCE OF POWER Electric Light Orchestra Epic
- 35 30 LITTLE CREATURES Talking Heads EMI
- 36 25 ALEXANDER O'NEAL Alexander O'Neal Tabu
- 37 31 THE BROADWAY ALBUM Barbra Streisand CBS
- 38 37 SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR Tears For Fears Mercury
- 39 — TURBO Judas Priest CBS
- 40 — HIPSWAY Hipsway Mercury
- 41 38 ALONE Nana Mouskouri Philips
- 42 33 CUTS LIKE A KNIFE Bryan Adams A&M
- 43 43 THE FIRST ALBUM Madonna Sire
- 44 34 PROMISE Sade Epic
- 45 69 ALCHEMY LIVE Dire Straits Vertigo
- 46 28 ELECTRO 11 Various Streetsounds
- 47 39 ROCK ME TONIGHT Freddie Jackson Capitol
- 48 — ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS ORIGINAL MOTION PICTURE SOUNDTRACK Various Virgin
- 49 42 DIFFERENT LIGHT The Bangles CBS
- 50 52 WORLD MACHINE Level 42 Polydor

Compiled by MRIB

REGGAE TENS

PRE-RELEASE

- 1 DONT TOUCH MY BOOPS King Kong Jammys
- 2 ME NO WANT NO BOOPS Anthony Red Rose Firehouse
- 3 NAH CALL ME JOHN BOOPS Michael Prophet Techniques
- 4 JOHN BOOPS Sugar Minott Cornerstone
- 5 NO TRY NO BOOPS Lyrical 10 Roosevelt Avenue
- 6 I LOVE MY BOOPS Pompidou Striker Lee
- 7 SEE BOOPS YA Super Dad Blue Mountain
- 8 RUM TREE Radicals Blue Mountain
- 9 SEE FOREIGN DEH Ringo Harry J
- 10 WATCHDOG Delroy Williams Rockers

DISCO

- 1 CRY FOR THE YOUTH Supercat Techniques
- 2 LISTEN TO WE Jah Fa Culture Jah Tubbys
- 3 CANTOR/MIX UP BLENDER Inner Vibes/John Wayne Firehouse
- 4 JUST CAN'T FIGURE OUT Mighty Diamonds Trojan
- 5 HOLD TIGHT Dennis Brown Live And Learn
- 6 MAN IN A HOUSE Nitty Gritty Greensleeves
- 7 IT'S YOU Sandra Cross Ariwa
- 8 NEVER GONNA GIVE YOU UP Leroy Sibbles Rhythm



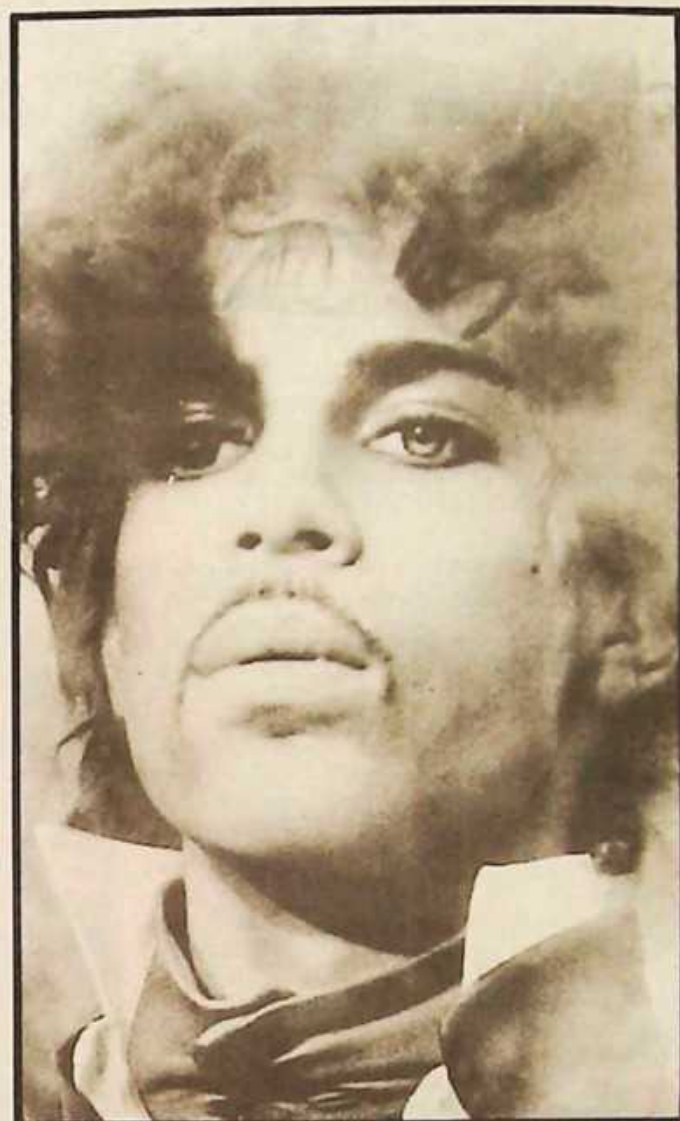
SUGAR MINOTT with 'Boops' aplenty

- 9 DIGITAL ROCK Ricky Ranking Levy Roots
- 10 STROLLING ON Maxi Priest 10

ALBUMS

- 1 THE MARSHALL Coco-Tea Cornerstone
- 2 SLENG TENG Wayne Smith Greensleeves
- 3 LIVELY BODY Various Artists Hawkeye
- 4 BOBBY BABYLON Freddie McGregor Studio 1
- 5 BOUNTY HUNTER Barrington Levy Jah Life
- 6 WHAT ONE RIDDIM CAN DO Various Artists Germatin
- 7 CLASH Tenor Saw/Coco-Tea Witis
- 8 JAMAICA JAMAICA Brigadier Jerry RAS
- 9 DANCE CORK Frankie Jones World Enterprise
- 10 SLICE OF THE CAKE Sugar Minott ADA

Compiled by Daddy Kool 94 Dean Street London W1



PRINCE: Dominating UK charts but no mention of 'Boops'

SOUNDS

Ron Rom

SAD BMX Bandits Pre-release tape

TOO SHY TO SAY The Soup Dragons Peel session track

LIVING AND LEARNING The Wedding Present Kershaw session track

Edwin Pouncey

LOVE & HOPE & SEX & DREAMS BoDeans Slash LP

E.V.O.L. Sonic Youth Blast First faster tape

THE BIG HEAT Stan Ridgway IRS LP

Neil Perry

CAMOUFLAGE Stan Ridgway IRS 12 inch

BALLS TO THE WALL Accept Live At Hammy Odeon

WILD BLUE YONDER Screaming Blue Messiahs Groovy WEA LP cut

Roger Holland

IF THEY COME IN THE MORNING The High Five No-Go LP track

CUSTARD PIE Led Zeppelin Swan Song LP track

A LITTLE TOUCH OF HARRY IN THE NIGHT Blyth Power 96 Tapes

Roy Wilkinson

KITCHEN TABLE Stump Peel Session track

POSTMAN PAT/CHICKEN KILLER Teenage Dog Orgy Pre-release tape

TORTUOUS THEATRE ANALOGY The Andropous Cassette single

Dave Henderson

GIRL Twice A Man Xenophone 45

JESSICA'S CRIME Salvation Batfish 45

KING MOB Rote Kapelle Big Smell Dinosaur 33 revs EP

Tony Stewart

STREET LIFE Bryan Ferry & Roxy Music EG Records

WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE? Van Halen Warner Bros

GOOD THING Woodentops Forthcoming 45

Tony Mitchell

E=MC² Big Audio Dynamite CBS 45

NO PROMISES Icehouse Chrysalis 45

PARADE Prince And The Revolution Warner Bros album

SECRET AGENTS

- 1 JAMES BOND Sean Connery
- 2 NAPOLEON SOLO (U.N.C.L.E.) Robert Vaughn
- 3 ILLYA KURYAKIN (U.N.C.L.E.) David McCallum
- 4 DEREK FLINT James Coburn
- 5 APRIL DANCER (U.N.C.L.E.) Stephanie Powers
- 6 MARK SLATE (U.N.C.L.E.) Noel Harrison
- 7 JOHN DRAKE Patrick McGeehan
- 8 MATT HELM Dean Martin
- 9 CHARLES VINE Tom Adams
- 10 SECRET SQUIRREL

Compiled by Simon King

A T T A C K

HOT METAL 60

SINGLES

- 1 1 WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 2 2 THESE DREAMS Heart Capitol
- 3 6 UNDER A RAGING MOON Roger Daltrey 10
- 4 3 ROCK 'N' ROLL GIPSY Saxon Parlophone
- 5 — THAT GIRL FM Portrait
- 6 5 I CAN'T HOLD BACK Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 7 12 BURNING HEART Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 8 7 SMOKIN' IN THE BOYS ROOM Motley Crue Elektra
- 9 8 SHOT IN THE DARK Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 10 14 CREEPING DEATH Metallica Music For Nations
- 11 15 VOICES Russ Ballard EMI America
- 12 4 THIS TIME Bryan Adams A&M
- 13 13 AMBITIOUS Jeff Beck Epic
- 14 11 YOU'RE IN LOVE Ratt Atlantic
- 15 10 SHAKE YOUR FOUNDATIONS AC/DC Atlantic
- 16 — ROUGH BOY ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 17 9 MARKET SQUARE HEROES Marillion EMI
- 18 17 RUN TO THE HILLS Iron Maiden EMI
- 19 — IN MY DREAMS Dokken Elektra
- 20 — JUMP IN THE FIRE Metallica Music For Nations



JUDAS PRIEST high powered leather

ALBUMS

- 1 1 5150 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 2 2 MEAN BUSINESS The Firm Atlantic
- 3 3 MASTER OF PUPPETS Metallica Music For Nations
- 4 4 HEART Heart Capitol
- 5 7 UNDER LOCK AND KEY Dokken Elektra
- 6 9 THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 7 6 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 8 — MASTERS OF METAL Various K-Tel
- 9 5 CUTS LIKE A KNIFE Bryan Adams A&M
- 10 10 SPREADING THE DISEASE Anthrax Music For Nations
- 11 — ROCK ANTHEMS II Various K-Tel
- 12 — TURBO Judas Priest CBS
- 13 12 FINYL VINYL Rainbow Polydor
- 14 13 MISPLACED CHILDHOOD Marillion EMI
- 15 15 THEATRE OF PAIN Motley Crue Elektra
- 16 16 SURRENDER Joshua FM
- 17 8 SEVENTH STAR Black Sabbath Featuring Tony Iommi Vertigo
- 18 29 FATAL PORTRAIT King Diamond Roadrunner
- 19 14 UNVEILING THE WICKED Exciter Music For Nations
- 20 17 ELIMINATOR ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 21 11 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 22 — BEHOLD THE BEGINNING Diamond Head Razor
- 23 26 INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY Ratt Atlantic
- 24 22 COME OUT AND PLAY Twisted Sister Atlantic
- 25 28 SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR Marillion EMI
- 26 20 KAIZOKU-BAN Accept Portrait
- 27 18 FLY ON THE WALL AC/DC Atlantic
- 28 21 ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT Magnum FM
- 29 24 LIVE AFTER DEATH Iron Maiden EMI
- 30 — SOLDIERS UNDER COMMAND Stryper Enigma/Stuff

Compiled by Spotlight Research

IMPORTS

- 1 2 RUSSIAN ROULETTE Accept Indisc
- 2 5 BEYOND THE PALE Fiona Atlantic
- 3 6 THE FINAL FRONTIER Keel Gold Mountain
- 4 1 PLEASURE TO KILL Kreator Noise
- 5 9 FINAL STRIKE Backwater Disaster
- 6 — BELOW THE BELT TKO Roadrunner
- 7 — THE FINAL SEPARATION Bulldozer Roadrunner
- 8 — EDGE OF INSANITY Tony McAlpine Roadrunner
- 9 — TWO HEARTS ONE BEAT Bobby Barth Atlantic
- 10 3 BRIEF ENCOUNTER Marillion Capitol

Compiled by Spotlight Research



OLGA DOLL as cute as ever in Klaus Nomi pose

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 1 BLACK CELEBRATION Depeche Mode Mute
- 2 2 A DATE WITH ELVIS The Cramps Big Beat
- 3 3 BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 4 5 BIG COCK King Kurt Stiff
- 5 9 MAN IN A SUITCASE Ted Chippington Vindaloo
- 6 7 RUM, SODOMY AND THE LASH The Pogues Stiff
- 7 11 WIRE PLAY POP Wire The Pink Label
- 8 4 PAINT YOUR WAGON Red Lorry Yellow Lorry Red Rhino
- 9 12 LIBERTY BELLE AND THE BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS The Go-Betweens Beggars Banquet
- 10 6 GREED Swans K422
- 11 10 LOW-LIFE New Order Factory
- 12 8 DAMNED BUT NOT FORGOTTEN The Damned Dojo
- 13 23 LIFE'S A RIOT WITH SPY VS SPY Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 14 13 THE SINGLES 81-85 Depeche Mode Mute
- 15 17 CIRCUSES AND BREAD Durutti Column Benelux/Factory
- 16 21 HATFUL OF HOLLOW The Smiths Rough Trade
- 17 16 HELD DOWN TO VINYL... AT LAST! The Guana Batz ID
- 18 30 FLIP YOUR WIG Husker Du SST
- 19 22 TREASURE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 20 15 LOVE The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 21 — PULP BEATING 1984 AND ALL THAT The Membranes Criminal Damage
- 22 — GEORGE THOROGOOD AND THE DESTROYERS George Thorogood And The Destroyers Demon
- 23 — SINGLES 1983-1984 The Toy Dolls Volume
- 24 — GLAD 'N' GREASY The Beat Farmers Demon
- 25 24 THE OLD AND THE NEW A Certain Ratio Factory
- 26 27 BAD INFLUENCE The Robert Cray Band Demon
- 27 19 POWER, CORRUPTION AND LIES New Order Factory
- 28 28 ANTHOLOGY VOLUME II Hawkwind Flicknife
- 29 25 DREAMTIME The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 30 14 1979-1983 Bauhaus Beggars Banquet

Compiled by Spotlight Research

SMALLEST BOOKS

- 1 ALL I KNOW ABOUT JAZZ Saide
- 2 THE ANNEKA RICE WORKOUT MANUAL
- 3 TACT AND DIPLOMACY Ian Botham
- 4 THE LEON BRITTAN SKIN CARE BOOK
- 5 THE COLLECTED KNIGHT RIDER SCRIPTS
- 6 A COMPLETE HISTORY OF IRELAND Bananarama
- 7 THE ANDREW RIDGELEY SONGBOOK
- 8 SINCERITY AND WARMTH Noel Edmonds
- 9 HOW TO ACT CONVINCINGLY Jessica Lange
- 10 THE REDSKINS JOKEBOOK

Compiled by Froggy Reditt

DISPATCH RIDER CODE

- 1 NEVER CROSS LIGHTS WHEN THEY ARE GREEN
- 2 NEVER RIDE A BIKE LESS THAN FIVE FEET WIDE
- 3 ALWAYS READ YOUR A TO Z UPSIDE DOWN

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 1 SHELLSHOCK New Order Factory
- 2 2 GODSTAR Psychic TV And The Angels Of Light Temple
- 3 6 XXSEX We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It Vindaloo
- 4 3 THE TRUMPTON RIOTS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 5 4 SWEETEST THING Gene Loves Jezebel Beggars Banquet
- 6 10 THIS DAMN NATION The Godfathers Corporate Image
- 7 12 STRIPPED Depeche Mode Mute
- 8 8 SOMEWHERE IN CHINA The Shop Assistants 53rd & 3rd
- 9 5 POGUETRY IN MOTION The Pogues Stiff
- 10 11 GIVING GROUND The Sisterhood Merciful Release
- 11 24 RESERVATION Terry & Gerry Intape
- 12 9 ALL DAY LONG The Shop Assistants Subway Organisation
- 13 19 ONCE MORE The Wedding Present Reception
- 14 14 HOT GIRLS IN LOVE The Cherry Bombz Lick
- 15 22 SHE GREW UP Jake Burns & The Big Wheel Survival/Rigid Digits
- 16 18 SHE SELLS SANCTUARY The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 17 36 CUT THE CAKE The Wollhounds The Pink Label
- 18 17 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 19 31 TINY DYNAMINE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 20 15 SEETHROUGH The Guana Batz ID
- 21 16 EVERYTHING'S BRILLIANT The Membranes Intape
- 22 — AWAY Bolshoi Beggars Banquet
- 23 7 SHEEP The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 24 25 SUB-CULTURE New Order Factory
- 25 27 RAYMONDE Raymonde Desire
- 26 21 CAN YOUR PUSSY DO THE DOG? The Cramps Big Beat
- 27 50 ECHOES IN A SHALLOW BAY Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 28 35 WHISTLING IN THE DARK Easterhouse Rough Trade
- 29 29 LET THEM EAT BOGSLED Bogshed Vinyl Drip
- 30 44 THERESE Bodines Creation
- 31 13 LIKE AN ANGEL The Mighty Lemon Drops Dreamworld
- 32 26 THE PERFECT KISS New Order Factory
- 33 23 TIME IS MONEY (BASTARD) Swans K422
- 34 45 LOVER AND CONFIDANTE Blue Aeroplanes Fire
- 35 30 BITTERSWEET New Model Army Quiet!
- 36 — ART OF DRUMS Macattack Baad
- 37 43 IT WILL COME The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 38 34 KICK OVER THE STATUES The Redskins Abstract Dance/Priority
- 39 39 THE FILTH AND THE FURY Icons Of Filth Mortarhate
- 40 — EVERYBODY KNOWS THE MONKEY Mighty Mighty Girlie
- 41 41 LA RAIN Rose Of Avalanche LIL
- 42 32 UPSIDE DOWN The Jesus And Mary Chain Creation
- 43 40 FACES OF FREEDOM TDA (Test Dept) Some Bizarre
- 44 20 ONLY LOVE CAN BREAK YOUR HEART The Mint Juleps Stiff
- 45 28 HERE COMES THE MAN Boom Boom Room Fun After All
- 46 33 BABY Chevalier Brothers Disques Cheval
- 47 38 DAYS LIKE THESE Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 48 42 SPRING RAIN The Go-Betweens Beggars Banquet
- 49 46 GI 400 Blows/23 Skidoo Sadereal
- 50 49 BIBLE OF THE BEATS Age Of Chance Riot Bible

Compiled by Spotlight Research

PLANTS

- 1 PEONY MAKE BELIEVE Billy Fury
- 2 SUSPICIOUS PINES Elvis Presley
- 3 SHEENA IS A PUNK YUCCA Ramones
- 4 KARMA CAMELLIA Culture Club
- 5 ALTERNATIVE ASTER SLF
- 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 SUPERCALA EUCALYPTUS Mary Poppins
- 10 HARD DAHLIAS NIGHT Beatles

Compiled by Jonny Forsyth and the Kew Crew

- 4 ALWAYS WEAR SCARVES OVER YOUR MOUTH TO PREVENT ANYONE FROM UNDERSTANDING WHAT YOU'RE SAYING
- 5 NEVER OPEN DOORS THAT SAY 'PULL' WITHOUT FIRST TRYING TO BREAK THEM DOWN WITH YOUR SHOULDER
- 6 NEVER USE THE ROAD WHEN A PAVEMENT IS FREE
- 7 WALK LIKE JOHN WAYNE
- 8 NEVER CROSS A ZEBRA CROSSING WHEN LESS THAN SIX PEOPLE ARE ALREADY ON IT
- 9 KEEP A RUNNING COUNT OF THE NUMBER OF FEET YOU'VE RUN OVER
- 10 ON NO ACCOUNT EVER GIVE WAY TO ANYONE

Compiled by Barry Sheep

SPITTING IMAGE

FROM PAGE 21

I do like these incidentals though, such as Thatcher pissing in the gents standing up, very often they save a duff sketch.

And in a recent pop skit — there are more pop puppets now than before because there are more models in general, according to Fluck and Law — an otherwise turgid scene between David Bowie and Sting in a Japanese restaurant was rescued by the fish supper insisting on flopping about.

HAS ANYBODY offered to buy their puppet?

"Uhm, well we heard that Michael Heseltine always wanted to own his puppet," mentions Fluck. "He didn't approach us directly though, but we took great delight in refusing him over and over again, hah-hah-hah!"

"We nearly sent it around to his house in a hearse when we heard that he resigned, but we decided not to," laughs Law long and loud.

So you've had feedback from the royals, have you had feedback from any other public figures? Do they ring you up and say, Oh, I really like my puppet, or *Spitting Image*, what a bunch of bastards you are?

"Well, there was an exhibition planned for the National Gallery for the summer, which the directors of the gallery wanted to do very much indeed; a big exhibition lasting for about 12 weeks. They'd been used to working without the trustees interfering, however..." says Law annoyed.

Fluck: "When the trustees of the gallery had the stuff put in front of them they just said, No, we won't do it. And some people apparently said, Some of my friends have been deeply offended by this programme and there's no way you're going to get your exhibition."

Law: "The official reason was lack of funds but they would have made a bloody good whack out of it. They would have been charging £1.50 all through the kids' holidays. We'd geared the exhibition for children so they could participate and play with the puppets. Still, it's nice to know that you can still offend people."

What are your own personal political leanings?

"Mmmmmmm," Roger mulls, a bit disgruntled. "Well, I never actually vote for anybody, I vote against, basically."

"I used to be a great deal more left than I am

now," admits Peter. "Over about 25 years of witnessing one promising left winger after another collapse into the usual heap you tend to get a bit disillusioned. It makes you wonder whether any of the political theories that are in use at the moment do in fact have any validity..."

"Most people don't give a f*** about politics," asserts Law. "And I think that what the programme has done is introduced people to the Cabinet and Shadow Cabinet. Funnily enough though, we don't get a lot of angry reactions from politicians. It's usually things like, David Steel is upset because he is much smaller than David Owen. Why isn't he the same size because in real life he's bigger than Neil Kinnock and so on. They're more upset if they're not on the show..."

Don't you think that there's a danger that the people you set out to satirise are made more understandable and lovable through the puppet medium?

"That is a terrible danger," muses Fluck. "It's particularly a danger with the small as opposed to big puppets that we've got. The little ones can be rather endearing. That might be alright with Gielgud, but somehow it doesn't seem right with David Steel or David Frost — or, in fact, anyone called David."

ALTHOUGH THE pair would like to make a movie, and money has been offered to develop a script and do a screen test, Luck and Flaw have no immediate plans to rush *Spitting Image* into a cinema near you.

"Just because we've nearly got it right for television doesn't mean that we are capable of a film, there are numerous technical problems," explains Peter.

"We'd be f***ing mad to do a film now because it's one thing to get a few cans in on a Sunday night and turn the television set on, but it's another thing entirely to get people to pay £4 to sit on a seat in a cinema," adds Roger.

Spitting Image will, however, be shown at a TV festival in Russia soon, the prospect of which makes the mind boggle and Fluck and Law return to moulding grey clay with some glee. Luck and Flaw: your life in their hands.

Has it changed their lives?

"It has absolutely bloody ruined them," they chime.

It's time to get some cans in.



THE BRAND new three pick-up single-coil version of the Steinberger 'L' series guitar (left) features the EMG-SA pick-up system, which uses special alnico magnets and active circuitry within the pick-up to provide a unique combination of brilliance, power and warmth.

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Control electronics, by HAZ Labs, Washington, NJ, include modular snap-on, snap-off connectors for easy interchangeability of pick-ups and controls.

All pick-up combinations are possible with a push button for each pick-up plus single volume and tone controls. Active equalisation is available as an option.

The instrument comes standard with the Transtrem transposing tremolo which keeps the strings in tune with each other.

The guitar, called the GL-3T, is available in black or white.

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*Source: Target Group Index 1985

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DRUMMER WANTED — Slough area — Robert, Farnham Common 2113. S5379

MUSICIANS WANTED General 01-223 8845. S5421

READ THIS: The Essence of Reality require emotionally perceptive male vocalist and a bassist, to join guitar, drums, and female backing vocalist. Influences: Cult, U2, Coc-taeus, Sisters, Balaam, Banhees, earlyish Rush, Zeppelin, Velvet Underground. Anyone interested should read this again and then phone — Simon 01-997 5809 very soon. S5422

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CONSIDERING THAT the present climate we live in is one of overt quantity rather than quality, it's comforting to know that there's still enough room for an independent stab at individual craftsmanship. Especially within a cottage industry that has become the production line of the music business.

Built in Leicester under closest scrutiny, Pilgrim guitars already have a mythology; it is said that a sample of each sound board is kept and numbered, should it become necessary to execute a repair. Mark Knopfler will be pleased.

Construction of the top is of high quality cedar, which I personally find a refreshing change from the plethora of spruce currently employed. Whether or not this makes the guitar any lighter, I'm not too sure, but I found the Mk I extremely light and therefore comfortable to play. Talking of which, the maple laminated/mahogany neck is positively wonderful.

A three-piece system is used with rock or figured maple as the centre section (depending on the model),

and mahogany for the flanks. A steel truss rod manufactured by Pilgrim runs through the neck to allow for any final adjustments in setting up the instrument.

With a cutaway in the body that allows easy access right up to the 22nd fret, the rosewood fretboard in conjunction with the neck has to be one of the Pilgrim's strongest assets. With its fine action and smoothness, it's responsible for making the Pilgrim Mk I one of the most comfortable acoustic type guitars I've played in years.

So far as sound is concerned, acoustically, the guitar cannot be faulted. The lower strings are very round and clear with the treble response of the top strings being exceptionally sweet and responsive. In a nutshell, the Mk I produces a rich, well textured and surprisingly loud noise – a noise much sought after.

Still, no one's perfect and this guitar's no exception. The CF Martin/Barcus Berry Thinline Transducers are the guitar's downfall. A lot of the aforementioned individualism and plus points go right out of the window as soon as you plug the guitar into an amp, and I'll tell you why – it no longer sounds like an acoustic.



What it becomes is a watered down, lukewarm, second rate Telecaster, and I say this only after plugging the guitar into numerous amps, and fiddling with numerous settings. I love Teles, but I'd say the idea of having an acoustic is to sound acoustic.

Pilgrim are currently working on a nylon string model which leads me to believe that they may make a substantial dent in the market place yet. I certainly hope so 'cause they deserve to.

Then again, they could always change the electrics.

DAVID MARX

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