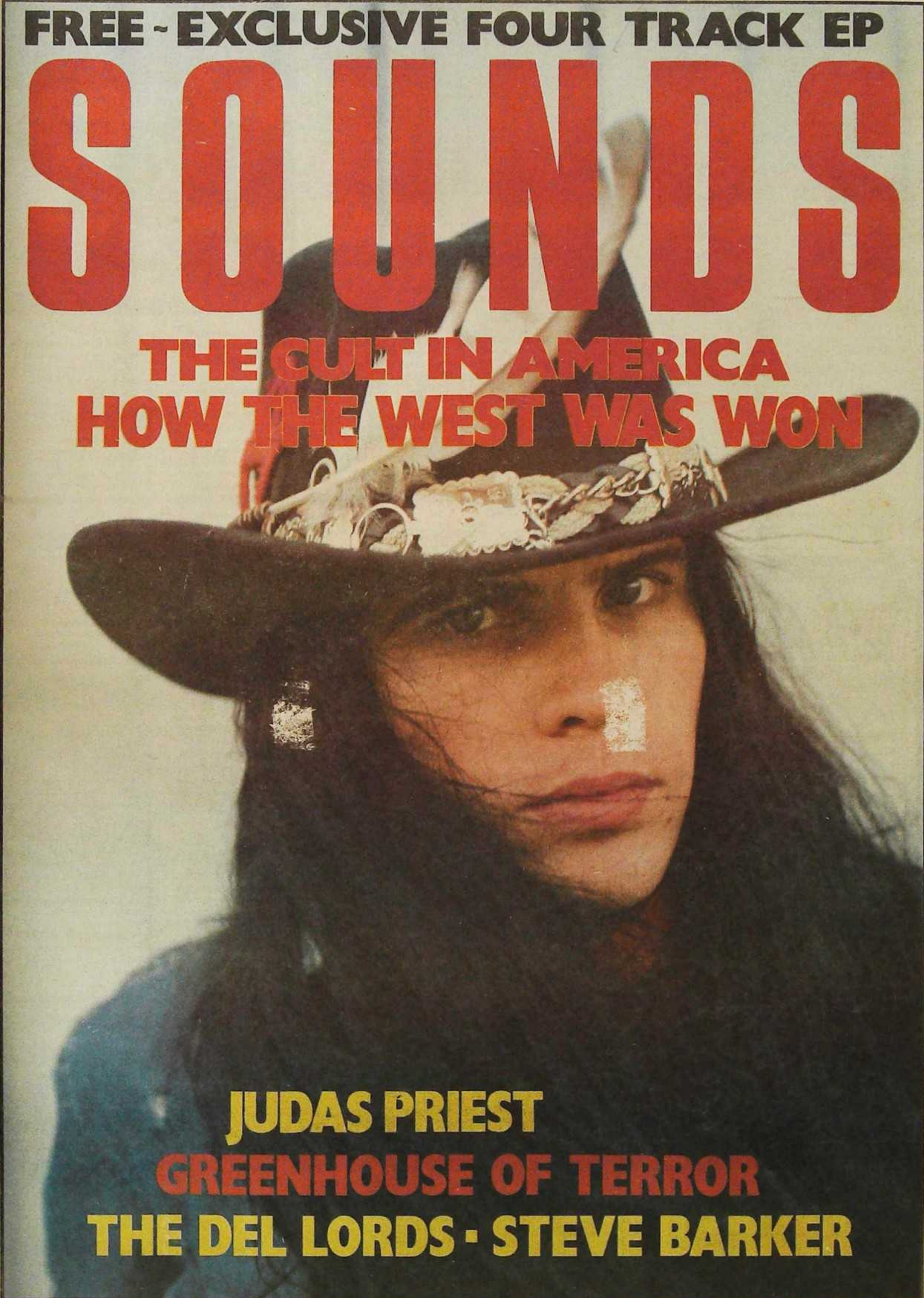


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SOUNDS



**THE CULT IN AMERICA
HOW THE WEST WAS WON**

JUDAS PRIEST
GREENHOUSE OF TERROR
THE DEL LORDS - STEVE BARKER

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

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MARILLION
LEVEL 42

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£49 INCLUDES: Concert ticket, all transport from London, Cross Channel ferry. Depart eve Sunday 24th August. Return am Tuesday 26th August. [RSS]

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PALLAS, who recently parted company with EMI after a number of disagreements, have lined up a British tour through May.

The tour is being sponsored by the Scottish City Links coach firm and winds up with a special hometown gig at the Aberdeen Music Hall, which is being re-opened following a multi-million pound refit. The band are planning a few surprises for the gig on May 28 to celebrate their first hometown bash for some time.

The gigs start at Nottingham Mardis Gras on May 1 followed by Coventry General Wolfe 2, Bradford Royal Standard 3, Hull The Tower 4, Cleethorpes Pier Hotel 5, Lowestoft Kelly's 6, Leicester Princess Charlotte 8, Sutton-in-Ashfield Golden Diamond 9, Burton On Trent Central Park 10, Bristol Roxy's 13, Southampton Riverside 14, Wolverhampton Scruples 15, London Marquee 16-17, Stoke Shelloys 19, Walthamstow Royal Standard 20, Port Talbot Ruffles 22, Blackburn King Georges Hall 23, Fifa Kinghorn Cuinzie Neuk 24, Glasgow Mayfair 25, Perth Plough Inn 26, Aberdeen Music Hall 28.

IVOR CUTLER, the legendary Scottish poet and eccentric, thrusts himself upon an unsuspecting world once more when he releases an album called 'Gruts' on Rough Trade this weekend.

It coincides with a book of his celebrated collection of radio stories which is being published by Methuen.

The redoubtable performer will also be treading the boards at Battersea Arts Centre May 2-3, Brighton Festival 4, London Bloomsbury Theatre 12-17.

His media blitz is completed by a *South Of Watford* show devoted to him on May 9 and a guest appearance on *The Midsummer Night's Tube* on July 7.

VIC GODARD, who has just returned from oblivion with his 'Trouble' album, has lined up a one-off London gig at North Kensington Bay 63 on May 1.

But, in contrast to the album, Godard will be playing an R&B set. Also on the bill are 4 Million Telephones and another band still to be announced.

WALL OF VOODOO, who announced their British tour a couple of weeks ago, have

now cancelled scheduled dates at Leicester, Glasgow, Sheffield and Dunstable.

However, they've added dates at Birmingham Powerhouse on May 4 and Hammersmith Clarendon 9.

SKELETAL FAMILY nip out for three dates before recording a second single for Chrysalis. These'll be at Brighton Zap Club May 1, Hammersmith Clarendon 2, Stratford Tom Allen Centre 3.

Jean's Genie ...



THE RAMONES have now fixed the release date for their tenth album - 'Animal Boy', on Beggars Banquet - for May 19.

It contains their 'Bonzo Goes To Bitburg' single as well as their current 'Something In My Drink' effort and was produced by Jean Beauvoir (above).

The band have also switched their Edinburgh gig from the Empire (which has lost its licence) on May 16 to The Playhouse on the 14th. But all tickets for the original date will be valid.

Producer Jean Beauvoir, who has played with The Plasmatics, Little Steven, Nona Hendryx and John Waite as well as The Ramones, releases his first solo single on Red Eye (through Virgin) next week called 'Feel The Heat'.

STRANGEWAYS introduce their new singer to London next week with a gig at the Marquee on May 7. New man Terry Block - who has worked with Bob Seger, Kansas, Molly Hatchett and Rush - joined them just as their debut album was released last month.

The band will be playing more gigs later.

MAIDEN



Iron Maiden play their first UK tour for two years

IRON MAIDEN, currently nipping twixt sun and studio in the Bahamas, will be playing a month-long tour of Britain in October.

It'll be their first series of British gigs for two years and is part of a seven-month tour - relatively short by Maiden

standards!

But they haven't stinted on British gigs and promise an even more ambitious stage set than their *World Slavery* extravaganza.

Once again, they'll be starting with Eastern European concerts in Poland, Hungary and Czechoslovakia before getting down to business in the UK.

Opening at Oxford Apollo October 3 they then play St

SIMPLY RED, who've just completed an American tour, slot in three British dates en route to the Montreux Jazz Festival. Pausing only to re-release their 'Holding Back The Years' single from last winter, they play Kentish Town Town And Country Club May 4, Manchester Apollo 5, Edinburgh Coasters 6.

INXS, who sold out London's Hammersmith Odeon on their last visit, move up to The Royal Albert Hall when they return on June 24. Tickets are £5 and £6.

The Aussie band, who've just released a new single on Mercury, 'What You Need', will also be playing a series of provincial gigs to be announced shortly.

TERRORISM

US acts withdraw from European and UK commitments

AMERICAN ROCK stars are getting the jitters over touring Britain and Europe in the wake of the US bombing of Libya.

So far Prince, Lionel Richie, Janet Jackson and Manhattan Transfer have pulled out of projected European tours because of fears over their safety. And several more tours are in a state of flux.

Prince was believed to be in the final stages of confirming a European tour. But Lionel Richie has been rescheduling a European tour for nearly two years and the dates were not thought to be imminent.

Janet Jackson has cancelled a TV and promotional visit set for this month, and postponed a planned European tour until later in the year.

Patti Labelle's show at London's Hammersmith Odeon on May 11 has also been hit by cancellation rumours.

British agents have been convincing American acts that they will not be a target for any terrorist attacks.

"Obviously the artist's first concern must be for his own safety during a concert," Rod McSweeney of ITB told *Sounds*. "I'm getting a lot of worried calls from America at the moment."

John Giddings of Solo said

SOUNDS

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OVER

Austell Cornwall Coliseum 4, Cardiff St Davids Hall 6-7, Bristol Colston Hall 8, Manchester Apollo 10, Liverpool Empire 12, Leicester De Montfort Hall 14, Sheffield City Hall 15-16, Ipswich Gaumont 18, Nottingham Royal Centre 20, Hanley Victoria Halls 22, Newcastle City Hall 24-25, Edinburgh Playhouse 27-28, Birmingham Odeon 30-31, London Hammersmith Odeon November 3-5.

Tickets are £6.50 and £5.50 everywhere except St Austell, Cardiff, Leicester and Hanley which are £6.50 only and Hammersmith which is £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50.

After the British gigs the band fly back to Europe before moving on to America, Japan and Australia.

But they have already run into trouble in America with Nancy Reagan over a planned anti-drug charity show in Los Angeles.

Eddie and his pals were on

the provisional list for The Concert That Counts in aid of drug awareness programmes at the end of April.

But the Washington moral pressure group, Parents Music Resource Centre, objected to the Maiden image and asked Nancy Reagan to intervene. She asked the promoters to exclude Maiden and other acts, including Ozzy Osbourne.

The promoter refused to bow to this attempt at censorship so the PMRC withdrew, causing other acts such as Julio Iglesias to cancel their appearance. Within days the whole festival collapsed.

A spokesperson for Maiden, who donated the royalties from a recent single to the Anti-Heroin Campaign, said the band were surprised by the attitude of the PMRC and Nancy Reagan.

"They feel that bands of their ilk would have more effect in their stand against drug abuse than the older, middle of the road acts."

BALAAM AND THE ANGEL emerge from nine months of seclusion with a tour this month.

The band, who chalked up 100 gigs during 1985, have been recording, but they aren't due to release the follow-up to their 'She Knows' single until June.

They get back into live trim at Nottingham Rock City May 14, Birmingham Portland 15, Norwich Gala Ballroom 16, Glasgow Mayfair 18, Leeds Polytechnic 19, Sheffield Leadmill 20, Manchester Ritz 21, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 22, Coventry Polytechnic 24, Bristol Bier Keller 25.

Support group on all dates will be Wild Flowers who've just released a single called 'It Ain't So Easy' on Chapter 22. And on selected gigs they'll be joined by The Rose Of Avalanche.

HITS ROCK TOURS

that bands were more concerned about indiscriminate attacks at airports than any specific concert threats.

"I had Suzanne Vega on tour in Italy at the time of the Libyan bombing. We increased security at her concerts and soundchecks and there have been no problems. But if someone decides to throw a bomb inside an airport, then rock stars are going to be as vulnerable as anybody else."

Neil Warnock of The Agency said that there was no evidence that terrorists regarded entertainers as legitimate targets. "We've had American bands playing in Ireland for years without any trouble."

Warnock has just completed Twisted Sister's British tour and said that the band's initial fears after the bombing of Tripoli soon calmed down.

"They've toured Europe many times before and they know the situation. Their relatives back home were more worried than they were."

Indeed it seems that those bands who only rarely venture outside America were more concerned than those who regularly tour Europe.

Laurie Anderson for instance is coming over to start her European tour this week as scheduled. And The Ramones are going ahead with their British tour.

Phone Home ...



THE CALL, the critically acclaimed American band who've been quiet for some time, return with a new album on Elektra this weekend called 'Reconciled'.

The band's status among the rock fraternity can be judged by the appearance of Peter Gabriel and Simple Minds' Jim Kerr on the single 'Everywhere I Go'.

The band are now touring America with Lloyd Cole And The Commotions, as bassist/singer Michael Been has finished playing disciple John in Martin Scorsese's latest film project *The Last Temptation Of Christ*.

STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN and *Double Trouble*, the highly rated *Sounds* Ep artists, play Hammersmith Palais on June 5. Tickets are £5.50.

THE ICA has been saved from bankruptcy in the wake of the GLC's demise. Funding has now been arranged via The Arts Council, Westminster Council, The London Borough Grants Unit and The British Film Institute, which means that the video library can continue its operations and the ICA can keep its doors open.

Upcoming events include a special presentation by Audio Arts - aka William Furlong and Michael Archer - at Piccadilly St James Church on May 2.

And Australian rock band/theatre group/video makers Tsk Tsk Tsk will be putting on a multi-media event at the ICA from May 27-31.

And not all cancellations by American bands have been caused by the US actions in Libya. Stevie Ray Vaughan's postponement of his European tour this month was initially put down to the Middle East crisis. But it later transpired that his new album is not due until September and his record company wanted him to visit in the autumn.

Hüsker Dü have also pulled out of a planned Glastonbury Festival appearance. But that's down to "sheer exhaustion after three years' non-stop touring".

Likewise Lone Justice have pulled out of a European tour because one of the band has had a nervous breakdown.

JULIAN LENNON has postponed all but one of his British gigs this month because of "unforeseen technical difficulties". These difficulties apparently do not affect his London Royal Albert Hall show which goes ahead on May 12.

Refunds for the rest of the tour dates are available from the box offices. Julian apologises for any inconvenience and promises to reschedule the tour later in the year.

NEIL YOUNG has cancelled his just-announced tour here in June because of a serious shoulder injury which will keep him out of action for two months, and requires surgery.

Fans can collect refunds from the point of purchase.

MENTAL AS ANYTHING, the Aussie band, stop over on their way back from an American tour to play London Kentish Town Town And Country Club on May 3. They have a new single coming out on Epic next week called 'You're So Strong'.

THE CELIBATE RIFLES arrive in London for their first British dates this week at University Of London Union (with Flesh For Lulu) May 2 and Camden Dingwalls 5. They'll be back for more gigs after a European jaunt.

The Rifles are featured on a new Hot Records compilation 'This Is Hot, Too' which comes out this week. Other tracks come from The Lighthouse Keepers, The Wreckery and The Triffids, who'll be over later this month to coincide with their third album.

Hot are also releasing the first solo album from former Laughing Clown leader Ed Kepper called 'Electronic Storm'.

TULL WE MEET AGAIN

Marillion pay their dues to **Jethro Tull** by giving them the guest spot at Milton Keynes

JETHRO TULL play their only British gig this year as special guests of Marillion at the Milton Keynes Garden Party on June 28.

It's Tull's first appearance in this country for nearly two years but the line-up remains the same as before, with Ian Anderson on vocals, flute and one leg, Martin Barre guitar, Peter Dinklage keyboards, Dave Pegg bass and Doane Perry drums.

Four years ago Marillion - then virtually unknown - opened the show for Tull's headlining appearance at the Nostell Priory Festival after Ian Anderson had heard some demo tapes. Now Marillion return the compliment.

Tickets for The Garden Party are £12.40 each by post from MCP Ltd (to whom cheques and postal orders should be payable), PO Box 124, Aldridge, Walsall, West Midlands WS9 8XX. Don't forget the stamped addressed envelope.

Gary Moore has also been confirmed for the festival, and he'll be using the same band as on his 1985 tour.

Two more acts will be announced shortly.

House Calls ...



EASTERHOUSE, those militant Mancunians, release their second single on Rough Trade this week called 'Inspiration'.

They've also arranged a batch of gigs during the month at Central London Polytechnic (Irish Freedom Benefit) May 2, Birmingham Triangle (Workers Against Racism Benefit) 8, Glasgow Daddy Warbucks 15, Edinburgh Electric Circus 16, Leeds IF Club 23, Wolverhampton Polytechnic 24, Harlesden Mean Fiddler 25.

Their debut album is scheduled for late May.

THE CHURCH come in for their first gigs in two years at London's Marquee on May 13-14, Harlesden Mean Fiddler 15.

The band, who've been touring America with Echo And The Bunnymen, have a single called 'Tantalized' out this week on Parlophone and an album called 'Heyday' due shortly.

TOM ROBINSON and his band *Crew* will be playing a series of West End Concerts at London's Duke of York Theatre as part of a short British tour.

The full itinerary takes in Sheffield Leadmill May 3, London Duke Of York Theatre 4, Loughborough University 10, Duke Of York 11, Birmingham Aston University 16, Duke Of York 18, Norwich UEA 24, Duke Of York 25, Glasgow QMU 31, Edinburgh Empire June 1.

For the past year Tom has been writing material for his eighth album, due for summer release on RCA. In addition he has co-written a stage musical with Hereward Kaye for the Hull Truck Theatre Company called *Cramp*, which will be premiered at this year's Edinburgh Festival.

HIPSWAY, who release the follow-up to their 'The Honeythief' hit this week on Phonogram called 'Ask The Lord', have switched their Brighton Coasters date to May 14. All tickets remain valid.

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



SPITTING IMAGE, the irreverent TV show that pulls all the right strings, gets a boost when Virgin issue the silly songs recently featured on the show on vinyl.

'The Chicken Song', a stab at moronic Black Lace territory, is backed by 'I've Never Met A Nice South African', while the 12-inch (out May 6) has an interminable '12 Hour Version' of the A-side plus the tune which so offended Phil Collins recently, 'Hello, You Must Be Going', and the lampoon of 'We Are The World' - 'We're Scared Of Bob'.

An LP is, regrettably, on the proverbial cards.

PRIMAL SCREAM have lined up dates to coincide with the release of their single, 'Crystal Crescent', on Creation. They play Nottingham Garage May 1, Glasgow Splash One 4, Leicester Fan Club 12, Plymouth Monroe's 14, Bristol Tropic 15, Portsmouth Polytechnic 17.

CARMEL LIGHTS

CARMEL (right) probably the only person to actually turn down a role in *Absolute Beginners*, picks up her own career with a single called 'Sally' on London. Released on May 16, it's produced by Brian Eno.

The lady is also playing a short British tour before heading off for a series of European jazz festivals.

With four-piece brass section replacing her backing vocalists, she'll be appearing at Huddersfield Polytechnic May 8, Bristol University 9, Brighton Polytechnic 10, London Ronnie Scotts 11, 18 and 25.



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JUNE 1/2 HAMMERSMITH Odeon
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4 FLESH FOR LULU	31 JOHN DENVER
5 MENTAL AS ANYTHING	1 JUNE
6 CACTUS WORLD NEWS	2 CHERRY BOMBS
7 TOM ROBINSON	3 PHASE II STEEL BAND
8 RAMONES	4 THE WOODEN TOPS
9 TALK TALK	5 ART OF NOISE
10 PAUL BRADY	6 THE COMMUNARDS
11 JESUS & THE MARY CHAIN	7 FRANK TOWNY
12 SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS	8 THE FLAMING MUSSOLINI
13 PATTE LA BELLE	9 FRASURE
14 TOM ROBINSON	10 THE CHAMPS
15 HIPSWAY	11 BLACK SABBATH
16 THE WATERBOYS	12 RUBEN BLADES
17 PETE SHELLEY	13 STEVE RAY VAUGHAN
18 IMAGINATION	14 BROTHERS IN ARMS
19 ROBERT CALVERT BAND	15 MANFRED MANN EARTH BAND
20 WILKO JOHNSON/JOHN OTWAY	16 THE SHADOWS
21 27/28 JOHNNY MATHS	17 20-21-22 GLASTONBURY CND FESTIVAL
22 THAT PETROL EMOTION	18 TWELVE TRIBES
23 BALAM & THE ANGEL	19 LATH QUARTER
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CARTEL - THE VITAL LINK

Cartel, kār'tel, n. A written challenge to duel.

Vital, vī'tal, a. Pertaining to life; necessary to life; indispensable; essential.

RECORD NEWS

JOAN ARMSTRADING has the first single from her forthcoming album out on A&M this week called 'King Words (And A Real Good Heart)'.

LOUIS PHILIPPE, Anthony Adverse, The King Of Luxembourg, Gol Gappas and Momus launch the new El label with a 12-inch single apiece covering such vital topics as Orson Welles, the Russian Orthodox Church, hang gliding and the amorous life of Lord Byron.

DE FILM, the Danish band, put out their second single on Portrait this week called 'Bitter Surprise'.

DINO LEE, the self-proclaimed King of White Trash, has a 12-inch single out on New Rose this week called 'Dine Au Lit' (geddit?) which includes a dance mix of 'Everybody Get Some' plus two new tracks on the B-side and a "foodist" cover. Lee has also produced an album by Oklahoma band The Fortune Tellers called 'Fortune Told For Free' which is out on New Rose this week.

ROY GAINES, the Texas guitarist who narrowly missed an Oscar with 'Miss Celia's Blues' from the soundtrack of *The Colour Purple*, has a live album (indeed his only album available in this country) called 'Gainelining' out on Red Lightnin'.

FRUITS OF PASSION, who've recently completed a tour with Feargal Sharkey, release their third single on Siren this week called 'Kiss Me Now'.

KALIMA, Manchester's own absolute beginners, have a 12-inch single issued by Factory this week called 'Whispered Words'.

POP WALLPAPER, a six-piece band from Edinburgh who've been going for three years, have a double A-sided single 'Strawberry Letter 23' / 'Nothing Can Call Me Back' out this week on Rosebud (through Fast forward).

KIDS IN THE KITCHEN, an Australian five-piece, have their self-titled debut album released by Sire this week.



STATE OF PLAY, a quartet who've spent the past year working on their debut album in Crouch End, warm up with a single on Virgin this week called 'Natural Colour'.

NICO has a double live album recorded in Eastern Europe last year called by Dojo this week called 'Behind The Iron Curtain'.

COCK ROBIN, a quartet from diverse backgrounds who feature two lead vocalists and "a mesh of English and American music", have a single out this week called 'The Promise You Made', produced by Steve Hillage.

TIM FINN, the former Split Enz front person (and you thought they were all front people!) releases his second solo album on Virgin this week called 'Big Canoe'.

MUMMY CALLS have fixed their self-titled debut album release date for May 6 on Geffen.

STEVE ARRINGTON, who scored a monster success with his 'Dancing In The Key Of Life' album last year, returns with a single called 'The Jammin' National Anthem' on Atlantic this week.

ANITA BAKER, who first came to prominence with Chapter 8 before launching a solo career, has an album out on Elektra this week called 'Rapture'.

BREATHE release their second single on Siren this week called 'In All Honesty' produced by Bob Sargeant.

LEWIS, a trio consisting of Linda and her sisters Shirley and Dee Dee, have signed to Riva and release their first single called 'If The Love Fits' this week.

BACKTRACKS

ARETHA FRANKLIN has her 'First Lady Of Soul' double album compilation which got lost in the rush last Christmas reissued by Stylus this month, this time with full TV promotion. The 30 tracks are divided into her '60s hits and '70s hits and there's just one previously unissued track - 'I'm In Love' - which was a hit in America but never released over here for some reason.

KEVIN AYERS has his 1973 'Bananamour' album reissued by Harvest this month. It was the third solo album from the former Soft Machine bassist and includes his inimitable tribute to Syd Barrett, 'Oh! Wot A Dream', as well as featuring Steve Hillage on guitar.

CANDI STATON and Bettye Swann have their Capitol catalogue from 1969-70 gathered into one album called 'Tell It Like It Is' on Stateside this month. Candi's songs come from her 'I'm Just A Prisoner' album and includes her 'I'd Rather Be An Old Man's Sweetheart (Than A Young Man's Fool)' soul smash. Soon afterwards she joined Warner Brothers and got more sophisticated and even more successful.

Bettye Swann's tracks are drawn from two albums, 'The Soul View Now!' and 'Don't You Ever Get Tired Of Hurting Me?', after which she scored a hit with 'Victim Of A Broken Heart' before disappearing without trace.

GLADYS KNIGHT AND THE PIPS have some of their pre-Motown past put out by Magnum this month on an album called 'Every Beat Of My Heart'. The title cut is an earlier version of their first American hit. Magnum are also issuing a previously unreleased live album from Fats Domino called 'The Fat Man - Live'. Both records are budget priced.

GENE PHILLIPS, a rhythm 'n' swing guitarist from St Louis who chalked up a number of R&B hits in the late '40s with such songs as 'Big Fat Mama' and 'Big Legs', has the first of what threatens to be a series of compilations out on Ace this month called 'Gene Phillips And His Rhythm Aces - Volume 1'. Although it comes from the same era it doesn't actually feature any of his hits although it makes up for it with some rollicking instrumentals, some of which are issued for the first time, and the delightfully titled 'Short Haired Ugly Woman'.

THE GAP BAND finally have their 'Best Of...' collection released by Club (through Phonogram) this week. The nine tracks cover their first five albums (four actually, as there's nothing from the first) using 12-inch mixes most of the way and running out to 50 minutes.

English Heritage The National Trust

STONEHENGE

English Heritage and the National Trust announce that there will be no festival at Stonehenge in 1986

Warren Davis
Information Office
National Trust,
36, Queen Anne's Gate
London SW1H 9AS
Tel. (01) 222 9251

Gillian Ralston,
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Wexham,
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MONDAY 26th MAY, PORTSMOUTH GUILDHALL

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TUESDAY 27th MAY, BRISTOL STUDIO

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WEDNESDAY 28th MAY, CARDIFF RITZY

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the Servants

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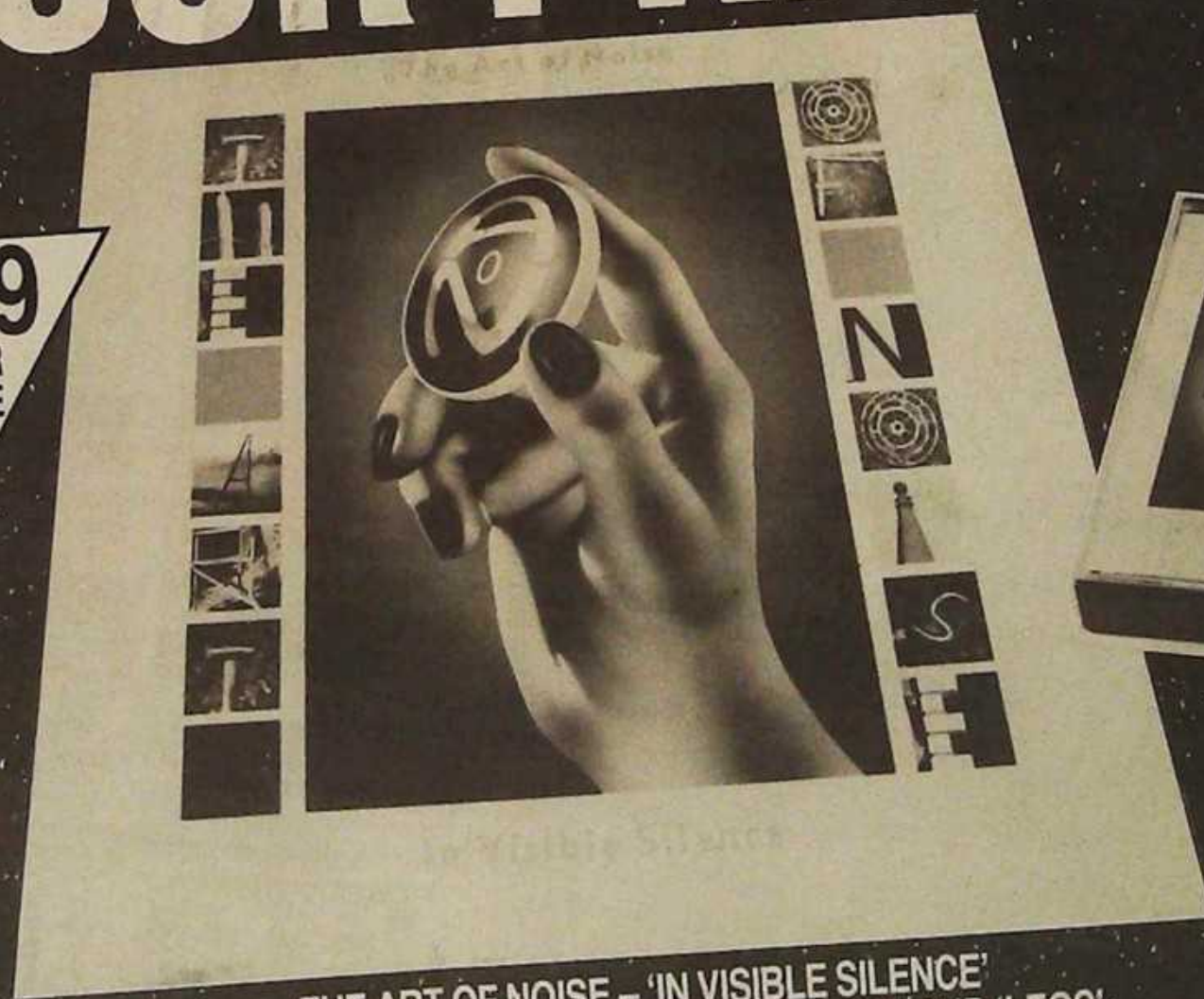
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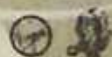
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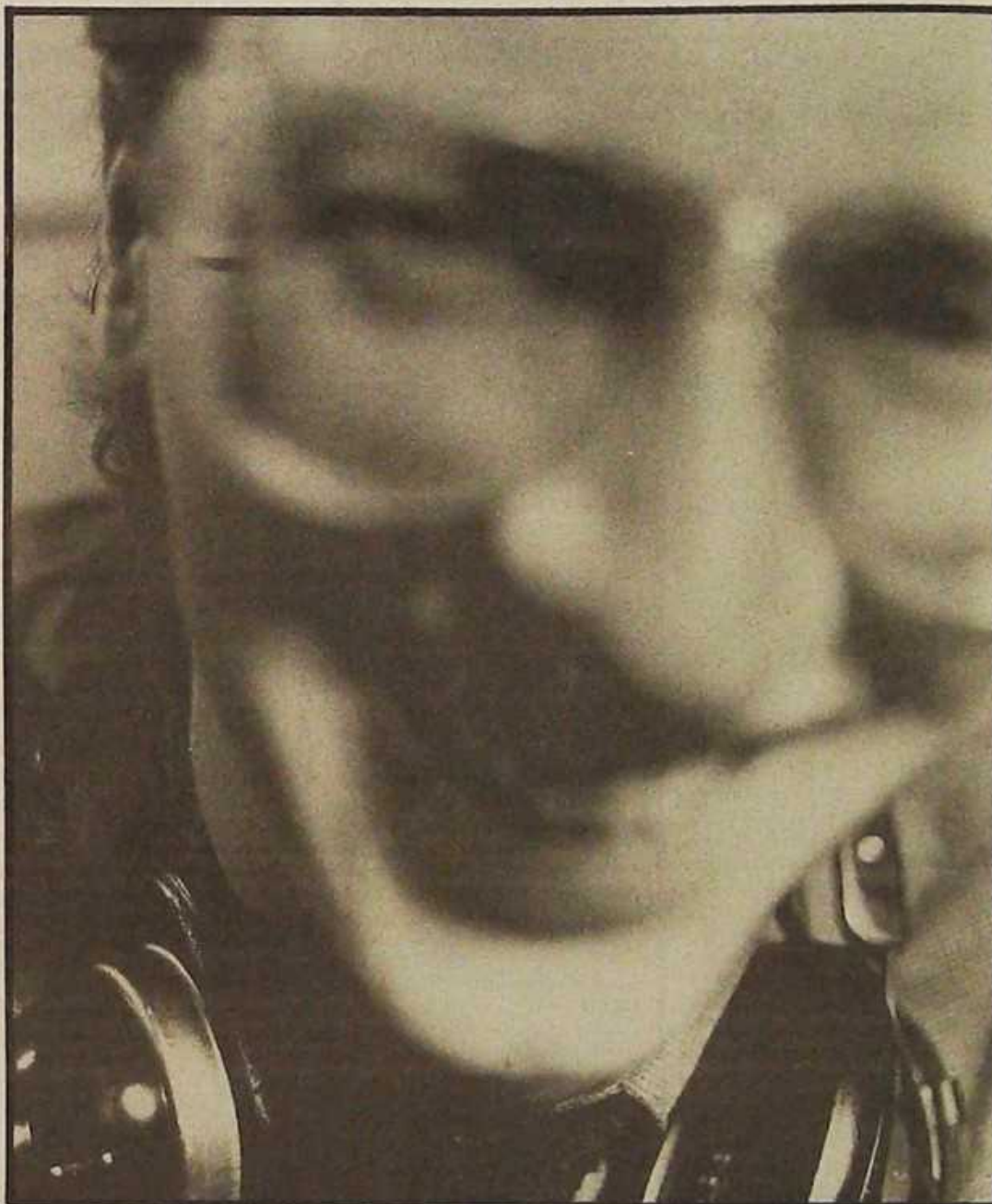
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EDITED BY GLYN BROWN



HOW TO GET WIRED

James Brown meets intensely famous DJ Steve Barker and asks, "Does this man cut his own hair?" Ian T Tilton looks sharp

MUSIC, NOT haircuts' says Steve Barker, presenter of BBC Radio Lancashire's wild *On The Wire* show. Steve, a family man with a wife, two children and a neat trim, dedicates Mark Stewart's 'Ya Ya Bastards' to the Preston Breakers and turns off and away from the microphone. As the crafted sounds of Adrian Sherwood and Stewart's Maffia are chopped up by butch Yankee voices advertising an 'Action packed war comic/Action packed war comic'. Steve breaks into a disturbing

(disturbed?) giggle. "Listen to that! It's technology abuse that's the most exciting thing now. People like Bill Laswell and Adrian Sherwood corrupting the use of equipment that's been designed for use by RED Speedwagon and Dire Straits. Fats Comet, Colourbox, people who just rip off and abuse technology - that attitude's brilliant. My favourite band of last year were Big Flame, not for their music especially but because of the attitude that leads them to steal their guitar



Jayne Houghton

DOWN IN deepest Camden, Dingwalls throbbed to the sleazy sounds of laid back jazz, interspersed with a mish-mash of other sounds. Tommy Chase apparently played early, and was said to be, "Er, um, OK. Can't say much more." What we did see was hoards of music biz folk, though only the

CAINE – WHAT A SUGAR!



Roy Wilkinson meets citizen Caine to think about the good and bad times, the laughter and the tears

ANDREW CAINE, you're now 27 and you might perhaps have thought your career had reached its zenith when mighty monolithic CBS gave you that lucrative eight album contract, but now even that pinnacle has been surpassed. Yes, you now have the ultimate accolade – a place on *Sounds* 'Seven Solid Inches' EP. Andrew Caine, this is your life.

You left school at the tender age of 17 and careered straight into the world of

rock. Emulating your heroes, you were desperate to earn a living, any living, from music.

You played sessions, you played dives and then your career took a decided turn for the worse – yes, you began work on the Northern Mecca circuit. Dodging the bingo, playing working men's clubs, life on the road could be pretty rough.

"That's right, Roy, I remember the night we played Parkhurst Prison on the Isle of Wight and missed the last ferry home – we froze all night in that battered old Transit." Phew, rock 'n' roll.

But from there things went uphill. Sending an "off the wall" demo to CBS, you were unexpectedly rewarded with the contract. You've even been

on the No 73 sandwich quiz. Andrew, how does it feel?

"It feels marvellous. It's a dream come true. I'm now working and know I've got an outlet for the product. Being on the *Sounds* record is a real booster. Fantastic."

Yes, yes, Andrew, control your emotion and tell us about the album.

"I've been working on it since October 1984 and it should be out in June. It'll be preceded by the single, 'Physical Contact' – the track on the *Sounds* EP. The whole thing is coming on very well indeed."

Glad to hear it, and best of luck for the future, Andrew. Personally, I think we all deserve a good Caine-ing, pretty soon, herrumph.

Jayne Houghton



WHAAAAAT? BUT it's so cold and gloomy here, don't you think, cats? And how can you live here, with snow in every cloud? I admit this, that I've been gone from these shivering shores to the US scintillating A just four days, but I've got myself acclimatised, understand me? Wild, West.

I'm here, I'm with it. I know I'm home, I just don't understand why I want to be warm all the time when I'm normally shadowlands blue around the cheekbones.

And what rubbishy bits of rubbish news have hit the groovy grapevine headlines? It racks its brains. So legendary cult sex DJ Tony 'Groove Thang' Blackburn was seen "dancing" at a Redskins gig! I don't lie!

And then Sonic Youth got in a taxicab in New York and went to the airport and thence (?) to Texas and meanwhile – wait, went where? To TEXAS? A-yypppy and a dippyy! ... No think cool think about snow ice bluebells and dead people. With it. So Sonic Youth played in Texas but had left (stupidly enough) two guitars in that very taxicab. They arrived back in NY some days later – and the cabbie brought back the lost guitars in disgust. Looks like he'd tried to sell them but they were in such strife-ridden condition no one would spend. And on top of that, the Texas show got stopped after five minutes anyway due to the band's bad language in what the good wights (people, that means) thought was going to be a "family show". Do they live in a paper bag in Texas? Oh, the yell-low row-wose of Tex-erse.

Latin Quarter? If we must, I suppose. Picture it. The band are all set up on the verge of some great big UK tour and having a bit of a practice and, hup-two-three-four, the drummer (called Dave Charles, in case you're interested) gets up and says, "I'm not into doing the tour any more" just as the singer's asking, "Can we all just try this, then?" That puts the cats and the pigeons inside a sack together and shakes 'em up a bit, eh? Never fear, because the band's original drummer, now in **Well Red** (and called **Richie Stevens**, in case you're interested) is back and at least eight dates of the tour are saved. Phew, eh?

Next? OK, after **Phil Collins** and the **Power Station**, who's next mega-star lined up for *Miami Vice*? (You know what, I've fallen in love with a six-week-old kitten.) Get ready for US Vice President **George Bush**! Negotiations are underway to get this haggard gentleman in the cop show to highlight The Actor's fight against drug-smuggling. What next – **Selwyn Gummer** in *Play School*? Yum, I like that idea.

Did you know, did you know that **Hugo Burnham**, once drummer with the **Gang Of Four** (my, that was a long time ago) can now be seen performing regularly on the **Michael Grade** Family Circus (the BBC, understand?). Hugo's speciality being rock music, he can usually be called upon to drum for whatever object, animal or lump of lard has a record lip synched on TV.

Hugo recently performed (I think I might cry soon) with **John Lydon**, one-time musician and now the voice behind **Zippy** and he recently worked with **Samantha Fox** on *Wogan*. I just can't comment. But wasn't 'Woman Town' one of the best things in the whole world?

MORTICIA WAX

parts from speeded up jazz records."

Despite owing a debt of gratitude to John Peel, *On The Wire* is very different – far better, really – than JP's wing ding. In comparison, Peel's show is two-dimensional. *On The Wire* not only has a 180 degree spread of musical taste, it also includes regular guests, phone-in competitions, a play-along demo tape review spot and specialist features like the up and coming hour-long look at country blues entitled *Bottleneck Kings And The Sliding Delta*.

And if the less convinced members of the audience think Steve sounds like Bandy Kershaw, it's maybe because Rochdale and Blackburn aren't too far apart and, like the bag-eyed *Whistle Test* flash, Steve is a music enthusiast and not a music bore. Today's playlist includes Mackenzies, James Brown, The Three Johns, Wire, L.L. Cool J, and a cute snippet from Walt Disney's *Song Of The South* – you know – "zippede doo da, zippede ay, my oh my".

"We don't concentrate on white bands on indie labels – we play a lot of that because that's where a lot of good music comes from, but we also play a lot of hip hop, jazz, blues, ska. We constantly change the emphasis of the show."

"If I wasn't self critical I'd be a formula DJ, I'd slip into self drive and probably end up on Radio One – that's why I'd rather just hear Peel speak than listen to the records he plays, most of the time."

On The Wire is sharp, fast and popular because the people who make it aren't straining to be alternative. Radio Lancashire know they can't compete with Radio One for the youth market, so instead they let Steve Barker loose for three hours on a Sunday and tolerate the occasional letters from gardening show fans.

Whether letting Steve Barker blast out his favourite records over Lancashire and the North West is wise is a matter of personal opinion. Rearrange the dial to 855 KHz/351m MW or VHF FM 96.4 this Sunday between 2pm and 5pm and, interference aside, judge for yourself.

string-pulling type. You know, agents, managers, promoters, etc etc etc.

Perhaps this accounted for the complete lack of stars and celebs. We looked everywhere ... in the darkest recesses of the toilet. Nothing. Under the bar. Nothing. We even hung around the **FREE CHAMPAGNE** spot, but only succeeded in getting completely paralytic without spotting anyone. Potato Five came on

Greenhouse Of Terror – a smashing new band for a transparent age, claims Dave Henderson

HA! WHAT a stupid name. Ripe and ready to scrape into the dailies along with The Stitched Back Left Frontmen and Echo And The Guineafowl, Greenhouse Of Terror are a leather jacketed five piece who are very tall. In rock terms that spells success (or at least major label interest).

For their sins, Greenhouse have been rehearsing for nearly 100 years and have only actually played live once. But they did it, got an Andy Kershaw session, released a five track noise scorchers on their very own Racket label and thrilled to John Peel chortling over their moniker.

Enterprise, with a capital B for business.

"We just did it for ourselves, really," admits a Greenhouse. "You can't get anywhere carting a tape around, so we made an actual record and tried to bring ourselves to people's notice like that."

Yes, they're so much more... they're bigger, aren't they?

"Yeah, and it's worked, too. We've sold 'em all."

Yes, units have shifted and people have strummed tennis rackets to 'Black Bug's Blood'. It sounds like another strike for the smaller business person, but do Greenhouse Of Terror have answers for escaping the inevitable indie quagmire?

"We like playing racket music, we don't want to finance the next release ourselves and we want to play live a lot more."

Succinct. Greenhouse Of Terror have little time for tittle tattle. They may, due to some appalling mistake, disappear without trace (maybe just till next year) but they'll have left a raucous belch of foul air in their wake.

next. Daft name, so didn't deserve watching, although we noticed our feet tapping, so they must have sounded fairly groovy. To get to the point of all this, the party was to celebrate the "extensive refurbishment of Dingwalls". Through the haze of smoke and severe double-vision we tried to spot the refurbished bits, honest, but all the nasty bits still remain, and they've omitted to rectify

TALES OF TERROR!

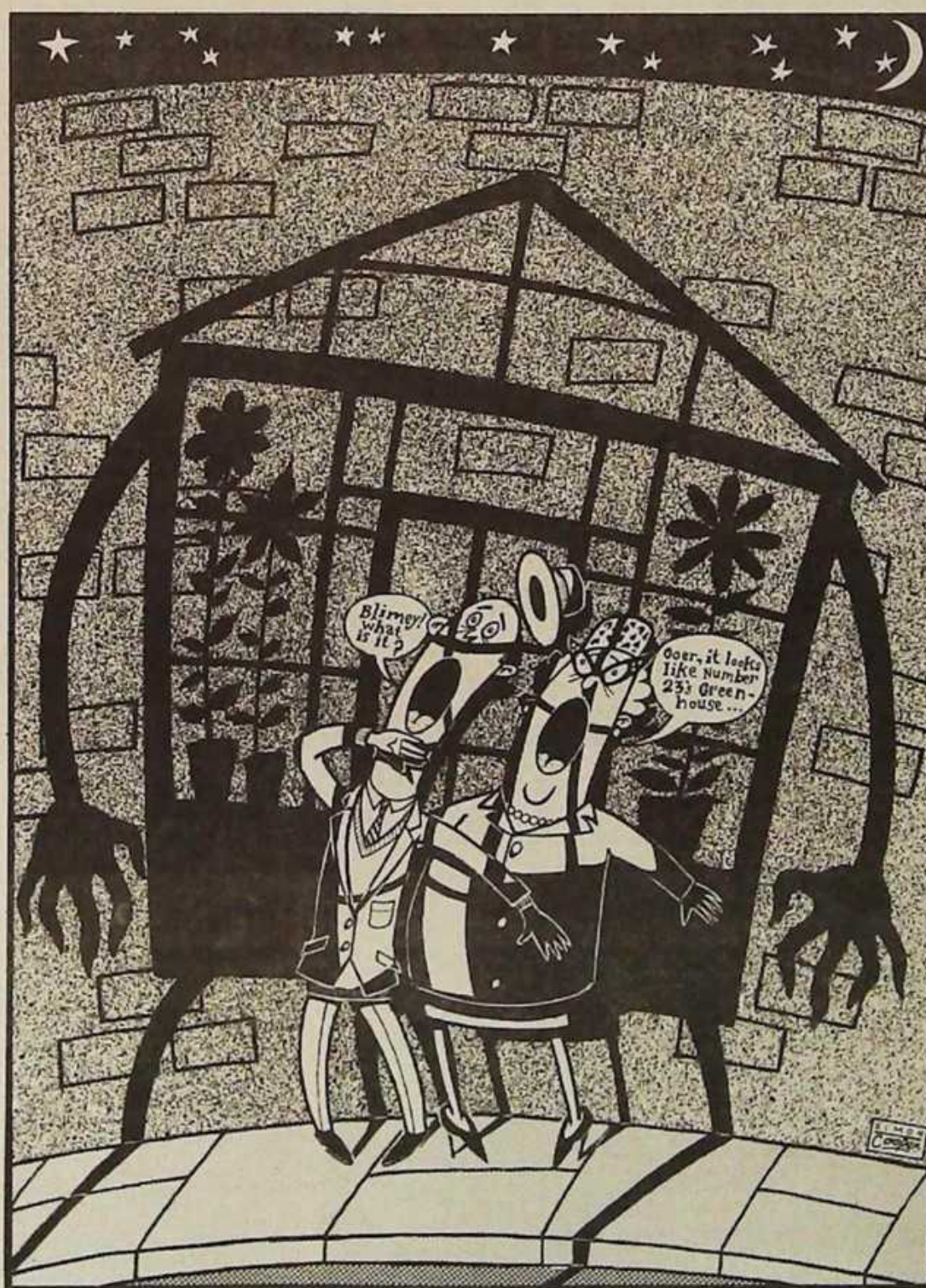


Illustration by Simon Cooper

the completely stupid shape of the place. But, to be fair, the "illnesses" incurred going home were probably due to the drink and not the new colour scheme.

CANDELLE WAX

LIGGERS in their hundreds were turned away from Big Audio Dynamite's Empire Ballroom gig last week, when the guest list was closed due to overselling of tickets. Mulligan, Yana Ya-Ya and Mick Jones' mum were among those who got a very different **BAD** time from the one they expected. The ubiquitous Tony James and Janet S-P were luckier, though James, in shades, looked confused. "I can't see a f***ing thing through these glasses!" he let slip in a moment of less-than-hip frankness.

DEL BOYS

They may look like thugs, says Sandy Robertson (though we know better), but The Del-Lords play like devilish angels. Work that one out...

THIS ISN'T another nostalgic slice of newsprint; nevertheless, someone's past is the fuel for the future, and to understand this fine newish group called The Del-Lords you have to grasp where Scott Kempner is coming from.

The man is The Del-Lords. He was, however, that enigmatic figure called 'Top Ten' pictured on the back of The Dictators' debut album, 'Go Girl Crazy', roasting weenies on a bed surrounded by rock 'n' roll memorabilia. That band shaped Kempner's psyche and therefore (sort of) may be said to have made these Del-Lords what they are today.

They look like thugs and play like demons, as shown on their two albums 'Frontier Days' and the newie, 'Johnny Comes Marching Home', all Fender jangling and happy howling. The key song is 'Heaven', sure to be a cult 45 and redolent of the insane joy of (say) Jonathan Richman doing The Showmen's 'It Will Stand'. It's the one song, this 'Heaven', that epitomises what The Del-Lords - Scott, Manny, Frank, Eric - stand for. Scott looks like a guest-star switchblade fiend on an episode of *Kojak*, but he talks smart.

On the record company: "They're afraid of us, I think. They like to talk to our management, they don't like to get too close to us. We're the most polite band in the world... and yet we seem to strike fear into the hearts of these people."

On the way The Del-Lords look: "It's almost like this has become this year's version of the gold lamé suit! It's funny, the clothes I've been wearing all my life are now like, OK you guys, you got yer boots, you got yer leather jackets, you got yer Levis? It's become a uniform. But Bruce Springsteen has helped open up the door to

music that stands for something, that isn't bogged down in the latest fashion trend...

"But then you get the backlash from radio, like, this week we're playing Springsteen and Cougar, I dunno if we have room for The Del-Lords. It's like their quota for Levis-jeans-and-boots-bands has been taken up!"

On seeing The Stooges: "The first Dictators gig we opened for The Stooges in front of 7,000 people... The Stooges were a religion to me. If they played six nights somewhere I was there six nights. I've seen them 30, 40 times or so. And that was my first time on any kind of a stage,

bled in more shows than he didn't in those days."

On The Dictators: "Handsome Dick is threatening to get into professional wrestling as a manager, or back into the rock thing. We did a reunion show in January in New York. Whaddaya say about travelling around the world when you're 18 years old, with your best friends, meeting girls in every town, being able to play loud every night and people handing you money for it! I cherish those days."

"To me, there was always an element of what The Del-Lords are doing now in The Dictators. It was never a straight-ahead metal band, there was always a Beach Boys influence, always a

'50s that, if I sold 'em to some fanatical collectors, I could probably retire. I asked a friend for a nickname and he said: 'Top Ten'. That was it!"

On The Del-Lords: "Yeah... the important part is the 'Del'. I grew up in the Bronx where we had what might be referred to as 'roving social clubs', let's say. These clubs would often hyphenate their names. The Del-Bombers was one, a bunch of friendly young men helping old ladies cross the street and relieving them of any extra weight their money might be causing them... The South Bronx was a rough place, but there was always a real obvious analogy to me about being in a

The Honeymooners was *The Three Stooges*. It was kinda like in *West Side Story*, when Tony sees Maria at the dance and the whole room goes dark except for the light on Maria and Tony. There it was in black and white, a little light on the screen: 'Directed By Del Lord'. It was too perfect, it was an omen."

On life as she is lived: "I live in midtown Manhattan, and the rest of the band live on the Lower East Side. I've gotten married and I'm not as wild as I used to be. I haven't seen the inside of a prison now, I'm proud to say, in years..."

"The Lower East Side is our spiritual home, where we got together. It truly is the frontier.



when we opened for them. I'd never played my high school, the Prom, or anything..."

"The first time I saw them was 1970, they were playing at this club in New York. I was like 15 years old and they blew my teenage mind inside-out and upside-down. One cool thing about The Stooges is that every song they did in their set was a song you'd never heard... Anything could happen. Iggy

Chuck Berry influence. I think that was mostly my input... I was always the guy who before every gig would psyche himself up with 'Chuck Berry's Golden Decade'. That hasn't changed."

"I was the one with more records than anyone who didn't work for a record company. In my room at my parents' house I have 2,000 albums, 1,000 singles and enough rock 'n' roll magazines dating back to the

band and being in a gang. It's that attitude of you against the world."

"Like The Monkees! A band was more a way of life to me than when you hear guys talking about how they're working on this 'project' or that 'project'. One night we were watching the educational station on TV, trying to expand our horizons, and right between *The Twilight Zone* and

it's like you're an explorer there, you're discovering the new world. It's undergoing some gentrification now, so you'll see doctors and lawyers coming home to their apartments in their Mercedes-Benz and there'll be 20 guys on the street outside selling everything under the sun. You see some wild shit, man!"

The Del-Lords: wild shit for sure.



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JOE BLOKE'S LUKE WARM BIZZARK

Lord WAISTREL

I SUPPOSE you could call it the wonder of Waistrel! Mere weeks after my public plea to politicians to "go wacky", Ms Rachel Webb, a sex-change truck driver, contacts me with the news that she will be contesting Lambeth's Tulse Hill ward on May 8, on behalf of the Labour Party!

Fine - but why should the reds have all the fun?

Come on Maggie, don't be a drag! Let's get Norman Tebbit making the next party political broadcast in a flimsy negligé! Let's see Sir Keith Joseph parading around the Commons in stockings and suspenders!

This is what the people want, and this is what will make Britain great again, you mark my word! Why, if it wasn't for Winston dressing up in women's clothes, we'd never have made it through the Blitz.

Say what you will about Labour, at least they keep a civil tongue in their heads - unlike the unruly Serge Gainsbourg, he of saucy 'Je T'aime' fame, who has so rudely treated my dear friend Whitney Houston.

Glamorous Whitney was appearing on a live TV show in Paris called *Champs Elysées* and was invited to join the presenter and sozzled Serge for a little chatette.

"Hi Serge," said Whitney.

"I want to f*** you!" came the rampant reply.

Now I daresay most men would, upon meeting the queen of soul, experience the same private reaction. But a true gent would have refrained from saying as much until well into the third bottle of Moët...

I wonder if 'tis Serge who is currently advertising in the *Heartlands* column of *City Limits*, to wit: "Frog wishes to meet shortish Princess to assist metamorphosis!"

But the current puzzler is the man behind this ad: "Music journalist into reggae, soul, soca, Chinese, Indian food" who is seeking an attractive, intelligent woman!

Surely it couldn't be... No!... But then who else fits the bill? Well! I would never have believed that dashing reggae expert turned *Sounds* exec Eric Fuller would be resorting to this!

Toodle pip!

Edited this week by **STYLE SYNGLE**



JOHN: caught with trousers down

ORANG UTAN heart throb John Trailer may be heading for a bust-up with his live-in librarian Renata Goldstein.

According to a close friend of the couple, John left London this week for their New York lovenest and a dramatic showdown with the girl he calls 'Whatsername'.

"Renata has become increasingly concerned about the long periods John spends away from her," said the friend who prefers not to be identified. "The honeymoon may well be over."

Last week John seemed unconcerned by rumours of a possible rift. He was seen dancing the night away in a well-known London club with a mystery blonde who said her name was Arthur.

"It sounds like he's up to his old tricks again," said an aide. "He always did have a penchant for one-in-a-bed sex romps and that sort of thing."

But 'Little' John, as he became known through his habit of answering the front door with no clothes on, will have plenty of explaining to do when he and Renata are reunited.

For her pebble-glass spectacles and sensible shoes conceal a fiery temper, and it's unlikely that she'll accept John's explanation that his frequent bedtime headaches are the result of recent brain surgery.

THE NAME GAME

A LEEDS couple who couldn't agree on a name for their baby girl have decided to give her all the names they could think of.

"There are such a lot of names for a girl these days," said Vera Simple, 26, "that we just couldn't make up our minds."

"Then, when we heard that people who did really stupid things sometimes get on that last bit of *News At Ten*, where they tell you a funny story to cheer you up after all the depressing stuff about unemployment, terrorism and the Royal Family, we knew what we had to do."

So Vera and her husband Dickwad have become proud parents of Sharon Tracey Sherin Tracie Charonne Tressy Sharronn Trasy Sharin Trazey Zhahranne Tresi Chawan Michelle Simple.

Little Sharon, who was dressed in a stretch Lycra leopardskin romper suit for her christening at St Wendy's Wythe Everything On The Syde, Selby Newtown, might have been known as Sharon Tracey Sherin Tracie Charonne Tressy Sharronn Trasy



THE REVEREND SPOOLS

Sharin Trazey Zhahranne Tresi Chawan Ohsoddit Simple.

The blunder happened because the Vicar of St Wendy's, the Very Reverend Vernon Spools, accidentally dropped his prayerbook in the font.

"We really liked the sound of Ohsoddit when the Vicar let it slip out," said Dickwad last night. "But he explained to us that it wasn't really a name at all."

"So we decided on Michelle instead, because it's very nice and we don't want her growing up thinking her parents are daft or anything."

SUNTANNED BOYS - don't you just love 'em? I know there's nothing on the beach that gets me hotter than a bronzed body in skintight swimtrunks.

And if that body belongs to one of our new breed of he-man popstars - so much the better.

Here's a few of the hunks I wouldn't mind sharing a bottle of suntan lotion and a King Cone with:

Rollo from The Woodentops - he may be a bit loopy but anybody who can keep going for four hours at a time can't be all bad.

Martin Gore of Depeche Mode - just because he likes dressing up in women's clothes doesn't mean he's not all man underneath.

Marilyn - he may have been looking the other way when God handed out the talent but he can bounce my beachball anytime.

Paul Weller - he may be a serious chap, but every time he talks about his Red Wedge, I come over all funny!



MIKE & THE MECHANICS

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EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL

THE WOW SHOW

Wyndham's Theatre

APPARENTLY, THE hop-skip-jump through fringe, radio and recently *Saturday Live* hasn't dented these crudely executed absurdities one smite. The four-cornered Wow Show, augmented by the two-piece Raw Sex, take up the baton of the now dubious comic alternatives with a "why are bananas crooked?" world view and a healthy audience-performer breakdown rare in the West End.

So it's here that parody, pantomime, sexual anti-ethics, events, illogical characterisation, awkward predicaments and unreal expectations roll up into a fond ball of mischief. With an Ortonesque flair for desperate shocks and subversive horseplay, its very strength lies in its erratic movements.

They brag about people who, when faced with something to hide, opt for the high-pitched voice; they drag out the most extraordinary domestic crises and treat them with a great nonchalant detachment; they haul on two grown men and expect us to believe they're gross canine caricatures - a good excuse for some dusty *bollock* gags.

Raw Sex perform a hilarious tribute to Rolf Harris where our hero accompanies them on 'Two Little Boys' hot on the blower from Sydney, before the entire sprawling comic mess finds some dim excuse for passing to something altogether unconnected.

About three-quarters through, it begins to lag. Raw Sex's brawling history of London by numbers leads into a floundering squib of Northern (WMC) crude entertainment that drags too long and brushes dangerously close to the original article.

That aside, they've taken this great salvo of off-beat indulgence on the testy ride from fringe to West End and much of the booming furore is still intact. Almost miraculous.

JOHN WILDE

WOWING 'EM
IN THE AISLES

THE WOW Boys: sartorial elegance, or what?

FLESH AND BLOOD

(Rank)

IF YOU call a film *Flesh And Blood*, it can only mean one of two things: either it's about human frailty, or it's about human cruelty, ie bits of bodies being splattered across the screen. Dutch director Paul Verhoeven has opted for the latter in his delightfully gruesome tale of murder and pillaging in the Middle Ages.

Flesh and Blood stars the great Rutger Hauer and the not so great Jennifer Jason Leigh and Tom Burlinson. (though watch out for the former two in the forthcoming *Hitcher*, one of great slash and splatter movies of all time). The ex-*Bladerunner* Hauer plays Martin, the mercenary who hijacks virginal convent girl Leigh, who is betrothed to the young, idealistic simpleton Tom. Tom is the son of the wealthy nobleman, Arnolfini, who hires Martin's mercenaries to lay siege to his ancestral town, then when they succeed, does a dirty on them.

That's the angle, but basically *Flesh And Blood* is a pillager's delight as sieges and torture alternate between healthy dollops of sex and debauchery. Don't ask me about the acting, although there is a moment of poignancy when a mangy mongrel drinks from a puddle full of plague and wins the Oscar for Best Dying Dog.

COLIN BOOTH

CARAVAGGIO

(BFI)

DEREK JARMAN gets up more people's noses than most other British film makers put together. Once you've seen his films, you can see the reason why. He's completely uncompromising in his approach to homosexuality, and he makes cheap films that break all the Hollywood rules about entertainment.

Usually the narrative is kept to a minimum, and no attempt is made to act out a story in a conventional way. He also chooses subject which, to put it mildly, are not likely to feature in your average conversation down the pub.

In the mid-late '70s, *Sebastiane*, *Jubilee* and *The Tempest* made his reputation as a highly individual talent, in fact so individual that no one would risk giving him any more money. *Caravaggio* is thus his first full length feature in six years.

Caravaggio was a famous Renaissance painter who had an eye for the men, and a talent second to none. Not much is known about him other than that he led a life of debauchery in 16th century Italy, murdered a friend in a knife fight, and died in poverty. Jarman takes the bare bones of the story and embellishes it in his own, truly inimitable style.

On a budget of £500,000 and shot entirely in London's docklands, *Caravaggio* is quite an achievement. Dexter Fletcher, late of *Revolution*, and Nigel Terry, last seen in *Excalibur*, play the young and old Caravaggio with typically Jarmanesque abandon. The film doesn't really tell you that much about him, but then most of the script is pure conjecture anyway. I liked it, thousands won't.

COLIN BOOTH

JEWEL CONTROL

THE JEWEL OF THE NILE

(Twentieth Century Fox)

DANNY DEVITO, the dumpy, grumpy manager of *Taxi* fame, grabs all the best laughs as Ralph, the lovable, accident-prone villain in this sequel to *Romancing The Stone*.

Produced by and starring son of Kirk 'dimple' Douglas, Michael Douglas, as Jack Colton, and Kathleen Turner as Joan Wilder, the film is a fast moving romantic comedy.

In its predecessor, the couple were last seen sailing into the sunset together after thrilling adventures in South America; now they undertake a journey across North African deserts in search of the mysterious jewel of the title. Along the way they encounter sand storms, whirling dervishes, dungeons and desert tribes while trying to hold their somewhat shaky relationship together.

The twist in the tale, the continuous action and Devito's sardonic humour hold the film's plot together brilliantly, and the stunning visuals include one particular scene with an amazing effect akin to a Prince stage show!

To divulge more would spoil the fun; I'd recommend you go and see it, if only because *The Jewel Of The Nile* is corny comedy capering at its best.

KEZ OWEN

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LIGHT RELIEF



THE LIGHTSHIP's cook about to spoil someone's broth single-handed

THE LIGHTSHIP

(Rank)

RUMOUR HAS it that director Jerzy Skolimowski and stars Klaus Maria Brandauer and Robert Duvall didn't exactly hit it off on the set of *The Lightship*. Filmed entirely on location off the German coast, it meant the actors spending most of the time either drenched from the rain and spray or cramped in claustrophobic cabins and engine rooms below deck.

So maybe it was to be expected that a tense story, filmed under tense conditions and starring two of the world's most tense actors, should produce a little, er, tension.

Brandauer plays Captain Miller, the German born naturalised American who is in charge of the lightship moored somewhere off the coast of Virginia. He is a man with a past he would rather forget - he was charged with cowardice during the war - and a son, (played by the director's own son, Michael Lyndon, a mute, moody blond who acts like James Dean on valium) who regards him with contempt.

The Lightship begins with Miller taking Miller junior on board to escape some unspecified

trouble with the police. On ship, the young boy drifts around aimlessly, chatting occasionally to the (all-male) crew and generally looking as sick as a parrot until three bizarre characters arrive seeking help. Robert Duvall is Caspary, a Southern gent turned crook turned killer, who has pulled off a job with his psychopathic side-kicks, Gene and Eddie. Their getaway boat has broken down.

Their appearance signals all-change as they hijack the ship, and the crew plot to persuade the Captain to do something about it. This is what it's all about, as the Captain tries to retain his authority, and at the same time save his crew and his son from certain death at the hands of the manic Duvall and his merry men.

Needless to say, the acting is brilliant and Duvall in particular stands out as the dandified and eccentric hood. His clash with Brandauer's pensive yet powerful Captain Miller is one of the highlights of the film, which is itself a tribute to the eccentric vision and bizarre wit of director Jerzy Skolimowski. There's never been a film quite like *The Lightship*, and there never will be again.

COLIN BOOTH

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VS.



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DAN**

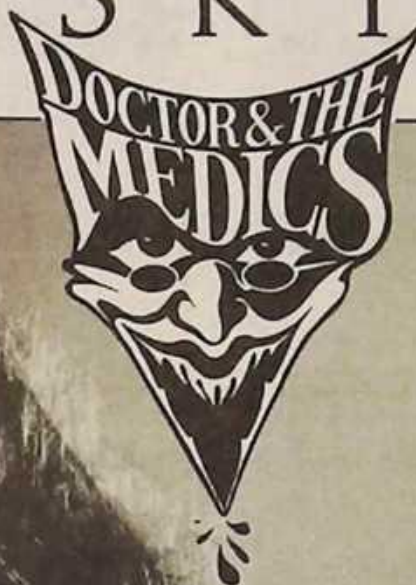
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13th Bristol Bierkeller
15th Leeds University
16th Trinity College Dublin
18th Sheffield Limit Club
19th Carlisle Stars & Stripes
20th Glasgow Rooftops
22nd Manchester International
23rd Aylesbury Civic Hall
25th Town & Country Club, Kentish Town
30th Grays Civic Hall
31st Tonbridge Angel centre



CAPTAIN



HE'S THERE, hunched over his first morning coffee at a Kensington hotel lounge; that celebrated cloudburst of hair grease drizzling down over those black shades, shielding those needle-prick eye middles: Joey.

Hi there!

"Hi, how you doing?"

I expect a genial twit, the classic r'n'r fossil, bored and belligerent, bitter, mumbling and grumbling.

I thought the teeth-gritted stubbornness would come with the wiry streaks of hair, the refusal to admit that The Ramones had their best nervous breakdowns years ago — maybe as far as '78's 'Road To Ruin', defiant in a quietly desperate fashion.

I anticipated an hour with some rusty nostalgic tossing off his bitter tongue, his senses shot to ratshit, Joey spelt D-U-M-B and the toothpaste long left the tube, ready to go through some more join-the-dots dumb shows — the kind that characterised his last round of interviews: "I make my own fun, because there really isn't all that much to do" and all that time-wasting.

He grins like it's Nixon doing a tap-dance at Vegas; it's gonna be fine, conversation.

DO YOU walk down the street in the morning, any morning, admiring the sky, a man of nature maybe, like stop and watch the leaves on the trees, the way they chuckle in the breeze and sometimes fall, y'know listen to all the little sounds that are going on? I ask this with a casual air.

"I imagine I . . . you what?"

Do you walk down the street and admire the sky?

"Well, you take the whole thing in, y'know, the big things and the little things. Yeah, sometimes I notice the insects, yeah! I take it all in, sure. If it's beautiful outside, it makes me exhilarated. Then I get out, take in the girls, take in the sky, take in everything. Hur, hur!"

His laugh's like a Hoover going wrong, or some atonal gargle, a laugh with chafed lips. It's gonna be fine.

Let's find out what he's really like, Joey Ramone, picking the bits off him?

Laughs?

"Oh, the off-beat, the sick things, black humour, because that's what this business has done to me," he laughs. "I guess I'm corrupted now!"

Immoral?

"I guess I am. Yeah, totally immoral, the sicker the better. But there's gotta be morals there somewhere, hasn't there?"

Shy?

"I doubt it, I think I'm quite outspoken really. But that all depends on specifics, on situations. Not in love, no. I think I've come out a lot through these years, can deal with any subject."

Ambitious?

"Definitely."

Optimistic?

"Yeah, in The Ramones, I'm the optimistic one. Dee Dee and Johnny have always been on the pessimistic side. Maybe they see it as it really is which might be better, but I can't do that. I'm always too busy living and that's the only way I can keep going. If I was a pessimist, I don't think I could have come this far. I've been screwed a lot, f***ed over a lot, in so many situations, I just pick myself up."

Old?

"I feel better now than I ever felt in my life. In the earlier days, I was more naive and maybe more vulnerable. I've grown up as a performer, much more confident now, much more single-minded."

Spit?

"Nah, don't miss that at all!" he laughs. "Really disgusting. I've taken more of that than anyone, anyone that's ever lived! It was always the British audiences. Then they started doing it in California years later, they thought they were British in California at that point. I'm glad the spit has gone."

Glamour?

"I guess there's always been glamour in there, without us ever trying too hard, without being Duran Duran," he laughs. "We don't wear eye make-up and we never will. There's always been something more than appetising about The Ramones, if you see what I mean . . ."

WE NEATLY sidestep music for most of our hour, while we busy ourselves trying to untangle the man in front of me from the trembling stick-insect on a stage,

slobbering 'Gabba Gabba' in that somehow fetching urban hillbilly, slack-jawed slur.

We're trying to tie together this quietly spoken 34-year-old from the delinquent leading this 12-year barrage of primal r'n'r, the best of it still sounding the best and most volatile. You know what I'm talking about — that sublime Ramones blur, that prototype for much of the '76 school of epileptic, breakneck pop.

"We're, yeah, 12 years down the road here and I think we've done something that's a major achievement. If you like, we revolutionised r'n'r — we contributed something major to it, changed it in a lot of ways, changed the way people looked at it. Changed it, uplifted it, musically and socially and culturally. We came over to England in '76 and all there was on show was pub rock, Dr Feelgood and all that stuff. When we left, this whole new thing had kicked off."

"There was so much creativity in that period, it was just like the '60s, all the energy and efforts. Everything good that comes out now is just an evolution from that era. Well, things have resumed back in a way. Even though much of it is formulaised music, it is still considered 'new' which is strange. Still, it's good to see all these thrash bands coming through even now — Jesus And Mary Chain, The Cult . . ."

'Animal Boy', the new Ramones album on Beggars Banquet, is as much, it seems, as we can expect from the band in the '80s.

There's the odd glimmer of primeval, titanic shell-shock, particularly 'Bonzo Goes To Bitburg' and the gaga 'Crummy Stuff'. There's also the occasional scrape of acute melodic fancy in 'Something To Believe In' and the tender, errant ballad 'She Belongs To Me'. Much of it sinks though, the sheer impetus not really enough to drag it all from the morass of sluggish slop that has weighed down every Ramones LP since (and including) 'End Of The Century'.

Maybe Joey's entitled to delude himself after all this time, because they've never sold out (whatever that means these days), just worn out their mangled, gawky but perfect formula step by step.

"As far as the songs go," he protests, "it never, ever went stale. There was an interim period where we went with some producers that weren't necessarily our idea, just pressure from higher above. I feel that we're on course again now and things are so much more positive. That last Beggars album ('Too Tough To Die'), put us back on the right track."

"As far as the song-writing goes, I think we've always been willing to experiment and risk new things. Since our sound was so unique, we always believed we could do that without worry. It's always going to be a sound that's imitated and that's kind of nice in a way, flattering. But it gets me pissed off sometimes, because I'd like us to have made it bigger on a commercial scale. That's my only regret really from all this time."

"You might be saying that it's too easy for us to go on like we are, pumping it out at the same pace every night, stretching the formula. Well, alright! But it's not second nature, it never has been. I mean, we're professional but it's not as though everything is so mechanical that it's always the same, not for us playing it anyway. Everything is still really fresh and maybe that surprises you."

"Everything will come out differently, even if it's recognisable to the audience. But the attitude will be different and that's important I think. All too often, people miss those subtleties with The Ramones — they can't see beyond this myth, this cartoon bullshit."

THE MOST volatile teenage music of the '70s of course, The Ramones were always the greatest, the best slingshot, the unholy joy-ride, a barbed rollercoaster through high school and beyond.

They were more emotive than the Dolls, boasting wider grins and more deep breaths than Modern Lovers, teen blitzkrieg dreams flopping on their sides and kicking up a hell of a squall, a rowdy mess, a hammer blow of acned restlessness.

The Ramones did it best, their own trash-fixation sucked up and spat out with a one-chew-free-faw and its shock treatment, soda machine, Judy, Sheena, Havana, all the way, let's go, with those crash dives of melody, those minimal chord changes, post-pubescently awkward and crazed and ephemeral.

So The Ramones' evolution has been as fluttering and spasmodic as we all knew it was going to be. Their growing up was always going to be about their need to stay young, to still play 'Chainsaw' like they meant it.

When I say these things to Joey, he's not really listening to me. I'm not even suggesting that they should jack it in, or change, or anything. Last time

they played Britain, promoting last year's 'Too Tough', they shocked us with the reminder that, when it hits, The Ramones — and their cancerous, gut-plucked rough house — still count. It might be easy for them and it might be cynical for these old(ish) men to be up there, going through their 12-year-old tidemarked motions, as though it's a timeless tirade, as though we're all seeing it for the first time, every shrug, every laugh, every stamp of the foot, every flicker of the eyelash.

If it wasn't so towering, if its appeal still wasn't so much of a mystification . . . it would be easy to come to Joey Ramone and treat him like a battered 20 cent kazoo on the top of pop's scrapheap, tell him he's a tired has-been dragging out the rotting scraps and singing for his supper, one ugly heap of flickering reminiscences, thin and white and tormented by how good he used to be, come to him and flaunt my youth and my vitality in his creased face (ha!), tell him I used to pin him to my wall while 'I Wanna Be Your Boyfriend' formed the perfect soundtrack to first love, all this a decade ago.

It could be easy to come to Joey and tell him to shut it up and get out of the mess before it becomes punk cabaret, before it fails and fades utterly, completely and forever. To bury The Ramones in a pauper's grave, spit on it and forget it.

But it's not true . . . not all of it anyway. At least he knows.

"When we bow out, we want to go out the way kids remember us the best. We don't want it to become a parody of ourselves, just to keep it going because we have to. No way. We don't need to break up, we could keep going forever."

Oh, c'mon!

"Well, OK, not forever. We want to be remembered like a Hendrix or a Jim Morrison, going out while you're still great. We don't want to drag it down like The Who or Alice Cooper," he says. "And I don't want to be Mick Jagger y'know. We don't want to be fossils!"

So tell me . . . do you ever go to the top of the Empire State Building, look down at the crowds, feel this extraordinary power, just want to whip out a machine-gun and finish the whole lot?

"Oh yeah! You feel you want to drop something," he chuckles. "Spit on them, drop pennies on their heads, drop television sets on them, sure. I always imagine I'm spitting on them and the spit's gonna land on someone's head and kill them instantly. I think, just by working in the music industry, you can easily see yourself in the position of a mass-murderer, with all the shit you have to go through. It has its rewards of course, but it's too frustrating, especially for people who are doing innovative things. They're the ones that get shit on the most. It's a cruel world out there."

"I have those thoughts all the time. There's people I'd love to kill, but . . . I'm not gonna mention names! Sure, I can see myself brought to the point where I would murder someone. Hur! Hur! Thoughts of grandeur. Of course, I'd have to do it myself, there's more of an enchantment if you do it yourself. Better than getting someone else to do it for you, no fun in that."

Tell me about your tortured adolescence then, I laugh.

"Well, I wasn't happy, pretty miserable actually. Hur! Hur! It wasn't completely tortured, pop music saved me!"

Oh drama!

"Yeah! When I was 13, I knew I wanted to be a pop star! The Beatles, of all people, changed my life, they made the heaviest dent. Then The Who really enlightened me, when I saw them in NY in '65 — the greatest, wildest thing I'd ever seen. I guess it was the British performers that did it for me. All I wanted was to come to England. I guess I saw pop music as a glamorous, ideal world."

"First, I wanted to be a drummer. Then my mom started saving her yellow stamps at the supermarket, so I was able to afford a snaredrum. Then I totally knew I wanted to play music."

Childhood?

"Always in trouble, guess I couldn't deal with the establishment, no respect for them, still none. I guess, as The Ramones, we're still kids to a large extent. I see people my own age, grown up with jobs and families and I'm happy then with what I've got. Yeah, I guess I am a kid, even though it seems strange to say that, I'm just a youngster."

Is it satisfying, walking down a street, glancing in a shop window, thinking, hey — it's Joey Ramone?

"Nah, I'm not into the whole rock star thing. It's the simple things I get off on. Also, writing songs is a high for me, then performing is the biggest high of all, better than any drug in the world."

"You're asking me if I'm hiding behind my shades . . . well, I think I'm pretty exposed as a person, trying to answer it all realistically."

"When I get up, look in the mirror, of course I wonder . . . Christ! I've been doing this for 12 years! Often it doesn't seem that long. I don't feel

Can the mighty RAMONES save the world from rock 'n' roll destruction or should they simply hang up their capes and call it a day? JONH WILDE meets super human JOEY RAMONE. DOUGLAS CAPE flexes his camera

AMERICA



JOEY RAMONE: next week I progress onto reading Jackie Collins...

that it has passed me by because I've enjoyed it all and I think a lot about it, fond things. I'm always delving, asking myself questions, seeing myself through other people. These thoughts just fly across my mind all the time, examining situations, thinking it's just like some weird film sometimes.

"I'm moody — I might be up, I might be down, I might be depressed, vulnerable, always learning. Does that surprise people?"

Love?

"Yeah, I have a lot of crushes, love or lust, love and lust. Well, ..." he adds shyly, "it's not like the knight in shining armour, no, I'm not into the traditional idea of love, maybe, I'm not sure about that. Well, you see a cute little thing around, or you're in the midst of breaking up with someone you're fond of, and it's strong isn't it? With our songs, it seems easier to write the ones about heartache and pain sometimes, I guess that's because you're going through so much crap and the easier thing to do is to write about it."

For the first time, he looks up, lifts his strangely delicate face from the hair camouflage, catches my eye, looking almost guilty. It's a discomforting but greatly dramatic moment, as though he thinks he's given too much away that time.

I wonder aloud: do people underestimate you? See you as some rubbished geek, like someone out of your songs? Slight you?

"Well, I've always been myself, never been dumb, always thought I was intelligent. It doesn't flatter the person if they just see me as, y'know, 'Gabbia Gabbia Hey'. In the early days, Johnny and Tommy did most of the interviews — maybe people looked at me and thought, 'This guy's an asshole, so that's pretty shallow thinking and it doesn't say much for the person. If someone's

having fun, does that mean they're some sort of moron?"

With some pride, he tells me about his recent debut splash into journalism. NY's *Spin* magazine had hounded him for some time to interview another star and finally he relented.

"There's always been a lot of offers and they said they wouldn't get off my back until I did it. I was assigned a Pia Zadora interview which I just did. I wanted it to be radical, really saucy, get all the real meat out. It worked out fine, plenty of innocent flirting, just good conversation."

SO WE wind up. Some random, roaming splinters under the skin.

Nixon?

"Yeah, he had a bit of rock 'n' roll about him, some real nerve. At least he had some guts, different opinions about things, some real balls. I'm a bit like him aren't I?" he laughs. "Bet I'd get along real fine with him!"

And nightmares and ego and madness and chance?

"Nightmares always — all about The Ramones, when I have this insecurity about my future. I don't know how long we'll continue but I know what we want to do and I feel real strong about it."

"We don't really have a problem with ego, we've dealt with it. We realise we have something that's precious and special, but we can keep it in check. That's why we continue I suppose. We're still the best there is and I can say that without feeling I'm boasting loud. We're the most exciting and that's why we're still here, that's why we haven't broken up. I always thought we were underdogs and we still are. We never got our full justification."

"Everyone's schizo sure. Definitely. I don't know how many sides there are to Joey Ramone, I lost count! I can't count 'em all, y'know? Sometimes I'd just like to be one person and keep myself intact. I probably surprise myself too much and it can get out of hand!"

"Chance is the best thing. I never know the outcome of things of course. Sometimes, I'll try new things, just to see how they come out. Then things just sweep over you, right? I wrote this song recently, while I'd left my body for a while. You know that feeling when you just space out?"

Well.

"OK, so I'd just been speaking to this psychiatrist friend of mine on the telephone and I was sitting in this chair with my guitar and I just left my body, totally overcome with the feeling. First time I had ever experienced that, a wild feeling, like a mental enema or something. All sorts of things were pouring out at the time, a total lack of defensiveness, very exposed, open to lots of creative stuff."

THE LAST thing is death, appropriately. Joey's telling me about the death-wish. "Lately, I think about it all the time, just because of this lifestyle, really pushing myself all the time. When I think about death, I can only think about what I want to achieve before I go. I have to do things for myself before I kick over. There's things I want to accomplish, personal things. People know what I've done but I want to know my own accomplishments. I want some credit for myself, not just as part of The Ramones."

"I know I'm good and I want people to know that. There's things I want to do that, maybe, I can't do at the moment, because that's how it is

being in a group. Mainly music things, but other areas too — maybe film. It's always music first though."

"The death-wish is there, but it's not what I'd call a real desire, at least not in these times, with everything going on. It's too scary. If I had the choice, I'd want to die of natural causes. I always have flashes of my own death all the time though, but it never seems to be by my own hand. Alright, I get depressed and it seems easier to jump out of a window."

Dramatic.

Dee Dee joins us at the end, he's been listening and watching from the adjoining table.

"It's bad," he chips in, "but I have this definite death-wish. I had a friend of mine who died recently at 42 and I really freaked this time. I mean, I've seen a lot of my friends die but this time I realised it could be me lying in the coffin. I really flipped and started thinking about all this again. The only thing that keeps me there is that I love my wife and I want to be with her. But I just think it would be easier if I just killed myself."

"I can see it coming. Yup, it's definitely gonna happen for me. I'm definitely not gonna live past 40. You can count on me for another six years and that's it — I've always had this image of me hanging there, strung right up."

He snuggers.

Then we all go quiet.

Then Joey looks up again.

"So what's all this shit about us bombing Libya this morning?"

Then it goes quiet again. Funny that. Quiet, just like that. I was going to end it. Joey Ramone is a survivor, just like he told me. Ironic that Shivers, quiet just like that.

A black and white photograph of a man in a military-style uniform, looking upwards. He is wearing a dark jacket with a collar and buttons. In the background, two other figures are visible, one standing and one sitting, both in similar uniforms.

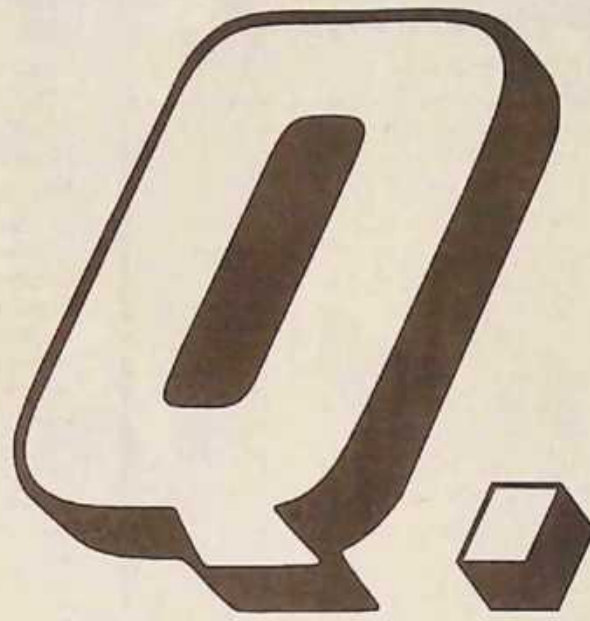
ALIEN SEX FIEND "I WALK THE LINE..." ALIEN SEX FIEND

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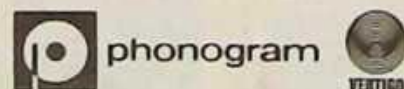
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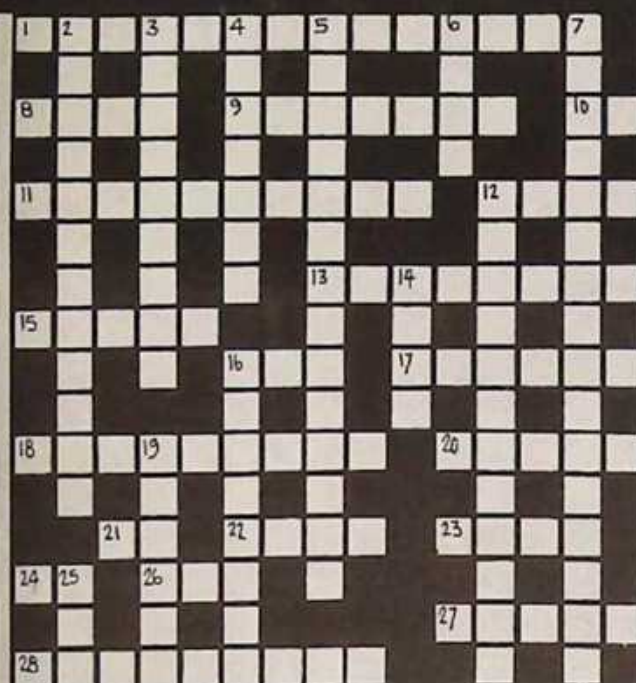
Meanwhile, back at the ranch . . . what have **BILLY MANN** and **JACK BARRON** been up to for the latest in *Sounds'* continuing **JOURNEY THROUGH AMERICA** series? All will be revealed in the coming weeks!

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XWORD

By Sue Buckley



ACROSS

1. Animal magicians who dig your scene (3,4,7) 8. Stoker/Tchaikovsky (4) 9. What Katey was doing up that hill (7) 10. Title for Mister? (2) 11. Was Laurie describing biology or physics on this effort? (3,7) 12. Paul's was called Malice (4) 13. Billy Joel's version of 'New Kid In Town' (8) 15. What Depeche Mode do in silence (5) 16. Pair it with 'Mai' for historians (3) 17. The Robinson who might send signals or leave tearful tracks (6) 18. Saxon reckon it's no excuse (9) 20. Beatles' cheapo lane (5) 21. Memphis' 'top' label (2) 22. 'Quiet' said Purple (4) 23. ... and though ZZ Top sound similar, ... their meaning is very different (4) 24. Goes with wig flipping Husker (2) 26. Letter for '60s Bobby (3) 27. They can be brassy or devilish, from Memphis or Phoenix and give a TKO (5) 28. Puppet masters (9)

DOWN

2. How the Meteors describe themselves (8,4) 3. A servile, bitchy order? (2,2,5) 4. What Fun Boy Three seal (3,4) 5. In which young Ted Chippington meets hard man McGill (3,2,1,8) 6. Pop Paul; Politician (7) Tom; American El; (4) 7. Where to find shop assistants? (9,2,5) 12. They clashed with 1000 sabre toting warriors (7,5) 14. Hemispherical hurry? (4) 16. Did Spear Of Destiny invent it ... or were they broken on it? (3,5) 19. Physical lady in Hamlet? (6) 25. Viennese lurks in your elementary response to this clue (3)

LAST WEEKS ANSWERS

ACROSS 1. Balaam And The Angel 9. Uprising 11. Italians 13. Absolute Beginners 17. Rob 19. Fela 20. Bee 22. Public Image 24. Death 25. As 26. Paint Your Wagon 29. Hills 30. Right 32. Big Star 33. Roth 34. Mel 37. Fast 38. Fear 39. No Class
DOWN 1. Blue Aeroplanes 2. Lords 3. Ann 4. DC 5. Hot 6. Allan Holdsworth 7. Grace 8. Les 10. Silk 12. Abba 14. The Lion's Share 15. Glove 16. Stephen Stills 18. Babe 20. Bragg 21. Miracles 23. Asylum 27. Unknown 28. Chains 31. Gamma 35. If 36. Dr

DAVE GAHAN, the old romantic

Sunday May 4

1951 Birthday of **Jackie Jackson** of **The Jacksons**, in Gary, Indiana.
1956 **Gene Vincent** recorded his classic 'Be-Bop-A-Lula', in Los Angeles.
1961 Birthday of **Jay Aston**, the girl who left **Bucks Fizz**. Four students were shot dead by the National Guard during a demonstration at Kent State University, Ohio, inspiring **Neil Young** to write his first-ever political song 'Ohio', which was recorded by **CSN&Y**.

Monday May 5

1948 Birthday of **Bill Ward**, long-time drummer with **Black Sabbath**, in Birmingham.
1959 Birthday of **Ian McCulloch** of **Echo And The Bunnymen**, in Toxteth, Liverpool.

1962 **Cliff Richard** received his second Gold Disc, for million-plus sales of 'The Young Ones'. His first had been for his original 'Living Doll', in 1959.
1962 Birthday of **Gary Daly** of **China Crisis**, in Liverpool.
1968 **Buffalo Springfield** played their last gig together, at Long Beach, California.
1983 BBC TV's **Top Of The Pops** reached its 1000th edition.

MEMORY BANK

Tuesday May 6

1960 Birthday of **Larry Steinbachek** of **Bronski Beat**.
1973 **Paul Simon** toured for the first time since the break-up of **Simon And Garfunkel**. A fan died in the audience at a **Vibrators** gig in Preston, after being injured in a fight between rival football club supporters.
1982 Former **Bay City Rollers** manager **Tim Paton** was jailed for three years in Edinburgh, found guilty of indecent conduct with young teenage boys.

Wednesday May 7

1939 Birthday of **Jimmy Ruffin**, in Springfield, Mississippi.
1978 UK concerts by **Bob Dylan** at Earls Court were completely sold out - all 90,000 tickets - within eight hours of the box office opening.
1980 **Youth of Killing Joke** went into hospital suffering from food poisoning.

Thursday May 8

1940 Birthday of **Rick Nelson**, in Teaneck, New Jersey.
1944 Birthday of **Gary Glitter** (**Paul Gadd**), in Banbury, Oxon.
1943 Birthday of **Paul Samwell-Smith** of **The Yardbirds**, in London.
1974 Death of **Graham Bond**, keyboardist and pivotal figure of the '60s R&B scene, aged 37. Suffering from extreme depression, he apparently committed suicide by jumping under a tube train at Finsbury Park station.

Friday May 9

1949 Birthday of **Billy Joel**, in Long Island, New York.
1962 Birthday of **Dave Gahan** of **Depeche Mode**, in London.
1962 **George Martin** signed **The Beatles** to an EMI recording contract.
1971 **T Rex** began a value-for-money tour of the UK, on which the ticket price was deliberately pegged at only 60p, at Bournemouth.
1978 **Fee Waybill** of **The Tubes** broke a leg when he fell offstage in mid-performance, at a gig in Leicester.

Saturday May 10

1957 Birthday of **Sid Vicious** (**John Beverley**) of **The Sex Pistols**, in London.
1960 Birthday of **Bono** (**Paul Hewson**) of **U2**, in Dublin.
1963 **The Rolling Stones** recorded their first single 'Come On', at Olympic Studios, London.
1965 **Bob Dylan** was booed by die-hard folkies at the Royal Albert Hall, when he did a rock-based set with electric guitar and band.
1975 **Stevie Wonder** played an unpublicised concert in Washington DC to celebrate Human Kindness Day, and pulled in 125,000 people to listen.
1978 **Paul Simonon** and **Nicky 'Topper' Headon** of **The Clash** appeared in court on a charge of criminal damage, arising from the incident when they'd spent a relaxing afternoon shooting down a neighbour's pigeons with an air pistol.

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27 Bristol - Studio
28 Cardiff - Ritzy
30 Birmingham - Odeon
31 U.E.A. University
June 1/2 London - Hammersmith Palais

May 19 Brighton - Top Rank
20 Warwick - University
21 Hanley - Victoria Hall
22 Nottingham - Rock City
23 Leicester - De Montfort Hall
24 Loughborough - University

NEW SINGLE

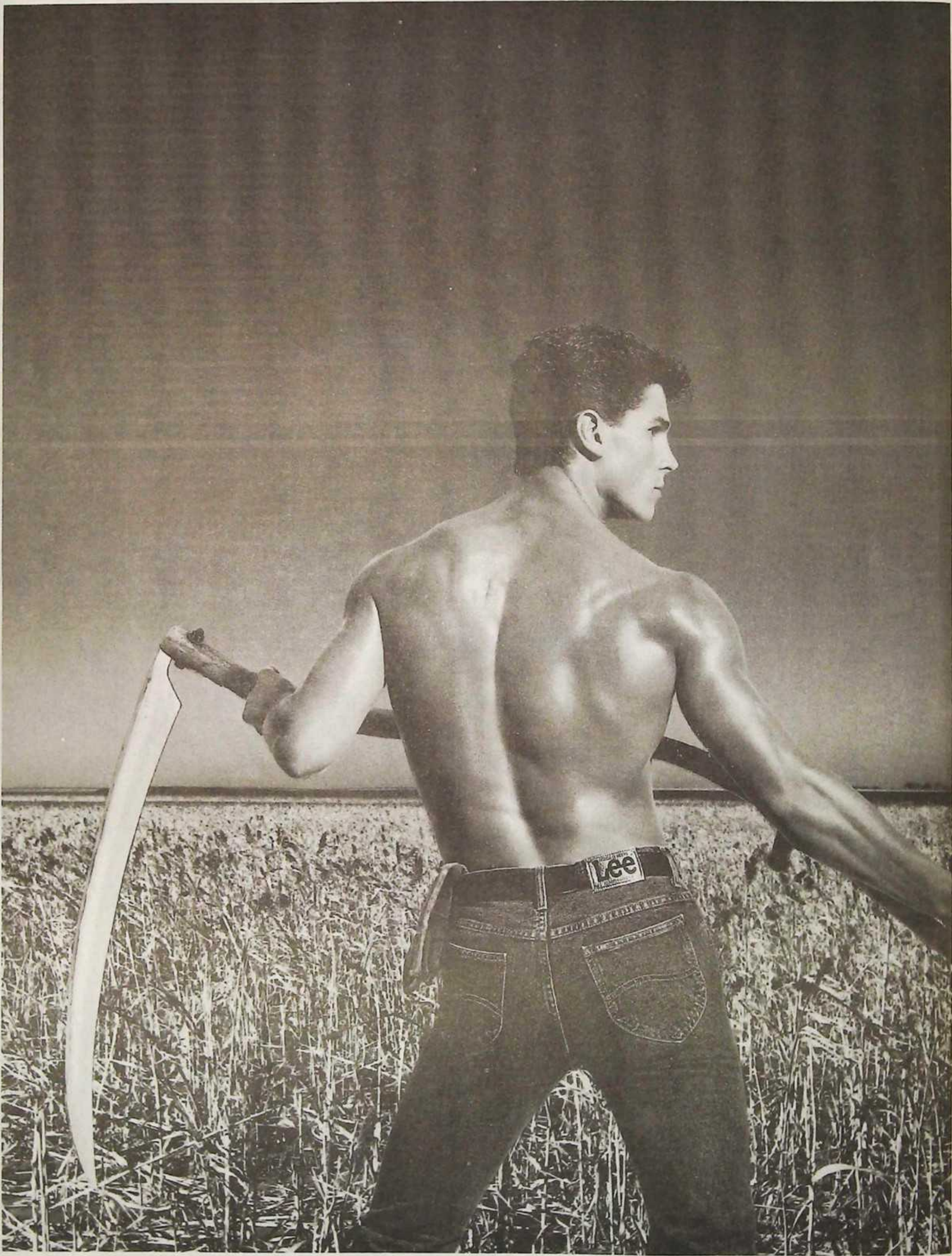
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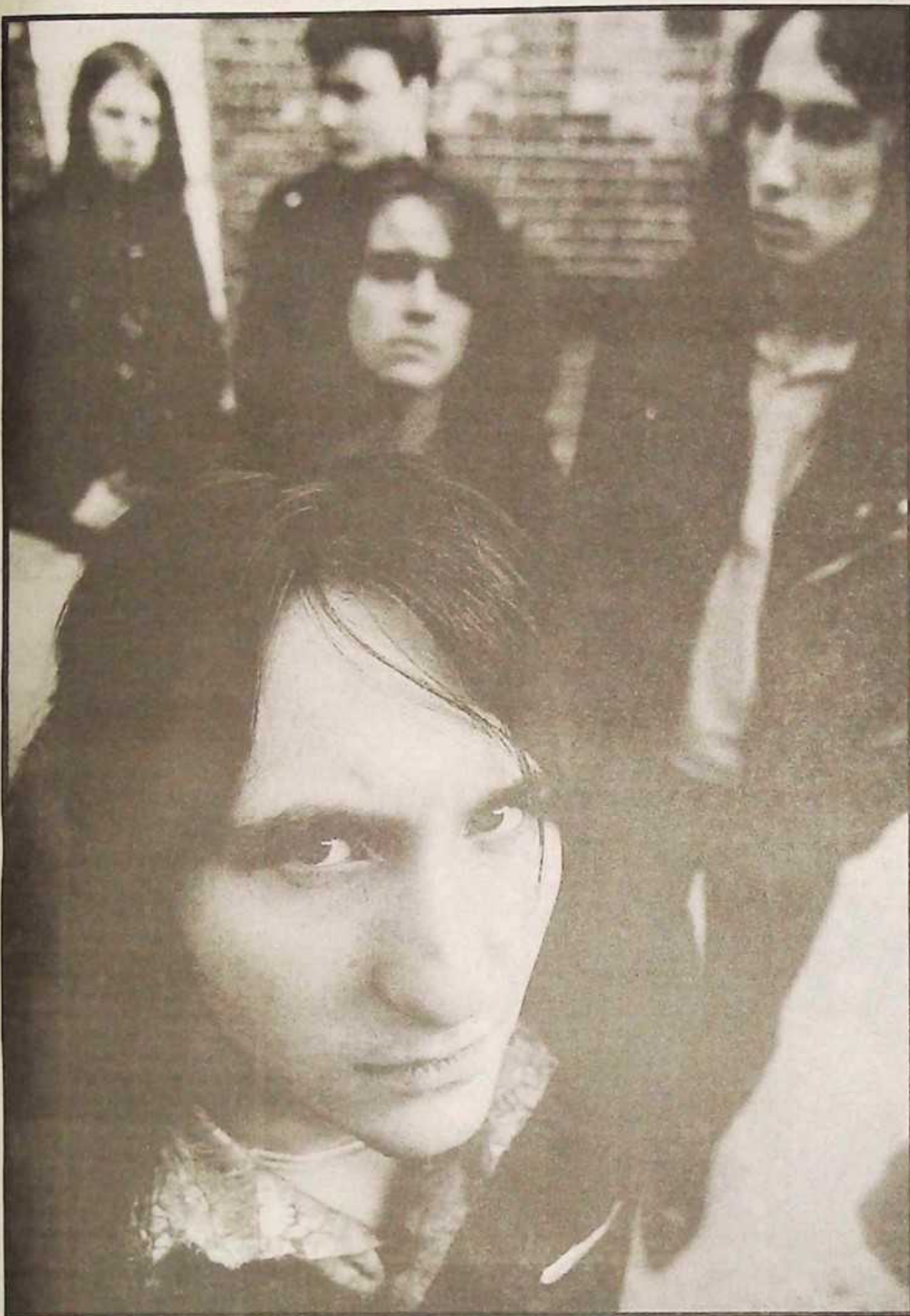
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THE ROSE OF AVALANCHE: flower power

A thorn in the side of modern pop?
CHRIS ROBERTS buttonholes **THE ROSE OF AVALANCHE**. Cultivated pic:
STEVE DOUBLE

FROM LEEDS to Harlesden with loud licentious guitars.

Down at The Mean Fiddler, The Rose Of Avalanche coolly don't try to be cool.

They're about to play their twentieth gig and release their

third single 'Too Many Castles In The Sky', a silvery streamlined sequel to the ravaging 'LA Rain' and 'Goddess'.

Meanwhile a debut album they've disowned rumbles and tumbles around the chart like a rock in a spin dryer.

WE MUST AVALANCHE SOMETIME

They're an unusual group visually, torn between languid laissez-faire and overt incompetence at scissor-management. Vocalist Phil Morris, guitarists Glenn Schultz and Paul Berry, bassist Alan Davies and real live drummer Mark Thomson, find Yorkshire rather similar to America.

They're not the world's most sparkling interviewees, but they're curiously (too?) unpretentious for a group who sing of gutters and gurls and have overtaken the bulk of Leeds' league table of cult bands with barely a heavy breath. The career went: compilation track, Peel session, 'LA Rain', then first gig. Bright boys, dark boys.

CUPID'S BEST FRIEND

DO YOU ever send roses to people?

"We haven't got enough money. Plastic roses maybe. Or a drawing of a rose?"

THE SKY IS BLACK

Phillip, tall, thin, sings in cutely dumb American accent, quite fancies himself, just about has a right to.

"I can't say we're really living that whole rock 'n' roll thing but we have experienced it. For a few months I lived like the songs are. And saw things the average person doesn't see.

"LA Rain' relates to the extreme of what could happen to some of my friends. I don't believe in writing songs which are nothing to do with me or anyone I know. 'Goddess' is a friend's girlfriend; 'Too Many Castles' is about a girlfriend I had that I fell out with. I've only ever met one bloke who's worth writing a song about; and he's too over the top so I won't.

"Leeds is very like Detroit. At least the characters we hang round with. One kid there deserves... there's no difference between him and Johnny Thunders except that Thunders is "a star".

"But it'd be such a pressure for us to keep up an image all the time offstage. Keeping your shades on, and in each situation thinking - oh God, what's the rock 'n' roll thing to do now? How do you rock 'n' roll when you go to the toilet? There are some people, obviously, who think like that, and you just feel sorry for them."

Glenn, long long hair, very late '60s, obsessed with guitars.

"I was classically trained but I dropped out to become... ha ha... a rock 'n' roller. Classical is just exercise, not music. You're just trained to move your fingers really fast. There's very few... only Julian Bream, Paco Pena, who can make it sound like music... all the others are just cold and sterile.

Whereas a rock guitarist enjoys it, puts something of himself into it. Some bollocks, not just mechanics.

"I bought my first electric guitar cos it looked really plastic; it was so horrible I had to have it. That's the way my taste's gone ever since, really. The horribler the better."

I'M IN THE RAIN

It's very violent, aggressive music.

"Seedy maybe. Disgusting, maybe. Not aggressive."

It doesn't sound very 1986.

"People tell us it does; that's what matters."

There's this stuff about "Baby let's go for a ride in my car..."

"It's inferred as two things - either 'come for a f***' or just 'come for a ride in my car'. It depends whether you think we're dirtballs or decent lads."

So you're saying you're not dirtballs?

"Mmm... no. No! No!"

"The music is. We're not."

"We never sat down and said - let's put across this filthy dopey VD-ridden dirtball image."

It just sort of happened that way?

"Aw, the only time you've seen us play live before, two of us had food poisoning."

"We're still learning."

VELVETEEN

THE ROSE OF Avalanche's fourth single will be 'Velveteen'. What a lovely word. It's this, that and the other; I like it.

FUTURE FUCHSIAS

Ambitions: to write the ultimate song; to make money and live in massive mansions; to be so successful they don't have to see each other between world tours; "it's pointless just being in a band: we're in it also for the whole thing that could happen to us"; to keep evoking romance with dirt; to make people move their legs about.

The Rose Of Avalanche do what they do so very clearly and arrogantly, it's really not on to doubt the flow. They also have a splendid (tender and menacing) name.

Above all, any group which screams "A goddess of love, yes you're a goddess, goddess, g-g-g-goddess of love" over a neighbour-annoying barrage of noise, has to be worth its place in the cultural annals of Western Europe.

You agree, don't you dear?

Why Is Bobby Sands A Working Class Hero?

May 8th: Birmingham, The Triangle
 15th: Glasgow, Daddy Warbucks
 16th: Edinburgh, Electric Circus
 23rd: Leeds, The I.F. club
 24th: Wolverhampton Poly
 25th: London, Mean Fiddler
 (Other dates to be announced)

EASTERHOUSE

New 7" & 12" single: INSPIRATION on ROUGH TRADE RECORDS (RT(T)174)

S I N G L E S

Reviewed by
Richard Cook

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

KATE BUSH 'The Big Sky' (EMI) A curious choice, and perhaps the winner by default. In this big pile of records, the few good shots are mostly content to pick over small pleasures and little details. This is the only giant record here, the only one to overreach and maintain honour.

The rehabilitation of Bush is a bit much: she's still the sort of girl who pours all her books and beads into the pot and stirs it up until you come out with an opera. Most of her records smell of tarot cards, kitchen curtains and lavender pillows to me. But bits of 'Hounds Of Love' make something mischievous or even demonic come out of her throat, and 'The Big Sky' is a moment of real, mad bravado.

It starts like it's going to be one of the digital warrior dances Bush puts together when she wants to go uptempo, and then something else seems to crawl in and suddenly a whole planet seems to be swirling around her voice.

The best and most threatening thing that this bizarre talent has ever done.

THE CRAMPS 'What's Inside A Girl' (Big Beat) I have a good time when it's on, then it's over, then I wonder what I did or what to put on next. They get me like that, The Cramps. The glory of nihilism, abandon, the lonesome locomotive beat, but it's like doing a frug with a mummy: any second now you know the breath's going to give out on the old corpse and you'll be left with a pile of bad-smelling bandages.

'What's Inside A Girl?' marks time, and 'Cornfed Dames' would have smacked the ears a bit better. I liked the LP, still do, and still don't much want to play it.

THE CHURCH 'Tantalized' (EMI) The Church discover heat and light. These Australians have deployed Verlaine's legacy better than most, but their records always worked out too prettily clustered, too smoothly cool. This blast has the skidmarks of all their usual inspirations plus some extra muscle: the hot thunder of brass reminds us of The Saints in their glory days, and the music reels and heckles. Blows away bogus nonsense like Screaming Blue Aeroplanes without trouble.

AURRA 'You And Me Tonight' (10) THE WINANS 'Very Real Way' (Qwest) Aurra deliver a midnight story of giving the guy one mo' chance - too much soap in the script to let it stick, although the track's a confection to lick the dance competition. The Winans have God in their pocket and they pat gospel soul swoops around like basketballs. 'Very Real Way' was probably pieced together second by second in an expensive studio, yet sounds like instant joy. A painless conversion.

ERASURE 'Oh L'Amour' (Mute) FRANK TOVEY 'Luddite Joe' (Mute) Considering he's supposed to be the chap who plays the keyboards, Vince Clarke's got an uncanny ear for a hit

voice. And the right way to treat it. The singing on 'Oh L'Amour' is a skydive into the heart, the very heart of Clarke's splashy, big-cheeked electronics, crisp and shiny as a new apple. Clarke somehow hears brighter and quicker than his peers in the old guard of synthpop, and he sticks to some of his favourite sounds - the bubbly treble line, a sound Joe Meek would have been proud of, has the same tone of some of his Yazoo tracks.

Would that labelmate Frank 'Gadget' Tovey could do as well. This is a noisy way of covering up the fact that he's got no voice at all. And now he can't even remember his name.

FIRE NEXT TIME 'Beneath The Hammers' (Stiff) Hunky young socialists take off their shirts; next thing you know, the government's fallen. Well, not quite. I thought I'd offer some encouragement. More, at least, than this cheerless offering, which suggests tight-faced hard-thinking and ultimately doomed chaps who rage on barstools about "the bastards". Since none of this will change or even do anything, let's get on with something else.

CANDI MCKENZIE 'Turn Me Up' (Adventure) Interlude: spark struck by girl soul disc, not too sweet, not too rough.

JOHNNY HATES JAZZ 'Me And My Foolish Heart' (RAK) JAZZ HIPSTERS 'The Tender Trap' (Axis) Can you spot the conceptual link for these two? It turns out that that's about all they have in common, aside from the point that both bands have made excellent records.

JHJ are on a label that's done nothing but commit despicable crime in the name of pop in the past - is there any record on RAK that you want to remember, aside from Smokey's superlative 'Don't Play Your Rock 'N' Roll To Me'? - and they fly in the

face of history by following through the modesty of the song's title into a music where everything is billowing melody, cascades of keyboard and guitar string and murmurs of remorse from the singer. A tawdry romance touched with magic for a single instant.

The Hipsters are from Leeds, quite clearly growing into the country's most significant spawning ground, and on their debut they build a roundabout that buzzes with menace, great overblown vocals, hatchet-faced guitar and an unfathomable tune. Proves it: jazz is good for you.

ARETHA FRANKLIN 'Freeway Of Love' (Arista) A re-release following the success of her last one. It's the sort of thing that older people who've been "listening to Lady Soul, yeah, for years, got all those old Atlantics, can't get them now y'know" can't stand because it doesn't give her a chance to overcook every little phrase. The same people probably rushed out to buy 'Who's Zoomin' Who', which is no different to this one.

LOVE AND MONEY 'Candybar Express' (Phonogram) A good try, clattery and insecure enough to suggest that they don't expect the world to dump everything in their hands. Andy Taylor's production veers towards intercontinental funk - can't decide whether the HM guitar suits or not - but it sounds like they're leering because they want to, not because some fool's paid them to do it. Song? One of those hoodoo sin metropolis odes. It'll do.

BRIAN SETZER 'The Knife Feels Like Justice' (EMI) Brian Setzer: a disaster of our times. I suppose this is a decent enough wail in the manner of Tom Petty or Charlie Sexton, but why is Setzer doing this? Because he painted himself into the

bleakest corner imaginable. The grotesque success in America of the Stray Cats left them in a farcical impasse. You can't develop when you're a band like that, but if you just repeat the licks you don't stand a chance. And there was Brian Setzer, whose first appearances in London should have established him as one of the true supreme beings of rock 'n' roll, stuck fast. An inauspicious return.

THE BELLE STARS 'World Domination' (Stiff) NICK HEYWARD 'Over The Weekend' (Arista) And here are two more of the same. The 'Stars' have slimmed down to a trio and they must have their tongues glued to their cheeks with a title like that. Heyward's spindly attempt at a jolly lollipop soul record is the sort of thing that calls for an immediate reformation of Haircut 100, if only so we can bury this awful grin and big teeth in some harmless plodder of a pop group again.

HIPSWAY 'Ask The Lord' (Phonogram) What cause have you to step out as HEROES? The music, strung up glassy-eyed on a lot of old rope, is the same toothless chord sequence that a generation of bedsit bloozers wept to. It's just shovelled down a lot more suavely by a clever, able-bodied production that rubs unremarkable putty into sculpture. Very little worth getting fussed about.

BENJAMIN ZEPHANIAH 'Free South Africa' (AAA) A cause of pride and anger, not especially well served by a toast that doesn't get much above nursery rhyme level. I support, but would rather use body and mind in more positive ways than by playing the record.

THE WOODENTOPS 'Good Thing' (Rough Trade) I am searching for the culprit who started this fatheaded wave of derry-dol-down pie

merchants. The Woodentops have wooden heads and should be despatched in David Crosby's wooden ships at the first available sailing. Who's responsible, then? Frame, Morrissey, Scott? See me after class, all of you.

FRUITS OF PASSION 'Kiss Me Now' (Siren) Sharon Dunleavy's warming up to be a goddess but this crock of leftovers is a tragedy. Strings are plastered in with the finesse of a drunk bellowing a sonnet in your ear, and wherever the song went, it wasn't onto the record. If the title's a pout, the disc's a gobstopper.

BLACK UHURU 'The Great Train Robbery' (Island) HALF PINT 'Night Life Lady' (Mango) SUGAR MINOTT 'Save Your Loving For Me' (Mango) RUDDY THOMAS 'Long Lost Lover' (Mango) With the world thrashing down on me as it does, I can't keep up with pre records as I should. Big label bounty is the only reggae alternative.

Uhuru are retreating into big band ska, hard but faceless, the grim nobility of their older records in abeyance. All the Mango records are Sly and Robbie productions that hardly give a singer a chance, tonsils bloodied on that cut-throat snare sound. But Sugar rises above the clatter in his peerless fashion.

TED MILTON 'Ode: O, To Be Seen Through Your Eyes!' (Toeblock) Why didn't Milton ever really make it? He was too old, maybe, too stiff in the joints. He was merely scraggy instead of wasted, played horrible saxophone instead of horrible guitar. Here he is again with a poem over synth drums. It's like a Cooper Clarke cut-up, and you can almost see the lines engraved on his terrifying forehead.

PHILIP BAILEY 'State Of The Heart' (CBS) Another mix where a singer can't take

no breath. The beauty of Bailey's LP with Collins was its pearly elegance - even the fast tracks sounded like there was time to let the voice caress, just like in his old days with Mo White. Here he's bounced miserably around one of Nile Rodgers' least soulful compounds. A record made to walk in Prince's tiny shadow.

DIANA ROSS & THE SUPREMES 'You Keep Me Hanging On' (Tamla Motown) Sounds magnificently sibilant on the 12 inch, the hissing of tears falling on a hot griddle of heartbreak. Of course it is above criticism; of course it is stitched into every despairing page of your past. The next track is 'Love Is Like An Itching In My Heart', where a vibraphone clinks madly in the mix, and there are two more overleaf; but I can't bear to go on.

TOM PETTY & THE HEARTBREAKERS 'Refugee' (MCA) HUEY LEWIS & THE NEWS 'The Heart Of Rock 'N' Roll' (Chrysalis) Routine live tread through an excellent Petty song. Meantime, in the Huey Lewis club, Chrysalis do what a label does when their hottest band has nothing new. They re-release the old trash. If I had a rock 'n' roll heart, it'd need a kickstart after this.

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Seven Solid Inches Of Sounds' (CBS/Epic) Courtesy of this magnanimous music paper, and the collective genius of CBS and Epic, this EP is unique to the singles pile this week. You didn't have to pay for it, which is more than can be said for the rest of this stuff. Stevie Ray Vaughan and The Fabulous Thunderbirds may already be familiar to you but side two - no expense spared - has been recorded exclusively for *Sounds*. Don't you think the least you could do is play it?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

THE CULT - A WAR

"They made us many promises, more than I can remember, and they never kept but one; they promised to take our land, and they took it."

Red Cloud of the Teton Sioux

HOUSTON, TEXAS: arid streets clawing with sky-high banking establishments, huge international finance corporations. And the thing I remember most about Houston, Texas is the way the skyscrapers shine.

Faced all the way round with reflecting walls, they bounce nothing back at you but your own uncomprehending, confused face.

And yet, curving and swooping in over Kentucky and Tennessee, all that's visible of this place is mile on mile of swamp, forest and plain, dissected by the blood-coloured Red River.

The American North-West saw the Battle of Wounded Knee, saw Geronimo surrender, saw Sitting Bull killed. Though Houston can't remember that the Capoque and the Han once trod its streets, five miles down the freeway, wilderness begins.

America today, perhaps, is keener still to force its hand and annex land. We're flying to the home of the free one day after its latest dabbling in Libya, a country whose politics shouldn't concern the US, to speak to The Cult, a band lead by a long-haired, moccasin befooted brave. A band standing firm and strong in the face of attack in volleys.

Am I over-romanticising this? Believe me, it's a tale about self-assertion on every level, about belief and a certain blindness.

When last year's 'Love' album was ripped and torn by the British music press and dragged home as carrion, the squawking had a note of fear to it.

Tribal sounds! Howling! Guitar like we should all now be too cool to surrender to! Meanwhile, those free enough not to be music critics bought the record, both at home and across the Atlantic, where sales climbed into the 100,000s and reached platinum in Canada. The writerly cannons kept on firing; they didn't win the land, but they took prisoners. They left their smoking brand.

THRILLED TO BLITZ!

The Sun, Wednesday April 16

"Gadaffi is the most irresponsible political actor in the world today"

Walter Mondale, Nightwatch, Thursday 4am

I WAS IN this Irish bar - Murphy's Bar, it was called - in Kansas City, which is like dead smack in the middle of America, and there was the TV on the wall, right, everybody watching TV with their silly bloody baseball caps on.

"The Libyan business came on and it was really interestin' to see how these people perceived what was goin' down. They're not as stupid as you might think. They were saying to us, Oh, you're English, aren't you? Poor old England, eh? The rest of Europe wouldn't let the planes fly over 'em. But they seem to think that, for whatever reason, somebody's got to ..."

JOURNEY THROUGH AMERICA

Be the saviours of the world?

"... a little bit, but it's more bullish than that. It's more like, Well, Gadaffi doesn't like us, so we're gonna make sure that we don't like 'im even bigger."

As the world heats up, Billy Duffy, The Cult's controversial guitarist, sits beside a pool ("but it wasn't like this in Detroit or Cleveland") and talks about war. The sharp Lancastrian accent makes him seem friendlier when he's smiling and more vicious when he's not. He knows about fighting on a personal, professional level, and is astute in his observations of large scale and more physical massacre.

"Y'see, they're not really aware of things here, because of the size. If you ever watch TV, that'll tell you a lot. They don't have any equivalent to our documentaries, like, you know, *Panorama* and *World In Action*. They do things like have messages - say, the script of *Happy Days* will have a moral message to it, so the kids can understand it."

A moment of reflection.

"See, it was weird the way these guys in this bar were taking the whole thing. They didn't think it was gonna affect them directly, but it'd affect their America and the world's perception of big, strong America. And they like kicking arses, they do like it."

"In general, though, I don't think the great mass of Americans even think about politics. They don't wanna know as long as, like, they can order pizza 24 hours a day."

Did you see Reagan's message to the people? "I've seen it about seven times, an' I thought he put it across really good."

A cynical smile creases Billy's eyes.

"I nearly believed 'im. I looked at that screen an' I thought, I nearly believe yer, Ronnie."

"Being in a band is a war zone. You're on a mission, out on the edge"

Ian Astbury

"I was praying to the light and to the darkness, to God and to the sun, to let me live quietly... I don't know what the reason was that people should speak badly of me"

Goyathlay (Geronimo), Apache Chief

WITH UNRELENTING vigour, The Cult have been brought low and heaped with condemnation for any number of reasons. Their sound, their appearance, Ian's beliefs, Billy's indulgences. Surprisingly, few have cared to investigate further. It's been a giddy free-for-all, a mass jump to the wrong conclusion. The Cult have been butchered for not conforming, for being 'outrageous' in the wrong way.

Simply, Billy got inspired, took a guitar and a wah-wah pedal and exploded the two more than pleasurably, creating something threatening, pulse-beating, for banging a fist on a thigh, for now.

In London, Dublin, Carlisle, Houston's Numbers Club, children who never heard a sound like this let go. Unfortunately, others are older but no wiser.

To them, this sound is Led Zep, Hendrix, and who wants their youth remade and tampered with? Or, having trained themselves off what the noise once stood for, they won't hear what it means today.

Vocalist Ian Astbury, fresh from several phone interviews, has taken leave of his little Canadian squaw, Renée, to join us, and brows are trying not to be furrowed, but clearly criticism has left scars. This is a vociferous team, the laconic and pragmatic Billy a quick-fire wag, Ian the (hardening) heart. They don't look like werewolves to me.

"I don't know how we're seen, but we're not some macho, heavy metal, shag your women and drink your beer type band. I defend that. I think we're pretty sensitive, quite soft. We're very tolerant."

Billy is at pains to appear tolerant.

"See, when we first heard those Jimmy Page comparisons, we thought it was a joke. In America, I'm some sort of new guitar 'ero. The guitar's not invalid and pompous. It's just what I do."

What does America make of the band?

"They don't quite know, but they're trying to make something nice of us, if you know what I mean. They get exposed to music via the radio here, so they hear the sound first, they don't get told by the press, as in, 'Ere's a new band from Doncaster called the Revolving Chimneys and they're really batty... They make up their own minds."

Ian: "At home, things are so formulaised. Then, when you get something that's alternative to the main pop charts, it's usually got some sort of manifesto to it - The Smiths, who I like, are formulaised, you know what they're gonna do next."

"We just go with what we feel. Then we get flak, but we're going. We're exploring too."

"It seems to me that, if you're 'alternative' - I can't find another word to use - as soon as you start to become successful, people feel that you become part of the establishment. A lot of people are anti-establishment, anti the government, and with reason, so anything that's seen to represent authority, they just go (thumbs down sign) and say, We're not interested."

Billy: "I don't feel that anyone's ever championed us in Britain. No one's given us any major breaks. We just do it for ourselves."

Ian: "And I get so much pleasure from it. It's like, people say, D'you have any hobbies outside of the band? And I say, No, this is my hobby, and my life. This is what I love to do."

Ian's chatting too consistently, too sensibly, to be interrupted at this point.

"And it's like the title of the album... people have said I'm some sort of like romantic, naive fool..."

Billy: "That's only on Tuesdays, though, innit?"

Ian: "... but it was Billy who pushed me into calling it 'Love', because we felt so positive and so good about it. We wanted to provoke, too..."

Billy: "... and that really worked, heh heh heh..."

Ian: "... and people really went for the bait, they freaked out. Because at that time, so many people didn't have the guts to say 'love' with conviction, but we had the conviction. We said it, and we mean it."

"And we get off so much on what we sound like. Once I wanted to sound like other people, because the music was so exciting, and we thought, make it sound like this, like that... but now we are ourselves."

"No other band sounds like us."

"If the dead were not properly buried, their spirits would remain to haunt the miscreants. These spirits took the form of owls and wolves"

W Newcomb, The Indians Of Texas

IAN ASTBURY is a dervish on stage. Whooping, grimacing, leaping in the air, yelping, sweating bare-chested, thrusting his oversized mouth and severely cheekboned face at his audience and pounding the floor, the black mane prehensile, a Medusa's pride.

This man has made an incantation for rain into a chart single. Offstage, he searches Houston for soft Indian moccasins, but almost all trace of the red man has been erased from these wide streets.

This would be such a good angle, if it was an angle.

When Astbury was eleven, his parents took him to Canada for five years. This happened:

"I was on a school trip when I first went to an Indian reservation, and about 14. There were all these long-haired, half-naked kids about the same age as me, running around wild and having a great time. I wanted more than anything to join in. I still do."

"But I have been accepted by American Indians over here. I started off as a complete romantic, into the Great Plains, and the Sioux, the Cheyenne, the Shoshoni, the whole image of the guy on a horse with his lance, but then when I actually found parts of myself in their culture, I just went, Wow."

Such as?

"Affinity with nature, a sense of fun -

because the Indians really like to have fun - and the way they dress, their fashion, the clothes. But the main aspect is them, the people, their nature. They're the nicest people I've met."

The withdrawn Mr Duffy fidgets but, at heart, is content for his friend to lay himself open. That's what Ian does. This is what he believes.

"I met someone recently who I'd been writing to for three years. He's a Mohawk Indian, and he came to one of our gigs in Syracuse, New York, and brought me a present, a four direction symbol with an eagle on it, and that is like a really big deal, it's a religious thing. I was totally blown away."

It seems hard for Ian to convey what he's feeling. It's a struggle to explain this Indian friendship in rock star language, where none of the words lend themselves. In trying to feed this leaning through his music, he's being pulled in two and crossing a fine, fine line in terms of credibility.

I'm sure he's aware of all that. He's got an eagle stare. It's brave to say all this.

"They're a very close-knit and genuine people. There are no lies. The saddest thing is that they've got a lot of solutions to the current problems in this country - alternative energy sources, for example - and they're not listened to. It's ridiculous that, after all that's been done to them by the white man, they're coming back offering to help and they get kicked in the teeth again."

This is interesting. Are you superstitious?

"Very. I believe in a sixth sense, the thing that people don't talk about. It's there, it exists, so why not explore it? A lot of people are scared of it because they can't understand it, but there are forces at work in nature."

"The earth is a very powerful thing, but so many people won't get involved because they think it's weird, it's hocus pocus."

Billy?

"Did you ask this because of the symbols on the album? Because they just set a tone, that's all they do. The artist suggested it and we went along. The symbols don't mean anything to us. We just wanted to present what we thought was an important record, musically getting back to basics, being un-puffy about music again."

"It was not the easy option. As it turns out, it hasn't helped us. It's certainly not what Americans like, but then anything that people aren't used to upsets 'em."

Billy?

"Yeah?"

Are you superstitious?

"Not very much, though I do believe there's more to life than hamburgers and cars."

Do you believe in God?

"I don't really see what relevance this all has to the music that we make. OK, do I believe in God, yes, am I superstitious, a bit."

A deep sigh. Billy, the pragmatist, is being very, very patient. And, just as he has supported Ian where he sees him to be weak - over the hippy hair, perhaps - so Ian becomes Galahad now.

"You have to understand that one thing about him is he's far more sensitive than he makes himself out to be, and it comes out through his guitar playing. A lot of people think that what he does is very contrived, but that's his spirituality, that's where it comes out, and it doesn't need any explanation. That's his energy. And sometimes there are things people can't put into words. Then, you have to work with feelings. I've explored things and found ways of trying to explain them, but the best thing to do is feel it."

I was wondering if you own a talisman?

"Yeah - tattoos, rings, charms, things I've had with me for a long time."

Any one thing that's important to you?

"My wolf ring. I just have an affinity for wolves. They're the outsiders, and I've always been treated as an outsider, a weirdo, even at school."

Continued page 44

OF INDEPENDENCE

THE CULT — you know how *they* sound? And when they talk, they talk about 'Love', about trees, about belief. Heavy? Like a feather. **GLYN BROWN** hears out the accused, **PETER ANDERSON** snaps some evidence



Ian: "Some days I just wish I was a bird and could fly away, just *pswhoooosh* . . . Imagine being born with no rules, no boundaries. How fantastic. Maybe I'm looking for that"

LETTERS

STRAITS AND NARROW

WHAT IS this strange paranoia which almost all your writers seem to suffer from with regard to 'name' rock bands?

Any band who is even mildly famous, it seems, (with one or two exceptions) cannot be taken seriously – they have no suss, no guts, no appreciation of what it takes to be a good (if unsuccessful) rock 'n' roll outfit.

The latest example is in front of me at this moment.

Dave Henderson, although he is actually doing an article on Miaow, cannot resist calling the sound of Dire Straits "mildly excruciating", and later goes on to observe that, of course, "Miaow... know more about day to day struggles in modern Britain than Mark Knopfler ever will".

Does Dave know how Dire Straits got their name? It's because in the mid-70s they were flat broke! Knopfler is from Newcastle – which struggles a hell of a lot more than London does.

I reckon Dave Henderson is the kind of bloke who thinks you have to be a right twat to pay money to go and see Dire Straits. If so, he's insulting the intelligence of a hell of a lot of people.

Even sadder, that was the only mention rock got in the whole of this week's features. Unless you lot think of Big Country as rock, of course. – Yours, Despairingly

GOING DUTCH

DEAR ROGER "I like knocking and upsetting HM bands" Holland.

The Accept/Dokken review at the Odeon is complete crap. Accept are now probably one of the top HM bands of the '80s. In my opinion, Maiden, Saxon and The Scorpions had better watch out, not that I'm knocking these bands because they all contain good musicians.

Then RH goes on to say "nobody who would willingly pay to watch Accept could possibly be there". In my opinion, Accept are worth the £6. If it was £20 I would have gone.

So RH, how old are you? Did you actually turn up? – Dave "German's have a sense of humour as well" – S, Staffs.

LA RAIDERS

READING *SOUNDS* of April 5, 1986, I thought the Jackson Browne interview was well written and should reduce anti-American prejudice.

Five stars to Dave Henderson for taking Linda Ronstadt seriously.

Having frequently read *Sounds* since 1982, my opinion had been that LA/Country rock was your weak spot, compared with alternative and new country.

Like Jackson Browne Linda uses mellow music to carry social messages. – John M Cooper, Suffolk

AS YOU will be aware, many records have messages scratched into the inner 'run out' grooves.

For your entertainment and hopefully if it is printed, your millions of readers, I've compiled a list of my favourite 'inner groove inscriptions'.

As some of the records are quite old, it would be interesting to see if the artists responsible can offer an explanation!

- 1 NEVER MIND THE SEX PISTOLS, FEEL YOUR BOLLOCKS 'Dream A Lie' 12-inch, UB40
- 2 HAND CARVED FOR YOUR LISTENING PLEASURE 'No More Heroes' LP, The Stranglers
- 3 REMEMBER THE INDIAN ROPE TRICK? 'Red Mecca' LP, Cabaret Voltaire
- 4 LOOK OUT FOR THE LIL-LETS! 'Situation' 7-inch, Yazoo
- 5 NIGEL'S DREAM: TRANMERE 6 LIVERPOOL 0 'Trumpton Riots' 12-inch, Half Man Half Biscuit
- 6 BETTER LUCK NEXT TIME JH JNR 'I'm Your Money' 7-inch, Heaven 17
- 7 ARE YOU SITTING COMFORTABLY? 'Then We'll Begin' LP, Madness
- 8 FOR THE DEDICATED INSOMNIACS 'In Strict Tempo' LP, Dave Ball
- 9 'ELLO 'ELLEN! 'Choosey Susie' 7-inch, The Stranglers
- 10 THAT'S 'ANDY 'ARRY 'Dreaming Of Me' 7-inch, Depeche Mode

– Compiled by Whoreville and Queen (again, sorry Roy!), Romford, Essex

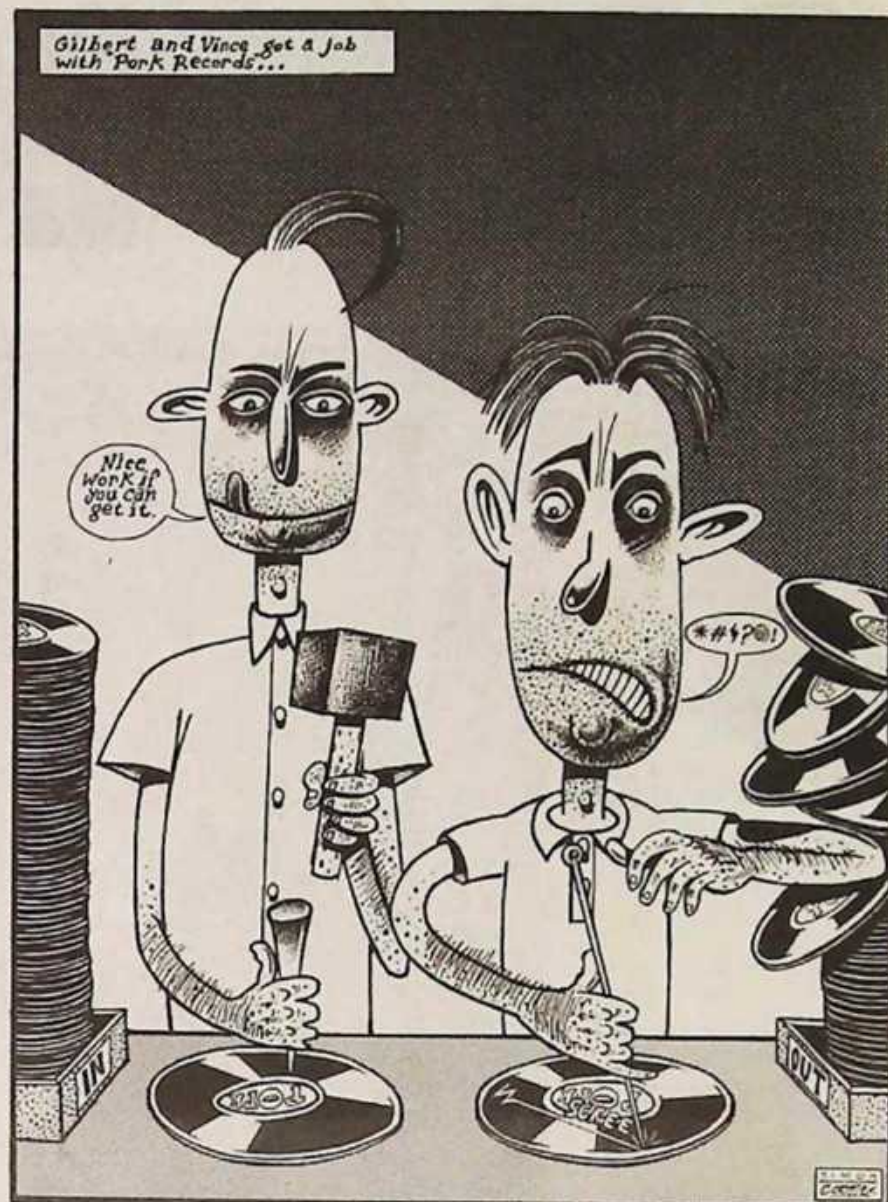


Illustration by Simon Cooper

GET IN THE GROOVE

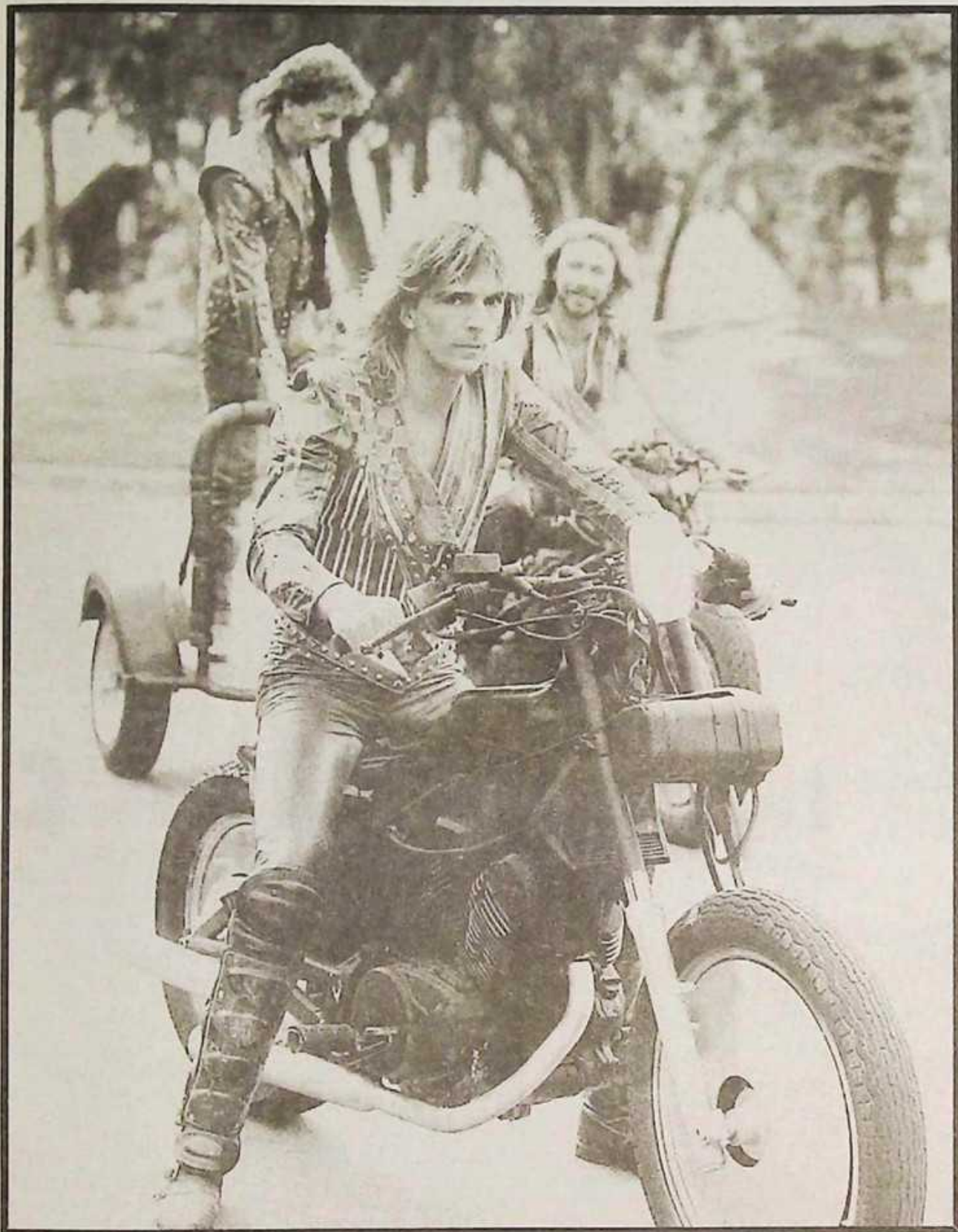
BIG COUNTRY

A New 12" Remix Out Now

LOOK AWAY - OUTLAW MIX



ON YOUR BIKE!



The leather and metal gang are back in town with a streamlined new set of songs to damage your ears. MARY ANNE HOBBS tons up with JUDAS PRIEST. CHRIS WALTER rides side saddle

JUDAS PRIEST! Judas who? Ah, yes. . .

The last time Rob Halford bestrode his Harley on a British stage, Ratt were still scraping their supper from tuna cans, WASP had yet to clamber into their chrome-plated codpieces, and the Deep Purple reunion was but a twinkle in Ritchie Blackmore's unsmiling eyes. Yes, it's been *that* long.

And apart from their all too

brief slot on the US Live Aid show last summer, Priest, the original godfathers of British metal, have remained unusually silent ever since 1984's riotous 'Defenders Of The Faith'.

And now 'Turbo', surely something of a comeback album? According to Glenn Tipton, one half of Priest's notorious guitar team, Judas Priest have never *really* been away.

"We'd been on the road for seven or eight years almost continuously, so after we'd completed the last tour we decided that it was time to take a break.

"Turbo' is our tenth studio album and we really wanted to do something special. Originally we wrote a double album because we wanted to give the kids two for the price of one as our gift to them for supporting us all these years. Unfortunately it didn't happen. The cost of the extra plastic and cover meant that we would've had to charge more than the price of a single album, which defeated the object of the exercise.

"In the end we put together one album which I feel is very modern and energetic, and also incorporates a lot of melody.

Fortunately, we've been granted the

luxury of being able to take as much studio time as we like these days - so we worked at our own pace until we were completely satisfied that everything was right."

It's one in the morning and the temperature's minus two degrees outside. Glenn and I thaw slowly beside a huge outdoor heater on location at the Priest video shoot, whilst guitarist KK Downing commends yet another shivering blonde extra and heads for the bushes with a dangerous smirk!

The eerie setting - an abandoned zoo located in Griffith Park at some ridiculous altitude in the Hollywood Hills - has been transformed into a spectacular post-nuclear arena by an expert prop crew and team of lighting engineers, working gruelling 24 hour shifts under the impulsive and ever imaginative direction of Wayne Isham.

"The video is for an album cut titled 'Locked In'," says Glenn, nursing a steaming mug of coffee. "Rob gets captured and tortured by man-eating women called biomecca-droids. Dave (Holland), Ian (Hill), KK and myself try to rescue him, but he's actually quite enjoying himself and doesn't really want to leave!"

"We've taken all sorts of ideas, from *Road Warrior* to *The Sword* and *The Sorcerer*, but we're not

trying to be Mel Gibson or anything - the whole story line is very tongue-in-cheek."

HALFORD IS enduring the torture scenes, which amongst other oddities include being precariously suspended upside down at approximately 30 feet above ground level.

MTV keep a keen camera eye on all the action, whilst Glenn (who is clad in a skin tight, multi-coloured leather jumpsuit, and sports a neatly tousled and newly streaked hair-do) stresses the importance, even for established veterans like Judas Priest, of monitoring the rock 'n' roll trends.

"As far as image is concerned, we are still very much a leather-and-studs orientated band. But just as we've always encouraged young acts, we also learn a lot from them. We watch very carefully and with much interest bands like Mötley Crüe and we are ultimately respectful of their success.

"It's a very stupid person who turns a blind eye or becomes jealous of young bands' achievements because no matter how old you are, how long you've been in the music business, or how good you are, you can always learn from others, especially the youngsters.

"The same applies musically. I listen to many other guitarists regularly and, believe me, there are a lot of brilliant people out there.

"As a band, Judas Priest have always tried to stay one step ahead of the pack. Each album we've made has had an individual character and represents a different chapter in the band's career."

However, despite the proverbial fashion circus, Priest remain proud defenders of the 'heavy metal faith' - a term today rejected and detested by many bands, mainly due to the nonchalant *Spinal Tap* type mockery which heavy metal music has incurred in the press.

Says Glenn: "We're proud of heavy metal. There was Black Sabbath and Deep Purple before us, but Judas Priest was the band that really started the movement. Through the hard years, through the new wave years, Priest have consistently played metal. We've had a lot of fun doing it and we really believe in it.

"These days, you can count the true heavy metal bands on one hand, but Judas Priest will always fly the flag for raw English music. Even though there's an overwhelming demand, UK metal has been stifled and restricted in the last few years and British bands, it seems, are

finding it increasingly difficult to get exposure, which is criminal."

Priest's growing concern for their English metal fraternity is reflected strongly in the new album which, at the title 'Turbo' may suggest, projects a slicker and far more sophisticated cold steel style.

"We've tried to push the boundaries," says Glenn. "Turbo' is a crossover to happy metal. I don't mean that in any lightweight way - it's just music that is more relevant to the everyday kid. Instead of singing about dungeons and dragons, we've written songs like 'Parental Guidance'.

"Turbo is a modern word - it means speed and power, and the object of this album is to try to create more room for us and other metal bands to manoeuvre in; to widen the sphere which will in turn, we hope, help younger bands get the airplay and the recognition that they deserve."

IN SUPPORT of their dramatic new opus, Priest are about to embark upon a world tour which is scheduled to kick off Stateside in early May.

"Unfortunately, in this day and age a lot of bands will use Europe as a warm up before they hit America. They'll never admit it, but it's true," asserts Glenn.

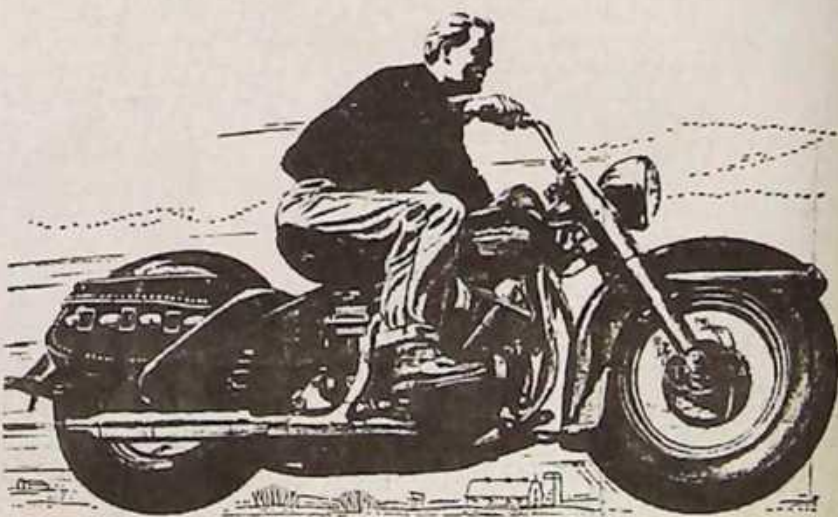
"We feel that when we come home this time, we'd like to present a spectacular show which has been really well rehearsed. So we're starting in America, then going to Japan and covering Europe and England at the end of the year, which is great because the show will be really well honed by the time we get home.

"If ever there's any unprofessionalism it usually occurs on the first legs of the Priest tours, so hopefully there won't be anybody falling through holes in our new transformer stage set by the time we hit England!"

Tipton is a family man and openly admits to his extra-curricular loves of fishing, fast cars, the occasional round of golf and leisurely summer tennis matches. But about one thing he's adamant.

"Judas Priest may be knocking on a bit, but we're all still fit and healthy, and we deliver. We're very energetic on stage and we're writing what I consider to be our best material ever. However, when we're even slightly past it, we'll jack it in. It's so embarrassing to see bands go on and on and end up supporting.

"Judas Priest will never support. Eventually, we'll do one last tour, hang up our hats, and they can bury us!"



ALBUMS

RATINGS BUYBLAGHEARFLOGDUMP



THAT PETROL EMOTION: well, yes, spring is a bit late this year

ESSO BLUES

THAT PETROL EMOTION 'Manic Pop Thrill' (Demon Records FIEND 70) *****

TO PLACE That Petrol Emotion below a godlike position would be criminal, and to miss this record would be a grave offence. While re-enacting my second childhood I discovered The Buzzcocks and thrilled to every live appearance I saw, snatched every vinyl package and was astounded by their magnificent debut album 'Another Music...'. 'Manic Pop Thrill' holds more of the same poetic beauty.

Cast your pocket money back to TPE's debut single for the fledgling Pink label and immediately your tastebuds will be twitching. If you follow that with that sultry vignette 'V2' — on their own NoiseAnoise home base — then you'll be about one eighth prepared for the magnitude of this LP. I mean, we're talking superlatives here.

And so: none of the singles or B-sides are on the *big* one. But count 12 dynamic pop variations (six-a-side) in the true Beatles-hits-they-just-keep-on-a-comin' style.

Letting you in easily, there's the stylish, thrashy guitar sound that rusted a thousand Woolworth Fender copies, but that's merely

a front. 'Manic Pop Thrill' is, as its title decrees, a collection of thoroughly subversive pop-tones dressed in a selection of colours.

As everyone moans about the lack of any brainy substance on the radio, That Petrol Emotion have come up with a dozen good reasons to play *their* album instead. The secret is they don't stick to any simple format. Drum machines make an entry, there's a work out that any self-respecting metal crew would be proud of and a three minute chunk that could have come straight from the pen of Paul McCartney. Surprised? But are That Petrol Emotion just a little confused? Is 'Manic Pop Thrill' just a mess? I must answer with my hand on my Walkman and say no; 'Manic Pop Thrill' is all things bright and abrasive about today's music biz. Wrapped up in there is style, biting satire and some memorable playing (all focused around some unforgettable melodies).

Not to put too fine a point on it all, 'Manic Pop Thrill' is a treat worth the fuss. Scramble into somewhere soon and thrill to the sheer manicness of it all. It's pop.

DAVE HENDERSON

DIE TODLICHE DORIS

'Unser Debut' (Atatak Records WR33)*****

FIRST LISTEN: doing the weeding in the backyard, funny looks from the neighbours ('More delinquent sounds from next door, Doris!'). The record... nightmarish, moth-eaten, green around the gills, septic, steeped in poisons; reminds me of the time I was offered a job as a grave-digger in Wales, only job in the neighbourhood. Record

unimpressive.

Second listen: tube train hustle-bustle, funny looks from fellow passengers ('What's that funny hiss, Doris?'). The record... making sense, good bed-fellows for SPK, TG, Nurse With Wound, Current 93 and other mellow kinds of sickness. This one merely suggests hysteria though, a soundtrack to smothering your brother, suffocation, groovy for a murder scene.

Third listen: comfort of

home, quite relaxing really. An autistic ambience, like 'Ride Of The Valkyries' with a Henry Mancini score, haunting daydreams, Aldous Huxley sucked through a straw, very obtrusive. Plenty of skull-faced horror; hey, this is almost hollow, I love it. 'Unser Debut', let's call it a grower. Scrape me off and let me out of here. Not bound for the hit parade it must be stated. Makes Genesis look like porridge. Pardon me.

JONH WILDE

WAYNE SMITH 'Sleng Teng' (Greensleeves GREL 91)*****

FROM THE picture on the front of this record, Wayne looks a sprightly young lad somewhere in the later end of his teens. But after listening to his voice you'd be forgiven for increasing his years on this planet. Wayne has a surprisingly mature tone to his inflections. And although he uses his voice to great effect, this record is not everything it could have been.

It's based around the theme of last summer's dancefloor smash, 'Under Me Sleng Teng', revolutionary at the time for being the first piece of electro-reggae to make it onto vinyl, and the Casio Corporation's first hit by proxy. But the possibilities the single opened up are not fully explored on this album, only 'Love Don't Love Me' moving into a rhythmic variation closer to hip-hop.

But with many fine tunes, this is just a starting point for a new sound in reggae. It could have been exceptional. It is at least solid.

RICKY KILDARE

CHRIS REA 'On The Beach' (Magnet MAGL 5069)***3/4

Q: YOU are born in Tyne And Wear, you are hungry. What do you do?

A: You leg it from the pit, bestride your trusty pushbike (black with chain guard, authentic 1920's, as used by Wendy Craig in *Nanny*) and pedal with the legitimised lunacy of a Brendan Foster/Bernard Hinault crossbreed to the nearest gravel pit, whereupon you dredge kilos of rock chippings down your gullet.

Voilà! You are now either Mark Knopfler, Alan Price, Sting or Chris Rea. Will you please make your selections now... and they've all gone for number four, Chris Rea!

Rea has been with Magnet since the halcyon days of Pete Shelley's (no, not *the*) 'Love Me, Love My Dog' and miraculously he's sailed unscathed through the punk era. But Rea is no hipster or unhipper than, say, Suzanne Vega, and he does write the occasional undeniably good tune. Here we have 'Light Of Hope', a pristine ballad which fully complements those sand-blasted larynxes.

Why slag the man off? A consistent songwriter, if somewhat irrelevant. See you in the psychiatric ward, Alexander...

ANDY HURT

ALEEM FEATURING

LEROY BURGESS

'Casually Formal'

(Atlantic 781 622-1)***1/3

JANET JACKSON

'Control' (A&M AMAS

106)****1/4

ALEEM ARE essentially descended from the Earth Wind And Fire/Isley Brothers academy of well-rounded, melodic soul, almost symmetrical in the balance struck between up-tempo hip-grinders and mellow, cool-out, um, *hip-grinders*. Let's face it, any black act worth their salt write songs for the groin rather than the bonce, and despite their open-armed acceptance of micro-chip tech, Aleem play the game

and play it well.

While it would be asking the impossible to expect anything to match their phenomenal 'Get Loose', 'Casually Formal' is consistent enough, if rather unspectacular.

While Aleem conform to a prevalent trend in wishing "to thank God for seeing us through this extensive project", it's extremely unlikely that Ms Jackson would wish to extend her gratitude to anyone other than herself.

'Control' is JJ's self-explanatory, conscious step out of the shadow of the Pepsi Cola Kid, a step that plonks her firmly in the shadow of the monarch of Paisley Park. In collaboration with the SOS Band/Cherrelle/O'Neal team of Terry Lewis and Jimmy Jam, Janet pays a fine compliment to Prince, a debt acknowledged by the appearance of Family boys Jerome Benton and Jellybean Johnson on 'Nasty'.

An album which improves with age (*ie* 40 minutes), revolving around the tremendous Tony Blackburn fave 'What Have You Done For Me Lately'.

ANDY HURT

LEGS DIAMOND 'Land Of The Gun' (Music For Nations MFN 59)*****

DESPITE LOOKING old and wrinkled enough to be Foreigner's granddads, Legs Diamond have always been among the more worthwhile and credible US melodic rock acts. They understand the basics of good songwriting better than most and, as a result, 'Land Of The Gun' isn't hellbent on immediacy. It has depth, stamina and a satisfying aftertaste.

Legs Diamond use gloss, but it's not stiff, sterile and caked-on, and when they come close to rampant pomposity they've the sense of proportion and good taste to keep everything in check. In fact, it's only a very slight feeling of complacency in some of the playing which rubs a little of the shine off the album. Not that Legs are *lazy* — it's just that a couple of the longer tracks seem to sag when they should've been pulled taut.

Legs Diamond produce commercial hard rock in the classic mould, the perfect shot in the arm for daytime radio. Ironic, then, that it's brutal label-mates Metallica who've nudged into the national LP charts whilst Legs fumble around in the specialist shops and import racks. Just what *does* constitute 'commercial rock' these days?

PAUL ELLIOTT

SHIRLEY MURDOCK

'Shirley Murdock'

(Elektra EKT 32)*****

KLYMAXX 'Meeting In

The Ladies Room' (MCA

MCF 3313)***3/4

THE TROUTMAN Brothers (aka Zapp) do everything on this album but pose for the cover. But their signature doesn't kill off the taste of Shirley Murdock, their influence filtering through in the form of the occasional squealing guitar and deep techno claps. Yowza!

There's an obvious gospel upbringing in that voice, Shirley singing on 'Go On Without You' about precious love with a precious voice that plasters the ceiling, reminiscent of Disney's Snow White serenading the dwarves.

A good album, with 'Truth Or Dare' unsurprisingly the pick of the bunch.

Klymaxx chose the spelling of their name because they "didn't want it to have sexual overtones", cough, cough. I suppose that's why the Klymaxx girls are bound in

fishnets and leather. But in spite of their raunchy heavy metal fashion, it's funk these women capture.

'The Men All Pause' (say three times quickly) boasts choppy Prince guitar over radar bleeps and breathy lyrics ('Somebody slap me 'cos I know I'm lookin' good'). A gurgling spaceship launch noise introduces 'A Meeting In The Ladies Room' where yet more slapping occurs ('No, don't slap me because I'm not in the mood'). Amusing and competent stuff.

MONICA CADY

THE STUPIDS 'The

Stupids' (Children Of The

Revolution GURT 9)*****

AN EVERYDAY story of three young lads from East Anglia. Catapults in their back pockets, skateboards under their arms, er...

Actually, The Stupids are keen skateboard enthusiasts and their blood-curdling thrash wouldn't go amiss among the Black Flags of this world. It's head-down, lots of nonsense fun, disguised as a very unsubtle barrage of noise.

Marty Tuff, Tommy Stupid and Wolfie Retard are stuck in the "pay no more than £2.99" racks with a headbanging/slam dancing vision of the real world, punctuated only by the end of each less than three minute explosion. It's a torrent of audio abuse, burning straight from Tommy's manic drum explosion through to his howling vocals.

The Stupids may not be the future of silly haircuts but they're the perfect accompaniment to snorting dried vinegar and gargling with Domestos. Wipe out.

DAVE HENDERSON

THE JETSET 'Go

Bananas! (The Dance

Network WORK 4)***1/2

"YUMMY YUMMY tell your mummy Jetset jellies are the best... betcha can't eatemall." You've guessed it, we're back in the nether world of the Nietzschean *ubermensch*, observing the bitter struggle for the supremacy of the super-being, a cultural elite that feeds on the spiritual lifeblood of such musical titans as the 1910 Fruitgum Company, The Lemon Pipers, Ohio Express and — lest we forget (the very idea!) — Kassenetz-Katz Singing Orchestral Circus.

The Jetset are renowned for having manufactured and distributed their own brand of bubblegum, and why not, for bubblegum is also their bag when it comes to toe-tapping funster pop. Buddah label

SILLY

BILLY OCEAN 'Love

Zone' (Jive HIPLP 35)**

DESPITE THE points in his favour — fine set of teeth, seems very friendly, once released two of the greatest pop records of all time in 'Red Light (Spells Danger)' and 'L O D (Love On Delivery)' — Billy Ocean's return to popular megastardom really has gone a bit far now.

From Kilburn National to the same stage as Kathleen Turner in the time it takes to wiggle a thigh. And surely it couldn't happen to a nicer guy? He had a lean patch but, as we all know, when the going gets tough the yeah yeah etc. One could as easily hate Billy Ocean as one could eat a garage without a spoon.

But, sigh, the mellow hunkiness we so pined for, girls, has succumbed to a smooth podginess, and

BUTTHOLE SURFERS 'Rembrandt Pussy Horse' (Red Rhino RRE LP2)*****

OUT POPS a gigantic, lime green coloured, furry tongue onto which is dripped a single drop of the most powerful hallucinogenic laxative ever invented. In a matter of seconds the fiendish drug has begun to work, spitting out images of Hieronymus Bosch familiars copulating with Sea Monkeys, of big bug eyes of mud floating to the surface of a million marching psychedelic toilet bowls.

Meanwhile, down in the bowels of some subterranean poster shop, Lon Chaney rips off his face to reveal... Gibby Butthole! Grinning like a maniac, eyes wild, but how in control he sounds. This crazy, unbelievable, soul-shaking world of Butthole Surferdom has suddenly ceased to be just a ball of dirt. Something's taken root and now it wants your world.

Reality is taken by the scruff of the neck and kicked into orbit; who could tell by looking at the simple cover of a shitty cowboy actor that your senses were at risk here? The best album title of all time should be a clue, but heyyy... you could quite easily mistake it as being more primordial slime from one of those Everything But The Dinosaur type groups.

To discover that this record is different from all the rest, you've got to sink deep into the Butthole's mania, most of which is splattered over this record's two sides of ear trickery. That attack dog droll could be simply one of bass player Kramer's many tape loops that slavers in your ear on 'Mark Says Alright'; but just suppose it might be Gibby squirming like that half vegetable husky in John Carpenter's *The Thing* just before he's torched. Such thoughts are enough to send a shudder rippling through you... and the worst thing is that you're never really sure what's metamorphosing in the black of this record's grooves.

You'll yuck at their audacity as they open with the first few piano stabs of Neil Young's 'Heart Of Gold' which then squirts into another shape entirely. You'll probably gurggle at their hammer disco version of The Guess Who's foul 'American Woman', too... I mean, I did. But there's something alien and darkly brilliant at play here that's more than the result of too many bad drugs.

Whatever it was that addled the Butthole's minds to produce this erratic masterpiece should be kept under lock and key. Having opened Pandora's box, the Butthole Surfers have decided to crawl in and call it home.

EDWIN POUNCEY

CRAZY HORSE



GIBBY BUTTHOLE: you can see he doesn't use the clothes-pegs for his laundry...

Eye And Eye

keyboards join forces with well-observed song titles - 'The Make-Believe World Of Melanie Bennett' is so authentic it must have been written in 1968, and probably released on Pye.

'Go Bananas!' is: several decent songs, several average songs, limp production, strained vocals, a really smashing idea. The concept is faultless, worthy of the Virgin Mary. I warm to it, but it will leave most people cold.

ANDY HURT

OUTSIDE EDGE 'Running Hot' (10 Records DIX 24)**1/2**

ANOTHER YOUNG British quartet sounding like seasoned Canadians. Is this a good thing?

In the majority of cases the answer would be no, but Outside Edge are one of a few rare exceptions, like FM, who've taken melodic rock and picked it clean of schmaltzy Americana. They've also added plenty of stylish individual touches along the way.

Not that it'll make any difference to the Yanks. Born suckers for a well-tailored tune, they'll take Outside Edge to their hearts without a second thought. Book those

reservations now, boys.

And Britain? Maybe Mr Mister *aren't* a fluke, and maybe the right song at *exactly* the right time will do the trick. It's possible, but they're sure to need luck, time and a generous promotional push.

Terry Manning's superb production leaves no doubt as to the quality of both the songs and the performance, and Outside Edge's future is now preciously dependent on two things - the difference between good and bad marketing and pure chance. Chance would be a fine thing.

PAUL ELLIOTT

DER PLAN 'Fette Jahre' (Ata Tak WR 34) **3/4**

WHAT IS it about studying languages that programmes your brain after up to five years of intensive mental torture to forget absolutely everything you learnt within three weeks of your 'O' levels, with the exception of everyday phrases you can find in *Speak German In A Day*? And what German is likely to be the least bit interested in knowing that you intend to cross the road to post a letter?

With Der Plan, however, you don't have to understand

a word of Kraut to ascertain that here are three rather droll chappies with an almost reluctant leaning towards dead nifty kitsch jingle pop.

The fifth album from Frank, Kurt und Moritz, 'Fette Jahre' is a sort of retrospective of singles, alternate takes and soundtracks and the like. They gleefully hop and skip between the extremes of Asmus Tietchens' synth nuttiness and the Chicory Tip revivalism of 'Europa'. Some great tunes: 'Gummitwist', 'Roppongi Blues', 'Hey Baby Hop', and the song which first drew me into their wild and wacky (I believe this to be the correct argot) world, 'Da Vorne Steht Ne Ampel'.

This record cannot be recommended highly enough, therefore I will not bother. It is a pretty good introduction to these wackos, however.

ANDY HURT

MUSLIMGAUZE 'Flajelata' (Limited Editions 3)****

MUST BE about time for another Muslimgauze LP. I thought, as Yasser Arafat stared benignly from deep within the *Daily Wapping*. And lo, there it was on the mat which doesn't say welcome but perhaps ought to.

Bryn Jones' profound fascination for all things Middle Eastern continues. There are lots of unpronounceable titles, a funereal, erotic dirge played on what sound like exotic instruments but undoubtedly aren't, and all it's wrapped up in one of those 'controversial' covers last seen gracing a TG LP.

No real surprises but no disappointments either. Great music to read the Koran to. Yours for a fiver from Bryn Jones, 447 Chorley Road, Swinton, Manchester.

DAVID ELLIOTT

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND 'Criminal Tango' (10 Records DIX 35)**

THE LAW of diminishing returns is sending Manfred deeper into the mire. His wily eye for a song lingers on - Paul Weller's 'Going Underground', Eddie And The Hot Rods 'Do Anything You Wanna Do' and Joni Mitchell's 'Banquet' are among the covers - but he no longer seems to know what to do with them.

The interpretations are flat and the band's coherence hangs by the thread of a few tired old riffs - which is scarcely surprising now that the band in question has diminished to a triannual.

Too much pre-meditation has squeezed out the remaining sparks. Nowhere is it more evident than on Lennon and McCartney's 'Bulldog', where the classic piano riff has been removed and replaced by absolutely nothing. Talk about barking up the wrong tree.

HUGH FIELDER

JUICY 'It Takes Two' (Epic EC26886)**

BLAND OUT or, rather, funk-based electro soul of a curiously uninspiring nature. Reminiscent of a drive up the M6 - overlong, monotonous and trance-enhancing. Occasionally you perk up: a pleasant bit of countryside or melody here, a clever piece of manoeuvring or a change of pace there. But generally, the never varying whoosh-ugh! whoosh-ugh! of passing traffic continues...

Inspiration is a flickering light on a faulty signpost, one blink and you miss it. The Juicy twosome are brother/

sister team Katreese and Jerry Barnes, whose devotion to family and God is truly touching, unlike their music. Even the obligatory hit single 'Sugar Free' is an almost tiresome plod down the sliproads of sweet soul history, shuffling along at a snail's pace.

Juicy may well be sugar free, but saccharine is a lousy substitute.

RONNIE RANDALL

CROCODILE TEARS 'Crocodile Tears' (Dodgey Ticket DOD G 1)**1/2**

THIS RECORD is adorned by a sleeve so complete in its awfulness that I'd like to believe it's a very personal form of in-joke designed to put off potential purchasers from intruding upon a closely-guarded form of self-expression.

The six and a half tracks enclosed within are of a Neil Innes sort of whimsicality which succeeds on the beaty and cutely daft 'Bouncing Boy', the slower 'Chinese Whispers', and the best track on the mini-album, the eponymous title track. As a

counterbalance to remind you of the distinctly 'indie' status of the project, there's the supremely dire white reggae of 'Great White Yonder'.

Curiosity should take the form of a cheque for £4.50 addressed to 37 George Robertson Close, Ernesford Grange, Coventry, CV3 2NH.

ANDY HURT

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Riot City' (Satan 1003 US Import)**1/2**

"THE WILDEST shindig ever", it says here, and be warned: this isn't perfect popular music. Mechanical expertise is replaced by an unceremonial informity. These kids are having fun.

Was J Michael the original Feargal Sharkey? Was there really a whole lotta poontang in The Vandals' Mustang? These and many other important teenage questions are answered amidst the chicks and chills. Cars, girls, surfers, beer and an Israeli group called The Sabras belting out a frantic version of 'La Bamba'. What a way to die.

LINDSAY HUTTON

BILLY

those sweet words of intimacy don't stir the navel no more. In fact when, at side one's demise, the music stops, and William croaks "Isle Of Ewe", one is unimpressed enough to wrangle over whether it's fifth-rate Pendergrass or sixth-rate Vandross.

Billy's parents no doubt enjoy their son's success and clap along, shaking those surgical stockings to such mild phuts-phuts as 'Bittersweet'. But the title track and Mills & Boon/Athena/Dallas pallid invalid bile like 'Love Is Forever' blows the Tom Jones of British soul's cool completely. The ice man goes slush.

"Love Zone"? Pahl! More like *Woman's Own*! the crowd grizzled as they gathered to watch the lynching.

CHRIS ROBERTS



BILLY OCEAN: slushy

HANG LOOSE

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Countdownunder - Party At Hanging Rock' (Stiff/Countdown Records DREW 2)****

THE SMARTEST of the smart, the sharpest of the sharp! A predominantly late '70s reading of the '60s mod beat drives these 12 tracks round and round my cavernous South London apartment. The Countdown Organisation people's cross-section sample of the best of Australian mod puts a kick back in my stride, a sense of purpose back in my decorating, and then messes up my furniture to boot.

The Saints' startlingly intense reading of the old favourite 'Gypsy Woman' swings a particularly familiar and deadly guitar combination, while Chris Bailey's genuinely inimitable wrench of a vocal curls the carpet up at the corners, throwing the tacks high up into the air, and leaves a high tidemark of grit and scum all around the bath.

And although The Saints could not conceivably be considered as 'mods', still their return to the basic beat and attack fits like a finger up the nose of this compilation.

Also of special merit and note are the adenoidal dash of Painters And Dockers, the more considered yet still threatening appeal of The Reasons Why and the clearly dance-orientated, almost call-and-response symmetry and brilliance of The Dynamic Heptones.

But the message really, in general terms, is that each track here has something valuable to offer. And that there is a lot more going on down under than your average patronising British paper would have you believe.

I spit on your zombie Nick Cave and your terrible Triffids.

ROGER HOLLAND

CHERRY FARM BY POSTAL ORDER SENT IMMEDIATELY
CHERRY FARM BY CHECK - RETURN AT LEAST 10 DAYS FOR
CHECK CANCELLATION

PERFECT VISION

'Tongues Out' (Backs Records NCHMLP9)*** THE BIBLE! 'Walking The Ghost Back Home' (Backs Records NCHMLP8)***

TWO DEBUTS on the Norwich Backs label. Perfect Vision's 'Tongues Out' is a stumbling six-pack — their hearts may just about be in the right place but the product is all too self-consciously earnest: anodyne angst refracted through the social realism of a C4 soap.

"C'mon our She, what about South Africa?"

"Not now Bobby, I'm off to my adult education seminar." Kicking off with 'Hole In The Soul', which whirrs along stripping off flakes of Verlaine, they rapidly slide into a quagmire of puerile polemic: "Papers full of English humour/Telling falsehood through gritted teeth/Closed off minds in closed off systems" — 'Scratch And Howl'.

The fall is completed by the kind of vocals and drum patterns that were made redundant around the time of 'Travelogue'.

The Bible's 'Walking The Ghost Back Home' is an almost promising ragbag of inconsistency. Serious songwriters Boo Hewerdine and Tony Shepherd have their moment with 'Talk To Me (Like Jackie Kennedy)' which tips a deferential nod to the pseudo-rockabilly of the Sprout's 'Faron Young' and Lloyd Cole's *non sequiturs*, but this is more than outweighed by the complacent, pallid jazz of the title track and the tepid, irritating melancholia of 'Kid Galahad And The Chrome Kinema'.

Norwich City may be Division Two champions, but these two bands would be better off thinking about reelection.

ROY WILKINSON

JIMMY BARNES 'A Week Away From Paradise' (Geffen 924 089-1)****

WHO IS this guy? And more to the point, who the hell does he think he is? Bryan Adams? Johnny Cougar? Don Henley after a few beers?

Well, to be fair to him, ex-Cold Chisel vocalist Jimmy Barnes isn't just a copyist or a pale imitation. Admittedly, this second solo LP may sound like a fry-up of Cougar and Adams off-cuts but there is a certain cohesion about it which builds up his own solid, separate identity.

'A Week' is crisp, knee-jerkin' stuff, exactly the kind of easy, sauntering rock 'n' roll that you'd expect to sprout from mid-America. Yet Barnes is an Aussie. . .



WELLER 'N' TALBOT go for a Burton?

Listening to the album time and time again, I got to wondering where Jimmy's gonna get his B-sides from. Y'see, almost every one of the eleven tracks is a natural single, a three to four minute squirt of throaty radio rock.

Barnes sounds so at home with these songs that he probably could've knocked 'em out in his sleep. OK, maybe he did, but they're good all the same.

Music to warm the cockles, not tax the mind. Fine by me.

PAUL ELLIOTT

KLEER 'Kleer Winners - The Best of Kleer' (WEA Atlantic WX 42) ***

SOLID AND cultured but lacking individuality, this ten cut compilation from the American soul giants is produced by Eumir Deodato (recently impressive with Juicy) and Dennis King, and spans the silver years from '79 to '85.

At their slickest Kleer's shrewdly understated and obsessively precise. This is most evident on the infectious 'Get Tough' and the svelte 'Never Cry Again', which features the immortal blues line, "Girl here's a real man, one who won't destroy you". Unfortunately, side two of my copy jumps like crazy, thus rendering it undanceable, at least if the light's on.

CHRIS ROBERTS

THE MODELS 'Out Of Mind Out Of Sight' (Geffen Records 924 100-1) **

METAPHORS ABOUND!

Australian big-time pop bands are just like Chinese takeaways are supposed to be. The Models, apparently hugely successful down under, are no different. Consumed in under 40 minutes, they give you absolutely no satisfaction and yet leave you on the toilet for weeks.

The new INXS (and who remembers them?), The Models are utterly beyond redemption. All the prevailing pop clichés folded in half and stuffed between two hunks of stale bread into a thick and stodgy and wholly inedible sandwich, 'Out Of Mind Out Of Sight' is already beginning to curl up at the edges.

Give me a char sui chow mein anyday.

ROGER HOLLAND

ED GEIN'S CAR 'Making Dick Dance' (Ed Gein's Car EGC-1201)*****

IN A countdown to agony, the soundtrack would have to be something like this . . . some rancid scraps torn between grinding Ramona punk and flay and some sick, debasing hardcore death throes.

Wisconsin's Mr Nice Guy Gein spent his leisure hours whooping it up with a riot of grave-robbing, murdering

and human dissection before being nabbed red-handed back in '57. He reached the pages of *Life*, inspired *Psycho* and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* and passed quietly away in a mental hospital two years back. His car, used to ferry disinterred corpses to his home, became some kind of ghoulish tourist pull . . .

His name and his heinous reputation were probably destined to seep into the rock 'n' roll wound sooner or later, and 'Making Dick Dance'

WISHING WELLER

THE STYLE COUNCIL 'Home And Abroad' (Polydor TSCLP3)****

ACT ONE: the Wag Club. Two am. Last week.

Grace Kelly (long since deceased): "So how about an interview then?"

Paul Weller: "Oh well, fact is we've got nothing to say at the moment. If you're still interested in a couple of months give us a call."

ACT TWO: the album review.

Haunted as I am by the memory of Steve White's phone calls after I last dared to say the Council were not quite wonderful, it is with some trepidation that I approach this. The truth is: this group are sometimes sublime, sometimes paltry. When they catch the Curtis Mayfield sunflowers, they hold them high and proud. When they don't, they're a Modern Romance B-side.

You will crumple happily to 'Everything To Lose' — which is, flamingos, 'Ever Had It Blue?' with different lyrics. You will recognise the smash hits — 'Moods', 'Shout', 'Walls'. The quality of this live recording is exceptional, and Paul's voice has never played to its strengths with more gumption and grit.

Just a minute. Why have they released a live album? Pass.

Otherwise, I'm hearing 'Headstart For Happiness' again, remembering how this tune once kept me running through exhaustion (something to do with the greatest love of all) and wondering how a brain which gave the populus this could ever suffer giving it less. Perfect, it is.

ACT THREE: encore.

Home is where the heart just exists; abroad is where it finds new toys (no more no less) to play with. This is a very enjoyable record, and if there's a point to the sheer fun of everyday meaninglessness then it's not pointless. But perhaps you have a comment, Paul?

CHRIS ROBERTS

slaps itself on the ol' mortuary slab with the right measures of flagrant lunacy and slippery absurdity. So EGC pick the lice from their scalp with their thoughts clinging to mace, blowguns, street-corners, scum-surfers, human breathing cancer, the drip, the American Dream staring at a cracked mirror, burning rubber and still time for some fleshy cartoon japes.

Get these titles: 'Go Down On My Dog', 'Kiss Daddy

Goodnight', 'A Girl Just Like You' 'Die Like You Really Mean It', 'RAPE'.

Like butter running rancid, Ed Gein's Car leave a curiously, addictive acid taste on the gums, making no false claims to camouflage all this welling, crack-brained obsession streaming from the urban pockets. Sickly seductive, check it out.

Contact: Ed Gein's Mauling List, 319, 3 Street #2L, Brooklyn, NY 11215, USA.

JOHN WILDE

FROZEN ASSETS

ICEHOUSE 'Measure For Measure' (Chrysalis CHR 1527)****

A MUSICIAN I happen to admire once dismissed the efforts of a pop duo, engaged in a comeback of sorts, thus: "Who needs another bunch of finely crafted pop songs?" Coming from this particular individual, and aimed at those particular individuals, the sentiment was unchallengeable.

But in the hands of someone for whom 'fine-crafting' is not an end in itself — in the hands of someone who uses it to bring forth the most delicate of nuances, the most fragile of emotions from a medium not noted for its sympathy to either — 'finely crafted pop songs' can be as indispensable as beauty itself.

Thus there'll always be some Icehouse music very close to my heart.

Iva Davies has been fine-tuning his melancholy since 'Hey Little Girl' and before, and if he's never remembered for anything else, that song alone, with its plaintive vocal line and precisely measured, light-as-air step, should ensure his entry into nirvana.

But he has much more than that to offer, and 'Measure For Measure' — ah, the aptness of that title! — contains no less than six enigmatic readings of that most poignant of pulses. From current single 'No Promises', through 'Cross The Border', 'Spanish Gold' and 'Paradise' to 'The Flame', the whole of side one is awash with waking dreams of love and death.

Side two brings less cohesion, more vitriol. 'Angel Street', a soft bed of hope waiting to be trampled by disappointment, sits uncomfortably amid the sarcasm and the deprecation of 'Regular Boys' and 'Mr Big', the unexpected raucousness of 'Lucky Me' and the glam-listed humour of 'Baby You're So Strange'. 'Angel Street' knows it belongs on side one, and it feels lonely.

You'd probably never want to admit that you'd found anything Icehouse had done to be truly profound but there's a whole side-and-a-song here that, given the chance, at least offers hope for the heartbeat.

No promises, but if you should fall. . .

TONY MITCHELL

OUT NOW

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THE WORLD BY STORM

L I V E S



THE WOLFHOUNDS' Dave Callahan: when we say 'Karl Lagerfeld material', we don't mean this jacket!

Steve Double

RUFF DIAMONDS

THE WOLFHOUNDS/McCARTHY Stratford Tom Allen Centre

STRATFORD, MIDDLE of bleedin' nowhere, and what have we here? An arts centre, *oh my God*. Moulded plastic chairs, two vegetarians behind the bar and a theatre so smoke-infested that Porter Down have a vanload of beagles along to monitor the onset of cancer.

McCarthy are four weedy youths with a magnificent driving sound, The Buzzcocks in a minor key. Their verses are peerless in their intricacy and emotion; Bid would be jealous.

However, reasons to be guardedly sceptical, part one: singer cannot sing a note, a camel in the throes of a vasectomy op. And part two? The verses are not permitted to cross the border into the colourful land of the chorus and consequently never quite make it as *songs*. When some pride is swallowed and some sense seen, these boys could knock the planet off its axis. Soon, we hope.

Between courses, lens-twiddler Double tells me that if you bung a lump of metal in a microwave the electrons get a bit

frisky and give off sparks. I didn't know that. So, The Wolfhounds slouch onstage exuding marginally less charisma than your average ingot, but once they switch into 'go' mode, their electrons go absolutely potty.

Andy Golding flops over his guitar like Andy Pandy with the strings that control his upper half severed, while Paul Clark gives the definitive of a Pringle casual, a frantic left-hander playing upside-down guitars and looking very aggrieved at not being allowed to play with The Style Council.

Singer Dave Callahan is Mr Normal, owner and model of a brown corduroy jacket that, in its dreams, is a multi-studded, fringed leather that's been to Armageddon and back. OK, observations along the line of "doesn't he sound like Mark Smith" aren't totally invalid, but he does *sing* the songs, and some darned epic adventures they are too.

A flying hippy assaults the cameramen while the beagles puff merrily on. A sartorial wastehheap of a group with Karl Lagerfeld material. Now *that's* what I call style.

ANDY HURT

VEE V V/TONGUE Kentish Town Bull And Gate

IT HAS been said in these quarters that I give praise to anything and everything that's on an independent label. This isn't true. That which is squalid within the indie scene needs little attention; that which is nearing brilliance (Stump, The Wolfhounds, Soup

Dragons etc) requires all the space and credit we can give.

Tongue deserve nothing. They are a sloppy mess of subterranean heavy metal, mixing their enzymes with Suicide guitars. Tongue show why it has taken so long for the indie scene to breath again, as they look down into a bog of goth Led Zeppelin and lick their lips. Tongue should split up tomorrow!

I also heard that Rip Strip

And F*** It should do the same. Here's hoping they do as we can no longer tolerate garbage with no ideas, no brains and no future!

Here's also hoping Vee V V manage to successfully transfer their deranged poetry and twisting off-beats from plastic into live performance. Their forthcoming 'Boomsloop' EP on Vinyl Drip creates uneasy tensions, razor guitars flirting with

decapitating bass lines and dipping vocals. Live, though, Vee V V were frankly a bit of a mess. They sounded like they had The Cult in one corner, Ozzy on drums and a borrowed bassist from 5 Go Down To The Sea. It was a shambles that lacked the carnivorous grace I'd come to expect from them.

But 'Boomsloop' is still a cracking record.

RON ROM

ALEX CHILTON Harlesden Mean Fiddler

I GUESS the hardest thing is to be *this* legendary, cult legendary. The rekindling of Big Star interest notwithstanding, the madcap would have been pushed to step one Chilton inch out of place tonight, a soft heart and a head to match.

He's one of the few of the '70s breed to recognise that the best pop is subliminal, psychological and somehow disturbing. But now? There's little of that haunting, spectral quality in the air or in his lungs tonight. A mean, even caustic R & B, sure, but for those drawn by the 'Holocaust'/'Kanga Roo' restorations (Pauline Murray, This Mortal Coil etc), this must seem like some kind of headcheese diversion.

There are devastating moments between all this functional, bramble-bush blues, I confess, and throughout Chilton's vocal gleams with this aching, chilled timbre. Big Star's 'September Gurls' and 'When My Baby's Beside Me' both indulge in some state of advanced gunplay, like lovers in heat, trembling. There's the opening 'Sick And Tired' - "so apt, because we've been travelling for the last 25 hours, no emotional sickness though" - charged, blocked befuddlement to kick off. But that's as harsh as they get all night.

There's a snatch of Carole King, Brian Wilson's portentous 'Hark It Down The Highway', dribs and drabs of light humour (his 'tragicomic' epic, 'Lost My Job') and a careering finish with 'Tina The Go-Go Queen'. Just about enough to ensure the safe arrival of his *legend* through customs.

Was I the only one longing for the frosty hush of 'Holocaust', though?

JONH WILDE

THE ESCAPE CLUB Marquee

THERE HAS been, ever since The Sex Pistols (although they were on EMI, A&M and Virgin!) a communal, ghettoised distaste for the pop product spawned by major labels.

Today, this attitude is largely invalid, and to invoke the myth of independence and prole righteousness is as constructive and as relevant an argument as to say that England won the World Cup in 1966, so we're going to win it again in 1986, Brian.

Of course you should be aware of the tactics employed by the marketing sides of the wealthier organisations. But then you should also be aware of the plugging teams hired by Rough Trade to push The Smiths. And of the millions that go in persuading you to wear *those* jeans. Or eat *those* beans. Or vote for that woman.

Live, EMI's much despised Escape Club prove to be a

powerful guitar-orientated foursome. There's scant difference between this band and Big Country, except the mysterious secret of credibility and how to get it. Melody and tradition and subtle shifts of emphasis, power and noise and guitar solos, all play their part in raising the striving pop tones of their already strong singles into a respectable and meritorious rock show.

Fact: I'd prefer The Escape Club to Simple Minds any day. I find them unpretentious, warm and entertaining. And I think it's a shame they feel they have to apologise for having a company prepared to put money behind them.

ROGER HOLLAND

LOVERBOY Los Angeles

FM RADIO spews out meaningless, melancholic AOR almost 24 hours a day, feeding America's insatiable appetite for sterile balladry. The purveyors of this slop are stadium giants, and yet in Loverboy's case it proves easy to remain off the road for almost half a decade, returning to the arenas on the strength of airplay alone, reaping all the glory usually associated with homecoming war heroes.

Loverboy are just as lazy and uncoordinated on stage as one might expect any middle-aged bunch of business men to be, although it must be said that their collective musical ability is presented perfectly. Resurrecting every platinum hit from 'Hot Girls In Love' to 'Working For The Weekend', they pad out a pacey, lightweight collection of gentle dance music with the statutory heartflet balladry.

However, contrary to popular US opinion, Loverboy probably know far more about manicure than they do about rock 'n' roll.

MARY ANNE HOBBS

WEBCORE/OZRIC TENTACLES/THE MAGIC MUSHROOM BAND Hammersmith Clarendon

MY SOURCE reliably informs me that Zodiac Mindwarp and his cohorts were asked to appear first this evening because they didn't 'fit in' with the rest of the bill, musically or otherwise. They refused, naturally, so they didn't play at all.

Now now, what's all this? For the bands at a Stonehenge Benefit gig to be squabbling over categories is not a little ridiculous - if anyone is going to get near the damn place this summer, *you are going to need all the help you can get*.

There was a mini-Stonehenge going on in the Clarendon tonight, you could tell by the way folk were staring vacantly, laughing hysterically at the laser show or just curled up asleep on

MATSUBARA MASAKI BEEN

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GOOD BAD COMPANY



MICK JONES: BAD as a hatter...

Jayne Houghton

the floor. Webcore tried to cut through the smoke with their beefy pop constructions, but the babble and constant commotion seemed to kill any enthusiasm they might have had.

Ozric Tentacles were the surprise of the night. At first coming over as second-rate Hawkwind, they soon soared into overdrive and the assembled subversives went crazy, and only afterwards did I realise that there were no vocals. Now, you have to be clever to carry that off.

The Magic Mushroom Band work on the principle that most of their audience will be, ahem, illegally stimulated, and of course *anything* seems brilliant in that state of mind. Me and my can of coke decided they were awful, a mish-mash of itty-bitty thrash and utter confusion. I left, pausing only to give the nice lady £2.50 for an Ozric tape.

NEIL PERRY

THE THREE JOHNS Brighton

I DON'T know about you, but by Sunday I'd been drunk since Friday lunchtime. The Three Johns, on the other hand, looked as if they'd been drunk since birth. They played like it; too: the eyeballs and entrails of their guitars were gouged out without a second thought.

Truthfully, the Johns are musical cripples – if you listened to any particular component of the sound, your head started to hurt. But what a punch they pack when they're smashed together! A terrific, gliding, drunken lode, stumbling amiably along.

I can't remember many details – a string broke here, I puked on my shoes, a harmony floundered there. But, but, BUT! There were times when I thought I'd fallen into Heaven. I hadn't felt so cheerful since... well, since the day before yesterday.

I wasn't alone, either. The Three Johns were so good that they persuaded a drearily cool Brighton audience to dance, a trick I honestly haven't seen performed since The Ramones played here five whole years ago. Go and see them. They're terrific.

CHRIS MANTHORP

RED CRAYOLA/ TELEVISION PERSONALITIES/ EDWARD BARTON North Kensington Bay 63

FIRST, AN exploding spot of bedsit angst from the string-strung guitar and fevered brow of Edward Barton. Individual stuff, granted, but I'm bloody glad I don't rent the room next to his.

Next the TVPs, with Dan Tracey muttering something about a "last gig", although nobody seems to pay too much heed to this snippet of info. A far from desperate Dan is accompanied by a restrained Jowe Head on bass, and a drummer. A batch of endearing melodies performed by the man in the familiar black cap and the ever-surprising high-pitched delivery, some well-observed parody (hello Morrissey!) and Dan musing that he'd like to nab a role in *Corry Street*.

Rather more curious, equally immobile and with lesser material are Red Crayola. Mayo Crayola picks at a chubby semi-acoustic, wears a selection of chins and a pair of black-framed glasses which he subconsciously taps back into place between guitar runs.

The singer would've given Shelley Duval a run for the money in the casting of *Popeye*, her bizarre, squeaky Olive Oyl country tones capturing the imagination far more than her almost non-existent stage presence, shuffling about with the fluency of a wardrobe being manoeuvred around a staircase corner.

This is vaguely interesting stuff, but to use the currently trendy parlance, it just doesn't rock.

ANDY HURT

FM Marquee

AS TWO or three of you no doubt know, Chris and Steve Overland have already produced *one* essential melodic rock album: Wildlife's largely, woefully overlooked self-titled second LP. Three years on from that recording, following the break-up of Wildlife and the formation of FM, the Overland boys (plus ex-

Samson rhythm team Merv Goldsworthy and Pete Jupp, and keyboard player Didge Digital) have another commercially-flavoured classic primed for summer release.

So it would seem, anyway, judging from *this* performance. FM draw upon a huge cache of spirited, bright 'n' breezy material; no great songs as of yet, but they'll come given time ('Frozen Heart' and a couple of others are *almost* there already).

And whereas most acts of their ilk are only surprising if they screw up or play a really godawful number, FM were quite unpredictable, sometimes intentionally, sometimes not. Not only did the lights fail (some joker filled in by waving a torch from behind the amps) but bassist Merv *smiled* (twice, possibly) and the band even

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE Empire Ballroom

BRAZENLY DISREGARDING the mob's anger at having already been subjected to four hours of mind-boggling tedium (inescapable, non-stop electro, off the street but quite plainly bilge), Mick Jones and Don Letts come on like heroes and reclaim their audience's hearts with a fast, slick, cripplingly loud display of inconsequential scribbles disguised as works of vast importance.

This is a shame. Nothing would be groovier than to come away from a Big Audio Dynamite show raving about Jones' unblemished credibility, his gallant and commercially viable stab at cobbling together something really quite new, his civilised indifference at the time of 'Cut The Crap', the way he made Strummer look foolish even lifting a finger...

But the experience is so painfully superficial, like hungrily smashing into a hollow egg, or ripping open a mysterious parcel only to find an empty box inside. The volume is such that it reduces the spurious melodies to an ugly dirge, but so far as this BAD hungry crowd is concerned, the leftovers seem to provide ample compensation.

It must be said, the band have one great song in 'The Bottom Line', and they are without exception fab lookers, especially Jones, resplendent in shambolic Tom Waits-meets-Keith Richards-down-the-Grove get up, and Letts with those madly dancing dreadlocks, plus, of course, the sound effects are simply wizard... nothing much else to discuss.

Give them a bit more time and, if after a couple of years they still lack a core of real substance, if they're still pushing all this hip-hop as radical art form bollocks, then go ahead, stick the knives in. But until then, try having a little faith.

At least there's a degree of risk in evidence here, justifying this lot's position among the mere handful of acts making a serious attempt to drag rock music into the '80s.

For their willingness to explore fresh territories, Big Audio Dynamite warrant at the very least an encouraging, if hesitant, pat on the back.

MR SPENCER

bowed out with a vibrant encore of 'Hot Legs'.

If all *this* wasn't enough (it wasn't?), then you need only look to singer Steve Overland whose voice, as smooth and sweet as summer wine, will take FM from the clubs to the sports arenas before the decade is out.

PAUL ELLIOTT

THE SHREW KINGS/THE RAIN GODS Brixton Old White Horse

AND I'LL tell you another thing, it was pissing down outside. Soaked to the skin. Saturday night in the city of the deadbeats. For Rain Gods by name are but rain dogs by nature.

A mournful yapping at the heels of those who left for the dry warmth and wet solace of the bar and a whining winge to the remaining pet lovers. I blame their soulless guitar

jangle and ugly waste-of-space stage presence for the torrent outside. It could have been life-giving water but it remained rain. Dogs.

But, elementally speaking my dear doctor, where we have water may we also have fire? Oh, grim logic translated to joyous reality as these Shrew Kings shamle and bound onto a stage too small to contain just an inch of their roguish great expectations. So they use the space that we politely like to leave between ourselves and the performers, and singing barrow boys Bill and Jeff dash around just inches from our noses, flies undone and jet black urchin locks flapping in the heat.

They are... cabaret, an act, entertainment. I mean they're fun. They get you involved even by the low-down, sneaky trick of distributing cups of whisky during 'The Alabama Song' (what a vote

catcher that is).

They are variety and variety is the spice of mice. A standard strings and things line-up disguises the absolute uniqueness of their show. From the complete pop classic of 'Losing My Cool' through a tango to die to, and out with 'Dr Love', a psycho-thrash to shame (Shrew) King Kurt.

But brains can still beat brawn and it's the skill with which the show is put together that makes it more than just a concert. It's theatre, in the nicest sense of the word, and The Shrew Kings are the show kings.

RICKY KILDARE

THE WEDDING PRESENT Walthamstow Assembly Hall

STANDING IN front of their biggest audience ever and unconcerned at being coerced into a part in indie pop's association-by-attitude amalgam, The Wedding Present are cracking jokes.

"You could fit our normal crowd on this stage!"

This is just to get things going, you understand.

These four honestly unambitious, earnestly unaffected young men wear their heritage on their sleeves. From the exhilarating amphetamine escalation of 'My Favourite Dress' – which is Shelley in general and 'I Don't Mind' in particular – to the spiky shadow of Postcard which falls across half their set, they revel in, rather than recant from, their influences. And in the face of the shattering, clanging rush that they've distilled from all this, whose going to cavil? We are all plagiarists.

Not that they're solely standard bearers for pop past. They have enough *nous* to add a twist and a burr of their own, and in frontman David, with his deadpan, master of ceremonies interjections, and generic Yorkshireman Pete on guitar they have the characters to man their whirling guitar-spun laundromat full of borrowed and bought pop togs.

In these impoverished days, rags don't come much richer than the frenetic regret of 'Once More' and the lashing sing-song rhyming of 'Go Out And Get 'Em Boy'. Suffice to say, this is one wedding present you shouldn't cash in.

ROY WILKINSON

DAX DE LUXE

DANIELLE DAX, Croydon Underground

EMERGING FROM the brilliantly irresponsible ruins of the Lemon Kittens, Danielle's solitary wanderings have seen the dust at the bottom of the lift-shaft.

There were her initial outings, ridiculously overstated marriages of art, music, pretension and erotic doodlings. Then last year's 'Jesus Egg That Wept', brow mopped, recovered from the traumas of the complex 'Pop Eyes'. Even last year's performances, though – unsteady forays into the exotic frayed edges of the rock glade – lacked the necessary bolt of thunder.

Now she's assembled a band that knows the Italian words for *spectacle*, *momentum* and *seduce*, so her surrealist swamps of noise no longer look like torn umbrellas left out in the rain. Her jumping bean of a voice strikes this heady invocation, like a series of ceremonial chants, languishing merrily and obliviously in some exotic wasteland. Her three wiry men carve out tribal rituals and folk hymns, all intricately ornamented, like a run of stomp dances.

If Danielle's past fame owed more to the heightening of theatrical absurdities, now she can faultlessly mesh gusty abandon with severe temperamental efficiency. She swells and shakes the notes until they froth like a bedlamite, an encouraging attack of vertigo all round.

Danielle, growing more asexual by the moment, stands where the River Nile suffers a colour haemorrhage at the feet of a rock beast in its DT state; the percussion flusters with a drip, drip, drop, no imitation of the death rattle. It's all happening. One of the most glaring things to happen to pop since Dylan Thomas' 18th whisky. There's room to grope yet Danielle, meanwhile, not sultry but thank God for that.

JONH WILDE



DANIELLE: and here is the 102nd thing you can do with a dead cat...

Zbyslu Rodak

AGAINST THE WIND

THE TEMPEST

Marquee

THE ONE real object of education is to leave a man in the condition of continually asking questions.

Who is this most pronounced of fatheads, and what is he doing with such a largely adept collection of pop tunes? Why is he wearing those clothes and why is he antagonizing so many people with his vapid and alternately pretentious stagecraft?

Who is the seriously sexually attractive young madam in the mock military top coat, and why is she so lacking in self-assurance? Why does she feel so obliged to smile with such broad insincerity at the preposterous and clearly embarrassing antics of the lead singer?

Why are there so many notorious non-entities in the Marquee club, and why are they all standing around trying to look famous? Or important?

Why do The Tempest sound as if they once crashed a coach and four horses into the too small gap between Squeeze and an outside toilet? Can mere proficiency and an almost overflowing fistful of quality melodies prove hardy enough to counter the negative image and gradual sense of boredom?

Will I ever get a ticket for the Cup Final?

As ever, there are more questions than answers.

ROGER HOLLAND



THE TEMPEST'S Mike Sheerin: or... who?

just go out there and scream.

Others enjoy the bombardment, the wit, the percussion, the nightmarish debt to early '70s rock (let's go Space Truckin'...).

Beyond belief! Two sicko Canadians with at least half a dozen roof rattling melodies between them. Classic chords at excruciating volume, panic at the mixing desk and beef nibbles on the carpet, resoundingly crushed.

MR SPENCER

THE PUBLIC HEIRS Hammersmith Clarendon

IT'S PROBABLY glaringly obvious to anyone born after 1965 that the music papers are monopolised and jealously guarded by the assorted captains and lieutenants who masterminded the coup of '76. Bred from a long line of generals, they tinkered with subversion only to revert to the cosiness of hippiedom.

Not so The Public Heirs. Doubtless the diluted blue blood of the English middle classes courses through their veins as healthily as it does through mine, but the phlegm issued during the course of their condensed set retains the virus of angrier days.

The punk spirit lives on in a battery of chorused chants, calls to moralistic arms camouflaged in a rockier, rollicker shell which fails to disguise their pedigree. The singer doesn't have the greatest of voices, but he growls in the right places, and wears a dandy Vanian waistcoat and stock.

Wielders of bass and lead show the effects of over-exposure to squat chic, undermining the polished flamboyance of their leader. But a blitzkrieg finish to proceedings rounds off a vitriolic performance.

ANDY HURT

PINK PEG SLAX Leeds

IF COUNTRY music has a cuisine nouvelle, then that's where Pink Peg Slax belong. There's a fresher, lighter and altogether more inspiring sound than so many of the Milky Bar Kids currently hijacking the airwaves via the Andy Kershaw show.

Buzzsaw fiddle, slapably bass, Hoffner and stand-up drummer, Slax's roots might owe something to Nashville but they certainly shook the spirit of Memphis before planting their hearts in Leeds.

Vince Berkeley, deft of wit and with a tight grip on his beer, strums a mean bar or 20. And despite some insoluble problems with the sound, he turns out to be a rare crooner. Uninhibited

vocals which stroll from Cochrane's 'I'm Ready' to the impassioned, almost urgent style of 'Boy From Leeds'. If microphones could fall in love, then that song would have captured this one for ever.

Songs like 'Bippo Bop' and 'Winey Wine' reveal a fine sense of humour but the considerable range of their music defies any notion of a 'novelty' band. In the space of an hour they went from the fiercest and rarest of rockabilly to the most palatable of cajun feasts. Add a green-jacketed squeeze-box person and it's pure hayride Louisiana.

Pink Peg Slax wear their hair short and their trousers straight. These days, that's recommendation enough.

GRANUAILE

ROGER ENO/MICHAEL BROOK Hammersmith Riverside

IF THERE were far too many notes in Mozart and pop was the aural equivalent of a stale Big Mac, then tonight's two-course offering could perhaps be considered as aural macrobiotics.

The herd of stampeding wildebeest emphasised that this was quite possibly the quietest concert I've ever had the pleasure of attending.

Michael Brook's opening set of underplayed guitar, treated and sustained into something both humble and huge, matched the sublime spaciousness of his 'Hybrid' LP and seemed to infiltrate every pore of my, by now, languid body. If this is muzak

then lock me up in Tesco's and I will glide the night away with my wobbly trolley.

Roger 'make mine a Guinness' Eno rivals both Satie and Budd in the gaps-are-as-important-as-the-notes philosophy. Offstage he also shares the old man of Arceuil's madcap sense of humour, while onstage his mellifluous melancholy would not look out of place on any of Budd's LPs.

Simple, unpretentious, utterly digestible.

DAVID ELLIOTT

THE DAVE HOWARD SINGERS Canadian Embassy

FUNNY HOW the prim Embassy woman, attired in fetching blue airline-style uniform, darts beneath the audience's feet, collecting

litter, looking horrified.

"This next number's a nice slow one," croons Mr Howard, before diving headfirst into his dragonlike organ and forcing blood to seep from our ears. He likes a joke, does Dave.

Record company bigwigs and yet more Embassy staff hurry for the exits, while the duo onstage extend to them their courteous thanks for making this showcase appearance possible. An exquisite moment.

The Dave Howard Singers are an acquired taste; some fans admire in particular the way Dave's bestial vocals hover precariously on the balcony of genius, just that little bit off-key. Others love the band's self-cleansing qualities, the way they fulfill everyone's secret longing: to

INFO RIOT TWINS SET

EDITED BY BARRY LAZELL

The Cocteau Twins releases, so far

I'VE HAD a couple of requests so far this year for a complete discography of the Cocteau Twins, one from Steve Harrison of Westcliff-On-Sea, Essex, and the other from Naomi Wills of Kingstanding, Birmingham. Stuart Edge of Bristol also wrote requesting details of the more rare and offbeat Cocteau Twins songs, and helped by supplying a list of the recorded rarities he already knew about.

Well, I mentioned that the Twins piece would be coming up when I listed some of the imminent *Info Riot* projects a few weeks back, but I hadn't even got around to starting work on it when in came an almost totally complete discography from Jan Poulsen of Fredericksberg in Denmark, a frequent and valued contributor to these pages, and another running it a close second from Miak Mynov Information, whose nom de plume readers of this column will also recognise.

Apart from sorting the combined information out a little, I've added nothing to what follows, so full credit for this feature goes to the above mentioned two.

Firstly, the singles, all of which have essentially been 12-inch releases, even though three of them also appeared on seven-inch with just a pair of tracks apiece. The 12-inches tend to be multi-trackers; essentially, I suppose, EPs. It's appropriate that four of them also have overall titles in the style of an album or a traditional EP release, rather than being simply identified by the lead track. All the singles are on 4AD.

BAD 123 'Lullabies' (12-inch only) Oct 1982

BAD 303 'Peppermint Pig'/'Laugh Lines'/'Hazel' (12-inch) (Also on seven-inch as AD 303, minus 'Hazel') Feb 1983

BAD 314 'Sunburst And Snowblind' (12-inch only) Tracks: 'Sugar Hiccup'/'From The Flagstones'/'Hitherto'/'Because Of Whirl-Jack' Nov 1983

BAD 405 'The Spangle Maker'/'Pearly Dewdrops'/'Drops'/'Peppertree' (12-inch) (Also on seven-inch as AD 405, with 'Pearly' as the A-side and minus 'The Spangle Maker') Apr 1984

BAD 501 'Aikea-Guinea'/'Kookaburra'/'Quisque'/'Rococo' (12-inch) (Also on seven-inch as AD 501, minus 'Quisque' and 'Rococo') Mar 1985

BAD 510 'Tiny Dynamine' (12-inch only) Tracks: 'Plain Tiger'/'Sultitan Itan'/'Pink Orange Red'/'Ribbed And Veined' Nov 1985

BAD 511 'Echoes In A Shallow Bay' (12-inch only) Tracks: 'Great Spangled Frillery'/'Melonella'/'Pale Clouded White'/'Eggs And Their Shells' Nov 1985

There are also a couple of rare items which should be mentioned with the singles. The first was a seven-inch flexi given away in December 1982 with issue 21 of the Dutch magazine *Vinyl*. This coupled 'Speak No Evil', a track not issued anywhere else, and a Thomas Dolby track titled 'Who's Fooling Who?'. Catalogue number of the flexi was *Vinyl V 19*, and naturally it's well-rare and much-sought nowadays.



THE TWINS look less than impressed with the acrobatic saxophonist they're auditioning

The other rarity was also on a giveaway, but this time a solid vinyl record. 'Ivo' (new version) was included in May 1985 on a free seven-inch EP of the NME's poll winners (NME GIV 1). Obviously there were umpteen thousand of these discs pressed, since they were part of a major NME sales campaign, but the disc remains a little-circulated rarity for all that. The other tracks on it were 'Hard Rain' by Bronski Beat, 'What She Said' (live) by the Smiths, and 'Wire' (dub mix) from U2.

And so, on to the albums; again all on 4AD:

CAD 211 'Garlands' Jul 1982

This was released on cassette much later (Apr 1984), and added to the original eight tracks were the four which made up the band's original BBC John Peel session: 'Alas Dies Laughing', 'Feathers Oar-Blades', 'Vax And Wane' and 'Garlands'.

CAD 313 'Head Over Heels' Oct 1983 Again, this was not released on cassette until April 1984, when it too gained four tracks not on the original ten track vinyl release - in this case those which had made up the 'Sunburst And Snowblind' 12-inch single already listed.

CAD 412 'Treasure' (also on cassette, with same tracks) Nov 1984

As this is being typed, the Cocteau Twins have a new album out which will be in the shops during the couple of weeks or so this column takes to reach the pages of *Sounds*. Title of the new LP is 'Victorialand'.

Compact disc-only release, 'The Pink Opaque' (4AD CAD 513CD), was released at the end of January 1986.

This was a compilation of material already available on singles and albums already listed, with the exception of two tracks: 'Vax And Wane' was a previously unheard remix, while 'Millimillenary' had only been issued on the NME mail-order cassette compilation 'Department Of Enjoyment' (NME 11), in June 1984.

Further in the cassette department, there have also been a handful of other tracks whose only appearances to date have been on various artist tape compilations. Three cassettes released by the Scottish cassette label Pleasantly Surprised have had a Cocteau Twins track apiece: 'Perhaps Some Other Aeon' was on 'An Hour Of Eloquent Sounds' (PS 001) in Nov

1982, a remix of 'In Our Angelhood' appeared on 'State Of Affairs' (PS 003) in July 1984, and a demo of 'Pearly Dewdrops'/'Drops' was on 'Dreams And Desires' (PS 006) in November of the same year.

More recently, a tape compilation on Rorschach Testing entitled 'Discreet Campaigns' (ROR 1), featured 'Pale Clouded White', a shorter version of the song than that on the 'Echoes In A Shallow Bay' 12-incher.

Both Jan and Miak also reckoned that the releases by *This Mortal Coil* would be worth including here, since the Cocteau Twins form a major part of this cumulative act from the 4AD roster. Obviously, the following are all also on the 4AD label:

BAD 310 'Sixteen Days Gathering Dust'/'Song To The Siren'/'Sixteen Days' (reprise) (12-inch) Sept 1983

(Also released as a seven-inch single on AD 310, with 'Song To The Siren' as A-side, and minus 'Sixteen Days Gathering Dust'. This stayed in the indie singles charts for months on end.)

AD 411 'Kangaroo'/'It'll End In Tears' (seven-inch only) Aug 1984

CAD 411 'It'll End In Tears' (LP, with 12 tracks) Oct 1984

Miak also reports one Cocteau Twins import single as having done the rounds of the collector market, this being a Canadian seven-inch single which coupled 'Gold Dust Rush', a track from the 'Head Over Heels' album, with 'Sugar Hiccup' from the 'Sunburst And Snowblind' 12-incher. Even though the tracks are available elsewhere, the unusual nature of this single allows it to command a price in the region of £15 from the band's aficionados.

And that seems to be it for the Cocteau Twins and their offshoots. A final footnote from Stuart Edge is that when the LP track 'Ivo' was originally played on the John Peel show in September 1984, it was called 'Peep-Bo', while similarly the song later titled 'Beatrix' was originally 'Vish' on the Peel broadcast. These, I suppose, could cause alarm and despondency amongst future historians and discographers someday, so let's hope that they all keep a copy of this page for reference!

DAVID THOMAS' hands flap wildly from the corners of his lubberly framework as he makes the point.

Four years since the ultimate exhaustion of Pere Ubu and he has less need than ever for the fiddly trappings of parrot-learned pop.

"The point of all this since Ubu has been to develop techniques and an art that set out to create intimacy with the audience. It's not a particularly heavy intellectual thing, no great doctrine. I wanted to establish the sort of intimacy that a person has with their mate or their very close friend and to use this as an art form, as an idiom for communication.

"If Ubu had continued, it is something I would have been doing with them too, it's what Ubu were heading towards. With my audience, it has to be give and take, it's always very critical.

"If anyone went through a tour, night after night, with my group, they would very quickly see that the audiences get every bit as much as they put in. It's not a matter of screaming, yelling or shouting things out, all of it comes down to some kind of empathy.

"It's not noise, it's a psychological feeling."

By his own admission, he's never wanted to play 'the pop game', his objective – particularly over the last four years – being to refine the relationship with his public. Thomas likens this to that of the blues and folk musicians, where "they grow old and their audience follows them into maturity.

"For me, that's much more important than being a pop idol for just five years. If you have that with your audience, you can deal with more sophisticated emotions and more complicated expressions. If you develop that relationship, it can be just like learning a language with a computer, building all the time.

"That's why all my material refers to earlier material. You could take each three minute piece of information and treat them all as different bits, starting and stopping. But what I do is refer them to each other; this way you can develop a complex and complicated system of communication with people, even if they don't follow it. It's there for them to pick up on."

THOMAS HAS unveiled his fourth post-Ubu Rough Trade score of sound scraps which he calls 'Monster Walks To The Winter Lake'. For new recruits to his baffling language of diverse styles, it might seem comparable to being let loose in some never-ending hall of mirrors and left to puzzle out the route.

For instance, there's the opening salvo, 'My Theory Of Spontaneous Simultaneity' which supposes that "anything is like something and everything is like something else". During the game, Thomas gets frantically animated at one discovery. "I am like a red tin bus, see how that makes sense, made in Taiwan, people's faces are painted on".

He laughs. "That's a very American reference to the '50s TV sit-com *The Honeymooners* where there's this character Ralph played by Jackie Gleason. He's the bus-driver, a classic good-hearted person who had no control over his emotions so he'd always be over-reacting.

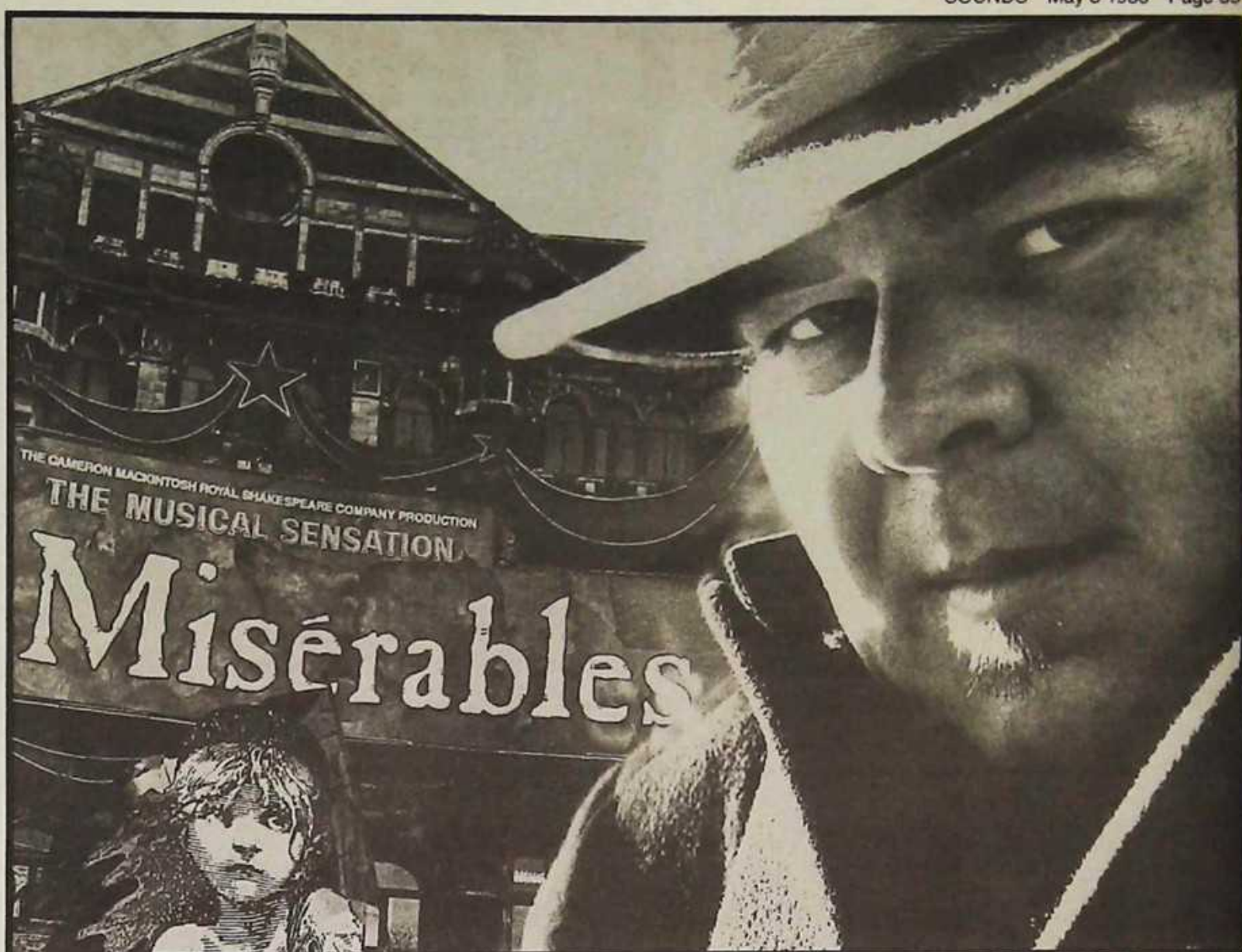
"It's saying, The heart's a crazy bus driver, that the heart's a treacherous thing, it'll always lead you into trouble if you're not careful. I'm used to people saying that I'm just some kind of nut, I can't really worry about this facile 'eccentric' tag.

"I don't want to write down to people, I don't want to be obscure. The language I use is just like an emotional landscape. It's like if I hear opera on the radio at any time, I'm taken back to a particular feeling in my childhood, on a Saturday afternoon in Miami. Everyone else has that same kind of feeling, but the physical and personal objects are different.

"That's why I do stuff like 'Red Tin Bus' in the hope that people will understand that it's the same thing they feel but with different objects in the picture."

HIS MOST accomplished, coherent solo work to date, 'Monster' features a new studio group – The Wooden Birds – and a typically capricious orchestration of strands and suggestions. That unruly dip and dive of a voice hitches a lift from twisted ambience, scatty jazz, rambling sea-shanties and the most scatter-brained blues that's ever been spoiled in the egg. Originally conceived as 'a vocal poetry record' and recorded 'absolutely live', it brushes closer than ever to Thomas' notion of a modern folk intimacy.

"This album," he declares, "changed my whole way of perceiving the way that music should be



DAVID THOMAS: larger than life

BIG BIRD

JONH WILDE gets into a flap over **DAVID THOMAS**. **RONNIE RANDALL** eggs him on

done, a very revealing album for me personally."

Like all his work, it thrives more on ambiguities than incomprehension – like most of his previous mosaics, the ink-spattered whimsicality will be mistaken for childlike frivolity.

"I'm not childlike," he protests. "And, in the end, it's not part of my theatre. I've never denied that I'm eccentric – that whole thing comes from a very traditional American folk approach to things. It's all about hyperbole, bigger than life, something that's exaggerated.

"That is the essence of American culture and I'm not saying it's a bad thing – if you look at the big American folk figures, they were larger than life. You make things that big and eccentric and often it's misunderstood. This whole childlike thing mainly gets started because I don't hesitate to deal with every intimate subject, trying to make myself emotionally naked in relation to the audience.

"Sometimes I'm saying, If you want to make fun of me, here I am, here's your chance. I'm an easy target, deliberately so. I consciously try to eliminate the defence mechanisms that other performers use."

AT PRESENT, he admits to an urge to remove himself from the whole ritual of performance – "working on ways to ruin the end of a show, the whole absurdity of the encore" – while his next project should witness a sweep back to, broadly speaking, 'the rock arena'.

"I know that I can do rock 'n' roll," he assures me. "Chris Cutler and myself have been talking about it for a long time, just waiting for the right circumstances and the right people. We want to create a rock that has power and is everything r'n'r should be, but without the aggression. Too many people use it without understanding the power, the force and the repetition – they substitute violence for those things. Perversely, I want to do it without guitars, just to show that it can be done!"

Ultimately?

"If you talk about me as an entertainer, on that level it's more important to see the garbage collected or to teach children to read and write. When you get down down to it, the whole point is to have one human being communicating from his/her heart to the heart of another human being. I have based my professional life on following that idea. As stupid, lunatic and uncommercial as that is, that's the only way I can do it."

David Thomas' blubbing, skirling squawk occupies a region somewhere between wisdom, whimsy and a whispered truth. He makes the shrink-wrapped rock ethic shrink that little bit further, that little bit faster.

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BIRMINGHAM**
021-454 8960

Nice 'N' Nasty Presents
May 2nd
**THE OUTRAGOUS
BAILEY BROS
BITE THE BULLET
STRAP ON JACK
HIGHWAY**
Doors Open 7.30pm
Admission: £2.50
LARGE FREE CAR PARK

MENTAL AS ANYTHING
Plus Special Guests
The LARKS + TEN
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,
and The Drifters Club, Bayswater and Hunters Lodge Hotel, Earls Court

THE BULL IS STILL ALIVE
262 UPPER RICHMOND RD, EAST SHEEN. 01-876 6964

THROW THE DICE
In The Bar FREE Wednesday Nights

THURS 1st MAY LAZY + The Raining - £1.50
FRI 2nd MAY RHYTHM + BLUES NIGHT - £2.50
SAT 3rd MAY SORRY - CLOSED- PRIVATE PARTY
THURS 8th MAY FUN CITY + Tuesday Town - £1.50
FRI 9th MAY A BIGGER SPLASH + Picture Book - £2.50
SAT 10th MAY STEVE WHALLEY BAND + On The Waterfront - £2.50

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

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE**GREENWICH LEISURE**

The Cool Notes
plus Take 5 and special guest D.J. Simon Goffe
Thursday 1 May Doors Open 7.30pm
Woolwich Coronet, (By Woolwich Ferry), SE18
£3.50 (£1.50 Concessions)

From the U.S.A.
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
plus Bill Zorn and John Bennis
Thursday 15 May Doors Open 7.30pm
Coronet, (By Woolwich Ferry), SE18
£5 (£3 Concessions)

Nico
and The Faction and Astrakhan
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
Coronet, (By Woolwich Ferry), SE18
£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)

**OPENS
WEDNESDAY
30 APRIL**

AT 5.30pm

SUBSEQUENTLY DAILY 11AM-11PM
SUNDAYS 1PM-10.30 PM

★ **MUSIC BOX SATELLITE TV** ★
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**★ EVERY NIGHT
Live** AT 8.0 PM

SUNDAY LIVE at 4pm & 8pm

Starring direct from 'Saturday Live' (Ron & Ron)

★ **HALE & PACE** ★ (April 30 only)
(From May 1-7) ★ **KIT AND THE WIDOW** ★

Plus the sensational comedy act

★ **TERRI ROGERS** ★ (April 30-May 3)
featuring

ARLENE PHILLIPS' ★ HOT GOSSIP ★
now recording the new KENNY EVERETT BBC TV Show
(April 30-May 5)

All with the fabulous rock'n'roll band ★ **SHARP CUTS** ★
and
Much Much More

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★ **N** ★
★ **T** ★

City

MCP Presents

THE WATERBOYS

Plus WIRE TRAIN
(LONDON ONLY: FRIENDS OF GAVIN)

LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY
FRIDAY 2nd MAY, DOORS 8.00 p.m.
Tickets: £4.00 in advance, £4.50 on door
Available from The Students Union Tel: 051-709 4344,
Royal Court B/O Tel: 051-709 4321, Probe Records
and Perry Lane Records.

CARDIFF UNIVERSITY UNION
SATURDAY 3rd MAY, DOORS 8.30 p.m.
Tickets: £4.00 in advance, £4.50 on door
Available from The Shop, University Union
Tel: 0222 396421, HMV, Spillers and Hippo Records.

CHIPPENHAM GOLDFIGGERS
SUNDAY 4th MAY, DOORS 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £4.00 in advance, £4.50 on door
Available from Goldfiggers, Music Man Chippenhams,
Music Man Trowbridge, PR Sounds Devizes,
Music Market and River Records Bath,
Rimes Travel Swindon and Virgin Bristol.

SALFORD UNIVERSITY
- MAXWELL HALL
FRIDAY 9th MAY, DOORS 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £4.00 in advance, £4.50 on door
Available from Students Union, Salford University
Tel: 061-736 7811 and Pizzazz Records Tel: 061-236 2577

LEEDS UNIVERSITY
SATURDAY 10th MAY, DOORS 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £4.00 in advance, £4.50 on door
Available from Jumbo Records and the CTS Shop,
Students Union Tel: 0532 430071
Non-Students Welcome.

HAMMERSMITH PALAIS
TUESDAY 13th MAY, 7.30 p.m.
Tickets: £4.50 in advance, £5.00 on door
Available from Palais B/O Tel: 01-748 2812, LTB,
Premier, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8888),
Albemarle and Stargreen.

DINGWALLS
Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1. 267 4967

WE'RE BACK!!!!

Thurs 1
GONE TO EARTH
+ JEGSY DODD & THE
SONS OF HARRY CROSS
PROBE PLUS ACTS £3

Fri 2
TERRY & GERRY
+ DANGER ZONE
THINKING MAN'S SKIFFLE £3.50

Sat 3
RENT PARTY
+ LOVELY MONEY
JAZZ EVERY SATURDAY £4

Sun 4
SUNDAY SHOWCASE (7pm-11.30pm)
5 NEW BANDS!!!!
only £1.50
Mon 5 from Australia
CELIBATE RIFLES
+ THE RHUBARB TARTS
ANTIPODEAN BARK HOLDS BASH £3

Tues 6
VIDEOHOME CLUB FROM SWEDEN
WATERMELON MEN
+ BLYTH POWER
SCRATCH VIDEO SHOW BY FROZEN MOMENTS
+ DJ KRYS - REGULAR TUESDAY CLUB NITE £3

Wed 7
WOMAD WORLDBEAT
SANTACUMBA
LONDON SCHOOL OF SAMBA + WOMAD DJ
WORLDWIDE EVERY WEDNESDAY £3

Thur 8
BLUE IN HEAVEN
+ THE BELOVED
ISLAND RECORDS LATEST ACT £3

Fri 9 - L'AMOURER (from Finland)
Sat 10 - ZOOTS & THE ROOTS
COMING UP

Mon 12 - GOLDEN HORDE
Thurs 15 - SCIENTISTS
Fri 16 - REPLACEMENTS (USA)
Sat 17 - CHEVALIER BROS
Fri 23 - POTATO FIVE
Mon 26 - THE MODELS (Aussie)
Also open Sat (12-3pm)
and Sun (12-2pm) lunchtimes

**PALLAS
ON TOUR IN MAY**

- 1 NOTTINGHAM MARDI GRAS
- 2 COVENTRY GENERAL WOLFE
- 3 BRADFORD ROYAL STANDARD
- 4 HULL TOWER
- 5 CLEETHORPES PIER
- 6 LOWESTOFT KELLYS
- 8 LEICESTER PRINCESS CHARLOTTE
- 9 SUTTON IN ASHFIELD GOLDEN DIAMOND
- 10 BURTON ON TRENT CENTRAL PARK
- 13 BRISTOL ROXYS
- 14 SOUTHAMPTON RIVERSIDE

- 15 WOLVERHAMPTON SCRUPLES
- 16 LONDON MARQUEE
- 17 LONDON MARQUEE
- 19 STOKE SHELLYS
- 20 WALTHAMSTOW ROYAL STANDARD
- 22 PORT TALBOT RAFFLES
- 23 BLACKBURN KING GEORGES HALL
- 24 KINGHORN CUINZIE NEUK
- 25 GLASGOW MAYFAIR
- 26 PERTH PLOUGH INN
- 28 ABERDEEN MUSIC HALL

WEDNESDAY 30

THURSDAY 1

Late bar every night 1/2 12.30am (Ex Sun 10.30).
No Admissions after 11.00pm.
Equipment includes phone, Frax, & The Fishes.

S H I F T

MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) Pete Shelley/Ten Ten
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) Pauline Murray/The Levellers
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic (328761) Katrina And The Waves
NEWCASTLE Redhouse (610921) Nikk/Jaywalkers
NORWICH Gala Club Moulin Rouge That Petrol Emotion/The Wolfhounds
NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Pallas
OXFORD St Pauls Arts Centre The Go-Betweens
PETERBOROUGH St Brennans Social Club The Pleasure Heads
PRESTON Cannon Street The Bodega The Solution
ROMFORD Rezz (25566) Bell And The Ocean
SCARBOROUGH Eastfield County Youth Centre New Emotion
SELBY Ousegate Gaffers (708284) Charger
SHEFFIELD Mona Lisa's Berlin Club (79657) Rollin' Thunder/The Cast
Telford Oakengates Town Hall (610163) Tygers Of Pan Tang/Briar/Zapp
WAKEFIELD Henry Boons (378216) The Prowlers
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) The Debbie Bonham Band/In The Pink
WYE Kent College Floy Joy
YORK Lynx Club (646072) Mississippi Shieks/Ghostdance

FRIDAY

2

ALDERMASTON Butt Inn (712129) Fair Exchange
ALLOA Endrick Hotel Chasas
BATH Moles Club (333423) Mummy Calls
BELFAST Crescent Arts Centre Skint Video
BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) Rubella Ballet/We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It/Fata Morgana/The Bang Sisters
BRADFORD Manningham Lane Royal Standard (727898) Plastic Surgery/Tea House Camp
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) Salem Foundation/Viking Sounds
CANTERBURY Tascolls Wine Bar The Happy Ever After/Ordered Lives
CARDIFF Bogeys (26168) Ashmata/Airplay
CARLISLE Stars And Stripes (46361) Excalibur
CHEPSTOW Leisure Centre The Deep
COLCHESTER Essex University (863211) Doctor And The Medics/Kiss That
COLCHESTER Osbourne Street The Works (570934) Steve Marriott's Packet Of Three
COVENTRY General Wolfe (688402) Pallas
COVENTRY Stoney Stanton Road 11 O'Clock Red Bar (685187) Street Culture
CROUGHTON Enlisted Club Lifestyle
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Donuts
DERBY West Indian Community Centre Conflict/Liberty
EDINBURGH Electric Circus Latin Quarter
EDINBURGH Moray House Little Big Dig/An Cat Dubh/Teenage Dog Orgy
EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) Talk Talk/Keep It Dark
EXETER Barts Tavern Contempt/The Waste/DVS
GRIMSBY Scartho Youth Centre New Emotion
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Fear Of Darkness
LEAMINGTON SPA Hodcarrier (29361) Dig Vis Drill/Henry Normal/Screaming Trees/Midnight Choir
LIVERPOOL Lark Lane The Albert Innocents Abroad
LIVERPOOL Mardi Gras Romulan Cloaking Device/The La's
LIVERPOOL University (051-709 4744) The Waterboys
LONDON Acton High Street Bumbles (01-992 3308) Altered States
LONDON Brixton Fringe (01-326 5100) Red Hot 'N' Blue
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Juice On The Loose
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Terry And Gerry/Danger Zone
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Human Pyramid
LONDON Deptford High Street Crypt The Surfadelics
LONDON Elephant And Castle London College Of Printing Stump/Circus Circus
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) The Boogie Brothers Blues Band
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) The Jackie Lynton Band
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) B-Sharp
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Skeletal Family/The Rose Of Avalanche/The Cannibals/The TV Slaves
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Chris Rea
LONDON Heme Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) A Bigger Splash/Bell And The Ocean/Sylvias Parents
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Sambacutada
LONDON Lee Green Old Tigers Head (01-851 6373) Vicious Rumours/Condemned 84
LONDON Malet Street University Of London Union (01-580 9551) Flesh For Lulu/The Godfathers/All About Eve
LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) V-Sor, X/Shrink To Fit/Ghostown
LONDON Mile End Queen Mary College (01-980 4811) Rent Party/No Pearls... No Passion/Red Beards From Texas
LONDON New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-692 1530) The Balham Alligators
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Terry Allen And The Panhandle Mystery Band
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) The Real Sounds
LONDON Palmers Green The Fox (01-886 9674) Mud
LONDON Piccadilly St James Church Audio Arts
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Georgie Fame And The Blue Flames
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard The Larry Miller Band
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Progression
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) Paul Brady And His Band
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) Yargo
MANCHESTER University (061-273 5111) Katrina And The Waves
MIDDLESBOROUGH Teeside Polytechnic (245589) Cactus World News
NEWCASTLE Playhouse Bar (323421) Watt Government
NORWICH The Gala Club Moulin Rouge Sneakin' Suspicion
PETERBOROUGH Knights Hall Bretton Centre Broken Bones/Varukers/Uprising/Lukaemia/Prisoners Of War
PONTARDAWE Ivy Bush Graham Larkbey
PONTYPRIDD Clarence Rock City Sheer Kaan
PORTSTEWART Spudds Poormouth
SALISBURY Arts Centre (21744) The Enid
SOUTHERN Rieds Gizmo
ST ALBANS Beehive For Orgy Lovers Everywhere
ST ALBANS College Of Further Education In To A Circle/Blyth Power/Brigandage
ST ALBANS Horn Of Plenty (36820) The Rattlers
ST ANDREWS University (73145) Buddy Curtess And The Grasshoppers
STOURBRIDGE Memorial Hall Park Crescent
SWANSEA University (25678) The Go-Betweens
WALSALL Technical College Electric Blue
WARSOP Ex-Servicemens Club Just Blue
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Resister/Burning Sky
YORK Lynx Club (646072) Harlequin
YORK University (412328) Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Jivers

SATURDAY

3

AYLESBURY Wellhead Inn (622733) Blue In Heaven
BASILDON Roundacre (285119) Thaddeus Cat/Pet Cemetery
BATH Moles Club (333423) Cutbar
BIRMINGHAM Curzon Street Railway (021-359 2283) Preyer
BIRMINGHAM University (021-455 9777) The Mighty Lemon Drops
BRADFORD Manningham Lane Royal Standard (727898) Pallas
BRIGHTON Zap Club NBT (Lunch)
BRISTOL Yesterday (297690) Paul Brady And His Band
CAMBRIDGE Riverside Sea Cadets Hall (353172) The Enid/The Vanishing Point
CARDIFF Bogeys (26168) Idol Rich
CARDIFF University (396421) The Waterboys
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic (21167) Amazulu/The Supernaturals/Jerry Dammers (Anti-Apartheid)

CROSSKEYS Institute (270301) Samurai
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) No Spring Chicken (Lunch)
Gerry McAvoy (Eve)
DUNDEE University (23181) Skint Video
GLASGOW Strathclyde University (041-552 4400) Cactus World News
GLASGOW Technical College (041-332 7090) Buddy Curtess And The Grasshoppers
GLASGOW University (041-339 8697) Latin Quarter
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Walk A Thin Line
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head (21758) Episode 4
HORNSEA Granville Court Factory
HULL Adelphi Club (48216) Age Of Chance/The Nose Flutes
HULL Blisters Roller Disco New Emotion
ILKESTON Meridian Club Just Blue
LEEDS The Eagle The Atlantics
LEEDS Marquee Cassandra Complex
LONDON Acton High Street Bumbles (01p992 3308) The In-Stinks
LONDON Acton High Street George And Gragon (01-992 1932) Irish Mist
LONDON Brixton Fringe (01-326 5100) Fourteen Karat Soul
LONDON Brixton George Canning (01-274 6329) Jabba
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Dave Kelly Band
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Red Hot 'N' Blue/Sugar Ray Ford (Lunch) Rent Party/Lovely Money (Eve)
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-673 8228) The Primitives/The Stir
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Jazz Butcher
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Iggy Quail And Friends (Lunch) Geno Washington And The Ram Jam Band/The Lampshade Sisters (Eve)
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Stan Webb's Chicken Shack
LONDON Fulham Swan Arena Strange
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) The Boss/The Reflection
AOB/Night Shift
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Phyllis Hyman/Tom Browne/Noel Pointer/Ramsay Lewis
LONDON Heme Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) Talk/In Spite Of All That/Body Politic
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) The Real Sounds
LONDON Islington Upper Street Royal Mail (01-226 0808) The Brothers Malone
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Mental As Anything/The Larks/Ten Ten
LONDON Kings Cross Scala Cinema Another Green World (Alice In Wonderland Film Festival)
LONDON Ladbroke (01-243 8587) Steppin' Out
LONDON Liverpool Road Pied Bull (01-837 3218) Holloway All Stars
LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) Stump/Stitched Back Foot Airman
LONDON Mount Street Olivers No Pearls... No Passion
LONDON New Cross Goldsmiths College (01-692 1406) The Palominos
LONDON New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-692 1530) The Nashville Teens/45 South
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Balham Alligators
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Georgie Fame And The Blue Flames
LONDON Tottenham Broad Lane Prince Arthur Speakeasy Club (01-801 5984) Sky West And Crooked
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-291 4900) Hank Wangford Band/Catfish/Tim Batt/Gilson Lavis
LONDON Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (01-855 0618) Wall Of Voodoo
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Gags
MANCHESTER Gallery (061-832 3597) Rubella Ballet
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) Potato 5
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) Primal Scream/The Weeds
NEWCASTLE City Hall (320007) Talk Talk/Keep It Dark
NEWCASTLE Riverside Club (514386) State Of Play
NEW MILLS Queens Arms Haze
NORTHAMPTON Black Lion (39472) The Laughing Mothers
NORWICH Chapel Field Gardens Bandstand Sneakin' Suspicion/Big And Beautiful/Red Harvest/Oily Rag
NORWICH East Anglia University (52068) Hipsway/Swing Out Sister
NORWICH St Andrews Hall (28477) Steve Marriott's Packet Of Three
NOTTINGHAM University (51311) Katrina And The Waves
PORTSMOUTH Museum Road Polytechnic (819141) Red Letter Day/Six Gun Sound/Picture Book
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) Tom Robinson
SLIGO Strand House Poormouth
SOUTH BRENT Wrangaton Highwayman Wally And The Rockets
SOUTHAMPTON Bitterne Brewery Half Way To Paradise
STOCKPORT Manchester Arms The Quags/The Urives
SWANSEA St Phillips Community Centre Conflict/Liberty/AYS/Shrapnel (Swansea Hunt Saboteurs Benefit)
THAME Oxford Road Arts And Sports Centre (5607) Mud (Charities Benefit)
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel (30047) The Quest
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Arcana
WISHAW Heathery Bar (72957) Excalibur
WOKINGHAM Angles (789912) The Larry Miller Band
YORK Lynx Club (646072) Burt's Band

SUNDAY

4

BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Barrel Organ (021-622 1353) Goats Don't Shave
BIRMINGHAM Powerhouse (021-643 4715) Doctor And The Medics/Wall Of Voodoo/Zodiac Mindwar And The Love Reaction/Kiss That
BISHOP STORTFORD Tnad Cajun Club (55924) Real By Reel
BRIGHTON Escape Club (606906) The Watermelon Men/The Ron Spoon Orchestra
BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel (603974) Terry Allen And The Panhandle Mystery Band
BRISTOL Studio (25069) Katrina And The Waves
CHIPPENHAM Goldiggers (656444) The Waterboys
COLCHESTER Osbourne Street The Works (570934) Invasion
CORBY Mr Bip's Energy (Red Wedge)
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic (21167) The Happy End/Big Moments (Anti-Apartheid)
CROYDON High Street Underground (01-760 0833) We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It/The Boys Wonder
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Baby Laurel
GLASGOW Bath Street Kings Theatre (041-552 5961) Robbie Coltrane/Skint Video/Jenny LeCoat/Simon Fanshawe/Mark Miurdz/Special Guests (Red Wedge)
HATFIELD Polytechnic Elephant House (68343) Powerhouse Roadshow
HULL Adelphi Club (48216) Dig Vis Drill/Henry Normal/Screaming Trees/Midnight Choir
HULL Tower (228110) General Wolf/Pallas
LANCASTER Brix Club (63621) Age Of Chance/The Walking Seeds
LLANRHAN RFC Tasmania
LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-924 3216) The Len Bright Combo
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Steve Gibbons Band
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Ric Morcombe Quartet (Lunch)
The Next Half Hour/The Harpoons/Winter Babies/Abundance/The Bloody Mary's (Eve)
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Fuchsia Shock/Chokum Child
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Iggy Quail And Friends (Lunch) Paz (Eve)
LONDON Frith Street Ronnie Scotts (01-439 0747) Jazz Defektors/Kalima
LONDON Greth Street Le Beat Route (01-734 6308) Touche/Shanghai Rhythm/Watt The Fox/All The Madmen
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Cactus World News/Then Jericho/The Wild Flowers
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Phyllis Hyman/Tom Browne/Noel Pointer/Ramsay Lewis

LONDON Hammersmith Palais (01-748 2812) The Ramones/The Prisoners/Thrashing Doves
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Pat Crumly And Steve Rubie
Big Band (Lunch) In Cahoots (Eve)
LONDON Islington Upper Street Hare And Hounds (01-226 2992) Fridge
LONDON Leytonstone Plough And Harrow Out Of Bounds
LONDON Liverpool Road Pied Bull (01-837 3218) Echo City
LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) The Skells/Spirit Of St Louis
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Hershey And The 12-BBars (Lunch)
Georgie Fame And The Blue Flames (Eve)
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Fun House
LONDON North Finchley Torrington (01-445 4710) Chuck Farley
MANCHESTER Apollo (061-273 3775) Talk Talk/Keep It Dark
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-p228 3555) Little Brother/Third Circle
NORWICH East Anglia University (52068) The Blow Monkeys
NOTTINGHAM Hemlock Marquee Haze
PETERBOROUGH Gladstone Arms (44388) Lifestyle
PETERBOROUGH Key Theatre (82437) Attila The Stockbroker (Lunch)
ROCHESTER The Crown Now Or Never
SHEFFIELD Sandringhams Gah-Ga
STOCKPORT Cobdens Place Safari Party
SUTTON IN ASHFIELD The Oval Just Blue
TUNBRIDGE WELLS Bristol Arms Gizmo
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Nine Dream/These Tender Virtues
WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) The Mighty Lemon Drops

MONDAY

5

BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Barrel Organ (021-622 1353) Political Asylum/Spiney Dog Fish
BIRMINGHAM Horselair The Dome (021-622 2233) Sunsplash/Eye Do It/Pressure House/Sheerpride
BURNLEY Angels The Hunters Club
CLEETHORPES Pier Hotel (61435) Pallas
COATES The Vines Prisoners Of War/Rat And The Big Knobs (Lunch)
COVENTRY Market Way Busters (20934) European Sun/Laughing House
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Joe Tornado And The Disasters
DERBY James Wyatt Just Blue
DIDSURY Old Grey Horse Circus
DUDLEY Court House Inn (Info 021-550 8601) The Nose Flutes/Giant Treads Clean
DUNSTABLE Wheatseaf (62571) Elxir
KNARESBOROUGH Youth Centre New Emotion
LEEDS Trades Club Zoot And The Roots
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Wes McGhee Band
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Models/The Rhubarb Tarts
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Pinkietessa/Lizard Legs
Larry/Sara Keogh/Apex Imp/Nick Siren/The Recruits
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Terry Allen And The Panhandle Mystery Band/The Balham Alligators/The Panic Brothers/Wendy May (12.00-4.30pm) Spailpin/Irish Mist/The Mick O'Conner Band (Eve)
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) The Locomotives/The Wigs
LONDON Greek Street Le Beat Route (01-734 6308) Beautiful Strangers/Albani/Java Ya Ya/Every Second Counts
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) English Macoy
LONDON Hammersmith Palais (01-748 2812) The Ramones/The Prisoners/Thrashing Doves
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Sleeping Pictures/Children Held Hostage/Eternal Fires/Fleur Du Mal/Angels Wear Snakeskin/David Of Eternal Fires
LONDON Old Bond Street (01-499 4793) O Wow
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Vulcans
LONDON Putney South Thames College ESP
LONDON South Bank Purcell Room (01-928 3002) Ian Boddy
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (01-437 5534) Slim Gaillard
MORECAMBE Bath Hotel Central Drive
NEWCASTLE Riverside Club (614386) Wall Of Voodoo/The Bolshoi
NORWICH Santanas Instigators/Disrupters
NOTTINGHAM Rock City (412544) Hipsway/Swing Out Sister
OXFORD South Park Kintone/Attila The Stockbroker/Penny Woods/Frank Fish And The Fins/Raindance/The Particles/Wheatfields (2pm start)
ST ALBANS Civic Hall (64511) No Pearls... No Passion
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Red Shoes
YORK Lynx Club (646072) Zoot And The Roots

TUESDAY

6

ABERDEEN Valhallas (26706) The Blood Uncles
AUCHLEVEN Preenay Hotel (44776) Peter Rowan/Jerry Douglas/Mark O'Connor
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Barrel Organ (021-662 1353) Basil Gabidon's Base Dance
BIRMINGHAM Odeon (021-643 6101) Talk Talk/Keep It Dark
BIRMINGHAM Powerhouse (021-643 4715) Katrina And The Waves
BRIGHTON Escape Club (606906) Twenty Flight Rockers/Four Guns/Violet White
CHELTSEY The Galleon The Bohemians
COVENTRY Pilgrim Club The Great Outdoors/The Fortunate Sons/Spacemen 3/Cogs Of Tyme
EDINBURGH Coasters (031-228 3252) Simply Red
HULL Arena Roller Disco New Emotion
HULL Spring Street Theatre (23638) Paul Brady And His Band
LEEDS University (439071) Latin Quarter
LEEDS Warehouse (468287) Wall Of Voodoo/Chicken Ranch
LEICESTER University (556282) The Waterboys
LIVERPOOL Cumberland Tavern Badger
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Al Catraz And The Chain Gang
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Watermelon Men/Blyth Power
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Java/Jim Jiminee/Blue September
LONDON Douglas Way Albany Empire (01-691 3333) Tree Bound Story/Stars Of Heaven
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Wes McGhee's Texas Allstars
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel club (01-858 0895) Relay
LOND Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Back To Base/Four On Four Quartet
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Sun House Opera
LONDON Leytonstone Plough And Harrow The Wait
LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) Blood Brothers/Get Real
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Makin' Time/The Reflection AOB
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Hen Night
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-521 3172) Ohmadon
LOWESTOFT Kellys Pallas
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Kintone
MANCHESTER University Solem Bar (061-273 5111) Richard Evans/Danbert Nobacon
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic Littman Theatre (328761) Isaac Guillory
NEWCASTLE Riverside Club (614386) The Dainties
NEWCASTLE Tiffanys (612526) The Krewman
PLYMOUTH Breakwater The Suffs
SHEFFIELD University (24076) Hipsway/Swing Out Sister
STIRLING University (3171) Skint Video
WEST BROMWICH High Street Oliver's (021-553 0101) Billy Bowel And The Movements
YEOVIL Hazelbury Plucknett Hall Clive Pig/Hel Tuc/WOTH
YORK Lynx Club (646072) Ron Burnett

TOUR NEWS

WEATHER PROPHETS join forces with Primal Scream to play Nottingham Garage May 1, Leicester Fan Club 12, Portsmouth Polytechnic 17.

THE ENID, Huw Lloyd Langton Group, Robert Calvert Band, Nik Turner and Doctor And The Medics are among the bands appearing at the Oxford Free Festival at the College Of Further Education from May 3-5. Other bands lined up include The Cardiacs, The Magic Mushroom Band, Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction, Mournblade and Full Moon.

HAZE have three more gigs before recording a new album at New Mills Queens Arms May 3, Nottingham Hemlock Camp Marquee 4, Sheffield University (with Pendragon) 7.

ISAAC GUILLORY, whose 1980 'Solo' album is being re-released this month by Graffiti (through Projection), has gigs at Newcastle Polytechnic May 6, Sunderland Salem 11, Newcastle Old George 12, Sunderland Belford House 15, South Shields The County 16, Durham Arts Centre 17, Washington Arts Centre 24, York Arts Centre 27, Stockton Dovecote Centre 28, Wakefield Bretton Hall 29, Bradford College 31, Nottingham Boulevard June 1.

THE SHADOWS get their foot movements into sync for the umpteenth time and go twanging at Oxford Apollo May 7-8, Bristol Hippodrome 9-10, St Austell Coliseum 11, Cardiff St Davids Hall 14, Birmingham Odeon 16, Leicester De Montfort Hall 17, Derby Assembly Rooms 18, Nottingham Concert Hall 19, Halifax Civic Hall 20, Southport Theatre 22, Manchester Apollo 23, Llandudno Astra Theatre 24, Harrogate Conference Centre 25, Scarborough Futurist 26, Edinburgh Playhouse 28, Newcastle City Hall 29, Poole Arts Theatre 31-June 1, Brighton Centre 6, London Hammersmith Odeon 7.

STEELEYE SPAN get back into action with their first album in five years, called 'Back In Line' (on Flutterby) and tour dates at Edinburgh Queens Hall May 8, Newcastle City Hall 9, Carlisle Sands Centre 10, Manchester Palace 11, Coventry Warwick University 13, Ramsgate Granville Theatre 14, Woolwich Coronet 15, Southend Cliffs Pavilion 16, Swansea Penyrheol Leisure Centre 17, Ipswich Gaumont 19, Poole Arts Centre 21, St Austell Cornwall Coliseum 22, Bristol Colston Hall 23, Eastbourne Congress Theatre 24, Peterborough Cresset 25.

THE LARKS, whose single 'Billy Graham' received critical acclaim recently in *Sounds*, have London dates this month at Harlesden Mean Fiddler May 16, Walthamstow Town Hall (with Potato 5) 22, Hammersmith Clarendon 23.

SNEAKIN' SUSPICION, the "young high energy foursome", support The Screaming Blue Messiahs at Norwich Gala Club on May 2 followed by another Norwich gig at The Bandstand on the 3rd. They then play Camden Dingwalls May 30.

OUT OF BOUNDS return from a French tour to play Leytonstone Plough And Harrow May 4 and Harlow Square 30.



NO PEARLS NO PASSION throw their pop-jazz seduction before swine at Mile End Queen Mary College May 2, Mayfair Olivers 3, St Albans Civic Hall (Sudan Aid benefit) 5, North East London Polytechnic 9, Mayfair Dover Street Wine Bar 10, University Of London Union (supporting The Faith Brothers) 16, Kings Cross New Merlins Cave 23.

IMAGINATION celebrate their fifth anniversary with a short British tour covering Bristol Hippodrome May 28, Ipswich Gaumont June 6, Birmingham Odeon 7 and Oxford Apollo 8.

ARENA, a five-piece melodic rock band from Leeds previously known as East To West, play Peckham Harlequin May 11 and Bradford Royal Standard 23.

JOHN OTWAY has come further out of retirement following his 'Greatest Hits' album and will be supporting Katrina And The Waves on their British tour which starts this week.

EMPYRE, a hard rock band from the Surrey/Sussex borders, play charity gigs at Guildford Stoke Hotel May 2, Horsham Live Aid 31.

WORLD DOMINATION ENTERPRISES, The Levellers and The Bambi Slam have lined up a "one night stand spectacular" at Camberwell Green Dickie Dirts (formerly Camberwell Odeon) on May 9.

STARS ON SUNDAY, "Essex's premier fun/trash band", play Witham Labour Hall May 5 and then join We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It! at Chelmsford Chancellor Hall May 9.

DESOLATION ANGELS, who hope to have their much delayed (by legal hassles) debut album out in June, precede it with gigs at Glasgow Venue May 9, Wishaw Heathery Bar 10, Glasgow Shadows 13, Falkirk Burns Bar 14, Aberdeen Venue 15, Warrington Lion 17, Walthamstow Royal Standard 19.

MENTICIDE continue to promote their 'Bathroom Ideas Exhibition' single at University of London Union May 1 (free gig), Chalk Farm Enterprise 11, Brighton Old Vic 12, Walthamstow Royal Standard 22, Mayfair Embassy 28, Woolwich Thames Polytechnic 31.

MARI WILSON, returning after a lengthy absence from the pop scene, shows off her new hairstyle when she plays a two week residency at London's Ronnie Scott's Club from May 5.

Backed by her quartet Dutch Kitchen Bounce and armed with a year's experience with the band, she promises that her voice has developed "dramatically" from the trash-pop days of yore, though now that she is free from previous recording deals, it's stated that this may be her only jazz gig for some time.

BLUES 'N' TROUBLE, the Edinburgh based blues band, described by BB King as "the best white blues band around", release their second LP this week. 'No Minor Keys' is on the Ammunition label (via The Cartel) and features the late "sixth Stone" Ian Stewart on piano and guest solos from Robert Cray.

The band have a series of dates to coincide with the album at Edinburgh Coasters May 1, Aberdeen University 2, London Sir George Robey 15, London 100 Club 31.

THE MIGHTY LEMON DROPS are embarking on their first tour at Birmingham University May 3, Wolverhampton Scruples 4, Newport Harper Adams Centre 10, Leicester Princess Charlotte 15, Bath Moles 17, Coventry Poly 21, Leeds Warehouse 22, Aylesbury Division One Club 24, London Electric Ballroom 28, Sheffield Leadmill 31.

Their single, 'Like An Angel' is released as a seven inch on Dreamworld to coincide with the tour.



KAU TAU, the London quintet who appeared on the 'Freedom To Rock' War Records compilation, play London's 100 Club May 1, Mayfair Embassy 8.

COMIC RELIEF have an album of performances titled 'Utterly, Utterly Live', recorded at the Shaftesbury Theatre, released by WEA in the wake of Cliff And The Young Ones' 'Living Doll' chart-topper.

The album includes guest appearances by everyone from Bob Geldof to Lenny Henry to Midge Ure to Billy Connolly to The Young Ones themselves and, as with the single, proceeds go to charity.

HOT PORK LUNCH 46

SARDIS RESTAURANT, NEW YORK...



GUESS WHAT? PORKY BEAVER HAVE GOT A TOUR OF EUROPE! ISN'T THAT WHERE ENGLAND IS?



I WISH YOU WOULDN'T TALK ABOUT CARLOS LIKE THAT, STREAKY - HE'S A CHANGED MAN... ENGLAND, HUH? SOUNDS LIKE A GOOD IDEA...



MUM AND DAD? GOSH, IT'S BEEN AGES SINCE I'VE SEEN THEM... I EXPECT THEY'VE MISSED ME, TOO...

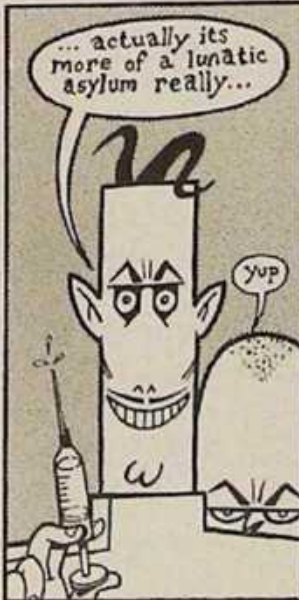
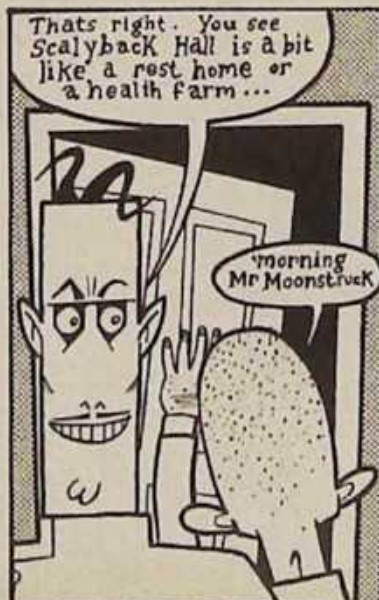
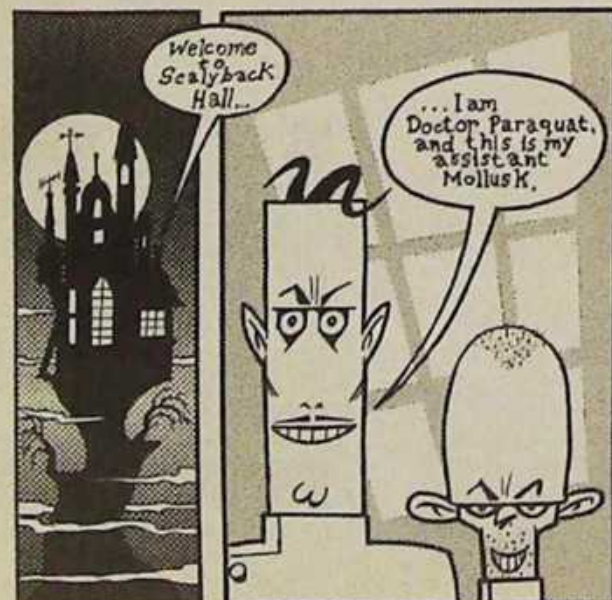


MEANWHILE, SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND...

...OUR DANNY'S A REAL LITTLE CELEBRITY NOW... I WONDER WHEN WE'RE GOING TO SEE HIM AGAIN...



NO! F*CKING WELL DON'T - I HOPE THE DIRTY LITTLE HOG STAYS AWAY FOR GOOD!



Tales from the Rubber Room

SIMON COOPER

CHART

UK SINGLES UK ALBUMS

- 1 1 A DIFFERENT CORNER George Michael CBS
- 2 2 ROCK ME AMADEUS Falco A&M
- 3 10 LIVE TO TELL Madonna Sire
- 4 14 JUST SAY NO Grange Hill BBC
- 5 5 LOOK AWAY Big Country Mercury
- 6 8 WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR ME LATELY Janet Jackson A&M
- 7 3 LIVING DOLL Cliff Richard & The Young Ones WEA
- 8 11 CAN'T WAIT ANOTHER MINUTE Five Star Tent
- 9 36 LESSONS IN LOVE Level 42 Polydor
- 10 4 ALL THE THINGS SHE SAID Simple Minds Virgin
- 11 21 DRIVING AWAY FROM HOME It's Immaterial Siren
- 12 24 GREATEST LOVE OF ALL Whitney Houston Arista
- 13 7 WONDERFUL WORLD Sam Cooke RCA
- 14 12 A KIND OF MAGIC Queen EMI
- 15 19 THE FINEST SOS Band Tabu
- 16 22 MARLENE ON THE WALL Suzanne Vega A&M
- 17 6 TRAIN OF THOUGHT A-ha Warner Brothers
- 18 41 YOU AND ME TONIGHT Aurra 10
- 19 13 SECRET LOVERS Atlantic Starr A&M
- 20 — I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE Marvin Gaye Motown
- 21 9 E=MC² Big Audio Dynamite CBS
- 22 29 I'LL KEEP ON LOVING YOU Princess Supreme
- 23 28 A QUESTION OF LUST Depeche Mode Mute
- 24 30 STARS Hear 'N' Aid Vertigo
- 25 17 YOU TO ME ARE EVERYTHING (THE DECADE REMIX 76-86)
The Real Thing PRT
- 26 20 TOUCH ME (I WANT YOUR BODY) Samantha Fox Jive
- 27 15 PETER GUNN Art Of Noise With Duane Eddy China
- 28 18 IS YOUR LOVE STRONG ENOUGH Bryan Ferry EG
- 29 — YOUR LATEST TRICK Dire Straits Vertigo
- 30 43 SLEDGEHAMMER Peter Gabriel Charisma
- 31 34 THIS IS LOVE Gary Numan Numa
- 32 32 SOME PEOPLE Belouis Some Parlophone
- 33 38 WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 34 37 THERE'LL BE SAD SONGS (TO MAKE YOU CRY) Billy Ocean
Jive
- 35 — BOYS DON'T CRY Cure Fiction
- 36 25 ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS David Bowie Virgin
- 37 — ON MY OWN Patti Labelle & Michael McDonald MCA
- 38 16 HAVE YOU EVER HAD IT BLUE Style Council Polydor
- 39 — ALL AND ALL Joyce Sims London
- 40 40 STROLLIN' ON Maxi Priest 10
- 41 — KNIFE EDGE Alarm IRS
- 42 45 ROUGH BOY ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 43 31 CHAIN REACTION Diana Ross Capitol
- 44 48 CAN'T HELP FALLING IN LOVE Lick The Tins Sedition
- 45 26 HI HO SILVER Jim Diamond A&M
- 46 — DO FRIES GO WITH THAT SHAKE George Clinton Capitol
- 47 — IF SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTS Bangles CBS
- 48 23 C'MON C'MON Bronski Beat Forbidden Fruit
- 49 39 TENDER LOVE Force MD's Tommy Boy
- 50 — IF YOU LEAVE OMD Virgin

- 1 3 STREET LIFE Bryan Ferry & Roxy Music EG
- 2 1 HITS 4 Various CBS/WEA
- 3 7 WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista
- 4 2 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 5 8 HEART TO HEART Various K-Tel
- 6 12 ONCE UPON A TIME Simple Minds Virgin
- 7 4 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW A-ha Warner Brothers
- 8 10 GREATEST HITS Shalamar Stylus
- 9 5 PLEASE Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 10 21 VICTORIALAND Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 11 24 THE MAN AND HIS MUSIC Sam Cooke RCA
- 12 15 TINDERBOX Siouxsie & The Banshees Wonderland
- 13 11 RENDEZVOUS Jean-Michel Jarre Polydor
- 14 — ON THE BEACH Chris Rea Magnet
- 15 9 PARADE Prince & The Revolution Paisley Park
- 16 28 INVISIBLE SILENCE Art Of Noise China
- 17 6 HITS FOR LOVERS Various Epic
- 18 18 SONGS FROM ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS Various Virgin
- 19 27 LIKE A VIRGIN Madonna Sire
- 20 33 SUZANNE VEGA Suzanne Vega A&M
- 21 14 NO JACKET REQUIRED Phil Collins Virgin
- 22 31 WORLD MACHINE Level 42 Polydor
- 23 16 WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD Mr Mister RCA
- 24 25 ANIMAL MAGIC Blow Monkeys RCA
- 25 19 5150 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 26 30 BLACK CELEBRATION Depeche Mode Mute
- 27 17 ROCKY IV Soundtrack Scotti Brothers
- 28 13 TV HITS ALBUM 2 Various Towerbell
- 29 23 THIS IS BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE Big Audio Dynamite CBS
- 30 36 LUXURY OF LIFE Five Star Tent
- 31 26 BE YOURSELF TONIGHT Eurythmics RCA
- 32 49 LIKE A ROCK Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band Capitol
- 33 22 DIRTY WORK Rolling Stones CBS
- 34 38 THE COLOUR OF SPRING Talk Talk EMI
- 35 20 FROM LUXURY TO HEARTACHE Culture Club Virgin
- 36 29 HOUNDS OF LOVE Kate Bush EMI
- 37 40 THE DREAM OF THE BLUE TURTLES Sting A&M
- 38 37 HIPSWAY Hipsway Mercury
- 39 46 GO WEST Go West Chrysalis
- 40 35 QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS Queen EMI
- 41 32 STREETSOUNDS 16 Various Streetsounds
- 42 — FINE YOUNG CANNIBALS Fine Young Cannibals London
- 43 39 ROCK ANTHEMS 2 Various K-Tel
- 44 34 GREATEST HITS Frank Sinatra Reprise
- 45 42 ISLAND LIFE Grace Jones Island
- 46 — THE FIRST ALBUM Madonna Sire
- 47 41 SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR Tears For Fears Mercury
- 48 — PORTRAIT Diana Ross Telstar
- 49 44 EATEN ALIVE Diana Ross Capitol
- 50 45 LITTLE CREATURES Talking Heads EMI

Compiled by MRIB

REGGAE TENS

PRE-RELEASE

- 1 RUM TREE Radicals Roots Radics
- 2 DEH PON STREET AGAIN Frankie Paul Cornerstone
- 3 PENSION Anthony Red Rose Temper Rose
- 4 SERIOUS THING Bunny Wailer Solomonic
- 5 WATCHDOG Delroy Williams Rockers
- 6 BAD GIRLS King Everal Jammys
- 7 ME NO RESPONSE John Wayne Firehouse
- 8 FAN ME PRETTY GIRL Chris Wayne Youth Promotion
- 9 JUMBO WE JUMBO Mikey Melody Scorpio
- 10 YABBY U SOUND Trinity And Dillinger Vivien Jackson

DISCO

- 1 BOOPS Supercat Techniques
- 2 DANCEHALL VIBES Anthony Johnson Unity
- 3 GREAT TRAIN ROBBERY Black Uhuru Ras
- 4 OLDER THAN ME Lilly Melody Firehouse
- 5 MAN IN A HOUSE Nitty Gritty Greensleeves
- 6 JUST CAN'T FIGURE OUT Mighty Diamonds Trojan
- 7 JAH JAH CALL YOU U-Roy Ujama
- 8 SETTLE WE HAFTE SETTLE Michael Prophet Live And Learn



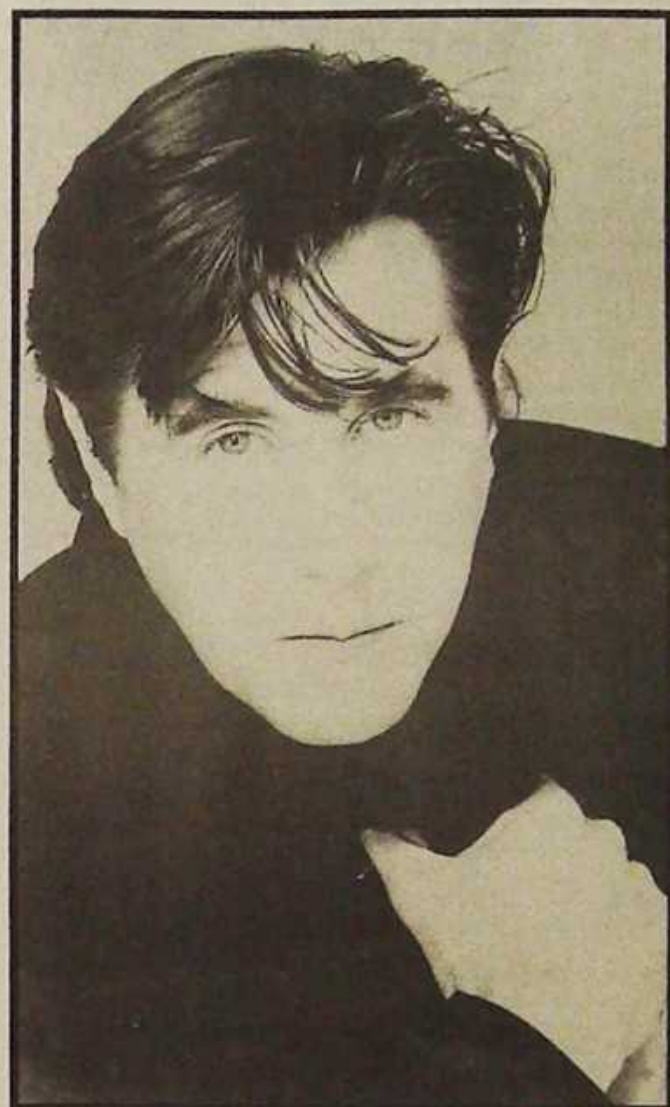
LEE PERRY gets down to some serious DIY

- 9 COST OF LIVING Half Pint Mango
- 10 AMAZING Leroy Smart Taxi

ALBUMS

- 1 SLENG TENG Wayne Smith Greensleeves
- 2 MARSHALL Coco-Tea Cornerstone
- 3 COMPUTER Various Artists Sunset
- 4 BABYLON THE BANDIT Steel Pulse Elektra
- 5 RASTA PHILOSOPHY The Itals Nighthawk
- 6 WHEN I'M READY Freddie McGregor Studio 1
- 7 AFRICA'S BLOOD Lee Perry Trojan
- 8 VINTAGE REGGAE VOLUME 2 Various Artists Germain
- 9 SLICE OF THE CAKE Sugar Minott ADA
- 10 SMALL HORSEWOMAN Shelley Thunder Hawkeye

Compiled by Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1



BRYAN FERRY adjusts his Oxfam blanket

SOUNDS TRACKS

Chris Roberts

LET'S GET IT ON Marvin Gaye Tamla Motown LP
LIVIN' FOR YOU Al Green Hi LP
SHIVER Nick Cave & Boys Next Door Elusive LP

Andy Hurt

SOMEBODY TOLD ME Restless ABC 45
GUMMITWIST Der Plan Ata Tak LP track
LA JUICE The Wollhounds Pink EP track

Jonh Wilde

BALLAD OF THE BAND Felt Creation 45
A-TOM-IC JONES Tom Jones Splintering Decca LP
COMPLETE WORKS Henry Miller Sex And God Collections

Kevin Murphy

STREET LIFE Bryan Ferry & Roxy Music Polydor LP
LOOKS LIKE WE'RE SHY ONE HORSE Colourbox 4AD 12-inch
WICKED WAYS The Blow Monkeys RCA 45

Edwin Pouncey

ANOTHER VIEW Velvet Underground Polydor preview tape
WHAT'S INSIDE A GIRL The Cramps Big Beat SOTW
THE USUAL NEIL YOUNG STUFF Various labels

Dave Henderson

GOOD THING The Woodentops Rough Trade 45
THE YEAR AFTER Andy Nicholls Cordelia album
SCRATCH ACID Scratch Acid Fundamental album

Carole Linfield

MARLENE ON THE WALL Suzanne Vega WEA 10-inch
I HAVE A PONY Steven Wright WEA LP
SOUND SKETCHES FROM CARAVAGGIO Simon Turner El pre release tape

Glyn Brown

I TOUCH ROSES Book Of Love Sire club sound
I WANNA BE YOUR LOVER Prince Warners nostalgia
REMBRANDT PUSSY HORSE The Butthole Surfers Red Rhino LP

IAN ST JOHN 2

- 1 TIM A football club
- 2 LIG 92 football tim
- 3 FUST DUVVESION 22 tim
- 4 BUSSAYLONNA Spanish tim
- 5 ULLIX FAIRGRISSEON Scotelund tim munnaja
- 6 HEBS Scotelund lust duvesion tim
- 7 LOOM A CARRY Swunden Tone tim munnaja
- 8 PEE TUSHRIV Spuz tim munnaja
- 9 BULLY BENCHEM Nothen Ireland tim munnaja
- 10 CLOFFIE Notnam Forst tim munnaja

Compiled by Jummy Grivvs barber

ATTACK

HOT METAL 60

SINGLES

- 1 1 STARS Hear 'N Aid Vertigo
- 2 2 WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 3 3 ROUGH BOY ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 4 — BECAUSE THE NIGHT Keel Vertigo
- 5 6 TURBO LOVER Judas Priest CBS
- 6 4 THESE DREAMS Heart Capitol
- 7 7 UNDER A RAGING MOON Roger Daltrey 10
- 8 9 THIS TIME Bryan Adams A&M
- 9 5 THAT GIRL FM Portrait
- 10 17 CREEPING DEATH Metallica Music For Nations
- 11 15 AMBITIOUS Jeff Beck Epic
- 12 20 SHAKE YOUR FOUNDATIONS AC/DC Atlantic
- 13 8 ROCK 'N' ROLL GIPSY Saxon Parlophone
- 14 12 MARKET SQUARE HEROES Marillion EMI
- 15 13 SHOT IN THE DARK Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 16 10 BURNING HEART Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 17 11 IN MY DREAMS Dokken Elektra
- 18 14 I CAN'T HOLD BACK Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 19 16 HEART OF LOTHIAN Marillion EMI
- 20 18 SMOKIN' IN THE BOYS ROOM Motley Crue Elektra



KEEL busting in at number four

ALBUMS

- 1 1 5150 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 2 2 TURBO Judas Priest CBS
- 3 3 HEART Heart Capitol
- 4 4 MASTER OF PUPPETS Metallica Music For Nations
- 5 7 ROCK ANTHEMS II Various K-Tel
- 6 — LAND OF THE GUN Legs Diamond Music For Nations
- 7 8 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 8 6 UNDER LOCK AND KEY Dokken Elektra
- 9 9 THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 10 5 MEAN BUSINESS The Firm Atlantic
- 11 13 SEVENTH STAR Black Sabbath Featuring Tony Iommi Vertigo
- 12 11 MISPLACED CHILDHOOD Marillion EMI
- 13 10 CUTS LIKE A KNIFE Bryan Adams A&M
- 14 14 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 15 12 LITTLE MISS DANGEROUS Ted Nugent WEA International
- 16 22 THEATRE OF PAIN Motley Crue Elektra
- 17 15 SPREADING THE DISEASE Anthrax Music For Nations
- 18 19 MASTERS OF METAL Various K-Tel
- 19 20 FINYL VINYL Rainbow Polydor
- 20 21 UNVEILING THE WICKED Exciter Music For Nations
- 21 16 LIVE AFTER DEATH Iron Maiden EMI
- 22 — COME OUT AND PLAY Twisted Sister Atlantic
- 23 26 FLY ON THE WALL AC/DC Atlantic
- 24 — KAIZOKU-BAN Accept Portrait
- 25 25 SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR Marillion EMI
- 26 — BAT OUT OF HELL Meat Loaf Cleveland International
- 27 — 1984 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 28 23 RIDE THE LIGHTNING Metallica Music For Nations
- 29 — TOOTH AND NAIL Dokken Elektra
- 30 17 LOVE AT FIRST STING Scorpions EMI Price Attack

IMPORTS

- 1 1 CLASSICS LIVE Aerosmith Geffen
 - 2 — RAISED ON RADIO Journey CBS
 - 3 2 FIGHT TO SURVIVE White Lion Victor Japan
 - 4 10 BEYOND THE PALE Fiona Atlantic
 - 5 3 PLEASURE TO KILL Kreator Noise
 - 6 8 POISON DOLLYS Poison Dollys Invasion
 - 7 — LIVE FROM THE DEPTHS OF HELL Mercyful Fate Satan's Nightmare
 - 8 4 HOTTER THAN METAL Kiss Superstar
 - 9 5 III Bow Wow East World
 - 10 — CURSE OF THE PHAROAHS Mercyful Fate Satan's Nightmare
- Compiled by Spotlight Research



JUNE BRIDES: singing in the rain

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 4 VICTORIALAND Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 2 1 BLACK CELEBRATION Depeche Mode Mute
- 3 2 BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 4 22 THE UNACCEPTABLE FACE OF FREEDOM Test Dept Ministry Of Power/Some Bizzare
- 5 3 A DATE WITH ELVIS The Cramps Big Beat
- 6 9 GREED Swans K422
- 7 10 PAINT YOUR WAGON Red Lorry Yellow Lorry Red Rhino
- 8 7 LOW-LIFE New Order Factory
- 9 11 BIG COCK King Kurt Stiff
- 10 5 RUM, SODOMY AND THE LASH The Pogues Stiff
- 11 6 WIRE PLAY POP Wire The Pink Label
- 12 8 MAN IN A SUITCASE Ted Chippington Vindaloo
- 13 16 TREASURE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 14 — GARLANDS Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 15 21 LOVE The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 16 14 FLIP YOUR WIG Husker Du SST
- 17 15 DAMNED BUT NOT FORGOTTEN The Damned Dojo
- 18 23 HATFUL OF HOLLOW The Smiths Rough Trade
- 19 — T.R.O.U.B.L.E. Vic Godard Rough Trade
- 20 17 THE SINGLES 81-85 Depeche Mode Mute
- 21 19 LIFE'S A RIOT WITH SPY VS SPY Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 22 12 LIBERTY BELLE AND THE BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS The Go-Betweens Beggars Banquet
- 23 13 CIRCUSES AND BREAD Durutti Column Benelux/Factory
- 24 — NIGHT OF A THOUSAND CANDLES The Men They Couldn't Hang Imp/Demon
- 25 20 1979-1983 Bauhaus Beggars Banquet
- 26 24 TEST TUBE CONCEIVED Robert Calvert Demo Monde
- 27 25 GEORGE THOROGOOD AND THE DESTROYERS George Thorogood And The Destroyers Demon
- 28 18 HELD DOWN TO VINYL... AT LAST! The Guana Batz ID
- 29 26 FALSE ACCUSATIONS The Robert Cray Band Demon
- 30 29 LIKE AN ARROW Hugh Lloyd Langton Gas

Compiled by Spotlight Research

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 6 A QUESTION OF LUST Depeche Mode Mute
- 2 2 GODSTAR Psychic TV And The Angels Of Light Temple
- 3 3 XXSEX We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It! Vindaloo
- 4 1 SHELLSHOCK New Order Factory
- 5 4 THE TRUMPTON RIOTS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 6 — IT'S A GOOD THING That Petrol Emotion Demon
- 7 8 GIVING GROUND The Sisterhood Merciful Release
- 8 5 SWEETEST THING Gene Loves Jezebel Beggars Banquet
- 9 21 ONCE MORE The Wedding Present Reception
- 10 9 SOMEWHERE IN CHINA The Shop Assistants 53rd & 3rd
- 11 30 STATE OF MIND Chumba Wumba Agit Matter
- 12 — RIVER OF NO RETURN Ghost Dance Karbon
- 13 13 ALL DAY LONG The Shop Assistants Subway Organisation
- 14 7 SOLD DOWN THE RIVER Three Johns Abstract
- 15 32 TIME IS MONEY (BASTARD) Swans K422
- 16 17 LIKE AN ANGEL The Mighty Lemon Drops Dreamworld
- 17 28 A HUNDRED WORDS The Beloved Film Flam
- 18 20 THIS DAMN NATION The Godfathers Corporate Image
- 19 16 AWAY The Bolshoi Beggars Banquet
- 20 19 GOOD TO BE KING The Janitors Intape
- 21 11 POGUETRY IN MOTION The Pogues Stiff
- 22 15 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 23 26 SEETHROUGH The Guana Batz ID
- 24 18 RESERVATION Terry & Gerry Intape
- 25 10 STRIPPED Depeche Mode Mute
- 26 14 SHE SELLS SANCTUARY The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 27 24 EVERYTHING'S BRILLIANT The Membranes Intape
- 28 27 SUB-CULTURE New Order Factory
- 29 — IN THE RAIN June Brides The Pink Label
- 30 — JUNE RHYME Stingrays ABC
- 31 31 TINY DYNAMINE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 32 44 FACES OF FREEDOM Test Dept Some Bizzare
- 33 — IN THE CLOUDS All About Eve Eden
- 34 41 RAYMONDE Raymonde Desire
- 35 33 ECHOES IN A SHALLOW BAY Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 36 23 THERESE Bodines Creation
- 37 34 ART OF DRUMS Macattack Baad
- 38 46 IT WILL COME The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 39 39 CAN YOUR PUSSY DO THE DOG? The Cramps Big Beat
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- 3 WELL I SUPPOSE HIM FINDING ME IN BED WITH HIS DAUGHTER HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT Wayne
- 4 WE'RE SOPHISTICATED BLOKES US YER KNOW Oz
- 5 WHAT DID IT SAY ON THE CHARGE SHEET? FIRST MAN TO BE FORCIBLY EVICTED FROM THE FALKLANDS SINCE THE ARGENTINIANS. Denis
- 6 AYE, WHAT HAPPENED WAS, I WAS IN THIS BAR MINDING MY OWN BUSINESS, YOU KNOW ME Oz

- 7 14 MINUTES BACK ON MY NATIVE SOIL AND I'M TREATED TO THIS BIT OF FASCIST INTIMIDATION Oz
- 8 I'VE BEEN FAITHFUL TO MY MARJORIE, I'VE NEVER HUMPED ANOTHER BOILER WITHIN A MONTH OF SEEING HER Oz
- 9 WELL HE SENT ME A POSTCARD FROM THE FALKLANDS, NO STAMP OF COURSE Oz's wife
- 10 WHEN I TOOK MY FIRST LOAF OUT OF THE OVEN I SUDDENLY KNEW HOW IT FELT FOR WOMEN GIVING BIRTH Barry

Compiled by Pete, Prince Of Wales Darts Team, Division 4 Champions 1986

BAND AID

ALLIGATOR BITES BACK

ALLIGATOR EBONY LEAD 100 COMBO £299 QQQ VVV

THE REVAMPED Alligator amp range has already had some very positive response in the press, and this Ebony Lead 1x10 combo will be no exception. The new chunky black look is bound to have greater appeal than the old green vinyl, although there is still room for cosmetic improvements to the control panel and logo (simple removal being recommended in the latter case).

But it's the functional aspects and the sound which should be our primary concerns, and the Ebony 100 doesn't disappoint on either score.

The design of the combo is advanced in a number of ways not obviously indicated by the rather cheap looking fascia. The speaker is one of the new breed of high-power, British made 10 inch models.

This combo also boasts a ported-front, closed-back design for improved bass handling, and in order to ensure optimum performance under all working conditions, the amplifier itself is fan-cooled — a luxury virtually unheard of in instrument amplification.

The guts of the design is a standard gain/three band eq/master volume arrangement, but with considerable sophistication at the input stage which makes this an amazingly versatile device.

To the left of the two inputs is a boost section comprising 'on' switch, boost pot and socket for the footswitch supplied. In conjunction with another toggle above the master volume knob, not only the type and degree of distortion but also the level at which you hear it when it's switched in, can all be predetermined.

The quality of both clean and distorted sounds really is high for a combo of this size and price, with little evidence of the boxiness often associated with 10 inch speakers. This sound quality also derives in part from the provision of a three-position filter switch giving 'flat' response and two filtered settings for greater tonal versatility and responsiveness to the type of instrument you're using.

Further sophistications on the input stage are found on the inputs themselves, which function separately as hi and lo inputs, but if used simultaneously, automatically revert to equal impedance so

that two instruments can effectively be used together.

Boost 'in' is indicated by a 'boost' LED; when boost is 'out', a neon lights over 'gain', so you always know exactly what mode the amp is in. And unusually for a solid state amp, a standby toggle switch is provided on the front panel, with the main power switch on the back panel. Both power and standby are LED-indicated at the front, although I must say I'd prefer both switches at the front too.

An effective reverb system is provided with its own intensity control and footswitch socket beneath the right-hand 'power section'.

On the back panel, beneath the neon-type mains rocker switch, is the IEC mains connector. And at the other end you'll find headphone socket, effects loop send and return and mixer/slave DI output. The 'extras', then, are as comprehensive here as on the front panel.

Undoubtedly the Ebony 100 is a well-equipped combo with a vast range of sounds for the price. It could be better looking, but that's about the only real criticism I have.

TONY MITCHELL



EBONY 100 LEAD: probably the most versatile 1x10 combo around

STACCATO GUITARS, the British hi-tech answer to Steinberger, are holding an open day this Saturday (May 3).

You can see and hear the range of guitars and basses and meet the Staccato team of Pat Townshend and Chris Jagger at their production plant in Norfolk between 10am and 4pm.

The address is The Old School, Woodbastwick, Norfolk, admission is free and refreshments (turkey sandwiches, perchance?) will be available. For more details, telephone Norwich 721607.

JACO PASTORIUS VIDEO TUTOR (DCI Music)

MUCH RESPECTED ex-Weather Report bassist Jaco Pastorius, in conjunction with obsequious interviewer Jerry Jemmott, plods his way through the mind-bogglingly tedious motions of bass playing and its tangible offshoots. To say it's detrimental is an understatement, to say it's educational is an overstatement.

Don't get me wrong — Jaco certainly knows his scales, is an astounding jazz musician as well as a very charming man, but just doesn't have that capability for passing knowledge on. And Jerry Jemmott's no help, 'cause all he does is massage Jaco's ego to the point of pukability.

What I did find interesting, however, were Jaco's comments on melody.

"For me, the melody is everything, and I'm sure it's because I feel like this that my bass playing technique is what it is today. Let's face it, a great number of pianists and guitarists don't learn the melody, let alone bass players."

This, along with some very interesting tips on techniques for harmonics, fretless bass and all-round picking, are the only true justifications for this video's existence, and the fact that you could read all this in a magazine anyway makes it pretty superfluous really.

DAVID MARX

RATINGS: QQQ — absolute perfection; QQ — good quality; Q — naff; VVV — a real bargain; VV — a fair price; V — definitely overpriced. Prices are full list unless otherwise stated

CULT

Continued from page 25

"I've been waiting for her so long/Open the sky
(and let her come down)"

'Rain'

FOR A band who went to the block for an album called 'Love', The Cult write about the emotion obliquely, if not vaguely.

Surely it's worth more than that? It's not possible to say 'love' and think that's the end of it. I will search this out, so don't worry.

Billy: "This love equals boy/girl, boy/tree, man/earth, mankind/mankind, America/Libya thing ain't what it's about. To us, it's an all-encompassing word. If you like, this is my religion, it's what I believe in. Things I thought we'd got in that album — compassion, respect — they all come under the heading of 'love'."

Has love ever hurt you?

Ian: "Many times. And when I'm hurt I just grit me teeth and get on with it."

No formula to give me?

"Cry."

Billy: "Now, what do I do? Ian, what did I do last time?" The word for this man in any other book would be the nauseating 'irrepressible'. I think it's like 'shy'.

"See, what I do, it sounds a bit namby-pamby but when I feel weird I just play. Like, last week I was on me own in the hotel room and in a bit of a state and I started working on this tune... and it's coming along quite nicely."

To me, 'Rain' is your most direct love song. What do you understand by fulfilment?

"I've never found complete fulfilment."

Ian is comfortable talking about this, but uses a staccato delivery anyway.

"I think it'll probably come in death."

Billy: "That's a good one."

You have no hope that a relationship can ever...?

"No, it's not a relationship I'm looking for, it's more than that. I just can't accept what's going on, and I find it hard to cope with things like walking down a street with zombies around me, living in a square room, driving around in a square box, always being confined, being in a

cell.

"Some days I just wish I was a bird and could fly away, just pswhooooosh... Imagine being born with like no rules, no boundaries. How fantastic. Maybe I'm looking for that."

Billy, too, has something to say here. We've touched a chord.

"In all honesty, I don't particularly feel at one with the great mass of people, either. In fact, they worry the shit out of me."

How big are your egos?

Billy says (surprisingly): "Two foot six by three foot square..."

Ian: "We take all this casually, but we do explode at times. There could be stretch limos all over the place but, like, we've got to think about the rent."

Billy: "I agree. A certain grip on reality's nice."

"... And that's why we voted Britain's Margaret Thatcher our Person Of The Week. Without her, those bombers could not have done their job."

Channel 10 CNN News, Thursday 17 April, midday

AN ENTIRE morning has been spent shrieking around Houston in yellow cabs, trying to find a stetson, boot and riding chaps dealer, but even Houston's saddlemakers deal in show, retailing to rich oilmen who, like the Ewings, dress up only for the Cattleman's Ball. Heat shimmers on the Southwest Freeway and even Billy can't laugh about the radio's Libyan news.

"I knew there'd be attacks on the British, we all did. The feeling at home's coming across here, alright. They know there's a general freak out there, and rightly so."

Let's think about something else. Got any jokes?

"Well, I try and have a laugh at everything, me."

You don't say.

"Like... er... like Les, our new drummer. We're giving him a lot of stick now, an' he

hates us — hates us, f***** hates us."

The rest of the sentence dissolves in chuckles and, I suppose, remembered events.

Ian: "And we were too lighthearted about the album. With this next one, I want everything finely-tuned, and the songs to get the deserved attention. I don't want people saying it's irrelevant, it's naive, these kids have just got nothing inside them. If anyone had said that to my face the first time, they'd have found themselves flat on their back. But they don't, they aren't."

"I'm almost beginning to feel that this business is like a cancer. There's so much responsibility, it's like your youth's being taken away from you. I think, in defiance of that, I'm becoming more emotional, more highly-strung. I cry a lot more. I think I feel a lot more. And I'm glad. I'm opening up to it — in fact, I want it to take over. It's painful, though, like living in a plastic bag. But if I lost heart, I would leave this thing."

"You see, you've got to be hard and learn fast. It's no good going up to these executive types and waving a little flower, going, Look, I'm an artist, let me make the sound I want. You've got to get in there with a big stick and be prepared to hit them with it."

"Yeow! But that singer's so ugly!"

"My God, that man is so exciting and so sexy. Mmmh. My, he's stayin' here another day..."

Female comments, Numbers Club, Thursday 17, midnight

GET NERVOUS, me. I honestly get very nervous on stage, and I think, What the f*** do I look like 'ere? I'm very self-conscious. But at least I've got a guitar to hold. I can look at that, look busy, but I still sometimes get really scared looking out at the audience, 'cos one person can really put you off if you catch the wrong look."

Ian: "I used to be one of these snotty kids with the wellies on and a ripped-up pullover,

used to run up to blokes an' go, Ey mister, whack, give 'em a belt and then run away, and I do that with audiences."

"If there's a problem I just stand there with me hand on me hip an' stare 'em out. Even comments people throw at me don't bother me now — I've been put down so many times I don't care."

Billy: "The thing is, we shouldn't get picked out individually. Like, the singer's not a sacred god..."

Ian (beetling eyebrows frenziedly): "Yes, he is. He is."

"... but now there's such an analytical trend. The decision about whether a band is good or bad is always based on, How much integrity do they have?"

Ian: "And it doesn't seem to matter whether or not the music's shit if the politics are right."

Billy: "Now, now, don't get depressed, it'll come round again, just be patient. It just seems like we got on our bicycle at the wrong point in the circle."

What would you tell me if I asked about your worst features?

Billy: "Flatulence, in 'is case."

Ian: "Yes, definitely. Wind. Plus, my impulsiveness. I throw myself headlong into situations, and I either come out of them really well or covered in mess and goo."

Billy suddenly interrupts, staring at my notepad. "Look, hasn't that cheered you up? Price 99p. I've just been sitting looking at that. We've been on tour here since February..."

God, you're homesick.

"No, no. Not really. Not really."

Worst quality, Billy?

"Sometimes being right about things, and not having the conviction of my rightness. So many times, I've seen something coming up and let people shout me down, and suddenly it's too late, and it's happened. I'd like to have more belief in myself."

The Lone Star state has a queer shape. To some, it looks like a broken wing. But just a few see a bow being drawn back.

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