

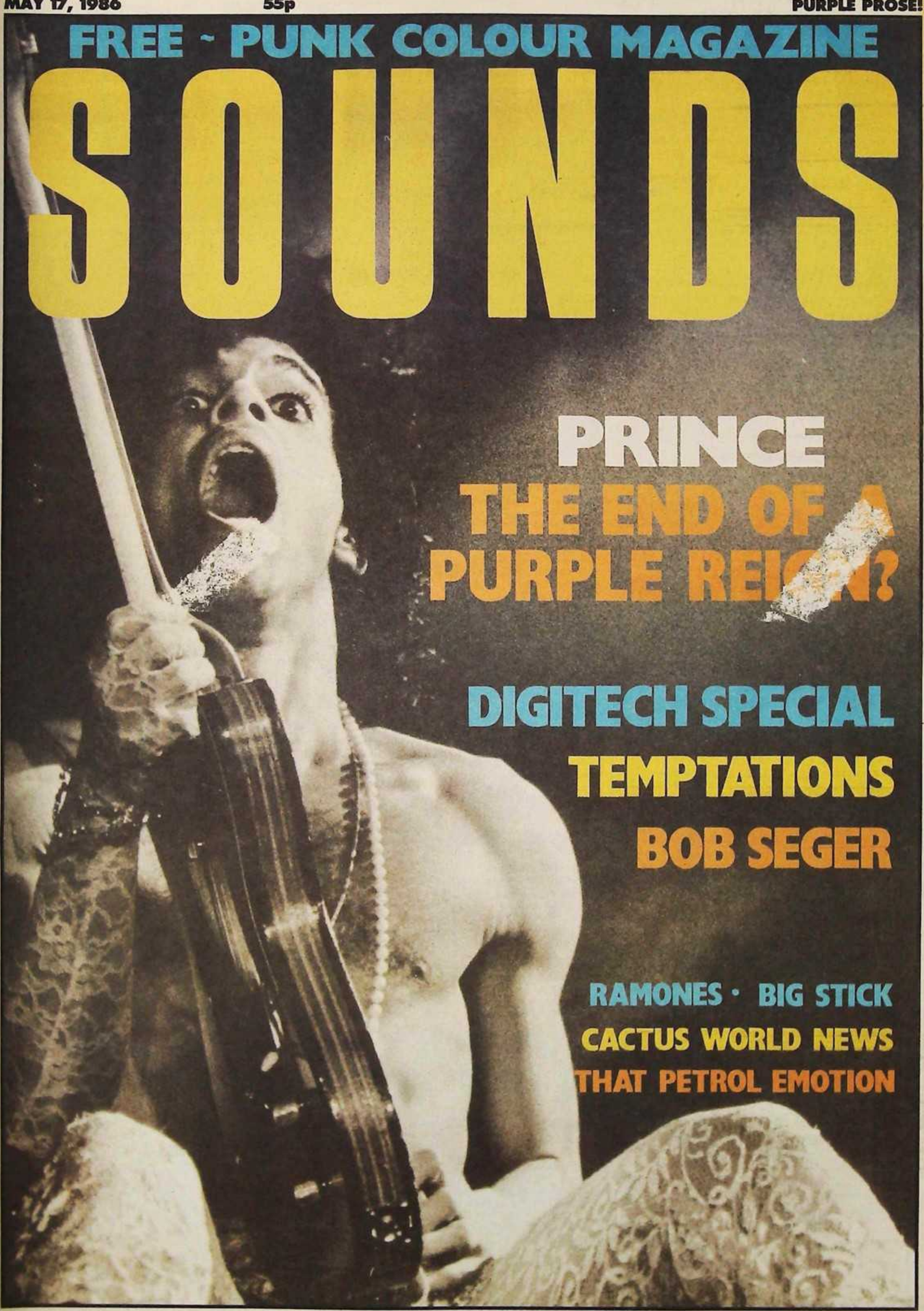
MAY 17, 1986

55p

PURPLE PROSE!

FREE - PUNK COLOUR MAGAZINE

SOUNDS



PRINCE
**THE END OF A
PURPLE REIGN?**

DIGITECH SPECIAL

TEMPTATIONS

BOB SEGER

RAMONES • BIG STICK
CACTUS WORLD NEWS
THAT PETROL EMOTION

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Has Silver Bullet bandit **Bob Seger** run out of ammo? **Billy Mann** shoots out to LA to find out. **Pages 10 & 11**
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LONDON NW1 7QZ

TEN YEARS AFTER...



Steve Double

MANCHESTER celebrates the tenth anniversary of the punk rock explosion with a week-long festival in July, culminating in a day-long concert at G-MEX starring Cabaret Voltaire, The Fall, Wayne Fontana And The Mindbenders (original '60s punks!), New Order, Pete Shelley and The Worst, who are reforming specially for the event.

A concert in July 1976 at the Lesser Free Trade Hall promoted by Malcolm McLaren, Ray Rossi and Richard Boon and featuring The Sex Pistols, Buzzcocks and Slaughter And The Dogs, was a major impetus in spreading punk in the north west.

The Festival Of The 10th Summer combines a series of concerts around Manchester with a number of exhibitions covering art, design, photography, video and fashion.

Durutti Column will start the music rolling with a performance at Manchester Town Hall on July 14. Their show will be enhanced with images by Rob Gray projected onto Pre-Raphaelite paintings. The second part of the concert will be a "live preview" of the *Leaving The 20th Century* musical film being made by Margi Clarke and Jamie Reid.

James and The Bodines will play the PSV Club – the original Factory – on July 15.

Happy Mondays and Stockholm Monsters will head a bill at Rafter on the 17th, while The Railway Children are among the bands being lined up at a More Labels Than One night at the Boardwalk on the 18th.

Ticket details for the G-MEX concert – which will be compered by Johnny Clark, Paul Morley and legendary punk bairer Bill Grundy (!) – will be announced in a couple of weeks.

A design exhibition co-ordinated by Assorted Images and including work by Malcolm Garrett, Linder, Steve Horsfall, Mark Farrow and Peter Saville will be held at the Cavendish Building, home of more than a few legendary gigs, while an art exhibition titled *The Other Decade* is being mounted in the foyer of the Manchester Art Gallery by Peter Saville Associates.

Kevin Cummins will have ten photographic images on display at the Cornerhouse Arts Complex where three screens will be putting on a week of films and videos. This will include archive *So It Goes* footage, *Rude Boy*, *The Great Rock And Roll Swindle*, *Stop Making Sense* and (hopefully) previews of the Sid and Nancy biopic *Love Kills* and *Pretty In Pink*.

Meanwhile, The Fall's Mark Smith and his wife Brix appear in a 90-minute Channel 4 TV programme on May 21 called *Hail The New Puritan*.

The programme is based around the dancing of ballet star Michael Clark who uses The Fall's music in his shows. It was shot on location in London last spring by director Charles Atlas and features plenty of Fall music as well as Mark Smith's philosophy of life.

The band are currently recording a new single, details of which will be announced shortly.

CLARENDON TO

THE HAMMERSMITH CLARENDON, which is staging six gigs a week, is set for an abrupt closure after Hammersmith Council granted permission to change the building into a temporary post office.

Despite a petition of 1,500 signatures collected within three days and a demonstration at the Planning Committee meeting, the closure order for

the Clarendon was granted.

The Clarendon is situated on the Hammersmith Broadway Island which is being redeveloped by London Transport, who own the site, and Bredero Projects Ltd.

A Bredero spokesperson told *Sounds* that the Clarendon was the only suitable premises on the Island site which could house a post office.

But Brian Peters, who has

been running the Clarendon for the past five years, disagrees.

"You could fit ten post offices on this Island," he told *Sounds*. "I don't understand why they are trying to close down a thriving business when there are empty buildings all around us that could be used."

Peters, who ran the Nashville Rooms before moving to the Clarendon, had

no chance to object to the planning application.

"I was told when I took over that I could be given three months notice to quit at any time by the brewery because of the planned redevelopment. I've always accepted that situation but suddenly they seem to want to close the place down very quickly."

"I've tried contacting the council, the brewery, the

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

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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**

ROD STEWART

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PHONE 0273 204101 FOR CREDIT CARD HOTLINE

GENESIS have into view next week with their first single in two years, 'Invisible Touch', on Charisma, written by Messrs Banks, Collins and Rutherford.

The band's new album will follow next month and the band have just got back into action at this week's Montreux Festival.

Meanwhile their good friend Peter Gabriel, who is Motowning his way up the charts with 'Sledgehammer', releases his new album on May 19 on Charisma. He's actually given this one a title - 'So' - and he'll be playing an Amnesty International gig in Stockholm this summer but British dates aren't likely until early next year.

STATUS QUO release their first single for nearly two years this week on Vertigo called 'Rolling Home'.

The band have also revealed the new line-up they'll be presenting to British fans at the Queen shows at Wembley, Newcastle and Manchester in July.

Francis Rossi and Rick Parfitt will be joined by their regular keyboard player Andy Bown and former Climax Blues Band members John Edwards on bass and Jeff Rich, drums.

The band have already played warm-up gigs in the Middle East and Eastern Europe and a British tour is on the cards for the autumn.

TERRAPLANE, whose brand new 'Living After Dark' featured on the *Sounds* EP, have a batch of gigs arranged this month before they start work on their next album.

They play Wolverhampton Polytechnic May 14, Burton Central Park 16, Birkenhead Stairways 17, Newcastle Riverside 18.

TOM ROBINSON and his Crew have added more dates to their British tour at Birmingham Aston University May 16, Manchester International 17, London Duke Of York 18, Norwich East Anglia University 24, London Duke Of York 25, Glasgow Queen Margaret Union 31, Edinburgh Empire June 1.

CLOSE?

developers and London Transport to find out exactly what's happening but each one tells me it's not their responsibility."

Peters has already launched a Hands Off The Clarendon

SIOUXSIE FOR WOMAD

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES will headline this year's WOMAD Festival, which has shifted location again and is now being staged at Kenn Pier Farm, Clevedon, near Bristol from July 18-20.

Siouxsie will be playing on the 19th - and it's likely to be her only British gig for the rest of the year. She's just released a compact disc of her 'Tinderbox' album which includes five additional tracks - 'The Quarterdrawing Of The Dog', 'An Execution', 'Lullabye', 'Umbrella' and 'Cities In Dust (Extended Version)'.

Gil Scott-Heron will be headlining on the 18th and among the other bands so far lined up to appear over the three days are The Gambia National Troup, Sonny Okosus from Nigeria, Flaco Jimenez, Super Diamono from Senegal, Jazz Warriors, Courtney Pine, Youssou N'Dour And Le Super Etoiles from Senegal, Chakk, The Housemartins, The Shop Assistants, Blur, Selda from Turkey, Liu Van Khaien from Vietnam, The Cookie Crew, and Mar-Pa from Japan.

There'll be more bands added to the list including two more major acts.

Weekend tickets are £17 and day tickets £8. They are available by post from WOMAD Festivals Ltd, PO Box 292, Bristol BS99 7TE. They will also be available at record shops around the country from May 21.



Peter Anderson

THE TRIFFIDS return to these shores with a gig at the University Of London on May 22. They then set their sights on Europe before coming back for more British gigs in June.

They have a new single due at the end of the month on Hot (through Rough Trade) called 'Wide Open Road', to be followed by their 'Born Sandy Devotional' album.

BLUE MURDER, a Dutch six-piece who've been going for four years, come over at the end of this month for a show at London's Marquee on May 27.

The band, who've released two indie cassettes, three indie albums and an indie single, celebrate their arrival on the major scene with WEA by releasing a single called 'Talk Talk Talk' this week.

DAVID REDFERN celebrates 25 years of photographing rock and jazz with an exhibition at London's West End Gallery in Drury Lane from May 19 for three weeks.

Starting his career in the jazz clubs, Redfern began photographing TV shows such as *Ready Steady Go!* and *Thank Your Lucky Stars* to build up an impressive collection of rock shots, although he continued to photograph jazz artists from Miles Davis to Ella Fitzgerald. He also worked at many American festivals, capturing the likes of Hendrix and Dylan.

Killer Cure ...



THE CURE get reflective with a compilation album called 'Standing On A Beach - The Singles' on Fiction on May 23.

Starting with 1979's 'Killing An Arab', the album contains 13 singles up to 'Boys Don't Cry' and includes 'Charlotte Sometimes', which hasn't been on an album before.

The cassette version is a doubleplay and features a dozen B-sides on the reverse.

There's also a video, *Staring At The Sea - The Images* released by Palace Video. It contains 17 tracks linked by archive footage. Four of the videos were specially shot for the collection.

THE ROSE OF AVALANCHE will be out looking for more converts for their 'Too Many Castles In The Sky' single when they join Balaam And The Angel as special guests on their tour, starting this week.

They'll also be appearing at Kentish Town Town And Country Club on May 29 with The Mission and Pauline Murray.

PHIL COLLINS, Elton John, Midge Ure, Mark Knopfler and Tina Turner are among the galaxy of stars who'll be performing at The Birthday Party to celebrate the tenth anniversary of The Prince's Trust at Wembley Arena on June 20.

They'll be playing in front of Prince Charles and Princess Diana, alongside Joan Armatrading, Eric Clapton, Big Country, Howard Jones, Level 42, Status Quo, Suzanne Vega and Paul Young. Tickets are priced at £25.50 and £15.50 which includes a donation to The Prince's Trust and a booking fee. They are available by post from The Birthday Party, PO Box 2, London W6 0LQ. Cheques and postal orders should be payable to 'The Prince's Trust' and tickets are limited to four per application. Don't forget the sale. The show will not be recorded, filmed or televised.

LOVE AND ROCKETS - namely Daniel Ash and David J Kevin - will play their first British show at London's Marquee on May 25.

They will be releasing a new single at the end of the month and are planning more dates to promote it.

THE REPLACEMENTS, the Minneapolis "freewheeling and careless" quartet, come over for British gigs this month.

The band, who released an album on Sire last autumn called 'Tim', will be playing their self-confessed "demented blues and noisy balladry" at Camden Dingwalls May 16, Manchester International 30, Leeds Marquee 31, Harlesden Mean Fiddler June 1.

TED MILTON and Blur are staging a one-off at Covent Garden Africa Centre on May 25.

A man with "a serious grudge against existence who is not about to suffer silently", Milton promises that the music will be "habitually stark sax/guitar/drums sounding more like a disembowelment than a celebration of rock".

Tickets are £3.50 (£2 concessions).

Madness against Apartheid ...



MADNESS play an Artists Against Apartheid gig at the Brixton Academy on June 20. They'll be supported by Potato 5 and a special guest to be announced. Tickets are priced at £5.

The Nutty Boys are currently touring Australia and will be slotting in the Brixton gig, which is in aid of the African National Congress, and the Glastonbury CND Festival on June 22 en route to America where they have a tour lined up.

Artists Against Apartheid was formed last month and will be staging several concerts over the coming year to highlight the inhumanity of the apartheid system in South Africa.

The Deptford Albany has organised a Sun City Stomp starting this weekend and running to the end of the month. Zulu band Uthingo will be appearing on May 18 followed by the Irie! Dance Company 22-24 and 28-30, Amazulu and Nomvula 26, and a cabaret night with satirist Jack Klaff and dub poets Jean Binta Breeze and John Matshikiza 27.

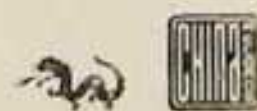
There will also be a permanent exhibition of visual images of South Africa and a series of films. Full details are available from the Albany, telephone (01) 691 8016.

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THE MODELS, an Australian quintet, arrive in London for dates later this month to promote their debut album on Geffen called 'Out Of Mind, Out Of Sight'. They play gigs at Camden Dingwalls May 26, Harlesden Mean Fiddler 27, Fulham Kings Head 28, Soho Marquee 30.

38 SPECIAL, the Atlanta rockers, release their new album this weekend on A&M.

Titled 'Strength In Numbers', it follows three platinum albums back home.

First single from the album is 'Like No Other Night' and the 12-inch features a live

version of their stage favourite, 'Hold On Loosely'.

THE HOUSEMARTINS, who've been recording tracks for their debut album, set out on a string of dates next month leading up to the Glastonbury Festival.

They play Nottingham Rock City June 4, Aylesbury Maxwell Hall 5, Manchester International 7, Hull Tower Ballroom 8, Birmingham Portland 9, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 10 (filmed live for *Whistle Test*), Leeds Polytechnic 12, Norwich East Anglia University 13, Leicester University 14,

Newcastle Riverside 19, Durham University 20, Glastonbury Festival 22.

Special guests on all dates except London and Glastonbury will be 3-Action from Hull. There will also be selected appearances from The Four Tone Deaf Boys Of Grafton Street, described as "Hull's teenage gospel sensations".

MANFRED MANN completes his European tour with a London gig at Hammersmith Odeon on June 6. Tickets are £6.50 and £5.50.

A new single from the 'Criminal Tango' album - the Earth Band's version of Paul Weller's 'Going Underground' - is released by 10 this week.

Support band at Hammersmith will be Outside Edge.

STEEL PULSE come out for another sortie at Folkestone Leas Cliffe Hall May 16, Southampton Mayfair 18, Penzance Demelzas 19, Brighton Top Rank 21. They also have their 'Love Walks Out' single re-released by Elektra.

PATTI LA BELLE cancelled her sell-out British show at Hammersmith Odeon last weekend because of "the state of world affairs" which, translated from American, means Libya-scare.

Starship have also cancelled a projected European tour this summer for the same reason. While Americans are happy to use Britain as an aircraft carrier, they seem reluctant to come over and entertain the troops.

ROD'S BIG MATCH



ROD STEWART has announced his first British concert in three years at Wembley Stadium on July 5.

He'll be joined by Feargal Sharkey, The Blow Monkeys and other bands to be announced shortly. There are also rumours that he will be re-uniting The Faces for the encore.

Tickets are £15 by post from Rod Stewart Wembley Tickets, CP Box Office, PO Box 1AS, London W1A 1AS. Don't forget the s.a.e.

Rod's new single is called 'Love Touch' and is released by Warners this week. His album will be out in time for the Wembley show.

Rod'll no doubt be warming up by watching his beloved Scotland in the World Cup in Mexico and simultaneously recovering from a nasty head gash sustained while playing football in Los Angeles recently.

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AUSGANG, the alternative popsters who've had indie chart success with their 'Manipulate' album and 'Here It Comes' EP, follow their Gene Loves Jexabel tour with gigs of their own at Newcastle Tiffany's May 14, Stafford South End Club 15, Manchester Gallery 16, Brighton Arts Centre 17, Coventry Busters 19, London 100 Club 20.

METALLICA show that they are made of sterner stuff than Rambo by adding three more dates to their British autumn tour. They'll now be playing Cardiff St David's Hall September 10, Bradford St Georges Hall 11 and Edinburgh Playhouse 12.

FEARGAL SHARKEY will be playing two British dates in the summer - at St Austell Cornwall Coliseum on July 1 and 2. All tickets are £5.

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CARTEL - THE VITAL LINK

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

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

RECORD NEWS



MANTRONIX, the New York rappers who are lining up an appearance at the UK Fresh '86 festival at Wembley in July, have a new single out on 10 this week called 'Baseline'.

THE RED, a North London quartet, release their second indie single on Lost Moment (through The Cartel) this month called 'Promises'.

FOUR BIG GUITARS FROM TEXAS, namely Ray Benson from Sleep At The Wheel, Jesse Taylor from Joe Ely's band, Gerry Felton from The Commandos and Rick Rawls from The Le Roi Brothers, have been brought together for the second album in the series on Demon called 'That's Cool, That's Trash (More Big Guitars From Texas)'.

KING KOBRA, the American heavy metal quintet, have a single out on Capitol this week called 'Iron Eagle (Never Say Die)' from the forthcoming *Iron Eagle* movie.

BRANDON COOKE, a New Jersey singer/songwriter who is pioneering with "pop/rap", releases his first single on Phonogram this week called 'Sharp As A Knife (Voices Calling)'.

BUNNY WAILER releases his first single of the year on Solomonic (through Jet Star) this week. It's a double A-side called 'Tears In Your Eyes' / 'Old Time Sing 'Ting'.

THE DAVE HOWARD SINGERS, who'll be touring Britain next month, have a 12-inch single out on Hallelujah (through Rough Trade) this week called 'Goodnight Karl Malden'.

FOREVER, the Chicago rockers, stand by to "revive a wimp-ridden rock landscape" with their first album called 'And Ever' on Heavy Metal America this week.

WASP, who'll be coming over for a tour in the autumn, release a new single on Capitol next week called 'Wild Child'. There's a limited edition doublepack including two songs recorded at London's Lyceum on the last tour.

SAM HARRIS, who had a hit with 'Hearts On Fire' a year ago, has a new single out on Motown this week called 'I'd Do It All Again' from his upcoming album 'Sam - I - Am'. Motown are also rush-releasing the debut self-titled album from Philadelphia soul family Guinn.

THE BAND OF HOLY JOY have a 10-inch mini album called 'The Big Ship Sails' on Film Flam this week.

THE CAMBERWELL NOW, a trio formed by ex-members of This Heat, have their first album out on Ink this week called 'The Ghost Trade'.

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27TH MANCHESTER INTERNATIONAL

28TH NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY

29TH LONDON TOWN AND COUNTRY

30TH CARDIFF NEW OCEAN

31ST OXFORD POLYTECHNIC

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16 IMAGINATION	15 BRONSKI BEAT
17 THE END	16 MANFRED MANN EARTH BAND
18 ROBERT CALVERT BAND	17 THE SHADOWS
19 CARMEL	18 THE DEAD CAN DANCE
20 TOM ROBINSON	19 FLORA PURIM AIRTO
21 WILKO JOHNSON-JOHN OTWAY	20 GARY GLITTER
22 27/28 JOHNNY MATHIS	21 MATT BIANCO
23 THAT PETROL EMOTION	22 MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG
24 BALAM & THE ANGEL	23 GLASTONBURY CND FESTIVAL
25 JOE JACKSON	24 TWELVE TRIBES
26 CARMEL	25 LATIN QUARTER
27 STEEL PULSE	26 DON WILLIAMS
28 DR & THE MEDICS	27 INXS
29 ASWAD	28 GR. SCOTT HERON
30 TOM ROBINSON	29 MARILLION (travel available)
31 BELOUIS SOME	30 ROD STEWART
1 P.I.L.	31 GILBERTO GIL
2 CHIEFS OF RELIEF	1 J.P. FRESH '86
3 JACK JONES	2 26-27 NEW YORK JAZZ EXPLOSION
4 JOHN DENVER	3 LUCIANO PAVAROTTI
5 CHERRY BOMBZ	4 OZZY OSBOURNE (travel available)
6 THE MISSION	5 22-23 ENGLAND v NZ (cricket)
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TUESDAY 27th MAY, BRISTOL STUDIO
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MUSIK MARKET (BATH) AND THE STUDIO

WEDNESDAY 28th MAY, CARDIFF RITZY
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FRIDAY 30th MAY, BIRMINGHAM ODEON
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OUR NEWS



KALIMA follow the release of their 'Night - Time Shadows' album on Factory with gigs at London Bass Clef May 16, Stirling University 20, Newcastle Riverside 21, Manchester Boardwalk 27.

ZODIAC MINDWARP, currently giving Janice Long the hot, supports Bob Calvert at Hammersmith Clarendon on May 16 and then plays Leatherhead Riverside 18, University Of London Union 22, Fulham Greyhound 29, Reading Paradise 30, Romford Rezz June 2, Kentish Town Town And Country Club (with The Screaming Blue Messiahs) 5, Dudley JB's 6, Manchester Boardwalk 12.

CHINESE GANSTER ELEMENT, a Halifax quartet with a Peel session and ICA Rock Week appearance to their credibility, play Halifax Pot O Four May 14 and Kentish Town Bull And Gate 21.

THE BELOVED, whose 'A Hundred Words' single is climbing the indie charts, play Manchester Boardwalk May 14.

THE UNION, who've been recording a single with John McCoy producing, play Bethnal Green Green Gate May 18, Peterborough The Crown 29.

THE GODFATHERS have added more dates to their British tour at Liverpool Polytechnic May 17 (put back from the 10th), London North Kensington Bay 63 22, Dudley JB's 23, Manchester Ritz 27.

THE CANNIBALS join The Stingrays, The X Men and The Surfadelics at Croydon Underground May 15.

JUICE ON THE LOOSE continue their relentless touring schedule at Hackney Lord Cecil May 14, Swansea Marina 15, Devon Culmpton Verneer Manor 16, Brentford Red Lion 17, Camden Dublin Castle 23, Cricklewood Production Village 24, Deptford Royal Albert 30, Putney Half Moon 31.

THE STINGRAYS celebrate the release of their 'June Rhyme' single on ABC by supporting The Cramps on the second leg of their British tour which begins this week.



FIRE NEXT TIME, who are hoping to turn Stiff boss Dave Robinson into a card carrying SWP member with their first single, 'Behind The Hammers', have lined up a series of free lunchtime gigs at colleges around the country. They'll be playing music while you munch at Hatfield Polytechnic 14, Kennington Cricketers 14 evening, Cambridge Technical College 15, London City University 16, Bath University 19, Warwick University 20, Manchester UMIST 21, Huddersfield Polytechnic 22, Canterbury Christchurch College 23, Finsbury Park Sir George Robey 23 evening, Harlesden Mean Fiddler 29 evening, Leicester Princess Charlotte 31 evening.

CHASAR, now back on the road with new singer Ian Tate, continue their string of Scottish gigs at Thurso Way Inn May 24, Balloch Flamingo 31, Glenrothes Suzie Q June 5, Dunoon Blue Lagoon 8, Wishaw Heatherly Bar 21.

XWORD

By Sue Buckley

ACROSS

1. Dokken doin' porridge? (5,4,3,3) 7. Colourfield built 'em in the air (7) 9. Genesis' alien ... not ET (7) 11. Label for a special kind of magic (1,1,1) 12. Beach/Margarine/Paper (4) 13. Elf man with a sacred heart (3) 15. According to the Wilsons, they're the tops ... if only everyone could be like them (10,5) 18. Seasonal offering from Patti Smith (6) 19. Thought trainers? (1,2) 22. Many have asked him what it's all about ... a bigger Ms Moyet might help (5) 24. What Martha the Vandella had on her third finger, left hand (4) 25. & 17 It soaked Rose Of Avalanche on their West Coast jaunt (1,1,4) 26. In short, they picked up the funky pieces (1,1,1) 28. Originally doubled by the Dixie Cups (3) 29. Warrior for Grand Prix (7) 30. He took us by the hand through the capital, and asked how we had the nerve to claim we were lonely (5,6) 31. She was projected by Alan Parsons (3)

DOWN

1. How Sam was related to Suggs (5) 2. They blindly follow Little Steve (9,2,4) 3. ... but Al and Rex help Frank to unwind (5 anag) 4. ... Even so, he looks haggard ... must be all that dirty work ... moving it to the right and so on for so many years (5,8) 5. Rodgers' river (4) 6. Cowardly vessel which sailed a sea of dreams with all our friends on board (6,9) 8. It burns towards its destiny (5) 10. Kate made a deal with him about hill running (3) 14. Kurtis Blow's trip (3) 15. Maurice's brothers could ride a French horse but harangue the bartender instead (9) 16. Tube's royalty (3) 17. see 25 across 20. Joe/House/Image (6) 21. Nightlife/House (6) 23. Band/Shaker/Planet (5) 27. Heartbreakin' highway band (4)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Thrill Of A Lifetime 9. End Of The Century 11. Oar 12. Davies 14. Lewis 17. Wheels 18. Star 19. Wolf 23. On Through The Night 27. Another Perfect Day 30. Eli 31. EP 32. Bend 34. Van 38. Ace 39. Drive 40. Dead 42. Kissing To Be Clever

DOWN

1. The Boy Who Came Back 2. Rod Argent 3. Life 4. Archies 5. Ian 6. Equals 7. Ivy 8. Elvis 10. Head 13. Slash 15. Who 16. Al 20. Fatty 21. Hurry 22. Snack 24. Rah Band 25. Heep 26. Godley 28. Oliver's 29. Freddie 33. Diver 35. Ring 36. Zero 37. Paul 41. OV

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EDITED BY GLYN BROWN

Lord WAISTREL

IS AMAZONIAN beauty Tina Turner planning to play a political fund-raising concert for man-melting Mrs T?

I have to ask you because every time I try and ask Tina's PR, EMI-America's juicy Joan Ingrams, she starts squawking like a ruptured bagpipe.

In fact, so hysterical does Joan become in her no-comments that one rather suspects there must be a kernel of truth in the rumours! Ms Turner, it is alleged, would be paid around 25,000 dollars for the morale boosting, money-making benefit, which will take place at either Longleat House or Alton Towers next year, and you can bet your last krugerrand that if tasty Tina does spearhead Maggie's top secret Blue Wedge pop task force, then Bragg and brother Kinnock will be running for cover faster than Mrs Whitehouse caught skinny-dipping by *Candid Camera*!

Dear Lord Thynne, who runs Longleat, confesses he is a fan of the dusky damsel, but says he has no knowledge of any concert. My investigations at Alton Towers proved just as fruitless.

As usual when in Staffordshire, I stayed at the Moorville Hall Hotel. Since my last sojourn here – when I was posing as Sick Sick Sputnik's chauffeur – the place has been so heavily fortified that it makes Mr Murdoch's Wapping plant look like a Liverpool Council pensioners' pop-in club! And all in case the Sputnik crew return!

The only 'star' in sight however was the hideously ugly Si Spanner, former Gonad turned full-time pornographer, whom I discovered hiding in my Ali-Baba basket.

At first he claimed to be avoiding Ruskie nuclear gas clouds, but when pressed he confessed that he was on the run from two muscular 16 year old schoolgirls who he'd mistakenly tried to chat up in some seedy Soho pub.

Impressed, I went straight to Soho to try and recruit them as minders. It was a search that broke my heart, for I found pouting Epic PR Joana Burns out dating the entire Israeli football team! How off-side can you get?

If our boys in the Falklands had shown such disloyalty and laziness, we'd all be on a corned beef diet by now and singing 'Una Paloma Blanca' instead of the National Anthem.

Toodle pip!



This Man Is Ill

RECOGNISE THIS person? Yup, it's the one and only Jerry Lee Lewis, looking worse than Rock Hudson did after he was dead. This is the man who played one week ago at the New Orleans Jazz Festival and was so energetic he was bouncing all over the stage – but still looking way the other side of terminal. Our biggest example of what a little rock 'n' roll can do

SO PETE, what's this about you going off your head, joining the Moonies and hiring a helicopter to paint peace symbols on the twin towers of the New York World Trade Centre?

This is what I'm about to ask Sex God and former Bunnyman Pete De Freitas. I think he's going to laugh in my face.

Turns out I can save my questions. The collision of wraparound shades, suntan (in Liverpool in May), leather trousers and manic enthusiasm that greets me is Sex Gods frontman Andy Eastwood. He tells me Pete's not here yet – some story about he's selling his prized Ducati (having sold his drumkit and stereo). He'll be back later but, in the meantime, how would I like to come to Manchester to drop off

some demo tapes? I say I'd love to. I can't say a lot else.

We're halfway to the land of the Woollyback when he embarks on the hitherto undisclosed background to the De Freitas Insanity saga.

The rumours had Pete flipping his wig, joining the obscure Children of God religious sect and planning to redecorate the New York skyline.

What I'm told is that Mr De Freitas was in New York at the time but with the Sex Gods, not the Children of God.

The band were playing and travelling and recording the whole thing on film and, for dramatic effect, each member of the band adopted a futuristic character role. Andy was half metamorphosed into the downtrodden Balcony Dog, guitarist Jonno was the

SIT DOWN little Crystal (7) and Max (11) and behave yourselves. I know you hate to be away from Auntie Morticia but I have a treat for you so shut up and pay attention. It's that hunky Kelly Temple and deliciously dishy Lisa Maxwell and they're hosting a television programme called *The Blizz* especially for you little people.

Max, don't do that, the tape's rolling now – ooh, quick, put your sunglasses on, Kelly's going to smile. Phew, just in time.

Look, it's Level 42 now and we're going behind the scenes of their latest video with two little boys just like you. What, why isn't it you? Ah, well, some children have television producer Daddies and some don't... and you don't, Max.

Now then, fashion time. Look at those pretty clothes. And that pretty Lisa, Crystal, don't do that with your fingers, I was talking to Max. Sometimes I wonder about you, dear.

Looks like we just have time for a couple of questions to Simon Le Bon before Lisa and Kelly return with Five Star. And who's that behind us – oh, quelle surprise, it's Lisa and Kelly in the flesh.

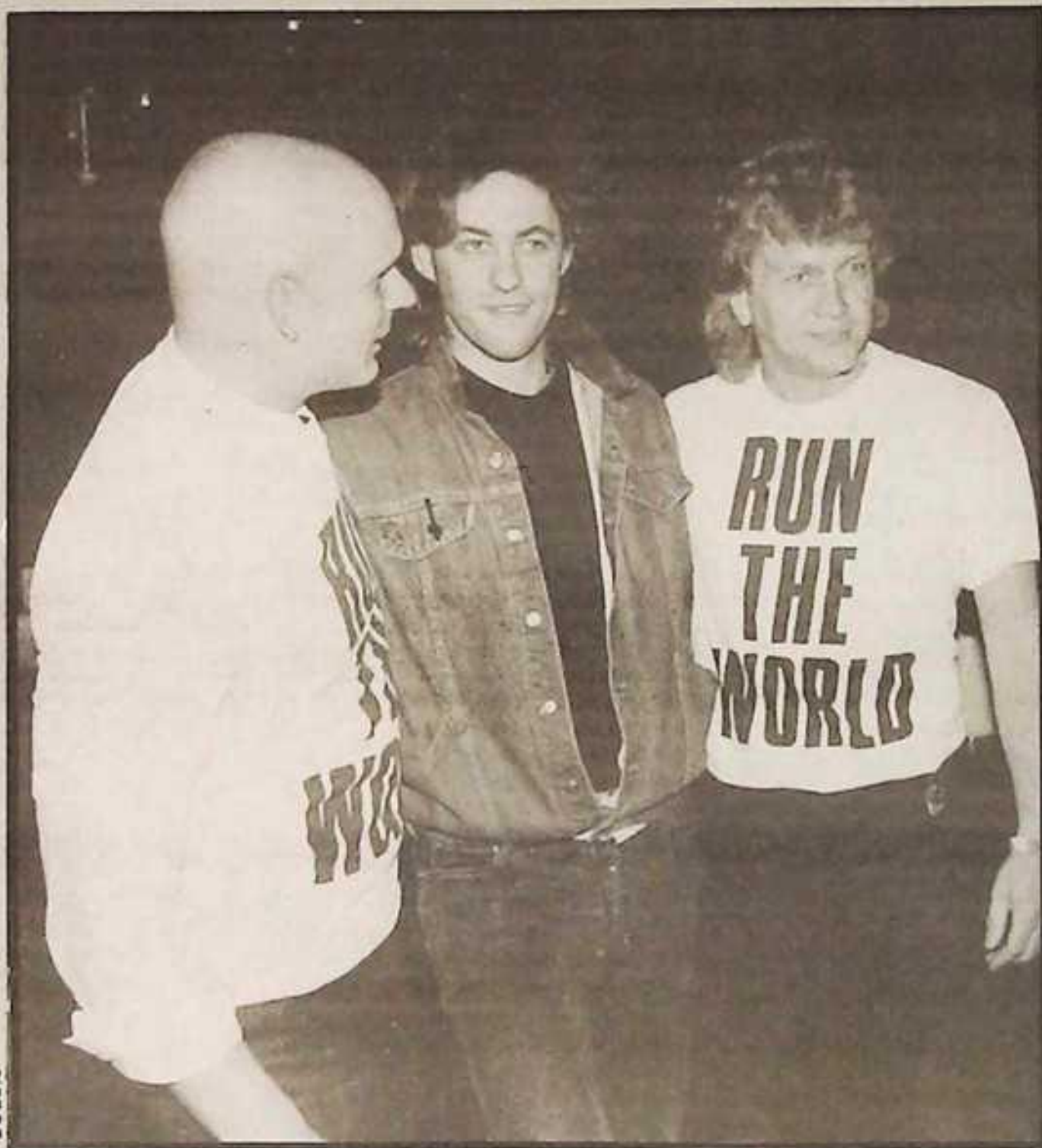
'Hello Lisa, hello Kelly. Yes, we all enjoyed the show very much – what's that, no children allowed in the Video Cafe? Especially for previews? I'll be on my way then. Goodbye, everybody. Goodbye.'

STAXA WAX



Kelly and Lisa... Sex-sy

Another Track Record?



Dun Can Goodhew, Rory Bremner and – so where's Gary Crowley, then?

LOOK, I'll tell you what, let's just have done with it and turn this into the Gary Crowley corner, OK? I mean, the man gets everywhere so at least let's devote a page to him. But to be fair he wasn't the main attraction, just the DJ before Rory Bremner did his (comic) impersonation spot. Though what either of them have to do with sport is a conundrum beyond the depths of my grey matter.

See, I'm back in the Hippodrome (roving reporter or what!) to cover the launch of Sport Aid. Early evening and there's Duncan Goodhew and John Lodge holding aloft a British Airways hostess, Arlene Philips urging us all to "work-out" and Bobbus Gelfofus – patron saint of reformed rock stars – scurrying around.

It's all to do with simultaneous sponsored runs all around the world and raising money for drought stricken areas of this planet. I am presented with a list as long as my arm (literally, I measured it) of sports persons and other misc. celeb. types who endorse this. Included in the list are Watford FC who are described as a 'football team'. Get your facts right, please, kids.

Still, all ran (!) smoothly. You can get involved yourself on May 25; contact Sport Aid on 01-928 7733 for further details.

STAXA WAX

EX~BUNNYMAN HOPS OUT OF SIGHT AGAIN

"Does this man exist?" asks exhausted hack

SO PETE, what's this about you going off your head, joining the Moonies and hiring a helicopter to paint peace symbols on the twin towers of the New York World Trade Centre?

This is what I'm about to ask Sex God and former Bunnyman Pete De Freitas. I think he's going to laugh in my face.

Turns out I can save my questions. The collision of wraparound shades, suntan (in Liverpool in May), leather trousers and manic enthusiasm that greets me is Sex Gods frontman Andy Eastwood. He tells me Pete's not here yet – some story about he's selling his prized Ducati (having sold his drumkit and stereo). He'll be back later but, in the meantime, how would I like to come to Manchester to drop off

some demo tapes? I say I'd love to. I can't say a lot else.

We're halfway to the land of the Woollyback when he embarks on the hitherto undisclosed background to the De Freitas Insanity saga.

The rumours had Pete flipping his wig, joining the obscure Children of God religious sect and planning to redecorate the New York skyline.

What I'm told is that Mr De Freitas was in New York at the time but with the Sex Gods, not the Children of God.

The band were playing and travelling and recording the whole thing on film and, for dramatic effect, each member of the band adopted a futuristic character role. Andy was half metamorphosed into the downtrodden Balcony Dog, guitarist Jonno was the

Lounge Lizard, and drummer Tim Whittaker was the Walking Artform. Pete's alter ego was Dr X, the creator of this Utopia.

However, Pete began to play his role too well, mixing up film scenes (the helicopter) with reality, in transatlantic phonecalls... By the time Andy's finished this bizarre tale and dropped a demo off at Factory ("Heard of the Sex Gods?" "Yeah." "Well I am one.") we're back in Liverpool. Still no Pete De Freitas, and no one can trace him.

I hang around and hang around and finally have to get the last train. Is Pete always like this?

"Yeah, he's in a world of his own."

So – De Freitas AWOL again? Maybe, but not mad, just poor. I think.

Meanwhile, the Sex Gods legend only just begun.

ROY WILKINSON



De Freitas... a legend in his own helicopter

ROCK 'INKIES' IN MERGER SHOCK!

“Are those other two still going, then?” asks reader

As the first trickle of rumour leaks like a kind of grubby brown miasma from the towers of IPC Magazines' head offices, the music biz bites on a gumshield and tries not to fall about laughing. Our own intrepid Rupert Haddock brings you the news as it tickertapes in

STORIES THAT *Monotony*
Maker and *New Mediocre*
Express will shortly merge are
again circulating the music
business. And we are reliably
informed the amalgamation
will take place this summer.

Despite denials from the papers themselves, the facts are hard to dispute: both papers are owned by the same company, the Holborn Publishing Group, nicknamed The Ministry of Pop and part of the massive IPC corporation; both papers have taken alarming drops in circulation; and there has been a quiet but significant exchange of staff between the two papers.

Following a succession of resignations from *NME* last year, the owners installed a *Monotony Maker* staffer (nicknamed The Invisible Man by his former colleagues, who had difficulty recalling his presence in their office) as Editor. He then dragged in a couple of his *Maker* muckers, and briefly printed the totally indecipherable work of one Mick Merciless, a stalwart member of the *Maker* crew.

Last week's *Great Rock* Writer Nick Kent, for years an *NME* contributor, then slipped over to the *Maker* team. Readers were understandably confused.

Insiders, however, claim this is a carefully planned operation to blur the editorial characters of both papers, thus making a merger inevitable. What the joint publication will be called is not yet known.

Staff on both papers will naturally resist this plan. Yet, the *Maker* has seen its Features Editor and another staffer resign recently. Morale is said to be very low, with writers acting strangely, and one lady reporter bizarrely proclaiming the plans "to grow a penis". The new Features Editor is an odd fellow with a nervous disposition that causes him to spill vast quantities of wine, usually over other journalists.

The *Mediocre* people are "deeply offended" by the proposition. Die-hard left wingers who launch dubious

political witch-hunts on *Sun* reporters but then inexplicably put Page 3's Samantha Fox on their front cover, are reluctant to climb into the same bed – figuratively speaking – as the *Muck Makers*. Not least of all, they resent the idea of moving to the *MM* offices, located in a public house.

Said one, "The idea of a complete stranger vomiting over my stories is something I'd rather leave to our readership. And I'm sure, if I worked on it, it would upset my socialist sensibilities, too."

Conversely, *Maker* men – who constantly boast in print about their mammoth boozing sessions – don't fancy the idea

of swilling down large amounts of cappuccino, the *Medlocres* tippie.

If this scheme reaches its proposed conclusion, it will be the second time *NME* has been merged. The first was in the '70s when the short-lived *National Rock Star* closed, and a page ad appeared in *NME* saying it had been

amalgamated. The staff were bemused, considering no *National Rockers* were working alongside them.

So the claim from both camps that they know nothing of this move is easily explained.

Neither lot know anything.
full stop.

most dynamic combo yet created he would be heavily involved with "scare rides". What terrors he would poke at punters, too ... Dig this. Dead animals which would swivel round mooring, showing innards flashing with strobe effect. Or ... Bald heads in compartments which would scream insults atcha and embarrass you to hell as you rode round in your little car.

Kinda beats cotton cobwebs crawling across your forehead, doesn't it? More of this mania later. Promise.

MAD MAX

SO LONG, PAL

VERY FEW people seem to remember Sandy Boy Robertson these days. Generally the reaction at the mention of his name is as with the editor of the esteemed organ in your hands, the unravelling threads of memory flicker and out comes: "I've always had the impression that he was a bit of a nutter."

A self-confessed student of the occult and reader of *The Sun*, The Reverend Sand Alexander-Osman Frederick Aleister Robertson was affected by the decadent posings of the era in which his youth flowered. Swanning about in such flamboyant garb as a blue satin Cheap Trick tour jacket and blood-spattered sneakers he'd whisper to his friends, "I'm just off to have my tooth screwed back in."

He was appointed features editor of *Sounds* in July 1984, and it is this period that is the genesis of much of the sinister rumour about Robertson. People who knew him then say he was neurotically obsessed with Patti Smith, Blue Oyster Cult and Kim Fowley. A learned bibliophile, an expert on Meat Loaf, a champion of the sugar industry and a demonologist, he lived at Chiswick, and the Barratt house (decorated in Ming Blue) where he resided still looks evil. So much so, that the new owners of his Chiswick abode found the atmosphere so uncongenial that they had to have the cat tray fumigated.

Nowadays Robertson is hardly a fashionable writer, mainly due to his belief in rock 'n' roll as a primal force, and is mainly known for his most famous collection, a volume on Jim Steinman which was bound in human skin. Strange, clever, erudite, glib, opinionated, sinister... Robertson was all these. There remains much that is not known about him. He will be sadly missed.

HECTOR FORBES WAX

'War Pigs' and romance is in the air. And before Glenn Hughes knows it, **Ray Gillan** (that's the name, guys) is *in* and he's *out*. Tough, eh? Go smash into a Kleenex vending machine, boy.

On to flying – unfortunately, our sun-burned, beer-bathin', cork-screwing Outback cousins don't have the current American fear of it, but **INXS** oughta be thinking seriously. Returning over the centre of the huge red lump of dried spit called Australia in a nine-seater light aircraft after filming a video for their new single – catchily titled 'Kiss The Dirt (Falling Down the Mountain)' – the plane's left tyre blew out on touchdown at Broken Hill, the antipodean Las Vegas (another lie – you spottin' 'em all?). Nine hours were spent in rip-roaring Broken Hill before a replacement tyre sauntered along. Am I jealous!

Other than all this, **Bob Geldof** put out his autobiography last week. I understand the live, Bob, man, the pressure, and I for one would never say a word against you. But what's **Paula** going to feel like when you say every other line "I kept trying to give her the push, but she wouldn't take the hint". Skittering soundtracks, the same applies to the record buying public and **The Boomtown Rats**, but we don't keep on and on and on and

Stick Insect

WHAT'S THAT tarantula on your paw? we asked Big Stick masked man John Gill, fresh from New York and astonished by the Brighton coastline which was rapidly sneaking inland.

Turned out that it was a transfer tattoo from Japan, and this was his "ninja spider hand", prone to make those kinda *Enter The Dragon* bird wing noises that impregnate countless amounts of Kung-Fu footage.

Looking out to sea John spies the famous Palace Pier Ghost Train. Seems that if he wasn't half of New York's

THE BOBFATHER

LET'S START with the moral of this story.

"Success," someone incredibly rich and successful once said, "is like a Rolls Royce. If you want one bad enough you'll pay over the odds. But if you're not particularly bothered and someone just gives you one, you feel beholden to the thing. And by the time you've paid all the running costs, you're cleaned out."

Bob Seger is successful, not Steven Spielberg successful but he's got a nice little Mexican style number in the wealthy Bel Air district of Los Angeles. It's pretty impressive – so impressive, in fact, that Capitol Records press person Karen practically wet her whiskers when the ancient, bald, drug-taking photographer we had brought with us accidentally smashed a beer bottle all over his poolside patio.

I kept calm and stared pensively out over the lush, green hills that roll behind the LA basin. Out across the valley lives Bob's old pal Don Henley, over on the coast at Pacific Palisades Bruce Springsteen has just moved in.

And down below lies the heart and rubber soul of LA, choking on her own fart.

"I don't live rich," Bob tells me later. "This place doesn't cost that much to rent and I've got a \$15,000 car, which isn't a really expensive car considering how much money I've got. The only other car I've got is a Jeep truck. The money's all in the bank because I want that freedom to go when I want to go. I could stop it any time and I wouldn't need to make any money."

This is the Bob Seger story, the tale of a young man brought up on little more than his mother's love, who became a somebody.

TO LEAVE a long story long, Bob was a shy kid, always a bit lost and never really one of the gang. He was born in Detroit and brought up in Ann Arbor, Michigan. At the age of four he learned to play the ukulele. At school he was a hardworking, conscientious pupil, always good for As and Bs. His favourite subject was science, an interest that has flourished into his present day enthusiasm for astrology and space exploration.

His father worked for 22 years at Ford's motor plant and in his spare time led the 13-piece Stewart Seger Orchestra.

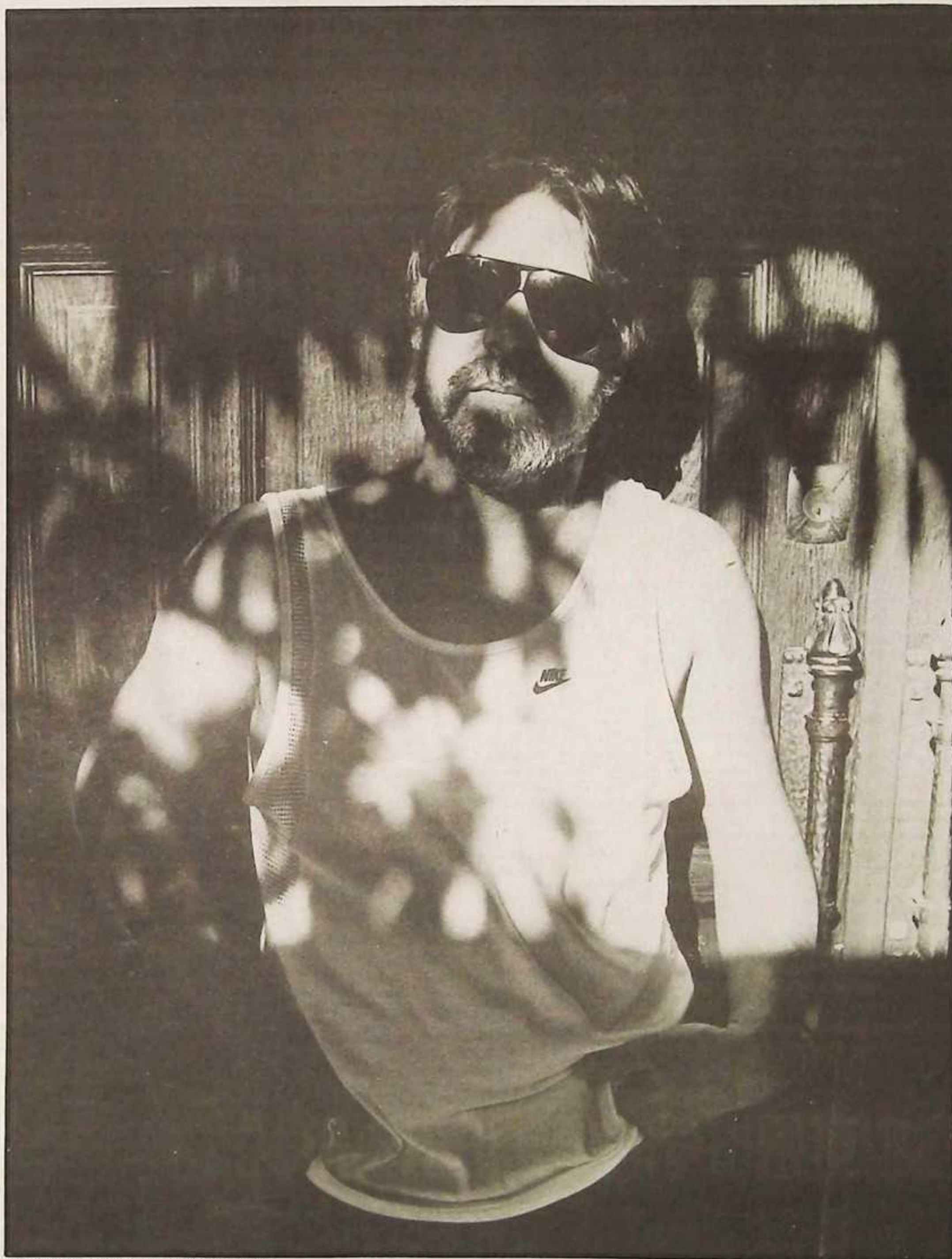
When Bob was ten his father, a drinker, left his wife to cope with a broken marriage and two sons. Naturally, she brought up Bob and his elder brother George with the honesty and responsibility her husband lacked and, as soon as they were old enough, they were both out earning. But money was still tight, something Bob didn't really notice until he got to High School where the competition for cars, clothes and girls was fierce.

I'm telling you all this because what happened to Bob Seger when he was young links up with what he is today. So bear with me and try to pay attention.

At 15 Bob found where he belonged – in a band. He was never really a teenage rebel – breaking the law and throwing tantrums – but he did drink.

In 1977 he told the US magazine *Newsday*:

JOURNEY THROUGH AMERICA



BOB SEGER: emerging from the shadows

"I fell into a faster crowd than I'd ever been in before – because I played music. I was a sort of gimmick to those guys. And I got to meet the really 'hot' chicks and had my first great love affair. It was with that girl, y'know, the one with the big... breasts, that we all went kazappo for when we reached puberty. And it was a really mad, crazy affair."

"She ended up marrying somebody else, of course, and I think it was partly because I didn't have any confidence – I never did. I had a lot of fun, but I wasn't a wheel or anything like that."

By the time he left High School Bob was earning around \$200-\$225 a week playing rock 'n' roll cover sets at parties, clubs, bars, weddings – anything the band could get. And at last he could afford to buy a car that lasted more than a month. He bought a

Pontiac.

As his income and popularity continued to grow, his family and friends offered more and more support. Perhaps because he was shy or because his family had split when he was young, Bob turned into what he describes as an "over achiever". Being in a band made up for his lack of confidence.

"Yeah, sure, and it was a way of getting girls, ha ha ha... That's how we all start, y'know, we're no good at sports ha ha... But yeah, I guess in my case it was just people encouraging me, saying I was good. I've had the same manager for 21 years and he's stuck by me and didn't take any commissions, so to speak, from any of our concerts for the first ten years. People like that believing in me kept me going."

There was a thriving local music scene in Detroit in the '60s – not just from Berry

Gordy's Tamla Motown – and by 1966 Seger had become a local rock hero. After some small scale success with a single called 'Heavy Music' he signed to Capitol and released 'Ramblin' Gamblin' Man' which, despite making number 17 in the Billboard Hot 100, did not secure the national breakthrough he was looking for.

A succession of failures, both professional and personal, followed, leaving Seger to claw his way up, notably in 1972 with the album 'Back In '72' and in 1975 with 'Beautiful Loser'.

'Beautiful Loser' is seen as a milestone in the Seger career, and though the title – taken from a book of poems by Leonard Cohen – was not, he says, autobiographical ("it was referring to under-achievers in general") it seemed to sum up perfectly what Seger had become. The album sold

This is the BOB SEGER story, an everyday tale of the son of a drunken band leader who leaves a broken home to seek fame and fortune through rock 'n' roll — then struggles for eleven years before finding success. Narrated by BILLY MANN; illustrated by EYE AND EYE

100,000 copies in Detroit but only 80,000 over the rest of the country. In 1975 *Harmony's New Illustrated Encyclopaedia Of Rock* described Bob Seger as "one of the great lost figures of rock 'n' roll; despite regular gigging and album output, he has never approached anything more than minor cult status".

In 1976 his record company persuaded him to release 'Live Bullet', an album he had recorded before a fanatical Detroit audience. At the time, he was working on the 'Night Moves' album and was experiencing writing difficulties. He agreed to the release and 'Live Bullet' took off, becoming his first gold album (\$1m sales). Fired by that success he threw himself into completing 'Night Moves', which came out in 1977. And after over eleven years of making records Bob Seger, at 31, became a star. He came to Britain in 1977 and in the face of the punk onslaught he brought the roof down at the Hammersmith Odeon.

"I couldn't believe it, really. I think it took me a year and a half to actually settle into believing that it had happened. I tried to ignore it and keep doing what I'd always done. It was actually pretty frightening because I just wasn't prepared for it. I was mentally prepared for ... failure, ha ha ha — I'd lived with it for so long."

Were there ever any doubts?

"No ... no, I suppose there were nights when you're playing over 200 dates a year that you get fed up for one reason or another, but ... I just had a tremendous resolve, y'know. I just felt not so much that I was going to make it big but that this is what I wanted to do."

WHAT MADE Bob Seger successful? He says his songs simply got more "accessible". But maybe America needed Bob Seger in 1977. As the music scene faced its biggest upheaval in a decade (though it was nowhere near as big as in the UK), Bob was presenting old-fashioned American values in a very traditional way. For those who didn't want to ride the coming change he was an anchor.

Consciously or subconsciously, Americans tend to plan their lives out. They aim to do things and go places. And Seger's songs — faithful to the end — are about those people and that journey — the blind alleys, the wrong turns and the serious accidents. His songs are full of nostalgia, disillusionment and torn up relationships.

"I just try to describe what I see. No matter what I'm writing about I try to find the truth in a situation and ask myself, will someone listen to this and say Yeah, that's happened to me, I've felt that way. That's my goal."

In 1977, the people in danger of being left behind needed reassurance and it was Seger — the Bobfather, the man who knew more about being left behind than anyone — they selected as their Provider because he sang for and about his generation.

"Mmm ... yeah ... I don't consciously try to write songs for my generation but I think I do. I'd say I write about more serious subjects ... mmm ... yeah ... that's valid."

But Bob, old bean, shouldn't rock 'n' roll be the preserve of the young?

"No, of course not, because Bruce (Springsteen) and I, we still make rock 'n' roll. And then there's people like Prince, and those younger cats are gonna write about the younger things, y'know."

Is your music relevant to 18-year-olds, Bob?

"Boy, that's a good question. I don't know. They come to the shows, ha ha ha ..."

With their parents?

"Yeah, a lot of them do. There's a lot of older people and younger people come to my shows ... Y'see, a lot of them, the younger cats, don't listen to the words the way we do, they listen to the beat. They really do."

But shouldn't rock 'n' roll be about irritating your parents?

"HA HA HA HA HA HA HA ..."

Annoying the hell out of them ...

"HA HA HA ... my manager has a 13-year-old daughter that annoys him. He had to take her to a Duran Duran concert with her hair all spiked 50 different colours ... but ... yeah, I guess so. I think young rock 'n' roll's definitely about that."

THE FLIPSIDE of anybody's success is the sacrifice they have to make to get it and maintain it. Bob Seger's sacrifice is that he has been left behind with his old fashioned ways and his old fashioned songs. He's also alone, suffering more than ever from his need to feel wanted. It's most obvious when he talks about the people who work for him — and most of them have been there for years. He is genuinely and generously paternal and sees his band, the roadies and the people who run his office as a surrogate family. They are the ones who encouraged him and gave him the confidence to carry on when failure kept staring him in the face. They've stuck by him and, quite naturally, Bob is grateful.

"When people give you their loyalty for all those years you look after them ... But the balance that's hard to figure out right now is how much time to give to that and how much time to give to what you really want to do with your own personal life."

"I think I usually end up giving a lot more the band and to the record company and to my manager and to the people who work in the office and the roadies. Everybody depends on me more than I should let them. I don't think I take enough time for myself."

"I've had two relationships go down just recently and that's not normal for me. And I don't think it had anything to do with working too hard, they just went down; these things happen in life."

"I think that's why this album ('Like A Rock') took so long — regrouping twice from that. And ... erm ... I'm just more of a steady person. I like to have one lady and that's it ... and kind of have that to count on. I put a lot of effort into it and I've had some great relationships — three of them in 18 years — so I have gotten a lot out of them."

"Unfortunately, they didn't last forever."

Would you like a family?

"Yeah, I'd like that ... but you can't have children without finding the right woman — and that's the search right now. But you can't have an obsession about that either or you'll pick somebody wrong."

"I got dumped by this girl about three weeks ago that I'd been dating for about a month. And I thought I had a cool thing and she just hit me in the face and dumped me. It wasn't real painful because I'd only known her for about a month, but I was sitting there watching the Academy Awards and (Don) Henley called me up and said 'What are you doin', y'know. He called me three times — he's real nice — he had a date with a real hot girl and he still took time to call me three times. And finally he gave me the number of this other girl and ... er ... I don't know what the point of the whole story is but I just seem to constantly do that, y'know — get myself into these situations where I'm gonna get hurt."

You're an emotional suicide, Bob.

"Ha ha ha ... well I haven't been in dateland for 13 years — this is all new to me. It's real strange, and what I've found out is ... y'know me, I guess I try too hard to latch on to somebody, so I'm trying to relax now and give them a little space. But I jump all over a girl and say 'Hey, c'mon, you and me, just you and me. That's just the way I think. But what I've found out is that a lot of girls who date don't think that way. They just wanna have some fun and then go home and do their careers."

"I'm finding all this stuff out ... at 40."

At 40, where life begins, where you meet yourself on the way back; when the ones who were left behind stop looking for regrets and start telling themselves it's better late than never.

"Success," someone incredibly rich and successful once said, "means never having to use your rear view mirror."

Be seeing you.

AC/DC

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FILM-TV-VIDEO-BOOKS

SCANNERS

EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL

HANCOCK
Freddie Hancock and David Nathan
(Ariel Books)

AN ATTEMPT to present an open and honest account of the tragedy of Tony Hancock. As seen by people who want to believe that this was a great man rather than merely a talented comedian with more problems than humour.

But to succeed at one's chosen profession, however spectacularly, is not to rate universal recognition as a Great Man.

And Hancock was no more than a proficient entertainer driven by paranoia and pretension and wracked by self-doubt and intolerance.

A wife-beating, alcoholic manic depressive, Hancock's story is a sad one. Primarily because he never was a Great Man.

ROGER HOLLAND



"Not Pin The Tail On The Donkey time again!"

SADO ~ MESS

9½ WEEKS

(Palace Pictures)

IF YOU want to know what an S&M relationship is, I can tell you. It's the kind of thing that happens in New York between nice guys who grin a lot and girls who look like fashion models.

Or so the makers of *9½ Weeks* would have us believe. What director Adrian Lyne and his scriptwriters have done is to take Elizabeth McNeill's stark and disturbing account of her own passionate sadomasochistic affair – an affair which culminated, after nine and half weeks, in a nervous breakdown – and denude it of everything that made it exciting and threatening. In order, one imagines, to create a film with maximum box office acceptability and minimum offensiveness.

Thus Kim Basinger, as Elizabeth, and Mickey Rourke – seriously miscast as supposedly rich and sophisticated stockbroker John – smile, giggle and screw their way through two hours of beautifully photographed, gutless plot.

Their characters have been fleshed out to make up for the absence of all but the odd hint of the obsessiveness which drove, and ultimately destroyed the couple's relationship in the book, and even the ending has been changed to a simple parting. Well, she'd hardly have had cause for a breakdown after having so much fun, would she?

As a piece of glossy, 'arty' soft-core porn that is likely neither to greatly offend nor greatly stimulate anyone, *9½ Weeks* is an unqualified success. As a representation of a book which ranks with *Story Of O* as one of this century's few truly literate excursions into the world of S&M, it's a total cop-out.

TONY MITCHELL

"...the cumulative tension is virtually unbearable. The threat of his (Rutger Hauer) presence alone has the screen bleeding with menace. ...the tension is held like a razor at the throat until the end."

NEIL NORMAN – THE FACE

The Hitcher

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DIANA ROSS**The Visions Of Diana Ross**

(EMI Picture Music International)

WHEN I see that fat bald old jerk at the production desk drooling in the 'Chain Reaction' video, I get (a) a very self-righteous and (b) a desire to sew a large insect into his brain. Any boy with class does not immediately want to bonk Diana. Any boy with class wants Diana to discreetly knock on the front door (having gracefully sidestepped the blocked drains) and say: "Since I saw you at the Albert Hall last September I haven't been able to get you out of my mind. It's strange, isn't it? I guess it's just one of those things. It took my detectives a while to trace you but anyway here's 70 million dollars. Now come and live with me on my yacht."

Then you bonk the lady. Meanwhile, I am politely refusing the daily marriage proposals, bathing regularly, and repeatedly watching this 30-minute video wherein visuals superior to Zoetrope and music more emotionally charged than 'Carmen' are the backcloth to The Presence, The Dignity, The My Favourite Pop Star cos all the sensible ones are so boring. 'Why Do Fools Fall In Love?' Aha, she knows, she knows. 'Eaten Alive'. Chomp, munch. 'Swept Away'. Wheeee! 'Muscles'. Um, I'm working on it. Di. 'Mirror Mirror'. Smashing. But what a bountiful slab of funny glamorous plastic stuff this is. The perfect kiss. And she never snores.

CHRIS ROBERTS

FEARGAL SHARKEY**Feargal Sharkey**

(Virgin Music Video)

OK, YOU'VE got a virgin (make that Virgin) tennier in the right-hand back pocket of your red tags and it's 5.29pm. Do you hold your breath for another 60 seconds and embark on an evening's worth of heavy-duty carousing, or do you slide into the Megastore to procure a half hours worth of fearsome Feargal? Tricky, because any sane being would most certainly require half a dozen pints before being able to stomach six of the 'best' from the Undertony.

'Listen To Your Father', 'Never Never' and 'Loving You' conform to my idea of the standard biz promo (Snooker Hall, Windmills, Gipsies, Vince Clarke, Ballet Rambert meets Rodin), whereas the second clutch of three concentrates on

the authentic (ie thoroughly bogus and totally manufactured) concept of the band.

'A Good Heart' features five chicks (this is, after all, sex exploitation at its most blatant, so why mince words?) on drums and vocals, as does 'You Little Thief' – the fact that the first quintet have been replaced by another bunch of token gurlies between songs seems to have no bearing on matters, just jiggle dem boobies, flap dem drumsticks, cash dose cheques. What is a woman if not a prop?

We're down to four by 'Someone To Somebody', but this is compensated for by the inclusion of a couple of suitably titillating, hand-holding lesbians in a *rive gauche* beatnik cafe scene. Oh, yes, and there's Feargal.

Anarchy in the bank balance.

ANDY HURT

DON QUIXOTE**Kathy Acker**

(Paladin)

KATHY ACKER, hip namedrop for faceless style merchants, the artporn star of literary New York and dead dog London, a chum of Sonic Youth, she also performs with Hüsker Dü. Very credible. Papershop porn sucks in the eyes of the leftie artnik, but their acceptance of porn as art reveals them to be the shallow lounge liberals, rich and wet with the political understanding of a cocktail stick!

Charlie Bacoughski may well write like a pink headed verbal dynamo but what he writes is cheap books, excellent style, but cheap all the same. Likewise Acker tries to hide her fastflow porn behind hot political stabs, tired cut ups, and pained emotional overkill.

Don Quixote is a mess. Occasional lines and paragraphs gleam, her comments on sexual roles are as cutting as they are true, the conversations between heroine and dog are witty but both are obscured.

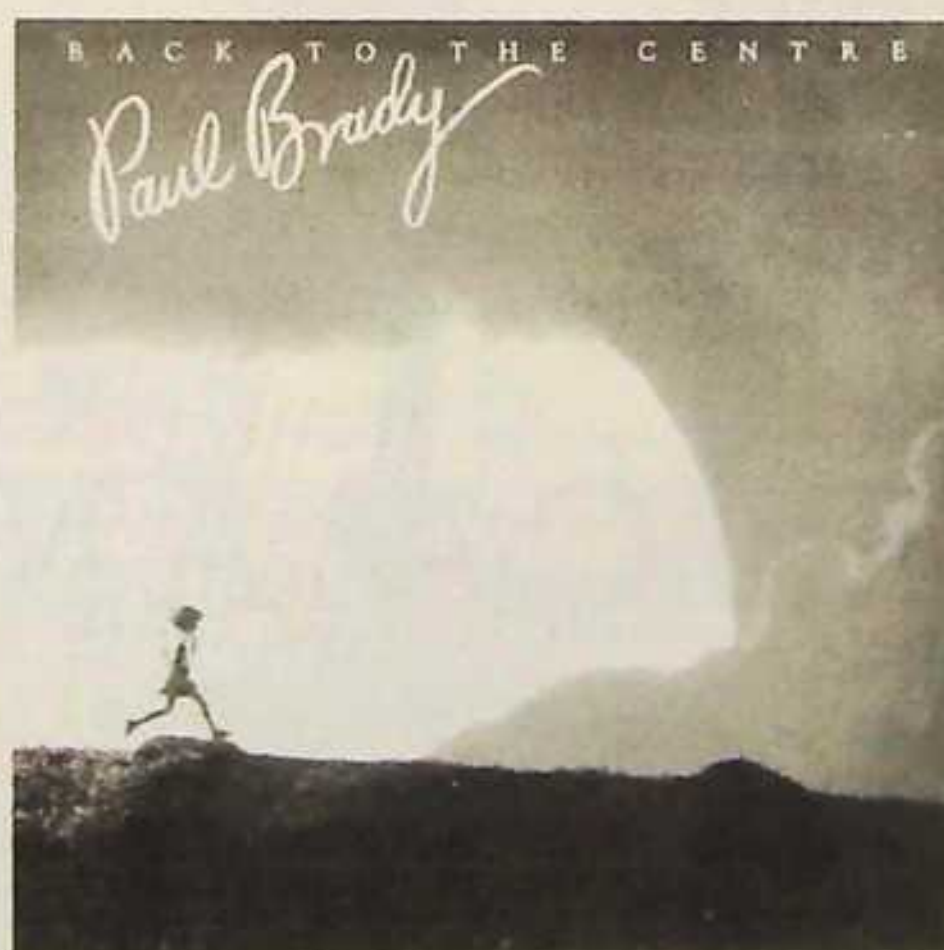
The second half of the book, where Quixote and her canine lovers sink their teeth into Nixon, Reagan and the rest of America's governing lowlife, is better, but not much. Kathy Acker is little more than a 20th Century poet who's accurately replaced daffodils and passionate embraces with muggings and lesbian chit-chat.

Don Quixote is convoluted and dull, the Ackertack is weedy. Waste your money on something else.

JAMES BROWN

What have
Eric Clapton
Bob Dylan
Mark Knopfler
Tina Turner
got in common??

They all listen to
Paul Brady!
Why don't you!



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GREAT ROCK WRITERS

DAVE McCULLOUGH

THIS MAN resigned for you.

Dave McCullough arrived at *Sounds* on the crest of the new wave from Ireland where, as Dave Angry, he'd edited a punk fanzine.

He specialised in discovering new bands, writing the first features on Echo And The Bunnymen, The Teardrop Explodes, U2 and The Smiths, giving him an "awesome" reputation.

Unfortunately, his 'Angry' principles forced him to disown virtually all of his protégés as soon as they had the audacity to become popular. Sometimes the simple act of signing a record deal was enough to earn his scorn; other times, it took a couple of singles while an album was almost certain death.

Occasionally, a band like Pink Military Stand Alone managed to remain sufficiently obscure to retain his devotion and one of Dave's finest scoops was when he was able to vouchsafe to his readers that "the Stand Alone is now optional".

Dave ventured into the office rarely, fearful that the staff and furniture were tarred by the evil "rock biz". Somewhere in his mind there lurked a rock music of pristine purity where the world scowled in perfect unison to the theme tune of one song, probably by Crispy Ambulance.

The real world of rock and roll was continual torture for Dave. The most innocent press release announcing a new record could send him into a lather of repressed fury as the offending piece of paper was screwed up and hurled across the office.

Sounds staffers often fared little better. "Cut this and I'll cut you," he snarled at the reviews editor the day after one of his commas had been transposed.

The frustration finally boiled over in his obituary of Joy Division's manic depressive singer Ian Curtis. His eulogy finished with the memorable phrase "This man died for you".

In the end, not even a cover story on Bucks Fizz could cure Dave's self-imposed isolation and he resigned to work in the A&R department of the newly formed Blanco Y Negro label. It seemed impossible that he could even have considered such a move - after all, Blanco Y Negro was licensed to the heretical WEA.

Two months later he left and returned to freelance writing but, when the reviews editor he'd so quaintly threatened became editor, his days were numbered.

Four years later, letters still dribble into the office imploring "Bring back Dave McCullough". They are passed on to a handwriting expert.

RORY FITZENYBODDY

A HOUSEHOLD NAME ~ BUT NOT DOMESTOS

The Temptations ... five guys who have a way with words, a certain way with women and an uncanny way with flowers. Chris Roberts learns a thing or several

"I HEAR the word 'temptation' and I think positive," says lean, dashing Ollie Woodson, newest Temp, as he surveys the London drizzle. "We have to appreciate the fact that it's a household name. We respect that."

It's the (legendary, mind) Temptations' first British tour in a decade. It's their 25th anniversary, and it's a miracle they're not still bigger than The Jacksons.

"One guy came up to me," murmurs Richard Street, "who had every record the Temptations ever made plus every recording ever made by any of the musicians involved." That's a lot of records.

"Mmm hmmm." The new single 'I'm Fascinated' attempts to follow the groove of 'Treat Her Like A Lady'. Were you advocating a return to old-fashioned values?

"Yeah..." Ollie begins in a voice lower down than the earth's core. "You need more than that nowadays. Cats are forgettin'... I mean, hey! If it wasn't for the ladies, the cats wouldn't be here. You must give a lady her true respect, 'cos... a woman's like a flower, with love on her you shower."



Second from right: "Hey, guys, we can't go until I find that pesky moustache!"

I see. And what's the most important thing you've learned from being a Temptation?

"How to survive. There's glimmer and glamour but the other side of it is where you learn about life. Plus, if you fall out with your wife or whoever, you always got the band. We're all very close, man. We're with

each other more than we're with our families."

But what about love?

"You gotta be humble in order to accept the crown the people put on you. You go out there an' act crazy an' the crown is taken away real quick. With age comes a certain amount of widsom..."

Keep a hoof aloft for the tempting but surprising next release, 'It's A Fine Mess'. Ollie draws on about how much he luvvs London.

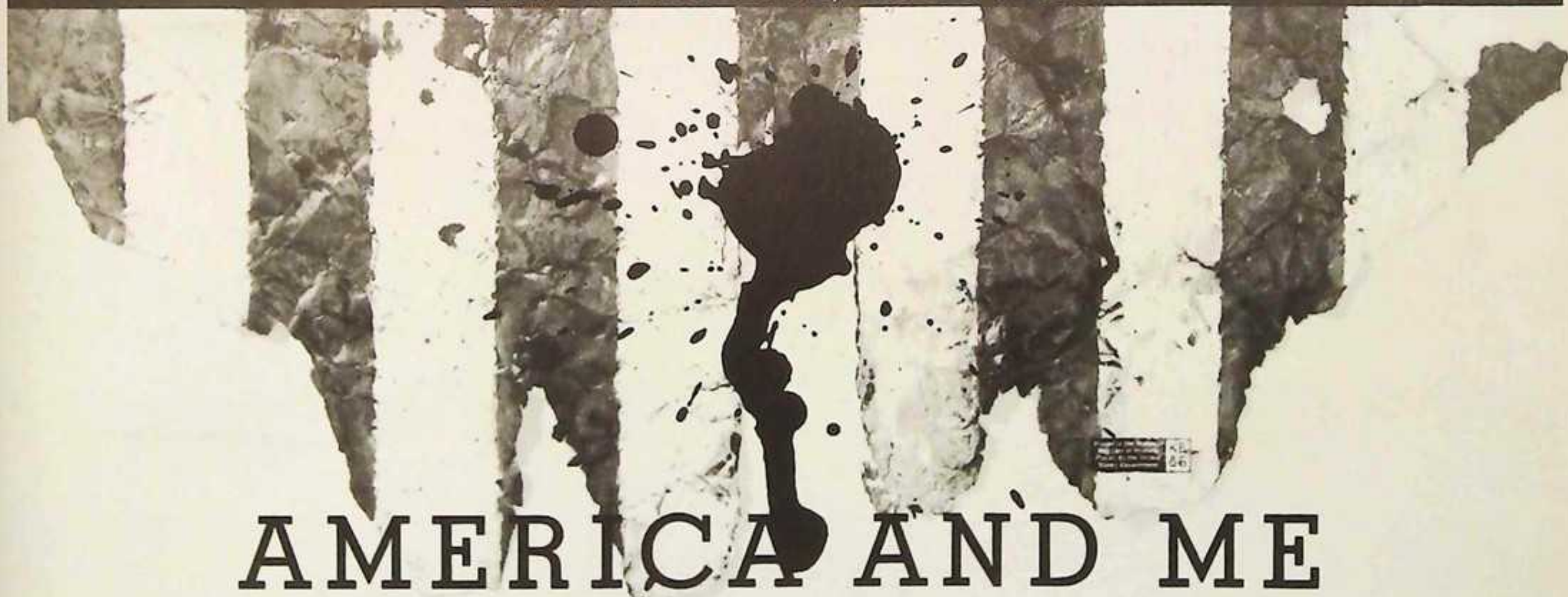
What, even with this weather?

"Forget the weather, man, I can deal with that." Transcendent.



RED GUITARS

"I SAW THE VIOLENCE, OH YES I DID..."



AMERICA AND ME

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RATINGS BUYBLAG ...HEAR ..FLOG •DUMP



RAMONES: Monkey business

FREAK SHOW

RAMONES 'Animal Boy' (BEGA 70)*½**

IT HARDLY seems like ten albums ago when I was wrestling to the floor of The Roundhouse some umpteen stone weird beard in order to prise a promotional 'Beat On The Brat' mini baseball bat from his grasp. Such was my enthusiasm for the Ramones that I won that tussle, holding up his hands he gave in.

That night this wimp struck out for something he believed in. Doubt if I'd bother doing it today. If the Ramones were handing out Cartier watches to the audience I don't think I could be bothered to risk being trampled. I don't think I'd be there in the first place. I admire their spirit and their determination but the fire I used to keep lit for them kinda just sputtered out. Nowadays my head's full of Buttholes and Big Sticks, crummy stuff that sticks outta mile instead of softly withdrawing into itself like most of the bilge that's

coursing up and down the charts these days.

The Ramones, perish the thought, are anything but withdrawn in their attitude to stay forever young, but neither are they coming up with any new sleights of hand on 'Animal Boy'. They've slowed down, but not enough to make an impact like Swans have or Black Flag did on their 'My War' slammer of yore.

Naw! With the Ramones it's grit in the gears that's chipped off a cog or two. It still churns round and functions reliably enough but listen closely and the Ramones machine sounds in need of an overhaul. On the cover of their latest 12-inch we're back with the freaks 'n' 'Gabb-Gabb-Heh!' mentality, an area where the Ramones obviously feel a kinship of some sort. And why not? After all, there was a time when the Ramones were very special people too.

EDWIN POUNCEY

ROBERT ANTON WILSON 'Secrets Of Power' (Illuminated AMA 23)*****

ONE THICKLY pasted slice of inverted reality to hum along to. Some spoken words with funny noises tied to either end, Wilson gives us a world where everyone is made Pope, where we all get by quoting T S Eliot out of context, where everything comes in fives – the magic, mystic number.

Wilson, American author, former *Playboy* editor, the kind of guy you'd love to have as a grandad. Bounce on his knee as he tells you, with a completely straight face, that rabbits play a vital part in UFO sightings and Kennedy assassinations, how Ronald Wilson Reagan connects with The Devil (count the letters in his name), how Bugs Bunny was the first 'person' to be captured by flying saucers, how Jimmy Carter was once attacked by a rabbit, how the Ayatollah states that a woman cannot divorce her husband even if he sodomises camels in his spare time. In short, all those vital tints that make your days gleam.

The audience laugh in all the wrong places, as on all these things – "Yeah, just like they laughed at Einstein, *Frankenstein* and *Edison!*" – but Wilson's not in search of chapel-goers. "A disciple is

an asshole looking for a human being to attach itself to," he hollers, before admitting that The Pope decrees that a woman cannot divorce her husband if he sodomises camels every day and her brother twice a week. The bullshrine is left to the big wigs and the man's either a genius or Jesus.

JONH WILDE

BONNIE TYLER 'Secret Dreams And Forbidden Fire' (CBS 86319)*

"DELIVER ME from growing old," she croaks.

Bonnie Tyler is 90. Younger than Jim Steinman, admittedly, but not young enough for this flaky approximation of teen American fire to be anything but preposterous.

'Secret Dreams' is leftover, leathery mutton, dressed as lamb by production sparkle and chest-beating self-importance. Natch, most of the blame for this must be heaped liberally on esteemed hack Steinman, whose capacity for, er, masterminding such feckless, over-dramatised gunk (Meat Loaf etc) knows no bounds.

Big Jim's written four of the songs here, going for anthems every time and ending up with a tired collection of treadmill rockers that can't soar to his spiralling ambitions while weighted to a ball and chain of brainless gusto. Jim ain't on form. But then, has he

ever been?

And could anyone really be expected to come up with a song that boring Bonnie couldn't batter to death inside half a minute? Bryan Adams and Jim Vallance fail here, as does Desmond Child (vaguely memorable for his collaborations with Kiss), while oldie 'Band Of Gold' is laid to rest with clinical '80s glitz.

All manner of rock heavyweights have again been roped in as over-compensation for a 'raunchy chick' singer whose talents are at best dubious, leaving 'Secret Dreams' as nothing more than bulging bozrock bravura.

It makes you wonder why

this image of a 'global rock sensation' (cough) wasn't built up around someone with a bit more to offer. Someone with a voice, maybe...

PAUL ELLIOTT

BOOK OF LOVE 'Book Of Love' (Sire 925 355-1)***½**

THREE GIRLS and a token boy, the manifestation of an indie sensibility tempered by a pop mentality and garnished with a liberal sprinkling of business acumen. The most readily available comparison is with Depeche Mode, one of the few groups that have managed to successfully

STITCHED-BACK FOOT AIRMAN '7 Egg-Timing Greats' (Very Mouth EAT 9)****

THEORY ONE: S Titch, M Foot and R Airman have as one gone down with a virulent strain of Half Man Half Biscuititis. Theory Two: even more frightening is the notion that the SBFA word hash can be traced back to the dreaded cut-up random selection method ("I agree Toni, more Jean Arp than Bill Burroughs in this instance, and there's the photomontage sleeve, very Raoul Hausmann." "Surely you mean Hannah Höch?" "Ah, silly me.")

'7 Egg-Timing Greats' comprises of eight and a half pieces, thereby perpetuating the comicality of eight and a half pieces, thereby perpetuating the comicality of the concept. But it's a different matter once diamond meets vinyl and a genuine inventiveness – a rare quality these days – is revealed.

Weakling vocals (Tom Bailey anyone?) and light production tempt the inquisitive bug into the jaws of Venus Flytrap arrangements, each instrument playing a vital role in exploring the widely contrasting landscapes of some dead clever songs.

They remind me of early... early Pink Floyd, early Cure, early Monkees, early Smiths, early Frank Zappa, early Cabaret Voltaire. But most especially early Stitched-Back Foot Airman.

ANDY HURT

THE BEAT FARMERS 'Glad 'N' Greasy' (Demon Records VEX 5)***

THESE BEAT Farmers would have you know that they belong to something called the 'Beat Generation'. And a most unpleasant little group that would appear to be. Rod McKuen's lyric works off the one great traditional Lieber & Stoller rhythm ('Framed', 'Riot'...) and joins The Beat Farmers with a backing chorus from the All Ugly American Choir – Dan Stuart, Loudon Wainwright III, Gene Taylor and Dave Alvin. We are talking serious ugliness here – in three minutes of nonsense which would be an Anthem.

The Beat Farmers have more good friends than songs.

At the Hammy Palais many, many moons ago, they tore great hunks out of the corpulent, self-satisfied smugness of a house half full of Nick Lowe hippies. Their blend of fierce rock and country traditions, their base humour and, above all, their madcap and power smeared a whopping grin all over my face.

But on record their best moment, ironically, is a cover of Neil Young's 'Powderfinger' which drives resolutely straight through the very country that Rockpile, Lowe and Edmunds all haunt.

If this is the 'Beat Generation', then I, like Richard Hell, can take it or leave it each time. Let me out of here.

ROGER HOLLAND

negotiate the credibility tightrope as far as 1986.

'Book Of Love' is acceptable synthipop, some good tunes bashed into shape as songs, an unacceptable format in the age of the formula machine hit. Susan Ottaviano and her pals reveal a couple of sources of inspiration by including Ted Ottaviano's (the press release claims no relation – are they having me on, I ask) 'White Lies', which is noticeably similar to The Velvet Underground's 'Sunday Morning'; and more surprising is their resurrection from the Performing Rights graveyard of Liliput's jolly 'Die Matrosen'.

Having mapped out their territory, the foursome head in the direction of Madonna without ever reaching the wincing winsomeness of The Bangles. 'You Make Me Feel So Good' and 'Boy' skip along, and 'Lost Souls' rocks along – in fact the whole album reeks of playability, just one rung short of top class. Bagsy the interview!

ANDY HURT

THE JETS 'Session Out' (Nervous NERD 021)*½** MORE POP music. Yes, I did say pop music. Most pundits would tag The Jets as a rock 'n' roll band and be done with it, but this lot play pop in the rock 'n' roll manner, the same

way Van Halen play pop in the metal style, Smiley Culture with reggae etc.

If The Jets are to be dismissed, then it should at least be purely because of the inadequacy of the material, a criticism that isn't readily applicable to the contents of 'Session Out'.

Mind you, the Cotton brothers should have some idea of how to write a catchy ditty, having had their share of chart success a few years back, and even though the trio have traded the rarified atmosphere of Majorland for the less glamorous environment of Indieville, brother Ray has managed to come up with a few more instant old faves. It ain't what I'd call rock 'n' roll, but I quite like it.

ANDY HURT

MARK T AND THE BRICKBATS 'Johnny There' (Fellside FE052)*½**

I THINK that the word I need is eclectic. But then again, it could be electric. Or even eccentric. Tell you what, perm any two from three and you could fit them comfortably around a description of what is, on the surface, a folk record of lilted beauty but which, once under the skin, scratches spots you never knew existed. Enthralling: that was it!

RICKY KILDARE

RAISING THE TITANIC

JOURNEY 'Raised On Radio' (CBS 39936)*****

THERE'S NO point denying it. Journey's last two long players, 'Escape' and 'Frontiers', were (flawed) masterpieces, AOR distilled to melodramatic near-perfection. I've got a lot of time for Journey, even if credibility does crumble at the drop of their name.

Why, though?

If only Journey were black – then they'd have an excuse for looking unfashionable. Only then could labels like 'swollen' and 'namby-pamby' be replaced with 'tender' and 'emotive'.

Ain't that right?

Prejudice, I think it's called. That thing that says that Diana Ross sings poignant love songs like an angel while Journey's Steve Perry sings pure bullshit like a duck. Don't get me wrong – I've a very high opinion of ol' Di (and even crap like 'Chain Reaction' can't alter it) but the same also goes for

Journey.

Is there anything wrong with that?

'Raised On Radio' says not. For the most part it grazes on familiar ground, easing itself along, with only the title track throwing a log on the fire as it tips its hat to a stack of old rock 'n' roll standards from 'Maybelline' to 'Blueberry Hill'.

I don't deny that the other ten tracks tread water – they do, but Journey have a knack of treading water into wine, of blowing the grime from the dustiest clichés and putting new life into (very) old bones.

They may be slick, but no more so than (late) Roxy Music. They're no softer than Marillion. And they're only as Americanised as Springsteen or The Blasters.

Nobody's perfect, after all...

PAUL ELLIOTT



BRIAN SETZER: Not gone yet

UNSETZLED

BRIAN SETZER 'The Knife Feels Like Justice' (EMI America ST 17178)***

I CALLED him a disaster a couple weeks back, but Brian Setzer isn't so far gone: 'The Knife Feels Like Justice' isn't a matter of shame and rich man squalor. It's just that, though there's nothing that would bury Setzer forever, there's little to keep this cultured savage clear of the rock 'n' roll pack. Eleven songs wobble on by and it's hard to get one of them to register on a private hit parade.

Sad, for Setzer could be the perfect figure to tie up the threads of American bombast left trailing by Springsteen and Petty. He has nothing as personal as those two — Setzer is all style and inherited echo — but he delivers on the legend of rock so dashing that he embodies its foolish heart better than anyone. Stray Cats rockabilly worked because Setzer had a grasp of performance that amounted to genius. He played 'Somethin' Else' like it was life and death, not dead meat.

And here he is with a skilful, mostly listless set of songwriter-rock tunes. Dan Gehman produces on a pitch somewhere between city smarts and country grits and fixes no clear identity on the sound. It's a fashionable muddle — bits of frontiersman blues ('Haunted River'), snuffly valentines ('Maria') and kill-or-cure romance ('Boulevard Of Broken Dreams') — and it's clumsily entertaining. But there's something wrong with every song — a few dumb lines, a tangled mix. Setzer overwrites until he's gabbling out the words. Only in the title track does the music run clear, sweet and tough.

At least it's a guitar record. Setzer hasn't heard of synths yet. But he's minding his manners far too much. If you want new American rock that storms, hear Tommy Keen's LP.

RICHARD COOK

STEELEYE SPAN 'Back In Line' (Flutterby FLUT 2)*½**

THERE ARE any number of obvious sources of inspiration for songs — sex, Friday nights, motorways, parties, drinking. However, flicking through my glossy Steeleye Span tour programme (it came with the record), I find it difficult to imagine these folk folk associating closely with any of these subject matters. A far more likely topic would be, let's say, Robert The Bruce?

Ah yes, three songs about Robert The Bruce on one album, seems reasonable enough — I mean, Bruce was probably a bit of a lad in his time, down the Crofter's Inn every Friday night, getting on down with those foxy lasses.

Anyhow, these old folk rockers (for that is what they are, no matter how hard they try to deny it) certainly know their craft — only one 'trad arr' among a pile of original, instantly traditional folk songs. They funk it up, play the techno game and produce some decent and near-as-dammit AOR rock songs — I could imagine 'Edward' or 'White Man' being sung by Rea, Knopfler or Vega without too much hint of compromise. Beats Princess any day of the week.

ANDY HURT

LOVEBUG STARSKI 'House Rocker' (Epic EPC 26878)**½**

L-L-L-L-L-LOVEBUG! A new genius of rap music is exposed. Swerving from the banal New York ingredients that Weetabix commercials are made of, Lovebug Starski stops along the Beastie/Def Jam alley for a portion of Stanley Clarke fusion bass and heavy, gritty guitar, as exemplified by the title track.

Judging by his manly newscaster tones, Lovebug was raised on tongue

sandwiches, but unlike the majority of rappers he doesn't recite 50 per cent faster than anyone can listen. 'Amityville (The House On The Hill)' is a masterpiece, one of two numbers produced by Kurtis Blow with a horror movie medley featuring an exquisite impersonation of James T Kirk by Ron Darian.

No song germinates from another in this thoroughly varied album; 'Baby Tell Me' is a duo with mouse-voiced Pam Russo, with overlays of xylo-sparkling synth, while 'Eighth Wonder' is a snare drum spectacular, Lovebug declaring himself to be the eighth wonder of the world.

Lovebug Starski shoots from the lip and keeps the right company, the obligatory sleeve note thanks being extended to Melle Mel, DJ Starchild, Raheem and Afrika Bambaataa. Great.

MONICA CADY

RAIN GODS 'In Some Waking Hour' (Thin Sliced Records SLICE 8)****

WITHOUT BEING obscure, abstract and pretentious (hmmm), it's difficult to translate the Rain Gods' debut album into a string of none-rhyming syllables. They do play pop music, I suppose. But it's a little too good to be heard on the radio.

This is a very up album, performed in such a way that the confidence of the group is underlined. I know nothing about them apart from the fact that all their allies get a mention on the back cover — and there are enough of them to fill the Marquee twice over. But I don't really need to know anything. Rain Gods could have been arty and naff but their songs see them through. Their sense of humour works and 'Waking Hour' is a success of grand proportions. Not a cloud in sight.

DAVE HENDERSON

IRMA THOMAS 'The New Rules' (Rounder REU 1001)** SOLOMON BURKE 'A Change Is Gonna Come' (Rounder REU 1004)*****

GREAT SOUL voices never die, they just hibernate until the circle turns. Irma Thomas has been rescued from the disco blight that brought her recording career to a halt at the end of the '70s and she sounds like the Soul Queen of New Orleans she was more than 20 years ago, courtesy of a one-take atmosphere. In fact, on the title track she sounds like a butch version of Elton John.

Solomon Burke's revival started a couple of years ago with the underrated 'Soul Alive' album. He maintains a steady course, making a seven minute epic out of the title cut by clambering into the soul pulpit for a sermon.

HUGH FIELDER

COMIC RELIEF 'Utterly Utterly Live!' (WEA WX51)****

ON TV this was a hoot, and on record it's a fine memory of a night worth savouring.

Yes, the cause is worthy and the album buys the food, so it must be five stars — but

let's just take this space to see what leading lights remain within the British comedy world.

In post-Python Britain, the Goons and Hancock are still as legendary and important as ever. But with Lenny Henry straggling the Steve Martin line, our British comics have a width previously unheard of. Sure, The Young Ones are twee and overdone but they do make you laugh and Billy Connolly, with all his street level garb, is a funny guy — probably the most humorous present.

No bad wishes to Ben Elton but his rants suck. A great script writer, and never more enjoyable than on his stint on *South Of Watford*, but his rampant rhetoric does little for me. Add the realism (?) of French And Saunders, a guest appearance by Frank Bruno, some classic *Spitting Image* incarnations and Rowan Atkinson on an average night and the album stands up well.

British comedy lacks a new Peter Cook and a surreal reactionary as good as Steve Wright, but there's a spark here.

Just what the hell is Howard Jones doing here, though? Oh, it's a joke... I see.

DAVE HENDERSON

SOME LWIN

ANNABELLA 'Fever' (RCA PL70890)**

AND THEY try to tell you it's home-taping that's killing music...

In search of candy she used to sink her teeth into your ankles, instinctively. But now it's time to reach for that toothbrush and manoeuvre that career. Yes, that old trick. It's executed here with less vision and zest than a doped-up bumblebee; it's to punk what Elvis' Vegas paunch was to jailhouse riots; it's distressing if you're prepared to let other people's lack of idealism affect you.

There are two accidental moments of dumb genius: the title track/single/perennial favourite is an amusing confection, melting through its shiny wrapper, while the cover of Alice's 'School's Out' is a wonderfully obvious concept. Of course! Failsafe! Annabella singing 'No more pencils!' Why didn't McLaren ever suss that one? Just imagine — we could shoot the video in a laundrette and she could wear a uniform and suck sticks of rock suggestively! It'll be the summer hit etc etc...

The vital statistics of this whole 're-launch' are market research, product targeting, and terpsichorean tackiness. So it's a side of unconvincing HI NRG nonsense, wherein she shrieks of being high-powered, of wanting to marry for love not money, of having a wild spirit (still). Lies. Also a side of American-aimed guitar radio rock, over/under which she bawls about... nothing in particular.

Ms Lwin can't be very proud of this opus. If it makes her a pop star Stateside she has only herself to blame, apart from the managers, producers, lawyers, hairdressers, make-up team, sleeve designers, aestheticians. If this is womanhood, thank heaven for stropky little ravers.

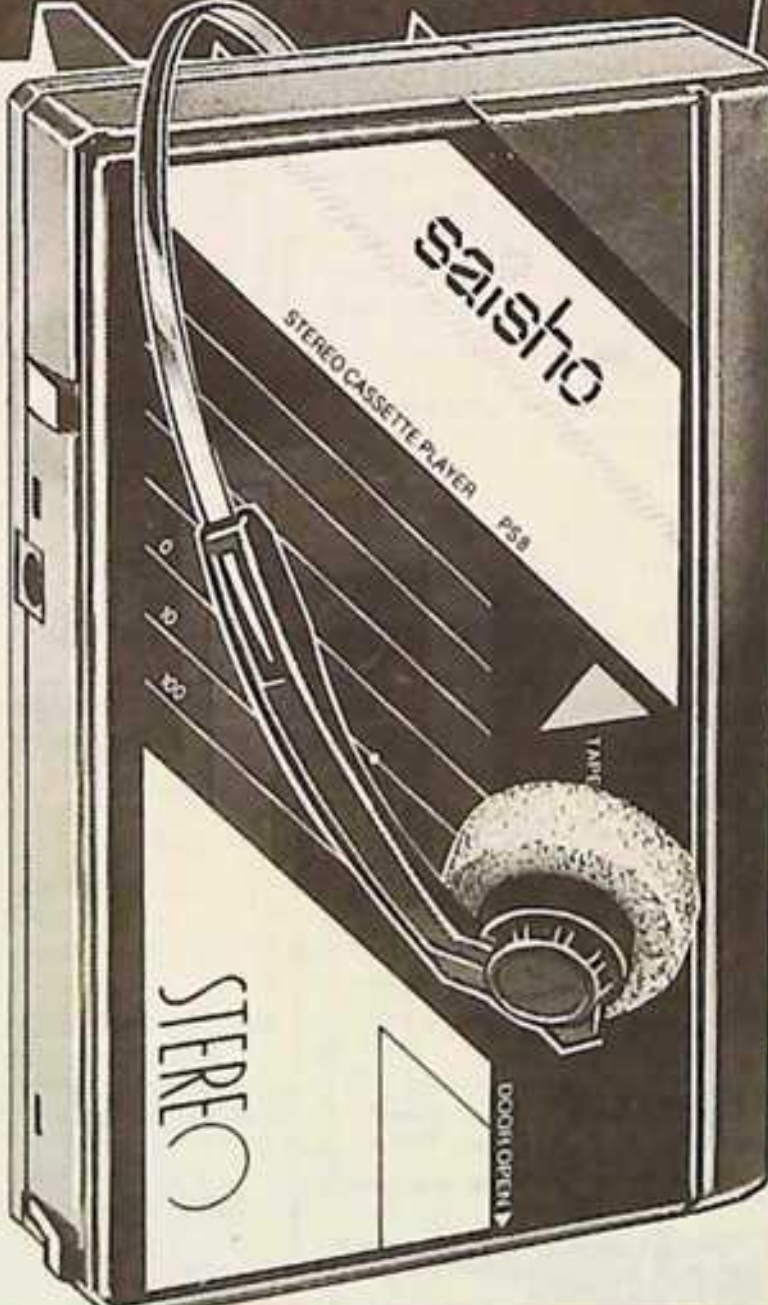
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Reviewed by Kez Owen



SINGLE OF THE WEEK

COMMUNARDS 'Disenchanted' (London) A strange choice for me, this, but lack of competition and sheer musical perfection warrants credit. Pop songs that dip lyrically into reality usually fail. Reality is harsh and needs harsh music that smacks you in the head and makes you listen.

'Disenchanted' is lyrically strong yet musically light. Somerville's voice soars higher and higher, lifting hopes and offering friendly advice – "So, boy, now you know what to do – Hey there boy, don't be blue. There's future, there's hope for you – Hey young man, just believe in what you do. Pride is something good for you".

The Communards don't preach, their pop music encompasses subtlety, yet still you'll listen, learn and face reality unknowingly, unwillingly. No smack in the face here, just a tap on the shoulder and a damn good boogie.

FLAG OF CONVENIENCE 'New House' (MCM)
THIRTEEN DAYS 'Tightrope' (LBT Records)
FOC are pushing, straining and struggling to get recognition. They need help to come through – perhaps a laxative... Thirteen Days, however, are positively gushing out of the dull sleeve in spurts of spasmodic indifference. Watch you don't step in it.

THE WEATHERMEN 'Let Them Come To Berlin' (Blas 25) Opens with the screaming noises from *Psycho*. What lies behind the shower curtain is an army of jerking German convulsions. A little repetitive but devoid of worthy comparisons. Like gangrene, the music spreads but fortunately you can control it.

SYLVESTER 'Living For The City' (Creole Records LTD) He of the high voice and tight trousers once rocked disco dancefloors with 'You Make Me Feel'. Now he's mellowed, unzipped his pants and disappointed us.

RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY 'Walking On Your Hands' (Red Rhino) A repetitive, guttural voice – How long can you go? Primitive guitars relentlessly whining and pounding drums beating a pathway up the indie charts right into your brain. The energy doubles, magnifies and infects. Go get a fix.

THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE POOR 'Love The Moon' KALIMA 'Whispered Words' (Factory) Kalima's salsa beat music creates bubbling whirlpools in your frothy cappuccino – very relaxing but it soon goes cold. The Royal Family And The Poor

are horrifically ugly, weird and led by an Acid Satanist with a haunting 'tripping' voice. The B-side, 'White Stains' is an Aleister Crowley reference to a semen and vaginal fluid cocktail believed to be the secret of life. Taste it and find out.

MIKE AND THE MECHANICS 'All I Need Is A Miracle' (WEA) This record started and I thought, Hm... not as bad as feared. It developed, however, into a trendy little pop song, so irritatingly monotonous that you'll buy it. Try not to.

THE REDSKINS 'It Can Be Done' (Decca) Hey, Comrades, this record's a bit shady, it involved deals with Soviet export authorities. Sounds a bit dodgy, doesn't it? Well it's not. The Redskins' revolutionary chanting is too acceptable, toned down and diluted into foot-tapping pop.

MENTAL AS ANYTHING 'You're So Strong' (Epic) I had jam butties for tea tonight. If you think that's boring, you should listen to this record.

LEO SAYER 'Real Life' (Chrysalis) This wee chappie has always given me the willies. Now he's given me a record; where will it all end?

THE PRAMS 'Black Sheep' (Classic Quotes) Primal punk thrash mixes with moody crooning, Echo And The Bunnymen style. The result – a mature and powerful melodic noise. Sniff it out.

THE UNDERTONES 'Save Me' (Ardeck) A record dominated by Feargal's vocals and originally included on their last album 'Sin Of

Pride', where it should have remained. Don't get me wrong, I thought The Undertones were brilliant, but now some of that Irish urgency lies dormant. If The Undertones have a belated hit with this, I'll drag out my snorkel coat and wear it. A bad move by the record company. Place your bets, suckers.

TORMÉ 'Star' (Zebra Records) DIO 'The Dio EP' (Vertigo) Yeah, c'mon, shake your heads, pretend you've got guitars, punch your fists in the air and swivel those throbbing groins. Tormé and Dio show you how not to do it in just 45RPM's.

STEEL PULSE 'Love Walks Out' (Elektra) Gentle calypso rhythms oozing warmth. Imagine swaying palm trees, lapping waves and cool, cool breezes. Buy it, lie back, shut your eyes and bask in its caress. Mmmmmmm. Luscious.

EVERY NEW DEAD GHOST 'Visions' (Every New Dead Ghost) Nice artwork, but the music... Laugh, I nearly pissed on the budgie.

SIMPLY RED 'Holding Back The Years' (WEA) Time for a slow, soulful smooch. As you slobber your way around the dance floor, and your partner's lobotomy, ask yourself this one little question – Why does vocalist Mick Hucknall try to impersonate Diana Ross and Randy Crawford when he has dulcet tones of his own? Could this be why it failed the first time round?

PETE SHELLEY 'On Your Own' (Mercury) A spit in the yawning gob of mankind. Shut your mouth, it's not worth the germs.

THE MISSION 'Serpent's Kiss' (Chapter 22) I sat in a candlelit room for this one, wanting to create the gloomy gothic atmosphere that surrounded Sisters Of Mercy. The Mission have, however, levitated from their crypt. Serpent's Kiss kicks the lid off the coffin and leaves them hovering in eerie uncertainty between sublimity and acceptance. They can either suffocate in clinging ungrateful cobwebs or come up for air. The decision's yours. Buy it or blow out the candle.

THE BRAINS OF MORBIUS 'Neighbours' (Bastard Haircut Records) An interesting sleeve – a man on one leg wearing a curtain and a chicken-head mask. A more than interesting group, chanting deliciously mocking lyrics and backed by a montage of throbbing confusion with incomprehensibly distorted instruments and effects. It's tastelessly obscure. It's excellent.

AC/DC 'Who Made Who' (Atlantic) Angus Young still wears short trousers – if he wore long ones this embarrassing globule of drivel would never have spilled onto my turntable. Mop it up and forget it.

RICK WAKEMAN 'Waterfalls' (CODA) Described as New Age music, appealing to those with modern values and taste. A classically tinkering piece. Notes rise to the surface, travel and merge with rushing currents and, having teetered on the edge of oblivion, dive courageously into the depths below. A soothing hand on feverishly atmospheric brows. One step nearer inner consciousness.

HAZELL DEAN 'Extra Sensual Persuasion' (EMI)
JAKI GRAHAM 'Set Me Free' (EMI) Fiery-red sleeve hinting at heat. Throw Ms Dean's offering on the fire and warm it up. Then get on down with Ms Graham. This will probably go down well in clubland so pull on your dancing slacks and stomp all over it.

ARETHA FRANKLIN 'You Make Me Feel Like A Natural Woman' (Atlantic)
HAROLD MELVIN AND THE BLUE NOTES 'Prayin' (Source Records) '60s and '70s soul classics re-mixed but still emotionally moving to the extreme of passiveness. Soul addicts dance and pay homage.

ALEX CHILTON 'No Sex' (New Rose) An attempt to re-establish Chilton as a major force in rock. I can't make my mind up about this one, easy bluesy guitars so laid back and indifferent it's chronic laziness. Get out your orange squash and dribble on it. Next.

MIKE OLDFIELD WITH JON ANDERSON 'Shine' (Virgin) Look, mates, I know it's nearly summer and I don't want to be a party-pooper but, if you're still 'shining' when the sun is, I'm staying in.

SANDIE SHAW 'Are You Ready To Be Heartbroken' (Polydor) Bubbling under the surface, breaking ripples on to confident streams. It's peaceful – be a hippy and smile.

ALPHAVILLE 'Dance With Me' (WEA) Disco-stomping riff – exciting but easily forgettable.

PRIMAL SCREAM 'Crystal Crescent' (Creation)
JUNE BRIDES 'This Town' (In Tape) A somewhat submersed ditty from Primal Scream. It stinks of summer frivolities with lukewarm lyrics of no importance. The June Brides are lacking in 'oomph'. The 'oomphless' will always be defeated.

JEAN BEAUVOIR 'Feel The Heat' (Red Eye) When he was a nipper he played with The Plasmatics and wallowed in the excitement of their wicked live shows. This grubby offering is his debut single, and it's too clean for comfort.

STATE OF PLAY 'Natural Colour' (Virgin) From a studio in Crouch End crawls this unusually textured sound. It weaves and slithers to xylophonic rhythms. It's colourful.

SPITTING IMAGE 'The Chicken Song' (Virgin) Oodles of silliness, but not half as funny as on TV. Turn it up loud, stick a loofah on your mitt and pretend it's someone groovy. More exciting than the record, wasn't it!

HE SAID 'Pump' (Mute) There's something not quite right about the word 'pump'. It's one of those words that ripple with onomatopoeia. If you want to 'pump' go right ahead, mate, but you'll be on your own.

RED GUITARS 'America And Me' (Virgin) Ticklish pop. The words are a bit on the naff side "I got caught between her love and the Coca Cola signs". Billy says it's good, though, and that's good enough for me. Triffic.

JACK BARRON steps into a yellow blob of custard and takes a trip to meet those East Village Over Lords **SONIC YOUTH** on their home turf. Blooming pics by **EYE AND EYE**

can say that there's not much personal research into the subject been done by me, hah-hah-hah."

PEOPLE WHO live in New York all tell me you have to get out of the city quite often otherwise your mind bursts at the seams?

"Well, that's not so much a problem for us because we're often out touring," says Lee. "But the people who live here all the time get a very distorted view of New York, they think everything they ever wanted is in this city and that makes them very short-sighted."

"Yeah, 'Confusion Is Sex' was about New York," explains Thurston, "and the people and what it does to them, while 'Bad Moon Rising' was more about the States in general... If anything, though, 'E.V.O.L.' is like 'Confusion Is Sex', Part Two..."

"Yeah, now we're up to the world," says Lee. "The next record is going to be interplanetary in thought, hah-hah-hah. We're going to be recording like Phillip K Dick material and so on."

This, I think, is a joke, but Thurston goes on to agree with Lee. "Yeah, he's really influential on us... but we have yet to rip off his writings. Rip off! God, that sucks!"

There are mentions of dreams on a number of tracks on the new album, aren't there?

"Yeah," nods Thurston. "It's just much more interesting working with dream interpretations than the cut and dried of real life, you can expend a bit more thought that way."

The guitarist often dreams about how he gets into a fight but can never manage to punch his opponent.

"I've never been in a fistfight, ever... though I did once punch my sister when we were really young, in the car on the way to school, just to see what it was like... The song 'Tom Violence' is partly to do with that and Tom Sawyer, though I guess it goes deeper than that."

"It's all a dream here in New York anyway," continues Lee. "You can think you're writing about reality yet you can look at it in the sense of a dream. I often can't distinguish the difference between dreams and the daytime things that happen here. It's like the whole city is a mirage anyway."

"Dreams are full of transcendental qualities and they're the qualities we like to achieve musically," Thurston goes on. "We're just into travelling."

Do you think dreams are wish fulfilments? "No, not necessarily," argues Lee. "It's definitely true that you have intense experiences. So then the question becomes: why isn't it like that all the time, to some degree?"

"No, not at all," disagrees Thurston. "The question isn't *why* but *is it*? It's like E.V.O.L. is the dream. It's like love is the waking hour. Love is..."

"The drug, Brian," finishes Lee.

You've mentioned love a number of times... but are you putting it forward as some sort of prescription on a political level?

"Now that's a good question," declares Lee.

And the answer never comes back in a concrete form as we float off on a tangent. Perhaps this is a deliberate ploy, for Sonic Youth are as much about how emotions such as love can be perverted into negative acts as was Manson, who the band addressed topically on their ferocious 'Death Valley 69' song.

"You know, I think Jung had a real cool hand in terms of seeing dreams as part of one's life as a whole," says Lee bringing us back to earth with a bump.

"He said instead of separating your life into parts and throwing your dreams into some sort of weird category you should see them as part of the totality of life. There's one book called *Memories, Dreams And Reflections*, and just the way he ties all those together is neat."

"That's why I like Phillip K Dick," mentions Kim. "Because of the way he blurs the lines in his stories, often you can't tell whether he is writing about a dream state or waking life. It's almost like he's dealing with modern day philosophy."

"Yeah, really," agrees Lee. "I think that we're all interested in that line between reality and dreaming - if there is any line at all. And it does become a modern day philosophical problem or postulate."

ONE OF the strangest tensions that resonates through Sonic Youth is the presence that Kim brings to bear in the band. One of the few aggressive women performers around without being either camp or cabaret - as is the case with, say, female metal merchants - she is both vilified and praised by feminists for the way that she sings about sexual subjects. The last single, 'Flower', was banned by Rough Trade for having a 'sexist' cover, you may recall.

"When I sing about sex it's kind of a comment," she explains. "It seems that if you're a girl in a band you've got to make yourself into a freak of nature of some kind, adopt certain roles of the clichéd female to establish an identity for the band."

"On the other hand, if you don't do that, or if you're more aggressive and active, then you end up taking the role more of a boy or something. What I'm trying to do is neither and it's more ambiguous, because there isn't so much a history of that so far as women and music go. As for sex - well, everybody thinks about it and I'm really interested in it because I have to deal with it from day to day."

There's a line on 'Starpower' (the forthcoming single) in which there's an ambiguity as to what gender you're singing from, or maybe it implies bisexuality - the line "She knows how to make love to me".

"Oh, that has more to do with like an adolescent girl looking up to a woman performer, an example is all the little girls who dress like Madonna. What is that about? is what the song addresses. So it has less to do with bisexuality than looking at the traditional, clichéd image of femininity which is all constructed from a male's viewpoint, anyway."

Sonic Youth are BIG Madonna fans. Moving slightly away from their weird guitar schtick - this band are as much lauded for their experimental attitude to six strings as anything else - they have recorded a version of 'Into The Groove' which features synths. It should be the single after 'Starpower'.

"You know, I don't have any moral objection to women or men playing up their sexuality and trading on it in the entertainment business, I just find it a bit baffling," Kim continues.

"And I think there have certainly been fewer women in English music who've come out very well as presenting something alternative and different with a strong image."

"Except Maggie and Di," jests Lee. Everybody laughs except me.

As the taxi-cab reaches the end of our journey, I muse that in her approach Kim is reminiscent of Patti Smith and that, like the rest of Sonic Youth, she likes to tiptoe on fine lines.

The yellow blob of custard stops outside Manhattan's Cat Club where Lydia Lunch and Jim Thirwell are performing. We disembark and I step into the nightmare night of New York.

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INXS ... is What You Need

PRINCE OF

THE MASSIVE success of Prince – with Madonna and Michael Jackson, one of the three true superstars of the '80s – has been ascribed to everything from God-blessed musical genius to black magic and pacts with the Devil.

But behind the intensely private lifestyle with its occasional bursts of public eccentricity, behind the autocratic manipulation of his own and others' careers, behind the flamboyant costumes and the sexual dilettantism, the black American working class equation *Ostentatious = Rich = White* has reigned supreme.

He who would be king built his castle as much on a basic pimp mentality as on any artistic prowess.

The onset of Prince's purple reign – the point at which man and myth merged and emerged to create His Royal Badness – was characterised by a stance of moody arrogance, a wardrobe of unparalleled tackiness and the flaunting of his 'ownership' of an all-girl group who were decked-out in mail-order lingerie and sent out to work the stage like hookers working the streets.

Despite his assertion that, from the beginning, he'd rejected the pattern of existence subscribed to by other black artists (and wasn't he always keen to point out that he was barely black anyway?), Prince's post-'1999' touring style – a family-size package of his own band and protégé outfits The Time and Vanity 6 – was a revival of the old-style soul revues of the '60s.

And it bussed enough gold lamé and fake jewellery around the country to stock several branches of JC Penney.

His Syracuse War Memorial concert, beamed to Europe at Easter last year and plainly intended to be a celebration of the megastardom rightfully bestowed upon him by *Purple Rain*, was more a celebration of cabaret camp, of the sicklier taste of success with its pseudo-religious interludes, those humble dialogues with the Great Pal and that gushing family finale.

Here, sex was on the menu as much as it had ever been. But the sense of intimacy which had made it work so well in the 'Dirty Mind' days was missing, replaced instead by that particular brand of bulk-purchase glamour that only big bucks can buy.

DIRTY MIND' was Prince's third album and my first encounter with a style which was obviously shot through with contradictions.

On the surface, here was another black disco artist. And yet the music bore little relation, other than its danceable beat, to contemporary disco output. Instead of lush, brassy productions and manly vocalising, there was a pared-to-the-bone sound with little more than demo-level instrumentation, topped by a frail falsetto voice.

And despite the minimalism of its execution, there was no mistaking the inherent strength of the songs themselves, nor indeed the overtly sexual nature of the lyrics.

Here was a man whose subject matter included incest ('Sister'), seducing virgins on their way to be married ('Head') and putting up with another man being in bed between you and your girlfriend ('When You Were Mine').

The album sleeve showed Prince dressed in a

raincoat and bikini briefs on the front; reclining in legwarmers and high-heeled boots on the back. The visuals and the music made an intriguing combination, and I got my chance to find out how the man matched up to his image when he came to Europe in the late spring of 1981 on a brief promotional tour for that album.

His first two albums, 'For You' and 'Prince', created barely a ripple in Britain, although 'Prince' went gold in the States. 'Dirty Mind' was getting more attention because of its risqué nature, and though this also meant minimal airplay, the album ended up selling close to a million copies.

And there he was, a couple of nights before his Amsterdam Paradiso and London Lyceum gigs, lounging casually against the downstairs bar of the Embassy Club, wearing the same raincoat he wore for the album cover and observing the rituals of New Romantic nightlife from beneath languid lashes.

I strode up to him, bold as his lyrics, introduced myself as someone who would shortly be interviewing him in Amsterdam, and felt his hand fall limply from mine as those eyelids fluttered downward, as if he was some schoolgirl who'd just been asked out on her first date.

Was he shy, or just rude? It was difficult to believe, watching him later at the Paradiso and then the Lyceum, that a man capable of masturbating his guitar in a way not seen since Jimi Hendrix could be so reticent when it came to being interviewed.

Questions such as "Why do you dress that way?" would elicit one-line answers ("It's hard to dance with a lot of stuff on your legs") while attempts to probe the music were hardly better rewarded. He ascribed the distinctive sound of 'Dirty Mind' to having "matured in a sense. I reached puberty, I got a new management, I got a new guitar which brought life into the sound of the album".

Was it a conscious effort to move away from disco influences?

"No, nothing's conscious. I don't sit down and plan anything... it's more me. I wasn't thinking. I was just singing and playing – so I guess I sort of found myself. I think all artists should produce themselves. I really do. I mean, I don't know how someone else can be in the same frame of mind – unless they eat and sleep with the person."

Prince's deal with Warners had indeed been that he would produce himself, as well as playing all the instruments. The label had insisted initially that he should use an 'executive producer' – basically an engineer with the necessary technical skills in the studio – but by 'Dirty Mind', he had dispensed with that function too.

Engineering on that album was credited to one Jamie Starr, whose later metamorphosis into The Starr Company on the album credits for Prince's various protégé acts tended to confirm what many had already surmised – that Jamie Starr was just Prince in another guise.

Whether Jamie Starr was just an in-joke or a genuine attempt by Prince to appear less autocratic than he actually was, this particular enigma was undoubtedly part of a calculated 'mystery man' image, dating back to the days of Prince's first manager Owen Husney. Husney had got him the Warners deal but had been replaced, come 'Dirty Mind', by the heavyweight team of Cavallo, Ruffalo and Fargnoli, with acts like Earth Wind And Fire on their roster.

Allegedly the credit for suggesting that Prince should sell himself with sex belongs to one Chris Moon, a studio owner in Minneapolis who let the young Prince use the facilities in return for musical back-up to his own lyrical ideas. The pair

co-wrote a song called 'Soft And Wet' which subsequently became Prince's first US Top 40 hit from the 'For You' album.

Nothing conscious, nothing planned? Here was the basis for Prince's entire public image from first album to most recent past.

But the sex and the mystery couldn't have made it without the music, which was evolving with successive albums into a form which would ultimately transcend the barriers between black dance music, white pop and hard guitar rock, absorbing and mutating numerous influences along the way and, in complete contrast to the man's predictably awful taste in clothes, offering new surprises at every turn.

THE ALBUM that really brought home the magnitude and diversity of Prince's musical vision was '1999', released in the UK in early 1983.

It was a considerable risk for Warners to take because it was a double album; on the other hand, its lyrics were far less explicit than those of 'Dirty Mind' and its follow-up 'Controversy', whose tracks explored religion (the title track included a recitation of the Lord's Prayer), international politics ('Ronnie Talk To Russia'), the national gun control issue ('Annie Christian'), public interest in his private affairs ('Sexuality') and mutual masturbation ('Jack U Off').

'1999' was final confirmation of Prince's ability to write catchy, crossover material; the title track and 'Little Red Corvette' both went on to become big hits on both sides of the Atlantic.

But the double-LP format also allowed other songs to run to their natural lengths, which might be five, seven or nine minutes – and this without any of the artificially injected repetition of contemporary dance-floor mixes.

He might, for example, opt for building up a leisurely groove as on 'DMSR' (Dance Music Sex Romance – the Prince manifesto in a nutshell?), wander off into some wild and violently sexual scenario as with 'Lady Cab Driver', or experiment with ambient electronic backdrops as in the nine-minute-plus 'Automatic'.

For someone who evidently detested the way that producers had taken over from musicians as the prime movers of pop, Prince was certainly establishing his own production credentials with this album. Most of the songs swung about a solid yet somehow flexible axis of bass-drum, snare and handclaps, and though percussion dominated, it did so sparsely enough to allow plenty of room for the guitar riffs and keyboard fills which were the other trademarks of his sound.

The importance of '1999' as an album also has to be seen in the context of what else was happening musically at the time.

Britain was completely in the grip of synthesiser pop, and so successful had a new generation been at once again taking a black dance beat and putting a white pop imprimatur upon it (see Elvis Presley, The Beatles, The Rolling Stones etc) that America, too, was claspings this British 'innovation' to its bosom.

There were only two bases from which the US seemed equipped to counterattack: one was the sanitised disco-eclecticism of Michael Jackson and his record-breaking 'Thriller' album, the other the much more underground phenomenon of the New York electrofunk/rap/breakdance scene. Madonna was yet to materialise.

But Prince offered another possibility. His concentration on musicianship and his construction of songs which did not rely on rigid structures and formulaised repetition distanced him from the electrofunksters while at the same time offering something just as hot and electronic for the dance-floors.

He shared with Michael Jackson a reputation for weirdness but replaced Jackson's asexual persona and ultra-safe lyrics with an image that was adult to the point of being X-rated. In the gender-bending '80s, here was someone who

acknowledged androgyny and evidently recognised the existence of the sexual fringe, while at the same time carrying a gigantic phallic torch for heterosexuality.

And when it came to comparisons with the pale-skinned, blue-eyed blonds of Britland, well, they were just babes in arms. They'd never look as pretty as him, they'd never be able to move like he moved, he could out-think and outplay most of them, and he had a natural empathy with the ubiquitous drum machine that made their rhythms seem but pallid or pompous imitations of his.

From a British record-buyer's viewpoint, '1999' was also the first chance to see Prince and his cohorts in action (given that few people made it to that Lyceum gig), courtesy of the promo videos for the '1999' and 'Corvette' singles.

True, they were straightforward 'performance' videos at a time when most British bands of any stature were going for elaborate storylines and Quantel effects. But there was really no more effective way to show just what was new and different about Prince than to have him sliding down his fireman's pole and doing those dizzy spins and natty dance steps in unison with the other band members.

In short (and, at 5ft 2in, what other way was there for him to do it?), Prince had brought excitement back into chart music, proving that it was possible to blend the rhythms, melodies and instrumentation of rock, pop and funk into a glorious exhibitionist experience that appealed to a wide audience while still offering the illusion of exclusivity.

Not content, however, with his direct frontal assault, Prince had been amassing other forces to effect a scissors movement on our sensibilities, and with '1999' buzzing like a band saw, it was time to activate the rest of the troops.

FIRST THERE was The Time, a supercool funk outfit fronted by Morris Day.

Day had been the drummer in Champagne, Prince's pre-deal band, and convention has it that Day formed the group, Prince subsequently taking them under his wing. However, there's good reason to believe that The Time was a Prince concept long before there were names and faces to fit it; it's even said that the early Time material was played and sung entirely by Prince, with Day simply singing along with his master's voice on the final mix.

This legend has it that The Time were basically an outlet for Prince's 'blacker' side – a place for him to channel the funkier energies that weren't appropriate to his pursuit of mainstream acceptability. Nevertheless, when the first album was released in 1981 – titled 'The Time' – it had a full complement of personnel including Jesse Johnson on guitar and vocals, and the team of Terry Lewis and Jimmy Jam providing bass, keyboards and vocals.

Production was once again by 'Jamie Starr', in corroboration with Day, and it was Day and The Starr Company who co-produced the second album 'What Time Is It' in 1982. Prince later said of his protégé outfits:

"They come to me with an idea, and I try to bring it forth. I don't give them anything. I don't say, OK you're gonna do this, and you're gonna do that. I mean, it was Morris's idea to be as sick as he was. That was his personality. We both like Don King and got a lot of stuff off him."

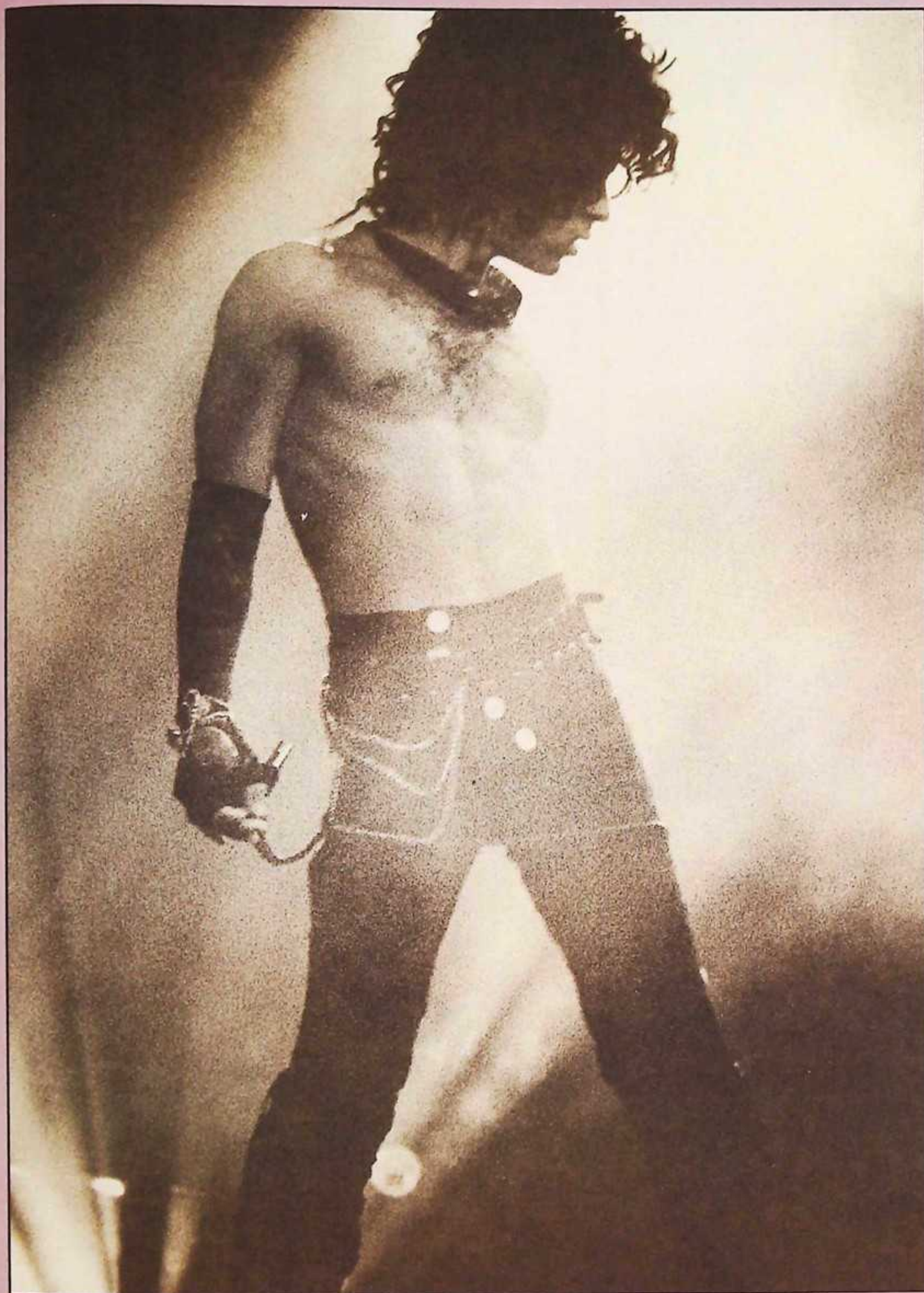
It was harder, though, for Prince to use the same arguments for Vanity 6. Vanity (née D D Winters, an actress and model from Canada) may well have had "a lot of the same ideas" as Prince, but the presentation of the 'girly' trio was the kind of total exploitation that only men ever dream up.

The whole concept was soft porn with music; the three girls were identified only by their first names (Brenda and Susan being the other two) and the lyrics they mouthed while adjusting their suspenders or slouching suggestively with cigarette drooping from lower lip could have been lifted straight from the fantasy captions beneath a Hustler spread.

Continued over



E BADNESS



PRINCE, is he a monster monarch, vermin in ermine, a Paisley parasite, or rock 'n' roll soul's rightful ruler with a Cherry bomb up his sleeve?

TONY MITCHELL pays homage to the man with a thousand faces. Court photography by ROBERT ELLIS

"Primarily I did it (music) for money. I owed people money . . . And once I'd paid 'em back, I did it for fun. Now I don't know why I do it"

Writing credits on songs like 'Nasty Girl', 'Wet Dream' and 'Drive Me Wild' might have been shared by the girls and Princely sidemen such as The Time's Jesse Johnson and Prince's guitarist Dez Dickerson, but the label note "another Starr production" seemed to say more about the music's true origins.

The clumsy caricatures of female 'types' portrayed by Vanity (the dark, enigmatic beauty), Brenda (the slouching smoker) and Susan (the willing virgin in white suspenders) say more about Prince's attitude to women than he probably intended.

While it could be argued that Vanity 6 were merely the logical extension of the feminine side of Prince's personality (a side much in evidence from the 'Dirty Mind' period), a strong argument can be put forward in favour of the reverse; that here was the ultimate evidence of an overbearing machismo outlook, a desire both to dominate and own women much in the same way as he apparently wished to control everything else around him.

"People say I'm always wearing heels 'cos I'm short," he told *Rolling Stone* last summer. "I wear heels because the women like 'em."

But why? Because they make him taller, thus better able to execute the dominant role he's assigned himself, and which they presumably expect from him.

In commercial terms, the idea was a success just the same. The Vanity 6 album went gold and the '1999' tour, with Vanity 6 and The Time supporting, netted \$10 million in ticket sales to add to the proceeds from shifting four million copies of the album.

UK audiences, however, were left out of the celebrations. Twice, projected London dates were cancelled to concentrate on building on the success of the album *Stateside*, and Prince even turned down the offer to appear on *Top Of The Pops*. Such arrogance!

Cut back to the Sonesta Hotel, Amsterdam, 1981.

Prince: "I'm not going to do this for much longer."

What next then?

"Something else."

Like what?

"I'd rather not say."

Something else... artistic?

"It's hard to say. I just know myself. I know I won't stay in things too long. I like to keep moving. Primarily I did it (music) for money. I owed people money. I wanted to pay them back, so I did it. And once I'd paid 'em back, I did it for fun. Now I don't know why I do it. Sometimes I don't like to do anything musical at all. I don't like to listen to it and I don't like to play it."

It was to be other members of the clan who made the first moves, however. Time stalwarts Jam and Lewis were sacked for having ideas above their station. They declined a subsequent invitation to rejoin, and went on to establish themselves elsewhere as top-notch R&B producers.

Longtime sideman Dez Dickerson also left to pursue a solo career, and was replaced by Wendy Melvoin, an old friend of keyboard player Lisa Coleman. Original bassist and schooldays buddy André Cymone was also out of the picture.

Later, talking about the contribution individual members of his band had made, Prince would say of Wendy that she made him "seem all right in the eyes of people watching", because she "keeps a smile on her face". It must be a comfort to her to know that she has such an important role.

THE "SOMETHING else" Prince knew he would be moving on to didn't take too long to materialise. After '1999' had established him as a recording star, there was only one place left to go — into movies. And, to his credit, he made the transition more successfully, both in artistic and commercial terms, than any of his many predecessors who pursued this clichéd path.

Originally scripted by William Blinn, a TV writer, Prince's acting debut, *Purple Rain*, was heavily rewritten and eventually directed by Albert Magnoli, whose previous work in films had been as an editor. Prince's management had secured \$7 million worth of finance and the story was to be of a 'semibiographical' nature liberally interspersed with 'live' performances which supposedly took place at the (genuine) First Avenue club in Minneapolis, where much of the dramatic action was set.

The film would involve every outpost of the Principality: Morris Day, playing the villain, and the rest of The Time, the newly created Apollonia 6... even a brief appearance by Dez Dickerson's new band.

The plot, such as it was, consisted of boy meets girl, wins girl, loses girl and gets girl back again, against a background of family troubles and inter-band rivalry.

The girl in question was originally to have been played by Vanity, but there was a falling out — reportedly because Vanity asked for a bigger slice of the action than was thought appropriate for someone who was not The Star, even though she was The Star's girlfriend. She was replaced by Patty Koteró, who obligingly changed her name to

Apollonia and inherited the reins of Vanity 6, thenceforth to be known as Apollonia 6.

This might have indicated to the other women in his life exactly what kind of security of tenure they could expect from Prince, who evidently operated Vanity 6 like a tied-cottage system: fall out with him over love or money, and you'd soon find nothing left at all.

Shooting went ahead with the same kind of security overkill and artistic temperament problems that recently surrounded the filming of Madonna's *Shanghai Express*. Prince had already "ceased doing interviews" by this time but his gossip column status was such that every little titbit that (supposedly) leaked from the set was guaranteed column inches.

Purple Rain the film was preceded by 'Purple Rain' the album, which left no doubts about Prince's ultimate aims in terms of audience appeal.

'Purple Rain' was unashamedly rockist, full of Hendrix guitar work and metallic chord progressions. And yet it still had that hallmark of Prince's genius — the ability to surprise. Hence among the out-and-out rockers like 'Let's Go Crazy' were to be found the wackiness of 'Darling Nikki' and 'Computer Blue', the romantic pathos of 'I Would Die 4 U' and the pent-up love/hate contrariness of 'When Doves Cry', whose minimalist vocals-and-drums sound was to make it one of the most distinctive number one singles of the decade.

Unsurprisingly, it was a massive box office success worldwide, and pushed Prince unassailably into the megastar class. When he was seen at an awards ceremony wearing a single lace glove, it was taken as a sign that he considered Michael Jackson well and truly toppled from his throne.

Apollonia 6 made their recording debut soon afterwards, and their eponymously titled album came complete with the same lingerie — slut visuals that had accompanied the group's previous incarnation. Contrary to the cheapness of the image, the songs were in the main melodic, gutsy and substantial, with far less reliance on those eager-beaver lyrics of yore.

A third Time album — 'Ice Cream Castles' — was also on the horizon. But though the band was now in a good position to trade on the reputation established by Morris Day in his *Purple Rain* role, dissent among the ranks had reached critical proportions, and The Time broke up not long after the album was released in 1984.

By now, however, there was another star on the ascendant in Prince's personal universe — Sheila E. Sheila Escovedo was a flaming firebrand of a percussionist who'd terrorised the timbales for a number of big-name outfits before being tempted away from the Lionel Richie band by Prince's offer of a solo recording career.

Nudged into writing her own material and singing lead vocals for the first time, she delivered a debut album — 'The Glamorous Life' — which fulfilled all expectations of a musical relationship with Prince (though, as usual, other kinds of relationship were rumoured too), and the two became frequent features of each other's live appearances and recording projects.

Accompanied by her own stylish group of racially and sexually integrated hotshots, she made a flying visit to Britain to appear on *The Tube*, where she created enough of a stir for her album and the single from it — 'The Belle Of St Mark' — to chart.

A second album, 'Romance 1600', released last year, failed to create the same impression. If only she'd steered clear of all that mock Regency braiding and stretch lace bodywear, it might have been a different story. Sheila E, of all Prince's female associates to date, was the least in need of the emperor's new clothes — her talents as a musician were indisputable. But she too went the way of all flesh-coloured nylon.

BARELY HAD the purple blossoms fallen than a new and far more variegated bloom appeared.

'Around The World In A Day', recorded soon after 'Purple Rain's' release, was a total contrast — a florid, breezy, quirky song collection which echoed The Beatles' 'Sgt Pepper' album and its numerous flower-power imitators in both musical and visual imagery. It shouldn't really have surprised anyone, but it did — surprised and disappointed them.

'Paisley Park', 'Raspberry Beret' and 'America' showed a willingness to experiment and innovate that had previously been established by 'When Doves Cry', and the singles sales showed that such tracks were acceptable on an individual basis if not as part of a collective whole.

The album marked the debut of Prince's own label, also called Paisley Park.

With Paisley Park, explained Prince last summer, "I was trying to say something about looking inside oneself to find perfection. Paisley Park is in everybody's heart. It's not just something I have the keys to."

His behaviour in public, however, gave little cause to believe that he'd come out of his shell. Stories of swift appearance and disappearance, always accompanied by his gigantic minder, seemed to be confirmed when he made a brief and sullen showing at Britain's BPI awards last

year, with the man-mountain Chick in tow as usual. Was it pride or embarrassment, one wondered, that persuaded his British record company to take full page ads in the following week's music press proclaiming: "Prince — man of few words, etc, etc, etc?"

Around this time, he also announced that he'd given up touring and was going to "look for the ladder" — apparently a reference to something his father had said. There was a general feeling that Prince had paid the price of fame; that the lid, never exactly the most secure fit, had finally flipped.

But the prognosis was wrong. It seemed that he had gone through a traumatic experience around the time of 'Dirty Mind', getting into fits of depression that made him physically ill. The depression centred on lack of communication within his band at the time, as well as "being in love with someone and not getting any love back".

"Paisley Park," he said, "is the only way I can say I got over it now. Paisley Park is the place where one should find oneself, where one can go when one is alone."

Perhaps it was all part of a coldly calculated 'tease and please' path to stardom.

Or perhaps Prince had finally been able to admit that the loneliness which must have been such a painful part of his childhood — rejected by his father, rejecting his mother when she remarried and finally taken in by a friend of the family — didn't necessarily go away because you got famous, and that power wasn't a substitute for love.

Here too, perhaps, was the root of his dualistic reverence of God and Sex, evident throughout his lyrics, his stage performances and his carefully controlled interviews.

"It's just so nice to know there is someone and someplace else," he confessed. And if we're wrong, and I'm wrong, and there is nothing, then big deal! But the whole life I just spent, I at least had some reason to spend it."

The trauma supposedly changed him and made him "think differently about how and what I wrote and how I acted towards people". His third film will be about this — how he funnels his wildness in other directions, how he analyses things so much that sometimes he "can't shut his brain off and it hurts".

IN THE immediate future, however, is the prospect of his second film, *Under The Cherry Moon*. Here is further evidence that Prince has adopted the doctrine of Mutate And Survive.

It would have been so easy to make a sequel to *Purple Rain*, on the basis that any formula that grosses \$100 million must be worth a second shot. But, other than the fact that Prince is providing the soundtrack, and that he takes a lead role — co-starring this time with Jerome Benton, an old friend from Minneapolis who was seen in *Purple Rain* playing his real-life role of Morris Day's 'valet' in The Time — there is no similarity between *Under The Cherry Moon* and its predecessor.

One vital and telling difference is Prince's positive discrimination in favour of women. Two virtual unknowns in the film world — Becky Johnson and Mary Lambert — landed the plum jobs of scriptwriter and director respectively.

Although this can't be seen as a total transfer of control, it does indicate a willingness on Prince's part to cast women in different roles from those he's traditionally allowed them. For once, lingerie will be taking a back seat.

Under The Cherry Moon is not a 'performance' movie; Prince will be seen only once in a musical role, doing a solo piano number. The plot is a "hopelessly romantic" story about "a couple of boys who go to the Riviera to strike it rich" — in the words of director Lambert. The film was shot entirely in black and white to add mood to the South of France locations.

The monochrome style of the movie is reflected in the artwork for the soundtrack album (titled 'Parade'), though the music within is nothing if not colourful. There are a dozen or more tracks, some of them obviously truncated, but none of them lacking impact. 'Natural' instrumentation of every description vies with all manner of undrumlike percussion on songs and snatches of songs which have depth, character and memorability.

The current single, 'Kiss', the album opener, 'Christopher Tracy's Parade', the film title track itself or the confusingly christened 'Another Loverholenyohead'... all offer refreshing new perspectives free from the psychedelia-tinged indulgence of 'Around The World In A Day'.

But that gatefold album sleeve with its double-headed Prince sporting slicked-back hair and a simple cut-off top is worth a final moment's thought.

If his album covers reflect the changes in his personality as they do indeed appear to — from the long, processed-haired disco child of 'Prince', through the confused but exhibitionist sexuality of 'Dirty Mind', and the touches of sequinned glamour about '1999' to the ludicrously over-adorned foppishness of 'Purple Rain' — then that simple, sophisticated 'Parade' sleeve has an important message for all of us.

Prince has finally grown up.

PRINCE

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

"People say I'm always wearing heels 'cos I'm short. I wear heels because the women like 'em"



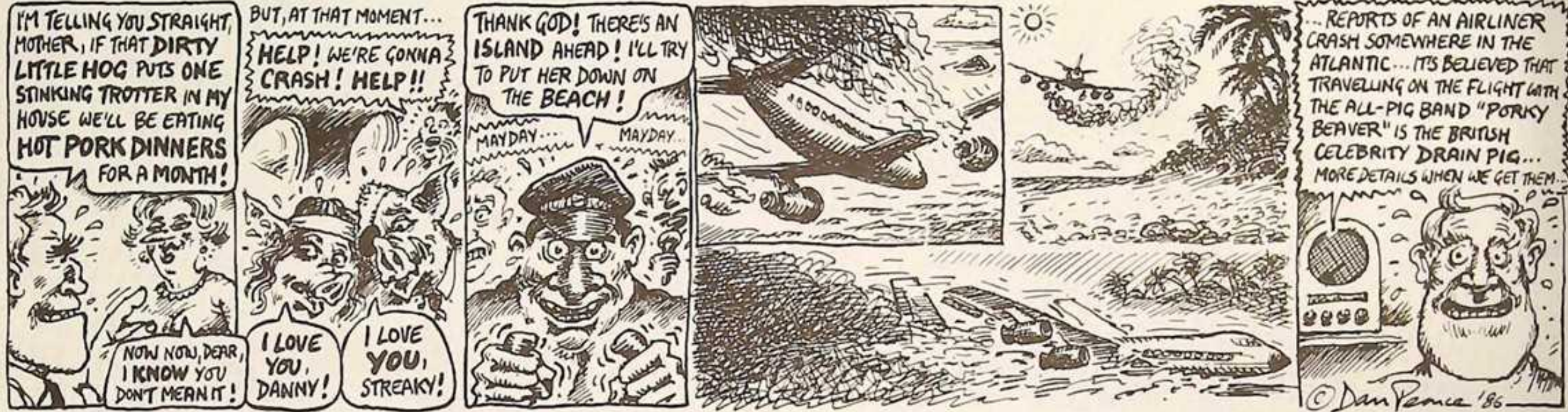
"Paisley Park is in everybody's heart. It's not something I just have the keys to"

Tales from the Rubber Room



HOT PORK LUNCH 48

DAN PEARCE



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1

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2

7"AD 605 • 12"BAD 605

BABY I LOVE YOU SO *featuring* LORITA GRAHAME

THE OFFICIAL COLOURBOX WORLD CUP THEME

4AD

L I V E S



BIG STICK's Yanna Trance: Wild Child

Greg Freeman

DRAGNUTS

BIG STICK/HEAD OF DAVID
North Kensington Bay 63

THERE'S A method to this racket. Something Head Of David heard on a record years ago has suddenly plucked up courage to crawl out of hiding and onto this stage where an audience, of sorts, is clustered, breathing in their noise.

This greasy squeal of costumed rage erupts one second and deflates the next as technical gremlins throw a well-aimed spanner in the works. Head Of David's silence is as deafening as their thrash. A bog door slams gracelessly, a DM mashes a plastic glass underfoot, somebody coughs, loud.

They eventually get plugged back in but by then the damage is done, the image cracked. Unfortunate because real potential is at work here, potential that deserves encouraging.

As Swans wreak havoc with the disco bass bins Big Stick stumble onstage to send normality at rock venues reeling

back to the plague years. Yanna Trance — a kind of Green Hornet sex kitten attired in leather mask, ribboned skirt and 'Big Stick' boob top — drapes a fun fur octopus toy over an amplifier and starts smacking 'Wild Child' from a snare while John Gill fumbles for the right guitar string to hit through the elaborate wig creature that's sucking at his brain.

What is that thing perched on his head? Reminds me of The Banana Splits and the cheap monster effects in *Tarantula* rolled into one; as he nods to the pre-recorded beat, a furry appendage flicks out limply.

This is Big Stick's debut world performance, it was short but sweet. Every song had tiny teeth that nibbled into you like a shoal of piranha. Sometimes they sang along to the tape backing or kicked and strummed, sometimes they didn't, sometimes they forgot. I won't.

EDWIN POUNCEY

WALL OF VOODOO
Harlesden Mean
Fiddler

HIGH NOON in Harlesden town. Cacti and bones littering a dusty, deserted stage. Roll-up, roll-up, the medicine show are in town. Rippling muscles beat jungle rhythms on jaundiced bones and the show begins.

Wall Of Voodoo are a band of collated images. Stetsons rest on dangerous heads, clothes and boots are caked with 'genuine' wild-west mud and desert dust flies from vocalist Andy Prieboy's shaking head as he sings, "I can't make love to the girls in this city".

This is indeed a pity as most of the saliva-dripping girls here tonight are thinking, "Ride me cowboy" and, if you'd seen this strutting untamed Voodoo, you'd know why!

Critics say the band have mellowed, but their depraved folk rock is still powerfully haunting and remains on 'The Far Side Of Crazy' — a song that strolls from twangy guitars in a typically laidback

US style, but with raw guts and venom.

Wall Of Voodoo play two encores. "We like coming to London, playing for a bunch of nice people, we do a great gig, you know — real good and then get a shitty review," draws Prieboy. "Dance you f***ers".

The chicken-dancing crowd go wild. Wall Of Voodoo are a miracle cure, a waggon-load of powerful potions. Those who've given them a crap review should buy one and be healed.

KEZ OWEN

JENNIFER JOHN
Liverpool

WITH A remarkable voice of great purity and strength, Jennifer John fashions songs from the heart, rooted in jazz, and full of warmth and feeling. Often at her best with just her own keyboard accompaniment, she has the ability to both move and overwhelm.

At present however, her immense talent is not being done full justice. Tonight she seemed almost embarrassed

when introducing some of her more political numbers, and strangely half apologised for playing the slow haunting songs at which she excels. Also, although backed by some admittedly excellent individual musicians, as a group they sadly lack invention and inspiration, and ultimately tend to dull her edge.

Given her vast potential, if allowed the freedom to develop at her own pace, and without greedy and ignorant record company pressure intent on squeezing her into a ready made Sade shaped mould, then Jennifer John's unquestioned talent should reap her a healthy slice of deserved success. Not just yet, though.

ROSS FORTUNE

CARLTON B MORGAN
Bristol

"WEEEOOH WEEEOH" — Carlton B Morgan has got hold of an amazing new device for talking to people from other planets and that is the noise it makes.

Just signed to Abstract for

a reported eight figure sum, the South Wales Water Board's only rock and roll outlaw looks uncannily like the man on the Daddies sauce bottle. And like all true greats he's got a cult following of four and they are the first to tap-dance when the opportunity arises.

Carlton plays a mean harmonica and yelps a lot. His band, The Supernormals, are very fine indeed, although on occasions they do veer dangerously close to pub rock, but apparently that's the coming thing these days.

Their repertoire includes a paranoid genius version of 'Modern Girl' — "she reads a tangerine, she eats a magazine" and a good few other classics with titles like 'Einstein Going For A Walk'.

Interviewed on local radio, Carlton B Morgan was asked "Whatever possessed you to make records like this?" He gave the only possible response — "The Devil" — and was banned from the airwaves for his honesty. Don't let them keep him out of your life.

BEN THOMPSON

AN EVENING OF TOP
ENTERTAINMENT
WITH TED
CHIPPINGTON
Paul Raymond's Revue
Bar

PINTER COULD be scripting this, stripping back the raw flesh to show us what really goes on in showbiz, complete with agony pauses, almost fictional in its heat of squabble, friction and prickly tension.

Ted runs through his repertoire, a couple of new ones including one about a duck's bill that isn't his own. Part of enjoying his stoic anti-humour lies in being *in* on the private joke. So when 'She Loves You' therefore becomes a runaway novelty hit, he might be wise to accept this 'world's worst comic' tag reluctantly.

Tonight though, as the chaos reigns about him, Ted puts his feet up, takes another beer from the fridge and sighs that weary sigh. Wouldn't last a minute at Comedy Store...

Ted brings out some itchy, almost unbearable truths from people here. Mark Smith comes over all relaxed, discusses his jumper and his shirt ("Yeah! Nice pattern!") and is the only guest to take the joke and crumple it into knots. Later in the evening, he'll tell us he despises dogs and he'll make Keith Allen make Rupert Pupkin look like Lenny Bruce.

Allen comes on for his chat with Ted, prima donna grimace, flopping like a beached whale in its death throes. After two matter-of-fact questions, Ted gives up. "Ah well, suppose that's that," he says earnestly. Allen's left to suffer the

fraught silences, Ted reaches for another beer and sighs.

Allen's tussling about for gags, his reputation floundering. I hear teeth grinding around me. "I came here as a favour," he decides. "All the way from Devon, haven't you any questions, c'mon Ted!" He misses the point completely, of course. Ted merely sighs, looks at his watch, sighs.

Fuzzbox steal the show with an acapella 'Tutti Frutti', giggles dropped like calling cards, bringing blushes to maiden cheeks with their galloping gall and kaleidoscope vision. Loftier than Little Richard's.

Special guest rumoured to be Babs Windsor but New Faces presenter Derek Hobson hobbles on instead. Ted asks one question, about Derek's new show about dogs (*That's My Dog* — Ed), then sighs and goes silent.

The next ten minutes is the longest of my life. This isn't the art of conversation, by the way. Hobson blushes, looks baffled, beats about the bush with a string of hopeful anecdotes met with a few nervous chuckles... and more silence. Ted reaches for another beer from the fridge, sighs. There's not much Micky Mousing going on, more like watching a sow menstruate 'till she's purple. Hobson looks horrified, wearing this 'Let me out of here' look.

The waiting goes on. 'All Chat' time. They all troop on, reluctant soldiers all. Vi Subversa inexplicably reveals her breasts to loud cheers, undoubtedly a highlight. Hobson's still persevering with his 'I remember when I was just a tea-boy' roman à clef but he's

MICRODISNEY
Kentish Town Town
And Country Club

I WALK in and hate what I hear and then, only then, do I realise it's Microdisney. Nevertheless, I expect there to be fat bleatings again about how I'm prejudiced against Sean And His Yawns. I am, actually. I don't enjoy crap.

Set against The Go-Betweens' subtlety and intellect, all the faults of this band-in-a-chasm become even more obvious than on

the highfalutin but one-dimensional records. If Marillion tried to look young, if Eric Bristow got down on his knees and sang the blues... oh what a pretty little guitar solo! How neat and fitting! Gosh, it's nearly as moving as when Mark Knopfler purses his lips!

Swaying hammily from pub rock to pomp, Microdisney take themselves so very seriously that you're almost conned for a split-second. But look! Listen! Split Enz were radical! Pilot were

CAUSTIC



TPE: Fuel for thought

Double

no Boswell for sure. Mark Smith scowls from the back, baiting a peevish Keith Allen. Go-Between Lindy Morrison begins to bark at Allen from the audience, taking revenge for his earlier remarks about Smith and some white powder. Meanwhile, Smith himself is reminiscing with Hobson... "That bloke who used to sing the theme song to *New Faces*, Carl something, he used to be really good, doing tea-bag adverts now..."

I can't bear much more, all these solemn silences, I wanna go home. There's no more conversation. Even Hobson's reached the bottom of his sack. Without warning, he takes to the piano, someone in the audience screams, some ragtime, some barn jigs, loud cheers, thank God for light relief.

Vi Subversa speaks at last... "I didn't know these chat shows were so easy, you don't even have to say anything."

They all trickle away, the relief is steaming off the walls. 'Ted Spot And Songs' to finish. Triumphant end flourish, would you believe. R'n'r medley, Ted backed by Mark Smith on sneering sublime vocal and piano. All Fuzzbox, a wandering Vi Subversa, no sign of Allen or Hobson by this time, but this is like the home-coming of a drunk without the red carpet. Ted returns for a few last jokes, someone next to me has wandered into the wrong hall and been wondering what hedge the live sex has been camping under all night, but I couldn't take another snickersnee silence. Ever.

Legendary, just legendary.

JONH WILDE

aggressive! The Go-Betweens have never known heartbreak! If Microdullness have something to say (they seem very adamant that they do), it might help if they said it instead of painting watery murals which read, "We really are very special and tortured and different and we don't even dress up".

Guess who is signing Microdisney now. Is it: a) Fulham FC b) Virgin Records? Easy, isn't it? Roll on radiation.

CHRIS ROBERTS

MOTION

THAT PETROL EMOTION Kentish Town Bull And Gate

THE RUMOUR spreads quickly around town that That Petrol Emotion are playing a secret gig at The Timebox as a warm-up for their major forthcoming tour. By 9.10 the same evening the venue is cram-full of people waiting for That Petrol Emotion's molotov pop cocktail to finally explode.

Tonight this previously confused emotion was purified with a rich ichor of sophisticated pop composure, replacing the relative mess of earlier outings with a gutsy delivery that aims straight, hits hard and leaves you dazed.

That Petrol Emotion are now oozing with enthusiasm and are diving into their pool of celestial melodies with a vigour, a confidence and a heart. There are hooks as well. Politically poignant angles are a crafty bait but are no longer the traps they once were to That Petrol Emotion. Maybe it's their garage nobility that strangles all the abrasive chords out of the bodies of the songs with an articulate grace and makes the social points — somewhat forgotten in The Undertones' caramel — to be taken aboard.

'It's A Good Thing' — their best single to date — works because it manages to echo and erase any punk influence at the same time with caustic rhythm guitars and catchy melodies. And, dare I say it, 'It's A Good Thing' is as good as anything The Undertones ever did.

An added feature of this new emotion is the diversity. One moment the O'Neil brothers are thrashing guitars and awkwardly recharging the trash effect. The next they are masterfully crafting gentle bitter-sweet pop harmonies which create sublime atmospheres akin to veteran psychedelic moments — 'For What It's Worth' being a good example, where trickling guitars sew a hazy idea with a delightful weightlessness. And that's not the luck of the Irish either — it's the talent.

RON ROM

DIO/KEEL Birmingham

OPENING NIGHT for the Two Ronnies and it all ran pretty much to form. Big Ronnie Keel, swank, lank Yank longhair, went for the throat but came away clutching fistfuls of thin air. For 40 minutes Keel groped in the cool half-light of the NEC for a reaction and found neither hysteria nor contempt.

All wasn't lost. When they clicked they did so beautifully. 'Here Today, Gone Tomorrow' exploiting Ron's scorched voice to the full over a gnawing riff, but these were isolated moments. Ultimately, Keel had too much front for their music to back up. They've yet to really find their feet.

Dio found theirs long ago; little (Ssh — Ed) Ronnie as far back as '75, but then he hadn't got so far to look (oh no — Ed). Tonight his happy band slammed a forehead to the bridge of any sceptic's nose, including mine.

Just another night on the tiles with Dio? Not at all. There was a near celebratory sense of occasion about it, strong, purposeful and refreshing. I can't recall a better metal show from the last couple of years.

'Rainbow In The Dark', 'Hungry For Heaven', 'Holy Diver' — even if Dio's songs aren't classics then they're at least trying to be, and they get closer than most.

Viv Campbell wasn't missed. His replacement, hirsute Craig Goldie, filled in comfortably, and one reflective and well-paced solo made a welcome variation on a weary theme.

And the stageman? Didn't notice it. Oh, there was the occasional 20 foot, ear-flapping, spark-snortin' dragon, a few lasers, the odd mechanical knight, grassed castle ruins, a flashspot or two... nothing out of the ordinary. Acutely embarrassing, very *Masters Of The Universe*, not very '80s, but you'll love it.

Somehow, all this claptrap served to compliment the music; it doesn't say much for the songs, I suppose, but it says something for Dio that they know the ropes well enough to retain some feasibility in a field thick with cabbages.

PAUL ELLIOTT

SONIC YOUTH Brighton Beach

THEIR TORRENTIAL noise hail made us cough up our whelks, scrape our candy-floss against our naked chests, hurl our kiss-me-quick boaters to the winds, made us rush to the penny arcades with replenished appetites. Let's be blunt. Sonic Youth played like bastards.

All brilliantly incongruous of course and chock with nervy flutters. As tight and creased as colic, they brought their slack flesh and their barbed-wire chords to Bank Holiday pebbles and shook a stick at anything short of bellicose. Sonic Youth were nasty and gnarled and they made mud puddles of the motions.

Halfway through the clanging mess, one silver-haired OAP gent strolls up and asks me if this is That Petrol Emotion. I grin because they've been already and Sonic Youth are making them look like lemon-faced puritans. It was that spilled with malice.

Sonic's death on pop rolls with thunderous collisions,

each 'song' sliced in two, fed through a blender, unmercilessly bedraggled by the end of it all.

The same OAP complains to me about the noise, he thinks I'm something to do with all this because my temples are pumping, pulsating like throbbing ulcers. He tells me youth is a thing of the past. I nod my assent.

Sonic Youth get darker, their inner cinema like a festering carbuncle, hugging obscenities from their ivory towers.

With dusk over and done with, they bit like bed-lice, howling like hooligans. By the middle, we were past wondering exactly what was being forged here, the entire crumpled heap just a string of violence.

It might have been 'Flower' that brought the last shred of control toppling completely, but it could have been any of their dirty, squalid, vagrant wailings.

Hardcore discolouration and percolated sex came to build sand-castles and went back with blistered feet. The rest of us pretended to be Phil Daniels and crawled home with sticky gussets.

Woodstock was never like this. Was it?

JONH WILDE

ALL ABOUT EVE Kentish Town Bull And Gate

THERE'S A quiet place between paradise and reality where a very special golden voice spiritually dances on worn hearts. A kind of voice that gives scent to desires and shrewdly leads men to run to their own destruction like blind men chasing their eyesight alongside a jagged cliff-edge.

She has a voice like this; she being the vocalist in All About Eve. Her voice gushes with a plain sensual beauty that is as red as the autumn apple. She is also gifted with a magnetism stronger than the North Pole and it's framed with a virginal grace that's more luring than silk underwear. Now and again though she gets her knickers in a twist as she lowers herself to the sub-'Scream' goth boil that surrounds her.

Halfway through and the bacteria is browning the apple core with one-dimensional rock patterns, killing the romance, the mystery and the unknown destiny that tangos on her tonsils.

Now my 'Angel' is

LITTLE BIG MAN



RONNIE DIO: Fingerlickin' good

Double

developing bestial horns and looks like a runaway St Trinian playing Sioux or maybe Looby Loo — well what's the difference anyway, they're both vomit bowls.

All I can say now is go home Eve and don't come back until you can convince me you really do have all the right answers.

RON ROM

WHIZZ FOR ATOMS Le Beat Route

"Pint of lager please." "Thank you sir, that'll be £17.50."

It's sad really, four years on and Spandau Ballet don't seem to have turned up yet — this place is down on its luck.

There must be a "buzz in the business", either that or an Orpington estate agents works outing; the place is crawling with A&R men in their sinister uniform of leather-jackets, beards and blubber.

So these are the men with their fingers down the throats of popular taste. I must say it makes you proud.

The little girls must be getting mighty tired of Phil Collins, Jim Diamond and the rest of pop's cabbage patch geriatrics and Whizz For Atoms could be the ones to steal their plunder. They're not Big Flame but unfortunately not many people are. Note-perfect brassy pop with a big smile and not a single hair out of place — more Kevin Hector than Archie Gemill — they look more than ready to assume the sacred mantle of Nick Heyward.

Whizz For Atoms have got more charm and more tunes and are a good deal better than all the bands you hate — you know, the ones that make all the money. In fact I think they probably deserve to be famous, and nothing I could say would stop them even if they didn't.

BEN THOMPSON

THE RAMONES Hammersmith Palais

THE RAMONES are a better monster movie than The Cramps. They're relentless. There's nothing camp or postured about their racket. It's expertly prepared — all the ONE-TWO-THREE-FOUR intros are theatrical, because they always leave a fifth beat before starting the next tune — but it renders punk squabbling into the wrath of God.

The Ramones wear us down. Those 20-minute sets of yore should be revived, because after that your senses are fried by the

sulphurous din and the high whine gets blunted into a drone. At that point, with the amps bleeding, it could be 'Sheena Is A Punk Rocker' or 'Psycho Therapy' they're playing; nobody cares any more.

And a crowd mad with exhilaration has had its strength sapped by Ramoning. Joey's bark gets lower — he sounds more like Bela Lugosi than a choirboy like Vanian ever has — and Dee Dee's chords melt into each other. They disintegrate into a frenzy, just like the world.

Still, this anniversary bawl remains hypnotic. Ten years of the dumbest haircuts, the most tuneless splatter, and they continue to outflank and outstomp all competitors in this tiny arena — a music as pinched and severe as the oldest blues.

At the start, engulfed in dry ice, they are invisible for some moments; but the thrash still sings out of the amplifiers. They're ghosts for an instant. Then they go back to being monsters. I have to pick my way out through bodies.

RICHARD COOK

LIVES EXTRA ON PAGE 30



CACTUS: News too

Greg Freeman

TAXING

CACTUS WORLD NEWS

Clarendon Hammersmith

THEY ARE four men from a bigish country with a small town noise — they may have pretensions to being a power in rock, but they generate about as much excitement as a limp courgette in a convent.

The frontman is a dead ringer for a bridge fanatic or a tax inspector I knew during my period of penal servitude with the Inland Revenue (well, we all have to come out of the closet at some point); the similarity extends beyond the obvious — weedo glasses, spazzo hair — to the waistcoat/vile shirt combination.

It is therefore with some surprise I find myself boring my way through a veritable throng of sweltering normals who have presumably been subjected to the harrowing experience of being exposed to interminable hours of Cactus rock while in the care of top Soviet psychiatric specialists, the merry band emerging irreversibly brainwashed.

The relative chart failure of the News boys to date can be explained by their audience which is composed largely of people who would rather wait until their records become available on Compact Disc; musically they're sound enough, plodding on mindlessly like clerical assistants sorting files back in the tax office.

I'm sure I've omitted something. Oh yes... .U2.

ANDY HURT

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LIVES

From page 27 THE JESUS AND MARY CHAIN

Hammersmith Palais

THERE IS still a wall, or perhaps a wall of whooping feedback. Yet it is a little subdued, and those simple pop pleasures are now pushed well to the fore.

In an inevitable darkness, the equally obligatory stark lighting does what little it can to make the ugliest men in pop look at least interesting.

The two brothers slouch half lost in the half shadows while an immaculately disinterested drummer is framed for eternity in a spotlight high at the back and centre of the stage.

Upright, thin, pale and unbearably glamorous, he is the fairy on top of The Jesus and Mary Chain's Xmas tree (which is odd because they have always rather reminded me of a Xmas cake - solid, too solid icing, a brittle

LOST CHAINS

protection for an achingly sweet and stodgy centre). Musically, of course, he is quite unnecessary; but in terms of marketing he is essential. For the grim brothers Reid would make a drum machine look pretty.

With just a little 'Candy Talking' The Jesus And Mary Chain peak as one. The rest is all downhill, dull and should perhaps have been silent. That recent *South Bank Show* assessment of the Velvet Underground has thrust the truly special impulse and

impact of 'Heroin' right back into our lives, throwing into a sharp if obvious focus the tooth-rotting witterings of The Jesus And Mary Chain.

Pleasant though this neatly contrived medium is, their strictly disciplined random racket simply plods, becomes laboured and stifling. There is no final peak, no juddering climax, no sense of achievement, or wonder, or helplessness.

There is only a very pretty drummer.

ROGER HOLLAND

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MORE ADS ON PAGES 28 & 29

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JESUS AND MARY CHAIN

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NIGHTSHIFT

John Lydon displays his Public Image in Glasgow (Wednesday), Preston (Thursday), Manchester (Saturday), Scarborough (Sunday) and Leicester (Tuesday). The spirit of '76 continues with The Ramones as they spread some brudderly love to Newcastle (Thursday), Edinburgh (Friday), Leeds (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday) and Nottingham (Monday). The Cramps twang Brighton (Monday) and Coventry (Tuesday) while Sonic Youth screech to a halt in Manchester (Saturday), Glasgow (Sunday) and Leeds (Tuesday). Also on show are Dio, The Communards, Raymonde, The Shamen and The Rose Of Avalanche.

WEDNESDAY

14

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BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Living Daylites
BRIGHTON Coasters Hipsway
BRIGHTON Old Vic (24744) Karen D'Ache
CANTERBURY City Arms Uncle Lumpy And The Fishdoctors
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Touch Sensitive
DERBY Danni's Heroin And The Needles
DERBY Sinfin Fighting Cocks Just Blue
DERRY Venue That Petrol Emotion
DUNSTABLE High Street Wheatsheaf (62571) Dream Cellar
FALKIRK Burns Bar (21397) Desolation Angels
GLASGOW Barrowlands (041-552 4601) PiL/Black Britain
GLASGOW Moir Hall Skint Video
HASTINGS Crypt (444575) Tea House Camp/Napalm Death
KENDAL Brewery Arts Centre (25133) Blyth Power/Danbert Nobocan/Despair/
Les Turds/Hot And Horrid
LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) The Business/Vicious Rumours/Fekin Ejits
LEEDS York Road Insh Centre The Enid
LEICESTER Oxford Street Princess Charlotte (553956) Christian Death/Boy Called Christian
LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-924 3216) Blood Brothers
LONDON Brixton Fringe (01-326 5100) Sherrone
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Wes McGhee Band
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Adinkra Dance Company/
Mumbo Jumbo
LONDON Camden Electric Ballroom (01-485 9006) Pete Shelley/Then Jerico/Ten
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 3481) Dislocation Dance
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Street Arabs
LONDON Hackney Amhurst Road Club Mankind Kerouac's (01-986 3378) Purple Things
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Episode Four/Richard III
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Dio/Keel
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Spirit Level/Dill Katz/Leon Cohen
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Brilliant Corners/The Blue Aeroplanes/Traddiod Ofnus/A Strange Desire
LONDON Lee Green Old Tigers Head (01-851 6373) Arch Criminals/Altered States/Maximum Effect
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Fire Next Time/Martyn Bates
LONDON Portobello Acliam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) The Pale Fountains/The Stars Of Heaven
LONDON Shepherd's Bush Wellington Jokers Wild/SPL
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (01-437 5534) Flesh
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Barney Kessel
MANCHESTER Whitworth The Grove (061-237 3488) Dino
NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) Skywalkers
NOTTINGHAM The Garage (501251) Rubella Ballet
NOTTINGHAM Rock City (412544) Balaam And The Angel/Wild Flowers
OXFORD Jericho Tavern (54502) Quaque
PERTH Plough Inn Dumpty's Rusty Nuts
RUNCORN Castle Fields The Barge The Adams Family
SOUTHAMPTON Riverside (436840) Pallas
SOUTHGATE Ye Olde Cherry Tree The Catatonics
STOURBRIDGE College Terry And Gerry
SUNDERLAND Chester Road Royalty Dan Ar Bras
WALTHAM ABBEY Broken Lance CMC Firewater
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic (28521) Terraplane

THURSDAY

15

BANNOCKBURN Tandhu Club Dumpty's Rusty Nuts
BIRMINGHAM Inneild Port Road Portland (021-454 8960) Balaam And The Angel/Wild Flowers/The Rose Of Avalanche
BIRMINGHAM Odeon (021-643 6101) The Communards
BLACKBURN DJ's Upstairs One Last Fight
BRADFORD Victoria Hall Ria-Damora
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) AMX 2
BRISTOL Kings Arms The Glee Club
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) Primal Scream/The Chesterfields
COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) The Gents
CROYDON Underground (01-760 0833) The Stringrays/The Cannibals/The X-Men/The Surfadelics
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) The Mick Clarke Band
DUDLEY JB's (53597) General Wolf
FOLKESTONE Tolls Gizmo
GLASGOW Daddy Warbucks (041-332 0122) Easterhouse
GLASGOW Moir Hall Skint Video
GLASGOW Rooftops Raymonde
GLOSSOP Bridge Inn (3119) Nothin' Doin'
HARROGATE Lounge Hall Zoot And The Routs
HARROGATE Sidewalk (62051) Lykos Opera
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Railway Children
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head (21758) Rouen/Paul Linn
INVERKEITHING Youth Centre New Emotion

Write to Neil Perry, Sounds, Greater London House, London NW1 7OZ or telephone 01-387 6611. To guarantee inclusion please have applications in at least two weeks prior to publication.

LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) The Groundhogs
LEEDS University (439071) Doctor And The Medics/Kiss That
LEICESTER Oxford Street Princess Charlotte (553956) The Mighty Lemon Drops
LIVERPOOL Bluecoat Gallery (051-709 5689) Quaque
LIVERPOOL Krackers Club (051-708 8815) The Enid
LIVERPOOL Mardi Gras Third Circle/Little Brother/Dust Devils
LONDON Acton High Street Bumbles (01-992 3308) K/OS
LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-924 3216) The Rhubarb Tarts/
Charm School
LONDON Bellingham Southend Lane Panthers (01-698 3293) Major Flood/Sal Volatilee
LONDON Brixton Fringe (01-326 5100) Yvette The Conqueror (The Rites Of Spring)
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Scientists/Fun House Opera
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Felch Brothers
LONDON Camden Gloucester Avenue London Musicians Collective (01-722 0456)
Echo City/Jazz Parfitt/Paul Shearsmith Band
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-673 8228) Underlings/Tongue
LONDON Dean Street Gossips Howlin' Wilf And The Were/Wilfs
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Blues 'N' Trouble
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) The Escape Committee
LONDON Hammersmith Palais (01-748 2812) Celtic Frost/Halloween/Grave Digger
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Church
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) European Connection/Colin Dudman Trio
LONDON Kentish Town North London Polytechnic A Case Family/Hackney 5 '0'
LONDON Malet Street University Of London Union (01-580 9551) His Latest Flame
LONDON New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-692 1530) Steve Waller's Overload
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Wes McGhee's Texas All Stars
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) The Tall Boys Package
LONDON Penton Street Salmon And Compass (01-837 3891) Killer B's
LONDON Shepherd's Bush Wellington Seducer/Phantasm
LONDON Sydenham Greyhound Swinging Plonkers
LONDON Wembley Harrow Road Wild Duck Wolfie Witcher
LONDON Wood Green Brabant Road TU Centre The Catatonics/The B-Team/That Man Rose
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Peter King OT
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) The Cherry Bombz/The Babysitters/
The Queerboys
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) Ram Ram Kino/
Inner Sense Percussion
MANCHESTER Peter Street Gallery (061-832 3597) Dare
NEWCASTLE Mayfair (323109) The Ramones/The Prisoners
NEWCASTLE New Percy The Said Liquidator
NORWICH Springfields (660220) The Business/Condemned 84/The YOB
NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Kashmir/Nightmare/Filthy Rich
OXFORD Polytechnic (68789) The Hit Squad/Xian
PENICUIK Jesters Red
PRESTON Guildhall (21721) PiL/Black Britain
SELBY Ousegate Galfers (708284) The Craft
ST AUSTELL Coliseum (4004) Webcore/Jazz Aliens/Another Green World
STAFFORD Southend Club Renegades/Sensa Yuma
SUNDERLAND Belford House Isaac Guillory
SWINDON Cornflower Izzy The Push
SWINDON Level 3 Club (34238) Children On Stun
SWINDON Pentagon Club The Hamsters From Hell
TELFORD Oakengates Town Hall (619020) Harvey And The Wallbangers
WAKEFIELD Henry Boons (378216) The Shrew Kings/The Rain Gods
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) The Trevor Burton Band
WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) Pallas
WREXHAM Kings Arms Engine

FRIDAY

16

ABERDEEN Station Hotel (587214) Red Klan/Grey By The Gun/Buddy Unzipped
ALDERSHOT West End Centre (21158) Matt Fretton
AYLESBURY Limelight Theatre R Cajun And The Zydeco Brothers
BIRMINGHAM Aston University (021-359 6531) Tom Robinson
BIRMINGHAM Inneild Port Road Portland (021-454 8960) The Bailey Brothers/
Alliance/Resister
BRADFORD Manningham Lee Royal Standard (727898) The Sinister Cleaners/The Jazz Hipsters
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Chuck Farley
BRIGHTON Pavilion Theatre (682127) Skint Video
BRIGHTON Polytechnic Basement (819141) Del Amitri
BRISTOL Albany Centre The Glee Club
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) Pauline Murray And The Storm/Bang Wallace
BURTON ON TRENT Central Park Terraplane
CANTERBURY Tascolls Wine Bar Uncle Lumpy And The Fishdoctors
CARDIFF Bogeys (26168) Mournblade
CHELMSFORD Blueberry Hill Firewater
COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) Christian Death/The Beat Of
Beast/Burning Bush
COVENTRY Warwick University (417220) Chris Sutton
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Steve Whalley
DALMARNOCH Springfield Youth Centre New Emotion
DUBLIN Trinity College That Petrol Emotion
EDINBURGH Electric Circus Easterhouse
EDINBURGH Empire The Ramones/The Prisoners
EDINBURGH Hoochie Coochie (031-229 7069) The Shamen/Raymonde
FETCHAM Riverside Club (375713) The Dark/South Of The Border
GLASGOW The Venue (041-332 3874) Dumpty's Rusty Nuts
HARTLEPOOL Town Hall (Info-223518) Black Rose/Stonehearts
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Hawaiian Surgeons
KIRKCALDY St Clair Tavern Tubesnakes
LANGHO Millers The Siffs
LEEDS The If Club Twenty Flight Rockers
LINCOLN Cornhill Vaults (35113) Dacpo
LIVERPOOL System Club (051-236 7816) The Business
LONDON Acton High Street Bumbles (01-992 3308) First Hand Express
LONDON Brixton Fringe (01-326 5100) Moontwist/Team Ten
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Replacements/Larry Wallis
And The Love Pirates Of Doom
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) John Otway
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-673 8228) Omega Tribe/Hugh London
LONDON City University The Larks/Fire Next Time
LONDON Deptford High Street Crypt (Info-01-690 8832) The Dilberys/The Creekbeats
LONDON East Sheen The Bull (01-876 6964) Antz Avenue/Fair Exchange
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Blues 'N' Trouble
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Children On Stun
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) M'Gante
LONDON Hackney Rose And Crown The Locomotives/Tack Collectors/Entire
Population Of China/Cambridge Court Orchestra
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) The Bob Calvert Band/Zodiac
Mindwarp And The Love Reaction/The Phoney American Accents
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Larks
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Kalima
LONDON Kentish Town North London Polytechnic ESP
LONDON Mile End Queen Mary College SU (01-980 4811) The Enid
LONDON New Cross Goldsmiths College SU (01-692 1406) His Latest Flame
LONDON New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-692 1530) Geno Washington
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Cayenne Big Band
LONDON Penton Street Salmon And Compass (01-837 3891) Panic Brothers
LONDON Putney Hall Moon (01-788 2387) The Boogie Brothers Blues Band

LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Pallas
LOUGHBOROUGH Charmwood Theatre (230076) Harvey And The Wallbangers
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall (061-832 6625) Arize
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) The Communards/Sheila Smith
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) Rhonda
MANCHESTER Peter Street Gallery (061-832 3597) Ausgang/The Fleshpuppets
MELBOURN Rock Club The Grip
NEWCASTLE Mayfair (323109) The Cherry Bombz/The Babysitters/The Queerboys
NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) Black Roots/King Volts
NORTHAMPTON Giles Street Black Lion (39472) AYS/Sedition/Sling Gaffga
NORTHAMPTON The Racehorse Groovy Underwear/Shakedown/Renegade
Raspberry Retaliation
NORWICH Gala Moulin Rouge Balaam And The Angel/The Wild Flowers/The Herman Herd
NOTTINGHAM University Buttery Bar (51311) Staeb
READING Paradise Club (56847) The Magic Mushroom Band/Nightshade
ROTHERHAM Assembly Rooms The Moment/The Direct Hits
SALISBURY Odstock Hospital The Dream Factory
SOUTHALL Football Club Action Pact/The Price
STAMFORD Scotgate Hotel Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers
STOCKTON ON TEES Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) These Tender Virtues/That Uncertain Feeling
STOKE Crafty Cockney Just Blue
SOUTH SHIELDS The County Isaac Guillory
UXBRIDGE Brunel University (39125) Kevin Seisay/Little Brother/Big Janine/Pat
Condell/John Moloney/Trespassers W/The Neurotics/Ted Chippington/Dino
WALLSEND Buddie Arts Centre Watt Government

SATURDAY

17

ABERDEEN The Venue (22255) Raymonde
ALDERSHOT West End Centre (21158) 3 Mustaphas 3
BATH Longacre Hall Community Centre Amebix/Weird Of The Eskimo/Smart Pils
BATH Moles Club (333423) The Mighty Lemon Drops
BEDFORD Angel Switch
BIRKENHEAD Stairways (051-647 6544) Terraplane
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Civic Hall (021-235 2423) The Enid
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare And Hounds Live Wire/Strange Believers
BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) Conflict
BRADFORD Manningham Lane Royal Standard (727898) The Restrictors/Natural Riddem
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Juice On The Loose
BRIGHTON Polytechnic (819141) Rubella Ballet
BRIGHTON Zap Club No Geraniums/The Striptease
BRISTOL Upstairs Club Pig Bros/Noseflutes/Chockazade/AC Temple
CAMBRIDGE Sea Cadet Hall (353172) The Herbs/The Men From UNCLE/Watt The Fox (CND Benefit)
CARDIFF Bogeys (26168) Nightmare/Phantom
CARDIFF University (396421) Tea House Camp
COLCHESTER Essex University (863211) The Woodentops/Freight Train
COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) The Len Bright Combo
COVENTRY Hand On Heart (680570) The Business/Vicious Rumours/The Sect
COVENTRY Warwick University (417220) Terraplane/Tara Zara
CROSSEYS Institute (270301) James Hogg
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) London Apaches (Lunch) Little Sister (Eve)
DUNFERMLINE Abbeyview Youth Centre New Emotion
DURHAM Castle Chare Arts Centre Isaac Guillory
EDINBURGH Holyrood Road Moray House SU Plague Of Fools/Twisted Nerve/
Baby's Got A Gun
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union (041-339 9784) The Cherry Bombz/The Babysitters/The Queerboys
HADFIELD Spread Eagle (3213) Nothin' Doin'
HARLOW The Square Yr Anhrefn/Datblygu/Trespassers W/Kevin Seisay/Ann Zeity/Little Brother
HAYES Back Theatre (01-561 8371) Harvey And The Wallbangers
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head (21758) The Troggs
HULL Adelphi Club (48216) Dig Vis Drill/Midnight Choir/Screaming Trees/
Henry Normal
HULL Humberside College Of Higher Education (28845) Body On The Line
ILKESTON New 66 Club Just Blue
IPSWICH Sporting Farmer The Company
LEEDS Haddon Hall (751115) Arena
LEEDS University (439071) The Ramones/The Prisoners
LEICESTER International (20471) Children On Stun
LEICESTER Polytechnic (555576) Belouis Some
LIMERICK Savoy That Petrol Emotion
LINCOLN Cornhill Vaults (35113) The Peppermint Gang
LONDON Acton High Street Bumbles (01-992 3308) Children On Stun
LONDON Bellingham Southend Lane Panthers (01-698 3293) But...?
LONDON Bolsover Street Polytechnic Of Central London (01-636 6271) The Trudy/The Fate
LONDON Brixton Fringe (01-326 5100) Dance Exchange
LONDON Brixton George Canning (01-274 6329) Jabba
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Red Hot Pokers
LONDON Camden Lock Carnarvon Castle Wolfie Witcher
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Chevalier Brothers/Sylvia Griffin
And Her Real Gone Guys
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-673 8228) My Bloody Valentine/8 Living Legs
LONDON Finchley Road Ye Old Swiss Cottage (Info-01-221 5714) The Big Town
Playboys/The Panic Brothers
LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan Spirit Of St Louis
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings head (01-736 1413) Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Jivers
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0837) Headline/Unique Charm
LONDON Hackney Amhurst Road Club Mankind (01-986 3378) Flo-In
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Pride Of Passion/Suburbia
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) The Bushmasters
LONDON New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-692 1530) The Ya Yas
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) The Boogie Brothers Blues Band
LONDON Penton Street Salmon And Compass (01-837 3891) Sidekick
LONDON Stockwell Road Old Queens Head The Radio Satellites
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Pallas
LONDON Woolwich Thames Polytechnic Flowers In The Dustbin/Union Of Fear/Law Of The West
LANGNOR Oat Cake Rally Engine
LUTON Elephant And Tassle Switch Club (38825) The Veil
MANCHESTER Apollo (061-273 3775) PiL/Black Britain
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) The Tom Robinson Band
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) Sonic Youth
MANCHESTER Peter Street Gallery (061-832 3597) Rumble Fat Band
MEADWAY Blue Montana Skies Firewater
NEWCASTLE University (328402) The Communards
OXFORD Jericho Tavern (54502) Soul Agents
PETERBOROUGH East Of England Showground BMF Rally Filthy Rich
REDHILL Lakers Hotel The Roaring Boys/Paint The Clown Red
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) Del Amitri
STOCKTON ON TEES Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) Pete King Quintet
SUTTON IN ASHFIELD Golden Diamond The Grip
WALLSEND Buddie Arts Centre Joolz
WARRINGTON Lion (30047) Desolation Angels
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Kooga/After Eden
WEYMOUTH Verdi's The Glee Club
WISHAW Heathery Bar (72957) Dumpty's Rusty Nuts
WORCESTER College Of Higher Education (422131) Matt Fretton
YORK University (412328) Park Crescent

CONTINUES ON PAGE 33

NIGHTSHIFT

FROM PAGE 31

SUNDAY

18

ABERDEEN Venue (22255) **The Cherry Bombz/The Babysitters/The Queerboys**
 BRADFORD The Claypot Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers
 BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Barrel Organ (021-622 1353) **Twenty Flight Rockers**
 BLACKPOOL GPO Club **The Stiffs**
 BRABOURNE Five Bells (3334) **The Sleazybeats**
 BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **KGB/Footloose** (Lunch) Vienna (Eve)
 BRIGHTON Escape Club (606906) **Huw Lloyd-Langton/Overdrive**
 CANNOCK Jesters **The Dream Factory**
 COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic (21167) **The Communards**
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) **Hollywood** (Lunch) Bad Influence (Eve)
 DERBY Blessington Carriage **Just Blue**
 DUNDEE Fat Sams (26836) **Raymonde**
 EASTCOTE Field End Road Clay Pigeon **Nightshift Trio**
 FETCHAM Riverside Club (375713) **Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction**
 GLASGOW Mayfair (041-332 3872) **Balaam And The Angel/Wild Flowers**
 GLASGOW Splash One Club **Sonic Youth**
 HENLEY ON THAMES Bensons **No No Fear**
 LANCASTER Brix Club **Marc Riley And The Creepers/Ritzun Ratzun Rotzer**
 LEICESTER Oxford Street Princess Charlotte (553956) **Maurice Coleman** (Lunch)
 LINCOLN Silver Street Cinderella **The Peppermint Gang/Dacpo**
 LIVERPOOL Everyman Bistrot (051-709 4776) **The Touch**
 LANHARAN RFC (222209) **Phantom**
 LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-924 3216) **Tunji**
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Rent Party**
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **The Toucans/Dada/Killer B's**
 LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-673 8228) **The Locomotives/Young Blood**
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) **Delete The Elite**
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **The Business**
 LONDON Greek Street Le Beat Route (01-734 6308) **Murram Bridge Walkers/The Tears/Sam And Galore/Cold Comfort**
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Matt Fretton**
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **Trinity College Big Band** (Lunch) **Strings Attached** (Eve)
 LONDON Lee Green Old Tigers Head (01-851 6373) **Legacy Of Lies**
 LONDON Liverpool Road Pied Bull (01-837 3218) **Dreamtime**
 LONDON Penton Street Salmon And Compass (01-837 3891) **The Raving Jekylls**
 LONDON Portobello Acklam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) **Kevin Seisay/Benjamin Zephaniah/Surfin' Dave/Little Brother/Seething Wells/Belinda Blanchard/Big Janine/Ann Ziety/Pat Condell/The Thin Man/Porky The Poet/John Moloney/The Neurotics/Yr Anhrefn/Datbylgu/Trespassers W/Attila The Stockbroker** (Ranters Cup Final 1986)
 LONDON Pulney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) **Fun House**
 LONDON St Martins Lane Duke Of York Theatre (01-836 5122) **Tom Robinson**
 MANCHESTER Apollo (061-273 3775) **The Ramones/The Prisoners**
 MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) **Del Amitri/The Railway Children**
 NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) **Terraplane**
 NORWICH East Anglia University (52068) **Belouis Some**
 SAWSTON University Arms Switch
 SCARBOROUGH Futurist (60644) **PIL/Black Britain**

SCARBOROUGH Stephen Joseph Theatre (370541) **That Uncertain Feeling/The Prowlers**
 SOUTHAMPTON Court Road The Mayfair (223076) **Steel Pulse**
 SHEFFIELD Limit Club (730940) **Doctor And The Medics/Kiss That**
 STEVENAGE Faulds Club **Citizen Cain**
 SUNDERLAND Marsden Inn **Isaac Guillory**
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **Energy**
 WEST LOTHIAN Armadale Youth Centre **New Emotion**
 WHITLEIGH Community Centre **Toronto**
 WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) **Ghost Dance/Children On Stun**

MONDAY

19

BASILDON Roundacre **Thaddeus Cat**
 BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Barrel Organ (021-622 1353) **Dr Phibes/Spellbinders**
 BRADFORD Bradys Bar (737955) **Tensor Of Desire**
 BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **Private Party**
 BRIGHTON Old Vic (24744) **Children On Stun**
 BRIGHTON Top Rank Suite **The Cramps/Guana Batz/The Stingrays**
 CHICHESTER Brookside Night Club **The Little Charmers**
 COVENTRY Market Way Busters (20934) **Ausgang**
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) **American Typewriter**
 DUDLEY Court House Inn (021-550 8601) **Memphis 56/Naked Dance**
 DUNSTABLE High Street Wheatheat (62571) **Blues Quarter**
 EDINBURGH Coasters **Hipsway**
 FARNHAM Redgrave Theatre (715301) **Harvey And The Wallbangers**
 GATESHEAD Coatsworth Road Bensham Working Mens Club **Amelux/Depraved/Generic**
 HALIFAX Raffles Engine
 HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic (517397) **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
 LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) **Legion Of Sin/Blue Movement**
 LEEDS Marquee Club **Zoot And The Roots**
 LEEDS Polytechnic (430171) **Balaam And The Angel/The Rose Of Avalanche/The Wild Flowers**
 LEEDS Warehouse (468287) **Belouis Some**
 LEICESTER The Cooler (552085) **Quaqua**
 LIVERPOOL Polytechnic Haigh Building (051-235 2481) **Innocents Abroad**
 LIVERPOOL University (051-709 4744) **That Petrol Emotion**
 LIVERPOOL Wilsons **The Adams Family**
 LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-924 3216) **Four Guns**
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Rent Party**
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Legacy Of Lies/Split Screens/Gun For Company/Lost T-Shirts Of Atlantis**
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) **World Service**
 LONDON Greek Street Le Beat Route (01-734 6308) **Fuchsia Shock/Pathos/Different Dimensions/Z Zuu-Zuu**
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0837) **Prey For Rain/Tech Noir**
 LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **The Dubious Brothers/Taste The Good Times**
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) **Karen D'Ache**
 LONDON Kings Road Crazy Larrys **The Boogie Brothers Blues Band**
 LONDON Parson's Green The Alma Aunt Fortescue's **Bluesrockers**
 LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (01-437 5534) **The Tommy Chase Quartet**
 MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) **The Cage/Dum Spero Spiro/The Risk**
 NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) **Christian Death/Fields Of The Nephilim**

NORWICH Santanas **Dance Naked/Child Actors**
 NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) **The Maximum Effect**
 NOTTINGHAM Rock City (412544) **The Ramones/The Prisoners**
 STOKE Shelleys (322209) **Pallas**
 SUNDERLAND Annabels **The Party Girls**
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **Blues N' Trouble**
 WEST LOTHIAN Whitburn Community Centre **New Emotion**

TUESDAY

20

ABERDEEN Ritzy (21135) **Hipsway**
 BEDFORD Elstow Road The Angel **Firerhythm**
 BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Barrel Organ (021-622 1353) **Wild And Wandering/Yeah God**
 BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) **Maximum Effect/Napalm Death**
 BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **Ivory Jivers**
 BRENTWOOD The Castle **The Shakers**
 BRISTOL Bierkeller (22265) **The Cherry Bombz/The Babysitters/The Queerboys**
 BRISTOL Fairfax Street Roxy's (22402) **Back To Scratch**
 COVENTRY Pilgrim Club **Spacemen 3/The Cogs Of Tyme**
 COVENTRY Warwick University (417220) **The Cramps/The Stingrays/Guana Batz**
 CRAMINGTON The Plough **Isaac Guillory**
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) **Eavesdropper**
 DERBY Danrys **The Hunters Club**
 EPSOM Frenchies Wine Bar **The Body Politic**
 GLASGOW Rooftops **Doctor And The Medics/Kiss That**
 LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) **Sonic Youth/Age Of Chance**
 LEEDS Marquee **Another Cuba**
 LEEDS Trades Club (751445) **Quaqua**
 LEICESTER De Montfort Hall (544444) **PIL/Black Britain**
 LEICESTER Oxford Street Princess Charlotte (553956) **Rockin' Ronnie And The Benny Ruperts**
 LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-924 3216) **The Cash**
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Luddy Samms And The Deliverers**
 LONDON Camden Electric Ballroom (01-485 9006) **Wilko Johnson/Raw Hol/John Otway**
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **The Very Things**
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) **Bite The Bullet**
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0837) **Atmospherix/Students Of Life**
 LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **The Headquarters/The Arch Criminals**
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **Pigeon People/West Six**
 LONDON Islington Hare And Hounds **Aardvark And No Money**
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) **The Primitives/The Self/XL/Paul Groovey And The Pop-Art Experience**
 LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (01-387 0428/9) **Breathe**
 LONDON Old Bond Street Embassy (01-499 4793) **Sun House Opera**
 LONDON Portobello Acklam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) **Mournblade**
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard **Pallas**
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **Psychic TV/Webcore**
 MANCHESTER George Street China Garden **Halcyon Daze**
 NEWCASTLE Tiffanys (612526) **The Pharaohs**
 NOTTINGHAM Rock City (412544) **Belouis Some**
 SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) **Balaam And The Angel/Wild Flowers**
 SHEFFIELD University (24076) **The Communards**
 STIRLING Dalgleish Court Rainbor Rocks (64904) **Divine**
 STOCKTON ON TEES Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) **Boxing The Compass**
 STOKE Shelleys (322209) **That Petrol Emotion**

SONIC YOUTH team up with Wurzel Gummidge



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If someone told you of a way to turn a home computer into a digital synthesizer and six track sequencer, you probably wouldn't believe them.

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of hour's studio time, the Commodore 64 Complete Music System gives you just about everything you need to start putting your own demos down. See it soon at your local music shop or computer store.

You'll be amazed what it can do be do be do.



commodore - You'd be amazed what it can do be do be do.

CHART

UK SINGLES UK ALBUMS

- 1 37 ON MY OWN Patti Labelle & Michael McDonald MCA
- 2 2 ROCK ME AMADEUS Falco A&M
- 3 9 LESSONS IN LOVE Level 42 Polydor
- 4 — THE CHICKEN SONG Spitting Image Virgin
- 5 3 LIVE TO TELL Madonna Sire
- 6 6 WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR ME LATELY Janet Jackson A&M
- 7 1 A DIFFERENT CORNER George Michael Epic
- 8 20 I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE Marvin Gaye Motown
- 9 9 CAN'T WAIT ANOTHER MINUTE Five Star Tent
- 10 12 GREATEST LOVE OF ALL Whitney Houston Arista
- 11 30 SLEDGEHAMMER Peter Gabriel Charisma
- 12 4 JUST SAY NO Grange Hill BBC
- 13 29 YOUR LATEST TRICK Dire Straits Vertigo
- 14 39 ALL AND ALL Joyce Sims London
- 15 22 I'LL KEEP ON LOVING YOU Princess Supreme
- 16 14 A KIND OF MAGIC Queen EMI
- 17 5 LOOK AWAY Big Country Mercury
- 18 7 LIVING DOLL Cliff Richard & The Young Ones WEA
- 19 18 YOU AND ME TONIGHT Aura 10
- 20 33 WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 21 15 THE FINEST SOS Band Tabu
- 22 35 BOY'S DON'T CRY The Cure Fiction
- 23 19 SECRET LOVERS Atlantic Starr A&M
- 24 10 ALL THE THINGS SHE SAID Simple Minds Virgin
- 25 24 STARS Hear 'N' Aid Vertigo
- 26 13 WONDERFUL WORLD Sam Cooke RCA
- 27 — ROCK LOBSTER B-52's Island
- 28 11 DRIVING AWAY FROM HOME It's Immaterial Siren
- 29 — SNOOKER LOOPY Matchroom Mob With Chas & Dave Rockney
- 30 — SPIRIT IN THE SKY Dr & The Medics IRS
- 31 16 MARLENE ON THE WALL Suzanne Vega A&M
- 32 34 THERE'LL BE SAD SONGS (TO MAKE YOU CRY) Billy Ocean Jive
- 33 26 TOUCH ME (I WANT YOUR BODY) Samantha Fox Jive
- 34 49 TENDER LOVE Force MD's Tommy Boy
- 35 17 TRAIN OF THOUGHT A-ha Warner Brothers
- 36 42 ROUGH BOY ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 37 — ROLLIN' HOME Status Quo Vertigo
- 38 — THE BIG SKY Kate Bush EMI
- 39 40 STROLLIN' ON Maxi Priest 10
- 40 — RULES AND REGULATIONS We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It Vindaloo
- 41 23 A QUESTION OF LUST Depeche Mode Mute
- 42 — SINFUL Pete Dinklage MDM
- 43 — FREEWAY OF LOVE Aretha Franklin Arista
- 44 21 E=MC² Big Audio Dynamite CBS
- 45 — HIDE IN THE RAINBOW Dio Vertigo
- 46 — SET ME FREE Jaki Graham EMI
- 47 25 YOU TO ME ARE EVERYTHING (THE DECADE REMIX 76-86) The Real Thing PRT
- 48 50 IF YOU LEAVE OMD Virgin
- 49 — ASK THE LORD Hipsway Mercury
- 50 — OVER THE WEEKEND Nick Heyward Arista

- 1 1 STREET LIFE Bryan Ferry & Roxy Music EG
- 2 3 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 3 2 WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista
- 4 13 WORLD MACHINE Level 42 Polydor
- 5 5 HITS 4 Various CBS/WEA
- 6 8 GREATEST HITS Shalamar Stylus
- 7 7 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW A-ha Warner Brothers
- 8 4 ONCE UPON A TIME Simple Minds Virgin
- 9 43 THE COLLECTION Earth, Wind & Fire Virgin
- 10 15 COMIC RELIEF - UTTERLY UTTERLY LIVE Various WEA
- 11 9 HEART TO HEART Various K-Tel
- 12 — HOME AND ABROAD Style Council Polydor
- 13 14 TRUTHDARE DOUBLEDARE Bronski Beat Forbidden Fruit
- 14 6 THE MAN AND HIS MUSIC Sam Cooke RCA
- 15 11 NO JACKET REQUIRED Phil Collins Virgin
- 16 12 SUZANNE VEGA Suzanne Vega A&M
- 17 10 PLEASE Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 18 28 5150 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 19 21 CONTROL Janet Jackson A&M
- 20 47 THE OTHER SIDE OF LIFE Moody Blues Polydor
- 21 16 RENDEZVOUS Jean Michel Jarre Dreyfuss
- 22 — LOVE ZONE Billy Ocean Jive
- 23 18 ON THE BEACH Chris Rea Magnet
- 24 — PRINCESS Princess Supreme
- 25 26 LUXURY OF LIFE Five Star Tent
- 26 — DAVE CLARK'S TIME Various EMI
- 27 17 PARADE Prince & The New Power Generation Warner Brothers
- 28 24 LIKE A VIRGIN Madonna Sire
- 29 — SANDS OF TIME SOS Band Tabu
- 30 23 WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD Mr Mister RCA
- 31 19 VICTORIALAND Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 32 31 ANIMAL MAGIC The Blow Monkeys RCA
- 33 29 HITS FOR LOVERS Various Epic
- 34 22 INVISIBLE SILENCE Art Of Noise China
- 35 38 QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS Queen EMI
- 36 34 BE YOURSELF TONIGHT Eurythmics RCA
- 37 30 SONGS FROM ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS Various Virgin
- 38 25 HOUNDS OF LOVE Kate Bush EMI
- 39 64 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 40 41 THE COLOUR OF SPRING Talk Talk EMI
- 41 48 HIPSWAY Hipsway Mercury
- 42 — SECRET DREAMS AND FORBIDDEN FIRE Bonnie Tyler CBS
- 43 58 MOVIN' Jennifer Rush CBS
- 44 65 LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE GIRLS Various Stylus
- 45 42 LITTLE CREATURES Talking Heads EMI
- 46 27 THIS IS BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE Big Audio Dynamite CBS
- 47 67 SISTERS ARE DOIN' IT Various Towerbell
- 48 37 GO WEST Go West Chrysalis
- 49 40 THE TV HITS ALBUM 2 Various Towerbell
- 50 45 HEART Heart Capitol

Compiled by MRIB

REGGAE TENS

PRE-RELEASE

- 1 PUSH COME TO SHOVE Freddie McGregor Weed Beat
- 2 ALL FOR ONE Dennis Brown And Leroy Sibbles Jammys
- 3 ROCKERS ROCK Augustus Pablo Rockers International
- 4 EL ROCKERS Augustus Pablo Rockers
- 5 FROZEN DUB Augustus Pablo Rockers
- 6 SKANKING EASY Augustus Pablo Rockers
- 7 REVOLUTION PART TWO Dennis Brown Taxi
- 8 CALIFORNIA SUNDAY MORNING Coco-Tea Cornerstone
- 9 WE NO WANT NO WARRIOR Junior Delgado Jammys
- 10 COOL DOWN Sugar Minott Youth Promotion

DISCO

- 1 STROLLING ON Maxi Priest 10
- 2 AM I THE SAME GIRL Winsome Fine Style
- 3 BOOPS/CRY FOR THE YOUTH Supercat Techniques
- 4 HOLD TIGHT Dennis Brown Live And Learn
- 5 TIME TO WORK Junior Delgado Saxon Studio
- 6 HYPROCRITES Horace Andy Fashion
- 7 IT'S YOU Sandra Cross Ariwa
- 8 CANTA/MIX UP BLENDER Inner Vibes/John Wayne Firehouse



JUNIOR DELGADO: hat's life

- 9 JUST CAN'T FIGURE OUT Mighty Diamonds Trojan
- 10 HERE I GO AGAIN Toyin Criminal Records

ALBUMS

- 1 SIGN OF THE TIMES Macabée Ariwa
- 2 SLENG TENG Wayne Smith Greensleeves
- 3 THE MARSHALL Coco-Tea Jammys
- 4 RISING SUN Augustus Pablo Greensleeves
- 5 COMPUTERISED DUB Prince Jammys Greensleeves
- 6 WHAT ONE RIDDIM CAN DO Various Artists Germain
- 7 TURBO CHARGED Nitty Gritty Greensleeves
- 8 HOTTEST HITS VOLUME 3 Various Artists Treasure Isle
- 9 MR FABULOUS Nicodemus Music Master
- 10 RUBBLE DUB The Reprobates Rubble Music

Compiled by Dub Vendor, 274 Lavender Hill, Clapham Junction, London SW11



DR & THE MEDICS capture the spirit of the '60s

SOUNDS TRACKS

Ron Rom

POISON LOVE Blood On The Saddle Stiff

MONSTER WALKS THE WINTER LAKE Dave Thomas Rough Trade

GOODNIGHT KARL MALDEN The Dave Howard Singers Hal

Kevin Murphy

GIMME GIMME GIMME The Leather Nun Wire 45

GIMME GIMME GIMME Erasure Mute 45

GIMME GIMME GIMME The Black Sheep Farming Corporation Bah 45

Jonh Wilde

PRITOURITZE PLANINATA Voix Bulgares 4AD pre 45

ENVOYÉ The Young Gods Wax Trax 45

SECRETS OF POWER Robert Anton Wilson Illuminated LP

Glyn Brown

THE FEAR'S ALL MINE Kevin McDermott Nostrings track

ALL AND ALL Joyce Sims London

POISON LOVE Blood On The Saddle Stiff truth

Mr Spencer

I WALK THE LINE Alien Sex Fiend Flicknife 45

ONCE IN A LIFETIME The Jetset Dance Network LP track

WE'LL SUPPORT YOU EVER MORE The Fulham Faithful Craven Cottage

Hugh Fielder

SMOKE SIGNALS Smokey Robinson Motown

PARADE Prince Paisley Park

LIKE A ROCK Bob Seger Capitol

Billy Mann

THE FEAR'S ALL MINE Kevin McDermott Nostrings track

THE BIG HEAT Stanard Ridgway IRS LP

ON THE WIRE Steve Barker BBC Radio Lancashire

Edwin Pouncey

BIG STICK SICK PACK Blast First weirdo wiggle

THE BUTTHOLE'S TRACK THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE TOILET'S EXPLODED Red

Rhino

ALEISTER CROWLEY'S GREATEST HITS this one's for Sandy Boy

Jack Barron

WISEBLOOD A live walk on the wild side with Jim Thirwell in New York

THE BUTTHOLES setting alight a cymbal at NY's Irving Plaza

E.V.O.L. Sonic Youth Blast First pre (monition)

Chris Roberts

BOOKS Her Spitfire Grace Dignified Suicide demo

BRILLIANT MIND Furniture Stiff single

LOVE LEADS NOWHERE All About Eve Eden indie chart-topper

SILLY BAND NAMES

- 1 DR WHITE AND THE CURSE OF THE TOWEL
- 2 FLAVOURED LEPER IN HIS OWN 'COOK-IN' SAUCES
- 3 TREACLE LAMPSHADE
- 4 THE COLOSTOMY SISTERS WITH FASHIONABLE MATCHING BAGS
- 5 THE CUSTARD CREAMS
- 6 (SPACE LEFT BLANK) Fill in the name of an obscure, dead, foreign artist (very hip)
- 7 (SPACE LEFT BLANK) Choose a title from the popular nobility range, eg: King, Queen, Prince
- 8 ETC ETC
- 9 (SPACE LEFT BLANK) Fill in any three capital letters that look/sound good, eg: B.A.D. - Big Audio Dogshit, S.S.S. - Scandal Sells Shit
- 10 20TH CENTURY PONTIFFS

Compiled by The Bard Of Stepney

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 4 BE GOOD TO YOURSELF Journey CBS
- 4 3 ROUGH BOY ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 5 5 BECAUSE THE NIGHT Keel Vertigo
- 6 7 TURBO LOVER Judas Priest CBS
- 7 6 THESE DREAMS Heart Capitol
- 8 — ROLLIN' HOME Status Quo Vertigo
- 9 9 YOU WANT WHAT WE GOT Twisted Sister Atlantic
- 10 — JUMP IN THE FIRE Metallica Music For Nations
- 11 11 SHOT IN THE DARK Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 12 8 CREEPING DEATH Metallica Music For Nations
- 13 10 THAT GIRL FM Portrait
- 14 20 IN MY DREAMS Dokken Elektra
- 15 12 STAR Tormé Zebra
- 16 13 SHAKE YOUR FOUNDATIONS AC/DC Atlantic
- 17 14 ROCK 'N' ROLL GIPSY Saxon Parlophone
- 18 16 THIS TIME Bryan Adams A&M
- 19 19 BURNING HEART Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 20 18 MARKET SQUARE HEROES Marillion EMI



METALLICA exhibit their heavy duty back-line

ALBUMS

- 1 1 5150 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 2 4 HEART Heart Capitol
- 3 3 RUSSIAN ROULETTE Accept Portrait
- 4 14 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 5 2 TURBO Judas Priest CBS
- 6 9 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 7 6 MEAN BUSINESS The Firm Atlantic
- 8 12 MISPLACED CHILDHOOD Marillion EMI
- 9 7 ROCK ANTHEMS II Various K-Tel
- 10 5 MASTER OF PUPPETS Metallica Music For Nations
- 11 10 LAND OF THE GUN Legs Diamond Music For Nations
- 12 8 THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 13 — CHANGE OF ADDRESS Krokus Arista
- 14 16 VITAL SIGNS Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 15 13 COME OUT AND PLAY Twisted Sister Atlantic
- 16 15 SEVENTH STAR Black Sabbath Featuring Tony Iommi Vertigo
- 17 — SCRIPT FOR A JESTER'S TEAR Marillion EMI
- 18 18 ELIMINATOR ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 19 23 SPREADING THE DISEASE Anthrax Music For Nations
- 20 17 CUTS LIKE A KNIFE Bryan Adams A&M
- 21 11 UNDER LOCK AND KEY Dokken Elektra
- 22 — FUGAZI Marillion EMI
- 23 27 RIDE THE LIGHTNING Metallica Music For Nations
- 24 — THE FORCE Onslaught Under One Flag
- 25 20 LITTLE MISS DANGEROUS Ted Nugent WEA International
- 26 30 1984 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 27 25 FLY ON THE WALL AC/DC Atlantic
- 28 21 THEATRE OF PAIN Motley Crue Elektra
- 29 — BEYOND METAL ZONE Various Music For Nations
- 30 — SPEED KILLS II Various Under One Flag

IMPORTS

- 1 — SILK AND STEEL Giuffria MCA
- 2 — MALICIOUS INTENT Razor Viper
- 3 — STAY UGLY Piledriver Cobra
- 4 — STRENGTH IN NUMBERS 38 Special A&M
- 5 1 CLASSICS LIVE Aerosmith Geffen
- 6 — EDGE OF INSANITY Tony McAlpine Roadrunner
- 7 — THRILL OF A LIFETIME King Cobra Capitol
- 8 — HIDEAWAY Stefanie Elektra
- 9 3 FIGHT TO SURVIVE White Lion Victor Japan
- 10 — IN THE NAME OF METAL Executioner New Renaissance

Compiled by Spotlight Research



THAT PETROL EMOTION proving that having an incredibly small member need not be a disadvantage in gaining indie success

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 1 VICTORIALAND Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 2 — MANIC POP THRILL That Petrol Emotion Demon
- 3 — WORLD BY STORM The Three Johns Abstract
- 4 2 BLACK CELEBRATION Depeche Mode Mute
- 5 5 A DATE WITH ELVIS The Cramps Big Beat
- 6 9 REMBRANDT PUSSY HORSE Butthole Surfers Red Rhino Europe
- 7 3 BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 8 4 THE UNACCEPTABLE FACE OF FREEDOM Test Dept Ministry Of Power/Some Bizzare
- 9 6 MAN IN A SUITCASE Ted Chippington Vindaloo
- 10 7 WIRE PLAY POP Wire The Pink Label
- 11 — DEAD BY CHRISTMAS Hanoi Rocks Rawpower
- 12 18 FIRST AVALANCHE Rose Of Avalanche LIL
- 13 11 RUM, SODOMY AND THE LASH The Pogues Stiff
- 14 12 BIG COCK King Kurt Stiff
- 15 13 TROUBLE Vic Godard Rough Trade
- 16 17 TREASURE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 17 20 THE OLD AND THE NEW A Certain Ratio Factory
- 18 15 GARLANDS Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 19 8 LOW-LIFE New Order Factory
- 20 10 THE SINGLES 81-85 Depeche Mode Mute
- 21 19 PAINT YOUR WAGON Red Lorry Yellow Lorry Red Rhino
- 22 14 CIRCUSES AND BREAD Durutti Column Factory/Benelux
- 23 16 GREED Swans K422
- 24 24 DAMNED BUT NOT FORGOTTEN The Damned Dojo
- 25 22 LIBERTY BELLE AND THE BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS The Go-Betweens Beggars Banquet
- 26 21 TEST TUBE CONCEIVED Robert Calvert Demi Monde
- 27 23 1979-1983 Bauhaus Beggars Banquet
- 28 25 MOUTH OF THE NIGHT Psychic TV Temple
- 29 — NO MINOR KEYS Blues 'N' Trouble Ammunition Communication
- 30 — BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN Nico Dojo

Compiled by Spotlight Research

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 1 RULES AND REGULATIONS We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It Vindaloo
- 2 2 A QUESTION OF LUST Depeche Mode Mute
- 3 13 WHAT'S INSIDE A GIRL The Cramps Big Beat
- 4 46 SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN The Ramones Beggars Banquet
- 5 3 GODSTAR Psychic TV And The Angels Of Light Temple
- 6 — GOOD THING The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 7 5 TOO MANY CASTLES IN THE SKY Rose Of Avalanche Fire
- 8 12 RIVER OF NO RETURN Ghost Dance Karbon
- 9 4 THE TRUMPTON RIOTS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 10 6 IT'S A GOOD THING That Petrol Emotion Demon
- 11 8 STATE OF MIND Chumba Wumba Agit Matter
- 12 7 SHELLSHOCK New Order Factory
- 13 22 COLD HEART Jasmine Minks Creation
- 14 9 LIKE AN ANGEL The Mighty Lemon Drops Dreamworld
- 15 18 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 16 — INSPIRATION Easterhouse Rough Trade
- 17 35 OH L'AMOUR Erasure Mute
- 18 11 SOMEWHERE IN CHINA The Shop Assistants 53rd & 3rd
- 19 — THIS TOWN June Brides Intape
- 20 15 ALL DAY LONG The Shop Assistants Subway Organisation
- 21 21 THIS DAMN NATION The Godfathers Corporate Image
- 22 26 PUMP IT UP Makin' Time Countdown/Stiff
- 23 36 IN THE RAIN June Brides The Pink Label
- 24 14 SOLD DOWN THE RIVER The Three Johns Abstract
- 25 20 ONCE MORE The Wedding Present Reception
- 26 16 GIVING GROUND The Sisterhood Merciful Release
- 27 10 SWEETEST THING Gene Loves Jezebel Beggars Banquet
- 28 17 A HUNDRED WORDS The Beloved Flim Flam
- 29 23 TINY DYNAMINE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 30 — DRAC'S BACK The Bollock Brothers Charly
- 31 25 RESERVATION Terry & Gerry Intape
- 32 30 GOOD TO BE KIND The Janitors Intape
- 33 44 EVERYTHING'S BRILLIANT The Membranes Intape
- 34 40 IN THE CLOUDS All About Eve Eden
- 35 45 CROCODILE TEARS Batfish Boys Batfish Incorporated
- 36 34 A GUITAR IN YOUR BATH The Chesterfields Subway
- 37 19 THERESE Bodines Creation
- 38 — NO PLACE TO GO My Bloody Valentine Fever
- 39 24 ECHOES IN A SHALLOW BAY Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 40 27 POGUETRY IN MOTION The Pogues Stiff
- 41 32 STRIPPED Depeche Mode Mute
- 42 33 AWAY The Bolshoi Beggars Banquet
- 43 28 LOVE'S GOING OUT OF FASHION Biff Bang Pow Creation
- 44 31 FACES OF FREEDOM Test Dept Some Bizzare
- 45 29 SHE SELLS SANCTUARY The Cult Beggars Banquet
- 46 37 IT WILL COME The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 47 41 REVOLUTION Chumba Wumba Agit Pop
- 48 39 RED SKIES Chat Show Tanz
- 49 43 CRANKING UP RELIGION Dig Vis Drill Native
- 50 48 SEETHROUGH The Guana Batz ID

Compiled by Hug Bear - The Health Inspector

CHOCOLATE

- 1 UNION OF THE FLAKE Duran Duran
- 2 THAT OL' REVEL CALLED LOVE Alison Moyet
- 3 CLUB TOPICANA Wham!
- 4 AEROES David Bowie
- 5 IS IT A DIME Sade
- 6 CARELESS WISPA George Michael
- 7 AFTER EIGHT MILES HIGH The Byrds
- 8 ROLO'VEY LAY DOWN Status Quo
- 9 MARS Gary Numan
- 10 COWARD OF THE BOUNTY Kenny Rogers

Compiled by Ol' Blue Eyes

FAVOURITE BEER

- 1 BRAIN DAMAGE (1080)
- 2 HEADBANGER (1065)
- 3 OWD ROGER (1080)
- 4 DOGBOLTER (1060)
- 5 OLD HORIZONTAL (1055)
- 6 LLOYDS SKULLCRUSHER (1065)
- 7 SLEDGEHAMMER (1058)
- 8 GRAVEDIGGER (1050)
- 9 HOLTS ENTIRE (1043)
- 10 FIRKIN SPECIAL (1060)

Compiled by Hug Bear - The Health Inspector

WORST DJ REMARKS

- 1 ANYTHING BY STEVE WRIGHT
- 2 HERE'S ONE FROM THE ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS FILM - HEY IT SOUNDS JUST LIKE A '50s TRACK! Tony Blewitt
- 3 ALRIGHT POP PICKERS! Alan 'Fluff' Freeman
- 4 AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR THE SLOPPY BIT IN THE MIDDLE Gary Davies
- 5 OK GIRLS, I'M REALLY HOT TONIGHT Mike Hollis
- 6 TIME FOR A TINA TURNER TUNE AND TINA TURNER'S TUNE IS TURNING ON THE TURNTABLE Disc Line DJ

- 7 NUMBER 15 IT WAS BACK IN 1973 Jimmy Savile
- 8 THERE I WAS, LYING BED, THINKING ABOUT IT, LIKE YOU DO WHEN YOU'RE OLDER John Walters
- 9 WHAT A SENSATIONAL SOUND THAT IS! Tony Blackburn
- 10 JIM MORRISON ... HE WAS QUITE A CHARACTER WASN'T HE Andy Peebles

Compiled by Savage Lamb

DIGITECH

Four pages of keyboards and accessories reviewed by Tony Mitchell and Julian Colbeck; edited by Tony Mitchell

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



ALESIS MIDIVERB £395 QQQ VVV

THE MIDIVERB was one of the talking points of this year's Frankfurt trade show, proving that the best ideas often do come in small packages and that simplicity is a certain seller.

In essence it's a high quality digital reverb unit which takes all the fuss out of programming reverb effects – and thus effectively saves you from having to know anything about reverb except what your ears tell you sounds right – by offering its goods in a strictly preset form.

Controls are stripped down to the absolute minimum, which means all your effort can be directed towards simply selecting effects that you like without having to worry about the results of juxtaposing this control setting with that.

Before going into greater

detail on its operation, however, I think it's vital to point out that the Midiverb is a device for use by all musicians and/or recording buffs – not just those who have access to MIDI instrumentation. The unit derives its 'buzzword' name from the simple incorporation of MIDI In and MIDI Thru sockets so that it can be controlled remotely from a MIDI instrument and pass MIDI information on down the line if you wish. But it doesn't have to be used in this way – guitarists etc please note!

The format of the Midiverb makes it fairly obvious that the unit is primarily intended for table-top operation – it's a flat box 210mm square and 40mm deep made from tough injection moulded plastics. It would sit comfortably on top of one end of most keyboards, or amplifiers, or alongside your four-track cassette recorder.

Located thus, its control arrangement makes perfect sense; the controls, such as they are, are located in an indentation running most of the length of the front edge of the unit, and are set on the horizontal face of the indentation so that they're easily viewed and accessed from above – as are the controls of all the popular cassette machines.

This may seem a small advantage, but anyone who has experienced the irritation of trying to use rack-mount type signal processors in an 'informal' home recording set up will know why this is such a Godsend!

Designing the Midiverb this way has also enabled all the essential preset information to be printed on the top of the box where it's permanently and easily visible. This data is provided in the form of a table listing, against each of the 63 preset numbers, the length of the

REGULAR 'VERB

decay, the 'room' size and spectral emphasis.

Thus preset 1, for example, is described as 0.2sec, small, bright; preset 22 as 1.6 sec, small, dark; preset 43 as 5 sec, large, warm; and so on up to the biggest decay – number 50 which gives you a stunning 20 seconds in an extra large room with dark reflections.

If you don't understand the language of reverb, the manual explains that large programs tend to have some associated predelay, typical of large spaces, small programs tend to be more immediate but can sound hard or ringy at unnaturally long decay times, bright programs carry treble throughout the length of the decay, warm ones attenuate the treble as the decay proceeds and dark ones roll the treble off quickly leaving only deep bass at the end of the decay.

And all you have to do to match the descriptions to the aural effects is run a suitable signal into the unit (say from a synth or drum machine) and whisk through the presets one by one.

This operation is achieved by 'up' and 'down' buttons which shift the program numbers as indicated in an LED display window. Fast up/down is achieved just by keeping your finger on the button. Any reverb effect can be immediately cancelled by hitting the defeat button; hitting it again will reinitiate the same preset.

Just using the 50 reverb presets alone will introduce you to a whole new range of

'feels' that you may not have experienced if you've only ever played with DDLs or simple spring reverbs. The very long delays in particular allow you to create incredible atmospheres from single notes or chords, and you're almost bound to find that your creative juices begin to flow in new directions.

There is, however, more to the Midiverb than just straightforward reverberation. Programs 51-59 are gated reverbs from 100ms to 600ms, which immediately open up to you a whole range of very modern hi-tech treatments for drums sounds and such.

Finally, programs 60-63 offer four reverse decays between 300 and 600ms, which once again give you access to right-up-to-the-minute studio effects which can sound equally impressive on percussion, keyboards, guitars, vocals or whatever.

All this is achieved, incidentally, in noiseless bliss; any hiss you hear on the signal will be noise inherent in your sound source itself. The Midiverb is Mr Clean, computerised!

No surprise, then, that the Midiverb is already finding favour with studios and radio stations, such is its quality.

Power for the Midiverb comes from a 16 volt transformer supplied. The unit is 'on' as soon as it's plugged into the mains.

In and out connections are in the form of two stereo pairs of space-saving phono sockets. This will be useful where the Midiverb is part of a home recording set-up –

many home four-track machines having phono connections. However, if you don't intend to use the unit as a permanent part of such a set-up, and you're not going to avail yourself of either the MIDI In or Thru sockets also fitted at the rear of the unit (say, for example, you're a guitarist who just wants to use reverb on stage), then the absence of standard jack sockets for these connections will be a pain that'll require investment in four phono-to-jack converters to eradicate. (Use with a guitar or other low-output device will also require a pre-amp.)

There is, incidentally, a 'mix' pot on the back, which should be set to the full reverb position when the unit is being used with a mixing desk, but which will, for direct processing of instruments, give an impressive stereo spread from either mono or stereo inputs.

And for MIDI users, MIDI channel selection is achieved by pressing the 'MIDI chan' button while simultaneously stepping the number up or down as appropriate. The Midiverb will go into defeat mode if any patch change number above 64 is chosen.

If you've been hovering on the brink of investing in some sort of reverb unit then you have to look at the Midiverb very seriously. Its high quality, wide range of effects, simplicity of operation and, not least of all, reasonable price combine to make it a highly desirable piece of equipment.

TONY MITCHELL

DIGITAL TO WATCH

YAMAHA PF80/PF70 £1,099/£999

QQQ VVV

MANY PEOPLE have waited a long time for these guys. Ever since their predecessors PF10/15 were launched (just prior to the arrival of MIDI), there has been a considerable demand for MIDI versions of these unique FM digital pianos.

But first the difference between the two: the PF80 has a keyboard longer by one octave. That's it. As Yamaha themselves put it, "Now you know how much we charge per note!"

Although these pianos owe some allegiance to the PFs 10/15, it would be misleading to think of them as mere MIDI-ed versions of an older product. For starters the ten FM tones, though similarly named (pianos, electric pianos, harps, vibes, and clavi), are completely new, and far less radical than those of their predecessors. This time around, Yamaha have produced safer, more

generally usable, but equally rich and dynamic FM sounds. Some may see this as disappointing since one of the PF10 and PF15's most popular features was the weirdness of many of the tones.

However, it would be wrong to suggest that these are simply bog standard presets. They are not. The pianos, three of them, range from an (OK) fairly standard acoustic piano tone, through a bright, cutting piano, to a bristlingly rich, grasping, rasping tone that is sheer heaven to play. The electric tones cover a loosely 'Rhodesian' area, from LA smooth to bright and glassy, and the remainder are pretty true to their names.

Immediate tone modifiers comprise a chorus and tremolo (push button initiated), but importantly, the latter's range and speed can be altered and programmed individually for each of the tones.

This, as with the various MIDI functions, comes under Function mode control. A

small diagram on the panel tells you what's on offer. You can tailor the velocity sensitivity, control the range of soft pedal activity, alter tremolo settings, and set up various MIDI parameters such as pitch bend range, specific program change information, internal splits and MIDI splits for using the instrument with additional sound sources.

And all of the above can be programmed individually for each tone. A word of warning though. MIDI split means that you can send one tone out on two MIDI channels. Internal split means that you can specify the note range of one internal tone, allowing an external sound source to play over the remaining range. Neither mode allows you to access two tones at once.

There are global controls, too: key transpositions, MIDI receive and transmit channel settings, tuning, MIDI merge, and program change information on/off. This is a healthy number and range of control activity, and one that definitely puts the instrument in keyboard controller class.



THE PF70: eight notes less, a hundred notes cheaper

And there's more. Slider operated are three EQ controllers (treble, middle, and bass) whose settings, though not storable, can still alter each of the tones substantially. Finally the internal speaker system can be turned off. The lack of this feature on the PF10 and PF15 was a nuisance to many.

Bearing in mind that these new PF keyboards are priced at the same level as the original models, you are

getting considerably more for your money nowadays. The weighted keyboard is a joy, the tones are superb, and the range of MIDI control is more than adequate.

Either instrument is ideal for the player who is not insistent upon having the most true acoustic piano sounds around (although the ones here are far from inaccurate) but who wants a range of exciting piano-type sounds that can be played on

a decent keyboard?

With MIDI control offered as it is, these will also suit players owning a couple more instruments who want to access their programs, and position their manifestation along this wonderfully weighted, velocity sensitive keyboard. And of course, courtesy of the built-in 'true stereo' speakers, the PFs can double as superb home or practice instruments too.

JULIAN COLBECK



ROLAND MKS-20 DIGITAL PIANO MODULE £1,200 QQQ VVV

SO THERE I was, writing, and occasionally re-playing a note or two on Roland's latest MKS-200 keyboard controller as I made notes on this MKS-20 piano module, when in comes the lady wife and, nodding in the direction of the MKS-200, said, "Oh that synth's got a great piano sound".

Now she's hardly unaware of today's speedy developments in keyboard land, but even she found it hard to figure out that not only was she hearing a piano, not a synth as such, but in fact the piano was that unassuming box lying on the floor, and not the actual keyboard I was playing.

Categories are blurring daily. Very little time ago you'd never believe that an instrument could get into this chapter with no keyboard. Never mind score top marks.

The MKS-20 is a digital piano of Roland's Structured/Adaptive Synthesis school,

on which you can read more in the Roland RD-1000 review. It is 16-voice polyphonic, has eight basic tones plus sundry tone modifiers, and is a standard 2U rack-mount design. Not only is it great, but it's a bargain.

Although the sounds are generated in a totally different way to the earlier Roland piano module the MKS-10, you could be fooled into thinking that this is merely some kind of update. Fooled, that is, until you hear it or even begin to work out what's going on. Such similarities may seem to exist in print, however, since there are eight basic tones plus chorus and tremolo etc.

Connect it to a MIDI controller, switch it on, and you'll see 'Piano 1 - Bank 1 - Preset', appear on the large backlit (contrast controllable) LCD. Here is the first of your basic sounds. Underneath the LCD are eight numbered push buttons. Each remaining basic sound can be heard by pushing the relevant button.

Now it's highly unlikely

that your hooked-up keyboard controller won't undertake this task for you, but the facility of accessing all sounds and features is on the module itself as well.

Armed with these eight basic piano-type sounds as your starting off point, you can alter them with extensive EQ controls, with chorus (variable in speed and depth) and/or tremolo (similarly alterable), and control their volumes.

Such modifications to any one of the eight basic types can then be stored in one of seven memory locations, giving you a grand possible total of 64 sounds to play with. If this ain't enough, you can use the optional memory cartridge to boot.

The sounds themselves: there are three pianos, a harpsichord, clavi, vibraphone, and two electric pianos. All are of an alarmingly high standard.

Piano 1 is a classic sounding grand piano. Fantastic at the bottom end, with plenty of rasp and bite, the middle registers are

IVORY TOWER

powerful and clean, and the treble light and spacey.

Piano 2 is a more intimate, close piano sound, especially whimsical in the higher registers. Piano 3 is a rattling, rocky bar room job. Not exactly drawing pins in the hammers but, well, it sounds more like the drawing pins are somewhere inside.

Harpsichord is excellent from the middle range downwards. It makes you realise how namby pamby most other harpsichord attempts have been in the past. Clavi is a little too hollow and 'plucky' to be a real Clavinet facsimile, but it is highly usable.

Vibraphone: woa, watch out FM and PD, Roland are not messing around. This to me highlights the power of their S/A Synthesis technique. Multi-overtone, mysterious, warm yet eerie, this is a truly classic sound. Finally the two electric

pianos sound like types of Rhodes' - one highly compressed and tight (1) the other open, glass-edged, but dreamy. The classic LA sound.

Editing these is simplicity itself. A row of LEDs are labelled with what's on offer. A Function switch allows you to spin through each parameter courtesy of Roland's new-found love, the 'alpha dial' (a large free-flowing incremental knob) and by pressing Edit, the alpha dial alters the parameter values. To store, press Write!

First off is MIDI receive channel. This is a universal parameter and cannot be set differently for each sound. Next comes voice level, which can, as can all the remainder. These comprise very sophisticated EQ facilities (bass, treble, parametric mid, with its own frequency level, and width

controls) and finally chorus and tremolo.

Editing is made all the more easy thanks to a moving cursor as well as numeric value displays. Should you need it, overall level is slider-operable on the control panel, overall tuning can be set to minute degrees, and there is a headphone jack.

A whole load of digital pianos have come on the market so far in 1986, but Roland's S/A technique, and their offer of its top sounds in module form, will take quite some beating for those who already possess an adequate MIDI keyboard.

The MKS-20 has all the makings of a industry standard piece of equipment for all keyboardists who need top quality piano sounds somewhere in their armoury - without having to break the bank. Get in quick.

JULIAN COLBECK

CHEAP AND CHEERFUL



YAMAHA VSS-100 £179 QQ VV½

ON THE face of it, an eight-second sampler selling for a mere £179 seems too good to be true. Correct. Well, no Yamaha home keyboard style sampler can retain an eight-second sample and I believe the price is correct, but you shouldn't kid yourself that the VSS-100 now makes an Emu E-11 or Mirage redundant.

This, the VSS-100, is strictly a home sampling kit that has been tacked on to a very small, portable home keyboard with a built-in speaker system. And as such it is very good indeed.

But as with Casio's SK-1, this instrument has really come to rest in this category due to its name - Digital Voice Sampler.

Whereas the Casio SK-1 offers far more scope in what you can do with samples (edit, store one, play it polyphonically), the VSS-100 offers a far longer sample time, and allows you to assign an individual sample to play in each of the instrument's four octaves on its keyboard. The samples are monophonic only and cannot be stored.

The maximum length of

one (across the entire keyboard range) sample is eight-seconds. If using four different samples, each can be two seconds in duration. Sampling here is nothing to be afraid of; there's even a little microphone built into the instrument which springs out at you on a curly lead. But if you want to produce a reasonably noise-free sound then I suggest you stick to the Line In method direct from a tape source. Using the built-in mic may just suffice for 'close recording' of your voice, but used for any sound effects and you'll be lucky to distinguish the sample from the swooshing background noise.

Samples can be used for a bass part (there's bags of 'autos' coming up too), or can simply be mixed in with an orchestral, preset voice - of which there are 21 to choose from. Or you can hear it (or all four of them) *au naturel*.

Pitch can be varied to match that of an orchestral voice, too.

For the remainder of the instrument, this is a fairly standard mini-key home keyboard. It claims to use FM tones, in which case I must say seldom have I heard FM sound so bland. On Yamaha's

latest 'regular' home keyboards using FM (the superb PSS-460/560 and PSR-31), the sounds are superb - and easily editable in fact - so I'm a little confused on this one.

However the sounds are certainly not a disgrace and one mustn't overlook the prime purpose of the instrument.

In addition to the orchestral sounds is a bunch of preset rhythms - no claims to PCM here, and indeed they're quite usable if a trifle uninspired. Volume and tempo is alterable, though these are parameters which are shared by the entire 'auto' section of bass and chord vamping. Chords can be fingered or played in 'one finger' style.

The VSS-100 is a clever little package. Yamaha, it seems, is far from certain that sampling is anything to get particularly steamed up about - and maybe they're right. So what they've done is offer simple access to user-sampling in the context of a low-cost, feature-full home keyboard. They've even thrown in a sound library on cassette, like thunder, air drills, basses, drums, raucous laughter and such.

JULIAN COLBECK

AKG
ACOUSTICS

The D321

Big spec for small cheque

Most vocalists look at two things when they buy a microphone. The specification - and the price.

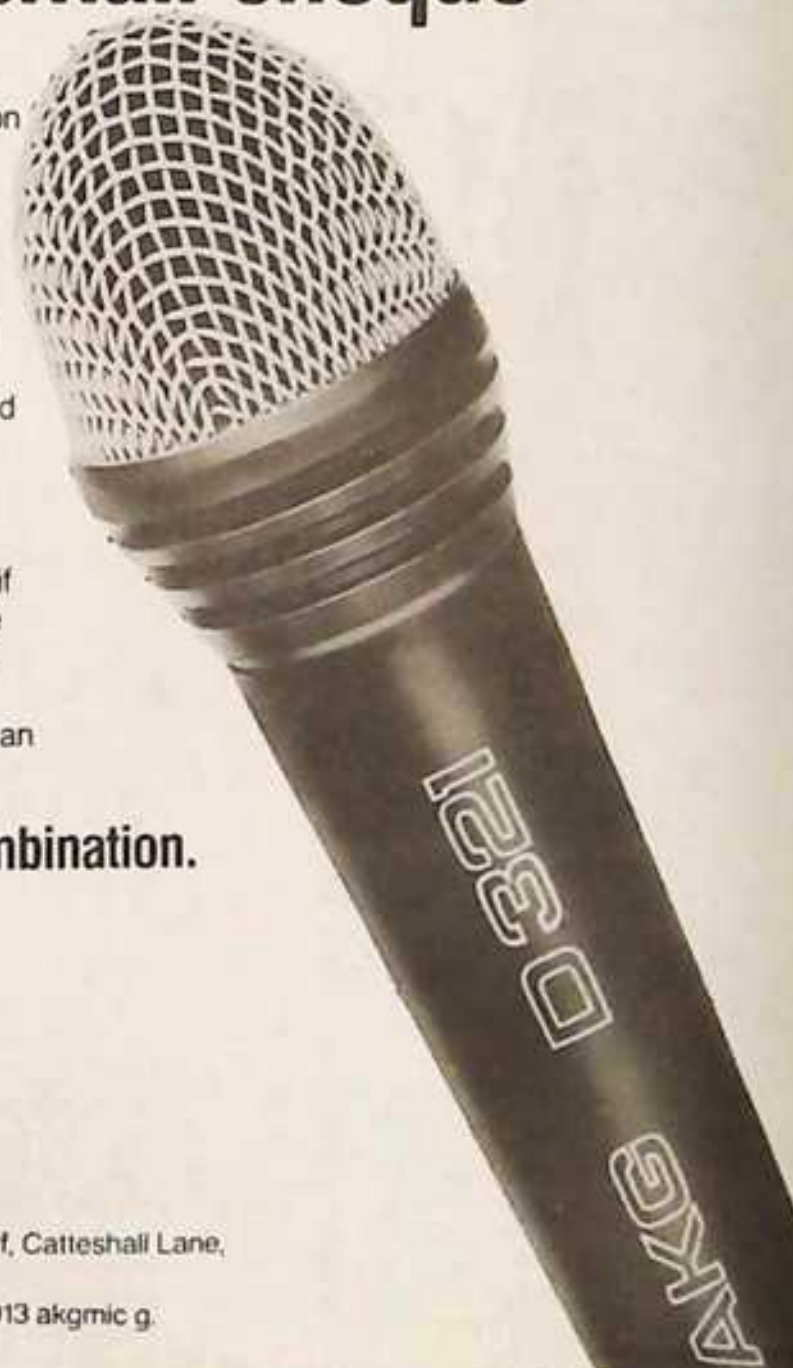
The D321 - the newest microphone in AKG's D300 series, and that's some pedigree - wins both ways. We've completely redesigned the capsule and its mounting for cleaner sound with dramatically reduced handling noise and almost complete protection against feedback.

For a full professional microphone the price is remarkably competitive too, so if you're established, you'll appreciate the sound quality, and if you're starting out, the D321 gives you that giant step forward into pro sound, for little more than you paid for your first mike.

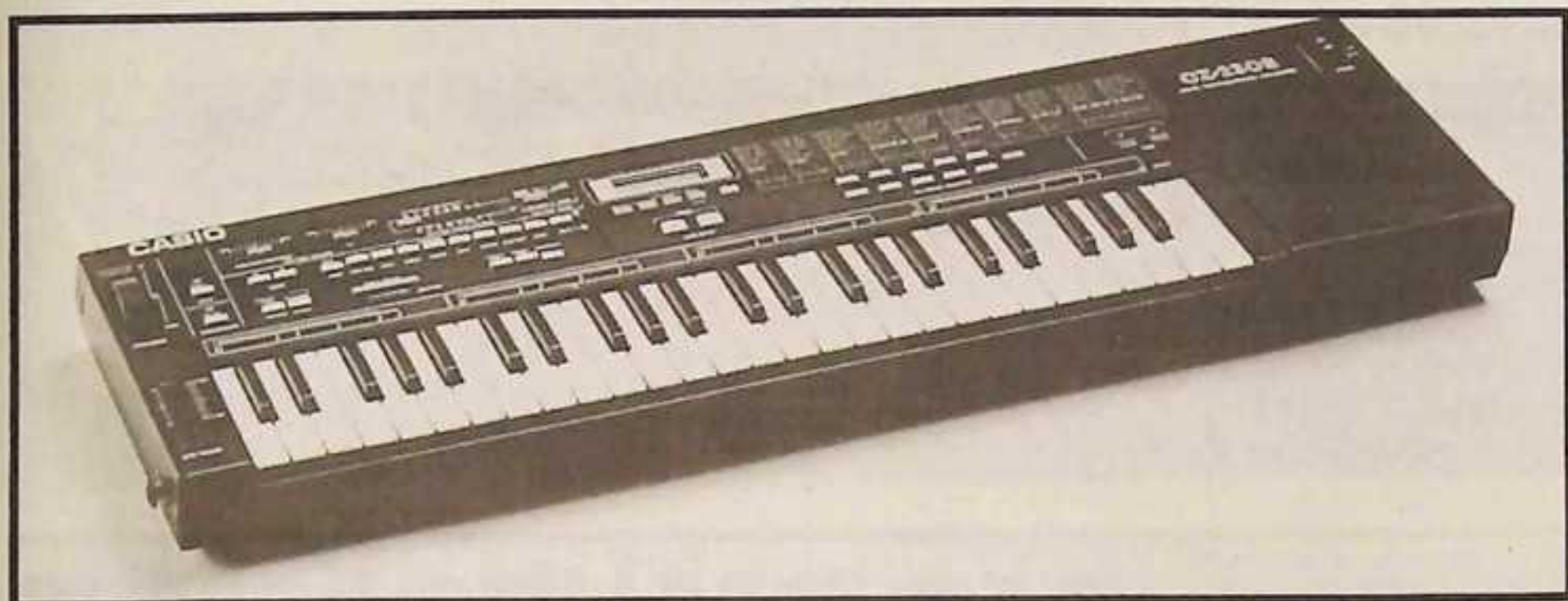
Sounds like a winning combination.



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DIGI TECH



KEYBOARD CLASSIC

CASIO-230S £345
QQQ VVV

QUITE UNDOUBTEDLY this is the best home keyboard around. I seldom feel or sound so positive about an instrument, but the CZ-230S is well worth making an exception for.

In a way it seems unfair to label this keyboard as a 'home' model because that makes it sound pretty feeble and nothing could be further from the truth. However, Casio have seen fit to bless it with mini keys, a speaker system, and an auto drummer, so I really have little alternative. Thus branded though, the CZ-230S is light years away from most of the genre.

The first reason concerns the sound source - PD (Phase Distortion) which Casio have used to great effect on their

professional synthesizers. Included are some 99 tones, ranging from fat, rich, and rasping brass sounds, to gentle strings, pianos, a selection of stunning percussive tones with Japanese names, effects, and drum sounds. All are preset. There's nothing you can do to alter their basic structure, and frankly, with most you're not going to want to.

As soon as you switch on you'll be offered '00 - Brass Ensemble 1', and if that isn't enough to convince you that you're dealing with something quite spectacular, then you need your ears testing. Even through the built-in mono speaker, you can feel the power and depth of this preset. All the presets are indicated by name and number on the control panel. To change them you simply use the ten digit keypad situated below. An hour or so

later you might begin to wonder what else you can do.

Now there are restrictions. For starters the keys are small, and you only have four octaves to play with/on. Also polyphony is four note - hardly generous - but, using the CZ-230S's own keyboard, you will probably not feel too hampered since this is not the type of keyboard you'll really want to get down and play on as it is. The lack of note power will become more apparent when you MIDI the 230S up to a larger keyboard. Still you can't have everything for this price.

But you can exercise some influence over the sounds. There's portamento, there's a pitch wheel, there's a 'solo' button for unison playing, and there's a key transposer. Unfortunately there isn't a mod wheel/button, or any form of vibrato-inducing

control, which is a shame because many of the presets certainly lend themselves to riotous soloing.

Portamento speed and pitch bend range can be altered using the data entry value controls, and you can transpose the instrument just by pressing Transpose and increasing or decreasing the value. All such information appears on the small central display screen and is a total doddle to figure out.

What isn't quite such a doddle to figure out - especially without the manual! - is the programmable drum section. I think I've got the hang of it now. (Only half an hour's work.) If you just want to take advantage of the preset patterns any fool can work it out. There are 20 patterns to hand, divided into two groups of ten. These are PCM drum sounds which, like the

tones, are excellent, and the 2-bar patterns are mainly strong, interesting, and rock/pop orientated. You can 'Synchro' start - on hitting the keys, vary the speed and volume, and use the large blue oblong button to produce an intro or fill.

There are ten further locations where your own patterns can be stored. To write a pattern (should you also not have a manual) move the Rhythm Mode switch to either the 4/4 or 3/4 position and play a key. You'll hear a drum sound no matter where you play. To change drum sounds move the Rhythm Sound Source switch to your selected instrument. Press the Program switch, and then Record.

All the preset pattern switches now play back user-programmed selections. Find one that is nearest to one you have in mind, and slowly erase instruments that you don't want by selecting the instrument (on Rhythm Sound source) and pressing Clear. Bye bye.

To write a pattern, you use the keys on the keyboard. The keyboard is mapped out, à la Roland drum machines, as one bar of music. Selecting the bass drum and pressing all the 'C's (in any old timing) will result in the bass drum pattern changing to four-to-the-bar. For beats in between, press the relevant note or notes. I'm sure the manual will provide you with an exact note-to-beat map should you need it.

To build up a complete drum pattern you just select each 'drum' in turn and repeat the above procedure.

Now things do not end here, as music too can be stored. This took a little

longer to figure out, although essentially you use the same style of programming. As I see it, you can build up four individual parts, using four individual tones - each monophonic - by moving the Rhythm Sound Source switch to any of the four bright blue number positions, and again building up a passage using the keyboard as your Step Time controller. No real time inputting here, or anywhere on the instrument - I think!

Ultimately your assembled music can be strung together to form a complete song, and, I imagine, even be off-loaded onto tape with the MT cassette interface.

As you can see this is not a quick instrument to discuss. But it represents amazing value for money for those inclined to delve into its hidden capabilities.

Finally the CZ-230S can be strapped on as a roving, sling-on keyboard, can be tuned to match any other accompanying members of the band and - this is a word of warning in fact - will switch itself off if left unplayed for more than about five minutes. This may be an excellent battery-saving attribute to have at home, but those braving a stage should keep this in mind.

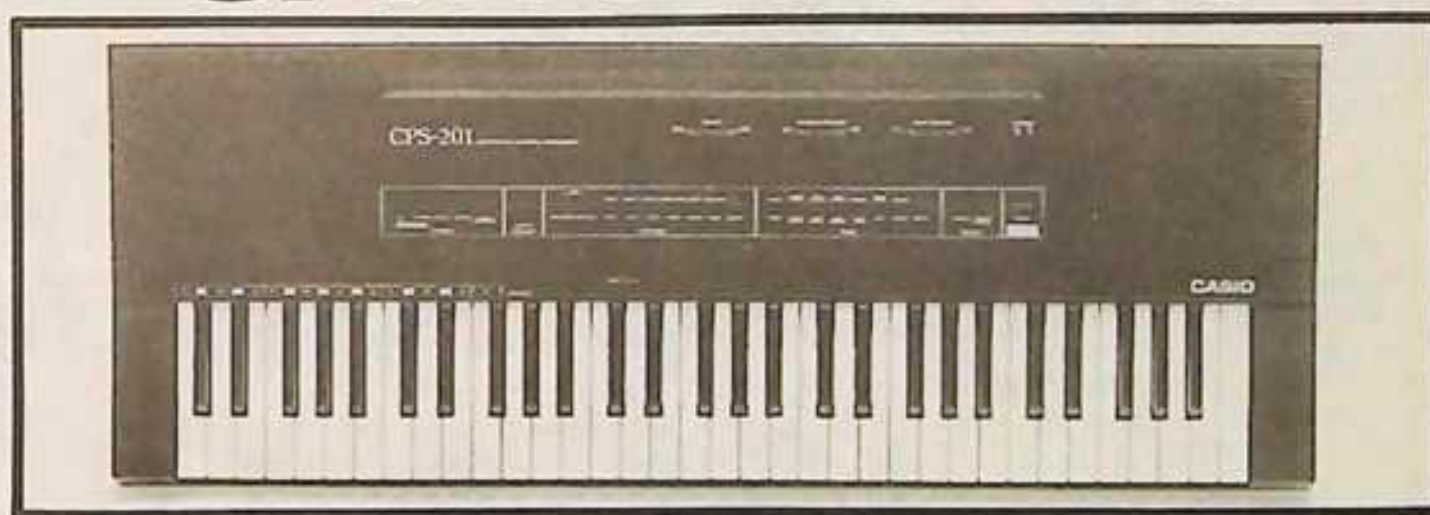
This is a superb instrument to have for almost any application. As an expander (99 great sounds on tap), as a writing instrument (battery power, speakers, sequencer), as a classic home keyboard (encouraging sounds all round, auto drummer), and even as an additional stage keyboard (shoulder strap holders, battery power, great sounds on 'solo').

JULIAN COLBECK

SIMMONS DRUM CENTRES

A1 Music	Manchester	061 236 0340
Ad-Lib Music	Greenock	0475 88821
Andertons	Guildford	0483 38212
Argents	London WC2	01 379 6690
Bootleg Music	Epsom	03727 24528
Cambridge Rock	Cambridge	0223 316091
Carlsbro Sound Centre	Mansfield	0623 651633
Carlsbro Sound Centre	Leicester	0533 24183
Carlsbro Sound Centre	Sheffield	0742 640000
Carlsbro Sound Centre	Nottingham	0602 581888
Carlsbro Sound Centre	Norwich	0603 666891
Chromatix	Ealing	01 567 3623
City Electronics Ltd	Truro	0872 71359
City Electronics	Torquay	0803 25488
Curly Music Ltd	Liverpool	051 227 1919
Drum Cellar	Bristol	0272 741026
Ess	Barnet	01 440 3449
Frontline Music	Ayr	0292 265252
Frontline Music	Irvine	0294 72921
Future Music	Chelmsford	0245 302490
Future Music	Southampton	0703 226798
Future Music	Portsmouth	0705 820595
Future Music	Fulham	01 731 5993
Tim Gentle Music	Leigh-on-Sea	0702 713027
Tim Gentle Music	Milton Keynes	0908 613909
Gigsounds	Streatham	01 769 5681
Gigsounds	Clatford	01 690 8621
John Holmes	Swindon	0793 20948
JSG	Bingley	0274 568843
Jones and Crossland	Birmingham	021 643 4655
Kingfisher Music	Fleet	02514 21210
McCormacks	Glasgow	041 332 6644
Bruce Miller	Aberdeen	0224 592211
Monkey Business	Romford	0708 754548
Eddie Moors Music	Bournemouth	0202 35135
Musical Exchanges	Birmingham	021 236 7544
Music Maker	Dublin	0001 743168
Northern Sounds	Workington	0900 4797
Northern Sounds	Carlisle	0228 39945
Northern Sounds	Barrow in Furness	0229 27100
Professional Percussion	London NW5	01 485 4434
Rainbow Music	Dundee	0382 643434
Rock Bottom	West Croydon	01 680 1042
Rock City Music	Newcastle	0632 324175
Route 66	Hanley	0782 286217
Session Music	Belfast	0232 238502
Gordon Simpson	Edinburgh	031 225 6307
Blackpool Sound Centre	Blackpool	0253 25544
Sound Centre	Cardiff	0222 396279
Sound Control	Dunfermline	0383 733353
Sound Control	Edinburgh	031 557 3986
Sound Control	Glasgow	041 552 6825
Sound Control	Kirkcaldy	0592 260293
Gloucester Sound House	Gloucester	0452 417429
Sounds Plus	Bury St Edmunds	0284 703366
Southern Music	Brighton	0273 733387
Stix	Peterborough	0733 52357
Stix	Boston	0205 54882
Stix	Lincoln	0522 43252
Syco Systems	London W2	01 724 2451

CASIO SO~SO

CASIO CPS-201 £545
QQ VV

NOT THAT I'm especially enamoured with the CPS-201, but this instrument does mark several firsts for Casio. Well two, I think. For a start this is the company's first dedicated piano keyboard, and secondly it features a velocity sensitive keyboard.

With two such departures from their normal run of business, one wouldn't expect Casio to have got it all right. Sure enough they haven't. It's not so much the basic sounds, some of which are perfectly OK, but rather that the instrument is in a sort of no-man's land between piano and home keyboard territory. Maybe market research has indicated a demand for such a thing but it doesn't appeal to me, I have to say.

And that said, you can now interpret my comments accordingly.

There are 14 preset tones, push button selected, that range from straight piano sounds, through harpsichord and electric piano, to organ and finally strings. The acoustic pianos are bright and dull respectively, the harpsichords are small and vast respectively, the pipe

organs large and small but both featuring Notre Dame type reverberating decay, the jazz organs cheesy and vaguely Hammond.

There's an average harp and vibes, and, bringing up the rear, four tones that are called Fantasy, Elec Piano, Chorus, and Strings. Fantasy is quite fun and is a cross between woodwind 'tonguing' and a marimba.

Now if Casio had left it basically at that, I think I would feel more kindly disposed towards the instrument. But they have seen fit to bless it with a complete classic Casio auto section. This jettisons it straight into 'home' territory and out of the window as far as most semi-serious players are concerned. A shame.

However it does have an auto section and this comprises an array of lacklustre rhythm patterns (and lacklustre sounds by comparison to Casio's CZ-230S - see above) Casio's famous accompaniment concepts like Casio Chord, Fingered Chords, Super Accompaniment, Memory, and Variation, courtesy of which you can play along in the top three and a half octaves while a motley crew of 'auto musos' vamp out a selection

of weary backing tracks.

The actual keyboard is good. It is firm and extremely playable and, as I mentioned, velocity sensitive. The touch sensitivity can be switched off if you like, though on organ type tones it has already disappeared of its own accord.

The CPS-201 is quite large and heavy and the stereo speakers pump out a distortion-free, clear sound. At the back you can hook up a volume pedal, sustain pedal, and stereo line outs. Here you'll also find a fine tuning control, though not, unfortunately, anything to do with MIDI. The instrument looks clean and uncluttered.

If you are looking for better than average piano-based tones, and don't mind listening to unalterable (except in speed) drum patterns, and don't have a special gift for keyboard playing, then the CPS-201 is up your street. If you are merely looking for an inexpensive touch sensitive piano type of instrument, then I'd either look elsewhere or wait for Casio's next offering. They are quite capable of producing such a thing and no doubt they will in time.

JULIAN COLBECK

A PERFECT 10

ROLAND JX-10 £1,899 QQQ VVV

THE JX-10 is a monster in the nicest sense of the word. For a long time prior to this release, Roland fans have been somewhat disappointed to see the company launch a succession of small, low cost synths, leaving a conspicuous gap in the market where once the Jupiter-8 reigned supreme in pre-MIDI days.

Well the wait is over. Enter the physically and aurally mega JX-10 – and at a price somewhere around half of what one had to pay for a Jupiter-8 some five years ago.

There's much to say, but I can't ignore the fact that the JX-10 is beautifully finished, with high quality panel hardware, a large, sunken fluorescent display, clean looks, and a superbly weighted and responsive 76-note keyboard.

The basic voice structure is nothing radical in itself. There are two DCOs per voice. There are extensive cross-mod and syncing possibilities, two ADSR envelope generators per voice, and fairly standard low pass filtering plus high pass filter, LFO and VCA.

However, through a variety of canny routing and modulating possibilities, Roland have produced a presently unrivalled instrument.

And the good news is that this level of control is not presented to you in Oberheim-like profusion/confusion, so is simple enough for even the most nervous players to 'have a go' at programming.

There are a total of 24 oscillators and envelope generators on board. This means power. Not only in the production of one single sound, but also because when two double-oscillator sounds are combined (either in a direct split, an overlap, or a complete layer), you will still have six-voice polyphony to play with. Tot up oscillator power with the fact that each sound can be devastatingly rich in itself, and you see why the JX-10 rates so highly.

As for how Roland have presented you with storage capability for sounds, I think they have covered all the bases. For a start you have 50 preset sounds. Then you have a further slice of memory in which to store 50 user-programmed sounds. And finally there is a 64-program 'Patch Preset' memory, in which you store combinations of the aforementioned sounds, complete with some 40 parameters such as balances, split points, oodles of MIDI data, real time controller information (two programmable sliders and a programmable foot pedal controller), keyboard modes.

My only slight quibble is that when you switch on the JX-10, it defaults to Patch Preset mode, and this is certainly how the instrument is best used. However, in order to actually get at the extensive editing parameters available for each single voice, you have to press and twiddle what seems like about 15 different controls. Programming is via DAC.

The sounds: well, I was under strict orders not to alter the factory-set bank of 50, nor even the 64 Patch Presets, but I did permit myself a modicum of editing and simply stopped short of pressing Write. The range

and depth of sounds is vast. Beautifully rich strings can precede sheer-edged bells and cross mod sounds. Fat raunchy brass patches (in fifths even) can follow the most sumptuous digital pianos. A delight to listen to.

So, to two final features.

The first is a polyphonic sequencer. In fact this is nothing particularly special since it is a real-time-only, one-shot device. But it is more than handy to whack down many of the wonderful song ideas that you simply have to come up with if you

play the JX-10 for any length of time and have any conception of quality.

Sequences have to be stored on a Roland cartridge – either an M-16C (storing 400 notes) or an M-64C (1660 notes). Although you can vary speeds and can change the patch used on playback, there is no metronome, no way to store several distinct sequences, and it seems that you can only direct an external rhythm unit to be controlled by the JX-10, not vice versa.

The cartridges used can also be used to store additional sounds, though one cartridge cannot hold both sequence and voice data at the same time.



The second feature is Chase Play. Courtesy of this simple and easily programmed device, the 'Lower' voice in a layer or split can be output later than the 'Upper' voice, causing delay effects. Mercifully the timing and depth controls are

dedicated panel switches and so you don't have to go delving into the edit map in order to alter things.

The JX-10 blends today's technology with the better aspects of yesterday's achievements, so you can set up things like velocity cross

fading of 'Upper' and 'Lower' sounds, which can result in being able to, effectively, 'stab' at digital type sounds and smoothly play lush and warm analog types.

I trust your appetite needs no further whetting.

JULIAN COLBECK



NOW THEY SPEAK THE LANGUAGE...

The introduction in 1983 of Yamaha PF Series pianos revolutionised the world of electronic pianos. Now the new PF80 and PF70 spin it around once again.

Identical to each other except for the number of keys*, both models naturally offer the renowned acoustic feel of Yamaha weighted-action, velocity-sensitive keyboards. And, as you might expect, the ten new preset sounds are the brilliantly life-like product of advanced FM digital programming. But these new PFs are more than mere electronic pianos.

They can also be used as MIDI Controller Keyboards offering a high degree of flexibility and expression via 16 programmable performance and MIDI functions. For instance, a user-definable split point, which allows the upper and lower halves of the keyboard to transmit to different MIDI channels, thus providing individual control of two separate MIDI keyboards simultaneously.

Add to this features like the new 'acoustic-feel' incremental Soft and Sustain pedals, pitch transposer, built-in tremolo and chorus, 3-band EQ and integral stereo speakers, and you'll begin to see just why the PF80 and 70 are more than mere electronic pianos.

* PF80 – 88 keys. PF70 – 76 keys

YAMAHA
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

• MOUNT AVENUE, BLETCHLEY, MILTON KEYNES, BUCKS MK1 1LE
• 0525 640711 (4 lines) 0525 640722

INFO RIOT

EDITED BY BARRY LAZELL

I MENTIONED a while ago that we'd be covering **The Damned** shortly in *Info Riot* as, despite the fact that I definitely did a Damned discography in these pages a few years ago, they are easily the subject of the most requests for coverage over the last few months. I assume this to be due to their chart resurrection since signing to MCA, and the consequent fact that a lot of people have latched on to The Damned who were maybe too young to get into them in the early days.

That same announcement also brought in upfront response from several people who offered discographical bits 'n' pieces. I particularly appreciated the feedback from **David Martin** of North Berwick, E Lothian, **Tim Whitten** (I think - he has a difficult signature to read) of Morcambe, Lancs, and **Alasdair MacDonald** of King's Lynn, Norfolk, all of whom went to considerable trouble to detail what they knew about The Damned's releases, and thus make the listing considerably more detailed than it might have been - particularly with regard to limited-edition pressings, sleeves, etc.

I should point out from the start that this is purely concerned with The Damned as a band - solo and subsequent efforts by ex-members like **Captain Sensible**, **Brian James**, etc., have not been covered, although they could well form the basis of a follow-up piece sometime. Also, with occasional exceptions I've stuck to UK releases and ignored the minefield of foreign alternatives, which are not really relevant here except in cases where the actual music concerned is not officially

available in the UK. Bootlegs have also been totally ignored: sure, there are and have for years been discs and cassettes around of Damned shows, demos, interviews, etc, just as there have for any band of comparable stature and longevity, but people who are really fanatical enough to regard all that stuff as essential will probably have it all, or know all about it, already.

So, let's move on to The Damned single releases from 1976 to date:

Stiff BUY 6 'New Rose'/'Help' (7-inch; first pressing in pic sleeve) **Oct 1976**

Stiff BUY 10 'Neat Neat Neat'/'Stab Your Back'/'Singalongscabies' (7-inch; pic sleeve) **Feb 1977**

DAMNED 1 'Stretcher Case Baby'/'Sick Of Being Sick' **Jul 1977** (This was a freebie given away at gigs to celebrate The Damned's first anniversary, while copies were also used as prizes in an *NME* competition. It had a pic sleeve, and current mint market value is reckoned to be in excess of £25.)

Stiff BUY 18 'Problem Child'/'You Take My Money' (7-inch pic sleeve) **Oct 1977**

Stiff BUY 24 'Don't Cry Wolf'/'One Way Love' (7-inch. No pic sleeve, but the first 20,000 were in pink vinyl) **Dec 1977**

Dodgy Demo SGS 105 'Love Song'/'Burglar' (7-inch containing early, roughish, never re-used versions of these songs. It was a very limited edition of 250, given away at a couple of gigs in Dec 1978 and Jan 1979)

Chiswick CHIS 112 'Love Song'/'Noise Noise Noise'/'Suicide' **Apr 1979** (7-inch, some early copies in red vinyl.

Also in four different pic sleeves, each featuring a member of the band)

Chiswick CHIS 116 'Smash It Up'/'Burglar' (7-inch in pic sleeve) **Oct 1979**

Chiswick CHIS 120 'I Just Can't Be Happy Today'/'Ballroom Blitz'/'The Turkey Song' (7-inch in pic sleeve; third track was unlisted) **Nov 1979**

The next Chiswick single was to have been 'White Rabbit'/'Rabid (Over You)' on **CHIS 130**, but the release was cancelled. However, Chiswick did issue it in both France and Germany on a three-track single, and this was widely imported, thus justifying a listing here:

Chiswick CHIS 0037.074 (West Germany)/Chiswick **CHIS C008-63.93** (France) **Jun 1980**

'White Rabbit'/'Rabid (Over You)'/'Seagulls' (7-inch; pic sleeves were different)

Chiswick CHIS 135 'History Of The World, Part 1'/'I Believe The Impossible'/'Sugar And Spice' (7-inch in pic sleeve) **Sept 1980**

(There were some 12-inch pressings of the above on **12-CHIS 135** with the same tracks, but they were probably all early promos. The band didn't want a 12-incher.)

Chiswick CHIS 139 'There Ain't No Sanity Clause'/'Hit Or Miss'/'Looking At You (live)' (7-inch in pic sleeve) **Nov 1980**

NEMS TRY 1 'Friday The 13th' (EP) **Nov 1981** Tracks: 'Disco Man'/'The Limit Club'/'Billy Bad Breaks'/'Citadel' (7-inch in pic sleeve. A German NEMS 12-inch version (INT 126.900) was imported simultaneously.)

The Big Beat singles which appear from here on were generally reissues of

Chiswick originals, both labels being part of the Ace Records group. Chiswick was dropped after Ace took it away from EMI distribution, following which Big Beat slowly put the releases back into circulation through indie distribution - which put The Damned strongly into the indie charts and gave them a complete new lease of sales life through their back catalogue. Additionally, some of the Big Beat reissues offered variations on the originals, such as 12-inch pressings, new sleeves - even extra tracks.

Big Beat NS 75 'Love Song'/'Noise Noise Noise'/'Suicide' (7-inch, this time in three different pic sleeves, omitting the one featuring **Algy Ward**. First 10,000 were in blue vinyl.) **Feb 1982**

Big Beat NS 76 'Smash It Up'/'Burglar' (7-inch in pic sleeve. First 10,000 in red vinyl this time.) **Mar 1982**

Big Beat NS 77 'Wait For The Blackout'/'Jet Boy, Jet Girl' (7-inch in pic sleeve; the first original Big Beat release. Flipside was by **Captain Sensible & The Softies**.) **May 1982**

Big Beat NSP 77 7-inch picture disc version of the above, in clear plastic sleeve.

Bronze BRO 149 'Lovely Money'/'I Think I'm Wonderful'/'Lovely Money (disco mix)' **Jun 1982** 7-inch in pic sleeve. (The disco mix is recorded at 33rpm, switching to 45rpm partway through! Promo copies had an extended ending to 'I Think', omitted from production copies.)

Bronze BRO 149 7-inch picture disc version of the above, in clear plastic sleeve.

Bronze BRO 156 'Dozen Girls'/'Take That'/'Mine's A Large One, Landlord'/'Torture Me' (7-inch in pic sleeve) **Sept 1982**

Big Beat NS 80 'Lively Arts'/'Teenage Dream' (7-inch in pic sleeve) (A limited number pressed in green vinyl. The B-side was taken from the compilation album 'The Moonlight Tapes', released in July 1980 on Danceville **DANCE 1**. The band were credited as **The School Bullies** on the LP.) **Sept 1982**

Big Beat NST 80 Limited pressings on 10-inch and 12-inch of the above single, sharing the same catalogue number, but with different pic sleeves. Both included the extra track 'I'm So Bored', not on the 7-inch.)

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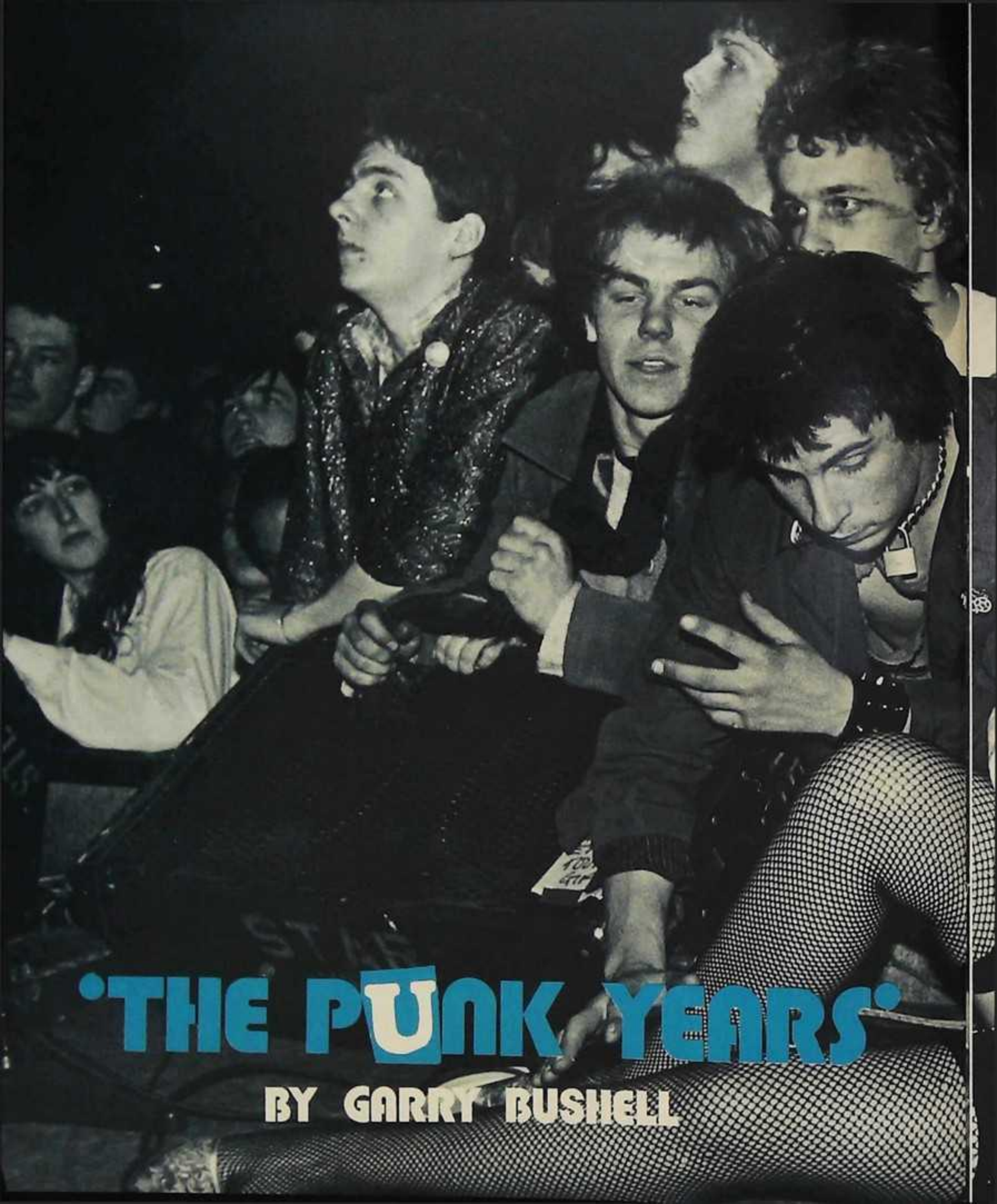
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'THE PUNK YEARS'



'THE PUNK YEARS'

BY GARRY BUSHELL



Punk was probably the last violent uprising of Britain's youth. Unlike the random hedonism and nihilism of previous teenage cults, Punk had purpose. Politically and musically aggressive, it attacked the establishment while attempting to demolish pop's redundant icons.

In this extract from *YOUTH! YOUTH! YOUTH!* Garry Bushell examines the origins of Punk, the noise it created, and the fashion which became another lucrative source of income for the music industry.

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"I am an ana-chist! / I am an Anti-Christ! / Dunno what I want, but I know how to get it / I wanna destroy the passer-by / Cos I wanna be ANARCHY / No dog's-body . . ."
'Anarchy In The UK' by The Sex Pistols

NEVER MIND the quality, feel the myth. Punk was glorious, and Punk was a con. Above all else it wasn't what it seemed to be at all, not at the start at any rate.

Despite the media definition (and self-image) of Punk as a poor white trash British backlash, the Punk look *didn't* originate on this side of the Atlantic, and its primary exponents and adherents *weren't* principally working class. The only part of the spiky mythology that was 100 per cent authentic was the music – Punk's original din.

An aural incendiary device, Punk was a reversion to primal rock 'n' roll cranked up to new, exhilarating extremes, and it kicked seven shades of shit out of all other contenders. You only had to clock the charts at the time to realise why Punk's energy and anger caught the imagination of a generation.

After an anorexic period in the early '70s, black American soul had branched out into the disco sub-genre of lyrically tame, unthinking (albeit occasionally joyous) dance music. While white rock music had spewed up a species of sanitised stadium stars spending more money a month on cocaine than a younger worker could earn in a year. You could count the artists who really meant it, the honest few, on the fingers of one hand – Ian Hunter, Alex Harvey, Pete Townshend and solo John Lennon. Elsewhere it was the earache era of lumbering monoliths.

Keywords of the time included Concept Albums, Champagne Receptions (preferably involving the artistocracy), Pomp, Mega-Stars, Super Groups (ie loose alliances of famous/idle tax exiles) and, of course, Virtuosity, aka the sterile art of musical masturbation, which was placed on a piss pot pedestal especially with the emergence of Jazz Rock (Weather Report being the only combo from that miserable sub-genre to produce anything remotely worth hearing).

They were all synonyms for musical and teenage BANKRUPTCY.

Popular music had once again passed out of the hands of the teenager. Older fans left over from the '50s and '60s were still buying records and Adult Orientated Rock (AOR) became a worshipped format. Those trusty tenets of prime time rock 'n' roll – sex, style and subversion – suddenly sounded naive and dated. The rift between the stars and the punters had never been as gaping. Or as ugly.

NATURALLY THERE were roots reactions against it. During the mid-'70s, a back-to-basic R&B pub rock phenomenon fermented in London and Essex, the most exciting exponents being Dr Feelgood; the most revered being the pioneering Brinsley Schwarz. Also nurtured on the London pub

rock circuit were many artists who went on to be associated with Punk and its tamer, music industry-approved twin, New Wave.

Chew on names like Elvis Costello, The Clash's Joe Strummer who duck-walked it like he talked it for the pub rockin' 101'ers, Eddie And The Hot Rods who motored out of Canvey and forgot to lose their flares, and The Stranglers who first saw the black of night in late '74 and who, after gaining keyboardist Dave Greenfield in May '75, pioneered an up-dated Doors sound with an added dash of distilled Velvet Underground.

If pub rock caught the mood, Punk Rock caught the imagination.

The key motivator and self-styled Sven-gali behind this spiky explosion was a middle class Jewish ex-art student from London's Stoke Newington called Malcolm McLaren.

With his partner in grime, former primary school teacher Vivienne Westwood, he opened a Kings Road shop called Let It Rock in 1971, selling Teddy Boy threads on the premises of the old Paradise Garage. Eventually they changed the name to Too Fast To Live, Too Young To Die, shifting the sartorial emphasis from Teds to bikers, but not before Let It Rock had become an essential diary date for the Teddy Boy tribes, not to mention such seminal American Punk Rockers as The MC5, Iggy And The Stooges, and the Flamin' Groovies.

But it was only when The New York Dolls bowled into town in early '74 and enticed a cynical Malcolm into catching their gig at Biba's that the entrepreneur appreciated the lure of rock 'n' roll music of the most wrecked and wasted kind. The most glorious Glam rip-off of The Rolling Stones the world had ever seen, the Dolls blew Malcy away and he played the starry-eyed camp follower on the rest of their European tour.

Back in the King's Road, Malcy and Viv hit upon yet another angle for their boutique – cash through copulation titillation. They changed the name to SEX and specialised in sexploitation gear like rubber schmutta and bondage togs, Cambridge Rapist masks, plus T-shirts splattered with selected obscenities and politico-shock T-shirts like the famed Anarchy one and the dumb Destroy one with its massive swastika, and if you wanted a pair of strides with zips on the arse, this was the place for you.

Former art student turned used car salesman (and, later, Clash manager) Bernie Rhodes was the man who printed up their tasteless T-shirts. Grotesque Pamela Hook (aka Jordan) and breezy Glen Matlock were shop assistants – Jordan infamous for her arse-baring plastic leotards, and weekend-worker Matlock was one of a young band of reformed skinheads from Hammersmith who called themselves The Swankers and adopted SEX as a hang-out.

Matlock played bass, joy-rider Steve Jones sang, electrician's mate Paul Cook drummed, and ugly bug Wally Nightingale twanged basic guitar. The Swankers rehearsed a set of '60s standards (everything



from credible Who and Small Faces to the incredible, gulp, Foundations' 'Build Me Up Buttercup' and Love Affair's 'A Day Without Love' courtesy of kindly Uncle Malc who encouraged the band until curiosity drove him to New York City. Here he took over management of the Dolls, decking them out in red leather stage-gear and having them perform in front of a hammer-and-sickle backdrop guaranteed not to endear the noxious noise boys to Nam-burned Uncle Sam.

This was in the Spring of '75, and McLaren kept at it for five frustrating months. Although nothing came of his Red relaunch, Malcolm learned plenty from his Stateside visit. The Rotten Apple's club scene was thriving, alive with bands like Television, Blondie, The Ramones, and wild poet Patti Smith. And it was from these pioneers that McLaren lifted a lot of what are widely seen as English Punk Ideas.

It was Richard Hell - aka Richard Myers, a private (ie public) school chum of Tom Miller, aka Tom Verlaine - who played bass with Verlaine's Television and who came up with many of the Punk visual ideas, such as spiky hair and torn clothes held together with safety pins, not to mention '50s suits with loose ties. Television also prepared the way for Brit-punk's nihilism, playing numbers like 'Blank Generation' and 'I Don't Care' at New York clubs, principally CBGBs on The Bowery, as early as 1975.

Previously, CBGBs had been a home from home for Hells Angels and alcoholics until Television persuaded the gaff's guv'nor, Hilly Kristal, to let them put on live music there every Sunday night. Swiftly establishing a following of their own, Television threw open the venue to other bands. One of the first was the newly formed Ramones who sported tight, ripped jeans, smelly sneakers, and bikers' leathers, and pioneered the art of the two minute punk pop pearl - souped up Heavy Metal with real tunes and lyrics so dumb/inspired ('Now I Wanna Sniff Some Glue', 'Beat On The Brat') that when the music press finally caught up with them no one could decide whether they were slumming geniuses or lucky morons.

Almost nobody outside of New York knew about this burgeoning young scene - except of course Malcolm McLaren.

WHEN THE Dolls finally dissolved, Malc wasted little time reshaping the Swankers, with his pirated images back home. Bubbling over with enthusiasm, he decided to dedicate himself to recreating them.

Steve Jones was an average vocalist, but he turned out to be a gifted guitarist, allowing Malcolm to sack the eye-sore Wally. Malcolm now needed a frontman and tried many (he was blanked by Midge Ure and out of desperation even took singing lessons himself) before finally chancing upon a lapsed Catholic speedfreak from a Finsbury Park council estate called John Lydon.

Lydon sauntered into SEX one day sporting a ripped and torn Pink Floyd T-shirt and dripping razor-sharp sarcasm. It was love at first sight. Plying him with Pils, Malcolm persuaded Johnny to audition over a SEX jukebox playing Alice Cooper's 'School's Out'. The kid had everything: charisma, contempt, speedfreak cheek. He also had green teeth which won him a new nickname from Paul Cook's mum - Johnny Rotten.

Convinced he'd hit upon the right formula, Malcolm rechristened his dangerous class brood The Sex Pistols.

McLaren masterminded strategy, Rotten sneered out angry contempt, Glen Matlock came up with the tunes, Paul Cook beat the drums, and Steven Jones supplied the ferocious HM guitar wallop. Cook and Jones were self-confessed "working class tossers", and had built up their stage gear via an ingenious series of thefts - including half-inching a load of equipment from Bowie's '75 Hammersmith Odeon show.

Their first gig was supporting a Ted combo at St Martin's College Of Art in November 1975, and the band proved about as popular as Oliver Reed at a feminist rally. Students and Teds in the audience chucked bottles and abuse until the student social sec pulled the plugs. Undeterred, The Sex Pistols soldiered on.

The next night they played the Central School Of Art where they actually managed to finish their savage 30 minute set. After that, they hit on the strategy of gate-crashing gigs posing as the support band and terrorising audiences.

By January 1976, McLaren had all his selling points sussed out.

"I'm gonna change the face of the music scene," he told Ray Stevenson, who was to become the Pistols' photographer. "All the music at the moment is by and for 30-year-old hippies. Boring. The Sex Pistols are fresh and young. They're kids playing music for the kids. Not some property tycoon singing 'My Generation'. The Sex Pistols are from the streets and the dole queues. They represent most of the kids in this country."

But the first kids attracted by The Sex Pistols weren't like that. They were a bunch of self-confessed posers from middle class up-market Bromley in Kent. This Bromley Contingent as they became known, hooked on to The Sex Pistols after a couple of them had caught an early gig at the Ravensbourne College of Art. Amongst their ranks were Banshees-to-be Suzi (later Siouxsie) Sioux, and Steve Havoc (later Severin), Billy Broad (later Idol), Ray Stevenson's brother Nils, and Sue Catwoman.

About the only pop star to whom they'd even give the time of day was that immaculate ex-mod chameleon David Bowie.

McLaren's next move was to spread the word to the bourgeoisie, something he accomplished by having The Sex Pistols send shock waves through the London art world elite when they played loaded socialite Andrew Logan's party in February

'76.

Back on the streets, anarchy abounded. The band were barred from London's Marquee (and then the Nashville) in March after blagging a support slot with Eddie And The Hot Rods and trashing the monitors. To beat the bans they opened their own club, taking over the Maltese-owned El Paradiso strip joint in Soho.

By now, word had spread and the place was packed. Among the audience was Jonh Ingham of *Sounds*, who wrote the first feature on the band.

"I hate hippies and what they stand for," Johnny scowled. "I hate long hair. I hate pub bands. I want to change it so there are more bands like us."

It wasn't long before Johnny got what he wanted.

PROGRESSING TO a Tuesday night residency at the 100 Club throughout May and June, followed by dates at the London Lyceum and in Manchester, then the 100 Club Punk Festival in September, The Sex Pistols found themselves attracting an ever-growing British following. Few open-minded eye-witnesses failed to be thrilled by their killer combination of musical fire and lyrical brimstone, that post-Stooges, post-Dolls sulphate-charged rock 'n' roll coupled to the crude, scorching realism of Rotten's words.

Despite the brand new wrapping paper, what they offered was a red hot resurrection of primal r 'n' r.

When the band unleashed what was to become their anthem, 'Anarchy In The UK', the anarchy was in their attitude, not culled from the utopian visions of Proudhon and co. The attitude cut through all the crap in the charts. It demanded the attention and inspired new bands to form (and yet more bands to try and bask in its reflected glory!).

However contrived The Sex Pistols' image might have been, they and the bands they spawned played a genuinely exhilarating (and a very varied) brand of blistering rock 'n' roll. And the energy they unleashed was a vital alternative to the poncy, plastic offerings of the menopausal music biz.

That's why Punk caught on.

Behind The Sex Pistols, the best of the new breed of bands were The Clash and The Jam.

The Clash were working class art students Mick Jones (Keef-lookalike guitarist) and Brixton-bred Paul Simonon (blond bass beefcake), Keith Levine (short-stay junkie guitarist), Terry Chimes (aka Tory Crimes, slightly-longer-stay drummer) and main man Joseph Mellor (aka Strummer, public schoolboy singer and guitarist).

Along with Generation X's Tony James, Jones was a veteran of the capital's leading glam-slam tribute to The New York Dolls, the London SS. He, Simonon and Glen Matlock chanced on Strummer walking down the Portobello Road. Strummer swooned at the sight of their military schmutta. They asked him why a great





COVER SHOT: The original Sex Pistols on signing to EMI.

PAGES 2 & 3: Punky stocking-tops! Fans crowd the stage-front. Photo: Virginia Turbett.

PAGES 4 & 5: The infamous 100 Club Punk Festival in September 1976. Johnny Rotten leads The Sex Pistols in anarchy. Photo: Ray Stevenson.

PAGE 6: The Clash at the 100 Club. Photo: Ray Stevenson.

PAGES 8 & 9: Far left – a German Punk shows the totems of a movement: razor blades, padlock and chains, and safety pins. Centre – an expression of Punk ecstasy. Both photos: Jill Furmanovsky. Left – a typical club-night Punk look.

PAGE 10: Adam Ant sings a duet with Jordan. Photo: Ray Stevenson.

PAGES 12 & 13: Siouxsie And The Banshees Mark 11. Photo: Ray Stevenson.

PAGES 14 & 15: And back to the spiky audiences. Photo: Martin Dean.

BACK PAGE: Johnny Rotten ten years ago.



vocalist was wasting precious time in a passé pub rock outfit. Enter Clash manager Bernie Rhodes, and the new band was born (although Levine was to last just three gigs).

The Sex Pistols were first, but it was The Clash who supplied Punk's manifesto. Less heavy metal than the Pistols (when Punk's political threat was defused, Pistols songs were regularly played at HM discos), The Clash pioneered a tireless tirade of terrace pop with rabble-rousing political clout. (Bernie got them to drop the love songs early on.) Their anthem 'White Riot' wasn't anti-black; it was asking why white working class kids couldn't be more like their black counterparts and unleash a few riots of their own.

When it was released by CBS in late '76, the B-side '1977' warned of "stenguns in Knightsbridge", and proclaimed "No Elvis, Beatles or Rolling Stones in 1977", while the sleeve decreed that the real "clash" in society wasn't between the young and old, but between the rulers and the ruled.

Leon Trotsky, eat ya heart out!

Anti-dole, anti-bureaucracy, anti-the-music-establishment and the political establishment, The Clash seemed to stand for a street socialist alternative to Rotten's barbed nihilism. They also pioneered an individual line in hand-painted shirts and guerilla chic. I suppose that should have been the clue, that beneath the angry words, The Clash were another Rolling Stones struggling to get to the very USA they claimed to be so bored with...

THE JAM were different still.

Attracted by punk's energy, the Working Wonders took their cues from The Who and Mod. Refusing to conform to the new anti-fashion dictates, this talented trio trod the boards in immaculate two-piece Mod whistles, celebrating "the young idea" in a Rickenbacker-powered storm of fiery melodies.

The very diversity of the original punk bands is startling in retrospect. For comic relief there was The Damned, Concorde-paced clowns led by a low-rent Vincent Price called Dave Letts (aka Vanian) and including in their ranks ballerina-garbed bassist Ray Burns (aka Captain Sensible) and demon drummer Chris Millar (aka Rat Scabies), who claimed to have invented the idiot practice of gobbing (though the late Gary Holton's Heavy Metal Kids used to spit at their crowds and vice versa).

The Damned released the first ever British punk single, the furiously superb 'New Rose', and went downhill thereafter.

The Bromley Contingent threw up Siouxsie And The Banshees, who originally included John 'Sid Vicious' Beverley in their line-up, wore swastikas and sang songs including lines like "too many Jews for my liking". When it dawned on them that Nazi chic was not only dumb but also a music biz no-go, they dumped it in the dustbin of history and resorted to mass-marketable pretentiousness.

The Stranglers paid homage to The Doors and Leon Trotsky, although that renowned revolutionary wasn't too known for his love of strippers - as used by the band to perk up their live shows. Paying lip service to Punk, The Stranglers appealed right across the board, pulling in Hells Angels and mainstream metal boys.

In Manchester, intellectual Howard Devoto and romantic Pete Shelley were inspired by the Pistols (Devoto organised their Manchester '76 gig) to get their own idea for a band off the ground. Enter Buzzcocks.

Their 'Spiral Scratch' EP, released on their own New Hormones label, wasn't only a masterpiece of simple infectious pop, but also the direct launching pad for the glut of independent releases that coloured the late '70s and early '80s.

The explosion of so much talent justified the Pistols' stance of outraged *bor-dum*. Adding to the excitement, The Ramones blitzkrieg-bopped into Blighty in July '76, the same month as their debut LP (called 'Ramones', what else?) was released by Sire. In the process they inspired a young Deptford bank clerk called Mark Perry to become Mark P and launch punk's seminal fanzine *Sniffin' Glue* that very same month.

Bands, attitude, anger, a look... the music press soon sussed there was a movement raising its spiky head here. The name Punk stuck, but the bands weren't called that originally, and indeed there was some resistance to this unsavoury epithet to start with.

Punk - the word - can first be found in Shakespeare's *Measure For Measure*, where it meant whore. It travelled to America with the Pilgrim Fathers where, as well as retaining its prostitute meaning, it also came to mean worthless, of poor quality, or weak in spirit or health.

By the 1930s it had acquired new US slang meanings, becoming synonymous with a passive homosexual or a catamite (an adult male who fancies boys). Here too it acquired the meaning gangster film aficionados will know best - becoming another word for a streetwise juvenile delinquent, an angel with a dirty face. 30 years later in the '60s it had taken on yet another new connotation as a description of music churned out by the first generation of US garage bands, suburban boys trying to imitate Brit invaders like Them and The Yardbirds with the aid of two good chords and a truckload of acid tabs. (Lenny Kaye's 'Nuggets' compilation illustrates the growth of these bands into full-blown psychedelia).

Although these garage outfits bear precious little musical resemblance to the sonic ravishes of the Pistols *et al*, the pre-Brit punk New Yorkers were more obviously influenced by their predecessors. For example, early Television admitted their debt to the '60s punks (as well as the seminal Them/Stones/Yardbirds/Velvets), and of course Lenny Kaye performed with

Patti Smith.

The Ramones were using the word Punk in their early songs in its gutter tyke meaning ('Judy Is A Punk'). The cover of their debut album was a Roberta Bayley pic lifted from *Punk* - a fanzine devoted to garage guerillas past and present created by the artist John Holmstrom in 1975 New York. Needless to say, Malcolm discovered it there, and sold it in SEX.

When people started referring to the British scene as Punk in mid-'76, Mark P observed in *Sniffin' Glue*: "You get the feeling at Pistols' gigs that everyone's posing so they can't really be punk, can they? Punks are carefree, and I mean completely... you know, like a football fan who kicks in someone's head and don't care a shit. Yeh, the Pistols crowd are not punk, they're too vain. But what's wrong with that? So am I!"

In the October '76 *Sounds* Punk round-up (again written by Ingham) only the Jam referred to the "Punk Rock Scene", with Rotten favouring "anarchy rock", Siouxsie "Rock", and long-haired Mancunian Paul Morley of *Out There* 'zine advocating "s" - for "surge rock".

But with repetition came approval, and Punk became all-encompassing and all-accepted within months.

AT THE time, most music writers regarded the phenomenon as violent, ugly and dangerous but as the word spread, so more and more kids were attracted by the colour, chaos and high momentum of the burgeoning scene.

Many of them were the tower block tearaways of Malcy's wet dream mythology. Punk was moving out of the art schools and into the council estate concrete jungles (with middle class adherents inventing working class backgrounds to keep their credibility). Bored teenagers everywhere were stirred into action by the lure of the new energy.

The standard Punk look encompassed safety-pins (through clothes or mouth, nose or ears), zips, dog collars, cheap plastic shades, and any old clothes that looked the part - you built up your own look from Oxfams, jumble sales and street markets. Only the mugs or the slumming rich patronised the rip-off boutiques like SEX and BOY. Punk logic meant D-I-Y: your own 'zines, your own clothes, your own bands. It wasn't really until well into '77 that the look became a uniform, the 'zines started worshipping instead of rubbishing, and the bands became crude copyists.

Back in '76/early '77 great bands were still aligning themselves to the cause: Penetration with their sweeping pop vision; X-Ray Spex led by half-cast waif Marion Elliot (aka Poly Styrene) from Brixton with their searing sax embroidery, titanic tunes and incisive insights into the Consumer Society. There were fresh-faced pop princelings Generation X led by pretty plastic pin-up Billy Idol (and including Sigee Sigee Sputnik's Tony James). From the council estates

came the first real football terrace recruits – rabid cranked-up R&B boys Slaughter & The Dogs from Manchester and, from the East End, the equally savage Cock Sparrer. Slaughter had been a Glam band, Sparrer adopted a Clockwork Orange look and turned down Malcolm McLaren's management interest "because when we met him he didn't buy his round", they claimed.

Things were healthy during these months – except, of course, the press and the local councils got hold of the wrong end of the stick, due mostly to the stupid swastika flirtations. Fearing neo-fascism, many local authorities blanket-banned punk bands. The May 7, 1977 edition of the *London Evening News* wrote about "Rock's Swastika Revolution" linking The Sex Pistols to the National Front, and incurring a hot denial from McLaren.

Even the music press suffered doubts when a young girl lost the sight of one eye during The Damned's set at the two-day 100 Club Punk festival in September '76, resulting in the club banning Punk. But after their hearts had bled a little, the music media's love affair continued unabated as the London scene shifted to Covent Garden's Roxy Club.

Andy Czeowski, one-time manager of non-starter band Chelsea, opened the Roxy up for Punk in late December '76, and for the first months of '77 it became the Punk venue, the only place to be. But this soon soured.

As the club's notoriety spread, it became polluted with plastic posers, gee-wow-look-at-the-freaks sightseers, and miscellaneous music biz vultures. The best punk writers, verbal gunslingers Tony Parsons and Julie Burchill (not so much journalists writing about Punk, but the first Punk journalists!) charted its decline in the *NME* that spring.

In April, Czeowski got turfed out by the owner Rene Albert and the place deteriorated rapidly. Not that the real Punks cared, they'd already moved on to The Vortex in Wardour Street.

Throughout 1977, terrace hooligans and other mobs of dangerous class yobs were increasingly drawn to Punk, and more usually to just one band. Cock Sparrer attracted the support of the Poplar Boys who were (largely) West Ham United fans, while The Stranglers adopted a mob called the Finchley Boys as their legion of honour. Skinheads began gathering around Sham 69.

Punk's working class pose was becoming reality.

AS YOU can see, there were many parallels between Punk and Mod, over a decade previously.

Like Mod, Punk was about *doing*, about activity. Like Mod, Punk had mixed class roots but became predominantly a street cult. Like Mod, Punk was (originally) about an individual/distinct style of dress (albeit a deliberately anti-fashion one). Like Mod, Punk cleared the way for a new generation of talent right across the board – from musicians to fashion-designers, and from

novelists to TV personalities and DJs. Like Mod, there was a tremendous feeling of new possibilities. And like Mod, Punk aligned itself with Black music, although obviously not to the same degree. After all, Mod music (and Skinhead music) was Black music.

Punk was white, but an influential element among the Punks (principally The Clash and Johnny Rotten) adopted contemporary reggae. Reggae DJ Don Letts was interviewed in *Sniffin' Glue* with Mark P recommending his readers to check out Eric Fuller's definitive reggae column in the short-lived *National Rock Star*. King Dread Bob Marley toasted the spirit of it all with his 'Punky Reggae Party'. The killjoys of the Young National Front were horrified, branding Johnny Rotten "no better than a white nigger".

Unfortunately, also like Mod, the positive aspects of Punk – its progressiveness as a movement – ran out of time. It's hard to pin down an exact date, or indeed point to one factor for the decline of the first waves of Punk, but you can see the way it fell apart.

Let's start with the Pistols.

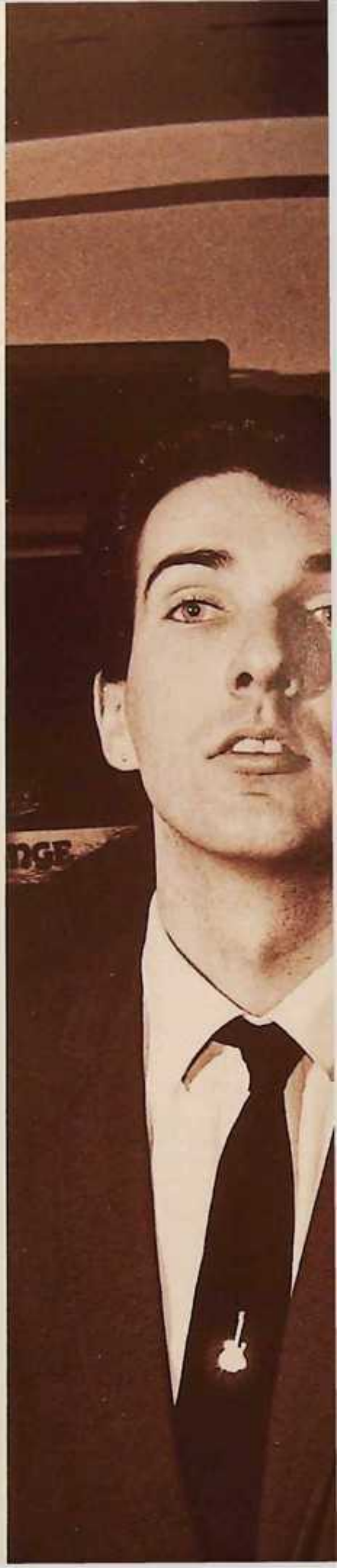
Towards the end of '76, they hit newspaper headlines as they publicly made mugs of EMI and A&M Records, by conning them out of £125,000. In between they brightened up Bill Grundy's *Today* TV programme. When Grundy tried to chat up Siouxsie Sioux, he got showered in abuse and then goaded more instant outrage out of the band.

Suddenly they were "The Filth And Fury", frontpage of every tabloid in the land. Under the Fleet Street spotlight for good, the band began to split at the seams. In March '77 they sacked melody man Matlock and brought in prime sap Sid Vicious, more for his mindless image than his minimal musical skills. Sid's previous claims to fame had been debuting with the swastika-swathed Banshees, inventing the Pogo, and chain-whipping Nick Kent at the Nashville.

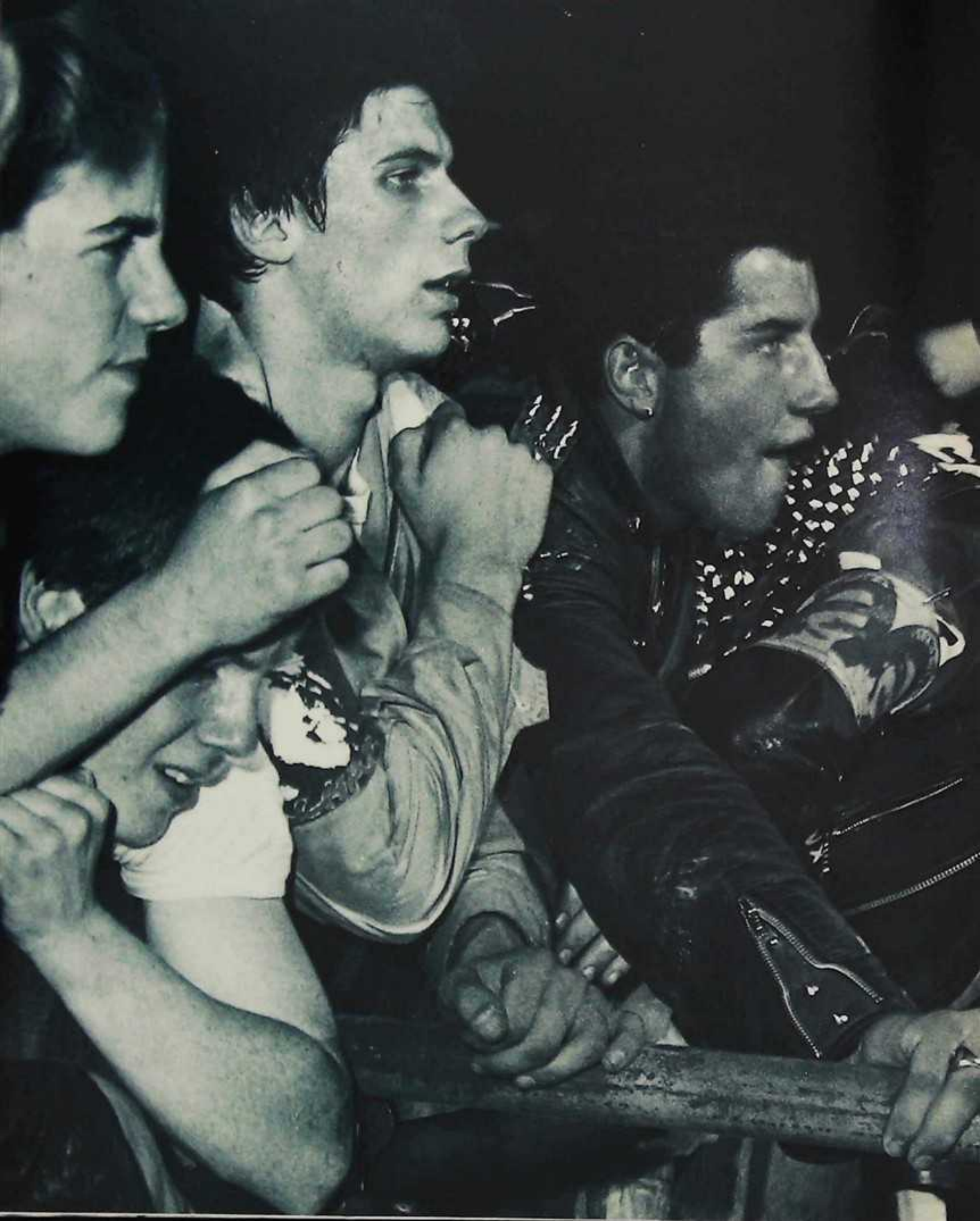
In May they released their second single 'God Save The Queen' (on Virgin) which had the distinction of becoming Number One in every honest chart at the same time as the Queen's Silver Jubilee celebrations reached their zenith, selling in excess of two million copies in the process.

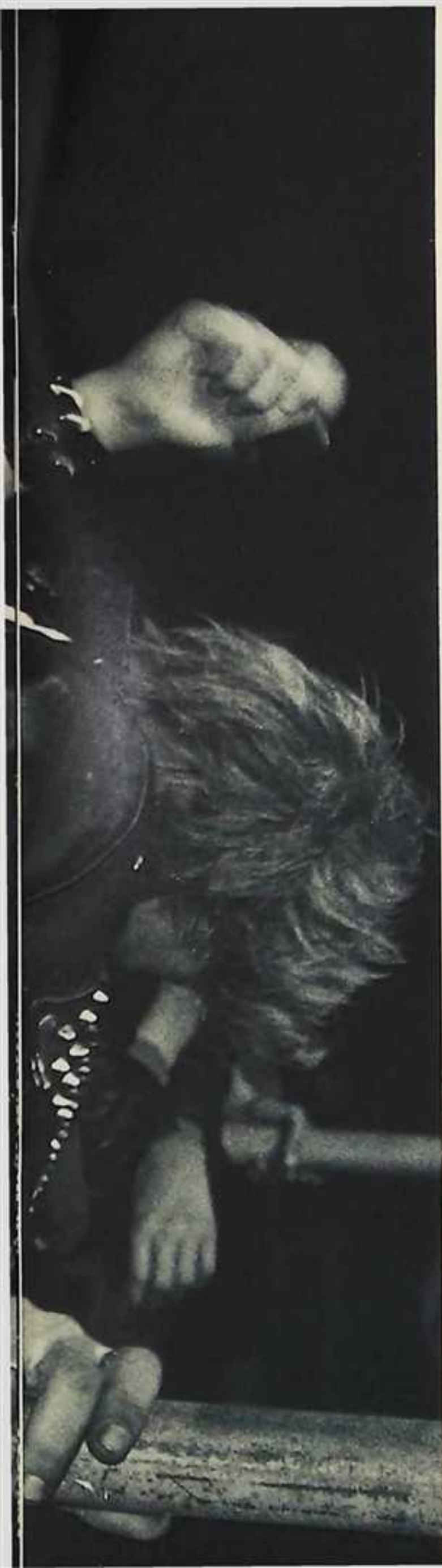
But their anti-Royalty, anti-Establishment message outraged the True Blue public. Johnny Rotten got his face callously carved up by blade-wielding arseholes unknown in a Highbury car park, getting glassed up at Dingwall's a week later. Going for the treble, a gang of six heavies attacked Paul Cook with coshes and iron bars as he sauntered out of Shepherd's Bush tube soon after.

Weathering the would-be vigilante storm, The Sex Pistols finally made it onto *Top Of The Pops* with 'Pretty Vacant' on July 14. Eager to turn his protégés into longer-lasting superstars (and keep their names in the headlines), Malcy arranged their first UK tour, and began work on their very own *Hard Day's Night* – a movie to be directed









by Russ Meyer. But already the rot had set in and the legend was to fall apart as swiftly as it had attained prominence.

'Holidays In The Sun', the band's fourth single, blatantly ripped off the riff to The Jam's 'In The City' (later Weller told me that only the Jam's commitment to the spirit of Punk unity stopped them taking the Pistols to the cleaners for that). The controversial album 'Never Mind The Bollocks' fell well short of the blistering bootleg 'Spunk' LP. Sid hooked up with an American groupie, a punky parasite called Nancy Spungen who introduced him to sex and smack.

The US tour was a fiasco. Johnny Rotten rebelled when Malcey ordered him down to Rio to film with Great Train Robber Ronnie Biggs. He quit, and The Sex Pistols were over.

From being one of the most subversive forces to threaten the British Establishment, The Sex Pistols became a *Carry On* (a carrion?) cash-in. The hilarious *Great Rock 'N' Roll Swindle* movie (finally directed by Julien Temple) came out, siring singles from both Sid and Biggs.

Sid got banged up in Rykers, New York's toughest chokie, on a murder rap. Nancy Spungen played the corpse. Released on bail, he OD'd on smack. "In the tunnels downtown, the Rat's own dream guns him down..." It was sad, sordid and funny all at the same time. But it wasn't Punk. It was Pantomime.

SOME IMAGES linger from the Sex Pistols' death agony: the band recording Sid's sick 'Belsen Was A Gas' with its punchline "Be a man, kill yourself". Sid did! And the sorry spectacle of The Sex Pistols with Sham's Jimmy Pursey at the helm for one gig only at the Glasgow Apollo.

What a way to die.

Other myths crumbled equally fast. Fumbling with the feeble 'Clash City Rockers' single, The Clash pulled the masterly 'White Man In Hammersmith Palais' out of the bag before disappearing to the USA and the arms of big shot producer Sandy Pearlman. When they eventually shed their excess Am-Ex bulk, it was obvious to all but the most starry-eyed believer that all their images of insurrection were as genuine as an Arthur Daley antique and we'd have to settle for (just) another gifted (good ol') rock 'n' roll band.

Meanwhile, the industry had worked out the Punk profit margins and thrown its weight behind that double-edged sword, the New Wave.

On the one hand, the New Wave meant punk opening closed doors for the superior pop of Blondie, Costello and Ian Dury. On the other, every two bob loser on the circuit cut their barnet and tried to hitch a ride to riches on the bandwagon. Hindsight shows us only too vividly the way the New Wave establishment became just as rotten as the old wave one.

Elsewhere Zandra Rhodes was designing "Punk" clothes, and the tabloids were run-

ning gormless guides on "How To Be A Punk". On the streets the Punk look became one-dimensional and cloned, while nine out of ten bands settled for an identikit three chord thrash sound. The first wave of Punk was dead by '78, and nowhere are its death throes better documented than in Parsons and Burchill's *The Boy Looked At Johnny*, a brilliantly flawed, savagely entertaining account of the decline of a movement into another all-purpose consumer palliative.

The one thing us Punks were truly glad of in '77 was that the Fleet Street shit-stirrers had been unable to blow Punk/Ted clashes into full-blown teen war like the Mods and Rockers a generation earlier.

To reinforce their view of Punk as just another off-the-peg youth uniform (which is what it eventually became), Grub Street eagerly leapt onto the bandwagon of tribal belligerence after a group of Hammersmith Teds, put out by the media attention the Punks were attracting, decided to prove they were still number one and duffed up a crew of spiky-tops outside Hammersmith tube. Sporadic clashes spread to the King's Road, and for a while Punk gigs were plagued by rabble-rousing speeches from spiky enthusiasts lusting after a return match.

Johnny Rotten did his bit to defuse the situation (in fact, he only wound the Teds up more) by appearing in full Ted regalia. Despite the newspaper coverage, the clashes soon drained away to nothing, and in reality, Punks had more to fear from 'smoothies', soulboys and skinheads than they ever did from Teds.

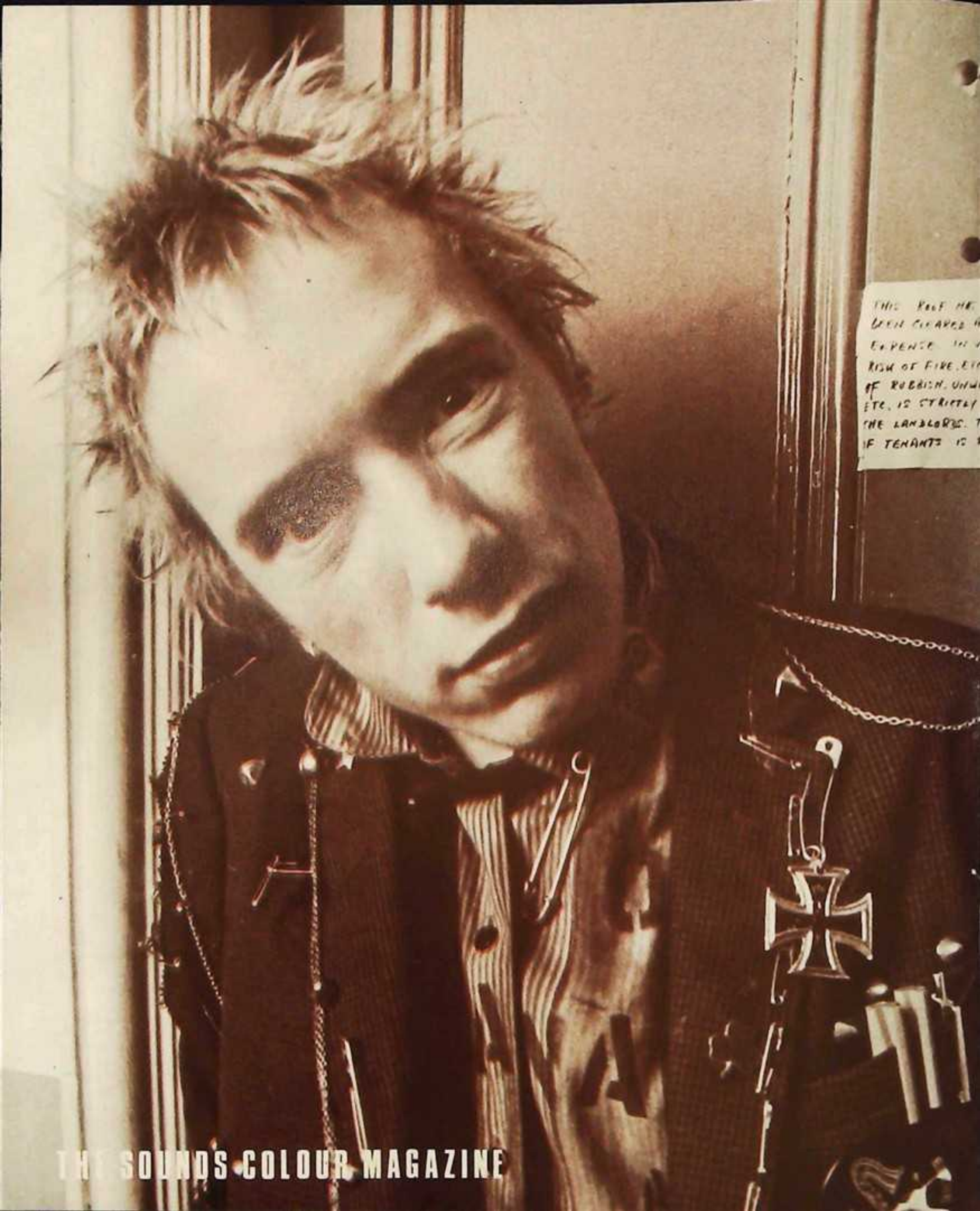
Most punks refused to be drawn; after all, 1977 was the Punk year.

IT'S DIFFICULT to articulate the spirit of the times. Punk was on the offensive, and we really did feel that we had the world to win. 'God Save The Queen' was at Number One, The Clash and The Jam released killer albums, Punks sided with blacks and the Left for the Lewisham riot which stopped the NF marching. Plus the narrow-minded local councils and the birth of Rock Against Racism gave Punk something to fight for.

But for all the optimism of '77, it was also the year that class divisions began to show through the fragile unity of Punk style. As Punk crumbled in '78, the class divisions became more and more important, and in its wake tendencies were evolving that were still called Punk but were in fact very different phenomena.

There was Crass and their "classless" (ie middle class) empire, hippy ideals dressed in nihilist black.

There were the lumpen sons of Sid who evolved the Apocalypse bands and finally congregated around a bunch of bikers called the Anti-Nowhere League, thus proving they were little more than an up-date of greasers (fittingly their music was cranked-up Heavy Metal, the uniforms also becoming increasingly similar). And there was the working class alternative that became Oi...



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