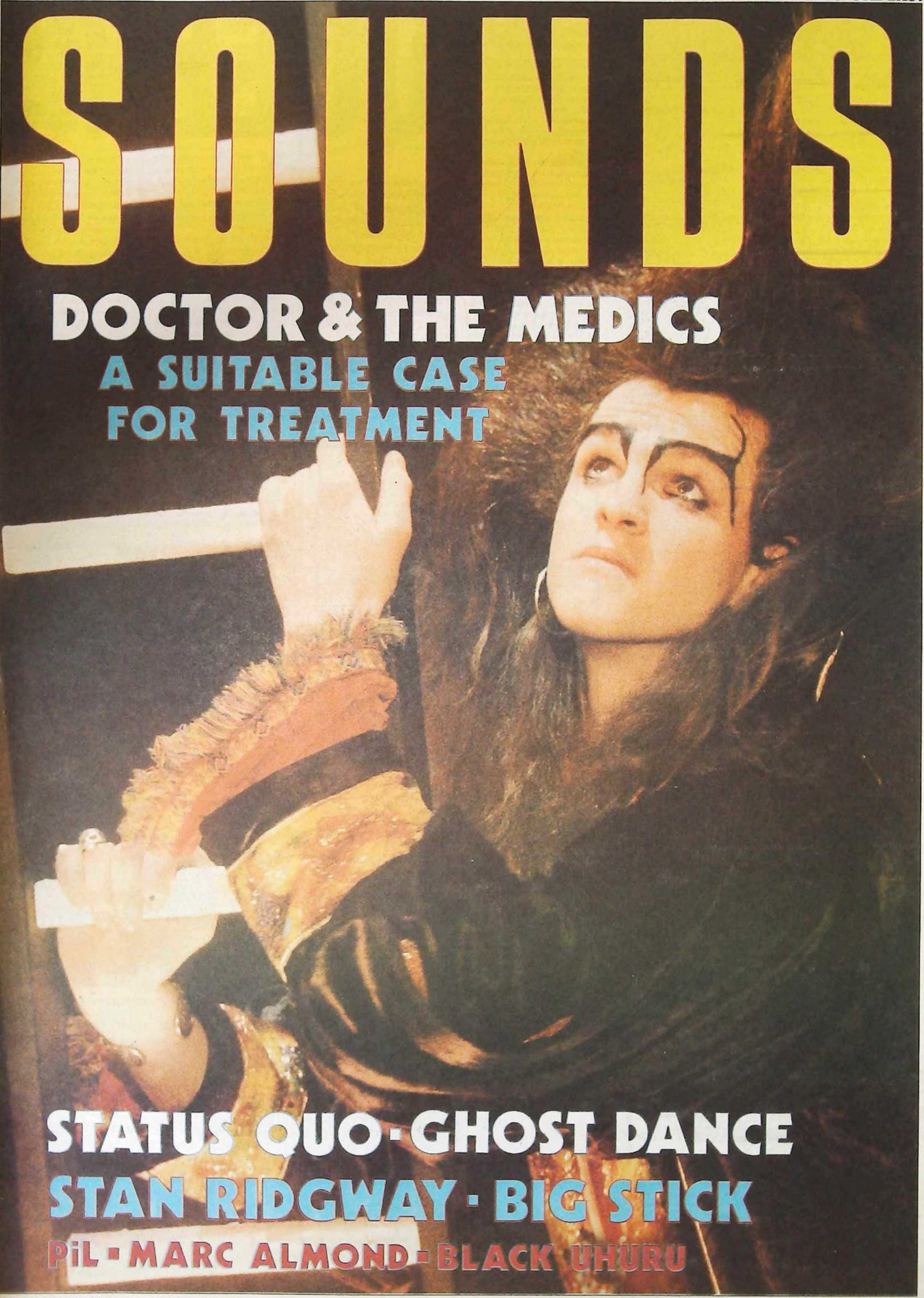


SOUNDS



DOCTOR & THE MEDICS

**A SUITABLE CASE
FOR TREATMENT**

STATUS QUO - GHOST DANCE

STAN RIDGWAY - BIG STICK

PIL - MARC ALMOND - BLACK UHURU

CONTENTS

FEATURES

Gibby Gibby hey! **Butthole Surfers** hole up with **Dave Henderson**. **Page 14**
 Taking the wool with the smooth. **The Wolfhounds** sit up and beg for **Ron Rom**. **Page 16**
 Never mind the NHS, come taste a different medicine with **Doctor & The Medics**. Prescription filled out by **Mr Spencer**. **Pages 18 & 23**
Billy Mann feels the (big) heat with **Stan Ridgway** in LA. **Pages 22 & 23**
 Cane gang: **Big Stick** shift gears with **Edwin Pouncey**. **Page 24**
Quo are back! (Again.) **Paul Elliott** dodges the dandruff. **Pages 26 & 27**
Mr Spencer discovers a happy haunting ground with **Ghost Dance**. **Page 27**

JAWS

This is where **Jack Barron** takes on **Reagan** and **Nance** one-handed, **EastEnders' Lofly** gives out a belter, the **Stitched-Back Foot Airman** land, **Sandle Shaw** takes off and **Oink!** comic gets snorty. **Pages 8, 9, 10 & 12**

SCANNERS

To Live And Die In LA and **Hitcher**, music vids galore. **Page 15**

REVIEWS

SINGLES: Roger Holland discovers his roots with **Bunny Waller** and more... **Page 20**

ALBUMS: **Stephen Duffy**, **The Bomb Party**, **Marc Almond**, **Black Uhuru**... phew! **Pages 28, 29, 30, 31 & 35**

LIVES: Groove to the sounds of **PIL**, **The Replacements** and the **Self Aid** extravaganza. **Pages 32, 33 & 34**

INSTRUMENTS

Tony Mitchell goes to Tokyo and rides the Bullet Train. **Yamaha** pay. **Page 44**

REGULARS

TOUR NEWS: **Page 4**

RECORD NEWS; BACKTRACKS: **Page 6**

INFO RIOT: **Page 13**

LETTERS: **Page 21**

CARTOONS: **Page 34**

NIGHTSHIFT: **Pages 38 & 39**

MEMORY BANK; X-WORD: **Page 41**

CHARTS: **Pages 42 & 43**

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LONDON NW1 7QZ

UNITED MAGAZINES LTD

NEW ORDER, Cabaret Voltaire and Billy Bragg are among the acts playing an Artists Against Apartheid gig at Sheffield City Hall on June 14.

New Order, Billy Bragg and The Inspirational Choir appear at the main hall (tickets £6.50, £5.50 and £4.50, less £1.50 for concessions) while Cabaret Voltaire play later in the ballroom (tickets £3.50 and £2.50).

On June 15 John Cooper Clarke plays at the Crucible Theatre with Latin Quarter playing an acoustic set (tickets £3.50 and £2).

SUZANNE VEGA finally gets 'Marlene' out of her hair with a brand new single on A&M this week. Called 'Left Of Centre', it features Joe Jackson on piano and comes from the forthcoming film *Pretty In Pink*. The B-side of the 10-inch has a live version of 'Left Of Centre' plus 'Freeze Tag', both recorded at her first British concert at the London School Of Economics last year. There's also a three-track compact disc coming out.

Having completed her second European tour last month, Suzanne is now back in New York working on material for her second album.

QUEEN'S

Freddie and co announce a special Knebworth show; manager Jim Beach and promoter Harvey Goldsmith hold a press conference and slag off the press. Hugh Fielder sticks to the facts...

QUEEN, who've already sold out two Wembley Stadium shows as well as Newcastle St James Park and Manchester Maine Road, will now play another outdoor show at Knebworth Park on August 9. The speed with which

tickets sold - there were half a million postal applications for Wembley and Newcastle sold out in an hour - means that Queen now rival Springsteen and The Stones in pulling power in Britain.

They'll be using a 500,000 watt sound system at Knebworth together with a giant video screen that will need to be balanced by a water reservoir on stage.

So far Status Quo are the only other confirmed name on the bill, but others will be announced shortly.

Tickets are £15 by post from Queen Knebworth RS Tickets, PO Box 4RS, London W1A 4RS. Cheques and postal orders should be payable to 'Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments Ltd' and sent

with an sae. There's a limit of six per application. In addition the tickets will be on sale at box offices and record shops around the country.

One of Queen's Wembley shows is being filmed by Tyne Tees for worldwide television screening. Director Gavin Taylor from *The Tube* will be using 13 cameras including a helicopter crew to film the show, as well as the latest miniature lenses and fibre-optic film technology.

The programme will be shown later in the year and there are also plans for a stereo broadcast.

The 6,000 sq ft stage Queen will be using for their British and European festival shows will be unveiled in the new video for their 'Friends Will Be

Murphy's Lore...



PETER MURPHY releases his first single of the year on June 16 on Beggars Banquet.

'Blue Heart' was written by Peter and Howard Hughes (he of the Western Approaches - pictured above left) and is his second solo single, following last year's 'Final Solution'.

He's off to Italy for concerts and will play British gigs when his album comes out in July.

THE QUEERBOYS, currently touring with The Cherry Bombz, are changing their name after what they call "mounting pressure" which included a student union demonstration during their set at Bradford University earlier in the tour.

They've stuck their tongue firmly in the other cheek and will henceforth be known as The Pretty Girls.

GTR have set their first British gigs for September.

Led by '70s guitar heroes Steve Hackett and Steve Howe, the band follow European and American dates at Edinburgh Playhouse September 9, Newcastle City Hall 10, Manchester Apollo 11, Birmingham Odeon 12, London Hammersmith Odeon 14-15.

ALEX CHILTON, flushed by the success of his rare London show last month, returns for another at Camden Dingwalls on June 2, en route back to Memphis.

He's planning to go into the studio in the autumn and an album is expected early next year. Meanwhile, there's a compact disc coming featuring his 'No Sex' single, the 'Feudalist Tarts' album and much of the 'Lost Decade' retrospective.

GIL SCOTT-HERON will be playing more British dates after his Glastonbury Festival date on June 22.

He'll be warming up for the festival at Manchester International on June 21 - as well as trying to put in an appearance at the Artists Against Apartheid Rally in Sheffield on the same day - and then plays Nottingham Rock City 23, Leeds Polytechnic 24, Newcastle Mayfair 25, London Hammersmith Odeon 26.

He then goes to Europe, returning to play the Hartlepool Festival on July 6 and the WOMAD Festival on the 18th.

His band will include Manchester's own Lyn Oakey on guitar as well as Ghana's own singer/guitar hero Pat Thomas.

On his last British trip Scott-Heron recorded some tracks which should be released shortly.

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SHAW THING



SANDIE SHAW, who's been teetering on the edge of a come-back since she covered The Smiths' 'Hand In Glove' last year, takes another step with a series of gigs next month to promote her 'Are You Ready To Be Heartbroken?' single.

Looking perfectly preserved from the '60s - although modesty now decrees that she keep her feet covered - she'll be appearing at Cambridge Trinity College June 16, Edinburgh Queens Hall 17, Glasgow Zanzibar 18, Newcastle University 20, Liverpool University 21, Manchester Hacienda 23, Warwick University 25, Oxford Jesus College 27, Leicester Polytechnic 28, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club 30.

MORE NEWS ON PAGE 40



THE GODFATHERS have a couple of extra dates on their tour at Croydon Underground May 29, London Marquee June 8.

THEN JERICO, whose singer has been subjected to a series of vicious assaults by a rogue flight case costing him a broken rib, a crushed foot and a bruised knee, play Camden Palace May 29, Soho Wag Club June 4, Soho Marquee June 13.

RED LONDON, the socialist band, return from a French tour to play Hull Adelphi June 19, Sunderland Pilot Cutter 20.

MOONTWIST, hot young jazzers, play a night of "summer madness" at Hackney Club Mankind on June 14 with East London Latin/soul eleven-piece combo Back To Base.

THATCHER ON ACID, who have an EP out on All The Madmen called 'The Moondance', have gigs at Hammersmith Clarendon (with The Astronauts) June 2, Finsbury Park Sir George (with Blyth Power) 3, Fulham Greyhound (with The Scream and The Stupids) 13.

THE WALKING SEEDS, made up of former members of the Mel-O-Tones and Marshmallow Overcoat, promote their four-track EP 'The Walking Seeds Know Too Much' on Probe Plus at Bradford 1 In 12 (with Age Of Chance) June 5, Liverpool System (with Bogshed) 12, Barrow Bluebird 13.

BILLY JENKINS presents his first major live performance with his Voice Of God Collective at Greenwich Trident Hall Theatre June 2.

LEGACY, the North London power trio, step out with their new drummer at Maidstone London Tavern May 31, Gloucester British Flag June 7, Epping Centre Point 11, Gravesend Red Lion 13, Hastings The Carlisle 14.



THE LARKS continue their endless trek with gigs at Wolverhampton Polytechnic June 6, Brighton Sussex University 7, Leicester University 12, London Hammersmith Clarendon 13, Coventry Polytechnic 14, Bath University 23, Durham University 24.



JOY, a band formed by ex-Southern Death Cult members Acky and Buzz, launch themselves and *Buzz* magazine with a gig at London Zoo on June 7. Tickets are £4 from The Cage in Kings Road or by post from 58 Chepstow Villas, London W11 2QX.

JAI GRAY JAY return to the live circuit with a gig at London's Marquee on June 8.

DANGEROUS RHYTHM, five "hot-blooded guitar slingers from Doncaster", play Doncaster Bachuss June 2, Retford Porterhouse 21.

THE LAST PARTY celebrate the release of their first album, 'Porky's Range' at Brixton Old White Horse June 7.

SURFACE, a six-piece Birmingham rock band who've just released an album called 'Race The Night' on Killerwatt, have gigs at Birmingham Portland June 13, Nottingham Mardis Gras 19.

TIMOTHY LONDON ORGASM, a "dance, punk, young, fresh, hard and modern" band, play Kings Cross New Merlin's Cave June 3, Dalston Rio Cuba Club 5, Camden Dingwalls 22.

NO FAVOURS, a Stoke band, travel to Newcastle Redhouse May 30, Liverpool Fire Station June 3.

PAUL BRADY has added an extra date to his British tour at Kentish Town Town And Country Club June 11.

SPACEMEN 3, "an intense, driving rock 'n' roll band" get out to promote their debut album on Glass with gigs at Deptford Crypt May 30, Northampton Black Lion 31, Rugby Blitz Club June 5, Coventry Colin Campbell 17.

BLOOD BROTHERS, a guitar-based London trio, who've already pricked up the ears of Andy Hurt, play Brighton Escape Club June 1, Wokingham Angies 5, Bristol Old Profanity 20, Fulham Greyhound 25, Hereford Market Tavern July 12.

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1 CARMEL
12 THE CRAMPS
12 BLACK SABBATH
12 RUBAN BLADES
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11 PAUL BRADY
12 GENE LOVES JEZEBEL
12 THE CHURCH
13 GARY GLITTER
13 THE LARKS
14 MATT BIANCO
16 MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG
19 DREAM SYNDICATE
June 20 MADNESS
20 21/22 GLASTONBURY CND FESTIVAL
21 TWELVE TRIBES
22 LATIN QUARTER
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24 INKS
26 GIL SCOTT HERON
27 THE ZAPP BAND
28 MARILLION (travel available)
28/29 SUNSLASH
30 SANDIE SHAW
July 1 BLOW MONKEYS
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5 ROD STEWART
6 SIQUE SIQUE SPUTNIK
8 GILBERTO GIL
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WHO MADE WHO



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RECORD NEWS



DEE C LEE has a single called 'Hold On' out on CBS this week which comes from her 'Shrine' album due out in July.

TEN TEN, the American band from Virginia who've been supporting Pete Shelley on his British tour, release their debut album, 'Walk On', on Chrysalis this week.

LEE 'SCRATCH' PERRY finally returns to Trojan for his first album with them for 12 years this week called 'Battle Of Armageddon (Millionaire Liquidator)'.

THE JAZZ BUTCHER links up with Max Eider for a "disco dialectic" which takes the form of a four-track EP on Glass called 'Conspiracy'. Glass are also releasing an EP by Outskirts called 'Down'.

CANEDY, FEINSTEIN, BONDONARO AND CAUDLE, who some of you may recognise as being The Rods, stick to their own names for an album called 'Hollywood' on Zebra (through Cherry Red) this week which is more pop than their usual fare and features vocals from Rick Caudle.

AYRE RAYDE, a young Washington funk outfit featured on the Arena hip hop special, have a single out on Be Bop & Fresh (through Pinnacle) this weekend called 'Sock It To Me'.

NICK TCZEK'S BRITANARCHISTS, "Bradford's first radioactive group", have a four-track 12-inch out on Martyhate (through The Cartel) called 'More To Hate... Than Meets The Eye'.

NITZER EBB release their fourth single on Power Of Voice Communications (through Backs) this week called 'Let Your Body Learn'.

PHILIP GLASS has a new single out on Portrait this week called 'Freezing' featuring lyrics by Suzanne Vega and vocals from Linda Ronstadt. It's from his album due out next week called 'Songs From Liquid Days'.

VIOLA WILLS follows up 'Dare To Dream' revival with a new single on Streetwave this week called 'You Are The Reason Why'.

SKYY, the New York funk band who've already scored R&B hits in the States with 'Call Me' and 'Let's Celebrate', release their first album over here on Capitol this week called 'From The Left Side'.

JUDAS PRIEST put out a single called 'Locked In' on CBS this week and the 12-inch has live versions of 'Desert Plains' and 'Free Wheel Burning' on the B-side.

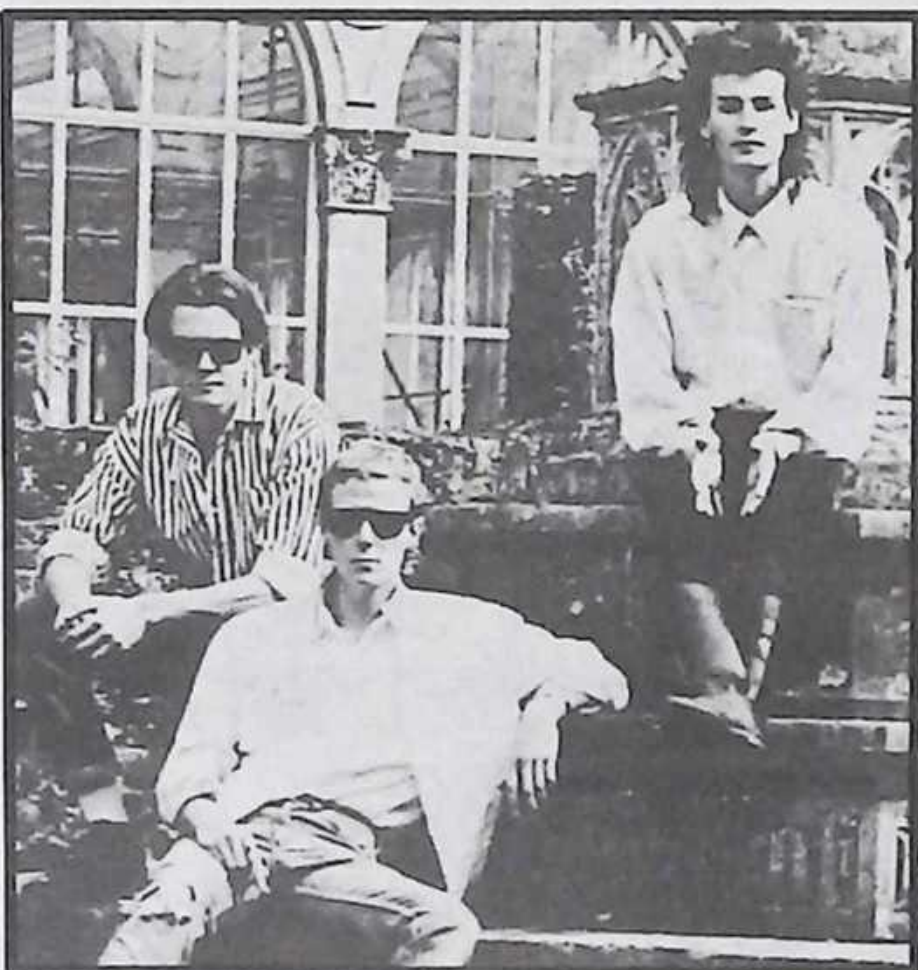
THE WORLD'S FAMOUS SUPREME TEAM, who gave Malcolm McLaren the idea for 'Buffalo Gals', get to release their first album on Charisma this week called 'Rappin'.

RITA WOLF, one of the stars of the highly acclaimed British movie *My Beautiful Laundrette*, has been snapped up by Stiff and puts out a single this week called 'My Beautiful Laundrette'.

DAVE STEWART and Barbara Gaskin renew their vinyl relationship - which hit No 1 with 'It's My Party' - with another single on Stiff this week, a version of Little Eva's 'The Locomotion'.

THE SINISTER CLEANERS from Leeds have a six-track 12-inch single (which will sell for the price of a single, not a mini-album) called 'Lemon Meringue Bedsit' released by Aaz Records (through Red Rhino) this week.

BENNY PROFANE, a new group formed by ex-Room members Dave Jackson and Becky Stringer release their first EP on Subpop (through Windsong and Pinnacle) this week called 'Where Is Pig?'.



LOVE AND ROCKETS release their third single on Beggars Banquet this weekend called 'Kundalini Express'. The B-side even includes a version of Syd Barrett's 'Lucifer Sam'. Their second album will be out in July.

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S34

BACKTRACKS

JAMES BROWN continues his endless revival with yet another compilation on Polydor this week called 'Sex Machine And Other Soul Classics'. Fans of the man should note that it contains two tracks not found on the 'Solid Gold' collection - 'Doing It To Death' and 'Licking Stick - Licking Stick' - as well as different versions of 'I Got You', 'It's A Man's World' and 'Sex Machine'.



THE FLAMIN' GROOVIES have their definitive "manic rockin' out" albums, 'Flamingo' and 'Teenage Head' from 1970-71, raised from the Kama Sutra vaults and compressed into one album called 'Roadhouse' by Edsel. It was these tracks that got the Groovies hailed as the new Rolling Stones, an accolade that if anything seemed to frighten them off.

THIS MONTH's Northern soul collection from Kent is 'Kissin' Her And Crying For You' which is drawn from the Capitol, Liberty and United Artists catalogues and features the title track by The Checkmates Ltd, Billy Prophet's 'What Can I Do', Alexander Patten's 'A Lil' Lovin' Sometimes', Elbie Parker's 'Please Keep Away From Me', The Four Larks' 'I Still Love You (From The Bottom Of My Heart)' and Al De Lory's 'Right On' among the dozen tracks.

For Deep Soul fans Kent have compiled 'Stand-In For Love' from the same sources featuring Irma Thomas, Bobby Womack, The O'Jays, Clydie King, Aaron Neville and The Thrills. And a third collection, 'Cookin' With Kent', returns to the Californian Kent and Modern labels for tracks by Brilliant Korner (no relation), Larry Davis, Jimmy Holliday, The Ikettes and Ike And Tina Turner, plus unissued cuts from Peggy Woods and Clay Hammond.

THE BONZO DOG BAND (the Doo Dah is temporarily missing) have their third album, 'Tadpoles', reissued on Edsel this week, complete with original "cut-out" cover and inner sleeve. The album marked a return to the varied eccentricity of their 'Gorilla' debut and includes their 1968 hit 'I'm The Urban Spaceman' as well as the priceless 'Ali Baba's Camel' and 'Canyons Of Your Mind'.

CAB CALLOWAY has his 1933, 1934 and 1949 sessions with the Cotton Club Orchestra released on RCA's Double Black And White series called 'Cab Calloway & Co'. There's also a few tracks from his big sister Blanche and "honorary" white brother Billy Banks from 1932.

In the same series RCA are also putting out 'The Complete Jelly Roll Morton Volumes 5/6 (1929-1930)', 'The Complete Jelly Roll Morton Volumes 7/8 (1930-1940)', 'The Complete Sidney Bechet Volumes 1/2 (1932-1941)' and 'The Indispensable Coleman Hawkins (1927-1956)'.

SAN FRANCISCO's pre-psychedelic teenage underground label Autumn gets its own album on Edsel this month called 'The Autumn Records Story'. The label's most notable band, The Beau Brummels, already have their own album ('Autumn In San Francisco') so there's just an early version of 'Sad Little Girl' and 'The Jerk' (with The Bobby Freeman Band). But Autumn's first hit, Bobby Freeman's 'C'mon And Swim' is included together with The Great Society with Grace Slick (who took 50 takes to get 'Somebody To Love' right), The Mojo Men, The Knight Riders and a demo of 'No 1' by The Charlatans (with Dino Valenti). Most of the tracks were produced by Sylvester Stewart who also has a couple of tracks of his own before metamorphosing into Sly Stone.

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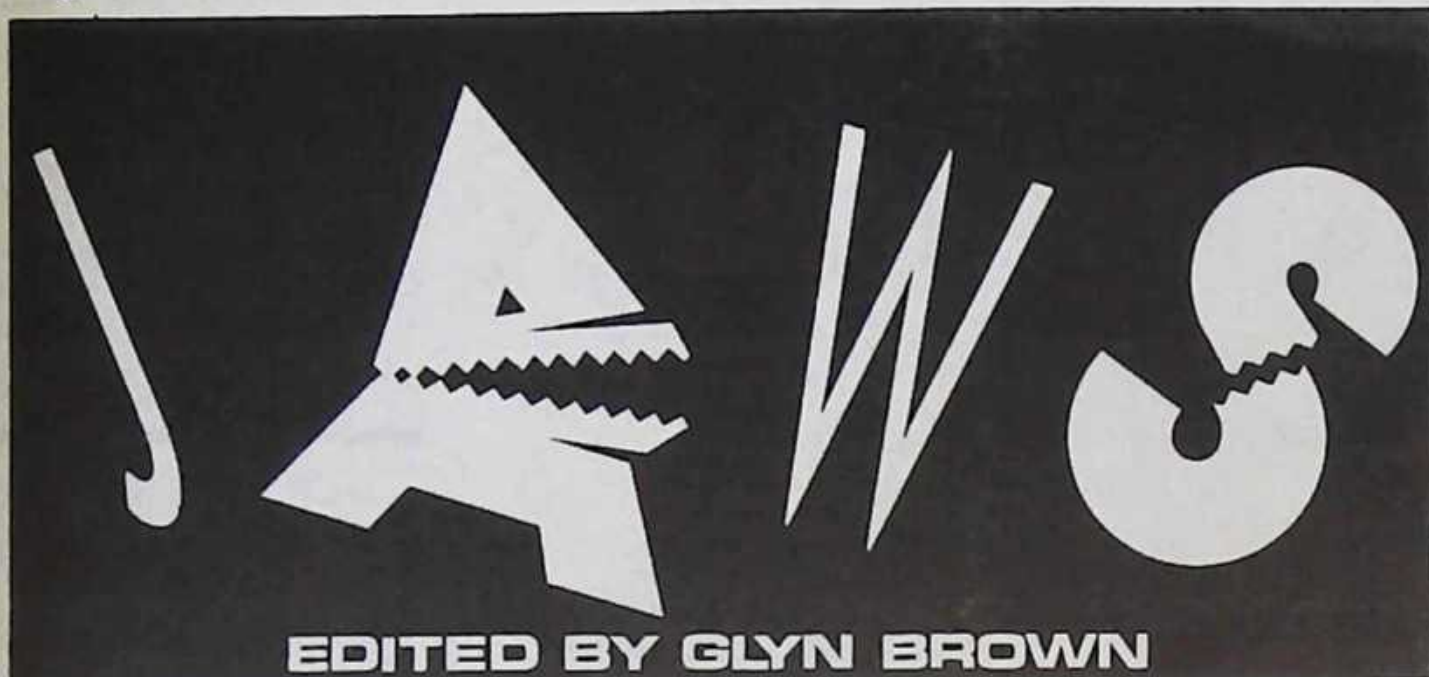
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EDITED BY GLYN BROWN

Lord WAISTREL

LIKE IAN Botham, I really do believe my career is going up in a puff of smoke.

For the second year running I have been cruelly tricked into attending 'Evil' Garry Bushell's Annual '21st Birthday' Bash at that notorious den of thieves and Charlton supporters, the Newbridge Club.

And a real coarse affair it was, too, replete with the Pearly Princesses of Deptford and Lewisham, a large contingent of stripping postmen, and a raucous disco handled by top Mod DJs Bunny and 'Fast' Eddie Pillar (both cunningly disguised as soul boys).

But for a man of my noble disposition, the most distressing element was the sight of several robust specimens of that most repulsive of species: the Oi Oi Herbert.

Everywhere a chap went there were Gonads, Blood and original Business bods, not to mention 'Mad Dog' Frankie Flame (king of all the herbets), Geezer - The Anti-Social Worker, and a cheery Cock Sparrer delegation.

What with Roddy Moreno's burgeoning Oi-The Label and the 1980 style 'ag' that prevented the new Business from playing Coventry last Saturday, I rather fear all that guttersnipe nonsense may be on the up-turn again.

No wonder the *Melody Maker* wimps 'bottled out' of the 'do'. Of invited journalists only a slam-dancing *Kerrang!* crew led by ready-as-hell Barton were mad, I'm sorry, man enough to turn up, backed by the brave *Bizarre* team, although renowned African explorer 'Ringo' Dunn did make a rather speedy exit after sighting the relentless march of his sultry 'ex', Cindy Jackson.

Less commendable were the activities of Dunn's partner in grime, Nick Ferrari, who spent most of the evening examining buxom Bev Elliott's tattoos (none of which are on her arms!).

A moment of sanity was provided by the arrival of Bruce Foxton, flanked by pouting Epic blondes Pat Stead and Joanna Burnt-out, ... but it was soon shattered by potty poet Paul Devine who insisted on reciting his latest Homeric opus, a 40 minute verse devoted to the glory of the Macc Lads.

Elsewhere there were the relaunched Accent, Gary Wood of The Scene posing as Eamon Andrews, Rage star Derwent fresh from Her Majesty's Pleasure, and 'Oi Of Sex' pin-up Johnny, currently rehearsing for a part in *Robin Of Sherwood* (couldn't they have Si Spanner as Friar Tuck? With his shiney bald pate and custom-made gut, he'd be a big saving on make-up).

And what of Sique Sique Sputnik, I hear you ask? Where were those tawdry warriors of the teenage wasteland?

According to Magenta De Vine, the lads were unable to leave their West London office at all that night because a large number of born-again pickets were protesting against the blasphemy of their current poster campaign outside!

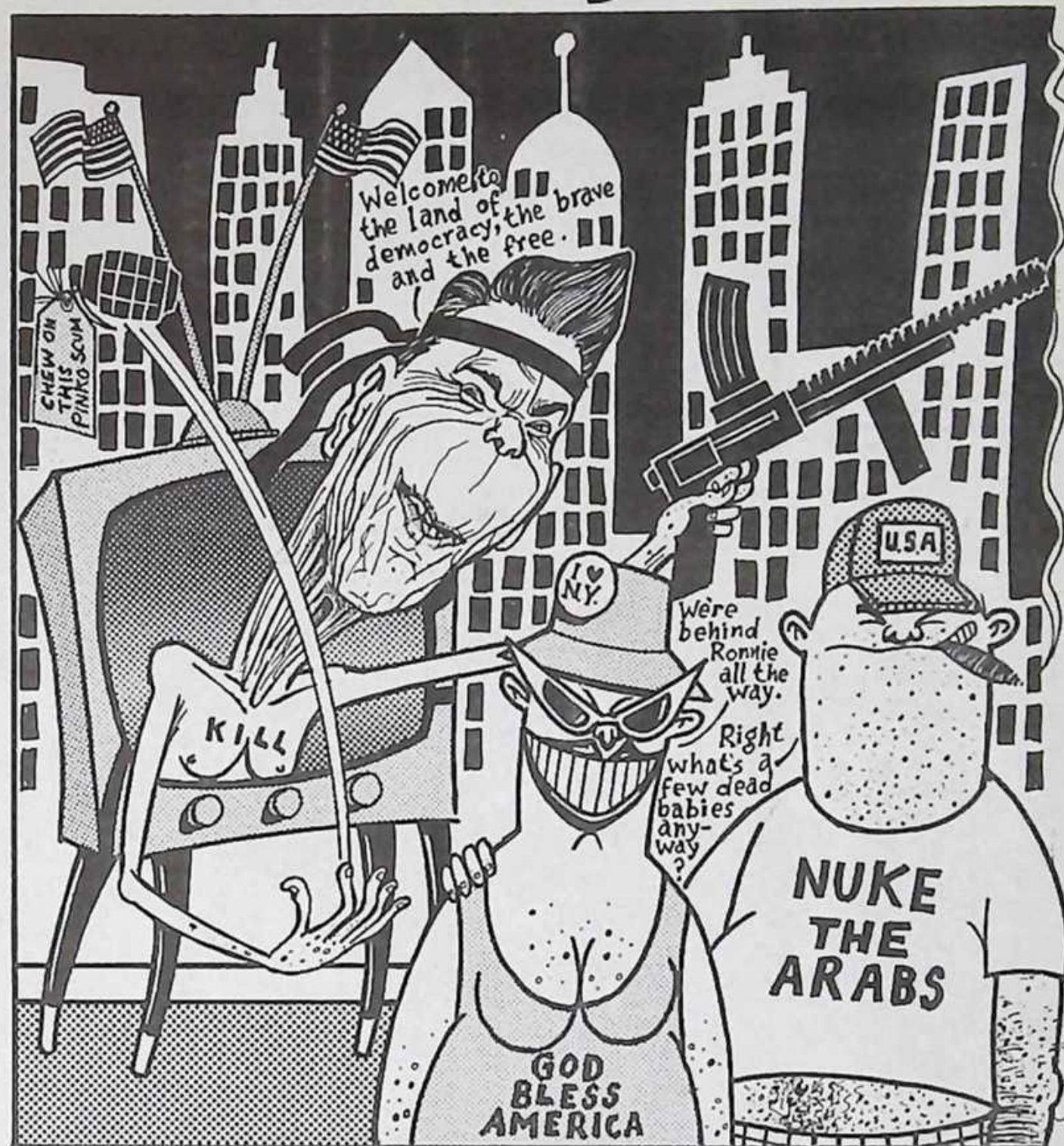
At least there's still some small vestige of decency left in the world!

Toodle pip!

Spot The Mistake



Some barbers do 'ave 'em - The Cult, that is



Just days into America, and Jack Barron's beret's had enough. As steam rises from the Barron ears and condenses over his shades, he scribbles a frantic letters to the *Sounds* Ed. Picture of depravity by Simon Cooper

DEAR TONY ... First a few words from our sponsor. ... "These last few weeks have been hectic what with Libya, Nicaragua and the budget. I don't know about you all but I've been burning the midnight oil."

A couple of minutes ago this peerless platitude silted out of my TV set in New York like an intestinal worm from a bull's gut. Its speaker the only man to make his *Splitting Image* puppet seem like a MENSA candidate, Ronbo Reagan.

What Ron conveniently neglected to mention of course was the number of children and innocents he has fried in the aforementioned countries in the past few weeks since me and Billy Mann hitched a ride on this shit-shuttle to Hell called America.

This little square of it I'm occupying tonight in an

attempt to string together my long promised and overdue dime's worth on the very fine Three Johns Is the Mayflower Hotel, located in downtown Manhattan across from Central Park.

An upmarket, chintzy bordello with pimp prices to match, the Mayflower is much favoured by movie stars, celebrity jerks, rock musicians and moneyed scum-gummers in general. Indeed, that prancing metal-donna David Lee Roth lives here, though so far as I know Ronbo has never been a guest.

And to be honest I can't really blame the Pres. I mean, what sort of an establishment is it that can't provide a simple necessity like a typewriter?

"A whaaaaat?" screamed the receptionist when I asked him for one. "Is that some sort of English food? If it ain't on the

Another Tall Tuneless Tale

SO THERE we were, snorting a snifter in The Victoria and philosophising about life in Albert Square when this snake in the grass comes up and whispers a tall tale in our ears about that man-of-taste-about-town *Lofty* of TV's carbolic soap show *EastEnders*.

Seems that the soon-to-be high-rising pop star *Lofty* (Tom Watt to his mum), brought in some heavyweight help when shooting the video to accompany his soon-come single cover of *Slob Dylan's* 'Subterranean Homesick Blues'. If you look closely when it hits the nation's screens you'll gasp and grunt in agogness and go, "Cor, ain't them extras from *New Order*? And stone me ain't that

Brix Smith from The Fall?

And you know what ... you'd be right. Brix and the New Order outfit were invited by *Lofty* to take part in his vid because the lad is a bit of a fan of the two bands. Indeed, he asked them to back him in a forthcoming appearance on *Wogan* (a retarded children's chatshow), but the Manchester musicians had to turn down the offer since apparently the BBC's hospitality doesn't run to Mescal.

Neither does The Victoria's, funnily enough, which is precisely why though you may watch *EastEnders* week in and week out you'll never see The Fall or New Order drinking in the environs of Albert Square.

SKID WAX



IF YOU look really hard, you'll just spot him

TOP OF THE SLOPS

"They're all pigs!" claims guest



Gallagher, Rodgers and Husband — It's a dirty job, but someone's got to do it...

Ian Tilton

And so it came to be that a comic about pigs rose from the ashes of a foreign publishing empire and struck a blow for the bacon and eggs half of the market. James Brown squeals about *Oink!*

COR, SPLUTTER, guff! In stumble Mark Rodgers (contributor to *Buster*, *Whoopie*, *Topper* and *Whizzer*), Tony Husband (*Private Eye*, *Punch*, and the Cartoon Club's 'Cartoonist of the Year' since 1984), and Patrick Gallagher (*Buster*, *New Statesman*, *Private Eye*), the three witty sexpigs collectively responsible for IPC's latest kiddie comic *Oink!* This is their launch party and whilst this here lean barrel of meat hot trotted it from ham grenade pile to wine shack to professionally incapable, the cream of the country's cartoonists got chummy with the live porkers hired especially for the night.

If you got close enough to

the comic's guest character 'Snatcher Sam' to sneeze on him you'd see that it is in fact one Marc Riley, ex tunesmith of The Fall and currently gobbling it up with his Creepers.

Other *Oink!* contributors with some cretinously dodgy rock connection included Phil Collins' brother, Clive, a slimmed down John Langford of The Three Johns, In Tape supremo Junk Yambatta (not quite sure what his connection with music is), and Sally Timms, vulgar vocalist of onetime brilliant Leeds Country-Western and Astroturf wit sharks The She Hees.

IPC's blgwig in residence, Bob Painter, spent the night

with a "I Have A Huge Penis" sticker attached to his back, placed by tearfully funny ultra violent cak comic *Viz*, while the *Viz*kids and I got down to a completely sexless attempt at dancing to the *Oinklets* 'Oink! Song'. Said flexi (given away free with *Oink!* 2) makes the Buzzcocks sound like Pinky and Perky and is well worth collecting.

Oinkers and readers take note: despite spending the final half hour of this glorious pork marathon propped against what I thought to be a cardboard cake I can assure you it wasn't I who mugged the pretty pink thing, so point your Inky accusational trotters elsewhere.

THE THREAT of a new drugs outbreak in schools multiplied this week with the shock revelations that some 'stars' have been involved in the smoking of banana skins. It seems the practice comes about when the peel is left to dry, then flaked into a Rizla (a cigarette paper), the result being that the smoker gets 'high'.

The return of such a primal instinct has come from all sides. Nouveau art students called The Fruit Set have adopted the banana as their motif while also attempting similar rituals with oranges and kiwi fruit. The government haven't been left out of things, either. Their YTS schemes, which push innocent children into fruit stall work, have been shown to induce a dependability on the fruit.

If that weren't enough, reports are still coming in of several so called entertainers and sports people who have indulged in banana parties (especially in the West Indies). The tell tale signs are the growing of extra facial hair along with a slight yellowing of the eyes.

So be careful, it's hell out there.

WALTER WAXGENSTEIN



Illustration by Dave Henderson

Drop Kicks

WHAT DO I hear rumbling down in the rural areas of this green and pleasant land? It's the sounds of the Lemon Drop Barmy Army (the Mighty ones, dork brain), wreaking havoc in sleepy Bath. The Wolverhampton wanderers were spreading their fruity delights to the good people of the city whilst their fanatical fansters were causing après glg mayhem to occur, principally involving the trashing of an ornamental French canoe, presented to said good citizens.

The Bath boys in blue got it together two days later to contact Lemon Drop mansions demanding that they take full and complete responsibility for the actions of their followers.

It was of course pointed out that the Barmy Army are beholden to no one, least of all the band and that, if they take it into their heads to joyride a rotten old bit of wood, then there is little anyone can do. Another legend is born.

STAXA WAX

STAN RIDGWAY, the man hotly tipped to take over Tom Waits' title as the World's Most Incredibly Gifted, Talented And Perceptive Songwriter, told Our Man in LA just recently exactly what he thinks of MTV.

"I like to describe it as a B F Skinner Behavioural Science project," said Stan over beers in Steve Boardner's celebrated hangout off Hollywood Boulevard.

"It's almost as if you're a rat in a maze with a pellet lever and you're pushing it up and down, y'know? And you used to press it maybe five or six times and get one pellet. Now you keep pushing and you don't get anything. And you know what happens to rats when that happens — they just... ugh, y'know, it's like zom-bieville."

"If I have to see Phil Collins just one more time travelling all over the world, sitting in front of the Eiffel Tower one moment and the Great Wall Of China the next... All we're watching is the hair disappear from his head, y'know what I mean?"

GROUCHO WAX

Foot In Shoe?



"NOW, WHERE did I put those knickers...?"

CARNABY STREET, Sandie Shaw. Sandie Shaw, Carnaby Street. Like hand in glove they came together in the '60s and turned little old London into Swinging, yes, *Swinging* London. They both lost their way at the end of the decade; The Street became a tourist sham and sexy Sandie disappeared into motherhood and oblivion. But now she's back, and here's what she had to say.

ON EARLY RETIREMENT

"Essentially I'm a timeless figure, I felt it was the right thing to do. Why follow the same old routine? Life would be boring and I'd have nothing new to say. I also wanted to experience a family life. Being a pop star didn't make my needs any different from a girl who worked in a bank or factory. Having two marriages kept me away a little longer than most, though."

ON MORRISSEY

"He kept writing to me, was insistent, and I'm grateful for his determination, otherwise I might not have got deeply involved again. With the 'Hand In Glove' single I became enthusiastic about myself. It was a very tentative and difficult move for me. I mean I don't really enjoy being rich and famous so it had to be about more than that. Morrissey was so good to me — saying the right things at the right time. Very supportive."

ON GOING BAREFOOT

"The feet weren't a gimmick. I did it quite naturally. If I decided to sing with a bare bum today it would be because it felt comfortable and relaxing, not as a marketing ploy."

ON MAKING A COMEBACK

"I've been away so long that it's all new to me. I'm not a Svengali, I'm starting from scratch. I didn't know what a 12-inch was."

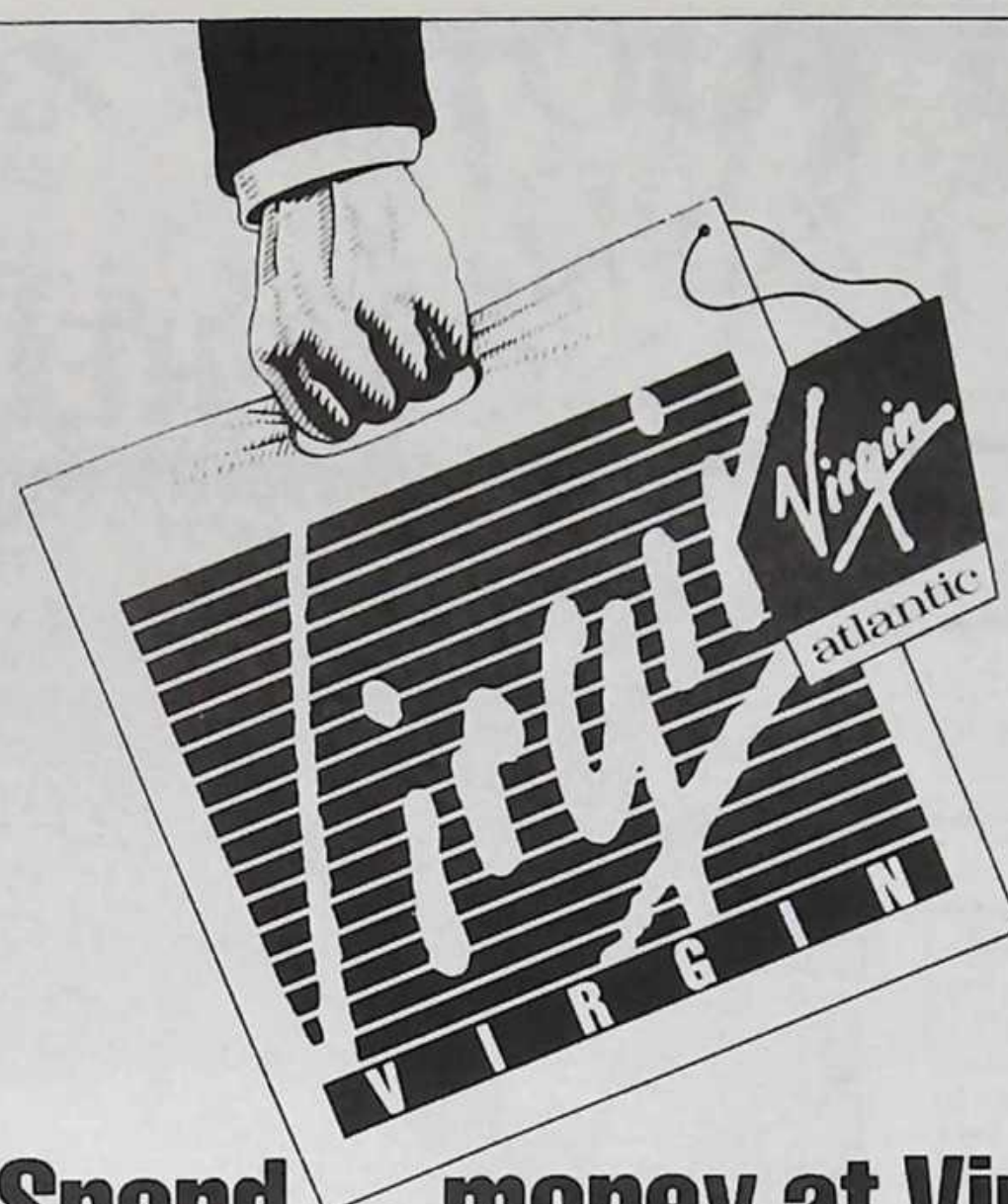
ON THE SINGLE

"It's sparky, immediate, it gels together all the elements of the past and present into a contemporary theme that smacks of promise for the future. In other words, it's a good idea."

RONNIE RANDALL



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Hideously patterned, the Stitched-Back Foot Airman drop out of the sky and say colours. Robin Gibson says, Go! Gavin Watson says, Smile

FOOTLOOSE AND FANCY FREE

WHEN THIS comes careering into your billiard room, boudoir or breakfast bar, as it will, it'll be useful if the name's on your tongue. Stitched-Back Foot Airman. I had to ask my informant three times.

Simon: "The name's ridiculous. You can't remember it even if you try. People normally remember the Stitched bit. It was actually a newspaper headline in Southampton. Well, an airman fell out of his plane, and his parachute didn't open. His foot got severed off when he landed, and... they rushed him to hospital and stitched it back on! As the headline said, Stitched-Back Foot Airman."

"On the mend," adds Mike, heart warmingly.

I knew Stitched-Back Foot Airman were renting a long-term lot somewhere in my cerebellum when I heard that name. I got even more certain during their show, dazzled by a trio of hideously-patterned jackets of sarcastic colour. Quentin Crisp was left panting at the portals that night.

Stitched can be sampled on their new nine-track 12-inch, 'Seven Egg Timing Greats' on the Very Mouth label. It stretches from sharp, guitaring, English pop - to instrumental pitstops to manic low-fi discharges that



AIRMAN: chocks away!

have people disrobing and yelling "Just like Pere Ubu!" (completely mistakenly) from the bathroom.

M: "Dayglo orange!" Why say that? Well, why not? Though Stitched swap instruments as much as they

cavort with ideas, they're too good to be simply mad/wacky. They're more in tune with William Burroughs in a toyshop than Jerry Lewis in an accountant's office.

S: "Well, my inspirational material is around. It's society, rotting, as far as I can see it, decomposing, on its downspiral. And it's things like architecture."

At least two-thirds of Stitched are very good singers, by the way.

S: "I don't know. I often wonder why we're doing gigs. Standing up there, potentially being a real prat. I mean, why stand in this hall full of people with overcoats?"

Mike sticks his tongue out. Isn't it fun?

R: "It is fun, but you've gotta think about the wider... implications. It's really important to be sound."

"Why/am I this way?/ WHY/am I THIS way??" - 'Why (Am I This Way)?'

R: "How many people ask that question, I wonder? They ought to be f***** asking that question!"

Stitched tend to record their moods, though they're not moody guys. But they are excitable.

S: "Standing on top of a mountain in Scotland, I saw a deer as I was getting near the summit. That was brilliant, with antlers."

The Stitched-Back Foot Airman, I swear, is even now sprinting along, searching for incongruous shapes that fit together perfectly. Being a lot more refreshing than Lucozade the Stitched-Back Foot Airman sticks out a mile. Brilliant, with antlers.

GREAT ROCK WRITERS

GARRY BUSHELL

GARRY BUSHELL, more than any other single rock writer, was responsible for bringing the common touch to music journalism at a time when punk was in danger of becoming the sole preserve of middle class pundits.

His jolly South East London vowels and his penchant for the finer things in life - like lager top, steak and chips with the sauce scraped off and Page Three pin-ups - soon earned him the title of Everyone's Favourite Professional Cockney.

He brought flair and imagination to the pages of *Sounds*, and a host of colourful characters into the *Sounds* office. Who can ever forget Frankie Flame, Hoxton Tom or the Cockney Rejects? Practically everybody, at a guess. And just because half the people he wrote about never actually existed, was that any reason to criticise him for championing vital causes like Oi?

Thanks to Garry, Covent Garden became a haven for those refugees from the doldrums of the dole queue whose musical talents had given them an escape route - panel beaters, bricklayers and people with GBH convictions (who, we were constantly assured, "didn't mean nuffin' by it").

Throughout his career as *Sounds*' Features Editor, Garry showed impeccable judgement, bringing the paper a whole host of exclusive cover stories on bands which subsequently became household names. Under the auspices of editor Geoff Kerrang! Barton, he metamorphosed into our premier heavy metal writer, teaming up with the world's most unpleasant photographer, Gross Halfwit - a man who could photograph a band anywhere as long as it was in a toilet - to track the likes of UFO and Gary Moore around the globe, preferably by Concorde.

When Eric Fuller became editor of *Sounds*, Garry decided it was time to try his hand as a freelance, and it wasn't long before his taste for after-hours drinking and slim panatellas led him through the great portals of Fleet Street to the *Daily Mirror*. But it was obvious that a man with his talents wasn't going to be satisfied feeding unbylined, downpage gossip items to the Pop Club, and his tenacity was duly rewarded with a staff job on *The Sun*, whose socialist ideals and firm anti-Thatcherist stance had always been close to his heart.

Here at last, Garry was given the creative freedom he had long sought. His recording career, which had begun as a minor means of harmless self-promotion on *Sounds*, reached new heights when, with other *Sun* scribes, he cut that memorable salute to racial tolerance, 'Hop Off You Frogs'.

There are people who, looking back on his career, might be tempted to describe Garry Bushell as an opportunist. But most of us, remembering the way he regaled us with tales of boozin' and floozin', and the way he took the rise when someone suggested that an unknown band called Frankie Goes To Hollywood might be worth a feature in *Sounds*, can only regard him with the deepest affection.

C LING WAX

Fame



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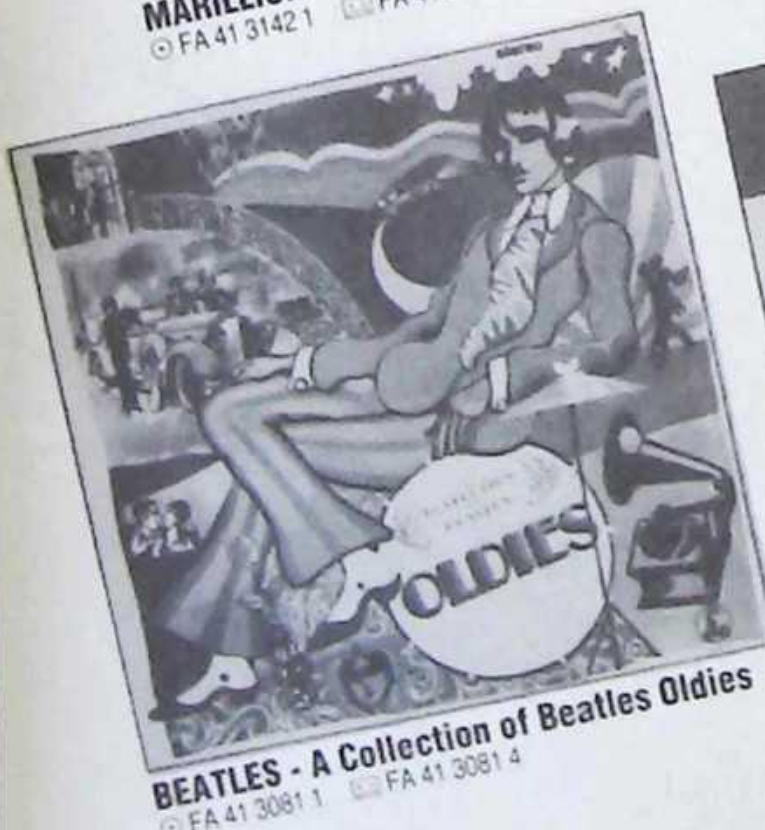
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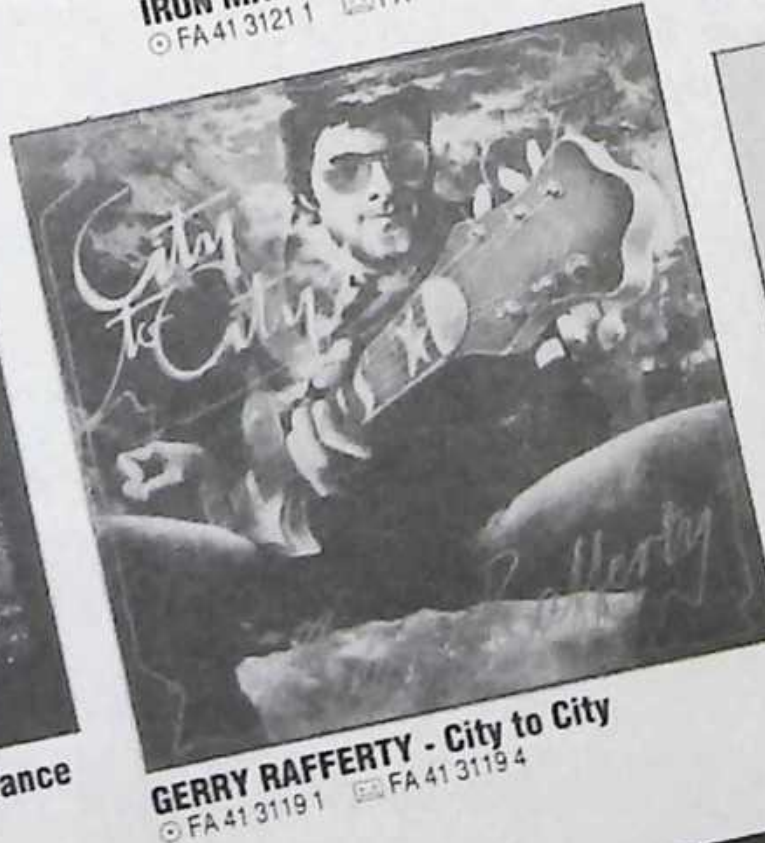
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BLACK CATALOGUE

THE DAMNED: THE FINAL CHAPTER

AFTER THAT mammoth wade through *The Damned's* single releases we turn our attention to the albums, cassettes and other bits 'n' bobs. Thanks to the handful of guys listed previously and I must add to that list **Neil Cornwell** of Cambridge.

To keep things as straightforward as possible, we'll list *The Damned's* official albums (and reissues, etc) first, and leave compilation LPs and cassettes on which the band appear until the end.

Stiff SEEZ 1 'Damned Damned Damned' (Feb 1977)

The first pressing of 5,000 copies mistakenly (or maybe even on purpose) used a picture of **Eddie & The Hot Rods** on the back of the sleeve, a fact which has pushed the price of this version among Damned collectors up beyond £20. A later pressing was shrink-wrapped in plastic with 'Damned' in bright red written across it.

Stiff SEEZ 5 'Music For Pleasure' (Nov 1977)

Chiswick CWK 3011 'Machine Gun Etiquette' (Nov 1979)

Also on cassette as **Chiswick TC-CWK 3011**.

Chiswick CWK 3015 'The Black Album' (Nov 1980)

A double album; three studio sides and one live. Also on cassette as **Chiswick TC2-CWK 3015**. **Alasdair MacDonald** notes that 'Drinking About Ny Baby' and 'Love Songs' are both mis-spelled on the cassette inlay card.

Big Beat DAM 1 'The Best Of The Damned' (Nov 1981)

Compilation of Chiswick tracks. Limited pressings of this were on blue and on red vinyl. Also on cassette as **Big Beat DAMC 1**, the cassette inlay featuring a Damned biography by one-time *Sounds* writer **Giovanni Daddo**, which the LP version doesn't carry.

Big Beat DAM 2 'Machine Gun Etiquette' (reissue) (Feb 1982)

Slight sleeve variations from the original. There were limited pressings in blue and in clear vinyl. Also on cassette as **Big Beat DAMC 2**.

Big Beat DAM 3 'The Black Album' (reissue) (Sept 1982)

This was very different from the original, being just the first disc of the original double set, and so omitting 'Curtain Call' and the live side. The sleeve was also totally changed, now being all-black with 'The Damned' imprinted on it, in clear parody of the design of *The Beatles'* 'The White Album'. The first pressing of 12,000 included a psychedelic poster with lyrics. Also on cassette as **Big Beat DAMC 3**.

Bronze BRON 542 'Strawberries' (Oct 1982)

This had personalised Bronze labels featuring pictures of pigs! Also on cassette as **BRONC 542**. Some early LP copies came with a strawberry-smelling lyric sheet.

Big Beat NED 1 'Live Shepperton 1980' (Nov 1982)

This reissued the live side from 'The Black Album' (slightly switched around), plus the additional tracks 'Melody Lee', 'Help', 'Neat Neat Neat' and 'Looking At You'. The 'Dimmed Doomed Damned' intro is edited down. Also on cassette as **Big Beat NEDC 1**.

Stiff MAIL 2 'Damned Damned Damned'/'Music For Pleasure' (Feb 1983)

Gatefold double-pack reissue of the first two albums, available through Stiff mail order only. The inside of the gatefold sleeve featured new pics.

Damned DAMU 2 'Live In Newcastle' (Sept 1983)

Described as 'one for the fans', this was a very limited edition consisting of 5,000 normal vinyl and 5,000 picture disc pressings (**PDAMU 2**). It featured material recorded live at Newcastle Mayfair on October 14, 1982.

MCA MCF 3275 'Phantasmagoria' (July 1985)

This was originally to have been titled 'Is It A Dream'. There was also a limited white vinyl pressing (**MCFW 3275**), and a picture disc (**MCFP 3275**). Also on cassette as **MCFC 3275**, and - a first for The Damned - on compact disc as **MCFD 3275**. The compact disc differs from the others by including the 'Bad Trip Mix' of 'Grimly Fiendish', and the 'Ten Inches Of Hell' mix of 'The Shadow Of Love'.

Big Beat/Ace WIKM 27 'Live Shepperton 1980' (1985)

A reissue of **NED 1**, unchanged except for the new series catalogue number. Also on cassette as **Big Beat/**

Ace WIKMC 27.

Dojo LP 21 'Damned But Not Forgotten' (Jan 1986)

Material from the 1982 Bronze sessions, including some previously unissued takes. Also on cassette as **Dojo DOJOC 21**.

Stiff MAIL 2 'Damned Damned Damned'/'Music For Pleasure' (Feb 1986)

A coloured-vinyl reissue of the 1983 gatefold-sleeved double-pack.

Legacy LLM 3000 'Strawberries' (Mar 1986)

Reissue of the Bronze album, on red vinyl but otherwise unchanged. Also on cassette as **Legacy LLMK 3000**.



THE DAMNED: rose hips

The Damned also contributed a track, 'Dead Beat Dance', to the soundtrack of the horror movie *Return Of The Living Dead* on **Big Beat (WIK 38)**.

'The Moonlight Tapes' on **Danceville DANCE 1**, released in July 1980, was mentioned before. This has '(Looking For Another) Teenage Dream' by The Damned operating under the pseudonym of **The School Bullies**.

Another recent Dojo album, 'Vinyl Solution' (LP 17), features **Captain Sensible & The Softies** 'Jet Boy Jet Girl'.

One of the classic early punk compilations, 'New Wave' (**Vertigo 6300 902**) featured The Damned's first-ever single from Stiff, 'New Rose'; while at around the same time (late 1977), Stiff's own 'Hits Greatest Stiffs' compilation (**FIST 1**) has the flipside, 'Help'. One track from the Bronze material, 'Ignite',

is also to be found in compilation company on Anagram's 'UK/DK - The Original Soundtrack', released in August 1983 on **GRAMM 006**.

And now a couple of backward glances at the singles listings. I omitted to list Stiff's recent (last November) 12-inch five-track EP by The Damned, which was their second 12-inch-only single release:

Stiff BUYIT 238 'New Rose'/'Neat Neat Neat'/'Help'/'Stretcher Case'/'Sick Of Being Sick' (pic sleeve)

It is probably also worth mentioning that the first two Damned Stiff singles were included in that label's boxed set of its first ten releases, and 'Problem Child' similarly appeared in the second box set which covered **BUY 11-20**. Moreover, in 1982 Stiff also released a four-single pack comprising of all four of its Damned singles in a clear plastic wallet.

There is also a pair of Damned interview records which were put out as a double picture disc 7-inch set at the end of last year. The first disc (**TALK 1**) has interviews with **Rat** and **Bryn** from mid-June 1985, and the other (**TALK 2**) features **Dave** and **Roman**.

Finally, most if not all of The Damned were involved in the mysterious group **Naz Nomad And The Nightmares**, who had a single reviving the **Electric Prunes** 'I Had Too Much To Dream Last Night' (c/w 'Cold Turkey'), on **Big Beat NS 93** in 1984. 'Dream' was also included on the **Big Beat** compilation album 'Twenty Great Hits Of The Sixties', and there are more tracks by Naz & Co on 'Music From Give Daddy The Knife, Cindy', also on **Big Beat**. In a similar vein, though much more obscure, the single 'Millionaire'/'My Friend And I' by **Magic Michael** (atomic **MAGIC 1**), released in July 1980, also featured **Rat Scabies**, **Algy Ward** and **Captain Sensible** as the backing band.

The Damned have a UK fan club: The Flashman Society, PO Box 19, Brentford, Middx TW8 0TW. Remember to include an SAE if you decide to write.

Just room to add that David Martin offers a Damned fanzine titled *Sugar And Spite*, which is ultra-reasonable at only 35p plus an A4-sized SAE, and is available from him at: Bunkerhill, Abbotsford Road, North Berwick, E Lothian, Scotland EH39 5DB. It has a lengthy article on the band's rare singles plus a guide to their current prices.

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BUTTHOLE CIRCUS

"HEY, D'YA know where I can get some Propyl Alcohol, you know, rubbing alcohol, or stuff to clean tape heads?"

Butthole Surfer Gibby Haines looks suspicious. He looks like a freaky basketball player, a dishevelled, tatty mop-head with more problems than usual. The Buttholes are in town for ten minutes and they're *not* happy.

"I think someone's seriously trying to f*** us over, you know. We played in New York last week and the guy just cancelled our second show. We lost money and didn't have time to replace the concert so we ended up getting a bit noisy."

"Then he turned round to us and said he had friends, and we'd never play New York again, and as we were walking out he said we'd never play *anywhere* again. Asshole!"

go and see if we can get some Propyl Alcohol?"

GIBBY LEAVES the other Surfers to suffer the relentless row of the PA soundcheck and ambles out into the wild, blue, Hammersmith streets. He grabs a girl's hair. She screams. He talks... "Jello Biafra," (from Alternative Tentacles and The Dead Kennedys), "stood right in front of me and said that 'Pussy Horse' never existed and we had the tapes right there in our hands."

Oh. Well, he can't deny it now, can he? It seems the story of label switching isn't easy to translate but, anyway, even if you've carefully studied the blistering outbursts on their first two albums you could never be prepared for the new one.

We're walking into Boots. It's not beside the witch hazel, but this is a big branch with a pharmaceutical department and lots of ominous brown bottles.

Gibby: "Have you got any Propyl Alcohol?"

Lady in Boots: "I think so."

She looks along the shelf and finds a giant size bottle that's almost full.

Lady in Boots: "Yes, how much do

"We love playing live . . . but it's like someone's got this real bad urge to stop us doing what we want. In England no one seems to want to get into it . . ."

And already the curse is with them. Of two UK shows at the start of a short European trek, the only one to happen is tonight's Clarendon affair. Work visas didn't come through so they'll have to be out of the country by lunchtime tomorrow.

"Assholes!"

And the hired gear for tonight isn't quite what the Buttholes wanted either. Used drum skins, no smoke machine, no generator.

"Jerks!"

And what about the Propyl Alcohol?

"Eeeeh!"

Well, you can't have everything... where would you put it? Still, The Butthole Surfers do have a pretty damn weird new album out this week and it's already turning a few stomachs.

"It's our best yet. We're really proud of it."

And it's very different from the group's live sound, too. Was that a conscious move to broaden your horizons?

"Well, we can do different things in the studio, live we're more interested in violence and things like that. I think our earlier stuff on record was more live-sounding, but this new one is totally different."

Now that's an understatement. 'Rembrandt Pussy Horse' is wilder than reality, leaving the group's former glories — their self-titled debut on Alternative Tentacles and the classic 'Another Man's Sac' on Fundamental — way behind. And 'Pussy Horse' is on Red Rhino, too. Are the Buttholes just too hot to hold, then? Can't one label handle these malacos?

"Well, it's a long story. Should we

you want?"

Gibby: "That'll do. Way to go!"

Lady in Boots: "What do you want it for?"

Gibby: "Er, oh, cleaning tape heads, you know, in a studio."

I think he's going to drink it. The lady selects a smaller bottle and offers it over the counter.

Lady in Boots: "That will be £3.87."

Gibby: "Thanks."

THE GRINDING torture and melodic punch of 'Rembrandt Pussy Horse' reminds me of putting my head in a cement mixer. I tell Gibby this. He looks confused, and asks how zebra crossings work.

"There are a lot of things going on in there. Like on one track we taped over some old country recordings because we were short of cash and didn't have a tape. When we came to mix it we opened up the channel we hadn't used and there was a violin, you know, a country fiddle and it was backwards. It fitted so well with my voice that we decided to just keep it."

Luck? Divine inspiration? The Buttholes are gifted SOB's, but saying that's merely an easy option on what is a tremendously complicated piece of plastic. But wait a minute, hasn't this album been coming out for quite some time? What caused the delay?

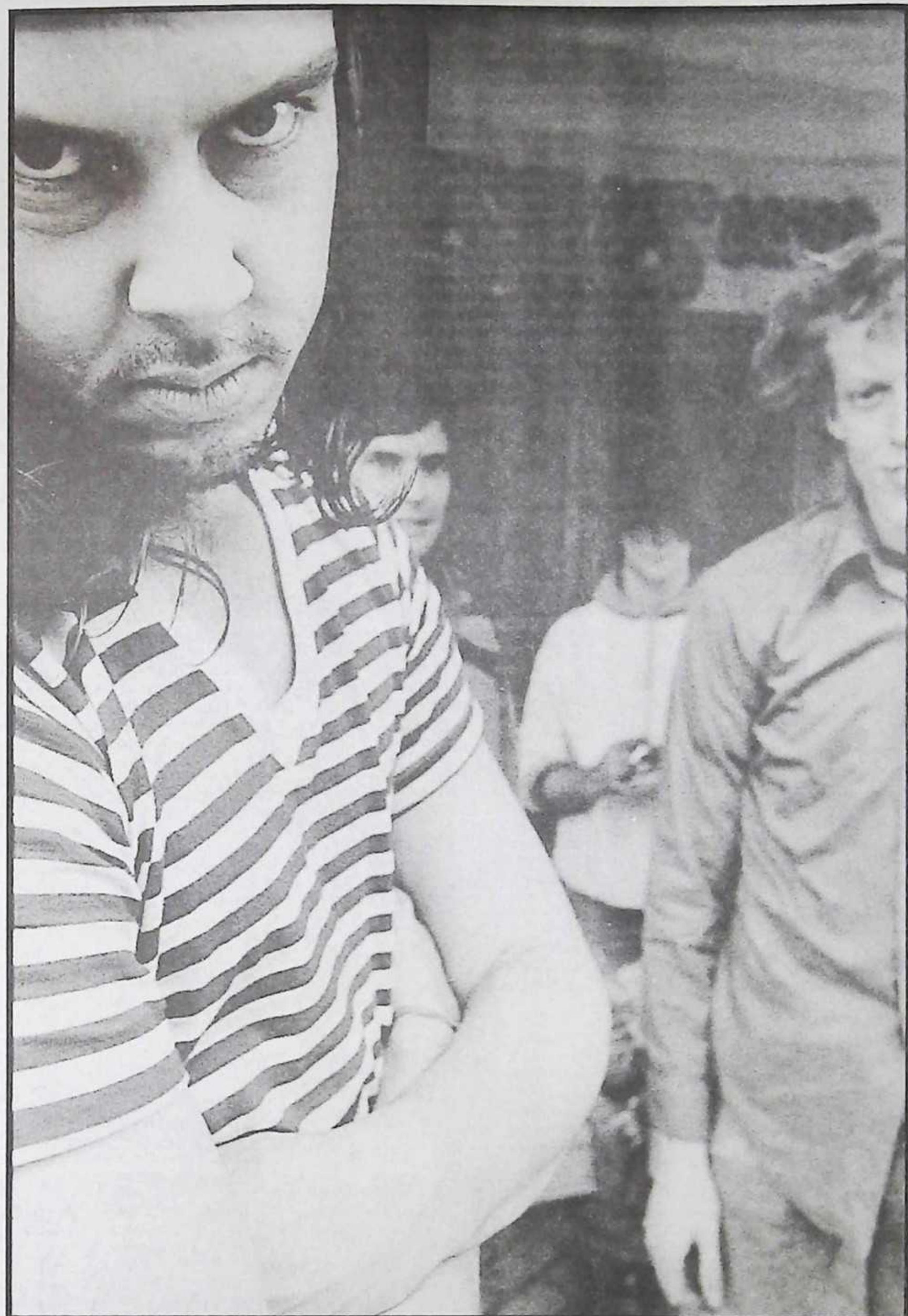
"Has it? Oh yeah, well in the middle we released some of the tracks on an EP."

Was that the 'Cream Corn From The Socket Of Davis' EP which arrived, just to confuse matters further, on Touch And Go (yet another label)?

"No... Yes!"

The plot, er...

"There were a couple of tracks



THE BUTTHOLES: 100 per cent proof

that were intended for 'Rembrandt' there and we decided to put them out earlier, which meant we had to get some new tracks to replace them. It's a great album, though, isn't it?"

Yes. But, what's really behind it all is The Butthole Surfers just enjoying themselves doing cut ups with records, stealing bits from other people's songs, doodling on keyboards and generally raising a camouflaged megaphone in the general direction of the American way of life.

"No, not really. We really enjoyed making the album and we wanted to try lots of different ideas, you know... like tape conversation and all that kind of..."

"You know, Propyl Alcohol is a flammable agent. It's difficult to get

hold of, some places."

Er, no I didn't know (I suppose I should have guessed). What are you gonna do, blow torches or perform fire eating?

"You'll have to wait till showtime."

BACK AT the ranch there are two more similarly tall Buttholes in the shape of King (the group's drummer) and Paul (their guitarist). Almost pint sized in comparison is the scraggy haired Jeff (on bass). His jeans are in shreds, he looks wasted. In fact they all do.

Last time around, the talk was about acid and the onus was on energy. The Buttholes look drained but there's more than a inkling of the quartet rising to their usual gimmick of physically injuring themselves this

evening.

"Hey, we love playing live... but it's like someone's got this real bad urge to stop us doing what we want. In England, no one seems to want to get into it but in Europe they're much more enthusiastic. It's easier to play there, too."

Gibby's got things on his mind and his Propyl Alcohol in his pocket. At the show he douses his hand in the chemical and sets light to it. He crashes down on the cymbal and flames rise into the air. The woman from Boots didn't show up.

In a flash it's over. The Butthole Surfers' relentless storming tactics thrust the crowd into raptures and they're out of the country by lunchtime the next day.

I don't think having a barbecue will ever be the same again.

The BUTTHOLE SURFERS came to town and tried to set the place on fire. DAVE HENDERSON followed them and nearly got his fingers burnt. STEVE DOUBLE gets the charcoal etching

FILM-TV-VIDEO-BOOKS

SCANNERS

EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL

CLAN OF THE CAVE BEAR

(Rank)
FILMS ABOUT weirdos with long hair and furry underpants do not usually inspire much confidence, but *Clan Of The Cave Bear* is an exception.

Following in the tradition of *Quest For Fire*, an equally elaborate attempt to depict serious cave-persons going about their business, it tries and up to a point succeeds in taking us back to the gloomy mists of pre-history.

The sun-bleached, long-limbed Daryl Hannah, late of *Splash*, plays Ayla, the Cro-Magnon woman who is brought up by a wandering tribe of Neanderthals. As she grows older, much to her embarrassment, she discovers that she is much more intelligent than her darker haired brethren.

Not only can she mix a mean potion, but she can sling a pebble better than any man, in particular the leader of the pack who goes by the name of Creb, which as it happens, was the name we gave our headmaster at junior school.

I'm digressing. *Clan Of The Cave Bear* is a thinly disguised feminist allegory, as Ayla is forced to come to terms with the chauvinist tendencies of Neanderthal, ie modern man, who is threatened by her superior intelligence and defiant independence.

The story is based on a series of best selling novels by American author Jean M Auel, who is currently writing part three of an intended six part series, which hopefully may find their way to being the sequel to this excellent film.

COLIN BOOTH

STREETWALKING

(ICA)
TEENAGE INNOCENT Melissa Leo arrives in New York with a suitcase and a young brother. Abused by her step-father, she flees the family home, hits the big city and goes straight from the frying pan into the fire, as macho pimp Dale Midkiff takes her under his wing cooing love and affection.

Before she knows it, she's working the streets and discovering that Dale is not quite the man she thought he was.

Streetwalking is a Roger Corman-produced exploitation thriller, co-written and directed by feminist film maker, Joan Freeman. The feminist angle is only made clear later on in the story and, until that happens, there is much flesh and naughty knickers on show.

But the moral is of women fighting back, sticking together and being strong in order that macho creeps such as Duke (a poke in the eye for the John "Duke" Wayne screen persona?) get what's coming to them.

The cast perform well enough, but none of the characters are fully drawn so you don't really get involved in what's happening to them. Like other women directors who have worked for Corman, such as Penelope Spheeris with *Suburbia*, and Amy Jones with *Slumber Party Massacre* (which the ICA are showing in a double bill with *Streetwalking*) Freeman should go on to better things.

Meanwhile, for a slice of low-life sleaze with a difference, *Streetwalking* is an impressive debut.

COLIN BOOTH

TO LIVE AND DIE IN LA

(MGM/UA)

IN A word, macho. If someone crosses you, you blow their brains out after pronouncing the phrase "fokken ess holl" several times.

If someone crosses you and has the gall to leg it, you chase them, smash up a few cars, go "Wooh! We did it buddy! We did it!", and then blow their brains out etc, etc.

It's a man's man's moron's world, the lead female character makes Sondra Locke seem like Emily Pankhurst, free will is turfed into submission, and . . . er . . . yeah, it's fab. Good bit of escapism, right?

William Friedkin's previous direction credits include *The French Connection* and *The Exorcist* and this cliché-saturated undercover cop thriller will probably draw a similar degree of mealy overrating. It does vaguely attempt to call the roles of its protagonists into question but not before it's stamped its stereotyping into every shown attitude.

The thread is the hunt for an arch counterfeiter. Tough Cop 'A' persuades Tough Cop 'B' to join him in breaking all the rules in an increasingly obsessive effort to "have" the leering baddie. They f*** up. "Hey! We f***ed up!" they exclaim. (This is the gist of it.)

Along the way a near-naked filly or seven wails "What's got into you?" just to demonstrate the sensitivity and simpatico of our learned director. The conclusion? Manslaughter, some neat displays of the human torch technique, and no lucid comments on life, death, or LA. It trades on violence and base anger disguised as urban graphics.

When your soundtrack is by Wang Chung, Mr Friedkin, you can't expect too much cred in the line of cinema verité. *Flashdance* for magnum-toting psychos. What a filling.

CHRIS ROBERTS

PHIL COLLINS

No Ticket Required

(WEA Music Video)

NINETY MINUTES of Phil live in Dallas a year ago. It's as simple as that. Nothing else gets in the way – the camera work and editing are all aimed at giving you the clearest possible view of the show.

There are no special effects because none are necessary. The show is even more polished than his British performances at the beginning of 1985 but the band's kick is undiminished.

You can think what you like about Phil's music but he's not conning anyone with it. Not even himself.

HUGH FIELDER

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Rock Baby, Rock It

(Magnum Music Group)

A STRONG contender for The Most Truly Awful Rock Film Ever Made.

This 1957 movie was a vehicle for Johnny Carroll (you must remember Johnny) which disappeared almost immediately after its release.

It's not hard to see why. The unbelievably leaden acting, which is even more transparent than the plot, gives the film an unrivalled kitsch value.

Johnny Carroll doesn't come out of it too well while white trash band Cell Block Seven are hysterical. But buried in this pile of piddle is a glimpse of the real thing – cameo roles from

Dallas-based R&B bands Preacher Smith And The Deacons, The Five Stars and two numbers by Rosco Gordon.

HUGH FIELDER

THE STYLE COUNCIL

Showbiz – The Style Council, Live!

(PolyGram Video)

PRISTINE CLEAN, positively squeakily so in fact, Paul Weller is not the sort of 'chap' to spill

his cappuccino all over his best pink Lacoste polo shirt or his flash Armani pegs.

And ever since he jacked The Jam in, his style counselling has descended into little more than an endless repetition of the old lie that cleanliness is at least three steps beyond mere godliness.

His South of France nightclub airs and his Milanese graces rub his would-be chic sophistication up until it gleams like a fake Cartier watch. When

Weller plays soul he makes it swish with remorselessly seamless precision. It should sweat!

Paul Weller means so very much less than he might. Of course I concede his right to function within whatever spheres he wishes to adopt. And I accept that he still has a plethora of things to say, things which should be heard. But I regret that he has chosen so very blatantly to pursue 'style' rather than 'power' and to prize form above content.

For pride in oneself comes from within; and anyway Weller's sense of style is of a particularly dubious nature and belongs, at best, to an area of two or three square miles down in the South West London postcodes. In short, you don't have to take this epicurean crap.

ROGER HOLLAND

JOHN MARTYN

Live From London

(PolyGram Video)

AS ANY John Martyn fan will tell you, no two concerts of his are ever the same. This 1984 show from the Camden Palace just happened to be in front of the cameras.

It takes a while to warm up – a common Martyn syndrome – but 'Big Muff' finally gives him and the band the shot they need and 'John Wayne', 'One World' and 'Sapphire' should get John Martyn fans rustling their Rizlas in appreciation.

HUGH FIELDER

PRUNE JUICE

THE VIRGIN PRUNES

Sons Find Devils

(Ikon)

SEPARATING ART from fantasy and illusion from music is not easy. The Virgin Prunes go out of their way to make it even more difficult.

As a live spectacle, their approach was something different from your standard rocky quartet. Their excesses rattled on the door of performance art and shook the chains of a rock medium that has been sadly misused over the years.

In *Sons Find Devils* you have a stream of consciousness matted together with mud, rouge and doggedly applied mascara. The image is caked on hard, the trick is in the interpretation.

With snippets of backstage chat, the Prunes reveal their delight in obscuring their thoughts. They came to suggest, to create a few ideas and, without doubt, they did.

With intelligent use of basic video techniques on live footage, *Sons* succeeds as an intriguing pastiche of life. Considering that the most recent footage stems from as far back as '83 it's still remarkably fresh looking, too.

The Virgin Prunes were far more important than the untrained eye could have imagined. It's time to recap and recount.

DAVE HENDERSON

A HITCH IN TIME



HAUER GREETES Howell with a friendly strangling

THE HITCHER

(Columbia-EMI-Warner)

LET IT be said here and now that *The Hitcher* is a minor modern miracle. Taut, neat, droll and quirky, it's a thriller that would go straight to Numero Uno in the Box Office charts if there were any justice in this world. Instead, it will probably end up in the section labelled "cult thriller" or "late-night special".

Still, you have been advised. *The Hitcher* is a 'must go and see as soon as possible in order to tell your friends' kind of film. C Thomas Howell – last seen reciting poetry in Coppola's *The Outsider* and zapping Commies in *Red Dawn* – plays the naive young driver who gives a lift to Rutger Hauer's roadside drifter

stranded in the pouring rain. He feels sorry for him, but pretty soon he is feeling sorry for himself, as Hauer whips out his blade and threatens to reveal to the audience what our young hero is made of in full glorious technicolour.

Somehow or other, Howell gets him out of the car, but this is only the beginning of his nightmare drive to nowhere, as Hauer returns time and time again to wreak havoc on passing motorists, police, petrol station attendants and anyone else he can get his hands on, while Howell gets the blame.

It all becomes like one of those dreams where you kill someone but they keep on coming at you.

See it, and awake!

COLIN BOOTH



WILLIAM PETERSON (Tough Cop 'A'): one big drag

DIE HARDS

JOHN COUGAR

Ain't That America

(Embassy)

IT'S PERHAPS significant that this dated promo video compilation is credited to plain ol' John Cougar, with no mention of his real name, Mellencamp, which has been tacked on after 'Cougar' since '84 to underline the greater degree of artistic self-control that he's exercised since then.

Aside from those for 'Pink Horses', 'Authority Song' and 'Crumblin' Down', this selection of singles promos reeks of career manipulation . . . and bad manipulation at that. 'Hand To Hold On To' provides the most painful example – JC completely embarrasses himself strutting around a drab industrial site, while the guitarist plays a lead break hanging from a crane. Awful stuff that just can't end quick enough.

Garbage like this and 'Ain't Even Done With The Night', plus the cheaply shot sexism and sloppy photography of 'Hurts So Good', has absolutely no relevance to the current drift of this most believable and enjoyable of American rockers.

PAUL ELLIOTT

DIRE STRAITS

Brothers In Arms: The Video Singles

(PolyGram Video)

GUITARS GLISTEN in the hot Californian sun! Dire Straits are without doubt the wealthiest bunch of Geordies I've never met. And this annoys an awful lot of people on my side of the tracks.

But Mark Knopfler has a haphazard flair for rough edges which fit flush within the hopes and the homes of both the aspiring and the economically distraught alike.

'Brothers In Arms', the song rather than the album, is perhaps the most conclusive evidence of this to date. And wed to a graphic video of quite bemusing pointlessness it makes for an exquisitely captivating experience.

The same, however, cannot be said for 'Walk Of Life', which was without doubt the most endlessly trivial release of the decade, while neither 'Money For Nothing' nor 'So Far Away' ever scaled the heights once attained by, say, 'Romeo And Juliet'.

ROGER HOLLAND

HOUNDS OF LOVE

THE WOLFHOUNDS craft tense moods, hazy atmospheres and exhilarating energy into today's music. **RON ROM** took the lead, **STEVE DOUBLE** held the muzzle

THIS IS a story about Dave.

Dave is an ordinary sort of fellow who wears simple clothes because his income is small. Dave is about 23 years old, and some people call him a bit of a dreamer, or a foolish idiot who ought to grow up.

But Dave doesn't care, he has something they'll never have; something to believe in, something to live for. It is The Wolfhounds. A band. More importantly, his band.

Y'see, Dave loves music. He breathes it, he walks it, he talks it. But Dave, luckily, will never lose himself in its importance.

Within The Wolfhounds' songs Dave expresses his opinions of the world in cynical lyrics that never dictate but always invoke an emotional response.

Here are some of Dave's lyrics: "Got that PVC Juice on my back again/Long black cars driving me insane/Your life is a porn, a racket, a game" ('LA Juice').

Dave has just started a job on the community programme. It's a strange job, involving hanging a lot of baskets around his home town of Romford. It's another personal sacrifice Dave has made to keep his band going. He'll no doubt write a song about his experiences in this job, he's like that.

Dave is not thick. He could have got a degree and secured a career in computers, but Dave always wanted a bit more than that. Dave is always looking forward and never back.

Now, after three years, he is starting to get some recognition for The Wolfhounds but Dave's persistent realism doesn't allow him to get lost with his small-time stardom.

"The novelty of seeing yourself in the paper wears off because you know that isn't paying your rent, so to speak."

This is a story about Paul.

WHEN PAUL was very young his mother bought him a guitar. Now, Paul was left-handed and mumsy didn't know that she had bought her son a right-handed guitar. Luckily, neither did Paul. Paul simply turned his guitar upside down and played it. He slowly improved, and developed his own style. It wasn't until Paul met Dave in a band called The Changelings that he found out he had playing his guitar upside down. By then it was too late.

Paul is a quiet, reserved person, slow to anger. Paul didn't like school much.

"I hated school and the way it makes you aware of your class. The piss-taking I got for having free school dinners was terrible. It got to me so bad that I used to go without dinner just to avoid the embarrassment."



THE WOLFHOUNDS: getting their teeth into things

This is a story about Andy, he plays bass. Andy is a friendly, opinionated young man, the backbone of The Wolfhounds' rich guitars, searing vocals and illustrious passion. Andy loves rock music.

Andy has one leg, which is why he limps. Andy doesn't like contemporary culture too much.

"It doesn't seem too concerned with generating any thought, or have any reason which can be taken from it. It is just so tranquillising."

Then there is Frank Stebbing, or 'Fatty' to some of his close friends. Frank comes from a family with a musical background – one of his brothers was in The Purple Hearts. The Stebbings are the closest Havering will get to producing The Jacksons.

Frank is the youngest member of the band at 19 and he unleashes his youth upon his drum kit like a zombie out of *The Living Dead*. Frank says... nothing. Frank, at the time of interview, was with his girlfriend.

Lastly, there is Andy Golding on guitar. I know little about Golding except that he has a poor choice in hair colour and plays freakish guitar patterns.

He has opinions as well. "The country is going so downhill, people aren't motivated anymore," he says.

This is the story of The Wolfhounds. A band, yes, a band. Remember those?

THE WOLFHOUNDS' noise is a tempestuous one hanging with vibrant bass lines, discordant guitars and driving drums that rattle the floorboards. There's no visual styling and very little trace of good looks. They really could be the boys next door who like to do the five-fingered shuffle every now and again.

Their outstanding debut, 'Cut The Cake' on Pink, calls upon a spectrum of ideas, crafting tense moods, hazy atmospheres and exhilarating energy into a sparkling clarity.

The Wolfhounds' cutting melodies and severed guitar patterns blend with an awkward grace, producing a caustic kerrang that makes the body of the songs twitch feverishly. Their sound can also slide into a jaded eloquence, as in 'Another Lazy A On The Lazy A', where The Wolfhounds take the pop notion and carve it up between them with a double-edged knife.

So do The Wolfhounds owe anything to the punk attitude thing? Dave leans forward in his chair.

"The punk attitude nowadays is, We are so depressed even though mummy and daddy

have bought me a car and all that but we are still depressed because we haven't got any aim in life. That's the punk attitude, and I like to think we are more optimistic than that.

"Most punks today are spoilt kids who haven't got any aim in life apart from sitting square and becoming self-absorbed. They want this cute little image they can relate to while they're growing up."

If, as is popularly thought, the public's attention span is shrinking fast, The Wolfhounds will have a difficult time gaining a wider audience, because their music and lyrics require thought.

So has the public's attention span been decreased?

Paul: "It has been decreased, by the sort of shit they push out of the radio all the time."

Dave joins in: "I think the media does it to people nowadays. It just holds them in this warm little bath of things they want to hear. Most of it is a background buzz, most TV, most radio and even most books just want to wobble you along. Chart music isn't music to listen to, and personally I like listening to music as well as dancing to it."

Isn't the best music that which creates an emotional response?

Dave: "Yeah, I think it is. Good music can touch you."

Paul: "I don't like cool music. I think it's really horrible. It's not natural for people to live every day of their lives coolly."

Dave: "All those people like Robert Elms are cool, y'know. All those *Face* readers. All cool music is concerned with is the price of your jeans, not living."

Some more lyrics from Dave: "All that is in front of you is all you can count/All I can see is too great an amount" ('Anti Midas Touch').

Dave elaborates: "That line is about people who know exactly how much they've got and how they're not going to give it up to anyone – which is fair enough. You've got the money from your own hard work and, if you've got that money, you don't want to give it up. But to be cynical and bitter about it is wrong as well."

Would you play a Red Wedge gig?

Dave: "No, I think Red Wedge is despicable. I think Paul Weller is an utter hypocrite. The amount of money he has got, and how he says how much he feels for his fans, it's all just an image he's putting over to sell a few more records."

Andy continues: "I think politics is a fairly good way of selling records these days. All that, Yeah, I can relate to the kids shit, it's just

another angle."

But isn't Red Wedge motivating people?

Andy: "But I don't think it does genuinely inspire people. They just tell people, Do as we do. They don't say think for yourself or decide for yourself."

Dave: "It makes me feel depressed that that's the way it works. I'm just too suspicious of middle class people who are Marxists or rich people who become Marxists, people like Paul Weller who have lots and lots of money. I don't see them creating any jobs with that money – which is as bad as the Tories, y'know."

DAVE'S LYRICS can be vague but, if you concentrate on them for long enough, you might be surprised. For instance, I thought 'Another Lazy A On The Lazy A' was a tranquil sort of love song. It's not.

Dave: "That song is all about the stagnation, about the decay and the state of things in this country at the moment. People don't really grasp that because I'm really vague about it. I prefer working in a vague context instead of writing Britain Is In Decay, blah blah blah, which sounds really contrived."

"The reason the lyrics are so vague is because they are something you feel and don't rationalise. The main thing about it is that it's a feeling. I think it's better to inspire people rather than direct them."

The Wolfhounds want you to get excited by their music. But they know that really isn't enough these days. So they craft their songs in a way that does not instruct thought, or veer away from it either. That's the only way The Wolfhounds can work, taking from themselves while stabbing their influences (The Fall, Wire) in the back.

The Wolfhounds are better than most of the new indie bands because they're not so blatantly derivative of previous new wave bands from the late '70s.

This was the story of The Wolfhounds and this is its conclusion.

Dave: "We've got a vision and a direction which most of the new bands haven't, even if we haven't reached it yet. But most of the new bands haven't got a direction, they do it blindly and it just so happens they are good at the moment."

"But I can see a lot of these groups losing their way. I think everyone in this band feels like they're on course. We may not be getting anywhere financially or fame wise, but we have got a direction in our music."

Get ready for the sequel.

Gene Loves Jezebel



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THE ANADIN BROTHERS:
a panacea for pop?

AN ORDINARY voiced 24-year-old in purples and greens sits back and winds down after a hard day's travelling.

"I have these nightmares," he whispers, "where I'm standing in an empty swimming pool, or being blown to pieces. It's always on a massive scale, and I realise there's nothing I can do about it, like in that moment when you see your arms and legs and head flying through the air ..."

You realise ...

"You realise how when you cut yourself, you think, With a few stitches this'll be alright, we'll soon sort this out, but you feel your body blowing to bits and you go, Oh, this is going to take a bit of a while to cure, this'll leave a nasty scar, and then it dawns on you ..."

Suddenly ...

"You are in fact in pieces, and within a couple of seconds your brain's going to stop thinking, and that kind of inevitability frightens me. It's like jumping off a mountain, whoever you are, the law of nature's going to kill you, flat-smack-bang!

"I hate things like that."

Clive Jackson — a long haired ex-Scout Master (it's true) of above average height — is among the few people in this world who have the ability to make even farting seem funny, unlike Rik Mayall or Ade Edmonson, who can't.

Steve, the guitarist: "Living in a tall block of flats, I often look over and think to myself, I wonder how long it'd take me to reach the bottom, because all you'd have to do would be to just stand there and slip off, and like, would it be a couple of seconds? A minute? Who knows?"

Clive: "I imagine the sensation of falling to

Nurse, the screens . . . DR & THE MEDICS are back, giving mouth to mouth resuscitation to 'Spirit In The Sky' and surviving open heart surgery from MR SPENCER. X-rays: RUSSELL YOUNG

one's death must be rather like the feeling we get being in The Medics."

Is this a good or a bad feeling?

"It's an inevitable feeling."

Richard (inscrutable, pouting bass player): "It's ... interesting."

Clive is the 'Doctor' in Doctor & The Medics — a band who at present are genuinely shocked and disturbed to find their so-so 'Spirit In The Sky' single climbing into the national Top Ten.

They didn't expect anything like this to happen but, after three years of constant touring, they're not about to complain.

The group's lunatic singer is the Doctor, while Wendi and Colette make up The Anadin Brothers, and a red-headed man called Vom plays drums. They all have an obvious fondness for silly names, and equally so for each other.

The gang, The Medics family. Together they play music — a sumptuously soiled, '60s flavoured psycho pop, gritty, psychedelic and explosive.

Their records, oddly enough, are rarely much cop, but onstage the band tend to go bonkers, putting on a show, living it up a bit. The Doctor slashes his wrists, headbutts steel girders.

To his left, The Anadin Brothers sing sweet harmonies, show off their deftly synchronised dance moves, get aggressive with rowdy punters and suffer first degree asthma attacks.

All this, plus the foulest trousers imaginable, literally awash with sweat, flares drooping limply like soggy cornflakes. Quite a sight.

"I CAN only speak personally, but I feel like I've developed on a natural course to this point," confesses the Doctor. "I once tried working at a serious job in the Civil Service, but I couldn't cope."

"My cleaning job wasn't serious, I loved that, you could walk around with your foot in a bucket, throw water at people, do anything, lovely stuff."

We now make our first important discovery of the evening, and it is this. Should Noel Edmonds ever remove the contents of Clive's wallet on live prime time TV, this popular bearded family entertainer would soon find himself looking quite foolish and liable to imprisonment under a sizeable array of ancient laws. This really is an appealing idea.

Steve (inspired by these beautiful, anarchic thoughts): "I like those puzzles, the ones you get in a square where you have to get all the letters, ABCDE, I love those, I'll sit and play with them for ages. Solitaire too, and reading really boring books."

You devil-may-care Medics, with your volcanic gigs and outrageously bad taste clothes (yellows and violets ...), do you have an unquenchable lust for life?

Clive: "I guess you could say that, and often we get our toes burnt as a result, but it's the only way to live. Although the nicest feeling in the world is to know you can be boring on occasions, should you wish to be."

The setting is a hotel room in Wolverhampton, and it's day six of The Medics' current UK tour.

We quickly make our second important discovery, which is: The Doctor — this mad-

eyed, thoroughly debauched pop star/Scout leader figure — is a Man Of Dreams.

He stretches his legs and they threaten to go through the wall.

"The day I'm looking forward to is the day I can pack the wagon, whip the mules and drive out of town forever, because that's what I'm heading for, just to be able to leave London and live somewhere else. Wales, Cornwall, Yorkshire, anywhere."

So is sneaking off into the countryside your only means of finding true relaxation?

"It is; I like to get away from everything and everybody, because as soon as I'm prompted, the moment I'm in a situation where there's an opportunity to go for it ... If I'm on a bus and the conductor says something at which I can make a really bad joke and embarrass the other passengers, I'll do it."

I expect it can be pretty cosmic, gazing out across the hills ...

"You begin to understand, for a start, man before technology, and even before Christianity; I think what people describe as cosmic is simply something all our forefathers possessed naturally. It just puts a sense of perspective back on things."

Another of Clive's favourite pastimes is spending up to two hours in the bath with a good book. He owns a whole manner of accessories, including a squirting beetle and a duck called Sir Francis Drake, for putting soap in.

He writes most of his lyrics either here or on the toilet.

"Apparently it stimulates the base of the spine," he explains, "which supposedly has something to do with getting the centre of the brain going."

THE DOCTOR gives me a funny look.

The Anadin Brothers are playfully squabbling over Leslie Crowther, Colette for some reason actually sighing: "He's so sweet, he spends all his Christmas mornings in the hospitals. He's lovely, such a nice man."

Wendi files her nails and says she'd like to push him under a bus.

Clive: "The human race makes me laugh. I mean if you fed a human DNA particle into a computer, so that all the options were

CONTINUED ON PAGE 23

SURGICAL SPIRIT

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S I N G L E S

Reviewed by
Roger Holland**OUTSKIRTS 'Down' (Glass)**

A welcome return by Sarf London's occasionally outstanding Outskirts. A follow up to the excellent 'Too Bad' single, this four-track EP showcases both the deep strengths of Maggie Beck's songwriting and the still unresolved weaknesses.

On the defiantly pacy 'Down', the Outskirts check into a halfway house between the ringing euphoria of the very best of 10,000 Maniacs and the prime time bop of Katrina And The Waves, with Beck's song holding the inside line with aplomb.

But then follows the almost tiresome 'Wake Up', slow and leaden-footed in comparison. However, just when you're thinking, oh, pub rock again, tra-la-la, out pops the cloven hoof in the shape of a suitably nasal stomp through the minor Standell's classic, 'Sometimes Good Guys Don't Wear White', to save both the day and the Outskirts.

MORRIS DAY 'Colour Of Success' (WEA)

Not unexpectedly, Morris Day sounds more than a little like the Prince himself. Happily this is one of both the best and most legitimate jaunts through that now too familiar style. And indeed this gradually intoxicating soul pledge is actually a far brighter proposition than anything to have emerged from the poison dwarf's own gilded palace since 'When Doves Cry'. A hit! A palpable hit.

MARC ALMOND 'A Woman's Story' (Some Bizzare)

An extravagant epic detached from the marvellous 7-track mini-album of cover versions ('A Woman's Story - Some Songs To Take To The Tomb'). Overwrought with ham passion Marc Almond totters magnificently through the old Cher chestnut of sordid slutishness and the blessed, redeeming love which purifies.

LONNIE HILL 'Could It Be Love' (10)

One of the very best records of the week, 'Could It Be Love' comes in quite the most anonymous of sleeves. And so I'm in no position to tell you if Lonnie Hill looks anything like Al Green. However, I can confirm that he touches me in many of the same places.

THE CHESTERFIELDS 'A Guitar In Your Bath EP' (Subway Organization)

"I know your scheme, and it starts with whipping cream/Wear my favourite dress and we'll both end up in a sticky mess." ('What's Your Perversion?')

Mmmm, well I never. From somewhere in Dorset comes a four-track EP of flawed pop genius.

The genius is all too apparent. This is a band with a clear, keen eye for a well-turned ankle of a pop idea. They come with lyrics which



intrigue, amuse and involve. And with a half scratchy 'independent' pop ethic which steadfastly abstains from the all too easy options.

The flaw is less obvious. Though The Chesterfields are quite well aware that there is nothing a pop single cannot achieve in under three minutes, still they tend to wander just a little from the straight and narrow path towards the end of each song. But given the time that they deserve, the minds which shaped this valuable little record will come out with something enormous; something beyond price.

BMX BANDITS 'E102' (Sad) (53rd & 3rd)

Quite the other side of this well worn and dilemmatic indie pop coin. Indigestibly sickly sweet, these BMX Bandits present the absolute personification of everything that could possibly go wrong with the traditionally sturdy Scottish youth. These boys are not eating their porridge, nor their grunts. Weak-kneed and contrived, quite blatantly, affectedly twee (beyond the bounds of all human decency), this is without doubt the worst single of all time.

THE RED BEARDS FROM TEXAS 'I Saw Her Standing There' (Receiver)

"She was just 17, if you know what I mean" cut up by a guitar intent upon suggesting that the girl can't help it, she just can't help it.

Spoof Toppers almost certainly from Birmingham, The Red Beards From Texas now make far better records than ZZ Top. It only remains to see how they fare in the land of the video budget.

CANDI STATON 'Young Hearts Run Free' (WEA)

Reissue of the week. Ignore the mock 'modern' remix and go straight for the guts and soul of the raw form.

ALIEN SEX FIEND 'I Walk The Line' (Flicknife)

Getting less silly all the time, ASF now claim to walk the narrow line between good

and evil. And the low-riding gutter churn charm of this throbbing, shuddering drawl confirms the same in aces. Better looking by far than PiL.

THE WEATHER PROPHETS 'Almost Prayed' (Creation)

Having first promised me the world, and then having threatened to die a dour and inglorious death, Pete Astor's Weather Prophets stage a partial recovery, purging their veins of the guilt of their recent live performances with a fine reading of one of their better moments, lifted from the tapes of a Janice Long session.

Astor sounds less like Peter Perrett than ever before, and this is not a good thing. For the three other songs included here do not suggest a future of plenty for The Weather Prophets.

Some bands have had things too easy for their own good.

VEE VV 'Boom Slump' (Vinyl Drip)

Were my friend Ron Rom rounding 'em up and riding 'em out this week, then 'Boom Slump' would surely sit where Bunny Wailer now deservedly rests. This is because he likes his garage guitar scurf beat with a serious frown, while I like mine with a gash of colour and simple emotion. This is just too intense and monochromatic for me.

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE 'Medicine Show' (CBS)

Mick Jones has made some very good records ('Stay Free' in particular), and producer 'Groucho' Smykle has made some equally fine records. But Big Audio Dynamite continue to make rather bad records, if you'll please forgive the cheap and obvious pun. And this despite Jones' inimitable, matey vocals and the undeniably pleasant humour of these lyrics.

ROLLING STONES 'One Hit (To The Body)' (CBS)

Still more effortless and pain free violence for macho millionaire Michael. Still more

of that inevitable and infectious guitar rasp. And yet another poor song from a piss poor album. Some people just do not know when to call it a day.

ROD STEWART 'Love Touch' (WEA)

Now no man who loves Kenny Dalglish could possibly savage a fellow admirer in print. And diplomacy is a skill we should all strive to develop. So, Rod's new single is not perhaps the best thing he's ever done, but it is awfully well produced.

CHRIS REA 'On The Beach' (Magnet)

Ignore what some people will tell you about Somerset Maugham, the greatest writers of this century have been PG Wodehouse and Leon Trotsky. However, Neville Shute's 'On The Beach' is and has long been a cherished bedroom read at Holland Towers. And while Chris Rea's bland and fraudulently sincere miasma is not fit to share the same title, it does come in a cutesy double pack edition complete with live tracks recorded specially at the Hammersmith Odeon earlier this month.

Oh be still my leaping heart. Why should Newcastle want an answer to Bruce Springsteen?

SWING OUT SISTER 'Blue Mood' (Mercury)

That old big band sound, scratch cut close against a Vidal Sassoon fringe full of Stockport 'soul' and 'sophistication'. Goes absolutely nowhere, but takes the scenic route.

JOE JACKSON 'Home Town' (A&M)

When Joe Jackson plays live, he takes along his Walkman and forbids his audience to applaud. It's the only way he can make an album without putting those very short arms into those oh, so deep pockets. But when Joe Jackson lifts a track off a largely pallid live(ish) album, he at least has the panache to pick upon the one song of which I am likely to write: nimble, sure-footed, pleasantly picked, reflective

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

BUNNY WAILER 'Tears In Your Eyes' (Solomonic) In a few years, History, being a lazy sort of cove, will no doubt have plenty of those days when it can find absolutely nothing better to do with its time than pen long and boring articles of analytical retrospection. And eventually, of course, History will turn its all-seeing all-knowing eye upon 1985 and, after not some little discussion with the other fellows in the pub, decide that yes, The Jesus And Mary Chain's 'Psycho Candy' was indeed the album of that year. After all, why should we expect History to show any taste?

However, I would suggest that one of the very best, if largely unheard long players of last year was in fact Bunny Wailer's triumphantly evocative 'Market Place'.

'Tears In Your Eyes' was perhaps the stand-out track on an album of undeniably marvellous quality. And now released as a 7-inch it proffers the perfect soundtrack for the glorious summer to come. We hope.

A splendidly, childishly simple rhythm swings - slightly, casually. And that sublime Caribbean lilt and sway breathes gentle life into a slightly sorrowful but sympathetic pledge of love. Bunny Wailer sings like an angel, caressing the nerves at the back of the neck with a song of irrepressibly pure and delicate gossamer beauty.

but this genuinely propelling and unpretentious white soul pop candy floss still just about succeeds. One for the artisan classes and Mike Smith, I believe.

CHAKK 'Big Hot Blues' (MCA)

They paid how much? Ha ha ha.

In a spectacularly expensive studio somewhere in the middle of nowhere, Chakk tear the legs off a number of all but forgotten family favourites of dance and flog them back to a gullible record company who are soon to discover that the public are not quite that gullible. Trendy and post-industrialist, yes. But I think I prefer Power's open ambition. The Emperor's New Clothes yet again.

SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK '21st Century Boy' (Parlophone)

As a terminally outrageous 27th generation pop media sensation, Sigue Sigue Sputnik have proved to be somewhat underwhelming. Nobody I know sits on the edge of his or her seat in keen anticipation of their next ludicrous scam. Indeed, I suspect that nobody this side of Fortress Wapping or Holborn Circus could really give a toss. This joke was never that funny in the first place, and nowadays it falls flatter than last week's lager top.

However, let the record show that '21st Century Boy' comes in a crucifix shaped wrapper and sounds just the same as whatever that last single was called. Oh, what a surprise.

A staccato Eddie Cochran rhythm is space-warped, and surrounded by all manner of ridiculously cheap and nasty FX while a man with no talent for singing or sewing frocks pipes a selection of vacuous non sequitur lyrics in a voice by Brian Connolly out of Steve Priest. Sweet? Not really.

BOBBY TENCH 'Still In Love With You' (Stiff)

Utterly meaningless and pale reiteration of Thin Lizzy's token 'great' slowie. A tribute to Phil Lynott, who is of course unlikely to appreciate the gesture. And not perhaps the appropriate choice... what about 'Got To Give It Up'?

GTR 'When The Heart Rules The Mind' (Arista)

Hackett and Howe form a band which sounds every bit as boringly fleet of technology as anybody could have feared. And proves both are brave enough to sign up a singer called Max Bacon (surely he should have been in Whitesnake?) and stupid enough to offer an expensive guitar to the person who can extrapolate from the mnemonic in "the most original and creative way". So go for it, insolent young pups: GTR are G... T... R...

and almost provocative.

A not too clever-clever single from a man who too often thrusts his cleverness right down your throat like a thick and furry tongue.

HOUSEMARTINS 'Happy Hour' (Got Discs)

'Sheep' was a most pleasing and intelligent melodic pop single. So is 'Happy Hour'. I wonder if they could be related.

GRANDMASTER FLASH 'Style' (Peter Gunn Theme) (Elektra)

Boring, boastful American dickheads rhyme their way into the dustbin and ruin the memory of a great motif at the same time.

DC LEE 'Hold On' (CBS)

Thank God for Whitney Houston.

LOVEBUG STARSKI 'Amityville' (The House On The Hill) (Epic)

Hip hop humour horrorshow. With guest appearances, they allege, from Kirk, Spock and Scotty ("the engines cannae stand it, captain"), Bela Lugosi, Kurtis Blow, The Hunchback Of Notre Dame, The Bride Of Frankenstein and The Invisible Man. I just can't see it myself, but still this is lengths and lengths ahead of the old Grandmaster.

THE MAN UPSTAIRS 'Consumer Song' (Sideline)

Not many people know this, but *The Man Upstairs* was one of PG Wodehouse's earliest works, published in 1914. This Man Upstairs contrives to shape an almost throaty Tracy Thorne vocal from the immeasurably beautiful Carolyn Bond within a corridor of loose and sparse, yet still comfortable jazz/'Fever'. Clever, if a little obvious.

POWER 'Work Hard' (Arista)

A subtle reconstruction of the honestly aspiring pop millionaire duo's debut release of last year. A number of the enticing hard edges have been filed down

LETTERS

SANDY BEACHED

AND LO, Sandy Robertson leaves *Sounds*! What can I say? With Garry Bushell, Edwin Pouncey and Div Mac he made *Sounds* into the best music paper of the late '70s/early '80s. I called them The Four Tops.

What made him special was his couldn't give a shit attitude (who else would have admitted they liked Bonnie Tyler?) and his own weird interests, from the occult to kittens, and above all his wonderful journalism which crossbred wild Bill Burroughs and Lester Bangs.

We shall not see his like again. A nation weeps. — **Jon Carr, Lough, Lincs**
PS: Edwin, don't go!

THE MORTICIANS WAX

I WOULD like to point out a couple of things concerning Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction. Firstly the fact that they wear German helmets... The Morticians did this long before old Zodiac picked up on the idea. Also, what right have they got to wear them? I mean, were any of old Zodiac's uncles ever in the Lithuanian SS, eh? — **Lenin England, manager of The Morticians**

CLIFF HANGER

SPLIFF PILCHARD, the ageless rock 'n' roll Bible basher, has had a curse put on him by a real life devil woman! The leader of the 'Surbiton Screaming Death Coven', Audrey Phipps-

Warren, explained: "Spliff is a nice young man, very popular with the girls, but he asked for trouble".

Spliff's brush with Beelzebub came with the release of his latest single with the 'Spunging Ones'. Apparently, when played backwards, the chorus says 'Satan was a bedwetter'.

In between tennis lessons, fearless Spliff said: "I didn't realise until I played it backwards by accident. God moves in mysterious ways".

He certainly does, Spliff. — **Alaistair Corbett, Surrey**

JEAN GENIUSES

CONCERNING EDWIN Pouncey's review of the new Ramones album, 'Animal Boy' (May 17). So he thinks The Ramones have worn themselves out? Obviously he hasn't taken note of their recent efforts — 'Too Tough To Die', to my mind, was one of the best albums of 1985. 'Bonzo Goes To Bitburg' won an award in America, and their latest tour has, apparently, sold out every date. I have seen their tour and they looked far from worn out. The Ramones are fast, loud, tuneful (not tuneless, as Richard Cook thinks).

Judging from the crowd reaction, they would not agree that 'The Ramones machine sounds in need of an overhaul'. What would he suggest, a transformation into a Depeche Mode clone? — **Giles, Chorley, Lancs**

THE STING

ME AND my mates were right rucking mad after reading your magazine *Youth Youth Youth*. Why did Garry Bushell make no reference to the premier, street-wise, cult of terrace warriors of the last decade? I mean of course, the Junior Hornets of Watford FC.

Our firm was first influenced by watching bootlegged US import videos of *The Brady Bunch* in late '78, since then we have worn our British Home Stores jeans and polyester shirts to every home match at Vicarage Road.

Natch, we have pulled some real nutty stunts over the years, such as the time a right hard geezer, allowed to stay out late especially for the occasion, threw a bowl of muesli at some visiting West Ham fans. So Bushell had better watch it, or he will be hearing from our mums. — **Elton**

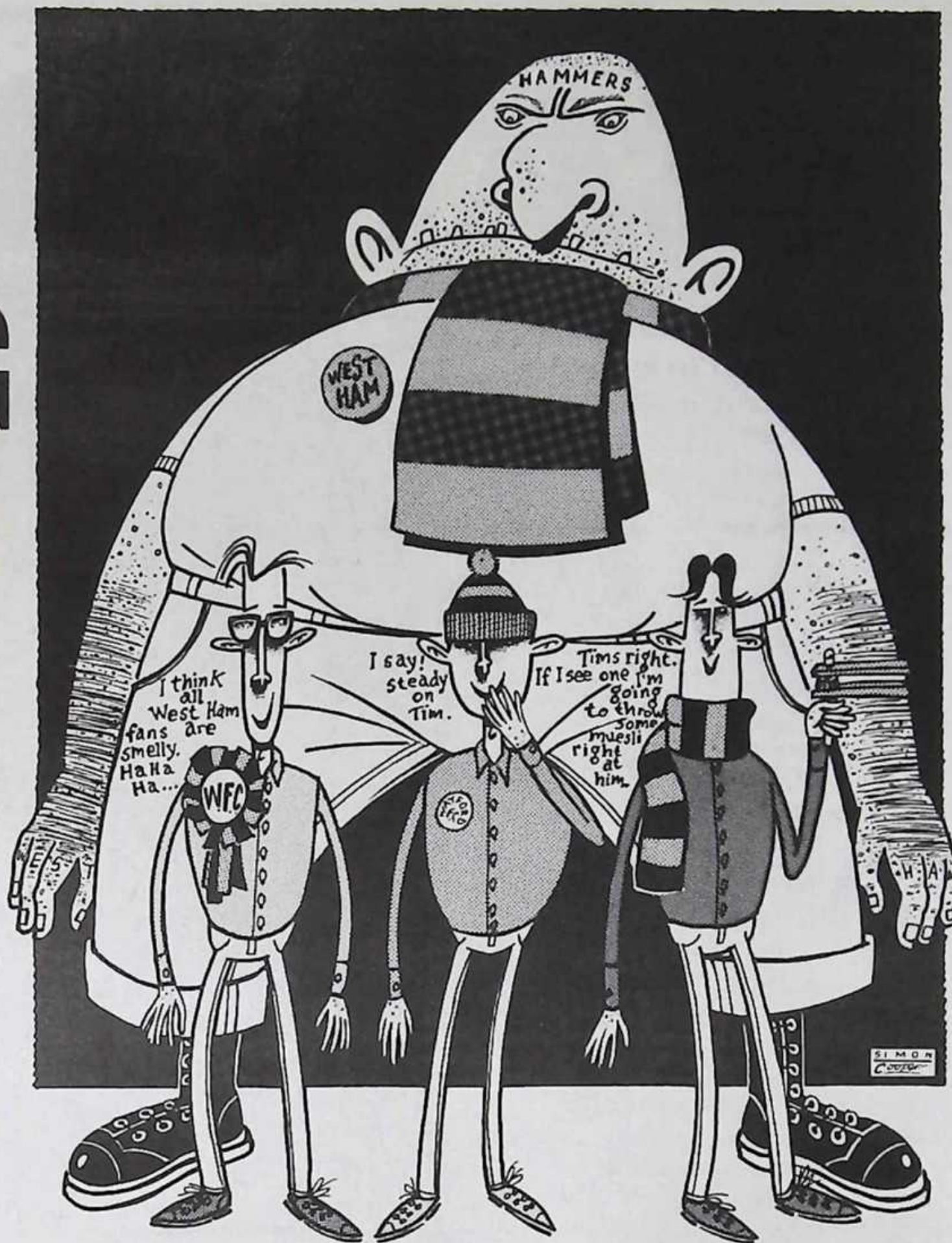


Illustration by Simon Cooper



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HEAT AND DUST

"I'm a wise-ass, I'm an art monster and I'm known in the business as a difficult artist."



STAN RIDGWAY: the emperor of childish and neurotic habits

ALL I do is I take a basically childish neurotic habit and I parlez it into an empire."

The man with the modesty is Stan Ridgway. You may have heard of him, maybe not. In a previous existence he was singer, writer and all-round kook with Wall Of Voodoo.

He was the man who started it all. He was the 'bean man' in that celebrated video of their hit single 'Mexican Radio'. And he was also what he describes as the "benevolent dictator" of the band.

From a table in the bar and snack joint beneath the old Hollywood offices of Wall Of Voodoo Inc, a dummy soundtrack company he started to promote his ideas, he continues the story.

"My design — as pretentious as it sounds now — was always to have a Top 40 *avant garde* single that was really left field but also *non-elitist*. And obviously we peaked out, for me, at 'Mexican Radio'.

"At that point I just thought everything was getting so formulaic and I didn't really have eyes to being part of a 'rock band' that now marches forward into the next five years and plays all its old hits."

So, as the benevolent dictator, Stan took it upon himself to fire himself ("Oh, what a noble gesture that was"). The remaining members of the band were persuaded to keep the name and the whole thing going and, three years on, the Wall Of Voodoo is still standing — on many of Stan Ridgway's songs.

"I haven't seen them but I've talked to certain friends of mine and I've heard that all they're doing is like 'putting on the hits' — it's almost like a lip sync show or something."

"But they have to do what they have to do, y'know. But that's exactly what I didn't want to do. Y'know, in a lot of ways they were really pissed off with me for leaving but I really do wish them every success. I don't know if they wish the same thing for me."

FOR THREE years we heard very little from Stan Ridgway. Apart from a brief collaboration with Stewart Copeland on the soundtrack for the Francis Ford

Coppolla film *Rumblefish*, he has been silent. It was only when a four-track taster tape turned up, followed by the album 'The Big Heat', that we knew Stan's sleazy Hollywood days had not come to a bitter end. Stan was back and it was well worth the wait.

"This album was a long time coming out because I was going through what you can call *business problems* . . . erm . . . getting very mixed signals from the label. There's a conflict of interest. Miles Copeland owns IRS Records. Wall Of Voodoo did a dumb thing five years ago and signed a *management deal* with Miles Copeland for his Los Angeles Personal Direction company. So what is he? Is he the label or is he the management? How can the management go to the label and fight for the artist's endeavours when at the same time he is negotiating with *himself*? So I've backed off having anything to do with what this company wants to do. It's like I've made the thing, there it is, I'm off into a whole other thing."

'The Big Heat' reveals a rare talent, a lyrical imagination born out of a storyteller's eye.

"The kind of record that pulls you in and takes you on a ride of a lifetime," said our resident Ridgway expert, Edwin Pouncey, in his review of the album. "Nearly every one of these songs could be page one of a movie script. . . . 'Drive She Said' is pure hard-boiled film noir. . . . 'Twisted' is an effective and chilling portrait of a mind gone bad."

But it was to Edwin's least favourite track 'Camouflage' that I was immediately drawn. It's not Stan's favourite, either, but maybe that doesn't matter. It's a ghost story set in Vietnam during the "jungle wars of '65". A young marine caught in a barrage is rescued by a ghost and delivered safely back to HQ. The ghost becomes a hero and a legend but he is also a sinister Big Brother at the same time. And through a single concept, camouflage, both Vietnam wars — the political and the guerilla — are given a

frightening sense of perspective.

"I wrote 'Camouflage' two years ago after I'd seen the American troops invade Grenada. And I'd had the music sitting around for quite a long time even before that, but couldn't figure what to sing on it, y'know. It's that kind of music; it's heroic and expansive and you obviously aren't gonna sing "sittin' on the porch, wittlin' a stick" to it. So after I was watching this news broadcast it got me to thinking about the kind of *orgy of confidence* that was building in the country and almost getting out of control, at least in my mind. And I just went back in my room and put the machine on and sang "I was a pfc on a search patrol" . . . and it just came out from there. I know that in the middle, peripherally what were working on me were quite a few traditional old American folk songs like ballads and sagas that I'd heard as a kid — like 'Big John' — and there's another old song by Red Sovine who used to write truck songs called 'Phantom 309' about a ghost truck driver that picks up hitch hikers."

"All these things were workin' on me and when I got to the end of it I thought, Well shit y'know, even the American timber industry had Paul Bunyan, the railroads had John Henry. So why not a ten foot Marine called Camouflage. I thought for a while that maybe I'll take it out of the Vietnam War and put it in the Civil War, but then I thought, What the f*** y'know, it's time to look at this as just a ghost story. Then all this Rambo stuff came out and it really pissed me off."

STAN FEELS slightly uncomfortable with the time lapse between writing the material for 'The Big Heat' and its actual release. In many ways talking about the songs is, to him, raking over old ground, though the gap has given him the time to get excited about them all over again. He has no plans, however, for allowing delays and false starts to sit on his face again.

"What I've always been interested in

doing is sitting at this table with someone like you when I'm 90 going (old grandpa voice) And everything is fine Billy, y'know, and I'm still doing what I want to do. I feel that at any minute I'll be found out for the fraud that I really am. Really I'm a wise-ass, I'm an art monster and I'm known to people in the business as a *difficult artist*. I wanna be rich just like everybody else. I'd love to win the Lottery. I play it every day. But I can't motivate myself towards something if it's not fun; and if something stops being fun you have to look at how you can change it to be fun."

He takes an unusually long pause to think.

"American pop culture really disturbs me and if I don't do anything to make something of my own to throw back at it, like a pie in the face, I simply lose my equilibrium and . . . y'know, all of that shit pumping out at you from the television set and all this kind of schizophrenic American way of . . ."

He stops again.

"Y'know, at this point there's a very large sanctimonious feeling in America. Give to this and Give to that; Live Aid this and Sport Aid that. I don't see why people don't just write a cheque."

"I don't know . . . I heard a story, y'know, when they were doing 'We Are The World'. I know an engineer that was working at A&M and he said the whole thing was really weird, real strange. I asked him why and he said that when he walked into the studio they were all talking about their tax shelters. I said, Are you kidding me?"

"Now, I know all the debris is gonna come down on Stan about that remark so that's a *secondhand* story. Only print the stuff for the pop interview, I don't wanna get messed up in this. I'm talking to Billy, we're just exchanging things. Maybe this is not for print but Lionel Richie, your face looks like *?/?/?*. But I don't wanna have any problems with you because you've got a lot more money than I do and you could probably *kill* me with all that money."

JOURNEY THROUGH AMERICA

STAN RIDGWAY, once the benevolent dictator of Wall Of Voodoo, is now a man on his own with a voice in the dark. BILLY MANN turns on the light

THERE'S A golden rule in narrative writing that says Let The Story Tell Itself and The Writer's Job Is To Organise And Articulate. Is that true for the kind of fictional songwriting you've used on 'The Big Heat'?

"I don't articulate this very well, but when I write something, it's like I consider myself a pretty dull guy (he's being modest) and the last thing I wanna do is write about myself getting up in the morning and brushing my teeth, y'know. But when I do write songs, there's always some part of me in there. I was a salesman ('Salesman'). I've been a cab driver ('Drive She Said') and that's a very surrealistic job in LA because nobody takes a cab. The people that take taxis in Los Angeles have usually just robbed a house . . . or they're completely insane. I did it for about two weeks and all I did was eat. Y'know, it was at a point in my life when I was very nervous. I feel a little more calmed down now actually. I'm 31 years old and I feel I'm getting a little more calm. I'm looking around and going, Well, this is the way things are.

"I think in a song I am the person who is, yes, the director, the lighting man. . . and I have to sit there and say what's important and how can I get the mood. I'm building a little spook house for myself, really. And I've always been fascinated with people's idiosyncracies and how they manifest themselves in what people choose to do for a living or something and how that — in this country, anywhere actually — butts up against the way they perceive themselves.

"Everybody has different perception — the way they are and the way they actually are. 'Salesman' — the guy in that song, he's also ambitious. He's not just sitting there, he's doing his best to get a sale. Now, what happens to him in the process is very Faustian in some ways. And that, to me, is what America is about. There's a lot of paradoxical things going on. There's a Mephistopheles right there at the check-out counter of every 7-Eleven sitting there with two hot dogs for 89 cents.

"But I feel now like I'm getting more back into. . . it's not narrative, it's more kind of cut-up stuff, I guess. It still paints a picture. I've always liked to write songs that put you in an environment, that simply aren't some kind of purely self-confessional exposure of some universal feeling. Those things are fine for people, and fine for songs. But I just try to offer something that's maybe a little different. I don't know if it's that much different but it's what I do best. The new stuff still puts you in a spot where you can things — y'know, it's a visual kind of thing. I've always done that because I find it very easy to hallucinate. I simply close my eyes and I can see pictures in the back of my eyelids. I don't want to sound pretentious but there it is, and I just write it out.

"So the new stuff is. . . oh it's more like. . . consider LA to be a huge cajun swamp, mix that with the ghost of Wes Montgomery in a time tunnel communing with Big Foot or something. I don't know. . . it's wilder. This record, 'The Big Heat', is almost like — I don't want to sound pretentious again but I look at it as Stan's Blue Period. I feel like I've kinda gone through a phase of some despair, y'know, with my situation two or three years ago, and some reflection. Now I feel I'm ready to make a lot of trouble.

"LA at this point I feel is going through this real, erm, something's happening here and it is not the Pet Shop Boys. There are a lot of bands playing outside of the pop mainstream here now. It's kinda like that ten year cycle vibe, y'know. It's like punk-rock ten years ago. OK, wasn't it fun, yes yes.

"And something else is going to be happening soon and I wanna be in on it. When it happens, no one will know. I've got a different attitude in a lot of ways now (he sings 'I've gotta different attitude') ha ha. Instead of looking for the action I wanna be the action. And if plans go right I will be the king of rock 'n' roll in two years."



STAN the man

"American pop culture really disturbs me and if I don't do anything to make something to throw back at it, like a pie in the face, I lose my equilibrium."

THE MEDICS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18



THE DOCTOR: medicine head

available, and asked what would be the most logical form of civilised life to evolve from it. I'm certain the answer wouldn't be this. We're ridiculous, look at us, it's stupid."

When Clive tells us he drinks at the same pub as the fabulous Blakey from *On The Buses*, our spontaneous gasp of admiration is not in the least bit phoney. We're all speechless with awe.

He really is a nice chap, this Doctor fellow, and good with children, too.

"All I wanted to do for the kids when I was a Scout Master was give them some optimism," he explains, "To try and find out what they were good at and encourage them to go for it. I think the fact that we're in the charts proves that anything's possible, it's not just a dream.

"Not that we ever particularly aimed in this direction, but the fact it's happened shows there is some hope."

But surely most children are vile and cruel, obnoxious little bastards?

"I think that's rather a sweeping statement, to be honest. I used to get on with them OK."

Wendy: "The kids chase Vom. They chased him into a chemist the other day, these three girls. . ."

Clive: "But I love all that, I really do. The funniest time was when me and Vom were walking past a school in Italy, and I think I've learnt Italian now for: Look at that funny little red haired wanker! And, like, Vom was really embarrassed, but I was dancing for them and going, Yeah!"

It's true that when choosing a seat on a bus or train, people usually avoid sitting with Clive unless they absolutely have to. I wonder what makes them so afraid.

"I don't think I'll ever let myself down," muses the recumbent vocalist, "because I've always done what seems natural, and if suddenly I felt that being in this group was no longer right, that we were becoming institutionalised, I don't think I'd do it anymore. Mind you, Richard once said he wanted to become old and embarrassing."

"That's right," the sultry bassist agrees as he sits sketching his *Daft David* comic strips. "I'm going to be the kind of uncle who turns up on a Sunday afternoon to visit the kids just as they're eating their lunch. I'll wear those corduroy suits with the big lapels, and

there'll be carpet slippers on my feet everywhere I go."

Curiously enough, the Doctor doesn't like the smell of medicine closets, but as we've already found, he is a man of dreams, some of which are a lot more tantalising than others.

"What I really want to do," he enthuses, "is organise a 52 seater coach, and I'll gather everybody like you or me who's ever been egged from a passing car. We'll have 10,000 eggs, and we'll just go around throwing them at decorators, builders, lorry drivers, all the normos, egg 'em to death!"

"This is another dream of mine."

Clive describes to us another of his strange nightmares, one in which he's responsible for building a huge object that keeps falling apart, and it's twice the size of the earth, so he can't hide it.

Then to cap it all he gets a bill for around 25 million pounds, which is pretty hard to come by when you're on a weekly income of something like 35 quid, as the Doctor claims to be.

"This large object is kind of like a bath shaped thing with all pipes running through it," he shivers. "I don't know why I make it."

YOU LIKEN being in The Medics to falling from a great height, but are you able to kind of swivel your body around so that you land on your feet and come to no harm?

"We can swivel," promises the Doctor. "I mean obviously, while we're dropping we're in control of things like concerts and the songs we write, so to be honest it's probably more like free falling with a parachute."

You have a parachute, then?

"We'll find out, we'll find out."

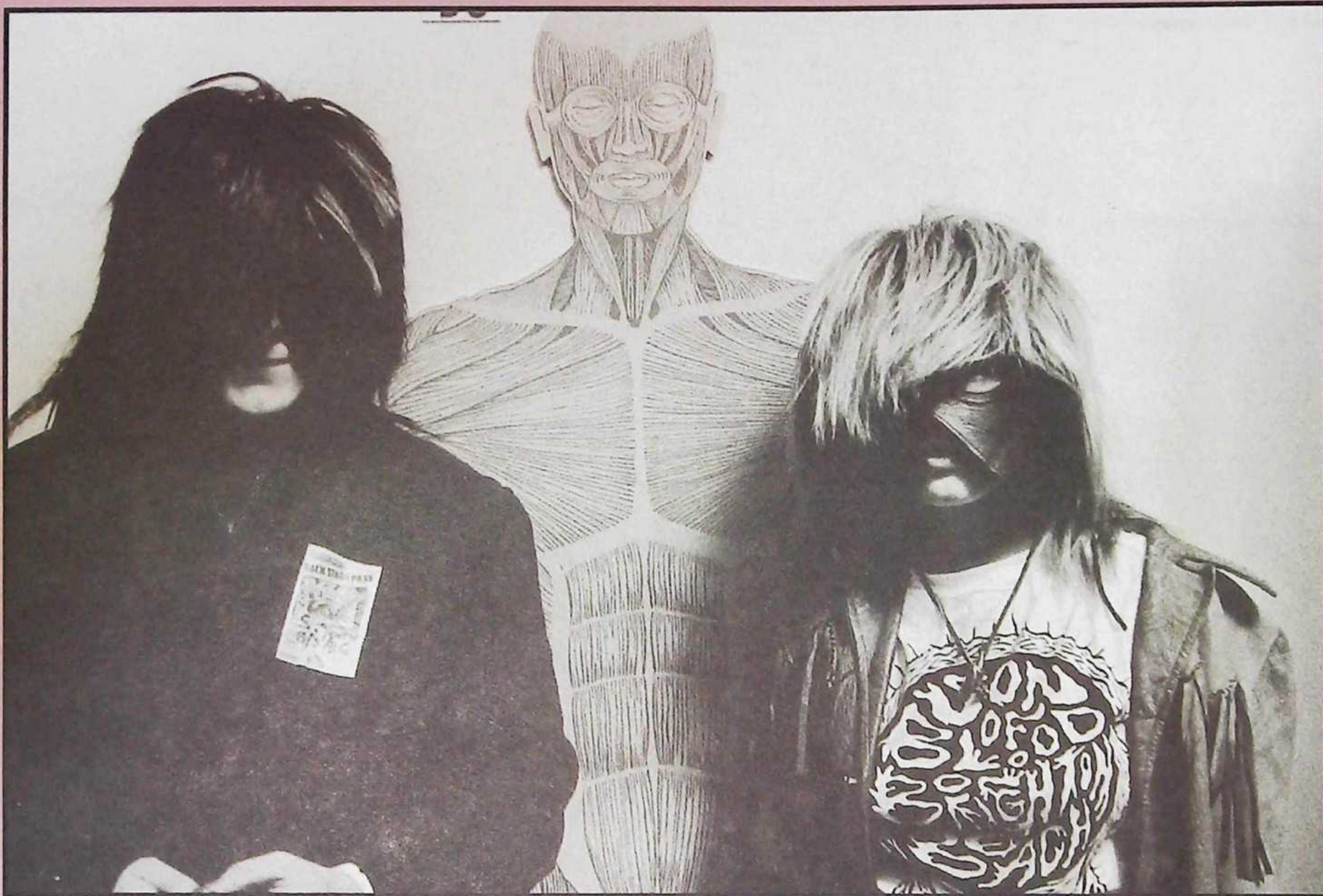
You're not sure yet whether the cord's going to pull successfully?

"Exactly, we'll soon see, but as in real life, it'll be too late by then. You'll go, Alright, I've had enough, I want to pull the string, and that'll be that."

"So OK, the parachute might open, you'll float softly to earth and you'll say, Ahh, that was The Medics, that was quite a nice fall from the sky, I think I'll do it again. Or you'll go to pull the cord, and then the nightmare will start. . ."

"All I wanted to do for the kids when I was a Scout Master was give them some optimism. . ."

STICK OF ROCK



BIG STICK L-R: John, Trevor 'n' Yanna

Dino Rod? See what happens when EDWIN POUNCEY teams up for a drag meeting with BIG STICK inna room fulla bones. PETER ANDERSON flips their wigs

IT WAS love the first time I heard 'Drag Racing' by Big Stick. All that revving up, that energy burning off, the smell of hot vinyl spinning crazily on my turntable.

Boom it up full throttle just as soon as I hear the neighbours going out, the kinda craziness that makes me feel sweat crawling inside.

A hit??? No problem ... if we were on Mars, that is.

'Drag Racing' originally appeared on the band's own Recess label. The edition of 500 burnt out pretty quickly and so Blast First, realising a good thing when they hear it, re-pressed it into a 12-inch format, added an extra track and spread the word around Europe.

G'wan ... next time the craving for a piece of plastic hits you try Big Stick's track record about a guy, his car, a gurl and her boob top ... yeah, boob top.

Big Stick are New Yorkers. Behind their black, kid leather masks they're probably wide-eyed and excited as hell to be in this strange, rainy country.

It's tipping it down as we wait for them at the Natural History Museum ...

Hordes of school parties flock round the ancient bones of long dead dinos, sucking

on pens and pressing buttons to illuminate some mindless cycle in the life of a tree frog or sump'n.

A gasp, mingled with a muffled snortle of laughter from the uniformed doormen, heralds the arrival of the dynamic duo. Suddenly all eyes are averted from the coelacanth, bobbing in its perspex tank of formalin, and onto the spectacle of John Gill and Yanna Trance, resplendent in nylon wigs and super-hero dominatrix eye shields.

Big Stick have pushed their way through the trilobite-encrusted portals to keep their appointment. The future smashes headlong into the past and everybody wants an eyeful. But before we adjourn to the Whale Gallery, here's an earful of their story so far ...

IN THE beginning there was Trevor White. He and Yanna got together at art school in the spring of 1980 and formed the original Big Stick band, an avant garde combo who involved themselves in creating "non accessible music" of which "nothing much ever came".

All this activity took place in central New Jersey and, after building up a large college radio following, the project slid into Astoria New York where they began to release cassette albums through their newly formed Giant Cat outlet.

Yanna fills me in on this particular period of Big Stick's evolution.

"We used to live in a loft. It was a pretty big place, so we built a stage in the place so it wasn't really like an apartment as such. We tried to make it into a little club. Instead of going out at night to a club we would just play at home and, if some people wanted to drop by, that would be fine. If not, we'd play anyway. I guess it was art for art's sake."

Work began on the 'Drag Racing' idea during the summer of '85, until the fist of fate smashed down and rubbed out one half of the Big Stick band. The Recess press release reveals all ...

Trevor White got in a fatal car crash while driving under the influence of alcohol. Minutes before he died, he said to the

paramedics as they worked to free him from the orgy of steel, "I was an asshole for driving drunk, now I'm gonna die". The tragic death of Trevor White is a serious example of what happens when you mix drinking and driving, and he will be missed.'

"Yeah," reminisces Yanna, "alcohol and driving don't really mix. I've pretty much gotten over that, although it was pretty bad, just like an instant thing. At that point we were trying to finish 'Drag Racing'. We'd started it and we were just trying to get it done when it happened. It was so much of a shock I thought maybe we wouldn't continue it at all."

Yet, even as Trevor White's last breath left his shattered frame, a new soul in the shape of John Gill hovered above, ready to resurrect the broken bones of Big Stick.

Yanna: "He was always one of the fans so we decided to finish the 'Drag Racing' project. I guess the only thing to really do after the accident was to continue. It worked out too because John had happened to be pretty much into drag racing. John was familiar with the place where we filmed some of the video. He had gone there as a child and he enjoyed the sport."

John: "The track is in New Jersey and it's called Raceway Park. That's one of the biggest drag strips in the country."

So tell me, have you ever got behind the wheel of a dragster yourselves?

Yanna: "It costs a few thousand dollars for each race. That's just for the fuel, not even including the car. It's the loudest thing ever. When they fire up their engines it's louder than any rock concert I've ever been to."

HAVING NEVER attended a drag strip meeting I wouldn't know about that. Being at a Big Stick show must be the nearest equivalent to rubber meltdown, though. Big Stick are like nothing you've ever seen or heard before - so different, in fact, that you could be misguidedly threatened by them. Big Stick couldn't, wouldn't hurt a fly. They want to be your friends in this hell on earth.

John: "We were surprised how far back everybody stood at the performance."

Yanna: "If people came up close we were going to hand them pound coins. I'm sure we'll have a chance to do that next time. It was hard, we couldn't really hear the monitors and often we found that we were not only playing against each other but we were also playing against the backing tape we use."

"We only got the whole thing into synch maybe once or twice during the whole show."

So what are Big Stick in synch with? Who, what are their gods?

Yanna: "I guess everything has been an influence. I couldn't attribute it to one thing."

John: "Well the influences are pretty broad. Like, the 'Drag Racing' thing was influenced by drag racing, the 'Hell On Earth' was influenced by detective magazines and the new song on the 12-inch called 'Jesus Was Born On An Indian Reservation' was influenced by the fact that I was getting really sick of turning on the TV and seeing these people in the Middle East killing people because of Jesus."

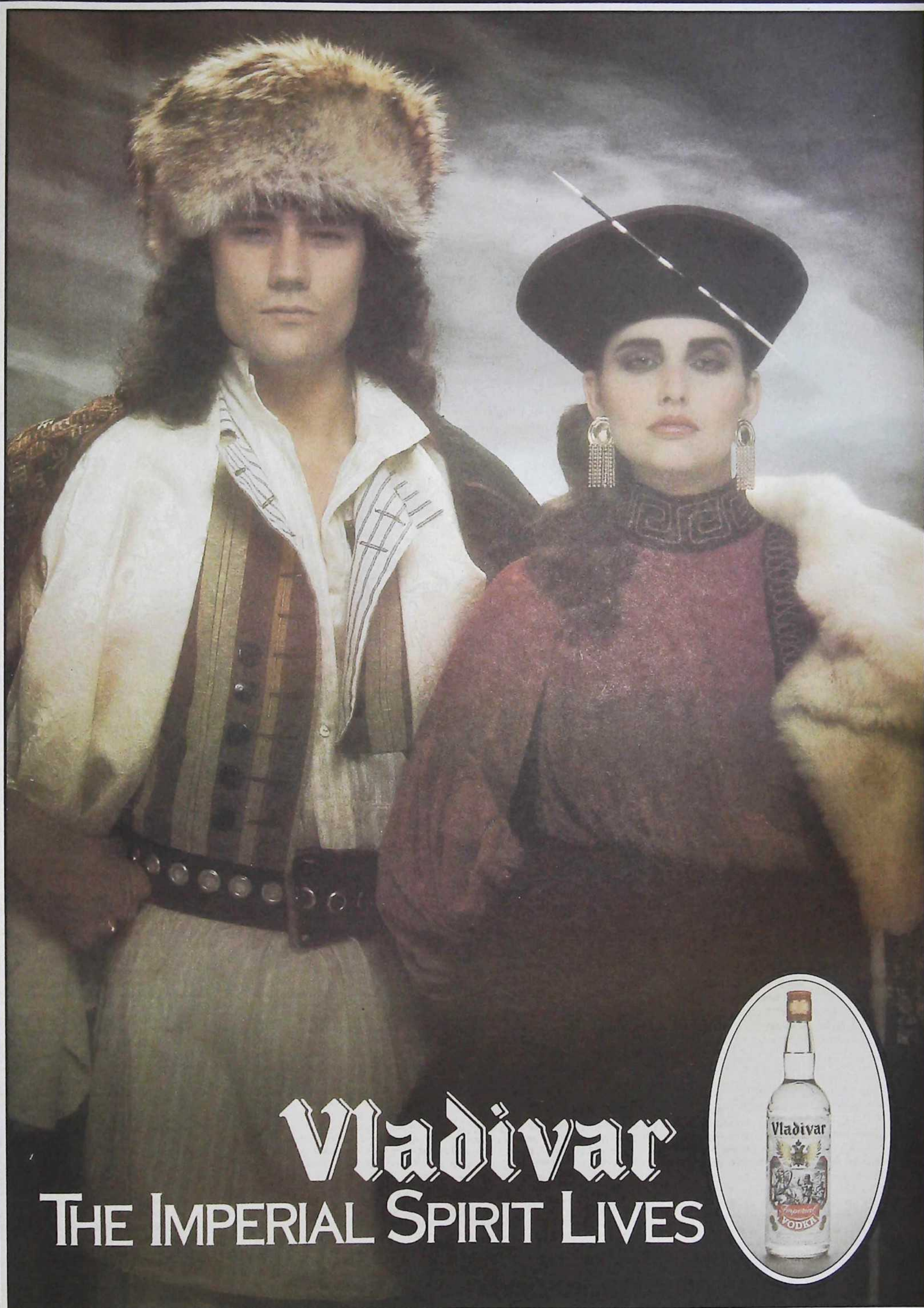
"I thought that if we could establish that Jesus was born on an Indian reservation, the Indians being pretty peaceful people, we might get some peace in the Middle East. I just think it's pretty horrible how all those people wearing sheets are stabbing each other and blowing each other up because of this horrible Jesus person."

John looks down at a pair of armadillos with silver tipped snouts into which he's stuck his feet. Nice shoes, I muse ... and flick to the question about image.

John: "It doesn't feel much different dressed like this to when you're waking up in the morning. It sort of feels pretty natural. It's not as taxing as a Kiss kinda thing where you wear lotsa make up 'n' stuff."

Yanna: "There's really no make up involved at all, it's just like putting on a hat. In the summer it might get a little hot."

"Ahh ..." minds John, "but in the summer it'll be the boob top."



A man and a woman are posed in imperial-style clothing. The man on the left wears a large fur hat, a white shirt, a striped vest, and a dark belt. The woman on the right wears a black hat with a feather, a red turtleneck, and large earrings. They are standing against a dark, cloudy background.

Vladivar

THE IMPERIAL SPIRIT LIVES



A bottle of Vladivar vodka is shown in an oval frame. The label on the bottle reads "Vladivar" and "VODKA".

BACK ON THE ROAD



PARFITT & ROSSI: one more for the road

ALMOST EVERYONE has a little place in their heart for the Quo, Britain's best loved hard rock band ever.

'Down Down', 'Rockin' All Over The World', 'Wild Side Of Life'... they weren't just any old blistered 12-bar boogie blasts. At least, they didn't seem to be. They were a part of the '70s, a bristled, scruffy reaction to the gauche sophistication elsewhere.

It was somehow *important* that Quo got in there and greased up the charts, hits flowing with a frequency matched only by that with which those lived-in chords reared their tousled little heads.

If you've never rocked a leg or nodded a head to a Quo song, then obviously you were never 14, never pissed, never at a rock gig.

We're all a little older now, though. Quo are too – and, in all honesty, they sound it. 'Rollin' Home', their first single release for

nigh on two years (a spit in the ocean within the context of their 24 year history) is a pleasant ramble through familiar boogie country, but it's also proof enough that Quo's days as the inspiration for future hard rockin' favourites (like the young Iron Maiden before) are long since past.

It's a record that smacks heavily of 'has-been' antiquity in a rock climate inflamed by a welter of vicious death metal hellhags. However, Rick Parfitt and Francis Rossi, ever-present mainmen, are happy enough with it, as they are with the re-shuffled band line-up which chalks up its debut on the single.

Beside the old guitar pairing remains skeletal Andy Bown on keyboards, with ex-Climax Blues Band bassist John Edwards and drummer Jeff Rich filling in for the departed Alan 'Sore Subject' Lancaster and Pete Kircher.

On a rainwashed afternoon south of the Thames, the Parfitt & Rossi show, mugs of tea in hand, look forward once again to the long and winding road. Does 'Rollin' Home' mark the return to their gruelling album/tour routine of yore?

Francis: "To a point, yeah. Hopefully, by the autumn we'll be out on a proper tour in Britain."

You'll be taking it at an easier pace,

though, right?

"Only a little. We can only do four nights before my voice goes. At least some people lose a *good* voice, I just lose mine..."

Isn't the prospect of a lengthy tour a daunting one?

Rick: "No, I'm excited about it. I don't know whether it's gonna be a *mammoth* tour like we've undertaken in the past. Y'see, a three-hour set for 90 to 100 gigs is just too much."

Was there any question of you laying the Quo name to rest?

"Nobody would know who we were, would they?"

Francis: "The point is, since '76 or '77, Richard and I have been doing most of the promo work, we've basically been the front people as such, and to knock *that* on the head would be stupid. You could have been sitting here saying, What the bloody hell did you drop the name for?"

"And in the end, people would've referred to it as Quo at some time or another..."

Rick: "We've worked hard to make Status Quo the name that it is, so there's no point in dropping it, just like there's no point, *being* Quo, in just sitting around doing sweet FA."

"We stopped touring planning to make

records and bits 'n' pieces, but after two years off the road you get up every morning and think, What the bloody 'ell am I gonna do today, y'know? You write a few songs but there's no real satisfaction in it and life becomes very grey. So, we had a natter and decided to get back on the road again..."

"Coupled with Live Aid," adds Francis, "which really pumped the adrenalin back into us."

Rick: "The reaction at Live Aid was unbelievable, so we thought, Let's get out and do something."

Francis: "An' it don't 'alf 'urt. Blimey, it 'urts."

Rick: "And when we came to start recording the album, it was so much more interesting than before."

The album? What'll it be called?

"A long player..."

A RETURN TO old ways after a two year break and a rethink. It'll look in many critics' eyes as if Quo are hard up – either for ideas or money.

"What can we say?" Francis shrugs.

Rick: "They *could* say that, but the tax bill doesn't pay itself, does it? And we're certainly not hard up for *ideas*. Again, having had the two years off, there's a rejuvenated feeling about us two, and the

WHOLLY GHOST

STATUS QUO, who spent 92 years taking their waistcoats and song round the globe before calling it a day two years ago, have since decided enough was not quite enough. So, with the aid of two new members and some Grecian 2000, they've returned. PAUL ELLIOTT gets down down. GREG FREEMAN goes blue for you

injection of the two new members has put so much more life into the band.

"We've got to work hard again, we're not safe or sure of selling out, whereas before we'd got a bit complacent about the whole thing."

Talking of complacency, isn't there a danger of you getting blasé when you're able to feed people with 'last tour' promises and then have them lapping up more gigs, more records etc, a couple of years on?

Francis: "No, 'cause as far as I was concerned, it was the last tour. I didn't think I'd change my mind but we all have a right to do so."

"I still wasn't particularly keen, even after Live Aid, to go back on the road with the band as it was, 'cause within a week we would've ended up with that same blasé feeling. One thing I personally used to hate, in the late '60s and early '70s, was the way people would split up and reform just to sell tickets. We've never needed to do that."

Rick: "I tell you what, I honestly believe if we'd got this line-up together and it wasn't good then we wouldn't go with it. The fact is that this line-up is *shit hot*, it seriously is. You ain't seen it yet, but when you do you'll know what I'm talking about. It is *seriously* good."

STATUS QUO'S 'End Of The Road' tour created an overwhelming demand for tickets throughout the country. As a punter, I too paid (I think) £7.50 for the privilege of witnessing one of a week's worth of 'final' Hammersmith Odeon shows.

I was left disappointed by an overlong performance, but that's neither here nor there. The point is that there were many thousands like me who dug deep for a slice of nostalgia. Whether you enjoyed the gigs or not, you could at least fall back on the satisfaction that you'd *been there* as that revered rock 'n' roll institution sweated it out for (near enough) the last time. That was 1984.

This July Quo play four outdoor shows with Queen, and there's an autumn tour to follow. They've decided to go a bit further on up the road. Clearly, Milton Keynes wasn't Quo's Last Stand.

Seriously, Francis, do the people who paid £15 or whatever for the Milton Keynes show, or over the odds to the touts anywhere (two third-row tickets went for £40 each on one night at Hammersmith) have reason to feel cheated by this comeback of yours?

"I think they'd feel a bit cheated by the touts, not by us. The band is not as it was then. If you wanted to sound corny you could say that it's a 'new chapter' and all that shit, but it *is*, it does feel new."

Rick: "I think in general the Quo fans'll be over the moon that we're going back. I think that's what they wanted, and to be honest that's what half of 'em expected."

"We'd genuinely had enough," Francis continues. "We'd been doing, like, a continuous world tour for 15 years, there

was aggro in the band, and I think this break has done us a world of good."

Rick: "We've come back fresh, we've got new ideas."

Francis helpfully clears up the details of a recent European jaunt.

"We did eleven shows, some in Dhabi, some in Abu, some in Grecos, some behind the Iron Curt-ron..."

Rick: "If you'd have seen the equipment we played on in Athens you wouldn't have believed it. The Marshalls were out of the ark."

Francis: "Talk about *mark ones*... All of that's good for us, though. It's like discipline, as opposed to being so comfortable before."

Rick: "The stage in Abu Dhabi was about 25 feet up. It was on a beach."

Francis: "They'd had somebody in there about a week before, they'd got the stage set up, and then the f***** tide came in. There was water all around 'em and they couldn't get off..."

SO WHAT have the Quo been doing since that last tour? Charity football matches, that sort of thing?

Francis: "Oh, funny bollocks!"

Rick: "Football matches, heh, heh, heh."

Francis: "Well, we'd done Live Aid and Band Aid, and we'd had high hopes for some solo stuff which so far hasn't been released."

Rick: "I wanted to get on the road again long before Francis. After only six or seven months I was getting pretty pissed off."

How many more ends of the road can there be?

"There'll be one more."

Francis: "If you asked me how long we're gonna go on for, I'd say probably about another five years."

So on reflection, wasn't the last tour an empty gesture?

"No. It finished a certain phase for us."

It must be strange for you to go back to supporting...

"Well, it's not really *supporting*. That's the bit that hurts, and that's why you said it. They call it 'Special Guest'. It'll be great for us to do it. The reason Queen have asked us, apart from being chinas, is because Quo have always been renowned for putting burns on seats."

Do you think it's fair to say that the success of 'Rollin' Home' depends as much on cracking the pop market through *Top Of The Pops* and radio airplay as reaching the rock audience by touring?

Francis: "Always has been. The thing that seems to make 'pop' a bad word is that it's popular and commercial. We've always been commercial. Our success can only be due to the fact that we have melody in a hard sounding band."

Rick: "It's the same now. John and Jeff have fitted in perfectly. All we need is a couple of good guitarists and someone who can sing and we'll be away!"



GHOST DANCE: living in an ethereal world

MR SPENCER gets out his ouija board to contact GHOST DANCE. Despite being ex-members of Sisters Of Mercy and Skeletal Family, this lot are definitely not doomy. . . Second sight: DAEVID WESTERN

THE FIRST truly summery day of the year, in a London office with Ghost Dance, sunshine streaming through the window.

You'd think with a name like *that*, a more appropriate setting would be the Bloody Tower at midnight with a storm crashing overhead, but everything's sunnily perfect.

Do lovely sunny days make you happy?

Gary Marx: "Did this morning, they don't normally, it felt good."

Anne Marie: "I got up really early, and thought, Can't be in a bad mood, the sun's shining."

Don't you think Goths are funny?

Gary: "Can be, can be all sorts of things."

Our only week of sunshine last year saw Ghost Dance marooned in a studio throughout its entire duration. This made them very unhappy.

Anne Marie, one-time Skeletal Family singer, likes it today because she always gets depressed in the winter. Gary, ex Sister Of Mercy guitarist, claims never to have known an English summer, he couldn't deal with, heatwise. Meanwhile, Etch, the bass player, is sunning himself back home in Leeds. Nobody really wants to be doing interviews in weather like this.

Are you enjoying yourselves in Ghost Dance?

Anne Marie: "Yeah, it's good fun, a lot more comfortable, more relaxed than it's been for ages."

The best time you've ever had?

"There's better times to come, I think."

What makes it more comfortable?

"We're finding out more things every day, about one another, and different types of music. It's fresh. To me it's fresh, anyway."

The new EP, 'River Of No Return' - lusty, exultant, sometimes quite bewitching - has suddenly appeared high and mighty in the independent charts. Impressive, considering how at no time have the group tried to exploit previous glories in order to give this project a metaphorical leg up.

Would you rather forget the past?

Gary: "I'm proud of a lot of what I did, and I

won't ever forget it, but I don't want it to hamper what we do now."

Anne Marie: "We're definitely optimistic people."

So there's nothing getting you down at the moment, Gary, besides the ulcers?

"Nothing that springs to mind, everything's going OK, our consciences are clear, everyone likes each other, there's summer coming, then there's the World Cup..."

We're casting aside that rotten old 'dooky' image, aren't we?

"I think it's already gone. I haven't found anyone who regards us as even remotely doomy or gloomy."

Anne Marie: "A lot of people were surprised when they first saw us, they said, God, you're just like a rock band!"

Do you shout, Hey! Rock 'n' roll! before going onstage?

"Not a lot, no."

Have either of you ever seen a ghost?

Anne Marie: "Yes, a couple of years ago in Aberdeen, and I was scared stiff. We'd stopped at an old coach house, but it had ghosts which stayed down in the bottom part of this place, and that's where all the bedrooms were..."

"It just came and pulled all the covers off me, and like my head stuck out and there's this figure and, *Aaagh!* I just shot under. I'm sure I wasn't sleeping, but I mean people tell you stories and you say to yourself, Well, is it simply my imagination, you know?"

It hasn't warped your mind?

"I think most things can warp your mind if you worry about them. I got attacked by an owl once."

Gary's favourite dance is The Frug, which is very '60s, and looks as if you're thumbing a lift and you follow the cars with your thumb as they speed past; also The Grebo, as favoured by the Black Angels in *Tommy*, ditto Mud whilst performing 'Tiger Feet' on *Top Of The Pops* in 1973.

Gary: "In the end you can only be true to yourself, as my mother would say."

Er, have either of you seen *Spinal Tap*?

"No."

So that's why my 'rock 'n' roll' joke fell flat. "Oh, sorry."

Beat runs Wild



A L B U M S

RATINGS ***** BUY *****BLAG ***HEAR **FLOG *DUMP

STEPHEN DUFFY 'Because We Love You' (10 Records DIX 29)***

SOMETHING INSIDIOUS this way comes... Stephen Duffy never could afford to let the edgier moments in his music become in the slightest bit blunt, but here, like a pair of rusty secateurs, he prunes his work with an incompetent blade.

The appeal was always in that bittersweet precociousness. The throwaway lines of indiscreetly hidden innocence, and the lame — never limp — wristed tartness always played Duffy into the artistic corner of the pop melee. But no more.

Oh, yeah, there's a certain affected effectiveness. There are saccharine tunes, sometimes flavoured artificially with the totally unmythic Sandii. There is a genuinely emotive pop lifting its way suggestively through the undergrowth, notably with the seagull cry-infested 'Sunday Supplement', which glistens with a virginal innocence. There is still love, and heartbreak, and infatuation.

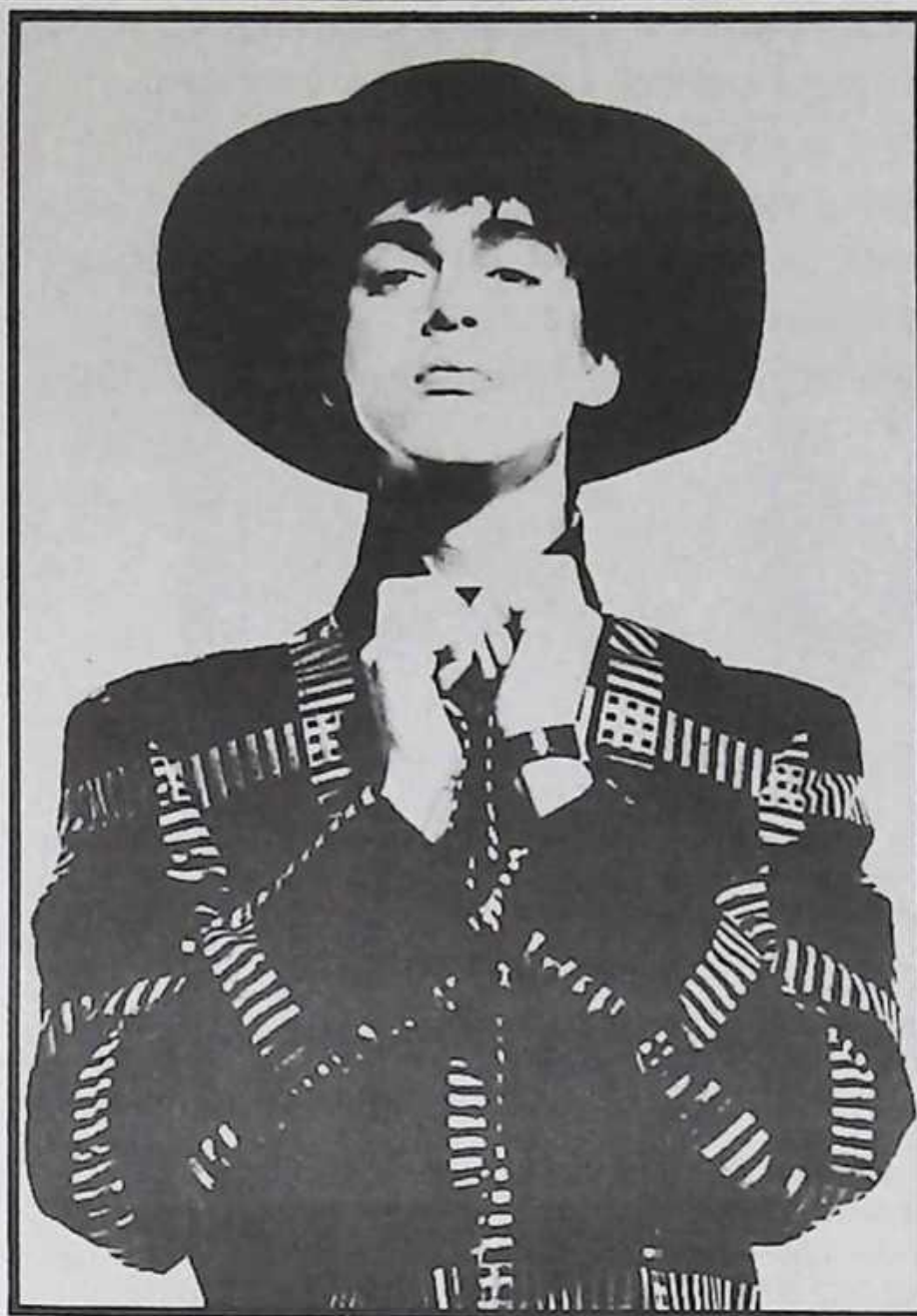
But beneath all this is a stunted realism, and an empty lyricism. Duffy always blew kisses instead of chances, never let the preposterousness of his situation become achingly real. Now the bones are poking through the anorexic frame and the flesh of his fantasy is beginning to wither.

This LP, subsequently, is more professional, more accurate and more subtle than before, which means it's lost all its spontaneity and sparkle. The fumble after the disco always was the most adrenalin pumping part; not even these artistic hearts and flowers will excite us after the tongue probing thrill has gone...

Perhaps this is part of a transformation, from Duffy's original schoolboy with the blush and the heart-stopping crush, through this wistful romanticism, to a new dripping sensuality. 'When You Go To Bed' hints at it, paring its way through the politeness and "charm", exposing itself to the total submergence of a dangerous lust.

Anyone who writes a song called 'Julie Christie' can't have lost all of his lyrical audacity. Oh, how I hope, because this album floats and drifts and even pleases, but never stings or hurts or twists your gut. Which is, after all, what love is supposed to do.

CAROLE LINFIELD



STEPHEN DUFFY: no flirting...

DUFFY DUCKED

BLACK UHURU

'Brutal' (Real Authentic Sounds RAS 3015) ****1/2 THE SOUND remains, for the most part, intact. That gristle and bone muscle tension which gave us 'World Is Africa' and 'Youth Of Eglinton' punches out of 'Brutal'; the unique combination of the three voices, unparalleled elsewhere in reggae, is still there.

Untangling the knots and getting right to the roots of the matter, Black Uhuru have produced a record which is unmistakably '80s, technically crisp and hard, but retaining enough edge to take it out of the studio and into your life. Junior Reed (the new Michael Rose) mixes fast rap chat with a chocolate razor tone, a disturbing delivery that echoes the hip hop production by Arthur Baker on the title track and 'Great

Train Robbery'. Songs of modern life, unspecific maybe but out of the "sensi-in-my-brain" league by a million miles.

Unfortunately, the album as a whole is watered down by light-hearted dross like 'Reggae With Me', which only serves to make me doubt the sincerity of the realism on other tracks. But if you could scratch a groove right through that one, there'd be a five star disc in your hands.

One day Uhuru will make the definitive reggae record, but until then... kiss this.

RICKY KILDARE

TEN TEN 'Walk On'

(Chrysalis CHR 1532) ***2/3 OH GOD, I can see accusations of hypocrisy being levelled at me here as I proceed to follow a recent bashing of Cactus World News with a favourable blab

about Ten Ten.

To the casual listener they sound exactly the same, thoroughly derivative 'new rock' quartets with aspirations to regular holidays in the West Indies. If anything, the musical brainwashing of the boys from Richmond, Virginia has been the more complete; instead of being tormented by direct comparisons with U2, these Anglophile style merchants have developed from the full range of pop genes of Yank college radio — Bunnymen, Furs, Alarm, Knopfler... oh, and U2, of course.

But Ten Ten have made this their own sound, taking the familiar monotone bass pulse foundation and slapping decent tunes over the top. There are songs about 'When It Rains' and 'Where The Flowers Grow', 'One Life' and

'Silver Heaven', so at least they are confirmed drips — but they are good looking drips.

You know what 'Walk On' is going to sound like before you've heard a track, it's just a lot better than might be expected.

ANDY HURT

38 SPECIAL 'Strength In Numbers'

(A&M AMA 5115) ***7/8 "SHIMMERING GUITARS" it says in the press release, and shimmering is as good a word as any. 38 Special (good name) achieve the almost impossible, whereby they get a hard-edged poignancy and more often than not make it shine.

This is open-topped car cruising material, and 38 Special can provide a good time feeling without constantly telling you what a

good rockin' time they're having, if you get my drift. This is about the drudgery of the day rolling into the freedom of the night, and yes, 38 Special can help take you somewhere else.

There are a few sickly ballads (aren't there always?) but Special more than make up for them with the glorious cranked-up crunch of 'Hearts On Fire', which leads me to believe that what's gone before in the 38 camp has been a lot more fiery than the drip-feed coma of something like 'Once In A Lifetime'.

38 Special are very mature, if you're looking for risks then turn elsewhere... which is not to say that they cannot turn on irresistible excitement now and again. And of course, Southern gee-tar boogie has no relevance whatsoever to the UK. That's partly why I like it.

NEIL PERRY

PRINCESS 'Princess'

(Supreme SUI) ***3/4

WELL, PRINCESS is no queen of vocal endeavours, singing each production in sour Evelyn 'Champagne' King yodels. There's probably an authentic voice lurking there somewhere, but unfortunately Stock, Aitken and Waterman (whose names merit the boldest print among the sleeve credits) have produced, written and arranged Princess into just another chip off the block.

'Say I'm Your Number One' provides fractional enjoyment and will undoubtedly take its place in the dancefloor hall of fame, while 'After The Love Has Gone' is more like the SOS Band than the SOS Band. A certain Kevin Edwards is acknowledged "for keeping me constantly in touch with the street", but, if this is reality, heaven help her.

So-so formula dance music.

MONICA CADY

THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS 'Tuff Enuff'

(Epic Records EPC 26883) ** THESE FABULOUS Thunderbirds prowls a deep, dark alley, stalking the dark shadows thrown by George Thorogood and the whole past history of rock 'n' blues freebasing.

They would walk ten miles on their hands and knees through gritty rhythms and brutal broken guitar droppings, they'd wrestle a lion or a grizzly bear — just to prove that they are "tuff enuff" to handle rock 'n' roll.

The Fabulous Thunderbirds get paid on a Friday and party all weekend with blondes in short, short skirts and fishnet hose. They live in a dream world in which all women live only to flirt with them and hold the keys to their

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The Fabulous Thunderbirds stomp out a bully-beef old fashioned boogie, and breathe no fresh life into the form at all. They drive huge, huge automobiles to compensate for the fact that they have very small penises, and they bore me sick.

One for the Whistle Test, I think.

ROGER HOLLAND

IN EMBRACE

'Wanderlust' (Glass FLEX 102) ****

THIS IS where In Embrace gather up all their derailed remnants from '82 to '84 and open their mouths to show us they care. Like all perversely perfect records, you'll play it once, never forget it, never ever play it again. Some glassy shard will stick in your throat when you're making love in some dark alleyway and some pale refrain will come back to softly haunt when you're facing your last mile. That sort of record.

Frigidly stately at times, Knight's plaintive prose sinks and swims under the wash of meagrely drawn chords, and he manages to pack more mercurial splendour into a single line than could many.

Taut as a grasshopper's tug-hood and lined blind with timbre, they never aspire to more than discreet, tingling suggestion and one deep salaam for that. Two years on, we're all going to pretend that it was early In Embrace that helped us to breath in the mid-'80s, before they wrote those songs about snogging.

Here, I'll pick out the closing 'Pine Needles', a heady cluster of Truman Capote, Cole Porter and Keith Emerson which has been described to me as 'musical nail-polish with optional booby-traps'. Less hip, more holy-hushed, it smirks and relieves itself gently on that independent filth heap on its journey heavenwards. Scope.

JONH WILDE

FOUR BIG GUITARS FROM TEXAS 'That's Cool, That's Trash (More Big Guitars From Texas)' (Demon FIEND 68)**1/4**

THERE YOU have it - in the very album title itself, four 'More Big Guitars From Texas'.

And why not - after all, we live in the age of the sequel, the reissue, the cover version. The original Big Guitars trashed, twanged and thundered their way to one of the best albums of last year; a hard act to follow but an undeniably successful one, and it's hard to blame the mastermind of that project, former Fab T-Bird and currently a Leroi Brother, Mike Buck, from cashing in.



THE BOMB PARTY: this album is not dedicated to Ian Botham

DYNAMITE

THE BOMB PARTY 'Drugs' (Abstract ABT 014)****

I COULD tell you a tale or two. I remember when I was a lad, when Jesus Mosquera was just plain Andy, when Steve Gerrard and me... I think perhaps I should stop there. I mean, have you seen the size of that drummer's biceps?

The debut album that seems to have taken several eternities to materialise has come at last. And? Well, it's marginally disappointing in that, instead of a mind-blowing succession of acid visions, we simply have a good record; a fair parallel to draw is with Abstract colleagues The Three Johns, whose first album didn't quite live up to the expectations aroused by a string of great singles. There's no 'New Messiah' here but, at the opposite end of the sliding splat scale, there's the

almost lilting oldie 'Susie's Party', a song so good Mosquera re-uses most of the lyrics for the manic stomping 'Zombie Head'.

While Mark explodes the drum kit and Sarah supplies the melody-carrying bass lines, Jesus growls through songs like a half-rusty coffee grinder. Sure, I can understand Birthday Party comparisons, but I prefer this lot, and the more blatantly tuneful (well, nearly) they are, the more complete their triumph. That's why the best track is 'Johnny Took Her Breath Away', with Mosquera coming close to actually singing and Gerrard being almost tasteful in his selection of anarchic geetar howls.

The definitive Bomb Party album is evidently yet to come, so hang on in there, we're in for a bumpy ride.

ANDY HURT

This is a cash-in, no two ways about it, but it's a justifiable one with some jolly dee tunes, generally instrumental, which stick rigidly to the formula of the original. Four fresh pickers and a new bassist accompany Buck on a dozen numbers which redistribute the tried and tested ingredients of volume one: Link Wray, Duane Eddy, The Chantays, Surfari and Ventures are paid homage to by the foursome who never lose their sense of proportion.

Not as great as the first set, but I like it, Johnny Thunders will love it and the solution is simple - buy 'em both.

ANDY HURT

THE ROYAL FAMILY AND THE POOR 'The Project - Phase 2 We Love The Moon' (Factory FACT 140)**1/2**

EVERY MUSIC hack could compile their own 'most regular callers' Top Ten band-wise and somewhere near the top of my tree lurks Mike

Keane, driving force of The Royal Family And The Poor.

With The Royal Family as his weapon, Keane happily takes pot-shots at widely divergent musical targets, 'Phase 2' being initiated by the airy 'Visions' and succeeded in turn by the abrasive 'Sex Goddess' and wailing 'White Stains'. By track three, therefore, The Royal Family's most fertile source of inspiration has been established.

Keane is as single-minded as they come (no pun intended) and invariably does things his own way, regardless of whatever either band or label might have to say about matters. This ensures the purity of 'We Love The Moon', but necessarily precludes a sense of perspective.

Obsessive rather than self-indulgent, the eight tracks mesh together to form a fairly potent personal statement which never quite switches into top gear. The best is yet to come.

ANDY HURT

PATTI LA BELLE 'Winner In You' (MCA MCF 3319)**1/4**

IN 1962, Patti La Belle and The Bluebells made it big with 'I Sold My Heart To The Junkman'. Ten years later, 'Lady Marmalade' was following the laws of supply and demand and documenting the shift of emphasis in sexual relationships. In 1986, we find the woman afraid to visit this country and mournfully singing 'On My Own'. In the 21st century, social history books will be jukeboxes.

This album is her spiritual Agincourt. La Belle jumbles proven successful contemporary 'styles' on 'Winner In You'. A bit of Chaka, a piece of Whitney, some romance, some innuendo, some orthodox funk and some rattlingly humanist gospel.

And, of course, that duet with Michael Doobie, currently being held from Number One by some rather juvenile toilet humour. 'On

My Own' is so uncool it's cool. A couple of summers from now it'll sound as warmly classical as Champaign.

Patti La Belle has waited for this, and her voice decorates the lush musical contrivances like an expert make-up artist applying the final touches of researched beauty to a mannequin, with just a sly hint of ostentation as befits a maestro. This person stole the show at Live Aid, has no scruples. One admires McDonald's wisdom in playing Michael Douglas to her Gloria Swanson.

CHRIS ROBERTS

ROBERT CALVERT 'Test-Tube Conceived' (Demi-Monde DMLP 1010)**3/4**

A BLEAK landscape, where the power of progress/science over the human race equals evil over good. Monotonous synth-drum programmes and slices of power guitar expose the monolithic face of the scientist. In a hundred cities, in a thousand darkened laboratories, they are messing with your future...

The official LP of the play *Test-Tube Baby Of Mine*, also written by former Hawkwind man Calvert (he was planning to show the play on his current tour), this record is impressive for its atmosphere of steadily rising fear, if not its inspired compositions.

Sometimes sounding a little like one of the Hawkpeople's greatest moments, 'Quark, Strangeness And Charm', Calvert weaves through 'Test-Tube Conceived' crying of telekinesis and deep-freeze techniques and glowing screens and how test-tube babies have "No star sign, no destiny..."; in fact, do they have a soul at all? Don't touch that dial...

NEIL PERRY

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Sense Of Beauty' (Union UO28)**3/4**

QUESTION: WHAT do Japan, Durutti Column, Philip Glass, Eno and the Penguin Cafe Orchestra have in common? Answer: they're all featured on this Norwegian (?) sampler of soothing instrumentals.

That's not as unlikely as it sounds. Late-period Japan were often prone to bouts of wordless melancholy (Barbieri's exquisite 'The Experience Of Swimming' is represented here) while Vinni Reilly's love of pastel-hued vignettes is well documented.

As for the rest, they certainly do share some common ground, but it's still a pleasant surprise to hear such a compilation fit together so neatly, so naturally.

DAVID ELLIOTT

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THE SOS BAND 'Sands Of Time' (Tabu TBU26863)****

WHEN THEY'RE average, The SOS Band are very average indeed. When they're great, they're the most powerful rush of ordered sound in contemporary music.

This may well be Jimmy Jam and Terry Lewis' last decent production job before they succumb to the lure of the white man's wallet. Apparently they're overseeing the next Human League album. Instinct doesn't like that idea.

Meanwhile the Flytetype masters are passing the salt to Martha Davis' savoury voice with the flick of the wrist that's proven so valuable and vitriolic on such soul brash beauties as 'Just Be Good To Me' and 'Just The Way You Like It'. Just.

Only two classics here, and both singles, but these are so far ahead of the pack it's a jugular joke. 'The Finest' slinks like a lynx and 'Borrowed Love' is the cream. Stirring and fun, stimulating and hypnotic. You want it to go on forever.

As for the over-slowies, they shouldn't do them. Everything else they do with the confidence of kings and queens. A sense of hot mysteries in icy castles and that heaven-sent undercurrent of yearning. Mostly magnificent.

CHRIS ROBERTS

BLACK FLAG 'The Process Of Weeding Out' (SST SST 037) ****

YOU'LL SQUIRM like a worm when you hear this. Blood'll pop right outta your ears and hit the wall like a shaken up canna Cherry Coke. An instrumental Black Flag album? Gaahhkk! It sounds like a stinker, a desperate move. What, no songs?

Could be the case but somehow I doubt it. Greg Ginn and gang's musical molotov cocktail turns out to be a real tonic. With no Henry Rollins booming out atcha it's up to Greg's guitar to do the bulk of the communication on

LIPPI LIPPI SHAKE



FRA LIPPO LIPPI: there's no business like snow business...

this outing. I am reminded of Coltrane's gnarly parts, of the Velvets' 'Sister Ray', at the point when it all starts to corrode into real ugly. Uh-oh, I'm also reminded of The Dead 'n' The Allman Brothers' 'Eat A Peach'/'Mountain Jam' apocalypse. Uncool for fools but music to these ears.

"This is rubbish," rants a rabid freelancer indignantly. Black Flag's best blast since 'My War' is a triffid among wallflowers. May it continue to pollinate.

EDWIN POUNCEY

YEAH YEAH NOH 'Fun On The Lawn Lawn' (Veggum BAAD 002)*****

THERE SHOULD be superlatives a-plenty flowing for Leicester's wondrous Yeah Yeah Noh, and now, after their early retirement,

it's hard to get the crestfallen brow to tingle at all. 'Fun On The Lawn Lawn' will help though.

The group's final ovation, the fussily titled 'Cutting The Heavenly Lawn Of Greatness ... Last Rites For The God Of Love', was merely magnificent, and this new resumé of their Peel sessions makes a fine bedfellow. Different versions, distorted versions and all the heartfelt immaturity that Yeah Yeah Noh seemed to exude at the drop of a chord.

There are 13 selections here, chock-full of the kind of ideas that juggle pop senselessness with the charm of DIY, managing to put on a show that few really discovered until the group's demise.

And in retrospect it's much easier to gauge their importance. Yeah Yeah Noh

played flawed pop which wiggled between Madness, Eno and The Loft. The Peel sessions are a classic memory torn between dubbed out reggae and silly noises from Europe. Now that's the way that life should be.

DAVE HENDERSON

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Imminent 2' (Food Bite 2)*** 'Imminent 3' (Food Bite 3)*****

THROWN TOGETHER to 'showcase the ascendant independents', these are invaluable collections if you want to know anything about grass-roots on-the-street-and-in-the-garages British music, warts 'n' all.

The selection of would-be heroes is too extensive to mention one and all (23 acts) so you'll have to put up with my choice cuts. Winners of 'Imminent 2' are The Shock-Headed Peters, who with 'Head Thorax Abdomen' have hit upon something so simple and stunning that I haven't yet recovered, and Zodiac Mindwarp and the boys who pile through 'Drug Shoes' ('I just wanna float in my...'). Mr Mindwarp is soon to be a star of quite magnificent proportions, believe me.

Elsewhere there's the crystal clear atmospherics of UV Pop, the noisy steamroller malice of Gasrattle, and Living In Texas who say 'Yeah' like only true rockers know how.

'Imminent 3' sports the doom fuzz of Bunnydrums, the aural cut-ups of Eugene Chadbourne (a complete fruitcake), the tanked up chug of Home And Garden, the DAF-like bop of The Weathermen, the epic head-rush of Executive Slacks, the...aw, there's gotta be something here for you.

Take the risk.

NEIL PERRY

GRANDMASTER FLASH 'The Source' (Elektra 960 476-1)*****

MORE BRAGGADOCIO, more street-sharp narcissism from Grandmaster and his cohorts: "The baddest and most popular DJ on earth/I go by the name of Grandmaster Flash." More jerking irrepressible rap attack, another appallingly tasteless cover and more dubious lyricism.

From the 'If I Ruled The World'/'Blues Brothers' collision of 'Style (Peter Gunn Theme)' to the obligatory trite sexism of 'Ms Thang', 'The Source' is a gloriously

FRA LIPPO LIPPI 'Songs' (Virgin V2375) **1/2**

ATMOSPHERE: YOU either have it or you don't. Have it. Norwegians Rune Kristoffersen and Per Oystein Sorensen are in love with Helen Melancholy and the shrewd moods expressed in these ten songs are as tangible as her long, long snow-flecked hair.

Initially available only in Scandinavia, this release has had four tracks re-recorded with producer Dave Allen (The Cure etc) including the singles 'Shouldn't Have To Be Like That' (slightly sluggish) and 'Every Time I See You' (suicidally romantic, a bittersweet memory). Elsewhere, things happen which should make your best alter ego weep with unabashed elation. Studied, conventional, sure. But the accidents!

Imperfections of language result in Oystein stumbling upon phrases in his ad-libbing which retain the grace to move, the accent of instinct. These are the human flaws in an otherwise static representation of that ole stomach ulcer called love.

One kind of imagines FLL performing sitting on stools. And snow, yes yes yes, plenty of snow, of course. But it's quite quite marvellous. Breathe. 'Come Summer'. 'Just Like Me'. 'Crash Of Light'. These are as good as any mature angst/strength through resilience songs you'll hear this year. And sometimes Oystein leans forward and... maybe trembles, maybe growls. Ah, women... you can't live with 'em and you can't get up in the mornings even if you could. This is the sound of acceptance. It doesn't make it any easier but it distracts you with images of forests and lakes and weird priests.

Don't underestimate Fra Lippo Lippi. "Is it a loss or a victory?"

CHRIS ROBERTS

danceable compact of deficiency. Nothing reaches the insidious brilliance of 'White Lines' but all ten tracks have a faltering immediacy that never fails to "rock the house".

'PLU (Peace, Love, Unity)' stakes a hackneyed paeon to brotherhood, while they take a cheap swipe at 'The Message' - "We don't need no music or no message crap".

'Behind Closed Doors' is gruesomely tacky: "Why don't you come in for a night cap? I don't know if I should. It'll be alright. Well alright then, just for one".

Four stars for ten dance tracks, nothing else.

ROY WILKINSON

THE BAND OF HOLY JOY 'The Big Ship Sails' (Flim Flam HARP BABY 1)****

IN THE darkest corners of the nursery of your mind, The Band Of Holy Joy sing distracting lullabies intent on disturbing the status quo.

With subtle lyrical whims they stroll nonchalantly across fabled ground mixing mirth with warning, songs of

joy with odes to brutality - like a child being beaten in an upstairs room.

The Band used to be a hideous noise when they first squirmed in the spotlight but their naive melodies have become even teenier through the passing years. The oompah oompah rhythm of waltzing delights is a long way from rock 'n' roll but close enough to rocking horses and dismembered toy soldiers.

'The Big Ship Sails' is poetry in locomotion, a screaming second take throbbing right in front of your eyes and tingling in your ears. You know that feeling you get just before you're about to go under at the dentist? Well, that's what you get with The Band Of Holy Joy. It's a kind of drugged-out sensation that's wriggling with haunting melodies from your past and the kind of nursery rhymes that come and go through *Evil Dead*.

Victorian melodrama, anyone?

DAVE HENDERSON

ALBUMS EXTRA ON PAGE 35



THE CHURCH: save a prayer

HOLY ROLLERS

THE CHURCH 'Heyday' (EMI EMC 3508)*****

SCATTERED THROUGH this group's prolific history - they can't stop pouring out the songs and the records, it seems - are a cluster of jewels: 'Constant In Opal', 'Almost With You', 'Electric', all of the 'Sing-Songs' EP. Will they sew together the classic record that lurks inside them? 'Heyday' comes decently close.

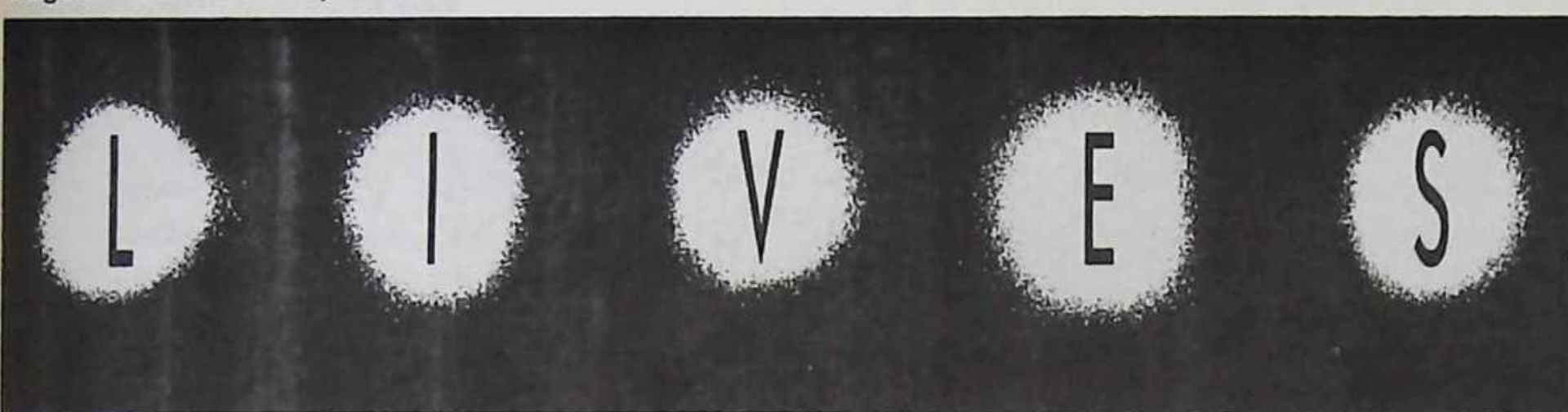
Imagine Byrds grown into Bunnymen and feasting on the textures of Renaissance psychedelia: you're nearly there, and so are they, except it pans out a bit too pompous at times. 'Night Of Light', 'Tantalized' and 'Myrrh' are complex swirls of guitar melody developed into huge canvases - they're a small group, really, and this chest-beating

doesn't suit them that well. But Stephen Kilbey's voice phrases a fine and elegant melancholy out of their words, and they've learned how to burnish their music.

'Tristesse' is a rewrite of 'Lady Madonna' that soars effortlessly out of their mouths and hands. It's a difficult game to play well: 'Already Yesterday', exactly the same on the surface, topples over into a sickly never never land of rotten romance. Then they're back on the map with the booming time-trip of 'Columbus'. Needs a pinch of indulgence, a moment's belief, but The Church dream good dreams.

A recent live set shot down all their pretty birds and left us with ugly metal stomp. I'll stick with the records. This one's fine.

RICHARD COOK



JOHN LYDON: I wanna tell you a story...

Ian T Tilton

PUBLIC NUISANCE

PIL

Scarborough Futurist Theatre

PIL ARE supposed to be good. John Lydon has all the power, glory, cash and flab he needs, and *this* is all he can manage. The band look like 'professional' professional footballers, rich, ugly and slow – guitarist John McGeoch is taking a two week holiday from his hairdressing salon for this tour – while Lydon himself is wheeled on and off the stage between gobbing attacks, and the keyboardists rest on campbeds while the band scuttle off for a pre-encore quaffing of claret.

The set is made up of tired versions of 'Poptones', 'Annalisa', 'Flowers Of Romance' and 'Public Image', all lathered in flatulent Led Zep guitar riffs and slowed to the tick of Johnny's little metal pacemaker. The audience love it. Those who don't vegetate towards the front when Lydon first appears don't make it through 'Rise' before they've scrambled desperately over the spikyheads to get as near to their Messiah as possible. By the time McGeoch is wrapping his thumbs around the

chords that ignite 'Pretty Vacant', half of North Yorkshire's punk memorabilia are hurling themselves from the Upper Circle.

The whole amusing spectacle is sick, religiously so, with peaceful strings of swaying handclappers, clutches of V-signs.

"You only want me for the clothes that I wear..." Nope! Your swanky designer suit needs a good hosing down with a flame thrower. You come from a time when you were slagged for being brilliant, today you're getting kicked for having a set full of shit. Pompous folkly operatic heavy metal shit. Very entertaining all the same, in a Max Bygraves sort of way. The backdrop falls to reveal a banal wall of tall '70s disco lighting, and in its glow the 'haves' piss up a few more numbers for the 'have nots' and then leave distributing bread and fish.

Lydon's chosen parting ad lib of happy arrogance isn't subtle: "I could be wrong I could be right, I could be worse I could be shite". Could's not in it.

JAMES BROWN

EASTERHOUSE Birmingham

THINGS DID not look promising from the very beginning. Sixty people attempted to look like a crowd in a hall that can accommodate a thousand. The word 'benefit' scrawled across the Workers Against Racism posters began to look very out of place. The band, along with me, began to look as if they'd much rather be somewhere else. The minuscule bar at the Triangle, for once in its tawdry life, began to look quite inviting.

To their credit, Easterhouse did their best. To their debit, their best simply wasn't good enough to overcome the depressing emptiness of the event. Like all 'political' bands, they rely on feedback from a like-minded audience for their music to achieve the desired effect. Tonight, they would have been better advised to have commandeered one of the toilets and given each member of the audience one song apiece to savour individually.

As the calls for 'more' – all ten of them – petered away, the band pottered off to their dressing room never to

return. Given that the most exciting, musically relevant and entertaining portion of their set was their rambling rendition of Springsteen's 'Downbound Train', can you blame them?

GEOFFREY S KENT

MACKENZIES/PIG BROS Manchester Boardwalk Saturday Club

ROLL OUT the bacon and put away the salad, Pig Bros have improved. They've kicked out a guitarist, placed the emphasis on the sax player, and left their original soupy sub-Nightingales drivel in Moseley, Birmingham. The singer, in his glittering silver shirt, looks more like a plump turkey in greasy tin foil than a mean bullet of a man, but when his band sound like a bluesy version of the late great Sid Presley Experience, who's complaining?

Pig Bros songs now rock with the rumble of Jake and Elwood Blues' ex-NYPD patrol car, their guitars burn as red as those traffic lights which the Bluesmobile lived to skip. Faceless and lacking in style they may be but Pig Bros are well worth rolling with.

Back in the Saturday Club,

the danceish Mackenzies are teaching indie fans a little about Glaswegian hip hop, pop group style. Establishing that none of their songs last longer than 27 seconds, without a break for whispered vocals or saxophone squeals, Mackenzies nip from tune to tune like a child with worms. Sellotaping together the unlikely combination of molotov tom toms and scratchy guitars, Mackenzies land between The Higsons, Birthday Party and Wire. If you can come to terms with that lot, you're probably already a fan; if you're not, it's about time you got down and grovelled.

JAMES BROWN

CELTIC FROST/ HELLOWEEN/GRAVE DIGGER

Hammersmith Palais
WELCOME TO the speed trials.

In our manic urgency to package everything, you can now get your thrills to speed metal, thrash metal, death/hate metal, even *avant-garde* metal, for God's sake. The three potential mean machines on show tonight are the spearhead battalion of European HM. Supposedly,

Grave Digger don't really qualify for any category, except that of being tacky and mediocre. They are a rock band of adequate ability and no more, and the half-empty Palais tapped its collective foot and waited.

Halloween gave more cause for celebration but have unfortunately thrown out any originality in favour of playing as fast as possible. Discharge did it all and more five years ago, and were much better at it. The terrific Anthrax are doing it now, superbly. Halloween's logo is a pumpkin.

Celtic Frost... ah yes, apparently the reps from the avant-garde camp. Celtic Frost are wild, wired and weird, and the sigh of relief from the crowd was almost audible. *This* is what we came for. Coming from the Metallica school of improvisation, Celtic Frost were thunderous in a melodic sort of way; they kicked it out and stopped it dead and exploded from the inside.

Nothing particularly avant-garde about that, except maybe the bass-player's frilly shirt and the fact that they come from Switzerland.

NEIL PERRY

THE CHURCH Marquee

WE HAD hoped for loud guitars and an adenoidal rush, a rampant Australian rock-out. But in vain. We have always placed too much faith in the sound of 'I'm Stranded'.

Another band bombs in Wardour Street.

I like the Marquee, I really do. Unfortunately, its air of utter gutter seediness is likely to be swept away by an incoming tide of cocktail sophistication (perhaps they might even run to some seats!). I hope they don't ruin the *ambience* of the place.

Some of the stupidest people in the world are members of the Marquee. And some of the stupidest bands in christendom get to strut upon its stage.

Particularly stupid Australians, The Church boast of a deep kinship with last year's wave of odious and overrated Yankee guitar filibusters. Their guitars talk through their noses, but winge rather than boom. And their derivation from the school of seventh rate Petty and Young copyists is cheered to the verge of enthusiasm by a full house not noted for its taste.

As my companion remarked on the way out, wouldn't it be nice if, just for once, one of these bands could manage to sound just a little different. It would, but they never will.

ROGER HOLLAND

EXECUTIVE SLACKS Dingwalls

SO THERE I stand, minding my own business, innocent as Crippen, and this woman sidles up and enquires of me, "What have you got in that bag?". Cripes – tumbled! I know what's coming next...

"You are Rashid Ali Ben Hurt and I claim my 50 dinars/explosive device."

I picture the headlines: *Dancehall Wrecked In Holdall Suicide Raid*, and the public's response, "How can they tell?". To be fair, though, the old bomb site has been effectively refurbished and the legendary Evostik floor replaced by a surface that could adequately serve as a curling rink.

The woman, a tour manager, was merely concerned that I might be bootlegging the evening's entertainment, selecting me as the most suspicious looking of the 50 'strong' audience. Shame about the attendance (probably due to a general unawareness of the venue's reopening), as the Ex-Slacks are a pretty damn dynamic trio of assorted synth noises (John Dexter Young), frantic stand-up percussion (Bobby Ray) and hairiness, variegated Max Wall tights, scratchy guitar and scratchier vocals (Matthew Marella).

There's some mean thrashing going down here. I mean, show me a decent crowd and I'll show you one helluva good time.

ANDY HURT

RANTER'S CUP FINAL 1986 North Kensington Bay 63

OH TO be in England now that the Northern Line is *completely* bugged. Alas, poor Swells, Ben Zephaniah et al, (didn't quite make it in time for the early shift. "F*** off, Twinkletoes," is the first line I'm privy to, Big J (a female) caught in full flight, and she's not bad at all, and, gadzooks, the rest of the evening is of a surprisingly high standard – I'm surprised!

So much humour, and much of it funny. Little Brother picks on trainspotters and Lesley Crowther and why

SELF

SELF AID

Dublin RDS Arena

BASED LOOSELY on last year's Live Aid concert, Self-Aid brought together a variety of Irish acts to raise money, jobs and hope for Ireland's spiralling dole queues. While the pros and cons of the Self Aid argument will rage for months to come, the day was if nothing else a testament to the relatively healthy state of the Irish music industry.

The brevity of the various sets, while advantageous in that one wasn't given enough time to become *too* restless, at other times only gave a teasing taster of each band's full firepower. We could have done with more of *Blue In Heaven's* balls, *The Fountainhead's* abrasive, choppy rhythms and *In Tua Nua's* swirling melodies while dispensing with the embarrassing *Scullion*, the tedious *Chris De Burgh* or the meandering *Clannad*.

But just as the atmosphere began to sag beneath a series of MOR and traditional acts, *The Pogues* came on, grabbed the day by the scruff of its neck and revved the crowd up on their amphetaminated bastard ceilidh. In the grainy sunlight of the late afternoon, 'Dirty Old Town' seemed most poignant. Likewise *Cactus World News*, who served notice that for better or worse they're future contenders on the lucrative

not? Trespassers W cross the Channel, deliver some immaculately conceived songs such as 'Pregnant' and 'Neverland', pop with a sharp lyricism and scruffy Dutch jumpers. Belinda Blanchard overpopulates her red leather trousers and ejaculates disparaging paeans of the penis with an endearing aversion to the letter 'r' – I wish I owned a 'Wenno 5' too.

Compere and resident aegis of the extravaganza, Attila, gave us 'Libyan Students From Hell', admitted responsibility for giving Paul Mariner two left feet, and introduced *The Neurotics*, the most sartorially inelegant group in the cosmos, part-time dumb rangers in the worst sense, occasional avenging angels with a killing pen to match a murderous tune. 'You Must Be Mad', superb. Kevin Seisay – a man, a guitar, a haircut, a Yorkshire accent and a permanent encore. Reet good. Pat Condell, wryly amusing, albeit a sizeable chip off Steve Martin's block.

Good, moderately clean entertainment, this should get the families back on the terraces!

ANDY HURT

THE PALE FOUNTAINS North Kensington Bay 63

FOUR YEARS ago, The Pale Fountains' multi-millionaire publisher Brian Morrison promised the 'Pool prodigies' his Bentley if their 'Thank You' single didn't make the Top 20. It didn't, but the Palies (as you say) are still driving around in the quintessential Transit...

The Palies played this venue just over two months ago. Then, as tonight, they kicked off with the smashing rhyming '60s spy theme scale escalation of 'Realisation' and the hook-filled 'Bicycle Thieves'. Then they were a brilliantly immediate pop

RESPECT

stadium circuit.

The biggest reception of the day was afforded to the conquering return of Bob Geldof, but *The Boomtown Rats* succeeded not on their leader's near deity but by showmanship alone. While their career may be somewhat in decline it's still good to see a frontman like Geldof getting the audience to lap it up like in the days of yore.

Sensing the expectations of the reunion, *Elvis Costello And The Attractions* rose to the occasion by pumping out two new numbers, 'Leave My Kitten Alone' ("dedicated to my little kitten, Cait") and 'Hope You're Happy Now', as well as a sincere, tender reading of 'Many Rivers To Cross'. Equally relaxed — my God, he even cracked a joke! — was *Van Morrison*, a man still as sweet, as soulful and timeless as ever. 'Cypocats' evoked a lighter side to *Van the Man* that is very rarely seen, as he jibed with his tongue placed firmly in his cheek at the people who stole his music. One could only marvel at the sublime brilliance of it all.

While others would (and did) cruise through on their greatest hits, understanding the nature of the day *U2* decided to offer something special and, harking back to their formative garage days, opened with 'C'mon Everybody' proving that they're not just po-faced

puritans and that they can still have fun, even in front of 30,000 spectators.

While their sense of fun is enjoyable, it's their spirit of adventure that leads them up more interesting paths. The slow delta blues structure of 'Maggie's Farm' (yes, that 'Maggie's Farm') slowly mutated with backing tapes and The Edge's feedback turned into something akin to white noise. Like some primal sound experimentation, Bono screamed and yelped references to Chernobyl and Sellafield, changing the tune to Lennon's 'Cold Turkey'. I doubt whether the song has been so radically restructured or re-assessed, or so passionately delivered.

U2 encored with 'Bad', and you couldn't help but feel the palpable sense of belonging — of audience to band and of band to audience — that goes way beyond normal pop relations. Totally symbiotic.

It did not go amiss that Philip Lynott was sadly conspicuous in his absence from *Self Aid*. As a tribute to the ex-Thin Lizzy frontman, various one-time band members together with Bob Geldof on vocals and an onstage finale of the day's participants ended the night in rowdy Irish singsong fashion with 'Whiskey In The Jar'.

A fitting end to a special day.

CONOR O'MAHONY



BONO: Glyn would like her jacket back now, please

Pete The Roz

band. Tonight they're a pale reflection.

Peripherals take over. The late arrival, bass player Chris McCaffery being pulled out with a last minute injury, and Mike Head's air of distraction all take their toll on this indecently talented unit. They're left apologising for a half realised performance, scraping together a handful of the riches.

No Bacharach & David, no Jimmy Young and Radio 2 tonight. There's melody-laden

James Bond twanged new stuff, a castrated 'Kitchen Table' and a tortuous cover of Love's 'A House Is Not A Motel'. The feedback-dripping, aching guitar figure of 'Jeans Not Happening' signals one of the rare moments when they come within half a mile of where they can go. That and the 'Realisation' cover make it just about worthwhile. This is sad. Here's a band who shouldn't have to worry, making do and scraping

by...

Give them a Bentley, give them a big contract, give them anything. Just get them up where they belong.

ROY WILKINSON

RITZUN RATZUN ROTZER
Liverpool Mountford Hall

"US AND music? Huh."

Ritzun Ratzun Rotzer raise the V-sign and launch straight into 'In The Trade', a manic, colourful song about working

in a bed shop, which stumbles clumsily like a shopping trolley full of raw meat rolling down a cobblestone hill.

Gawky artbrats from Leeds, the three Rs play a whistlestop set of inner city skiffle and high rise folk thrash. Each song is a two minute dance stance wrapped hastily around a frame of tea-chest bass, harmonica, two squeeze boxes, violin and a dog. Each member is casually attired in what their punk rock

art tutors have lead them to believe is ridiculous: kilts, braces, gothic neckties, a green velvet bell-bottomed one piece with one leg chopped at the knee, and a few flat caps.

Ignore the misguided comparisons to The Pogues, the Ritzuns have far more in common with Eric Sykes, Derek Guyler, The Mekons, Madness, Bogshed, *Smell My Woolly Mammoth* fanzine, and Lonnie Donnegan. They dream of becoming the Spike Milligans of pop. Grotesquely entertaining, dribbling stupidity and keen on dancing, they are well on their way.

JAMES BROWN

WISEBLOOD/LYDIA LUNCH/KAREN FINLEY
Cat Club, New York

AND TO think, some people have the hypocritical cheek to think Lydia Lunch is sick.

There she is onstage: pert and voluptuous, nice enough to eat and wickedly wanton enough to enjoy the idea of having the world sit down at her table and slaver, albeit always on her own terms.

A ball of Baccus energy in black leathers and rubber, stilettos and staccato delivery, you're caught in Lydia's fishnets and drawn inexorably up her thighs to her hottest spot and you can either squirm with self-embarrassment or learn. For, impaled at either end as she is on the flesh-poles of truthful stories where poetry and putrefaction meet, Lydia is the sort of teacher of tormented desires I wish I'd had at school. Not sick but sexually smart(ing).

And, like AIDS, this spoken word rap is infecting daily in New York. Our host, Karen Finley, also sets her sentences screwing down sex-way 69 and she climaxes by ripping off the top of her dress and smearing sauerkraut over her breasts. Fornication like pickled

JANE SIMON

cabbage: how could you not laugh at such absurdities made manifestly real?

And so, as the Vesuvius in the pelvic region shrinks, the stage mist billows like a sewer haze. Suddenly Jim Thirwell and Roli Mossimann unleash *Wiseblood* and take us around dead man's curve at 90 miles an hour with an epic gore and grease performance of 'Motorslug'.

A voice plummeting to the super-heated basement of hell and zooming up to the cool blue ceiling of heaven, a synthesiser and some tapes are the simple ingredients of the most manic and overwhelming music I've heard since I remembered how to forget.

A gigolo of sound sensation hidden behind glimmer shades, Jim is every skinny centimetre a star as he pours his liquid nitrogen noise down unsuspecting spines.

A spiff is passed, a drink drunk, and fog falls like a grey blanket over ten minutes of music in which Jim Thirwell gave vent to more explosive emotions than most realise in a lifetime's career...

JACK BARRON

HIPSWAY
Birmingham

THE NIGHT before this gig, a good friend of mine was being scathing about Hipsway. "They have one hit single and think they deserve a big national tour," he snarled over a pint of Tennents Pilsner. He didn't come to the Portland Club. Neither did several hundreds of thousands of other Brummies. They didn't miss much.

On the surface, the band did everything according to the rules. They looked seriously trendy, made sure their hair was groomed just so, went through all the poses that pop stars are supposed to go through and played their songs with competence. All they lacked was that sense of conviction and enthusiasm which marks the dividing line between a gig you enjoy and a gig you endure.

Perhaps their depression has something to do with being Scottish. Perhaps it's to do with having a hit and finding that the achievement doesn't, after all, guarantee a sell-out tour. Perhaps they're just naturally miserable, but that is no excuse for them to make their live performances so deadly dull. If they don't believe in their music, how do they expect us to be convinced?

GEOFFREY S KENT

IVOR CUTLER
Bloomsbury Theatre

IN WHICH a minor — sorry Ivor, a major — ambition was fulfilled. Namely to sing along to one of Mr Cutler's absurdly rational ditties. He let it be known that it was entirely voluntary — he had respect for the audience — but who could deny this lovely old Scotsman? It'd be like saying no to Geldof.

I really can't remember what we sang. It was all rather hazy and sanely eccentric. Ivor juggled between piano, harmonium and monologues of Glasgow dreamers. His command of language, using the simplest of words, was quite bewildering, and we were presented with a picture of Vonnegutian humanity stripped of all malice and blessed instead with sublime fallibility and foolishness.

There's not much more one can say about an Ivor Cutler concert other than that they are touching, hilarious events. It was a touching, hilarious event.

DAVID ELLIOTT

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE



PAUL WESTERBERG: what was that about going deaf?

Kass

THE REPLACEMENTS

Camden Dingwalls

THINGS! Have Been Hit With — No 14: Tommy Stinson's bass. A crude weapon, plastered with Mr Men stickers and political slogans such as "I go cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs", Stinson treats it with the offhand respect owing to such a noble noisemaker and indispensable part of The Replacements' artillery. It delivers a mean blow.

Their American scuzziness staggers into town with the promise of some well aimed violence, but their bitterness rapidly translates into a gin-flavoured chuckle. Half the band fall over something at least once and look surprised. They kick a lot of ass — most of it each other's. That's cool! That's mahyem! How many Replacements does it take to change a light bulb? Four. One to electrocute himself and three to demolish the rest of the house.

Things to shout at The Replacements: Bastards! Minnesota! Alex Chilton lives! Heaven and hell! The lyrics to 'Another Girl Another Planet' when Westerberg draws a blank.

In the middle of all this juvenile dementia, the cutesiepieness of 'Hey Good Looking' or the studious rock out of 'Taking Care Of Business' stick out like the exceptions that prove the rule. Westerberg scales the drumkit to rap out 'Waitress In The Sky' and lives. The giant Replacements rubber band on which they have been wound up starts to slacken off after an hour and then tightens again deliciously. What if it went on like this forever?

Things to do at a Replacements gig. Sweat. Take on the general shape of a tortilla. Go deaf. Wonder whatever happened to the British Invasion. Remember to put flowers on The Clash's grave. Contemplate Westerberg's right shoe, painted tomato red. Wish you could hear the words.

Things to do when it's all over. Get religion. Drink to excess. Reflect that life is rarely this unpredictable.

THE INCREDIBLE PULP



PULP's Jarvis Cocker: no indie sludge

Jayne Houghton

PULP Rock Garden

PULP CAN seem like a drawn out series of whispers at the best of times, but these nimble urchins come loose as a goose, perfecting the art of unclear melodies and imprecise steel and sulphate Velveten mayhem.

Of all Lou's lost sheep, these are the oddball of the lot, some show-off shambling electric busk through a Peter Pan world of scatty, scrappy charm. Often harrowing, they nevertheless give this greatly soothing impression that their rasping, barbed energies are more and less than words. They give this impression that, for their purposes, disintegration is as much *pop* as (say) neat rhyme, fast fun, sidewalk skips, the light of mischief, girls who read Henry Miller on the Underground, sharing gum, all these things.

If we're dragged into the rubber-room with the opening 'Little Girl', the truest lust song ever written, we're let out at the end with the new smooch 'Dogs Are Everywhere', Jarvis Cocker now escaped from his wheelchair and sounding like a miracle mix of Scott Walker and Ernie & Bert. Best of all is violinist/occasional guitarist Russell who stares like the mad one from Sparks.

Pulp have to decide between the charts and the asylum before much longer, because this ain't no indie sludge. Pulp are a mouthful of eyeballs scraped against your insides and it's here that the comedy bulges. They were the best band in the otherworld tonight.

JONH WILDE

nausea drives along a street between The Fall and the Blue Aeroplanes and, frankly, drives me up the wall. Menticide say "man" a lot. This implies that they're students. Everyone left the room when Menticide came on, except for the girlfriends and little old moi. Love and criticism induce such masochism. Menticide then broke a bass string and I took that as a cue to go home.

Maybe Menticide should have as well.

RON ROM

MANGY BANANAS/ SEPT SAUVAGES/THE SUMMIT/GRAPHIQUE Birmingham

TONIGHT WAS the first night of a competition organised by the Save Our Society anti-drug campaign, run by West Bromwich Albion's manager Ron Saunders. Society, however, decided that it didn't need saving and instead went to see The Wild Flowers and Cactus World News up the road at the Portland Club.

Things took a downward turn with the announcement that the judging panel included a Rotary Club chairman. Perhaps he'd put up the money for the prize of £20,000 worth of recording time in Spain. I can't think of any other reason for his inclusion. The bands, allotted 15 minutes apiece to make their mark, resorted to the sort of stereotypical posing which no one believes and everyone ridicules. Contort that face! Thrust those hips! Punch that air!

First through the mill were Mangy Bananas, who sound very much like their name: squashy and floppy and rotten. Next came Sept Sauvages who really should have considered entering the Eurovision Song Contest. All those Ultra-Brite teeth and

mindless rhythms would go down a storm. They were followed by The Summit who dye their hair black and plumb the depths of gothpop. Last came Graphique who played a computer game called Jean Michel Jarre meets Talk Talk. They were very enthusiastic about something, but I'm damned if I can work out what.

With luck and planning, I'll never see any of these bands again.

GEOFFREY S KENT

WIN Wag Club

WIN. SAY it. Say it again, because very soon they're going to. Win, that is.

No mere pop palliative, Win are a spell-binding steroid that should be made available on the NHS.

'Unamerican Broadcasting', 'You've Got The Power', 'Shampoo Tears', subliminal propagandising, power politics, insidious ad jingles. Win have an irresistible vinyl triumvirate at their disposal - the three most relevant, most unrecognised singles of the last year.

Davey Henderson with his cool intelligence, his jarringly accurate voice and beautifully knowing eyes deserves a bigger platform and Win seem bound to take him there.

From the speak and spell language manipulation of 'Unamerican' (tonight previewed with the Estonian 'haven't tuned the bass yet' remix) to the 'savage winds of terrorism' and 'It May Be A Beautiful Sky Tonight But It's Only A Shelter For A World At Rest', Win's manicured pop songs are perfectly modern - an entirely logical progression from the Fire Engines' schizophrenic funk. The most dynamic pop thrill in town.

ROY WILKINSON

GHOST DANCE/DEAD VAYNES Leeds

THE FIRST thing that hits you about tonight's stuffed sperm bank is an almighty predominance of the colour black. From the leather Afghans and Clairrol crimped hair to the noir nature of the bands, Leeds is Goth(am) like no other city.

Dead Vaynes could have evolved in few places else. Rock 'n' roll cranked up to its highest level, clichés don't come any faster. Stevie Nicks flexes his ego into the definitive Iggy pose to strut

through such unlikely fables as 'Cinderella' and 'Motor City Baby', the latter revealing him as the ultimate exhibitionist and hot dogs to be the flavour of the season. The wide-eyed masses, however, are not impressed.

Ghost Dance prove to be a different saga. Unlike the Vaynes, the headliners flaunt the 'right' ingredients: ex-Sisters Of Mercy Gary Marx on guitar, former Skeletal Family vocalist Anne Marie and a drum box named Pandora. But it's a seminal stomp stretching from 'Radar Love' down to 'River Of No Return'.

By way of encore, a guest vocalist appears from nowhere to aid Anne Marie on Roxy's 'Both Ends Burning'. Aurally this was a one-off, visually it said everything.

An Elton and Kiki for the dire tribe.

GRANUAILE

MENTICIDE/THE TURNCOATS Chalk Farm Enterprise

IT WASN'T one of the better nights in the history of rock.

With few people gracing The Enterprise, The Turncoats picked up their guitars 'n'

drum sticks and worked hard in delivering their awkward, scratchy, twisting chord structures. The Turncoats aren't a shambling band, they carve up pop and rock ideas with a healthy disdain, mixing shivering tempos with paranoid guitars that shuffle a psychotic wedge between the vocalist's possessive strains.

But it wasn't until their Doorsy cover of 'I Can't Stand The Rain' that I began to feel involved. Here, fragmented rock patterns pulled at tangents with the encasing pop lyrics, creating spontaneous improvisation. Menticide's idiosyncratic

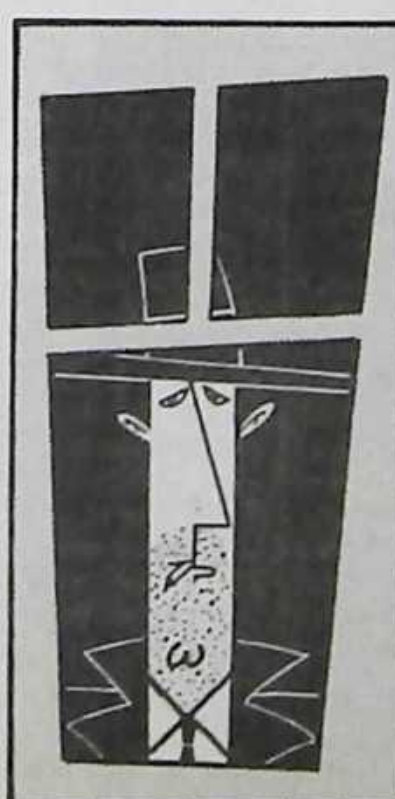
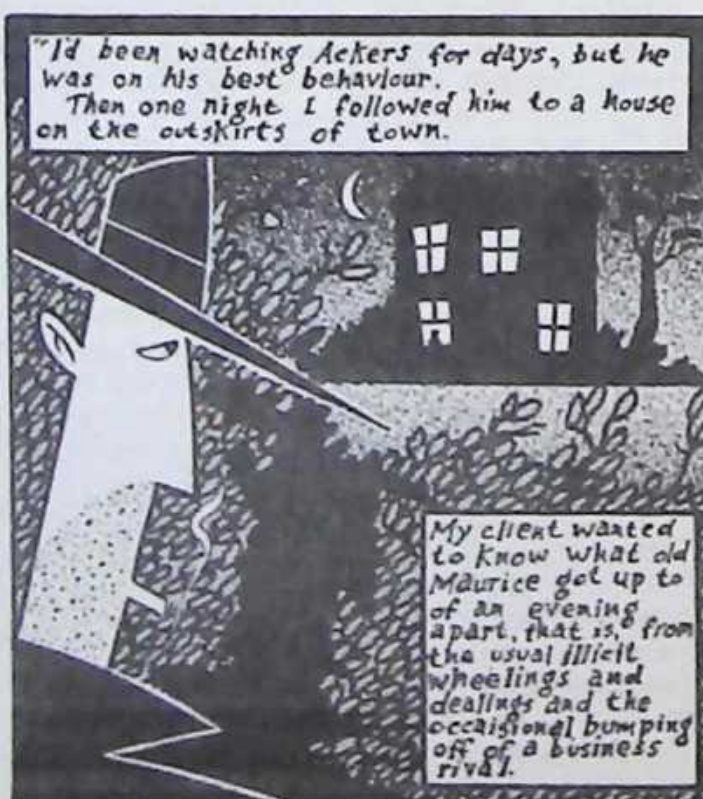
C A R T O O N S

HOT PORK LUNCH No. 50



Tales from the Rubber Room

Featuring
DIP DELIVER-
Private Eye
SIMON
COOPER



ALBUMS

EXTRA!



MARC ALMOND: still waiting for that call from Dynasty

NICO 'Behind The Iron Curtain' (Dojo DOJO LP27)***3/4

WHETHER THE world needs another Nico live album is a question on the lips of the gaggle of converts who'll probably turn to this double set and say, is she still around?

Yes, she is. And she's still toying with her atonal strangeness.

In a rented sleazy cellar, Nico plays at being Marlene with decadence and cigarette smoke. Doom and despondency and plenty of Eastern block broken promise probably went down a treat down at Warsaw Town Hall.

Actually, the sympathetic support which Nico gleams from Eric Random and other suitable strangers makes this album something worth listening to. Past the acapella version of 'All Tomorrow's Party' and a substandard plod through The Doors' 'The End', there's something exhaustingly evil and esoteric about it all.

Singing the dirty disjointed blues draped over a bar to a tinkling piano is Nico's mode; add that to her confused nirvana during the eerie 'Janitor Of Lunacy' and there's more than enough possible. As part of the edge of Lou Reed's manuscript Nico will still be doing live

albums in ten years time. Maybe she's a sad and sorry reflection of that era but aren't most of the songs sad and sorry, too?

DAVE HENDERSON

PAD ANTHONY & FRANKIE JONES 'Hell In The Dance' (CSA CSLP 21)***1/2 **VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Live And Learn Smashing All-Stars'** (CSA CSLP 22)**

NOW HERE'S a pair of records. Ninety minutes of back-beat skank and lazy reggae pulses, both originating, in the main, from Channel One studios, Jamaica and produced by Delroy Wright for his American Live And Learn label.

Pad Anthony and Frankie Jones share a side apiece of 'Hell In The Dance', the former turning in the more interesting set. The first three songs on Anthony's side, especially 'Flash It, Mash It', bear the marks of sound system clashes and the use of the record deck as a rhythm instrument. But his delivery lacks the aggression and commitment of someone like Papa Levi.

This is carried on by Frankie Jones and, flipping the disc back, I found their voices to be so similar that the record might as well have

been in the name of just either one of them. That's not a criticism to be levelled at the singers on the 'Smashing All-Stars' LP, but then that doesn't make it all hunky-dory.

Six respected names from the '70s - The Mighty Diamonds, Junior Brimmer (ex-Trinity), Ansel Meditation, Michael Prophet, Don Carlos (ex-Black Uhuru) and Al Campbell - and two songs each, but again it's the kind of record that people who don't like reggae use as ammunition to attack the whole field.

These artists haven't progressed from their respective career highpoints and listening to this over again I yearn for the excitement and blood charge of the new British youth, not dozy session musicians strung out in Channel One.

RICKY KILDARE

VARIOUS ARTISTS

'This Is Hot Too' (Hot Records TWO HOT 2)*** THE SECOND compilation from Hot Records - pioneers of the Aussie new wave - shows the broad musical policy that the label is pursuing. There's The Triffids on the northern border and Gaspar Lawall in the south, whilst the middle-ground is full of the pop flirting of The Lighthouse Keepers who, at best, sound like The Teardrop Explodes meeting The Bangles in a 'roo's pouch.

Disposable, but pleasant all the same. Unlike Life On TV who are ten times more tedious than Howard Jones. Life On TV are one good reason for import restrictions.

Out of the 13 tracks, some morbid (The Triffids) and some really aggravating (Coloured Stone with their 'No More Boomerang'), only one particularly nasty germ infiltrates the system. It's 'Badland Yard' by The Wreckery. They are made up of previous Bad Seeds and they take a bastardised blues influence over a raw Texan beat and add some scrawny, seamy guitar breaks which suddenly break off into an unlikely chorus. Tense and tantalising in the truest tradition of Nick Cave's left testicle.

On the whole, though, 'Hot' is a lukewarm affair.

RON ROM

MARC ALMOND 'A Woman's Story' (Some Bizzare GLOW 2)****1/2

A SEVEN track mini LP issued hand in glove with the release of the single of the same name. A sweeping succession of cover stories told late at night with a grandly affected romantic extravagance.

'A Woman's Story' was written by Spector and others for La Grande Dame, Cher. It offers Marc Almond every opportunity to wallow waist deep in grandly proclaimed self-pity and degradation. He soars and shakes with soap opera emotion. A magnificent single, 'A Woman's Story' lights the way for Marc to cavort through a whole catalogue of cover versions he never found on the jukebox of the Faversham.

After the off-hand skedaddle of 'The Heel', Procul Harum's 'A Salty Dog' becomes a kitsch epic of suffering, derring-do and vomit on the high seas. While Scott Walker's 'The Plague' la-la-la's with a rediscovered arrogant antagonism.

Poor old Johnny Ray sounded sad upon the radio, he moved a million hearts in mono. And if Marc Almond cried and sang along then who would blame him? For 'The Little White Cloud That Cried' is a tale of slight courage and dark persecution which must have appealed to the self-pity in the star.

Lee Hazlewood's 'For One Moment' tip-taps on Cuban heels. Broken hearts at the Alamo. While Peter Hammill's 'Just Good Friends' details the lot of the lover caught in what is perceived by the loved one as no more than a casual affair.

Heart-wrenched, wretched and holy, Marc Almond cannot deny his wholesale Olympian ambitions. He sodomises the traditional Big Sounds and torches the operatic essence of a thousand heart-wringing moments. Given the room and the time to indulge his Joan Collins mentality, his brave, impish best-sellers campness has not betrayed his roots.

ROGER HOLLAND

LOVE STORY

BOBBY BARTH 'Two Hearts - One Beat'

(Atco 790 502-1) ***1/2 WHETHER YOU view AOR as the offshoot of maturity or maudering senility is sure to colour your opinion of Bobby Barth. Bob, y'see, ex of Axe and Blackfoot, has hit upon a soft(ish) rock formula, a would-be money-spinner that's a fusion of Michael Bolton, Phil Collins and an indefinable little something that I can't quite put a finger on. It's safe, (too?) mild mannered and patchy to a point, but never boring.

There's always some slick trickery ('Dangerous Games'), fresh melody ('Don't Come To Me') or weird thievery ('Stop! In The Name Of Love') to add flavour and prevent the songs from slipping sleepily by in a syrupy, comatose flow.

Given the freedom to really stretch out and experiment, Barth could doubtless knock

up piles of unusual and enjoyable pop rock, but in hard cash terms he'll probably need a hit single of sorts to buy himself some time. And without a strong image to pander to commercial tastes, the song that'll break him would have to be stunning.

Unfortunately, that song isn't on this album.

PAUL ELLIOTT

PASSION FODDER 'Hard Words From A Soft Mouth' (Upright Records UPLP 10) ****

CENTRED AROUND ex-Orchestre Rouge person Theo Makola, Passion Fodder are a tongue-twisting treat worth tasting. The man's a poet, say the masses, and he may well be - he also sings a lot like Tom Verlaine but who's counting? The proof of this jumble of prose is definitely in the reading (between the

lines, maybe).

As a group, Passion Fodder produce a comfortable soundscape that bends guitars into the right shapes, throws in a violin here and there, and even takes time out to have ex-Au Pair Lesley Woods adding a vocal tinge or two. Having already made a mark with a Celluloid four track EP back in '84, 'Hard Words' had something to live up to, and it has done so rather admirably I'd say.

Passion Fodder may be part of the abstract jigsaw that constantly recurs in present day US muso-style but they certainly have something of great import guiding their haphazard movements. Yes, this is one of the better things to come out of America for some time, and a lot of people think Theo's French. Cryptic, eh?

DAVE HENDERSON

PHILIP BAILEY 'Inside Out' (CBS 26903)***1/2

THE OPENING cut, 'Welcome To The Club', casts a lot more than half an eye back to the 'Star' daze of the prime time of Earth Wind & Fire. And fortuitously so, because it thus provides a neatly uncontrived, cast-iron excuse to do what I was intended to do anyway and examine Philip Bailey's career progression.

From almost certainly the best and most spectacularly so funk/disco groove of EW&F, he has stepped across to the Phil Collins synthesised soul simulation of his first album and that admittedly nimble rock dung heap, 'Easy Lover'. And from there he has leapt onto the Nile Rodgers production line for people with no ideas of their own.

Bailey has become increasingly Yuppie-orientated in his selection of staff, opting for the likes of Rodgers, Collins, Ray Parker Jr and even Jeff Beck to bolster a poor selection of songs with a whole host of *de rigueur* technology and ugly guitar solos.

From working honourably within the original and influential EW&F organisation, Philip Bailey has sunk to the level of the second track on this album, 'State Of The Heart', a blatant and, for his market, obligatory Prince rip-off. Can you tell me why?

ROGER HOLLAND

COLD COMFORT

THE PRISONERS 'In From The Cold' (Countdown DOWN 2)****1/4

THE PRESS has tended to blithely dismiss The Prisoners with a contempt usually reserved for rockabilly bands, and doubtless the Rochester foursome will continue to be ignored so long as they continue to tinker with the obvious symbols of mod-dom, namely double-breasted suits "tailored by Eric Davis & Co, Ilford, Essex", '60s artwork (fish-eye lens), immaculate Steve Marriott intonation, and authentic period keyboard sounds.

Personally I couldn't give a toss if they dressed up as astronauts, Red Indians or, more ludicrously, American golfers - just as long as the music is good. And in his capacity as singer and guitarist for the Medway mods, the drummer for Thee Mighty Caesars Graham Day writes some darn tootin' ditties.

Small Faces/Spencer Davis could-be's like 'Be On Your Way' and 'I Know How To Please You' form the backbone of a surprisingly diverse album, with the fabulous 'Mourn My Health' a dead giveaway of Day's aspirations towards the more sublime moments of a Ray Davies or a Declan McManus (stop sniggering boy).

'In From The Cold' sees The Prisoners emerging from the murk of pastiche into the green and fertile fields of real pop songwriting.

The Lambretta is dead - long live the Cortina!

ANDY HURT



THE CALL: not very memorable

CALL OF THE MILD

THE CALL 'Reconciled' (Elektra 960 440-1)***

THIS IS just such a well mannered album, such a personable, affable album. But it's not much of a character. You can listen to it with patience and the best intentions in the world but all you'll come away with is, at best, a brace of half-heard songs.

The Call are American and this is their fourth album (the first for a major label). The press release splutters "critically acclaimed" and tells you about their big friends - they've got Jim Kerr and Peter Gabriel on backing vocals. It tells you how it was recorded at the Power Station and how singer Michael Been

played John in Martin Scorsese's latest film, *The Last Temptation Of Christ*. All this helps nudge it into the spotlight where it sits and smiles for 40 minutes then shambles away, blissfully unaware that no one was watching for the last half hour.

The expensive drum sound, treacle bass and incidental keyboards lift it towards stadia-rock but it's not quite there yet, and can't be dismissed with that catch-all perjorative, 'Blood Red (America)' is all conscience and doubt but the uncertainty is soon brushed over with the oath-swearing reaffirmation of 'I Still Believe (Great Design)'. The rest I can't really remember.

ROY WILKINSON

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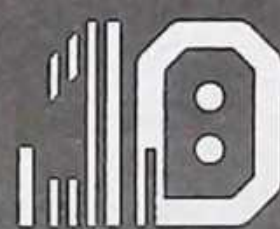
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TUES 27 - UT + LIVE - New York
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WED 28 - **SMART**
TUES 29 - **PILS** + CULTURE & SHOCK
JUNE 3 - **QUANA BATZ** + KREW MEN
WED 4 - **TO BE CONFIRMED...** SEE
JUNE 4 - **NICK**
TUES 10 - **RESTLESS** + **MISSION**
WED 11 - **UK SUBS** + **THE FIEND** + **HDO**
JUNE 17 - **ZODIAC MINDWARP** + **CLAYE**
TUES 18 - **AND THE LOVE REACTION** + **BYKERS**
WED 19 - **SCREAM** + **WHITE FLAG** + **MOTHEK**
NICK TOCZAK'S **BRUNNEN** 5 p.m. "More To Hate"
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LONDON NORTH
SIR GEORGE ROBEY
FRI 6th JUNE
SUPPORTING SPIDER
PETERBOROUGH
GLADSTONE ARMS
TUES 10th JUNE
BAND INFO (01) 886-8385

MORE ADS ON PAGES 36 & 37

ALL THE MADMEN

Present
BLYTH POWER

28th May
BAY 63
Ladbroke Grove
Special live filming with STUMPI
3rd June
GEORGE ROBEY
with
THATCHER ON ACID
"JUNCTION SIGNAL"
Ltd edition 7" - 4 track 12"
Available Now
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The Studio
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THE FIXX

THE TRUTH THE ESCAPE CLUB

Sunday 15th June, 7.30pm.
TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

TICKETS (4.50 ARE AVAILABLE IN ADVANCE FROM THE BOX OFFICE, TEL. 267 3334 OR FROM:
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS (TEL 430 3371), PREMIER BOX OFFICE (TEL 240 2245), KEITH PROWSE (TEL 741 8989),
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JLP PRESENTS

THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG

PLUS THE
**LEN BRIGHT
COMBO**
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TICKETS £4.00 IN ADVANCE
TEL. 0273 25897
AND USUAL AGENTS

BRISTOL BIERKELLER

THURSDAY 12th
JUNE 8.00pm
TICKETS £4.00 IN ADVANCE
TEL. 0272 28514
AND USUAL AGENTS

TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB

KENTISH TOWN
MONDAY 16th
JUNE 8.00pm
TICKETS £4.50 IN ADVANCE
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AND USUAL AGENTS

IT BITES

LIVE AT
THE GREYHOUND,
FULHAM PALACE ROAD,
LONDON W.6
MONDAY 2nd JUNE

OUTLAW & MCP presents

GARY MOORE

Plus Guests

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FRI 30th MAY "Hard Rock Night" **JOKERS WILD** + **Suspect** - £2.50
SAT 31st MAY **JAZZ LATIN NIGHT** - £3.50
THURS 5th JUNE **THE NORTHERN RAIDERS** + **Flare up** - £1.50
FRI 6th JUNE **SHEV & THE BRAKES** + **Hard Rain** - £2.50
SAT 7th JUNE 'SORRY - CLOSED, - PRIVATE PARTY!

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

SCREAM

FIRST U.K. TOUR - JUNE '86

1 BRIGHTON - Richmond Club + support: TORTURE GARDEN	13 LONDON - Fulham Greyhound + The Shyde + Thatcher On Acid
4 SOUTHAMPTON - West Indian Club + MAD THATCHERS + NOX MORRIS	14 NOTTINGHAM - Queensway Comm Centre + Concrete Sex + Eyes On U + Bad Beach
5 NEWPORT - Stewhill Labour Club + CULTURE SHOCK	16 MANCHESTER - Cloud Nine + Depraved + White Flag + Motel
7 LIVERPOOL - Brady's	17 NEWCASTLE - The Riverside + The Gathering + Genetic
11 PRESTON - Rumble Club + Howl In The Typewriter + Rats In Paradise	18 LEEDS - Adam & Eve + White Flag + Motel
12 COVENTRY - The Hand + Heart + Depraved + Bad Beach	

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LEEDS WAREHOUSE

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Red Guitars

AND BRENDON CROKER
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Plus Guests

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TOWN & COUNTRY CLUB, KENTISH TOWN
SUNDAY 1st JUNE 7.30 p.m.
Tickets £5.00 (inc VAT)
Available from B/O Tel: 01-267 3334, Keith Prowse (Credit Cards 01-741 8989),
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28TH NOTTINGHAM ROCK CITY
29TH LONDON TOWN AND COUNTRY
30TH CARDIFF NEW OCEAN
31ST OXFORD POLYTECHNIC

JUNE
1ST BIRMINGHAM POWERHOUSE
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4TH STOKE SHELLEYS

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with a lotta help from **RADIO TEES**

Friday 4th July Doors open 2.00 p.m.

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THE WAILERS
DR. & THE MEDICS
+ LOCAL SUPPORT

Saturday 5th July Doors open 12.00 noon

LINDISFARNE
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MIKE ELLIOTT
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+ FRINGE ARENA EVENTS

Sunday 6th July Doors open 12.00 noon

GIL SCOTT HERON
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HALIFAX Bradleys Records
WAKEFIELD JAT Records
PONTEFRAC JAT Records
BARNESLEY Michaels Records
DONCASTER Foxs Records
NEWCASTLE City Hall Box Office

Ticket Information

Tickets can be purchased by post or in person from
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made out to Hartlepool Borough Council. Please enclose a
completed booking form and allow 21 days for delivery.

Booking Form

TICKET PRICES:

Family Pass (2 Adults, 2 Children)	Three-day	£24.00 advance only	
	Single day	£12.00 advance	£14.00 door
Adult Pass	Three-day	£12.00 advance only	
Child Pass	Three-day	£6.00 advance only	
Adult Day tickets		£5.00 advance	£6.00 door
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Total £

Enclose postal orders or cheques

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Huddersfield. 0484 682255/6/7

NIGHTSHIFT

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

The gun-shy Screaming Blue Messiahs have a handful of dates in early June starting at Birmingham (Tuesday), while Robert Plant's faves Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction storm the gates of heaven in London (Thursday), Reading (Friday) and Romford (Monday).

The Mighty Lemon Drops are in Liverpool (Wednesday), London (with The Woodentops, Thursday), Sheffield (Saturday) and Croydon (Sunday).

WEDNESDAY 28

ABERDEEN Music Hall (27688) Pallas
BIRMINGHAM Bearwood Bear Tavern Goats Don't Shave
BIRMINGHAM Digbeth Irish Centre Diamond Suite Steve Gibbons/Somerville/The Boatman/Bad Boys
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Living Daylights
BRIGHTON Coasters Belouis Some/Eugenie Arrowsmith
CARDIFF Ritzy The Cramps/Guana Batz/The Stingrays
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Skeletal Family
LIVERPOOL Krackers (051-708 8815) The Robert Calvert Band
LIVERPOOL Polytechnic (051-709 4047) The Mighty Lemon Drops/Electric Morning
LONDON Acton High Street Bumbles (01-992 3308) The Dilberys
LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-924 3216) Crazy Hearts
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Balham Alligators
LONDON Camden High Street Electric Ballroom (01-485 9006) The Cherry Bombz/The Babysitters/The Queerboys
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Bhundu Boys
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-673 8228) Powerplay/The Outsiders
LONDON Chelsea Kings Road Crazy Larry's Max
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Sun House Opera/The Montellas
LONDON Hackney Amhurst Road Club Mankind Kerouac's (01-986 3378) Blood And Roses
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Maximum Effect/Carot
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Peter Morgan's Backbeat/Simon Purcell Trio
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Big Bad Giants/Treebound Story/Buzz
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Thomas Mapfumo And The Blacks Unlimited
LONDON The Mall ICA Theatre (01-930 3647) Tsk Tsk Tsk
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) Half Man Half Biscuit/Gone To Earth/Brenda And The Beachballs
NORWICH East Anglia University (52058) The Communards
NOTTINGHAM Rock City (412544) The Mission/Pauline Murray And The Storm
NORTHORN Cherry Tree (74171) Dumpty's Rusty Nuts
SOUTHAMPTON Riverside (436840) Secret Troop
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) Isaac Guillory
STOKE Shelleys (32209) Alien Sex Fiend

THURSDAY 29

BRADFORD Wheatheaf (724163) Rival
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) John Otway/The Reactors
BRETTON Bretton Hall College Isaac Guillory
BRISTOL Bierkeller (22265) Thomas Mapfumo And The Blacks Unlimited
COVENTRY Warwick University (417220) John Dowie
CREWE Camm Street Arts Centre V-Sor, X
CROYDON High Street Underground (01-760 0833) The Godfathers/The Whiplash Girls
EDINBURGH Playhouse (031-557 2590) Black Sabbath/Zeno
EDINBURGH Rannoch Youth Centre New Emotion
FETCHAM Riverside (375713) April 16th
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliffe Hall (53193) The Communards
GLASGOW Cardinal Follies (041-445 2351) Del Amiri
LEICESTER Abbey Street Fan Club The Bomb Party
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) The DT's
LIVERPOOL Mardi Gras (051-709 2716) The Bodines/The Waltones
LIVERPOOL Walton Hospital Social Club Hammerfist (Band Aid)
LLANHARAN RFC (222209) Haven
LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) The Big Town Playboys/The Wile
Angles/Screamin' Lord Sutch/The Pharoahs ('Waxie Maxie Rocks On' tribute/benefit)
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Felch Brothers
LONDON Camden Electric Ballroom (01-485 9006) The Woodentops/The Mighty Lemon Drops/Freight Train/Rumblefish
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Eden Kane/Jet Harris/Heinz/The Tornadoes/Dallas Boys/Vernon Girls
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-673 8228) Jo-Jo Nomoza/1 On O
LONDON Covent Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Boys Wonder
LONDON Dean Street Gossips Bad Manners
LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre Last Exit
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Alternative TV
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) From Here On
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction/Dirt Dance
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Bromley Musicians Collective
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) The Surfadelics/Rue Morgue/Shoot/Aviators/Heads On Sticks
LONDON Hammersmith Palais (01-748 2812) Anthrax/Onslaught
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Howlin' Wilf And The Were Wifs/The Vee Jays/The Deltones
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) The Mission/Pauline Murray And The Storm/The Rose Of Avalanche
LONDON The Mall ICA Theatre (01-930 3647) Tsk Tsk Tsk
LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (01-387 0428/9) Then Jerico
LONDON New Cross Amersham Arms London Losers/DTA Mission
LONDON New Cross Royal Albert (01-692 1530) RH Henry
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Wes McGhee's Texas All Stars
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Dogs D'Amour/Kau Tau
LONDON Penton Street Salmon And Compass (01-837 3891) Killer B's
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Blues 'N' Trouble
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) The Benton Band
LONDON Shepherds Bush Wellington Snake Bite/Phantasm
LONDON Sydenham Greyhound The Screaming Abdabs
LONDON Tottenham Broad Lane Prince Arthur (01-801 5984) Shrew Kings
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Midnight Choir/Screaming Trees/Dig vis Drill
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (01-437 5534) Tippa Irie
LONDON West End Blitz Midnight Warrior
LONDON West India Dock Road Buccaneer (01-515 2048) Second Cousins
LONDON Wood Green Brabant Road TU Centre Omega Tribe/The Marvells
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Broadwalk (061-228 3555) The Bat Fish Boys/The Cloaks Of Phoenix

MANSFIELD White Hart Varukers/Depraved/Futile Coats/Scumdribblers
MILTON KEYNES Compass Club (70003) The Robert Calvert Band
MOUNTAIN ASH Jeffreys Arms Caught On The Hop
NEWCASTLE Melbourn Street Riverside Club (614386) Edwyn Collins
NOTTINGHAM The Garage (501251) The Very Things/Bogshed/AC Temple
WAKEFIELD Bretton Hall College Isaac Guillory
WAKEFIELD Henry Boons (378216) That Uncertain Feeling
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Billy Bowel And The Movements
WEYMOUTH Verdis (779842) The Drunks
WHITLEY BAY Dunes After Midnight
WOLVERHAMPTON Queens Instigators/Contempt
WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) The Grip/Thundering Hearts
YORK Bishopthorpe Road Winning Post Ted Chippington
YORK St Johns College Zoot And The Roots

FRIDAY 30

ALDERSHOT West End Centre (21158) Electric Bluebirds
AYR The Pavilion (265489) Glasgow
BIRMINGHAM Icknield Port Road Portland Club (021-454 8960) Intrigue In Tangiers
BIRMINGHAM The Odeon (021-643 6101) The Cramps/Guana Batz/The Stringrays
BOURNEMOUTH Pinecliff Hotel (426312) Fear Of Darkness
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Jackie Lynton/Spirit Of St Louis
BRENTWOOD The Hermit (219987) The Ultimate
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) The Batfish Boys
CARDIFF Bogeys (26168) Tilt
CARDIFF New Ocean Club (485600) The Mission/Pauline Murray And The Storm
COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) Inca Babies
COLCHESTER St Mary's Arts Centre (577301) Mercenary (Colchester Sports for the Disabled Association Benefit)
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) The Donuts
DERBY Duke Of York Just Blue
DUNBAR Countess Youth Centre New Emotion
EDINBURGH The Place Mackenzies
FETCHAM Riverside (375713) The Cardiacs/FRA
GLASGOW Rooftops Lowlife/Blood Uncles
GRAYS (Essex) Civic Hall Doctor And The Medics
HARLOW The Square (25594) Surreal McCoy/Out Of Bounds
HENLEY Five Horseshoes (574881) Fair Exchange
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Badger
HIGH WYCOMBE YAC Bucks College (49630) Crash Landing
HULL Adelphi (48216) Arize
KERRY Town Hall The Robert Calvert Band
KNARESBOROUGH Borough Bailiff Isaac Guillory
LEICESTER International Hotel (20471) The Jilted Brides
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) The Flowerpot Men
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Geno Washington And The Ram Jam Band/A Conspiracy
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) The Boogie Brothers Blues Band
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Alternative TV/The Dubious Brothers
LONDON Fulham Pet House And Now The Screaming Starts
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) John/Playhouse
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) The Magic Mushroom Band/Ozric Tentacles/Phoney American Accents/Gizmo (Stonehenge Benefit)
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Cayenne
LONDON Islington Holloway Road Lord Nelson (01-609 0670) The Roosters
LONDON The Mall ICA Theatre (01-930 3647) Tsk Tsk Tsk
LONDON New Cross Goldsmiths (01-692 1406) Edwyn Collins/Surreal Estate
LONDON New Cross Royal Albert (01-692 1530) Juice On The Loose
LONDON North Finchley Torrington (01-445 4710) Little Sister
LONDON Northampton Square City University (01-250 0955) Potato Five
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Eddie And The Hot Rods
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Blues 'N' Trouble
LONDON Palmers Green The Fox (01-886 9674) John Otway
LONDON Penton Street Salmon And Compass (01-837 3891) Sam Donaldson
LONDON Portobello Acliam Road Bay 63 (01-960 4590) The Deltones
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Carol Kidd
LONDON South Bank Royal Festival Hall (01-928 3191) The Communards
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) The Replacements
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) Eric Random And The Bedlamites
MANCHESTER Peter Street Gallery (061-832 3597) The Parade/Pictures From Italy
MELBOURN Rock Club (61010) Ugly
NEWCASTLE Byker Cumberland Arms Skidmarks
NEWCASTLE City Hall (320007) Black Sabbath/Zeno
NEWCASTLE Melbourn Street Riverside Club (614386) The Gladiators
NORTHAMPTON Roadmender (21408) Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers
NOTTINGHAM Arts Festival Thomas Mapfumo And The Blacks Unlimited
NOTTINGHAM Midland Group Fringe Club Big Moments
POLESWORTH High Street Top Club (892065) The Dream Factory
PORTSMOUTH Grannys (824728) Alien Sex Fiend
READING Paradise Club (56847) Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction

SATURDAY 31

ALDERSHOT West End Centre (21158) Tal Farlow/Adrian Legg
ASHINGTON The Central Roulette
BALOCH Flamingo Chasor
BIRKENHEAD Stairways (051-647 6544) Badger
BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) Chaos UK/Fallout/Lord Crucified/Dirge/Preachers Of Oblivion/Napalm Death
BRADFORD Bradford College Isaac Guillory
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) The Boogie Brothers Blues Band
BRIGHTON Polytechnic Basement (819141) Sneakin' Suspicion/Diana's Party
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) The Len Bright Combo
CARDIFF Bogeys (26168) XFX
CARDIFF St David's Hall (426111) Caught On The Hop (Lunch)
CHESTERFIELD Conservative Club Pulp/The Bland/Trash That Car/Siegfried's Magick Box/Henry Normal
GUILDFORD Surrey University Main Hall (71281) The Men They Couldn't Hang
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Crystal Amees
HIGH WYCOMBE London Road Nag's Head (21758) Wes McGhee's Texas All Stars/The Mafia
HULL Adelphi Club (48216) Primal Scream/VeeV/Logmen
LONDON Brixton Road Old White Horse (01-274 5537) The Soup Dragons/Blue Train/Touloula Gosh
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Mickey Jupp Band with Geraint Watkins/The Panic Brothers
LONDON Camden Gloucester Avenue London Musicians Collective (01-722 0456) International Orgasm
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Georgie Fame/Sweet Substitute/Keith Smith And Hefty Jazz (Hoagy Carmichael Tribute)
LONDON Finchley Road Vee Olde Swiss Cottage (01-221 5714) Rent Party
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Iggy Quail And Friends (Lunch) Floyd Lloyd And The Potato Five/October Nine (Eve)
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Jivers
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Choir Militia/Jonestown
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Charm School/ESP
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) The Barflies
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) The Claim/The Hyacinth Girls
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) A Far Cry
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) African Culture
LONDON Islington Holloway Road Lord Nelson (01-609 0670) Swinging The Blues
LONDON Liverpool Road Pied Bull (01-837 3218) Irma And The Squirmers
LONDON The Mall ICA Theatre (01-930 3647) Tsk Tsk Tsk
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Geno Washington And The Ram Jam Band

LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Frank Chickens/The Rhythm Doctors
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) The Larry Miller Band
LONDON West India Dock Road Buccaneer (01-515 2048) Bicycle Thieves
LONDON Wimbledon Broadway William Morris Club (01-946 5041) The Screaming Marionettes/TV Slaves/X-Rays
LONDON Woolwich Thames Polytechnic (01-855 0618) Menticide
LUTON Switch Club (38825) The Bootleggers
MACCLESFIELD Bollington Recreation Ground Mike Sweeney And The Thunderbirds/Eric And The Frantics/Officers And Gentlemen/The Screaming Beavers/Safari Party/The Smokey City Jazz Band/The Adrian Read Jazz Orchestra/Hobson And Lees/Bernard Wrigley/Arthur Wakefield/King's Ransom/John Brett's Megaband/The Children Of Bollington (Bollington Ethiopia Appeal - Starts 11.00am)
MANCHESTER Crypt And Now The Screaming Starts
MANCHESTER International (061-224 5050) Zoot And The Roots
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) Laibach
MANCHESTER Peter Street Gallery (061-832 3597) Niadem's Ghost/The Inheritors
MANCHESTER Sloskys The Gladiators
NORTH WEMBLEY East Lane The Flag K State/The Strawberry Garden
OXFORD Polytechnic (68789) The Mission/Pauline Murray And The Storm
PETERBOROUGH Wirrina Condemned '84 (All nighter)
PUCKERIDGE The Bag Horse Aardvark And No Money
ROCHDALE Castleton Cricket Club Dirty Work
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) The Mighty Lemon Drops
SLOUGH Colnbrook Bypass Greyhound Xcess
SOUTHAMPTON Wildhood South Firewater
ST NEOTS South Street Kings Head Trux
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) The Lucy Show/The Party Girls
TAMWORTH Belgrave Sports Club Strange Days
TONBRIDGE Angel Centre Doctor And The Medics/Kiss That
UXBRIDGE Brunel University (39125) Restless
WARRINGTON Lion (30047) Grand Torino
WELLINGBOROUGH Ex-Serviceman's Just Blue
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Red Lemon Electric Blues Band
WEYMOUTH Verdis (779842) Red Shoes
WHITLEY BAY Esplanade Rock Club Split Crow
WINDSOR Arts Centre (59336) The Complaints/INC
WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) The Jon Strong Band
WORTHING Gatsbys Bar The Circus People

SUNDAY 1

BEDFORD George And Dragon (45061) The Soup Dragons/The Razorcuts
BIRMINGHAM Auchinleck Square Faces Nightclub Big Moments
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (021-622 1353) Purple Things
BIRMINGHAM Powerhouse (021-643 4715) The Mission/Pauline Murray And The Storm
BURTON ON TRENT Central Park The Macc Lads
COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) Twenty Flight Rockers/Dead Vogue
LANCASTER Brix Club (63621) The Pastels/BMX Bandits
LEEDS The Phoenix The Gladiators
LIVERPOOL Everyman Bistro (051-709 4776) The Lawnmower
LONDON Brixton Academy Ruben Blades
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-673 8228) Tongue/Troy Tempest
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Yes/Man Equals Man
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Iggy Quail And Friends (Lunch) Rent Party (Eve)
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Black Sabbath/Zeno
LONDON Hammersmith Palais (01-748 2812) The Cramps/Guana Batz/The Stingrays
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) M'Gante
LONDON Lee Green Old Tigers Head (01-851 6373) Knuts With A Z/Funeral Party
LONDON North Finchley Torrington (01-445 4710) Steve Marriotts Packet Of Three
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) John Spencer Band (Lunch) The Boogie Brothers Blue Band (Eve)
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) Skeletal Family
MEASHAM Working Men's Club Club Blue
NOTTINGHAM Boulevard Hotel Isaac Guillory
PORTSMOUTH Rock Garden (21992) Firewater
TELFORD Oakengates Town Hall (613131) The Robert Calvert Band
WATFORD Queens New Penny disco The Majik Rounderbout
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) The Tony Kay Band

MONDAY 2

BRIGHTON Basement Club Flowers In The Dustbin/Strumpet City/Thatcher On Acid/Crucifixion Of Sean Penn
BRISTOL Old Profanity Showboat (293301) The Gus Bus Band/Hard Times
LIVERPOOL State Ballroom The Mission/Pauline Murray And The Storm
LONDON Brixton Academy Ruben Blades
LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) Go Blue Polo/Panic Brothers
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Alex Chilton/Kiss That
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) It Bites/Seduction Boutique
LONDON Greek Street Le Beat Route (01-734 6308) Shanghai Rhythm/Hiro's In Vogue/Josie Without Colours/Albania
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Funhouse/Sudden Afternoon
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) The Astronauts
LONDON Hammersmith Odeon (01-748 4081) Black Sabbath/Zeno
LONDON Hammersmith Palais (01-748 2812) The Cramps/Guana Batz/The Stingrays
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Les Enfants/Only Connect/2 Last Sons
ROMFORD Rezz Club (25566) Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction
SOUTHERN Focus Thaddeus Cat/Armless Teddies
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Nine Dream
WHITSTABLE Harbour Lights Vigilante

TUESDAY 3

BIRMINGHAM Icknield Port Road Club (021-454 8960) The Screaming Blue Messiahs
BRIGHTON Escape Club (606906) TV Personalities/The Soup Dragons
BRISTOL The Studio (25069) The Mission/Pauline Murray And The Storm (Benefit - 'Brimshaw Green Gambia '86 Project')
COLWYN BAY Central Hotel Tokyo
COVENTRY Pilgrim Club The Bounty Hunters/A Thousand And One Vibrations
GLASGOW Mayfair (041-332 3872) The Red Guitars/Do Re Mi
HULL Tower Theatre (228110) The Gladiators
LEEDS Adam And Eve's (456724) Guana Batz/The Krewmen
LETHBRIDGE Plinston Hall (672003) Dr Feelgood/Soveriegn
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Moodists/The Fountain Head
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Locomotives
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Blyth Power/Thatcher On Acid
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Ten K Mix/White Linze
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Body Politic
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Ski Party/Split Personalities
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) My Bloody Valentines/Razorcuts/Automatic Damini/Galley Slaves/Gunsupper
NOTTINGHAM Beeston Charlie's Barn The Macc Lads
NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Flood The Arc
POOLE Arts Centre (685222) Black Sabbath/Zeno
READING Majestic (586093) Fair Exchange/Sometimes Sartre/No One/Fire Brigade/The Gathering/Spainel In The Works (Radio 210 - 'Give A Child A Chance' Benefit)

NEWS EXTRA

PSYCHIC TV will headline the **Festival Of The Rising Sun** which is being held in the Far East - well, Hackney Mankind Club actually - on June 4.

They'll be joined by **The Angels Of Light**, **My Bloody Valentine**, **The Jackals** and **Silver Star Amoeba**, whose guitarist is said to bear an uncanny resemblance to Brian Jones.

PHONOGRAM revive the notion of compilation albums to introduce new bands rather than just milking hit product with their 'Beat Runs Wild' collection this week.

The album features the vinyl debut of **Wet Wet Wet** as well as an unreleased track from **Tom Verlaine** and early material from **Love And Money**, **Pete Shelley**, **Swing Out Sister**, **Curiosity Killed The Cat** and **Roxanne Shante**.

They've even got a place for **Topper Headon**, who's no longer with the label after a row.

MATT BIANCO, who've just released their new single, 'Dancing In The Street', will wind up their European tour with a London gig at **Hammersmith Odeon** on June 14. Tickets are £5 and £4.

RUSH, **Dio**, **Motorhead** and **Kiss** all have tracks on the 'Hear 'N' Aid' heavy metal album for USA For Africa which comes out on **Phonogram** on June 6.

Six of the tracks are previously unissued, five of them being live cuts from **Accept**, **Motorhead**, **Rush**, **Dio** and **The Scorpions** and the other from **Y&T** called 'Go For The Throat'.

And of course the album includes the 'Hear 'N' Aid' single, produced and arranged by **Ronnie James Dio**.

THE MONTREUX GROUP of American acoustic musicians have postponed their scheduled British dates in June. Poor ticket sales are thought to be responsible. And albums from pianist **Barbara Higbie** and violinist **Darol Anger** are not out on **A&M** until next week.

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HARDROCKERS/METALHEADS write to Swedish male 22. Richard Anderson PO Box 92 S-954 00 Gamelstad SWEDEN.

RANDY MALE seeks randy females to write/meet ALA Yorkshire anywhere Box No 17186.

For FREE LIST of pen pals send stamped self addressed envelope to Worldwide Friendship Club, 46 Cemetery Road, Denton Manchester M34 1ER.

MALE 24 into bikes, music, pubs and coast. Seeking like female for friendship/fun. London anywhere Box No 17187.

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PETERBORO - THIS SATURDAY - Werrina Stadium The bit one returns.

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THOUSANDS OF NAMES and addresses in the music business are contained in the 1985 edition of the Music Week Directory, including record companies, music publishers, recording studios, record producers and concert promoters. Price £10 from: Jeanne Henderson (Dept S), Music Week Directory, 40 Beresford Street, London SE18 6BO.

NEW T-SHIRT list. SAE. R.T.FARTE, 83 Saxonybury Ave, Sunbury Middx. TW16 5HA. Wholesale enquiries welcome. Also printing to your requirements.

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U2 WORLD Service - Send SAE to U2 W.S., PO Box 48, London N6 5RU.

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MEMORY BANK

Sunday June 1

- 1947** Birthday of **Ron Wood** of **The Rolling Stones**, in Hillingdon, Middx.
1959 BBC TV showed the first edition of singles review programme **Juke Box Jury**.
1963 Birthday of **Alan Wilder** of **Depeche Mode**.
1963 Birthday of **Mike Joyce** of **The Smiths**.
1964 **The Rolling Stones** arrived in New York to start their first US tour.
1967 **The Beatles**' 'Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band' album was released worldwide.
1973 **Robert Wyatt** fell out of an upstairs window at a party, breaking his back and becoming paralysed from the waist down, an event which has subsequently left him in a wheelchair.

Monday June 2

- 1941** Birthday of **Charlie Watts** of **The Rolling Stones**, in London.
1960 Birthday of **Tony Hadley** of **Spandau Ballet**, in London.
1972 **Dion & The Belmonts**, white doo-wop superstars of the late '50s, reformed for a rock revival show at Madison Square Garden, New York.
1980 Former **Sex Pistol** and **Rich Kid Glen Matlock** was convicted of drunken driving.

Tuesday June 3

- 1942** Birthday of **Curtis Mayfield**, in Chicago.
1946 Birthday of **Ian Hunter**, in Shrewsbury.
1950 Birthday of **Suzi Quatro**, in Detroit.
1963 Birthday of **Beki Bondage** (**Rebecca Bond**), in Southend, Bristol.
1964 **The Rolling Stones** were the butt of sneering jokes by **Dean Martin** when they made their first US TV appearance on his **Hollywood Palace** show.
1964 **Jimmy Nicol** was **The Beatles**' drummer for a week, after **Ringo Starr** collapsed and was ordered to rest on the eve of a Scandinavian tour.

- 1977** **Led Zeppelin** had to abandon an open-air concert in Tampa, Florida, when heavy rain threatened them with electrocution from their on stage equipment.
1979 **Bruce Springsteen** played at the wedding reception of his lighting director **Mark Brickman**, at the Whisky in Los Angeles, being joined onstage for a jam session by **Boz Scaggs** and **Rickie Lee Jones**.

Wednesday June 4

- 1973** **Murray Wilson**, the father of **Beach Boy** brothers **Brian, Carl & Dennis Wilson**, died of a heart attack in Los Angeles, aged 55.
1977 New copyright laws in Russia meant that **The Rolling Stones** became the first western rock band ever to receive record royalties from there.

Thursday June 5

- 1959** **Bob Zimmerman** (Dylan to us) graduated from Hibbing High School in Minnesota, determined to make his name in music. A few months later, he became (briefly) the piano player for **Bobby Vee**.
1964 **David Bowie**'s first single was released, in the form of the **King Bees**' 'Liza Jane' on Decca's Vocalion label. Bowie was the band's lead singer.
1977 **Alice Cooper**'s boa constrictor, used in his stage act, was bitten to death by the live rat it was being fed for breakfast. Alice auditioned for a replacement (!).

Friday June 6

- 1939** Birthday of **Gary US Bonds**, in Jacksonville, Florida.
1959 Birthday of **Robert Hodgins** of **The Bluebells**.
1961 The first issue of **Mersey Beat**, Liverpool's own pop paper, was published, containing a typically quirky article by **John Lennon**.
1962 **The Beatles** went for their second UK record company audition (after being turned down by Decca), with **George Martin** at EMI.



THE PRINCE of darkness

- 1977** The Roundhouse in London held an 'American Punk' night, showcasing visitors **The Ramones** and **Talking Heads**.
1981 **Howard Devoto**'s band **Magazine** broke up.

Saturday June 7

- 1957** Birthday of **Paddy McAloon** of **Prefab Sprout**.
1960 Birthday of **Prince (Nelson Rogers)**, in Minneapolis.
1963 **The Rolling Stones** made their first TV appearance, singing 'Come On' on ITV's *Thank Your Lucky Stars*.

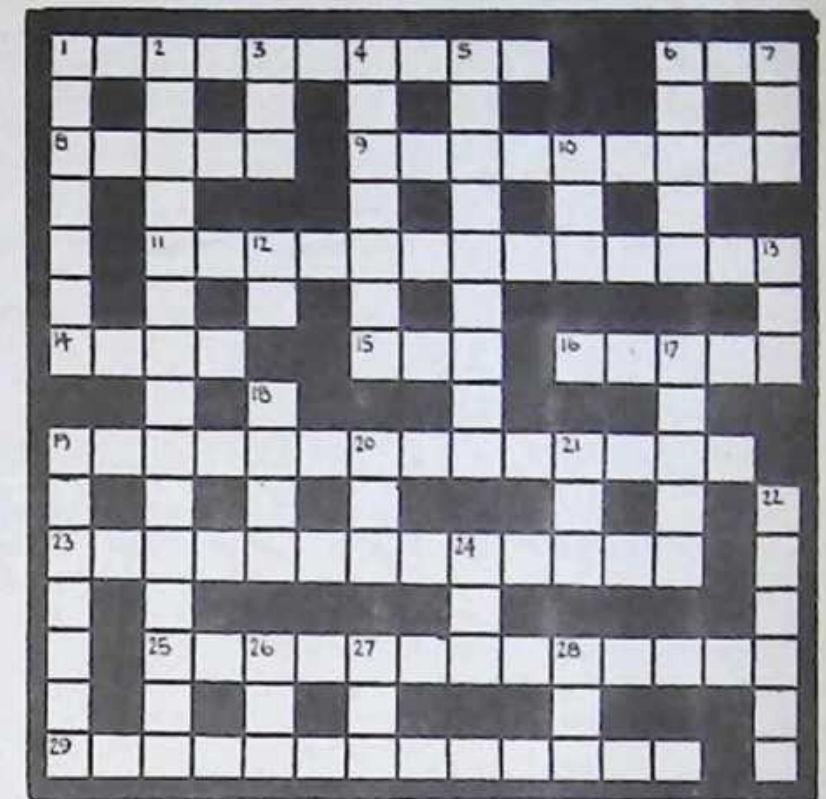
- 1966** **Roy Orbison**'s wife **Claudette** (about whom he wrote the **Everly Brothers** hit 'Claudette') was killed in a motorcycle crash in the US.

- 1969** **Blind Faith** (**Eric Clapton**, **Ginger Baker**, **Steve Winwood** and **Rick Grech**) played their only live date in the UK, a free concert in Hyde Park for more than 100,000 people.

- 1970** **The Who** played what was billed as the 'final performance' of the complete 'Tommy', at New York's Metropolitan Opera House.

XWORD

By Sue Buckley



ACROSS

1. Vinegar may get shaken, but this stubborn kinda fellow got it on ... how sweet he was! (6,4 anag) 6. Holmes/Marley/Monkhouse (3) 8. Birdy band that breaks its chain (5) 9. They rang; they fell ... sad? (9) 11. Three unconnected nouns, connected by The Pogues (3,6,4) 14. As offered by Midge (4) 15. Litigate with a soul label (3) 16. Slade's mate of Big Ears (5) 19. As cried by those Batfish Boys (9,5) 23. Where a dramatic Crue purge their sado-masochism (7,2,4) 25. A 'comprehensive' offering from Bob Seger (13) 29. Two unconnected adjectives for Marc's cabaret (3,4,6)

DOWN

1. Tim Rose's famous dew (7) 2. Ghost dancers' view of the Mersey? (5,2,2,6) 3. Gillan's in thespian mood (3) 4. Steve with a band ... or funky animals! (7) 5. Comsat Angels' chess song (3,4,2) 6. Stevie's donna? (5) 7. ... and Hollies' stop (3) 10. Young George (3) 12. Girl/Guy (2) 13. Has Roy made it yet? (3) 17. Squared by Si? (5) 18. Reggae-man John sounds like a rural station (4) 19. Was Vice Squad's hero a model one ... blame it on Kane! (7) 20. As cold as Foreigner (3) 21. AKA Evita (3) 22. Brad Gillis is the night one ... from Glasgow? (6) 24. Zoomin' Larry (3) 26. Pluto's nonesense hit (3) 27. How Orange Juice got 'it up' (3) 28. Old, very old King Cole? (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Butthole Surfers 10. Treat Me Right 11. Anna 13. One 14. Iommi 15. Aja 16. Ian 17. Sal 18. Les 20. Geddy Lee 23. Box 24. In A Shallow Bay 29. Cuts Like A Knife 33. Ska 34. TKO 35. Ritmo 36. Eric 39. Deep 40. Hip 41. Roadie 43. Why Can't This Be Love

DOWN

1. Bottoms 2. The Reflex 3. Hots Girls In Love 4. Lee 5. Sailing 6. Rah Band 7. El 8. Sunrise 9. Brains 12. Gary 19. Sparks 21. Low 22. Eva 23. Backs 25. Heart 26. London 27. Bo 28. You Move Me 30. Tragedy 31. Farlowe 32. Studio 37. Rain 38. Chat 39. Dew 42. US

MUSIC WEEK

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- ☐ Visa
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DIRECTORY 86

CHART

UK SINGLES

- 1 1 THE CHICKEN SONG Spitting Image Virgin
- 2 4 SLEDGEHAMMER Peter Gabriel Charisma
- 3 7 SPIRIT IN THE SKY Doctor & The Medics IRS
- 4 3 LESSONS IN LOVE Level 42 Polydor
- 5 2 ON MY OWN Patti Labelle & Michael McDonald MCA
- 6 6 SNOOKER LOOPY Matchroom Mob With Chas & Dave Rockney
- 7 14 ROLLIN' HOME Status Quo Vertigo
- 8 26 ADDICTED TO LOVE Robert Palmer Island
- 9 44 HOLDING BACK THE YEARS Simply Red Elektra
- 10 11 WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 11 18 ROCK LOBSTER The B52's Island
- 12 5 ROCK ME AMADEUS Falco A&M
- 13 29 SET ME FREE Jaki Graham EMI
- 14 10 GREATEST LOVE OF ALL Whitney Houston Arista
- 15 37 WHO MADE WHO AC/DC Atlantic
- 16 40 MINE ALL MINE Cashflow Club
- 17 15 THERE'LL BE SAD SONGS (TO MAKE YOU CRY) Billy Ocean Jive
- 18 9 ALL AND ALL Joyce Sims London
- 19 24 ROUGH BOY ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 20 8 I HEARD IT THROUGH THE GRAPEVINE Marvin Gaye Motown
- 21 12 LIVE TO TELL Madonna Sire
- 22 — INVISIBLE TOUCH Genesis Charisma
- 23 31 SINFUL Pete Dinklage MDM
- 24 13 WHAT HAVE YOU DONE FOR ME LATELY Janet Jackson A&M
- 25 23 TENDER LOVE Force MD's Tommy Boy
- 26 17 A DIFFERENT CORNER George Michael Epic
- 27 — EVERYBODY WANTS TO RUN THE WORLD Tears For Fears Mercury
- 28 20 BOYS DON'T CRY The Cure Fiction
- 29 43 LOVE TOUCH Rod Stewart Warner Brothers
- 30 — CAN'T GET BY WITHOUT YOU The Real Thing PRI
- 31 — BIG MOUTH STRIKES AGAIN The Smiths Rough Trade
- 32 19 CAN'T WAIT ANOTHER MINUTE Five Star Tent
- 33 21 A KIND OF MAGIC Queen EMI
- 34 — I CAN'T WAIT Nu Shooz Atlantic
- 35 39 IF SHE KNEW WHAT SHE WANTS The Bangles CBS
- 36 32 RULES AND REGULATIONS We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It Vindaloo
- 37 16 YOUR LATEST TRICK Dire Straits Vertigo
- 38 22 I'LL KEEP ON LOVING YOU Princess Supreme
- 39 — BAD BOY Miami Sound Machine Epic
- 40 — OPPORTUNITIES Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 41 48 DISENCHANTED Communards London
- 42 30 YOU AND ME TONIGHT Aurra 10
- 43 — TIME Freddie Mercury EMI
- 44 42 OVER THE WEEKEND Nick Heyward Arista
- 45 — GOD THANK YOU WOMAN Culture Club Virgin
- 46 25 LOOK AWAY Big Country Mercury
- 47 — BASSLINE Mantronix 10
- 48 — VIENNA CALLING Falco A&M
- 49 — YOUNG HEARTS RUN FREE Candi Staton Warner Brothers
- 50 — GIVE IT UP Talk Talk EMI

UK ALBUMS

- 1 — SO Peter Gabriel Charisma
- 2 1 STREET LIFE Bryan Ferry & Roxy Music EG
- 3 3 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 4 4 LOVE ZONE Billy Ocean Jive
- 5 2 WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista
- 6 5 THE COLLECTION Earth, Wind & Fire K-Tel
- 7 — STANDING ON A BEACH The Cure Fiction
- 8 8 ONCE UPON A TIME Simple Minds Virgin
- 9 6 WORLD MACHINE Level 42 Polydor
- 10 17 PICTURE BOOK Simply Red Elektra
- 11 11 HITS 4 Various CBS/WEA
- 12 13 COMIC RELIEF — UTTERLY, UTTERLY LIVE Various WEA
- 13 14 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW A-ha Warner Brothers
- 14 7 GREATEST HITS Shalamar Stylus
- 15 17 LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE GIRLS Various Stylus
- 16 20 SLEIGHT OF HAND Joan Armatrading A&M
- 17 9 PRINCESS Princess Supreme
- 18 33 ON THE BEACH Chris Rea Magnet
- 19 19 PLEASE Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 20 10 HOME AND ABROAD Style Council Polydor
- 21 38 THE COLOUR OF SPRING Talk Talk EMI
- 22 18 THE MAN AND HIS MUSIC Sam Cooke RCA
- 23 — BANGS AND CRUSHES Go West Chrysalis
- 24 — MOONLIGHT SHADOWS The Shadows Polydor
- 25 40 RAISED ON RADIO Journey CBS
- 26 16 5150 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 27 15 NO JACKET REQUIRED Phil Collins Virgin
- 28 43 GREATEST HITS Marvin Gaye Telstar
- 29 23 LUXURY OF LIFE Five Star Tent
- 30 46 WINNER IN YOU Patti Labelle MCA
- 31 24 SUZANNE VEGA Suzanne Vega A&M
- 32 26 QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS Queen EMI
- 33 12 SANDS OF TIME SOS Band Tabu
- 34 30 SECRET DREAMS AND FORBIDDEN FIRE Bonnie Tyler CBS
- 35 32 WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD Mr Mister RCA
- 36 — SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR Tears For Fears Mercury
- 37 29 SISTERS ARE DOIN' IT Various Towerbell
- 38 45 LITTLE CREATURES Talking Heads EMI
- 39 34 ANIMAL MAGIC The Blow Monkeys RCA
- 40 35 BE YOURSELF TONIGHT Eurythmics RCA
- 41 22 DAVE CLARK'S TIME Various EMI
- 42 25 RENDEZVOUS Jean Michel Jarre Dreyfuss
- 43 — THIS IS BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE Big Audio Dynamite CBS
- 44 21 HEART TO HEART Various K-Tel
- 45 44 HOUNDS OF LOVE Kate Bush EMI
- 46 49 HIPSWAY Hipsway Mercury
- 47 — RIPTIDE Robert Palmer Island
- 48 50 URBAN BEACHES Cactus World News MCA
- 49 — HEADED FOR THE FUTURE Neil Diamond CBS
- 50 28 LIKE A VIRGIN Madonna Sire

Compiled by MRIB



SIMPLY RED: curly wurly

SOUNDS TRACKS

Jonh Wilde

EVERYONE'S PROBLEM Pulp Red Rhino relic classic 45
SHE'S ALWAYS HIDING The Servants Head 45
HEAD FULL OF STEAM The Go-Beteens single of the year

James Brown

DISGRUNTLED DJ Big Ed & His Rockin' Rattlesnakes crooning syrup-like at the Timebox
FLESHPRINT That Petrol Emotion live and brilliant
MIDWEEK Radio 4's show as presented by Arthur Mullard last Wednesday

Neil Perry

SERPENT'S KISS The Mission Chapter 22 45
DELIRIUM The Empty Quarter Illuminated LP
SPREADING THE DISEASE Anthrax MFN LP

Hugh Fielder

SLEIGHT OF HAND Joan Armatrading A&M
SO Peter Gabriel Charisma
JET PILOT Bob Dylan CBS

Roger Holland

WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista LP
DAMAGE CASE Motorhead Bronze LP track
MILES FROM NOWHERE The Only Ones CBS LP track

Ricky Kildare

LAST TRAIN TO CLARKESVILLE The Monkees Arista blast from the past
NO PLACE TO GO My Bloody Valentine Fever 45 killer
TV EYE Iggy & The Stooges murderous Elektra LP Cut

Dave Henderson

ALMOST PRAYED The Weather Prophets Creation's latest masterclass
17 Simon Turner Mouldy UK classic circa 1972
LAST NIGHT WAS THE BEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE Third Circle Rouska 45 with a dash of pure delight

Chris Roberts

1958 The Neon Judgement Play It Again Sam LP track
GENERATION LANDSLIDE Alice Cooper Warner Brothers 45
HOW TO FIND TRUE LOVE AND HAPPINESS IN THE PRESENT DAY The Stranglers Liberty LP track

REGGAE TENS

PRE-RELEASE

- 1 RUDE BOY Lloyd Hemmings Firehouse
- 2 SERIOUS THING Bunny Wailer Solomonic
- 3 GREETINGS Half Pint Powerhouse
- 4 NO STOP SAY SO Little John Powerhouse
- 5 ONE SCOTCH Admiral Bailey And Chaka Demus Jammys
- 6 EASY SQUEEZE Michael Prophet Techniques
- 7 COOL DOWN Sugar Minott Youth Promotion
- 8 TROUBLE AGAIN King Kong Jammys
- 9 GOT TO MAKE IT Nitty Gritty Mello Sound
- 10 DANCEHALL STYLE Tony Tuff Black Scorpio

DISCO

- 1 BOOPS/CRY FOR THE YOUTH Super Cat Techniques
- 2 AM I THE SAME GIRL Winsome Fine Style
- 3 HAUL AND PULL UP Aswad Simba
- 4 HOLD TIGHT Dennis Brown Live And Learn
- 5 PUSH COME TO SHOVE Freddie McGregor RAS
- 6 ALL FOR ONE Dennis Brown And Leroy Sibbles Charm
- 7 YOU'RE MY SUGAR Debbie Gee UK Bubbblers
- 8 HYPOCRITES Horace Andy Fashion



BLACK UHURU disappointed at coming second in the fancy dress competition

- 9 TEARS IN YOUR EYES/OLD TIME SING TING Bunny Wailer Solomonic
- 10 BUBBLE WITH I Asher Senator Fashion

ALBUMS

- 1 SIGN OF THE TIMES Macaka B Ariwa
- 2 SUPERSTAR HIT PARADE Various Greensleeves
- 3 REGGAE STAR JAM Various Sweetcorn
- 4 LIVE AND LEARN SUPERSTARS Various CSA
- 5 SLENG TENG Wayne Smith Greensleeves
- 6 BRUTAL Black Uhuru RAS
- 7 SHOWDOWN VOLUME 8 Frankie Paul And Coco Tea Hitbound
- 8 RASTA Benjamin Zephaniah Upright
- 9 MISTER FABULOUS Nicodemus Music Master
- 10 RUBBLE DUB The Reprobates Rubble Music

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

PIG

- 1 PORK PORK Pork Pork
- 2 BACON THE USSR The Beatles
- 3 PORKING LOUD AND CLEAR OMD
- 4 SNOUT TO THE TOP Sty Council
- 5 MA BACON Boney M
- 6 I LOVE BACON ROLLS Joan Jet And The Blackhearts
- 7 HAM RAP (Wham!)
- 8 IN A PIG COUNTRY Pig Country
- 9 PORK LIKE A MAN Divine
- 10 THE WILD BOARS Duran Duran

Compiled by The Civil Servants, Terry And Tony

ATTACK

HOT METAL 60

SINGLES

- 1 3 ROLLIN' HOME Status Quo Vertigo
- 2 8 WHO MADE WHO AC/DC Atlantic
- 3 1 WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 4 4 ROUGH BOY ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 5 5 HUNGRY FOR HEAVEN Dio Vertigo
- 6 2 STARS Hear 'N' Aid Vertigo
- 7 9 JUMP IN THE FIRE Metallica Music For Nations
- 8 6 BE GOOD TO YOURSELF Journey CBS
- 9 7 BECAUSE THE NIGHT Keel Vertigo
- 10 — THE SEARCH IS OVER Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 11 10 THESE DREAMS Heart Capitol
- 12 16 SHOT IN THE DARK Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 13 11 IN MY DREAMS Dokken Elektra
- 14 12 SHAKE YOUR FOUNDATIONS AC/DC Atlantic
- 15 18 CREEPING DEATH Metallica Music For Nations
- 16 19 THIS TIME Bryan Adams A&M
- 17 20 MARKET SQUARE HEROES Marillion EMI
- 18 13 TURBO LOVER Judas Priest CBS
- 19 17 STAR Tormé Zebra
- 20 14 METALMORPHOSIS English Dogs Under One Flag



JOURNEY: Whaddya mean, Robert Elms said long hair's out?

ALBUMS

- 1 — RAISED ON RADIO Journey CBS
- 2 1 5150 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 3 2 THE FINAL FRONTIER Keel Vertigo
- 4 5 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 5 3 HEART Heart Capitol
- 6 4 RUSSIAN ROULETTE Accept Portrait
- 7 6 MASTER OF PUPPETS Metallica Music For Nations
- 8 8 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 9 18 ELIMINATOR ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 10 7 MISPLACED CHILDHOOD Marillion EMI
- 11 10 TURBO Judas Priest CBS
- 12 9 UNDER LOCK AND KEY Dokken Elektra
- 13 17 SPEED KILLS II Various Music For Nations
- 14 16 LAND OF THE GUN Legs Diamond Music For Nations
- 15 11 MEAN BUSINESS The Firm Atlantic
- 16 20 SPREADING THE DISEASE Anthrax Music For Nations
- 17 19 STRENGTH IN NUMBERS 38 Special A&M
- 18 12 THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 19 13 SEVENTH STAR Black Sabbath Featuring Tony Iommi Vertigo
- 20 22 BEYOND METAL ZONE Various Music For Nations
- 21 24 RIDE THE LIGHTNING Metallica Music For Nations
- 22 — INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY Ratt Atlantic
- 23 26 THEATRE OF PAIN Mötley Crüe Elektra
- 24 — STRANGWAYS Strangeways Bonaire
- 25 15 COME OUT AND PLAY Twisted Sister Atlantic
- 26 27 THE FORCE Onslaught Under One Flag
- 27 — LIVE AFTER DEATH Iron Maiden EMI
- 28 30 LITTLE MISS DANGEROUS Ted Nugent WEA International
- 29 14 CHANGE OF ADDRESS Krokus Arista
- 30 21 ROCK ANTHEMS II Various K-Tel

IMPORTS

- 1 — LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN Poison Enigma
- 2 — ACROSS THE WATER Kooga Black Dragon
- 3 3 SHOT IN THE DARK Great White Greenworld
- 4 2 SILK AND STEEL Giuffria MCA
- 5 5 SWEET SAVAGE Sweet Savage Sweet Savage
- 6 — ATAVACHRON Alan Holdsworth Enigma
- 7 — RRRROOOAAARRR Voi Void Noise
- 8 — ENDANGERED SPECIES White Wolf RCA
- 9 — STAY UGLY Piledriver Roadrunner
- 10 — LIGHTNING STRIKES Loudness Atlantic

Compiled by Spotlight Research



CONFLICT: not even Murine could save this man

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 2 MANIC POP THRILL That Petrol Emotion Demon
- 2 1 VICTORIALAND Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 3 — ONLY STUPID BASTARDS HELP EMI Conflict Model Army
- 4 4 BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 5 3 THE WORLD BY STORM The Three Johns Abstract
- 6 6 A DATE WITH ELVIS The Cramps Big Beat
- 7 5 BLACK CELEBRATION Depeche Mode Mute
- 8 13 DEAD BY CHRISTMAS Hanoi Rocks Rawpower
- 9 10 RUM, SODOMY AND THE LASH The Pogues Stiff
- 10 9 LOW-LIFE New Order Factory
- 11 7 REMBRANDT PUSSY HORSE Butthole Surfers Red Rhino
- 12 11 FIRST AVALANCHE Rose Of Avalanche LIL
- 13 20 BIG COCK King Kurt Stiff
- 14 15 TREASURE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 15 14 MAN IN A SUITCASE Ted Chippington Vindaloo
- 16 8 THE UNACCEPTABLE FACE OF FREEDOM Test Dept Ministry Of Power/Some Bizzare
- 17 18 NO MINOR KEYS Blues 'N' Trouble Ammunition
- 18 12 WIRE PLAY POP Wire The Pink Label
- 19 16 PAINT YOUR WAGON Red Lorry Yellow Lorry Red Rhino
- 20 — IN THE GOOD OLD COUNTRY WAY Nightingales Vindaloo
- 21 17 LIBERTY BELLE AND THE BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS The Go-Betweens Beggars Banquet
- 22 19 GARLANDS Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 23 23 GREED Swans K422
- 24 21 TROUBLE Vic Godard Rough Trade
- 25 24 DAMNED BUT NOT FORGOTTEN The Damned Dojo
- 26 22 THE OLD AND THE NEW A Certain Ratio Factory
- 27 25 CIRCUSES AND BREAD Durutti Column Factory/Benelux
- 28 — GRUTS Ivor Cutler Rough Trade
- 29 30 FLIP YOUR WIG Hüsker Dü SST
- 30 28 LAST DANCE BEFORE THE HIGHWAY The Turbines Big Time

Compiled by Spotlight Research

CHERNOBYL

- 1 CHAIN REACTION Diana Ross
- 2 ATOMIC Blondie
- 3 NEUTRON DANCE Pointer Sisters
- 4 LIES Status Quo
- 5 CLOUDBUSTING Kate Bush
- 6 BLOWIN' IN THE WIND Stevie Wonder
- 7 RADIATION KEEPS FALLING ON MY HEAD Sacha Distel
- 8 I'M ON FIRE Bruce Springsteen
- 9 HELLO! The Beatles
- 10 RADIOACTIVE Gene Simmons

Compiled by ABB and Devlin, Witney, Oxon

SILLY PLACE NAMES

- 1 NASTY Hertfordshire
- 2 BOTTTACKS Ross And Cromarty
- 3 BOTTOMS Lancashire
- 4 SLATTOCKS Lancashire
- 5 BACON END Essex
- 6 NEW INVENTION Shropshire
- 7 WAG Sutherland
- 8 YONDER BOGNIE Aberdeenshire

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 — SERPENT'S KISS The Mission Chapter 22
- 2 1 RULES AND REGULATIONS We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It Vindaloo
- 3 5 THE TRUMPTON RIOTS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 4 2 WHAT'S INSIDE A GIRL The Cramps Big Beat
- 5 19 BABY I LOVE YOU SO Colourbox Featuring Lonita Grahame 4AD
- 6 17 THE OFFICIAL COLOURBOX WORLD CUP THEME Colourbox 4AD
- 7 9 GOOD THING The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 8 4 SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN The Ramones Beggars Banquet
- 9 6 TOO MANY CASTLES IN THE SKY Rose Of Avalanche Fire
- 10 10 NEW ROSE The Damned Stiff
- 11 3 A QUESTION OF LUST Depeche Mode Mute
- 12 13 IT'S A GOOD THING That Petrol Emotion Demon
- 13 8 GODSTAR Psychic TV And The Angels Of Light Temple
- 14 11 INSPIRATION Easterhouse Rough Trade
- 15 7 RIVER OF NO RETURN Ghost Dance Karbon
- 16 14 THIS TOWN June Brides Intape
- 17 21 GIMME GIMME GIMME (A MAN AFTER MIDNIGHT) Leather Nun Wire
- 18 12 STATE OF MIND Chumba Wumba Agit Matter
- 19 49 I WALK THE LINE Alien Sex Fiend Flicknife
- 20 25 WALKING ON YOUR HANDS Red Lorry Yellow Lorry Red Rhino
- 21 16 SHELLSHOCK New Order Factory
- 22 26 THERESE The Bodines Creation
- 23 18 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 24 15 OH L'AMOUR Erasure Mute
- 25 22 SOMEWHERE IN CHINA The Shop Assistants 53rd & 3rd
- 26 20 TINY DYNAMINE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 27 23 LIKE AN ANGEL The Mighty Lemon Drops Dreamworld
- 28 45 SOLD DOWN THE RIVER The Three Johns Abstract
- 29 32 COLD HEART Jasmine Minks Creation
- 30 28 ALL DAY LONG The Shop Assistants Subway Organisation
- 31 37 BALLAD OF THE BAND Felt Creation
- 32 42 GIVING GROUND The Sisterhood Merciful Release
- 33 — ANARCHY (LIVE VERSION) Sex Pistols McDonald Bros Corp
- 34 48 POGUETRY IN MOTION The Pogues Stiff
- 35 41 A HUNDRED WORDS The Beloved Flim Flam
- 36 39 CAN YOUR PUSSY DO THE DOG? The Cramps Big Beat
- 37 40 LUDDITE JOE Frank Tovey Mute
- 38 — OUT OF THE DEEP Purple Things Media Burn
- 39 29 ECHOES IN A SHALLOW BAY Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 40 — A GUITAR IN YOUR BATH The Chesterfields Subway
- 41 — SOMEBODY TOLD ME Restless ABC
- 42 31 SWEETEST THING Gene Loves Jezebel Beggars Banquet
- 43 — E102 BMX Bandits Subway Organisation
- 44 46 LOVE'S GOING OUT OF FASHION Biff Bang Pow Creation
- 45 24 PUMP IT UP Makin' Time Countdown/Stiff
- 46 27 IN THE RAIN June Brides The Pink Label
- 47 33 DRAC'S BACK The Bollock Brothers Charly
- 48 34 CROCODILE TEARS Batfish Boys Batfish Incorporated
- 49 36 THIS DAMN NATION The Godfathers Corporate Image
- 50 43 FREE SOUTH AFRICA Benjamin Zephaniah Upright

Compiled by Spotlight Research

FLOOR COVER

- 1 CARPET MAN Fifth Dimension
- 2 I WALK THE LINO Johnny Cash
- 3 MACARTHUR PARQUET Richard Harris
- 4 WEAVERS ANSWER Jethro Tull
- 5 MIX ME A PERSIAN Adam Faith
- 6 TACK ME FOR A LITTLE WHILE Kim Weston
- 7 SEX AND RUGS AND ROCK 'N' ROLL Ian Dury
- 8 FROM RUSHES WITH LOVE Mat Monro
- 9 GIVE ME JUST A LITTLE MORE TWINE Chairmen Of The Floor board
- 10 YOU MADE ME FELT (FOR MY NATURAL WOVEN) Carole King

Compiled by BMK, Putney

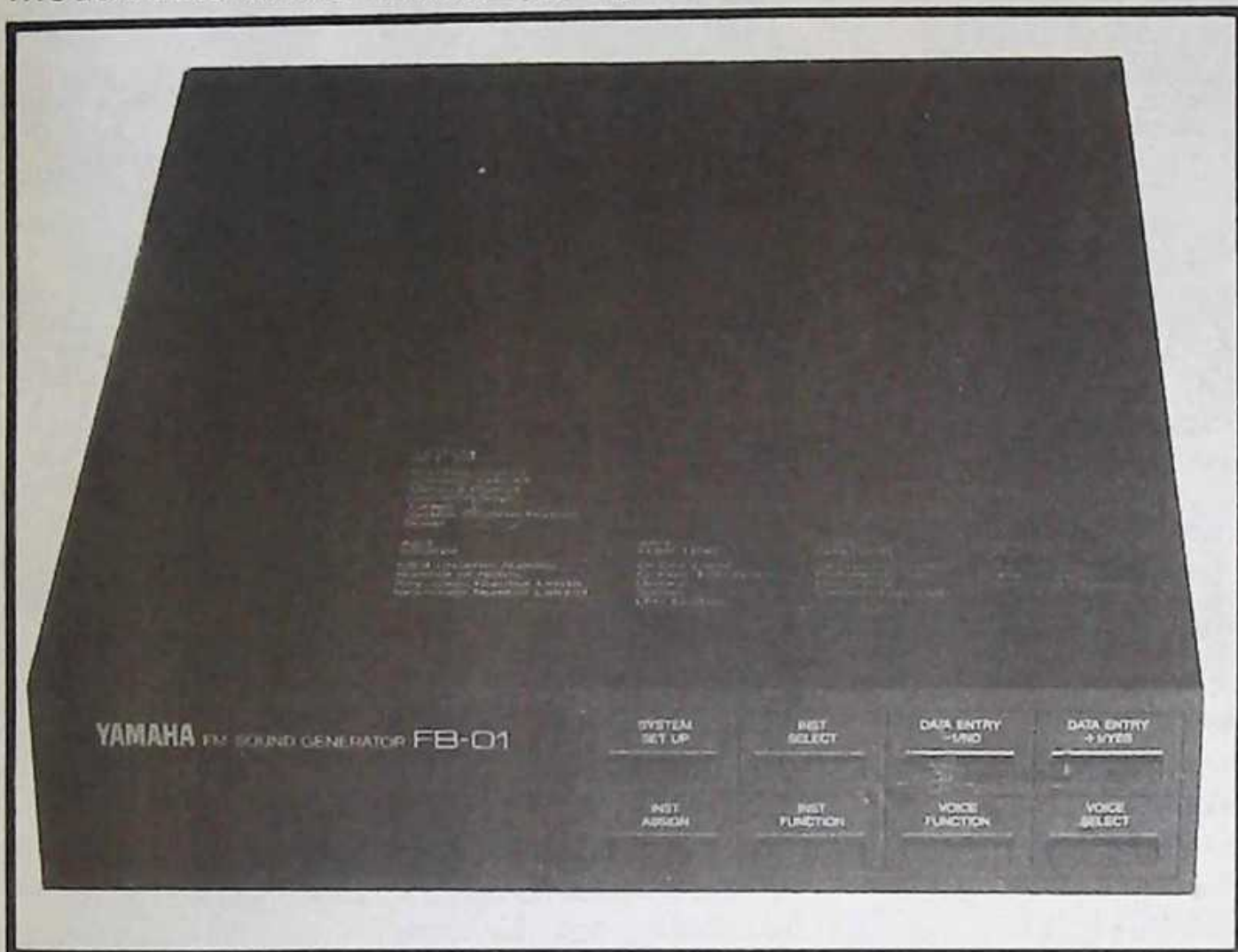
- 9 FISHTOWN OF USAN Angus
- 10 FINDO GASK Perthshire
- 11 FOBGING Essex
- 12 GIBRALTAR Lincolnshire
- 13 FIR TREE Co Durham
- 14 SLAGGY FORD Northumberland
- 15 EDITH WESTON Rutland

Compiled by The Farting Vicar

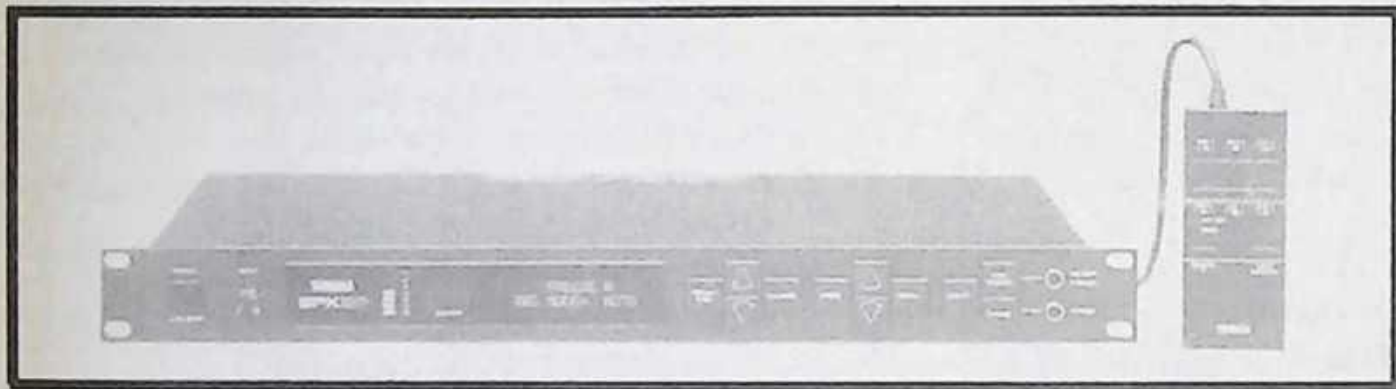
BAND ID

THINK YAMAHA!

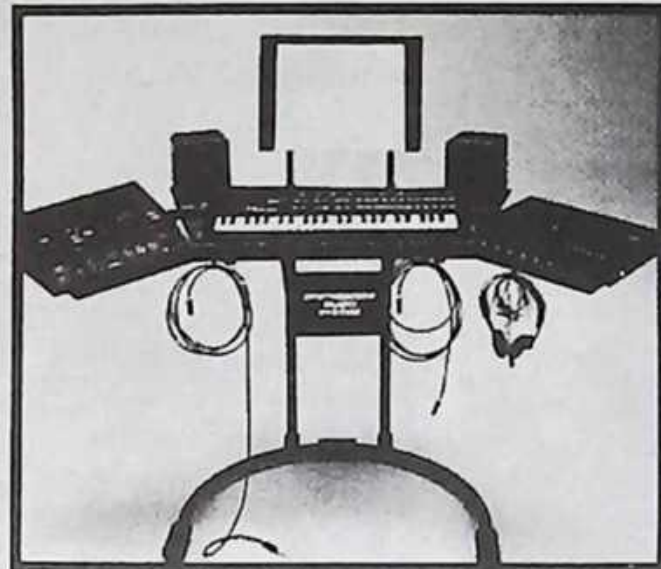
That's what the Japanese instrument giant wants us all to do from now on. **TONY MITCHELL** joined a party of instrument dealers who got the message in Japan, straight from the horse's mouth. And this is what he thought . . .



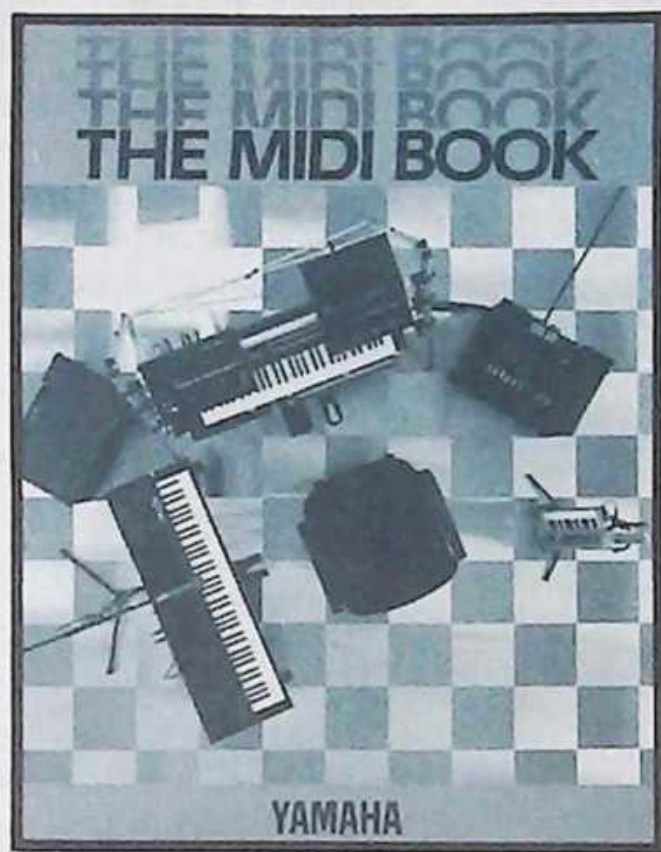
FB01: new sound source for CX5 computer family



SPX90: amazing success story of 1986



X'ART Studio 100 set-up



THE MIDI BOOK

YAMAHA ARE to make a determined effort to capture the budget end of the musical instrument market. They intend to "fill every price bracket" and "not leave an inch to anybody else".

This message was delivered by the giant Japanese instrument company Nippon Gakki, which also makes everything from motorbikes to plastic bathtubs, to a group of two dozen UK instrument dealers and press people during a 12-day facility visit to Japan earlier this month.

And although specific details regarding the means of attack were surprisingly scant, considering the expense the company went to flying me and the other 23 guests out to its headquarters in Hamamatsu, some of the new low end products were available for us to inspect.

Chief among them was the PYD422 Power Road Series drum kit, which, priced at around the £500 mark, will put the Yamaha brand name, already preferred by 50 per cent of the UK's top pro drummers, on a product which will compete directly on price with the budget market best-sellers – Pearl's Export range, Tama's Swingstars and the Premier APK line.

New guitars, too, will form an important part of the assault, with a low-mid priced range called the Super Live Series coming soon, more products expected in the headless BX bass range, and a 'new concept series' about which nothing at all was divulged.

On the keyboard front, the budget-priced version of the DX7 – the DX21 – is joined by the DX21S, which has stereo speakers fitted to make it more attractive for 'domestic' applications.

And the packaging of DX100, QX21, RX21, CMX1 and two KS10s together as the X'Art Studio 100 system, complete with natty curved hi-tech stand, is another very attractive idea. The company also showed a mock-up of a MIDI foot controller for the amazing SPX90 multi-effects unit, and a new tone generator – the FB01 – for the CX5 series of music computers, which will, like the new QX21 sequencer, sell for around £300 in the UK.

However, most of our 'technical visit' to Nippon Gakki was concerned more with indoctrination into the Yamaha philosophy than introduction to its new lines. And the

revelation that the company is shortly to open its first non-domestic 'R&D' department in London's West End, followed by similar establishments in Paris and New York, was seen as less than coincidental.

These R&D departments will function as intelligence gathering and user-liaison outposts, but will almost certainly incorporate showrooms so that Yamaha products can be vigorously promoted too.

In fact our first port of call was to the company's year-old R&D facility in Shibuya, downtown Tokyo. This is a large store with keyboard and hi-tech products on the ground floor, guitars and drums on the first floor and the research facility one floor above.

The store also boasts a soundproof booth containing a large amount of other manufacturers' gear (for 'investigation' and comparison, one gathered), an enormous 'live studio' suitable for demonstration or major rehearsal use, and, on the R&D floor, a 24-track DI recording studio.

THE VISIT to the studio produced the surprising revelation, in view of Yamaha's obvious commitment to digital tone generation, that the results of R&D recording sessions were committed to *analog* master tape! When Japan itself is a world leader in digital multitrack recording (Mitsubishi's 32-track machines being regarded as state-of-the-art) and almost every serious studio in Britain now using Sony digital mastering because the quality is so superior to analog, the Yamaha engineers' contention that choice of digital for mastering was "a matter of taste" seemed bizarre to say the least.

It transpired, however, that the Sony digital system popular in the UK was actually unavailable in Japan, where it failed to take off as a domestic recording system and was discontinued. This gave one of our party, Martin Westwood from HNB which imports the Sony into Britain and sells it throughout Europe and the States, an opening to fulfil a lifelong ambition by selling a Japanese product back to the Japanese!

Another important element of the company's philosophy was revealed via visits to two instrument retailing operations located in

department stores. The message for dealers here was that this was the way Yamaha saw the future of instrument retailing, although most of them just clucked, shook their heads and said it'd never work back home. You couldn't have plectrums on open display in Britain because they'd just get nicked, they all said. There is, of course, no nickin' in Japan. Except of ideas, anyway.

Spending literally hours on coaches in Tokyo rush-hour traffic made worse by the closing of roads all around the Summit Conference area, just to take a brief look at a few guitars and keyboards tucked in between the plastic model aeroplanes and the babywear, seemed perhaps less than the most efficient way we could have spent our two days in Tokyo. But there was no arguing with our lady guide from the Japan Travel Bureau, who became known to the press contingent as 'Imelda' for reasons I won't go into here.

IF IT'S Friday, it must be Hamamatsu.

Hamamatsu is a tea-growing area on the Bullet Train route from Tokyo to Osaka. This is where Nippon Gakki hang out (Roland – wash my mouth out with soap – have a small plant here too). If you live in Hamamatsu, you've got more or less two job options – pick tea or work for Yamaha. If you work for Yamaha, you get a nice blue uniform, but they don't turn the air conditioning on until June even if it's boiling hot in May, and such activities as talking and listening to music are reserved strictly for after the whistle blows.

Stay in line, move quickly around, no chatting to the workers and *strictly no photographs* . . . our first afternoon at Hamamatsu was a less than brilliant exercise in public relations. But the following day, we got down to the real meat with a series of talks and demos hosted by the top men in Yamaha's combo division.

Mr Tojima, director of the LM Division and third in the whole hierarchy, told us that research indicated a big new market for digital musical instruments among young children. "We plan to be number one in this field," he added simply.

In the pro audio field, Yamaha would expand

from professional through to personal use models, incorporating digital technology in mixers, amps and signal processors. Plans for guitars and drums include those already outlined.

Someone asked what was Yamaha's greatest rival? The answer was typically Japanese – philosophical and evasive. But if you asked me, I'd say they regard *all other leisure activities* as the real competition.

One of the demos was designed to show interesting applications for the SPX90 effects processor. The SPX90 has been one of the amazing Yamaha success stories of 1986, with dealers quoting big back orders. Dealers here felt the product was underpriced by several hundred pounds; many also felt that its arrival had completely killed the higher-priced and more specialised Rev 7 reverb unit. Difficult to decide whether this was an error of judgement on Yamaha's behalf, or part of the great masterplan.

Certainly it was interesting to learn that, in the case of the DX7 and its cheaper stablemate the DX9, the company had released both keyboards simultaneously because they genuinely *hadn't* been able to predict which one would be more popular. Yet to reviewers it was glaringly obvious from the very start.

There'll be an SPX90 user book out in the UK by September and another in-house publication, *The MIDI Book*, covering 'a basic overview of MIDI', 'inside MIDI', and 'The Yamaha MIDI line up' in 36 clearly written and well illustrated pages, is just off the presses as we speak.

Electronic drum kits is an area in which this company is something of a late starter, but despite indications that this particular market is contracting, Yamaha have introduced their own E-drum set to complement their numerous FM percussion sound sources. The kit, launched at Frankfurt, was heard driving an RX11, RX21L and TX816.

What about sampling, though? Today, Yamaha's presence in this particularly fashionable arena has been restricted to one toyish offering – the VSS1 – and interest in professional products comparable with, say, Roland's S-100 and S-500 samplers, is just that – *interest*.

"We're working to develop our own systems – systems not similar to others," was the response to this one. We might have to wait two months or two years for the results of R&D here, said their top R&D man with typically firm vagueness.

Much the same reaction was generated by queries about MIDI guitars. Yes, Yamaha have been working on them, but no, I inferred, they won't launch anything unless they're absolutely convinced they can beat the competition.

THE ALL-PERVASIVE presence of Yamaha in Japan, and the seemingly passive acceptance of its methods of consumer indoctrination, are difficult ideas for most Western visitors to deal with. The company dominates musical education in the country, with the result that the technical standard of teenage musicianship, as witnessed at the finals of the Yamaha Popular Song Festival, staged at a massive Yamaha leisure camp called Tsumagoi Sportsland, is incredibly high.

And yet Japanese pop music itself has made practically zero impact on world music markets. Still encountering everywhere, five years after my last visit to Japan, the hero-worship of jazz-fusion musicians playing technically skilled, self-indulgent, dated and ultimately pointless music, I found this deficiency not difficult to understand.

The very motives which drive kids in Britain and America to play in rock bands – youthful rebellion, the desire to be different from the pack – are, in Japan, completely inverted. To play pop in a country where music is taught to *everyone* along with maths and history is not to rebel but to *conform*.

This cultural inversion is something that Yamaha have yet to fully assimilate. But there's no doubt that they have the financial resources to do so.

Consider this. Every year, Nippon Gakki make 200,000 grand pianos. That's 4,000 a week. Almost 700 a day (they work Saturdays). A very conservative average price for a Yamaha grand would be £5,000. That means they're making, at minimum, *one thousand million pounds' worth of grand pianos* a year. And that's not even considering the upright pianos they make, which must outnumber the grands by – what? – ten to one, 20 to one . . . It's staggering.

Put that up against a grand total of 130,000 DX7s sold at around £1,300 a time, and you can see what a minuscule revenue-earner the hi-tech professional products we love really are in comparison with the whole picture.

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