

SOUNDS

RED GUITARS
SO YOU WANNA BE AN
ALL AMERICAN BOY?

SOUP DRAGONS
PSYCHEDELIC FURS

TRIFFIDS
HOUSEMARTINS
DREAM SYNDICATE
KING OF LUXEMBOURG

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THE BEAT FARMERS stroll over from San Diego for an Independence Day gig at the Harlesden Mean Fiddler on July 4.

The band, who now feature **Joel Harris** on lead guitar replacing **Buddy Blue**, just happen to have a new single out on MCA next weekend called 'Powder Finger', followed by their third album (the previous two were on Demon) called 'Van Go' on July 7.

For those who can't make the gig, a video of one of last year's Los Angeles shows comes out soon on Embassy Home Video.

SOUTHSIDE JOHNNY, who just celebrated his tenth anniversary with a home-town bash at Asbury Park Stone Pony, makes a vinyl return this week on RCA with his version of 'Walk Away Renee'.

An album, 'At Least We Got Shoes', comes out next month and Southside plans a UK visit in the autumn.

COUNTRY



Stuart Adamson and co announce their third tour of '86 and release long-awaited album next week

BIG COUNTRY, whose long-awaited third album, 'The Seer', is finally released by Mercury next week, have lined up their third British tour of '86 in December.

Currently midway through their second sell-out tour, Stuart and the boys will round off the year with gigs at Edinburgh Ingliston Exhibition

Kennedy Assassination...



Andy Hanson

THE DEAD KENNEDYS singer **Jello Biafra** faces a year in prison and a hefty fine if he is found guilty of "distributing harmful material to a minor" in California.

The charges were brought against him and the Alternative Tentacles label by the Los Angeles parents of a 17-year-old girl who bought the band's 'Frankenchrist' album, containing a free poster called *Penis Landscape* by Swiss artist **H R Giger** (who is well known for his **Debbie Harry** sleeve and **ELP's** 'Brain Salad Surgery' as well as the sets for *Alien*).

Jello said this week: "The charge is a direct result of a national power play by America's religious right wing against rock bands and their music that goes back to the McCarthy era. I will fight the case tooth and nail when it comes up on July 3."

The case, which has been getting nationwide TV coverage in America, has brought support from **Frank Zappa**, a doughty campaigner for the abolition of censorship in rock music. And **Alternative Tentacles** have set up a **No More Censorship Defence Fund** at PO Box 11458, San Francisco, California, 94107.

Some timid retailers in Britain have been removing the poster from the record before selling it, and **Alternative Tentacles** will send the poster to anyone who didn't get one if they send a stamped addressed envelope and a declaration that they are over 18 to them at 61-71 Collier Street, London N1 9BE.

BLANCMANGE have finally dissolved after several months of rumours.

Neil Arthur and **Stephen Luscombe** have decided that after five years "they've had a good run and should split before they become stale", according to a press statement.

Although they notched up a string of hits including 'That's Love That It Is', 'Don't Tell Me', 'The Day Before You Came' and 'Blind Vision', they twice postponed a British tour in recent months. And the failure of their latest single, 'What's Your Problem', to chart after extensive airplay appears to have sealed the band's fate.

Stephen will get involved in filmscores and pursue his interest in Indian music while **Neil** intends to work with a variety of musicians and eventually make a solo album.

Reliable reports have it that **Polygram Video** are sitting on a **Blancmange Greatest Hits** compilation which will probably be released with considerable haste now the band have split.

NICK HEYWARD returns to the live circuit with a bang after an absence of nearly two years on June 28, when he appears at Wembley Stadium as **Wham!**'s special guest.

Having made a chart return with 'Over The Weekend', he'll have a new single out in time for the show called 'Goodbye Yesterday' which he modestly describes as "quite simply the best record I've ever made, packaged in the best sleeve" (which apparently features his own personal bric-a-brac) "and the B-side's pretty neat as well".

He'll also be playing tracks from his next album, 'Steambus Junction', which is due out on **Arista** in September.

SPANDAU

SPANDAU BALLET have settled their bitter 18-month wrangle with **Chrysalis** and signed a new deal with **CBS**. And they release their first single since the dispute began, called 'Fight For Ourselves', on July 14.

CBS chief **Paul Russell** said last week: "We first tried to sign **Spandau Ballet** in 1980. When they became available again we were not going to let them get away a second time."

Spandau's manager **Steve Dagger** replied: "We are delighted to have signed to **CBS** and look forward to a

long and fruitful career with them."

The band, who have scored 14 Top 30 hits since they first broke into the charts in 1980 with 'To Cut A Long Story Short', fell out with **Chrysalis** early last year and last summer announced that they were suing the company for failing to use their best endeavours to promote them in America.

This announcement, just as **Chrysalis** were merging with the **MAM Group**, adversely affected **Chrysalis'** share price but worse was to follow when

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LIVES

Centre December 5, Whitley Bay Ice Rink 6, Birmingham NEC 8, Shepton Mallet Showering Pavilion 9, London Wembley Arena 12, Brighton Centre 14.

Tickets for Edinburgh, Whitley Bay and Shepton Mallet are £7. Birmingham and Brighton are £7.50 and £6.50, Wembley £8.50 and £7.50.

They are available from the box offices or by post for Whitley Bay, Birmingham and Wembley: Big Country Box Office, PO Box 77, London SW4 9LH. For Edinburgh: Big Country Box Office, PO Box

77, GPO, Edinburgh. Shepton Mallet: Big Country Box Office, Concert Travel Club, 4 High Street, Barnstaple, Devon EX31 1BQ.

You should add 50p per ticket booking fee and cheques and postal orders should be payable to 'Big Country'.

The band's new album is the culmination of nine months recording at The Power Plant and RAK Studios and was produced by Robin Millar. It includes their 'Look Away' hit plus the current single 'The Teacher'. The title track features a duet with Kate Bush.

Alarm From The East...



THE ALARM return from a Japanese tour and warm up for their Wembley shows with Queen at Manchester Hacienda July 8 and Nottingham Rock City 9.

The band will then come off the road after eight months of touring and will start work on their new album.



AMERICAN GIRLS: oversprayed, overdressed and over here

GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS

AMERICAN GIRLS, five of LA's finest who have worked with Don Henley and Mick Ronson, written songs for Randy Crawford, The Pointer Sisters and Kiss and played in The Screaming Sirens, have their first single out together on IRS this week called... 'American Girls'.

Looking at you or at the newspaper are (l to r) Teresa James (vocals and keyboards), Miiko

Watanabe (bass), Brie Howard (vocals, keyboards and many of the songs), Hilary Shepherd (vocals, percussion, keyboards and a part in the forthcoming *Tough Guys* movie with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas), and D B Tressler (guitar).

Rumours that the band are refusing to come to Britain unless they can be interviewed by Sandy Robertson could not be confirmed at press time.

LET'S ACTIVE, the Georgia trio who've been anything but for the last couple of years, come over for a brief visit this weekend to promote their new album, 'Big Plans For Everybody' on IRS.

Mitch Easter - who produced the first couple of REM albums - plus Angie Carlson and Eric Marshall will be appearing on *The Whistle Test* on June 24 and then play dates at Newcastle Riverside June 25, Manchester International 26 and London Camden Dingwalls 27.

DISCHARGE, punk warriors from '77, return with two new members and glossier spikes for '86, not to mention their first album for four years.

Singer Gal and drummer Gary Moloney have now been joined by guitarist Stephen "Fish" Brookes and bassist Nick Bushell.

Their new album, 'Grave New World' (which is unlikely to be confused with the Strawbs' album of the same name a decade ago), out on Clay this weekend is described as "a considerable change in direction".

Discharge introduce their new line-up with a series of gigs next month. Already confirmed are Nottingham Mardis Gras July 1, Leeds Adam And Eves 2, Derby Rockhouse 3, Hammersmith Clarendon 5. More will be added before the group head off for an American tour.

SURGICAL SPIRIT

DOCTOR AND THE MEDICS, Number One with a spirit, keep faith with the Alice In Wonderland crowd by headlining this year's Magical Mystery Trip "somewhere in England" on June 27.

A convoy of 40 coaches will transport 2,000 trippers from central London to a secret location where they can disport themselves to the sounds of Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction, Golden Horde, Voodoo Child, Webcore, Mournblade, Another Green World and The Brindisi String Quartet. All that and Alice In Wonderland too.

Tickets are £8 from Planet Alice, 284 Portobello Road, London W10.

Anyone who can get a copy of the band's 'Laughing At The Pieces' album to them by the end of this month will get it back with their own one-off sleeve by the band.

Send the album - together with a £1 postal order to cover postage payable to Caesarbyte Ltd - to Doctor And The Medics, 53 Greek Street, London W1.

The art sessions will be interrupted for gigs at Dunstable Queensway Hall June 20, Milton Keynes Bowl 22, Brighton Coasters 24, Nottingham Rock City 25, Holland Pink Pop 29, Hartlepool Festival July 4.

SPUTNIK ABORTED

SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK have had to reschedule the first half of their British tour next month because of delays in completing their first album.

Singer Martin Degville explained this week: "Recording of the album was first delayed because one of our drummers, Chris Kavanagh, suffered a neck injury and was unable to play. Then we had problems getting the right studio at the right time because we use so much hi-tech equipment and we could only use a modern studio."

The tour will now start at Birmingham Odeon on July 24, and the subsequent dates at Leeds Grand Theatre 27, Stoke Burslem Queens 29, Oxford Apollo August 1, Gloucester Leisure Centre 6 and St Austell Coliseum 7 all continue as scheduled.

But the earlier dates have been put back to the autumn and they will now play Guildford Civic Hall September 28, Sheffield City Hall 30, Manchester Apollo October 1, Middlesbrough Town Hall 3, Newcastle City Hall 4, Lincoln Ritz 6, Nottingham Royal Concert Hall 8, Glasgow Barrowlands 10, Aberdeen Capitol 11, London Royal Albert Hall 13.

Tickets already purchased will be valid for the new dates but the band have been unable to reschedule dates at Southampton, Brighton, Scarborough, Preston or Liverpool. Refunds from point of purchase.

Sigue Sigue Sputnik have also been deluged with requests for advertising space since they announced they would be running ads between the tracks on their forthcoming 'Flaunt It' album.

And Martin Degville's "suggestive stage antics" upset a few latin temperaments at an Italian festival in Sienna last weekend. The group's publicist Magenta De Vine stood in for bassist Tony James who was back in England recovering from a strenuous business trip to America. But nobody, apart from a couple of reporters, noticed the difference.

MORE NEWS ON PAGE 36

SIGN TO CBS

Chrysalis tried to release a 'Greatest Hits' compilation last Christmas.

The Spands tried and failed to prevent the record being released. They then obtained an injunction preventing the use of their music on a TV advertisement for the album, and when the advertisement was shown on Tyne Tees TV, they attempted to have Chrysalis directors Chris Wright and Doug D'Arcy jailed for contempt.

In the resulting court case, Chrysalis were given the right to use Spandau Ballet's music in

the advertisement.

The Spands and Chrysalis eventually resolved their differences out of court and the Spands have dropped any legal actions against Chrysalis, who have retained the rights to the group's existing catalogue and will receive an "undisclosed settlement" - believed to be around one million pounds - for allowing the group to sign to another company before their current contract expires.

One clause that Spandau Ballet have insisted on in their new contract with CBS is that

their records will not be released in South Africa.

Guitarist and songwriter Gary Kemp said last week: "It is just a personal thing for us. And if one fan in South Africa wonders why he can't get our records then it will be worthwhile."

In fact CBS have cut their links with South Africa since they sold their 49 per cent stake in the South African Gallotone Record Company earlier this year. And while CBS records may be available there on import, none are released there.

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the Shop Assistants

the GOLDEN HORDE

THE SOUP DRAGONS

Jessie Garon and the Desperados

SATURDAY 28th JUNE, 7.30pm. £3.50

PETE SHELLEY, who releases his third solo album this weekend called 'Heaven By The Sea' (see review page 24), follows his extensive UK tour with another date at Milton Keynes The Point on June 26 and a solo set at London's Shaw Theatre on July 3.

He then goes to New York to appear at the New Music Seminar before returning for gigs at Manchester G-Mex July 19 and The Damned's Tea Party at Finsbury Park on the 27th.

THE WEATHER PROPHETS give a further boost to their 'I Almost Prayed' indie hit single with gigs at Brighton Art College June 25, Bristol Tropic 26, Bath Moles 28.

They plan a major outing next month.

INXS' extra London show on July 10 is at the Kentish Town Town & Country Club and not the venue given last week. Apologies.

THE WOODENTOPS' debut album, 'Giant', comes out on June 27 on Rough Trade. There are 12 tracks by singer-guitarist Rolo McGinty and production is by Bob Sargeant.

The band are just about to undertake their first American tour and plan to do more recording when they return.

TOPPER HEADON, currently on a European tour with his band including Jimmy Helms and Mickey Gallagher, return for another gig at Camden Dingwalls on July 18 which will be recorded by Capital Radio.

THE BLOW MONKEYS have switched their Hammersmith Palais date to July 1 as a warm-up to their spot with Rod Stewart at Wembley on the 5th.

BOWL OF BANGLES



THE BANGLES, seen above being out-high-heeled by Prince, who joined them on stage at a San Francisco gig recently, swing back into Britain to join Simple Minds at Milton Keynes Bowl on June 21.

They then play a London show at Kentish Town Town &

Country Club on July 3.

The band, who've spent the best part of the last year on the road around the world, have their 'Going Down To Liverpool' single re-released by CBS this week with two live tracks on the 12-inch recorded at Glasgow during their last British visit.

THE FLESHTONES, the New York cult quintet, fly in to celebrate American Independence Day with a gig at Hammersmith Clarendon on July 4.

The band haven't been seen here for around two years although they released a live album earlier this year.

Tickets are priced at £4; support bands to be announced.

THE CELIBATE RIFLES, the Aussie indie band who've been ensconced in Ireland, decorating a castle while waiting for their album to come out, nip over for two London shows at Fulham Greyhound June 19 and the Marquee 21.

The album, 'The Turgid Miasma Of Existence', comes out next weekend on Hot (through Rough Trade).

THE SHOP ASSISTANTS come out from behind the counter to play a one-off gig at the Hammersmith Clarendon on June 28.

They'll be supported by The Soup Dragons plus two others to be confirmed soon.

JAMES BLOOD ULMER, the innovative American guitarist, comes over for a London gig at the Camden Electric Ballroom on July 9.

It's part of a series of left field promotions by Tsafrika who are "trying to restore faith in the sunny season".

Cuban sax player Paquito D'Riviera and Cayenne will be playing the Electric Ballroom on July 21 while soul veteran Edwin Starr returns to top an all-day at Brixton Academy July 27.

Manu Dibango and Les Quatre Etoiles will be headlining the African Sounds Festival at Kentish Town Town & Country Club August 1-2.

GHOST DANCE, who've just completed a set of British gigs, release a three-track 12-inch of cover versions on Karbon (through Pinnacle) on July 4.

The Yardbirds' 'Heart Full Of Soul', Suzi Quatro's 'Can The Can' and Golden Earring's 'Radar Love' get the treatment.

They also play Leicester Studio (with The Scientists and Hunters Club) June 29 and London Camden Electric Ballroom July 10.

THE GUANA BATZ have added tour dates at Tamworth Rat Club June 26, Hull Adelphi 27 and Kingston Tolworth Recreation Centre July 4. They'll be joined for their Hammersmith Clarendon gig on June 21 by Dutch rockabilly band Batmobile, Emptifish from Portsmouth and The Coffin Nails from Reading.

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MADNESS, Doctor And The Medics, Black Uhuru, The Wailers, Lindisfarne and Doctor Feelgood are all playing at Hartlepool Dock Rock over the weekend of July 4-6.

One of the more ambitious rock events to be staged in the North East, the festival is being funded by Hartlepool Council and a 23,000 capacity site has been prepared near the city centre dockland and beach.

The Council have prepared a bill that they think will please everyone from 16 to 60. Other acts appearing over the weekend include Mike Elliott, Gone To Earth, Gil Scott-Heron, Steeleye Span, Pentangle, Champion Jack Dupree, Blues Reunion and Vin Garbutt.

Tickets are £5 per day but there's also a £24 weekend ticket that covers two adults and two children.

A FEW INTERESTING SCORES

ITALY 1 ARGENTINA 1
URUGUAY 1 DENMARK 6
HUNGARY 0 RUSSIA 6
ITALY 3 S.KOREA 2
ARGENTINA 2 BULGARIA 0
BRAZIL 1 ALGERIA 0
HUNGARY 0 FRANCE 3
LONDON 0 HULL 4



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21 GUANA BATZ	12 THE FALL
20/21/22 GLASTONBURY CND FESTIVAL	13 CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT
21 TWELVE TRIBES	14 WE'VE GOT A FUZZBOX & WE'RE GONNA USE IT
22 LATIN QUARTER	18/19/20 THE WOMAD FESTIVAL
22 SIMPLE MINDS	19 U.K. FRESH '86
22 HAZEL O'CONNOR	19 THE METEORS
24 DON WILLIAMS	26/27 THE DAMNED
24 INXS	26/27 ANITA BAKER
26 GIL SCOTT HERON	Aug 6 LUCIANO PAVAROTTI
27/28 THE ZAPP BAND	9 QUEEN
28 MARILLION (travel available)	16 OZZY OSBOURNE (travel available)
28 THE CULT	22/23 ENGLAND v NZ (cricket)
28/29 SUNSLASH	30/31 JEAN CARNE
30 SANDIE SHAW	Sept 14/15 G.T.R.
July 1 BLOW MONKEYS	21 METALICA
3 THE BANGLES	26/27 LISA LISA, CULT JAM, FULL FORCE
3 THREE JOHNS	27/28 CHRIS DE BURGH
4 THE FLESHTONES	Oct 2 STEVE RAY VAUGHAN
5 BARBARA DICKSON	5 STEEL PULSE
5 ROD STEWART	13 SQUE SQUE SPUTNIK
6 PETER MURPHY	18 MAGNUM
6 DIANA BROWN & THE BROTHERS	29/30 JOAN ARMSTRONG
8 GILBERTO GIL	Nov 2 W.A.S.P.
10 RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY	3-4/5 IRON MAIDEN
10 CELIA CRUZ & TITO PUENTE ORCH	30 Dec 1-2 LEVEL 42
	Dec 12/13 BILLY OCEAN

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For full info send SAE.

VIRGIN PRUNES release their first material for "absolutely ages" this week on Baby (through New Rose/Rough Trade) in the form of a single called 'Love Lasts Forever'. It will be followed by a new album next month.

WILLIE COLON, the Bronx-born Latin trumpeter, trombonist and vocalist, has his 'Set Fire To Me' import dance hit released over here by A&M this week.

THE SINATRAS have their second album released by Strike-Back this month called 'Let's Be Frank'.

GARY NUMAN's new single on Numa this weekend is 'I Can't Stop' and he's taken the opportunity to add a free flexi showcasing two new Numa artists, Steve Braun and Hohokam.

PAUL HARDCASTLE comes up with a "new" single on Chrysalis this week. It's called 'Foolin' Yourself' and features Kevin Henry on vocals.

BLUE NOSE B, a Liverpool band who've been produced by Pete Dinklage and lived, release their second single on Blues (through Probe Plus) this week called 'My Diary'.

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THE LAUNCH The RAUNCH

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- Tuesday JUNE 17
BEDFORD - Corn Exchange
Thursday JUNE 19
LONDON - Camden Palace
Saturday JUNE 21
SUTTON-IN-ASHFIELD - Golden Diamond
Thursday JUNE 26
PORT TALBOT - Raffles Club
Friday JUNE 27
CARDIFF - Bogeys
- Tuesday JULY 1
CARLISLE - Stars & Stripes
Wednesday JULY 2
BANNOCKBURN, SCOTLAND - Tamdhu
Thursday JULY 3
PERTH, SCOTLAND - The Plough Inn
Friday JULY 4
WISHAW, SCOTLAND - Heathry Bar
Saturday JULY 5
WOLVERHAMPTON - Scruples
Friday JULY 11
DUDLEY - J.B.'s
Saturday JULY 12
COVENTRY - General Wolfe
Monday JULY 14
STOKE-ON-TRENT - Shelley's
Tuesday JULY 15
LEEDS - Adam & Eves
Thursday JULY 17
LONDON - The Marquee
Friday JULY 18
BURTON-ON-TRENT - Central Park
Saturday JULY 19
RETFORD - Porterhouse
Sunday JULY 20
HULL - Tower Ballroom
Monday JULY 21
SOUTHPORT - Ainsdale Club
Friday JULY 25
WALTHAMSTOW - Royal Standard

Tour arranged by Mike Obermann at
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Special Thanks to PREMIER DRUMS

RECORD NEWS



JEAN BEAUVOIR, who has played with The Plasmatics and Little Steven's Disciples Of Soul as well as producing the last Ramones album, releases his first solo album on Red Eye (through Virgin) this week called 'Drums Along The Mohawk'. It includes a track called 'Feel The Heat' which is featured in Sylvester Stallone's new movie *Cobra*.

CASHFLOW, the Atlanta soulsters whose 'Mine All Mine' single wasted no time getting into the British charts, follow it with their eponymous debut album on Club (through Phonogram) this week. They'll be over for a promo visit soon.

DIZZY GILLESPIE, one of jazz's living legends, has a new album out on Atlantic this week called 'Closer To The Source' which includes contributions from Stevie Wonder, Branford Marsalis and Marcus Miller.

TIPPA IRIE releases his first album called 'Is It Really Happening' on UK Bubbler this weekend which includes his recent 'Hello Darling' hit.

ALTERNATIVE TV have a new single out this week on Noiseville (through Rough Trade). Called 'Sex/Love' it contains three songs all concerned with Mark Perry's "obsession with emotional and physical love".

EL DEBARGE, lead singer with the band of the same name, releases his first solo single on Gordy this week called 'Who's Johnny' which is already in the US Top Thirty.

STATE OF PLAY, who've just finished a batch of gigs around the country, release their first album on Virgin this week called 'Balancing The Scales'.

ANY DAY NOW, a London duo of Derek Green and Dave Hubbard who are "a new band with old ideals", release their first single on A&M this week called 'Show Me The Way'.

VIEW FROM THE HILL, a black English trio whose members have played with the likes of Kool And The Gang, Toots And The Maytals and Jimmy Cliff, have signed to EMI and have a single out this weekend called 'No Conversation' which also features current sax heart-throb Courtney Pine.

HEADHUNTERS put out a three-track 12-inch this week on Quiet titled 'Way Of The South'.

THE TIMES cover Bowie's 1966 song 'London Boys' for their single to launch the new mod label Unicorn this week.

MATT MOFFIT, previously with Aussie cult band Matt Finish, releases his first solo single on CBS this week called 'Miss You Tonight'.

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WEIRD & LONELY
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BACKTRACKS

MARC BOLAN has a compact disc released by Cherry Red this month called 'Love And Death' which features the album 'You Scare Me To Death' plus the 'Cat Black' and 'The Wizard' singles and some rare B-sides. It comes with a free poster, complete discography and article by his former manager Simon Napier-Bell.

BILLY FURY, who's already had his B-sides gathered up on one album, now has tracks from his eight EPs between 1959 and 1965 collected by See For Miles for 'The EP Collection'. It would apparently cost you £100 or so to buy the original EPs now.

THE JONES GIRLS, who came from Detroit to put their special gloss on the Philadelphia sound, have an 'Artists Showcase' compilation issued by Street Sounds this month. It draws on their four Philadelphia International and one RCA album and includes 'You Gonna Make Me Love Somebody Else', '2 Win U Back' and 'At Peace With Woman' among the nine cuts.

THE FIESTAS, who managed to cull a 20-year career of sorts out of their 1959 US hit 'So Fine', have that song and 15 other tracks from that era - including four not previously issued - released by Ace this month under the title 'The Oh So Fine Fiestas'.

MANFRED MANN has his Mike D'Abo period hits - 'Mighty Quinn', 'Semi-Detached Suburban Mr Jones', 'Ha Ha Said The Clown', 'My Name Is Jack' and so forth - released on their original Fontana label (through Phonogram) this month called 'Manfred Mann Hit Records 1966-1969'.

CAN have their 'Out Of Reach' album - which has been deleted for over six years - restored in pristine condition by Thunderbolt (through Magnum Music). Magnum are also putting out a budget-priced gospel album from Aretha Franklin on their Blue Moon label called 'Soul Survivor' which was recorded before her Atlantic era.

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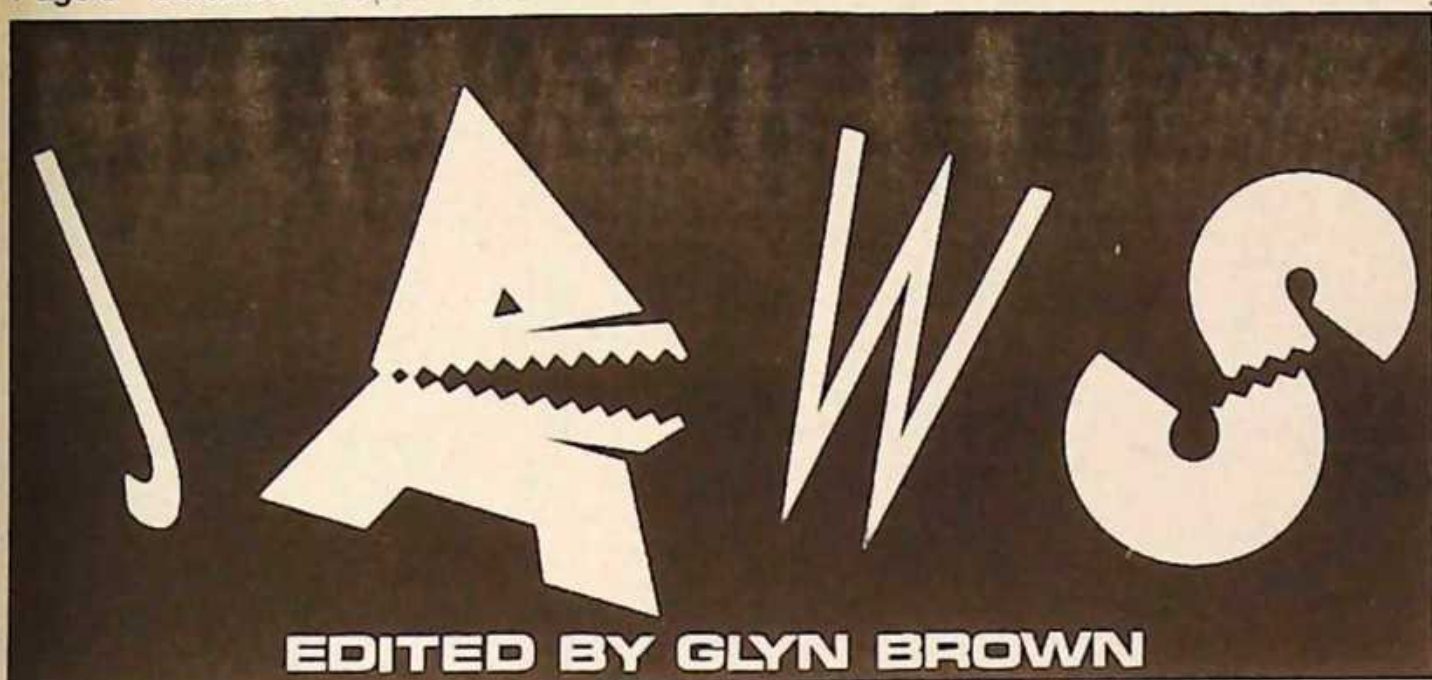


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ANDY'S RECORDS AN EAST ANGLIAN INSTITUTION



HI, CREATURES! World conga records? We gottem! Hear about the **Capital Radio** attempt to make history this coming Friday in (boring!) Covent Garden? Yup, they'll be a-swingin' rippling hips along the Plaza and down the Strand to the strains of **Harvey And The Wallbangers** and the **London Community Gospel Choir**, and says Capital Music Festival Director **John Burrows**, "I seriously believe we can make history on that evening." Hip-sway, but I for one won't be there... I hate all that kinda grabbing...

Just a note from **el Records** to alert me there's more confusion over sodding **Elizabeth Archer's** birthday party. Remember how **Le Lu/Lu's** (by the way, thank you for those sweets you all left here for me while I was away working, kids. By the time I returned, all the chocolate oranges had gone into these pigs' stomachs...) were all set to play on **The Archers**? Well, **el Records** boss man **Mike Alway** says he played the **Gol Gappas** being played on party nite. The **Gol Gappas**! Well radical, guy, unreal...

Like to know that **Steve of Some Blizzare** is interviewing all music paper eds for his own purposes? We'll let you hear how we rate. Our jazz correspondent was out on a recce at **Ronnie Scott's** last week to spy on **Chet Baker's** secret one-off gig (it's all lies, sounds like, don't you think?) when - surprise - who should heave his well-rounded frame onto the stage but your friend and mine, **Elvis Costello**. Yeah! Heavy! He proceeded to maunder his way through 'The Very Thought Of You' and a medley including that old



Steve Double

"D'YA FINK this is goin' down or right then, Wilf?"

Dumbo Fu!

"WALKING DOWN life's highway, The Bear, The Tiger, The Crane and The Scorpion chanced to meet at the crossroads of decision. They discovered their future journey in life was the same. They became four parts of a whole, the ultimate martial arts warrior of time eternal - NINJA. The path they chose was music; a rock music with controlled aggression but none the less lethal."

I kid you not, I did not write the above. It is quoted, verbatim, from the press release for this band. Ninja. Of course, I've read lies before but this one takes the biscuit. Martial arts and warrior music, the only appearance in the country - hah, what a load of old gunk. This band are in actual fact serious ass-kicking, bad-rocking, ball-breaking metal merchants tarted up to hid their ugly mugs behind some pseudo oriental face paint and mystique (it's a perfume, dumbo).

Then they get some dodgy guys in black to leap around a bit and pretend to fight - about as threatening as a cuddly teddy bear - and a petite Japanese woman to twirl her fan as kranium-kronching metallic KO riffs ring out. The first serious opponents to Wrathchild in the camp

Lord WAISTREL

QUITE MY favourite reading matter at the moment, aside from the good old FT index, is a Canadian magazine called *The Sun*.

Before we go any further, I hasten to point out that the Canadian *Sun* bears absolutely no relation to any of Mr Rupert Murdoch's colourful publications. Indeed this remarkable organ even makes our own *Daily Whopper* read like *The Guardian*!

Scoffing? Well, read on, and let's take this week's edition as an entertaining example.

Bold as brass on the splash blares out the banner headline: 'Loving Wife Gets Sex Change To Please Her Gay Husband'. Stories promised inside include 'Bolt Of Lightning Makes Man Become Invisible' and 'Man With Split Personality Marries Himself'.

All perfect parodies of Fleet Street at its most idiotically plebian, you might assume... except that the Canadian *Sun* isn't a spoof. Its scoops are not only meant to be taken seriously, thousands of people actually buy it every week and do so! Of course, Canadians are renowned for their low intellects. But no less so than Northerners, the Welsh and other proletarian scum at home.

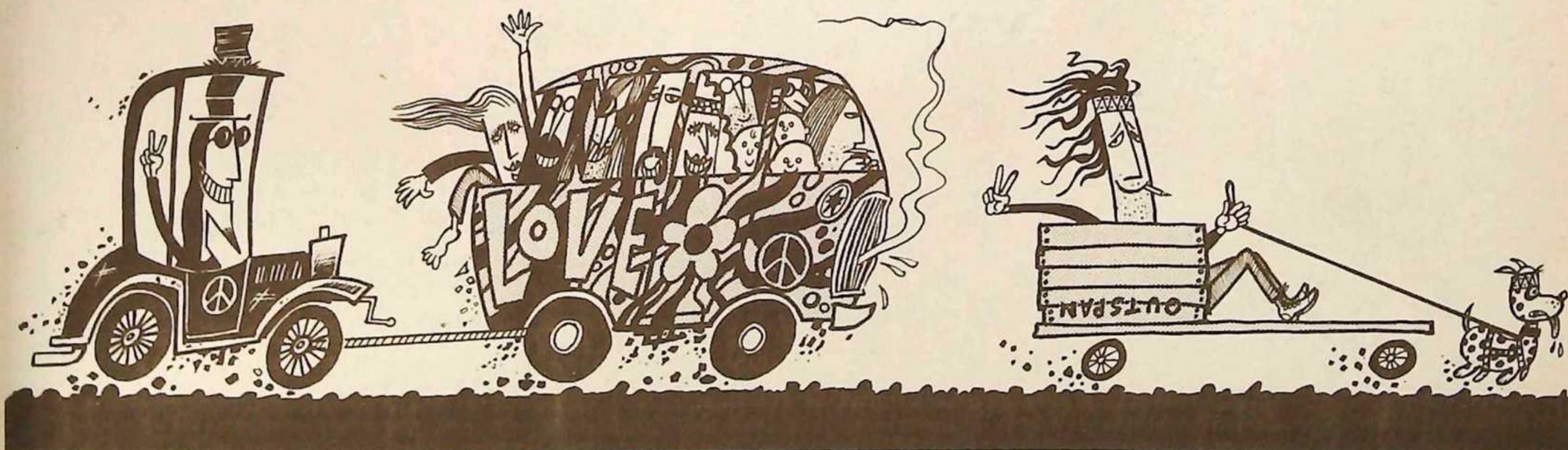
And if the formula works so well in Canada, what is to prevent a gent like myself with the odd few mil in his back pocket doing an Eddie Shah and launching my own weekly stuffed full of such fanciful fairytales here?

I mean, at the moment there's only *Revue*, the *New Mediocre Excess* and *The Morning Star* even in the race!

rock stakes, I can reveal that this Ninja lot have actually been touting their tired tricks around town under the moniker of 'So What' for a good couple of years previous to this dodgy warrior revamp. But somebody has poured a good few ackers into the venture hoping that a good return will ensure their investment. Just a hint, kids - don't tell fibs, not even to music journalists.

File this one under K for Kerrap.

STAXA WAX



HIPPY~HIPPIY BANG~BANG!

Not so much
a youth
movement,
more a
vintage whine

heartbreaker 'I'm A Fool To Want You', pretending all the while, says our man, to be modest and demure while coming over as really very big-headed. "It made the rest of the evening very imbalanced," says Mr hep cool jazz bop cat, "and when we saw him we all just thought, Oh no, not him again." Some of us live, and some of us learn, eh?

I've got even more details of the **Sonic Youthsters** for you. Their Manchester Boardwalk gig saw **Terry Duckworth** (pigheaded van hire geezer from *t'Street*) jiving down the

front. At the Nottingham show the entire stage had to be lowered to accommodate guitarist **Thurston**, because he's very tall. (How did they do that, then?) At Glasgow, **Lee** autographed an egg for a fan ... etc etc etc. It goes on. So much news, I could write a book. (I wonder why I don't, then?)

Anyone out there still wondering how the minds of **The Cult** work could do better than listen to this - yep, they played to a capacity crowd of 3,000 in Rome on the tour they're just ending, and the

temperature outside the marquee was a staggering 31°C (so what's that in real money? Oh, it's 88°F, I hear. Doesn't seem *that* bad, does it?). Anyhow, there was so much condensation the band all thought it was raining. *Inside a tent!* Oh dear ...

The Stranglers, still consulting airline schedules to Australia which is where they've decided to finish recording their new LP (and why in God's name not?) are lined up to play Iceland's arts festival, where one third of the population will see their live show televised.

then to play Gdansk for Eastern Bloc TV, which means an audience of 300 million Russians will watch them. And they'll think it's what we like ...

A bit worse (quite a bit!) is the fact that this Japanese TV station called Kansai, looking for authentic London Life, stumbled upon **CIRCUS CIRCUS** at the Marquee and have filmed them in - you won't guess - lovely Covent Garden Piazza. When the interviewer wondered, "Who's the best band in London?" the chaps said, "We are." And someone might believe them.

I've had a card from wonder lenswoman **Jayne Houghton** on holiday in Malta. She warns me, "Food's much too English - no local delicacies (except a rather nice waiter in the cafe downstairs)". Desperate straits call for desperate remedies, etc, etc.

Vehement atheists **Dig Vis Drili**, whose latest vinyl 'Cranking Up Religion' pictures a priest with a syringe hanging out of his arm just in case you didn't quite get the message,

recently got stuck doing a **Radio Sheffield** debate with a load of ex-junkies who have turned to God. Looks like Dig Vis came out best in the end, though, maintaining you can't be intelligent *and* take dope and backed up by the loopy ex-junkies, one of whom said he always talked to God and God's been telling him for years to get some therapy ...

Enough. Till we meet again, I love you all (more lies).

MORTICIA WAX

Returning to the fun *Sun*, we learn that the man with the split personality has not only married himself - he's now telling friends that he is pregnant!

A Doctor Herbert Salise arrives in the eighth paragraph with the news that both of 54-year-old John McKenna's personalities firmly believe that his female half, Laura, "is four months pregnant and they're expecting their baby in September".

Meanwhile, we learn the full details of Australian Betty Rudnicki, now known as **Barney Rudnicki**, who sacrificed her womanhood to save her marriage to gay husband John and now 'sends John's heart racing as slim and sexy Barney'.

"When Barney stepped off the plane and I saw him for the first time I fell immediately in love all over again," John confesses. "We ran into each other's arms, which shocked most of the other passengers - they couldn't believe two men were carrying on like that in public."

Strangely, the story of the man made invisible by a lightning bolt has vanished from the paper - perhaps in sympathy with its subject's plight.

But never mind, for in its place are such terrific tales as the 54-year-old Catholic nun from Livorno, Italy, who has been arrested for making obscene phone calls; the scientists who have discovered fresh dinosaur tracks; and the amazing revelation that men who wear bright ties are lousy lovers!

For your additional information, my own collection of ties range from sober grey to mourning black and can be inspected, by appointment only, at my Chelsea pied à terre by any blonde under the age of 45!

Toodle pip!

Zoo Quest

THERE ARE many ways and means and means and ways to get publicity for your product. The trick is to have an attractive sounding event appealing to the bizarre requirements of journalists. Take the case of **Buzz**, new all-round music and fashion type jumped-up fanzine.

A party was proposed to launch said magazine, but here's the twist. Hold it in Regent's Park Zoo and get this new band name of Joy along to play some of their toons. Hah, sounds like the event of the year, on paper at least. Images of popsters being mauled by tigers. Elephants crushing the egos of the little brats and picking up the instruments. Party with a panda, go-go with a gorilla, jive with a giraffe. Was I ever looking forward to it!

Through the gates we go - and not an animal in sight, if you exclude the human ones. We might as well have been at the boring old Wag club for all the difference.

Hold it, we have got some Twenty Flight Rockers over in the corner, and there goes a Zodiac Mindwimp. Ah, and there's the band. Knock me down with a neckerchief, that's Mr Buzz and Mr Acky, late of old Southern Death Cult, though you'd never know it to look at them. The Buzzy boy is dressed in this sailor's outfit - très chic dearie.

I did notice, however, that despite the supposed popularity of SSS no one was rushing to tear the clothes off Martin Deggers. Well, would you? Thank God there is one small scrap of sanity left in this monkey house of a world.

STAXA WAX



APOCALYPSE, anyone?



UNUSUSPECTING ANTI-pop pups **Kill Ugly Pop** ran into a few EEC-style problems last week when they tried to enter Italy and found it extremely hostile. Seems the Pops had rung ahead from Holland to get some posters organised promoting their Roman Invasion, but faulty lines and a simple spelling error had converted the fun lovers into **KILL UGLY POPE**.

Plans to change the group's name have been discarded, but anyone with suggestions as to what to do with 3,000 **KILL UGLY POPE** posters should call Fever at 387 6144.

DEL O'TYPE WAX



AND YET again the doo-lally dailies have got the wrong end of the whipping stick. Peace convoy? Hapless band of meandering hippies? Social security spongers, outcasts riddled with hepatitis and posing a threat to the nation's morality? Gypsies, tramps and thieves, anarchists with no sense of their obligations to humanity? Has no one spotted the benign truth about these brigands?

It's time the lentil beans were well and truly spilled! This misunderstood, maligned, motley crew are merely holding the highly

respectable Annual General Meeting of the Sir Andrew Ridgeley Classic And Custom Car Enthusiasts Club.

Anyone who saw their proud owners' convoy through Hampshire on the Club's annual pilgrimage - not to Stonehenge, but to that car historian's haven, Beaulieu Castle - could not fail to be impressed with the restorative work these people are undertaking on seemingly clapped out MOT failures. Many a Ford Anglia has been salvaged from the rusting graveyards of scrap metal merchants and given a

new lease of life by these dedicated enthusiasts.

Seeing the fine lines, classic contours and timeless design in these cars, one realises their owners have not been deterred by gaping holes in the floor pan, missing rear wings, boot bonnets that won't close, large expanses of insulating tape where the exhaust should be, broken suspension, mis-firing engines and the invariable lack of second gear.

Instead, many have extensively improved the cars, adding essentials such as a 12 foot aerial, faded blue tartan fake fur

seat covers (front only), small steering wheel and a paint job in a delicate shade of primer.

Others have gone for the off-street racer look, exposing their engines and perfecting the art of the tyre squeal. And many are looking forward to the sunny days of summer, when they can proudly cruise the highways in Corinas with missing windcreens, roofless Renaults and Dormobiles with the sliding side door tastefully wrenched off.

Club chairman Ivor Tinopener has also introduced his patent pending

sunroof, offering generous club discounts on this service in exchange for a suck on a roll-up and the loan of a sleeping bag.

In fact, so off the case have TV reports on this event been, that many have insinuated these dedicated amateur restorers lie around all day, newspapers over their faces, in some alcohol induced stupor. They do not realise the enthusiasts are merely absorbing their latest copy of *Do It Yourself Car Restoration And Repair* magazine (part two free with part one, collect the set and send off for the

hand folder for just £2.99).

Due to this adverse publicity, the public seem wary of the convoy, with vicious rumours circulating that their rust may be catching - but we can assure you that you *can* not pick it up from casual contact, toilet seats or in normal sexual practices.

So please, realise the invaluable service these people are contributing to Britain's automobile heritage. Lend them your jump leads, donate your spare tyres. They'll be grateful for anything they can get piston ...

TURTLE WAX

GREAT ROCK WRITERS

GEOFF BARTON

PERHAPS THE greatest rock writer of all time, 'Deaf' Barton is best remembered for his unshakable enthusiasm in the face of overwhelming opposition.

Though he came to the fore during punk's infancy – an era of change, of upheaval, arguably the music paper's finest hour – Geoff was having none of it. While all around him Babylon burned, illuminating the new doctrines of Strummer and McLaren, he alone held up a solitary beacon to the dinosaurs of the dark ages, to the mighty monoliths of US metal and – most of all – to Kiss. Who? Kiss! Pardon? Kiss!!!

How can we ever forget?

But it wasn't until 1979, and the dawning of a new decade, that Barton's single voice of insanity grew into a roar and captured the hearts of the nation (well, almost). Def Leppard, Iron Maiden, Saxon, Samson... er, Witchfynde? Yeah, the time was ripe, and out of the mingled labour pains of 'Baron' Barton and Big Al Lewis (ex-editor of this parish) was born the NWOBHM (New Wave Of British Heavy Metal, meathead!) and with it such attendant folk heroes as pint-sized hippy Bandwagon DJ Neal Kaye, cardboard guitar innovator Rob Loonhouse, wart-encrusted photographer 'Gross Halfwit' and legendarily tight-fisted Maiden manager Rod 'Smallwallet'. But Geoff was its creator, its spokesman and its muse...

As the years passed, his dedication to discovering ever more outrageous examples of the metal genre increased in fervour, such hitherto vital factors as musical expertise and commerciality playing minor roles in a fantasy maelstrom of dry ice, platform boots, exploding drum risers, schoolboy lyrics and extended E chords. Who can forget Sledgehammer, their self-titled single surely the worst record ever to assault the *Sounds* office? Or The Rods ("where's the wimmin'")? Or Lionheart, "the first NWOBHM supergroup!"? Or Silverwing, for whom Geoff penned the, um, memorable non-hit 'Flashbomb Fever'?

Months later, Geoff Barton defected to *Kerrang!*, the rock bible he had helped to mastermind in the early '80s, where he not only raised the organ to unforeseen heights but also caused controversy by championing Prince. *Prince!* So, had the Kommander Of Kaos mellowed? Had he hell!

These days it seems that 'Deaf' has re-discovered his roots. While his early *Sounds* peers are now content to present tedious rock programmes on BBC2 or prop bars in Wapping, Geoff is dislodging his dandruff to the death/thrash metal sounds of Mace and Slayer, still as much of a fan as he was when he first pledged his allegiance to Ace Frehley.

And to think he used to fancy Melanie...

E R WAX

ROYAL COURTED

King reveals secret



'LOOK, ANGEL, it may be a just a boater to you, but to me it's a relationship...'

Violent jazzers Last Exit fool Richard Cook with their gentle demeanour while Jayne Houghton keeps them cornered

THIS WAY

Or, The Great Chicken

THE GENTLEMEN of Last Exit are an entertaining company. Every question gets a four-way run-around. The mischief is infectious, and almost bewilderingly different to the way they play onstage. Isn't this a violent band?

"Well," replies guitarist Sonny Sharrock, "we were gonna go to Central America and clean all that shit up..."

"Not so much violent," says drummer Ronald Shannon Jackson, "as the total expression of what can be done, musically. Does he look violent?"

He peeks at bassist and organising hand Bill Laswell, brooding under beret and raincoat. Bill explodes into a staccato chuckle. Saxist Peter Brotzmann, who looks like a sleepy volcano, smiles in his beard (Brotzmann is the only person I've ever seen who wears a beard well).

They're relaxed. They have the whole game in their collective pocket. Individually, they're masters of their chosen fields.

Sharrock is a guitarist who was always seven steps ahead of simple jazz-rock routine; Brotzmann has, for 20 years, blown the loudest, wildest sax this side of Albert Ayler; Laswell is the sought-after producer and frontman for New York's alternative underbelly (Arto Lindsay, Anton Fier – you know the crew); Jackson has attacked world music with his magnificent Decoding Society. Four stars. Together, a supergroup I still can't quite believe.

Last Exit's music is staggering. There are calm moments, but a typical set – mostly improvised at every level – is a blow-out of volume and dynamics that would humble any heavy metal outfit on earth. And they're in control. They choose every stroke. Staggering, I tell ya – hear the 'Last Exit' LP on Enemy (cut at a Paris gig in February) and believe it.

Can they hear what they're doing?

Bill: "Most of the time. The only problem is the

equipment."

Brotzmann: "I do my usual stuff but it's different working with a big PA. It's so loud. I'm a loud player anyway..."

Chorus: "No!"

"...but it works. It's just trying to make some music."

Sonny: "There's no blip-blip, none of that shit."

Bill: "It's like a conversation. Sometimes a bit loud, sometimes you kill each other..."

Sonny: "Say, you wouldn't happen to have any chicken legs?"

Food aside, Last Exit are content to work with nothing but decent equipment and their own imaginations. Music might start with Laswell hammering an abstract funk bottom, Jackson tomtomming a response, Brotzmann delivering an outrageous rant on top. Ah – he must be the European sensibility of the group.

"Aw, come on, not again, this sort of bullshit. I mean, I'm 45 years old, I've

been playing this horn for 30 years! This American jazz and blues and Europe, I think we should stop that."

But don't stop the music, whatever happens. If you missed their two London gigs, punish yourself. We must hope they do much more yet, though there's a sense of the group always being on the verge of destruction. What they're doing is so... colossal. Overwhelming.

"You see the cover of the album? The only way out, ladies and gentlemen!"

"It's easy for people to find their way in, but difficult to find the way out."

"We don't know what the band's name means, but it sounds perfect. That's kind of like the music!"

The gentle professor of the group, Shannon gives me the definition.

"We're master helmsmen. It's something that could only happen while it's happening now. We know that."

So should you, damn it.



A TIP about a new kind of animal atrocity from an A Lib cohort had me heading down to one of the latest Soho watering holes to find out more. There was something in the air and, more suprising, there was something in my drink... a fish.

My contact had put me onto one of the snooty be-suited crowd and, as he cocked his pinkie and gargled on a goldfish, he assured me that this was merely the tip of the whale blubber.

For a small consideration of a donkey, my contact whipped me through a door marked private to where hardened tench punch drinkers picked their poison from a large glass tank. A waiter in flippers fumbled continually as somebody's carp skidded across the floor. I left holding my stomach. As did several others.

But the cause of the tum-grasping wasn't quite what it first seemed. The problem is that regular drinkers have been swallowing three inch koi fish alive. The young innocents have then proceeded to grow inside people's bodies, gradually eating them away from the inside. So be careful, it's hell out there.

WALTER WAXGENSTEIN

BY MEDIC passion

It was time, with The Royal Wedding in sight, to tackle the monarchy. It was time to talk big boaters. It was time to send Dr Maxwell Wax and snapper David Weston to meet the King Of Luxembourg...

"So, YOU want to meet the King, the King of Luxembourg. Do you think it's that easy?"

Some things are sent to try us, and public relations officers with their little fingers crooked dangerously are but one. The King of Luxembourg has made a record, so what the hell?

At The Ritz (yes, The Ritz), the King and I sit looking confused. I'm out of place, but he's out of his head. A royal slur?

"My ambition, you know," draws the monarch most likely to, "is to cook the perfect soufflé."

Oh. And how does that relate to you making records? (Banal and to the point, huh?)

"I have a passion for exotic hats, too. Go on... That's the kind of thing people want to read, isn't it?"

Well, I'm not sure, but if we're going on that tack,

have you been invited to the wedding?

"No, but I am," the King edges closer and breaks into a whisper, "er, enormously wealthy. I always travel first class, I'm short-sighted, bisexual and enormously wealthy. Enormously."

Not putting too fine a point on matters, The King Of Luxembourg is a strange honcho. I mean, can you imagine Prince Charles cutting some weird sounds with members of Psychic TV? Well, exactly.

The King can sling though, as he proves on the majestic 'Stralts Of Malacca'. And not just in a Yul Brynner style. The man who has braved a ski accident, been rejected by his own nation and had to be brought up boarding at Eton (shame) has tonsils of some note.

Why El Records picked up on him we'll never know. The strawberry-suckling royal is telling very little.

"Do you like my record? I think it's wonderful. I'm doing some more, too. This summer I'm doing an LP for El with lots of interesting people. If you like, I'll send you a copy."

Very sporting of you, guv. Cap in hand I wander towards the door.

"Hic! You couldn't just help me out with the bill, could you?"

SWISS SCAMPS The Young Gods know a good line in scam when they sniff one. Cesare D.R.O.S.S., one third of the rowdy bunch, hit on the following idea late last year, at the height of the Geneva Conference talks. Working at the time for the **Reuter Press Agency** as engineer-installer for their computer systems, he thought out a spectacular publicity ruse. He stored a Young Gods message in the memory bank of the system serving the conference, and astonished world journalists were hit between the optics by a sudden intrusion onto their giant news screens as they awaited the arrival of Reagan and Gorbachev.

It read thus: "Young Gods go to war. Recovering big budget energy (Tchakowsky, Power Station, Mozart, Billy Idol, Prince, Schoenberg...), low budget energy (raw punk, hardcore, experimental...), and urban sonorities into 2-3 samplings in order to refrain them. Speed, movement, balance are readjusted to build a new sonic architecture"...

Heads were scratched and splinters flew like rabid humming birds as the cryptic message flashed for the next hour or so.

"There was so much confusion," Cesare laughs as he tells me, "but they couldn't do anything about it! We were mentioned in three news reports across Europe the next day."

Recently dragging their vagabond noise to England for a fleeting visit, Cesare explains: "We came here to offer some clues, to raise hell with our music, also to test the water on some new scam. We'll be back to see if it all can work." We see.

Also here to build on the rumblings caused by their debut Wax Trax EP 'Envoye' (a record that "aimed for the heart but caught the neck, sharp", so vocalist **Franz Treichler** tells me), The Young Gods will return to these shores shortly to kick up a din and infiltrate the areas that other bands merely sniff at.

Hasten back with your schemes and screams. Oh, and bring me some of that chocolate!

BLIND LEMON WILDE

COOL INS

INS
Totally unrealistic claims
Sending out smoke signals
Cruising holidays in the Gulf Of Sirte
Being dumped
The coat Oz wore in *Auf Wiedersehen, Pet*
Retiring at 25
Driving to the pub in a Dumper
Ron Atkinson's leather tong
Big mad fuzzy heads
Lads with Twiggy legs
OUTS
Pool table experts
Inadequacy
Answering the phone in a nob accent
Making life more complicated
Being trapped by your passion
Setting fire to yourself
Mumbling obscure tunes at bus stops
Minty carpets (Billy Mann says Liverpudlians will understand this, the rest can ask him)

As supplied by *The End* 'The Special Jump On The Bandwagon Edition' Vol 18. 30p from 16 Steerscroft, Cantril Farm, Liverpool L28 2AG.

PETER MURPHY

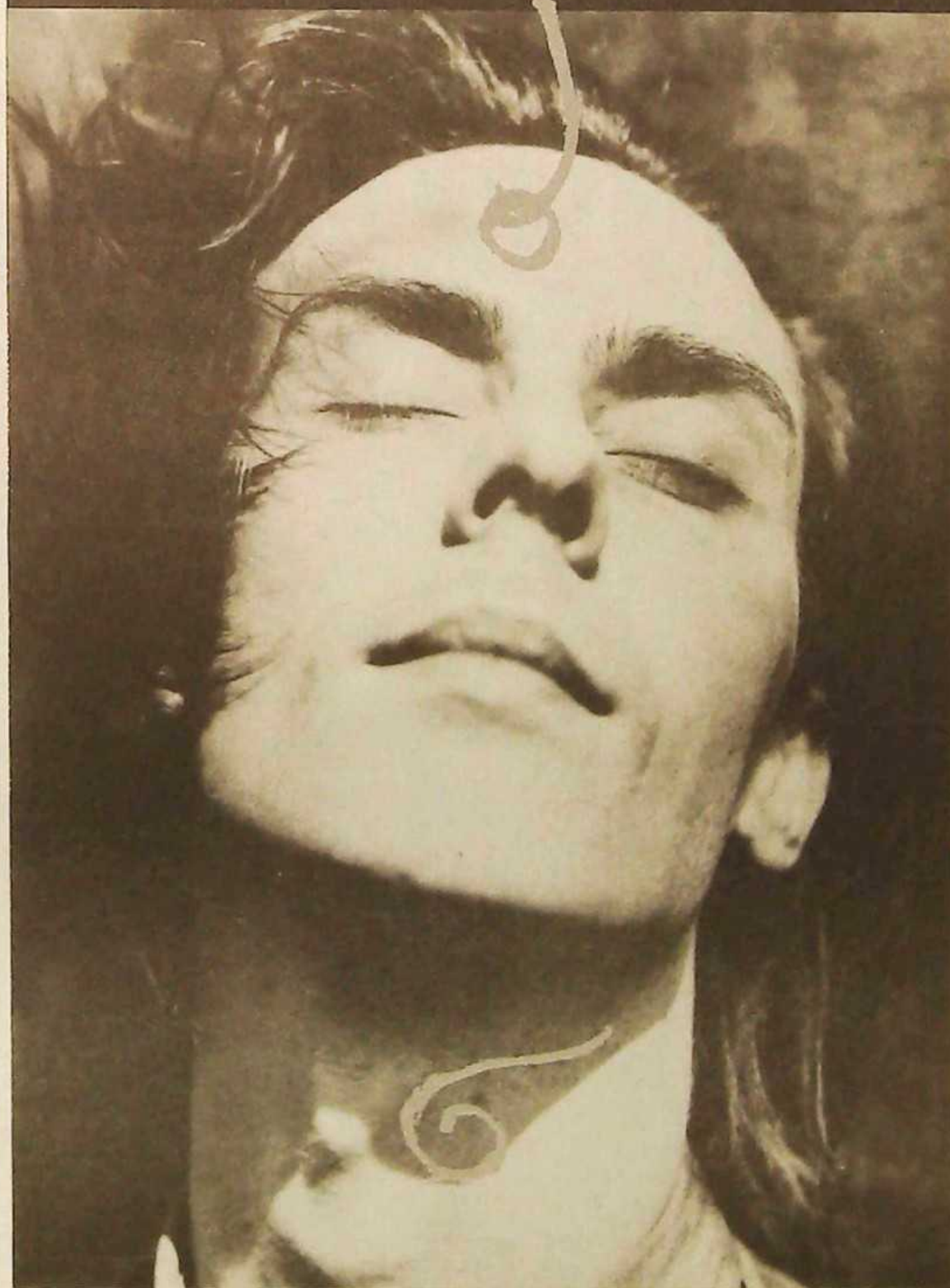
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Blue Heart

JULY 5th LIVERPOOL royal court theatre
6th LONDON piccadilly theatre
8th NORTHAMPTON derngate centre



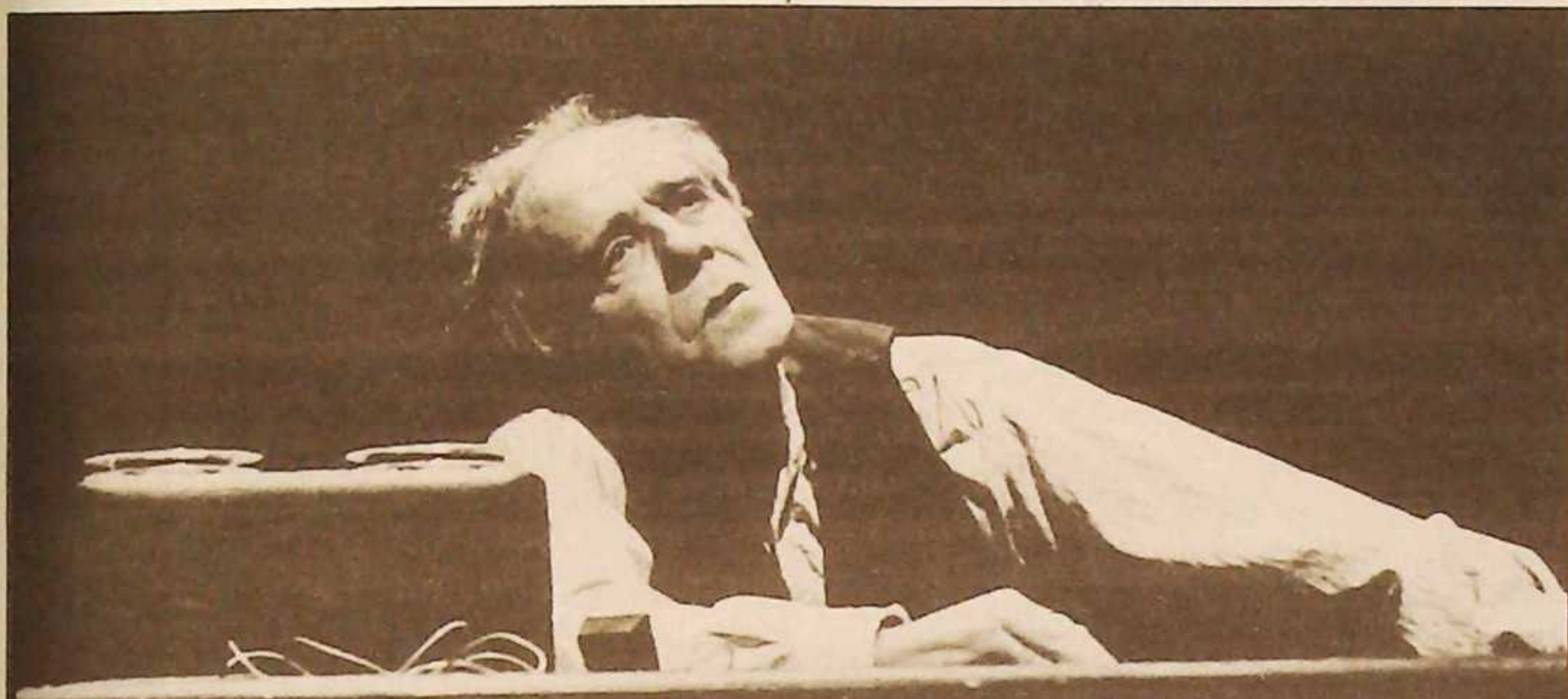
"HEY, GUY, finish up the interview and let's eat, willya?"



FILM-TV-VIDEO-BOOKS

SCANNERS

EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL



MAX WALL making a Krapp recording

SAMUEL BECKETT DOUBLE BILL
(Hammersmith Riverside Studios)

AS PART of the Beckett 80th birthday celebrations, his often bleak, often comic vision is brought to London for a full month's run, following its runaway success in the provinces.

With its explicit look at the tattered tapestry of old age, frayed with troubled memories, *Krapp's Last Tape* is one of Beckett's most grimly haunting pieces, not without its delirious comic edge though. As Krapp, Max Wall portrays the solitary man, playing back his spools of real life, recorded 30 years before, eavesdropping on his own past with a turbulent mix of emotions.

Wall, a celebrated interpreter of Beckett's irrational art, wrings every drop of melancholic decay and fevered curiosity out of his part, manipulating the silences as fluently as the spoken sections. With that corrugated leather complexion and the greatest sooty cackle known to mankind, the role of Krapp could have been sketched especially for him, avoiding the imbalance of despair that has rusted this act in the past.

Wall's gentle lick is a masterpiece, a radiant treatment of cobwebbed alienation. As he attempts to fill the last tape with current responses, the sense of emptiness is deafening, Wall maintaining a perfect poise between vexation and slightly askew wonderment.

Though the world is dying around it, *Endgame* exhibits a stunning comic refrain, defacing the distress of the play's four characters. Tony Rohr provides a marvellously and absurdly shuffling servant Clov, verging on a surreal slapstick, providing the most glaring humour here. In the centre of the parody sits the bethroned, blind hero Hamm (Sylvester Morand), flanked by two dustbins containing father and mother.

Ringed with a persuasive power, its reputation as Beckett's most maligned work is difficult to comprehend, his treatment of the infinite-ultimate horror of mankind marrying terror and high comedy to acute effect. Filled with a frenzy sufficient to flood the priggish West End, it unearths a last guffaw from a desperate end.

A Siamese-twin triumph of theatre; get to it.

JONH WILDE

WALL
EYED**THE ABBEY NATIONAL STUDENT GUIDE**

Barrie Raynor

(Longman)

COME THE end of September, an awful lot of young people will find themselves shuffling with varying degrees of eagerness off to the Further Education establishment of their choice (well, mostly), and many of them will be a little short of the immediate suss that they will need, not to survive, but to thrive as they should within the college community.

And as such, they could do a lot worse than check out Barrie Raynor's simple and perhaps therefore necessarily one-dimensional catalogue of advice.

Despite the inevitably shallow parental establishment approach to many of the more valuable aspects of further education, Raynor offers plenty of helpful and above all practical advice. For his guide covers considerably more than the jarringly safe middle-class catechism that instructs young 'freshers' (ugh!) never to bunk off lectures, never to get pissed at lunchtimes, never to talk to hippies and never, never, never to get involved with pinko subversive student unions.

Ignore three of these four basic commandments – no one should ever talk to hippies – and listen to the rest of what Raynor has to say, and the chances are that you'll get a flying start in the brave new world to come.

ROGER HOLLAND

DAVID BOWIE – THE CONCERT TAPES

Pimm Jal de la Parra

(PJ Publishing/Titan)

AN EIGHTEEN-year-old Dutchman's obsession with Bowie bootlegs from Davy Jones to Serious Moonlight. Packed with ardent trivia and a blow by blow account of the gigs young Pimm has seen

since 1978, not to mention elaborate descriptions of some 400 concert tapes and videos in circulation among the faithful.

HUGH FIELDER

THE INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ROCK AND HEAVY METAL

Tony Jasper and Derek Oliver

(Sidgwick & Jackson)

NO ROOM alas for Strutter, Warrior, Medusa or even Toad The Wet Sprocket in this second edition of the headbangers' codebook. They're among 400 bands left out from the first edition, but that leaves room for Megadeath, Abattoir, Vixen and current Jaws faves Railway. But the really good news is that *Sounds'* own ageing Macclesfield glam merchants Silverwing are still hanging on in there, even though they split up four years ago.

HUGH FIELDER

STEVIE WONDER John Swenson

(Plexus)

THIS FIRST proper biography of the 36-year-old boy wonder doesn't finally penetrate the wall the surrounds him – we still don't get to find out why he didn't play Live Aid ("I wanted to watch it on TV" isn't a good enough answer, Stevie). But *Rolling Stone* writer John Swenson keeps a sharp critical eye on Wonder's career and throws in a couple of juicy hints that might make Joe Bloke's nose twitch.

HUGH FIELDER

THIS SPACE TO LET Ray Lowry

(Abacus Books)

RAY LOWRY – influences: Karl Marx, Duane Eddy and Leon Trotsky; a failed teddy boy with a passionate interest in Carlsberg Special Brew –

The Dream Syndicate

DEBUT ALBUM
AND CHROME CASSETTE

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of
the
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Chrysalis *begtime*

TO THE VICTORS THE SPOILS**Colin MacInnes**

(Allen & Busby)

THE VERY first novel (published 1950) from the man who is not really to blame for the appalling musical currently polluting a cinema near you – if there are any cinemas left near you – *To The Victors The Spoils* paints an apparently uncomplicated autobiographical picture of the fog end of the Second World War and the very beginnings of the aftermath, the occupation of Germany.

Colin MacInnes himself spent the closing years of the war traversing Northern Europe in search of collaborators and war criminals. And in this novel, one Sergeant 'Mac' and his unit do just that, chugging along often more than comfortably in the wake of the Allied forces as they approached the Rhine and the capitulation, seeking out Nazi collaborators, spies and war criminals.

Non-sensationalist, undoubtedly accurate and uncompromisingly unflattering in its portrayal of the Allied looting and hypocrisy, *To The Victors The Spoils* also manages to leave the reader in no doubt that although war inevitably dehumanises, armies, enemies, victors and defeated populations are still all too human individually. And that the circumstances into which people are thrown by winning, never mind losing, a war are too often all but impossible to handle with any sense of human dignity or morality.

ROGER HOLLAND

places his latest softback full of cartoons on the bookshop shelves.

Every page has a guaranteed lashing of rocking hell pink art and no Letraset. Sure as the Redskins are sharp and the Faith Bros aren't, whether it be Moscow on Mayday or the collected periscopes of a Nuremberg Rally for submarines, Lowry's cartoons bounce!

This pencil packing red gunslinger pins his subjects into painted battleboxes of 20th Century life and fills them full of wit. Hitler-Jesus-Russia-Haircuts, Job Centres-punks-marches-elvis, chocolate fingers-pub-liberals-hells-angels-holocausts: not a T-shirt nor leather jacket goes without a neat message jack-knifing from it.

Lowry is sharp, fast and perceptive. He makes Giles look like Rolf Harris, and after *The Boy Looked At Johnny*, his works are the best kept diary of post-punk rock and roll.

JAMES BROWN**ERIC CLAPTON – A VISUAL DOCUMENTARY****Marc Roberty**

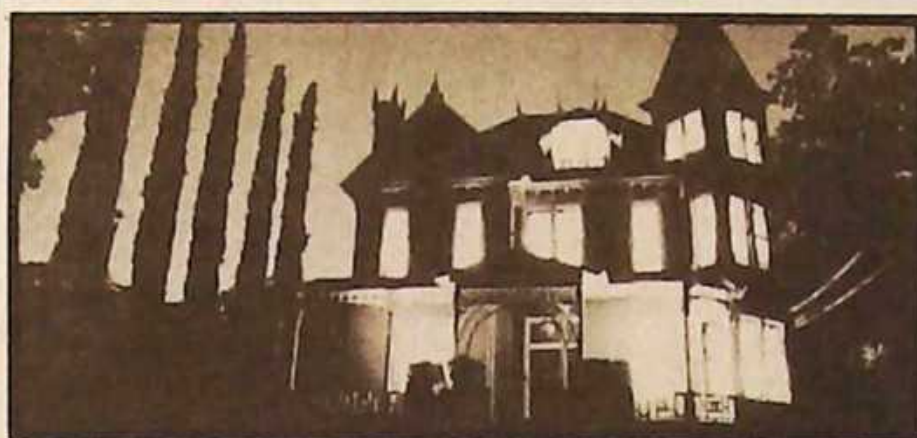
(Omnibus)

SOME PRETTY pictures from his Cream period, but any serious Clapton addict will gnash his teeth over the omissions. Not that there aren't plenty of facts, but do you really want to know that Eric performed 'Sunshine Of Your Love' for the first time since Cream disbanded at Rhode Island Providence Civic Centre on June 25 1975?

HUGH FIELDER**BLUES – THE BRITISH CONNECTION****Bob Running**

(Blandford Press)

A STRING of '60s anecdotes from Fleetwood Mac's founder member bassist, who also played with dozens of visiting bluesmen. Probably worth learning a couple if you want to grease up elderly A&R bosses.

HUGH FIELDER

SEE HOUSE for half price: it's a snip with Sounds!

HOUSE

(Entertainment)

WHEN *HOUSE* opened in the States, it went straight to the Number One spot in the American box-office charts. Whether it'll do as well in Britain without the kind of big-name cast list that normally accompanies big-budget horror movies these days I don't know, but it seems guaranteed a cult following, if only for the special effects.

The theme of young horror novelist Roger Cobb (William Katt) ensconcing himself in old house to complete writing project, only to find himself becoming victim to horrors of a less-than-imaginary kind, is actually in danger of becoming a cliché at the moment – 'spook' or not.

But at least there's an original angle here; Cobb's new book is an attempt to exorcise the memories of Vietnam which haunt him, and as the story unfolds, we discover that a series of apparently unconnected but traumatic events – like the

disappearance of his young son, the suicide of the aunt from whom he inherits the house, and the bizarre manifestations within it which begin to make him doubt his sanity – are closer to the nub of his 'Nam nightmare than at first seemed possible.

His past finally catches up with him in the form of the grisly spectre of a former soldier buddy, intent on wreaking a hellish revenge for being left to suffer at the hands of the Vietcong.

This reanimated corpse definitely gets some of the movie's best lines. "Huh! I come all the way back from the dead and then I run out of ammo," it complains while chasing Cobb around the house.

Even if the direction, by Sean (Friday The 13th) Cunningham, aims for *Poltergeist* with jokes and ends up more like a mating of *Time Bandits* with *Return Of The Living Dead*, its very disjointedness guarantees surprises in a genre no longer remarkable for same.

TONY MITCHELL

WHO'S GOT my Nivea?

HOUSE PARTY

THIS COUPON ENTITLES SOUNDS READERS TO TWO HOUSE TICKETS FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

Present this coupon at any of the ODEON cinemas listed below and when you purchase ONE ADULT ticket to see *HOUSE*, you'll get one extra FREE ticket for the same performance.*

So buy one ticket and bring a friend along for FREE!

*Valid only at the listed ODEON cinemas, and limited to a MONDAY, TUESDAY or WEDNESDAY performance of *HOUSE* (15).

HOUSE will be showing at the following Rank ODEON cinemas from June 20 1986:

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BARKING
BARNET
BROMLEY
HOLLOWAY
ILFORD
KILBURN
MUSWELL HILL
RICHMOND
ROMFORD
STREATHAM
SWISS COTTAGE
WIMBLEDON

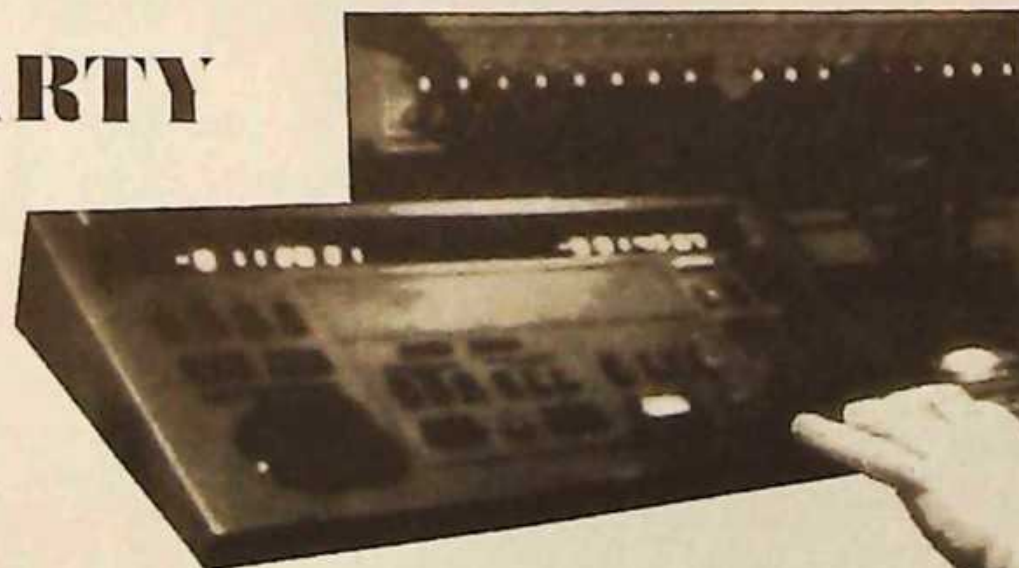
REGIONAL

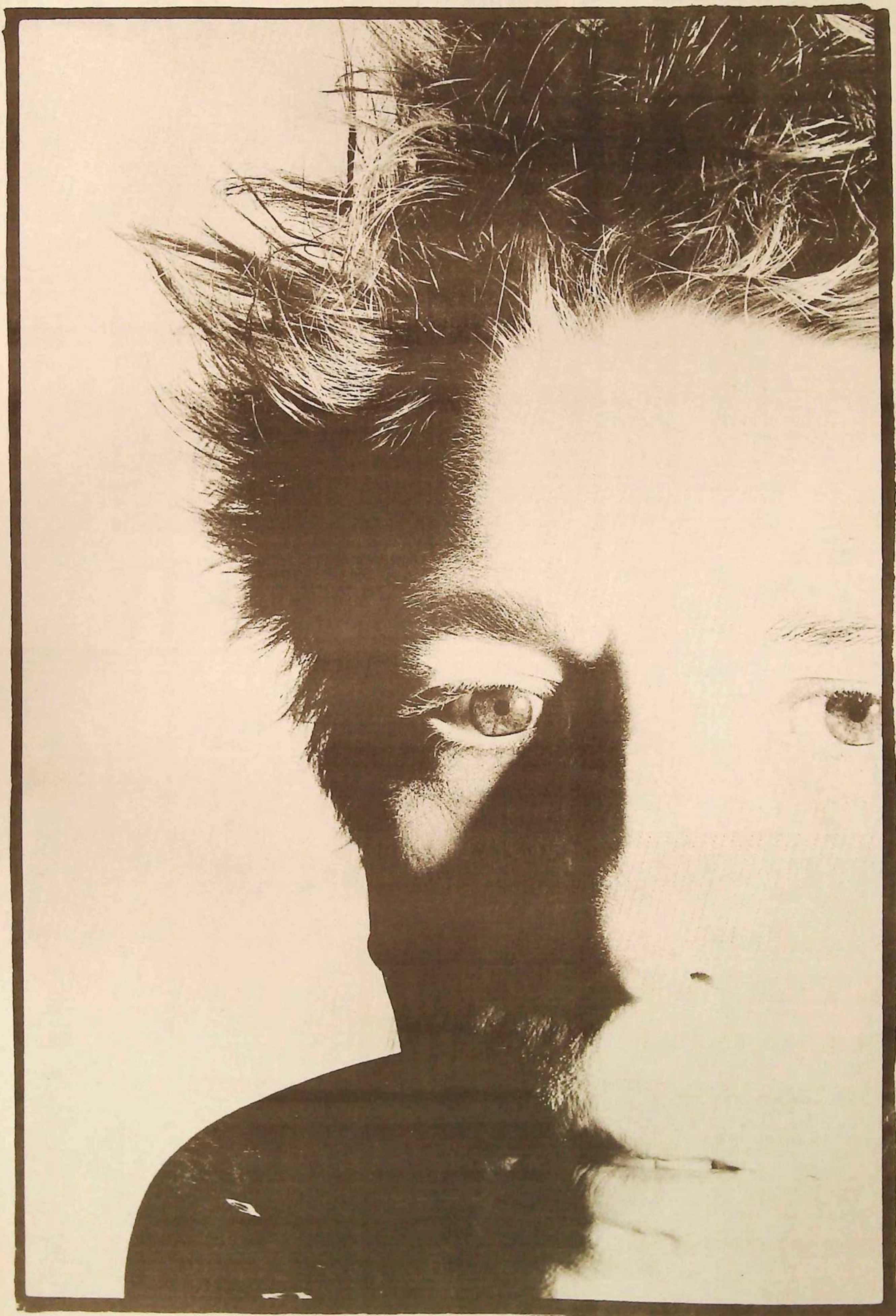
AYLESBURY	LIVERPOOL
BARNLEY	MANCHESTER
BIRMINGHAM	MIDDLESBROUGH
BLACKPOOL	NEWCASTLE
BRADFORD	NORWICH
BRIGHTON	NOTTINGHAM
BRISTOL	PETERBOROUGH
BURTON	PORTSMOUTH
CARDIFF	PRESTON
CHELSEA	ST ALBANS
CHESTER	SAUSBURY
COLCHESTER	SCARBOROUGH
COVENTRY	SOUTHAMPTON
EXETER	SUTTON COLDFIELD
GUILDFORD	SWANSEA
HANLEY	TORQUAY
HARLOW	WARRINGTON
HARROGATE	WESTON-S-MARE
LEDS	WORCESTER
LEICESTER	WORTHING
	YORK

MARILLION

1982-86 THE VIDEOS

- MARKET SQUARE HEROES
- HE KNOWS YOU KNOW
- GARDEN PARTY
- ASSASSINING
- KAYLEIGH
- LAVENDER
- HEART OF LOTHIAN
- LADY NINA

**AVAILABLE NOW**



WHAT THE Butler saw

INSIDE THE FUR TRADE

HE DOESN'T bite his nails; that's a myth.

He does chain-smoke, and he does gesticulate expansively and laugh nervously to qualify anything he says that hints at the impractical, the dare-we-say-it-deep, the more-than-matter-of-fact. (There's not enough of this and the fault could be mine, or his, or Monday afternoon's). We pass the time of day.

And when it's done something very odd happens. I can't open the door. I can't get out. I pull it again, again, but it won't. We both find this — I mostly know, partially assume — initially disconcerting, eventually revelational.

There are more florid and intimidating symbols in the average day than there are worthwhile events.

How sweet it is to be beyond.

"I think the most beautiful times are when you feel happiness and sadness together. I'm not a spring kind of person who runs around looking at all the little lambs... I prefer autumn because it's beautiful and it's the end of something. For something to resonate properly within me it has to have a sadness. Or an anger."

Are you a symbol? (I'm trying).

"I... don't really know." (He's trying).

A brooding enigma, then?

"Oh yes, definitely! And there's a lot of arrogance."

But I guess you wake up some mornings and go, Wow! Great!?

"Yeah, it's still... like... not quite real, somehow."

YES, ANYWAY... The Psychedelic Furs have been recording their fifth album in Zurich and Berlin with Chris Kimsey and will be applying the finishing touches in Woodstock (which is in America) after a break to play Glastonbury and other dates.

There will be a full tour before the LP is released in mid-September. A single will happen in July and a revamped version of 'Pretty In Pink' is sprouting to tie in with the release of the soundtrack album of the film of the same name. Those things.

Three years ago actress Molly Ringwald told the man who'd written *The Breakfast Club*: "Listen to this song. Really listen to it. I want you to write me a film like this song."

That's a nice story, isn't it?

Five years ago (the research is exhaustive) Richard Butler said: "Ideally I'd like to think we're making people think a bit and look at things from another point of view."

Coming from the mouth of The Psychedelic Furs' singer and lyricist this is as close to searing honesty as when a footballer says, "We'll be looking for a result" (topical or what?). It's making chaos an ally, an alloy. It's not the whole truth.

I'm convinced subversion quivers and scratches somewhere underneath (well, where else?) so I ask him about it, on the surface.

"Oh, a lot of music does that though, it's not any big thing. You just use it to get into a different frame of mind. I don't think lyrics are like poetry anyway..."

Did you ever?

"I kind of did, yeah, at the beginning. I thought of myself as a bit of a poet and all that kind of stuff. I think it's very clever what people like Elvis Costello and Bob Dylan have done, they'll be teaching it in schools anytime now, but — it's a bit overwrought and self-serious."

I had the impression you were stunned by the futility of the everyday struggle, that your persistent theme was that everything's been done and said before, that we're banging our heads against a brick wall...

He looks away from me. He looks at the floor, which is carpeted.

Did you change your mind about that?

"No, no! I still think that!"

But he takes a safe tangent. The question is transfixed by the instinctive (or professional?) grace with which he body-swerves it.

"I don't think there's any such thing as originality, really. When you first start out in a band you take reference points, and mine, I guess, were The Velvet Underground, Iggy Pop, David Bowie... that was simply what I was into. You end up with this mash of stuff that's a bit of all of them. And then, as you make your next album, you develop from that, you look at your own strong points and weak points."

"Funny... if you take Captain Beefheart and The Velvets, and make something out of that, people say, God how incredibly original!, whereas if you took Duran Duran and Sade, the same people will say, Oh that's so hack! But it's the same process, neither is original. It's just taste."

TASTE IS something The Psychedelic Furs exhibited in raging torrents on their first two (bitter, twisted, snarling, frequently glorious) albums, in velvet and carafes on 'Forever Now', in friendly (polite) diamonds (girls do seem to prefer this one) on '84s 'Mirror Moves'.

"As a band we've become more and more commercial as time's gone on. There's a lot of changes between the first and fourth records. But we want to keep changing and yes, we do want to get it across to a lot of people. We don't want to be — poets in a garret, or whatever it is, y'know?"

So, whence cometh inspiration these days? (I'm sorry, this just flounders out).

"Oh, God knows."

I consider commenting on this but decide to act my age just in time.

"I always have a really hard time... I have bits and pieces of ideas I've written down throughout the year, but not always fitting ones. I work best when the pressure's on, when time's limited."

Pressure?

"There is a pressure to be commercial, and balanced with that there's an inside pressure that says, don't wimp out. I couldn't do something I didn't believe was good. Everybody feels those pressures. The work's hard enough; if there wasn't the excitement, it'd be impossible."

So this new work; will it surprise us?

"In the same way as the dance mix of 'Heartbeat' was surprising. It all sounds like The Furs still but we've gone out on a limb a bit."

Is there much angry cacophony?

"Cacophony? Not so much. There's more of a band feel than on 'Mirror Moves'; this is something Chris Kimsey's gone to great lengths for."

Is there any tender melancholy?

"Oh yes! A few of those, ha ha ha! There's one which is temporarily called 'Angels Don't Cry'; I'm trying to figure out if that's a wimpy title or not. I think it might... worm its way through."

Oh surely it'd only be wimpy if they did cry? (I know all the right things to say).

Richard Butler laughs the laugh of a slightly distant man.

"I read an interview where somebody said: As regards rock and roll, I don't like it unless it's moaning. I knew what that meant."

Other new song titles: 'Boys And Girls', and 'It's Like Torture' (though this may end up as 'Every Word Of The Law').

RICHARD BUTLER's idea of heaven (without subtitles):

"I was talking to a woman recently who was dead on arrival at hospital. She was in a car crash, she had about three pints of blood left. She said this thing about going up into a tube. At the time of the accident all her life had flashed before her and all that, but when she was actually "dying" the different parts were going past her in reverse order."

"So — recent events would go across her eyes and then peel off to make way for earlier events. And the more things that peeled off, the higher up this tube she went. She said all she had was a feeling of joy. And happiness. And all that kind of thing."

"I guess maybe that was heaven, I don't know."

"But maybe that feeling would've ended, and faded to nothing. I don't know."

RICHARD BUTLER's idea of hell (it's the way he tells 'em):

"I heard a funny story. Somebody went to hell and was told, There's your guitarist. And it's Jimi Hendrix and Brian Jones. And then they're told, There's your drummer. And it's like John Bonham or Keith Moon, etcetera, etcetera. And the guy's thinking: how can this possibly be hell? This is great!"

"Then they say, Here's the leader of the band. And it's Karen Carpenter."

That's a funny story, isn't it?

The points of reference, however, surprised me until I had the thought: Ah! Maybe Richard Butler is not an old punk, but just an old rocker!

"Not punk... in '76, '77, music was a big social factor; it wasn't just that you were listening to The Sex Pistols or The Clash, it was that you were a punk. It gave a lot of people an identity, like I guess 'Sgt Pepper' or The Grateful Dead did with the hippies. Now, it's all very fragmented, it's just a 'pop' era."

"We just used the name 'psychedelic' to get attention at a time when everybody else was punk. Bands at that time were denying anything that came out of the '60s, and I personally got a lot out of the '60s. I wasn't about to throw that away. So it was being kind of antagonistic towards the punk thing. Just to... not agree."

And this time the laugh is large, becoming.

The plot of The Psychedelic Furs has almost resolved itself before the end of the story. Is that what you would have anticipated?

This is supposed to be several niggling questions disguised as one bland one. What do you reckon? Sometimes interviewees will hang themselves. I have no desire for Butler to do this. Many of his records have been ersatz anthems for the less mindless factions of our centreless generation. Besides, I've seen uglier necks.

"Not at all; I never thought of it as being successful in real terms. With it actually arriving, with us being now 'a successful band'... it's constantly a surprise to me."

"To make my living at this is an incredible luxury. And I think about the bands that were going when I started out; and how many of them have just fallen by the wayside. Only a few of my contemporaries have stuck it all through."

"We're very fortunate; luck has to be a part of it. But one thing I get a kick out of is the

respect we get from other musicians. Which I never expected. The weirdest so-called 'names' seem to love us. And I'm always quite embarrassed by this, at a loss as to what to say."

"The Furs is a part of me, but it's not the same Richard Butler that makes a record and does the shopping. When I'm onstage I'm presenting the image that's on the record, cos that's the only one I feel comfortable putting out in front of all those people. But it's not the real-life me."

"I feel very vulnerable and awkward sometimes... when I'm not dressed up I feel kind of caught out. I feel I should say, Hey, I'm not bitter like I am on the records!"

"Before I go onstage I get the most horrible stage fright. I'd rather be working on a production line at Ford's than doing that. It gets really bad sometimes."

But the image you convey attracts, intrigues, influences...

"I'm not sure... I don't think as consciously about it as, say, Siouxsie. If I was The Ice Queen and all that business I couldn't go through with it. I just... well it'd be very difficult to stand there with the band blasting out this music and me going, Hi guys! Well I bought some bread and cheese yesterday! I just do what I would like to see if I went to see somebody performing."

SOMETIMES IN the daffy wisdom of my senility I rock back and forth and reflect on how very understanding my white-haired mother was to let me call my first ever cat Ziggy. Everyone has to get it out of their system one way or another.

The Psychedelic Furs (still) fill a crucial glamour-gap for a lot of people.

And this is alright, really.

Even today that first album bites and imagines like it knew yesterday there was no tomorrow tomorrow. Show me a more aggressively defeatist pop song than 'Pulse' or 'Fall' or 'Wedding Song' and I'll point out a mistake.

For me, the Furs are purple paranoia, the feverish flux, the Imitation Of Christ pose, the "media as anaesthetic" tirades, the awareness of sex as realism and romance as fantasy, the subterranean scared-to-self-destruct stance and style ("biting my nails until sleep comes around"). These factors all aged and whined exquisitely until the first bona fide hit single 'Love My Way', which included the lines: "You can never win or lose if you don't run the race".

This was something of a turning point.

Now they just make classy (and in their own way, durable) mature records. Richard Butler, Tim Butler, and John Ashton, have surprised themselves. It could be a lot worse.

At Glastonbury some of the new songs will juggle their own coming-out ball, and we shall see. Richard is worrying already, as is his wont.

"The stress, for just that 60 or 90 minutes onstage, is incredible. I don't feel like a natural performer. I have to keep reminding myself that the very worst is never too bad."

Ah, the demands of success!

"Yes."

He is somewhat embarrassed by his sun tan, a price he pays (!) for living in New York.

"I live a very private life at the moment. If I can't get to sleep at night though, I can walk to a cafe on Bleeker Street at 5am, and just sit there with a coffee... on summer nights it's great, you can just watch the world go by."

Richard Butler's eyes are triangular.

That's another nice story, isn't it?

In closing we wonder whether it's 'just' a living, or an 'art' for him. Or at least I wonder. Or at least I tell him I do.

"I don't know what I think of as art anymore. I don't spend a great deal of time thinking about what's art and what isn't. I gave up on that one. But... it's something more than a living. It's kind of... making a living on your wits. Which sometimes is great and sometimes is a great pressure..."

"I had some shitty jobs before I did this!"

Ultimately, this wasn't a story about a prima donna and a butcher boy.

So how about it, Sesame?

One of the first PSYCHEDELIC FURS sentiments was "you can never win or lose if you don't run the race". CHRIS ROBERTS finds out how vocalist RICHARD BUTLER keeps winning and losing while running a harrowing, reckless distance. RUSSELL YOUNG gets the photo finish

LETTERS

BUSH WACKER

RICHARD COOK'S 'article' on Kate Bush was embarrassingly bad. His qualifications for writing about Kate seem to be threefold.

He hasn't a clue about her background, musical influences or her place in contemporary music.

He doesn't understand her music, her lyrics, or her methods of working.

He isn't even aware of the facts of her career.

Despite Cook's grotesque claim that the press "coddle" Kate, Bush fans have come to expect periodic hatchet jobs from those music journalists like Cook who write from profound ignorance of their subject.

Way back in 1978, Pete Silverton complained in *Sounds* about Kate's "niceness", in 1979 Charles Shaar Murray accused her in the *NME* of playing with arty images and lacking substance, and in 1980, also in the *NME*, Paul Du Noyer claimed she was nothing but dishonest, chintzy showbiz.

Nothing Cook says is new, and none of it is correct. He illustrates perfectly that brand of music journalist blinded by his own preconceptions - he sets up an Aunt Sally called 'Art Rock', the embodiment of all he dislikes (being at heart an *NME*-exiled 'Pure Popper') and then demolishes it.

If Cook prefers the plastic, commercial, exploitive "fun"

of Sheena Easton and Madonna to the raw emotion of Kate Bush, he obviously has a problem. Why take the centrespread of *Sounds* to lumber us with it?

Cook believes Kate Bush's music has no heart. Millions of fans around the world know better. I suggest he listens again and this time takes the plugs out of his ears first. - P D Fitzgerald-Morris, Co-Editor, *International Kate Bush Fanzine*

CENTRE CAUGHT

OBSERVING YOUR delightful June 7 front cover depicting the exquisite Kate Bush staring out at me from the shelf of a local news emporium, I duly purchased your recently inflated and now exorbitantly priced publication.

Looking forward to an erudite article to counterpoint the quality of said front cover, I avidly sought out the centre pages. What did I discover there? A crudely phrased critique, a shallow amalgamation of ten years in the life of the sublime Kate, written by one Richard Cook, with a total absence of any accurate apprehension of her persona. Was Cook refused a personal interview?

I seriously contemplated an excursion to Greater London House to let Richard Cook "out-a-your" top floor window, but it suffices my ire to cogently allude to his literary outpouring as being

reminiscent of, and as relevant as, the emissions from a WARTHOG'S ASSHOLE!!!! - Yours succinctly, Male The Knife, Bucks

ALICE: A FORE THOUGHT

SIGUE SIGUE Sputnik? Pah! Alice Cooper did that in 1970.

Sigue Sigue Sputnik and "designer violence"? Pah!

Alice Cooper did that with 'Killer' in 1971.

Sputniks' LP to be called 'Flaunt It' to emphasise their new found "wealth"? Pah!

Alice Cooper did that with 'Billion Dollar Babies' in 1973.

Alice Cooper did it first. Alice Cooper does it best.

Remember the past and learn. - Dwight Frye

A BIGGER SPLASH

IF RICHARD Cook met the B-52s single 'Rock Lobster' at a beach party and kicked sand in its face (the wit!), I'm sure it would reply by tying a rock (lobster, hee! hee!) around his neck and dumping him in the sea. -

Ernie, Planet Clair

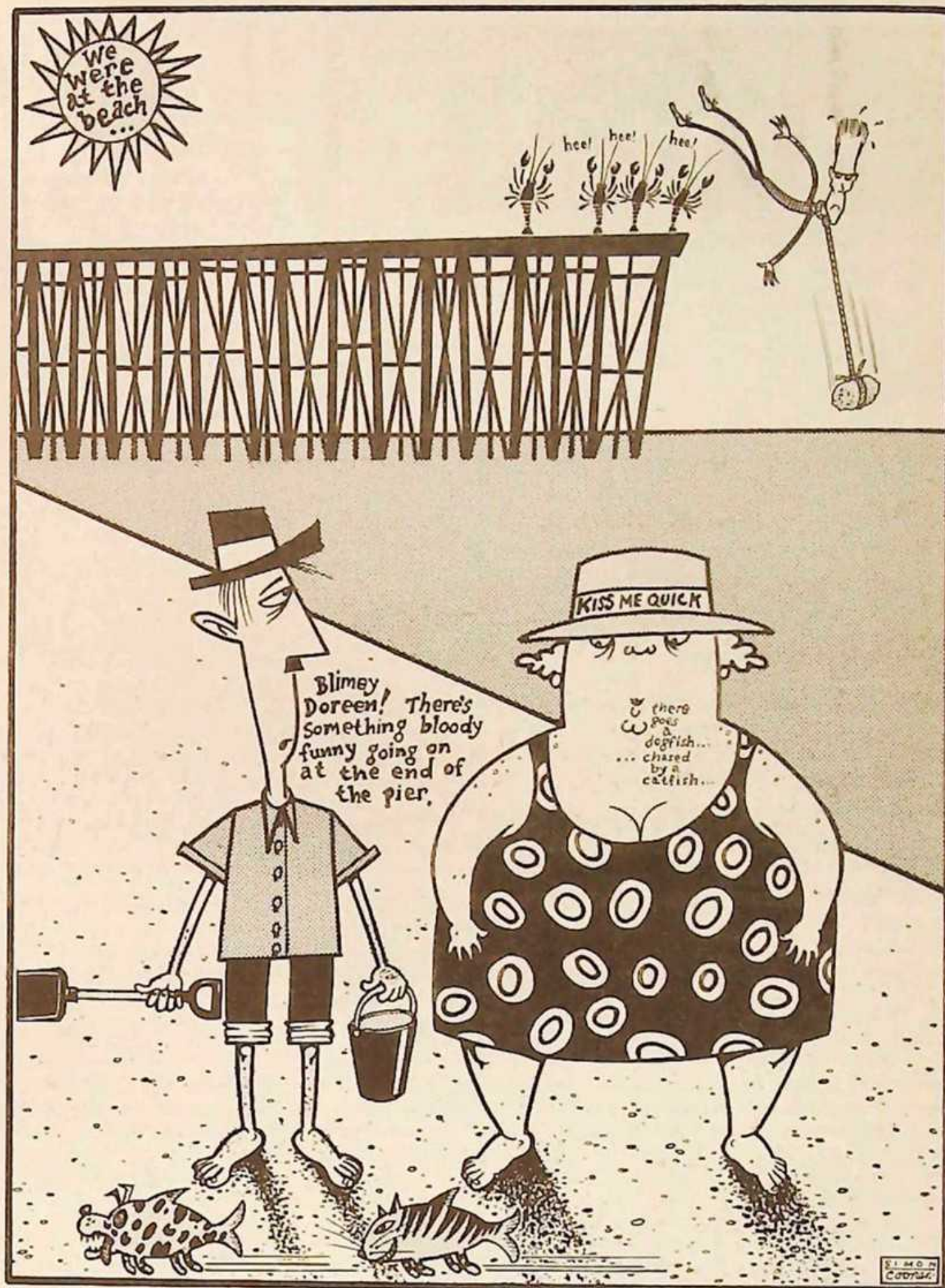


Illustration by Simon Cooper

BITES

Appearing on WOGAN Wed 18th June, SATURDAY PICTURE SHOW 21st June and WHISTLE TEST 1st July

CALLING ALL THE HEROES

7" (VS 872) AND FULL LENGTH 12" (VS 872-12)



MEMORY BANK

Sunday June 22
1948 Birthday of **Todd Rundgren**, in Philadelphia.
1953 Birthday of **Cyndi Lauper**, in New York.
1956 Birthday of **Derek Forbes** of **Simple Minds**.
1961 Birthday of **Jimmy Somerville**, of **The Communards** and **Bronski Beat**.
1981 **Mark Chapman** pleaded guilty of first degree murder at his trial for the shooting of **John Lennon**.
1981 **Fee Waybill** of **The Tubes** was fined £50 for obstruction, after playing live from the back of a lorry driving up Tottenham Court Road!

Monday June 23
1940 Birthday of **Adam Faith** (**Terry Nelhams**), in Acton, London.
1957 Birthday of **Lee John of Imagination**, in London.
1963 **The Beatles** appeared live on the BBC Light programme Sunday morning pop show **Easy Beat**.
1967 **John Entwistle** of **The Who** married his long-time girlfriend **Alison Wise**, in London.
1972 **Smokey Robinson And The Miracles** played their farewell gig together, at Madison Square Garden, New York.

Tuesday June 24
1944 Birthday of **Jeff Beck**, in Surrey.
1944 Birthday of **Bruce Johnston** of **The Beach Boys**, in Chicago.
1947 Birthday of **Mick Fleetwood** of **Fleetwood Mac**, in London.
1948 Birthday of **Patrick Moraz** of **The Moody Blues**, in Morges, Switzerland.
1959 Birthday of **Andy McCluskey** of **OMD**, in Liverpool.
1961 Birthday of **Curt Smith** of **Tears For Fears**, in Bath.

Wednesday June 25
1935 Birthday of **Eddie Floyd**, of 'Knock On Wood' fame, in Montgomery, Alabama.
1963 Birthday of **George**

Michael (Panos), in Finchley, North London.
1967 The British segment of **Our World**, the first-ever global TV link-up, featured **The Beatles** live in the recording studio, singing 'All You Need Is Love'.
1969 **Mick Taylor** made his on-stage debut as guitarist with **The Rolling Stones**, at the Coliseum, Rome.
1977 Death of **Patrick Coultrey**, a 19-year-old student fatally stabbed while in the audience of an **Undertones** gig in Dublin.

Thursday June 26
1943 Birthday of **Georgie Fame** (**Clive Powell**), in Leigh, Lancs.
1955 Birthday of **Mick Jones** of **The Clash**, in Brixton, London.
1973 **Mick Jagger** was named in a paternity suit by **Marsha Hunt** as the father of her two-year-old daughter.
1975 **Sonny and Cher Bono** were divorced, at the Santa Monica Supreme Court in California.
1976 **Roxy Music** announced a 'trial separation', to allow several members to pursue solo projects.
1979 **Vernon Presley**, father of **Elvis**, died of a heart attack, aged 63, in Tupelo, Mississippi.

Friday June 27
1964 **The Rolling Stones** appeared as the **Juke Box Jury** panel on BBC TV - the only time the programme ever featured five panellists instead of four.
1971 New York's Fillmore East auditorium closed down with a farewell concert featuring **Mountain**, **The Beach Boys**, **The J Geils Band** and the **Allman Brothers Band**.

Saturday June 28
1973 New York's Madison Square Garden held a 'British Re-Invasion' special, with a bill topped by **Herman's Hermits**, **Gerry & The Pacemakers** and **Billy J Kramer**.

HEAT WAVE

QUITE A few weeks ago, I had a letter from **Lee Johnson** of Tonbridge, Kent, asking about the possibility of a discography of **The Inmates**, the UK R&B band of the late 1970s and early '80s who had a big hit single with 'The Walk'. Lee also asked whether **The Inmates'** former lead singer **Bill Hurley** was with another band now, subsequent to his post-Inmates work with **The Big Heat** on A&M. Well, I filed all this away as a "possible", when I recently bumped into Hurley, and with his help compiled an Inmates and Hurley discog.

The Inmates were first heard on a 1979 single released by the London indie label **Soho Records**, for which they cut a revival of the **Standells'** 'Dirty Water'. Whilst not a huge seller, it brought the band to the attention of the **Radar** label.

Radar reissued 'Dirty Water', then followed it up with a tight, tuff revival of the **Jimmy McCracklin** R&B oldie 'The Walk'.

Radar follow-ups, however, didn't sell, and a subsequent move to **WEA** (including a final single released only on the Continent) failed to reverse this. Here's a complete run-down of those Inmates singles:

Soho SH 7 'Dirty Water'/'Danger Zone'
Radar ADA 44 'Dirty Water'/'Danger Zone' (reissue of above)
Radar ADA 47 'The Walk'/'Talkin'

Woman'
Radar ADA 50 'Love Got Me'/'Jealousy'
Radar ADA 59 'So Much In Love'/'Tell Me What's Wrong'
Radar ADA 61 'Stop It Baby'/'Sweet Rain'
Radar ADA 63 '(I Thought I Heard A) Heartbeat'/'Tallahassie Lassie'
WEA K 18850 'Me And The Boys'/'Betty Lou'
WEA K 19131 'She's Gone Rockin'/'Long Distance Man'
WEA France 249995 'Something About You'/'Who's Foolin' Who'

The Inmates also cut three albums during this period. The first two, produced by **Vic Maile**, were UK releases on **Radar**, while the third, for **WEA**, was only issued in France:

Radar RAD 25 'First Offence'
Radar RAD 28 'Shot In The Dark'
WEA France 58448 'Heatwave In Alaska'

Subsequently, Hurley has also served as lead singer with two bands.

The **Big Heat** were signed to A&M, and have to date released one single and a 4-track 12-inch EP version of the same:

A&M AM 239 'Watch Me Catch Fire'/'Loveboat'
A&M AMY 239 'Watch Me Catch Fire'/'Loveboat'/'Heaven On Earth'/'One Good Reason' (12-inch)
The other band were **JB's All-Stars**, signed to **RCA**, who produced two singles:

RCA 357 'One Minute Every Hour'/'The Theme From 903'
RCA 384 'Backfield In Motion'/'Theme From A Beam'

INFO RIOT

EDITED BY BARRY LAZELL

Bill also had a one-album and one-single deal with **Demon/Edsel**.

The two releases which appeared in mid-1985 were:
Demon D 1034 'Reconsider Me'/'Party Party' (7-inch single)
Demon FIEND 49 'Double Agent' (LP)

Hurley has more recently signed a solo deal with the French label **Kampa**, and currently has out a four-track 12-inch EP which includes a nifty revival of **Brownsville Station's** 'Smokin' In The Boys Room'.

This has just been released in France yet no UK release is planned. The French release details are:
Kampa 11930 'Unchained Melody'/'Smoking In The Boys Room'/'Where'd He Get The Idea'/'I Don't Wanna Face It' (12-inch).

A couple of Hurley guest vocal appearances on vinyl are worth noting. He sings on the track 'Life Of A Free Man' on **Sunset Gun's** album 'In An Ideal World' (CBS 26584), and is also heard on two tracks, 'Downtown Tram' and 'Win Or Lose' on the album 'Shake It Down' by **Garrie And The Roosters**.

This latter item is also a France-only release on the **Kampa** label.

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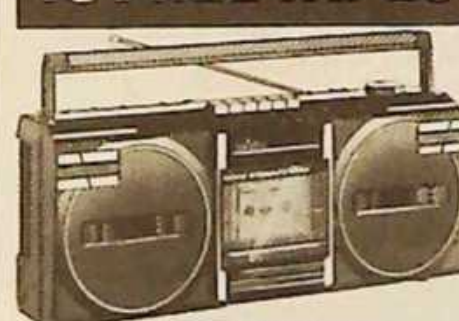
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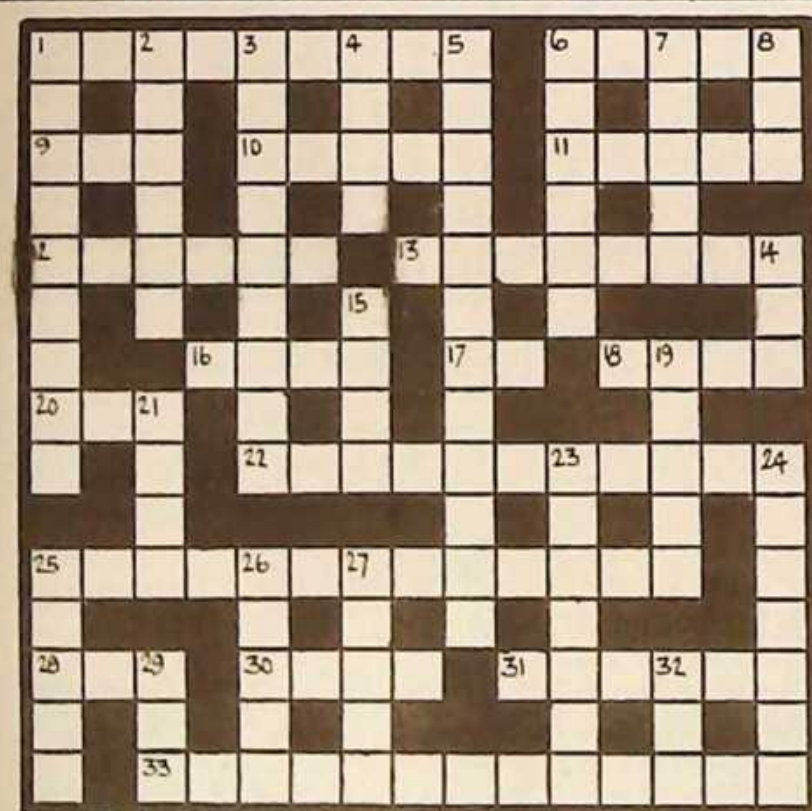
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XWORD

By Sue Buckley



ACROSS

1. Their money was too tight to hold back time's ravages (6,3) 6. see 26 down 9. Do it to the beat! (3) 10. They weren't enough for 20 (5) 11. They couldn't 'handle' Morrison (5) 12. The boy who never quite got back in town (6) 13. Graham Nash's eyes (8) 16. Much acclaim for this Muscle Shoals soul label (4) 17. Manfred's clown doubled this (2) 18. A royal one for 1 down (4) 20. Poison archers (1,1,1) 22. What Blues 'N' Trouble play in? (2,5,4) 25. What do Test Dept find unacceptable? (4,2,7) 28. Judas' Halford (3) 30. Pro-noun for Morrison's old band (4) 31. Rockin Richard River Band? (6) 33. What did Nick like to hear (8,5)

DOWN

1. They were divorced in Haiti 'cos Rikki misplaced their number (6,3) 2. Meteors' ever changing rock (6) 3. A pessimistic request from those wet UFO people (3,2,4) 4. A genuine re-released soul thingle from Liverpool (4) 5. What Maggie's millions and The Communards are? (12,6) ... but a communist container can be leant on (3,3) 7. 'near' to that edge (5) 8. The finest disco band? (1,1,1) 14. Double it for a club (3) 15. A world supreme one helped Malc (4) 19. Badgers ... and forerunners of Strawberry Switchblade? (5) 21. A risqué disco band (4) 23. Otis/Noel (7) 24. Pointers doin' it for themselves? (7) 25. A 'young' hero for the Sprouts? (5) 26 and 6 across. Where Gillan sunbathed ... with his whiskey? (2,3,5) 27. Foxton's theme for the elephant man? (5) 29. Hoskins/A Job/Geldof (3) 32. It's for two; it's for tillerman (3)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. The Iron Curtain 8. Eno 9. Steve Norman 11. This Is England 13. Lemon 15. Lucy 16. Car 17. Carlos Santana 21. Urban 23. Righteous 24. Gold Sweat 25. Hot 27. Lenny 28. Slow 29. Frey

DOWN

1. The Style Council 2. ELO 3. Russian 4. Ure 5. Too Many Castles 6. I Am 7. In My Dreams 10. Vanilla 12. Doc 14. Marc Bolan 18. Streets 19. Night 20. Another 22. Nasty 26. Toy

S I N G L E S



Reviewed by Kevin Murphy

SINGLE OF THE WEEK

THE JACKAL 'Underneath The Arches' (Criminal Damage) The sun shines over my right shoulder, a stiff drink (coffee) rests precariously atop a collection of next week's hits, flops and months of wasted effort as I begin to dwell over contenders for the top spot. I show the needle to the faves and they cry for help, but The Jackal leaps out and nearly chews the thing to bits. The turntable is where The Jackal was born.

As he roams from club to club he feasts on the latest tricks and mixes them with his fantasies to produce a crazed piece of scratched-up electro that twists and turns and keeps you guessing.

A Stooges guitar slices through scenes of devastation and repetitive chants before making way for some jazzed up sax. 'Underneath The Arches', the sound of the suburbs. Close your eyes and lick the sweat off the walls, its fragrance brings myriad visions. It screams, it smiles, it sneers at safe club fodder and shows you what could really happen if you'd only let it.

The flip-side, 'Thunder Machine', pinches the same nerve as steamroller sounds bear down on unsuspecting rhythms and a voice the size of Frank Bruno bellows "I'm The Jackal" in menacing tones.

Down in the East End lurks a hungry youth, who'll eat your heart out and feed it back to you dripping in lust. But he'll be sure to leave you your feet...and you'll need them.

He is The Jackal.

PSYCHE 'Contorting The Image' (New Rose) These anxious boys make many of the right moves. Angry vocals take on the electronic, purpose filled hopes of the music in an engaging battle. The four songs spin an enticing web, and when they look in the mirror Kraftwerk and New Order grin back. It pulses along and you find yourself being swept out to sea. Their grandiose themes paint the sky and all that's left to do is lie back and admire the view.

HAPPY MONDAYS 'Freaky Dancin'' (Factory) These Manchester lads take on the early spirit of A Certain Ratio as the return of the wah wah makes a healthy bid. Fronted by a tormented soul the lads place an unswerving faith in percussion and are richly rewarded since it struts an arrogant path of optimism. Sound quality's been sacrificed in favour of spirit as the duelling guitars take over, all watched over by the Quincy Jones of Manchester, one Bernard Sumner.

PETER MURPHY 'Blue Heart' (Beggars Banquet) 'Scuse me if I start getting carried away here but me ol' china's gone and released something and you know how I feel about Pete...you don't? Well, it's like this (Oh

THE - ESCAPE - CLUB

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INCLUDES THE NEW SINGLE, WHERE ANGELS CRY



no! Spare us - Ed).

This pompous sheer disguised as singing soars all over this in true Murphy style. Where driving guitars once ventured, fancy fretwork now reigns, so much of the power is lost. 'Blue Heart' doesn't gnaw at the soul like last year's 'Final Solution' but instead carresses it. Its urgency engulfs all the space left to breathe in, and you drown in a pool of unrequited love.

400 BLOWS 'Let The Music Play' (KR) Following their flirtation with the charts courtesy of Brass Construction's 'Movin'', the boys have raided the same cupboard in an attempt to get chartbound yet again. Now that they've filed down all those abrasive habits and omitted those eccentric quirks that made them so endearing and separated them from the mire, I'm afraid they've found themselves in a much bigger pigeonhole.

NITZER EBB 'Let Your Body Learn' (Power Of Voice Communications) This time around they let their DAF tendencies get the better of them. When they do finally escape their restrictive cocoon and spread their wings and fly they'll find the air cleaner and the view better. But until then...

MB HI-POWER 'Matchless' (Criminal Damage) The Mighty Ballistics spread their political awareness all over a fragile reggae layer that washes in and out like a lazy tide. And whatever message is floating around soon sinks.

VENUS IN FURS 'Love Lies' (Backs) Despite a noose for a name, the Furs offer some tranquillity wrapped up in string synths

and delicate guitar. A voice narrates a tortured tale as the day's sun bids farewell.

CRASH 'Don't Look Now (Now)' (Remorse) At a time when most English bands are trying to sound like they come from California it seems odd to hear an American band sounding as if they're singing about the excitement of a wet weekend in Cleethorpes.

VIRGIN PRUNES 'Love Lasts Forever' (Baby) The Old Bog Leapers are back after absolutely ages. They needn't have rushed.

EGE BAM YASI 'Circumstances' (Survival) Bet you didn't know their name's an anagram of Maisy Bagee, who used to be my Latin teacher at nursery school! Thought not. The world's shrinking by the minute, I swear it. This sounds like the Banana Splitz sung over a Giorgio Moroder backing. Any more detail would only confuse you.

BID 'Reach For Your Gun' (é) Mr Bid, late of The Monochrome Set, indulges his oriental whims on this affair. It contains more than a hint of his chequered past as it oozes a naive charm. Jangling guitars play merrily in the wind... and that voice! A voice that sounds like a knackered turntable, as it slows down and speeds up. An altogether different kettle of turnips.

SPK 'In Flagante Delicto' (Side Effects) This is a magnificent slice of melodrama. Monastic chants haunt the melancholic cello and you sense beyond the grave. A siren beckons to an underworld rich in mood and you walk a thin line between peace and terror. SPK's music

has never flattered, always keen to explore, always on a limb. The operatic scale is majestic as it encompasses a wealth of mystery. The closest thing to heaven.

BENNY PROFANE 'Where Is Pig?' (Subpop) This Liverpool lot include a couple ex-Room mates, of that I'm sure, but as for the record...?

QUEST FOR LIFE 'Baby Don't Stop Me' (MDM) As mildly entertaining computerised soul goes, this went.

CASPER HAUSER 'Real Life Story' (Casper Hauser) Enigmatic.

BILLY BRAGG 'Levi Stubbs' Tears' (Go! Discs) Neil Kinnock's mate is at it again and this time he's really gone too far. This disease has finally got to our Bill as he sings a tribute to the father of 501s.

TORCH SONG 'White Night' (YII) Torch Song re-emerge on Dick O'Dell's reincarnation of his old Y label with a hypnotic, dreamy submersion in electronic wizardry. Painted with a harsher stroke, they could trouble the dancefloors of the night but their innocuous, soporific fantasies are too fragile to move.

THE TEMPTATIONS 'My Girl' (Motown) MARVIN GAYE 'The World Is Rated X' (Motown) Two exciting new releases from some fresh Stateside talent... Sorry, apparently these lot have been around a while and for some reason they're re-releasing some old tunes, I can't imagine why. Seems by living in Boreham Wood the whole world can just pass you by. Strange.

THE SINISTER CLEANERS 'Lemon Meringue Bedsit' (AAZ) Don'tcha just hate these po-faced groups that take the world so seriously! Good old rock 'n' roll guitar crashes head first with a monotone sore throat that rants some inane lyrics. On second thoughts, it could be The Smiths. Just kidding.

STEVE WINWOOD 'Higher Love' (Island) THE MOODY BLUES 'Your Wildest Dreams' (Polydor) After playing these pathetic efforts I thought, wouldn't the world be a better place if pop stars were put down at the age of 40 until it struck me, if such a scheme was introduced we'd have missed out on such delights as Sique Sique Sputnik. Hardly bears thinking about, does it?

THE TRIFFIDS 'Wide Open Road' (Hot) These possums have been mentioned in hallowed tones within these walls, which is no mean achievement for a bunch of ex-cons, but this drippy little plodder hardly conjours up visions of Bondai. Makes even their cricketers look exciting. (Tee hee!)

THE PASTELS 'Truck Train Tractor' (Glass) This sounds like a punked up version of something they'd sing on *Rainbow*. Could it be I'm missing the point here?

ASWAD 'Pull Up' (Simba) At a time when it appears only novelty reggae manages to get in the charts, Aswad remain destined to lurk on the touchlines. This one won't get them on the park, either.

MANFRED MANN'S EARTH BAND 'Going Underground' (IO) Here's a laugh. The Manfred sisters have just cottoned on to punk and to show how hip they are

they've only gone and covered the Woking Wonder's hot new cut 'Going Underground'. I mean, please.

STRANGE CRUISE 'The Beat Goes On' (EMI) There was a time when Steve Strange used to be hip. Yeah, really. Well that was then and this is now, and now he wins the contest for the week's naftest sleeve, a horrific air-brushed number that's so tacky it's brilliant. Visage even had their moments, but this insipid dross is just sad.

THE WILLESSEN DODGERS 'Not This President' (Jive) This bunch of studio boffins thinly disguised as a group try a slice of Paul Hardcastle's action with this politico pap complete with the newsreel vocals. It sucks.

A BIGGER MERCEDES 'There Must Be More To Love' (Airplay) Sounding like a surrogate King on a shoestring, ABM have aspirations beyond their indie status, but on this outing they've run into a spot of car trouble.

KATRINA AND THE WAVES 'Sun Street' (Capitol) After 'Walking On Sunshine' they're now breezing down 'Sun Street'; seems this lot are a bit partial to the old rays. Now I've been cooped up all day while outside people are getting the maximum benefit. So the sooner I finish the better. The music? I won't spoil the fun.

BOB SEGER 'Like A Rock' (Capitol) Exactly, Bob. Prehistoric.

BOX OF FROGS FEATURING IAN DURY 'Average' (Epic) As time ticks on things begin to take on a surreal air and the

combination of a middle-aged ex-art teacher pictured with some leaping Kermit singing about the average person becomes almost too much. God save Ian Dury.

RUBÉN BLADES 'Move On (Muévete)' (Elektra) Just as soon as I've discovered what the bit in the brackets means.

THE CIRCLES 'Circles' (Graduate) THE SUSSED 'I've Got Me Parka' (Graduate) My apologies to The Manfreds, they're obviously on the case regarding the latest mod revival. Trust me to be out of touch again.

SUMMER OF LOVE 'The Time Machine' (Bam Caruso) OK, the mod revival's over, didn't you know this is the summer of love? '67 revisited and all that. This acid trip down memory lane has all the classics; 'Flowers In The Rain'; 'San Francisco'; 'Whiter Shade Of Pale'; 'All You Need Is Love' etc, all sharing the same vinyl experience, if a trifle abbreviated. But if you have any doubts about hacking into the curtains to solve your obvious trouser problem, don't just take my word on such matters, ask our editor. He knows about these things.

INXS 'Listen Like Thieves' (Phonogram) Here's yet more koala munchers. After the glorious 'Original Sin' they've rarely come close. Don't worry lads, things could be worse. Sally Gethin could start hassling you for her sponsor money.

SAMANTHA FOX 'Do Ya Do Ya (Wanna Please Me)' (Jive) Given half a chance, Sam, but I thought you said you didn't have time for all that?

BILLY BRAGG

LEVI STUBBS'

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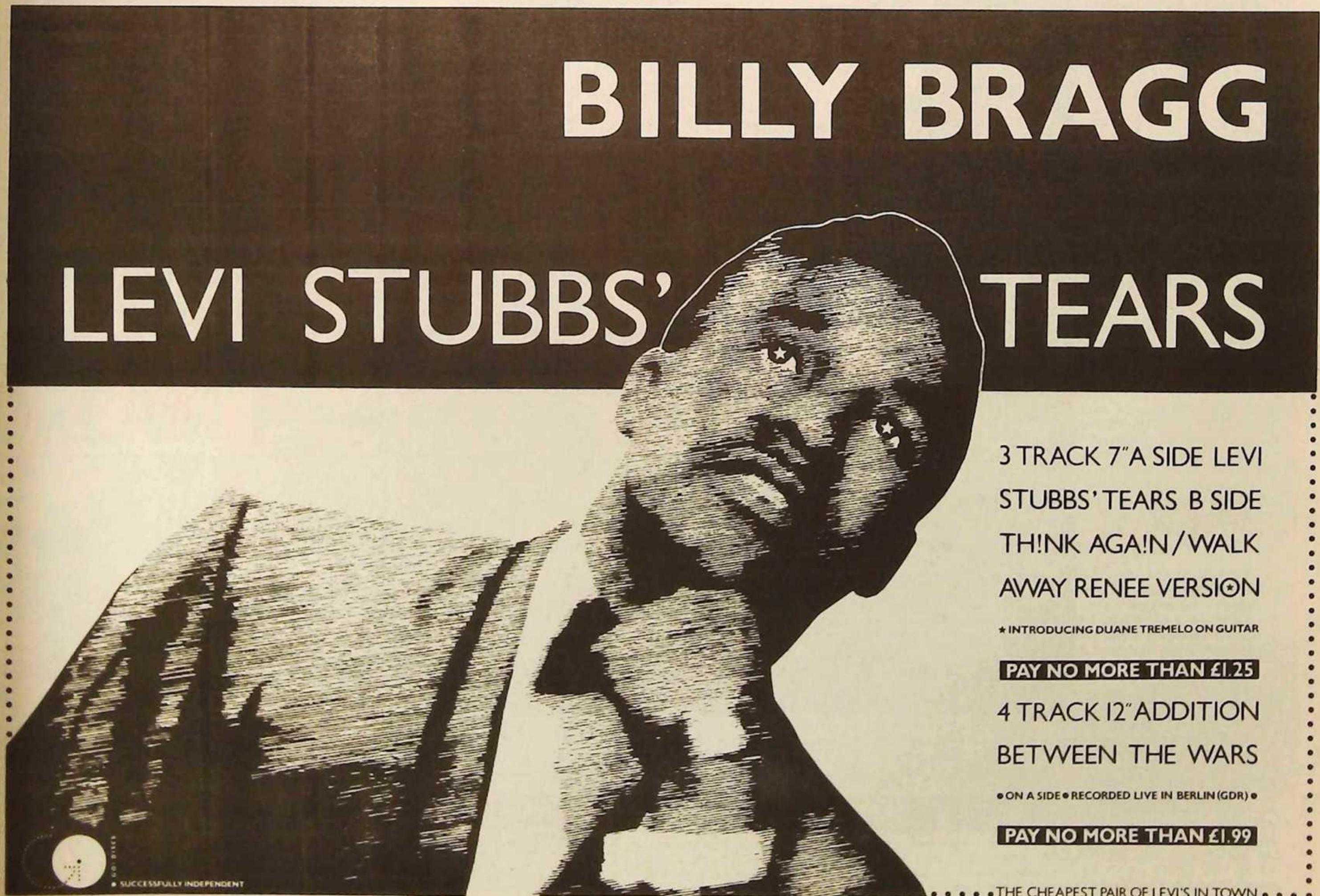
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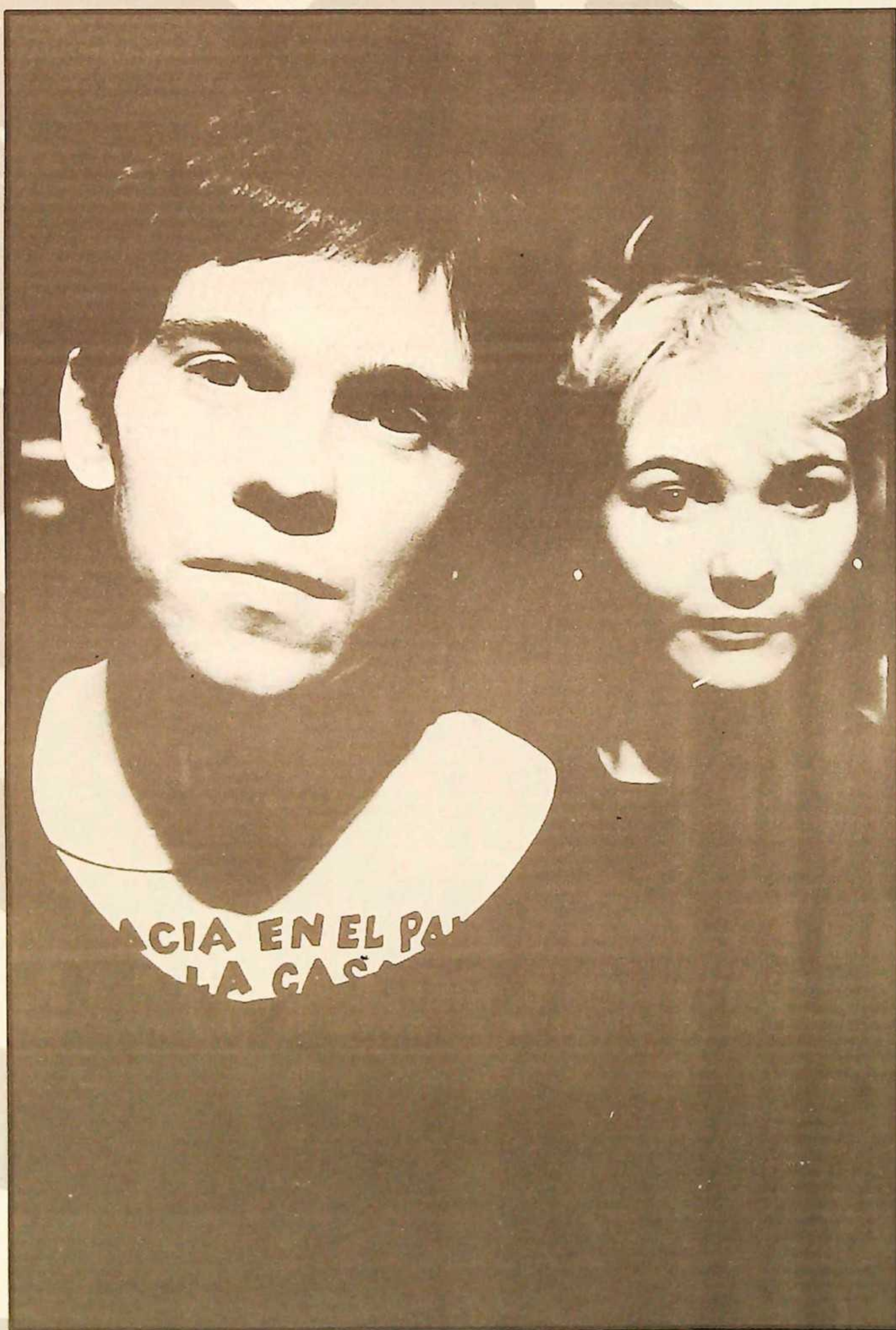
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GUITARS. EVERYWHERE I go I hear guitars.

I can't see the players — I just hear the strings, resonating over the length of the land. Guitars hammer on my heart. Their chords chorus in my ears.

"Everyone plays them differently," says John Rowley. "They're a very forgiving instrument. It took me six years to realise that I actually had a style. You always start off copying people. I still can't play 'Electric Ladyland', but that's the great thing about guitars. Everybody has a style."

"Even the Incredible String Band played guitars!"

John is part of Red Guitars. A living blur of guitars in motion. They clamber on to the tiny stage at Leeds Warehouse club, a northern team before a whistling home crowd, and the guitars spit and ring in the clammy air.

"Playing live is everything," says Rob Holmes, vocalist and guitarist. "The decline in live playing is one of the negative things. People seem to get their entertainment more quickly and cheaply elsewhere."

"I think many people," offers John, "don't go to see a band to hear them play. They go to have their faith in the imagery restored, their badge reinforced. That's a problem that we're up against. If you're an ordinary honest hard-working group of people you find it difficult to come up with anything like that."

RED GUITARS are a secret of the north, a surreptitious confidence that is slowly being passed round.

If the independent ethic is stone cold dead, nobody's bothered to tell them about it. They've gone major, with a Virgin deal sealed in the fourth year of their existence, but their meticulous sense of self-preservation puts them in a healthy isolation.

It's reportedly a very good deal. 'Tales Of The Expected' is the album, their second, and it's clean without sounding laundered. Ever since their first burst with 'Good Technology' — a hot, compressed storm of guitars — they've stuck to the simplest creed they could have: a belief in pop songs.

The live Red Guitars insist on this faith. Their songs are never ruptured by the music. There's no babbling pyrotechnics, nothing you could call virtuosity — they're content to play in the clothes of rock instead of trying to unstitch them. A sense of delivery informs each piece: 'Storyville' and 'Train's On Time' are thoughtfully tailored on record, but onstage they crackle with affection for every line and change of chords. It's almost a loving work.

"Yeah, I think the only people who are regarded as doing well live are metal bands. You're supposed to be crap live if you're an indie band or a pop band. We're still having difficulties with the press over our transition from an indie band to a major label band. It's different abroad, in Germany, where we've toured three times. We're just Red Guitars from England."

John looks like a fearsome mystery man in his shaded specs. He proves to be amiable, bluffly gregarious. Because he's also very shrewdly eloquent about the business they're in, he's also been seen as a bit of a politician.

With their name, and some of their song titles, they have somehow been labelled as card-carrying revolutionaries.

"The main line of press connection with us has been — are we a political band? It's cool to be, and it's helped us, but for a couple of years we were considered to be one of the most political bands in the country!"

POLITICS ISN'T a term much understood by rock. The point that a bitter isolationist like Tom Verlaine is as 'political' as Billy Bragg is lost on a medium that's consumed with billboard language. Red Guitars have struggled with words but their politics sounds like a matter of awareness, not rhetoric. Their 'Slow To Fade' LP is lyrically abstract.

John is as decided, calm and pragmatic about this as he is about whether to have a chocolate biscuit with his tea or not. (He does.)

"What politics is to the music press is completely different to what it is to the average record buyer. 'Politics' is very carefully honed — it's a group of musicians leaning to the left, standing up and supporting the right causes. Which of course is nonsense. Nothing to do with politics. It's just the imagery of 1986."

Rob: "They've become strange bedfellows in the last ten years, politics and pop. It's so confused with people's expectations and fashion. You can even get a lefty haircut now."

The blight that trendiness will put on Red Guitars is not that they're 'political' but that they're worthy. It's an unwelcome tag in an age where bands feel obliged to sack the temples of outrage with every release.

Or is it?

John: "I actually like the sound of that. Appeals to my ego. Aren't there some worthy bands that become successful? What about Big Country, The Police, Dire Straits?"

"I find it hard to believe that we could be a Top 40 band, simply because it's outside our experience. You can point to five or six criteria for excellence — new, different, a buzz about them — but the combination of what makes a band big is indefinable. I've been buying records for nearly 20 years and I've seen bands who were absolutely perfect but did nothing. Like The Only Ones, they had everything going for them — why did they do nothing?"

"I quite fancy the idea of being worthy. What's the alternative?"

Everybody else gets by on a stuttering course with — if they're lucky — an occasional flash of brilliance. The problem with worthy bands is they're so even. You don't expect Red Guitars to pull off a sudden whipcrack of excitement.

"Yes. Quite obviously, we're completely traditionalist. We make pop albums and play rock concerts. And maybe that will always hold us back. Sigue Sigue Sputnik, they're the obvious band at the moment who've been successful by playing the game — but they actually make very traditional records. I love '21st Century Boy' — it's got Chuck Berry riffs all through it, along with the peculiar sounds."

Nothing pops peculiarly out of Red Guitars. Their activism is clear-cut. The Three Johns try and blow down the present of rock but they've taken to doing it with records like 'Death Of The European', music that sounds like it was created for critics. The Guitars invest their faith, rightly or wrongly, in the tradition of rock. They carry on the echo.

"It's all we know. I don't know what else there is, really. Maybe we just don't have the brilliance to find the right angle on it. We look to that tradition all the time — maybe we're just folk musicians."

AND HERE we strike home on the 'politics' of Red Guitars. They are, like the noble Fall, a bedrock of Britain, a folk song straining in the shackles of rock. The gruff poetry of this sort of music is its political sting. There's no need for these guitars to howl in the service of Kinnock: they're already at work with a common currency of life.

Rob: "Particularly northern English life. I hope that's what we reflect, that honesty."

John: "We do see ourselves as very traditional musician-craftsmen. Only in the last year, since we signed to Virgin, has there been any talk about Red Guitars and their political strength. Nobody bothered to write about it in the three years before that because we didn't have a management pushing us. By and large we didn't participate in the myth that earns people a living in the media. People don't want to hear about bands who don't have daft haircuts."

Although those regular guys sell the most, of course. Consider Phil Collins and his haircut.

"Yeah, the biggest-selling bands go to people who think they're discerning music people. You can go into people's houses and find the Dire Straits, Alison Moyet and Sade albums. But it's not their fault — it's because TV and certainly the radio is in such a disastrous state in this country, and the music press is mostly too difficult for them."

"The lack of independent infiltration into the market can be gauged by The Toy Dolls' 'Nellie The Elephant'. That's all. The novelty Christmas record is as far as it can aspire to."

WHAT CAN a Red Guitars single do in this climate?

Focus now on their current 'America And Me'. This is a throughway into (oh well) politico-rock that's superbly sculpted. Recorded with ferocious force, it's a tale not of a new America but of our own prostrate surrender, our own colonisation. Libya has given unexpected topicality to lines like "I saw the violence/But I still wanna be an All-American kid".

"A complete coincidence," admits Rob. "It was never really about the current American profile. It's about somebody who lives in an England that's constantly bombarded by American culture, and the schizo mentality that gets pressed on him. Where we were once the most powerful nation and we ruled by government and bureaucracy, America rules by violence."

"The song is like a cartoon character saying, OK, you win!"

"It's aggressive and critical towards America but at the same time it's about a fascination with American images, like Coca Cola. And I think America's like that. It's got a very moral self-righteous society but it also manages to be the most violent society in the history of the world. They're the world's imperialists, like we were, but we pack American goods and load American rockets now."

"We've just come back from Germany," says John, pouring some more tea. "The infiltration of American culture there is staggering. There are towns which are like suburbs of Boston. That whole clean, neat, American idea of home and apple pie... it's very weird. I lived in America for a couple of sessions and there's a remarkable similarity with Germany now. Not just material things, but this idea of a mass sensibility, a people at large."

"The acceptance of this fantastic affluence! Kids here ride around on Honda 50s and 125s; the German kids are on GPZ 9000s with turbo-intercooling! And it's the same buzz. It's just this gross wastage. They've



RED GUITARS: The shape of strings to come

taken it to their hearts, and it does something to a culture."

The point of interest in this realisation is that you're using a specifically American art form to offer a critique of that mother country.

"Mmm, although there's a very powerful English twist on rock 'n' roll because it was invented by Chuck Berry. It was obvious straight away with beat music that there was something far more powerful going on, and that was English working class culture. It made the narratives much more significant than songs about chicks and cars. It's a strand that Red Guitars follow through. The English flourish of The Beatles and The Rolling Stones."

CLASS. GRIT. The North Will Rise Again. We seem to get this crack in the line all the time, between the savage authenticity of northern bands and the affluent frauds of the south. As the industrial north has been left to rot, so we now expect its culture to have this invulnerable greyness, all muscle and not much light.

Red Guitars fit this cliché, but it doesn't explain the joy of their live set.

"We all grew up in the north," reflects Rob, "and we saw the affluence of the '60s slip away in the last 15 years as we rumbled into a recession. I think bands in the north draw on a reserve of strength. Sheffield bands, like The Com-Sats — that first album of theirs was made at a time when northern England was just entering a very grey time, and it sounds like that. Brilliant record."

Is there a drive to escape the north?

John: "It's a pretty good place to live, actually. I find the increasing power of the bourgeois mentality the most awful thing about this country. For me, it's seated squarely in the south of England. There are certain values I miss down there. It's becoming difficult to live in the north — it's not romantic to be dispossessed or live in increasing poverty — but there's still a trade-off to be made."

"We work in a tradition that drew very strongly on a very unique set of working class values, from the 19th Century, until the new affluence of the '60s destroyed it. There are still vestiges of that which exist only in northern England and which make it very important for me, spiritually, that I live there. It's a very comforting place."

ROB NODS, comfortably. He's a gentle little fellow. He has a boyish, rather ferrety voice — you don't expect him to hit the notes and grab hold of the music the way he does onstage, and it lends an unmanly air to a band that might otherwise sound northern-tough-boy (there is, of course, a woman there too, bassist Lou Howard).

On the face of it, Rob looks like he might have muscled into the

band. He joined after the departure of vocalist Jerry Kidd, and promptly wrote or co-wrote the band's new material. But not so. The band seems to settle around John, the eldest (and tallest). Onstage he swings paternally to the band's rhythm, plays some guitar, tweaks a few keyboard touches.

'Tales Of The Expected' is too polite, and some of Rob's lyrics are inappropriately sappy for this northern punch. But the head-on attack of 'America And Me' should initiate a phase of new strength.

John: "My major criticism of the process today is that new bands are put into expensive studios with producers to drive the machinery — and the creative process is tempered by the technological power that these drivers have. Albums become series of sounds, not songs. The new single we did on seven tracks of an eight-track studio."

Rob: "It's a brilliant way to make records. I think we've learned how to record ourselves fairly quickly."

John: "You don't listen to production techniques, you listen to five people playing. There's a very mystical quality to music which is largely bypassed because it's probably considered 'hippy'..."

He pronounces the word as if it's under quarantine. We certainly don't want to hear gritty northern bands talking about this.

"Of course not! But that's the thing that turns people on, those chord changes that turn your heart around inside and make your knees go funny. It's the reason we do it. When you write a song and get a chord change right, nothing like it!"

"There's very strict rules and regs about making records now, and it's good having to make a single that's three minutes long. That's where 12-inchers get a bit pissy. You have to do them, though. The great problem is, as Bowie's said — because he's a creative person and people give him money to do it, he enjoys doing it. It's very hard for creative people to say no. It's another angle, a second chance."

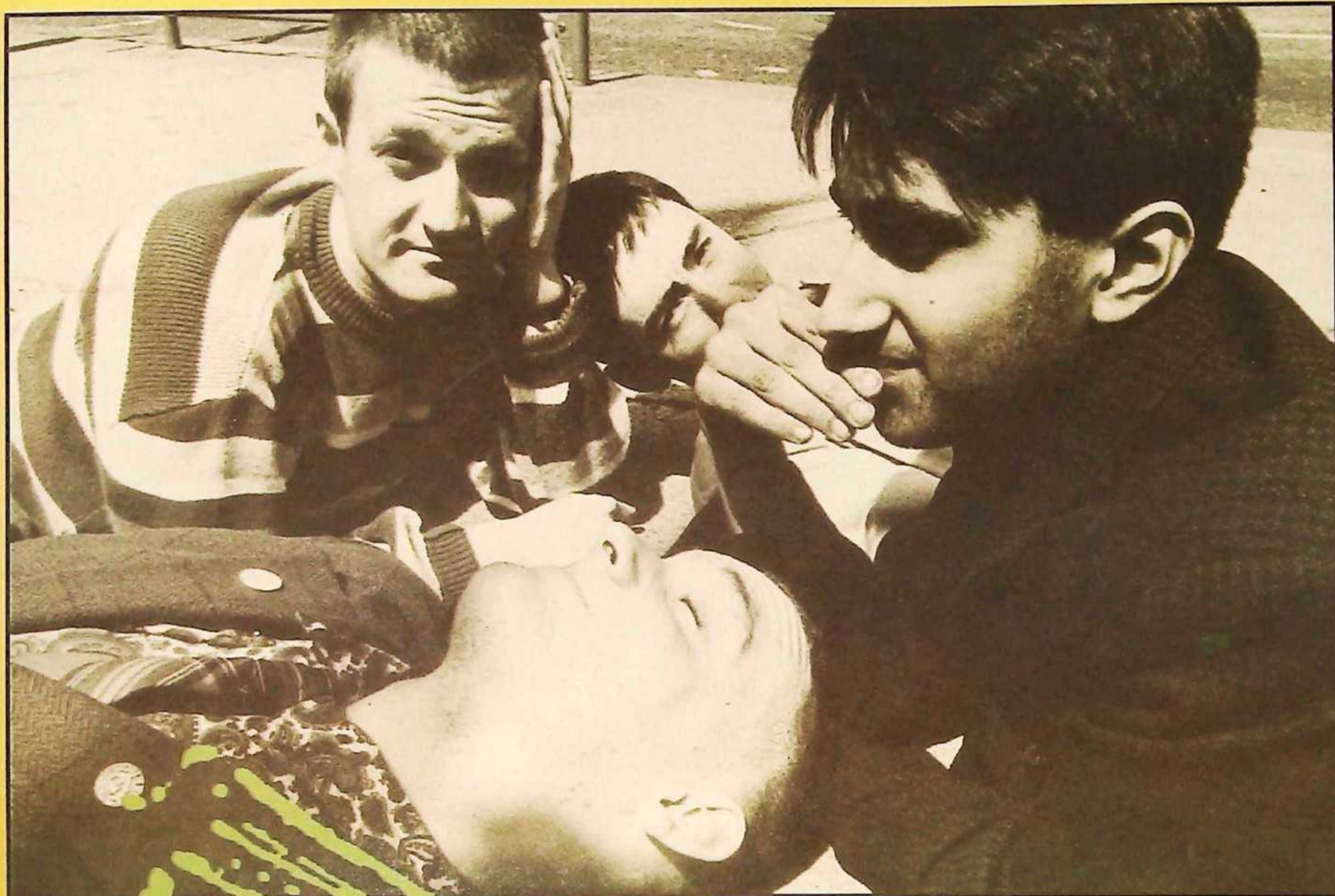
A creativity based on this integrity sounds like the best course there is left for the old rock. If a new tradition can be drawn out of these ancient values, out of the rubble of a splitting depression and a business gorged on flouncy gestures, it might find its heart in these workers. Songs have lasted for centuries, after all.

"We're all big fans," concludes John, "and we might be cynical about the music business. But not about music. The reality of it is that pop music is f***** brilliant, it's the bee's knees. There's nothing like seeing a band play."

And Rob's ambition is simply to make a record that people will talk about the way they talk about 'Marquee Moon'. Worthy.

Driving back to my southern home, I can still hear them. They follow me, through windscreens and service stations, through the air. Guitars.

ENTER THE DRAGONS



THE SOUP DRAGONS make some people jump up and down. Others reckon they're a Buzzcocks rip-off. **RON ROM** meets the band that gives him a pop orgasm. **STEVE DOUBLE** mops up

THERE ARE few who make classic singles. There are even fewer who manage it with their first ever release.

The Soup Dragons have. This makes them riotously unique, explosively delightful and endearing.

The jewel in question is their 'Whole Wide World' single on Subway. A two minute pop orgasm that is as addictive as opium and sweeter than candy.

'Whole Wide World' is the kind of record you can boast about buying – if you move quickly – whilst in its first edition; like you did with 'Teenage Kicks' on Good Vibrations, 'Falling And Laughing' on Postcard or even 'Upside Down' on Creation.

'Whole Wide World' has that same essential ingredient... fun; that glorious feeling which makes you jump up and down on your bed like a madman whilst neighbours bang irritably on your bedroom wall, your mother hovers the ceiling, and Sammy the dog performs somersaults in front of the TV, leaving the milkmen to merrily juggle the empties.

Never before has so much life been contained within a two minute pop record.

"We want all our singles to be an event," says Shaun, the youngest looking person to ever hold a guitar. So far so good.

"We wanted people to look back on our first single and think, Yeah, The Soup Dragons' first single."

THE SOUP Dragons are naturals at doing what most of current music doesn't – they excite.

They dazzle with exuberance and play lasting melodies with ferocious naivety.

The Soup Dragons always leave you wanting more, more, more.

Within The Soup Dragons' two minute pop blitz, simple drums thump with all the primal energy of a newborn baby, delicious melodies sit whistling in your head from dawn 'til dusk. And the shrilling noise of playful guitars burn with passion, guts and fire. And it's all played at a pace that makes The Dickies seem like one-legged turtles.

The Soup Dragons are pop at its very best. Basic, uncompromising and colourfully fresh, with a spiteful enthusiasm that slaps you full on the cheek.

But, but, but... he sighed before looking into the innocent faces of two freckled runaway schoolboys on an Away-Day to London from Glasgow, now sipping strawberry milkshake in a sleazy Soho cafe... has Pete Shelley's soul taken over their wimpish bodies?

"No, no, no," the little, fragile boys cry.

But people say you're totally derivative of The Buzzcocks and that your splendid pop punch should be thrown to the dogs.

"Do they?" says Shaun (guitar, vocals), ageing ten years in the process.

Well, not exactly.

"Well... that's a stupid attitude to have. They can have that attitude if they want, it's their opinion, y'know. I mean who did they say The Buzzcocks sounded like when they came out? It was The Beatles or somebody."

Who are they?

The spotted dick opposite ignores me; Jim (guitar), meanwhile, continues to make little farting noises into his strawberry milkshake.

Shaun: "It's the journalists, they can't write a piece that says this band sound like nobody else."

THIS BAND, of course, do not sound like anybody else. Yeah, there may be an ever-so tenuous link with The Buzzcocks but, as Shaun says, "we're just a band with good tunes and good guitar melodies".

What The Soup Dragons do have, besides their valuable youth and spirit, are meaty scraps of everything that has been juicy, joyous and jumpy in the history of pop: like the begoggled panache of Buddy Holly, the strength in melody and beat of The Beatles and the energy of The Sex Pistols.

But their most important asset is that they're cuddly.

Take Jim, still playing with his milkshake. He's 20. He looks 13 with his big creamy blue eyes, sprinkled coca freckles and stylish basin cut. One fears for Jim in a world of increasing child molesters. He talks with a soft Glaswegian accent and smiles with schoolboy malice.

Then there is Shaun, who has recently had his hair cut into a severe crop because he's fed-up of being called a wimp. He has a cheeky, fat face and a purlish grin. Surprisingly, at 18 he's the youngest member of The Soup Dragons.

Were you ever bullied at school Shaun?

"Yes, all the time. I was real fat at school and I was built like a beach ball. I got an ulcer and was so ill I couldn't eat for two months. I got this ulcer by eating too much curry."

There's a moral in that somewhere.

Did you enjoy your early youth?

"No, not really. I was the only one into music at school at the time, all the others were into sport so I was considered a wimp."

Have you ever been in love?

A long silence follows. Jim stops blowing bubbles into his glass and waits intensely for Shaun's answer. Shaun moves awkwardly in his chair.

"Yeah," he chirps hoping to kill the subject.

Are you in love at the moment?

Shaun's head, looks as if it's about to take off and be the first thing on Mars.

"Yeah," he says sheepishly. His head takes off.

THE SOUP Dragons thickly poured from an ice-cream maker eight months ago. The reason this sweet mixture came together was because Shaun had nothing else to do after leaving school and, well, he thought it would be fun being in a band.

After supporting Primal Scream they released a flexi-disc which secured them a record contract with the splendid Subway label.

The single they've released now was recorded six months ago in a demo studio for the meagre sum of £130 and has zoomed into the charts at number 130. Weird, hey!

'Whole Wide World' is not a flash in the pan either. The Soup Dragons have at least six other excellent singles in their repertoire, all of them like big, cuddly bears with fat, droopy eyes waiting to hug you for two minutes.

The Soup Dragons have never composed a record longer than three minutes.

Why's this? Silence. Jim goes back to his milkshake party tricks.

Shaun: "Because we play faster now. No, all the songs are short because... well they just are."

If a song lasting three minutes can hold my concentration for that time then it's a good song. It's not as if I write a song for two minutes and stop. I write to the fullest so it can keep your attention. I can instinctively tell when a song is beginning to drag out."

So why are you the best?

Shaun: "Because we have good, catchy choruses, strong melodies that can be remembered. Look, there's no point continuing if you don't think you're the best."

"It's also down to our attitude as well. We started this band as a joke, it was just like something to do and everybody likes that attitude."

"Look at Fuzzbox, if they had a couple of good songs they would go to number one tomorrow. But they haven't. I like to think we have. When this starts turning into a job then I'll pack it in. We're doing it because we get a kick out of it."

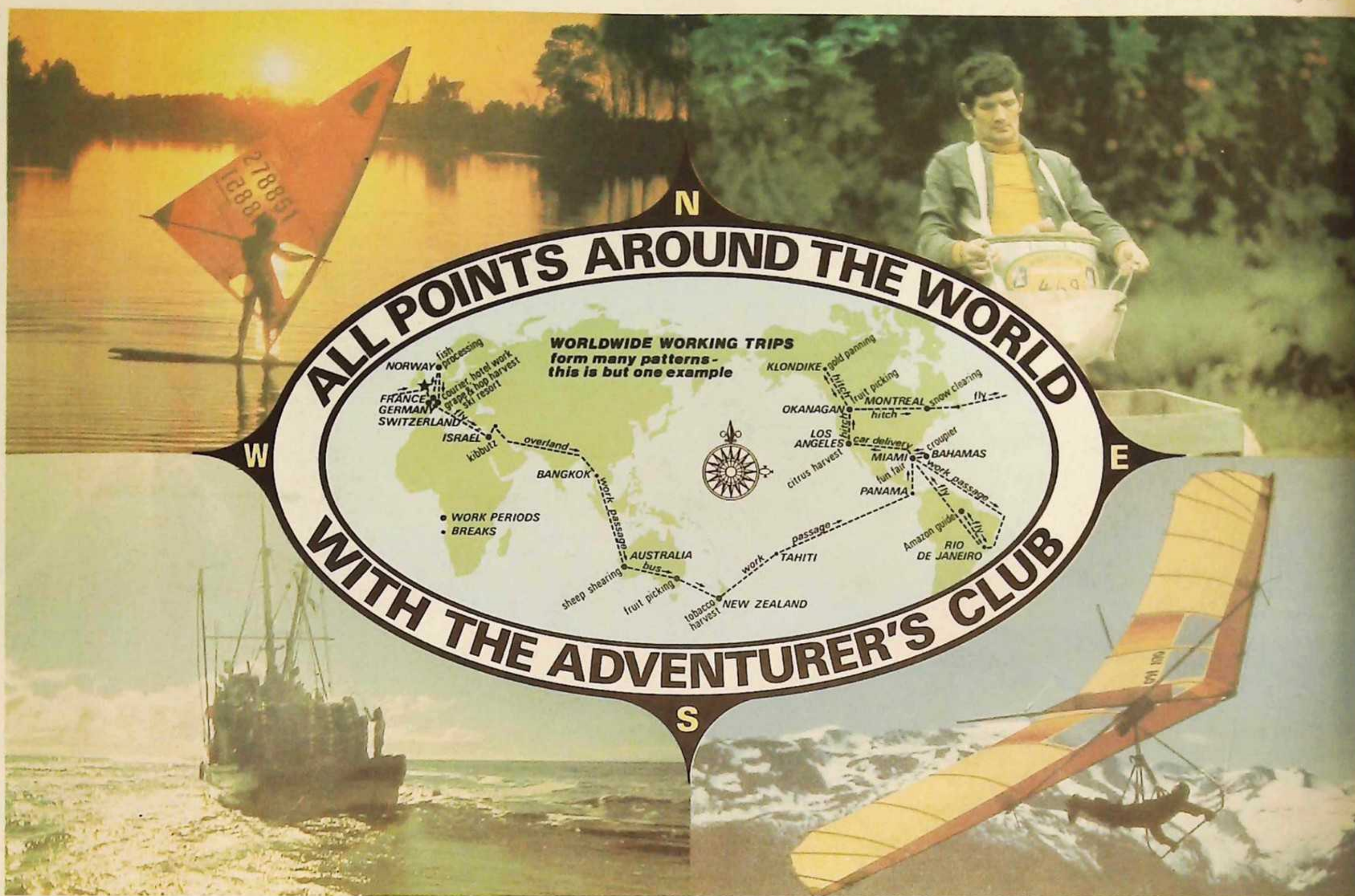
"I think a lot of these independent bands who are doing really well have lost that fun and exciting feel and now they're just slogging away at it, which is not what we want to do. To me this band is a personal thing and once other people start taking over it becomes shit."

"We also try to be more down to earth as well, even on stage. We try to be happy."

There you have The Soup Dragons, another fresh embryo from the indie scene, fertilized by the attitude of youth, energy and enthusiasm.

In time they will lose their glorious naivety, but ultimately they will stand tall.

There are few who make classic singles. The Soup Dragons, I think, will make a habit of it.



Why not enjoy a great lifestyle this year?

Ever wished you could get away from a dull, dreary, existence?

Ever imagined what it's like to experience, first hand, real adventure and excitement?

Ever dreamed of lazing on the warm, golden sand in the Caribbean?

Ever wondered what it's like to pick fruit in Australia, harvest tobacco in Canada, crew a fishing boat off Alaska?

Ever considered doing anything about it?

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A Great Lifestyle . . .

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For some people, yes. They are the 'armchair' dreamers who never get around to doing anything. But it doesn't have to be that way. Travel, interest, excitement, adventure, throughout the world can, with relative ease, become reality for almost anyone.

The Adventurer's Club . . .

I'm John Howard, an adventurer for many years, and founder of the Adventurer's Club to help and assist others to enjoy this great lifestyle. I packed my rucksack when I was 18, left London and headed for Canada. Since then I've never looked back, having travelled the Oceans of the World, prospected for diamonds in South America, searched for treasure in the Pacific, beachcombed the Caribbean, lived it up in the great cities, panned for gold and owned my own gold mine, worked the fishing boats off Alaska and Newfoundland, and much, much more. I'm not famous – just one of the thousands of people worldwide enjoying this type of lifestyle. I've promoted and interested others in this sort of life through television and radio appearances and a dozen or so books.

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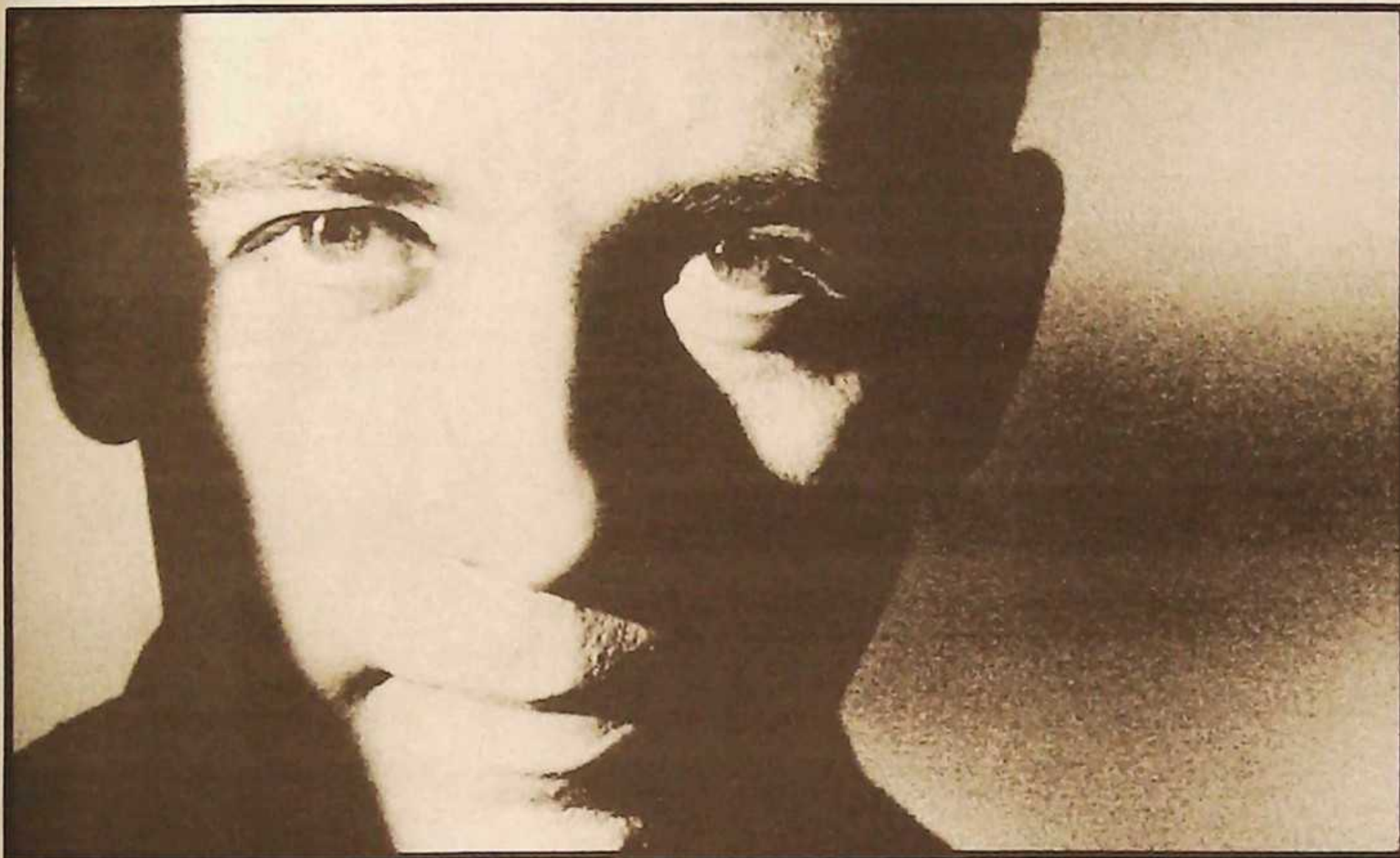
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PETE SHELLEY: Kiss me kwik

SHELLEY SCOPE

PETE SHELLEY 'Heaven And The Sea' (Phonogram MERH 90)*****

THIS TIME, that cherubic scoundrel Roberts rings me up. "Hear you're doing the new Shelley LP, what yer gonna say then?"

Oh, the usual smouldering prose, some fond reminiscences, something to the effect of Shelley as grand underachiever, discarded splinter, a stab at truth, something like the kinetic effect sleeve being marginally more intoxicating than Pete's prosaic pop these days, the usual and more.

"Listen again ducks, this time it's different, never frigid and never cucumber cool. This time, hysterically keen, bewitched with melody, prey to passions piquant." I did. It is.

The bustling, absorbing flashes like 'Homosapien', 'Telephone Operator' and 'Never Again' have been but isolated sparkle. The two previous solo collections hearty but patchy, all of us left wondering where the Buzzcockian glow had ebbed to.

THE NOSEFLUTES 'Several Young Men Ignite Hardboard Stump' (Reflex Lex SM)****

THIS WEEK'S models of perception, deception and elation are The Noseflutes who, after piquant sessions on Peel and countless evenings of havoc, turmoil and torment around the country, have released, in 'Several Young Men Ignite Hardboard Stump', a strange but often splendid debut.

'Several' shows The Noseflutes galvanizing and mangling their iron, demonstrating an unorthodox approach towards past boogies in the storm like Gang Of Four. Thus The Noseflutes stand high alongside present giants in the basement like Stump and Bogshed.

'Several' is full of that irritating fascination that makes you check your stylus for fluff as the album scratches and jumps out of the speakers; there's a harsh coarseness that's fortunately coloured by a manic spread of esoteric social sarcasm. Hence such gifted titles as 'Perfect Cockney Hard On', something the Lord hasn't bestowed upon me in some time.

Accompanying the sardonic anachronisms are burning

guitar interludes that manage to rise above the relative wackiness through the strength of their structures and the abundant diversity of layers encased within the songs. 'This Is My Home' shows these qualities more than most with its wry, abstract mangling of reality.

The Noseflutes have emerged from the shadows to provide a plethora of imagination and indignation. You could pick a lot worse.

RON ROM

KALIMA 'Night Time Shadows' (Factory FACT 155)***

'NIGHT TIME Shadows' is a jazz album made by six youngsters from Manchester and the target it sets itself is to sound *authentic*: ie as if it had been recorded by six oldsters from Montevideo. By this criterion it's a resounding success – but you can't help feeling there's something a little ersatz, a little facile in such dedicated striving towards an established model from a distant continent. But they do it well and the result is an accomplished 45 minutes by any standards.

From the strident melody of 'Mystic Rhymes' to the drifting discordant sleepwalk of 'Black Water', 'Night Time Shadows' is an opulent ooze, punctuated occasionally by bursts of Latin football fan

'Heaven And The Sea' is not only shockingly consistent, it contains, in 'Need A Minit', 'Waiting For Love' or 'Blue Eyes', some of the most felicitous rushes and lyrical flushes we've seen through the eyes of pop for years.

Still he appears vaguely weighted by the theatricality of this solo temper but, if we can put aside the froth and foam of his ancient past, then Shelley begins to look like a saviour again. If he has seemed rather stiff-necked for the past few years then this is a return to lithe, nimble scamper, if not complete tumult. Still the real pop laureate, his high romance percolates through these melodic tideways with a deft lick of the lips and a gentle wriggle of the hips. Stepping clear of those occasional quagmires he's succumbed to in that recent past, this is universally kissable... all over its bosomy folds.

At last, Shelley's making the heirs to his throne look frumpish, his own aesthetics throbbing again. At last.

"Well," insists the cherry-lipped one, "what d'ya reckon?"

Oh, it's fine, it's more than fine.

JONH WILDE

percussive fervour redolent of ACR – and sure enough, the Ratio's Martin Moscrop has a hand in the proceedings.

Vocalist Ann Quigley has spent a fair amount of time listening to Ella and Nina but she carries it well, knocking spots off the truly inferior Sharday. The instrumentation is confident and fluent. What it needs is an edge to stir it from its complacent ambience. I hear Hooky is free for some session work, perhaps they should give him a ring.

ROY WILKINSON

CASHFLOW 'Cashflow' (Club JABH 17)**

A BIG languid dance blur seeps through clubland. But it's not yet ten, and very few handbags are tempted onto the floor. A fine collection of moustaches, wet perms and blandly outrageous pastel paisley costumes peer out from the cover with varying degrees of piety, while vocalist Kary Hubbert intones: "I think there are four or five hits on this album, the Good Lord and Phonogram permitting."

Yes, it's Cashflow's eponymous debut and a somnolent formula funk work-out to be sure. God may work in mysterious ways but it's a little harsh trying to pin this one on him.

ROY WILKINSON

EXECUTIVE SLACKS 'Fire And Ice' (Fundamental Music SAVE 9)****

IF A group's record-purchasing public can in any way be determined by their live attendances then, judging by their recent barnstorming assault on Dingwalls, Executive Slacks have approximately eight fans in the UK – well, nine now, as I was sufficiently smitten by the threesome to stake a claim for 'Fire And Ice'.

And the realisation? Well, the ten songs fall rather tidily into the twin camps of advanced Killing Jokiness and primeval bowel movements. They satisfy and even exceed the requirements of the gel and leather boys, gallumphing through five heavily percussive items with the subtlety and finesse of a Chieftain tank, while they also play musical funny faces, either inane grins or exaggerated frowns.

The methodical alternation between the two dichotomous (don't you just love it!) song forms keeps up the interest and emphasises the power of almighty crash-bangers such as 'Solemn Dilemma', 'Rock And Roll' (yep, big Gazza's), and the title track.

ANDY HURT

THE ESCAPE CLUB 'White Fields' (Parlophone PCS 7304)**½**

THERE ARE those who would claim that The Soup Dragons are a perfect pop band. There are even those who would argue the same for the BMX Bandits! But you won't find anyone outside the EMI press office making any sort of claims for The Escape Club. This is, on balance, a shame.

'White Fields' is an accomplished debut album by an above average aspiring pop/rock band. Live, The Escape Club put many celebrated and 'credible' Milton Keynes sized pop heroes to shame. On album, the edges are a little rounder, the mood a little smoother, the melodies just a little more pronounced. 'White Fields' means very little, but it sounds rather nice – and every so often I can do with some of that.

Sophistication married to a sharp sense of '80s swish style, definable power tethered to the pillars and posts of motorway listening, The Escape Club merit somebody's attention. Moments such as 'Rescue Me' and 'I Will Be There' deserve this much at least.

But unfortunately for these mothers' sons, the prevailing prejudice against big label, non-superstar acts is all but final. People who shout the odds in favour of those bands can afford to indulge in minority tastes. They can still live at home and have Mummy cook all their meals and do their washing while they sit upstairs in their private bedroom palaces, plotting petty revolutions. They should wake up to the fact that some people have to make a living.

The Escape Club, quite clearly, need to make a living. And given half a chance their pleasantly powerful and beseeching pop charm will lift them up to somewhere on the right side of the breadline.

ROGER HOLLAND

THE MONOCHROME SET 'Fin' (el Records ACME 3)**½**

SOMEONE ONCE said, er, "This is the end, doo, doo, doo, I did it my way". And I think we can all agree with those admirable words. The Monochrome Set could be rattled off in a handful of obscure, arty-type paragraphs but, closer to the truth, let's savour that classic lyric that I've just quoted.

Deeper in the bosom of Bid, this posthumous retrospective of the Set live and on TV brings back all the anarcho-dadaist images that

are best left unmentioned. This is distorted prose, and Bid was (and still is, by the way) a master at constructing wry, tongue-in-cheek humour, thinly disguised as great pop.

The Monochrome Set made my teenage years bearable. Through the haze, their embryonic live shows, well constructed albums and sporadic radio sessions made life worth sobering up for. And although it'd be impossible to cram that wealth of style into one album, el have come close with possibly the most cohesive array of majestic Monochrome ever collected.

Now, let me just locate all their singles. Ah, "Thanks for the Monochrome...". Sheer poetry.

DAVE HENDERSON

JOHN LURIE 'Stranger Than Paradise And The Resurrection Of Albert Ayler' (Crammed Discs MTM7)*****

THIS, THE seventh edition in Crammed's 'Made To Measure' series of actual and possible soundtrack scores, takes ex-Lounge Lizard Lurie across two fretting, grating sides of palpitations.

The first, music written for Jim Jarmusch's *Paradise*, is performed by Paradise String Quartet under Lurie's direction, stirring ripples of cramped ambience, perfect for those moments when you emerge from something incomplete and need some turbulent streamline to knock you back in sync. Casually pencilling in the bits that Eno's 'Discreet' left out, it ploughs a broken glass path with varnish and vinegar.

Side two's tribute to free-jazz giant Ayler is equally smart at shading in the areas that the great man's wrenching sax orgies left spare. Lurie buries the notion of *fake* that his (still surviving) Lounge Lizards were condemned for. So this suite in four movements is decidedly pop and raises a duststorm with its hands tied behind its neck.

Two times cataclysmic, and it's not just a soundtrack.

JONH WILDE

CLAIR OBSCURA 'The Pilgrim's Progress' (All The Madmen MAD 10)**½** DRAGGING YOU down an endless tunnel with a razor sharp rope are Clair Obscura, a 'French art/experimentation' group who have sacrificed torchlight for the mysterious treasures of the unknown.

'The Pilgrim's Progress' is psychotic aural rape – recorded live in Paris in front

THE DREAM SYNDICATE 'Out Of The Grey' (Chrysalis/Bigtime CHR 1539)***

PROPHETIC OR pathetic? I still can't decide. I was expecting to hear the soft whisper of the dead, accompanied by the sound of a sheet metal foundry working overtime. I was hoping for something slinky to crawl into my ear and lay eggs, from which would hatch offspring that would claw at my brain all summer. I now see that, by hoping for all this, I was expecting too much.

But a legacy like 1984's magnificent 'Medicine Show' was bound to make the few that heard and fell in love with it hungry for more of the same. With the dawning of The Dream Syndicate Mark IV, all hopes for a return to that former glory were dashed.

When Karl Precoda stomped off into the sunset leaving Paul B Cutler holding lead guitar 'twas inevitable that such surgery would leave minor scars. He's got the mania for sure, but it sounds too well rehearsed, too chunky a wedge of sound for anything to jump out and say Boo! behind you. Cutler is also responsible for the production here, and the 'keep it in the family' logic behind this move is probably the album's undoing as he has failed to distance his guitar work from his production duties.

But if you've never heard this band before then take heart, because there is much to be appreciated, notably 'Forest For The Trees' and 'Boston', a great riff which gets left in the microwave a tad too long. Hell, the ideas are there, the guitars ring out loud 'n' proud, but something's missing from Steve Wynn's once mighty rock 'n' roll vision.

Since 'Medicine Show' I've been glutted with such treats as Sonic Youth, Big Stick, Swans, Butthole Surfers, Scratch Acid and Big Black. Exotic, head-swimming fare is what I crave now, and 'Out Of The Grey' just doesn't cut the mustard.

EDWIN POUNCEY

SANDY SURE

THE TRIFFIDS 'Born Sandy Devotional' (White Hot L3852)*****

UNLIKE ALL the mouldering rock filth, the perished Bunny-men particularly, The Triffids are not hacking off their arms and legs to fit into a diminishing space. You will not believe how much overshooting is going on within all this, how its thumbnail sketches of urban/suburban inspiration gurgle with mischief and some sordid states.

What went right with them all of a sudden? With a loud huzzah, they whimpered into this country, 'Raining Pleasure' and 'Treeless Plain' more spare baggage than anything. Then, towards the end of last year, the hidden bards found their claws and David McComb set those faint, swooning dynamics in treacle and one agony of a change was sprung.

From first gash to last cerebral flash, 'Born Sandy Devotional' haunts with spellbinding temper. In the daunting, fuming storm of the single 'Wide Open Road' or 'Stolen Property', they butter the brim of the saddest, most aching refrain. On the opening 'The Seabirds' or 'Tarrilup Bridge', they crackle and climb walls with soft spasms, slaves to sensation. 'Tender Is The Night (The Long Fidelity)' and 'Estuary Bed' opt for a cinematic splendour and a pale white hue sufficient to sting the imagination.

All the other rock is howling around, picking the sand out of its eyes, and The Triffids, on this hurricane form, make it look like a swarm of legless lizards. They've evidently taken their time, but unleash their true masterpiece when their nearest rivals clog their own arteries with pomp and frigid pretentiousness. Leaving a note on the fridge, The Triffids cap their climax with a lyrical wail and a mercurial lacing of melody.

Tapping out their oaths in rich words and cured kisses of harmony, they stampede back with the best, most brilliantly brusque LP of the year so far. They make the human verb rain thunder and it's almost a miracle.

JONH WILDE



THE TRIFFIDS: no 'mouldering rock filth' here!

of two people – that's ripe with a savage, nightmarish repetition and vehement gloom serving to suffocate the swarthy, barbarian beats and sequencers so similar to DAF.

When not ostentatiously dark, Clair Obscura manage to scratch the industrial heart of Joy Division, but because their emotional maze throws up more bleak dead ends than it does exits, they end up sounding like those early Cure songs hung around Robert Smith's macabre fixation with death.

Clair Obscura's seduction offers little fun when their lovers are wobbling skeletons scantily dressed in poor ideas, whose only gifts are ribbon-wrapped rants of unrelenting intensity.

RON ROM

ANIMATION 'Strange Behaviour' (Mercury MERH 88)*3/4**

EASY MEAT thinks I, upon taking the rap for the much sought after task of summarising the Animation album... yep, the mob with the radio-play biggie that is

the *Jeux Sans Frontières* theme tune, even though they may try to disguise the fact by re-naming it 'I Engineer'. (Gianaro Oliveira and Guido Pancaldi, where are you in our hour of need?)

And yes, a producer has got to grips with the raw material and sanitised it. In the dairy of pop, success is spelled UHT, and so we do have the dank disco thud of those heat-treated drums. And yes, how about some Eddie Van H guitar wail, 'Beat It' style? And hello, Miss Pat Benatar 1986, Astrid Planel

But of course, it's too good to be true – literally. Animation are one of the six groups remaining on the planet striving to attain chart kudos through the medium of their own songs. OK, so the lyrics are as inspired as the ingredients table on the back of a Sugar Puffs pack but then Jim Morrison got away with it for years. The title track is the best effort, but there are a few other tunes which are frustratingly hard to find fault with other than on principle.

ANDY HURT

THE UNFORGIVEN 'The Unforgiven' (Elektra 60461-I US Import)*****

IF THERE is such a thing as a certainty in terms of rock megastardom, then The Unforgiven are surely destined for dizzier heights than it's healthy to imagine. Six half-breed drifters who left their Stepmothers aprons to become a band of guitar-toting bounty hunters. Let's face it, nobody else was about to protect their territory.

The Unforgiven have taken the spirit of the old West and dressed it in direct metal mastering to create the most cleansing anthemic rush since ol' Bruce hollered "born in the USA".

Part of me is searching the corridors of my soul in order to tangibly determine exactly what it is about this amalgam of damn near every cliché in the book. Why does the punter deep inside of me give the finger to any attempt at rigorous critical analysis? One blast of that Cheyenne eightsome reel that goes by the name of 'The Gauntlet'

and the enigma disappears.

If the four guitars, bass and drums don't sucker you, then the gang vocals will bring the hammer down for sure. Bet your Big Country and Alarm records on it. There's no disputing an element of both of those here, but the heritage is what makes this sound so much more heartfelt.

Over the coming months, as these ditties worm their way into your consciousness, one must remember that all good stories are based on lies – but the end result is just too infectious to fail. How does the thought of Sergio Leone producing The Sweet grab ya? It's too late for me, I've heard the call and I've got to answer it.

LINDSAY HUTTON

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Metal Killers Collection Volume 2' (The Collector Series CCSLP 134)***

IF YOU'RE a regular headbanger who likes nothing better than sitting in a patchouli oil scented, smoke-filled den, strumming your imaginary guitar and shaking your long-haired bonce over a big bosomed gal, this is the record for you.

It's real rock, virile rock, sexist and unashamed. The message of the album seems to be "we've got big willies and we're not afraid to use them".

Wailing and screeching they set off, but there's surprises on the way. I cannot imagine why Hanoi Rocks, the pretty, deodorised men of the glam rock world, are mixed up with this gang of hard cases. Looking at the cover, however, which features pics of the 'mean' groups, they fit in quite well. Reckless and Rogue Male try their best to look tough.

Husky, rasping voices and repetitious sustained guitars abound throughout an album full of tired lyrics, rescued only by Black Sabbath's classic 'Sabbath Bloody Sabbath' and fast, furious punk-like thrashers Warfare with 'Burn The Kings Road'. The rest is monotonous, hilarious rock, the right way to impress metallic girlfriends.

KEZ OWEN

THE ELECTRIC MORNING 'The Electric Morning' (True Flame/Probe Plus TFool)*1/2**

CONSIDERING THE obsequious, slavering praise that outfits like Zodiac Mindwarp and Doctor And The Medics have been attracting of late, it seems a little cruel that The Electric Morning, regular support slot to both of these, remain unknown. Simply enough, they're better musicians by a mile and a foot.

Their debut LP (a bargain at £2.99), though failing to capture the crazed, electric magnificence of their best live shows, is nonetheless an intoxicating proposition; vodka and lime when it should have been neat Scotch.

Points of reference like The Furs, 'White Album' Beatles, MC5 crop up here and there, but The Electric Morning are nothing if not groovy, sensuous composers themselves. Their two best

songs, which are marvellous, are re-mixed here. Again, 'Kalahari Rain' can't be beaten in its live overcoat, but the exotic, lazily-paced 'Electric' is glorious. This could be an epic soundtrack or, at the very least, set loose as a 12 minute 12-inch single that can be played over and over again on vacation voyages.

Like I said, a bargain. Go grab it.

KEV SAMPSON

SUNS OF ARQA 'Arqaology Wadada 1979 - 1986' (Rock Steady IG2L)*3/4**

THESE GUYS have been around for some time (yes, the title was a bit of a giveaway). Suns Of Arqa are well documented and a reasonably popular concoction too, but they've never really managed to break into commercially successful circuits, having to make do with being racked in specialists' chronological and highly pristine record collections.

Their numerous albums and singles – which have turned up everywhere from Stiff to Virgin and even on the legendary Sprout Head Uprising label – are now selectively reduced into one collection. It's an against-the-wall hybrid of styles and ideas which begins with heads-down dub, introduces Spanish guitars to reggae, goes ska, plays Dylan, goes folk, goes oriental, goes country. These are musos, true, but they make noises worth noticing.

Suns Of Arqa are for fun... I almost smiled.

DAVE HENDERSON

GREAT WHITE 'Shot In The Dark' (Greenworld GWD90540) *

WHEN SPINAL Tap becomes reality and Great White parade a set of substandard Plant-isms, they deserve to feel the scratch of gravel against forehead as they tumble flat on their faces.

A century ago, *Sounds* rang to the tune of their hum-along opus 'Down On Your Knees'; it was a song of melody and chart potential, AOR for the masses, totally banal. But 'Shot In The Dark' has none of these dubious qualities, drowning in its own melodramatic tedium.

The guitarist is only just average and the only laugh comes when you flip the sleeve to see that the singer's name is Jack Russell. Well, doggone...

DAVE HENDERSON

DREAM STOPPING?



THE DREAM SYNDICATE: it's time they woke up

A MAZE IN GRACE

DAVID BOWIE 'Labyrinth' (EMI America AML3104) ****
MAZE SONNETS. When he tries, he's taking the Michelangelo. When he makes the slightest bit of effort, the wit and invention and style and very real funk are jetting off his every teasingly throwaway syllable and pout.

Over half of this soundtrack to the forthcoming Homer For Boys movie is overtly lackadaisical meandering, melancholy in rivulets. Otherwise the tricks flash and cut and initiate and impress, even now, transposable pangs twice shifting. The Liverpool of pop stars slithers accidentally into his favourite creative party and finds himself shimmying like a welcome Lucifer.

'Underground' is the (no doubt carefully chosen) name of the theme song, bookending this album, and though the single is dismissable, the full version that climaxes here somehow (and why not?) makes sense. Culminating in a clinical switch from Edwin Hawkins to Rufus Thomas, the wisest and sexiest careerist of our times keeps his languidly active head just a shiver above the waters of Lethe.

Laughing (all the way) gnome to the bank, there's a trio of 'Wild Is The Wind' re-writes, wept in to break the osmosis, a dignified dabbling with classical guitar, and some *Close Encounters* – fashion folly. But the supernatural, the miraculous, the *Bowieness*: these show their reeling chameleon faces in blinding flirtatious rutting pirouettes.

"I shake my pretty little head and tap my pretty little feet" sniggers 'Chilly Down', as Lewis Furey recites Pepsi adverts in the seventh room of gloom. (If McLaren could get this close to Lenny Bruce doing James Brown he'd implode.) And 'Magic Dance' is a cauldron of synthetic sinfulness poisoned with pulchritude and perfect self-parody. The power of the babe jumps the magic jump. Oh, it might not screech but it's outrageously immaculate.

Red sails and the hell with the sunset. Sam Sheppard stares.

CHRIS ROBERTS

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FLESHY

THE MEAT PUPPETS
'Out My Way' (SST Records 049 US Import)****

THE OTHER week in a Sunday newspaper, while reviewing 'EVOL', a patronising pop sociologist implied that he was baffled as to how Sonic Youth had made the transition from nowhere New Yorkers to the current 'cult' status they have in Britain today.

To casual record buyers it may seem as though there is

another sudden surge of American bands in the form of Swans, Hüsker Dü and The Meat Puppets among others, but these groups have been perfecting their craft outside of the media glare for quite a while. This has been no bad thing because it has allowed them to develop at their own pace and in the process has created some formidable music.

The mutation of what was

MEAT to the beat. once termed the hardcore scene — in which most of these bands had their baptism by blood and spit — into the kaleidoscopic variations of noise we hear today is arguably one of the most remarkable things that has happened to modern music in recent years. Hüsker Dü and the Butthole Surfers, for example, may have started out as thrash bands, but today they are poles apart in approach.

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This redirection of the blistered energy for hardcore into a quest of innovation also applies to a lesser extent to Arizona's Meat Puppets, who've taken the hackneyed motifs of country and rock and bent them into warped shapes, to a point where they are often compared to a neo-Grateful Dead.

'Out My Way's weave of babbling, arguing guitars, baked and cracked mud harmonies and tumbleweed key changes, makes the Dead comparison somewhat lame. The Puppets manage to crucially compress ideas that the ancient San Franciscans would've wasted with 20 minute indulgences.

Though this outing is less arid and spare than the fragmented desert imagery of their third album, 'Up On The Sun', the mystery of The Meat Puppets remains intact. There is a music of mirages populated by lyrical ghosts and, because of the singers' distorted diction, one is left guessing as to what many of the songs are about.

The one exception to this is the band's strip-down of 'Good Golly Miss Molly' which swings the poor lady around the dancefloor by the hair. Being a naturally urban creator, I find going to the country a drag: in the company of The Meat Puppets, though, it can be fun under the sun.

JACK BARRON

CAMBERWELL NOW

'The Ghost Trade' (Ink

Records INK 19)***3/4

THESE CHAPS have been

around once already.

Remember This Heat's

magnificent debut half a

decade ago? You should, it

was... different.

Camberwell Now rose from

the scattered plectrums and

splintered drum sticks of that

near legendary combo. Their

debut album was a bit of a

grate and 'The Ghost Trade'

has moments when that

scraping, folk vocal line rests

uneasily on the temples.

As This Heat were

innovators and a primal

influence for the likes of 23

Skidoo and Last Few Days,

the Camberwells seem to

have filched a few pages from

their manuscript. There are

driving rhythms, artisque

elements, and that classical

sideways glance.

In the '60s, people used to

say an album was no good

unless you had to listen to it a

few times before you 'got into

it'. This album is good, so

don't plan anything for the

weekend.

DAVE HENDERSON

EXORCIST 'Nightmare

Theatre' (Roadrunner RR

9700)*

LIKE WOUND up insanely by

speedboozed people

laughingat them the zombies

great melting Rednecks from maybe Tuscaloosa on a devil spree get on their filthy great Harleys and rev through the trees through the gardens through people's washing lines not giving a damn except if desperate because Satan drives them crash into the church each one hitting his head sharply on the stone gargyle but laughing demonically with no cry of pain insane remember still trailing streaming washing lines and pulling unwilling shrilly screaming what sound like Muppets lacy knickers flying on a pillion ride to hell through 'Consuming Flames Of Redemption' and 'Execution Of The Witches' finally to 'The Banishment' all at the speed it takes an eyeball to splatter and dry and a man with a stomach for a voice and no brain to make a really bad rip-off alternative soundtrack he thinks to *The Return Of The Living Dead* that no one will buy.

Sleeve's good.

GLYN BROWN

VARIOUS ARTISTS

'Dave Clark's Time -

The Album' (EMI AMPM

1)*

IS IT really that bad? Well, yes

it is. I feel reluctant to lay into

it, though, as it would be

rather like kicking a cripple.

Time is the first OAP epic

since *Big Match* signature

tune writer Jeff Wayne

concocted the arthritic 'War Of

The Worlds' (in-house actor

Richard Burton). This *Time*

around it's the turn of another

Jeff (Daniels) to take the

blame for the muzak, with

songwriters Dave Clark ('Bits

And Pieces') and Mike Moran

('Rock Bottom') helping Jeff

plumb the depths.

The message here is Love

Your Fellow Man, glossy

booklets, old singers you

thought died ten years ago,

Julian Lennon (hi kids!), black

and white in per-fect-har-mo-

nee, soppy characters,

formula rock musical themes

('Born To Rock And Roll'), and

song titles lifted directly from

Clark's Thesaurus, category

'hippy': 'Harmony', 'One

Human Family' and (wait for

it) 'Beauty, Truth, Love,

Freedom, Peace'. Small

wonder Freddie 'One Hope

One Dream One True Religion

One Cod And Chips Give Me

A Cause And I'll Sing It'

Mercury jumped at this

golden opportunity to make a

complete berk of himself.

Come on, Mel Brooks is

really behind this, isn't he?

ANDY HURT

NU SHOOZ 'Poolside'

(Atlantic WX60)***

IT THUMPS. It beats hard. It

bruises your legs. It keeps

saying "I can't wait!", "Come

on!" and "Take me!". It

strokes with claws. They are

soft. It pulls. Strong. It jumps.

It peels and pours. Flesh. It

has a long tongue and tight

skin. It is an animal. It sweats.

It smells. It rocks. Nearly.

BILLY MANN

GEORGE CLINTON 'R&B Skeletons In The Closet'

(Capitol ST 12481 US Import)*****

ALRIGHT MUTHA-funkas! It's high time George was let loose again, because you need to wiggle your mind as much as your hips, and in very few artists do the twain meet as critically, comically, sensually or sardonically as in the Captain and his deep space(d) soul cadets. That burn is genius firing up.

Over the years, star-spangled George has created his own rogue planet where the music is baaaad, sad, glad music, and the stimulants and uninhibited sex flow intravenously. But — and this is important — although the Captain seems so far out into orbit that NASA couldn't reach him, there is a sublime method to his madness.

Having built his alternative funkiverse, with its own characters, jive and morals, George uses it to satirise aspects of the world we live in. And it allows him to get away with murder because people laugh and dance so much they don't realise until too late that the joke might be on them.

'R&B Skeletons In The Closet' isn't subtitled 'A Epic Crossover Venture!' for nothing, the title track being a punning, stunning attack on both the black artists who deny their racial and musical roots to achieve commercial success and those whites who control the medium. The lines as usual are drawn on the cover, literally, courtesy of the great gonzo graphics of Pedro Bell.

From the junk food fun(k) of 'Do Fries Go With That Shake!?', through the restless native rampage of 'Electric Pygmies', to the coke-fiend parable of 'Cool Joe', this record spins at 33 fine ideas per minute. The real pearl in the oyster, though, is the 'Mix Master Suite'.

I've had this album for six weeks — shamefully Capitol haven't scheduled it for release here yet — and I'm still discovering new delights in the latter song, which throws rap, scratching, electro, classical strings, vaudeville tunes and 'Surrey With A Fringe On Top' (I think!) into the blender.

Maximum funk-force in motion from a master blaster. (Track this cracker down at Groove Records, 52 Greek Street, London W1).

JACK BARRON

MUTHA~FUNKKA

BRONWEN

WESTACOTT 'Seeing

Red' (MEK)***

REMEMBER MELANIE? Mary

Hopkin? Perhaps a few of you

Beaujolais-loving hipsters can

stretch to Marianne Faithful?

Well, imagine the best of

those three warblers

mysticised by the eerie

paganism of Clannad and

you'll have a loose enough

idea about this fine bolshie

LP.

It's the sort of soul-stirring

stuff Asterix The Gaul and his

crew would've belted out

during those massive victory

feasts he threw after repelling

the Imperialist Forces of

Rome.

Imperialist forces, in their

many guises, are Bronwen's

major inspiration in her

unifying (but cutting) folk

songs. Folk was the original

music of the people and this

is the ideal format for titles

such as 'Mandela', 'Maggots',

'Women Of The World' and

'Ode To A Scab'.

It isn't a numbing

onslaught of fire and vitriol;

indeed, with different lyrics

the *Bedsit Gazette* would be

trotting out their Virginia

Astley Standard Review,

using words such as *pastoral*,

idyllic and *rustic*.

Nothing idyllic about

Conservative Britain,

however, as 'Seeing Red'

mentions in passing. Send

your fivers to: 70 Cedar Road,

Nottingham, NG7 6NS.

KEV SAMPSON

MELISA MORGAN 'Do

Me Baby' (Capitol

ST12434)*1/2

DOOMY BABY wore black

and bite-size angels would

perch on her shoulders,

mewing to be stroked.

Forevermore, hip negresses

would spell her name

wrongly when struggling for

album titles. Here is one such

opus, billowing from the pomegranate lips of the damson damsel Melisa Morgan, former seventh reserve for such obelisks as Chaka Khan, Melba Moore and Whitney 'Everest' Houston.

She can sing a bit.

Its only highlights are,

however, a contribution from

Freddie Jackson and a

composition from Prince. Aren't there a lot of names in this review? Let's go back and chop them all out. Should go down well. To say that this record is a seething globule of torrid humpy humpy humpy passionate stuff, would, as you may by now have gleaned, be a heinous falsehood.

CHRIS ROBERTS

LUNG RIDERS

BREATHLESS 'The Glass Bead Game'

(Tenor Vossa Breath LP4)****

LAST YEAR'S 'Two Days From Eden' EP was

partially exceptional and merited more than

the ghost press murmers it prompted.

Containing the resplendent 'Pride' (itself to

be translated by This Mortal Coil), Breathless

exhibited more craft than graft, etching out

some strands of ravishing, scenic pop. Delicate

and understated, they let themselves be

bagged by a stuffy media somewhere between

Eno and the Cocteau Twins, but they

were secretly exploding with rare colours in

their own mad world.

Named after the oracular Hesse novel,

their debut LP contains all the fertile noise,

brooding marvellously, that their earlier crisp

cracks promised, maybe missing the succinct

flow of that epic 'Pride'. They need to stamp

some punctuation into their colourwashing

for sure, often prey to inflated, overweighted

moods. That said, 'The Glass Bead Game', in

its half-lit splendour, could prove to be one of

the unexpected triumphs of this year.

Breathless have the ability to grow blurred

and excite, but they do step into some testy

areas. The hazy furor of 'Count On Angels',

for example, is a shrill thunder but some of

my more, er, learned friends can't decide

whether it's indebted to 'Breath' or 'Time'

Floyd.

Breathless just grip their rosary and get on

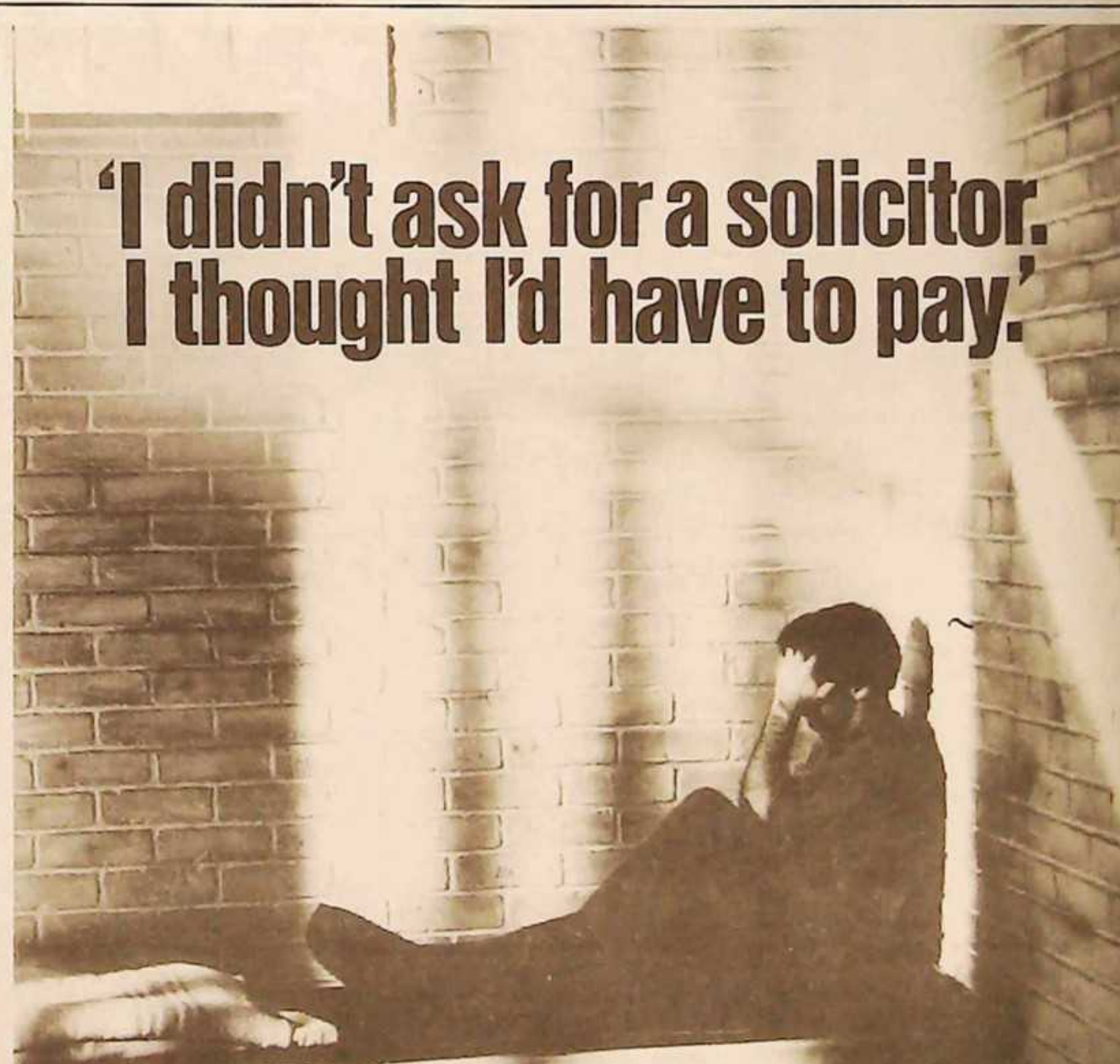
with it. I might just stick in here for a while

and let the devils babble on. Resounding with

perverse promise, breathe all over them for

now.

JONH WILDE



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LOVES



PRIMAL SCREAM'S Gillespie: a timid chap

Jayne Houghton

FIRST FLAW

PRIMAL SCREAM/CLOSE LOBSTERS Hammersmith Clarendon

THESE SIMMERING Lobsters amputate the polish from the steamy body of pop, dislocating the scratch and the spite from the latest troop of shambling bores. At last, that green, gauche Undertones hum is ransacked and turned round anew; there's more than stuttering and slobbering at work here.

With singer Burnett proving an unnaturally excitable mainman, this blistering force shimmies and then stabs like sunburn in scalding bathwater. Anxiously intent, they appeal to the groin (first), the fluttering heart (second) and the groin (third). With paranormal audacity, they're walking a tightrope... but hell, that's where most of their charm ferments, cheeky bastards.

Where most of this desperate new pop comes breezing through like a clattering gabble of subterranean slipshod ersatz-punk, these five cardsharps apply the tonsil polish and torment the last breaths out of the celebrated jangle. With exorbitant vision, they should smash the rest to wood pulp.

Close Lobsters, part of Paisley's own buck-toothed bravado, run barefoot past the

shambling shipwrecks, no extra charge for the velvet smiles and the crush on the singer's thighs. They'll make your lips go *smack*, torment your spine; they're going to be hugely important to you.

After them, the Primals came on far too decently, too chaste to aid the chaotic possibilities. Their astutely coy la-la-la's cast a roving eye towards Shangri-La saccharin but their marzipan manners got buried in the trad Clarendon sound mire. They're going to have to fluster themselves to be the real sound of the summer, all this hooing and cooing getting no further than the backs of our necks. It could have had the decency to raise a tremor, but this might have been The Searchers doing 'Farmer John' backwards.

Next to the racy Lobsters or the angelically askew Blue Aeroplanes, they seeped through the cracks, or sat on the shelf. Gillespie should know better; you have to interfere with our daydreams to *count*, to *matter*. There's a timid voice in there somewhere that wants corrupting.

Primal Scream will be magnificent, eventually.

JOHN WILDE

THE JACK RUBIES Kentish Town Timebox

IF SOMETHING frantic was lurking just around the corner, would you be able to sense it? That feeling that, at the next step, the paving slabs will open and catch you in a trap door death, falling, falling to the crocodile teeth below. The ever present shadow of immortality lying over your shoulder. Turn around to catch it and... whoompf, it's gone. Could you understand that

feeling? More still, could you write a song that made someone else feel like that? Could you be a Jack Ruby?

Nothing at first glance seems unusual, but familiar structures are made up of many odd parts. A chord, a note, a silence. Something strikes through when it could have lounged around in the cesspit sewers of pop/rock. Instead it haunts, no *hunts* the life of a mere mortal. A welter of percussion and

strings that should have snapped three songs ago are the fires that glow torch red in a night sky – the hunter gets captured by the flame.

Jack be nimble, Jack be quick, burn your rubies, burn them quick. It's that four in the morning paranoia that lurks inside these songs, the casting out of demons from a B production thriller. Not from hell but from a life of mundanity. I got exorcised.

RICKY KILDARE

HEART/HONEYMOON SUITE

Los Angeles

THEIR SINGLE release, 'Bad Attitude', has proven commercial enough to dominate the American airwaves and maintain a healthy location on the *Billboard* chart, but a spicy supporting showcase is all the evidence needed to suggest that Honeymoon Suite ain't gonna surrender their irresistible mean streak. There's a passionate marriage of melody and malice... and I'm throwing confetti.

There's something incredibly conservative about a Heart show, however, and nothing – other than the re-occurring notion that singer Ann Wilson needs to diet about as badly as Divine does – is particularly memorable.

But Heart are US video stars, and on the strength of expert MTV visuals and an undeniably exquisite self-titled album (from which hit single after hit single has been plucked), they sell out stadiums and captivate the American adolescent with remarkable ease.

It's difficult to argue with consumer satisfaction, but the fact remains that Heart are a weak disappointment in concert.

MARY ANNE HOBBS

THE WALKING SEEDS/ THE RIGHT STUFF

Bradford 1 in 12 Club

THE RIGHT Stuff *a la* Wolfe they may be named but the 'right stuff' *a la* Chuck Yeager they have not. And no band aside of a slice of early Motown or a line of long since smoked-out Pistols is ever likely to.

Pretty, well dressed and clean cut; not smug enough to turn your stomachs but seemingly far more at home in the pages of *Elle* and *The Face* than playing their not so sunny Bunnymen songs in this militant anarchists' non-working cats club. If they used and abused the talent of their influences rather than just imitating them, The Right Stuff would probably produce some good stuff.

The Walking Seeds are sewn up by an attitude that bleeds self-destruction and despises success. Formerly Liverpool's Mel-O-Tones, they packed in when acclaim was too easily attained and now find themselves drawing out sit down, Hendrix-ridden rot shots, occasionally burning but on the whole still yearning. If we're talking speed, their revs per minute spin at 33.

A noisy, piss-stinken bag of hate, minus the pomposity and gloom of the last five years' gothic monsters. Sulking weeds, they mutter like bastards and crumble out their best song 'Mark Chapman', a loathsome ditty in praise of the pig who gunned down Lennon and proof that not everyone who bums the line of the Mersey loves and lives in the shadow of the city's supposed favourite son.

The Seeds' songs are lonely, private and independent and, until they brighten up, should remain that way.

JAMES BROWN

OWEN PAUL Marquee

NOT EVEN football chic. With legs like upturned guitars, this boy called Oh? When, Paul? canter onstage waving to his relations, fans, trainer and record company wallys. Jaundice seeps through the speakers, the '80s pop ambience prevails.

Apparently this git once played in the same team as Charlie Nicholas. For the first time in my life I decide the whole Arsenal team are not idiots because at least they haven't used the same excuse to make waste-of-time big hit records. Rowan runs his muscular fingers through his tousled hair and sneaks out a cheeky grin. The little girls scream into each others' wide eyes. I imagine I'm Cassandra for a bit. Then I hum Rod Stewart songs and wager several thousand pounds on the probability that, when Owen gets offstage, he will change into a pair of blue dungarees.

The absurdity of the situation does not escape me.
CHRIS ROBERTS

LAIBACH

Manchester Boardwalk Saturday Club

LAIBACH'S FIRST British date outside of London.

Performing in Manchester's neatest nightclub – coming on after a 40 minute wash of German choral music that the audience mistake for an intro tape – they follow a woodchopper who logs it up to a drum machine. The reviewer has flu and the promoter is grinning like Jesus.

What more could he ask for? A merchandising stall that sells ties, the walls adorned in power-packed Yugoslav/Laibach propaganda posters, while six foot high centre stage stands a full-sized set of reindeer antlers. The audience has been weaned on Primal Scream, The Wedding Present and Bodines, they are bewildered and intrigued, the promoter smiles and rightly so. Touché, Saturday Club.

A toothbrush moustache and a scalp that's a spitter for a steelie, Laibach's vocalist doesn't sing so much as *crunch* his groans out of his skull. His face folds, his body crumples, and Laibach's amplified march begins. Their music is apparently of

secondary importance to their existence and their art although, having said that, the howls start somewhere close to Sonic Youth's bedtime and resurface midway through the collected saturation bombings of Dresden and Guernica. Bugles, deer films, three drummers, uniforms, rock and roll eat your plectrum out, let the boy look at Johnny and frown.

As art it's boring, as music it's slow, but as a full-frontal rapid ear and eye assault Laibach are impressive. If Sir Alf Ramsey thinks the South Americans are animals, I'd love to hear what he thinks of Laibach.

JAMES BROWN

THRASHING DOVES Marquee

ALL I can see is the singer's faithful grin and a veritable blockade of enlivened check-out girls: there's no treasure here.

By the laws of diminishing returns, we end up with something as lumbering, grinning and chartbound as Thrashing Doves, the identikit fluff-pop for the age. Since I saw them one year ago, washed away with an ice-cream soda at dingy Dingwalls, they've been courted by desperate majors and then finally hitched, their every last boost directed towards this lurching, fake excitement.

They were more static here than I could ever have imagined.

Numb behind a sea of keyboard ornamentation, they waddle charmlessly through the painting-by-numbers millpond of *serious* pop. Those chaste grins like shrivelled apologies; no taste, and no taste for spectacle, I'm almost tempted to say they could be ravishingly mellow but they're not even *that* good. They grin when they sing the word 'pain' which might mean something; their songs reek of that forged trauma so popular with dismal youth these days, like a sterile Commotions.

'Matchstick Flotilla', their grim debut, shakes its slender hips somewhere in the middle of this sloth and smudge, but it's the least of their problems. The opening sling ('*Jesus is on my payroll*!') apart, Thrashing Doves have been bludgeoned

SCARLET FEVER

RED GUITARS/DO RE MI/PHRANC

Kentish Town Town And Country Club

THERE'S A feminine touch to tonight's proceedings. A welcome aroma wafting from the stage. Tentatively, you hold your nose as Do Re Mi begin, and then slowly you inhale deeper and deeper, savouring the scent.

From ruby lips tumble soulful, sinewy lyrics with Annie Lennox tones. The bassist resembles Suzi Quatro with higher heeled funky riffs, but the real energy comes from their co-operative drumming, a pounding that needs to penetrate. Do Re Mi are on amber in the traffic light stakes, hovering between go and stop. Slow down, just in case they switch.

Talking of switches, here's a fathomless androgynous creature going by the name of Phranc. Is it a he, is it a she? Uncertainty rests on insufficient evidence and the statement: '*I'm Phranc, your basic all-American Jewish lesbian folk singer, but don't believe everything you read.*' There's no belief involved, just a sneaking suspicion that something's amiss with this lonesome geetar twanging individual, but no matter – it's humorous, contagious and commands fun-filled respect.

It ain't what you do, it's the way that you do it – Phranc didn't do it for long enough.

Neither did the Red Guitars.

They began lethargically with waterfall music that teetered on the edge of insipidness, only the elfin activities of the charismatic female bassist warranting attention. Then another switch occurred. The shady crooning of the Beatle barnet vocalist gathered a crescendo with 'Good Technology', 'Storyville', and by the latest single 'America And Me' the light was definitely red – a warning that something lurked around the corner.

Nebulous guitar shadows with scarlet linings, a figure huddled in commodious obscurity but nevertheless a peril. Look before you leap before you listen.

KEZ OWEN

THE HOUSEMARTINS/ROBYN HITCHCOCK**Kentish Town Town And Country Club**

YOU CAN always tell when a band are doing big business at the old Town And Country Club – you can't find a parking place for love, money or a boot-full of Sonic Youth albums. Somebody, somewhere is big, big, big. I wonder who it could be?

Because I find it hard to believe that The Housies, as we shall all come to know the fourth best band from Hull, could have sold out this place were it not for the excellent and only loosely warped rock impressionism of Robyn Hitchcock and his Egyptians.

Up high in the gods, Hitchcock's dynamic arrangements of his often quite perverse observations on life's rich tapestry merged seamlessly with the wafts of something probably illegal from the next table. Everybody got high, his name is definitely not Reg, and I want to be an anglepoise lamp. There, and I didn't mention Syd Barrett once.

The Housemartins began with a particularly sterling version of 'Sheep', only they sang a completely different set of lyrics. Their second number proved to be an instrumental version of 'Sheep', and then they decided to play 'Sheep' again, only this time with yet another set of words.

At this point my companion had cause to remind me that the current Housies' single, 'Happy Hour', sounds like the fruit of an incestuous relationship between the seven and the 12 inch versions of, yes, 'Sheep'.

Status Quo were once pilloried for this sort of thing! For all their easy good humour and steadfast, worthy wholesomeness, The Housemartins have only three songs: 'Sheep', a slow one and a gospel barber's shop quartet set piece which is no match for the pithy, pointed humour of Hitchcock's 'Uncorrected Personality Traits'. At home in bed, I counted Housemartins songs.

ROGER HOLLAND

FLOCK BOTTOM



THE HOUSEMARTINS: their baa is worse than their bite

Steve Double

by big money and, judging by the state of this, they've spent too many evenings nodding along to the lip service of their fat A&R friends. There's no wonder here, no great fiction taking place, none of the psychological plays needed to make a decent pop snowstorm. Between the cracks, I can see them counting the dollars and this kind of rubbish always makes it. That's the frightening part.

JOHN WILDE

GAYE BYKERS ON ACID**Kentish Town Timebox**

METHINKS I detect a nasty smell in the air... funny, isn't it, how nasty smells are always so much more interesting than the sweet smell of success, so all-pervading of late. Gaye Bykers On Acid are a positive miasma.

These creatures are a manifestation of John Selwyn Gumbly's worst nightmare, the musical youth of the Peace Convoy swathed in Glastonbury-chic raiments and splattered with paint. The singer goes by the name of Mary and yet the four are to a man, well, *men*... youngish specimens thereof, but almost certainly of the male ilk.

They quite possibly take drugs, but when I engaged them in a slurring match afterwards they were too drunk for me to tell. After a spluttering wah-wah liquid-light sound of a start, they vroom into hypersonic Stoocephonics, Mary doing his very best Mr Pop with his right-hand guitar man a deadringer for the original axe-wielder of '1969'.

The crowd won't be as sparse as this next time. This lot know how to do the word of the year and, yea verily, that word is ROCK.

ANDY HURT

THE WOLFHOUSES/ STUMP**Finsbury Park Sir George Robey**

A STUMP'S something that's been left behind or maybe it's just holding up the bails. Either way, it's a wicketly inappropriate name for the chance collision of these four jigsaw pieces. They're nobody's bridesmaids, and it would take more than Michael Holding to knock them off their determinedly convoluted path.

Doling out peat-bogs full of bonhomie, they fall into the jerking musical fresh fields of 'Kitchen Table'. Chris

Salmon's guitar loops along the boundary while Kevin Hopper's bass turns over a hundred lines without ever making up its mind to follow any one in particular. Rob's continually rollin' drums complete this brilliantly bathetic display of innovation – musicianship as it should be. Meanwhile, Mick dances in all directions at the same time while delivering his stream of Carlsberg wordplay. "The cat's licking me and giving me his tapeworms." Oh yes, amputees for every occasion.

Compared to Stump's peculiar distillation, The

Wolfhounds are a familiar brew but that's not to say a flat one. Combining the fervour of the youth club hop with a healthy dose of savoir faire, these Wolves look set to do more than survive.

Paul Clark's left-handed Christmas catalogue guitar buzzes along, while Dave Callahan opens his lyric book and then his heart. He looks like a younger, better adjusted but even more anti-fashionable Mark E Smith. Still, he's got a few good tunes to help him get over this and he certainly doesn't suffer from Smith's misanthropism. They look

extremely happy in what they're doing and, with songs like the one about the anti-Midas touch, who can blame them?

Carry on like this and they'll give lycanthropy a good name.

ROY WILKINSON

THE FOUNTAINHEAD Marquee

YOU GET your review tickets and you get your tape and everyone tells you they went down well at Self Aid and you listen to the tape and you think that's extremely unremarkable and you go down to the Marquee and half the audience are looking

to see what effects pedals they're using. The other half are on the guest list and the band come on and they look perfectly pleasant and you wouldn't wish them any harm.

And they start to play, and they can play really well – but that doesn't mean much and it's not very exciting. The lyrics are big and abstract and totally removed from any human frailty, and most of them are love songs but they really don't articulate anything lovely.

And there's two guitars with lots of big chords and wang bar and the lead guitarist is, you know, really good and you could imagine him playing on a David Bowie album. And it's fair to say they don't sound like U2 but the catch is they sound like Simple Minds instead.

They finish and you go home and you see they've supported Nik Kershaw and you think, fair do's.

ROY WILKINSON

GOATS DON'T SHAVE Birmingham

BIRMINGHAM HAS more than its fair share of bands like Goats Don't Shave. Bands who seem to carry on forever, regardless of every criticism levelled at them, unmoved by charges of shambling amateurishness and untouched by the carplings of people who take their music too seriously. They are part of the longstanding tradition of bands who have their natural environment in the back rooms of backstreet pubs. Place them on any other stage and the effect wouldn't be anywhere near so entertaining.

Musically, they opt for the safety of standard chords knocked out on a sweaty production line which is fuelled by lots of alcohol. For the type of band they are and the type of audiences they play to, they are perfect. If they think they'll ever get any further than that, however, they are dreaming unfulfillable dreams.

GEOFFREY S KENT

SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS/ZODIAC MINDWARP AND THE LOVE REACTION/SAY YES**Kentish Town Town And Country Club**

ROCK AND roll rules OK, and tonight's the night, if you play your cards right, to come on down for a triple dose of rock dexterity.

Say Yes are a powerful,

American sounding quintet whose throbbing core emanates from their drums and whose energy is wasted on a slowly expanding crowd waiting to succumb to Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction.

Out of the misty mayhem shoot the loaded pouches of the Zodiacs. Horny monsters from Planet Porno who not only have neat bottoms, but can also play the meanest, wildest, goddam best music I've ever had the misfortune to come across. Boys stand enviously by as girls throw knickers with phone numbers on them to Mr Warped Mind and then crawl up his leg, straining to reach the bag of marbles that dangles so tantalisingly out of reach.

"When you're digging me, I'm digging you." Us girls are digging deep.

After this, everything else can only be a comedown, can't it? Screaming Blue Messiahs are imageless, almost drab, with a sinister, ranting frontman. The music, though, is furiously savage – violent guitars and incessant drumming, all of which seems to ooze out effortlessly: beauty from the beasts. The climax is mental, these lunatics are too brilliant to be put away, jerking, stuttering, merciless maniacs. The talent is born handsome and the deranged rock on.

KEZ OWEN

NYAH FEARTIES Marseilles Theatre du Moulin

FRESH FROM their Mars Bar coach tour of Britain, busking brothers Nyah Fearties have landed an eight-date trip round France as support slot to The Pogues.

Raw, meaty and manic, the Fearties are two guitars, strident vocals and a percussion section which stretches to anything they can lay their hands on. Tonight, with a shopping trolley scavenged from the local supermarket, they sound like Test Dept being eaten alive by Ivor Cutler.

Their wild genius certainly proved too much for the plush-seated complacency of the Theatre du Moulin. Sixty seconds into their searing spaghetti western set and a clueless promoter is counting the cost in broken chairs. Nyah Fearties (that's Scotspeak for fearless) are powerful, refreshing and devastatingly unique. The most sanely insane band you're ever likely to hear.

GRANUAILE



GENE LOVES JEZEBEL: 'hippy jam tarts'

Greg Freeman

JEZEBELLYACHE

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL Camden Electric Ballroom

FOUR MORE hippy jam tarts collapse onto the Electric Ballroom's bed. Looking like overdressed medieval jesters who have come to amuse with sullen theatrics, Gene Loves Jezebel proceed to show us their new party tricks.

These clipped-winged, nocturnal owls a-hoot and a-holler with a lazy, flamboyant, sluttish grace and land themselves in a piss-stained gutter of doom, love and candid seduction. Wearing a multi-coloured jacket of wimpy, limp-wristed pop rock, Gene Loves Jezebel leave you feeling bemused, uninterested and giggly.

Someone who knows informs me that GLJ are sounding more like Cockney Rebel or The Cockney Rejects everyday. I didn't quite hear the last word, and after one of the longest hours I have had in a long time I still couldn't decide whether it was Rebel or Rejects.

Anyway, Jezebel was always a flirting hussy

with bad looks, ready and willing to lie back and enjoy a portion of glam cock-rock. Gene, on the other hand, preferred a good read to a crafty grope behind the bike sheds with chart success. Gene was always a miserable bastard; maybe that's why people thought he was a ferociously morbid goth. I blame all those Welsh Valleys, look what they've done to Jonh Wilde.

From Gene Loves Jezebel's drains comes a smeared brown noise replete with lots of belligerent drumming, spiralling pedal guitars and such festivities. Not so much "gabby gabba hey!" as "gobble gobble slurp!" This is why they belch such seamy songs of considerable awfulness, songs which smile whorishly to attract the flies sniffing around the charts.

Gene Loves Jezebel are wimps playing an unassured game in the arena of men's rock. Common and easily forgotten, they're no exception to the rule, just another enforcement of it.

RON ROM

ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 Camden High Street
THURS. 10TH JULY.
**RED LORRY
YELLOW LORRY**
GHOST DANCE
the Batfish Boys / Salvation
Tickets £4 Drs 7.30pm

Under St Pauls Church
Deptford. SE8

THE GRAY

Psychedelic Nites
EVERY FRIDAY
Friday 20th June
THE CANNIBALS
+ THE X-MEN
+ SURFADOLICS
Friday 27th June
DORIAN GRAY
+ PURPLE WORM
* Punk Every Monday *

**MORE ADS
ON
PAGE 32**

BRITXON ACADEMY
211, Stockwell Road, London SW9
TWELVE TRIBES OF ISRAEL Present
HAILE SELASSIE I BALL
FEATURING:
DENNIS BROWN
FREDDIE MCGREGOR
& KING SOUNDS & THE ISRAELITES
SPECIAL GUESTS
TONY, DRUMMIE ZEB & BRINSLEY
FROM THE **BUBBLING POSSE**
COMPERE **VICTOR ROMERO**
SATURDAY 21ST. JUNE

TICKETS AVAILABLE FROM ACADEMY BOX OFFICE - TEL 326 1032 PLUS KEITH PROWSE, ALBEMARLE, STARGREEN, PREMIER BOX OFFICE, THE CAGE, LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS, DUB VENDOR, GREENSLEEVES AND ALL LOCAL RECORD SHOPS. DOORS OPEN - 5.00pm SHOW BEGINS - 7.00pm

ADMISSION: £6.50 (in advance) £7.50 (at the gate)

HAZE

JUNE TOUR DATES

19th BRADFORD, Wheatsheaf
20th LUTON, 244 Club
21st KINGSTON, Dolphin
22nd NORTHAMPTON, Old Five Bells
23rd W. BROMWICH, Coach & Horses
24th NOTTINGHAM, Mardi Gras
(Special Guests at
Twice Bittens' final fling!)

25th SOUTHAMPTON, Joiners Arms
26th BRIGHTON, Richmond Hotel
27th WIMBLEDON, William Morris Club
28th TONYPANDY, Royal Naval Club
29th DAY OFF

TO WATCH WORLD CUP FINAL
30th SHEFFIELD, George IV

Many More To Follow
Ring 0742 343527 for details

THE 100 CLUB
100 OXFORD STREET, W.1.

Thursday 19th June
MAKIN' TIME
+ **THE KICK**

Tuesday 24th June
DOGS D'AMOUR
+ **TABLE TALK (ex-Fits)**

Thursday 26th June
THE PRISONERS
+ **MAGIC ROUNDAOUT**

Tuesday 1st July
FLAG OF
CONVENIENCE
+ **GUESTS**

Outlaw Present

Sandie Shaw

Town and Country Club
Monday 30th June 7.30

tickets £5 from box office 267 3334
Premier 240 0771,
Stargreen 437 5282
Keith Prowse 741 8989
LTB 439 3371
Rough Trade and The Cage



DINGWALLS

Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Road, London NW1. 267 4967

WE'RE BACK!!!!

Wed 19
3 MUSTAPHAS 3
 WORLDWIDE EVERY WEDNESDAY £2 (concs)
 Thur 19
 FAREWELL SHOW...
THE CHURCH
 + GUESTS £3.50

Fri 20
DESMOND DEKKER
 + NOMADIKS
 DESMOND IS BACK... £4

Sat 21
 FROM USA
LITTLE 'WILLIE' LITTLEFIELD
 + BIG TOWN PLAYBOYS
 BOOGIE WOOGIE JIVE ALL NIGHT - £4

Sun 22
 'THE SUNDAY SHOWCASE' (7pm-11.30pm)
 5 NEW BANDS ONLY £1.50

Mon 23
HOW WE LIVE
 (FORMERLY THE EUROPEANS)
 + GUESTS - Tickets £2.50

Tues 24
 VIDEOROME CLUB PRESENTS
THE BATFISH BOYS
 + CHARACTERS
 'SCRATCH VIDEO SHOW' BY FROZEN MOMENTS
 + DJ KRYS - £3

Wed 25
 WOMAD WORLDCELEB CLUB
HUGH MASEKELA
 AND HIS GROUP KALAHARI
 + SETS STARTING AT 9.30
 TICKETS £5 (£4 CONCESSIONS)

Thur 26
THE GODFATHERS
 + THE BOYS WONDER
 ONLY AT DINGWALLS - £3

Fri 27 - LET'S ACTIVE (From USA)
 COMING SOON...
 Thur 3 - MAKING TIME
 Fri 4 - MINT JULEPS
 Sat 5 - CHEVALIER BROS

OPEN 8pm-2am - Mon-Sat
MAIN BAND ON BY 10.30pm
Monday to Thursday

**BEKI
BONDAGE**
and
THE BOMBSHELLS
appearing at
CAMDEN PALACE
LONDON N.W.1
on
THURSDAY
JUNE 19th

SPECIAL PARTY NIGHT
TO
LAUNCH THE RAUNCH

ELEPHANT

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ACCOMPANIED CHILDREN FREE

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Urban Warriors
Rory McLeod
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The Mechanics
Buddy Curtis &
Grasshoppers
Ron Kavana
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Grand Theatre of Lemmings
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Desperate Men
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Vicious Boys
Three Line Whip
John Lee
Comedians They Couldn't Hang

Plus lots lots More!

Scissors icon

Name _____
Address _____
Please send me ☐ tickets @ £15.00
I enclose P.O./Cheque to the value of £ _____
Cheques made payable to: Elephant Arts Co-operative
Cheques not accepted after 5th July P.O. accepted until 20th July
I enclose Stamped Addressed Envelope
Obtainable from: Elephant Arts Co-operative
Port Eliot Estate,
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AS THERE ARE
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FOR LOCAL OUTLETS & ENQUIRIES
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LIVE AT MIDNIGHT THURSDAY 3RD JULY

DOORS OPEN 9PM 1A CAMDEN HIGH ST NW1 · MANAGEMENT RESERVE ADMISSION RIGHTS · OVER 18'S

ADMISSION £4.00

CAMDEN
PALACE

THE WELLINGTON
Shepherds Bush Green
Julian Music: (0923) 772733

Thursday 19th June JOKERS WILD + Borkum Riff	Wednesday 25th June THE UNION + In Sain
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+ **Alices Restaurant Roadshow**
 nearest tube
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Admission £2 on door
 Open 8pm-11pm

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

Fri 20th June – Adm £1.00
THE CRACKSHOTS
Sat 21st June – Adm £1.50
before 8.30 – £2 after
THE GROUNDHOGS
Sun 22nd June – Adm £1.00
PRIDE OF PASSION
+ **SUPPORT**
7-12 Fri-Sats + 7-11 30 Suns

**ZODIAC
MINDWARP
& THE LOVE REACTION
CRIMINAL
SEX**

+ SUPPORT
SATURDAY 21st JUNE '86
7.30-11.30

**BOWES LYON HOUSE
ST. GEORGES WAY
STEVENAGE. 353175.
ADMISSION: £2.50, BAR, STALL, D.J.
ELECT. PARKING
LAST TRAINS: SOUTH-11.28 NORTH-12.37**

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(WEEKEND TICKET
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WEEKEND OF 1-2-3 AUGUST 1986 CHERRY HINTON HALL GROUNDS
ALL DAY BUFFET AND BARS OFF-SITE CAR PARK TWO INDOOR STAGES FOR EVENING PERFORMANCES AND CLUB TENT

**KATE AND ANNA MCGARRIGLE LINDISFARNE BO DIDDLEY
DE DANANN HOME SERVICE NEIL INNES MARTIN CARTHY
FLACO JIMENEZ AND HIS SAN ANTONIO TEX MEX BAND REDGUM
THE MEN THEY COULDN'T HANG WHIPPERSNAPPER
THE BALHAM ALLIGATORS MUSSELWHITE PEABODY AND HALL
CAPERCAILLIE JIM PAGE MIKE WHELLANS EAVESDROPPER
ISSAC GUILLORY HANS THEESSINK GRANT BAYNHAM MIKE SILVER**

SUBJECT TO CONTRACTS AND WORK PERMITS

CHILDREN'S AFTERNOON ON SUNDAY MAIN STAGE TWO WITH PATCHWORK CIRCUS PLUS GUESTS

ADDITIONAL SHOW
DUE TO PUBLIC DEMAND

MCP Presents

SIMPLE MINDS

Plus Special Guests

LLOYD COLE AND THE
COMMOTIONS

BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE

THE WATERBOYS

DOCTOR & THE
MEDICS

MILTON KEYNES BOWL

SUN JUNE 22nd 3.00p.m.

GATES OPEN 12.00 NOON Tickets £12.50 advance (subject to booking fee)

Tickets are available from the following tickets agents:

AYLESBURY: Record House
BARNSTAPLE: Concert Travel Club
BIRMINGHAM: Cyclops Records
BIRMINGHAM: Odeon Theatre B/O
BLACKBURN: King Georges Hall B/O
BLECHLEY: B and A Records
BRIGHTON: The Centre B/O
BRISTOL: Virgin Records
CAMBRIDGE: Andys Records
CARDIFF: Hippo Records
CHESTER: Penny Lane Records
CLEETHORPES: Peter Sheffield
DERBY: Way Ahead
DUDLEY: C.S.S.
DUNSTABLE: F. L. Moore
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD: Old Town Records
HITCHIN: F. L. Moore
HUDDERSFIELD: Bankhouse
HULL: Gough & Davy
HULL: Selbys Travel

IPSWICH: Gaumont Theatre Box Office
LANCASTER: Ear Ere Records
LEEDS: Cavendish Travel
LEEDS: Austics
LEICESTER: Town Hall B/O
LEIGHTON BUZZARD: Buzzard Records
LINCOLN: The Box Office
LIVERPOOL: Penny Lane Records
LIVERPOOL: T.L.C.A.
LONDON: Keith Prowse Agency
LONDON: LTB
LONDON: Premier B/O
LONDON: Stargreen B/O
LONDON: Albemarle
LUTON: Record City
MANCHESTER: Piccadilly Records
MIDDLESBROUGH: Newhouse Music
MILTON KEYNES: Civic Offices B/O
MILTON KEYNES: Virgin Records
NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME: Mike Lloyd Music

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE: City Hall B/O
NEWPORT: Roxcene Records
NORTHAMPTON: Spin A Disc
NORTHAMPTON: United Counties
NORWICH: Theatre Royal B/O
NOTTINGHAM: Way Ahead
OXFORD: Apollo Theatre Box Office
OXFORD: Midlands Travel
PETERBOROUGH: The Werrina Stadium B/O
PORTSMOUTH: The Guild Hall B/O
POOLE: The Arts Centre B/O
PRESTON: Ribble Motor Services
READING: Listen Records
SEVENOAKS: Furlongs
STEVENAGE: F. L. Moore
SUNDERLAND: Virgin Records
SWANSEA: Derricks Records
WATFORD: E.G.E.
WOLVERHAMPTON: Goulds Records
All above subject to a 50p Booking Fee except London where Booking Fee is likely to be a lot higher.

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

Postal applications to:-
MCP Limited PO Box 123, Aldridge, Walsall WS9 8XY
Tickets: £12.50 Booking Fee 30p per ticket.
Postal orders only payable to MCP Limited,
please enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

CREDIT CARD HOTLINE 01-741 8989

COCK ROBIN
LIVE ON STAGE AT MIDNIGHT FROM THE USA!
PLUS LOVE PARADE
THURS 26TH JUNE
BOOKS OPEN 9PM ADMISSION £4 THE CAMDEN PALACE 1A CAMDEN HIGH ST. NW1
OVER 18s ONLY MANAGEMENT RESERVE THE RIGHT TO REFUSE ADMISSION



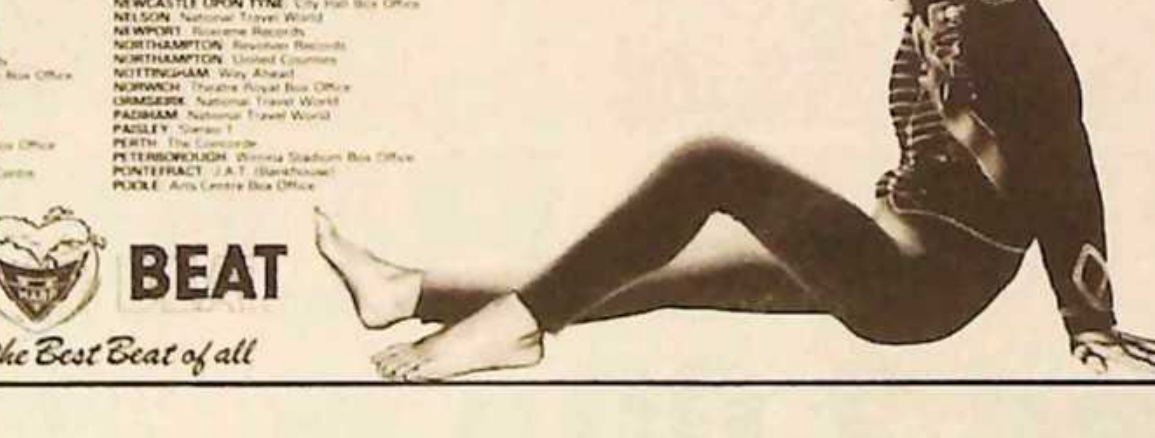
M.A.G. LONDON June 27 to 29
At Kempton Park Racecourse near Sunbury on Thames, Middlesex.
DUMPY'S
RUSTY NUTS
Plenty of good bands
Disco by Del Stevens
beer, food, good camping and toilet facilities
This is the big one for 1986
Every penny spent will help fund the fight for the survival of biking.
Sorry No Fires
On gate: £5, all

SCREAMING MARIONETTES
THE BUDAKWAI TOUR
LONDON GIG DATES
TUES JUNE 17
Dingwalls, Camden Lock, Chalk Farm Rd. (supporting the Prisoners)
WED JUNE 18
O' Mankind Club, Kewna, 1A Ambard Rd, Hackney
WED 25 JUNE
Greenwood, Fusham Palace Rd. (With Legacy of Lies)
WED JULY 4
Speakers, Prince Arthur Pub, Broad Lane, N5 Tottenham
WED JULY 16
Clarendon on Broadway, Hammermith Broadway, W6 (With Legacy of Lies)
WED AUGUST 13
The Ritz, Hickman Rd, Chiswell Heath, Romford, Essex
RSVP: Jean, Alchemy, Basement, Kensington Market, Tel: 839 3105.

MORE ADS ON PAGES 30 & 31

HARP BEAT 86 Presents
WELCOME TO THE GARDEN PARTY
MARILLION
GARY MOORE
MAGNUM
MAMA'S BOYS
Plus Special Guests
ETHER TUL
MILTON KEYNES BOWL SAT 28th JUNE 3.00p.m.
Tickets £12.00 advance subject to booking fee £13.00 on day
GATES OPEN 12.00 FREE CAR PARKING Shuttle Bus Service from Milton Keynes Central Station Trains to Euston / Birmingham
CREDIT CARD HOTLINE 01-741 8989 (subject to booking fee)



THE REIZ
27 NORTH ST. ROMFORD
JUNE 23 THE EVER TREE
FEATURING: EX-MEMBERS OF THE JAZZ
25th ARCHIMINAS
26th BULL OF THE BEAST
PHONE 01-5776181
MIRACLE ENTERPRISES

OUT WEST presents
PENDRAGON
CHEL TENHAM TOWN HALL on
Wednesday June 25
7.45pm
PLUS TOP SUPPORT
Tickets £3.50 in advance at Town Hall

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LIVE AID CHARITY BALL
for M.A.G.P.A.S.
JUNE 30th 1986
UNIVERSITY GRADUATE CENTRE, MILL LANE
8pm-1am BAR/FOOD
(Named London Band)
President Reagan is Clever
S.P.I.K.E. The Frigidals
This Beano Feet First
Dr. Soul Disco
ALL WELCOME
FOOD TICKETS £5.50 INCLUDED
available from
MUSIC VILLAGE (formerly Cambridge Rock Shop)
8 BURLING STREET, CAMBRIDGE Tel: 0223 65093

WOMAD Festival 1986
KENN MOOR, CLEVEDON, NEAR BRISTOL
JULY 18th • 19th • 20th
► **FRIDAY.** GIL SCOTT-HERON, USA • MISTY IN ROOTS, England • SONNY OKOSUNS, Nigeria • CHAKK, England • THE GAMBIA NATIONAL TROUPE, • DAN DEL SANTO AND THE PROFESSORS OF PLEASURE, USA • LIU VAN KHIEM, Vietnam • 23 SKIDOO, England • KRISHNAMURTI SRIDHAR, India • EUROPA KIADO, Hungary • 3 MUSTAPHAS 3, From the Balkans to your hearts • MARA, Australia • BLURT, England • KALINA, England • THE COOKIE CREW • PAUL JAMES AND NIGEL EATON FROM BLOWZABELLA • THE HIGH 5 • THE SHENNANS • THE POET MILTON • GEMELAN WORKSHOP TENT
► **SATURDAY.** SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES, England • THE GUO BROTHERS, China • IVOR CUTLER, Scotland • THE HOUSEMARTINS, England • CALICHE, Chile • SELDA, Turkey • ANNETTE PEACOCK, USA • JAMES, England • YOUSOUF N'DOUR ET LES SUPER ETOILES DE DAKAR, Senegal • THE SHOP ASSISTANTS, Scotland • THE GAMBIA NATIONAL TROUPE, The Gambia • TRADITIONAL MUSICIANS FROM RAJASTHAN, India • NATIONAL DANCE ENSEMBLE OF SRI LANKA • PLUS SPECIAL GUEST TO BE ANNOUNCED • THE BLUE AEROPLANES • SQUEEY • ADINKRA DANCE COMPANY • WORKSHOPS IN AFRICAN MUSIC AND DANCE
► **SUNDAY.** FLACO JIMENEZ AND THE SAN ANTONIO TEX-MEX BAND, USA • THE GOLDEN PALOMINOS: FEATURING ANTON FIER, BILL LASWELL, CARLA BLEY, JACK BRUCE, BERNIE WORRAL, USA • THE SKIFFLE BUNCH, Trinidad • SUPER DIAMOND DE DAKAR, Senegal • CARRIACOU BIG DRUM, Grenada • THE JAZZ WARRIORS FEATURING COURTNEY PINE, England • KINTONE, South Africa • PETITE SAVANNE, Dominica • THE BHUNDU BOYS, Zimbabwe • THE DAINTEES, England • SUPER COMBO, Sierra Leone • MUSIC OF THE GARIFUNA PEOPLES, Belize • THE PAINTED WORD, Scotland • VERMONTON PLAGE, France • WARA WATA, Bolivia • THE RHYTHM SISTERS • MAKASSARS • MUMBO JUMBO • WORKSHOPS IN CARIBBEAN RHYTHM AND GRANDE FINALE FESTIVAL PROCESSION.
TICKETS: WEEKEND - £17 • FRIDAY ONLY - £6 • SATURDAY ONLY - £6 • SUNDAY ONLY - £6 Children under twelve accompanied by parent - free
TICKETS AVAILABLE BY POST FROM: WOMAD FESTIVALS LTD., P.O. BOX 192 (A), Bristol BS99 7TE Cheques/Postal Orders payable to: WOMAD FESTIVALS LTD
Orders must be accompanied by S.A.E.
Presented with the assistance of Virgin Air, Indian and Sri Lanka airlines subject to arrangements with the Commonwealth Air Force, Edinburgh 1986

Harvey Goldsmith proudly presents
'A NIGHT OF SUMMER MAGIC'
QUEEN
plus special guest stars
Status Quo and **BIG COUNTRY**
KNEBWORTH PARK
STEVENAGE HERTS
SATURDAY 9th AUGUST
Gates open 12 noon - Show finishes 10.30pm
Strictly no camping. Nearest BR station Stevenage. Ample car parking space available.
CREDIT CARD HOTLINE 01.748 1414
subject to booking fee
Tickets £14.50 (+ booking fee) in advance, £16.00 on the day
from London - Keith Prowse Shops, Albermarle - 01.580 3141, Stargreen - 01.734 8932,
Premier Box Office - 01.240 0771, Wembley Arena Box Office - 01.902 1234,
London Theatre Bookings - 01.439 3371, Ticket Master - 01.379 6433.
OXFORD APOLLO - 0665 244544
BRIGHTON CENTRE - 0273 302881
BIRMINGHAM ODEON - 021.643 6101
CYCLOPS SOUNDS B'HAM - 021.643 2196
IPSWICH CAUMONT - 0473 53641
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NORWICH THEATRE ROYAL - 0603 628205
NOTTINGHAM CENTRE - 0602 472328
MANCHESTER PICCADILLY RECORDS - 061 236 2555
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MANCHESTER APOLLO - 061 273 3775
DONCASTER CAUMONT - 0102 62523
EDINBURGH PLAYHOUSE - 031 557 2590
PRESTON CULDELL - 0772 58858
HULL HMV - 0482 326160
NEWCASTLE CITY HALL - 091 261 2606
BRISTOL VIRGIN - 0272 290499
DURHAM VIRGIN - 0185 65850
GLASGOW VIRGIN - 041 321 0103
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YORK VIRGIN - 0904 642544
KEITH PROWSE OUTLETS - 01.741 8989
CARDIFF HMV SHOP - 0222 27147
GLOUCESTER HMV SHOP - 0452 32231
LUTON HMV SHOP - 0592 35290
PORTSMOUTH VIRGIN - 0705 832198
New Queen Album 'A KIND OF MAGIC!' out NOW

THE HALF MOON
93 Lower Richmond Road
Putney SW15. Tel: 01-788 2387
Wednesday 18th June
Thursday 19th June
CHEVALIER BROTHERS
Friday 20th June
"GLASTONBURY HEADLINER"
PIECE BY PIECE (JM)
RING FOR DETAILS
Saturday 21st June
MARIA MULDAUR
+ **HER BAND (USA)**
(MIDNIGHT AT THE OASIS)
Sunday 22nd June
BOOGIE BROTHERS
BLUES BAND
Monday 23rd June
CLIVE GREGSON +
CHRISTINE COLLISTER
Tuesday 24th June
MEANTIME
Wednesday 25th June
BOB KERR'S
WHOOPEE BAND

The Royal Standard
1 Blackhorse Lane, Walthamstow,
London E17. Tel: 527 1966
Weds 18th June £2 £1.50 concs
STEVE WALLER'S OVERLOAD
Thurs 19th June £2 £1.50 concs
BLVTH POWER + GENEVIEVE
Fri 20th June £2.50 £2 concs
HELLS BELLES - IN THE BALANCE
Sat 21st June £3 £2.50 concs
ELECTRIC BLUEBIRDS
+ **MARK MIWURDZ - CATFISH**
Sun 22nd June £2.50 £2 concs
JOAN COLLINS' FAN CLUB
+ **MARIA CALLOUS - IVOR DEMBINA**
Mon 24th June Free
1986 M.I.S. BAND COMPETITION
Tues 25th June £2 £1.50 concs
NEVADA FOXX + VIOLET WHITE
Weds 26th June £2 £1.50 concs
JUICE ON THE LOOSE
Open 8 till 12 - No entry after 11
Opp. Blackhorse Road Tube Station.
Buses: 58, 123, 158, 230
World Cup Games shown on large screen video

THE SIR GEORGE ROBEY
240 SEVEN SISTERS ROAD,
LONDON, N4 2HX
(opp Finsbury Park tube)
01-263 4581
Wed 18th June
LITTLE WILLIE
LITTLEFIELD
+ **THE BIG TOWN PLAYBOYS**
Thurs 19th June
FRANK CHICKENS
support: **THE PANIC BROTHERS**
Fri 20th June
BOOGIE BROTHERS
BLUES BAND
Sat 21st June
BILL HURLEY/BILLY
BREMNER BAND
Sun 22nd June
MANIC DEPRESSIVE'S
SPECIAL DISCO NIGHT
Tues 24th June
NIGHT DOCTOR
Wed 25th June
OVERNITE ANGEL
featuring **Martin Tuft**, ex Iron Maiden
and **Joe Kerr**, ex Thomas Dolby
Thurs 26th June
BLUBBERY
HELLBELLIES
Late bar every night till 12.30am (Ex Sun 10.30).
No Admission after 11.00pm.
Equipment repairs phone Frank at The Robey.

NIGHTSHIFTS

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.

Yep it's that festival time of year and on offer at Glastonbury are such delights as Psychedelic Furs, The Waterboys, The Cure, Lloyd Cole, Simply Red and Madness amongst others. If that's not appealing maybe the prospect of Simple Minds at Milton Keynes will tempt you outdoors.

For those who prefer their entertainment undercover, The Housemartins, Blue Aeroplanes, Gene Loves Jezebel and new boys Pop Will Eat Itself will be treading the boards around the country.

WEDNESDAY 18

BRABOURNE Five Bells **The Sleazybeats**
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **Pride Of Passion**
BRIGHTON Old Vic (24744) **The Hunters Club**
BRISTOL Granary (28272) **Outside Edge**
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) **Guana Batz**
BURNHAM BEECHES Hawthorne Lane Henry's Nightclub (3277) **Xcess**
BURTON ON TRENT Central Park FM
CARDIFF Philharmonic **Goats Don't Shave**
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) **The OT Band**
DUNSTABLE High Street Wheatstheaf (62571) **Smokestack**
HARROW College Road Roxborough **Mr Benn/The Bluebeats** (Harrow Print Support Group benefit)
HASTINGS Crypt Club (444675) **Sarean Quarter**
LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) **Scream/White Flag/Mottet**
LEEDS Merion Street Coconut Grove (455718) **Richard Isles And Jez Hall Quintet**
LEEDS York Road Irish Centre (453931) **Wilko Johnson**
LONDON Acton High Street Bumbles (01-992 3308) **The Party Girls**
LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-924 3216) **The Rain**
LONDON Bolsover Street Polytechnic Of Central London (01-636 6271) **The Tallyman/Greed**
LONDON Brixton Frigate (01-326 5100) **Stan Tracey Quartet/Eye To Eye**
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Electric Bluebirds**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **3 Mustaphas 3**
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) **Split Screens**
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **Harare Dread/Public Property**
LONDON Coventry Street Cafe De Paris (01-437 2036) **Anne Pigalle**
LONDON Deptford Douglas Way Albany Empire (01-691 3333) **Stitched Back Foot Airman/The Blue Aeroplanes**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Little Willie Littlefield/Big Town Playboys**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **Inc**
LONDON Hackney Amhurst Road Club Mankind Kerouacs (01-986 3378) **Big Bang/Spiral Train/Screaming Marionettes**
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) **Juice On The Loose**
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **Tons Tons Macoutes/The Enquiry**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Radio Activity/Sievom/Only Connect**
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **Don Weller Quartet/Dill Katz And John Etheridge**
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) **The Wedding Present/The Chesterfields/Mighty Mighty**
LONDON Lee Green Old Tigers Head **Vicious Rumours**
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **Clockwork Orange/Real Macabre**
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) **West 1**
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) **Steve Waller's Overload**
MANCHESTER Cross Street Cloud Nine (061-832 3354) **Tools You Can Trust/Thorns In The Flesh Of Troy/Eskimos And Egypt**
MANCHESTER University (061-273 5111) **Jools Holland/Mari Wilson/Kenny Ball And His Jazzmen/Phranc/The Vicious Boys/Skint Video/Craig Charles/The Lawnmower**
NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (091-261 4386) **Blues Burglars**
ROMFORD Rezz Club (25566) **The Vulture Squadron**
SCARBOROUGH Salisbury Hotel **Tin Soldier**
SUNDERLAND Chester Road Royalty **Mat Doherty**
TELFORD Baron's Club **Rouen**

THURSDAY 19

BARROW The Bluebird **Perfect Circle**
BIRMINGHAM Aston Triangle Arts Centre **Rouen**
BOLSOVER Sportsdome **Thunderchilde**
BRACKNELL Southill Park Arts Centre (27272) **The Surfadelics**
BRADFORD Wheatstheaf (724163) **Haze**
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **Touché**
BRIGHTON Richmond (603974) **Outside Edge**
BRIGHTON Zap Club **The Bomb Party/The Public Heirs/Light Of Angel**
BRISTOL Kings Arms **The Glee Club**
CAMBRIDGE Boat Race **Switch**
CARDIFF Ocean Club **Gene Loves Jezebel**
CARLISLE Stars And Stripes (46361) **Wilko Johnson**
COLCHESTER Woods Leisure Centre **Firewater**
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) **Strangers**
DONCASTER Woolpack Hotel **Crow People/Charmed Life/Boolean Matrix And Patience** (Rescued Animal Sanctuary Fund benefit)
GATESHEAD Burnopfield The Sun **After Midnight**
GLOUCESTER Barge Semington Arts Centre (413304) **Major Detail**
HARLOW The Square (25594) **Cutting Edge/Eadon**
HASTINGS The Crypt (444675) **The Hunters Club**
HIGH WYCOMBE London Road Nags Head (21758) **Holier Than Thou/King Zog And The CIA**
HULL Adelphi Club (48216) **Masque Of Passion/Red London**
KINGSTON Fife Road Dolphin **Fungus**
LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) **Blush**
LEICESTER Abbey Street Fan Club (29831) **The Dave Howard Singers/Laughter In Heaven/Red Shark**
LIVERPOOL Flagship **Hammerfist**
LIVERPOOL Mardi Gras Pictures **From Italy**
LIVERPOOL St Johns Precinct **Milo's Hydra**
LONDON Acton High Street Bumbles (01-992 3308) **The Fieldworkers**
LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-924 3216) **Killer B's**
LONDON Bolsover Street Polytechnic Of Central London (01-636 6271) **TV Slaves**
LONDON Camberwell Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) **Rib Dot Delay**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **The Church**

LONDON Chalk Farm Road Carnarvon Castle (01-485 7858) **The Inflatables**
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **Kiss That/Top Edge**
LONDON Dalston Junction Kingsland Road Crown And Castle **One Style/Premjah**
LONDON Dean Street Gossips **The Aces Of Rhythm**
LONDON Finchley Road Ye Olde Swiss Cottage (01-221 5714) **Howling Wilf And The Vee-Jays/The Deltones**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **The Frank Chickens**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **Wild World Foundation/Blind Mice/DTA Mission**
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) **Escape From Burma**
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) **Radical Shieks/Legendary Blue Sharks**
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **The Railway Children/The Dream/The Bad Tune/Party Girls/Eyes Upwards**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Little Willie Littlefield/Big Town Playboys**
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **Blue Note Revisited/Guildhall Jazz Singers**
LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (01-387 0428) **Beki Bondage And The Bombshells**
LONDON New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-692 1530) **The Barflies**
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **The Wedding Present**
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **Makin' Time/The Kick**
LONDON Penton Street Salmon And Compasses (01-837 3891) **The Emotioneers**
LONDON Shepherds Bush Wellington **Jokers Wild**
LONDON Tottenham Broad Lane Prince Arthur (01-801 5984) **Inca Babies**
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) **Blyth Power/Genevieve**
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **The Rain**
LONDON West Hampstead Railway (01-624 7611) **Jamestown Ferry Country Band/John Page**
LONDON West India Dock Road Bucanneer (01-515 2048) **The Reactors**
MAIDSTONE Ecstasy Club **Them Howling Horrors**
MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) **Restless/The Toy Town Trio**
MANCHESTER Charlestown Youth Centre **New Emotion**
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) **Here's Johnny/Ignition/Wake Up Africa**
NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (091-261 4386) **The Housemartins/3 Action**
NOTTINGHAM Old Castle Inn (413311) **Da Nang**
PLUCKLEY The Ghost **Gizmo**
PLYMOUTH Woods **The Mousetrap Conspiracy**
ROCHDALE Tiffs **Wrathchild**
ROMFORD Rezz (25566) **The Love Junkies**
SELBY Ousegate Gaffers **The Changelings**
SOUTHEND Reids **The Shakers**
SUTTON IN ASHFIELD The Oval **Just Blue**
WAKEFIELD Bretton Hall **How Blue Wonders**
WAKEFIELD Henry Boons (378216) **The Stiffs**
WORKSOP The Ship **SAM 7**

FRIDAY 20

BEACHWOOD GREEN Village Hall **Firewater**
BICESTER Ex Servicemen's Club **The Grip**
BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) **Mighty Mighty/Charlotte/The Sea Urchins**
BRACKNELL South Hill Park Arts Centre (27272) **Important Notice**
BRADFORD Manningham Lane Royal Standard (272898) **The Instigators/The Antics**
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **Living Daylights**
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club **The Shakers**
BRIGHTON Richmond (603974) **Outside Edge/Torture Garden**
BRIGHTON Zap Club **Phranc**
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) **The Co-Stars**
CARDIFF Bogeys (26168) **False Witness**
COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) **Ugly/The Frame**
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) **The Monday Band**
DERBY Greyhound **Just Blue**
DURHAM University (64466) **The Housemartins/3 Action**
EASTLEIGH Fleming Park Big Top **The Change/Love Affair/Foundations/Dozy Beaky Mick And Tich/The Glitter Band**
EBBW VALE Beaufort Ballroom **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
GLASTONBURY Pilton Worthy Farm **Psychedelic Furs/Ruby Turner/The Pogues/The Waterboys/Amazulu/That Petrol Emotion/Howard Hughes And The Western Approaches/Rodney Allen/Fission Brothers/The Forest Hillbillies/The Supernaturals/The June Brides/Three Mustaphas Three/The Go-Betweens/Ariwa Posse (CND Benefit)**
GLOSSOP St Lukes School (4499) **Nothin' Doin'**
GRAVESEND Red Lion (66127) **Pendragon**
HARLOW The Square (25594) **The Grounded Nurses/The Choice**
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) **Killer B's**
HIGH WYCOMBE West Wycombe Road White Horse (27672) **Xcess**
LANCASTER University (65201) **Wilko Johnson**
LEEDS Haddon Hall (751115) **Ninety Second Dance**
LEEDS If Club **The Inca Babies/Chickenshit**
LEEDS Polytechnic Devonshire Hall (430171) **Zoot And The Roots**
LONDON Acton High Street Bumbles (01-992 3308) **The Billstickers Band**
LONDON Brixton Academy (01-326 1022) **Madness/Working Week/The Potato Five/Tippa Irie And Pato Banton** (Artists Against Apartheid - ANC Benefit)
LONDON Brixton Frigate (01-326 5100) **Hollywood And Beyond**
LONDON Brixton Railton Road 121 Club **The Mudguards/Nigel Burch**
LONDON Brixton Road Old White Horse (01-274 5537) **The Popticians/Otiz Canneloni/Steve Edgar**
LONDON Camberwell Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) **Steve Waller**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Desmond Dekker/Nomadiks**
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) **And So To Bed/Nyah Fearties**
LONDON Covent Garden Piazza (Info-01-733 2240) **Harvey And The Wallbangers**
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **Blues 'N' Trouble**
LONDON Cricklewood Broadway Cricklewood Hotel **Some Like It Hot**
LONDON Deptford High Street Crypt **The Cannibals/The Surfadelics**
LONDON Finchley Road Ye Olde Swiss Cottage (01-221 5714) **The Holloway All Stars/DJ's Take 5**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **The Boogie Brothers Blues Band**
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) **Little Willie Littlefield/Big Town Playboys**
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) **Say Yes/Rickburners**
LONDON Grosport Road Ringwood Castle **The Inflatables**
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) **Poor Boys**
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **The Shrew Kings/The Bugs**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Maria Muldaur And Her Band**
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **Amazonia**
LONDON Islington Duke Of Wellington (01-249 3729) **Dino/Gavin Hatemail**
LONDON Limes Grove Lewisham Labour Club (01-852 3921) **Strangers**
LONDON New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-692 1530) **Terry Smith's Blues Band**
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **Meantime**
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **Cayenne**
LONDON Palmers Green The Fox (01-886 9674) **Tony McPhee's Groundhogs**
LONDON Penton Street Salmon And Compasses (01-837 3891) **The Firelys**
LONDON Southlands College **Harvey And The Wallbangers/The Stiffs**
LONDON Tottenham Broad Lane Prince Arthur (01-801 5984) **The Boys Wonder**
LONDON University Of London International Hall **Rent Party**
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) **Beki Bondage And The Bombshells/In The Balance**
LONDON Wandsworth Road Pub Continental (01-622 4824) **The Reactors**
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **The Rain**
LONDON West Hampstead Railway (01-624 7611) **John Page**
LUTON 244 Club **Haze**
MAIDSTONE Week Street Mr Jones' Pie Shop **Clive Gregson And Christine Collister**
MANCHESTER Briercroft Youth Centre **New Emotion**

MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) **Simon Topping And Apitos**
MANCHESTER Peter Street Gallery (061-832 3597) **Ten Day Trial**
MELBOURN Rock Club (61010) **KGB**
NEWBRIDGE High Street Memorial Hall **Headmaster/Choir Boys**
NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (091-261 4386) **Salem Foundation**
NORTH WEMBLEY East Lane The Flag **Angie Bowie/Jayne County/O-Wow**
NORWICH Gala Club **The Magnolia Siege**
NORWICH The Tuns **The Herman Herd**
NORWOOD Nettiefield Hall **The Deltones**
ORMSKIRK Community Centre SPG/Fresh **Daffodils/D'Avincis**
READING University (860222) **Typically Max**
SHEFFIELD Carousel Bar **Lady**
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) **The Bodines/The Attic**
STOKE BR Club **Engine**
STAFFORD Earl Street Stafford College Of FE (44644) **Howard Hughes And The Western Approaches/Makin' Time**
TEWKESBURY Twyning Village Hall **Tootin Bek Rek!**
WEYMOUTH Verdis (779842) **Edged In Blue**
WICKHAM North Boarhunt The Boars Head (833132) **Ruthless Blues/Deaf Boy Hug/The Hearing Aids**
WOKINGHAM Angies Club (789912) **Outside Edge**
YORK University Derwent Barbeque Music Festival (412328) **Electric Canned Fruit**

SATURDAY 21

BATH Moles Club (333423) **Outside Edge**
BIRKENHEAD Stairways (051-647 6544) **Engine**
BRADFORD Manningham Lane Royal Standard (272898) **The Restrictors/Friends Of The Family/The Malchix**
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **Nashville Teens**
BRIGG Corn Exchange (57360) **Psycho Surgeons/Big Red Gun/The Expanding Wallets** (Anti-Drugs Benefit)
BRIGHTON Polytechnic Art College Basement (681286) **Faraway Tree/Live On Live Off**
BRIGHTON Zap Club **The Great Garden** (Lunch) **Tim Batt/Jeremy Hardy/Kit Hollerbach** (Eve)
BRISTOL Fleece And Firkin (277150) **The Co-Stars**
BRISTOL Landsdowne Hotel **Boogie Chillen**
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) **The Boys Wonder/Guana Batz**
CARDIFF Bogeys (26168) **Airheart**
CARDIFF Nero's (45987) **The Wedding Present**
COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) **Out Of Order**
CRAWLEY Pound Hill White Knight **Touché**
CROSSKEYS Institute (270301) **Laverne Brown Band**
CROYDON High Street Star **Jokers Wild**
CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) **Gerard McAvoy**
ENFIELD Market Square Kings Head **Har Har Hermann**
GLASTONBURY Pilton Worthy Farm **The Cure/Lloyd Cole And The Commotions/Black Uhuru And The Wailers/John Martyn/Latin Quarter/Loudon Wainwright III/Zinica/The Brilliant Corners/Andy White/The Frank Chickens/Phranc/The Nightingales/Ted Chippington/We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It/Half-Man Half-Biscuit/The Dream Syndicate/The Potato Five** (CND Benefit)
GLOUCESTER Barge Semington Arts Centre (413304) **Earl Okin**
HARLOW The Square (25594) **The Sullivans/The Sway**
HASTINGS Golden Spur **Firewater**
HORNSEA Granville Court Theatre **Bar Axminster**
HULL Adelphi Club (48216) **Vicious Circle/Boy Called Christian/Johnny Carbon Chain**
ILFORD Cranbrook Road **The Cranbrook The Inflatables**
ILKESTON Meridian Club **Just Blue**
KINGSTON Fife Road The Dolphin **Haze**
LEEDS The Pub With No Name **Primal Scream/Pop Will Eat Itself**
LEICESTER International Hotel (20471) **Wildman And The Acid Groove**
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) **Raw-Ho!**
LIVERPOOL Bridge Youth Centre **New Emotion**
LONDON Acton High Street Bumbles (01-992 3308) **Bad Karma Beckons**
LONDON Bolsover Street Polytechnic Of Central London (01-636 6271) **Menticide**
LONDON Brixton Academy (01-326 1022) **Dennis Brown/Freddie McGregor/King Sounds And The Israelites**
LONDON Camberwell Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) **London Apaches**
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **The Balham Alligators**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Little Willie Littlefield/Big Town Playboys**
LONDON Camden London Musicians Collective (01-261 0573) **Makeshift**
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) **The Toucans/The Hobgoblins**
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **Impossible Dreamers**
LONDON Deptford Douglas Way Albany Empire (01-691 3333) **The Barflies**
LONDON East Sheen The Bull **Dirt Moves/Southbound**
LONDON Finchley Road Ye Olde Swiss Cottage (01-221 5714) **Orchestre Jazira**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **The Bill Hurley And Billy Bremner Band**
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) **Stan Webb's Chicken Shack**
LONDON Fulham Swan **Strange Frontier**
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) **Leisure Industry/Mercy Dash**
LONDON Hackney Downs Hackney Show '86 **Jean Breeze/Dennis Bovell And The Dub Band/London All Stars Steel Band** (11am-11pm)
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) **Kit Packham And The Sudden Jump Band**
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **Guana Batz/Batmobile/Empty Fish/The Coffin Nails**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **The Boogie Brothers Blues Band**
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **Shikisha/Ashiko**
LONDON Islington Upper Street Royal Mail (01-226 0808) **Johnny Pinko**
LONDON Liverpool Road Pied Bull (01-226 8180) **Lost Weekend** (Lunch)
LONDON New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-533 0675) **The Ya Ya's**
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) **Eddie And The Hot Rods**
LONDON Penton Street Salmon And Compasses (01-837 3891) **Explained Emma**
LONDON Stockwell Road Old Queens Head (01-737 4904) **The Radio Satellites/Kudu**
LONDON Tottenham Broad Lane Prince Arthur (01-801 5984) **Dream**
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) **Electric Bluebirds/Catfish/Mark Miwardz**
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **FM/Arena**
LONDON West Hampstead Railway (01-624 7611) **John Page**
MAIDSTONE Week Street London Tavern **Nimbus**
MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) **Gil Scott Heron**
MANCHESTER Edgar Woods Centre **Richard Evans**
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) **Raymonde/Soil**
MANCHESTER Peter Street Gallery (061-832 3597) **The Stems**
MANSFIELD Arts Centre **Thunderchilde**
MILTON KEYNES Bowl **Simple Minds, The Cult, Bangles, The Waterboys, In Tua Nua**
NEWCASTLE Heaton Buffs **After Midnight**
NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (091-261 4386) **Chakk**
PLYMOUTH Millbrook FC **Toronto**
PONTYPRIDD The Clarence **Sheer Kaan**
RETTFORD Porterhouse (704981) **Dangerous Rhythm/The Tigers/M Style**
ROMFORD Rezz (25566) **Fevertree**
SHEFFIELD Carousel Open Air Festival **Lady**
SHEFFIELD Underground **Spared Art**
ST NEOTS Kings Head **Switch**
STOCKPORT Hollywood Plaza **Life On Earth**
STOKE North Staffs Polytechnic (412416) **Restless**
SUTTON IN ASHFIELD Golden Diamond **Beki Bondage And The Bombshells**
WEYMOUTH Verdis (779842) **Custers Last Blues Band**
WHITLEY BAY Esplanade Rock Club (525018) **Black Rose**
WISHAW Heathery Bar (72957) **Trident/Chasar**
WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) **The Prisoners**
YORK Spotted Cow **Pyjama Party**

CONTINUES OVER

NIGHTSHIFT

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

SUNDAY

22

AYR Darlington Hotel The Shop Assistants
 BIRMINGHAM The Railway (021-359 2283) Briar
 BISHOP STORTFORD Triad Cajun Club (55924) Flying Doctors
 BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-5716878) The Amazing Rhythm Burglars/
 Footloose (Lunch) Vienna (Eve)
 BRENTFORD Wateman's Arts Centre Delicious Poison
 BRIGHTON Richmond Hotel (603974) Pendragon
 BRIGHTON Zap Club Raoul (Lunch)
 BURTON ON TRENT Central Park Kissing The Pink
 COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) Paul Diano's Battlezone
 CONSETT Braes Hotel The Restrictors
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Roy Peters/Baby Laurel
 EASTCOTE Field End Road Clay Pigeon The Keytones/Niteshift Trio
 FOLKESTONE Pullman's (52524) Gizmo
 FALKIRK Burns Bar Glasgow
 GLASTONBURY Pitton Worthy Farm Level 42/Madness/The Robert Cray Band/
 Simply Red/Christy Moore/Gil Scott Heron/The Housemartins/Buddy Curless
 And The Grasshoppers/Phranc/Terry And Gerry/Loudon Wainwright III/
 Microdisney/Robyn Hitchcock/Sambatacada/Billy Bragg/The Mighty Lemon
 Drops/The Woodentops/Rent Party/Blood Fire Posse
 GLOUCESTER Barge Semington Arts Centre (413304) F For Fake
 LANCASTER Brix Club (63621) The Folk Devils
 LIVERPOOL Everyman Bistro The Bingo Brothers
 LLANRHANRHC (222209) SEX/Tyga Myra
 LONDON Camberwell Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) Steve Waller (Lunch And Eve)
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Strangers/Albania/Bernard
 Puckett/We Free Kings/Timothy London
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Ya Ya's
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Accent/Y Do I
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Iggy Quail And Friends
 (Lunch)
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Voodoo Child/Red White
 And You
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Vicious Rumours/
 Condemned '84/Renegade
 LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) The Mark
 Ambler Trio (Lunch)
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Shanty Dam (Lunch) The
 Redskins/Jerry Dammers/Mark Steel/Ian Saville/The Urban Warriors/Paul
 Foot/Ian Barnett
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Meantime
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) London Apaches (Lunch) Gerry McAvoys
 Band (Eve)
 LONDON Penton Street Salmon And Compasses (01-837 3891) Charm School
 LONDON Putney Hall Moon (01-788 2387) The Boogie Brothers Blues Band
 LONDON Putney High Street White Lion (01-785 3081) The Right Stuff
 LONDON Southbank Jubilee Gardens De Spiegelentent The Vulcans
 LONDON St Martins Lane Duke Of York Theatre (01-836 5122) Harvey And The
 Wallbangers
 LONDON Tufnell Park Boston Arms Savoy Ballroom Long Tall Shorty/The Moment
 LONDON West Hampstead Railway (01-624 7611) Jamestown Ferry Country
 Band (Lunch) Hampstead Hotshot Trad Jazz Band (Eve)
 LONDON Wood Green Brabant Road TU Centre The Deltones/Georgina Lock
 MAIDENHEAD Hand And Flowers (23800) Fair Exchange

MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) All Fall Down/The
 Danny Boys/The Latest
 MILTON KEYNES Bowl Simple Minds/Lloyd Cole And The Commotions/Big
 Audio Dynamite/The Waterboys/Doctor And The Medics
 NEWBRIDGE High Street Memorial Hall Surface
 NORTHAMPTON Old Five Bells Haze
 PETERBOROUGH Crown Switch (Lunch)
 PLYMOUTH Breakwater Toronto
 ROCHESTER White Hart (43315) The New
 RUISLIP Lido Flex-Able

MONDAY

23

ASHTON UNDER LYNE Old Street Gamecock (061-344 0321) These Grey Days
 BATH University (63228) The Chevalier Brothers/The Larks
 BIRMINGHAM Horsefair Dome (021-622 2233) Intrigue In Trangers/
 Progression/Atlantic Run/Red Lemon Electric Blues Band
 BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Ah Leu Cha
 BRISTOL University Manor Hall (735035) TV Slaves
 COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) Battle Of The Bands
 COVENTRY Market Way Busters (20934) Blitzkrieg Zone 2020
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Cartoon
 DEWSBURY Eightlands Well The Stiffs
 DUNSTABLE High Street Wheatheaf (62571) The Whacky Baccy Boogie Band
 HARLOW The Square (25594) Dino/Gavin Hatemail
 LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) Out Of The Blue/Parachute Men/Disciples
 LEEDS Polytechnic Charles Morris Hall (430171) Zoot And The Roots
 LLANRHANRHC (222209) Desolation Angels
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Wes McGhee Band
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Silent Age
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Irish Mist
 LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan The Inflatables
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) The Ski Party
 LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) Strangers
 LONDON Hampstead Westfield College Rent Party
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Duellits/Pigeon People/Skin
 Games
 LONDON Margery Street New Merlins Cave The Dilberys
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Hackney Five-O/They Came In From The
 Cold
 MANCHESTER Cross Street Cloud Nine (061-832 3354) Conflict/Liberty/Admit
 You're Shit/Electro Hippies
 MIDDLESBOROUGH The Albert Turnip And Warthog/George's Marvellous
 Medicine
 NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (091-261 4386) His Latest Flame
 RUGBY O Malleys (4007) The Boaty Man
 SHEFFIELD Polytechnic (760621) Secret Troop
 SOUTHEND Reids Funj
 SOUTHPORT Ainsdale Country Club Wrathchild
 STOKES Shelleys The Bailey Brothers
 TONYPANDY Royal Naval Club Kooga/Sheer Kaan
 WAKEFIELD Casanovers Night Spot New Emotion
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Haze
 WORCESTER The Green Room Iranian Teaspoons/Pop Will Eat Itself

TUESDAY

24

BIRMINGHAM Burberries (021-643 1916) The Mighty Lemon Drops/The Wild
 Flowers



THE CURE go out on Tor this week at Glastonbury

BIRMINGHAM Powerhouse Duel
 BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Miller Family/Bam Bam
 BRIGHTON Escape Club (606906) TV Slaves
 CROYDON London Road Cartoon (01-688 4500) Legal Action
 LEEDS Adam And Eves (456724) The Prisoners/The Purple Things
 LEEDS Polytechnic (430171) Gil Scott Heron
 LIVERPOOL Bootle Old Fire Station (051-922 5028) Hammerfist/Paul Diano's
 Battlezone
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Elderly Brothers/The Panic
 Brothers
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Nomad Pop/Sam And
 Galore
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Night Doctor
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Run To Zero
 LONDON Fulham The Swan Stone Angels
 LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Assassin Bugs/In Fear
 LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) Krackshotz
 LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Wire/The Creepers/Stump
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Impossible Dreamers
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Red Hot 'N' Blue/Clive's Jive
 Five
 LONDON Kensington Gore Royal Albert Hall (01-589 8212) INXS
 LONDON Margery Street New Merlins Cave Century
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Between The Sheets
 LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) The Dogs D'Amour/Table Talk
 LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) But...?
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Nevada Fox/Violet White
 LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Thrashing Doves/Say
 MANCHESTER Hacienda (061-236 5051) Sandie Shaw
 MERTHYR TYDFIL Great Escape The Deep
 NEWCASTLE City Vaults The Restrictors
 NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Twice Bitten (Farewell Show)
 OSMOTHERLEY Queen Catherine Hotel Skidmarks
 PETERBOROUGH The Norfolk Switch
 PRIESTHORPE Youth Centre New Emotion
 SHEFFIELD Limit Club (730940) Wilko Johnson
 STOCKPORT Brookfields Pictures From Italy
 STOKES North Staffs Polytechnic (52331) The Mudguards
 STOKES Shelleys Guana Batz
 WEDNESBURY The Anchor Political Asylum/Indecent Assault/Savage Religion
 WINDSOR Arts Centre (859336) 25 Miles
 WORTHING Pavilion Firewater

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DIRECTORY 86

OUR NEWS

BOBBIN' JOHN float around their native Scotland at Peebles Cross Keys June 27, Scraig Free Festival July 19-20, Edinburgh Jailhouse 24.

RENEGADE, a five-piece punk outfit from Harrow, will be supporting Vicious Rumours at Lee Green Old Tigers Head June 18, Fulham Greyhound 22.

THE CLOCKWORK ORANGE take their own brand of "britva-edged moloko plus fear music" to Kennington Cricketers June 18, Hackney Club Mankind 25, Limehouse Buccaneer 27, Hammersmith Clarendon July 15, Deptford Crypt 25.

THE EX, a Dutch combo who've just released a single and booklet called '1936 - The Spanish Revolution', play a one-off gig at London New Cross The Gift June 20.

RUBELLA BALLET play a benefit for "under-privileged prisoners incarcerated in the American prison system" (!) at Newport Stow Hill Labour Club on July 3 supported by Classified Protest and The Bugs.

SANDIE SHAW has added an extra date to her tour at Brighton Coasters July 1.

THE POTATO FIVE follow their Anti Apartheid gig with Madness at Brixton Academy June 20 and Glastonbury Festival appearance on the 21st with gigs at Warwick University 25, Treforest Polytechnic Of Wales 27, Oxford New College 28, Kentish Town Town And Country Club 29.

POLITICAL ASYLUM, an alternative band from Scotland who released an EP last week, prepare for a summer European tour with gigs at Birmingham Barrel Organ June 23, Wednesbury Anchor 24, Leamington Spa Hodcarrier 26, Birmingham Mermaid 28.

UNION OF FEAR and Sober As A Judge play Woolwich Thames Polytechnic July 5.

ACES OF RHYTHM step out from behind Rent Party's support slot to play gigs of their own at Soho Gossips June 19, Camden Dingwalls 23, Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush 26.

BUT..., a South London six-piece, appear at the South East London Green Fair at Fordham Park on June 22 followed by a gig at Putney Zeetas 24.



THE CHESTERFIELDS, "Yeovil's finest", get out and about to plug their 'Guitar In Your Bath' EP at London Kentish Town Bull And Gate June 18 and July 1, Manchester Boardwalk 3, Taunton Gap 4, London Chalk Farm Enterprise 11.

THE INQUIRY from the East Midlands promote an upcoming flexi-single at Hammersmith Clarendon June 18, Sheffield Hallamshire Hotel 22, Leicester University 23, Kings Cross New Merlin's Cave 28, Leicester International July 4.

TORTILLA FLATS, who formed back in 1979 and have had records produced by Robbie Kreiger of The Doors and Robbie Robertson of The Band, play gigs in support of their new 'Giant Sky' single at Fulham Kings Head June 18, Kentish Town Bull And Gate 23.

PRIMAL SCREAM give their 'Crystal Crescent' single a plug at Chalemsford Chancellor Hall June 19 (with The Wallflowers), Leeds Hidden Bay 21, Guildford Surrey University 23, Oxford Arts Centre 24.

THE SHAKERS return from yet another French tour to play Spithend Reids June 19, Brentwood Hermit 20, Shoburness Warehouse July 2, Bethnal Green Greengate 4.

THE SURFADELICS have added more dates to their 'Summer In The City' tour at Deptford Crypt June 20, Hammersmith Clarendon July 4.

A STRANGE DESIRE, a "boisterous pop trio" from North London, play Chalk Farm Enterprise (with The Pastels) June 22, Kentish Town Bull And Gate July 9.

LAST HEROES, who are carrying on "the spirit of '76 with the sound of '86", unveil their new line-up after a seven-month absence at Harwich Park Pavilion July 19.

HERE'S JOHNNY, who've just released a new single on RCA called 'Hellzapoppin'', play Manchester Boardwalk June 19.

DR BROWN and County Line play a benefit gig at Portsmouth Polytechnic on June 18 to raise money for this year's Brambles Farm Peace Festival which will take place at Waterlooville from August 9-11.

THE BLACK CILLAS, who've been recording their first single which will be out late next month, have gigs at Kingston Dolphin June 20, Hammersmith Clarendon 26, North London Polytechnic 27, Whitstable Harbour Lights 28.

THE CREEPERS, who've just covered Eno's 'Baby's On Fire' for their new single, return from a European tour to play Hammersmith Clarendon June 24, Carlisle Stars And Stripes July 3.

A CERTAIN RATIO warm up for their G/Mex appearance, not to mention recording sessions for a new album and single, at Blackburn BJ's June 26, Bath Academy Of Arts 28, Glasgow Warbucks July 6.

THRU THE LOOKING GLASS unveil a show "that makes Meat Loaf, The Tubes and Alice Cooper look like security run-throughs for a Buck House Garden Party" at Leeds The Pub With No Name on July 18.



EXCALIBUR prepare for a British tour next month with a charity gig at Bradford St Georges Hall on July 4.

THE THIRD SECTION, an eight-piece band from Southend, step out for their first tour to promote their 'Love Is The Law' single at Harlesden Mean Fiddler June 20, Nottingham Rock City 22, Stafford South End Club 23, Colchester Essex University 24, Brighton Polytechnic 27, Croydon Cartoon 28, Bristol Tropic 30, Wolverhampton Polytechnic July 1, Warwick University 2, Cardiff University 5, Southampton Riverside 6, Uxbridge Brunel University 7, Norwich East Anglia University 9, Luton Switch Club 11.

C A R T O O N S

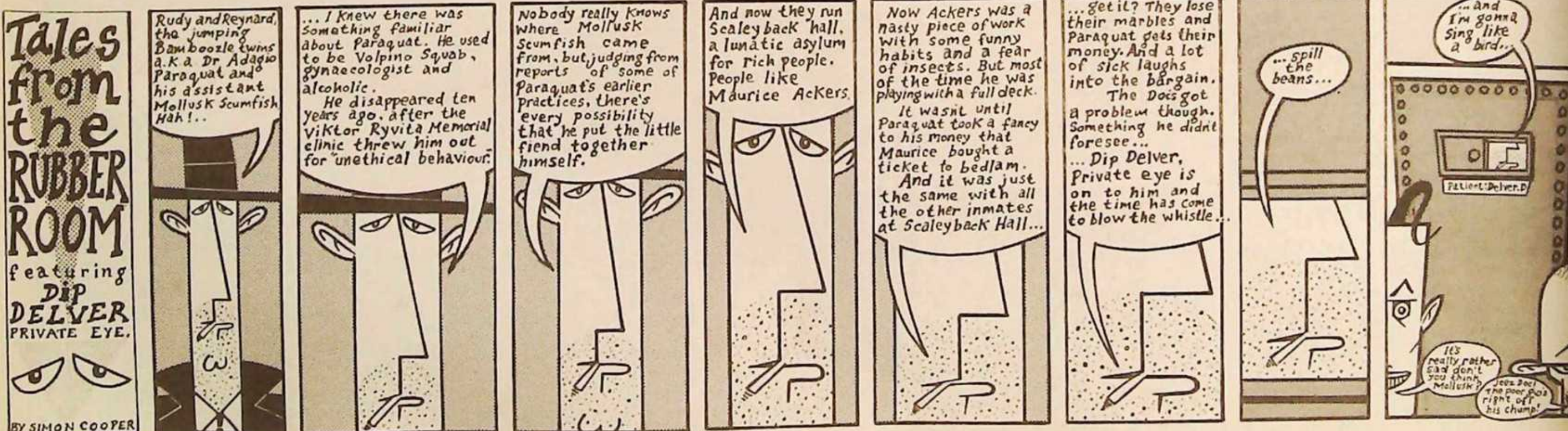
HOT PORK LUNCH



No 53

DAN PEARCE

© Dan Pearce '86



CEREBRAL HUMOUR

RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY, directly descended from the shock troops of '77, make pure, powerful music. ANDY HURT took to the back streets of Leeds. LYNNE KIRKBY held the torch

LEEDS THE first time. An imposing Victorian city centre, men in anoraks and flares, the occasional Mohican chief and Mohawk squaw.

A lot of streets preceded by the letters 'Bk'; this I am to learn, refers to the 'back' streets of the redbrick terraces, Red Lorry Yellow Lorry country.

The tongue-twisters have recently gone down a veritable storm in the States and are happily watching the dust settle after winter upheavals in line-up which have failed to diminish the impact of their latest album, 'Paint Your Wagon'.

According to Chris Reed, it is "the finest record we've made to date", and the single extracted from it is 'Walking On Your Hands'.

That's the sales pitch out of the way...

I sit at right angles to resident co-writer/co-guitarists Reed and Dave Wolfenden, a duo of contrasts who smoke only as often as they can coax Wilkie's temperamental lighter into co-operating. Lyricist Reed, blond and angular, speaks with an accent compromised by a couple of years down in the Smoke, his conversation as sharp and to the point as his jaw.

Wolfie has dark, tending-towards-unmanageable curls, reasoning things out in sentences usually introduced by "I think", spoken in soft, lilting, *Emmerdale Farm* tones – this man would not seem out of place at The Woolpack.

"There should be no one personal ego that's stronger than the others, and that's a really fundamental thing for us to understand," explains Dave, "and that was something Paul (Southern, late of the bass slot) found more and more difficult to come to terms with."

Southern's position is currently being occupied by an old



RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY: not so grim reapers

acquaintance, Leon Phillips, with drummer Chris Oldroyd making up the quartet.

THROUGH THE medium of Reed's lyrics, the Lorries vent a collective spleen on what they adjudge to be unfair, unjust, *wrong*, but always in an oblique, roundabout way that consciously avoids soap-box oratory.

Chris: "There are too many bands around who indulge in sloganeering – we prefer to assume that our audience is intelligent. I can personally relate to people like Patti Smith and The MC5, who in some ways took a political stance without ever ramming it down people's throats."

"Our music and lyrics are statements and comments, trying to provoke people, to stimulate the senses."

Perhaps this anti-dogmatic, non-party line *concern* is symptomatic of a Victorian morality?

"I think we're quite moralistic,"

concur Wolfie, "and puritanical, but I think that's good because it means you don't abuse or exploit people."

"A lot of British bands play abroad and set themselves up by saying, We're British and so we're better than anyone else. We've always felt that we were exactly the same, not better than people just because we happen to come from Britain."

"We'd like people who come to see us to think, I could do that, whereas a lot of groups would like you to think, You *can't* do this. There are certain groups who perpetuate rock and roll clichés – having a modicum of success means you can go and live in America. That's ridiculous, you have to be aware of why you're playing music and where your inspiration comes from."

FOR THE time being – at least, that is, until the Lorries go to live in America (joke) – that inspiration comes from Leeds.

Chris: "Leeds is a city with a

hard edge to it, even if that edge is actually one of depression."

"Of all the cities we visited in the USA," ponders Dave, "the only place that had a similar atmosphere or ambience to Leeds was Detroit."

Which is interesting, because I was just about to suggest that their last few records have been veering towards a more metallic, industrial sound.

Have either of you seen *Blue Collar*? Blank looks. Oh well, you can't win 'em all. But a trend away from the melodic to the percussive?

Dave: "The more we play guitar, obviously we become more competent musicians, but as a reaction against that we go out of our way to avoid becoming too competent – we always want to sound as though it's the first time we ever picked up guitars in our lives."

Chris: "It's essential when we write and play that we use the guitar as an extension of our personalities to shape the music; it has to be a feeling that goes

"There are too many bands around that indulge in sloganeering – we prefer to assume that our audience is intelligent."

down your arm and extends into the instrument."

People have accused you of being a rather serious, humourless bunch...

"We *do* have a sense of humour," insists Chris. "Perhaps that's difficult for interviewers to identify when they meet us for the first time. The reason we actually chose the name is down to a sense of humour within the group, as is the title of the new album."

"I think Mr Spencer (in the last *Sounds* interview) made quite an accurate analysis of what we are trying to do when he said he saw us as being the hand that reaches for the light switch in the dark. A lot of people have hailed us as being some kind of 'dark' band, but we're just not like that."

"We had to laugh when we did a gig in Italy and this bloke came up to us saying (Reed adopts a suitably heavy Italian accent) You are a *dark* band, you are a *Batcave* band! He had this whole image of us being a goth band – we just pissed ourselves laughing."

Do you see life as a black comedy?

Dave: "Yes, it certainly is, but it's very easy for people to misinterpret us as being purely *black* – there's a fine line between black and black humour, but the onus is on the listener to interpret the music."

So you don't preach?

"It isn't necessarily preaching," clarifies Chris, "it's trying to provoke a reaction, either on a basic gut level, or something cerebral. I defy people to put on our records and fail to get some kind of reaction. I'd like people to put on our records first thing in the morning and be charged with something – *energy*, which is something sadly lacking in the world today."

The Lorries are members of a very small, very select number of groups directly descended from the shock troops of 1977. Their music is pure, powerful, unmoved by the siren call of the painted lady of pop; these are the not-so-grim reapers who aim to mow down the trite, the trivial.

Power to the people!

CHART

UK SINGLES UK ALBUMS

- 1 1 HOLDING BACK THE YEARS Simply Red Elektra
- 2 2 SPIRIT IN THE SKY Doctor & The Medics IRS
- 3 5 I CAN'T WAIT Nu Shooz Atlantic
- 4 — EDGE OF HEAVEN EP Wham! Epic
- 5 6 CAN'T GET BY WITHOUT YOU Real Thing PRT
- 6 4 SLEDGEHAMMER Peter Gabriel Charisma
- 7 37 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW A-ha Warner Brothers
- 8 8 ADDICTED TO LOVE Robert Palmer Island
- 9 7 SET ME FREE Jaki Graham EMI
- 10 18 VIENNA CALLING Falco A&M
- 11 13 OPPORTUNITIES Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 12 31 AMITYVILLE (HOUSE ON THE HILL) Lovebug Starski Epic
- 13 14 21ST CENTURY BOY Sigue Sigue Sputnik Parlophone
- 14 3 EVERYBODY WANTS TO RUN THE WORLD Tears For Fears Mercury
- 15 22 NASTY Janet Jackson A&M
- 16 10 SINFUL Pete Dinklage MDM
- 17 25 TOO GOOD TO BE FORGOTTEN Amazulu Island
- 18 39 MY FAVOURITE WASTE OF TIME Owen Paul Epic
- 19 48 NEW BEGINNING Bucks Fizz Polydor
- 20 24 WHEN TOMORROW COMES Eurythmics RCA
- 21 30 VENUS Bananarama London
- 22 26 MEDICINE SHOW Big Audio Dynamite CBS
- 23 11 LESSONS IN LOVE Level 42 Polydor
- 24 40 HAPPY HOUR The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 25 — UNDERGROUND David Bowie EMI America
- 26 15 ON MY OWN Patti LaBelle & Michael McDonald MCA
- 27 29 CALL OF THE WILD Midge Ure Chrysalis
- 28 28 JUMP BACK (SET ME FREE) Dhar Braxton EMI
- 29 17 BAD BOY Miami Sound Machine Epic
- 30 9 INVISIBLE TOUCH Genesis Charisma
- 31 — FRIENDS WILL BE FRIENDS Queen EMI
- 32 16 MINE ALL MINE/PARTY FREAK Cashflow Club
- 33 21 DISENCHANTED The Communards London
- 34 44 MOUNTAINS Prince & The New Power Generation Paisley Park
- 35 34 GOD THANK YOU WOMAN Culture Club Virgin
- 36 12 THE CHICKEN SONG Spitting Image Virgin
- 37 41 LET'S GO ALL THE WAY Sly Fox Capitol
- 38 — THE TEACHER Big Country Mercury
- 39 19 BIG MOUTH STRIKES AGAIN The Smiths Rough Trade
- 40 20 WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 41 23 ROLLIN' HOME Status Quo Vertigo
- 42 — IT'S HORRIBLE BEING IN LOVE (WHEN YOU'RE 8½) Claire & Friends BBC
- 43 — THE PROMISE YOU MADE Cock Robin CBS
- 44 — JOE 90 THEME/CAPTAIN SCARLET Barry Gray Orchestra PRT
- 45 47 STAY A LITTLE WHILE CHILD Loose Ends Virgin
- 46 — FOOLIN' YOURSELF Paul Hardcastle Chrysalis
- 47 27 ROCK LOBSTER B52's Island
- 48 — LEFT OF CENTRE Suzanne Vega A&M
- 49 — AZTEC GOLD Silos CBS
- 50 — BRILLIANT MIND Furniture Stiff

Compiled by MRIB

REGGAE TENS

PRE-RELEASE

- 1 RUDE BOY Lloyd Hemmings Firehouse
- 2 ROBBER MAN Steve Knight Riddim Force
- 3 LEAVE HERB MAN BUSINESS Al Campbell Music Master
- 4 REALITY Sugar Minott Vena
- 5 POPS Supercat Skengdon
- 6 CUSTOM OFFICER Home T4 Taxi
- 7 DREAM MY LIFE OVER Gregory Isaacs African Museum
- 8 SOUL CAPTIVE Igo Levi 71 Rewards
- 9 MASSIVE GIRL Inner Circle 10 Roosevelt Avenue
- 10 GREETINGS Half Pint Powerhouse

DISCO

- 1 WATCH HOW THE PEOPLE DANCING Kenny Nott Unity
- 2 HAUL AND PULL Aswad Simba
- 3 WORRIES AND PROBLEMS Junior Brown And Pinchers Blue Track
- 4 JUMBO Lilly Melody Firehouse
- 5 MRS BROWN Bunny Lie Lie Sweetcorn
- 6 APARTHEID Junior Mervin Greensleeves
- 7 RICH AND SWITCH King Kong Java
- 8 RUM TREE The Radicals Blue Electric
- 9 COME AGAIN Sugar Minott SMP
- 10 WET LOOK CRAZY Macka B Ariaw

- 1 — INVISIBLE TOUCH Genesis Charisma
- 2 1 A KIND OF MAGIC Queen EMI
- 3 2 SO Peter Gabriel Charisma
- 4 3 PICTURE BOX Simply Red Elektra
- 5 4 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 6 5 STREET LIFE Bryan Ferry & Roxy Music EG
- 7 7 STANDING ON A BEACH The Cure Fiction
- 8 8 PLEASE Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 9 6 INTO THE LIGHT Chris de Burgh A&M
- 10 12 LOVE ZONE Billy Ocean Jive
- 11 13 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW A-ha Warner Brothers
- 12 20 UP FRONT VOLUME 1 Various Serious
- 13 14 WORLD MACHINE Level 42 Polydor
- 14 17 SUZANNE VEGA Suzanne Vega A&M
- 15 9 WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista
- 16 10 BANGS AND CRASHES Go West Chrysalis
- 17 — RIPTIDE Robert Palmer Island
- 18 18 MOONLIGHT SHADOWS Shadows Polydor
- 19 — LAUGHING AT THE PIECES Dr & The Medics IRS
- 20 25 THE MAN AND HIS MUSIC Sam Cooke RCA
- 21 23 THIS IS BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE Big Audio Dynamite CBS
- 22 15 ONCE UPON A TIME Simple Minds Virgin
- 23 11 WHO MADE WHO AC/DC Atlantic
- 24 28 NO JACKET REQUIRED Phil Collins Virgin
- 25 21 ON THE BEACH Chris Rea Magnet
- 26 16 THE COLLECTION Earth Wind & Fire K-Tel
- 27 30 CONTROL Janet Jackson A&M
- 28 19 HITS 4 Various CBS/WEA
- 29 — HEAR 'N' AID Various Vertigo
- 30 31 GREATEST HITS Marvin Gaye Telstar
- 31 22 SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR Tears For Fears Mercury
- 32 33 WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD Mr Mister RCA
- 33 24 LUXURY OF LIFE Five Star Tent
- 34 32 5150 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 35 26 THE COLOUR OF SPRING Talk Talk EMI
- 36 47 EMERSON LAKE AND POWELL Emerson Lake & Powell Polydor
- 37 40 LIKE A VIRGIN Madonna Sire
- 38 37 HOUNDS OF LOVE Kate Bush EMI
- 39 45 PARADE Prince & The New Power Generation Warner Brothers
- 40 27 GREATEST HITS Shalamar Stylus
- 41 41 TWO'S COMPANY Various Towerbell
- 42 29 LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE GIRLS Various Stylus
- 43 39 QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS Queen EMI
- 44 43 WINNER IN YOU Patti LaBelle MCA
- 45 49 ALCHEMY LIVE Dire Straits Vertigo
- 46 34 SISTERS ARE DOIN' IT Various Towerbell
- 47 37 PRINCESS Princess Supreme
- 48 42 LITTLE CREATURES Talking Heads EMI
- 49 38 BE YOURSELF TONIGHT Eurythmics RCA
- 50 — B52's B52's Island

Compiled by MRIB



DR ALIMANTADO on the wire

ALBUMS

- 1 FIREHOUSE CLASH Junior Reid And Don Carlos Live And Learn
- 2 BOOPS Supercat Skengdon
- 3 BRUTAL Black Uhuru RAS
- 4 AFRICAN'S BLOOD Lee Perry Trojan
- 5 SIGN OF THE TIMES Macka B Ariwa
- 6 SHOWDOWN VOLUME 8 Coco-Tea And Frankie Paul Hitbound
- 7 BOBBY BABYLON Freddie McGregor Studio 1
- 8 TWO OF A KIND Junior Reid And Teezy Wambesi
- 9 SLENG TENG Wayne Smith Greensleeves
- 10 IN THE MIX PART 2 Dr Alimantado Key Man

Compiled by Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London, W1



QUEEN: who you callin' a wimp?

SOUNDS

Dave Henderson

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS Clair Obscur All The Madmen live outburst
BUDGERIGAR Christianhounds Constrictor loud album
RED SLIME CREEPERS Mystery Plane Color album track

Chris Roberts

SHE GETS OUT THE SCRAPBOOK Furniture Soon-come classic
RIGHT MAN WRONG MAN Crime & The City Solution Likewise, Mute
ADOLESCENT SEX Japan Ancient non-embarrassment

Edwin Pouncey

JUST KEEP EATING Scratch Acid Rabid Cat LP
OUT MY WAY Meat Puppets SST mini LP
INCREDIBLY STRANGE FILMS essential Re-Search bad viewing guide

Mr Spencer

DEAD CAN DANCE Dead Can Dance 4AD LP
MANHATTEN PROJECT Rush Phonogram LP track
HEARTLAND The Sisters Of Mercy Merciful Release 45

Kez Owen

WHAT'S INSIDE A GIRL The Cramps Big Beat
WALKING ON YOUR HANDS Red Lorry Yellow Lorry Red Rhino
THE STORY OF ROLAND FLAGG Zodiac Motel Swordfish LP

Jack Barron

NO CONVERSATION View From The Hill EMI
SHE GETS OUT THE SCRAPBOOK Furniture not so Stiff
SHE'S HOT Meat Puppets SST silver sliver

Neil Perry

FLY ON THE WALL AC/DC Atlantic classic crunch
ORGASMATRON Motorhead GWR tape (just you wait)
COULDN'T LOVE YOU MORE John Martyn Island super-mellow cut

Roger Holland

WHERE IS PIG? Benny Profane Subpop LP
PLEASE DON'T SANDBLAST MY HOUSE 1000 Violins forthcoming classic
BUILT FOR SPEED Motorhead GWR LP cut

WORLD CUP

- 1 IT'S NOT A FEAR OF FLYING, IT'S A FEAR OF CRASHING! David Icke, BBC
- 2 GOOD EVENING, BLIP! BLEEEEEEP...! Peter Brackley, ITV
- 3 OH, F***! THE TELLY'S GONE OFF AGAIN! The whole of Europe, all channels
- 4 ENGLAND WILL GO ALL OUT TO SWAMP PORTUGAL FROM THE BEGINNING Jimmy Hill, BBC
- 5 PORTUGAL ARE PLAYING FOR A DRAW! Trevor Brooking, Half Time Eng/Port, BBC
- 6 IF YOU REMEMBER IN 1966, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH, BLAH!!! John Motson, BBC
- 7 A MAD MOMENT OF MICKEY MOUSE DEFENDING COST US THE GAME. David Pleat, Eng/Port, BBC
- 8 HIC! George Best (Dropped by ITV)
- 9 WHEN GOD GAVE OUT VOWELS HE FORGOT POLAND! Martin Tyler, ITV
- 10 THEY CALL IT THE AZTEC TWO STEP, TWO STEPS FROM THE BATHROOM! Gerald Sinstadt, ITV

SUBSTITUTES:

- 11 THE REF HASN'T BLOWN FOR ANYTHING THIS HALF, THE ALTITUDE MUST HAVE GOT TO HIS WHISTLE!! Lawrie McMenemy, Brazil/Algeria, ITV
- 12 NOW, LOOK EE 'ERE, FORGET DENMARK, OI THINK SCOTLAND WILL WIN THIS ONE! Mike Channon, BBC
- 13 PLAY CATCHEE, CATCHEE, SIT ON THE GAME! Ron Atkinson, Italy/Argentina, ITV
- 14 I THINK WE'RE GOING TO SEE A GREAT PERFORMANCE TONIGHT Kevin Keegan, BBC
- 15 IT'S JUST BECOMING A NIGHTMARE! Kevin Keegan, Final Whistle, Eng/Morocco, BBC
- 16 IF YOU DON'T BUY A TICKET, YOU WON'T WIN A RAFFLE!!! David Pleat, England/Morocco, BBC

RESULT: BBC 9, ITV 6, DRAW 1

Compiled by two ex-soccer supporters, Marlow Bottom, Bucks

ATTACK

HOT METAL 60 SINGLES

- 1 1 WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 2 2 WHO MADE WHO AC/DC Atlantic
- 3 3 ROLLIN' HOME Status Quo Vertigo
- 4 4 WILD CHILD WASP Capitol
- 5 — WHEN THE HEART RULES THE MIND GTR Arista
- 6 5 ROUGH BOY ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 7 6 MAD HOUSE Anthrax Music For Nations
- 8 — THE PRIDE YOU HIDE Roger Daltrey 10
- 9 9 STARS Hear 'N' Aid Vertigo
- 10 10 BECAUSE THE NIGHT Keel Vertigo
- 11 8 LOCKED IN Judas Priest CBS
- 12 7 THE DIO EP Dio Vertigo
- 13 — SHAME Twelfth Night Virgin
- 14 12 BE GOOD TO YOURSELF Journey CBS
- 15 13 JUMP IN THE FIRE Metallica Music For Nations
- 16 15 MARKET SQUARE HEROES Marillion EMI
- 17 11 THESE DREAMS Heart Capitol
- 18 14 THE SEARCH IS OVER Survivor Scotti Brothers
- 19 18 IN MY DREAMS Dokken Elektra
- 20 16 SHAKE YOUR FOUNDATIONS AC/DC Atlantic



TWELFTH NIGHT: shame ducks

ALBUMS

- 1 1 WHO MADE WHO AC/DC Atlantic
- 2 2 5150 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 3 3 RAISED ON RADIO Journey CBS
- 4 9 MASTER OF PUPPETS Metallica Music For Nations
- 5 4 THE FINAL FRONTIER Keel Vertigo
- 6 8 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 7 7 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 8 14 SPREADING THE DISEASE Anthrax Music For Nations
- 9 6 HEART Heart Capitol
- 10 10 TURBO Judas Priest CBS
- 11 26 SPEED KILLS II Various Under One Flag
- 12 18 MISPLACED CHILDHOOD Marillion EMI
- 13 19 THEATRE OF PAIN Mötley Crüe Elektra
- 14 22 RIDE THE LIGHTNING Metallica Music For Nations
- 15 5 BEYOND THE PALE Fiona Atlantic
- 16 15 ELIMINATOR ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 17 13 THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 18 11 RUSSIAN ROULETTE Accept Indisc
- 19 16 UNDER LOCK AND KEY Dokken Elektra
- 20 — FLY ON THE WALL AC/DC Atlantic
- 21 30 LIVE AFTER DEATH Iron Maiden EMI
- 22 — 1984 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 23 29 HOLY DIVER Dio Vertigo
- 24 12 SEVENTH STAR Black Sabbath Featuring Tony Iommi Vertigo
- 25 17 INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY Ratt Atlantic
- 26 20 FUGAZI Marillion EMI
- 27 24 LAND OF THE GUN Legs Diamond Music For Nations
- 28 23 CUTS LIKE A KNIFE Bryan Adams A&M
- 29 25 MEAN BUSINESS The Firm Atlantic
- 30 27 COME OUT AND PLAY Twisted Sister Atlantic

IMPORTS

- 1 1 LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN Poison Enigma
- 2 2 SWEET SAVAGE Sweet Savage Sweet Savage
- 3 8 THE FINAL COUNTDOWN Europe Epic
- 4 — TRAGIC SERENADES Celtic Frost Noise
- 5 5 BRIGHTON ROCK Brighton Rock Flying Fist
- 6 — HAS ARRIVED The Beast Napalm
- 7 — WHO WANTS TO BE LONELY Kiss Mercury Japan
- 8 — CRAFT Craaft Roadrunner
- 9 3 SILK AND STEEL Guffria MCA/Camel
- 10 — POISON DOLLIES Poison Dollies Invasion

Compiled by Spotlight Research



GENE LOVES JEZEBEL: cult objects

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 1 MANIC POP THRILL That Petrol Emotion Demon
- 2 2 ANIMAL BOY The Ramones Beggars Banquet
- 3 4 VICTORIALAND Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 4 6 BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 5 7 TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE The Meteors Ace
- 6 9 A DATE WITH ELVIS The Cramps Big Beat
- 7 28 SILVER MISSILES AND NIGHTINGALES Suicide Twins Lick
- 8 5 ONLY STUPID BASTARDS HELP EMI Conflict Model Army
- 9 10 HATFUL OF HOLLOW The Smiths Rough Trade
- 10 — WONDERLAND Erasure Mute
- 11 3 EVOL Sonic Youth Blast First
- 12 8 THE WORLD BY STORM The Three Johns Abstract
- 13 16 BLACK CELEBRATION Depeche Mode Mute
- 14 13 RUM, SODOMY AND THE LASH The Pogues Stiff
- 15 — LE MYSTERE DES VOIX BULGARES Various 4AD
- 16 11 THE UNACCEPTABLE FACE OF FREEDOM Test Dept Ministry Of Power/Some Bizzare
- 17 14 REMBRANDT PUSSY HORSE Butthole Surfers Red Rhino
- 18 12 LOW-LIFE New Order Factory
- 19 19 GRUTS Ivor Cutler Rough Trade
- 20 18 FIRST AVALANCHE Rose Of Avalanche LIL
- 21 26 NO MINOR KEYS Blues 'N' Trouble Ammunition Communications
- 22 27 FUN ON THE LAWN LAWN LAWN Yeah Yeah Noh Buggum
- 23 25 COLOURBOX Colourbox 4AD
- 24 — DRUGS Bomb Party Abstract
- 25 17 SNAKES AND LADDERS Frank Tovey Mute
- 26 22 PAINT YOUR WAGON Red Lorry Yellow Lorry Red Rhino
- 27 15 MAN IN A SUITCASE Ted Chippington Vindaloo
- 28 — NIGHT OF A THOUSAND CANDLES The Men They Couldn't Hang Imp/Demon
- 29 24 LIBERTY BELLE AND THE BLACK DIAMOND EXPRESS The Go-Betweens Beggars Banquet
- 30 — LET THE SNAKES CRINKLE THEIR HEADS TO DEATH Felt Creation

Compiled by Spotlight Research

BISCUIT

- 1 BOURBON TO RUN Bruce Springsteen
- 2 I CREAM TO SLEEP H₂O
- 3 NEW YEAR'S BISCUIT U2
- 4 I BISCUIT COULD BE CHRISTMAS EVERY DAY Roy Wood
- 5 GARIBALDI WANTS TO RULE THE WORLD Tears For Fears
- 6 SAVE A BISCUIT Duran Duran
- 7 DIGESTIVE TO SAY I LOVE YOU Stevie Wonder
- 8 FIG ROLL OVER BEETHOVEN Chuck Berry
- 9 ICED ON THE JAFFA CAKE Stephen 'Biscuit Tin' Duffy
- 10 SAY YOU, SAY ME Lionel Richie

Compiled by Wic Mustaff, Leeds

STAR TREK

- 1 HE'S DEAD JIM Bones
- 2 TRICORDER READINGS INDICATE NO LIFE FORMS, CAPTAIN Mr Spock
- 3 KIRK T'ENTERPRISE Captain Kirk
- 4 AH CANNAE GUE YE UNNY MOOR WURRP SPID, SUHR, SHE'LL NOO TAEK IT Scotty
- 5 ENERGISE Captain Kirk

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 3 HAPPY HOUR The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 2 1 BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN The Smiths Rough Trade
- 3 2 SERPENTS KISS The Mission Chapter 22
- 4 5 I ALMOST PRAYED The Weather Prophets Creation
- 5 7 THE OFFICIAL COLOURBOX WORLD CUP THEME Colourbox 4AD
- 6 9 TRUMPTON RIOTS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 7 4 RULES AND REGULATIONS We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It Vindaloo
- 8 6 NEW ROSE The Damned Stiff
- 9 8 BABY I LOVE YOU SO Colourbox With Lorita Grahame 4AD
- 10 20 BRILLIANT MIND Furniture Stiff
- 11 — HEARTACHE Gene Loves Jezebel Beggars Banquet
- 12 12 E102/SAD BMX Bandits 53rd & 3rd
- 13 10 HOUSE OF ECSTASY Cherry Bombz Lick
- 14 — KUNDALINI EXPRESS Love & Rockets Beggars Banquet
- 15 — WHOLE WIDE WORLD The Soup Dragons Subway
- 16 16 CRYSTAL CRESCENT Primal Scream Creation
- 17 15 GOOD THING The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 18 25 A QUESTION OF LUST Depeche Mode Mute
- 19 26 TOO MANY CASTLES IN THE SKY Rose Of Avalanche Fire
- 20 23 LIKE AN ANGEL The Mighty Lemon Drops Dreamworld
- 21 13 WHAT'S INSIDE A GIRL The Cramps Big Beat
- 22 14 SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN/SOMEBODY PUT SOMETHING IN MY DRINK The Ramones Beggars Banquet
- 23 39 WALKING ON YOUR HANDS Red Lorry Yellow Lorry Red Rhino
- 24 11 IT'S A GOOD THING That Petrol Emotion Demon
- 25 32 GODSTAR Psychic TV And The Angels Of Light Temple
- 26 31 GIMME GIMME GIMME (A MAN AFTER MIDNIGHT) Leather Nun Wire
- 27 37 WILD CHILD Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction Food
- 28 22 THRU THE FLOWERS Primitives Lazy
- 29 17 JUNCTION SIGNAL Blyth Power All The Madmen
- 30 21 RIVER OF NO RETURN Ghost Dance Karbon
- 31 27 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 32 42 SHELLSHOCK New Order Factory
- 33 18 INSPIRATION Easterhouse Rough Trade
- 34 45 SOMEBODY TOLD ME Restless ABC
- 35 28 TINY DYNAMINE Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 36 29 BALLAD OF THE BAND Felt Creation
- 37 33 ADVENTURE/KENTUCKY CLICK Crime & The City Solution Mute
- 38 34 STATE OF MIND Chumba Wumba Agit Matter
- 39 38 SILVER MACHINE Hawkwind Samurai
- 40 36 RUNNING WATER The Daintees And Martin Stephenson Kitchenware
- 41 48 OH L'AMOUR Erasure Mute
- 42 47 I SAW HER STANDING THERE Red Beards From Texas Receiver
- 43 24 SOMEWHERE IN CHINA The Shop Assistants 53rd & 3rd
- 44 49 I WALK THE LINE Alien Sex Fiend Flicknife
- 45 — CONTEMPT Stiff Kittens Crisis/Prism
- 46 19 THIS TOWN June Brides Intape
- 47 30 ALL DAY LONG The Shop Assistants Subway Organisation
- 48 35 COLD HEART Jasmine Minks Creation
- 49 44 THERESE Bodines Creation
- 50 46 NO SEX Alex Chilton New Rose

Compiled by Spotlight Research

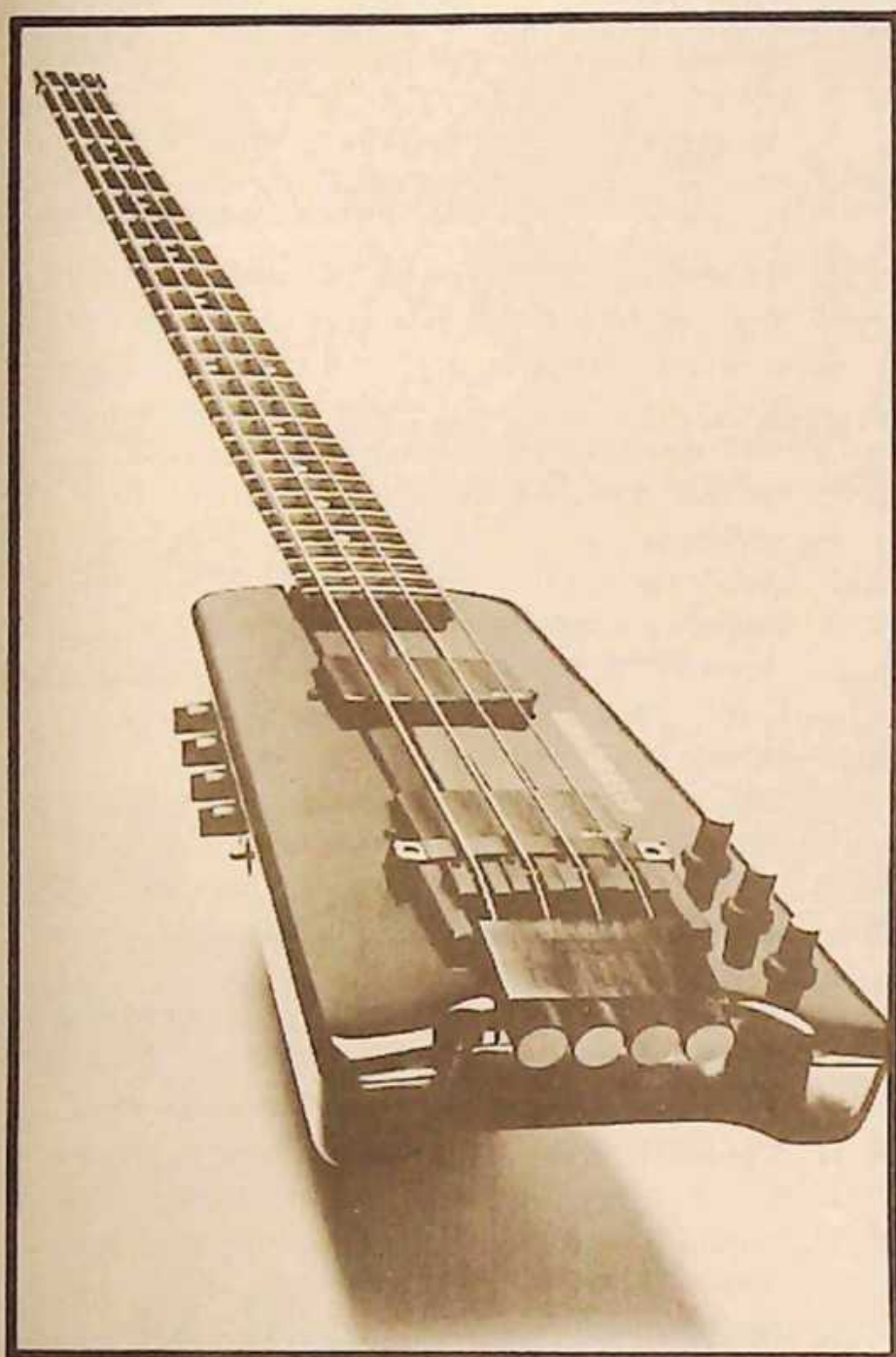
KITCHEN

- 1 FRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER Simon And Garfunkel
 - 2 KETTLE GURU T Rex
 - 3 SAY HELLO (MICROWAVE BYE BYE) Marc Almond
 - 4 OVEN THE ALIEN David Bowie
 - 5 BAKE ON ME A-ha
 - 6 FRYING IN THE CHAPEL Elvis Presley
 - 7 HAND IN OVENGLOVE The Smiths
 - 8 COOK BOOK IN ANGER David Bowie
 - 9 THIS CHARMING SAUCEPAN The Smiths
 - 10 WOK OF LIFE Dire Straits
- Compiled by The Viking and The Norwegian Pygmy Society
- 6 I'M HAILING ON ALL FREQUENCIES SIR, BUT THERE'S NO RESPONSE Lt Uhura
 - 7 CAPTAIN, THE VULCAN MIND MELD IS NOW OUR ONLY LOGICAL ALTERNATIVE Mr Spock
 - 8 PHASERS ON STUN Captain Kirk
 - 9 I AM FULLY AWARE OF THE CONSEQUENCES, DR MCCOY Mr Spock
 - 10 WHY YOU SLANT EYED POINTY EARED GREEN BLOODED HOBGOBLIN SONOFABITCH Bones

Compiled by The Phantom Trekkie

BAND AID

STEINBERGER SYNTH

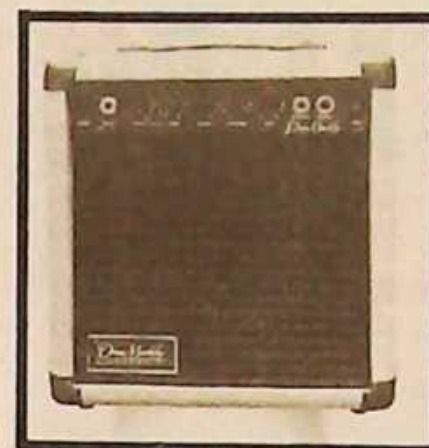
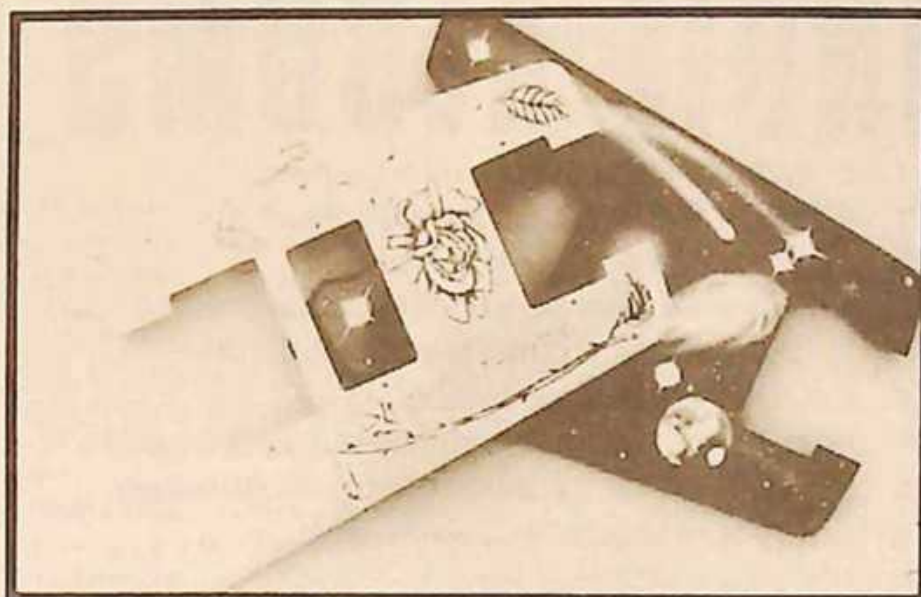


STEINBERGER has introduced the XL2GR bass (left), equipped with Roland bass synth controller circuitry made exclusively for the instrument.

True to Steinberger style, the extra synth controls are mounted on the top edge of the guitar body and allow for mixing of the original instrument sound with the synth sound, program editing and other synth functions. The system uses a standard 24-pin connector which can be used with MIDI interfaces from Roland, Ibanez and others as well as with the GR-77B bass synth.

Another customisation of Steinberger instruments is offered by California artist Jim O'Connor, who does a natty line in airbrushed face plates for XL and GL models (below). Since the faceplate of these guitars is a modular design which can be removed easily and covers the whole top of the instrument, O'Connor's work effectively transforms the instrument from hi-tech black to a riot of colour. His work has already appeared on the guitars of Eddie Van Halen, Rick Nielsen and Steve Lukather among others.

For more information: Steinberger Sound, 122 South Robinson Avenue, Newburgh, NY 12550, telephone (914) 565 4005; Jim O'Connor, PO Box 6007, Torrance, Ca 90504, telephone (213) 516 1745.



DEAN MARKLEY amplification is set to get its full UK launch through Rhino Distribution's Equipment Division in August.

A full complement of valve, transistor, hybrid, pre-amp and power amplification will be offered, including the K20 practice amp (above). Also of particular interest should be the Dean Markley CD212 - not a compact disc player but a 100 watt dual MosFet-and-valve combo offering switchable valve or solid state operation!

For further information, contact Rhino Distribution, Equipment Division, Burnham Road, Dartford, Kent DA1 5BN, telephone (0322) 77326.

PEAVEY is making a determined bid for the metal market with the launch of the Butcher amp head and matching speaker stack (below).

Conservatively rated at 120 watts rms, the Butcher uses ECC83/12 AX7A pre-amp valves, 6L6GC output valves and a front end specially tailored to heavy metal tonality, distortion and sustain.

The stackable speaker enclosures come in flat-fronted and half-angled styles à la Marshall, and each contains four heavy duty Celestion 12 inch speakers. Suggested prices are £399 for the head and £299 each for the 412M and 412MS cabinets.

For further information contact Peavey Electronics (UK) Ltd, Hatton house, Hunters Road, Weldon Industrial Estate, Corby, Northants NN17 1JE, telephone (0536) 205520.



THE SCHOOL OF SOUND RECORDING, which offers Manchester-based tuition in recording and the related arts, is holding another open day at its studio complex this Saturday (June 21).

Anyone interested in acquiring studio skills can check out the school between 11am and 5pm at 10 Tariff Street, Manchester M1 2FF, telephone (061) 228 1830.

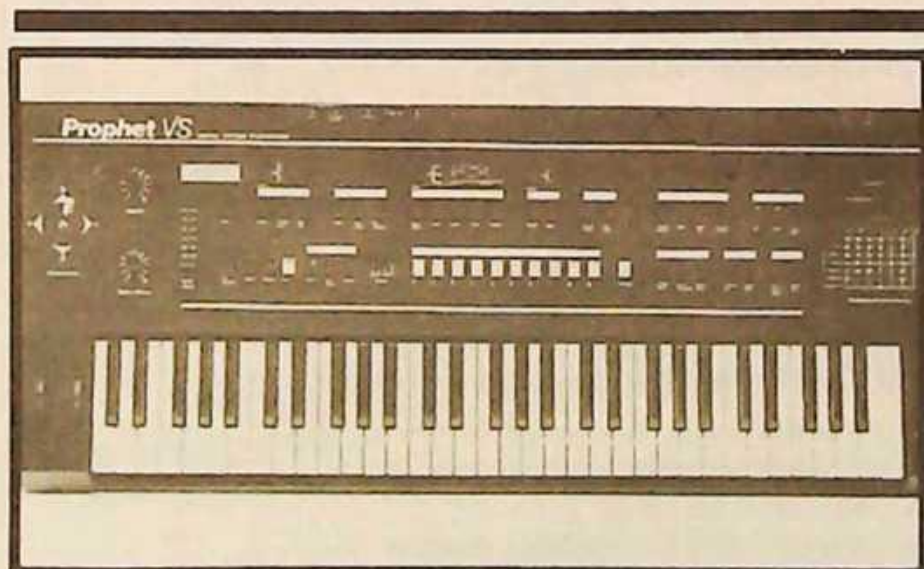
MIDI-ANALOG LINK-UP

THE LONDON ROCK SHOP is marketing a new U-Music product, the Umi ConVerter, allowing non-MIDI analog synths etc to be linked with MIDI via their CV, Gate or VCA/VCF inputs/outputs. Price is £245.

A typical application would be in 'MIDI-ing up' an older, fat-sounding synth such as a MiniMoog for bass lines in a modern keyboard set-up. Other established uses

include CV and gate pitch changing via MIDI on AMS and Korg digital delay line samplers; and MIDI channel filtering for Roland JX-3P, Jupiter-6, Korg Poly 6 and Sequential Prophet 600 synths in multiMIDI set-ups.

For more information, contact The London Rock Shop, 26 Chalk Farm Road, London NW1 8AG, telephone (01) 267 7851/5381/1771.



LAST WEEK'S rave review of the new Sequential Prophet VS by Julian Colbeck lacked a picture owing to lack of space. Because it looks as good as it sounds, we thought those of you who drooled over the words last week might like to drool over the pic this week.

For those who missed it all, the Prophet VS is Sequential's first digital synth and is remarkable for the fact that its digital sounds are identifiably different from the DX7 genre, though programming is fairly similar.

As with the DX7, good factory presets will in any case obviate the need for the lazy to do any programming at all. Sounds are a hybrid of digital waveform and analog synthesis with four-oscillator-per-note, eight-note polyphony and unique 'joystick' mixing.

There's 100 on-board sounds plus a 100-patch RAM/ROM facility, velocity and after touch sensitivity, a truly versatile arpeggiator and lots more, all for £1,895 or less. We'll have three.

BRITISH MUSIC FAIR

WIN FREE TICKETS TO THE BRITISH MUSIC FAIR

WE'VE GOT 20 PAIRS TO GIVE AWAY!

THIS YEAR'S British Music Fair at Olympia in August is the biggest ever exhibition of musical instruments in the UK.

With more than 100 companies displaying and demonstrating their latest products from synths to samplers to pianos to piccolos, there'll be plenty for everyone to see and do.

The theme of the Fair - 'Let's Make Music' - is being promoted with free concerts organised by various exhibitors in the four specially built theatres, musicians 'clinics' and demonstrations such as the use of computers in music.

The 1986 British Music Fair is open from August 1-3 from 10am to 7pm. Admission is £3 for adults, £1.50 for children under 14 and OAPs and £2 for MU members.

If you'd like a chance to win a pair of tickets (worth £6) for this exciting event, just answer the three simple questions on the coupon below, add your name and address and send to **SOUNDS/BMF COMPETITION, Warwick House, 9 Warwick Street, London W1R 5RA**, to arrive by Friday July 11. Winners will be the senders of the first 20 correct entries opened after that date. Normal Spotlight competition rules apply.

SOUNDS/BMF COMPETITION

Tick one answer for each question

- Which of the following companies is best known for its microphones?
a) Akai ☐ b) AKG ☐ c) Alligator ☐
- Which of the following companies is a major maker of acoustic drums?
a) Pacifex/Syco ☐ b) Pearl ☐ c) Peavey ☐
- Which of the following companies specialises in digital reverbs and similar hi-tech equipment?
a) Rickenbacker ☐ b) Sonor ☐ c) Sound Technology ☐

NAME

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ACCESSIT COMPANDER	£52	£4
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FRONTLINE PHASER	£43	£20
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MATTEL SYNSONICS DRUMS	£99	£35
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KORG DDM-220 LATIN RHYTHM	£249	£58
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FENDER KATANA (LOCKING TREM)	£425	£179
FENDER U.S.A. P. BASS	£389	£195
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CASIO CZ230S with Prog Rhythm	£345	XXX
SEQUENTIAL SIX TRAKS	£799	£299
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TASCAM M35 8-8 DESK	£2,375	£339
TASCAM 234 SYNCASSETTE	£799	£499
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*Source: Target Group Index 1985

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VOCALIST AND KEYBOARD PLAYER URGENTLY NEEDED for U2, Cult, almost anything type pop/rock band. Dedication essential. Medway Kent area. 0634/250763. S5907

SIXTIES BASSIST wanted for group with deal. Torn 01-675 4860, Dave 01-992 0988. S5909

RAW, PSYCHE Vocalist wanted. Gigs, Management waiting. Steve Southend 546553. S5910

LEAD VOCALIST and Second Guitarist M/F for ambitious West London Punk/Alternative band. Phone (evenings) Martin 01-205 7998, Chris 01-402 8309. S5912

DRUMMER, KEYBOARD Player required by original, exciting new band. Experience not necessary, just ambition, Birmingham area. Phone Darren, Monday-Friday (021) 354 1856 or Lloyd, Coleshill 64542. S5913

KEYBOARDIST FOR Incredibly commercial band, huge success imminent. 0494-23189. S5914

VOICE WANTED for band into Cravats, Blyth Power, 3 Johns and not eating animals. Phone Mans, Ongar (0277) 362371. S5915

VOCALIST REQUIRED unusually original band now forming Ban-shees, Eno, Devo to Tracey Thorne, M/F, Phone Steve, Hornchurch 51654. S5940

DRUMMER WANTED. Scabies/Moon type. No boring titheads. Rojer 01-643 4982. S5945

BASS GUITARIST WANTED. Influences U2, Stones. Dedication essential, Original band with great future. Phone Andy, Bolton (0204) 654277. S5947

GUITAR AND KEYBOARDS Wanted. Rock/Pop band into Stranglers/Damned's 'Phantasmagoria' 01-434 1121, ext. 23 Ingrid. S5948

SKINHEAD BASSIST wanted by South East Band into Redskins, Easterhouse, MMA, Age 17-21. Phone (037284) 2409. S5949

ENDLESS PARTY, require solid Rock'n'Roll Drummer. L.Cowboys/Hanoi/Thunders/Stones. Set & Gigs await. Ability essential. Epsom based. Phone evenings – Tony 01-393 6994. S5950

LATE BEATLES influenced Male Singer wanted. Please write: M.Harris, 23 Milton Road, Egham, Surrey. S5951

NEW BLUES Band want Bassist, Drummer, non professional but dedicated. Clapton, P.Green, Kossoff. Chris 01-892 9115 evenings. S5952

M/F VOCALIST required to form 80's R'n'R Band, Idol, March Violets, U2. 021-453 1131 (Steve). S5953

A GIGGING Blues Rock Band seeks first class Drummer, Rehearsals London. 100% dedication essential. No time wasters. Waltham Cross 21376 anytime. S5954

DRUMMER WANTED must be competent, form 60's type band. Ricky 01-740 5064. S5955

VOCALIST TO join rock roll band, London. Write to Dave, Box no. 714. S5956

VOCALIST WANTED (Male) for original new band. Transport and amps if poss. Recording, gigs soon. Woking area based. Duncan 04862-25248 or Ian 04862-22358. S5957

VOCALIST AND Drummer for original group enjoying Division, Slaughter, Assistants, Smiths, Fall, Neil, Hornchurch 73727. S5971

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NAME BAND seek energetic, ambitious, Bass playing Guitarist. Phone 01-729 5412 anytime. S5976
MUSICIANS WANTED – general. 01-223 8845. S5977

MALE BASSIST /VOCALIST
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GUITARIST FORMING Thrash Metal band. Experience not essential. Cliff 01-980 3780. S5978

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Tel: 0908 502432 S5961

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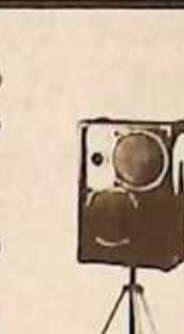
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