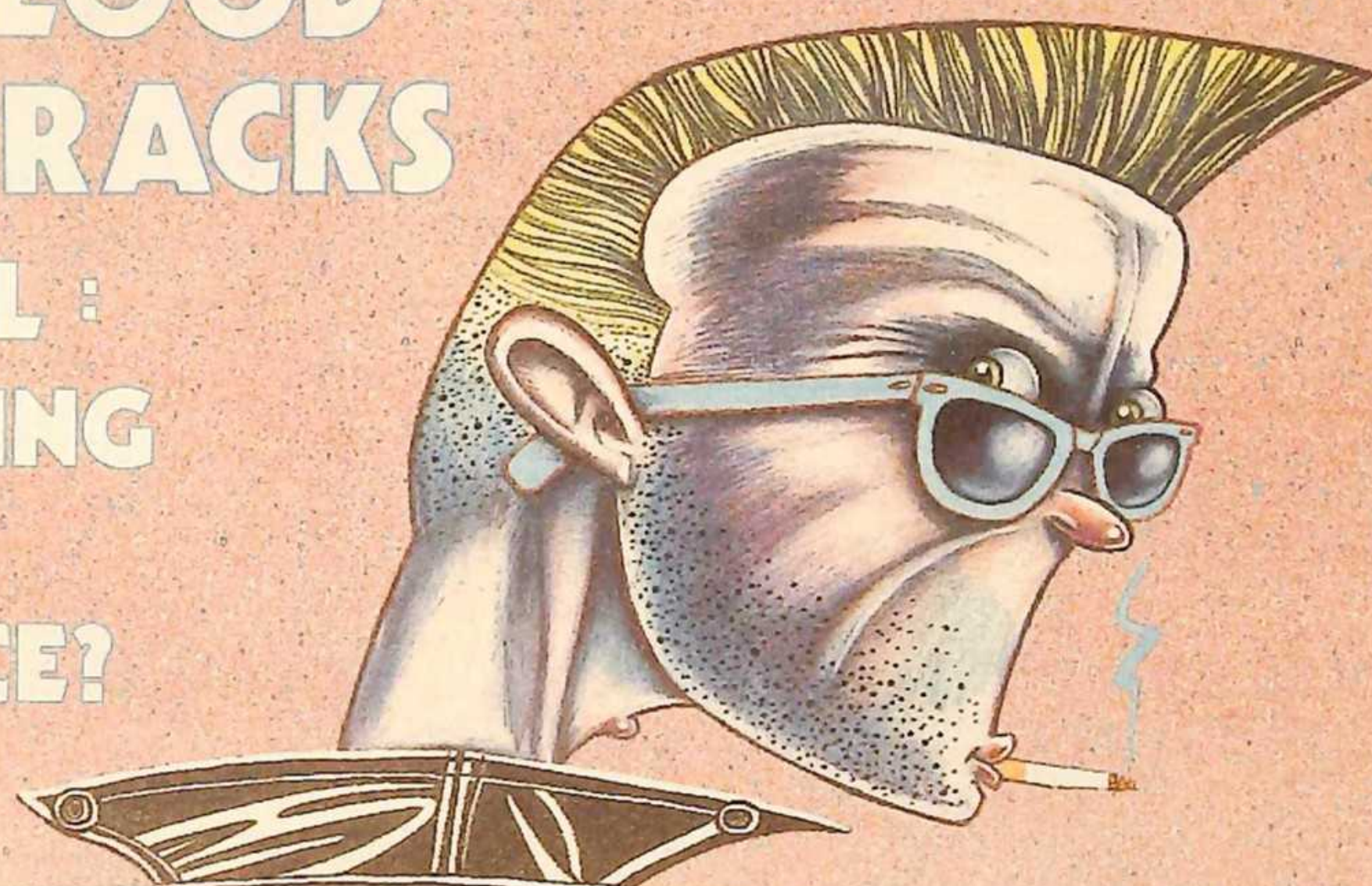


LIVE INSIDE : MARILLION - A A A - WHAM!

SOUNDS

YOUNG BLOOD ON THE TRACKS

INDIE SPECIAL : WHO'S WINNING THE WAR OF INDEPENDENCE?



FURNITURE - STUMP - CLOSE LOBSTERS
TV PERSONALITIES - JANITORS - PULP
McCARTHY - HALF MAN HALF BISCUIT

CONTENTS

FEATURES

This week, taking a leaf out of America's history books, **Sounds** goes Independent... with the most exhaustive, astonishing and definitive guide to the thriving indie scene this side of **Ron Rom's** bedroom wall.

Yes, this issue is guaranteed free of in-depth **Queen** retrospectives, full page colour posters of **George Michael** or **Journeys Across America** care of **Billy Mann**.

But if you want names, we gottem...

On **Page 16**, **Jack Barron** oils the joints of **Furniture**, currently polishing up the charts with their 'Brilliant Mind' single. While **Stump** share an amputate-à-tête with **Ron Rom** on **Page 18**. And who needs **Meat Loaf** when we've scrumptious shellfish in the shape of the mighty **Close Lobsters**, dished up by **Jonh Wilde** on **Pages 20 & 21**?

With names like these, you might think, the independent collective is a healthy beast. But the cracks are showing. As **Fuzzbox** cross the great divide, **Hugh Fielder** asks if the indies can succeed without the majors on **Page 10**.

And do they even want to? While **Ron Rom** (it's that man again...) rants on about the blooming indie renaissance, **Roger Holland** points an accusatory finger at "small labels with small minds" **Pages 12, 13 & 21**

Looking on the bright side – and the bright side is blinding – **Sounds** selects for your supreme satisfaction the very cream of the new indie bands, their labels, and those labels' business brains.

Simple Minds? Bah! Hear instead **The Chesterfields**, **BMX Bandits** and **McCarthy** (**Pages 13 & 20**). EMI? Nah! Go for **Pink**, **Subway** and **53rd & 3rd** (**Pages 17 & 32**). **Richard Branson**? Splutter! **Daniel Miller** and **Alan McGee** are keep their heads well above water on **Pages 19, 36 & 37**

And new hope for the future? **Andy Hurt** raves about **The Primevals** and **The Creepers** in his indie singles round up on **Pages 14 & 15**

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Even **Band Aid** gets the indie spirit flowing as **Dave Henderson** offers tips on setting up your own label. **Page 36**

JAWS

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REVIEWS

For those of you who still buy **Genesis** albums, the major labels get their look in the Albums section with a slap on the wrist for **Eurythmics** and a kiss on the cheek for **Dee C Lee**. **Pages 22, 23 & 24**

Meanwhile, Lives-wise, **Wham!** bow out and **Marillion** lumber on... **Pages 25, 26, 27 & 33**

REGULARS

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PUBLISHED BY SPOTLIGHT PUBLICATIONS LTD.
GREATER LONDON HOUSE, HAMPSTEAD ROAD
LONDON NW1 7QZ
UNITED MAGAZINES LTD

UMBRELLA, the indie labels association, has fixed up its next meeting at the Barley Mow in Horseferry Road SW1 (nearest tube St James' Park) on July 7 at 7.30pm.

The meeting is open to all labels with independent distribution – and thereby hangs a tale which is relentlessly pursued (together with a variety of other topics which will doubtless come under discussion at the Umbrella meeting) through most of this week's special indies issue of **Sounds**.

SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK have denied reports that they are splitting up or that they all hate each other because their '21st Century Boy' single only just sneaked into the Top 20.

Singer **Martin Degville** said last week: "Anyone who thinks that after four years getting this band together, we would split up just when we've started to have hits all over the world must be astoundingly stupid."

However, the group have been less forthcoming about reports that advance ticket sales for their British tour have been poor. Last week they postponed the first half of their British tour this month to September/October, which they said was because of recording delays.

DENNIS BROWN makes a second London appearance after all – at a benefit gig to raise money for Jamaican flood victims at London's Finsbury Park on July 20.

The show has been set up by Haringey Council which is twinned with Clarendon, Jamaica, which bore the brunt of some of the country's worst-ever floods last month.

Brown, who withdrew from this year's Sunsplash to play a part for the 12 Tribes of Israel, will be appearing as part of a festival that includes salsa stars Ray Baretto and Eddie Palmieri – making their only British showing on a European tour – and more bands plus side shows, sports displays and free children's entertainment.

Tickets for the nine-hour festival are £5 from LMS and agents. But Haringey residents can get them for £3 (£1 unwaged) from Hornsey Town Hall.

THE ICICLE WORKS, who've spent the last few months in the recording studio, defrost with a single, 'Understanding Jane', on Beggars Banquet next weekend.

They've also got three special gigs while they wait for their third album to come out in the autumn.

They play an *Alternative Royal Wedding Reception* at Kentish Town Town And Country Club on July 23 with The Bolshoi and A Cast Of Thousands, followed by a *Soap Aid* appearance at St Helens Rugby League Ground on the 27th.

Then they join Fine Young Cannibals, Half Man Half Biscuit, Lloyd Cole And The Commotions, New Model Army, The Pogues and Ruby Turner for an *Oxfam Against Poverty Through Apartheid* benefit at Birmingham NEC on August 2.

JERSEY ARTISTS FOR MANKIND will be donating the British proceeds of their 'We've Got The Love' single to the National Society For The Prevention Of Cruelty To Children.

The single, featuring some 450 singers and musicians including Bruce Springsteen, Southside Johnny and members of the E Street Band and the Asbury Jukes, has just been released by Arista.

In America all profits from the single are being given to food-aid programmes designed to counter malnutrition among children in poverty-stricken areas of America.

In Britain the NSPCC is already helping some 37,000 under-nourished kids and they are mounting a major campaign on child neglect and abuse this autumn.

Jersey Artists For Mankind are planning to release an album in the autumn as well as playing a series of benefit gigs.

BROWNE NOSES



STANARD RIDGWAY comes in for a one-off gig at London's Kentish Town Town And Country Club on St Swithin's Day – July 15.

It's his first solo appearance here since he broke away from Wall Of Voodoo and follows the release of his album 'The Big Heat'.

THE TRIFFIDS make their third British visit following their 'Born Sandy Devotional' album and have lined up gigs at Kentish

READING

Britain's oldest rock festival returns after a two year absence

THE READING FESTIVAL

is back after a two-year break. It will be held as usual over the August Bank Holiday next door to the old Thames-side site in Richfield Avenue at Littlejohns Farm.

Promoter Jack Barrie told **Sounds** that the festival will be a relatively low-key event because council permission was only granted last week.

"It will test our 23 years of experience to the limit, getting it together in such a short time. But it's great to be back

and the new site should enable us to try out a few ideas we've had in the last couple of years."

As promoters usually start booking their summer festival headliners in January, Barrie will be stretched to get a three-day festival line-up together in the next four or five weeks. It may well be a question of who he can get as much as who he wants.

He wasn't prepared to speculate how much of Reading's traditional rock bias would be maintained. "I'm keeping an open mind over the music. Reading has always reflected current rock taste and we'll keep doing that."

Britain's oldest rock festival fell victim to local politics in 1984 and, after an attempt to

SOUNDS

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TELEPHONE SALES MANAGER: EDDIE FITZGERALD

PUBLISHER: ERIC FULLER

GROUP PUBLISHING DIRECTOR: MIKE SHARMAN

MANAGING DIRECTOR: JACK HUTTON

DISTRIBUTION: 1 BENWELL ROAD, LONDON N7

7AX TELEPHONE: 01-607 6411

TYPESET BY TABLOID FOTASET, 3 WOODBRIDGE

HOUSE, WOODBRIDGE STREET, LONDON EC1

PRINTED BY LSG PRINT DIVISION, THE NEWSPAPER

CENTRE, ST MARY'S STREET, LINCOLN LN5 7JA

Subscriptions: £50 UK, US \$100 Overseas. Available from Subscriptions Department, Morgan-Grampian PLC, Royal Sovereign House, 40 Beresford Street, London SE18 6QH

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BACK

Jackson Browne kicks off an Autumn Euro-tour with eight British nights

JACKSON BROWNE plays his first British concerts since 1982 in September. He'll be starting a seven-week European tour with dates at Edinburgh Playhouse September 26-27 and London's Hammersmith Odeon September 29-October 5 (with the exception of the 2nd).

Tickets are £8.50 and £7.50 for Edinburgh and £9.50 and £8.50 for Hammersmith.

Browne, who appeared at several of the American Amnesty International concerts with Sting and U2, has a new single from his 'Lives In The Balance' album released by Elektra on July 21 called 'The Shape Of A Heart'. The flip-side is the previously unreleased 'Voice Of America'.

JAMES emerge from their recording stint with a single called 'So Many Ways' on Sire this weekend. It's produced by Lenny Kaye, who's also responsible for their debut album, 'Stutter', due shortly.

The quartet return to live action with a hometown gig at Manchester PSV Club July 15 before a WOMAD Festival slot on the 19th.

Next month they've lined up a short tour at Barrow-In-Furness August 14, Edinburgh Hoochie Coochie Club 15, Aberdeen Venue 16, Dundee Dance Factory 17. More dates will coincide with the album's release.

THE BLASTERS, who recently lost guitarist Dave Alvin to X, have replaced him with fiery blues legend Hollywood Fats.

"We've wanted to play with Fats since we were kids," says singer Phil Alvin. And they were certainly kids when Fats was playing with the likes of Muddy Waters, John Lee Hooker and Albert King, as well as being in Canned Heat for a while.

But the Blasters are still down to a four-piece because pianist Gene Taylor has also quit to take up a solo career. What will happen to the album that the previous line-up was recording with Nick Lowe is anyone's guess.

Town Town And Country Club July 4, Manchester International 5, Brighton Richmond Club 6, Sheffield Leadmill 12, Nottingham Rock City 16, Croydon Underground 17.

WORLD CLASS WRECKIN' CRU have been added to the second show of the UK Fresh 86 extravaganza at Wembley Arena on July 19. It's the first British show for the Los Angeles hip hoppers, but only £11.50 tickets are left.

Run With The Devil...



RUN DMC, whose heavy metal/rap crossover, plus a starring role in the *Krush Groove* movie, have sent them spinning into the American rock super league, have their 'Raising Hell' album released over here by London next week.

It's already sold a million copies in America within five weeks and the band are currently on a sell-out 50-date stadium tour. As well as the new single, 'My Adidas'/'Peter Piper', the album includes a version of Aerosmith's classic 'Walk This Way' which features Messrs Tyler and Perry.

Meanwhile *Krush Groove*, which opened in America last October and did \$11 million of business in the first six weeks, finally gets its first British screening at the Kings Cross Scala on July 10 for four nights. It then has a couple of late night showings at the Brixton Ritzy on July 15 and 16.

Despite its success in the States, distributors Warners have remained dubious about its commercial prospects over here and see it as a video rather than a film.

DAVE LEE ROTH grins and bares his first solo album on Warners this weekend called 'Eat 'Em And Smile'.

He cannibalises Sinatra's 'That's Life' and the Nashville Teens' 'Tobacco Road' among the ten songs, which include his new 'Yankee Rose' single. And the cover confirms his impeccable sense of taste.

He starts a US tour in the autumn with a band including former-PIL guitarist Steve Vai, and British gigs are planned for next year.

LIGHT A BIG FIRE, who've played an astonishing 500 gigs in their native Ireland since forming some two years ago, make their first London appearance at the Marquee on July 9.

The quintet, who've gained Bono's seal of approval along the way, and released a mini album called 'Gunpowders' on Statik last year, have just finished a new album which will come out on Siren later in the summer.

ART BLAKEY And The Jazz Messengers, back in vogue courtesy of the '50s jazz revival, plays his only British date of the year at Birmingham Powerhouse on July 8 as part of the Birmingham Jazz Festival.

And The Buddy Rich Orchestra are lined up for a concert at the Odeon on the 9th.

Other names appearing in the Second City between July 4 and 13 include Georgie Fame, Humphrey Lyttleton, Dick Morrissey, Jack Parnell, George Melly, Ronnie Scott, Acker Bilk and Bob Kerr.

DWIGHT YOAKAM, the "hard country" guitarist who's been toughened by stints with Los Lobos and The Blasters, plays his first British dates in August following the release of his 'Guitars, Cadillacs, Etc Etc' album on Warners.

He'll be putting a kick into the Peterborough Country Music Festival on August 22 before London gigs at Camden Dingwalls 26, Harlesden Mean Fiddler 27, Putney Half Moon 28.

Better Late Than Never...



THE FALL's new single is set for release by Beggars Banquet on July 14. It's a Mark E Smith song called 'Living Too Late', although there's a different recording of it on the B-side called 'Living Too Long', credited to Mark, Stephen Hanley, Craig Scanlon and Simon Rogers. There's also a third track called 'Hot Aftershave Bop' by Mark and Stephen.

ROCKS BACK!

restage it in Northamptonshire collapsed, no attempt was made to revive it last year.

Reading's revival began when Labour gained control of Reading council in the spring. But even though the old site was still empty, developers have taken possession of the land and negotiations fell through. Littlejohns Farm has already been used as an overspill camp site and the 120 acre site is slightly larger than before.

Barrie has already set a ticket price for the festival so those of you with complete faith in Reading's reputation can send £17.95 to NJF/Marquee, PO Box 1AT, London W1A 1AT.

But there will be no

Glastonbury Festival next year. Farmer/promoter Michael Eavis has decided that the midsummer event will be taking a sabbatical.

Last month's festival attracted some 60,000 people and has almost become a victim of its own success having trebled in size during the '80s. All proceeds go to CND, and Glastonbury is now their biggest single source of income.

There are several reasons for giving the festival a year's break and the problems caused by the banning of the nearby Stonehenge Festival is just one of them.

"A solution to the Stonehenge problem would help us a lot," admitted

Glastonbury organiser Tony Hollingsworth. "But it's got to a point where we have to evaluate the whole festival."

"More people jumped the fence this year than before - and some of them even had tickets! We've never bothered with heavy security and Greenham Common-style fencing because it's not in keeping with the festival and we've not needed to. I don't think we want to now but we have to consider what we should do."

The Glastonbury team is also mindful of the working relationship it enjoys with the local council and police and a year's rest will do no harm, particularly as Stonehenge remains stubbornly unresolved.



Virgin Prunes

The Moon Looked Down And Laughed

Album } Baby 005

Cassette } Baby C 005

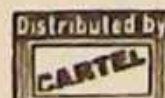
Compact } Baby CD 005

Love Will Lasts Forever

7" } Baby 003

Our Love Will Last Forever

12" } Baby 004



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RECORD NEWS



DIAMANDA GALAS, the "avant-garde electro-acoustic singer-composer and actress", puts out the first in a trio of albums for Mute this week called 'The Divine Punishment'. She dominates all instruments and voices heard on the record.

LINDA DI FRANCO, the Italian songstress who's already released a couple of Don Was-produced singles, has her debut album, 'Rise Of The Heart' out on Korova this week featuring three more Don Was tracks and a batch produced by Paul Heard.

DARK CITY, who've spent a year recording and polishing up their act, step out with a single on Virgin this week titled 'Rescue Me'. An album follows shortly.

RICKY, who's given up soccer for rock and roll (well, someone had to), has his first single out on A&M this week called 'Bang, Bang, Bang'.

CRUMBSUCKERS, a New York band who've built up an unhealthy reputation on the hardcore circuit despite admitting their affection for King Crimson, have their first album, 'Life Of Dreams', released by Rough Justice this week.

JACK BRUCE has recorded a new version of his 1966 Cream hit 'I Feel Free' for a single on Virgin that is also being used to launch the new Renault 21 on TV.

DENISE LASALLE, the blues and soul veteran whose live shows compare with Millie Jackson and Candi Statton although she's best known for her 'My Toot Toot' hit, has a new album out on Malaco this month called 'Rain And Fire'.

THAT PETROL EMOTION's new 12-inch comes out on Demon this week featuring 'Natural Kind Of Joy' and 'Can't Stop' from their 'Manic For Thrills' album plus a previously unreleased track called 'Jesus Says' and a live version of Pere Ubu's 'Non Alignment Pact'.

DEMENTED, a Cardiff combo "who make Lee Marvin sound like Barbara Dickson", have a single out this weekend on ID (through Revolver) titled 'Holy Hack Jack'. It's followed by an album in a couple of weeks called 'In Sickness And In Health'.

WILL ACKERMAN has a new album out on his Windham Hill label (through A&M) this month called 'Conferring With The Moon'. There are also more New Age albums issued by Windham Hill from Shadowfax, Anger & Higbie Quartet, Marshall & Anger and Anger & Higbie.

GRANDMASTER FLASH's 'Fastest Man Alive' and Sir Mix A Lot's 'Square Dance Rap' lead the way through 'Hip Hop/Electro 12' on Streetsounds this month.

DENNIS BROWN teams up with Jackie Mittoo and his vocoder for a single called 'Rebel With A Cause' on Jakki (through Jet Star) this week.

THE LIGHT, formed around Brian Atherton, have a new single out on RCA this week called 'Pride Of Winning'. They've just finished their first album at Liverpool's Amazon Studios.

CREATION RECORDS continue to document their career as "the most consistently classic label of the '80s" with their third compilation titled 'Purveyors Of Taste' which features tracks from The Weather Prophets, Primal Scream, Felt, The Bodines et al.

ADULT NET, "that mysterious musical enigma", release their third single on Beggars Banquet this week called 'White Night (Stars Say Go)' which they describe as "a neo-psycho-'80s dance track".

BACKTRACKS

BLUE NOTE, the ultra-respectable jazz label, take a look at what's going on down on the dance floor and collect up "eight solid jazz cuts combining the heat of South America with the cool of Harlem" for an album called 'Blue Bossa' (through EMI). The bulk of the tracks come from the '60s and include such hard-bop bandits as Horace Parlan, Kenny Dorham and Carmen McRae.

EMITT RHODES, an obscure Californian singer/songwriter who could have been bigger than Paul McCartney if he hadn't decided to be bigger than Syd Barrett instead, has a compilation of his solo albums released by See For Miles this month called 'Fresh As A Daisy'. It includes the whole of his 1970 'Emitt Rhodes', a tribute to the lighter side of 'Abbey Road', four tracks from 'Mirrors' released soon afterwards but without the genial clarity of the first album, and a couple from 'Farewell To Paradise' by which time he'd pretty much flipped... or not, as the case may be.

FATS WALLER has the much maligned (by the purists) vocal side of his character highlighted by RCA on an album called 'The Vocal Fats Waller' this month.

JOHN CALE has his third solo album, 'The Academy In Peril', from 1972 reissued by Edsel, complete with its Andy Warhol sleeve - the hippest plug Kodak every had. It includes two lengthy pieces recorded with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra at St Giles Church in Cripplegate.

BOB MARLEY, who died five years ago this month, has the more militant side of his nature distilled by Island for an album called 'Rebel Music'. The tracks include 'So Much Trouble In The World', 'Rat Race', 'Them Belly Full (But We Hungry)', 'Roots', 'Slave Driver' and 'Get Up, Stand Up'.

JOE COCKER's career from 'With A Little Help From My Friends' to 'Up Where We Belong' has been put together for a no-frills 16-track collection, 'The Very Best Of Joe Cocker' on Telstar. The balance is weighted towards the early years with 'Delta Lady', 'Marjorine', 'Something', 'Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood', 'She Came In Through The Bathroom Window', 'The Letter' and even 'Honky Tonk Woman' from the *Mad Dogs And Englishmen* tour. 'Jamaica Say You Will' and 'Let It Be' bring the collection into the '80s and there's one new track, a version of Steve Winwood's 'Talking Back To The Night'.

CON FUNK SHUN, who've been gettin' on down since 1968, have a single out on Club this week called 'Burnin' Love' and are threatening to surprise us all with their first British gigs later in the year.

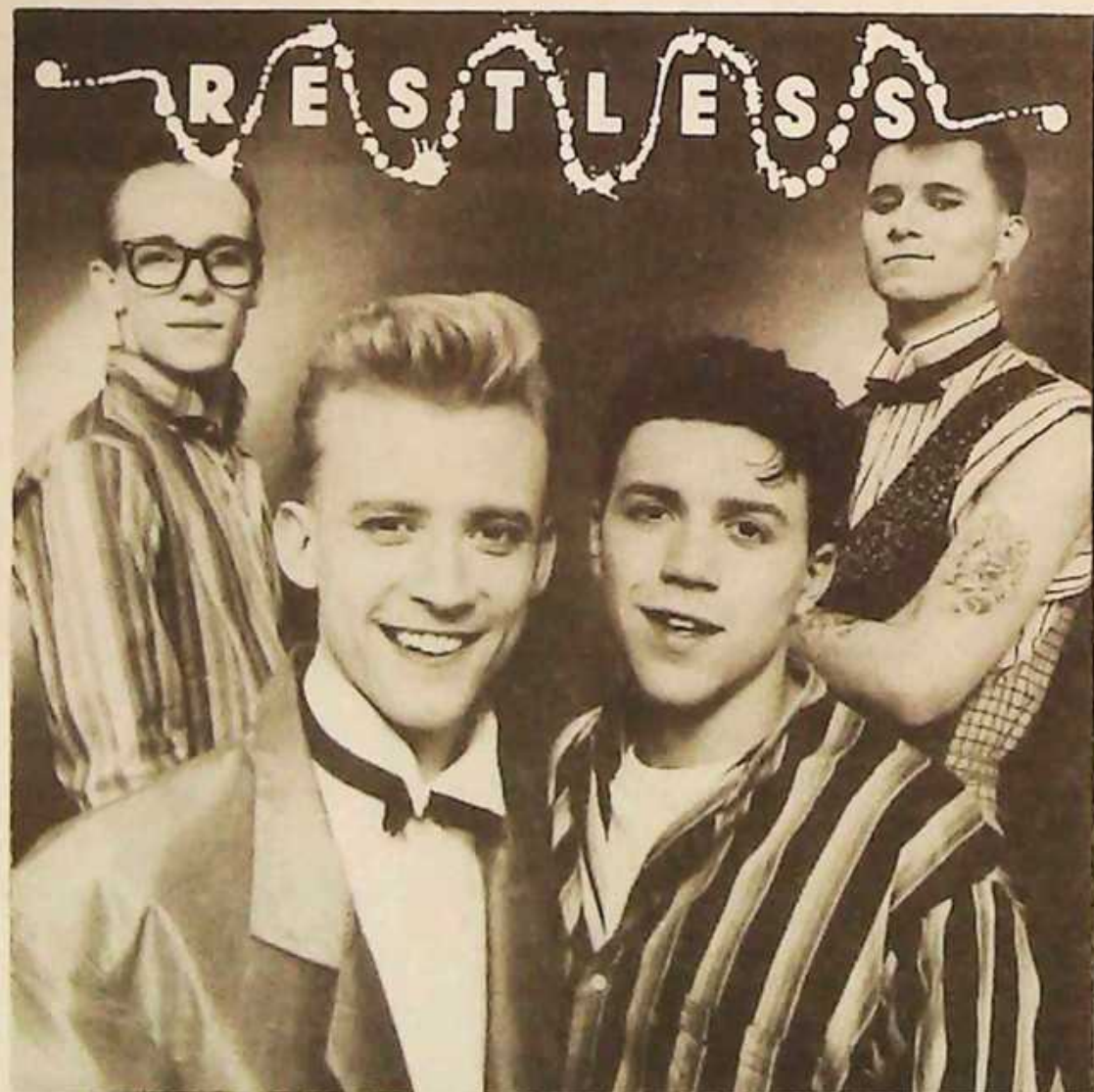
THE MONROES, a Norwegian duo whose home sales rival those of A-ha, have a single out on EMI this week called 'Wish You Were Here'.

'RADIO FREEDOM', an album taken from the airwaves of the outlawed radio station of the South African liberation movement, comes out this week on Rounder Europe. The station doesn't bother with news but runs a continuous blend of commentary and music. They are also getting the royalties from this album.

DEXTER WANSEL, the Philadelphia writer-arranger and producer who has worked with Teddy Pendergrass, Billy Paul and Harold Melvin, has his fifth solo album out on 10 this week called 'Captured'. Singers include The Jones Girls and Meeta Gajjar.

CONDEMNED '84 have had to put back the release of their 'Oil Ain't Dead' EP until July 11 because of pressing problems.

FOSTER PILKINGTON, "Scarborough's most lovable rogue", puts out his second single on Rockin' Horse (through Arista) next week titled 'Listening Land'.

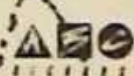


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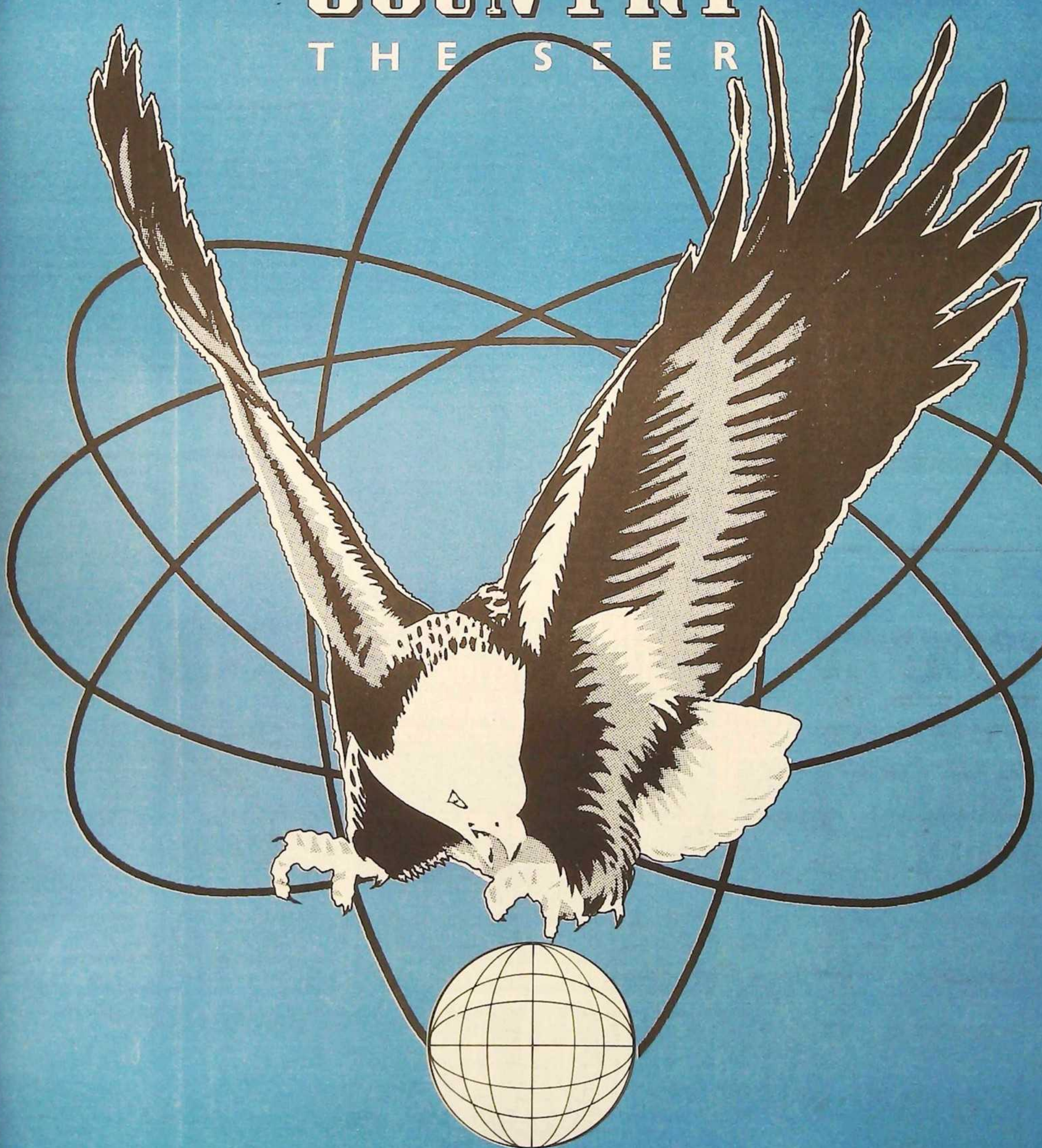
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TOUR NEWS

BLYTH POWER wind up a series of gigs to promote their 'Junction Signal' indie hit with a gig at Camden Electric Ballroom on July 3 with The Three Johns.

ROGUE MALE have confirmed dates for their 'Animal Man' tour at Salisbury Arts Centre July 12, Newcastle Tiffany's 16, Workington Carnegie Hall 17, Glasgow Venue 18, Wishaw Heathery Bar 19, London Marquee 22, Leicester Princess Charlotte 23, Cardiff Bogies 25, Birkenhead Stairways 26.

DANCE NAKED, formed from the remnants of Stress and Garden Of Delights, have dates at Brighton Prince Albert July 5 and Norwich Premises 25.

SWIMMING IN SAND, the London avant-garde popsters, plug their 'Power' single at Harlesden Mean Fiddler July 23, Tottenham Speakeasy 24, Plymouth Elephant Fayre 25, Camden Dingwalls 27.

ANOTHER CUBA, a Leeds/Bradford band who reckon their "aggressive psychedelia" is worth a good slugging by the music press, keep tabs on any likely reviewers at Bradford Market Tavern July 3, Bradford Royal Standard 5, Hull Adelphi 17, Leeds Haddon Hall 18, Bradford Braid's Bar 21, Wakefield Henry Boons 24, Bradford Queens Hall 31.

THE TIER GARDEN from Barrow push their 'India' single at Manchester Broadwalk July 3, Liverpool Rudi's 5, Birmingham Barrel Organ 7, Kendal Brewery Arts Centre 17, Wolverhampton Scruples 27.



THE WEATHER PROPHETS continue their tour in support of their 'Almost Prayed' single at Manchester Broadwalk July 5, Wolverhampton Scruples 6, Leeds Warehouse 15, Middlesbrough Town Hall 16, Glasgow Pollock Hall (Anti Apartheid gig with Edwyn Collins) 27.

Leicesters TOP 40

FRIDAY JUNE 20th 1986		
1	(9) Help Me	...Rick Wilson/RTB
2	(1) Holding Back The Years	...Simply Red/Elektra
3	(4) I Can't Wait	...Nu Shooz/Atlantic
FRIDAY JUNE 13th 1986		
8	(4) Everybody Wants To Run The World	...Tears For Fears/Mercury
9	(19) Help Me	...Rick Wilson/RTB
10	(—) Hunting High And Low	...A-Ha/Warner Brothers
FRIDAY JUNE 6th 1986		
18	(17) Big Mouth Strikes Again	...The Smiths/Rough Trade
19	(—) Help Me	...Rick Wilson/RTB
20	(—) Twenty First Century Boy	...Sigue Sigue Sputnik/Parlophone

Chart compiled by Revolver Records. Chart entries from the Leicester Mercury. RTB Records - 0533-734566. Barkby Road Studios, Leicester. Cut for rel.

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FLESH TONES

the Scientists the Primevals

Friday 4th July, 7.30pm. £4

THE BOOGIE BROTHERS get down down down at Fulham Kings Head July 5, Camden Dublin Castle 9, Kentish Town Town And Country Club 11, Putney Half Moon 13, Fulham Kings Head 18, Finsbury Park Sir George Robey 19, Camden Dublin Castle 23, Brixton Fringe 25, Brentford Red Lion 26, Putney Half Moon 27.

DEE C LEE, who releases her 'Shrine' album on CBS this week, plays her first live show this year at Kentish Town Town And Country Club July 5.

ONE THOUSAND VIOLINS, who have a single out on Dreamworld this week called 'Please Don't Sandblast My House', come down from Sheffield to play London gigs at Covent Garden Rock Garden July 18, Brixton Old White Horse August 2.

THE SERVANTS will be much obliged at Chalk Farm Enterprise July 4, Oxford Art Centre (with Felt) 17, London ICA (with Primal Scream) 23.

THE TRIFFIDS lash out with a one-off gig at Kentish Town Town And Country Club July 4 with fellow antipodeans The Apartments.

THE SHAKERS, who've been recording tracks for a waterfront compilation, 'All Night Garage Service', nip out for gigs at Shoburyness Warehouse July 2, Bethnal Green Green Gate 4.

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11 MILTON NASCIMENTO + AL DI MEOLA	Sept 21 METALICA
12 DAVID SANBORN	26-27 LISA LISA CULT JAM FULL FORCE
12 RAY CAMPA	27-28 CHRIS DE BURGH
12 THE FALL	2 STEVE RAY VAUGHAN
13 CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT	Oct 5 STEEL PULSE
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14 WE'VE GOT A FUZZBOX & WE'RE GONNA USE IT	18 MAGNUM
17 YOUSSEAU N BOUL	20-22 Z.Z. TOP
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	Dec 12-13 BILLY OCEAN

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Tom Waits eat your heart out . . ."

the highly acclaimed new single on 7" + 12" taken from the album 'The Big Heat'.

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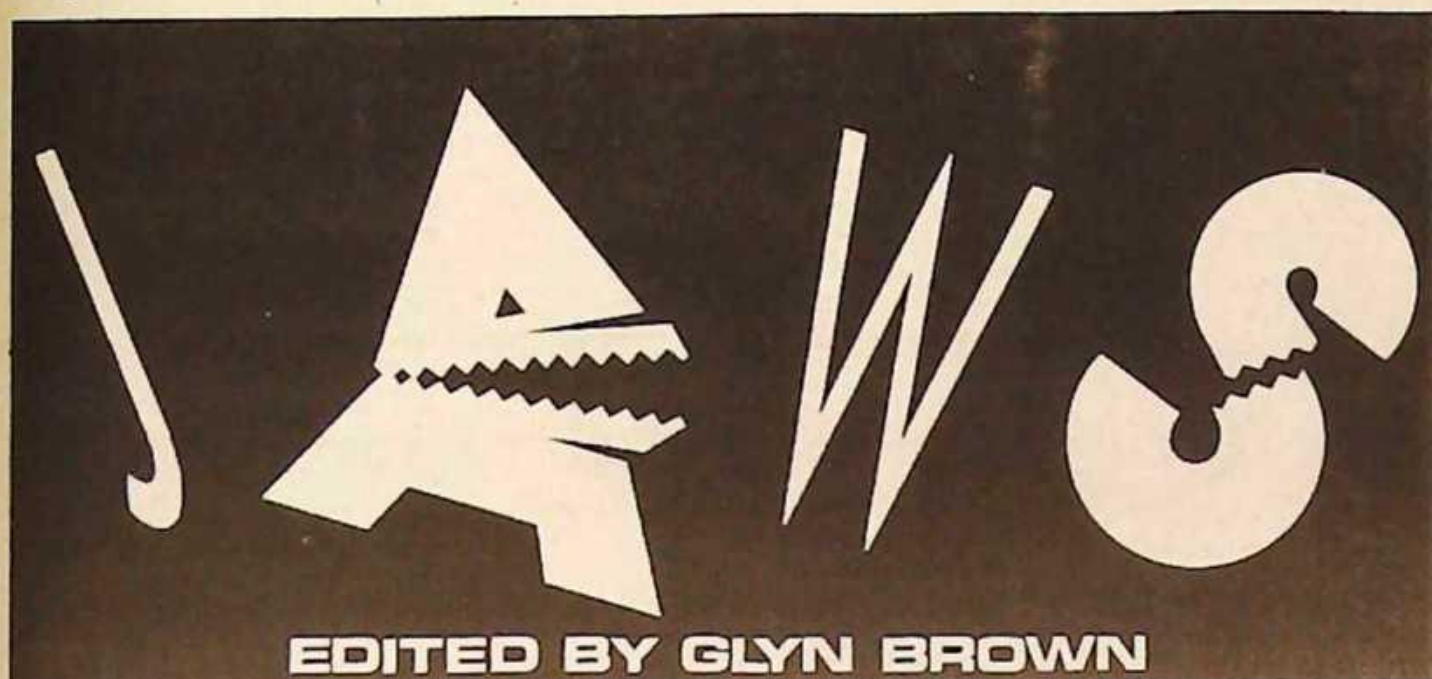
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WORKIN'

SEE THAT body work. See it glisten under the lights as leather connects with skin, two men locked in the age old battle of fisticuffs as the world looks on.

See the companies work. See them locked in mortal combat as two small pieces of vinyl vie for the affections of you, the consumer. And at the centre of all this hullabaloo, one gentle giant, the mighty British man of the ring and number one contender for the heavyweight crown, Ladies and Gentlemen, in the blue corner, fighting Frank Bruno.

Now I know that you're all keen observers of the cultural climate and on the ball, to boot, so you will be aware that just the merest sniff of a world sport something-or-other is enough to send every unknown songwriter and session musician in the country scurrying off into his mate's studio to lay down the ultimate musical tribute to whoever or whatever it is that is kicking, punching, leaping, flying, swimming, sinking or screaming its way into the record books.

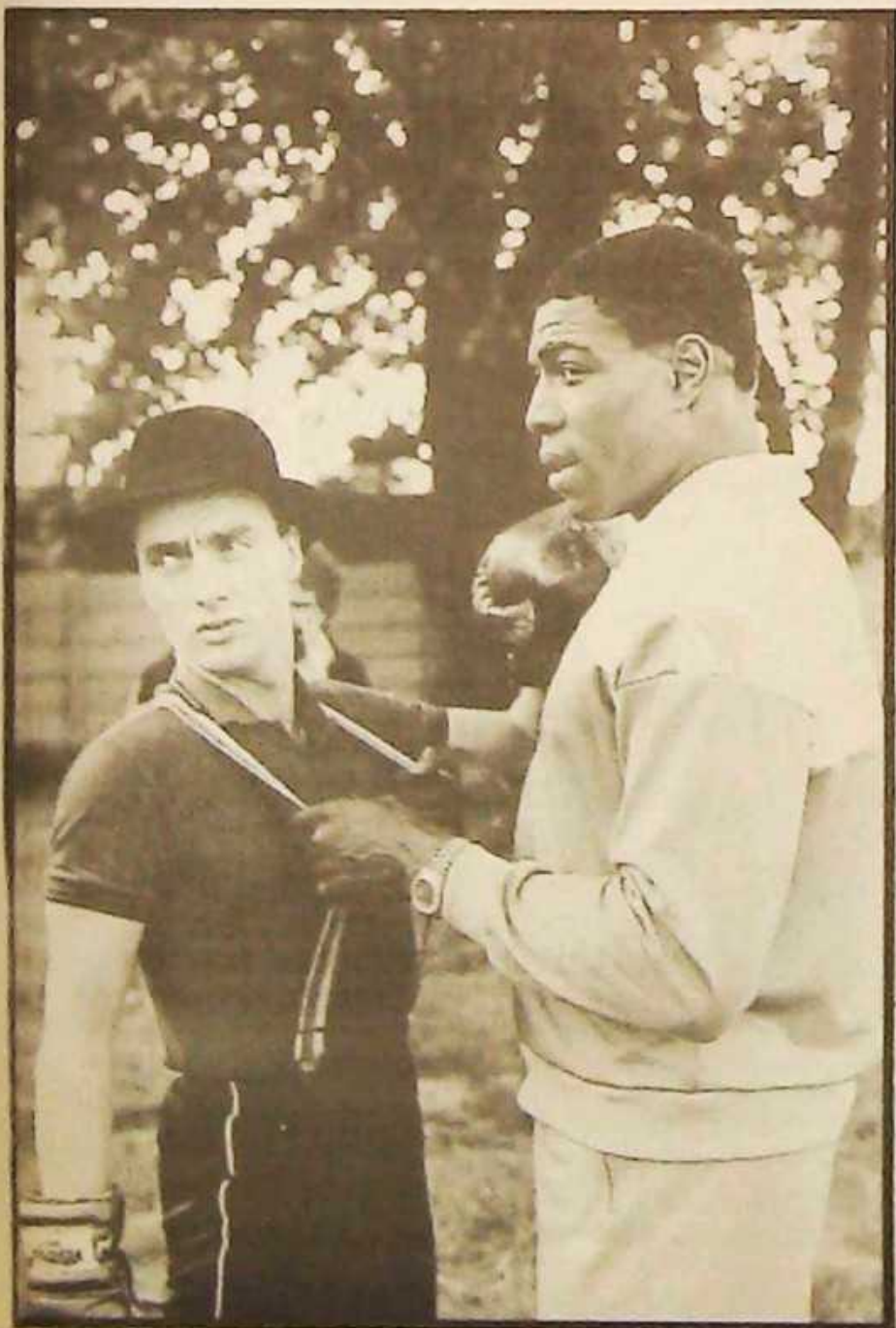
And at double speed if it's a good old East End matey like bouncy Bruno, the man who trains above a Canning Town pub before a world class fight.

So both EMI and Chrysalis have these dodgy old crowd anthems released this week, both dance floor smashes if you were to believe the press releases. But fabulous Frank has put his not inconsiderable weight behind only one of them, the EMI effort, 'Where's Harry', cut by Paul Hardcastle understudies The Contenders. And down to the depths of Canning Town we went, to meet the man and see the video (of course).

Burly Bruno actually gets to get his voice on this plastic punch, alongside that silver-haired messenger of the microphone, Harry Carpenter, and he also has the starring role in the ultra home video, a giant, jogging along the streets of his manor, waving to the cheery folks who know him and love him as "Little Frankie". (NB Watch out for the Jacuzzi scene, girls).

And of course the Chrysalis creation, known simply as 'Bruno', (good one, kids, to the point) has incurred the wrath of fit-as-a-fiddle Frank, who completely disowns its sub-metal doodlings and terrace chanting as cashing in on his name. For my money, there ain't much to choose between the two, but if that's how you feel, Frank, then that's 150 percent, top 'o the morning, AOK with me and can you put me down now please? Cheers. See you in Wembley on the 19th.

STAXA WAX



FRANK BRUNO picking on a Contender

ANYWAY, THE Jaws desk being on the wagon and sick to the shins of footy, we moseyed on down to the Wild West of London to The Mean Fiddler to quaff a root beer or two and feed the dimes into the country music juke — and what the hell happens? The place is full of commie faggot pinkos and everywhere you look there's a damned TV screen with those coyotes the Argies and Germans running around chasing a little ball.

Seems we'd stumbled into some dance called Artists Against Apartheid World Cup Special Bertolt Brecht Night, the last in a month of Sundays organised by those scalp hunting critters The Redskins. After the match the TVs lit up with one of those darn video gizmos full of the most vile propaganda about people wanting their freedom not only in South Africa but around the world. Goddamn, if this video didn't even take the rise out of Ronbo Reagan's secret spy in the Labour Party, Neil 'Crazy Baldhead' Kinnock, and The Red Wedge who apparently play his tune.

Tunes? We can smell a pinko song as easy as distinguishing the taste of

hoss-piss from bourbon. And boy, these people stank to high heaven with the taint of conspiracy to pervert all the morals and ideals that every capitalist bigot holds dear. In the interests of justice, Jaws names the culprits:

Bob Boyton (a filthy-mouthed comedian who seems to spend his life doing unnatural acts in public toilets). Backlash (a group flown in from Kilburn by helicopter who insisted that people should be happy). Toby and Angus and some others from Test Dept (they'd left their ironmongery behind to play with a real hot trumpet player who was thrown out of the army because he was black).

Sarah Jane and Garry Finch from the supposed Happy End who did the

unmentionable and sang commie songs by some bloke called Brecht in German. A talking, walking beard by the name of Steve Drewitt raked out some wicked insurrection about South Africa while that A1 Joe, Lofty of EastEnders, told jokes and compèred.

Q: How many Red Wedgers are needed to change Kinnock? A: It's impossible, because they're all too busy trying to put on their own nappies.

Nope, Lofty didn't tell that one before we left. He didn't get the chance. It was The Redskins that drove us out. A bunch of people with short hair and not a feather or tomahawk in sight, they lynched 'Ruby (Don't Take Your Love To Town)'.

Where we come from, you can insult our President but you can't insult our God, the Almighty Kenny Rodgers. So we went back there.

DUKE AND WYATT WAX

Lord WAISTREL

WHAM! ARE over! Hip Hip Hooray (Henry)!

Pop's dodgiest duo have bitten the dust at last — and at length. For the last ten days every two-bit rag from *S Hits* to *Keep Better Budgies* have bombarded us with their tedious accounts of Wham!'s resistible rise to fame.

Is George gay? Why do they wear such awful clothes? Who stole Andy's brain? How many kebabs can George consume in one lunch hour?

These were the questions, but nobody had answers.

We were simply served up regurgitated accounts of how two bozos from Bushey with less than seven Top Five hits to their name managed to hoodwink the music biz into believing that they were bigger stars than, say, Queen who have notched up more than 30 smashes in 13 years...

But more fascinating still was talk of their future careers.

Andy a racing driver? He'd have trouble keeping a milk float in a bus lane!

George a mature sex symbol? With his weight problem and without his grinning sidekick for moral support, it's an odds-on certainty that he'll be looking like Demis Roussos within 18 months of the split!

Anyway, last Sunday, acting on an exclusive Waistrel tip, I disguised the Roller as a carnival float and drove down to sunny Brixton for the band's secret gig. 24 hours later, my tip proved entirely right!

Security at the charity show was heavy. Wham!'s mysterious Italian PR, Connie Flippinada (sic) described it all, a jot oddly, as "like Fortnum Knox, darling".

Cunningly disguised as *Today's* charmingly inconsequential Martin Townsend, I managed to creep in and catch the concert in its chronic entirety.

Children, you will not believe how I suffered. For almost three hours I put up with their bland rip-offs of average Motown melodies while screaming 15-year-old girls hollered and shouted and gnashed their milk teeth.

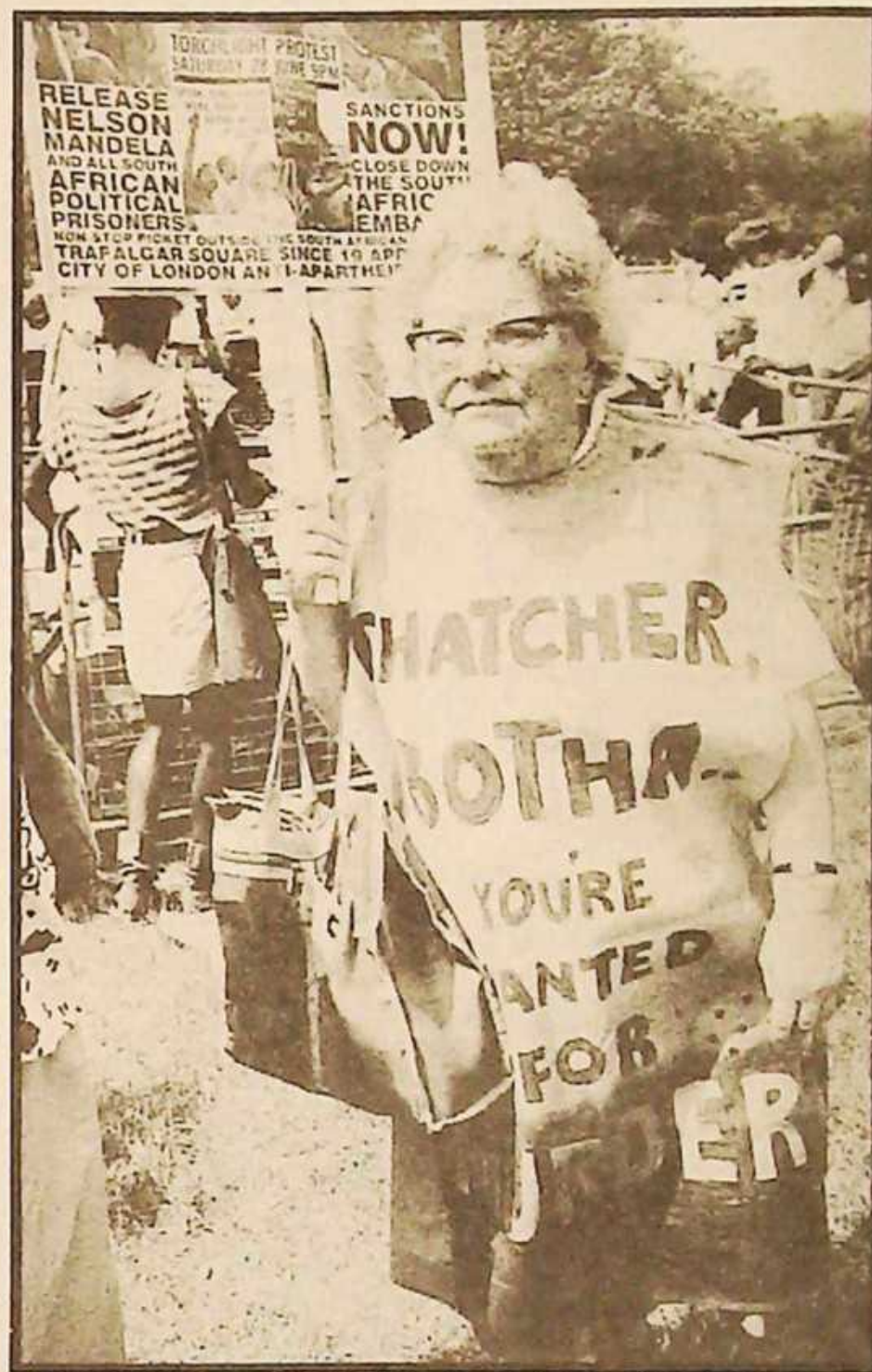
But most definitely the highlight of the night was 'Last Christmas'. A set of tubular bells were wheeled out for Andrew who proceeded to mime playing them. Andy dutifully kept the act up for a full 40 seconds but then was overcome with boredom and strutted off.

Needless to say, the tubular bells continued to play without him!

Toodle pip!

SAY IT BLACK

Sit up and listen



ABOVE, SOUNDS rep puts the boot in and, below, Gil Scott-Heron oozes cool



God Says

IT'S BEEN a long time, about 16 years in fact, since The Beatles knocked it on the head in favour of leading their lives outside the holy matrimony of the monster group they created. Sixteen years of rumours, recriminations and regrets for what could, should and never should have happened. The facts are lost in the dope-hazed days of the late '60s, and now the stories grow into legends as new generations stumble upon bargain basement copies of old Apple recordings and discover liberalism and second-hand hippy ideals.

Now, in 1986, four new characters appear on the scene. Those cultural guerillas cum potential popsters, known and

feared throughout Hackney as God Told Me To Do It, have unearthed tapes from the 1969 sessions for 'Let It Be' from the vaults of the Abbey Road studios in W8.

These tapes, featuring Paul McCartney, John Lennon and Ringo Starr, contain three new songs, the lyrical content of which can be described as blatantly racist. They are: 1 'No Immigrants', an early version of 'Get Back' which begins with McCartney singing, "Don't dig no Pakistanis taking all the people's jobs, get back to where you once belonged".

2 'White Power', where McCartney chants the title and Lennon replies "Yeah" over a sub-standard blues riff.

LOUD, I'M AND I'M PROUD

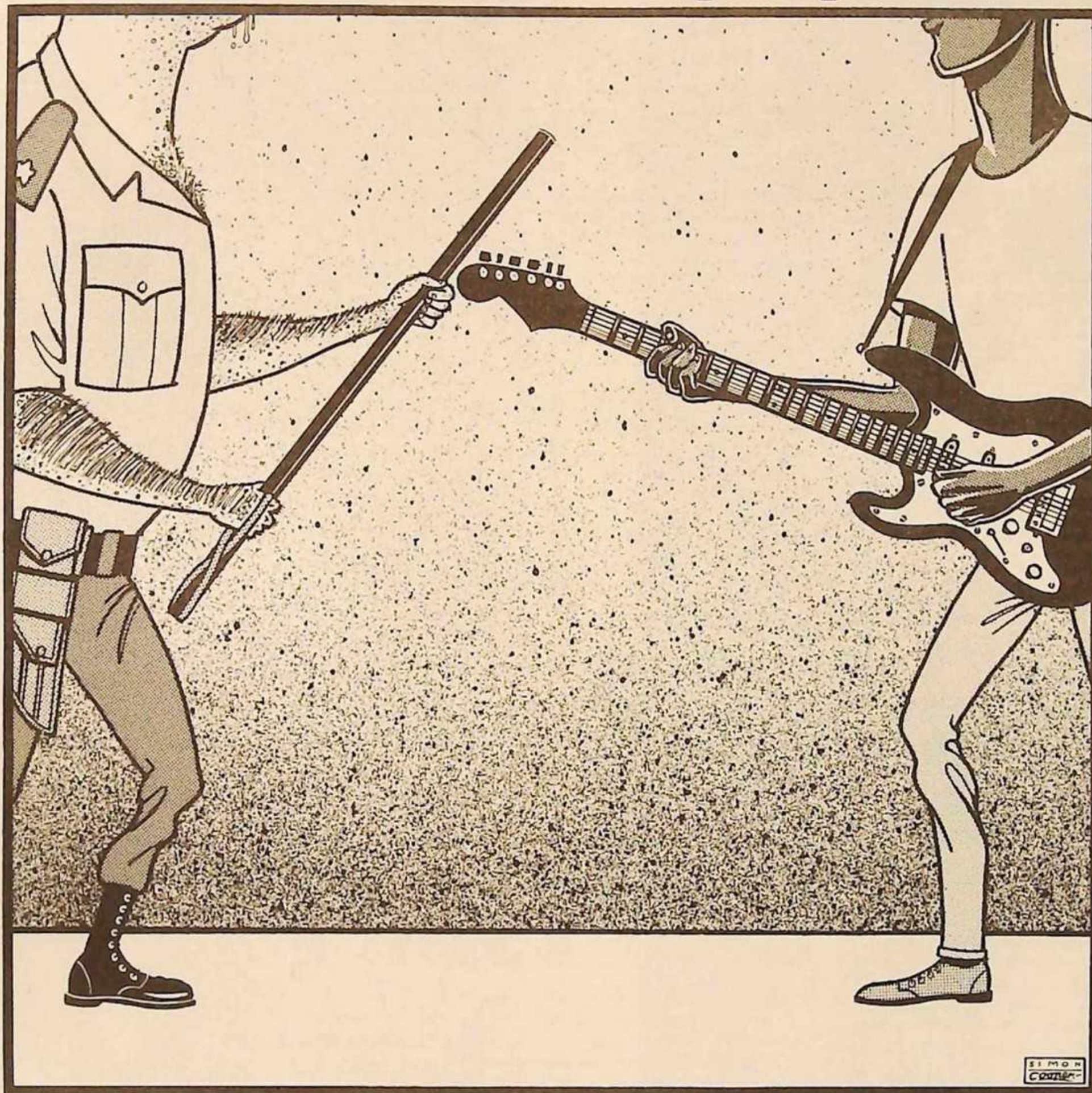
to the voice of the Common people

Clapham Common pounded to the sound of assembled Artists Against Apartheid on Saturday – weren't you there? Jayne Houghton fills in a few details while her photos and Simon Cooper's illustration make the point

"LET'S HEAR it for your favourite drug addict!", shrieks Boy George as he scampers onstage, clad in a customised jacket bearing 'Heroin Free Zone' and 'F*** Me Stupid' slogans. A few cans are half-heartedly lobbed in his general direction, but 200,000 people are not sweating it out on Clapham Common in order to be hostile towards this mixed assortment of artists, all pledging their alliance to The Anti-Apartheid Movement. And what a movement!

The Style Council, Billy Bragg, Gil Scott-Heron, BAD, Sting, Maxi Priest, Sade – all your fave superstars plus a large assortment of gringos too numerous to go into detail about – are playing short sets of their own material and cover versions to benefit such an occasion.

Junior and the Bragg boy are however the only noticeable artists actually doing the six mile march from Hyde Park to Clapham in 80 degrees of blistering sun, boycotting Shell garages and Barclays banks along the route, but



who cares? The rest of us slogged it out in fine raucous style.

The Common rocked-and-rolled, heaved and sweated until late into the

night, when everybody ambled homeward, hoping that this time, at last, the

powers that be will take notice of days like these.
CANDELLE WAX

2 'Commonwealth', in which the line, "Commonwealth, you're much too common for me" is sung a number of times along with references to Enoch Powell and his racist policies.

Beatles authority John Tobler has verified that the tapes are genuine.

God... (as we affectionately refer to them), claim that they wish to "bring down The Beatles because we want to be bigger than them without doing the work".

Their first move in this direction after obtaining the tape was to contact *The Sun* newspaper, offering them the story. Initially front page coverage and a four figure sum were mooted but, after contact with the McCartney press office, this was reduced to a column in the *Bizarre* section and a couple of hundred quid with no credit to God...

The tapes were then sent to us at the *Jaws* desk, together with a press release based on the Angry Brigade's original press release and containing the phrase, "Journalists are scum, whose conspiracy?" referring to the 17-year press silence on the tapes and a supposed planned hippy revival.

In point of fact, the most outrageous thing about the tapes is the atrocious standard of the playing and singing on them. As John Tobler said, "The Beatles weren't racist. Paul and John had obviously had a few drinks and were just mucking about", but God... are not about to miss a good scam when they sniff one, and even so the tapes are without doubt genuine and likely to cause McCartney no small amount of embarrassment. He was away on holiday and



Camera Press

"PAUL AND John had obviously had a few drinks."

unavailable for comment as we went to press.

And the rest of the God... master plan? Their manager informs me that they had something up

their sleeves for the Royal Wedding and that some gigs are planned but that journalists will have to find out about them for themselves if they are

interested. I say, when walking in a field full of cow shit be careful not to fall flat on your face. Good luck, kids.

RICKY KILPOPSTARS

OVER THE World Cup yet? I thought as much. Never mind, people have it worse than you. Imagine being **Roxy Meade**, **Queen's** PR. She rang me to say guess what the band do after a show, and I had to say, Shucks, can't guess, why 'n't ya tell me? So Roxy beams that ver lads play Scrabble all afternoon to calm their quaking hulks of bodies. But what's the punchline, Rox? That **Fred** can spell? Late Queen news (wishing) is that **Fish** got up on stage at the Mannheim gig to do two choruses of 'Tutti Frutti' while **Joan Baez** wandered around backstage. But why, Roxy? "I don't know."

My Bloody Valentine – they tune up to the sound of **The Monkees** and though there are allusions, this band do not take drugs, they sniff people.

More cheap and nasty gossip says that the wonderful **Mike 'el' Alway** has notified the claws at *Jaws* about his **Bid**. Bid wants it to be known that his new single 'Reach For Your Gun' is not about sex or murder (as the title possibly suggests) but expresses his views on anti-violence. Bid owns eight bats – sorry, didn't have the glasses on, that is *cats*.

Did you know that the new **Anthony Adverse** single, 'Our Fairy Tale', is about the life of the 4th century hermit **Saint Simeon Stylites**, who spent 40 years perched on top of a column in the Syrian desert talking to God? Saint Simeon (have that cup of tea now, OK?) ate nothing but lettuce leaves and something too horrible to mention (but you can guess) and has had an arty film made about him. Some people really just need a couple of tequilas and a nice Fray Bentos steak pie and then they'd know which way is up...

Good news (I hope) is that very soon fantasy becomes hideous reality when **Virgin Comics** opens up inside your heart – oh Jesus, dreaming again, I mean inside the mega-death dive that is the Oxford Street **Virgin Megastore**. There's gonna be some huge opening show complete with the **Fantastic Four** and so on, and I'm told there'll be a bigger stock than *Forbidden Planet*. But I bet it won't have the same ambience.

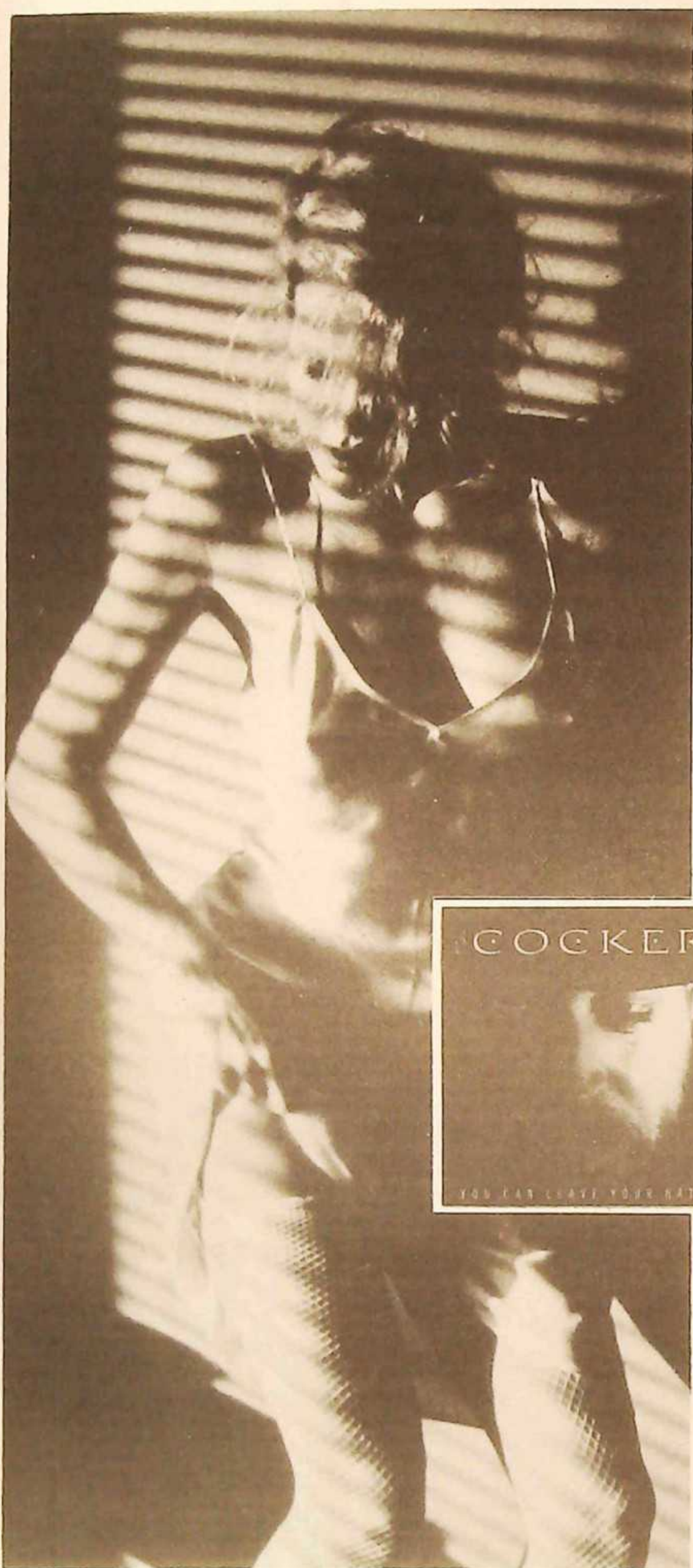
By the way, the vintage saxophone that brought you 'War Baby' has done a bunk. **Mark Ramsden** of the **Tom Robinson Band** is more than cut up over its recent disappearance from a Glasgow gig and Tom (himself) says, "It's the meanest thing anyone could have done to Mark – the sound of that saxophone is his trademark." (Er...) The missing relative is a **Buffet** soprano saxophone – a thin, straight instrument looking like a brass clarinet – and the serial number is 24612. Info should (please) be relayed to **Karen Gordon** at 01-938 3466. The other news is Tom's new 'Nothing Like The Real Thing' single, for a cocaine-addicted mate. He says, "I finally played the finished record to my friend last month. Look, forget it, he said, quite angrily. I've been doing this stuff seven years and I'm not addicted yet..."

More on the aid front – **Then Jericho** have had their fan-donated, one-off backdrop lifted after their Marquee gig. Information relayed to **London Records** (01-491 4600) gets tickets for the lads' Royal Albert Hall show and a vast vindaloo for after. Get cracking, then!

My final word on the subject goes to those britches-bustin' **Wham!** guys. **George** – if you ever lose something don't hesitate to call. **Andy** – get lost! From your loving friend who brings you all the gossip you never needed. PS – what happened to all those club reviews?

MORTICIA WAX

COCKER



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YOUR HAT ON
12-INCH VERSION FEATURES
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LABEL

Is there an indie revival in the air or just another battle of the bands? HUGH FIELDER tracks down the men at the top and pops the question. Sour pussies by DAVID TRAVIS

WEA, RCA and Polygram. Freedom from the kind of corporate thinking that signs a promising band and then sets about moulding the band to the public and the public to the band.

"It's the control of your own life — how you work and who you work with," says Geoff Travis of Rough Trade, first among indie equals.

"I regard it as an experiment that's still going on. But we've proved that we can do it and the best music around at the moment is in the indie charts."

THE PRESENT indie scene has its roots in the new wave explosion of a decade ago. With the major labels unwilling to take the risk of signing the bands, small companies sprang up to take up the challenge.

And they soon showed that commitment and enthusiasm could compensate for lack of money.

They were led by the flamboyant Stiff who promoted themselves almost as vigorously as their bands, with their legendary slogan 'If It Ain't Stiff It Ain't Worth A F***'.

They had the bands to work with too — Fast with Gang Of Four and Human League, Small Wonder with The Cure and Bauhaus, Zoo with Echo And The Bunnymen and Teardrop Explodes, Rough Trade with Cabaret Voltaire and Scritti Politti, and Factory with Joy Division.

The indie spirit left plenty of room for all kinds of attitudes and practices.

At Rough Trade the co-operative ethic meant that everyone was paid the same wage and boss Geoff Travis was frequently to be seen sweeping the warehouse floors. And Factory, run by the enigmatic Tony Wilson, took the opposite tack to Stiff, sometimes not even bothering to tell the music press of their releases or omitting the name of the band from the front cover of a single.

In the wake of the indies' success, specialist record shops enjoyed a renaissance and existing independent distributors such as Pinnacle and Spartan were joined by IDS and the Cartel — a combined regional distribution network made up of Fast from Edinburgh, Red Rhino from York, Probe from Liverpool, Backs from Norwich, Nine Mile from Leamington Spa and Rough Trade from London.

It was perhaps naive to think that the major labels would simply wither away in the face of the indie advance. Instead they fought back with the main weapon at their disposal — money. Indie labels simply didn't have the kind of six-figure investment necessary to promote a group from national to international success.

It wasn't difficult to lure the bands. Sometimes they were given their own labels so that they could still appear independent (Fiction for The Cure, Holden Caulfield for Orange Juice), sometimes they took on entire labels, using them as self-generating A&R departments. But always they could offer them airplay.

Shorn of many big names, the indie scene contracted through 1983-84. The distribution suffered most. IDS went bankrupt and Pinnacle and Fast clung on by the skin of their teeth (Fast re-emerging from receivership as Fast Forward).

Even the emergence of an indie chart — *Sounds* was the first paper to publish charts from various indie shops and eventually a panel was established to provide a comprehensive chart — hasn't stopped the steady drain of groups away from indie labels. The Sisters Of Mercy, Everything But The Girl and Red Guitars are among the defectors over the last couple of years.

And even labels with impeccable indie credentials such as Kitchenware which grew out of the Newcastle Soul Kitchen early in the '80s, have been driven into the arms of the majors. They've placed Prefab Sprout with CBS and The Kane Gang and The Daintees with London (through Phonogram) although their records still come out on the Kitchenware label.

"We have to do the best for our bands," explains Kitchenware's money man Paul Ludford. "We gave the Cartel every opportunity to succeed with Prefab Sprout and The Kane Gang but they blew it every time."

"The majors can cock it up too, and they do. But the difference is that when you yell at them they have the money to put it right."

"The trouble with the indie scene at the

IS THIS an indie revival we see before us?

There's a new set of bands — Half Man Half Biscuit, The Soup Dragons, BMX Bandits, Rose Of Avalanche, The Mighty Lemon Drops, Stump, The Chesterfields, The Shop Assistants — starting to make an impact on the indie charts on a new set of record labels — Subway Organisations, Probe Plus, Fire, El, Pink, Ron Johnson, 53rd & 3rd...

Certainly the indie scene is in dire need of a boost. From the halcyon days of the early '80s when independent labels accounted for around ten per cent of album sales, they've been pegged back to around four per cent.

It's a retraction that has brought the spirit and definition of indie into question.

Independent from what exactly? From the major record companies — EMI, CBS,

**YOUNG BLOOD
ON THE TRACKS**

MATES?

moment is that there's too many chiefs and not enough Indians. I've been criticised for sending The Daintees out on a tour round HMV shops. People say I should have used The Chain With No Name, but I was able to set up the entire HMV tour by speaking to one guy. That would have been impossible using the indie network."

The problem is not simply one of efficiency. Once a record shows signs of selling in increasing quantities, it is crucial to press and distribute it to shops all over the country within hours. A couple of days delay and the momentum is lost.

No expense should be spared at the critical moment because if the record becomes a hit the rewards will be big enough to cover all expenses and then some.

And this is where the indies are caught in Catch 22. They don't have the money to fling at the problem, they can't even get credit, so they can't get the hits, and they can't get the money. And so it goes.

THE CURRENT indie scene is dominated by a few major established labels such as Rough Trade, Mute, Factory, and 4AD, each of which has managed to keep one successful band out of the clutches of the majors and bring money back to the indie scene – The Smiths at Rough Trade, Depeche Mode at Mute, New Order at Factory and Cocteau Twins at 4AD.

And after a couple of fruitless attempts the indie scene now has its own representative body – Umbrella – which has managed to exert considerable influence even though it deliberately doesn't have an office or any staff.

In an attempt to consolidate the indie scene, Umbrella have refused to grant indie status to any label which is distributed by a major – even though it may enjoy none of the major's other financial fringe benefits such as marketing and promotion.

This has incensed Stiff boss Dave Robinson whose indie claims are as vociferous as they are long-standing.

But Stiff records are distributed by EMI. "If indie distribution was good I'd use it. But it's ten per cent more expensive than the majors and the service is at least 20 per cent worse."

And Andy MacDonald, head of Go! Discs – who are so indie that Billy Bragg sets his own selling price for his records, much to the annoyance of distributors Chrysalis and Phonogram – is equally annoyed.

"The indie network just can't get the records into the shops," he claims.

But Rough Trade's Geoff Travis argues that the principle of independent distribution is crucial "because it brings money back into the indie scene".

Mute boss Daniel Miller gets over any deficiencies by doing a deal with the Cartel, Pinnacle and Spartan for Depeche Mode to ensure maximum coverage of record shops. And he says that the results speak for themselves.

"I haven't tried to keep Depeche Mode from

the majors. It's been their choice. But there's no doubt that they've given the indie scene a lot of clout with their success.

"I've got them good foreign deals with majors abroad and there's no way they could have earned more by signing to a major in Britain."

However, Miller, Travis and Ivo Watts-Russell at 4AD have used major label strike forces – a fleet of sales reps who work on specific acts ensuring that record shops have adequate supplies – for Depeche Mode, The Smiths and Cocteau Twins.

This loophole in Umbrella's strict discrimination has been permitted because there is at present no indie strike force, although a couple are being set up.

And Geoff Travis has also been involved in setting up the Blanco Y Negro and Blue Guitar labels, both of which are licensed to major labels and have brought accusations of "having it both ways" from Dave Robinson.

"It's just a method of getting funding," replies Travis. "We simply didn't have the resources to work The Jesus And Mary Chain and Everything But The Girl. Maybe I am having my cake and eating it but at least the money is coming back."

Certainly it's hard to play fair and win against the majors when record shops are finding bottles of whisky placed on their counters just to get AN Other album above The Smiths...

ALL THE indications are that the indies have held on to their share of the market over the last couple of years. Geoff Travis also claims that the Cartel have made considerable improvements in their organisation recently – "better quality control and central distribution" – which helped them increase their business by 20 per cent. And Making Waves is now doing just that on the distribution scene, increasing its market share by 50 per cent over the last year.

But no one else has followed the example of Cherry Red in getting into publishing – a move which has enabled them to reap the rewards from spotting the potential in Everything But The Girl and Blancmange even after they moved on to the majors.

"We have to demonstrate to groups that the indie system works," says Red Rhino boss Tony Kaye. "Bands are still using us to get major deals and we're not getting the benefit."

"We need to grow up. Too many indie labels expect a pat on the back just for being indie. Being independent means doing it yourself."

But several of the young lions of the indie scene are showing a more aggressive attitude to money. And it's a challenge that Geoff Travis for one happily accepts.

And the credibility attached to an indie band remains a vital factor. The Mission are keeping a low profile over their "defection" to a major (Phonogram) to minimise the fall-out.

How many of the latest crop of indie bands stay within the indie fold remains to be seen. Even as you read this The Mighty Lemon Drops are looking for a major deal. And Vindaloo have just hitched themselves to WEA.



MIGHTY LEMON DROPS drop out and hope to sign up

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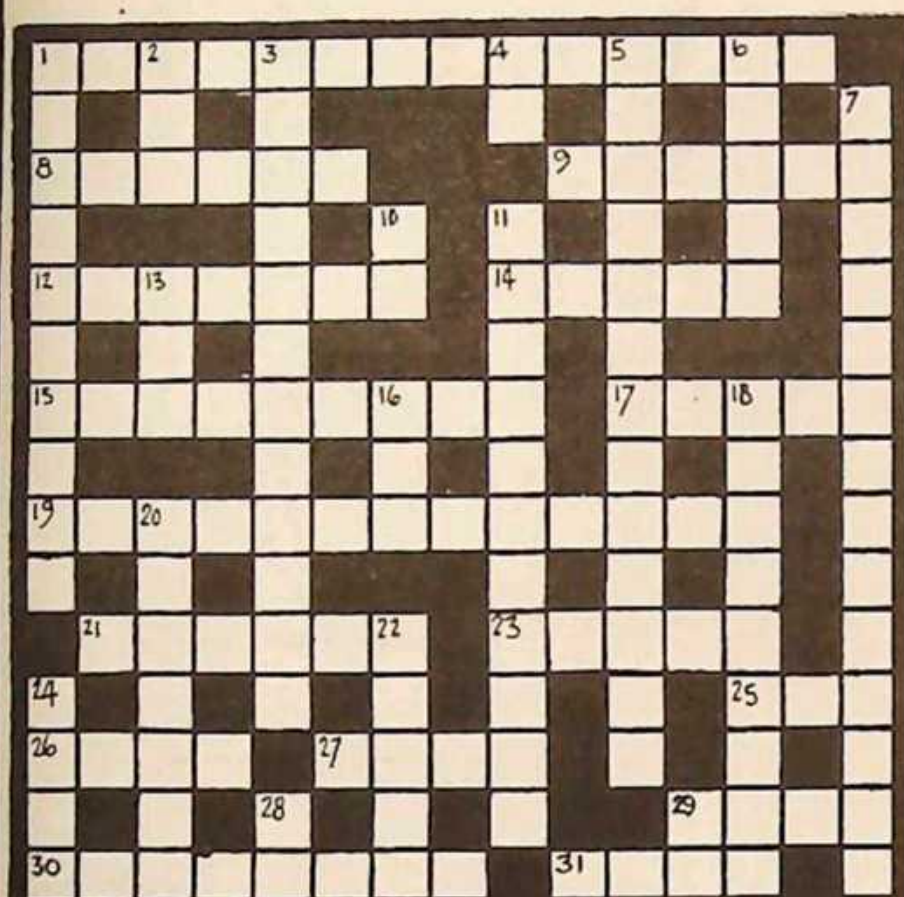


Life sounds better to music.



WORD

By Sue Buckley



ACROSS

1. Flat dweller and consumer singer? (3,3,8) 8. Double dose for Debbie? (3,3) 9. Prince/Van Halen (6) 12. Young Neil's ironic habits? (3,4) 14. He's no class! (5) 15. J Jackson's advice to a dedicated follower of fashion? (4,5) 17. and 20. He moved it, travelled light, and didn't talk anymore (5,7) 19. They give us circuses and mother's pride! (7,6) 21. Why The Skids didn't dance (5) 23. Who lost Steely Dan's number? (5) 25. Sayer's star sign? (3) 26. Bunny Wailer sees one in your eye (4) 27. Creedence Clearwater Revival's reversible idol (4) 29. A wild, summons from Lee Aaron? (4) 30. Communist rant from Nelson? (3,5) 31. Sting and Neil walked on it (4)

DOWN

1. Japanese sharpness strikes lightning (5,5) 2. Wild West heroes (1,1,1) 3. What Marc wrote for Mills And Boon? (1,6,5) 4. How sad was it to see Everly's love go bad? (2) 5. When the lights went out, he moved some musicians (4,9) 6. What Whitesnake were as well as willing (5) 7. Magnum on the geographical brink (4,2,3,5) 10. A native male for Elvis (1,1) 11. Husker D's advice to Paul D? (4,4,3) 13. His heart is sacred (3) 16. The Campbell who likes red, red wine (3) 18. See Al nailing his vocals to the mast (3,6 anag) 20. see 17. 22. Lizard celebrants (5) 24. Man for Bowie (4) 28. Double it for Miracles' club (2) 29. A short Bad Company? (2)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS

1. Beki Bondage 7. May 9. Lynval Golding 10. Yes 11. Outer Space 15. Right 17. Earth 18. Hot 19. Genie 20. Harvest 22. Thrashing Doves 26. Al 27. On 28. Wig 29. Rory 31. Lawyers 32. T.K. 33. Asia

1. Billy Bragg 2. Kings 3. Boat On The 4. Night Of The Hawks 5. All 6. Eli 7. Magic 8. Year 12. River 13. Pretenders 14. The Last 16. Gun-Shy 21. Tavares 23. Annie 24. Night 25. Call 30. B. A.

IDEAL FOR LIVING?

THERE IS no independent ideal. There is no independent ethic and there's no concise, gift-wrapped, fashion-designed independent scene.

Only the most idiotic fools honestly believe that there are groups actually wanting to be permanently based on an independent label.

Labels like Ron Johnson's, Pink etc, where they would be lucky to get more than two hundred pounds to record a single that, through poor distribution, lack of press, little advertising, laziness at The Cartel and ignorance at daytime radio programming, probably won't sell more than two thousand records.

Being independent these days means being small. Of course you could look to Mute, Beggars, Rough Trade, Factory, Stiff and 4AD to be shining lights of the independent ideal, but if you look closer at their acts, then you would realise they offer little alternative to the six sperm-whale conglomerates like EMI and CBS.

Being on an independent doesn't pay the rent or guarantee a group's credibility, and it definitely doesn't ensure that the product is good.

Years of Factory releases in fact prove the opposite.

Ask The Mighty Lemon Drops, now negotiating substantial contracts with major labels, whether they want to remain small. They know that to stay on an independent is futile and that their talent would be wasted in a thousand pub back rooms around the country. It would also be suicidal to the quality of future Mighty Lemon Drop singles because recording, mixing and producing are expensive operations.

And money, I'm afraid, is something the whole of the independent scene is

considerably short of. So this hinders rather than helps any new band with the strength of imagination to compete with the dross of Duran Duran, the cheap sterile rock of Big Country or the twaddle of Simple Minds.

AT THE very best, all an independent can be is an accessible vehicle for absolute beginners to hitch a ride until lucrative sugar-daddies line up to offer them bigger lollipops. This isn't the intention most bands start off with when playing for the first time, more a reality they have to face as they grow out of their nappies.

Yet there is a renaissance in the British music scene that has a youth and a vigour unseen in this country for years. It can only be refreshing that, after years of unrelenting sordid mediocrity, there is an exciting explosion of talent, mostly signed to small independents through harsh circumstance rather than choice. This talent has developed in isolation mainly outside London — new acts who have signed to indie labels because of the disgusting conservatism that exists not only in the offices of the majors but more worryingly in Rough Trade, 4AD, Mute, Stiff etc. Independent labels too concerned with competing with the majors to dare risk releasing something so dynamically fresh and uncompromising as The McKenzies or the deranged Shrubs or even the revolutionary Stump.

The ideal of the independent collapsed like a bad dream in the early '80s when enthusiasts who once ran the labels became too concerned with being seen to be doing well, instead of being an outlet for what the majors dared not touch. Their interest in music now is strictly nine-to-five and this reflects itself in the prima donnas of their labels. The Smiths, Cocteau Twins, New Order, Depeche Mode — all are trendy, but not one of them will shake the foundations of the concept of music. All of them really are just spicy farts in a becalmed pop breeze.

The indie is dead... long live the indie.

Long live labels like Ron

passion. LUST. FRAGMENTATION. EARS. FANTASY
EARNING. ANXIETY. HUNGER
TEMPTATION. SEX. LUNACY
DEVOTION. CAPTIVITY. DELIRIUM
SEDUCTION. IDOLATRY
HYSTERIA. LAUGHTER
JEALOUSY. SENSUALITY
ZEAL. DESIRE. SUBJECTION. DESPAIR. SENSITIVITY
DELUSION. AROUSAL

he lover speaks
NO MORE "I LOVE YOU'S"

YOUNG BLOOD
ON THE TRACKS

Johnson's, Pink, Subway, 53rd And 3rd, Probe Plus, Reception, Vinyl Drip, Vindaloo... the new breed of bedsit record companies. All of them have released records by the likes of The Wolfhounds, Stump, The Soup Dragons, Bogshed, The Wedding Present, Fuzzbox, Shop Assistants, The Chesterfields, Vee V V, McKenzies, The Mighty Lemon Drops and BMX Bandits to name but a few, and have given platforms to the movement to shout to the top, in the hope that some of the old morons running the business will listen.

Yes, let us not be conned, it is a movement. It's a movement of attitude with no boundaries and no apologies. Whether it takes the world in one unit remains to be seen, but it is a movement. And what this army of talent has in common is a ferocious energy and enthusiasm.

WHAT'S THE reason for all of them coming about at the same time? Look at the charts and you'll see 30 answers.

What's interesting is the phenomenal rate of new bands forming around the country with the same belligerent attitude. The like of Chorchazade, Gus Bus in Bristol, Pop Will Eat Itself, Might Mighty in Birmingham, Close Lobsters in Scotland, The Fishwives in Sheffield and Popcorn Attack in London. All are playing with an obstinate determination to be themselves as well as to play loud and play fast.

Out of all the semi-established new bands, only the strongest will survive. And survival, I'm afraid, means being signed to a major. That's where the success of the renaissance lies.

Screw the independents, let them go bankrupt in their own bloated rhetoric, but let's not forget that the health of the whole music scene, lies in the hands of the music fans who run indies, whose only possibly reward for their foresight is being licensed to a major record company. A prize I feel many of them wouldn't jump at.

Now it's up to these bands to take the world by storm where Age Of Chance failed. The Membranes never got the offer and Bogshed got nowhere fast.

All these bands know that they need not compromise their ideals, but must define where they are going and determine what their ideals were in the first place. I hope they'll realise that their reasons for starting in the crazy music business race were always very simple — a hope not confined to the independent scene but applicable to the whole general state of music.

The idea of course was to get music back to its raw, uncompromising, energetic, enthusiastic and exciting best. And the only way to affect the common sterility is by causing change on a national scale.

If the new independent bands fail to realise this, they will be forgotten in a waste land of squandered talent.

What can the new indie labels and bands learn from their predecessors' mistakes? How to survive and prosper, says RON ROM

BLOOD SAMPLE

IN which *Sounds* writers road test the bands to watch on the indie scene. . .



THE JANITORS

HAVING DONE time in Leicester, The Janitors moved on to Newcastle and ended up signing to Manchester's In Tape label.

Road warriors in the truest sense of the word, their gut-gurgling sound is straight from the high road to hell.

Peel sessions and a couple of singles followed, further illustrating the groups' high powered motor guitar and sore throat vocal lines.

Their first 45, 'Chicken Stew' reaped Single Of The Week in *Sounds* and 'Good To Be The King' fared just as well.

Next stop? A mini-LP but definitely no haircuts.

DAVE HENDERSON

PULP

YET ONE more from Sheffield! But Pulp aren't quite the jagged noise manipulators that the steel city suggests. Their 'Little Girl' single of last year was widely hailed as a classic, but what are they like *really*?

Fire Records aren't sure themselves, they just offer an avalanche of words like "beguiling, disturbing, underrated, overacted and undiminished by mere cult status".

And what do they play? "Ballads of despair and optimism, soundtracks for the unloved and eternal hopefuls, staring the beast right in the eye."

Yes, yes, yes, Pulp are more than just a scatty Mills & Boon throwaway, closer to heaven than you think. Passion with pop.

DAVE HENDERSON



TELEVISION PERSONALITIES

SINCE THAT long lost part-time punk chart success, 'Where's Bill Grundy Now?', the TV Personalities have worn and shed many skins.

Led by Dan Treacy, self-effacing Dreamworld Records supremo, the TVPs are now a trio. Wiseacre bassist Jowe Head (ex Swell Maps) and Jeffrey Bloom contribute a fair share to a thriving art pop sound which cannot be typified but which spans from the spiteful bite of 'King And Country'/'Back To Vietnam' to the perfectly timed humour of 'Another Rainy Day In Manchester'. (Are you listening, Morrissey?)

The most influential band in the indie scene, the TVPs have never really enjoyed the success they deserve. The last single, 'How I Learned To Love The Bomb' skated around the edges of the indie top ten and their reissued 'scrapbook' compilation 'They Could Have Been Bigger Than The Beatles' may well do the same. But look to the forthcoming, all new album (provisionally titled 'Salvador Dali's Garden Party') to prove Dan Treacy's point.

And whatever you do, hear 'A Sense Of Belonging'.

ROGER HOLLAND

MORE BLOOD ON PAGE 20



**LISTEN LIKE THIEVES
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S I N G L E S

Reviewed by Indy Hurt

THE STATE OF PLAY

YOU WILL scan this week's charts (or any week's for that matter) and you will go "foeey gurk ucky kacky moomah" — a highly critical response. So hooray the indie ethic! Dismantle the barricades! Teech stinks! Maradona is a geek! Revolution ra ra ra!

While the real charts go cover version ga-ga, the toytown charts are clogged up with berks who want to sound like the heroes on their walls; in any given week there are unintentional (I hope) pastiches of (a) Bowie, (b) Lloyd Cole, (c) The Smiths and (d) Buzzcocks (of late).

So for starters, how about...

YOUNG BLOOD ON THE TRACKS

THE JACKALS 'Ringing In My Ears' (Constitution)
THE TIMES 'London Boys' (Unicorn) I used to have a cousin called Gavin who used to club seals in Canada. Gavin Clark is the singer guitarist of The Jackals, but I bet he doesn't club seals for a living. A category (a) '60s Bowie spoken/sung voice and a clutch of frustratingly good tunes.

Prospective cult hero Edward Ball goes one step beyond Gavin Clark by actually covering a David Jones so-so song, spicing it up with an 'Absolute Beginners' middle break. Not quite one for my collection.

DANCING HOODS 'Blue Letter' (Fun After All)

"She could've been a mannequin," he burbles, satisfying sub-section (b). This man has the pickled adenoids of L Cole in a jar on his mantelpiece at home. A nice bit of drumming, a nice song. *Be yourself, goddammit!*

BLACK SEPTEMBER 'Rainbow Kiss' (Lost Moment)
TREEBOUND STORY 'I Remember' (Fon) And so to source (c). Mention the name Morrissey

and I immediately think of the busy Everton player of the '60s. Sadly the majority of today's pimply youth are more likely to think of Johnny Two-Note, who for some reason reminds me of Charles Hawtrey. Both discs diverge from the true path of plagiarism, but not so far as to fail to hear their master's voice when he whistles.

RAZORCUTS 'Big Pink Cake' (Subway) Come in Mr (d). The Soup Kitchens or whatever they're called don't seem to be doing too badly, so why not Razorcuts? I can sort of understand why people should want to sound like Pete Shelley, just as long as they don't look like the poor victim.

ALMOST SINGLE OF THE WEEK (1)

THE CREEPERS 'Baby's On Fire' (In Tape) And so to your first picture bonus.



Even indie bands do covers, and here's a goodie. For reasons too scandalous to mention I have occasion to speak to Marc Riley more regularly than to my father (who is not dead but lives in Holland — what is the difference? You may ask). He certainly sounds better on this record than he does on the trombone — for heaven's sake, *the man is singing in tune!* A silver star.

NICK HAEFFNER 'The Master' (Bam Caruso) The main point of interest here is a cover (don't yawn) of Kevin Ayers' 'Song From The Bottom Of A Well', on which Haeffner acquires himself quite satisfactorily, very English, correct yet eccentric. 'The Master' is a contrastingly perky little piece, and I'm sure the chap is a decent first-change bowler to boot.

TALKING DRUMS 'Pretend A Stranger' (Sticky Music) A live contender for outright Single Of The Week but for the total lack of information and — sin of sins — *no photo*. "Eurythmics," bleats a voice over my shoulder and I take the point. A fine, building pop song.

THE DENTISTS 'Down And Out In Paris And Chatham' (Tambourine) I am particularly miffed that The Dentists did not see fit to invite the all-conquering *Sounds* squad to their recent five-a-side shindig at Clapham Common. Nevertheless, another swingingly groovy band with five neat-to-Wow! songs.

THE ENORMOUS ROOM 'I Don't Need You' (Medium Cool) Ah, marketing concepts are not the exclusive domain of 'the enemy', as proved by minnows Medium Cool. A cheapo flexi single of good sound reproduction, a Blue Peter badge to those concerned. Not so sure about the content this time around, however... Peter Sarstedt with the runs?

ALMOST SINGLE OF THE WEEK (2)

THE PRIMEVALS 'Elixir Of Life' (New Rose) Another neat gimmick, a 10-inch disc which is great to look at but a bugger to lift off the deck without scratching it. Extracted from the 'Sound Hole' album, 'Elixir Of Life' plays the twangy Yanks at

their own game and scores an impressive home run. Bottleneck vies for supremacy with crawdad hole vocals and continues the battle on the two killer newies on the flip. If they were *really* from Louisiana they would've had the front cover months ago.



PHILLIP BOA AND THE VOODOO CLUB 'Skull' (Red Flame) The strange case of the devastating verse and the lost chorus. Boa is evidently a man of depth, interesting socks and talent. Kidnap the hun and force him to play England really soon, and preferably in Kentish Town so I can get home easily.

ADULT NET

THE ADULT NET PROCLAMATION
IS THE ANSWER TO THE QUESTION
WHITE NIGHT(STARS SAY GO)

BEGGARS BANQUET

THE PUBLIC HEIRS 'South Africa' (Quiet) LEGACY OF LIES 'You And Whose Army EP' (Quiet)

Objectivity flies out the window as a consequence of The Public Heirs' guitarist being captain of the Camden Musicians' team and therefore an adversary. Anyhow, they have a number of sharp pop songs in their repertoire and preserve the punk ethic in its purest form. Good record, iffy sleeve.

Myself and a bunch of fellow ligger/hacks departed on a canal trip recently, being sent on our way by a scabby bunch of no-gooders in battle fatigues. This record exceeds my expectations quite considerably without quite setting the pulse racing.

ALMOST SINGLE OF THE WEEK (3)

FRENZY 'I See Red' (ID) If by magic the British music press could be installed as the new South African regime even Maggie would be screaming for sanctions by now as a result of the horrifying musico/intellectual apartheid that has been imposed on the



knot of young bands cowering under the rickety hoarding of rockabilly. Restless have shown themselves to be songwriters of merit, just as The Prisoners have proved to be more than mere mods. Frenzy aren't quite there yet, but they're getting closer and one day these scrumpy-land boyos will avoid the magnetic lure of the woodwork (this allusion requires belief in the magnetism of wood) and instead plant the pill resolutely in the twine. However, 100 per cent brilliance will not be enough to convince my peers. Viva cynicism!

AGE OF CHANCE 'The Twilight World Of Sonic Disco' (Riot Bible) Well, is this music to have babies to? If all The Standells drank bleach before they recorded they might have sounded like this. One of my dissolute associates loves this group and one day I too may understand; today I learn.

THE GUANA BATZ 'I'm On Fire' (ID) DEMENTED ARE GO 'Holy Hack Jack' (ID) The Guana Batz (Editor nods off) qualify legitimately for review by dint of covering a Brooce song (Editor awakens), rocking up 'I'm On Fire'. Pip actually sings, and the whole shebang is a giant step up on previous efforts. Demented Are Go adhere rather more strictly to the tenets of swamp-billy, with Mark Phillips doing his impersonation of the 'frog' bit of Clarence 'Frogman' Henry's 'Ain't Got No Home'. Good enough for me but won't wash with the panel.

THE BRILLIANT CORNERS 'Fruit Machine EP' (\$\$20)

Their songs make my heart sing a song that goes fa-la-la lack-a-day hum-hum-hum. Don't care who they sound like, as Davey Woodward and his pals write consistently good choons. A disc to treasure, put under your pillow at night and eat strawberries and cream off by day.

ALMOST SINGLE OF THE WEEK (4)

AUTOMATIC DLAMINI 'The Crazy Supper EP' (DForDrum) I know marginally less about Automatic Dlamini than I do about the Bulgarisation of Turkish place-names in Bulgaria (where else?), save that there are three men who come from Yeovil ("a club



with a terrific giant-killing tradition in the cup", reminds Desmond Lyneham as they get dumped out of the first round proper yet again). Real variety on this EP, dead clever stuff. A band to watch. (Whoops, that's put the mockers on them.)

PRETTY RICKY AND BOO-SKI 'It's Mine' (Rouge)

Indie gets fresh: I like 'Amityville' partly because it's hip hop (of sorts), partly because it's a riotously good pop song, but largely because

when Simon Bates plays it I can sing along and go "House On The Heeeuuurgh!!" Boo-Ski is a particularly good name, but as a song this one fails to excite or surprise or amuse the way a good rap should.

**ALMOST SINGLE OF THE WEEK (5)**

THIRTEEN MOONS 'A True Story' (Wire) Re-mixed, re-modelled and the new standard by which any impudent young pup's pretensions to cool must be judged. Unhurried, stark, with a fragile tension. In fact, it would be possible to reel off a stream of gushing adjectives which would serve nicely as a companion for the average A-level English student, but I won't. Oh go on. OK: tremulous, fissile, predatory. Thesaurus rools OK.

YEAH JAZZ 'This Is Not Love' (Upright) THE DOCTORS CHILDREN

'Rose Cottage' (Upright) Yeah Jazz start off something like The Kingston Trio and I am aware that I am not supposed to like this stuff and yet, like Peter Lorre, my hands think differently and keep putting the needle back to the start each time it finishes. Probably a good song, dubious name.

Live The Doctor's Children look as tough as low fat yoghurt, but with 'Rose Cottage' they've come good. High-fibre guitar beefs up a song that probably had no greater aspiration than to be an invalid in adult life. Passes the Morrissey test with flying colours.

THE ENEMY!**MARTIN STEPHENSON AND THE DAINTIES 'Crocodile Cryer'**

(London) I hold no truck with those who accuse the likes of The Dainties of 'selling out' - good luck to them I say when they can get away with bilge like 'Crocodile Cryer', a record more harrowing than drawing with Morocco. Martin Stephenson is a twerp and no more incisive than Chrisses Rea or De Burgh.

ROD STEWART 'Every Beat Of My Heart' (Warner Bros) VAN MORRISON 'Ivory Tower' (Mercury) JOE COCKER 'You Can Leave Your Hat On' (Capitol) JACK BRUCE 'I Feel Free' (Virgin) Old soldiers never die... Old codgers with a combined age of marginally more than

England can muster in two innings against the Indians (ie not too old) continue to breathe, if barely. Rod lost my sympathy when I discovered his management vet his interviews: "Was Britt a nice lady?" "Yes." "Thank you, Rod." *Drum sound, ugh, pet hate.*

I was never a great fan of Van Morrison, and 'Ivory Tower' convinces me that the crown of the thinking man's hibernian songwriter has passed to Paul Brady.

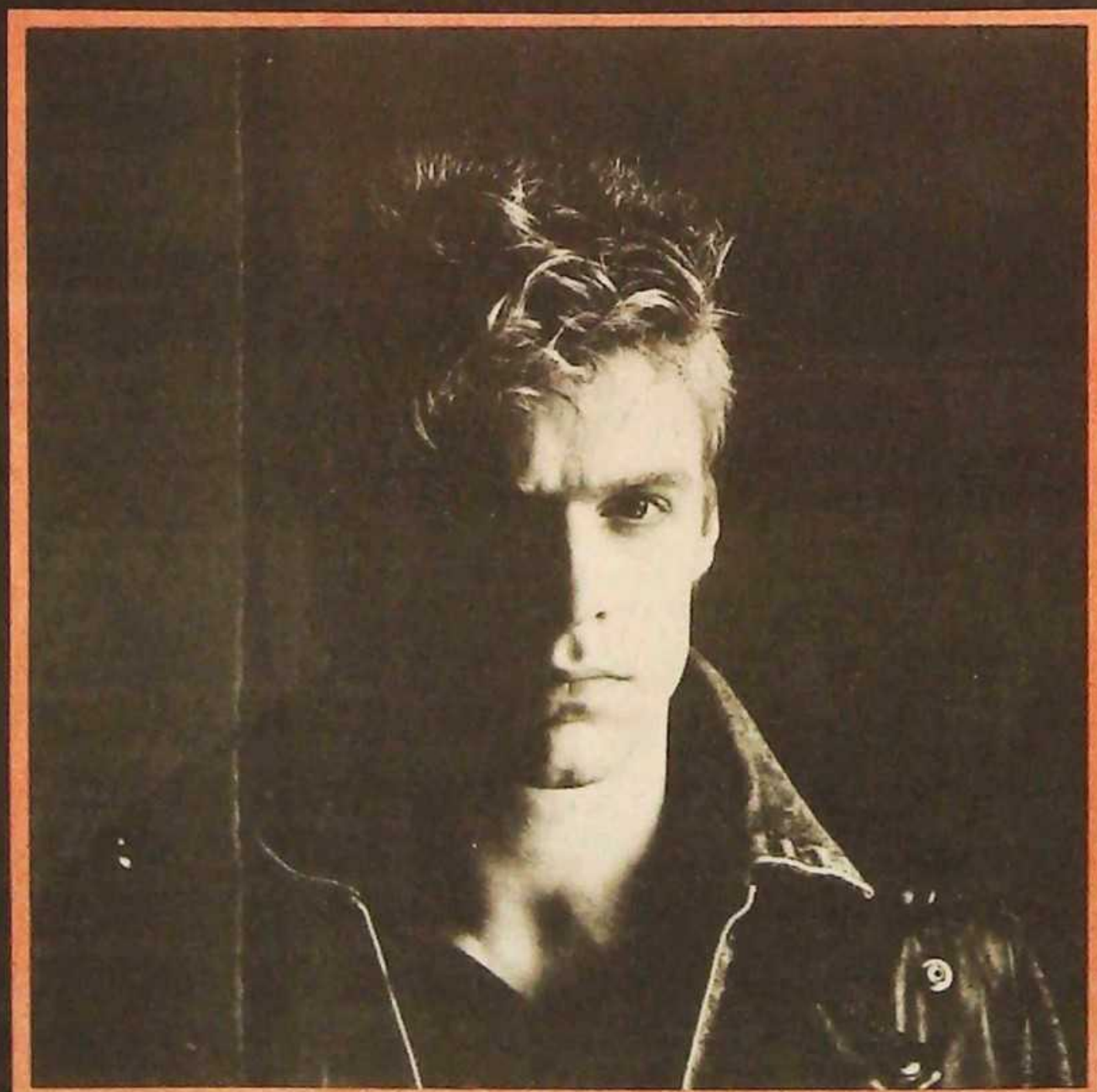
Mercy me, a cover version. Fancy that. Well, I never. Of course Jess Roden made the definitive recording of this Randy Newman stuff (I know my onions, you disbelievers). Cocker gives a workaday rendition and doesn't he look dreadful for his age?

Bruce covers his own song, note for note, and still manages to sound as convincing as Mary, Mungo and Midge slaughtering 'Venus'. The voice is still there, the soul long gone.



THE END

NEXT WEEK - IT'S BACK TO NORMAL (WELL...)



BRYAN ADAMS

STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART

ON 7" & 3 TRACK 12"

7" AVAILABLE AS LIMITED EDITION DOUBLE PACK WITH FREE U.S. PRESSING OF "RUN TO YOU" C/W "SOMEBODY"

12" INCLUDES PREVIOUSLY UNAVAILABLE LIVE VERSION OF "STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART" AS BONUS TRACK

FROM THE ALBUM "CUTS LIKE A KNIFE"



FURNITURE POLISH

"I actually maintain that when you're in love there's some sort of hormone coursing around your body which makes you high."



FURNITURE: they've seen the light

FURNITURE are that rare but beautiful sight — a chartwardly mobile indie band — who are busy dusting off the cobwebs of major malaise. JACK BARRON moves them around. Five o'clock shadow: EYE AND EYE

YOUNG BLOOD ON THE TRACKS

"BLOODY HELL! What is the world coming to?" wonders Jim Irvin. "You feel very small and insignificant when there's a huge chocolate bar flying through the air!"

It's OK doc, you can put the stun gun and straightjacket away. The singer of Furniture isn't out of his brilliant mind on some rock drug you can't pronounce, let alone afford.

Seated on the roof of Stiff Records in North London, guitarist Tim Whelan, drummer Hamilton Lee and I gaze upwards. And there in a sky the colour of faded denim hovers an airship advertising a new sweetie, a Novo.

A Novo is some kind of healthy chocolate bar for the post-Fonda aerobics set, a reminder that one of the most important questions facing any pop musician is: to rot or not to rot?

I don't mean to whinge but when the most intelligent and perceptive song in the charts is a bunch of *Spitting Image* dummies cackling on about chickens (and much more besides) we've run into some damn dire straits.

Unfortunately, it's difficult to see things getting much better so far as daytime radio play is concerned. Heard the one about the major label group whose company are refusing to issue their debut single unless it's a cover? No doubt you will soon, you lucky people.

As usual it's left to the indie sector to unearth the thrills, spills and chills of great singles, one of which will occasionally sneak into the national chart.

Furniture's 'Brilliant Mind', ironically partly

motivated in sentiment by the fact that the West London group have been ignored for most of their four year existence, is one of these rarities. Yet even with Stiff it hasn't been plain sailing into the dawn of success for the band.

"You know lots of people turned down 'Brilliant Mind' and we've had to argue against putting a heavy backbeat to it and moving the chorus," explains Jim. "There was a very sticky patch when we were rehearsing for the LP when we felt Stiff didn't understand why we make music, which is because we want to say something as well as have fun. Dave Robinson came down to see us and I had two days of solid arguing with him to the point where I thought I'd blown it. Give him his due though, he's championing us now which is great."

THOUGH SOMETIMES musically derivative — 'Sound Of The Bell' is a dead ringer for Madness — and perhaps overly eclectic, Furniture's upcoming album is lyrically remarkable, dealing as it does with jealousy, being a surrogate lover, and nail-raking emotional traumas in an utterly naked yet convincing manner.

"Sure I have an intellectual aspiration in the way that I think it's possible to be poetic in a love song," admits Jim, a tall, unkempt but tidy-brained man who only noticed he stooped when he saw himself on TV for the first time.

"I mean poetic in a very broad way, I don't mean in terms of *Hallo trees!* *Hallo sky!* and lots of lovely words strung together. I mean that I think it's possible, with a pithy line, to move someone. That for me is the intellectual side of the group."

"On the other hand there are lots of groups who try to be clever in a three minute pop song and fall flat on their faces. If you say 'I miss you' (as they do on the song of the same name) you're going to hit a thousand more hearts than

if you say 'Darling I miss you and my fridge is full of eels'." (Which they don't say anywhere).

"Obscurity tends to mean a fear of putting a raw emotion into a song, doesn't it? In any sort of writing the more obscure you are the more you are evading the issue for the sake of seeming clever, and that's not very clever at all, is it?"

A lot of your songs deal with the psychological mess resulting from failed relationships. So in having love affairs, who dominates, you or your partners?

"Uhhhhhhhh, bloody hell!" groans Jim as his thoughts reel to real.

"It's a pity Sally (Still, bassist) isn't here, she'd come up with a good answer but she's in bed sick with a surfeit of interviews," says Tim.

"And Maya (Gilder, organ-iser) is sitting her final exams so you're unfortunately only going to get the male perspective of Furniture."

"God, there are no hard and fast rules about love affairs and that's what makes them so infuriating," continues Jim. "If you knew who was going to be in charge then you could handle it. Of the love affairs that have caused me to write songs, there's been one of each and they've taken me by surprise — both! They all take me by surprise — that's what makes you want to write about them, they stun you."

"So I've been both in control and the one on the lead. It almost seems like the two states alternate. You get so sick of one thing happening to you that the next time you go for the opposite."

"The trick is to find a balance. The perfect love affair has to be where you are both in awe of one another yet at the same time you're completely relaxed."

Since their early days with the appropriately named Premonition Records who released the band's debut mini-album, 'When The Boom Was On', which included the original version of that whiskey bottle of melancholia, 'I Miss You', Furniture have aimed to be the tin-tack on the easy chair of pop, to pen songs so sad they make men cry. And they do.

Are you people who feel naturally sorry for yourselves? Some people are emotional masochists, aren't they?

"Yeah, well, you can wallow in it," says Jim whose last switchback affair ended up wrecked on the jagged reef of disbelief after he'd expected to get married and have children.

"There's a line on 'Answer The Door' which goes: 'You can't describe this mood at all, this exhilarating pain.' It's like you can feel it doing you good, cleansing any bitterness or jealousy but at the same time you don't want the mood to last any longer than necessary."

"I actually maintain that when you're in love there's some sort of hormone coursing around your body which makes you high. For the want of a better word what you feel is metaphysical, it's something above what you feel when you walk about on a regular day."

NOTHING IS fair in love, let alone war. The price of emotional admission is steep, which is precisely why the thrill is so exhausting. Furniture's music refuses to evade the pleasure or pain involved, they aren't cheap or glib and maintain that after four years of scraping around the margins they will fight to maintain their subtle vision of Eros.

Yet they are worried about being absorbed by the biz machine and becoming just another sweet on the confectionary counter of pop.

"It's nice that people are interested in us but we have got to be a bit suspicious about it," reckons Jim. "A friend of mine has got a mate who works as a builder. And this guy said to him, Awwwww, all the blokes on the building site keep humming this bloody song: 'You must be out of your brilliant mind' it goes."

"So my friend said to the builder, Oh Christ! I know that group. What else do you know about Furniture? And the builder replied, Furniture!!! Who are they? I thought it was by Blancmange."

"So you see, the builder didn't know the difference between us and bloody Blancmange. That makes me wonder at what level people are reacting to us. Very few mention the words, which for us are the starting point of the band."

"I don't want Furniture to be just another commodity, the next in a line of people who're going to be forgotten next week, like Nik Kershaw."

I switched off the tape recorder and looked up into the sky. The huge chocolate bar airship had moved on.

The class of '86. Sounds writers give you the SP on the labels at the head of the indie renaissance

LABELS OF LOVE

53RD and 3RD

SANDY McALLISTER'S 53rd and 3rd is slowly becoming the young sound of Scotland, with fertile embryos like BMX Bandits and The Headhunters ready to brave the world.

Sandy financed the label from his savings and released the second Shop Assistants record, 'Safety Net'. This was rewarded by going to the top of the indie chart the very next week, giving The Shop Assistants two records in the top ten at the same time.

This has given Sandy the money to release other fresh Scottish acts like the aforementioned BMX Bandits and The Headhunters, bands who are trying to find the perfect dummy between the golden disposability of 'pop' and 'art' — the same kind of image created by Postcard's 'pop art' bands Orange Juice and The Fire Engines.

The idea behind 53rd and 3rd was always very simple. Just releasing good pop records. So far Sandy has done just that.

RON ROM

RON JOHNSON'S RECORDS

THERE ARE few who take risks in music anymore. But Ron Johnson doesn't see what he's doing as risky — even though he's yet to make a profit on a single he has released — but more as an adventure.

And with some of the most talented, innovative, if not revolutionary acts on his label you can understand his excitement: bands like Stump, the aspiring McKenzies, who refuse to recognise the word 'rock', the turgid turbulence of A Witness, Big Flame and the explosive, bastardised dance distemper of The Shrubs.

Ron, as he is not known, works in a biscuit factory in the evenings to finance his label. While he packs the custard creams he realises that if any of his bands are going to threaten the world then they are going to have to leave his label — a course Stump are already taking.

"I prefer to see bands like Stump do really well instead of standing still," he says. "It doesn't upset me that they're about to leave to record a mini-album for a major as it's exciting to feel that in some way you sort of helped or made it possible."

Realistically, Ron Johnson's future looks bleak. The label can't continue on no profit.

Still, there's The Shrubs album to come and if that takes off, as it looks likely to, then Ron Johnson's may be able to buy some time to release yet more of those brilliant new acts.

RON ROM

DREAMWORLD

BORN WHAAM Records, but bribed by the boys in the Fila shorts to pick a new name, this label brought you the first ever vinyl from such luminaries as Doctor And The Medics, The Marine Girls and, more recently, those cuddly yet intense Mighty Lemon Drops.

Run out of a South Clapham flat by one Daniel Treacy with the indispensable aid of another Emily Brown, Dreamworld Records lies very much in the vanguard of the independent scene.

When Dan and Emily were not signing bands to the label — making good records is still expensive — they used to run the

highly influential and important Room At The Top club, where young London was first introduced to just about every indie band worth hearing.

Since the Mighty Lemon Drops left the label (Dreamworld, unlike many less scrupulous labels, never tries to tie its bands down with contractual fine print), Dan has found the time to concentrate upon developing the label's roster.

Forthcoming releases will include singles from 1,000 Violins, Blue Train and Riot Of Colour.

Emily's Hangman's Daughters look certain to release their debut single, while Dan's own TV Personalities will be very busy, issuing a seven-inch cut of their latest hit, 'How I Learned To Love The Bomb', a re-release of the amazing 'A Sense Of Belonging' and an all-new single, 'Privilege', taken from the forthcoming album, 'Salvador Dali's Garden Party'.

And there will be more, much more to follow from the one independent label I know which sets trends rather than follows them.

ROGER HOLLAND

PROBE PLUS

GEOFF DAVIS is something of a father figure to the Liverpool music scene.

A massive enthusiast, he started the Probe empire back in 1971 from a second-hand shop with the princely sum of £50.

In 1976 he moved to the now famous property in Liverpool's Button Street and recruited a succession of local faces — Pete Burns, Paul Rutherford, Pete Wylie, Julian Cope — to make the tea and sell the records.

On a hot Saturday afternoon in 1977 Probe would be packed to the hilt with a sweaty mixture of skins, teds, punks and old biddy feminists looking for their nephew's favourite release.

Nowadays, Geoff's wife Annie looks after the shop downstairs while he sits upstairs plotting, in his own totally cocked up way, the distribution and label (Probe Plus) side of the business (which began in November 1981 with the release of the seven-inch 'Money' by Ex Post Facto).

Though he'll never win the Young Businessman Of The Year award (because he's 93) Geoff's boyish enthusiasm for the material he releases (Cook Da Books, Public Disgrace, Virgin Dance, Mr Amir, The Mel-O-Tones, Gone To Earth, Jeggys Dodd) is legendary.

And thanks to the recent success of Half Man Half Biscuit, Probe can at least afford to feed the cat and keep the spirit shining.

"I've never had so much fun since war broke out," says Geoff.

BILLY MANN

SUBWAY RECORDS

THE IDEA behind Subway Records was fun. Martin Whitehead released records regardless of whether other people liked them or not. To him the reward of knowing that he helped finance three minutes of sheer pop joy was the biggest prize of all.

Martin financed the first Subway record by the small profits he had made from a club he was running in Bristol called The Mission.

With the money (roughly

£500) he took an uncalculated risk on a then unknown Scottish band, The Shop Assistants. A classic single was born putting The Shop Assistants on a path to fame and riches (well, Rough Trade actually) and giving Martin the readiness to sign and release any new group he craved to see on vinyl.

Why did you decide to release records, Martin?

"Well I just wanted to — and still do — by groups I liked. Groups I like usually have to have great pop melodies as that's what I go for. Because of the pop, though, people started calling us a Creation spin-off until they started to realise that we have better bands than Creation."

So what's your taste in music? "Aggressive pop! Something with a bit of an edge to it. Not wimpy."

Martin's attitude reflects in the bands he has recently signed. Like The Chesterfields, Razorcuts, The Soup Dragons, The Flat Mates and the truly excellent Tululah Gosh!

But is Subway's success somehow partly to do with record companies' apathy?

"Oh definitely! It's funny how supposed 'hip' record companies like Rough Trade are suddenly waking up to what is happening in the suburbs. It's about time and all."

Maybe majors could learn something from Martin's attitude, an attitude that's probably going to make Subway the biggest bedsit record company in the country.

RON ROM

FIRE RECORDS

ORIGINALLY BROUGHT to life by Clive Solomon after he'd, er, paid his dues delving into the publishing market with the likes of 400 Blows, 1,000 Mexicans and lots of other bands with numbers in their names, Fire has developed a staff of three, a roster of highly praised groups and released an armful of class vinyl.

Beneath the pseudo artiness, the sheer delight of Fire product etc, there's a business acumen and intense collective responsibility about the label's gradual rise to prominence. They are, or at least seem to be, very good tacticians.

Clive: "What I like about Fire is that you can never tell what we're going to do next. Luckily we're not like other labels who have a uniform sound where all the bands are interchangeable — I mean, we could have anyone on Fire."

But of course, they won't. The selective process which separates the wheat from the chaff brought you not only 1,000 Mexicans but also the constantly praised Blue Aeroplanes ("Yes, I think they really sum up what Fire's all about"), Pulp, Colenso Parade ("You must hear their next single, it's, it's — oh words can't describe"), The Rose Of Avalanche who've put downtown Noo Yawk back into Leeds and Lives Of Angels among others. Why, they've also just signed the latest Scots boys to make good, Close Lobsters.

So what inspires Fire to be Fire?

"I think the thing of paramount importance is that we have to like the things we're doing. We don't release things just to make money, even though that would be nice."

It seems that like all indie labels nowadays, in terms of success Fire play an edgy, almost losing hand. Sure enough, they have had great reviews, pro-interviews and front covers for acts like Blue Aeroplanes but those small attentions haven't been turned into massive record sales — and that's not for want of trying. And their manifesto? "Oh, survival is OK, but celebration is better."

DAVE HENDERSON

IN TAPE

BACK IN April '83 a pushy Mancunian called Jim Khambatta sat down with ex-Fall guy Marc Riley and put together In Tape records.

A bundle of Riley releases later he homed in on Leicester's Yeah Yeah Noh and Brum duo Terry And Gerry, making for one of the healthiest rosters of groups around by the middle of last year.

Recent movements saw The June Brides come from Pink and then go away again. The Membranes joined forces and The Janitors and The Weeds arrived to complete the picture.

But Khambatta is far from satisfied with what he's so far achieved and the current climate of the independent scene.

"There's too many people around who do independent labels as a hobby. They've still got their day jobs and they're wasting people's careers."

"There's as much shit about on the independent scene as there is in the majors too, and, with that in mind, I'd really like to operate independently of the independent network."

Mr In Tape is quick to applaud the achievements of the likes of Go! Discs and The Housemartins but realises that others haven't been so lucky (or so organised).

"Like The June Brides, when they came to In Tape from Pink everyone was saying they were a good band. It was the same old thing of people being content with a few Peel plays and not getting any further than that. People had heard of them at The Tube, but had never been serviced with their records."

"Like The Housemartins, the Brides had the potential to cross over but they peaked before anyone knew who they were and now, unfortunately they're left out on a limb without a deal."

Khambatta is perplexed by the view that the Brides' move to In Tape was seen as a sideways step. His attitude and spirit of hard work and a realistic approach to running a record label is reflected in the quality of his releases.

"The problem is that people don't know how to compete. Mute (Depeche Mode) and Go! Discs (The Housemartins, Billy Bragg) have done it, and there's no reason why In Tape won't."

But even underneath such a forthright rant there's the fact that a couple of the label's releases just haven't sold.

"Yeah, Waterfront Dandy and Implied Consent have only sold about 200 each, and that's worldwide. I think the trouble is, I take too many risks. I'm doing another couple of one-offs soon as well. One by Rote Kapelle from Edinburgh, the other by unknown Manchester outfit Whips Crack Away."

Now, let's hope they fare a little better.

DAVE HENDERSON

ARCHIVE-4

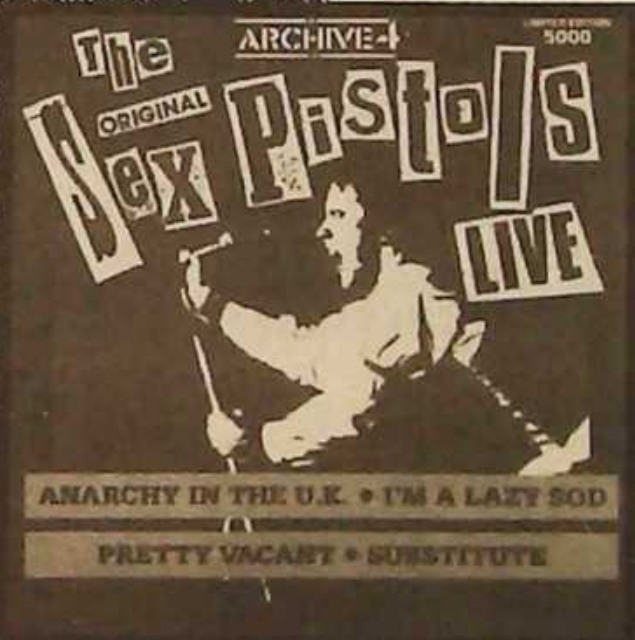
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CONTINUES PAGE 32

THE MUD PACK

Meet the new band who've taken the old dog of rock by the scruff of the neck and taught it a few new tricks. **RON ROM** gets a lump in his throat over **STUMP**. **RONNIE RANDALL** closes in

WHAT A mess that dinosaur is in. Look at it closely, rock and roll and pop over there, so disgustingly bloated.

Fattened by grandeur, bloated with the gastric wind of routine, it burps out the same old mundane four-four beats, beats, I love you and you love me vocals and standard, dated song structures.

I suppose the dinosaur has done well to survive so long with the same ideas, but its wrinkled skin, some 50 years old now, is showing its age. Even the powder and rouge of faked passion, fashionable with the latest crop of Habitat bands, can't hide the lifelessness of the beast.

There's no longer the ego of Elvis, Hendrix or The Pistols to inject into its clotted bloodstream. Music is dying a slow, agonising death through its own lack of adventure or dare.

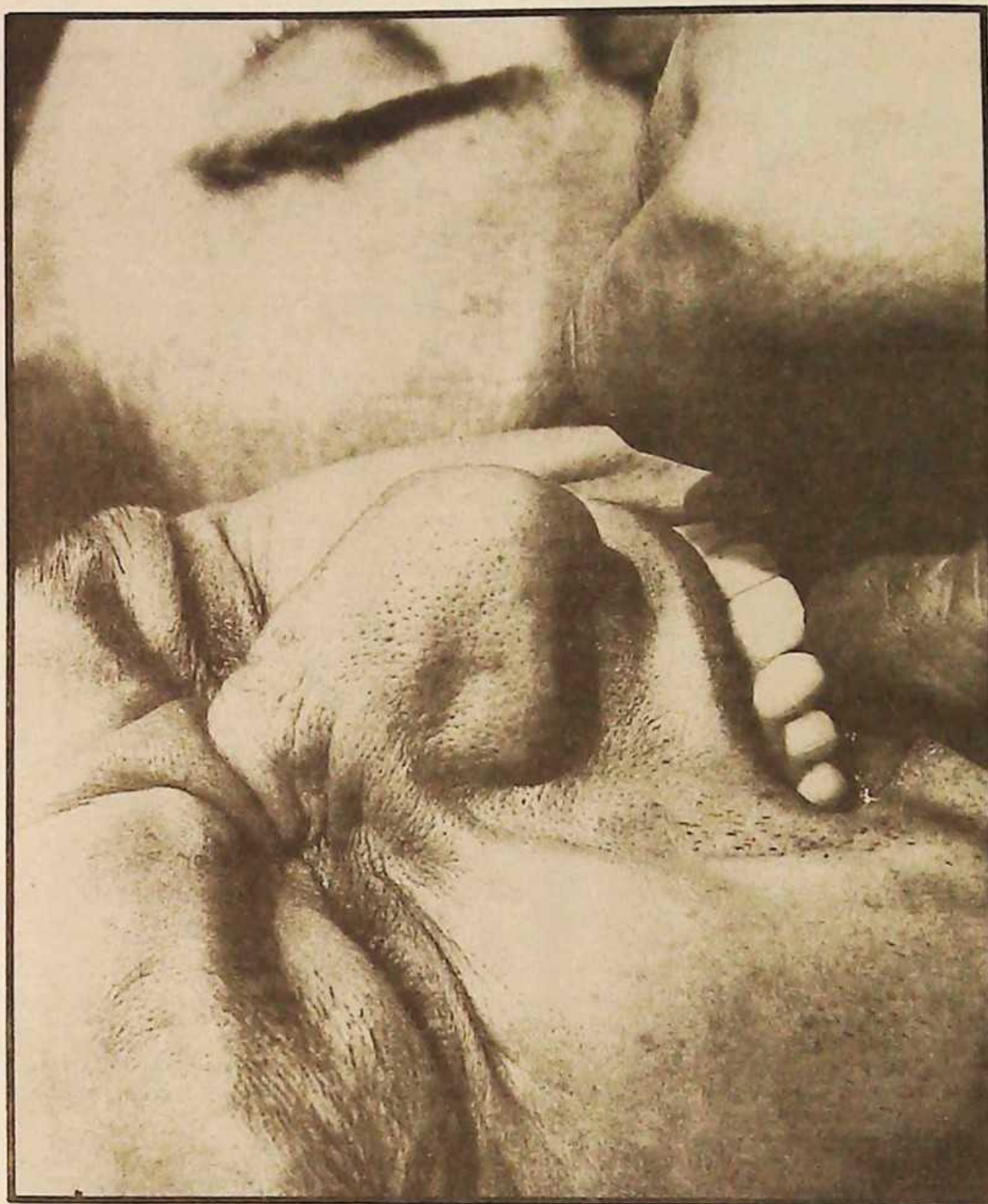
If you look into the beast's eyes you can tell it's saddened by the perpetual weight of video producers riding its back like busy parasites sucking a semi-conscious corpse.

I blame the record company scientists for taking all the animal passion out of the monster, leaving us with this horrible blob of gristle called music. It's so flat. Dead. Wobbly and safe.

I want it killed. So did Swans, Sonic Youth and The Birthday Party who, with their slaughter of noise, in a macabre sort of way rejuvenated the beast's soul for a brief time. There was almost a smile on the dinosaur's face as its carcass was severed by these barbarians.

But now it's quite definitely dead. The Doctor told me so.

Music now needs a whole new revolutionary



STUMP bite off more than they can chew

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approach which should be like nothing that has gone before. It needs someone brave and determined enough not to bow down to what the listener expects or what the record company demands.

They will have to mutilate the very idea of beat, the structure of verse and chorus, transform rhythm and, most of all, inject a special charisma never seen or heard before.

This is Stump, the revolution.

ACATARACT of perfectly executed ideas. A noise that does everything you thought it shouldn't. Instruments going at tangents, opposite emotions running together.

Maybe it's bastardised funk, blues or folk but, then again, it could be just a jumble sale of raspberry noises that merely slurp and ooze, throwing any sense of orthodoxy out of the window.

We're not talking noise here, either. If you want noise, come around and I'll shout in your earhole.

Stump are music. Sweet, soul music.

Rob plays drums, drinks beer and eats ham rolls.

"We are the most experimental group in Britain at the moment, easily. As a punter I consider Stump to be streets ahead of anybody else."

Key formed the band with Chris (guitar) and plays bass: "We are doing it *within* music as well. It's not as if we are Psychic TV or something like that. It's *within* music; we are tearing up song structures."

"If you look at music now you read all these things, like the '80s obsession with rhythm. I can't see any obsession with rhythm at all. It's just a meter running through the noise, a solid backbeat. One of the things Stump wanted to do was tear all that apart. Like if you start mucking about with rhythm you can alter the whole sound of songs."

Stump have this brilliant talent of doing everything you thought impossible with music and yet still make it fun. They walk down a well worn path of standardised beat music, turning the cobblestones over, destroying any surplus and hop-scotching between the idea of verses and choruses. This leaves the whole path redesigned.

Stump's enthralling delights as yet haven't transferred to vinyl as well as they should. 'Mud On A Colon' on Ron Johnson's label showed the quality of Stump's experimental ideas.

Splendid tracks, like 'Ice The Levant', an anti-war song, is totally unique in format. The sounds of the songs are all very instant, a sort of fairground whirl of noises, thumping and bumping and rattling like choking passes of wind.

This makes the track sonically very funny, but the savage images of war which vocalist Mike presents makes the track fiercely ironic, like a three minute play that starts by making you laugh, then sends you home crying.

However much the EP suffered from poor, flat production, the rich, abstract textures didn't blend as gracefully or intriguingly as they do when played live. This is one of the reasons why Stump are currently touted by many as the best live band in the country.

Stump are aware of the problems of reproducing the sense of event they create live onto vinyl.

Kevin: "We never even expected the songs we were writing to make great songs live."

Mick the vocalist, who incidentally looks like a frog whose head has been covered in spots by a felt tip pen, continues.

"What we do on vinyl is not up to the quality or the excitement of what we do live."

Rob: "Basically, engineers can't cope with what we're doing. They're used to your average indie bands, and straight powered rock. But Stump are three dimensional and, because there's so much going on, they just find it very hard to cope with."

Mick: "That's one of our biggest problems at the moment — getting that image, I suppose, of looking at Stump and then capturing that electricity."

"It goes back to the indie thing, if we want to make a good record we are going to have to spend a lot of money on it and we are also going to need someone who knows what they're doing."

Rob: "I regard a record as just a vehicle to get people to come along and see us live, that's what I think Stump are for. To play in front of people, really play, for me is the main end."

That's strange, because the importance of playing live has generally decreased.

Rob: "Yeah, everything has gone arse about really. That's because bands can't play live these days, they're much better at studio gadgetry. To me, it takes more than a leather jacket and mean faces like those idiots The Mighty Lemon Twats or what ever they're called..."

Inter band rivalry rears its ugly head.

Rob continues: "All they've done is taken a few old rock riffs, leather jackets and a moody face. Then you get all the majors chasing after you. Stump are more than that."

Mick: "If you can't give people value for money then you really shouldn't be in the business, because that's what it's all about. You have got to be entertaining."

Chris: "I don't want to go and see people on stage looking mean and moody. I'd prefer to go watch wrestling alligators."

KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND LABELS



CAMERA SHY McGee

Ronnie Randall

ALAN MCGEE

UNLIKE OTHER pop Svengalis like Stevo and McLaren nobody knows much about Alan McGee, the flame haired boss of Creation. There's plenty of rumour but nothing to sink your teeth into.

And I found out why when I tried to arrange an interview with him.

"Hallo Jack, how are you? I've had this message that you want to do a profile on me. Well, no offence intended but I'm not willing to do it. I don't want the public to know any more about me. Creation puts out great records which tell the public all they need to know about my attitude. My ideas can be heard in the music."

Ah, but you *can't* hear this . . .

In 1982-83 the soft spoken Scotsman, annoyed that a lot of his favourite groups were being ignored by promoters, started a venue, The Living Room, which helped boost outfits such as The Nightingales and those old part-time punks-cum-born-again psychedelic gents TV Personalities.

Alan had already put out a couple of flexis by the TVPs and the embryonic Pastels with his fanzine *Communication Blur*. So when The

Living Room began generating money it was natural enough that McGee should start a label and Creation gave birth to its debut disc, '73 In 83' by The Legend (aka Jeremy Thackeray).

Creation, however, was hardly an overnight sensation and it was only when McGee signed up the band he now manages, The Jesus And Mary Chain, that the label finally got the shot in the arm it needed. And throughout 1985 one could hardly move for McGee-financed singles from the likes of The Jasmine Minks, The Loft and Meat Whiplash among others.

While most of McGee's notoriety has come through his association and hyping of The Mary Chain, it's nonetheless arguable that through Creation Alan has been the one person most responsible for inspiring the indie renaissance we've seen in recent years.

"The records are meant to compete with the majors at every level, from packaging to recording and production," he says.

McGee sometimes plays in a combo named after a TVP's song, Biff Bang Pow. Meanwhile he claims the that difference between Creation, the majors and other indies is that they *care* about the music. As for new acts, Alan says he hasn't signed any up recently because there *aren't* any interesting ones.

I've never heard Alan McGee tell a joke.

"Och come on Jack! I'm not trying to be difficult. I just don't want my picture in a music paper again. What's the point? People should just listen to the records, that's all."

JACK BARRON

DANIEL MILLER

THE ACHIEVEMENT of Daniel Miller and Mute is something approaching legend. This independent label has managed to avoid looking far and wide for financial support while introducing a different sound to music.

When the first Mute 45 'TVOD'/'Warm Leatherette' by The Normal - a thin disguise for Miller himself - came onto a primed and loaded indie scene, the onus was on thrashing guitars and political sentiment.

The Human League apart, The Normal were the first real tinny step towards electronic music, and what followed is a success story that's part and parcel of the home computer age.

But Mute acts were far from sterile as some of the micro-idiot came to be. With Depeche Mode the label saw the opportunity to bring a pop

element into the genre and introduce a new diversion to the charts. It worked well and the formula was bent and distorted for variation with eventual releases from ex-Mode Vince Clark in the guise of The Assembly (with a rather shakey Feargal Sharkey) and Yazoo.

But Miller by no means played safe with the Mute catalogue, littered with one-off oddities that would make your sister's hair curl. Non, Smegma, Throbbing Gristle, Liaisons Dangereuses and more recently Einsturzenende Neubauten have all straggled through Mute mansions. And what about Nick Cave?

Add to those the long developing Fad Gadget/Frank Tovey project and the artful excesses of Wire men Gilbert and Lewis as He Said, and the picture becomes even less clear.

So how come it works here when it doesn't anywhere else? And how come the acts on Mute end up getting a far greater cut of the profits than any group on the majors do?

One reason is obviously the care and attention which seems to go into every Mute project. There's a certain something about Mute that makes people want to be part of it. And always lurking there or thereabouts is the unassuming figure of Daniel Miller.

But what's the theory behind the rise and rise of this hardy independent?

"I suppose it's really just music that I like," admits Miller. "I never tried to build a label identity or anything. It's more that I have to like things and have to get on with the people who are doing these things."

The march of Mute has been slow and methodical. They never attempted to flood the market.

"It's taken time to build the catalogue. If we release three records a month then that's very busy. We like to cover every release from every angle but the overall involvement - whether it be in the studio, at artwork stage, in presentation or whatever - varies from act to act."

And what now for what must be one of the most successful and admired of independent labels?

"We're at a funny stage now really. Our office is too small and we're in the process of expanding. I enjoy what we're doing a lot but the next thing I'm interested in doing is getting into different projects and working with other interesting labels and on new, interesting projects."

DAVE HENDERSON

These are the men, rarely seen but always there, pulling the strings and shakin' down the deals. . .

YOUNG BLOOD ON THE TRACKS

MORE KNIGHTS ON PAGES 36 & 37

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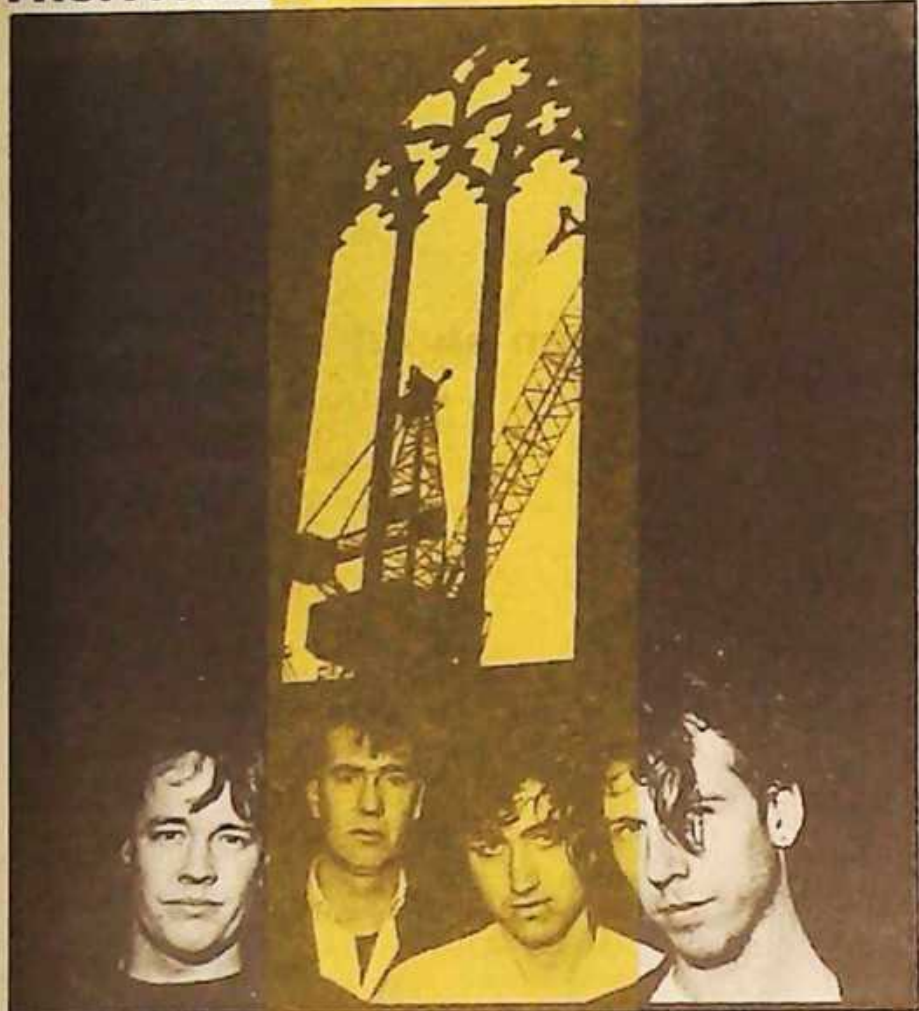
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LONELY NIGHT PRODUCED BY ROGER TAYLOR & DAVE RICHARDS



BLOOD . . .

FROM PAGE 13



TAKING THE Biscuit Ronnie Randall

HALF MAN HALF BISCUIT

LAST YEAR'S nicest boys next door, Half Man Half Biscuit have been the making of Liverpool's hard working Probe Plus label. With mucho enthusiasm and terminal low level organisation, the Biscuits have fused together the excesses of punky rock and the sincerity of the Trumpton theme to produce a hybrid that Miles Davis would be astounded at.

Their seminal album was recorded for 12p and lovingly dubbed 'Back In The DHSS'. Striking an uneasy middle ground between terrace humour and humalong psychotherapy, it dealt with the vital personalities of the day, like Fred Titmus, Nerys Hughes, Una Stubbs and Bob Todd, and was followed by the more aggressive 'Trumpton Riots EP' (both indie chart features since their release).

Half Man Half Biscuit will mean nothing to you unless you've tuned into the TV for the adverts and understood our great British pastimes (whatever they may be). Love them to death.

DAVE HENDERSON

BMX BANDITS

TWEE WITH a capital T, BMX Bandits are mere wimps playing pop with a sweet, youthful optimism. At times their tinsel pop songs lean to the sugary, sickly side, but more often than not their gooey genius hits a simple chord effectively.

Their splendid 'Sad' on Subway is the definitive in pop clichés but it's the absolute in jolliness and catchability.

Their recent session on Janice Long's show had every major record company reaching feverishly for their wallets.

BMX Bandits are a pop band to suck. And as the song goes, doopy, doopy, doopy!

RON ROM

THE MCKENZIES

HAIL THE McKenzies, taking up where Big Flame left off. Savaging the beat, rattling their guitars as if they were electric drills, making drum noises that sound like land mines and cutting barbed wire vocals.

The McKenzies are vivacious, vindictive, loud, obtrusive, angry, hungry and powerful. They want to go all the way but I think they sort of know their innovation will take very few captives. They're still worth watching, just to see them jump live.

This isn't a recommendation, more of a warning!

RON ROM

THE CHESTERFIELDS

AGGRESSIVE POP! Grrr! One, two, three four, ladies and gentlemen The Chesterfields. A dazzling pop ladle of soured pop pork balls. They are a tutti frutti of down-to-earth pop melodies, scratching the cracked skins of boring pop to reveal clever songs which mangle bitterness with beauty and twists with hooks. Take 'A Guitar In Your Bath' as bait and you will be instantly netted in their charm.

RON ROM



McCarthyism in full swing

McCarthy

FOR A band yet to release material on their chosen label, Pink, McCarthy have elicited a healthy response from industry and media alike, appearing on an NME cassette and the impending 'Imminent 4' compilation.

The quartet are all in their late teens/early 20s and hail from glorious Barking, and the key to McCarthy's success, or failure, is singer Malcolm's voice. Let's say it has character.

As Pink's Simon Down puts it...

"It's alright for Bernard Albrecht to be crap, because New Order are massive anyway. But if people see McCarthy a lot before the record comes out, they'll think, Oh f***** hell, because they're not all that good live yet." (There's honesty for you!).

"But once the record comes out ('Red Sleeping Beauty' in September) people will then go and see them and think, well, he's not a particularly good singer, but wow what a great sound!"

ANDY HURT

ROCK LO



Philosophical thugs, CLOSE LOBSTERS are more than flesh and claws. They're sex engines interested in rape and pillage. JONH WILDE took the bait, STEVE DOUBLE reeled 'em in

YOUNG BLOOD ON THE TRACKS

TWO SUMMERS ago, and I wander into my kitchen to boil an egg or two when there's this loud creature curled up under the breakfast-table.

"What the hell are you doing here?" I grumble.

"The name's Burnett and I'm a star!" it declares loudly, scraping the sleepy dust from its eyelids. "It's good to be The King!"

Staring then at my unwelcome guest, just one of a flock of paisley drifters that would use our home as a resting place that season, I marvelled at the audacity and wondered about the star-bit.

Two years on, Andy Burnett (petite, wide grin, missing front tooth) leads Close Lobsters, the most fancied band in Scotland.

He's still brash, cheeky, beguiling, almost seductive. And his group? Just signed to the frantically improving Fire Records. And the Lobsters' lop-sided, trundling collision of aggravating anti-melodies and scrawling beat is turning corners and checking hearts with alarming alacrity.

"If I wasn't doing this now," reflects Burnett, "I'd either be into mass-murder or politics, which is the same thing really!"

So where have you been all these years — planning it all carefully, carving your options, working on the star bit?

"We didn't want to be part of the dust and we're still determined not to be. We want to celebrate the individual. The next person who mentions the word 'shambling' is gonna get a lead pipe across the bridge of the nose!"

"We've spent this time working out how to be flippant and succeed. We write about trivia, all the small things in life."

Like cars, girls, bridges, skin? All those rock 'n' roll things?

"No, like trying to touch the sky."

COMplete with lacerating stabs and playfulness and no mere hint of towering acceleration, Close Lobsters are thundering past the rest. It's all so quick and all so frightening. It seems to the scuffling Burnett that, only minutes ago, he was sketching out his blueprint for pop combat, keen on tilting the balance.

"I wanted a band that was like a psychological play, with a great essence of wind-up," he remembers. "On the one hand, we wanted to make perfect pop records, on the other we wanted to antagonise like hell. Like the old British movies, we wanted to leave a lot to people's imaginations."

Hustling together his motley assortment of paisley ruffians (guitarist Womble, bassist and elder brother Bob Burnett, guitarist Tom and drummer Stewart 'Fadge'), they coaxed out their new chainsaw pop from an early orgy of Fall, Only Ones, Fugs and Seeds.

"When we play these days, though," laughs Andy Burnett, "I get the feeling we're more like Whitesnake than The Only Ones. We like a good dust-up, a good rock skirmish! We're hard y'know, we sound so bad-tempered at times, the

LOBSTERS



sound of teak cracking."

Burnett nods along as I lament the stiff sterility of much 'new' pop, the appalling absence of character, their monochrome scope. His Lobsters want no part of it all.

Talking of their appeal as "a rampant, stirring sexuality", he sounds barely believable, but he might find the cheek to carry it off.

"I always used to go round saying that, even before I formed a band, I'm Burnett and I'm a star and all that.

"I see myself as the star that never was, almost an anti-star. This gap in my teeth, it's not a gimmick - my tooth just fell out one day - but I want to be talked about, remembered.

"No way are we identikit '80s indie fare, we're just sex engines interested in rape and pillage."

Metaphorically, surely?

"Unfortunately not. Look, everyone wants to f--- Close Lobsters. I can't explain it, it's not even a sexual thing, our appeal is somehow, er, metaphysical! (Laughs). We're gonna spray them with love, we're gonna touch the sky, we're too sexy, we're the Kurt Vonnegut of pop. Oh... we're big-headed but we're gonna count.

"There's no complexity. We're a traditional rock group in the way that The Rolling Stones or The Beatles were. So f--- off, alright!"

WHEN I heard the first Lobsters tape six months ago, it was a remarkably unexceptional concern, a flinty steal of all and sundry, bragging with none of their now askew grace.

They got drunk, lost their manners, swilled the wrong notions and ended up

where they are now.

It's fairly difficult, still, to fasten the giddy, explosive star-elect in front of me with the fella under the kitchen table. I lap up his lies and his apt nonsense.

"Look," he tells me in complete seriousness, "males and females are too alike to shag!"

Philosophical thugs to a man, as one outsider described them, Close Lobsters are imploring us to listen, daring us not to. They're sizing us up and they're loosening up.

"It's becoming much more enhanced," as Burnett says, "less spruced up but scabbing over the cracks."

Live, a degenerate mix of the wrecked and racked, with a scalding pop pulse buried and ready to pounce, they're now at their peak and it could last and last.

With their debut Fire single not due until August, they have time to sublimate and approximate all this fuss and bother.

"So what d'ya like about us?" wonders this cheeky bastard.

I tell him. The tripwire lies, his pillowry thighs, their haggard, serrated edge and their madcap laughs.

"Tell them we're aching all over with spasms!"

Pouching out into some compulsive dose of shockable melody, Lobsters are no slick bottleneck.

"My brain just goes pop," yells Burnett across the bustling road as we say our new goodbyes.

You're an articulate mess!

"Your arse," he rejoins, before scattering from view.

How far can this bubble stretch?

INDIE - GESTION

ROGER HOLLAND, who's written about more independent bands than he can remember, attacks the notion of the 'indie' as the island of purity in an ocean of corruption...

THERE IS an Independent Ideal. Of course there is. There is a clear and definable ethic, and I cleave to it. Only the least perceptive commentators would claim that there are *no* bands content to remain outside the horsetrading of the record industry.

The problem is that most people who *masquerade* as members of the small and precious peer group known as the 'independents' have no commitment to that ideal, no feeling for that ethic.

If the British were once a nation of shop-keepers, they are now fast becoming a nation of small time record company magnates - polarised and grasping.

Like 'military intelligence', 'postal service' and other amusing misrepresentations of our time, the title of 'independent' record label leaves a lot of room for pointed questions.

Independent of *what*, exactly?

Come on, tell me, just what do you all think you're so safe and securely removed from? Corruption? Hype? The pressures of the balance sheet? Away and bollocks, man! Those labels which regularly squeeze their product into the 'indie' charts are as financially obsessed as any 'major', and just as caught up in the marketing of their product; the only differences are the stimuli applied to both the media and the targeted consumers.

Friends (well, they were) tell me that the sole criteria for an 'indie' label is that it must be distributed *independently*, at least one step removed from the well-oiled machinery of the big labels. But so what? This means only that these so-called 'indie' labels are small time and cheapskate, that they probably fiddle their VAT! As an entity, a hugely wealthy body like EMI is far more independent than, say, Subway Records.

The concept of an independent record label, *properly defined*, is of a body run without undue regard for market forces. One which is unwilling to compromise its integrity simply to make a few quick bucks. And there are too few such truly independent labels. The others, the ones who set out to make a living out of being in much the right time at much the right place, grabbing an obviously up-and-coming young property and churning out a couple of quick exploitative singles, are by no means *independent* on these terms.

They are simply *small*. Small labels, with small minds. Precisely the sort of small business men beloved of a certain fading economic creed. They are, I am afraid, Thatcherite.

Like all successful entrepreneurs, these people have spotted a gap and, like profligate dentists, they're filling it as quickly and as profitably as possible. With in-built obsolescence.

Although the haircuts and the trousers of the punk explosion have lapsed in all but the least discerning houses, the effects of those heady days can still be seen in the music industry in this country.

Certain species of aspiring young pop bands no longer chase the dragon's tail of a big time deal directly by sweated labour on a now defunct circuit. They prefer to market themselves through the Small Label

Structure (and if there is an 'indie' scene within Janice Long's terms of reference, then this is it): a contrivance connived at by all involved as a happily convenient unofficial Artiste and Repertoire programme, with a number of simple steps, which even the dumbest Brummie whelps can follow.

They send tapes to a handful of London based 'indie' promoters, they rope in those journalists currently clinging to the coat tails of 'indie' popularity, they foist themselves upon night time Radio One (and here it helps if you're young, not too obvious a candidate for Crufts and half-way female) and, lo and behold, all of a sudden they find themselves enjoying a measure of 'independent' chart action.

And then they wake up to find all the big time A&R men knocking on their door. And, leaving the door off the latch, they put on the coffee and study the Porsche catalogues as the offers come rolling in.

There is a suggestion that these bands are *duty bound* to join the 'majors' in order to safeguard and develop their craft. That only big money produces good records. Yes, and British footballers only go to Italy for the *challenge*. Queen and Pink Floyd might need eight million track studios, but to turn out inspiring and emotive pop brilliance you only need talent and £160 per song.

Of course there's nothing wrong with ambition, and of course the easiest way to the land of plenty is in the back of a record company limo. But it isn't the only way: the New Orders, the Depeche Modes and the Smiths of this world will never again pester passers-by for spare change. And it should be remembered that most of those bands who take the plunge into the deep waters of big label action find themselves quickly out of their depth and too often drown out there.

For the charm and the quality which appeals to the self-consciously 'indie' record buyer and gig goer seldom translates into Wham! or even Echo-sized success. For bands like The Mighty Lemon Drops, just signed to the major of their choice, a blind and overleaping ambition may well destroy promising but limited careers. The small label capitalism - as opposed to the independent ideal of Swell Maps, The Desperate Bicycles and others - in insisting that success is a single absolute yardstick which measures all musicians against George Michael, contrives to thrive, but only by gorging itself upon the carcasses of bands it has pushed too far.

I'm all for independence, for it implies passion and honesty. I even approve of many of those self-seeking small labels who fulfil almost a YTS function. I simply despise their moralistic, holier-than-thou banner waving - a trendy Trojan Horse which thrives upon the blind support of those desperate to be hip.

And I find myself horribly alarmed at the tunnel-vision pocket Thatcherism of too many of those people who, with no thought for anything but their own advancement, insist that what is happening in the pub venues of London is an independent scene of note.

It is not. People with vested interests are using an old, old ploy to sell their products. There are some good new bands; yes, there are a couple of brilliant bands, but any suggestion that there is any sort of movement is a lie reflecting only the new emphasis placed upon the small label's role as talent scouts for the major labels.

Independence still exists but it has nothing to do with most of the labels and the bands featured on these pages.

A L B U M S

RATINGS BUYBLAGHEAR ..FLOG .DUMP



PETER MURPHY: ssh, don't mention Dali's Ca...

'HAUS OF FUN

PETER MURPHY 'Should The World Fall To Fall Apart' (Beggars Banquet BEGA 69) ****1/2

A SOMEWHAT mysterious title from a man who steeped himself in moody obscurity and revelled in gothic gloom. It would seem that he has taken his first tentative steps towards normality — the addition of an 'r' to his name makes it almost humdrum. On playing the record, however, it transpires that the 'r' is a reverberating 'r-r-r-r' that stretches notes to elastic eccentricity.

Remember Bauhaus and Dali's Car? The latter were short and sour but Bauhaus remains tattooed on the hearts of many. These days, though, the man, like his music, has mellowed.

Pete Murphy, as he shall always be known to me, mesmerised with his Bowie-like feline movements — they were creepy, yet often jerky and uncontrolled. And an element of that eeriness remains, although it's now smoother, acting as a shroud covering a fathomless maturity.

'Should The World Fall To Fall Apart' is a collection of tunes of fluctuating fluidity. Dark, deep, chocolate-textured tones bubble over 'Blue Heart', 'Final Solution' and a cover version of Devoto's 'The Light Pours Out Of Me'. Sitting here in a dimly lit room I can sense the hypnotic Murphy charisma; it's more cheerful certainly, yet there's still a danger of falling under his pallid power. Perhaps this power is due to the collection of musicians, perhaps it's simply professionalism; no doubt his live performance will determine the source. Dare I be there to witness the unveiling? I will float along the stream of multifarious guitar riffs, riffs with an 'r' for refinement, for respect and resurrection. Peter Murphy has risen and demands to be heard. Obey, mellow out of your moods, and melt to the beat.

KEZ OWEN

number of musicians of whom I have never heard. However, they have worked with the likes of Miles Davies, Weather Report, Art Blakey, Dizzy Gillespie, Laurie Anderson and Philip Glass (all of whom I have heard of, so there!), and can therefore be presumed to know their stuff. And the combination of Sting's sterling vocal performance and their top class musicianship contrives to maintain interest throughout. No mean feat for a double live album these days.

ROGER HOLLAND

THIRTEEN MOONS 'Little Dreaming Boy' (Wire WRLP 003)*****

IF I had to select one universally known song as an initial map reference to assist those of you as yet unacquainted with Thirteen Moons, it would be George and Ira's 'Summertime'. But before you dash to the sink clutching a tin of Andrew's, your stomach and a fork, with

a head full of nauseating images of guys in black polo-neck sweaters and shades, lend me your lugholes...

This Swedish threesome have a genuine feel for their music, which breathes the (relatively) unpolluted ozone of Scandinavian forests rather than the Cortina exhaust fumes of King's Road. I have the crappiest dictionary in the world and it defines the word 'consummate' as 'complete, perfect'. Sod that! From now on, the definition of 'consummate' is 'Little Dreaming Boy'.

It's quite staggering to think this is their debut album, as every part is played to perfection: Göran Klintberg's immaculate reconstruction of Tim Hardin's vocal chords, the semi-acoustic melancholy of Anders Holm and Mats Gunnarsson's mournful saxophone combine to craft an artefact potent in its poignancy and instructive in its understatement. Like, I dig it.

ANDY HURT

VARIOUS ARTISTS

'Rap It Up — Rap's Greatest Hits' (K-Tel 1324)*****

THE SLEEVENOTES would have it that with '(Nothing Serious) Just Bugging', Whistle proved again the perennial popularity of rap and so opened the floodgates for a new generation of rappers in 1986. Certainly, something has happened. With Whistle, Lovebug Starski, The Fat Boys and now the imminent arrival of Krush Groove (Rap, The Movie), hip hop or rap (is there a difference?) is beginning to make its hefty presence felt again just as the summer approaches.

So try this for size: a buzzing compilation of (largely) the original 12-inch mixes of some of the most influential and successful rap wraps yet.

The best example of the form I know of was Brother D And The Collective Effort's marvellous 'How We Gonna Make The Black Nation Rise?' (answer: "educate! agitate! organise!"). And, of course, this classic gem is omitted here. But what you do get for your customary fiver are ten of the very best.

The good times: 'Rapper's Delight' (Sugarhill Gang), 'Just Bugging' and The Concept's 'Mr DJ'. The bad times: 'The Message', 'White Lines (Don't Do It)'. The fat times: 'The Fat Boys Are Back'. And the fresh HM krush groove times: Run DMC.

The joy is in the beat. And the beat bounces with glee! With wit, with youth, with cabaret and with the unsuppressed arrogance of the street. Brash, extrovert hip hop counts every bit as much as bedsit land's grim overcoat tendency.

For those are the breaks. Say what? As they say.

ROGER HOLLAND

GTR 'GTR' (Arista 207 716)***1/2

STEVE HOWE and Steve Hackett are two guitarists who I've always kept at arm's length. Yes and Genesis were too finicky, too florid, too gutless to matter. Gimme Ace Frehley any day...

Come '86 and Howe 'n' Hackett, ten years on from their 'prime', are attempting "to take the guitar into the '90s". Sounds like a recipe for disaster, and in places it is, although the pair are quite obviously too good to lapse into abject failure.

The root of GTR's problem is an apparent fixation with the Styx back catalogue. Ex-Bronz singer Max 'Real Name' Bacon is clearly the guilty man, his Dennis DeYoung impersonations edging the songs squarely into the forgettable paunched pomp rock bracket.

Inevitably the two instrumentals, 'Sketches In The Sun' and 'Hackett To Bits', leave the deepest

impressions by giving elbow room to some of the promised guitar innovation.

Generally speaking, though, Howe and Hackett offer nothing more than a slightly subtler, richer version of the kind of soaring histrionics usually associated with melodic rockers like Night Ranger. And how could they possibly take the guitar into the '90s with a batch of songs that barely get within spitting distance of the '80s?

GTR's a nice idea if you like that sort of thing, but this effort hasn't done it justice.

PAUL ELLIOTT

THE ZODIAC MOTEL 'The Story Of Roland Flagg' (Swordfish SWFLP 001)*****

"BIRMINGHAM IS a sleepy town full of boring Brummies," said my flatmate as I deftly slipped on the Zo-Mo's debut offering. But we sat and waited and listened to the eerie unfolding of the tale of Roland Flagg or, as Melody Maker called it, Robert Flagg (no relative, I presume)...

The story's told by a group of freaked-out Brummies who claim to "carry your own thoughts" and also to "slice the skin of sin" — using a piece of very sharp, very black vinyl. These eight tracks are a huge piece of digestible shamelessness, a dollop of nectar so sweet and so inexorably craven that you can't help but overdose. This melodiousness is a shot of energy for the long, dusty road to hell... first turning on the left after Birmingham.

Songs like 'Magic Boat', 'Anything You Want' and 'Lovecraft's Body' ensure that, if you buy this platter of forbidden delicacies, you will dance all the way there. The Zo-Mos are the Pied Pipers of my jumbled fantasies, leaders of nonsensical nightmares — but to them I'm just a 'listener', a hitch-hiker on the road to a humdrum town.

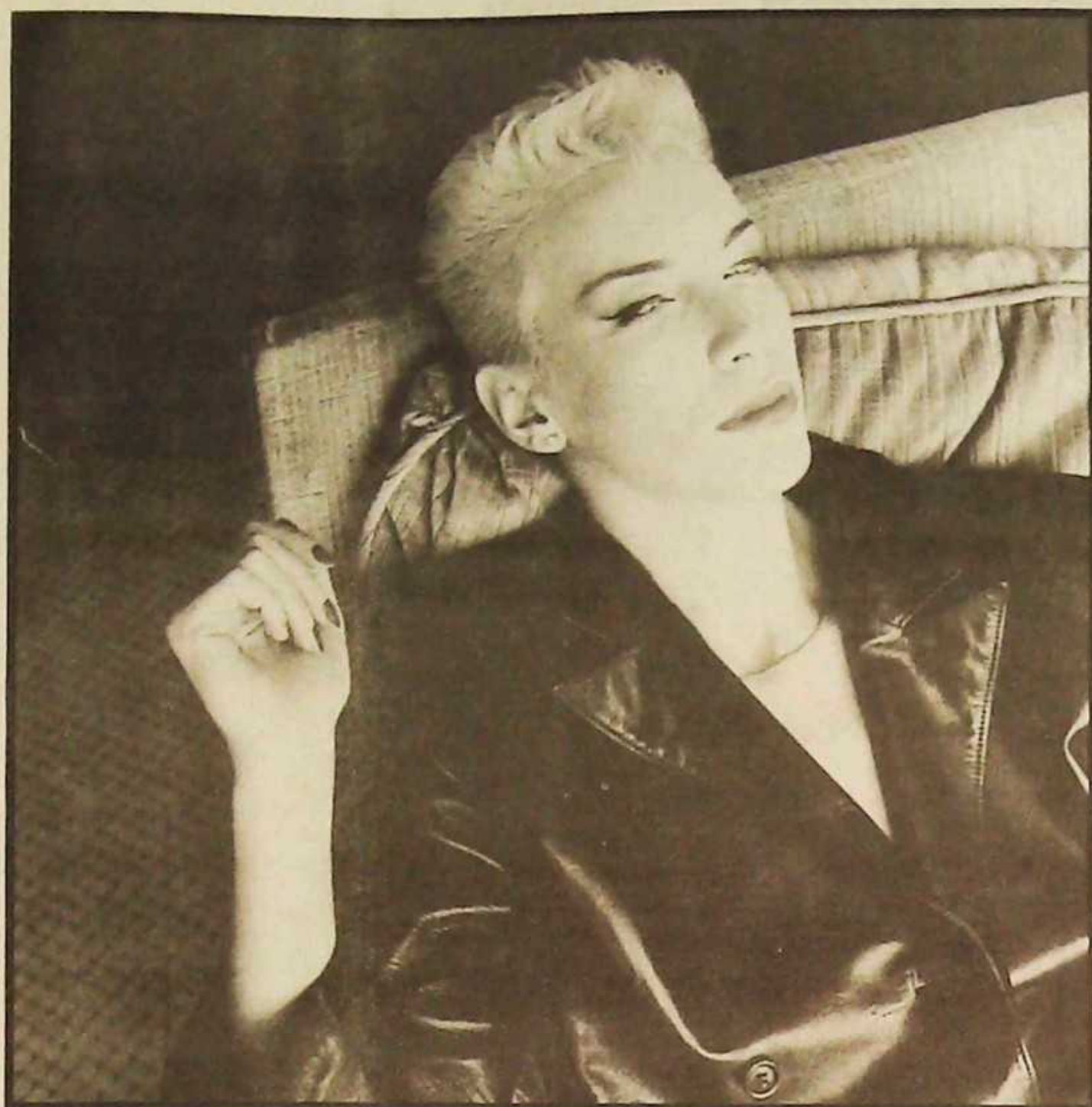
Evidently, dear readers, Birmingham is not as boring as my unfortunate, misinformed friend previously perceived, so we'll have two singles in the

LIFT

CHAKK 'Ten Days In An Elevator' (MCA/FON MCG 6006)****

THROUGHOUT CHAKK'S chequered, confused and busy past, it's never been easy to make an overall judgement as to their real worth. They signed to MCA for a lot of cash, their manager said the F word on TV, they built their own studio and... and? Well, they released a couple of 12 inchers of note and a pretty good video too, but are they really worth that arm and leg that their record company

asmatron



ANNIE LENNOX dreams of taking revenge on our reviewer

EURHYTHMICS 'Revenge' (RCA PL 71050) **

THERE HAS always been something slightly inscrutable about the Eurythmics — an oddity occasionally bordering on smugness — which has set Annie Lennox and Dave Stewart apart from the other gaudy clowns in the three-ring circus of pop. Maybe it's simply down to the fact that they were fully fledged adults when they hit the seam of success.

This impression is reinforced by the horrendous painting of the pair on the cover of their latest album. Annie's eyes have slanted pupils like a cat's and, together with the title, provide ample clues as to the contents of 'Revenge'... I'll scratch your back till the blood flows but you won't get near mine because it's up against the wall.

Or, more briefly, miaow!

I don't know whether Annie and Dave's love-lives are in disarray — and, to be frank, I don't care — but one certainly gets the (weak) feeling they are here. Whoever said revenge is sweet obviously had his brain installed the wrong way around; it's more bitter than cyanide, twice as poisonous, and as a motivating force for songwriting it should result in work of immense power.

Sadly, in the case of the Eurythmics it fails miserably. Like the ineptly functional cover painting which apes the fine detail of a photograph, the lyrical language on songs such as 'Thorn In My Side' and 'A Little Of You' is too inarticulate to be believable and too derivative and banal to shed any new light on such a dark condition of the soul as revenge.

Given the optimistic hi-tech textures of the band, the trio of conciliatory I've-got-enough-tissue-to-wipe-away-your-tears tunes — including the wonderful 'When Tomorrow Comes' — fare a little better. Ironically enough, though, the real nadir of this album is reached when love rears its pretty head.

'Let's Go' — with lines like "He said — The time is right to take a chance/Cause I'm looking for a brand new romance" — is purely puerile. Annie wants to get hitched in Mexico. The man says, Sod that, "Let's do it on the ground!" Wooooee! The music slips into a Springsteen-ish gear and I laugh. Where's the mystery, intrigue, romance or even the unreality of a lustful lay? This is a cartoon at best.

'Revenge'?! Hah-hah-hah, heeeeyup!

JACK BARRON

PAUL SAMSON 'Joint Forces' (Raw Power RAW LP 018) ANGEL WITCH 'Frontal Assault' (Killerwatt KILP 4003) 1/2**

THE REASON for these two turkeys meriting a review is simple. Some years back, Samson and Angel Witch might well have found their wicked way on to this organ's front cover. Morrissey? Bloody nancy boys like that weren't gonna stand in their way.

Come 197... er, 1986 and the attitude hasn't faltered. So what if Joe Public didn't dig the last album? We'll just have to carry on stuffing it down his fat gob till he realises what's good for 'im! And so on...

Now, it's bad enough that groups of the calibre of Diamond Head have slipped through our fingers without these jerks rubbing the reputation of hard rock still further. The difference between the two is that Paul Samson, whilst his execution is often clumsy, at least has some good ideas. Angel Witch, meanwhile, are dumb on all fronts.

Why do they bother?

PAUL ELLIOTT

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Raw Cuts Volume Two - Swedish Beat' (Criminal Damage CRI LP 132)****

TWO TRACKS apiece from eight bands we've never heard of. And almost universally excellent. From Sweden with extreme prejudice, these are the sounds of violence.

Hidden Charm strip the paint off my window frames. The Backdoor Men kick the glass in. And then The Bottle Tops' mutant 'Rumble' blows up the TV. When young Sweden listens to its copy of 'Nuggets', it concentrates on the Amboy Dukes. And how! Slobster thrash with curled lips, intense furrowed scorn and a guitar held too close to its amplifier. Punk rock as I live and breathe.

Reporter dons Dennis Norden Dickhead Hat and smirks with greasy smugness (the boy's a natural!). If you're the sort of person who thinks that rock 'n' roll found its ultimate expression in The Kingsmen's 'Louie Louie', or perhaps The Standells' 'Dirty Water', then you should sod off to Sweden damn sharpish. Guitars? These Viking bastards have got 'em.

ROGER HOLLAND

SLAVES TO THE RYTHM

Zodiac Motel, please, and dance till pollution dawns. A vision of things to come; make a reservation now.

KEZ OWEN

LEE 'SCRATCH' PERRY 'Battle Of Armagideon (Millionaire Liquidator)' (Trojan TRLS 227)**1/4**

TWO WORDS that are often confused in the age of the 15 minute wonder are 'genius' and 'nutter'. If someone's lift doesn't go much further than the first floor, let alone all the

OFF!

forked out for them?

In returns and unit-shifting talk, that's a big yes.

But the music?

To be truthful, I wasn't taken aback at first. The album is beautifully packaged; it looks just, er, right. The free EP is scalding, too. A hybrid of ideas, dubbed out, cut down, stripped to the bone... but the actual album took some getting into. I think it was the slick sound that shook my immediate expectations, while the almost Bowie-esque vocal inflections give Chakk even less of an identity.

Their crafted sound fares much better on the longer, more expressive 'Over The Edge' and it's that instrumental concoction that pulls the boys back into the inferno for me. Several plays on and you've slipped into something a little more comfortable.

While not holding the expected initial clout of their steel city comrades — Hula, Cabs et al — the subtlety of the group comes over as a much more potent force after the fourth brandy. Chakk are multi-levelled. The teensters can toe-tap at the drop of a bongo while the more intense can wade into their music as the mood catches them.

Chakk seduce with criminal ease.

DAVE HENDERSON

way to the top, people are all too ready to dismiss the individual as brilliant and have done with it. Dali sussed this pretty quickly and cultivated his eccentricity as a short cut to immortality.

Not so Lee Perry. This bloke seems to be incontrovertibly a certifiable lunatic with a penchant for recording his vocal tracks with his hair soaked in petrol and an electric fire (connected) on his head, and yet the mantle of genius fits him as snugly as a fresh prophylactic.

'I Am A Madman', he gleefully proclaims on side two, and hallelujah for that, say I. The Upsetter has a feel for a song and a natural empathy for the anarchic, a veritable George Clinton of reggae.

'Battle Of Armagideon' was actually recorded nearer Kingston-Upon-Thames than Kingston, Ja — in Rotherhithe, in fact — and perhaps it's the change of scenery that explains the absence of the gwoosh-gwoosh keyboard sound that is his trademark. Well dang me if Super Ape ain't following in the vocal footsteps (pretty abstract concept, eh?) of Toots Hibbert in strutting his funky stuff on the archetypally-titled disco work-out, 'Sexy Lady'.

This certainly is not a Lee Perry classic, but I've heard far worse from the man.

ANDY HURT

MAD VIOLETS 'World Of...' (Lolita 5046)*1/2**

I WAS looking for a comment from the *New York Times* but the best I could do was find a press release quoting the *New York Daily News*: "It's the raw talent of the Mad Violets that shows there's a valid alternative to popular rock and roll." Who was I to disagree?

New York four-piece the Mad Violets have here a compelling confection of a mini album which is a more than welcome summertime surrogate for production line pop. Their publicist flirts with the ephemera of psychedelia but 'World Of...' is really just a sugary quintet of great pop tunes which tips the odd lyrical nod to the likes of The Seeds. The chiming opener,

'Black Light Sound Reality', is a case in point.

Featuring The Fleshtones' Keith Streng on drums, the band is really nothing new, just a fresh juxtaposition of existing pop motifs. Then again, you could have said that about 'The Wasteland'. Wendy Wild's mescaline Madonna and brilliantly brattish nasal drawl sets the tunes off correctly and the cover of The Moves' 'I Can Hear The Grass Grow' is a particular success. Violets are better mad than in March.

ROY WILKINSON

TEENA MARIE 'Emerald City' (Epic EPC26935) *****

DON'T CRY for me, ardent Teena.

Teena reckons there's nowhere you can hide from the power of her tender love cos she's got "lips to find

you, lips to find you, yeah". Imagine answering the door and there's this disembodied pair of lips (very Bunuel) panting for breath and wanting to know why you keep moving house.

That abstraction aside, this is another seriously resounding success in a stream of whirling vibrant albums from a soul giantess whose commercial appeal has never matched her depth of talent and style as a singer/writer/arranger/producer. She's grown as an artist to the extent where I'm almost writing "the female Clinton". (Bootsy Collins guests, incidentally). 'Emerald City' is funk, rock, jazz, melodrama, sex and poetry: there are no concessions to thin contemporary modes. It's a kiss-me-Catherine wheel on fire, in motion, layered and jewelled with shuffling

emotion and devotion.

"Once upon a time there lived a little girl named Pity who decided more than anything in the world she wanted to be green..."

Teena Marie is extraordinarily dedicated and acutely insane, and that extra element of non-conformity converts dance to spiritualism on the lunging 'You So Heavy', the frenetic 'Once Is Not Enough' and the shady, enticing, 'Shangrila'. The balmy 'Love Me Down Easy' thrusts the bawling ballad honours on her, and crackles and stings with authentic passion. Somehow both earthy and ethereal. Knocks the stuffing out of Beethoven.

"So welcome to the Emerald City... where everything you wanted to be... you have already been." The munchkins love it.

CHRIS ROBERTS

SACRED ART

DEE C LEE 'Shrine' (CBS 26915) ***

I DETECT a certain grumbling lately. A snotty-nosed sniping directed at girls like Dee C Lee, as if being young and gorgeous and talented was somehow playing the game with a marked deck. People do seem much more gracious towards the likes of The Housemartins — the sixth ugliest in Hull — who come on as though looking like the back end of a bus was something rather clever they'd thought of themselves.

This too-good-to-be-true line of thought seems to infect everyone except 13-year-old girls who still have time to believe that they too will grow up to be young and gorgeous and talented, and of course, yours truly, who did exactly that.

So the low marks for 'Shrine' are totted up with some disappointment because Dee C Lee has allowed herself to be criminally under-exploited. Producer Brian Robson, perhaps embarrassed by the amount of talent at his disposal, has for some reason hidden it under a mattress and piled all manner of junk on top of it, weighing down Dee C with, of all things, backing singers, which she needs like a hole in the head.

The end result is clogged up and unremarkable; like the sleeve, a potentially interesting blend of primitive sophistication that somehow loses its nerve. The heartfelt sentiment of 'See The Day' in which Dee C is given free reign to be magical will remind everyone who saw her live with The Style Council how, with this one song, she demolished Paul Weller totally, till there was nothing left of him but a miserable, tuneless speck. But it does show up the weakness of the rest of the songs — from a lack-lustre version of 'She's Gone' to a ditty about child abuse called 'Still The Children Cry'.

'Shrine' is not a bad start for a solo career, but I look forward to greater things when she learns to trust her instincts and flaunts her voice without fear.

JANE SIMON



DEE C LEE: jealousy will get you nowhere...

L I V E S

JACK BARRON finds himself surrounded by worshipping, nubile WHAM! fans, all eager to sacrifice themselves at the altar of their gigantic two headed pop god one last time

YOG SOTHOTH!



PSST, ANDY! I've written the chord changes on yer guitar strap . . .

Rex Features

WHAM!
Wembley Stadium
"I LOST my virginity to George Michael," beams Babs.

Really! That was careless. Where did Yog find it?

"No! Silly!" chides the 17-year-old Tesco's tyke from Manchester. "I mean, you know..." Babs giggles and looks at her boyfriend. "When Brian and I did it, you know, for the first time, 'Wake Me Up Before You Go Go' was on the radio."

And did he wake you up before he left?

"Of course. We're getting married next month. The wedding was meant to be today but we postponed it. I mean we couldn't miss this, could we?"

Babs and Brian survey the baking multitude inside the oven of Wembley and I shiver and laugh.

Today is June 28, 1986. Across the Thames right now, a quarter of million people are venting their feelings about apartheid. Elsewhere, Zodiac Mindwarp

has come down from his overnight trip to Lowestoft to usher in the new age of psychedelic tainted and painted love unlimited.

Here in Wembley we're waiting for George Michael and Andrew Ridgeley – the Redcoats of the Club Tropicana and soda generation – to say, Wham! Bam! Thank you, ma'am!

As the sun sweats like a fried egg in the pan of the sky, distracted by that grandad of the rocking glitz gut Gary Glitter and the pop clip of Nick Heyward's Haircut, the girls and boys who snogged to Yog gather with fervent squeals to celebrate the end of four years of Wham!

Wha'ppen girls?

"Aiehh!" they answer. You can't help but smile.

It's now 7.40pm according to my Russian Wostock watch and the screams can probably be heard in the Kremlin. For behind the black stage curtain which pronounces The Final in white letters two storeys

CONTINUES PAGE 30

REGGAE SUNSPASH Wembley Arena

IT'S REALLY no use going on about it but the irony is something that cannot be ignored. I mean, while every other bugger was out and about raving for their fave cause in the maximum rays, we had to content ourselves with just sunsplash lotion and a beat towel.

And without wishing to get too uptight about the whole affair I would like an explanation of just what 'police objections' translates to in real terms. It's OK for 85,000 Wham-ettes to bask next door in the reflected glory of their Toytown heroes, it's alright for god knows how many to converge on Clapham Common for Big Audio Explosives Against Apartheid, but heaven and its resident chief commissioners forbid Reggae Sunsplash to actually benefit from the heat of its namesake and return to the outdoor site of the last two years in balmy Crystal Palace.

I would just like to say that it is this attitude emanating from all ranks of the force that could well result in a return match on the summer streets of British cities this year, and you who have eyes should use them before you lose them.

You see, reggae of this stature demands the room to breathe at what should be an event, not just of music but of culture. And denied that, indoors at Wembley without any of the free-floating stalls, the food, the drinks, the trinkets, I could be tempted to say: "It died."

I am tempted. But I shall cast temptation aside and tell



JUNIOR MARVIN: All together now, hands up if you use Right Guard . . .

Steve Double

HEAT IN THE SHADE

you that one thing saved me from the pit – the music.

The first time I felt the force of it here was when **Tommy Cowan**, flown from Sunsplash JA to help out on compering, launched his lone voice into Marley's 'Redemption Song'. Every head in the house lent their chords to his "... All I ever need..." and I could swear the old man looked down through the dirty skylights and gave us a bit of a breeze.

The slow start of **King Sounds And The Israelites** (old style '70s bounce and sway) and **Alton Ellis** (rocksteady to reggae – nice history lesson, but then I always did prefer to be outside in the playground) was turned around with the introduction of **Aswad**.

Some love fire lit up as **Brinsley Forde** and the crew drove the steamroller beat dead centre down the floor of the arena, shaking the

previously immobile crowd into action. I knew why I was here from the moment they struck out with '54-46'. Because when a sound that exciting, that raw, that danceable is around, my body wants to be there on the front-line, catching the beat out of the vibrating air, surrounding my muscles with it.

Brinsley has developed into a fine, fine frontman, teasing the best out of the band and

the audience. Conviction and commitment sliding down the wire to boom-ooze out of the PA, their songs and style are the now of British reggae, conscious of history but eyes front.

And from the past, the years of history now made legendary, **The Wailers** returned. I expected little and was rewarded with more than I would ever have wished for. Minus Bunny Wailer, minus Peter Tosh but plus, plus,

triple plus Junior Marvin on guitar and vocals, with Family Man Barret and Al Anderson, the sheer sound of The Wailers poured forth, trembling and terminating any doubts.

Junior, taking the place of Marley at the microphone, was able to captivate with the same style of wracked torture, demanding the audience to hear the 'Rastaman Vibration' that was the mark of his predecessor.

Many old tunes appeared – yes, 'Exodus', 'I Shot The Sheriff' – with a couple of newies, and although the ghost peered down, he seemed quite happy to stay in the roof casting blessings on those carrying on below.

A triumphant return, and what else had I expected from **Black Uhuru**? But with Sly and Robbie opting to stay at home and The Wailers doing the backing duties instead, I found the hardness of Uhuru's recorded sound depleted.

Oh, they are stunning to watch, Junior Reed never still, all motion in double time, Puma purely resplendent, but... wrong it may be to expect so much, but they should have been the best and, despite the glories of their voices, the sound stopped halfway on the road to brutality.

Maybe on another day in the fresh air I would have let them get away with it, but in here, demands must be met. So Rodigan promised, "Come hell or high water, Sunsplash will be outside next year". Promises are promises. Just pray they don't mess with the carnival.

RICKY KILDARE

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FISH: 'a tonsorial and vocal Phil Collins imitator'???

Pix by Greg Freeman

TULL TALES

MARILLION/GARY MOORE/JETHRO TULL/MAGNUM/MAMA'S BOYS

Milton Keynes Bowl
IN BUCKINGHAMSHIRE, just outside a town full of plastic cows, plateglass egg boxes and dozing dormitory-bound artisans, there's a big field gradually filling up with 40,000 people.

In this field, things are as to be expected. There's the crushed cornucopia of discarded cans and bottles that simply aren't allowed into the arena. There's the sun-blotched assortment of torsos that you can only find in this country, at this time of year, in this sort of field.

Some things are as to be expected but more so. Take, for instance, the T-shirts. Maradona may not have reached his apotheosis in the Azteca but the tour T-shirt certainly got its at Milton Keynes. Everyone was wearing at least two of these shirts, with their exotic concoctions of place names and dates, and one stalwart was spotted wearing six. This field full of people spent considerable amounts of money and considerable portions of last Saturday buying T-shirts. When they weren't, they were watching some bands...

Mama's Boys play a lot of these big band rock conventions and take care to observe all the genre's time-honoured traditions. At this sort of event being the opening band can be a bit hazardous, those on stage often forced into the role of surrogate bottle bank.

Mama's Boys needn't have worried, though, as this wasn't really one of those concerts - you could tell that because the only umlaut on display was in Dinkelsbühl, where Jethro Tull will be playing on July 5 - and they were allowed to dole out their formula fretwork unhindered, even getting the crowd into a bit of hand-clapping and call and response.

After a brief merchandise acquisition interval, Magnum appeared. A more sophisticated, melody-laden rock variation than the openers, Magnum with their

keyboard injected sound are off in pursuit of Van Halen and a pop sensibility. But despite the singer's technically adept tones, he's no Sammy Hagar, let alone Dave Lee Roth and, lapsing into axe argot, it's unsurprising to note that the guitarist couldn't indulge in frenetic fretwork and guitar garrulity with the same aplomb as Edward.

That's not to say they didn't have their moment - the one about an arrow was a half decent pop tune.

Bounding on stage with his

Long John Silver dance routine intact but with a disappointing lack of sporrans, felt Hobbit hats and Forestry Commission finery, Ian Anderson and Jethro Tull have hit upon relatively hard times. Four years ago, Marillion were begging to support them but now the tables are turned and the arcadian atavists have to settle for third place on the bill.

I'm quite fond of Tull (as you say) - someone who had the temerity to record a song called 'Serenade To A

Cuckoo' can't be all bad. For the first song, 'Living In The Past', they were doing well in the 'alright (if you like that sort of thing)' category. After that they lapsed into extended, virtuosity-ridden indulgence which included a five minute bongo solo. Living in the past? I wouldn't disagree.

Gary Moore was second on the bill and was allowed all the trimmings that go with this status - he was able to convincingly threaten to stop the show if any bottles were thrown, use the second tier of the stage for some guitar posturing and introduce the first fireworks of the day.

I'm a great believer in cramming a pop star into three minutes, whereas Gary believes a song takes at least two minutes to end after it has actually finished. Lassitude drove me to spend most of his set song-timing, and despite good covers of The Yardbirds' 'Shape Of Things' and Free's 'Wishing Well', I was able to feel a little vindicated when his most effective moment came with 'Out In The Fields' at just over four minutes.

Marillion... well, what can you say? I'm afraid all the facile criticisms *do* make sense: Fish is a tonsorial and vocal Phil Collins imitator (I mean, dig your own grave), a parody of a parody, complete with sixth-form poetry and ridiculous Middle-Earth imagery.

I was hoping for a giant inflatable jester or perhaps a flush of scent-tinted dry ice to accompany 'Lavender' but all I got was a few desultory costume changes (the bass player's Robin of Sherwood two-piece was the best) and some neatly played, innocuous prog-rock.

Everyone knows that 'Kayleigh' is a nice tune but it didn't make that many amends.

When Fish dons a kimono for 'Pseudo Silk Kimono' (a nice touch) you can understand that it took more than being christened Derek Dick to make him adopt a protective pseudonym. Unfortunately, his music doesn't have access to a deed poll and will always be known as Reg. Not Reginald but Regressive.



GARY MOORE (above): "Count 'em, one, two, three, four wisdom teeth... and only three with fillings." Ian Anderson (below) prepares a special muzakal ditty for the World Trade Center's lifts.

HORROR SCOPE



THEM HORRORS' Scatman PX fails to remember lyrics to 'Noise Annoys'...

Greg Freeman

ROGER HOLLAND

TWANG!

Manchester Boardwalk

TWANG! THWACKS the bass in its successful attempt at poking some dance out of 200 Animal Liberation supporters. Two Fred Perrys, one dodgy Hawaiian shirt, a combat cap and a sidestepping vocalist, Twang! have no reservations about being fast, funky and abrasive.

Each song is strung around the bounding bass lines that leave John Twang's green guitar; the bass is the band's motor, its fightline, its energy. Dave Big's guitars hurtle around it, Andy Ladd's vocals cling onto it - as with all good bands, the bass isn't used to create a mellow (ie dull) rhythm with the drums but to bump up the song's heart.

Having supported the likes of Chakk, Big Flame and That Petrol Emotion, recorded one Peel session that is soon to be released and appeared on a *Debris* magazine flexi-disc - they're releasing their own debut single in September - Twang! are moving fast. Their songs don't so much flow into the audience as hail the dancefloor.

Twang! are eager for recognition, eager for some enjoyment and eager for a splashing of pure pop juice. And that's refreshing.

JAMES BROWN

PLEASURE CELL

Dublin Underground

PLEASURE CELL are not a pretty band. Noel Greene flailing away at his battered Fender sings songs of desolation and frustration, of a city that he loves crumbling through a lifestyle that he abhors.

The scars of drug addiction, violence and desperation show on a face weathered by experience as much as they do in his fierce unrelenting songs such as 'F*** Off' (sometimes there is only one way to say certain things) and 'New Age'. Meanwhile, the rhythm section of Dermot and Willard hammer out an incessant beat.

Part punk, part peace, love and understanding and part information service. Pleasure Cell walk it like they talk it; their music echoes their optimism and belief that things can only get better through personal strength.

Pleasure Cell are not an accomplished group, though the sparing use of sax and acoustic guitar now breathes new life into a limited approach. They do, however, understand their strengths and play on them.

But they hold their heads up with pride and play with dignity.

CONOR O MAHONY

THE SHRUBS/KILL

UGLY POP

Kentish Town Bull And Gate

WHERE DOES EVERYONE go on a Wednesday night? Football it seems, has claimed the crowds once more. But while the bores sit in front of their square boxes in their square houses, they're missing wild and misshapen goals.

Kill Ugly Pop have scored. The ranting reverend kicks the faithful few in the head. Then, slouching over the mike, he growls, grins and with wild, crazed eyes searches for victims of his manic sermons. "I'm gonna tell you something about pulverisation, let me butcherise," he grunts in a manner so chilling that I wish they'd turn the lights up. Thrashing, smashing music pumping up your blood pressure till it explodes. Half time, and it's one nil to us.

The Shrubs describe themselves as the result of premature ambition. They look painfully dull, but there's a brashness, an exciting disorganised chaos in songs like 'Blackmailer' and 'The Boxer'. It's all well-aimed fun, bobbing, bouncing fun that hits the back of the net like a bullet. The end of the game, two nil and a enviable gold

trophy. Nothing square about this match.

KEZ OWEN

INXS

Royal Albert Hall

OPEN MOUTHED I enter, dumbstruck by the impressiveness of it all. I feel like a dirty pigeon strutting around St Pauls Cathedral - out of my depth, too dazed to find the exit through the sweating throng.

THEM HOWLIN' HORRORS

Hammersmith Clarendon

SOME MONTHS ago, I was lucky enough to be blasted out of one of my all too frequent fits of suffocating depression and ennui by a raw and startlingly powerful album called 'Look Out For' The Changing Tide'. But it has taken weeks and weeks for me to catch up with Them Howlin' Horrors, perpetrators of this criminally damaging aural assault, in an attempt to discover the motivation behind their energy, the thinking behind their thumping, the madness in their area. Tonight was the night...

Them Howlin' Horrors have taken it upon themselves to strike badly lit poses of mystery and suspense, with a batting order of quaintly anachronistic *nom de noise*. Singer Scatman PX is turned out in a pleasantly austere '60s gentleman's suiting, and his hair is shaped à la Douglas Bader. And his shock-headed dance antics married to the primal beat skedaddle of guitarist Black Haired, bassist The Brink, and the drums of Navarone bring the crypt of downstairs at the Clarendon to life.

'Rain 'Til Sunday' is perhaps the best moment. A military drum discipline sets the pace and then an achingly familiar yet quite indefinable guitar opening establishes the mood.

Plot on some non-existent chart the co-ordinates claimed by the best of The Rolling Stones, The Clash and The Small Faces' mod passion. Get out your compasses and find that secret spot where tangents from those parts intersect with Them Horrors' potent future. The way that Strummer's (or was it Jones?) guitar would shake first away from the tune and then eventually back again is lodged against a sense of pop history.

When bass amps collapse under the stress, Them Horrors slip casually into 'I'm Gonna Make It', a number specially designed for such moments. When the headlong rock classicism needs a contrast, they slide comfortably into a warm skank and then, at just the right moment, leap straight back into the fire.

Delightfully derivative, electrically eclectic, Them Howlin' Horrors are one of the most imaginative and alive bands on the independent circuit. And they don't sound remotely like The Buzzcocks!

INXS have filled the place, someone is sitting in my seat and I decide to hover at the back. Then a beam of light descends following vocalist Michael around the throbbing stage; it's a close encounter of the Aussie kind, and musical magnetism draws me in till I'm three rows from the front.

It's a phenomenal gig, chugging guitars and pounding drums stir

stomping feet. I can liken it only to Bay City Roller fever: screaming girls drow in floods of sweat and tears, the weaker ones faint in the intense heat. But this is rock and roll with 'Biting Bullets' and 'Do What You Do', INXS surpass the extremes of safety.

KEZ OWEN

**MORE LIVES
PAGES 30 & 33**

JOHN WILDE gets into gear with Eddie Tenpole as Jim Cartwright's ROAD hits the London stage...

ROAD

Royal Court Theatre

JIM CARTWRIGHT'S first play makes for unique, grating theatre, planting its audience among the domestic battleground of a corroded, forsaken Lancashire street and pulling us unwittingly through the wane of a single night's melle of desire and desperation.

As the frantically giddy Scullery, Eddie Tudor-Pole plays town crackpot-come-sage, tying all these home dramas together, inviting us into their tragi-comic whirlpool: "This is our road. But tonight, it's your road an' all! Don't feel awkward wi' us, make yourselves at home. You'll meet all-sorts down here I'm telling you love, an'

owt can happen tonight."

What follows is a heady hurry-scurry of n'er-do-well retreats, all fraught with a quite magical tension. The audience welcome intruders as events bustle together on the street pavement or behind 'closed' curtains. We peep into private worlds where something is always about to savagely snap, or where defiance refuses to shrink and dances to the heartbeat.

"I feel like England's forcing the brain out me head. I'm sick of it, sick of it all," yells the crumbling Joey (Neil Dudgeon) in one of the more resigned moments, but it's not all so crushed in estrangement. In the final, stabbing, moving scene, Eddie (William Armstrong) and Brink (also Dudgeon) are showing their respective floozies the way of escape, clenching their bodies to Otis' 'Try A Little Tenderness' until they threaten to burst with turmoil.

As the record scratches to an end, Eddie bursts into a torrential tirade. "This is it, you let owt out, show what's below, let go, throw, glow, burn your Giro... England's in pieces, England's an old twat in the sea, England's cruel... I'm going to lie out now and burn for all I'm worth."

As Brink follows, in the way of explanation to the bemused partners, "that's what you do, you drink, you listen to Otis, you get to the bottom of things and let rip."

If I confess just how close the audience is drawn to all this tender disorder, then some of the shock might be lost for you. Suffice to say, Cartwright has created a porthole looking onto the most believable, the most moving scenarios. It violates theatre and it makes the pop show, by comparison, look chronically ill. *Road* is a harsh and hilarious masterpiece, a blizzard of brilliance.

JOHN WILDE

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MORE ADS ON PAGE 30

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WHAM!

FROM PAGE 25

high, a candy-coated rhythm is being unwrapped.

Of course, everyone knows this isn't really Yog and Andy's last show, death notwithstanding. Indeed, this very afternoon the pair told Radio One's Simon Bates that they expect to reform in some capacity. But this is an end of sorts; things will never be the same again for Whammies! like Brian and Babs.

The synth weeps and the congas speed up the heartbeats per minute.

"Ere mate, are you Frankie's manager?" someone asks me. Nope.

"Are you their bodyguard then?" I beg your pardon! Yep, the Liverpool louts are here in the CBS pen while Rod Stewart looks at this game of two halves from the Royal Box.

As the stage curtain rises, Yasmin Le Bon claps and grins.

"Aeyah!"

A musical *rites de passage* for young guns, or a shrewd bullion boosting exercise? It depends on your point of view. Wham! slam into view. I (mentally) faint in sympathy.

Today, when an American scientist admits he's given monkey's head transplants and says he'd like to have a go at human brains, the zenith of pure lobotomised pop – Wham! – bid their first musical farewell to the world with the snagged beat of 'Everything She Wants', from the appropriately titled 'Make It Big' album.

Wham! They don't come or

go much bigger.

Yog – the Adonis with a kebab salesman's charm – enters from the left flanked by two male dancers. Tassled black leather jacket and unshaven tan, he frugs a bit, then bounds along the two runways into the wailing mouth of the crowd to wave, waggle his bottom, and pump his pelvis.

Yog will do this a lot in the next two and a half hours. And always the reaction is the same:

"Aieh!"

Unlike myself, the girls and boys in the crowd – whose flags proclaim them to be from places as far away as France, Germany and Sweden – are too sussed to faint so early and not get their £13.50 worth of admission charges. Hold onto your Nikes ladies, heeereee comes Andy!

Ridgeley – the pop star who would be an olive in the racing pit – stalks in from the right with a couple of go-go fast females in tow. A flash Harry black leather coat flowing, his dancing might be about as co-ordinated as his driving but that's not the point. He looks good. The girls tell us this in no uncertain terms.

I come round and hear that singular voice sing, "I can't work any harder than I do". To me, Yog has none of the mystery of an Elvis, Jim Morrison, Bowie or Jackson. He's too knowing, invulnerable and cocksure. When he gyrates his glands he reminds me of a cowboy



OUR REVIEWER is 392nd on the left...

LFI

galloping on an imaginary horse. That I find him as physically sensual as a cold moussaka is hardly surprising. I'm not 17 or female, at least I wasn't last time I checked.

Nonetheless, both Yog and Andrew work as hard as any performers I've ever seen. They unveil their shoulders (oooooh!) and chests (aaaaah!) with bare-faced cheek and, hell, Yog's tonsils are so divinely blessed they could make the ABC sound like the most profound philosophy.

Which is just as well. Because as George and Andrew rip through their alphabet of 18-odd songs, from 'Wham! Rap' to 'The Edge Of Heaven', it's clear that aside from brawls, booze and youthful lust to Go For It, the duo have nothing else to impart in their lyrics. The Wham! revolution is going to be remembered as one of mild hedonism,

headaches and heartburn set to a glycerine discobeat.

Dusk falls like a starry blanket. We flash our orange and blue £5 programmes in imitation of the massed wave spectacles seen at recent Olympics; we sing rounds of choruses like cheerleaders of the Wham! dream; I wait for something beyond the eternal verities of slick showbiz.

Given the demo across the river, and the close shave the due inadvertently had when, unknown to them, their management firm planned to link up with a company with South African interests, I kinda expect a few strong words about apartheid in among the banter and slappings of the media. When all the world is your stage, why not use it fully? Even Sting and The Boy have learned that.

Nothing so controversial happens. Instead Elton John,

wearing a Ronald McDonald clown outfit, grabs the piano and our attention, and Yog smooths into a version of 'Candle In The Wind' so subtle and evocative my lights blow out in awe. At times like this you can even forget the pair's first band was called The Executive...

The multitude sigh *en masse* and its back to Wham! Bam! Thank you, ma'am! as 'Last Christmas' snows unseasonably and we glimpse 'Freedom'. The lasers go green with envy at the firework display and Yog and Andy promise 'I'm Your Man', while the girls and boys of the Club Tropicana and soda generation yell the moon off its orbit.

I can't see Babs and Brian in the arena but I'm sure they're hugging onto this last second of their youth as Yog and Andy shout the final word above the noise...

"Goodbye."

**MORE ADS ON
PAGES
28 & 29**

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July 8 LEEDS Polytechnic
July 9 *NEWCASTLE, Tiffany's Volume Records – 4.30pm
July 11 *LIVERPOOL, Royal Court HMV Liverpool – 4pm
July 12 MANCHESTER, The International
July 13 BIRMINGHAM, The Powerhouse
July 14 *LONDON, The Town & Country Club
Tower Records, Kensington High St. – 4.30pm
July 15 BRISTOL, Bier Keller
July 16 *NOTTINGHAM, Rock City
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(Further dates and missing details will be advised in future ads)

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The Vindaloo package of Fuzzbox, Ted Chippington and The Nightingales lifts off at Croydon (Wednesday), and then moves on to Cardiff (Friday), St Austell (Saturday), Cheltenham (Sunday), Brighton (Monday) and Leeds (Tuesday), while Pete Murphy has a one-off show at London's Piccadilly Theatre (Sunday).

The Leather Nun return to the UK for a few shows starting at Croydon (Sunday), while Discharge make a metallic comeback at Leeds (Wednesday), Derby (Thursday), London (Saturday) and Manchester (Monday). For the sun worshippers among you, this weekend offers Hartlepool's Dock Rock Festival featuring among others Black Uhuru, Doctor & The Medics, Madness, Lindisfarne, Dr Feelgood and Gil Scott Heron (Friday, Saturday, Sunday).

WEDNESDAY

2

BANNOCKBURN The Tamdhu Beki Bondage And The Bombshells
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) The Miller Family/SPT
CHESTER Cinderella Rockafella's Just Four Men
CROYDON Underground (01-760 0833) We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It/Ted Chippington/The Nightingales
EDINBURGH Preservation Hall D.D.D.
EPSOM Epsom Playhouse The Body Politic
FOLKESTONE Leas Cliff Hall (53193) Black Uhuru/The Wailers
FOLKESTON Toffs The Stiffs
HASTINGS The Crypt (444675) The Red
HULL Barham The Wonderful Walloping Ducks
LEEDS Adam And Eve's (456724) Discharge/Anti-Cimex/Agoni
LEEDS Merion Street Coconut Grove (455718) Bones' Badass Boogie Band
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall (544444) Big Country/Balaam And The Angel
LIVERPOOL The Firehouse Bob, Bob, Bob And Bob
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Ron Kavana's Nightbeat/The Panic Bros
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Swimming To France/The Rage
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LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Road Knights
LONDON Hackney Amhurst Road Club Mankind Keruoacs (01-986 3378) The Palookas/World Domination Enterprises
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Cri De Coeur/Shoot The Moon
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) The Barflies
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Chris McGregor
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) A Riot Of Colour/Gee! Mr Tracey/Thatcher On Acid/Red Harvest
LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) Fire Next Time
LONDON Palmers Green The Fox (01-886 9674) Atlantic Run/Chance Of A Glance/Word For Word
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Pressure Point
LONDON Victoria Embankment Villier Street The Tommy Chase Quartet (Lunch)
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Little Sister
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Strangeways
LOUGHBOROUGH Art College Rent Party
MANCHESTER Cloud Nine (061-832 3350) The Desperados
MANCHESTER Cornerhouse Dead Elvis/Harvest Brothers
NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) East Side Torpedoes
TELFORD Barons Club The Red Beards From Texas
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) Lonely Hearts
SHOEBURNESS The Warehouse The Shakers
ST AUSTELL Cornwall Coliseum Feargal Sharkey/Thrashing Doves
WARRINGTON Peppermint Gardens Stature Of Envy

THURSDAY

3

ASHTON UNDER LYNE Old Street Gamecock (061-344 0321) Nothin' Doin'
BRADFORD Queens Hall 1 In 12 Club (734519) Chatshow/Leon Nightmare
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Fast Buck
BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) Fleurs Du Mal/Gossip Monstrosities/The Very Things
BRIGHTON Pavilion Theatre (682127) The Meteors/Guana Batz/The Long Tall Texans
CARDIFF Westgate Street Radcliffe's No Corridor
CORBY Sports And Leisure Club Energy
DERBY Rockhouse Discharge
DOVER Louis Armstrong (204759) The Stiffs
EPSOM Epsom Playhouse The Seven Sisters
FELTHAM Airman (01-890 2112) Antz Avenue
GLASGOW Lucifers Salt Mine (041-552 1575) The Primevals/The Jazz Party/The Beat Poets
GLOUCESTER Barge Semington Arts Centre (413304) Cultic Heads
GREAT YARMOUTH Brunswick Club Crawfish Daddy/Bob Hope To Die/Lance Wildfire And The Gay Cats From Hell
HARLOW The Square (25594) Easy Now/The Innocents
HIGH WYCOMBE London Road Nags Head (21758) Dog Town Rhythm/The Reaction
LEAMINGTON SPA Hodcarrier (29361) Anti-Cimex/Agoni/Napalm Death
LEEDS Adam And Eve's (456724) Lady
LINCOLN Cornhill Vaults (35113) Gypsy Moth
LINCOLN The Ritz Big Country/Balaam And The Angel
LIVERPOOL Krackers (051-708 8815) Change To The East
LIVERPOOL Mardi Gras The Weather Prophets/Crikey It's The Cromptons/Marshallmallow Overcoat
LIVERPOOL Neptune Theatre (051-709 7844) Bob, Bob, Bob And Bob/The Decemberists

LONDON Acton High Street Bumbles Hybrid
LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) Gail Thompson's Gailforce/Tapanda Ré (Women Only)
LONDON Brixton Road Old White Horse Half Alive club (01-274 5537) The Aubergine Boys/The Aviators/Ford S Tate
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Irma And The Squirmers
LONDON Camden High Street Electric Ballroom (01-985 9006) The Three Johns/The Poison Girls/Blyth Power/The Janitors/The Shrubs
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Makin' Time/The Reflection
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) PVO Straney/The Catatonics
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Tree Bound Story/Choir Militia
LONDON Dean Street Gossips The Potato Five/Laurel Aitken
LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre (01-388 1394) Erasure/Pete Shelley/Frank Chickens/The Go Go Boys
LONDON Finchley Road Ye Olde Swiss Cottage (Info 01-221 5714) The Deltones
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) IQ
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) The Gingerbread Men
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) Aardvark And No Money
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Full Moon/Eddy Stone/One Way Craze
LONDON Hammersmith Lower Mall The Rutland High Frontier/Sun House Opera
LONDON Hendon London Midland And Scottish 35th Of May
LONDON Holloway Road The Victoria (01-603 1952) Irish Mist
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) The Harry Beckett Quintet
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) The Bangles
LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave The Love Hedgehogs/The Lovellers
LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (01-387 0428) Gene Loves Jezebel
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) Well Well Well/Blood Brothers
LONDON West Hampstead Railway (01-624 7611) John Page/Jamestown Ferry Country Band
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) The Chesterfields/The Tier Garden/The Waltonons
MANCHESTER Peter Street Gallery (061-832 3597) Frank Sidebottom/Johnny Dangerously
MANSFIELD Horse And Jockey Concrete Sox/Interpol/No Dead Meat/The Amazing Screaming Willies
MANSFIELD Malthouse Gah-Ga!
MILTON KEYNES The Point Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction
MOUNTAIN ASH Jeffreys Arms Graham Larkbey
NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) The Babysitters/The Pretty Girls
NEWCASTLE Quayside Redhouse The Restrictors
NEWPORT Stow Hill Labour Club Rubella Ballet/Shrapnel/Classified Protest
NORWICH Scottow Barn Ten Angry Men
NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Pendragon
NOTTINGHAM Old Castle Inn (413311) Da Nang
PERTH The Plough Inn (22251) Beki Bondage And The Bombshells
READING Kings Road Cap And Gown (586006) Xcess
ROCHDALE Tiffs (31069) The Macc Lads/The Giro Brothers
SALISBURY Arts Centre (21744) View From A Bridge
SELBY Ousegate Gaffers Lyzo
WIRRAL Hoylake The Junction Shinkicker
WREXHAM Kings Arms Hammerfist

FRIDAY

4

BISHOP AUKLAND Rugby Club Field The Restrictors
BRACKNELL South Hill Park Charlie Watts Orchestra/Carmel/Courtney Pine/Team Ten
BRADFORD Manningham Land Royal Standard (727898) Dan/Civilized Society/The Incest Brothers
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Jackie Lynton Band/Veto
BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) Balla Donna/The Deltones
BRIGHTON Pavilion Theatre (682127) Robyn Hitchcock And Friends
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) The Mousetrap Conspiracy/Pulp
BURTON ON TRENT Central Park Rouen
CANTERBURY Tascolls Wine Bar The Happy Ever After/Ordered Lives
CARDIFF Nevo's (45987) We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It/The Nightingales/Ted Chippington
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall (265848) A Mouthful Of Ashtreys
COBHAM St Thomas' Hospital Playing Fields Rent Party
COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) The Blubbery Hellbellies
COVENTRY General Wolfe (88402) The Babysitters/The Pretty Girls
COVENTRY Hand And Heart (618037) Anti-Cimex/Agoni/Napalm Death
CREWE Cheshire Cheese Tokyo
DERBY Alvaston The James Wyatt Just Blue
FETCHAM Riverside Club (375713) Taste The Good Time/The Darc
GLASGOW The Doune (041-221 1131) Centurion/Vengeance
GLASGOW Rock Garden D.D.D.
GLOUCESTER Barge Semington Arts Centre (413304) Four Design
HARTLEPOOL Docks Madness/Black Uhuru/The Wailers/Doctor And The Medics
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) Road Runners
HIGH WYCOMBE Su Bar Lazy
HULL Brickmakers Arms The Wonderful Walloping Ducks
LANGPORT Langport Arms Wreck Of The Hessbruss/The Witchdoctors/Paradox
LEEDS The Pub With No Name Dead Elvis/Man From Uncle/Chumba Wumba
LETCHWORTH Plinston Hall (672003) Dumpy's Rusty Nuts/Larry Miller/Bordeaux
LINCOLN Cornhill Vaults (35113) Max Betamatic
LILITHGOW Smarts Farm Chasar
LIVERPOOL Royal Court (051-709 4321) The Decemberists
LONDON Bethnal Green Green Gate The Shakers
LONDON Bloomsbury Theatre (01-380 1453) Edwyn Collins
LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) Howard Hughes And The Western Approaches/Rex Roper/Sherrif Danny Arnold
LONDON Brixton Road Old White Horse (01-274 5537) Skint Video
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Juice On The Loose
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Mint Juleps/The Company
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) The Servants/Say Wild
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Dave Howard Singers
LONDON Dalston Junction Crown And Castle The Panic Brothers/A Case Family
LONDON Deptford High Street Crypt (01-690 8832) Derek Nimmo Blues Band/Voodoo Child
LONDON Finchley Road Ye Olde Swiss Cottage (Info 01-221 5714) Sambatacud
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) The Outskirts
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) The Jackie Lynton Band
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) Playhouse/American Typewriters
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) The Fleshtone/The Scientists/The Surfadelics/The Surfin' Lungs
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) The Beat Farmers
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) The Body Politic
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Matraca/Bolivar
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) The Trifids/Furniture/The Apartments
LONDON North Finchley Torrington (01-445 4710) Ruthless Blues
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) Abdul Tee Jay's African Culture
LONDON Palmers Green The Fox (01-886 9674) Blues 'N' Trouble
LONDON South Bank Jubilee Gardens R Cajun And The Zydeco Brothers
LONDON Tottenham Broad Lane Prince Arthur (01-801 5984) Screaming Marionettes
LONDON West Hampstead Railway (01-624 7611) John Page/Steve Walsh
LONDON Woolwich Thames Polytechnic Unknown Colours/Brendan's Band/Solid Spaces/Goon Squad
MAIDSTONE Week Street London Tavern Killer Rabbits

MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) Twenty Flight Rockers
MANCHESTER Peter Street Gallery (061-832 3597) Skol Bandereros
NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) The Supernaturals
OXFORD Apollo (44544) Big Country/Balaam And The Angel
PETERBOROUGH Crown Hotel Thunderchilde
READING Paradise Club (56847) The Prisoners
RETTFORD Porterhouse (704981) Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction
ROTHERHAM Arts Centre Spring And Heel'd Jack/Dominic And The Dereks/The Fifth Sisters/Barabbas/Gerard Kelsall And Tone Oughton
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) The Jon Strong Band
WISHAW Heathery Bar (72957) Beki Bondage And The Bombshells

SATURDAY

5

ASHFORD The Crusader The Stiffs
BIRMINGHAM Kings Heath Hare And Hounds Live Wire/Strange Believers/Last Stand
BIRMINGHAM Mermaid (021-772 0217) Anti-Cimex/Agoni/Varukers/Stupids/Depraved/A.Y.S./Napalm Death
BRACKNELL South Hill Park Nu/John Scofield Band/Loose Tubes
BRADFORD Manningham Lane Royal Standard (727898) Another Cuba/The Pickups
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) GB Blues Company
BRENTWOOD Essex Arms In The Balance
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) Sarah Gordon/Squaky's Soul Band
CARDIFF Bogeyes (26168) The Hellfire Club
CARSHALTON West Street Club Antz Avenue
CHELTENHAM Wichcombe Community School Brilliant Things/Mexican Embassy/A Sculpture
COLCHESTER Osborne Street The Works (570934) Twenty Flight Rockers/Dead Vogue/The Mothers
COLNBROOK Greyhound (682080) Fair Exchange
DUBLIN Slane Castle Queen
EDINBURGH Jailhouse (031-557 3073) The Dancing Bears
ENFIELD Kings Head QED
FERRYHILL Kings Head The Party Girls
FOLKESTONE Rugby Ground Gizmo/The Gary Dean Band/Maroondogs
GLASGOW Shadows (041-332 8111) Centurion
HARLOW The Playhouse (31945) Harvey And The Wallbangers
HARLOW The Square (25594) The Dentists/The Razor Cuts
HARTLEPOOL Docks Lindisfarne/Dr Feelgood/Mike Elliot/Gone To Earth
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) The Patrol/Eyes To The Ground/Beyond This
HIGH WYCOMBE London Road Nags Head (21758) John Otway/The Directors
HULL Adelphi (48216) Midnight Choir/Screaming Trees/Teethmarks
ILFORD The Cranbrook The Reflection AOB
KINGHORN Guinzie Neuk Chasar
KIRKCALDY The St Clair Tavern Trident
LEICESTER International Hotel (20471) The Flex/Jake The Pilgrim
LETCHWORTH Plinston Hall (672003) Pallas/Wrathchild/Kooga/The Force/Thin Ice (Midday start)
LIVERPOOL Everyman Bistro (051-709 4776) The Ministry Of Love/The Christians
LIVERPOOL Rudi's The Tier Garden
LONDON Acton High Street George And Dragon (01-992 1932) Irish Mist
LONDON Bloomsbury Theatre (01-380 1453) Edwyn Collins
LONDON Brixton Fridge (01-326 5100) Dance Exchange
LONDON Camberwell Green Feather Red Cap English Rogues
LONDON Camden Carnarvon Castle (01-485 7858) Wolfie Witcher (Lunch)
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Dave Kelly Band
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Drunken Hobos (Lunch) The Chevalier Brothers/Big Ma Maghee And The Famous Blue Note Rhythm Kings (Eve)
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) Slaughter Joe/Leave It Out
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Wilko Johnson
LONDON Dalston Junction Crown And Castle (01-254 3678) Hullabaloo/Sensible Footwear
LONDON Dalston Rio Cinema The Tommy Chase Quartet
LONDON Dover Street Wine Bar Team Ten
LONDON Finchley Road Ye Olde Swiss Cottage (Info 01-221 5714) Cayenne
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) The Love Train/Shenons
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Discharge/Chaos/The Varukers
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Sanko
LONDON Islington Upper Street The Royal Mail Johnny Pinko
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Dee C Lee/The Jazz Defektors
LONDON North Wembley The Flag Kalahari
LONDON Stockwell Road Old Queens Head (01-737 4904) The Radio Satellites/Choir Militia
LONDON The Strand The Coal Hole For Orgy Lovers Everywhere/Captain Morgan And The Mayhem
LONDON Wembley Stadium Rod Stewart/The Blow Monkeys
LONDON West Hampstead Railway (01-624 7611) John Page
MAIDSTONE Week Street London Tavern Traitors Gate/The Ya Ya's
MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) The Trifids/The Waltonons
MANCHESTER Peter Street Gallery (061-832 3597) The Prisoners
MANSFIELD Dukeries Social Club Just Blue
NORTH WEALD CMC Firewater
READING Emmer Green Youth Centre The Larry Miller Band
SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) The Mint Juleps/The Man Upstairs/Electric Morning/The Trifids
SHEFFIELD Turnups Gah-Ga!
SOUTHAMPTON Common Southampton Show Not Nothin'
ST AUSTELL Cornwall Coliseum We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It/Ted Chippington/The Nightingales
ST NEOTS South Street Kings Head 32-20
SWANSEA Uplands Rugby Club Constitution Hillbillies/Graham Larkbey
TATTERSHALL Castle Club Dream Factory
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel (30047) Badger
WATFORD Leviathan Get Real
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Tapan Zee
WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) Beki Bondage And The Bombshells

SUNDAY

6

BRACKNELL South Hill Park Randy Brecker And Elaine Elias/Third Kind Of Blue/Full Circle/Chris MacGregor
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) John Bennet Band/Footloose (Lunch) Vienna (Eve)
BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) Plop (Lunch)
CAMBRIDGE Boatrace Switch
CHELTENHAM Town Hall We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It/Ted Chippington/The Nightingales
CROYDON High Street Underground (01-760 0833) The Leather Nun
FETCHAM Riverside Club (375713) Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction/Fever Tree
GLASGOW Daddy Warbucks A Certain Ratio
GLOUCESTER Barge Semington Arts Centre (413304) Regular Mexican
HARTLEPOOL Docks Gil Scott Heron/Steeleye Span/Pantangle/Champion Jack Dupree/Blues Reunion/Vin Garbutt/Gone To Earth
HIGH WYCOMBE Flacknell Heath Heath's Wine Bar Radio Activity
HULL East Park R Cajun And The Zydeco Brothers/Shagpile (Afternoon)
LIVERPOOL Everyman Bistro (051-709 4776) Craig Charles/The Mighty Lawnmower

CONTINUES OVER

NIGHTSHIFT

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

LLANHARAN RFC (222209) Idol Rich
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Living Daylights
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) The Tommy Chase Quartet
 (Lunch) Go For Go/Mister Thrud/V-Sor, X/Sovereign (Eve)
 LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) Cheston Hestons/
 Rover Girls
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Mercy Dash/Under The
 Influence
 LONDON Deptford Douglas Way Albany Empire (01-691 3333) Penny Wood
 (Women Only)
 LONDON Euston Road Portlands No Pearls ... No Passion
 LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre (01-388 1394) Dee C Lee/Spirit Of Watts
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Iggy Quail (Lunch) Manic
 Depressives And Super Paranoid Disco (Eve)
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Road (01-736 1413) The Magic Roundabout
 Show With Full Moon
 LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Call A Doctor
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) In Cahoots
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) The Wolves
 KENTISH Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) Ruby Turner
 LONDON North Finchley Torrington (01-445 4710) Meantime
 LONDON Oval Cricketers (01-735 3059) The Barflies (Lunch)
 LONDON Piccadilly Theatre (01-437 5000) Peter Murphy
 LONDON Putney High Street White Lion The Right Stuff
 LONDON Vauxhall Bonnington Square The Invisible Band
 LONDON Walthamstow Theatre (01-521 7111) Mourblade
 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 Skint Video
 MAIDSTONE Week Street London Tavern Talkin' Turkey
 MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) Pictures From Italy
 NEWBRIDGE High Street Memorial Hall JC Arnold Band
 PETERBOROUGH Glasshouse Key Theatre (82437) Energy
 SCARBOROUGH Stephen Joseph Theatre (370541) Zoot And The Roots (Lunch
 and Eve)
 SWINDON Country Ground Hotel The Hamsters From Hell
 TAMWORTH Rat Hole (63058) Dream Factory
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) Heart Party/Equinox
 WOKING Schoolhouse The Body Politic/The Great Garden/Yellow Lifetime/
 Never B 4 (Cancer Research Benefit)



THE LEATHER NUN: let us pray

LONDON Greek Street Le Beat Route (01-734 6308) Baghera/Get Real/
 Dreamtime/Shev And The Brakes/The Fire Brigade
 LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) VitaRock!
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Fields Of The Nephilim/
 Automatic D'Lamini/Memphis 56/The Underlings/Them Howling Horrors
 LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) The Church/Twenty
 Flight Rockers/Escape Club
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Stone Angels
 MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) Beats Working/Soul
 Exit/Halcyon Daze
 MANCHESTER Cloud Nine (061-832 3350) Discharge/Instigators
 MANCHESTER Ritz (061-236 4355) Fleshpuppets/The Stone Roses
 NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) The Strength/Little Brother/
 Third Circle
 NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Anti-Cimex/Agoni/Napalm Death/Heresy
 OLDHAM Hurricane Club The Macc Lads
 STOKE Shelleys (322209) The Bailey Brothers
 WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) The Groundhogs

DUDLEY JB's (53597) Spacemen 3
 LEEDS Adam And Eve's (456724) The Meteors/The Turnpike Cruisers
 LEEDS Polytechnic (430171) We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It/Ted
 Chippington/The Nightingales
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Pete Thomas' Deep Sea Jivers
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Clarence 'Gatemouth' Brown
 LONDON Chelsea Redcliffe Gardens Cafe Des Artistes The Mind Garden
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Program B/Three Stations
 East
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Blues 'N' Trouble
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Day For Night
 LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) Killer B's/Karen D'Ache
 LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Espresso Seven/Danger Zone
 LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Hagar The Womb/Elusive
 Curios/Eternal Fires/Three Girls/Inheritors
 LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave Magnolia Seige
 LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (01-387 0428) Chris Sutton
 LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) Face To Face/Mea Culpa
 LONDON Stockwell Swan (01-274 1526) Call A Doctor
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Saddle Radio Activity
 LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Full Moon
 LONDON Woolwich Thames Polytechnic Anti-Cimex/Agoni/AYS/Napalm Death
 NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) Instigators
 NOTTINGHAM Mardi Gras (862368) Haze
 READING Majestic Howard Hughes And The Western Approaches
 SALISBURY The Pheasant View From A Bridge
 SHEFFIELD Hallamshire (29787) Action Strasse/Cosa Nostra
 SHEFFIELD Limit Club (730940) Mr Morality
 SHEFFIELD Sandringhams Gah-Ga!
 WHITFIELD Mencap House Nothin' Doin'
 WINDSOR Arts Centre (859336) Burma

MONDAY

7

BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Ah Leu Cha
 BRIGHTON Coasters (25897) We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It/Ted
 Chippington/The Nightingales
 COVENTRY Market Way Busters (20934) Howard Hughes And The Western
 Approaches/Napoleon Solo
 DUDLEY Court House Jah Children
 DUNSTABLE High Street Wheatsheaf (62571) The Stiffs
 LIVERPOOL Wilsons Hydra
 LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Vulcans
 LONDON Camden Gloucester Avenue London Musicians Collective (01-722 0456)
 Strip Signals
 LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Clarence 'Gatemouth' Brown
 LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) The Crisps/Striptease
 LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Irish Mist
 LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Karen D'Ache
 LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) State Of Play

TUESDAY

8

ALDERSHOT White Swan Boogie Chillen
 BIRMINGHAM Burberries (021-643 1500) Pig Bros/The Renegades
 BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Contraband/SPT
 BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) The Wasters
 CHESTER Monroes Hydra
 CHESTERFIELD Moulin Rouge Thunderchilde

LABELS . . . FROM PAGE 17



JAMIE WEDNESDAY: they've been framed

PINK

PAUL SUTTON, 23, elsewhere. Simon Down, 23, present and fairly correct. The June Brides, That Petrol Emotion, gone but far from forgotten. A Wire mini-album, Jamie Wednesday and a future for The Wolfhounds, McCarthy and Rumblefish.

What's it all about, Simon? "Money! We want to make millions. We get a lot of crap thrown at us by 'indie' people because we did the Wire LP; we didn't get a brilliant deal out of it, but we made some money and that's financed two bands. A lot of indie labels don't worry about money because they spend f*** all on their bands." Sales aren't what they used to be in those halcyon formative indie years and today guile, good judgement and business sense are qualities label proprietors have to develop in order to survive.

"You can't always do exactly what you want, and you have to

make compromises. We were naive when we started - I'd heard about Tony Wilson and how he'd never signed a contract, but I didn't think then that he only really had one band, Joy Division/New Order, and that went so well they didn't need or want to sign a contract, and if they'd gone to CBS or whatever it would have crushed their image.

"But you can't expect bands to stay, and I don't entirely blame bands for leaving."

If indie labels sign licensing deals they're invariably accused of 'selling out'. But Simon sees the potential market for a band like Jamie Wednesday as lying beyond the bounds of the independent network.

Also, profitability would allow for full-time involvement (Simon is currently a guard on the underground) in the label, to the obvious advantage of the bands affected.

"I work, I've bought a house

and I need a wage. I'm fed up of working on the underground, it's depressing. A lot of people who want to get into the music industry have degrees and can always go into bio-chemistry or whatever; I can't go back, I've made my move. I've decided, Sod it, I'm going to make a success of this, and we might not be an indie label two years from now."

"The Pink label will never be hip because too many people out there are narrow-minded and we want to do everything we like; we don't just like jangly guitar bands, we want to do Jamie Wednesday and silly pop bands."

The future?

"In '87 we'll be spending a lot of money recording albums by McCarthy, The Wolfhounds and possibly Rumblefish, and in '88 hopefully we'll be rolling in it."

That's the spirit! Death to the indie ethic!

ANDY HURT

DARE TO DIAL...

KERRANG!

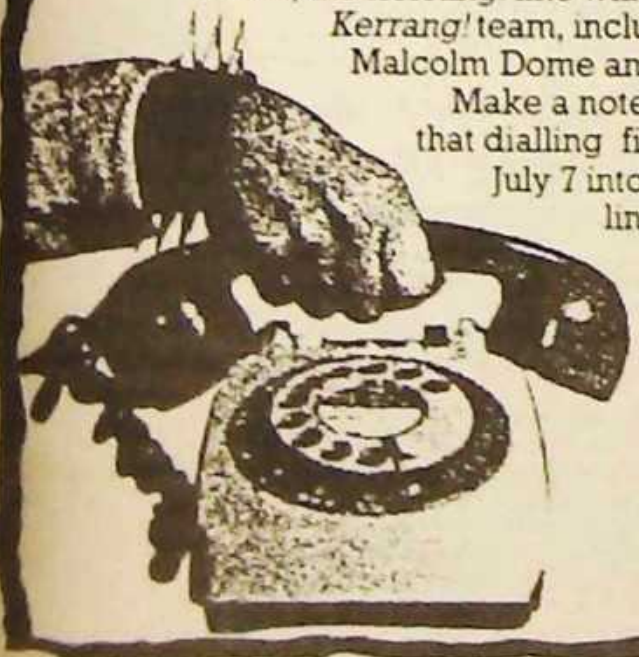
LIVE WIRE

Metal news, Metal gossip, Metal noise and much, much more... it's all coming your way soon courtesy of *Kerrang!* and British Telecom's Livewire service - 'the number one music station on the phone'!

The *Kerrang!* line will begin on July 7, initially for the London area only, on 0066 66011. In mid-August it will go national on 0898 121311.

We'll be putting together a 3 minute programme that'll change each week to ensure maximum Metallic topicality. And, natch, the *Kerrang!* line will be presented by members of the *Kerrang!* team, including Geoff Barton, Dante Bonutto, Malcolm Dome and Mick Wall!

Make a note of those phone numbers, exercise that dialling finger and enter that dizbustin' date of July 7 into your diary. We're gonna get phone lines nationwide red hot and burnin'!



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10 P

CHART

UK SINGLES UK ALBUMS



QUEEN: Freddie making friends?

- 1 1 THE EDGE OF HEAVEN Wham! Epic
- 2 6 HAPPY HOUR The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 3 19 PAPA DON'T PREACH Madonna Sire
- 4 7 MY FAVOURITE WASTE OF TIME Owen Paul Epic
- 5 2 I CAN'T WAIT Nu Shooz Atlantic
- 6 9 TOO GOOD TO BE FORGOTTEN Amazulu Island
- 7 17 NEW BEGINNING Bucks Fizz RCA
- 8 5 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW A-ha Warner Brothers
- 9 3 SPIRIT IN THE SKY Dr & The Medics IRS
- 10 11 FRIENDS WILL BE FRIENDS Queen EMI
- 11 4 HOLDING BACK THE YEARS Simply Red Elektra
- 12 12 AMITYVILLE (THE HOUSE ON THE HILL) Lovebug Starski Epic
- 13 14 UNDERGROUND David Bowie EMI America
- 14 — DO YA DO YA (WANNA PLEASE ME) Samantha Fox Jive
- 15 8 CAN'T GET BY WITHOUT YOU Real Thing PRT
- 16 10 ADDICTED TO LOVE Robert Palmer Island
- 17 24 VENUS Bananarama London
- 18 20 THE TEACHER Big Country Mercury
- 19 47 BANG ZOOM Real Roxanne Cooltempo
- 20 — HEADLINES Midnight Star Solar
- 21 32 IT'S 'ORRIBLE BEING IN LOVE (WHEN YOU'RE 8½) Claire & Friends BBC
- 22 18 NASTY Janet Jackson A&M
- 23 23 CALL OF THE WILD Midge Ure Chrysalis
- 24 26 BRILLIANT MIND Furniture Stiff
- 25 30 LET'S GO ALL THE WAY Sly Fox Capitol
- 26 28 PARANOIMIA Art Of Noise China
- 27 15 SLEDGEHAMMER Peter Gabriel Charisma
- 28 13 VIENNA CALLING Falco A&M
- 29 33 BAD BOY Miami Sound Machine Epic
- 30 40 I CAN'T STOP Gary Numan Numa
- 31 16 SET ME FREE Jaki Graham EMI
- 32 25 OPPORTUNITIES Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 33 22 WHEN TOMORROW COMES Eurythmics RCA
- 34 — TELL ME TOMORROW Princess Supreme
- 35 46 LEVI STUBBS' TEARS Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 36 32 JUMP BACK (SET ME FREE) Dhar Braxton Fourth & Broadway
- 37 48 AZTEC LIGHTNING Heads BBC
- 38 35 AZTEC GOLD Silsbee CBS
- 39 39 LEFT OF CENTRE Suzanne Vega A&M
- 40 21 MEDICINE SHOW Big Audio Dynamite CBS
- 41 37 THE PROMISE YOU MADE Cock Robin CBS
- 42 — SET FIRE TO ME Willie Colon A&M
- 43 27 EVERYBODY WANTS TO RUN THE WORLD Tears for Fears Mercury
- 44 — DON'T LET LOVE GET YOU DOWN Archie Bell & The Drells Portrait
- 45 38 FOOLIN' YOURSELF Paul Hardcastle Chrysalis
- 46 41 INVISIBLE TOUCH Genesis Charisma
- 47 — ROSES Haywoode CBS
- 48 — DEAF FOREVER Motorhead GWR
- 49 — JOE 90 THEME Barry Gray Orchestra PRT
- 50 — LISTEN LIKE THIEVES INXS Mercury

Compiled by MRIB

SILLY NAMES

- 1 DIGITAL DINOSAURS
- 2 THOSE NAUGHTY LUMPS
- 3 SNIVELLING SHITS
- 4 JOHNNY & THE SELF ABUSERS (now Simple Minds)
- 5 FISH TURNED HUMAN
- 6 NORMIL HAWAIIANS
- 7 MINNY POPS
- 8 THE NAUGHTIEST GIRL WAS A MONITOR
- 9 ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80
- 10 AND THE NATIVE HIPSTERS

Compiled by Orson Kart

- 1 1 INVISIBLE TOUCH Genesis Charisma
- 2 2 A KIND OF MAGIC Queen EMI
- 3 4 THE QUEEN IS DEAD Smiths Rough Trade
- 4 3 SO Peter Gabriel Charisma
- 5 5 PICTURE BOOK Simply Red Elektra
- 6 — EVERY BEAT OF MY HEART Rod Stewart Warner Brothers
- 7 6 BROTHERS IN ARMS Dire Straits Vertigo
- 8 15 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW A-ha Warner Brothers
- 9 7 STREET LIFE Bryan Ferry & Roxy Music EG
- 10 14 PLEASE Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 11 12 INTO THE LIGHT Chris de Burgh A&M
- 12 9 LOVE ZONE Billy Ocean Jive
- 13 17 WHITNEY HOUSTON Whitney Houston Arista
- 14 28 BRING ON THE NIGHT Sting A&M
- 15 8 STANDING ON A BEACH Cure Fiction
- 16 18 MOONLIGHT SHADOWS Shadows Polydor
- 17 16 SUZANNE VEGA Suzanne Vega A&M
- 18 19 THE MAN AND HIS MUSIC Sam Cooke RCA
- 19 13 RIPTIDE Robert Palmer Island
- 20 — LONDON O HULL 4 The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 21 10 WORLD MACHINE Level 42 Polydor
- 22 20 ON THE BEACH Chris Rea Magnet
- 23 24 CONTROL Janet Jackson A&M
- 24 25 NO JACKET REQUIRED Phil Collins Virgin
- 25 26 ONCE UPON A TIME Simple Minds Virgin
- 26 — LABYRINTH ORIGINAL SOUNDTRACK Various EMI America
- 27 11 LAUGHING AT THE PIECES Dr & The Medics IRS
- 28 — STREETSOUNDS HIP HOP ELECTRO 12 Various Streetsounds
- 29 22 WHO MADE WHO AC/DC Atlantic
- 30 23 UP FRONT VOLUME 1 Various Serious
- 31 21 THIS IS BIG AUDIO DYNAMITE Big Audio Dynamite CBS
- 32 — INTERMISSION Dio Vertigo
- 33 30 QUEEN'S GREATEST HITS Queen EMI
- 34 — DANCE HITS VOLUME 2 Various Towerbell
- 35 — CASHFLOW Cashflow Club
- 36 21 SONGS FROM THE BIG CHAIR Tears For Fears Mercury
- 37 43 LIKE A VIRGIN Madonna Sire
- 38 48 FALCO 3 Falco A&M
- 39 31 BANGS AND CRASHES Go West Chrysalis
- 40 27 THE COLLECTION Earth Wind & Fire K-Tel
- 41 41 LET'S HEAR IT FOR THE GIRLS Various Stylus
- 42 38 5150 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 43 33 GREATEST HITS Marvin Gaye Telstar
- 44 35 LITTLE CREATURES Talking Heads EMI
- 45 49 GREATEST HITS Shalamar Stylus
- 46 46 PRINCESS Princess Supreme
- 47 47 POOLSIDE Nu Shooz Atlantic
- 48 50 ALCHEMY LIVE Dire Straits Vertigo
- 49 — LEGEND Bob Marley & The Wailers Island
- 50 32 WELCOME TO THE REAL WORLD Mr Mister RCA

REGGAE TENS

PRE-RELEASE

- 1 UNDER PRESSURE Supercat Powerhouse
- 2 GOT TO MAKE IT Nitty Gritty Mello Sound
- 3 HYDE AND PEEP Thriller Youth Promotion
- 4 I FEEL GOOD U Roy Ujama
- 5 KEY CARD Trevor Levy Firehouse
- 6 SHE BOOM Mallary Williams Now
- 7 REGGAE JUMP UP Skabba Shields Sunset
- 8 FISHERMAN STYLE Gummy Dee Kaiser
- 9 OUT OF HAND Cutty Ranks Techniques
- 10 SPIRITUAL STICK King Miguel/Diana Flash Righteousness

DISCO

- 1 APARTHEID Junior Murvin Greensleeves
- 2 SLAUGHTER Dixie Peach Jah Tubby's
- 3 FRAID OF PRISON Anthony Redrose Toughest
- 4 CREATOR Nitty Gritty SMJ
- 5 WATCH THE PEOPLE DANCING Kenny Notch Unity
- 6 MRS BROWN Bunny Lie Lie Sweetcorn
- 7 ELECTRIC Bonito Star Now
- 8 KING OF KINGS Pablo Gad Shaka
- 9 REBEL WITH A CAUSE Dennis Brown Jakki
- 10 SUNSHINE ISLAND Abacush Abacush



MEMBRANES spit it out

SOUNDS

Mr Spencer

JOHN PEEL SESSIONS 1984 The Membranes Dixon C-30
JOHN PEEL SESSIONS 1983 Brigandage Philips C-60
JOHN PEEL SESSIONS 1983 Cocteau Twins TDK C-90

Edwin Pouncey

THE DIVINE PUNISHMENT Diamanda Galas Mute LP that hurts
BUBBLEGUM Sonic Youth Blast First birthday present
ONE Cirkus 5 Hours Back mind melter

Glyn Brown

DRAG RACING Big Stick Blast First night music
SOMETHING GOT A HOLD ON MY HEART Nick Cave Mute cry of pain
LET THE SNAKES CRINKLE THEIR HEADS TO DEATH Felt Creation myth

Kez Owen

THE STORY OF ROLAND FLAGG Zodiac Motel Swordfish
CRANKING UP RELIGION Dig Vis Drill oldie but goodie Native Records
GIMME GIMME GIMME (A MAN AFTER MIDNIGHT) Leather Nun Wire

Billy Mann

BETTER SCREAM Wah! Heat Inevitable
THE BETTER IDEA It's Immaterial Ark
DADA FOR NOW Various Dove

Hugh Fielder

RADIO FREEDOM Voice of the ANC Rounder Europa
ALRIGHT JACK Home Service Making Waves
LONDON O HULL 4 The Housemartins Go! Discs



LEE PERRY: into battle

ALBUMS

- 1 PARTY WITH THE STARS Various Artists Sir Tommy
- 2 BOOPS Supercat Skengdon
- 3 LIVING LEGEND John Holt Classic
- 4 FIREHOUSE CLASH Don Carlos and Junior Reid Live and Learn
- 5 CONFRONTATION Nitty Gritty and King Kong Jammys
- 6 SIGN OF THE TIMES Macka B Ariwa
- 7 AFRICA MUST BE FREE Hugh Mundell Greensleeves
- 8 SUPERSTAR HIT PARADE Various Artists Greensleeves
- 9 BATTLE OF ARMAGIDEON Lee Perry Trojan

Compiled by Daddy Kool, 94 Dean Street, London W1

ATTACK

HOT METAL 60

SINGLES

- 1 2 WHO MADE WHO AC/DC Atlantic
- 2 1 WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 3 4 WILD CHILD WASP Capitol
- 4 3 ROLLIN' HOME Status Quo Vertigo
- 5 9 STARS Hear 'N' Aid Vertigo
- 6 6 ROUGH BOY ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 7 7 MAD HOUSE Anthrax Music For Nations
- 8 5 WHEN THE HEART RULES THE MIND GTR Arista
- 9 12 THE DIO EP Dio Vertigo
- 10 11 LOCKED IN Judas Priest CBS
- 11 15 JUMP IN THE FIRE Metallica Music For Nations
- 12 14 BE GOOD TO YOURSELF Journey CBS
- 13 8 THE PRIDE YOU HIDE Roger Daltrey 10
- 14 13 SHAME Twelfth Night Virgin
- 15 10 BECAUSE THE NIGHT Keel Vertigo
- 16 19 IN MY DREAMS Dokken Elektra
- 17 — YOU WANT WHAT WE GOT Twisted Sister Atlantic
- 18 16 MARKET SQUARE HEROES Marillion EMI
- 19 17 THESE DREAMS Heart Capitol
- 20 20 SHAKE YOUR FOUNDATIONS AC/DC Atlantic



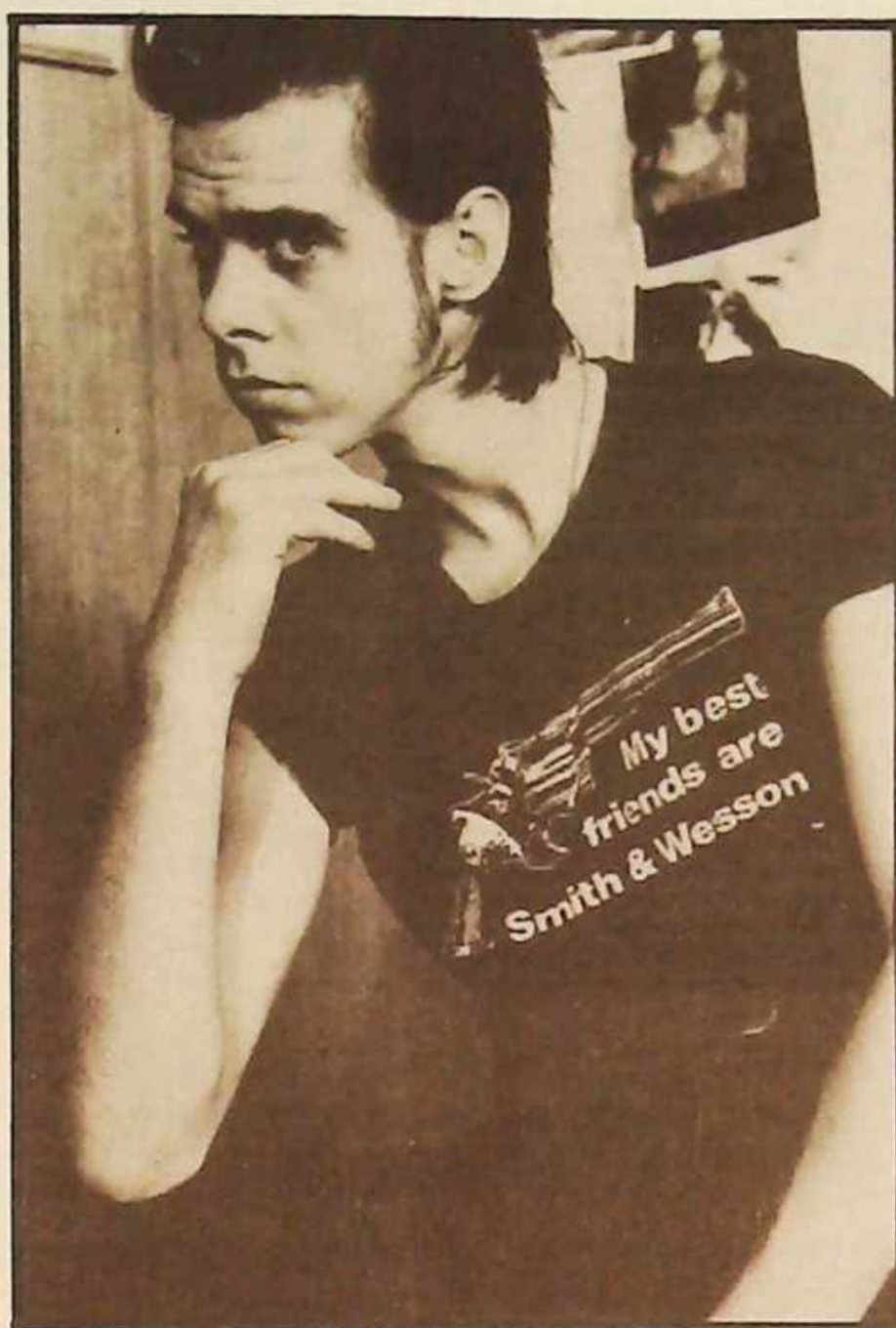
WASP: let it burn

- 1 1 WHO MADE WHO AC/DC Atlantic
- 2 3 5151 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 3 7 SPREADING THE DISEASE Anthrax Music For Nations
- 4 4 RAISED ON RADIO Journey CBS
- 5 6 HEART Heart Capitol
- 6 2 HEAR 'N' AID Various Vertigo/Phonogram
- 7 5 MASTER OF PUPPETS Metallica Music For Nations
- 8 11 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 9 9 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 10 24 BEYOND THE PALE Fiona Atlantic
- 11 8 THE FINAL FRONTIER Keel Vertigo
- 12 13 MISPLACED CHILDHOOD Marillion EMI
- 13 14 UNDER LOCK AND KEY Dokken Elektra
- 14 — LIGHTNING STIKES Loudness WEA International
- 15 15 TURBO Judas Priest CBS
- 16 12 SPEED KILLS II Various Under One Flag
- 17 10 ELIMINATOR ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 18 17 THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 19 21 SEVENTH STAR Black Sabbath featuring Tony Iommi Vertigo
- 20 22 THEATRE OF PAIN Mötley Crüe Elektra
- 21 20 RUSSIAN ROULETTE Accept Portrait
- 22 — DANGER ZONE Doc Holliday Razor
- 23 — LAND OF THE GUN Legs Diamond Music For Nations
- 24 16 THE FORCE Onslaught Under One Flag
- 25 19 RIDE THE LIGHTNING Metallica Music For Nations
- 26 23 1984 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 27 18 LITTLE QUEEN Heart Portrait
- 28 25 BAT OUT OF HELL Meat Loaf Cleveland International
- 29 27 FLY ON THE WALL AC/DC Atlantic
- 30 29 INVASION OF YOUR PRIVACY Ratt Atlantic

IMPORTS

- 1 2 SWEET SAVAGE Sweet Savage Sweet Savage
- 2 4 LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN Poison Enigma
- 3 1 EQUUS Equus Auto Auto
- 4 3 BRIGHTON ROCK Brighton Rock Flying Fist
- 5 — OBSESSED BY CRUELTY Sodom Steamhammer
- 6 — PARTY POLITICS Letcher Grey Greenworld
- 7 — BULLETS Various Combat
- 8 — FROM THE MEGAVOLTA Various Megaforce
- 9 — IF WE HAD BRAINS WE'D BE DANGEROUS Impaler Combat
- 10 — NIGHT SONGS Cinderella Mercury

Compiled by Spotlight Research



CAVE: gun law

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 1 THE QUEEN IS DEAD The Smiths Rough Trade
- 2 — BORN SANDY DEVOTIONAL The Triffids Hot
- 3 — CONTENDERS Easterhouse Rough Trade
- 4 3 BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 5 2 MANIC POP THRILL That Petrol Emotion Demon
- 6 6 A DATE WITH ELVIS The Cramps Big Beat
- 7 5 VICTORIALAND Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 8 10 EVOL Sonic Youth Blast First
- 9 15 LE MYSTERE DES VOIX BULGARES Various 4AD
- 10 — STANDING UP STRAIGHT The Wolfgang Press 4AD
- 11 7 ONLY STUPID BASTARDS HELP EMI Conflict Model Army
- 12 8 TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE The Meteors Ace
- 13 4 WONDERLAND Erasure Mute
- 14 20 HATFUL OF HOLLOW The Smiths Rough Trade
- 15 — AFTER MIDNIGHT Restless ABC
- 16 17 REMBRANDT PUSSY HORSE Butthole Surfers Red Rhino
- 17 — GRAVE NEW WORLD Discharge Clay
- 18 28 RUM, SODOMY AND THE LASH The Pogues Stiff
- 19 11 ANIMAL BOY The Ramones Beggars Banquet
- 20 25 FIRST AVALANCHE Rose Of Avalanche LIL
- 21 9 COLOURBOX Colourbox 4AD
- 22 23 GRUTS Ivor Cutler Rough Trade
- 23 22 DRUGS Bomb Party Abstract
- 24 12 SILVER MISSILES AND NIGHTINGALES Suicide Twins Lick
- 25 16 FIN! The Monochrome Set el
- 26 30 PAINT YOUR WAGON Red Lorry Yellow Lorry Red Rhino
- 27 13 THE WORLD BY STORM The Three Johns Abstract
- 28 28 LET THE SNAKES CRINKLE THEIR HEADS TO DEATH Felt Creation
- 29 14 LOW-LIFE New Order Factory
- 30 21 NO MINOR KEYS Blues 'N' Trouble Ammunition Communications

Compiled by Spotlight Research

COLOURS

- 1 RED LORRY YELLOW LORRY
- 2 BLUE AEROPLANES
- 3 PURPLE THINGS
- 4 ANDY WHITE
- 5 RED BEARDS FROM TEXAS
- 6 MARCH VIOLETS
- 7 A FLUX OF PINK INDIANS
- 8 ORANGE JUICE
- 9 GREEN ON RED
- 10 SCREAMING BLUE MESSIAHS

Compiled by The Amazing Technicoloured Yawn

INDIE SINGLES

- 1 1 HAPPY HOUR The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 2 3 SERPENTS KISS The Mission Chapter 22
- 3 — LEVI STUBBS' TEARS Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 4 4 WHOLE WIDE WORLD The Soup Dragons Subway Organisation
- 5 — THE SINGER Nick Cave & The Bad Seeds Mute
- 6 6 BRILLIANT MIND Furniture Stiff
- 7 3 BIGMOUTH STRIKES AGAIN The Smiths Rough Trade
- 8 5 ALMOST PRAYED The Weather Prophets Creation
- 9 7 THE OFFICIAL COLOURBOX WORLD CUP THEME Colourbox 4AD
- 10 11 TRUMPTON RIOTS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 11 9 RULES AND REGULATIONS We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It Vindaloo
- 12 8 HEARTACHE Gene Loves Jezebel Beggars Banquet
- 13 12 HOUSE OF ECSTASY Cherry Bombz Lick
- 14 21 TRUCK TRAIN TRACTOR The Pastels Glass
- 15 — THE DRAIN TRAIN Cabaret Voltaire Doublevision
- 16 18 KUNDALINI EXPRESS Love & Rockets Beggars Banquet
- 17 10 BABY I LOVE YOU SO Colourbox with Lorita Grahame 4AD
- 18 23 CRYSTAL CRESCENT Primal Scream Creation
- 19 — LOVE LASTS FOREVER Virgin Prunes Baby
- 20 13 NEW ROSE The Damned Stiff
- 21 17 E102/SAD BMX Bandits 53rd & 3rd
- 22 — WIDE OPEN ROAD The Triffids Hot
- 23 31 BLUE MONDAY New Order Factory
- 24 — BLUE HEART Pete Murphy Beggars Banquet
- 25 19 INSPIRATION Easterhouse Rough Trade
- 26 — DRAG RACING (EP) Big Stick Blast First
- 27 24 JUNCTION SIGNAL Blyth Power All The Madmen
- 28 25 RIVER OF NO RETURN Ghost Dance Karbon
- 29 33 GODSTAR Psychic TV And The Angels Of Light Temple
- 30 14 KISMIAZ The Cramps Ace
- 31 — GIVING GROUND The Sisterhood Merciful Release
- 32 50 SOMEBODY TOLD ME Restless ABC
- 33 26 SILVER MACHINE Hawkwind Samurai
- 34 22 WILD CHILD Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction Food
- 35 32 TOO MANY CASTLES IN THE SKY Rose Of Avalanche Fire
- 36 46 SHELLSHOCK New Order Factory
- 37 29 THE LOCOMOTION Dave Stewart & Barbara Gaskin Broken/Stiff
- 38 34 CONTEMPT Stiff Kittens Crisis/Prism
- 39 — WHY POPSTARS CAN'T DANCE Big Flame Ron Johnson
- 40 15 LIKE AN ANGEL The Mighty Lemon Drops Dreamworld
- 41 47 RESIST THE ATOMIC MENACE Oi Polloi Endangered Music
- 42 16 GOOD THING The Woodentops Rough Trade
- 43 20 WHAT'S INSIDE A GIRL The Cramps Big Beat
- 44 35 SOMEWHERE IN CHINA The Shop Assistants 53rd & 3rd
- 45 28 GIMME GIMME GIMME (A MAN AFTER MIDNIGHT) Leather Nun Wire
- 46 44 A QUESTION OF LUST Depeche Mode Mute
- 47 37 COLD HEART Jasmine Minks Creation
- 48 43 RUNNING WATER Martin Stephenson & The Daintees Kitchenware
- 49 36 ALL DAY LONG The Shop Assistants Subway Organisation
- 50 48 TINY DYNAMINE Cocteau Twins 4AD

Compiled by Spotlight Research

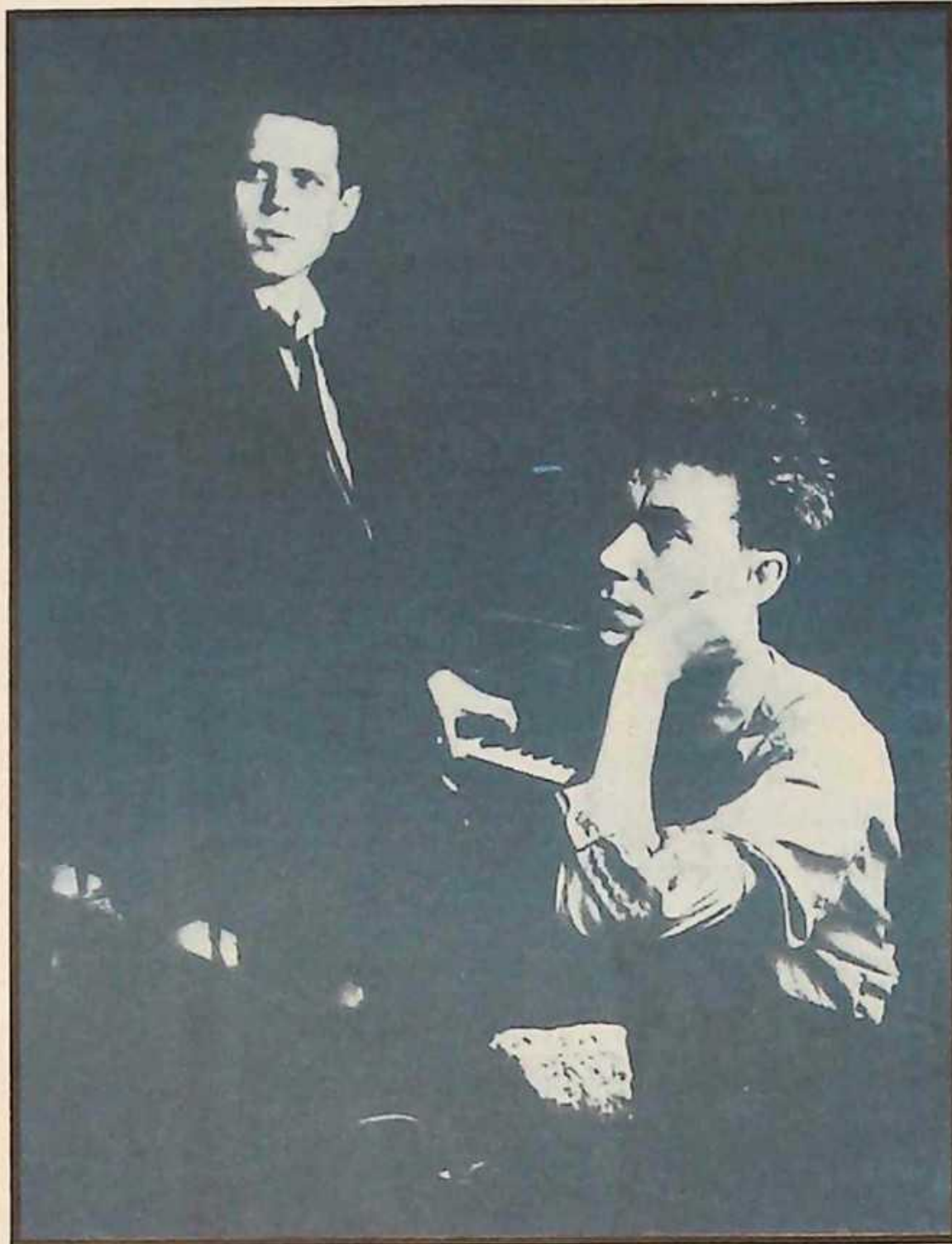


THE HOUSEMARTINS: a laugh a minute

BAND AID

DIY BOTHER?

Dave Henderson – a veteran of many self-released record projects – offers some advice to anyone considering setting up a label of their own



TWICE A MAN: shortly to make their debut on Dead Man's Curve

RUNNING AN independent label costs money and takes up a lot of time.

In late '78 I started Dining Out Records which released 22 singles and nearly killed me (asphyxiation while silk-screening 3,000 Adicts sleeves).

Next month I'm launching Dead Man's Curve with the help of Tony Kostzewa and Red Rhino Distribution.

I expect to get off with just severe bruising.

There are many different levels at which to pitch an independent label and if you don't do it exactly right, you'll end up with egg on your face and a second mortgage on your shed. Being truly independent is not easy.

Starting a label with no financial assistance means you have to pay yourself or have a very quick cash turnover, a big selling first release and a lot of luck.

Much better is to try for a

manufacturing and distribution deal through one of the reputable members of the Cartel (as Dead Man's Curve has managed to arrange with Red Rhino). Then each part of the business is handled by the people best equipped to do it.

What this entails is for the label to supply the manufacturer and distributor with a finished tape and separated artwork so that the manufacturer can then get on with the cutting, making of the metalwork, pressing, labelling and sleeve and label printing.

All the record label is required to do is to go to the cutting to check that the recording is being transferred to the lacquers in the desired manner.

About three weeks later the record label should be supplied with white label test pressings and sleeve and label proofs.

And once these have been approved, the run can start.

When the records are finished, the record label need not even see the vast majority of them, just taking 50 or so to use for promotion.

And this is the important part.

It's all very well starting a label and having the best music in the world but if no one knows about it then no one is going to buy it. Even indies need press, and as much as possible. There's a school of thought that says advertising isn't much use, and with independent releases that may be true.

Press features, interviews and reviews are much more important and a good grounding for future sales – especially abroad where music punters are very keen on the English rock press.

The fact is that very few independent releases actually sell in great numbers in the UK, so European distribution is very important, as is European press.

Depending on which area your label is trying to cover, a good list of journalists who might be sympathetic to your material should be drawn up, and where possible a good list of European distributors (hopefully, though, your distribution company will be aware of these already).

It isn't easy to outline working methods and gauge the relative success or failure of the various independent labels. Common sense prevails in a lot of cases and allows people to make money in their own way, allowing freedom while sticking within recognised business ethics.

For example, Red Rhino's own record label has just three groups, Hula, Red Lorry Yellow Lorry and Soviet France. None have taken profits from their releases, opting to re-invest in the group and pay for equipment.

It's a self-perpetuating set-up that works well and has developed Hula in Europe and the Lories in the States (their last LP sold over 20,000 copies).

Another alternative is the Dave Kitson Red Flame/Ink method where the whole operation is run by one man and his computer, selling mail order from a catalogue that now runs to about 50 titles; the total antithesis of the blockbusting Virgin mega-army approach.

Either way, though, you've still got to have something to put on those records and the recording end of it opens up whole new expensive areas that are more difficult to account for than manufacturing and distribution.

Some manufacturers will help with advances against royalties on releases, but obviously they'd have to have a lot of faith in the product.

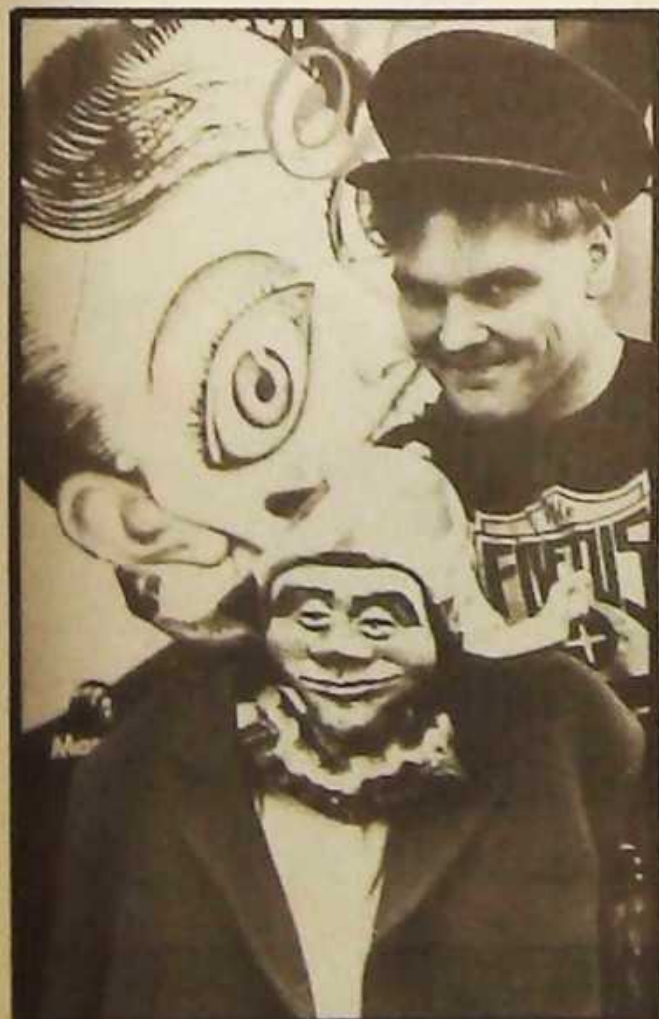
There is room for more indie set-ups but care and presentation should be your priorities.

And if you think you're on to a quick way to make a few quid, forget it.

YOUNG BLOOD ON THE TRACKS

KNIGHTS

FROM PAGE 19



STEVO... spot the dummy?

Eye And Eye

STEVO

VARIOUSLY KNOWN as the biggest bullshitter in the music business or a cracked genius depending on who you talk to, Stevo's driving enthusiasm and genuine love of the original has led to him building Some Bizzare's roster into what is, in my opinion, the finest selection of artists anywhere in the world.

A self-professed unschooled chap from Dagenham, Stevo's path from working on a building site to being supremo of Some Bizzare has been motivated *not* by money but by wanting to wake the public up to the fact that there is stunning noise totally ignored by the majors.

"What we've done is turn Some Bizzare into a kind of fairy godmother for left field acts but pumped the sort of money only majors can afford into them.

"Neubauten, for instance, were on the point of splitting up when we took them on. They used to record an album for next to nothing but we gave them tens of thousands of pounds because we believe they are vastly talented.

"Some Bizzare has absolutely no business sense whatsoever but what we do have is what money can't buy – artistic integrity."

A one-time deliverer of records to shops on behalf of Polygram, Stevo initially made his impact deejaying at The Chelsea Drug Store in King's Road in London and used to compile a futurist chart for *Sounds*.

And while the whole futurist notion of creativity and artistic irritation and violence for the modern

world became blurred with the clothes horses of new romantics, Stevo went on to start Some Bizzare by releasing Soft Cell's 'A Man Could Get Lost' through Phonogram in late 1980.

The first Some Bizzare compilation album also had quite an impact showcasing as it did several groups who've gone on to international stardom, like Depeche Mode and Fad Gadget.

"I haven't actually signed anybody for two years because there isn't actually anybody interesting out there compared to the acts we're already dealing with," he says.

A typical brag, there is some element of truth in what Stevo says as you will have discovered if you tracked down the Some Bizzare compilation released late last year with the telling motto 'If You Can't Please Yourself – You Can't Please Your Soul'.

On it you will find among others Scraping Foetus Off The Wheel (Jim Tirlwell), the Cabs, Test Dept, Marc Almond, Psychic TV, The The (Matt Johnson), Coil, Yello, Virginia Astley and the aforementioned Neubauten. Quite some stable and definitely bizarre.

As for the future...

"I'm more pissed off with the music business than I've ever been," reckons Stevo. "I'm going to do some deejaying for Radio Luxembourg and I promise it'll be as anarchic as hell. We're going to rip someone's throat out and..."

JACK BARRON

PETE FULWELL

PETE FULWELL, guru, fixer, and *agent provocateur* to only a select breed of Liverpool-based artists was last heard of trying to secure the talents of Barry Humphries.

Being heavily into Dada, Barry (aka Dame Edna, Sir Les Patterson) had contacted Fulwell in response to the criminally ignored 'Dada For Now' collection of original Futurist/Dada soundworks he released last year through Dove, one of several 'offshoot' labels to his erratic, but always electric, Eternal enterprise.

Probably best known for his involvement with Liverpool's volcanic punk nightspot, Erics, Pete is the man who went round and told Holly Johnson to get his frigging act together.

He's also the guiding spirit behind a list of bands both so famous and so obscure that we dare not mention them – the most recent successes coming on the major scene from It's Immaterial and Pete Wylie.

But now he's calmed down and become a father, his ambition is to get Sir Les to a record a special Dada rap for 'The Blue Blouse', a compilation album of Dada inspired artists.

Is this a joke, or is it part of Fulwell's secret vision that Dada will indeed be the Next Big Thing to change the face of popular music?

And as news has just reached me that Sir Les has been found and is eager to co-operate, I'm sure it will.

BILLY MANN

SOUNDS CLASSIFIEDS

BAND AID

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*Source: Target Group Index 1985

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LATE BEATLES influenced Male Singer wanted. Please write: M.Harris, 23 Milton Road, Egham, Surrey. S5951
M/F VOCALIST required to form 80's R'n'R Band, Idol, March Violets, U2, 021-453 1131 (Steve). S5953
MUSICIANS WANTED — general. 01-223 8845. S5977
SLAP BASS Player wanted for new Surrey band. 0932-40570. S5981

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BIG MAC... Ronnie Randall

ANDY McDONALD

"TELL 'EM to wack some wonga to the ANC or we'll sue," orders Go! Discs leading light Andy McDonald over the phone. He's dealing with a bad debt yet even in adversity he's all heart.

A photo depicting Andy and Juliet McDonald with Neil Kinnock is pinned to the office wall.

"That's us with God," chirps Juliet.

Go! Discs, where the beat goes tweet, not a big record company, but a good one.

Billy Bragg gold discs adorn the walls, the Housemartins pierce the top ten. The ex-law student, ex-Stiff press officer has reason to be pleased with himself.

So Andy, how do you get to be the world's most exciting label?

"Loads of luck and a sheer loathing of the music business.

"I sent a spoof disco demo to Dave Robinson

at Stiff in 1981. He phoned back and said we really like the press release, do you want to be our press officer? That's the great thing about Robbo, he's willing to take flyers, be it staff or bands, gambling to unearth fresh life. Cheers Robbo, a good man.

"After a year at Stiff I told Dave I was starting my own label expecting him to be pissed off — end of story. But no, this gleam came into his eyes as he related the joy of selling your first 10,000 copies, so encouraging!

"I set up Go! to combine the efficiency of a major with the ethics of an independent. We have a commitment to our acts. I believe that every home should have a Billy Bragg record."

The label started with four discs by The Box but no hits.

"What they did with us was the best possible representation of their music at the time, thrilling moments, a frightening, intimidating band, well worthwhile. We're not motivated purely by the lust for a hit. We do get chart fever but there's more to life than selling records. A nurse does more for society than any pop star."

Your sloganeering is reminiscent of Stiff in its heyday.

"We're promo-sexuals, definitely. To sum up what it's all about in a simple phrase is *great fun* but it doesn't count for *that much*."

What's the Chrysalis connection?

Our independent distributor folded so we've linked with Chrysalis for distribution which is cheaper, more reliable and opens up the international market. After all we directly compete with the majors."

Do you want to be the Island or Stiff of the future?

"Yes! That's exactly the level, to become sensibly bigger but, I don't want my acts stifled by accountants and stuff."

"I hope never to become a record company record company. My fear is that in five years we'll end up being sharks like everyone else."

A Radio One DJ has just claimed he'd always liked Billy Bragg. Quick as a flash Andy dives to the phone.

"Let's embarrass him into championing the Levi Stubbs single..."

Five years?

RONNIE RANDALL



BALFE in Teardrop mode

DAVE BALFE

AS PART of the seminal Liverpool scene that spawned Echo And The Bunnymen and Teardrop Explodes, Dave Balfe motivated more than a few of his mates to down cans and get out of the rehearsal room and onto the stage.

Playing keyboards for Teardrop Explodes, being involved in the late '70s club Eric's and running Zoo Records with Bill Drummond, he learned the music biz, played on the Teardrop album 'Kilimanjaro' then went on to do it all again.

But this time for himself.

Last year Food Ltd arrived as a fully fledged independent label with a manufacturing and with a distribution deal through Rough Trade, but Dave Balfe still had a finger in more than a few other pies.

With Balfe it's a real all or nothing situation, he can control the horizontal, he can contr... well, he can offer you management, publishing, a record label and all you've got to give him is your left leg.

Food is run on a big label system. They sign few groups and then work with them in the studio, give them maximum push and hopefully get them licensed to a major or arrange bigger deals elsewhere.

The only time a Food group hasn't succeeded in going much further was when the label

licensed The Protagonist and didn't have the kind of control that they seem to thrive on.

The track record apart from that is impressive and Balfe still has a hand in his three successes — as well as managing Strawberry Switchblade.

The Woodentops did a Balfe-produced 45 then went on to sign to Rough Trade (Balfe and Drummond's Zoo Music has their publishing). Brilliant did two singles then signed to WEA with Balfe managing the group and, most recently, Zodiac Mindwarp did one single for the label.

Zoo has his publishing, Balfe manages him and he's about to sign to a major for, er, megabucks.

Add to that little lot that Zoo Music also has Echo And The Bunnymen's publishing among others — and is administered by Warner Bros Music — and you know that big business is showing the little league how it can be done.

So what's your secret, Dave?

"I think for any independent label, you need to have one act that you can major on. One group that sells so that you can build the label."

"Like Mute have got Depeche Mode, Stiff had Madness, Virgin had Mike Oldfield. It's like you have to get to the point where you move from being bedroom to being serious."

"With Food it was going to be Zodiac but when record companies are offering £175,000 you can't really turn it down. If we weren't managing him and didn't have his publishing we'd be pissed off. But we are. So we're not..."

DAVE HENDERSON

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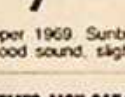
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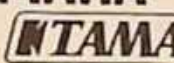
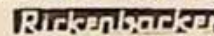
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