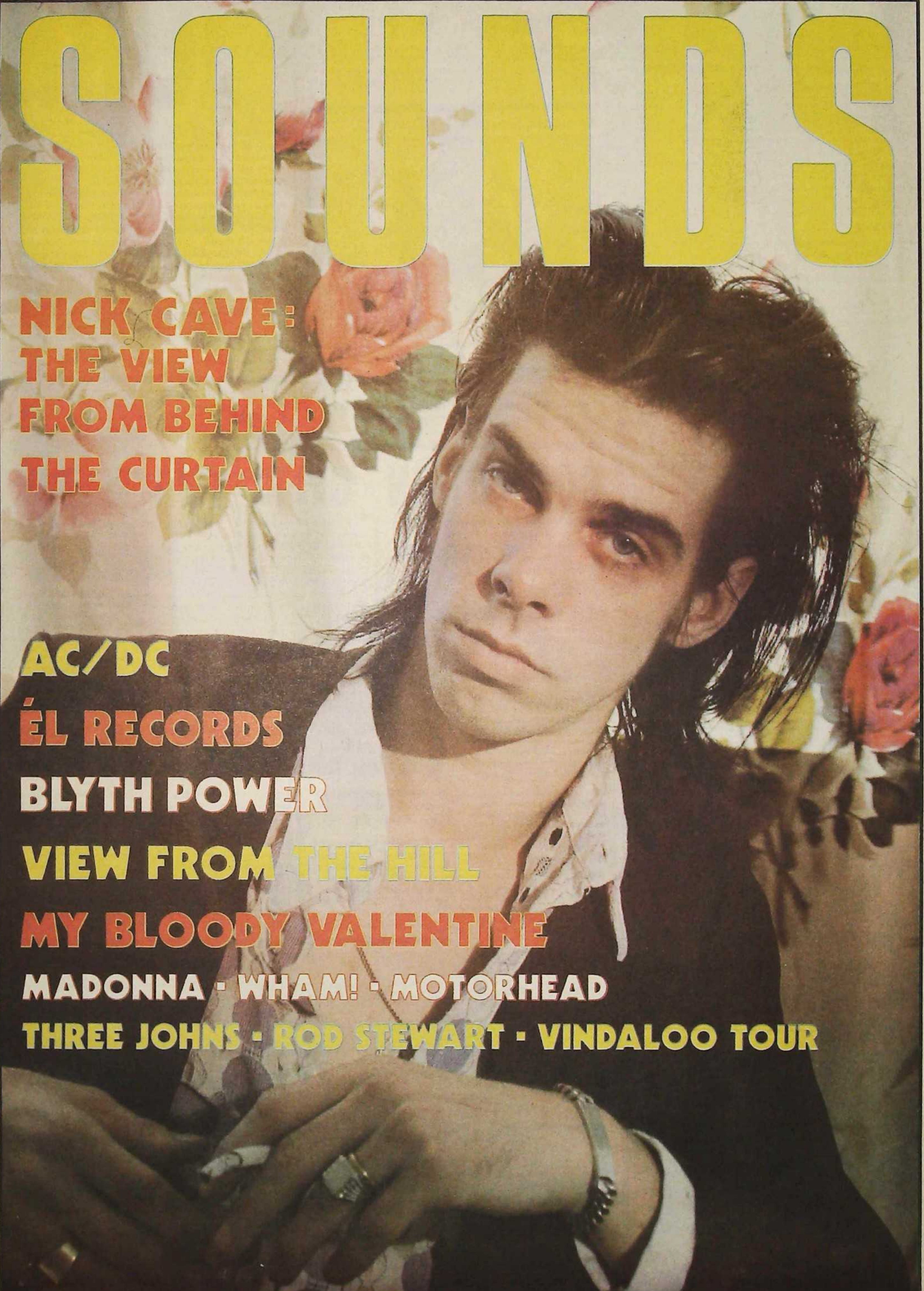


SOUNDS



**NICK CAVE:
THE VIEW
FROM BEHIND
THE CURTAIN**

AC/DC

ÉL RECORDS

BLYTH POWER

VIEW FROM THE HILL

MY BLOODY VALENTINE

MADONNA - WHAM! - MOTORHEAD

THREE JOHNS - ROD STEWART - VINDALOO TOUR

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FEATURES

Continuing last week's indie power stance, we present **Jonh Wilde's** look at the **41** label on **Pages 12 & 13**. **AC/DC** – men in schoolboys' trousers or music that's in a class of its own? **Neil Perry** gives detention on **Page 16**. A brick wall's there to be broken down, as **Glyn Brown** demonstrates during her analytical chat with **Nick Cave** in Berlin. **Pages 20, 21 & 34**. **Chris Roberts**, the man who knows a hit two years before anyone else, makes it his business to get the **View From The Hill**. **Page 22**.

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THE FALL will be appearing in Cambridge this month, supporting **Talk Talk** at the Imperial War Museum, Duxford, on July 18. Tickets are priced at £7. The band release their new single, 'Living Too Late', on July 14.

THE SHOP ASSISTANTS, recently signed, along with **The Mighty Lemon Drops**, to **Chrysalis**, add **Camden Dingwalls** July 15, **Manchester International** 18, **Croydon Underground** 20, and **Birmingham Barburies** 22 to their commitments, which include **WOMAD** and the **ICA Rock Week**.

Trouble Comes To Town...



TROUBLEFUNK, "Washington DC's hottest GoGo band" make their British debut with two London dates later this month.

The ten-piece band play **Brixton Fringe** July 21 and **Kentish Town Town And Country Club** 22.

Tickets for both shows cost £6 in advance and £7 on the door. They are available this week from London ticket agencies.

COMMOTION OVER YIVA

LLOYD COLE And **The Commotions** and **Feargal Sharkey** will top the bill at the eight-hour **Yiva** festival for the poor of South Africa and Namibia at Birmingham's National Exhibition Centre, on August 2.

Compères will be **Ian Dury**, **Simon Bates** and the **Ranking Miss P** and other bands confirmed so far are **Balaam And The Angel**, **Buddy Curtess & The Grasshoppers**, **Fine Young Cannibals**, **Half Man Half Biscuit**, **The Icicle Works**, **The Inspirational Choir**, **Latin Quarter**, **New Model Army**, **The Pogues**, **Ruby Turner** and **Yousou N'Dour**.

Yiva is organised by **Oxfam** with the assistance of **Artists Against Apartheid**. Tickets cost £8

(including VAT and £5 voluntary donation) plus booking fee. They are available by credit card on 021-780 4133 and 01-741 8989, or by post from **Box Office (Yiva)**, **NEC**, **Birmingham B40 INT**. Cheques/postal orders for £8.30 per ticket (including booking fee) payable to **NEC (Yiva)**.

The following outlets also have tickets: **Cyclops Sounds**, **Odeon Theatre**, **Ticket Shop**, **Birmingham**; **Way Ahead**, **Derby** and **Nottingham**; **Royal Court Theatre** **Box Office**, **Liverpool**; **Piccadilly Records**, **Manchester**; **Mike Lloyd Agencies**, **Newcastle Under Lyme**, **Stoke On Trent** and **Stafford**; **Tickets In Oxford**, **Oxford**; **Goulds TV**, **Wolverhampton**; **Concert Travel Club**, **South Wales** and **South West**.

THE GOLDEN PALOMINOS will not now be playing **WOMAD** on Sunday July 20 as previously announced. They have been replaced by **Hugh Masekela** and **Kalahari. Aswad** will still headline.

THE LATEST additions to the **G-MEX** bash at the **Greater Manchester Exhibition Centre** on **Saturday July 19** are **Sandie Shaw**, **Virgin Prunes** and a special appearance by **Gil Scott-Heron**.

JAMES BLOOD ULMER, **Juice On The Loose** and **Blues 'N' Trouble** have been confirmed to headline a two day festival of rhythm & blues at **Camden Electric Ballroom** on **July 8** and **9**.

David O'Dowd on the crusade that has split Boy George's family

BOY GEORGE's younger brother **David O'Dowd** now faces an almighty rift in his family as a result of trying to rescue his brother from what he claims is an £80 a day drug habit.

For the record, the stories

published last week in the national tabloids, most notably **The Sun**, are authentic. **David O'Dowd** was interviewed by that paper and the basis of the story that appeared last Wednesday (July 2) is, alleges **O'Dowd**, true.

"The only regrets I have are about the way the story was written," rock photographer **O'Dowd** told **Sounds** this

so co-operative in letting them just go ahead with the thing."

The rights to the **Sex Pistols** material in question belong to a company called **Glitterbest** which is composed of **John Lydon**, **Steve Jones**, **Paul Cook** and the mother of the late **Sid Vicious** – the successful plaintiffs in the **Sex Pistols/McLaren** case last January.

The makers of **Sid And Nancy** have to obtain permission before they can use **Sex Pistols** material, and should any member of the company choose not to give permission, it will not be granted.

The lawyers of the various parties are currently locked in

GILBERTO GIL, the acclaimed Brazilian guitarist, releases a new **WEA** International album 'Minha Ideologia Noite Neon' this week. The album, which includes his latest single 'Touches Pas Mon Pote' ('Don't Touch My Friend') was produced by **Liminha** and features ten compositions from **Gil** and an array of musical collaborators.

GIL SCOTT-HERON, one of America's most outspoken musical commentators, makes a rare London club appearance at **Camden Dingwalls** on **July 16** as part of the club's annual participation with the **Capital Music Festival**.

RON JOHNSON'S have a batch of releases this week with a ten-inch six-track 'Two Can Guru' by **Big Flame**, a mini-album 'Full Steam Into The Brainstorm' from **The Shrobs**, and '1936', a double single pack from **Ex** which includes a 144-page book on the **Spanish Civil War**.

GEORGE AND

week. "I spoke to George last night and he said to me, 'You've sold me out. And I said George, what did I receive? You tell me that you honestly believe that I did it for money...?'"

"This thing with the press will be a nine-day wonder, but the thing between me and George will go on until the day he goes to get help."

SOUNDS

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SIMPLE MINDS

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£55 INCLUDES: Concert ticket, All transport by luxury coach from London, Cross Channel Ferry, Full day in Paris, depart eve 11th Aug. Return am 13th Aug. **[SMS]**

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STEEL PULSE ★ MISSION ★ THE
REDSKINS ★ SKYBLASTERS
SEASIDE FESTIVAL - BELGIUM

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DR & THE MEDICS, BIG COUNTRY

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£45 INCLUDES: Festival ticket, and all transport by luxury coach from London. Depart pm 9th August. Return am 11th August **[OFS]**

SCORPIONS ★ OZZY OSBOURNE ★ DEF
LEPPARD ★ MICHAEL SCHENKER
GROUP ★ BON JOVI

'MONSTERS OF ROCK' WEST GERMANY AUGUST 31st

£75 INCLUDES: Festival Ticket, 1st class hotel, luxury coach from London, Cross Channel Ferry. Depart eve Aug 29th. Return am Sept 1st **[MOR]**

JUDAS PRIEST

LIVE IN BRUSSELS, SATURDAY 18th OCTOBER

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VS SID

negotiations.

"There's two reasons for making it difficult for them," says Bourton. "One is the fact that they didn't consult John before the film was made."

"And the second is that everyone who was associated with John, Public Image or The Sex Pistols, including Paul Cook who we went to see it with, thinks the film's a pile of shit."

But as it stands, didn't this mean Lydon and co were effectively acting as censors?

Bourton's response was:

"We don't care whether the film comes out. All we want to do is get it so that if it does

come out, then you know there are certain things that are corrected about it or that the film company compensate the parties involved; in other words they pay the money for exploiting the still living."

"So there's no censorship involved. It's just that as far as we're concerned, it's a straightforward case of saying, Well this doesn't smell right to us and we want people to know about it."

Zenith, the film company involved, stated at press time that they are aware of the objections Lydon has raised and are "waiting to see what he does, if anything".

WASP have announced their first European tour in two years. The complete UK schedule is as follows: Dublin SFX October 27, Belfast Ulster Hall 28, Edinburgh Playhouse 30, Newcastle City Hall 31, Hanley Victoria Hall November 1, Hammersmith Odeon 2, Derby Assembly Rooms 4, Bristol Colston Hall 5, Birmingham Odeon 7, Manchester Apollo 8.

Tickets at £4-£8 are available at all venues and normal ticket outlets.

MOTORHEAD are planning an unusual method of transport for their appearance at Donington Park on August 16. Lemmy and the boys will be overflying the festival site in two World War II Messerschmitt BF108s before landing at nearby East Midlands airport. It appears that Lemmy has been taking flying lessons with a Messerschmitt owner and has already flown in several air shows around the country. But he won't be at the controls on this occasion!

Before Donington, Motorhead are due to play at the Lamport Stadium in Toronto as part of a special charity show in aid of the Liver Foundation Of Canada.

Says Lemmy: "It's a worthwhile cause and besides, I'm just investing in my future."

Following the release of their eagerly anticipated 'Orgasmatron' album this week (see page 24), the band have now established their plans for the rest of '86. They will tour the USA in September before returning to Britain for a full tour in October. More US dates then follow in November and early December and they'll be back in Britain again for some Christmas shows. Dates will be announced shortly.

THE DRAGON

Whether George really needs help is arguable, as on *News At Ten* (Thursday July 3), he vehemently denied taking drugs. But his brother David maintains that George's habit "could put him in a wooden box" within six months.

"Not one person has said to me, Dave, you've done wrong. Nobody. And I'm not just talking about my family. But in

some ways it's all come back on me with George saying, The dog came from his own kennel... I mean, I care more about him than any of the others."

And what about the stories in the national press that George's "four burly brothers" were looking for Marilyn with the intention of giving him "a good kicking"?

"I don't think any of my family were out scouring the clubs looking for Marilyn," answers O'Dowd. "We've done this for George's good. It would be silly to walk into a nightclub and start smashing things up, wouldn't it?"

At the time of going to press, Boy George's record company Virgin declined to issue a statement.

THE MISSION, who have recently moved from the sanctity of the Chapter 22 indie to Phonogram, release a new single next week.

But due to contractual obligations, the record will not appear on Phonogram,

but on Chapter 22 (through Nine Mile and The Cartel).

The seven-inch is a double A-side featuring 'Garden Of Delight' and a version of Neil Young's 'Like A Hurricane'. The 12-inch includes two new compositions, 'The Crystal Ocean' and 'Over The Hills And Far Away'.

The band have also fixed a British tour for the autumn.

Dates confirmed so far are Leicester Polytechnic October 29, Norwich University Of East Anglia 31, London Kentish Town Town And Country Club November 2, Leeds Polytechnic 4, Newcastle Tiffany's 5, Edinburgh Coasters 6, Aberdeen Venue 7, Glasgow Queen Margaret Union 8, Ayr Pavillion 9, Manchester Ritz 11, Liverpool University 12, Stoke Keele University 13, Cardiff University 14, Bristol Studio 16, Brighton Top Rank 17, Sheffield University 22, Birmingham Powerhouse 23, Nottingham Rock City 26.

ZODIAC finds the thought of all that money makes his brain hurt

WARP FACTOR SIX

ZODIAC MINDWARP And The Love Reaction have signed to Phonogram Records for what is reported to be a substantial, but at press time undisclosed, sum.

"Some product is expected early in September," say Phonogram, but for those who can't wait, Zodiac releases a six-track mini-album called 'High Priest Of Love' through his old indie label Food on July 25.

The signing to Phonogram was celebrated in style at the Cafe Pacifico in London's Covent Garden where a reported £1,500 was spent on food and drink for just 25 people.

But rumours that Zodiac is to become a tax

exile before he's even released a record are categorically denied by his new label. "This is just a normal signing," said a Phonogram spokesperson. "We gave them as good a deal as they could have got anywhere else - in fact we offered them less, in financial terms, than one of the other companies - so this is not a Sique Sique Sputnik type signing."

Rumours that Zodiac insisted on Phonogram supplying him with the first six copies of *Silver Surfer* comic and the original *Spiderman* comic were categorically confirmed, however.

"I think that's why they liked us," she added.

READING ROSTER

THE READING Rock Festival, back after a two-year gap, has hastily arranged an impressive line-up.

Acts so far confirmed for August 22-24 include John Waite, The Mission, Lords Of The New Church, The Cherry Bombz, Well Well Well, Buddy Curtess & The Grasshoppers, Chiefs Of Relief, Graham Parker, It Bites, Killing Joke, New Model Army, Outside Edge, The Redskins, Hawkwind, Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction, Doctor & The Medics and FM.

CHRIS REA, currently enjoying his 12th week in the UK album charts with 'On The Beach' and confirmed for the Montreux Jazz Festival later this summer, will undertake a major UK tour in December. The dates follow this year's sell-out Hammersmith Odeon shows.

The dates so far confirmed are Edinburgh Playhouse December 1, Newcastle City Hall 3, Manchester Apollo 5, Liverpool Empire 7, Sheffield City Hall 8, Portsmouth Guildhall 10, Brighton Dome 11, Ipswich Gaumont 12, Oxford Apollo 14, Bristol Hippodrome 15, Hanley Victoria Halls 17, Nottingham Centre 18, Birmingham Odeon 19, London Royal Albert Hall 27.

Tickets are on sale now from usual outlets priced £6 and £5.50 except for London where they are £5.50, £6.50 and £7.50.

Wobble's War On Wapping...



JAH WOBBLE tops the list of artists confirmed for a Lambeth Printworkers Support Group benefit gig in aid of the Hardship Fund at Brixton Town Hall on July 17.

The Hardship Fund was set up to assist the News International printworkers sacked as a result of Rupert Murdoch's relocation of his newspapers to Wapping.

A Popular History Of Signs, Wolfgang Press, The Dave Howard Singers and Shock Headed Peters (Howard passes the news to the Peters' Karl Blake, above) have also been confirmed for what is designed to be a show of solidarity as well as a fund-raising exercise.

Tickets are £3 and £1.50 for UB40 holders.

CANDY TALKING E.P.

SOME TIME

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OUR NEWS

TANIA MARIA, darling of the white-socked soul set, returns for two concerts at London's Shaw Theatre on July 27. She's just released an album called 'Made In New York' on Blue Note.

THATCHER ON ACID plug their forthcoming 12-inch 'The Moondance EP' by playing Fulham Greyhound July 12, Hackney Mankind Club 23, and Somerset's Evercreech Festival on August 2.

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RITZUN RATZUN ROTZER, the "hillbilly band from the wild west riding of Yorkshire" (ie Leeds) will be "touring the English Riviera" starting at Hull The Adelphi Club July 13 followed by Plymouth The Break Water 18, Exeter Bart's Tavern 19, Plymouth Wood's 24, Devonport The Swan 25.

THE VARUKERS, a hardcore metal/punk outfit, promote their 'One Struggle One Fight' album with dates at Leeds Adam And Eves July 9, Ferryhill The King's Head 10 and Gateshead Bensham Working Men's Club 28.

AUTOMATIC DLAMINI, who won one of Andy Hurt's distinguished Almost Single Of The Week awards last week, will be playing Taunton Gap Club July 11, Bath Moles 12, Evercreech Festival August 2, Yeovil Live Aid 30.

THE MEKONS return from their journey across America this month and immediately embark on a UK tour to support the release of their 'Edge Of The World' album. They play Newcastle Riverside July 10, Hull Unity Club 11, London Mean Fiddler 14, Colchester Art Centre 15, London Cricketers 16, Bristol The Bunker 17.

TRUDE ASPELING, "well known to Australian audiences for her exciting performances of jazz standards and Afro-blues", opens a season at Ronnie Scott's in London on August 11.

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10 CELIA CRUZ & TITO PUENTE ORCH	15 ART OF NOISE
11 MILTON NASCIMENTO	16 OZZY OSBOURNE (travel available)
+ AL DI MEOLA	22-23 ENGLAND V NZ (cricket)
12 DAVID SANBORN	24 PIECES OF A DREAM
12 RAY CAMPI	30-31 JEAN CARNE
12 THE FALL	Sept 21 METALICA
13 CURIOSITY KILLED THE CAT	26-27 LISA LISA CULT JAM, FULL FORCE
14 WE'VE GOT A FUZZBOX & WE'RE	27-28 CHRIS DE BURGH
GONNA USE IT	Oct 2 CHRISTY MOORE
17 YOUSSEAU NBOUL	2 STEVE RAY VAUGHAN
18-19-20 THE WOMAD FESTIVAL	5 STEEL PULSE
19 U.K. FRESH 80	13 SIGUE SIGUE SPUTNIK
19 THE METEORS	18 MAGNUM
23 THE ICICLE WORKS	20-22 Z.Z. TOP
23 JOHN CALE	21 ROBERT CRAY
24 STAN RIDGEWAY	29-30 JOAN ARMSTRONG
25 EASTERHOUSE	Nov 2 W.A.S.P.
27 TANIA MARIA	3-4-5 IRON MAIDEN
26-27 THE DAMNED	30 Dec 1-2 LEVEL 42
26-27 ANITA BAKER	Dec 12 BIG COUNTRY
	12-13 BILLY OCEAN

ERIC CLAPTON - PHIL COLLINS - JULY 15th
Z.Z. TOP - OCT 20/21/22

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and his Rockabilly Rebels
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the CARAVANS the Coffin Nails

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BLUE IN HEAVEN, the Dublin band, release their second album, 'Explicit Material', on Island next week and descend briefly to play London's 100 Club July 8 and Rayleigh Pink Toothbrush 9. A full-scale tour is scheduled for September.

VEE VV, a young, upwardly aspiring indie band, play London Chalk Farm Enterprise July 10 and Manchester Man Alive Club 17 to promote their 'Boom Slump' single out on Vinyl Drip.

KALAHARI, with their "unique brand of Eastern-inspired pop music, which has developed from the musical influences of keyboard player Andranich Carapetyan, born and raised in India of Armenian parentage, and the literary influences of lead singer Jeff Byron, whose lyrical contributions draw heavily on Eastern European and Asian culture" (phew!) play Brunel University July 26, Harlesden Mean Fiddler August 8 and North Wembley The Flag 30.

THE ELECTRIC MORNING, yet another Liverpool band, have lined up a series of gigs to promote their imaginatively titled album 'The Electric Morning'. They play Sheffield Leadmill July 12, Manchester Boardwalk 17, London Rock Garden 24. They will then go Dutch with some dates in Holland.



THE NEUROTICS, formerly of the Newtown variety, play a one-off benefit gig for unemployed miners at The Welfare Grounds, Snowdon Colliery in Kent on July 12. The gig coincides with the release of their 'Living With Unemployment' single and will be followed by more dates next month when they release their 'Kick-Starting A Back-Firing Nation' LP.

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THE TURNPIKE CRUISERS, who list their influences as "sex, craziness and chemical entertainment", plug their new single 'Extra Flesh' by supporting The Meteors at Leeds Adam And Eves July 8 and Guana Bats at Leatherhead Riverside 13.

HAPPY MONDAYS, a Manchester outfit with a new single called 'Freaky Dancin'', play Hull Adelphi Club July 12, Manchester Rafter's 17, Liverpool The Firestation 21, London Cricketers 22 and Hammersmith Clarendon 26.

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SIMPLE MINDS ... PARIS ... AUG 12/13 ... £49
ZZ TOP ... BRUSSELS ... OCT 12 ... £45

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7" THE MISSION - CHAP 7

12" THE MISSION - 12 CHAP 7

- GARDEN OF DELIGHT •
- LIKE A HURRICANE •
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- OVER THE HILLS AND FARAWAY •
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DAVID LEE ROTH

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PRODUCED BY TED TEMPLEMAN · Includes The Single 'YANKEE ROSE'



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RECORD NEWS

HEAD OF DAVID have a limited edition of their debut five track mini-album 'Dogbreath' available on Blast First. All tracks have been written by the band except for their version of Suicide's 'Rocket USA'.

THE PLEASURE GARDEN release their new single 'On A Midnight Picnic' this week. Distributed by Red Rhino and The Cartel, the single appears on the wonderfully titled Don't Knock Your Granny While She's Shaving label.



POLY STYRENE, formerly part of X-Ray Spex and who disappeared from the pop scene in 1980 to follow her Krishna beliefs is back with a single called 'Gods And Goddesses' out on Awesome Records.



CUTTING CREW, formed last May and signed to Siren Records, release their debut single '(I Just) Died In Your Arms' this week.

BOBBY WOMACK is back on the tracks with a new single 'Gipsy Woman' taken from his 'So Many Rivers' album. Having appeared on The Stones' album 'Dirty Work', Womack is now engaged on a new album of his own with veteran Memphis producer Chips Moman, which is scheduled for release early next year.

FLUX, formerly Flux Of Pink Indians, release a 12-inch 33 titled 'Uncarved Block' this week. The record contains eight tracks, four produced by the band and four by Adrian Sherwood of On U Sound fame. This is the first release from Flux's own One Little Indian label.

TRACIE YOUNG has signed a long term contract with Polydor following the dissolution of Paul Weller's Respond Records. Her first single 'We Should Be Together' is out this week.

GARY MOORE releases a live album recorded during his 1983 tour of Japan. 'Rockin' Every Night' features Gary on lead vocals, Ian Paice on drums, Neil Murray on bass, John Sloman on vox and additional keyboards and Don Airey on keyboards. It contains eight tracks - six Gary Moore compositions, the Gary Moore/Ian Paice title track 'Rockin' Every Night' and the classic Free song 'Wishing Well'.

CHELSEA, Gene October's "pioneers of the punk movement", release their new single this week. A Dave Goodman composition and production, 'Give Me More' sees Chelsea sounding "more and more like The Rolling Stones of punk". And when they're not doing that, they're preparing for a couple of dates at the Marquee in August.

KIRSTY MacCOLL has a new single out on Stiff. Produced by her husband Steve Lillywhite 'He's On The Beach' was first released last year but disappeared without trace. A special limited-edition double pack featuring 'He's On The Beach' and Kirsty's version of Billy Bragg's 'New England' is also available.

DOLLAR, yes, Dollar are back. Petite Thereza and David have mended their differences and signed to Arista. They release a single this week called 'We Walked In Love' with which they hope to bounce right back into the charts.

AUDREY HALL who had a top 20 hit with 'One Dance Won't Do', has a follow-up this week called 'Smile'. The single consists of two different versions, the A-side with Sly And Robbie providing the rhythm patterns whilst the flip is an electro version. Both sides contain lead vocals by Audrey Hall.

BACKTRACKS

THE UK SUBS gather together a 16-track compilation called 'Raw Material' on Killerwatt. All the songs have been chosen by Charlie Harper and include 'Organised Crime', 'Bomb Factory', 'Rat Race' and 'Teenage' from their early recording years, a live version of 'CID' from a 1980 Rainbow concert, a previously unissued song called 'I Don't Need Your Love' and cover versions of 'Waiting For The Man', 'She's Not There' and 'Cocaine'.

TOMORROW, who were the UFO ('60s equivalent of Alice In Wonderland) house band in 1967 and came up with one of the two classic British underground anthems, 'My White Bicycle' (the other was 'Granny Takes A Trip' by the Purple Gang), have their only album resuscitated on Decal (through Charly). It includes such self-explanatory titles as 'The Incredible Journey Of Timothy Chase', 'Auntie Mary's Dress Shop', 'Three Jolly Little Dwarfs', 'Real Life Permanent Dream' and 'Revolution' together with 'My White Bicycle' and its flipside 'Claramont Lake' all performed by Keith West (of 'Teenage Opera' infamy), Junior, Twink and Steve Howe.

GBH have 14 tracks from their Clay years between 1981-84 compiled for an album called 'Charged' on Clay. Among the singles and album tracks are 'Necrophilia', 'Give Me Fire', 'Generals', 'Time Bomb', 'Womb With A View', 'City Babies Revenge', 'City Babies Attacked By Rats' and 'Four Men'.

HEAVEN 17, who promise a new album by the end of the summer, have a collection of their 12-inch mixes released as a 68-minute compact disc, or an 85-minute gold-embossed boxed cassette (but not on boring old vinyl) called 'Endless'. The white funk mixes run from 1981's '(We Don't Need This) Fascist Groove Thang', 'Play To Win' and 'Penthouse And Pavement' through to last year's 'Heaven 17 Megamix' and 'Sunset Now'. Some tracks have been remixed by John Potoker.

THROBBING GRISTLE's past starts to catch up with them on a six-track compilation called 'Sacrifice' on Dojo. The material appears to come from Illuminated Records although Genesis P Orridge's comments on it are brief and to the point: "We do not acknowledge the existence of this record. It is being released without our consent. All official Throbbing Gristle Records are through Mute."

IAN GILLAN packages up 19 tracks from his solo career with Gillan onto a double album called 'What I Did On My Vacation' on 10 Records. Ian provides his own sleeve notes to each track which has been remastered and carefully positioned to provide a steady build up over the first three sides and a howlin' climax on the fourth.

THEM and Rod Stewart have rare '60s tracks brought to light on 'The R&B Scene Volume Two 1963-1969' released by See For Miles (through Pinnacle). The album rummages through the darker recesses of Decca's vaults and includes such unlikely combinations as John McLaughlin playing 'Hound Dog' in Duffy's Nucleus, Elton John in The Bread And Beer Band with Caleb Quaye and Roger Pope (who followed him into Hookfoot and beyond), the late Ian Stewart with The Rail Roaders featuring Keith Richard, Bill Wyman and Tony Meehan, and a group called The High Numbers, who didn't become The Who, singing a song called 'Heart Of Stone' which wasn't written by Jagger and Richard.

ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL continue to have their peerless country swing catalogue reissued by Demon. This time it's their debut 'Comin' Right At Ya' from 1973 where the emphasis was more on country than swing. They were joined by a fiddle trio of Johnny Gimble, Buddy Spicher and Andy Stein from Commander Cody's Lost Planet Airmen. The same trio also turned up on their second album, recently out on Demon as 'Jumping At The Woodside'.

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S34

'VANITY' is the title of a compilation album featuring 15 bands from Norwich. Among them are Red Harvest, Gudvil, The Morags, The Nivens, Under A Glass Bell, Browning Version and Dr Stick. The album has been produced co-operatively by the bands and was financially assisted with a grant from the University Of East Anglia Students Union. It is available this week at a knockdown price.



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SST 043

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I woke up in my apartment the other morning and everything had been stolen and replaced with an exact replica.



Weird.



My friend George came over. He's a radio announcer. Everytime he walks under a bridge you can't hear a word he says.



"George," I cried "everything here has been stolen and replaced with an exact replica." He said, "Do I know you?"



"It's me Max."



"Well if you're Max you'll be able to tell me exactly what we did last Saturday."



This posed no imbroglia dear reader for George and I had been to...



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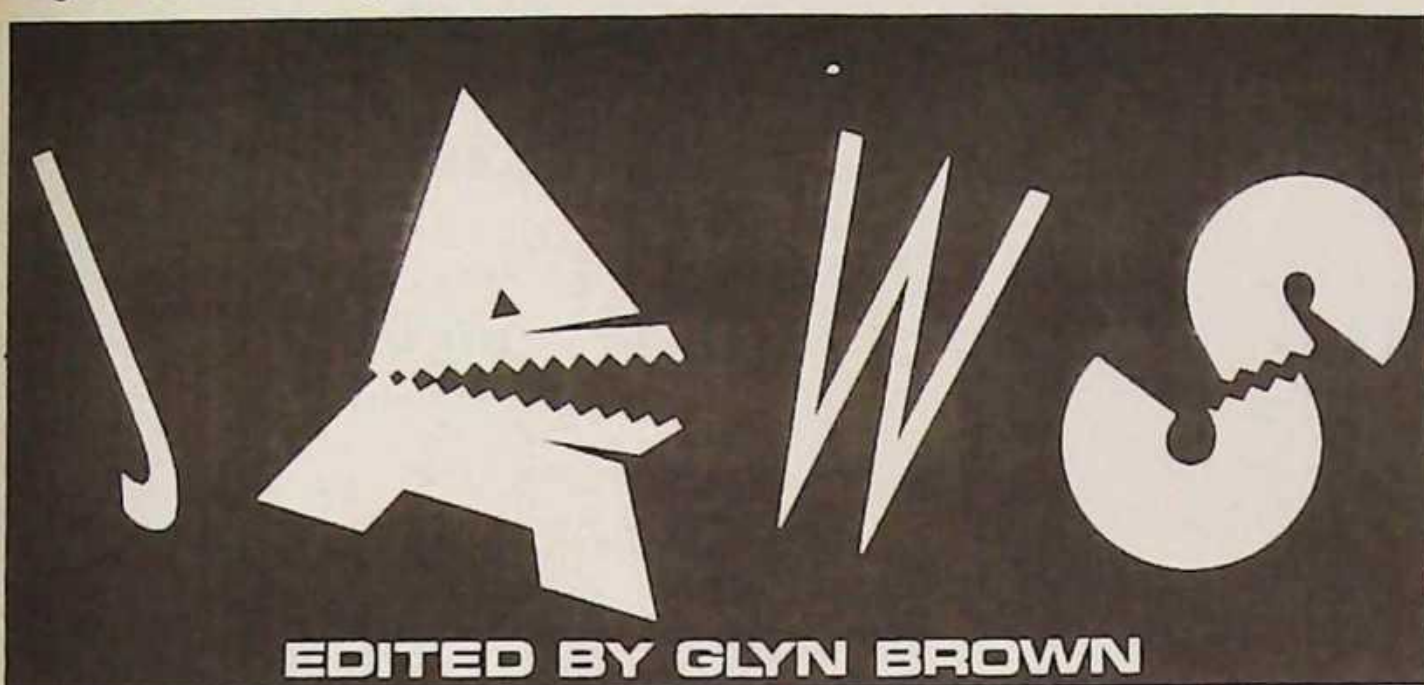
Compact discs from £6.95. Their top thirty starts at £9.95. Wow... or rather, no wow.



And to further assure George I played my favourite C.D. The Stones. I love the Stones. Can't believe they're still going... Good old Barney and Fred.



HA!



MOUNTAINEERING

WITH A whoosh and a push, a wease and a tease and a thrust and a shove, The Bambi Slam take the first space offered in this sacred arena, which is to be devoted to fresh yearlings with demos that show lashings of power, enthusiasm, energy, ability and, most importantly, potential. (He said, adopting his headmaster tone of voice.) And the title of the section is one of Morticia's jokes.

The Bambi Slam have oodles of these sparse talents. Their demo, scratchy and poorly recorded, still shows the sweeping energy to throw psychedelic influences, like 'Pebbles', and psycho pop candy together into a sweet pop conflux of mysterious, if not

menacing ambiguity. The two tracks on their demo are almost ghosts from the past but The Bambi Slam rejuvenate these noises in present ideas like busy, buzzing bees, fusing melodies and wallowing vocals that sing of the clichéd lyrics of old with a candid disinterest.

The Bambi Slam have all the carnivorous instincts to engrave their flippant distemper on the rump of present boredom. Catch 'em soon.

RON ROM
Anyone else interested in being in this section please send your demo to Sounds, c/o Ron Rom.

PIN THOSE ears right back – you heard – because this is maybe the main thing on the entire page.

The point (at last) is that Roy Wilkinson, despite having sweated long and hard, *didn't* get a by-line on his review of the Milton Keynes weekend.

This is being put down to "troubles at the printers" but whether it's that or just the idea of Jethro Tull playing the flute, it must not and it *will not* happen again. Until the next time. Sorry, Roy.

TRIPPING THE Or, Little

THE LONE pig on duty at Speakers Corner thought all his Christmases had come at once. Hippies! As far as the eye could see! His very own peace convoy! 40 coaches to nick! Wait till the lads hear about this!

"There will be prizes for casualties," bawls the man with the magaphone.

"Please piss well before getting on the coaches."

The television cameras watch the hippies get on the bus. Some of them are new hippies and some of them are a bit old. Hippies should really have an expiry date on them saying: Best Before September 1967, or something. Anyway, why they took us to Lowestoft is a complete bloody mystery. Most of the coaches seem to have made it anyway, but nobody really did a head count.

The lovely pop star Anadin Brothers are at the door handing out sticks of rock and badges – and when was the last time you saw Wham! hand out rock, anyway? And, oh look, there's Clive The Doctor who was on *Top Of The Pops*.

"Have you heard the latest?" says The Doctor. "The Sun says I'm cracking up and buying a cottage in Norfolk. I can't wait. Oh hi, Izzy. Did you have your

Alice In Wonderland said, I'm taking everyone on a Magical Mystery Trip, and Jaws was the first on the coach. We went and . . . well, we ended up in Lowestoft, but gee, we coulda been in Paradise. Whax! would like to relate how her journey unfolded, while Simon Cooper sends you his personalised postcard

BAND NICK NAME OFF SCAB TRAIN British Rail "unimpressed"



JOSEF PORTA: "Alright, so does it suit me or doesn't it?"

As THE stagnant pop waters lie shallow, muddy and dull, rightly refusing to be dappled by the filmy minnows of the insular and unrepentant 'indie' ghetto, it is splendidly refreshing to stumble upon a band that is both exciting and interesting.

There are a thousand and one things to be said about Blyth Power. Here are the first few:

1 When they poured the last bucket of water over the ashes of the Mob, Josef Porta (drums, mouth and new interviews) and his friend, bassist Curtis, decided to form a new band. They first obtained the services of the rawest of buzz guitarists, Neil, and then signed up a pair of young and willing flanking backing singers, Andy and Sarah by name.

2 Blyth Power is named after a train – number 56076 to its friends. And this is no coincidence, for Josef Porta is a train *lunatic* who likes to conduct his interviews in railway buffet bars.

3 Blyth Power play urgent yet regal post punk rock. Rhythms which snap at the heels evolve into fascinating and often amusing, if rambling and elusive, songs. Songs shaped with precision and perception by Josef around imagery riddled with allusions to history and mythology, religion and cricket, and, of course, trains.

"This isn't a gimmick, it's something I've been doing for years. The railways and trains are probably the focal point of my life at the moment. And so, of

course, this comes out in the band. Some people are rabid socialists or anarchists or whatever, and they express that in their music. I get such powerful imagery from the railways that my obsession, if you like, can't help but work its way out into my writing.

"And of course there is a whole wealth of history and industry and politics woven into the tapestry of the railways."

4 Josef knows so much about the railways, and is so enthusiastically consumed with his passion for the railway as a living, evolving structure fighting hard for its survival against the policies of consecutive governments, that he makes it a vibrant and important issue.

5 *Blyth Power*, the train, is one of the 56 Class freight engines working the merry-go-round service between the power stations and the coal mines.

"City Limits once accused us of poor taste in naming ourselves after a *scab train* which had crossed picket lines during the miners' strike, and they said we should have chosen to name ourselves after one of the illustrious Western Region diesel hydraulics. So we might bring the next single out under the name of The Royal Naval Reserve 1859-1959!"

6 There are a thousand and one things to be said about Blyth Power, a band with a thousand sparks of inspiration. This is one thousand more than most bands.



THAT'S CLEO and that's – oh, my Lord, that's not the Thatcher we think it is, is it?

THE FIRST thing to say is, where are you, Steve? That's as in *Diggle, Flag Of Convenience* mouthpiece and artiste of some consequence. Steve's mate Michelle at his management company just gave me a most concerned call here at Wax Towers (still dragging on that old story, yes sirree, and I expect you to believe it) to say he'd disappeared from rehearsals for his last week's 100 Club gig and hadn't been in contact for some time. Since he's booked to appear at the massive soon-arriving G-Mex show in Manchester, along with

The Fall, New Order, you know the score, Michelle was a bit worried he wasn't going to make it. "Just please ask him to get in touch with MCM Management," she said. "I'm really worried something awful's happened. This is really pretty out of character . . ." People care about you, Steve. Phone home . . .

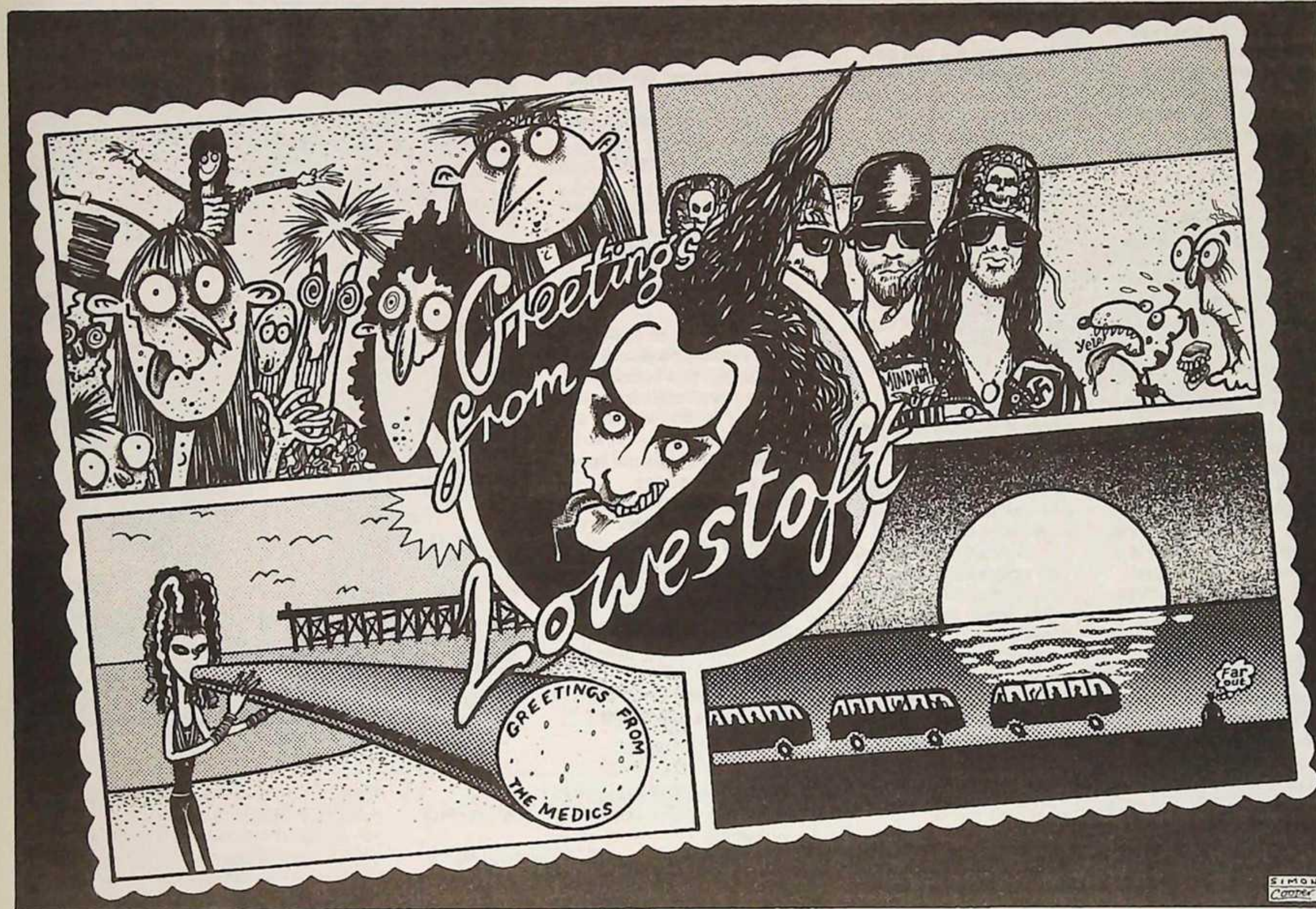
Just to prime you, Jonh Wilde has something fantastic (in the literal sense) to let us all into and it concerns steak and kidney pies and another disappearing singer.

Red Lorry Yellow Biscuit

People, people who love trains, they're the freakiest people in the world – a truer word was never said, and Blyth Power should know. They're not content with whipping a train's name, either – they're *still* obsessed. Roger Holland finds his station in life by giving them glp; Steve Double loads his film and shrieks, "All aboard!"

THROUGH THE ZODIAC MEDICAL WAY

Lord Motörwax takes the high road



wisdom teeth out yet?"
"Yeah, they're in the bag."

"Oh, brilliant man."
Little Lord Motörwax gets kissed by an Anadin

and says, "This is just like that party in *The Young Ones*." Yeah, except they

didn't have a string quartet in *The Young Ones*. Far out or what?

Definitely what. Get lost backstage and trip over Zodiac who is

"adjusting his trousers" – an edifying experience in this day and age. Kez walks around with a stick of rock in her mouth for hours after this – and she wasn't even there!

"Who's this?" some dredge of humanity asks Motörwax.

"Zodiac Mindwarp."

"Oh wow. He's had his hair cut. I'm going down the front."

"Say The Medics were the best I've ever seen them, and that's not just the mushrooms talking," says Motörwax as he floats by. "And you'd better mention Voodoo Child too."

Sod off, Motörwax, and let's go watch the sun rise and scare the locals with Zodiac and make them walk sideways into the sea. Yeah, sounds like a fab idea.

"Nnnghrrrrbb," says Kez. Oh, get that rock out of your mouth.

"Why do people make guns?" croons a passing bard at about 5am. "They make guns to propagate war. And kill women and children. Wherever they may be..."

Yeah, right on, baby. I can dig where your vibe is coming from but, if you'll just excuse me, I'm getting my ass outta here.

200 people got left behind by the coaches. It was several days before they even noticed.

DEUCED IF I know what we were doing at the reception for this year's Wavendon Allmusic Awards. Apart from the ritual guzzling of bubbly, quail's eggs and bulbous bits of asparagus (what! no caviar!) we heard venerable jazz-type guy John Dankworth introduce hundreds of nominations for top-hole prizes which most of the nominees hadn't bothered to turn up for. The lucky few did collected a jovial squeeze from John's plucky memsahib, Cleo Laine, while the rest of us got on with the serious biz of checking the Moet vintage and giving thanks that Richard Stilgoe and Julian Lloyd Webber weren't present.

Dinner suits and black tie please for the actual awards beano at the Barbican on September 29.

By the by, our big ears overheard one distinguished member of the paparazzi telling Ms Cleo to "stop talking, you stupid bitch" while posing, but we'll put that down to too much pepper in the tiffin, eh?

BASIL WAX-MONTAGUE

(don't let's start that joke again, please) have just been groovin' on a mind-blowing tour of Europe and America. It seems the boys managed to lay a trail of misadventure across the continent and 1300 Spaniards nearly rioted in Valencia, the band's van was smashed up by "complete fiends" in Barcelona and in Rome (they're so brutally hot-headed, mmmh!) the frenzied crowd tore down a toilet door in appreciation (whaaaaaat?) and passed it over the heads of the audience as a souvenir. These dedicated hombres (or buggers for

punishment) have toddled back to Belgium again, but they hit these heated (I hate this heat! Hate it...) shores again in time for their Electric Ballroom date of July 10. The toilet doors there aren't too loose, though, are they?

There's a new club opening, guys and superior-brained people (that's women, 'course) and it's entitled *The Dip*. This glg will be held in the "stylish and jazzual basement atmosphere" (it says here) of 383 Euston Road and will take over from the sadly demised (who says?) Sol Y Sombra,

giving you jazz, latin and, er, boogaloo. Entry price is a moderate £3, and things get swingin' about 10.30ish Thursdays. Let me know what happens...

We still haven't been inside the Limelight (that's the church one) in a businesslike capacity, but *Staxa Wax* has invaded the hallowed portals (even tho it's not technically open). We'll bring you news of the official unveiling soon...

Some stupid thing here from West London band *The Junkys* who say they want it to be known they are not to be called 'The Chelsea Horrorshow'. Alright, you're not The Chelsea Horrorshow.

Queen's PR, the brave and resilient *Roxy*, has phoned to say how Queen just played Berlin's Waldbühne (try saying it if reading it's hard), which is a natural amphitheatre where – deep gasp – Hitler used to make those riveting speeches of his. "You could make the connection," says *Roxy*, "not that they've, er, got the same political aspirations" (pooh, of course not!) "but they both received frenzied reactions in that place." Mmm. For the band's Berlin show, *John Hurt* even flew his new(ish) wife, *Donna*, over so that Freddie could make it a birthday treat by singing all the numbers to her. What, even 'Big Bottomed Girls'? Yours, dreaming of ice cubes,

MORTICIA WAX

PS Lord Waistrel's on holiday in the South of France. But he'll be back. Unfortunately.



GARY WITH Ruby Turner and D C Lee. Wooo!

Steve Double

"HI CHEERY chappies and chapesses, it's Gary's bit in the middle here."

You know, ooh, Gary Davies – what you do to me! Hunk hunk hunk. Which bit in the middle? Ehhh, not that bit, heeee! Ooh, what you do to me, and every lunchtime as well. Whilst I'm sitting in the office filing my nails or just relaxing at home with the dishes in something 'comfortable' (sic), ooh, Gary, you're the perfect lunchtime dish for me. I go all...tingly...when you start to talk. You're my favourite Radio 1 fella. Young, free and single, I'll be the mustard on your hot-dog any day.

But what I want to know, and I want an answer now please, thank you very much mister, is just who are those two floozies on your arm, when everybody knows that I'm your bit in the middle. I don't care if they're pop singers or what, young, free and single's one thing, floozies is another. No, D C Lee

and Ruby Turner, I don't care. And you should take that stupid necklace off as well, you don't even come from anywhere near Liverpool. Oh yes, it's all very well making a berk of yourself on the air but there's no need to do it in aid of other people's concerts. Oh, you're compering in Liverpool, for Granada TV! Rock around the dock, wasn't that a song, yes I thought so. Well even if there are going to be great dumper trucks full of chart-toppers all on a floating stage in the middle of a Liverpool dock, broadcasting to the nation, I still don't think it looks like a gold chain.

Yes, yes, I know the things we do for love, and there's nothing I wouldn't do for you, Gary dear, but Granada TV must really inspire your devotion. I must admit I will look forward to seeing you on the box on August 29 but I hope nothing will take the place of your bit in the middle. Oooh, Gary Davies.

STAXA "EMPTY HEAD" WAX

FUNNY VALENTINES GET FEVER AND GO 'GEEK'

"Too decadent for Berlin" claim

My Bloody Valentine – what can we say about them? First, that they have strange haircuts. Second, that they pose for pictures funny. Third – well, enough from the *Jaws* team. Wax O'Scratch has a word or three on the subject and encourages the corruption inherent in this lot to flow forth. Steve Double went along to gape in awe...



THE HEADLINE splurged across the page... 'Government help for Put-upon pop stars'. What! This will have the BBC's switchboard going berserk. So who are these pop stars, and how come the torrid Tories are trying to beat Dick Branson at his own game all of a sudden? I looked, I searched but it was all a myth. What I found was My Bloody Valentine. Put upon, sure. Pop stars, possibly. Help? Never. We sat in a pub (where else?). I posed as an interested pork scratchings salesman and tried to get the awful truth about their rise to infamy. Three of them are from Dublin, the other is a girl. They all wore black. How about that for mixed media? "We got serious when we decided to leave the country." What, you were forced out? My pen was itching. "Well, I suppose so, we

couldn't get any gigs there." So where did you go? "Holland. We got one gig over there so we decided to stay." And this was the big time? "Not really. We ended up losing all our money and living in disgusting youth hostels." The story continues with the Bloodies being championed by a Dutch club owner. He sets them up in a cottage in the country. Then... "We went to Berlin." You certainly get around. Was the reaction in Berlin any more positive? "Yeah, some guy heard our demo tape, he must have been on drugs or something because after two songs he was just rolling around laughing." Ah, drugs! But what came next? "He did an album which came out last year, then we went back to Holland and then we moved to England. We'd got a

reputation for being too decadent and drinking too much." Too decadent for Berlin, huh? "Then we met the down and outs at Fever and recorded an EP called 'Geek!'" Ah, yes, I think I've heard it, a kind of melodic drone that's twinging people in the places they'd forgotten about. It's very loud. "Yes, but we're getting even more melodic now. Although I can't really imagine housewives dancing to My Bloody Valentine." No, I don't suppose so. And I can't see the Government giving them financial aid, either. Still, if people want to go out and seriously damage their ears and get a thrill out of saying Bloody in front of their parents, then the time is right. Me, I'll stick to my pork scratchings and Beatles albums.

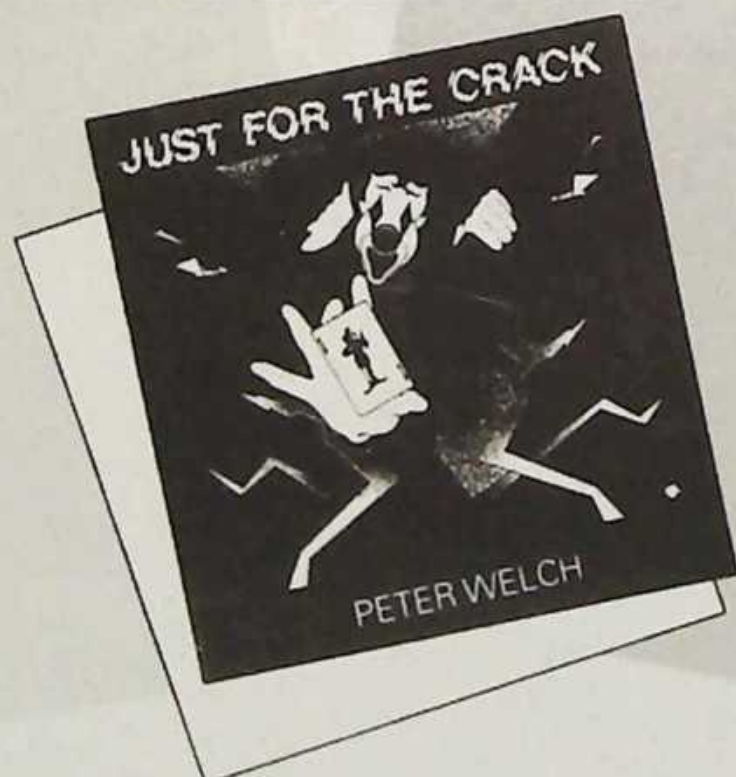


"I CAN see right up your nose now..."

JUST FOR THE CRACK

FEATURING

SINGER/SONGWRITER PETER WELCH
MICKY JONES, JOHN WEATHERS
(EX. LEGENDARY MAN BAND)
MIKE VAUGHAN-JONES (KEYBOARDS)
DAVE BELL (BASS)



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NEW ALBUM
OUT NOW

PRODUCED BY GRAHAM DICKSON

HEAT RECORDS ALBUM REF CBS HEAT 101 DISTRIBUTION BY *Gipsy* THROUGH



HERE IN the States, the TVs say don't go. Ronnie Reagan says, Don't go. And Iggy Pop isn't going. The terrorist threat isn't the reason that old Ig isn't coming to the UK though – he's just heard that there's a whole subculture and youth movement called Kill Iggy Pop. Another case of mistaken identity, a secret publicity ploy or just a ruse to send the urchin who once rolled in broken bottles for kicks into a state of temporary panic? Seems that Pop's enforced sprint into

Rambo-style survivalism was a little premature, especially when you find out that the ageing rocker misunderstood the scam completely. See, London folk group Kill Ugly Pop had merely sent the man a postcard suggesting he might like to hear their new record, but Iggy wasn't taking any risks. So anyone spotting a tubby Jerry Lewis lookalike sporting three days' growth and trying to keep out of the spotlight should immediately ignore him. Why confuse the boy? **MAXWELL O'WAXBURGER**



IGGY TAKES LUNCH

KILL IGGY POP

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WHSMITH WHSMITH



 While stocks last 

'EAVEN

MOMUS: flower power



ATTEMPTING TO solve the cursed independent label's severe inferiority complex and identity crisis is the slightly implausible but rarely impenetrable *él* records.

With a medieval line in hair-styles, a modern attention to mystification and no dumb show of self-gratification, Mike Alway – full-time idealist and possessor of torrid imagination – is steadily bringing his quite improbable organisation close to prolonged pleasure, hauling it willingly into perspective.

"If *él* wasn't a label," he ponders, "it would be a restaurant or a bar, one of those old bars where there's no music at all, perhaps gentlemen only, loads of good conversation, where you have this special relationship with the barman – though not too pally – the idea of something private and delicately euphoric."

A dilettantish, enigmatic kind of pulse and outlet, young at 18 months old, *él* is currently enjoying its second deep breath, with plenty of charge left in the battery, at last plucked from the midsts of theory and brought to life.

Back in late '84, it was kid sister to the infant Blanco Y Negro, slipping singles like Shock Headed Peters' gorgeously ruptured, rambling 'I Bloodbrother Be' and Klaxon 5's fake funk 'Hothouse' into the cramped mainstream with encouraging greediness and unfuddled single-mindedness.

Then... a slow hiss and nothing. Forced into a laboured lull ("because of a mixture of financial considerations and the whole restrictive system") Alway's ideal suffered a brief marriage with the Belgian Les Disques Du Crepuscule organisation, then fluttered out of sight and mind for a whole year.

With perfumed and poisoned pleasure, *él* rallies back this month with a dramatic discharge of four chaste 12-inch singles and an

enhanced sense of purpose, its undaunted dalliance with possibilities now partially channelled through the Cherry Red waterways. So what's so different and what are its lofty intentions this time around?

ALL RECORDS on *él*," Alway tells me with no trace of irony, "are aimed at teenage kids. I come into work on the bus every morning with all these screaming kids reading *Smash Hits* and *No 1*. They're the kind of people I'm making records for, not bloody adults. What I want to do at the moment is, for once, something genuinely mysterious, something with suggestion that will fascinate people.

"It could be argued that we're working on a dangerously subtle level, which I can see the point in. They might always be a few vital inches from chart pop sensibility. If there's a chart period their virtues could parallel with, then it would have to be the '60s – a much more welcoming environment for this kind of music.

"*él* is attempting to dispose of all the superfluous weight that hangs around the pop record these days, bringing it back to the issue of a good tune, an attractive package and an attractive persona, acres of personality, even if it has little to do with the truth.

"Fantasy and lies could play their part, too. I'm completely bored with the idea of doing something marginal. If something hasn't got the potential to be a major influence then I wouldn't touch it with a barge-pole."

He's been talking quickly. He stops to breathe and continues.

"It would be wrong to assume that the aim is for *él* to put out a few good indie singles, do nothing commercially at first, gradually grow boringly into just another label, then license itself to some awful major outlet, make lots of money, go downhill all the way. Equally, I'm not interested in building things up, building some nebulous career out of seeing my bands playing endless gigs and inching their way into the indie chart. Awful! All that can be completely overrun by one brilliant record."

We could talk all night about the blank-brained indies, all the barren minds, spineless impacts and their grimy options. *él* is not yet nifty enough but its second cavalry charge hints at something slightly perilous for now.

Its first four releases of the year – Gol Gappas, Momus, Louis Philippe and the double-sided Anthony Adverse/King Of Luxembourg – are a discreet downpour of steady confirmation, with enough moist moments to say that *él* is going to be very special.

"We're more like a good '60s label," he presumes, "say like Verve, where you get Mothers Of Invention next to Ella Fitzgerald, next to The Righteous Brothers. All classy, all fitting in, where you can see that it's not run by some bloody hippies!"

Where *él* begins to take on different shapes and shades to its indie cousins is in conception. When the four 12-inch singles were ready for recording, Alway marched along to the studio with Frankie Howerd and Charlie Drake singles tucked under his arm. Finding the producer-to-be, he planted them on the mixing-desk with a proud, "This is the sound we're looking for".

"We're after this mix of comedy records, bubblegum pop, novelty songs and the manufactured idea," Alway tells me. "I listen to a lot of crap like Jonathan King and The Archies because those records sold millions and there's

an element in there I want to use. There has to be some juxtaposition between all that and the high density of something like Wire."

So why is *él* different? What miracles are being worked here?

"An occasional indifference to reality, a certain morality, obsession with the entire idea, the value of innocence, spirit and personality, disposability, camp, collectability, the aesthetics and the idea of remarkable performance."

DINNER WITH Nougat', four "eclectic, multi-faceted pop songs" by Gol Gappas was the most yearning and corrosive of the four *él* spring spasms, though Alway claims that this is the least remarkable so far.

"We needed to put in something that was lightly psychedelic, something like early Manfred Mann. There's nothing real there at all, though Gol Gappas would totally disagree."

Which they did.

Colin (Taurus) and Nik (Gemini) tell me they're completely real, even if they're not "a proper pop group".

"We aim for as many barbs as we can. On the EP, it all seems very simple, frothy and light, but if you look at the colours, there's much more underneath."

"We want to create the kind of feeling you get on the Kellogg's Cornflakes packets, all that sunshine. Actually, we're sun-worshippers, that's what we do in our spare time! We're more coherent than neurotic, we're adult without being Paul Simon. We're black humour turning grey and our writing style could be described as 'observatory', a short story with a twist style."

Gol Gappas will make films and write theme tunes for television ("we want to give Ronnie Hazellhurst a run for his money"). They want to make film noir pop videos, not necessarily in sync.

About the EP.

"Ice Cream' is the love song, almost Thomas Hardy, our r'n'r number, the bitter-sweet look at the middle of a love affair.

"There's 'Albert Parker', which everyone tells us is an 'Arnold Layne' for the '80s. We've never heard of Syd Barrett though.

"Saint Lucy' is about the reverence of lust – something to be worshipped, a golden thing – which attempts to blow the cobwebs from all that Catholic guilt, our most jangliest song ever.

"Chickenpox' is about how everyone doesn't do what they want to do and how they all believe that what they do is so important, with the most overstated melody in the history of pop."

Finally, "The first person to write to *Sounds* telling us what our name means, including a complete recipe, we'll take out for a beer and curry."

Gol Gappas are less *él* than most.

NICHOLAS CURRY, under the mask of Momus, is more *él* than most. Not only is he the label's most resourceful, supple lyricist/performer (the LP 'Circus Maximus' and the current Brel EP already carved out), he also serves as *él*'s sleeve-note writer (the marvellously obtuse scrawl that decorates all output) and one third of the company's conceptual thinktank (along with the omnipresent Alway and Monochrome Set's Bid).

Momus has allegedly spent the last two years,

following his Machiavellian volley in 4AD's The Happy Family, coming to terms with his over-education. His torrential rain of images and ulcerated fables make Tim Buckley and most other rock bards look like legless limerick minstrels.

The idea of his three Brel covers, stripped of their afterglow orchestration, reduced to acoustic skeletons and slight whimsy, he acknowledges as "admittedly reactionary".

"Of course Brel's versions are better than mine," he grins wide. "For me, it was the sheer pleasure of getting into daddy's trousers, nothing much more."

He seems amused at all the impreciseness, more content to discuss the Momus past and its impending future, looking back at his criminally ignored album from the beginning of this year with lecherous fondness.

"There was so much midnight oil channelled into those songs," he recalls, "thousands of pounds of books and hours and hours of learning, so much insomnia, a year of living behind these yellow curtains in Streatham. I wanted to release something as unpalatable as possible, a way of reinventing ways of being dangerous."

Momus confides in his low, Scottish drawl that people underestimate his stature as a comic ("they all assume this is so deathly serious") and says that lies are most interesting.

For later in the year, he has a few dark pleasures plotted. *él* are giving him a free run in their A&R department for an entire month, allowing him four projects of his choice.

"I could drag some tramp in off the street and let him make a record."

There's also a new EP on the cards titled 'BBC1' – "maybe death would be like watching that channel all the time, I can't think of a worse hell".

Final thought.

"Momus is like the kind of thing you'd like to read in your birthday cards instead of all those sticky sentimental messages."

LOUIS PHILIPPE is *él*'s "classic voice", according to Alway, and his debut 'Red Roses & Red Noses' is a virgin hum of late night sobriety, *él*'s version of 'Feelings'... "a magnificent snogging record".

Born in Normandy, 26-year-old Louis whispers in my ear something about "these melodramatic, sentimental, dark soundtracks" of his.

"The power of suggestion must be the aim, something barely grating with a shiny, shivery surface. I wanted these songs to sound pink.

The most important things about them are obsessive melody, vigorous voice and independence of the instruments, of the sound.

"There's also a sense of morality about them, which fits in with the label's aversion to the vulgarity in pop."

Louis has hobbies, some of the unusual things – French stamps, tennis, wine, whisky (particularly Laphroaig Islay Single Malt), hunting ("I only shoot woodcocks!"), cooking, mushroom-picking, gambling and Orson Welles.

He tells me that *él*'s methods and myth-making are the utter antithesis to ZTT's artful uncouthness – the former's nature being aristocratic, the latter's capitalistic.

Louis Philippe, with his carefully distilled brimstone ballads (a new one softly stepping out as we speak), could be potentially sumptuous and, already, he's making Anne

Seconds out . . . What makes an indie like *ÉL* tick louder than the rest? JONH WILDE clocks in to speak to label boss MIKE ALWAY and some of his latest talent

AND ÉL

GOL GAPPAS: taking off

Pigalle sound like a hacking bout of colic.
With his sticky white mists, él gives us the voice.

THEN THERE'S the sphinx-like Anthony Adverse character — "our heatstroke of sexuality", as Alway enthuses. "A crucial element in the él make-up. It is so important that people don't see us as a continuation of the Cherry Red image of people sitting around in painted skirts having a picnic somewhere in the forest."

I speak to Anthony on a crackly telephone line from Budapest, where she now resides.

"Being a blood relation of Fyodor Dostoyevsky does have its drawbacks," she explains. "Everybody expects you to be literary, to offer clever remarks all the time. Growing up in Moscow — I'm now an exile — the only pop music I ever heard as a child was a tape of The Beatles. Since then, I always wanted to make this music myself."

Occupying one side of her debut él 12-inch single, with the other by King Of Luxembourg, Anthony offers spirited renditions of Bid's 'Ruling Class' and Vic Godard's 'Trouble'.

"I met Alway at the Wimbledon tennis contest two years ago," she tells me. "We were waiting in line to buy strawberries and cream and just started talking."

"When I mentioned that I was Dostoyevsky's relative, he offered me a record deal. Only later, he found out that I taught chamber music in a Hungarian school. I could have had no talent at all for all he knew."

"I like él because it has a great Britishness about it, it seems very clean, very sophisticated. When I first met Mike Alway, I thought he was slightly mad — all he talked about was cricket, Ealing comedies, Ian Carmichael. I had no idea about these things. Now I'm learning all the time."

"No, I don't have a favourite book by Dos, actually I prefer Solzhenitsyn or Gogol. . . My favourite pop song is now 'Hullo My Darlings' by Charlie Drake, which Mike gave me for Christmas."

WAKE up at four every morning, get out my release schedule and worry like hell," Alway is concluding. "I wonder if these are great ideas, or am I indulging myself. Of course I wonder. . ."

This month glimpses another trail of deviant intrigue. There's the stainless and thoroughly immoral 'Caravaggio' sound sketches, soaked with fairly untypical él debauch; there's The Monochrome Set's 'Fin', a scattering of live oddments caressing the last five years; then there's Bid's 'Reach For The Gun', an EP which witnesses the man's return to a fetching bedlam, the mad young wag.

If that's not enough to make your tongue cleave to the roof of your mouth, él's mid-July downpour gets caressed in this week's singles round-up (see page 18).

To follow? Theme music for television, corporate sponsorship, some ingenious rhymes, a Louis Philippe album, "plenty of sinister scandal", revival of the expression 'hit parade', schizophrenic words, "a more sensual él", more enigma, much more rapt pop, more addiction.

Staggeringly clever, can we let él pour their daft conceit down our throats?

"él will be an entire spectrum," says Alway. "And it's going to keep me awake. . . for some time yet."



"We're more like a good '60s label . . . All classy, all fitting in, where you can see that it's not run by some bloody hippies!"

EDITED BY TONY MITCHELL

KING DAVID
(UIP)

IN THEORY, it makes sound sense for UIP to have cast an actor whose career is based on heaving his collection of nut-brown DNA from bed to boudoir as the uxorious King David. In fact, almost none of this tedious religious epic deals with amorous goings-on, so Richard

If there was a reason to make this film, it must lie in the brains of Richard Gere's sworn enemies. But then, as *Ecclesiastes* so succinctly puts it, "who knows the meaning of anything?"

GLYN BROWN

POLICE ACADEMY

3

BACK IN
TRAINING

PG

WARNER BROS. Presents A PAUL MASLANSKY PRODUCTION
A JERRY PARIS Film "POLICE ACADEMY 3: BACK IN TRAINING"
Starring STEVE GUTTENBERG · BUBBA SMITH · DAVID GRAF · MICHAEL WINSLOW
MARION RAMSEY · LESLIE EASTERBROOK · ART METRANO · TIM KAZURINSKY
BOBCAT GOLDTHWAIT as Zed and GEORGE GAYNES as Cmdt. Lassard
Music Composed by ROBERT FOLK · Written by GENE QUINTANO
Produced by PAUL MASLANSKY · Directed by JERRY PARIS

MICK DUFFIELD/CRASS
Christ: The Movie

DAVE HENDERSON

BEATING TIME

David Widgery

Why oh why do political activists have to re-write history in black and white when all you see around is shades of grey? RAR lanced an uncomfortable boil and stirred rock and roll's latent social conscience but to claim that it "*cured the schizophrenia between Marxist politics and modern culture*" is as preposterous as it is self-defeating.

HUGH FIELDER

HOT WACKS BOOK XI
(Babylon)

BOOTLEGGERS HAVE lost much of their kudos since bands got wise and started tossing out their own mixing desk tapes on single B-sides and mini-albums. But the latest edition of the bootleggers bible hasn't got any thinner and there are entries from The Residents, The Cure, Killing Joke, Joy Division, REM, Marc Almond, The Blasters, Green On Red, The Dead Kennedys, New Order, Dream Syndicate and even Girlschool amid the ageing superstars and punk legends.

HUGH FIELDER

PIL Videos

(Palace Pictures)
FOR A combo who once threatened that all things video were absolutely *it*, PiL have done precious little in the medium. This compilation

MASQUERADE Brit soul discovery showcased by Streetsounds

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Picture Box One

YOU BOUGHT the albums, broke to the 12 inchers, rubbed the sweat away from your brow . . . but what have you got left at the end of the day when the club's closed and the TV is through?

Well, Morgan Khan has the answer, and the first release on his non-stop audio-visual master-mix funk vid label has enough to keep the eyes rolling into the wee small hours.

Sure enough, usual problems of live footage and tenuous and slightly unimaginative clips do occur.

but the music wins through every time on this 12-track sling shot. Maze's 'Joy And Pain', Chaka Khan's 'I'm Every Woman' and 'Ain't Nobody' guarantee quality, but top visuals come from Janet Jackson on the killer 'What Have You Done For Me Lately', the excellent story line and animation of George Clinton's 'Do Fries Go With That Shake' and the unexpected filmic workout of Morris Day's 'Oak Tree'.

Top marks, too, for Masquerade on 'Solution To The Problem', and, and . . . oh what the hell, just buy the damn thing. It's only £12.50.

DAVE HENDERSON

traces their gesticulations
through the ages and comes in
with a paltry seven cuts

Primal days were promising, 'Public Image' and 'Death Disco' both displaying a versatile vagrancy, but by the time you're at 'This Is Not A Love Song', Johnny's beginning to look like a lonely, lonely boy.

Sure, most of these songs are fine, and that 'Public Image clip brings back memories of trying to buy a shiny suit and attempting to understand Keith Levine's guitar playing, but *Videos* is no genre showcase

In fact, the lack of plot ideas (ranging from *Macbeth* to a backdrop of washing lines in latter epics) makes for very tame viewing.

PiL have had their ups and downs. They've written great songs that have changed lives, lifted eyebrows and generally pissed off the right people. They've also lapsed into HM and grown complacent at times, and unfortunately their video outbursts fall in the latter guise without being a fraction as jolting.

DAVE HENDERSON

DENNIS QUAID holding a bit that dropped off

ENEMY MINE

(Twentieth Century Fox)
FOR ALL you slushy sci-fi romantics mourning the demise of Harrison Ford in all those sentimental *Star Wars* clichés – here comes the sci-fi you've been waiting for, complete with a Harrison Ford lookalike too!

You've never had it so good – stomach-churningly ugly allens, plenty of gore, and a heart-rending little love story to match. Oh, my eyes water just to think of it.

But wait! This is a *serious epic*, full of Christian morality portrayed by the relationship between alien and human, taking place on a 'planet never seen before'.

But don't be fooled by the corny, sickly story – *Enemy Mine* is worth it for the backdrops alone. Huge shimmering orange landscapes where two suns and six moons career across the skies, horrific monsters that squelch forward from the very bowels of the earth, an alien called a Drac who could almost ooze pus on close viewing, with a voice that makes the flesh crawl. Yes – it's all rather quaint really.

Full marks to director Wolfgang Petersen (of *Das Boot* and *The Neverending Story* fame) and a production team culled from special effects classics like *Star Wars*, *Gremlins* and the *Indiana Jones* films. And Dennis Quaid certainly is a likeable newcomer to the big screen. Should keep everyone happy in their second childhood.

SALLY GETHIN

MEMORY

Sunday July 13

- 1942** Birthday of **Roger (Jim) McGuinn** of **The Byrds**, in Chicago.
- 1978** The third BBC radio ban was imposed on a **Sex Pistols** single, this time 'No One Is Innocent', which featured **Ronnie Biggs**.
- 1981** A 19-year-old was stabbed to death during audience violence which disrupted a concert by **Black Uhuru** at the Rainbow, London.
- 1985** The Live Aid concerts were held in aid of Africa, at Wembley and at JFK Stadium, Philadelphia, with global TV coverage featuring most of the world's top rock stars. **The Who** reformed for the event, as did **Jimmy Page** and **Robert Plant** to play a **Led Zeppelin** slot. **Phil Collins** appeared at both venues, racing between them by Concorde.

Monday July 14

- 1952** Birthday of **Chris Cross** of **Ultravox**.
- 1972** **Gary Glitter** made his live debut under that name, at Melksham, Wilt.
- 1973** **The Everly Brothers** split up, following an aggro-filled last performance together at Knots Berry Farm, during

which **Phil Everly** smashed his guitar on the stage floor. Death of **Malcolm Owen** of **The Ruts**, from a heroin overdose, in his bath at home in London.

Tuesday July 15

1946 Birthday of **Linda**



RONNIE BIGGS: unholy alliance led to Pistols ban eight years ago

- 1949** Birthday of **Trevor Horn**, formerly of **Buggles** and **Yes**, and now **FGTH's** producer.
- 1958** Death of **John Lennon's** mother **Julia**, in a road accident in Liverpool.
- 1973** **Ray Davies** announced on stage at White City that he was leaving **The Kinks**. He rejoined within a week, though, after recovering from exhaustion.
- 1978** **Bob Dylan** topped the bill (also including **Eric Clapton**) at the Blackbushe Aerodrome Festival, playing to over 200,000 people.

Wednesday July 16

- 1941** Birthday of **Desmond Dekker**, in Kingston, Jamaica.
- 1952** Birthday of **Stewart Copeland** of **The Police**, in Alexandria, Virginia.
- 1966** **Eric Clapton**, **Ginger Baker** and **Jack Bruce** teamed up as **Cream**.
- 1971** **Robin Trower** left **Procol Harum**.
- 1974** The US Department Of Justice served **John Lennon** with an order to leave the country within 60 days.
- 1976** **The Allman Brothers** split up.
- 1980** The film **No Nukes**, documenting the anti-nuclear Central Park concert which featured **Bruce Springsteen** and many others, was premiered in New York.
- 1981** Death of singer-songwriter **Harry Chapin**, aged 39, when his car was hit by a truck in New York.

Thursday July 17

- 1971** Birthday of **Spencer Davis**, in Swansea.
- 1959** Death of jazz singer **Billie Holiday**, aged 44, from liver failure aggravated by heavy drug use, in New York.
- 1978** **Gary Moore** left **Thin Lizzy** while the band was on an American tour.

Friday July 18

- 1939** Birthday of **Dion (DiMucci)** of 'The Wanderer' fame, in the Bronx, New York.
- 1941** Birthday of **Martha Reeves** of **Martha & The Vandellas**, in Detroit.
- 1975** **Bob Marley & The Wailers** recorded 'No Woman No Cry' live on stage at London's Lyceum.

Saturday July 19

- 1947** Birthday of **Brian May** of **Queen**, in Twickenham.
- 1954** **Elvis Presley's** first single 'That's All Right Mama' was issued in Memphis by Sun Records.
- 1976** **Deep Purple** split up.
- 1983** Stocks of **The Anti-Nowhere League's** album 'Live In Yugoslavia' were seized by the police from the distributor's warehouse, under the provisions of the Obscene Publications Act.

INFO RIOT

EDITED BY BARRY LAZELL

SOLO FLIGHT

A MONTH or so ago, I promised a listing of solo and offshoot items by the members of **Wire**, a lot of info on which had been kindly supplied by **S E Cross** of Redhill, Surrey. There may be more material than this, but I haven't discovered anything to date to add to it, so I'll leave it to eagle-eyed readers. Firstly, the **Bruce Gilbert** and **Graham Lewis** material, recorded under a variety of solo, duet and band names, as detailed below. Singles first:

- 4AD BAD 9** 'Like This For Ages'/'Kluba Cupol' (1980)
This was recorded under the name **Cupol**, and was a 12-inch only single on which the A-side played at 45rpm, and the B-side (which was 20 minutes long) was at 33rpm.
- 4AD AD 106** 'Ends With The Sea'/'Hung Up To Dry While Building An Arch' (1981) Released by **Gilbert & Lewis**, on 7-inch only.
- Mute MUTE 025** 'Or So It Seems'/'Heart Of Hearts (Or So It Seems)' (1982) Released under the name **Duet Emmo**; on 12-inch only.
- Mute MUTE 41** 'Only One 1'/'Only One 1-11' (1985) Released under the name **He Said**; also on 12-inch with the same tracks.
- There was also a **Gilbert & Lewis** 12-inch EP (or mini-album, as it was marketed):
- 4AD CAD 16** '3R4' Tracks: 'Barge Calm'/'3.4'/'Barge Calm'/'R' (1980)

The albums also switch recording names quite profusely, the best-known identity for the duo being that of **Dome**, responsible for four albums:

- Dome DOME 1** 'Dome' (1980)
Dome DOME 2 'Dome 2' (1980)
Dome DOME 3 'Dome 3' (1981)
Uniton U 011 'Will You Speak This Word: Dome IV' (1982)
There was also an LP as **Gilbert & Lewis** released during the **Dome** period:
Cherry Red BRED 27 'MZU1' (1982)
Other albums:
Mute STUMM 11 'Or So It Seems' (1983) (as **Duet Emmo**)
Court COURT 1 'Whilst Climbing. Thieves. Vie. For. Attention' (1983) as **P'O**
Mute STUMM 18 'This Way' (1984) (a **B C Gilbert** solo album)
The track 'Twist Up' from the 'Dome 2' album also appeared on the cassette-only compilation 'From Brussels With Love' (**Les Disques Du Crepuscule TWI 007**), in 1981. Also on cassette, **Touch Tapes** 'Meridians', volumes 1 and 2, feature **Graham Lewis's** 'He Said Argh' and **B C Gilbert's** 'Children' respectively. Neither of these tracks were released elsewhere.

And so on to **Colin Newman**, whose solo releases have not quite been as complex. Singles were:
Beggars Banquet BEG 48 'B'/'Classic Remains'/'Alone On Piano' (1980)

- Beggars Banquet BEG 52** 'Inventory'/'This Picture' (1981)
4AD AD 209 'Not To'/'We Means We Starts' (1982)
And the albums:
Beggars Banquet BEGA 20 'A-Z' (1980)
4AD CAD 108 'Provisionally Entitled The Singing Fish' (1981)
4AD CAD 201 'Not To' (1982)
Worth noting is that 'Not Me', a song written by **Colin Newman** though not recorded elsewhere, is performed by members of **Modern English**, **X Mal Deutschland** and **The Cocteau Twins** on the album 'It'll End In Tears' by **This Mortal Coil** (**4AD CAD 411**). Newman also produced the first **Virgin Prunes** LP, and the recent album by **Minimal Compact**.

Final footnotes on **Wire** themselves, courtesy of a letter from our ace Danish correspondents **Jesper Relsinger** and **Jan Poulsen** which arrived too late to make the June 7 update.

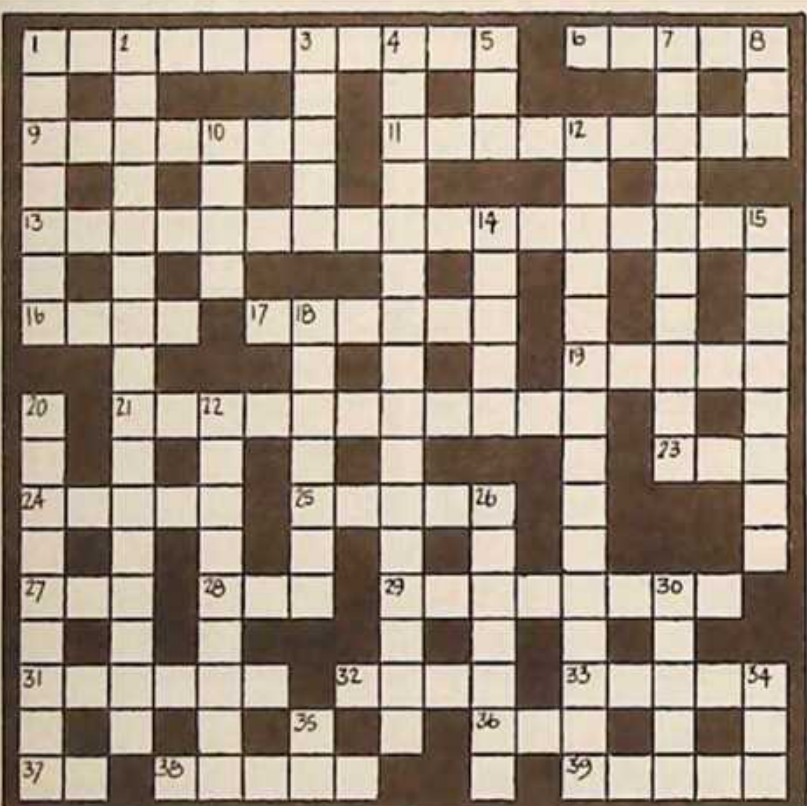
The cassette version of 'Document And Eyewitness' was actually on **Rough Tapes COPY 004**; release dates for the singles 'A Question Of Degree' and 'Map Ref. 41°N 93°W' were **July 1979** and **November 1979** respectively; and the first single 'Mannequin' appeared in a limited-edition 12-incher, though with identical tracks and catalogue number to the 7-inch version.

Jan and Jesper also give full details of the German **Wire** compilation which I mentioned last month. On **Sneaky Pete Records 334882**, it was released in January of last year, and in addition to all the tracks on the UK 'Wire Play Pop' compilation on **The Pink Label**, contained the following:

'Field Day For The Sundays'/'Reuters'/'Three Girl Rhumba'/'Champs'/'Options R'/'Sand In My Joints'/'Being Sucked In Again'/'Mercy'/'A Question Of Degree'/'I Should Have Known Better'/'On Returning'.

XWORD

By Sue Buckley



ACROSS

1. Seasonal residence is a contender (11) 6. What Claire G might do to her image (5) 9. Skids' puzzling mime (7) 11. Their model was lookin' good (9) 13. Where Lovebug Starski freaked out with the Amityville Horror (3.5.2.3.4) 16. What Midge might do to his wild wind (4) 17. ZZ's single TV meal (6) 19. ... and Duran's fave TV arts prog (5) 21. Animal, meddler, obscured by clouds? (4.7) 23. Teddy Pendergrass suffered a love one (1.1.1) 24. 28's salad surgery (5) 25. Robert, on *Gardeners' World*? (5) 27. The finish of the Ramones' century (3) 28. Will their show ever end? (1.1.1) 29. Marley's music sounds inspirational (8) 31. What Smiths' meat is (6) 32. Has Richard gone there? (4) 33. They hold, and maybe corrupt, Waysted (5) 36. The day before Barry McGuire's destruction (3) 37. 16's lack of regrets (2) 38. According to the Bonzo Dog Band, white men can't sing 'em (5) 39. Corroded Egan (5)

DOWN

1. It could titillate Judas Priest (7) 2. Life's little ups and downs for Frank Tovey? (6.3.7) 3. The Cocteau put these over their heads (5) 4. Anon fun from Joy (1) Division (7.9) 5. The 'age' of Aquarius? (3) 7. Why Stan Ridgway needs Right Guard? (3.3.4) 8. Mickie Most's stretchy label? (3) 10. 21 digs up the moat for his mother's heart (4 anag) 12. Survivor see the posse return! (3.6.2.4) 14. Lover for 1 down? (5) 15. She danced on the edge (4.4) 18. Fun house Stooze (4.3) 20. Reggae man, Steve Knight's bandit? (6.3) 22. A Mötley crew man (5.4) 26. They spawned Flo and Eddie (7) 30. Just Stevie (5) 34. Bananarama's boy (3) 35. ... and Chic's freak (2)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

- ACROSS**
1. The Man Upstairs 8. Koo-Koo 9. Edward 12. Old Ways 14. Lemmy 15. Look Sharp 17. Cliff 19. Durutti Column 21. Scared 23. Rikki 25. Leo 26. Tear 27. Lodi 29. Call 30. Red Noise 31. Moon
DOWN
1. Tokyo Blade 2. ELO 3. A Woman's Story 4. So 5. Andy McCluskey 6. Ready 7. Edge Of The World 10. US 11. Flip Your Wig 13. Dio 16. Ali 18. Ian Gillan 20. Richard 22. Doors 24. Star 28. Go 29. Co

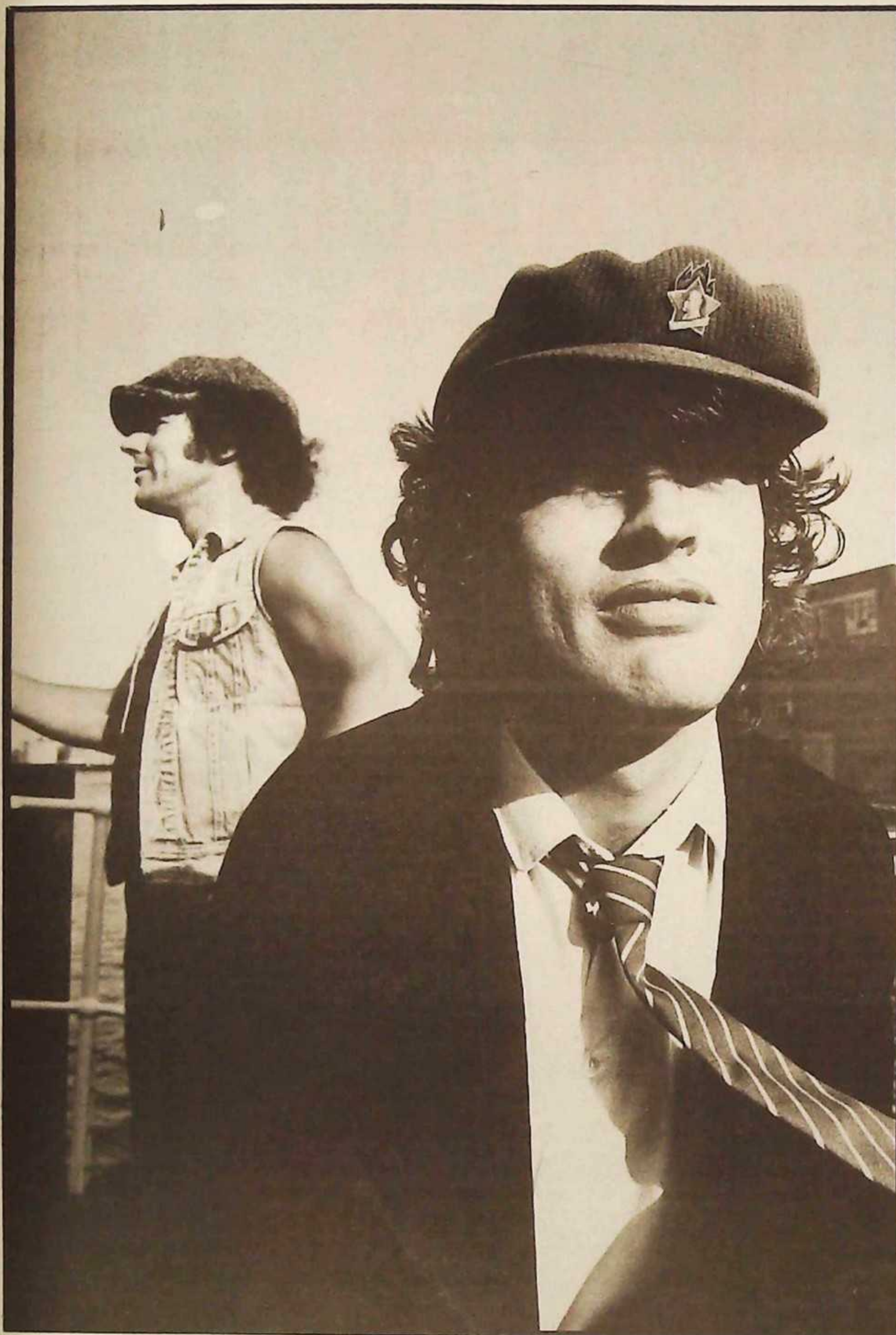


7 & 12" single
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FOR EVER

WHO DARES WINS



CRAZY CAPS: Brian Johnson and Angus Young

Meet AC/DC, terror monarch Stephen King's favourite band and the bane of America's moral majority. NEIL PERRY takes his hat off to them while STEVE DOUBLE removes his lens cap

ASK ANY rock and roll doctor, and they'll put you straight.

Music, from Wagner to The Waterboys, Sinatra to Siouxsie, is the most important form of primal therapy the human race will ever have constant and easy access to.

Ask why, and you might as well be asking why the sun shines.

AC/DC are as important, if not more so, as any other musical ensemble who ever stood under the spotlights and performed.

A lot of people like them.

'Fly On The Wall', their last album, reached number six in the UK charts. The American tour to promote that album was extended by three weeks, while both the recent singles 'Shake Your Foundations' and 'Who Made Me' have forged their way into the

upper reaches of the Top 40, to much surprise and, in some areas, consternation.

Couple that with a soundtrack album for the horror-meister Stephen King's forthcoming film *Maximum Overdrive* (the reason for 'Who Made Who') and you begin to see why AC/DC is a force to be reckoned with.

Which is partly why I found myself at Jacob Street Studios, just a riff away from Tower Bridge, where AC/DC were shooting a new video for an old song - 'You Shook Me All Night Long' from the album *'Back In Black'*.

I feel uneasy. There are lots of beautiful women wearing ... not much.

After seven or eight hours of going through the song for the nth time, and squeezing in an interview for MTV, gravel-voiced singer Brian Johnson finds time for a rest and a talk.

"Stephen King had liked the band for a long time," he says proudly, in a thick Geordie accent.

"If you look in one of his books *Skeleton Crew*, he quotes 'Dirty

Deeds Done Dirt Cheap'. I remember him saying at the time that he was sick of synthesizers and he wanted something different. He came straight to us.

"And," he laughs, "the man is not stupid. He got pissed off because his local radio station would not play rock and roll, so he f***** bought it. Now that's all it plays."

Brian Johnson's life changed when former AC/DC vocalist Bon Scott had one drink too many, and fate conspired to throw him into the big time and the history books.

Do you still wake up sometimes and think, Wow?

"I haven't got time ... well, I'm just a lucky git. Once you're part of it, you don't stop to think because you've got so much work to do."

Do you miss your home town?

"Oh aye, yeah, I miss Newcastle a lot. I live in Florida now, but I'm lucky enough to have been brought up in a town that's got so much character, and that has brought up so many characters. Eric Burdon and The Animals must have been the earliest, Mark Knopfler, Sting. I even heard that band The Pet Shop Boys were Geordies, heh heh."

I ask him if people will talk of him in the same way. He grins slightly, looks around the room, and says nothing. He does, however, tell me of a studio he owns in Newcastle, which bands can use for a nominal fee. He declines to discuss it at length in case he ends up sounding like a flash megastar with more money than sense.

Yes, this man is modest. The expression 'salt of the earth' was probably invented for him.

ONE OF the reasons I pigheadedly defend AC/DC is for their pure, unadulterated energy, largely due to guitarist Angus Young - five foot nothing of explosive device encased in flesh and bones. If you've seen this man perform you will not forget ...

"Ah, Angus. He's just working that one per cent more than everyone else, absolute maximum. You can see it in his face, his eyes, he means it. It's a good f***** situation. They first came over here in 1977, people called them a punk band ..."

He stops to think.

"One of my best mates Mond, from the Angelic Upstarts, was an electrician in a shipyard. They went on *Top Of The Pops*, and the next day all his mates were going, Ya f***** big poof, what you working here for, you must be a millionaire. You know, overnight. Poor little f***** had to leave work."

Have you suffered in the same way?

"Nah, a lot of people up at my Dad's drinking club still look on me with a bit of pity, they say Ee, poor f*****, still hasn't got a decent job. Years ago we used to have this old Transit, one guy asked me how long it took to get to America in it. That's just the way they think, they don't understand it."

Earlier Brian had described 'You Shook Me All Night Long' as "one of the dirtiest songs in the world", and of course the word 'sexist' has never been far from the critics' pens.

AC/DC sing about sex, sure. They sing about how much they like it, how they feel about it at any particular moment. And quite often they ask whether you would like to do it with them.

But this, along with the recent case of the Night Prowler (a murdering psychopath who had the idea that AC/DC stood for "Anti-Christ Devil Child") has caused problems in the States.

"We had all the mothers turning

up at gigs, holding hands to ring the place, but we went out and said hello, and they thought, well these guys are nice. It's a case of some very dangerous people in high places with a lot of money. People listen to them, but don't realise that all they are after is power, through religion or whatever.

"And you can think, I'll get this f***** and ask him what did Cain say to Abel when ... and the guy can answer you. So the people listening go, Wow! He's from God."

"One city that was going to stop us playing was Springfield, Illinois. One of the reasons was that we were turning kids' teeth bad. They had a list, all written up. Turning butter rancid in the fridges ..."

You have kids?

"Aye, two kids."

Would you like to see them follow their father's example?

"Oh aye, one of them's getting ready for it now, 13 she is. She loves it. It's the greatest thing in the world, I'd recommend it to anybody."

ONE DAY later, I meet Angus Young at London's Mayfair Hotel. And he tells me, in his nonchalant Aussie drawl, where all that rock-hard primal energy comes from.

"It's probably more nervous energy than anything. When I was young and paid to see famous bands I used to be left standing there yawning ... you got so frustrated watching them."

"We only started making money after 'Back In Black', but if I never made any money I'd still enjoy it. You have to make it believable, you've always got to prove you're as good as the last show you did. There's no sitting back and saying, Hey, I'm going to wave to you all night and tell you a story. A lot of people believe their own PR."

Has there ever been much pressure on you to change your ways? The schoolboy outfit you wear on stage, for instance?

"We always know what we want. To be honest, I have no other enjoyment. I'd look pretty dull up there in anything else, anyway. It's always been with me ..."

Angus is unruffled by AC/DC's recent success, because he believes their fans are among the most loyal in the world.

"I did most of my growing up within this band. I might not have learned much in my life, but as long as you can keep it youthful ... Bon Scott joined us pretty late in his life, but that guy has more youth in him than people half his age. That was how he thought, and I learned from him. Go out there and be a big kid."

He also has his own thoughts on the moral majority.

"The biggest mistake these people make is that, by you coming in, you generate their income. The kids are happy, and they forget that kids can vote as soon as they are 18. I wouldn't vote for somebody who wouldn't let me have what I wanted to see."

"And it's the same with music, art, anything. If you tell somebody they can't paint a picture in a certain way it is an infringement of their freedom of choice."

"They had the Salem witch-hunts in America, where they'd weigh a woman down, throw her in the river, and if she floated she was a witch and if she drowned she was innocent. These sort of people are still there."

"The only decent thing that comes out of it is that if they're burning our records, they must be buying 'em," he adds wryly. "And I'm still trying to figure out how they can play a record backwards."

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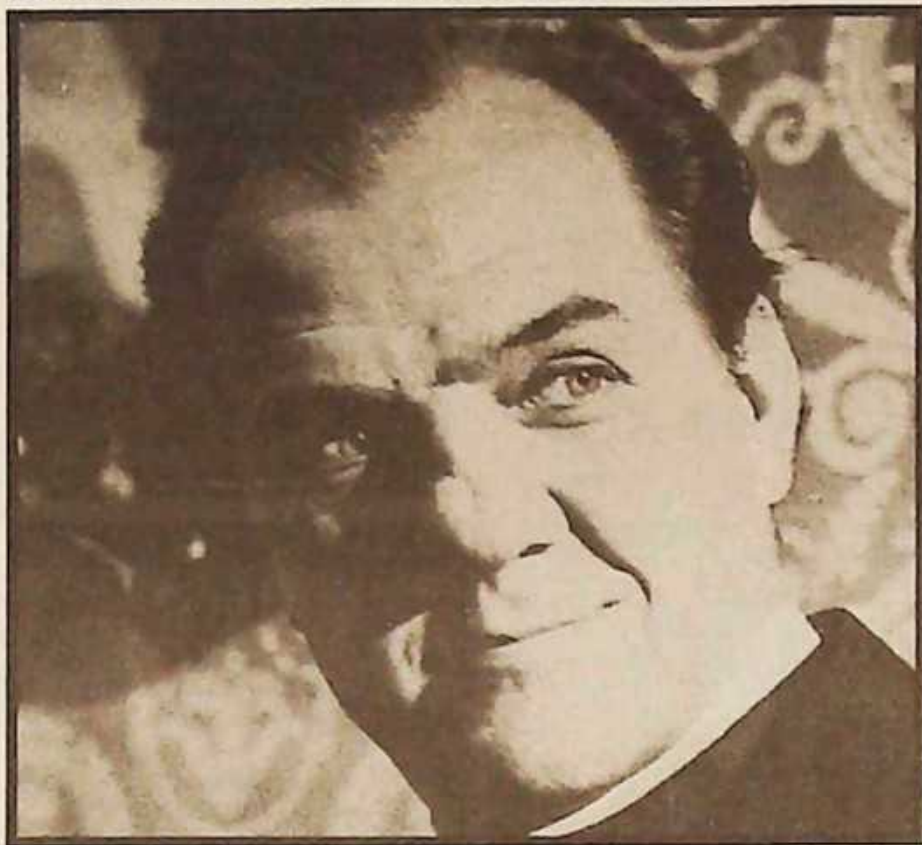
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Reviewed by Jonh Wilde

SINGLE OF THE WEEK



THE FALL 'Living Too Late' (Beggars Banquet)

Close but too obvious for a single of the week, now someone's squeezed concentrated sulphuric down the side of their face. Reclining with a growl not witnessed since 'Room To Live' (surely their most criminally ignored moment?), The Fall at their most heavenly clumsy and encouragingly unstable. While the accompanying 'Hot Aftershave Bop' finds them blood-rushing with more post-Brix apoplexy, Mark E bounces back to his barking, choking best. Sounding so casually devious here, I went to brush my teeth and thought someone was furtively gouging out my eyes while reciting Mailer; cancer and empathy.

ALTERNATIVE TV 'Love Sex' (Noiseville)

Go on, you're prompting, be sarky about Perry, how he's committing necrophiliac assaults on 'The Image Is Cracked' reel, how his return is less than brazen, how they're still so grubby and full of harmless, impish mischief after all these years. But Mark and his troopers are making much more of a physical clatter these days, witness biceps of 'Victory' here, both spiteful and giggardly but a sardonic smile is plucked from the undergrowth. There's more convulsion than convalescence going on in this tensely strung strategy, Mark's snotty nose sniffing out some whiplashed thrills, clawlike.

GREGORY ISAACS 'No Good Girl' (Greensleeves)

SLY FOX 'Let's Go All The Way' (Capitol) **SIR MIX 'Square Dance Rap' (Streetwave)** Three very different ways to tear a rip in your new jeans. Isaacs is as coolly addictive as ever, removing his underwear with tantalising pulsations, an erotic re-entry. Sly Fox's bass battles it out with a firecracker beat, a lush haunt, possibly the closest thing to electric sex this week. Sir Mix A Lot offers us the "seriously silly novelty record", a batty lick of hysteric rap, beatbox bedlam and screwball gyrations - you'll cackle with slanted eyes, the odd yee-haw and your limbs a-popping.

ROSEMARY'S CHILDREN 'Southern Fields' (ël)

ANTHONY ADVERSE 'Our Fairy Tale' (ël) **THE KING OF LUXEMBOURG 'Valleri' (ël)** **LOUIS PHILIPPE 'Like Nobody Do' (ël)** **THE CAVALIERS 'It's A Beautiful Game' (ël)** Deep breath, as ël steps over the grave of indie paupers (see more vain evidence on pages 12 & 13 this week), kicking dead earth in the face of this grubby cottage-industry so peculiarly in vogue this season. The world's most possible indie scatters gunpowder in its mid-

summer collection.

Rosemary's Children provide a roaming skirmish, ël's lightest slice of fiction so far surely - Creedence meets Postcard, trading soft toys for sad times (palpitating). Anthony Adverse, round bum and rum trouble, whispers her way through a sultry ritual of sudden peaks - recorded for posterity in a confession-booth of the principal Budapest cathedral, the circles of lust tighten like a strangler's grip (invisible).

Best of the five is The King Of Luxembourg's divine appeal to "the New York girl with curly hair, the silly head, spider's in her bed", The Monkees' most blessed moment wheeling back into view with one thousand candle-flames to keep The King warm; aims for the heart and catches the heart, wha'd'ya know (pelvic).

Louis Philippe, mind, is coming over all love-lorn on 'Like Nobody Do' and sounds in sorry need of a cold shower or an obscene stroke. For a man who admits to a craving for grasshopper sandwiches, this is more dampened than we've come to expect, the poison-tipped Frenchman trying to stroke our backbones with some harmless introspective slush that slobbers without seducing (just grazing).

Then come The Cavaliers, former members of 1975 glam-pop heroes Hello ('Tell Him' and 'New York Groove'), snoozing through an even more leisurely late-night affair which ël supremo Always insists is "the perfect snogging record and I should know matey!", bastard boaster (hygienic).

All in all though, the severest swivels from the label yet, a tremor of laughter from within. My last words about them this week: stroke me baby.

TRACIE YOUNG 'We Should Be Together' (Polydor)

SHIRLEY BASSEY 'There's No Place Like London' (Towerbell) Two groovy gels with one thing in common - they wear their knee-bones out praying to the altar of elbow grease each night and, consequently, confuse the meanings of craft and graft. That said, our Shirli always has the edge because (a) she's (South) Welsh,

therefore class, and (b) in her game, tackiness is next to godliness - therefore, she can get away with it.

Tracie sounds huskier and they still haven't furnished her with a real song, this one gangling around like it's cacked itself for the third time today. Shirli, meanwhile, hurls some dramatically misplaced faith at the foulest, most unwelcoming city in the world. Hilarious, though.

IT'S IMMATERIAL 'Ed's Funky Diner' (Siren)

Some massive nonfulfilment of a follow-up this one. They even sound crestfallen. This lemonade comes thick as paint, throwing punches in all directions but the right one. This piece of harmless swordplay comes ambushed by horns so bare-backed, I thought this could be the summer of the streak again for a moment. Come back Ray Stevens, you were never this much of a toothache.

BUY OFF THE BAR 'February 6th Silence' / GOLDEN STRINGS 'My Life Is Like A Stanley Knife' (Deng Deng Deng)

Sharing sides, Dutch, tottery physical therapy both. Buy Off The Bar hit the skids with much rickety cant, the record sounding like it's been dragged around in a pit of gravel for three days, great dozy harmonies falling out of place.

Golden Strings, meanwhile suck their cheeks with much tart aggression, Shelley-esque whine gripping on to the spurting beat for all it's worth. Bloody-nosed stuff, skin like old, wet tulips. From *Buy Off The Bar*, Bijltespad 10, 1018 KH Amsterdam, Netherlands.

DOLLAR 'We Walked In Love' (Arista)

Plucky return, but this synthesised, vaporised drowse is no dare. They should have fluttered back and bruised their tongues on the small of our backs but, hey!, this is no foreplay.

THE PLEASURE GARDEN 'On A Midnight Garden' (Don't Knock Your Granny While She's Shaving)

Ohhhh, you think I'm making these up now. These tiny twangs of melody,

DAVE HOWARD SINGERS 'Goodnight Karl Malden (Shot To Ratsht Mix)' (Hallelujah! Records) Sold out of its first batch, the most notable example of slick suicide this week, now seemingly walking round town with a bigger rocket up its arse. Howard and his sole percussive accomplice Nick Smash lash their wrathful tongues over the most erotic, most aroused, most tortured beat this year.

As this desirous delirium has been passed over for weeks by lily-livered *Sounds* reviewers, I could be playing lifeboat-man here, but I can feel this raw throb across the back of my neck and it's trying to tell me something.

'How Was I To Know' (a love song about throwing someone off a balcony) finds DH swaying quite distinctly, his circumspect side barely overcautious. The rest of this massively important record lurches about my bedroom, dragging me sensible, heavy-wire snippers biting at the jugular.

Seven minutes of their navel-shaking 'Pleasure Of Pain' (described here as "wet leather licking your loins") and the pressure in your temples is chock with occult delights.

Important because few other records this week seem to be choking me with black bittersweet gusto, DHS come full of heathen hosannahs, and A&R rattle-heads should realise that the kids want to feel threatened by pop, not mollycoddled and reassured. Watch DHS or I'll shoot you through the lung.

"a love song all about running hand-in-hand with someone you really fancy through fields of corn in slow motion", allegedly. Hitched to such a meagre possibility of a song, there's much saliva going to waste here, but I'd wager that The Pleasure Garden aren't going to choke on their own vomit in a padded cell. Next time, more than a twitch?

FRA LIPPO LIPPI 'Come Summer' (Virgin)

Collapsing in a heap of frowns since their advance into grim old big-league, Lippi are starting to prove that a timid voice is nothing to shout about. The Lotus Eaters nip in round the back to perform a thuggish manicure on Barclay James Harvest and it hums in your ears like ancient wax. Being a perfectly-tuned, ambientsque, melodramatic rock machine is hardly something to be proud of. Loosen up, brethren.

THE BEAT FARMERS 'Powderfinger' (MCA)

All those grubby indie suckers wonder why I find some treasure in wrinkled Yankee outlaw rock full tilt from the cotton-fields. Why? The best madness, it seems, lies on some of the dustiest backroads. Neil Young's most smouldering, barstool sob is reheated, retouched and pumped with live rattlesnakes. Not so much parked along the railroad tracks as bloodbathed. The whole bar is staring.

LULU 'Shout' (Jive)

BUDDY CURTESS & THE GRASSHOPPERS 'Shout' (Mercury)

JOHNNY & THE JUKES 'Walk Away Renée' (RCA) Look what they've done to these songs, ma, look what they've done. Worst is the first. Lulu (minus her Luvvers) lets her '64 pearl get rubbed in all sorts of '80s trickery; without that mono razor's edge to sharpen your spine, it's completely useless.

As is the dodgy debut from The Grasshoppers, this year's wideboy Showaddywaddy, who make the angelic item sound like a beery ol' knees up dahn yer local. You'll have to be dead or very, very ill to not forgive this one - they

should have their arms chopped off and the stumps dipped in salt.

The Jukes do barely as well with the Four Tops standard - sounds like they're conducting a mass belching contest in there somewhere. Rock should stick to its own gutter. Thanks.

ZERRA I 'Forever And Ever' (Mercury)

If I'm forced to believe that '80s rock has to universally combine the same three elements (vision, booming guitar histrionics, density), then Zerra 1 will get my vote. At last achieving breeze over creased brows, theirs is a genuine drama, not some stagey excuse for passion.

Also, unlike all this rigor mortis of the personality that fills stadiums these days, Paul Bell has always been set to be a classically unruly star. This scatterfire of romance, some humming rock resonance, could be the one to detonate their glut of near successes. Buy.

THE VINDALOO SUMMER SPECIAL 'Rockin' With Rita' (Vindaloo) THE CONTENTENDERS 'Where's Harry' (Columbia)

Novelty records, dontcha just juice for them? No, me neither. The Vindaloo spell is over, 15 minutes on the clock. In-jokes have a limited longevity like anything else of course, and, while this possesses the merest trickle of Bash Street nihilism that almost makes it work, the entire roster - Ted, Fuzzbox, Nightingales - should start doing something worthwhile like digging roads.

Meanwhile, Harry Carpenter and Frank Bruno rumba their way through this timely slice of vaudeville. Hearing Carpenter's voice - television's most dulcet tones - shredded like grated cheese verges on sacrilege, but anyone connected to a game as malignant as this should be buried alive anyway. Nevertheless, the funniest sports record since 1970's 'Back Home'.

JAMES 'So Many Ways, So Many Ways' (Sire)

The slightest, most beguiling, most mesmeric, slightly hurried release of the week and their grandest slur since 'Hymn From A Village'. Whiff

this fragrant simplicity all ye naturists. *Sublime.*

THE HUGE CORPORATION EP (Huge Corporation) Featuring four resilient hidden splendours with Sister Crow the most effective battering-ram here, mumbling something about this bus driver who stops his packed vehicle in the middle of rush-hour, nips across the road and returns with an armful of Kentucky Fried Chicken which he proceeds to scoff while moving onward. Set to a beseeching bottleneck pop, SC (just changed to the more illustrious Huge Big Massive apparently) are luminous fish indeed. From 143 Station Road, Wigston, Leicester. Go on then.

BRILLIANT 'Somebody' (Food) ARCADIA 'The Flame (Remix)' (Parlophone)

THE ICICLE WORKS 'Understanding Jane' (Beggars Banquet) Slugging it out between them for the most turgid lump of plastic this week. Brilliant bring bulldozers into the nightclub to embrace the entire notion of rockism.

Arcadia need no introduction, being one ghastly, incestuous slab of back-slapping fret-wanking and horror-jamming.

The frumpish Icicle Works' facelift comes with autographed sleeve - gee, cheers lads - and the jukebox plays Rainbow and Fiat Lux simultaneously. Shriivel up and disappear, please. Or die.

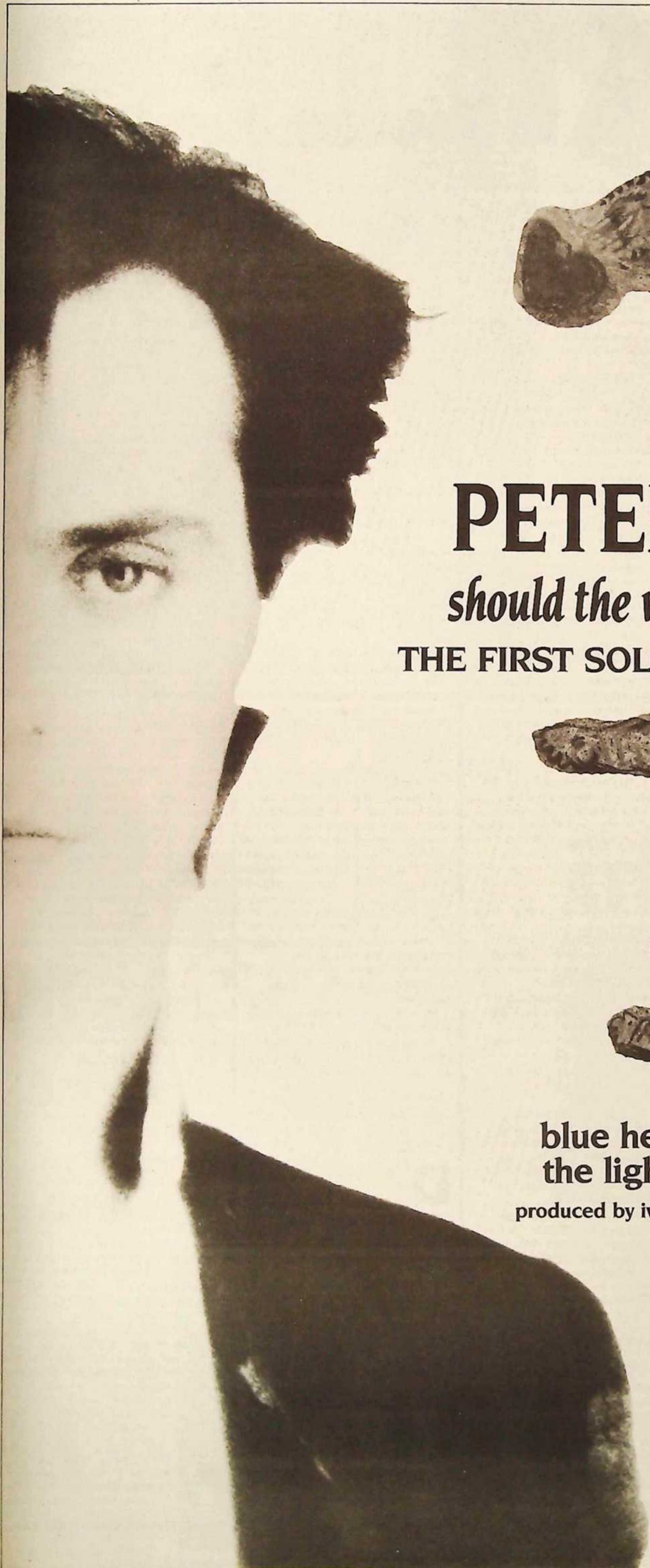
THE JAZZ BUTCHER V MAX EIDER 'Conspiracy' (Glass) THE BLOW MONKEYS 'Don't Be Scared Of Me' (RCA)

Two camps of alternating trickery/perversity, the first taking longer to launch out of obscurity, but soon come. Butch launches with a knockout rap that finally collides with some of the kind of literary kleptomaniac he's nearly for... making the buzz and burr of electric guitars sound like Duane Eddy being chased over a garden fence by ten Royal Navy officers and five customs officials chanting 'We Shall Overcome' in pidgin Welsh. Phew!

Then, the spoiled Doctor takes one too many off his delicious album, this one stretched out on the rack in a vague attempt to persuade us that we can wiggle our hips about to it. Shame, because he was starting to look so cheeky and perfect.

RUN-DMC 'My Adidas' / 'Peter Piper' (Profile)

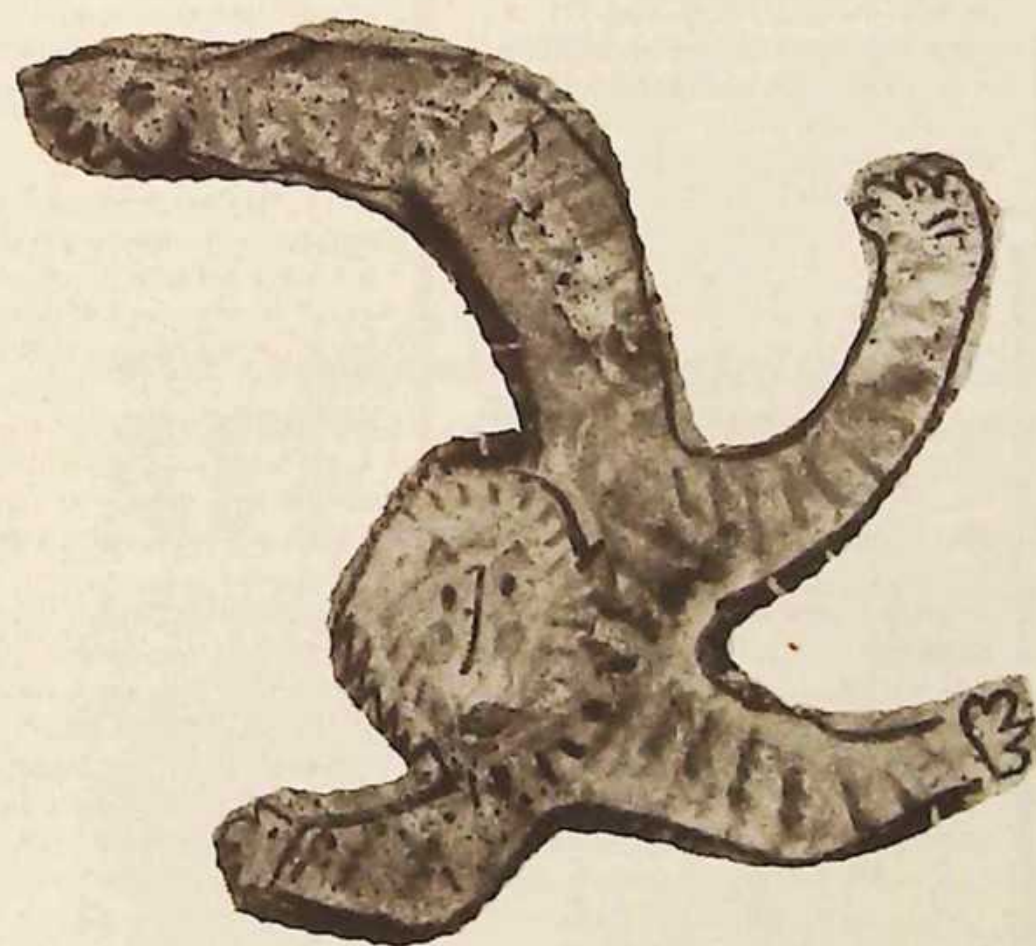
It's the same old song, it's the same old moan, it's the same... beyond saying somethingsveryquickly and oth-er-s v-e-r-y sl-o-w, DMC sound all dried up, so what's it this time? Kidney trouble, bad breath, Scottish goalkeepers, hey slow down a sec, too much slooshing, not enough action. Run-DMC. brrr, brrrr, thump, thump, thump, all mouth and trousers, no amount of this hectoring is gonna get me out of the armchair tonight. *Touche* and none of your goober, good night.



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THE KILLER



He's broken out again, armed with a dangerous new headful of ideas. GLYN BROWN corners NICK CAVE in his Berlin hideout to hear his true confessions. Photofit: PETER ANDERSON

THERE'S NOT one cloud when I walk up to the Berlin Wall and touch it to try and get the feeling.

A very few small forget-me-nots are mountaineering, and there's something sprayed along the top in green about "If you love somebody, set them free", but that's out of a song.

It's hard, at any rate, to choose just one colour from the kaleidoscope shouting in my face.

Checkpoint Charlie has a mess of uniforms – pretty French blue, American green, British khaki – dancing around its gates. At least, they're not arguing.

I can't reconcile this with all the facts as I've understood them. I came here thinking Nick Cave came here thinking it was a city on the edge. Because Nick Cave grins, "You know, I am the grand-daddy of doom", and because his impending album of covers – 'Kicking Against The Pricks' – shows he's still searching for pictures of the underworld, even when they're other people's.

Cave might like you to think he lives in squalor: but how can this be the case? There may be East German guards on the other side of a painted wall but, when they focus binoculars on you, they're probably just trying to see inside your soul.

And when you tumble down a hill that's rubble overgrown with daisies and big black letters on a white board say *Hier befanden sich die folterzellen der Geheimen Staatspolizei*, you only comprehend the translation in this stagey place if

someone tells you: *You are standing on the grounds of the former torture chambers of the Gestapo.*

So what is squalor?

IT'S REAL hate. Thompson will go into a diner and he'll think, They've stuck this woman in a soiled pinafore with this smeared lipstick and that red muck on her claws because they saw me coming. And you think, Yeah, I'd knife her, I'd stick her head in a bowl of dirty washing-up water.

Nick Cave's talking about Jim Thompson, American pulp writer and – I think we can safely say – woman hater.

I'm not drawing any conclusion from the singer and the author – yet – I'm just setting words before you. Cave – an awkward man with awkwardly long legs who can't meet your eyes with ease – just becomes more animated than I ever guessed he'd be as he describes the author in whose work he's caught up.

The more he says, the more the obvious question must be asked. So I do.

"What? A misogynist? Why – I don't know why someone hasn't asked me that before."

We have been speaking for hours now in the apartment Nick is vacating. We have been speaking at a tin table in an almost bare room, with – I think this is right – a naked light bulb suspended between us.

This at first makes me feel we'll never get comfortable, but we do, even though – I mean, because – our only means of entertainment is a clutch of Pils bottles.

Throughout our small talk, the man has smiled as often as I'd expected – about twice – but he conveys humour in other ways. More often, though, the thin white face seems to burst apart, the black eyebrows shooting around and the Italianate eyes rolling in circles, mock confusion hiding embarrassment.

So we're getting somewhere.

We begin to find Nick Cave is often shy, lastingly patient, easily hurt, seldom sarcastic and needs to get several things off his chest, though he won't supply a map around the maze. I like him, but I still think misogyny's as good a place to start telling you the tale as any.

"It's so obvious. And yet it was only a short while ago that I realised all my songs had that kind of slant to them. Wait, though – just wait. Now, what does the word mean? Exactly? Let's look it up. Er... it means hating women, doesn't it? Well, I don't hate them. I want to do violence to them. I want to damage them."

Cave is uneasy about this (I am, too) so he's trying to make it throwaway, torn between admiring his anti-social trait and fearing it.

"Misogyny is... one of the few remaining possibilities that has the potential or capacity to shock me and for that reason excite me a little bit when I write about it."

Are you exercising something?

"I don't know if that's the case, or whether I just nurture an intensified idea about it. Maybe I put it into an aesthetic or creative sense which I find to be reasonably separate from the way I live."

"I mean, Jim Thompson is someone who isn't able, in real life, to put into practice what he would

really like to do, so he spent his life just writing about it, setting up situations where he could – from what I gather concerning his life – kill the one woman over and over again that has haunted him. But I – I don't have that same..."

"I mean, I would say I kill the same woman over and over but, er, not for the same reasons. It is the same image I have in my head, though."

Nick is fidgeting in his un-Bauhaus chair now. You do realise this is some way into our conversation and that we have reached some level of understanding?

Do I realise it? I don't stop when Nick's uneasy though, do I?

This one woman – how does she look?

"It's usually the same kind of, er, pastiche of images making up this one person... fetishistic sorts of things, like... uh, maybe a red dress or whatever, I don't know."

Yes you do. Stilettoes?

"No, oh no, not stilettoes, but she's not a nun, either. I write about the same one in very affectionate sorts of ways as well, it's just that... oh, it probably relates to one particular person."

Still, that relationship is in the past, presumably?

Cave, sweating in a lacy shirt and fiddling with his ornate Presley medallion, gives the floor his customary resigned stare.

"I... it's hard to say. But I don't – well, I do, I have a basic image, or caricature, no, let's say a *dead* image, for want of a better word, of this girl in my mind. It wouldn't take long for a psychiatrist to find out where it was based, who it was based on. But there has always been a girl who's featured in my writing from the beginning and – yeah, she was a constant source of ideas about what she is."

She made you hate women?

"No, no, I love women. But she, (bitterly), she is a constant source of inspiration. Of all kinds."

I'm sorry this is so hard to read, but we discoursed brokenly at the best of times. It picks up.

Do you understand people who kill for love?

"Yes. Killing through jealousy? Yes, I can understand that."

Could you do it?

"Aah, I don't know. I mean, I don't know if I could kill anybody really, but there's always a first time, I suppose. I quite enjoy *thinking* about it. I'm a kind of closet killer." This is accompanied by a wonky smile. Short intermission.

"I'm working on a script for an Australian movie, based in a prison. There was gonna be just one woman in it, a nurse in the morgue. She was gonna cut out this guy's heart."

THAT COVERS album wasn't supposed to require much work, but it was more difficult than any of the others to do.

The album brandishes blood-streaked posies like 'Hey Joe', 'I'm Gonna Kill That Woman' (but, of course), the Velvet Underground's 'All Tomorrow's Parties' and a version of Gene Pitney's 'Something Got A Hold On My Heart' that makes me cry (not hard to do).

But why did you change the words at the end of 'Running Scared', on the single? Roy Orbison says the girl "walked away with me", whereas

you...

"Oh, shit, I didn't realise anyone would know..."

But you say "walk right out on me". When I saw him do that at the Royal Albert Hall, Roy dragged an entire audience back from the pit of despair with those words.

"Yeah. I'm not so good at doin' that. I kinda like to leave 'em there! And it was a personal thing – or a joke – to make the 'I' come out the loser, not the winner. But with that song, I... didn't expect anyone to notice."

CAN YOU still pick up any feel of Berlin's history in its streets? (I had this idea that Cave chose Berlin for a reason, remember.)

"Well, no, I mean, I don't know what went on here during the war."

This is a surprise to me, and Cave sees that and looks a bit and (as far as I'm really concerned) unnecessarily shamefaced.

"I just have a girlfriend here. Occasionally some older Berliner will point out a building that they like, and it will be made of some kind of concrete developed in the war that wouldn't blow up."

So you don't find something here that Australia couldn't give you?

"Well, I still do go back home regularly, almost by accident. After two months I'm crawling the walls."

Why's that?

"Just the part I come from, Melbourne, is in such a chronic – the people from my generation all tend to be in a state of not knowing what to do with themselves. They're killing themselves, in one way or another and, ah, it seems that each Christmas or so it always culminates in certain horror... horrible things happening."

Such as?

"Just... aah, I don't really wanna go into it but like last Christmas was just a black one as far as I'm concerned. A lot of very sad sorts of things happened with people that you know, and..."

"And it's so far away from the rest of the world. It's the world's end."

"And some are married now and making a go of this – sometimes it's working, more often it's not. When I go there, the people that I know... when I see them, there's this nervous hystericalness about the place. I can't stay there. I can't answer these questions!"

DO YOU see your mother when you go home?

"Yes, I stay with her."

You get on well?

"Extremely."

You miss her when you're away?

"Yes." Laughs shyly. (I think this is kept as close to his heart as a locket and it's proving as hard to spring open. Will it go on being so difficult or will I hit the catch?)

Maybe you can see qualities of hers coming out in you?

"Well, I can see a lot of points about her that aren't there, that aren't in me – like her complete, her tolerance of people and her open-mindedness. Her optimism, and so on. I mean, I kind of look like her but I probably have a lot of similarities to my late father."

She doesn't get into a state thinking how depressed you get, or seem to say you are? She accepts you?

"She accepts me and, I think, goes

through a certain amount of private torment about the whole thing.

"Ahm... she reads religiously anything that's written about me and when I... when I think about some of the things that are said it must worry her, I'd say."

Is that why you get annoyed with journalists? (This man has written a song dedicated to the music press for his next LP. It's called 'Scum'.)

"No! (Laughs.) My kind of relationship with journalists – usually, anyway – has, um, gotten to such a state that I no longer even consider the reasons why I dream about gunning them down. I guess what irritates me most is their predictability. They don't seem concerned with the truth."

But someone takes it all to heart?

"Well, it may seem petty or insignificant but there is a reality about the whole thing and – I mean... tsk... look, this is since we are talking about my mother... it's that she would find, she would find some of these things horrifying. Anyone who's read any of the things written about me would realise they're a kind of mother's nightmare. And..."

You can, of course, imagine how tense the atmosphere in here is getting.

"And there was a case, a case in Australia where a 13-year-old boy hung himself. He was living alone in Saint Kilda, this particular area and uh... his room was covered in Nick Cave posters and he had Nick Cave records and he supposedly kind of imitated me in the way he dressed or whatever, and consequently I got kind of, uh – well, there was this business in the daily papers, these headlines screaming, y'know, '13-Year-Old Boy Has Obsession With Punk Star' or some bullshit, and it says, 'Nick Cave, the man who begins each concert with, *Hands up who wants to die*'."

This scene, these words make me want to laugh stupidly, and I nearly do; which would have been the most unfortunate move on my part. But anyway, Cave is finding a lot about his cigarette to interest him.

"And then there's, there's kind of, even in the more intelligent newspapers, a centre spread analysis of the lyrics of 'Six Inch Gold Blade' which – apart from it not referring at all to suicide – ah, says, Is this the sort of thing our youth should be listening to?"

It's an almost unendurable calumny to have laid at your door. Cave would talk about this in the third person if he could, I think.

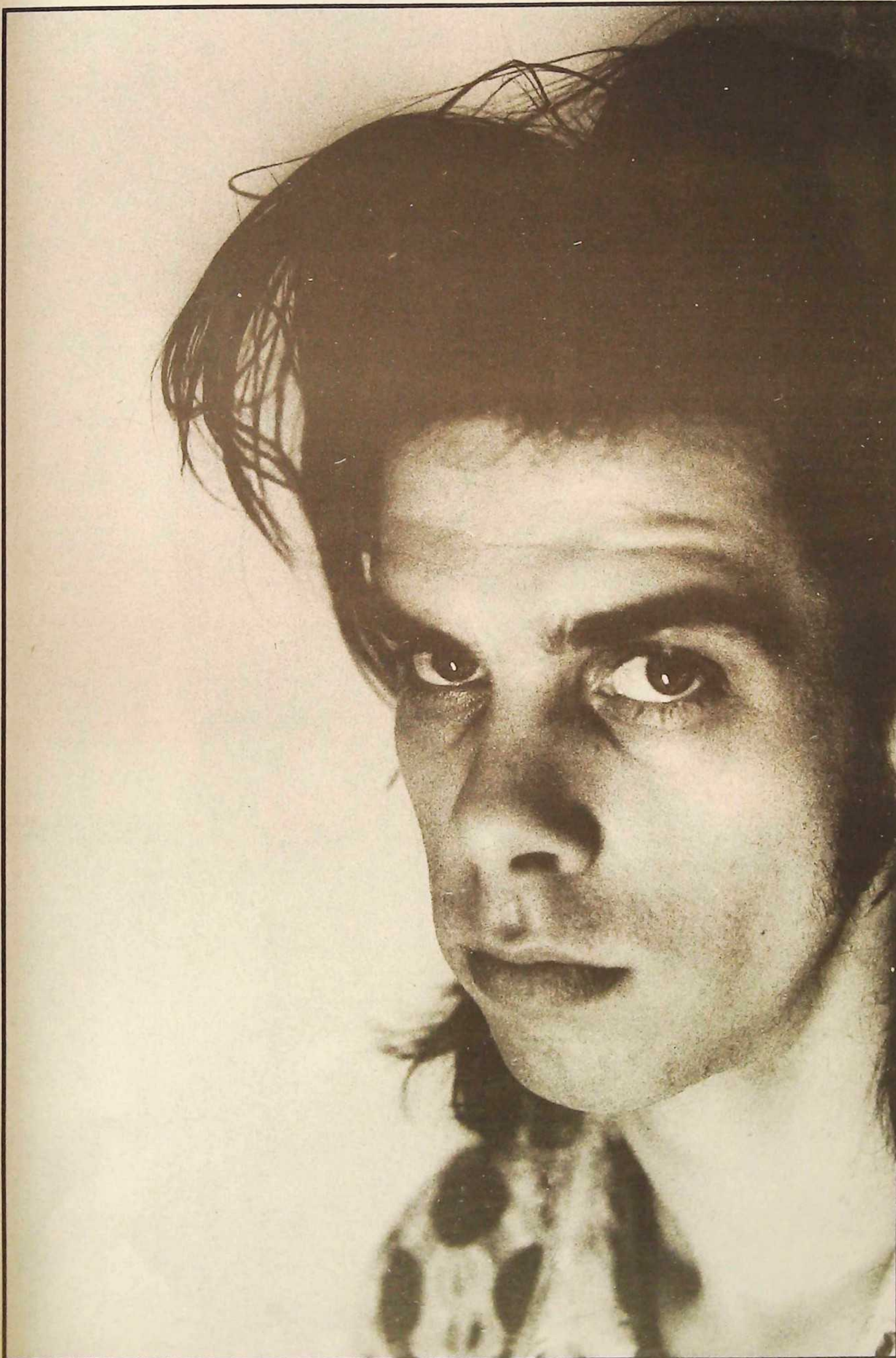
What did you feel when you heard about the boy?

"I felt that he, that at 13 years old, he must've been fairly precocious, to say the least, and *advanced* to kill himself so young. If he was making some sort of statement, I think he would've felt his entire death was *rubbed* and turned into a circus by saying he was imitating some [****] lead singer of a bloody rock group. The whole thing's turned into an utter circus."

"And if you wanna look at it in terms of who's responsible for this boy's death, then the question has to be raised about why a 13-year-old boy *does* kill himself. Y'know, why – why is he living alone in this area, and then decides to hang himself?"

CONTINUES ON PAGE 34

INSIDE ME



"I don't know if I could kill anybody really, but there's always the first time I suppose. I quite enjoy *thinking* about it. I'm a kind of closet killer."

HILL START

VIEW FROM THE HILL have brought British soul back into the sunlight with their summer slammer 'No Conversation'.

CHRIS ROBERTS finds **PATRICK PATTERSON** only too happy to talk about it

THE KIND of day that writers write about, that Kevin Rowland's image of Bill Withers would sing about.

The sun shines on green, the birds twitter intelligently, and View From The Hill and I go through the time-honoured ritual while all that really needs to be said is: what a lovely lovely record this is, with its dawn-gold ebbs and flows and conclusively visionary title.

'No Conversation', their first single on EMI, is a soul classic fit to meet God naked. Patrick Patterson, Trevor White and Angela Wynter have many more such sapphires in their boudoir.

Is music the most important thing in your life, Patrick?

"Oh there are lots of important things and I wouldn't like to say any one of them is the most important. Creating music is essential to me, but not at the exclusion of all else. You have to keep a balance."

What are the pros and cons of signing to EMI — an event which occurred after two independent releases (a four-track EP which included the original version of 'No Conversation' and a Survival single 'I'm No Rebel') had seduced the relevant senses?

"The only difficulty is that the machine is so big. You have to try to make them appreciate your identity. As a 'black group' you're easily channelled into doing a particular type of music, and if you have one successful song, you're expected to 'reproduce that magic'. We have material that can cross the water, wide-ranging and free. Although it is soulful music, it's not in any one bag. We'll put out the best we have, irrespective of idiom."

"The pros also are down to the machine. Financial input, broader exposure. As I think I've told you before, if people have the opportunity to hear good music, I believe they'll appreciate it."

"Everybody's moved by a great ballad. Sometimes you say — Oh, that's my story... y'know?"

And as key songwriter, Patrick is aware of the sensitive force of subtlety.

"I'm afraid of overstatement, it turns people off very easily. This is why lyrics are so important. One way of saying a thing can alienate, another can lead to understanding. There should be no hobby-horses, or telling people something they've heard 50 million times before. The tale might be slightly political, or slightly sentimental... it's all just observation. And even just a melody without any lyric, can touch you, can mean something to you."

IMAGE IS not a major concern for the South London-based trio, as long as it doesn't stray from "the essential nature, character, purpose, ideal", they say.

"We just want to nullify preconceptions, and misrepresent neither the music nor the individuals."

All three members sing: as more of the large body of the material comes out, the value of this will be transmitted. An LP and tour will happen when they're good and ready; songs like 'On The Corner' and 'Lover's Confession' will lick your lobes.

The video for 'No Conversation' is a relief and a joy.

"You thought that was very nice?" asks Patrick Patterson modestly. Indeed, I reply, it isn't glossy and over-polished, it's not a perfume advert. It's grainy and realistic and includes shots of red Streattham buses and seen-better-days council estates, but still shimmers with a delicate, effective... ha, romance.

"Hopefully it's not too literal an interpretation of the song. It works in the right dimension, one that leaves something to the imagination."

We try not to moan too much about racism in the music industry. Patrick allows that "that statement needs to be made every now and again. There are a lot of struggling

black musicians doing highly original things, and they deserve encouragement".

But if you're good enough, you're big enough, and View From The Hill — whose vast experience in previous groups has not jaded their instincts for what it is that tingles and trembles — are giants. Bear, they croon, the weight of the world with us.

Have you ever despaired?

"No no no. Each move forward is a bonus. No expectation, just hope. And work. Appreciation is a great incentive."

"But you have to have the courage of your convictions. If as an individual you're satisfied with what you've created, then if Joe tells you it's bad, it doesn't mean it is bad, it just means it's not to Joe's taste. That's all. Fred will tell you it's great. Herbert will tell you it's alright."

"But you mustn't short-change your own ideas. If it isn't right, you wait until it is right, not until it pleases other people."

RIGHT NOW, right now, I can think of only 52 things in the whole world that would please me more than seeing View From The Hill become the most successful (they are already the best) let's-call-it-soul group in Britain. American mouthwash is a crime, and they're the cure.

'No Conversation' is the sort of record you slip into her bag (which is by the phone) when she's not looking and a day later she phones up (the same phone) and says, What is this record? It's really, really lovely, and you think, Hmmm, I could get back into this game after all (fool!). And the B-side is gorgeous too.



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RATINGS BUYBLAG ...HEAR ..FLOG •DUMP

THE GARDEN PATH '5 Reasons' (Greasy Pop GPR 119)*****

THIS ARRIVED in the post marked "Fragile" which turned out to be an enormous understatement. All the way from the fertile musical plains of Adelaide, The Garden Path are the most extraordinary of all the unexpected megatalents I followed around last Christmas in an untypically awestruck way.

Vic Conrad, who writes most of the songs and plays guitar, is also possessed of one of the saddest voices in the whole world. Vulnerable and honest, it cracks and shudders in all the right places. "I could walk and I could crawl and I could take you far away from here," he murmurs, reminding me that I haven't fallen in love for nearly a week. And when he goes it alone with piano for the closing chapter, 'Little Pieces', you realise you've been shown a glimpse of hell and gently turned back from the brink at the last moment.

The rest of the GPs — emotional athletes to a man — paint a backdrop of everchanging colours, from manic to depressive and back again, that swirl just out of reach. Maybe these are love songs and maybe they're not, but they hover in the air long afterwards like unanswered questions, rather wistful and tinged with regret.

Many bands are capable of coaxing the odd sentimental tear or two, but The Garden Path have the power to induce great big choking sobs. In fact, if '5 Reasons' doesn't tug at you someplace where it hurts, you'd better check for a pulse. Magnificent.

JANE SIMON

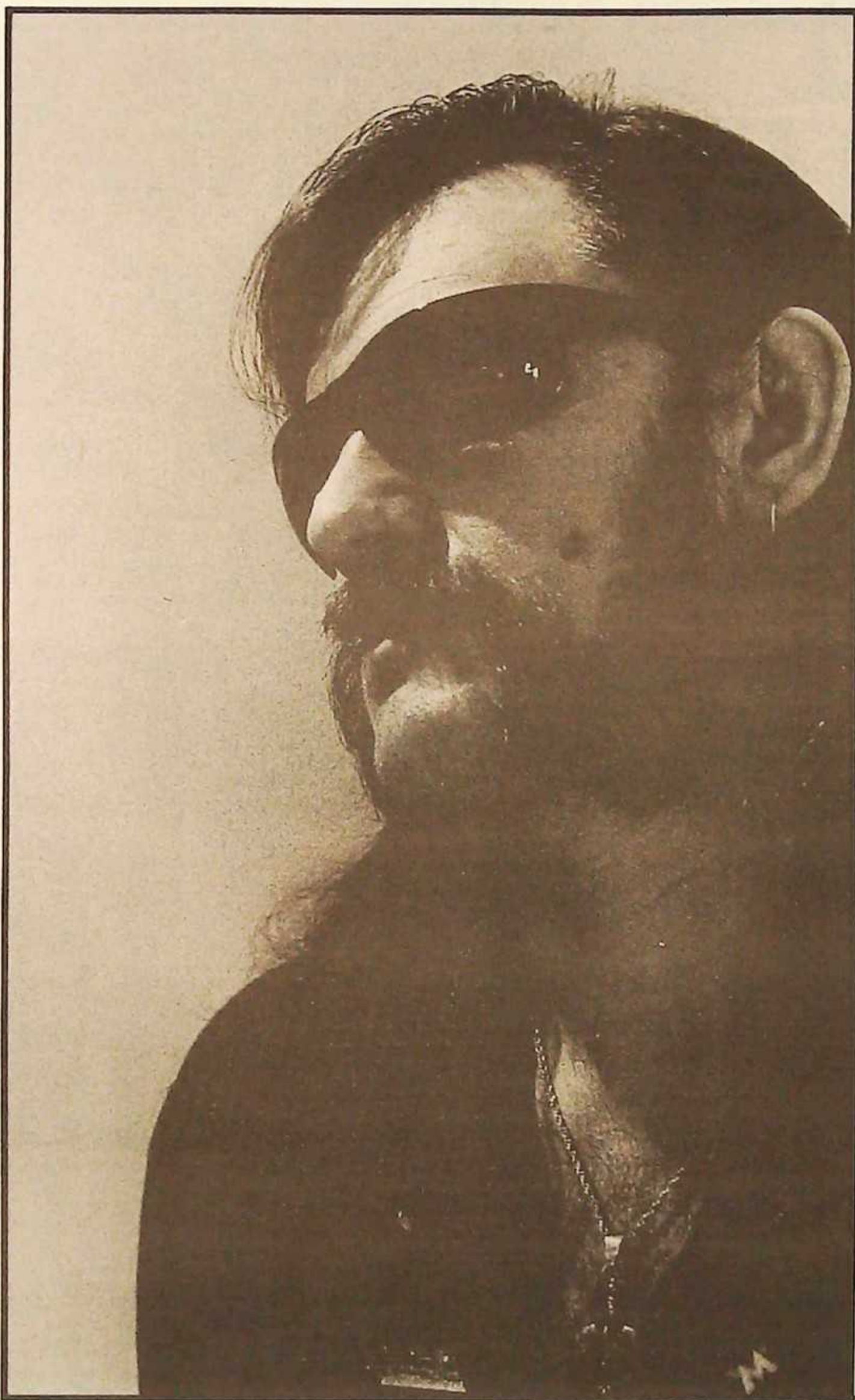
SLY FOX 'Let's Go All The Way' (Capitol St-12367)***

IT'S JUST all too perfect, like *Stepford Wives*, Sly Fox are literally too good to be true. I avoid 'pop' radio and TV so conscientiously I've yet to endure the delights of 'It's 'Orrible Being In Love (When You're 8½)' and the latest disc by someone musically referred to by *The Sun* as Sam's Back. But I seem to be hearing 'Let's Go All The Way' everywhere my dainty feet care to take me.

OK, so it sounds like 'I Am The Walrus', but it's neat, inoffensive, colourless music. The album of the single is equally convincingly unconvincing (or should that be unconvincingly convincing?) in its scope/breadth/range etc. Every department of the record is sanitised and polished, from the reggae-fied McCartneyism of 'Merry-Go-Round', through the token ballad and the latino 'Como Tu Te Llama' (Perry Como You Are An Andean Mammal And I Claim My Five Dollars), to the precise reconstruction of the condensed greatest hits of Smokey Robinson on 'If Push Comes To Shove'.

One name leaps Bob Beamon-like to mind in the comparison stakes, and that is Philip Bailey. This is a caucasian nose job, Capital Radio soul for beginners, a slick exercise in slick audience identification, marketing as music. Let's go all the way... to the bank?

ANDY HURT



LEMMY: power, passion and, er... finesse??!

Peter Anderson

DEAF WISH

MOTORHEAD 'Orgasmatron' (GWR GWLP1)*****

ONLY IN your wildest, most wanton dreams was it ever like this...

Make no mistake, when Lemmy found himself all alone in the world and the infernal machine called Motorhead spluttered to a halt, it wasn't just going to get patched up and given a fresh lick of paint, oh no. The thing had to be turned inside out, all or nothing, and when the right parts were found, boy was it gonna move.

'Orgasmatron', then, is unbridled, thoroughbred Motorhead, 1986 model — the transition is perfect. And as much as it pains me to say it, with Philthy Phil and Fast Eddie in the crew 'Orgasmatron' would probably have never happened. Wurzel, Pete Gill and Phil Campbell make it 101 per cent all the way and, after three years of frustrated waiting, it couldn't have been anything less.

There are nine good reasons why Motorhead must exist, nine burning, churning wedges of sound nurtured with a sledgehammer by Bill Laswell (and that was a smart move, too). Listen to 'Mean Machine' or 'Riding With The Driver' and taste the sweat,

feel the desperation, both titles out-gunning anything you'll find on 'Ace Of Spades' or 'Overkill'.

And perhaps that's the sweetest thing. Motorhead are getting better, cutting deeper, biting harder, taking it further, when we all thought that maybe there was nowhere else to go. Brilliantly, dramatically answering all those silent prayers, Motorhead show why they'll outlast the lot of us. The time has never been more appropriate than now to set the kings of speed back on top of the rockpile. 'Nothing Up My Sleeve', 'Built For Speed', 'Dr Rock' and the single 'Deaf Forever' walk it like they talk it, with power, passion and finesse.

As for the nefarious title track, a rolling, skulking hulk of a song, well... this alone will show you how Motorhead have evolved. It's dirty, gritty, a grinding ranting all-purpose death march, and quite stunning.

But enough, I think you get the general idea. Motorhead are back and proud, and for Lemmy, the butt of a thousand journalists' feeble jokes, the ride just goes on and on. Never look back.

NEIL PERRY

THE PURPLE THINGS 'Out Of The Deep' (Media Burn MB7)****½

DEAR CLAIRE, I just happened to be 15 and I just happened to be rummaging round in the loft and a suitcase just happened to open and, as I aimlessly emptied the contents, a copy of *Forum* just happened to fall out.

Among the highly educational and not-in-the-least-bit-titillating articles and letters was a feature on the significance of colours, and so it was that I discovered that a liking for the colour purple is indicative of homosexual tendencies. Since that day I have avoided all things purple — not that I've got anything against homosexuals, some of my best friends etc. . .

Anyway Claire, I used to really like this group called The Vibs and then they did one of those sneaky split/change your name/reform without one of the old band tricks and chose the name The Purple Things. I have heard their new mini-album and it is really good, sort of psychedelic but sort of without all the flowers and beads and all that cissy stuff. I want to buy this record but I do not want my chums to think that I am a shirtlifter. Help!

Hurt, London

Dear Hurt: Don't be a dickhead all yer life, dig The Purple Things and let your mind expand!

CLAIRE REINDEER

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Purveyors Of Taste: A Creation Compilation' (Creation CRE LP 010)****

THE WEATHER Prophets' Peter Astor wants to sing like Frankie Lyman. Frankie Lyman wants to know why he must be a teenager in love. I always wanted to know why people make compilation records.

Alan McGee's honed down roster achieves the impossible — a compilation without dull moments. All seven tracks mesh together to form a whole — a corporate compilation with a consistency that marks Creation out as one of the most talent-laden labels in the country.

It kicks off with The Bodines' 'Therese' and to say that none of the other tracks surpass this implies no criticism; after all, it is the single of the year. With its layered guitars alternately cascading and chiming a Cuttersque overlay, 'Therese' is simply a perfect pop single. Each component part is understood and the product releases several breaths of fresh air.

Primal Scream's 'Velocity Girl' is two minutes and 15 seconds of saccharine melody. "Here she comes with vodka in her veins." That's alliteration and it's absolutely brilliant. The Jasmine Minks' coasting 'Cold Heart' keeps up the standard as does The Weather Prophets' incantatory 'Like Frankie Lyman'. Biff Bang Pow's 'Love's Gone Out Of Fashion' helter-skelters on and, yes, quality is maintained.

A Creation compilation is a compelling compound.

ROY WILKINSON

QUEENSRÛCHE 'Rage For Order' (EMI America AML 3105)*****

LAST WINTER, my weary old record deck fell prey to a wriggling obscenity of an album by Mentors, a trio of psychotic porn metal pimps. Mentors are an insult to the paying public, and so unfortunately, is a large proportion of today's indie metal.

So the time couldn't be

more ripe for a band to bypass stock cock rock, show the guts and initiative to do things their own way, and give metal a fresh pair of legs on which to run into the '90s. QueensrÛche are the men for the job.

Those who were left disappointed by the quintet's iffy first album, 'The Warning', may have their doubts about such a claim, but 'Rage Of Order' is streets ahead of that and just about every other metal release since then. The seeds of brilliance sown on the 'Queen Of The Reich' EP have now reached full fruition.

Track one side two, 'Neue Regel', says it all, its thick, crackling base of guitars and drums given an extra lift by treated vocals, a staggered arrangement and the results of the boys going "sample crazy" in Seattle.

Surprise peppers the whole caboodle. Random background noises (shades of 23 Skidoo) bubble to the surface as a guitar cuts in and out on 'Screaming In Digital', while 'Gonna Get Close To You' heaves and sweats with an eerie compulsion.

Unlike the fashionably brainless Motorhead, QueensrÛche are going against the grain, making a genuine attempt to break the worn and cracked mould of orthodox metal. The least they deserve is a degree of recognition.

PAUL ELLIOTT

THE BEAT FARMERS 'Van Go' (MCA Records MCF 3326)*

DUNG! GO the geetars, cow-patter-cow-patter plop the drums, oink-snort gabbles Country Dick Montana, and The Beat Farmers are back in their musical element — swill.

If ever there was a reason for trad American rock to be subjected to a bolt between its astigmatic eyes, 'Van Go' is it.

The whole thrust of the return to roots that has characterised a cache of American bands in the past couple of years has been governed by the search for The Lost Song: the link between folklore, history and the modern world. When morals and values are in

TRUE

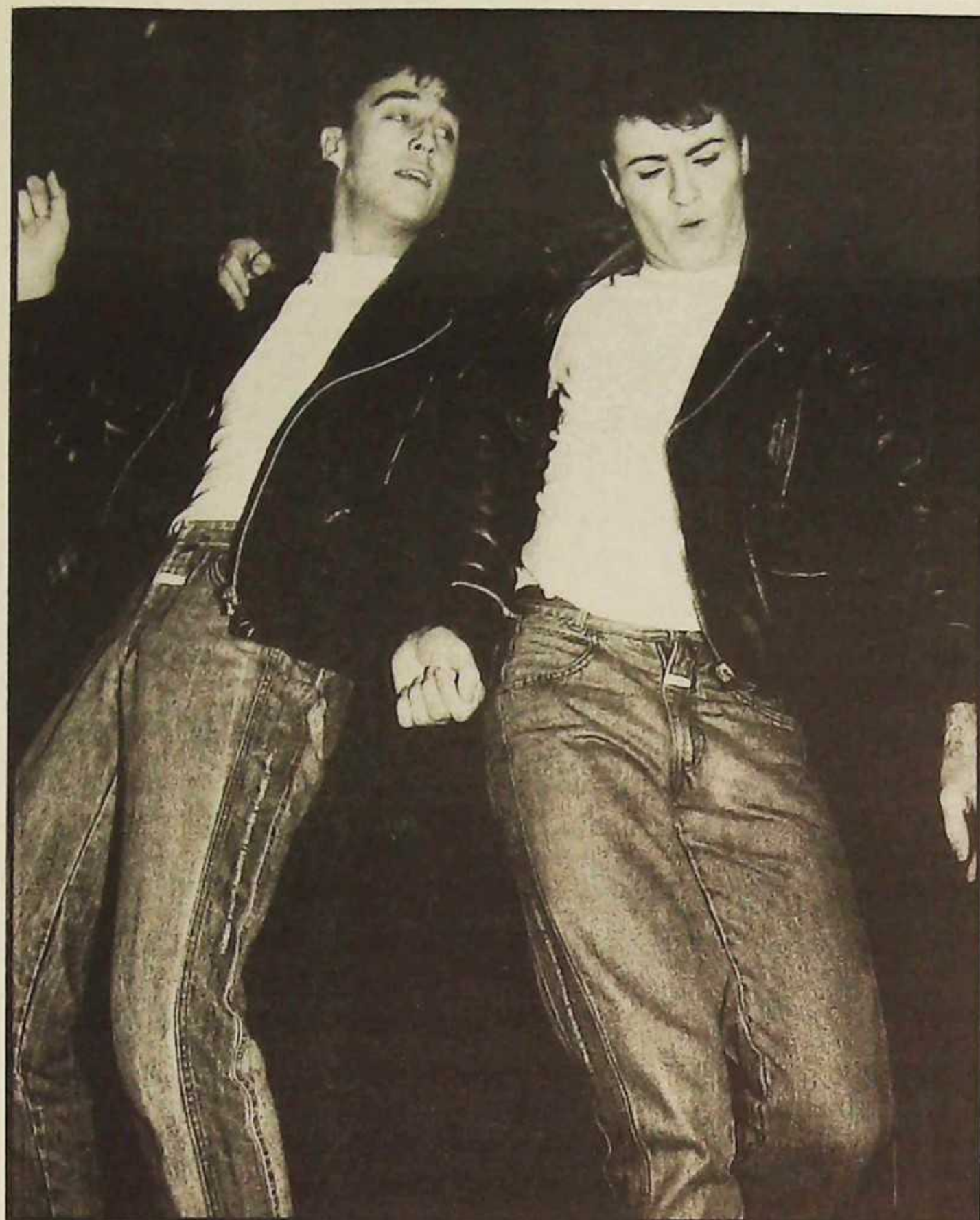
MADONNA 'True Blue' (WEA WX 54)***

"OH GOD. Oh Jesus H Christ, Mary and Joseph. I can't put this out, Sean."

"See, I know we need money, honey... I know what we have — the mansion, the pool, the forests, the diamond mines — ain't enough. But this 'be classy' instruction of yours is makin' me sound like *Carousel*. Y'know, I never minded bein' the dirtiest angel on the Christmas tree, I love to be BardotMonroe, but I don't think we should print, y'know, these dishwater lyrics on the sleeve."

"See, you may not've liked all that, but I have a real good bum, and I love to wiggle it. I like to say I love money, shouting gold-fingered muck that makes those guys' jaws hang open. I think I sound like Fairy Liquid on that famine aid song (it is about that, in't it, hon?). I ain't right wailin' "He says that he's going to marry me/We can raise a little family". I mean, like, WHAAAT? If I wanted to hear snot-nosed dribble like that, I'd watch the dummies on *Dallas*."

"White Heat", now — the one dedicated to Jimmy Cagney — now I like that one.



WHAM! come back Dave McCullough, all is forgiven...

Justin Thomas

GO~GO GONE!

WHAM! 'The Final' (Epic 88681)*****

LIVE FAST, die young, and leave a good looking corpse. Wasn't that what punk had always promised to do? And yet in the end, it was left to the pop pariahs to put their money where their mouths are.

"Do you. Enjoy what you do. If not. Just stop." And they did. In all the interviews leading up to The End, that was the general thrust. Wham! wasn't fun any more and it was time to get out. But faced suddenly with adulation 72,000 times over at Wembley, it can't not have crossed their minds that maybe being Wham! wasn't so bad after all, and maybe we could give it a few more weeks...

Inevitably, the press missed a few angles on The Final. Instead of focusing on the teenage tears (of which there were few because it's hard to cry when you're singing along), they should have noted the attitude behind placards like 'George Get Your Knob Out', which summed up Wham! with the same lack of self-consciousness as they did themselves when they conceded that 'Last Christmas' probably did sound better in December but what the hell, they'd do it anyway.

Wham! — God bless 'em — were like kissing with your eyes open; a fantasy that wasn't embarrassed by the contradictions of the real world. And if Andrew Ridgeley appeared to have all the musical aptitude of a fruit bat, that was a crucial part of the equation too.

Wham! were the kind of fantasy that allows albums to be released unsullied by any mention of the musicians who made them. So here it is — a career encapsulated in two LPs. Four years, 12 hits, four number ones and some B sides. The 12-inch mixes that may have escaped your attention, though the songs speak for themselves.

Wham! more than fulfilled George Michael's wish to become part of the fabric of society — a hook to hang the '80s on. If pop exists at all it should always be this immense, this fantastic, with catwalks and choreography and perfect pitch. At Wembley the saddest thought of all was, how long will it be before pop gets it right again?

JANE SIMON

Recluse have discovered melody. Aiming for the charts? Well, no. The Recluse masquerade ball grinds on and time has improved the soundtrack. Welcome The Bodhi Beat Poets, Bourbonese Qualk, The Royal Family And The Poor and more, more, more. Some time ago people might have raved. After that, people said there was too much freedom, but now the oppressed Organisation are firmly implanted back in the underground. 'Songs' is their show of strength, the hiccup before the burp. It's a love or loathe situation. Listen and weep.

DAVE HENDERSON

URBAN SAX 'Fraction Sur Le Temps' (Celluloid CEL 6788)*****

COMPOSED PRIMARILY for the 1982 Summit in Versailles but forming the basis of all subsequent concerts, 'Fraction Sur Le Temps' is Urban Sax's first album — discounting the pointless collaboration with Pierre Henry — since 1978.

It has been worth the wait.

The sound of 38 saxophones is every bit as awesome as the sight of them. Playing through these six untitled tracks brings back bizarre and happy memories: that pre-concert tension followed by the first huge bass note, activating my adrenal gland like nothing else; filing out of Bath's Theatre Royal and finding them waiting in the street, deranged and not a little sinister; the fork lift trucks in Epinal and Covent Garden; converging on Venice's St Mark's Square in rain-soaked gondolas...

It's not all saxophones. Indeed, the longest — and best — track is a glorious, trance-like alliance of (for the most part) glockenspiels, gongs, guitars and choir.

Utterly exhilarating. Buy twice!

DAVID ELLIOTT

chaotic flux, it's the little man in hicksville who holds the key to the dream, or so such bands believe.

Country Dick and his swineherds have indeed found The Lost Song and don't realise that the little twerp was buried in the first place because it was dead in the head. Guns, booze, blues, booze, cars, booze, cheating girls, booze, trucking down the road, booze, aaah I'm sure you get the idea. Nick Cave could turn such subject matter into a 20th Century

fable, Dick turns it into manure. Even Neil Young's 'Powderfinger' is given arthritis.

Not so much meeting the beat head on, more a case of beating the meat.

JACK BARRON

LOVE AND MONEY 'All You Need Is ... Love And Money' (Mercury MERH 89)***1/2

OUT OF Scotland via the mock millionaires' paradise of Martin Fry's Xanadu and

Elton John's Watford-In-Eden, Love And Money have a very high opinion of their creativity. This unconcealed arrogance is not wholly justified. For although they do have their moments, Love And Money just do not have the wit and the imagination to fulfil their own ambitions.

'All You Need Is ... Love And Money' is such a calculated attempt to produce a perfect dance/rock/pop album for the mid-'80s that it could not help but fail. Listening to, say, 'Pain Is A Gun' (wow, heavy!), you can almost see Love And Money's market research people out on the streets of Milton Keynes asking the nuclear family's rebellious teenage daughter just what sort of pop band she'd like on her wall now that George Michael's a boring old pessimist, Duran Duran want to be taken seriously and A-bloody-Ha make her throw up. In a neatly typed list, the answers might well amount to exactly what Love And Money are offering, but in practice?

In practice, 'Candybar Express' is an aspiring pop classic which just won't relax. 'Dear John' is a retrospective love song which could be brave enough to cause questions in the House, if I understand it properly (I probably don't, I expect it's about John Lennon or somebody dead famous like that). 'You're Beautiful' is just too NutraSweet grammar school romance for anybody's liking. 'Cheeseburger' might just be a very clever glance at the pop world, from Elvis to their own ambitions. And 'Love And Money' (also a song, of course) pushes at the walls of the 'Wham! Rap' except that the walls begin to close in.

The blueprint was there. This much is self-evident. But as so often happens when young men with cheekbones and Ray-Bans decide to make the pop album of the year, their intentions never quite translate onto vinyl. Love And

Money have tried too hard.

ROGER HOLLAND

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Songs From The New International' (Recluse Organisation LOOSE 12)***5/8

THERE'S A message here, a

new something. Maybe the anarchy has become more palatable, or maybe the revolution is being televised; either way, 'The New International' is a dollop less dangerous — to your internal ear bleeding zone — than you'd at first imagine.

ATE SMILES HIGH



DAVE LEE: it's only Roth and roll...

DAVE LEE ROTH 'Eat 'Em And Smile' (Warner Brothers WX56) ***

SO THERE he crouches on the back cover, a painted feral kid, howling mouth agape in some clumsy imitation of the oral sex that the title seems to hint at. There are the soulless, luminescent eyes, the chiselled features of a man who shows immense taste in cars, but whose ill-concealed misogyny disguises itself in a luscious epicurean lust for women that he would otherwise reserve for steak tartare.

Here, to match, comes the music, bloodied and primal. The lurch of the opening 'Yankee Rose' unashamedly picks its teeth with the leg of a chair, and spits out rock 'n' roll splinters like gunfire. The resolute gee-tar whines and strays, and ties silk barbed wire around its own dewlapped neck. Much of the album is like this; but we watch and smile, and mostly remain unmoved. We jot this down: Van Halen seems better off without him.

'Shyboy', let's take that as an example. It's an altogether rancid platter, where Roth places his order for hors d'oeuvres — one wild woman, please, and a bourbon chaser. But

the bum wiggle and the hips that giggle are still thrust, like that dimpled chin, for us to swipe.

Who can resist... who can deny the suppressed smirk of 'Ladies Night in Buffalo?' or 'That's Life'? Me, me, me... the gasoline alley Roth pimps is not made more scenic by self-deprecating humour, or by the sudden repositioning of his tongue, now sliding soundlessly between his own sculptured cheeks.

'Bump And Grind' (I tell you no lies) apart, the smoky rendition of 'Tobacco Road' blows sweet aromas, and shows the vocal in untainted style. Thus, the reverberations can be pleasant. But I remain cautious of these mindless acts the Roth child and his skinny pals like to play.

Too much of this is rock and roll with its hands still stuffed down its trousers. And yes, before you say it, Zodiac Mindwarp is just as bad, and, occasionally, just as unreservedly delicious, if not as Nordically handsome.

Me? Um, saveloy and two pickled gherkins, please.

CAROLE LINFIELD

OR FALSE?

Them rabbit-brained reviewers will all goon over where I holler "This is a BUST!", but they'll see that together with 'Open Your Heart' it's got real sub-Shannon bass and knee-in-the-groin guitar that I die for every time.

"But we both know, babe, that 'Where's The Party' is empty as a toilet roll toob, and dear, if we don't get that Spanish guitar off 'La Isla Bonita'... hey, Abba can have it. The title tune — dedicated t'you — 's the only one I really love, 'cause it's sweet as Connie Francis mixed up with Book Of Love — but when I shout 'I'm so excited 'cause you're my best friend', why d'ya go and screw y'self up behind the bath that way?

"No, it's gotta be said. See, my lyrics — yeah, they're real important, but the beat just must have sex. I wouldn't listen to me squealin' somethin' this tired in my ear 'cause I can do and I can be so much better. That end track, 'Love Makes The World Go Round' — why, the salsa is too haphazard and wrong-steppin', and I know about real beat. I wanna wait, angel. I did this in love, y'know, but it's not me. I just feel like I've been had."

GLYN BROWN



MADONNA: the truth hurts



BANANARAMA: midriff bilge

DE FILM 'De Film'

(Portrait PRT26849)****
SLEEVE DESIGN — money for old rope or what? Pick up a copy of *Soviet Textile Design Of The Revolutionary Period*, rip out page 43, blow up the chosen design, run it out in black and *voilà!* That'll do nicely.

De Film work a bit harder for their crust, and have to, for any band emanating from Scandinavia with anything remotely resembling an English pop sound is going to be compared with the Yo-Ho! boys. As singer Tommy and his Danish pals have less cutesy ammo with which to stir girly glands into action, they have to get cracking on the can't-get-the-bloody-tune-out-of-my-head front, and they come up trumps in at least two instances, with 'Bitter Surprise' and 'Cuba Libre'.

For Depeche Mode, Duran Duran and A-Ha read Brazil, West Germany and Italy, with De Film as a Morocco or Algeria, John Motson screaming rabidly about the coming of age of Third World football. But hang on a mo, these boys are Danish; they're no' bad.

ANDY HURT

DIAMANDA GALAS 'The Divine Punishment' (Mute STUMM27)***

OH THE poor love. Avant-garde electro-acoustic singer/composer Diamanda Galas here presents her 'plague mass', which makes Patti Smith's 'Elegy' sound like Bananarama and Sylvia Plath read like Molly Parkin. In two harrowing sections — 'Deliver Me From Mine Enemies' and 'Free Among The Dead' — she

describes a high-pitched phobia of life which scrapes the skin off your eyelids.

Chilling the blood like an expansive grey spectre, whispering, shrieking, howling and crying, she pounds on your conscience.

She is 'taken seriously' by various international arts commissions, and has performed alongside Burroughs, Test Dept and several orchestras. The largely indecipherable words are too portentously self-dramatising to affect, eg "I am the shit of God". But it is scarier than a night in a haunted Holiday Inn. I doubt if anyone could listen to this alone, late, in the dark.

Highly principled and overtly aesthetic, Diamanda will continue to intrigue her small, timid, pale and probably very beautiful audience. One for the worst week of winter.

CHRIS ROBERTS

VARIOUS ARTISTS 'Radio Freedom — Voice Of The African National Congress And The People's Army Umkhonto We Sizwe' (Rounder Europa REV 1010)*****

MERE STARS are not enough. This record is in a class of its own. Where petulant designer pop bands stamp their feet and mouth off about rebellion, the people whose work is reflected on this hour long presentation of the ANC's Radio Freedom are involved in armed insurrection, are fighting a war.

To be found listening to Radio Freedom in South Africa is an offence punishable by up to eight

years in prison, and I think we can assume that that would be very hard labour indeed. And when you hear what the station transmits you can understand why.

Brave words, fierce spirits and music which expresses both with a contrastingly carefree charm. This is the sound of Radio Freedom. Broadcast from five African countries, it provides the only alternative to the strongly censored South African state radio station. For example, it is only on Radio Freedom that music by exiled and, of course, banned musicians can be heard.

THICK SKINS

BANANARAMA 'True Confessions' (London RAMA3)*

"WIN A day out with Bananarama and a fabulous compact disc player. Just answer the questions below. Then fill in the form and say in not more than 25 words why you'd like to meet Bananarama:

"A) What is special about the streets in 'Trick Of The Night'? B) Which month is mentioned in 'Ready Or Not'? C) How old is the girl in 'Hooked On Love'?"

Um... nothing, January, 46. I would like to meet Bananarama because: if there's one thing I can't stand it's acutely average people who pretend they're activists instead of pretending they're dummies. And I would like to read them some Baudelaire.

"Congratulations, you've won! We thought your entry showed a fine sense of humour and the fact that you overstepped the word limit showed guts and tenacity. Enjoy your day out."

But... but...

"Wednesday. It's all fixed."

Oh shit...

It's Wednesday and... um, hello Bananarama.

"Hi prizewinner! Yahoo! We're really into this! It's not like the bum part of the job at all! Anyway, what would you like to talk spontaneously about?"

I... er... I made notes. I thought maybe... Robert De Niro.

"Oh yes, we adore De Niro!"

And?

"And what?"

Gosh... I... really...

"Don't you want to discuss how our spanking new LP is full of jolly little tunes and jolly little harmonies and jolly little elephantine dance routines and crap lyrics like 'there's no emotion, only passion'?"

Actually, I was wondering if it worried you. Being like you are.

"Oh heavens no, lovey. When they fused our brains together it was like — well, it was almost like a whole brain! It was fantastic! We found that not only could we cut the bottoms of our T-shirts off but also we had the vision to recognise that Samantha Fox pandered to sexism."

Hey, I bet that won you a lot of friends, yeah? (Pause.)

"Um... not really, no. It made us look like desperate hypocrites."

Can I go home now?

"Not before the Baudelaire, tiger."

"The world is about to end. Its sole reason for continuance is that it exists."

"Flippin' 'eck, doesn't even rhyme. Yeah, you can go."

CHRIS ROBERTS

powerful record and taste the essence of the struggle.

ROGER HOLLAND

RANDY CRAWFORD 'Abstract Emotions' (Warners WX46)**

TITLES. THIS is all about titles.

The title of the album is wrong. The 'emotions' synthesised here by producer Reggie (Madonna) Lucas and stick-to-that-formula docile diva Randy Crawford are plain and vapid. Any ten second outtake would give you the (lack of) feel of the whole thing.

The title of the new single

is 'Gettin' Away With Murder'. This is right.

Chugging not tugging; easy to dance to if you can't dance to save your life and have no pride. Predictable. Bloodless. Sallow.

The title of the good track, which is ten times better than the rest combined, is 'Actual Emotional Love'. "Every time that you give it, you give it to me" she sings, and for a moment you forget who she is and the riskless conservatism she stands for.

The title of the closing track is 'Don't Wanna Be Normal'. But — surprise — it is.

CHRIS ROBERTS

MOB RULES!

DOCTOR'S MOB 'Headache Machine' (One Big Guitar OBGLP 9001)****

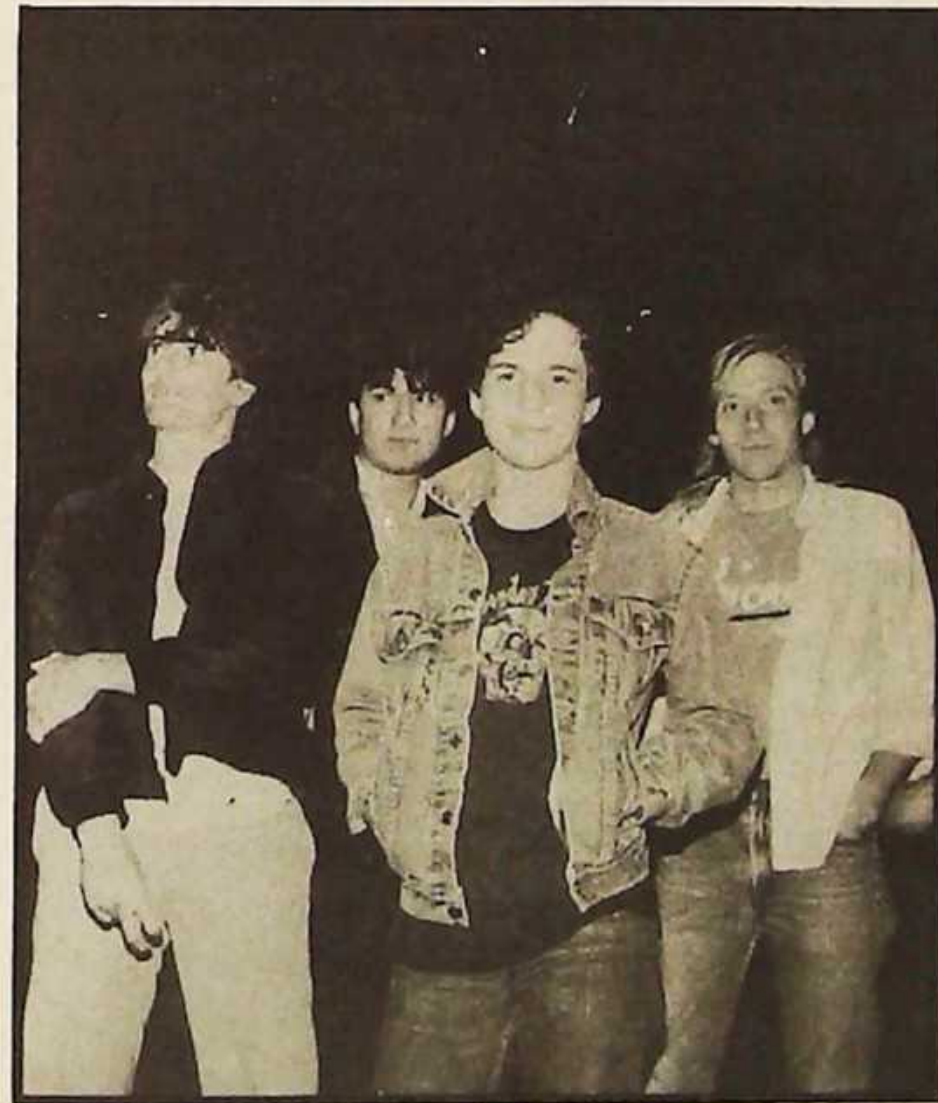
THESE BOYS practise their bad medicine in the USA's weirdest state of Austin, Texas, home of armadillos and a spawning pond for the manic Roky Erickson and his 13th Floor Elevators. There's a madness that blends with the smell of meat in the air, and this Mob have managed to bottle it and ship it over in the shape of a record for you to let loose in your cosy English living room.

"Of early Gun Club," quacks the blurb that came with this, making me itch for loud speakers and an amp that comes minus a death rattle. When I find one that barks loud enough I strain everything I've got to hear another 'Fire Of Love'. It ain't here... but something else, something equally unique, is panting like a mad thing back there.

'Headache Machine'... what a title, a slap of encouragement on the back for that alone, boys. The songs you've syringed into these grooves pack the punch of the title too, and what a thrilling guitar 'n' grit sound you've managed to bleed out of your amplifiers. The only thing that lets it down is that foul cover, ye olde fake transparency jive which has been done a million times already and makes your otherwise excellent record blend into total obscurity.

Those wise enough to struggle over that little hurdle, however, will be the proud owners of a plastic carnivore that'll bite your ears off if you get too close. Mistakes and all, this new breed of Texan rock sounds healthily dangerous.

EDWIN POUNCEY



DOCTOR'S MOB get ready to, er... bite your ears off

Orgasmatron

L I V E S



FURNITURE'S JIM: salmon chanted evening

Eye And Eye

SOFA SO GOOD

FURNITURE
Wag Club

UPSTAIRS, IT smells like Egypt. The worst-kept secret of all time is tickling your spine. Nevertheless, you are calmly telling Jim the singer of Furniture to stop dribbling and play his natural game. Jim thinks that, because they are number 29, people will expect them to live up to something. You point out that he has been working for this for years, and that tonight is a celebration. Jim refuses your offer of a drink because he has the shits.

Downstairs, it smells like salmon. Furniture grimace and blush, five nervous icons. Better than better could be, they start with 'Shake Like Judy Says' and 'Love Your Shoes'. It's like angst is basic and ecstasy is elementary. Fair enough, you think, as you and Lucy bounce up and down and push taller people out of the way. Lucy has a crush on drummer Hamilton because of his personality. You have a 20 minute crush on keyboardist Maya because of the way she flicks her cuffs back in between being an iceberg and being an iceberg.

Jim, eyes like a psycho, if you believe, grows in confidence to the point of touching his heart when he sings the word

'heart'. You hear them all like a virgin receptacle and revel in the apropos torch intensity of 'I Miss You', 'Make Believe I'm Him' (Motown for masochists) and 'Escape Into My Arms'.

Shortly after a drunk (despicable) asks what this band is called and you say "Furniture" like you're saying "you dumb bastard", you notice that 'I Can't Crack' prompts the ad lib: that should sort out the men from the boys. You know now where you stand. On a table. On one leg. The 'hit' is sloshed with venom. You exchange 227 knowing glances with the nearest person who knows.

Furniture are too good and really feeling to be true, but they are. You wish them well with every crease of your guts. "Scrapbook!" you are shouting. "She gets out the scrapbook!" Fortunately, this is a song title. They don't do it, because of pianos.

Furniture, brighter than blood, moving as always, dissecting 'the relationship' without a hint of science and putting the unquestionable caress of love back into pop music. Gradually, then suddenly, you realise what the smell of salmon is reminding you of.

CHRIS ROBERTS

THE CHESTERFIELDS
Kentish Town Bull And Gate

A CURLING white smoke cloud of beautiful pop swirls out from the nostrils of The Chesterfields' mean, melodic guitars and hovers above the small crowd's heads. It's a dose of lung poisoning which everyone wants to catch.

The Chesterfields flirt with their eyelids at milky melodies and summer sunshine beats. Their fine uptempo stompers, like 'Sweet Revenge' - from their 'Guitar In Your Bath' EP on Subway - show The Chesterfields' creamy grace in producing instant pop jewels that have a humming similarity to The Housemartins.

Melancholic water lilies float on The Chesterfields' pond, partly due to the vocalist's vulnerable English boy angst. The better moments sometimes suffer through as wet sponges but, on their way up, The Chesterfields climb their 'Love Mountain' with a determined ease and look down on their supposed

peers of melodic brilliance with a considerable amount of contempt.

The Chesterfields are crafty, catchy and colourful. Yet more contenders striving for the vacant post of pop kings.

RON ROM

THE LEATHER NUN
Croydon Underground

GIVE AN infinite number of monkeys an infinite amount of Lego and, in time, they will construct an accurate model of Croydon.

Thankfully, God discreetly stuck the ugliest town in the universe deep in the London suburbs, the main disadvantage being that the best club in town, The Underground, is also situated here. Hence the pilgrimage to cop a load of Sweden's kings of feedback, The Leather Nun.

Since their rare knot of UK gigs earlier this year they've gone some way towards whipping their collective image into something resembling Brit A&R man raw material. A close encounter with Sven Todd, the demon barber of Gothenburg, has replaced Jonas Almqvist's biker pony tail with a smartly

Aryan flat-top, while guitarists Aron and Nils have apparently swapped hair colourings.

No change for Anders the bass, with his fleece of tearaway curls, a hairstyle as unlikely as his Dachau physique and peculiar jutting jaw, like a pelican with a heavy catch of krill.

For starters a new song, 'Sex Is No Emergency', and immediately their sole failing, a tendency to indulge in overlong workouts, is exposed. But by the third selection, in which Jonas informs the female (I assume) element of the audience that "you can suck on my Lollipop", the Scandinavians have eased into gear. From then on it's a succession of old favourites: 'FFA', 'Son Of A Good Family', 'Prime Mover', 'Busted Kneecaps' and more, but strangely no room for 'Fly Angels Fly'.

No matter, they do their job efficiently enough, even if Gert the drummer disagreed to the extent of briefly walking out on the others during their batch of encore tunes. The Mary Chain, huh!

ANDY HURT

GREENHOUSE OF TERROR
Chalk Farm Enterprise

IN THE Greenhouse Of Terror you'll hear the pulsating sound of energetic guitars, walking the line between catchy pop and powerful rock thrash. Looking like rejects from Oxfam and playing like vagrants from the fires of hell, Greenhouse Of Terror brandish all the candyfloss backbeat of screaming guitars and driving rhythms, producing in turn exhilarating songs.

Their set is breathtakingly fast and often exciting, but it lacks changes in pace and diversity in mood. This doesn't allow us to gasp for oxygen between their feverishly apocalyptic swingers, as catchy as The Undertones' treacly pop and as abrasive as 'Damaged Goods' era Gang Of Four. The whole bestial set left me sweating, dancing, singing and leaving early as too much red meat isn't good for a weak heart like mine.

With a little bit of composure, GOT could climb to greater heights.

RON ROM

PETER MURPHY
Piccadilly Theatre

A YEAR ago, there was a rumour going round that Murphy was dying of some nasty disease. Tonight, just to prove you can't keep an old ghoul down, he was reborn on the wings of Ubu's words, singing "Don't want a cure, want a final solution." The perfect pill in black, he was spectacular.

The slyest of stars, the light simply poured out from his cheek(y) bones which are to rock music what Monroe's shoulders were to celluloid, broadly speaking. Quite why certain sections of the press have lambasted the man since his Bauhaus days for being part Nosferatu, part Bowie clone I don't know.

His may not have been the cosiest of rides, and Dali's Car may have stalled, but in his current reincarnation Murphy flies to the beat of a very dark humour. The man is a near visionary.

Here's a real kick in the eye: during the encore a bouncer comes onstage and hoicks Peter up into the air, twirling him like a human helicopter blade. The audience take off with appreciation. Such a simple move, such a stroke of genius.

And still the band play on, emanating swirling spheres of hard polished sound, metal bearings for this ball of the thin people, with the power and joy hardly hinted at by Murphy's latest recordings. Blue heart music for warm times, Peter pricks the parts others cannot reach with his sharp little teeth.

JACK BARRON

POP WILL EAT ITSELF
London School Of Economics

DENIM (RIPPED), a discomforting racket and dyslexic pop vision. Bubble-gum with razors tucked neatly inside, nasty reality, snarling and gnarled.

Pop Will Eat Itself surprise me most because they exist; the well-intentioned man at the Rough Trade shop led me somewhere else. "Nah, they're another lump of fiction my son, the figment of a warped NME imagination."

PWEI are the least streamlined concern I've suffered in years, urban

maggies, tarred and feathered, de-sexed, ripped and torn and creased and crushed. Slightly cartoon-like, their lucid awkwardness is going to make hearts drip like burst water mains if they continue to hitch the entire hand-me-down hepchat to bruises as sleekly black as this. With a Sharkey quiver, the voice checks itself for chest rash, perforating the general noise irritant happening about him.

Pop Will Eat Itself are about to wage an extraordinary war on something... any second now. Their last song revives the ever popular idea of incorporating a message into a song, for instance, and asks, with some zeal: "What's so f***** good, what's so f***** good, what's so good about candy?" I'm shocked and gladdened that someone's wondering about the right things round here. In two lines, they set pop back a lifetime - The Ronettes wore hobnailed boots apparently.

Pop, dainty and maybe depraved, this is for me.

JONH WILDE

SANDIE SHAW
Kentish Town Town And Country Club

"THOSE WHOM the gods love grow young," my Uncle Oscar used to muse, drawing back those olive satin curtains then settling back on the divan of Persian saddle-bags. Sandie looked vestal and left a heroine. Tonight, you think I'm merely jesting, pop was set forward a lavish number of years.

Two watertight moments in, Bacharach's 'Always Something There To Remind Me' astonishes me that such cobwebs can ring with such inner agony, pop's most haunted moment. From there on, Sandie was a long shiver.

Behind her, trooping like Butlins Redcoats, The Joboxers are putting their knuckles in the right places and sufficing... but it's alright, Sandie's licking the lolly round here, fresh as paint, making our tickers miss every other beat. She's sensual and scouring, flicking kisses and waving like sudden epilepsy, grooving (yep, grooving) past a scalding 'Girl Don't Come', a singeing 'Frederick', a hastily sexed 'Anyone Who Had A

THE THREE JOHNS/POISON GIRLS/BLYTH POWER
Camden Electric Ballroom

HORRORS! SOMEONE has failed to supply the ripplingly endowed Blyth Power with a copy of *The Manner And Rules Of Rock Society* (a weighty but invaluable volume). Whoever the culprit is, they've a lot to answer for. Drums, for instance, are normally placed as far back as possible. Blyth Power, however, stick their drummer - the elfin-like Josef - right at the front, where he sings his heart out and bashes his kit with gusto.

The good thing about this lot is there's so much actually going on. The two backing vocalists are a law unto themselves - unselfconscious playing of invisible guitars and rhythmic rump-wiggling being among their top specialities - and the others are worth looking at simply for their startling musical dexterity.

It's worth explaining that this last observation incorporates Josef and his zany facial spasms... which means that Blyth Power are now a complete entertainment package, breezy punk fun for all the family.

Vi from the Poison Girls walks onstage to big cheers and affectionate smiles. A powerful figure, it seems she's become a surrogate aunt to lots of the crowd who appear to find her every move a revelation. But sadly, Vi's music is excruciating, a plodding mish-mash of toothless anarcho-funk, overlaid by her own grating voice, the 'messages' coming thick and fast - and lacking subtlety, it must be said.

Being popular, the band go down a storm. Each to his or her own, I suppose.

The Three Johns, on the other hand, make pop-in-politics bearable. It's there if you want it. They're too busy showing off their belly buttons to want to ram ideology down your throat.

John Brennan (lean, dark, smouldering bass player) exposes a nipple and stumbles into a mike stand, while frontman Hyatt simply mumbles gibberish. Perhaps they've been drinking. I think to myself.

Three pals, they have this unique understanding. You can sense their unbridled joy, they communicate without words, and it's... oh, I don't know... nice. A song climaxes, with loud guitars, shrieks and high drama. John Langford, driven into a mad frenzy, smashes up his Andrew Eldritch hat. Gasp.

MR SPENCER

**ROD STEWART/
FEARGAL SHARKEY/
THE BLOW MONKEYS**
Wembley Stadium
REALISTICALLY, FROM the mid-to-late '70s, Rod was single-handedly revolutionising the French kiss and the hand up the blouse, with some of the most volcanic bursts of surrender since Motown's euphoric peaks.

While all you frigid lowbrows were supplementing your Clash with your Lurkers, the more intrepid amongst us were spending their evenings getting all ravenous in the backs of Capris, 'Rod Stewart's Greatest Hits' mingling with the consummation of inspired sighs. The sound of The Westway was strictly daytime, only squares stayed in studying Joy Division singles.

So Rod sweeps back, and all the cleverdicks are saying how this is like some wake next to last week's Wham! farewell wave, how the crowd is full of stretch marks and complete with squashy prole doom. When they all sneer at Doctor Robert's snug parody and lap up Feargal's vaudeville tricks, I'm starting to come over all apprehensive.

The Blow Monkeys were the only visible sign of fluctuation for the first three hours, 'Digging Your Scene' moving spear-like through the subsequent Feargal/ELO suave bluff. Sharkey should suffer much unchristian torment until his last breath for his ritual slaughter of Percy's 'When A Man Loves A Woman'; his entire set guillotined his last shred of persuasive gallantry.

The Wogan masses found his diminishing warbling touching and his shoddy showbiz hornswoggle boisterous... the bell-bottomed chin and the famous quiver are plummeting dramatically now.

With Rod, the amoral angel, we suffered all the grinding, hardboiled rock filth for his moments of panting palpitation. Predictably, the superstar bubble — his ego caught in the revolving doors — dictated a cumbrous balance. Sadly, some of his most corrosive pieces were crippled accordingly — both 'Maggie May' and 'You Wear It Well' came off like battle-scarred marches into Austria, their tutelary spirits dying in beer puddles.

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SPARE THE ROD



ROD: oops — forgot about the photo pit!

Steve Double

Heart'. She resurrects 'A Girl Called Johnny' and drapes it in tinsel, somehow throttles the life out of 'Hand In Glove' (her only flaw tonight), lolls and lusts to 'I Don't Owe You Anything'.

Slender as birch, she merely suggests insatiability and I'm won and my spine does some dippy dance. Despite The Jobbers' academic touch, Sandie took a quixotic voyage, kept her sandals on — wish I'd brought my mum — applying the immaculate smudges like flesh pink nail varnish.

My critical faculties fell through the trap-door, Sandie was bringing legend to life. There's no room for vigilance. Welcome back, luv. Tonight she was absurdly tantalizing... the gods are with her.

JONH WILDE

THE FOOD SCIENTISTS Manchester Boardwalk Saturday Club

I WAS halfway through being bored to death by some git with a lisp and a band and the impression that I should be peddling my wordy wares their way when The Food Scientists hopped onto the stage. Tuning up, grinning nervously and pointing out that their single is on sale, they introduce their first song and then look on bewildered as the singer and saxophone player leave for the bar.

You know the South American Indian tribes where the natives shin up 300 foot tree trunks onto a platform that quivers with their weight? Binding one ankle to a long strap of jungle vine, they miss out on any parade and hurl themselves neck,

knees and spine down towards the Earth. Then, just as the EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE strains through their muscles, the vine straightens and flings the helpless loin-skinned little body back up.

Well, that's how I felt after The Food Scientists had poked their songs into my solar plexus.

Excited memories of The Higsons and Serious Drinking educated by a school of Dead Kennedys, Three Johns and Madness combined together as I watched the dedicated workings of food science. A band whose funk is as red as my raw hay-fevered eyes and whose beat is as black as an undertaker's bank balance. Next stop cake shop! The Food Scientists are cooking.

JAMES BROWN

THE SHOP ASSISTANTS/THE SOUP DRAGONS/THE GOLDEN HORDE Hammersmith Clarendon

AFTER A few moments, any notions I may have had about dismissing The Golden Horde with a single paragraph have flown straight out of the window. Whoever they may be, with their flamboyant egomania, these kids burn it up.

Walls buckle. No air conditioning on the least nippy evening of the year so far. Through the hazy blur everything onstage seems to be swaying back and forth in an alluring, almost sensuous manner. Then it hits me, the bloke who sings with The Golden Horde is just very tall.

"I feel like I've already lived forever," he smirks, doubtless impressed by his own wisdom. Next to this long-haired geek is a snarling, mega-talented guitarist, who succeeds in looking a dead ringer for Sid Vicious despite a lovable mop of curly brown hair.

The Golden Horde are like a less staid and much less boring Ramones — I could say there's no comparison, but why lie? — with twice the fire and a knack of contrasting their hell-for-leather guitar storms with precise and glittering backing vocals.

After this sizzling madness, The Soup Dragons can only be a let-down and, following

an initial bout of euphoric tummy trouble, they do indeed grow sluggish and familiar.

Their frontman's Shelley-esque inflections (his speaking voice is camp Glaswegian but he sings like he's from Manchester) and the group's wholly Buzzcocks-derived sound — again, why pretend otherwise? — are at first joyous, grand and fab, but the nice tunes soon lose their grip.

The delightful Shop Assistants appear to grow increasingly less comfortable with every performance. Despite their newfound technical accomplishment, on this occasion they seem positively rigid with fear.

The breezy pop-punk crown is already theirs, but if The Shop Assistants are to make great leaps forward, they'll have to loosen up and match the music by looking suitably

enthralled, or tickled pink, or relaxed at the very least.

Their next goal must be the earning of a funny put-down from attractive Mike Smith on peak time BBC television. Nothing less than this will do.

MR SPENCER

HOLLYWOOD BEYOND Heaven

GO BEYOND the valley of the dolls and pass through the shadow of death; the Lord may drag you kicking and screaming every inch of the way, but it's for your own good... really, you know it is. For, without divine help, how are you ever to get to the top of the pile?

This man Mark Rogers has a vision, crystal clear, of classical funk-rock, artistic but commercial. Some kind of swamp-rock, he says. A mealy-bug of interest to arouse the brain, to drag the name Hollywood Beyond into

your already overcrowded life. And what will make them stand out? A mildly interesting tune or two, a cellist, a touch of dance-beat if somewhat sexless.

The man behind the name can cut a few vocal tricks, holds a microphone loosely; with short, hip dreadlocks, he strikes a pose. And that's it, the selling point, the look, the triumph of form over content. It's safe and I listen, amused to know that it's money down the drain because the public won't be fooled, at least not for more than one hit (wonder).

See Hollywood, just like the real one, fall between all stalls, plum dead centre in the middle of the lake. I don't hate them, how could I? Remember: "Heaven... heaven is a place... a place where nothing... nothing ever happens."

RICKY KILDARE

THREE LOVE



TWO JOHNS: is there a dentist in the house?

Jayne Houghton

NAN BUT THE BRAVE

THE VINDALOO SUMMER SPECIAL: WE'VE GOT A FUZZBOX AND WE'RE GONNA USE IT/THE NIGHTINGALES/ TED CHIPPINGTON Croydon Underground

THE THEORY would surely revolve around an open-topped double decker tour bus, seaside bandstand gigs in the glare of the mid-afternoon sun, mini skirts, freckles and lashings of ginger beer! The reality necessarily disappoints.

The Underground is one of the circuit's least odious venues, although 20p for a bag of crisps is pushing things, but it's still as dark and as hot and as sweaty as Satan's armpits the morning after a hard night's plundering of souls. And this makes a mockery of quite a nice idea.

Who is Ted Chippington, and why does he look so familiar? And why is he bottom of a bill on which he is the one true star? Why, and indeed how does he make just one part funny joke last a full half hour? Why does his medley of rock 'n' roll greats split my sides? Who is Ted Chippington, and why is he?

Robert Lloyd's Nightingales were once one of the most solidly and relentlessly compelling 'indie rock' sounds. You know, Leeds and all that. But somewhere along the line they have drifted away from the essence we once found rare, and slipped across into a new Mekon Marlboro country rumble. Lloyd no longer looks like Clark Kent's intelligent brother, but rather an aspiring Cockney

Reject, while his guitarist prowls and poses like a lobotomised John Langford. Hey, perhaps it was!

To go from 'Pigs On Purpose' to this is akin to stripping down a tank to build a nippy little Mini Metro.

We've Got A Fuzzbox, I was told, have improved beyond all recognition. Not so, you can still spot them a mile off, they're the dumbest looking pop stars in the joint. However, they've obviously been practising their instruments. Professional, rather than amateur rubbish, you might say.

The newer songs, such as the almost impressive 'Wait And See', are indeed more permanent statements. More accomplished. But still the effect is of precocious, squealing blobs experimenting with Mummy's make-up and party underwear. Their success has been built upon an irregular genius for sounding like the B52s playing X-Ray Spex (or vice versa) and their frank admissions of stupidity and superficiality, which have led a condescending media to search high and low for depth where the shallows are self-evident. Fuzzbox's acapella 'Tutti Frutti' is cheered only out of relief, because nobody had expected them to remember all the words. After all, "a wop bam baloo bam a wop bam boom" is quite a mouthful.

I hope that 'Rocking With Rita' is a huge summer novelty hit, and I hope that, thereafter, Fuzzbox disappear without trace.

ROGER HOLLAND

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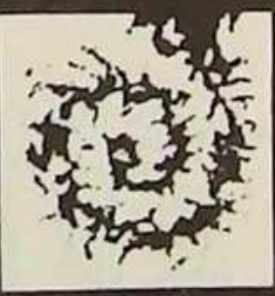
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NIGHT

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WEDNESDAY

9

A GOOD week for the capital, with the blistering blues of Buddy Guy and Junior Wells at Dingwalls (Thursday, Friday) and James Blood Ulmer at the Electric Ballroom (Wednesday), while Red Lorry Yellow Lorry, Ghost Dance and The Batfish Boys get together at The Electric Ballroom (Thursday). Ghost Dance also play Hackney Kerouacs (Wednesday) and The Batfish Boys appear at Retford (Friday).

Elsewhere, Half Man Half Biscuit are at Gloucester (Thursday) and Bristol (Saturday), Psychic TV and Erasure (among others) appear at the Basildon Peace Festival (Sunday), and Rogue Male kick off their tour at Salisbury (Saturday). And if you fancy a bit of pomp 'n' sweat there's always the Queen extravaganza at Newcastle (Wednesday) and Wembley Stadium (Friday, Saturday).

BIRMINGHAM Odean (021-643 6101) The Buddy Rich Orchestra
BIRMINGHAM Olde Royale Steve Nash
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Living Daylights
BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) Attacco/Theatre Of The Bleeding Obelisk/Ruby And The Gems/Pierrotters
CHELTENHAM Queens Hotel The Clarke Tracy Quintet
CROYDON Cartoon (01-688 4500) English Rogues
DEESIDE Shotton Lane Club Badger
DUNSTABLE High Street Wheatheaf (62571) Public Heirs
HARROW The Shed Crazy Chalk Circles/Mr Bonn/Tragic Venus
KINGSTON Richmond Road The Grey Horse Aardvark And No Money
LEEDS Adam And Eve's (456724) The Varukers/External Menace/The Desecrators
LEEDS Merriam Street Coconut Grove (455718) Andy Spence Quartet
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) Chumba Wumba
LONDON Battersea Park Road Latchmere (01-223 3549) Get Real
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) The Boogie Brothers Blues Band
LONDON Camden High Street Electric Ballroom (01-485 9006) James Blood Ulmer/Blues 'N' Trouble/Juice On The Loose/
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Johnny Copeland Blues Band
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Shook Up/The Dazees
LONDON Deptford Douglas Way Albany Empire (01-691 3333) The Guest Stars/Janice Perry/What A Woman Wants/Barbara Stretch And Chris Taylor
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) The Playboys
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) The Union
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Mood Six/Bam Bam
LONDON Hackney Amhurst Road Club Mankind Kerouacs (01-986 3378) Ghost Dance/New Flesh
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) Plexus/Main Event
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) The Shrubs/Spacemen 3
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) Howard Hughes And The Western Approaches/Eugene
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) Bryan Spring Quartet/Dill Katz
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) Green house Of Terror/A Strange Desire/Royal Monkeys/Critical Mass/My Baby's Arms
LONDON Palmers Green The Fox (01-886 9674) Lawnmower/On A Catwalk/Vision
LONDON Putney Half Moon (01-788 2387) Call A Doctor
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) The Hollywood Killers
LONDON Shepherd's Bush Wellington Elixir
LONDON Soho 50 Frith Street The Band Of Holy Joy
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) Nashville Teens/45 South
LONDON Wimbledon William Morris Club (01-542 8592) Black Cillas/The Levellers
MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) Art Blakey And The Jazz Messengers
NEWCASTLE St James Park Queen
NEWCASTLE Tiffany's (612526) We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It/Ted Chippington/The Nightingales
NOTTINGHAM Narrowboat Inn The Ludovic Kennedy Prix/Pete Ramskill/Frank Strident
OXFORD Polytechnic (68789) The Dentists

RAYLEIGH Pink Toothbrush (770003) Blue In Heaven/The Bakers Sons
READING Cartoons In Berlin
READING Majestic (586093) Paul Samson's Empire/Monro
ROMFORD Rezz Club (25566) Altered States
SHOEBURYNESS The Warehouse The Ultimate
STOCKPORT Boars Head Charlotte And The Children Of Sin

THURSDAY

10

ASHTON UNDER LYNE Old Street Gamecock (061-344 0321) Nothin' Doin'
BARROW IN FURNESS Bluebird (28481) The Bodines
BATH Moles Club (333423) The Clockwork Orange
BERKHAMSTEAD Alcock And Brown's Lazy
BIRMINGHAM Grand Hotel George Melly With John Chilton's Feetwarmers
BIRMINGHAM Hogeys Wine Bar Some Like It Hot
BIRMINGHAM The Ivy Bush Vic Evans Band
BRADFORD Queens Hall 1 In 12 Club (734519) Dig vis Drill/The Screaming Trees/Henry Normal
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) Steve Whalley
BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction
BRISTOL The Bunker Poison Girls
CHELTENHAM Axiom Centre Mike Silver
CROYDON High Street Underground (01-760 0833) The Angels Of Light
DOVER Louis Armstrong (204759) The Happy Ever After/Ordered Lives
EDINBURGH Tollcross Bermuda Triangle Article Nine
GLOUCESTER Barge Semington Arts Centre (413304) Laughing At Disasters
HARLOW The Square (25594) Follow The Fashion/All The Madmen
HARROGATE The Sidewalk Charlotte
HARROW Roxborough (01-427 1084) Shared Experience/Cliffhangers
HIGH WYCOMBE London Road Nags Head (21758) School For Scandal
HULL Adelphi (48216) Out Of The Blue
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) The DT's
LIVERPOOL Mardi Gras Into A Circle/The Great Medicine Men/Briton
LIVERPOOL Royal Court (051-709 4321) We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It/Ted Chippington/The Nightingales
LONDON Camberwell Green Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) Rib Dot Delay
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) Big Town Playboys
LONDON Camden Gloucester Avenue London Musicians Collective (01-722 0456) Loz Speyer
LONDON Camden High Street Electric Ballroom (01-485 9006) Red Lorry Yellow Lorry/Ghost Dance/The Batfish Boys/Salvation
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) Buddy Guy And Junior Wells
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) Vee VV/Buick
Circus Hour/The Turncoats
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) Chatshow/October Nine
LONDON Dean Street Gossips Lee Scratch Perry And the Upsetters
LONDON Finchley Road Ye Olde Swiss Cottage (01-221 5714) Juice On The Loose
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) Hackney Five-O
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) Shev And The Brakes
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) Storm Warning/Heart Brake
LONDON Greenwich Tunnel Club (01-858 0895) The Boomstrips/Parisienne Blonde

ROD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

The crowd, wallowing in pissed oblivion, seemed to miss all the subtle deaths. Maybe, like me, they were gritting their teeth for the superior moments. When they came, clamouring renderings of 'You're In My Heart' and 'I Don't Want To Talk About It', I whined along (off-key) with another 65,000 nostalgics, all our memories copulating madly on the

cobblestones.

'D'ya Think I'm Sexy?', meanwhile, masquerades as a supreme slice of high comedy, with Rod – these days about as sexy as a motorway – teasing the last numb, dumb howl out of the gathering.

Disappearing, he swaggered back with The Faces in tow, and anti-climax and awkwardness splashed enthusiastically. Ronnie Lane was helped on, collapsing into a chair stage-centre, to

be patronised like a circus bear juggling milk bottles for a time that seemed endless. Just perched there, with the plucky Wyman filling in on bass, he merely tapped away while the rest systematically dealt fatal blows to 'Twisting The Night Away' and 'Stay With Me'.

Lane kept tapping and 65,000 faces looked miserably uncomfortable; it was the easiest two grand he'd ever made. If you don't see my sympathy

somewhere in there, then you can't look a cripple in the eye.

The Faces, on reflection, should have left history alone, tonight only reminding us that their raw street hymns – together with Mott, the most brilliantly bedraggled British rock from that time – later became an

extravagant parody of farcial order before the '74 implosion finished them. The day belonged to Rod's carnal shanties, their shimmering delight eclipsing the rock hams. The revival was lightning without thunder but our minds were on romance – it was too late to spoil that.

JONH WILDE

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ON TOUR

JULY
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10 15 BIRMINGHAM, Burberry's
10 16 LEICESTER, Princess Charlotte
10 17 RAYLEIGH, Pink Toothbrush
10 24 LONDON, Camden Palace
10 25 DUDLEY, JB's
10 28 NEWCASTLE, Riverside
10 29 LEEDS, Adam and Eve's
10 30 CARLISLE, Stars and Stripes
10 31 AYR, Asylum

AUGUST
10 1 GLASGOW, TBC
10 2 ABERDEEN, The Venue
10 3 DUNDEE, TBC
10 7 WOOLWICH, Tram Shed

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RON 'N' ROD: he nose, you know

Steve Double

S H I F T

SATURDAY

12

LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) **ESP**
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **Feud/Children Held Hostage**
LONDON Hammersmith Palais (01-748 2812) **Celia Cruz With The Tito Puente Orchestra/El Sonido De Londres**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Flaco Jimenez And The San Antonio Tex Mex Band**
LONDON Holloway Road Lord Nelson **Charmed Life**
LONDON Holloway Road The Victoria (01-607 1952) **Irish Mist**
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **The Tommy Chase Quartet/Kelvin Christian Quartet**
LONDON Kentish Town Bull And Gate (01-485 5358) **Antz Avenue**
LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) **INXS**
LONDON Malden Road Gypsy Queen (01-485 2052) **Edo/Better Red Than Dead**
LONDON Mornington Crescent Camden Palace (01-387 0428) **Screaming Blue Messiahs**
LONDON Oxford Street 100 Club (01-636 0933) **Ausgang/The Fifteenth**
LONDON Putney Zeeta's (01-785 2101) **Cargo**
LONDON Tottenham Broad Lane Prince Arthur Speakeasy Club (01-801 5984) **Tuesday Town**
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) **Angie Bowie/O Wow**
LONDON Wardour Street Wag Club (01-437 5534) **Swing Out Sister**
LOUGHBOROUGH University (263161) **Rent Party**
MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) **Graham Parker And The Rumour/Shook Up**
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) **The Parade/The Latest/Code Of Arms**
MANSFIELD Brig-o-doon **Dead Fingers Talk**
MORECAMBE Lucifers Bierkeller **The State**
NEWCASTLE Barley Mow **Watt Government**
NEWCASTLE Gosforth Assembly Rooms **Eastside Torpedoes/After Midnight**
NEWCASTLE Melbourne Street Riverside (614386) **The Mekons**
NOTTINGHAM Old Castle Inn (413311) **Da Nang**
ROMFORD Rezz Club (25566) **The Pretty Girls**
ROMFORD Romford Road The Pigeon (64016) **Spanish Main/Thresh Hold**
SELBY Ousegate Gaffers **Shake Shake**
SLOUGH Farnham Road George (22613) **Xcess**
SOUTHAMPTON West Indian Club Groundhogs/Mandragora
STOCKTON Dovecot Arts Centre (611625) **Derek Bailey And Evan Parker**
TOPCLIFFE Thirk Riverside Club **Colours Said**
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-5882136) **The Trevor Burton Band**
WORKSOP Liberty's **Gah-Ga!**
YEOVILTON Heron Club **Haze**

FRIDAY

11

BEDFORD The Angel **Pink On Pink**
BIRMINGHAM The Olde Royale **Gypsy Jazz Quartet**
BIRMINGHAM Railway (021-359 2283) **Leopold Bloom/Naked Dance**
BIRMINGHAM The Triangle **The Happy End/Big Moments**
BIRMINGHAM The Victoria **Ray Smith**
BOGNOR REGIS Centre **ZooDoll**
BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **John Slaughter Blues Band**
BRENTWOOD Essex Arms **My Bloody Valentine/Thatcher On Acid/Modesty Blaize**
BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) **The Potato Five**
BRIGHTON Pier **Poison Girls**
BRISTOL Old Profanity Showboat (293301) **Unity Station/Indigo Listen**
BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) **Casper Hauser/Factory**
CARDIFF Bogeys (26168) **The Larry Miller Band**
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall (265848) **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**
CHELTHAM Axiom Centre **Steve Jolliffe**
CHELTHAM Queens Hotel **Georgie Fame And The Blue Flames**
DUDLEY JB's (53597) **Beki Bondage And The Bombshells**
DUDLEY Oakham **Wheatshaf Goats Don't Shave**
GLASGOW The Doune **Trident**
GLOUCESTER Leisure Centre (36498) **Half Man Half Biscuit**
HASTINGS The Carlisle (420193) **Parisienne Blonde**
HAWKSHED Village Hall **Les Turds/Another Cultural Tenancy/Legendary Uncle Tadpole/Lazy Pick-Ups/Hot And Horrid/Here Ends The Empire**
HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) **Heartless**
HULL Adelphi Club (48216) **The Mekons/Body On The Line**
KINGSTON Fife Road Dolphin **Bitten By Sharks/The Lone Corsicans**
LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) **Huge Big Massive**
LINCOLN Cornhill Vaults (35113) **Who Cares**
LINCOLN Ridgeway Hotel **The Bodiness/The Waltonones**
LIVERPOOL Royal Court (051-709 4321) **We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It/Ted Chippington/The Nightingales**
LONDON Brixton Fringe (01-326 5100) **Zoot And The Roots/32-20**
LONDON Camberwell Green Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) **Steve Waller**
LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Big Town Playboys**
LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Buddy Guy And Junior Wells**
LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) **The Chesterfields/Talulah Gosh**
LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **The Glitter Band**
LONDON East Ham Ruskin Arms **Duce**
LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Flaco Jimenez And The San Antonio Tex Mex Band**
LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) **Blues 'N' Trouble**
LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **Shadowland/Four Came Home/Manifesto**
LONDON Guildhall Yard **Harvey And The Wallbangers** (Lunch-City Of London Festival 01-377 0540)
LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) **Hobson's Choice**
LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **The Leather Nun/Into A Circle/All About Eve/The Phoney American Accents/The X-Men/Cheston Hestons**
LONDON Hammersmith Riverside Studios (01-748 3354) **Lenny Henry/Raw Sex/Mint Juleps**
LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **General Seven/Cast Of Thousands**
LONDON Herne Hill Half Moon (01-274 2733) **Vita Rock!**
LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **Amazonia/Lovely Money**
LONDON Kentish Town Road Wolsey Tavern **Steve Fickion And The Rebel Psi-Fi Blues Bastards**
LONDON New Cross Road Royal Albert (01-692 1530) **Juice On The Loose**
LONDON Nile Street Duke Of Wellington **Charmed Life**
LONDON North Finchley Torrington (01-445 4710) **Little Sister**
LONDON Palmers Green The Fox (01-886 9674) **John Otway**
LONDON Penton Street Salmon And Compasses **Run Riot**
LONDON Stockwell Road Old Queens Head (01-737 4904) **Sioux**
LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) **Til/ Mourndade**
LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **Torme/The Pretty Girls**
LONDON Wembley Stadium **Queen**
MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) **Ray Campi/Sugar Ray Ford And The Hotshots/The Invaders**
MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) **Inside Out**
MANCHESTER Peter Street Gallery (061-832 3597) **John Cooper Clarke/Ignition/Muttley McLad**
NEWBRIDGE High Street Memorial Hall **Amethyst**
NOTTINGHAM Horse And Jockey **Just Blue**
NOTTINGHAM Parliament Street Prince Albert **The Lipstick Killers**
NOTTINGHAM Part Two **Gah-Ga!**
READING Paradise Club (56847) **Jive Dive**
REIGATE Woodhatch College **Raider**
RETFORD Porterhouse (704981) **The Batfish Boys/Child's Play**
SLOUGH Farnham Road The Centre (21256) **The Fall**
SLOUGH Pied Horse (21773) **Fair Exchange**
STOCKPORT The Egerton Arms **The Quogs**
TAUNTON Gap Club **Automatic Dlamini**
WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horse (021-5882136) **Jon Strong**

ALDERMASTON Butt Inn (712129) **Fair Exchange**ASHINGTON The Central Club **The Party Girls**BATH Mole Club (333423) **Automatic Dlamini**BIRMINGHAM James Brindley **The Ceramic City Stompers**BIRMINGHAM Moseley The Regent **Some Like It Hot**BIRMINGHAM The Triangle **District Six**BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **Nashville Teens**BRISTOL Colston Hall (291768) **Half Man Half Biscuit**BRISTOL Mardyke **The Hamsters From Hell**BRISTOL Tropic Club (49875) **Fleshpuppets/Hot And Horrid**BUGLE Football Club **Haze**CARDIFF Bogeys (26168) **Preyer**CARDIFF Nero's (45987) **Into A Circle**CHATHAM Churchills **Duce**

CHEADLE HULME The Psychedelicatess/en The Quogs

CHELTENHAM Axiom Centre **Arizona Smoke Revue**COVENTRY General Wolfe (688402) **Beki Bondage And The Bombshells**CROSSKEYS Gladstone Street Institute (270301) **Charlie Balso**EDINBURGH Brando's **Me And My Pals/The Shrunken Heads**ELLESMERE PORT Ellesmere Arms (051-339 3044) **Low Profile/Hammerfist**ENFIELD Kings Head **Boss Shorty's Band**HARLOW The Square (25594) **The Internationalists**HASTINGS St Leonards Mr Cherrys **Antz Avenue**HAYES Beck Theatre **Flox-Able**HEREFORD Market Tavern (56325) **Blood Brothers**HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head (21758) **The Magic Mushroom Band**HUDDERSFIELD Holmfirth The Nook **China Rose**HULL Adelphi Club (48216) **Happy Mondays**HUNTINGDON TThe Territorial (51238) **Children Of Some Tradition/Flower Shop**KENT Custom Bike Show **Dr Feelgood/The Groundhogs/April 16th**KINGHORN Quinzie Neuk **The Dancing Bears**KINGSTON File Road Dolphin (01-546 1630) **Avatar/Tarrot**LEEDS Haddon Hall (751115) **Arena/Zebra**LEEDS Merion Street Coconut Grove (455718) **Andy Spence Big Band**LINCOLN Hykeham Social Club **Just Blue**LONDON Acton High Street Bumbles (01-992 3308) **Altered States**LONDON Acton High Street George And Dragon (01-992 1932) **Irish Mist**LONDON Brixton Fringe (01-326 5100) **Dance Exchange/Eye**LONDON Brixton Old White Horse (01-274 5537) **The Rain Gods/The Harpoons**LONDON Camberwell Green Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) **Deny Newman**LONDON Camden Carnarvon Castle (01-485 7858) **Wolfie Witcher** (Lunch)LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **The Balham alligators**LONDON Camden Gloucester Avenue London Musicians collective (01-722 0456) **Cohere**LONDON Camden Lock dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Champion Jack Dupree**LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) **Miaow/A Strange Desire**LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **The Rapiers**LONDON Finchley Road Ye Olde Swiss Cottage (01-221 5714) **El Sonido De Londres**LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **John Otway/Erk Alors**LONDON Fulham Broadway Swan (01-385 1840) **Charmed Life**LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) **Blues 'N' Trouble**LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **Blyth Power/Thatcher On Acid**LONDON Hackney Homerton Road The Bluehouse **Anti-sect/Tyrants Of Hate/Deaf Tones**LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) **Wolfie Witcher**LONDON Hammersmith Clarendon (01-748 1454) **Ray Campi And The Rockabilly Rebels**LONDON Hammersmith Riverside Studios (01-748 3354) **Lenny Henry/Raw Sex/Mint Juleps**LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Zoot And The Roots/The Vulcans**LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **Kintone/Charles Samson**LONDON Kentish Town Town And Country Club (01-267 3334) **The Fall**LONDON Old Kent Road Duke Of Kent **Run Riot**LONDON Stockwell Road Old Queens Head (01-737 4904) **The Radio Satellites/Giant**LONDON Walthamstow Royal Standard (01-527 1966) **A Bigger Splash/Danny Hignett/Egyptian Kings**LONDON Wardour Street Marquee (01-437 6603) **Torme/The Pretty Girls**LONDON Wembley Arena **Queen**LONDON West Ham Labour Club **Firewater**MANCHESTER Anson Road International (061-224 5050) **We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It/Ted Chippington/The Nightingales**MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) **The Decemberists/The Weather Prophets**MANCHESTER Peter Street Galley (061-832 3597) **John Cooper Clarke/Judge Happiness/Ken Longden**MANSFIELD Valentino's **Gah-Ga!**NORTHAMPTON Black Lion (39472) **Radio Activity**NORTHAMPTON Stax The Venus Fly Trap/Dance **Naked**NUNEATON Crown Hotel **Seventh Era**SALISBURY Arts Centre (21744) **Rogue Male**SHEFFIELD Leadmill (754500) **The Triffids/Electric Morning**SOUTHEND Alexandra Street Jeanettes **The Shakers**ST HELENS Turks Head **Hydra**SUNDERLAND Old 29 club **The Mississippi Sheiks** (Lunch)SUTTON IN ASHFIELD Golden Diamond **Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction**SWANSEA St Phillips community Centre **Anti-Cimex/Agoni/Napalm Death/Classified Protest/Ripcord**TELFORD Ironmaster **Badger**TEWKESBURY Twynning Village Hall **Tootin Bek Rekl**TONYPANDY Royal Naval Club (432068) **The Larry Miller Band**

WARRINGTON Lion The Hellfire Club

WEST BROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **The Stiffs/The Natives**WHITFIELD Band Room (4148) **Nothin' Doin'**WORCESTER Racecourse **Rouen**

SUNDAY

13

ASHFORD Castle Hotel 1-31

BASILDON Gloucester Park Peace Festival **Erasure/Robert Marlow/Psychic TV/Thaddeus Cat/Bass Instincts/T-Party/Widow**BIRMINGHAM Icknield Port Road Portland Club (021-454 8960) **We've Got A Fuzzbox And We're Gonna Use It/Ted Chippington/The Nightingales**BISHOP STORTFORD Triad Cajun Club (55924) **Some Other Day**BLACKPOOL GPO Club **Badger**BRABOURNE Five Bells **The Sleazybeats**BRENTWOOD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **John Bennet Band/Footloose** (Lunch) **The Scheme** (Eve)BRIGHTON Escape Club (606906) **Graham Parker And The Rumour/The Snakemen**CHELTENHAM St Phillips And St James Centre **Wild Borscht**CROYDON High Street Underground (01-760 0833) **Blyth Power/Mighty Ballistics**EASTCOTE Field End Road Clay Pigeon **Ray Campi/Sugar Ray Ford And The Hotshots/Niteshift Trio**ENFIELD Kings Head **Dave Ash Duo**FETCHAM Riverside Club (37513) **Guana Batz**GLASGOW West George Street Daddy Warbuck's (041-332 9657) **The Television Personalities**GLOUCESTER Barge Semington Arts Centre (413304) **Esprit De Corps/Shake**HULL Tower Ballroom (228110) **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts**LEEDS Central Park **The Party Girls**LEICESTER Princess Charlotte (553956) **Maurice Coleman** (Lunch)LLANHARAN RFC (222209) **The Larry Miller Band**LONDON Camberwell Green Father Red Cap (01-703 9208) **Steve Waller** (Lunch)

LONDON Little Sister (Eve)

LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **The Czechs!**LONDON Camden Gloucester Avenue London Musicians Collective (01-722 0456) **The Four From 29**LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **The Tommy Chase Quartet**(Lunch) **The Most/The Innocents/Uncle Eric's Backstairs Creepers** (Eve)LONDON Chalk Farm Haverstock Hill Enterprise (01-485 2659) **The Shrubs/The Etc School**LONDON Covent Garden Rock Garden (01-240 3961) **Seduction Boutique/Fat Profit**LONDON Dean Street Pizza Express **The Tommy Chase Quartet**LONDON Euston Road Shaw Theatre (01-388 1394) **The Jazz Defectors/Steve Williamson Quartet/The Renegades/Paul Weller**LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Iggy Quail And Friends**(Lunch) **Manic Depressives And Super Paranoids Disco** (Eve)LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) **A Bigger Splash**LONDON Fulham Palace Greyhound (01-385 0526) **The Surfin' Lungs/The Surfadelics**LONDON Hackney Lower Clapton Road Lord Cecil (01-533 0675) **The Mark Ambler Trio** (Lunch)LONDON Harlesden Mean Fiddler (01-961 5490) **Shanty Dam** (Lunch) **It Bites** (Eve)LONDON Hoxton Square Bass Clef (01-729 2476) **Forward Motion**LONDON Margery Street New Merlin's Cave (01-837 2097) **Camouflage**LONDON North Finchley Torrington (01-445 4710) **Blues 'N' Trouble**LONDON Putney High Street White Lion **The Right Stuff**MANCHESTER Little Peter Street Boardwalk (061-228 3555) **Outside View/Perspex Spangles**OXFORD Spencer Crescent Rose Hill Recreation Ground **Happy End/The Fabulous****Dirt Sisters/The Trainers/Lovely Money** (2pm Start)PETERBOROUGH Glasshouse Key Theatre (82437) **His Wife Refused**PITSEA Gun Holster **Firewater**SCARBOROUGH Stephen Joseph Theatre (370541) **They Must Be Russians/The Prowlers**STEVENAGE The Fauld **KGB**TAMWORTH Rathole **Beki Bondage And The Bombshells**TUNBRIDGE WELLS Bristol Arms **Gizmo**WESTBROMWICH Coach And Horses (021-588 2136) **Local Hero**WOLVERHAMPTON Scruples (53754) **Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction**

MONDAY

14

BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ (021-622 1353) **Goats Don't Shave**BIRMINGHAM (021-772 0217) **Chumba Wumba/Generic/Culture Shock/Napalm Death**BRADFORD Braidys Bar (737955) **The Word**BRENTFORD High Street Red Lion (01-571 6878) **Ah Leu Cha**BRIGHTON Kings Road Arches Zap Club (775987) **Bone Orchard/Cheyne Dance/Unbelievable**CHESTERFIELD Adam And Eve **3 Action/Swift Nick**COVENTRY Market Way Busters (20934) **Oskar Kokoschka**DUDLEY Court House **Leopold Bloom**DUNSTABLE High Street **Wheatshaf** (62571) **Target UK**GATESHEAD Bensham Working Mens Club **Instigators/Uproar/Peroxide**LEEDS The Pub With No Name **Isaac Guillery**LINCOLN Cornhill Vaults (35113) **Johnny And The Carbon Chain**LONDON Camden Dublin Castle (01-485 1773) **Explained Emma**LONDON Camden Lock Dingwalls (01-267 4967) **Dirty Money/Abundance/Funmi**LONDON Finsbury Park Sir George Robey (01-263 4581) **Irish Mist**LONDON Fulham High Street Kings Head (01-736 1413) **John Otway**LONDON Fulham Palace Road Greyhound (01-385 0526) **State Of Play**LONDON Greek Street Le Beat Route (01-734 6308) **Bam Bam/Blood Brothers/Programme B/Splat On That/No Spare For Grey**



CASH

FROM PAGE 20

This sudden coherence indicates a great deal of time spent looking for an answer. I suddenly wish I could supply one. The whole situation, it strikes me, is something the man will not eradicate from his heart. Or his soul.

CAVE IS WORKING on a book which is long overdue. Well, it's about a year and one month overdue.

But the publisher isn't putting any pressure on.

"I think he's perpetually worried that I'm not going to finish it."

This, to Cave, is cause for restrained humour.

"I mean, when I heard I had to do this interview I just thought, What the f*** am I gonna actually speak about because all I've been doing is this book."

That isn't strictly true. There's an LP, if I can remind you.

"Ah, I've made this record, yes, but one reason it's covers is that it's impossible to write song lyrics at the moment."

The book — *And The Ass Saw The Angel* ("that's from Numbers, in the Bible") — has become Cave's life. This much is clear from our discussion of religious faiths and the restrained urgency with which the Bible is considered.

Do you worry much?

"Yeah, I'm a big worrier." So I know this is the truth, he searches for another cigarette, finds one, fails to light it, cursing again and again and then succeeds. Anticipating the line of questioning to come, I guess, he draw deeply on it.

How do you stop?

"I can only stop myself by... er, plunging into my work, which is the thing that I worry about most, anyway. So while I'm doing it and I'm productive I'm OK, but when — as soon as I'm not doing it, little beads of sweat start to form on my brow."

When Cave does smile, and I didn't want to say this, it still managed to be in an anguished fashion.

"Work is a cure-all for a lot of things. When I'm writing the book I find that days can go past and I've seen no one. And as soon as I become idle, that's when the blue devils start to make themselves known."

Cave grins again, but falls back on his nervous habit of sweeping the bluey-black hair from his face. Several times.

"But I... I often wonder about... I mean, increasingly wonder about why I'm actually writing this book. Uh, whether it's because I have something that I have to drag out of myself and like externalise or, uhm, whether it's just the fact that it's a license for me to be by myself."

Ruminates for a while.

"It's a book that's growing and growing, and it takes up an increasing number of hours per day, days per week. And I've discovered over the last six months or so that I probably have some problem in terms of cramming my schedule to absolute... like... well, look, I did this the other day..."

He pulls out a shabby personal diary and inside the back flap is taped a slim sheet that unfolds, concertina-like. On it, in cramped green and red ink, is scrawled a mass of detailed times, dates, appointments and work slots, with diagrams. We hunch over it and screw up our eyes.

"See, studio, interviews, book book book, that goes on to here... Not really consciously, but it's making sure there's no free time. I don't know why I do it. But I quite enjoy it that way."

That's OK. Isn't it?

"It's alright for me."

A bit of a chore for other people, I suppose.

More smoke streamly obscures

the face on the other side of the light bulb.

"For the people who... love me. 'Cause they only get a grunt out of me. But I get irritable after about a day if I'm not working. I start to worry."

You get back to the book, then?

"Everyone's usually pretty happy when I do."

Do you give affection easily?

"No, but it's not some secret supply I'm keeping stored up just for me."

"I need, I need to give it. But this is getting into fairly touchy areas of my personal life which could end up with me in the doghouse."

In that case, answer this. Is marriage a tribal thing?

"Ooh la la!"

Pretty strange to hear this phrase drawled out in Australian tenor.

"I've never thought of it like that, but you're probably right." (In fact, I only asked because of some vivid sleeve-notes inside 'From Her To Eternity', where bridal veils turn to bloody mourning veils. Why don't you read them? You probably have. It's not fair to drag that up now, though.)

"The last wedding I attended, I was asked in some weak moment... uh, whether I would care to sing a couple of songs at the reception. And I... said, Why yes. And they wanted me to sing two Elvis Presley numbers, and I thought in my state of mind at the time that that was a good idea."

He pauses with good comic timing for me to prepare a smile.

"I suddenly found myself on stage with this group who played very accurate, standards covers, er... singing 'Kentucky Rain' in a funny suit and a bow tie."

Do you think people like you, Nick?

"I can't really allow myself to have the feeling that they don't."

HOW DO you want to be remembered, if I might ask? Scinting the end he relaxes, leans back to consider the picture-rail, still looks dolorous.

"Aah... well, as a great, handsome, intelligent, god-like, ah..."

Genius?

"Genius. Yeah. Of unearthly influence. As a god. But I would settle for not being remembered as a new wave rock singer. I'd like to eradicate that stigma."

"I'd quite happily — although I'd like to remain involved in music — cross over and be involved with other activities where I wasn't first thought of as being in a group."

"In a way, one of the things I regret most is becoming a rock singer, because then it's impossible to make an artistic statement of your life without it being trivialised. It taints everything. It's such a low occupation."

But are you more comfortable now?

Cave shrugs, almost smiles.

"I seem so totally at odds with the modern world, sometimes I feel like I'm harping on about things and I wonder who's interested in that anyway, anymore. These days, I feel so alienated that I just see myself as some oddity or novelty that has ceased to be important."

"I pass a million houses but there is no place that I belong/ All I knew to give you was song after song after song/ All the truths I tried to tell you were as distant to you as the moon/ Born 200 years too late, and 200 years too soon."

— 'The Singer', written by Johnny Cash; performed by Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds

MUSIC WEEK

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LETTERS

SHOP ASSISTANCE

I RECENTLY visited the Rough Trade shop for the hundredth time and, after leaving with my armfuls of records and tapes, I thought, wouldn't it be great if Rough Trade had a shop somewhere out of London. As I come from Basingstoke (50 odd miles away) I thought, "And why not in Basingstoke?". I chewed over this idea on the train home and decided I would write to you to hear what you thought about it. So here it is.

Another idea that evolved from that was the possibility of setting up a franchise store whereby people with alternative or indie (call it what you will) tastes in music wouldn't have to fork out the extortionate rail fare to London in order to catch up on new releases. You see, the problem with small towns like this is that our local record shop, Our Price, haven't got their finger on the button and it takes absolutely ages for a new independent release to reach their racks. — **Mark, Basingstoke**

FISH TALES

I HARDLY think that Andy Hurt's review of *Marillion Videos 81-86* was either fair or justified.

Many fans, like myself, who were prepared to buy this compilation (how much

did he pay?) could find Mr Hurt's neurosis off-putting.

As for calling Marillion fans "spazzy", the group were once voted Best Band etc in your poll by your readers so he must, by implication, regard the majority of *Sounds* readers as also being "spazzy".

I find it hypocritical and ironic that a man of such obviously high principles (Uh? — Ed) can work for a paper when he holds its readers in such contempt. Next time, how about an honest critical review, or is that too much to ask from *Sounds* these days? — **David Bowman, S E London**

TIME FLIES WHEN YOU'RE...

WAS IT really almost a year ago that I blasted Chris Roberts for his Donington review? What did he say now? Let me see... "Their wank saturated realism is just lazy totalitarianism" — ah, that was it.

And what do I find in *Sounds* June 28? Chris Roberts is let loose at the singles — Motorhead's 'Deaf Forever' in particular, which he proclaims is "... much nearer masturbation than reckless flair..."

What's the matter with this Roberts guy? If he wants to spend his life in such self-abusive ways that's up to him, but I don't want to have to read about it all the time — **John Tucker, London**

IT'S SUNDAY June 29, 1986 — so! Question — how do you get into the Redskins' Mean Fiddler World Cup gig, without a ticket and without paying? I'll tell you...

By saying you're Lofty's (*EastEnders*) distant relation and that you have brought along 31 frustrated housewives to get their belly buttons autographed.

By saying you're the DJ and you have brought along your seven female assistants who, during the interval, will demonstrate the art of drinking Pimms while still remaining ideologically sound.

By saying you're an old classmate of Paul Weller and you knew him when he was knee high to a grasshopper, so you have brought all his old chums along for a reunion.

By saying Billy Bragg has always put you on the guest list under the pseudonym of the Labour Party.

And not by saying you have travelled 20 miles and you have seen every London gig since January 1984 and that you're quite prepared to pay over the top.

Many thanks for trying, Martin, but 99½ per cent just won't do. Get this situation sorted out. — **Kevin of Avante, the man that stayed out in the cold**



Illustration by Simon Cooper

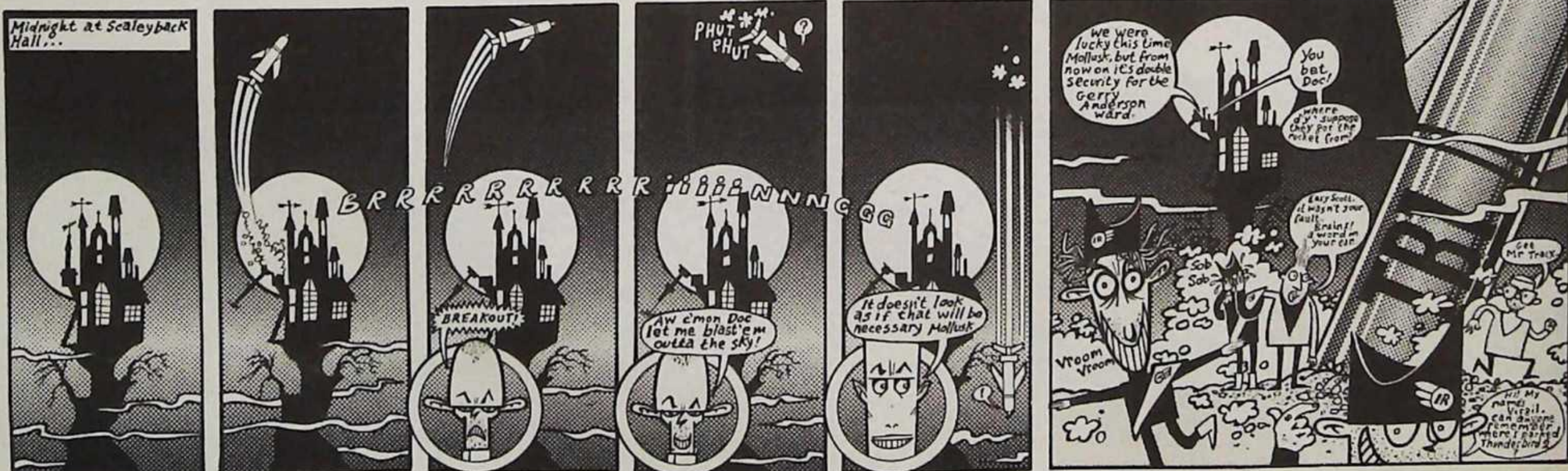
WORLD CUP WILLY

C A R T O O N S



TALES FROM THE RUBBER ROOM

BY SIMON COOPER



CHART

UK SINGLES UK 50 ALBUMS

- 1 1 WHERE DID YOUR HEART GO/THE EDGE OF HEAVEN
Wham! Epic
- 2 3 PAPA DON'T PREACH Madonna Sire
- 3 2 HAPPY HOUR Housemartins Go! Discs
- 4 14 DO YA DO YA (WANNA PLEASE ME) Samantha Fox Jive
- 5 4 MY FAVOURITE WASTE OF TIME Owen Paul Epic
- 6 7 NEW BEGINNING Bucks Fizz RCA
- 7 17 VENUS Bananarama London
- 8 5 I CAN'T WAIT Nu Shooz Atlantic
- 9 6 TOO GOOD TO BE FORGOTTEN Amazulu Island
- 10 19 (BANG ZOOM) LET'S GO GO Real Roxanne Cooltempo
- 11 20 HEADLINES Midnight Star Solar
- 12 12 AMITYVILLE (THE HOUSE ON THE HILL) Lovebug Starski
Epic
- 13 9 SPIRIT IN THE SKY Dr & The Medics IRS
- 14 8 HUNTING HIGH AND LOW A-ha Warner Brothers
- 15 21 IT'S ORRIBLE BEING IN LOVE (WHEN YOU'RE 8½) Claire &
Friends BBC
- 16 10 FRIENDS WILL BE FRIENDS Queen EMI
- 17 25 LET'S GO ALL THE WAY Sly Fox Capitol
- 18 11 HOLDING BACK THE YEARS Simply Red Elektra
- 19 15 CAN'T GET BY WITHOUT YOU Real Thing PRT
- 20 24 BRILLIANT MIND Furniture Stiff
- 21 26 PARANOIMIA Art of Noise With Max Headroom China
- 22 30 I CAN'T STOP Gary Numan Numa
- 23 27 SLEDGEHAMMER Peter Gabriel Charisma
- 24 — SING OUR OWN SONG UB40 DEP International
- 25 16 ADDICTED TO LOVE Robert Palmer Island
- 26 22 NASTY Janet Jackson A&M
- 27 39 LEFT OF CENTER Suzanne Vega
- 28 13 UNDERGROUND David Bowie EMI America
- 29 23 CALL OF THE WILD Midge Ure Chrysalis
- 30 34 TELL ME TOMORROW Princess Supreme
- 31 29 BAD BOY Miami Sound Machine Epic
- 32 — HIGHER LOVE Steve Winwood Island
- 33 35 LEVI STUBBS' TEARS Billy Bragg Go! Discs
- 34 — EVERY BEAT OF MY HEART Rod Stewart Warner Brothers
- 35 28 VIENNA CALLING Falco
- 36 41 THE PROMIS YOU MADE Cock Robin CBS
- 37 18 THE TEACHER Big Country Mercury
- 38 42 SET FIRE TO ME Willie Colon A&M
- 39 44 DON'T LET LOVE GET YOU DOWN Archie Bell & The Drells
Portrait
- 40 — SMILE Audrey Hall Germain
- 41 — SO MACHO/CRUISING Sinitta Fanfare
- 42 47 ROSES Haywoode CBS
- 43 — CAMOUFLAGE Stan Ridgway IRS
- 44 32 OPPORTUNITIES Pet Shop Boys Parlophone
- 45 — LOVE OF A LIFETIME Chaka Khan Warner Brothers
- 46 31 SET ME FREE Jaki Graham EMI
- 47 48 DEAF FOREVER Motorhead GWR
- 48 — BORROWED LOVE SOS Band Tabu
- 49 — LIKE I LIKE IT Aurra 10
- 50 — WHO'S JOHNNY El DeBarge Gordy

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

Compiled by MRIB

REGGAE TENS

PRE-RELEASE

- 1 WHAT THE HELL Echo Minott Jammys
- 2 I FEEL GOOD U-Roy Ujama
- 3 POPS Supercat Skeng Don
- 4 MAKE UP MY MIND Little John Black Scorpio
- 5 LITTLE LOVE SONG Burning Spear Spear
- 6 DREAM MY LIFE OVER Gregory Isaacs African Museum
- 7 GHOST CATCHER Ferdie Gorgon
- 8 REALITY Sugar Minott Vena
- 9 MILITANCY Philip Levy Jah Records
- 10 AUTOBIOGRAPHY Josey Wales Black Solidarity

DISCO

- 1 PUSH COME TO SHOVE Freddie McGregor RAS
- 2 SMILE Audrey Hall Germain
- 3 BOOPS Supercat Techniques
- 4 AM I THE SAME GIRL Winsome Fine Style
- 5 WATCH HOW THE PEOPLE DANCING Kenny Knotts Unity
- 6 GREETINGS Half Pint Powerhouse
- 7 LEAVE PEOPLE BUSINESS Admiral Tibet Techniques
- 8 SOMETHING WRONG Sugar Minott Uptempo



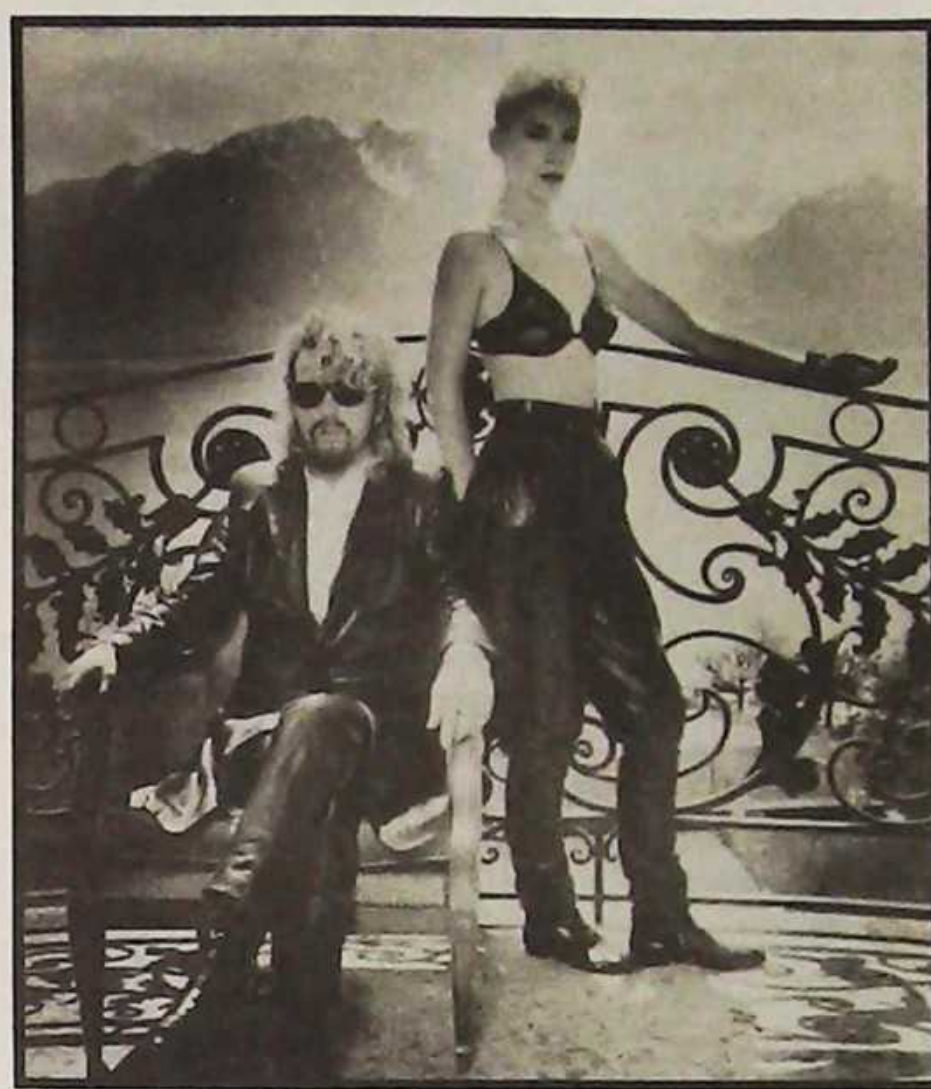
SLY & ROBBIE demonstrate their patented extended sunglasses

- 9 LET ME DOWN EASY Marvin James Hot Vinyl
- 10 TUNE IN Coco-Tea Jammys

ALBUMS

- 1 ROUGH AND RUGGED Shinehead African Love
- 2 TO THE TOP Aswad Simba
- 3 SIGN OF THE TIMES Macka B Ariwa
- 4 AT WORK Culture Blue Mountain
- 5 BRUTAL Black Uhuru RAS
- 6 CLARK'S BOOTY Little John Jammys
- 7 FROM ONE EXTREME TO ANOTHER John Holt And Horace Andy
Beta
- 8 THE STING Sly And Robbie Taxi
- 9 JOSEY WALES MEETS EARLY B Josey Wales And Early B
Cornerstone
- 10 SUGAR AND SPICE Sugar Minott Taxi

Compiled by Dub Vendor, 274 Lavender Hill, London SW11



EURYTHMICS: lacing up the charts

SOUNDS TRACKS

Jack Barron

SCRAPBOOK a Furniture headboard on Stiff

WE'RE GOING TO OUTER SPACE George Clinton afonaut conception

THE HEARTHROBS The Hearthrobs a demo tape of love spurts

Glyn Brown

THE DIVINE PUNISHMENT Diamanda Galas Mute

BORN SANDY DEVOTIONAL The Triffids Hot

HIGH HEEL HEAVEN Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction Food pre release

Carole Linfield

VALLERI King Of Luxembourg é!l

TOBACCO ROAD Dave Lee Roth Warners track from flawed LP

PARANOIMIA Art Of Noise With Max Headroom great video shame about the song

Jonh Wilde

WHAT'S SO GOOD ABOUT CANDY? Pop Will Eat Itself quite live

VALLERI King Of Luxembourg upcoming é!l 45

CARAVAGGIO SOUND SKETCHES Simon Turner é!l triumph

Tony Stewart

WALK AWAY RENEE Billy Bragg Go! Discs 12-inch B-side

GOLDRUSH Yello Phonogram epic 12-inch

SOMETHING GOT A HOLD ON MY HEART Nick Cave And The Bad Seeds
Forthcoming Mute LP track

Mr Spencer

LOST IN MUSIC Sister Sledge Heartstopping Atlantic 45

IN FROM THE COLD The Prisoners Ultra hip Countdown LP

DISCO INFERNO Players Association Pye 12-inch blockbuster

Jane Simon

WHERE DID YOUR HEART GO? Wham! Epic EP

5,000 MILES Garden Path Greasy Pop LP track

HIGH PRIEST OF LOVE Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction pre-release LP
tape

Neil Perry

ALICE IN WONDERLAND MAGICAL MYSTERY TRIP (I left my heart on Lowestoft
beach) Live ExperienceKICK START ME FOR LOVE Zodiac Mindwarp And The Love Reaction pre-release
tape

WALK THIS WAY Run-DMC And Aerosmith Kerrang's Hi-Fi special

Andy Hurt

AFTER MIDNIGHT Restless ABC Not-Really-Rockabilly LP

BLOODY MARY Barrence Whitfield And The Savages Rounder LP track

LITTLE DREAMING BOY Thirteen Moons Wire Awe-Inspiring LP

LOOKALIKES II

- 1 GEORGE MICHAEL/ROLF HARRIS
- 2 HANK MARVIN/JOE 90
- 3 MICK JONES (B.A.D.)/HUMPHREY BOGART
- 4 JAKE E LEE (Ozzy Osbourne Band)/MARIE HELVIN
- 5 DEE SNIDER/BONNIE LANGFORD
- 6 KEVIN DUBROW (Quiet Riot)/KEITH HARRIS
- 7 RICHARD BRANSON/A GOAT
- 8 JOHN LYDON/STEVE ARCHIBALD
- 9 GEOFF TATE (Queensryche)/WICKSIE (EastEnders)
- 10 RICK NEILSON (Cheap Trick)/MURDOCK (The A Team)

Compiled by Winchester Wasters

ATTACK

HOT METAL 60

SINGLES

- 1 — DEAF FOREVER Motorhead GWR
- 2 — LONELY NIGHT Magnum Polydor
- 3 1 WHO MADE WHO AC/DC Atlantic
- 4 3 WILD CHILD WASP Capitol
- 5 — NOTHIN' AT ALL Heart Capitol
- 6 7 MAD HOUSE Anthrax Island
- 7 — LOVE LIES DYING FM Portrait
- 8 9 THE DIO EP Dio Vertigo
- 9 — DREAMS Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 10 2 WHY CAN'T THIS BE LOVE Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 11 8 WHEN THE HEART RULES THE MIND GTR Arista
- 12 6 ROUGH BOY ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 13 14 SHAME Twelfth Night Virgin
- 14 13 THE PRIDE YOU HIDE Roger Daltrey 10 Records
- 15 11 JUMP IN THE FIRE Metallica Music For Nations
- 16 4 ROLLIN' HOME Status Quo Vertigo
- 17 5 STARS Hear 'N' Aid Vertigo
- 18 10 LOCKED IN Judas Priest CBS
- 19 12 BE GOOD TO YOURSELF Journey CBS
- 20 18 MARKET SQUARE HEROES Marillion EMI



DIO: small is, er... beautiful?

ALBUMS

- 1 — INTERMISSION Dio Vertigo
- 2 2 5150 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 3 1 WHO MADE WHO AC/DC Atlantic
- 4 6 HEAR 'N' AID Various Vertigo
- 5 5 HEART Heart Capitol
- 6 3 SPREADING THE DISEASE Anthrax Music For Nations
- 7 4 RAISED ON RADIO Journey CBS
- 8 11 THE FINAL FRONTIER Keel Vertigo
- 9 13 UNDER LOCK AND KEY Dokken Elektra
- 10 8 RECKLESS Bryan Adams A&M
- 11 9 AFTERBURNER ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 12 12 MISPLACED CHILDHOOD Marillion EMI
- 13 7 MASTER OF PUPPETS Metallica Music For Nations
- 14 20 THEATRE OF PAIN Mötley Crüe Elektra
- 15 17 ELIMINATOR ZZ Top Warner Brothers
- 16 18 THE ULTIMATE SIN Ozzy Osbourne Epic
- 17 25 RIDE THE LIGHTNING Metallica Music For Nations
- 18 27 LITTLE QUEEN Heart Portrait
- 19 15 TURBO Judas Priest CBS
- 20 — LIVE AFTER DEATH Iron Maiden EMI
- 21 21 RUSSIAN ROULETTE Accept Portrait
- 22 19 SEVENTH STAR Black Sabbath Featuring Tony Iommi Vertigo
- 23 — ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT Magnum FM
- 24 10 BEYOND THE PALE Fiona Atlantic
- 25 23 LAND OF THE GUN Legs Diamond Music For Nations
- 26 26 1984 Van Halen Warner Brothers
- 27 28 BAT OUT OF HELL Meat Loaf Cleveland International
- 28 24 THE FORCE Onslaught Under One Flag
- 29 16 SPEED KILLS II Various Under One Flag
- 30 29 FLY ON THE WALL AC/DC Atlantic

IMPORTS

- 1 2 LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN Poison Enigma
- 2 1 SWEET SAVAGE Sweet Savage Sweet Savage
- 3 3 EQUUS Equus Auto Auto
- 4 — WINDS OF WAR Iron Angel SPV
- 5 4 BRIGHTON ROCK Brighton Rock Flying Fist
- 6 10 NIGHTSONGS Cinderella Mercury
- 7 6 PARTY POLITICS Letchen Grey Greenworld
- 8 — TORMENT IN FIRE Sacrifice Roadrunner
- 9 9 IF WE HAD BRAINS WE'D BE DANGEROUS Impaler Combat
- 10 — THRILL OF A LIFETIME King Kobra Capitol

Compiled by Spotlight Research



BLUE AEROPLANES and their amazing stretching skin

INDIE ALBUMS

- 1 1 THE QUEEN IS DEAD The Smiths Rough Trade
- 2 — LONDON O HULL 4 The Housemartins Go! Discs
- 3 2 BORN SANDY DEVOTIONAL The Triffids Hot
- 4 3 CONTENDERS Easterhouse Rough Trade
- 5 5 MANIC POP THRILL That Petrol Emotion Demon
- 6 8 EVOL Sonic Youth Blast First
- 7 4 BACK IN THE DHSS Half Man Half Biscuit Probe Plus
- 8 7 VICTORIALAND Cocteau Twins 4AD
- 9 6 A DATE WITH ELVIS The Cramps Big Beat
- 10 9 LE MYSTERE DES VOIX BULGARES Various 4AD
- 11 17 GRAVE NEW WORLD Discharge Clay
- 12 13 WONDERLAND Erasure Mute
- 13 11 ONLY STUPID BASTARDS HELP EMI Conflict Model Army
- 14 18 RUM, SODOMY AND THE LASH The Pogues Stiff
- 15 15 AFTER MIDNIGHT Restless ABC
- 16 19 ANIMAL BOY The Ramones Beggars Banquet
- 17 21 COLOURBOX Colourbox 4AD
- 18 12 TEENAGERS FROM OUTER SPACE The Meteors Ace
- 19 — ATROCITIES Christian Death Normal
- 20 10 STANDING UP STRAIGHT The Wolfgang Press 4AD
- 21 — THE SINGLES 82-86 Play Dead Clay
- 22 — TOLERANCE Blue Aeroplanes Fire
- 23 16 REMBRANDT PUSSY HORSE Butthole Surfers Red Rhino
- 24 24 SILVER MISSILES AND NIGHTINGALES Suicide Twins Lick
- 25 14 HATFUL OF HOLLOW The Smiths Rough Trade
- 26 30 NO MINOR KEYS Blues 'N' Trouble Ammunition Communications
- 27 — NIGHT OF A THOUSAND CANDLES The Men They Couldn't Hang Demon
- 28 26 PAINT YOUR WAGON Red Lorry Yellow Lorry Red Rhino
- 29 — MEAT IS MURDER The Smiths Rough Trade
- 30 22 GRUTS Ivor Cutler Rough Trade

Compiled by Spotlight Research

BATHROOM

- 1 EVERYBODY WANTS TO RUN THE BATH Tears For Fears
- 2 MIRROR IN THE BATHROOM The Beat
- 3 VOSENE Dolly Parton
- 4 RELAX (IN A RADOX BATH) Frankie Goes To Hollywood
- 5 GILLETTE ME GO Heaven 17
- 6 DO THE TOILET DUCK Coast To Coast
- 7 PILLS AND SOAP Elvis Costello
- 8 SWEET JANE Loo Reed
- 9 SNOOKER LOOFAH Chas 'N' Dave
- 10 ABLUTION BEGINNERS David Bowie

Compiled by Half Man Half Extendable Ladder, Chesterfield

CARTOON CHARACTERS

- 1 WAKE ME UP BEFORE YOU BOO BOO Wham!
- 2 HUCKLEBERRY HOUNDS OF LOVE Kate Bush
- 3 BETTY RUBBLE'S EYES Kim Carnes
- 4 DINO Dexy's Midnight Runners
- 5 RED LIGHT SPELLS DANGERMUSE Billy Ocean
- 6 ROADRUNNER Jonathan Richman

INDIE SINGLES

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

Compiled by Spotlight Research

FLINTSTONES

- 1 WIL-MAAAA! Fred
- 2 EEE-YABBA-DABBA-DOOO! Fred
- 3 UH-HEUH-HEUH-HEUH! Barney
- 4 OH, FREY-UD! Wilma
- 5 BAM! BAM! BAM-BAM-BAM! Bam Bam
- 6 DUR... RIGHT, FRED Barney
- 7 FLINTSTONE, STEP INTO MY OFFICE Mr Slate
- 8 YESSIR, MR SLATE Barney
- 9 BA-WA-WA-WA-WA-WA! Dino
- 10 NO, DINO, NO! Fred

Compiled by The Beast Of Bedrock

Compiled by Half Man Half Extendable Ladder, Chesterfield

BAND AID

TAPE TECH SPECIAL: we review the latest four-track recorders and FX units, and visit the APRS show

YAMAHA MT1X FOUR-TRACK RECORDER £449 QQQ VVV

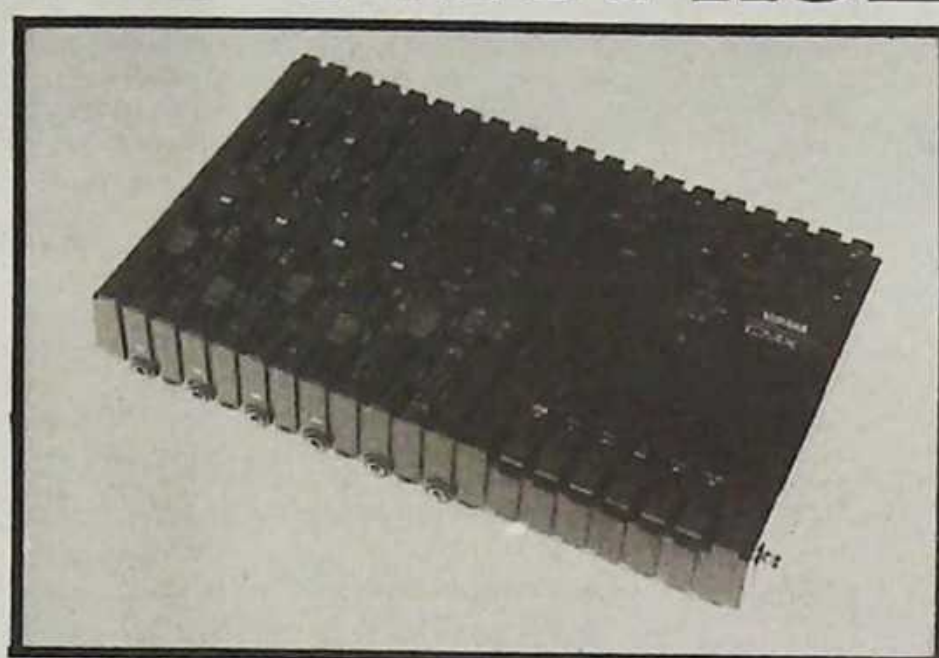
FOR SOME unfathomable reason, a lot of the multitrack cassette recorders I've tried are pigs to use. Maybe I'm just thick, but I've sometimes spent hours puzzling over how to do something apparently simple, and my eventual recourse to the handbook has usually made things worse! So, thank you, Yamaha, for making your new MT1X so straightforward. And thanks even more for producing such a comprehensive yet understandable handbook.

The MT1X is unlike any of Yamaha's previous multitrackers. To start with, it's portable, via an optional battery pack, and mains powered via a plug-in, step-down adaptor. It's also light in weight and visually very attractive.

In terms of what you can do with it, the MT1X is both versatile and effective. Although it only runs tape at the standard cassette speed (ie 1 7/8 ips) the quality of the circuitry and the effectiveness of the dbx noise reduction combine to give an extremely good sound quality – certainly as good as I've got from the Tascam Porta One, the machine which, evidently, the MT1X has been designed to compete with.

In some respects the two rivals measure up spec for

MT PROMISE



spec. Both offer four-channel mixing facilities (although the Yamaha has the advantage of being able to record all four tracks simultaneously), both use dbx noise reduction, both are 'standard speed' machines and both offer limited eq facilities.

However closely comparable the two machines are though, the Yamaha does provide two important extra features which are certainly worth having; one is the use of bar graph LED metering, the other the presence of a MIDI synch facility via an add-on (optional) MIDI box. MIDI may or may not be useful to you, but the extra ease of use with the LEDs is a definite bonus to everyone.

Operating the Yamaha is very straightforward. Six standard jack sockets line the front edge of the casing, four for inputs, one for the optional punch in/out footswitch and a final one for stereo cans. This provision of just a single headphone outlet is a definite mistake on Yamaha's part, however – there really should have been two of them. Assuming two-person use (one operating the machine, the other singing or playing), both need phones, and, just as importantly, they also need independent level controls.

The rear panel provides your output and aux send/return linking connections (more than sufficient of them), leaving all the

operating controls well positioned and clearly labelled.

The MT1X will handle line level and mike level signals (a fader allows you to vary the input sensitivity) and the machine has three further faders, two for eq (low and high) and one for channel volume.

All the MT1X's master controls (such as record select, monitor switching, master faders and so on) are sensibly grouped together to the right of the machine, while the monitor pan and level rotaries sit together up above the cassette compartment.

In terms of tapes, any decent CR01 type should do – but I standardised on TDK's SA donkey's years ago and definitely got the best results from the Yamaha when I ran it with this formulation.

In use, the Yamaha proved both effective and straightforward. The eq is a bit limited but, against that, the dbx application works better than any other dbx I've heard to date. I wonder why?

It isn't easy to choose between this new Yamaha and the Porta One. In some ways the Tascam feels sturdier and (maybe) a little easier to use but the simultaneous four-channel recording capability is definitely one up to Yamaha, as is the MIDI function – particularly for drum machine and sequencer owners.

GARY COOPER

KOZO EFFECT

VESTA KOZO DIG-412 DIGITAL DELAY £513 QQQ VVV

SHIINO VESTA Fire have a solid reputation for well thought-out, decent quality, competitively priced signal processors, and their latest digital delay undoubtedly continues that tradition.

A MIDI-programmable unit with 1024 msec of very usable delay for just £513 certainly has to be worth investigating. And investigating this one is an extremely straightforward and rewarding operation.

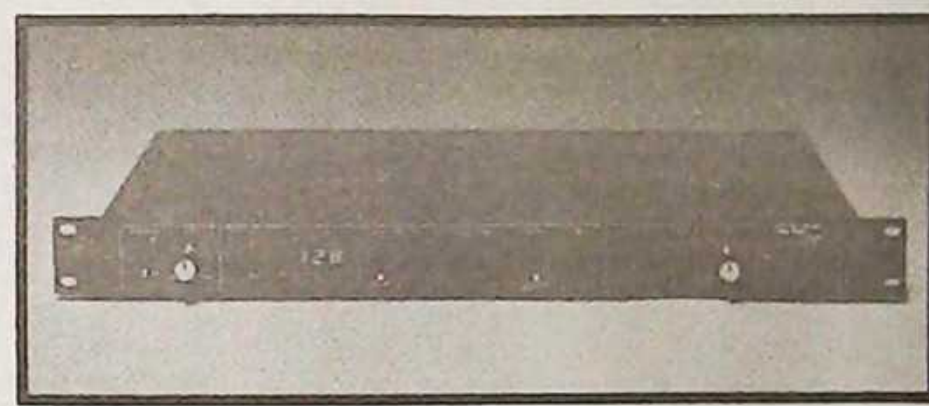
Coming in a standard 1u rackmount black metal case, the DIG-412 uses a mixture of analogue and digital access control in a way that ensures virtually instant familiarisation. For a quick test, all you need do is plug an instrument into the single rear input jack and take an out from the 'mix' socket to an amp.

With mains power on, you then adjust the left hand instrument level knob until the four-segment bar LED indicator shows the best signal-to-noise ratio, set the other knob on the right hand side to a sensible output level, check that you're in 'manual' rather than 'program' mode (indicated by red and green LEDs above and below the manual/program button) and away you go.

There are seven parameters to play with, each accessed by a clearly labelled and LED'd button. When first switched on, the unit defaults to the first parameter – delay time – and the time set will be indicated in the seven-segment LED window (which also acts as a 'power on' indicator).

Delay time can now be varied between 0 and 1024 msec using the up/down buttons to the left of the

CONTINUES OVER



YOU GOTTA SAY YES TO APRS

KEEN NO doubt to emulate the revitalised British Music Fair, this year's APRS show (dedicated to studio gear from £200,000 computer controlled mixing desks to 50p replacement bulbs for VU meters) was held, sweetly, at London's Olympia 2. With the said BMF to be held at this otherwise excellent venue in a month's time, I hope some form of air conditioning can be wheeled into action.

The APRS show is a funny old do. Some swear by it; many swear at it. But even if many stands featured equipment just too ridiculously specific and technical to merit a linger, invariably you bump into the odd microphone, speaker, signal processor or device that makes the schlep worthwhile.

First stop inside the door was the HHB stand. This high-profile hire and sales company of course scored a notable success by convincing Messrs Sony that their PCM F1 and PCM 701 machines were eminently suitable for low cost digital mastering, and have gone on to sell the units (plus noteworthy additional items such as the CLUE computer-based editing package) to pretty well every self-respecting studio in the land.

Although the system has been based around Betamax to date, HHB have modified Sony's EV-C8 portable Video 8 cassette recorder, allowing it to be used with the PCM F1 as well. With the current question mark hanging over continued availability of Betamax tapes in the UK, this seems a wise move. It should be said however that HHB are still totally confident of Betamax's profile over here and lost no time in thrusting a

catalogue full of new Beta machines under my nose to prove it.

MIDI – already an almost standard implementation for all signal processors – is finally finding its way onto a number of mid-priced mixers: AHB showed the Keymix range – where MIDI is represented on a valuable additional control unit that can be hooked up to the system's rackmount mixing system – as well as their MIDI-able CMC desks. And Akai showed their new MPX820 eight-channel rackmount mixer.

Alongside the MPX820, Akai also previewed several new multitrack recorders: the MG1214 – very similar to the popular MG1212 aside from additional SMPTE possibilities; the MG14D, a rackmount recording module (for which you will still require a mixing desk) which once again employs Akai's own MK20 half inch tape; and finally a personal multitrack system using standard chrome cassettes, the MG614. This last item is priced a little above most of its ilk but seems way above the competition in terms of control – four-track playback plus six additional channel inputs, sync track, parametric EQ, XLR input options, and computer-aided channel/track selector.

Apart from appearances by Akai, Roland – with their MPS 8 cassette recorder, allowing it to be used with the PCM F1 as well. With the current question mark hanging over continued availability of Betamax tapes in the UK, this seems a wise move. It should be said however that HHB are still totally confident of Betamax's profile over here and lost no time in thrusting a

departments.

At or near the top, however you look at it, must be the Oxfordshire based Solid State Logic whose megapound computerised mixing desks are simply *de rigueur* for the world's leading studios. But there's also Trident, who launched their Di-An digitally controlled analog desk (beautifully hi-tech with strip screens running along the entire length of the console).

British companies have long been renowned for speaker manufacture and one of the Quested range even had the honour of being used in Yamaha's private and air-conditioned (that's how to get 'em in) booth. Price and size differences notwithstanding, they saw the NS10Ms off without any problem.

And as for signal processors, well take your pick: AMS must surely be represented in every studio around the world. On show was the high, high class RMX 16 digital reverb, DMX 15-80S dual channel delay, which with the Loop Editing System (LES) in tow can be triggered by a keyboard. And coming down to earth a bit, Drawmer were showing their highly imaginative Midman – a too-complex-to-take-in-at-the-time MIDI management rackmount unit for assigning keyboard splits, data filtering, triggering, and all manner of MIDI goodies.

Although the APRS is a non-ticket, professionals-only show, the steady increase in reasonably quality home studio set-ups does mean that many more people are qualified to – and should take note of this chance to – gawp at the gadgetry. Make a date with it for next year if you missed it this time.

JULIAN COLBECK

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TECZON DUB 4 X 4 PERSONAL MULTITRACKER £428 QQ½ VV½

THE CHUNKY little Teczon four-track cassette recorder is a neat, compact, clear, and unpretentious personal multitrack machine made by the Japanese Toyo Gakki Co, which is aimed, unashamedly, at the Tascam Porta One market. Certainly, it can do a few 'things that the competition can't' (record on four tracks simultaneously for starters) and yet there are some limitations which prevent me from pronouncing this a total winner.

While no one would deny that the arrival, some years ago, of low-cost multitrack recorders has been anything but a complete success (for manufacturers and public alike), it never ceases to amaze me that the procedure for operating most of these machines is considerably more complex than those of, say, a 16-track system based around the Fostex B-16.

However the Teczon has been designed quite straightforwardly and is as near as you'll get to foolproof.

The basics: this is a genuine four-track machine in that you can record on all tracks simultaneously. Each track sports a nicely angled VU meter, trim control, high/low EQ, panpot, track selector, input switch, record punch-in button, and a rotary controlled fader. At the back you'll find four phono line in/outs (for effects or direct outputs to another mixer) as well as stereo master outputs – also phonos.

On the master side of things you have slider operated master faders, headphones level control, a master punch out button, cue/normal button, switchable Dolby C noise reduction and a ± 15 per cent pitch control.

Finally the tape controls include a three digit tape counter, auto zero button, and standard operational controls of fast forward, rewind, record, play, stop,

DUB WISE



and pause.

In its (successful) attempt to save space, the Teczon uses rotary controls for track faders. While this may not be detrimental to any final results, I must say that, well, it just feels wrong. Having said that though, they work smoothly and evenly, which

is more than you can say for the master faders which manage to be both stiff and wobbly. Smooth fades are not going to be easy.

This is my only real gripe on the recording side though; the remainder of the controls are well placed, spaced, and most vitally comprehensible.

The angled VU meters give the Teczon a reasonably professional look (although they are not illuminated) and the dedicated track select switch eases the business of bouncing tracks considerably.

Another very useful inclusion is a big bright red punch-in button situated just above each track fader. OK, it isn't lightning quick (or maybe it's just that I wasn't), but being able to 'stab' a track into record, especially when you're on your own, is a feature definitely worth having. As for punch-out, this is via a master control – a similar big red push button beneath the master faders.

Line ins for instruments or microphones are standard ¼ inch jacks placed on the front edge of the machine. When it comes to patching external effects, this is strictly a track by track affair using the phonos at the back, and with no on-board provision for governing effects levels etc.

The cassette operations are straightforward, though the machine has no eject mechanism – which accompanying pictures make

claim to. The auto zero is always a useful feature.

Although the technical specifications make impressive reading (30Hz to 15kHz frequency response etc), recording on any such machine is not going to produce master quality. Certainly I managed to record reasonably clean sounds with adequate separation. The general level of noise is not prohibitive but even so I found myself employing the Dolby C more often than not.

Whether the Teczon, or UK distributors John Hornby Skewes, have the muscle to make serious inroads into territory long established by the likes of Tascam, Fostex, and Yamaha is another matter, but this fairly priced multitracker deserves considerable praise for being simple to operate and well designed. The machine can be battery-operated with only the additional cost of batteries (no battery pack etc), and is sufficiently rugged to make it good for carting around on tour.

JULIAN COLBECK

KOZO CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

window. Incremental changes are effected simply by tapping the buttons; high-speed changes by holding either button down.

If you're running program material through the unit when you make changes, the output automatically reverts to the 'dry' signal as long as your finger is on the button. When you hold the button down, there's also about one second's delay before the numbers begin to change at speed, which gives you time to change your mind! There's a similar delay before the unit effects the new setting after

you've released the button.

You can skate through all the parameters like this. You have feedback, rate, depth, phase, delay volume and dry volume, all of which offer variations of 0-31 except phase, which is a simple 0-1 (plus-minus) option.

For guidance, at the back of the simple and well-written manual are a number of sample settings including, most importantly, those for modulation effects, ie doubling, chorus and flanging. You can set these up as suggested, play around with them if you want to, note

other setting in the spaces provided and, every time you find one you like, write it into the unit's memory.

To do this, you simply switch from manual to program, hold down the 'write' button (which causes the LED window display to flash) and enter the required values. There are 128 programs to fill up – more than enough to match the program memories of most keyboards – and this is where MIDI comes in.

The DIG-412 has MIDI IN and THRU sockets at the back, and using these with a

MIDI instrument, you can alter the programmes from the instrument. When the unit is in program mode, the delay time button also functions as a MIDI channel selector.

The Vesta Kozo also comes with a hold button which turns the unit into a simple sampler. Any delayed signal over 257msec can be captured and repeated *ad infinitum* while you continue to play over the top of it if you wish. An effect cancel button completes the array.

Round at the back, however, you'll find two footswitch sockets which

allow remote bypassing of the effects circuit and remote initiation of hold – a very useful facility since you don't generally have a third hand available to activate hold at precisely the right moment when playing live!

The rear panel array is completed by fuse holder and output level attenuator switch with +4 or –20dB options.

The DIG-412 is a high quality digital delay (20Hz-20kHz frequency response on dry, 20Hz-15kHz on delay, no perceptible noise) which offers various state-of-the-art functions in an easily

understandable, quickly masterable manner. Its MIDI facility makes it especially attractive to users of MIDI keyboards, drum machines and the like, but its range and quality of effects undoubtedly make it highly attractive for non-MIDI recording operations or simple instrument processing, eg chorus etc for guitar.

Since everything is progressing MIDI-wards, it certainly makes sense to consider the MIDable Vesta Kozo DIG-412 if you're in the market for a DDL.

TONY MITCHELL

RATINGS: QQQ – absolute perfection; QQ – good quality; Q – naff; VVV – a real bargain; VV – a fair price; V – definitely overpriced. Prices are full list unless otherwise stated

The MC-500 Micro Composer



A Music-Dedicated Computer

The facts

- Just like a computer, the MC-500 has no fixed functions. A program loaded from a 3½" disk determines how the MC-500 operates.
- The MC-500 is extremely easy to operate. Featuring a dual 2-line LCD display, touch key 20 characters long, and a numerical key pad.
- The MC-500 can be synchronised with MIDI devices and a multi-track recorder.

REAL TIME RECORDER SOFTWARE DISK

- The MC-500 comes with a 3½" disk containing programs which let the MC-500 function as a real-time sequencer and provide tremendous memory capacity and a wide variety of functions.
- The performance data is written in the MC-500 by real-time recording from a connected MIDI instrument. Once the performance data is recorded, the MC-500 can completely control any MIDI instrument from a synthesizer (such as the JUNO or SUPER JX), to a drum machine (such as the TR-808, TR-909 or TR-707), or a MIDI sound module (such as the Super Quartet MKS-7). The MC-500 also allows the perfect formation of any MIDI set-up from a simple sequencer/synthesizer set-up to a computerised professional quality set-up.
- The MC-500 itself can store the performance data for up to eight songs or about 25,000 notes. The song name can also be stored for each song. In addition, the performance data

can also be saved on a 3½" disk. In this case, up to 100 songs or about 100,000 notes can be stored in one disk.

- The program provides the MC-500 with four recording tracks. Each track can polyphonically record MIDI messages of all 16 MIDI channels including note, bend, exclusive messages, etc. In addition, a rhythm track is separately provided to control MIDI rhythm instruments. The rhythm track stores the performance data created by step writing and can control up to 32 sound sources. Eight levels of accent can be programmed for each sound source.

- Convenient recording functions are provided. The Punch-In/Punch-Out function allows unwanted parts of a recording track to be replaced by other performance data at will. The Quantizing function automatically corrects the rhythm. And the Overdubbing function allows the user to overdub other performance data while listening to a previously recorded performance.

- The performance data can also be loaded by step writing – all notes and rests are written in the MC-500 step-by-step.
- For greater convenience, a variety of editing functions are provided. The Merge function allows the performance data recorded on several recording tracks to be mixed on a single track. Extract function transfers the performance data of one MIDI channel recorded with other MIDI channels' data on one track to another track. In addition,

the performance data for every single measure can be transposed, inserted, and deleted.

- A Micro-Scope function allows every single note to be edited over several elements such as the note length and its strength. Even after the performance data is recorded by the MC-500, the tempo can be modified in detail – accelerando (becoming gradually faster) and ritardando (becoming gradually slower) can be programmed.

STEP-WRITE SOFTWARE DISK

- This program allows the user to write the performance data using the MC-500 controls. Even people who cannot play an instrument can easily create performance data.
- The performance data is created by inputting a note name, gate time, step time, and other elements for every note of a composition. Any complicated composition – even a composition physically impossible to play – can be easily created.
- This software, like the Real-Time Recorder software, offers a variety of editing functions. The total playing time of a composition can also be controlled.
- The performance data tied by this software is compatible with the data tied by the Real-Time Recorder software.

The price – £799

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